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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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A TEACUP FORTUNE

In the cup of steaming tea,
Put the sugar first, you see,
For if first you pour the cream
It will cross your true love dream.

To read your fortune in the cup,
Take a sip (not drink it up),
Then turn the cup around, one, two, three,
And wish, wish most seriously.

If one among you be a seer,
She shall in the tea-cups peer.
The tea will tell her to a T
What you are and are to be.

One leaf, alone; alone you'll be,
Two together, a man you'll see;
Three together, your wish you'll gain;
Four, a letter from loving swain.

Five, good news the letter'll bring;
Six in a row, a song you'll sing;
Seven together, great fortune waits
For you, so say the teacup's fates.

Tea leaves short and tea leaves tall
Bring you company great and small;
Tea leaves many and dotted fine
Are of bad luck the surest sign.
Tea leaves few and clear the rim,
Your cup with joy overflows the brim.

A bubble cluster means a kiss
This very day; prepare for bliss;
A teastalk floating on the top
Gives you cause to think and stop.
For a suitor comes your way,
Will he go away or stay?

If he likes you silver spoon
He will turn to you by noon.
If he seeks the outer rim,
You will see no more of him.
Two hearts proclaim that wed you'll be,
While crosses show adversity.
A ring is happy marriage, too,
And flowers are children, good and true.

PINK DRESSES

By MARY E. BAMFORD

In front of an old building in San Francisco, teamsters were unloading great bales of wool that weighed four or five hundred pounds apiece, and adding them to the many bales stored in the sheds. In the large sorting room on the first floor of the main building twenty girls and women stood in lines before high benches, separating the fine wool from the coarse, picking out burrs and dirt, and heaping the different sorts of wool in various piles. The air in the sorting room was filled with dust from the fleeces; to prevent this settling on their hair, the women and girls wore various head coverings—old hats, newspapers, or aprons wound round their heads like turbans.

Dade McAllister—a pale girl about twenty years old—had begun work at seven o'clock in the morning, as usual; and now, in late afternoon, her fingers were still flying. Near her was her sister Libbie, working, too, but not so fast as Dade. Libbie was a pretty girl with blue eyes and yellow, curly hair.

"The girls were paid from \$6 to \$15 a week, according to how much wool they sorted; but if a sorter did not do a certain amount of work daily, she lost her place. Dade, however, earned more than many of the girls. She needed to.

In and out of the room went a pleasant, honest-faced young man, named Con Burgess, who carried the sorted wool to the "scouring room." There the wool was put through a dusting machine, and scoured in boiling water and soda ash. After the drying and baling, it was shipped East.

Five o'clock—closing time—came. The girls, with their old dresses covered with dust, left the sorting room. Chatting with other girls, Libbie McAllister lingered. She had a reason for not wanting to walk home with Dade. At last Dade started home alone.

Dade McAllister's family lived on the third floor of a tenement house. As the girl started to mount the stairs she heard the sound of crying. Her little sister, Annie, was sitting on the stairs; a small girl from another family was comforting her.

"What is it, Annie?" asked Dade, putting her arms round her little sister.

"Your father's gone to get some meat, and Annie's afraid to go into your rooms, 'cause of your mother!" explained the other child.

"Never mind, Annie," said Dade soothingly. "Mother won't hurt you. Dade's got home, now. Let's go in."

Followed by Annie, Dade went in, washed the dust from her, and began to prepare supper. Occasionally she stepped into the next room and spoke gently to the figure that sat beside a window there—a figure that did not answer, even when Dade called her "mother."

Several years before, a shock of paralysis had affected Mrs. McAllister's mind; she had been a gentle, loving mother, but since the shock she seemed to care nothing for her children. Little Annie, too young to understand the reason for the change, was heartbroken.

She could not walk, but all day long sat by the window. Her husband waited on her tenderly; he was crippled with rheumatism, but although he could not work, he could potter round the room and help Dade with her household duties.

For a long time Dade's wages had mainly supported the family. Her father grieved at being unable to earn anything, yet he realized that his wife needed him hourly.

Soon after Dade came home, Mr. McAllister hobbled in with the meat, and he and she set about cooking it.

When Libbie came in, she brought with her a bundle that she tried to hide under her cape. But Dade saw it, and knew that it was the material for the new pink dress that Libbie had said she was going to buy. Dade sighed; Libbie's earnings were needed for other things.

Libbie disappeared now into the farther room, which was hers and Dade's. When she came out again, she was in high spirits, laughing and talking, but she did not mention the pink dress. Dade wondered how her sister could be so happy when she knew that Dade's wages must pay the doctor's bills for their mother, and the rent, and the living expenses. It seemed to her that Libbie, instead of buying the pink dress, might have given the money to help pay the bills. Dade's lips quivered. She never begrudged a cent that she earned; but, swift-fingered as she was, she could hardly earn enough to support the family.

At supper, Mr. McAllister was unusually bright. He told the girl that, for a few minutes that day, their mother had smiled intelligently. Oh, how long it had been since mother had smiled before! That one smile had brightened the poor man's day. His tongue still ran on about it, as he helped Dade with the dishes after supper.

"Mother'll be herself yet, girls!" Mr. McAllister said with joyful excitement. "She's surely growing better! I know it looks to you as if 'twasn't so, Dade, but I'm with her all the time, and I haven't given up. She's mother yet, only her poor mind's got to have lime to grope out; but I've got faith to believe it's coming sometime."

Wiping his eyes joyfully, Mr. McAllister went into the next room to carry some tea to his wife. Dade sighed softly. She hoped father was not mistaken. Oh, if only they could have mother back again as she used to be!

Gayly waving her scissors, Libbie danced toward the inner room. "You come in soon, and I'll show you something pretty!" she whispered to Dade as she passed her.

When Dade had finished the dishes, she went into the bedroom. Libbie had already partly cut out the pink dress.

"See! Won't I look fine in it!" she cried, throwing the pink stuff over her shoulder. Her fluffy hair was all in a curly mass, her blue eyes sparkled. Dade looked at her admiringly. Pink was so becoming to Libbie!

"It's—it's real pretty, Libbie," said Dade. "Only—there are the other bills, you know."

Libbie did not seem to hear. She was looking admiringly at herself in the small mirror.

"I can make this dress, sitting up nights," Libbie said. "It'll be awfully becoming to me. I guess Con Burgess will think so," she added with a laugh.

Libbie did not consider that Dade would have to pay for all the kerosene that she consumed sitting up nights to make the pink dress.

When Dade had put her small sister Annie to bed, she went out into the empty hall and sat down on the top stair; she wanted to be alone. The stairs and hall were dark. She could run if she heard anyone coming. From a lower floor the odor of fried fish came up to her. Occasionally below, and she heard the sound of voices; but no one came near the stairway where tired Dade, with her head in her hands, sat planning, thinking, trying not to feel the ache over Libbie's selfishness.

"I'll just have to work faster at the

wool sorting," she whispered wearily at last. "I must, if Libbie isn't going to help with the bills. I guess Con and everyone else will think Libbie's pink dress is pretty."

No one would ever know from Dade about Libbie's continually letting Dade pay all the bills. She was not the kind of girl to tell. If other girls guessed, it was from watching Libbie.

Dade went back into the rooms now, and started on the family mending; she always did the mending. Libbie usually had new things to make for herself, and as often as possible she went out to little parties. Sometimes Con Burgess or some of the other young men were at the parties. Dade could not usually go.

Finally, Dade rolled up the last pair of mended stockings and crept to bed. The next day her nimble fingers flew at the wool sorting faster than ever before.

"You make yourself one meelyonaire, Dade, you work so fast," said a French girl, named Suzanne.

Dade smiled. "I'm going to learn to work faster," she answered.

Therefore every day, Dade worked at high pressure. Evenings, at home, Libbie sewed on her pink dress, which was almost finished. Dade could not help admiring Libbie in the dress when the girl tried it on one night.

It was cold weather now, and at the sorting room there was a fire every day in the large heating stove. In the grading sheds outdoors, where there was no fire, men stood in pits up to their waists, separating "grease" wool that porters flung to them in heavy bundles. After the grease wool had been graded, it was baled in bundles, braced with heavy cleats and strap iron, and then shipped East.

Late one cold afternoon there was a great fire in the big heating stove in the sorting room. The girls were busy as usual, when suddenly there came a tremendous roar. Then without any further warning, the entire lower floor of the old building collapsed, and precipitated the girls and women, with an immense weight of baled wool, into the basement thirty feet below. The old building had long been suspected of being unsafe.

At once the air was filled with smothered cries and screams. Beams, flooring board, and bales strewn the basement in inextricable confusion. The red-hot stove had been hurled into the chaos below, and its door had flung violently open; the live coals scattering everywhere speedily set fire to papers. Soon the fumes of burning, greasy, unscoured wool rose. A quantity of coal oil that had been in the basement exploded, and the flame shot up with a terrifying roar.

Dade and her sister Libbie had been working some distance from each other thrown to different parts of the basement. Fortunately for Libbie, she had landed in a mass of wool, and was only partly pinned down by the bales. Struggling at last from under them, she found herself in a confused mass of other bales, broken timbers, and scantlings. The choking smoke of burning grease wool was thick about her, and everywhere girls were screaming.

Whose were those voices that screaming? A dreadful fear clutched Libbie.

"Dade! Dade!" she shrieked "Where are you?"

Libbie tore at the beams. She made a hole for herself between bales. Broken ends of boards caught her. Her hands were torn and bleeding. In one corner, what had been a portion of the sorting-room floor stood upright. Outside the upright timbers were heaped heavy bales of wool that kept the timbers from moving. The explosion of coal oil had occurred nearby, and those bales had been drenched with oil and were blazing with a roar. Pinned into that little corner, behind all those blazing bales and timbers, were some girls. Libbie could hear them screaming. Was Dade one of the girls in that awful cage behind the fire?

"Dade! Dade!" she shrieked, "Dade, where are you? Dade! Dade!"

She could not hear Dade's voice anywhere. Through the smoke and the blazing bales, a man struggled to her side. It was Con Burgess.

"Come this way, Libbie!" he shouted. "I'll get you out of this!"

"Con!" Libbie shrieked, clutching him. "Where's Dade? Find her for me, Con! O Con, what shall I do if Dade is killed? Oh, I've treated her so mean! You don't know!"

Springing frantically at the timbers, she tried to lift them; Dade might be lying under them. But Con caught her arm.

"It men's work!" he cried. "You must get out of this quick, Libbie. I'll look for Dade afterward."

He helped her to crawl under beams and over timbers; Libbie kept calling for Dade. At last Con drew her to a place where, thirty feet above them, some fragments of timbers hung down toward them, next the wall.

