

### Field-Day.

Oh these ideals! What would life be without them? Fairy hands beckoning us forward,—soft, sweet music wooing ever onward,—siren voices luring to the sweet beyond—

“The summer pilots of an empty heart  
Unto the shores of nothing.”

For alas! alas! the fairy fingers vanish, the tuneful melodies die away in the distance, the sirens lure us to our ruin! Oh ideals, ideals! what airy nothingness ye are—gentle zephyrs of our morning hours, fair delusions of our youthful days, *ignes fatui* of life's marshy spots! Ye fade away and leave us all alone with hard realities.

For thus we found it on a day, one never-to-be-forgotten day. Some of us had reached a fairly respectable age and had never taught a day in all our lives. For us the land was all unknown; we heard of the difficulties of “teaching the young idea how to shoot,” but such is the buoyancy of youth, that these seemed to us but idle tales. We felt within us a timid shrinking mingled with that heroic something which is ever the badge of the truest genius. We felt in some vague mysterious way, that we would be all right in the testing time. We could manage the little cherubs with their dreamy eyes, those morsels of humanity not yet soiled by long contact with this earthy earth. (It is really remarkable how easily they soil—like white kid gloves.)

And so, though outwardly trembling for what we had to say, we went forth on that memorable morning, feeling the greatness of our task, but yet secure in our realization of the power of the ideal teacher—sweet sympathy, private talks, tact, encouragement, good questioning, the gentle word, the kindly smile. Ah well! we learned some things that day.

From early morning till five o'clock we haunted the street cars. In every direction our influence was being

wafted over the city in those rickety, dusty cars. What a harvest the conductors must have reaped!

What did we learn? That behind the sweet faces of the childish cherubs lurks a dark, malignant soul. Do they know, think you, how much they can do in the role of inquisitorial tormentors?

In one class the fair lady student was proceeding manfully with the lesson,—the children sat fidgeting and fretting in their seats devising some new mischief,—with eagle eye the teacher watched them feeling that they had done the worst,—when, lo! What is that she spies beneath a desk, something black and shiny? Her heart is filled with nervous dread, her voice quivers, her will power seems failing,—shall she call the principal? With characteristic tact she resolves to ignore the presence of the hated object. But no. Fate will not have it so. A young specimen of the genus *man* comes forward and in a tone of breathless horror remarks, “Please ma'am, Bill's got a pistol!” (Denouement.)

We learned that the small boy and girl can secrete many things under desks. Results from one day's work of appropriating mischief-working articles—six knives, ten pencils, one revolver, eighteen matches, five paper windmills, twenty-two marbles, nine tops, fifteen jacks, three balls, eleven cookies, fourteen pieces of gum, four novels, eight catapults, four pounds of candy, ninety-eight fire-crackers, etc.

What awkward questions children will ask! For example: Bobby—“Please ma'am, how many quarts are there in a peck?” Student (After a frantic scramble through mental pigeon-holes for stray information on the table of capacity)—“Why, you ought to know a simple little thing like that, Bobby.”

In one school a little lad was seized with a desire to fall out of his chair periodically, which he proceeded to do.

In another room the class was so