

ESMERALDA

use only for large affairs. I was really quite annoyed and had to plan the whole effect over again. The most distressing point, however, was the question of a dinner partner for her.

"We might have old Colonel Brice," I suggested on the busy morning when her answer—which I had not dared to show Mrs. DeWynt—arrived.

Mrs. DeWynt was personally superintending the midday meal of Taki and Whaki, her prize Pekingese dogs. Their maid was carefully cutting their chicken into small bits and feeding it to them a piece at a time, and dear Mrs. DeWynt was watching with the greatest interest. She is so kind to animals! But my suggestion did not meet with her approval.

"No, Allie!" she said with that instant, firm decision which has gained her the position she holds to-day. "No, Allie! Colonel Brice is a bore. The others wouldn't stand him. We'll have to have somebody no one will notice. I'm afraid you'll have to come to the table yourself!"