TEACHING IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

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TEACHING

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IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

BY

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THIS BOOK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

MY COLLEAGUES IN THE GOOD CAUSE

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

OF CONNECTICUT

Suppose her some poor keeper of a school
Whose business is to sit thro' summer months
And dole out children leave to go and play,
Herself superior to such lightness — she
In the arm-chair's state and pedagogic pomp —
To the life, the laughter, sun and youth outside.

— In a Balcony.

PREFACE

THIS book is not so egotistically cocksure as the title would seem to imply. Quite the contrary. My object is not to lay down the law for all teachers, but to give some hints based on personal experience, both from pew and pulpit; for I sat twenty years in front of the desk, and twenty years behind it. My book is perhaps confessional rather than hortatory; for that very reason it will irritate some, and help others. But I think we often learn more from a man's confessions than from his sermons. Concrete facts and definite suggestions stick tighter in the mind than abstract ideas and loud exhortation; just as a piece of bread is more valuable to a hungry man than the sentiment of enthusiasm for humanity, unaccompanied by specific applica-

tion. At all events, I make no apology for the personal tone of this work.

"God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

W. L. P.

Florence,
Tuesday, 2 *April*, 1912.

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TEACHING IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

I

INTRODUCTORY

I DO not know that I could make entirely clear to an outsider the pleasure I have in teaching. I had rather earn my living by teaching than in any other way. In my mind, teaching is not merely a life-work, a profession, an occupation, a struggle: it is a passion. I love to teach. I love to teach as a painter loves to paint, as a musician loves to play, as a singer loves to sing, as a strong man rejoices to run a race. Teaching is an art — an art so great and so difficult to master that a man or a woman can spend a long life at it, without realising much more than his limitations and mistakes, and his distance from the ideal. But

the main aim of my happy days has been to become a good teacher, just as every architect wishes to be a good architect, and every professional poet strives toward perfection. For the chief difference between the ambition of an artist and the ambition of a money-maker — both natural and honourable ambitions — is that the money-maker is after the practical reward of his toil, while the artist wants the inner satisfaction that accompanies mastery.

Teaching is an art, not a science: and I may as well confess at the start that I know nothing whatever of the science of pedagogy. I am unable, therefore, to use technical terms, as I am not sure what they mean. I know a great many children, boys and girls, young men and maidens: but I have never studied the "psychology of the child," and have never attempted to find the way to a boy's heart by a scientific formula. The science of pedagogy is to-day a recognised branch of learning, and there are admirable men and women who seem to have achieved

distinction in its pursuit; but I have been too busy teaching and studying my own speciality — English Literature — to give any serious or prolonged attention to that or any other science. I am not proud of my ignorance, nor in the least disposed to slur the importance of fields of knowledge through which I have never passed. But the study of pedagogy, however valuable or interesting, is not the most essential part of a teacher's intellectual or moral outfit. One might know all about the science of pedagogy, and yet be a poor teacher of Latin, English, French, or Mathematics; just as one might be able to pass a brilliant examination on the functions of the brain, and yet not be an original or profound thinker. Perhaps the ideal combination is that suggested by Herbert Spencer in *Education:* "Science will not make an artist. But innate faculty alone will not suffice. Only when Genius is married to Science can the highest results be produced." The difficulty is, that I, in common with most

teachers of literature, have neither genius nor science. We are forced to substitute sympathy, humour, devotion, and common-sense. This book is written to help the ordinary teacher, not the inspired genius; he is a rare bird, and no pedestrian can show the way of an eagle in the air.

My attitude toward professional pedagogy is like my attitude toward phrenology. I believe that a successful business man can tell more about a stranger's character in one interview than a professional phrenologist can by feeling of the bumps on his skull. The ablest professors of Education are now employing their time and talents more sensibly than formerly; they are studying and teaching the history of education, and they are endeavouring to connect school and college in a logically progressive way.

The teacher must be a living sacrifice. He should be consumed with ambition, but his ambition should be to promote the welfare of others, rather than to further his own advancement. The great prizes of life—

wealth and fame — are not for him, and must be resolutely forgotten at the outset. His aim is twofold: the enlargement of knowledge in his chosen field, and the elevation of his pupils. I say he is a living sacrifice, because he must give up not only the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, but also what seems to him important work, when the needs of his pupils require it. The teacher must be accessible. Personal contact with the student is all-important. Every teacher in school or college should have regular office hours outside of his lectures or recitations, where he may be consulted. But he cannot stop there. Even if interrupted at other times, and when engaged in special study, by the visit of a student, he should drop his work and see him — except under extraordinary circumstances, like ill health, writing that must be finished at a certain hour, or some real emergency. "That one soul should remain in ignorance who was capable of knowledge, that I call a tragedy." We hear

a great deal to-day about "original work," "productive work," but the truly productive work on the part of the teacher is the work that produces results in the mind and in the character of his pupils, and they remember the personal contact, the timely hint, the friendly attitude, long after they have forgotten the answers they studied for the examination. Such men as Dean Briggs of Harvard and Dean Wright of Yale have been productive in the highest sense of the word.

The life of a devoted and conscientious teacher has much hardship, nervous strain, drudgery, and petty annoyance; therefore, no one should become a teacher who does not love his art, and who is not actuated by a sincere desire to perform some service in the world. A high purpose "makes drudgery divine." But there are selfish compensations and rewards in the teaching profession, just as there are in all others. Academic life in school or college is delightful to men and women of scholarly tastes; one is removed from the sordid and material side

of the struggle, and one's associations and friendships are based on a community of intellectual interest. One does not dwell in a daily atmosphere of cloth and pork, and it is a blessed thing to be indifferent to the stock-market. I have never read through a stock report or a newspaper column of stock quotations. I do not even understand the meaning of such expressions as "preferred stock" or "debentures." In view of my gross ignorance of these things, I try to refrain from too arrogant criticism of the morality of business men and politicians, who in the dust and heat face problems that never come to me, and of which I really know nothing. I heard a commercial traveller say that in two weeks he had to meet more temptations than the man who did his work in a chair faced in a year. We teachers have, or ought to have, peace of mind. I took luncheon in a down-town merchants' club in New York, and I have not forgotten the anxious and worried faces of the candidates for indigestion. Then I brought a

business man for the first time in his life to lunch at a club in a small university town where most of the members were engaged in daily work of a non-material kind. His sole comment was, "How happy everyone seems in this place!" The teacher also has the summer vacation, which he spends in study, in travel, or in rest — at any rate he has the chance to acquire new ideas by the change from routine. Furthermore, the teacher has, in many instances, intellectual freedom — a wonderful thing. He can think and say what he likes. The man of business must be careful to say nothing that will injure his affairs, or those of his employers; the lawyer is naturally forced to make his convictions, if possible, coincide with those of his clients; the politician is eternally thinking of his constituents, of his "fences," or of his party; but in a high-class university the professor has a free mind and a free tongue. This is proved by the way teachers in the same institution differ openly on everything from God to the

tariff. President Eliot told me once, and I think it a fine saying, "Prudence is not an especially desirable virtue in a college professor."

But all these are selfish considerations, put in here simply to make the picture true. The real compensation is in the very happiness of teaching, of practising a great art that one loves with all one's soul. And still more satisfactory is the delight of having permanently influenced certain pupils, of having made their lives richer, fuller, and better. I sat in the smoking-car of the little branch train leaving the Grand Canyon in Arizona. The regular fireman of the locomotive had a day off, and he came and sat with me. I said to him, "This has been a new experience for me, this Canyon; it is the most wonderful thing I ever saw. Does it affect you the same way? Of course you see it every day. Does it seem wonderful to you? or is it just the beginning and the end of the day's run?" He replied, "Do you want to know what I

think of it?" and then he quoted word for word the whole of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. Now I suppose some poor, underpaid schoolmistress had taught the boy that poem, and this was her reward. Can one ask for anything better? Active gratitude and friendship on the part of the pupil toward the teacher are most encouraging and gratifying; but often where there is no display of feeling, and no sign of recognition, the real work has been done, and done with permanent results. And so long as the pupils live, the teacher is not forgotten. I remember every teacher I ever had. Some I recall with gratitude and reverence, some with cordial dislike, some almost with pity; but I have forgotten none.

There never has been in the world's history a period when it was more worth while to be a teacher than in the twentieth century; for there was never an age when such vast multitudes were eager for an education, or when the necessity of a liberal education

was so generally recognised. The astounding growth of institutions like the Correspondence Schools has surprised even their most optimistic promoters. It would seem as though the whole world were trying to lift itself to a higher plane of thought. And to those of us who teach literature, it is pleasant to remember, that, while trash sells by the thousand, reprints of standard works sell by the million. It is a great thing to be a teacher in these present years of grace!

II

SCHOOL-TEACHING AND DISCIPLINE

THE disciples called Our Lord "Teacher" — a beautiful word; when people were in difficulties, they came to Him for help: "Teacher, what shall we do?" In country schools one hears it to-day, and it is very pretty. The child, finding the problem too much for its abilities, addresses the pale woman at the desk: "Teacher, will you help me with this?" The Authorised Version translated the Greek word "teacher" into "master," the then English equivalent, and the word survives in our private schools even unto this day. The teacher must be a Leader, a Master, in many cases a Lion-tamer, a manager of wild beasts. It is essential, then, that the man or woman who teaches should have a strong personality, a dominant, fearless disposition. He is the Captain

of the ship, and is as much alone in the schoolroom as the captain is alone with his crew on the high seas. Those who have never taught have no idea of the loneliness and responsibility of a school-teacher shut up in a big schoolroom with a pack of wild boys and girls. The teacher can consult outside of hours with his superiors or colleagues; he can get advice and talk over his difficulties. But when he goes into the schoolroom, shuts the door, takes the lonely seat behind the desk, and looks into the shining morning faces, then he is thrown back absolutely on himself. No power on earth can help him, and nothing can save the situation if he makes a blunder. There he needs all his resources, all his courage, and infinite patience. I remember when I first taught school, hardly more than a boy myself, I was sent in evenings to preside over "study hour." This meant that I was to sit behind a desk in a big room filled with healthy boys, and see that no one spoke or made a noise for an hour. I could not interest them, for I, too,

must say nothing. They came jostling, tumbling, hilariously, in; I rang a bell, which meant instant silence. That bell gave forth no uncertain sound; I put my whole personality into my finger as I pressed the electric button, and I tried to make it trill just the psychological length of time, neither too short nor too long. Yet every time I rang that bell I wondered if they would really obey. They did, but I never recovered from my amazement at the miracle. I used to look at them as they sat over their tasks with puckered brow and wonder, since they were so many and united, and I was all alone, why they did not devour me. To-day, when I see in a big public school, a thin, anæmic woman sit behind a desk and control a roomfull of young myrmidons, I marvel at the mysterious force of the individual soul.

For the actual *teaching* in a school is the least of the teacher's difficulties. Children must be led, must be controlled; order and discipline must somehow be maintained, or

the teacher must seek another situation. In a private boarding-school the personal contact is much closer and much more prolonged. One cannot leave his task, as the workman drops his hammer at the stroke of twelve. In the school where I learned to teach, I rose at seven, presided over a breakfast-table, taught various classes from half past eight to one, played outdoors with boys in the afternoon (how fortunate for me that I loved sports even more than the pupils did), presided at the dinner-table, presided at study hour, and then went upstairs to see that the smaller boys took their hot baths and retired in good order. Energy, cheerfulness, patience, and sympathy are all helpful.

In teaching a class, either in boarding-school or day-school, or, for that matter, in college, certain practical hints may be not impertinent here. Nothing is too minute or too trivial that concerns the great art of teaching. Constant and tremendous enthusiasm for the subject taught is essential.

While one is actually teaching it, this thing, whatever it may be, should seem to be the most important thing in time or eternity. The late President Harper, who was one of the most brilliant teachers I have ever known, told me that he had taught the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis I have forgotten how many thousand times. I remarked that he always seemed enthusiastic. He said: "Sometimes I feel wildly enthusiastic; other times I have no enthusiasm at all. When I have no enthusiasm, then I create it." It is absurd that a teacher should allow a headache or a sleepless night to affect his teaching. If his health will permit him to enter the classroom, he must teach with zeal and vigour.

Just as enthusiasm and force are contagious, so are lassitude and indifference. I asked a student once what was the matter with a certain teacher. "Well," he said, "our classroom is a race." "A race?" "Yes, it's a race to see who will get to sleep first, the class or the teacher." There are

men and women engaged in teaching who are such ciphers in the classroom that they might just as well teach by telephone, and have a phonograph on the desk to record the pupils' answers.

And the teacher who emanates force, in some altogether mysterious manner, gets it back. The students react on the man behind the desk. I do not know how many times I have risen in the morning feeling so weary and ill that I wondered if I could get to the college. Then at the end of the hour's teaching, I have felt a veritable glow of life and energy. I know that virtue has gone out of me, but some kind of vigour has taken its place.

A teacher should never begin with an apology — ignorance of the subject, lack of time, ill health, etc. But a teacher should never bluff. Every man or woman should acknowledge a mistake when pointed out to him by a pupil, and be grateful for it. "Every schoolboy knows" things that the teacher has forgotten, or perhaps never

knew. Hardly a man on any college faculty could pass all the entrance requirements. And if a student asks a question which the teacher cannot answer, confess ignorance at once. This will sometimes happen in one's own subject. No matter. The students respect a teacher who is truthful, and will believe him when he does speak out of an abundance of knowledge. The very first pupils to see through a teacher who dodges questions or attempts to cover ignorance are the bluffers, for they understand the art of bluffing by experience, and cannot be fooled. Once a teacher has a reputation for bluffing, he is lost. The students who cheat and the students who bluff never forgive a teacher for these sins. They exact a much higher standard of us than they set for themselves. This is quite right. We are their leaders.

Never praise an individual pupil in the presence of the class. This is fatal, for the teacher must not be suspected of having favourites. And it is hard on the one praised, as he will soon find out. It is

difficult resolutely to refrain from doing this. There are times when the recitation drags abominably, when a succession of failures or utterly stupid answers makes the teacher's heart sick. Then he calls on the one boy or girl who is always prepared, always attentive, always intelligent. A brilliant answer is balm to the soul, but no comment on it should be made. The way to encourage good pupils, stimulate their ambition, and get the very best out of them, is to ask them singly to remain after class, or to seize an opportunity when it presents itself, and express pleasure in their efforts, suggest a good book to read, or let them see in some way that they have attracted your attention and made an impression on your mind. A student never forgets an encouraging private word, when it is given with sincere respect and admiration. I once asked a college junior to remain a moment as the class was passing out, and when we were alone, I told him how much I appreciated his work. He said that that was the

first time in his life either in school or college that any teacher had spoken to him personally and commended his efforts. Of course he outdid himself after that, knowing that I expected great things of him, and he later became a specialist in the subject I was teaching.

If it is important, and I am sure it is, never to praise an individual student in the presence of the class, it is far more important never to make fun of a dull student, or a bad recitation; and it is an absolute rule, to which there are no exceptions under any conceivable circumstances, never to use sarcasm toward an individual student before his mates. This may become a terribly dangerous habit, and it is one that grows with astonishing speed. The teacher is doing a cheap and utterly contemptible thing — raising a laugh at the expense of an individual who is at his mercy. It is an awkward thing to play with souls. You may arouse momentary admiration for your wit, but it is probable that you have killed

forever the chance to influence the victim of your tyranny. This boy or girl is lost to you, and sometimes years later he will remember you with a flush of anger. It is difficult to avoid sarcasm and ridicule in certain instances — some students leave such wonderful openings and supply such golden opportunities for your wit. Resist this temptation.

Treat good and bad recitations with apparently equal respect. Teachers are always eager to have their pupils respect them, but how many teachers really respect their pupils? There are teachers who listen to good recitations or to requests for information with grinning condescension, and to poor recitations with contempt. Assume that every pupil is seriously interested and doing his best, and you will have less trouble. We had a teacher at school when I was a boy who began each recitation by calling on two or three, and then wearily remarked, "Now we'll hear from the dunces." These latter felt classified, and made no

attempt to rise from the slough. If a student makes systematically bad or stupid recitations, speak to him privately: "This subject seems very difficult to you. I am sorry to be forced every day to give you a low mark. Unless you improve, you must know you cannot possibly pass. Is there any suggestion I can make that will help you?" A little conversation like that cannot do any harm, and may accomplish much good. The pupil will be cured of any suspicion that the teacher is "down on him" (a common superstition among students), he will know that the teacher is not indifferent, but really anxious that he should do better, and he will make that renewed effort that invariably follows personal attention. Always remember that the business of the teacher is not to see how difficult and odious he can make his subject, not to see how many boys and girls he can catch off their guard, not to blow out the lamp of the mind with the chill wind of indifference, but to get the highest results out of each individual student committed to his care.

