

THE SCHOOL HELPER.

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

VOL. V.

CAVE SPRING, GA., MARCH 2, 1903.

No. 11

HOW A LITTLE REBEL WAS CONQUERED.

HARRIET CONNOR STEVENS.

"Dick Richard, I've rebelled." Diane put her arms around the neck of her beautiful Great Dane and gave his broad shoulders a loving pat. "Yes, I have; I've rebelled. Do you know what 'rebelled' is, Dick Richard? Well, it's something dreadful you do when you don't want to do what somebody wants you to do. You'd rebel, too, dear old doggie, if you were having just the nicest wade in the brook, and an old nursey, Arabella, called you to leave your good time and come and dress for the afternoon. How would you like to put on a stiff, white frock with flippity-floppety frills on it that always get in your way, and—O dear, aren't you glad you never have to wear anything but a skin, Dick Richard?"

Dick Richard poked out his long, red tongue and grinned as if he thought it quite a joke.

"I'm going to do dreadful thing, Dick Richard. I am going to run away, away over to Rock Hollow, where the echo lives. Carlotta Williams said nobody ever saw the echo; but I know right where it stays, and it answers me every time I call. Now listen!" Diane put her hands to her mouth and shouted loudly "Echo-o, Echo-o!" and sure enough "O—O" came back quite clearly from the hill-side above Rock Hollow.

"Don't you hear it, old fellow?" And Diane clapped her hands in joy. "That's the echo, and if I find it I'll be the only little girl in the whole world who ever saw it. You must go back to the house now and lie on the hall mat till mamma comes home in the carriage. Don't you tell where I am

gone; and whatever you do, don't you follow me. You hear, Dick Richard?"

Again Dick Richard poked out his tongue and grinned, and when Diane gave him a parting caress he trotted off to the house, looking for the world as if he understood the whole thing. And who knows but he did?

Diane slipped quickly through the bars and out into the meadow where the buttercups grew. How pretty and yellow they looked this afternoon! "They don't have to wear stiff old dresses, either," said Diane. "If you did, you'd rebel and run away just as I am doing. Wouldn't you, pretty posies?"

The dear little yellow heads waving about in the breeze said "No" just as plain as ever a buttercup could.

"I've run away from nursey 'cause I'd rather wear a good easy dress and go barefooted and wade in the water, and O ever so many things you can't do when you're dressed up, you know. I'm running away cause I don't want to be dressed up. Do you think it is a very naughty thing to do?"

This time the buttercups nodded, and Diane was quite sure they meant "Yes." A little pang of conscience told her that her pretty flower friends were right.

Of course she shouldn't be going alone to Rock Hollow. She knew that well enough, but sometimes little folks—and grown up ones, too, I'm sorry to say—will do things even when they know they ought not. No good comes to such people, and, alas! no good came to Diane Lamont, as we shall see.

"It makes me feel all shivery out here in the woods by myself," said Diane when she stood looking into the great black hole known

as Rock Hollow. "I wish I had brought Dick Richard with me. I guess the echo lives down there in the dark. Ugh! How very lonely it must be!" Then, drawing as near to the opening as she dared, she called softly: "Echo-o, Echo-o."

The woods were quiet and still, and her own voice sounded so strange that she was startled, but there was no answer to her call. "Perhaps it did not hear me," she said, and, putting her hands to her lips, she called in tones loud and clear, "Echo-o, Echo-o!" Over in a willow near the brook the echo answered "O—O" as plain as anything.

Away sped Diane like the wind; but when she reached the willow, lo and behold the echo was nowhere to be found! She saw only a great slimy bull-frog, which leaped from among the cattails and landed in the water with a loud splash-splash as she drew near.

"O dear, where can the echo be?" Once more she called, "Echo-o, Echo-o!" and now the answer came directly from the rocks above the "Hollow."

"Provoking!" exclaimed Diane, almost ready to cry in her disappointment. "For shame to tease like that, naughty Echo. When I was there you were here certainly; and then when I ran myself almost to death to get here, you jumped back there. Now you stay right where you are till I come." And she ran as rapidly as she could till she stood panting for breath at Rock Hollow. But it was of no use whatever. The echo was gone, and when she called again the answer came from the willow she had just left.

Poor little girl! It was a long way to the willow and back again,

and the rocks had cut her bare feet until they ached. She was tired and out of breath, and could run no more; so she sat down to rest awhile and look at the strange little marks and figures scattered about over the gray rocks. Her papa had told her that they were the prints of curious plants which had grown there ages ago when the rocks were soft.

