

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

called up Mrs. Langdon. It seemed he had not gone to luncheon at her house, as arranged and had not been seen since the dénouement of the morning's ride, when Mrs. DeWynt had started for home in her car.

I had great difficulty in assuring her that we knew nothing of the dancer's whereabouts, and when at length she hung up I returned to the drawing-room, where presently Hoskins announced dinner to a party that had become depleted to Mrs. DeWynt and myself. The Senator was still away.

"Miss Esmeralda is not down yet," said Mrs. DeWynt. "Will you see that she is called?"

Hoskins, terrifically self-conscious since he had given notice, obeyed, and we went into the dining room without waiting. In a few moments Hoskins returned to say that Miss Esmeralda was not in her room—nor, indeed, in the house, so far as any of the servants knew.

"Find out if she has telephoned,"