

HELEN KELLER.

BY FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

MOST children go to three or four schools at the same time, and perhaps that is the reason why they sometimes get just a little bit tired of their lessons.

First come the Eye and Ear schools—and a baby begins to attend these as soon as he is old enough to know anything; nor does he graduate from them while eyesight, hearing, and life remain.

Next comes the Tongue school, and we all know how interesting it is to watch a dear little baby, as he gradually learns to say one word after another, and to pronounce *s*, *th*, and *r*—those sounds which are such dreadful stumbling-blocks to many little folks. About this time, or a little earlier, Baby begins to spend many of his spare moments at the Touch or “Feeling” school; and if he be of an inquiring turn of mind, he may learn many interesting and some very unpleasant facts at this educational establishment. He may learn—if he put his fingers on the stove—that fire burns; also that pins scratch, that knives hurt, and that ice chills. At the schools of Smell and Taste he will learn lessons agreeable and disagreeable. I think that almost all little boys and girls pay an early visit to the pepper or mustard pot, and that the visit leaves sad and very pungent memories behind.

By and by, Baby grows to be quite a big boy or girl, and is sent off to *real* school, as children would say. Here he often finds that he has too many calls upon his thoughts. The Eye-schoolmistress urges him to look out of the window and study the butterflies, the birds, and the flowers; the Ear-schoolmistress perhaps puts it into his head to listen to the recitation of the bigger boys, and learn something in that way. And all this time the *real*, live schoolmistress is saying, “Johnny, why don’t you study your spelling lesson?” or, “Johnny, have you learned that multiplication-table yet?”

For these reasons, Johnny does not always appreciate the really striking beauties of the multiplication-table, nor the joys that lurk even in the most dimly long and hateful spelling-lesson. Johnny feels—and very naturally—that school is a superior sort of prison. When its doors close behind him, they shut out his body from the great world of nature, and he is too young to realize that the glorious gates of knowledge can not open to

admit his mind, unless he first prepares it in that narrow school-room, which tires and cramps his active little body.

But suppose that Johnny were entirely cut off from that outer world; suppose that the Eye, and Ear, and Tongue schools had shut their doors upon him, and he sat in utter darkness and silence, with no schoolmistress to help him save the one living in the ends of his fingers, and with no one to answer any of his questions, or to explain to him the meaning of the strange objects which his restless hands felt, but which, alas! he could not understand? In other words, suppose that Johnnie were deaf, dumb, and blind,—could neither understand other people, nor make them understand him,—would he not hail with delight a schoolmistress who should deliver him from this living death, and would he not love the “real school” which taught him all that he had been longing to know in his dark prison—aye, and much more than he had ever dreamed of?

In the August ST. NICHOLAS, Dr. Jastrow told you the story of Laura Bridgman, who was thus afflicted. This month I shall tell you of Helen Keller, blind and deaf and dumb, as was Miss Bridgman, but otherwise a bright, happy little girl. For five long years she had sat in silent darkness—darkness of the mind as well as of the body. How can we wonder at her delight when a deliverer was found to free her from her prison, at her rapture over the tiresome lessons which meant life—eyes, ears, everything—to her?

Miss Sullivan tells us that after having been two or three months under tuition, Helen would throw her arms around her teacher with a kiss whenever a new word was given her to spell! Because, in Helen’s case, spelling a word is the only way of learning it. She must spell out all the letters on her fingers in order to say, or rather *use*, a word. Thus she comes to think—nay, even to dream—in finger language; and her busy hands, as did Laura Bridgman’s, move when she sleeps, spelling out the confused dreams that pass through her little brain.

As for arithmetic, Helen found the study so exciting, she was so intensely interested in solving problems on her “type-slate,” that it was feared her health would be injured, and, to her great

regret, the precious type-slate had for a time to be taken from her, because thinking about all the wonderful things that can be done with figures kept the child awake at night.

Her full name is Helen Adams Keller, and she was born in Tusculum, Alabama, June 27, 1880, with all her senses in perfect condition. She was a bright little baby, and could see and hear as well as any of us. She had learned to walk and was learning to talk, when, at nineteen months of age, she was attacked by a severe illness, and when it passed away, it left her blind and deaf. Dumbness is, in almost all cases, the result of deafness—deaf people can not talk, simply because they can not hear; and so our poor little Helen ceased to talk soon after this terrible illness, because she was unable to hear any sound. The few words that she had learned, faded from her baby brain, and she entered upon a long term of solitary confinement—of the mind—now happily ended forever! She has always been a very intelligent child, and even in these dark days she learned something from the "Touch" schoolmistress, and something more from her kind mother, who allowed little Helen to keep constantly at her side as she went about her household duties. The little girl showed great aptitude for learning about these matters, and she also imitated the motions of people whom she did not see, indeed, but *felt*. All blind children like to touch every one with whom they are brought into contact—it is their only way of *seeing* how their friends look, and what sort of clothes they wear.

