

The Little Gentleman.

by GEORGE COOPER.

Makes the little gentleman
station, high or low
wishes, with a sunny smile
becks where roses glow
all outside charms the sight
and me, if you can,
and that at once proclaims
the little gentleman?

Can't you be the dress,
and not represent
and a undying worth
in fair or courtly speech
and the world began
his announced to any one
the little gentleman
And then, my rosy tail,
and new gentle scrolls?
are as natural to some
thing is to birds,
and is something greater far
and eternal plan,
and the heart may always know
the little gentleman!

And reverence for age
and loyal
and to friends,
matter what may be,
and a ideal fixed on high,
and all earthly ban
to do right, these make
the little gentleman!

A Retrospect

in American Annals of the Deaf

Twenty five years ago, I, flush
with hope, made my debut as a
teacher of the deaf. I commenced very
optimistically, a sentiment pressed itself upon
me, how lucky the children could
be to have a new master would be. I know
how vainly, as night before the
lights of the profession
illumined the great
battle of a century
of the deaf was being fought.
I was to strike the blow that would free
the deaf. Partial advantages had
been gained, but triumph was
not made complete. Youth and
experience were on my side, and what I
had read of the way of the bravest
of that Gibraltar of the
deaf language, but I would so direct
my efforts that the foe should be com-
pletely yielded, and the day be won.
On my first encounter did not answer my
question nor the second. Every
day I would muster fresh troops,
driving them, as I believed, in such a
way as surely to cut off the enemy's
retreat. Their superior numbers, how-
ever, baffled my every plan. The un-
derstanding was proving more serious
than I first conceived. I took counsel
of older heads, men well up in strategy.
The contest had long been waging
and had dismantled many a hostile
position. Much territory still remained
to be conquered.

In giving instruction, I wondered
how I could write as plainly as over-
land United States. I should next day
be written by "British Columbus"
of the United States, and that such
questions as (1) "What brought you
into the world?" (2) "What do birds live on?"
and (3) "What did you think when you
saw a man under the influence of
alcohol?" should elicit such literal
answers as (1) "The cars," (2) "Fences,"
and (3) "I took too much." Napoleon
had not claimed he could carve his
name through the world. Why could not
I, a young Annals before me and the
word of the spirit, attain the end for
which he had learned "to labor and
to wait." I trudged on. The longer I
trudged the more impressed I became
with the vastness of the work, the
slowness of its accomplishment. Was
it not a wonder that a child, deaf from
infancy, would, even after years of pain-
ful study, falter on the steep road of
communication? How many of us
press forward with every faculty
freely at ease on the same prop-
rietary route? Was I not expecting
more from these intelligent but sad-
faced deaf children? I began to
trudge slowly, taking nothing for
granted. The same errors, the same
failures, the same relative disappoint-
ment were met with elsewhere, al-
though the cause, as we know, was in
our hands. It is "not in
our hands" command success." Yet
the continual dropping wears the
stone and will not earnest action,
directed, in the long run tell?
The man who gets shot of water un-
til he is almost laid down to die,
is simple if not commendable.
The man who recently was cross-
ed in the sands of Egypt, contrary to

previous notions, conceived the idea of
boating for water which he did, with the
result that he saw his determination
fully rewarded. There are in the class
room occasional and spots where no
amount of labor appears to avail still
the oasis of the bright and brave who
form the majority should ever be an
inspiring sight, a source of constant
encouragement and fresh delight.

Few things bring a teacher more
pleasure than successful attempts by
his pupils at original sentence building.
"To vanquish without peril is to triumph
without honor." He is learned who has
mastered the atom of his country and
he under whom the feat is achieved by
the deaf learner has a claim upon that
country's gratitude and admiration.
Amphion built Thebes by the sound of
his lyre. Had he lived in our day, he
might have found a little more active
service in one of our many institutions.
The edifice we rear is of a kind that
calls for the exercise of man's noblest
attributes. Knowledge is the blossom
of thought. There cannot be success
without thinking and to make a child
think in our vernacular is an achieve-
ment in itself. It is the absence of this
power that causes the entanglement in
writing we too often have to deplore.
But how can you secure this ability to
reason? We have the answer in the
terse phrase: *Laborando fit labor.*
All of a mother's endearing talk to her
infant child would at first seem futile
and meaningless, and yet how quickly
the uninitiated ear opens to the ex-
pressing words and the little stranger is
made to understand. *Lade et fac
amittere.* Spell question, correct,
turn, add vary, review, interest, empha-
size, never tiring, never surrendering,
but keeping up the fire until at last your
skill and pluck and tact shall have torn
down the Malakoff of countless deaf
mistakes and battered an entrance
into the realm of connected thought and
accurate diction.

