

THE SCHOOL HELPER.

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

VOL. V.

CAVE SPRING, GA., MARCH 16, 1903.

No. 12

THE GUILDHALL OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

JESSIE CONNOR MCCOLLISTER.

Very interesting, from a historical standpoint, is the Guildhall of the City of London, the building which takes the place there of our "City Hall." The City of London proper, as is well known, embraces one square mile in the heart of London, taking in the Guildhall—the center of the City government—London Bridge, the Monument, Old Bailey, and many other interesting points.

Many stirring national and civic events have taken place within the historic walls of Guildhall. Here, as early as the time of the "Conquest," the citizens of the City felt themselves strong enough to make terms with the Norman invader, and received at his hands a Charter by which their liberties and power of self-government were guaranteed. Around this Charter the citizens have rallied ever since, guarding against its infringement, in the least particular, with jealous care. There was a long and almost continuous fight between them and the Plantaganet kings in defense of the City's liberties, and several times since they have been compelled to take decisive stands against the reigning monarch. To the Guildhall have come petitions from many of England's kings asking financial aid for war equipment, or other enterprises, and seldom has such aid been refused.

Here we see Henry of Monmouth and his Queen at the termination of the war with France, entertained at a banquet, during which Whittington throws into the fire the King's bonds to the amount of £60,000 and we hear Henry's exclamation, "Happy is the King

to have such a subject!" and Whittington's courtly rejoinder, "Rather, happy is the subject to have such a King."

Here we get our first glimpse of Henry VIII, when as a boy of seven, he receives from the citizens a pair of gilt goblets; and we listen to his youthful words of gratitude—"Fader Maire, I thank you and your brethren here present of this greate and kynd remembrance which I trist in tyme comyng to deserve." In later years we see this same gentle voiced boy transformed into a Royal despot, continually at war with the citizens.

Here we see the beginning of the movement which resulted in the world famed schools of the Mercers, St. Pauls, the Merchant Taylors, and others.

Here during the glorious reign of Elizabeth, we see the citizens agreeing to furnish and fully equip for war sixteen of the largest and best merchant ships that can be found in the Thames, and four pinnaces to attend them.

That famous General, John, Duke of Marlborough, was frequently entertained here by the City, and the twenty-six standards and sixty-three colours, taken by him at Ramillies were brought into the City in great state and displayed on the walls of Guildhall.

Of especial interest to us is the fact that a meeting was held here, during the war with the American Colonies, in support of the claims of the colonies, and a paper drawn up containing "a respectful but solemn warning against the fatal policy pursued by the King's Ministers toward the American Colonies," and later a petition was addressed to his Majesty praying him "to suspend hostilities, and adopt such conciliatory measures as might restore union, confidence,

and peace, to the whole Empire."

Having mentioned a few of the many interesting historical events that have taken place here, I will pass on to the building itself.

There is a tradition that the first building on this site was erected during Edward the Confessor's reign, and as his Coat of Arms appears on the building together with that of Henry VI—during whose reign the present Hall was completed—it is evident that the belief in this tradition is strong. Early in the 15th century, the need of a larger building was felt, and the work of enlarging was begun in 1411. Fabyan, the Alderman of Farringdon Ward Without, records this fact in his Chronicles in the following quaint manner:

"1411. In this yere was ye Guyld Halle, of London, began to be new edyfied, and an oylde and lytell cotage made into a fayre and goodly house as it now appearyth." The building was completed in 1440.

In the great fire of 1666, the lofty pitched oak roof was partly destroyed, and the principal front much injured, though the walls themselves were not weakened. Its appearance during the fire is described by Vincent in "God's Terrible Voice in the City:"

"That night the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood, the whole body of it together in view, for several hours together after the fire had taken it, without flames (I suppose because the timber was such solid oake,) in a bright shining coale as if it had been a palace of gold or a great building of burnished brass."

In rebuilding after the fire, the walls were raised from 30 feet to 50 feet, and a flat roof was put on by Wren, who designed it as a

temporary covering. It remained in place, however, for 200 years, when it was replaced (1864) by the present handsome roof, built on almost the same lines as the roof that was burned.

