

ness in it—a cracked cup of weak tea and a “dog biscuit” could not carry much friendliness. Mrs. Fisher sat down, but did not eat anything.

“Going about as you do, Miss Coulter, you must know people very well. Now, I have just taken over the Institute, and I want to get something done—this little place is dead, if it only knew it. We neew new blood in this town. Now, there’s Miss Morrison, she is hopelessly out of date; I want to get a good strong executive, and then we will get a few much-needed reforms here. Who are really the best people here?”

Miss Coulter laid the cup down carefully. She seemed to be thinking of something else.

“Strange, isn’t it,” she said, in her gentle voice, “how long a cracked cup will last? Everyone who sees the crack is doubly careful. Oh, you were asking me about the best people in Iron Springs. I can tell you who are the most easily fitted, of course, but that would not answer your purpose. I really could not classify them without considerable thought—and my list would not likely be of value.”

Mrs. Fisher had a new baffled feeling, and a dull anger showed in her face. She would see that the store carried a full line of ready-to-wear after this. Just then her son Reggie came in from school with loud complaints of the teacher.

As Miss Coulter went on her rounds she heard much about the new storekeeper and his aggressive wife. They were getting a stranglehold on the community. Alex. Morrison, who had been the postmaster since Iron Springs began, had lost his position with the change of Government, and Mr. Fisher had the office now in his store, and