Helen also invented a number of signs to express her wants, and some of her thoughts. Since she has learned to talk with her fingers, this natural, or sign, language has been gradually laid aside; but when I last saw her, in September, 1888, she still used a number of signs, about which I may tell you by and by. So the "Touch" schoolmistress did all that she could for Helen, and the little girl was, for a time, satisfied with these teachings. But as she grew older, as her brain became more active, she began to long for wider knowledge, and would be almost in despair, when she could not express her ideas in such a way that those about her could understand her meaning. On these occasions, she would be seized with violent paroxysms of anger; but after she had learned to talk with her fingers, she had no more outbursts of rage, and now she seldom loses her temper, for she is a sweet and gentle child, and very affectionate.

But her poor little mind was in prison; she was like a captive bird, and if she had not beaten thus against the doors of her cage her parents would not perhaps have realized that her baby days were over, and that the time had come when

she must be set free—when she must be taught the use of language.

So Captain Keller, Helen's father, wrote to Mr. Anagnos, of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston,* to ask whether he could not send a "real" schoolmistress to teach little Helen, and Mr. Anagnos chose for the position a very kind and intelligent young girl who was just graduated from his school. Her name was Annie M. Sullivan. Although she had been almost entirely blind when she had come to study at the Institution, her sight had been mercifully restored to her through the aid of skillful doctors.

But she remembered very well what a sad thing it was to be blind, and felt the greatest sympathy for little Helen. She spent six months in preparing herself for her task, and studied very carefully all that Dr. Howe had written about Laura Bridgman, and the way in which the latter had been taught, as well as a great many big books on mental development, which you and I would, perhaps, find rather dry reading.

Helen's lessons began in the most agreeable manner, for the first thing she learned about was a handsome doll. Miss Sullivan took the little girl's hand and passed it over the doll. Then she made the letters, d-o-l-l, slowly with the finger alphabet. When she began to make them the second time, Helen dropped the doll, and tried to make the letters herself with one hand, at the same time feeling of Miss Sullivan's fingers with her other hand. Then she tried to spell the word alone, and soon learned to do so correctly, also to spell five other words, *hat, mug, pin, cup, ball*. When Miss Sullivan handed her a mug, for instance, Helen would spell m-u-g with her fingers, and it was the same with the other words.

In a little more than a week after this lesson, she understood that all objects have names, and so the first and most difficult step in her education was accomplished in a marvelously short time.

Helen has a baby sister named Mildred, of whom she is very fond. She was delighted when Miss Sullivan put her hand on the baby's head, and spelled b-a-b-y. Now, at last, she had a name for the dear little sister whom she loved so well. Before this time, though of course she had often thought of Mildred, she had known no name nor word by which to call her. How curious Helen's thoughts must have been before the time when Miss Sullivan came to her—thoughts without words.

I do not wonder that she enjoyed her studies, for her teacher taught her in ways so pleasant that her lessons were like so many little plays. Thus she made Helen stand *on* a chair in order to learn the word *on*, and the little girl was put *into*

* See "The Story of Laura Bridgman," ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1889.

the wardrobe—and so learned the meaning of *into*.

After she had learned a large number of words, Miss Sullivan began to teach her to read as the blind do—that is from raised letters, which they feel with the tips of their fingers. Miss Sullivan took an alphabet sheet, and put Helen's finger on the letter *A*, at the same time making the letter *A* with her own fingers, and so on through the entire alphabet. Helen learned all the printed letters, both capitals and small letters, in one day! Then her teacher put Helen's fingers on the word *cat* in the primer for the blind, at the same time spelling the word in the finger alphabet. The little



MISS SULLIVAN, HELEN'S TEACHER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY IRA F. COLLINS.)

girl caught the idea instantly, asked for *dog*, and many other words, and was much displeased because her own name, "Helen," was not in the primer! She was so delighted with her book that she would sit for hours feeling of the different words, and "when she touched one with which she was familiar, a peculiarly sweet expression would light up her face."

Mr. Anagnos had some sheets of paper printed with all the words Helen knew. These were cut up into slips, each containing a single word, and the little girl was overjoyed at being able to make sentences for herself. Next she learned to write these same sentences with pencil and paper, on a writing-board such as the blind use—a piece of pasteboard with grooves in it, which is placed

under the writing-paper, the letters being written in the grooves, each groove forming a line. At first Miss Sullivan guided her hand, but soon Helen learned to write alone—and she writes a very neat, firm handwriting. The first sentence she wrote was, "Cat does drink milk." When she found that her dear mother could read what she had written she could scarcely restrain her joy and excitement! For now Helen had found two doors leading out of her prison—the finger alphabet, with which she could talk to those around her, and the written alphabet, by means of which she could communicate with friends at a distance.

