

***ETHEL
COLBURN
MAYNE***

***THE SEPARATE
ROOM***

Ethel Colburn Mayne

The Separate Room

EAN 8596547397656

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Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info



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It was clear that Bergsma was pleased, and Marion Cameron held her breath in thrilled alarm.

"You've done it--why! you've done it rippingly," said Bergsma, in his intermittent foreign accent, which now made a w and y precede the r in "rippingly." He did not look up, but read on eagerly from the sheet that Marion had typed for him, this morning, before he came into the study. She had felt tired, on waking, after the late evening with its difficult job, and then the exciting sense of having done it not so badly; she had hardly slept a wink, but she was at Bergsma's house much earlier than usual, so that all should be in best array when Bergsma came, and she herself in something that might figure as composure.

"So it was interesting," Bergsma said, still reading. "Miss Grey was in good voice, and Woolley not too--woolly?" He grinned at his mild joke, but still did not look up.

"Miss Grey was splendid," Marion said, in her clear solemn tones; "and Mr. Woolley was. . ."

She stopped. She wanted to acknowledge the joke, to say that Mr. Woolley had been something textile, but the word would not present itself, and Marion gave it up. "Mr. Woolley was quite good."

"Loose?" asked Bergsma, with another grin.

"Loose--Mr. Woolley?"

He glanced at her. "The part--it's *quelque peu*! I thought he might have 'given' a bit for once, pulled his voice out...ah, *peste*, no more of it!" He frowned.

Marion blushed. She knew she had been slow, and knew that Bergsma hated slowness.