unusual spirit of self-sacrifice. In addition to the vaudeville act, music was furnished by that popular aggregation, the Allen-Taylor-Dodson Company.

Dr. Henry A. Converse, Registrar, has announced the list of honor students for the second quarter, 1921-22.

Honor List

All A's—Junior, Helen McHardy Walker, Norfolk.

As near A as B or nearer—

Juniors, Sarah Roselyn Brownley, Norfolk; Louise Westervelt Elliott, Norfolk; Audrey Carlisle Chewning, Bremond Bluff; Margaret Kaeffer Moore, Norfolk; Clara Naomi Aumack, West Point; Rebekah Elizabeth Stephenson, Wakefield. Seniors, Frances Montgomery Barham, Newport News; Meade Everard Field, West Point; Gladys Elinor Goodman, Ote Bank; Louise Carlisle Moore, Newport News; Marguerite Elizabeth Goodman, Ote Bank; Mary Cestina Hundle, Whitmell; Pamela Lynn Ish, Aldie; Mabel Virginia Moseley, Brunswick county; Ella Antrim Stover, Washington, D. C.; Olive Margaretta Coffman, Dayton; Una Monette Lewis, Jamaica, N. Y.; Isabel Anne Sparrow, Waynesboro; Isabel Virginia Barlow, Ivor; Constance Elizabeth Martin, Proffit; Mary Louise Overton, Burkeville; Celia Pearl Swecker, Monterey; Nannie Eleanor Walker, LaCrosse. Post Graduate, Mary Lees Hardy, Winchester.

The faculty for the 1922 Summer Quarter at Harrisonburg will include eleven men and twenty-five women. Members of the regular winter faculty will be: President S. Duke, J. C. Johnston, R. C. Dingle, Ethel Spilman, G. W. Chappelle, Jr., Registrar H. A. Converse, Dean W. J. Gifford, Grace A. McGuire, Myrtle L. Wilson, Lotta Dav. Frances I. Mackey, Amy Stevens, Edna T. Shaeffer, Louise B. Franke, Mrs. W. J. LeHew, and Ruth C. Panill.

Other instructors who have previously taught in the Harrisonburg Summer School will be N. D. Cool, Ada E. Baugh, C. K. Holsinger, Clyde P. Shorts, Bessie C. Randolph, Julia S. Wooldridge, A. K. Hopkins, Althea L. Johnston, and Flossie L. Frazier.

Instructors who are added to the staff this year are Bessie H. Jeter, home economics, of the State Normal School at Farmville; Mary T. Moreland, home economics, instructor in home economics in the Norfolk public schools; Ethel T. Dulin, primary education, instructor in Demonstration School, George Peabody College for Teachers; Joseph D. Clark, history and geography, Principal Chase City High School; Nancy L. Moorefield, English, instructor in St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.; Margaret B. Davis, English, instructor in Harrisonburg High School.

The training school faculty is announced to be under the direction of Dr. W. J. Gifford, with the following staff: Ethel Spilman, principal; Lois Campbell, critic teacher, Harrisonburg; Frances Goldman, public schools, Richmond; Esther Dickerson, public school teacher, Winchester; Pamela Ish, school principal, Loudoun county; and Sallie H. Blosser, Principal Pleasant Hill Junior high school.

XI

NEWS AND NOTES OF THE ALUMNAE

HARRISONBURG GIRLS IN ALBEMARLE
(Rivanna District)

Helen Heyl, one of the rural supervisors in Albemarle county, during her recent visit to the Normal, gave the following interesting facts concerning a number of the Harrisonburg girls who are teaching in Albemarle—those with whom Miss Heyl has been most in touch.

Xenia Holmes has been principal of the Earlysville High School for the past two years. During this period many improvements have been made. The school has been accredited, equipment added, building painted and fully repaired. Xenia is especially interested in athletics. She has had play grounds graded and simple apparatus installed. Her baseball nine led the district in a championship series last year and is in
the field for county championship this spring. This year she is wanting to put Delco lights and running water in her school. One especial feature has been an open air classroom added last year—here the primary department works during the fall and spring months.

Iris Glasscock is head of the Mt. View junior H. S., and is doing splendid work. She is making an experiment in her school along the lines of vocational guidance. Under her leadership her boys and girls have (1) Made a careful survey of occupations in their own community, (2) Studied vocational needs of their community, (3) Are now emphasizing the needed vocations, studying where, how, and when to prepare for them, at what cost, opportunity for advancement, etc. She is ably assisted in her work by Erna Martin.

At the Cismont Junior H. S., Virginia Farley is doing good work as teacher for the third and fourth grades. Her fine professional spirit and her willingness to co-operate have brought success to her in her first year. She plans to return to Harrisonburg next year for her diploma.

