

# THE SCHOOL HELPER.

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

VOL. VIII.

CAVE SPRING, GA., MARCH 1, 1906.

No. 11

## A MODERN INDIAN CAMP.

By HARRIET CONNOR STEVENS.

FOR THE SCHOOL HELPER.

EVER SINCE it was announced that the Indians would pass through Lennox on their way home from the Exposition, the five little Roberts had been filled with eager expectations. The coming of the Indians was to have formed a "Red Letter Day" in the little town, and no one could blame the children if they were bitterly disappointed at the sudden change in the plans of the Red Men.

"Just to think!" cried Horace, the eldest, bravely struggling to keep the tremble from his lips, "Just to think, after all our days and days of waiting, we are not to get a peep at them,—not even the tiniest peep!"

"And I wanted to show them my wigwam that Uncle Ed sent me," said George, "and your bow and arrows, Horace, and our other Indian things. And I'd tell them all about dear Uncle Ed and how he lives out on the plains among the Indians, and I just believe—if they were real good Indians you know, like the Cherokees or the Yamacraws, that they would show us their things. Oh, I think it is too bad!"

"Yes," wailed Dorothy, "and I never saw a truly live Indian—only the painted ones—and I wanted to see their long black hair with the eagle feathers in it that Uncle Ed told us about; and their beads and queer shoes like he sent Jessie and me—and O dear such a lot of other things, and now I can't!"

"I think it is the dreadfulest thing in the whole wide world so I do!" sobbed Hazel.

"What's the dreadfulest thing in the whole wide world?" asked a cherry voice that made the children jump in surprise.

"O Uncle, Hal! Uncle Hal!" cried little Jessie as she sprang into his arms.

"Why Uncle Hal," said George smiling through his tears, "I guess you dropped right down out of the clouds, didn't you?"

"It rather seems to me," replied Uncle Hal, "It rather seems to

me, from the looks of this part of the world, that I had dropped right down into them; and dark ones at that. There is rain and mist in the eyes of every child, and Mamma's face all doleful and gray. Come, cheer up! this will never do! Up on my shoulders and into my lap all of you, and tell me what has gone wrong."

Uncle Hal was the children's true friend and comrade, and they all knew, as they told him the story of their disappointment, that down in that corner of his heart which belonged to them, he was just as sorry as they were, although he did not say so in words.

For a long time he sat thinking, and then suddenly springing to his feet, he took out his watch. "I have it! I have it!" he exclaimed. "It is now half past eight. In exactly three quarters of an hour, I shall come for you with old Sorrel and the wagon. If we can't see the real Indians, we can at least pretend we are Indians for to-day. Get your wigwam and other things together, and we will have a camp of our own up on Indian Mountain, with every thing Indian fashion, you know,—all expect the dinner, Mamma Roberts," he added. "This must necessarily be civilized in part, mustn't it? Put up what you have on hand, for our basket, and we will add to it later. You are to be an Indian with us of course." Mamma smiled an assent. She was very grateful for any plan that would help the little ones bear their disappointment.

As for the children themselves, every cloud had disappeared like magic, and with glad "hurrahs," they scampered about over the house in search of their things. It seemed to them as if they would never be ready, and yet everything was securely packed and they were all standing at the front gate waiting for Uncle Hal fully fifteen minutes before he was due. And what a shout they gave at last when old Sorrel came jogging around the curve!

"Even the weather is in sympathy with our camp," said Mamma as they drove away, "and has given us real Indian Summer, warm and beautiful."

"And now little folk," said Uncle Hal, "each of us must be an Indian for the whole of to-day; not just any Indian but some particular Indian. For my part, I shall be Tomo-chi-chi, the old Yamacraw chief from whom Oglethorpe bought the land for the first settlement in Georgia."

"O do, Uncle Hal," shouted George who was familiar with that part of the history of his native state, "and let Mamma be Seenawki. She must have been a good squaw to Tomo-chi-chi and she was kind to the white men too. All the Yamacraws were."

"All right," Mamma said, "I shall be Seenawki."

"I shall be Minnehaha," declared Hazel.

"I don't think Minnehaha counts," suggested Horace. "She was just a make believe Indian that Mr. Longfellow wrote about in a story book, and not a real sure enough live one."

"Never mind," said Uncle Hal, "I think we shall have to let her in this time as we are only making believe after all, you know."

"Goodie!" cried Horace. "If Minnehaha counts, then I shall be Hiawatha and hunt in the forests of the Ojibways. Hiawatha would have been a good Indian if he had been a real one. I know he would."

George declared that he would be no one else than "Sitting Bull," come what might; that "Sitting Bull" was a great warrior and a brave soldier and that he must have been good to the Indians even if he was cruel to the white men and to General Custer's brave soldiers.

Dorothy chose to be Pocahontas, and as for Jessie, she said she meant to be "Seenawki's little girl," just Seenawki's little Indian girl and that was all.

"And she shall be," cried Mamma drawing her close, "and I am going to make believe that her name is Toonahowie; though of course we all know that the real Toonahowie was a boy—the adopted son of Tomo-chi-chi. For this one day, however, Toonahowie shall be a girl. Jessie was satisfied and so were they all.

