

HOTEL CLEVELAND

With a soft little swish of drapery, Madame Marcelle appeared, and Sylvia fancied she was not overpleased at sight of the two girls in familiar converse. Her apologies in prettily foreign English were interrupted by Julia.

"Oh, it didn't matter one bit. Miss Dorr and I have been having a real good talk. But say, Madame Marcelle, this dress she has drawn is too lovely for anything. You'll go right on with it, won't you?"

The dressmaker protested that she must have a more finished sketch, which sketch Sylvia promised for the next day.

"Then I will meet you here on Friday, about the same time," Miss Praed said to Sylvia, but Madame had various soft-spoken reasons why the designs should be sent to Avenue Friedland.

Sylvia silently yielded to a cynical sense of amusement. She would show her employer that she had no wish to tamper with the captive of her bow and spear.

But the heiress stuck to her point, that Sylvia must herself explain the costume to her, and Madame Marcelle yielded, with a honied smile.

"An attack of influenza would just suit my dear employer," Sylvia said to herself as she walked home, with a certain dreariness at heart. She loved to believe in people, and she had felt very grateful for Madame's kindness to her.

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