The teacher should never lose his temper in the presence of the class. If a man, he may take refuge in profane soliloquies; if a woman, she may follow the example of one sweet-faced and apparently tranquil girl — go out in the yard and gnaw a post; but there must be no display of rage before the clear eyes of children. When I taught school, there were times when the indifference, stupidity, flippancy, or silliness of the class brought me suddenly to such a pitch of rage, that I dared not trust myself to speak; I would clutch the arms of my chair, and swallow foam until I felt complete self-command; then I could speak with quiet gravity. The boys all saw what was the matter with me, and learned something not in the book. I can still feel on my face the claws of a female teacher who put them there forty years ago. I suppose I was inattentive, or whispering to my neighbour, or doing something forbidden: the woman suddenly left the platform, rushed down the aisle, seized me on the mouth, and apparently

tried to dislocate my jaw. It was impressive, but not edifying. Every time a teacher flies into a passion in the schoolroom, he is sure either to do or to say something foolish — something that for the moment brings him below the level of the intelligence of the flock. He will bitterly regret it afterwards, for he will find that it is harder to climb than to fall, and he has all that lost ground to recover.

When penalties must be given, it is better to give them more in sorrow than in anger. I have seen teachers who threw out penalties in impetuous rage, losing all the moral effect of the punishment. I have seen other teachers impose penalties with a triumphant laugh, as though they were playing a game with the children, and had made a clever checkmate. "Ha! ha! that will cost you two marks!" A healthy child then sets his brain to work in the endeavour next time to outwit the antagonist. "Stinking old fool! I'll show him!" says the lad to himself. Penalties should be given as

though they hurt the teacher as much as the criminal, as though for the moment the boy had really sunk low in the teacher's good opinion, had done something that only continuous good behaviour could repair. It is well to have a moment of eloquent silence intervene between the offence and the punishment, and then have the penalty fall like fate.

For this reason, bad marks for misbehaviour and disciplinary penalties should be given as seldom as possible. Familiarity breeds contempt. Those teachers who are always handing down demerits are always having trouble. Every penalty should be an event in the life of the pupil. It is interesting to observe how lightly children regard the very same penalty when inflicted by one teacher, and how deeply it hurts when inflicted by another. The reason is that children have no respect for some teachers, while for others they will do everything to stand high in their regard. And while it is important to give penalties very rarely, it is

still more important never to take them off. The pupil must realise that when he receives a bad mark, nothing on earth can remove it. I well remember two teachers in the same school. One began the year by giving out demerits very freely and for the most trivial things; then at the end of the school day, the culprits flocked around him, begging him to remove certain of the afflictions, promising to do better, saying they did not mean to be bad. To some he yielded. The result was that for months he had to go through this process every day, and whenever a boy received a penalty, he had the hope of getting it cancelled. The other teacher gave only two or three demerits the first week. Each boy came to him afterward, and asked for their removal. The teacher said, "I am very sorry — I never give a penalty if I can help it, but once given, I shall never under any circumstances take it off. Even if I find I have made a mistake, and given it to an innocent boy, I shall not take it off. And I shall try not to

make any mistakes." After the first week, no boy ever asked him to remove a bad mark, but they all endeavoured to avoid receiving one.

Whenever it is possible,— it is not always possible,— it is best not to rebuke an individual by name in the presence of the class. Sometimes this permanently antagonises the victim, sometimes it makes a hero out of him in the estimation of his mates. When there is a little plague spot of irruption in the class room, when there is individual disorder or inattention, it is better to speak to the class as a whole, rather than to single out one person by name. And if there is one boy or girl who persists in repeated offences of this nature, then it is well to keep the culprit a moment after class, and, after everyone has gone out, to talk very frankly, very earnestly, but never angrily or sarcastically with him. Sometimes this method will result not only in complete reformation, but in transforming the individual from a leader of disturbance into an

influence for good order. Very few boys or girls can resist a quiet personal talk. And those who are wilfully and deliberately bad are terribly afraid of it, because they suffer such embarrassment and discomfort. I remember one boys' school where the teacher was famous for these interviews, and the remark of a young villain, "Say, I'd rather he'd lick me any day than talk to me!"

It is a great advantage to a teacher to be physically big and physically strong; and if the teacher be a woman, to have robust health. She will need it all in the course of an average day. One admirable disciplinary officer in a college told me that in his many years of teaching he had always thanked God he was over six feet high. He could generally look down on the offender, while the poor wretch had to look up to him. Still discipline, after all, is a matter of personality rather than avoirdupois. There are men of colossal size who somehow never succeed in enforcing discipline; the worst teacher I had in college was six feet

four. There are other men, small and unimpressive at first sight, who would be lost in a crowd, and yet who have no difficulty in enforcing the most rigid discipline. When I was five years old, I was sent to the Webster public school in New Haven, the "toughest" district school I ever saw. The majority of the boys and girls came from streets where no well-dressed boy could walk with impunity. I remember the horrible fear I had of "the micks of Morocco Street," a fear well-founded, for I was small even for my age, and frequently suffered at the hands of these merciless brigands. How my heart aches now for the women who had to teach in that school! The unspeakably obscene language of the boys at recess, the filth and dirt they brought into the school room, the naïve gestures of physical necessity they made when they raised the other hand for permission to "go out," the insolent manner in which they answered the teacher's questions, the ribald laughter that resounded on occa-

sions skilfully prepared to produce it! No boy ever rose to recite without finding pins, tacks (and I remember one file) put in his chair to greet his downsitting — then the howl of rage, the back-handed blow, and the teacher's vain remonstrance. Spitballs, heavy with their damp freight, flew around the room, falling on the just and the unjust. Not a day passed that the teacher did not take out the whip, and lash the boys across the palms.

Over this whirlwind of childish savagery, disorder, corruption, and sin a little man sat enthroned as principal. Mr. Lewis was the supreme court, and no boy, however wicked or fearless, spoke his name above an awed whisper. Once in a while he would walk through our room, very casually, without looking at anybody. The most absolute silence marked his advent. He seemed to me to be about eleven feet high, and to breathe forth threatening and slaughter. Years afterward, when I returned to New Haven, I saw him, and marvelled at his tiny frame and

puny appearance. Was this gray-haired little man the terror of my childhood? Yet the biggest, the roughest, and the most daredevil boys in the school regarded him with mortal terror. He stood serene and quiet, the bulwark against anarchy. I remember one terribly tough, strong Irish lad, John Devanney, who was my hero. I secretly sent him a Christmas present at the school celebration, and he waved it at me triumphantly, saying, "Huh! my present is a lot better than yours!" He did not know that I was the donor, and I did not dare tell him. He was my hero, because when I was whipped by the teacher, I cried; when he was whipped, he laughed. I can see him now, standing up before the class, the female teacher hitting his hand with the whip with all her might, while he laughed condescendingly at her feeble efforts. Yet she had her trump card. When everything else failed, she would say, "I will send you to Mr. Lewis," and then the ruddy cheeks of the great John Devanney turned pale with fear.

What Mr. Lewis did to these lads no one else ever knew, but strange tales came from those mysterious interviews. He was the one salvation of the teachers, and for over forty years he commanded the situation, and made citizens somehow out of that unpromising material. I remember one day, coming out after school was over, he spoke to me kindly, with a smile. I was in such terror that I could say nothing; but as soon as I got around the corner, I ran for my life, lest he should call me back and eat me. A small man and a great personality!

For the average boy or girl, with ordinary health and ordinary ability, I believe the public school is better than the private. It is true that in a public school there are many undesirable pupils — it is often a school of bad manners. Girls may become vulgar and slangy, boys may become coarse and foul-mouthed. Good home influences, religious training, refinement, and the real companionship of father and mother will more than offset this. The small boy is a

naturally dirty little animal, and the language, pictures, and associations in his environment at a public school are often atrociously bad. Still, the public school is an absolute democracy — the only pure democracy to be found in America. He lives in a field of free competition — he rises or falls, swims or sinks on his merits. In scholarship he competes fairly with all his classmates, and the son of the labourer has the same chance as the son of the millionnaire. If he does not keep up to a certain grade, down he goes to the lower room, and no influence or outside aid can save him. The schools are all crowded, and those who cannot or will not study must drop out under the merciless law of competition. His comrades, both boys and girls, are imbued with the spirit of democracy, and God help the little snob! If he is fair and square, asking no special favours, he will form many friendships and stand high with his fellows. If he is selfish, conceited, eccentric, his classmates will take it out of him, or drive him

away. He sees all kinds of life, learns the pure and noble along with the vulgar and obscene, and literally fights his way upward. He learns to respect boys and girls for what they are and for what they can do, rather than for the backing they have or the homes that support them. If he does not go to college, he cannot graduate from a high school without some knowledge of all sides of human nature, and he is prepared to meet and to understand all sorts of people. If he does go to college, he will probably go with better habits of study, with more ambition to excel in scholarship, and with more self-reliance than if he came from a private fitting school.

On the other hand, if a boy or girl is in poor health, or very far behind in certain studies, he is perhaps better off in a good private school. He will learn good manners, will associate with children of good breeding for the most part, and will have definite personal moral and religious training. The driving out of the Bible and prayers from

many public schools is a narrow-minded, stupid, and silly policy, as the Bible and Christianity are the real foundation of Anglo-Saxon citizenship. In almost all private schools the influences are positively good, and the boys and girls who graduate from them are at home in cultivated society. Then the health of individual students is carefully attended to, and those who are backward in certain studies are personally drilled and coached. If the boy goes to college, he enters with a circle of friends, and his way is easier and less lonely. For this very reason, he may be less self-reliant, less independent, and apt to believe that his little circle really constitutes public opinion. Cowardice and conceit are no more in favour in an exclusive private school than they are elsewhere, though they may not be eliminated by such drastic measures as in a public institution.

If a boy goes to a private school after he has attended a public one, it is sometimes a happy combination. But there are some

private schools that will not take pupils after they have reached a certain age. On the other hand, when a child goes to a private school very young, he fails to become really acquainted with his parents, and is sometimes actually unfitted for domestic life. There are boys who go to an exclusive school at the age of ten; they live only with rich men's sons; the summer vacations they do not spend at home, but with house-parties in the country, or camping out luxuriously in the woods, or travelling in Europe. Then they go to college, and then to a professional school; so that there are many cases of boys who from the age of ten to the age of twenty-six have hardly lived at home at all—have practically lived in a bachelors' club for sixteen years, and are unacquainted with their parents. When their parents are lacking in the character, morality, religion, refinement, and good sense necessary to bring up children, this may be not so unfortunate.

When a teacher, either in a public or a

private school, discovers and can prove that a boy or girl is deliberately and wilfully bad, and when all means undertaken for improvement have failed, it is the manifest duty of the teacher to see that this individual is permanently expelled from the institution. Every teacher is in a position of trust; he has a duty toward the parents who have entrusted their children to his care. One evil boy or girl can corrupt many others, and can really lower the standard of an entire institution. Expulsion is the sole remedy. I am convinced by observation that it is not applied often enough, especially in private schools.

Fathers and mothers can help the school principal and the school-teacher immensely not merely by taking an intelligent interest in the studies of their children, talking with them sympathetically about their lessons, their teachers, and the general life of the school, but by loyally supporting the discipline of the institution. There are many foolish parents who take the child's part

when he imagines he has a grievance. Although the normal mother loves her child better than she loves herself, better than she loves life, and although nothing fills her with more delight than to have the child make a good record at school, and nothing tortures her more cruelly than to have the child fall into disgrace, it is in nearly all cases a bad thing for the child to have the mother an active partisan against school discipline. The parents can show the utmost tenderness toward their offspring, and the utmost sympathy when misfortunes come, and yet staunchly support the rules of the school. No teacher ever expects that a mother will believe her child to be wilfully bad, or will admit it if she does believe it. I always admire a mother when she comes to me and says that her son has been unfortunate, perhaps, or weak, but surely not evil; if a mother will not stand up for her son, who will? But parents, in the interests of their children, should support school discipline, even when their own lamb is gored. One of

the greatest difficulties public school-teachers have to contend with is the visit of an irate father bringing his child, and insisting on better treatment. In Germany when a boy gets a whipping at school, he receives another when he comes home; in America, when a boy gets the whipping, the father goes to school and tries to whip the teacher.

If a teacher occupies a subordinate position either in school or college, subordinate to the head of the department, or subordinate to the principal, he should remember that the obedience he demands from his pupils must be shown by him toward those higher in authority. Obey orders cheerfully, and try to carry out faithfully the policy of your superiors. If your Head is a man you cannot respect, do the best you can under the circumstances, and do not indulge in innuendo: if the circumstances become intolerable, leave as quietly as possible, and seek another field for your efforts. But remember that it is possible you may be mistaken, and the superior officer right. You do not

know it all. Work for the good of the institution, and not for yourself. Above all, never try to create a party among the pupils, never organise them into a personal sympathetic body-guard. In matters of school or college discipline or policy, never take the pupils into your confidence. The business of the teacher is not to give confidences, but to receive them.

III

PRIVATE SCHOOL-TEACHING AND SCHOLARSHIP

WE hear a great deal nowadays of the lack of enthusiasm for scholarship among university students; this is no local issue, but a difficulty recognised everywhere, and one lamented by every teacher. The faculties of all American universities are constantly busy devising schemes by which the ambition of students may be stimulated, and their attention occasionally diverted to the curriculum. Some think this can be accomplished by severe penalties for neglect and indifference, others believe in the temptation of prizes and the frequent publication of honour lists. But from Seattle to Florida, in urban and in country institutions, the anxiety of the professors is audible: "What can we do to make the students study?"

Athletics are only one obstacle, and not the most formidable; there are the secret societies, which afflict schools as well as colleges, and obsess the minds of ten times the number of successful candidates; there are the undergraduate organisations, devoted to almost every conceivable object except the course of study; there are the men who are "working their way through," and have no time to prepare any lessons; there are the college papers, where some young gentlemen toil longer and harder than they ever will again; there are dances, concerts, visits to a neighbouring city; there are extraordinary and baffling cases of chronic ill health and complicated dentistry, that require frequent absences, and where the patient is able to do everything except attend classes; there is the call of the blood.

In reading the *Confessions of an Oxford Don*, I obtained much wicked delight in finding that the same problems that trouble American deans and faculties are in England just as prominent and just as difficult

to solve; the Don especially lamented the vast number of Oxonians who require the constant attention of London dentists. But, although extracurriculum activities are on the increase, I do not think there is any less enthusiasm for study than in former times. I do not believe there was ever any epoch in the world's history when the majority of young men sincerely regarded hard application to books as the joy of life. The real difficulty that every professor has to contend with is eternal youth.

How much love for study is there in the home, and how much enthusiasm for learning in the private fitting schools? If a boy's father and mother bring him up among books, if they intelligently discuss his school courses and his general reading with him, if their own opinions command his respect, he will generally shine as an intellectual star at college. Nay, if the boy's mother really prefers her son's proficiency in scholarship to his social success among his mates, he will probably give the faculty no trouble.

Unfortunately, there are many silly mothers who exalt membership in secret societies and social popularity to such an extent that the boy himself loses all sense of proportion. And what a perpetual and unmitigated nuisance a silly mother is to the head-master of a school! Visiting the school, petting the already pampered weakling, siding with him against discipline, asking for special privileges, doing everything to destroy the main object of his residence.

I have observed a paradox in some of our more expensive private secondary schools. The boy is occasionally morally superior to his parents. Among the enormous variety of privileges that a rich man can buy, is a Christian education; a religious environment for his offspring. There are cases where a man without much or any religious training himself, and without any enthusiasm for morality, sends his son to the very best school, just as he buys him the very best clothes. Fortunately nearly all these schools inculcate Christian manhood — the

very atmosphere is religious. Thus we have the paradox of a boy coming to college, living absolutely sober and straight, taking a prominent part in prayer-meetings and religious work; and his parents are either frivolous or dissipated, or both. An undergraduate at Yale laid before me in all sincerity this problem: "I do not want to drink. Young as I am, I have seen many people injured by excess, and I would rather not drink at all. But what am I to do? I don't want to hurt father's feelings."

