

## HELEN KELLER'S BIBLE.

From The Christian Work.

If the story of Helen Keller's life was not irrefutably established it would be regarded as pure romance and the creation of the wildest imagination; certainly, the story is as startling as it is unprecedented. For, although Miss Keller was blind and deaf and dumb, and has always been so, still patience and love have brought out of the darkness a soul so sweetly spiritual that she seems angelic rather than earthly. In this way she has been enabled to enjoy companionships, and to succeed in intellectual rivalries where her competitors had all the powers of perception common to the race. Her life has been made happy, affectionate, hopeful. By the aid of the Burr Fund for the Blind, the American Bible Society was able to send her recently those parts of Scripture which she did not already possess, in raised characters. Her reply, written by herself upon the typewriter, (without requiring erasure or correction,) is so indicative of the spirit of Him who made a special care of the blind that it is here given in full:

Mr. Dear Mr. Fox: The volumes of the Old Testament, which you sent me by the Fall River Line several days ago, came today; and I want to thank you for them, and for your kind letter. I can never be grateful enough for the tokens of regard and interest that come to me so unexpectedly from friends whom I have never seen. Their pleasant words make every day of my life blossom with sweetest flowers. Will you kindly convey my grateful acknowledgments to the American Bible Society? They have lent me a helping hand when I needed it very much. I am studying the Bible in college this year, and reading it with a delight that increases from day to day. Life grows richer and heaven nearer as God's great truths unfold themselves to me. With renewed thanks for your kindness, I am, sincerely yours,

HELEN KELLER.

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 18, 1901.

The New York Times

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## HELEN KELLER'S BIG AUDIENCE.

Way Through Window Forced for Her  
at World's Fair Building.

*Special to The New York Times.*

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 18.—This was Helen Keller day at the fair, and when she arrived at the Hall of Congresses, where the exercises were held, the crowd was so dense that every aisle, window, and doorway was filled. Jefferson Guards finally forced a passageway through one of the windows and thus the young woman, President Francis, and other members of her party entered the building.

A storm of applause greeted Miss Keller when she arose to speak the words she could not hear to the audience she could not see, and when a gentle pressure of the hand apprised her of the nature of the reception she bowed and smiled her thanks. Miss Keller delivered her address in low tones. President Francis repeated each sentence after her, so that all in the great audience could hear.

Miss Lottie Sullivan, the Colorado deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who is frequently referred to as Helen Keller's rival, sat in the audience and seemed to enjoy the address, every word of it being communicated to her by hand pressure. Later Miss Sullivan and Miss Keller were introduced and conversed in sign language for about five minutes.

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## A BRIGHT BLIND GIRL

Helen Keller of Boston Comes to a School in New-York.

### A FIGHT FOR HER KITTEN'S NAME

She Vanquished the Superintendent of Her New Home in an Argument—Her Life and Her Journal.

Helen Keller, the pretty and remarkably intelligent blind deaf-and-dumb girl of Boston, has come to New-York to spend some time completing her education, and she has brought with her her kitten, of which she is very fond.

It is a very nice kitten, too, and its name is Topsy, a pseudonym bestowed by a poet godfather, and no less a person than Edmund Clarence Stedman.

The name of one very small cat might not seem to be a matter of great moment, but this name has been the subject of considerable discussion, and its importance has grown with the number of words bestowed upon its bearer.

Every one may not know that bright little Helen Keller is, and will be for some time to come, a resident of New-York. Her cheery words, sweet thoughts, and great enjoyment of life under conditions—the loss of sight, hearing, and until recently, the power of speech—which would seem to many persons unbearable, have made her known all over the world.

She is now at the Wright Humason School, 42 West Seventy-sixth Street, with Miss Sullivan, her teacher and friend, who has translated the world to her since she was a wee small girl.

She is continuing her education and learning, particularly, enunciation and voice modulation.

A reporter for The New-York Times called on Miss Helen the other evening. The exalted sentiments expressed by this young girl and the beautiful language in which

she clothes her thoughts give, perhaps, the idea of a quiet, spiritual nature, a little set apart from the ordinary world. Therefore, it is something of a surprise to find not only a pure-minded and sweet-tempered, but a very jolly little maiden. Very clever and quick, and with serious views of life in many ways, she is, perhaps because the impressions are first sifted through the mind of an older person.

But about the kitten and the disputed name. As a subject of importance it was laid before the reporter. On Wednesday of last week, little Miss Helen, Miss Sullivan, and Mr. Humason called on the little girl's friend, Mr. Stedman. There the presentation of Topsy, fully christened, was made. It was not until the school was reached again that the trouble began. And thereby hangs a tale.

A Santa Claus papier-maché cat was Miss Helen's Christmas present to Mr. Humason. This specimen of art was named "Realization," as an antithesis to a real Aargoa cat of some time past, whose title, "Expectation," had never brought a fulfillment of conditions of physical beauty. So when a very nice little cat suddenly became a member of the family, Mr. Humason's feelings demanded that it should be called "Realization," and a battle of words followed.

