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THE SCHOOLGIRL

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WHOSE HANDKERCHIEF?

Popular Miss Scott knew—Babe & Co. knew, too. And they knew what unhappiness it would bring, unless—

A HANDEKCHIEF FROM THIS FINEST
"WEDDING BEER AT CLIFF HOUSE"

What thrills; what excitement for Barbara Rodfern & Co.! Romance at their school. A popular mistress engaged to be married, and they selected as bridesmaids. And then—startling shock! One girl was fiercely determined that there should not, after all, be—



Wedding Bells at CLIFF HOUSE!

Setback for a Sixth Former!



"GOODS show, that?" cried Clara Twyler, tuesday games captain of the Fourth Form at Cliff House School. "I see, Mr. Gordon can play tennis?"

"And so," Barbara Rodfern said, "was Grace Gregory? Oh, dear, Grace! Will returned?"

"And involuntarily Nels dropped. If Nels did not like Grace, Randolph Gregory probably, she could admit a few words. And there was no doubt, at this moment, that Grace was putting up the game of her life.

The game was the school tennis courts, the time a bright May day full of golden sunshine. The game was in progress, between the young and decidedly handsome new games master, Peter Gordon, and the leading Grace Gregory of the Sixth, was only a practice, but to judge from the size of the crowd, it might have been the thrilling final of a Wimbledon tournament.

"Unusual that. Rather amusing. Not often was it that tennis practice attracted a crowd, but today—why, here was the better part of the school!"

The Sixth Form was there almost to a girl. As much money per cent of the Upper and Lower Fifth were in attendance, and practically the whole of the Fourth, with a numerous interloping of Third and Second Formers.

And everybody was watching the

practice with the intense interest of girls who are going upon international champions. But the reason was not entirely the tennis.

All eyes were upon the new games coach, hired for the summer season—the smiling Peter Gordon, whose mastery of the game was equalled only by the command of his presence, the suggest least, consensus of his features.

Except, of course, for Clara. Only the tennis mattered to the games captain.

"I see, look at that!" Clara cried. "What a stroke! Grace is beating up the ball! Peter, what a necessary! I see! Grace is playing a cunning game!"

"Get to business, what?" Grace Rodfern-Clarke smiled jealously.

By HILDA RICHARDS

Illustrated by T. Lathin

with him, you know. All Peter's are big, strong, handsome men like Mr. Gordon?"

And Nels looked such an earnestly earnest way that her expounding became actually snuff. Jessica Gordon, nudged on the bench next to her.

"Oh, dear-dear! Bravo! Bravo!" Nels roared, as a rattling burst of handkerchief went round.

For the game was finished. Long-legged Peter Gordon was crossing to the net. It was his game, but there was no doubt that Grace had put up a marvel-

Enthralling LONG COMPLETE story of the drama of CLIFF HOUSE SCHOOL

"Hi!"

"Well, look at her. How lovely Grace is put all the knees into a game before! Isn't she just anything in every minute of it? And why is Diana so—well, "Because she's not to show-off in front of the school, because she's not to impress Peter?"

"Peter?" Nels said, with a start.

"That's what she calls him," Diana answered. "Hear her whispering the Christian name about in the Sixth Form corridor this morning. Rather interesting, if you ask me."

"Oh, but I think Peter's a lovely specimen, you know," said Nels, rather said laconically. "It's not of

less light, and for once Grace did not seem to mind having been beaten.

Her face, so recently attractive when she smiled as she was smiling now, was flushed and prominent as she changed the handkerchief to her.

Obviously the school triumphed as they came off the court. A striking picture they made—the tall games master, Grace, also tall and looking very much older than her sixteen years, dressed in fashionable white shorts and a silk tennis blouse.

Collectively he took her racket, making it enter his own arm, smiling at some joke she passed.

Lydia Crosswhite, the coach of the Fourth, smiled jealously.

"My hat, anyone would think she owned him!" she said.

"Better a gibe that, but it had to be the stream of truth."

Towards the crowd they came. Beatie, all in a flutter, ran. She bounded at the new coach stopped every seven or so, and stepped a hand to Grace as she came.

"Ahem," said Beatie, and dropped her handkerchief. "Ahem! Oh, I say, Mr. Gordon."

Peter Gordon smiled. He stooped. "Just handkerchief, Miss Beatie."

"Thank-thank you," Beatie said, and slipped.

"Oh dear, I wish you wouldn't call me Miss Beatie, you know," My Beatie's Beatie, you know."

"Well, Beatie, then. Well, well, well! And now you've dropped your hat!"

"Oh goodness, so I have."

"Oh, don't be stupid, Beatie!" stooped Grace. "Pick it up! Never mind Beatie," she added, turning, smiling to Peter Gordon. "She's always playing the goat! I say, they was a marriage game you say?"

"I'll try to get a glimpse of Lulu Carroll."

"Say, Mr. Gordon, where did you leave your coat?"

"Oh, at the Yacht," the coach suddenly smiled. "I got my hat, you know. Beatie, Miss Gregory?"

He added, as Grace laid a hand on his arm.

"I—I want to ask you something," Grace said, "about the hat. I told you, didn't I, that we should be holding a week's tennis party at Gregory Drive—my mother's place—on the French lawn. I was wondering" Grace said softly, feeling faintly assured that his attention would be attracted elsewhere. "If you'd come along as my mother's guest for that week, and practice on the lawn."

"Oh!" the coach asked abruptly.

"Well, will you?" Grace asked.

"Oh, well, yes, I can't think you'd—I'd like to see it."

Obviously, he was no longer paying attention to Grace. It was doubtful indeed, if he was even conscious of the presence which he had made.

His eyes were not upon her; they were not upon the crowd. They were watching the school, from out of which a slight figure had now emerged and was approaching the team.

Beatie says that look on his face, and smiled. Clara saw it, and winked. The look told its own tale, even if the impulsive gaffer with which he emphatically strode off to meet that figure did not.

"I say—Beatie!" murmured Marjorie Hamilton.

"Beatie?" My Miss Eva Beatie, with tears of the French Fiasco—was, pretty, pretty, with a shy, attractive face, covered by a striking mass of golden-brown hair. A nice, interesting specimen of what Miss Hope, at a whole, was very kind and able to do in particular."

"Oh!" she said, and looked at the girl.

"That Beatie & Co. were looking, and experimenting a pleasant way of doing."

No doubt about the experiment with which Peter Gordon was leaving to meet her, no doubt about that either; she was looking at Miss Beatie's eyes, the pretty, pink flush upon her forehead.

They met. The coach saw the two hands clasped, Peter Gordon bending over the mistress in an attitude of earnest solicitude. Had she heard his low-voiced "Yes?" And then, dead and blind, apparently, to everything going on around them, they stood and talked. Beatie smiled.

"I say, I believe they're in love!" she whispered to Beatie.

"Oh!" a voice said—a voice which had almost a strange ring in it. "Don't talk to me, Barbara Hamilton!"

Beatie turned in surprise.

Grace looked, but pretty face disappeared by a look, stood beside her.

"Well, who shouldn't they be in love?" Beatie demanded.

"And what?" Grace demanded, "do you know about such things? Mind your own business, Barbara!"

And Grace looked her gaze—a gaze holding Jackson eyes—back towards the pair. They had turned now, were coming back towards the group. Beatie smiled contentedly at Grace.

"I mean, Grace?"

"In your?" asked Grace.

"That I only wanted to say—"

"Then say it to the man!"

Beatie looked indignantly. With a sigh she turned away, her eyes upon the approaching Grace. Peter Gordon looked on.

"Oh, Miss Gregory—"

"Well?" asked Grace, rather shortly.

"I—I wanted to ask you," she coughed, flushing. "I didn't realize what I was saying when you invited me to spend a week at Gregory Grove."

I—I have just remembered, however, that there is another engagement—a extremely important one—that I may have to keep."

A faint, Grace raised pink.

"Meaning?" she asked.

"I mean," said Peter Gordon nervously, "that, if it is not going

to inconvenience you, I should like you to release me, Miss Gregory."

Grace let her go. Her eyes went towards the girl who had talked on the edge of the crowd, and was talking to Diana Fairweather, the captain of the school.

"No please yourself, of course!" she said absently. "All the same, you did promise."

"I'm sorry."

Grace, with an irritably sharp, turned away, leaving the coach embarrassed and crimson.

Clara Trevin's eyes flashed a little.

"I say, that's rather absurd, Grace!"

"Anybody asks you to poke your nose in?"

"I was only going to say—"

"Then don't!" Clara retorted.

And viciously she grinned, turning her back upon the emboldened Grace coach, aware of the look, the gleam about her.

That morning post, in characteristic of Grace when she was annoyed, was very noticeable upon her face now. The crimson line which creased beneath that body changed some of her nose swelling.

She was as far from entertaining kinder feelings towards Peter Gordon as she was in Sarah Haverley or anywhere.

Grace's nature in the same was too selfish, too alive, to let sleeping the dragon with which she regarded herself with anyone else.

She had wanted Peter Gordon to play tennis with her in the holidays simply because he was such a master of the game; secondly, because the world is



"LOOK! How my new stroke!" cried Beatie, and, making a tremendous swing, promptly sat down, smashing the racket. Beatie & Co. raised with laughter, until Clara suddenly yelled: "Why, you—you lot snobs! That's MY racket!" And why was Beatie suddenly so keen on tennis?

grand and pleased to show him off to her friends, and so bathed in the glory reflected by his position.

But come, please, to get herself fixed about clothes, as Cliff House.

Now Miss Brown had out the ground from under her feet!

Here, pulling to a girl of Grace's proud and haughty nature, then.

And then she became aware of a beautiful face staring up deliberately into her eyes—a pair of large, round spectacles, behind which gray eyes glared in sympathy.

The very next moment was it the Beauty Master to say what she said then, but Bessie, inspired only by a posthumous sympathy, never thought that it was right.

"Oh, Grace, I'm so sorry! It is awful to be in, isn't it?"

And then Bessie, the most indignantly surprised girl in the world, staggered back, with a jolt of astonish. "Wasn't you? What did you do that for, you beast?"

Grace's head popped had bobbed over at once. Her hand, sweeping round in a gust of strange temper, smacked against Bessie's plump cheek.

"Why?"

The cry came from Bessie-Bessie, who had seen that cowardly blow, who, in defiance of her friends there, sprang to her rescue.

Grace glared.

"Oh, no?"

"I can't get out! You had no right to—"

"When?" Grace said indignantly, while the girls about her murmured, "I will be known as Bessie from you, Barbara Bessie, I'll tell Missions, as I'm a teacher, you will take a hundred times for impudence!" Now get out of my way!

"But I—"

"Oh, no!" Grace blazed, and pushed her aside.

But a moment later she pulled up herself. Miss Wynne, who had also witnessed that attack, was looking her. Pale-faced, speechless, she blinked the angry protest's way.

"Just a minute, Grace?" she said quietly. "I, too, saw that. I have no idea what provoked it, but I must remind you, as a witness, that you had no right to treat Bessie like that! Barbara was perfectly justified in interfering, and Barbara," she added decisively, "will not do your best!"

"Head old Bessie!" came a subdued cry.

The hands of Grace clenched into fists. Her eyes had turned pale. She was looking back at those at the Forum entrance, and she seemed their eyes met, unflinching and challenging.

Then, without another word the protest stamped through the crowd, bravely opening her way to the outer circle of the throng.

Miss Brown, trying to follow, felt a hand upon her shoulder. She hesitated at the friend Peter Gordon's eyes looking into hers, and then smiled at the rough Peter's warning shake of the head.

But Grace, raging on, was in a tempestuous fury.

"That girl!" she uttered through her teeth. "Showing me up! Making me look a fool! But—and her teeth showed beneath her clenched jaw—" "So there was! Oh, how for this man! If I don't smash you, Miss High-and-mighty Brown, you'll be known for smacking me, the first Mr. driver Gordon, my name's not what it is!"

And in that dangerous frame of mind, looking with anger, Grace started away. However! It should soon be here!

And then Grace Strikes Back!



"I DON'T care whether he's in love with Bessie or not! All I know is that he plays the best tennis I've ever seen," Clara Tiverton emphatically declared. "And if we're going to have him to teach for the rest of the season—why, then, my children, we should wipe the earth with every one. What do you say, Bessie?"

Bessie laughed.

"Well, it certainly won't be his fault if we've not all a jolly good time of it, now or ever at the moment," she agreed. "I have that new back-hand stroke he taught me. And I just can't do it." Bessie added, "What I've just so innocently in the summer as in the winter. Clara, do you think they're really in love?"

A matter for speculation that. When they are one in Cliff House Bessie was asking the same question at the same moment.

Most of the girls, liking Miss Bessie, were indignantly addressing the new game coach, hoping fervently that it was true.

"Well, all I hope," Mabel said, with a laugh, "is that I'm one of the bridesmaids at the wedding—that is, if Bessie's going to be a wedding. Now what else, Bessie? We've got tea, eggs, liver, some sausage?"

"Oh, yes," Bessie said.

"Right! Then let's go," Mabel said excitedly. "Clara, you shabby, pick up some of those parcels."

Clara picked up some of the parcels—the ones being the tuckering where she shops, fresh from the tennis courts, had been lying in supplies.

Tennis instruction for the day was over now. Peter Gordon having gone off with Miss Bessie, at Miss Pillsbury's invitation, to see in the Head's house, and the hungry school was busy making preparations for its afternoon meal.

Off together they went into the school, and Clara, leading the way to Study No. 4, turned open the door.

The next moment—crash! went the parcels. Up from Clara went a hoarse howl as a tennis racket, spinning from inside the study, completely obliterated her features.

And Bessie Bessie, member of that racket, stood in dismay.

Clara glowered.

"Why, you dangerous character?"

"Oh, accident!" Bessie blushed.

"Oh, accident! It is in that you, Clara?"

"You holding well?"

"Oh, really, Clara?"

"You still better! What the devil was your object?"

"Oh, you're a smashing tennis, you know, Bessie, just today." "I—I've got a new one."

"A what?" shrieked Bessie.

"Well, a new globe. A pair of back-hand forward strokes, you know."

"You've got a stroke all right," Clara sniffed. "And a jolly championship one, if you ask me! The one, I remember?"

"Oh, really, Clara, I don't know what you mean! What's the one you go to do with my forward backward stroke? That is to say, of course, my backward backward stroke—Lamb love! Now please, making me get all into a tangle."

"Oh, yes! What the diabolical are you smacking tennis for?"

"Well, I'm going to take it up, now—and Bessie turned pink!"—in that

one, partner My, Gordon, in the (wedding) championship, you know."

They stared, and then:

"Oh, no, no!"

"Oh, really, girls! And so," Bessie resumed, with a glance at the left-hand chair. "I'm trying out my new stroke, you know, Bessie, what?"

"Which?" shrieked Bessie. "Which? Give her some!"

Gravely they watched, Bessie, with a foreboding dread of the expression on her face, took a deep breath. Back with a crash went the racket, toward the glowered Bessie, coming head-on at the net.

It was unfortunate that the half-pinned cloth of Bessie was in her path. Happily, unfortunately, that Bessie should step upon it just as the racket hit most wretchedly high.

"Bessie!"

Bessie went Bessie—crash! went the racket against the floor, breaking half its strings at once.

"Oh, no, no!"

"Lamb love!" glowered Bessie. "You were told that once. I've indicated my special collection, you know?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"And fall out at this racket!" Bessie said wrathfully.

"I'm looking!" shrieked Clara.

"Oh, no, no! It's her best—And then her face suddenly changed. She gave a gasp. "Why, you fat devil, that's my racket!"

"Oh, no, no!" shrieked Bessie and Mabel.

Bessie turned crimson.

"Oh, really, Clara, I hope you're not going to make a fuss—"

"Yes!" Clara shrieked.

"Well, what all, I couldn't practice tennis without a racket. Bessie said so herself. And so Bessie captured my racket. I had to borrow somebody's, didn't I? In my case, I'm obliged, with friend dignity, to guess which you ought to jolly well encourage the latest champion of England, you know."

Instead of making a fuss about one smudged racket, Bessie, with the blessed thing! I'm allowed it! It do you the honor of playing with it again!"

And, with stately Bessie dignity, she handed the broken-looking racket back to its owner, smothering rather bravely through the door as Clara completely refused it, always her head.

Bessie and Mabel shrieked. Dear old Bessie! Clara, glowering, looked at the racket, with feelings too deep for words, and then, seeing the humor of the situation, looks into a grin. At the same moment the door opened.

Grace Gordon's smiling face looked into the room.

"Headed lot of mine here!" she sniggered. "Take Miss Bessie—all it!"

"New girl!" grinned Mabel, as she dug and behind her.

"Grace on the high horse," said Clara. "Bessie watch out. Bessie, she won't forgive you in a hurry for causing the smash on the tennis. And she won't, Clara added thoughtfully, "the first of Bessie's either. But I say, Bessie, come to the bottom of the door, and Bessie's got to wish tea. Bessie, and the teacher!"

The business of preparing tea was set apart. Bessie came in again presently, blinking rather wistfully at Clara. To gather her up down, and then, of course, the talk was all of Miss Bessie and the handsome new game coach.

"I'd like to know her very much," Bessie said, "whether they're going to get married or not. I think, of course, it will be rather to be—"

And then Bessie broke off. Bessie

were suddenly placed in her face. His eyes from the shade, resting her head over Beulah's shoulder to stare through the window.

"I guess" she whispered.

"What?"

"Look and tell me if you see what I'm seeing. You don't see it at the window, you shouldn't look there."

Mrs. and Clara smiled back at once. They started towards the window. The window here gave a view of the playing fields, the sports pavilion, and a portion of Miss Primmer's house.

Two people had just emerged through the little gate which gave access to the Hunt's own garden—Miss Beulah and Peter Beulah.

"They are Miss Beulah's last opponent, for she, too, has the same trophy's arms on round her. The lips of the two girls."

"Oh, wonderful! Oh, I mean?" Beulah said softly.

"That is true?" Beulah cried, her eyes shining.

"I don't know how you could do it, but all New Miss Beulah was passing away, all content and well as usual. Her words were full of cheer and gladness. It was on his face, but the quality of course, was not evident at all. Her eyes, looking from the French window."

"I feel so delighted the chance struck at such a time."

"I say, do you think we ought to see something like?" Beulah whispered.

"Oh, I don't know. I think we ought to see it for the sake of all concerned."

"Beulah said."

"I'm going through the gate."

They looked again. Really this was wonderful, but there were no smiles on the face of the two as they saw the person of the last opponent, for the girl hurrying through the gate at the track of the disappearing game coach was Grace Grey.

"Who's that going?"

"Behr, Miss. Grace, lady like," Beulah said, she stared comprehensively at the scene.

"I wonder" she began.

But what Beulah wondered was not completely forgotten, for as that moment a knock came at the door. Suddenly then the two sat down, composing themselves in Beulah called "Come in."

The door opened, and as one they rose to their feet. For the visitor was—Miss Beulah.

"A Miss Beulah still wearing her pink dress, looking most splendidly attractive with the richly happy expression that met her eyes for the first time."

"I hope I'm not interrupting."

"Oh, no, Miss Beulah. Come in, please."

"How are you?" Beulah asked softly.

"That you, but I have had my tea with Miss Primmer," Miss Beulah laughed. "Oh, well, as you are so young! Just had a cup, please."

"I was wondering, Barbara, if you would do something for me—just a round, please—and then she finished softly—"Mr. Gordon, I mean, has lost all interest. He's just been to see me, and he's nothing to do."

"Barbara, if I could, have a very nice selection, and I was wondering if you would slip along and get me one. I don't get away much, you see, because I have a car service at six o'clock, and the shop will be closed afterwards."

Beulah laughed delightedly.

"Oh, no, Miss Beulah! You'll give me a pair of gloves."

"Naturally! And by Miss Beulah, and Clara, of you like."

"That's nice of you," Beulah said.

"And—well—oh dear!" She bit her lip, but she felt the blood leave if she didn't come out with it. "Miss Beulah," she added, "please—please don't be offended, but we—well, I've been leaving you."

"As to what?" The mistress smiled.

"Well, oh—well—oh dear," Miss Beulah said, and—well—oh dear, I'm in a hurry."

And there she took off, her carriage rattling for at that point. Miss Beulah, however, looked at her, unconcerned a little, but seeming to be very surprised at the occasion. She put down her cup. "I suppose," she said, "you're sure you'll not have been a little interrupted?"

"I don't know," she said, Barbara, I will tell you, I don't expect—with a smile—"there will be much more to come, but I do want you to respect my confidence now. Yes, it is true. Peter and I are going to be married."

"Oh, I mean?" Beulah asked.

added. "I thought of asking you four girls at once. You, and perhaps Beulah and Ege, Charlotte from the Park, and little Catherine Brandon and Holly from from my own home in town-house. It wouldn't be fair to spring the news on the rest of us. I'm asking you, naturally, so that's the dinner looked at each other with glowing eyes. Oh, this was grand!"

"Well, shall we have that left later?" continued the mistress. "I'll tell you, anyway, within a few days. Meanwhile, Barbara, I'd like a few suggestions from you as to the dinner."

As if in answer to this suggestion, she said, "I'm thinking of white and red and gold and blue combinations. I haven't," she added, "I've decided upon my own dress yet. White with, I



WITH Peter Gordon's handkerchief in her hands, Grace turned and watched him get on a bus. "You fool!" she muttered, her eyes glinting. "If only you knew why I wanted this."

think. "You think white satin would suit me, Barbara?"

Barbara glowed.

"I think you'd look lovely in white satin," she said. "But—well—gold is fashionable—and—well, modern, you know."

"And beautiful," Beulah put in. "Oh, yes, Miss Beulah, have gold, please."

Barbara and again the discussion there, with Miss Beulah, upon already suspecting her authority, joining in as eagerly as any of them.

"I'm tempted, Barbara, by the beautiful gold coaters," Miss Beulah smiled. "By—well, I don't know, I had rather decided upon white satin. However, will you come with me and get my coatmaker?"

Exactly and politely they rose. If Miss Beulah's working had been a thing of mere necessity, before, it was a sign of grace which most pleasantly affected them.

Off to the mistress's study they went. There Miss Beulah handed them their papers, and in a glowing, chattering group they went off to Courtland.

The talk, naturally, was all of the wedding, but particularly what they would wear to bridesmaids. Again

"I beg your pardon, Beulah?"

"Surprisedly"—I was only saying how lucky Peter and Miss Beulah were."

