

A MORCOVE MAGAZINE NUMBER!

# The Schoolgirl's Own 2<sup>d</sup>



WAS HER SECRET  
KNOWN?

(A dramatic moment in this week's  
fine long complete Morcove story.)

A really splendid complete Morcove story featuring Grace Garfield and—



# HER GUILTY SECRET!

By  
MARJORIE  
STANTON.



*Having enjoyed the mistakenly bestowed fortune for so long, Grace Garfield feels she cannot give it up now, even for her best chum. So she resolves to keep it and say nothing. But what happens when Daphne Cranford, the girl whose gratitude has been responsible for her receiving it, comes to Morcove?*

### Something New for Morcove!

BETTY BARTON, with the telephone receiver at her ear, was getting impatient for an answer to her call.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, there! Is that Stormwood School? The what? No, I don't want the Barncombe Parish Council! I asked for— Hallo? Stormwood School? Oh, at last!"

And Betty proceeded to ask for a certain girl who was the Fourth Form captain at Stormwood.

After a minute's wait, the talk could be resumed, and Betty came out with a rather rueful announcement.

"So sorry about that hockey match fixed for to-morrow! We shan't be able to get over to Stormwood. One of our girls is out of sorts, and they don't know what it is, as yet. So we others have got to keep to ourselves, in case we've got it, too!"

It appeared to amuse Betty greatly. She was laughing as she listened to condoling remarks from the Stormwood scholar at the other end of the wire.

"Oh, it won't be as bad as that, let's hope! And, anyhow, being in quarantine is always great fun, isn't it? You've had some—yes, I remember! Well, bye-bye! Some other time!"

Betty rang off, then ran round to the main stairs, which she mounted two at a time. There was certainly nothing about the captain of the Fourth Form at Morcove, to-day, to suggest that she was going to "crook up."

Except, indeed, for Dolly Delane—the one girl who had manifested rather disquieting symptoms

yesterday, causing her to be sent over to the san.—the Form was quite its usual boisterous self.

In haste to rejoin some of her best chums, Betty scampered down the Fourth Form corridor to Study 12.

In this popular rendezvous were four or five girls, all in full enjoyment of the decree which had just gone forth—namely, that the Fourth Form would not attend classes for the present.

Betty was received with a loud cheer by Polly, perched on the edge of the table.

"I've let them know, at Stormwood," stated Betty blithely. "And now, what are we going to do with ourselves for the afternoon? Miss Redgrave is a sport, not to have dealt out lessons to be done in the studies. We may be about as much as we like, in the grounds, so long as we don't mix with the rest of the school."

"Do we ever mix with mere Fifth-Formers?" Polly exclaimed, putting up her chin. "As for the seniors, we scorn them! Well, out-of-doors it is," she cried, hopping down from the table-edge. "Betty, you shall march us round for healthy exercise, two and two!"

"With a band," suggested Helen Craig. "There's the ukulele that someone bought for a lark. We might have that?"

"That's the idea," chuckled Polly. "Grand march past of the Morcove Quarantines. There'll be some faces at the Fifth and Sixth classroom windows. There'll be some sighs of envy!"

Then, as the study door opened, to let in Paula Creel, the madcap offered a derisive comment on that girl's doleful expression.

"Hallo, still up and about? Not gone into the san, yet, Paula?"

"Ah!" said Paula, "it's all vewy weal, geals. I know you wegard me as a dweadful fidget. But in the last few minutes I have developed swtango symptoms."

"Our consulting hours are six to eight in the evening," Polly said, in a professional tone. "Call round then—"

"Fwivolous cweature. Don't you wealise!" protested Paula dismally. "Look at me. Do I look qwite wight?"

"No, you don't," conceded Polly, after considering Paula for a moment. "But, then, darling, you never do. However, sit down, Paula." The elegant one was nothing loath to do that.

She collapsed into the easy-chair and lay back, sighing.

"And now, where's the pain?" asked Polly.

"There's no pain, you frivolous geal. It's my nerves, yes, wather!"

"Oh! You feel trembly, do you?"

"Dweadfully trembly!"

Polly, pretending to turn in great concern to the other girls, winked at them, unobserved by Paula.

"Bad sign, Paula!"

"Yes, wather. Geals, geals, I am vewy much afraid I'm in for it. I shall be the next."

"What! You think you've caught it—"

"I'm thoughwighly convinced I have!"

"Then what I'd like to know is," suddenly stormed Polly, starting to rout the self-supposed invalid out of the chair, "what do you mean by coming here to give it to us? You—"

"Ow!"

