

most likely that attendance or effort is worth that much?

Further consideration of these tables would bring out other striking facts but space forbids additional study here. The reader will no doubt get the idea, however, from what has been brought out.

Due recognition of the co-operation of Dr. Gifford and his class and of his interest in and suggestions concerning this experiment must be given, for otherwise it would not have been possible.

C. K. HOLSINGER

### III

#### A TEACHER'S TRAVELS

##### Sketch No. 3

Having purchased a Rand-McNally pocket map, I ventured into Alabama. The railroad fare from Chattanooga to Birmingham was \$4.63, in a day coach. I do not ride in a Pullman except when I feel wealthy or when somebody else is paying my expenses. I think a good many other persons are the same way, judging from observations on this trip and at other times. But I did see a few persons who seemed to feel wealthy and a great many who were probably traveling at somebody else's expense.

Speaking of pocket maps, I find them a great convenience, and I think I have probably learned more geography from them, on railroad trains, than from any other source. The Rand-McNally kind are almost large enough for wall maps, but they fold up readily and neatly. They show every county of a state in colors, with all the towns, villages, railroads, rivers, and mountains. And they cost only fifteen or twenty-five cents apiece. As one goes into a strange country, such a map in hand may become the means of much information and pleasure.

The railroad station at Birmingham was, I think, the busiest of all that I saw in seven or eight states. The lines before the ticket windows were the longest. And outside, the skies, so far as they were affected by clouds of coal smoke, were probably the blackest.

Birmingham's most splendid hotel is the Tutwiler. This is a name that is familiar and honored in both Alabama and Virginia.

One of Edgar Allan Poe's classmates at the University of Virginia nearly a century ago was Henry Tutwiler, a native of Harrisonburg. Tutwiler, it is said, was the first man to receive the coveted Master of Arts degree from the University. His bust may now be seen in the University library, not far from that of Poe. After graduation, Tutwiler went to Alabama and there made a name for himself as an educator. His daughter, Julia S. Tutwiler, followed in his footsteps and added to his honors. The Tutwilers of Birmingham have evidently found the philosopher's stone, for they have turned coal and iron into gold.

From Birmingham I went westward, across the state, to Columbus, Miss., crossing the Black Warrior, riding alongside the Floating Turtle, and alighting on the bank of the Tombigbee. At Columbus is the Mississippi State College for Women, with nearly a thousand students: all of them "fair," nearly all with dark hair, and all of them most of the time blue. Their school dress is a simple blue uniform. At general assembly I made a desperate effort at wit by saying that henceforth I should know the meaning of "bluebirds of happiness." But I know that that, and anything else I might have said, was straightway forgot when a Frenchman who sat by me on the platform rose and, with his incisive manner, said, "But did you ever hear of the Blue Devils?"

Columbus is an historic town, in historic surroundings. For many years it was the home of General Stephen D. Lee. My stay at Columbus was made specially enjoyable, as already stated in these columns, by Misses Frances and Annie Sale, both of whom are teaching in the College.

After a night in Meridian, a passing glimpse of Jackson, and more hours, I reached the celebrated old city of Vicksburg, perched high upon its hills beside the "Father of Waters." This place was one of my big objectives, and I took great pains in locating the various monuments that crown the surrounding heights. But they were pleasurable pains. I even took a steamboat (ferry boat) and rode across the river to the Louisiana side. But all the time the river seemed to be flowing west instead of south. Vicksburg was one of the few places I have visited, in a good many years, where I was hopelessly



"turned round." I could get my bearings only by closing my eyes, seeing the map, picturing myself on the east bank of the river. Then, of course, I could see that the river should flow toward my left. So it was. But as soon as I opened my eyes the world was all wrong again.

But things have turned around at Vicksburg a good deal in fifty years. In a moving-picture hall I saw a splendid portrait of Abraham Lincoln thrown on the screen without any demonstration whatever from the audience.

At Vicksburg I bought a lot of post cards, a map of Mississippi, and a Pullman ticket to New Orleans. Yes, I did that time, for it was a night trip; but I had a sort of downward feeling when the vendor said, "Nine dollars and eighty cents." At about ten o'clock I went into the sleeper. At about midnight it started, I suppose; at any rate, when I awoke the next morning I could look out upon the level fields of southern Louisiana, and now and then catch a glimpse of the levees that wall in the great river.

People who have seen most American cities declare that New Orleans is different. I suppose it is. So it seemed to me. For example, the graves are above ground. As I went out into the surrounding country I observed that the same thing is true of the cisterns. The same reason, no doubt, would explain both facts. And in certain parts of the city—in the old French sections—there are shutters over the doors as well as over the windows. And on the front yard gates are locks and bells. So a caller must first press the bell on the gate post at the sidewalk. Then, if the lady of the house peeps out through the shutters and sees that he is a book agent, he gets no farther in. The early French residents of the city loved privacy, and their descendants, of the same conservative race, preserve the tradition and perhaps the sentiment also.

The crescent bend of the Mississippi at New Orleans is one of the busiest pieces of water I have ever seen. Canal Street, one of the famous streets of the world, is a busy street. Fortunately, it is also wide. The reason is similar to the one that made Broad Street in Richmond broad. In the middle of the latter was once a railroad and in the middle of the former was once a canal.

The color scheme of New Orleans, it seemed to me, was green and white. Even the space between the rails of the trolley tracks is nicely sodded and sheared, and most of the houses are white. There are enough red roofs to add variety.

My stay at New Orleans was not half long enough, and I can not imagine any reader's patience strong enough to endure the strain of a full narrative of what I saw. One thing surprised me. It was the quiet, modest character of all public amusements. From some things I had heard about New Orleans, I imagined that one might easily fall into a whirl of variety accentuated with shocks. It was not so, at least so far as I saw it. And some who claimed to know said it was not so at all. A bachelor barber, aged about twenty-five, declared to me: "We don't have any good shows in New Orleans any more." "What is the reason?" "Oh, the women got together and had a strict board of censors appointed."

If it was done for New Orleans, I had to wonder why it could not be done for some smaller towns.

Tulane University is one of the notable educational institutions of New Orleans. It is located in a beautiful part of the city, is supplied with substantial buildings, and is alive with a progressive spirit. An old friend whom I met there is Dr. John M. McBryde, Jr., sometime editor of the *Sewanee Review*.

Before leaving the Crescent City I heard a rather pretty story of romance, tragedy, and sanity. John McDowell, many years ago, loved the daughter of a Spanish nobleman. The latter said to John a very decided "No!" I've forgotten what the daughter said, but at any rate she married another man. John vowed (or swore) that he too would be rich, etc. And it came to pass. Just how he got even with the agents of his disappointment doesn't matter. But the sane part of the story is this: He finally gave the bulk of his wealth to establish public schools in the city. In New Orleans today, I was informed, are twenty-odd schools that are supported, wholly or in part, by his endowments.

I saw his monument. Every spring, it is said, the children have a holiday. With wreaths and garlands they deck the statue of John McDowell. Thus comes about, it seems to me, a very beautiful ending to a very unhappy life.

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