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They all said they hadn't laughed so much in years, and old Mrs. Whipple said she'd had enough to laugh over all the rest of her life. Even Miss Sophonisba Clark unbent enough to ask three puzzling riddles; and Mrs. Wilcox contributed the funniest of limericks to the surprise and delight of all. The ice-cream roses charmed everyone, as did the green shamrocks, and Mrs. O'Neill, who brought little Agnes' shining medal to the table, managed to enjoy hers without a single *Glory be to God*.

Just at the close Miss Norton rose and made a little speech. She sent a confidential glance, as she began, around among the Seventies, who smiled back at her in complete understanding. She said that, since they all might wonder why this gala dinner, she would tell them briefly of all the things which had put it into her mind. First of all, she said, it was the spring itself which, as everyone knew, always suggested gaiety and laughter, and especially that little plum tree out there on the lawn which she hoped they had all seen. That little tree, she said, had just cried out for a party. Then there was Mrs. Rust's wonderful gift, which they had all seen on the table by the door, from her nephew Melvin way from Tokyo, Japan, where he was undoubtedly making a name for him-