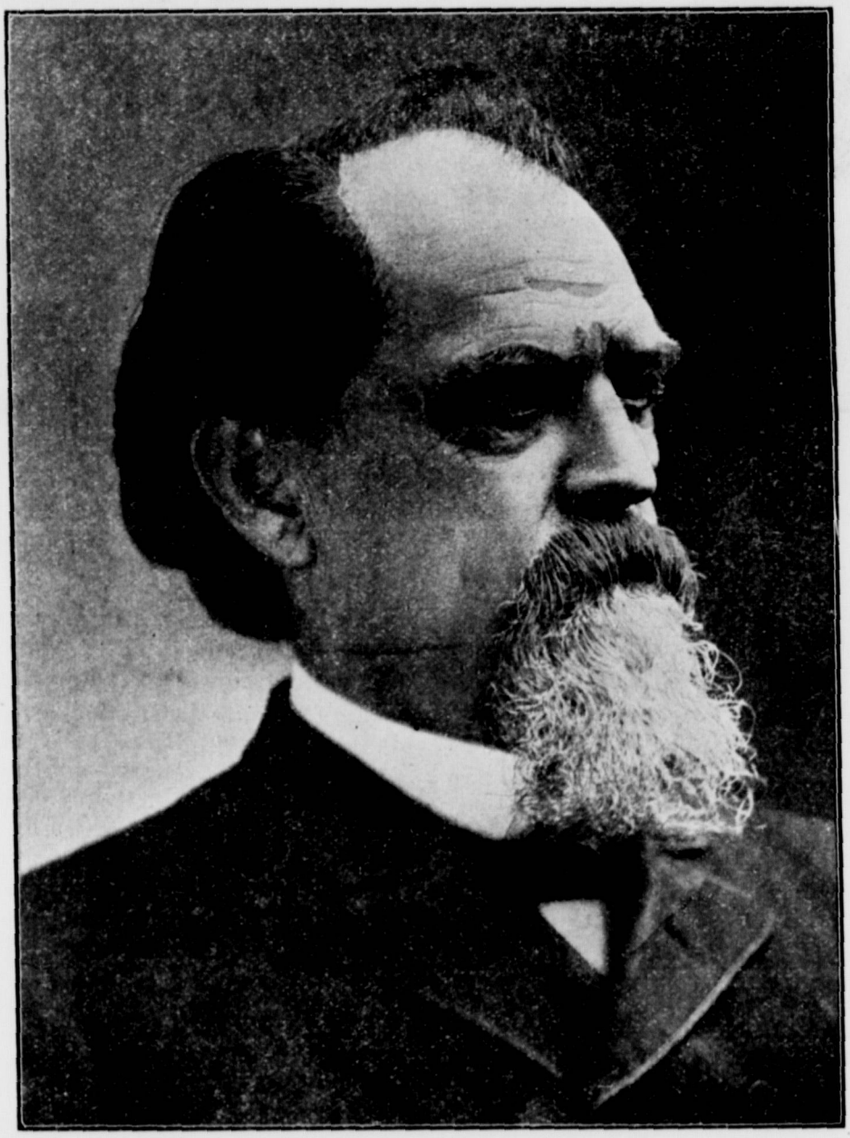
THE SCHOOL HELPER.

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

VOL. VI. CAVE SPRING, GA., JANUARY 15, 1904. No. 8



GENERAL JONH B. GORDON.

BORN JULY 6, 1832.
DIED JANUARY 9, 1904.

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON died at his country home near Miami, Fla., on Saturday night, January 9, at five minutes past ten o'clock.

The peerless, honored and beloved soldier, statesman and citizen, has passed to the great beyond. His death is universally mourned.

On the first page of this paper we present a half-tone cut of General Gordon, and below will be found what some of the leading papers of the South have to say of him:

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Perhaps the death of no other man would have evoked throughout the South such a feeling of general sorrow, accompanied by the sense of deep, personal loss, as has that of General B. Gordon.

Nor is that sorrow confined to the South—of which his life is a part of its most brilliant history—for throughout the country, North and South, he was held in such corbial esteem as to make his death a source of national grief.

