

The Gesture.

The Voice of the
Deaf and Dumb of Australasia

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1909.



Price
3^{D.}

THE VICTORIAN ADULT DEAF AND DUMB SOCIETY

Headquarters: Adult Deaf and Dumb Building, Flinders St., Melbourne

Training Home: Corner of Nelson and White Horse Rds., Box Hill

Farm and Home for Aged, Infirm and Feeble Minded Deaf Mutes: Lake Park, Blackburn

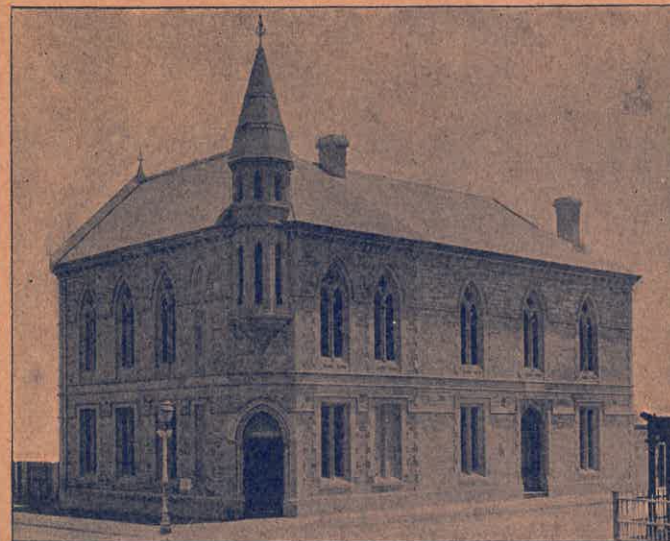
OBJECT:

To maintain a building where the Deaf and Dumb of all sects and nationalities may meet together for spiritual, moral and mental advancement; to assist in procuring work for those unemployed; to keep the deaf poor, and to make provision for the Aged, Infirm and Feeble - Minded Deaf Mutes.



Patron: His Excellency the Governor
Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael
Hon. Treas.: Mr. Harold Kent
Hon. Sec.: Mr. H. Sumner Martin
Superintendent: Ernest J. D. Abraham
"Okarita," Box Hill.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN ADULT DEAF and DUMB MISSION



and
Angus
Home
for
Aged
and
Infirm
Deaf
Mutes

Headquarters: The Adult Deaf Institute, Wright St., Adelaide.

OBJECT:

To provide the Deaf with the means of Christian Worship and Religious Instruction; the means of Social, Mental and Moral Improvement; to take the oversight of the deaf young people when they leave school, and to assist them in obtaining employment.

President: Mr. C. H. Goode, J.P.
Hon. Treas.: Mr. E. B. Colton. Hon. Supt.: Mr. S. Johnson, M.A.
Hon. Sec.: Mr. A. C. W. Cox
Manager: Mr. A. G. H. Cox. Missionary: Mr. E. Salas.

The Voice of the Deaf and Dumb of Australasia



An independent organ of the Deaf, having no direct connection with any single organisation. It aims at helping all agencies established to promote the advancement of the Deaf.

7TH YEAR, JANUARY-FEBRUARY No. 1. NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY in January, March, May, July
September and November.

SUBSCRIPTION 2/- per annum, post free. Liberal commission to Agents.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO:

"The Gesture," Deaf Mute Publishing Coy.,
181 Flinders Lane E, Melbourne, Victoria.

New Year Resolve.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours and a new hope. Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.

Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever the past held of sorrow and wrong.
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining.
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their lining.
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.

As each year hurries by let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progression,
With your eyes to the heavens, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve
If he will stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve.

It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled;
For see, how the light of the New Year is gilding
The wan, worn face of the bruised old world.

—E. W. Wilcox.

EDITORIAL CHAT

OUR AIM

OUR aim is to be the voice of the deaf and dumb of Australasia, to educate public opinion as to their real condition and needs, to keep the work of our schools and adult societies permanently before the public, and to be an organ of communication between the deaf of the different States of the Commonwealth.

* * *

OUR NAME

WE have named our magazine "The Gesture," with the single object of impressing upon the minds of our hearing friends the incontrovertible fact that whatever the system of instruction, the deaf mute invariably resorts to the manual alphabet and the language of gesture as the only expedient means of communication with those lacking the sense of hearing.

* * *

OUR FIRST TASK

OUR first undertaking will be to persistently agitate for:—

Free and compulsory education for the whole of the deaf mute children of Australia in schools owned, controlled and maintained by the States—privileges already enjoyed by normal children, but at present withheld from the deaf and the blind.

For the employment, as fully qualified instructors of the deaf, of those teachers only who possess the same qualifications as the States demand from teachers of normal children, in addition to their special qualifications as teachers of the deaf.

For secondary education for the deaf.

For the absolution of the absurd laws that classify the whole of the deaf mute community with paupers and idiots.

For provision for the employment of such of the deaf who are of imperfect intellect, so that, instead of becoming burdens to their relatives or to the public, they may be trained to maintain themselves. This has already been demonstrated as quite practicable.

* * *

CONTENTION

WE contend that the only difference between the normal and the average deaf person is that the latter is without the sense of hearing, and that the aim of the education of the deaf should be to fit them for social and business life with the hearing. To enable them to compete on terms of equality with the hearing, they should not only be given as good, but a better, education and preparation for life than is given their hearing competitors, for if in all other points they are equal, the deaf are handicapped by the advantage the hearing have in the possession of an important sense which the former lack.

In our next issue we purpose commencing a series of notes dealing in detail with the various matters appertaining to the condition and training of the deaf.

What is past is past. There is a future left to all men who have the virtue to repent and energy to atone.

Success comes to him who turns things up by his own spade. When we pray for bread, God gives us a fruitful soil, and bids us cultivate wheat for ourselves.

Deaf Cyclists.

We have many deaf cyclists in Australasia, but so far as we are aware not a single motorist. America, we understand, can boast of several, and England has at least one. With a view to safeguarding members who are deaf and dumb, the British C.T.C. have instituted a badge to be carried at the rear of their cycles by the deaf. "The Motor" artists depicts the dilemma of a motorist who has overtaken the Deaf and Dumb C.C. on a conversational run, and who is at a loss for a "signal" that will obtain him a road through.



THE "MOTOR'S" IDEA OF A DEAF-MUTE CYCLING CLUB OUT FOR A RUN.

"Asylum."

Some ten years ago the "Messenger" called attention to the use of the word "Asylum," as applied to schools for the deaf. The matter was referred to again some two years ago, when we renewed our protest against the use of such a misleading, and, at the present time, offensive designation of institutions, which are neither more than less than boarding schools for the deaf. Our contemporary, "The British Deaf Times," also lent the weight of its influence to the cause of progress, and joined us in urging upon the authorities of the Margate School—the only Institution in the Kingdom whose official title was "Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb"—the advisability of changing the name of their Institution to one more in harmony with the spirit of the age in which we live. We now learn with great pleasure that, at a meeting of the Governors in June last, it was unanimously resolved that the Institution should in future be known as the "Royal School for Deaf Children, Margate." We congratulate all connected with the school on the welcome change of name.—"The Messenger" (Ireland).

How to be Happy.

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?

I'll tell you a wonderful trick,

That will bring you contentment, if anything can—

Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain of the flood, little man—

And the clouds are forbidding and thick,

You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man—

Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the stars are like brass overhead, little girl,

And the walks like a well-heated brick,

And your earthly affairs in a terrible whirl—

Do something for somebody, quick!

Don't wait for great things, for while you wait the door of the little ones may close.