Would you believe it possible, that Helen could read, and also write, letters? Not letters such as you and I write, but letters written according to what is called the Braille system. This system is simple and ingenious. Each letter of the alphabet is represented by pin-pricks placed in different positions, and the blind can read what has been written, by feeling of the pin-pricks. A little sharp-pointed instrument, like a stiletto, is used for punching the holes, through a piece of brass containing square perforations, each of which is large enough to hold one letter of the alphabet. The paper is fastened firmly into a sort of wooden slate covered with cloth, but can easily be removed when the page is filled.

It seems almost incredible that Helen should have learned in four months to use and spell correctly more than four hundred and fifty words! On the first day of March, 1887, the poor child was almost like a dumb animal: she knew no language—not a single word, nor a single letter. In July, of the same year, she had not only learned to talk fluently with her fingers, but had learned also to read raised type, to write a neat square hand, and to write letters to her friends! Her progress during these first months seems simply marvelous, especially when we remember that she was only six years and eight months old when Miss Sullivan began to teach her. She has gone on acquiring knowledge with the same wonderful rapidity.

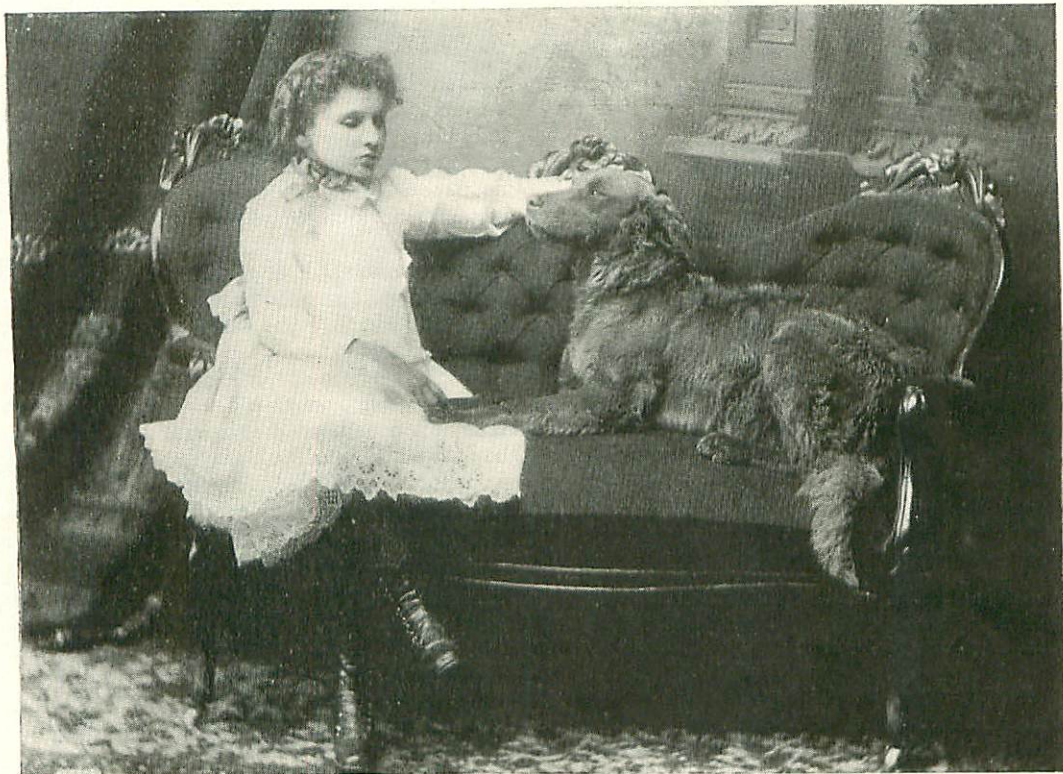
After she had been under tuition for one year, she knew the multiplication-tables, and could add, subtract, multiply, and divide numbers, up to 100. At first she had some trouble in understanding that the numbers on her type-slate represented so many apples and oranges in the examples, but in a few days this difficulty was overcome, and she then became much interested in her ciphering, and puzzled her little head so continually with examples that the "big giant, Arithmos," had to be banished from her presence!

Helen's type-slate is like those that the blind

use. The types have raised numbers on one end; the slate itself is of metal, covered with square holes, into which Helen sets the types, just as we would write down figures.

She is very fond of writing in her diary, and it is very interesting to trace her progress as shown in this and in her other writings. Here is a short description of rats, which she wrote January 16,

many proofs of the goodness and unselfishness of her little heart. Thus, at a Christmas-tree festival, at which Helen was present, she found one little girl who, through some mistake, had not received any gifts. Helen tried to find the child's presents, but not succeeding in her search, she flew to her own little store of precious things and took from it a mug, which she herself prized very highly. This



HELEN KELLER AND HER DOG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DEANE AND TURNER.)

1888, and which, perhaps, may amuse some of my young readers :

RATS.

JAN. 16th, 1888.

Rats are small animals. They are made of flesh and blood and bone. They have four feet and a tail.

They have one head and two ears and two eyes and one nose.

