

body listening. 'I'm dying at four,' she said. 'Come at four-thirty and get my remains. The clothes you're to put on me are in a box with *Sanitary Laundry* on the cover. And see that you treat me with respect, for I was somebody once, even if I'm nobody now.' She'd got that far before I could get upstairs and take her to her room. And then everybody broke loose. Mrs. Wilcox was having callers, and she was embarrassed to death; the two Wood sisters sent for me and said they hadn't reckoned on coming to an insane asylum; and Emily Goddard said she'd apparently entered under a misunderstanding and meant to change her will at once, even if she couldn't persuade her nephews to take her out, which she devoutly hoped she could.

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"Then just before supper the Seventies called on me in a body, all eight of them, and pushing along old Mrs. Whipple in her wheel chair. They were quite calm and dignified and, of course, terribly important. They let Whipple do the talking. It took her ages in her precise way. 'Miss Norton,' she said, 'this deputation of ladies regrets exceedingly that it must wait upon you concerning a matter so painful to us all and so damaging to the name of the Home for Aging Women.' I think that was it. I know