When they were half way up the

mountain, they found an ideal spot for their camp, near a tiny spring which gushed from the solid rock a few feet above the ground. Here Uncle Hal stopped old Sorrel and called out "Alabama!" The children knew that "Alabama" means "here we rest," and though they were not the least bit in need of rest, they all piled out of the wagon, and as Uncle Hal said afterwards gave a regular "Indian War Whoop."

The wigwam was put in place and Hazel's gay Navajo blanket was spread on the ground in front of it. And then the strands of beads and the moccasins were put on, and sarsaparilla berries were intertwined with bamboo on every head. Maanma painted the cheeks of all the little ones from a box of carmine Uncle Hal had brought and first rate Indians they made when all was done. Horace slung his bow and quiver over his shoulder, "just for looks" he said, as he was no good marksman and could not hunt with them.

"Now," said Tomo-chi-chi, "Hiawatha and I are off to the forest to seek 'The squirrel, adjidaumo,' and the 'rabbit, wabasso,' and the partridge. Seenawki, O wise and good, have 'Sitting Bull' dig a small barbecue pit with this pick, and keep the coals therein glowing. Also let Minnehaha and Pocahontas pile high the brushwood for the home coming of the hunters. And will you take the kettle from the wagon there and have the water boiling for the game we mean to catch? Little Toonahowie will be lively now and wait on the others with a right good will." With these directions the hunters disappeared.

The camp fire was ready and the water boiling long before they returned. Minnehaha declared that she had never been so very hungry since she came to live among the Ojibways. "I am sure something must have happened to Hiawatha in the forest, or he would have been here long long ago," she said to Seenawki.

Just at that moment a shout was heard and here they came! With them they brought a large rabbit rolling in fat, two gray squirrels and half a dozen plump partridges. They had dressed the rabbit and squirrels by the stream on the other side of the mountain, and Seenawki soon had the quails ready to be spitted on a sharp white stick, and placed over the bed of coals to be broiled. And now the fun began in earnest! The rabbit was laid

over the hot barbecue pit and the squirrels were put into a frying pan. Then from the wagon Tomo-chi-chi took two dressed trout, and rolling them up tightly in stiff brown paper, he carefully laid them among the ashes to roast. I dare say the cooking was not very like that of the Indians, but Uncle Hal had said expressly that morning that the "dinner part of the day was to be civilized."

No happier or hungrier a group ever gathered about a picnic table than that little group of make believe Indians. And maybe they did not enjoy that roast fish and barbecued rabbit and those deliciously broiled birds! None of them had ever seen a barbecued rabbit before, but it was just what was needed with their light rolls and biscuit. Seenawki made them some hot chocolate and when they had finished eating, there was scarcely enough of the squirrel and things left to feed the dog that had helped them in their hunt.

After dinner, they all gathered about the camp fire and told many beautiful stories. First, old Tomo-chi-chi told them the story of the real Tomo-chi-chi, and his tribe of Yamacraw Indians, and of the brave James Oglethorpe, and the settlement of Savannah; and of Seenawki and of the little Toonahowie, who grew up, became a soldier and at last died fighting the Spaniards in Florida. Pocahontas told them of her life in Virginia, and of her father Powhatan and their home on the beautiful James River, and then of her rescue of her friend, Captain John Smith.

"Sitting Bull" told the story of the awful massacre of the brave General Custer and his men of the Seventh Cavalry up in the Valley of the Little Big Horn River in Montana. "I commanded the Indians, you know," said he, "but I was away hunting my lost child just at the time when the massacre occurred. But suppose we talk of something else, for this is too dreadful!"

"I wonder if Hiawatha and Minnehaha would recite some from Mr. Longfellow's story," suggested Seenawki.

"Good", exclaimed Tomo-chi-chi. And so the two children recited by turns. And they did it well too. The Indian costumes had inspired them to do their very best.

"Now, let Toon'owie sing pretty Indian song," pleaded the little one.

They were all delighted at this

and wondered what their dear papoose would sing. She was not so tiny a papoose, however, that she did not clearly understand the situation, and there was a deafening shout the next moment when the sweet baby voice began:

"John Brown had one little Indian,  
John Brown had one little Indian,  
John Brown had one little Indian,  
One little Indian boy."

The others joined in the chorus and when the song was finished they all agreed that it was the best thing they had had the whole of the day.

"Then pay little Indian heaps of wampum money, will you?" said the wee Toonahowie with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. Tomo-chi-chi burst into a hearty laugh and declared then and there that her song was worth a whole barrel of wampum, and if ever he could come across that much, she should have it without more ado.

"This has been the best day of my life," said Horace when at last they had to pack up their wigwam and Navajo, and get into their civilized appearance for their journey home. "The very, very best!"

"Indeed it has," echoed George, "and I am glad the Indians didn't come through Lennox after all!"

"So am I," said Hazel, "and so are we all. Hurrah for Uncle Hal for thinking up this good day for us!"

"I am glad if you had a good time, dears," said Uncle Hal, "There is never any use in worrying and fretting over the things that hurt us. Let us always try to find something bright, and if we try real hard, then we shall be sure to find it, just as we did to-day! Come, old Sorrel, the sun is creeping down into the west, and we must be off for home!"

