

Another Helen Keller Escapes From Darkness And Silence

Anna Johnson, Deaf, Dumb, Blind, Crippled and Poor. Steps From School As Happy and Smilingly as Any Other "Sweet Girl Graduate"



MISS ANNA JOHNSON AND MISS ETHELWYN HAMMOND, AT RIGHT, HER TEACHER.

[BY W. H. ALBURN.]

Staff Correspondence.
Delavan, Wis., June 23.—A second Helen Keller has just appeared, graduating with high honors at the Wisconsin School for the Deaf.
Anna Pauline Johnson, of Colfax, Wis., has triumphed over blindness, deafness and dumbness, as Miss Keller did. And more than that, she has triumphed over poverty and illness which left her a hopeless cripple.
Now, nearly twenty-three, after nine years of the hardest toil that can fall to the lot of a student, she is a bright, cheery, womanly girl, with a well-furnished mind and a tireless eagerness for knowledge.
That was a strange conversation we had, in that strangely silent place where boys and girls moved like shadows through the pleasant grounds, talking with mute hands and lips.
Anna, handicapped more than all the rest, has learned to speak better than any of them; and as Miss Hammond deftly read my questions into her pain by the "manual alphabet" she answered them unhesitatingly, in a voice slightly strained, but with perfect articulation and faultless English.

She told me how as a little girl she had gone to the public school at Eau Claire, Wis., for three or four years, and had learned to speak English (her family spoke only Norwegian at home) and had been so eager to learn! And then, little by little her eyes had grown dim. And at last, when she was nine years old, she could see nothing at all. A few days before Christmas, in 1901, there was a sudden snap in her head, and she could not hear any more, not even a loud noise.
That was the end of her school days. It seemed the end of life to the little girl to whom the world had just opened. Her parents were poor, the family was large and they could do little for her. Her dulled senses were an impassable wall. And before long, as it is the way with the deaf, she lost her power of speech, and lived alone in darkness and silence, speaking little and never spoken to.

There were four years of this isolation. But the brave little spirit would not yield to despair. She was sure that somebody could do something to lift the gloom. The idea grew upon those complaints throughout the medical world. Accordingly, some two or three months ago I had some lymphatic gland extract specially prepared from sheep by the well-known firm of Burroughs & Wellcome, and since then have treated over thirty cases with it. As I say in my article in the British Medical Journal, I have observed "no bad effects, and nearly all the children have improved in a very satisfactory way; the snoring and noises in breathing have disappeared, and the tonsils have diminished in size. Of course, it is too soon yet to speak with certainty. Many of the patients so treated have completely recovered, but one cannot say whether the will served 'no bad effects, and nearly all the children have improved in a very satisfactory way; the snoring and noises in breathing have disappeared, and the tonsils have diminished in size. Of course, it is too soon yet to speak with certainty. Many of the patients so treated have completely recovered, but one cannot say whether the will

result speaks for the patience and perseverance of both.
Anna has done the equivalent of two years' high school work, and has developed a taste and capacity for reading far beyond the requirements of her lessons. She is a keen student of history and judge of literature. She speaks well in English and Norwegian and writes a strong, clear style. She has mastered all the important points of reading systems for the blind. She uses a typewriter with accuracy that would shame many a professional typist. She has rare skill in basket weaving and, wonderful to say, in needlework.
She is a happy, buoyant, warm-hearted girl, alert of mind and in touch with the world's life and thought. It made a memorable commencement scene when Anna Johnson, leaning on her crutches, wearing a beautiful white graduation dress she had made herself, smiled radiantly at people she could not see, and read, from her typewritten "point" copy, an essay on "Macbeth as Interpreted in Darkness and Silence."

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remain all right. Time will have to prove that.
"Don't think," Dr. Ashby continued, "that I disapprove of operations. I still think they are necessary in many instances. But I am trying the new treatment first whenever time is not an imperative consideration. Adenoids and enlarged tonsils develop gradually, but they should be dealt with as early as possible, because in bad cases they not only lead to such afflictions as colds, but are factors in the patient becoming both physically and mentally deficient. In every operation where an anaesthetic is necessary, there is a risk to life and health; in these cases nearly always because of the anaesthetic—for there are few misadventures due to dirty instruments, and occasionally to the after-effects of operations, and if these risks can be avoided something will be gained."
Dr. Ashby added that he is still conducting his experiments at both the Manchester Children's Hospital and the Salford Royal Hospital, and that in order to make sure of no ill-effects the patients experimented upon have been taken into the hospital so as to be the more closely and regularly observed.

