

THE SCHOOL HELPER.

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POMPEII.

BY MISS JESSIE CONNOR.

ABOUT an hour's railway ride from Naples, skirting its beautiful bay, brings us to Pompeii. This city, buried during nearly seventeen centuries—since 79 A. D.—was discovered in 1748, since which time excavations have been carried on in a systematic manner. Here are found buildings, both public and private, in a state of preservation unsurpassed in the ruins of any other ancient city, and great is the light thrown by them on the life and habits of "ye olden times."

Herculaneum was destroyed by the same eruption of mighty Vesuvius, and its ruins would yield as rich rewards to the scientific explorer, could they be reached as easily. Herculaneum, however, was buried beneath a stream of molten lava, which, when hardened, formed a solid mass through which it is almost impossible to cut. Pompeii, on the contrary, was covered with cinders, small stones, and ashes, mixed with the rain, which descended in floods, thus forming a mass which is yielding and easily cut away.

The party of which I made one reached Pompeii about one o'clock in the afternoon of a July day. "The rains descended and the floods came," but nothing daunted by the weather, we made the rounds of the most interesting of the many ruins. Entering by the Gate of the Sea Shore, we made our way first to the Forum, which probably formed the business centre of the city. It is surrounded by other public buildings, the Temple of Jupiter, the most imposing of all the ruins; the Basilica, and the Temple of Venus. These buildings, it is supposed, were greatly

injured by the earthquake of 63 A. D., as the destruction is greater than could be accounted for by the rain of volcanic matter.

Passing on from the Forum, we traversed many narrow streets, none of them being wide enough for the passage of two vehicles at the same time. It would seem that Pompeii was built more for the accommodation of foot passengers, than for those who rode in chariots, as on either side of these narrow streets are always found raised side-walks, or trottoirs, and at intervals raised stepping stones form crossings from one side of the street to the other. It would seem, at a casual glance, that these stepping stones raised as they are a foot above the pavement must have interfered seriously with the passage of any vehicles. That they did not, however, is shown by the deep ruts worn into the stones of the pavements by the passing wheels. On the narrower streets there are generally three raised stones, leaving four open spaces through which passed the four horses that formed the chariot teams. We Americans, to whom the happenings of a century ago seem ancient history, felt very "recent" as we looked upon the hills and hollows in the sidewalks, worn by the feet of thousands who had passed that way seventeen or more centuries ago. One wayside well which we saw had two deep hollows in the stone boxing worn by the hands of people who held on to the rim as they leaned over to drink.

The Theatres, the Great and the Smaller, which we next visited were very interesting. In the Great Theatre could be traced the arrangements for the stretching of an awning over the whole, no roof having been built. In the

Museum at Naples we were shown the small ivory cubes which were used as tickets to these theatres. Also the tiny ivory skulls which took the place of our complimentary tickets, and from which, it is said, comes our expression "dead-head," or one who gets something for nothing.

After visiting the Amphitheatre, which is cut down into the side of a hill, instead of being raised above the ground as were most of those built at that time, we doubled back on our path and visited one of the three Public Baths. This Bath, unlike those of Rome and elsewhere, is in an excellent state of preservation. Each room can be traced with ease: the frigidarium, or room for the cool bath; the tepidarium, or warm room for resting between baths; the caldarium, or room for the hot bath. There is also the room for depositing the bathers' clothes, while the apparatus for supplying heat and cold is entire. Just outside the Bath is an open court, in which the bathers exercised before leaving the place. Large stone balls, with which various games were played, were lying about this court, as if they had been in use within the hour. Our guide invited us to join him in a game with these balls but as we scarcely had the strength to lift one, we declined. As we were leaving the court, the guide pointed to something almost buried under the soil. We stooped to examine it, and found a faucet screwed into an iron pipe, just such as we use in our homes today.

Next we visited a number of private houses; the House of the Bear, so named from a large picture of that animal on the floor in the entry; the House of Romulus and Remus, so named from the mural decorations which are scenes

from the lives of these historic twins; the House of Sallust; the House of Pausa, the most extensive and magnificent of all; and the House of the Faun, from which that wonderful mosaic now in the Museum of Naples, "The Battle of Issus," was taken.

