

All the trouble began when my grandfather died and my grand--mother -- my father's mother -- came to live with us. but, to make matters worse, my grandmother was a real old countrywoman and quite unsuited to the life in town. Now, girls are supposed to be fastidious, but I was the one who suffered most from this. Nora, my sister, just sucked up to the old woman for the penny she got every Friday out of the old-age pension, a thing I could not do. I was too honest, that was my trouble; and when I was playing with Bill Connell, the sergeant-major's son, and saw my grandmother steering up the path with the ug of porter sticking out from beneath her shawl, I was mortified. I made excuses not to let him come into the house, because I could never be sure what she would be up to when we went in. When Mother was at work and my grandmother made the dinner I wouldn't touch it. Nora once tried to make me, but I hid under the table from her and took the bread-knife with me for protection. Nora let on to be very indignant (she wasn't, of course, but she knew Mother saw through her, so she sided with Gran) and came me. I lashed out at her with the bread-knife, and after that she left me alone. I stayed there till Mother came in from work and dinner, but when Father came in later, Nora said in a voice: "Oh, Dadda, do you know what Jackie