

more surveyed the figure in the mirror proved that the experiment had been a success.

The door-bell sounded at this juncture and with one swift backward glance to make sure that everything was as it should be, Sandy sped downstairs to greet Mr. Theodore Lennox, commonly called Ted.

The surprise of that gentleman on beholding the transformed Sandy may better be imagined than described. Funny he hadn't noticed before that she was getting to be such a good-looking kid.

"Come in, Ted; Marion will be down shortly," she told him; "meanwhile you may talk to me."

"You are not going to the dance?" inquired Ted.

"No, I hurt my foot yesterday and it's too sore to dance," she lied glibly—it would never do to admit that she wasn't allowed to go.

At this point Marion's voice was heard in the hall and Sandy, suddenly recollecting that her sister was totally unprepared for the shock of her changed appearance, and having no desire to be reprimanded like a naughty child before a young man who was just beginning to wake up to the fact of her existence, she glided out softly on the dim veranda just as Marion entered the room.

Here we shall leave Sandy for a time and see what was going on at the Club dance. In addition to the usual gay crowd that could always be found at affairs of this sort, was Jack Warren, who was visiting a cousin who, as it happened, was a friend of Marion's, in the town. Now this was a very good-looking young man (and no one was better aware of the fact than the young man himself) and possessed the added attraction of being exceedingly well versed in terpsichorean matters. Nothing more is necessary to make any young man tremendously popular with the opposite sex—and extremely unpopular with his own. The scowls of many neglected escorts who had witnessed his enjoyment of dances, rightly theirs, would undoubtedly have intimidated any one less assured than Mr. Warren, but as it was, he seemed entirely oblivious of any annoyance he was causing. Among the scowling ones was Ted Lennox, looking like a thunder cloud and threatening dreadful things if he ever got his hands on Jack Warren. No less than two dances had Marion skipped to have with that patent-leather-haired sheik, and he was just about fed up.

"All right, two can play at that game. She isn't the only girl in the world as I'll jolly soon show her," he vowed to himself after the second offence.

Two days after the Club dance a shiny, new red roadster drew up in front of the Carleton home; a young man in white flannels clambered out and ran up the steps of the house; he rang the bell, entered, and fifteen minutes later emerged accompanied by a young lady unmistakably attired for tennis. The two entered the shiny red roadster and were soon lost to view in a cloud of dust. All this was noted by another young man who sat in a very dilapidated looking car, evidently a relic of some previous age, farther down the street. The young man did not look pleased; surprise, incredulity,