"Up with you, Libbie!" Con cried. "Up with you!" He stood on a bale, and with his strong arms helped her upward.

High overhead, in a cloud of smoke, one of the men from the grading sheds leaned far down from a beam and grasped Libbie as she clutched the timbers. He drew her up and helped her along the beam to safety and the outer air. Even as she gasped for air, she tried to speak. The grading-shed man divined her thought.

"They've brought up some girls and put them in the grading sheds," he said. "Perhaps your sister's there."

White-faced, Libbie ran to the grading sheds. Here and there, on piles of wool, lay girls with blackened faces or burned hands. One girl had fainted; her arm was broken. But Dade was not there.

"Dade! Dade!" screamed Libbie. "She's back there in the fire!"

She turned to run back, but a woman put her strong arms about her and held her.

"Let me go!" cried Libbie, struggling frantically. "I must go back! My sister's back there in the fire! Let me go!"

But the woman held her. "No, dear, you mustn't go back. You'd only be in the men's way. They'd have to get you out again. You mustn't go back."

And then suddenly Libbie's strength gave out, and dropping among the bales, she sobbed with the long, heart-rending sobs of despair.

"There, dear, there!" said the woman, holding Libbie close in her motherly arms. "Don't feel so yet. Maybe the men will get your sister out safe. There, dear, there!"

"Oh, but you don't know!" Libbie sobbed passionately. "Oh, what shall I do? I've treated Dade so mean! I've left her all the bills to pay at home, and I've spent my money on myself! You don't know how mean I've been! Dade's had to work dreadfully! Oh, my sister! My Oh, where is she?"

"There, dear, there!" said the woman a little unsteadily. "Maybe you'll get a chance to make it up to her yet. Sometimes, when we haven't done just right, the Lord gives us another chance to do better."

Still they waited. Now and then men brought other girls into the grading shed. Some of them were uninjured. How hard it was to wait! Libbie's white face was turned toward the door. But the woman would not let her go.

"Just you wait, dear," she kept saying. "Don't give up yet. Wait."

At last Con's face appeared at a door, and he beckoned to Libbie. The girl sprang up, with a tightening round her heart. She ran forward, and the woman came, too, holding her hand.

Con was leading the way into the next grading shed. Libbie ran past him. There, on the wool, lay Dade; she was white as chalk, her hair was partly burned away, and her dress was torn; but otherwise she was only faint and exhausted from being nearly smothered by smoke.

"Libbie!" cried Dade faintly. "Con said you were safe. Why, Libbie, don't cry so, darling! I'm all right. Only I was where I couldn't get out till the men reached me, you know. Why, Libbie?"

But Libbie was sobbing out a torrent of word. "O Dade! I'm going to be a good girl after this! I've been selfish and mean to you—and let you work so hard to pay everything—and—"

But Dade's arms were round her sister, holding her, and the rest of Libbie's confession was smothered on Dade's forgiving heart.

Within a week the girls were again at work. The large Eastern orders for scoured wool must be met; so

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Within a week the girls were again at work. The large Eastern orders for scoured wool must be met; so

fleeces from interior warehouse had been hurried to the city, another to the city, another sorting room had been rented, and again there were rows of girls busily sorting in the dust-filled room. Dade's fingers flew. So did Libbie's—her wages went toward the home needs now as regularly as Dade's did.

In and out of the sorting room went Con Burgess to carry away the wool. Late one afternoon, as the girls worked, the sun illumined the cloud of dust round Libbie's head.

"It is ze glory ring you have on your head, Libbie!" said Suzanne, laughing. "Ze glory ring like ze saint in pictures!"

Libbie shook her head. "I don't deserve any glory ring," she answered humbly, as her fingers sped on with their work.

But Con Burgess had overheard and as he carried off the wool, he murmured to himself, "Sure, to my thinking, Libbie looks prettier in that sort of a glory ring, working for her old father and mother, than she used to with all her pink dresses, bought with selfishness, as the other girls said they were. Sure, that dust comes nearer being a glory ring than Libbie thinks. Give me glory rings for becomingness every time."

But neither Libbie nor Dade realized that the homely clouds of dust in which they daily stood were shot through with the radiance of the love that kept them toiling for the deaf father and mother at home.

Thorfin, Karlsefne, the First White Colonist in America.

The following story of the first white men to land on American shores is based on Scandinavian history and places the date at about of the year 1000.

Thorfin Karlsefne was engaged in trading voyages, and was reputed to be a successful merchant. One summer he equipped his ship, with the intention of sailing to Greenland. Snorre, Thorbrand's son, accompanied him, and there were forty men on board the ship with them. There was a man named Bjarne and another named Thorhal. They equipped their ship the same as Karlsefne, with the intention of making a voyage to Greenland. They had also forty men in their ship. Both of the ships arrived at Erik's firth in Greenland in the autumn. Erik and other of the inhabitants of the country rode to the ships, and a goodly trade was soon established between them. Gudrid, who later was to become Thorfin's wife, was requested by the skippers to take such of their wares as she wished; while Erik, on his part, showed great munificence in return in that he extended an invitation to both crews to accompany him home for winter quarters at Brattalid.

In 1003, three ships were fitted out; one of Karlsefne and Snorre Thorbrandson, another by Bjarne Grimsson and Thorhal Garmlason, and third by Thorvald, a son of Erik the Red, and Thorhal Veidemand (the Hunter). Karlsefne's wife Gudrid, accompanied him, and Freydis, a daughter of Erik the Red, also joined the expedition. They had in all one hundred and sixty men when they sailed. They found land, and rowed along it in boats, examined the country, and found there on the shore many flat stones so large that two men might easily lie stretched upon them, sole to sole. There were many white foxes there. They gave the land a name and called it "Helluland" (i.e., Land of Flat Stones).

Then they sailed towards the southeast and south, and then a land lay before them, and upon it were great forests and many beasts.

An Island lay to the southeast off the land, and there they found a polar bear and they called the island "Bjarnen"; but the country they called "Markland" (i.e., Woodland) on account of the forests.

Farther south the land was indented by bays, and they steered the ships into a bay. Karlsefne put on shore the Gaelic runners (the man Haki and the woman Hekja) whom Leif and Erik had given him. They were to run southward, and return before three days were past. Karlsefne cast anchor and waited during their absence; and when three days were past, they came running down from the land, and one of them had grapes in his hand, the

other self-sown wheat." Karlsefne said that they seemed to have found a fertile country. They sailed along the coast and came to anchor in a fjord. They stayed there the winter, and it was very long; but they had not taken thought for anything, and were short of food, and their catch decreased. Then they went out to the island, expecting that there they might find some fishing.

During the autumn a son was born to Gudrid (the child was called Snorre), and from this first of European blood born in America, the celebrated sculptor Thorvaldsen, as well as many other eminent Scandinavians, is lineally descended.

Thorhal the Hunter seems to have been much disappointed and left the party, returning northward. Later he is supposed to have drifted to Iceland. Karlsefne, with Snorre, Bjarne, and the rest, continued southward along the coast.

They sailed a long time, until they came to a river, which flowed down from the interior into a lake, and thence into the sea. There were great sandbars before the mouth of the river, so that it could only be entered at high water.

Karlsefne and his people sailed to the mouth of the river and called the country "Hop." Early one morning when they looked about them, they saw nine hideboats, and wooden poles were being waved on the boats, making a noise like threshing flails, and they were moved with the sun. Karlsefne's men took this to be a token of peace, and bore a white shield towards them. Then the strangers rowed towards them, and wondered, and came ashore. They were small or black men, and ugly, and they had ugly hair; their eyes were big, and they were broad across the cheeks. They stayed there awhile, and wondered, then rowed away, and went south of the headland. Karlsefne had built their houses above the lake some nearer, some farther off. Now they stayed there that winter (1004-1005.) No snow fell at all, and their cattle were out at pasture.

When spring came, they saw early one morning a number of hideboats rowing from the south past the headland, so many it seemed as if the sea had been sown with charred wood in front of the bay, and they waved wooden poles on every boat. Then they set up shields and held a market, and the people wanted most to buy red cloth; they also wanted to buy swords and spears, but this was forbidden by Karlsefne and Snorre. The Skraelings gave them untanned skin in exchange for the cloth, and trade was proceeding briskly when an ox, which Karlsefne had run out of the woods, began to bellow. The Skraelings were scared, and ran to their boats and rowed south along the shore. After that they did not see them for three weeks. But when that time was past, they saw a great multitude of Skraeling boats coming from the south, as though driven on by a stream. Then all the wooden poles were waved against the sun, and all the Skraelings howled loudly. Then Karlsefne and his men took red shields and bore towards them. The Skraelings leaped from their boats, and then they made towards each other and fought; there was a hot exchange of missiles. The Skraelings also had catapults. Karlsefne and his men saw that the Skraelings hoisted upon a hole a great ball about as large as a sheep's paunch, the land over Karlsefne's people, and it made a great noise when it came down.

At this great terror smote Karlsefne and his people, so that they had no thought but of getting away and up the river, for it seemed to them that the Skraelings were assailing them on all sides; and they did not halt until they had reached certain crags. Then they made a stout resistance. Freydis they made a stout resistance. Freydis came out and saw that they were giving way. She cried out: "Wherefore do ye run away from such wretches, ye gallant men? I thought it likely that ye could slaughter them like cattle, and had I but arms, I believe I should fight better than any of you." None of them heeded what she said. Freydis tried to go with them, but she fell behind, for she was with child. She nevertheless followed them into the woods, but the Skraelings came after her. She found before her a dead man, Thorbrand Snorreson, and a flat stone was fixed in his head. His

sword lay unsheathed by him and she took it up and defended herself with it. Then the Skraelings came at her. She then took her breast out of her sark and whetted the swords on them. At that the Skraelings became afraid, and ran away back to their boats, and went away. Karlsefne and his men met her and praised her happy device. Two out of Karlsefne's men fell, and four of the Skraelings; but nevertheless, Karlsefne had suffered defeat. They then went to their houses to bind their wounds, and to consider what swarm of people it was that came against them from the land. It seemed to them now that there could have been no more than those who came from the boats, and that the other people must have been glamour.

The Skraelings also found a dead man, and an axe lay beside him; one of them took the axe and struck at a tree, and so one after another, and it seemed to delight them that it bit so well. Then one took and smote a stone with it; but when the axe broke, he thought it was of no use if it did not stand against stone, and he cast it from him.

