

MORCOVE'S FEUD FOR ANOTHER! GRAND COMPLETE STORY—INSIDE

The SCHOOLGIRLS' 2^D OWN



ADRIFT ON THE DERELICT

A dramatic incident from MARGERY MARRIOTT'S great new serial inside.

No. 781, Vol. 31.
Week ending
January 25th, 1938.
EVERY TUESDAY.

There are FIVE MAGNIFICENT STORIES in This Issue

Morcove's Feud *for* Another!



By Marjorie Stanton
ILLUSTRATED BY L. SHIELDS

Polly's Startling Idea

BETTY BARTON and some of her best chums of Morcove School were in the grand ball-room of the Hotel Majestic, when suddenly the whisper went about:

"Look, there's Anna Goldring!"

"Oh, the film actress!"

"Yes!"

"And isn't she sweet? That frock of hers!"

Couples everywhere on the sprung floor were glancing eagerly, whilst the careless talk of dance-time changed to much admiring comment.

Yet it was apparent that Anna Goldring had no wish to attract such attention.

But, once glimpsed, young and beautiful Anna had to be gazed at—even from half the room away; glanced at again and again, even at the risk of getting out of step!

So there was more than one "Sorry, partner!" followed by some such significant remark as:

"You've seen her on the films, of course?"

"Oh, yes—she was just wonderful!"

Anna had instantly espied Betty & Co., and

now she glided down one side of the ball-room towards them.

"Come to keep you in order," she jested, as she reached the Morcove girls.

"Not for long, I know!" was Betty's subtle allusion to the number of fellows waiting to dance with Anna. "Anyhow, they must all bring you back to us!"

Anna laughed.

"I've a note for Pam to let her mother have at Halkin Street," she went on. "Mrs. Wiloughby has been kind enough to ask me for to-morrow night."

"Ooo, gorjus!" Naomer's shrill voice sounded above the pleasant medley of ball-room sounds. "Bekas we're going, too!"

"So I gathered—and I'm so glad! Somehow, girls, your coming to stay at the Majestic—"

No more was said just then, but Betty and others felt disappointed as a young man engagingly approached to ask Anna for the next dance.

She glided away with him, her bright eyes coming to the girls over his shoulder a moment later. Then a flump! from near at hand made the seated girls aware of Tubby having slipped down, as if on ice, to the great embarrassment of his partner, pretty Paula Creel.

"Don't bring him here," Polly said witheringly, as her fun-loving brother Jack, made pretence of having to see his fat pal off the floor.

COMPLETE THIS WEEK

Fascinating story of Betty Barton & Co., in which, during their holiday in London, they become involved in a famous film star's strange human problem.

"And now, Paula"—putting on an indignant, mothering voice—"you will go up to your bed!"

The band stopped playing just then, but very few couples left the floor, standing instead to clap for an encore. It was granted, and Jack was off again with Madge Minden, causing Betty to jump up with a laughed:

"Oh, come on, Polly—this one with me!"

"Leaving them with all the chocs!" the mad-cap warned as she and her best-of-chums moved off together. "Oh dear, Betty—none of this next week!"

"Moreove again—shan't you be glad?"

"No!"

"Oh, what a thing to say!"

They laughed into each other's eyes, thinking of the dear old school on its own lofty headland along the coast of North Devon; of reopening day—next week!—and all the life of class-room, study, and games-field to be begun anew.

Then, whilst they went round the thronged floor, these two Morcovians saw Anna for an instant, dancing with her partner with exquisite grace.

"She seems to be really enjoying herself, anyhow," Betty whispered to her chum earnestly. "I don't know! It's only a couple of hours since I saw her looking so unhappy. As if she had no heart left for anything."

"And not because of the film work, either!"

"Oh, no! What a shame it was, Polly; rotten luck that we were unable to do as we had hoped for her when we called at her father's house."

"No use trying again, Betty?"

"Well, is it? That's what makes her feel so down at times, we know, although she hasn't said so. Disowned by her own father!"

Betty was taking care to speak very guardedly.

"I did have such big hopes, Polly dear, of his listening to us—of our being able to bring them together again. But a more hard-hearted man than that Dr. Jervoise I could scarcely imagine. Forgiveness—not he!"

Polly gave one of her grimaces.

"Is there really anything for him to forgive? Could a girl like Anna Goldring ever have done anything so terrible as to be beyond a father's forgiveness?"

"I feel like that about it, too, Polly. And yet, even though he was so short with us, he has such a name for kindness and charitable work—"

"Charity begins at home," Polly quoted with a frown. "If you ask me, Betty, that only makes him all the worse in my sight. To think that he can be the Poor Man's Doctor in that poverty-stricken district, and give his services free to the hospital, whilst all the time he is so cruel towards his own daughter!"

"It doesn't seem natural," Betty said. "Anna herself spoke of him as one of the noblest men in all the world, and yet—"

"Betty!" came the other's tense interruption, as if some sensational thought had come. "Whew! I say—"

"What, dear?"

"Oh, but we can't go into it here," Polly whispered on in sudden, great excitement. "Let's

get away to the lounge—anywhere. Come on!"

They happened to be close by the ball-room entrance. Polly, disengaging herself, was instantly clear of the dance-floor, and Betty followed her out—in utter bewilderment.

"Yes!" Polly resumed, once they were in the lounge. "I've a hunch, Betty! What you said just now about Anna Goldring's father—the way he spoke to us to-day when we called on him. 'Unnatural'! Don't have a fit when I tell you."

And, in a deep whisper, she added:

"That wasn't her father at all!"

Was Morcove Tricked?

"POLLY! Goodness, Polly!"
"Well, just think! To begin with, it was a terribly dark afternoon, wasn't it? Inclined to be foggy. And there was only the firelight to help us see him when his stepdaughter Becky brought him into that room. What I mean is, Betty; if—"
"I get you!" breathed Betty. "You mean,



if that man were someone only made up to look like the real Dr. Jervoise—the dark day helped the deception!”

“And remember—remember how we were kept waiting quite a while before Becky Jervoise brought him up to us!”

“Besides, Becky knew, of course, that we had never met Dr. Jervoise—were total strangers to him.

“Am I quite wrong, then?”

“Don’t be silly! There’s no reason at all why that trick can’t have been played upon us.”

“There’s a jolly good reason why it may have been,” Polly grimly retorted. “That stepsister of Anna’s! We know how much SHE wants Anna and her father to be brought together again. She hates Anna.”

