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much excited over it; and as for John Glide, he was a positive bear! I've never seen him look as he did just now. I've just parted from him at the door."

"He must have been waiting about for you, Kathie," said her mother severely. "It is quite a quarter of an hour since he left the house."

"Oh, no, he wasn't! He took pains to inform me—very politely, of course—that he was waiting for a bus. What happened to put John's back up, and why wasn't he invited to stay to supper?"

"He *was* invited, I think; but he had sufficient good sense to decline the invitation," said Mrs. Rodney, with her newly acquired and somewhat exaggerated air of dignity. "I think we had better go to the dining-room and eat something, if that creature has placed it on the table."

"It is all on, mother," said Estelle cheerfully. "I have just made the salad."

"I'm feeling peckish now," broke in Kathie. "Come to think of it, I don't believe I had any tea this afternoon. What a crowd! It was glorious!"

"If it was at all like what it was on the day I was there, there would not be enough food to go round," said Mrs. Rodney, grown suddenly critical in her view of the character of Mrs. Dyner's entertainments, over which she had formerly been silent and lost in admiration. "I never saw such a set-out! Call it refreshments! The whole thing could have been put there for half a crown!"

"Oh, mother, you don't understand! Mrs. Dyner's guests are not guzzlers like the chapel people, who will go any distance for a free feed," said Kathleen scathingly, for she could not bear to have the smallest aspersion or even reflection cast upon her idol. "Can I be allowed to sit down with my hat on, seeing that everybody seems to be ready? A fortune!" she continued,