

# THE SCHOOL HELPER

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE PUPILS OF THE GEORGIA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

Vol. XXVI

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No. 3

## LIP READING FOR THE DEAF

(J. C. Harris.)

The vast value to the deaf of the lip reading of the speech being uttered by others was recognized by the government of all countries after the World War in rehabilitating the soldiers made deaf by shell shock, many of them stone deaf. So definite is now the knowledge of the different placements of the vocal organs for the utterance of the various sounds used in speaking (there are only forty-two of these sounds used in English speaking) that a few months training would give the deaf soldier such facility and accuracy in interpreting the movement of the muscles of the face and throat into words that he could take part in conversation and pursue his occupation with but little, if any loss of efficiency due to his deafness. As the teachers of the deaf were the only ones skilled in teaching lip reading they were engaged by the government to do this great service to the deafened soldiers, who were in this way restored to their former ability to understand what is being said by those about them.

There are many children made deaf by disease, meningitis, measles, scarlet fever, &c., after they have learned to talk. Some of these talking deaf children are in every school for the deaf, and in the years before the art of teaching the lip reading of speech was developed and all conversations with the deaf were in signs, these children except those few whose mothers made them continue talking at home would fall into the deaf mutism which was the fate of all the pupils in the schools for the deaf. Nowadays these children trained in the great art of lip reading hold the vocabulary learned before they entered school and add to it in the same measure and in the same ways as the hearing. Though deafness is always an infirmity and entails a great loss to the lives, even to those who are versed in lip reading as they cannot hear the sweet sounds of nature or of the human voice, the oral methods of teaching now make for these "semi-mutes," those made deaf after acquiring speech, a condition of very far greater happiness and usefulness than they found when they were doomed to rely on the use of signs.

## EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF MRS. B. F. CLARK

(J. C. Harris)

The eightieth birthday of Mrs. B. F. Clark was the occasion of much interest to all the teachers and officers of the Georgia School for the Deaf, many of whom called to pay their respects and to express in some measure the honor and veneration which all feel who know her, for

"None know her but to love her,  
None name her but to praise."

We found her in the best of health in her sweet home surrounded by several of her loving children and receiving friends and testimonials of love from her absent children and grandchildren. We found her the same wise, good and gracious woman that the writer knew her to be several decades ago, when she was making a happy fire-side for a loving husband and young children. The husband died ten years ago, but the children still are hers with hearts that will be loyal to the last. They are making for her a home as sweet as she once made for them. Thus those of us who visited dear Mrs. Clark on her eightieth birthday saw a vision of happiness, a home where love and beauty and truth dwell and will dwell to the end. To Mrs. B. F. Clark has come,

'all that should accompany old age,

Honor, obedience, love and troops of friends."

Is not this the greatest of earthly values, to enjoy the rewards of a well spent life, to be the mother of lovely children and to be prized by them above all earthly possessions? Is not this greater than gold or glory? Is not the praise and the sweet look of such a mother more prized by a real man than wealth or fame? Is not Mrs. B. F. Clark on her eightieth birthday in her love enshrined cottage in Cave Spring as truly noble and admirable and happy as any queen in her castle?

It so happened that the mother of the King of England, the Queen Dowager Alexandra, now at Windsor Castle, reached her eightieth birthday in the same month as did Mrs. B. F. Clark in Cave Spring. Visitors of high degree flocked to Marlborough House to sign a gorgeously bound guest-book. The flags fluttered throughout the British Commonwealth. The cannon roared in London and bells rang merrily throughout the day in many capitals, but the Queen Mother in Windsor Castle did not receive any greater love from her royal relatives than did Mrs. B. F. Clark in Cave Spring from her children, nor did the Queen Mother receive any greater esteem from her friends.

Mrs. Clark is the mother of Miss Mae Clark, who in her highly efficient work as head of Arts and Crafts department for many years has greatly endeared herself to the students, officers and teachers. She is one of the most admired members of the staff of teachers.

The profound sympathies of our entire school go out to Miss Augusta Hand, who was recently called to her home near Jackson, Mississippi, because of the sickness and consequent death of her father, Mr. Willis Hand. Miss Hand is one of our teachers in training and has just entered our service.

### THE RAINBOW.

One afternoon in summer there was a thunder storm. It rained very hard. Jerry looked out of the window and saw a rainbow. His big brother saw it, too. He told Jerry that there was a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Jerry took his cap and crept out of the house. He ran down the street and across the field. He ran a long way and got very tired. At last he slipped and fell. He picked himself up and looked for the rainbow but it was gone.

Jerry sat down on a stone and cried.

—Dewel Harmon.

### A WISE CROW.

One day a crow was very thirsty. It flew over the fields and woods looking for water but could not find any. At last he saw a pitched with some water in it. He could not reach the water because it was too low. But he did not give up.

He began to think. He said: "What shall I do?" After a while he had a bright idea. He found some pebbles near by. He picked up the pebbles in his bill one by one and dropped them into the pitcher. The water began to rise higher and higher. At last it rose high enough for the crow to get a drink. The crow drank and drank. The water tasted very good.

