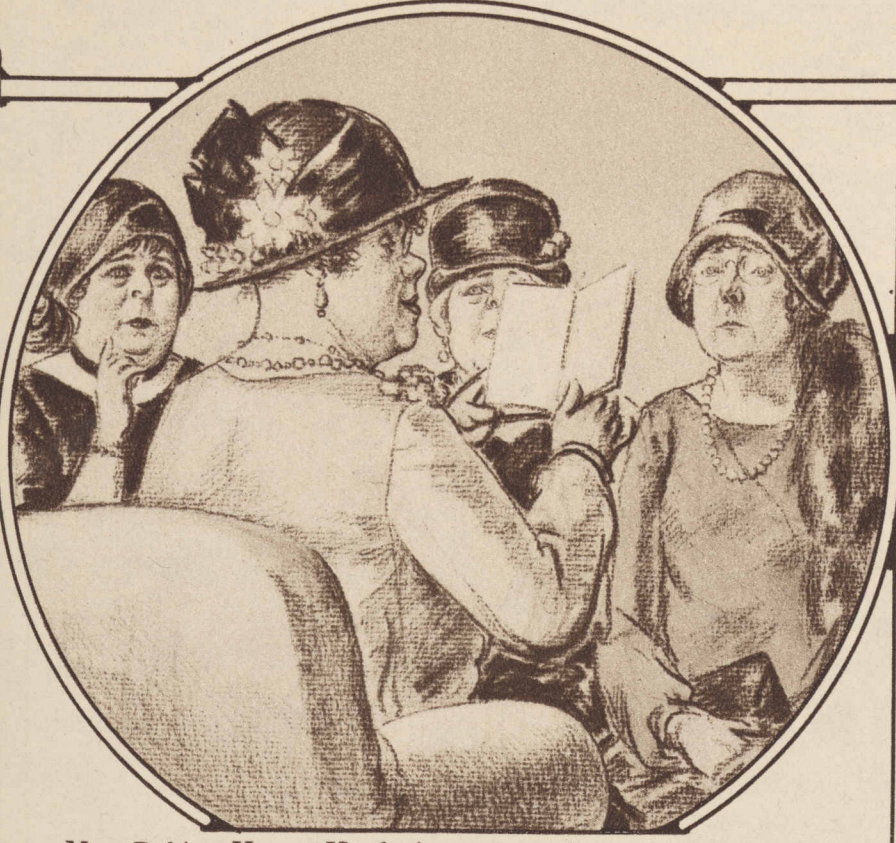


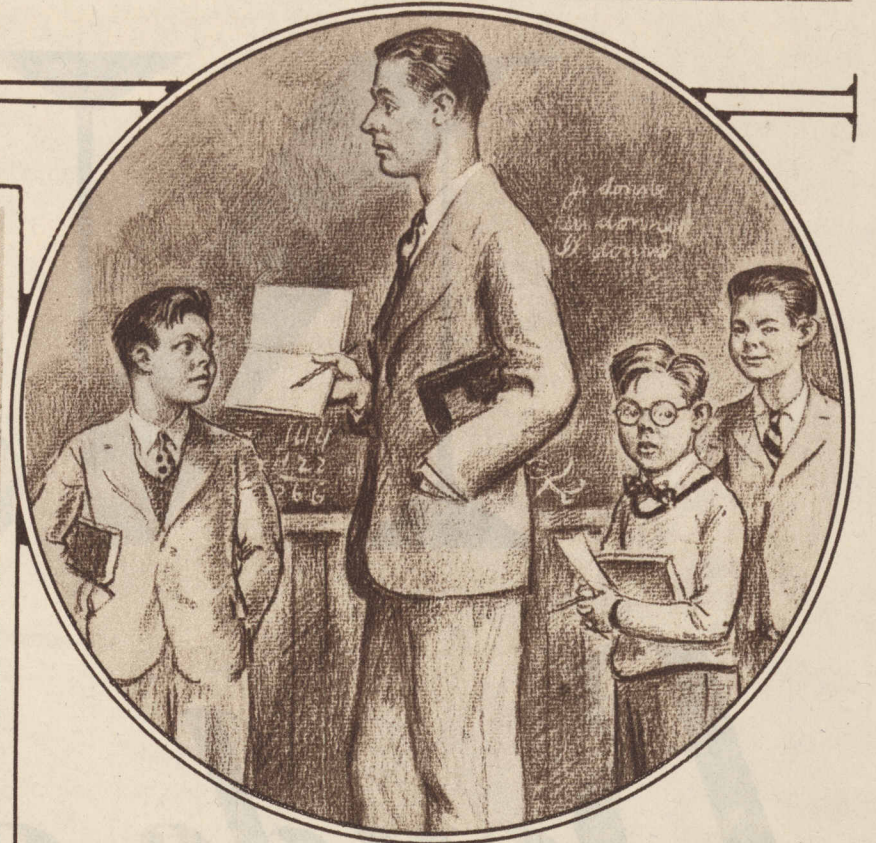
The Perfect Teacher

By W. E. Hill

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Mrs. Robina Hooley Hoyle instructs a few select ladies, all carefully selected as to size, social position, and income, on how to master the principles of the universe by emotional science, which is newer and easier than any of the old religions and philosophies. "Always keep in mind," cautions Mrs. Hoyle, "the fact that we are composed of not one but four bodies, the urgent body, the loud body, the shabby genteel body and the rodent body. When crossing a street, always say to yourself, not, 'I am crossing this street,' but 'I and my four delightful bodies are crossing their street.' Then no harm can come to you, because the bodies are pleased." Mrs. Hoyle has been influenced by Siamese seances—and how!



The recent college graduate, who lands a teacher's job at a boys' prep school, has a trying time of it, we'll say. The boys who dislike him will think up countless little roguish tricks during classes to annoy, and those who do like him will get a crush on him and follow wherever he goes.



College professors often take a flyer with the lecture field to make a little money on the side. This, on the face of it, is all right, because a talk before the ladies of the Bimbo club about the "atom," or "Greek Ideals Among the Finns," is pie to a professor of English literature. The hard work comes right after the lecture, when all the ladies flock around and try to fascinate him with perfectly devastating blandishments.



Tutoring the idle rich is a grand job till the family begins to tire of the tutor. Rich mammas love to hire a college bred young man to help James with his make-up work during the summer. By August, mamma has grown awfully bored with the tutor. Somehow the appealing charm which was so overpowering in June has grown stale. "My Dear," mamma will confide to a friend, "did you ever see such taste in ties and socks! Can I bear it! And that nervous laugh! I shall go mad before September!"



