Perchance one's taste was not in books; then there was the Art Gallery. On entering you were given a sheet of paper with suggestive phrases like the following:

1. “A slang exclamation”—(Dickens.)
2. “What an uneducated man says to his son when begging him to eat properly”—(Chaucer.)
3. “A man sitting on a box car with his feet on the ground.”—(Longfellow.)

You were told to find the picture of the author that would help you to guess the answer. Here you had a chance to use your ingenuity at guessing; or if you could not do this, there was the picture which you ought to know, and could vaguely remember having seen somewhere in Long's Literature.

For those who wanted something not quite so puzzling and perhaps more instructive, there was the Museum, which was a collection of old books—Comus as it appeared in the original, parts of Vergil's Aeneid before writing had been divided into words, and the little blue-backed spelling books that our grandmothers and great grandmothers used.

The Literary Digest was open all the time and served Midsummer Night's Dream (Ice Cream), The Brown Study (Cocoa), and The Unknown Quantity (Sandwiches).

After the secrets of the Libraries and the Art Gallery had been exhausted, the different English classes gave charades that represented the names of books. The School for Scandal, which was in two acts, the first representing a schoolroom, the second, schoolgirl gossip, proved most popular—in the estimation of the judges, anyway. Other good charades were The Spoilers—a fond mother and grandmother spoiling their children—and To Have and to Hold, which was represented very humorously by a negro wedding.

A Book Party such as this could be carried out successfully in almost any school. Any resourceful teacher could think out a complete program based on these suggestions, and in addition to furnishing an evening of amusement it might also prove the means—as in our case—of the beginning of an English fund.

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the proceeds in brick and mortar, instead of in teachers? The wretched underpayment of the teaching profession of Virginia is a disgrace—not only to the State's sense of justice, but to the State's intelligence. Nothing could be more shortsighted, more stupid, more certain to react ruinously.

Not less surprising than the declining popularity of teaching among Randolph-Macon girls is the increased interest in other professions. Interior decorating, of course, which twelve of the girls have chosen as an art career, may appeal to them solely because it offers a congenial outlet for artistic impulses. It hardly offers opportunities for as large a percentage of the students as propose to follow it. In industrial chemistry, the choice of fourteen girls, it may be that the fascinations of that branch of chemical science allure. Seventeen girls propose to enter library work, which, by the way, is notoriously underpaid, and sixteen are interested in medicine.

Journalism, curiously enough, attracts half as many girls as teaching, but whether it offers good openings for women at this juncture may be doubted, since there is an undeniable prejudice on the part of many newspapers against utilizing women as workers. The exceptional girl, however, who can write good "features" and develop departmental work on a newspaper, is distinctly in demand.

A very encouraging item of the Randolph-Macon statistics is that eleven girls, more than 4 per cent. of the class, propose to take up secretarial work. Here, surely, are possibilities, very real possibilities. Business executives and busy professional men need assistance of a type rather difficult to procure from the rank and file of typists. They need women of good education, training, familiarity with business and social usage; and where they find such women, they are usually able to give them good salaries. The girl, for her part, not only has a respectable income, but sees business or professional work from a wide and informing angle. Ten years hence, as men see the advantages of competent secretaries, this will probably be one of the best fields open to young college graduates, and will serve, in addition, as a training school for women executives.—Richmond News-Leader.

IX

CORRESPONDENCE

AN ILLUMINATING VIEW ON EDUCATIONAL MATTERS WITH ITS ANSWER (Letter to the Harrisonburg News-Record)

I want it distinctly understood that I am not opposed to education or good roads, but I am opposed to the way our money is spent and the kind of results obtained. I claim our present system of education is a miss-education. Any system that makes people shun manual labor and makes the recipient look for jobs that carry with them white hands and nice clothes with plenty of leisure is not in consonance with my ideals of true economics. Some one that had the true ring said, "Toiling hands alone are builders of a nation's wealth and fame. Titled laziness is fed and fattened on the same." I have always been opposed to paying anything out of the public crib for schools except the common free school, to run for five months in a year (with compulsion). I contend that a common English education is all that is essential. If any want more let them pay for it. Take the University, Blacksburg, etc., and see the class of aristocratic spendthrifts that are turned out to prey upon the laboring class. I say, not one cent from the public treasury for their support. I contend the teachers now are getting more than they earn for the few hours that are taught. What little time I went to school, in "Ye Old Days," the teacher put in a square day, often supplemented with the rod. What we ask is fair return for the money spent. Not like the fellow at the boarding house that passed his cup up the seventh time for coffee, which elicited the question, "You must be fond of coffee?" and who said, "I am, or I would not drink so much water to get a little."

Respectfully submitted.

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