DEAF WITH TALENT

Deaf Poetess and Deaf Poet

MISS H. M. BURNSIDE

At every festive season many hundreds of thousands of people read on their Christmas and New Year's cards many thousands of different greetings in verse, signed "H. M. Burnside." And most of these many thousands select their greeting cards not so much because of the prettiness or originality of the cards themselves, but because of the beauty of the verse, and perhaps not one out of every ten thousand is aware that Miss Burnside is "one of the deaf community."



MISS BURNSIDE (Deaf Poetess)

Miss Helen Marion Burnside was born at Bromley Hall, Middlesex, England, and lost her hearing at the age of twelve by scarlet fever. She published a small volume of verses in 1864, several of which were set to music. This suggested the writing of other lyrics and poems for magazines. In this way a great many of her verses have been published, and perhaps 200 of her songs set to music. She has done a considerable amount of editing for Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co., the great card publishing firm, and has also written many short stories and verses for children in the gift books issued by that firm.

The verses she has written for greeting cards are to be reckoned in thousands. To say that she has written between 6000 and 8000 would only be making a rough guess at the truth. Just look up the cards in your collection, and see how often you will come across the name of Burnside.

Miss Burnside has also developed a strong love of art, and has had one at least of her pictures hung at the Royal Academy. She has also held the post of designer to the Royal School of Art Needlework.

H. B. BEALE

Mr. H. B. Beale lost his hearing at the age of 7. He is at present 63 years of age. Mr. Beale has written much both in prose and verse, and is as well known in Canada as in England.

The following is a specimen of his verse. The verses are from the Hymn of St. John of Beverley:—

O Lord, who, sighing, turned and said
To the deaf ear, "Be opened;"
Be present, and Thy blessing give,
In Thee both deaf and hearing live.

Chorus.

And tho' our speech is dead to earth,
Our thoughts are known above;
Where spirits, kindred spirits meet,
And love is met by love.

Our primal light from Thee is drawn;
Thy touch aroused our good St. John,
Who first beheld with pitying eye,
Our ignorance and misery.

And tho', etc.



MR. BEALE, (Deaf Poet)

In 1893, when interviewed by a member of the staff of the "B.D.M.," he made the following quaint replies:—

Are you deaf? Well, I should say so. I believe I am about equal to Dame Spearing. I am deaf to sounds as a ship out of soundings; deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings; adjective, noun and adverb and particle, deaf to even the definite article; no verbal message was worth a pin, though you lured an earwig to carry it in; and now that I am turned to forty and eight, and deaf as a post since the age of seven, I rather fancy it is too late to invest that halfpenny, which we are told spent on brown paper duly rolled, will cure us like Lady X. sure as fate, and raise our souls to the seventh heaven.

Married, and enough olive branches to make my table groan under them. I don't want to jog any more of their legs underneath my mahogany.

Manulist, of course, have not I said I am deaf?
My chief pleasure? It is hard to say. As I am bound to speak the truth, however discreditable it may seem, I think the keenest pleasure I can remember was when a certain old party, whom I never saw, joined the majority, leaving me a small unexpected legacy. All the more gratifying, as candidates say, "because entirely unsolicited on my part."

If any of my readers wish to bestow a pure and unalloyed pleasure on one of their fellow-creatures, and wish to do likewise, which I presume is the reason this question is asked, I beg to state that I have still a vacancy.

My hobby? Well, I have so many, it is hard to choose. I like writing. I like a game of billiards when my friends pay for the use of the table. I like a good stiff game at chess, with a player nearly equally bad.

I enjoy hugely a talk with a good-looking girl all by myself; in fact, I rather think the last comes nearest my ideal hobby. I presume you are not going to put my name to this, because someone always reads your paper.

Appreciative Words by our American Cousins.

In looking over the "little paper family" on the exchange table, a new member is found, to whom must be awarded the blue ribbon for being the most travelled citizen of the little community. It is called "The Gesture," and is published bi-monthly in Melbourne, Australia. It is unique both in title and shape.

Its title modestly intimates that it is a magazine for and concerning those people to whom motion means so much, whether it is of the hands or lips, without being blunt enough to come right out and say so. The titles of several of the school papers convey the idea that they were primarily intended for the deaf, but not one has a title so suggestive, and yet a title that leaves so much to be inferred.

The object of selecting such a title cannot be better stated than in the words of the magazine. "We have named our magazine 'The Gesture,' with the single object of impressing upon the minds of our hearing friends the incontrovertible fact that, whatever the system of instruction, the deaf-mute invariably resorts to the manual alphabet and the language of gesture as the only expedient means of communication with those afflicted."

The magazine is worthy of admiration because it is consistent and stands by its opinions. In support of its object, a short but forcible article, entitled "Dangers of Isolation," appears on a subsequent page. It shows the baneful results where communication with the "similarly afflicted" has been denied, and illustrates well the mental, moral and spiritual benefits derived from such communication.

Its shape is peculiarly its own, but it surely has its advantages. It is large enough to attract attention, but small enough to be carried conveniently, for by simply folding it lengthwise it assumes a very handy shape for slipping into one's inside coat pocket.

The magazine is nicely illustrated, and contains many interesting articles which make the first and only issue we have so far received a criterion of success, and the editorial staff of the "Register" wishes the magazine a bright and prosperous future.—T. in "The Deaf Mutes' Register," U.S.A.

The "Gesture" is so full of interesting matter that one reads it from cover to cover. Among its illustrations is a photo group of the participants in a fair for a farm for aged and infirm deaf. The centre of this handsome group is Mr. Ernest J. D. Abraham, who does not seem to have changed much since we saw him in this country. At the fair, the receipts were enormous, over £1900. They must have charged fifty cents for a buttonhole boquet, fifty cents for the pin, and a dollar for pinning it on.—The "Kansas Star."

AFTER SEVEN YEARS

The Awakening

Where am I? Where have I been? What has happened? Is it really true that I am in Australia? That I have been here seven long years. And that restless, combative I, have never, no never, entered into the life of the deaf mute outer world. Is it possible that I have slumbered so long. Am I the very same person that once sat in the editorial chair of the dear old "B.D.M.," or am I another—a freak or a spook. Oh! those years of numbness—imaginatively infinite in time.

Seven years! Eighty-four months, 364 weeks, 2555 days. Surely there must be some mistake. Have I never hungered and thirsted for those exciting times of the editorial chair all those years—never burst the bonds of the land that held me in its grip? If so, why did I do it? Why did I for so long a time voluntarily (but was it voluntarily?) become dead to the deaf mute world, which once upon a time was my very food, my everything.

Is it only a dream after all, and I am not yet awake, and shall presently open my eyes and find my understanding and myself seated in the old familiar chair, surrounded by the old familiar faces, in far away England.

Or have I been dreaming?

What was that I resolved to do just now? Why did I throw that book in the air so impulsively, and shout, "It's done, thank God, it's done?"

Let me think.

If I could only get the key word, I am sure I could follow up the train of thought and finally unravel this mystery. Ah! it just dodged through my brain. It was a single word and gave me an impression of loneliness. But what are these other thoughts crowding into my mind in rapid succession? There are tens, hundreds, thousands of them, and they all want to speak at once. A great heavy fellow of a word, surrounded by innumerable grinning fiends, who mock me by placing their forefingers to their ugly, misshapen foreheads, persistently pushes itself to the front, and strikes my mind as with a hammer. And every time it does so, "Breakdown, breakdown," resounds through my aching head.

He is followed closely by a miserable skeleton of a thing, whose face is familiar, and as it passes on it leaves the impression that it is, or was, either in this or some other world, me.

What do those solemn-faced chaps mean by shaking and nodding their heads? What are they gravely whispering to my weeping wife? How is it I do not demand what they mean? Why don't I speak—do something?

"Mental and physical breakdown—must go away—right away—across the seas—warmer climate—no mental strain—give up all work—rest—rest."