"O dear, what a long, long time!" said Diane to herself, "before mamma was born, or grandma, or great-grand-mamma, or anybody in the world. I wonder if the echo lived here then—in—the—willow—rock."

"Of course not. There were no little folks to call him then."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Diane in startled tones. "Who are you?"

"Oo—Oo" was the reply; and there, sitting near her on the rock, was the very bull-frog that Diane had seen a little while before at the brook. Somehow she knew he was the same, even though in that short time he had grown to be fully as tall as she was. There he sat glaring at her with his big round eyes, and now and then uttering a hoarse "jug-er-rum."

"What are you doing here, you dreadful frog?" asked Diane.

"Og!" shrieked Master Bull-frog as he stretched his eyes very wide and glared all the harder.

"Og?" Now what does 'og' mean, I'd like to know?"

"Ow, Ow!" replied the frog.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Diane. "How very much like the echo it sounds! I could shut my eyes and believe it was the echo itself."

"Elf-elf-elf," shouted the bull-frog. "I am the echo from Echo Land. Elf-elf-elf!"

"Well, I should never have dreamed that the echo that talks so sweetly on the hillside was nothing but a hideous, big frog with long, green legs lined with white, and ugly round eyes."

"Umph!" answered the frog in a sneering voice. "Why shouldn't the echo look as much like a frog as it looks like anything else,

eh? Besides, I am not hideous, and I am going to punish you for saying so." And with that he reached out one of his queer-shaped hands and gave Diane a severe punch on the head.

"Don't!" she screamed. "Don't poke my head so. You hurt me!"

"Ee-Ee," said the frog as he gave her another punch and then pressed her head down hard against the rock, all the while blinking his big eyes and laughing. Yes, that wicked frog was actually laughing!

"Let me go! I want my mamma! Let me go, I say!"

"Ay-ay. Can't do it. Of course I can't do it. I've rebelled. Do you know what 'rebelled' is? Well, it's something dreadful you do when you don't want to do what somebody wants you to do. You want me to let you go, jug-er-rum, and I don't want to let you go, jug-er-rum. So, you see, I've rebelled, and you'll have to stay here forever and ever and ever, jug-er-rum."

The last jug-er-rum was accompanied by such a severe thump on her temple that Diane felt herself sinking through the earth. Down, down, head first, she was surely going—down into the darkness of Rock Hollow. "How fast the bottom is coming up to meet me!" she thought. "I guess when I strike my head will be smashed like my China doll's, and they will have to hunt the pieces and glue them together again and tie them with strings and lay them up on a shelf to dry before they will be my head again. O dear! Now I am going faster, faster!"

Slap, bang, crash!

"Why, nurse, where did you come from?"

Diane sat rubbing her eyes for some time, trying to realize that Nurse Arabella and dear old Dick Richard had found her, and that the big frog and her awful fall were only dreams after all.

"O, nurse, the froggie was so dreadful. He was the echo, and he sat right here on the rock and

poked my head till it ached and throbbed and wouldn't let me go."

"Poor, dear child, lying there asleep, with her head propped up on a hard, cold rock. No wonder you had a bad dream. Come, let's go home quickly and have some good warm tea and leave the echo to take care of itself hereafter. The frog is not the echo. Don't you know the echo is nothing but your own dear little voice striking the hillside and bouncing back into your ears? Come on, and leave it alone in its mountains."

"I will, indeed I will, and I'm sorry I was naughty and ran away. And O, Dick Richard, I'll never rebel again. No, never, never, never."—Sunday School Visitors.

Letters and Boxes Received.

Letters from home have been received by the following pupils:

Verlie Adamson	Henry McCord
Bessie Arnall	George McKinney
James Brockman	Lula McCord
Maud Bishop	Leonard Mills
Elma Chappell	Ollie Merritt
Annie Cail	Clarence Morris
Wesley Cail	John Norris
Minnie Dewald	Jesse Rogers
John Dawson	Ernest Robertson
Sereven Douglas	James Stallings
Orestes Darnell	Effie Swain
John Elinn	Callie Stoner
Mamie Freeman	Sallie Strickland
Oscar Freeman	Pauline Skipper
Nancy Gordon	Staten Taylor
Juanita Gatewood	Vesta Tallent
Mamie Hart	May Tucker
Fred Hart	Ray Terry
Madge Howard	Hollen Willingham
George Haslett	Holt Willingham
Lucile Jackson	Beulah Wallace
Stephen Knapp	Paul Wallace
Jesse Lockett	Byron Whitehead
Altha Lovell	Jessie Walker
Vernetta Lovell	Melvin Well
Sam Morris	Herbert Williams