These houses are built on very much the same plan—square, with an open court in the centre ornamented with fountains and flowers—and present bare walls to the street. Most of the houses have two stories, the upper one being of slight construction, and probably used as quarters for slaves. These upper stories, in nearly every case, were broken in and destroyed by the weight falling on them. The lower rooms open on the atrium, or open court, and were closed in by curtains instead of doors. The windows, where there are any, are small and ugly, their decorative qualities not being recognized. The sleeping rooms, generally, are small and undecorated, being looked on as, one might say, a necessary evil in no wise to be made attractive. In one room, which we saw, there were two hollows built into the wall, one to accommodate the head of a large bed, the other, that of a small one. When these two beds were in place there could not have been more than two or three square feet of space left. One was reminded forcibly of the hall bed-rooms of our American cities.

The fronts of many of the dwelling houses, even of the best class, were occupied by small shops, the signs of many of these being paintings of the articles for sale within. Some of these signs may still be seen.

Most of the mural paintings and mosaics of note found in Pompeii have been moved to Naples, for better preservation, and can be seen there in the Museum. The Museum also contains many other things of interest—loaves of bread, jars of figs, olives, nuts, etc., preserved by the housewives of Pompeii; and even honey in the comb. Here are also found the most beau-

tiful statues, bronzes, vases, and jewelry, among the latter the set which Bulwer describes as having belonged to Julia Diomedes.

There is one house in Pompeii, however, the Casa dei Vettii, a recent discovery, from which nothing has been removed. It is to be left just as it was found, so that the paintings and mosaics may be seen in the surroundings in which they were placed by the artists of centuries ago. There is one frieze, cupids on a black background, the whole decorating a rich red wall, in which the colors are as brilliant as when laid on by the artist.

The open court of this house has been restored, as nearly as possible as it was originally, the same flowers planted in the same figures, and the whole is quite realistic.

Just before leaving Pompeii, we visited the little museum on the grounds, where are kept a number of casts of the bodies found in excavating. The method used in making these casts is very interesting. The soft white ash in which the city was buried, when mixed with water and hardened formed perfect molds of these bodies. Whenever one of these molds is discovered a small hole is made into it, plaster of Paris is poured in, and so a cast is made. A visit to this Museum is enough to give a person the "horrors" for days to come. Many of the bodies are horribly distorted, showing the agony these poor souls must have undergone before death came to their release. One man, though, sleeps peacefully, with his head on his arm, as though happily unconscious of his fate. The theory is that he was in a drunken stupor when overtaken by his doom.

Late in the afternoon, our party returned to the hotel in Naples, tired indeed, but enthusiastic over our visit to renowned Pompeii.

A single bird's egg was recently sold in London for \$225. It is very common for the eggs of rare birds to bring an enormous price.

Whole trees are "digested" and made into wood pulp in the manufacture of paper.

Appreciation.

We are all fellow travelers on the journey of life. It is a hard journey at the best and why should we try to repress our feelings and keep back words of appreciation when we know how much good they would do those who are serving for us? The help in our kitchens, the employes in our offices, the friends in our hearts would all be better off if we would but give to them more of the words of praise and appreciation that we feel but fail to express.

Remember, there comes a time when it does no good to murmur kindly encouragement. The heart that would once respond with eagerness to the note of love will lie cold and motionless beneath the frame that broke down trying to bear life's burdens alone, with never a helping hand or genial smile to cheer the way. Remember this when next you feel inclined to repress the words that are worth far more than you can estimate. —Philadelphia Times.

A Dog that Saved a Baby.

A lady had a good dog named Dash. One afternoon when she went out the dog ran after her and pulled so hard at her that she thought something was the matter. The dog's look seemed to say "Come back." The lady returned just in time to save the house from burning. A coal of fire had popped out on the floor near a cradle in which a baby was sleeping and had burned a hole in the carpet. The baby would have been burned to death if it had not been for the dog.

