

HER GOOD NAME.

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2^D



She lay there unconscious of the man watching her.
(An incident from the long complete novel, "HER GOOD NAME.")
No. 351. July 31st, 1928

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Her Good Name

By MARJORIE HILL

"You have been out with me several times, you have allowed me to give you flowers. You knew that I loved you. Did you expect me to be patient for ever? To-night my chance came—and I took it!" This is a tense scene from this powerful complete novel.



Locked out of her home at midnight!

A CHILL wind was blowing and the first drops of rain spattered from a leaden sky as the car stopped in Nightingale Lane.

Lorna Trant said good-night hastily and rather nervously to her companion and then hurried down the lane, through the little white gate and up a path that led round to the side of the cottage.

The church clock struck midnight as she went—twelve regretful, warning strokes it seemed to her. She had not meant to be home so late. She had intended to leave the dance by eleven at the latest, but Terence York had refused to let her go.

She was not sure now that she liked him as much as she had thought at first. There was something in his manner, a careless familiarity, that she resented, and sometimes the open admiration that glowed in his eyes disturbed rather than pleased her. And if he really respected her, would he have asked her to go to that dance with him without her father's knowledge?

She knew in her heart that he would not, yet she had gone with him against her better judgment, because her life had been so starved of gaiety and Terence York had offered her a chance to see for once the other side of life, where there was laughter and music and excitement.

It was two years now since her father had married again, when Lorna had been just nineteen. Her stepmother was a coarse-minded woman, and Lorna had bitterly resented her being put in the place of the mother she remembered. Perhaps the new Mrs. Trant had sensed that resentment, for she had managed to make Lorna's life a burden since her coming to Lilac Cottage.

She made her do all the work of the cottage, and had refused to let her learn shorthand and typing so that she might be independent. She kept her so short of money and so shabby that the girl was ashamed to join in any of the little gaieties that other girls took as a matter of course. Once Lorna in desperation had ap-

pealed to her father, but he was so under the influence of the woman he had married that

Out Every Tuesday.

Lorna had appealed in vain. And so the girl's life had gone on for two long, dreary years.

She had almost despaired of ever altering it until three weeks ago, when she had found Terence York mending a burst tyre half a mile from the cottage one evening. That meeting had been the first of many secret, stolen meetings in the spring twilight when she had managed to evade her stepmother's keen eyes and slip away for an hour or so. And then, two evenings ago, he had suggested taking her to the new Palais de Danse that had just been opened in the next town.

It was the first time any man had wanted to take her to a dance, and she had not been able to resist the temptation. She had a little money saved—money she had made by selling the eggs from her own fowls, and was hoarding carefully in order to pay for the typewriting lessons that would open the gate to freedom—and stirred by a new sense of revolt, she had drawn it out and spent almost the last shilling on an evening frock and coat, on silk stockings and slender satin shoes.

She had looked forward to the dance with breathless excitement, and after all it had somehow proved disappointing. She was glad that it was over, and that Terence York had let her go without demur. When she had sprang from the car and murmured her hasty "good-night" she had seen a curious light leap to his eyes and he had made a quick movement forward as if he would detain her. Suddenly, as she had looked into his eyes, she had had a feeling of intense discomfort, vague but very real, so that it was not only the lateness of the hour that made her heart beat faster as she slipped quietly round to the kitchen window of the cottage.

But as she reached it her heart, for one horrible moment, stopped beating altogether. She had left the window open so that she might get in without her stepmother's knowledge. And now it was closed and fastened! And the front door was always bolted by her stepmother before she went to bed.

Her face whitened. What was she to do? She dared not break the window, and to knock and rouse her stepmother seemed even more impossible. Then she remembered that the pantry window was always left open, and though it was very small she might perhaps be able to squeeze herself through. At any rate it was worth trying. She turned to move on when a sound arrested her.

It was the sound of a window being pushed up, the window of her stepmother's room, just above the kitchen. A moment later a harsh voice came down to her.

"You needn't trouble to try the pantry window," it said. "It is locked. The door is locked, too, and it'll not be opened to-night."

Lorna lifted a white, terrified face.

"Then how can I get in?" she gasped.

Mrs. Trant laughed shortly.

"You can't get in. You'll never get in here again. We've done with you."

"You—you can't mean it!" Lorna could hardly frame the words. She drew a little

farther out on the path, and the moon, peeping between the clouds at that moment, illuminated clearly the cruel face above her. "I've done no wrong," she stammered.

"You needn't pitch that tale to me." The woman gazed down at the slender figure that the moonlight revealed, at the pretty grey coat with its fur collar, at the gleam of blue and silver that showed beneath it, and dark spots of anger showed in her cheeks. "How did you get those clothes, I'd like to know?" she demanded furiously. "You didn't come by them honestly."

"I did, I did! I bought them with my savings—"

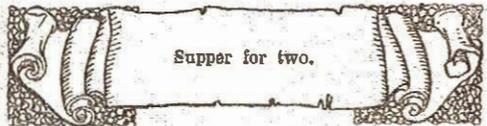
"A likely story! And the car that you got out of down the lane, I suppose you bought that, too? Do you think I'm deaf? Oh, I'm not such a fool as you seem to think. I've watched you every night when you slunk out to meet that man."

Lorna's face crimsoned, but she restrained her temper with an effort. If she showed defiance it would only anger her stepmother more, and somehow she must manage to placate her. If only her father were at home—but he had gone away on business and would not be back until the next day.

"It is not as you think, really it is not," she pleaded unsteadily. "I—I will tell you everything if only you will let me in. I can't stand here all night."

"I don't imagine for a moment that you will," was the retort. "There are plenty of places where girls like you can go, and there is one place where they all end—in the gutter! You'll get there soon enough—and it is good riddance to bad rubbish so far as I'm concerned."

There was another harsh laugh, and the sound of a window being slammed and bolted. Then there was silence.



LORNA stood as if stunned, trying to realise the plight in which she found herself. She was turned out of the only home she had ever known—turned out at midnight, clad in a flimsy evening frock and a coat that was an inadequate protection!

Where could she go? Would anyone take her in at such an hour, even if she could find the courage to ask their help? And what was she to do to-morrow, and all the days that followed?

She went slowly back down the path and into the lane. The rain was coming down in earnest now, and the moon was blotted out again so that the lane was very dark. She cried out in surprise and fear as a hand gripped her arm, then looking up at the man who had loomed before her, she saw that it was Terence York.

He showed no surprise, and she realised that he must have been waiting for her.

"Come along," he said coolly. "It is going to rain heavily in a minute."

He tried to urge her forward, but she stood still, her breath coming quickly.

"You—you heard—" she stammered.

"Yes. I thought I had better see that you got in all right, so I followed you."

She was glad that the darkness hid the crimson wave that flooded her cheeks. It seemed to deepen her shame that this man should have been a witness to that sordid scene.

She tried to withdraw her arm from his grasp but he only held it tighter.

"Come along!" he repeated impatiently. "You are getting wet."

"Where are you taking me?"

"To my flat, of course. It is in Glatton Street, not far from Piccadilly Circus. I can run you there in an hour."

"But I can't go to your flat," she protested with embarrassment. "You—you must see that."

"Then where do you propose to spend the

night?" he asked. "There is only the village inn, and I doubt if they would take you in at this time of night without luggage."

She shuddered.

"No, I couldn't go there. I've nowhere to go."

He heard the fear in her voice, and a little light of triumph sprang to his eyes. But his own voice was carefully casual and matter-of-fact.

"My dear girl, you are being absurd," he said. "The obvious thing is for me to help you out of this. There is no harm in your coming to my flat—my sister will look after you. And to-morrow we can decide what you had better do."

Her little sigh of relief at the mention of his sister was audible, and, covered by the darkness, a slight smile crossed the man's lips.

"Thank you. You are very kind," she said gratefully. "I shall be glad to come with you."

It was in less than an hour that she was being shown into a small but luxuriously furnished flat. A manservant opened the door, and in response to a whispered order from his employer laid supper for two in the room where Lorna sat in a big easy chair, warming her chilled hands at a cheerful fire.

Noticing this, she spoke nervously.

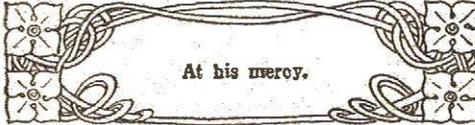
"Your sister is in bed?"

"She is at a dance," he responded carelessly, "but she will be back soon."



Although she was innocent, she knew she had earned the stranger's scorn.

She did not doubt his word, and when supper was ready sat down gladly. The excitement and nervous stress of the evening had made her hungry, and she even drank a glass of champagne at her companion's insistence. The food and the unaccustomed wine cheered her and made her feel almost gay. Perhaps things would turn out for the best after all. If his sister was nice she might help her to find a post.



At his mercy.

THEY had nearly finished when a loud knocking came at the door. The servant had retired, and Terence York, his dark eyes narrowed and his sensuous lips twisted in annoyance, answered it and let in a group of two or three men and several girls.

They greeted him boisterously.

"Hallo, Terence!"

"Got any bubbly?"

"We've been to the Daffodil Ball, and seeing your fight we came on to cheer you up."

"Who's your lady friend?"

Lorna coloured hotly, but the man, who had recovered his serenity, laughed in answer and fetched more champagne. Lorna took little part in the rather boisterous half-hour that followed. She was feeling more uncomfortable than she had ever felt before. What must these people think of finding her having supper alone with a man in his flat at half-past one in the morning?

To her strict ideas it seemed that they must be shocked, but if they were they gave no signs of it, accepting her as naturally as if they had expected to see her there. She found herself watching them and listening to the talk with a vague surprise and a growing uneasiness.

The men seemed to belong to Terence York's own world, though they were a little too free in their manner, and drank more champagne than she would have believed possible, but the girls were a different type, even her inexperience could see that.

They were noisily gay, with shingled heads and faces thickly plastered with paint and lipstick, as if to make up for the scantiness of the rest of their attire. One girl in particular, who was dressed as a powder puff, seemed hardly to be clothed at all. . . . Yet somehow Lorna liked her the best of them all. There was something attractive about her husky voice with its strange twang, and her gold-brown eyes more than once sent a glance of friendly interest across to Lorna between their heavily-darkened lashes.

"Lal" the others called this girl, and there was "Topsy" and "Toots" and "Mavis." It was Mavis who swept the glasses off the table and did a Charleston there, while one of the men banged rhythmically on a brass tray. . . .

When she had finished there was a storm of applause, and Lorna shrank still further into the corner of the sofa.

These people made her feel degraded. She wished heartily that she had not let Terence York persuade her to come there, but if she had not done so what would have become of her? Her face whitened at the thought, and at that moment she became aware that the powder puff girl, Lal, had sat down beside her and was whispering to her urgently under cover of the gramophone which had been switched on.

"Look here, you may think it awful cheek of me, but I can't help that," she said: "Terence York is a bad hat, you can take it from me. I don't know how you came to be with him, but you're not his sort—anyone can see that. And if you take my advice you'll get out of here as soon as possible."

Lorna suppressed a gasp of amazement and turned wide, questioning eyes to the other girl. But she had slipped away as suddenly as she had come and was taking a gay leave of Terence York. There was a perfect babble of farewells. All the guests were leaving; before Lorna could say anything or make up her mind what to do, the door had slammed behind them and she was alone again with the man who had brought her here.

As he advanced towards her, she sprang up. "I must go," she said agitatedly. "No, don't stop me—"

She would have darted past him, but he seized her shoulders and turned her to face him.

"Don't be silly," he retorted, and his voice was unsteady and a little thick. "You're going to stay here for the night, and it is past two o'clock."

She grasped frantically at her slipping self-control.

"Where is your sister? Why doesn't she come if it is so late?" Then something in the man's eyes, in the low, mocking laugh he gave, turned her quick suspicion into a certainty. "You haven't got a sister," she challenged. "It was a lie that you told me—"

"What if it was?" There was no shame in his voice, only an exultant passion. "I had to get you here somehow. And now you're here, and you can't get away."

Swiftly, triumphantly, he drew her into his arms, and she struggled fiercely, knowing all the time with a sick horror how useless it was. From her lips came one despairing cry for help—despairing because she knew that there was none to answer it. And she was no match for his strength, fight as she would to keep her mouth from his he was drawing it nearer, ever nearer. . . . In another moment he would press his own lips to it.

She had given herself up for lost when there was an interruption. The door of the room burst open and a man's voice spoke sharply.

"What is the matter?"

Terence York released her with an exclamation of anger, and she turned to face the man who had entered—a man with a strong, clean-cut face that was very stern now, with grey eyes that were fixed on her with a curious ex-

(Continued on page 6.)

BETTY BRONSON'S D'OYLEY.

This star's pattern is a delightful d'oyley specially designed for you by the charming little star of "Peter Pan" fame. She also gives you some valuable beauty hints on page 23.

Abbreviations.—Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; pct., picot.

Use a No. 40 crochet cotton and a No. 7 hook. Commence with centre star—9 ch., join to form a ring.

1st round—1 ch., 14 d.c. in ring, slip to first d.c. **2nd round**—5 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. in first d.c., * 2 ch., 1 tr. in next, repeat from * all round, making 14 holes, slip to third ch. **3rd round**—6 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. on tr., * 3 ch., 1 tr. on next; repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. **4th round**—8 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. on tr., * 5 ch., 1 tr. on next tr.; repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. **5th round**—9 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. on tr., * 6 ch., 1 tr. on next tr., repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. **6th round**—10 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. on tr., * 7 ch., 1 tr. on next; repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. **7th round**—11 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. on tr., * 8 ch., 1 tr. on next; repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. **8th round**—13 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. on tr., 10 ch., 1 tr. on next; repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. **9th round**—In each loop of 10 ch. work 12 d.c. **10th round**—3 ch. (for tr.) 2 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. between loops of d.c., * 7 ch., 1 d.c. between next two loops, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in same, 7 ch., 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. between next two loops; repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. **11th round**—Slip to loop between tr., 3 ch. (for tr.), 2 tr. in loop, 3 ch., 3 tr. in same * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in centre of 7 ch., 5 ch.,

1 d.c. in same (this forms pct.), 7 ch., 1 pct. in centre of 7 ch., 5 ch., 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., in loop between tr., repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. and into loop. **12th round**—3 ch. (for tr.), 2 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. in loop, * 5 ch., 1 pct. in centre of loop, 7 ch., 1 pct. in centre of next loop, 5 ch., 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., in loop between tr.; repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. and into loop. **13th round**—3 ch. (for tr.), 2 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. in loop, * 5 ch., 1 pct. in centre of 5 ch., 7 ch., 1 pct. in next 7 ch., 7 ch., 1 pct. in next, 7 ch., 1 pct. in centre

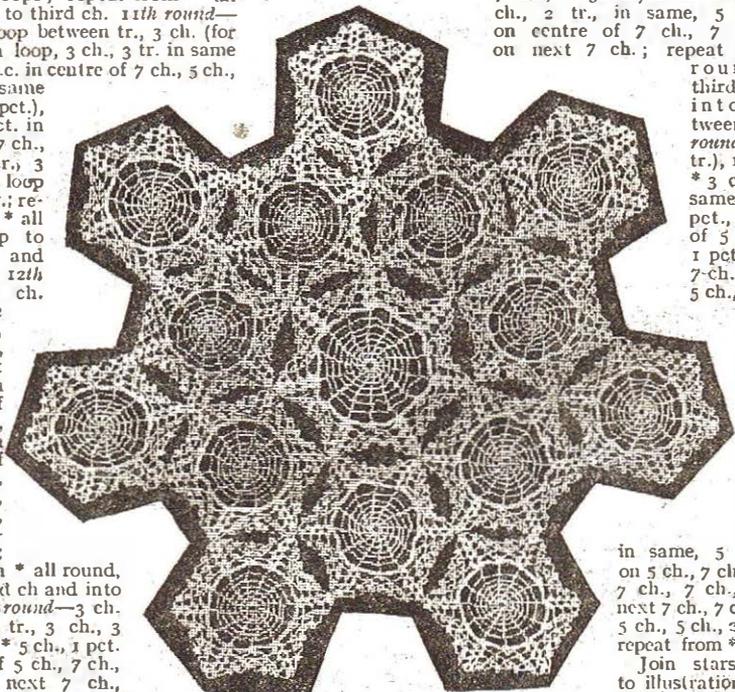
of 5 ch., 5 ch., 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. between tr.; repeat from * to end.