Those who have received boxes from home are:

Minnie Gordon	Juanita Gatewood
Katie Robins	James Brockman
Raymond Rich	Verlie Adamson
Bessie Arnall	Lisa Smith
Ruth Boynton	Sarah Florence
Robert Cross	Mamie Hart
J. R. and Tom Ware	

Examinations which have been in progress for several days past are about finished. Most of the pupils have made sufficient progress in the last few months to entitle them to another four months' trial in the same grade.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Much to our regret Miss Willena Harper of Georgia, our companion in many a jaunt in and around Washington, left for Atlanta Sunday, Feb. 8. We accompanied her to the depot and when the last good byes were said and the train had rolled out, a sort of despondency seized us and we longed for the time to come when we too would be headed for a spot 81 miles northwest of Atlanta—our own beloved Cave Spring.

Who has not heard of Arlington, beautiful Arlington, the old home of the distinguished Robert E. Lee? How sad to think this beautiful estate should have been confiscated by the government and turned into a resting place for 16,000 Union soldiers whose warfare is over. It is enough to make one weep. Nor is the regret less keen when we remember that the Lee family did receive some remuneration from the government at last. To our mind no mere amount of money, however large, would compensate for the loss of such a home! Arlington is consecrated ground—the Mecca of thousands each year from the north, south, east and west. We were forcibly impressed with this fact when we looked over the register. Here we found the names of "pilgrims" not only from every state in the Union, but from Alaska, South America, England and far off Australia. The surrounding scenery is grand. The mansion stands on the brow of a hill whose slope stretches away a half mile to the Potomac two hundred feet below. From the further shore of this majestic river rise Georgetown and Washington and beyond the encircling hills roll away to the horizon. The view is wide and far reaching. It has many attractions upon which the eye lingers long, but Washington is ever the central and commanding feature. Viewed from this mansion one may comprehend in its fullness the outward and material beauty and splendor of

Washington, the pride of every American.

The grounds are laid out with flowers in profusion, ornamental trees and shrubs. Nature too has aided in giving majestic grandeur to the spot with its slopes, ravines and hillsides crowned with oaks. In the garden plot to the south rises the Temple of Fame, an open circular colonnade with low domed roof. The cornice bears the names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Farragut. On the columns are those of Thomas, Meade, McPherson, Sedgwick, Reynolds, Humphreys, Garfield and others. The field of the dead is a level plateau. Here headstones stretch away in lines endless to the vision. The stones are set in rows uniform in distance one from the other arrayed in order and marshalled as battalions for review—"a silent army of 16,000 strong." Near the Temple of Fame is a monument erected to the "Unknown Dead."

On Feb. 14 Miss Cockrell and Mr. Edson Gallaudet "began life" together. The wedding took place at the Church of the Covenant. The altar of the church was one profusion of palms and ferns. Across the front of the altar reaching from pillar to pillar was a wide strand of handsome white ribbon from which seven bells were suspended. These bells were of white carnations. A huge one was suspended just above the spot where the couple kneeled, while on either side were three smaller ones. Many distinguished guests were present, among them being President Roosevelt, members of the cabinet, etc. There were eight ushers. During the ceremony four stood on either side of the altar. Mr. Herbert Gallaudet was best man. The bridesmaids were Misses Marion Gallaudet and Anna Ewing Cockrell, sister of the bride. The little flower girl was a niece of the bride. The bride carried lilies of the valley. She was gowned in a princess of heavy pearl satin trimmed with lace. The marriage was followed by an elegant dinner. Among the

many costly presents was a silver loving cup from the bride's Missouri friends, on one side of which is the State Coat of Arms and on the opposite the engraved initials of the bride. Mrs. Walsh presented a \$1200 silver tea-set, the tray of which was three feet long. Her children gave a beautiful Steinway piano. The wedding is considered the most brilliant of the season. The young couple left for the south on a wedding tour after which they will reside at Dayton, Ohio where Mr. Gallaudet is in business.