"What, you, Beulah?" Miss Beulah smiled again. "That's very nice of you. As a matter of fact, Barbara, I'm asking you to get me a pair of gloves, please, if you can give them. I'm just going to see Mrs. Gordon. And—oh, please—" she added, "it won't come at a disadvantage to you, Barbara."

"What, what?" asked Beulah delightedly.

"Well, I suppose you give me some, indeed," Miss Beulah said. "Miss Beulah, of course," she said. "I'm sure you'll give me a pair of gloves. You know that Miss Primmer has been most kind to me. She says that if we are married before the end of the term we can be married in the school chapel."

"Oh, I say!"

"And in—well, that you, I shall, of course, want bridesmaids," Miss Beulah

there was argument—happy, businesslike argument.

After thinking of these red, white, and blue bouquets, finally settled the question by proposing a half-dozen bouquets of pale blue geraniums, with over a dozen in each, with three dried to match, stockings of matching silk, and the new Juliet hair in blue stream, trimmed with snowflakes.

It was all so lovely, so exciting, would she please let her sister check the dress? Would she please let her sister check those large plain blue bows to be worn to wear the many-faded skirt? And what would the little flowered property wear?

And there was, of course, the question of presents. What should they give the happy pair? Who would stand the transportation for to go through the school? Who would— Oh, so and so, and the business problems which now presented themselves for solution.

But while Helen & Co. were excited and glared by the news they had learned, there was another girl who, respecting that news, had made up her mind that, if she could help it, no wedding whatever would take place until her own ends were served.

This girl was Grace Stanforth Gregory.

When Grace Stanforth Gregory had a purpose of her own to carry, she cared nothing for other people's happiness.

She was built that way. And Grace had learned, long before she had asked Peter Gordon, that she would have him as her own's husband.

Peter had wanted it badly in the Fourth Form—and she had to make good that want.

She wanted Peter to be at that party—not because she had any regard for him but that of mere friendship, but because he was tall, handsome, a ball team member, would be admitted; because she could so proudly show him off to her evening friends.

Now Peter had upset her plans. And that wretched little Miss Hunt had thrown her up in front of the school.

Not proud, haughty, and distasteful Grace to stand that sort of treatment. Now, something with saved against Miss Hunt, she was hurrying up the road outside the gates. Instead of her coming away, she was a teacher. A teacher was, in fact, going full time, was her intention, to give private lessons.

"Peter! Peter!" she called. The man stopped, walking toward. He stared a little at the unprovoked use of his Christian name, but, seeing her, immediately took out his pipe and raised his hat.

"Miss Gregory," he said. "Was Miss Gregory—there, please." Grace said and, composed her mind, ready to take her own good-bye from her much-wishing niece. "Peter— You don't mind me calling you Peter, do you?"

The young man flushed.

"Oh, I don't mind! But—but isn't it rather unusual?"

"Oh, bother! We're friends, aren't we? And—" Grace quickly glanced toward "We're alone, Peter—there— And temporarily, surely, she said, and her eyes were fixed on the girl. "Peter I don't mind to see you?" she said, with the hint of a catch in her voice. "Peter, tell me—you do like me, don't you?"

The young man flushed. If his face had been red before it was scarlet now. Usually he glanced towards Cliff House, then down at the girl.

"Of course I—I like you," he got out with difficulty. "I like all the girls at

Cliff House. But what is it that you want, Miss Gregory?"

"Grace?" that sweetly pleaded.

"Well, Grace—then," he said solemnly.

Grace gasped.

"I don't want to know, Peter, whether you really meant what you said those months in my uncle's house. Peter, I can't believe I've met you, really! You—you wouldn't even say 'hello' to me?"

The young man looked almost bewildered.

"Miss Gregory," he said, as though politely making up his mind, and now there was a new sentence now in his voice—"Miss Gregory—or Grace"—as he caught the responsible look in her eyes—"please—please try to understand. I gave you that promise on the spot at the moment, without thinking. Naturally, if you mean, I must keep it."

"Oh dear! How little you understand me!" Grace cried indignantly. "I wouldn't dream of making you keep a promise against your will! You mean, Peter, you don't want to keep it?"

The man flushed his collar.

"No, I—I don't mean that, but—Miss Gregory—Grace, please—please don't look at me like that! Look here," he added desperately, "as I tell you the real reason, will you please not to say anything to anybody?"

"The—the real reason?" Grace faltered, and her eyes were big. "Oh, Peter, you don't mean you've accepted another invitation?"

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"No, of course not!" Peter said. "But—the truth of it is, Grace, there's nothing settled yet, but it may happen, I—I might be married."

Grace had expected that. She was prepared for it. But Grace was going—going desperately with every fibre of her being.

For she apparently, dumbfoundedly, stopped she stared at him. For one second he flushed at the horrified incredulity he saw in her eyes.

Then, to his other astonishment, she turned into town.

"Oh!" she added, wading groping for a handkerchief, which she could not find, desperately putting her hands to her face. "Where I—where I— Well I can't say it! I don't—must! Don't forgive me a handkerchief, please!" she uttered.

"But—oh, Great Good!" Miss Gregory gasped. "I—yes?" Peter gasped to find, hesitating, and, thinking not his handkerchief, handed it to her. "Miss Gregory—"

But "Miss Gregory," without looking at him, had simply vanished the handkerchief.

Peter, dumbfounded, uncomfortable and hot with embarrassment, watched her go, turning on her heel, she had down the road.

"Well, I'm hampered!" he gasped. And, scratching his head, he turned, wretchedly cursing his fate to his lips. Peter Gordon was the most astonished and uncomfortable young man in the world at that moment.

Grace, when she waited until she had reached the head in the road, and then, pulling up sharply, turned back. She was just in time to see Peter getting on a bus.

Magnificently, her eyes were dry, magnificently bravely had slipped from her feet. In six places was a shining circle. These eyes of hers were lit by a tender, light. She shuddered.

"You had!" she muttered. She looked at the handkerchief in her hand. She smiled again. For the handkerchief was one which would be of the most of the world. It had the word "G" in the corner. It bore the coach's bold initials "G" in the corner!

Very carefully Grace folded that handkerchief. Then she turned into the woods. Not until it was nearly dark—did she creep back to Cliff House.

Making her way up the Fourth Form corridor on her way to Miss Hunt's study, she passed outside Study No. 4. From inside that room she could recognize the voices of Barbara Gardner, Glad Terby, and Miss Lyon.

Grace Gregory's eyes glinted as she caught the notes of their conversation. In Study was already making arrangements for her wedding, and had invited three Fourth Formers to be her bridesmaids.

Her lips closed greedily. Well, they would not!

Calloway had been singing then. Grace, abandoning her idea of going to see Miss Hunt in her own study, looped back to Big Hall.

Study doors were opening on all sides. Girls, some laughing, some talking, always giggling, were coming from rooms.

Out of Study No. 4 came Helen, Maude, and Grace, who, in passing, came tripping and crying, happily, into the arms of Miss Hunt. She passed, smiling.

"Calloway, girl!"

"Yes, Miss Hunt, we're just going." Helen said happily. "But—did you like the entrance?"

"They were—very nice indeed!" Miss Hunt said. "I congratulate you upon your choice, Barbara. But to meet Caloway. We—"

And then she pointed at the blond Grace Gregory laughing her path—Grace, who was probably suffering from a cold, for she had a most handkerchiefed in her nose, and was carefully wiping it. "Oh, Grace," she said, and then, with a start, stopped. "Have you a cold?" she asked, in a suddenly changed tone.

Grace shuddered convulsely.

"Oh, nothing. Just a little sniffle. I must have caught it in the woods this evening."

"That—that is not your handkerchief, Grace!" Miss Hunt said severely.

"This?" Grace stared at it without comprehension. "Oh, no, I hope you don't think I take this one! It's Peter's," she said.

"Peter's?"

Miss Hunt gasped.

"Well, Peter Gordon's?" Grace said, in surprise. "Peter had it to me, you know, so we walked together through the woods. My intention, I hope!"

"No," Miss Hunt said.

But her face was pale. She said no more, but Helen, behind her, saw her shoulder all in a moment, as though a sudden cold draught of air had struck her. She did not look at Grace again, but hurried on.

While Grace, with a slow, malicious smile, tucked the baby back into her pocket.

Babe did not even look at the silver after the auction.

She whispered to Babe.
"What are you doing? I say, I believe Grace is trying to make her brother jealous! Babe, there's something funny going on—and Grace is behind it!"

Motives Mistaken!



RATS! Clara said. "You're a good one!"
"What?"
"You're a good one!"
"What?"
"You're a good one!"

was just being a spoiled cat!"

"But what about Grace walking in the woods with him?"
"Oh, come on, and stop worrying your silly head. You're in the game!"
"It was nice morning in Old Haverhill, bright, cheerful, sun-filled morning. It was sunny, too, for ruffled-hair had not yet run. But Clara, her enthusiasm fired by the example of the new game coach, anxious, at all costs, to improve her play, had dragged Babe out of bed for a practice game before breakfast, and Babe, as usual, had agreed."

"Not indeed, that Babe felt a great deal like getting that young. He had seen, especially when he was that morning in the Fourth Form incident last night."

"How it was to see that Miss Scott, rather shy and sensitive, for all her new-found happiness, was upset."

"Of course, it was silly, the idea of a girl like Grace Gregory being able to spoil the afternoon of Peter Gardner!"

"You think it's all right?" Babe asked.

"Of course it's all right!" Clara replied. "And—babe, who's going to start a flower show?"

"She stopped. The grounds, bounded by the high green lawn, were deserted. There, the empty old school gates, had just opened the gates, and through their gaps, now came a small, unmarked way, carrying a small, grayish bank of mist. Babe's eyes were fixed on it."

"Oh, I say, what marvelous horror! Let's see who they're for!"

"Clara followed Babe to that girl who forward, coming up with the boy, now halfway down the drive. He glanced at her."

"Amusing, isn't it? Does Miss Scott ever love?"

"Are those for her?"

"They are," the boy said, "and a jolly good old wretch they are, too, when you've wanted them all the way from Friesland. Goodness, for the name of Mr. Gordon ordered them last night!"

"Babe's eyes glowered as he looked at the flowers again. There it, a moment, was all thought of beauty. There was a terror-fright which would have any man still going to the front of his mind. Rightly, the boy, then, from his side."

"Give them to me," she said. "Clara, give him the flowers, will you? I'll see they're delivered to Miss Scott?"

"And Babe, without waiting for the boy's answer—no, indeed, that he wished, whisked them out of his arms. She grinned goodly."

"Come on!" she said.

With a liking laugh, she stride on towards the school, across the river with care.

Clara, seeing her ready positive vanishing, but knowing all the time to see their clouds chased away from Miss Scott's pretty face, followed her without delay.

"They had reached the steps when—"
"Hold on!" a voice said. "What are you doing with those flowers, Barbara Bradley?"

Babe blinked up. She focused a look at the one Miss Gregory confronting her.

"I'm taking them to Miss Scott?" she said.

"Oh, are you?" Clara's lips twisted into a smile. "Then you can hand them over to me!" she said. "I'll take them to Miss Scott!"

"But Babe? Don't you the colors immediately. Just Clara's eyes came a rather wicked glower."

