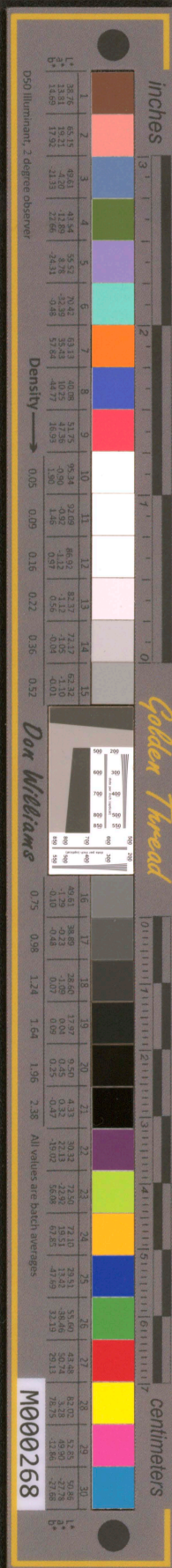
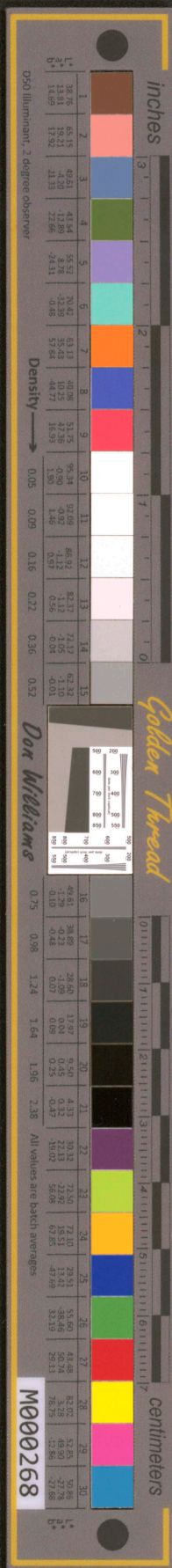


THE COMPENSATIONS OF A TEACHER OF ENGLISH.

For ~~Several~~ ^{among the teaching cult} years it has been the fashion ^{those} to decry the college entrance requirements, particularly, in English. Every teacher ^{in a high school} feels privileged to have an onslaught has had a cut at the colleges for foisting upon them a list of works more or less ^{difficult} hard to teach and uninteresting to the average adolescent. ^{boy or girl} With every year's change comes a fresh wail of distress from the high schools, and frequently an atmosphere of dumb misery ^{following a new list} testifies to the cruelty of the colleges in their arbitrary requirements. Given Any group of teachers of English in high schools, allow them to be together twenty minutes, and it is safe to assert that complaints, bitter and piteous will be heard. "I Can't interest my girls in Ivanhoe." "Boys despise the minor poems of Milton." "Do you have much trouble with Burke" "The theme writing is positive drudgery" I don't blame the pupils for not seeing anything in Macaulay's Essay on Addison." "The Essay on Burns is a torture to teach." ^{why do they pick the most uninteresting things?} "If I ~~pick the plays to pieces and make word study~~ ^{insist upon} severe the pupils lose interest, ^{in the plays} and if I don't, ^{fail to} they don't get the faintest sort of a right conception. ^{of the author's meaning} And so the wail goes on.

On the other hand, the colleges complain that the pupils come to them unprepared, lacking in knowledge of how to read, write and spell. It is a poor sort of educational journal that does not ^{at some time in the year, an article} print at least two articles a year, in which some professor of some college publishes ^{interesting} a statistical ^{the themes of} article on the number of misspelled words in this year's freshman class; ~~and~~ the illegibility of the penmanship, ^{concluding with} with the sweeping assertion that the ^{students} men don't understand anything they read. ^{because they have not been taught to read.} Thus, ^{there seems} an attitude of hostility between the two institutions--the high school and the college--~~has sprung up,~~ ^{with a} each ^{to} bitterly complaining a gainst the other.





