

children must put on their things and go out. So she made my boy go out, and she told him he ate too much candy and that is why he has so many colds. He was quite sick the next day, and I had to have the doctor. I claim she is too hard a woman to be dealing with children."

There was a rustle in the room. It might have been either agreement or dissent. The chairman wiped his face with a red handkerchief.

Suddenly the door opened and someone came quickly to the front of the room. Every head turned and turned again. Miss Coulter stood before the audience with a large black book in her hand.

Mr. Chairman, may I speak?" she asked. "I keep a diary, as you know. It is a little harmless hobby of mine. I like to record conversations. My business makes it imperative for me to refrain from speech, and everyone craves expression. So I write in my book each day, and have here an entry for April sixteenth, the day on which Miss Morrison is alleged to have sent Reggie Fisher out to play. Here is my entry.

"I was sewing for Mrs. Fisher to-day. Reggie Fisher came in, a bright, attractive lad of loud voice, and somewhat overweight. He told his mother, with some indignation, that Miss Morrison had sent him out when he wanted to stay in and trade marbles with Roy Baker. "And I told her I had a cold, too," he said, "and she said the air was good for a cold; and she said if I didn't eat so many candies I wouldn't have so many colds. Is that so?" he asked his mother. To this she replied, "It is true enough, but it's none of her business, and I will tell her so—and now I want you to get on your pony and go to Kelly's and bring in the cream. Never mind your cold—