"Its name is Topsy," said the little lady. "That is not a good name," said Mr. Humason.

"It was given by a poet," was the quick reply.

"Mr. Humason has been teasing me," said Miss Helen.

"But who has been teasing me?" asked Mr. Humason, in a melancholy tone.

"Oh; never," said the advocate of Miss Topsy's original birthright.

And against such persistent opposition the standard bearer for "Realization" was forced to give in, and Topsy Keller is her name.

But the remarkable part of all this conversation was that it was carried on entirely by word of mouth. Little Miss Helen answers every question addressed to her in the ordinary way and listens to the slow, distinctly-formed words of Mr. Humason, with one finger, which she holds perpendicularly across his lips.

For "teacher," as she always speaks of Miss Sullivan, talks more frequently with the hand. The right hand of the little girl is always near that of the teacher, whose conversation, when she talks with rapidly-closing fingers, is understood with marvelous quickness. Miss Helen spent the holidays in Boston, where she has many friends.

"I have always liked Boston since my earliest childhood," she says in her first way, but, as she is only fourteen now, that is not such a long time.

"I enjoyed seeing the beautiful new pub-

lic library," she said, "and Trinity Church, in Copley Square. I cannot think that Bishop Brooks is far away. His spirit must be always there."

Phillips Brooks was a warm friend of the little girl's, and she has many affectionate letters from numbers of well-known persons with whom she has a personal acquaintance.

She likes New-York, too, she says. She is a very courteous little lady, and always has something personally pleasant to say to every visitor.

She has many friends in New-York, she will tell you, and she reads The New-York Times. She always enjoys reading the news. That, in this case, means having it read to her.

She reads a great deal by herself and has a really extensive library of her own. Such a library—the books printed in the raised characters for the blind—occupies a great deal of room, and hers is scattered about in different parts of the country.

She has with her at her New-York school a Latin grammar in four volumes, David Copperfield in five volumes, Tennyson's poems, selections from Swedenborg, of which she is very fond, and Hamlet, of all these books are several inches thick and about 10 by 12 inches in diameter.

Miss Helen is an accomplished little girl, and she reads the various systems in which books are written through the volumes of Tennyson on the evening that the reporter called on her to "The May Queen," which she read with a great deal of emphasis.

"That makes me think of Mr. Humason," she said, when she read of the quarrel between Robin and fair Alice. "For hasn't she just had a quarrel about Topsy?" She stops every once in a while, and her hand finds its way to her teacher's, and wanders up to her face, or she leans over, in a pretty affectionate way, to be kissed, like a little child who needs to be encouraged.

She recites, too, a little poem of Mr. Gilder's, that is one of her favorites, and she gives a quotation from Cicero that was used by President Elliot of Harvard at the dedication of the Teachers' College in this city. She likes to go to public meetings, and the nimble fingers of her teacher always talking into her hand, keep her well up with the speeches.

Of her studies she likes modeling. Delicate, history, and singing. She likes to read about the wars, because there is always in them some "great question involved."

Some of the warriors are cruel, particularly the Romans, she says; Caesar was unkind to Pompey; but then she admits he had some reason.

The singing lesson in Helen Keller's school is very refreshing. Its object is to train the voice and modulate the tones. The pupil sits on the piano stool with, in this case, Mr. Humason beside her.

As in talking, she holds one finger to his lips as he strikes a note on the piano and sings "sol."

"Sol," repeats the pupil.

"Do," comes a lower note, and the pupil, following, strikes it exactly.

Sometimes she fails and cries again, success varying from time to time. The result

is really marvelous, for the range of notes can only be gauged by the pupil from vibrations as they come from the lips of the teacher.

Miss Helen is accomplished in another line. She uses the typewriter with great neatness and accuracy, writing on three machines of different makes. She writes her journals in this way, sitting alone and composing her thoughts as she writes.

It is something of a duty with her to write about so much, and if original ideas give out the young girl proceeds to pad most conscientiously. Some delightful ideas of her own will close with something like this:

"And now, my dear journal, you will be interested to learn something about iron making," and thereupon follows a careful dissertation upon that subject. She adopts a facetious style sometimes, and concludes a long talk with:

"But I trust your Majesty (the journal) will pardon my talking so much about myself. You were so politely attentive that I was unconsciously led to think that you were interested. But that little remark of yours about the weather indicated to me that your thoughts are wandering.

"The weather! Ah, what should we do for a general subject of conversation and composition if there were no weather? His coming was announced by his favorite couriers, snow and hail. Otherwise the rivalry in this city was not so marked with much splendor or formalizing.

After a little sermonizing, Miss Keller compliments her special auditor for not falling asleep in the pew, and a specially long contribution, she closes with "congratulations in our text."

"Why?" says Mr. Humason, mischievously.

"Topsy, forever," says Helen valiantly.

