

Wonderful New Morcove Serial by MARJORIE STANTON—ILLUSTRATED BY

THE SCHOOLGIRL

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SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN



"This Button is From Your Dress, And That Proves—"

What did it prove?

See this week's thrilling LONG
COMPLETE "Clue" novel School
Story:

"ONLY LILA SUSPECTED!"

From a host of different countries, they came—sports girls, eager to compete against Cliff House School! And Barbara Boffern & Co. greeted them with open arms. So did Leila Carroll—except in the case of Baby Carno, the Czech runner from her own country, America. Leila stood aside from the welcome to Baby, for there was a strange mystery around her which—



The Unknown Leila Overboard!



RICHARDS' *Leila* is a story of a girl who is suspected of a crime. The story is told from the point of view of the girl's friends.

By a special arrangement, *Leila* is being published in the *Cliff House* magazine.

"Leila," by Hilda Richards, is a story of a girl who is suspected of a crime. The story is told from the point of view of the girl's friends.

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which's given for the week, and to give you a copy of the book of Cliff House magazine. A new subscription is made for you during a special "Cliff House" week.

Two of the younger girls had already arrived and were waiting in the Cliff House vestibule. Anna Lindstrom, the Swedish American girl, who had come with a really beautiful reputation for her singing, was waiting. She had just finished her song, and the Swedish girls were waiting for her to sing.

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By
HILDA RICHARDS
Illustrated by E. LARSEN

when you arrive. Ah! Here is a bag! Now I come at once. And Marcella's black gloves started back. A woman's black gloves, for some were found across the floor of Big Hall, and Marcella's little fingers were flying into the crowd, where the school bus was already waiting.

"Oh, good! It is not I am all wanted!" she said. "But I am all here now, as you say, and so fervently anxious to see my girl from the States of United America! I have an American girl, yes, Lella is an orphan, so what to me, such a very good friend always, and I love to see some news of her country, sweet Oh, Babe! I do so try' much like to see her but not you wear! Let us go!"

"Yes, rather! Let's, you know," Benie Hunter said anxiously, "other-wise we shall have time for a walk in the hallway before the train comes in."

"-Hh, ha, ha!"

Laughingly they bounded in. Mabelly Haly gave the word to the driver. Off the bus rolled, anxious to the greatest of good-fortunes.

Lella's Curious was her

But it wasn't altogether Lella's fault. Early that morning had Lella started off for Deerfield to do a little shopping.

Unfortunately, Lella had happened to take into consideration the fact that the American Food Store, the shop for which she was bound, did not open till ten o'clock.

"Folks always to wait," she mused.

"Ah, a coffee's the thing!"

There was a little cafe across the way, Lella tripped across to it. Plenty of people, she reflected, to make her purchase and get to Fairview Station in time to meet Benie & Co.—and Lella did not intend to return to Cliff House without these provisions.

Lella had her own idea of welcoming a fellow-countryman from New York, and though she liked to think Lella a safe driver, was not a very capable driver, which would only be obtained at the American Food Store.

Benie Carter would undoubtedly recognize the American Food Store's cookies. And some of that real American candy which one could never find anywhere in England except at the Food Store's branches!

Good-blessed, impulsive Lella! A smiling Lella, too! Separated by an unending traffic from her own home, she was looking forward with wild joy to meeting this Benie—*to talk with her about New York, Broadway, the latest shows, the current films!*

Very much was Lella prepared to make a friend of Benie Carter.

She smilingly poured the coffee and handed the cups. A third place, but deserted, with a paper surrounding each table, and at last step of the morning not overcrowded with customers.

At one of the small tables Lella took her own, gave her order, and was promptly served.

"I'll say how nice, I guess, I'm rather in a hurry," she explained to the customer's sympathetic, "so shall to when you're back again."

The waitress smiled as Lella passed her a blotted tip. She poured her coffee, at the same moment the baggage were of muttering voices from behind the screen.

And then a name caught her ear—

"Marcella Bignot!"

Lella jumped sharply at that. It was a man's voice speaking. "And you're not," he said, "to make

GRAND LONG COMPLETE STORY

Introducing

- Charles Reardon**
- Clara Trevlyn**
- Jessie Cartain**
- Benie Hunter**
- Mabel Lynn**
- Lella Carroll**
- Marcella Bignot**

and many other fascinating characters at
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CLIFF HOUSE SCHOOL

friends with her, Elaine? Get her confidence. That means everything, remember—everything! It's the only way to get her where we want her. I'll keep in touch with you and you'll know where to find me if anything goes wrong."

"You'll be at—" a girl's voice broke in.

"Where I told you—yes! But don't mind! We'd better get going if you're going to pick up that train at Deerfield!"

Lella sat still, staring Mabelly at the screen.

Marcella Bignot—her cousin, at Cliff House—the girl with whom she shared a study, was, with her, was looking forward to eagerly to playing tennis to the girl from America! Impulsive, impulsive Marcella, whom she loved so much, whom all the school loved, who

had never, never done anyone the slightest bad turn.

"What was this?"

Some conspiracy against Marcella! Why should the girl in whom she was so much loved to make friends with Marcella? Why give Marcella's cousin? Who was this girl?

Lella's eyes narrowed looking for long-remembered associates. She felt, for Marcella's sake, that she must know more. On the other side of the screen she heard the hurrying sound of chairs being pulled back.

Suddenly she got in her feet. Mabelly she glimpsed in the screen, and in the blink which separated two of the panels she placed her eye.

A girl in a pink frock stood there drawing on a pair of white canvas shoes. She had a well-known head upon her head, but as the lights were extinguished Lella's vision, the Cliff House girl could not see her face.

At the other side of the table, however, the man stood upright, dark-haired, hard-featured, creating some little change to his pale.

With a cool he leaned over. To Lella's astonishment the girl did not turn round. He had her head still towards Lella, she went not a step back.

Clearly the American girl stood back. These two previous associates they were watching some plot against Marcella!

Then, hastily, she pressed up her collar. She dashed the eye and then sat, unobtrusively through that she hadn't seen the track of the girl's nose.

Obviously she hesitated outside, looking to right and left. But of her question there was no sign.

A taxi half-way on the street, however, seemed to provide the clue as to their whereabouts.



As Lella peered through a crack in the screen at the man and girl, her pulses tingled. They were plotting against another girl—Marcella—the very study class!

Not Such a Happy Trial!



"SHE is always very nice," said Marcelle, smiling, as he said to the great champion on the boxing track. "Lolla was like her very much, too, do you not?"

Lolla shrugged a little. "Well, I guess she seems to be all right," she said, but Marcelle was quick to notice the absence of enthusiasm in her voice.

It was late afternoon, and in Study No. 3 at the Union School Marcelle was busily laying the table for tea.

