

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

breeding," said Mrs. DeWynt, trembling, "I will overlook that atrocious remark. But we must understand each other clearly. Do I gather that you refuse to comply with my wishes?"

"Aunt Sally," replied Esmeralda, "what about my end of this? Haven't I been cheated, eh?"

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. DeWynt, holding herself in with a mighty effort.

"Well, you want us to have a clear understanding," replied her niece; "and it's pretty plain you're not satisfied with me. Well," her voice grew stronger as she spoke—not loud, but intense—"well, I'm not satisfied, either. I've been cheated. You offered me the chance to do something for my country—you, a rich, influential and powerful woman, who ought to be able to do anything! Of course, I accepted; jumped at the chance. And when I get here, what do I find? A crowd of women with a dozen menservants apiece who won't eat the Hoover foodstuffs! And