What is all this confusion—the rushing about, packing, handshaking, kissing and weeping? Whatever is the matter; what has

happened? The sea, the glorious sea; water, water everywhere. Has the whole earth turned into water? Is there no end to it? Shall I go on, and on, and on for ever and ever—ever looking down, down, down into the depths of the sea?

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Who are these people?—these deaf people who insist on shaking hands with me, and persist in telling me how welcome I am, and how glad they are to have me with them, and take me about and feed me, like the heathen do before offering their victim to their favourite god? What have I done that these strangers should be so kind to me?

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Did all this happen to-day—yesterday, or was it really seven years ago? Have I been in a state of mental collapse all those years, and am only just getting the right of understanding, or have I been my actual self during that period, and am but just falling into mental confusion? Why did I shout just now, and sling that book into the air, anyhow? What has happened?

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Ah! that train of thought is back again. A caged bird dashing itself against the bars. Poor, poor thing! A man on an island—alone—with a far-away look in his eye. What a haunting effect that solitary figure has. Its lonesomeness—isolated—ISOLATED—the key! the key!! “I can stand this isolation no longer, I must get into communion with the outer deaf mute world.” That was the thought in my mind; the words on my lips; the connecting link of the shout of thankfulness and the boyish outburst.

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Did I actually make a solemn vow to myself that I would refrain from communication with the outside deaf world until an Institute and a farm and home had been procured for the deaf of Victoria? Is this magnificent building and these beautiful broad acres ours—really ours? Have I accomplished my self-imposed task?

* * * * *

I was sitting in my office chair one evening, dreamily thinking much as I have written above, when I suddenly sprang up with the resolve that I would put an end to this isolation, and get out into the dear old deaf world once more; and, picking up a pile of old “Gestures,” sent them flying through the world with the message expressed in the one word, “exchange,” that I wanted to see the dear paper family around me once again.

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And here they come rolling in. There’s the old familiar “Register,” and how kindly it speaks of my little “Gesture” messenger. The “Journal,” with Edwin Hodgson still at the helm; the “Annals” and “The Silent Worker,” with my friend Porter as successful as ever in his effort to make it the most beautiful of our paper family; “The British Deaf Monthly,” in its old shape and dress—no longer “monthly,” however, but now the “Times,” the pet title of my old colleague, Hepworth; the “Irish Messenger,” with Messrs. Harris and Maginn still at their posts; “The Chronicle,” “Hawkeye,” “Standard,” and “Companion,” “Star,” “Pelican,” “World,” “Record,” and “Nebraska Journal,” all as bright and entertaining as ever. Dear old familiar faces. But I miss many; doubtlessly they will come along presently.

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The “Gesture” hitherto has only appeared at irregular intervals, generally being sent forth to accomplish some special object. But as so many members of the American paper family have spoken of our paper as a bi-monthly, a bi-monthly it shall be.

—E. J. D. A.

FLOWER FARM for DEAF MUTES



Objects: To provide

A Home for Deaf Mutes who are Aged or Infirm

Light and Pleasant Occupation for all Deaf and Dumb People who, through Mental or Physical Weakness, are unable to obtain regular employment

A Refuge for Deaf Mutes temporarily out of work or in difficulties.

A Training in the Culture of Flowers and General Gardening for Deaf Mute Youths.

AIM: To help the Deaf and Dumb to help themselves.

Lake Park, Blackburn, one of Melbourne’s beauty spots, which is over seventy acres in extent, has been purchased by the committee of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria, for a flower farm for deaf mutes, the idea being to provide light occupation for that section of the deaf and dumb who, by reason of physical and mental weakness, etc., are unable to follow other regular employment. A Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf Mutes will also be erected thereon.

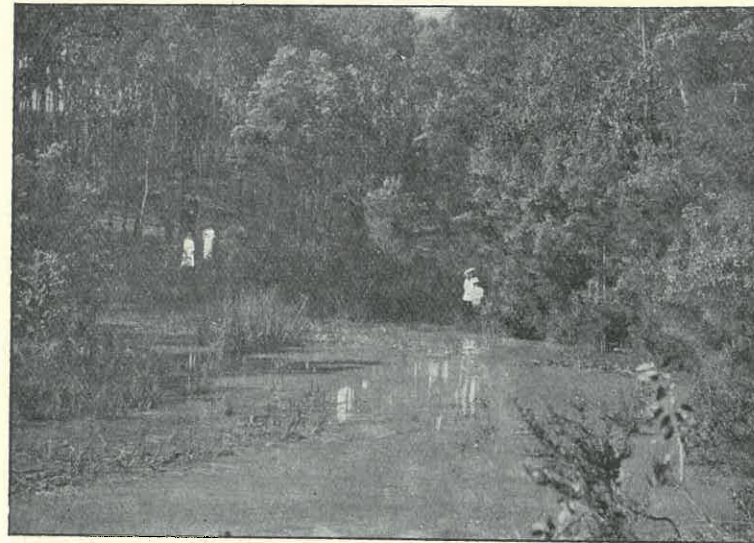
This lovely park, with its ornamental lake covering over eleven acres, and surrounded by the scenic beauty of hill and valley, with



A GLIMPSE OF THE LAKE THROUGH THE WOODS

numerous shady woodland spots that are deliciously cool even on the hottest of days, makes an ideal spot for picnics.

To close it to the public would be to shut the people out from one of, if not the most delightful pleasure resorts around Melbourne.



A SPOT DELICIOUSLY COOL ON THE HOTTEST DAYS

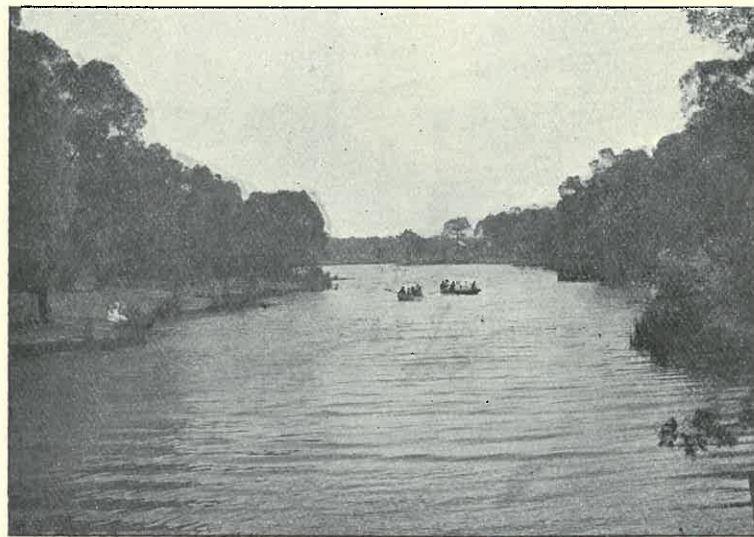
The public subscribed the money to purchase this magnificent property, and the success of the scheme will depend upon their continued interest.

The park will therefore remain open as a public pleasure resort.

An attempt is to be made to maintain the farm and home from the revenue received from the sale of flowers and refreshments, hire of boats, etc. Thus the public will have the satisfaction of knowing that, whilst enjoying a pleasant outing, they are helping to maintain one of the most necessary institutions of the State, and without any additional expense to themselves.

Every effort will be made to make Lake Park the favourite picnic ground of the churches, Sunday schools, clubs, and associations of Melbourne and suburbs. It will be kept free from the rowdy and often very objectionable element that is, unfortunately, so prominent a feature of most public pleasure resorts.

The Park will be under the management of Mr. Ernest J. D. Abraham, the founder of the Farm and Home for Deaf Mutes, and superintendent of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria, to whom secretaries and superintendents are invited to make application for further particulars. Office, 32 Flinders-street, Melbourne.

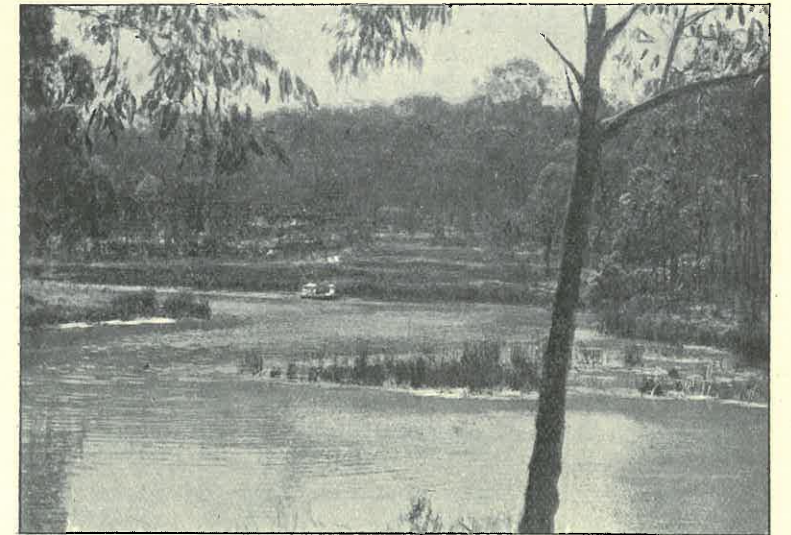


THE LAKE

Blackburn is but a mile beyond Box Hill.

Lake Park is less than eight minutes' walk from Blackburn railway station. You pass the Recreation Hall and Moreton Park on the left, then turn to the left.

All descriptions of picnic requisites may be obtained at the refreshment cottage in the park. Hot water, milk, summer drinks of all kinds, lollies, tea, sandwiches, scones, etc., etc., at moderate prices. Cold water and fuel for large picnic parties bringing their own provisions can also be obtained. Swings, bats, balls, etc., provided without any charge. Boat on hire by the hour or half-hour. Ample provision for erection of marquees, boiling of water, etc.



A Good Story.

An amusing story is told of an Englishman in Paris. After some hours of sight-seeing one day, he lost his way and could not get back to his hotel. He asked first one and then another, but the foreigners apparently did not understand their own language. At last, in sheer disgust, he tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, wrote upon it the name of the hotel, and silently presented it to the next passer-by. The man looked at him compassionately, beckoned him to follow, and without a word they proceeded up one street and down another. Finally the wanderer saw the door of his hotel, and forgetting in his relief and gratitude all the difficulties of the language, he turned to his companion and said, "Thank you very much, I am greatly obliged to you." The other stared at him in amazement, and then blurted out, "You duffer, why didn't you speak before? I thought you were deaf and dumb." The good Samaritan was of his own nationality.

We have received a copy of the "Gesture," which calls itself the "voice of the deaf and dumb of Australasia." It is filled with matter of interest to the deaf, and we gladly place it upon our exchange list. We are likely to use our scissors upon it unmercifully.—"The Companion."

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth weather alike as it came.—Charles Kingsley.

What is past is past. There is a future left to all men who have the virtue to repent and energy to atone.

VICTORIAN PARS.

Most of the Victorian meeting and classes at the Adult Deaf and Dumb Building are closed down for the long vacation.

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Nevertheless, the news items to hand would take up considerably more space than we can spare in this number.

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Our Victorian friends must, therefore, be content with the following brief references.

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The winter session of Mr. Freedman's picture frame-making class closed in December, and exhibited at the Rally quite an array of work accomplished. Amongst the portraits framed are those of Messrs. Newbigin (late hon. treas.), H. Sumner Martin (hon. sec.), Fred Frewin (ex-Missionary), P. Holt (ex-Missionary), E. J. Rose, Thomas Pattison, W. Deane. They will shortly be found places on the walls of the Adult Institute.

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The members of the painting class, conducted by Mrs. J. E. Muir, have also done well, executing quite a number of sketches in oils, of which they are justly proud.

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The Mission has been incorporated under the Companies Act, and will in future be known as "The Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria."

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The Deaf Ladies' Cricket Club will soon be able to render an excellent account of itself. So eager are the members to become expert cricketers that, in place of the fortnightly, a weekly practice has been introduced. There is always a good muster of players on the ground, and their form is already so far advanced that, judging by the display made by women's teams in the near vicinity of our pitch, the deaf girls would more than hold their own with the best of them. Some of our girls are exceptionally good both at batting and bowling, and one at least gives promise of being an Australian lady Jessop.

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The Xmas Rally was a great success. About 150 turned up, of whom one hundred were deaf. Almost the whole of the suburban deaf children who are in attendance at the school for the deaf were present, together with many of their parents. The evening was spent in speeches and parlour games, and, as usual, concluded with a supper.

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There are many deaf visitors in Melbourne, chiefly from Adelaide and the country districts of Victoria.

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The deaf men's cricket club, which is affiliated to the Metropolitan Junior Association, is not making a very proud show this year. So far most of the clubs they have been opposed by have shown themselves to be far too strong for the deaf team.

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There is quite a market garden in miniature form at the Box Hill Temporary Home, but it has had to be neglected somewhat during the past two months, because of the need of all hands at the grubbing and clearing of the farm at Blackburn.

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Work is now fairly well advanced at the Blackburn farm. The fencing and concrete work are completed, and some six acres have been grubbed, and two acres ploughed. A very large number of people visited the farm on Cup Day, and there were many visitors on Boxing Day.

New South Wales News.

Dear Mr. Editor,—When you invited me to supply the "Gesture" with a page of news from this State, you were doubtlessly unaware of the difficulties in the way of fulfilling such an order. I have read somewhere of a certain favoured people being compelled to make bricks without straw, but that is comparatively easy side by side with the task of manufacturing seventy lines of news from nothing. It is within my recollection that certain Sydney journalists did, once upon a time, give lengthy accounts of a meeting that did not take place; but, even if inclined, I haven't the ability to do likewise. Had you allowed me a few weeks instead of "by return of post" I might have been successful in causing events to happen just to report them and oblige you. As it is, having nothing solid to fall back upon, I will have to see what can be procured by scraping around.

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Sydney is the finest city in the world, and the whole of the spare time of our deaf is taken up in admiring the buildings and in trips about the harbour. This will explain, perhaps, why we have so few events at our Adult Institute, and why these events, few as they are, do not attract great attendances. Melbourne is different; no one would think of giving a second glance at your buildings, and you have no harbour. This may explain why the deaf of Melbourne flock to your Institute in so great a number and spend so much of their time there.

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Our annual Christmas soiree was the occasion of a good muster, perhaps one of the best attended socials we have had for some years. The amusements, too, were more lively. In addition to parlour games of kinds, Mr. Fisher and a few others introduced a dance or two, which is something unusual for us. Mr. Watson was present and spoke.

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What think the Victorians of the Christmas number of the N.S.W. "Messenger?" A feather in the cap of typographical expert Molley, eh? I am told that Molley has quite an up-to-date printing apparatus and requisites in one of the rooms of the Institute, and that he is open to quote for the "Victorian Monthly Letter," the "Gesture," or the "Age," "Argus" and "Punch" for that matter. He has made a first-class beginning, and if the progress of the past three months is maintained, no paper for the deaf will be able to hold a candle to the "Messenger" a couple of years hence; but if the price also increases in proportion even millionaires will find the cost prohibitive.

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Editor Fisher does not favour the establishment of a farm and home for aged, infirm or those who, through deformity or mental weakness, are unable to maintain themselves in comfort. He fails to see the need of it; and in the Adult Institute deaf circle of this city, that is sufficient. Herein Sydney is again fortunate, for whilst demonstrative evidence has long ago proved that such provision is necessary in Adelaide, Brisbane and Melbourne, in N.S.W. it seems there are no aged, infirm and unemployed deaf.

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A couple of weeks ago Thomas Simpson, a deaf mute who is over 70 years of age, was walking in Hyde Park, Sydney, at about nine o'clock in the evening when he was set upon by a number of men. One of them seized him by the throat whilst the others rifled his pockets, relieving him of 4/-, his watch, chain and silver matchbox. Up to the present the garroters are still at large.

* * * * *

Sir Arthur Renwick has passed away at the age of 72. He was for many years the president of our Institution, and a friend to many other philanthropic organisations. He will be greatly missed.

A deaf friend of mine who has taken up his residence "Underneath," wrote me a few days back that there is a rumour in the old country to the effect that Mr. S. Watson has resigned his position of superintendent of the Sydney School. So far as I am aware, the rumour has no foundation in fact. The hope of the deaf of this State is that he will preside over our educational establishment for many years to come.

* * * * *

Rumour is, I candidly admit, a queer creature, and ought not to receive undue attention. I therefore apologise for introducing her again; but being by nature of an inquisitive turn of mind, and having my curiosity aroused, I cannot rest until that curiosity has been allayed. Rumour says, Mr. Editor, that you have a sister residing in this city and that she——. [Rumour is perfectly correct this time, Mr. Sid. Harbour. and I ask your pardon for expunging the concluding portion of your little tit-bit.—Ed.]

* * * * *

We had a marriage here recently—Miss Nellie Davison to Mr. James Lovett. It took place at St. Thomas' Church, Enfield, on the 18th of November. The ceremony was interpreted to the deaf mute bride and bridegroom by Mr. S. Watson.

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This must suffice for the present. Maybe next effort will be more in accord with your aims; but—well, this is the best I can do with the material in stock. Wishing you every success.—Yours, etc.,

SID. HARBOUR.

Notions from the West.

So far as I know, all is well with the deaf in the West. We are few in numbers and scattered, therefore tidings of the doings of the deaf take time to get together, and by the time they are gathered in and published must bear an out of date mark about them. As a rule there is little or no communication between us. In time I may be able to get in touch with the scattered forces and bring about some kind of a fraternity; but as you must know, the average deaf mute is a veritable duffer as a correspondent, and seldom touches a newspaper unless it is to glance through the cricket and football columns.

* * * * *

Work is plentiful and wages good. A fellow who is willing to work and take what is offered him can get on all right here. It certainly is lonely to one accustomed to the opportunities open to the deaf of Melbourne and Adelaide; and when one is married and has two or three little ones dangling about his knees and demanding attention and affection, home life and the West are not altogether unpleasant.

* * * * *

Still there are times when one feels positively a thirst for the convivial company of one's old school chums. To be candid I feel just a bit that way to-day. Possibly your epistle has something to do with it. Just at this very moment I feel that thirty bob a week in Melbourne would be preferable to four pounds here. But these fits of longing for the "boys" and the "times" of the bygone are of short duration, and altogether I can truthfully say I am content, for West Australia has many advantages, and the hearing community is kind. Nearly ever other fellow you meet over here can talk quickly more or less on his fingers; but I do wish the hearing man would hit upon some alternative way of showing his good feeling toward the deaf, in place of his persistent "Come and have a drink."

* * * * *

Witchell, the centre pivot of the West Australian deaf world, is a plodder. He is one of the old school, not one of your 9 till 4 class of teachers; but one who is devoted to his little deaf family. He is doing a magnificent work, and everyone who knows him speaks well of him.

Queensland Notes.

Several deaf mutes down south seem to be taking up the work of mechanical dentists. This is a good trade for the deaf and dumb. There are two deaf gentlemen in Queensland who lost their hearing in adult life, and have not found deafness an insuperable obstacle to the practice of even the surgical side of the profession. Of course, the mechanical side presents fewer difficulties to the deaf mute, and it is probable that these two gentlemen owe their success in surgery to the fact that they retain their speech, and are able to say the right word at the right moment, and so allay any natural nervousness of the patient in the chair. The deaf mute, however, should find mechanical dentistry an excellent profession.

* * *

The celebrated deaf Biblical Commentator, Dr. John Kitto, found it a very suitable calling in early life. He worked for a dentist named Groves, and when that gentleman abandoned his calling and went out as a missionary in Eastern lands, John Kitto accompanied him in the capacity of tutor to his little boys. It was owing to this circumstance that the deaf young recluse, who loved the fireside and a book more than anything else, was constrained to enter upon that extensive course of Eastern travel which laid the foundation of that special knowledge on which his subsequent fame was built.

* * *

The subject of dentists naturally suggests that of teeth. Our collector has just returned from Cairns, bringing with him three enormous teeth in a small matchbox. These are crocodile teeth. Crocodiles bask on the beach at Cairns. I am told they lie with their jaws open, looking like logs of wood, and if any unwary bird alights on the lower jaw, the upper one comes down with a snap, and then the crocodile opens his jaws again and waits for the next tit-bit—maybe a bird, or maybe a pair of lovers strolling in the moonlight, and sitting down on a convenient log for a quiet spoon. In that case the log would suddenly become animated, and the "spoon" would be found to be full of meat—for the crocodile.

* * *

Altogether, it is hardly salubrious to sit on a log in the moonlight at Cairns. The crocodile can trot along at a fair rate of speed, but cannot turn quickly, so if you notice "Birnam Wood" coming along towards Dunisnane, you can avoid it by a sudden turn, and he will trot past you quite unable to get the brakes to work or to turn round quickly. The sweep of his tail, however, is a thing to be avoided, as he can hook the legs from under a man, and turn round at his leisure to pick him up.

* * *

The crocodile, however, may be tamed, and looks very handsome with silver mounts and fittings, and becomes so much attached to his owner that he travels with him wherever he goes, carrying his pyjamas and shaving kit, etc., for him—a striking example of what civilisation can accomplish.

* * *

The next subject for debate will be "Should deaf mutes work together in a co-operative workshop because of the prejudice of many employers who practically boycott the deaf?" It is probable that a great deal will be said on both sides of the question. These debates are very useful and instructive, and do much for our young people by broadening their minds. Mr. J. L. Morisset is the hon. secretary. Mr. Geo. Harrison is very able in debate, but some of the others still suffer from stage fright.

Our debating society has been exercising itself of late on the question whether the white races will be able to retain the hall-mark of a white skin under Australasian climatic conditions. The general idea seemed to be that the black man and the white were brothers, and that the same causes would produce the same results, but that the resources of civilisation would operate to safeguard our complexions from any very serious modification, though it might be expected that a few centuries hence would see the A.N.A. much swarthier of complexion than at present. The influence of hats and of clothing, of dwelling houses and indoor occupations, and in particular of the domestic occupations of the women, have all to be taken into account. It was also pointed out that complexion is not entirely a matter of climate, as the Esquimaux, who might be expected from the coldness of their habitat to be blessed with apple red cheeks, are on the contrary a dusky brown race. The Canadian "blue skin" Indian is also an example of a dark race in a cold climate.

* * *

Our cricket club has been doing fairly well of late, and we had a very enjoyable picnic on King's Birthday. The Mission continues to make encouraging progress, and the general harmony and good will among the members, and their loyalty to the missionary, is a very pleasing feature.

* * *

The Queensland branch of the Australasian Deaf and Dumb Association held their annual meeting on Dec. 3rd, and reported that the Government had been approached, and the co-operation of the Mission committee and school committee secured, but much still remains to be done.

* * *

The deaf and dumb in Queensland have sustained a great loss in the departure of Mr. S. G. Martin, who has for many years been the friend of the deaf mutes, and also an office-bearer and one of the founders of the Adult Mission. Mr. Martin has gone to Melbourne, where his great business ability and characteristic tact and geniality will meet with a wider scope in the more important and responsible position which his Board has called him to fill.

—BANANA BILL.

The Deaf as Workers.