—Esteben Ward.

### A DOG OF FLANDERS

#### (PART I.)

Jehan Daas with his little grandson, Nello, lived in a little hut on the edge of a small village near Antwerp. Patrasche was their dog which had been a good friend since he first met them. Jehan Daas had been a soldier in the civil war and brought from the war nothing except a wound which had made him a cripple. When the old man's daughter died she left him her two-year old son, when Jehan was eighty years old. He could hardly support himself, but he took his loving grandson uncomplainingly and he soon became welcome and precious to him. They were very poor, terribly poor, and couldn't afford to buy rich food for themselves, but the old man had a tender heart and was good to the boy and the boy was a truthful, kind-hearted child, too. That was the reason they were always happy together.

—Ada Jenkins.

#### (PART II.)

#### The Early Life of Patrasche.

Patrasche was their good helper and truly their friend. Jehan Daas was very old and crippled, but Nello was only a little child. Patrasche was their dog and he was a dog of Flanders which had a yellow hide, large head and limbs. It looked like a wolf, with ears that stood erect.

When Patrasche was thirteen months old, he was sold to a hard-hearted peddler who loaded his cart full of pots and milk buckets and other wares of crockery and tins. Patrasche was compelled to draw the cart as best he could. But he walked along the road, the man lazily smoking his long black pipe.

One day in mid-summer it was very warm, Patrasche was leading the cart to Antwerp and it was very heavy and his master walked slowly, following him, but he did not notice the dog, but he always cracked his whip and made the dog walk faster. The dog tried so hard to pull his burden but he could not pull the cart further because he had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. He had not tasted water for nearly twelve hours. There was awful dust and Patrasche was tired, thirsty and faint from hunger.

In the middle of the white dusty road he fell down but his master was not kind to him and he gave him kicks and blows so that the dog was nearly dead, simply worn out with fatigue. His master thought that he was dead, so he unharnessed him and pushed the dog away on the grass by the roadside. Then the master pulled his cart lazily to Antwerp and left alone the dying dog.

—Mae Spurlin.

#### (PART III.)

#### Jehan Daas Finds Patrasche.

Hundreds of people, wagons, carts and mules and people on foot passed by on the road. It was nothing in Flanders. It would be nothing anywhere in the world on a busy road. After a time a little man who was bent and lame and very feeble, dragged his way slowly through the dust on the road. Jehan Daas saw Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside and then kneeled down in the grass and weeds of the ditch. He looked at the dog with kindly eyes of pity.

Nello, who was with his grandfather, was such a little rosy, fair-haired child. He went in amidst the weeds that were for him breast high. They stood gazing upon the pitiful and quiet beast. Nello and Patrasche met here for the first time.

Old Jehan Daas was a kind-hearted man. He tended the dog with so much care in the sickness which had been brought on by heat, thirst and exhaustion, so in time it passed away by rest, care, kindness and food. Health and strength returned, Patrasche staggered up again upon his four strong legs. He had been almost powerless, sore, near to death for many weeks, but he had heard no rough voice, but pitying caresses from the old man's hands.

Old Jehan Daas put a heap of dry grass for his bed in the corner of the hut. They learned to listen for his breathing in the night when he was very sick. When he was well enough to give a low, weak bark, they laughed loud and wept for joy. Little Nello was so delighted that he put chains of daisies around the neck of the dog.

When Patrasche arose big and strong again they began to drive him. Patrasche was grateful to see the tender eyes and the movements of his friends. Jehan Daas could not do anything for his living but daily to carry milk cans of his neighbors into the town of Antwerp. The neighbors owned the cattle. It was becoming hard work for him. He was not very strong any more. Antwerp was a league off from his home.

—Fred Jones.

(Continued on page seven)

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### THE SEWING ROOM.

We go to the sewing room every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoon about 2:50.

The teachers are Mrs. Mamie McDaniel and Miss Annie McDaniel of the sewing classes.

We mend the holes and torn places in the clothes of the pupils. We darn stockings. Mother sent me cloth for a new dress. I shall make it after Christmas. We are making new night shirts for the boys. There are eight machines in the sewing room, also three long tables. We try to keep a neat sewing room. "I like to learn how to sew.

—Mollie Nelle McDonald.

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### THE CARPENTER SHOP

We have repaired everything which was broken around the building of our school before cold weather comes so we can work in the carpenter shop during the winter months. Mr. Metcalf made a large desk for Mr. A. J. Casey two weeks ago. Miss Norris wanted me to fix a long clothes pole in her closet so she could hang many dresses on it. I did this for her. She was very much pleased with the work. We planed lumber for Dr. McKinny and for several other people of the town. We made a counter for Mr. Crawford's new drug store. Frank Bartlett and I repaired the window panes of the school room.

Mr. Metcalf and we are making several kitchen cabinets for people of the town this week.

We are really busy for we have many orders from town that will keep us busy making many things for them this winter. Clarence and Willie are repairing the chairs this week. We like our work very much.

—Fred Jones.

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### THE DORMITORY.