It is quite right that character should be placed before scholarship — character should be placed before everything else. Yet the best schools are unconsciously in one direction working against scholarship. They must, of course, prepare the boy to pass his college examinations, and they know how to do it. But a boy may pass all kinds of examinations, and yet have no real love of learning and no ideal of scholarship. Men of the world and jaunty journalists often ridicule the great college athletes, and ironi-

cally ask if the half-back and the pitcher understand the practical value of a college education. They shake their heads over the pictures of a drop-kicker, and remark that when the lad gets out into the world, he will find that his athletic reputation will not help him in earning his living. But as a matter of fact, exactly the contrary is the case, and humorously enough, it is particularly the case in those fields of human endeavour that are ostensibly scholarly. The shortest cut to an immediate big salary in school-teaching is not by the curriculum route, but through the foot-ball gridiron. In the attempt to secure a good position as a school-teacher, the valedictorian stands absolutely no chance whatever against the captain of the football team. Every year I observe the same curiosity: three or four seniors, intelligent and scholarly, members of Phi Beta Kappa, trying hard to find a position to teach school, and in the end forced to accept a low salary; while two or three of their classmates, whose fame rests

solely on athletics, have an embarrassment of choice, and are offered really extraordinary sums to teach Latin, or English, or Mathematics or History in excellent private schools. I should, therefore, advise all young men who wish to teach, not to neglect their studies, but to achieve as much distinction in athletics as their bodily frame will permit. It is a great financial asset.

The constant letters that I receive from school principals and head-masters all say the same thing. They indicate a distrust of pure scholarship. "What I want is a Man, not a Scholar." To one principal I wrote to the effect that the prominent undergraduate he was after was a fine fellow, but had no intention of devoting his life to teaching: he merely wished to teach for two years to accumulate a sum of money, and was then going to study law. "So much the better," came the immediate reply; "men who want to teach are useless. Give me the all-around good fellow, man of sense, physical strength, and personal charm. The

fact that he does not want to become a teacher is the best possible qualification." What then are we to expect? If gold rust, what shall iron do?

I remember the pathetic reply given by one scholarly candidate to a head-master. The latter asked what he could do in athletics, and the poor starveling replied, "I can swim." He was rejected. Athletics, of course, give young teachers a great influence over boys. When I was twenty-three years old, I secured a position to teach in a private school, and although I was not chosen on my athletic record, for I had none, I was exceedingly glad when I came to perform my duties, that I could play base-ball, football, tennis, and hockey as well as any of the boys I taught History. I had always loved, and always shall love, athletic sports, and this fact made my teaching and my discipline comparatively easy for me.

The great difficulty is that in most instances where teachers are selected, not for their scholarship, or for their love of teaching, but for their foot-ball and base-ball

records, it is impossible for them to communicate to the boys a real enthusiasm for learning. A man cannot give what he does not possess, and what he has never understood. The result is that many of our colleges are filled with splendid young men for whom the curriculum is either a side issue or a positive nuisance. I see no escape from this vicious circle in the relations of fitting schools and colleges. The head-masters must have young teachers of energy, and magnetism, whom the boys will love and follow; but so long as scholarship is at a discount in the selection of teachers, we cannot wonder at the lack of enthusiasm for study displayed by undergraduates. The ideal is where the athlete is also a very high scholar, and this fortunately sometimes occurs; but I have known instances where the athlete was either so stupid or so indifferent that he remained for four years close to the foot of the class, had the utmost difficulty in getting his degree, and was then immediately offered an enormous salary to teach!

I am not, of course, blaming the head-masters: I am merely trying to explain a situation. And it must be remembered that great athletes are often better taught in athletics than they are in their college classrooms. They know what good teaching and faithful drill mean, and perhaps they are able to apply this knowledge when it comes to teaching something like Latin or English. Every teacher and professor in the country ought to go at least once to foot-ball practice, and watch the patient, energetic, and efficient coaching. It is real teaching. I learned a great deal watching a Yale graduate who had come all the way from Minnesota to New Haven to give instruction in foot-ball to a few candidates. He took two men to a corner of the field, and for over an hour drilled them on one minute point of the game. He went over this experiment at least a hundred times with absolutely unflagging energy and enthusiasm. I saw a great light, and taught English literature better the next morning.

IV

IMAGINATION IN TEACHING

IF a teacher wishes success with pupils, he must inflame their imagination. The lesson should put the classroom under the spell of an illusion, like a great drama. Everything abstract, so far as possible, must be avoided, and there must be a sedulous cultivation of the concrete. If a pupil feels the reality of any subject, feels its relation to actual life, half the battle is gained. Terms must be clothed in flesh and blood. When I was a very small boy, my mother told me that every night when I went to bed I must surely not leave out the stopple in the fixed water basin; to neglect this was dangerous to health, she said. But she insisted that it was still more important — I don't yet know why — not to leave any standing water in the basin. These two things she impressed

on my mind. I immediately invented names for the two dangers. I called them "Captain Stoppleout" and "General Standing Water," thus indicating not only that they were formidable military foes to be overcome, but indicating also the difference in their rank.

It is much easier to teach History and Literature with imagination than it is Mathematics; yet there are great teachers of Mathematics who have made the subject actually alive. They are rare. One reason why I was a dunce in Mathematics was because I could not get an imaginative hold of it. Propositions in Geometry interested me not in the least. Suppose *ABC* did equal *DEF*, what of it? Parallel lines do not meet — who cares? If I could only have seen them as two dear and intimate friends, doing their best to get together, struggling with all their might to touch each other, and yet in vain — with the empty assurance that they would meet in infinity, a kind of comfortless Nirvana! Professor Andrew W.

Phillips of Yale, an admirable teacher of Mathematics, taught the subject with poetic imagination and irresistible humour and obtained good results from most of his pupils. I read in a German play that the mathematician is like a man who lives in a glass room at the top of a mountain covered with eternal snow — he sees eternity and infinity all about him, but not much humanity.

There is something fundamentally wrong about the teaching of foreign languages in our American schools. I cannot give the remedy, because, if I were to teach these subjects, even supposing that I had the necessary training and knowledge, I fear I should not get any better results. I studied Latin six years, four at school and two at college; I studied Greek five years, three at school and two at college. Both subjects have always been a great inspiration to me, and I would not be without this foundation for anything. Yet here is the wretched truth. Although I always did well in both studies, and received as high marks in Latin

and Greek as I obtained low ones in Mathematics, at the end of all these years of patient and continuous study I could not for the life of me read a page of easy Latin or Greek at sight. As Upton Sinclair has said, the lines were full of words whose appearance was familiar, but whose meaning I did not know. And the teaching of French and German in schools and colleges is singularly barren of practical results. I had secured a comfortable seat in a railway carriage at Nuremberg, the carriage on the outside having an enormous sign, *Nach München.* At the last moment two men, father and son, sprang in breathlessly, placed their bags in the racks, and then suddenly the young gentleman cried, "Father, does *nach* mean *not?*" "Yes," said the parental authority. "Then we are in the wrong train!" and they both began feverishly to drag down their baggage. I quieted their fears, by telling them that the train was going to Munich, their desired haven. Apart from the fact that it would be a curious railway policy to mark the name

of a town whither a train was *not* going, I was a little surprised that so familiar a word as *nach* was unknown to Americans travelling in Germany. I said to the handsome youth, "I suppose you have never studied German?" "Oh, yes, I have," and he told me that very June he had successfully passed the entrance requirement in German at a great Eastern university!

Faithful, minute grammatical training is an absolute essential when one begins to study a dead or living tongue. But the letter killeth. Grammar without immediate and specific application is simply an unrelated exercise of memory. How faithfully I learned the pages of the Latin and Greek grammar, without knowing in the least what to do with my store of facts! Once, when I repeated like a parrot the endings of all Latin feminine nouns — of the third declension, was it? — I rebelled, and remarked in the schoolroom, immediately after my triumphant rapid-fire performance, "I don't see the use of all this." The

teacher gave me a stinging rebuke, saying it was my business to learn what I was told, and not to question methods that I knew nothing about. I can remember even now the prepositions that are followed by the subjunctive, and while dressing in the morning I used to sing, to an improvised tune, those that govern the ablative case. The ablative case, God save the mark!

When we studied Cæsar's *Commentaries on the Gallic War*, a wonderful book, written by one of the most interesting men that ever lived, I had no idea that Cæsar wrote sense: I thought he wrote only sentences. Once more, the grammar is essential; but has it importance in itself, or only as a help to the understanding? "All Gaul is divided into three parts." What is the most important fact in that sentence? Why, the most important fact is just what it says, that the country is divided into three parts. It would be a tremendously important fact if the United States were divided into three parts. Yet our teachers seemed to think the

important fact in that striking first sentence was that Gaul was the subject, and, therefore, nominative. The grammatical construction of the phrase rather than its living meaning was the thing invariably insisted on, although we were reading a book full of history and human nature.

Some time later, when we were studying the Civil War with Mr. Bernadotte Perrin, he recommended us to read Froude's *Sketch of Cæsar*. I read this with extraordinary delight, almost with shouts of joy. What a man! Later I saw the situation clearly. Here was Cæsar, a brilliant statesman; Cassius, a professional politician; Brutus, a Mugwump. Brutus was the type of sincere reformer, whose ideals were greater than his practical judgment. Wishing to reform the state, he unconsciously played into the hands of a skilful and unscrupulous professional politician, Cassius, and between them they succeeded in killing the most useful man in the world.

The Latin language must be taught: the

teacher cannot spend the time needed for drill, in telling interesting and entertaining historical anecdotes. But a word in season, how good is it! How it makes the whole subject alive and real, and with what energy a student will study when his imagination is deeply touched! When we were in college one of our Latin teachers was Mr. Ambrose Tighe, now a lawyer in St. Paul. Besides teaching us Latin, he told us about Roman history, Roman institutions, Roman politics, Roman personalities. It was a delight to enter his class-room, for he was a living inspiration. But in doing all this, he incurred the displeasure of higher powers, and had to leave. They felt he was too "popular," too superficial, and that he shirked the hard work of teaching Latin in order to give interesting talks.

But the teacher who teaches History or Literature, and does not set fire to the imagination of his pupils, is a failure. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley says that, when a boy at school, he especially hated History.

"It was a dull and juiceless thing." Such a pupil must have had a desperately bad teacher to entertain such a view of History. The teacher is an active force, not a telephone receiver. In the high school, I remember only too well our lessons in Greek History. We filed into the room: the accomplished lady at the desk touched a bell. She called my name. I rose confidently, for I loved History, and especially Greek History. She said, "Well, begin." I thought I had not heard aright. "What did you say?" "I said, Begin"; and she got her marking-book ready. To the next pupil, she said, "Go on." These were the only comments she ever made. Seeing what was wanted, I thereafter learned that Aristides got his come-uppance six lines from the bottom of the left-hand page; that the battle of Marathon began in the second paragraph of page so-and-so; and I obtained eventually a good mark. Fortunately, she could not kill my love of History, for I have read it as child and man with

sympathetic imagination. I wept bitterly over the downfall of the Athenian expedition to Syracuse. How I admired Perikles, how I loved Athens, how I hated Sparta! With what raptures of delight I followed the career of Epaminondas! To this day, I cannot think of the battle of the Metaurus in Roman history, and Hannibal's awful disappointment, without a sad sinking of the heart. And although I have not seen for thirty years the school history of Rome we studied, I remember word for word the rather rhetorical flourish with which the historian described Hannibal's last hopeless years in Italy. "For four long years, in that wild and mountainous country, with unabated courage and astounding tenacity, the dying lion clung to the land that had been so long the theatre of his glory."

What I regret is, that, owing to stupid and incompetent teaching, my schoolmates hated History with all their might.

Take the sentence, "Hannibal crossed the

Alps, and descended into Italy." Here are eight words, and how shall we teach them so that the pupil will never forget this extraordinary feat? There are some minds to whom the most important facts in this sentence are that Hannibal is the subject, the Alps the object, and so on. But the ordinary boy or girl cannot get into a state of violent excitement over such valuable details. Who was Hannibal, anyhow, and what business had he in the Alps? He was a man from Africa, from a hot climate: such a person does not seem qualified for membership in the Alpine Club. But he not only crossed the Mediterranean, without the assistance of the Hamburg-American or Norddeutscher-Lloyd, but somehow induced a large number of his countrymen to come with him — no mean undertaking in itself. Then he finally reached the Alps, and they all began to climb. There are tourists even to-day who complain of difficulties; although the roads are magnificent, there are tunnels and rack-and-pinions, there is the faithful

and omniscient Baedeker, there are everywhere, high and low, hotels so luxurious that they cost you ten dollars a day, board and room extra. But Hannibal had no railways, no inns, no tunnels, no roads, and no guides, and was among treacherous seas of ice and snow, with an army accustomed to a quite different climate and environment. Somehow or other, he persuaded them; he led them up, and led them down, and brought them into Italy in such good condition that they gave a terrific thrashing to the best-trained soldiers in the world, who were all ready to receive them. When the eye of the imagination follows Hannibal on this expedition, those eight words, "Hannibal crossed the Alps, and descended into Italy," are full of pictures. We are forced to the conviction that Mommsen was right, when he wrote, "Hannibal was a great man."

English Literature above all must be taught with the imagination. Is it not unfortunate that many mature lovers of literature are afraid to have the great English classics

taught in the schools, simply because the boys and girls may acquire a permanent hatred for these books? The only possible objection I can see to teaching the Bible in every public and private school, and the subject is so important that I am willing to risk the danger, is that the pupils may never read the great book again. Over and over I have asked college students their opinion of certain English classics, and their expression is one of disgust: "Oh, I had to study that at school." There are fortunately noble exceptions; such teachers as the late Mr. George, of Newton, really inspired their pupils.

In order that subjects in the public schools may be taught with vigour and with imagination, it is necessary that the teacher should not be overworked and underpaid. "It is the curse of this world of want and need," said Schopenhauer, "that everything must serve and slave for these." The teachers in our schools, the vast army of faithful, devoted men and women, who wear

out their lives in discipline and instruction, ought to be provided for much more liberally than is now the case. How can men and women teach vigorously day after day when their bodies are tired, their nerves overstrained, and their salaries insufficient to support them decently? These persons, more than any others, hold the future destiny of our country in their hands. I wish that those who have never taught and never give a thought to the work of teachers could be put in charge of a room of children in a district school just one hour. Their nerves would be in a frazzle. Yet there are thousands of delicate and refined women who do this hour after hour, day after day, week after week; and then many of them, in the summer vacation, when they ought to be in a sanatorium, go to a summer school, and study strenuously, such is their zeal for learning and self-improvement. If only the money that is squandered on the building of battle ships and firing off expensive powder into the air could be spent on

teachers! If the vast sums wasted on military pensions could be used productively! The teachers in our public schools should not be required to teach too many hours, to manage too many pupils, and their salaries should be substantially raised. It is the best possible investment, for it would help many who are in desperate straits, and it would attract skilled and efficient men and women. And it would be well if every school-teacher, after a certain period of service both in public and in private schools, could have the sabbatical year enjoyed by many college professors. In those rare cases where the salary is high, a large proportion of it could be given; but in most cases, the teacher should have it all. The daily grind of teaching is hard and wearing. If a teacher had every seventh year free from pupils and discipline, and could go to Europe for rest, change, and study, he or she would be so much richer in intelligence and inspiration on the return, so filled with renewed life and energy, that the quality

of the instruction would rise enormously. There is nothing quixotic or fantastic about this. It would be a solid, permanent advantage to the country, and it would brighten the lives of those who are devoting themselves to the most important service.

V

THE EFFICIENCY OF COLLEGE TEACHING

THE brilliant, original, imaginative, and forceful school-teacher is at one great disadvantage as compared with the college professor, especially if he teach in a school where boys and girls are prepared for college. He must lead all his pupils in one definite direction, toward the strait gate; both they and he are to pass through a test that he has never made, concerning the value of which he may have a low opinion, but from which there is no escape. He must hurry his flock along, even as a professional guide hustles a Cook's tourist party through the Louvre. There is no time to linger over masterpieces, to indulge in independent speculation, or to allow any individual member to take up the precious minutes with questions that penetrate beyond the pre-

scribed limits. The teacher must inspire his pupils, yes; but he must above all inspire them in a way that produces immediate, practical, and minute results. In some schools the independent teacher has a poor chance to show his independence, for he is reduced to the level of a professional coach. The success of his students and his own success as a teacher are gauged by the proportion of his patients that survive the operation of the examiner's knife. This examination looms up forever, like a terrible fate drawing daily nearer, and there are some teachers who are more afraid of it than their pupils. They must often emphasise things that appear to them trivial, and slight matters that appear to them primary. The college professor, on the other hand, is comparatively free, is the king of his classroom, and can indulge himself and his subjects in all sorts of intellectual luxuries. This freedom has its insidious temptations along with its wonderful privileges.

There is no doubt in my mind that the two

most efficient institutions of education in the United States are the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. In the first place, they have the prestige of an exclusive club with a long waiting list. It is a signal honour to get in at all. In view of the astonishing results achieved by this method, I sometimes wonder why there are not more colleges in America, which, instead of trying with all their might to attract as many students as possible, do not make a fixed limit of membership, the excellent custom in vogue at so many high-grade private schools. Even the small colleges insist on the enormous advantages of the small college, in the apparent endeavour to secure as many students as possible to enjoy these advantages; if their advertising were successful, they would, as Professor Briggs has pointed out, immediately cease to be small colleges.

I have visited the classrooms at both West Point and Annapolis, spent some time in observation, and more in subsequent

reflection. The students are divided into sections of from seven to ten men; each youth knows that he will be called upon to recite every day. Impossible to loaf, shirk, dodge, or bluff. The test is no distant thing like the day of judgment, or a certain thing with an uncertain date, like death: it is something that has to be faced rather often in each day. Tests that are remote lose all their spurring power. For although every reader of this book knows that he must die, that thought does not trouble him so much as a dentist appointment or an unpaid bill. Every recitation is marked, all the marks are published every week, no favours are granted, no excuses accepted, the system is one of ruthless competition; a lazy or indifferent student cannot live in that atmosphere. Out he goes, and the ranks close up. The teachers know exactly the quality of the work done by each student; and some officer knows exactly where each student is from the moment he rises in the morning till he retires at night, for the poor devil has

to post it in his room. The men are happier under this strict régime than might be imagined, than even they imagine at the time. I asked an officer what he thought of it. He said, "Why, when we were cadets, we thought the place was a d——d workhouse, but we all look back to it with the happiest recollection." The results are wonderful. Every graduate of West Point or Annapolis is an educated man.

The boys are thoroughly human under the uniform. I had the honour of giving a course of lectures to about two hundred cadets in the old chapel at West Point — a thing that has a humour all its own, for no Quaker who ever lived, even the most uncompromising, has hated war more than I do. Talk about not arbitrating questions of national honour! To me the most dishonourable thing that any nation can do is to engage in war with another. Well, I was lecturing in that beautiful spot one beautiful day in May. The cadets filed in rigidly, each took his place, took out his note-book

and pencil, and gave me the air of military attention. I stood on the platform, and I was the only man in the room who could look outside on the green grass, through the great open double doors at the rear of the hall. In the middle of the lecture, two huge setter dogs entered at that portal, and I instinctively felt that they would approach the only human face they could see. They lost no time about it, either, but joyously loped down the centre aisle, and mounted the high platform, one on one side of me, one on the other. I looked at the cadets; they were young, and under some strain. But not a man moved, not a man smiled. They sat up, if possible, more rigidly and stiffly than ever, for there were officers in the room. Something had to be done immediately to save the situation, and Providence whispered into my ears the right thing to say. "Why, these are Setters and I expected to meet only West-Pointers!" Then we all had a joyous spontaneous laugh together, officers, cadets, and lecturer.

A year or two ago, on an intensely hot evening in June, I went into a hotel in New York for dinner. It was so hot that I secured a small table facing an open window, and ate in peace with my back to the room. After a time, four young gentlemen came up to me, and introduced themselves. I supposed they must be recent Yale graduates, though for the life of me, I could not recall their faces. They said, "We are cadets at West Point, on a day's furlough. We saw you come into the room, and we did not want to pass out without speaking to you." This may seem a trivial fact to record, but it does not seem so to me. I have a glow at the heart now when I think of it. One of the pleasantest things about college teaching is the man-and-man friendship that the teacher forms with his students, and this instance was especially delightful, for it proved to me that I had not at West Point lectured to a collection of uniforms, but had spoken to human hearts.

Although it is impossible to have at

college the discipline that prevails at West Point and Annapolis, I am a believer in strict college discipline, in the absolute enforcement of regularity of attendance, in daily lessons, daily tasks, regular marking, and semiannual examinations. The American college youth is tractable, amenable to discipline, and willing to do anything reasonable that is exacted of him by a teacher whom he respects. The one thing he cannot forgive in a professor is slyness, unfairness, anything not absolutely straight. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the students should understand clearly what is expected of them, and that each individual pupil should feel that when he begins a new course, he has exactly the same chance as every other individual in it. No past record in any other course or in any previous year should count for or against.

How important it is that the teacher should control himself, and be a man worthy of the respect of his students! We teachers are human, we make many mistakes, and

are all of us far from the ideal. But how unfortunate it is for the man behind the desk to be shallow or spectacular; to be peevish or constantly irritable; to fly into bursts of anger; to be childish and picayune; to be inordinately vain; to be fatuously jocose; to be deadly dull.

Whether it is owing to the growth of college athletics, and I suspect that has much to do with it, or owing to the general advance in civilisation and good manners, certain it is that college discipline to-day is a far easier matter for the president, the dean, and the professors than it used to be. Consider the "personal contact" between the president and the students. It used to be much more close in certain ways than it is now. A recognised part of the president's duties in the good old times was to preserve order by physical force. Brown University is situated at the top of a steep hill, and the president's house was close to the corner. One night the president, the Rev. Dr. Ezekiel Robinson, heard a student disturb-

ance in front of his home. He was tall, with a tremendous reach at both the upper and lower extremities. He rushed out, and when the men saw him coming, they started to run. All got away but one luckless individual, who in attempting to round the corner received a terrific kick from the pursuing theologian, which highly accelerated his progress down the hill. Neither student nor president thought there was anything incongruous in this close personal contact.

Even when I was an undergraduate, a large part of the duty of professors and instructors was to maintain order. Unpopular tutors had their windows smashed by hard missiles, so that one tutor, on being asked what his salary was, replied, "It is one thousand dollars, with coal thrown in." I remember one tutor rushing out in his nightgown, in the attempt to disperse students gathered about a bonfire. And it was not an unfamiliar spectacle to see a college instructor standing behind an elm tree in the night, taking down the names of students in a note-

book. All this kind of personal contact has vanished; I should think it incredible it ever existed, did I not distinctly remember it.

But the necessity for discipline remains, and the discipline should remain with it. Records of attendance on all college recitations and lectures should be faithfully kept, and irregularity immediately punished. It is vain to expect that students will attend regularly without rules and penalties. I suspect that not every professor would attend regularly, if it made no difference with his college standing. What kind of training for life do students receive in institutions where they are never forced to keep their engagements? Is such negligence fair to their future, or just to the parents who have placed them in our keeping?

I believe in regular assignments of lessons, and, in recitations, regular marking. An Oxford student attended one of my exercises in a course in Elizabethan Drama, and at the end of the hour he said, "Why do you give out a regular lesson? It seems a bit

childish and limited. Why don't you just mention the names of a number of valuable and stimulating books, and let them read for themselves?" I replied, "Of course I do that, too. But every man has a regular task assigned—otherwise the majority, even with the best of intentions, might not do any work at all. Do you work at Oxford?" "Oh, I never do any work in term, there is so much going on, you know. But I read in vacations." He was a clever and ambitious man, but he confessed to me that the majority of Oxford students did not work either in term or in vacation. Whatever may be the custom in England or in Germany, our American colleges should not neglect the many for the few.

And I believe in the marking-book, and in the daily marking of recitations and of written work. I know that to many professors this seems undignified, out of keeping with the right relations between students and professors in a great university. I do not share this sentiment. A student from an Ameri-

can institution where the marks are never given or heard of except at fixed examinations visited Yale, and told me it seemed to him very schoolboyish for the instructor to make a mark in his book after each recitation. Whether it is schoolboyish or gentlemanly, is not the point; every system should be judged by its results. I am convinced that the best way to get faithful work out of students is to mark them regularly. The only real objection to the marking-book is the impossibility of absolute fairness. It is a rough and exceedingly crude method of appraisal, but, unfortunately, the best I know.

And I believe in written examinations. Imperfect as they are, they are a distinct test of knowledge. We hear a great deal about the nervous terror of pupils at a written examination, the impossibility of their writing what they know, and many complaints of a like nature. But, as a rule, when a student has done well in a subject, he is not afraid of the test. Those who are naturally

stupid, or have neglected their work, are, of course, afraid of the examination, as they ought to be. The test is then important, for an examination is meant to reveal ignorance as well as knowledge. I was always in terror of mathematical examinations, owing to my stupidity in the subject; but I rather enjoyed those in studies where I excelled. I think that all colleges should require entrance examinations, and regular term examinations during the course.

I believe that the marks students receive on examinations and on the completion of a course should be made known to them. Some teachers seem to be mortally afraid that students will study for marks, but my fear is that not enough of them will. If an intelligent student exalts his mark above real knowledge of the subject, this is unfortunate. But to excel in college scholarship is surely an honourable ambition, and one that needs stimulation. If a student feels pride in high standing, I am personally very much pleased. It is the most natural thing

in the world, when a student has written an examination paper, and handed it in, that he should obtain a definite result. There should be no air of mystery about it. Every man who fires a shot at a target wants to know whether he has hit it or not. No teacher should be bothered by continual requests for marks, but that is a matter of detail, which any sensible person can settle satisfactorily.

An examination should not be a cleverly prepared trap to catch the students : on the other hand it must not be too obvious. The difficulty of preparing a fair examination paper in a large college is enormously increased by the number of diabolically clever private tutors and coaches, undergraduate and professional "lectures," digests, and other first aids to the injured. These make it even more necessary to mark daily work, and to force the average student to believe that no final spurt of energy can take the place of systematic daily effort. There are some tutors so clever I believe they could put a dog through an examination — for some

of their successful patients seem to have less than canine intelligence. The examination by itself is not an ideal test. The teacher should do everything he can to frown upon digests, special lectures, and all short cuts to knowledge, as being inconsistent with true scholarship.

Teachers should mark strictly and fairly, but a "low marker" is not necessarily the sign either of a strict disciplinarian or a good teacher. Some teachers seem to think the main aim should be to flunk as many students as possible, and many young teachers are really proud of a long list of failures, thinking that it shows a commendable standard. As a matter of fact, if a teacher taught a subject a half year, and then over fifty per cent of his pupils failed to pass the examination, it would seem as though he were rather unimpressive, rather inefficient. A teacher should not be afraid to mark some papers very high, and others very low. Those who give the whole class an average mark break the hearts of ambitious

students, and encourage the lazy in their sins.

A mark once given should stay, should never be changed or cancelled. If the students know that in advance, they will never ask for remittance. It is very painful to tell a college senior that he has failed in your course, and cannot have his degree at Commencement. Do not do this until you know that he does not deserve to pass, and then stand firm. It is greatly to the credit of the young gentlemen that I have taught, that unspeakably bitter as this disappointment is to them and to their families, I have never lost a friend by it.

I think that wherever it is in any way possible professors should themselves read and grade all the examination papers that their students write in their courses, and all the written work that they hand in. I know that many professors regard this as a waste of valuable time and energy, and hand the job over to assistants. But the students take more interest in a course, and feel more

confident of the accuracy of the results, when the professor who hears their recitations or who lectures to them reads and marks their work himself. Some students regard the whole thing as blind chance when their papers are marked by a young assistant who never is seen. "What did you draw on that exam?" I often hear one student ask another, as though it were a game of poker. When I was a graduate student at Harvard, I studied Shakespeare under Professor Child, the foremost English scholar that America has produced. If ever a man's time was important for study and research and publication, his was. But although there were one hundred and twenty students in this course, I was impressed by the fact that he read and marked each examination paper himself, nay, each question on the examination. When I got my book back, I read it with great interest.

I do not believe that a professor can read through a long examination in History or Literature, and give a general estimate of

it that will be correct. It is different, of course, in Mathematics, where a glance at each question may be sufficient. A professor of Mathematics told me that he never thought he was reading with sufficient speed, unless he could always keep one paper in the air. That method will not do in Literature. My own scheme, after trying others, is this. The perfect mark at Yale is 400. I put eight questions on the paper, and the students know that each question will count fifty points. If there are ten subdivisions of a question, each tentacle counts five points; if there are five, each counts ten. Then I hire an assistant to do the mathematics. I read each answer, speaking out the mark as I read. The assistant adds as I progress, and the moment the paper is read through I know the exact mark for the total, thus saving half the time and energy it would take if I did the mathematics myself, and, in my case, ensuring greater accuracy. The books are all returned to the students, with each question marked in my own hand. If a

teacher reads a paper right through and then makes a general estimate, he may not have observed that there was one question not answered at all; or he may be unduly prejudiced by very stupid or very brilliant answers to one or two queries. Now I do not think there is a teacher who hates to read papers more than I do. I have many students, and the semiannual task is a terrible burden. I loathe it with an unspeakable loathing; it is the only part of my work that I absolutely detest. And yet I believe it to be vitally important and richly productive. Occasionally, too, there are delightful oases in the desert. On an examination paper that I set in Browning, a subdivision of a question concerned the biography of the poet. A student wrote: "Browning died in 1889. In that same year I was born. What a shameful exchange!"

Wherever public opinion will permit it, I believe in the so-called honour system in examinations. There is much less cheating in college work now than there used to be,

partly owing to the general and unquestionable moral advance in student life, partly owing to the more dignified and at the same time more intimate relation between teacher and taught. Every student is a natural-born casuist, as, perhaps, we all are where our personal interests are concerned, and one must accept that fact; but if the class and the professor understand each other, I am sure that the honour system is the most satisfactory. Fortunately or unfortunately the average student cares more for the good opinion of his classmates than he does for that of the faculty, and strong public sentiment exerts a mighty pressure. I have used the honour system with my students for a number of years, and with excellent results. Immediately the sceptic asks, "How do you know?" The answer is really very simple. There is a check on the honour system, as there should be on all systems. I should have little respect for a student who told me the name of another whom he saw cheating; we want no spies and no tell-

tales in our classes. But I always tell my students in advance that unless the honour system prevents cheating, it is worthless, and that if by chance any man should observe evil-doing, it is his duty to tell me, without giving any names, that there are those who take advantage of their opportunities. This seems to me a simple and effective check.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that students who will not lie to each other or steal from one another should think it trivial to lie to the faculty or to steal a good mark from the faculty, which they have not earned. Cases of this undoubtedly occur every year in every college, in connection with the handing in of written work. And there are indigent students, whose tuition is remitted because they are poor and struggling for an education, who partially support themselves by writing compositions for wealthy classmates, thus exhibiting ingratitude, disloyalty, and treachery toward the institution. In all these matters there is

decided improvement as compared with the good old times, but flagrant cases occasionally jar the optimism of the teacher. A man whose classmates would ostracise him if he cheated to win a prize, will lose no popularity or standing by cheating to save himself from failure — which means, of course, that the lad has no real standard of virtue at all, his virtue being dependent simply on the size of the temptation. The true standard of virtue should always be within a man's heart, never determined by external circumstances. In order really to know whether a man is virtuous, good-natured, or gentlemanly, we must see him tested. One who scornfully rejects a little bribe, but accepts a big one, is surely not virtuous; one whose good-nature turns sour in adversity is not really good-natured; a man whose politeness does not survive a disappointment is not a true gentleman.

In general, and except in special emergencies, it is best for the teacher both in school and college to take a boy's word of

honour, even if the circumstances seem suspicious. It is better to let three or four students lie to you than to punish an innocent pupil with denial of his word, or with suspicion of his honesty. Nothing rankles in a young man's heart more venomously than unjust suspicion or unfair treatment from his teacher. I well remember the crafty and sceptical expression on the faces of some of my teachers when I was telling them only the exact truth. I wish in vain that I could forget these experiences. When I was a freshman I had an attack of chills and fever, with a high temperature; it was simply out of the question for me to attend college classes: I had to go to bed. Yet in two days I was well, and reported to my college professor that I had been ill, and hoped that my absence would be excused. He looked at me with a sceptical smile, and I saw he did not believe me. I had to take the penalty, and went away with a dull rage in my heart. On another occasion, a wife of one of the professors had wandered off, out of

her mind, and volunteer students went in search of her. I became lost in the woods, and was drenched to the skin by the winter rain. I did not reach my room until ten in the evening, and was too exhausted to study. The next morning I told my instructor the facts, not expecting that he would believe me. To my surprise and delight he accepted my story instantly, and said kindly, "You must have been very tired." Do you think I shall ever forget that man?