The entrance to Guildhall is through a large Gothic Archway on the south side. "From this porch, through a pair of exceedingly handsome oak doors, we enter the historic Guildhall in which have been enacted a greater number of glorious scenes of national importance than in any other building in the kingdom, or perhaps in the whole world."

Next comes the Great Hall, 152 feet long, 49½ feet wide, and 89 feet high. At each end of the Hall, occupying its entire width, is a magnificent stained glass window. The east end is fitted with a raised dais, ascended by three steps. Here is held the Court of Husting of Pleas of Land and the Court of Husting of Common Pleas—the term "Husting" signifying a Court held in the house, in contradistinction to other Courts, which, in Saxon times, were usually held in the open air. Here also, sit, on a raised platform placed on the dais, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, etc., at the meetings of the Common Hall for elections, or other business. In this Hall are many beautiful stained glass windows illustrating historical subjects, and here are also beautiful monuments to William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, Admiral Lord Nelson, and others.

In the west end of the Hall is a gallery, and in this gallery stand the two huge carved figures known as Gog and Magog. "These world renowned giants," says John J. Baddeley, "are so closely related to Guildhall, that some account of them must be given. Their predecessors, in days gone by, used to be carried in the processional pageant on Lord Mayor's Day. It is presumed that they were intended to represent Gogmagog and Corineus who, in the mythical

chronicles of the monks of the Middle Ages, are represented as fighting the battles of the Trojan invaders against the early inhabitants of this island. In the course of ages, the name of one of the warriors has been forgotten, and the name of the other divided between the two. This myth fostered the belief that these figures preserve to the present day—the tradition that our City was founded by the invader, and that London, as stately 'Troynovaunt,' or New Troy, was the principal city of Albion, a thousand years before the Christian era." Both of these figures are 14½ feet high. Richard Saundres, a carver of King Street, Cheapside, was the maker of the present statues, which were set up in 1705. Before these statues were made, there were two others made of wicker work and pasteboard.

Among the meetings held now in this Hall may be mentioned the Annual Banquet to Poor Children, usually given about Christmas time. Over 1,200 children were entertained at dinner in 1899, the year previous to my visit, and hampers were sent out to nearly 5,000 crippled children, who were unable to attend.

Leaving the Great Hall, we pass on into the Council Chamber, the Aldermen's Court Room, and the various Committee Rooms, the offices of the "Keeper of the Guild-Hall," etc.

The Art Gallery connected with Guildhall is very interesting, and contains many works of note. The Library, also, is well worth a visit; being particularly well stocked with works relating to London history, genealogical and heraldic works, British history and biography, English poetry, etc.

On the ground floor of the Hall is the Museum, which is largely made up of objects discovered during the excavations for New London Bridge approaches, the Post-office, and the Royal Exchange. One of the most noted is the superb Roman mosaic pavement, 20 feet long and 13 feet wide. It is in an excellent state of preserva-

tion. There are also many specimens of pottery, bronzes, armor, swords, and daggers of all kinds. There is also a curious collection of old London signs, chiefly carved on stone, many of them as old as the rebuilding of the City after the Great Fire, which I found very interesting. One, "The Goose and Gridiron," was represented by the figure of a goose standing on an old fashioned gridiron. Others were "The Boar's Head," "The Three Crowns," "George and the Dragon," "The Cock and the Bottle," etc.

Leaving the Museum, we pass into the Crypt. This is of the same date as the Hall above, (1411), and it is considered the finest and most extensive under crypt in London. It is remarkable, both for the elegance of its designs and for the perfect condition of nearly all its members. The western Crypt is the most ancient part of the building, probably belonging to the original Guildhall.

In closing, I can say with Mr. Price, in his historical account of the Guildhall—"The true history of the Guildhall is to be based on the numerous traditions and interesting associations by which it is connected with the most important Corporation in the world. The stirring episodes, religious, political, and social, with which this Hall has been associated, for many centuries, clothe it with a far deeper interest than could any mere technical description of its walls, its masonry, the painted glass and sculpture with which it is adorned."