As commander of the United Confederate Veterans' Association, succeeding himself term after term—as one of the greatest of the Confederate commanders—as three times Georgia's senator and twice hor governor—as a typical Southerner in his veneration of the traditions, the impulses, the history, and the association of his people—as embodying all that stood for the glory of the South, before the war, and as representing the spirit of the peace, progress and enterprise of the South of later days—his death removes from the sphere of earthly activity the one man of whom it was generally conceded that he occupied alone the unique distinction, not only in the South, but as well in the eyes of all the world, as being, beyond a doubt, the greatest and most conspicuous Southerner.

Coming out of the war as one of its noblest heroes, he went at once to work, not only to rebuild the lost fortune of the section for which he had taken up arms, but he was among the first to lead in the great work of the reconciliation of the sections. To no man is more credit due for the good results of the campaign for real peace than to General Gordon, and no less of a hero was he in this struggle—for reconstruction had its battles even more bitter than those of war—than in the stormy conflicts of shot and shell, when he lead his men to deeds that will ever shine among the most glorious and daring of the annals of war.

A man of magnificent courage, of such rare personal magnetism as to be possessed by but one of thousands, with the heart of a woman, and the will of a lion, generous to a fault, noble, loyal, brave and true, his name becomes the heritage of his people and his fame the glory of a nation.

From the Augusta Herald.

The greatest of Georgia generals and one of the greatest of the world's soldiers has passed from time to eternity. General John B. Gordon is, so far as this mortal life is concerned, no more, but his spirit has joined the immortals.

Amid the general grief, we may briefly and reverently recall how the youthful Gordon took modest rank when the first signal sounded for the rise of the embattled South. How, recently married, he parted from his girl wife and braved all, even death, for the sacred principles of his invaded land. How that gentle wife, with a spirit as bold as his own, loyally followed him, as far as possible, through all that sanguinary contest, and nursed him back to life when wounded almost mortally. How, instead of being an impediment to him, she was a valiant inspiration. How he swiftly rose from one high rank to another until he stood close to the incomparable Lee. How he bore himself with such knightly intrepidity and, often wounded, might declare, as Coiolanus did, that "each gash was an enemy's grave." How, had his advice been taken, Gettysburg would have been a Confederate triumph and Sailor's Creek a federal vanquishment. How he fought to the last and only surrendered under superior orders when the thin gray line, opposed by overwhelming numbers, gathered from the four quarters of the world, wore itself out, as General Toombs said, by whipping the enemy, when anything like equality was maintained. How, after the war, true to his native and beloved South, he helped beat back the carpet-bag and scalawag invasion—the jackals who followed in the wake of the lions. How a grateful people elected him governor and senator. How he could have amassed riches but did not love money, for itself, and knew not how to keep it. How, in his old age, afflicted with comparative poverty, he traveled over the whole union delivering a matchless lecture on the events of the war, he charmed even the north and much more than any other man, sought without sacrificing principle, to create brotherly love all around. Sick, feeble, the victim of incurable disease, largely perhaps, the result of wounds and trials in battle, he still nobly and self-denyingly remained the breadwinner for his family. He was the undaunted, generous, Gordon to the last, and, as Napoleon once said of himself, the struggles of his last days were only the completion, harmoniously and pathetically, of his brilliant earlier renown.

The death of General Gordon, following so swiftly the death of General Longstreet, forces the realization that there are now living only four leiutenant generals of the Confederate army.

General Stepen D. Lee, of Mississippi, the first on the list, is the ranking Confederate general of the United Confederate Veterans.

General S. B. Buckner, of Louisville, Kentucky, is also still living, and is next in rank to General Lee.

General A. P. Stewart, who comes third, now lives at Chickamauga.

General Joseph Wheeler, veteran of two wars, and a native of Alabama, completes the list.

Mrs. Gordon.

From the Atlanta Journal.

To that nation whose women are noble and tender and true, nothing is impossible. All things brave and lofty, and pure and righteous, have their source and origin in the heart of woman. Herein is the very core of chivalry.

The knighthood of the South was but a reflection of the womanhood of the South. The one shone high, illumining the camps of armies; the other, purer and not less brilliant, brightened countless homes and cast a halo around the pages of history and romance.