"What does the nation need?" shouted the impassioned orator. "What does this nation require, if she steps proudly across the Pacific—if she strides boldly across the mighty ocean in her march of trade and freedom? I repeat, what does she need?" "Rubber boots," suggested the grossly materialistic person in a rear seat.

Sam Davis—Confederate Hero.

SAM DAVIS was a soldier in the Confederate army. His home was in Tennessee. He was nearly six feet tall and slender as a mountain pine. His hair was black, and his eyes were black and shining like diamonds. He was gentle and kind. He loved his mother and was gentle in his demeanor to his soldier comrades. Everybody who knew him was fond of him.

He belonged to a company of scouts and had to go into the enemies' lines. In November, 1863, he was captured by the Federal soldiers near the town of Pulaski, Tennessee. Some papers were found on his person with maps of the fortifications of Nashville and other places, and the number of soldiers in the Federal army.

The Federal General, Dodge, sent for him. He told him that he would have to try him for a spy. General Dodge said to him, "If you will give me the name of the one who told you about our army; if you will tell me where these maps and figures came from, I will set you free." But Sam Davis would not betray the one who told him. He was tried and condemned to die. He said, "I am here in my Confederate uniform. I am not a spy."

On November 26th, 1863, on Thursday night, this young fellow, in his lonely cell, wrote a letter to his mother and father. He said, "I am going to die on the gallows tomorrow. Do not grieve for me. It will do no good. Think of me, do not forget me. Tell the children to be good. I am not afraid to die." Next morning there was sent to the jail a wagon, to take him to the place of execution. He was sitting on a bench waiting when Gen. Dodge sent a captain to him, who put his hand on his shoulder and said, "It is not too late. Give me the information and you will be taken to the Confederate lines." This noble man, Sam Davis turned and said, "Captain, give my thanks to Gen. Dodge for the interest he has

shown in me; but if I had a thousand lives, I would give them all here and now before I would do a thing like that."

Look at the gracious and sweet demeanor of that gallant young spirit on the verge of his grave. He was a gentleman. He had the gentleness in him to thank his enemies for the courtesies that they had done him. He asked Captain Armstrong, "How long have I to live?" He replied, "Fifteen minutes." Davis said, "The boys will have to fight the balance of the battles without me." Captain Armstrong said, "I hate to do this thing; I would rather die myself."

Standing around the gallows were the soldiers with their guns in their hands. This young man was alone. He was twenty-one years and a few months of age. He had no counsel. He had no friend with him. He had no backer. That terrible thing was before him, and the resolution that he had was of his own making. How he must have hated to die. The earth was very beautiful; the sky was very blue. He could almost hear the dropping of the tears of his mother and the groan of agony from his father. He could look over toward the south and see the hard pressed flag of his country and hear the shout of his comrades, fighting for what they believed was just. O how he must have hated to leave them to fight that battle alone, this gallant, glorious and devoted young soldier.

The story of Sam Davis will never die and will never cease to be told. Listening senates will hear the grand story; the camp fires will repeat it in the armies of the government; the school teachers in thousands of schools will recite the beautiful and pathetic story to the young boys and girls, who will listen with tender and wondering eye. He will never die. He will be enshrined in human hearts so long as time shall last as a hero who died that his friend might live; who, having everything to live for—whose very soul was full of life, said, "If I had a thousand lives I would give them all before I would do what you ask me to do."—Adapted.

Burning a Bribe.

A good story is told of General Ludlow, of Havana, who was at one time in charge of contracts for some government work:

An Irish contractor who had been doing government work for some years paid a visit to Ludlow soon after he had taken charge of this undertaking, and introduced himself, slyly laying down on his card a crisp fifty-dollar bill. It was his way of "feeling of" a new man. If Ludlow had ignored the performance absolutely and the bill had remained lying on the table when the contractor went out, the latter would have assumed that he had found a kindly critic for his work; or, had the test drawn forth a violent rating and perhaps a blow or a kick, he would have tried to laugh the whole matter off, but would have been careful not to repeat the experiment.