"Three cheers for Camp Alabama!" cried Horace, and the children's voices rang out and echoed and re-echoed among the cliffs on Indian Mountain.

### LITTLE ROY.

Little Roy was a Templar Boy.  
His mother's hope, his father's joy.  
Sometimes good and sometimes bad,  
Sometimes joyous, sometimes sad.  
One day when asked to tell a lie,  
I heard him make this swift reply,  
"I won't; I'm pledged to never drink,  
Smoke, gamble, swear; so do not think  
I'll lie, to save myself or you;  
I'll keep my Templar pledge clear thro'."  
"But, lying," said the other boy,  
"Isn't in your pledge, you know it, Roy."  
"Well, perhaps in words it is not there,  
But boys who lie soon learn to swear.  
The word is lacking, still I claim  
My pledge just means it all the same."—Sel.



**PLAY FAIR AND WORK FAIR.**

Among my boy companions, I remember, there was a very significant expression used when playing the game of marbles. It was this: "Don't hunch." Hunching consisted in pushing forward the hand which held the "shooter" marble beyond the place where it lay when picked up, so that the distance between the shooter and the marble to be hit was more or less shortened, according to the audacity or slyness of the player. Hunching was always recognized as cheating, even by the player who was discovered in the act, and a hunching shot had to be taken over under fairer conditions. As boys grow older, some of them, I am sorry to say, carry this same habit of hunching, or the principle involved in it, into the more serious affairs of life. If we define hunching, in its broader application, as taking an unfair advantage of others, how many boys there are developing into manhood, yes, and full-grown men themselves, who are practicing the contemptible habit.

It creeps into the school-room. Boys and young men "hunch" when they cheat at examinations, making use of unlawful helps which give them a mean advantage over the more honest fellows. They hunch, again, when they try to ingratiate themselves into a teacher's favor simply to secure the advantages which arise from favoritism. The boy who voluntarily makes himself the teacher's lieutenant, as a spy, or informant, or who toadies to, or wheedles, or cajoles the teacher—and, unfortunately, there are teachers who can be corrupted in this way—is mean-spirited and dishonorable. He is hunching at the expense of his fellows, and to the degradation of his own character. When a boy goes into business or begins to learn or practice a profession, there is a still more dangerous and enticing opportunity to hunch. It is easy for the boy who is serving as an apprentice or an assistant to take advantage of his employer. He may make a great show of zeal and fidelity, and yet accomplish next to nothing. He may be industrious when the eye of the master is upon him, and lazy when unobserved. In the relations of manhood and business, the temptation to hunch grows even stronger. He hunches if he sells inferior goods under false representations. He hunches when he becomes a party to that kind of business speculation known as "cornering" the necessities of life,

—the meanest possible way of taking advantage of the dependent condition of the poor. It is hunching for a lawyer or a doctor to demand an exorbitant fee for a small service. Too many boys who used to cheat at marbles are now cheating at something more important.

Probably, as a boy grows up, he will find more hunching in social life than anywhere else. Let us hope he does not contribute to it. There is the hunching of social pretense,—people trying to appear what they are not and cannot be. The newly rich try to appear aristocratic. People in straitened circumstances are often given to foolish display. Worse still, they too often borrow money that they see no sure way of returning, or foolishly spend money which ought to buy comforts for their families. As some one has wittily said: "The poorest man in town always keeps the most dogs." All this sham and pretense, which is an imposition upon others, a distinct taking advantage of them, is nothing more nor less than social hunching. It is just as contemptible and unfair as to sly your marble toward your adversary's shooter when you are trying to make a successful shot.

Boys, don't hunch—in marbles or in anything else! Play fair and work fair. If you are dishonest in your games you will very likely be dishonest in your profession. From the very beginning determine that you will do everything on the square. This is the only way to build up a character that will stand the test, and it is also the only way to achieve permanent success in life. It is the only way, also, to develop a self-respect, and independence and honesty of character, which is the formation of all permanent happiness.—Sel.

**THE ONLY WAY.**

There is an old rhyme which tells of a certain "jolly miller" whose favorite song was to the effect that he cared for nobody, and nobody cared for him. We are inclined to believe that he was not such a "jolly" person as he appeared, but, like some others, assumed an outward gayety to hide a real heart-ache.

Everyone wants friends; everyone needs them. Next to God's love, human love is the chief factor in making character. But we can not gain this precious thing without making a return. Of any friendship worth winning it may be said, "The only way to have a friend is to be one."

**QUOTATION WORTH READING.**

For the purpose of making an impression upon the moral nature word-painting is sometimes very helpful.

In making a gift to a friend Robert Ingersoll penned the following eulogy on whiskey:

"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dew of night, the wealth of summer, and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home', mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the starlit dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the staves of oak longing to touch the lips of man."

The above was paraphrased by Dr. Buckley as follows:

"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever brought a skeleton into the closet, or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghosts of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transient sunshine chased by a shadow as cold as an Arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven. Drink it, and you shall have 'woe,' 'sorrow,' 'babbling,' and 'wounds without cause.' Your eyes shall behold strange women, and 'your heart shall utter perverse things.' Drink it deep, and you shall hear the voices of demons shrieking, women wailing, and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep and long and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck, and seize you with their fangs; for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. For forty years this liquid death has been within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains, and yet I call myself your friend."—The Hawkeye.