"No Old Men Today!"

Some Great Examples of Septuagenarian Youths.

[London News and Leader.]
It is not only the frock coat that has gone. The spirit of the frock coat—that rather grave, old, and ceremonious spirit which flourished in Victorian days—is dead, too. To grow old is to be old-fashioned as to wear a frock coat. Fifty years ago a man of 70 was allowed to look upon himself as on the shelf, or, at any rate, as in the armchair; but now he is hustled on to the golf links, and instead of seeing him in his frock coat with his feet on a hassock, you see him in a golf jacket, holding a long putt on the 16th green.
The Golfer of Sixty.
Nearly every golf club has scores of members well over 60, and many can play a game that will make a younger man anxious. Even more active games are not outside their scope. Mr. Balfour, who is 65, still plays lawn-tennis, and is quite the usual find of old men playing so quick a game as Badminton. It is difficult to realize that if these men had been unfortunate enough to live 50 years earlier they would have spent the time between 60 and 70 not only in a frock coat, but in all probability in an armchair as well. Luckily the arm-chair period does not start now till 85 or so—if, indeed, it ever starts.

The Maternity of Age.
The astonishing difference seems to be recognized by everyone except educational authorities. Although a judge, with the power almost of life and death, is allowed to go on working till 80 or even later, all the big public schools still make masters retire at 60. No wonder that Sir George Birdwood, who is 80, and still starts work at 5 every morning, resents the educational tradition which labels a man as old and past work at 60. "A man," he said, "should be at his best between 55 and 80. By that time his vision is broad, his opinions matured and tested by experience, his whole outlook sane and wise. In the old days, when men were in the habit of growing old at 60, there may have been some excuse for putting a man on the shelf then, but now there are no old men of 60 or 70, and very few of 80. It is true that I, for example, cannot walk far or go out much, but my brain works never clearer, and I never felt more capable of hard mental work. I get up at 4 every morning, and enjoy a hard day's work a good deal more than when I was younger."

Concentration at 90.
"A man's body may decay—I am sorry to say that mine has failed me considerably—but a man's brain should go on developing almost indefinitely, and certainly till over 90. The old are always more capable of mental concentration than the young, chiefly because the young has so many distractions from which age is free. An old man is anxious to make the most of the time that is left to him, but a young man is careless and more inclined to put things off. I have so little time left that I must get up at 4 every morning."

"Two things strike me very much now—one that there are no old men and another that one sees no ill-nourished or starving people in the streets. Fifty years ago one constantly came upon men of 65 on the shelf, and met as constantly ragged, under-sized, and starving people in the streets, but now it is as unusual to find an inactive old man as it is to meet an unhappy figure in the street—especially in the country."
It is not difficult to think of eminent old men who are still leading active lives. For example:
Lord Wemyss 94
Mr. James Sarg, R.A. 93
Sir Charles Tupper 92
Lord Strathcona 92
Lord Alfred Russel Wallace 90
Lord Halsbury 87
Lord Haddington 86
Mr. Frederic Harrison 82
Mr. Benjamin Leader, R.A. 82
Sir Walter Ralegh 82
Sir Charles Stanley 80
Sir George Birdwood 80
Lord Morley 74
Lord Alverstone 71
And the old man of today is not only active. He is interested in all modern developments, and is in many cases more revolutionary than his own grandson. You will find him going for passenger flights at Hendon, driving his own motor-car at 50 miles an hour, steering a fast yacht in half a gale, and trying in the evening to convert a young man to Socialism. It seems that in throwing aside his frock coat he has thrown aside 20 years or so. No doubt, indeed, hundreds of old men of a few more generations will follow the example of Mr. John Claxson, of Seymour Place, getting up, although 86, at six every day between May and October, walking to the Serpentine—about 1½ miles away—and then having a swim. He has done this for 50 years, and recently confessed to still enjoy it as much as ever. "There is nothing like it," he said, "for keeping you young and giving you an appetite for breakfast. The air in the early morning is far better than later on, and it is a pity to miss it. When the water gets too cold for me to glow I come out, I go for a three-mile walk instead."
"I hope to have my swim every morning in the summer till I am 90 at least."