Ludlow, however, neither affected to ignore the incident nor lost his temper over it. On the contrary, he looked at the card and remarked pleasantly, "So you are Mr. Patrick Flaherty?"

"That is my name, sor," answered the visitor.

"And you call to see me about getting some contract work for the government?"

"I have, sor."

"Well, Mr. Flaherty," said Ludlow, "I suppose we can talk more freely over a cigar. Do you smoke?"

He drew from his pocket two cigars, handed one to the contractor, and put the other between his own lips. Then looking around on his table as if for a match and finding none, he coolly took the fifty-dollar note, twisted it into a lighter, set it aflame from the open grate fire, lighted his own cigar, and without changing countenance passed the stump of the burning bill over to the contractor, whose appetite for tobacco seemed to have experienced a sudden check.

The conversation did not last long, but the contractor went away with a new idea in his head, if not about contracts, at least about Ludlow.—Sel.

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APRIL 15, 1901.

If our information be correct a majority of the schools for the deaf hold examinations at stated intervals. Here we hold them twice a year—February and June. Our object is not to make examinations serve as a test for the promotion of pupils but rather to use them as a means of ascertaining what, if any, progress has been made and whether the particular method employed is helpful or otherwise. The questions we ask are not a collection of puzzles intended as “sockdolagers” but are plain, simple, common sense questions bearing on important subjects studied during the term. Should the pupils be able to answer intelligently the object of the examination has been accomplished.

Thus it will be seen that examination grades count for but little. We do not believe in measuring a child by per cents. To set up a standard and say the average for passing shall be 70 per cent. and woe betide the one who gets but 69.9 per cent. is ridiculous in the extreme. What mortal can figure things out so fine that he can give one child 72 per cent. in history and another 71 per cent. and so on? Years ago some of our best educators believed in examinations as a basis for promotion and the per cent. method, but of late the tendency has been to regard examination grades as unimportant, and why not? They do not tell anything. No two persons would mark the same paper exactly alike. While one examiner thinks the

paper worth 90 per cent. another would not be willing to rate it higher than 70 per cent. while a third would consider 75 per cent. none too good. The average struck would give the standing of the pupil but as remarked above it don't tell anything.

There are always a few pupils in each grade who are perfectly indifferent as to the outcome of examinations. But many await the coming of examination day with fear and trembling and when it does arrive are so nervous that it is simply impossible for them to do their best. In this case it is hardly fair to regard the examination papers as a criterion of what the child is capable.

After all the teacher is the best judge as to the standing of his pupils. He knows wherein each is lacking and where he is at his best. His judgment as a rule is superior to the examination and should be accepted without question.

So often we find our pupils lacking confidence in self to perform a piece of work that they are capable of doing if they only believed they could. Who is to blame? In nine cases out of ten it is the teacher's fault. We help our pupils too much. We must try to bring them to believe they have the ability to do the work laid out for them if they will only think and have confidence in themselves. The work given for tomorrow should only be a step in advance of what was learned today and there should always be a connecting link. If our pupils are allowed to go through their whole school life feeling they have not the ability to do their work, without their teachers assistance, the whole career of such pupils are likely to be the same, and all on account of a lack of confidence in themselves while they were in school, and the teacher is responsible for it. Of course there are exceptions, but in a general way, no doubt, we give our pupils too much help and fail to teach them to have confidence in themselves.

WE MUST KNOW OUR PUPILS.

We must have a knowledge of the disposition and temperament of each pupil under our charge and handle each one with due regard to his disposition or temperament if we wish to obtain the best results. We must make a study of human nature and become intimately acquainted with each pupil in our classes and thereby avoid many a clash.

We must continually bear in mind that knowledge cannot be gained from words only, or in memorizing the thoughts of other people as set down in text books but we must lead our pupils to think for themselves. Nothing will take the place of real thinking for self. We must try to lead our pupils to think and to acquire knowledge by presenting objects of thought that will lead them to know the objects themselves by recognizing their resemblances and differences and the relation they bear to one another.

