

A precious jewel carved most curiously.  
 It is a little picture painted well.  
 What is a sonnet? 'Tis a tear that fell  
 From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;  
 A two-edged sword, a star, a song—  
 ah me!

Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.  
 This was the flame that shook Dante's breath,  
 The solemn organ whereon Milton  
 played,

And the clear glass where Shakes-  
 peare's shadow falls;

A sea this is, beware who ventureth!  
 For like a fiord the narrow floor is  
 laid  
 Deep as midocean to sheer mountain  
 walls.

CLARE HARNBERGER

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IV

A TEACHER'S TRAVELS

SKETCH NO. 2

From Big Stone Gap and Appalachia ("Appalach," many persons there call it), I went to Johnson City, Tenn., for the next si-journ on my itinerary.

The East Tennessee State Normal School, at Johnson City, is about the same age as our school at Harrisonburg, and almost as attractive in every respect. The location is just outside the city on the southwest. The elevation is adequate, but gradual, and the surroundings are beautiful. Not the least worthy feature of the institution is a cafeteria, in which one—student, teacher, or visitor—may secure a wholesome lunch at a reasonable price.

At Johnson City, not far across the fields from the normal school, is a home for Federal soldiers of the Civil War. This is an immense establishment, and at every turn, almost, as one goes through the town, he meets a group of those thousand or two men in blue who are domicled among those castles of brick. Most of them now are also "boys in gray."

Johnson City is in historic setting. Traditions of Daniel Boone, John Sevier, and other heroes of King's Mountain and the regions thereabout are abundant and fascinating.

Watauga, Sycamore Shoals, Indian Ridge, and Jonesboro are in the vicinity.

At Knoxville one finds many evidences of the esteem with which John Sevier (a native of Rockingham County, Virginia) is regarded in Tennessee. The tallest monument on the courthouse square in Knoxville is dedicated to him. In the university library I observed a handsome Sevier portrait. In the city Sevi-ers are still residing.

Knoxville, some how or other, always reminds me of Lynchburg, Virginia. It may not be quite so hilly as Lynchburg, but it is hilly. The hills plunge down to the Tennessee River, which is perhaps somewhat larger than the James at Lynchburg. In Knoxville, as in Lynchburg, there are many evidences of wealth, industry, and progressive spirit.

The University of Tennessee at this time has on an extensive building program. For this reason the well-established Summer School of the South, held at the university for many years, has been suspended. Several of the old buildings, so long familiar landmarks on the summit of the Hill, have been removed; and already when I was there a splendid new building, perhaps three hundred feet in length, and designed with fine architectural taste, was rising in majestic grace to crown the elevation.

In Science Hall I found Dean Hoskins. He, without difficulty, persuaded me to go with him to his classroom at the west side of the building, where I found a hundred young men and women ready for a history lecture. They, in their earnestness and intelligent interest, reminded me of the group that I had learned to love, as I met them day after day in the same room, during the summer of 1917.

President Morgan and Professor Keffer, director of the university extension courses, were among other good friends that I met on the Hill. Everybody at Knoxville refers to the University as "The Hill." Quite well I remembered the Florida group of 1917 as it appeared in the Fourth of July celebration, fifty or sixty strong, decked in green and white, and how it had reminded me of the Senior Class at home. And the reminder was all the more striking because the president of the group, a handsome young woman from St. Petersburg, looked very much like a well known Senior Class president at Blue-Stone

Hill. But not one of them did I see. Yet in spirit, I ween, they often stand amid a great company and watch the sunrise from the Hill.

From Knoxville I went to Chattanooga. This city, one of the most interesting in America, scenically and historically, I had been wanting for many years to visit. Quite appropriately and just as much in habit, I suppose, the city lay in a dense cloud of mist and smoke when I arrived. It was an hour or twi before my anxious gaze, thrust up frequently into the murky West, caught the bold outline of Lookout Mountain. It was where I thought it was, and it looked like the pictures I had seen of it. So I began to take it as a familiar old thing, and almost decided not to climb it.

At two o'clock I did take a sight-seeing car for Chickamauga Park (battlefield, etc.). Out of the city we went southward, and in two or three miles ran into Rossville, set athwart the state line. The guide, who never lost an opportunity to crack his wit upon our dull brains, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Rossville. It is partly in one state and partly in another. Those persons who live on this side call it Rossville, Georgia; those who live on the ither side call it Rossville, Tennessee."

As we passed out of Rossville, turning eastward to cross Missionary Ridge, we saw the home of John Ross, a famous chief of the Cherokees. The old house, built by Ross himself, we were told, is substantial and well preserved.

Across Missionary Ridge we soon ran into Fort Oglethorpe and other places distinguished in the late war, located here and there upon the vast battlefield of Chickamauga, baptized with blood and christened with immortal names upon two autumn days of 1863.

Fort Oglethorpe is a permanent establishment, but the barracks of the thousands lately sent back home (or left gloriously abroad) were being torn down. For miles, it seemed to me, we drove through fields and woods littered with boards and beams, piled as thick as wheat shocks in a July harvest, and beaten down with thousands of restless feet like the thoroughfares of a great city.

