

thusiasm. Miss Somebody's wedding was **very** dull, and Mrs. Somebody Else's dance manned with vile and vacuous dancers. At the Opera the greatest of German sopranos sang false. All human institutions had taken a crooked turn, and her cat could not be persuaded to pay the commonest attention to its kittens. Then she asked me nonchalantly:

"Have you seen anything of Dale lately?"

"He was working with me this morning. I've been away, you know."

"I forgot."

"When did you last see him?" I asked.

"Oh, ages ago! He has not been near us for weeks. We used to be such friends. I don't think it's very polite of him, do you?"

"I'll order him to call forthwith," said I.

"Oh, please don't! If he won't come of his own accord—I don't want to see him particularly."

She tossed her shapely head and looked at me bravely.

"You are quite right," said I. "Dale's a selfish, ill-mannered young cub."

"He isn't!" she flashed. "How dare you say such things about him!"

I smiled and took both her hands—one of them held a piece of brown bread-and-butter.

"My dear," said I, "model yourself on Little Bo-Peep. I don't know who gave her the famous bit of advice, but I think it was I myself in a pastoral incarnation. I had a woolly cloak and a crook, and she was like a Dresden china figure—the image of you."

Her eyes swam, but she laughed and said I was good to her. I said:

"The man who wouldn't be good to you is an unhung villain."

Then her mother joined us, and our little confidential talk came to an end. It was enough, however, to con-