

PROF. HARLEY REVIEWS THE TRAINING SCHOOL FIELD

(Continued from Page Two)

requires quite so much patience, foresight, optimism, knowledge of children and adults, sympathy, generosity, firmness; and to this list might be added all of the adjectives expressive of the virtues necessary for helping earnest but erring young people. For efficient supervision it is necessary that there should be a close relation between the subject supervised and the department in the Normal School to which it belongs. Any teacher or supervisor who presumes to tell others what to do in the class room, and how to do it, and is unable to give a practical demonstration of that work is a theorist whose instruction is most apt to be pedantic, immature, or aside from the truth and dangerous to be followed. This means that every instructor in the Normal School who teaches students how to teach must not only demonstrate those principles, but also follow that instruction into the training school to see that the instructing is properly functioning in the class room.

The Teaching Profession

In addition to giving a knowledge of and practice in the accepted principles and practices of teaching to prospective teachers, the training school must serve as a laboratory for the working out of new practices in school room procedure. Every year new discoveries make it necessary for teachers to modify some of their long used and often much favored practices. The Normal School cannot afford to accept the judgments and opinions of others in matters that change the accepted forms of procedure in the school room. A teacher who advocates the use of the project method, supervised study, socialized recitations, and the like, should have worked out such methods of school practice before attempting to teach others how to do it. The Training School is peculiarly suitable for this type of study and experimental practice.

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The Crown Prince of Geometry

(By Helen Miller '24)

Chapter II

In ye good old days in ye year of our Lord 776 there went on a pilgrimage, to the land of our Ethiopian brethren, a band of hardy, pious men for the lofty purpose of converting ye poor heathen. One day as I was roving ye primeval forests on my steed, I chanced to wander from my comrades and fell into the hands of a terrible anthropophage tribe. Oh, call them not cannibals, for they were of a fiercer mien and not even so skilled in social graces as the more modern Friday, companion of the mighty Crusoe.

The miserable sinners, seized upon me and bore me to their monarch, a most vain and corrupt savage. As we entered the royal apartment, his majesty was engaged in curling his hair with the aid of an iron attached to the chandelier. An attendant was polishing the brass ring suspended from his majesty's nose and still another attendant was tattooing his majesty's chest in the latest designs.

At the entrance of mine humble self, His Majesty uttered a cry of joy and began to execute a dance of great intricacy. Much flattered for I was only a miserable sinner susceptible to flattery—by my kind reception, I was somewhat reassured. As the prandial hour approached, however, my plans waxed strong. A great caldron was placed upon the village green and a huge fire was made to cast its heat upon the pot, half filled with water by the negroes. A large heap of bones nearby confirmed my plans. I was to be a living sacrifice to the God of Hunger. I pled, I wept, I fought, but to no avail. The court butcher was about to put an end to me when the Crown Prince appeared on the scene.

The child, let me explain—was the trial of his father's life. He had an insatiable curiosity, and a mind forever questioning, but powerless to think for himself or to remember an answer once given. Now it so happened in answer to my prayers, His Lordship was seized with an affection for me and saved me from imme-

diated destruction. All the teachers of the tribe had given up all hopes of educating the royal child so I was given the task of tutoring him and answering several thousand daily questions. It so chanced that my young charge was most interested in tracing strange figures in the sand. These figures—according to his misguided mind—must needs be given names and strange questions answered regarding them. All such figures I was compelled to name—write their names together with the figures and all answers to questions regarding them in the infant's copy-book which was examined monthly by his honorable parent. In despair I gave to the weird figures the African names of Rhombus, Rhomboid, equilateral triangle, parallelogram, polygon and many others and to the answers of his many questions—axioms, corollary, hypothesis and theorem.

This I did for fifty years. The stack of copy books grew and grew. As time went on the questions grew more and more difficult, the answers more and more complex, the figures more and more impossible. Each morning I woke with the fear of my imagination's failing me at the crucial moment. At last I could bear the suspense no longer. Sooner or later there would be a question I could not answer and I would be consigned to the knife and then to the flames. In despair, after giving my best days to such nefarious work, I gave up the ghost and told King Hiyi that I would rather be a unit of such a serviceable whole as food than to toil forever with figures in the sand. My end came then and there, but due to my great age and general inferiority of those qualities most important to the murdus edibilis, I did not grace the royal board but was found quite toothsome by the peasantry.

Years later when England conquered that little Ethiopian village those miserable copy-books were brought to light and out of deference to my martyrdom were distributed among our people.

"Now, my brother, thou canst not in real justice blame me. I committed the crime in self defense and Oh, how I have repented! But my misery is great. Continual injustice is being done me." (Here the poor fellow's lachrymal ducts opened and he presented a picture of the utmost woe)

"Mayst thou forgive me—and mayst thy son and thy son's sons forgive me for I know not what I did."

I was much moved and not only forgave the good man but also promised to bring his case before others and obtain their forgiveness.

With this promise the old friar kissed my hand ecstatically and, chanting a hymn of joy, vanished into the tow black pit of the fireplace.

I roused myself with a start. The house was wrapped in silence. The ticking of the clock served only to accentuate the stillness. Everyone was in bed. Before I sought my downy couch, however, I transcribed the tale of that ancient friar for all the world to read and at day break closed my eyes with the mystery solved and a resolution to wrong no more about geometry—or not to let my son allow it to wrong him. Instead I resolved to bear with it as a necessary evil, as one does a visit to the dentist, and then banish all thought of it forever from my consciousness.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY STUDENTS ENJOY MOVIE, SILAS MARNER

Last Saturday evening the "movie" production of George Elliot's "Silas Marner," the Weaver of Raveloe, was given in the auditorium. The "movie" version is unusually true to the original story, both in setting and details of the plot.

Before the showing of this film, three short educational series were shown. Of these, the audience seemed to enjoy most of the series depicting daring aquatic feats.

STUDENTS VOTE TO FURNISH MUSIC FOR COMMENCEMENT

At a meeting held Tuesday morning after Chapel exercises, the musical organizations of the school voted to furnish the music for commencement activities. Each organization voted unanimously to support the project. It has been customary to obtain out-of-town musicians for the occasion, but this year a new precedent will be established when our own school talent will furnish the music for all occasions except that of the Alumni dance.

The band, orchestra, Girls' Choral Club, and the Men's Glee Club, each has its definite part on the program which is nearing completion and will be announced in the CAMPUS REFLECTOR at a later date.

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REV. LOBB SPEAKS AT MID-WEEK PRAYER SERVICE

Rev. Lobb of the Church of God was the speaker at the prayer service, last Wednesday evening. He gave a splendid discussion on the subject, "The Courage to Face God."

Miss Mary Elizabeth Seiders '24 sang a solo, "In a Land Where the Roses never Fade."

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