The Maryland Bulletin

MOTHER'S DAY NUMBER

May 1922.

PRINTED BY THE PUPILS OF THE MARYLAND STATE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, FREDERICK, MARYLAND.
The Genesis of the Printing Office
of the Maryland School
A Bit of Autobiography

—I Tales of an Old Timer, No. 15—

I believe I can truthfully assert that I know more about the beginnings of the printing office of the Maryland School for the Deaf than anybody, living or dead.

Very likely there are some good people who will be properly shocked at this bald statement and make sundry allusions to undue tooting of one’s horn. But if I do not toot it myself in this matter no one else will toot it for me, and so here goes. Meanwhile those kind friends who do not approve of such tootings might as well stop right here and turn the pages to the next story.

To begin at the beginning the first link in the chain of causes that led to the opening of the printing office in September 1878 was a wealthy aunt of mine, my father’s eldest sister. And the joke is that she never knew.

In parenthesis, the historical authorities of the School will please note the date. The office was established in 1878 and not in 1882 as was recently implied in the BULLETIN. The latter year was the date of the inception of the BULLETIN itself. In a way this tale promises to have historical value as it proposes to narrate incidents that have never before been recorded in print.

I had been sent to the school to learn a trade, not to “obtain an education.” I had attended hearing school for three years before I became deaf, and after I lost my hearing my parents employed a private tutor for two years. I was, moreover, a gluttonous reader and there was small danger that I would ever lose my command of language, English, German or Platt, because of my deafness. So, when I was near fourteen, I was told to make choice of a trade. Shoemaking as practiced in those days before the advent of the big factories appealed to me, and as this trade was taught at the School and was in fact the only one taught there at the time, I was entered as a pupil in 1875.

At the time I had never heard of the Big School in Washington. But soon after I began to note various references to that college. A college for the deaf! It was a revelation. It appealed to me. My ambition was aroused. I wanted to go there.

I wrote home telling my parents what I had learned about the college and how happy I would be if by any chance I could enter. The letter was shown to the aunt mentioned above who happened to be visiting my folks at the time. She became interested. I might say, by the way, that half a dozen years before while I could still hear, this aunt offered a monthly prize of fifty cents to my four cousins and myself for the best scholarship record brought home from school. Unfortunately I happened to win this prize every time. The result was grumbling on the part of my cousins. Favoritism was charged, though the report was made up by five different teachers, and in the end my aunt withdrew the prize.

Nevertheless she had established her claim as a patron of education.

When my aunt read my letter, which like all my letters home except those to my sisters, was written in German, she said that I should by all means go to the college. She would finance me through the entire course. It was a promise.

I ought to state that my father had become afflicted with an incurable malady that increased in severity and hopelessness with advancing age. He could not help me through college, but he placed no obstacles in my way should I find other means to carry me through the four
years in which I was determined to make the course should I ever enter.

I was jubilant when my mother wrote me the glad tidings. I now had something definite to study for. I branched out beyond the lessons of the day. For instance, when we had English History—Berard's was the textbook—I supplemented the lessons with a reading of Hume and Smollett. When we had Ancient History, I read a good deal of Grote's History of Greece and of Gibbon's Decline and Fall. That ambition to make thorough preparation for college was one of the great influences of my life. Its effects continue to this day.

I ought to state that Mr. Ely never encouraged my determination to go to Washington. He wished to retain me in the office where I had been doing the work formerly done by Steward Dean. He also preferred Johns Hopkins. I had sent for a catalogue of the newly opened University, but did not like the scheme of studies. Besides, I argued that there would be endless difficulties and hardships for a deaf student when it came to attending the numerous courses of lectures. Besides in those days a deaf man with a university training would be like a fish out of water. He would have to go back to the deaf should he wish to make practical use of such training. So Washington continued to be the goal of my ambitions. By a strange coincidence when I finally did graduate from the College in 1881, it was Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins, who delivered the address to my class.

Dr. Gilman seems to have liked my oration, and to have listened to the things Dr. Gallaudet told him concerning me, for I have among my treasured letters one received a few days later from him in which he invited me to take a post-graduate course at the University. This letter is written in long hand. In one sentence Dr. Gilman said, 'I should like to see you here. 'He spelled the word here 'hear.' Jove nods at times. I would have given all the money I had in the world to see myself hear too.

But there is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip.

It was May. Graduating time drew near. I was ready for the examinations. My graduating essay and valedictory were well under way. They ought to be, for I had written the greater part of them two years before.

Then I received an unexpected visit from my aunt with my mother and two sisters. I was puzzled why they should have come just then and why they had not waited a few weeks longer so as to take in the commencement exercises. They were stopping at the Dill House, and when I went there to spend the afternoon with them my aunt called me aside and gravely and without any preliminaries told me that she was sorry, but she felt unable to help me through college.

If she had struck me on the head with a club or a mace I could not have been more stunned. All my brilliant academic airs castles were blown into nothingness. I truly believe it was the bitterest disappointment I have ever experienced in all my life.

It was a promise broken.

I have not yet forgiven my aunt.

My mother tolled me later in the day that my aunt had taken her younger son John to California during the winter and had set him up in business there. I was told afterwards that the amount she had spent for the purpose was sixty thousand dollars.

My mother comforted me and told me not to lose hope. I might realize my ambition later. Mr. Ely, also, was profoundly sympathetic when I broke down while telling him the story. He told me at once that I should return to school in the fall for a post-graduate course and that he would appoint me to the teaching force to fill the very first vacancy that might occur. I was not yet seventeen.

This broken pledge on the part of my aunt changed the whole current of my life into channels it would otherwise never have found. I should have gone to college and would very likely have become a member of the class of 1882, and graduated at twenty. With no promise of a position back of me as was given me by Mr. Ely when I did enter two years later, I should probably have sought and found a position in some other school. The close affiliations which were later formed between myself and the deaf of Baltimore and of the whole state of Maryland would probably never have existed. I should not have borrowed the $400 which together with an equal amount that I earned I spent during my four years in Washington. I should add that every penny of the loan was returned.

There may be extenuating circumstances
to excuse my aunt. An older cousin had a few years before graduated from Georgetown University and his course there had cost his folks quite a sum. Another cousin had taken a two years special course in Vienna, and this, too, my aunt knew, had cost a lot of money. Probably she believed that four years at the Big School would be as expensive. Probably she did not know nor did it occur to any of us to tell her that I could enter as a free student and would have only my personal expenses to meet. I don’t know. I never mentioned college to her again.

The patient reader having come thus far will very likely ask why this aunt with her broken pledge had to do with the establishment of the printing office.

The answer is, everything.

The cabinet shop had been started in the fall of 1876. Mr. Ely wished to add printing to the list of trades. But even though there was no budget system in force, every dollar of the twenty-five thousand received from the State by the School was accounted for in advance. Mr. Thomas of the shoe-shop, and Mr. Heyduck, of the cabinet shop, each received $300 a month, to pare expenses down here and squeeze them there for another monthly stipend of $30 for a competent printer was impossible.

My return to school instead of entering college seemed to solve the problem. But Mr. Ely did not tell me at the time. He had first to submit his scheme to the Board. I was still, however, the one unknown factor. If I refused, the scheme must fail flat.

The Board met the day before we were to return home to Baltimore. Mr. Ely intended to tell me of his plan on the trip, but he was taken suddenly though not seriously ill, and it was Mr. Hill who went with us in charge of our special car. It was Mr. Hill who having had the scheme expounded to him by Mr. Ely explained it to me during the trip.

