

leave that room. It was Louie who told me about Mrs. Lancy. Louie paid my rent for me that week. If it hadn't been that she couldn't bear to give up Babs, Louie could have married a man she knew. Louie helped me, but it wasn't any good. And then I was ill again. I used to lie scarcely thinking about anything. And then one night it seemed as if someone kept saying; 'Don't forget me; don't forget me.'

She closed her eyes and lay still.

"I wanted to tell you," she said a few minutes later.

Picture after picture in the tragic life of this child flashed before Elizabeth as if displayed on a cinematograph film.

When her eyes looked again at the material objects around her she saw that Roona was sleeping quietly.

A journey of some eight minutes in a taxi sufficed to transport Elizabeth from one world to another. She left the world of the poor and entered the world of the rich.

At Gemini's, the famous jeweller's, Sir James awaited her. The family diamonds in their ugly early Victorian settings were to be rearranged to suit the bride's fastidious taste.

One of the heads of the firm came to offer advice and proved to be a clever, interesting man, an authority on gems and their histories.

An hour passed quickly.

"We'll turn into Rumpelmayer's for tea," suggested Sir James.

Near by sat a party of Americans. One woman