“And she is afraid we may persevere until we bring off something that won’t suit her book. Well! There’s one thing, Polly; if there’s any doubt that we were hoaxed at the doctor’s house, this afternoon, we ought soon to be able to clear it up!”

“Easy!”

“Come to think of it, dear, that man’s talk was harshness overdone. The impostor over-acted his part.”

Silence fell between the two girls. The mind of each was working furiously. There they stood, looking at each other excitably, whilst the comfortable lounge yielded only an occasional murmur from some bridge-players.

And then suddenly an elderly lady, who had been reading the evening-paper at one of the firesides, lowered the sheet and spoke across to some other benign soul.

“What an interesting face he has—that Dr. Jervoise, who has done so much about getting that new wing for St. Monica’s Hospital!”

“The one they are opening to-morrow! It will be a great boon—such a crowded district, that—”

Betty and Polly stared at each other harder than ever. Then they strode away—in such a hurry that their exit caused a collision with a pompous old gentleman who was just coming in.

“An evening-paper—where can we get one?” Betty fumed. “The hall-porter, perhaps?”

They tried him, and he was able to offer them quite a collection of various daily papers. Betty bought one, Polly another of a different name. Some eager scanning, and Betty exclaimed:

“Here we are! Look!”

It was a photograph under which ran the caption: “Dr. Jarvis Jervoise, whose lifelong work in connection with St. Monica’s Hospital will to-morrow be crowned by the opening of the new wing.”

The portrait was of the face only. It had been published along with a short notice referring to the arrangements for to-morrow’s opening ceremony.

“My word,” Polly breathed, “but it’s awfully like the Dr. Jervoise of this afternoon! Are we all wrong, then, after all, Betty? Is there nothing in that theory?”

“Only,” Betty murmured at last, “he doesn’t look so hard, Polly. Oh, how can we tell for certain from this photograph! Tell you what, we’ll go to the opening ceremony!”

“He’s bound to be there! We’ll do more than see him,” Polly rushed on; “we’ll get hold of him for a talk about Anna!”

“Not say anything to her in the meantime? No, best not,” Betty answered her own question.

“It might distress her. It is when you make

any reference to her father that she seems so awfully sad.”

Tearing out the portion of print that included the photograph, Betty pocketed it. The rest of the paper she abandoned. Both girls, greatly elated over the fresh chance of gaining their objective, started to go back to the ball-room.

But now the high-spirited pair met Anna Goldring, bringing the other girls and the boys away from the ball-room.

Polly gaped in dismay.

“What, done with dancing?”

“No, bekas only a sit-down for a refresher!” Naomer deliriously supplied the explanation. “Bekas Anna is going to stand ze treat!”

Cane-chairs, drawn round a couple of tables in one of the lounge-corners, seated the lively party. A waiter came up. Morcove & Co. were invited by Anna to consult the printed card.

Mostly only orangeades or ices were suggested; but Naomer, at the end of a minute, was still debating with Tubby the respective merits of smoked-salmon sandwiches and puff pastries.

“Have both?” Anna suggested.

“Ooo! Shall we, Tubby?”

They did, and enjoyed this half-past nine “refresher” none the less because of withering comments from Polly and others on such “awful greediness!”

Setting down her glass, presently, Betty said roughly to Anna:

“It’s very nice of you to give yourself up to us when you might be dancing!”

“I can dance some other night,” smiled Anna, “when you’re all back at school!”

A groan from Jack!

“That’s done it,” he said. “School! It’s all right for the girls—”

“Oh, is it?” And a spirited argument started, keeping Anna greatly amused.

But, suddenly, watchful Betty saw a change come over that adorable face with which a million people were so familiar. The film star’s eyes had strayed to an evening paper which had been left behind on a nearby chair by some gentleman who had just got up to go away.

After a moment, as Betty saw, Anna Goldring slipped out of her seat to get that evening paper for herself. She resumed her chair, looking down at the paper without turning its pages.

Betty nudged Polly, who nudged back.

The doctor’s photograph; portrait of HER father, that revered worker amongst the poor—so admired and respected by all who knew him, and yet from him she was estranged.

Always? By the tragedy of her pensive expression, at this moment, that seemed to be the case. Always!

From the ball-room came the lilting strains of the band, playing now a Viennese waltz. And Anna Goldring, so young, so beautiful, so famous; one of the public’s idols—only sitting here like this, with such a haunting sorrow in her looks!

The Morcove “Gate-Crashers,”

“FARES, please! Any more fares, please?”
“Do you go near St. Monica’s Hospital?”

“Yuss, miss! I’ll let yer know!”

“Thanks!”

The hearty Cockney conductor lurched on past the top-deck seat which held Betty and Polly.

“Hope I’m respectable enough,” the madcap jested.

“The Countess of Kinloch is to perform, the

ceremony, so I suppose that does mean a lot of aristocratic people."

The huge bus put on one of its frequent bursts of speed, then met with another check. A busy crossing; cheap tailors, a Sixpenny Bazaar—and there again was a great cinema, advertising:

ANNA GOLDRING!!!

"Where is she to-day, Polly, I wonder? Gone to the Elmsham studios again, I suppose."

None of them at the hotel had seen anything of the film star to-day.

"I think she must have," Polly nodded. "You can be pretty sure it's the studio, when she goes off before anyone else is down."

Betty grinned.

"A good many people were down before us this morning, Polly!"

"Oh, well! It's the holidays."

They chatted on, alternatively serious and mirthful. But even their snatches of serious talk were charged with high spirits.

To-day—before another hour or so had sped—they were going to accomplish what had become such an overmastering purpose!

They were sure of it. Only schoolgirls though they were, they would succeed in bringing father and daughter together again.

By the look of things now, there must have been a long course of trickery, malicious scheming, on the part of Anna's step-sister, Becky, that the unfortunate upset between father and daughter had never been cleared up.

Presently the bus-bell rang, and the conductor bawled up the stairway:

"Ere y'are, missies! Rhand the corner," he instructed as the two Morcovians floundered down to alight; "fust to the right, and then you'll see the Orspital, bang in front o' yer!"

"Right-ho, thanks!" they cried, stepping down to the kerb.

Half-way along the street they found a sooty-looking Council school, with all the children out to play in the tiny asphalt-yard.

The hospital, when Betty and Polly came in sight of it, was a dun-coloured building that had managed to retain a small, open space between itself and the street.

High spiked railings ran the whole length of the frontage, and at the gateway two policemen were on duty to-day. Poor people of the district were surging there, gossiping and getting into an excitable fluster whenever a car drove up to go gliding in past the saluting constables.