Briefly it was this: during the vacation I was to enter some printing office in Baltimore, learn all I could and when school opened in September, I was to take charge of the printing office at the School, the outfit for which was to arrive when I did.

It sounds absurdly simple.

The whole scheme depended upon my willingness to immolate myself upon the altar of self-sacrifice and on my confidence in myself to master enough of the trade to keep a lap ahead of my future pupils. The consent of my parents had also to be gained.

It did not take me five minutes to make up my mind. I told Mr. Hill that I was willing. When the matter was explained to my parents they raised no objections.

The following week I went to Mr. Pratt’s office and asked him to recommend me to some printer. As President of the Board he knew of the plan. He told me, however, that he could not help me in the matter. Neither could Mr. Barry. I was disappointed. I did not know a single printer in Baltimore, but I went to an uncle and asked him to get me a billet as apprentice in some office. My uncle at once went with me a couple of blocks from his business place next the Sun Building, to the printing office of Theodore Kroh & Sons. It occupied the entire top floor of the Maryland Building which I later learned formed part of Mr. Pratt’s estate and on the first floor of which Mr. Barry, as President of the Maryland Fire Insurance Company, had his offices.

My uncle introduced me to Mr. Kroh. Imagine Uncle Sam in rolled-up shirt-sleeves and an apron stained with printer’s ink, and you will know what Mr. Kroh looked like. He was tall, spare and austere. During my three months in his office I am positive I never once saw him crack a smile. His two sons, Charles and Theodore, Jr., were pleasant, accommodating fellows. And I did not mind the austerity of old Mr. Kroh.

The office was one of the largest in Baltimore. Unfortunately for me, however, practically all its work, except the business jobs, was done in German. Several publications, weekly and monthly, religious, scientific and otherwise special, but all in German, were printed there. I never learned to read German type.

But Mr. Kroh gave me a pair of English cases, and a manual on printing—I am unable to recall the title, but believe it was published by Mackellar, Smith’s and Jordan—and I went to work. Charles Kroh showed me how to hold the stick, and the use of the steel rule and how to pick up the type.

I believe no printer’s apprentice since the days of Gutenberg was ever put under more discouraging conditions. As what I set up was in English the office had no use for it. No proof was ever struck
What I set up one day had to be distributed unread and uncorrected the next morning. It reminds me of a story told of the greatest of all American printers. Franklin one day hired a man at double wages to strike a tough knot in a big log with the blunt end or head of an axe, but not with the sharp blade. The man worked as told for an hour or so and threw down the axe in disgust and told Franklin that he was a fool. It was what Franklin had expected. His theory was that no man unless an idiot would keep on at work that showed no results.

But I would have disproved Franklin's theory. My work bore tangible results, but I did not quit. I sensed that it was in a way like exercises with the chestweights or dumbbells in a gymnasium, though continued with but one apparatus all day long. It developed my printers' muscles. I tried to improve, to work faster and cleaner day after day. I was not working for Mr. Kroh, but for the school and my own satisfaction.

But it was wearying in its monotony. I remember one sweltering day in August that when I told Mr. Kroh that I was tired, he sarcastically went to his desk, picked up his chair and offered it to me. I suppose the proper move in the game on my part would have been to decline the courtesy, and hurry back to my case. Instead I took the chair with a "thank you," and sat down in the aisle between the cases and grinned. Mr. Kroh scowled, but the boys grinned with me. Nevertheless in his way, Mr. Kroh was a nice old man, and I have always been grateful. He allowed me to ruin a full pair of cases, and in the end when I bade the office good-bye, his response was kind and even cordial and he told me to come again next vacation.

But even if no use was ever made of what I set up, I kept my eyes open. I watched the boys set up and distribute and tried to imitate their little tricks and shifts for fast work. I observed how they read proof and corrected their galleys. I learned to read what I set up and to correct it without proof. I was also careful in distributing the type, and never let an error pass uncorrected. I watched the boys lock up the forms and put them in the presses. The job presses especially interested me and sometimes I would stay from lunch—I would take lunch at my uncle's who kept a very good table—in order to work the press when Mr. Kroh and his sons were at dinner, and only the two journeymen remained in the office. I believe I learned as much of the trade as it was possible for a deaf boy, without instruction and explanations and thrown wholly on his own resources, to learn.

Moreover, I was conscientious. I was never tardy nor did I ever leave before quitting time. During those three long summer months I took only two days off. One was the Fourth of July. The other was the day of our first re-union picnic.

Here I wish to offer a correction. The re-union picnics of the Maryland School date from 1878 and not from 1882 as is erroneously implied in the circulars of invitation. I shall have a Tale to tell later on the subject of our re-unions. This year's re-union picnic should be called the forty-fifth, and not the forty-first.

I had kept Mr. Ely informed of my progress, and also Mr. Pratt and Mr. Barry. I met the latter two gentlemen frequently on my way to lunch and when they were bent on a similar errand. The outfit for the office was ordered in parts from my instructions and in part on the advice of Ryan & Ricketts, Baltimore type-founders, from whom it was purchased. It arrived at the School on opening day. Mr. Ryan with an assistant was there in person to see that everything was properly set up. Mr. Ryan looked exactly like Mr. Barry looked ten years later, which is another way of saying that he was about that much older than Mr. Barry. The resemblance was further heightened by the fact that he was as faultlessly and neatly dressed. No member of the Board wore his clothes better than Mr. Barry.

The outfit was small but it was the best the School could afford and included everything that was really necessary. I believe that $550 covered its entire cost, including a small job press, stands, cases, a cabinet and various fonts of type, I was proud of it.

I was formally placed in charge with three boys under me, Frank Allie Martin, Robert Edward Underwood and George Algernon Gallion. They were about my own age. The next year, I believe, John Sebastian Edelen and Harry Gill were added to the class. I always managed to keep one lap ahead of the best among them and though I did not know much of the
art of printing, I managed to teach the boys what I knew and to give them a solid foundation on which to build afterward.

I have always been proud and often brag of the record made by this first class in printing in the Maryland School. Underwood and Gill later held cases, the one on the Baltimore American and the other on the Baltimore Sun. That is as much as saying that they had reached the apex as compositors. Martin, when I last heard of him some thirty years ago, was foreman of a large label printery with several hearing men under him in Chicago. Edelen was for years and I believe is still foreman of the printing office of the largest insane asylum in the world, St. Elizabeth's, maintained by the Government. I doubt any subsequent printing class ever equalled, much less surpassed, this record.

I received no stipend the first year. The second year the Board voted me $6.00 a month "wherewith to keep myself in clothes." I figure that with the four years' work as Principal's secretary that I also did without compensation and the two years' work as foreman of the printing office, I really saved the School $1,340 over and above the $1,000 I cost the State during the four years that I was actually a student.

This sixty dollars from the School is the only money I ever earned as a printer. During the vacation of 1870 I worked one week in the office of the Rev. Uriel Graves, who was publishing an independent controversial religious paper. The Reverend Uriel promised me five dollars for the week's work, but I never got it. As usually happens with independent controversial religious papers, his went bankrupt.

