

ance, and so I learned not only about how to eat an egg, but to eat a peach with a spoon and fork delicately held and I learned too that the eating of peanuts constitutes a social error into which I must not fall, remembering that in the eyes of the British they are "monkey nuts" and have no place on a lady's menu. I learned, too, that I must have a case for my night-gown—preferably one with a monogram, and the night garment should be of linen at least. Mrs. Fuller said that accessories were significant. Fortunately another English friend of mine was like-minded and presented me with a fine linen night-dress and case, embroidered and monogrammed, and Mrs. Fuller felt that my star of social success might be about to rise.

It was just as well she did not know what happened in Troon where I had gone after the Council meeting was over, to speak for the "Women's Guild of Empire". Mrs. Flora Drummond and I were travelling companions and at Troon were entertained in a beautiful mansion. I slept in a high, four-poster bed with curtains, and a bell rope as thick as a ferry cable.

When we arrived and were received by her Ladyship, she said to me when the greetings were over:

"Wilkins will unpack for you." I wanted to tell her that I was travelling light and would much prefer to do my own unpacking, but remembering what Mrs. Fuller had told me I tried to look as if I had never unpacked a valise in my life and so watched my modest black bag disappearing up the crimson stairway in Wilkins' firm grip, without a flicker! It contained by way of clothing, one afternoon dress, one evening dress, and two blouses and I know they would look pitifully inadequate when hung in the log high wardrobe. But the thought of the nightdress case with its beautiful and yet unworn garment sustained me. Wilkins would see, I hoped, that I