Gentle Spring.

The weather has been warm for several days and every thing is beginning to remind us of Spring. The grass in the yards is looking green and the buds on the fruit trees are bursting into blossom. Spring is the loveliest season of the year and reminds one of the Resurrection by its newness of life.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, like many other cities in the United States, has been blessed with a fine public library through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie. It is a pretty building, somewhat the style of the new library to be erected at Brunswick, Ga., according to a recent illustration in the *Atlanta Journal*. The library was erected at a cost of \$257,000 and was dedicated not long ago. At the foot of the steps there is a semi-circular stone bearing the words: "The University of the People." One enters a long hall. At the end to the right is the reading room for adults. On the left are two rooms, one of which is for children. Entering we saw a group of little ones all deeply absorbed in their favorite books.

The Bureau of Printing and Engraving is a branch of the Treasury and should be the first place in that building to be visited. Here the greenback begins its busy life, so to speak. Here too are printed government bonds, postage and revenue stamps, military, naval and diplomatic commissions, passports, etc. Specimens of the work are shown in the waiting rooms and halls. Series of currency are displayed in various stages of completion. On the top floor of the building, where the printing is done, five hundred employees are engaged. The paper used is of a peculiar silk fiber, made at the Crane Mills in Dalton, Mass. To each pressman 1000 sheets are given at a time. These are carefully counted in his presence. The printing is done on hand presses, for it is claimed that they turn out a product of greater perfection than could be obtained from a steam press. Each pressman is assisted by a young woman, who lays the sheet on and removes it. Here let me say we were informed by a Washington friend that there are more marriages between employers of this department than between those of any other government building. The

process of printing a sheet involves the cleaning anew of the plate, polishing it with the palm of the hand, re-inking, laying on the sheet, giving the impression, the removal of the sheet, and its inspection for defects. From this floor the printed sheets go to the one below where, first of all the count is verified, and each sheet closely scrutinized for imperfections. They are then passed to numbering machines which impress upon them in blue ink the distinctive series-letter and the number of each note. We were told that before a bill goes into circulation it was counted no less than fifty-four times.

How good it is to hear from old friends betimes, especially when they write in praise of those whom we know and admire. We were the recipient of such a dear letter the other day from Mrs. Glenn the matron of the Mansion at the Georgia Normal. We cannot resist quoting a passage in her letter concerning two Cave Spring girls. She writes: "Nellie Gray Watts and Kathleen Wright seem very happy and get on nicely. Nellie is a good student and she practices (music) so well. I like her very much. Kathleen is a perfect lady. I do not have any trouble with them." We are proud to hear such a good account of our Cave Spring friends.

The boys of the College gave an exhibition in the gymnasium Saturday February 28. Their fine exhibition certainly reflected credit upon their instructor, Mr. Adam, who is a graduate of Gallaudet. The ducks were especially good in their free-movement drill. If any thing, it shows they take discipline well and will certainly make fine students if the way they have begun their athletic work is any criterion. While the tumbling exercises were being gone through with one of the boys, who was a heavy set fellow, persisted in landing on his back every time he turned a somersault in the air.

The resounding thud which followed was enough to set one's nerves on end.

We went again to the House of Representatives last week and witnessed some of the filibustering that marked the closing session. We now have a clear idea of the meaning of "Babel" for the House was "confusion worse confounded" and seemed woefully lacking in dignity. We came near witnessing a fight between two members. They were however prevented from coming to blows by the timely interference of their friends and the rapping of the Speaker's gavel for order.

Speaking of Congressmen, Senator Bacon of Georgia has a reputation for keenness and cleverness second to none. In the "Hotel Gossip" the feature of a certain newspaper, two northern congressmen in a discussion of men and measures allowed that "Bacon is as keen and sharp-witted as any Yankee." And that is true, not only of Bacon but of Clay as well.