An interesting and valuable report concerning the industrial status of the deaf after leaving school was presented to the International Congress of the Deaf, at its session in St. Louis. The committee had prepared and sent out three sets of questions embodied in circulars to employers of the deaf, and the deaf in business and deaf workmen. The data obtained is of great value, and can be considered as an aid in forming a better judgment of the deaf in their industrial relations. Among others, we glean the following referring to deaf workmen:—

1. "There are very few ordinary occupations in which the deaf cannot or do not engage."
2. "Employers and foremen treat deaf workmen as they do the hearing workmen."
3. "Deafness is a hindrance to an extent, but is not such a formidable barrier to success as has been popularly supposed."
4. "The deaf workman usually has steady work. Those who have not generally have themselves to blame."
5. "It is the almost unanimous opinion that rural pursuits are better for the deaf than factory work."
6. "The deaf invariably get the same wages for the same class of work as the hearing."
7. "Employers are glad to have deaf workmen, who can show that they have ability to do the work expected of them, and take them on a basis equal to that of the hearing. If they are competent their services secure ready recognition."

South Australian Jottings

Adelaide is emptying its deaf population into Melbourne, Sydney and the country districts of South Australia for the holidays, and so things are very quiet here. So far as I can learn, Mr. Sturke is the only deaf arrival from Melbourne.

* * * * *

School, Adult Institute and Farm are in robust health in funds, management, and work accomplished, and everything is going along swimmingly.

* * * * *

It is harvest time down at the farm, and both hay and wheat crops are splendid.

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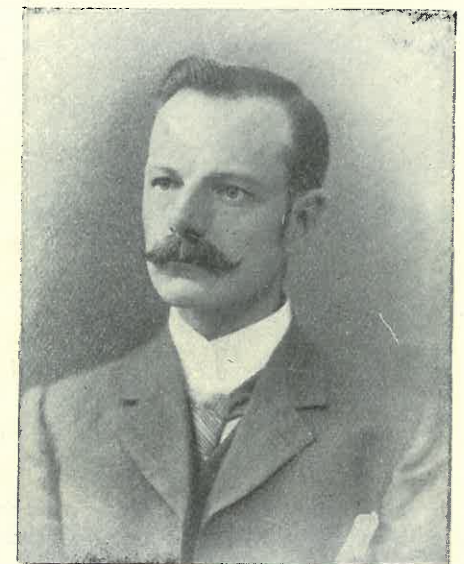
Mr. Solomon, who went under an operation at the Adelaide Hospital, is taking a few days' rest at the farm.

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In cricket matters we are just holding our own—three wins, three losses, and five draws.

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Our "Monthly News" is more than holding its own.



MR. W. H. BOSTOCK

There are several deaf mute employees in State Government departments. In Melbourne I know there are several; Sydney also has its deaf representatives in Government offices. Mr. W. H. Bostock is the only Adelaide deaf mute employee of the State. He is at the Government printing department. Mr. Bostock is also a member of our Mission Committee.

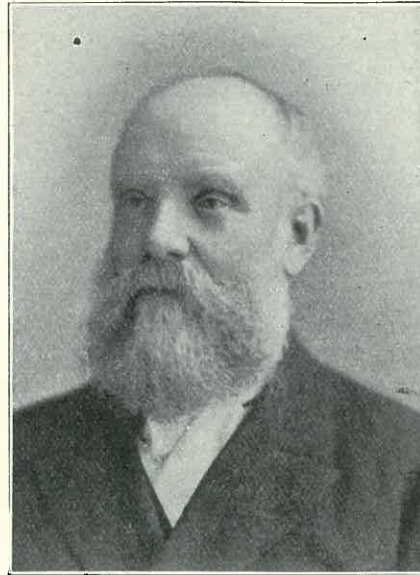
Tasmania

Mr. Harold V. Gregory has resigned his position of instructor of the deaf at the Hobart Institution for the Blind, Deaf and Dumb, Tasmania, and accepted a post under the Educational Department of the State. We wish him success in his new sphere.

Success comes to him who turns things up by his own spade. When we pray for bread, God gives us a fruitful soil, and bids us cultivate wheat for ourselves.

England.

Dr. Richard Elliott, who has for 50 years been connected with the Royal School for the Deaf, Margate, first as teacher and afterwards headmaster, has just retired. Dr. Elliott is one of the best known of the instructors of the deaf of the world, and is loved by those most intimate with him, and respected by all. Mr. J. O. White, headmaster of the London County Council School for the Deaf at Anerley and for some time a teacher at Margate, is the fortunate successor to the honourable position just vacated by Dr. Elliott.



J. P. BARRETT
For 50 years a teacher of the Deaf

Mr. J. P. Barrett, another veteran teacher of the deaf, who has also rendered 50 years' service to the cause and was for a great number of years connected with the Old Kent Road, London, and Margate Schools, is likewise retiring.

And Mr. Edward Townsend, headmaster of the Royal School for the Deaf, Birmingham, will also retire shortly. Thus we are to lose within a few months three of the giants of our teaching profession. Men who have borne the burden and the heat of the day, and who rejoice to know that it has been their part in life to help make the path of the teacher and the environment of the children comparable with the easier work of those who, in the parable, began their labor at the eleventh hour.

America

The President of the National Association of the Deaf (Mr. Veditz) addressed a letter to each of the candidates for Presidency of the United States, inquiring what their attitude would be towards the proposed removal of the discrimination against the deaf in the civil service.

Mr. Taft made the following reply:—"If there are places in the Government in which totally deaf persons can discharge the duties, I should favour regulations permitting them to compete for such places."

A courteous answer was also received from Mr. Bryan. It was to this effect:—"If I am elected I shall be in a position to construe the question upon its merits, and to decide in harmony with the spirit of our platform which demands justice for all."

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, president of the Washington College for the Deaf, has been in ill health for some months, and recently underwent a serious operation at John Hopkins' Hospital, Baltimore. The operation was successful, and Dr. Gallaudet has since returned to Washington College, and is strong enough to appear amongst the students.

The well-known Chicago deaf chemist, Dr. George T. Dougherty, was honoured by being appointed one of the vice-presidents of the great Bryan demonstration, held in Chicago, in connection with the Presidential election.

A fund has been opened for the purpose of erecting a suitable marble memorial to mark the resting place of the late Rev. Job Turner, for forty years the beloved missionary of the deaf of the southern part of America.

Mr. Gilbert Hicks, the deaf mute nurseryman, who has 100 men employed at his nurseries at Westbury Station, recently undertook to remove, to a distance of 45 miles, four pine trees, each weighing two and a half tons. He succeeded. Twenty-one horses, twenty-nine workmen, two photographers, one landscape designer, seven waggons, and one automobile made up the party that carried out the task.

Douglas Tilden, the deaf sculptor, who has by his skill caused his name to be linked with the most famous sculptors of the world, has just completed a statue of Senator Stephen M. White. The unveiling is to take place at Los Angeles.

China

Six books of exceptional interest have just been published by Mrs. Mills, principal of the School for the Deaf, Chefoo, China. They are in Chinese characters, illustrated with numerous engravings, containing graded lessons for use in teaching the deaf. Mrs. Mills is endeavouring to obtain from philanthropic friends in America and Great Britain an endowment fund of £10,000. If she succeeds in that effort she will be relieved of the necessity of giving her time and strength to raising funds, and will be able to devote herself exclusively to the teaching and training of native teachers, who can extend the work into other parts of China.