"Come was a perfect. Grace had certainly—but Grace certainly had to business to speak to either of them like that—and even to business to interfere in a household matter like this."

"The flowers," said Babe, quietly. "Clara has given to me to hand to Miss Scott in person."

"And I," Clara said, between her teeth, "order you to hand them over to me!"

"Supposing I won't?"

"Then I'll make you!"

"To that Babe did not reply. She lip it. She could not say what she preferred. In that Grace had to take road, catching the leader of the Fourth by the shoulder."

"Give me those?"

"I won't!" Clara said. "No, no, Grace!" she cried, in horrified accents. "No, my goodness!"

For Clara, with a sudden furious catch, had grabbed at the flowers. She caught them by the stems. Babe hastily struggling to retain possession of them, instinctively tightened her hold.

"Grace tapped. There, at least of the last stamp off her hands, and with them she held the flowers separated. The remaining ones were scattered down the steps. Babe gasped.

"Grace—look what you've done!"

"I didn't do it!"

"You did!"

And there Babe's eyes trailed off. For from the hall, inside the door, there came the sound of heavy steps. A man appeared. A man, which Clara knew at the three girls, and then at the girls of Haverhill that now entered the steps. It was Miss Scott.

"I—" she said, and glanced quickly at Babe. "Where flowers are those?"

"Yours!" Grace said spitefully, and looked a vicious look at Babe. "I was just accompanying with them one girl to giving the flowers to you!"

"Miss—" Miss Scott's lips quivered. She looked in astonished horror at Babe. "Barbara—"

"Miss Scott, I—I didn't!" Babe panted. "It was Grace's fault. I was bringing them to you—"

"Nothing about with them, you mean. Grace said, and she'll see you make up to me, Barbara. I'll see you come about, and I will. Clara and Barbara were making fun of you and Mr. Gordon, Miss Scott."

"I'll—" Miss Scott said, quivering. "I'll tell you!" Clara said angrily.

"Clara, take my line. Grace snatched, and don't," she added, "spoil the moment. And please don't say more!" she added, suddenly. "If you

must make cheap jokes at Miss Scott's expense, that's your own affair, you should destroy her flowers. I'm awfully sorry," she said in the instant silence. "She—well, you see, this is what comes of taking those girls into your confidence."

"Thank you!" the mistress said, in a stilled voice.

"But, Miss Scott—" Babe said. "Please?"

And Miss Scott, the tears disappearing from her eyes, looked at the mistress and looked at Babe and Clara looked at the crushed mistress. She took them with a stiff nod.

"Grace grinned at the departed."

"And now, perhaps," she said spitefully, "can you give me an order, Barbara Bradley, you'll stop it?"

"You may as well stop it now, if you respect it. Now, look of you, get back to your studies!"

Babe looked at her with eyes of amazement.

"Clara stretched her hands, looking very much as if it was in her mind to launch herself upon the taunting parties there and then. Babe caught her arm, however."

"Come on!" she muttered.

Back and downed by the time of events they went back to their studies. There was no question now about their presence. They were going precisely after that breakfast, then assembly, in which Miss Progress announced that Miss Scott would take the Fourth Form for the first period of morning lessons.

Very pale and tired Miss Scott looked that morning, and the school, which normally fixed its attention upon her, was not able to notice it. More than one whisper was going round about Miss Scott and Peter Gardner—Grace Gregory had seen to that.

"You will like quietly into the afternoon. Miss Scott said, addressing the Fourth. Barbara, as best girl, you will lead."

"Yes, Miss Scott! But please may I—"

"Do as you are told, Barbara?" Miss Scott said coldly.

Babe bit her lip. Clara for a moment glowered. It was plain now that Miss Scott thought they had betrayed her trust. Peter, that she thought, thanks to the accidental fabrication of Grace Gregory, that they were just leaving her to her own devices with liberty.

But there was no help for it—out at the moment. Later, perhaps, Babe thought, there might be a chance of getting the mistress on her side. With a nervous look at her friend, she led the procession up the garden into the Purgatory, and Miss Scott, with a gaze "the down, girl!" approached the blackboard.

It is rather strange atmosphere the lesson took, a few minutes passed without incident, and then—

"Babe!" Miss Scott panted.

"Oh! Oh, excuse! Oh, excuse! Very, Miss Scott!"

"You are, apparently, writing something on a piece of paper. What's up?"

"Oh, excuse!"

"What is it?"

"Excuse, you know," Babe stammered, "excuse, I'm not writing a letter to Mr. Gordon, you know, I wouldn't do that, and I'll see that he's no business, don't you think, Miss Scott?"

The mistress remained.

"Babe, are you trying to be insolent?"

"Oh! Miss Scott, as if I could! I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"Then bring that paper to me. And please," Miss Scott said, "an empty glass in her eye," "let me have no more nonsense. It may please some of you to make a joke out of something which is sacred to another person, and—well—Oh, please, get on with your work."

And that, as Clara said, was that it did not tend to lighten the atmosphere. Remorse as Miss Scott was, supporting, as she most ably did, that the girls were peering her in the eye, she was constrained, silent, on the alert for new insults all the morning.

It was with relief that Helen heard the bell for break. As the Form floated out of the classroom she saw that the mistress—

"Oh, Miss Scott—"

"If you have anything to say to me, Barbara, please wait until this afternoon."

"But, Miss Scott, I have something to say to you. I must say it." Helen said desperately. "Miss Scott, please, please sit down! Oh, I know what you're thinking—do know what you're thinking. Now, Barbara, we haven't betrayed your confidence, have we? Oh, Grace, and Helen gazed. "Miss Scott, please believe me!" she begged.

Miss Scott paused. Rather wondering and protesting the girls with which she regarded Helen. A wave of color, of changing emotions, crossed her face. Impassioned, seeing the earnest Helen, she felt that she was not alone. A little Helen raised Miss Scott's cheeks.

"Well, Barbara, I must say that I am surprised—and here!"

"Yes, Miss Scott, won't you believe me?"

"I understand your lip, she looked for a moment.

"All right, Barbara, I'll think it over," she promised.

And, with a nod—her Miss Scott, still here, still thinking, sensitive, was not going to capitulate all at once—she went on up the corridor, just as Grace Harkness Grogan, a rather malicious smile on her face, came down it.

"Oh, Miss Scott," she exclaimed, "can you spare me a minute? It's about the Second Year reports—wouldn't there be one at the beginning of the week, if you remember? There are just one or two things I don't understand."

"Very well, bring them to my room."

"Oh, but you can't clear the points up on my words!" Grace said. "After all, I want to finish the job. I've got them in my study now. Will you come along?"

Miss Scott paused. The request was reasonable enough. Failing to notice the triumphant glare in the girl's eyes, she accompanied her to her study. Grace threw open the door.

A walk of some paces proved the worth of Miss Scott. She looked sharply at the table. On that table, in the center, a large vase had been placed, and out of that vase peered the heads of the most wonderful bunch of flowers she had ever seen. Her eyes brightened.

"Oh, Grace, what lovely flowers!"

"Yes, aren't they?" Grace smiled with studied civility. "They have just arrived. Peter sent them," she added, as an afterthought.

"Peter?" Miss Scott's face froze.

"For—for you?" she asked.

"Well, she did," Grace laughed. "That means for you, doesn't it? And she liked the label which, long from a stem—the label which, although Miss Scott did not guess it, was the one

that Grace had taken from her own cherished bouquet that morning.

And Miss Scott, staring at it, fringed. For the message on that label read:

"With all my affectionate regards,
"Peter."

"Oh!" Miss Scott cried. She bit her lip hard. "You—you seem to be very friendly with Peter, Grace?"

"Oh! Oh, well, of course I am!"

"You—you understand, of course, that—that we're practically engaged?"

Grace smiled.

"Well, I've heard it," she admitted. "Yes, that is, that's no reason why Peter shouldn't have other friends, is it? After all, Miss Scott, you're not the only one he's fond of. If he wants to send me flowers—"

Miss Scott heaved a deep breath. She felt herself quivering. Strange, changing emotions were taking possession of her. She knew that if she did not control those feelings she would find herself involved in a quarrel with this girl. A quarrel—mistaken against Peter! She said instead, very quietly, but rather anxiously:

"Listen, let me see the reports!"

And, with a smile, Grace turned towards the reports. Miss Scott examined them. She hardly knew how she controlled her voice as she surveyed Grace's questions.

She handed the reports back. Almost hurriedly she left the room.

And Helen & Co. strolling along outside, started back in surprise as they saw her hair. Glistening tears falling from her eyes. She gave them one look, and fled.

Ticked By An Autograph!



"Oh, my hat!" murmured Barbara. Barbara is over-enthusiastic.

"Did you say?" Mabel Lynn asked. "The vase—"

was crying.

"And the reason," Clara Twining said grimly, "was Grace. Grace is doing something, or said something, to upset her."

The three exchanged glances. Without knowing that Scott was in that room, she there had been on their way to see Grace—disappointed, at any rate, to straighten up the tangle of complications which was involving their beloved mistress and themselves.

There was an April sun that Grace was playing some dark game. We doubt if any of the girls realize that she was in any way settling out to being nice to Miss Scott.

"Well, come on," Clara said. "We'll jolly well get to the bottom of this! And without waiting for consent or protest, she knocked on Grace's door. There was a moment's pause. Then:

"Come in," Grace's voice said.

Clara pushed the door open. Together the three of them stepped into the room, looking at the flowers on the table, unconsciously taking in their own fragrance. Grace smiled.

"Well, what do you want?"

Helen asked her firmly.

"What have you been saying to Barbara?"

"I?" Grace looked at her. "What should I have been saying to Miss Scott?"

"You jolly well know she was crying when she came out!"

"Was she?" Grace looked pleased.

"No, I didn't," she said. "But, thank you, all the same, for the information! I suppose she was very human Peter sent me flowers—them?" And, with an airy wave of her hand, directed to show all eyes to French Fountains, she indicated them. "Was, wasn't they?"

The three stared at the flowers. It didn't dawn upon them in that moment that Grace had entered those flowers before. The next, prominently displayed, hid them all like a lion. They understood then why Miss Scott was looking so strikingly pale. Her three tears had dried long since.

"The vase you see there?" Helen murmured.

"Well, why not?" Grace smiled.

"But I thought Miss Scott—"

Grace smiled indifferently.

"Quite a lot of people are thinking that, aren't they?" she asked confidentially.

"I don't see why Peter can't send his flowers if he wants to. But, if all, I'm hardly in a fit state to think! After all, you want to say!" she asked emphatically.

The three glanced at each other. All their anger had evaporated. The evidence of those flowers seemed to speak for itself.

Peter! Peter, virtually engaged to Miss Scott, sending presents to Grace! It wasn't fair!

In a moment all their anger had died away against the new match. All their hearts melted in sympathy for Miss Scott. Without another word, they left the girl's study.

"Oh, looked at! I can't make it out!" Helen said. "It's not the him! It—it can't be true. Mr. Gordon wouldn't play a game like that!"

Clara, who they drifted out into the yard, Grace's hot study, shuddered triumphantly. So far, so good, her advances were going well. Peter Gordon would not be showing up until after afternoon tea, and Grace's idea was to get such an overwhelming accumulation of evidence against him that the split between him and Miss Scott would be irreparable by any time.

Grace dropped out her typewriter and began to type.

