

"Are you going to whip her?" demanded another child.

"She will be punished, believe me," replied Wally, firmly. "But I think we'd better call the party over."

"We can't go yet, the nurses and chauffeurs haven't come," Tommy protested. "I'd like to hear her yell when she's licked."

"Our man will take you all home in the big station wagon, so get on your hats," Wally ordered.

Fifteen minutes later the smallest child was packed in, with one of the maids in command, and the motor slid off down the drive, leaving Wally on the door step.

"Little beasts!" he remarked, feelingly.

In the hall he met Miss Wilder, still bearing marks of the late excitement.

"I have put Isabelle to bed, Mr. Bryce. Mrs. Bryce says that you are to prescribe her punishment."

Wally looked his misery.

"I don't want to punish her. Can't you manage it alone?" he said.

"No, I cannot. Isabelle needs the authority of her parents now and then to back me up," said Miss Wilder, severely.

"Well, I'll have a talk with her."

"I think a severe spanking is what she needs."

"What do ye suppose ever put such an idea in her head?"

"You never know what she is going to do. She asked me about barbarians when I was trying to induce her to get dressed for the party. I told her some facts, just to occupy her mind."

"It occupied her mind all right," laughed Wally, who