"Get up—"

"Polly! Dwp it, Polly! I'm sowwy! I didn't wealise that my case was so sewious! I'll go away. Yes, wather, geals, and if I pewish—"

"Say not so!" Polly implored, pretending to burst into tears, "No, no, do not leave us, Paula!"

"All wight then, I won't!" And Paula, greatly touched, promptly resumed the easy-chair. "That's bettah, yes, wather. Bai Jove, let me only remain here all the afternoon and I weally think I shad wecover—"

"In time for tea, eh?" smiled Betty. "Talking of that, it would be a good idea for us to get in extra supplies, in case we are ordered to keep to our studies for several days."

"But isn't it rather too late to talk of that?" demurred Tess Trelawney. "The whole Form is to keep in bounds, so there can be no popping into Barncombe. We must not mix with the other Forms, so we can't ask one of the seniors to shop for us."

"Dweadful, dweadful," lamented Paula, putting away her pocket-mirror, after looking at her tongue. "I am afraid, geals, we are in for a time of great pwtivation. I would have liked a weam bun for tea. I think a weam bun would have heaped to wawd off illness. The thing is," she reasoned; "the weat thing is, not to get wun down, what?"

"I tell you what!"

That was Polly, suddenly smitten with an inspiration.

"Betty, you run down and give an order to the Creamery, over the 'phone, whilst there's still time! But we'll find some of the other girls, first, and get them to add their orders to ours!"

"Excellent," declared Betty. "The Form must, and shall, be fed! Never say die."

Whipping open the door, she gave a high-spirited call that instantly brought a dozen more girls away from their studies. In a few moments, the entire Form was holding a discussion on ways and means of enjoying its quarantine. The only noticeable absentee was Cora Grandways, and she never was expected to enter into what the other girls were doing.

The idea of seeing after private larders, before it should be too late, caught on. There was such a general desire to lay in stores that at last Betty had to get pencil and paper and list out the numerous orders.

One or two girls were "spent up," but they had only to admit their temporary financial embarrassment to be offered help. Grace Garfield, the girl who had lately come into a fortune of five thousand

pounds, was more than willing to lend money. She was quite eager to do any less fortunate girl a friendly turn, in an unostentatious manner very pleasing to the Form.

"You're a brick, Grace," Betty remarked. "And between us we have made up a big enough order, I would say, for the Creamery people to send out a special van! Half a sec., whilst I add it up!"

The Form captain was not accorded perfect silence for her bit of arithmetic. With such excitable spirits as Polly Linton and Naomer Nakara about, that would have been expecting too much. At last, however, Betty got the sum total right.

"One pound twelve shillings and eightpence, girls! We'll settle up afterwards. The thing is to get the order put through—"

"Ooo, yes, queek—queek!"

"Tout-de-suite!" cried Trixie Hope, that fad-dist for mingling scraps of French with her talk.

"We want the things to-day—"

"This afternoon—"

"Yes, wather! Bai Jove," murmured Paula, wandering back into Study 12, to recline in the easy-chair again, "even the thought of weam buns has had a wecupewative effect. I was feeling so—Wowp! Naomer—"

"Ha, ha, ha," pealed the impish one, landing heavily on Paula's lap, to start pummeling her. "Eet such a good joke, that we not have to work!"

By this time, Betty was off at a run to do tao telephoning. Just as she reached the stairs, another girl overtook her, calling to her to stop.

It was Grace Garfield.

"Do something for me, will you, Betty?" the



### THE FIFTH FEELS "SYMPATHETIC!"

"You poor things," cried the Fifth-formers. "Cooped up like a lot of day-old chicks!"

"Wouldn't you like to be us?" retorted the Fourth.

"No classes, no prep. Hurrah!"

new-rich girl entreated quietly. "When the bill comes for the Creamery order, let me pay it!"

"All of it? Grace—"

"I'd like to, yes, really," pleaded that girl. "Only, I don't want a fuss made. You know that I—I hate to appear as if I wanted to show off. Yet I can afford to stand treat, as you know."

"Oh, well—we'll see," laughed Betty, as she sped on downstairs.

Grace was perhaps right in taking that answer to mean that she would be allowed to have her own way. Yet, as she stood just where Betty had left her, quite alone for the moment, she did not look exactly happy. And no wonder.

This desire to "treat" the Form did not arise solely from generosity. It was largely to ease her own guilty conscience that she was doing it. Generous? If she wished to be just, before she was generous, why did she not own up that the entire windfall of five thousand pounds should never have come to her?

