

The First Day

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forward with as much pleasure to any day, as I did to that—the beginning of school. In fact, the pleasure of anticipation was so great that I could hardly sleep the night before, nor touch a mouthful of breakfast on the eventful morning. I thought my best dress none too good to wear that day, and hurried so that I was ready an hour before school time.

I had been advised at home of the importance of acquiring a good education, and also of being a good girl in school. I therefore started out with a firm resolve that I was going to work hard. But what was my surprise after we had been seated to find that we were not given any work to do after all. Where was the arithmetic and reading that I had heard so much about? Instead of these, the children sang songs that I knew nothing about. Then we did exercises. We were asked our names and ages, our papa's name and occupation, etc. Then our teacher told us an interesting story. We were instructed to keep good position and our teacher promised to come and sit on the front desk of the best row. We considered this a great honor. Oh, what a happy first day of school—no slapping, no scolding, and we heard with regret that we could go only in the afternoon, as the school was crowded and others must go in the forenoon. This was my only disappointment on that memorable day.

B Seventh Grade, —Effie E. Ebert,
Sheridan School. 1135 Adams Street N.E.

School Like a Street Car.

(Honorable Mention.)

I considered myself rather a privileged personage when school started on my sixth birthday. Early that morning I was up, clamoring for presents and after breakfast was over and I had received them, it was time to prepare for school. I remember I wanted to wear my best dress, as this seemed to me such an important occasion, but after mama had said it would not be proper I put on my little gingham, and really, I must have looked like a very neat little school girl.

I confess I had very vague ideas about a school. I imagined it was something like a street car, so I need scarcely explain my astonishment when I beheld the outside of the building and saw how everything was arranged inside. In the morning I was very much interested in playing with colored pegs, and did not wish to stop at all when recess time came. As we lived quite a distance from the school house, my sister and I brought our lunch and all noontime we had a very merry time playing games with other children. During the afternoon session our teacher told us a story, which, I am sorry to say, I do not remember much about, as I employed the time, instead of listening to her, in staring at my very interesting neighbors. One little girl, especially, with merry blue eyes and a dimple, I could not resist looking at, and at recess I confided to her (as I thought her a proper person to tell so important a fact) that it was my birthday. She immediately announced it to several little girls, nearly all of whom agreed to give me a birthday whipping. At first I was mortally offended, but afterwards thought it was rather delightful to have such an interest taken in me, and so I grew very gracious.

Arriving home after school I did nothing but talk, and I expect mama was glad enough when bedtime came, as sleep was the only thing that stopped my incessant chatter.

A Eighth Grade, —Janet De Haven,
North Side High School. 3343 Sixth Street N.

A Dose of His Own Medicine.

(Honorable Mention.)

My first day of school I remember very plainly. It was in a country town when I was five years old. I started out gaily, taking a little whip for the teacher to whip the boys with and I went chuckling along till at last I came to the school grounds.

The bell rang shortly after I arrived and we all went crowding in. The next I remember was that the teacher gave us our lesson; I did not like it, so I threw my book on the floor and gave a loud howl. The teacher took me into the closet and gave me a whipping with my whip, and then I took it and threw it down into an old well. I never took another whip to school.

A Sixth Grade, —Glen E. Mitchell,
Calhoun School. 3033 James Avenue S.

The Toothpick House.

(Honorable Mention.)

The first day I went to school I was very much frightened. I had an older sister who took me there. When I reached the building and saw all of the children, I was afraid, but I did not want to show that I was afraid. My sister took me to the principal's office, and there we found many children. When I went down to the first room the teacher told me what seat I should have, but there were many that could not get seats, so they sat on the floor.

After she had asked what our names were, she gave us

toothpicks to play with. The first thing I tried to make was a house, and I made a fence around it and put many small things inside. When I was through building my house and the teacher came around, she said it had a good shape. I thought I was very smart and had great news to tell when I went home.

B Sixth Grade, —Theodora Aase,
Monroe School. 2200 Seven and a Half Street S.

Liked His Own Way Best.

My entrance into school life is distinctly impressed upon my mind. I was led to Blaine school by an older friend of mine. Here I was told that there was no accommodation for other beginners, and I was greatly disappointed, but was not discouraged.

When young, I never liked to have my plans thwarted. Therefore, when I had reached home, I desired to be taken to another school. It took a great deal of pleading and threatening (?) to compel my mother to take me to Sumner school. When my mother and I entered the school building I saw a great deal to interest me—gaily dressed girls bustling to and fro, bright-looking boys standing in groups, whispering and laughing, and a few lonely ones, walking disconsolately down the halls. After gaining some information my mother led me into a room, where I



PUZZLE PICTURE.