Karlsefne and his men now thought they could see that although the land was fertile, they would always have troubles and disquiet with the people who dwelt there. Then they prepared to set out, and intended to go to their own country. They sailed northward and found five Skraelings sleeping in fur jerkins, and they had with them kegs with deer's marrow mixed with blood. They thought that they could understand that these were outlaws, and they killed them. Then they found a headland and a multitude of deer. Now they came back to Straumsfjord, and there was abundance of everything. It is reported by some that Bjarn and Gudrid remained behind there, and a hundred men with them and did not go farther; but they say that Karlsefne and Snorre went southward with forty men and were no longer at Hop than barely two months, returning the same summer.

Karlsefne then set out with one ship in search of Thorhad the Hunter, but the greater part of the company remained behind. They sailed to the northward around Kjalarnes, and then bore to the westward, having land to the larboard. The country there was a wooded wilderness as far as they could see.

On this voyage Thorvald Ericksson was killed by an arrow shot from the shores by a uniped. They returned to Straumsfjord, and remained there that winter. The next summer (1006) they sailed for Markland, then to Greenland. The winter (1006-1007) they spent at the home of Erik the Red, at Brattalid.

Karlsefne sailed away, and arrived with his ship in the north of Iceland, in Skagafirth. His vessel was beached there during the winter, and in the spring he bought Glambouer-land, and made his home there and dwelt there as long as he lived, and was a man of the greatest prominence. From him and his wife, Gudrid, a numerous and goodly lineage is descended. After Karlsefne's death, Gudrid, together with her son, Snorre, who was born in Vinland, took charge of the farmstead; and when Snorre was married, Gudrid went aboard and made a pilgrimage to the home of her son, Snorre, who had caused a church to be built at Glambouer. Gudrid then took the veil and became an anchoress, and lived there the rest of her days.—*Minneapolis (Minnesota), North Star.*

ST. THOMAS' MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Hatlie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.
Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.
Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.
J. W. MICHAELS,
Mountainburg, Ark.
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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

The United States Government Office School of Apprentices has just issued a pamphlet entitled "Story of the Four Years."

It includes the complete preparations for training apprentices in the Government Printing Office.

The Civil Service Commission conducts the examinations for admissions to the school.

By Act, Congress approved of the admission of two hundred apprentices to the skilled trades and sixty-eight elected to learn the trade of printing.

The physical as well as mental attainments are carefully supervised. An applicant must be physically sound, of good health, and have excellent eyesight, and a formal indenture is signed by each boy and his parent or guardian and the Public Printer. By the indenture, the apprentice agrees faithfully to complete four years at his trade. He also subscribes to the following agreement:—

That he will not absent himself from his place without previous permission unless compelled by sickness or other unavoidable reason.

That he will be prompt and regular at his work, and will strive to perform, to the best of his ability, the work required of him.

That he will neither waste the goods, nor needlessly injure or destroy any machinery, tools, or other property that may be put in his hands or under his control.

That he will use his best efforts to complete such work as may be given to him to the satisfaction of said Government Printing Office.

That he will attend night school at such place and for such period as may be approved or directed by the Public Printer.

That he will faithfully observe the courses of study, and endeavor to learn therefrom to the best of his ability, with a view to preparing himself for examination from time to time, the satisfactory passing of the various examinations being understood to be one of the conditions of his advancement.

A special schoolroom is provided for the apprentices and suitably equipped with cases of type, each boy having his own frame. The apprentice room is also provided with imposing stones, proof presses, Gordon press, and a full complement of job type. After fifteen months of intensive application and study, they are given twelve months at job work, succeeded by seven months at the imposing stone.

To be a successful applicant each boy must pass examinations in spelling, copying, letter writing and arithmetic. Their education must be above the eighth grade of our grammar schools.

Taken into consideration the unparalleled handicap of boys in the printing offices of our schools for the deaf, one is inclined to marvel at the average efficiency.

Deprived, by the disadvantages which deafness interposes, of the mental endowments of the hearing apprentices, they are also handicapped in the matter of time. Four years at eight hours a day is equivalent to more than twenty years at a school for the deaf.

CHICAGO.

He's gone away—The granite face yet kindly,
The ready help—all gone beyond our ken.

The firm, fierce faith we children followed
blindly
Has passed—we'll never clasp his hand
again.

For him no rose-hued, hopeful, glad tomorrow—
The cold earth closes o'er his handsome head;
So we—who knew and loved him—weep in
sorrow.

Sup't Walker's dead!

S. Tefft Walker, Illinois best beloved superintendent, died in San Diego, California, July 8th, from a stroke of apoplexy, aged 73.

Walker had in turn served as superintendents of four stateschools for the deaf—Kansas, Illinois, Louisiana and Missouri. A G-getter of decided views, he was always at loggerheads with the politicians, and lasted but a few years at each place. At Jacksonville, he brought Illinois up to a post among the leading American schools for the deaf—a post it has never since enjoyed; and was fired right after Mrs. Meagher's class graduated in 1887.

When the N. A. D. was unsuccessful lobbying in Congress for establishment of a Bureau of the Deaf, this Walker was the man we leaders had in mind as the proper party to head the Bureau.

About ten years ago, he was assigned by a large hearing lodge—then styled the Knights and Ladies of Security, I believe—to establish its Home and Hospital at Topeka, Kansas. For five strenuous years he held that job, and his success was so amazing that when he resigned four years ago, they offered to double his salary if he would stay. But he wisely resolved to spend his few remaining years in the superb sunshine of Southern California—a fitting climax to an eventful and active life. His last Chicago call was at this JOURNAL office. "My wife has worked I even harder than I have, and I go to California more for her sake than my own," he told me.

A handsome, sturdy, stocky man with leonine mane, Walker might pass as a ringer for Alonzo Stagg, the Chicago coach. He evidently had a premonition of approaching death, for a month ago, he bought a cemetery lot in Chula Vista, eight miles south of San Diego. His last visitor was probably Sidney Howard—formerly conductor of this column—who had a long chat with him on July 4th.

Walker was the big leader—almost the whole thing—in San Diego silent circles; a guide, counsellor and friend. He leaves a wife at the family home, 4476 42d Street, and four children—Herbert S. Walker, of Manila, (Philippine Islands); Mrs. Allen Jacobs, of Reno, Nevada; Mrs. Charles Winchester, of Buchanan, W. Va.; and Miss Clementine Walker, of San Diego. Mrs. Jacobs interpreted the funeral service.

Walker, the fighter, is gone; and no more fitting tribute can be given him than the fact not one of his many scattered pupils but brand him as the best superintendent they ever had. May he rest in peace.

prone to knock and criticize
Whether or not that course be wise;
But none knocks the Silver State—
Those Denver fraternal sure were great!

The main body of the returning Chicago delegation to the 10th triennial convention of the N. F. S. D., pulled into Union station at 7:40, city time, Monday, July 18th, declaring the Denver convention was the best ever!

Denver's local committee made good on its promise to provide the VISITORS with a good time—instead of concentrating on the delegates, as did St. Paul. And, oh! boy, what a time!

For the first time in history, we leaf had a special train both ways. The "Gibson Special" to St. Paul, 1924, was the first in history, carrying 213 souls on a daylight trip—no Pullmans. The second was the so-called "Meagher-Schaub" special to the Nad last summer, carrying about 40. This year's going trip had 186 passengers aboard nine cars. The special from Denver to Colorado Springs bore 167 passengers in eight cars. The special from Denver to Chicago started with 95 passengers in seven cars. Those figures speak for themselves. Good time? You said it!

The attendance at Denver was not up to the crowd at St. Paul—more's the pity. The official registration—those who paid \$1 for a badge—was 657, of whom 87 were Coloradans. That makes the total attendance around the 900 mark. And—unlike St. Paul—these badges really did admit to free features worth many times their cost!

Quite a goodly crowd turned out to see us at Omaha, on the Westward trip, among them the great Luther Taylor and his charming wife. They look not a day older than when "Dummy" Taylor used to pitch for the New York Giants, as running-mate of Ames, Matthewson and McGinnity. Another on the Omaha station platform was the hearing father of our Edwin Hazel, now seventy-five years old—and a

Union printer for close to fifty years.

The newspapers featured us to the Queen's taste. Chairman Northern had lined up all Denver dailies except the Denver Post—most influential of all—which, for some dead-and-forgotten reason, never mentioned the deaf unless in a sneering vein (you know how some papers are.) Northern told me to go ahead and see what I could do with the Post. I did. From Monday noon on, the Post was only "scooped" once all week—and that was when President Anderson gave a release of his official address to the News. (Next time my enemies lambast me for "lifting the box," I am going to show them that copy of the Denver News. If it is all right for "Prexy," why not all right for me?)

While hundreds were dying of heat back East, we lucky lads and lassies enjoyed a mile-high atmosphere of invigorating coolness. The finest hotel in town we as ours. We even got a couple of splendid shots in Universal Newsreel (watch for it), though this ruined a nice pair of pants when a steel-hoist-cable caught me while lugging the movie camera.

"The Injustice of 1905" was undone, when Francis P. Gibson—the "Grand Old Frat"—was elected president of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf by acclamation. As president 1903-05, Gibson undoubtedly saved the frats from "busting," though this Lone Wolf stand cost him reelection. After a lapse of 22 years, Gibson is again our peerless leader. The Society, which had assets of \$553,48 when he retired in 1905, now has \$904,449.28. Sometimes there is justice in this wicked world. Yes; sometimes.

Arthur L. Roberts was unanimously elected Secretary-Treasurer. He earned it. Whether one likes Roberts personally, one must admit he is a worker; and merited the office. The Grand Trustees are the same. Leiter being elevated to Chairman, and Flick going to the foot of the class, in rotation. The voice-presidencies went to Neesam, of Wis., Howson, of Cal., Muller, of Ky., and Shilton, of Canada—Howson and Shilton being new men. Boston won the convention to be held FOUR years hence, 1931. Gibson received \$1000 raise in salary, and Roberts \$800, making their stipends \$3800 and \$3600 annually. A lot of local Union printers who have been prone to laugh at Gib and Bobs, because our wages beat their salaries, need laugh no longer. Gib's wages head the Chicago heap, while Bobs pars with most of our best wage earners. (By 1931 we printers can probably laugh at \$3800 as chicken feed, however.)

It was a great convention from a business viewpoint, but I shall leave the labor of writing it up to good old Gib.

Among the many Chicagoans at Denver: The Gibsons, Roberts, Kemps, Livshis, Flicks, Robert Fords and Robert Blairs, Madame W. O'Neil, Misses Geraldine Gibbons, Monica Lanigan, Mamie Flynn, Eleanor Cain, Martha Schultz, Josephine Witowski, Katie Leerhoff, Elsie Kaiser and the Yanzito sisters. Messrs. Craig, Kufflewski, Ziantarski, Leiter, Krauel, Yanzito, Gunner, Powers, Sibitzsky, Gordon, Schroeder, Meagher, and E. W. Carlson and little Marjorie.

