largely matters of ritual or have a dubious reality. The snares that beset her, both at home and abroad, are too menacing for her to commit her name to the keeping of those who can shout most loudly or who spend their time in shaking fists at shadows. So America needs to beware lest she be fooled into thinking that patriotism is any course of action that plays into the hands of the jingo. For the jingo, however he may frame his blatancy in bunting, is just about the most useless citizen any nation now contains. He spends his days hunting for cheap applause, and, like some others, he generally has his reward. But this is not a time when the country is served by such self-advertising gentry. True patriotism just now is likely to be very quiet but go very deep.

The Christian Century

"ON" AN OLD ATTIC IN THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

I wonder whether we are not so occupied today with the modern trend of things that we are forgetting the grand old traditions of our Valley? The old-fashioned things tucked away with a thousand memories of the past, of our parents, our grands-parents and even older generations. Let us escape for a moment from the busy rush of this worldly life, and unearth a few of these long-buried relics so fragrant with the sacred memories of the dim and distant past.

One of the most wonderful hiding places of these time-worn treasure-troves is "on the attic" of some ancient house of a former century. I love to climb the long steep attic stairways and explore all the nooks and corners to my heart's content.

There is one old, old garret that I am never weary of visiting. Its steep, dark stairs gives it an added interest and likewise a bit of a thrill. When I reach the topmost step, I suddenly find myself in the land of yesterday. With awe I wander here alone delving among the "goods and gods" of generations who have passed beyond into new life.

One autumn day, in searching through this dear old hoard of many ancestors, in a secluded nook I discovered two tall spinning wheels and one darling little flax wheel. I could almost see a rosy-cheeked girl, clad in a quaint home-woven gown, happily spinning for her "hope chest" on one of these queer old wheels.

Another corner revealed an unusual chest; firm and strong despite its age, filled with wonderful relics of by-gone days. In it was stored a marvelous collection of old-time ball dresses of lawn and silk. Resting on the prettiest one of these gowns was a fan—once lovely, but now crumbling with age—which some charming belle must have carried when she wore her frilly dress. There was another gown which fascinated me, with its full velvet skirt, and its tight beaded waist, high in the neck and with close fitting sleeves.

Softly touching these charming garments, I wondered about the girl who once wore them. Whether she was like the girls of now-a-day? Whether she acted and felt as now we do when she wore this beautiful apparel? I was impressed that she must have been a dark, southern beauty, with glowing eyes, black curls and a proud mien—a true aristocrat of the old school.

This chest contained many other articles of clothing, bits of wedding finery, a package of old deeds and many other business papers, all packed away with lavender and—memories.

In this great upper chamber were many obscure corners and recesses, and hidden away in one of them I found a huge square box containing an assortment of beautiful hand-woven coverlets which some thrifty housewife of long ago had made with her own skillful hands. These ancestral counterpanes had been folded away by some more recent descendant of that diligent great-great grandmother. But these attractive coverlets were not doomed to perpetual oblivion, for they are more valued now. The girls of to-day are resurrecting them from their attic burial caskets and giving them places of honor in their own pretty bed rooms and even in their twentieth century living rooms.

This box also contained linen table clothes and sheets, some well woven and all yellowed with age, but there was a certain air of dignity about them.
Near this box stood the very loom on which these contents and table linen had been woven. It was a clumsy hand-made affair, rather crude in the construction, but substantial, with each part fastened together with wooden pins, not a nail could be found in it. It was still in almost perfect condition. Spread across this loom were a few pieces of "home-made" carpet of beautiful pattern and I am sure it was a carpet of which to be proud when it was new. Its colors were faded and I could distinguish only light and dark shades, nevertheless it was still pretty.

Beyond the loom stood an antique walnut cupboard with heavy solid doors. It had once been brightly varnished, but time had mellowed its shining surface and it was now a softer, more attractive hue. Stowed away on the upper shelves were old, old dishes, pewter spoons and plates, with an array of horn-handle knives and two-tined forks. On the lowest shelf I found a nest of tiny mice! So the ancient cupboard continued to be of some service to the living.