The grief of the Southern people and of the whole nation today over the passing of General Gordon, the Tancred of this knighthood, brings clearly to view the figure of the peerless woman who was his wife.

Through the horrors of war and the pain of sickness, summer and winter, year in and year out, she was at his side; cheering him in darkness, comforting him in daylight, binding up his many grievous wounds.

At Sharpsburg General Gordon was wounded five times. His wife, then less than 18 years of age, awaited him at the rear of battle, while the rattle of musketry and muttering of distant guns mingled with the shrill stridor of the fifes, this fearless woman nursed her hero back to the world again, even after he had measured with his spirit the depths of the great abyss.

Then back to the front she sent him,

"Her light glove on his casque of steel,
Her love-knot on his spear."

and again and again he led the gray colums to victory along the sheer rim of death.

Mrs. John B. Gordon is the type preeminent of Southern womanhood. Today, as the Chevalier of the South lies dead in the capitol of his state, she remains to represent on earth the chivalry of which he was the embodiment.

The Rebel Yell.

Who can picture in words that wondrous sound that was for four years and for six hundred thousand men of a defensive army at once a clarion of victory and an inspiration to duty. No strain of music, no song of a nation, no combination of musical notes, no cadence of sound in all history ever lent such fury to carnage, such consecration to cause or inspired such recklessness of life, such carnival of fratricidal blood.

It was strangely musical, whimsically weird, inimitable, terrible; above all inspiring.

It was the diapason of blood; the knell of death.

It made men wanton of life; cheerful in death.

It inspired a charge and glorified a victory.

The battle cry that strung the nerves and fired the blood of the most heroic soldiery in the bloodiest struggle of modern times, its wild, weird music is now the inspiration of a patriotism that covers all this land of our Fathers, and when the Southerners march in all the future, we know their slogan will be

For Dixie always;
For the Republic first.

—Major Frank Gordon.

The largest thing of its kind, no matter what it is, always interests. The announcement, therefore, that New York is to have the largest electric power plant in the world attracts our attention. The building of this plant covers a piece of ground seven hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide and will be twice as big as the Madison Square Garden and considerably larger than the Waldorf-Astoria hotel. Incidentally it will cost a trifle over seven millions. The steam plant is to consist of seventy-two five hundred horsepower boilers, and the electric generators will produce one hundred and thirty-two thousand horse powers of electric energy. This will require one thousand tons of coal a day which is not much when you remember that the building has a storage capacity for twenty-five thousand tons. This enormous plant is to furnish power for New York's subway rapid transitsystem and the full horse power capacity will be used to drive the cars in the subway and its immediate connections. At this rate the metropolis will soon advance sufficiently far in the electric traction business to abandon those cross town horse car lines.

Simian Politeness.

An Italian organ grinder, accompanied by a trained monkey, wandered into a Western town recently, and stopping in front of a large stone house, began to grind out "Daisy Bell."

The monkey was an intelligent little fellow, and was attired in a jacket and a cap. While his master was grinding, the monkey hopped down from the organ where he had been sitting, and, jumping the fence, ran up into the yard.

He was at once spied by a fox terrier, and the dog made a rush at him. The monkey waited the contest with such undisturbed tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoiter.

Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, when suddenly the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted his enemy by raising his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off into the house and would not leave it until satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed.

When you fight or work don't make a fuss. The hen cackles only after she has laid an egg. The noise and sizzle of a locomotive are not force. All force is silent. The hee haw of a mule may startle, but is is not as dangerous as his hind legs. Bear in mind that it is an empty wagon that makes the most noise when in motion. The noise of a drum is due to the fact that there is nothing in it.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, AT THE

GEORGIA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
CAVE SPRING, GA.

Subscription, 50 cents for the Scholastic Year, in Advance.
Advertising Rates on Application.

PRINTED BY THE PUPILS IN THE PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATION TO
THE SCHOOL HELPER,
CAVE SPRING, GA.

Entered at the post office at Cave Spring, Ga., as second-class matter, November, 1895.