Ward Small, of Santa Barbara, bobbed up in mid-week, the same slender jokersmith as ever.

Mrs. Wm. O'Neil left Denver, to make a prolonged visit with her sister in Seattle, accompanied by the Roberts Blairs.

Flynn fell in the river at Eldorado Wednesday, and by sheer luck Yanzito had his movie machine unlimbered and acting at the time. He lugged his movie out to Evergreen next day, but when he started to shoot the snowball battle in the hot sun, discovered he had forgotten to bring along any film.

Fred Baars was around the convention. Baars, a Chicago boy from 1892 to '04, is still residing at the Union Printers' Home in Colorado Spring, but is not dying as reported.

Irving Mordine of Los Angeles accompanied our party Westward, coming from a visit to New York.

Isadore Seelig, the popular San Franciscan, alternate, is in Chicago, the guest of Paul Martin. He may remain permanently, if he lands a job. "I have lived on the Golden Gate for 53 years, and want to see how you unfortunate Easterners manage to subsist in your miserable climate," says the Native Son.

Quite a lot of New Yorkers and other Easterners are spending a few days in town as this is written. And—having to write it—I have to deny myself the pleasure of trotting around town with them, for writing is hard work (though you would never believe it until you try it.)

The Charles Cunninghams and Miss Virginia Dries, all of Peoria, spent a week here following the convention.

Miss Mae Allison, 18, the pretty San Francisco lass, who was the escort of that debonair beach breuer from New York—Alex Pach

—at the convention banquet, is in Chicago, and hopes to secure work and remain permanently.

Charles Krauel and the three Yanzitos—Charles, Marie and Elizabeth—are now accompanying the Rev. Smileau's party on a tour of the Yellowstone. Unauthentic reports have it only eight folks in all comprised the party, so Chicago contributes half of the total.

Ed. W. Carlson and 13-year-old daughter, Majorie, left Denver for Spokane, Portland, California and Texas points—a two months' trip. It was very touching to see the tender care with which Carlson cosied his little girl—her mother died in Texas last winter. Marjorie was one of the girls who "caved in" in the rarified atmosphere atop Pike's Peak, July 16th.

The Lutherans held their annual picnic at River Grove, on the 16th. Several parties have brought to this office some of those alphabet cards bearing the wretched doggerel signed Leroy C. Henderson; from which one can conclude that ex-Gallaudite is peddling his ABC's around town again.

The Otto Pauldings of Steger, recently took Mesdames McCoy and Pond, in their car to spend a weekend at Mrs. McCoy's cousin's farm in Fowler, Ind.

Mrs. Horace Buell is back after two weeks vacation in Omaha.

Michael Bontalelli, of New York, is hunting a sit here as linotype operator. He is out of luck, as there are some 1,000 printers out of work here.

Dates ahead. July 20th—M. E. picnic at Forest Preserve, 26th and Desplaines. Pas bunco and 500. August 6th—Annual picnic, frats of No. 1 and 106, Polonia Grove, 4600 Archer Avenue. September 5th—Annual Labor Day Home Fund picnic, National Grove, 6510 Milwaukee Avenue.

J. FREDRICK MEAGHER.

OHIO.

The many Ohio friends of Mr. Benjamin P. Green, Toledo, were sorry to learn of his rather sudden death and extend their sympathy to his widow. The West Toledo Standard of June, 31.

BENJAMIN GREEN HAD RESIDED HERE FOR 23 YEARS.

Benjamin P. Green, a resident of West Toledo for the past twenty-three years, died at his home, No. 4143 Vermaas Avenue, on Thursday evening, at ten-thirty, June 30th. Mr. Green had not complained of being ill, until three days previous to his death. Stomach trouble was the cause. It is thought the extreme hot weather of a few days ago brought on the fatal illness.

Benjamin Green was born in Danville, Pa. He was in his 58th year. He was a printer by trade, and for a number of years was employed by the Blade Printing and Paper Company. Before removing to West Toledo, he was a resident of East Toledo.

Surviving him are his wife and one son, Lawrence.

Funeral services were held at the Garner Funeral Home, on Monroe Street, on Saturday afternoon, at two o'clock, and were conducted by the pastor of Trinity Church.

According to clippings received various sources, the Thelma Bateson, who suddenly disappeared from Zanesville, was married at Toledo, instead of at Lima, as reported in our last. Still other reports say she was not married, so her disappearance seems to remain a mystery. We suspect the truth is she did elope and was married to Mr. Eugene Everett, of Lima.

Mrs. William L. Sawhill, Pittsburgh, has returned to her home after spending a week in Ohio, with relatives at Zanesville, and with Mr. and Mrs. Edson Ruth, of Athens.

Rev. Collins Sawhill, Cleveland, and his daughter have been spending a few weeks with relatives in Pittsburgh, Mr. J. B. Showalter recently had the pleasure of a short visit from his son, Benjamin, who was on his way north with his family from his home in the south.

The Columbus League for the hard of hearing now has a membership of over one hundred. They will Saturday, July 23d, picnic at Smith's Park. When they had their first picnic five years ago, they had it at a private home, as the league there had only a few members.

In 1917, the S. S. C., a club composed of older girls at the school, agreed to educate three deaf French children at the school at Nancy, France, and this month the last of the three finishes her studies. The girls receive letters, showing that these deaf children have appreciated all that the Ohio deaf girls have done for them, and so also have their teachers at the Nancy school.

A novel home was on display in Columbus, last week, and attracted much attention. The house was made from a hollow log, sixteen feet long and nine feet high, and was mounted on a truck. The log is a part of a Douglas fir, from the State of Washington. The home contains rooms for living purposes, and the owners left Washington in 1926, and have traveled more than 7,000 miles in their log home. Being vacation time, there seems to be little in the way of news to relate.

E.

July 20, 1927.

Before you ask the boss for a raise, try raising the quality of your work.

SEATTLE.

The annual Fourth of July picnic, conducted under the auspices of the P. S. A. D., was held Point at Alki and was attended by over a hundred, a good many coming from Tacoma and other towns. There were two base-ball games, played on the flat ground of the public school, where there were some bleachers which lookers-on found very comfortable. The base-ball games were between Frat and Non-Frat teams, and the score for the morning game was Frats 9, Non-Frats 5. For the afternoon game, Frats 9, Non-Frats 4. The line-up was as follows:

FRATS—Kelly, p., ss.; Wilson, 2b.; Kuhn, ss.; Kirschbaum, 1b.; Sanders, (capt.) c.; Jensen, r.f., l.f.; Bradbury, p., 3b.; Gerson, c.f.; Palmer, 1.f.

NON-FRATS—Wood (capt.), Boesen, p., ss.; Pickett, c.f.; Stebbins, G. Kelly, ss., p.; Cruzan, 3b.; A. Martin, l.f.; Carter, r.f.; Abrahamson, c.f.

After lunch, which was eaten on the long tables under the tree close to the beach, with plenty of hot coffee on tap, the following games were played on the school-house field:

GENTLEMEN

100-Yard Dash—1st, Stanley Stebbins, Tacoma 2d, Clarence Thomas, Seattle.
Running backwards—H. Cookson.
Three-legged Race—Stanley Stebbins and Gordon Kelly.
Tie Shoes Race—Christian Christensen.
Wheelbarrow Race—Gordon Kelley and Stanley Stebbins.
Longest Throw, over 50—John Adams.

LADIES

50-Yard Dash—1st, Olga Oihus, Portland; 2d, Mrs. Bertha Wilson.
Cracker Eating Contest—Mrs. C. Gilmore.

Longest Throw—Mrs. C. Gilmore.
Walking Backwards—Olga Oihus.
50-Yard Dash, Elderly Ladies—Mrs. Burgett.

CHILDREN

25-Yard Dash—(girls) Mary Bodley.
25-Yard Dash—(boys) Lloyd Harris.

The prizes were all in money, in sums from 25 cents to \$1.50, ten dollars being voted from the P. S. A. D. treasury for this purpose. The exercises closed with a few words from Dr. Hanson on the meaning of Independence Day, and the recital by Mrs. Hanson of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Rex Oliver and his wife brought their tiny little daughter, Beth, from Everett, to the picnic, and exhibited, the little pink and white bud of humanity to many admiring friends. She is a beautiful baby, and the picture of health, and has her mother's dark eyes. We are glad to correct a mistake we made as to the date of little Beth's birth. She was born on March 15th, and not in February, as we stated in former letter.

There were so many visitors at the picnic that we can only name a few of them. From Tacoma came Mabel Slegel, Mr. and Mrs. Nilson, Mr. and Mrs. Burgett, Mr. and Mrs. Ecker, Mr. Gerson, and others. From Everett, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martin, Mr. Alva Allen, Mr. August Kowald of Rochester, N. Y., Fred Kuhn, of Los Angeles, Mrs. Solmaugh, of California, Mr. Malstrom, and scores of others.

Cards received from Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce Rogers, of Ellensburg, announce the birth on July 1st of their son, Robert Bruce Rogers, Junior. We congratulate the proud parents and hope they will bring Robert, Junior, to Seattle one of these days, and introduce him to his friends here.

Mrs. Pauline Gustin has been spending two or three weeks at Everett helping to take care of Mrs. Ernest Fredericksen and her second little son, who was born June 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. True Patridge went to Lake Sutherland in their car for the July 4th week-end. Lake Sutherland is not far from Lake Crescent, and about 17 miles from Port Angeles. They had their children with them, Robert coming up from his camp to join them, and stayed at Camp Byd. There they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Riley and their daughter, who came down from Victoria. When the Rileys returned home they took with them little Mabel Partridge as the guest of their daughter. Mabel will return home July 22d, when the Rileys come south for two weeks' vacation, part of which they will spend in Portland.

Mrs. L. A. Divine came to Seattle with her daughter, Hope, and her youngest son, Walter, arriving on the afternoon of July 4th. Mrs. Divine and Hope, who is a teacher at the Salem, Oregon, School, came to attend the N. E. A. Convention. While in Seattle they were the guests of the Bertrams and the Hansons. They left Seattle about four o'clock P.M., on Thursday to motor back to Vancouver, and en route witnessed a bad accident when a big sedan

ran into the tail of a freight truck. The wreck was caused by glaring lights from an advancing car. Mrs. Divine took one of the passengers of the Sedan to Salmon Creek.

Notices have been sent out that the State School at Vancouver will not open till December 15th, as the new main building now being constructed will not be completed before that time.