They have one mouth and sharp teeth. They gnaw holes in wood with their teeth. They do walk softly.

Rats killed little, little pigeons. Cats do catch rats and eat them.

Helen never knew that there was such a day as Christmas-day, until Miss Sullivan went to her. Fancy a little girl who never had a Christmas, until she was seven years old! Her teacher tells us that she hailed the glad tidings of the happy Christmas season with the greatest joy, and gave

she gave to the little stranger, "with abundant love."

In the following letter she tells us something of her Christmas experiences, and mentions the very mug, I think, of which I have spoken.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., Jan. 2, 1888.

DEAR SARAH : I am happy to write to you this morning. I hope Mr. Anagnos is coming to see me soon. I will go to Boston in June, and I will buy father gloves, and James nice collar, and Simpson cuffs. I saw Miss Betty and her scholars. They had a pretty Christmas-tree, and there were many pretty presents on it for little children. I had a mug and little bird and candy. I had many lovely things for Christmas. Aunt gave me a trunk for Nancy, and clothes. I went to party with teacher and mother. We did dance and play and eat nuts and candy and cakes and oranges, and I did have fun with little boys and girls. Mrs. Hopkins did send me lovely ring. I do love her and little blind girls.

Men and boys do make carpets in mills. Wool grows on sheep. Men do cut sheep's wool off with large shears, and send it to the mill. Men and women do make wool cloth in mills.

Cotton grows on large stalks in fields. Men and boys and girls and women do pick cotton. We do make thread and cotton dresses of cotton. Cotton has pretty white and red flowers on it. Teacher did tear her dress. Mildred does cry. I will nurse Nancy. Mother will buy me lovely new aprons and dress to take to Boston. I went to Knoxville with father and Aunt. Bessie is weak and little. Mrs. Thompson's chickens killed Leila's chickens. Eva does sleep in my bed. I do love good girls. Good-bye. HELEN KELLER.

The "Nancy" mentioned in this letter is a large rag-doll, of which Helen is very fond. She has a large family of dolls, and enjoys playing with them, and sewing for them, when she is not reading or engaged with her teacher.

Here is an extract from her diary which speaks very tenderly of the finny tribe, and all the troubles which hook and line bring upon them:

MARCH 8, 1888.

We had fish for breakfast. Fish live in the deep water. There are many hundreds of fish swimming about in the water. Men catch fish with poles and hooks and lines. They put a little tiny fish on the hook and throw it in the water, and fish does bite the little fish and sharp hook does stick in poor fish's mouth and hurt him much. I am very sad for the poor fish. Fish did not know that very sharp hook was in tiny fish. Men must not kill poor fish. Men do pull fish out and take them home, and cooks do clean them very nice and fry them, and then they are very good to eat for breakfast.

It is slow work, spelling words with one's fingers, and Helen was at first inclined to use only the most important words in a sentence. Thus she would say, "Helen, milk," when she wanted some milk to drink. But Miss Sullivan, who is as firm as she is sweet and gentle, knew that the little girl would never learn to think clearly, and would never make real progress in acquiring knowledge, if allowed to express herself in this babyish way. Miss Sullivan would therefore bring the milk, in order to show Helen that her wish was understood, but would not allow her to drink it, until she had made a complete sentence, her teacher assisting her. When she had said, "Give Helen some milk to drink," she was permitted to drink it. As we have seen, Helen began her lessons with Miss Sullivan in March, 1887, and in one year her progress was so extraordinary that it was thought best to omit her regular lessons, when the month of March came round again.

So Helen took a vacation of several months; but, though her "real" school did not "keep" during all this time, she did not cease to learn, for her "real"

schoolmistress is always with the little girl, constantly talking with her, and explaining things to her. Miss Sullivan is, indeed, "eyes to the blind, and ears to the deaf," and a sweeter and gentler pair of eyes it would be hard to find. Through her, Helen learns more and more of this beautiful world and all that is going on in it.

Helen is very cheerful and happy in spite of her sad lot; she does not, of course, fully understand how much she has lost, in losing her sight and hearing, and it is best that she should not do so. Sometimes she longs to see. While riding in the cars, not long ago, she tried to look out of the car window, and said to her companion, "I can't see; I try to see, but I CAN'T!" She told Mr. Anagnos, that she must see a doctor for her eyes. Alas! no doctor lives who is skillful enough to help little Helen's eyes and ears. Her parents and friends have consulted the most skillful oculists and aurists; but the doctors all agree that nothing can be done for her! She herself hopes that, as she grows older, she will be able to see.

While we all must pity her intensely, for her sad deprivations, we should remember that even these afflictions have their bright side, and while they wrap her from the outer world, as in a dark garment, they also shield her from all unkindness, from all wickedness. Every one who comes near little Helen is so moved with pity for her infirmities that all treat her with the utmost gentleness—she does not know what unkindness is, her teacher tells us, and we may fully believe it. Thus, while she can neither see the trees, nor the flowers, nor the bright sunshine, while she can not hear the birds sing, she knows the best side of every human being, and only the best. She lives in a world of love, and goodness, and gentleness. Were we speaking, just now, of pitying little Helen? It may be she does not need our pity—perhaps some of us may need hers!

