



VI.—HER FIRST INVITATION

In which Kitty attracts the admiring attention of Mr. Theobald Tripper, walker-of-floors, dry-goods-dragoman—the very erect person in faultless black who tells you that cut glass celery dishes are four aisles over to the left when he is well aware that they are three flights down to the basement. Mayme and Sadie overhear Mr. Tripper, the unimpressionable, making an engagement to call for Kitty at twenty to eight on Wednesday evening. That he will be greatly pleased to escort her to the play and that he is immensely taken with her eyes. Not that it makes the slightest difference to Mayme or Sadie—not the remotest. They always felt Mr. Tripper was a man of no taste.