

Miss Helen Keller Graduates.

Helen Keller, the gifted blind and deaf girl, graduated from Radcliffe college at Cambridge, crowning the labors of her teacher, companion, and friend, Miss Annie M. Sullivan.

The remarkable career of this girl in the pursuit of education alone has been sufficient to attract the attention of the world, but beyond this she has written two books, has had an institution for teaching the blind in London named for her, and has won the friendship of such men as Bishop Brooks, Alexander Graham Bell, Joseph Jefferson, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mark Twain. Indeed the latter, in his warm-hearted enthusiasm, has declared that the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller.

When Miss Keller appeared with the members of her class to receive her degree there was nothing about her outwardly to distinguish her from other girls. She is tall, of good figure, erect carriage, and has a remarkably fine complexion. Her hair is brown, there is only a slight defect in her sightless eyes, and her hands, those wonderful hands that help her to see and hear so much, are large and well shaped.

This extraordinary girl was born in Tuscumbia, Ala., on June 27, 1880. Up to the time she was 18 months old she displayed no unusual precocity, for the stories she remembers hearing of her infancy are only such as may have been said of the first knowledge in her book, "The Story of My Life." When she reached that age, however, she was stricken with a severe illness. "They called it acute congestion of the stomach and brain," she writes. But when this attack had passed it left her deaf and sightless, with only infantile memories of "glimpses of broad, green fields, a luminous sky, trees and flowers, which the darkness that followed could not blot out." To all intents and purposes she knew as little as the day she was born.

From that time until she was nearly 7 years old she was a passionate child, striving to learn something of the mysteries of life as best she could in her terribly limited way. In her autobiography she has been perfectly frank in settling down stories showing her outbursts of passion, and tells of how she first discovered the use of a key by locking her mother in a pantry and of the glee she experienced at her mother's efforts to break out of the closet.

It was through a visit to a famous oculist in Baltimore that Mr. Keller, who had hoped the doctor could help restore his little daughter's sight, first was put upon the track that Helen has since followed so successfully. The oculist advised Mr. Keller to consult Dr. Alexander Graham Bell of Washington, who could give him some information as to schools for the deaf and blind. Dr. Bell suggested writing to Mr. Anagnos, director of the Perkins institution of Boston, the scene of Dr. Howe's labors with the blind. This was in the summer of 1886. In March of the following year Miss Anne Mansfield Sullivan went to begin her work of teach-

ing the little blind and deaf girl in Alabama. Through her, Miss Keller writes, "I came up out of Egypt and stood before Sinai, and a power divine touched my spirit and gave it sight so that I beheld many wonders," a phrase that shows she knows her Bible.

The story of Miss Sullivan's work has been told many times, but never with such heartfelt appreciation as in her pupil's own words.

"Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog," she writes, "when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in, and the great ship, tense and anxious, groped its way toward the shore with plummet and sounding line, and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship before my education began, only I was without compass or sounding line, and had no way of knowing how near the harbor was. 'Light! Give me light!' was the wordless cry of my soul, and the light of love shone on my in that hour."

It was some time before Miss Sullivan succeeded in making her young pupil realize the connection between the words spelled with her fingers and the actual meaning of the words, the first real glimmer of understanding coming one day at the pump in the yard, when Helen realized that "w-a-t-e-r" spelled slowly meant the cool flood that poured out of the spout. But her progress was so rapid that in October of the same year, the director of the Perkins institute said her advancement had been "a triumphal march from the beginning."

In 1894 she went to New York to study in a school for the deaf. Although never fond of city life, she was happy there, particularly when she was allowed to walk in Central park, and two years later she began her Cambridge career by entering a school to be prepared for Radcliffe. Through all these years of toil at the Cambridge school Miss Sullivan attended all the classes with the blind girl, spelling into her hand "with infinite patience all that the teachers said."

Helen took the preliminary examination for Radcliffe in June, 1897, and passed in everything, receiving "honors" in German and English.

Miss Keller's progress at this school was partially interrupted by a difference of opinion between her instructors and Miss Sullivan over the state of her health, the instructors declaring she was working too hard and should take five years for the course instead of the four allotted. Miss Sullivan won her point, but Miss Keller withdrew from the school and studied under a tutor.

When Helen took her final examination for Radcliffe in June, 1899, an unexpected difficulty arose, which she overcame in a way that was a veritable tour de force. Miss Sullivan was not permitted to read the questions to her, but an instructor in the Perkins institute, who was a stranger to her, was selected for the task. This man copied the papers for her according to the American system of writing for the blind. Miss Keller could get along well with this in the languages, but when it came to geometry and algebra trouble arose, for the student only knew the English signs and symbols for these studies. By sheer will power she figured them out successfully.

