

THE FORTUNES OF FIFI

Campionet, her hated rival; but, also, just in time to escape a wiggling from Cartouche. Cartouche himself, dressed as a centurion of the Pretorian Guard, was the coolest person behind the curtain, and was vigorously rearranging the barrels which represented the columns of the Temple of Vesta.

Julie Campionet, a tall, commanding-looking woman with an aggressive nose, sailed in then, arrayed as a Roman matron. After her came Fifi, tripping, and dressed as a Roman maiden. The air was charged with electricity, and both Fifi and the hated Julie knew that something was happening. Julie turned to the leading man, with whom she had an ancient flirtation, to find out what was the impending catastrophe.

Fifi, however, ran straight to the place where there was a hole in the curtain—a hole through which Cartouche had strictly forbidden her to look, as it was bad luck to look at the house before the curtain went up. Fifi was terribly afraid of signs and omens, but curiosity proved stronger than fear. She swept one comprehensive glance through the hole, and then, wildly seizing Cartouche by the arm, screamed at him: