

## EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

And so it came about that on the night of Miss Esmeralda Sprunt's entrance into the *grand monde* I was present to witness that amazing occurrence.

What a beautiful setting for the entertainment of the aristocracy of America Mrs. DeWynt's drawing-room made when we assembled there on the fatal evening! The great room glowed richly in the subdued lights; and beyond the, as I may say, serried rank of French windows the Atlantic boomed softly. It was a perfect night; and the lawn, discreetly lit with lanterns, rolled like a piece of hatter's plush to the edge of the water. Within, all was the essence of gayety. My dear patroness was superb in a Paquin gown that made her positively girlish in appearance, or would have done so if possible—if you know what I mean!

The Senator was there, too, and Mr. Willy, very imposing and less plebeian in evening clothes. There was Marjorie DeWynt, delightfully sophisticated, as always, taking her second cock-