Friday night Feb. 13 one of the senior co-eds, Miss Ritchie gave a progressive Euchre Dominoe party. All the decorations were suggestive of Valentine. Everything was carried out in red. The cutest of all was a string of hearts falling from the heart of a cast of cupid. Tallies used in the game, were dear little mutilated red hearts which were put on the tally cards. The highest number of tallies was won by Miss Helen Fay and to her was given a red and white interwoven ribbon sachet bag in the shape of a heart. The refreshments were so dainty: strawberry and pineapple sherbet, heart-shaped cakes and candy. Among those present were Misses Constance Draper, Elizabeth Peet, Bertha Patterson, Helen Fay, Clara Taliaferro, Belle and Ethel Bell and your humble scribe.

—E. F. F.

Be Above Prejudice.

It is wiser to discredit our own efforts until we have proven them better than the suggestions of others. As a rule, we can easily satisfy ourselves, in fact, we are so prejudiced that we cannot see clearly the good that is in others, and go on self-satisfied and self-conscious like the Pharisee, glorifying our own worthiness. If we could stand above all prejudices and narrowness, and view all things with a broad spirit, how much more good we could do to our fellows.—Ex.

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MARCH 2, 1903.

"A good workman is like a pair of shears; he shuts up when he goes to work," says The Saturday Evening Post. This being the case deaf-mutes should make first-class workmen, as they are "shut up to begin with."

We notice in the Ogden paper that two deaf-mutes of that place have invented a washing machine, which if does what they claim, will put the washer women out of business and make the inventors a fortune in a remarkably short time.

We see in the Lone Star that the ministers of a small town in Texas hereafter will not perform marriage ceremonies in buggies.

We would advise the young run-away couples to go in automobiles or airships or see that the "old folks" are not too close behind.

Since the Illinois School has received a filter for her water, we have noticed several papers commenting on it and wishing they were the proud possessors of one of the same kind.

We are glad to say that we do not envy our sister at all, as our water flows from a large crystal spring within fifty yards of the school.

This is pumped to the buildings by a water wheel and a pump attached which runs day and night, thus giving us an abundance of water as cool and pure as can be had.

WE ARE HERE YET!

Some of the papers have been "blowing" about the location of their respective schools. They have undoubtedly forgotten that the Georgia School is still in existence. We would like to know where you could find a more desirable place in the United States than the one we occupy, for health or climate. Situated at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains we enjoy not only the beautiful scenery of the mountains and their invigorating breezes, but also we have the fertile valley right at our feet. We are well watered and surrounded by the prettiest little towns in the state—no exceptions. This last statement can be proved without the use of local authority if need be.

Last Thursday night Susie Daniel came back to school after an absence of three weeks. All the pupils were glad to see her again. She was called home to the beside of her sick mother, who died a few days after her arrival home. The officers and pupils all sincerely sympathize with Susie in the loss of her mother.

The pupils of Miss Harris' two grades who were on the honor roll are, Holt Willingham, Crosby Hodges, Stephen Knapp, Ollie Merritt, Ruth Boynton, Willie Hudson, Beulah Wallace, Maggie Howard, Pearl Feutrell, Arthur Chambers, Leonard Mills, Nell Anderson, Sallie Strickland, Julia Long, Nellie Prator and Staten Taylor.

The Pelican comes to us with a full page cut of Dr. John Jastremski, superintendent of the Louisiana School. They also give a real nice "write up" from the New Orleans Daily States.

We are glad to know that the State at large can appreciate the good qualities of Dr. Jastremski, as well as the brothers of the profession. We hope to see him continue to prosper.

THE WEATHER.

Winter "swooped" down on us a few days ago in all of its fury, bringing first rain which swelled the little stream between the school and town to a rushing torrent, so that it was impossible to get to the postoffice or depot without the means a boat. We happened to be the proud possessors of two which were brought into play. Just after the rain had ceased the thermometer began to fall, and fell over 50 degrees in 24 hours with a cutting wind.

This drop put it to 10 degrees, the coldest we have experienced this winter. And to cap the climax we were undergoing our first sad experience from the coal strike, being entirely without coal. We however, managed to "scare up" some wood and did not freeze, and are now enjoying ideal spring weather.

"The greatest sea-monster afloat now is the Cedric," says The Great Round World. It left Liverpool last week on its first trip. According to the account given of this steamship, the Ark would fade away in insignificance beside it. "It displaces 38,200 tons of water and its extreme length is 700 feet." It takes 335 men to manage it and carries 2,600 passengers. This would carry all the people in most of the smaller towns to a picnic at one time. We are waiting for something else startling to happen.

