Happy little children love to swing
Under the shady apple tree,
And to hear the robin's cheerful song
As he swings and sways merrily.

The rhyme "Maytime" is but another result of the eagerness of the children to express their love for nature.

MAY-TIME
'Tis now the month of May!
Hear the birds merrily sing.
Everywhere are fragrant blossoms
For the whole world is awakening.

Frolicking children are playing
In the meadows far away,
Picking violets here and there
For 'tis the merry month of May.

The masterpiece of the class poems is one written about the Massanutten Peak. First the children were taken to the Normal School hill and to the top of Franklin Street, where they could see the peak plainly. They observed it and as on other occasions wrote in their pads words describing it. Parts of Wordsworth's description of his trip through the Alps were read to them, as were also descriptions of Fuji-Yama and other noted peaks. After a preparation of a few days, in which the children wrote on their pads whatever they thought of as being of possible use to them, they were ready to write their poems. They decided to have a poem of two stanzas of four lines each, having the first stanza describe the Peak and the second tell what the Peak reminds them of. A list of words and phrases was put on the board and the following is the result:

MASSANUTTEN PEAK
Beautiful Massanutten Peak!
You are blue as the summer sky,
Standing there in the distance
With your tower so very high.

Beautiful Massanetten Peak!
You are the king of our country side
With your armor of shaggy rocks,
We look to you as our Valley Guide.

The first stanza of this poem was quickly written, but the second and third lines of the second brought forth some very clear thinking on the part of the class, in which the power to criticize and judge their own work was exercised. These lines were first written:
"You are the guard of our country side
With your shaggy armor of rocks!"

Then some child suggested that they use the word 'King' instead of 'Guard'. This change being made, another child suggested that 'robe' be used instead of 'armor' and that they say 'robe of shaggy rocks' rather than 'shaggy robe of rocks'.

The benefit derived from this form of work was well worth the time spent on it. The children developed a sense for the fitness of words and enlarged their vocabularies, to say nothing of the real pleasure which both the boys and the girls derived from these exercises. I have since seen boys who formerly were accustomed to scorn the reading of poetry voluntarily read it and appreciate it.

MARY V. YANCEY

IV
A TEACHER'S TRAVELS

Sketch No. 4

The hotels of New Orleans rank, with the finest in the country. Some of the larger ones are the St. Charles, the Grunewald, and the Monte Leone. The lobby of the Monte Leone is very beautiful. It reminded me of the Southern Hotel in Baltimore and of the Tutwiler in Birmingham. But I have not yet seen anywhere a hotel lobby as beautiful, to my notion, as that of the Jefferson Hotel in Richmond.

From New Orleans to Mobile was about five hours by rail. The stage from Mobile to Pensacola I had intended to make by boat, but the bureau of information at the Mobile station informed me that no passenger boats were running between Mobile and Pensacola. While waiting for the next train I inspected the monument to Admiral Semmes, found certain other memorials to Civil War heroes, and got a glimpse or two of the harbor—a busy place, full of big and little ships of various kinds.

The three o'clock train went first north, then east, then south, and finally came at dusk down the Escambia River to Pensacola. A boy in khaki, on his way home, helped me to find a hotel. The next morning, at 6:15, I boarded a Louisville and Nashville train, pushed out upon the causeway through Es-
cambia Bay, almost losing sight of land amid the sparkling waters, and soon was chasing turpentine camps through the pine woods of western Florida. Three large rivers that I crossed were the Choctawhatchee, Chattahoochee, and the Ocklocknee. And, at about 3:30 in the afternoon, an hour behind the schedule, the train pulled up into Tallahassee. The South is musical with Indian names.

I say, "pulled up," for so it did. Tallahassee is a beautiful little city perched on and among the hills. From Vicksburg to Tallahassee I hardly saw a hill worth mentioning. Those at the latter place are not high nor abrupt, but they are obvious enough. The town is entwined with pines, pecan trees of all sizes, and with live-oaks large and small. A few of the live-oaks are quite as large and handsome as the famous ones in New Orleans. The pines on the campus of the State College for Women remind me of those on the hills around Randolph-Macon College for Women at Lynchburg.