Boys and girls when you have finished school and gone into the world to seek work never mind your position. Whatever it may be try to fill it. Your duties may sometimes seem trivial and even hard, but because of this it is no reason why you should be small men and women. Always remember to be greater than your position. Apply yourself to internal growth, as it were, and in course of time you will be sure to find a position where you can exercise every power you possess.

The teacher who can whistle and sing while at work; who never nags, scolds or frets; who never has any brats in school; who brings order out of chaos and makes the wheels of the professional machinery run as if newly oiled; who keeps the head clear, the eye bright, the heart cheerful and the hands willing is the teacher who will succeed, not because the principal wants him, but because other schools want him and the present one can not afford to part with him.

AMONG OTHER SCHOOLS.

Arkansas.—Mr. Yates has recently been called upon to mourn the loss of his father and mother, both dying within a few days of each other. We extend our sympathy to Mr. Yates in this his hour of sorrow.

California.—The school has at last decided to uniform their pupils. A good move, if it does come late.

Indiana.—Mr. Albert Berg, one of the teachers, is now the managing editor of the Deaf World. This paper has been greatly improved since its removal to Indiana.

Iowa.—The Board have purchased a fine new dynamo, engine, and magnificent marble switch board. We wonder if it is Georgia marble. If so it is all right.

At the last meeting of the Teachers' Association, Superintendent Rothert outlined a plan he has in mind to secure records of the mental and physical development of the pupils. Printed circulars will be given to each teacher, outlining the records desired. These forms will be kept, and no doubt will prove valuable aids to succeeding teachers of each child.

Mississippi.—The last issue of the voice contained a nice cut of last year's graduating class, also a cut of Maud Scott, the little deaf-blind girl, who is being educated at the School.

Mr. Dobyns is making special efforts to get all the deaf in Mississippi to attend school. The last census shows that there are a large number who have not been in school. The same exists in Georgia and Mr. Connor is very busy these days sending out circulars and trying to get information of some four or five hundred deaf children who have never been in school.

Missouri.—The Record says the Missouri legislature treated their school fairly well, having appropriated \$94,000 for salaries, (?) \$24,000 for a cottage for younger pupils, and \$6,000 for various re-

pairs. No doubt Mr. McKee is rejoicing over getting about all he asked for.

North Carolina.—A number of the teachers are interested in the study of birds. They often go out bird gazing on pretty afternoons. Miss McDaniel, who taught in this school for several years, is an enthusiastic member of the "bird gazing club."

North Dakota.—The management of the school expects to sell some \$50,000 worth of land during the year. The money will be put out at interest and used for the benefit of the school. Very nice indeed to have something to fall back on when the legislature fails to give you what you ask for.

South Carolina.—Mr. Carter, one of the teachers, and editor of the Palmetto Leaf, has resigned his position, and is now engaged in farming and poultry raising.

Utah.—Mr. Metcalf has been superseded by Mr. Driggs as Superintendent of the Utah School for the Deaf. We wonder if the fact that Mr. Metcalf was not orthodox in the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints had anything to do with it.

Virginia.—Rev. Job Turner spent last week at the School for the Deaf and lectured to the pupils. One of the pupils has this to say of him: "Mr. Turner always looks happy and cheerful, and we are ever ready to have him preach to us."

Wisconsin.—Miss Cornelia Goode has been relieved of work, on account of a long spell of illness, for the remainder of the year. It is hoped that she will be able to resume her duties next fall.

The possession of facts may be useful but unless more than this has been done for the child he is not really educated. A developed and cultured mind is not the mind stocked only with facts and knowledge gathered from books, yet some teachers, no doubt who feel themselves very able in the school room, are laboring under this much mistaken idea.

Capture of Aguinaldo.

Aguinaldo was captured by General Funston on March 23d. He was captured in the province of Isabella, Island of Luzon. For many months Aguinaldo had been hiding out. He was the wily Filipino leader, and it was very hard to capture him. Aguinaldo is now in prison at Manila, and probably President McKinley will have him brought to this country as a prisoner of war and kept confined.