Shabby houses across the way had hung out some flags, and one big Union

Jack was draped about the entrance to the hospital's new wing. That long-overdue extension looked very smart, indeed; bright new brick-work and stonework and oak doors not yet dulled by the London smoke.

And Betty and Polly could see instantly what wonderful improvements the new wing offered for the suffering poor—especially the children.

The bold pair found the crowd opening out to let them through at the gateway; but there were those "bobbies"!

"Just a moment, young ladies. Your invitation cards?"

"What! Oh—er—"

"Can't let anyone pass without tickets!"

"But it's all right," Polly sweetly insisted.

"We have to see Dr. Jervoise!"

"Patients, are you?" grinned one policeman, knowing quite well that they couldn't be. "Oh, go on, then, and if there's any trouble—you get in over the rails, see?"

"We could do that, any day," Morcove's mad-cap saucily smiled—and the crowd on the pavement cheered. Anything for a joke, to pass the time away.

Not that there was much longer to wait, for now quite a string of motors took the turn-in, and the folk outside saw shiny doors being thrown open and grand people getting down.

Befurred ladies, gentlemen in top hats and spats—they greeted one another, and were greeted



"It isn't only that the girl is Anna Goldring, a famous film star," Betty cried. "She is—your daughter!" Doctor Jervoise stared at her incredulously, but both Betty and Polly knew they had made no mistake. Their efforts to reunite father and daughter must surely succeed now.

by official-looking personages. Press photographers were suddenly in evidence. Was that the architect, perhaps, whom they were getting to stand for a moment? At any rate—Hullo! Becky Jervoise!

The Morcove "gate-crashers" saw her before she chanced to look their way. They were being content, for the moment, to keep at a respectful distance from the fast-growing crowd. As for Becky Jervoise—she was all for being in the midst of it, and had eyes only for Society's representatives and—the Press photographers!

"My hat," Polly chuckled, as she and Betty stood very observant from a little distance away. "Talk about reflected glory! I'm Dr. Jervoise's daughter, you know!"

"That's it," Betty smiled. "You wouldn't expect her to say 'stepdaughter'! Yet there is a difference!"

At that instant cheering started in the street.

It was that hearty roar of a Cockney crowd for someone of genuine worth, and never mind the thousand-guinea sables or the silk hat and the spats!

As if some beloved Royalty were now approaching, the "Hurrah-h-h!" went on and on, and through the high iron railings Betty and Polly saw children being held up and white-haired men waving their caps, and girls and women on tiptoe, fluttering handkerchiefs.

"The duchess!" Betty conjectured. "But I don't see any car!"

They both saw, instead, next moment, a tall, thin man walking in past the saluting constables, who had instantly to keep back men and women as they very nearly rushed the gateway.

They good-humouredly allowed themselves to be pressed back by the jocular constables, whilst frenzied cheering still went on. This lonely looking man, with his slow step and grave bearing—he it was for whom there had been this tremendous ovation. Press photographers came at him, taking aim—and he refused to notice them. "Sir!" Betty and Polly heard the cameramen imploring. "Dr. Jervoise!"

Dr. Jervoise!

"But we can't speak to him now," Betty said. "Polly—stop!"

"Oh, look here, though—"

"Wait, dear. We shall get our chance after the ceremony. It won't take long, and then—"

Betty, breaking off, faced round sharply to see who it was who had suddenly closed a hand upon her shoulder. And it was Becky, ready to demand self-importantly:

"Now, then, what are you doing here? Get out of this—sharp!"

Ordered Out!

THERE was more than habitual spitefulness in the looks of this malicious girl as she stood haughtily in front of the two chums, her right arm raised even then to point to the gateway.

The hard eyes held a special gleam of savage delight over something she could do, in revenge for the day before yesterday.

"Get out!" she commanded, addressing herself chiefly to Betty. "I'll come with you, to see you off the place!"

And then she laughed, spitefully, to make it clear that she was using the very words which Betty had used at the Elmsham studio.

"Not so fast," Betty calmly protested. "We know we're here without permission, but—"

"A couple of impudent gate-crashers!" Becky Jervoise said furiously. "And the idea, I suppose—"

"Yes! You've got it right!" Polly flared out. "And it will take more than you to stop us! We want Dr. Jervoise. We don't go away until we've—"

"You saw Dr. Jervoise yesterday, at his house—"

"Oh, did we!" they both retorted, and looked her straight in the eyes.

She blanched and lost her breath for a moment. But the very need to do something quickly, to cover such confusion, made her beckon very hastily to one of the policemen at the gate.

Both officers, as Betty and Polly now realised, had been looking this way. The one who came stalking across, did so with an air of taking any complaint quite seriously.

He saluted Becky Jervoise, who said grandly: "I've no time to waste; the duchess may be here any moment now! Just turn these two girls out, will you?"

"Come on, young 'uns—outside!"

"Oh, but—"

"Out-side!"

"Dash it all!" Polly stamped. Unlike Betty, she never could keep her temper.

"Come on, young lady," said the policeman, and his sudden grab had in it all the experience of a rough neighbourhood. "If you won't go quietly—"

"Well, I just won't, so there!"

Accordingly, Polly went to the gateway in the grip of the law.

It was not a very fierce grip. If anything, the policeman was playful in his methods of removing Morcove's defiant madcap.

Half-way to the gates—Polly still offering resistance—he took her up with both hands and carried her so that her wriggling feet were well clear of the ground.

The crowd of sightseers outside went wild with delight. It was as good as a music-hall turn. There were loud cheers for Polly, and cheers as loud for the policeman.

Betty, walking behind, had to laugh, although she would have preferred this bit of comedy not to be filmed—as it was being by a "movie-news" man.

The Duchess of Kinloch, arriving in her grand car at this moment, must have felt she was getting a very cordial reception. As the crowd parted to let the car through, her ladyship could hardly have been aware that most of the hubbub, like most of the interest, concerned the two school-girls.

But that interest in the pair of them—to Betty's relief, anyhow—soon ended. She and Polly could remain in the crowd without coming in for any more chucking remarks. And they wanted to remain; they meant to stay, to get hold of Dr. Jervoise, after all.

Meantime, they were treated to the spectacle of Becky Jervoise presenting the bouquet, and they could tell how that obnoxious girl was glorying in the publicity it meant.