## HELEN KELLER'S TALK.

*Special to The New York Times.*

BOSTON, Feb. 8.—Miss Helen Keller has had a pleasant surprise, which came to-day in the nature of a reward after the long midyear examinations. In the office of Dr. J. Varnum Mott, at the Hotel Pelham, some of her friends in her class at Radcliffe presented to her a valuable Boston terrier, Sir Thomas. The leaders in the movement were Miss Edith Sherman of 463 Commonwealth Avenue and Miss Lillian Cutten of Roxbury, both of the sophomore class.

Miss Keller was once both deaf, dumb, and blind, but she can talk now. She knelt beside the dog, fondling and petting him.

"Is it really mine," she said in a tremulous voice.

Then she rose, and, holding Miss Sherman's hand, cried with the pleasure of a child: "Oh, I am so happy!" The next moment she was on her knees again, stroking her pet. She asked Miss Cutten to come to her, and told her friends how much she appreciated the gift. She spoke rapidly, as is her custom—unintelligently to those unused to her—but Miss Sullivan repeated her words phrase by phrase.

"I thank you very much, dear friends," she said, "for the happiness you have given me. It is as great as it is unexpected. I shall love the dog, but even more, your kindness. I thank you all so much, and I thank you, too, Dr. Mott."

**The New York Times**

Published: February 9, 1902

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## PAVILION FOR THE DEAF

### Schermerhorn Gift to the Eye and Ear Hospital Dedicated.

Miss Helen Keller Makes an Appeal for the World's Unfortunate—Other Distinguished Speakers.

Many persons interested in philanthropic matters were present at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, at Second Avenue and Thirtieth Street, yesterday, when the Schermerhorn Annual Festival, the gift of the late William C. Schermerhorn, was dedicated. This addition, which cost \$70,000, includes two operating rooms, special rooms for patients with weak accommodations, and a separate ward for children. It was only made possible by a further contribution for the supply of materials.

Of the addresses made at the ceremony the most impressive was that of Helen Keller, the deaf and blind prodigy. She recited in a sort of monotone, and her words were translated by an interpreter. Her address was afterward read with dramatic fervor by Joseph Jefferson, a lifelong friend of Miss Keller.

The main body of the infirmary was dedicated with flowers for the dedication ceremonies. The seats arranged about an important stage were filled at 4 o'clock. Miss Keller, who sat on the stage, wore a gown of white organdy and a picture hat, and looked pretty and happy. Miss Ann Sullivan kept her fingers on the prominence for finger spelling and to assist of the lip, which the blind girl interpreted with her finger tips.

Bishop Keller, one of the Vice Presidents of the infirmary, was the presiding officer. He told several stories about Mr. Schermerhorn, and then introduced Dr. David A. Quess of St. Bartholomew's Church, who said that there is no city in the world where men and women treated with the respectability of women are so much to respond to an appeal for a worthy cause.

Dr. Huntington of Green Church said that the eyes seem to get more of human sympathy than the ear, but the loss of them is immeasurably less severe. When a man is totally deaf he is indeed out of the world.

Miss Keller then made her address, and it was translated by Miss Sullivan.

"In spite of the hard words that are spoken against this great city, I find here wide human sympathy."

"Everybody is indeed with us. We feel it everywhere."

"Surely there is no more beautiful city in the world than New York. It is the city of the deaf and the blind, and the city of the deaf and the blind."

"These institutions are not common things, and yet I have not known the suffering which this institution is meant to alleviate. My own difficulties are translated into the language of the deaf and the blind. How they must be punished when one has been engaged in pursuits that require all the faculties, and then suffers the inevitable loss!"

"In order to be happy, we must each live in the common life of all. We must have our own work, and we must have our own share of the world's work. We must have our own share of the world's work. We must have our own share of the world's work."

Joseph Jefferson was then called upon to dedicate the building with some appropriate remarks. He was followed by Dr. Huntington, Miss Keller, and other distinguished members of the Board of Directors. The addresses regarding the work of the infirmary.

## CURB BROKERS ANNOYED.

### Committee Named to Proceed with Force Against the Next Throwing of a Bagful of Water.

Among the various things with which the outside brokers trading in Broad Street have had to contend is the mischievous habit of some of the men who have suggested to themselves the throwing of water on the crowd from the windows of 23 Broad Street. Yesterday the complaint of water thrown down in paper bags and otherwise was so large that it no longer seemed much like a joke, and those who get the wetting felt more eager than merciful.

Several brokers who occasionally visit the crowd were accused of throwing the water or of instigating it, but they stoutly denied having anything to do with it, though they were seen at the window on the twelfth floor of 23 Broad Street, from which the water was seen to come.

After the close of the market a number of the brokers held an indignation meeting to consider ways and means of stopping the water nuisance. They came to the conclusion that a physical demonstration would be more effective than a verbal protest, and this is the result: A committee of one—the committee being one of the most athletic of the curb brokers—was appointed to join himself to others at the same hour and with a similar demonstration, and keep watch at the water throwing.