Aguinaldo caused a great deal of trouble while he was hiding out in the Philippine Islands and, no doubt, his capture will end the war in the Philippine Islands.

Great honor is due General Funston in the capture of Aguinaldo. It is said that General Funston will be appointed a Brigadier General in the regular army.

Perseverance.

Once there was a very deep snow and as soon as it stopped snowing a little boy got a small shovel and began to shovel a path around his mother's house. A man came by and saw the little boy working with such a small shovel and said, "My boy, how do you expect to make a path with such a small shovel?" The boy said, "by keeping at it." "I believe you are right," said the man. "You can do almost anything by keeping at it."

Easter Services.

On Easter Sunday in the chapel Mr. Milligan gave a very interesting talk on the Risen Savior, and drew three pictures illustrating Easter. The first was an Easter lily; the second, Easter eggs; the third, an Easter angel. After the service, Miss Posey had an Easter cross decorated with different colored flowers, and seven girls signed the symbol of what each flower represented. Then nine little girls scattered a bouquet of flowers at the foot of the cross.

PUPILS' PAGE

We will have a nice picnic in May.

Howitt Morgan spent Sunday at home.

Rich Wright came home last Sunday.

It was a little cold on Easter Sunday.

Hattie Parsons had a letter from home Sunday.

Lula Whittemore received a box from home Saturday.

Last Saturday Julia Long got a nice box from her home.

Crosby Hodges received a box from his parents Friday.

Homer Reynolds received a letter from his grandfather.

Lucile Jackson was glad to get a nice large box for Easter.

Lillie Meador was glad to get a nice letter from her mother.

Howell Nash received a nice box from his home last Saturday.

Ed Smith got a letter with one dollar in it. He was glad to get it.

Easter Sunday many visitors attended the Easter exercises at 3 o'clock.

Last week May Brogdon's cousin died in Rome. She went home to the funeral.

Jesse Lockett received a letter and some money from his parents. He was glad.

Robert Chambers received some nice shirts in a package from his aunt last week.

Miss Della Harris was glad to see her sister Lizzie and brother Will last Sunday.

On Saturday before Easter Fred and Mamie Hart received a box from their parents.

Yesterday May Brogdon came to school after having spent a week at her home in Rome.

Lillie Moore got a letter from her home yesterday with a white tie in it, also ten cents.

Howard Whitely will come here in May and spend a day with us. We will glad to see him.

Mack Woodsides received a card and a small box from his aunt and sister in North Carolina.

David Payne came with his parents to the lecture in the chapel Sunday afternoon.

A few days ago Byrd Trawick got his glasses from New York. He can see well with them.

Mrs. Freeman invited Miss Posey and Mrs. Bowen to take dinner with her Easter Sunday.

Fred Hart gave Mr. Bright a box of cigars. Mr. Bright was glad to get them. He likes to smoke.

The little peaches are growing fast. We think we will have plenty of peaches this summer.

The locomobile, which belongs to Mr. Lowe, is in the livery stable because something is broken.

Mr. Dick Asbury bought a fine horse in Atlanta last week. It cost him \$100. He was glad to get it.

Last Friday Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and two children went to Rome to buy spring and summer goods.

We did not hunt Easter eggs last Saturday because the grass was wet. We will hunt them Monday.

Mrs. Connor received a picture of Anna Allen and her classmates who are students at Gallaudet College.

Miss Jessie Connor bought some nice side combs and ribbons in Rome last Saturday for some of the girls.

Yesterday Misses Robinson and Connor took the girls for a nice walk around town. We had a pleasant time.

Mrs. Hart sent Lottie Swords a nice tie and some ribbons. Lottie said to the girls that she was very proud of them.

Last Saturday Miss Minnie Moore took some girls for a walk to the woods. We picked many pretty wild flowers.

A deaf man, who claimed Richmond, Virginia, as his home, was recently killed by a railroad train near Cairo, Georgia.

