

box of luncheon, and when the party was settled around one of the tables on the terrace they took up the subject of the day, which was the decorations of St. Peter's at Rome.

The president called the meeting to order and made an appropriate little speech about the fitness of discussing the great art work of St. Peter's while sitting about under the only less decorated dome of nature's temple as they beheld it from the vantage point of Fairmount park. She spoke feelingly of the color display in the floral decorations of the park and compared them to the tints in the paint pots of Michael Angelo. Then she corrected herself and alluded to the palette, remarking that she had used the term paint pot purely in a figurative sense. Her speech was received with enthusiastic applause, after which one of the members suggested that if the table was set and the luncheon in progress the club could then discuss the subject and listen to the papers between the courses of the collation.

"When the men give a dinner, Madam President," said the woman in the tafeta tailor made gown, "it is customary to discuss the subjects after dinner. I move that we partake of our refreshments first and then proceed to the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Besides, I have a salad that was on the ice until the minute of starting and if it is not eaten soon it will get all warm."

"I move in favor of the salad first, and St. Peter's afterward," said the woman with the red cheeks.

"Second the motion," announced the woman at the far end of the table, as she lifted the cover from a shoe box and set a bottle of pickles on the table with an emphatic flourish.

"Can some one tell us how long Michael Angelo worked on the home of St. Peter's?" as the ladies passed about the hard boiled eggs and exchanged samples of deviled ham sandwiches for others made with lettuce and mayonnaise. "Who is posted on that point?" "Well," said the woman at the far end of the table, "excuse me for interrupting, but I wish you would look at the number of things my right hand neighbor has stowed away in one small tin biscuit box. I never saw anything like it. There are sixteen wooden plates, a bottle of salad dressing, a bunch of celery, a head of lettuce, two bunches of radishes and—well—I wish you'd look. She has stuck a wooden toothpick in each radish, so that it may be used as a fork with which to eat the salad, to say nothing of one dozen and a half of Jap-

anee napkins. Well, I call that high art—up to date art, I call it."

"In the work on the dome of St. Peter's, ladies—"

"Oh, that reminds me," said the woman with the red cheeks to the fifth vice president, who was carving a chocolate layer cake, "I wanted to ask you how much that man you sent to me charged you for whitewashing your cellar. He charged me \$3.00. I thought it was abominable."

"He only charged me a dollar and a half," said the woman with the cake. "But then he made some flower beds for me and I paid him extra for that. Perhaps your cellar is larger."

"Well, of course, he did whitewash under the stairs, but then he needn't have done that."

"I wish you could see the little pane of glass a man had the courage to charge me two dollars and a quarter for putting in my cellar window this morning," said a woman who had been listening to the conversation. "By the way, do you cook your chocolate frosting?"

"I think we are getting far away from the subject," said the woman with the Renaissance collar on her gown. "I have been interested to know that the great master of art in the dome of St. Peter's used the face of his lady love in many of his angels."

"Hear! hear!" came a voice from the extreme end of the table; "if the lady with the beautiful new Renaissance collar that she made all herself will start the lemonade down this way we would be pleased to learn anything interesting she may have ferreted out in the life of the gay and ancient bachelor artist."

"Did you really make that charming collar yourself?" asked the lady in the white pique waist, as she peered the shell from a hard boiled egg. "How many lessons did you take?"

"I only took three. The whole thing cost me less than four dollars."

"The idea! Why, if you had bought it it would have cost you not less than thirty dollars."

"What was that you were saying about economy?" asked the practical woman. "My husband says that I leave the gas burning all day to save matches. That's not so, by the way; but I suppose everyone has some favorite economy."

"Mine's rubber bands," confessed the woman who had not spoken before. "I never destroy a rubber band, and I never buy one."

"The cook says my economy is saving little scraps of rags," said the woman who had brought all the fried chicken. "That reminds me. I have got a new girl, and I'd like you all to know that last night she roasted the soup meat and brought it on as big as life. We had company, too. This morning she melted one of the legs off my silver coffee pot, and when she was dusting the library I caught her trying to straighten my leaning tower of Pisa."

"Well, she can cook chicken all right," said the woman sitting opposite, as she tossed a bone over her shoulder.

"Speaking of servants," said the president, "I, too, have troubles. Mine is new. Just over. Her name is Nora. Last night she locked all the screen doors after we went out to the theatre, then she went up to the third floor and slept like the dead, so that after resorting to every legitimate means of getting into our own house we gave it up and broke a ten dollar pane of glass. It was very trying. But I believe we were to discuss the artist's work on the dome of St. Peter's. Pardon me for straying so far from the subject."

"Well, I should have thought your husband would have been furious," said the woman with the white pique waist, rising to brush some crumbs from her lap.

"Do you know I think you wear some of the stunningest shirt waists," said

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