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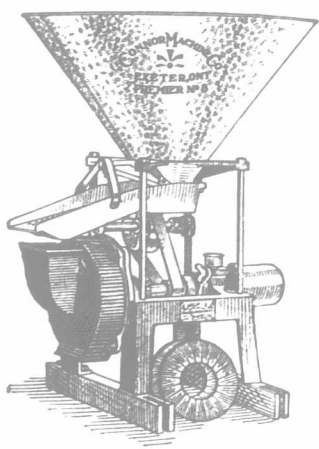
Wodehouse Invigorator Limited, 49 Stuart St. West, Hamilton, Ont.

Agent for the Maritime Provinces:

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deaf and blind, who had been taught to communicate with her fellow-creatures; so when the request came from Helen's father asking if it would be possible to send a teacher for his daughter, she was the one chosen.

Very graphically she told of her arrival at the beautiful Alabama farm home, and of seeing the child standing in the doorway.

"Helen seems to have been expecting someone all day," said the mother, "she has been going to the door and going to the door, instead of amusing herself as usual."

Can it be that the power of telepathy was reaching through the thick wall of the dark world in which the afflicted little one lived, acting upon her mind, telling her in some vague way that someone was thinking of her concentratedly, that some great epoch was approaching in her life?

At all events, the idea seemed to be communicated to her at once that Miss Sullivan was a friend, for she hurried herself upon her and caught her about the neck, examined her features and all her clothes with her sensitive fingers, and finally signified that she believed candy to be in the handbag.

I wish I could tell you all the story in detail, of how Miss Sullivan gave her a doll, spelling on her fingers—d-o-l-l; of how other words were taught in the same way, until several were mastered and used whenever Helen wanted the things they signified.

As yet, however, the little mind had not grasped the fact that all things had names. The revelation came one day at the pump. Miss Sullivan pumped water on her hands, spelling the word, as usual, on her fingers. Suddenly, light broke upon the child. A look of keen intelligence flashed upon her face. Immediately she flew about, touching the pump, the door, the trellis, the vines, everything within reach, asking the names. Within a few hours she had learned thirty nouns and three verbs, more than all she had assimilated in the months before.

From this time her thirst for knowledge was almost impossible to satisfy. As Mrs. Macy said, she sometimes wondered whether the teacher was guiding the child, or the child dragging the teacher after her.

Always the little one's quaint conclusions and questions were a source of surprise, and often of amusement. For instance, like all other children, she was curious about the origin and ownership of things, and learned something of Dame Nature.

"Are the flowers Dame Nature's children?" she asked one day.

"Yes."

"And the grass?"

"Yes."

"And the too many bugs?"

"Yes."

"Then," she said, "I think Dame Nature is like the old woman in the shoe; she has too many children."

She always insisted on being told what was the subject of conversation when her elders were talking. Once, when but ten years of age, she was told that the subject was the tariff. She wanted to know what that meant, and when told that she could not understand yet, exclaimed indignantly:

"How do you know I can't understand! The Greeks told their little children wise words, and how can I be wise unless you tell me wise words?"

So the years went on, and the continuous conversations, always by means of those sensitive fingers, although, of course, much study was carried on by means of raised-letter books for the blind. Essays and compositions were written on a typewriter. Even this necessitated that someone be always near unless hopeless mistakes were left possible. For instance, sometimes the ribbon would slip, and the girl would write for hours, turning off nothing but blank sheets. When told of the trouble, however, she never expressed impatience, but with a smile would begin to do the task all over again.

It was she herself who conceived the idea of going to college. Of course, the college governors threw cold water on the idea, and even Mrs. Macy discouraged it. But Helen was determined. "I know the difficulties in my way," she

wrote to the authorities, "but it is a poor soldier who acknowledges defeat before the battle has begun."

Radcliffe College, connected with Harvard University, Boston, was the one selected, and the blind, deaf girl, managed to pass her matriculation examinations successfully. For the next four years Mrs. Macy sat by her side in the class-rooms, spelling off into her hand with lightning speed the words of the professors. The task was terribly arduous, unhappily so, for both, but at last the weary time was over, and as a result this girl, living in a world black and silent as the grave, wrote off her examinations (on the typewriter) as fairly as did the others, and succeeded in taking her B.A. degree in Greek, Latin, French, German, English literature, history, and philosophy.

During the same period, too, she wrote



Helen Keller, in Her College Days, With her teacher, Miss Sullivan, now Mrs. Macy.

her book, "The Story of My Life"—the work being allowed as part of her English course. It was published in installments in the Ladies' Home Journal, and as Mrs. Macy remarked, "Probably this was the only time in the history of education that a student was paid \$3,000 for undergraduate essays."

It was Helen herself, too, who determined to learn to talk. As a beginning, she was taken to Miss Fuller, of the Boston Institution for the Deaf, but whereas the deaf were partially taught to talk by watching the processes of speech, it was necessary to teach Helen by touch. This was done by having her place her thumb on the larynx of the speaker, the first finger on the lips, the second on the lower part of the nose, thus conveying to her the guttural, labial and nasal sounds. The process was long and tedious, and almost unbelievably difficult, but at last, to her joy, she was told that she was beginning to articulate words, though she herself could not hear a sound that she made.

I shall never forget the moment,—it seemed a supreme one, supreme because a visible proof of the triumph of soul over body, of will over apparently unsurmountable obstacles—when Helen Keller stepped upon the platform, a tall, well-built girl, with a face radiantly happy, though she could not see a glimmer of the vast audience before her, nor—because of the carpet which deadened the vibrations—be conscious of a sound of the noisy applause that greeted her.

Her voice was not as the voice of those who hear, but her words were almost perfectly enunciated, though with emphasis on the gutturals, and by paying attention strictly, one could gather all of her dear little loving address, which dwelt most of all on the dependence which binds us humans one to another, and the great love each for all which could make us all of one brotherhood. We listened to her with lumps in our throats, and marvelled. A clergyman of the city probably voiced afterwards the thought of many when he said, "I never felt so near God as when I stood there listening to Helen Keller."