# THE SCHOOL HELPER

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, 1899

MARCH 1, 1906.

## A Sad Death.

Tuesday afternoon at six o'clock, the sweet young life of Mrs. Ora Simmons Cole went out, and in its going carried with it as much sunshine from her world as the sun just set had carried from his own; and both worlds were left wrapped in gloom and darkness equally deep and impenetrable.

Ora Simmons was born in Cave Spring, and the greater part of her life has been spent here in this quiet little village where she was loved and admired by all who knew her.

Her father has been our treasurer for years. She was a niece of our Principal's wife and also of our Matron, and has often been a guest at the Institution where she held a warm place in every heart. She was the embodiment of all that was good and pure and beautiful, and to-day our hearts are torn with grief and we weep "that one so lovely, should have a life so brief."

With those who loved her best and to whom her life meant so much, all Cave Spring mingles her tears of tenderest sympathy and love, and prays that a Father all merciful may comfort and strengthen them in this hour of their heart breaking sorrow. H.C.S.

From the Rome Tribune.

As day was done yesterday, the sad announcement passed over the city with the lightning's speed that the bravest fight ever waged between life and death was ended, and death was victor.

After eleven weeks of most desperate illness, borne without murmuring, with unfaltering patience, and marvelous courage. Mrs. Ora Simmons Cole, beloved wife of Emreid Cole, and only idolized daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Simmons, at 6 p. m. yesterday passed gently away.

All that finite mind could dream of, all that science and medical skill could conceive of was quickly done for her. Love was unceasingly vigilant, prayers ascended daily, hourly, to the throne of God beseeching the Giver of Life to spare the young wife and mother to the loved ones. The sufferer with an unyielding will aided the physicians to conquer insidious disease and averred she would get well. Never losing courage she fought the good fight so long, it seemed she must come out more than conqueror. But death stole upon her and bore her away from the strife-land into the life-land across the sapphire sea.

Cave Spring was the birth place of the bright young girl who had ripened into womanhood before Rome became her home. Hers was a beautiful life, a character so well rounded that all of those virtues that so adorn a Christian life, shone resplendent.

At the tender age of ten Mrs. Cole united with the Methodist church and was ever loyal to the vows assumed and faithful in the discharge of every duty.

Seventeen months ago within the sacred precincts of that dear home shadowed today, the fair daughter plighted her troth to Mr. Emreid Cole while the loved ones and friends bowed with sorrow now, surrounded her with love words trembling on their lips. So short a time for wedded happiness that the fond husband crowded all of the love of a life time into the brief span and grieves piteously for her who was the light of his world. Dying, the wife bequeathed to him a little daughter to minister unto, and yield to her the dual love of father and mother.

Beside the husband, father, and mother, one brother survives and all are prostrated by the great sorrow. The sympathy of a multitude of friends encompasseth them about and with tenderest love they wait upon them.

Rome in the hurrying today pauses and bows its head in deepest sympathy and deplores the passing away of so noble a life.

## Georgia Peaches.

This week will be one of uncertainty and anxiety for peach growers, of Georgia. The men who own the vast and expanding orchards of the state, as well as the larger army of men, women and children whose earnings are vitally affected by the size and nature of the yield from now until the latter part of March, scan the skies with troubled brow, while keeping an eager eye on the thermometer and the prediction of the weather bureau.

Peaches have reached the dignity of a great industry in Georgia in a period of a little more than ten years' duration. The record crop came in 1904, when it aggregated 5,000 cars with a gross income of \$6,000,000.

The yield last year was hardly so profitable by half, because of the disastrous freezes. A bounteous yield of this delicious fruit means employment for many hundreds of men, women and children, and a large profit to many individuals and companies.

The reign of the Georgia peach extends even across the Atlantic. It is a prime favorite in the restaurants of Liverpool, London, and Paris—when America is willing to spare a remnant to our European neighbors.

In delicacy, size and flavor the pink-checked offspring of Georgia orchards has been pronounced by connoisseurs the superior of the fruit of Delaware or the much touted products of California soil.

Brethren, don't you wish you could be here in peach season?

Our genial friend, Mr. C. P. Sessions of Pope's Ferry, Ga., who is as generous of heart as he is massive of frame—he being over six feet tall and broad in proportion—has recently sent a bushel of sweet potatoes to each of the following four persons viz: Messrs. Connor, Wright, Morris and Freeman. The tubers are the finest specimens of their kind grown in this or any other section and Mr. Sessions' kind remembrance is very much appreciated.



### Thanks to the Optic.

We want to thank the "Arkansas Optic" right here and now, for the nice bouquet handed us in her catechism of the l. p. f. Some of the l. p. f. don't seem to know whether they are "knocked" or "boosted."

