

HOTEL CLEVELAND

"Oh, are you? I'm a Canadian myself, but anyway, that's next door to it. I always feel most at home with Americans over here," and she gave a short sigh as at a recalled sense of strangeness. Then going on: "But you don't belong here, do you? I have never seen you before."

Sylvia flushed as she answered the question frankly. "I often draw designs for Madame Marcelle. She asked me to sketch something for you. Will you look at this, and tell me if you like it?"

The stranger took the drawing, but after a passing glance at it turned her puzzled eyes back to Sylvia.

"But do you have to *work* at this kind of thing? You are not like these other people here, I know. Oh, please don't think me rude, but you see, I felt sure you are a lady."

Her heightened colour and the drooping curves of her lips gave her the air of a child caught in an indiscretion. Sylvia's amused laugh reassured her as she answered, "Oh, you are not rude. Yes, when I was your age I could order a pretty dress without counting the cost too closely, if that's what you mean. I had a good time, and now I'm glad to have such pleasant work to do. Come, will you tell me what you think of my design? Now that I have seen you I know how splendid you would look in it."

The other girl scanned the sketch with admir-

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