You will not be surprised, after what I have said, to hear that our little friend is very kind to animals. When driving in a carriage, she will not allow the driver to use a whip because, as she says, "Poor horses will cry."

She was much distressed, one morning, upon finding that a certain dog named "Pearl," had a block of wood fastened to its collar. It was explained to Helen that this was necessary, in order to keep the dog from running away; but still she was not satisfied, and, at every opportunity during the day, she would seek out Pearl, and carry the block of wood herself, that the dog might rest from its burden.

Helen is very fond of dress, and it makes her very unhappy to find a tear in any of her clothing. She has a little jacket of which she is extremely proud, and which she wished to wear last summer,

even when the weather was so warm that she would almost have melted away in it. Her mother said to her one day, "There is a poor little girl who has no cloak to keep her warm. Will you give her yours?"

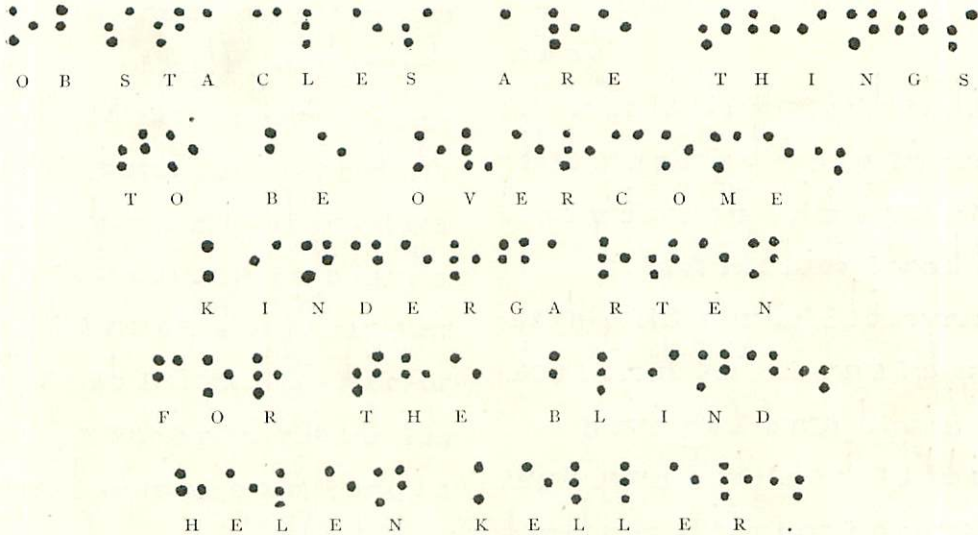
Helen immediately began to take off the precious jacket, saying, "I must give it to a poor little strange girl."

She is very fond of children younger than herself, and is always ready—as I hope all my readers are—to give up her way for theirs. She loves little babies, and handles them very carefully and tenderly. When she is riding in a horse-car, she

those great steamboats that ply on the Mississippi River, and said, when she had finished the tour of the vessel, "It is like a very large house."

She also made a visit to the Cotton Exchange at Memphis, where she was introduced to many of the gentlemen, and wrote their names on the blackboard. But she did not quite understand why there were maps and blackboards hanging on the wall, and said to her teacher, "Do men go to school?"

In June, 1888, Helen came to New England for a stay of four months, and great was her delight when she made her long anticipated visit to the Perkins



SPECIMEN OF THE BRAILLE SYSTEM OF PRINTING FOR THE BLIND.
 (THE BLACK POINTS INDICATE RAISED DOTS IN THE PAPER.)

always asks whether there are any babies among the passengers; also, how many people there are in the car, what the colors of the horses are, and, most difficult question of all to answer, she demands the names of the conductor and driver! She also wishes to know what is to be seen from the car window—so that, as you may imagine, her teacher does not rest much while going about with Helen. For talking with one's fingers, and understanding what other people say with theirs, is much more fatiguing than talking in the usual way. While "listening," it is necessary to keep one's attention closely fixed on each letter as it is made—for if one misses a single letter, the thread of the whole sentence is often lost, and it must all be repeated.

She asks constantly, when she is traveling, or staying at a hotel, "What do you see? What are people doing?"