According to Their Light.

It makes all the difference in the world where the language is used.

According to President Harris, of Amherst, for instance, a word that is looked upon as profanity in Boston may express the deepest sentiment out west, in proof of which he tells the following story. A rough miner died out west and was laid away by his fellow laborers, with a common slab to mark his resting place. On the stone was this inscription.

"Bill Jenkins: Died June 13, 1901. He done his damndest. Angels could do no more."—New York Tribune.

TEACHING LANGUAGE TO THE DEAF.

MISS SALLIE J. POSEY.

A sentence correctly understood is a combination of words complete as expressing a thought, and many thoughts of the deaf are often expressed in the sign language.

A few evenings ago one of the little girls stood looking at the book-case in the hall, then turned and spelled to one of the other girls, "Do you like to read needle-books?" meaning books with big words in them.

Teaching the deaf to compose sentences correctly, is a difficult task, because they are shut off from all sound and have not the slightest idea how language is spoken, especially those children who had the misfortune to be born deaf and dumb, and they cannot explain the sentences in their books with a clear perception. The children who have bright minds seem to understand the explanations of their lesson by the teacher far better than those whose perceptions are blunt or dull.

"Be patient in well doing" is a sentence I have read somewhere, so one must be patient with all deaf children whether they be bright or whether they be dull, and teach them the best way possible and when they leave school perhaps they will continue to improve and make themselves understood and be of use to those with whom they associate.

A few days ago I gave my class a lesson to study that was only questions and descriptions of a picture. The lesson was a hard one to them and they were at a loss for words to use in their descriptions. I helped them and wrote the descriptions on the wall slate and explained to the class how it was done and the meaning of all the words I used and told them if they would look at the picture and think they would soon be able to describe a picture easily. The smallest girl in the class said, "I cannot think" which was a sur-

prise to me and I told her that she was able to think unless her head was as empty as an egg shell. I try to teach my pupils to get at the meaning of all the words in their lessons so they will understand and recite the lesson correctly, besides it will help them carry on a conversation in writing intelligibly when they are through with school. I have seen children who never pay any attention to the meaning of the words they are being taught, but just learn them parrot fashion and they often ask the meaning of the same words in each succeeding lesson. Is not there some way to firmly impress on the minds of such deaf children the words and their meanings in such a manner that they will not be forgotten?

Heard on the Train.

Egypt has a railroad running from Memphis to Cairo, and this is what a man heard on the train as it puffed along the banks of the Nile:

First Young Thing—"Isn't this lovely? Just think! Pharaoh lived here—and Cheops and—Moses! It makes your head swim, doesn't it?"

Second Young Thing—"I guess it's the bad air. It hurts my head, too. Is that the Nile over there?"

"Mercy, I suppose so. Isn't it dirty? It doesn't seem as if Cleopatra could have ridden in her barge to meet Marc Antony down that horrid stream, does it?"

"No, it doesn't. But that was a long time ago, wasn't it?"

"I believe so. I've seen the play, but I don't remember just when it was."

"See that crocodile basking in the sun!"

"Is he basking? Oh, Maud, that reminds me. How are you going to have your new basque trimmed?"

"Mercy, there's the Sphinx."

"What's the Sphinx?"

"Why it's a thing that asked you riddles, you know. Dear me, I'm not sure whether that's the

Sphinx or one of the Pyramids. Just look at all those children! They must be going in swimming."

"No dear; it's the effect of the mild climate."

"Look there! That must be the desert. But I can't see any caravans. Perhaps it isn't a desert. Maybe it's a mirage."

"What's a mirage, dear?"

"Oh, it's something they see in deserts. Everything is upside down, you know."

"Isn't that just awful? Oh, see that handsome native! What a picture! He must be a sheik at least. What's he doing?"

"He's playing on the concertina and passing his hat."

"What a shame! My, isn't it nice to travel on a railroad where they don't have any smoke or cinders?"

"Yes, and do you notice what a balmy odor comes through the window?"

"Yes, isn't it fragrant? So spicy. Can't you smell the cloves? Ah-h, I like to breathe it in."

"So do I. I'll ask the conductor what it is. There he is. Conductor, please?"

The conductor—"Well, ma'am."

"Conductor, where does that spicy smell come from?"

"From the locomotive, ma'am. We use nothing but mummies for fuel on this line, ma'am."—The Prospect.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Glass, one of the teachers in Hearn school, called a few days ago to see Weir Hyde. She knows Weir's mother in Newnan, Ga.