There she was, for the moment, quite an important person in the picture. How different, her air of showing-off, from the grave, retiring disposition of Dr. Jervoise! He had to be looked for to be seen, for he was trying to hide behind one of the drawn-up lines of hospital nurses in the yard.

Then the gathering moved towards the entrance to the new wing, and Betty and Polly could only

see the backs of people crowding about the duchess as she performed the simple ceremony with the key that had been handed to her.

Next minute those invited to the ceremony were all passing inside, and yet the crowd on the pavement still hung about. Upon the ears of Betty and Polly fell more serious, heartfelt remarks now.

It was being said what a real boon the new wing would be, and how hard Dr. Jervoise had worked, one way and another, to bring it into being—heaven bless him!

"So kind always," spoke one motherly person in the crowd. "I'll never forget when I had my Jim lying at death's door; 'ow he came again and again, every hour—looked in in the middle o' the night."

"Ah! Nuffink's never too much trouble to Dr. Jervoise! Don't I know it, too!"

"I did 'ear as 'ow somebody 'as give money to—'ow d'you call it?—endow one o' them wards in the new wing. It's to be named arter the doctor's first wife."

"Ah, she was a good 'un!"

"She were that. He's never got back wot he lost in 'er!"

Nudges between Betty and Polly. Talking of Anna's mother now, were these good folk crowding around.

"Well!" one of the women exclaimed. "I must be getting back, or the children will be in from school afore me! I beg your pardon, miss, I'm sure!"

"Oh, that's all right."

The two chums looked aside at a young woman who had come in for that hearty apology, owing to some unmeant jostling. She had answered in a musical voice.

They saw that she was just as poor-looking as everyone else in the crowd; but she had a pretty face.

Her eyes met Betty's, and an exchange of smiles followed.

"You gonna wait ter see them come away?"

"My chum and I are hoping to get hold of Dr. Jervoise by-and-by."

"That so? Got someone in the 'ospital, have you?" There was the Cockney accent, but the voice itself was very pleasant.

"Er—no. It's just—well—a private matter."

"I see. I dessay, though, they'll be a good while—speeches and all that."

"We don't mind waiting. It's worth it."

But Betty and Polly, after standing about for a full half-hour, were to find that they had only waited—in vain.

It was after a sudden departure of several cars in line that one came gliding out, packed with some of the important personages, and, as it went by, the soft voice murmured:

"Dr. Jervoise—there he goes."

"What!" Polly gasped disappointedly. "Oh—hang!"

"Yes, 'e were in that car; I see him," said the poor, young woman with the musical voice. "And now he's gone."

"Are you sure it was he?"

"Oh, I couldn't mistake him," Betty was answered. "'E looked arter me, once."

The low-voiced speaker seemed inclined to drift away now. Betty and Polly lost her in the crowd, as they themselves glumly moved off.

"Rotten luck," Polly scowled. "Any good going to his house, Betty?"

"I don't think so—no. As he was in that car

(Continued on the next page.)

THE SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN. No. 781. Vol. 31.

Week ending January 25th, 1938.

All rights reserved and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden.

My Dear Readers

MY greatest problem, these days, is to find space in which to talk to you. The stories, I feel, are so popular that I simply dare not steal any space from them, so I must just go on, for the present, being content to squeeze into an odd corner.

Now that the New Year is well launched, so to speak, I fully expect you are all busy keeping to your good resolutions—or did you forget to make any?

As far as branches of SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN Secret Society are concerned, I hope members resolved to make them really alive and active.

A splendid example is that of the Newport branch, which I have previously mentioned in these pages. As I told you then, in addition to meeting in a happy social gathering, this branch has been very busy making things for children and hospitals.

Among the articles which were made prior to Christmas for distribution were babies' woollies, vests, jumpers, jerseys, scarves and berets to match, and dolls' clothing; while brothers of members set to work and made wooden engines, wooden carts, horses on wheels and rockers, boats, dolls' beds, etc.

From the tone of the letter accompanying these details I am quite certain that the busy members derived as much pleasure in the making of the things as the children did in receiving them.

I shall welcome news of the activities of other branches, and a little later I hope to have more space at my disposal to print them.

Are you a film fan? I expect so. Most girls are. In any case, I am sure you will be eager to collect the twelve autographed photo-postcards of famous film stars that the "Girls' Crystal" is giving away. The first three photo-postcards, and a dainty wallet to hold them, are given away with the number now on sale—price 2d.

The "Girls' Crystal" is the great seven-story weekly for schoolgirls and those who have just left school. One of the stories features something new in schoolgirl characters—the Madcap Form Mistress. You will simply adore Miss Desmond. She's such a sport, so full of fun, and so eager to see that the girls in her Form have a good time.

"Tony the Speed Girl" is another character you will revel in. Her motor-racing adventures will provide you with a big thrill, and then every week there's a fascinating mystery story, featuring Noel Raymond, a young detective whose daring will hold you spellbound.

In addition to these star features, don't forget every issue of the "Girls' Crystal" contains four other fine stories, also a wealth of illustrated articles.

Get your "Girls' Crystal" to-day, and make certain of the first three superb photo-postcards. The current number provides an ideal opportunity of trying out the "Girls' Crystal," as all the serials are new, commencing this week.

Next Tuesday's programme of stories in SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN will be as fascinating as ever. The grand long Morcove holiday story is entitled, "Unmasked by Morcove" and is one of the most appealing tales Marjorie Stanton has written for a long time. Then there will be grand COMPLETE stories of her Harum-scurum Highness and Anita's Animal School, also gripping instalments of our two fine serials.

So, until next Tuesday, every good wish.

Your sincere friend,

YOUR EDITOR.

P.S.—I want to thank very heartily all those readers, both in Great Britain and overseas, who sent me Christmas and New Year cards. I only wish you could have seen the fine show they made in the den. Thank you all.

with other gentlemen, it looks as if he had some other function to attend."

They walked on, reduced to silence by an increasing belief that there would be no more chances to-day. Hindered by the recent ceremony, he was likely to be all the busier by-and-by. If only they could have caught him—stopped him for just a minute's talk—when they were inside that gateway!

The street along which Betty and Polly were glumly passing was noisy with other people coming away from the bit of sightseeing. Now and then a car hooted as it came along from the hospital.

Suddenly there was an alarmed shouting, short and sharp, that made Betty and Polly jump. The scream of car-brakes—crash!—and they were both looking back to see a crowd forming in the middle of the street, with the car itself all askew just there.

"An accident! Somebody down in the road—hurt. They ran back. The car had been quickly reversed away from the unfortunate victim—a young woman, prone and senseless. Why, it was the same young woman who had known when Dr. Jervoise was going by in that other motor just now."