JANUARY 15, 1904.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Our Christmas holidays began at noon on December 24th and continued till January 4th. A pretty tree was placed in the chapel two days before Christmas and on Thursday afternoon the ornaments and presents were put on the tree by the teachers and some of the older pupils.

At six thirty all pupils assembled in the chapel to receive their gifts. The tree was loaded with presents. It was prettily decorated and was lighted by colored candles. It looked very beautiful. The little pupils were very much excited when Santa Claus made his appearance which he did soon after they were seated. Several of the teachers and pupils assisted the old gentleman in distributing the presents. Each pupil received at least one gift, and some of the older ones were loaded down with presents from their class mates and teachers.

The pupils were not alone in their enjoyment of the tree however, for the teachers had put their presents to one another on the tree and were almost as excited as the pupils, even the servants, most of whom were present, received presents from the teachers and officers, so no one was forgotten and every one went away happy.

The remainder of the evening was spent in examining and displaying presents, and in sending off fire works and it was late at night before the house was quiet.

Christmas morning the pupils were given their boxes from home, many of which came the day before Christmas and had been kept in the store room to be delivered to the owners on Christmas morning. Of course opening the boxes and examining the presents from home took up the greater part of the day. The pupils did not seem to enjoy the nice dinner that was prepared for them any the less for having partaken of the good things from their boxes.

At seven o'clock in the evening all the teachers and pupils went to the chapel and played games for two hours.

The remaining days were very pleasantly spent in playing games of different kinds both indoors and out on the grounds.

The pupils had several parties during the week, and on Friday night were given an interesting lecture on Ben Hur by Mr. Freeman. They all returned to school on January 4th with renewed energy after their long holiday.

Every one had a happy Christmas because it seemed that each one tried to make some one else happy. Mr. and Mrs. Flint of Sybert, sent little Etta a trunk of good things to eat and wrote her to divide with her little friends. So the matron got some large girls to help her fix the table and she let Etta Flint and Sarah Florence give a tea party. There were fourteen in all, and they had a fine time while eating cake, bananas, oranges, apples, candies and nuts.

Mrs. Hart came that morning and hearing of the treat said she had brought many large cakes and gave the matron enough to give a large piece to each child, who did not get a box from home.

This spirit seemed to pervade the school.

The following program was arranged for the February Teachers' meeting.

Story in signs—Miss Ervin.

Original paper—Miss Robinson.

Paper on some Educator of the Deaf—Mr. Freeman.

Discussion—How should language be taught in our school?

MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

On Thursday the 14th, the day on which our gallant hero, Gordon was laid to rest, school was closed and memorial exercises were held in the chapel. Upon an easel, on the platform stood a picture of the brave soldier, the honored statesman and chivalric gentleman, John B. Gordon, draped in the emblems of mourning now that he is gone from us. Several of the pupils recited incidents in his life and the teachers paid tributes to him. Mr. Wright spoke of him as a soldier—relating his faithfulness as a soldier and officer in camp and and in the heat of battle. He told of the Hero who led his men on after being wounded several times; of his invincible courage, his patient endurance of pain, his glad return to duty after recovering from his wounds.

He was followed by Mr. Asbury who spoke of him as a statesman honored and beloved by his people. He told how he bade his men farewell at the close of the war and told them to go home with no feeling of hatred to the north but to live true to their common country. He came to Georgia and was elected by the people twice as Governor of the state and was sent by them to the Senate of the United States three times.

Mr. Freeman spoke of his character generally. The boy, who once went to Hearn School here in Cave Spring. The young man who left the study of law at his Country's call. His faithfulness under all circumstances as husband, father and friend in public life entrusted with the high offices of Governor and United State Senator. How kind, gentle and true to every instinct of a gentleman, he won the love of all who came in contact with him, and the admiration of all who heard of his daring deeds, his kindness of heart and his unswerving rectitude. He closed his address with the statement that he was glad to tell them Gordon was a friend of Jesus Christ and now that his life is done he is in a better world than this.

IN MEMORIAM.

