

THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY

until only half a dozen were left in a little group in the living-room.

The bridegroom, who had feared for Alice's status in Navarre, saw her the center of Our Set, which was bounded on the north by Roberta, and on the south, east, and west by Elsie Jones, the youngest, but the best dresser of them all.

"My dear," Elsie Jones was saying, "you positively *must* tell me where you get your hats!"

"I m-made this one m-myself," said Mrs. Henry of Navarre.

In the dead silence which preceded the flood of admiration and the unqualified surrender of Our Set she saw Henry hunting blindly for the telephone; he wanted to send a night message to Whitaker.

"Come on in," she called happily. "I guess it's all right, dear; we're talking m-millinery!"

THE END