Byrd Trawick has been laid up for some time by a sprained ankle, the result of coasting. The sled on which he and several others were "flying" down hill became unmanageable and ran plump into a tree. The ankle is all right but Byrd still has to limp around with the aid of a crutch.

—E. F. F.

The Wireless Newspaper.

The latest thing we can find is the "wireless newspaper." This is a paper printed aboard one of the steamers of the Atlantic Transport Company, the Minneapolis. This steamer left New York January 31 and arrived in London February 10. It was equipped with a wireless telegraph system and was in communication with England or America all the way over. A newspaper was published daily, giving all the latest news of the day, which was gathered by the wireless system.

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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 COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SCHOOL HELPER,
CAVE SPRING, GA.

Entered at the post office at Cave Spring,
Ga., as second-class matter, November, 1899.

MARCH 16, 1903.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

The charges which were recently preferred against the management of the Indiana School for the Deaf, and Superintendent Richard O. Johnson in particular, were thoroughly investigated by the State Board of Charities, and as every one who knew Superintendent Johnson, knew would be the case, before an impartial body of men, he and the management were fully vindicated, and the charges pronounced groundless.

It is a great shame that good men have to be dragged before the public under all sorts of accusations to gratify the spite of irresponsible people.

In this case, as in forty-nine out of fifty other similar cases, the trouble all came from a lot of disloyal employees who were bounced for their disloyalty, as well as inefficiency, aided by a few disgruntled deaf-mutes who were made cats' paws of by these people, and whose hands are always against everybody but themselves.

We are glad to know that two of the schools have recently secured liberal appropriations. A bill has just passed both branches of the Virginia Legislature for a \$5000 appropriation, and the Alabama School has been equally as lucky by having one pass both houses for \$45,000. We are glad to learn that our sister schools have been so fortunate. We are patiently waiting our turn, and hope the next Legislature will see fit to give us a long needed appropriation.

"QUIT YE LIKE MEN."

It is said that when John C. Calhoun was in Yale College he was ridiculed by his fellow students for his close application to study. "Why sir" he said "I am forced to make the most of my time, that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress." When they began to laugh he exclaimed: "Do you doubt it? I assure you, if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national capital within the next three years, I would leave college this very day." If every young man would take this view of life, or rather of himself, we would have more such men as Calhoun and better men to fight the battle of life. Don't understand me to say they should be over confident or boastful; but learn to think for themselves, act on their own judgment, be self reliant. Don't depend on a pair of crutches to help you over the mud hole; but strike out for yourself, clear your own way, don't hunt the old blazes and be guided by them, but make new ones. Be a creator, play "the first fiddle," don't be content with hewing to the same old line our forefathers did years ago; can you be satisfied to be a mere "pack dog" when it is possible to lead the chase. Most young men sit and fold their arms and say if I had the money of Mr. So and So, I would be a "power in the land." I would put the moneyed men of this day to shame, I would show them how to use a fortune. Others say if I had the education of Mr. So and So, I would startle the whole world with my achievement. But as I haven't all of these things I would be ridiculed by my associates and will make no attempt at all.

The trouble with a great many

is that they are afraid of the jeers of their fellow-men. Right here in America—supposed to be the most independent country on the globe, every move we make is dictated by the society of each respective class. It says when we shall go to bed, when we shall arise, what we shall eat, what we must wear, how we shall talk, and if a man dares to think for himself ridicule is heaped on his head as if he were a criminal of the rankest type. The Chinese women have their feet cramped to a diminutive size so they can hardly walk. The Indians used to flatten the heads of their children. Women of Elizabeth's time, who had the most beautiful hair imaginable, wore red wigs because the queen had red hair. A great many women of today would do just such a thing if the occasion demanded it. Why is this done? Merely for the sake of custom or fashion. Afraid to stand out alone and say let other people go as they may, I am going to think and act for myself. Every newspaper you pick up has some form of etiquette required in society, and if a man varies from this the least, he is branded a boor and he had just as well pull down his colors. Are the young men of these times going to submit to this? Are they going to stand as one more to swell the crowd or are they going to force themselves ahead and rise above their comrades as Pike's Peak towers above the surrounding mountains. They can't do it unless they learn to think and work with less means. I once heard an old blacksmith says: "Anybody can do a piece of work if they have a whole machine shop to do it with, but it takes a blacksmith to do it with a hammer and anvil." And this is the way with success, anybody can succeed if they have all the means necessary, but it takes hard work and close application to succeed without them.