Miss Ann Elizabeth Johnson died at her home in Talladega, Alabama, Thursday afternoon December 31, 1903, in the Seventieth year of her age. Miss Ann lived in Cave Spring for many years. Her father Seaborn J. Johnson was one of the first settlers here. He was one of the first five commissioners, appointed by the Governor in 1847, under whose supervision the School for the Deaf should be conducted. When this board met, he was elected Secretary and Treasurer. Her brother, Joseph H. Johnson, who afterward founded the school for the Deaf in Talladega Alabama, was a teacher in this school from 1851 to 1858. He afterwards founded the school for the Deaf in Alabama and was Principal up to the time of his death in 1892. Her father, S. J. Johnson lived in The Georgia School as Steward from 1853 to 1858 One of her brothers, Mr. W. S. Johnson, who is deaf, was a pupil here and is a teacher in the Alabama School and has been for years. Her nephew, Mr. J. H. Johnson has had charge of the Alabama school as Principal since his father's death. The deaf have always had from all of the family the deepest interest and tenderest sympathy. When a member of it goes, we feel that the deaf have lost a friend. Miss Ann taught school for some years in our town and many are living who were impressed for life by her upright life and strong character. The friends of the family have never ceased to miss them and regret the necessity for their moving away to Talladega.

They are missed in the social life, in the church, in the missionary society and in every good work. On the last day of the old year Miss Ann began her life in the home above and on the first day of the new year, they brought her body to Cave Spring and laid her away in sight of the old home, so dear to her, where she lived so long. The influence of such a character can never cease. It will be felt while time shall last and be known in its fulness, only in Eternity.

E. C.

Two Good War Stories.

Two interesting war-time stories were told yesterday by Senator Bacon, of Georgia. One of them concerned Senator Pettus, of Alabama, who, as everybody knows, was a gallant officer in the Confederate army.

In one of the battles before Vicksburg, Senator Pettus, then a colonel, was captured and carried as a prisoner before General Grant.

"Colonel," said Grant, when the prisoner was brought before him, "what are those troops out in front of me?"

"General," replied Pettus, "I must decline to answer that question."

General Grant looked him in the eye for a moment. "You are right, colonel," he said. Then turning to an officer nearby, Grant said: "Take this gentleman to the rear and treat him kindly."

Senator Pettus has never forgotten that inteview with General Grant.

The other story illustrates the same nobility of feeling in General Robert E. Lee, the commander of the Confederate forces.

It was at the close of battle of Gettysburg. As General Lee rode from the field he came upon a young Union soldier, a mere boy, lying on the grass, wounded. The boy, though painfully hurt and unable to rise, had a spirit not to be quenched. As he recognized the Confederate uniform he raised himself upon his elbow. "Hurrah for the Union," he cried difiantly, though with feeble voice.

General Lee got down from his horse, went over to the boy, and laid his hand tenderly on his head. "I hope, my son, he said, "that you are not much hurt, and that you will soon be well."—Washington Post.

The most valuable mahogany log ever imported through the gulf port was landed at Pensacola recently en route to Louisville. The log is only 34 feet in length and 27 inches in thickness, yet its value is $2,800. It was purchased in Africa.

Drumming Up Trade.

Competition has its uses, no doubt, but when it reaches the point where it prompts one to resort to trickery it ceases to be a benefit. A man who spends his summers in northern Vermont was a witness during his last vacation of a rivalry which was as absurd as it was necessary.

There are two taverns in the little town where I stay, he says, and they got along in peace and amity until a local newspaper was started, and began to publish lists of the guests at the two houses.

One of the landlords found that his list fell a little short of the other, and began to send the names of those who stayed at his hotel even for a single meal.

The other, who was off the main road, and had fewer transients but more regular boarders, was unhappy for several weeeks; but after a while his list began to swell in the most surprising way. I saw it in the little paper, but I could not account for the increase.

At last I discovered that he had put a large drinking-trough in front of his hotel, with a side faucet and drinking-cups; and hanging by a chain was a little book, with a pencil attached.

Travellers generally stop at the trough, and it is seldom that some one of a party does not express curiousity about the book. When it is opened the names of other travellers are discovered, and the chances are that the pencil is used again. And in the next issue of the local paper appears a long list of names under the heading, "Those who have stopped at the Spofford Inn during the last week are—," and nobody can dispute it.