[compensations]

Mr. Aiken said

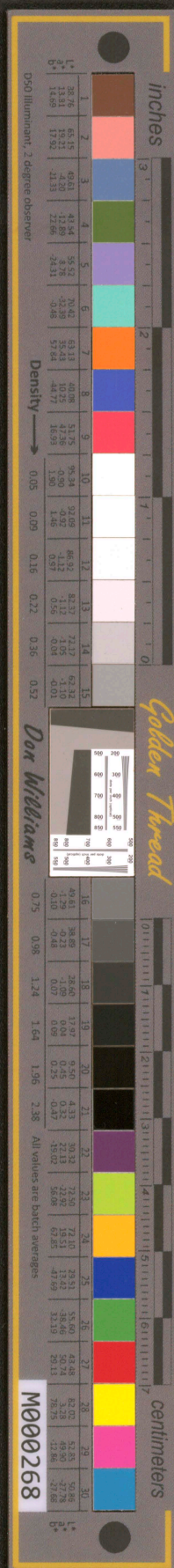
But after all, as a recent writer^{ask} in Education said, ^{What is it} that the colleges require^{ask} of the students? That they read intelligently^{a student write and spell} with some correctness, and that he read standard literature with some intelligence^{gently a few} of the world's masterpieces in their mother tongue, that they write legibly and have an occasional idea. The aim of any course in English in a high school can ^{be} ~~aim at~~ ^{scarcely} ~~little~~ less-to read intelligently, write legibly and spell without eccentricity; is not that little enough to require of an ^{enlarge} American citizen who hopes soon to ~~raise~~ ^{raise his or her voice in the conduct of the affairs of his native land?}

English is ^{fast} ~~fast~~ becoming the most difficult subject in the high school curriculum. This is attested by the fact that each day sees fresh batches of books on how to teach English, ^{fall new mounted from the press.} The land is flooded with pamphlets, ^{of suggestions} books of questions, rhetorics, analyses of poems and what not, designed to lead the teacher of the ^{English} subject gently into the mental processes of his pupils, who seem to maintain a stubborn attitude toward their mother tongue. Latin and mathematics and science and the modern languages are ^{comparatively} easy, ~~say the pupils~~, because they are exact and definite. The pupils say that, ^{in those subjects they} know what is expected of them, but when they come to English, a mist envelops the ^{topic} subject, and they ^{cannot be} ~~are not~~ sure where they are or what ^{is to be done.} ~~is expected~~ of them.

This is the dark side of the picture--complaints ^{from the} of colleges because the pupils are ill-taught; complaints ^{from} of the high schools, because the colleges expect too much ^{to be taught} teaching; complaints ^{from} of the teachers because of the pupils' lack of appreciation; complaints ^{and interest} of the pupils because they do not know what is expected of them, and all the complaints ^{adumbrating} ~~bursting into a fruition~~ of a confusion of instructions, and a cloud of books on the subject, ^{to lighten the} ~~calculated~~, or designed ^{to} dispel the complaints.

But what is the bright side of the picture? Surely so great a cloud as this must have as great a ~~silver~~ ^{tinged} lining. And so it has, a lining of purest silver, ^{shot with} ~~shot~~ with gold and precious stones, a lining ^{such} of the most precious beauty that if all who ^{have to earn their daily} ~~deal with the subject~~





bread
as teachers but knew of its existence, there would be no more complaints
from the high schools at least. *Others rushing into the work*

the difficulty lies in the fact that so few perceive the thing, because their vision is dimmed by the black cloud.
It has been said that no man or woman is uneducated who has made some one book or poem a part of his life; who has closely assimilated the thoughts of some great writer, and made the words of the master so closely a part of his being that he lives and moves with his chosen poet. The greater the range of those whom he has loved

and lived with, the wider his life, the deeper and broader his culture
the average person Most of us realize this, *but* and unless unusual opportunity is granted

us, we find it difficult to come into close communion with any one author. The *ordinary* average man or woman is too busy, our modern life with its complexity makes too many demands upon us, for us to get that close acquaintanceship with literature which makes for intimacy.

Only It is left for the student, who *pores* over the books in his library
the dwellers in to lead the charmed life of book land. *But* the average man or woman

who mingles with his fellow men and helps the life of to-day unfold itself, *is forced to dissipate his energies.* must know so many books, so many papers and magazines; he must read so many new things; become conversant with so many new sciences and discoveries, particularly at this *on is* seething time, with its strange likeness in its scientific awakening to the days of Elizabeth or the early nineteenth century, *for he who* that he cannot take time to saturate himself with *the work of* any one author *with any cult of poetry* or set of poems. This rare privilege is extended only to the teacher of English. we may mingle with his fellow men, and be as active in the world as he please, read every new scientific book, dabble in every new philosophical theory, and yet hold close communion daily with the masters, walk with them, live with them, *order his life by them* and be in a way to *constantly* discover new beauties in the best of their work.