"Oh!" both girls cried distressfully. "Is she badly hurt?"

"People do so ask for it," a man in the crowd mumbled. "I see her—all in a dream-like—at a corner, too!"

A babel of talk began. "Ambulance—quick!" "Lucky thing, anyhow, St. Monica's quite close by!" "Get the ambulance, and take her there—quick!"

At Pam's Party!

In her mother's West End drawing-room, tall Pam Willoughby had chums about her in strong force this January afternoon.

All were here who had been invited to Pam's own after-Christmas party in town—excepting Betty and Polly. And there was going to be some lively bantering of those two girls when at last they did show up!

Meanwhile, these Morcovians in their pretty party frocks were hitting it off as well as ever with "the boys," who all wore the same school tie and looked all spruced for the occasion.

Suddenly the butler announced: "Miss Betty Barton and Miss Polly Linton!"

"Oh! Hooray!" the latecomers were teasingly cheered as they hurried in. "Come on; come on, you two—"

"Bekas keeping us waiting for ze gorjus tea—"

"Going off on your own—in secret!" "Surprised at you, Betty! You shoudn't," said Jack mock-solemnly, "let Polly take you to a panto on the quiet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wrong!" Polly played up to her brother's nonsense. "A beauty-parlour—the whole afternoon! To get ready for this! Girls, I've had a perm!"

"We are late, Pam dear," said Betty, content with the truth. "But think where we have come from in the last hour, and that includes a look-in at the hotel."

They followed Pam upstairs to that beautiful room which was hers, as the daughter of the house, to take off their outdoor things.

"Do any good?" Pam asked in a serious tone. For she, like the rest of the "Co.," knew full well what Betty and Polly had been doing this

afternoon. That recent pretence at ignorance, downstairs, had been only for fun.

"No good at all," Betty ruefully answered. "We can see now, it was the worst possible day for trying to get hold of him, really!"

"Oh, we would have got him all right," Polly fiercely insisted, "if it hadn't been for that detestable Becky!"

Betty smiled rather sadly. "I'm afraid, Pam, Becky Jervoise did get her own back on me for the day before yesterday. It's a wonder Polly isn't locked up!"

Some suppressed laughter shook Pam as she listened to a hasty but very graphic account of their skirmish with the policeman.

"You must tell the others that! But, you know, it's a pity. You two girls might have been saved all that trouble and waste of time."

"How do you mean?" demanded Polly, staring. "If only I had known earlier in the day; Dr. Jervoise is coming here this evening."

"Wha-a-at!" yelled Betty and Polly. "Here? Never!"

"Mother and dad have got him coming to dinner. They were reading about him and his fine work, in the papers, and they felt they would like to show an interest. Dad got him on the phone and fixed it up."

"But," Betty gasped, "isn't Anna Goldring invited for this evening? My goodness—"

"Yes—well, I explained to mother as soon as I knew, and she said we must just take a chance. Best thing possible, most likely."

"Good!" Polly cheered up. "Yes, it may even do the trick! I suppose, Pam, you'll be about to see what happens?"

"If you two girls would like to stay on—"

"Oh, Pam!" they voiced eagerly. "If only we could!"

"That will be easy, although I'm afraid I can't, keep all the others. But we can explain to them, and they'll not mind. Anyhow," Pam finished serenely, "let's go down now."

Betty was thinking hard as, with her two chums, she returned downstairs. And those few moments for reflection left her with a mind quite at ease.

She could imagine a perfect, tactful hostess like Pam's mother engineering everything very skillfully by-and-by. It might easily prove a blessing in disguise, that Anna and her father had, by accident, been asked to the same dinner-party.

And if the worst came to the worst—if, under the same roof by chance, father and daughter still had to be as strangers to each other, the embarrassment need not be great. The presence of many other guests would help there.

"Safety in numbers!" was Betty's last thought about it all, whilst going back to the drawing-room with Pam and Polly.

This inclination to be quite jubilant was shared by all the others, as soon as they had been told how matters stood. And so it was a merrier party than ever that sat down to the delightful tea-table, with Pam at the head of it as the charming young hostess.

"You're a fortunate girl, Pam!" murmured Betty, thinking of that crowd about the hospital gates.

"I have never said I'm not!" "We're all pretty fortunate," came from Madge. "A time like this for us, in the hols., and then next week—"

"Eh, what!" cried Jack, looking up. "You're not going to say we're fortunate, having to go back to school?"

"Then take that tie off!" Polly scathingly ordered.

"Nunno; the tie's all right, suits my schoolboy complexion," Jack glibly conceded. "It's the one thing I like about Grangemoor—the old school tie."

"You know you have a gorjus time!" shrilled Naomer, eating a chocolate-éclair. "Not like being at Morcove. Bekas at Morcove—"

"What's wrong with Morcove?" Bunny demanded, looking ready to come round the table and "out" Naomer, if she said a word against their school.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing wrong with Morcove." Jack cheerfully interposed. "Morcove's all right as an institution. It's only that the girls—wow! I am saying, some of the girls—"

chance to say to Betty and Polly, catching them during this quiet time of waiting—"it was perfectly splendid—what you did this afternoon."

"But we didn't do anything, after all!"

"There was the will, if not the deed, my dears. And do you know what I am minded to do? As a reward—let you have your own first shot, presently, at making everything all right!"

"Oh!"

"Mr. Willoughby expects Dr. Jervoise a few minutes before the rest arrive. Pam will know how to have you handy, if you are wanted!"

Such words, cryptic though they were, left Betty and Polly joyfully confident. They felt that when the time came, the wonderful facilities of this house and the combined tactfulness and goodwill of Pam's parents would pave the way.

From Pam they subsequently got to know that



Half-way to the gate, as Polly was still resisting, the constable lifted her clear of the ground. The crowd of sightseers cheered gaily at the amusing spectacle.

"You wait till we get back to the hotel," Polly threatened. "Calling Morcove an institution!"

Then the door opened, and Pam's mother came in to see how they were all getting on—whether they were enjoying themselves as much as she wished. She was just back from a round of afternoon calls; quietly yet exquisitely dressed, everything about her suggesting a happy nature that knew not a particle of giddiness. A good woman and a good mother, devoting much of her life to good works.

She did not remain for more than a minute, but later on Betty and Polly saw her again.

That was after the others had left, having enjoyed great fun since tea. Pam had easily made it all right about the two chums staying on for the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Linton were amongst those invited to dinner, and Betty and Polly would go back to the Majestic with them.

