

thetic philosophy, Emerson drew from the inside of the desk a riding-whip. Morgan's jaw muscles swelled as his teeth clenched.

"If you have any excuse to offer," said the teacher, who had learned from Bain's *Mistakes in Teaching* that it is error to neglect appeals to the pupils' sense of justice, "I will hear it."

"I had excuse enough for me," said Morgan, "but it wouldn't do any good under the rules."

"You admit that you deserve punishment, then?"

"I admit," said Morgan, drawing a distinction going deep into penology, "that I've got it coming."

The girls hid their faces on their desks, and some sobbed convulsively. One of them, a dark little creature with great black eyes—wells of questioning terror—sat with her fingers twisted together and gazed fixedly at Emerson, wincing distressfully as Morgan turned his back to receive the stroke.

He was a short, strong boy of some sixteen years or so, but with an older look, attributable, perhaps, to a sort of weather-beaten color in both skin and raiment. His face was bronzed, with red veinlets on the cheeks, his hands were chapped and some of his fingers were wrapped in tarred rags. He had on brown denim trousers, and his legs showed lines betraying hard muscles with little clothing over them. He wore a cheap coat of cotton diagonal much frayed at the wrists, which were innocent of cuff or other linen. His coat was buttoned tightly, and, oddly enough, its collar was turned up and the lapels pinned closely together.

"Sheepskin under his coat!" whispered one boy to another.