For smaller stars—8 ch., join to form a ring. **1st round**—12 d.c. in ring, slip to first d.c. **2nd round**—5 ch. (3 to form tr.), 1 tr. in first d.c., * 2 ch., 1 tr. in next, work from * all round, making 12 small holes, slip to third ch. **3rd round**—6 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. on tr., * 3 ch., 1 tr. on next tr., repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. **4th round**—8 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. on each tr. with 5 ch. between, slip to third ch. **5th round**—10 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. on each tr. with 7 ch. between, slip to third ch. **6th round**—11 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. on each tr. with 8 ch. between, slip to third ch. **7th round**—13 ch. (3 for tr.), 1 tr. on each tr. with 10 ch. between, slip to third ch. **8th round**—In each loop of 10 ch. work 12 d.c. **9th round**—3 ch. (for tr.), 1 tr. in same st., 3 ch., 2 tr. in same, 7 ch., pass over d.c., 1 d.c. on tr. of seventh row, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in same, * 7 ch., 2 tr. on next tr. of seventh row, 3 ch., 2 tr. in same, 7 ch., 1 d.c. on next tr., 5 ch., 1 d.c. in same, repeat from * all round, slip to first 3 ch. in loop between tr. **10th round**—3 ch. (for tr.), 1 tr. in loop, 3 ch., 2 tr. in same, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in centre of 7 ch., 5 ch., 1 d.c. in same (to form pct.), 7 ch., 1 pct. on centre of next

7 ch., * 5 ch., 2 tr. between tr., 3 ch., 2 tr., in same, 5 ch., 1 pct. on centre of 7 ch., 7 ch., 1 pct. on next 7 ch.; repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. and into loop between tr. **11th round**—3 ch. (for tr.), 1 tr. in loop, * 3 ch., 2 tr. in same, 5 ch., 1 pct., on centre of 5 ch., 7 ch., 1 pct. on 7 ch., 7 ch., 1 pct. on 5 ch., 5 ch., 2 tr. in loop between tr.; repeat from * all round, slip to third ch. and into loop. **12th row**—(for tr.), 1 tr. in loop, * 3 ch., 2 tr. in same, 5 ch., 1 pct., on 5 ch., 7 ch., 1 pct. on next 7 ch., 7 ch., 1 pct. on 5 ch., 5 ch., 2 tr. in loop; repeat from * to end.

in same, 5 ch., 1 pct., on 5 ch., 7 ch., 1 pct. on next 7 ch., 7 ch., 1 pct. on 5 ch., 5 ch., 2 tr. in loop; repeat from * to end.

Join stars according to illustration either by crochet or needle and cotton.



Although this looks very intricate, the instructions are quite simple.

HER GOOD NAME.—(Continued from page 4.)

pression that made the blood leap to her cheeks so that they glowed like poppies.

"What the deuce do you mean by barging in like this?" York demanded. "How did you get in, anyhow?"

The other man turned to him coolly.

"Your front door was open. I happened to be on the way up to my own flat when I heard a call for help—"

"You must have dreamed it," retorted the other sharply. "Why should anyone want help? I don't keep any wild animals in here, or murderers. Lorna and I have been having supper together."

"So I see."

The stranger's glance flashed to the floor, where the tablecloth that had been swept from the table lay amid a scatter of broken glass. He looked at an overturned chair, at a fragment of blue georgette that had been torn from Lorna's frock in the struggle, and at the powder puff that one of the girls had left that was staining with scented pink powder a silk cushion. Then for one instant his eyes again met and held the girl's, and a challenge seemed to lie there.

"I presume that I was mistaken?" he added quietly.

His very quietness stilled the words that had been hovering on her lips, striving for utterance. Suddenly she saw how impossible it was to make this man believe what had happened. The story in its truth was sordid and ugly enough. She was ashamed to tell him of her folly, and, after all, what did it matter what he believed or thought of her?

She told herself fiercely that it did not matter a bit—and knew that it did. The knowledge made her lift her head higher, and her lips curved in proud defiance.

"Quite mistaken," she told him in a voice as cool as his own.

"Then I can only apologise—"

"Don't be absurd, old chap. Nothing to apologise for." Terence York spoke with boisterous relief. "By the by, let me introduce you. Lorna, this is Peter Maitland—Miss Trant."

"You must stay and have a drink. I'll open another bottle of bubbly."

Terence York was still talking with a feverish cheerfulness, but the other man interrupted him curtly.

"No thanks. I'll be getting along. It's late—or rather early."

He turned to the door and there glanced back once more at the girl who was standing in the centre of the room, a slender figure struggling to cloak shame with defiance. With that flame of living scarlet burning in her soft cheeks, her eyes wide and blue and shining, her mouth red and sensitive and faintly quivering, she was very lovely and quite amazingly young—little more than a child. The thought stabbed at him with mingled pity

and anger. So young and so beautiful—and a man like Terence York!

He muttered some inarticulate exclamation and went out, leaving the door ajar.

Something of what he was feeling communicated itself to the girl, and she resented it with a bitterness that surprised her. Even with her limited experience of the world she could see that Peter Maitland was a man of utterly different type from Terence York or from those other men who had been in the flat. He would have high standards of honour, and for the girl who broke them he would feel nothing but contempt. She writhed at the thought. But the incident was closed. She would never see the man again, or Terence York if she could help it.

As the door shut she swung round on him furiously.

"I hope you are satisfied," she told him. "I don't know what Mr. Maitland must think—"

"Probably that some men have all the luck," retorted the other. "But at least he had the decency to see that he was not wanted and remove himself."

"I wish now that I had told him the truth."

"Why didn't you? You had the opportunity and you did not take it."

"Because I was ashamed." She spoke with a gathering passion of resentment. "Ashamed that he should see me here with you—ashamed of what you and my folly together have made of me, a girl for whom any decent man can feel only contempt and scorn—"

"My dear girl, don't be melodramatic." He cut her short roughly. "It was like Maitland's infernal impertinence to break in like that, but let us forget him and have some more supper—"

"I don't want more supper," she interrupted in her turn. "The only thing I want is never to see you again. Give me my coat, please!"

But he only laughed, and there was something in his laughter that made her feel as if a cold hand had been laid on her heart.

"Why do you want your coat?" he challenged.

"To go away."

"And where will you go?" he taunted. "Have you any idea of the time? No hotel would take you in now. And your stepmother made her feelings on the subject very plain."

"I don't care where I go," she retorted recklessly. "I would rather walk the streets than stay here another moment with you. If it had not been for you I should not have been in this mess."

The man's eyes narrowed, his voice held a sneer.

"You were glad enough to come with me before. What has changed you so suddenly? That preaching prig upstairs?"

She resented this with another wave of colour, but her angry defiance did not waver.

"It is you who have changed me—finding out the kind of man you are—"

His laugh rang out again.

"Because I made love to you? You can't be as innocent as you pretend. You have been out with me several times; allowed me to give you flowers. You knew that I loved you. Did you expect me to be patient for ever? To-night my chance came—and I took it."

"By a mean trick!" she flashed. "You got me here by lies and promises that you did not mean to keep. And now—"

"Now I mean to keep you here."

Before she could guess his intention he had seized her arms and was drawing her nearer.

"Lorna, do you think that I could give you up now? You're mine and no one shall ever take you from me. You beautiful thing! Did you think that I was made of stone or ice?"

"Let me go!" she cried.

His laugh was triumphant this time.

"Never!" he repeated. "Don't be afraid of me. There is nothing to be afraid of. I'll marry you, I swear I will, and teach you what happiness means. . . ."

For a moment anger drove out her fear.

"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!" she said hotly. "I hate you and despise you. I would rather starve than be your wife."

She saw that her words had pierced his complacency, but his discomfiture did not last long. He knew too well that he held the game in his hands. She had nowhere to go and no friend to help her and was utterly at his mercy. He had waited his time patiently and that time had come at last.

"You shall never starve," he said thickly. "You are too beautiful. Lorna, don't try to fight me, for it is no use. Give me your lips."

He was so intoxicated with triumph that he loosed his hold of her shoulders to turn her mouth to his, and that moment gave her an opportunity she was swift to seize.

She twisted herself free of him and darted across the room. The movement took him by surprise, so that when he blundered after her it was too late. He saw a gleam of blue and silver as she flashed through the still open door, slamming it behind her. Before he could open it the front door slammed to and he knew that he was beaten.

Dare she accept his offer?

LORNA'S flight was born of terror and an instinctive loathing of the man who had sought to win her by a cruel trick. She had no thought of where she was going or of what she was going to do in the middle of the night in a strange city, without money and wearing only a flimsy evening frock. Her one desire was to get away from Terence York, and once she was out of the flat she tore on down the corridor.

It never occurred to her to use the lift, or that she was going in the wrong direction—towards the stairs that led upward and not downward. The corridor was dimly lighted by a night lamp, but it might have been dark for all she knew of it. She did not even see the man who was turning the corner just as she reached it, and she collided with him with a force that left her breathless and shaken, so that for a moment she could only cling to him to save herself from falling.

As he gazed down at the white, quivering face beneath his and looked into the wide, terror-filled eyes, Peter Maitland felt again that stab of reluctant pity that had disturbed him a few minutes before.

Was it possible that he had made a mistake? But he had seen this girl in Terence York's flat. The whole scene seemed to come before him again—Terence York's arms clasping a blue and silver form, the disorder of the room. . . .

Somewhere a clock struck three and his face hardened.

"What is the matter?" he asked curtly.

Her eyes had been gazing blankly at him, but now they lighted up with quick recognition and relief.

"It is you!" she cried eagerly. "Oh, I'm glad—so glad!"

The man's lips twisted queerly.

"Perhaps you will tell me what has happened?" he questioned. "Where are you going?"

"You won't let him get me?" Her grasp of his arm tightened. She shuddered and, in spite of himself, his expression softened.

"Nobody shall hurt you," he said quietly. "You had better let me take you home. And if you listen to my advice you won't go to men's flats again. That sort of thing is not worth the trouble that inevitably follows and the regret." He looked down at her again, and once more the youth of her struck him with irritated pity. "You are nothing but a child. What is your mother about not to look after you better?" he demanded.

"I haven't a mother," she answered, and there was an unconscious pathos in the very simplicity with which she said it. "She died when I was quite small."

"Where shall I take you then?" he asked.

She looked down at the draggled remnants of the blue and silver frock, and realised that in her hasty flight she had not waited even to put on her coat.

The same problem returned to mock her. Where could she go in that state and at such an hour? No hotel would give her shelter. She had no money and she could not tramp the streets all night in her thin gown—and what was to happen to her when morning came?

Something of what she was thinking was mirrored in her face, and the man spoke again.

"Where is your home?" he insisted. "I will take you back there."

She was scarlet now with embarrassment and fear.

"I—I live in the country. But I can't go back—I daren't. My stepmother locked the door on me."

His face grew graver.

"You mean that you went out with Terence York without your stepmother's knowledge, and she is angry?"

She nodded dumbly. He considered for a few moments, then he went on in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice.

"Then there seems nothing for you to do but to come up to my flat."

He was not prepared for the effect of his words. She shrank away from him sharply, fear and horror widening her eyes again. With the night's bitter experience in her mind, she mistrusted and feared all men. She turned and would have fled from him back down the corridor, but he caught her by the shoulder and spoke with half amused, half angry decision.

"Don't be absurd. Do you think I mean to harm you? All men are not like York. You can't spend the night in the streets, and my flat seems to be the only alternative. Besides, there is something I want to say to you. An idea has occurred to me that may help us both. You can do me a service if you will, a service for which I will pay you well. Now will you come with me?"

She hesitated only for a moment longer. Then she began to feel ashamed.

"I will come with you," she said quietly.

The room into which he took her was larger than Terence York's living room and furnished with a solid comfort and lack of ostentation that gave it an air of home. A cheerful fire still burned in the grate and he drew up a chair for her before it.

"Now," he said. "The first thing I am going to do is to make you some hot coffee. Then I will tell you what I want you to do."

She leaned back in her chair and let him minister to her in a quiet, purposeful way that was somehow very soothing. The very room calmed her overstrained nerves. Being there was like coming home after a long journey. There was something comforting in the warm glow of the fire, the fragrant smell of the coffee. It made the happenings of the last few hours seem dreamlike.

She looked at the man nervously as she finished her coffee, and he saw that the anxiety had come back to her face.

"You said that you had something to ask me?" she reminded him.

He lit a cigarette with a murmured request for permission and gazed at her thoughtfully, viewing with an admiration that was quite impersonal the wide blue eyes, the waving brown hair with its gold gleams where the light caught it, the youth and delicate loveliness of the oval face. The resemblance was really extraordinary, sufficiently close for his purpose. . . .

He spoke quickly.

"It is a curious thing that I am going to ask of you, but I had better explain matters. My

name, as you know, is Peter Maitland, and I have one sister, Marjory, who is staying with me while her husband is away on business. She and her husband, John Streatham, are deeply in love, but John has one fault—he is intensely and needlessly jealous of Marjory, especially of her friendship with Walter Lemon, who was Marjory's friend before her marriage. Unfortunately, driving to visit some friends to-day in her two-seater, Marjory had an accident and sprained her ankle badly. As luck would have it, the accident occurred near the house where Walter Lemon lives with his mother. She was taken there and will be compelled to remain there for a few days. Although John's jealousy is groundless, if he learns that Marjory is staying with the Lemons he will be furious. Knowing this, Marjory implored me on the 'phone not to let John know where she is."

He paused, and Lorna looked at him in bewilderment.

"I don't quite see what I can do," she ventured.