But Grace Garfield had found out only too well, in the last few weeks, that it was one thing to be free with the money, and quite another thing to be able to renounce the whole of it!

Slowly she turned to go back along the Fourth Form corridor, with a great longing to be alone. She entered her study and closed the door.

The only other girl who had the use of this study was the one now isolated in the san.—Dolly Delane. Whether that girl was going to be taken ill or not with some infectious malady was greatly concerning Grace Garfield.

She did not want Dolly Delane to be laid up. At the same time, in her present guilty frame of mind about the fortune, she realised that illness in the school might mean her own escape from being found out.

At Morcove, as at all big boarding-schools, there was the greatest care taken whenever a scholar seemed to be down with a catching illness. Girls who had been in contact with the patient were kept under strict observation, themselves more or less isolated. Visitors were not allowed—a rigid rule which Grace had good reason to bear in mind at present.

For, if only the present "scare" should continue, it would mean that certain people, whose projected visit to the school meant her own utter undoing, would not be allowed to come to Morcove.

Or, if they did turn up at the school, they would not be allowed to see her!

From her frock pocket she drew out a folded sheet of flimsy paper. Smoothing it open, she read the cablegram that it was—one that had come for her yesterday:

"PASSAGES BOOKED FOR LIVERPOOL; HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON.—DAPHNE CRANFORD."

There it was; a cablegram from New York, saying that the Cranfords were coming to England. For all she could tell, they might even be sailing in the course of the next day or two.

A week from to-day might easily find them in England—able to motor down to Morcove with all the speed which wealth and leisure confer. And the moment she, Grace, stood in their presence; the moment Daphne Cranford stood face to face with her—all would be over!

It would be known, then, that Daphne Cranford had made a mistake in asking her father to reward Grace Garfield, of Morcove School, as being the

girl who had saved her, Daphne, from a runaway horse, last summer.

It would be known that it should have been Dolly Delane's joy to receive the great, if belated, reward. For it was Dolly who had performed the heroic deed. Daphne Cranford had made a mistake about it all, because her faulty memory had confused the names.

Suddenly, Grace tore the cablegram to pieces, casting the scraps into the wastepaper basket. She was tired of re-reading a message that was so frightening, so exasperating.

It was a maddening thing to her that she had stood such a good chance of retaining the windfall, except for the one risk of the Cranfords coming to England. And they were coming!

This scare in the school, however—was that, perhaps, going to save her from being found out?

If only—oh, if only the position could be such that the Cranfords never got a sight of her! But it was expecting too much.

"Sooner or later, it must all come out!" she sighed miserably to herself, drifting about the study. "Then why don't I own up? But I can't—no, not now. I've gone on too long. And, besides—oh, it's more than I can do; I feel I must keep the money as long as I can!"

And now—hark! She suddenly faced towards the door, listening to some girl rushing by in the passage, as if the bearer of exciting news. It must be Betty—with some fresh development to report, perhaps concerning Dolly Delane?

Grace Garfield strode to her door, whipped it open, and hurried down the passage to where Betty had breathlessly rejoined many of the other girls. There was great excitement. Everybody seemed to be talking at once, whilst looks were a mixture of alarm and merriment.

"Do you hear, Grace? Heard the latest?" cried Polly, as the new-rich girl came amongst them all. "Cora's another case for the isolation ward!"

"Cora Grandways?"

"She's just this minute been sent across, after going to the matron," Betty repeated the news. "And Miss Redgrave says that we girls of the Fourth must now make our quarters in the san., to safeguard the rest of the school."

"Dreadful, dreadful," groaned Paula. "Oh, gads, I do feel bad!"

"But what a scream!" was Polly's joyous opinion. "How lovely! Over in the san., all on our own—we shall have a fine time! No lessons, and you know what a lovely place it is!"

"Goo, yes, queek, queek!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, whether we like it or not, we've got to go!" laughed Betty. "And here comes Miss Redgrave herself—she doesn't look so very scared, so things can't be so bad after all!"

#### What Fun It Is!

**B**ETTY BARTON had said aright: The Form-mistress, as she came towards the crowd of scholars congregated in the passage, looked as if the latest development was rather amusing her.

"Has Betty told you?" she began, and Paula groaned:

"Yes, wather!"

"You girls musn't pull long faces over it—"

"Oh, we are not going to!" declared Polly, with a broad enough smile. "When do we go, Miss Redgrave?"