MILITANCY AND MONEY

[London News and Leader.]

The verdict of the jury in the window-smashing case must, if it is to be upheld on appeal, have important consequences. The verdict is against certain individuals by name and all the members of the W. S. P. U. jointly and severally. What this means is that the firms who brought the action can recover the whole amount of the damages from any one or more of the defendants. As Mr. Tindal Atkinson pointed out, the case is a test case, and all those who have suffered damage in the course of the militant campaign—the owners, for instance, of burnt houses and churches—may take similar proceedings, always assuming, of course, that they can prove conspiracy against the W. S. P. U. It must follow that any member of the W. S. P. U. is liable to a possibly ruinous verdict. Under these circumstances the W. S. P. U. will probably either have to drop military though that would not dispose of the liabilities which may have been heaped up by past action—or lose its members. The verdict is thus the heaviest blow struck at the W. S. P. U., and those who have not cared overmuch for some earlier blows, will have to admit that it is the most inevitable and legitimate retributive society could offer to those who make war on society through property.

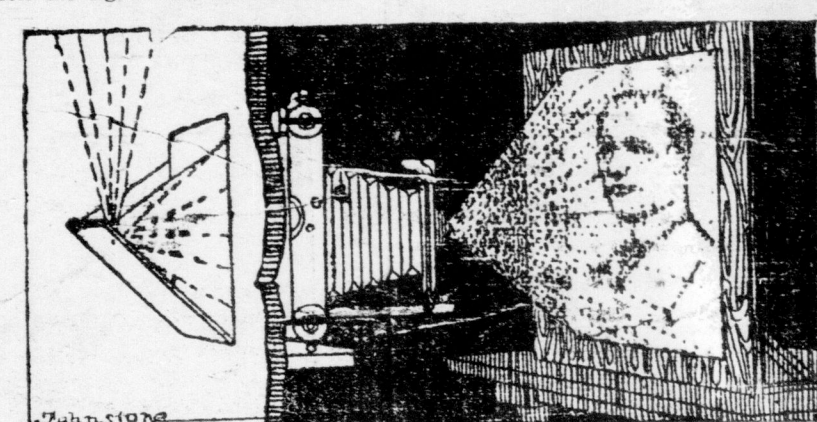
It was the custom in old times that as soon as a Japanese boy reached manhood he should leave his home and roam through the land in search of adventure.

WANT TO ENLARGE YOUR VACATION PHOTOS?

Here's the Way To Do It With the Camera That Made the Picture Originally.

Why not enlarge some of the photographs you take this summer and thus preserve them in good sizes for framing? It's the easiest thing in the world to do and it is not necessary to have a lot of fancy and costly apparatus to do it with. Almost any hand camera can be turned into an enlarging camera and the results can be obtained. It would be a good job for the rainy days of your vacation when it is impossible to take any new pictures.
The principal requisite is a room in which all light can be excluded and

Fit the back of your camera to the opening in the window and see that there are no leaks of light around it. The entire amount of light let into the room should come directly through the camera. Put the plate or film from which you are to print in a plate holder or printing frame and attach it to the back of the camera so that the light will come through it and pass into the camera. Fix your plate or film with the image upside down. Then drag a table near to the window and put an easel or drawing board upon it so that the beam of



which has a window that will let in unobstructed light where you want it. A disused attic chamber or a store-room will be fine. Even the cellar can be used if the cellar has a window that admits a lot of light. Cover the glass in the window sash with black paper and make it absolutely light tight, except for one place that is just the size of the camera box. If the window sash has four panes of glass it would be well to take out one pane for this purpose. Fit your camera tightly into the opening. If possible let this really be a hole in the window. You can then add to the light by equipping your camera back with the reflecting mirror.

"ONE JEREMY TO EACH DOOK"

The Philosophy of Hodge.
[Public Opinion.]

Prof. Jacks (editor of the Hibbert Journal) gives some delightful samples of "Farmer Jeremy and His ways" in the Cornhill Magazine.
"It takes two, sir," said Jeremy, "for to handle the land, a nobleman to own it and a farmer to cultivate it. There's nothing that gives you confidence like having a real gentleman behind you—ever there was confidence in farming—and that's what these 'ere Radicals don't see. I don't want none of their safeguards! Give me the Dook—his safe-guard enough for me! These little landlords are the men they ought to shoot at, not the big 'uns. Now isn't it a wonderful thing that my family and the Dook's has kept step with one another for a matter of two hundred years? Eight Dooks in that time and eight Jeremys—one Jeremy to each Dook!"