May and Lillian Cole received a card from their father Sunday saying that their mother had been real sick but was better.

Misses Connor, Robinson, Moseley and Messrs. Bright and Milligan spent a pleasant evening at Miss Harper's last Friday.

Madge Howard received a letter from her mother Sunday and was sorry to hear that her father and brother were not well.

Last Saturday Mr. Frank Sparks played baseball with some of the boys for practice. He also pitched for Jas. Dunnahoo a little while.

The boys were disappointed because last Saturday was a bad day and they could not have a game of ball with the Hearn school boys.

Little Pauline Skipper was made very happy by receiving a letter from her father and brother, in which was enclosed a one dollar bill.

Mr. Freeman's birthday occurred April 3, 1901. Many pupils handed him some violets and shook his hands wishing him a happy day.

Bessie Arnall, Lizzie Stallings, Lula McCord and Lottie Swords signed a hymn, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," in the chapel last Sunday.

Saturday afternoon Miss Minnie Moore took the girls to walk and they returned laden with many pretty wild violets and sweet scented arbutus.

The farmers are busy planting and plowing the crops and vegetables this spring. We hope they will make a great deal of money by selling cotton next fall.

Mr. Henry McCord, brother of Howard, and an ex-pupil of this school, recently sold a bale of cotton for \$30. We are glad he is getting along nicely on the farm.

The good news came to us that there was a game of baseball between Gallaudet College and the Central High School in Washington, D. C. last March 23. The score stood 11 to 9 in favor of Gallaudet students.

Mr. Milligan, who was in charge Sunday, took a long stroll with the large boys around the depot. They saw a large aperture, having water a half mile in depth. It is dangerous, for the train passes about 10 feet from the hole.

A PAGE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Evangeline.

MANY years ago there lived a very beautiful girl in the land called Arcadia. She was a French girl and her name was Evangeline. Her father was a blacksmith. Her mother died when she was a little girl.

Everybody loved Evangeline because she had many beautiful ways and was always a sweet, good girl. Evangeline had many friends but she had one friend whom she called her "great friend." His name was Gabriel. They always went together and had loved each other ever since they were babies. They intended to be married during their eighteenth year. On their wedding day while Evangeline was getting ready to go to the church to be married to Gabriel, the British soldiers came and drove all the Acadians out of the country. The people went out in ships. Evangeline went in one and Gabriel in another. They were separated and did not get married. Evangeline came to the United States and hunted for Gabriel but she could not find him. She became a Sister of Charity and went into a hospital and nursed the sick. One day, after many years an old man was brought to the hospital. Evangeline recognized him as her old friend Gabriel. She was very glad to see him again and nursed him very tenderly but one day he died and Evangeline was left to mourn for her beloved friend Gabriel.

A Little Blind Boy.

BEN was a little blind boy. He could not run around and play ball like you do. But he had a good brother, who was always kind to him and led him to and from school every day.

His Smoke House.

ONCE a man built a house that cost him three thousand dollars. He called the house his smoke house. His friends thought it was very funny that the man would spend so much money for a smoke house, and when he told them that he was going to live in the house, his friends were still more puzzled to know what the man meant. They thought he was crazy. The man said to his friends, "Twenty years ago I stopped smoking and with the money saved from smoke I am building this house and that is why I call it my smoke house." Boys, you must remember that little by little, nickles and dimes spent for cigars, if saved, will grow to many dollars and after while you can save a great deal, and not only have a nice home but much better health.

Bad Company.

A FARMER had a parrot that was in the habit of going with some crows that ate up the farmer's corn. One day the parrot was in the field with the crows. The farmer saw them. He got his gun and went out and shot at the crows. The parrot being with the crows was hit and had its leg broken. The farmer set the parrot's leg and while binding it he told the parrot, "That's what comes of keeping bad company." The parrot seemed to understand, for when the farmer's children would quarrel with their companions the parrot would cry out, "Bad company, bad company!" Boys and girls remember you will avoid a great deal of trouble by staying out of bad company.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Misses Ervin and Moseley spent last Thursday in Rome.