The Illinois Advance comes to us this month in a doubly interesting issue, having cuts of several prominent educators of the deaf which we are very glad to have seen.

One hundred and seven thousand tons of American peanuts were bought at Marseilles in 1902 for use in making olive oil soap.

PUPILS' PAGE

The snow fell on the ground last Wednesday but it melted.

We will have no school next Tuesday because it is General Lee's birthday.

We are sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCollister leave for Arkansas soon to live.

The Language contest was quite hot last Friday night. Miss Ervin and Mr. Asbury were on duty.

Callie Stoner got a beautiful mirror, brush and comb set from her home. She appreciated it.

The farmers will plow up the ground in their field next March to plant corn and cotton and other things.

Clarence Morris will prepare the leather for the girl's physical culture shoes. He said about 70 pairs of shoes are to be made.

Miss Posey is still on the sick list. We are sorry for her and hope she will soon get well. Vernettie Lovell is teaching her class.

Mr. Freeman got a photograph of a former pupil of this school. He can't find out who he is. To the pupil: please let him know.

We hãd a holiday here Januaay 14th, because General Gordon was buried in Atlanta on that day. Messers. Freeman, Wright and Asbury gave us very interestihg lectures about him. He was a good Confederate soldier and loved the Southern people.

The people all over the South were grieved to hear the news of General Gordon's death.

Many people went to Atlanta to General Gordon's funeral.

Mr. Asbury told us in the chapel that when General B. John Gordon was a young boy he went to school in Cave Spring at the Hearn School.

We had a large picture of General Gordon on the stage Thursday. It was draped in black and white.

Our porch was draped in black and white last Thursday.

Mr. Connor went to Atlanta to General Gordon's funeral last Wednesday night.

A few days before Christmas Miss Minnie told the children, just after they had finished supper, that poor little Wm. Jordon, who had been sick so long with malarial fever, would be so happy if he should find a stocking full of toys and good things on his bed Christmas morning and proposed that each child who wanted to should bring five cents to her to be used for him. The children were deligted to help.

A large stocking was filled and hung near his bed. From the top protruded Roman candles on which hung a jumping Jack and several books. Mrs. Benton, who was here on a visit, heard what the children were doing so added to the gifts a nice overcoat which her little boy had out grown. William thought he was the luckiest boy in school. The teachers gave fifty cents which William proudly carried home with him when he left early in January.

Letters and Boxes Received.

Letters from home have been received by the following pupils:

Verlie Adamson	Sam Morris
Leon Bland	Clarence Morris
James Beeman	Joe Matthews
Maud Bishop	Leila Maddux
Bessie Brock	Jesse Martin
James Brockman	Homer Musselwhite
Elma Chappell	Howell Nash
Isaac Coleman	Joe Neal
Annie Call	T. C. Payne
Lillie Chappell	Ernest Robertson
Minnie Dewald	Ella Smith
Susie Daniel	Callie Stoner
Screven Douglas	Effie Swain
Orestes Darnell	Pauline Skipper
John Dawson	Worth Tate
Hattie Darracott	Paul Wallace
Emma Delong	Lee Wilson
John Flinn	Herbert Williams
Sarah Florence	David Weaver
Mamie Hart	Oscar Watson
Fred Hart	Hollen Willingham
Crosby Hodges	Holt Willingham
Madge Howard	J. R. and Tom Ware
Hiram Howard	Flora Wilson
Lucile Jackson	Melvin Weil
Julia Long	Hinton Wilson
Vernetta Lovell	

Those who have received boxes from home are:

P. D. Warnock	Fred Hart
Lee Payne	Mamie Hart
Oscar Freeman	Sarah Florence
John Gardner	

Don't Wait To Be Told.

If you would advance rapidly in your position, or get on faster in the world, don't acquire a habit of waiting to be told what to do. Anticipate the wants of your employer. Use your common sense and ingenuity in trying to solve the problems that come up from day to day. Nobody ever advances who constantly waits for directions. It is the man who decides promptly with precision, without being told what is to be done, and then does it, who gets on in the world.