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Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.
The pig was eat and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.
Find his mother and grandmother.

saw many children seated behind little desks, and a smiling lady behind a large desk. Children, a few with their parents, formed an irregular semicircle about the latter. In time the august personage behind the desk spoke to my mother for a short time, and then assigned a seat to me and another little boy. The rest is all a blank.

B Ninth Grade, —Max Lowenthal,
North Side High School. 429 Sixth Avenue N.

Big Brother Forgot.

O, how well I remember my first day of school! I rose in the morning very early so as to get ready, because I thought I would not get ready in time for school.

My brother took me and I ran almost all the way because I was so anxious to get to school. When I went into the principal's office I was a little frightened, because I had never been in a school before. The first thing the principal did was to write some words on the blackboard, such as "cat," "rat," "catch," etc., to see if I could pronounce them. I pronounced them all right, and then she put me in the first room, but that same day I was promoted again. I did not do much that day, I only looked into story books and played with some colored pegs, but I had a very delightful time with them. When I was ready to go home my brother forgot about me. I did not know the way home, so I sat down on the sidewalk and cried until some girls came by who took me home.

A Seventh Grade, —Louise Pederson,
Longfellow School. 2417 Twenty-fifth Street S.

Wriggled Like an Eel.

It was a quarter to 9 and I was wriggling like an eel while mama was curling my hair. That was unusual, because I generally liked to have my hair curled. Papa was at home. That was unusual, too, because he generally was down town by that time. Can't you guess why these unusual things were happening? Well, I was going to school.

At five minutes to 9, one might have seen me, with papa and auntie, going up the broad stone steps of the schoolhouse. While papa talked with the principal I was taken down into my room. The teacher gave me a seat and I sat down to build houses with toothpicks which she gave me and, incidentally, to whisper to the little girl behind me. At first I talked aloud and tried to sing a song but I was given to understand that that could not be; but for all that I thought school a lovely place. At noon I passed out, but waited at the door for a girl who was going to take me home. I had no idea where home was, so I had to wait. I did not even know the girl's name, although she lived near me. I knew her only as the "girl in the red dress." But finally she came, and I went home so happy that I ran most of the way.

B Eighth Grade, —Kathleen Dougan,
Horace Mann School. 3137 Portland Avenue.

Not Bashful at Home.

The first things that loom up in the not far distant past are a large, double slate, two pencils and a long stick of candy. My uncle was the generous being who supplied me with this outfit. The most important event is what transpired as soon as I entered the schoolroom, accompanied by a great, terrible looking man. The teacher commanded me to deposit my candy on her desk. This I refused to do. She threatened to call in the big man, so I reluctantly gave up my treasure. I had learned at home that my hands must be in rest position, and while sitting erect, and with folded hands on my desk, the tears began to roll down my cheeks without my daring to lift my hand up to brush them away. I went home after school, and you may imagine what followed when I remembered that I had left my candy at school. I was not at all bashful at home and threatened to make trouble if the teacher ever came my way; on returning to school, however, my threats were forgotten and no further

trouble followed. The "terrible" looking man turned into a congenial, pleasant and attractive looking principal, now our superintendent of schools, whom we all love to meet.

A Eighth Grade, —Harry Brill,
Adams School. 1637 Seventh Street S.

Boys Will Be Boys.

When I started to school I was "half-past eight," as I told everybody. I was put into the first room in the front seat, and then because a girl in the back seat could not see I had to change seats with her. This brought me beside two little boys, and like all boys, they liked to tease the girls. Oh, how those boys did tease me; first by stepping on my clean apron strings with their dirty feet, then by shaking my desk when I was writing.

Then our teacher began to read us a story and it happened to be a story that our "play" school teacher had read to us. While she was reading, without permission I stood up and said: "I know that story. When I was a little girl (great deal of emphasis on the last two words) not big enough to come to real school, my play-school teacher read it to me. I don't like it, either." My teacher, however, only said: "This is a very pretty story and all little children should know it." As I was used to having my own way I did not think it nice of her to read it, so I began to cry and I cried until recess time. At recess I went out of doors and got a drink, and in trying to throw out the water which remained in the dipper I threw it on a little girl and wet her dress; she went into the school crying. Then we passed into the school and the teacher tried to teach us our letters, but she did not succeed very well. We did not have any afternoon session.

Seventh Grade, —Edna Fitzgerald,
Calhoun School. 3018 Aldrich Avenue S.

Pride Before a Fall.

It was time for school and I was ready. My sister took me, for this was my first day. I walked so proudly I did not see a big block in front of me, so all at once, splash! and I was lying in the mud. We quickly went home and changed my clothes and then I did not feel so proud and I looked where I was going. We were late for school, so I had to sit on a bench, for the seats were occupied. We learned a song in the morning; it was "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine." When I came home I began to sing it, and did not stop till dinner. Then in the afternoon we learned to spell a few words, such as "it," "as," "so," etc. I thought I was very wise, but when I came home I could not spell them.

