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The Golden Girl

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK

(continued)

"You were wise to break away," he said blandly. "There is no advancement in a place like that. Are you back with the old firm? I am hoping that you would be willing to change, because I have a vacancy in my own office."

Far down the corridor came the monotonous chant of a bellboy paging someone. In the distance it was only a nasal drone.

"Thank you, but I am not looking for a position "now."

The nasal voice sounded nearer. Gloria listened with pricking anxiety unaware of the intent look which had crept into her eyes.

"Fortunately it is not necessary any more," she added. "The uncle with whom I used to live died recently and he remembered me in his will."

The nasal chant was now quite near.

"Mrs. Moreland! Mrs. Moreland!"

Gloria sat very still. Gorham's eyes were on her watching the rising color in her cheeks.

"Delighted to hear of your good luck,' 'he said smoothly. "I congratulate you, Miss Staunton."

The voice went by, slowly receding. "Mrs. Moreland! Telegram for Mrs. Moreland!"

Gloria arose schooling herself to move deliberately. The net was close around her now, hampering her honest freedom of movement and tangling her in meshes of deceit.

"Oh, but you will let me see you again, won't you?"

"Perhaps. Who knows? For the present, good-by, Mr. Gorham."

He watched her go out through the revolving door and pause for an instant while she drew on her glove. It was the right glove. He had not failed to notice that the left had not been removed

Gloria's appointment merely led her around the block and into the hotel by another entrance. She went directly to her room by way of the nearest and least conspicuous elevator. Once safely there she seized the telephone.

"Has any message come for Mrs. Moreland?"

"Just a few moments ago, Mrs. Moreland. I had you paged, but you were gone out. I will send it up immediately.

"Please do. And send my bill at the same time. I am leaving at once.

In a few moments she had them both. With the closing of the door she tore open the telegram.

"Coming on to settle details in person. Arrive Thursday afternoon.

"John Carver."

Gloria stared at it stonily. He was coming! And she would not, could not be at the Grandon. She turned to the telephone again and then dropped her upraised hand. It would not be wise to call Jack Moreland over a Grandon telephone.

X

An hour later Gloria was back in the dim little apartment that she had never expected to enter again. The rent had been paid to the end of the month and Sara had not yet had time to dismantle the place and pack. Gloria dropped her suitcase thankfully and went out again to the telephone.

A strange voice answered when she called the number Jack had given her. No Mr. Moreland was not in. He would not return until sometime after six. If the message was important, she might get him at 1439 Bryant.

She called 1439 Bryant and this time the voice at the other end of the line was gruffly curt.

"Moreland? Yep, I guess so."

There was a long pause during which she heard a distant crossfire of voices and a curious clanking sound. Then Jack's "Hello" in distinct contrast to those other voices.

"This is—Gloria. I have left the hotel. Something happened. And Mr. Carver is coming on Thursday."

"Where are you?"

"At my old address."

"I'll be there in a few moments."

His voice sounded unexpectedly capable. Gloria was conscious of a distant feeling of redlef.

She did not know that coming at once Gloria was conscious of distant feeling of relief.

She did not know that coming at once involved getting the rest of the afternoon off and changing from overalls and old clothes into expensive tailoring which seemed an inseparable part of Jack Moreland. He apolgized for the condition of his hands.

"I've been messing around in automobile grease," he explained when he arrived at Gloria's hotel. "I was at the garage when you called. Now tell me what has happened."

He listened without comment, but his lips tightened when she told of Gorham and the paging incident.

"I don't think he suspected anything," she concluded, "but I did not dare stay when I found that he was there."

"Of course not, It's unfortunate especially with Carver coming, but you can locate elswhere and get a wire to him."

"Yes, I must see him somewhere, but I am afraid now to go to another hotel. Oh, I hate all this slyness and subterfuge!" she finished with a burst of vehemence. "I am ashamed of it."

"Perhaps it would be better to rent a furnished apartment," he suggested. "You need not live there, but just keep it as an address for your business mail."

"It won't be easy to do that in time to telegraph him a new address before he starts."

"Suppose you leave the preliminaries to me? I know this town pretty well."

Still she hesitated, vexed and baffled that she must continue to ask favors from him.

"If they want the rent in advance," she confessed," I couldn't take an apartment. I am going to ask Mr. Carver to advance some money, but—"

"Of course you must not be without funds. Just consider that I am Carver until he comes across."

Already his hand was in his pocket and he brought out a well-filled wallet. In one side of it lay a thick sheaf of bills. In the other, among various papers, was a little yellow envelope. He reached for this, dexterously turning the wallet so that she could see him draw out its contents.

To be continued

Coca-Cola is a natural partner of good things to eat

Ellen's Diary

continued from page 14

women interested in Drama or the like in the evening, aren't nearly so taken up with rising to get their men's breakfast the next morning! And about plays, Ellen. You know I always enjoyed the real much better than the fancied. I guess that's why I never cared to attend pictures or plays. It's only shadow for substance — all so unreal and improbable." "Huh!" we lapsed into an expression of Jamie's. "And don't you know, Ellen," he waved a left hand "that all the world's a stage and all the men and women players on it, and for some, their place is to play close by their own firesides! No, I never could understand minds taken up with the phantom when the real, lies all about!"

• • •

Our Community Dramatic Club has made commendable progress since its birth, this year on the limited time of extremely busy actors and actresses, both senior and junior groups presenting competition plays. And if "as the director, busy mother of two, put it in her quaint English accents as with the mistress of the corner store, in her car, we rode home into the western stars tonight," we were not, well as one might say 'a howling success' with the senior play, nevertheless we can comfort ourselves by saying that at least we were workmen that needed not to be ashamed of our efforts — and we were much encouraged by the success of the juniors. Bless them! They were very gallant troupers, and so cooperative, every one of them! There was no need to remind them to put their hearts into their acting. That" she chuckled, "was most obvious—the dears!"

To us attending the meeting, it was amazing to learn of the interest rural communities are taking in the movement, bright and worthy child of the Island's W.I. One felt that tendrils of the growth are reaching out to grip near and farther distances and that in time the endeavour, in all probability depending upon its own enchantment, will reach wide proportions, so many sides that contribute towards the uplook and out look of individual and community it has ..."And shall we try again?" one of the three women that were not 'three Marys, but the English war bride, brisk and kindly and tactful who is "Phoebe", and her near neighbour the mistress of the house at the cornerstore, dignified capable, and also talented that is "Patty", and another with gray hair, now mostly grandmother, in an old old house on the side of a hill who is "Ellen", inquired. And for a long moment there was a silence while the June night, calm and mellow and lovely flowed about us, then "that's in the cards!" one chuckled.

• • •

"Ellen!" James calls hollowly into the quiet, still, old house, and his voice rips the stillness "are you going to stay down there all night?"

Until tomorrow — Diary—Goodnight . . .

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