The "Helper" didn't stop for an instance, but just considered it a compliment, of the highest type at first sight, coming from the source it did. How could we think otherwise, from such a loyal sister state as Arkansas. We know she would be with us in most anything we might say in that line—especially if it was the right thing? Then, there are so many points of history not known nor appreciated by everyone, that we think it some body's duty to call the attention of these misinformed persons to the real facts as they do and have existed. As you know the ranks of these "Old Wearers of the Gray" are getting thin and ere long, there will be none left to tell the real tale, and the next generations will have only the records in history partial or impartial as they may be, to draw conclusions from.

The Goodson Gazette reports an addition of 50 acres of land to the Virginia school, which was recently purchased. This hill, as it seems to be, is to be made a scene of pleasure for the pupils. We have a hill, which is undoubtedly very much like it, and we can boast of persimmons, chestnuts and blackberries galore. Also a cave, within a stone's throw of the Institution—tho' not on our grounds—from which the little village takes its name.

The Legislature of Virginia has given the school an appropriation of \$10,000 with which to buy more pasture land and repair their steam heating plant.

The Jamestown Exposition ought to be postponed one year, on account of the meeting of the Convention of American Instructors for that year in Utah. The managers ought not to have made such a blunder as this. It might ruin their Exposition.

We had holiday on February 22, in honor of George Washington's birthday and a pleasant day it was, the weather did its part and the day was an ideal one. In fact, it seemed to be a May day sandwiched in between two in February. Every body was out of doors. Tennis, baseball and all kinds of out of door games were participated in. We finished with a party in the chapel that night which was heartily enjoyed by all.

It is a perpetual puzzle to the readers of the exchanges to conceive why there are so few communications from the several teachers of the schools in the columns of the school papers. One rarely sees a word from any one on any subject, unless it be the principal who gives the stamp of his approval or the shadow of his frown to something that occupies the attention for the nonce, of the people of his institution.

The editor and the principal have the most of the literary work on their hands, and the rest seem to be very little concerned whether the paper is published or not. The fear is, that the rest read as little of the contents as they write, and thus they give a sad illustration of their loyalty to the Institution and their zeal in the advancement of its interest.—The Tablet.

The West Virginia Tablet complains at the teachers for their indifference to the school papers. Saying one rarely sees a word from any one on any subject. Now this is unjust, as our teachers write up every issue of our paper. Each one taking a different page every week the whole year through.

We regret at hearing of the sudden collapse of Miss Helen Keller, the brilliant deaf, dumb and blind girl. We claim her as our own as she is a native of Alabama a sister state. We are very proud of this girl, and do hope she will soon recover from this overwork.

The Ohio Chronicle is mistaken about our superintendent being absent since December 12, 1905. He left us for Florida about two weeks ago. He reports the weather very ugly in Florida and may not stay out his six weeks leave of absence.

The Louisiana School fire brigade has proven themselves heroes in conquering a fire in twenty minutes. Other schools must look out or the Louisiana boys will get ahead of them in fighting the enemy of our homes.

We regret to learn that Supt. Connor of the Georgia School has been ill. Mr. Connor is one of the pioneers in the work and, while no longer a young man, is one of the most energetic in the profession. We understand that the Board, in just recognition of his worth, has ordered Mr. Connor to Florida for rest and recuperation, and we earnestly hope that his recovery may be speedy and complete.—The Washingtonian.

The Index says: Long ago the teachers of the deaf knew how to use signs and the pupils could use good English. The Hoosier says: "Most of the teachers today know nothing of signs, and the pupils know very little about English. What is the conclusion? Why put more pupils in the manual department and employ more manual teachers."

We are glad to see several superintendents out taking a much needed rest. Our superintendent is in Florida recuperating after a few weeks of sickness. Supts. Tate and McAloney are in California chasing the golden fruit and enjoying themselves otherwise no doubt. We hope they will all return home soon sound and happy.

Beginning with this issue, The Washingtonian will appear as a ten page paper, the two additional pages being inserted in the form of a supplement and containing the pupils' locals and simple stories or other matter suitable to the younger pupils. The loose leaf may be used as a class-room aid.

Inserted in the copies which go to the parents, will be found a printed report of classes,—both literary and industrial. These reports will enable parents to keep in touch with their child's progress and we trust that by an occasional word of encouragement or advice to the child, parents will endeavor to co-operate with us in the work. The report accompanying the present issue is that of the mid-term examination.—Washingtonian.

## DEPARTMENT HONOR ROLL

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1906.

Adamson, Verlie A.  
Boynton, Ruth J.  
Coleman, Isaac W.  
Darracott, Hattie  
Florence, Sarah B.  
Gordon, Nancy W.  
Haslett, George

Hodges, William C.  
Howard, Maggie M.  
Martin, Jesse B.  
Morris, Samuel A.  
Rice, Nellie M.  
Swain, Effie B.  
Whitesides, Matilda L.

## PUPILS' PAGE.

It is only 13 weeks until we go home and we are glad.

The teachers enjoy playing tennis every afternoon.

Mattie Ruth Marlin received a nice photograph from her brother last Wednesday.

Some men came from Pennsylvania to visit Cave Spring. They may move here.

Hollen Willingham's father has a position now as marshal at his home in Statham, Ga.

Last Monday Rev. J. R. Wells, the pastor of the Baptist Church, came to visit the Institution.

We are having beautiful weather this month and hope it will continue the same way through March.