During those two years the office was never idle. It was located in the northwest corner room of the boys' wing on the main floor. We printed a multitude of lesson questions and papers for the several classes; billheads, letterheads, envelopes, checkbooks and everything in our line in the Principal's office. We printed the annual report for 1878 and reprinted the first report covering the year 1868, and all on that dinky little platen press barely large enough to admit two pages of the report into its chases. I believe it was good, clean work, as good and clean as could possibly be turned out with our limitations of equipment and experience.

If I had not undertaken the task when I did and under the conditions and circumstances that prevailed, the printing office would not have been opened until at least half a dozen years later, if not later still. Mr. Grow succeeded me as foreman when I entered the Big School, took up the work I had begun and continued it along the lines I had laid down.

It was a great experience and though it brought me no material returns I have never really regretted it. One's life goes on from day to day, from season to season and year to year, but what we really get out of it is not the cash wages, but the satisfaction of having done a worth while thing and having done it as well as one could.

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A Letter To Mother

If the day has been stormy or troubled or sad
Sit down and write to your mother, my lad,
If joy has been yours, has good luck come your way,
Tell her all about it and do not delay.
It is not much to do, yet her heart will grow light
To learn that the boy she loves is all right.
A letter to mother—oh, take up your pen,
And send her a word from the world of big men,
Tell her of the things you have witnessed today,
For from infancy she follows each step of the way,
And what if no great news has chanced to occur
It will please her to know you are thinking of her.

A letter to mother! Sit down to it now,
It will smooth out the furrows which wrinkle her brow;
It will bring back the smile to her glorious face,
And her eyes will grow bright and when night comes apace,
She will lie down to sleep in contentment and say,
"Your letter has made it a wonderful day."

Oh, write to your mother, my boy, while you can,
Too soon shall you live as a motherless man,
Too soon shall the letters you'd write be too late,
For mothers not always may anxiously wait
She is eager for the word you can write
Do not wait for tomorrow—but do it tonight!

—Mpls. Tribune.
**Children's Stories**

**The Planting**

Who plants a tree may live
To see its leaves unfold,
The greenness of its summer garb,
Its autumn tinge of gold.

Who plants a flower may live
To see its beauty grow,
The lily whiten on its stalk,
The rambler rose to blow.

Who sows the seed may find
The field of harvest fair,
The song of reapers ringing clear,
When in the sheaves they bear.

But time will tell the tree,
The rose will fade and die,
The harvest time will pass away,
As does the song and sigh.

But who so plants in love,
The word of hope and trust,
Shall find it still alive with God—
It is not made of dust.

It cannot fade or change,
Though worlds may scattered be,
For love alone has high repose
In immortality.

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

**Speed**

An Englishman, recently arrived in the U.S.A., at New York City, asked a smart looking newsboy to show him about the city.

When they came to the American Surety Co. building, the Englishman asked, "Pray, my lad, how long did it take to build that building?" "About two years" the boy replied. "My, that was quite long; we could build it in a year." Next they came to the National Park Bank building: "How long did it take to build that building?" the Englishman asked. "About a year," was the answer. "That was a long time. We English could have built it in six months." Then they came to the Woolworth building: "And how long were you building this wonderful structure?" "I don't know, sir," replied the boy, "it wasn't there last night."

—*Boys' Life.*

He who will avenge every affront means not to live long.

It is often better not to see an insult than to avenge it.—*Seneca.*

**The Boy Who Will Be in Demand**

One of the finest qualities in any man is the quality of seeing what needs to be done and doing it without being told. One of the rarest in a servant in the house is the doing of things that need to be done without being told. Young men working their way through college are invaluable if they have this quality. A tool is left out on the lawn; there is a nail off the fence; there is a lock broken from the door; there is a window-pane gone somewhere. The boy who tends to these things because they need attending to, without specific directions, is the boy who, other things being equal, is going to be in demand when he gets out into the great world, and it is the attention to little things and the habit of observation, which sees what needs to be done and then does it, that makes exceedingly useful men and women. There will always be a position for such persons.

There will always be a call to come up higher. It is, in one sense, a small thing to do these little things without orders, but it is the doing of them that makes great captains, great engineers, great artists, great architects, great workers in any department, and it is the absence of this quality that makes commonplace men and women, who will always have to live under the dominion of petty orders, men and women who do nothing unless they are told to do it. It is this quality which makes volunteers in church work, and the invaluable men and women who do not have to be stood over. They are the joy of the pastor's heart; they are the ones who do not have to be watched.—*Charles K. Sheldon in the Sunday-School Gem.*

**Be Square With Everyone**

In your dealings with your fellowmen it is always well to remember that there is some good in everybody; that there are two sides to every question; and before forming a decided opinion, it is wise and only fair to hear both of them before forming your opinion. Try to overlook the faults of others, for you may have plenty of your own to correct. Try to do at least one kind act daily and cultivate the habit of a perpetual smile.—*Selected.*
Wallace Edington is a junior chemist in the United States Department of Agriculture. He is taking a course at George Washington University and intends to win another degree there.—*Just Once A Month*.

After completing the prescribed course in the Monotype School in Philadelphia, Pa., Mr. Barnett, former supervisor of boys at the Rome School, has secured a good position as operator with the DuBois Press in Rochester, N. Y.—*The Register (Rome N. Y.)*.

Max Kestner is holding a lucrative position on the *Daytona News*, and his services, which are highly appreciated by the management, are retained from year to year. Since he and his wife are enamored with the charms of the triple cities, Mr. Kestner has decided to live there permanently and rented a cozy home in Seabreeze.—*The School Herald*.

On April the sixth the Alabama School for the Deaf enjoyed a special holiday, and a happy occasion it was for on that day Principal F. H. Manning became the happy young husband of Miss Susie Bishop, a most lovable young woman of Talladega, a prominent leader in church, social and musical circles. Here are our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.—*The Deaf Mississippian*.

Mrs. Janie Carter writes very interestingly of her new work. She opened a large boarding house known as “The Winnsboro Hotel” last June and has had much encouragement in her great undertaking. She hopes to succeed and be able to have a larger and up-to-date establishment to give the public better accommodations by and by. We congratulate her in the success she has had and wish her continued success.—*The Palmetto Leaf*.

Miss Pattie Kirkland has the distinction of being so far as we know, the only deaf lady of her vocation in the broad realm of business, in that she is holding a very responsible position with the Tennessee Valley Bank at Decatur, Ala. The O. K. ing and confirmation of issued checks on the cotton margin and draft checks have her sanction in the transit department of the Bank. Such is the splendid recognition of her work by the President and Board of Directors of that establishment.—*The Messenger*.

Virgil Dowell has listened to the call, “Back to the Farm,” and has left Kansas City. Together with his brother, he has bought a 40-acre farm in McDonald County, near Anderson. They have devoted most of it to fruit—10 acres in strawberries, 3 acres in grapes, 10 acres in miscellaneous fruit, and the rest is in timber and in cultivation. As a sideline they have some poultry. They are located among the foot hills of the Ozark Mountains, which is an ideal location for a fruit farm. We wish them the best of success in their new venture.—*The Missouri Record*.

I like to note what the adult deaf are doing in the industrial world. The great Union Pacific Railroad has a first class draughtsman in its office at Omaha, Nebraska, in the person of Mr. O. H. Blanchard, a graduate of the Arkansas School and of Gallaudet College. The point I wish to make is that when anyone prepares himself for any line of work at Gallaudet, he is sure to make a success of it. *The Optic* says: “He has risen in his profession and now his qualifications are fully recognized and he seems practically assured of his position for life.”—*Ycart in The Deaf Mississippian*.

The Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, had the following to say at the last meeting of the Pennsylvania Association of the Deaf:

“Methods of instruction are changing. They will change again and again as the years pass. They are merely meant as an end to a better education for the deaf. A century ago the Manual Method reigned supreme. In this century the Pure Oral Method finds most favor. Still farther away in the dim future are other and yet undiscovered methods and combination of methods, or systems. Tennyson never penned truer lines than these:

“Our little systems have their day, They have their day and cease to be; They are but broken lights of Thee, And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.”

—*The Deaf Mississippian*. 
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Commencement

The present school year is rapidly drawing to a close; almost before we are aware of the fact the pupils will have departed for their long summer vacation. Kindly note the following dates: Baccalaureate Service, May 28; Graduating Exercises in conjunction with the Annual Meeting of the Board of Visitors, Friday, June 2; Pupils to depart for their respective homes on Wednesday, June 7. Please do not call for the children previous to the date set for departure. Any irregularity in this matter places unnecessary burdens upon those who are in charge of the children. Furthermore the regular work of the school year does not end until the time set for the departure of the children.

Again A Word About Vacations

In the March BULLETIN we discussed at length the subject of vacations stating that we are most heartily in favor of the long recess at Christmas time but further explaining in detail why children cannot be permitted to go to their homes at Easter time. We wish to take this opportunity of thanking the parents for their kind cooperation. There were this year but two or three requests made for the children to go home and in each case the parents readily yielded to their children remaining at the School.

“Oralism and Auralism”

Bearing the above title a new magazine on subjects pertaining to the education of the deaf comes to our desk. A number of the Exchanges seem inclined to the belief that the new periodical is an encroachment on the ground already covered by the American Annals of the Deaf and the Volta Review. We do not share in this view. Dr. Goldstein, editor of the new magazine is a medical man and will bring to the teachers of the deaf additional light upon the problem of the deaf from the standpoint of his profession. Incidentally it is to be hoped that the circulation of Oralism and Auralism will extend to the desks of more men in the medical profession, where it is certain that articles written by such educators of the deaf as are classified under the title of collaborators, will serve as useful a field in conveying sociological and psychological information concerning the deaf, as will be brought to the teaching profession by the medical branch.
"His Ways Are Not Our Ways"

On New Year's Day, Gilbert Simes Steiner, the younger son of Dr. Bernard C. Steiner, President of our Board of Visitors, asked his mother to write down some verses which he had made up. She did so, for he was only beginning to write, as his seventh birthday was not to come until the twelfth of May. The thought was rather remarkable for one so young and the boy said that he wished that his father would have the lines printed; but, as the lines were incomplete, they were laid aside until Gilbert should feel like completing them. On February 15, he was taken desperately ill with double pneumonia. In a long illness, in which he showed amazing vitality, he suffered from all sorts of complications with the dread disease. With skillful medical care and nursing, he appeared to have a good hope of ultimate and complete recovery, when he died suddenly early on the morning of Monday, April 3. He was possessed of unusual powers of endurance, an indomitable will, magnificent independence of thought and action and a good mind. Just a year ago, with his father, he visited the School.

With roses red
And poppies bright,
With beautiful lilies
Pink and white,
And pretty maidens dancing round
While sweet thrushes sing.

The accompanying picture shows Gilbert as he was photographed last November in Eutaw Place, Baltimore; he wears a Scotch suit which was worn by Dr. Steiner when a boy, having been made for him by his mother.

California's Course of Study

We are indebted to Principal Caldwell of the California School for a thorough outline of the course of study used at that Institution. It is our ambition to work out a similar schedule of our work next year and the pamphlet received will serve as a splendid guide.

It Should Have Been Danville, Not Stanford

In the last issue we mentioned that Principal Walker intended to visit the Kentucky School for the Deaf at Stanford. This of course was incorrect, but in view of the fact that Mr. Walker was probably on the lookout for a teacher for the coming season a visit to Stanford might not after all have been amiss.

"As Others See Us"

Following is a clipping from The Palmetto Leaf taken from an article written by Principal Walker concerning his recent visit to a number of Schools for the Deaf throughout the East:

"That night we rested our head on a pillow in the old Frederick School. This was our first visit to this historic school though we have been near it several times. Supt. and Mrs. Bjorlee were most attentive to us. We were there on Saturday and of course that is not a good day to see school work but Supt. Bjorlee was good enough to have a great deal of his work on exhibit for us. His military work was exceptionally good and also his rhythm. We were privileged to witness four classes of the latter work and enjoyed it very much."

Reunion Announcement

A reunion of former pupils of the School will be held at the Institution on June 10, 11, and 12 to which it is hoped that a large gathering of the deaf from all parts of the State will respond.
mittees are being appointed and no effort will be spared that may tend toward the comfort and entertainment of the visitors. Following as it does so close upon the departure of the children, all intervening time will be needed to place everything in readiness. Rooms will be ready for occupancy on Saturday afternoon of June 10; and the first meal to be served will be at 6 P. M. of that day. All those eligible to the hospitality of the Institution will receive invitations. While we should like to entertain hearing friends of the deaf it will be impossible at this time, because of a lack of space, to do so.

Our Boys in Baltimore Parade

Our boys were again this year honored by the Rotary Club of Baltimore, who invited them to partake in the monster parade on Monday, May 1. Through the courtesy of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company a special car was placed at the disposal of our boys for the return trip, free of charge. Traveling Passenger Agent C. W. Allen made a special trip to Frederick to see that the boys were well cared for in every particular. The battalion under the leadership of Major Wriede, assisted by Messrs. Cutsail and Benson, left Frederick on the morning train, arriving in Baltimore at 9 o’clock. At the station they received police escort and marched to the Y. M. C. A., where they were granted all privileges of the building for the day; special rooms being opened up for them in which to entertain relatives and friends. Various games were indulged in and a general good time reported. Lunch was served at the Y. W. C. A. Cafeteria and at 2:30 the cadets assembled awaiting their turn to fall in line for the monster parade in which it is estimated that fifteen thousand boys participated. The parade which marked the opening of Boys’ Week was reviewed by Mayor Broening and city officials. Along the entire line of march the deaf cadets with their drum corps were awarded vigorous applause and onlookers report that their marching was faultless and unrivalled by any organization in the line.

The day was ideal and the boys were jubilant as they marched back to the school from the station at 7:15 in the evening.

Again it has been demonstrated that military training gives students of state institutions for the deaf an unusual opportunity to show themselves equal to their hearing brothers. A thrill of achievement unrivalled by any form of athletic sports was manifested by our boys as a result of their outing. We wish some of our friends who look askance at this branch of institution athletics might witness the homecoming of such a group of lads before condemning something which they have never tried.

Cannon Unveiled on School Grounds

Frederick News-Post

The cannon loaned to the Maryland State School for the Deaf by the Mayor and Aldermen of Frederick was unveiled on Easter Monday with appropriate ceremonies. The gun, made for duty during the Spanish-American War, was presented to the city by the United States Government. The personnel of the School together with members of the Executive Committee and visitors assembled in the chapel at 2:30.

Superintendent Bjorlee in a few words stated the nature of the meeting and introduced the speaker of the afternoon, former State Senator Jacob Rohrbach. In his address which was of a patriotic nature Mr. Rohrbach brought out the glorious history of our country and dwelt upon its effect on world affairs. He referred to the necessity of cannon in the past and made a comparison between that and the trend of modern times.