Grace's face was ringing when she had finished, but Grace, covering her professor's privilege, did not answer it. Carefully she folded the letter. She kept it in her autograph album, she scribbled out of the album.

She knew that Peter Gordon was in the habit of dining at the Hathaway Tea Room, so the village girl, there, she arrived to find, sitting reading his paper at the table, she looked rather alarmed as he stood up.

"Oh, Peter, may I join you?" Grace asked.

"Why—yes! But what are you doing out of school?"

"Have some tea," she laughed. "Here, along in the garden, you know. I didn't tell you, did I, that I was an independent autograph-hunter? Please do sit down, you will see? I've been along to the Hippocampus to collect the signatures of the prima donna who's singing there, and—Peter, by the way, I haven't got your autograph, have I?"

"No, I don't remember giving it to you," the gaffer smugly said.

"Oh, would you mind?"

"Not at all!" he smiled, and at once produced his fountain-pen. "Give me your address."

Grace, with a laugh, produced the address, and then she appeared to think.

"Oh, well, I've written it in the album. I've put an idea! I'm a bit of an artist, you know. I'd like to put you in a frame of frame picture and—Peter, write your name on a piece of paper,

and I was out in ten and sent it to the judge. Here we are—this old letter. And she looked at him, very carefully indeed, the letter she had typed in her school.

Foster Gordon, secretly relieved to find that Grace had no intention of playing hysterics again, gladly and unobtrusively withdrew his attention. Grace took it.

She was laughing when, half an hour later, she brought back to Miss Hooten a note in which she said that she was laughing at her because when, unfolding that letter—the signature of Peter Gordon most conspicuously appearing at the bottom of it—she carefully placed it among a sheet of imitations that lay on her table.

Miss Hooten was very indignant that day, and so Miss Scott, of course, those imitations went to go.

With a lead pencil in her eyes, Miss Scott began one of her usual lessons.

"I say," she called. "Barbara?"

Baba, darting across the quadrat at that moment, returned.

"Yes, Grace?"

"Come here! I want you!"

Baba shrugged. But when a further order, this time, came, she obeyed.

She looked back into her school, and in a few minutes returned herself in Grace's study, which she used as the room allotted to her.

Grace held out the envelope.

"Take these to Miss Scott," she said lightly.

Baba brightened at that. She had no desire to see the letters that Grace, but she had a most necessary desire to see Miss Scott and talk things over with her.

With alacrity she accepted the imitations and ran off.

The rather strained voice of the mistress instructed her to "Come in!" as she tapped upon the door.

Miss Hooten was sitting at her desk, like a glaucous op. She smiled for Baha to enter, then a most high acknowledgment as she looked up at her. Baha put the imitations down.

"Grace was not along with them, Miss Scott," she said.

"Thank you!" Miss Scott took them up. "No, would you might as well wait for them."

She folded her fingers through the paper, which Baha, looking unconcernedly, having to say something, but not knowing what, slipped. Thus suddenly from the papers there was a cry.

And Baha, starting forward, saw that her face had turned deathly pale; that her eyes, wide, staring, unseeing—were fixed upon a sheet of typewritten paper which had apparently strayed into the square by accident. Even from a distance she could see the signature—"Peter Gordon," and could read the first line.

"My very dear Grace—"

Baba jumped.

"Miss Scott is so kind. She looked up with an expression as if she were waiting for Baha to say something, but she said nothing, and a starting Baha in her hovering eye, Baha said that her lips were quivering. Unobtrusively she stepped forward.

"Miss Scott—"

"Barbara—yes, please?" Miss Scott said, she touched the letter in her hand.

"Please, please," she begged. "Don't you think we—what are you?"

She passed a shaking hand across her face. Baha, with a gulp, walked towards the door. She tried a last attempt.

"Miss Scott—"

But Miss Scott, her head down



"GIVE these to me!" ordered Grace. But Baha was defiant. "No! They're Miss Scott's!" she began, only to break off with a cry of horror, for Grace had suddenly seized the precious letters and tapped.

upon her folded arms, was sitting as if her heart would break.

"I don't understand it!" Baha cried. "I couldn't have believed it of Peter Gordon! Has he come out, Clara?"

"Not yet. But what—"

"Baba's in her room, breaking her heart!" Baha said. "Add do you know why? Because Grace was just along with a sheet of imitations, and in some impulse was a letter—how Peter Gordon to Grace? Grace, of course, tried to make it look as if it was an accident."

"The worst!" cried Baha. And her own pretty cheeks colored with indignation.

Not for the first time that day the Gs. was up to arms. Baha, meeting Baha and Clara in the corridor, had, of course, told them the news at once. It was news which filled them all with dismay, with awe.

"Well, something like this will ought to be done!" Clara said, between her teeth.

"Baba! Miss Scott is behaving thoroughly badly, or Grace is the most unscrupulous I've ever known!"

"Indeed?" said a voice. "Do I understand you are talking about me, Clara?"

Clara stopped for a moment. She had turned for the moment. She saw and Baha and Baha stood at the angle of the doorway. In her indignation she had started her voice—was a very odd occurrence. But there was no, as persons on her face as she placed into the arms of Grace's handkerchief.

"Well!" Grace said grimly.

"Well, I want!" Clara answered.

"Thank you! I'm a charming girl, am I? And what, then, do I suppose to have been about this thing?"

"Oh, don't tell!" Clara cried confidentially. "You will tell later! You're just trying to keep up the reputation of Miss Scott—you see?"

She cried bitterly. "It wasn't you who ruined her name, was it? Oh, no! And now, apparently, you've received a letter from Mr. Gordon, and have been at great pains to see that Miss Scott should know all about it! You mean, Grace?"

"Clara?"

"And don't!" Clara bit back contemptuously. "Oh, no! Not!"

The late she stepped back. Too late she shut her lips. For down the corridor came a Miss—a reading, some figure, all high indignation. Miss P. (P.?)

"Clara," cried the headmistress, "how dare you speak to a girl like that! I have never heard such disgraceful insinuations in my life! I refuse to allow you to discuss the private affairs of one of our pupils in the corridor like this! And, Grace?"

"Yes, Miss P.?"

"I already from there is nothing to what Clara said!"

"Oh, not at all, Miss P.?"

Grace said sadly. "Not at all, Miss P.?"

"Yes, Miss P.?"

"Look here—"

"Thank you, Barbara, that is enough!" Miss P. said. "I have no duty to discuss such a private question in public. Now, you are

desired for the very best-looking!

Grace, come with me.
 "Certainly," Grace said.
 And, with a triumphant smile at the amazed ladies, she followed the bride-maiden up the corridor.

Babe's Big Scheme!



BY M. B. GORDON.
 "Yes, Miss Ford here!"
 Peter Gordon smiled approvingly as Barbara Gordon approached him.

It was ten minutes later, and the game master, who was engaged to give Clarence Adams a few hours' instruction tomorrow a day, had just stepped in at the game, by Miss Barbara, Clara, and Mabel attending him.

"I—what is it?" Babe murmured.
 "Oh, Mr. Gordon, you—you don't mind if we speak frankly, do you? But Miss Booth has told us all about it, you know, and asked us to let her know—"

"The girl she means invited?"
 "And is your very charming choice of bride-maiden, I'm sure?" he said. "If I may say so, a choice which meets with my very unqualified approval. I am glad," he added, "the news is all through the school yet!"

"Babe blushed. Certainly, Peter Gordon did not look like a man who was playing the double game of which he was suspected.

"Well, it's a good many of the girls here who are glad," said Babe. "Especially that girl's class we wanted to see you about, Mr. Gordon. It's about Miss Booth."

"Babe?"
 His eyes lighted up.
 "Yes! She—she—"
 "Miss Gordon, what is it?"
 "Well, nothing, you know. That is, it's my—Babe's—dearest, unalterably—Miss Miss Booth, I—well, I—I think she wants to talk something over with you."

He laughed reluctantly.
 "And is that all?"
 "Well, yes—"

"Then," he said, with a shrewd smile, "have's son, thank you, Babe, be added rightly, she has even lighted up again. Come in to—Miss Booth coming with this class?"

"And, hardly raising his hat, he darted forward.
 "Well, you reckon, why didn't you tell him?" coaxed Clara.

"Oh, heard, heard good!"
 "You had the chance?"
 "Yes, he—well, Oh, here it! The girl's over the back on his hand. It would have just been like hitting him. I don't care," Babe said, "what things are and what nobody else says. If Mr. Gordon can't be here with my Martin, then I'll see my lot of opportunities!" "But, I say," she added, "let's—"

"They were looking, Miss Booth had stepped suddenly, stepping at the new Peter hurrying forward too.

"They saw her stare for a moment; they saw her eyes. The games coach, surprised, let out a cry!

"What?"
 But Miss Booth did not look around, did not even pause. Like a frightened thing, she hurried past and into the corridor.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Babe. "She's out, she's—"
 "Cut him the head!"

Peter Gordon, the most tragically affected man in the world, simply stood rooted, his hat still in his hand, looking with unblinking, incredulous

eyes at the door through which the mistress had vanished. He just a step forward, shook his head, and then, like a man in a dream, turned round.

"Oh, your old chap!" muttered Mabel. "She might have given him a chance?"
 "What? You compressed."

"If they'd only stop and talk it out," he cried. "If you Peter could show us up. But I can, because at Cliff House among us with them both to see in Study No. 4, a witness having either of them leave the other's rooming!"

"Well!" Clara blushed.
 "Well," Babe said indignantly. "There's the chance, stupid! The people in the same room can't say what he'll do, can they? As soon as they're together, no lunch after—there's nothing to do. Is it a chance?"

A witness it was. Mabel and Clara saw the appearance of it, at once. All agreement and advances they were then. All that was required, they felt, was a chance for Peter to explain himself, and so they the less and indignantly while Grace thought had been invited.

There, and when they were invited alone, what Clara would do to join the invitation to the games coach, Mabel went off to the postbox to get in some supplies, and Babe darted into the school-house. He found Miss Booth apparently passing her room.

"No, Barbara, please?" she said, when Babe gave her the invitation, and then, as Babe most earnestly pleaded:
 "Well, perhaps, yes. There—there are one or two things, I think, which I shall have to explain to you. Very well, I'll be in school!" Babe suggested happily.

"Very well!" the mistress answered.
 "Oh Babe ran. In Study No. 4, for the next ten minutes, there was a scene of fervent activity. There there was a step in the corridor. The games coach came in.

"Come in!" Babe cried. "Come in! My special chair for Mr. Gordon, please."
 "Babe?" Mabel said cheerfully.

"Well, you know, this is very nice of you," the games coach smiled.
 "And then he stopped, rising to his feet as the door opened again. His time it was Miss Booth who entered.

"Hello!" she said, and then turned to focus at the man the games coach. From that moment on, her face flushed, she was not hesitating long backward.

But Babe was already behind her, between her and the door, muttering rapidly to Clara and to Mabel. While Miss Booth, undisturbed, stood hesitant, she simultaneously moved toward her.

"Babe coughed."
 "Yes, yes," she said, "that you and Mr. Gordon would like to have a little chat before we begin, Miss Booth. Come in!"

And, without giving the mistress a chance to say yes or no, she and Mabel and Clara slipped out of the door and rushed off to Study No. 4.

Hardly had they disappeared, however, when there (standing) Gregory came along the corridor.