I have to clean my room this month. I sweep the floor every morning and carefully dust everything. When I finish cleaning it surely likes very well. Last November 3, on Monday I moved over to this room from another room. It is next to Virgie's room. Kate Ashworth and Wylma Harrett are my room-mates now. We are all good pals. I surely like this room better than the old room. I surely like to attend to my own room very much. Last month I worked in the dining room but I prefer my work this month.

—Eunice Barrow.

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### THE COOKING CLASS

The older girls have a cooking class on Friday afternoons. Mrs. McDaniel and Miss Annie are the teachers. The girls wear white aprons and caps and look very neat in the kitchen. We learn the recipe for each thing we cook and write it in a recipe book. We like to cook and we hope we shall learn to make many good things before we go home next May.

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### THE DORMITORY.

Some girls work in their rooms this month and some work in the dining room. Three girls sweep the halls. I work in my room. I make my bed and I water some plants every day. I shall work in dining room next month.

Two girls work in the bath-rooms. Miss Kimsey looks at the halls every morning. Some times she has to sweep the halls again after the girls go to school. We are ashamed if Miss Kimsey has to sweep the halls after we are through. I like to work in the dormitory better than in the dining room.

—Minne Lee Higginbotham.

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### THE PRINTING OFFICE.

Esteben Ward, Jim Ponder, Dewey Garmon and I are setting the type for the "Helper." It will be printed next week. We are not using the linotype this year. John Parker told me to feed the checks, morning reports, prescription blanks and the football tickets for Hearn.

I feed the press every day. I enjoy that work very much. Jim and Dewey carried the coal for the printing office Tuesday afternoon. We did not work in the printing office on Thanksgiving Day because it was a holiday. John Parker will resign Nov. 28th. He will go to Louisburg, North Carolina. He will work in the printing office in Louisburg. We are sorry to lose him.

—Jas. Doug Hitchcock.

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### A CLEVER DOG.

Mrs. Hunter had a clever dog named Nero. He often helped her by going to the bakery for bread. One morning she gave him a basket with ten cents in it and told him to go to the bakery to get some bread. He took the basket in his mouth and trotted down the street.

The baker wanted to tease Nero. He took the money and put it into the drawer, but he did not give him any bread. Nero put the basket down and began to bark. The baker took the loaf of bread from the counter and put it in the basket. He laughed and patted Nero on the head. He said, "You are a good dog." Nero wagged his tail, picked up the basket and started home.

He walked proudly with his basket down the street. Everybody looked at him and smiled.

—Wylma.

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### ART ROOM.

My class goes to Miss Clark's art room at 9:15 on Wednesday and Friday mornings. She told us to draw a bluebird on our paper with pencil last Wednesday. When we finished drawing it we painted it. We like to paint. I painted my bluebird very nicely. Miss Clark told the class that she thought my bluebird was the prettiest and best.

—Ida Lee Harrell.

# THE SCHOOL HELPER

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## IMPORTANT NOTICE

### To the Parents and Friends of the Pupils of the Georgia School for the Deaf:

As many pupils cannot go home to get the joys of Christmas will you not give something to enable them to get these joys at the Georgia School? The teachers and all the officers will gladly dispense anything that you will give in just the way you want it given; and if all of you who read this will send a contribution according to your ability the deaf children at Cave Spring will have a great Christmas, a Christmas so full of joys that no children in the world will be happier. Already we have planned to give them three splendid moving picture shows and a Christmas tree and three parties during the holidays, but there are many children whose parents are too poor to provide them with gifts, and when all are together, as they are here, it takes away most of the joy which gifts bring when there are some who get nothing. I ask each of you who read this if you cannot send a contribution, which, when added to what others will send and what the school will give, will make a fund large enough to provide gifts for all. In this way everybody, rich and poor, may rejoice alike during Christmas.

I will open an account on our books for making a record of all gifts and all these will be published in The School Helper. I will see to it that each pupil knows what his father has done for the happiness of his friends at school. I will also see to it that our deaf children know who has helped them with contributions.

These contributions may be in cash or in boxes that contain **gifts of any kind**. I ask that they be sent at once, certainly not later than December 20th, and that the express be prepaid. We will have the great Christmas tree in our dining room. May God bless all who help to make Christmas, 1924, a happy one for the deaf children of the Georgia School.

—J. C. Harris.

Christmas holidays for 1924 begins December 20, Saturday, and ends December 29, Monday. Plans are being made for parties, moving pictures, a great Christmas tree and other means of enjoyment for the deaf children who remain at the school. In truth it is highly probable that the children who stay here will find as much joy as those who go home.

The Principal takes no responsibility for the children who travel to their homes and back to school for the Christmas holidays. No pupil will be allowed to leave school or travel alone. Those parents who do not come or send for their children should, if they wish them home Christmas, write to Mrs. Nell Gibbons here who will engage to take those children to Atlanta whose parents send her the money necessary. This should be done at once.