LETTUCE INSTEAD OF VACCINATION.

Medical Talk is the title of a bright little periodical published at Columbus, Ohio. In a recent number we notice an editorial on the subject of smallpox, and the declaration is made that lettuce is a sure preventative of the disease. Here is a paragraph from the article:

"We say without the least hesitation or reserve that lettuce will prevent smallpox. It is a thousand times better than vaccination. It has no liabilities, like vaccination, to produce other diseases. We are willing to stake our professional reputation on the broad statement that any one who eats lettuce daily will not catch smallpox, whether he be vaccinated or not. We hope that every reader who has confidence in our statement will pass this along."

While the Helper places very little confidence in the remedy, we "pass it along," as it will do no harm. Lettuce is a wholesome, healthful vegetable and we are of the opinion that the human race would be benefitted by wholesale consumption of it.

A Boquet for Teachers.

The Atlanta Daily News has this timely reference to the school teacher: "After all there is no nobler profession than that of the teacher of youth. It is the highest of all the avenues of usefulness to which men give their talents and their energies. It is indeed more sacred than is the ministerial profession at present represented in its sectarian enumeration. The school teacher stands for the one unchallenged and essentially unbroken unity of society. They are priests at the altars of the great civic church, the catholic church of humanity, one cornerstone of which is intelligence, one element in whose liturgy is education. Let the teacher remember his obligations to the State through the youth of the State, and the Republic is safe."

VINDICATED.

According to the Indianapolis daily papers the management of the Indiana School for the Deaf has been subjected to a thorough investigation, by the State Board of Charities. A number of charges were filed against the management by an ex-employee. All technicalities were waived in order to make the investigation as thorough as possible. The witnesses named by the prosecution were present in large numbers, but their testimony failed to sustain the charges and their testimony generally proved favorable to the management. The prosecutor was anxious to drop the matter, but the chairman ruled that the investigation must proceed in justice to the superintendent. It was brought out in the inquiry that the prosecutor's son, who was not present, was the author of anonymous charges that had been sent to the Governor and to the newspapers as if from the Indiana Association of the Deaf. It was also shown that there had been considerable jealousy, backbiting and tale bearing among disloyal employees, and that these mischief-makers had been dropped from employment by the superintendent. It was developed that these persons with grievances were relied upon to sustain the charges. Nearly one hundred witnesses were examined, and though the formal report has not been made public yet, the Indianapolis papers announce a complete vindication of Mr. Johnson.—The New Era.

The Furnace Poker.

The other day Abner Jenkins, druggist on the west side, who has been burning Pocahontas coal in his furnace this winter on account of the scarcity and high price of anthracite, tried to break up a mass of half consumed coal in the furnace, but could make no impression on it with the poker he ordinarily uses.

He looked around impatiently

for something heavier, and found a rusty old rifle barrel that had been standing in a corner of the basement for years.

With a muttered curse he picked it up and thrust it savagely into the charred mass.

There was no explosion. The old gun barrel had no load in it.

Letters and Boxes Received.