It is curious to find that a student who is perhaps almost overpunctilious in everything else will sometimes cheat in written work. I remember one extraordinary case. I was playing a golf match at the Country Club with an undergraduate: it was a match we were each of us keen to win, for it was the final for the club championship. On one of the holes we played long shots out of the fair green; his ball went into the bunker, mine flew over. When I reached the bunker, I passed on ahead, and in a moment or two, he came up, and said he

had lost the hole. "Impossible, we haven't reached the green," said I. But he explained that as he entered the bunker, one of his clubs accidentally fell out of the bag and into the sand, and although he had not even tried to address the ball, and although there was no possibility of my having seen what had occurred, he declared that he had lost the hole. A short time after this event, the same young gentleman submitted, in one of his college courses, a theme written by another hand. He was caught, and suspended from college six months.

Professors should not only insist on regular work from the student, they should insist that it appear on the date previously announced. I visited a large American university and entered the classroom of a famous lecturer. There were about seventy students present. The lecturer announced: "Your theses are all due to-day. Please bring them to the desk." There was a moment's painful silence, and then one undergraduate walked forward and de-

posited his essay, amid general laughter, in which the professor joined. "One swallow does not make a summer," he remarked pessimistically. I do not care how distinguished an authority he was, in this instance he proved himself to be a slovenly teacher. Students will not rebel when fairly notified in advance, but they will always take advantage of a teacher who does not mean what he says. In the training of college undergraduates, it is just as important to emphasise punctuality in work as it is quality. They are more tractable in this respect than any other class of persons. They will adhere even to minute regulations, if the regulations are clearly and definitely explained to them in advance, with the reasons why the regulations are made. A teacher who accepts "late themes" prepares himself for all sorts of vexatious difficulties, and neglects an important part of necessary discipline.

VI

EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION

A GOOD teacher must first of all know his subject: that is axiomatic. I might study the art of teaching all my life and yet I should never be able to teach Mathematics or any other science. But besides knowing the subject, the teacher must understand something about human nature, must know his pupils. A teacher teaches some *one* as well as some *thing*. This is, of course, the reason why head-masters of schools secure athletes and popular society men to teach their boys: these may not be authorities in any special field of learning, they may not fully understand the subject, but they always understand the object. A man who has a doctor's degree may or may not be a good teacher — that remains to be proved. A theologian or Hebrew scholar may be a miserable preacher.

How often I have seen a learned doctor of divinity alienating his audience with long-winded dulness, whilst utterly unaware of the fact! There should always be vital communication between the preacher and the listener, between the teacher and the taught.

The real test of a teacher is not his success with pupils who are clever and eager to learn, though he should always command the sincere respect of these chosen few. His test comes with the indifferent majority, with those who don't care, with those who don't want to learn. It is a delight to a teacher to have pupils of natural capacity and intellectual background, who respond instantly to his best thought; but it is a still greater delight to see the first signs of intelligence in a dull block of clay, to see attention replace indifference, and witness the birth of intellectual curiosity. It may mean salvation.

The average group of students do not troop into the class room eager to learn, their

minds full of the subject. They are thinking of a hundred other things — of what they did yesterday, of a letter they have just read, of the sporting news in the morning paper, of a pleasant engagement immediately after class, of a tennis match for which they are already clad. There is no open macadamised road between the teacher's mind and theirs: there are enormous obstacles, which must be immediately cleared, before anything can be accomplished at all.

The interest of the class must be instantly aroused and maintained until the end of the period. This is the first step, the first all-important problem. The teacher must drive out of their minds all other things and substitute an absorbing, jealous interest in the lesson. It is not easy to teach on the day before or day after a holiday, on the morning following a presidential election, on the eve or afterglow of a great foot-ball game. But it can be done, and without the slightest allusion to the events that fill the students' minds as they enter the room. A

teacher is an advocate. He is like a lawyer before the jury — if he does not interest his audience, he has lost his case. Minute and exact accuracy must sometimes be sacrificed for emphasis. By the time the fact lodges in the pupil's skull, it will not be unduly disproportionate. A teacher who teaches with constant parentheses, qualifications, and trivial explanations will never make any definite impression. As Professor Lounsbury has said, "The capacity of the human mind to resist the introduction of knowledge cannot be overestimated."

There is something distinctly histrionic about the teacher's art, which is one reason why it is so exciting to those who love it. Every recitation should be an event. Many people think a teacher's life must be monotonous, made up of dull routine, because he teaches the same subject and the same lessons over and over again. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I know of no profession more exciting, more stirring, more thrilling than teaching. No one believes

that an actor who acts Hamlet finds it monotonous, although he repeats not only the same words, but the same gestures, the same attitudes, the same intonations. There is no monotony in teaching the same lesson to different pupils, not if the teacher is a good actor. In my first year at Yale, I taught short lessons in *King Henry IV, Part I*, to twelve different divisions: it was just as interesting the twelfth time as the first. In fact, the first time was a kind of dress rehearsal, and I think I did better the longer I kept at it.

The main object of a *recitation*, with question, answer, and discussion, should be to educate: the chief object of a *lecture* must be instruction. In undergraduate work, education is more important than instruction, and therefore I believe that more lasting good is accomplished by recitations — the give and take — than by lectures. The ideal recitation is, of course, with a rather small class,— not too small to take away the spur of competition and the excitement of

numbers, — but small enough for each man in the room to feel the teacher's personality and to know that there is a chance for him to display knowledge and ignorance. For this reason, it is always best, even though it involves enormous expense and the multiplication of teachers, to divide large classes into small divisions; to have the same lessons taught by several teachers, and to have the same teacher teach the same lesson several times. It pays. The ideal object of the instructor is to educate every student in the room, to "educe the man," as Browning says.

Yet recitations should always teach, should always give some instruction. Every student should actually know more about the subject at the end of the hour than he did at the beginning. The teacher must not be a mere hearer of recitations. He should not exclusively confine himself to discovering whether or not the pupils have made sufficient preparation. In many of our recitations at school and college we

never expected to learn anything; never did, anyhow: we simply answered formal questions. So fixed was this idea in our minds, that our first interview with a new instructor in the Hartford High School, Mr. Winfred R. Martin, one of the greatest teachers I ever knew, was not only disastrous to us, but we nearly broke out into open rebellion. He asked us things that were not in the notes! Later we found him a constant and powerful inspiration. Even at that early age we obtained from him a notion of the meaning of true scholarship. He was and is a profound and original scholar, a man of varied and amazing learning, and we respected him for it.

But in many of our classes the conventional method of the so-called teacher reacted unfavourably on us. Suppose the lesson was in Latin. When one student was reciting, all the others who had not yet been called up were reading ahead, thinking it might be their turn next. As soon as a man recited, he retired into his own thoughts,

paid no further attention to the subject, slept, or read a novel. We had teachers whose sole method, invariable as fate, was as follows: "Jones: scan; that will do. Brown: translate; that will do. Smith: why is this verb in the subjunctive? That will do." Some others, instead of saying "That will do," said "Sufficient." I remember that independent teachers with a different understanding of their duty, had a hard time with the lethargy and inertness of the class under that general régime. Professor Edward S. Dana called on one of my classmates in Physics: the student rose, looked fixedly at him a moment, and sat down, knowing he had obtained a zero, but feeling that fate had done its worst, and that he need fear no fresh misfortune during the hour. He therefore looked resignedly out of the window. Professor Dana cried, "But don't dismiss the subject from your mind!"

We had one teacher to whom we recited three hours a week during an entire year. He never changed the intonation of his

voice, never made a comment or an independent remark until the last day, and never once lifted his eyes from the book on the desk. I can remember now a classmate secretly looking at his watch, and, finding that the hour was almost gone, his face lit up with rapture.

Some purely mechanical questions must be asked, in order to test knowledge and preparation: pupils must be held definitely to their work. But other questions must be stimulating. Information, opinions, and ideas should be brought out by the Socratic method, and arguments pushed to a conclusion. It is well to cultivate as much intellectual resistance as possible. The teacher should be delighted when his judgment or interpretation or statement is seriously questioned by a pupil. It is a sign of life. I have had students who have passionately resisted my comments on certain lessons. Nothing could possibly please me more. I hate to see them swallow everything I say. The passionate partisanship of youth, which

shows itself in so many other things, should appear in studies. I asked a student in a class in Tennyson whether he preferred the later poems like *Rizpah* and *The First Quarrel*, or the earlier ones, like *The Lady of Shalott* and *The Lotos Eaters*. He hesitated, trying to think up something to say. I was grieved that he hesitated, and told the class that, at their time of life, it would be natural to have a strenuous, positive, even passionate opinion, either one way or the other. I should not have minded if his hesitation had been the hesitation accompanying or preceding valuable thought; but it was plain that he did not know which he preferred, and did not care.

Voluntary recitations are a good thing, and should be received by the teacher with respectful attention. It is hard to get sophisticated students in big Eastern colleges to volunteer remarks, comments, and questions in the classroom. There is a natural healthy modesty, there is a fear of hypocrisy, there is a reluctance to make a

public display of knowledge, reading, or love of literature. How many times when a student has earnestly volunteered an independent suggestion have I seen a smile on the faces of the other men! The environment is not favourable, and students often have a modest shame of what is best in them. Still, this situation can be overcome by the exercise of a little tact. Then, too, another difficulty appears. There is sure to be one, perhaps two eccentric and zealous students who want to talk all the time, and ask questions every other moment —sometimes at very embarrassing moments. When I was a freshman, one of my classmates constantly tried to give the teacher information: finally, every time he opened his mouth, other students took out pencils and recorded his sayings with mock gravity. I had one college pupil, a fine scholar, who insisted on talking so voluminously and so continuously that a secret petition was circulated in the class, signed, and sent to me, requesting me to shut him up. But better

all these difficulties than indifference and inertia.

And this volunteer work must be wisely directed and made progressively efficient. There are some courses where the students, knowing the weaknesses of the professor, will simulate a profound interest in certain topics, and ask him questions with the sole object of consuming the time, so as to escape being called on themselves. There are many amusing instances that have come to my notice. Pompousness on the part of the professor will sometimes bring about a curious situation. One egotistical instructor, who had talked for nearly an hour, then took out a watch, consulted it solemnly, and said : "There are just five minutes left. Is there anyone who would like to ask a question ?" One student raised his hand, and asked, "What time is it ?"

The teacher must work *with* the class, as well as manage it. He should be not only a master, but a comrade. I have seen cases where the teacher on one side and the

students on the other were like two Yankees driving a bargain. The teacher was trying to get all the work possible out of the class, and give them the least possible credit for it: the pupils were trying to get the highest possible mark, with the least possible exertion, and felt terribly "sold" if they had read a line beyond the confines of the lesson. Indeed, I heard of one student who received his marks at home in the presence of his father: "Hey!" he cried exultantly. "I got 200 in old X's course. Am I the real thing, or not?" His father said, "But I thought 200 was just the passing mark." "So it is, father; that's why it's such a darn good mark." He had not wasted an ounce of superfluous effort.

In courses where recitations are impracticable the system of instruction must be by lectures. The older I grow, the more sceptical I am of the value of this method in undergraduate work. How many people there are who the day after a lecture remember only that the lecturer was dull, or

delightful, and in neither case remember anything he said! Courses of lectures to college classes by men who understand the fine art of public speaking, have made a careful study of presentation, and know exactly how to adapt themselves to various audiences, may accomplish a great deal; but in general, recitations are more effective. Instruction by lectures should invariably be accompanied by tests, checks, and various devices to ensure not only attention, but regular work on the part of the student. This may be accomplished by having the big class divided into weekly divisions with quiz-masters; or the first ten minutes of the hour may be devoted to a written test on the subject-matter; or every student may be compelled to hand in a written theme on the lesson before the lecture begins. If this be done, it is essential that the theme be, in every case, submitted before the lecture, so that the student will have to write his summary or his opinion on what he has studied, not on what he has caught from the speaker.

The lecture itself should not merely instruct, it should inspire. The students should be stimulated rather than stuffed. The genius is a law unto himself; but for the average professor, it is best that the lecture should be neither written nor extemporised, but spoken from notes, each main point being emphasised and driven home as energetically and clearly as possible. I was talking once with Mr. Paul Armstrong, the American dramatist. We were discussing the necessity of exaggeration on the stage. He said, "The audience has just one accessible spot, a bare space only an inch wide, between the hair and the eyebrows: the playwright must hit this mark with a wedge." If the lecture be all written in fluent and elegant English, the hour passes agreeably and ineffectively, both teacher and pupil have a pleasant time, and only the ablest students obtain any definite or lasting result. There are no salient, protuberant facts and ideas that stick. On the other hand, if the lecturer speak without any

notes, the lecture is apt to wander, lose coherence and logical order: and most extempore speakers have the distressing habit of beginning nearly every sentence with the word "now," which is wearing on the nerves. But if a few points are tremendously emphasised, repeated, and a pause is made to give the students a chance to make an accurate record in the note-book, then these leading ideas can be enlarged, illustrated, and made clear and interesting by free talk.

On the final written examinations which must always come at the end of lecture courses, care must be taken to have the questions deal fully as much with the lessons studied as with the lectures. The teacher must insist that the pupil shall not merely repeat the phrases delivered by the lecturer; for I have known instances where the lecturer had a whole series of pet phrases, which the students echoed back to him on the examination book. The students should, indeed, be encouraged to state independent

views and opinions on the examination; only, in order that this may not lead to errors and vagaries, it is well to inform the students that if they hold views divergent from the lecturer, they should state the professor's view first, and then their dissenting opinion, with reasons. Intelligent opposition of this kind brings joy to a teacher's heart, and should be practically rewarded with high credit.

In all my remarks on school and college teaching, I have purposely confined myself to the ordinary school and the ordinary college, whether large or small. What I have said and shall say is not intended to deal, except indirectly, with professional schools, graduate courses, technical scientific work, and manual training schools. I do not understand the practical problems in teaching scientific and mechanical work, being an ignoramus in science, and devoid of all mechanical skill. I have never been "a handy man about the house," and if a clock, bicycle, or window-sash is out of

order, I immediately consult a specialist. And although I have studied in graduate schools, and taught graduate students for many years, this is not the place to discuss the kind of teaching necessary for such work.

In undergraduate college teaching, should the scholar or the teacher predominate? A university must have both kinds of men: the original investigator, who brings glory to the institution by his published work, inspires the respect and admiration of pupils by his reputation, and also the man who knows how to teach, and can handle classes with high efficiency. Best of all is it when the same man combines both functions. A professor must be a scholar in order to teach. If a teacher is nothing but a pleasant fellow, an agreeable personality, with no ammunition except a cultivated mind, he cannot make a forceful or a lasting impression. As Professor Cook has said, the students may leave his courses "satisfied with the course, satisfied with their teacher, and most of all, satisfied with themselves."

They will know nothing of the high ideal of scholarship or the thorny road that leads to it. A teacher cannot have the lasting respect of his best pupils, unless he be a sound scholar. Above all, he must be a growing man. A great danger in teaching, even in college, is that after one has an assured position, one will be content to teach one's classes, prepare the lessons for those classes, and spend the rest of the time in amusement or in mere desultory reading. After some years, the mind gets into a condition not only where it has ceased to grow, but cannot grow. Then the teaching suffers, and the man wonders why he is not so effective as he used to be. The brain gets into such a state that the siphon sucks: there is really nothing there. Every teacher should have special lines of work, study, research, and production — in his speciality, of course — but preferably apart from the actual courses he is teaching. Intellectual growth is not a matter of age, it is entirely individual. A teacher should

always be on the watch against intellectual stagnation, which breeds decay. No teacher should allow himself to be beaten by his own Past.

But, in justice to the students, and to the parents who send them to the college and pay for their instruction, the majority of every faculty should be good teachers. And great teachers should be rewarded, advanced, promoted. They should be made to feel that to excel in teaching is a dignified goal for ambition, and that success means promotion. Every university can afford to have some famous original scholars on the faculty rolls, even when, as sometimes happens, they are miserable teachers; but these men are luxuries, and if they are failures as teachers, there should exist not the slightest doubt as to their actual position as profound scholars in the intellectual world outside. No local reputation, however great, is sufficient. In many American universities to-day, owing to the German influence, good teaching not only fails of

reward, but is not encouraged, not respected, especially by those who can't teach. No one respects a great scholar more than I — but what would become of the students if *all* the professors were more interested in their own investigations than in the welfare of their pupils? What would eventually become of the professors? I heard one college professor say that a college would be a splendid place, if only one did not have to meet one's classes and go through the stupid business of teaching. I suspect that the students cordially reciprocated his sentiments. One distinguished professor told me that no teacher should ever care anything whatever about the opinion that his students had of him, and that no professor should ever judge another by his success with his classes, because students were not qualified to judge. The only opinion that any professor should entertain with respect was the opinion held of him by his colleagues in other universities. They were the only ones whose good opinion should

be sought, for they were the only ones qualified to judge.