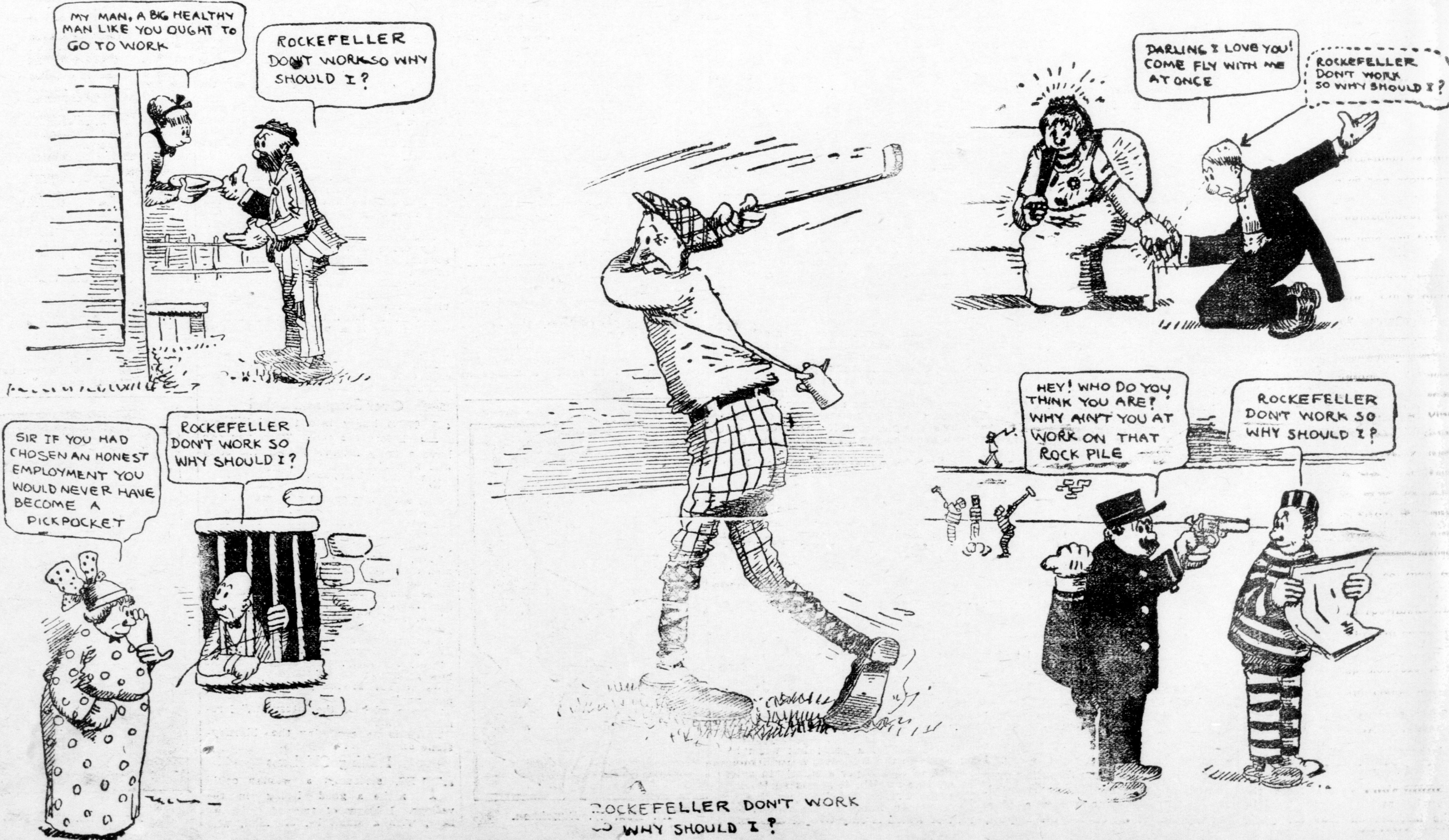
"No, sir," he continued, "it don't pay to own the land you farm; and don't you believe them as tells you it does. Leastways it pays a sight better to farm under a good landlord. Them as can't make farming pay, under a good landlord can't make it pay at all. Now look at me and then look at Charley Shott. Me and Charley started the same year, him with 400 acres of his own and me with 300 acres under the Dook, rented all round at 28 shillings an acre. And where are we both now after thirty years? Why, if Charley's land, and all he's made on it, and all he's put into it, were set at auction to-morrow I could buy him up twice over! And me paying over £500 a year rent for thirty years, and him not paying a penny. How does that come about? Well, you're not a farmer and you wouldn't understand if I told you. But I'll tell you one thing as perhaps you can understand. It hurts the land to break it up. And it hurts the land still more to sell it. Now I dare say you never heard of that before."