Alice Wilberg is now working in a vaneer plant at Vancouver, Wash., and Mrs. Horn has a job at Portland, going back and forth from Vancouver on the street car. The Horns expect to move into a flat in Vancouver soon, and then Alice will live with them.

Miss Helen Northrop was a visitor in town during the N. E. S. convention, and we are very sorry that we failed to meet her, as we could not locate her hotel. We hope she will look us up the next time she is in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Key had a painful accident on July 3d, when their car skidded on a loose gravel road and turned over. Both our friends were bruised, Mrs. Key more than her husband, but fortunately no bones were broken. The top of the car was demolished, but the damage was covered by insurance.

Miss Thelma McConnell had two passes on a boat to California, and expected to go for a vacation with her youngest brother, Roscoe, but she was so ill from a breakdown, resulting from over work, that she had to let Roscoe go alone, while she went to a sanitarium for a couple of weeks, where she is under the care of an osteopathic physician. Her father also is suffering from an attack of stomach trouble.

The Golden Rule Club met on Thursday, July 14th, at Woodland Park, with about a dozen ladies in attendance. The August meeting will be at the same place. After lunch the ladies visited the zoo, and were impressed by the fine collection of bears of all colors, and the magnificent African lions.

Alice Reeves is now having a good time in Spokane, where she is visiting Mrs. Erve Chambers, who is her Aunt Susie. Alice will not return home till time for school in September.

Marion Bertram was one of a committee of high school girls in charge of dispensing refreshments at a reception given at the yacht club in honor of the N. E. A. visitors.

At the last P. S. A. D. meeting on July 9th, a box of flat table ware of plated silver was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilmore as a wedding present from their Seattle friends.

Ellis McDonald is now home from his trip to Poughkeepsie as stroke of the Varsity crew. He enjoyed his experience very much. At every big town where the boys stopped they were welcomed, and in Washington, Dr. and Mrs. Hall took Ellis about the city in their car.

The mother of Thys Ferwerda died of goitre, June 30th, in Spokane, and Thys went home for the funeral, which was held on July 2d. He has our sympathy in his loss.

Anacortes now has a deaf club which meets monthly. The officers are Mr. Cookman, president; Mrs. Krause, treasurer. The trustees are Messrs. Suede and Hollenbeck. There are about twenty deaf people who are residents of Anacortes.

Mrs. J. M. Solmaugh, of Redlands, Cal., is visiting her daughter at Lake Forest Park. She is an old friend of the Bodellys and was with them at our Alki picnic on the 4th.

Leonard Rasmussen is tired of the small wages he has been getting at his job in a cooperage shop here, and is going to Portland, where he has secured work in a canning factory. Leonard has been a resident of Seattle for a number of years, and we are sorry to have him leave us.

Mr. J. M. Lowell, our Frat delegate, and his wife left their home at 10 A.M., July 4th, en route for Denver, where they arrived on the tenth and took a room at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. They travelled in their Chevrolet sedan, which behaved fairly well, and stopped a day and a half at Salt Lake City. This is the news contained on a postal received from Mr. Lowell.

Miss Doris Thomson left this morning with her mother and sister, for her home in Wenatchee, her father having come with their car to drive his family home. They have rented their little house near Lincoln Park, and are returning to Wenatchee, because they cannot leave Mr. Thomson there alone, and he is tied down by his store. We are sorry that Doris has left us so early in the summer.

Alice Hanson returned home yesterday evening, after being away a month. She was re-elected National Grand Vice-President of her sorority, and enjoyed very much both the convention in Wisconsin, and the visits in Minnesota among her various cousins. While she was dining at the home of one of them at Willmar, a tornado came up and passed so suddenly that Alice said she did not have time to feel afraid. Several large trees in the yard of the house where she was were twisted and torn up, and they are the only thing that saved the house itself. It was Alice's first experience of the kind, for on the Pacific coast we do not have tornadoes. Returning home-wards over the Canadian Pacific, Alice stayed for a week at a Y. W. C. A. Chalet at Field, B. C., about fifty miles from Banff, and seventeen miles from

Lake Louise. Alice did some strenuous hiking and climbing, and the presence of a celebrated professor of botany in the party made the excursions of greater interest. Alice saw a black bear and a snow cricket, the latter a very rare insect, which will be sent by the professor to the National Museum at Washington. Alice also saw two herds of mountain goats. She saw them by looking down from a higher elevation, so they were unconscious of being observed. In each herd the goats trailed along in a line after their leader, and it was marvelous how easily they clambered over precipitous rocks. Alice also visited some fossil beds of the Cambrian period, and brought home some specimens. They were at an elevation of 8000 feet. The beauty of the Canadian Rockies is unsurpassed, and Alice will always remember the week spent among them.

THE HANSONS.

July 18, 1927.

DETROIT.

The Detroit Association of the Catholic deaf will have a picnic at St. Gertrude Church ground, L'arse Cruese, St. Clair shore, August 7th. All are welcome.

Mrs. George Davis and son, Robert, and daughter, Laura, are visiting in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. May Howe and Mrs. Thomas Leach each had a surprise birthday recently with the usual gala eats and gifts.

Ralph Beaver and family and niece, Virginia, drove to Iuka, Illinois, July 16th, for a week vacation. They stopped at Springfield to see the Earl Shaffers and John Ottos.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Smythe, of Hudson Avenue, are spending a week with their daughter is Lapeer. Mr. Smythe is not at all well and gets around with difficulty.

We are sorry to repeat and say John Rutherford is failing, instead of gaining of health.

Some of his many friends call on him daily. He is very cheerful and recognizes them most of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tuttle stopped off from a western trip, while on their way to Buffalo, Sunday, to see the latter's sister, Mrs. Alex Lob-singer.

Our tired but happy convention delegates are back, reporting a very enjoyable time. Congratulations to Boston in landing the one for 1931—yet we are proud to think Detroit ran second on ballot, since it was decided at such a late time to try for it. The Fraternal Club received one of the famous Boston Bean Pots.

Mrs. Wm. BEHRENDT.

For Deaf Drivers of New Jersey.

The automobile section of the Newark (N. J.) Sunday Call publishes weekly a question and answer department, the answers being given by Motor Vehicle Commissioner William L. Dill. That Commissioner Dill, under the new law of the state, is giving deaf applicants every consideration, is evidenced by the following from the department referred to above:

Q. I am somewhat hard of hearing, and though I have been driving somewhat have been discouraged from trying for a license. Do you consider it safe for me to have a license?

A. As a rule a person who cannot hear uses greater caution at points where danger might lurk than the average person who has full control of all faculties. The law in this State allows those who can neither hear nor talk to have a license, and providing you attain perfect control of your car and can pass the State test, I see no reason why you should not have one. You may write this department for special precautions for the prevention of accidents if you desire.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN MISSION FOR THE DEAF.

Services every Sunday at 3 o'clock in the church on South 9th Street, between Driggs Avenue and Koebling Street, Brooklyn. The Church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg Bridge.

Meeting of the class at the Parish House

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Saturday, July 23d, 1927, was the day of the Picnic, Games and Beauty Contest of the Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D., at Hoffman Casino, Unionport, Bronx.

From early morning till about three in the afternoon it rained, and looked as if the affair would prove a flat failure.

It was about half past three o'clock when the scribe got to the Casino. The committee and most of the members were on hand arranging things just as if rain was a thing unheard of, and confident that their friends would turn up in the evening.

Hoffman Casino is way out on the outskirts of the Bronx, not far from the St. Joseph's School for the Deaf. It has a large covered hall, fine dancing floor, and bowling alley, also a small, but fine shady park.

When the scribe got to the casino, he found about a dozen engaged at bowling, and they kept it up until late at night, as inducement was for \$30 in prizes.

By ten o'clock there were about four hundred present, therefore the 1927 Picnic of the Bronx Frats turned out to be a success.

The winners of the bowling contest, who figured in the prize money were: Thomas Lynch, William Staak, Frank Chanerda, Louis Cerico and LeRoy Todd.

Five loving cups were placed on exhibition, two were won by ballot in the contest, Miss Gertrude Moran and Miss Emma Nichter.

The third cup for Beauty Contest was decided by three judges appointed by President Edward Bonvillian. They were Messrs. Max Lubin, Herman Beck and Benjamin Basca, and they had no easy task, for there were very beautiful girls there. The winner was Rose Quarteraro.

To decide the winners in the dancing contest—old fashioned waltz—Messrs. Max Lubin, Edward Elsworth, Benjamin Shafranek, Misses Alice McVan and Lillian Binder were selected as the judges.

Nathan Merrell and Miss Goldie Pearlman were finally selected, and each was given a small, but pretty loving cup, which they will prize dearly. They were congratulated by their friends.

The man who worked the hardest for the success of the affair was Joe Graham, and he deserves great credit. He was assisted by various committees, which included Albert J. Blake, Fred C. Berger, Mathew Lazar, President Edward P. Bonvillian was here, there and everywhere, lending assistance.

Messrs J. Sobel and A. Sumner were in charge of the Beauty Contest.

Messrs F. Rubano, A. Rubano and John Cail, composed the committee of the Bowling contest.

Mr. William Haussman had charge of hat checking.

The affair was orderly conducted, and all who were there enjoyed themselves.

Several came from Connecticut, some by train, and some by auto. The latter had no easy time, on account of the rain, encountering some very muddy roads, but got there in safety, and enjoyed the outing to the utmost.

Long Island had representatives. New Jersey too had several, who never miss outings given by the deaf.

The outcome ended, despite the bad weather, better than the promoters expected, and they will realize a fair profit.

LUX—ARMSTRONG.
Quite a pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, on Wednesday evening, July 20th, by Rev. John H. Kent, with Miss Florence M. Armstrong became the bride of Mr. Francis T. Lux.

The bride looked very pretty in a picture hat, a wedding dress of white Georgette and carrying a bouquet of lilies of the valley and white roses. Led by the bridesmaid, Miss Mary Belle Mintree, the bride leaning on the arm of her father, came down the church aisle to the altar, where the groom and the his best man, Mr. Charles Schatzkin, were waiting.

The beautiful ring service was performed by Rev. Mr. Kent, speaking orally and in signs.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held and buffet refreshments were served.

A large wedding cake was cut and distributed, either to be eaten or carried away.

The families of both bride and groom were present, and only a few deaf people there, among whom we noted Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Willie Lux, Mrs. Harry Pierce Kane, Mrs. Meinken, Misses Eleanor Sherman, Atkinson, Tuck, Elsie and Viola Schwing, Dr. Thomas F. Fox, Edward Elsworth, Rev. Mr. Braddock, Wm. Lux, Perry Schwing, Edwin A. Hodgson.

More next week.