Such a remark is interesting, and indicates a different conception of the work of a college teacher from that held by me. Just as student popularity may in some cases be a bad thing for a teacher, so the modern fetich of "original research" may lead a man into mere vanity. There are men who are so delighted when their names are mentioned by a German authority that one suspects their ambition is keener for reputation than it is to add to the sum of human knowledge. Pride, conceit, arrogance, vanity, and intolerance should never accompany great scholarship. And no matter what direction the development of our colleges will take in the future, no matter how brilliant the rewards of research may be, so long as students attend colleges, just so long will there be a demand and a necessity for able and devoted teachers. No change in administration, no change in organisation, no change in ideals can make

the work of good teaching superfluous, or can rob the teacher of what to him is his greatest reward — the affection and friendship of his students, and the knowledge that he has influenced them for good.

VII

ENGLISH COMPOSITION

ON the subject of required English composition, I am a stout, unabashed, and thorough sceptic. And although the majority is still against me, I am in good company. Professor Child read and corrected themes at Harvard for about forty years: at the end of the time, it was his fervent belief that not only was the work unprofitable to the student, but that in many cases it was injurious. That it is always injurious to the instructor, when it is intemperately indulged, is certain. When I was an instructor at Harvard, I one day met Professor Child in the yard. He stopped a moment and asked me what kind of work I was doing. I said, "Reading themes." He put his hand affectionately on my shoulder, and remarked with that wonderful

smile of his, in which kindness was mingled with the regret of forty years, "Don't spoil your youth." Professor Wendell, who inherited the bondage under which his predecessor groaned, has never really believed in the efficacy of the work. Professor Lounsbury of Yale has given valuable and powerful testimony against it.[1] Professor Cook and Professor Beers — two quite different types of men — are in this point in absolute agreement.

After spending a year in graduate study at Harvard, I was appointed by President Eliot Instructor in English, an honour of which I have always been proud. I observed a curious fact. Men who had been graduated from Harvard, had studied in the graduate school, had topped this by some years of research in Europe were spending nine-tenths of their time doing what? Reading undergraduate required themes and correcting in red ink spelling, punctuation, and paragraphing. Why such

[1] *Harper's Magazine*, November, 1911.

mighty labour of preparation to perform work that could be done exactly as well by any young school-teacher? Some of the instructors were permitted to give one hour a week of teaching in English Literature, others did nothing but read themes. I read and marked over seven hundred themes a week — most of them were short themes, but some were not. Whenever I entered my room I was greeted by the huge pile of themes on the table, awaiting my attention. I read very few books the whole year — there was no time. I never went to bed before midnight. If I were sick for two or three days, a substitute had to be found, for it was only by steady daily reading that I could keep pace with the manuscripts pouring in like a flood, threatening to engulf me every day. I am very glad that I had this experience, for a variety of reasons: it brought me in relation with the Harvard English faculty, where I made friendships for life, and I cannot speak too highly of the kindness and encouragement

shown to the beginner by these men. It brought me into remarkably close contact with one hundred and twenty Harvard seniors and juniors, whose daily themes I read. These young gentlemen practically kept a diary by this method, and told me frankly not only their experiences, but their thoughts. I also read freshman and sophomore required themes, and had an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the mental states of the average Harvard undergraduate. And I learned what teaching English composition meant.

But with the highest respect and admiration for my colleagues, nothing on earth would have induced me to continue such brain-fagging toil another year. I do not know that I should have been invited to do so, for I accepted another situation without asking. The curious thing is, that I then believed in the efficacy of the system. I said to myself: "This is worse than coal-heaving. This is nerve-destroying, a torture to soul and body. But it is necessary.

Someone must do it. Why not I? But not I any longer."

I entered upon my duties at Yale, and taught freshmen English Literature. These freshmen had passed no entrance examination in English, for Yale had not then adopted it. The next year I had the same students. I made them all write four or five rather long compositions during the year, in addition to and in connection with their classroom work in literature. When I took home the first batch, I said: "Now for trouble. These young men have never had instruction in English composition, and have never passed through the valuable drill in the freshman year given in other colleges." But, to my unspeakable amazement, their compositions were just as good technically as those written by Harvard sophomores! It was a tremendous surprise, for the writers were not, as a class, one whit more advanced mentally than their Harvard brothers.

Then in junior year, I required, as I do

now, every student in a large lecture course to write a weekly theme. Indeed, for one who does not believe in required compositions, I of my own choice read a large number every year. But this is not so contradictory as it may seem, which will presently appear. I took one weekly batch, all of them, the few good, the few bad, and the many commonplace, up to Harvard, and submitted them to one of the Harvard professors who was immersed in the "system." He read them carefully, and told me they were exactly as good technically as those done by Harvard juniors.

Now unless the results of constant required themes are absolutely definite and satisfactory, it simply does not pay to require them; for the labour and expense involved in reading and correcting are prodigious, and grow every year like a corrupt pension bill. I know of nothing in the world that illustrates more beautifully the law of diminishing returns than required courses in composition. A class of students

will never under any circumstances write five times as well by writing five themes as they will by writing one; but the reading and correcting of five themes require five times the effort on the part of the body of teachers. In those schools and colleges where the English departments believe in constant required compositions, they are constantly demanding more instructors, more time, and more money. Quite naturally. I read a very interesting report on the subject by that accomplished professor of English, Sophie Hart, of Wellesley. Here are some extracts: "The committee urges an increase in the time given to the reading and discussion of themes in class. . . . An increase in the rewriting of themes is also urged. . . . Students should, as they advance, be taught to expect to rewrite from 60 to 75 per cent of their themes. . . . The greatest need in college instruction in English, as in secondary schools, is a larger teaching staff. . . . Professor Hart of Cornell strikes at the root

of our difficulty in his communication to the committee: 'Our Cornell experience is that the most difficult thing to overcome is the lack of thought. Many of our freshmen seem to believe that anything patched up in grammatical shape will pass for writing. . . . I urge school-teachers to train their scholars to *think;* especially to prepare outlines of compositions before writing the composition.'"

Art thou there, truepenny? Of course that is the real difficulty. They are forced to write before they have anything to say, and intelligent teachers are forced to read and correct this vain and empty stuff. If a student is well-read, familiar with good literature, and has opinions, his writing is usually technically adequate. I heard a college president say, "The way to learn to write is to write." But it is not true. A good physician or surgeon has not learned to practise by practising: that is the method of quacks. Years of instruction in knowledge and in principles

must come first. I have known cases where a boy will write a required composition full of grammatical and rhetorical errors; then he will write a letter to his instructor, saying he is called home by illness in the family, and the letter is technically correct.

I once saw a hundred students, armed only with pencil and paper, shut up in a college classroom. The teacher sprung some subjects on them — "One Summer's Day" among others. No student could leave till he had finished his composition. Imagine the results! A man I know once remarked, "I want to write articles for the papers and magazines: the only trouble is, I find I have a paucity of words and ideas."

In the schools there must be some elementary instruction in writing: the simple principles can be taught, and themes written to illustrate spelling, sentence arrangement, punctuation, and paragraphing. Compositions on interesting contemporary subjects, or on subjects connected closely with the lessons in Literature can from time to time

be required. A good plan is to have the class vote on a list of subjects.

In college, it is well to have critical writing accompany literary courses, especially in the last two years. This is true particularly of lecture courses in Literature, where the students should write, not a synopsis nor a description, but an honest opinion. And they should be encouraged to write truthfully, absolutely regardless of the world's valuation of a certain author. Let them say what they really think. Each theme should be a personal impression, a confession.

Then, although I absolutely disbelieve in the study of formal rhetoric, and also in courses in required composition, I believe that every college should furnish *elective* courses — as many as possible — for the benefit of those students who really wish to practise writing as a fine art, who wish to improve their literary style. These courses should be strictly limited in numbers, so that the teacher may have plenty of time

for personal conference outside of the class-room with each pupil. This is much more valuable than the class meetings.

I am certain, however, that the best way to learn to write is to read, just as one learns good manners by associating with well-bred people. A student who loves good reading, who has a trained critical taste, will almost always write well, and is in a position to develop his style by practice, the reading and ideas having come in the proper order, first instead of last. I was teaching a large number of Yale seniors and juniors a course in American Literature, each pupil being required to write a weekly expression of opinion on the book just read, and hand it in before the lecture. I append a theme submitted by a junior who had never received the slightest training in rhetoric or English composition. He had even omitted the sophomore course in English Literature. But he came to college from a home where there were good books, and he was passionately fond of reading. The subject for the

week was *The Scarlet Letter*, and this is what he wrote :—

One thing which struck me in this story was the subtle skill with which Hawthorne enwraps his characters in the atmosphere of long past years. The beginning and end are like glimpses down a long, dim vista; and on all his pages there is the dust and mould of time. It is most truly dramatic; but its dramatic power lies rather in its profound understanding of humanity than in its fervour of delineation. It is, compared with the tragedies of Shakespeare, like the glassy reflection of a far-off conflagration compared with that conflagration itself. His people are most true interpretations of human feeling; yet they always partake of a vague, incorporeal character, like beings seen in far-off perspective. Their conversation, too, has a certain old-time quaintness, which never strikes us as untrue to life, yet does not seem just like ordinary conversation; just as a human voice may sound human and yet strange when coming from a far distance. I think this is really one of the greatest charms of the book. In that gulf of generations all their grosser

personalities are lost; and we are able to confine our attention to the workings of the soul. This misty atmosphere also lends peculiar sweetness and force to Hawthorne's moral. It makes it seem, not like the dogmatic assertion of an aggressive moralist, but like the voice of impersonal experience, speaking out of the dusky caves of time.

VIII

ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION

"THEN said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth: for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan: and there fell at that time of the Ephraimites forty and two thousand."

This was a rather drastic method of ensuring general accuracy in speaking the language; one sometimes wishes it were not obsolete. Christian civilisation has made an enormous advance on Old Testament ideas of morality — but the ancient heroes knew what they wanted, and how to get it. I would there were some modern practicable scheme for improving the pronunciation of English, not merely among pupils in our schools, but among the teachers.

We have daily evidence in America of barbarous assaults made by those who ought to know better on the defenceless mother-tongue — assaults made with impunity in the absence of the axe. No teacher in school or college should permit a single one of his pupils to speak the language more accurately than he. The American school — which should be a temple where the English language is treated with reverence — is sometimes a scene of cynical desecration. I am not at all attacking colloquial slang, which, in its metaphoric picturesqueness, is often the very life of speech: I am thinking of the careless mutilation of words in good and regular standing. A fundamental thing that all teachers should preach and practise is the unaffectedly correct pronunciation of that language which is now heard in the uttermost parts of the earth. Furthermore, the very difficulties of English pronunciation make the successful surmounting of them a glorious achievement, and one that

should appeal to the spirit of youth, which loves a desperate undertaking. German is practically a phonetic language: and leaving out the matter of accent, it is easier for an American, with a little instruction, to speak German words correctly than it is for him to conquer the wild and lawless army of English syllables. Let us, then, at the start not minimise the strength of the foe: let this rather become an inspiration.

No one can accuse me of apeing the English: indeed, I am more of a Jingo than an Anglo-maniac. But, in the last analysis, the pronunciation of cultivated Englishmen is the final test as to how most words should be spoken. I say pronunciation, rather than inflection; for the American imitation of what is known as the "English accent" is proper matter for laughter. And I say "most words," because there are certain words which are pronounced quite differently in England than in America, and which it seems an affectation to copy here.

Some of these are *Clerk*, *Trait*, *Schedule*, *Fracas*, *Lieutenant*, and the last letter in the alphabet, which Shakespeare calls by a bad name. There is no reason why we should attempt to force these on an American public which has repeatedly declined to accept them. But there is one word, *been*, which the English universally pronounce like the sacred vegetable of Boston, and which is gaining ground so rapidly in our country that it seems sure ultimately to prevail.

Another English pronunciation that is certain to conquer in this country, and that has already gained the majority of cultivated Americans, is the broad *A*. To one like myself, brought up from childhood with a flat *Last*, *Calf*, *Laugh*, *Aunt*, etc., it was years before I could speak these words broadly without feeling like a (flat) Ass; but after heroic and persistent endeavour, I now pronounce them broadly without even the consciousness of unusual virtue. It is only in gusts of anger or sudden excite-

ment that I descend from the heights to the flats, even as the dog to his Scriptural *menu*.

Next to the first letter in the alphabet, the most shamefully treated of the five vowels is the *U*, and the combination of the letters *EW*, that should resemble it in accuracy, as it does now in sin. There should be a distinct difference between the sound of *U* and double *O*, actually observable to the naked ear in such words as *Duke*, *Duty*, *Constitution*, *Enthusiasm*, *Tuesday*, *News*. The letter *O*, while not mishandled like the *U*, is treated with scant courtesy, and often with absolute neglect, in such words as *Innocent*, *Violent*, *Violet;* indeed, the latter word is often pronounced as though it were spelled *Vialit*. This same inoffensive and entirely respectable vowel is dragged absurdly out of shape in such words as *Mock*, *Dog*, *Boss*, *God*, *Moss*, where it is literally given an Aw-ful sound. Our most popular vowel, *E*, is abominably treated in such words as *Cellar*, *Yellow*, *Philadelphia*, where it is given the sound of *U*: this is

even more common and more ugly in two useful words, *Very* and *American*.

We laugh (with a broad *A*, I hope) at the Cockney for making the *H* silent where it should be plainly heard, but we imitate him in the combination *WH*, where the *H* should have its value as clearly as though the spelling were *HW*, as it used to be, and ought to have remained. The majority of Americans play *Wist*, discuss the price of *Weat*, and have, apparently, not the faintest notion of how such words as *When*, *Where*, and *Why* should be pronounced. The dog letter, *R*, has a curious fate in American mouths: it is either unduly accented in such words as *Here* and *Dinner* (Middle West) or it is hitched on to the end of words like *Idea*, *Law*, *Thaw*, and *Saw*, where it is as awkward as a sailor on horseback. Listen to any Yankee, when he says "I have no idea of it," and you will note that he speaks the truth.

Most Americans are mortally afraid to

shove the accent on polysyllabic words sufficiently far back. Such words as *Lamentable*, *Exquisite*, *Hospitable*, and *Vehemently* should invariably be accented vehemently on the first syllable.

IX

TEACHING ENGLISH LITERATURE

IT is a common saying that English Literature cannot be taught; but it is false, for I have been teaching it twenty years. The problems of the teacher of English are not the problems of those who teach Mathematics, physical science, and foreign languages, but it is absurd to suppose English cannot be taught, and taught in a disciplinary as well as in an instructive fashion. All this depends partly on the method, and mainly on the teacher. Someone has said that there is naturally more discipline in the study of Mathematics than in the study of History, if History be taught one hour a week and Mathematics five: put them on an equal allotment and on an equal dignity, and it is at least possible that the disparity would not appear so grossly. For a great many

years, the idea prevailed at Oxford and Cambridge that English Literature could not be taught. Anglo-Saxon could be taught, either as a foreign language, or as a linguistic science; historical English grammar and phonetics could be taught, but not Literature. Such ideas are now losing ground.

If distinction in philology and linguistics were an absolute *sine qua non* for the teacher of English Literature, I should have to seek another occupation. I have the highest respect for linguistic studies, and realise their importance. But they affect me exactly as other sciences do — I have no talent for them, and no deep interest there. I know this sounds like blasphemy, but it happens to be the humble truth. I went through the grind of Anglo-Saxon, as every would-be professor of English Literature should do. At Yale we quite properly, and with my active and hearty approval and support, require the study of Anglo-Saxon as a requisite to the doctor's degree in

English. Not only is it excellent training and a fundamental basis for the study of the language, but every candidate for a teacher's position in English may be forced to accept a position where he will be called on to teach elementary Anglo-Saxon, and he must be qualified to meet this emergency. There are those who prefer the study of Linguistics to the study of Literature. This causes me no surprise. There are those who prefer the study of Mathematics to Literature, — why not? I gaze upon them not with pity or wonder, but with an awful respect, knowing that I could never attain to such heights. As a young man, I was free to choose, and did not wish to teach subjects for which I had no talent and which I did not enjoy. I chose to teach Literature.