It is both interesting and important to know how the experiences of the deaf seem to their own consciousness. However hard a hearing man may try he cannot be trusted to relate what the deaf man feels as he bears his infirmities and reacts to a situation in which there is no sound. George Conroy, a pupil of the Wisconsin School for the deaf who has learned the art of carpentry by which he makes good wages and the art of lip-reading and speech by which he makes good communication, writes as follows to the Wisconsin Times:

"For today, if a deaf man is a finished tradesman of some nature, I am sure he will not find it nearly as discouraging to obtain work as those must have found it in the not too distant past. Now, before lip-reading was known, I am uncertain how useful a deaf man could have been, working with people who had no knowledge of signs. I am certain that lip-reading is the greatest aid yet discovered for the deaf, and if you concentrate well, watch the expression, and the movements of the vocal organs, most anyone deprived of hearing, can become a lip-reader.

Lip-reading is not a snap, either. I find the greatest trouble is that many people talk differently and sometimes it is difficult to understand people, with whom you are not well acquainted. It is necessary for people to talk slow but after a while you can read faster. Although anyone can learn the one hand alphabet in a short time, some people do not care to learn it. It is here that lip-reading is valuable. Although I suppose I have made many blunders trying to read people's lips, I am not shy about having them repeat it, until I comprehend what they say."

There are two main objectives in the education of the deaf. 1st to enable them to communicate with the hearing people with whom they must live; 2nd to train them to expertness in some art by which they become useful and wage earning citizens. There is no reason why every deaf boy in the Georgia School should not become a useful and independent as George Conroy of Wisconsin.

## TOWN LOCALS

Miss Nettie McDaniel spent Thanksgiving holidays with relatives in Dalton.

The football team of Hearn Academy defeated A. and M. of Powder Springs on the Cedartown field, the score being 55 to 0.

Rev. I. D. Harris was recently invited to preach for the home coming celebration of Ragland, Ala., which was his first pastorate.

Miss Hattie Harrell spent Thanksgiving holidays with parents in Birmingham.

Misses Otis Cain and Virginia Thompson spent the past week-end with friends and relatives in Atlanta.

Miss Lee Griffin, formerly a teacher in our school, spent Thanksgiving holidays with Miss Emily Asbury.

Dr. and Mrs. Connor entertained at a dinner party Saturday, November 7th. The invited guests were Julia Lawrence, Gladys Evans and Otis Cain.

Miss Dorothy Wright entertained the bridge club very delightfully on November 13th.

Mrs. Gibbons entertained the bridge club on Thanksgiving afternoon. The house was beautifully decorated with fall flowers. For top score Miss Anne Gibson was given first prize. Delightful refreshments were served. The visitors were Misses Cecile Vaughan, Ruth Wheeler, Anne Gibson and Lee Griffin.

On Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 26th, Miss Jessie Stephens entertained eight guests. A lovely salad course was served. For top score Mrs. Gibbons was given a dainty handkerchief.

Mr. Charles Gibbons complimented the teachers of the school with a barbecue and 'possum hunt at his lovely country home, on Nov. 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Camp announce the birth of a son, Harry Hickman, Jr., on Nov. 29. Mrs. Camp will be pleasantly remembered as Miss Elizabeth Sewell, a former Georgia school teacher.

Miss Claire Burke of Shorter College spent the week-end with Miss Dorothy Wright.

Mrs. L. Southerlin spent the week-end in Atlanta and while there attended "Little Jesse James" at the Atlanta Theater.

Miss Josephine Pittman spent Thanksgiving at her home in Tallapoosa.

Miss Elizabeth Wilson spent Thanksgiving holidays with parents in Villa Rica.

Mr. Gene Baker and Mr. Pryor Sloan spent Thanksgiving holidays in Augusta and South Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Strange spent Thanksgiving holidays in Birmingham.

Misses Velma Dunaway, Pauline Hunt and Margie Raiford spent Thanksgiving holidays at their respective homes.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

Santa Claus is fat.  
He has a red suit.  
He has a red face.  
He has white hair.  
We love him.  
He loves the boys and girls.

A girl found a doll in her stocking. She was very happy.

Who found a doll?  
Where did a girl find a doll?  
What did a girl find?  
Who was happy?  
Was the doll large or small?  
Was the doll pretty?

Tom had a blue top. He spun it on the floor.

Who had a top?  
What color was it?  
How many tops did Tom have?  
Who spun the top?  
Where did Tom spin it?  
Whose top was blue?

A girl went to a store. She bought six oranges.

Where did a girl go?  
Who went to a store?  
How many oranges did the girl buy?  
What color were they?  
What did the girl buy?  
Do you like oranges?

## WHAT?

Mary saw a——. It had two wings and a bill. It flew.

John caught a——. It had fins. It had no feet. John ate it.

Ruth had a little——. It had soft gray fur. It liked milk.

Horace had a——. It had long ears and a short tail. It was white. Its eyes were pink.

Miss Nettie opened a——. She read it.

Fred had a——. He opened it.

Alice had a——. It was red, white and blue. She waved it.

## Write the Pronouns I Me My

——Write——name on——paper.  
——Father bought some shoes for——  
——washed——face——and combed——hair.