One of the most extraordinary things about the development of this wonderful nature is the manner in which Miss Keller can "see" with her hands. She has been a frequent visitor at the Boston museum, and to enable her to "see" the statues a ladder is placed in front of each sculpture, and, after climbing up on it, she runs her hands over the head and

then the face and arms. Some of her comments show clearly how she grasps the meaning of the marbles as quickly as if she had ordinary vision. Of Apollo, she said it was "grand beyond description;" of another god she remarked, "He has an exalted look," and of Medusa, "Her expression is painful."

Upon being led to a bas-relief of some dancing girls, she asked, "Where are the choristers?" and of another representing five singers she exclaimed, "One is silent!" when her fingers touched the closed lips of one of the group. That she has a strong sense of humor is shown by her comment on Euripides: "He is not so handsome as Pericles."

For several years she has spent the summer months at Wrentham, Mass., always with the faithful Miss Sullivan, her family, and her favorite dog, a bull terrier.—Chicago Tribune.

Lord Curzon and Tibet.

Discussing the British situation in Tibet, a signed editorial in the latest issue of "Capital," the principal trade publication of Calcutta to reach this country, says: Our unfortunate and ill-starred Tibet Mission, now interned at Gyantse, is evidently having a bad time of it, according to all the reports that are allowed to filter into the public prints. They are engaged in the game of massacring and being massacred up to the limits of their opportunities, until the bloody game can be enlarged in its scope after the reinforcements arrive from Chumbi, if indeed there be any remnant of a mission left at Gyantse when these reinforcements arrive for the purpose of crawling along through rocky defiles, floods and over mountain passes in the teeth of fanatical opposition, if so be that through it all they are able to reach Lhasa. And all for what? That Lord Curzon may be glorified! That, and nothing else.

Let us be under no illusions in this matter. We had no quarrel with the people of Tibet. If we had any controversy to settle at all, it was with Russia in reference to what we imagined might be her designs in that region, of a kind that would be injurious to the interests of our Indian Empire. But even the Russian bogey did not exist in the minds of the home government in regard to Tibet, as was carefully explained by the premier not long ago in the House of Commons. Lord Curzon, and Lord Curzon alone, is responsible for this miserable mission of massacre. He stated in one of his books that the one mystery which the nineteenth century had left for the twentieth to solve was the mystery of Lhasa, and his conduct shows that it was his consuming ambition, in the sending of this organized hypocrisy of a peaceful mission, to be the man who would have the credit of lifting the veil from the sacred city of Tibet.

Some specious reasons had, of course, to be raked together. Lord Curzon conjured up the Russian bogey, and infractions of trade treaties, and other reasons, all clothed in rags, for urging that a mission should be sent to Lhasa for the purpose of having a British resident stationed permanently there. The home government put down its foot and said "No" to this first proposition. But Lord Curzon knew what he was about. He knew perfectly well that when once he got his hypocritical mission inserted within the borders of Tibet, the game was in his own hands. Circumstances would be sure to happen which have since happened. The Tibetans would be sure to resist what they rightly deemed to be a hostile invasion of their territory. Blood would be spilt. British honor would have to be avenged and British pres-

tige maintained. The home government would then throw the reins of responsibility on the neck of "the man on the spot," and give him a free hand to do as he liked. All has happened exactly as Lord Curzon knew it would do. He has got his own way, and he bids fair to be filled with the fruit of his own devices.

The servants of the Crown who constitute the expeditionary force now invading Tibet, from the highest officer to the humblest mule-driver, have nothing to do with the motives of the men who sent them. The men are simply obeying orders. They have to do, and, if need be, die. And they may be trusted—these officers and soldiers—to do all that men can do to carry out the orders they have received. We only wish the whole miserable business was over, and the men safely back again. But the prospects are such as are impossible to calculate with any degree of certainty. The Tibetans themselves are beginning to falsify the notions which even Colonel Younghusband recently cherished concerning them. They are not so imperfectly armed as was imagined. They are sturdy warriors, and have the courage to face death with unflinching front. Moreover, they are patriots resisting to the teeth a hostile invasion.

The upshot of it all can not be foreseen, for even the Kitchener is not yet born who can gauge the destructive work that can be accomplished when a cyclone of religious fanaticism develops into full sweep. And this is what our little band has to fear in the road to Lhasa.—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

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