B Seventh Grade, —Charlotte Kimmerle,
Seward School. 2501 Ninth Street S.

Too Shy to Sing.

"Margaret, you must get up if you expect to go to school to-day," said my aunt, coming into my room one beautiful September morning, about five years ago.

"Oh, dear! This is such a nice morning to sleep, and anyway I am too small to go to school," I replied.

It was the day on which I was to start to a private academy, and as I liked to sleep in the morning aunt had some trouble to get me up and dressed in time to go. I felt very strange and frightened on entering the schoolroom. The teacher called a little girl-friend of mine, who took me to her desk. I was then given a piece of paper on which to write and I was so occupied with this that I did not notice Aunt Mary leave the room. In about half an hour the singing teacher came, and what a time she did have to get us all to sing! We were told to begin with our national song, "America." I knew it perfectly well, for I had learned it at the kindergarten, but I was afraid to sing. The teacher coaxed and coaxed till I began to cry. This did not last long, however, and I was made happy again by being told that we would go home in a few minutes. This seems to be all that left any impression on my mind that first day of school.

Seventh Grade, —Margaret Hobert,
Calhoun School. 3141 Hennepin Avenue.

Like Fairyland.

About seven years ago I felt very big because I could start to school. The first day was very pleasant to me, as almost all days have been. But that day was especially pleasant because I had never been to school before.

I went in the morning with my book, paper, and a pencil. It seemed just as though I was in fairyland. I became acquainted with many other little girls that day. We made little rowboats out of paper, and various other things. I sat in the front seat and was very quiet. At recess my little friends and I went out and had a very delightful time, playing tag and other games. If the children whispered, our teacher put a handkerchief over their mouths, and if a boy and girl whispered to each other, they had to sit together. When I came home from school that day I had much to tell about it.

A Seventh Grade, —Lillian Murseth,
Seward School. 1921 Seventh Street S.

A Queer Book Shelf.

The first day I went to school was at the Clinton school in B First Grade.

I was given a seat up near the front. A boy sat in front of me. I was a little afraid of the teacher, so every time the boy in front of me moved I moved so I need not see the teacher's face. This I kept doing all that day. But the next day she came around by my seat and spoke to me and from that time on I was not afraid, as the teacher was very kind to me. One afternoon she gave me some lettered squares to put on a card which had words on it. I was to put a little square on each word I knew. I am sorry to say that I knew very few. My teacher said we should take our books home and study. I took my book home, and the next morning it was nowhere to be found. After I had gone to school without it, my folk discovered the book in the iron of the table leaf when they went to put it down.

B Fifth Grade, —Hazel G. Roberts,
Horace Mann School. 2911 Columbus Avenue.

A Hold-Fast Foot Rest.

On my very first day of school I put my feet into the desk because the floor was cold, and I had a hard job getting them out. I also brought my hat to my desk because I was afraid someone would steal it. That day the teacher let us out at 10 o'clock, but I did not like that, because I liked to go to school then.

A Sixth Grade, —Aaron Gould,
Whittier School. 2827 Lyndale Avenue S.

Liberty Versus Education.

Oh! The day I sacrificed my liberty for education, and the day I first crossed the threshold! Memories cling tenderly, and I want to both laugh and cry.

Of course mama went to school the first day with me and left me in charge of a teacher. I felt that I was not one of a class, but an individual, and must be spoken to alone. The teacher said, "D division, go to the board." Scholars around me obeyed, but all nodding, frowning and squinting on the part of my sister, could not make me follow. Miss J. had to say: "Tillie, pass to the board." The same thing happened when we were told

Minneapolis Topics.

For Saturday, Sept. 21:

"HOW TO USE SPARE MOMENTS."

Supposing that you were busy all day, as many of the grownups are, what would you do with the spare moments that fall to your lot? Spare moments really do come to the busiest, but sometimes they are not recognized. Would you work or would you play? What special line in each would you attempt? The papers must be in the hands of the editor not later than

Monday Evening, September 16,

At 5 o'clock. They must be strictly original, written in ink, on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, marked with the number of words and signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, Sept. 23:

"EXPERIMENTS. WHAT HAPPENED?"

You have all made them, and something has always happened. Perhaps it was not an experiment in the chemical line, but certainly you have struck out for yourselves in some way, and along a path that was unfamiliar to you. By "experiment" is meant here a deliberate departure from the rule of making or doing things, in which you were uncertain of the results. The papers must be in the hands of the editor not later than

Monday Evening, September 23,

At 5 o'clock. They must be strictly original, written in ink, on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, marked with the number of words and signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.