"I will tell you. Marjory was to have gone to-morrow to spend a week-end with me at a friend's house in the country. If her husband learns that she has not gone with me, as arranged, he will want to know why and the whole thing will come out. Therefore it is imperative that Marjory should make that visit. Do you understand?"

Lorna's bewilderment grew.

"Not in the least," she said frankly. "I don't see how your sister can go if she is too ill."

He interrupted her coolly.

"That is where you come in. Mrs. Maclaren, our hostess for the week-end visit, has only met Marjory once, and, as it happens, you are extraordinarily like her. Dressed in Marjory's clothes—I have plenty of them here and you are about her size—no one who does not know either of you well would detect that you are not my sister. So I ask you to take her place for the few days and to come with me to the Maclarens as Marjory."

"I couldn't!"

The refusal broke from her sharply. What he was asking her to do was impossible, and every instinct in her shrank from such deception. To wear another girl's clothes, take a place that was not hers. . . .

"You must see that I couldn't do it," she repeated.

"Why not?" He broke in upon her agitation with a directness that silenced her. "There is nothing wrong in what I suggest, or I would not ask it of you. You will be averting what might perhaps prove a tragedy for my sister and at the same time benefit yourself. I am prepared to pay you fifty pounds for your services. By Monday afternoon you will be free, and possibly the money will be useful to you?"

She caught her breath. The sum he offered would be a fortune to her—it would enable her to live until she could find work and plau out

(Continued on page 10.)

Cinema Chat

This week vivacious **LAURA LA PLANTE** tells you some interesting news about some of your favourite screen stars.

DEAR GIRLS,—Did you know that I have a new name now at the studio? Everyone calls me "Lauriaha" these days. It is rather a pretty name, don't you think?

It is the Spanish form of my real name; and is the one used by all my "fans" in Spain, Mexico and South America. The folks at the studio happened to hear it, so I am always "Laurinha" now!

Charlie Chaplin is the only other star in Hollywood with a foreign nickname, as far as I can remember. He is known by many as "Charlot," the name given to him in France, Italy and several other foreign places.

A Secret Wedding.

I wonder if any of you will have an opportunity of seeing Mona Ray while she is staying in your country?

It is said that she will probably make a tour of the music halls, so perhaps you may be lucky enough to see the famous "Topsy" of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in the flesh.

She writes that she is having a perfectly wonderful time in London.

She is really on her honeymoon, you know. Some time ago, Mona went to Tujana, New Mexico, for two days and came back to Hollywood Mrs. H. J. Cummings. The marriage was kept a great secret and the bappy couple rushed straight on to New York to take the boat for England. In this way they escaped the fuss and publicity which they both dreaded. Mr. Cummings, by the way, is a famous writer of screen stories.

Tiniest Star in the World.

By the way, Mona Ray is, I should imagine, the tiniest adult film star in the world.

She is only four feet tall! And she is as slim as she is short. She only weighs four stone, nine pounds! It is little wonder that cinema audiences thought she was a schoolgirl of nine or ten years of age when they saw her as "Topsy"!

Touring the Hawaiian Islands.

I have recently returned to Hollywood after a most delightful holiday.

For a month I have been touring around the Hawaiian Islands with my husband, William Seiter. We travelled in quaint, rickety native boats which were always threatening to tip up any moment but never did do so!

I brought home several trunks packed full with rare curiosities and treasures which will make our new home look like a private museum!

Latest Engagements in Hollywood.

The two latest engagements in the film colony are those of Alice Day and Carl Laemmle, Junior, and Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders.



Alice and Carl have been going about together for three years and have, at last, decided to be engaged!

Alice is wearing a beautiful platinum ring set with exquisite rubies and crystals. The wedding, I hear, will take place in the early autumn.

A Star's Ill-Luck.

The story of Sylvia Beecher proves how hard it is to get into the movies, and the need to possess determination and persistence as well as talent and a screen appearance.

Sylvia toured the studios for months looking for work, and her little hoard of savings became practically exhausted. When she called at one studio, the director looked at her and said:

"Haven't you any stockings on?"

"No," replied Sylvia. "I can't afford to buy any."

The director gave her a test out of pity, but she was not the right type he was needing, so poor Sylvia had to walk on to the next studio. Here, too, she was given a test, but without success. Then she got work as an "extra" at the Paramount Studio—and disgraced herself. She fainted half way through an important scene. Poor Sylvia had had nothing to eat for two days, and not much before that! Everyone was very kind to her and looked after her. Her luck changed, and now she has a contract at a good salary, and has moved from her tiny bed-sitting-room to a cosy little bungalow.

To Bring Good Luck.

Have you ever found a four-leaf clover?

It is very lucky to do so, you know. You should look out for one this summer. When you find it, paste it on to a piece of silver paper; cut the paper round to match the shape, and stick the mascot on to a fine red ribbon. Wear it always somewhere about you. It will bring you great good luck.

With all very best wishes, girls.

Yours sincerely,

LAURA LA PLANTE.

HER GOOD NAME.—(Continued from page 8.)

her future! If she refused it, she was destitute and homeless. But could she, dare she refuse it?

He saw her hesitation and followed up his advantage quietly.

"You will do as I ask?"

She was white now. All at once she looked utterly weary and her lower lip quivered.

"Yes, I will do it," she said slowly.

"Good!" His tone was brisk—intentionally so, because that feeling of unwilling pity was gripping him again. He wished she did not look so like a tired, bewildered child. But she was no child; he remembered the scene he had disturbed in Terence York's flat. The fact that she was there at all at two o'clock in the morning spoke for itself. His mouth was grim.

"And now you had better get to bed," he went on. "I will tell you all details in the morning. My sister's room is the second on the right down the passage. I think you will find all you need there, and I know she would be quite willing for you to make use of her things. I am going round to my club."

Ten minutes later Lorna was creeping between embroidered linen sheets, safe for the time being—there was relief in that thought.

But deep down in her heart she was miserable at the thought of Peter Maitland's manner towards her, with its mixture of pitying contempt and amused annoyance.

Would he have treated a girl of his own world like that, and would he have asked a girl he respected to do the thing that he asked of her? She fell asleep with the question still unanswered.

* * * * *

She drove down with him the next afternoon to Mrs. Maclaren's house. It was a big house, set in lovely grounds, and to Lorna's surprise, and a little to her dismay, it proved to be only about five miles distant from her own home. But that fact did not really matter. The Maclarens were obviously rich and their friends would have nothing in common with her own. It was not in the least likely that she would meet anyone who knew her in the two days of her stay.

A small but charming bedroom was allotted to her, and as she dressed for dinner, in one of Marjory Streatham's frocks, her spirits rose.

Marjory's frock was undeniably becoming and fitted her perfectly.

She was suddenly glad that Peter Maitland would see her in it. His manner this morning and on the way down had been charmingly friendly, and she began to wonder if she had imagined the strangeness of it the night before. But he still believed her to be the kind of girl who would take supper with Terence York alone in his flat. She wished she had the courage to tell him the truth about that night; but would he believe that she was innocent of anything except a folly that had cost her dear?

Mrs. Maclaren had gathered together quite a large house party, and that evening there was dancing in the drawing-room, which had been cleared of its furniture and rugs. Lorna looked forward to it all through dinner. She wanted especially to dance with the man who had befriended her, and her disappointment was sharp when he did not ask her for a single dance.

She was annoyed with herself for minding. After all, there was no reason why he should want to dance with her, and no one would be surprised at his not dancing with his "sister."

She watched him dancing with other girls, particularly with a slim, dark-eyed girl in a daintily cut frock of orange chiffon. The girl was not beautiful, but possessed a superb poise and self-assurance that she envied.

There were plenty of men there ready enough to dance with Lorna, but half way through the evening she volunteered to wind the gramophone and change the records, conscious of a slight soreness of heart of which she did not try to analyse the cause.

It was while she was putting on a fox-trot that a voice behind her made her start.

"Won't you give me a dance?"

She swung round to face Peter Maitland, a little surprised colour coming into her cheeks, but some perverse spirit made her answer him with careless aloofness.

"I am afraid I am too busy. I promised to look after the music."

"Nonsense." He smiled suddenly, and his smile was a very charming thing that began at the eyes and softened amazingly the strong, rather stern lines of his mouth. "Somebody else can attend to it—one of the men. I want to dance with you."

"I don't think I want to dance with anybody," she said airily. "I am rather tired."

"You don't look it," he observed. "Is it that you don't want to dance with me? I assure you that I dance quite nicely!"

Despite herself she could not prevent a faint answering smile hovering round her lips. And it was very dull winding the gramophone. . . .

"So do I," she parried, and he laughed outright.

"Then come."

She did not mean to do it, even now, but somehow she found herself taking his hand, moving, swaying to the intoxicating lilt of the music.

She was a born dancer, but she was not conscious of what she danced at that moment, only of the keen, strong face bent over hers, the light in his grey eyes that held something more than amusement, a quality that she did not try to understand, but that made her whole being throb in answer.

When it ended he still held her for a moment.

"Lorna!" He whispered her name. "You were right. You dance perfectly."

She caught her breath sharply. What had happened to Peter Maitland—and to her? She was suddenly afraid of him, afraid of the deep

glow in his eyes and of the wild, ecstatic beating of her own heart. She tried to banish the feeling.

"Shall we sit down?" she said. "Look, the floor has emptied."

It was sheer nervousness that made her speak coldly, and as she spoke, the strange spell that held them vanished as the sun vanishes behind a black cloud. All expression was wiped from the man's face, and the light in his eyes was quenched so that they were dark and hard and empty, grim as his mouth.

He bowed stiffly.
 "I think I will go and have a smoke. You will excuse me?"

His tone, too, had changed—he might have been speaking to a stranger. A moment later he had turned and left her, and it was as if those magical moments had never been, except for the tears that they had left in her heart.

The next morning was wet, but after lunch the sun came out gloriously and promised a golden afternoon.

It was always Lorna's habit to walk off her depression, and to-day she was in the grip of a mood that puzzled her. She had never in her life felt so lonely as she did in this house filled with people who treated her with a warm friendliness as Peter Maitland's "sister." She wanted to get away from it, and when the house party, in spite of the sun's invitation, settled down to play Bridge, she put on her things and slipped quietly out of the front door.

She had nearly reached the gates and had paused to admire a bed of pale mauve primroses, when Peter Maitland overtook her.

"I saw you go out and wondered if I might come with you," he said. "I hate Bridge. It is too lovely an afternoon to spend indoors, anyhow."

The words were careless enough, but in his voice was the note of warm comradeship that she loved to hear. Last night he had left her with the stiff casualness of a stranger. This morning he had seemed to avoid her, but now he wanted to be with her. . . . And she knew that with him beside her, the glory of the afternoon had somehow become more radiant still, yet that same perverse spirit that had impelled her before made her answer lightly.

"I am only going for a walk. I expect you would be horribly bored."

"I think I will risk it. And if you are bored please say so, and I will walk a few paces behind."

She gave it up after that. She was finding it more and more difficult to nurse her resentment against this man, and she knew in her heart that she owed him really nothing but gratitude. Her resentment was born of the knowledge of what he must think of her. Over-sensitiveness made her take his friendliness for pity, and she felt that he must secretly despise her and the fact stirred in her a shamed annoyance. If only she could tell him the truth!

But this afternoon she forgot her resentment and found herself laughing and talking with an unforced gaiety that surprised her.

Looking back on those hours afterwards, she realised that they were the happiest she had ever spent. They walked for miles over the hills and took tea at a farmhouse. Mingled with the joyousness of it was some deeper feeling that lay over Lorna's heart like a quiet hand, bringing a strange sense of peace and security.

On the way home they grew rather silent, but it was no longer an embarrassed silence, but a quietude born of understanding and sympathy.

She looked at his firm, clear-cut face and a sudden resolve filled her. This afternoon had somehow changed everything between them. She could not any longer go on letting him think her worthless. She could not even now bring herself to confess to him all her folly of that night, but she would tell him enough to show him that she was not the kind of girl he must think her.

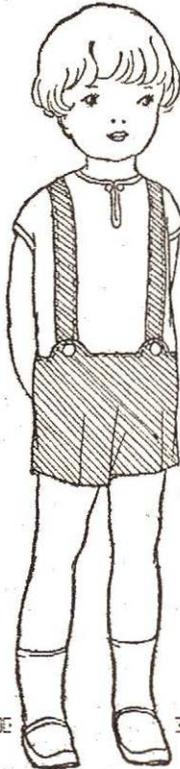
She stopped abruptly, and he stopped, too, glancing at her with a grave query.

"What is it?" he asked. "You are not tired?"

"No." It was more difficult than she had expected, that grave, steady glance was oddly disquieting. "I—I want to tell you something," she went on breathlessly. "It—it is about that night—the first night you met me—"

"Yes?" The word was quietly spoken, but something in his voice gave her courage.

"I want you to know that—that there was a mistake." It



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came out hurriedly, a little slurred, half incoherent. "I—I can't tell you everything, but I want you to know that I never intended to do anything wrong. He—that man lied to me. But it was not as you thought. Oh, please believe that—you must!"

In her earnestness she had drawn nearer to him, and her eyes, passionately pleading for understanding, were lifted to his.

Over the man's face swept a change that was as if the sun irradiated a grey landscape.

"I do believe you," he said quietly. "I think I knew from the first that you were deeply wronged."

She hardly heard what he said. It was the sudden glow in his eyes that made her want to laugh and cry at the same time and an ecstasy that was almost pain began to stir her whole being. The magic of the night before had suddenly been recaptured, and this time she knew what it was that had conjured it up.

She loved Peter Maitland! That was why she had so passionately wanted to justify herself to him, why the thought that he pitied and despised her had been more than she could bear. Out of the misery of that night when Terence York had decoyed her to his flat had been born something so beautiful that her heart stood still before the wonder of it.

Then something happened: A woman's voice, harsh and shrill, called her name. Her heart leapt suddenly into her throat with fear and foreboding as she turned to face her stepmother!

Mrs. Trant was standing on the path a few paces away from them. Her face was grim and hard as Lorna always had known it, but in her eyes gleamed a light of sheer ferocity from which the girl shrank as the elder woman gazed at the two before her.

Not a detail escaped her. Those eyes, light grey and pitiless, took in the exquisitely-cut coat of golden-brown tweed that Lorna was wearing, the obvious expensiveness of the snake-skin shoes, the string of pearls—Marjory's pearls—that clasped her slender throat. She noted the whole air of wealth and luxury that surrounded the girl she had turned out of the cottage without, as far as she knew, a pound to call her own. Her mouth twisted in scorn. "So that is what you have come to—" she began slowly when Lorna cut her short.

In that moment she felt that the only thing that mattered was to get her stepmother away before she could say the things that were hovering on her lips.

Forgetting her fear of the woman who had made her life a misery in the past, she went up to her and grasped her arm, her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, please go away!" she implored. "You have done me enough harm in the past. Won't you let me be happy now?"