She had the pleasure of going all over one of

Institution for the Blind, at Boston. Here she found many people who could talk with her in her own finger-language. Not only did this give her the greatest pleasure, but also much instruction, for hitherto she had rarely met any one with whom she could talk, save her mother and teacher. And so the doors of her prison grew larger and wider, till our little friend seemed to breathe in more freedom and knowledge, with every breath! You may perhaps think it strange that Helen's father should not be able to talk much to her; but it seems to be more difficult for men to learn to use the finger-language than for women. Their hands are, of course, larger, more clumsy, and less flexible; and perhaps their thoughts do not move quite so nimbly. Mr. Anagnos has learned to talk to Helen, but she finds it rather hard to understand him, since her hand is small and his is large. I saw her "listening" to him one day, and she "listened" by passing her hand all over

his, often straightening out his fingers, because she thought that he did not make the letters correctly! When a woman talks to Helen, she makes the letters in the palm of Helen's hand, and the little girl understands each one instantly. As some of the letters resemble one another very closely, it seems wonderful that Helen can distinguish them so quickly—much more rapidly than I can do, by

and Latin words. Indeed, in one of her letters to Mr. Anagnos, she wrote, "I do want to learn much about everything." She is a wonderfully bright child, and her teacher, instead of urging her to study, is often obliged to coax Helen away from some example in arithmetic, or other task, lest the little girl should injure her health by working too hard at her lessons.

Tuscumbia, Alabama,
February 17th 1889.
My dear Mrs. Hall;
Your
little friend Helen was
made glad by your letter
and the dainty card
I love little Howard
Fawcett very dearly
because he has such
a kind and loving
little heart. I am sure
he was never unkind
or selfish in his life.
I should like very

much to see Fawcett's
great dog, Dougal. I have
a fine dog named
Jumbo. He is large
and strong like Dougal.
He has fine and soft
curly hair, and he
always runs to meet
me when I come from
walk. I have a dear lit-
tle bird and two pre-
cious pigeons. I love
my pets and my friends
and my books.
With Love, Helen A. Keller

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY HELEN KELLER.

looking at them. Her little hand closes very slightly over the hand of the person who is speaking to her, as each letter is made—and they are made at a very rapid rate, by those who have practiced the use of the manual alphabet.

Helen is very fond of Mr. Anagnos, and he himself loves the little girl very dearly. He has taught her a few words and phrases of his native language—Greek—as she begged him to do so. Some of these she spelled for me, and spelled them very fast, too. I can not remember all these words; but here are a few, which I wrote down: Good morning, Καλή ἡμέρα. Finger-ring, Δακτυλίδιον. I love thee, Σε ἀγαπῶ. Good-bye, Χαῖρε. Hair, Τρίχες.

She has also learned several German, French,

The following letter, which was written to her aunt in Tuscumbia, while Helen was visiting at the North, is interesting, because it gives some of the foreign words and phrases which she has learned:

MY DEAREST AUNT: I am coming home very soon, and I think you and every one will be very glad to see my teacher and me. I am very happy, because I have learned much about many things. I am studying French and German, and Latin and Greek. *Se agapo*, is Greek, and it means, I love thee. *J'ai une bonne petite sœur*, is French, and it means, I have a good little sister. *Nous avons un bon père et une bonne mère* means, We have a good father and a good mother. *Puer* is boy in Latin, and *Mutter* is mother in German. I will teach Mildred many languages when I come home.

HELEN A. KELLER.

The following account of the noises made by different animals has a sad significance, when we remember that it was written by one who can not hear even the loudest peal of thunder, or the heavy booming of cannon :

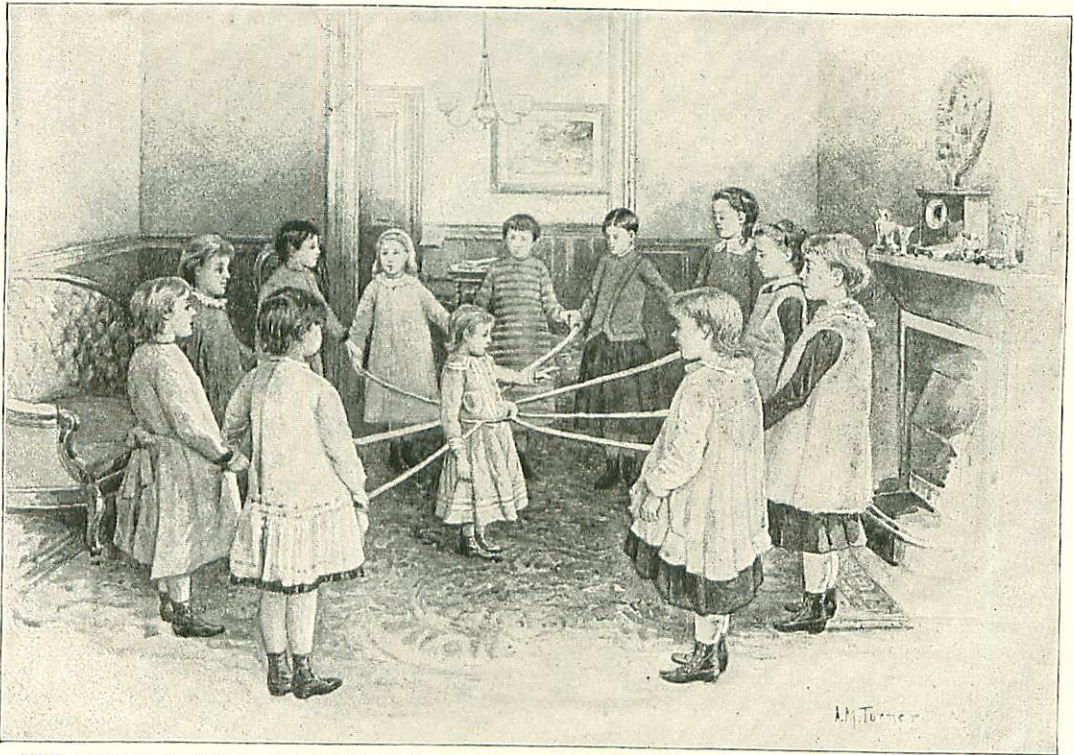
JULY 14, 1888.