"I think, girls"—Pam's mother seized the

the "few minutes earlier" for Dr. Jervoise's arrival meant half-past seven.

So, when at last that appointed time had come, there they were, with Pam, lurking where they would hear the fateful ring at the bell—even be able to peep out and see the front-door opened to admit Dr. Jervoise.

"It's half-past now," Polly impatiently commented as a grandfather-clock gave one deep stroke in the lofty reception-hall. "Oh, I do hope he isn't going to be late!"

"He's a busy man, of course. But I imagine that, as he knows he has been asked on account of the hospital— Hark!" Betty broke off.

There was a taxi now, discharging someone at the kerb.

Next moment the door-bell rang, and three eagerly peering girls, at the back of the hall, saw the stately manservant go to the door, open it, and bow someone inside.

"Oh—er—good-evening!" a feminine voice gushed. "I'm Miss Jervoise—"

Becky Jervoise! Not the doctor, but—his step-daughter!

"I shall have to explain—make the doctor's apologies to Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby," the gushing voice went on. "Dr. Jervoise found it quite impossible to come, after all, so I thought it only right to come myself!"

It's Up to Morcove!

BETTY and Polly and Pam took silent, retiring steps, so as to be out of sight from Becky Jervoise now that she was in the hall.

The manservant had closed the street door. She, Becky, was IN! Was there any doubt that she would stay?

"My goodness!" Betty gasped, as they all three exchanged dismayed looks in the library to which they had retreated. "That girl!"

"Like her cheek!" Polly raged. "Oh, this is the limit!"

"Mother will be furious," Pam frowned. "But how can she turn her away?"

"And Anna coming presently!" Betty sighed on. "Oh, poor Anna Goldring!"

"Yes!" Polly gritted. "Fancy her having to come face to face with THAT girl! Becky Jervoise will flout her. There will be open insults—"

"There won't—there shan't be!" Betty instantly decided. "They mustn't meet, that's all! We must prevent it—oh, we must! Here, I know! Pam—you must get hold of your mother and tell her; Polly and I will rush to the hotel to catch Anna before she leaves to come here."

"My hat—yes, that's it!" Polly panted. "There's just time! Where are our things—quick!"

By now, Becky Jervoise had been shown into the drawing-room. The door of that room was closed as Betty and Polly, putting on hat and coats as they slipped by, made for the street door. But they could visualise her, making herself quite at home in there—all dressed up to look so grand!

The manservant, too well-trained to evince the slightest surprise, bowed Betty and Polly out. They ran down the few steps to the pavement.

A taxi was passing, with the flag up. Betty signalled frantically.

"The Majestic—quick as you can, please!" "Majestic—right," droned the muffled-up driver; and away they went.

"Wretch, she is!" Polly raged, sitting with Betty in the dark taxi. "Gate-crashers she called us—and she can do a thing like this!"

"But it's all right, if only—oh, if only we can catch Anna in time!"

"This is a beastly, crawling taxi, this is!" Polly muttered, a few seconds later, although they were really speeding through the West End streets. "Dash—the lights against us here! Ugh!"

They stopped; were held up for a full minute. Then the colours changed and they ground on again.

"What's the time now, Betty?"

"Twenty-four minutes to eight."

"Rotten! She is asked for a quarter-to, isn't she?"

"Any time between that and eight. But we're nearly there."

"I could tell that Becky a few things, anyhow! At the best, Betty, nothing can be done to-night. And somehow it did look so promising."

Betty only nodded sadly, taking the cruel dis-appointment quietly. Her "Here we are!" as the taxi drew up, opposite the hotel entrance, was cheerful; but Polly still looked fierce as they both jumped out.

"You run on in," Betty calmly urged, for one of them had to settle with the taxi-man.

So Polly dashed into the Majestic, much as she was accustomed to come dashing into Morcove's schoolhouse, to do a rush upstairs to Study No. 12. In her excitement she forgot the lift, and, after all, Betty, who used the lift, got to the required floor above just as soon as her chum.

Then they whirled together down one of the wide corridors to the door of Anna Goldring's suite.

They tapped. No answer. They tapped again—much louder. Still no answer.

"Oh, dash!" Polly stamped. "Then we're too late! She's left for the Willoughbys! And that's a nice thing, that is!"

"When I think of Becky Jervoise," Betty muttered, "and what she will do, out of spite and jealousy, I feel I'd have given a year off my life to prevent this."

A chambermaid was coming past them in the corridor. She halted, giving them an inquiring look.

"You wanting Miss Goldring?"

"She has just gone out for the evening, hasn't she?"

"Oh, I don't think so," the maid answered. "She hasn't been in to dress, anyhow."

"She hasn't? I say, are you sure?" Betty clamoured. "It's—it's frightfully important! If she hasn't changed—to go to a dinner-party—"

"Well, I can soon find out," said the maid, slipping her own master-key into the lock. "You're friends of hers, aren't you? I've seen you with her."

"Thanks," they both panted as the maid let them see that she did not mind their following her in.

"We only wanted, if possible, to spare her a big upset," Betty added. "No!" she cried out in vast relief next moment. "Polly—she hasn't gone to the Willoughbys, after all! See these things—her furs—"

"She can't have!"

"I felt sure she hadn't," the chambermaid nodded. "In fact, Miss Goldring hasn't been back since lunch."

"Oh, she was in for lunch? Then she hasn't been at the studio all day," Betty inferred, passing on with Polly. "Shall we find her downstairs, I wonder?"

"But she would dress, even if she were only going to be about downstairs!" Polly argued. And then, as they drifted away, leaving the chambermaid to look up again:

"Betty, she must have known she wouldn't be going to the Willoughbys, after all, and didn't come back to dress? Yet she hadn't let Pam's mother know!"

Betty stopped dead, thinking hard.

"And that's strange," she muttered. "Even if Anna had found out that her father was invited—she wouldn't have made up her mind to keep away, without letting Pam's mother know?"

"Can anything have happened to her?"

"How do you mean, Polly? An accident? Oh!" Betty cried out, and put up a hand to her head as if an idea had struck her like a lightning flash. "An accident! Polly—"

"Well?"

"That accident near the hospital! That young woman who was knocked down by a car—she was

we know, the young woman who spoke to us in the crowd about Dr. Jervoise."

"Someone living round about there; a former patient—"

"But wait, Polly—no, that's wrong! She was poorly dressed; but her face—her voice. Was that young woman," Betty rushed on, "was that Anna?"