Is not such an opportunity one to make one give pause before complaining of the stupidity of the average pupils when brought



face to face with ^{the study of} ~~with~~ literature?

Particularly is ^{is particularly} that teacher fortunate, who because of ^{he} ~~workings~~ in a small school, ^{is} ~~he~~ is forced to ^{teach} ~~do~~ all or nearly all of the English, and thus not ~~be~~ restricted to the work of one or two years. To him all heaven lies open day after day, and if he is wise and has planned his work so that ^{classes in} ~~all the~~ theme writing, ^{alternate with those in literature} ~~does not come on the same~~ day, but the classes are pleasingly alternated with literature, his is a life of pleasure. The drudgery of teaching composition is more than compensated by the delight of finding in the next hour an opportunity for a new thrill of delight at the reading of a poem ^{many times before} which ~~is to be~~ discussed.

The range is wide. from Homer to Kipling; from Greece to England and America; from the pleasant beauties of the American poets, to the mighty thunders of Carlye, and the incisive logic of Burke. He may dwell one hour with Coleridge in the "land of mist and snow", and the next lounge in the coffee houses with the Spectator and laugh amiably at the pleasant follies of the beaux and belles of Queen Anne's time. It may be that his adventures for the next hour will throw him with Odysseus panting and breathless upon the shores of Pheaeacia to supplicate the princess Nausicaa, and then be recalled by the electric bell to modern times, and the changing of classes, only to go forth with Gareth and fight the knights with their "foolish allegory" and discover that Death after all, is beautiful Life. And if perchance, beauty and adventure and mysticism have made him dreamy, the thunders of Burke will recall him to his duty as a citizen of a republic, and he will find ~~that~~ keen pleasure in thinking through the application of the examples of Chester, Ireland, Wales and Durham to the American colonies of 1775. One day he may shudder as Jacobeth goes forth in his desperation to fight that Birnam wood come to Dunsinane, or he may rouse with Antony, the



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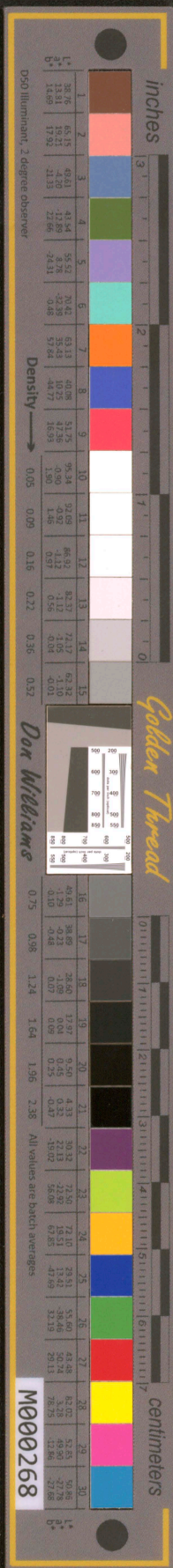
worst ^{passion's} feelings of the Roman mob. He may rejoice with Bassanio at the discomfiture of Shylock, and live over the sweet uses which make him walk with Rosalind and Orlando in the Forest of Arden, or sigh ^{on the coast of Ulysses} with the Duke and Viola. Some time he will stop and laugh happily with the merry company of Chaucer at the Tabard Inn; some time he may follow faire Una on her adventures in the enchanted forest; he may dream with Sir Launfal over the Holy Grail, and learn to love the leper, as the Ancient Mariner learned to love the "elfin water-snakes". He may shudder ^{thrill with horror} ~~that~~ the fall of Lucifer from heaven, or storm Torquilson ^t with the Black Knight; he may weep with Rustum over his gallant son, or ^{murmur} ~~shudderingly~~ ^{shout over} applaud Sidney Carton. He may drop with Beowulf down to the lair of Grendel's mother, or laugh with Irving on the stage coach of an English Christmas eve. Hawthorne may lead him into olden days at the Province House, ^(over) Milton may sing ^{the} his sweetest poems in the world to him; Wordsworth will give him thought, and Scott ^{and the older balladists} thrill him with the joy of border fight. All these and more, yea more, to the fulness of joy is his.