"Happy!" she sneered. "You'll never be happy—your sort never are. I'm glad I turned you out." Better to have no daughter at all than one who brings you to shame. I knew what would happen when you started sneaking out at

night to meet men. Once set on that path, they never stop until they reach the bottom. You've sold yourself for fine clothes and the things with which men buy fools like you. I suppose the fellow you went off with tired of you, since you've managed to rope in another. You think you're having a fine time now and that it'll go on for ever. But a life like that soon kills youth and prettiness. You'll come to the gutter where all girls like you end, and then you needn't expect help or pity from me. We've done with you, your father and I."

It was all over in a few minutes, and Mrs. Trant, with a final glance, strode off.

She could not face the shame of exposure.

LORNA stood for a few moments as if turned to stone, incapable of movement or even speech, her stepmother's denunciation ringing in her ears. Every word of it had been pitilessly clear. There was no hope that the man she loved had not heard, or that he could have failed to understand all that it implied.

"... when you started sneaking out at night to meet men... the gutter, where all girls like you end."

She shivered. Her heart that a little before had been throbbing with a wild ecstasy was now like a dead thing. Her stepmother's outburst would seem to Peter to confirm her guilt and he would never believe now that she was not the kind of girl he had first thought her.

"You are getting cold. Shall we go on?"

His voice was level, emotionless, no longer deep and tender. It set her far apart from him, and she was too dazed to realise that it was an effort for him to speak at all.

They resumed their walk in silence, and one nervous, furtive glance at his profile showed her that it was hard and grim and that his eyes were like steel.

Her dream of love and happiness was over! They had another mile to go, but neither spoke again, and when they reached the house he left her without a word.

Dinner was a torture to the girl. She was too miserable to join in the talk, and she did not dare to look at the man she loved. Half-way through the meal he was called to the telephone, and when he returned he came straight up to her.

"I find that I must go to London to-night," he said. "I shall be back by lunch time to-morrow."

She had an impulse to implore him not to go, to sob out the whole pitiful story to him and ask his understanding and forgiveness—but the presence of the other guests restrained her—they were in the drawing-room now. Besides, there was nothing to tell... nothing that he would care to hear. He was not inter-

ested in her except as a girl whom he was paying handsomely to do him a service. | bed as if frozen. The unexpectedness of the situation seemed to have stunned her, but

She watched him disappear down the drive in the Maclarens' car, and making an excuse, went up to her room. It was too early yet to go to bed—only nine o'clock—but her nerves were on edge and she suddenly felt that she wanted to be alone.

The whirring of the front door bell reached her there, but she took no notice of it. The Maclarens had a large circle of friends and probably it was a visitor. Two minutes later there was a knock at her own door and her hostess appeared.

"My dear, I have a surprise for you," she said gaily. "Your husband is here."

"My husband!" Lorna's face whitened, then grew slowly scarlet. "But—but it can't be—" she stammered.

"Mr. Streatham returned from his trip unexpectedly," went on Mrs. Maclaren, "and learning at the flat that you were here, he very sensibly followed you. He is waiting for you downstairs."

When she was alone again Lorna sat for a few minutes on the edge of the

bed as if frozen. The unexpectedness of the situation seemed to have stunned her, but gradually thought reasserted itself and with it came fear and horror.

John Streatham was downstairs—Marjory's husband! And when he saw her he would know that she was an impostor and proclaim the fact to everybody.



As they danced Lorna knew he attracted her, and the knowledge made her happy.

She would have to face a chorus of questions, her hostess's surprise and perhaps her anger. Peter Maitland was gone, and there would be no one to help her.

She could not face the shame of exposure, she must go away—at once! She had money in her purse now, the fifty pounds that Peter Maitland had paid her. She would go back to London—not to Peter, because she felt that she could

never bear to see him again. She would leave a letter telling him what had happened, and find a small hotel where she could stay for the night.

Ten minutes later, having left the house by a side entrance, she was on her way to the station, which she reached just in time to catch the last train to London.

At six o'clock on an evening three weeks after, Lorna emerged with some fifty other girls from the side door of an Oxford Street shop.

She had secured a post as assistant there and was glad of the occupation that left her little time for thought. It was the week-ends that she dreaded, the long, dreary Saturday afternoons and interminable Sundays, when memory stabbed at her with sharp pain and would not be stilled.

It was one thing to tell herself that she would forget the man who had played so brief and so strange a part in her life, but quite another to carry out her intention.

What had he thought when he had discovered her flight? she wondered. Had he tried to find her, or hadn't he cared?

She fitted her key in the front door of the house where she lodged and hurried up to her room. There she drew out the prettiest frock she possessed and slipped it on, for that morning a curious thing had happened. She had received a letter from Terence York, telling her that he would call for her at eight o'clock to take her out to dinner.

Her first impulse had been to refuse to meet him again. She did not want to renew her acquaintance with him and she was annoyed that he should have found out her address. He must have discovered it by following her home the night before, for she had caught sight of him as she was leaving the shop, but had believed that he had not seen her. And he calmly assumed that after the way he had treated her she would be ready to have dinner with him.

She would not acknowledge even to herself that it was a longing to hear news of Peter Maitland that had made her change her mind. Terence York was Peter's friend—or at least they knew each other. She might learn from him what the man she loved was doing and if he still thought of her. A soft flush warmed her cheeks as she heard the front door bell and went down to greet Terence York.

Seated opposite to her, at a discreetly secluded table in a Soho restaurant, the man congratulated himself on the chance that had brought them together again.

The girl before him had aroused in him perhaps the most genuine passion of his life. He waited her for his wife, and he knew unerringly that he was nearer to winning her than ever before. He had learned something of what had happened during that week-end,

and of the rest he guessed more than Lorna realised.

"Lorna, I want to ask your forgiveness for that night," he said abruptly. "I behaved like a brute, and the thought of what became of you after you left my flat has tortured me ever since. I pictured such terrible things happening to you—"

"Then you didn't know?" she put in swiftly. "He—he didn't tell you—"

"What do you mean?" A much cleverer person than she would have been deceived by the surprise in his voice.

"I—I mean that Mr. Maitland . . ." She was stammering, suddenly scarlet. "I—I thought he might have told you . . ."

"Maitland?" He seemed genuinely puzzled. "What is there that he could tell me?" he went on calmly. "In any case I didn't see him before he went abroad."

Lorna's heart missed a beat. "He—he has gone away for long?"

"A year or so, I believe," lied the man glibly. "But don't let us waste time talking of him. Lorna—" He leant a little nearer to her across the table. "You know why I have tried so hard to find you all this time. I love you. If you will marry me I will try to make up to you for the past."

His words stabbed at her with fresh pain, for they pointed so clearly the difference between this man's conduct and Peter Maitland's. Peter had not tried to find her or cared what became of her. She was nothing to him, but she was everything to Terence York . . .

The thought moved her strangely. She knew now what it was to love like that, to ache and long for the beloved.

Suppose she married him! Life had become intolerable, but perhaps amid new scenes she might really learn to forget, as Peter had forgotten.

She lifted eyes that were wide and sad. "There is something I must ask you first," she said steadily. "You remember that—that Mr. Maitland—" just for an instant she faltered, then went on bravely. "He saw me in your flat, and he must think—oh, you know what he must think! And I can't bear that anyone should believe me to be a girl like that. If—if I marry you, will you promise to write to him and tell him the truth about that night?"

"Of course!" He spoke quickly, hiding the triumph he felt. "Then you will marry me?"

"I don't love you." She still spoke quietly, but her lips were quivering. "It is not likely that I shall ever love you in—in that way. But if you will be content—"

"I ask so little." He stretched out his hand and laid it over hers, and she did not shrink from him. "I only ask that you should marry me. Perhaps afterwards love will come. If it does not, I shall not reproach you. It will be sufficient for me to have the right to take care of you and see that nothing can ever hurt

you again. Lorna, will you trust yourself to me?"

"Yes."

* * * * *

She lived for the week that preceded her wedding in a dream in which nothing seemed real and pain and joy were alike deadened.

Terence York himself was no more real than everything else. He was just a part of the life before her, as the new clothes that she had bought with the remainder of her fifty pounds were a part and the tickets that would convey them to Paris after their marriage. It was not until she stood by his side in the church that he became suddenly not a vague personality, but a living being—the man who loved her . . . her husband to whom she had given herself, whose life she was henceforth to share. . . .

She caught her breath as if with pain. What had she done? She felt in that moment that she had betrayed something that was dearer to her than life—her love of the man whom she would never see again.

If only it had been Peter who stood beside her now! She would always love him, she knew that. The years could not bring forgetfulness, but only deepen the ache of longing. Yet she had just bound herself irrevocably to another man. She was his wife. Soon she would be alone with him and he would have the right to take her in his arms; to hold her to him so that she could never get away as long as life lasted. . . .

How she kept herself from crying out she never knew. She stumbled as she went back down the aisle and only her husband's supporting arm kept her from falling. His quiet kindness, as he put her into the car that was waiting to take them to Victoria Station, smote her. If he had wronged her in the past, she had done him now a greater wrong in marrying him. She could never care for him, and she must tell him so immediately. There was no time to spare—they were starting at once on their journey to Paris; the wedding had been fixed for early in the

morning, so that they could catch the boat train.

Terence York noted her deathly pallor in the car as they left the church behind, and his mouth hardened. Now that she was safely married to him the necessity for patience was over. A deep glow came into his eyes, his pulses raced. She was his, this lovely girl with the eyes like wet violets, and the crimson, sensitive lips. With a hoarse cry he turned to her. "Lorna!"

He had gathered her into his arms, but she fought desperately to free herself.

"Don't!" she cried. "You can't! Oh, let me speak—I must speak! I have something to tell you—"

She shuddered and closed her eyes. Then something happened. There were shouts, a sickening jerk that tore her from his arms; the sound of breaking glass and rending wood. A hot pain stabbed at her shoulder so that she cried out. A moment later everything grew dark and she sank into a merciful unconsciousness.

* * * * *

It was one evening a week later that Lorna sat before the fire in a house in Grosvenor Square, gazing at a newspaper.

She had been carried into that house after the accident, and the kindly owner had insisted on keeping her there, refusing to allow her to be taken to a hospital. Lorna had not been very seriously hurt, but the man she had married. . . .

She shivered. It was terrible to think that Terence York's life had been ended in a moment like that. For he had been killed outright when the second car had struck them, and her kind hostess had broken the news to her that morning, knowing that she must learn the truth some time.

Mingled with her genuine horror at the man's fate was a feeling of relief that she could not stifle. That moment when Terence had crushed her to him in the car had taught her what a loveless marriage could mean. She could not have faced the future with him

(Continued on page 18.)



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Miss Nell St. J. Montague, the famous society clairvoyante, possesses a wonderful mascot, Judy, a sacred monkey, born in distant India. So strong is Judy's power to attract good luck that Miss Nell St. J. Montague has specially had made some mascots reproducing Judy in her hand, and makes you a special offer by which you can ensure good luck for yourself and your friends. You can read all about it in **LONDON NOVELS**, now on sale, price 2d.

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LIST OF FILM TITLES

(Only the Film Titles found in this list will be used in this competition).

A.—Across to Singapore; An Affair of the Follies; Alex the Great; Alias the Dacoit; The Amateur Gentleman; Ambitious Annie; Ankles Preferred; Apaches of Paris; The Arm of the Law; At the Edge of the World.

B.—Backstage; Barbed Wire; Behind the Scenes; Ben-Hur; Big Boy; The Big Parade; The Big Punch; Blonde or Brunette; The Broken Gate.

C.—Cabaret; The Call of the Heart; Canyon of Adventure; Carmen; Chang; The Chess Player; Chick; The Circus; Circus Rookies; The Climbers; Clohes Make the Woman; The Cohens and Kellys in Paris; Crash ng Hoofs; The Crowd.

D.—Dangerous Traffic; Dawn; Death Valley; The Devil's Trade Mark; Divorce and the Child; The Dover Road; Downhill; Dress Parade; Duty's Reward.

E.—Eager Lips; The Eagle of the Sea; The Escape; Evening Clothes.

F.—The Fifty-Fifty Girl; Fighting for Fame; The Fighting Stranger; Fires of Love; The First Kiss; Fools for Luck; The Footlight.

G.—Galloping Thunder; The Girl Downstairs; Glenister of the Mounted; Going Crooked; Go West; Great Office Mystery.

H.—Hogman's House; Hard Boiled Haggerty; Hard Fists; The Heart Thief; Held by the Law; Heroes in Blue; Hills of Peril; His Big Pal; His Tiger Lady.

I.—In the Shadow of the Harem.

J.—Jaws of Steel; The Jazz Singer; The Joyless Street; The Jungle Woman; Just Married.

K.—A Kiss in a Taxi; Kitty Carstairs.

L.—Ladde; Lady and the Chauffeur; Lessons for Wives; Lightning; A Light Woman; Linger; The Lion and the Mouse; A Little Bit of Fluff; Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come; Lords of the Back Fence; Love 'Em and Leave 'Em; The Love of Sunya; Lovers; Love's Crucifixion; Loves of Ricardo.

M.—The Magnificent Flirt; The Main Event; The Man Who Laughs; Man,

Woman and Wife; Marriage of the Bear; Men of Daring; A Million For Love; My Best Girl; My Home Town.

N.—New Brooms; The News Parade; Nju.

O.—One Hour to Live; One of the Best; The Only Way; Orchids and Ermine; Out of the Frying Pan; Over the Hill.

P.—Paid to Love; Partners in Crime; Paying the Penalty; Phantom; The Phantom of the Circus; Phantom of the Turf; The Poacher.

Q.—Q Ships; The Queen Was in the Parlour; Queer Corners of Europe.

R.—The Rat; The Return of Peter Grimm; The Ridin' Streak; The Riding Demon; The Ring; The Road to Mandalay; Romance With the Lid Off; Rookies; Ros s of Picardy.

S.—Sally of the Scandals; Say It With Diamonds; Second to None; Secrets of the Soul; The Sensation Seeker; Silk Stockings; Skinner's Big Idea; The Smuggler; The Soul of France; The Speed Cop; Speedy; The Spotlight; Stage Kisses; The Storm; Stormy Waters; The Street; The Student of Prague; Sweetheart.

T.—Tarzan and the Golden Lion; Tempest; Their Hour; Thrill Seekers; Thundering Speed; Tillie's Panicked Romance; Time to Love; Tracked by the Police; The Traffic Cop; Two Little Drummer Boys; The Lawney of the Wells; Twinkletoes; Two Lovers.

U.—The Understanding Heart; The Unknown.

V.—Vamping Venus; The Vanishing Pioneer; Vanity; Vaudeville; Very Confidential.

W.—Warming Up; Warning Shadows; Waxworks; Way of All Flesh; What Do You Know of Love?; When the Law Rides; When We Were Very Young; While London Sleeps; Whom God Hath Joined; Wild West Romance; Wings; The Winner; The Winning Wallop; Women Love Diamonds; The Wrong Mr. Wright.

Y.—Your Wife and Mine.



EXAMPLE: Q SHIP.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

Each of the six pictures below represents a film title. The Editor invites you to discover these film titles. Look at the example. It shows the letter "Q" and two ships. The film title it represents is *Q Ships*.