A habit of doing nothing without orders or directions is paralyzing to one's faculties and death to individuality and originality. Don't labor under the delusion that to imitate the action and methods of those above you is all that your position requires. Original work commands attention, and will be of great service in helping you to advance in your position or in directing work of your own. The valuable employee is the one who anticipates the needs of his position, and attends to them before he is told.

Keep your eyes wide open for the things which need to be done, and do them before you are asked to. You may think that actions which are not prompted by the presence of your employer will never be heard of by him. Put aside this delusion. There are innumerable ways in which an employee's habits of work are brought to the attention of your employer; and, in the near future, the right person will be sure of reward.—Success.

It is usually imagined that the incandescent electric light gives out very little heat. As a matter of fact only 6 per cent of its energy goes to makes light, while 94 goes into heat.

The largest gas engine in the world, having 3,000 horse power, will be sent by a Belgian manufacturer to supply part of the motive power of the World's Fair at St. Louis.

A PAGE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

How Mr. Rabbit Rescued Brother Terrapin.

This story was told by Uncle Remus, a good old negro, to his master's boy. Uncle Remus knew many stories about animals, which, many years ago, used to talk just as people do now.

Brother Rabbit was the smartest of all the creatures. He was always playing tricks on the other animals.

Brother Terrapin was a great friend of his, and often helped him, but he was so slow and clumsy that he could not do as much as Brother Rabbit, who was very light of foot. Brother Fox was an enemy of Brother Rabbit, and as he was much the stronger, he often tried to catch him and kill him. He also had a grudge against Brother Terrapin.

One day old Mr. Fox was sauntering along the road with a bag over his shoulder, when he spied Brother Terrapin crouching by the side of the road. He bounced on him like a duck on a June bug, and dropped him into his bag and tied it tight. Then he trudged along home, and when he got there he threw the bag on the floor and started the fire, intending to stewMr. Terrapin and eat him. But it so happened that Brother Rabbit was in the bushes by the side of the road when Brother Fox was going along home, and he wondered what was in the bag.

He thought of a plan to find out. He ran over to Mr. Fox's watermelon patch and trampled down the vines and smashed the melons. Then he ran to Mr. Fox's house and put his head in at the door and called out: "Brother Fox! O Brother Fox! A lot of cows are in your watermelon patch, eating the melons. Take your cane and drive them out." Brother Fox took his cane and started for the watermelon patch in a rage. Then Brother Rabbit took up the bag to see what was in it. Brother Terrapin begged to be let out. Mr. Rabbit recognized his friend's voice, and after joking with him a little, he let him out. Then he went a little ways into the woods, and got a big hornets' nest. He plugged up the hole in it and carried it to Mr. Fox's house and put it in the bag, which he tied up tight. Before he left the house, he banged the bag against the wall and the floor so as to break the hornets' nest and to make them angry. Then he and Brother Terrapin went a little way into the woods and hid in a bush. Presently Brother Fox came back. He seemed to be in a very bad humor.

He went into the house and slammed the door after him. Pretty soon Brother Rabbit and Brother Terrapin heard a terrible noise in the house.

They heard a tampling of feet, and tables and chairs falling over, and crockery breaking, and Brother Fox howling as if in great pain.

Presently the door burst open and out rushed Brother Fox with hornets all over him, stinging him. He rushed down to the brook and jumped in. After a while the hornets left him, but poor Brother Fox was in a bad plight.

His head was swollen as big as a bushel basket and he could not open his eyes. He was sore all over and could neither stand, sit nor lie down with comfort. Brother Rabbit and Brother Terrapin sat in the bush and watched him. They laughed until their sides ached and tears came in their eyes. They said, "It serves him right!"

Brother Fox never understand how Brother Terrapin changed himself into a swarm of hornets, but he thought it was best to leave him alone after that.—Michigan Mirror.

Helping Each Other.

One day a bee flew over a stream and suddenly fell into the stream. It was frightened and cried for help. A bird came by and heard the bee crying for help. The bird pitied the bee. Then the bird broke off a leaf from a tree and threw it to the bee to save it. The bee got on the leaf; dried its wings in the sun and then flew away. The bee was glad. The bee remembered the bird's kindness.