Katie Benzley's grandfather came to see her one afternoon last week. She was glad to see him.

While fishing last Thursday Fred Hart lost his ring in the water, but he found it and was glad to get it again.

Bessie Brock received a letter from her father last week. He is in Geneva, Ala., now trying to get a position there.

On our holiday Miss Morris took the girls for a long walk. It was such a pretty day that they played out of doors all day.

Margie Weaver's mother and little sister each sent her a pretty valentine February 14th. She was very proud to get them.

Some of the officers received pretty postal cards from Mr. Connor who is in Florida now. We hope he is improving rapidly.

Effie Swain's cousin came to see her last Friday afternoon. She went home that night after supper. Effie enjoyed her short visit very much.

There was a game of ball between the town boys and deaf boys on Washington's birthday. The deaf boys won the game. The score was 9 to 0.

We are glad that Cave Spring is having so many improvements and hope it will be a large town in the future. Telephone wires are being put up now.

Some of the pupils went to the entertainment which was given at the Hearn Academy Friday night, the sixteenth for the benefit of the Cave Spring Free Library.

Many of the boys went fishing on Washington's birthday. They enjoyed the day very much. It was clear and the thermometer stood at seventy three degrees.

Christopher Mills visited his brother, Walter, here at the Institution last week. He was a former pupil of this school and we were glad to see him again.

Miss Willcox killed two small snakes and saw one large moccasin at the spring a few days ago. Misses Long, Clark and Mr. Bird went with her again to the spring to try to kill the large snake, but they could not find it.

Messrs. Thompson and Seitz drove to Lindale and Rome on George Washington's birthday. They spent the day and stayed to the theatre that night and then drove home. They enjoyed the ride very much.

Crosby Hodges received a nice letter from Holt Willingham last week. He sent Crosby three stamp pictures of himself. They were very good pictures. Holt attended school here about two years ago. He is in New York City now attending school.

On Washington's birthday Misses Clark, Willcox, Stokes, Morrison, Long and Messrs. Mills and Bird walked to the top of Corput's Mountain. They took some field-glasses and looked over the town and valley. They had a pleasant walk.

Thursday night February 22, we had a party in the chapel. It was a fine one. There were so many visitors that the chapel was full. We played many games and were helped by Misses Freeman, Montgomery and Tilly, who taught us some games. One was Fishing for Love, another was Going to Jerusalem and there were other ones too. We played until nine o'clock and the last game we played was called Stealing Partners. We enjoyed ourselves very much and hope we can have another one like this one very soon.

### The Literary Society.

The Literary Society met in the chapel February 23rd, 1906. Mr. Asbury and Miss Allen were present. Mr. Freeman was critic.

The programme was as follows:

1. Essay; James Fenimore Cooper.....Mamie Hart.
2. Recitation; The Story of the Minotaur.....Ernest Robertson.
3. Essay; Nathaniel Hawthorne.....Sallie Strickland.
4. Recitation; The Story of the Golden Fleece.....Pearl Fentrall.
5. Debate on the question:—Should the Forests be Preserved? The negative side won.

A resolution was passed and approved to extend to those not members of the society, but connected with the Institution to be honorary members and allowed to participate in the exercises when given the opportunity. Messrs. Seitz, Mills and Misses Stokes and Long will be asked to join our society as honorary members at the next meeting.

LILLIE MOORE, Secretary.



# A PAGE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

## Captain January.

**C**APTAIN JANUARY was a light-house keeper. He lived on a small island on the coast of Maine. He lived all alone. One night there was a great storm on the ocean. Captain January went out on the rocks to watch the storm. He saw a large sail boat. It was tossed about by the wave. After a little the ship disappeared. It was dark. The captain could not see what had become of it. In a little while he saw the boat. It was up side down, and all the people were gone. Captain January felt very sorry for the poor people. Directly he saw something white on the water. It was floating toward the island. At last he could see what it was. It was a sail. He saw something on the sail. He got a strong rope and tied himself to the rock so he would not fall into the water. Then he climbed down the rock. He caught the sail with a boat hook. He pulled it to the shore. He found a beautiful lady lying dead upon the sail. She had a pretty fur coat around her. A little baby was lying in her arms. It was not dead. Captain January took the baby in his arms. It opened its eyes and laughed at him. It said "Tar! Tar!" Captain January thought that it said Star, so he called her Star Bright. He buried the lady on the island. He found a chest on the shore. It was full of clothes. They had belonged to the lady. They were very beautiful. He knew that she was rich. He did not know where she lived. He did not know her name, so he decided to keep little Star. Star grew to be a beautiful little girl. She loved the old captain very dearly. She called him Daddy Captain. He told her how he found her on the sail. She loved to hear him tell about it. She made him tell her again, and again. He told her many other stories. There were no people on the island. Star played by herself. She was never lonesome. She did not have any pretty toys. Captain January made a doll for her. It was carved out of wood. It had small black sail shells for eyes. Its hair was made of brown sea moss. Star loved the doll. She called it Mrs. Neptune. Sometimes Star dress-

ed up in her mother's clothes. The dress were much too large for her. She would imagine that she was a queen.

Captain January taught Star how to read. She had only a few books.

