

Kenia, O., Sunday, Sept. 6th, 1891.

My own beloved Father:

I know you are longing to hear of yesterday's examination, so I write a note today to put you out of suspense. I shan't speak of anything else, — not even Halley's base slander about my tumble down the cellar stairs!

Whem! I presume I would better begin at the beginning and tell a consecutive story.

We went down to the school building at half past eight o'clock and found Prof. Cox and a nice assortment of victims in one of the seventh grade rooms. We joined the collection and were told to take desks, "One of you take this one," I took it, and was commanded to "let your sister take that." I moved.

They were handing around blanks which Prof. Cox kept shouting to us to "fill up", that they were "applications." He enclose a sample of said blank. (Being obliged to change

my place I shall finish my letter on the typewriter.) After some delay we got and filled out the real applications, and I had to give my age after all. Ah well, I shouldn't have passed anyhow, so it makes no difference. Then Mr. Mitchell came in and gave each of us a list of arithmetic questions, and a tablet of examination paper. We all set to work writing, and in about an hour (ten o'clock) I finished my paper, took it up and received the grammar list. No one else was through yet. I got all my answers right, I guess, unless possibly the one in bank discount. The tenth bothered me a little, but I guess I solved it correctly. Grammar was harder, — especially the second, third and last questions, but I guess my paper would pass. That took me an hour too, and at eleven I took it up and asked for the next list. Nobody else had finished Arithmetic yet, and Mr. Mitchell looked at me rather queerly, I thought but gave me the geography. And thereby hangs a tale, which Halley will tell you. I had some trouble on parts of this, but got on fairly well, — my map of Greene Co. was lovely. Chili was worst, but I luckily know about the revolution there.

By noon I had done this also. Mr. Flannery was at the desk then, and didn't seem very willing to let me go home but finally did. And thereby hangs more of the tale which Halley will tell. The greater part of those poor folks were not through Arithmetic yet, the rest were still laboring away at Grammar. As I went down the stairs Mr. Mitchell came hurrying out of the office, leaned over the balustrade and called to me that I must promise not to tell anyone what was in the geography list. I promised. Halley got home just a minute later than I, and as soon as we had devoured our lunch we hurried back again. She had to get the Geography questions, — I was ready for Theory and Practice. There were still many who were not through their Arithmetic. T. and P. was rather bonnering, especially 3, 4 and 8, but I answered 2, 5 and 6 so fully as to make up for other deficiencies. When I was through this I had to wait fifteen minutes, for the History questions had not yet come. Oh me! that history! 5 and 8 were the only ones I had no trouble with, and 9 I had to skip. In 10 I couldn't, to save me, think of anyone but Blaine and Wanamaker, although I knew others! How angry I was at that! But I think I passed. Physiology came next, — 7, 9 and 10 troubled me, but the rest was easy. Then I had to wait another quarter hour for spelling, which was given to all at once. I spelt every word right, of course. As he called them off, so many had trouble in understanding them. 4 especially bothered, — so much so that he had to ask Miss Uh — Miss Uh — Miss Uh — uh (your baby) to pronounce it, as he couldn't make them understand. Then I was clear done except for reading. No one else was. Halley finished a minute later, being the second. It was then about twenty minutes before three. They had been calling them out one by one to read, all day, but our turn had not come yet. One long long hour we sat there and waited, on those hard, hard seats, with nothing to do save that I had an old Harvey's fifth reader, which I read through forwards, back

wards and sidewise, before I was done. Then I repeated poetry to myself, / English poetry and quotations from Schiller's Maid of Orleans. And I told myself fairy stories, and I watched the bald head of the man in front of me wagging up and down. Then I worked problems and solved puzzles, -- I don't know what I didn't do. At last an hour passed, and Halley was called out to read. I watched her away and then settled down to my own fate. By that time I could think of no more poetry, and did not have mind enough to make any, or to work problems. Oh, how time dragged! One after another the more fortunate ones finished and went away, but I remained. How I wished I hadn't been so fast about my arithmetic! How I longed for something to do! How tired I grew -- it was all I could do to keep from crying for very tiredness! At last, at ten minutes before five, I was called out and went across the hall to read. I don't know what that man didn't ask me (it was Mr. Flannery), but at last he said 'I had read a good deal' and told me to read aloud to him. I chose Tennyson's "Eagle" and had to pass an examination on Tennyson afterwards of course! At last he let me go, and at five o'clock I got home, my examinations over!

I enclose my list of questions, and would be obliged if you would return them to me, as I wish to file them among the archives.

And now, goodbye,

Your very loving daughter,

Mary Leslie Newton.

Return the blank too, please.