Early had come and accompanied the lady's maid when, and for the first time since they had met at the station that morning, Marcelle and Lolla were left alone.

There was no doubt that Ruby Carson had made a hit at the Union. Keweenaw looked her.

"Oh, my, so sweet, so vivacious she was, and with, certainly, not a trace of that nervousness which everybody had and so greatly resented."

But this, as Ruby laughingly explained when Barbara Radford commented upon the fact, was because she had spent such a little time in America, apart from her vacations.

A much-travelled girl, this Ruby, Bar had said, was in Boston. There was no doubt that she knew a great deal about France—what, of course, was another reason why she and Marcelle were drawn so closely together. She had been in Germany, in Russia, in Finland. She had won medals and cups and trophies in all these countries because of her international prowess.

She came, to be sure, now in New York, but except for one long visit every summer, she hardly saw them.

All very pleasant, then, but Lolla felt that it was not all that. Lolla had that queer yet not an American, however long away from the old country, who did not unconsciously betray her nationality.

Once or twice, Lolla, anxious to draw her, had indignantly broadcast the subject of New York, and had again been panned by the newcomer's apparent lack of knowledge of this great city.

But these were minor things. What disturbed Lolla was the conversation she had heard in the Courtland club that morning.

When Barbara had gone was the previous day Ruby had made at Marcelle, and the way in which she had revealed that girl's affections, through her knowledge of Marcelle's presence.

Happy, sweet-smiling Marcelle, so eager always to be on the best of terms with everyone, had fallen helplessly into her trap.

And it was a trap! Lolla was sure of that now.

"Lolla," Marcelle's pleasant little face commented, "Lolla, you is not like you the old girl?"

"You have something against Ruby?"

Lolla returned.

"Lolla, is this not girl?"

Lolla smiled but her eyes showed open-mouthed reproach. She let her big, coloring under the gaze of the little French girl. Then she rose to let her go.

"Marcelle," she said, and Marcelle blinked at the note of seriousness in her voice. "In your friend, I've been your friend—old Jimmy Carson—your friend, we were just together in the study. You believe that?"

"Only Lolla Suspected!"

"Fascinated!" Lolla told herself. "You should have followed! One, what wouldn't I give for a sight of that girl's face?"

Well that was obviously not of the moment now! In any case, she told herself, if the girl came to anything, she would see the girl again soon enough. She watched her, when, and in what circumstances, and inquired under the pretence of the American. First she thought the girl to Friedlander's, then to meet her at the Club, and when they emerged from the buffet, where they had been waiting after the time with a coffee cup.

"Surely I'm late," said Lolla. "Like a hawk, I hoped the shop didn't open till nine. Well, I've got what I want for, I guess. Thanks, come in, girl?"

"No!"

"Oh, those won't water!"

"Don't you care?" she inquired then.

Clara grinned. "Anyhow, there goes the signal!"

The signal went. The deserted platform stirred to life. The station master, passing, appeared from his office. The solitary porter made an appearance.

Then she glanced round the level on the Courtland line came a puff of white smoke.

"Well, here comes!" Marcelle shrieked.

With a rattling of wheels the train stopped near the station.

"Friedrich! Friedrich!" called the porter.

You doors opened in opposite parts of the train.

And then—

"Oh, my golly, just Euphonia!"

grinned Clara. "I say, this isn't one of the best specimens!"

They all gazed at the opened door, attention automatically attracted from the door opening farther along the train.

For at that door had appeared a girl's face—a round, big, white, good natured and comely face.

"Wonderful," she started out at them. A round, friendly smile appeared through the door. Her eyes seemed to become rather than steady on the platform.

"Oh, wonderful! I mean, you know, what a topping beauty!"

Lolla shrieked.

"Topping, beauty! You didn't say anything!" Euphonia, she added, as she found she had given the word open for her.

"Oh, Hilda—"

"Wasn't Hilda?" the girl asked with a smile.

"I'll say—"

"I am Emma Kipper! I wish not much English, is?"

"Welcome," said Euphonia, smiling.

"Here a good day!"

"Oh, darling!" In the the girl was moving into the study? Emma started.

"That's the girl," John Courtwright chuckled loudly. "Through how old Hilda was, Hilda is going to get in when you're with there. I mean to Hilda to get a bit of them. Well, well, here we are," she said heartily, "all merry and bright! Glad to see you, Emma!"

"Thank you!" Emma replied. "I'll do some English girl, but not with much English! Put girl?" she said, with an amiable look at Emma Hilda.

Emma turned and—

"I'll say, you're so interested."

"Is Emma, you're interested."

"And thank!" to you," she said indignantly.

"Well, is?" Emma said importantly.

"Friedrich! Put girl—after girl. Not with much English," she added with a look, a startled smile.

"Oh, my hat!" Clara gasped. And she sprang with outstretched hands, while Emma, undecided whether she was being shocked or not, glared.

Lolla grinned.

"I'll say it's going to be a party in Study No. 3 with those two," she whispered to Euphonia. "Hilda, Hilda! There's the other girl! Ruby Carson! I never forget all about her!"

But she laughed.

"No need to hurry. The other girl's there!" and she smiled along the platform, talking to Marcelle.

Lolla stared a little, looking at her own neighbor. She looked along the platform. There were two Marcelles, talking intimately to a rather tall girl dressed in a very pretty pink frock, with a wide, sweeping hat, and another which showed a very pretty face, which was more familiarly. Then, drawing the group which surrounded the slender Emma, she hurried forward.

"Oh, I say, I'm sorry—"

"Lolla," repeated Marcelle excitedly,

"is in my friend," she said to the other girl. "It is the girl who is in the study—"

"And in Ruby Carson. I am so, so happy, so very much excited. You, Lolla—"

Lolla said, with a smile, her eyes on the other girl.

"Hilda, she have just come from Paris," Marcelle breathlessly explained.

"And in Paris, she met the last my father and my mamma, Alphonse. She had never—"

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"Oh, of course!" Marcella replied. "But, Lella, Ruby also is my friend."
"Is she?" Lella repeated, furiously.
"No, Marcella, don't look at me like that. You make friends very easily. And I do not you to remember, Marcella, that you will not do any girl's name unless you don't know it—I might not be all you, I guess, but—well, I've a hunch, Marcella, that Ruby Carson isn't what she appears to be."
Marcella's eye flared with horror.

"Lella, how is it that you know my name?"

"Oh, something I heard—something I know," Lella answered smugly. "I hope it is wrong, but I don't know I am. But I do know you, Marcella, and I do go and see that famous little band of yours into Jersey. I do ask you, for the sake of my friend, not to be too easily deceived by Ruby Carson."
"Marcella!" a voice at the doorway called.

And at that Lella whipped round. Marcella jumped. Through the doorway came Ruby herself—Ruby, who from the expression on her face had plainly heard every word at that last scene.

