

MILDRED THROWS DOWN THE GLOVE

flat when they turned their backs), billowing out the women's frocks. Mildred tilted back, hands raised to hat-brim, head held up, the loose ends of the veil that was tied under her chin a flutter, a figure intriguing (as they use the word in these days) to the eye, if not necessarily (because of her conscious, too greatly obvious, certainty in herself and her pose) altogether attractive. She stood a trifle apart, and her eyes roved to Miss Walters—tall as she, fair for her dark, graceful but attempting no conspiracy with the wind.

"Well, you have a fine place!" exclaimed Mrs. Peters. "If I got the offer of New York or of this I guess I'd have this."

"O woman!" chanted her husband. "If you owned New York you could *have* this."

"Not if the owner wouldn't sell," she replied quickly. "I'd have this, as I say; and I'd have a board printed ready to stick up when I wanted just to be left alone: 'Not at home.' Anybody motor-boating along could just read that, down helm, and turn around."

"That's dead," said Mrs. Timpkin, who had resented Mr. Peters' remark that the place could be bought, was of small financial worth compared with New York (true though the statement was), and considered a little slap at Mrs. Peters as good as one at Peters. "In the best society they don't say 'Not at home' now."

Mildred glanced at her, shrewdly, calculating—and decided (wrongly) that Sam had sought a confidante. She thought the hint of an edge in