Letters from home have been received by the following pupils:

Bessie Arnall	Ed McNab
Verlie Adamson	Effie McCrary
James Beeman	George McKinney
Maud Bishop	Lizzie McDaniel
Robert Bartlett	Leila Maddux
Ruth Boynton	Leonard Mills
Screven Douglas	Howell Nash
Orestes Darnell	Nellie Prator
Emma Delong	Hattie Parsons
Susie Daniel	Katie Robins
Sarah Florence	Jesse Rogers
Oscar Freeman	Sallie Strickland
Pearl Feutrell	Ella Smith
John Flinn	Pauline Skipper
Juanita Gatewood	Effie Swain
John Gardner	James Stallings
Mamie Hart	May Tucker
Fred Hart	Worth Tate
Nancy Harrell	George Tippin
Weir Hyde	Lee Wilson
Crosby Hodges	Herbert Williams
Lucile Jackson	Byron Whitehead
Iowa Lovell	Lula Whittemore
Inez Lovvorn	Paul Wallace
Vernetta Lovell	Melvin Well
Altha Lovell	Holt Willingham
Jesse Martin	Hollen Willingham
Clarence Morris	Elliott Young
Henry McCord	

Those who have received boxes from home are:

Robert Bartlett	Crosby Hodges
Maude Bishop	Jesse Martin
Orestes Darnell	Ernest Robertson
Oscar Freeman	Ella Smith
Fred Hart	Lula Whittemore
Mamie Hart	Herbert Williams

Eagles as Pets.

There are a few cases in which eagles have been made pets, so that we may suppose that if the birds were commoner they could be tamed at least as easily as bears. An imperial eagle, taken from the nest, accepted caresses, answered to a call, and did not try to fly away when at liberty. At Alva there used to be an eagle kept on a chain, which shows, perhaps, that it could not be trusted to roamed about the Ochils. A golden eagle, caught when fully grown, was successfully domesticated, but its wings were cut when it was first taken, and so it had time to get accustomed to its new home and new life. Sometimes it went off for two or three weeks, but always came back. It was fed on crows, shot for it. Whenever it attempted to seize a crow on its own account it always failed, "Jim" being much too artful a dodger.

PUPILS' PAGE

Mr. Freeman's classes had their pictures taken in a group recently.

Yesterday a deaf man named James Wendell came here to visit the school.

Last Saturday Mr. Asbury went hunting and shot two rabbits and some quails.

March 10 was Vernettie Lovell's birthday. Her sister gave her a pretty ribbon.

Last Saturday Miss Clara Morrison went to Rome and visited her mother and sisters.

Last week Henry McCord was glad to get a letter containing two dollars from home.

A few days ago Lester McCord's Aunt Ella sent him a pretty tie. He was proud to get it.

Last Monday James Beeman's father sent 50 cents in a letter to him. He was proud of it.

Vernettie Lovell made a new dress for Annie Ivey last week. Annie was proud to wear it.

Leonard Mills is collecting some more money to buy stockings and belts for our baseball team.

One of the girls in writing about the Eskimos said, "The Eskimos have no breads. Ah, poor them."

The peach blossoms look so pink and pretty. We hope it is all a mistake about them being killed.

May Tucker received a letter from her sister who gave 50 cents to her and she was glad to get it.

Lula Whittemore got a bible from her mother. Her mother is glad that she is reading it every day.

John Flinn went to the drug store and bought a new bat and the small boys play ball every morning.

Last Friday night the little boys and girls had a party in the chapel. Mr. Huff and Miss Harris were in charge of them.

Not long ago Lillie Meador's

teacher, Mr. Freeman asked her, what do the horses eat? She said "a stack of hay."

Last Tuesday night Pearl Feutrell was playing with Juanita Gatewood and suddenly Juanita's slate fell and was broken.

Katie Robins' parents want Nell Anderson to spend her vacation with Katie next summer. Nell was very glad to hear about it.

Yesterday Elma Chappell received a letter from her father and he told her that her grandpa was 78 years old and not 100.

Misses Susie Willcox and Belle Long are making nine baseball suits for the deaf boys. We hope that they will finish them this week.

Hattie Parsons swallowed a nickel. She was afraid that she would die, but Miss Minnie Moore told her that the nickel will not injure her.

Last Saturday afternoon Henry McCord's nine played a game of baseball with Byron Whitehead's nine. The game stood 7 to 12 in favor of Henry's nine.

Last Sunday Lee Wilson lost his keys. He could not find them. Staten Taylor found them and returned them to him. Lee Wilson paid 10 cents to him.

