

"Come in," called the voice.

The governess opened the door and entered. It was a hot day, and Mrs. Bryce, in a cool *négligé*, lay stretched out on a *chaise longue*, with a pitcher of something iced beside her, a book open on her lap. She was the picture of luxurious comfort, except for the frown upon her pretty brow.

"Why don't you make her behave, Miss Wilder?"

"I do my best, Mrs. Bryce, but she is very difficult," the older woman sighed.

"Of course she's difficult—she's a brat! But that is what I have you for, to teach her some manners, and make her act like a civilized being. Where is she?"

"She ran away when I tried to put her dress on her."

"What do you expect me to do about it?"

"I thought you might order her to get dressed."

"Much good it would do! I don't see why I have to be bothered with it. I didn't want the party; it's a perfect nuisance, cluttering up the place with noisy kids; but she owes it to them, and she has to have them here once a season."

A small, determined figure appeared at the door, in a brief petticoat and socks.

"I won't go to that party," she announced.

"Come here to me this instant," exploded her mother at sight of her.

The child walked slowly to her mother's side, with disconcerting dignity, all out of proportion to her four brief years.

"What do you mean by acting like this when I give