

A Day in Mountain Park School.

I

Wonder why I get here so early every morning.....Hot dog! There goes the bell.....I don't see why everybody has to make such a noise. It's enough to deafen a body.....I don't see why I have to drag around so many books.....Ouch! It's all right for a freshman to be in a hurry, but when one hits you amidship and knocks the breath out of you that is too much—I don't see why the teachers don't leave their doors unlocked when they know they are going to be late.....At last! Here comes the teacher.....Oh, assembly! I'm sunk. I haven't got my French!

II

I don't see why they don't give us some other piece besides the "Stars and Stripes" to march by.....Shoot! Some old dry speaker. I might have known it. I don't see why they don't put on some good programs here once in a while.....I don't see why he can't stop talking some time.....There goes the bell! Keep right on, Mister. He has to quit now. Why can't he keep right on through that old French Period.

III

At last! I'm so hungry. I'm about to starve. I could eat the whole dining room—chairs, tables, and all ---- I don't see why the old matron can't ring that bell ---- Two minutes gone already ---- three ---- Now at last! I wish they would hurry up ---- Oh! what shall I do! ---- No gravy or potatoes ---- Why don't they have some decent meals here sometime ---- They feed you on better than this in prison ---- Maybe I can play some—that blankety-blank bell!

IV

Schools out at last! What? Me stay in? What for? Talking? I wasn't talking, Shoot! I might have known it ---- A whole hour? Well, for crabs sakes ---- Hot dog! There goes the bell! Come back? What for? I wasn't running! I wasn't disputing your word! Due down town long ago! What for? The picture show, of course!

—A Pessimist,

—Janie Mae Farlow.