Last Friday afternoon the pupils of the Cave Spring School, with Mr. Manning, their teacher, came to visit our printing-office. They remained an hour.

Miss Posey lost a valuable Masonic pin last Sunday morning on the premises somewhere. If any of the boys or girls find it, she would like for them to return it to her.

James Beeman got a letter from his father, saying that he has married and he has moved to Thomasville from the country. James was very glad to hear from him.

Mr. Walker took a chair. He did not know a pin was in the chair. He sat on the chair. The pin stuck him and he jumped. The boys laughed because he jumped.

Lula McCord's sister, Willie, who is a matron at the Orphan's

Home in Decatur, is thinking of coming here with her cousin Miss Bessie Ware at the close of school.

Last Saturday the deaf boys formed two teams with Henry Morris and Leonard Mills for Captains, and played baseball. Henry Morris' score was 12 and Leonard Mills' was 7.

Those on the honor roll in the third and seventh grades are Nellie Prator, Julia Long, Leonard Mills, Ollie Merritt, Maggie Howard, John Flinn, Lester McCord, John Gardner, and Beulah Wallace.

Last Tuesday Leila Maddux received a nice letter from her mother and sister Cassie. Her mother had been sick for two or three weeks. She was surprised that her sister Floy weighs 140 pounds.

Last Friday night the girls were afraid of a bat flying in the study room. They tried to kill it, but could not do it. Maud Bishop struck at the bat and happened to hit the electric shade and smashed it.

Last Saturday Susie Daniel received a letter from her aunt, Mrs. Kelsoe saying that she and Susie's little sister Nellie went to Oglethorpe cemetery last Sunday. They carried some pretty white hyacinths and put them on Susie's mother's grave.

Dutchman and Dog

A Dutchman, addressing his dog, said: "You vas only a dog, but I wish I vas you. Ven you go mit the bed in, you shust durn round dree times and lay down.

Ven I go mit the bed in, I haf to lock up de blace und vind de clock und put de cat oud und undress myself, und my vife vakes up und scols me, den de baby cries und I haf to valk him up und down; den maype ven I shust go to sleep, it's time to ged up again. Ven you ged up, you shust stretch yourself und scratch a couple of times, and you vas up. I haf to light de fire, put on de kettle, scrap mit my vife already, und maype get some breakfast. You play round all tay und haf blenty of fun. I haf to work all tay an' haf blenty of drouble. Ven you die, you's dead; ven I die, I haf to go to hell yet."

A PAGE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Land Bears.

The Land Bear's fur is shaggy.

It is usually brown, but they are sometimes a black or yellowish color.

They live in the woods.

They eat fruits and vegetables and sometimes the small animals.

In the winter they hide in some hollow or cave and sleep till spring.

That is called hibernating.

There are a great many of these bears in Norway, Russia and Siberia.

They are often tamed.

They are about 4 feet long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high.

I will get a box from my mama soon.

Crosby gave some nuts to me today, and I thanked him.

Marcus talked to me.

We will go home next June.

I wrote a letter to mama last Friday.

Papa gave one dollar to me last Saturday.

I got a letter from Edgar last Saturday.

Mr. Connor and Miss Morrison went to Rome last Saturday.

Mr. Milligan gave a watch to me.

Sarah has a doll.

Miss Minnie will keep a box for me.

I was bad.

I am good.

George has a new coat.

Mr. Asbury walked with me yesterday.

MELVIN WEIL.

Miss Robinson went to Rome today.

I will give a cup to Vesta next June.

George will get a box soon and he is very glad.

Inez pulled her tooth yesterday.

Juanita got a letter from her aunt yesterday.

Miss Robinson walked with Miss Harper.

Mr. Connor came here last Saturday.

Mr. Freeman loves me.

Miss Minnie has a newspaper.

OLLIE COCHRAN.

Polar Bears.

The Polar, or White Bears, live in cold countries.

They have white fur.

The soles of their feet are covered with hair so that they can walk on the ice and not slip.