Tucked back under the eaves, to my great joy, I discovered an antiquated melodean, covered with the dust of ages. Reverently I raised its cover and softly touched its warped and yellowed keys. The old instrument gave forth a faint, sweet sound. I could not tell whether it was a sound of protest or gladness. So I gently closed the lid, leaving the instrument of the distant past to dream on of the sweet old tunes it had breathed forth in the long ago.

As I was pondering over all this my eyes suddenly rested upon a grandfather's clock and I forgot all else, for I love these clocks of yesterday. Quickly I opened the door, which had been fast closed for many, many years, and it grated on its hinges. Looking within, disappointment overwhelmed me when I saw that the pendulum was gone and that vandal hands had destroyed part of its delicate works. My happy thought had been that it might be removed from its dismal environs to a niche in the stairway of a modern home, but seeing how it had been despoiled, I gave up my attractive plan.

In this large, rambling attic I espied a queer hair-covered trunk, studded with brass headed nails and packed full of most interesting things. I found a book entitled "The Ladies Keepsake," unlike anything I had ever seen before. Its once brilliant cover was faded, and its gilded lettering tarnished. On its ornamental "dedication" page was written in ink once black, but now brown with age, "From David to Betsy, Christmas, 1835." It was illustrated with steel engravings and filled with "poems of love." I learned that David and Betsy lived to celebrate their diamond wedding anniversary which was attended by their children, grandchildren and very, very modern great great grandchildren.

Many other ancient books were stored there. The massive family bible with its long record of marriages, births, and deaths. An old copy of "Ossian" filled with notes, "Rhymes for the Little Ones," well worn by childish fingers, "Lindley-Murray's Grammar," "Webster's Blue-Back Speller." The last two books "which made English for many generations" were among this treasured collection. Also, a well worn "McGuffey's Third Reader," an early edition of "Don Quixote," published in London in 1814, with many another antique book and keepsake.

In a quaint box carefully concealed in one corner of the trunk was the queerest marriage certificate ever seen. At its head were pictured cupids with their fat legs thrust through wedding rings and below were inscribed the names of David to Betsy, with the date of their marriage and signed...
by the officiating clergyman; and wrapped in silk, was a pair of tiny shoes worn by the first baby and a curl of golden hair clipped from his head.

When I asked the dear old ladies—whose attic I had been permitted to visit—something of the history of my enchanting discoveries, a tender look came into the gentle eyes and a delicate flush to their faded cheeks, as they looked back into the closed rooms of memory, and related to me each little story connected with their treasure room.

Their attractive home had many of the old-fashioned things on the lower floors as well as on its attic.

The ladies themselves were sweetly old-fashioned and who would have them otherwise? Were they differently surrounded they would lose half the charm they now possess.

While their delightful old garret is my favorite, and is dearer to me because so many of its treasures belonged to my ancestors, there are several other entrancing attics which I have had the pleasure of exploring and I have sometimes felt like an intruder, looking into things far too sacred for me to see. But the owners of these precious hoards have always appeared delighted to have me look them over.

On one of these attics I could hardly stand erect so low was its roof. Here were hanging many old-time dresses and articles of men's clothing. Among them I noticed a long "swallow-tailed" coat, with a pocket in one of its tails, a large hat, not wholly unlike the modern high silk hats, though somewhat wide at the top of its crown. It was amusing to imagine one of my very modern friends walking down the street wearing this delightful old costume.

But the hoarded treasure in this attic which interested me most were the old-books and valentines. On the fly leaf of many books the name of the owner was inscribed and sometimes that of the giver, written in quaint old penmanship. It was a pleasure to look at the delicate handwriting of the women of the past century, and compare it with ours of to-day.

There were wonderful valentines stored away in a queer hand-painted wooden-box. I learned that the receiver of these bits of lace paper symbols of romance and dreams might not want one to trespass on their sacredness, but she smilingly bade me to look them all over, which I did gladly. As I examined the decorations of angels and cupids and read the little verses I became completely lost in the past and I, myself, was the one to whom these valentines had been sent, and my heart really thrilled over some of those love messages rarely sent to a prosaic twentieth century girl.