"I confessed that I had not. 'Well, it's a fact. When you break land up it won't keep. It goes rotten, like apples; first a bit goes rotten here and then a bit there; and the rottenness spreads and runs together. And as to selling, I tell you there's something in the land as knows when you're going to sell it, and loses heart. I've seen the same land in 'osses. It takes the land longer to get used to a new master than it does a 'oss, and there's some land as never will.'"
"No, sir, I say again. If you want to make farming pay, take a farm on a big estate, one that's never been broke up and never likely to be, one that's been in the same hands for hundreds of years, one that's never been shaken up and messed with and slopped all over with lawyer's ink, and made sour with lawyer's lies. Never mind if the rent's a bit stiffish. Rent never bothered me."

ONE FOR THE WITNESS.
"Now," said the smart lawyer to the very ordinary-looking witness at the Assizes a short time ago, "I presume you're a lawyer?"
"You've guessed right," replied the witness, who happened to be a civil engineer.
"And you are familiar with the use of a pick and spade, I presume?"
"Yes, sir, to some extent, although these are not my principal tools."
"Perhaps you will condescend, my good man, to tell us what are your principal tools?"
"If you insist on it, of course," my the witness, "but I am afraid you would not understand their nature and use."
"Very likely not," said the smart lawyer, "but I insist on knowing."
"Brains," was the retort.

The young man did not laugh with them, but instead left the hut and went straight to the owner of the dog, whom he begged to lend him the animal just for one night.

Rockefeller Don't Work, So Why Should I? : : : By Bud Fisher



ADENOIDS

A New Treatment Proposed by Dr. Ashby, Manchester.

[Manchester Guardian.]

An important article on the cause of enlarged tonsils and adenoids in children, and an entirely new method of treating these complaints without recourse to surgical operations has been contributed to the "British Medical Journal" by Dr. Hugh T. Ashby, honorary physician to the Manchester Children's Hospital, and assistant physician to the Salford Royal Hospital. At a request of a representative of the Manchester Guardian, Dr. Ashby on Saturday explained in more detail the result of his recent investigations.
After pointing out that his new theory is based on observations upon some three thousand cases, Dr. Ashby estimated that on the average quite six hundred children under the age of fourteen attend the Manchester Children's Hospital alone each year, suffering from either adenoids or enlarged tonsils, so that the diseases are exceedingly common. "Many theories have been advanced as to their cause," Dr. Ashby said, "but practically they have all been disproved. Climate was said to be one cause, but as you find them, one might say, from the North Pole down to the Equator, no more can reasonably be accepted. That the cold moist climate makes them more common. Even in the dry climate of America you find them. The commonest ages at which they develop are between two and five, but many infants are actually born with them—which, alone, of course, would dispose of the climate theory."

"It may be necessary for the lay mind to understand, first, that every child is born with adenoid tissue. The disease is an enlargement of this tissue. One of the functions of lymphatic tissues is to form the blood cells known as lymphocytes. When children are afflicted with adenoid growths and enlarged tonsils there is a deficiency of these blood cells, and this leads to an increase in the white blood cells known as leucocytes. My theory is that this enlargement is Nature's way of making up for the deficiency of lymphocytes, and that if you can make up for this deficiency artificially there is no need for enlarged tonsils and adenoids."

The fact that they are liable to recur after being carefully removed by competent surgeons in patients under the age of five, indicates that the body not only needs the lymphatic tissue but is making a second attempt to supply itself with some secretion needed at that particular age for such purposes as aiding digestion and acting against bacteria.
My idea was to secure lymphatic gland extract and use it just as thyroid is given for secretions in children and for myxoedema in adults, and is accepted as a certain cure for