I remember once believing that when
a point had been explained thoroughly
it were loss of time to refer to it again,
but

I stopped my fingers
to start on a new basis

being convinced that the teacher who
will take two days in the week review-
ing the work done over the other three
will, by the end of the term, have gone
further than he who in his haste
keeps pushing on and on. Better a foot
of land your own than acres of uncertain
possession, the standard being not so
much what you claim to have taught as
what the scholar can command and put
to practical use.

A wide awake teacher will not have
somnolent pupils. I have seen child-
ren act and write as if their sole
business consisted in making errors for
you to correct. They might seem atten-
tive enough, but ask them anything,
and they appear to wake as from a
dream. It costs an effort to grasp an
idea, and that effort they will not put
forth. All such require rousing before
any progress can be made, and renewed
ardor on the part of the instructor is
the price. A few pertinent questions
at the psychological moment has a
wonderful effect upon listlessness. It
is an art to keep a class occupied and
interested, and without fuss or friction
to secure, not parrot-like knowledge,
but an intelligent co-operation and fruit-
ful results. If those who think that
teaching the deaf is a sincere which
any body can fill, and where the happy
band only have to draw their salary,
would take charge of a class for a year,
see what headway they make, and how
they feel, they might then have their
eyes opened. I have aged in the service
and look upon the work as the proudest
a man of heart and feeling can be en-
gaged in. The soul and mind and life and
character of a fellow man of an immor-
tal being, are to be moulded, not for
time alone, but for eternity. The grave-
task falls to your lot. You are until you
die, if you fail to realize its sacredness.
The position, therefore, is not only
laborious, but eminently responsible,
and the names of those through whose
untiring efforts these interesting child-
ren have been raised from their original
sad condition into that higher sphere of
enlightenment and usefulness which is
their boast may well fill a glorious page
in the annals of a benevolent, grateful
nation. Then, speed on the brave cause.
Let every man in the ranks be worthy
of his vocation. The command is as
gallant and true as the aim is heroic
and enviable. Our young continent
like a stalwart son with a good heart
has been greeting the venerable sire, the
old world, with a message of friendly

regard, and proffering a respectful sup-
port in all that may lead to the advance-
ment of the deaf in both hemispheres.
I am, strength, May sympathy
interweave our several efforts and
Heaven vouchsafe a blessing!

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COLLEGE FOR THE DEAF.

From our own Correspondent

My Editor, I thought a few items of
the happenings at this college would
interest your readers.

On the 6th inst. our 1st eleven made a
trip to Charlottesville, Va., where it
played a match with the first eleven of
the University of Virginia. It resulted
in a victory for the home team by a
score of 20 to 4. The defeat of our
team was not a surprise to us, as the
average weight of each player of the
home team was about twenty-seven
pounds more than that of ours, yet the
score was not so large as we expected it
would be. The University has held the
championship of the South for years.

The last meeting of the "Lat. Society"
was held in the chapel on October 29th,
with President Peterson '98 in the chair.
The programme was opened with an
essay on "Essentials of Beauty" by
Zahn, '98. Subject of the debate that
followed was Frederick the Great a
greater man and Sovereign than Peter
the Great. The Judge decided in
favor of the negative side. After the
debate "The Rival Speakers" was the
subject of a dialogue between Souder
'00, and L. Rosson, J. C. After the
dialogue, an interesting declamation
entitled "Charge of the Light Brigade at
Balaklava," was given by Hemstreet,
'01. The programme was closed with
the critic's report.

Last Friday evening, the officers with
their families, students, and members
of the High Class were invited to see
some pictures in the chapel. All the
pictures but two were just purchased
for this Institution, the other two hav-
ing been procured some time ago.
President Gallaudet gave a short lecture
as to how he got them and a description
of each of them. Senator Hawley, one
of the directors of the board thought that
the money left of the fund to erect the
statue to Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, father
of our President, should not be kept to
meet the expenses of repairing the
statue, but this Institution itself should
keep the statue in good condition, as it
was erected not only to Rev. Thomas
Gallaudet but also to adorn Kendall
Green and further, that we might in-
crease our pictures with the money
instead. The board of directors agreed
to Senator Hawley's idea and called the
amount "Gallaudet Art Fund." The
eleven pictures costing between \$300
and \$140, the sum left, about \$300, will
accumulate at 6% interest as time goes
on. After the President's lecture, a
social hour or so followed.

Lately the library of the "Lat. Society"
has been increased by eighteen volumes
by purchase and two by presentation.

