

"My dear," said Mrs. Potter, who had been on point duty, directing the traffic from the living-room to the tea-table all afternoon, "I do envy you your cleverness in entertaining. You do it so easily, and have so many original ideas. Now, this tea-table, with its darling little bungalow centre—the perfect little house set in a plot of real growing grass, with red winding path and little flower-beds—is so appealing. How did you think of it?"

Mrs. Lane, eating one of her own good sandwiches, explained.

"I got the little house from one of the displays used at the Exhibition last year by our Company, and I grew the grass on a shallow pan, and made the little flowers and shrubs. It was really nothing; I made it all in one evening—after the grass grew."

Helen Marks, bringing in a plate of angel cake torn into portions, intervened.

"Our hostess is the best little advertiser I know. This cute bungalow might well bear a card 'For Sale Exclusively by the Western Realty Company. Robert Lane, Representative!' Just to look at it makes one want to own one. But that's legitimate advertising. Advertising is a form of art, anyway, and Marie is an artist."

"Don't mention the word 'advertising,' Helen," said the four-to-five pourer. "Marie is a true artist, and we might as well admit it."

"She has far more business sense than an artist is entitled to," Helen protested. "I think Marie's line should be second-hand furniture and antiques. If there is one bargain in the whole place she can grab it. I never see anything but wardrobes, or old high chairs and cracked dishes, in a second-