Mr. Marvin Williams, son of Rev. A. W. Williams, a former pastor of the church here, lectured in the Methodist church here on "The American Small Boy." He also gave some amusing impersonations. All seemed to enjoy it.

Mrs. Connor had a letter from Miss Bean Summers who is now at Valdosta, Georgia. She said fresh fish and quails are plentiful. We hope her appetite will improve so that she can eat herself fat. We hope the stay in the southern part of our state will prove beneficial in every respect.

PUPILS' PAGE

Spring is coming.

It is pretty today.

Last Friday we wrote letters to our parents.

We are glad because our examinations are over.

Miss Susie Wilcox gave new thimbles to the girls.

Miss Della Harris' sister Elizabeth will go home soon.

Sunday Feb. 22, was George Washington's birthday.

Last Monday Joe Neal killed a black snake near the creek.

Last week there was a very hard rain and the creek rose very high.

Miss Susie Wilcox taught the girls how to work on warp and woof.

Miss Bean Summers will come back next April. We will be glad to see her.

Miss Ervin took some of the girls for a walk Sunday, and they enjoyed it.

February 14, some girls got Valentines from the boys. They were very funny.

Miss Susie Willcox came here last week. She is our new assistant matron.

Tuesday Jessie Walker got 30 cents from her home. She was very proud of it.

Miss Posey was on the sick list last Wednesday and Thursday. She is well now.

Beulah Wallace received a letter from her mother, and she sent 40 cents in it to her.

Some of the boys played a game of baseball last Saturday. They had a very good time.

James Brockman received five Valentines from his home. He was pleased with them.

Effie Swain got a letter with a gold ring from her mother. She was glad to get the gold ring.

Melvin Weil received a letter

containing one dollar from his father. He was glad to get it.

Mr. Asbury told Joe Matthews and Leonard Mills to get ready to have a show in the chapel in March.

Last Sunday was Matilda White-side's birthday. She received presents from some of the girls.

Miss Ervin got a picture of Mr. Milligan's class from him in Colorado. They are nice looking pupils.

Last week we were glad to see Mr. H. S. Morris come back to work at the shoe-shop. He is getting well.

Juanita Gatewood and her sister Pansy may go to New York City next summer to visit their Aunt and Uncle.

It was so cold February 18th that the school-rooms were not comfortable. There was no school for one day.

Ruth Boynton was glad to get a nice box from her home Friday, her mother sent a pretty blue jacket to her.

Last week Lillie Moore received a nice letter from her friend Susie Daniel. Susie will return to school next Friday.

Not long ago Elma Chappell had a letter from her cousin. She said in her letter that Elma's grandpa is now 100 years old.

Lucile Jackson was glad to get a letter from her papa Tuesday, he told her that they had moved to Atlanta from Pelham.

A few days ago some of the girls were glad to get letters from Miss R. E. Summers. She said she likes Valdosta very much.

Last week Mrs. D. W. Simmons came to the schoolroom. We were glad to see her. She talked with Mrs. Connor about the cold weather.

Last night "Dana" Mrs. McCollister's big dog came into the dining room. She wished to take some biscuits. Bessie Arnall was afraid of her.

Herbert Williams gave ten cents to Joe Neal to keep for him. Joe

put the ten cents into his pocket. He lost it on the ground. He could not find it.

Sallie Strickland received a card from her home last Sunday, and her mother told her that her parents had moved to 150 Walker Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Last Saturday some boys played baseball near the Hearn school. They pushed a big tree on the yard near the dormitory. They were proud to play there.

Tuesday Pauline Skipper got some violets in a letter from her aunt Nannie Burkett. Her little cousin Maggie Paul gave them to her. She was proud of them.

Katie Robins got a box of apples from home. Clarence Morris went to the depot and got the box for her. She gave four apples to him because he brought the box.

Jessie Walker was happy to receive a large cabinet photograph and one dollar from her uncle John M. Jones, who is a mute and was educated in this school several years ago.

Last week Miss Ervin got a long letter from her friend Miss Berta Moseley. She said that she will move to Gadsden, Ala. She is always anxious to read the School Helper when it comes.

Sunday morning, February 22, when the boys and girls marched into the dining room to eat breakfast, they were surprised to find the room decorated with small and medium flags in honor of George Washington's birthday.