## HE HIM HIS

Ned made a valentine for——mother. ——sent it to her.

A man washed——hands——combed——hair.

Tom's mother gave a knife to——on——birth-day.

Dick's mother made a small pie for——

## SHE HER

A girl lost ten cents. ——was sorry.

Nell got a letter from——father.

Irene wrote a letter to——mother.

A girl had a flower. ——gave it to——teacher.

## PUPILS' LOCALS

Lucile Morrison is quite proud of her new red sweater. Her father sent it to her several days ago.

John Carl Abram spent Thanksgiving Day at his home in Lindale.

Virgil Cothran expects to visit his cousins in Atlanta during the Christmas vacation.

Hollis Stephenson has a new watch. He earned the money to buy it. He hulled walnuts for some people here. He is a very industrious boy.

Clarence Hutcheson will get a job in a carpenter shop in Atlanta next summer. He hopes to earn a great deal of money.

Emma Hill will go home for Shristmas. She lives in Frolona. Her father will come for her in his automobile.

Rachel Capps, who lives in Atlanta, will go home for Christmas. Perhaps her mother will come here before Christmas to visit Rachel.

Shade Weathers does not know whether he will go to his home in Augusta or not. He has asked his father to let him go home. Now he is eagerly waiting for a letter.

Robert Cooper will spend Christmas in Athens with his parents and brothers and sisters.

Annie Maude Crook received a letter and six dollars from the Baptist Women's Missionary Society of Lincolnton, Ga. She was very happy.

Preston Lodge will get one dollar from home next week. He will be glad to get it.

Randolph Poole's birthday was Thanksgiving Day. He got a new gray suit from home. He was delighted.

Alice Holt received a box from her aunt, Mrs. Rosa Powell, who lives in Florida. She sent some pecans to her. Alice hopes that she will send more pecans to her soon.

Sunday, November 23rd, several deaf people came from Atlanta and stayed until that afternoon. The children were glad to see them.

Melvin Cowart got a nice letter from his friend, W. O. Whitesides. He was glad to hear from him.

Thelma Swain and Inez Moreland came Thanksgiving Day and stayed until Nov. 30th. The girls were so glad to have them here.

Collis Sweat got a letter and some stamps from his friend, Miss Temple Spinks. He was glad to hear from her.

Cicero Freeman's uncle married Nov. 10th. He married Miss Beulah Pickett. Cicero is glad because he likes his new aunt.

Roy Forsyth's father sent some money to him. He will buy some glasses soon.

Lucian Whipple got a box of pecans from his uncle. He was glad to get them.

Edna Herrington got a box on Thanksgiving. Nelson Harper also received a box. November 21 being Helen Muse's birthday, she also got some paper. Nov. 22 was Frank Ethridge's birthday. He got some candy. November 26 was Hugh Dubberly's birthday. He got some candy and a windmill.

Edna Garner has a new black sweater. It is pretty.

Darrell Jones got a sweater, some new shoes and one dollar from home. He was glad.

Bernice Lee Sikes got a letter from her mother. In the letter she found one dollar.

Norman Jackson got a box from his mother. He gave some nuts to Miss Daniel.

Jeannette West's mother sent one dollar to her.

Evelyn Bohler got a box from her mother.

Hiram Cowart got a box from home recently.

Julian Spivey got a fine birthday box from his mother. His teacher had a party for his class. She put pink candles on his cake and he blew them out. They played games and had a good time.

November 29 was Eloise Redd's birthday. Her mother sent a cake and candles to her.

Josephine Holliday received a nice box Thanksgiving Day.

Some of the boys have been busy in the afternoons getting nuts which they sold to the teachers. The boys enjoy earning money.

## THE ROBBER.

One morning Mrs. Crawford went to the grocery store to get the bread for dinner and she left Florence and Laura playing dominoes at home.

While Florence and Laura were playing, they heard a noise in the kitchen and looked at each other. They took hold of hands and tiptoed to their room. They crawled under the bed and lay very still. They heard the noise again and again. They were much frightened.

Mrs. Crawford came back home. Her girls ran to her and told her that they heard somebody in the kitchen. Mrs. Crawford went to the kitchen and saw nobody there, but just then the wind blew the shade against the dish-pan. She laughed at Florence and Laura for being afraid of the wind.

—Louise Hitchcock.

## APPLE CONTEST

December first ended the first month of the apple contest. Each class had an apple tree with twenty red apples on it. For each day that no one spoke the class hung a ripe, red apple on the tree. In the contest Mrs. Overstreet's class won over Miss Hudgins'; Mrs. Forbes' over Miss McClary's; Miss Miller's over Miss King's.

## A DOG OF FLANDERS

## PART IV.

Patrasche, the faithful dog of Flanders, watched the milk cans come and go, that first day when he got well, as he was lying in the sun with a wreath of daisies around his neck.

Before Jehan Daas, who was bent, lame and very feeble, had touched the cart the next morning, Patrasche arose and walked to it, placed himself between the shafts. He showed plainly as if he wanted to work for the old man. His desire was to work in return for the kindness he had received from Jehan. Jehan Daas pushed him away for this man was one who thought it a shame to make a dog do the hard work, but Patrasche would not be denied. When he found he would not harness him, he tried to draw the cart with his teeth.

