

STUDIO TALK

he added, "Look here Virginie, tell me what all this means?"

She only shrugged her shoulders evasively. "*Ciel!* What do I know? But if I should go away suddenly could you get someone else?"

Garvie's voice now shewed that he was really angry. "Someone else? Do Lucrezias grow on every bush, pray?"

Virginie laughed harshly. "Come then, do not enrage yourself. It will make your hand shake. I wanted to find out if you really need me as much as you say you do. See, the light is still good and I can pose till four, if you like."

"All right," Garvie said, watching her dubiously as she crossed the room and proceeded to rummage out her costume from a big chest.

This unexplained rousing of the dormant feline nature was distinctly unsatisfactory to him.

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