FRANKLIN C. SMIELAU.

Canadian News

TORONTO TIDINGS

Robert Ensminger has been putting in the past few weeks with his sister and other relatives in Hamilton.

Mr. William Clench did not find work here to his satisfaction and has now gone to his home in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Hathaway, of London, Miss Eva Roberts, of Ottawa, and Miss Alberta Roberts, of St. Thomas, were guests of their cousins at "Mora Glen" during the first part of the week of July 10th.

Miss Bessie Ball, of Highland Park, Detroit, arrived here on July 6th, for a few week's visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason and with relatives here.

Miss Elsie Garden has returned from her visit to her old home in Bobcaygeon, and at time of writing has her forth coming long trip and matrimonial venture absorbing her mind.

Mrs. J. K. Mishaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason, and her family, have gone to their summer cottage at Torrance, although they were invited to share in the cooling breezes of the Muskoka Lakes with their grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason declined to go, "Grandma" Mason preferring the quietness of her dear old home, while "Grandpa" Mason never fails to attend the girls' soft ball games at Sunnyside; for despite his great age, he is a regular fan.

The annual picnic of the Bridgen Club was finally reeled off on July 9th, at the Humber River playgrounds, which were very accessible and well adapted to such an occasion, thanks to Vice-Chairman Chas. A. Elliott and his committee, who selected this new spot, and who worked so hard in making this event such a success.

About seventy-five turned out and all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Chairman H. W. Roberts was able to get there by motor and addressed the gathering, in which he complimented them on the success of this outing and was glad to be with his "boys" and "girls" for a brief spell, despite his recent operation. He announced that the club had appropriated \$35. from its fund and given it to our church—a promise fulfilled.

No one misses the late Mrs. J. D. Nasmith than does Mr. and Mrs. John Lister Smith. It was her and her late husband who helped them in various ways.

William James Ross is now a grandpa, a son having been born lately to his eldest daughter, Mrs. Robert McKinley, whom they name Ronald.

A number of the deaf here assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Buchan, Sr., on July 7th, to extend a welcome to the "new bride" and then spent the evening congratulating the young couple who left next day for a honeymoon sojourn in the Highlands of Ontario.

Mr. Howard Mason has exchanged his chevrolet sedan for a McLaughlin-Buick sedan, and intended going to Detroit for the conference holidays, but on account of the torrid heat, he went to Bobcaygeon instead.

We had the Lord's Sacrament on July 10th, but owing to many being out of the city the crowd was not up to the general standard. However, a very appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. A. L. Richards, B.A., assisted by Mrs. J. R. Byrne as interpreter. Before the sermon, Mrs. W. R. Watt, rendered a beautiful sacramental hymn, and at the close, Mrs. Henry Whealy pleased all with the rendition of "Too Soon We Will Rise."

Mrs. Joseph Rosnick and baby have just returned from a month's visit to her sister in London. She also visited Port Stanley.

After sojourning here for over two weeks, Mr. and Mrs. David Sours left, on July 16th, for their home in Clinton.

Accompanied by their brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Bowman went out to visit their folks in Brantford for the week-end of July 9th.

Glad to meet Mr. and Mrs. Robert Conley, of Syracuse, N. Y., while they were visiting Mr. and Mrs. N. D. O'Neil at Long Branch. Mrs. Conley was formerly Miss Mildred Anderson, of this city.

Miss Florence Bagley, of Burk's Falls, has been the guest of her school chum, Miss Maude Egginton, for a few weeks. This is her first visit to our city.

We extend congratulations to our friends, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. McLauren, on the birth of a daughter on June 30th. The mother was formerly Miss Grace Fraser, one of the accomplished daughters of our late Philip Fraser. They call the youngster Barbara Jean.

On their return from their trip to Belleville recently, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brethour brought back Mrs. Beatty, mother of Mrs. Brethour, for a visit here.

In order to acquaint the parents of the young pupils just returned from the Belleville School, our church extended to them and their children as well as the deaf in general, an invitation to a pleasant social at our church on July 14th. It proved a great treat and about a hundred were present. Movies, the best of the season, and

cake and ice-cream was what they enjoyed throughout. Mrs. J. R. Byrne and our Ladies Aid worked hard to make all happy.

LONDON LEAVES

It is now over nine weeks since Sim Thompson was taken to Victoria hospital. He is steadily improving.

Remember that Mr. Asa Forrester, of Toronto will give a Biblical lecture at the Y. M. C. A. on July 31st. Everybody welcome.

Mr. G. W. Gustin is doing well as a carpenter at the Canada Biscuit Co. We hope he keeps on steadily.

Willie McGovern, of Toronto, was up here for the Dominion Day recess as the guest of Miss Hazel Humphrey.

Mrs. Hector Bayliss and child, of Hamilton, came up to attend the service here which Mr. H. E. Grooms, of Toronto conducted on June 19th.

Mr. Herbert Wilson and his "hopeful" enjoyed July first visiting in Windsor and Detroit, returning home next day.

Mr. George Pepper visited with friends in Toronto over the Confederation holidays and reports a fine time.

Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., has returned home from her two weeks' pleasant visit to her mother in Drumbo.

Several of the deaf of this city joined their St. Thomas friends, and went down to the cooling waters of Lake Erie at the famous resort of Port Stanley.

We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pincombe, of Poplar Hill contemplate moving to this city to live early this fall and their youngest son, who got married recently, will run the farm on the old homestead. We wish the young couple every happiness and prosperity.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher motored down to Hamilton, where they enjoyed Canada Jubilee recess with relatives and friends.

Mr. George Moore and W. H. Gould, Jr., went to Woodstock on July first to attend the Old Boys' and Girls' reunion, returning the same evening. They report the reunion a hummer and while there met many old friends at South Side Park.

At our meeting at the Y. M. C. A. on July 9th, a purse of \$22 was presented to Mr. Jenkins, the secretary, as a token for past favors rendered to the deaf and for the use of our room. Mr. Jenkins was so surprised and cordially thanked all for such a gift.

Off to St. Thomas went Messrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., and George Moore on July 3d, to visit their many old friends in the "Railway City," whom they found in good spirits.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Laporte, of Detroit, have returned home after a fortnight's vacation pleasantly spent with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., and with the parents and relatives of Mr. Laporte at Zutich.

Funny is the phenomenal weather, thousands were surging to cooling resorts to escape the torrid heat on July 1st, then danced all night a little later to keep from freezing. The temperature soared to 97 at first, then tumbled down to 57 a few days later.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS

Mr. Charles A. Ryan, his son, Clarence and the latter's bride, and Miss Iva Hughes motored to London on July 9th, where they spent the day pleasure seeking.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ryan left on July 12th, for their new home in Weyburn, Sask., where we wish them a sunny future.

During the Old Boys' and Girls' reunion here we had the pleasure of meeting the following deaf friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mackay, of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fishbein and George Moore, of London, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Bayliss, of Hamilton, Mervin McMurray, of Thamesford, Russell Grosse, of Ingersoll, Stanley Young, of Embro, and Wilbur Elliott, of Detroit.

AURORA ANECDOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Andrey Corbieri and son and Mr. and Mrs. Juppe, of St. Catherine's, motored up and visited their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Corbieri, one Sunday lately.

Herbert McKenzie, Jr., has returned from Niagara-on-the-Lake, where he spent a delightful time with the boy cadets.

Mr. William and Emma Meyers, of Kimberley and two others spent Sunday, July 3d, with their brother-in-law and sister, Mrs. Eli Corbieri.

The Misses Alice and Sara McKenzie motored to Hamilton Beach, where they enjoyed the Dominion Day holidays very pleasantly with friends.

BRANTFORD BRIEFS

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Bowman and child, of Toronto, spent the week-end of July 9th, with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Conley were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lloyd while on their way home to Syracuse, N. Y., from a visit to Long Branch, Toronto and other points.

Mrs. John A. Moynihan and daughter, Miss Beverly Moynihan, of Waterloo, were recent visitors with relatives here, and in the meantime attended a dinner at the Golf Links and also attended a reception given in honor of Miss Mackenzie, who is marrying Mr. Ransom Wilkes, a cousin of Mrs. Moynihan. It was Mr. Wilkes who fell over a cliff while on his way to battle in the Great War and broke his leg in seven places.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Wallace Cockshutt, a nephew of ex-Lieutenant Governor Cockshutt of Ontario, is deaf and was a former pupil of the Wright and Humason oral school for the deaf. His father has a fine home on Tutela Heights.

A number of the deaf here attended a dinner party at the James Braven home on July 10th, it being Mrs. Braven's 63d birthday. Mrs. J. A. Moynihan and daughter, Beverly, of Waterloo, were among those present.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bartley, of Long Branch, celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary on June 17th, with a party and a very pleasant time was spent with fun and eats galore.

Mr. Henry Clements, of Galt, has had his property considerably improved and has made preparations for the installation of a furnace in the fall. We hear Dan Cupid is playing rings around him.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dickson, of Fraserburg, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Lennox in Phepston and in the meantime all motored over and attended a meeting of the deaf at Cookstown.

Mrs. John A. Moynihan and daughter, Beverly, of Waterloo, were recent visitors in Galt, and called on Mr. Henry Clements and also met Mr. Joseph Roy Coles, whom they found nursing an abscessed eye for the past three months.

Mr. John Taylor, of Singhampton, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Middleton at Horning Mills over Sunday, July 10th.

Mrs. Adolph Kresin, of Port Huron, Mich., left with her son, Keith, on July 1st, for a visit to her oldest sister in Logan, Kansas, and attend the Denver convention, then they left for Los Angeles, Cal., where they visited Mr. Kresin's youngest brother, and certainly had a wonderful trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco. They returned via Salt Lake City, Utah, and were away for five weeks. In the meantime, Bro. Adolph was enjoying life in random style. No doubt he will be sitting later than usual "listening" to the fishy tales of his wife when he comes marching home.

Miss Beverly Moynihan, of Waterloo, has finished her first year in special millinery, but will put in another term, then bloom into a full fledged milliner and run a business of her own. Here's hoping.

Mr. Ernest A. Lawson, of Phepston, has been enjoying a two-week's holiday with his friend, Miss Luella Simmons, in Gorrie and at other parts.

A supposed brother of the late Robert Green, of Toronto, according to a report from Galt, was fined fifty bucks in the court there for abusing Mrs. Willis, the deaf housekeeper for Mr. Henry Clements, of that city. They had a little argument that started the trouble.

Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Pfahler, of Philadelphia, a sister of Mrs. J. A. Moynihan, of Waterloo, left on June 30th, for a trip to Italy and other parts of the old world.

