

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

Esmeralda. "And you people seem to think it's a comic opera! You make me wild! Why don't you stop your silly, easy pretenses and help?"

"We at least are doing something," replied Mrs. DeWynt with dignity. "It is you who are doing nothing! Why don't you do something besides criticize?"

A light came into Esmeralda's eyes. Plainly an idea had struck her. There was a little pause.

"Is that all?" Esmeralda said sweetly. "Because, Aunt Sally, if you're quite through, I'll go. And, by the way, if it's not interfering with your servants too much I might suggest that you begin knitting a small sweater for Gaston, your chef. I've just been talking to him, and I find he's going to enlist—as a cook."

And then, before we could recover from the shock, Esmeralda was gone. Distantly the front door slammed. Mrs. DeWynt and I looked at each other speechless.