In another splendid old attic I discovered hidden away in an old trunk a shawl that once belonged to a woman of long-ago of whom I had known. At my first glimpse the profane thought entered my mind "what a lovely modern garment could be made from it for a girl of to-day"—but later, when I learned its remarkable history, I was then content to let it rest, undecorated, with its hallowed memories.

A venerable horse-hair sofa with its carved back, cast a shadow over one corner of the attic, and several leather picture frames lay on the floor. Close behind these frames were three old daguerreotypes. These fine old pictures were dimmed but some of the subjects were yet discernable. High up, on a nail driven into a rafter, hung a lantern of Revolutionary days. Its sides were made of tin which were pierced in queer designs and through which the light was supposed to shine. On the inside was a round piece of tin in which to insert a candle. On the top of the lantern was a huge ring by which it was carried.

There are many other interesting things preserved elsewhere than on the attic. In one lovely valley home I saw a rare antique "bake oven". The modern house wife had it in her back yard, and she informed me that when she had an unusually large amount of baking to do she used this queer oven.

Through the Shenandoah Valley, little stone or wooden spring houses are not unusual. The milk is kept sweet and the butter cool in these "cold water" refrigerators, which are rivals of the patent affairs in some of our homes.

Then frequently I have seen an old "mounting stile" attached to the yard fence
of some old home. Here the lass of long ago gracefully mounted her prancing horse, not at all impeded by the flowing skirts of her riding habit.

All these delightful things which I found “on the attics” and about our Valley homes are holy reminders of days gone by. If we could only capture these priceless fragments of a revered past, and keep them forever and ever, what a joy it would be, the blessed old-time dreams and fancies and dresses and manners of long ago.

The letters, the books and the hopes of yesterday! Is it not the fragrance of reminiscence which haunts them and renders them more than sweet?

Rebecca Spitzer.

THE TEACHING OF CLASSICAL LANGUAGES

RECOMMENDATIONS of the survey committee of the American Classical League, recently in session in Washington, are reported in the New York Evening Post as follows:

The recommendations contained in a report to be published in a 350-page book next autumn, are the result of an exhaustive investigation conducted by leading educators of the country, with the cooperation of Federal and private organizations. The object of the research was “to discover our faults and improve our teaching methods.”

One of the principal recommendations made is an increase in the number of Latin teachers for secondary schools. It is also suggested that the study of Latin, Greek and English or modern foreign languages be more closely correlated and that the secondary education be started two years earlier.

Need for Latin Teachers

So great has the revival of interest in the study of Latin in the secondary schools become since the World War that the future educational usefulness of Latin is largely dependent on finding means to supply the present and growing need of properly trained teachers, the report points out. A second important factor revealed in the present unsatisfactory situation is the imperfect arrangement of the Latin course as now generally found in the secondary schools.

“The amount of material now included in the course is too large to be well taught within the time available and is not as suitably adapted as it should be and might be to the successive stages of progress of the pupils,” continues the report.

Even more important, it is said, is the character of the teaching, and “facilities for this purpose, though somewhat more numerous recently, are utterly insufficient to meet the general need for training prospective teachers and for improving the training of our present body of teachers as well. There is plenty of evidence to show that the demand for Latin teachers, especially for better trained Latin teachers, is increasing rapidly and that the supply is so inadequate as to warrant deep anxiety.”

Praise Results Under Handicaps

Another side to the picture “which is most gratifying to contemplate,” is the fine results, obtained even under handicaps of the present system. It is pointed out that “in the record of the College Entrance Examination Board of the whole country for ten consecutive years 1914-1923 Latin stands near the head of the list, practically tied with French for second place and surpassed by Greek, which ranks first. It has the highest average record among the four subjects which have the largest enrollment of pupils.”

It is further stated in this connection that “in so far as Latin and non-Latin pupils of admittedly equal initial ability have been tested experimentally in subjects outside of Latin, the Latin pupils usually make the better record.”

While the rapid increase since the war in the enrollment of Latin students, to the extent that the “number of pupils in Latin is now a little greater than the combined number of pupils enrolled in any or all other foreign languages,” is regarded as highly encouraging in that “the supply of Latin teachers, whether adequately or inadequately trained, is very insufficient and that small provision is made for training Latin teachers.”

Training Apt Pupils Urged

Only one means to improve the situation lies within the power of present teachers, it