CONDITIONS.

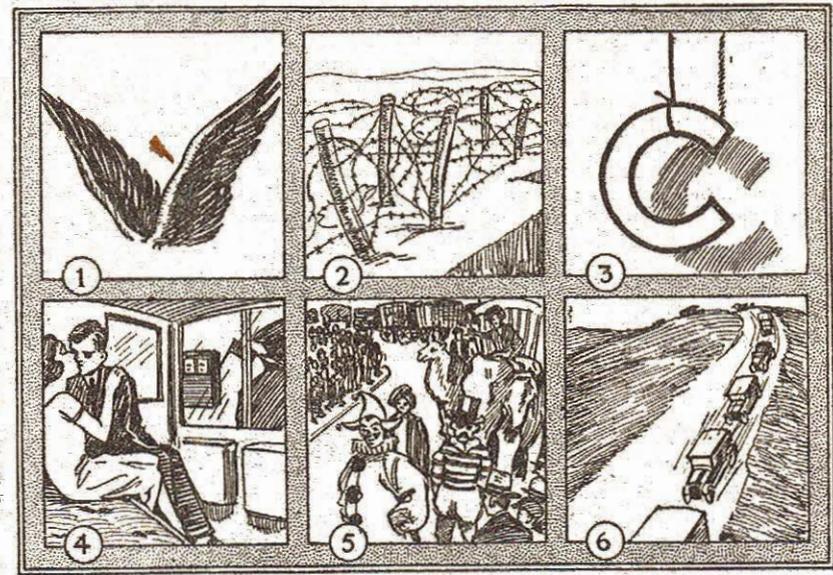
1. Each film title must be clearly written in ink, or typed, or printed. Pencil must not be used. Only one film title is allowed for each picture. The competitor's signature and address must be written in ink.
 2. No alterations are allowed in the film titles. If you have made a mistake, cross the word or words out and write your solution again.
 3. Only the film titles found in the list printed with the first six pictures will be admitted. The inclusion of any film title in this list will be conclusive evidence that such film title may be used for the purposes of this competition.
 4. When you have written your solution, cut out the entry form and retain it. Competitors may send in any number of complete sets (Solution Nos. 1 to 24). Each complete set will be accepted and judged independently, and the entry forms composing it must be fastened together at the bottom. Incomplete sets will be disqualified. All attempts may be sent in the same envelope.
 5. The First Prize of £100 will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor receives, on or before the closing date, a complete set of entry forms containing the greatest number of correct solutions. The correct solutions are the film titles selected by the Editor and represented by the artist in the pictures. The remaining prize money will be awarded in order of merit.
 6. In the event of a tie, the Editor reserves the right to divide the prize money. No competitor shall receive more than one prize.
 7. The Editor's decision with regard to all questions relating to the competition, whether before or after the award, will be absolutely final and legally binding. Competitors may enter only on this distinct understanding.
 8. No responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted will be accepted. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt or delivery.
 9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
- (This competition is run in conjunction with PEG'S PAPER and PEARSON'S WEEKLY, in each of which you will find an entry form.)

HOW TO WIN.

Write clearly in ink, or type, on the entry form below, the film title you think each picture represents. Only the film titles found in the list printed with the first six pictures will be admitted. Then sign your name and add your address. Six pictures will appear each week in

PEG'S COMPANION for three more weeks to come. You must keep each entry form by you until the end of the competition, when we shall tell you how to send them in. The closing date will be announced later.

FIRST WEEK.



CUT ALONG HERE.

CU ALONG HERE.

ENT R FORM (P.C.) FILM TITLES. 1

1..... 2..... 3.....

4..... 5..... 6.....

Signed.....

Address.....

CUT ALONG HERE.

ONLY THE FILM TITLES FOUND IN THE LIST PRINTED WITH THE FIRST SIX PICTURES WILL BE ADMITTED.

THE NEXT SIX PICTURES WILL APPEAR IN "PEG'S COMPANION" ON SALE TUESDAY, JULY 31st, 1928.

HER GOOD NAME.—(Continued from page 15.)

She picked up the paper and read again the paragraph that had caught her attention. It was an account of the accident, and the reporter who had written it had dwelt on the sentimental details of the tragedy.

"*The Tragic Bride*," it was headed. Little would the people who read it realise how tragic, she thought. They would not know that the stroke of fate that had sent Terence York to his death had saved his bride from a fate that seemed worse than death. Her photograph headed the paragraph, a man had been to the house to take it yesterday. She had been ill to give an account of herself before, and the first newspaper accounts of the tragedy had been brief.

On a sudden impulse she buried her head in the cushions of the chair behind her.

After a moment a sound startled her, and she looked up. But at the sight of the man who had entered she uttered a little cry.

"Peter!"

In two strides Peter Maitland was beside the chair, looking down at her with grave eyes, his mouth twisted oddly.

"Lorna, forgive me, but I had to come," he said hoarsely.

"I—I am glad you came." It was a little difficult to speak. "How did you find me?" she asked wonderingly.

He indicated the paper by her side.

"It is in all the papers this morning. Before that I had given it up in despair. I did everything I knew to trace you, but you seemed to have disappeared."

"Then you did want to find me?" It was queer how her heart suddenly began to race and leap. "I thought you didn't care. But perhaps when you got Terence's letter—"

"What letter?" There was genuine amazement in his voice.

"Didn't he write to you? But he promised me he would—to tell you all about that night—"

He told me nothing," he said. "I asked him to help me find you, but even on the morning the accident occurred he vowed to me that he had no news of you."

She was silent, because her heart was too full

for speech. She realised in that moment that for the second time Terence York had betrayed her. He had told her a lie when he said that Peter was abroad; had tried to prevent his finding her. He had wanted to keep them apart—why? But however Terence York had sinned he had passed to a higher Judge now. She must try and keep herself from bitter thoughts of him. . . .

"Lorna!" Peter's voice called her back to the present. "There is one thing that I must know. Why did you marry York? Was it because you loved him?"

"I—I think I hated him." She spoke with a sudden passionate intensity. "But he seemed to love me; And I knew what it meant to love somebody like that, and to know that there could never be anything for me but longing and loneliness."

She broke off. He had bent down beside her and taken her hands in his, holding them with a strong, warm clasp.

"Lorna, I too knew that," he said unsteadily. "When I got back that day and found that you had gone, I thought that I had lost you forever—the girl I loved."

Tears sprang to her eyes.

"You don't love me," she whispered. "You are only sorry for me. You believe me to be a girl not worth love. Everything has been

against me, your finding me in the flat, the things my stepmother said. . . ."

"Do you think that I believed them? Just at first I was angry that you had not confided in me before, but I realised afterwards that you had tried to do so. And I knew from the first moment I saw you that you were innocent. There was truth in your eyes. And, Lorna." His voice deepened, gathered tenderness. "That afternoon I believed there was something else there, the answer to the question I longed to put to you. Oh, my darling, is it possible that you love me as I love you? As soon as you are well we will go away from here and be married quietly somewhere. I've suffered so much and I could not bear to lose you again."

And held closely to his heart, with his cheek on hers, she whispered softly:

"I could not bear it either."


HAD SHE BUT KNOWN.

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NEXT WEEK.

THE END.



WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

Arline Lorrimer, a typist working in London, has consented to pose for six weeks as the wife of Prince Paul Zouroff, an exiled Russian nobleman who owns a château in Northern France. She is offered the post by Princess Irena, Paul's cousin, and accepts, influenced to do so because she has had her fortune foretold by the crystal, and the offer fulfils the first part of the prophecy. On the way to the château she breaks her journey in Paris, where she is rescued from an Apache by a charming stranger. She realises with a sense of shock that he is a man whose face she had seen in the crystal.

Arrived at the château Prince Paul, whom she does not like, admits that he has asked her to pose as his wife in order to cheat his cousin, Prince Ivan Zouroff, out of a fortune bequeathed by their late uncle to the nephew who should marry first. That same night Prince Ivan arrives. He is the man who rescued Arline in Paris!

She is horrified to think she is deceiving him as she has fallen in love with him, and realises her terrible position when he mentions that the family solicitor will have to see her marriage certificate which, of course, does not exist.

One evening he finds her crying and taking her in his arms, confesses his love for her. Princess Irena unexpectedly arrives at the château and when she and Ivan meet, Arline suspects she is the girl who had destroyed his faith in her sex.

IT was after dinner that evening when Irena tapped on the door of her host's private sanctum, and hardly pausing for permission, entered.

He rose and smilingly drew forward a chair for her, offering her a Russian cigarette from the gold and enamel box which stood upon his writing desk.

"You are wonderful, my dear," he told her. "You cannot have wasted a minute."

She laughed softly.

"I certainly did not. The moment I received your letter I left for Paris, and having transacted some necessary business there, came straight on. I arrived in time—to find Ivan

The story of a girl who consented to pose as a man's wife for six weeks, told by

DOROTHY WEST.

holding your wife's hands, and evidently to interrupt a touching little scene."

He whitened.

"Do you really think that they—"

"Find each other attractive? It seems

so. Hullo!" she added softly, bending towards him. "You look so concerned that you might really be Arline's husband."

His hand resting on the arm of his chair clenched.

"I wish to Heaven you had never sent her here," he said in a suppressed voice.

"Paul! You surely don't mean that you are caught—and so soon?"

She laughed with genuine amusement, but there was no answering mirth in the sombre gaze which met hers.

"Supposing I am?" he demanded. "Supposing that I mean to make this girl my wife in reality?"

"I can only tell you that it seems a very sensible way out of the difficulty," she assured him coolly.

"But what if she won't have me? And you tell me that she and Ivan—"

He broke off. "That must not be allowed," she said sharply, and in that moment a pang of violent jealousy shot through her.

Arline's sudden suspicion had been correct. Irena was the girl who had embittered so many years of Ivan's life. They had once been engaged, but she was no more anxious to tie herself down than Paul had been. She had felt that to live up to her fiancé's ideal of her would bore her, and so she had jilted him on their wedding day. But for all that, she was so conceited that she could not endure the thought of any man who had once loved her transferring his affection to any other girl. She did not want Ivan herself, but she was determined that if she could prevent it, no other girl should win him.

"If you really feel like that, Paul," she said, "you must make this girl marry you, and at once."

He made a hopeless gesture.

"It is easier said than done. With the greatest difficulty I have persuaded her to stay on at all. I don't believe she would have done if it had not been for Ivan. I have thought from the first morning of his arrival that she was attracted by him."

Irena frowned.

"Something must be done about that. But meanwhile I think that I have solved the difficulty of the marriage certificate."

"How?" he asked quickly.

She bent a little nearer, lowering her voice as she flicked the ash from her cigarette.

"Listen! I have a friend in Paris, an official in the department where marriages are registered. I stopped to see him on my way here, and he has promised to send me a certificate setting forth the marriage of Paul Alexis Zouloff and Arline Lorrimer. It will be absolutely in order, and no one is likely to suspect that it is a forgery."

He made a little sound of admiration.

"You are clever, Irena—and your friend must think a lot of you to run such a risk."

Her white teeth flashed.

"My dear Paul, all my friends think a lot of me, or they would not be my friends! As for risk, there is practically none. But I think it was foolish of you to say that Le Nevers is ill. It would be so easy for Ivan to find out that he is not when they meet."

"That has to be prevented," her cousin frowned. "I have kept Ivan here until we could form some plan."

Her eyes narrowed.

"If you have it in your head to get him out of the way altogether, I advise you to forget it," she said with unusual bluntness. "That is the one thing I refuse to lend myself to. But perhaps when he has seen this certificate, he will go away satisfied. And for myself, the sooner the thing is settled the better. However," she rose, "I do not think it safe to talk any more now. There are too many people about this house in the daytime. We must arrange to discuss things more fully at a suitable time and place."

He nodded.

"Yes, I have something rather particular to say to you."

She did not evince any curiosity as to the nature of his important communication, perhaps she guessed what it concerned, and nodding slightly, she went out of the room. There was no one in the hall as she crossed it towards the smaller drawing-room, which also was empty.

Irena paused thoughtfully. She was half-amused and half-irritated by the new complication which had been introduced into her carefully laid plans by the fact of Paul having fallen in love with the girl she had provided to play the part of his wife.

Irena was one of those people who can never understand why any man should ever fall in love with any other member of her sex, and was apt to resent it, however little interest she took in the man herself. But in this case, since Paul's marriage would tend to simplify things,

she did not mind. What she did mind was that Ivan also should be attracted by Arline. She had seen his face when she so unexpectedly entered the library earlier in the day, and she knew that he loved the other girl. If Arline returned his love there was real danger ahead. Besides, it infuriated her to think of his daring to transfer his passion and admiration to any other object save herself.

How he had worshipped her! Coldly cynical though she might be, she could never look back on that episode without a thrill of triumph—for she knew that he had never looked at any other girl before. In her heart she hated him—for he was the only man who had ever dared to tell her what she really was.

After she had jilted him, she had believed that whenever she beckoned him he would return, but she had found out her mistake. He had lashed her with his scorn, and after that last interview she had sworn to herself that if she could ever make him pay for his bitter words she would—and make him pay tenfold.

Perhaps she alone knew how much he cared for the chateau where he had spent so many happy days with the uncle whom he had loved as a father, and when the chance came to prevent him from ever owning it she had taken it.

Even now she was not satisfied. She could not bear to think that love for another girl would entirely heal the wounds she had inflicted on him, neither could she believe that even if he did not care for Arline, her own beauty and allure could fail to win him back.

One of the long windows in the drawing-room was ajar, seeming to point to the fact that someone had gone out that way, and as the suspicion flashed into her mind that Arline and Ivan might be somewhere in the gardens together she rang for her maid to bring her a wrap, and a few moments later had descended the steps leading down from the terrace, and was walking along the paths between the high hedges of clipped yew which bordered the rose garden.

Suddenly she paused as the scent of an Egyptian cigarette caught her nostrils, and as she turned a bend in the path, she came upon Ivan.

He was alone, half leaning against an old stone sundial, deep in thought.

"Why—Ivan!" she said softly, laying a hand upon his arm.

He started, and as he looked down at her the dreams faded from his eyes. They could see each other clearly, for the moon riding high overhead made everything as light as day. As he straightened, flinging away his half-smoked cigarette, she read the cold dislike in his eyes.

"I was just going in," he said curtly, and would have turned on his heel and left her, but again she laid that restraining hand upon his arm.

"Don't go yet, Ivan. It is such years since I saw you."

He gave a sudden harsh laugh, and she drew back, the colour staining her cheeks.

"Why do you laugh?" she asked sharply, but he made no reply, only stood there, look-

ing down at her with cold contempt. "Ivan," she pleaded, "do you still feel so bitter—after all this time? Must I still go unforgiven?"

"My dear Irena, there is no question of forgiveness," he assured her. "I bear you no ill-will—quite the contrary. To-day I can even thank you for the lesson you taught me."

His indifference maddened her.