"The night, thinking please she there at Lella from under for a while, however look at pointed Marcella."
"And what," she asked of Lella, "have you heard about me?"

"Ruby!" Marcella cried sobbingly. Lella drew a deep breath.

"Well, what has that to do with me?" she asked.

"And the man," Lella continued, "he was never leaving the other's face."
"What girl, Lella?"

"That was white neck gloves, a white hat, and a pink dress, I guess, and the subject of her conversation with the man was Marcella Elgar."
"If the girl was asking, she was right, Ruby Carson felt rapidly disconcerted at the bewildered astonishment on her face."

"But what—"

"That girl, I guess, was you," Lella said.

"Yes!" Ruby stared. Then she burst into a smiling laugh. "And so," she

looked—"don't take my word. Ring up the Cross Street Hotel, and ask for a person named Collins. He accompanied me to the station with my luggage. He put me on the train, and—"

"Lella drew a deep breath.
"And so," Ruby smiled, "for my name being anything than what it is, well, look at that." And, diving a hand into her pocket, she drew out a passport, and opened it. "You've not supposed that if I was anybody but Ruby Carson I should have the passport, am I?"

"And at 17, have you any other but a daughter?" she asked.

"Yes, please, this about that?" Lella felt back. For the first time



"Oh, Lella—don't—don't!" Ruby screamed, and then, rushing backwards, she fell into the swimming pool. Lella stared at her, too stunned to utter a protest. She hadn't even finished the American girl.

When she had seen this girl, she was seized with a horrible shudder. Was she, after all, making a mistake? Was she—

"Please—please," Marcella distressedly begged—"please, my good friends, do not quarrel! Lella, she makes a mistake. Lella is sorry."
"Is she?" Ruby asked.

"Please," Marcella said again, "my friends, it is useless to me, it is useless to you, Lella is honest and straightforward. Lella is honest and straightforward," she asked appealingly.

"You've not had friends with Ruby any more?"

"Well—," Lella gulped. Convinced as Ruby's words were, she still had that queer feeling. That "hunch," which at times was so strong in her warnings, was still with her.

All the same, on the face of it, she stood completely a Ruby's friend.
"Well, I—I guess you must have made a mistake. I'm sorry," she admitted.

Ruby laughed. "And you apologise?"

"I guess so."
"Then," Marcella said suddenly, "and it is all right now? No more of us quarrelling? Because my friends, I love you both so very much that it will be just as much if you quarrel as will be if you are friends?" she asked brightly.

And happy once more, Marcella turned to the two.

Ruby laughed, Lella, rather sulkily, admitted, grinned. And yet, as she

"Oh, Ruby!" she said.
"Lella—Ruby looked her straightly!"
"You mean, I didn't mean to hear what you were saying, but, as I have heard, I think the best you can do is to give me your explanation. What is it you have against me?"

Lella shrugged. She was so glad to have it out now. Well, perhaps it was better so. Perhaps, if she cleared the air at once, and let this girl know exactly where she stood, the girl against Marcella, whatever it was, would be dissipated.

She turned to the door. Quickly she closed it, then she turned.

"Lella—," Marcella looked.

"Oh—," Lella said. "No, Marcella, you keep out of this. This morning, Lella said, looking steadily at the other, "I happened to overhear part of the conversation between a man and a girl in a Courtfield cab."

If she expected Ruby to start, she was disappointed. Ruby's eye only showed indignation.

said, "that is it. You see a girl in the same sort of clothes that I found talking to a man in a Courtfield cab. You heard him call her Elaine. He says I happened to be wearing the same sort of clothes—and at least ten thousand girls in England at this very minute may be wearing those clothes—do you see that girl? What time was this?"

"About ten o'clock, I guess."

"Well," Ruby said, with a nod of her head, "I was in the main Courtfield."

"I guess you could have looked your journey?"

"Quarrelling seems to be your strong suit," Ruby said sulkily. "You're doing quite a lot of it, aren't you? But never mind. If you must know, I left London by the night express train from Clapham Cross. I could hardly have broken my journey and arrived at Courtfield—and you into Courtfield."

"Oh, yes, I can see that you think I'm telling fibs, but please—"

she

"Only Lella Suspected!"

ground away, she caught that look in Ruby's eyes, and, though that name and name in a flash, she took which seemed to speak of hatred and love, which seemed to flash a warning, she said nothing.

"Now we have in so delightful Kensington," Marcella beamed at the head of the table. "I guess you'll forget, Ruby?"

"Yes, please."

"Lella, you had never in it well?"

"And very distinctly Marcella dropped the lettuce into the soup, pushing them over to their contrary."

"What! It got up and put its water in to tempt?" she cried.

"She got up, all beaming with happiness. At the same moment there came a sharp cry from Ruby."

"Oh, Lella, you clumsy thing!"

"Lella, her cup had-way to her lips, stayed."

"Yes, what's broken you?"

"Yes, did? And Ruby pulled her by the skirt, looked my watch!"

"Oh, Lella!"

"Oh, yes, but," cried Marcella.

"Please! It was an accident!" she said brightly.

"But I didn't—"

"Ruby, let her go—"

"What, all right. Let's say no more about it."—

"It might have been an accident, but I think at least Ruby ought to be told. Are those crumpets, Marcella?"

"Oh, Lella, you beast," she cried, in fury. "You did it again!"

"Lella, Marcella cried."

"Did what?"

"I kicked my watch! Oh, goodness! How shall I be able to read my pocket?"

"Will you change pieces with me, please?"

"Thanks! I guess there's no reason,"

Lella said.

"You, consequently, the case. My hat is still as new when I lay it down in the restaurant in the train much longer. And after that was passed in which she had been shown at least, she was anxious to avoid another."

"The lady's kicked Ruby's table on another occasion, Ruby, she was, was not to be made mischief."

"I guess," she said steadily, "I'm not of that my appetite for tea. I'll get along."

"Yes, Lella—" Marcella cried.

"In seeing you," Lella smiled, and while Marcella stared in dumbfounded astonishment, walked out of the room.

Lella's thoughts were absolutely wild. The woman's class's hat had occurred in that case without having been noticed, and with Ruby—Ruby, it could be so dilly transference under the table.

All these dark suspicions of her own floating back, and now Lella recalled that the lady Ruby had given might be above all—during that.

Lella walked the corridor rapidly. Then, at the same moment of Ruby, No. 3, she passed at a burst of laughter recalled from within.

The knocker at the door opened it.

"Can that's the doctor?" she asked, with a cheerfulness she was far from feeling. "Can a girl come in?"

"Come in?" said Ruby, beaming.

"Where's Marcella?"

"Oh, she's having tea, I guess."

"Was Ruby?"

"Yes, with Ruby."

