

under instruction in the country are in schools conducted on a «combined system» which includes a judicious adaptation of means to ends, according to the varying capacity of individuals. In the «combined schools» a much greater aggregate of speech is taught than in the «pure oral» schools, and a greater number of pupils are successfully taught «by speech.» But in these schools is recognized the fact, abundantly proved by the so-called «failures» which have come to them in large numbers from the «pure oral» schools, that very many deaf children are by nature unfitted to succeed with speech, and therefore require other methods for their education.

Nowhere does Mr. Wright show his lack of knowledge more conspicuously than when he speaks of the language of signs as one of the «tools of savagery,» and says «it is unfit for representing grammatically constructed language.» He certainly would not have made such statements had he seen me interpret, a short time since, through the language of signs to the students of our college, a most eloquent and interesting lecture by General Greely on arctic explorations and recent discoveries in Africa. Mr. Wright is doubtless unaware that such interpretations are of frequent occurrence in our college; and I am certain he has little knowledge of the graceful and expressive language the use of which he condemns.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,  
COLLEGE FOR THE DEAF, Edward M. Gallaudet.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

#### REJOINDER.

AMONG the twenty-five hundred deaf pupils reported by statistics as «taught by speech,» there may be some in the «combined» schools, of which Dr. Gallaudet speaks so highly, whose instruction by speech is supplemented by the devices to which he refers. I have not visited all the schools for the deaf in the country; but in our own school the children are taught as wholly by speech as those of any public school, and I know from personal observation that this is true of hundreds upon hundreds of deaf children in the other oral schools. If the «combined» schools, in their eagerness to make a good showing of oral work in their reports, put too liberal an interpretation upon the term «taught by speech,» as Dr. Gallaudet would seem to infer, it is a pity, since it invalidates official statistics, but it may result favorably by inciting them to live up to their reports.

The point which I suspect to be the principal *casus belli*, however, is the reference in the article to the College for the Deaf in Washington, of which Dr. Gallaudet is the honored head. The reference consisted simply in the statement made to me by a graduate of that institution concerning his unaided struggles to retain his speech during the period of his residence there; and I took special pleasure in being able to add that, owing largely to the pressure brought to bear by the advocates of the oral method, this unfortunate state of affairs is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

Dr. Gallaudet's dissent from my statement that no graduate of the schools for the deaf has attained literary prominence may easily be due to a different standard of what constitutes «literary prominence.» That many deaf persons have reached literary excellence I stated in my article, and a great honor it is to them. I am

proud to have had two of this class among my own pupils. But «literary prominence» is quite another matter.

That there are more deaf children in the «combined» schools than in the oral schools is true. This may possibly be explained on the ground that there are more «combined» schools, and the reason for this may be connected with the fact that the «combined» schools had fifty years the start, and that the expense of running an oral school is greater than of a «combined» school. A glance at the statistics quoted in my article will show the remarkable growth of the oral method since its introduction into this country; and it does not take half a prophet's eye to see that the end is not yet. It is the method of the present and the future, as distinguished from that of the past. The «combined» school is only the first step toward oralism.

Dr. Gallaudet is mistaken in assuming that I did not know that interpretations of spoken addresses in gestural signs were often given at his institution. I have several times had the pleasure of myself witnessing these interpretations, both by himself and others. I am astonished that Dr. Gallaudet has the temerity to dissent from my very conservative statement that the language of signs is «unfit for representing grammatically constructed language.» That this statement is not wholly without foundation, the following literal translation from signs into English may show. It is the «blessing» that the elder Dr. Peet, one of the ablest teachers of the deaf America has ever had, was accustomed to sign before his pupils began their repast. The words are given in the exact order in which the gestures were made.

«Father our, heaven in, again we assemble, bread, meat eat, drink receive; while we all things receive, thou blessing give, so we all strength receive; command thy love obey. We ask all Christ through alone. Amen.»

I purposely avoided in my article any statement concerning the sign-language that I thought could be considered extreme; and I will not add such here, but will content myself with quoting Dr. Gallaudet's own words as uttered in an address before a convention of instructors of the deaf. He then said: «I must say that for the deaf-and-dumb children in schools, striving to master the English language, it [the sign-language] is a very dangerous thing. . . . Then, if we want the children in our institutions to master the English language, what have we to do with the sign-language? I answer, as little as possible. I would bear in mind every hour of the day, and every minute of the hour, the sign-language in a school for the deaf is a dangerous thing. . . . The use of the sign-language, except in cases where it is absolutely essential, is pernicious. It hurts; it pulls down; it undoes; it brings forth groans and grunts and expressions of dissatisfaction and disappointment from teachers.»

John Dutton Wright.

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NEW YORK CITY.

#### Acknowledgments.

MR. DODGE'S ceiling decoration in the Congressional Library, entitled «Ambition,» was reproduced in the March CENTURY from a photograph by Davis & Sanford.

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## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### The Road.

I 'S boun' to see my gal to-night—  
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!  
De moon ain't out, de stars ain't bright—  
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!  
Dis hoss o' mine is pow'ful slow,  
But when I does git to yo' do'  
Yo' kiss 'll pay me back, an' mo',  
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

De night is skeery-lak an' still—  
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!  
'Cept fu' dat mou'nful whippo'will—  
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!  
De way so long wif dis slow pace,  
'T 'u'd seem to me lak savin' grace  
Ef you was on a nearer place,  
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.

I hyeah de hootin' of de owl—  
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!  
I wish dat watch-dog would n't howl—  
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!  
An' evaht'ing, bofe right an' lef',  
Seem p'int'ly lak hit put itse'f  
In shape to skeer me half to def—  
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!

I whistles so 's I won't be feared—  
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!  
But anyhow I 's kin' o' skeered,  
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.  
De sky been lookin' mighty glum,  
But you kin mek hit lighten some,  
Ef you 'll jes say you 's glad I come,  
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

### Jean the Chopper.

WHERE Jean de Chambeau swings his ax  
The snow is crushed in panther tracks,  
Ghostly the flap of the great white owl,  
Lonely and grim the wolf-pack's howl;  
Yet, to ax-stroke keeping time,  
His yodel rings a laughing rhyme:  
To-day the depths of the shadowy wood  
To Jean the Chopper seem gay and good.

A moose runs by, and he lets it go;  
A bear that 's floundering in the snow;  
A panting deer whose despr'ate flight  
Has led the wolf-pack through the night.

«Run on!» he cries; «go on your way!  
I harm no living thing to-day.  
This night at Père Thibault's we feast.  
He 's called the neighbors, called the priest;  
His Lise is tall, like a white-birch tree,  
And her black eyes have called to me!»

*Francis Sterne Palmer.*

### The Dialect Store.

«I SUPPOSE I dreamed it; but if there is n't such a store, there might be, and it would help quill-drivers a lot,» said the newspaper man, as he and his friend were waiting to give their order in a down-town restaurant yesterday noon.

«What store are you talking about, and what dream? Don't be so vague, old man,» said his friend the magazine-writer.

«Why, a dialect store. Just the thing for you. I was walking down Fifth Avenue, near Twenty-first street, and I saw the sign (Dialect shop. All kinds of dialects sold by the yard, the piece, or in quantities to suit.) I thought that maybe I might be able to get some Swedish dialect to help me out on a little story I want to write about Wisconsin, so I walked in. The place looked a good deal like a dry-goods store, with counters down each side, presided over by some twenty or thirty clerks, men and women.

«The floor-walker stepped up to me and said, (What can I do for you?) (I want to buy some dialect,» said I. (Oh, yes; what kind do you want to look at? We have a very large assortment of all kinds. There's quite a run on Scotch just now; perhaps you 'd like to look at some of that.) (No; Swedish is what I 'm after,» I replied. (Oh, yes; Miss Jonson, show this gentleman some Swedish dialect.)

«I walked over to Miss Jonson's department, and she turned, and opened a drawer that proved to be empty. (Are you all out of it?) I asked. (Ja; but I skall have some to-morrer. A faller from St. Paul he baen haer an' bought seventy jards.)

«I was disappointed, but as long as I was there I thought I 'd look around; so I stepped to the next counter, behind which stood a man who looked as if he had just stepped out of one of Barrie's novels. (Have you Scotch?) said I. (I hae joost that. What 'll ye hae? Hielan' or lowlan', reeleegious or profane? I 've a lairge stock o' gude auld Scotch wi' the smell o' the heather on it; or if ye 're wantin' some a wee bit shop-worn, I 'll let ye hae that at a lower price. There 's a quantity that Ian Maclaren left oot o' his last buke,» I expressed surprise that he had left any escape him, and he said: (Hech, mon, dinna ye ken there 's no end to the Scots?) I felt like telling him that I was sorry there had been a beginning, but I refrained, and he went on: (We 're gettin' airders fra the whole English-sp'akin' warld for the gude auld tongue. Our manager has airdered a fu' line of a' soorts in anticipation of a brisk business, now that McKinley—gude Scotch name that—is elected.)

«I should have liked to stay and see a lot of the Scotch, as it seemed to please the man to talk about his goods; but I wanted to have a look at all the dialects, so I bade him good morning, and stepped to the next department—the negro.