"Why are you so hard?" she asked passionately. "Don't you know that there has never been a day when I have not regretted the way I treated you? I think I must have been mad—but suddenly it seemed to me that marriage meant the end of everything, that after a few months our love would become stale and you would grow tired of me. I tried to tell you this before, and you would not listen. If you had really loved me, you might have understood, for does not love understand and pardon everything?"

She was a wonderful actress, and anyone who knew her less well than Ivan might have believed all this to be genuine, but as it was he stood quite unmoved.

Determined to win some sort of response from him, she moved nearer, laying her hands upon his shoulders, raising her lovely, seductive face to his.

It was thus that Arline, entering the rose garden in search of solitude and with a desire to escape from everyone, saw them, and stood still, hands pressed against her heart. She saw Irena raise his hands and lay them over her own slender white ones, while Irena's voice, low and passion-filled, was carried across to her.

"Ivan—real love cannot die, can it?"

"No," he answered, "real love lives on."

Arline did not realise that even as he spoke he was thinking of her, that he only touched Irena to remove her clinging clasp as he would have pushed a noxious thing from him.

With a stifled sob she turned blindly away,



In that moment Arline knew her hopes of happiness were dead.

felt an arm close about her, and looked up into the eyes of Paul Zouroff.

Without a word he drew her swiftly aside into a small creeper-covered arbour. She was trembling from head to foot, fighting fiercely for her self-control. Whatever happened she must not break down in his presence. She was aware of Ivan and Irena passing, going out of the garden together, but she did not see how wide apart they walked.

When they had gone Paul said softly:

"And so they have made it up, those two! Always—since they were boy and girl—they have been lovers. But they quarrelled over a

foolish misunderstanding, and now evidently all is well. Why, Arline—how you tremble! Sit down here for a moment."

"I think I am cold," she said faintly. "I would rather go back to the house." But because her knees almost refused to support her, she allowed him to urge her down on the stone seat the arbour contained.

Sitting beside her, knowing that she was suffering because of what she had witnessed and because of what he had told her, Paul was ablaze with jealousy. He knew beyond all doubt that she loved his cousin, and he was filled with a mad desire to put his hands round her white throat and choke the life out of her.

Abruptly he took his arm from her, dropping his clenched hands into the pockets of his dinner jacket.

"You seem upset," he said softly. "Is it possible that it can matter to you what Ivan does—or for whom he cares?"

"Of course not," she lied desperately, with one determined effort to save her pride. "What is your cousin to me?" and she forced a laugh. "Surely you don't think—" but somehow she could get no further.

"I am glad to know that," he smiled, and that smile was a terrifying thing. "Because it would distress me if I had to fight a duel with my cousin. I am such a very proficient swordsman, and with a pistol I can hit the mark and never miss."

She shuddered inwardly.

"I think you must be mad!" she exclaimed. "I am going in now."

She rose as she spoke, and he followed her out of the arbour. Without glancing towards him she walked to the exit, but as she reached it he flung an arm about her again, drawing her roughly against him.

"When are you going to marry me, Arline?" he asked.

She stiffened.

"Never. Please let me go!"

"Then," he asked quietly, "you are ready to face everything that I warned you about—disgrace, imprisonment?"

"If I do, you will have to face them also," she reminded him, and before he could say any more, she had broken from him and sped towards the house.

When she reached her bedroom, she locked the door and flung herself down on her knees beside the bed. Everything else was forgotten save that one devastating fact—that Irena was the girl whom Ivan had loved so long ago, the loss of whom had embittered his whole outlook—and her belief that he had now found his lost love again.

And yet he had held her—Arline—in his arms, had kissed her lips, looked at her with love in his eyes! All that was over now. It had been but a mirage, too wonderful to be true. The old love, had been powerful enough to draw him back across the years—to re-conquer his heart.

As she knelt there, arms outflung across the coverlet, tearing, heartbroken sobs racked her.

She felt utterly alone—and in the power of Paul Zonroff.

But when she regained some of her self-control, she was able to think more clearly. She dragged herself to her feet, and going over to the basin, bathed her face, then she sat down to face matters squarely.

She could not bear to meet Ivan again—knowing that he loved Irena, and that she had given her own feelings away to him so utterly. And of course he would stay here now, she supposed bitterly. There would be no further suggestion of his going away.

And what of Irena? Would she tell him the truth now, or was she base enough to let Paul go on deceiving him?

For herself she felt that she did not owe either Paul or Irena any loyalty. They had lied to her when they persuaded her to do this thing, and she felt justified in breaking her contract. Of course she would forfeit any payment and would leave behind all the money in her possession, save just enough to take her back to England, where she could hide.

She had fully made up her mind to go. She would leave this very night, as soon as the house was sleeping. Her absence would not be discovered until to-morrow morning, which meant that she would have eight hours in which to get away and cover her tracks.

If, when Ivan discovered the truth, he made up his mind to prosecute her—then he would have to find her first! Now that she had decided she felt calmer, and presently she unlocked the door and rang for her maid. Telling the girl that she felt unwell and thought she had caught a chill, she let her undress her and put her to bed.

Safely there she knew that there would be no chance of anyone disturbing her again that night.

* * * * *

In spite of the fact that Ivan had repulsed her roughly and that he obviously had no desire for her company, Irena still walked beside him as he strode towards the house, and when they reached it she stretched out her hand and caught him by the arm again.

"Please," she begged, "Ivan—I must speak to you!"

He looked down at her impatiently.

"What is there to say?"

His continued indifference maddened her, and since she had no real self-respect, made her all the more determined to break down the barrier between them.

"There is so much to say," she insisted. "If you would only listen—if you would only be a little kind to me!"

He was climbing the steps to the terrace which ran along outside the windows of the drawing-room, and her hand still lay on his arm as they entered, but as the silken curtain dropped into place, leaving them together in the brilliantly lighted room, he shook off her touch again.

"Why are you opening up all this again?"

(Continued on page 24.)

Beauty Secrets

Charming **BETTY BRONSON** edits this page of aids to beauty. She has col-



lected them specially for you from other well-known stars of Hollywood.

TO prevent wrinkles appearing, or to cure them if they have already put in an appearance round your eyes or mouth, use a paste made in the following way.

Mix an ounce of finely ground sweet almonds and half the quantity of ground bitter almonds into a stiff paste with eighty-five drops of balsam of Peru and a tablespoonful of honey.

Joan Standing, who has heard that the paste is simply wonderful, says it should be used regularly, every other night. Pat it well into the skin.

For the Sake of Beauty.

IF you find you cannot digest milk and yet wish to take a daily half-pint for the sake of your health and beauty, try putting a good pinch of bi-carbonate of soda in each glassful.

Lois Moran tells me she has heard this makes the milk very easily digested. And, if properly assimilated, milk is a perfect beauty drink—or food, rather.

Do Not Delay.

DON'T allow your skin to become blotchy, advises Mona Palma.

Get your blood into a healthy condition by eating a regular daily supply of fresh watercress. See that the "green meat" has been well washed, of course. With brown bread and butter it makes a good meal, advantageous to both health and looks.

Pretty Hands are Scarce:

HOW few girls, nowadays, have really pretty hands. This is what Lya de Putti overheard a man saying to a companion in a restaurant, the other day.

Lya declares it is so easy for every girl to have lovely hands, however rough may be the work they have to do.

Her pet lotion is mixed thus:—Two ounces of pure glycerine, five ounces of rose water, one ounce of borax and half an ounce of spirits of ammonia are thoroughly well mixed together. This must be used as often as possible, after washing the hands and drying them well. Once a day Lya gives hers a lemon rub as well. She never fails to rub some of the lotion right into the skin last thing at night.

And if you could see how lovely her hands are, you would want to go right out and get some of the lotion mixed by your chemist.

A New Skin Treatment.

FANCY washing one's face with cheese!

It is the very latest treatment prescribed by beauty doctors, however, says Georgia Hale.

She has taken the trouble to find out for you just what the new idea is. One washes the face as usual in warm water, with a little good soap, and dries it well. Then a little cream cheese, slightly warmed in the palms of the hands first, is smeared

on all over the face and patted well into the skin. The cheese pack must be left on until it is dry; then it is washed off with hot water. Dry the skin very carefully, with a soft, dry towel. Repeat this treatment once a week until there is a great improvement in your skin. It should make it soft and creamy.

Use only the best make of cream cheese, and only use a little at a time.

To Brighten Your Hair.

HAVE you ever tried a bay rum and egg shampoo for brightening up your hair and making it soft and fluffy?

Mildred Davis, whose lovely blonde hair is always so much admired, makes her own in this simple manner.

She beats up a fresh egg very thoroughly. To this she adds two tablespoonfuls of warm water, half a teaspoonful of finest salt, a tablespoonful of bay rum and a tablespoonful of finely shredded carbolic toilet soap. If this is too stiff, she adds a little more warm water and a few more drops of bay rum. When all the ingredients are well beaten and mixed together, she adds, gradually, a quarter of a pint of very hot water. After wetting her hair in a bowl of clear hot water, she lathers the shampoo mixture all over her head, rubbing hard until her whole head is simply swathed in lather. Then she rinses in hot water and afterwards in two or three bowlsful of warm water. This shampoo is excellent for any colour hair. It is a little expensive to use every time you wash your hair; but you might try it every third time. It does brighten the hair and bring up the colours wonderfully.

A Hint from Gilda Gray.

GILDA GRAY'S pearl-like teeth are due, she says, to her twice-daily scrub with a firm brush dipped into a mixture of equal parts of powdered charcoal, powdered cuttlefish and precipitated chalk.

Why not mix some for your teeth?

SIX WEEKS . . .—(Continued from page 22.)

he asked. "The past is past—nothing can drag it back to life, and the ghosts of it are not pleasant company."

"The past may be dead—but you yourself said that real love cannot die," she answered.

"And, Ivan—you loved me."

For a moment he regarded her in silence. Her beauty which made so many men forget everything only served to remind him of all that he had suffered through her, and it hardened him the more, so that the last thing he was inclined to do was spare her.

"When I spoke of real love I did not refer to what I once felt for you," he answered. "I know now that I loved an ideal—that it was the loss of that ideal which hurt and embittered me. And you never loved me—because you are incapable of loving anyone save perhaps yourself."

"Ivan, how can you be so cruel?"

"The truth is very often cruel," he answered. "You have forced me to speak plainly. Let the past rest, Irena. As far as you are concerned, the kindest thing I can do is to try to forget it."

"And what has taught you that your love for me was only an illusion?" she asked, the control she had kept on herself beginning to slip its leash. "Is it possible that you have learned to love another?"

"What is that to you?" he asked coldly.

Suddenly she bent towards him.

"It is this much," she said. "I also am a Zouroff, and the honour of the family touches me. Let me remind you not to forget that honour."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

She had turned on her heel, and she flung her reply over her shoulder with a mocking smile.

"Paul has a very attractive wife," she answered, and was gone.

Like a whirlwind she passed through the silent hall and up the stairs, and as she reached her own room her rage broke bounds.

She was like a fury—a woman scorned, and scorned for the second time. Up and down she raged like a caged wild beast, tearing the delicate chiffon of her evening gown to rags as she walked—tearing it as she would like to have torn the fair face of the girl whom Ivan loved.

"But they shall pay—they shall both pay!" she swore between clenched teeth. "If he thinks that she will ever be his he is mistaken. I would rather see her dead!"

* * * * *

It was midnight when Arline rose and dressed herself again, putting on the clothes in which she had left England. Everything else save the few pounds necessary to take her back again she was leaving behind, and as she glanced round the luxurious room filled with costly things, a sad little smile touched her lips.

How often she had longed for luxury and beautiful clothes—and how little happiness they

had brought her! If only she had remained a poor secretary and met Ivan, then—

A sob caught her breath. But she told herself resolutely that she had got to forget all that—she would never see him again. Never again as long as she lived would she yield her lips to any man's. Love had touched her with fleeting wings and then passed on, leaving an arrow in her heart which she could not tear out, try as she would.

They did not keep very late hours at the château, and by one o'clock she knew that all the servants had retired. A quarter of an hour before she had heard the man she was supposed to have married bidding his cousins good night. She opened her door softly and, switching off the light, stepped out into the darkened corridor, closing it behind her, and hardly daring to breathe, felt her way along until she reached the top of the main staircase. Here the moonlight shining through a high window showed her the deserted hall below.

She had never noticed in the daytime that the stairs creaked, but now as she stepped on each one of them, it seemed, to her overstrung nerves, to make a sound which echoed through the silent house. After what seemed an eternity she reached the hall. To leave by any of the doors would, she knew, be madness, for they were all most carefully locked and barred at night, and apart from the noise of opening one, it would be discovered unbarred when the housemaids came on duty at six o'clock in the morning, and an alarm would be given. To get away she must have every possible minute—and she had particularly requested that she should not be disturbed until an hour later than usual.

She had made up her mind that the best way to leave was by the library windows which overlooked a lawn, and from which the drop was only one or two feet. She had always noticed how silently those windows opened and closed, and it would be an easy matter to shut them after her from the outside.

As she opened the door the library was pitch black, but she had a tiny electric torch which she had not dared to use upstairs. She switched it on now, and having shut the door, sped across to the windows. Already things seemed easier—in a few minutes now she would be safely outside.

She put the torch back into her pocket, and drawing aside the heavy, velvet curtains which reached to the floor, she slipped behind them.

She paused to arrange the folds carefully behind her, and then springing lightly on the window seat, raised her hands to unbolt the window. But the next second they had dropped to her sides and, holding her breath, she cowered against the glass, fear almost choking her. For an unmistakable sound had fallen on her ears—the sound of the library door opening!

(Has Arline's flight been discovered? Who is the midnight visitor to the library? Don't miss next week's gripping instalment.)



WHAT OF LIFE?

By LESLEY STORM

THIS is the story of a girl who was a daring lover and who compelled love in men. Virginia Sands knew no law where love was concerned. She defied the conventions. You will follow her restless search for happiness with the deepest interest when you make her acquaintance in the powerful story, "What of Life?" which starts in the August

NOVEL MAGAZINE

Now on Sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls,
Price 9d.



Monday's child is fair of face,
 Tuesday's child is full of grace,
 Wednesday's child is full of woe,
 Thursday's child will have far to go,
 Friday's child is loving and giving,
 Saturday's child must work hard for
 its living,
 But the child that is born on the
 Sabbath day
 Is blithe and bonny and good and gay.

So runs the old nursery rhyme. What happened to Monday's, Tuesday's, Wednesday's and Thursday's children has been told in preceding numbers. Below you can read the story of

FRIDAY'S CHILD.

"He is quite different from anyone else here. And he is quite the best-looking man in the town."

"Don't lose your heart to him," said Jill airily, "and don't let him trifle with your youthful affections. Dick Barryclough, has seen girls of every country, and most likely, like the proverbial sailor, he has got a sweetheart in every port."

"I think I can take care of myself," Sadie smiled: "You seem to forget that I am turned seventeen and have left school for good."

A shadow had flitted across Janet's sweet face at the sound of Dick Barryclough's name.