And in the trees, the older ones, of oak and hickory and pine, we could see now and then the marks, the scars, left mutely, sadly,

from other days long past. Here and there a huge gash showed where a cannon ball had struck; and I imagined that buried deep in the tree trunks, long out of sight, there must be encased myriads of those small lead missiles, once the hail of death.

I should judge that Chickamauga Park is about as large as the battlefield of Gettysburg, and it seemed to me there were more tablets, monuments, and other markers than are to be found on the Pennsylvania field. Each one has its hundreds.

At many places on the Chickamauga field, as at Gettysburg, the stones and bronzes marking the lines are very close together—at a few places only fifty or sixty yards. And on both fields one is conscious of a striking contrast: the few Confederate markers, compared with those on the other side. But, after all, what does it matter? We know, and the world knows, that the boys in gray, no less than the boys in blue, made their mark in the days of battle.

As we returned from Chickamauga we drove along the crest of Missionary Ridge for a mile or two. Far to the southeast we could see stretching the Georgia plain, while to the northwest lay Chattanooga, reaching from the foot of the Ridge at our feet to the distant banks of its wide, tortuous river. At Bragg's Tower we paused long enough for three men of the party to climb to the top. Going up and coming down the three got acquainted. It turned out that one was from Pennsylvania, one from Colorado, and one from Virginia.

As to the name, "Missionary Ridge," this was its genesis, as we were told: In early days, a hundred years or more ago, perhaps, Christian missionaries came to the region to teach and convert the Indians. On the ridge they built their cabins, because the low lands were full of malaria. Hence the name, Missionary Ridge.

The next afternoon I did yield to an impulse and take the big auto for Lookout Mountain. Nobody needs to ask how this mountain got its name. Long before the coming of the white men the Indians, no doubt, climbed its rugged heights and fired their smoke signals from its outstanding cliffs.

Soon I was glad that I decided to go up. At the very foot of the ascent we could see,

halfway up, the old house in which Augusta J. Evans wrote *St. Elmo*, and as we made the first turn in the long climb we passed the site of the old blacksmith shop mentioned in the story.

We did not go on the inclined railway, but at one point the auto road bridges over it. There we stopped and watched one big spider climb up from the bottom of the mountain while another crept cautiously down. Both, it turned out, were at opposite ends of the same big steel string. Have you ever drawn water out of a well with a chain running over a wheel and with a bucket at either end of the chain? If so, then you know how the cars go up and the cars come down at Chattanooga.

As we approached the crest of the mountain, by our zigzag course, I could see a few houses hanging over the edges of the great cliffs above. When we finally reached the summit I was astonished to see a town, on a plateau of several square miles—a town almost as big as Harrisonburg, with street cars, electric lights, schools, pavements, and a water supply: a town of wealth and beauty, where the living is much higher than in Harrisonburg.

The views from Lookout Mountain are superb. South, east, north, west, the eye may leap almost unhindered. Only toward the southwest, the direction in which the long mountain range stretches, one cannot see far. Before I came down I was very glad I went up. I would not sell the memory for the annual salary of a Virginia school teacher.

And there were others who liked the experience no less than did I. Just as we were preparing to embark for the descent I overheard the tail-end of a little talk. This is what I heard: "Yes, it is fine, but you should see the Valley of Virginia!"

Then I could restrain myself no longer. "Madam," I exclaimed, "I am delighted to hear you say that. I am from the Valley of Virginia."

Nobody in the crowd at that moment had a hat big enough to fit me. The lady turned out to be Mrs. Greenwood Nowlin of Lynchburg. She has good friends in Harrisonburg. Ever since that evening I have had a good opinion of her judgment.

In fact, I have seen only one place to compare with Lookout Mountain. That

is Peaked Mountain, the end of the Massanutten range, just east of Harrisonburg. If the Shenandoah River were as big as the Tennessee, and if it made a Moccasin Bend or two from Penn Laird to McGaheysville, it would be just as splendid.

JOHN W. WAYLAND

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V

### THE PROJECT METHOD APPLIED TO GEOGRAPHY

To give to each pupil something he can begin to work at with his ready-made store of ideas, something that will require new ideas for its culmination, and something that may be accomplished satisfactorily, is the crux of teaching method. Every child enters school with a store of ideas that he has acquired by experience of some kind. A few of these ideas he even knows how he got and how useful they are, but most of them he has, as far as he knows, merely because they are there. He has no reason to inquire into their existence so long as he has them. He has every reason to use them so long as they serve him. These ideas increase rapidly both in number and in combinations, until early in the educative process there is such a store as to give a starting place for almost any line of mental activity. Some starting place is always ready for action, some action is always in progress. The method that avails itself of this aptitude and begins here to carry on school work is in exact line with the learning process.

The starting place may be a big broad field of ideas that must be explored and worked into usable condition before the launching into the new takes place. Again it may be a mere hold from which to push off into the new. The amount of elaboration of this familiar substance depends upon the nature of the new ideas to be presented and the individual who is to acquire this knowledge. Teaching should make its first obligation the securing of the greatest number of starting places. The teacher must learn to recognize stimuli and to make use of the best. A poor start often results in failure and always clouds an activity with discouragement and a sense of handicap.