At last the old man allowed the dog to have his way. The dog seemed to want to show gratitude to the old man for saving his life. He fixed his cart so that the dog could pull it, so every morning he did this work afterwards.

When it was winter time Jehan Daas thanked his blessed fortune that he had been brought to the sick dog in the ditch months ago. He grew feebler each year for he was very old. If the faithful dog had not helped him, the old man would not have known how to send his load of milk cans over the snow and through the deep ruts in the mud back and forth to town.

It seemed, however to Patrasche after his heavy burdens that his old master had compelled him to carry, that this work was nothing to him but amusement to step out with his light cart and the brass cans by the side of the kind-hearted man who always paid him with a tender pat and kindly words. When his work was over by three or four in a day, he was free to do as he wanted, to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, romp with Nello or to play with his dog friends. Patrasche was very happy.

Fortunately, his former owner had died and so never disturbed his new and well contented home. A few years later Jehan Daas became so crippled with rheumatism that he was not able to go out with the cart any more. Then little Nello was six years old and knew the town well from having gone with his grandfather many times. Nello took his grandfather's place beside the cart. He sold the milk, received the coins and brought back the change to the owner with such a nice manner that it charmed all who saw him.

Nello and Patrasche did the work very well and so joyfully together that Jehan Daas, when the summer came and he was better again, did not need to stir out again. He could sit in the doorway in the sun and watch them go forth through the garden gate, and then doze and dream and pray a little. When the clock tolled three he watched for their return. After twilight the boy and the dog would lie down together to sleep peacefully while the old man prayed.

So the days and years went on and the lives of Nello and Patrasche were happy, innocent and healthful.

—Virgie Lovvorn.

## THE THANKSGIVING PARTY

On the 22nd of November at 7 o'clock, we had our Thanksgiving party in the chapel. There was a group of pupils in each of the four corners.

Miss Harrell was the chairman of the committee for the party and she had four teachers to help her. In Miss King's corner the game was "Wink," and while we played the "Wink" game Miss King chose one pupil to go in the trick room and there a vase and other things were put on the floor. Miss King told the pupil to jump over each one. Then Miss King blindfolded her but the teacher hurriedly took everything out of the way. The pupil jumped over the things and Miss King unblindfolded her, she was very much surprised to see nothing on the floor and she then understood it was a trick. Everybody was fooled in the same way, one by one. We laughed heartily.

Mrs. Forbes was in another corner with her game. One by one we tried to put a hat on the Pilgrim's head while blindfolded. If some one did it, she got candy for a prize.

Mrs. Overstreet was in the third corner with her game. There were pictures to represent the names of the teachers and officers. We had to write down about 35 names.

Miss Jessie Stevens was in the last corner. We played there the Irish potato race. The first thing a boy and a girl raced to pick up the potatoes on a tablespoon from the floor and put them in a pan.

After all, we had the apples for refreshments. Then Miss Harrell called the prize winners and gave each a pretty book." I won a prize by guessing the right names and my book was called "The Little Lame Prince."

Our party broke up at 9 o'clock and we really had a delightful time.

—Violet Hae Tolbert.

## THE FARM

Last week Mr. Carpenter and John Webb sawed the dead branches off the trees. I chopped the large limbs and Tyre Sperin chopped the small ones. Preston Lodge and Hubert Elrod sawed up the big tree and some of the boys picked up the wood and threw it outside the fence.

Mr. Carpenter told Emmett McLendon and I to hold the ladder while John Webb climbed high up in the tree. He sawed off a very large limb. It fell on the ground and the boys sawed it into short pieces. Yesterday afternoon John Webb told me to shovel the coal into the wagon. I was very glad to shovel coal. Emmett and Joseph Berton shoveled it into the coal house.

On Monday the farm boys swept the yards, then we helped Mr. Carpenter kill and dress a calf for beef. The boys cut it up and put it in the ice box.

—Clyde Norris.

**SCHOOL REPORT**

For Month Ending Nov. 28, 1924

**ORAL DEPARTMENT****Beginners B.**

Otis King, Teacher.

|                       |    |
|-----------------------|----|
| Joe Bunn.....         | 73 |
| Russell Dent.....     | 72 |
| Chris Holder.....     | 71 |
| Lawrence Reese.....   | 70 |
| Joe Kirkland.....     | 50 |
| Paul Ammons.....      | 50 |
| Watson Ryles.....     | —  |
| Myrtle Smith.....     | —  |
| Catherine Kelley..... | —  |

**Beginners A.**

Ann M. Gibson, Teacher.

|                       |    |
|-----------------------|----|
| Lester Emmett.....    | 85 |
| Geneva Huggins.....   | 85 |
| Annie Mendelson.....  | 85 |
| Charlie Holbrook..... | 83 |
| Lester Morrison.....  | 83 |
| Leo Mock.....         | 83 |
| Daisy Fite.....       | 83 |
| Alvin Webb.....       | 80 |
| Vera Dean.....        | 80 |
| Jessie Rylee.....     | 80 |
| Lamar Screws.....     | 80 |
| Julius Walters.....   | 78 |