"Why, at once," was the answer that quite delighted all except Paula. "Cora Grandways went to matron just now, and was found to be

very off colour—the same symptoms as Dolly's. So Cora has been sent across to join Dolly. You girls, having been in contact—

"Yes, wather! That's the distwessing thing," sighed Paula. "I don't want to be laid up. I stwongly object! I know we shall be given gwuel!"

Miss Redgrave laughed along with the others.

"Nothing of the sort, Paula! You are going to have a nice-lazy time, if you ask me! Nothing to do but amuse yourselves, in a nice, spacious part of the san., right away from the sick-room. You can be out of doors as much as you like. It is simply a case of keeping apart from the rest of the school, just in case."

"Hooray," cheered Polly. "Hard luck on the other Forms. They haven't got it; we have!"

"We don't know that anyone has got it yet," Miss Redgrave corrected the madcap, with a smile. "We are only being cautious. Even Dolly and Cora may have got nothing after all."

She added, in her usual chummy way of giving orders:

"Just collect any belongings that you think you may need, and get across to the san. You'll find all in readiness for your comfort."

And so they did.

Polly and Naomer were two of the first to descend upon the san. As an advance party in very elated mood, they expressed their delight emphatically.

There was a sunny veranda to the day-room which the Form would be occupying, and Polly and Naomer were already stationed there when other girls came struggling across from the school-house, laden with private possessions.

"Where's your piano, Madge?" the madcap hailed the music-mad member of the Form. "You'll never exist without that!"

"We've got the ukulele, anyhow," responded Madge, with her sober smile. "I'll twang for you this evening, if you others want a dance."

Into the spacious, airy building swarmed the girls, to arrive out of breath at the upper floor.

"Jolly!"

"Spiffing! I say, this is better than an afternoon in class!" declared Helen Craig, sauntering out on to the veranda. "We're in clover."

"Look at Paula—ha, ha, ha! Give her a cheer!" said Polly.

The elegant one could be seen making for the san., trying to carry twice as much as any of the other girls had brought with them. Now and then she rested, and took out her mirror, to put her hair to rights and also look at her tongue. Then she would labour on again, loudly cheered by her chums.

"Bai Jove, that's bettah!" she gasped, when at last she could dump her load in the day-room. "It has been a great stwain, geals. I twust there will be no distwous results, but I feel extwemely shaky."

"What's all this rubbish?" asked Polly, walking round the dump.

"Wubbish? I've got some of my best fwocks theah!" was the indignant reply. "And a couple of dressng-gowns—yes, wather! And a hot-water bottle. Why gwin?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You geals," sighed Paula, "you'd like to see me join Dolly and Corwa, I know you would. Heartless cweatures! Howevah, I don't choose to vun winks for your amusement. No easy-chairs?" she commented, glancing round. "Dweadful, dweadful!"

"There are deck-chairs for the veranda. What more do you want?" chuckled Tess.

"Oui, oui—volla!" was Trixie's merry way of saying "Look here!" as she snatched a light deck-chair from a pile, unfolded it, and smartly sat down.

Paula looked less discontented. She, too, helped herself to a deck-chair, and took it to a sunny corner of the veranda. Then she sat down—and the chair went flat!

"Healp!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Duffer! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't gwin!" squealed Paula, struggling up. "Fancy pwovidng cheahs that have an exaspwating way of— Heah, healp!" she suddenly appealed. "Geals—geals, I can't extwicate myself! Healp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Some of the girls had to hold their sides whilst Naomer and Polly more or less "helped." Paula to free an imprisoned foot from the intricacies of the folding chair. Nor did the fun end there.

For an hour and more the Form revelled in the joke that it was of setting down "in quarantine." Matron and Miss Redgrave had come across to take charge, and these two were not the sort to put any check on harmless fun. They were far too sporting.

So the Form just did pretty much as it pleased, taking full advantage of the special licence which "quarantine" conferred.

When the rest of the school came out of afternoon classes the lawns in front of the san. became thick with crowds of seniors and other scholars, whilst the "lucky" Fourth thronged the porch.

There was a certain distance which the free scholars had to keep, and so the give-and-take of remarks was carried on in very loud tones. The Fourth Form was derisively pitied, and it spiritedly retorted that the rest of the school was jealous—as, indeed, it was!

"You poor things!" yelled some of the Fifth. "Cooped up like a lot of day-old chicks!"

"Wouldn't you like to be us? Ha, ha!" retorted Betty & Co. "No classes, no prep! Hurrah!"

"What are they feeding you on?" sympathised the Fifth. "Barley water? Ugh!"