He said that in all the career of our nation not a shot was fired in an unrighteous cause; we fight to perpetuate the cause of liberty. He pointed out to the students that they are now being prepared to assume the responsibility of citizens; and concluded the address by stating that the cannon should inspire all, by reminding us of what has gone before, to nobler efforts in the future.

After the address various classes under the supervision of their instructors marched to the stage and gave exhibitions of rhythmic exercises and singing, concluding with the rendition of the Star Spangled Banner. The audience then repaired to the lawn for the unveiling exercises preceding which the cadet corps gave an exhibition drill. After the unveiling and flag-raising ceremonies the pupils of the school, more than a hundred and fifty in number, lined up for their annual competitive egg hunt.
OUR CADETS: PARTICIPANTS IN BALTIMORE BOYS' WEEK PARADE.
Captain and Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Zantzinger and Mr. Elliott were Miss Moylan’s guests April 30.

Miss McAndrew was recently favored by a visit from her mother and sister, who reside at Scranton, Pa.

Mrs. Goodson motored to Mercersburg, Pa., on April 23 accompanied by Miss Groht and Miss Smith. They spent a pleasant afternoon at the latter’s home.

Miss Cecilia Otis of New York, a teacher at the Fanwood School, was the guest of her friend, Miss Moylan, on Easter Sunday, and remained until Wednesday.

Rev. G. D. Gossard, President of Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa., paid a brief visit to the school on April 15. He was accompanied by Rev. W. R. Glen of the local United Brethren Church.

The boys of Miss Gay’s cooking class were rewarded for their morning’s vigil when by noon of Saturday, May 6, the clouds rolled away permitting of a most enjoyable picnic party in the afternoon.

Miss Griffin and Mrs. Goodson entertained guests on April 27. The former’s sister-in-law, Mrs. W. R. Griffin, of Asheville, N.C., and the latter’s sister, Mrs. Linder of New York City, spending a few hours in the city.

Our pupils of the Jewish faith have recently celebrated the Passover festival. Mrs. David Lowenstein of Frederick kindly provided unleavened bread for the children at the School and together with Miss Jeanette Weinberg arranged for them to attend the special services.

Miss Grace Ely, so well and favorably known to many of our readers, paid brief visits to the school on April 18 and 19. When in Frederick Miss Ely’s time is, of necessity, divided among such a large number of friends that the school sees very little of her.

A party consisting of the Misses Edith Markey and Minnie Markey, Thompson, Groht and Mrs. Goodson motored to Annapolis, on Sunday, April 30. The day was ideal and doubtless the visit to the ancient and historic Capital of Maryland proved very entertaining.

On Friday afternoon May 5, Mr. Walter Kirkman, State Purchasing Agent, stopped at the School for a brief visit. He accompanied Superintendent Bjorlee to the ball grounds where they witnessed a ball game between the deaf cadets and Middletown High School.

Pupils of the six lower classes, accompanied by their teachers, waited on Patrick St. for an hour on Friday, April 25, to witness the first circus parade of the season. The usual array of lions, tigers, elephants, seals, camels, and so forth proved quite a thrilling spectacle for the tiny tots.

Parents Visit School
The delightful spring weather has brought numerous automobile parties to the school the past few Sundays. The visitors on Easter Sunday being particularly numerous. Parents were invited to visit the school rooms at Sunday School in the morning, to attend the chapel exercises conducted by the Superintendent in the afternoon, and to see the evening parade by the cadets.

Dr. Steiner’s Visit
Dr. Bernard C. Steiner of Baltimore was a visitor at the school on Friday and Saturday, May 5 and 6. A special meeting of the Executive Committee was held at the School on Friday evening and plans for further enlargement of the Institution discussed. Accompanied by his son Richard, Dr. Steiner again visited the school on Saturday morning, at which time he addressed the teachers and pupils in the chapel.

Eighth Grade Visits Washington
Miss Thompson took the members of her class, together with Bennie Rosenberg and Billy Goodson, on a sightseeing expedition to Washington, April 28. From the reports received it is safe to assert that a most profitable day as well as a very busy one was spent. From Capitol to Arlington, the ground was thoroughly covered. Among the notable personages seen might be mentioned Ex-President Taft, Vice-President Coolidge and Lady Astor. Such a trip will lend much color to the study of current events for the remainder of the season.
NOTES ON MARYLAND'S DEAF

You will note what "The Old-Timer" says concerning the date of the first Druid Hill Park Picnic. A small matter after all yet it is doubtful whether or not there is another such organization for the deaf that has continued uninterruptedly for almost half a century.

Mr. Tom J. Blake, of Cumberland, is learning linotyping in the office of the Silent Worker, Trenton, N. J., School for the Deaf.

Mr. Harry Baynes, one of our representatives at Gallaudet College is the choice of the basket-ball players as their leader for the 1922-23 season.

During the absence of the Pastor of Grace and St. Peter's Episcopal Mission to the Deaf on his monthly missionary tours, the Bible Class is taught by Mr. H. T. Reamy, a former pupil of this school.

On July 4th the Deaf of Cumberland and surrounding towns will hold their annual picnic at a spot in the mountains to be selected and announced very soon. These annual picnics of the Queen City people have become quite an institution.

Professor E. P. Gale delivered the chief address at the Methodist Church for the Deaf, Baltimore, on Easter Sunday. The service was well attended, and three new members were added to the congregation. The pastor, Rev. D. E. Moylan was also present and took part in the service.

Mr. Percy Hyde, of Barton, Md., recently wrote to his teacher, Miss Young. He says that he has foreseen the pleasure of attending the coming re-union on account of being out of work since December, the coal mines having shut down then.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson and family are now domiciled at 106 West Patrick Street. They occupy a flat of three rooms, with pantry, hall, porch and bath. A visit to their new home is worth while. The furnishings are suggestive of coziness and restfulness.

Baltimore Division, No. 17, celebrated the Ninth Anniversary of its organization on April 15th at Chaggett's Hall, Baltimore. There was a large attendance; speeches were made by President Weinstein and Secretary Price, and refreshments were served by the Aux-Frats.

On April 22-28, Mrs. O. J. Whildin made an automobile trip to Overlea, Bel Air and Aberdeen, spending several days with the Misses Daley and Dean and Mr. and Mrs. Brushwood. Mrs. Whildin reports having had a most pleasant visit and finding all her friends prosperous and happy.

The members of the Jewish Deaf Society of Baltimore furnished quite an enjoyable entertainment in their Synagogue House on the evening of April 29th. As announced on the tickets sold, interpreters were provided for hearing people. It is good to think that the deaf are not alone in the need of interpreters to assist in the enjoyment of life.

Miss Grace Webster, who is an inmate of the Doylestown, Pa. Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, writing to a friend in Baltimore, expresses her interest in the forthcoming re-union in the following words: "I hope I will get an invitation to the re-union. I am the oldest living pupil. I was one of the first to be admitted into the Maryland School. I left in 1874."

Mr. and Mrs. Benson, Messrs. Wriede and Bernac partook of a sumptuous feast at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fupel on the evening of April 20. The chief course on the menu was "Flemish Giants" fried. The hares were contributed by Mr. Bernac who also raised them. It is needless to say that the feast was greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Daniel Yommer is present employed in a saw-mill in Meyersdale, Pa. Like hundreds of men of the Georges Creek coal regions, where the coal industry has been at a stand still for nearly two years, Mr. Yommer found it necessary to leave his wife and child at the home of her mother in Midland, Md., and to go forth in search of another occupation.

