

know 'bout it. I'm jus' as unfortunate as I can be. Now, that time I put the wash dish of dirty water on the back stairs so Jane, the maid, would step in it when she came down to go to the party, an' spoil her lovely blue dress—I didn't do it because I was bad. I did it because I was mad at Jane for telling mamma that I let Harry Williams kiss me. Mean thing! I didn't let him kiss me 'cause I like to taste kisses—it was 'cause he said he bet five dollars I was 'fraid to let a boy kiss me an' I guess I wasn't going to let him think I was such a 'fraid cat, would you, Kittykins?

An' that time I poured kerosene on the minister's ice cream I didn't do it to be wicked 'cause I didn't know the minister was goin' to get that dish—I thought it was Uncle Jack's. I wanted to put it on his ice cream to pay him back for slapping me 'cause I cut the hand off my soldier-boy doll with his razor. I didn't want a soldier doll less he looked like he'd been in the war an' got to be a battle-scarred hero, so I cut one hand off and told folks it was shot off in the battle of Saint Julia Ann. An' Uncle Jack was mad jus' 'cause I used his razor, so I put kerosene on the dish of cream I thought was for him, an' I wasn't to blame 'cause the girl made a mistake an' gave it to the minister. My, it was awful funny to see the minister when he tried to eat it. An' when I laid Sister Josephine's beau's coat on the sticky flypaper an' they started off to the opery with it stuck onto his back, how did I know they would find out I did it, Kittykins? I thought he would think he laid it there hisself. This is a