

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

there is no one to talk to; hence the habit.

I sat between Mrs. Ted and Miss Esmeralda, and several times Mrs. Ted leaned across me to speak to the girl, who replied quietly and briefly. Had she enjoyed her journey? Yes, thank you; though the train was rather cramping. It was her first trip East, of course. Yes, Mrs. Ted loved Florida, and supposed California was like it. Miss Sprunt did not know, but rather supposed in the negative.

I volunteered a few exact figures as to climate, and so on, in the two places; and then silence fell upon us three. The rest had been talking of bridge and golf, and who among their acquaintances had commissions, and the smart look of English uniforms, the stock market, and Betty Treusdale's divorce — the usual sort of chatter. And then Captain Tugwell said something across the table to Mr. Willy.

"I say, Willy," said he, "are you getting the horses you need?"