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12

THE DINNER ON THE 15TH OF MAY IN the Home for Aged Women was a complete success, a gala occasion, indeed, if there ever was one. Everyone dressed up for it (except Miss Norton and Miss Davis, with whom no one would feel really at home except in navy blue and white), and the black dresses were enlivened by a white fichu here and a white frill there; everyone for that brief hour valiantly laid aside, or stifled, any feelings of nervous tension and strain, which accomplishment was made more possible by Mrs. Christianson's unmentioned absence. Mrs. Rust, perilously near to tears from pride and happiness, sat proudly at Emma Davis' right, and Miss Tiddle, with Mrs. Whipple's cascade of tatting enlivening her rather somber dress, at Angelina Norton's. There were sprays of plum blossoms on the three tables, which were so put together that everyone felt like a family, and place cards, and even crepe-paper hats in various colors, which all put on with great glee, although Miss Tiddle had to be urged a bit before she did so. The three roast chickens came in whole instead of being mangled in the kitchen as they usually were; and someone had tied jaunty pink

71