

a variety of replies were given. Seven colleges require it when it is necessary to raise the quality points, one in majors and minors, two in English, two to meet training school requirements, and two in practice teaching.

The dean of one of the colleges asked a question in his turn. It was, "If one has a system of quality credits, what can one do but allow students to repeat a course if necessary to raise their quality points?"

G. W. CHAPPELEAR

A PROJECT IN "IVANHOE"

I REALLY must assign some papers in *Ivanhoe*, I mused—somewhat sadly, I must confess—as I hurried to the office to "ring in" one cheerful October morning. We had started our fourth week of school and my sophomores had suffered little thus far in the way of papers.

Once in the office, my attention was quickly turned from *Ivanhoe*, however. An extra class was assigned me that day, according to a note which I found in my box. The penmanship teacher wasn't there and I was to sit with his class the first period. Well, if there weren't too many folks requiring my attention in that class, I could plan for my sophomores then. In the meantime I must go on to my home room of freshman boys. After I had given them the notices for the day, I went down to "keep" the penmanship class. When I had called the roll, a serious-looking boy came up to the desk to ask if he might pass the penmanship books to those who wanted to practice.

"Will you want me to tell you anything about it?" I inquired on the defensive.

"Oh, no. We know how to do it," the boy answered, with perhaps just a touch of pity for my rather obvious hedging.

He passed the books to those not already engaged in work, and I was free to plan the *Ivanhoe* papers.

In truth, more than the papers required planning. There were only three weeks

more that I could spend on *Ivanhoe* and a part of that time I must spend on drills in phrases and clauses. Right or wrong, I was sandwiching these drills in with the captivating story of *Ivanhoe*. Phrases and clauses were pretty murky to this particular class of sophomores, and they seemed to be more thoroughly assimilated if the diet wasn't too steady; if we recurred to them, say, each Friday.

Most of the class had read the entire story by this time, but in class discussion we had covered only twenty-four chapters. We found so many interesting things to talk about in Scott's story. The feudal age, as presented by Scott, was getting into their blood. No doubt most of us get our idea of feudal England from *Ivanhoe*. In re-reading the story after an interval of ten years, I was surprised to see how completely I had formed my picture of feudal times from that presented by Scott.

But the papers? Why not let each pupil make an individual study of some phase of the story? We had centered our attention on the story in class discussions, but there was a wealth of material which we had only touched. Why couldn't we work this up into a booklet on the manners and customs of the age? It would be both interesting and useful, and I would be spared the monotony of reading any duplicate papers if individual assignments were made.

I reached for my pencil and began a list of possible topics. By that time the warning bell had rung and I gathered my strength for a plunge down a corridor choked with hundreds of surging youngsters. For forty-five minutes I listened to a class of freshmen wrangle over the *Gold-bug*, and then I faced my sophomores.

Hesitatingly I spoke of the vast scope of *Ivanhoe* and of the fact that we were losing much interesting material because we lacked the time for class discussions. My courage rose and my enthusiasm increased as I saw what seemed to be sincere regret on a few faces. Taking advantage of this, I

stated the possibility of covering this material in individual papers. Fortunately the class did not suspect my secret motive and they responded beautifully. I began suggesting topics; since more than half of the class were boys, I began with "The Mode of Warfare." Immediately a boy claimed the topic. Then they all leaped into the fray, speaking of material they would like to have worked up and offering to do the work themselves. The high school's crack basketball man and baseball pitcher got the floor. "I'll write up 'Medieval Sports'," he declared. A mild-looking youth offered his services in the behalf of the hermits, monks, friars, and palmers. The girls had a voice in the planning, too. One vain creature had been fascinated by Rebecca's vivid colors and rich materials apparently, and asked to be allowed to write on the clothes of the period. Another, domestically inclined, thought of Athelstane the gourmand, and planned to write on the food and table manners.

The clever ones picked their topics and offered advice to their less original classmates as to what they might contribute to our rapidly growing booklet. By the end of the period we had found almost enough subjects to supply each of our twenty-seven members with work. We had also settled several other important matters. Since our text was not illustrated, my pupils wanted to collect and draw suitable pictures for their supplementary text. A girl from the art course announced that she would design the cover, so I immediately appointed her art editor, knowing that our booklet would be much more attractive if all the pictures were mounted alike. As she had not yet taken a subject for a paper, we decided that if she studied all the pictures submitted and passed on their accuracy and suitability, she would be doing her part toward our—I held my breath; yes, that was what it was—our project. In very truth, I had stumbled into the project.

