

OH, MARY, BE CAREFUL!

"N-no, dear," said Mary. "You—you'll have to go to Norwich for that ——"

And that night, when Mary lay awake in her room too happy to go to sleep, reviewing the events of her Wonderful Day and finding pleasure in them all, her thoughts kept turning to Miss Myra and the Three Tests.

"Dear Aunt Myra!" she thought once. "I'm sorry, but . . . you see we have to take them the way we find them. . . . There's really no other way that I can see."

And again:

"Dear Aunt Myra!" she thought. "Of course some marriages are miserable, but perhaps it isn't the man's fault—always."

And the third time, she slipped out and knelt by the side of her bed, as