A short time afterward the bird was sitting on the limb of a tree. A hunter came by and saw the bird. Then the hunter raised his gun and took aim to shoot the bird. Suddenly the bee flew at the hunter and stung the hunter. The hunter dropped his gun which was fired as it fell. The bird was not hit and flew away. The bird's life was saved by the bee because the bird had saved the bee's life.—Adapted.

CALLIE M. STONER.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Gilliland spent several days in Atlanta with her sister.

Miss Moore spent several days at home in Alabama with her parents.

Mr. Knowles and Mr. Larry Gantt visited Professor Connor last Sunday.

Lillie Dorothy, daughter of Professor Wright has been sick a few days. She is better.

Mr. Albert Montgomery paid his mother a visit a few days ago. He is now living in Mississippi.

Dr. A. Wright has opened up a new drug store in Cave Spring. He also does a general practice.

Captain Corput will put up a small dwelling soon to be rented. It will be situated near Dr. Gray's home.

We are sorry to state Miss Posey our faithful teacher is sick with the grip. She has been in bed several weeks.

Charlie Sewell expects to go to Texas, if he can't get married. Will some girls please have mercy upon him.

The workmen will began to erect the new dining room and kitchen for the Georgia School about January 25th.

Mr. Hal Jonson Principal of the Alabama School made a flying visit to his aunt Mrs. F. W. Asbury near Cave Spring on January 11.

Mrs. Lillie Sheldon and daughter, Miss May Lake returned from Cedartown after 4 or 5 weeks absence, visiting Mrs. Bradford.

Mr. Potter has been sick a few days. He is up today and at his post. He is one of the best depot agents we have had in a long time.

Messrs. Pittman and Bradford of Cedartown came over to see the Cave Spring girls Sunday. Look out boys! you will lose some of your beauties.

Mr. Bishop and daughter came to see Maude Christmas. Mrs. Hart, Mr. Garland, Mrs. Benton and Mrs. Whittemore and daughter were here also.

The Literary Club met at Mr. A. T. Harpers on January 8th. So many were absent, that the program was abandoned. The next meeting will be at Mr. W. P. Trout's home. The same program will be carried out.

Miss Ervin went home with Miss Morrison Christmas. Miss Robinson went to Anniston with Miss Sparks a few days. Miss Harris spent a few days at home. Miss Clark went to see mamma of course. The balance stayed at home.

On Thursday January 7, 1904 the city election was held in Cave Spring. The following officers were elected: Mr. Frank Wright, mayor; Mr. Moody Sims recorder, Messrs. Gaines, McCollister, Miller, Barker and Dr. Findley councilmen.

Mr. C. W. Wright took a two days hunt. He saw a big wild turkey, and got so excited he forget to shoot. He killed one rabbit and let three get away. Three ducks passed over him, but the sun got in his eyes and he couldn't shoot.

Mr. McCollister and wife expect to move to Arkansas soon. Their many friends will regret to see them leave. Mrs. McCollister and Mrs. Connor are contemplating a trip to Florida early in February. They will be gone a month. Miss Summers expects to go with them.

The masons had their annual oyster supper at the Institution dining room Monday night, December 28. Several speeches were made at the table. Professor Connor gave them some old break down music on his fiddle and required each one to dance. It was very amusing to see Brother Copeland cut the pigeon wing.

The marriage of Miss Imo Gray and Mr. Dupre at the home of Dr. Gray December 29 was a beautiful affair. Rev. Frasier of Rome performed the ceremony in an impressive manner. They left the same night for Atlanta their future home. Mr. Add Green and wife uncle of Miss Imo came up from Gadsden to attend the wedding. Miss Greenof Birmingham was also present.

It is found that silk cocoons can be given any color by coloring the leaves upon which the silkworm feeds.

The largest loaves of bread baked in the world are those of France and Italy. The "pipe" bread of Italy is baked in loaves two or three feet long; while in France the loaves are made in the shape of very long rolls, four or five feet in length and in many cases even six feet.

Iceland is the only country in the world so law-abiding that it employs but one policeman, and he is retained rather to add dignity and ornament to the capital than for necessity. The "police force" is six feet tall, broad-shouldered, and finely uniformed.

GEORGIA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
CAVE SPRING, GA.

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