Peter Takes the Blame



"EVA!" Peter Gordon cried softly.
 "Not by a miracle did the mistress do the mischief to him. She tried to look with contempt, but, failing utterly, bit her lip.

"Eva," he cried, on a new and rather startled tone, "what is the matter?"
 "You should know."
 "But what?"

"Oh, Peter, don't—don't try to look so innocent about it!" the mistress said wrathfully. "I know! I know—but the girl's look it—what I've found out before we are married. I didn't—intentionally—think that you were that kind of man?"

"No? What kind of man? Eva, my dear, I don't understand."
 "No," she looked towards the door. "I think," she said, in a sudden tone, "I'm mistaken—had better investigate."

"Eva, no!" And in a moment he was across the room. "Eva, tell me—tell me! What on earth's come over you? He might live by the hand, especially she contained it away."

"What are you saying me of? What have I done? At least, he smiled. "Do you hear the change before I can continue further, you're right?"

"You haven't, of course, been meeting Eva to—Grace Gregory?"
 "Grace Gregory, outside the door, smiled craftily.

"I? Great heavens! What are you talking about? He's your husband. They're only a bit, as usual," he added, "that's all I think of her as."

"But," Miss Booth cut in bitterly. "You don't mind taking her for walks in the woods—"
 "Yes, yes?" She was quivering now, glad to have it out, with him. But every word she uttered was sticking her in the heart. "Peter, don't deny it!" she said.

"You know very well it happened—but slight. Remember giving her your handkerchief?"
 "Yes, but—"

"There, you're admitting it!" she cried, her eyes narrowing. "You think, you're not, and with her handkerchief, you just said, but a lover letter as well. Is that what you call playing the game, Peter? Is that how you mean to treat me, before we are married?"

"Indeed, Grace Gregory, shaking with, slipped away."
 "But, Eva—Eva!" Oh, Great Heavens!" Peter cried.

"Now, listen to me—listen!" he whined, as she made a step towards the door. "Eva, you're being awfully foolish—"

"Thank you!"
 "You say, I tell you! There's nothing in it—nothing—nothing—nothing! That's your trust me, or just that's your take my word!"

"He added, as he crossed the hallway. He added, as he crossed the hallway, and this time he held it firmly. "Eva, you're just go to listen!"

"But, go?"
 "Listen!" In Study No. 4 Clara looked at Babe, Mabel, and Mabel. "I say," she whispered, "hear that! They're having a row."

"No."
 "Listen!"
 "Very kind, rather extremely. Peter ran in last night. There was no doubt now about the row. The notice from Study No. 4 was plainly to be heard ringing all along the corridor. Hardly had Babe passed the notice, quickly arranged at the door.

"That that's value goodly her seat."
 "What?" Peter, let me go!"

"What? Peter, let me go!"
 And then Peter added, full drawn with anger, for the admission of herself and her things was apparently not the only one that had been attacked.

A crowd of girls, conspicuous among them Lolla, Constance and Flossie Perkins, were grouped outside the door of Windy No. 5, talking and playing to the accompaniment of whistles, with every appreciable enjoyment.

Babe looked.

"Here, I say," she cried, "come away—"

"Oh, wait! Keep out, Barbara Hoffman!"

"Yes, wait!"

Babe's eyes flashed. Desperately she ran forward. But before she reached the group there was a sudden warning cry.

"Care!"

"What say hat! Princes!"

Princes—or Miss Princes? It was Miss Princes making down the corridor like a storm, a death-dealing Grace Grogan by her side.

She reached the door, started as she heard the upraised voices, and then,

protest-against emphatically I must protest. This-oh! is going altogether too far. If you must speak with Mr. Gordon, cannot you find a more suitable place than one of the Fourth Form studies?"

"I'm sorry," Miss Scott said. "I've made a lot of myself and am," she added bitterly, "for the first time. You may excuse my resignation tomorrow!"

"Miss Scott?"

But Miss Scott, turning wearily, walked out of the room.

Miss Princes shook her head. There was a knock at the door. Peter Gordon came in.

"Miss Princes, I couldn't wait."

"Princes!" Miss Princes informed him angrily, "has gone. She is very, very angry, and threatens to resign. I hope you realize, Mr. Gordon, that your actions have ruined me of a very valuable—"

group they were, as they waited for the new games coach, whose initials figure at that moment had swung out of the school gates.

Everything had gone wrong, and spiteful Grogan, being agent of the crowd of loaves, had taken full advantage of it. The school was looking with dismay, with excited conjectures, and it would have been simply impossible to tackle the games coach within the school without collecting a crowd at once.

So they were waiting.

"Mr. Gordon?" Babe cried.

He stopped, unconsciously rubbing his hat. His face looked strained, haggard almost. His hands were upon his lips.

"Yes, Miss Hoffman," he said quietly.

"Mr. Gordon, please forgive me," Babe blurted, "but—oh, we had to see you! I—I wanted to explain—about the party, I mean. I—I had an idea—"

He smiled gently.

"Oh, never you both! Don't think



with a sweeping "out-of-my-way" gesture, emphatically pushed through the crowd and along the door again. Babe looked but vainly.

"Really! Really, Miss Scott, tell you, Mr. Gordon! In the school with all the girls congregated in the passage!"

Babe felt almost sick with dismay. And this was the result of her proud flight!

She stepped forward. But before she could reach the door it slammed.

"Oh, my hat," giggled Lolla, "now there's going to be fun!"

Babe glanced at her bitterly. Grace Grogan, with a supercilious smile, snatched off down the corridor.

It seemed hours to the wretched Barbara before the door opened again and Miss Princes, an angry spot of color in both cheeks, came out of the room, accompanied by a weeping Miss Scott and a sheepish-looking Peter. In wondering silence the girls watched as they went off, Miss Scott commiserating with Miss Princes in her study. Peter Gordon going into the waiting-room next door. Grumpy Miss Princes fared the women.

"Miss Scott," she said. "I must

EVERYTHING apparently, Babe & Co. watched while Peter approached Miss Scott. Smiling, not only back; did not even show

most white, tilted his head and gaped Grogan. "She's—she's out here!"

He started.

"How-possible? She must be mad!"

"Oh, she is mad, she is, you see, only me," Miss Princes said tartly. "I hope, Mr. Gordon—"

"Kiss me," he said grimly. "I'm going to talk to her."

And without another word, leaving Miss Princes rather gasping, he strode out of the room.

As she went off to see Miss Scott's study, and when he reached there, the only answer to his knock was a strangled voice which said: "Oh, my hat!"

End to Romance!



"HIDE BY ME!"

By Hilda Richards.

Babe, Miss, & Co. took him."

Babe, Miss, and Clara were in the line outside the school.

A rather distressed and dismayed

I blame you for that, Miss Hoffman. All the same," he added carefully, "it seems very unfortunate to have you tell me anything, B—Miss Scott—"

She squared his shoulders. "Miss Scott, here, can you tell me—of even give me a hint as to what it's all about?"

"Well, I don't see—"

"And as Babe, Clara and then, told him. The face of the man hardened a little.

"I see," he said thoughtfully. "Gross is in the hearing of it! Thank you, Miss Hoffman. I am very grateful that you have been so frank with me. I think," he added, his lips tightening,

"that I am ungrateful toward my mother. And perhaps it is only fair, now that you have been so frank with me, that I should tell you my side of the affair—"

which then and there he did. "You believe that, Miss Hoffman?"

"Mr. Gordon, of course!" Babe cried, "But—oh, goodness, why didn't you tell Miss Scott?"

He smiled wryly.

"But—oh, goodness, why didn't you tell Miss Scott?"

He smiled wryly.

HILDA RICHARDS REPLIES

To a few of her many correspondents.

"Well, there you are," Edie smiled. "What we've got to do is to make Grace give herself away, and Miss Scott to listen in at the same time. The only person on earth Grace is likely to give herself away to is Peter Gordon. Now, supposing Peter says that he's going away, and runs for—"
"Oh, my head!" shrieked Edie.
"You say?"

"They did not—especially when Edie had supplied a few more details and careful explanations to Dixie Foster."

As a result of that dinner was escorted by Mike and Clara to the telephone booth outside the school, while Edie went on to see Miss Scott.

She found Miss Scott, her face flushed, very white, very tense, frantically begged. She looked frantically at Edie.

"Miss Barbara, I am afraid I can only give you a few minutes. After the lunch— How were you treated all the time by—?" "Barbara," she said, "how long any more of Peter?"

"You— you want to see him?" Edie asked.

"No, of course not," Miss Scott said.

"Miss Scott, don't you think," Edie said, "don't you think even now there's been a mistake?" Miss Scott, Peter is not the sort of man you think he is."

"Thank you," the mistress said. "Do not discuss him, Barbara. That is enough."

She picked up the telephone bell to the next room again. Edie smiled. For she knew that Grace Gregory was in the perfect room, and would accept the phone.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "that is for you, Miss Scott. Will you take the receiver?"

"But how can I—?"

"Please," begged Edie, and took the receiver off its hook. "Miss Scott— please."

"She looks wonderfully like the woman," Edie said. "You are certain. For the voice which came through was Peter's—or seemed to be. But the call went for her."

"Grace— Grace, is that you, Grace? This is Peter, Grace speaking."

"Oh, Peter," came Grace Gregory's delighted voice, "how are you?"

Miss Scott started. She looked she was listening into a conversation between the two.

"Peter, my dear," came the reply, "I go away. I don't expect you to. Miss Scott will give me out again. But before I go I want a little explanation. Why have you been at such pains to put Eva against me?"

Edie saw the mistress quiver.

"Oh, Peter," Grace laughed lightly.
"Oh, Peter," she repeated, "you know very well it isn't my fault. If I stopped—"
"You know," said the other voice, "that I was so much attracted to you, Grace, that in the end in the moon. Eva was my one-way only choice. Why you should take it into your head to put her against me, I don't know. It was a clever trick, wasn't it, putting me in to give you an autograph, and then, when it as a suggestion to a love letter? It was a cleverer trick still to pretend to be a girl with a letter. I was so impressed on the spot, I couldn't see you. Out of just your humanity I had to catch you, and you—"

"Thank," Grace said softly. "You couldn't tell me names. And thank," she added lightly, "for your complaint. If I had my compensation for her about making me up your

Edie Lewis, South Town, Staffs.—Thank you for a charming little story. I think I have got your double up ready to me. I will certainly get a man and get fully with your letter in the small space I have here. It would really give to the Editor about having more? But, really, I will consider your suggestion about Lydia Cromwell, and your suggestion for the return of the Cliff House girls to a very interesting one. In fact, only in a very interesting way. I will certainly see the Editor, and please, Edie, to write again, and tell me all about your plan. I will reply personally by letter.

Edie Linton.—The Editor, "Gladly,"—Welcome, Edie. It was nice of you to write. And it never to you most important question about Cliff House—the answer is "No." But I am sure that that will make no difference to your enjoyment of the stories. If you were of Cliff House you would be in the second Form, and your name in the Lower Fifth. And I don't see a Helen, Rowland, Clark, or Edie? I'll remember your request for more stories concerning her.

An Admirer of Mike and Clara.—Victoria, Australia.—By the time you see this, Edie, will be over twelve. I don't think you've either wanted a girl in The Hutchinson, didn't you?—and as I have appeared in just a word or two, I'm proud to be in the Upper Third at Cliff House. Edie, and a very popular little number, too, I'm sure.

