

wanted to make a good impression on zat virtuous husband of yours. Now he will think of me as the artist, not as the woman. It is much better so, is it not?"

"Sometimes you say things that cause me to wonder why I don't hate you, Olga Obosky," cried Ruth under her breath.

Olga laughed softly. "I repeat zat Golden Rule to myself every night and every morning, Ruthkin," said she, somewhat cryptically. Then they were silent.

Conversation on the porch behind them lagged and finally ceased altogether. The soft swish of fans was the only sound to disturb the tranquil stillness.

"Nineteen-twenty," fell dreamily from the lips of Randolph Fitts's wife. "I used to think of Nineteen-twenty as being so far in the future that I would be an old, old woman when I came to it. And here it is, — I am living in it, — and I am not old."

"Presidential year," said Michael Malone, as he struck a match to relight the pipe that had gone out. "Doesn't take them long to slip around, does it? Seems only last week that I voted for Wilson. I wonder if he'll be running again."

"Sure! And if he can keep us in the war as long as he kept us out of it," said Peter Snipe, "we'll have to elect him again."

"I'd give a lot to know whether we've got the Germans licked or not," mused Fitts. "We've had nearly three years to do it in."

"Depends entirely on the navy," said Platt, Minister of Marine, late of the U. S. Navy.

"What can the navy do if the Germans will not come out?" demanded Landover.

"Why, confound it all, the navy can go in, can't it?"