The art school teacher has a terrible time thinking up something new to say about the same old thing, done by the same old girls, week after week, in portrait class. "You must make your shadows recede more," says he to a young lady student. "Oh, but I did," she replies brightly, "and they receded so far, it really frightened me!"



Piano Lessons. Hans Seidlitz, the virtuoso of the pianoforte, seeing that the concert platform is what it is this season, has taken a few pupils. Here he is trying to instill tempo into a frightened young lady floundering through a Chopin nocturne with more gusto than subtlety.



Just one of those good old-fashioned school superintendents thinking how terrible the young teachers are nowadays with their bobbed hair and their short skirts. Some of them are even getting married!

The finishing school teacher has her troubles, too. Here's Miss Miggs being interviewed by a wealthy mamma and daughter as to the possibility of the Miggs Seminary for young ladies being a fit place for daughter. "Is there," mamma is asking of Miss Miggs, "a safe in the office for Delight's pearls and her emerald bracelet? And can she, being a very hysterical child, have her breakfast in bed of a morning?"



"Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela?" asks Madame, the French teacher, holding up a pen. "C'est une boite," gayly answers the student in almost the best of French ("It is a box"). No wonder Madame is homesick for Paris.



Section of a frieze for a school teacher's room, showing a jolly quartet of educational factors in a small town. They are, reading from the left, the wife of the school board member, who says her say every now and then; the member of the school board, who, aided and abetted by the little wife, cows the superintendent; the superintendent, who rules the principal accordingly; and the principal, who keeps the school teacher from having too many ideas.