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## CHAPTER XXXVII

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A ROBIN hopped upon the window sill of Schoolhouse Number Fifteen and peered cautiously into the room. He had no business there during lesson time and the arrival of Mary's little lamb could not have been more disturbing. The children whispered, fidgeted, shuffled their feet and banged their slates.

"Perhaps they do not know it is spring," thought the robin and ruffling his red breast and swelling his throat he began to tell them.

"It is spring! It is spring! It is spring!"

The effect was electrical. Even the tall young teacher turned from her rows of figures on the blackboard.

"Come out! come out! come out!" sang the robin.

The teacher tapped sharply for order and the children flew away. But the mischief was done. It was too late to tell them, "Only ten minutes more." Ten minutes—as well say ten years. The little fat boy in the front seat began to cry. A long sigh passed over the room. Ten minutes? The teacher consulted her watch, hesitated, and was lost.

"Close books," she ordered. "Attention. Recite the March." The jostling lines scrambled in some confusion of order to the door and then broke into joyful shouts. It was spring—and school was out!

Their teacher followed more slowly, pausing to