"Whew!"

"You get me, Polly? It was—it was Anna! Now I know why her pretty face interested me. She's an actress; she easily acted that part for which she was dressed up. It was Anna—"

"There in disguise, so as to see her father and not be recognised by him? My gracious—"

"And now she is lying there in his hospital, and very likely he is none the wiser! Oh, Polly darling—"

"Come on!" the headstrong one urged, starting to run for the lift. "Take another taxi—to the hospital—"

"Ring up first, dear!"

"Oh, all right, then!"

But it was to be a case of off-and-away in another taxi, after all. Betty's telephoning had left everything uncertain. She could not say too much, and that had meant vague answers. The "case" had not been a serious one; but the patient had had to be detained.

Once again they drove by night through Theatreland, out to that bit of Slumland where Anna's heroic father lived his strange, surely tragic, life.

The last of the garish streets was soon left behind, and suddenly the taxi turned in at the very gateway from which Polly, earlier in the day, had been put out—by the police!

Telling the driver to wait, they went up two or three steps into a whitewashed hall with a porter's office on the right. The porter himself peered out at them through an opening in the glass screen.

"We were 'phoning just now about an accident case—"

"Oh, the one just round the corner this afternoon? Right! Go in there for a minute, will you?"

He pointed to a waiting-room door, and they could hear him using the house-telephone as they seated themselves on a form. A small fire did its best to cheer the stark room. The tick-tock of a clock came to them loudly on the silence.

A minute of this excitable waiting in oppressive surroundings, and then a nurse in her trim uniform was suddenly in the doorway, asking:

"Yes, what do you want to know? I'm from the accident ward. Matron sent me down to see you."

"Oh, thanks!" Betty exclaimed, standing up with her chum. "It's about that young woman who was knocked down by a car, just after the opening of—"



Anna Goldring seemed to find it difficult to speak. "Tell my father he must go away," she said huskily. "I cannot meet him!" And Betty and Polly realised she meant it, amazing though it was.

"She's gone."

"What!"

"She's gone," said the nurse, refusing to abandon her matter-of-fact tone. "Half an hour ago."

"There now!" Polly turned to Betty wildly.

"But she is all right again, then?" was Betty's comforting thought, spoken aloud to the nurse.

"She'd have done better to let us keep her the night; but she would go, and it's to be supposed that she can take care of herself. That's all I can say, for it's all we know."

"Oh, but wait—please! Just a moment! Is—is Dr. Jervoise here?"

"Why?"

"We so want to speak to him, if we may!"

"He can't tell you anything more than that. The person you're talking about was very tiresome about not giving her name. She refused all information."

"Then it's all the more likely that she is—I mean that we— If we could only see Dr. Jervoise—"

"I don't understand you a bit," said the nurse dryly. "Anyhow, Dr. Jervoise isn't here now. He's not resident, you know. He only—"

She broke off and looked round into the entrance hall as the footfall sounded of someone just coming in.

"But here is Dr. Jervoise, so I'll see if he can spare a moment. Stay there."

She was gone on the instant, and Betty and Polly stood there meeting each other's eyes, their hearts beating fast.

"Got him!" Morcove's madcap said under her breath. "My word, Betty, just fancy—like this, at last!"

Now's Their Chance!

"GOOD-EVENING! You are wanting a word with me?"

He was here at the waiting-room doorway; Anna's own father, grave but not stern; tired-looking, with so much to do between now and midnight, perhaps; and yet—so courteous, patient!

"Oh, Dr. Jervoise—" They both cried again, and both broke off.

"Yes, my dears?"

"We have just been told that—the young woman who was knocked down by that car, after the opening of your new ward—she has left," Betty floundered. "Dr. Jervoise, did you—did you—"

"I saw her, yes, when I went to the accident ward about another case, a little before six. She did not come in for any attention from me. Shock and some bruising, I understand; nothing to be alarmed about."

"No—thank goodness," Polly burst out. "But she—she was—Er— You didn't speak to her, perhaps, doctor?"

"Why," he gravely smiled, "as a matter of fact, I did spend a minute at her bedside. One does do that, you know, if a patient seems to be hungry for a word or two. And she—she seemed to be like that. I don't know why."

"You—you see, doctor," Betty said huskily, "that young lady—for she wasn't really poor, sir—"

"Not?"

"No, sir! She is staying at our hotel—the Majestic—and that's how we have got to know her just lately. Anna Goldring—if that name means anything to you?"

He had given no start of surprise.

"Anna Goldring? I seem to have seen the name—oh, yes, of course, in the papers. A film actress—at present quite famous? So that," he smiled, "accounts for her face seeming so familiar to me as she lay there in the ward."

"Doctor, it isn't only that she is Anna Goldring, a famous film star. She is your—daughter."

The doctor stood struck back a step or two by the blow those words had dealt him. After some stertorous breathing, he faltered:

"My—daughter?"

"Yes, sir. How we know," Betty rushed on lumpily, "Anna seems to have taken to us girls, at the hotel, and that has led to—oh, lots of things that I won't stop to explain now. We know she is your daughter, and that she has been right out of your life—for two years, isn't it?"

"Two long years."

"We have been asked to believe that you sent her away because of something she had done; something you could never forgive. But—"

"Whoever told you that has lied to you. I do not know why I lost my daughter. There was no quarrel; no word of mine could ever have hurt her. She was the apple of my eye."

"And there is all her love for you," Betty spoke on tremulously. "She is simply pining to get back to you; we know she is! It's why we made up our minds to see if something couldn't be done—to bring you together again. So won't you come with us now—yes, now, this minute! Polly and I have to go back to the hotel. Surely Anna is there by this time? Oh, Dr. Jervoise, can't you—won't you let us take you to her?"

"Only think!" Polly blurted. "All the fame she has ever won for herself—it's nothing to her, simply because she cannot share her life with you. She so longs to be near you; she even disguised herself like that to-day—to stand in the crowd, as a stranger—"

"My daughter, as a stranger in the crowd!"

The plaster walls gave their own mournful, echoing note to his quavered words.

Betty impulsively stepped closer to him and slipped a hand into his.

"You'll come, now," she implored, tugging coaxingly. "And you'll surely only need a few minutes' talk with her to clear up whatever misunderstanding there has been. It seems a bigger mystery than ever, after what you have said; but never mind, so long as you go to Anna at once! And so we girls, when we go back to school next week, will be able to think of you both. Dr. Jervoise—you will?"