I had some little difficulties at the outset. After two years of graduate study at Yale, I proceeded to Harvard and interviewed Professor Child. I told him that I had come there to pursue special studies in English Literature, and mentioned a list

I had picked out in the catalogue. He recommended me to take four other courses instead, which I saw were mainly linguistic. I remarked that these did not interest me, that I had come with definite plans of what I wished to undertake, and must go elsewhere if not allowed to follow my inclinations. He was finally good enough not only to accede, but to give me his blessing, saying that the majority of graduate students did not know what they wanted, had to be fed by hand, and that it was refreshing to find a student with independence and a programme. I was greatly comforted and encouraged, and found the year most profitable.

In teaching English Literature in the schools, except in those unfortunate cases where everything else has to be sacrificed in order to make the pupil pass the college English entrance examinations, the teacher should remember that the main object of his work in the classroom is not word study, is not the grinding out of classical

allusions, is not unrelated biographical details of authors, but the awakening in a pupil's mind of a love of reading. A teacher should not be distressed if a boy or girl reads a lot of trash outside of school hours: it is better to read trash than to read nothing. When I was a small boy, I read hundreds of volumes that were in themselves worthless — the "Outward Bound Series" by Oliver Optic (I can remember Lieutenant Shuffles to this day); the "Army and Navy Series" by the same author, containing the histories of those remarkably successful young gentlemen, Tom and Jack Somers; row on row of Harry Castlemon's books, *The Sportsman's Club in the Saddle*, etc.; the entire series of Jack Harkaway's adventures with the Indians, and in other perils; an amazing number of detective stories — *Macon Moore is on your track!* all of Horatio Alger's exciting and priggishly moral tales. What did I get out of this stuff? I obtained a love for reading. I realised the inexhaustible delight there was in books, the

possibility of an instant and wonderful change of scene from my humdrum little existence to the plains of the West, or the snow-capped mountains of the deep. I obtained an enormously increased English vocabulary, the ability to read English with speed and pleasure, and a constant, if crude, stimulation of the imagination. It was when I was in this welter of trash, and hungry for more, that a city librarian, Mr. Frank B. Gay of Hartford, tactfully introduced me to something better. I went down to the institute to take out some new books by Oliver Optic. Mr. Gay suggested that I read Shakespeare instead. Just to please him, I consented to try, and he gave me *Julius Cæsar*. I became so intensely interested in the play that before a year had passed, I had read all the dramas of William Shakespeare. My taste was extraordinary: I thought *Titus Andronicus* a much superior play to *Othello*, simply because it was a blood and thunder story: it was, indeed, rather my favourite play.

But it was something to have read all of Shakespeare when I was twelve years old. I could not have done this, had I not already formed the reading habit — had I not learned to read a long book with ease and speed. I owe this largely to silly tales of adventure.

If boys or girls have the reading habit, their attention can be diverted to good books instead of bad; but if they don't read at all, or read slowly and with difficulty, the task of the teacher is a thousand times harder. The teacher must try to cultivate a love of reading, then the ability to discriminate between good and bad books, and thus the formation of taste, which is the beginning of criticism. This cannot be done by the teacher's forcing his own opinion on the class, or the opinions of distinguished critics; nor by the constant denunciation of trash, or a false attitude toward it. You can't cure a drunkard by telling him that whiskey does not taste good, because he knows better.

The way to learn to read a *foreign* language is not to begin with some ponderous work, but with a novel or play that is so exciting that one is intensely eager to read the next page, and so learns the language in spite of himself.

Literature read in schools and colleges must be brought into constant relation with life rather than with grammars, dictionaries, and works of reference, though these all have their place. Boys and girls are intensely practical as well as imaginative; they feel positive values. As Professor Charlton Lewis has wisely said, "we are likely to succeed in impressing upon our pupils an author's view of moral questions, his attitude toward life, his presentments of human character, his own character, the plausibility and justice of his narrative." These are the things that boys and girls actually feel, and can be made to feel more intensely.

The best work is often done by a faithful teacher outside of the classroom, for the

best teaching is always between teacher and individual rather than between teacher and squad. A few words in season to the intelligent and to the dullard, a personal interest in their reading, a little talk with them about books. At the earliest possible age, each pupil should be encouraged to *own* books, to start a private library. The instinct of ownership is enormously strong in boys and girls. "This belongs to me." "Is that your dog?" This passion for ownership, once directed toward the accumulation of books, may lead to astonishing and permanent results for good. Let them get the habit of collecting books as every boy collects stamps, eggs, minerals, post-cards, butterflies.

This is one reason why I have always believed that the public purchase of text-books in schools, and the loaning of them to the pupils is a bad thing. It is better that their families should make the sacrifice and each student own the book that he uses in class.

In freshman and sophomore instruction in English Literature, the teacher finds himself placed in a greater responsibility than the teacher of Mathematics or foreign languages. The recitation cannot run itself, cannot move on predetermined lines. In Mathematics there are problems to be done in the classroom, at the desks or on the board. In Latin the text must be pronounced, must be translated; there are the necessary questions on grammatical construction. In English there is nothing to translate, nothing to write on the board; the responsibility falls on the teacher, and he must make his own way.

There is no better author to begin with than Shakespeare: he interests all kinds of minds, is the greatest writer in literature, and the most fruitful to teach. A complete and unexpurgated text should be used in colleges, one without too many notes, and especially one without too much critical matter in the introduction. If the students will do it, it is well to encourage them to have

their copies of the play rebound and interleaved, so that they can make notes of the interpretations in the classroom, and make them in the proper places. Lessons should be short, and every line studied. Three hours a week for a month is not too long a time to spend on one play. As each student is called on, it is well to have him read aloud a dozen lines, before questions are put. Most students are wretched readers, have miserable enunciation, and slovenly pronunciation. The teacher has a chance to help incidentally here. The best passages can be read aloud at various times in the hour by the teacher himself, of course not "dramatically," or in a theatrical style, but with intelligence. Interpretative reading aloud by the teacher is exceedingly valuable, and sometimes better than a commentary. I have known many students who never realised the beauty or true meaning of a passage, until they heard it read aloud by the teacher. The late Professor Hiram Corson may have carried this

to excess: he believed that interpretative reading aloud was *the* method for instruction in Literature. He said that a certain candidate for the doctor's degree had every qualification but one, but that this deficiency was fatal, and would utterly prevent his success as a teacher. The candidate had lost two front teeth!

I should not insist on reading aloud as the sole method or the best, and it should not be indulged in too frequently. But it has an important place. The finest reader of Shakespeare's verse that I have ever heard, either on or off the stage, was Professor Child. He occasionally read a page aloud in the classroom, and it was better than volumes of commentaries. The lines became illuminated with meaning; took on new interest and significance.

Shakespeare's language must be understood. It is all well enough to talk about the value of æsthetic criticism, and the killing dulness of philological study. Æsthetic criticism has no value at all, unless it

is based on accurate knowledge. There was one critic who said that Shakespeare sometimes wrote nonsense, which is, perhaps, true, only he selected an unfortunate illustration. He took the line from *The Tempest*, "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance," and said this was nonsense, for how could anyone advance his eyelids? The trouble was, the critic did not know what the word "advance" meant in the sentence under fire, so the recoil of his criticism was greater than the discharge, which happens to many critics. In some ways, Shakespeare is a very obscure writer, as is shown by the fact that after three hundred years of criticism, scholars and readers have been unable to agree whether or not his most famous character was sane. Some say Hamlet was mad, others say he only pretended to be, while Dr. Furness, who ought to know better than anybody, says Hamlet was neither mad nor pretended to be! But the first step is unquestionably a knowledge of what the words mean. I read a speech by

a popular actor, who has acted Hamlet many years, and it was clear that he did not know the meaning of the word "coil" in Hamlet's great soliloquy. Sometimes the history of certain words like Orlando's "quintain" can be effectively introduced. But whether much or little time be devoted to philology and word history, and that will probably depend, no matter what be said, on the teacher's hobbies, the students must learn the meaning of every single word in the play, and their definitions must in every instance be precise and adequate. In this way, not only is Shakespeare properly studied, but the students may form that most desirable habit of reading with understanding — of not proceeding to the next sentence until they have understood the one immediately under the eye.

Characterisation is an important and a fascinating part of Shakespeare study, and there should be a wide difference of opinion expressed in the class, stimulated by the

teacher. One reason why people differ so much in their estimation of Shakespeare's personages is simply because his men and women are so real. The more alive a character is, the more difficult is it to sum him up in a phrase or a formula. And never, never should pupils be allowed to fall into that detestable habit so common among people who are not students, of substituting phrases for ideas. If the majority of the class do not feel the intense reality of Shakespeare's characters, and if they do not hold individual strong opinions, the teacher is a failure. The men and women should be judged by life, not by book standards. College undergraduates ought to understand the friendship between Hamlet and Horatio.

In studying plot construction I would study it naturally and simply, and avoid, so far as possible, the use of technical terms and diagrams. Every student should learn what is meant by the three unities; but I do not believe in the employment of

terms like "rising" and "falling action," and making the students answer like parrots questions of that nature. I have seen some works on Shakespeare that employ strange terminology; others filled with diagrams, that look like treatises on Geometry. I remember with what profit and delight I read one part of Professor Moulton's work, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, and with what disappointment I read the other part. So long as this distinguished critic and scholar confined himself to the specific criticism of the plays he selected, he was admirable, he was profound, he was suggestive, he was illuminating; when he wandered off into strange theories, the employment of curious terms, I felt cold and sick at heart. One of the most stimulating lectures I ever heard as a student was his lecture on "The Humour of Ben Jonson," where he selected those most difficult plays, *Every Man Out of his Humour*, *Cynthia's Revels*, and *The Poetaster*. He entirely changed my conception of these literary

curiosities, and I obtained permanent advantage. But abstract theories are out of place in teaching classes something so intensely concrete as drama. Teaching must be concrete, for that is what seizes and holds the attention. How many sermons have I heard that were killed by an abstract opening. "There are three kinds of truth: scientific truth, historical truth, and" — but no one hears the third kind, for everybody is asleep. But if a preacher begins, "Last night I stood on the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Streets, and I saw" — everyone sits up; what was it he saw?

The plots of Shakespeare's plays can be compared with well-known contemporary plays with which the students are familiar; and when an actor comes to the university town, and produces a Shakespearean play, the students should be urged to attend, and to observe the interpretation of characters and passages discussed in the class. All these things help to make the work alive.

Shakespeare wrote his plays not for

professors to teach, or for scholars to edit with introductions and notes, but because he was an interpreter of Life. This is, after all, the one great thing to which all learning, study, and annotation are subsidiary. They have their place, but it is not the chief place. No matter how learned a teacher or critic may be, no matter how profound an authority on Shakespeare's grammar, language, and contemporary history, if he is more interested in these things than he is in humanity, he cannot teach, and he cannot be a really good critic. A pedant may miss the whole point of a scene simply because he is ignorant of human nature. A love of human nature and a knowledge of it are the essential foundation not merely of teaching, but of Shakespearean scholarship. Shakespeare's main subject, the main subject, indeed, of nearly all great poets, is Humanity. It is impossible, therefore, that the opinion of a learned critic who knows nothing of men and women can be valuable, because in spite of his book learning, the critic

simply does not know what Shakespeare is talking about. Literature deals first, last, and all the time with Life. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than the raiment? When I was a sophomore in college, studying Sophokles with that admirable scholar and teacher, Professor Frank Tarbell, I had to write an essay on the question, "Does Sophokles represent Œdipus as suffering for sin?" I read the Greek text carefully from beginning to end, outside of the classroom, and it seemed to me clear that Œdipus was the plaything of fate, and that the idea that he was punished for his sins was ridiculous. I read a considerable number of English critics on the point, and I was chilled by their remote attitude toward so passionate and human a struggle. A few years later, I had a remarkable conversation at three o'clock in the morning with that genial Irishman, Professor Mahaffy of Dublin. "Why," said he, "the matter with most of these fellows who write about Greek drama is that they don't know

anything about life, about men and women. They spend their days and nights in a room." Still, how is it possible that a man can spend his life studying Greek Literature and yet know so little about humanity? If he cannot learn it in human associations, the wonder is that he does not get it from the old Greeks themselves.

I do not believe that college classes should be forced to learn Shakespeare by heart. I am obliged reluctantly to disagree with some of the best teachers on this question. Professor Child always selected a considerable number of passages from the plays, and required the memorising of them from every student. Each semiannual examination had a part of it devoted to verbal memorising. This has always been easy for me, although I found it easier as a boy than I do as a man. But there are many college students who simply cannot learn passages by heart, or who succeed in learning them only by prodigious effort, the result not being worth the trouble. I should

always *recommend* certain passages to be committed to memory, and perhaps give extra credit. And I think it is desirable that every examination paper dealing with Literature, except where a great mass of poetry and prose has been read rapidly, should contain quoted passages, the student being required to locate them, to state who spoke them, or to comment upon them intelligently.

Teaching Nineteenth-century Literature is more difficult than teaching Shakespeare, there being far less annotation required, and far less verbal difficulties that demand elucidation. But if the author before the class is constantly kept in touch with life, immense good may be accomplished. An hour can be spent, if necessary, on Browning's *Meeting at Night* and *Parting at Morning*. The cultivation of true criticism, the interpretation of the author's meaning, the development of the love of reading, these should ever be the teacher's goal. And while he should never force on the

class his own opinions of literature or his own interpretations, he should not be afraid to express them clearly and boldly, after he has sought to bring out ideas from the students. We hear a great deal said against sign-post criticism, but it is absolutely true that many students do not see the beauty or significance of a passage until it is called to their attention. I read somewhere that beauties that have to be pointed out are not beauties at all. What nonsense! How many people see all there is in a picture, a symphony, or a poem without expert assistance? The teacher must be a leader and a guide as well as a drill-master or a mere raiser of dust.

When a historical course in literature is taught, like English Literature of the Eighteenth Century, Elizabethan Drama, or American Literature, it is eminently desirable, if there be time for it, and the teacher have sufficient energy to read the themes, that some original critical written work be regularly required from the pupils.

Once in a while, it is well to have a student read aloud his essay to the class: it gives him a mysterious but powerful intellectual stimulus to do this, and so long as he lives, he will not forget the experience. When the teacher reads specimen themes to the class, which he should do regularly, the names of the writers should, of course, never be mentioned. Nor should the teacher follow the example of one instructor whose class I attended. There were two hundred students in the room, and he began the hour by announcing, "I will read four themes, as follows," giving the heading of each one of the four essays in advance. The result was that one hundred and ninety-six students immediately showed signs of general lassitude. They knew their efforts were not to be heard. Announce one theme at a time. After it is finished, every student in the room has a mild excitement akin to owning a lottery ticket: *will my theme come next?* It is always the teacher's duty to keep up the tension in the classroom by any legitimate method.

An excellent scheme for making the students read their lessons attentively, study carefully the peculiar individual literary style of each author, and receive definite profit from such study, is to require a short written imitation of each author in the course, the prose masters primarily, though optional work can be assigned in the poets. I taught sophomores once a general historical course in English Literature. When we were reading the *Faerie Queene*, I gave an opportunity for the composition of Spenserian stanzas having an archaic flavour: a large number of students took advantage of this, and I think they learned in that way the technical scheme of the stanza better than they could have by any memorising, either of the rime order or of the poetry. When we came to Bacon, they wrote short essays, trying to catch the superficial peculiarities of his style; when we reached Addison, they wrote imaginary *Spectator* papers. The results of this method convinced me of its efficiency.

And the students obtained much innocent amusement from their own and their classmates' efforts. A successful parody is often the best kind of criticism. Swinburne's *John Jones* is worth a dozen volumes directed against Browning's obscurity, harsh diction, and whimsical rimes.

All students of English Literature, both in school and college, should be forced to learn the geography of England. But this reform must begin at the other end. The ignorance of American *teachers* is scandalous. I happened to have the honour of addressing several hundred teachers on a certain occasion, and I found that only two or three knew anything whatever of this matter. We often laugh at Englishmen for their grotesque errors in speaking of towns and states in America, but our own ignorance of England is more general, more profound, and infinitely less excusable. Every teacher of English Literature in school or college who can possibly find the money should regard it as a necessary part of his equipment as

a scholar to visit England and study the literary geography of the country. It is just as scholarly to do this, and often more valuable, than it is to spend a whole summer poring over old books and manuscripts in the British Museum, and I have made it a point to do both and hope to do both again. College students are densely, abysmally ignorant of the counties of England: the names mean absolutely nothing to them. You say, "Tennyson was a Lincolnshire man," which ought to mean something: it means nothing. I now require of every student an elementary knowledge of English geography, so that at least they will remember that York and Devon are two quite different places. I have been in every county in England, in many of them on a bicycle, and I am sure that I understand English Literature better and can teach it more intelligently than I could without this knowledge. English Literature should be studied and taught with a map. And a teacher should encourage his students, when

they go abroad in the summer, as so many do now, to make literary pilgrimages, instead of spending the precious time dawdling about hotels.