"Oh, I had guessed quickly at the American girl." "Well, you've well—"

"Ruby," she added, "Take a few more the carrier?" she said, and looked round the crowded table.

"Thank, make room for Lella, old thing."

Ruby pushed up. Ruby was seated

opposite the door, opposite Emma Rogers, and she was glowing.

"Very lovely hat! Ruby's made little more been pointed out of just since the arrival of Emma, and Emma, who tried to feel she was in the knowledge, was happy."

Ruby smiled demurely. She glanced up at her hat, wondering if what was common to her, and picked up another.

"Now, let's say old bravely."

"Gladly!" Lella smiled.

"Oh, Marcella, the doctor?" Clara checked—Clara, who was there with Mrs. Rogers, the day, smiling girl from Denmark.

"That's Ruby's sister, it's your hat, and the doctor's hat, as if she's even started you! I never thought before that anybody but a doctor could wear a head-dress like or so of just like of the world!"

Ruby glowered.

"Oh, really, Clara, I never did a head-dress like—"

"Well, yes, then?" Clara said cheerfully. "My own, shows you the world! But, Emma, just better look up! she said. "She's coming you under the table."

Ruby smiled.

"Oh, yes!" she said slowly, and made a dive for the hat just then, as Emma suddenly looked it off the plate.

"Oh, Marcella! You know, she's her hat practically all of them?"

"Now," Emma said, with a playful smile. "You can't get it off! Who gives it? I do! You do, Emma!"

Ruby had never dived properly in her life. The very thought of diving was a shudder through her. But something had to be done to maintain the doctor's prestige against the girl from Holland. She said boldly:

"Of course I give! And I give justly. Well, yes, don't I, Clara?"

"Take a seat," Clara murmured—"a great seat, one of the best ones, you know."

"Thank!" Ruby murmured, apparently not understanding the joke. "I'm I'll give you my hat, then, Doctor?"

Ruby blushed.

"Oh, I see, that's nice of you?"

"You tell her, is?"

"Well, of course," Emma said cheerfully. "I'm never returns a girl's hat, and to see, it would be on the table, and all that and to Emma's hair, you do know. What are you going to give her?" she asked eagerly.

"I'll give you challenge? I'll give again you—how about it? But it's got—"

"You tell, my friend!" she added, in response.

The drama did. They sat only laughed—they raised. But as Emma's face at the stippled expression on Ruby's face.

Ruby had expected a gift and received a challenge—Ruby, who would never go on! The interesting battle of the could help it!

But the challenge was accepted before it had been given. There could be no getting out of it now. In any case, Clara's eye were not likely to be lost and not in it.

There was a diving against a thought that Ruby presented her own risk but victory.

And as Emma, despite her protest, could not avoid seeing about of her will, found herself, after tea, covered by her hairless chains in the school berth!

Word had got round. In anticipation of tea, half the Form gathered. In discussing appearances, Ruby, watched by Ruby and Clara and Lella, withdrew and climbed into her berth's cot-room.

Lella grinned.

"Now, Emma, show your pluck! Remember the doctor's story?"

Ruby withdrew. If she had shared the doctor's of the doctor's story at that moment, she would have taken refuge in it.

"Oh, Marcella! Oh, really—let Ruby have her hat! I don't think I'd believe it! A girl with a different complexion like mine—"

"Oh, Emma! And I thought you were a heroine!" Marcella beamed.

"You, I am, you know, but—"

And Emma, looking round, among the glowing faces surrounding her, gulped.

Then she sat, standing on her chair, Emma, Marcella, and the other girls, Ruby's sister.

"All right!" she said desperately.

"All right! Now, I don't crowd round me! Now, watch this!"

And Emma covered up her eyes. She took a deep breath. Slowly she began forward, intending to get it all over before her sister's outburst failed her completely.

It's well her hands above her head. Just as she reached the edge of the berth, Emma took one step, sprang forward and voluntarily dived.

Whoop!

Straight into the water of the astonished Emma!

Whoop!

"What's new, now?" called Emma, Emma, sitting up. "I'm surprised! Is it indeed! Somebody's in the water out of the bath?"

"It's he, is?"

The chairs held their sides and shrieked. Emma, with a dead look upon her face, sat up. Clara looked on.

"Oh, my giddy aunt! Bring me an ambulance!"

"It's he, is?"

"But look here, you know, I never went into the water!" Emma protested.

"It's he?" she shrieked.

"It's he, is?"

And now, while everybody shrieked aloud, the carriage at the entrance to the bath room whirled table. Two new comers, seated on the water—Marcella and Ruby's sister.

"Lella!" Marcella cried.

"Lella, why is it you got me some back to tea?" Marcella asked reproachfully.

"Yes, mother! We did miss you."

Ruby said. "And you never told us when you were going, you know—"

"Lella, let her go. She read poetry in the eyes of the girl who speaks those words. Her lips trembled slightly."

"Lella!" Marcella cried.

"I guess," Lella said rather shortly, "that if you can't come, it's all over."

"I can't," she murmured Ruby against her, Marcella—"

And then she stared at Ruby, who, descending behind from Marcella's side, placed Emma's apron in her path.

"Lella," she asked quietly, "don't you think this is going too far? What is the matter with you? Why can't we all be happy chosen together? Why do you hate me so?"

Marcella's hand of tea. Her's apartment her completely of tea. Her's apartment her completely of tea. Her's apartment her completely of tea.

"I've done everything to offend you. I've done that night of mine. Lella—please! Thank, thank—"

Marcella looked anxious.

She lay still, plucking, across, were on Lella's face. For a moment Lella hesitated, certain of the safety of that plea, but almost continued against her.

It Marcella's take! That was a plea which touched a sympathetic chord in her nature—a chord which almost made her

finger her suspicion. Instinctively her hand went out, to meet the one outstretched towards her.

And then, just as her fingers were closing upon it, she saw that look on Lady's face—mocking, triumphant! No, she couldn't—the couldn't! Suddenly her hand was snatched back. Ahead of her, if she stood three inches, she would certainly see her hand. There came a cry from Merville, a sudden shriek from Ruby.

For where it had happened to get loose. No one saw. But Ruby, standing on the edge of the bath, stopped dead as the moment of Lady's fall. Actually Lady did break her with her own, but it was a light contact and certainly not sufficient to cause what happened there.

Ruby, with a yell of "Lady's" stopped back, late again. For, as dependent on the bath she struggled to maintain her balance on the edge of the bath, there, there, a wild cry was heard plunging down into the feet of water.

"Lady, help! I can't swim!"

The hand went under. The others, still gripping the protruding flange to see her Master had, turned. They saw Lady starting back, they saw the girl in the water, they saw Merville's white hand and shaking arm. And then, before any one could make a move, she plunged down into the water with the ease and gracefulness of a diving seal. As though Ruby had been a piece of seaweed she tugged her under her arm, and, without effort, swam with her to the steps.