Captain January had a cow. Star called the cow Imogen. She loved to play with Imogen. Sometime she rode on the cow's back. She often talked and read to Imogen. Sometimes she would get very mad with Imogen, because she would not be quiet while she was reading to her. She would scold her, then she would be sorry and kiss the cow on the nose.

Star was sweet and good usually, but sometimes she got very mad. She often broke the captain's pipe when she was mad with him, then she would be sorry for him and pet him. The old captain was always good and patient with her. He loved her very much.

Captain January had a friend named Bob. Bob often came to the island in his boat. One day he took Star to ride in his boat. They went to see a large ship near the coast. A lady was standing on the deck of the ship. She noticed Star. She was surprised to see such a beautiful little girl. She asked the captain of the ship all about Star. She told her husband that Star looked like her sister who was drowned. The next day the lady and her husband went to the island to see Star. They talked with Captain January. The lady found out that Star was her little niece. Captain January was very much grieved because he thought that the lady would take Star away from him. They found Star and talked with her. Star was very angry. She said that she would never, never leave her dear Daddy Captain. The lady was sad. She wanted her little niece very much. She told Star that her real name was Isabel Maynard and not Star. She told Star that she would give her many pretty things, if she would go home with her, but Star would not go. So her aunt went away and left Star with the old captain, but she often wrote to her. Star stayed with Captain January until he died, then she went to live with her aunt. —Adapted for The School Helper.

**REPORT OF PUPILS' STANDING.**

For the Month of February, 1906.

**MANUAL DEPARTMENT.****FIRST GRADE.**

MISS ANNA W. ALLEN, TEACHER.

	CLASS STANDING	GENERAL AVERAGE
Fernside, Dixey	1	70
Pedrick, Hazel	2	66
Gentry, Marcus D.	3	61
West, George E.	4	53
Cody, Jessie L.	5	47
Smith, Lisa	6	20

**SECOND GRADE.**

R. A. ASBURY, TEACHER.

Skelton, Frank W.	1	71
Shaw, Joe P.	2	61
Dodd, Robert	3	60
Hyde, Weir	4	48
Reynolds, Lucius W.	5	26
Vaughn, Mary	6	14

**FOURTH GRADE.**

C. W. WRIGHT, TEACHER.

Payne, Thomas	1	75
Gordon, Minnie	2	72
Harrell, Eliza	3	70
Jordan, William	4	69
Harrell, Nancy B.	5	68
Cross, Robert L.	6	65
Smith, Hallie	7	55
Lockett, Jesse G.	8	52

**FIFTH GRADE.**

MISS ANNA W. ALLEN, TEACHER.

Merritt, Ollie I.	1	67
Smith, Elbert E.	2	65
Rogers, Emma C.	3	61
Cole, Lillian S.	3	61

**SIXTH GRADE.**

S. M. FREEMAN, TEACHER.

Wallace, Beulah	1	85
Howard, Madge	2	82
Cole, May O.	3	79
Holbrook, Thomas M.	4	75
Reeves, Lula P.	5	55
Cail, Annie L.	6	49
Parsons, Hattie I.	7	48
Cail, James W.	8	42
Mills, Walter H.	9	41
Young, Elliott B.	10	39
Nash, Howell	11	28
Howard, Lucy A.	12	19

**SEVENTH GRADE.**

R. A. ASBURY, TEACHER.

Freeman, Mamie L.	1	71
Morgan, Howitt	2	70
Walker, Jessie M.	3	62
Tate, Worth	4	56
Tucker, Cleter M.	5	41

**EIGHTH GRADE.**

MRS. E. F. CONNOR, TEACHER.

Darnell, Orestes	1	82
Rodgers, Jesse B.	2	81
Skipper, Pauline G.	2	81
McDaniel, Annie L.	3	80
Smith, Ella E.	4	69
Weaver, David L.	5	68
Lovell, Altha A.	6	67
Dawson, John F.	7	62
Whitfield, Bertie	8	50

**NINTH GRADE.**

C. W. WRIGHT, TEACHER.

Mealor, Lillie L.	1	75
Robertson, Ernest B.	2	70

**TENTH GRADE.**

MRS. E. F. CONNOR, TEACHER.

Moore, Lillie A.	1	84
Maddux, Leila M.	2	82
Brock, Bessie A.	2	82
Wilson, Memory L.	3	75

**ORAL DEPARTMENT.****FIRST GRADE.**

MISS NELL ADAMS, TEACHER.

	CLASS STANDING	GENERAL AVERAGE
Marlin, Mattie R.	1	81
McGinnis, Era C.	1	81
Mitchell, Opal	1	81
Matthews, Ella	1	81
Horne, Oliver	2	80
Jones, Eunice	2	80
Murray, Beulah V.	2	80
Williams, Austin	2	80
Weaver, William S.	3	79
Pope, Leola	4	78
Barker, John	5	75
Freeman, Hoyt	6	70
Murdock, Isaac N.	6	70
Chappelear, Reuben H.	7	65
Bruce, William N.	8	60
Faulkner, Nancy A.	8	60
Johnson, Eunice L.	8	60
Adams, Claud C.	9	50
Richardson, William C.	10	20
Gus Fincher.	11	15

**SECOND GRADE.**

MISS ANNIE ERVIN, TEACHER.

