

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

meralda Sprunt's letter came; a rather busy moment for us all, as you will perceive. The hour of her train's arrival was an additional complication. She was due at a quarter after seven, which, with the drive from the station, would not leave her above fifteen minutes in which to dress—for we dine at eight, and, on the night of her arrival, were having a dinner given in honor of Captain Tugwell.

The dinner was to be small—only twelve covers—and had been carefully planned for the very cream of the colony. So you see how extremely awkward her arrival at that particular moment was—making thirteen; upsetting the menu cards—I had secured some especially charming ones, of which there were, alas! only exactly a dozen procurable, which were all made out in my very best manner; and further necessitating a change in the scheme of table decoration by forcing me to abandon the red Venetian liqueur glasses in favor of plain engraved glass, which we