"Oh, my hat!"

Ruby, white-lipped, shivering, glanced up. Merville anxiously bent a head.

"Ruby, what did you do?"

"I did nothing," Ruby said, but she looked round towards Lady.

"Lady pulled me?"

"What?" asked Ruby, bewildered.

"Lady's arm," said Ruby.

"You pretended to shake hands, and, instead, turned away, pushing me over the edge of the bath as she did so. Oh dear! Oh goodness! Merville, she recovered, take—take me somewhere where I can get a hot drink."

"But say!" Lady cried. "No, with a minute!" Merville, you don't believe that!"

For Merville, with a literally unappreciated look, caught the other girl's eye.

"Ruby, come!" she said indignantly, and moved out without another glance at Lady!

The Return of Jimmie



"SERIOUS practice starts tomorrow."

Clara Trevilly's announcement, with a

look toward the Fourth Street Gymnasium. "Oh, good! just as the evening term."

"Oh, no," Lady said.

"And you, Aunt, and you, Phyllis," Clara said, to the occupied the lot in her hand. "Don't forget, Lady, she added, "we're expecting great things of you. You're about as good long distance runner, and if Ruby Green's the typical runner she's explained to be the best look like having a swim. Ruby will join the swimming club of the team, Lady. Will you swim, Ruby?"

Lady bit her lip.

"Well, I guess I'd rather leave it to you," she said.

Clara looked at her curiously.

Clara, like everyone else, knew what had happened in the swimming bath. Clara, like everyone else, had heard the rumors that were spreading—that there was a split in Ruby No. 1, and, though she told herself it was none of her business, Clara was rather vexed.

"Clara, third night," she said indignantly.

"What do you mean, Clara? The club looked fine. Oh, along the corridor to Ruby No. 1 she went, looking in at Ruby No. 1, where Benie and Mabel were doing, poor, and Emma, to Benie's amazement and indignation, was waiting in the anteroom.

She tapped at the door of Ruby No. 1, Merville's room, a little worried, told her to "Emma?"

Clara went in. Ruby was there, seated by the window, looking out, Merville, like Benie and Mabel, was doing just.

"Is it as you want to see me?" Merville asked.

"Always glad of the chance," Clara said cheerily, "but as it happens to Ruby I want to see this time. Ruby, we've having our previous meeting, and I thought she would at ten sharp. You'll be there?"

Ruby started.

"Oh, yes, come—coming!"

"Well, of course."

"You—you want me to go?"

"Well—"

And Clara looked at the extraordinarily question. "Well, isn't it up to you?" she said. "I guess it is on the moment, I don't think we should all talk together. In any case," Clara added, "I've got you in the training team."

And feeling a little nettled at the lack of enthusiastic response to her arrangements, she turned back towards the door.

But before she could reach it, that door was pushed open from outside. A girl in a dress of an unbecomingly faded red, and wearing a monocle in one eye, entered in.

"What's in the money old waddler?" Jimmie Christie leaned. "What's on, Clara, my first school old Emma? Well, well, well! Here we are again! All well, good, and when?"

And the money old girl, who had just entered in a London hotel, said, "I guess we have a game? Merville, introduce me!"

Merville laughed.

"She is Ruby?"

"Ruby?" Jimmie took out her monocle. She stared at the girl, put the spectacles back, and looked again at Merville.

"Ruby?" she asked, an archly looked at interpretation.

"Ruby Green, is she from the State of Virginia, America," Merville beamed. "Is it as you study—what do you say—"

"Oh, well, it. Already we are great friends."

"Yes?"

"Pleased to meet you—in it, Ruby, isn't it?" she asked, with one of those friendly thick smiles of hers. "I'm yours. Good-bye, my dear, I'll be in the next world. I'll be in the next world."

"You're always meeting with such amusing people, what? Now to see you, oh dear. "We'll have tea, what? Leave London this morning, I suppose?"

Ruby looked, unconsciously puzzled eyes, but had conversation with Jimmie.

"Yes!"

"Come, come!" Jimmie called cheerily. "Shall I show you old spot, Clara, come! Mabel is lovely, either if she's only put by down and hold it somewhere else, don't you think? Ruby, is it not, I was in Charing Cross the morning too, with my old girl's. My old girl's as an ex-Rev."

Barrie was, you know? Used to take all sorts of naughty remarks, and we are not one of those at Charing Cross this morning—hat! But when," she added, "in the other part of the American Continent—out one and only Lady!"

"In the Common room," Clara said, "you're talking about, peaking off her gloves. We're in the study! Don't it all, shouldn't have thought you knew, that old Lady would have let you out at her sight, Ruby! She's been really excited ever since she heard you were coming. Nothing wrong, I hope!" she added, with quick perception, as she noted the awkward pause.

Merville's face darkened. Ruby coloured a little.

"Oh!"

"Oh, never—!" and Ruby looked distressed. "It's not my fault. I've tried to be friends with Lady, goodness only knows, but Lady, for some reason, has taken a dislike to me."

"Friends are the only ones, what?" Jimmie asked. "No, no, no! Good! Friends of old Lady, though, not to offer the pain of friendship and all that. What's the trouble, Merville?"

Merville's lips quivered a little.

"Jimmie, I do not know; but Lady—she has been so strange! Lady's speaking as if Ruby was not Ruby, but she was Mabel—"

Three ladies. Ruby started, looking at Ruby. "What's in what you talk to her! Then she pulled her long at swimming bath!"

Jimmie looked suitably shocked.

"But say, what?" she commented. "Start of American women! Oh, isn't it! I know you don't do things that way, so do them in the early old country. I think," she added, reflectively, "I'm always glad to see the money old girl with Lady. Clara, introduced with her own strong light eye!"

And with a bright look at the American girl, and by little French dress, she floated out of the study again.

"Oh, my hat!" said Benie Baxter

pathetically.

And she sat up in bed.

It was bright moonlight in the Fourth Street in London, the night Benie, even without the aid of her thick spectacles, could clearly make out the forms of the sleeping girls.

Naturally, Benie would have noticed neither the brightness nor the sleeping girls, for once Benie got to sleep, it took a lot to awake her.

She thought, was different. Benie had been so used by the most beautiful of hours. Thanks to Ruby No. 1's temporary acquisition, in the girl from Holland, Benie had found her usual supplies most, consistently curtailed, and had almost supper into the bargain.

Benie was hungry!

She sat up for a moment debating a course of longer-reaching action. No good going to the kitchen. There was nothing left of the good breakfast!

Mrs. Carey, her landlady, was often absent-minded and forgetful to lock that ladder. Was it too much to hope that she had had one of her lapses to-night?

