

to go to the table, or to reading or spelling class; that is, classes where we tried to master those higher studies. Oh, yes, I cried at noon when my sister went into the hall after wraps, and was prouder than a peacock when I arrived home.

B Eighth Grade,
Sumner School.

—Tillie Will,
324 Sixth Avenue N.

A Five O'Clock Start.

How well I remember my first day of school! I ought to, having talked of nothing else for a month beforehand. I awoke very early that morning and was proceeding to dress myself, an unusual thing for me to do at that time. I was about half-dressed, or rather undressed, when I must have made a noise, for my sister awoke.

"My stars! What on earth are you doing, child, running around in your bare feet?" exclaimed she.

"I'm just getting ready for school," I said, as well as I could, being on the very verge of tears. Imagine my astonishment when my sister burst out laughing.

"You get right back into bed," said she, when she had ceased laughing, "and go right to sleep; it is just a little after 5 o'clock." I did get back to bed and slept a few hours, then I was dressed properly and taken to school. The day passed very pleasantly, though I felt very strange at first.

Coming home at the close of school a little girl said to me, "Say, you're in the baby-room, ain't you?" "I ain't in the baby-room no more'n you are," said I, and away I ran to tell mama what happened. So ended my first day of school, about which I have been teased so much.

—Mabel Limond,
3913 Eleventh Avenue S.

B Eighth Grade,
Horace Mann School.

Little Blue Baskets.

I have a vague remembrance of my first day at school; the night before I could hardly wait until I arrived at the school, because my playmates had said so much about it. I don't feel much like that now, though.

Finally the time came when my sister called me to go to school. I kept asking her questions about the school all the way there. My teacher showed us how to make little baskets out of blue paper; I could not make mine, so the teacher helped me. At recess I marched out on the grounds with the others. When it was over I started to my room alone, but could not find it. After I had roamed around a little I grew scared and began to cry. A teacher finally saw me and asked me in whose room I was. I told her and reached it all right, and I was never lost again.

A Seventh Grade,
Sumner School.

Half-Way Town.

An easy road runs smoothly down
To Half-Way Town;
For everything that's but begun,
And everything that's never done,
Just rolls aside and, one by one,
Goes into Half-Way Town.

Half-finished walls are tumbling down
In Half-Way Town.
Half-finished streets are always lined
With half-done work of every kind;
And all the world just lags behind
In dreary Half-Way Town.

Keep straight ahead and don't look down
Toward Half-Way Town.
They say, if every one should try
To keep on moving, brisk and spry,
We should discover, by and by,
There'd be no Half-Way Town.
—Frank Walcott Hutt in Youth's
Companion.

another room, and as I had awakened quite early that morning I was tired and soon fell asleep. I do not remember how I reached home. But that afternoon when I went back I did not know where my room was, and I went into another room. I could not reach the nails, so I put my hat on the floor, went in and climbed up on one of the seats. A very kind girl took me down to my room and there I stayed till school was out.

A Sixth Grade,
Tuttle School.

—Maude King,
1300 Como Avenue SE.

Sat With Jonnie.

The first day of school I spent in Balaton, Minn., just three years ago this September. I knew almost every girl and boy in the school before I began. There was one little boy sitting behind me that I liked very well, and I kept turning around to look at him every once in a while. My teacher said:

"Now, Bessie, you must not turn around like that, or you will have to go back and sit with Jonnie." When my teacher said that I kept my face toward the front for a little while, but not very long, and then I looked around to see him again. My teacher saw me and said: "Bessie, you will have to go back and sit with him." I sat with him all that day, and the next. After that I never turned around to see how Jonnie was.

A Fifth Grade,
Whittier School.

—Bessie Martin,
2731 Harriet Avenue.

The Fear of Being Late.

It was morning and the first Tuesday of September. I was up bright and early, trying to make every one hurry, for fear I would be late to school. I had no idea of what "being late" was, but I had a dull fear of it as I had heard the older girls tell what "dreadful things" happened to the tardy pupils.

After awhile we started, and soon reached the school. I was taken to a room and the teacher assigned a seat to me. I sat down and looked around while the teacher gave me a pencil and paper, some colored pegs and some cards with letters on. Then the principal came in and took me into another room. How I did regret leaving my playthings. I was soon made happy by receiving more of these, besides a reader. The morning soon passed away, and my sister came and we ate lunch. I felt pretty big when the principal came up to the girls and said: "This little girl is smart; she is in second grade and is only five years old." Then she told us that we little ones would have no school that afternoon, so I went home, only to wish for another delightful morning.

—Alvylda De Haven,
3343 Sixth Street N.

An Unwelcome Seat of Honor.

"Olive, Olive, it is eight o'clock. Get up; soon time for school," was what mama called from the bottom of the stairs one bright sunny morning in September. I got up, dressed as quickly as possible, and was soon ready to start, for the first time, to school. I was as proud as a peacock and thought myself higher and smarter than anybody else in the building.

After recess it happened that a boy had taken my seat, so I had to sit in my teacher's chair. I did not like this very well, because everybody stared at me, and I was very near crying when the teacher saw the trouble and changed my seat.

A Fifth Grade,
Greeley School.

Amused With a Doll.

I was just a child of six, ready to begin school. It was a bright September morning when I marched with my father to the schoolhouse. As we entered the schoolroom I was very much surprised to see so many children.