Mr. Allen B. Fay, son of Dr. E. A.
Fay, Professor of Languages, has been
appointed as instructor in English and
Latin here.

The gymnasium was opened on Nov.
1st, as usual.

The Sophomores have taken up the
study of chemistry.

The dinks recently signed the pledge
to abstain from hazing in this college.

Washington, D.C., Nov. 7. J. A. B.

Do the Teacher Justice.

There is one thing that people ought
to remember and that is that the hand-
ling of everybody's children requires more
 tact and skill than is required to be
governor of a state. If the teacher does
not maintain good discipline everybody
loses, especially those who never
act and never can control their own
children at home, and they are contin-
ually finding fault because the teacher
does not have good order. Or, on the
other hand, if the teacher does maintain
good discipline the same people make
his life a burden by finding fault with
the methods he uses. If there is any
one public duty a man owes to his
country and to his children it is to stand
by the teacher in general principle, and
not join in the general complaints every-
time some little flaw can be found in
his methods. Of course the teacher
makes mistakes. Who does not? He
would have to be inspired from heaven
not to make mistakes. *The Teachers'
Monthly.*

Taught a Good Lesson

My father played a queer trick on me
the other night. You know I used to
feel that I had done myself an injustice
if I did not go to the theatre about five
or six nights a week. Well, you know
how I am situated as to my business,
I work for my father, and I have to be
at the office early in the morning, just
as the rest of the family are sitting down
to breakfast. In consequence, I get my
breakfast and leave the house before
they are up. I had been doing it for
about six months, and when I look back
I remember that about the only time I
saw my mother and sister during that
period was at Sunday dinner. Nothing
unusual in that, of course. The same
thing is true of hundreds of young men
in town. But they haven't fathers like
mine. He came to me one afternoon
and asked me if I had an engagement
for that night.

"Yes," I said, "I've promised to go
to the theatre."

"How about to-morrow night?" he
asked.

"Nothing at present," I replied.

"Well, I'd like you to go somewhere
with me."

"All right," I said, "where shall I
meet you?"

You see, he leaves the office about an
hour before I get my work finished. He
suggested Lennox's restaurant, 7:30, and
I was there, prepared for a quiet lecture
on late hours. But when he appeared,
he said he wanted me to call on a lady
with him. "One I knew quite well when
I was a young man," he explained.

We went out and started straight for
home.

"She is stopping at the house," he
said, when I spoke of it. I thought it
strange that he should have made the
appointment for the Lennox restaurant
under those circumstances, but I said
nothing.

Well, we went in, and I was introduc-
ed, with due formality, to my mother
and sister. The situation was ludicrous,
and I began to laugh, but the laugh died
away. My mother and sister shook
hands with me, and my mother said she
remembered me as a boy, but hadn't
seen much of me lately. Then she in-
vited me to be seated. It wasn't a bit
funny then, though I can laugh over it
now. I sat down, and she told me one
or two stories of my boyhood, at which
we all laughed a little. When I finally
retired, I was courteously invited to
call again.

I went up stairs, feeling pretty small
and doing a good deal of thinking.
Then I made up my mind that my
mother was a most entertaining lady,
and my sister was a good and brilliant
girl. Now, I am going to call again, as
I have been doing quite regularly for
the last week. I enjoy their company,
and I intend to cultivate their acquaint-
ance. — *Frankelst.*

Facing the Foe.

"Oh, please let me do that!" begged
Rhoda. "I hate cutting out dress
skirts."

Aunt Ruth dropped her shears on the
cutting table and straightened her bent
back, to give a sharp look at the eager
face coaxing her.

"First time I ever heard hatin' to do
a thing brought forward as a reason for
doing it," she remarked, looking the girl
over shrewdly.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Ruth!" said Rhoda,
"mother says that's the very reason!
Face the foe! That's her motto, that
she's always brought us up on. If you
don't, she says you go on dreading and
dreading it forever, and worse and worse
as you put off trying it, and by and by
you are incapable. She always makes us
try to do everything we hate to do, and
keep at it till we like it!"

"Your mother's a master sensible
woman," was Aunt Ruth's comment.
"Here, take the shears, then. I was
going to let you look on and see me do it.
But you might as well make your mis-
takes and profit by 'em."

"There!" said Rhoda in triumph,
fifteen minutes later. "That lugworn
never will block me again."

"Plucky way of doing!" muttered
Robert to himself, coming out of the
window seat where he had been loung-
ing over a *Harper's Weekly* instead of
doing what he called "tackling" his de-
bating club essay. "Face the foe!
Did it too, like a soldier. Wonder how
that rule would work on some of my
'bugbears!'" — *Forward.*

Malice drinks half of its own poison.