Mrs. John S. Bartley, and baby, of Long Branch, have returned home after a very pleasant visit to Miss Clara Hartley in Milton of a week's duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Mergler, of Montreal, woke up on June 24th, to find the old stork had called and left a bouncing baby girl to brighten their surroundings, congratulations. The mother was formerly Miss Edwards.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

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Portland Ore.

BANQUET AT W. O. W. HALL, JUNE 15TH.

The Banquet given on June 15th was well attended, a record crowd of nearly 200 partook of the fine eats. It was given under the auspices of the Portland Division, No. 41, N. F. S. D., with L. A. Divine, of Vancouver, Wash., as toastmaster.

After the eats, President Bud Hastings, of the Portland Division, gave an address of welcome to the many visitors from out of town. Mr. C. H. Linde gave a fine speech on what insurance in the N. F. S. D. means to the deaf man and his family.

Next came a real treat to the Portland Deaf as well as the visitors. "Yankee Doodle" was rendered by signs by Misses Newman, Wilberg and Doda. A drum was played by Miss Vera Bridges, who tapped it after the chorus, and could be heard by many and perhaps all at the tables. Mr. A. W. Wright, of Seattle, gave an interesting address on the Northwest, giving most of his speech on the climate of Oregon and Washington, and its beautiful scenery.

Superintendent B. Lloyd, of the Vancouver Deaf School, gave an address on the work needed to be done on the Washington Institution, on account of its weakness from old timers. Miss Ethel Morton sang "The Beautiful Home of the Rose" (meaning Portland).

Then a silent toast in honor of the father of our Deaf School, T. H. Gallaudet. Mr. J. W. Lowell, of Tacoma, Wash., spoke on the work of the deaf in his home town. Mr. Dewey Coats, of Portland, talked on the different Frats and Non-Frats. He also spoke on the prized gavel, won by the Portland Division, No. 41, for its fine recruiting during 1926. "The Boys of 41," was sung by Chas. Lawrence and his chorus.

Mrs. L. A. Divine spoke on "What We Think we are Worth." A fine address was given by Superintendent J. L. Steed, of the Salem Oregon Deaf School. He told of how he had to learn the sign language perfectly before becoming a teacher.

And surely the Portland Deaf could easily understand his signs, they were so perfect. He also told a good story of the Wise Crow. H. P. Nelson gave a short address, saying he was glad of the success of the Banquet, and the many visitors there. Mr. Chas. Lynch, of Salem, but formerly of Portland, was presented with a fine Electric Waffle Iron, for his fine work in recruiting for Portland Div., N. F. S. D.

Mrs. B. L. Craven rendered America in signs. Thus closed one of Portland's biggest banquets for the deaf. Committee in charge were H. P. Nelson, chairman, C. H. Linde, B. L. Craven, Chas. Lynch, L. A. Divine, Frank Thayer, J. O. Reichle and Chas. Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Spieler now can travel wherever they want to go, as they bought a Star Touring Car. They were at the beach recently, and during July 4th, drove to Seattle for a three days' vacation.

Mrs. Anthony Kautz recently left in her big Buick Sedan car for Los Angeles, Cal., to spend a month. Accompanying her are Mr. and Mrs. M. Werner, of Salem, and Miss Ethel Morton, of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Reichle and family were at the beach, July 2d, 3d and 4th.

An all-day picnic was had on the top of Mt. Tabor Park, July 4th. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Bud Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Linde and boys, Mr. and Mrs. W. Thierman, Miss Julia Dodd and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Nelson. There is a large cook stove in the park where the ladies cooked a fine lunch and dinner the men folks, played baseball and during the evening, played 500 card games.

A picnic was given at Salem, Oregon, to which the Portland deaf were invited by Mr. Chas. Lynch, one of the committee.

Mrs. Hans Scott, for many years a resident of Portland, died at her home, two months or so ago. Mrs. Scott has been more or less sick for the past two years with cancer. She leaves a hearing husband and four children. Mrs. Scott was a lovable woman, and best of all she was a true Christian. She attended the deaf school in Faribault, Minn.

The Portland Deaf extend their deepest sympathy for the husband and children in their great loss.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright, Mrs. W. S. Root, and Mrs. J. Bertram, all of Seattle, were the guests of the Nelsens during the last three days of the Rose Festival, except for one night, which the Wrights and Mrs. Bertram spent in Salem, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lindstrom.

Recently Mrs. C. H. Linde was suddenly told of her grandmother being in a serious condition from some illness, but got better. Nevertheless, she is very weak on account of her age. She is in her 80th year and may not survive long.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jorg, of West Ruby Junction, are the proud owners of a beautiful Pontiac Coupe. The car is almost new, being only run 1,500 miles before the Jorgs bought it.

United Presbyterian Church of the Stranger was sold some months ago, on account of its old condition, and services are being held in the large Methodist church just one block from the old meeting place.

Rev. E. Du Bois is still its pastor, and Mrs. Alice Clark is interpreter for the Deaf. A new church is being built and may be ready the coming fall.

BUFFALO.

The week just past has been one fraught with potential possibilities—the N. F. S. D. having its convention at Denver—wherein far-reaching decisions have been passed looking to the betterment of the deaf. All eyes have been focused on Denver, where the pick of the American and Canadian deaf are gathered.

James J. Coughlin is Buffalo No. 40's delegate, and that he will uphold the honored traditions of No. 40, goes without saying. Just about the most intriguing thing animating the deaf is the location for the next convention, three years hence. Prominent among the contenders is Rochester, No. 52, which has thrown its hat in the ring, sponsoring Niagara Falls and the great international frontier as the attractions. Last, but not least, is Rochester's invitation to returning delegates to a mammoth picnic at Cayuga Island, Niagara Falls, Sunday, July 24th. Adolph Ulrich is chairman in charge, and aided by his array of lieutenants, is putting things in shape and promises a glorious day for all who come. Games and refreshments of all kinds will be had the day previous.

Saturday, July 23d, the famed Canadian picnic at Port Dalhousie will take place, and indications point to a mammoth attendance. Surely a rare treat—two unparalleled gatherings right on the heels of each other!

Robert Conley and his estimable wife and son, of Syracuse, on his vacation, have been circulating among friends in Canada and in Lockport, using his view Super-six Essex in getting around. Mr. Conley is a former Gallaudet athlete, specializing in football and wrestling—being the heavy-weight champion of the District of Columbia and South Atlantic States in his time—a master at the wrestling game, winning all of his bouts in competition. In his physical appearance, Robert reminds one most forcibly of Waters, '02, one of the great Gallaudet "Four Horsemen."

Scarce five feet and weighing two hundred, with no neck to speak of and a pair of logs for legs, Waters was indeed a superman, 'tis true he also scored all the point in the Gallaudet-University of Virginia game which Gallaudet won, 11 to 7, thereby theoretically winning the championship of the South, with Waters at left-half and Andell at right-half, Walter Rosson at full back, flanked by Wheeler, 215 pounds, former Brown University star, and the same Wheeler, principal of the Hartford School, and Jones, 210 pounds, the Gallaudet team of 1900 was indeed formidable probably the best in Gallaudet's history. There have been strong teams at Gallaudet since then, but then, those were the days of mass plays, and then, after all, comparisons are always odious, and are no true gauge of value.

What is Buffalo's loss is Corning's gain, when the Rev. A. H. Staubitz, President of Buffalo, No. 40, N. F. S. D., resigned and moved. We are sorry to see Rev. Staubitz, his wife and children go, but it is with a measure of comfort that we are assured that Rev. Staubitz will still hold monthly services in Buffalo. "The harvest is great and the laborers are few."

The July issue of the *International Typographical Journal* has a poetic tribute from the pen of James F. Meagher, on the death of a fellowcraftsman. The effusion is of a high order and cleverly written in the parlance of the "art preservative."

Miss Doris Myers, of Niagara Falls, graduate of the Rochester School, and also of the University of Rochester, has accepted a position as teacher at the Western Pennsylvania School at Edgewood, Pa.

Always of an inquiring turn of mind, John Burmeister secured a Buffalo daily, and, lo! his time-clock number appeared therein, and as a result John is one hundred cents richer.

August 14th will be a gala day—picnic and athletic meeting between Buffalo, No. 40, and Rochester, No. 52, at Albion. A test between brawn and brains and a general good time. Fair ladies and gallant gentlemen out in force.

CHARLES N. SNYDER.
58 Harrison Ave.,
Lockport, N. Y.

PACIFIC NORTHERN SERVICES.
REV. OLOF HANSON, MISSIONARY
Seattle—first and third Sunday, 3 P.M. at St. Mark's.
Tacoma—September 11th.
Vancouver and Portland—September 25th.

FLORIDA

"Out of the free play of opposing opinions comes progress and truth."

The question of the next meeting of the Florida Association of the Deaf is unsettled. At its last session in Miami last May, bids were received from St. Cloud, St. Augustine and Tallahassee and were to be considered on their own merits at a later meeting which was held in Melbourne, on July the Fourth. For some reason or other, St. Cloud and St. Augustine were eliminated from further consideration, and when the executive committee meets again in the Fall, Daytona Beach will be proposed, as the news has just seeped out, to act as host to the convention. That the committee has acted contrarily to convention procedure is past understanding. So far as can be ascertained, St. Cloud is the only city that had complied with the request that reasons be written and submitted at the Melbourne meeting why the triennial convention of the association should be held in that city.

Herbert Wright, of Miami is in St. Petersburg, where his wife has been visiting in the home of her parents. Owing to the continued lull in building activities on the east coast, Mr. Wright will linger in the "Sunshine City" until the real boom, which has just started, shows signs of permanency.

Walter Dean is in West Virginia, according to late reports, where he assists in packing tomatoes. Abundant will await his return with a welcome as genial as sunshine itself, when Jack Frost makes his tenure of life in the North, necessarily short.

One of the most experienced spotters that could be found in Florida has been engaged by the DeLuxe Laundry of West Palm Beach, as foreman of the dry cleaning department. He is H. T. Holmes, a former resident of Michigan. His many friends are pleased to know he has good in his chosen occupation.

H. Brewsaugh, a Kentuckian by birth, is the only deaf Tampan who follows the occupation of boiler-making. The services of this all-around mechanic are in constant demand. Mr. Brewsaugh, who has traveled extensively throughout the country, is married and has a family that is happiness personified.

From a near bankruptcy to a growing business a shoe store in Stanford has evolved, whose success is attributed to the executive ability of Arthur Bledsoe, who is an experienced cobbler. His hobby is motoring.

Seeking better opportunity, which persistently knocked at his door, W. H. Alexander moved to Orlando from Winter Garden. Though himself a first-class tonsorial artist, he specializes in hair-bobbing.