**First Grade E.**

Gladys Evans, Teacher.

|                         |    |
|-------------------------|----|
| Louise Bradshaw.....    | 80 |
| Christine Upchurch..... | 80 |
| J. D. Garmon.....       | 78 |
| Mildred Crumley.....    | 75 |
| Cicero Bates.....       | 75 |
| Connor Dillard.....     | 75 |
| Florrie M. Joyner.....  | 74 |
| Marie Bowling.....      | 72 |
| Claude Jeffaries.....   | 70 |

**First Grade D.**

Augusta Hand, Teacher.

|                         |    |
|-------------------------|----|
| Wilson Roberts.....     | 74 |
| Josephine Halliday..... | 74 |
| Julian Spivey.....      | 74 |
| George Cottier.....     | 73 |
| Ray Manning.....        | 73 |
| Eloise Redd.....        | 72 |
| Florine Robertson.....  | 72 |
| J. W. Jeffares.....     | 71 |
| Euzella Burrell.....    | 70 |

**First Grade C**

Julia Lawrence, Teacher.

|                      |    |
|----------------------|----|
| Susie Millsap.....   | 80 |
| Hue Dubberly.....    | 80 |
| Edna Herrington..... | 79 |
| Helen Neese.....     | 78 |
| Nelson Harper.....   | 78 |
| Bill Knight.....     | 78 |
| Elma Burch.....      | 77 |
| Edna Crawford.....   | 72 |
| Frank Tthridge.....  | 72 |

**First Grade B**

Hattie Harrell, Teacher.

|                         |    |
|-------------------------|----|
| Gene Hargrove.....      | 86 |
| Louise Avant.....       | 85 |
| Minnie Lee Sikes.....   | 83 |
| Margaret Hogsed.....    | 82 |
| Roselle Weiner.....     | 81 |
| Gladys Barrow.....      | 80 |
| Henry Doyle.....        | 80 |
| Myrtice Herrington..... | 79 |
| Millard Nix..... T      | 77 |
| Edna Hughes.....        | 76 |

**First Grade A**

Corinne Sutherlin, Teacher.

|                          |    |
|--------------------------|----|
| Beckie Herrington.....   | 82 |
| Norman Johnson.....      | 82 |
| Bernice Lee Sikes.....   | 80 |
| Ollie Brown.....         | 80 |
| Cora Lee Fuqua.....      | 80 |
| Jeannette West.....      | 78 |
| Evelyn Bohler.....       | 78 |
| Annie Kate Lovelace..... | 78 |
| Fred Mock.....           | 78 |
| Zack Wright.....         | 78 |
| Pearline Crawford.....   | 75 |
| Hiram Cowart.....        | 75 |
| Gladys White.....        | 75 |

**Second Grade C.**

Mrs. Nell Gibbons, Teacher.

|                      |    |
|----------------------|----|
| Nell Eason.....      | 82 |
| Nettie Weiner.....   | 82 |
| Harvey Carter.....   | 82 |
| Betsy Lisenby.....   | 82 |
| Horace Taylor.....   | 81 |
| Peter Harden.....    | 80 |
| Emma Petway.....     | 80 |
| Reynold Lowe.....    | 75 |
| Morris Stephens..... | 75 |
| Hubert Elrod.....    | 75 |
| Irene Fuqua.....     | 75 |
| Annie Culpepper..... | 70 |

**Second Grade B**

Lillian Miller, Teacher.

|                         |    |
|-------------------------|----|
| Sophia Nichols.....     | 85 |
| Mildred Wilder.....     | 84 |
| Charlie Parker.....     | 84 |
| Roy Forsyth.....        | 83 |
| Lillie M. Sharpton..... | 82 |
| Darrell Jones.....      | 82 |
| Norman Barrett.....     | 81 |
| Lucian Whipple.....     | 81 |
| Robert Jordan.....      | 80 |
| Woodrow Morgan.....     | 79 |
| Edna Garner.....        | 77 |
| Lucile Nessmith.....    | 77 |

**Spacial Grade**

Martha McClary, Teacher.

|                         |    |
|-------------------------|----|
| Slade Weathers.....     | 96 |
| Lucile Morrison.....    | 99 |
| Randolph Pool.....      | 97 |
| Rachel Capps.....       | 97 |
| Hollis Stephenson.....  | 97 |
| Emma Hill.....          | 98 |
| J. C. Abrams.....       | 95 |
| Rubert Cooper.....      | 96 |
| Preston Lodge.....      | 95 |
| Virgil Cothran.....     | 92 |
| Clarence Hutcheson..... | 91 |
| Annie M. Crook.....     | 95 |

**Third Grade**

Mildred King, Teacher.

