

"Best little matchmaker in the world, and now that Philip Waring has married Miss Sorel, Mrs. Willy must be doing something, you know."

"It won't be me," cried Herkomer emphatically and with no great regard for grammar.

"Make a little bet?"

"Certainly."

"Dinners for six that you're married in a year."

"Done," said Herkomer. "And it's a shame to take the bet."

But he didn't know Mrs. Willy Sinsabaugh and the lovely girls that Mrs. Willy knew. Herkomer lost the bet. But he didn't mind. He always said that Mrs. Willy Sinsabaugh was a dear.

THE END