

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

pay an admission fee, which was to be turned over to our local branch; but, even so, it was well to choose the right names. Not too mixed to be exclusive; yet not too exclusive—if you know what I mean. There are so many shades of social standing, aren't there?

And in any affair of this sort one has to send out notices with an eye to what people are willing to pay to meet whom, and who will stand being met—if you understand me. I've always flattered myself on having a peculiarly sensitive finger on the social pulse—and dear Mrs. DeWynt says it made me the most valuable social secretary she ever had. Of course, a convenient and always available ex 'ra man at dinner may have had something to do with the warmth of her estimate; but one doesn't mention those things—at least, not among us.

Well, at any rate, Mrs. DeWynt had just authorized the list, and I stood waiting for the idea I intuitively felt was coming. Mrs. DeWynt is rather large; indeed, if she was a person of less social importance she would be undeniably fat.