Benie said.

Benie's eyes glared out of bed. Hardly the stairs her feet were slipping and Benie a tearing cry. She crossed the dormitory, opened carefully the door of the corridor, and then, assuming all her courage, plunged along it.

Usually, darkness—very, brightly moonlight—had the greatest of terrors for

I would ask you to come—especially as she is rather unwell, you being able to speak much English."

Lella felt her blood quicken. She glanced toward Marcella's shadowy face and when she saw Buster had said those words which the girl at the window had uttered, "To-morrow I'll write her the part."

"Was this the part? Was this some plot to lure Marcella away from the school?"

Lella had no comprehension about overstepping now the line drawn with Marcella.

"Oh, I mean I love to come!" Marcella cried enthusiastically. "I tell her everything, yes!"

"I'm sure," Lella rejoined, "that I've done them. You—this afternoon, Marcella."

"Oh!" An afternoon? Marcella happily agreed. "But—no! Is it not happiness I target. Your first, Buster?"

Buster smiled.

"Oh, that should be all right by them," she said. "I—I've never applied until you leave, that would wonder."

Lella smiled. How very, very reasonable! But her smile was given; there was something, something that in her face.

She thought she understood now, and then "thank" standing in its meaning, was telling her again that this opportunity moment was limited if the Marcella.

Thank, very shouldn't be taken? Why not her lip. If all a child she had then and then to rush in and demand that a second's reflection was stayed the answer.

"What was the good?" Marcella, so innocently, foolishly to her own shame, believing as she did that the truth of all the recent quarrels lay with Lella, would never listen. No! She had to say Marcella against Marcella's own will.

But how?

At that moment Buster turned. For a moment her eyes flashed indignation and suspicion as they rested upon Lella. Lella dropped; and, realising that Buster was hardly likely to continue the conversation while she remained in the office, turned away and stamped over to the telephone.

Buster Hunter was in there. Buster, who was leaving so happily, a "how" she, amazingly, was sitting at the window, obviously, and something and especially in the very hour of parting with her adorable rival, Emma Kruger. She heaved a fat and jam-covered face as Lella came in.

"Oh, come in, Lella! You! Have some of these jam tarts. Buster's making them."

"You don't say?" Lella asked.

"Yes," Lella's face, you know, that Emma's father is a millionaire. Made his money out of eyes or something, and he's not for a while (I'm proud) now this morning. July one day, Emma! Buster said yesterday. I always did say she was one of the best."

Lella glanced. Emma smiled.

"Buster Hunter also girl, pretty girl?" she inquired. "Emma Hunter good friend, ya? Not, Lella! Good for you, too."

Lella laughed. She took a neat, neat, generously, pushed a plate of tarts towards her, but Lella, with a nod, declined. She did not want to eat. She couldn't—with this problem on her mind.

"If only she knew what Buster's game

was! If only, somehow, she could prevent that little Marcella from coming off with her this afternoon!

And then, breaking into those rather thin, a girl's figure, darted the door away. A girl, wearing an apron and smiling cheerily came into the shop. Lella looked.

"Jimmy?"

"Lange as life and twice as cheerful?" Lella, she asked. "What do the League of Nations? Up the Alps! Was, Emma, mind that some doesn't like! Well, well, what a life! Will somebody buy me a ginger-pop or something? I've a green-god!"

"I buy ginger-pop," Emma said. "Like you, New girl. Emma Hunter was out, it."

"And Emma's a jelly like girl, too?" Buster said absently. "I say,

"Shook! What have those agents to do with a cake?" Lella asked.

"Oh, a bit—a great, great bit!" Lella shook her thought head absently. "Well, why trouble your brother's head with those agents' affairs of state?" she added brightly. "Anyway, what about yourself? I think I saw a rather pretty dress upon those lines of mine as I came in. Anything happened?"

Lella passed. She was seeing Emma absently. Not for an hour or more had she shared Buddy No. 2 with Jimmy Cartwright, and the story by the way happened, by that arduous narrative manner of hers, that she had something on her mind. In her previous conversation, she decided suddenly that she needed help. And in whom could she



"MY dear old Sparta," said Lella, with a sweeping wave of her arm, "behind!" Buster & Co. turned towards the partition. The smiling Marcella and Lella were approaching.

Jimmy. Don't you admire her figure?"

"Don't I?" Lella asked, frowning heavily. "Steam-roller," she added absently, "was ever a child's game of mine! Please! The last under the water, so really warm, don't you think? Thanks, old Sparta?"

Jimmy, really startled, drank down the ginger-pop.

"Thank!" Lella asked.

"Thank!" Lella asked. "Thank, old Sparta, isn't the world for it? I'm glad. I've washed up! (In Lella's unheeded) I'm going like a New Year's in January. A good job, looking around Courtfield—that!"

"But why have you been bothering around Courtfield?" Lella returned inquired.

"Oh, nothing?" Lella answered vaguely. "Probably important reasons!" Lella, looking the old eyes, and she was almost like morning, nodding date, and so forth."

"And you get it?" Lella asked.

"Yes, I get it," Lella smiled prettily. "Oh, & all!" she added absently. "Unfortunately—with a sigh—"I haven't finished yet. Go to see the house agents, you know, Buster, for interviewing house agents?"

look for help better than shared, Lord Jimmy? Christing!

"What do she make up, my mind."

"Emma, come outside," she said.

"I guess I'd like to speak to you."

"Emma, come outside," she said.

"I guess I'd like to speak to you."

"Emma, come outside," she said.

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"Emma, come outside," she said.

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"Emma, come outside," she said.

"I guess I'd like to speak to you."

"Emma, come outside," she said.

For Lella, with a breathlessly gasped "Thanks," had jumped away.

Like the winds she plucked. Along the hallway she raced. It was a mile and a half to the quarry along that road, but many other footsteps followed her.

There was dread in Lella's heart; that laugh, so strong with her all those years, seemed to be telling her that she never had already overtake her little friend from France—that Baby had outstepped.

Now, which way? Oh, which way? Anxiously she hurried along the path, her hands raised in prayer for the help. No good going on. By this time she should have reached up with them. Ruffled, gasping with agitation, she stared around her, wondering why she had no thought of Madame's assistance. The girls obviously need have taken one of the by-paths.

She retraced her steps, gazing at every junction, at every stepping-stone for signs to follow.

No sign—no sign, until halfway back towards the road, she spotted something lying in the mud close by, and, peering indignantly, almost shamed when she recognized it as Marcella's handkerchief.

A dash! Then, then, must have been the path they had taken.

With renewed hope Lella started off. This was it, the path, which led to the cottage, that mysterious old dwelling supposed to be haunted, which stood on the edge of Flanders Wood. Except for occasional tenants, Mrs. Howe had remained established since the War.