Some horses are very mild and gentle, and some are wild and very cross. I like to give gentle horse nice, fresh grass to eat, because they will not bite my hand, and I like to pat their soft noses. I think mild horses like to have little girls very kind to them. Horses neigh, and lions roar, and wolves howl, and cows mow, and pigs grunt, and ducks quack, and hens cackle, and roosters crow, and birds sing, and crows caw, and chickens say "peep," and babies cry, and people talk, and laugh, and sing, and groan, and men whistle, and bells ring. Who made many noises ?

I wish that space permitted me to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS more about little Helen—

her letters, she loves to romp and play with other children, and enjoyed very much playing and studying with the little blind children during her stay at the Kindergarten for the Blind, near Boston. Here she met little Edith Thomas, a child afflicted in the same way as Helen herself; and the two little girls kissed and hugged each other to their hearts' content. Here she learned also to model in clay, to make bead-baskets, and to knit with four needles. She was much pleased with this latter accomplishment, and said that she could now knit some stockings for her father !

She has a wonderfully strong memory, and seldom forgets what she has once learned; and she learns very quickly. But her marvelous progress is not due to her fine memory alone, but also to her great quickness of perception, and to her remarkable powers of thought. To speak a little more clearly, Helen understands with sin-



BLIND CHILDREN AT PLAY IN THE PARLOR OF THE KINDERGARTEN, NEAR BOSTON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. E. ALDEN.)

about some of her funny doings and bright sayings. But if I should tell you all the interesting stories that I have heard about her, they would take up nearly the whole magazine.

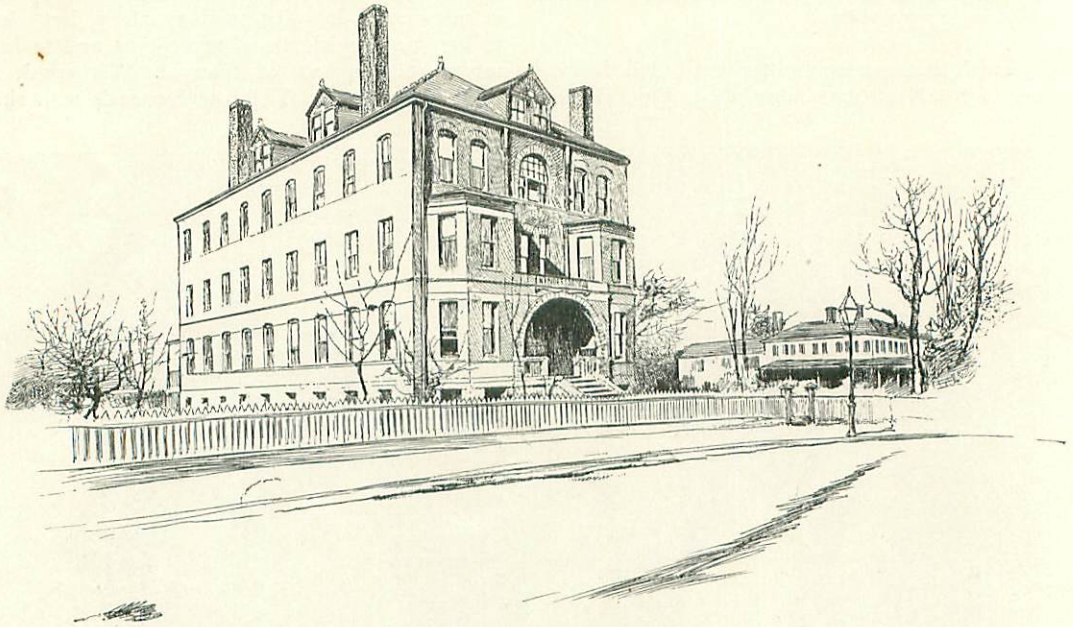
You will be glad to hear that she is a healthy, vigorous child, very tall and large for her age, and with a finely developed head. As you will see by

singular rapidity, not only what is said to her, but even the feelings and the state of mind of those about her, and she *thinks* more than most children of her age. The "Touch" schoolmistress has done such wonders for her little pupil that you would scarcely believe how many things Helen finds out, as with electric quickness, through her

fingers. She knows in a moment whether her companions are sad, or frightened, or impatient—in other words, she has learned so well what movements people make under the influence of different feelings that at times she seems to read our thoughts. Thus, when she was walking one day with her mother, a boy exploded a torpedo which frightened Mrs. Keller. Helen asked at once, "What are you afraid of?" Some of you already know that *sound* (*i. e.*, noise of all sorts) is produced by the vibrations of the air striking against our organs of hearing—that is to say, the ears; and deaf people, even though they can hear absolutely nothing, are still conscious of these vibrations.