"We are to have everything we want!"

"Anyhow, you'll soon get fed up!"

"Shall we? Jealous—boo!"

At this point the vociferous cries and counter-cries became so mixed up that Miss Massingham, the Fifth Form mistress, came across from the schoolhouse to order her girls to disperse. Betty & Co., having by this time ascended to the upstairs veranda, cheered, as having won a victory. They had the last word, anyhow! And when that had been yelled after the retiring Fifth the ukulele could be heard, thrummed loudly by Polly.

"Here you are, Madge!" cried the madcap. "You take it on, and give us a tune!"

So Madge, certainly a better musician than Polly, began to extract strains that at least had a touch of melody in them. But sweeter far than the ukulele music, to the ear of Paula Creel, was the welcome sound of tea-things, jingling on the trays.

"That's bettah!" beamed Paula, as she sat basking in the sunshine on the veranda. "So long as they feed us well and keep our stwength up, we may stwuggle through!"

"Have this cushion, dear," said rascally Polly, coming up to put it behind Paula's neat head. "Good gracious, how hot your head is!"

As Paula had been receiving the spring sunshine

upon her head, this was not surprising. But she took alarm.

"What! Good gracious, Polly—"

"Keep still! Don't excite yourself!"

"But—but—" palpitated the duffer, whilst Polly still felt with both hands. "I say, is that a symptom?"

"Brain fever—"

"Ow! Polly, dear, don't say so! Geals—geals, I do feel so ill!" fairly howled the duffer. "My sawferings are dreadful!"

"Could you drink a cup of tea?"

"Yes, wather!"

"But they don't give tea for brain fever, dear."

"That's all wight!" Paula exclaimed, cheering up desperately. "It can't be b'wain fever!"

"I don't see how it can be, very well," said the tesser, "as you've got no brains to begin with. Ha, ha, ha!"

At this instant there was a shout from Naomer. She pointed to the cause of her joyful excitement. The delivery-van of the Barncombe Creamery had just turned in at the main gateway.

"Stop him! Don't let him take our things to the schoolhouse!" several of the girls exclaimed together. "Hi, hi! This way!"

The van pulled up, but the driver was obviously feeling puzzled, so the girls yelled explicit instructions:

"Over here with the doings!"

"Yes, wather!"

"Ooo, yes; queek—queek!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The laugh went up as the driver gave a wave of the hand, showing that he had grasped the situation. Then there was further cheering as the van was steered in their direction.

Pulling up again near the san., the driver got down and engaged the scholars in talk. Possibly, had they been less impatient, he would have ended by handing in the goods at the door to matron. But the Form, enjoying the sense of being, as it were, marooned, preferred to rely upon its own resourcefulness.

There was a huge wash-basket in which some things had been brought across from the school-house. By tying the ends of some twisted sheets to each handle, the girls were able to lower this basket over the veranda railing.

The vanman entered into the joke. Another minute, and he had loaded the big basket with most of the Form's special order in the way of cakes and pastries.

"Haul away!" shouted Polly.

"Ooo, yes; queek—queek!"

Up came the basket, swaying wildly, whilst those girls on the veranda who were not helping to haul at least took a good share in the cheering.

Miss Redgrave came out on to the veranda, but, seeing what a harmless joke it was, she discreetly retired, leaving the girls to carry on. A second load was hauled up, and then the grinning vanman departed, enriched by a handsome "tip." All had found a copper or two to throw to him. Grace had made her "tip" a half-crown.

She was in the mood to be generous, feeling that things had taken a turn in her favour. Here she was with the rest of the Form, placed apart from others for at least several days. It was a chance, then—a chance of the Cranfords' visit to the school being frustrated!

Even if they came to Moreove on arrival in England, they would not be allowed to see her.

Most likely they would send word that they were coming, and then they would be told to defer their visit, as there was sickness.

That might only end in a putting-off of the day of disaster. On the other hand, they might leave England, to continue their travels on the Continent. People who were new-rich were just the ones to start globe-trotting!

In all this Grace found a reason for reckoning that, after all, she was to stand a very good chance of keeping the fortune. From being in utter panic, she swung the other way, and became rashly confident.

Her previous belief was revived. She was not to be found out, only to experience constant scares that must be endured as the price of her retaining the money.

By the end of the day it was known that both Dolly and Cora were down with a mild kind of fever which would render them patients in the san. for some time. And now the question was, how many other girls in the Fourth were going to be taken the same way?