EDWARD TOWNSEND

The retiring Headmaster of the Royal School for the Deaf, Birmingham, England

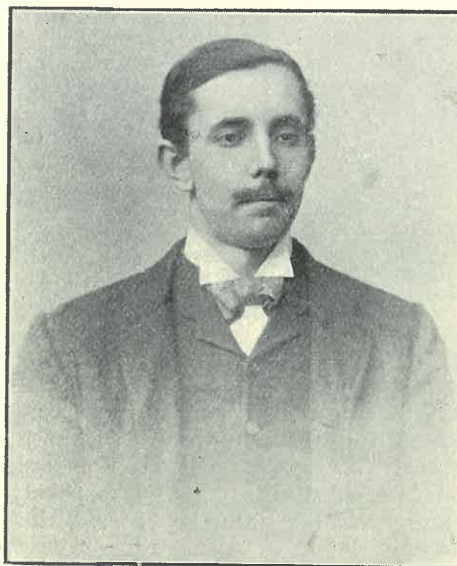
India

Mr. J. N. Banerji, headmaster of the Calcutta School for the Deaf, has just issued, in a card form, a Bengali manual alphabet invented at his school. This is the first attempt of its kind ever made in India. The alphabet will suit all languages derived from the Sanskrit. The movements and positions of the fingers denoting each letter are given on one side of the card, while instructions as to their use are given on the other.

France.

M. Emile Mercier, the founder and president of the Champagne Deaf Mute Friendly Society, France, is himself a deaf mute. He is one of the heads of the renowned wine firm of Champagne, from which province the wine, as we are all aware, takes its name. Some time ago he was honoured with the decoration of an officer of the Academy.

The Champagne Deaf Society has a roll of 149 beneficiary members and 490 honorary members.



ABDULLAH J. IDDLEBY.

Egypt.

How the years roll on! It seems but yesterday, although it must be quite twelve years ago, that Mr. A. J. Iddlesby wrote from Wales asking our assistance in connection with a scheme he had of founding a school for the deaf and dumb in Egypt. Whilst giving him full publicity in a paper at the time and rendering all the help in our power, we were never very sanguine as to the results. Mr. Iddlesby is himself a deaf mute, and was a pupil of the late Mr. Alex. Melville, and for some time a teacher under him at the Llandaff School for the Deaf. In order to study Arabic and so fit himself for his undertaking he spent some years in Syria, and nearly four years ago opened his School for the Deaf at Cairo, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. The school is now under the patronage and direction of His Excellency Edris Pasha. Mr. Iddlesby has adopted the manual alphabet to Arabic. We wish him every success, and hope he will keep us posted in his progress.

Each man is a mirror, in which every man may see his own image reflected, either as he is or as he may become in the future; for in every human soul exist the same elements, although in different states of development, and their development often depends upon external conditions over which man has but little control.

The Testing of Christianity.

Christianity can maintain its pre-eminence only by the vital and effective incorporation of the spirit and teaching of Jesus in individual and social life and character. The trial which the Christian nations are facing to-day is obvious and inescapable.

Let us at least be honest with ourselves. If we will not practise what Jesus taught, let us cease to call ourselves "Christians." It may be that some of those whom we have called "heathen" are more Christian than we.

Instead of praying for rain, let us rather pray for wisdom to store up the rain that falls in a wet season to irrigate the land with in a dry one. This would be far more practical.

I honour any man who, in the conscientious discharge of his duty, dares to stand alone. The world, with ignorant, intolerant judgment, may condemn; the countenances of relatives may be averted and the hearts of friends grow cold; but the sense of duty done shall be sweeter than the applause of the world, the countenances of relatives or the hearts of friends.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though the path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
"Trust in God and do the right."

Though the road be long and dreary,
And the ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary:
"Trust in God and do the right."

You Receive What You Give.

Would you be at peace?—Speak peace to the world.
Would you be healed?—Speak health to the world.
Would you be loved?—Speak love to the world.
Would you be successful?—Speak success to the world.

For all the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realise his high desires, except all the world share with him. And every good word you send into the world is a silent, mighty power working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all the world—including yourself.

The Workers are Few.

A father knows his son to be dutiful by the latter's diligence in the work that furthers the former's interests.

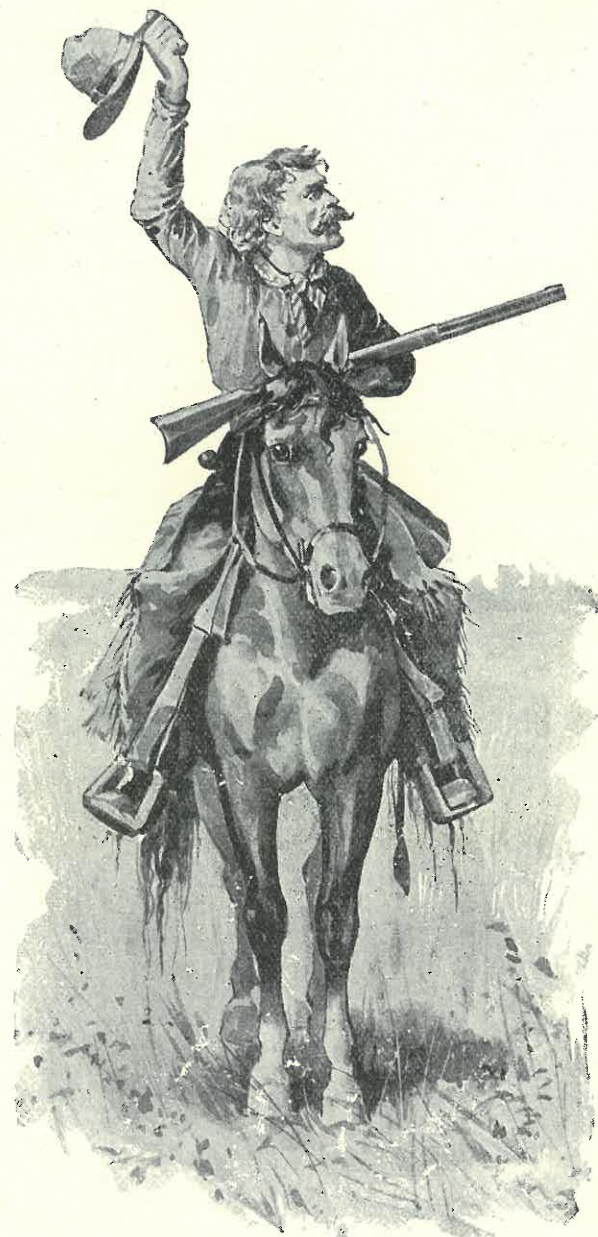
It is just the same homely way with our Father in Heaven. He measures your goodness by your works, not by your marrow-bone exercises, or by your keeping the track well beaten between you and the village church. He doesn't count carrying a half-hundredweight Bible as work. It is not often manifest by any visible sign, yet it is work of the highest order!

If you profess to love your Heavenly Father, why loaf or pretend? The field is large, and the grain golden for soul-saving; but it is falling to the ground in despair daily because there are not enough reapers. Thousands of theorists, though, and talkers everywhere—preachers, prayers, compounders of new religion and religious ethics. Yet the yellow perish; likewise the white, brown and black. The widow sits in despair, and no preacher of "acts of bread" comes nigh. Thousands curse to-day in the last throes of starvation, thinking that God has forsaken them; but if they only knew. He is always with them, but their brethren far distant, fluttering round the candle of brilliant gaiety and iridescent vice. Play of the most degrading nature, immorality, vice, hypocrisy, mammon worship, are in full revelry; but the ears in the field are so ripe that they fall to the ground ungarnered by this generation.

Deaf Duckett's Horse

A SHORT STORY

Deaf Duckett was very popular in our mining camp. He was a deaf-mute, but it took one some time to realise it, so extraordinarily keen and intelligent was his glance, and so swift and sure his perception of what at any time was going on. He could not read or write, but the vivid signs and gestures by which he conveyed his meaning could not be mistaken. On more than one occasion his services were found in-



valuable as interpreter between the camp and strange Indians, whose gesture language, though dissimilar from his own, presented to him no difficulty. For the rest he was a fine, athletic young fellow, who could ride and shoot with the best of his hearing comrades, and better than most. As for his knowledge of mining matters, nobody had ever plumbed the depth of it so surely as to be able to cheat him. Many were the stories afloat of those who had tried and failed. His keen perception fastened upon the least sign of furtiveness; and, once he was on the alert, the schemers were sure to find themselves in the end ingeniously outwitted and unmercifully exposed.