The next time these watery missiles fell on the crowd the committee is to repair without more ado to the office from which the water comes and make an explanation. If the present intention of the committee is carried out, the explanation will result in its being everybody in the attending office, from the head of the firm down to the clerk.

The meeting broke up just as some five or six others appeared in the doorway. The office might throw cold water on the demonstration by doing some of the "looking himself."

## VANDALISM AT A HIGH SCHOOL.

### Pupils at Flushing Did Not Show Animosity to a Teacher.

Upon information furnished by the Standard News Association, The New York Times on Saturday last printed an account of alleged acts of vandalism in the High School building at Flushing, L. I., in which it was said that the damage done was confined to the room of a certain teacher.

## LAWYER STEIN MAY QUIT CASE.

### Greater New York Democracy Leaders Say Organization Should Meet in Junction Court Expenses.

Before Justice Grimes of the Supreme Court yesterday Herbert W. Griddell, an counsel for Mayor J. F. Ryan, the counsel of record in the motions for injunction made by William H. Hopper against each County Clerk in the State of New York, asked that an adjournment be taken until next week and added that it was very probable that before the motion came up again, Mr. Stein, the attorney of record, would have withdrawn from the proceedings. The adjournment was granted. It was understood about the court yesterday that the reason for Mr. Stein's pro-

posed withdrawal from the case was his inability to collect counsel fees from the Greater New York Democracy organization. Mr. Stein was seen, but said that professional ethics prevented him from doing any thing which might assist his client.

Mayor President Cator expressed his surprise at the announcement of Mr. Stein's possible withdrawal from the case. He said he had contributed liberally to the support of the prosecution of the case. He said he had contributed liberally to the support of the prosecution of the case.

William Hopper himself, Mr. Stein's counsel of record, said that whatever expenses there may be about the prosecution of the case would be provided for.

## TO RENOVATE TAMMANY HALL.

### Charles F. Murphy Plans Remedy for Unsanitary Condition of Historic Back Room.

Charles F. Murphy has ordered the renovation of Tammany Hall, this time the cleaning out of a physical and not from a political standpoint. Back of the door there is a story of interest to Tammany politicians. For more than a century it has been a story of interest to Tammany politicians. For more than a century it has been a story of interest to Tammany politicians.

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The sanitary experts put on the work said that the place was unwholesome and unclean. They said that the place was unwholesome and unclean. They said that the place was unwholesome and unclean.

There will be many changes made and many things will be done. They said that the place was unwholesome and unclean. They said that the place was unwholesome and unclean.

## SKYSCRAPER AS ADDITION.

### Commercial Cable to Put Up Twenty-Story Structure—New Place in Contest with the Blatz Building for Light and Air.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Commercial Cable Building Company, held yesterday afternoon, it was decided to erect an addition to the company's present structure twenty-three stories in height and covering the lots 60 and of Exchange Place and 22 and 24 New Street, which were recently purchased more than a year ago from the Adams estate.

These properties form an "L" around the southeast corner of Exchange Place and New Street, with frontages of 485 feet on the former and 30 feet on the latter. The building of the addition will increase the area covered by the Commercial Cable Building by about 5,000 square feet.

The construction of this addition has several interesting phases and adds another chapter to the story of the contest for light and air among the owners of the various buildings on the southerly end of the Block Exchange block. For several years after its erection the Commercial Cable Building, with nothing but six ten-story buildings to the south of it, had a fine exposure along that side. This later & Co. bought the Hagerman property at the northeast corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place as the site for their new sixteen-story building.

Between the Commercial Cable Building and the Blair corner was the Adams estate plot, very irregular and having frontage on Broad Street, New Street, and Exchange Place. Blair & Co. wanted a little more ground for their site, and it also seemed desirable for the Commercial Cable Company to own the Exchange Place and New Street portion of the Adams plot. The property was sold and subdivided on this basis. It was sold at the time that some agreement existed between Blair & Co. and the Commercial Cable Building Company that the new building of the former owners should be in line with the Commercial Cable Building's front.

This agreement was apparently a verbal one, but it was not carried out. The Commercial Cable Company, finding out the situation, immediately approached several other building owners in the block and offered them a good western exposure, but in building the Commercial Cable Building will be a better exposure than any other building in the block.

Another result of the nature of this addition is that it will not cover the valuable portion of New Street and Exchange Place, now occupied by two little old buildings. The Commercial Cable people would like to have had this little corner, but, feeling that it was not worth the cost, they decided to do nothing but to build their new building on the site.

## CHEMICAL BANK'S NEW HEAD.

### William H. Porter Chosen to Succeed the Late George G. Williams.

William H. Porter, heretofore Vice-President of the Chemical National Bank was elected President of that bank yesterday at a special meeting of the Directors, to succeed the late George G. Williams.

Mr. Porter is one of the youngest bank Presidents in this city. He received his financial education at the Fifth Avenue Bank, on Jan. 1, 1888, he became Vice-President of the Chemical National Bank, and on Jan. 1, 1890, he became President of the Chemical National Bank, which he has since held with the Chemical National Bank.

The Chemical National Bank has a capital of \$1,000,000, but its surplus and undivided profits are \$1,000,000, and its deposits are \$10,000,000.

A PHENOMENAL CHILD.  
ACQUIREMENTS OF LITTLE DEAF, DUMB,  
AND BLIND HELEN KELLER.

*From the Memphis Commercial.*

TUSCUMBA, Ala., May 18.—In the Commercial of this morning your correspondent finds the following special from Boston:

"Helen Keller, aged ten, a deaf, dumb, and blind girl from Tusculmba, Ala., whose remarkable mental development in the face of the tremendous handicap imposed on her by nature, has been the theme of much delighted comment, has within the last six weeks been taught to speak intelligibly. This is the only well-authenticated case of the kind that has ever been known in the world. To a reporter who called on her last night she said: 'I'm going to learn to make my voice sweet. I'm going home in June. I shall talk to my dear little sister and my parents and brothers and all.'"

A copy of the Commercial was shown to Capt. Arthur H. Keller, father of the afflicted little girl. Capt. Keller said:

"I do not know anything positive in regard to her speaking. We have had no information of the kind from her teachers at the Perkins Institute, Boston. I only hope that it is true. It may be that she has learned to articulate through what is termed the 'Tabliss method,' which consists in placing the hand of the person speaking upon the vocal chords directly beneath the chin and pressing steadily while speaking to the deaf and dumb person. The dumb are enabled to utter a few words—sometimes speak quite plainly for several minutes. But the pressure upon the muscles of the neck and the necessarily great strain upon the nervous system, I am convinced, preclude the possibility of perfect success by this method. While there is, of course, a possibility, there is no probability of her hearing or sight ever being restored. She has been examined by the most eminent specialists of the age, and their unqualified opinion is only to reiterate each other's first statement, that she will never see or hear.

"She has been writing home for some months that she had a beautiful secret to tell us when she returned home, but would not write us what it was; that she wanted to surprise us when she came home, which will be in June next. Her teacher, Miss Hopkins, also wrote us to the same effect—that Helen had a beautiful secret to tell us when she came home. Further than this we are not advised."

Helen Keller is the daughter of Capt. Arthur H. and Mrs. Kate Adams Keller of this city. She was born June 22, 1880, and was as bright and babyish as all babies until her third year. Nearing the close of her third year, the little one was afflicted with brain fever, and the disease left her deaf, dumb, and blind. But the disease which wrapped her in eternal darkness and silence did not impair her mental faculties—rather it seemed to intensify her comprehensive and perceptive abilities, and as she grew physically her mental being developed even more rapidly.

A teacher from the Perkins Institute for the Blind at Boston was engaged for her and she acquired knowledge so rapidly that Miss Sullivan, her teacher, was astonished and asked and received permission to take her to Boston, New-York, and other cities, where she excited the wonder and amazement of learned scientists and professional men who have spent a lifetime in teaching the blind and deaf.

She was taught the dumb alphabet by finger pressure and converses readily by that means with any member of her family. She can write, and that, too, with a clearness and distinctness that would do credit to many persons of greater age and possessed of all their faculties of sight, speech, and hearing. She finds her way readily about her house and garden, and is never at loss nor hesitates at her play.

Some unknown instinct tells her everything, it seems. Though quite deaf, she can tell readily the footsteps of her father, her mother, brother, and sister. The step of her particular dog and the family horse she easily distinguishes from any other.

She has been at the Boston Institute for the past six months, and has studied diligently and energetically during that time. She is quite an accomplished little lady to be not yet eleven years old. She speaks by the finger alphabet French, German, and English with equal fluency, and can discuss with the intelligence of understanding natural and physical history, zoology, chirography, music, mineralogy, chemistry, mathematics—at which she is an adept—and, in fact, all the common school as well as collegiate branches. Her especial delight is geography, for the study of which she is supplied with raised maps.

Little Helen is never morose or sullen; on the contrary, she is light, cheerful, and happy, always smiling and in high spirits. She amuses herself in various ways, just like other children, with her doll, which she named of her own accord "Miss Nancy," and her toys and books. She is never at loss for something to do, and when at home here seems as happy and contented as any one could well be. Helen will return from Boston about the middle of June, and her letters to her parents are filled with the joyous anticipations of home coming and the "beautiful secret" she has to tell, and seems to enjoy in advance the surprise she will evoke by telling it. She is certainly a wonderful—not to say phenomenal—child. There is not in this country, perhaps not in the world, another whose mental faculties and capabilities have developed so rapidly and so completely. Her knowledge is thorough and finished. Everything that is put before her is acquired and understood in an astonishingly short time. Indeed, she learns everything and forgets nothing.

She reasons and weighs everything with a keenness of perception and comprehension of facts that would prove puzzling to many persons of mature powers.