They eat seals and fish.

They also eat bird's eggs and berries when they can find them.

They can swim for a long distance.

Sometimes they float for a long way on blocks of ice.

The Polar Bears are the largest of all the bears.

They are nearly 9 feet long when grown, and they often weigh 1600 pounds.

Name something you eat that grows on trees.

Name something you eat that grows on a vine.

Name something you eat that grows on a bush.

Name something you eat that grows in the ground.

Name some animals that are good to eat.

Name some animals that are not good to eat.

Name some birds that we eat.

Name some birds that we do not eat.

Mr. Connor has ten pretty pheasants.

They stay in the poultry yard.

Miss Mary feeds them every day.

We like to see them.

They are very wild.

What is your name?

Where do you live?

How old are you?

How much do you weigh?

How tall are you?

IN MEMORIAM:

Respectfully Dedicated to the Holders of
Confederate Treasury Notes.

1
Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it,—
As a pledge of the nation that's dead and
gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

2
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell,
Of liberty born—of patriot's dream—
Of the storm cradled nation that fell.

3
Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow;
We issue today our promise to pay,
And hope to redeem on the morrow.

4
The days rolled on, and weeks become years,
But our coffers were empty still,
Coin was so rare that the Treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

5
But the faith that was in us was strong in-
deed
And our poverty well discerned,
And these little checks represented the pay
That our poor volunteers had earned.

6
We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

7
But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were then overdue;
We knew if it brought us our bread today,
Twas the best our poor country could do.

8
Keep it, for it tells our history o'er,
From the birth of its dream to the last,
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
Like the hope of success, it passed.

The above little poem, full of pathos, was written soon after Confederacy died, covered with glory, at Appomattox. It is said to have been written originally on the backs of the different denominations of Confederate Notes—one verse on each of the one dollar, two dollar, five dollar, ten dollar, twenty dollar, fifty dollar, one hundred dollar and five hundred dollar bills. Be that as it may, it will live in literature as one of the touching productions of the times, along with Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner" and Major Lamar Fontaine's "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight." A thousand dollars has been offered for indisputable evidence of the author, who is unknown.

A Noble Sentiment.

A portion of Senator Hoar's speech the other day before the Union League Club of Chicago, overlooked in the telegraphic reports, touched in the following interesting manner on race conditions in the south:

"I know how sensitive our southern friends are on this matter of social equality and companionship, and I think I might say fairly and properly—and that perhaps I have a right to say it—that it is not wise for the people of the north to undertake to deal rashly or even to judge hastily of a feeling so deeply implanted in their bosoms.

"Time, the great reconciliator, will reconcile them to that, if in the nature of things and in the nature of men they ought to be reconciled to it. And if in the nature of things and in the nature of man time does not reconcile them, it will be a sign that they ought not to be reconciled to it, and that some other mode of life for them must be devised.

"Now, my friends, having said what I thought to say on this question, perhaps I may be indulged in adding that, although my life politically and personally has been a life of almost constant strife with the leaders of the southern people, yet as I grow older I have learned not only to respect and esteem, but to love the great qualities which belong to my fellow-citizens of the southern states. They are a noble race. We may well take pattern from them in some of the great virtues which make up the strength as they make the glories of the free states. Their love of home; their chivalrous respect for women; their courage; their delicate sense of honor; their constancy, which can abide by an opinion or a purpose or an interest for their states through adversity and through prosperity, through years and through the generations, are things by which the people of the more mercurial north may take a lesson. And there is another

thing—covetousness, corruption, the low temptation of money has not yet found any place in our southern politics.

"Now, my friends, we cannot afford to live, we don't wish to live, and we do not live, in a state of estrangement from a people who possess these qualities. They are friends of ours; born of our burning; flesh of our flesh; blood of our blood, and whatever may be the temporary error of any southern state, I, for one, if I have a right to speak for Massachusetts, say to her, 'Entreat me not to leave thee nor to return from following after thee. For where thou goest, I will go, and where thou stayest I will stay also. And thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

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