Now I grant you that every educated person has done all this and more, and every teacher who sits with you in your council of teachers has done as much--but who else save the teacher of English may do so always; who save he may consort with the masters in that closest intimacy every day, and live over his adventures and loves and longings every year? It is a joy that does not ~~grow~~ stale; a pleasure that the uncomprehending student can not mar, but one which he comes to share, unconsciously, unknowingly, perhaps, but ^{at the time} remembering it may be in after years, ^{the memory comes to him, sweet with comprehension.}

For look you, the teacher of English must ^{and feel} know these things himself first, and then when he and his classes come together to look over the words of that day's lesson, new beauties come into the page, a new gleam "athwart the shot silk of poetry", ^{hidden to us} a beauty not ~~seen before~~.

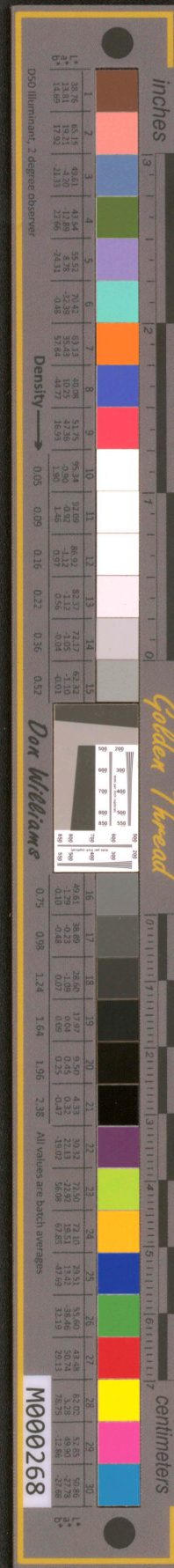


Pheidippides may run his gallant race under his admiring
eyes; the Prisoner of Chillon come into a life worse than
imprisonment; the ~~thunder~~ boom of Webster ⁱⁿ his ears
may be succeeded by the gentle purl of Longfellow.



that mind for the first time
 unimagined ^{light now} ~~hidden~~
 before, a conception not thought of before, a suggestion, in the
 words ^{until this time when they open up "palaces to dwell in"}
 lines hidden hitherto, ^(and there) in the barren walls of a school-room
 with the ^{sordid} squalid environment of desks and maps and unwilling learn-
 ers, ^{the} ~~there~~ is enacted ^{the} that mystery which Keats ^{experienced} ~~felt~~ that midnight
 over Chapman's Homer when he "flet like some watcher of the skies,
 When a new planet swims into his ken." Can any bread-winner ask ~~more~~
 more, that he feels within him over his daily task the thrill of the
 master, and finds ^{that he} himself expressing that thrill unconsciously in the
 the words of the master?

For the second great compensation of the teacher comes now--
 that the mind unconsciously echoes every day and all day long that
 language of the daily lesson. The teacher has striven so earnestly
 to interpret ^{twined the language of the master} the words of the poet or the essayist into the com-
 prehension of the student, that ^{it} ~~the~~ words of the poet have fixed ^{entwined} them-
 selves in his own soul. Or he has listened to so many of the
 exquisite passages of the great ones recited by the pupils--albeit
 recited with distaste, that ^{winged words spring to his lips} he no longer is lost for language to
^{give utterance to} express the moments, great and little, in his life. Perchance despair
 at the thanklessness of his task may seize him some day, ^{forgetful} in spite of
 the beauty of ^{his} the life he leads, and the words from Lycidas come to
 his lips, "Alas what boots it with incessant toil
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade",
 and with them, the reply of Phoebus brings its own consolation.
 The daffodils of spring he praises in the words of Wordsworth's
 Daffodils, and laments in Herricks, "Fair daffodils, we weep to see you
 haste away so soon." If it may seem to him that life is slipping by
 and the guerdons are small and few, he consoles himself with the
 last line of the sonnet that perchance a class recited that morning,
 "They also serve who only stand and wait." It may be that his is a
 third story room, whose window looks out upon a wilderness of roofs
 and chimneys, stretching away to the horizon of ^{a thin silver line of} ~~more roofs~~. But





inches

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Golden Thread

Dor Williams

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some morning the early sun touches it and gilds the scene into a blaze of glory, and then he realizes anew the exquisiteness of that description of the city in ^{London} ^{at sunrise} early morning in Wordsworth's Westminster Bridge, and the next class who recites that poem ^{feels a} ~~sees~~ something in it that the preceding class did not.

And this brings us to the third great compensation of the teacher a greater than all these that ~~have~~ ^a made his ^{felicitous} life a thing of beauty.