It ought to be superfluous to say that every teacher of English Literature should be a man or woman of sound culture; but unfortunately this is not always the case. Under the modern strain after the Ph.D., our universities are sending out many teachers who are not even well-read. Graduate students should spend plenty of time in reading, in filling up the great gaps in their knowledge of literature. I know one excellent linguistic scholar who was suddenly called upon to teach courses in English Literature. He had to read six hours a day just to keep ahead of his classes. Another young brilliant doctor, who obtained a post in an Eastern college, wrote back to me, "For Heaven's sake, make the graduate students read! I don't know anything."

Although the requirement of the doctor's

degree has become a fetich, it serves a good purpose. Every man or woman who intends to teach in a college should have performed one solid, original piece of genuine scholarly work. Not only has he mastered one definite thing, but in the process he has learned how to work, he has learned the use of the essential tools of scholarship, and he has a scholarly ideal. But along with this and no matter how minute may be the particular subject of his thesis, he should read and read, and be familiar with English Literature. How unfortunate it is that such a point should require any emphasis! No doctor's degree should be given unless the candidate can read French and German easily — the latter is a rare accomplishment — and unless the candidate has passed an oral examination in the presence of the professors of the department, not on a manual of English Literature, but in English authors.

But important as the doctorate is, no college or university should refuse to appoint a man to the teaching staff, or to

refuse advancement to him, simply because he has not been branded with the sign. If he can give satisfactory evidence of his scholarship, culture, and ability to teach, it would be silly to insist on the degree. The man from whom I learned more English Literature than from any other, Professor Henry A. Beers of Yale, has never taken nor received a doctorate, but his scholarship is varied, accurate, and profound. He is an excellent example of what I mean by sound culture. When I was a graduate student, I took an ideal course with him (in the literature of the Restoration), a course in which I was the only pupil. I read under his direction, and brought my notes to him at stated intervals. His learning and judicious criticism were a wonderful combined corrective and stimulus to my enthusiasm. And, now that I am getting personal, one of the most brilliant critics and teachers of literature that I ever knew, Professor Lewis Gates of Harvard, was no doctor; neither is Professor

George Baker, the quality of whose scholarship and teaching is beyond question; and the situation becomes positively funny, when we remember that Professor Kittredge, the most erudite English scholar in America, whose name is in the prefaces of hundreds of important books, never received the Ph.D. in course. Perhaps these men would all insist on it now: as to that, I do not know. I merely remark that actual scholarship is more important than the sign and seal.

The number and variety of courses in English Literature are now a notable feature of every college catalogue; every student feels that he must take "English." There is a practical reason for this which appeals to the student mind. It is simply the fact that every college graduate is supposed to have a fair knowledge of the history of English Literature and of its masterpieces. Most of our graduates live in civilised communities, and in social relations with intelligent people. A large staple of con-

versation consists of books and reading; the exchange of views on poets and novelists is one of the great clearing houses of human intercourse. A man with no taste in reading and with no knowledge of English Literature has no real place in modern civilisation. He is just as grotesque — just as much out of his element in modern life as a South Sea Islander would be in a Fifth Avenue drawing-room.

But while this constitutes a strong practical motive for electing English, it is, after all, the least important reason for doing so. It is, indeed, properly analysed, a Philistine impulse — the desire to obtain as much practical benefit as may be, with the least amount of unpleasant exertion. The real driving purpose of a student who enters upon a year's work in an English course should be higher and nobler than that; and the professor should not teach literature from the bargain-counter point of view. James Russell Lowell said that the chief glory of a college education was that it

taught nothing useful — and I find myself in hearty agreement with the truth underlying this paradox. The study of English Literature is not intended to enhance a man's social value, and the study of English composition is not intended to produce creative writers; any more than the study of Geology is meant to make successful miners, or the study of Political Science to produce capitalists. I suppose the two greatest teachers of Political Science this country has ever seen were Professor W. G. Sumner and Professor Arthur T. Hadley, both of Yale. I had the privilege of studying under both men, as an undergraduate and as a graduate student. Yet I think I have no more cash in my pocket now than if I had never attended their courses. But the remarks of those teachers in the classroom — the superfluous wealth of splendid minds — are part of my mental furniture to this day.

Literature is the immortal part of history. It is the interpretation of life. The serious

study of literature increases immensely a man's grasp of life's great problems, and it does more — in the language of the poet, it makes a man's reach exceed his grasp — and what does Philistine America need more than that? This is, perhaps, why a leading professor of Civil Engineering said that the best undergraduate course a student could take was any course except Engineering. I also heard a successful engineer, who had forty practical young engineers under his control, say that the chief thing these ambitious men needed was a genuine preliminary academic training, the lack of which was cruelly evident in their work and in their ideas.

President Timothy Dwight told us in our senior year that the happiest man is the man who thinks the most interesting thoughts. This definition of happiness has not only been of immense service to me, but I have had the pleasure of passing it on to many hundred men and women. It constitutes, I think, the best possible defence

of a college education in general, and of the study of literature in particular. A man who studies literature is forever hanging pictures on the walls of his mind: life becomes to him more interesting, and, therefore, more happy as he grows older. His favourite authors are both a refuge and an inspiration. And every undergraduate who finishes a course in English Literature should feel not that he has completed that course, but that he has begun it. If a man does not have the love of good reading in college, it is probable that he will not acquire it later; the terrible cutthroat competition of modern business and professional life will conquer and dominate his soul. He may become a first-class business or legal machine; he will never become a man. On the other hand if one really learns to appreciate and to enjoy literature while in school or college, one will always find or make leisure hours for it later. Men usually do what they really want to do; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

X

THE MORAL ASPECT OF TEACHING

NO progression is possible without some loss. Every change, every advance, no matter how necessary, no matter how salutary, is accompanied by the subtraction of something valuable. In contemplating any reform, any forward movement in religion, politics, social life, or education, those who see only the gain in the new conditions are the Radicals; those who see only what has been or is to be lost are the Conservatives. The question for every thoughtful person, after counting the cost of a proposed new scheme, is to consider whether or not the gain will outweigh the loss.

In educational affairs, I have no doubt that the elective system is an enormous improvement over the old cast-iron required programme: the introduction of Science, His-

tory, Literature, Economics, and Art simply had to come. By the natural law of reaction, most of us went too far in the new direction, and those of us who believed in absolutely free electives had to haul in our horns, and endeavour to regain some of the good we had lost. Now we are crawling back, though we shall never cramp ourselves with the old fetters. Ultimate progress is not straight up, but by a spiral movement; for the most practicable way to reach the loftiest heights with our human limitations is not by direct scaling, but by a winding ascent.

As compared with fifty years ago, a great change has come over the appearance, dress, manners, conversation, and habits of the teacher, especially of the college professor. I have no doubt that a modern faculty meeting presents a quite different picture from that of former times. Whatever the old professor actually was, he used to look like a guileless pedant; now he strives to be and to look like a man of the world. When I was a freshman, some of our pro-

fessors appeared in the classroom clad in a long, black frock-coat, built of broadcloth; the modern professor wears the same kind of garments, next to his skin and next to the air, as those worn by the undergraduate. A man who entered upon the profession of teaching in the old times used to be regarded as a nun that takes the veil: his more worldly friends admired the sincerity and high purpose proved by such a resolution, but felt, also, a compound of pity and regret. This unworldly, unpractical, eccentric type of professor survives now chiefly upon the stage, both in Europe and in America. One sees him often in the glare of the footlights, but rarely in real life.

The modern professor is afraid of cant, afraid of being taken too seriously, afraid to preach, but not afraid of the mammon of unrighteousness. He is a member of clubs, and speaks the language of common life. He does not smell of his job, does not talk shop except with his colleagues, and the shrewd man of business who meets him

casually does not guess his calling. This complete transformation from the scholarly recluse to the man of the world has been accompanied with many distinct advantages. Professor and student meet on common ground, without embarrassment, and without that secret contempt for each other that men of quite different interests often have. The humanising of the professor helps him also in his relations with the parents of students, and in all his associations with the citizens of the town where he dwells.

It is desirable for the professor to be human and normal in appearance, manner, and conversation; he has a mission as truly as the minister of the Gospel. There are certain forms of religion where the clergyman must wear a uniform; whatever may be the decided advantages of this, and there are many, they are outweighed in my judgment by the fact that everybody simulates a respect for the cloth, and it thus becomes more difficult to know men as they really are. The little group changes the conversation

when the man of God appears. This does not apply to the Roman Catholic priest, who performs every day valiant and noble police duty. He goes with authority straight into the households of his parish, just when they are least expecting a visit. A priest told me, and he was a wise and excellent man, that his country parishioners said to him, "Let us know when you are going to call." "You bet I won't!" said he. But the Protestant clergyman who wears a long coat and a white tie throws away his weapons. His chief business is with the ungodly; but if the ungodly can see him a hundred yards away, the ungodly have time to escape.

If only this desirable process of humanising is not accompanied by a subtle moral deterioration, by a lack of conviction, by a loss of high seriousness at heart, by a weakening of the motive for great and unselfish service! A man is a fool to take himself too seriously; but no man can take his life work too seriously. There are some profes-

sors to-day, in various parts of our country, who cultivate a flippancy in their attitude toward their work, in their attitude toward their pupils, and in their attitude toward themselves. I have even read flippant introductions to what are supposed to be scholarly publications. I do not mean humorous and charming prefaces, such as that wonderful old man, Dr. Furnivall, used to write: no, I mean a tone quite different from that.

The hatred of cant has reached such a plane to-day that many men are afraid to express any moral convictions, and if they do, are said to have no sense of humour. There are a considerable number who would rather be regarded as wicked, rather be regarded as fools, than incur the danger of a reputation of preaching. It is difficult for any man, who looks into his own heart, to give moral advice to another; but if he gives it only when it is sought, he should not be ashamed to express what he deeply believes to be true. This is especially

applicable to a teacher in his personal relations with students. There are some who will tell a student he had better not gamble, drink to excess, and cultivate evil associations, and then hasten to add: "Of course I see no *moral* objection to these things. It is simply on the ground of your health, from the point of view of common prudence, that I am speaking." The fallacy of all this lies in the fact that we encourage our students to love the truth, and to follow it regardless of personal discomfort, peril, and pain; why, then, should we tell them that the only good reason for avoiding sin is because it is bad for their health, and injurious to their career? Furthermore, I believe that the average student is more strongly deterred from vice by a belief that it is wrong than he is by any consideration for his health or his future prospects. Whatever may be the case with the wise children of this world, it is moral and religious training that keeps students straight, and not questions of

sociology and hygiene. As a class, they are not selfish enough to be forever thinking of their health, but are gloriously imprudent. Hygiene can never take the place of religion in the education of youth.

No intellectually honest man can have religious and moral convictions merely by an effort of will; but it is an enormous advantage for a teacher to believe in something and to believe in it with all his might. You often see teachers smile to-day at the old-style college president, who was a clergyman, either active or ex, and who taught moral philosophy. But those brave old captains in the army of righteousness used in some institutions to exercise a powerful influence for good, and to give tone to the whole place. A teacher who, whatever his doubts and individual peculiarities of faith, is at heart a sincere Christian, has frequent and wonderful opportunities to influence students toward those things that men of all creeds recognise as good things.

Yet I do not agree with one college president who in a public address said that no instructor or professor should be admitted to the institution who was not a "professing Christian." Truth is free, and every aspect of it important. I know too many excellent college professors, men of high intellectual standing, who have no religious belief, for me to subscribe to any such statement as that. Furthermore, the students will soon find out, if they have any of that intellectual curiosity which it should be the teacher's delight to arouse and stimulate in them, that there are printed views just the opposite of those that they are taught, and that they are held by men of at least equal intellectual and moral standing as their religious professors. It is important that students in a university should become familiar right there with the views of history, philosophy, and religion held by professors who absolutely disagree with those of us who are Christians. And when we allude to books or to professors that

hold opinions that we emphatically reject, care should be taken to see that we do not misrepresent these opinions to our students, underestimate their force, or attempt to belittle their importance. A student loves fair play and an honest antagonist. Immensely as I admire Browning, I think he was unfortunate in his statement that fools disbelieve in immortality. I know many men who are certainly not fools, but who believe that death ends all. Give every aspect of the truth a fair chance in a fair field. The Christian ought to be the last man in the world to be afraid of the truth, for he has a philosophical basis, and thus a good reason, for believing in the ultimate triumph of truth. A Christian wants to know the truth, cost what it will. To borrow an idea from Mill, the man whose fear of consequences is stronger than his love of truth has no business to be a teacher. The teacher must be free, and allow others to be so.

Tennyson says, —

And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?

Or, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?

Well, I would, for one! I do not believe in telling young men and women falsehoods because they might go to the devil if they knew the truth. If I really believed that dissipation were good for the average young man, I would frankly tell him so. But the facts are just the other way, as is shown by the attitude of those fathers who, when they were in college, lived vicious lives; are they eager to have their children follow their example in this respect? Because some of them have subsequently mastered their vices, and are now useful citizens, do they or do they not believe that these sins have done them good, and assisted them in their

life progress? If they do, they would rejoice to have their sons idle and dissipated, instead of sober and industrious. When they receive a letter from the dean, "I regret to say that your son was drunk last Saturday night," they would feel happier than if he had won a prize. They would exclaim, "This is splendid! he is learning life; he is by way of becoming a man." I once met a gentleman on the train, and, after a long conversation and many questions, he finally discovered that I was a college professor. He was highly interested, and said eagerly: "My son is going to Cornell next year. What kind of a university is it? Do you think there is much bumming there?" He fairly hung on my words as I answered him. I said, "Cornell is a university of the first class; there are many students; it is like other great universities, containing all kinds of young men, some noble, ambitious, and clean; others merely ordinary; others lazy, idle, and dissipated." The fond parent then remarked, "When I was a

young man, I was a terrible sport, but I cannot bear to think that my son should do the things that I did."

Although I believe that it is well to have all shades of thought represented on the faculty of a large university, I would not vote for a college dean who was not a Christian. I regard a Christian faith as one of his assets, or, in other words, one of the essential qualifications for the position, like a knowledge of Mathematics for Civil Engineering. He is not only the chief of police, he is the student's friend, intimate adviser and counsellor. If ever a man needs religion in his work, it is the dean. Now by religion I do not mean a heavenly life insurance policy, which a man sees to once for all, and then goes about his daily task: I mean a life principle. Religion is a jealous thing: it must either have first place in a man's heart, or no place. It cannot be subordinate to any other aim, impulse, or passion. It accepts no compromises. It must either be the master of a man, his great guiding

principle, or it is worse than worthless. Christianity is either the most important fact in the world, or it is a myth, like the stories of Mars and Venus. Thus I believe that the so-called denominational colleges have accomplished and are accomplishing vast results for good in our country. For they really believe in something, and stand for something. I hope it is not true, as is often stated, that some of them have really changed their principles to obtain money, selling their birthright for a mess of pottage.

Whatever may be our notion of a college education, and almost every expert has a different one, culture without character is a poor thing. Unless the majority of students are actually better men when they graduate than when they enter, the college is a failure.

There is a lot of nonsense talked about "compulsory" chapel, and "compulsory" religious exercises in college. These are really not compulsory at all, any more than

a college education is compulsory. If a boy or his parents do not wish that he be required to listen to a chapter of the Bible and a prayer, let him go to another institution where he will not be annoyed. But what better way is there of beginning a day of college life than by hearing a portion of the best literature that the world has ever known, and then asking Divine help and inspiration for the day's problems? My belief in daily chapel is not based on its democracy, or on the power of numbers, or on the value of making all the students get up early in the morning, though these are splendid by-products: my belief in it is based on the belief that the foundation of a college education should be religious.

There is a passage in the New Testament that every good teacher understands. It describes how Some One, looking on a young man, loved him. When I think of the college generations of young men, manly, wholesome, unaffected, clean-hearted, that have passed through my classrooms, I often

think that I have learned more from them than I have given. What fine fellows they are, and what a privilege for a teacher to live in the presence of perpetual youth! And when some individual student, all aglow with the light of intellectual dawn, comes to me and asks some question, I cannot help feeling the same emotion that stirred the heart of the greatest Teacher in all history — I look on the young man and I love him.

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