One of the most frequently related incidents illustrative of the 'cuteness of Deaf Duckett, occurred very soon after he had joined the camp, and at once raised him to the front rank of popularity.

No miner is fully equipped without a first-rate horse; and the horse Duckett brought with him to camp, though good of its class, was by no means equal to the ambition of its owner. So, when Duckett had saved the price of a reputable steed, off he went to an adjoining camp, 15 miles off, to purchase one. Almost the first thing he saw, on entering the neighbouring camp, was a fine horse, led by a stranger. Duckett, who was a capital judge of horseflesh, took in its quality at a glance, pointed to the animal, and showed some coins in his hand. The stranger nodded, signifying that it was for sale; whereupon Duckett dismounted from his own steed and examined the stranger's. The latter was truly a magnificent creature; and, since the price indicated by the stranger was reasonable and within Duckett's means, he paid it without hesitation. Then Duckett went into the saloon for some refreshment, leaving the horses tethered outside, for he intended making over his old steed to a friend. To his surprise, however, when he re-emerged from the saloon he could see only his old horse; the other had vanished. He immediately saw that the stranger had stolen back the horse he had sold, and had ridden away upon it. A miner at the saloon door pointed out with his pipe the direction in which the stranger had ridden, which was the direction from which Duckett had come. Deaf Duckett remounted, and rode back to his camp at the top of his horse's speed, arriving considerably after the stranger, whom, however, he caught in the act of selling the magnificent charger to another.

In great wrath, Duckett taxed the stranger with the theft. The man denied it. Duckett persisting in claiming the horse for his own, the interested miners formed themselves into an impromptu court. A jury was speedily nominated, each member in full sympathy with Deaf Duckett, but wishing to act fairly by the stranger. Lawyer Joe, who had been a briefless barrister in England, acted as judge; and, with a keenness that showed he had not failed for want of acumen, asked Duckett, in signs, when he had last seen the horse he claimed to be his. Duckett showed the time on his watch—exactly noon. The prisoner was then asked what time he arrived. This he stated to have been 12.40, and his statement was corroborated by witnesses. The interval between the times was so short that neither judge nor jury could believe the journey could have been accomplished within it.

With rough regret the finding of the court was intimated to the hot-headed Duckett; who received it with an inarticulate cry, and, before anyone could guess what he was about to do, had held up his watch, pointed to the time (1.45), and in the twinkling of an eye was on the horses's back, and flying to the camp at which he had made the purchase. Soon the whole camp of miners, stimulated and amused, mounted and pursued him, but were left miles and miles behind.

When the pursuers at last arrived at the neighbouring camp, they found Duckett, with a broad grin upon his face, taking refreshments. They dismounted and approached to lay hands upon him. Duckett quietly took out his watch and asked what time he had left the camp? They told him. He then turned to the saloon-keeper and miners around, and asked them what time he had arrived. He was proved to have accomplished the 15 miles in 37 minutes—exactly three minutes less time than the horse thief.

Deaf Duckett then cleverly made us understand that, in whatever way we looked at it, the horse was his, for he could not possibly have been the same person that had appeared before us three-quarters of an hour before, for he could not have ridden the distance in the time!

Deaf Duckett's title to the horse he claimed was unanimously admitted, and his "record" time between the two camps remains unbroken to this day.

JUDAS KAYNE.

It is not what you do, but what you are, that marks your place in society. No matter how menial your occupation may be, dignify it, and the world will quickly recognise your true value.

Occupations of the Deaf in America.

Many have Risen Above the Ranks.

The Result of a Liberal Education by a Generous Government.

"It may be interesting to note the number and variety of employments into which former pupils of deaf schools enter. The list comprises a large number of industries, viz.: Baking, blacksmithing, boiler-making, bookbinding, brick-making, bricklaying, brush-making, butchering, cabinet-making, carpentry, can-making, cigar-making, cobbling, cooking, dressmaking, decorating, electricity, embroidery, engineering, farming, fresco-painting, gardening, glass-blowing, glove-making, hattering, harness-making, market gardening, tailoring, painting, poultry raising, photography, shoemaking, tanning and currying, tinning, varnishing, wall-paper hanging and others."—Report of Maryland School.

While the great majority are engaged as above, a number have risen above the ranks. This is especially true of those who have had the advantage of college training. More than two hundred of the deaf are teachers. Two are college professors. Twelve are, or have been, principals of schools. A number are lawyers, one of whom has the distinction of practising before the United States Supreme Court. Twelve have been ordained ministers of the Gospel, one of whom received his degree from Oxford University, England. There are several successful architects. Others take high rank as painters and sculptors, their work having been admitted to the Paris Salon. One is a State botanist, and his contributions to science have attracted national attention. A number have lucrative positions as assayers and chemists. A few are engaged estate and banking. A score are editors of papers connected with schools for the deaf, and about an equal number publish or edit papers of general circulation among the hearing. Quite a number are in business for themselves."—Olaf Hanson in "Annals."

"There are four deaf clerks in the United States Postal Department at Washington, five in the Chicago main office, several in the New York city office, and two in the railway mail service in California. There are three deaf postmasters in the East, and one in Minnesota, and one in Wisconsin."—"Industrial Journal."

The deaf have even invaded the political field, and permitted themselves to be elected city councilmen, city treasurers, country recorders, etc.

It is justly referred to with pride by the deaf themselves that, among their number, an infinitesimal proportion are transgressors of the law. Very few are inmates of alms-houses or dependent upon charity, and these few, it will be found, are invariably uneducated.

Perhaps the best evidence of the prosperity of the educated deaf is to be found in the large number who own their homes and their farms.—H. W. Rothert.

Let us not be Weary in Well Doing.

It is only when selfishness blinds us that we ever "weary in well doing," and often because we do not get almost immediate results, or because our efforts do not appear to be appreciated and rewarded as soon or in the manner expected.

It is the motive with which we do anything that counts, and when we learn to follow the golden rule and always act disinterestedly out of pure love and kindness, doing what is right for no other reason than because it is right, we have found the path that leads to a happy and successful life. Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year after year. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

ADULT DEAF AND DUMB ASSOCIATION OF NEW SOUTH WALES



INSTITUTE FOR THE ADULT DEAF, SYDNEY

Hon. Superintendent: MR. S. WATSON. Missionary: MR. F. S. BOOTH.
Hon. Secretary: MR. VICTOR FISHER.

OBJECT: To provide the Adult Deaf with the means for
Spiritual, Moral, and Mental improvement

QUEENSLAND ADULT DEAF and DUMB MISSION

Patron: His Excellency, Lord Chelmsford.
President: Hon. D. F. Denham, M.L.A. Supt. & Missionary: Mr. S. W. Showell.

OBJECTS:

- To provide the means of religious worship and instruction for the Adult Deaf and Dumb of Queensland.
- To procure for them the means of social, mental, and moral improvement.
- To visit them in their homes, especially when sick or in distress.
- To assist them in obtaining suitable employment.

AUSTRALASIAN DEAF AND DUMB ASSOCIATION

President: Mr. Ernest J. D. Abraham. Hon. Treasurer: Mr. J. E. Muir.
Hon. Sec.: Mr. M. L. Miller, 181 Flinders Lane E., Melbourne, Victoria.

OBJECTS:

- To unite the Deaf and Dumb and all interested in their welfare.
- To advance and protect their interests, and to elevate their social status.

The Manual Alphabet

As Used by the Deaf and Dumb