Douglass, Lydia	1	95
Payne, Sam	2	94
Ware, Alva	2	94
Lester, Hamilton P.	3	90
Peace, Lee	4	87
Usmiller, Meoney	4	87
Weaver, Margie	5	85
Douglass, James	6	84
Highnote, Willie	7	83
Davis, Sallie	7	83
Watts, Robert	8	70
Griffith, George W.	9	50
Lee, Charles C.	10	46
Brown, Clarence E.	11	37

**THIRD GRADE.**

MISS JOSEPHINE WARREN, TEACHER.

Payne, Wesley R.	1	69
Flint, Etta M.	2	65
McCullough, Ettie L.	3	63
Reeves, Henry G.	3	63
Wilson, Thomas	4	60
Pope, Leon	5	57
Johnson, May	6	55
McCrary, Effie M.	7	26
Benton, George	8	13
Walker, Harry P.	9	6

**FOURTH GRADE.**

H. E. THOMPSON, TEACHER.

Gordon, Nancy N.	1	94
Ware, Thomas A.	2	93
Doss, Lee F.	3	91
Freeman, Oscar C.	4	90
Haslett, George	5	88
Ware, Jesse R.	5	88
Pope, Grover C.	6	86
Florence, Sarah	7	71

**FIFTH GRADE.**

MISS JOSEPHINE WARREN, TEACHER.

Weil, Melvin	1	85
Freeman, Robert	2	65
McKenney, George A.	3	60
Lovvorn, Bertha L.	4	59
Brockman, James T.	5	55
Willingham, Hollen W.	5	55
Rieh, Raymond	6	36
Morgan, Marcus E.	7	26

**SIXTH GRADE.**

H. E. THOMPSON, TEACHER.

Martin, Jesse B.	1	96
Adams, Anna B.	2	90
Boynton, Ruth	3	89
Flinn, John F.	4	87
Knapp, Stephen	5	85
Hodges, William J. C.	6	83
Gardner, John R.	7	81
Howard, Maggie M.	8	64
Taylor, Staten M.	8	64

**SEVENTH GRADE.**

MISS MARY A. HARRIS, TEACHER.

	CLASS STANDING	GENERAL AVERAGE
Morris, Samuel A.	1	75
Wilson, Flora J.	2	73
Adamson, Verlie A.	3	71
Bishop, Maude	4	67
Rice, Nellie M.	5	66
McNabb, Edward E.	6	52
Coleman, Isaac W.	7	49
Whitesides, Matilda L.	8	41

**EIGHTH GRADE.**

MISS MARY A. HARRIS, TEACHER.

Hart, Frederick J.	1	83
Schwartzberg, Stella	2	82
Swain, Effie B.	3	81
Hart, Mary E.	4	79
Darracott, Hattie	5	78
Strickland, Edelka	6	61

**ROTATING TENTH GRADE.**

Daniel, Susie	1	63
Strickland, Sallie	1	63
Feutrell, Pearl	2	52

**TWELFTH GRADE.**

MISS ANNIE ERVIN, TEACHER.

Morris, Henry S.	1	83
Beazley, Katie	2	82

**GEORGIA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,  
CAVE SPRING, GA.****BOARD OF TRUSTEES.**

PRESIDENT:

W. J. GRIFFIN.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

D. W. SIMMONS.

**TRUSTEES:**

W. J. GRIFFIN	FLOYD COUNTY
J. C. HARRIS	FLOYD COUNTY
J. W. TAYLOR	MERIWETHER COUNTY
T. J. DEMPSEY	BUTTS COUNTY
W. E. BRADFORD	POLK COUNTY
P. M. HAWES	ELBERT COUNTY
B. M. DAVIS	BIBB COUNTY

**OFFICERS OF THE SCHOOL.**

PRINCIPAL:

WESLEY O. CONNOR.

INSTRUCTORS:

C. W. WRIGHT.	MRS. E. F. CONNOR,
S. M. FREEMAN,	R. A. ASBURY,
MISS M. A. HARRIS,	MISS NELLIE ADAMS,
MISS A. M'D. ERVIN,	MISS J. P. WARREN,
H. E. THOMPSON,	MISS ANNA W. ALLEN.

**ART AND PHYSICAL CULTURE**

MISS ANNIE MAY CLARK

MATRON

MISS MINNIE MOORE

ASSISTANT MATRON

MISS R. E. SUMMERS

SUPERVISOR OF GIRLS

MISS KATIE MORRIS.

PHYSICIAN

DR. I. SEWELL.

EAR, EYE, AND THROAT SPECIALIST

DR. ROSS P. COX.

**INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.**

H. S. MORRIS	EXPERT SHOEMAKER
J. W. SEITZ	EXPERT PRINTER
T. P. M'ROY	EXPERT WOOD-WORKER
E. T. PENNY	EXPERT METAL-WORKER

INSTRUCTOR OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

MISS SUSIE WILLCOX.

**NEGRO DEPARTMENT.**

INSTRUCTORS

F. M. GORDON.

MONROE INGRAHAM.

MATRON

MRS. F. M. GORDON