Mr. Frank Wright went to the carpenter shop and talked with Mr. McKoy. He wants some of the deaf boys to work for him next summer. He selected Robert Chambers, Byron Whitehead, Arthur Chambers, Leonard Mills and Ernest Robertson to work in his factory next summer.

Tuesday Katie Robins, Pearl Feutrall, Nellie Rice, Ruth Boynton, Maude Bishop, Minnie Dewald, Effie Swain, Mamie Hart and Ella Smith got letters from Miss Bean Summers. They were very glad to get them. Miss Minnie Moore told some of the girls that they must write letters to Miss Summers.

A PAGE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Finland.

Finland is a country in the northwestern part of Russia.

It is governed by a Senate, consisting of eighteen members.

The members of this Senate are appointed by the Czar of Russia.

The Czar appoints the other officers of the country also, and no law can be passed without his consent.

Finland is the freest, and best governed part of the Russian empire.

It has had many famines.

In 1848 whole villages of people were starved to death.

There is a dreadful famine in Finland now.

Part of the crops were ruined by cold; then the remainder of the crops was washed away by floods.

Many thousands of people are suffering for want of food.

Some good people in America are trying to get some money to buy food to send to the poor people in Finland to keep them from starving.

The Monroe Doctrine.

The "Monroe Doctrine" is a part of a message to Congress written by President James Monroe in December, 1823. In this message the President told the European powers that they must not meddle with matters on this side of the Atlantic ocean. He said that it would be dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States for them to do so. He told them the United States would not allow kings to be sent from the royal families of Europe to rule over any part of America. He said that the Americans would not interfere with the affairs of Europe and they must not interfere with our affairs. The United States has kept this doctrine. The United States will not allow

any European country to conquer any country in North or South America.

Venezuela is having troubles with Germany, England and Italy. They want Venezuela to pay them the money that she borrowed from them. The United States said that these countries could collect their debts, but they must not try to take any territory from Venezuela. This is the "Monroe Doctrine."

These nations have assured the United States that they will respect the Doctrine. If either of those countries tried to subjugate Venezuela, our country would either to have abandon the Monroe Doctrine or go to war to defend it.

Alexander Hamilton.

Alexander Hamilton was born on the island of Nevis, January 11, 1757.

His mother died when he was a little boy. He went to school at St. Croix.

When he was thirteen years old, he stopped school and went into business, but he liked to read and study.

In 1772 he came to New York.

He entered King's College.

He left college and went to the Revolutionary war.

He was a brave soldier.

He made a great many fine speeches about the war.

He did a great deal to help the colonies become free.

After the war he lived in New York.

He married Miss Elizabeth Schuyler.

When George Washington was made president he made Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury.

Afterwards he practiced law in New York.

He was a fine lawyer.

He did not like Aaron Burr.

He said some bad things about Burr in a speech. Burr asked him to fight a duel with him. He did and Burr shot him. He died the next day. He died on July 12, 1804.

The people were very angry with Burr for killing him.

REPORT OF PUPILS' STANDING.

For the Month of February, 1903.

MANUAL DEPARTMENT.**FIRST GRADE.**

R. A. ASBURY, TEACHER.

	CLASS STANDING	GENERAL AVERAGE
Robert A. Dodd	1	85
Robert Cross	2	83
Wildan Wilson	3	70
Ray Terry	4	68
Mary Vaughn	4	68
Lisa Smith	5	25

SECOND GRADE.

MRS. E. F. CONNOR, TEACHER.

Emma Delong	1	78
William Jordon	2	76
Dollie Hardy	3	75
Joe Shaw	4	56

THIRD GRADE.

C. W. WRIGHT, TEACHER.

James Beeman	1	82
Madge Howard	2	77
Tom Holbrook	3	71
Emma Rogers	4	70
Lula Reeves	5	68
Nancy Harrell	6	66
May Cole	7	65
Eliza Harrell	8	60
Minnie Gordon	9	45
Jesse Lockett	10	40
Lillian Cole	11	38

FOURTH GRADE.

MISS S. J. POSEY, TEACHER.

Mamie Freeman	1	94
Jessie Walker	1	94
Howitt Morgan	2	93
Worth Tate	3	90
Wesley Cail	4	88
Walter Mills	4	88
Howell Nash	5	85
Elliott Young	6	84
Lillie Chappell	7	83
Grace Forbes	7	83
Annie Cail	7	83
Florence Cochran	8	75

FIFTH GRADE.

