

# A MAKER OF HISTORY

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[CONTINUED.]

He told her the story. She listened with an interest which surprised him. Once or twice when he looked up he fancied that the lady from Vienna was also doing her best to listen. When he had finished their supper had arrived.

"I think," she said as she helped herself to hors d'oeuvre, "that you were very fortunate to get away."

He laughed carelessly.

"The joke of it is," he said, "I've been followed all the way here. One fellow who pretended he got in at



"Come and sit down, and I'll show it you," he said.

Strassburg was trying to talk to me all the time, but I saw him sneak in at Vienna and I wasn't having any. I say, do you come here every evening?"

"Very often," she answered. "I dance at the Comique, and then we generally go to Maxim's to supper and up here afterward. I'll introduce you to my friends afterward if you like, and we'll all sit together. If you're very good I'll dance to you!"

"Delighted," he answered, "if they speak English. I'm sick of trying to make people understand my rotten French."

She nodded.

"They speak English all right. I wish that horrid Viennese girl would not try to listen to every word we say."

He smiled.

"She wanted me to sit at her table," he remarked.

Mlle. Flossie looked at him warningly and dropped her voice.

"Better be careful!" she whispered. "They say she's a spy!"

"On my track very likely," he declared, with a grin.

She threw herself back in her seat and laughed.

"Conceited! Why should anyone want to be on your track? Come and see me dance at the Comique tomorrow night."

"Can't," he declared. "My sister's coming over from England."

"Stupid!"

"Oh, I'll come one night," he declared. "Order some coffee, won't you? And what liqueurs?"

"I'll go and fetch my friends," she declared, rising. "We'll all have coffee together."

"Who are they?" he asked.

She pointed to a little group down the room, two men and a woman. The men were French, one middle aged and one young, dark, immaculate and with the slightly bored air affected by the young Frenchmen of fashion. The woman was strikingly handsome and magnificently dressed. They were quite the most distinguished looking people in the room.

"If you think they'll come," he remarked doubtfully. "Aren't we rather comfortable as we are?"

She made her way between the tables.

"Oh, they'll come," she declared. "They're pals."

She floated down the room with a cigarette in her mouth, very graceful in her airy muslin skirts and large hat. Guy followed her admiringly with his eyes. The Viennese lady suddenly tore off a corner of her menu and scribbled something quickly. She passed it over to Guy.

"Read!" she said imperatively.

He nodded and opened it.

"Prenez garde," he said slowly; then

he looked at her and shook his head. She was making signs to him to destroy her message, and he at once did so.

"Don't understand," he said. "Sorry."

Mlle. Flossie was laughing and talking with her friends. Presently they rose and came across the room with her. Guy stood up and bowed. The introductions were informal, but he felt his insular prejudices a little shattered by the delightful ease with which these two Frenchmen accepted the situation. Their breeding was as obvious as their bonhomie. The table was speedily rearranged to find places for them all.

"Your friends will take coffee with me, mademoiselle," Guy said. "Do be hostess, please. My attempts at French will only amuse everybody."

The elder of the two Frenchmen, whom the waiter addressed as M. le Baron and every one else as Louis, held up his hand.

"With pleasure," he declared, "later on. Just now it is too early. We will celebrate l'entente cordiale. Garçon, a magnum of Pommery, un neu frappe. I know you will forgive the liberty," he said, smiling at Guy. "This bottle is vowed. Flossie has smiled for the first time for three evenings."

She threw a paper fan at him and sat down again by Guy.

"Do tell him the story you told me," she whispered in his ear. "Louis, listen!"

Guy retold his story. M. le Baron listened intently. So did the lady who had accompanied him. Guy felt that he told it very well, but for the second time he omitted all mention of that missing sheet of paper which had come into his possession. M. le Baron was obviously much interested.

"You are quite sure—of the two men?" he asked quietly.

"Quite!" Guy answered confidently. "One was"—

Madame—Flossie's friend—dropped a wineglass. M. le Baron raised his hand.

"No names," he said. "It is better not. We understand. A most interesting adventure, M. Poynton, and—to your health!"

The wine was good, and the fun of the place itself went almost to the head. Always there were newcomers who passed down the room amid a chorus of greetings, always the gayest of music. Then, amid cheers, Flossie and another friend whom she called from a distant table danced a cakewalk—danced very gracefully and with a marvelous display of rainbow skirts. She came back breathless and threw herself down by Guy's side.

"Give me some more wine," she panted.

"How close the place is!"

The younger Frenchman, who had scarcely spoken, leaned over.

"An idea!" he exclaimed. "My automobile is outside. I will drive you all round the city. M. Poynton shall see Paris undressed. Afterward we will go to Louis' rooms and make his man cook us a déjeuner Anglaise!"

Flossie stood up and laughed.

"Who'll lend me a coat?" she cried.

"I've nothing but a lace mantle."

"Plenty of Frenchmen in the car!" the young Frenchman cried. "Are we all agreed? Good! Garçon, l'addition!"

"And mine," Guy ordered.

The women departed for their wraps. Guy and the two Frenchmen filled their pockets with cigarettes. When the bills came, Guy found that his own was a trifle, and M. Louis waved aside all protest.

"We are hosts tonight, my young friend," he declared, with charming insistence. "Another time you shall have your turn. You must come around to the club tomorrow, and we will arrange for some sport. Allons!"

They crowded out together amid a chorus of farewells. Guy took Flossie's arm going down the stairs.

"I say, I'm awfully obliged to you for introducing me to your friends," he declared. "I'm having a ripping time."

She laughed.

"Oh, they're all right," she declared. "Mind my skirts."

"I say, what does 'prenez garde' mean?" he asked.

"Take care! Why?"

He laughed again.

"Nothing."

## CHAPTER III.

"MADAMOISELLE," said the young man, with an air of somewhat weary politeness. "I regret to say

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