## HELEN KELLER'S EDUCATION.

### Though Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, She Speaks and Understands Spoken Words.

BOSTON, June 17.—The commencement exercises of the Perkins Institution for the Blind brought out an audience on one of the hottest afternoons of the past week that crowded the Boston Theatre even to the back seats of the top gallery.

The chief interest of the afternoon centred in Helen Keller, the little girl made deaf and dumb and blind by illness at the age of nineteen months. During the past three years Helen has learned to articulate, and her contribution to the afternoon's programme was a selection from Longfellow's poem, "Flowers," thirty-six lines in length, read in a clear and natural voice.

There was a certain monotony in the voice, of course, prevented, however, from being in any way disagreeable by a certain sonority and pathos. During the past year Helen has grown a great deal. She is now a tall, noble-looking girl, finely proportioned and appearing much older than her thirteen years.

Although the poem which she read she could have recited from memory, Mr. Anagnos preferred to have her read. As she stood by the little table on which her book rested, rapidly feeling the words, she made a pretty picture in her white dress with her brown hair falling in long curls on each side of her face.

Beside her stood her devoted teacher, Miss Sullivan, to whom great credit must be given for Helen's progress. When it is remembered that three years ago Helen's audible vocabulary consisted of only five words, "papa," "mamma," "baby," "teacher," "sister," what she has accomplished seems the more wonderful.

In March, 1890, she took the first of eleven lessons in audible speech from Miss Fuller of the Horace Mann School for Deaf-Mutes. These lessons are all that she has taken, for her success is due largely to her own indefatigable zeal. At the end of a month she could speak to those about her so as to be understood, and today she can express all her thoughts in fluent and intelligible speech.

She prefers this means of expression to the sign language, and is always delighted when people tell her that they can understand her. She likes also to have people talk to her orally rather than by signs, and she gets their meaning by reading the motion of their lips with her fingers.

The most intelligent of seeming deaf-mutes hitherto taught to articulate have never equaled Helen Keller's quickness of learning. But she shows the same quickness in every branch; three months after receiving her first lesson in French she was able to write a correct and easy letter in this language.

Her memory, too, is marvelously retentive. One of her feats was the committing to memory of a carol by Dr. Brooks, which had been read to her only twice.

So active is her mind that during the past few months she has been allowed little regular study. Although she is not delicate, there is always some danger that intense mental application may do her harm, and so she is encouraged to spend considerable time in outdoor exercise at her Alabama home. Yet even when not studying she is usually accompanied by her teacher, Miss Sullivan, her faithful interpreter of the outside world.



## HELEN KELLER BREAKS DOWN.

Gifted Blind Deaf-Mute on the Verge of  
Nervous Prostration.

*Special to The New York Times.*

BOSTON, June 24.—Thousands of admiring friends will sympathize with Miss Helen Keller, the gifted deaf, dumb, and blind student, for, while her sisters in Radcliffe's class of 1904 are in the midst of their graduation festivities, she is ill in her room at Wrent Hall.

Miss Keller, whose educational efforts have been so successful as to be commented on the world over, has broken down. It is said, indeed, that she is on the verge of nervous prostration. She began to fail two months ago and was ordered by her physician to abstain from college work. It is believed she will get a degree in spite of her inability to fill all the requirements.

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## A BRIGHT BLIND GIRL

Helen Keller of Boston Comes to a School in New-York.

### A FIGHT FOR HER KITTEN'S NAME

She Vanquished the Superintendent of Her New Home in an Argument—Her Life and Her Journal.

Helen Keller, the pretty and remarkably intelligent blind deaf-and-dumb girl of Boston, has come to New-York to spend some time completing her education, and she has brought with her her kitten, of which she is very fond.

It is a very nice kitten, too, and its name is Topsy, a pseudonym bestowed by a poet godfather, and no less a person than Edmund Clarence Stedman.

The name of one very small cat might not seem to be a matter of great moment, but this name has been the subject of considerable discussion, and its importance has grown with the number of words bestowed upon its bearer.

Every one may not know that bright little Helen Keller is, and will be for some time to come, a resident of New-York. Her cheery words, sweet thoughts, and great enjoyment of life under conditions—the loss of sight, hearing, and until recently, the power of speech—which would seem to many persons unbearable, have made her known all over the world.

She is now at the Wright Humason School, 42 West Seventy-sixth Street, with Miss Sullivan, her teacher and friend, who has translated the world to her since she was a wee small girl.

She is continuing her education and learning, particularly, enunciation and voice modulation.

A reporter for The New-York Times called on Miss Helen the other evening. The exalted sentiments expressed by this young girl and the beautiful language in which

she clothes her thoughts give, perhaps, the idea of a quiet, spiritual nature, a little set apart from the ordinary world. Therefore, it is something of a surprise to find not only a pure-minded and sweet-tempered, but a very jolly little maiden. Very clever and quick, and with serious views of life in many ways, she is, perhaps because the impressions are first sifted through the mind of an older person.