R. A. ASBURY, TEACHER.

Pauline Skipper	1	90
Ella Smith	2	88
Jesse Rogers	3	87
Bertie Whitfield	4	86
Annie McDaniel	5	83
May Tucker	6	81
David Weaver	7	80
John Dawson	7	80
Lucy Howard	8	77
Elisha Howard	9	76
Anna Moseley	10	70

SIXTH GRADE.

MRS. E. F. CONNOR, TEACHER.

Ernest Robertson	1	82
Joseph Neal	1	82
Orestes Darnell	1	82
Joe Matthews	2	65
Lula Head	3	64
Iowa Lovell	4	38

SEVENTH GRADE.

S. M. FREEMAN, TEACHER.

James Stallings	1	93
Lillie Moore	2	80
Leila Maddux	3	75
George Tippin	4	59
Memory L. Wilson	4	59
Lillie Meador	5	48
Aitha Lovell	6	20

EIGHTH GRADE.

C. W. WRIGHT, TEACHER.

	CLASS STANDING	GENERAL AVERAGE
Bernetta Lovell	1	86
Byron Whitehead	2	71
Robert Chambers	3	67

TENTH GRADE.

S. M. FREEMAN, TEACHER.

Bessie Arnall	1	94
Henry McCord	1	94
Callie Stoner	2	76
Clarence Morris	3	75
Elma Chappell	4	51
Sarah Martin	5	41

ORAL DEPARTMENT.**FIRST GRADE.**

MISS LOUISE ROBINSON, TEACHER.

George Haslett	1	92
Oscar Freeman	2	90
Tom Ware	2	90
Oscar Watson	3	89
P. D. Warnock	4	85
Effie McCrary	5	83
J. R. Ware	5	83
Sarah Florence	5	83
Nancy Gordon	6	82
George Benton	7	80
Leon Pope	8	73
Annie Ivey	8	73
Grover C. Pope	9	72
Weir Hyde	10	71
Joe Peace	11	70
Lucius Reynolds	12	42

SECOND GRADE.

MISS ANNIE ERVIN, TEACHER.

Ollie Cochran	1	88
Melvin Weil	1	88
Vesta Tallent	2	87
George McKenney	3	84
James Brockman	4	80
Robert Bartlett	4	80
Frank Doss	4	80
Robert Freeman	4	80
Hollen Willingham	5	79
Inez Lovvorn	6	73
Marcus Morgan	6	73
Raymond Rich	7	71

THIRD GRADE.

MISS M. A. HARRIS, TEACHER.

Holt Willingham	1	92
Stephen Knapp	1	92
Maggie Howard	2	90
John Gardner	3	89
Staten Taylor	3	89
Lester McCord	4	86
John Flinn	4	86
Beulah Wallace	5	85
Crosby Hodges	6	83
Ollie Merritt	7	82
Ruth Boynton	8	80
William Hudson	9	78

FOURTH GRADE.

C. R. M'IVER, TEACHER.

Katie Robins	1	90
Jesse Martin	2	88
Samuel Morris	2	88
Nellie Rice	3	86
Screven Douglas	4	85
Maud Bishop	4	85
Minnie Dewald	5	84
Isaac Coleman	5	84
Matilda Whitesides	6	80
Lula Whittemore	7	78
Henry Strickland	7	78
Hattie Parsons	8	75
Elbert Smith	9	50

FIFTH GRADE.

C. R. M'IVER, TEACHER.

	CLASS STANDING	GENERAL AVERAGE
Fred Hart	1	90
Hattie Darracott	2	89
Effie Swain	3	88
Mamie Hart	3	88
Edelka Strickland	4	85
Herbert Williams	4	85
Paul Wallace	4	85
Lucile Jackson	5	80
Verlie Adamson	5	80
Ed McNab	6	75

SEVENTH GRADE.

MISS MARY A. HARRIS, TEACHER.

Susie Daniel	1	88
Nellie Prator	2	85
Sallie Strickland	3	84
Leonard Mills	3	84
Julia Long	4	83
Arthur Chambers	5	82
Henry Norris	5	82
Nell Anderson	6	81
Pearl Feutrell	6	81

NINTH GRADE.

MISS ANNIE ERVIN, TEACHER.

Henry Morris	1	83
Lula McCord	1	83
Juanita Gatewood	2	82

GEORGIA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,

CAVE SPRING, GA.

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MISS A. M'D. ERVIN.	C. R. M'IVER.

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