Mrs. Belle King, formerly of Lexington, Ky., widow of Col. King the only deaf man who was ever appointed by a Governor of the State to sit as a member of the Board of Visitors of a School for the Deaf, successfully teaches a Methodist Bible Class in Christ Church for Deaf, Baltimore. For many years and up to the time of his death several years Col. King was a mem-
ber of the Board of the Kentucky School.

Something of a furor was caused recently among the deaf baseball fans in Baltimore when it was learned that Mr. Henry J. Stegmerten and the indubitable "Babe" Ruth were playmates in their younger days at St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore. Mr. Stegmerten gleefully recalls having given "the Babe" at least one black eye in a rough and tumble scrimmage and of having been sent to bed in broad daylight for it.

Mr. Jonathan Plowman and Mr. Oliver Watkins returned to Baltimore from Valley Stream, N. Y., for brief visits. The former is employed as a watchman and the latter as a carpenter by the Launder & Shean Device Mfg. Co. They will make their permanent home in Valley Stream. A farewell party was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Watkins by their friends at their home on Catherine St. on the evening of April 29.

Mr. Harry Ewing, of Havre de Grace, who is employed as a farm-hand, came to Baltimore on April 19 with the avowed purpose of obtaining employment and settling down in the city. He was unsuccessful and returned to the pitchfork and plow. Asked the reason for his desire to abandon the quiet ways of the country, he gave the following characteristic reply: "In the country a deaf man sees nothing, hears nothing, feels nothing and smells only ozone."

The illustrated lecture is becoming very popular among the Deaf of Baltimore. Within the past few months two such lectures, beautifully illustrated with numerous colored slides, have been given. The first was by Mr. Henry Stegmerten, Principal of the Overlea School for the Colored Deaf, who spoke very instructively and entertainingly on Dante's "Inferno," and the second was by Rev. O. J. Whilden, who described "The Ober-Ammersau Passion Play." The stereopticon may be lacking in "pep," as compared with the motion picture, but it is certainly not lacking in individuality, in charm and in the power to stimulate thought.

Mr. Charles Murphy, teacher of carpentry in the School for the Colored Deaf, Overlea, Md., delivered a very interesting lecture in Baltimore recently. Mr. Murphy's somewhat indefinite but none the less interesting subject was, "The Flotsam and Jetsam." A native of Utah, a graduate of the Salt Lake City High School and for some years a student in the Utah State University, Mr. Murphy proved himself fully capable of handling his subject in an interesting and instructive manner and to the pleasure and edification of the large audience that had assembled to hear him speak.

With the approach of the Alumni Reunion a number of the earliest pupils of the school have taken to reminiscent thoughts. Mr. John Trundle writes as follows concerning Mike Coyne, the subject of last month's "Old Timer Tale." "In 1912 Mrs. Trundle and I were agreeably surprised at receiving a letter and picture from Mr. Coyne who then resided in Spokane, Washington. He made inquiries about his many friends and especially about Mrs. Trundle's father, stating that he would never forget Mr. Barry's kindesses. Mike was always popular at school and had the sympathy of all because he had no home."

Ijamsville is a peaceful looking little town of scarcely 100 population nestled among the hills of Western Maryland seven miles east of Frederick. It was named after a family of Ijams who gave the tract of land on which to build the town. Miss Mollie Ijams, who was our first graduate, and who now lives on the paternal farm lands, is the only direct surviving member of this family. Rev. and Mrs. D. E. Moylan have made their home in this town for the past 27 years. Ijamsville is known far and wide for its Sanitarium conducted by Dr. George Riggs.

A pleasant social hour was spent at the home of Miss Agnes McFarlane in Midland Md., on the afternoon of April 25. Among those present were Miss Agnes Bell of Lonaconing, Md., Mr. Paul Vandegrift of Cumberland, Md., Rev. O. J. Whilden of Baltimore and Miss McFarlane and her brother. The chief topics of conversation were the forth coming Reunion at the School and the whereabouts and welfare of the scores, may hundreds, of schoolmates who had been swallowed up in the busy mazes of life since their graduation years ago. The hope was fervently expressed by all that the Re-union would serve to gather together once again under the roof of their Alma Mater those scattered friends and to learn from their own lips (hands) the story of their several lives,
BASEBALL

On April 22 a meeting of the Athletic Association was held in the Assembly Hall. There was a drawing to decide the winners in the raffle contest held to aid in securing the necessary baseball supplies. The winners were Alan Cramer, an official ball and Edith Lowe and William McCauley, a box of candy each. Sec’y Rozelle McCall.

April 11 the Maryland State School for the Deaf team went down to defeat in a very loosely played and long drawn out game on the local diamond with a High School team representing Brunswick, Md. The score was 20 to 10. The Brunswick team led in the score in every inning except the second. Metty, McCall and Stern, one after the other occupied the mound and all were quite easily hit. Weak batting, and bunching of errors by infielders were responsible for our defeat.


Brunswick 3 6 4 0 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 20
Md. School 4 1 0 0 0 0 4 0 0 1 10


On Saturday, April 15 the Silent Cadets suffered their worst defeat of the season at the hands of the strong Mt. St. Mary’s Preps on our diamond by 15-0.

The Silentfed were evidently out of form on that particular day and failed miserably at batting and fielding. The mountaineers played faultlessly and proved that they could hit and hit hard.

The Maryland State School in its losing streak Tuesday April 25 by defeating Myerseville High School baseball team in a game played in the upper valley town by the score of 15 to 6. The game was practically won by the Silent Cadets in the second inning when they scored five runs on timely hitting. They scored ten more runs after the fourth.

Myerseville went scoreless until the third inning and added four more in the seventh.

Md. School R. H. O. A. E.
Myerseville R. H. O. A. E.
Uranskis, rf 1 1 0 0 | Long, c. 1 2 1 4 5 0
Deluca, 2b. 2 0 2 4 0 | Deluca, 2b. 1 0 1 1 3 1
Metty, c. 1 2 9 0 0 | Moore, 2b. 1 0 1 3 1 3
Drinks, 1b. 1 1 8 0 0 | Gross, p. 1 2 0 1 1 1
Stern, cf., p. 1 1 5 0 0 | Stern, cf., p. 2 1 3 0 0 0
Rosenberg, rf. 2 3 0 6 0 | G. Toms, r.f. 1 1 0 0 0
Dowes, ss. 3 3 1 1 0 0 | Shifley, I. f. 0 0 1 0 0 0
Woober, 3b. 2 3 2 4 0 | G. Toms, r.f. 1 1 0 0 0
McCarr, p., cf. 2 3 1 0 0 | Gross, Kie, c.f. 0 1 0 2 2 0
Woolford. 0 0 0 0 0 | Arshman, c. 0 0 0 0 0 0
Rehe, ll. 0 0 0 0 0 0
Total 15 18 27 7 7
Total 6 8 37 5 3


In the only well played game of ball in the school league Thursday April 27, the Emmitsburg Mountaineers defeated the Maryland State School nine in a game played in Frederick, the score being 6 to 3, with the Silent Cadets on the short end.

When the ninth frame opened the count stood 3-3. The Mountaineers staged a rally in this inning which gave them three runs. The Silentfed came back strong and pushed two tallies across the plate in their half of the final inning, but too late to win the game.