|                     |    |
|---------------------|----|
| Alma Barrow.....    | 90 |
| Ruth Fortson.....   | 94 |
| Sallie Reese.....   | 90 |
| Myrtice Childs..... | 88 |
| Otis Neal.....      | 85 |
| Everette Rylee..... | 90 |
| Elsie Hood.....     | 92 |
| Cullen Mobley.....  | 80 |
| Edward Veal.....    | 85 |
| Roy Johnson.....    | 85 |

**Fifth Grade**

Mrs. Fred Forbes, Teacher.

|                      |    |
|----------------------|----|
| Alice Holt.....      | 98 |
| Nellie Parker.....   | 94 |
| Normal Harrison..... | 85 |
| Cicero Freeman.....  | 95 |
| Willie Enfueger..... | 97 |

|                     |    |    |
|---------------------|----|----|
| Winifred Smith..... | 97 | 90 |
| Frank Bartlett..... | 90 | 89 |
| Melvin Cowart.....  | 89 | 85 |
| Sam Dupree.....     | 86 | 80 |

**Sixth Grade**

Grace B. Overstreet, Teacher.

|                        |     |    |    |    |
|------------------------|-----|----|----|----|
| Willie Silvey.....     | 100 | 85 | 88 | 86 |
| Ida Lee Harrell.....   | 96  | 80 | 88 | 84 |
| Rennell Dial.....      | 96  | 82 | 85 | 83 |
| M. Higginbotham.....   | 100 | 85 | 81 | 83 |
| Clyde Norris.....      | 90  | 72 | 94 | 83 |
| Douglas Hitchcock..... | 93  | 80 | 86 | 83 |
| Lillie Lackey.....     | 99  | 80 | 84 | 82 |
| Paul Huff.....         | 90  | 78 | 85 | 81 |
| Ruby Brock.....        | 99  | 75 | 80 | 77 |
| Dan Roberts.....       | 93  | 65 | 70 | 67 |

**Grade B**

Sara G. Hudgins, Teacher.

|                        |     |    |    |    |
|------------------------|-----|----|----|----|
| Louise Hitchcock.....  | 90  | 80 | 90 | 85 |
| Wylma Hargett.....     | 90  | 80 | 89 | 84 |
| Nero Kelley.....       | 88  | 80 | 88 | 84 |
| Frances Conner.....    | 90  | 80 | 87 | 83 |
| Lottie Strickland..... | 90  | 80 | 86 | 88 |
| Esteben Ward.....      | 70  | 80 | 85 | 82 |
| Dewey Garmon.....      | 70  | 80 | 83 | 81 |
| James Ponder.....      | 75  | 75 | 80 | 77 |
| Joe Jabaley.....       | 100 | 80 | 76 | 78 |
| Jesse Sutton.....      | 70  | 70 | 75 | 72 |

**Grade A**

Susan H. Norris

|                           |    |    |    |    |
|---------------------------|----|----|----|----|
| Virgie Lovvorn.....       | 90 | 90 | 90 | 90 |
| Violet Talbert.....       | 90 | 90 | 90 | 90 |
| Mae Spurlin.....          | 90 | 88 | 89 | 89 |
| Ada Jackson.....          | 90 | 88 | 89 | 89 |
| Fred Jones.....           | 92 | 90 | 88 | 89 |
| Eunice Barrow.....        | 92 | 87 | 85 | 86 |
| Kate Ashworth.....        | 92 | 85 | 85 | 85 |
| Mollie Nell McDonald..... | 98 | 90 | 74 | 82 |

**First Grade**

Jessie Stevens, Teacher.

|                       |    |    |
|-----------------------|----|----|
| Clara Lawson.....     | 85 | 85 |
| Maude Dunn.....       | 80 | 84 |
| E. V. Lawson.....     | 83 | 83 |
| Numas Anderson.....   | 70 | 82 |
| Angus Johnson.....    | 85 | 80 |
| Fetner Field.....     | 88 | 78 |
| Ellie Simpson.....    | 85 | 77 |
| Bowman Turner.....    | 90 | 76 |
| Rossell Tucker.....   | 85 | 70 |
| S. J. Turner.....     | 83 | 69 |
| Cora Lee Barwick..... | 80 | 60 |

**Special Grade B**

H. C. Stevens, Teacher.

|                      |    |    |    |    |
|----------------------|----|----|----|----|
| Emmett McLendon..... | 90 | 95 | 88 | 92 |
| Susie Ivester.....   | 90 | 90 | 88 | 89 |

**Grade C**

H. C. Stevens, Teacher.

|                    |    |    |
|--------------------|----|----|
| Tyre Sperin.....   | 90 | 85 |
| Sallie Kelley..... | 80 | 84 |
| Brooks Smith.....  | 75 | 80 |
| Louise Spivey..... | 75 | 75 |

**Grade D**

H. C. Stevens, Teacher.

|                     |    |    |
|---------------------|----|----|
| Ruby Moore.....     | 65 | 80 |
| Lucile Bustin.....  | 85 | 78 |
| Bridges Smith.....  | 80 | 75 |
| Joseph Bertam.....  | 76 | 72 |
| Estelle Cooper..... | 50 | 69 |