Willard Kirby, of Gainesville, is never out of a job. So well known into the "University City" among the sporting fraternity is the popular young man that he finds no trouble in keeping himself employed the year round. At present, Mr. Kirby is connected with the Lyric Theatre in a responsible capacity. He also is a member of the city fire department and only responds to call when a fire alarm is sounded.

The despatch to the *Typographical Journal* from Miami has the following to say: "H. S. Morris, of the *Herald* chapel, has been selected to represent the local colony at the deaf-mute convention to be held in Denver, Col., in July. Before and after the sessions he intends to do some visiting in various cities and will be absent a month or more."

Guy E. Orndorff, who worked with his brother in a grocery store in Lakeland, last winter, is rustivating among the mountains of Kentucky.

Boat V 1765 is the home of John Wingate in Miami and it has been thus since it was built for and by him. He is a carpenter and carries a card. The new court house is under construction and he is one of the many artisans employed on the building.

Miss Ruby Padgett, a popular young lady, of St. Cloud, hobnobbed with her former schoolmates at Daytona Beach, on July 10th.

O. W. Underhill, a former teacher in the state school for the deaf at St. Augustine, and now holding a similar position with the Morgantown (N. C.) school, was among prominent week-end visitors in Daytona Beach, on July the tenth.

Max Kestner, assistant make-up man on the *Daytona Beach News Journal*, is making arrangements for his summer vacation, which will include New Orleans and Colorado points in his itinerary. While in Colorado, Mr. Kestner will attend the Frat Convention.

Samuel Knott, of DeLand, is reported to have gone north in the quest of employment. He formerly attended the Ohio School.

The following deaf operators and the papers they are employed on are: R. H. Rou, H. S. Morris and C. D. Erwin on the *Miami Herald*, Laurence Randall on the *Inverness Chronicle*, Louis Eagle on the *Lake Wales Sun*, Leon P. Jones on the *DeLand Sun*, R. V. Sapp on the *St. Cloud Tribune* and Geo. Hay on the *Fort Meade Leader*. In the job department of the *St. Augustine Record* A. W. Pope has entire charge of battery of linotype machines.

The only cleaning and pressing establishment owned and conducted by a deaf-mute in Florida is among the numerous industries of St. Cloud. R. W. Davis is the proprietor. The volume of business has grown so large that he found it necessary to put more helpers on the payroll.

The marriage of Miss Grace Henderson to Mr. B. F. Mills, is announced. The wedding took place at Milledgeville, Georgia on June 15th. Mr. Mills is well known in Florida, especially in Winter Haven, where his parents are living. Before returning to his native state, he worked in barber shops in Winter Haven, and other places. May the plunge of the newlyweds into sea of matrimony be more successful and less tempestuous!

F. E. P.

DIOCESE OF MARYLAND

Rev. O. J. WHELDIN, General Missionary, 605 Wilson Avenue, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave., Mounment St.

SERVICES

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
 Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
 Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
 Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
 Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.
 Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
 Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
 Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
 Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
 Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
 Other Places by Appointments.

PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Dioceses of Washington, and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, General Missionary, Caton Avenue, Alexandria, Va.
 Washington, D. C.—St. John's Parish Hall, 16th and H Streets, N. W. Services every Sunday, 11:15 A.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month.
 Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Service Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A.M.
 Norfolk, Va.—St. Luke's Church, Graby and Bute Streets. Services, Second Sunday, 10:30 A.M.
 Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Silent Mission, St. Matthew's Church. Services every Sunday, at 3:30 P.M.
 Services by Appointment—Virginia: Lynchburg, Roanoke, Newport News, and Staunton, West Virginia: Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarksburg, Fairmont and Romney.

FLORIDA MISSION FOR THE DEAF.
 ST. CLOUD, FLORIDA

Bible class at 9:30 A.M., every Sabbath day. Preaching service at home or abroad (subject to call) at 2 P.M., on first Sunday of each month.

PICNIC and OUTING

Under auspices of the
Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

FOREST PARK

(Opposite Greenhouse)
 ON GROUND No. 2
 Myrtle Ave. and Woodhaven Boulevard
 Woodhaven, L. I.

Sunday, August 14, 1927

Morning and afternoon
Admission - 35 Cents
 New Games and Prizes

MRS. CLARA BERG, Chairman

Directions to Park—At Chambers St. take Myrtle Ave. train to Wyckoff Ave station and take Richmond Hill car, or take Jamaica train to Woodhaven Boulevard station and take bus to park.

PROTECTION

Your boy or girl, (if over 10 years old and in good health) can now obtain Life Insurance in this Company.

You will be surprised to know how little it costs and how much it is going to mean to him or her later on.

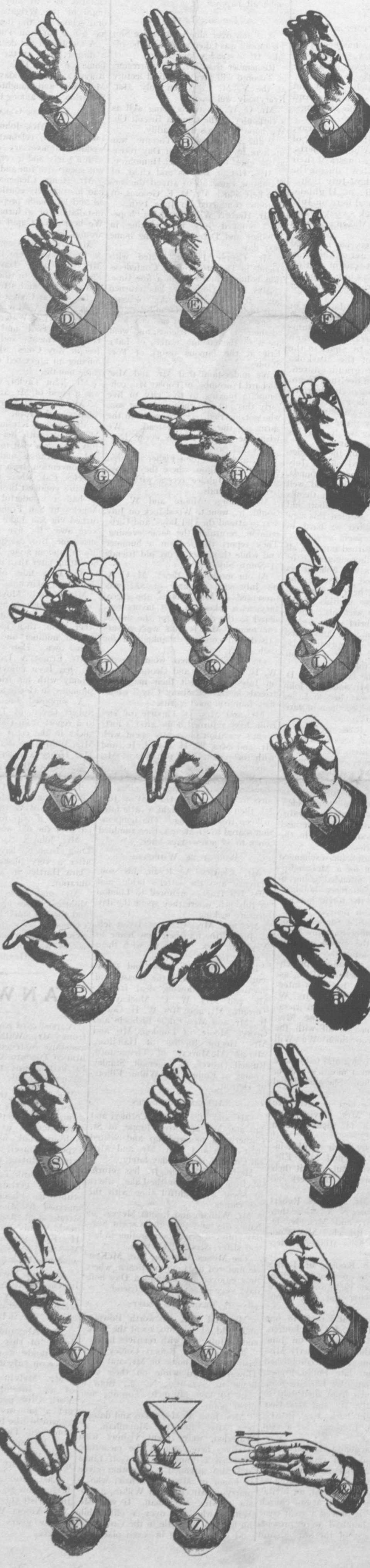
Start your child on the sure road to Thrift. He or she will eventually have the same need for life insurance protection that you have.

NOTE: Deaf-mutes also have the privilege of insuring in this Company at same rates as to hearing persons.

MARCUS L. KENNER

Eastern Special Agent
 NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
 Office—100 West 21st Street, N. Y.
 Residence—200 West 111th Street, N. Y.

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



NINETEENTH ANNUAL

OUTING and GAMES

Brooklyn Division, No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

At Ulmer Park

Saturday, August 20, 1927

—DOORS OPEN AT 1 P.M.—

ADMISSION, FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

BASEBALL FIELD SPORTS MUSIC DANCING
 VALUABLE PRIZES

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

Allen Hitchcock, Chairman Moses Joseph, Treasurer
 W. L. Bowers, Vice-Chairman Joseph Arnovich
 Jacob Seltzer, Secretary, 1163 Sutter Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DIRECTIONS—Take B. M. T. Subway (West End), get off at 25th Avenue Station. Walk a few blocks to the Park.

Old Witch & Hallowe'en Dance

under auspices of

Bronx Division No. 92

N. F. S. D.

to be held at

D. S. TURN HALL

412 East 158th Street
 Bronx, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, October 29, 1927

Refreshments and prizes

Tickets - - - 50 cents

Directions—Take Lexington or 7th Ave. Subway to East 149th St. Transfer to 3d Ave. Elevated and get off at East 156th St. Walk two blocks north and two blocks west.

DURING

THE SUMMER MONTHS

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 Care Lee, Higginson & Co.
 43 Exchange Place
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ANNUAL BAL MASQUE

Auspices

Silent Athletic Club

OF PHILADELPHIA

TURNGEMEINDE HALL

Broad Street and Columbia Ave.
 Philadelphia

Saturday Evening, November 5, 1927

SUBSCRIPTION - ONE DOLLAR

Music—Cash Prizes for Costumes

RESERVED

November 19, 1927

MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO 87

N. F. S. D.

(Particulars later)

This Space Reserved

DETROIT CHAPTER, M. A. D.

November 12, 1927.

Albert Kroedel (deaf-mute)

703 Campe St., Egg Harbor City, N. J.

Maker of Flower Badges, Hanging Baskets, Fancy Centerpieces in All Colors and Picture Frames, Scroll Sawing, Fine Work, Reasonable Prices. Call and See. or Order by mail.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write B. FRIEDWALD, Secretary, 43 Parkville Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Vasa Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, every first Monday of the month.

If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.

Room 403—117 West 46th St., New York

Objects:—To unite all deaf people of the Jewish faith; to promote their religious, social and intellectual advancement and to give aid in time of need. Meets on third Sunday of each month. Room open Wednesday and Friday nights, and Sunday, all day. Sol Garson, President; Alfred Ederheimer, Secretary, 107 Eighth Ave., New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Marcus L. Kenner, President; Anthony Capelle, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Evangelical Association of the Deaf

A UNION CHURCH FOR ALL THE DEAF.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister. Prof. J. A. Kennedy, Assistant

Service and Sermon every Sunday 3 P.M. Congregational Church at 845 S. Hope St. Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf.

Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf.

2254 Vermont Ave., Cor of Michigan.

Open Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays. Michigan Cars pass the doors. Membership open to Frats only. Visitors always welcome. Headquarters for Frats stopping in the city, on the way to Denver.

Harlem Club of the Colored Deaf

215 West 133d St., New York City.

The object of the club is to promote its social and intellectual advancement of the colored deaf.

Club room open every Saturday and Sunday nights. Regular meetings on the first Saturday of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors are welcome to the Harlem Silent Club. Clarence Basden, President; Miss Dorothy Jackson, 267 West 153d St., New York.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED 1822
 INCORPORATED 1891

ROOM 307-8, 81 W. VAN BUREN STREET, CHICAGO

Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club.

Stated Meetings: First Saturdays

Chester C. Godman, President

Frank A. Johnson, acting President

Mrs. Wm. McGann, Secretary

816 Edgecomb Place

Literary Circle: Fourth Saturdays

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions

Second and Third Saturdays

Address all communications in care of the Club. Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.