Mr. Freeman and his family spent last Friday in Rome.

Mr. Hal Sparks, from Anniston, Ala., is at home for a few days.

Miss Fannie Harper entertained in a pleasant way at her home on last Friday evening.

Mrs. Sparks, who has been at Hot Springs, Ark., is now at home. We are sorry to hear she is not at all well.

Colonel Will Harris and his sister, Miss Lizzie, from Cedartown, spent a few hours at the Institution last Sunday.

Mr. Frank Sparks is spending a few days at home. He will leave for Chicago next week and play ball with the National league this summer.

Mr. Webb Simmons came down from Rome last Tuesday to be present at a meeting of the Masonic Lodge and to assist in the initiation of four new candidates.

Mr. and Mrs. Corput left last Tuesday. After spending a few days at the Experimental Station at Griffin, Mrs. Corput will go on to Macon for a visit to her sisters and brothers.

Colonel Stephen C. Tate, father of one of our former pupils, died Sunday, April 7, in Atlanta at the Robertson Sanitarium. Col. Tate was one of the most prosperous men in Georgia and always took a great interest in the cause of education.

Mr. Connor had a letter from Claude Russell, a former pupil of this school, a few days ago, conveying to him the news that he had been made superintendent of the large horse collar factory at West Point. Of course it is needless to say that we are all proud of Claude's promotion. If all the deaf would work honestly and faithfully as he has done, we would hear less grumbling and growling and backbiting. He has under him 46 men, and when the new building, now in course of erection, has been completed, he will employ 150 more.

Teachers' Meeting.

The teachers held their regular monthly meeting Wednesday evening, April 11th, in Miss Harris' school-room. All the teachers were present. Miss Posey read a paper, How to Keep the Study Hour; Miss Ervin, Primary Language Work; Mr. Wright, The Natural Method of Teaching Language; Mr. Freeman, A story in Signs.

We cannot believe it is advisable to set before our pupils sentences in incorrect form to be corrected by them. No doubt we frequently forget that our pupils have no idea of sound. The time spent by a deaf child over an incorrect sentence is liable to leave an impression that will not easily, if ever, be erased from his mind. It is next to impossible for us to keep our pupils from seeing imperfect sentences, but for teachers to make it a business to place them before the pupils, to puzzle or catch them, we do not believe can ever be advisable. Our pupils' school life is too short for them to spend any time in learning incorrect sentences. Our pupils know words by the arrangement of the letters and not by sound, and the same is true of a sentence.

It is not by great deeds that good is to be done but by the little quiet and daily deeds of kindness and interest in our children. There are thousands of little streams that water the farm and garden and flow on every day and night with their gentle quiet beauty. But only one great Niagara that excites our wonder and the people of the continent stand amazed when looking upon its beauty and power.

There are many persons who think that Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.—H. W. Beecher.

"Not even the richest literature can replace the conversation of living men and women."

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In effect May 6th, 1900.

5 40 p. m	Lv	Cave Spring	Ar	9 56 a. m
6 15 p. m	Ar	Rome	Lv	9 20 a. m
7 27 p. m	Ar	Dalton	Lv	8 00 a. m
8 40 p. m	Ar	Chattanooga	Lv	6 45 a. m
8 03 p. m	Lv	Rome	Ar	7 40 a. m
8 44 p. m	"	Rockmart	"	6 58 a. m
10 45 p. m	"	Atlanta	"	5 20 a. m
12 55 a. m	"	Macon	"	3 00 a. m
3 15 a. m	"	Helena	"	12 42 a. m
5 35 a. m	"	Jesup	"	10 30 p. m
6 25 a. m	"	Everett	"	9 48 p. m
7 10 a. m	Ar	Brunswick	Lv	9 05 p. m

ANNISTON AND ROME ACCOMMODATION.

Daily except Sunday.

10 52 a. m	Lv	Cave Sp'g	Ar	4 40 p. m
11 50 a. m	Ar	Rome	Lv	3 45 p. m

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