One of the most attractive schools I visited in many states was this one at Tallahassee. President Conradi, Manager Kellum, and others made me welcome. The spirit of Professor Heatwole was still lingering. The six hundred and forty students were just winding up their celebration of the National Week of Song. They did it in the big dining room that evening. The song leader was a diamond eyed Spanish girl from southern Florida, named Rosalie Gonzales. At the proper pauses in the supper she would hop up on a table in the center of the room, wave her magic wand, and the song would begin. One that I remember specially was "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." That one, I had a suspicion, was intended to convey a particular message to a visitor present.

Everywhere in the South I saw mules and pine shanties. Many of the latter were empty. Some had been occupied by miners of other days, as in northern Alabama; others had been the temporary domiciles at turpentine camps, as in northern Florida. Most of the mule-drivers were negroes. Now and then a log-wagon was drawn by oxen. Although as eight were sometimes hitched to one wagon. As a rule, the wagons had long, strong tongues, and only two wheels. The front ends of two or three logs were jacked up and chained underneath the axle; then the team started, allowing the rear ends of the logs to drag the ground. The wagon wheels are very high and strong, much like those used in the carts of South America. The latter are made so high, I am told, in order to straddle the ant hills. Those in Florida, I suppose, are made high in order to pass safely over the stumps.

One thing I did not see anywhere in the South was a gasoline tractor pulling a plow or a harrow. But at many places, especially in Louisiana, I saw groups of people working in the fields with hoes. It will not be long, however, I imagine, till hand plows replace the hoes and tractors replace the mules. For the land nearly everywhere is level and much of it is already smooth—the very sort of land for easy work with plows and tractors.

At Tallahassee I was much interested in the monuments that adorn the grounds around the old State Capitol. They tell of heroism in the Indian wars and in the Civil war. One records many great battles in which Florida men participated, some of those battles being sadly familiar in Virginia and adjacent states. A rather remarkable fact in connection, and one to be regretted, is that two of the names, and two of the most famous, Sharpsburg and Gettysburg, are misspelled. Bad spelling in a newspaper (or in the Virginia Teacher) is bad enough; but on a monument it is just too bad.

In Tallahassee I heard of a negro named George Washington. I was entertained at the Hotel Leon. An hour or two after leaving I passed near Monticello; and in the evening, shortly after dark, I crossed the Suwanee River. It is hard to get away from history—or poetry.

After a chilly night in Lake City (February 29—March 1) and a halting forenoon on the train, I landed at Palatka, on the west shore of the St. Johns River. For more than three hundred miles I had been traveling through Florida, from west to east. The reach of this great state is something tremendous.

Palatka is one of the best towns I have seen anywhere. It borders the great river, which is nearly a mile wide at this point; and it sends out it paved streets for miles into the surrounding country. The streets, parks, and lawns are beautiful with palms and flow-
ers. The live-oaks hold up their green branches sturdily and gracefully under the festoons of gray moss that can be adequately measured only in miles. From the streets and country highways one can see oranges growing in nearly every field and back yard; and the white sand mixed with the black soil offers a continual challenge to every boy or girl with a spade or a bare foot. I walked across the mile-long bridge at Palatka and pulled some moss and oranges with my own hands. Then, as I came back, I was almost inclined to become a fisherman when I saw wriggling shad filling bushel baskets and barrels.

The nearly thirty miles from Palatka to St. Augustine I made one morning in an auto, passing through the famous potato district around Hastings and Spuds. And at St. Augustine I wanted to stay a week. My few hours were entirely too short. For here, let us remember, is the real “Fountain of Youth”; and here is the site of the first permanent settlement by white people within the present limits of the United States. I saw the quaint old house on the old narrow street and walked on the sea wall up to the point opposite the famous Spanish Gate; but the most wonderful thing, as well as the biggest thing that I saw, was the old Spanish fort.