"Yes, certainly. Oh, but, of course, I will go with you!" he said with such excitable eagerness that his gaunt figure trembled visibly. "There is just one patient I must see—a case on the danger list. Don't think me hard, unnatural, if I ask you to wait a few minutes—"

"Oh, just as if we should!"

Betty and Polly spoke as with one voice, their looks ecstatic. The moment he was gone, they smiled into each other's eyes.

Polly, in her joyful state, did a little waltz round that bare waiting-room. Betty flourished a hand round and round, as if wanting to shout:

"Hooray, hooray, hooray!"

Anna Goldring's Refusal!

THEY returned to the waiting taxi, and presently Dr. Jervoise came running out to them—yes, running! It was as if their talk with him had made quite a young man of him again. His scholarly face, that had looked so gaunt, was slightly flushed now and charged with a jubilant expression.

"How was that case, doctor?" Betty ventured to ask as soon as the taxi was racing them to the hotel.

"Oh, fine—fine; out of danger now. Wonderful," he said quite gaily. "Everything to-day is so wonderful! The new wing opened—the dream of my professional life come true at last. And now—all the longing, the uncertainty of the last two years, about my lost daughter—it is ending! It is as good as ended already—wonderful to think!"

But such a joyous outburst from him did not induce Betty and Polly to keep the talk going. Somehow, they feared lest some excitable remark of theirs might be one too many. They had better, for instance, be careful not to say anything which might bring up Becky's name. She was only his stepdaughter—she, who had surely had such a lot to do with the whole affair! But she lived at his house.

So in silence they made that journey back to the mammoth West End hotel, where the doctor suggested that he should remain below, whilst the two girls went up to find Anna and—if she were there—prepare her for the sensational reunion.

To Betty and Polly, as they stepped into the lift, it seemed as if the whole hotel were mysteriously influenced by what was to take place in the next few minutes under its roof.

The note of gaiety seemed more marked; the very band in the lounge seemed to be playing music that suited a triumph—the triumph of Morcove's own perseverance.

Hadn't the girls the right to see it in that light? They felt they had. Not that they wanted to brag about it afterwards as a personal triumph. But to have succeeded in bringing Anna and her father together again, when the breach had been as wide as it was mysterious—oh, what joy it meant!

From the lift, on that upper floor, they streaked down the carpeted corridor to Anna's door. Betty tapped eagerly, with Polly close beside her, a-dance with excitement. They heard some sounds, and both girls panted joyfully:

"She's there! She's in!"

Then the outer door of the suite, came open.

"Hallo, girls!"

It was Anna—and it might have been all a wild dream, a crazy notion, that she had been out and about to-day, in disguise, posing as a poor girl—getting knocked down by that car and then detained at the hospital. Here was the Anna of Filmiland and the Hotel Majestic, calm, smiling—adorable as ever!

"Come in, girls! I've the whole evening on my hands!"

"Anna!" they both cried at her, advancing

reached a hand to the back of a chair for steady support. Her lovely eyes became enlarged as with fright, under brows as thin as lines done with the stroke of a pen.

Her staring expression became an inferring one, and Betty nodded.

"You've guessed aright!"

"But," the film actress whispered, "I cannot see him. I mustn't go down to him."

"Oh, Anna!" gasped both Morcove girls.

"Don't say such a thing, when—"

"He must not come up to me, either," she resumed in great agitation. "No! Both of you—such dear girls as you are, to have done all this, meaning so well—oh, I know! But you must both understand—"

A hand went first to her white throat, as if speech were strangled, and then rose to her forehead.

"What I say, I mean," she quavered on. "Father and I cannot meet. Don't look like that at me—"

"But, Anna!"

"I love you girls for having done so much. I shall remember it to my dying day. Only, you remember I told you; I mayn't go near him."

"We took that to mean," Betty said sadly, "that he must have hardened his heart against you. But to-night—"

"There is a reason; it is all I can say—all I am free to say. But do not treat that as a message to be taken to him from me."

"Then what— Oh, Anna, what are we to tell him!" Betty cried out frantically.

"Nothing, my dear girls, except—tell my father he must go away; that is all."

All!

Yet it was made tragically clear to Betty and Polly, in the next few moments, that there would indeed be no more than that to say downstairs.

They saw the film star move away, putting the whole length of the fine room between herself and them. Her back remained towards them.

"Please go," she faintly entreated, without looking round. "And to-morrow—perhaps I shall have something to say, something to ask of you who have been such well-meaning friends to me."

Polly would have impulsively rushed across to pull that anguish-stricken figure round, so as to look beseechingly into the tearful eyes. But Betty restrained her chum.

"No use! They must both go, and downstairs they must tell him only that. Dashing from his lips the cup of happiness which they themselves had offered him to-night; leaving him only to go away again—as forlorn as ever, wondering why even yet there had to be this great grief fixed!

Quietly they let themselves out into the corridor, closing the door very gently.

"After all we've done," Polly said in her raging way. "This!"

Betty nodded, suffering a disappointment too deep for words.

To have succeeded, as she and Polly really had succeeded, and yet to know now what a hollow success it was—a mockery!

Then suddenly she brightened.

"Or is this not the end, after all, Polly?"

"You mean?"

"When she spoke of to-morrow—of asking something of us, perhaps. I am just wondering," Betty pondered aloud, "what she could have meant by that!"

[END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.]

MORCOVE NEVER ADMITS DEFEAT!

As you will see when you read next Tuesday's grand long complete story of Betty Barton & Co. entitled

"UNMASKED BY MORGOVE!"

By Marjorie Stanton

into the handsome sitting-room of the private suite. "Downstairs—"

"Oh, I don't think I can be tempted downstairs to-night," she laughed, closing the outer door. "I have to rest—go to bed very early. Really, I ought to be at Mrs. Willoughby's; but—"

"It's a good job you didn't go there," Polly let out. "You—you wouldn't have enjoyed it."

"Oh, why ever not? I—I didn't get back in time to dress, so I had to ring up Mrs. Willoughby. She was very sweet; said she quite understood! And that," Anna smiled, "has puzzled me. Perhaps you two girls can tell me something?"

"We could, but—we prefer to tell you something far, far more important; far better!" was Betty's excited outburst. Then she drew breath. Gently now! "Er—Anna—we've been to the hospital—St. Monica's—"

"This afternoon? To see the new wing opened?"

"Again, Anna—this evening. We are just back. And—Anna—we have brought someone back with us."

She turned deathly pale. Swaying a little, she