

"I like the little lady
That teaches us to sing;
She always wears a bunch of flowers
And a pretty shining ring.

The flowers look refreshen
And the teacher looks so sweet;
I smell perfume or somethin' nice
When she goes by my seat."

"I wonder what they do,
When the teachers meet together.
Guess they talk about us kids,
And ask each other whether

We really and truly
The right steps are taking,
And which we seem to hate the most,
Advice, or threats, or shakin.'"

INSIDE IN THE DRESSING ROOM.

"Yes, I have the Baby Class,
The one you had, you know;
And now, please tell me all you can
About the way things go."

"Well! All depends as you're aware
Upon the way you start;
If they suspect that you're afraid
They'll take to actin' smart.

I think if you would shake a boy
The first thing that you do,
And send one out, and stand one up,
They'd have *respect* for you.

Be careful, though, to choose the one
Whose reputation's bad,
For if you shake Miss S's *pets*,
'Twill make her awful mad.

Be careful with your penmanship,
If you make n's like u's
You'll have to practice *hours* and *hours*,
For that she won't excuse.

Devices and variety
I hope you have in stock,
And don't forget your "Busy Work,"
It gives Miss S. a shock.

An Observation Lesson
Of a tadpole or a frog,
Must be *based* upon the *wriggling*
Of a lively polliwog.

No matter what the subject,
Interest is the special point,
And a lesson taught without it
Is considered out of joint.

But after all it pays one:
I love those little B's
The rogues, they've found my soft spot,
And pushed right in with ease.

And you have had the Sixes,
Enlighten me, I pray,
Now is it true they're awful slow?
That's what I hear folks say."

"Slow? Well, my dear, that's over,
I'm glad too, for your sake,
I *found* them very slow indeed;
But *now* they're wide awake.

I hope you like the classics—
There is one by De Foe
That Mrs. G. just dotes on,
It's Robinson Crusoe.

If you can't see its beauties
Your place is Junior B;
And when your work's completed,
You'll find you have a P."

"I hate to teach the Sixes,
It is so hard to change,
I hope my knees won't totter
And my voice sound flat and strange."

"I can't see why you hate it;
I'm sure they're very nice,
And know enough to get along
Without an old *device*."

"The Fours and Fives? I liked them,
They do know how to work;
And whatever faults they may have had
They never tried to shirk.

And the gentle critic teacher
Who directed us while there,
Deserves our honest gratitude
For her patient, kindly care."

"But what about Miss Cozzens?
I heard she had her pick,
Said she would *not* take a teacher
Poor in *Arithmetic*.

She says those older pupils
Deserve a better fate,
Than being taught by such as we
Have shown ourselves to date."

"For pity sake keep quiet,
I haven't had her yet,
And need just every ray of hope
I possibly can get."

"Say, isn't Mrs. Wilson
Just as sweet as she can be?"

"Well! I'm probably mistaken
But I beg to disagree.

Of course you know her better
A great deal than I do;
But whenever she observes me,
I feel she reads me through.

She does look very pretty,
But I don't enjoy her smile;
I feel that it is measuring
My ignorance all the while.

And I know that she is thinking:
'What's that girl doing here?
Her knowledge isn't broad enough
She ought to wait a year.'

Have you your watch?
What time is it?
You don't mean five o'clock!
Well, if we meet Prof. K,
We'll have to stand the shock."