Thirty or forty feet high, its massive walls rise hard by the water side. Long they bade defiance to hostile ships. Now they seem to challenge only time, for their guns have been dismantled and are scattered here and there as rusting relics. Over the wide flat acres the old gray giant flings his utmost length, all parts fashioned with exceeding grace though with so much weight and strength. Wide moat, draw-bridge gate, watch-towers, and sheltered battlements are all preserved and all keep grimly and silently the secrets of three hundred years. Down in the central court one enters the dim arched casements and dungeons, damp and foul with mold and darkness, and shudders as imagination conjures up the ghosts and skeletons of other years. A few of the more sanitary apartments are used as museums and as shops where beautiful souvenirs are sold to visitors. The place is really worth a trip of a thousand miles to students of history, and many of the pilgrims I saw there had come much farther. On the register I saw freshly written the name of someone from France; of one or two persons from India; and of many persons from almost every state in the Union. Among the rest were a couple from Richmond, Va.

Something about the old fort seemed to fascinate me, and I could not leave without climbing up into the towers at the corner nearest the sea. Thence I climbed out upon the thick wall. While I was walking along upon the wall an airplane came whirring along above, and soon it was followed by another. Thus the busy messengers of the present came pushing into the reveries of the past; and thus the world doth wag.

St. Augustine seems to be built for tourists and also seems to thrive upon them. I never saw so many hotels, so many places to buy souvenirs, or so many places to get something to eat on the same area of the earth’s surface. A thing that surprised me was that the souvenirs and the dinners were sold at reasonable prices—so far as I investigated. To be sure, I did not get dinner at any of the big hotels. In the architecture an effort is evidently made to follow Moorish and Spanish models. The bricks and other building materials most preferred are of a buff, an amber, or a well seasoned meerschaum color. Many of the names of the hotels make one dream of a castle in Spain. The Ponce de Leon, the Cordoba, and the Alcazar are all near together. Fountains, palm gardens, and spacious courts open to the sky are characteristic features. In some respects the Ponce de Leon reminded me of the Jefferson at Richmond. It is very beautiful and very elaborate, but for real artistic grace it cannot, I think, quite equal the Jefferson. It is hard to compare the two, of course, since the Ponce de Leon is built for a land of summer, while the Jefferson’s chief charms are perhaps best suited to indoor life, and winter.

On the public square I found several interesting monuments, a comfortable stand for the musicians, and a crowd of loafers at the main fountain watching the alligators. I tried to guess at the Spanish inscription on the central monument, but got only so far as to understand that it has reference to the “constitution” and that it was created more than a hundred years ago. I think it must have some connection with the revolutions that were then sweeping through the
Spanish colonies in America, but this point I had to leave undetermined.

Personally, my most memorable experience in St. Augustine, though far from the most pleasant one in its earlier stages, was due to the fact that my money gave out—and nobody there knew me from Adam. The matter had been worrying me for a day or two. I had expected to get some money at Palatka, but was disappointed. I had to leave Palatka knowing that I did not have enough to carry me to Savannah, my next point of hope. What should I do? Should I blaze ahead, ride as far as I could, then stop and work a few hours as a carpenter or as an office boy? or should I check my bags with my few remainings shekels and then take my chances swallowing cinders under a freight car?

This is what I finally did. I bearded the lion in his den. I walked into the First National Bank of St. Augustine and got a check cashed for fifteen dollars. I did really, and nobody there had ever seen me before. You may be certain that I remember the name of the assistant cashier of that bank, who was in charge at the time I made my appeal. He treated me like a gentleman and I am ready to classify him as one. Do not imagine now that he is an easy mark for sharks—he is not; but he was kind enough to satisfy himself that my check was good and then he cashed it for me. He could easily have refused, but he didn’t. He is a typical of the better class of business men that one may now expect to meet in the bigger and better institutions over the country. Courtesy and a willingness to accommodate people are now recognized as valuable business assets.

John W. Wayland

One can only feel amazement that we have been so tardy in coming to a realization of the scant consideration given by the teachers in the American public schools and we have been remiss in understanding the limitless possibilities of our public school work.—Warren G. Harding, Republican candidate for President.

For purely secondary school work, 81,034 instructors are employed. Only 34 per cent of the teachers are men.