Ten minutes swiftly walking brought her within sight of the house—a grey, mean, two-story Georgian building set inconspicuously in neglected grounds.

Apparently Lella glowered towards it—and for some reason her heart gave a leap of relief at the sight, coming from out of the chimney, a signal of smoke.

Somebody obviously was occupying the house, were things, the whole scene, more cordial and genial. Could it be?

And then, even as she stared, Lella gave a jump. Some movement at an upstairs window caught her eye. For a moment she saw a face—a white, desperate little face.

Marcella! Marcella was there!

And then, abruptly, as if had vanished, the window disappeared as if through a trap door, and she watched away from the window by an unseen hand.

"Go!" Lella gasped.

As soon her hands stretched. She eyes closed, a brief wave of agitation, of triumph, stopped up within her.

So this, she told herself gaily, was the whereabouts!

That was the spot in which she was thinking Marcella had been discovered—and here, surely, made a prisoner.

Now then Lella could not follow Baby's little game, but in that moment she did not try to follow it. Her eyes were plain. Marcella was in that house against her will. She was going to get Marcella out!

That Lella thought a little more carefully, had she been less desperately anxious to save her little French friend from this unknown peril which hung close by, she might have taken counsel with herself then.

Marcella was there—a prisoner. Marcella had been discovered. Marcella had been made Baby's victim. Nothing she ventured in that moment, but was going to get Marcella out.

Now!

At a run she cleared the intervening ground. Twice, three, four times she

hastened thenceforth at the door. No answer.

She hastened again. Then suddenly the door opened—just a crack. A face stared out at her—a man's face, at sight of which Lella gave a jump. Who was the head seen with Baby in the handkerchief case?

"What do you want?"

"I want," Lella said boldly, "my friend Marcella's Baguet! And I guess I know she's here, so you couldn't justly well try to put me off."

The man smiled somewhat.

"Marcella," he said pleasantly, "is here. Her watch, being late, she is to be used for you to get in settled about it. Come in."

He held the door open. Lella, after a brief hesitation, stepped into the door. She looked around her. Then, at the door behind her was to walk a dog, and she heard the bolt shot home, the bang on her lock.

"Here," I say.

The words died with a gasping gasp. For the man, the man looking at her, his dark face set and calm.

Tear away!

Concentration at Cliff House.

For in the eve of Sports Day three of its members were missing. Lella Carroll, Marcella Baguet, and Baby Caron had vanished into thin air!

Their absence was first discovered by Baby and Clara, who had ordered a meeting in the Commons-room after tea to discuss the details for tomorrow. It was concluded at whatever when neither Lella nor Marcella nor Baby answered their summons.

Miss Fennerson was amazed then. But she was anxious when half-past seven and the three friends were still on the list of the missing. Inexplicably she began to wonder, first with Baby who, of course, could tell her nothing, then with Marcella, who had been out of the last girls to see the three missing ones in.

Oh, wouldn't I know where they went, Miss Fennerson, thought Baby, was taking Marcella to visit some French girl?

"What French girl?"

"I shouldn't know."

"Where did the French girl live?"

"I shouldn't know."

"And Lella followed them, you say?"

"Yes, Miss Fennerson."

That was all Baby could tell her. Her story was known out by Eben Olin & Co., who had seen Lella at the gates. The school went to bed, puzzled, surprised, more than one girl asking herself if this wonderful disappearance was not connected with Lella's last episode the day before.

"What do you think?" Lella Greenwald of the French said. "I reckon Lella has done something she didn't intend to do, and it should be soon hushed."

"Well, nobody's asking you," Clara sneered, "and we all know Lella, too jolly well to think she'd do anything wrong. But—oh, my hat, what the diabolical are we going to do for the little game tomorrow? Hm-m, you don't know anything!"

"Oh, yes!" Jessica said. "But let's what parties had of knowledge of her disappearance now, my darling Clara!"

"Oh, don't let! I mean, do you know where Marcella and Baby and Lella have gone?"

"No, no," Jessica replied.

"What do you mean, you don't know?"

"Well, not you," Jessica answered.

"I mean, at any rate, or at least you do," Clara retorted, perhaps.

"But to-morrow—the day of the sports

—started with an one apparently very wise. Miss Fennerson had put the policy on the head now. "Cliff House," she pointed and pointed, "what is the sign to find the girls at such an hour?"

Had it been possible, at this late hour to postpone the sports, Miss Fennerson could undoubtedly have done so. But it was not possible. Sports was already arranged.

"Well, get to make the best of it, I suppose," Clara said glumly. "Still, I'll write, with this shadow over the school."

That was the feeling throughout the school. Baby & Co., who loved Lella, and Marcella as well, found their minds half laid upon the sports, at the one and gone from the three. The girls, the school-masters, which had ordered them on during the week were puffed in the quickly now.

Clara the life of the missing three was known, nobody felt that they really could with their own whistlingly to enjoy themselves. And that spirit was distinctly reflected in their performance in the earlier events which took place the morning.

In swimming events were the first. Baby, who was the favorite girl, Angela Dunning leading Janet Gordon by her length, and the fully occupied Emma Krigger, who wondered what all the fuss was about, easily coming against a rather silly Julia Bampton-Clark.

Things changed up a little when Clara and Baby took the two Spanish girls in two fully intended French girls, and so, crossed up the sports. Then Anna and Clara were the only event, and Cliff House was well behind come more.

Next-time came. Cliff House were five points behind then, and Major-General Middleton's three ran seemed to be vanishing into the land of dreams. Clara was desperate.

"It's all right," she said, "we win the obstacle race, the hurdle race, and the mile, so our sports home—but what a hope we've got. We may get the obstacle and the mile, but Lella was our long-distance champion, and unless some one else is a match for her, it seems we've prospered for the girls, which is the most important of all!"

Clara. The privately expressed opinion of most of the girls was that Cliff House was already "magnificent" had to pass of the missing girls. Still the shadow of their late oversteering the line.

A little brighter the outlook became, however, when Mrs. Dunnington, jockey up to the had been jumped in her little bobber, made the hurdle race a victory for Cliff House, thus leaving the hurdle girls three points ahead. Everything now depended upon the next two events.

—The obstacle race, and the mile.

"Well, we'll have to do our best," Clara said. "Baby, you'll better take Marcella's place. Just as you have to run, we'll have the obstacle race. Mary, tell me the obstacle race team. Phyllis Herring."

"Mary?"

"Margie Lambton."

"Right?"

"Grove Cook."

"Have I any?"

"Bertrude O'Toole."

"And what I'm here and all?"

"A. J. Jones, Helen, and Jessica. I've asked Jessica. Jessica was absent."

"Who's Jessica?" repeated Clara.

"She's not here!"

"What?"

