

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

Dear Mrs. DeWynt had kept to her room over the luncheon period, and when she reappeared in the afternoon and sent for me, her frame of mind had not been softened by what it had dwelt upon. Nor was it further eased by the news I was obliged to break to her. Hoskins, our butler, had given warning. He had, so he said, been thinking over Miss Esmeralda's suggestion that the trenches were preferable to his present life, provided Mrs. DeWynt would keep his wife on as maid; and he had determined to exchange our house livery for khaki. That phrase of hers about its being a more becoming uniform seemed to have stuck in his mind, and all I could say about his duty to his employer failed to move him.

"If we don't lick them Germans there won't really be no houses where they need a butler in a year or two, sir!" was all he answered; and so I was obliged to inform Mrs. DeWynt.

Of course, she was excessively annoyed. Hoskins had been with us five