Five years ago, Dick Barryclough, the only son of the richest mill owner in the town, had bidden a passionate good-bye before sailing for India, where his father had sent him to learn the work of Surveyor on a cotton plantation, saying that he ought to understand the product of cotton from the very start, before taking his place in the mill.

Dick had been twenty-three, Janet seventeen, and they had corresponded irregularly for a year. Then their letters had grown fewer. Janet was very busy, everyone seemed to depend on her after her father's health broke down, and Dick had found his time fully occupied with new scenes and life in a new environment.

Now, after the long separation, when they met again, a wall of reserve seemed to separate them. Dick Barryclough had gone away a boy, and come back a man, strong and virile, while Janet had matured into a girl, sweet and tender—truly a Friday's child which is "Loving and giving."

It seemed to her now that the supreme sacrifice was to be required of her. It was like a knife being turned in her heart, but she hid the hurt bravely out of sight under a smiling face. She firmly believed that Dick Barryclough loved her sister Sadie but that honour held him back from proposing to the younger girl.

"THERE now! I've finished. Look, Jill, isn't it sweet?" and Janet Marsden stood and surveyed her handiwork with an approving eye.

Jill, who was sitting on Janet's bed, looked critically at her pretty frock which her youngest sister Sadie was wearing.

"You've managed it splendidly, Janet, it looks fine!" she responded. "There won't be a prettier costume in the room, I'll bet."

"But the idea was yours, Jill," answered Janet, "and I couldn't have cut those petals out myself, or those rose leaves."

"Neither could I have put in all those stitches," replied Jill honestly, "I haven't patience enough, and I'm no good with a needle, as you know."

"You are a pair of dears, both of you," cried Sadie, who had been smiling delightedly at her own charming reflection in the glass. "But it doesn't seem fair that so much money and time should have been spent on me, while you, Janet, should have to use up an old summer dress, and Jill should have a costume that costs so little."

"We both want you to have a good time, dear," said Janet, "as it's your coming-out dance."

"And it isn't often that we have anything so frivolous as a fancy dress ball in the Town," laughed Jill. "No one would have ventured such a thing if it hadn't been Dick Barryclough's idea."

"Yes, isn't he a sport!" Sadie exclaimed.

She had had misgivings ever since Dick's return. This self-possessed man of the world was not the impetuous boy lover she had parted from five years ago. To her mind it could only mean one of two things. Either he had outgrown his infatuation for her, or else he had met someone whom he liked better.

The worst part of it was that Janet loved him more than ever. She had given him the first love of a girl's heart; now she gave him passionate devotion, and the watchful eyes of love were quick to note the look of admiration which leaped into his face when he first met Sadie on her return home from school.

It was not to be wondered at, she thought with a jealous little pang. Sadie was so pretty with her golden-brown hair, and golden-brown eyes that sparkled like wine. She had charming and delightful manners too, having been sent to an expensive finishing school for two years by Bruce Challoner, her sister's husband, which was a chance that Janet had never had. Even in her school days she had had to help her mother in the house and hurry over her home lessons.

It was not surprising that Dick Barryclough should be attracted by her young sister, but it hurt nevertheless.

Yet Janet's skilful fingers had stitched uniringly at the pretty costume representing a rose which Jill had designed to enhance Sadie's charms at the Fancy Dress Ball being held at the Town Hall in aid of a local charity. Janet had turned an old grey summer dress of her own into the costume of a puritan maiden for herself, and Jill was going as a gypsy, because it would cost little and look well with her blue-black hair.

Janet was looking forward to the dance with mixed emotions. She was young enough to be stirred by the excitement of it, yet she dreaded what might happen.

Everyone was to be masked and there were to be no introductions. Yet Janet knew that in a small town where people have grown up together they are often betrayed by their voice or their manner, even by the way they walk. She felt sure that she could detect Dick Barryclough among a thousand masked people, there could be no disguising his tall, athletic figure and swinging stride. And she was certain that no other girl in the town either walked or danced with such infinite grace as Sadie. No one could possibly mistake her for anyone else.

She wondered what the night would bring forth. Would Dick under cover of his disguise propose to Sadie?

Her own heart beat quicker at the thought of it.

The big room in the Town Hall where the dances were held, was a riot of colour and a babel of sound, for the fun was at its height. Monks danced with Dresden shepherdesses, pirates with ladies in court attire, costumes varied from queens to Cinderellas and princes to clowns and tramps.

But as Jill had prophesied there was no prettier costume in the room than Sadie's, and

Janet watched her with a little pang as she floated round the room in the arms of a tall, bronzed sheik, with whom she had danced several times.

Only once that night had Janet danced with the sheik, but that was quite enough to tell her that he was the man she loved secretly. No bunions could disguise that free, swinging stride even if the quizzical smile of the handsome, clean-shaven mouth underneath the mask had not given away his identity.

Janet had trembled so much when his arms encircled her that she could hardly dance, and her heart fluttered tremulously. She was thankful that the mask she wore hid her eyes.

They danced almost in silence. Janet could not trust herself to speak, and the man seemed at a loss for words. Janet was not sorry. She did not want to be compelled to talk the frivolous nonsense which was the order of the night. She wanted to just float round the room in his arms and give herself up to the ecstasy of the moment, although it was a rapture that was akin to pain.

But it came to an end all too soon and she was whirled off by a brigand she did not know. It was a fox-trot, and she would rather not have danced, but there seemed no escape. Her partner seemed more than satisfied, and was just imploring her to give him the next dance, when Sadie appeared at her elbow, tightly clutching her skirt, a woeful droop to her mouth.

"Oh, Janet! Whatever shall I do!" she exclaimed, in a tragic voice. "I've ripped the flounces off my skirt. My frock is done for unless you can come and stitch me up."

"I'll come and see what I can do," said Janet. "Perhaps it isn't beyond repair."

"I'm afraid it is," said Sadie ruefully, as they made their way to the dressing-room. "If it is, all my fun is over for to-night."

The frock proved to be badly damaged but Janet thought she could put it right.

"I'm afraid it will take half an hour to mend," she said. "I'll tell you what we can do. You can change dresses with me. It seems a pity for both of us to waste the time, and you can't help me by looking on."

Sadie agreed, nothing loth. After all, what Janet said was true. They could not both sew at the same time, and she was no needlewoman. So she lost no time in getting into Janet's frock and a very charming puritan maid she looked.

"I like it nearly as well as my own costume," she cried. "Suppose we don't bother to change again? Won't it confuse our partners! I think it would be great sport!"

"I don't know about that," Janet answered seriously, "but it would certainly save time. Run along and don't miss the fun. I'll come as soon as I can."

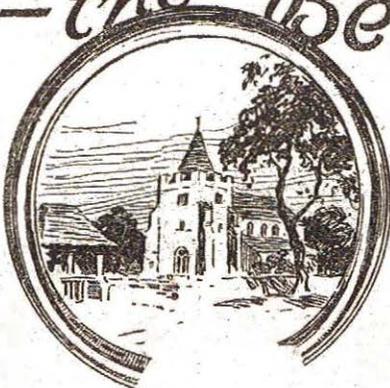
When the frock was mended she put it on and surveyed herself in the glass. Although it suited her well she felt strange garbed as a flower; it was not in tune with her mood.

As she entered the ball room she was accosted by the sheik.

(Continued on page 30.)

MAN—the Betrayer

The story of the Colleen Bawn is one of the most famous and most tragic in history. With a little Irish girl for



its chief character, it tells of her trust in the man she loved and how he repaid her with the vilest treachery.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

Ellen Hannay, a beautiful Irish girl, meets one day, while out shopping in Cork, Captain John Scalan, a handsome Army officer.

He is determined to win her love, although he has no intention of marrying her, as he knows that if he did so he would earn the disapproval of his uncle, to whom he is heir. A friend of his—Harry Reardon, an excommunicated priest—performs a mock marriage between himself and Ellen, but later, when he believes that he has the chance of winning an heiress for his wife, he decides to get rid of Ellen. His plans are upset by the sudden arrival of Harry Reardon, who tells him that the marriage is legal.

After the priest has left him, he takes his manservant Sullivan into his confidence, and together they plan to murder Ellen.

John Scalan arranges to take Ellen away and on the journey contrives that Ellen shall be drowned in the Shannon. He goes to Dublin, confident that no one will discover the crime and becomes engaged to Maureen O'Roone, the heiress.

Business calls him back to his country home, where he hears that Ellen's body has been washed up lower down the river, but he does not believe that suspicion will attach to him. He does not realise that Harry Reardon suspects him. He returns to Dublin and is at his fiancée's house when he is charged with the murder of Ellen, and it is the ex-priest who has exposed him.

AFTER a first horrified cry Maureen made no sound. Her pride stopped her from making any scene, although she had seen John Scalan's face as he caught sight of Reardon—seen the terror and guilt written on it.

It told her clearly, try as she would to deny it, that there was more behind this charge than it was almost possible to believe; and as Scalan looked towards her, she did not meet his eyes. Her father had reached her side, flinging a protective arm around her, and she turned towards him instinctively.

Forgetful of everything save the amazement caused by this undreamed of event, the guests had crowded round excitedly, anxious to know what the

meaning of it all could be, and the last glimpse John Scalan had of the girl whom a few hours more would have made his wife, was as she stood proudly facing her friends.

When he left the house he was taken straight to prison, where he learned the real nature of the charge he had to face.

The body of Ellen Hannay had been identified beyond all doubt, and local resentment had flared high at the certainty that the beloved Colleen Bawn had been cruelly done to death. It was as well for Scalan that he had left when he did, otherwise with every man and woman's hand against him he would have fared badly in the neighbourhood of Glyn and T-ber-t.

He strenuously denied the charge, and in true coward's fashion accused Sullivan of having committed the crime. Everybody was already convinced that Sullivan was his accomplice, and when he was found hiding in the hills a few days later he was arrested.

At first he would say nothing, but when he discovered how Scalan had tried to incriminate him, he confessed everything.

Harry Reardon was one of the principal witnesses at the trial. He had warned Scalan that if he behaved badly to Ellen he should have him to reckon with, and the murderer now found that the threat had been no empty one as he listened to the ex-priest's evidence, and knew that with every word of it Reardon was helping to put a halter about his neck.

As the story of the Colleen Bawn unfolded and the trial went on, both Scalan and Sullivan had to be protected by a small squad of soldiers, for if the people could have got at them, they would have torn them to pieces.

Still Scalan stuck to the story that his former wife had run away from him, and the defence relied on the difficulty of proving the identity of the body which had been washed up. But here Ellen Walsh's

CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING.

I enclose a specimen of my handwriting.

Date.....

Name.....

Address.....

See opposite page.

evidence came in. She could swear that the one garment, which had been found with the body had belonged to Mrs. Scalan, and she told the tale of having seen Ellen's trunk on the night she spoke to Sullivan at the door of his step-mother's cabin.

At length came the last day of the trial, and as John Scalan listened to the Judge's summing-up, he glanced about the Court, his hands clasping the rail of the dock in which he sat—apparently calm and indifferent to what happened.

The days in prison had told on him, he looked older, and his clear-cut face was devoid of colour; but he was as dandified as ever in his dress, and there was still a great deal about him of the handsome, debonair captain who had won the innocent heart of Ellen Hannay.

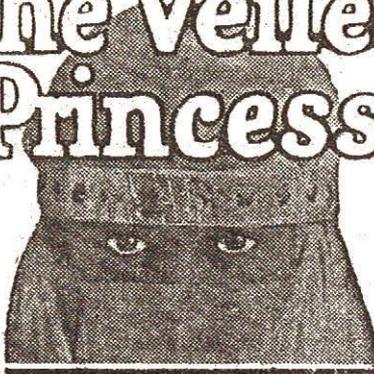
Not for a moment did he think they would dare to hang him.

He was a gentleman, one of the Scalans, and the Scalan's luck would stand by him until the end.

Then he started suddenly. What was this? The jury having been told to consider their verdict, chose not even to retire. Their minds were made up already. They found the prisoners—Scalan and Sullivan—guilty of wilful murder.

Like one in a dream John Scalan stood looking straight in front of him while the Judge donned the black cap and pronounced those solemn and terrible words which condemned him to die a felon's death:

The Veiled Princess.



This week she tells you the good and bad luck of each day from July 25th to July 31st, and also reveals a special charm for those born on, or between these dates.

GOOD LUCK.

July 25th (Wednesday).—If your left elbow itches to-day, you may shortly cross water.
 July 26th (Thursday).—To spill powder to-day foretells that an entertainment is coming your way.
 July 27th (Friday).—This is a fortunate day for a wedding if your sweetheart has grey eyes.
 July 28th (Saturday).—Should you see bubbles in your teacup to-day, you will have a money surprise.
 July 29th (Sunday).—If a caterpillar should crawl upon your dress to-day, you may receive a gift of clothing.
 July 30th (Monday).—It is lucky to wear any shade of purple to-day if your Christian name begins with C.
 July 31st (Tuesday).—A love affair is likely if you receive a new shilling in your change to-day.

ILL NEWS.

July 25th (Wednesday).—Should you sneeze during a meal to-day, you will be worried over a letter.
 July 26th (Thursday).—It is not lucky to drop any article of wood to-day; domestic trouble is probable.
 July 27th (Friday).—If you are in the country to-day, and you see a rabbit, you may hear unpleasant news.
 July 28th (Saturday).—This day is not lucky for lovers' meetings.
 July 29th (Sunday).—To see a child crying in the street to-day is an omen of a quarrel.
 July 30th (Monday).—Should your right ear burn to-day, you will shortly have some difficulty to overcome.
 July 31st (Tuesday).—If you happen to spill any liquid on your clothing to-day, you will have a disappointment.

BIRTHDAY CHARM.

If your birthday falls this week, and you wish to know your fate in the coming year, obtain twelve nuts of any kind. Place them on the table in a row, naming them after the twelve months of the year. Now crack each one. If all contain a kernel, the year will be exceptionally prosperous and happy. If any nut is empty or bad, then the corresponding month it represents will not be very fortunate, and you should be on guard against accident, illness or money losses. Should the seventh nut contain a kernel, you are likely to be married within a year.

Next week: The good and bad luck and the special charm for August 1st to August 7th.

If you would like your horoscope cast or to know the meaning of a dream, the Princess Sadi will write to you personally if you enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letter. You must tell her the date of the month and the year of your birth. She will also tell you your character from your handwriting. If you would like to know what your handwriting reveals, write on a piece of notepaper a sentence copied from page 2 of this number of "Peg's Companion," pin it to the coupon given on the opposite page, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address your letters to Princess Sadi, "Peg's Companion," 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

"To be hanged by the neck until you are dead!"

It seemed to him as though the Court and the sea of faces around faded. Once again he seemed to be walking in the moonlit gardens at Glyn—facing that white wraith-like figure—once again he saw the face of the banshee clearly, felt that cold touch upon his heart. He knew that his real sentence of death had been pronounced then.

After the first shock had passed, Scalan's optimism reasserted itself, and he refused to believe that he was doomed to die.

