

**MARY JANE'S  
KINDERGARTEN;  
PP. 33-215**

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Mary Jane's Kindergarten; pp. 33-215 by Clara Ingram Judson

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"One grown cut out ghosts"  
(Page 84) Frontispiece

# MARY JANE'S KINDERGARTEN

BY

CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

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"MARY JANE—HER BOOK," "MARY JANE—HER VISIT," "MARY  
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"MARY JANE IN NEW ENGLAND," ETC.

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TO  
M. J. G.

dress (Mary Jane liked blue silk dresses, especially when they had white collars like this one had) stepped out to speak to them. She put one hand out to Mrs. Merrill and with the other she took hold of Mary Jane's free hand and half drew her toward the door. "Is this going to be my little girl for part of every day?" she asked kindly. "I hope so, because I do like to have little girls just like you to help me teach my children."

That very minute, the big, troublesome lump that had been in Mary Jane's throat melted to nothing and she suddenly felt very happy and very sure that this kindergarten was exactly the place where she belonged. She felt so *very* sure about that, that she didn't even listen while Mrs. Merrill told the teacher that her little girl's name was Mary Jane Merrill; that she was past five and that it was high time she was going to school. No, she didn't hear a word of all that. She just looked into the pleasant



sunny room and admired the flowers and pictures and felt comfortable.

So that by the time Mrs. Merrill finished talking to Miss Lynn (for that was the teacher's name) and slipped her arm around Mary Jane to kiss her good-by, Mary Jane had entirely forgotten that she had expected to feel very lonesome when her mother went home. She kissed her mother; hung up her hat and sweater where Miss Lynn told her to, then sat down in a little red chair and watched the other boys and girls come.

It was very interesting to see how many came. There were brown haired girls and golden haired girls and curly headed ones of both colors. And lots of boys, dear me, yes! Every one seemed so happy and comfortable. "I feel like I know them and I don't know them," thought Mary Jane, "just that way, I feel!"

But she did know somebody. For just

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before the big bell rang Doris and her mother knocked at the door and it wasn't a minute after that before the two little friends were sitting side by side ready for the good times in store.

As soon as the big bell out in the hall rang, "ding, dong!" Miss Lynn shut the door into the hall and came and stood in front of the boys and girls.

"The first thing we're going to do this morning," she said, "is to tell each other good morning. And we're going to tell it in a song. Let's all say it before we sing it."

Oh, how do you do,  
Oh, how do you do,  
Oh, how do you do to-day?  
I'm very well  
I'm very well,  
I'm very glad to say!"

The boys and girls thought that a nice way to say good morning and they sang it and shook hands and made every one feel at home.

Then the teacher told some stories and then there were more songs. Then she and her assistant took down the names of every boy and girl and asked them to tell something they had done that summer.

While the others were talking, Mary Jane tried and tried to think of something she could tell—and she couldn't think of a thing, not a single thing! But the minute it really came her turn, she suddenly remembered about the nest of tiny mice which she had found in the basket in the loft at her grandmother's. So she told about that—all about it; how she left them in their own nest and took them scraps to eat and everything.

After that the morning went very quickly and much too soon Miss Lynn said that it was time to go home.

Mary Jane and Doris walked home together and while they walked, they talked about all the good times they were going to have.