After a while I was sitting in a very little seat talking with another little girl just as large as myself. All the children had been seated and the teacher was calling our attention. These are the words she spoke, "Lillie, pass the playthings to the children." I had now a little doll to play with, and I was very much amused. A bell was soon heard ringing; the teacher told us to stand, which we did, and to pass out. After recess was over, and I was going in, I found I had forgotten my room. What

did I do but go into another room! I had taken a little boy's seat and he wanted it. So the teacher came and took me out of it, and led me to my room again. Then after a little while we went home.

A Sixth Grade,
Greeley School.

—Inette Nordeen,
2410 Twelfth Avenue S.

The Beginning—and Afterwards.

The first day I went to school seemed to me a very curious one. When I arrived in the morning of my first day I thought it was such a funny sight to see all the little children in the room, some laughing and some crying. For my part, I was afraid, and I cried also. But after awhile when school commenced and we began to sing and march around the room and do many other things, I thought there was nothing for us to do only to enjoy ourselves all the time we went to school; but I found out that it was very different after awhile.

—Clara Carlsen,
A Seventh Grade,
Longfellow School.

On the "Hurry-Up Wagon."

When I first started to school I was taken by my brother to the office, where I was installed as a member of the first room, Adams school. During the forenoon we played with white sand, and had a very good time. At noon when we were dismissed, I, not knowing that we were to go home, followed the largest crowd down the avenue. Before I knew it I was taking a free ride on what they now call the hurry-up wagon. It was a delightful ride of over a mile and a half, and I did not go to school that afternoon because I got home at 2 o'clock.

A Eighth Grade,
Adams School.

—Tola Ravitch,
715 Sixteenth Avenue S.

New Way to Spell "Bird."

The first day I went to school I was told not to whisper. But when I saw a friend I told him to come and sit by me. The teacher did not say anything because it was the first time I had gone to school. After a little while the children marched into the classroom where I learned how to write "bird," "dog" and "cat." When we came back into the main room we sat in different seats. Then we went out for recess. My brother and I did not have our hats on and all the bigger boys made fun of us, but a friend of ours came along and drove the big boys away. When we went home I told my mother I could write "bird," and she told me to write it for her. This is the way I wrote it: "Brid!"

B Fifth Grade,
Whittier School.

—Harold Roberts,
2627 Grand Avenue.

A Funny Place to Sit.

I was a little more than six years old when I started to school, but still I thought everything was odd. My sister took me into the principal's office and she led me to my room. The teacher told me to take the front seat, which had no desk in front of it. I went to sit down, but the seat was turned up. I thought it was a funny place to sit down, but I sat there until a little boy put it down for me. After a while she placed me in one of the back seats. When I got home everyone asked me how I liked to go to school and how I liked my teacher.

A Sixth Grade,
Tuttle School.

—Ethel Leighton,
1408 Ninth Street SE.

A Screaming Time.

I often smile when I think of the first day I went to the Monticello school. The day happened to be "April fool's" day. I was in the cloakroom when a shout was heard from the school-room. What could have happened? I ran to the door, and to my astonishment there stood the teacher screaming, and a half dozen girls standing around her shouting with laughter, one holding what I thought was a live spider, but I afterward found out that it was made of copper. This girl threw the spider at the teacher, and it stuck on her clothing, for it had sharp claws. The teacher gave a scream and sank on the floor in a faint, and the girls then screamed with fear. The principal came in and chafed her hands and face till she recovered. So fun ended in sorrow. The girls never tried that joke again.

A Fifth Grade,
Hamilton School.

—Victor Swan,
3834 Fourth Street N.

Did Not Know Sounds.

The first day of school! I remember that best of all days in my school life. When I went in all the children stared at me till I thought I should like to run away. Finally I was seated and when they began to study I found that school was not so bad. When it was time to read we went up to the front of the room and the teacher put all the hard words on the board. Before reading these the children would sound them. I knew nothing about sound, so I spelled the words aloud, which made all the children laugh, and of course I was very much mortified. After that I did very well till spelling time. When I was learning it I spelled the words to myself and the teacher thought I was whispering. She told me to stop. Then when it was time to write I wrote the words across the paper instead of lengthwise. After that everything went well.

—Mary Whitsel,
B Sixth Grade,
Lyndale School.

Red Tape Hinges.

On the first day of school I well remember how strange and out of place I felt. I was in J room and there is where I commenced my studies, which seemed to me very hard. I was first supplied with a double slate, which had red tape for hinges that had to be cut to make them separate. The teacher then gave me a knife to cut the tape with. This knife made me feel big, yet I was scared for fear of cutting my fingers.

Next there was writing. All the children passed to the board and the teacher showed them the way to write "a." All could write it but one little girl and me. Finally the teacher guided both our hands, but that did not help me any. After a while the little girl made a whole line of "a's" on the board, which confused me. When I saw she could make one before I did I was jealous. So I began to cry, and then I grew cross and stubborn because that little girl kept poking her fingers at me; so teacher gave me a little Japanese umbrella, which kept me contented the rest of the afternoon.

A Sixth Grade,
Lyndale School.

—Coral Anderson,
3700 Lyndale Avenue S.

IN THE DRY AIR OF EGYPT.

In very dry atmospheres the durability of wood is almost incredible. Pieces of wood, wooden caskets and wooden articles have been withdrawn from Egyptian catacombs of an antiquity 2,000 or 3,000 years antedating the Christian era.



Mr. Mousie (on the pepper-pot): "My dear, I'm afraid I must have taken cold, I keep on sneezing so. I almost think we'd better send for the doctor!"—From the Home Magazine.