For ^{among} somewhere in the scores of pupils who face him daily, somewhere

among the hundreds who have passed out of his life, somewhere, there

are one or two who have ^{apprehended} ~~felt~~ the ~~parox~~ ^{beauty} of the poem, as it should be

felt by one coming to it for the first time ^{with virgin mind} fresh and untried; some

one has seen that ^{subtle} the logic of the essay ~~is~~ ^a exquisite; some girl or

boy has been impressed by the pitiless inexorableness of sin and

its effects, and has gone away murmuring in the words of Godfrey

Cass, "There's debts you can't pay like money debts by extra extra

for the years that have gone by", and ^{thus} ^{very} has learned a lesson of life

without the ^{crushing} pitiful experience which wrung the words from the man

in the story. ^{One} ^a ^{it is borne into a young soul} Some day some young mind realizes that he is not being

taught literature, but is being taught by literature, and perhaps

goes on to learn more lessons from himself. ^{One} ^{morning} Some day, a girl or boy

says softly, "That IS beautiful", and that joy of that moment ^{irradiates} ~~lives~~

through ^{countless} many dusty days of grind, sending its gleam of hope like

the long fingers of the rosy dawn ^{through} ~~on~~ the gray of twilight. These

are the things that make the daily work beautiful, that compensate

for the listless ^{neophyte} ~~pupils~~, the pupils who "never could get English";

the boys with themes cribbed bodily from the Variorum edition, the

^{pupils} boys and girls who never remember which man wrote which book, and

^{those who} will spend weeks on a work, only to forget the author at the end; the

^{perhaps} pupils who remember nothing of Shakespeare's life save that he married

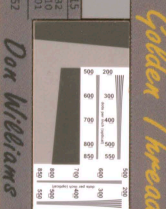
a woman older than himself; the girls who ^{can recite} ~~remember~~ all the names of Milton!





inches

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
L*	38.12	65.43	49.87	44.26	55.56	70.82	63.51	39.92	51.75	95.14	92.02	87.34	82.14	72.06	62.14
a*	13.24	18.11	-4.34	13.80	-34.26	34.26	11.81	48.55	-1.28	-0.40	-0.60	-0.75	-1.06	-1.19	-1.07
b*	15.07	18.72	22.29	22.85	-24.49	18.82	55.93	34.26	3.44	3.29	3.81	5.29	7.13	6.29	2.13
Density										0.05	0.09	0.15	0.22	0.36	0.52



	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
L*	49.25	38.62	28.86	16.19	8.29	4.33	30.12	72.46	72.95	29.37	54.91	43.96	82.74	52.79	50.87
a*	13.24	18.11	-4.34	13.80	-34.26	34.26	11.81	48.55	-1.28	-0.40	-0.60	-0.75	-1.06	-1.19	-1.07
b*	15.07	18.72	22.29	22.85	-24.49	18.82	55.93	34.26	3.44	3.29	3.81	5.29	7.13	6.29	2.13
Density															

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wives, but ^{back at} forget the minor poems; the ^{& children} pupils who will make Spenser and Shelley contemporaries, the ^{classes} girls who will persistently write ^{paraphrases or} the story of a book when a short character sketch ^{is} has been asked for-- all these make the days of the teacher gray days, unless ^{perchance} he has the saving grace of humor, and keeps a note-book of ridiculous answers, and shoulders his full share of the blame. But ^{In spite of} against all this, after ^{attempting to} the years he has spent in the teaching of the great things in English literature, after ^{living} spending days and hours with the great minds, thinking their thoughts, seeing their ^{through their eyes} world, feeling their hopes, ^{aspirations} and desires, and at the end translating their lives into his own life, and expressing his ^{own} daily deeds and thoughts, even to the "little nameless unremembered acts" into their language, in short ^{during} living day after day the most beautiful inner life of communion with the ^{noblest} best, ~~while~~ is not this compensation enough for all the other things? Then let all teachers of English in high schools arise and bless the colleges, who in their zeal for the young souls entrusted to their unfolding, have placed within the possibility of the teachers the most beautiful of daily ^{inner experiences} lives. of the greatest beauty. ^{and charm.}

hiv. 5
" 9

even if there were not the greater compensations ~~dear~~ ^{from the pupils} of having that ~~from the pupils~~ the young minds have been touched through him with the ~~riches~~ ^{magic} gold of literature(?)



