

is in a pinch. I can get my tube for you in just a jiffy. And I've a scrap of pretty paper with some angels blowing trumpets. Just the thing for little Agnes. If you could wait a few minutes, say half an hour at the longest, I'll be back."

C198637

Emma Davis, as she traversed her interrupted way toward Miss Tiddle's room, was distinctly aware of an atmosphere of tension on that long corridor. There was suspicion about, lurking in the corners; there was fearful excitement hidden beneath the bibs of morning aprons; there was more than a trace of anxious resentment in old eyes looking into her own. All the more necessity, then, for her darting in and out of rooms; for bright comments on the spring day, for the bestowal of quick interest, a favor here and there.

When she once arrived at Miss Tiddle's room, she found the door closed and a sign upon it. *Engaged*, the sign read, in Annie Tiddle's best Spencerian. *Kindly do not enter here.* Emma Davis knocked quickly, the airiest of knocks with her thumb and two fingers, a knock twice repeated like a pair of three grace notes, blithe, merry, vivacious. Then she turned the knob and pranced into Miss Tiddle's: