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'Like your dress,' remarked Mrs. McKee, 'I think it's adorable.'

Mrs. Wilson rejected the compliment by raising her eyebrow in disdain.

'It's just a crazy old thing,' she said. 'I just slip it on sometimes when I don't care what I look like.'

'But it looks wonderful on you, if you know what I mean,' pursued Mrs. McKee. 'If Chester could only get you in that pose I think he could make something of it.'

They all looked in silence at Mrs. Wilson who removed a strand of hair from over her eyes and looked back at us with a brilliant smile. Mr. McKee regarded her intently with his head on one side and then moved his hand back and forth slowly in front of his face.

'I should change the light,' he said after a moment. 'I'd like to bring out the modelling of the features. And I'd try to get hold of all the back hair.'

'I wouldn't think of changing the light,' cried Mrs. McKee. 'I think it's——'

Her husband said 'SH!' and we all looked at the subject again whereupon Tom Buchanan yawned audibly and got to his feet.

'You McKees have something to drink,' he said. 'Get some more ice and mineral water, Myrtle, before everybody goes to sleep.'

'I told that boy about the ice!' Myrtle raised her eyebrows in despair at the shiftlessness of the lower orders. 'These people you have to keep after them all the time.'

She looked at me and laughed pointlessly. Then she