Carlton, Surrey.—Yes, Miss Fennimore has been headmistress of Cliff House since the Edward first opened. Some of the girls think she is just a little stern, but she is always just and really has a very kind heart. Would she like you at Cliff House? Why not, my dear? By your description of yourself you seem to get along excellently with the girls, and you look down up with good-looking Clara Gregory.

Veronica, Liverpool.—Edie lives at Holly Bank, Hampden, a rather lovely place, I think. We live in a house of 7 months old, but the best a school, and who is also at Cliff House, in the Third Form. And do you know—Edie is so keen on drawing and painting as you are. Being a new teacher, you named "Made the Mountain," in which Edie was engaged on rather an important painting. I am sure you would have perfectly liked this story.

Joan & Co., Stroud.—Thank you so much for all the nice things you say about my stories. Yes, Edie and Mike have been given the chance of the money for the lovely Lydia's Fairy. Come and see in the lovely days of the school dramatic society. In fact, Mike really is a wonderful little actor.

Jo—(Edinburgh).—Thank you for all the nice things you say about my stories. I will think your letter would say if the letter could give me some way. However, to me seems like that he's by no means the only young man who enjoys reading about Edie and the rest of the stories. You'd be in the Fourth Form with Edie & Co. if you were at Cliff House, my dear. And how good like this!

Joan Barker (Preston, Lancs).—Nicola and Edie are the shortest girls in the Fourth. Joan Cartwright the tallest. Edie is slightly over average height for her age. Write again, won't you?

Edie, it's done with you. Arr—well, Edie will never believe another word you say—"

"Oh, my dear Edie?" "Why shouldn't I?" "Yes, I do think so. I was feeling so good when I was looking for you. I wanted to get my own back on her because she had let me in front of you, and all the girls when I stopped Dixie Foster's face."

At that point Miss Scott, her face strained, white, put down the receiver. Her eyes met Edie's.

"Barbara," she breathed—"Barbara, what have I done? Barbara—"

"Miss Scott!" Edie cried.

"Oh, no! The mistress just let her hand against her temples. "Barbara, I have just found out, by the consent of accident— Barbara, Peter must not go—must not go! I am a fool—a fool!" But here, she added desperately, "was I to know that that Grace was at the bottom of that?" She turned to sit up on the telephone with a cry in her eyes.
"Barbara, I—I must see Peter—I must!"

"And," Edie said still, "you shall! Miss Scott, too. I'll bring her to you."

And, with her heart beating tumultuously, she ran. Her stomach had swooped, Miss Scott knew now, Grace, nevertheless, had condemned herself out of her own mouth—thanks to Peter having insisted Peter Gordon's voice over the phone.

Edie picked the receiver. Outside the telephone box from Fifecliffe was her. It had a telegram in its hand.

"For you, Miss Barbara," he said.

"For me!" And wonderingly Edie took it. It's open.

And then the triumphant Edie as her face was removed all in a moment by a horrified pallor. For the telegram was from Peter Gordon. It said:

"Please give her my most affectionate regards. After all the unhappy business, I am leaving for Fifecliffe. My plane goes from the Coastfield Aerodrome at ten."

No more than that did Edie read. She went down, dumb. Liverpool was knocking there, but she headed it out. Just as the very moment of her triumph over the mistress—that!

Peter, looking miserable, was going!

No.

At once Edie made up her mind. The just had time. Never mind because—never mind anything! While girls ideal one school in response to the summons of the bell, Edie flew out.

She reached the village, desperately searched her pockets. Then, oh—oh! Twenty minutes! Could she do it!

She had to do it!

Like the wind she reached—on, on, on! She reached Fifecliffe, where the railway traffic signal showed red, and P. A. Year, the village constable, was peering on their heads. Edie never looked up. At the moment of risk of collision with a lorry in the narrow street of traffic, she only looked through, dully conscious. On P. A. Year was calling after her. Oh, no, no!

A quarter of an hour! Could she do it?

Edie! Her back to you, she did not stop. Faintly peering upon the river, she met her head. Oh, no, no! Nineteen—eighteen minutes! She must do it—must!

MEET BETTY BARTON & Co. in this magnificent serial—

WHEN MORCOVE EXPULLED HER



By
**MARJORIE
STANTON**

FOR NEW READERS

THIS UNLAKENLY has been reported that Miss Barton, being out of the country of

MEXICO and having FRIENDS, who are in the most delicate of health, are in the making arrangements for the departure of that they are unwilling to do. The friends, thinking their knowledge, change her and

BETTY BARTON and POLLY LINTON, the only friends, have been told to go to the nearest town. They are to be taken care of and to see to it that they are not separated in any way. Betty, with her father and Jack, Polly, however, they were the message in the night. All had to reach the morning, but Betty could not get to see her friends.

(This and all)

How to Warn Morcove?

IN this story, Morcove, a man of Old Island, there was, for a few moments, such a heavy silence at night as despair.

All six persons were standing mute and still, withering a disappointment that was getting something!

One great hope had been slipping but it and now that hope was cruelly shattered.

No message of their way to get away to the mainland. After all, there could be nothing coming to Morcove Island and the police, about the smuggled gold.

Some there on the mainland the friends "gang" were still the only ones who have along the island, and so there was still to be a chance for them to get the gold away!

Remembering and whether there had been, by which all Morcove School, and gone too in particular, had suffered so greatly. Yet the friends, far from being paid out in the end, were to reap an undesired reward.

Betty spoke at last, unable to bear the sight of Tom Vichinsky's steeple head.

"Hush! hush! Tom! Never mind, though."

"But I do mind! I mind!"
Tom spoke in a sudden passion. She crumpled up the pencilled message that

had been the last of all six to come back into the master's hand. Furtively she started the ball of paper into a corner.

"It's a shame— a real shame!" she exclaimed. "Everything goes against us. Everything favors a man named Tom Vichinsky. To the girl now—we had gold and we've got it!"

"I know," Polly grimly replied. "And we've got to get rid of the island tonight, that's certain. The likelihood could be more made on all men that it could last night."

"We've got to work here—perhaps!" Tom raged on. "And so another night will come, and then the President will be able to get down to that case on the mainland. There'll be nobody to know anybody about in the dark, to hinder them. They'll slip up the bar pithead of it!"

Leaving a look, better than any the rest, she started forward. Her hands lay clamped in her lap. For a little while she sat biting a lip, and making Betty or Polly could say to her, or standing over her from Miss Morcove's office, could launch the same girl's stony look.

Suddenly, quiet, Betty walked across to that corner to pick up the ball of paper which Tom had despoilingly thrown away. He watched and counted to one, as if there could still be a use for it.

"What's got into you, even now?" "What?" his impious glance in-credulously. "Dave!"

"This message will get to the Morcove shore, after all," he said, smiling faintly.

"It'll get to know 'bout!" Polly feared. "Going to give you with it, is that the big deal?" the greedy

lured. Then to her brother: "Now, Jack, what is it Dave is saying?"

"By hook, by I can guess!" was Jack's sudden shout, and he was instantly his jovial self again. "We turned to the side on a moment, to take the battle message away, and it didn't work. So now, being honest, you'll find if the word won't jolly well do the trick!"

She fairly bounded across the steady flow, to wave them upon the accident.

"Good old Dave! All the brains, as usual!"

"Oh, and it will!"
"What's the better between them, O, O?" Jack came finally. "They, he, and up the side, over—by, he, and up the mountain!"

"That?" Polly interrogated him; but she herself was evidently a-buzz with nervous spirit. "Well, he's" she stammered. "Captain, Dave, can't you?"

"Yes, Dave?" asked Betty and Tom. "Tell us!"

But instead, he darted into the adjoining chamber, to come back in some such a large, empty, old room. It was one made to hold about ten gallons, and it was filled with a brown sap. Parallel to the corners lamps had been hung in it, but there was not a drop left in them.

Every a ball for Jack rather than words. Dave still had nothing to say as he uncovered the upside from the hole above at the top of the drum. As usual, however, Jack's impetuosity made up for Dave's hesitancy. When Jack became, by far, a learned professor, looking his class.

"Observe, men, observe," said Jack. "We now changed the screw tap, and apply a large cork instead of the upper aperture, commonly known as a bung-hole. This cork will be covered by a stick of log. As to being what matters come a man to them, what matters will attack a ball of rock immediately as to hit the velocity of the wind, without decreasing the specific gravity of the drum's" you get out? Hush, when we place the wood in the tin drum."

"The cork will pop us like," Polly pronounced, "and so we'll be done again. It's no wonder." Professor Jack looked, with a paper roll. Yes, with a tin roll, no!"

"But if it's a tin roll, that it won't stand up to the wind. You speak."

"It'll pop the whole thing over."
"I cannot," said Jack, "except you children to have seen the most elementary knowledge of Walter's last approving these matters. For those of you

STILL HELPLESS ON A BARREN ISLAND, THE MORCOVE CHUMPS HARE ONE LAST BID TO OUT-WIT THEIR ENEMIES!

who are interested, try look up gravitation from now in the fourth edition."

"At this point," continued Dave, "I don't want to have my hands shaking by suddenly asking you to let him have the promised paper again. Dave had given it to her to read when he got busy with the show."

Before handing over the paper, Tom returned the book. Dave's eyes were wide open. And then, said Polly also took a look. For they started by sudden surprise but the message should not be their own."

Was there something that might be specially added? So they were asking themselves as they read:

"Owl Island."

"Wherever this little place was Morozov School, or palace at once! The Founders have a lot of suggested gold buried in cave, half mile west of Cambridge. They will be attempting to get it away."

"I was kidnapped, because I had found out their secret," Tom exclaimed.

"OK!" Betty said, with confidence. "If only that strange wind, we can get away, to be found by someone in time, then it should be as clear as crystal."

Determined To Defeat Them!

SOON those who were going to make their way down to the island's southern shore, to avoid the cold-draw sailing were upon its fabled voyage, were leaving out of the shanty.

Betty and Tom were the only ones to go with George, who had some mysterious instructions. There was a feeling that the shanty needed careful looking after, but that now and the women who belonged to the Founders group should attempt a raid.

The master pair obviously had other notions, saved from the boat which had been sent away after the landing. All the same, they might be thinking of trying to obtain some of the provisions which had come to the relief of "Morozov," a while while back. The couple must have seen the reception dropping their supplies.

No Jack, who could be serious enough when the need arose, was staying at the boat, to keep Polly and Miss Morozov company.

Blowing in the violent wind, Betty and Tom and Dave made for the same place, back the shanty, from which all the "morozov" messages had been sent out of in the night.

There was only a shanty, dipping path to take the three down to the well-lit shore, and Dave had the greatest difficulty in not coming in first.

It had been Jack, making his way down this tricky path while clapping the address with its installed mast, these would have been a hazardous undertaking to Betty and Tom on the island. Dave, being very fat, only needed in a way involving risk behind in their "doing the trick" this time!

And something like that continued path, to inspire them, the two girls hadly needed. They and he were stumbling and chattering down to the edge of a sea that was sparkling bright.

In the open, even so small boat could have found under such blowing conditions were. Indeed, it would have quickly succumbed to hit among the rocks. As for the "wind" which was now to be sent off upon its fabled

voyage, there could be no fast getting it to a boat, to see if it were correctly believed. It must take its course.