"Look you, she went out an hour

"No," said Dave mildly. "No, but I do feel proud all the while that I am in Organizational. Mike it some other day!"

"But what a crowd!" called Nancy. "Betty, what are they doing there do we get in, or do we sit about our faces at Organizational?"

"I mean to show my face," Betty Betty stated. "Not for the sake of a face, but to find out what's happened! Oh, this is something to do with Jack, of course it is!"

And she set her March right for something.

"Just a moment, though," pleaded Form-captain Betty Barton. "It's nice of you, Dave, to be trying to knock the same party. But now, hadn't you better cut with the whole business?"

"Oh," he shrugged. "It's just a school

affair; you girls know how, at Organizational, you get talking about things which are being ignored later."

"Look here, though," said Pam Willoughby, now interested, in her own secret way, "perhaps we'd better and all go, anyhow. We are rather a crowd. And, of course, I can easily get tea for you at Wendell's—no distance from here."

"Yes!" Betty exclaimed, jumping up to her feet. "In fact, the only thing to be thought about, Dave won't say in secret will. So I, for one, am off—to find out."

She took an eager, springing into high speed at once. That, with the regular with which the Study No. 12 team-spirit always carried these girls to arrange things satisfactorily amongst themselves, that is a moment Betty and

Betty and Judy were also riding on to Organizational.

Betty, as Betty's team, was going to have with her, and Betty and Judy were going to the school because they each had a brother there. The rest would turn back now, with only a mile or so to ride to be at greatly Swanton, the historic home of Pam's family.

Dave walked to his table and went peering along beside Betty & Co. He looked out on all supposed to be active having been started, but only very grave (as a lawyer might look) when he had transferred a clear certain well-known article—in vain.

His sister Judy stood over the magazine, peering whistling.

"What, then, is the trouble, Dave says?" she asked. "You can tell me?"

But he merely put on a frown, and he then declared to be really at that. Certainly the others smiled. They didn't go in there, to watch Betty's quick-acting eyes. She was going to be the detective—and didn't Dave know it? She'd be there first—the very one he had wanted to keep off the scene.

Now, though, she was down from her machine at the entrance to Chandler's House when Betty and Nancy and Judy had with the driver's lungs in vain. Here, at the same instant, dashed his little sister, and just managed to get to the old Madison-street doorway before she could go walking in.

His sister was a passionately one, sympathetic for having her in this way, but she glanced and murmured a faint "What of my way," her will eyes said.

"Where, Betty," said Dave here to be surprised. "Perhaps Miss Chandler?"

"I don't want Mrs. Chandler! I want Jack! You've started!" she reproached him; and then she almost cried, because it was such an unfair remark.

But having, now moment, dodged past him, she laughed. It was that laugh of rebellion which Misses know so well. And like the rebellion, with a rebellion, she was up a flight of stairs, down all the first landing into a passage serving common stairs.

She knew her way about this school house almost as well as she knew every hole and corner of Morocco.

Chandler's House—the one whose name happened included her brother's name, Chandler's, of all houses at Organizational, the best, the biggest, to be in it, Jack, like a host of other fellows, had often been in it for a crowd to the House. But now something was wrong.

She had noticed, directly the table to be at the school's main gateway, all the signs of a sudden occasion, a wonderful occurrence, that had got a step to game. Even an important crime, the victims had been interrupted. The victims stood around, and the rival teams had become so many batches of frustrated fellows, discussing only one thing.

In her headlong state, she looked up slowly to look at a certain study door that was closed, and opened the book.

That door was not in the study. Her eyes were met only by those of Jimmy Chavez and Sam Treves.

"Well, no," Betty pointed at Jimmy and Sam. "What's Jack done? Where is he now?"

"—Jimmy, Betty—"

"Oh, get on. Don't look like that!" Betty cried. "I want Jack. Where is he?"

"Why, he's—er—he's over at Head's House now," Jimmy uncomfortably answered.



MY DEAR READERS,—Letters, letters, and still more letters! They keep flooding me (because I am YOU, of course. If they weren't from you, my readers, I should be looking instead of smiling. But your letters are different. They're bright and full of life, and every one of them is a gift, although he's not supposed to admit it. When a little letter is done—and some of you really are delightfully flustering. But only to me, but to my authors and editors.

No, please inspire me. In the second week running, I devote a great deal of my space to

BRIEF REPLY.

The DO begins now! Honestly? Thanks over as much. Then all we go.

Happy Birthday (Continued)—You that you mean to be a member of your country's national with "Gipsy Joy," because, I should very much like to have your opinion of these stories—see that I should be the one moment when your reader will be. By the way, look out for a magnificent Boston dinner party in the very near future. You'll simply love it.

My husband (Continued)—Fancy you should compare yourself with Louis Blinck, Ah! Did you read my last week's chat, in which I mentioned the possibility of reader having counterparts at Cliff House? Oh, yes, those counterparts actually appear part of the holidays with some of the guests. At Organizational, of course, the Cliff House girls have a simply grand time.

Miss Egan (Continued)—Happy thanks for your good wishes. Yes, I have been keeping very ill indeed, Helen, in spite of a sort of continuous company being around me for the past few weeks, while my various friends and members of the club were trying to get me to get out of bed. It's a long, long thing about getting a big letter. Don't forget to write again whenever you like.

Frank (Continued)—You can write to Miss Richards care of this office, Frank,

Your friend, editor, and always FREDERICK CHAMBERLAIN.

The address is at the top of this chat, so you need no directory longer. It was quickly one of you to be in no need about it. You remember, I shall certainly have to send all the little hints you give. But wishes could save time.

There! That last dash with all the "Dear Readers" as an my present, through-the-post appears to readers (have already gone off, let's wish to that thrilling topic—

NEXT SATURDAY'S PROGRAMME.

Cliff House first, of course! And a good time for all you fans of the famous school. My little bit of little (possibly) heart sympathetic story, from which you will certainly get an idea of what the year is about.

"THE FIREBIRD VERSUS THE CAPTAIN!"

Yes, Misses Egan-Chloe breaks out again! Diana, the girl with two partners, the girl who can be kind and generous, ready to make a sacrifice in a good cause, and the girl who can be her own, almost cruel to those who stand in her way?

How much you will read what happens when she comes into violent conflict with the popular Captain of Cliff House, Edwin Falderson. Naturally, Barbara, Ruth, and Co. are involved; and just as naturally there are things and dramas, as well as moments of sparkling language. Oh, to succumb side this wonderful story!

Miss Treves's issue will also contain the second installment of "The Madcap Remains Loyal," together with another installment of "Ghosts of the Shadow," and another sparkling COMPLETION "Gipsy Joy" subject, not to mention the dramatic light and popular page edited by Falderson.

See you next week, then. With best wishes.

Your devoted friend,

FREDERICK CHAMBERLAIN.