Emmitsburg R. H. O. A. E.
J. Hays, 3b. 1 2 1 0 0 | Md. School R. H. O. A. E.
J. Boyle, ss. 1 2 0 1 0 | Urbanski, rf. 0 0 0 0 0
Romero, 1b. 1 2 0 0 0 | Deluca, 2b. 0 0 1 3 1
Metti, c. 1 3 2 0 0 | Metty, cf. 1 3 2 0 0
Dowes, ss. 0 0 1 0 0 | Stern, cf. 2 2 1 2 1
Bingham, p. 0 1 1 0 0 | Winebrenner, 3b. 1 0 1 0 0
W. Toms. 3b. 0 0 0 0 0 | Drinks, 1b. 0 2 0 0 0
Dowes, ss. 0 0 1 0 0 | Rosebrough, 1b. 0 2 2 0 0
Woober, 3b. 1 0 0 0 0 | Woolford, 2b. 0 0 0 0 0
McCarr, p. 1 2 0 0 0 | Smith, rf. 1 1 0 0 0
Total 6 15 27 10 2
Total 5 11 27 14 5


Thursday May 21, was another off day for the Silent Cadets when they played the league leaders on the latter’s diamond.

The game was slow and uninteresting and by agreement ended in the 7th inning, in a 17-13 affair with the deaf lads at the short end.
ELY LITERARY SOCIETY

Saturday evening, April 15, the members of the Ely Literary Society congregated in the Assembly Hall and were entertained first by an address given by Mr. Benson on, "Be Steady." Then came Billy Williamson, with a story about "A Man Kind to the Poor." Jacob Hahn related a story called, "Easter." This was followed by a debate between Walter Swope and Abe Omansky, the question being: Should the deaf be permitted to own and drive autos? Walter Swope spoke in favor of the deaf driving autos. Abe Omansky opposed it. Walter Swope won the decision of the judges. Esther Dwyer and Theresa Herold related short stories, "Poor Bunny," and "Kindness to a Rabbit," respectively. A declamation given by Berta Shockley entitled "Sweet Easter Bells," closed the program.

Earl Metty, Sec'y.

Saturday evening April 22, the Ely Literary Society held its regular meeting in the Assembly Hall. The program was given by Mr. Faupel's class. Leroy Yutzy, Joseph Smith, Mike Gretz, and Coyle Smith related five stories, entitled respectively "The Happiest Boy," "Lincoln and the Boy," "Annie and the Indian," and "Newton and His Dog." John Urbanski gave an essay on The "Ants." A dialogue "No Alcohol for Me" was given by Lester Miner and Bennie Rosenberg. "Harding's Boyhood" was the subject of a talk by Mr. Faupel. Cyril Collver rendered a poem entitled "Try, Try, Again." Then followed the report of the critic, Mr. Benson.

A feature program was given by members of the Ely Literary Society April 23. Saturday evening Florence Mason gave a reading entitled: "Capture by Woman." It was a splendid story, which all enjoyed very much. Then there was the lecture by Earl Metty on "Julius Caesar." Stories were then given by Rachel Campbell, Alice King and William Smith, entitled respectively, "Prince," "The Farmer and the Fox," "The Golden Basket." A dialogue was given by Leo Deluca and Joseph Pfeiler entitled, "Uncle Puzzled." Anna Clayton recited, "Excelsior." Mr. Bernac, the critic made his report and the meeting adjourned.

Abraham Omansky, Sec'y. Pro tem.

PUPILS' ITEMS

Girls' Items

My step-father works in the coal mines for a living. He never writes to me.—Pearl Blubaugh.

Last Saturday I came back to school and I was very glad to see the girls. They told me many funny jokes.—Josephine Bushey.

Mrs. Berman under whom I work at the factory, is very glad to have me work for her again next summer. I like to work at my old place.—Alice Matthews.

I am making a brown dress in the sewing class. It will soon be finished and I shall take it home with me in June. I hope that my father and mother will be proud of me.—Theresa Herold.

Yesterday afternoon I went to the sewing room. During the sewing time, I finished mending the flag for the pole. I will start making a new dress soon. I like sewing very much.—Frieda Vest.

My mother told me that she will try to come to see me before I come home. I was very much surprised when I received a nice box from my friend Mrs. Collison two weeks ago.—Anna Clayton.

Last Tuesday I was surprised to see my Aunt Blanche. She visited my class room and talked to my teacher. We went down town and got our dinner and then went to the stores.—Evelyn Townsend.

My sister Roberta recently wrote me that my cousin had both legs mashed badly when a large iron-pipe fell on them, on his father's vessel. He is ill in a hospital in New York City.—Margaret Roberts.

Yesterday was John Ross' birthday. He invited some of the boys and girls to his party in Miss Smith's school room. We played good games. We had ice cream, cakes, apples and oranges. We had a good time.—Edith Otto.

Last Friday the girls of the Reading Room went to the office for books. Mine was "Emmy Lou's Road to Grace" which I enjoyed very much. I am reading "Bits of History" which I borrowed from Mr. Faupel.—Regina Zaslonka.

The girls of the cooking classes are looking forward to their annual outing to be held on Saturday, May 20. This
is my first year here, and I don't cook, but I hope to be invited to go along. I know the girls will take pictures and have a fine time the whole day. — Lillian Bainder.

I received a letter from my mother last Saturday morning. She told me that my father had a new dog. When I go home, I will play with it every day. I will ride in an automobile with a dog next summer. I wrote a letter to my mother last Tuesday and told her to name it "Fido." — Esther Dwyer.

Edith went down town with me last Saturday to buy white linen for a wash for my pink dress, but I didn't buy it because it cost too much. I will buy it when I get more money. I will be extremely glad to go to see my cousin Melvin and his wife Myree this summer when I go home. I have never seen her. — Annie Haupt.

April 30th my father said he set his clock ahead one hour as it was the first of the Daylight Saving days. He said that he was glad that we were having it for he will have an extra hour in his garden. My father always has a garden. He said the ground was very dry. I know he is hoping it will rain soon. Day-Light Saving will last until August. — Marie Dietz.

Our class spent last Friday in Washington City.

We went to the White House and were shown the President's room by Major Baldinger, the President's chief aid. We were very fortunate for the second floor of the White House is not open to the public.

We saw Congress in session. While we were in the Capitol we saw the Supreme Court Judges led by Chief Justice Taft file out to lunch.

We saw Lady Astor in the Senate restaurant. She is much more beautiful than her pictures.

We went to Arlington and saw the grave of the Unknown Soldier.

We started to Mt. Vernon at 3 o'clock. It took us an hour to get there. We paid 25¢ each to enter the Estate but we were fully repaid. The Washington relics are most interesting. A rug presented to Washington by Louis XVI. and the Key to the Bastile presented by La Fayette made us realize that we were on historic ground sure enough. — Pupils of 8th Grade, 1st Division.

Boys' Items

Our trip to Baltimore was a fine one. I was very glad to meet my mother there. I had a fine dinner at the Y. W. C. A. The boys were tired when they arrived in Frederick. We had a most delightful time and enjoyed it very much. — Joseph Pfeifer.

O, you candidates for entrance to Gallaudet. Study more and play less, that you may pass smoothly the coming exams and not get swamped and go under. You will be rewarded for your diligent application and devotion to your studies. — Rozelle McCall.

