

## CHAPTER I

### A POST-GRADUATE LECTURE

"To hear that little rattle-brained fountain bubble and sing," observed Pat, stopping in a rapid walk and wheeling abruptly to the side of the road, "one would think that there was no such thing as trouble in the world. Hear it :

'Gush-a-gurgle, cheerie, cheerie,  
Summer's coming, dearie, dearie.' "

"Patience Carningham," she said, indulging for good company's sake in a little conversation with her inner self, "there is no such thing as trouble in this world! Are you on?"

The inner self agreed by bringing into action a set of muscles that sent her bounding over the fence and rolling in the heavy meadow-grass below.

"You made me do it, you silly little fountain!" cried Pat, rolling her bright blue eyes fiercely upon the indifferent little stream that gushed under the rail fence with April enthusiasm. "So now get busy and persuade me that there is no reckoning