But about the kitten and the disputed name. As a subject of importance it was laid before the reporter. On Wednesday of last week, little Miss Helen, Miss Sullivan, and Mr. Humason called on the little girl's friend, Mr. Stedman. There the presentation of Topsy, fully christened, was made. It was not until the school was reached again that the trouble began. And thereby hangs a tale.

A Santa Claus papier-maché cat was Miss Helen's Christmas present to Mr. Humason. This specimen of art was named "Realization," as an antithesis to a real Aargoa cat of some time past, whose title, "Expectation," had never brought a fulfillment of conditions of physical beauty. So when a very nice little cat suddenly became a member of the family, Mr. Humason's feelings demanded that it should be called "Realization," and a battle of words followed.

"Its name is Topsy," said the little lady. "That is not a good name," said Mr. Humason.

"It was given by a poet," was the quick reply.

"Mr. Humason has been teasing me," said Miss Helen.

"But who has been teasing me?" asked Mr. Humason, in a melancholy tone.

"Oh; never," said the advocate of Miss Topsy's original birthright.

And against such persistent opposition the standard bearer for "Realization" was forced to give in, and Topsy Keller is her name.

But the remarkable part of all this conversation was that it was carried on entirely by word of mouth. Little Miss Helen answers every question addressed to her in the ordinary way and listens to Mr. Humason, with one finger, which she holds perpendicularly across his lips.

For "teacher," as she always speaks of Miss Sullivan, talks more frequently with the hand. The right hand of the little girl is always near that of the teacher, whose conversation, when she talks with rapidly moving fingers, is understood with marvelous quickness. Miss Helen spent the holidays in Boston, where she has many friends.

"I have always liked Boston since my earliest childhood," she says in her first way, but, as she is only fourteen now, that is not such a long time.

"I enjoyed seeing the beautiful new pub-

lic library," she said, "and Trinity Church, in Copley Square. I cannot think that Bishop Brooks is far away. His spirit must be always there."

Phillips Brooks was a warm friend of the little girl's, and she has many affectionate letters from numbers of well-known persons with whom she has a personal acquaintance.

She likes New-York, too, she says. She is a very courteous little lady, and always has something personally pleasant to say to every visitor.

She has many friends in New-York, she will tell you, and she reads The New-York Times. She always enjoys reading the news. That, in this case, means having it read to her.

She reads a great deal by herself and has a really extensive library of her own. Such a library—the books printed in the raised characters for the blind—occupies a great deal of room, and hers is scattered about in different parts of the country.

She has with her at her New-York school a Latin grammar in four volumes, David Copperfield in five volumes, Tennyson's poems, selections from Swedenborg, of which she is very fond, and Hamlet, of all these books are several inches thick and about 10 by 12 inches in diameter.

Miss Helen is an accomplished little girl, and she reads three-fourths systems in which she reads quickly through the volumes of Tennyson on the evening that the reporter called on her to "The May Queen," which she read with a great deal of emphasis.

"That makes me think of Mr. Humason," she said, when she read of the quarrel between Robin and fair Alice. "For hasn't she just had a quarrel about Topsy?"

She stops every once in a while, and her hand finds its way to her teacher's, and wanders up to her face, or she leans over, in a pretty affectionate way, to be kissed, like a little child who needs to be encouraged.

She recites, too, a little poem of Mr. Gilder's, that is one of her favorites, and she gives a quotation from Cicero that was used by President Elliot of Harvard at the dedication of the Teachers' College in this city. She likes to go to public meetings, and the nimble fingers of her teacher always talking into her hand, keep her well up with the speeches.

Of her studies she likes modeling. Delicate, history, and singing. She likes to read about the wars, because there is always in them some "great question involved."

Some of the warriors are cruel, particularly the Romans, she says: Caesar was unkind to Pompey; but then she admits he had some reason.

The singing lesson in Helen Keller's school is very refreshing. Its object is to train the voice and modulate the tones. The pupil sits on the piano stool with, in this case, Mr. Humason beside her.

As in talking, she holds one finger to his lips as he strikes a note on the piano and sings "sol."

"Sol," repeats the pupil. "Do," comes a lower note, and the pupil, following, strikes it exactly.

Sometimes she fails and cries again, success varying from time to time. The result

is really marvelous, for the range of notes can only be gauged by the pupil from vibrations as they come from the lips of the teacher.

Miss Helen is accomplished in another line. She uses the typewriter with great neatness and accuracy, writing on three machines of different makes. She writes her journals in this way, sitting alone and composing her thoughts as she writes.

It is something of a duty with her to write about so much, and if original ideas give out the young girl proceeds to pad most conscientiously. Some delightful ideas of her own will close with something like this:

"And now, my dear journal, you will be interested to learn something about iron making," and thereupon follows a careful dissertation upon that subject. She adopts a facetious style sometimes, and concludes a long talk with:

"But I trust your Majesty (the journal) will pardon my talking so much about myself. You were so politely attentive that I was unconsciously led to think that you were interested. But that little remark of yours about the weather indicated to me that your thoughts are wandering.

