

A Little Journey Among the School Ma'ams

I HAVE a habit of taking little journeys. The idea has occurred to me that it might be of interest to the reader and of value to history and science if I should from time to time give to the world at least a few of the various impressions and facts of interest that I glean on these journeys.

As I do not crave notoriety, and as I have several other little journeys in mind before I depart from the O. A. C., I do not wish to disclose my name, but beg of you, kind reader, to receive with credulity the observations and incidents that I note from time to time in my travels.

Just as our worthy Professor of Veterinary Science prides himself on his ability to handle a horse, so do I pride myself in my ability to size up a school ma'am. Now the school ma'am of fact and the school ma'am that I conjure up from the half shadows of a sea-coal fire are at variance—but I am ahead of my story. I want to start at the beginning.

At the tender age of six I first made the acquaintance of a school ma'am, and regret to confess that I am still busy. Maybe it was fate that ordained it; but, anyway, at this tender age I started my little sailboat on the great wide scholastic seas of the world, with a school ma'am at the helm. Through storm and calm, through choppy seas and smooth waters, I ever looked at the one at the wheel until, anon, the ship has outgrown its helmsman and I must seek in other realms for

guidance. This, in short, explains my presence at the O. A. C. But what a chain of pleasant recollections follows back into the bygone days. In those days I saw her through strange glasses indeed, for, oh, how wise she was, how good, how beautiful—a heroine indeed. It seemed that the school ma'am of my youth was a guiding star of those younger days. The hard seat, the whispered consultations, the patch on the seat of my pants, the busy hum of the school room, all were but minor settings of my school days. The outstanding jewel of the group was my school ma'am. With head buried in my geography on a studied search for Timbuctoo, have I not peeped around to look at her, and at the same time with swinging subdued strokes of my jaw silently masticated a doughnut? Was it not the devil himself that ruled my spirit when, contrary to her wishes, I plugged well chewed paper wads at the map of Europe in the far corner? And how timidly I rubbed the calloused sole of my bare foot up and down my shank as I stood alongside her desk after school and asked her home to tea. Even now my eyes grow misty as I think of my happy boyhood days, and of the simple trust and boyhood love for that friend of all friends—my school ma'am.

Time, the goddess blind, is ever turning her rolling, restless wheel. Years roll on. I grow old anon; childish impressions change, childlike sincerity is lost, and a few brief years bring the school ma'am before