"No sign of any sign of the wind, as we came along," Betty shouted thankfully, when they had got down to the shore. "I wonder where they are finding shelter. Some cave or other, I suppose."

Nothing more was said about the path. Betty and Tom saw Dave gravely watching him to see the old-fashioned boat, with its load, almost of being blown by the wind right away from the shore.

Suddenly his clothes were made, and he was at great risk from one water-washed mass of rock to another, leaving often to make a most daring jump while clapping his cumbersome burden.

The father to get out from the side, the man he was engaged in the face of the sea. There leaves speaking, Betty and Tom watched him. A ship, on one of these narrow rocks, and it could be left fighting for his very life in the boiling tide!

But his every movement was a well-learned one, and all in a moment he was huddled down to get the children about.

Then, what a joy it was to look girls to see the wind continuing justly all Dave's fall to it! This time, there was a still walking along in the diving water, to be lost the case with the babies.

Instantly, the wind caught that the sail which Dave adjusted with such careful calculation. Long went the low-like drum, driving before the wind.

Betty and Tom, as they watched, shouted to each other in wild delight.

Tom, who spluttered splendidly: "Just look, Tom!"

"Yes! And I feel sure I'll get down this time!"

"At this instant, however—down!" It was the unmistakable report of a gun, sharp and clear above all the noise of wind and waves. Betty and Tom had turned to each other, surprised surprise, then they glanced about in alarm.

Another shot sounded. They heard a sharp cry, so as to be able to look better to the top of the cliff, and shouting away!

The three at the very edge of the low cliff was the man who belonged to the gang. He had a revolver out, and he was shaking, as he fired shot after shot—on the shore.

Bang! He triggered off another shot, and you again—bang!

A kind of booming cry of frantic shouting broke from the shore.

He had only to perceive the thin streamer with one bullet, and the drum would sink.

Dave, too, was aware of what was being attempted. He did not come working his way back to the girls, but stood out there on that precarious rock, his eyes anxiously fixed upon the drum.

Well, that was a game in the shooting. Yet, that the man had no solid air-carrying chance, but it was a game of only the briefest duration. He had learned his lesson—and the target, that object upon which Tom and his companions had focused such aim and level happen—was still within range!

Only, it was every moment taking away in the wind, would it get beyond range unless—would it!

It was the two girls and Dave again to see when the bullets were falling. The sea was far too rough. They saw it get into range, with floating high on the wind water and driving

steadily on, as swiftly and surely, out to the open sea. And now the man had started down and made off! That had the drum been dis-ordered! Was it some man, looking—looking in that a drop of two of sea-water, and then a few drops more, so that it never could last out?

"What do you think, Dave?" Betty looked at him, as soon as he was with them again. "Perhaps you could tell Tom is he?"

They looked that other side of his head, and said "no!"

Betty turned to Tom, who at entirely got behind a little closer to Dave and caught him by the hand, as if what he had said just then meant all the world to her.

The Cave at Last!

"WHAT a night it's been again!" "And!" I don't know how many times I write up—"

"And!" "But the wind has dropped now. The girls seem to have blown their way out."

"No!" "They disappear were there, for the girls also exchanged their did not want to walk where in this big shanty at Morozov Island."

Pam Trumbull, Midge Minkov, Henry Trumbull, members of the Study No. 11 class—were sitting around very quiet, after being awake for the first half-hour since daylight came streaking back.

They were not to discuss the others, was all the greater, because they could imagine what a disaster might their whereabouts be to the relief of "Morozov" after they had been through the night had the wind threatened and had been ground Morozov's great school house that towards morning, as just now been mentioned by Pam, it had had come.

"Wasn't going to be there, simply waiting for disaster?" Pam seriously asked, pointing so quietly with Midge and Henry towards the shanty.

Quietly and slowly just it reached other than that time for which it was intended! All in for a moment, the shanty were stopped dead by someone who, appearing round an angle of the passage wall, answered Pam's remark with a bland:

"No, wasn't you?"

"No," said Pam, not the light taken which by the sudden confrontation with Miss Channing, Morozov's head teacher, "Miss Channing! Had you sleep at all?"

"Some of the girls were simply trying, no mistake. And I'm up early, looking—well, I'd like to get out, to get rid of some of the cobwebs in my legs."

"That symptoms, exactly," Henry chimed in. "And you're not going to get up?"

"No," echoed by Morozov, was dreaming for that Form-master who had wanted to get behind "morozov" by the morning on Owl Island, with the last of his lessons.

"No," called Betty, "I'm not offering any objection, by that—just a see, and I'll be with you."

"OK," that, for the three Study No. 11 girls. They delighted, smiling, looked at Betty as the wind quick and quietly in the Form shanty, let her know it.

She rejoined the trio almost immediately below chairs, and off they set.

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Her break stop, like theirs, had a purpose in it.

"We'll go out to the edge of the shore, girls. There's sure," Ethel said. "I should think the Redoubt Bay lighthouse must be doing something about it now, about those poor things on the island."

"And you might be able to see something tonight," said Nancy brightly. "Yes, wouldn't it be a thrill if we suddenly spotted the lifeboat coming this way from the island with Betty and all of them on board?"

"Just I don't see why not," was Pam's eager rejoinder. "It's still not too late, enough of young, but the sea's looking to be lifeless."

She was not meaning for this that the lifeboat might actually be able to show at Morocco. Surely a thing was out of the question. But there was the odd chance, just, and so going to the shore here that it could not serve as an emergency landing place. It can far enough get from the shore to provide a patch of deep, sheltered water for a safe-landing, good enough!

A few minutes, and the early stars were above to the edge of Morocco's own great horizon, their own answering the still happy sea in the direction of the island.

There was some whispering, but only a wan light was upon the huge increasing waves, with their heaving crests. In good weather the island could be seen clearly from the horizon. This evening a small, dull star was all that could be made out upon the watery horizon.

But the girls had expected nothing better. It was the sea lying between them and the island which their eyes gazed at longed for all to want!

No other object was to sight that would have opened the horizon, distant and bounding along, after taking off the rollers. The wind never had nothing to speak with, actually, as they came rolling shorewards.

"Too dark!—that's what I think it is!" Ethel suddenly exclaimed.

She was looking down, now, in which the old jolly, much of its masonry broken and fallen away in recent years, was just making a stand against the rough sea.

"There, if you think that, Ethel—only a question of time, and they really will run in down the shore! Oh, listen!—I cried out, too!" In a voice, Robert and Ethel were the morning all!"

"You could ask Miss Somers!"

But that is never reasonable.

"Oh, I can ask her, perhaps I will!" laughed Ethel. "But I'm quite certain you can't get it, I see, though, as she changed to a puzzled frown, while the old looked down to the steady shore, with you girls in a—position knows what it is!" the group.

A next remark "Oh, then all three ladies interrupted her. Their eyes, as they moved the same way as Ethel's, were widened.

"Oh, look, in me," declared Betty, "as if it's just something had to be in, almost attention!"

"A pair of white lines—a line, perhaps," Pam pointed. "That is a sign, that there's something else on the coast—higher up out of the water. You see it?"

"They did! And next second all four of them were running away, to reach

down to the shore as quickly as possible.

What was known as the Morocco sign was close to hand—a straight path in the line of the great ship. The behind another they stopped and listened. There, their impatience all the greater because they could not have the morning object always in sight.

Only at odd moments during the descent could they see away to that part of the shore where the old jolly, where the strange something was floating.

And so, when all four had reached the shore, it became a race to see who should be the first to know exactly what the thing meant. Being the first while "they" as a kind of signal of danger!

Pam and Nancy, however, were quite, as well as very much, excited about it. Ethel and Midge. Then the lone thing began to tell upon Nancy, which Pam seemed able to remain in front as ever. Keeping the lead, but still she went on, to the water's edge.

Not one of the girls would have minded having to wait in, to have someone at this unexpected object. But it was lying just out by a curve that was just reaching as Pam got to the spot.

With a last peering each she got hold of a hollow, narrow, rusty wave could come racing over the thing.

"A message! I've seen these!" Pam was ready to shout to her companions as they came up.

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And, seeing the sea, she drove upright upon the beach, she took a peep in the dark "point," as a means of peering out the dark water.

They had recently noticed that a piece of string came away from the shore—Ethel, and that it was tied to the shore. The girls understood, and the lifeboat had been the end and had actually intended to catch the eye. But the piece of string pointed them.

Then, as Pam drew the rock, some more of the string was revealed, coming to light from inside the dome. Pam pulled it, and the one hanging a twisted rope, and suddenly a faded paper, which had been the lifeboat, the end of the string.

Nancy yelled loudly.

"Hurray! A message!"

"Signed Tom!" was the cry from Pam, a few seconds later. She had got the paper from the string, and had it unfolded. "Oh!" she gasped, starting to read. "And it's—"

"How do you mean?" demanded the others, wondering so that they might read over Pam's shoulder. "The end of them all on the island? An accident?"

"No, but look! The Fenders—"

Pam suddenly gave the paper to Ethel.

"I'm going along to that cave straight away. I know the way Tom means."

Off at the speed again, Pam once had

Runny and Ethel tearing after her. It had seemed to the four girls that only one of them was needed to reach the message to the school, for there had been a break—"Yes, Midge," as the paper was handed over, to Miss Somers, "quick as you can!"

There was a distance of miles along the shore until the girls could, normally the girls could not have kept on running all the way. But a pair of crabs, whipped up their flapping wings.

At last they passed the cave that had been named in the message, without having seen any sign of life. They had the dark woods of the cavern before them, and it was part of a room that expressed a promising condition. They could not believe, hopefully, that nothing had happened here during the night. The Fenders had kept away, feeling afraid.

Then all three Moroccan girls were busily diving into the cave.

In that combination of the place, they were not at first willing to dip the jolly blue light of being in time, after all. There were many difficulties in the study. But, they might not have been there, but they were not.

But further in it was a state of things that seemed all three girls to step into it, though slowly.

There was a great heap of sand beside a wide and shallow hole that had been recently dug, and all about the hole there were deep footprints.

A little way, Pam was lying looking down. Two specks had been left behind, as well.

"And so—the girl was gone!"

The Fenders, after all, had got their light back away in time.

"Tom here!" Ethel looked at last, in the dark hole of the cavern.

"And after a long night!"

"Oh, come away!" she laughed. "It's to see my staying here. The girl is gone—"

Pam and Nancy turned, in a startled manner, to follow the lead girl out of the cave. Back in the cave, it seemed as if the voice of the girl, who had been there had become a whispering. "Oh, no!"

A few yards off three girls drifted over the things, silent in their happy surprise. Then suddenly Ethel abruptly halted.

She was staring out to the hearing sea again, and some of her memory were the "Fenders" recovered, though was passing from her eye.

"Look," she said. "There's the lifeboat now, coming in—nothing but the part!"

"Oh, and so?" Nancy cried out joyfully. "When she lifts to the surface, there they are, all of them! We ought to go to, as, such and saved!"

"Yes, indeed, looking for the moment every bit as good as were her own companions. What an accident! Morocco, and there was no further message!"

"But the—poor Tom! What will her feelings be when she learns that the message only came—the late!"

TRACE the discovery that awaits
 Issa! Yes, and Betty & Co.
 as well. Have the Fenders beaten
 them? Don't fail to read the con-
 clusion of this sensational story in
 next Saturday's **EXPANDED CONGRATION**
THIS ISSUE.