His relatives were moving heaven and earth to get him off, all sorts of strings were being pulled, but the people were up in arms at the mere suggestion of a reprieve.

Gradually the time grew shorter until at length dawned the day before the date fixed for the execution. A reprieve would come before evening—Scalan felt certain of it. But the hours of that day passed and still there was no sign.

As evening approached the prisoner's spirits sank, and for the first time he faced the fact that the time had arrived for him to foot the bill. He must pay for his crime. But there was no repentance in his vile heart. Instead, he cursed the memory of the girl who, he considered, had brought him to this. If only he had never seen her!

He was seated on the edge of his bed, the last rays of the setting sun threw a

(Continued on page 32.)

FRIDAY'S CHILD.—(Continued from page 27.)

"Will you dance this with me?" he said and there was a husky note in his voice.

She assented, but as his arm encircled her, she said to herself ruefully:

"He thinks I am Sadie. No doubt he found out long ago who wa the rose girl."

Before the dance was half over he led her away to a secluded corner, which was deserted for the time being.

"I wanted to get away from that crowd," he exclaimed as they sank down on a divan. "You look adorable in that frock! It suits you to perfection. 'Queen Rose in a rosebud garden of girls,'" he quoted. "I never dreamed that you would grow into this. You were just a rosebud girl when I went away, now you are 'rose of the world,'" and his arm stole round her, drawing her close.

She was silent. She ought to tell him that she had changed frocks with Sadie, but the words would not come.

He mistook her silence for assent.

"Darling, you do care for me a little bit, don't you?" he pleaded. "I've never had the courage to tell you till to-night. You see you have grown up since I went away and five years make a lot of difference. When you have been away all that time you find people altered when you come back."

"Yes," Janet murmured, her heart throbbing with pain. Of course, he had found them altered. As he said, Sadie was only a little girl when he went away; now she stood on the threshold of life. No wonder he found them changed.

But she did not release herself from his detaining arms, and a second later he was kissing her—warm, passionate kisses that thrilled her. She did not protest, instead she gave him her lips, snatching at one moment's happiness.

"After all," she thought desperately, "it is only for to-night. It is the last time I shall ever feel his lips on mine, and it will be something to remember, because I shall never marry anyone else."

"Say, 'Dick, I love you,'" he commanded, masterfully. "I want to hear you say it, then I shall know it is true."

She did so almost inaudibly. How true it was—much more true than he guessed!

He was about to kiss her again, when another couple appeared on the scene and the spell was broken.

Rising, they danced together more than once, but they had no chance to be alone. Janet felt that it was just as well, for she might have betrayed herself.

She was very silent in the taxi on the way home, but Sadie never stopped talking.

"I've had the time of my life," she declared. "Didn't Dick Barryclough look ripping as a sheik? Of course, everyone could guess who he was at a glance, but I do think that idea of

his of not unmasking was an inspiration. As he said, it only causes discomfort and makes people regret their folly. Now, to-night, everyone could let themselves go, without any fear of the consequences."

"Yes," Jill chimed in, "what revelations there would have been, if everyone had unmasked! Some of them would have been glad if the earth had opened and swallowed them, I daresay," she added, with wicked glee.

Janet said nothing, but her cheeks flamed, and she was glad that the darkness hid her face. What a revelation hers would have been! And might it not happen yet?

Now that she had time to think clearly, she saw how matters stood. If Dick believed that Sadie returned his love, he would, without a doubt, want her for his wife, and want her—Janet—to release him from their engagement.

And what would happen when he met Sadie next time? Would he continue his love-making? And how would Sadie receive it? Would she be amazed?

There seemed only one thing to be done, and that was to confess to Sadie what had really happened, and beg her to let Dick go on believing that it had been her all the time.

It was not a pleasant thing to have to confess, but Janet did not spare herself. She made her way to Sadie's bedroom and told her the story as Sadie was getting into bed.

Sadie sat hugging her knees, listening with big, round eyes.

"But I don't love him," she exclaimed, "not in that way. I look on him just as a nice, big brother. And I don't want to be married for years," she added with decision.

That made matters worse. Janet had confessed her love, had let Dick kiss her. It was terrible!

"Let us tell Jill," said Sadie with inspiration. "She has got such a level head, perhaps she will be able to think of some way out."

So to Jill they went, but even she, who had the brains of the family, could think of no way out just for the moment.

"He is sure to call to-morrow—or to-day, I mean," and she looked at the clock, which pointed to half-past two, "so both of you must go out, and I'll wait in and receive him, and see how the land lies. Now, let us go to bed, and to sleep."

But Janet lay wide-eyed, staring into the darkness, long after Jill slept.

She was more unhappy than she had ever been in her life, but her misery was not for herself. It was all for Dick. What a difficult position he would be in when he discovered the truth! It was all her fault, just her selfishness! And she would have given all she possessed to spare him pain and humiliation.

There was only one thing left that she could

My Mother's Pages.

I want to share my mother with you, girls. She will help you as she has helped me. Write to her if you are in difficulties. Address your letters, "Private, 'Peg's Companion,' 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2." She will reply to you on this page, or, if you would like a private reply, she will write to you direct if you enclose a stamped addressed envelope.—PEG.

DEAR ALL OF YOU,—The other day, while spending a holiday in the country, I walked up the village street, feeling very happy and thinking what a lovely place the world was just then.

The scent of lilac and may blossom was in the air, all the cottage gardens were gay with spring flowers, and in the meadow leading to the old mill there was a yellow carpet of buttercups.

Suddenly I heard a loud cry of distress, and recognising a child's sobbing, I hastened in the direction of the sound.

Reaching the stile which led from the village street to a pathway across the meadow, and from thence to the farm from which we get our butter and eggs, I saw a little girl crying bitterly, and it did not need any questions from me to discover the reason for her tears. A stream of white fluid ran out into the road from an overturned milk-can, and I guessed that she had gone to the farm to fetch milk for her mother, and in climbing the stile had knocked over the contents.

She was sadly distressed, and confided to me that she expected she would get a beating, since the same thing had happened once before.

"I was just looking at a bird's nest, and I stood on the top bar to peep in, and forgot about the can," she told me.

I understood so well, for when I was a little girl the thrill of the discovery of a bird's nest was so great that I, too, forgot all else.

In order to check her flow of tears and help her to forget, I coaxed her to show me the nest, and in looking at it childhood memories came back to me.

I took my little friend by the hand.

"Suppose we go back to the farm together," I said. "I have pennies in my purse, and I dare say Mrs. Brown will let us have some more milk."

She dried her tears, her smiles came back, and across the buttercup meadow we went.

Of course, Mrs. Brown let us have another can of milk.

The little girl went home, this time carefully holding her can, and I thought of that old proverb, "It is no good crying over spilt milk."

We often hear that said when things go wrong or accidents happen, and, of course, spilt milk cannot be recovered no matter how loudly or how long one cries about it. One usually hears this saying uttered as a reprimand over something that has already happened, but how much better a warning beforehand would be than all the proverbs uttered after the mischief is done.

I thought of some of my girls who, at various times, have written in times of sorrow and difficulty, and when trouble has come partly of their own making. It is no use sitting down when there is trouble, whether deserved or undeserved. The best plan is to try to find out what is the best thing to do, so that the wrong may be put right and the trouble averted as far as possible.

Sometimes this is not always possible, but I believe that when trouble does touch you, even when it is trouble of your own making, provided you refuse to be daunted, a way out of your difficulty will be shown to you.

Answers to Your Letters.

A Dream Meaning.

A KISS GIRL (*Bristol*).—Your dream means that some time in the future you will either have a false friend or lover.

Wants to Reduce.

WORRIED SUE (*Islington*).—I advise you to have medical advice, my dear, for it would not be wise to try anything drastic in order to get thin, especially as your weight is not in proportion.



MY MOTHER.

Break It Off.

WORRIED EVA (S. Wales).—I do not think you should accept attentions from another boy whilst you are supposed to be going out with the boy who loves you and whom you have known all your life. If you care for the boy you know so well stick to him, tell him you will continue to wait for him until you are both older, then write to the other boy and let him know you cannot continue the friendship.

Happy Future.

STELLA (Ruslip).—Your dream signifies good fortune approaching in the near future. There is also a very lucky chance appearing in your life, quite soon, and a happy love affair. So you have nothing whatever to worry over as everything appears to look very fortunate for you in every way.

Tell Her Father.

BAUS (Liverpool) was engaged, but the young man broke it off and she has become fond of someone else. Her first boy, having found this out, threatens he will make trouble if she dares to go out with anyone else. I advise her to tell her relatives, preferably her father or brother, and let them deal with this young man.

Forget Him.

PATSY CLEE.—Your description of the young man makes me think he is really not worth worrying about. Why not forget him, and find someone else who is not run after so much by other girls?

To Avoid Further Harm.

M. S. (Blagdon Street).—You did not enclose a stamped-addressed envelope, but if you fear that you have ruptured yourself, consult a doctor at once.

Nothing To Be Done.

CHARMAINE (Bristol).—I am sorry that I cannot tell you if you will go back to your old boy or not, as I do not foretell the future, but if he is now going with another girl, you can do but little. The dream signifies good news.

Does Not Really Care.

UNHAPPY DORA OF SUNDERLAND.—Since the sailor lover is so indifferent towards you when other people are about, I take it that he does

not really care for you, and advise you to think no more about him. If he cared, he would be just as nice to you in the presence of other people as he is when you are alone.

How to Grow Tall.

HILDA B. (Salford).—The best way to grow taller is to play games and do exercises—stretching, toe-touching, bending and so on. Get plenty of walking, too, as this will help. Join a gymnasium if possible, as systematic exercise is invaluable.

Lonely.

MONA (Salthill).—I advise you to leave your present lodgings since you are so unhappy there, and distrust your landlady. Could you join with your cousin who suggested taking rooms together, as then you would not have those lonely feelings. I am so sorry for you, my dear. I know it is very hard to be away from home and out of touch with friends.

Unable To Oblige.

PETER (Portsmouth).—It is against our rules to send private addresses or to introduce readers, and I much regret being unable to put you in touch with a lonely girl.

Write Again.

AGITATED (Durham).—There is no need for you to feel worried, I am sure, and I advise you to write again, telling me your age and enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. I will then reply more fully than I can do here.

Thank You.

LITTLE MONICA.—I was so glad to hear from you, and thank you for your letter. How I would love to drop in and have tea with you out of the lucky tea-pot. Yes, my dear, I am better again. Many thanks for your loving wishes.

I send my love to you all.

Your friend,

Peg's Mother

N.B.—All the names and characters mentioned in the stories which are published in PEG'S COMPANION are purely imaginary.

MAN—THE BETRAYER.—(Continued from page 29.) light on the wall opposite, but twilight had closed down on the rest of the cell, and suddenly he became aware that he was no longer alone.

She was standing there just by the door, as he had first seen her, slender and lovely with the red-gold hair clustering on her shoulders, and her blue eyes were filled with infinite sorrow. She stretched out her hands to him imploringly as she seemed to say:

"John, repent before it is too late! I've come back to beg you—ask mercy of God and all his saints so that you can be saved from the horrors that await you. I want to save you, John—but you must help me, or I can do nothing."

But the sight of her drove him almost frantic with hatred. Cursing, he sprang to his feet and rushed towards that figure by the door. But there was nothing. Only it seemed that a wail—a long sobbing cry of despair rent the air.

Sealan shrank back and covering his face with his hands, dropped shuddering down upon the bed.

Too late he realised what he had done. Ellen—deeply wronged though she was—had come back to him, to help him—to forgive him. And he had driven her away! There was nothing left for him now save to die like the coward he was—neither in this world nor the next could there be any hope of reprieve.

Look out for the story of "Sweeney Todd" which starts shortly.

FRIDAY'S CHILD.—(Continued from page 30.)

do which would save the situation. She would write to him in the morning and confess her deception of the night before, asking him to forget her words.

Then after a time, when Sadie had grown up a little, Dick might make her love him. Sadie already admired him, she knew, and Dick was a very masterful man. She could not believe that her sister would be able to resist his wooing.

When she had come to this resolution, she slept, worn out in body and mind.

* * * * *

Sadie went out to tea the following afternoon, but Janet announced her intention to Jill of going for a walk in the recreation grounds, where she could be alone.

Sitting down on an empty bench, she looked around her with unseeing eyes.

She was thinking of the long, dreary years ahead without Dick at her side. For five years she had dreamed of the home they would have together. How she would have planned to keep it beautiful for his sake! The fact that he would have money did not weigh with her in the least. She only wanted the man she loved. Had he been poor she would have toiled for him early and late, giving all that she had to give, with no thought of self.

But that was over now. She must take up the burden of life alone, and try and find contentment in helping others.

How long she sat there she did not know, but the dusk was creeping over the land when a man's figure strode up the path in her direction.

Janet's heart missed a beat at the sight of **Go**. It was **Dick**! There could be no mis-

take, but what had brought him there, the very last spot in the town where she would have expected to meet him?

He did not leave her long in doubt. Sitting down beside her on the seat, he flung an arm round her and drew her to him in an embrace which there was no mistaking.

"Janet, my dear, how could you write me such a letter?" he cried. "It nearly drove me off my head when I received it. I hurried round to your house. Luckily Jill was at home, and she explained matters and told me where you had gone. Now, look me in the face, and deny that you spoke the truth when you told me you loved me last night?"

But she could not.

"I thought you believed I was Sadie," she faltered.

"Not likely! Do you suppose I shouldn't recognise your voice, and that dear little mel on your chin that looks so attractive?" he asked. "Oh, my dear! I've been trying to tell you all that I felt ever since I came back, but I hadn't the courage. You see, I left you a little girl, and when I came back you seemed to have grown out of my reach. Then last night

there was something about you that gave me courage. Darling, you surely can't mean to give me up?"

She gave him her answer with her lips. For the first and last time she had the chance of "loving and giving" where she had given her heart, and so fulfilled the prophecy of her birthday.

THE END.

Next Week :
"Saturday's Child"

If
you would
like

£100

turn to
page 16.



LOUISE FAZENDA,
who has certainly found
"success in all she does"
in the film world.

WHAT DOES YOUR NAME MEAN?

The name that was given you in the early days of your life plays a big part in the moulding of your character and the shaping of your future. Below you will find, in easily-remembered rhymes, the significance of your name and of those of your friends.

□ □ □

- JEMIMA.** You carry luck along with you,
And all around good fortune strew.
- JESSIE.** A promise made you never break ;
You do a lot for others' sake.
- JOSEPHINE.** You'll never do an action mean
If you were christened Josephine.
- KATHLEEN.** In happiness your life is rich,
Your plans succeed without a hitch.
- LAURA.** Admired for your industrious ways,
You think too much of others' praise.
- LILIAN, LILY.** Men think you lovely, sweet and wise,
And over you waste many sighs.
- LOUISE.** Brave in the face of danger, you
Should find success in all you do.

Next week : the meanings of Lucy, Mabel, Margaret, Martha, Mary, Matilda and Mariel.

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