Grace Tilman is working hard as substitute teacher in a one-teacher school at Gilberts. She is planning a new school building for her community.

At Stony Point Junior H. S., we find Ola and Otly Moore, two of Harrisonburg's summer school girls. Both are fine teachers and good leaders. Otly as a primary teacher is considered an expert. Ola assists the principal and is working to raise $1,000 in her community in order to equip her laboratories for agriculture work.

A LETTER FROM GEORGE PEABODY COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

We H. N. S. folks live over again and again the days at H. N. S. and long for our friends there. At present there are four of us—Miss Anthony, Miss Elizabeth Rucker, Besse Lay, and myself. We have no organized club, but have lunch together quite often and exchange Normal notes. We have certainly enjoyed having Miss Anthony with us and hate to think of giving her up in a month.

I should like to know how "my girls" are getting along in chemistry this year. I often think of the old days and our struggles and I would like so much to walk in and see you folks again. I miss the Normal, but especially my friends and the Harrisonburg spirit, but I like Peabody fine. It doesn't take the place of H. N. S., but supplements it. I'm so glad that I've had both.

I'm enthused over my work here. Last quarter I didn't have any chemistry, but had a course in biology which I enjoyed very much. This quarter I am continuing the biology and also have a course in Food Chemistry under Miss Field. I am getting a lot out of it and am trying to be a credit to my preparation, but can't vouch as to success of it. I hope to be able to take Physiological Chemistry next quarter, for I think it will be the connecting link between my biology and chemistry.

I was very proud of H. N. S. the other day when one of my instructors said, in discussing the educational magazines of the South, that he thought The Virginia Teacher ranked first. I'll pass the good word along to some one who really deserves the praise.

MARGARET S. SEEBERT

On the very day that Mary Cook's (Mrs. Lane's) letter came from Brazil, an attractive illustrated booklet was received from Sarah Shields in India. This booklet gives brief but interesting accounts from different India mission fields—from the school at Jagraon, Punjab, where Sarah is a teacher, among others.

Campinas, Brazil, January 24, 1922.

Dear Friends at Home:

We have spent our first Christmas away from Home and in a foreign land! Such a different time it was from the white cheery Yuletide of the Homeland, and yet it was full of special shining joy—at least, for Mr. Lane and me. We just had to be happy with so much happiness wished us and so many loving messages sent us across the distance. After enjoying—fairly reveling in—our wonderful Home mail that came on Decem-
ber 26th, we felt with Robert Louis Stevenson, “The world is so full of a number of things I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.”

It is not time now for the carrying out of New Year resolutions but let me tell you just a little about Christmas in this land. There is very little of the joy that Christ’s birthday brings to the hearts of those in our Christian land. It is the custom to toll bells, shoot bombs, and keep as a holiday December 8th, the Virgin Mary’s birthday and January 6th, the day of the visit of the wise men to the baby Jesus, while the birthday of the Saviour of the world goes practically unnoticed. The giving of presents is, therefore little practiced here where they know not the Greatest Christmas Gift. Likewise Santa Claus is an almost unknown character in this land of no chimneys. However, we are told much more is made of this than in the past, and the shops are full of toys, very dear because imported.

As I came across the street at dusk on Christmas Eve, I noticed some of my little S. S. children pulling grass by the handful. They told me it was to put under their beds to make “the good saint” bring them presents. I think many of these children were disappointed on Christmas morning, but their little faces shone on the evening of December 27th, as they circled around the bright, burning tree Mr. Lane and I had so enjoyed fixing for them. This little S. S. is growing weekly, numbering over 50 now, and many of the children are the proud possessors of blue attendance buttons like those worn by our boys and girls at Home, only with E. D. on them instead of S. S., for Escola Dominical means Sunday School to them.

I am still working away at Portuguese. I believe James, the psychologist, says that we learn in plateaus—just now, I feel that I have mounted to the first step! But I still think that I’d be a more apt pupil in a deaf and dumb asylum than at learning a foreign language. A letter, quoting a useful missionary as saying that new missionaries need these months of silence, has greatly helped me. We would otherwise rush in with our American methods and efficient ways of doing things before we understood the customs and ways of the people we came to help. For one surely feels like “hustling the East”, to use Kipling’s expression, only it is the South here. Then, too, in this time of silence one feels his or her utter dependence upon the Heavenly Father as never before. To accept it in this way helps to overcome the otherwise impatient waiting. Mr. Lane has a regular monthly preaching appointment and expects to conduct prayer meeting in Campinas tonight, so you see he is a full-fledged Brazilian minister now!