Last Monday while we were at the City Hall, Baltimore, we heard a dreadful noise. A cannon ball burst and out came a flag floating in the sky. It was a wonderful sight. We were delighted and very glad indeed that we had an opportunity to see it. — Carroll Ruhl.

Recently I read in the Frederick News that there is no need of loafers around town, as there is plenty of work to be done now and laborers are beginning to get scarce. It is thought that business is picking up and beginning to get better in Frederick. — E. Alan Cramer.

Yesterday afternoon I sent home the silver set, which I got as a prize at the carnival. My father will be proud to get it. The set consists of six knives, six forks, six teaspoons, six tablespoons, one butter-knife and one sugar spoon. Wasn't I lucky to get it? — Abe Omansky.

Yesterday at 3 o'clock we left here for Frederick High School. When we got there, we practiced batting and at four o'clock we started the game of baseball. I played second base. We played till the seventh inning. The score was 17-13. We have won one and lost five games. We hope to win the next one. — Leo Deluca.

When we stopped marching in the parade a while on Holiday St. in Baltimore my brother touched me on the arm. I was surprised to see him and also my mother and my two cousins. I had not seen one of the cousins for three years. They followed me on the street. My mother kindly gave a dollar to me. — Cyril Colver.

Five of us boys in the High Class are candidates for entrance to Gallaudet College. We have already gone over the
subjects we are to be examined in, but we are still reviewing and drilling. We do not despair of going to college, but we know, to pass is not easy.—Earl Metty.

There is only about a month left before we leave for home, for the summer vacation which we all will enjoy. We are now on the third base at school and quite near the home plate. I am going to study hard, as I want to cross the plate and make a winning run in my exams, so I can be a Gallaudet student next year.—Walter Swope.

Last Saturday afternoon I went home because my parents wanted me to see a game of base-ball. I was very glad and was interested in it. It was a good game. It was played by Woodsboro and Union Bridge teams. I was pleased that Woodsboro won the game by the score of 5 to 3. Union Bridge team is a very strong one.—Arthur Weinbrenner.

Last Monday May 1st I was delighted to go to Baltimore to march in the big parade. I met my mother and I was very glad to see her. We talked awhile and my mother kindly gave me one dollar for spending money. She bought ice cream for me. I thanked her very much. She also gave Henry Ross 10 cents to buy ice cream.—Joseph Smith.

L. Drinks, B. Rosenberg and I had a delightful outing last Saturday. We took a spin on our bicycles to Washington Junction, about 14 miles. We saw the tunnel that is one third of a mile long. We were interested in watching the trains pass in and out. We also saw the long bridge over the Potomac river. We wished we had taken a camera.—John Urbanski.

Last Saturday afternoon being a delightful day, Walter Swope thought he would take a ride on his bicycle to Washington Junction, sixteen miles from here. He left immediately after dinner. The roads were generally fine, but they were rough in some places. He had trouble with his wheel, and had to stop, and fix it. However, he reached his destination in due time and started back to Frederick. On the way back he became exhausted. When about two miles from town, he was too exhausted to go any farther, and waited for a chance to get a ride. Soon a man came along in an auto, and Walter asked him for a ride. The driver, a soldier, certainly was good to take him in his car. Walter appreciated the kindness very much. But he doesn’t care for another long ride for awhile.—Vincent Serio.

My mother met me at the Y.M.C.A. in Baltimore. I talked to her for several minutes in the reading-room. Soon she went back home or downtown to get something for my birthday. When the parade was over, she met me at the station, she gave me a box. It contained apples, oranges, a jar of Clymer’s preserves and a white frosted birthday cake with thirteen little pink candles on it. She told me to be very careful with it and not to break it. She told me to have a party for my class and invite Jacob Hahn. I invited Julian Drinks to the party, too. Last night we had a fine party in our school-room and a very good time. We had brick ice-cream, cake and some of us had apples and others had oranges. We played games first. Miss Smith told me to light the candles and I did so. When all finished looking at it, I blew every candle out at once. When the party was all over, we went to bed.—John Ross.

Boys’ Week began on May 1st and will last till May 6th. There was a fine parade of boy organizations in Baltimore yesterday. Our battalion, as you know, marched in the parade, having been invited to do so by the committee in charge. We boys of the battalion had to get up at 3:30 Monday morning to take the B. & O. train which left at 5 o’clock. We had a special car and reached our destination about 8 o’clock. Messrs. Wriede, Cutsail and Benson accompanied us. At the station we formed in line and with our drums beating, marched up Howard St., Park Ave., and Cathedral St. to the Central Y. M. C. A. building where our headquarters were. At the Y. M. C. A. we had the privilege of playing various games and spent the time very pleasantly.

After dinner the battalion went to Mt. Royal Ave, where the parade formed. The parade started at 2:30 p.m. It was a long one and lasted about an hour and a half. Mayor Broening reviewed it. The reviewing stand was near the Washington Monument. We saluted the Mayor as we passed the reviewing stand. We stopped at the City Hall Plaza and from there we left for Camden Station where we took the train for home. We reached here at 7:30 p.m.—Abe Stern.
Board of Visitors

President, Bernard C. Steiner, Ph.D.  Vice-President, John K. Shaw
Secretary, Ernest Helfenstein  Treasurer, Richard P. Ross

Executive Committee

William G. Baker, Chairman

Geo. R. Dennis
Ernest Helfenstein
Richard Potts

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T. West Claggett
Charles H. Conley, M. D.
Mortimer D. Crapster
Sterling Galt
Marion T. Hargis
J. Frank Harper
F. Snowden Hill
M. Ernest Jenkins
Lloyd Lowndes

Richard P. Ross
D. John Markey
Charles McC. Mathias

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Jacob Rohrbach
Jesse O. Snyder
Frank L. Stoner
Palmer Tennant
Bernard O. Thomas, M. D.
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Officers of the School

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Edward P. Gale
Fannie Ebert Thompson
Emma Kelly
George H. Faupel, B. A.
Ruth A. Park
Rebecca B. Smith

Intermediate Department
Edith H. Radcliffe
Mildred A. Groht
Lee R. Griffin
Frances Marion McCandrew
Julia M. Young

Primary Department
Elizabeth T. Anderson
Lettie W. McKinney
Mabel B. Noylan
Irene Chapman Goodson
Maude Henning

Teacher of Drawing
Florence W. Doub

Teacher of Household Art
Wanita E. Gay, B. Sc.

Teacher of Manual Training
George H. Faupel, B. A.

Military Instructor and Supervisor
August Wriede

Physician
William C. Johnson, M. D.

Oculist and Aurst
James A. Long, M. D.

Principal's Secretary
Edith Markey, A.B.

Housekeeper
Mrs. F. M. Bramble

Matron
Nannie C. Gonso

Matron—Boys' Wing
Jane Redmond

Asst. Secy. and Storekeeper
Hazel K. McCanner

Asst. Supervisor of Girls
Mazie Fox

Teacher of Printing
Harry G. Benson

Teacher of Carpentry
Horace Cutsail

Teacher of Shoe-Making
Henry Bernac

Teacher of Tailoring
Edward James

Engineer
Samuel Abrecht

Baker
Frederick Schmidt

Gardener
Frank Chase

Night Watchman
James Case
A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

HONOR the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek; but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken; but those are lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with all the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yet, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out; but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other on earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside unnoticed; the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion. —Anonymous.