she found out a secret that had baffled all the "seeing" people present. She tapped her forehead twice, and spelled, "*I think.*"

I can not forbear telling you one more anecdote about her, which seems to me a very pathetic one. She is a very good mimic, and loves to imitate the motions and gestures of those about her, and she can do so very cleverly. On a certain Sunday, she went to church with a lady named Mrs. Hopkins, having been cautioned beforehand by her teacher, that she must sit very quiet during the church service. It is very hard to sit perfectly still, however, when you can't hear one word of what the minister is saying, and little Helen pres-



THE KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND. (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. E. ALDEN.)

Thus, they can "feel" loud music, probably because it shakes the floor; and Helen's sense of feeling is so wonderfully acute, that she no doubt learns many things from these vibrations of the air which to us are imperceptible.

The following anecdote illustrates both her quickness of touch and her reasoning powers. The matron of the Perkins Institution for the Blind exhibited one day, to a number of friends, a glass lemon-squeezer of a new pattern. It had never been used, and no one present could guess for what purpose it was intended. Some one handed it to Helen, who spelled "lemonade" on her fingers, and asked for a drinking-glass. When the glass was brought, she placed the squeezer in proper position for use.

The little maid was closely questioned as to how

ently began to talk to Mrs. Hopkins, and ask what was going on. Mrs. H. told her, and reminded her of Miss Sullivan's injunction about keeping quiet. She immediately obeyed, and turning her head in a listening attitude, she said, "*I listen.*"

The following letter, to her mother, shows how much progress Helen had made in the use of language during her stay at the North:

So. BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 24th.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I think you will be very glad to know all about my visit to West Newton. Teacher and I had a lovely time with many kind friends. West Newton is not far from Boston, and we went there in the steam-cars very quickly.

Mrs. Freeman and Carrie, and Ethel and Frank and Helen came to station to meet us in a huge carriage. I was delighted to see my dear little friends, and I hugged

and kissed them. Then we rode for a long time to see all the beautiful things in West Newton. Many very handsome houses and large soft green lawns around them, and trees and bright flowers and fountains.

The horse's name was "Prince," and he was gentle and liked to trot very fast. When we went home we saw eight rabbits and two fat puppies, and a nice little white pony, and two wee kittens, and a pretty curly dog named "Don." Pony's name was "Mollie," and I had a nice ride on her back; I was not afraid. I hope my uncle will get me a dear little pony and a little cart very soon.

Clifton did not kiss me, because he does not like to kiss little girls. He is shy. I am very glad that Frank and Clarence, and Robbie and Eddie, and Charles and George were not very shy. I played with many little girls, and we had fun. I rode on Carrie's tricycle, and picked flowers, and ate fruit, and hopped and skipped and danced, and went to ride. Many ladies and gentlemen came to see us. Lucy and Dora and Charles were born in China. I was born in America, and Mr. Anagnos was born in Greece. Mr. Drew says little girls in China can not talk on their fingers, but I think when I go to China I will teach them. Chinese nurse came to see me; her name was Asin. She showed me a tiny atze that very rich ladies in China wear, because their feet never grow large. Amah means a nurse. We came home in horse-cars, because it was Sunday, and steam-cars do not go often on Sunday. Conductors and engineers do

get very tired and go home to rest. I saw little Willie Swan in the car, and he gave me a juicy pear. He was six years old. What did I do when I was six years old? Will you please ask my father to come to train to meet teacher and me? I am very sorry that Eva and Bessie are sick. I hope I can have a nice party my birthday, and I do want Carrie and Ethel, and Frank and Helen to come to Alabama to visit me.

With much love and thousand kisses.

From your dear little daughter,

HELEN A. KELLER.

When I last heard of little Helen, she was in her own happy home, in the sunny South. There we will leave her, with many wishes for her future welfare, and hopes that she may yet be gratified in her great desire: "I do want to learn much about everything."

Miss Sullivan says that it is a pleasure to teach so apt, so gentle and intelligent a pupil; but while Helen is dependent upon others for all the lessons which the Eye and Ear schoolmistresses have failed to teach her, does she not give the world, in return, a very wonderful and beautiful lesson?

I think that old and young alike may learn much from the daily life of little Helen Keller.



A LAWN PARTY.