We are in the midst of the “rainy season”—for the year is divided into “tempo de chuva” (time of rain) and “tempo de seco” (time of dry)—and I can testify that the tropical rains have not been overrated. But my! how vegetation responds to the refreshing rains. There is a beautiful natural park near us, which seemed to me to be very luxuriant with its tropical trees and plants, but since going there after the rains and seeing the marvelous growth of it all from the “forest’s ferny floor” to the topmost limb of the giant trees, I realized what a forest in the tropics is really like.

As I go down the streets I am usually thinking about you folks back home, and wanting to tell you about this country so your mental picture of our new home will be very vivid and true. We do not have the individual and attractive costumes as do the eastern countries—the Brazilians look very like we do at home, only they are several shades darker, as a rule. Many of their customs are similar to ours—but I know they eat oftener and talk faster than we do! As you go through the city of Campinas, you feel that all of it is as crowded for space as our tenement sections, when really land is most plentiful here. Behind these houses that jut right out on the street are beautiful rose gardens and all sorts of wonderful plants, though well hidden everywhere by the houses and high brick walls. The houses have only one story and you can shake hands with your friends as they pass along the street. As we see into these tiny bare houses, there are no books, no traces of culture except almost invariably there are growing plants and I like to think they are housing many Pippas. The women seem to have nothing to do but gaze aimlessly out of the windows at passers-by. Some of the window panes are out of the lower sash so the grand-stand is always ready! We run the gauntlet of staring eyes whenever we go out and, because we are foreigners, we come in for an extra looking-
over; but one gets used to anything. Under these windows, the young man stands to talk to the girl. He never calls at her home, or rather gets inside, until after the engagement, which is usually arranged through some one else. As you see these much dressed up Brazilian girls posing in the windows, you smile to yourself to think that probably they are bare-footed. Brazilian fashion demands that women toss up only from the waist up!

This last fact is an index to the nation—Brazilians are for show and do not bear too deep investigation. One of our fellow missionaries has recently been in the hospital here and I have seen the inner workings of a Brazilian Hospital. It makes me want to always keep well in Brazil! The exterior of this particular building is very handsome and extensive, surrounded by beautiful rose gardens and palm trees, while the patients suffer from neglect, and never get a sight nor a whiff of the roses. Brazil is just that—pomp and show on the outside, physically, morally, and spiritually unsound under the surface.

We can scarcely realize it is mid-winter at home, but the calendar says January, and I surely have not forgotten three Januarys that I spent in Patrick! Although we are at the height of the hot weather, the daily showers keep the atmosphere cleared and cool. I have not suffered from heat a day since I came to Brazil. The wonderful flowers and fruits we are having would make up for hor days anyhow. Let me tell you about my marketing for today's dinner and then I think you will agree with me that Brazil is a land of plenty. I bought tomatoes, squash, peppers, parsley, and onions enough for a family of eight for 10c.; a luscious pineapple (the kind that makes ours at home look and taste like another inferior fruit) for 5c., and 2 dozen delicious bananas for 4c., and a juicy steak for 15c. That shows that these folks know nothing of the H. C. L. with which we Americans are so familiar. We are enjoying luscious grapes and mangoes out of our own yard.

The next time I write to you, we shall probably know just where we shall be permanently located—somewhere in the interior, the land of creaking ox-carts and Indians, where women's hats and shoes are almost unknown, and saddest of all, where probably there will not be a professing Christian. What a joy it will be to witness for Christ in such a needy corner as that!

Won't you pray especially just now that God will show us just where in this vast field? He wants us to labor for Him? Some one has said if we pray for a work, we share in it. We feel sure many of you are sharing in our work in Brazil. And remember we are praying for you and the work you are doing in His kingdom in our blessed Homeland.

Your friend and representative,

MARY COOK LANE
Presbyterian Church in the U. S.
Nashville, Tennessee, March, 1922.

Any letter with two cents postage, addressed to Mrs. E. E. Lane, Rua General Carneiro, 241 Campinas, Estado de Paulo, Brazil will reach her in due course of mail.

EXAMINATIONS ARE ESSENTIAL

We need to learn that the conduct of examinations is as important and worthy a part of the educational process as giving lectures, and quite as stimulating to the teacher. Ascertaining what the pupil knows, measuring his progress and deficiencies, is, indeed, a part of teaching, and quite as essential a portion of it as the imparting of information.—President A. Lawrence Lowell, Harvard University.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

R. A. KENT is dean of the School of Education, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas.

R. B. MARSTON is superintendent of schools at Sistersville, West Virginia.

W. J. GIFFORD is dean and head of the Department of Education at the State Normal School at Harrisonburg.

ELIZABETH M. EWING will be a candidate in June for the B. S. degree from Harrisonburg.

KATHERINE M. ANTHONY is supervisor of the training school at Harrisonburg.

ZOE PORTER is a critic teacher in the training school of the State Normal School.