Impressed with our desire to make the booklet attractive, a boy who had taken typing at night school agreed to type all the papers, if some of them would soon get their papers ready.

Things were going so smoothly, and so much was being accomplished with such little effort on my part, that I made another suggestion. We needed a magazine editor. Once more the class had someone for the job. Miriam could punctuate and spell, and she knew when things sounded right. True, she had already selected a topic, but a girl without one wheedled that from her, thus giving work now for almost every person in the class.

At the bell I asked each person to write his name and topic on a slip of paper and to leave it on my desk. The few who had none asked me to see if I could find something for them by the next day.

Another class and then a free period. By this time I was not a little interested in the proposed booklet myself, so I hastened to the library to run down any books which might help my folks. In that one period I found three good books and jotted down the kinds of information each contained.

Since that was my afternoon for "make-up" class after school, I couldn't go back to the library that day. But fate was kind to me. I have, as table companion, the head of children's library work in the city, and I told her of my newest enthusiasm. She had on the tip of her tongue half a dozen titles of books we could use.

That evening I went over the slips, combined several topics, and added several suggestions of my own. The next day I worked in the library again and spent a few minutes of the class period discussing the booklet. I told them of the books I had found and we decided to ask for a shelf in the library for whatever books we should find. The librarian gave us the necessary space and found a few more books to place on our shelf.

Our next step was to decide on our table of contents, and I wrote on the board the topics I had collected and arranged.

For the next two weeks we were busy finishing our class discussion of the story, outlining the plots, and studying the characters and settings. We said little about our booklet, but each fellow was working steadily on his own paper.

Toward the end of our study, George Arliss came to town, playing Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. One of the boys who went to see the play discarded the topic he had been working on in favor of a new project, a comparison of Shylock and Isaac. We had two papers on the Jew already, but I refrained from telling him so. He seemed so very much interested.

Time wore on, papers were written and a few, by command of the editor, rewritten. At last all the papers were typed, the pictures were collected and mounted, and the volume was "bound." Their faces beamed with pride as those sophomores saw their volume passed around the class. Their editor had written a preface and dedication and another girl had written an introduction, so it really was a book.

All the pupils wanted to read the booklet in its entirety, so we placed it in the library. And it may have been, in part, pride in seeing their names on the papers which they had written that caused my pupils to suggest that we leave it there to help other classes which were reading *Ivanhoe*.

The following outline was used for this booklet:

- Map of the Ivanhoe Region
- Results of the Norman Conquest
- The Crusades
- Monks, Hermits, and Pilgrims
- The Military Orders
- Outlaws
- Characteristics of the Saxons
- Characteristics of the Normans
- Characteristics of the Jews
- Laws of the Time

- The Story of Richard the Lion-Hearted
- Ways and Perils of Travel
- Food and Table Customs
- Social Customs of the Feudal Age
- Furniture in a Medieval Castle
- Feudal Weapons
- Mode of Warfare
- Justice and Punishments
- Superstitions of the Twelfth Century
- Dress and Appearance
- Norman Architecture
- Minstrelsy

- Amusements—Jousts and Tournaments
- Drawing of the Field at Ashby

The following books were placed on the reference shelf:

- Adams—Civilization During the Medieval Ages
- Archer and Kingsford—The Crusades
- Bateson—Medieval England
- Cutts—Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages
- Davis—Life on a Medieval Barony
- Greene—With Spurs of Gold
- Lamprey—Treasure Trove (story)
- Lansing—Magic Gold (story)
- Marshall—Cedric the Forester (story)
- Marshall—An Island Story
- Oman—Castles
- Philipson—Jews in English Fiction
- Quennell—History of Everyday Things in England
- Tappan—When Knights Were Bold

VIRGINIA GOOD

AUTHORS' TRIBUTES TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

I CAN almost say that I owe to the public library the greatest mental stimulus of my life," Fannie Hurst writes to the American Library Association. "It occurred about twenty-five years ago when a keen librarian handed across the counter a book which she was recommending to a youngster in pig-tails. It was Spencer's *First Principles*. The picture of that librarian's intelligent, gray-eyed face, the very odor of the library room itself, are indelibly impressed into my memory.

"In the middle western city (St. Louis) where I grew up, books were the most casual aspect of the average middle-class home. There were a few 'sets' of the class-