"The weather! Ah, what should we do for a general subject of conversation and composition if there were no weather? His coming was announced by his favorite couriers, snow and hail. Otherwise the rival in this city was no."

"Yes; King Winter has arrived. His much splendor or formalizing. Miss Keller compliments her special auditor for not failing asleep in the pew, and a specially long contribution, she closes with "congratulations."

"Why?" says Mr. Humason, mischievously. "Topsy, forever," says Helen valiantly.

FOUR DEAF, BLIND MUTES

HOW THE WORLD IS BEING OPENED TO THESE CHILDREN

MEMORABLE SCENES IN BRUNSWICK PARK AT THE KINDERGARTEN IN BOSTON - HOW HELEN KELLER IN TAKING PLAYS LEARNED.

From the Boston Herald.  
Public interest is centering in a large degree about four little children who are in Boston for the purpose of being educated. Backed by various friends in their behalf of three of them are—Alice, Anne, and John—these little ones are now an interesting as well as noble study for many a mother who has the possession of the infantile.

The Herald has had a good deal regarding the wonderful progress made by Helen Keller, Edith Thomas, and John Bates, and it would seem as though the fact of attainment about here have reached, particularly by the Boston school girl, who learned each wonderful thing alone, three years ago, the first made the discovery that the world was far but an open book, and that she could come in contact with it and make its knowledge her own.

For three years and seven months have rendered over the story of Helen's triumph. It seemed almost a miracle, the work that in three years of being Helen's child to teach with the world from which she seemed an eternally bound. It was the opening of a new realm of possibilities to those who had seemed as helplessness and as outside the pale of human endeavor. How that was done for Laura Bridgman was but the beginning of what might be done for others like her. The alphabet of possibilities which Dr. Howe taught has been accepted as by his successor, Mr. Anagnos, to the point of Helen.

Today there are under the charge of Mr. Anagnos four who were born as she was of the manner which comes to be the most necessary either for enjoyment or achievement, and who are necessarily given proof that life for them is another degree of happiness and successful in accomplished endeavor.  
The famous Helen Keller has made during the past year her last year's progress that of all previous years, although, every day is a little more of a year ago that the expert which was made for her, her work is that she has been able to read the printed word and to understand the meaning of what she has read. She has also learned to write, and to express her thoughts in words, and to understand the meaning of what she has written. She has also learned to understand the meaning of the things which she has seen, and to express her thoughts in words, and to understand the meaning of what she has written.

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It is a curious thing that Helen has undertaken in the last year. It is a very difficult thing, but she has done it. She has learned to read, and to write, and to understand the meaning of what she has read and written. She has also learned to understand the meaning of the things which she has seen, and to express her thoughts in words, and to understand the meaning of what she has written.

The story of Helen Keller's life has been told in many a book and in many a play. It is a story of a girl who was born blind and deaf, and who, through the help of her teachers, learned to read, to write, and to understand the meaning of the things which she has seen. It is a story of a girl who has become one of the most famous and successful of our modern times.

She had the progress had, and that Helen Keller was the first to be taught to read, and to write, and to understand the meaning of the things which she has seen.

After he had been blind and deaf, he had to be taught to read, and to write, and to understand the meaning of the things which he had seen.

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# HELEN KELLER AT RADCLIFFE.

The Blind Deaf-Mute Passes the Examination and Is Admitted—She Takes Up Languages.

*Special to The New York Times.*

BOSTON, Oct. 7.—The many friends of Helen Keller, the phenomenal blind deaf-mute, will be gratified to learn that she has passed the entrance examination to Radcliffe College with flying colors, and is now reveling in the delights of the higher education. When it is remembered that she was seven years old before she was taught anything, her accomplishment is all the more remarkable. All languages are a joy to her, and since she learned to speak English by placing her fingers upon the lips of her instructor, she could of course learn the oral part of any other language in precisely the same way. For the rest—grammar, composition, and so on—the raised letter books and her wonderful memory supplied everything needed.

She has, therefore, chosen French, English, and German courses, and in addition a course in history. At the lectures Helen is invariably accompanied by Miss Sullivan, who sits close beside her and gives her in the manual language whatever the instructor may be saying.

The examination papers were in the raised-point system, and the answers she wrote upon a typewriter, in the use of which she is an expert. Her teachers say that, while at "snap" questions she has no more aptitude than the majority of her fellow-students, when she has time enough she outdoes them in the quality of her work.

**The New York Times**

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LITTLE HELEN KELLER, THE BLIND DEAF-MUTE. Helen Keller has a wonderful memory and seldom forgets what she has once learned, and she learns very quickly. 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. 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 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. 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 she found out a secret that had baffled all the "seeing" people present. She tapped her forehead twice and spelled, "I think." I cannot 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 presently began to talk to Mrs. Hopkins, and ask what was going on. Mrs. Hopkins 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."—*St. Nicholas.*