The anxiety it meant to those in authority would never have been gauged by their looks. The head-mistress, Miss Redgrave, the matron, and others, all kept calm and cheerful. Not only did they encourage the quarantined girls to treat the affair as a joke. They themselves seemed to regard it as one.

But these were anxious, critical days indeed for Moreove School. Many a time must Miss Somerfield and her staff have felt devoutly thankful that, if the worst came to the worst, there was every means of coping with a real epidemic.

As for Grace Garfield, it was her secret relief to feel that the school's misfortune would be her amazing luck. If an epidemic came now, it would coincide with the Cranfords' arrival in England, so it was going to be all right!

But at the end of ten days Dolly and Cora were still the only victims, and both doing well. Betty and the rest, by this time thoroughly "fed up," went wild with joy when they were told that if they passed the doctor next time he came they would be free.

Then Grace felt her heart sinking again. It sank like a stone next morning, when the doctor's verdict was made known.

"Nothing the matter with any of you, my dears," he said, after the fateful inspection. "Let them all go out to play, Miss Somerfield! Let them go back into school to-morrow—with extra lessons for the lazy time they've had!"

"Hurrah! Hooray!"

The girls were so overjoyed they could not playfully hoot the doctor for having suggested extra lessons. For five minutes it was pandemonium in the san. Then the rest of the school began to realise that the Fourth Form was back in its midst; The place rang from end to end with the noise of the girls, just out of quarantine, charging back to their own old quarters.

Drooping under the blow to her desperate hope, Grace came into the schoolhouse last of all, walking alone. As she was crossing the entrance-hall, one of the parlourmaids approached.

"Nice to see you and the others back again, miss! And here's a telegram, just come for you."

Grace opened it with a tremulous hand.

"EXPECT ME THIS AFTERNOON," she read.

And the signature was—Daphne Cranford!

## Her Worst Fear Come True.

**B**LOW upon blow for the girl who had been hoping that all would yet go well!

In this, the very hour when she and the rest of the girls had been set free from quarantine, here was the news that Daphne Cranford was on her way to Morocco!

It was the end of everything—that was Grace Garfield's own despairing thought, the instant her eyes scanned the message.

She was defeated now. It was the very crash that she had rashly hoped to evade!

In a few hours she would have to stand face to face with Daphne Cranford.

The dramatic scene could be imagined in every detail. At first glance Daphne would realise that there had been some mistake. This was the girl who had been given the five thousand pounds? But it was the other girl, not this one, to whom the reward had been due!

the Form-mistress would yet authorise her to put Daphne Cranford off?

"Here is your Form-mistress," remarked Ellen, turning to go.

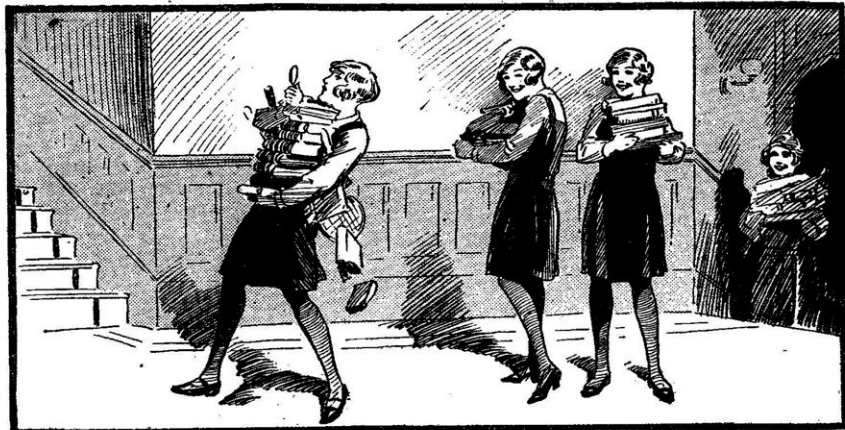
"Yes, Grace, what is it? Oh, a telegram!" exclaimed Miss Redgrave, and, taking it for granted that she was to read it, she relieved the secretly agitated girl of the flimsy missive.

"Daphne Cranford coming here this afternoon? That's the girl whose parents gave you the fortune, Grace? So they are in England, and she is coming to look you up?"

"Ye-yes, Miss Redgrave."

"How nice! I do think the Cranfords have behaved handsomely, Grace! I shall hope to speak with this Daphne. What a good job you are out of quarantine!"

"As to that," faltered Grace, trying to keep the anguish out of her voice, "I suppose it is—quite safe?"

**PAULA ARRIVES, PLUS LUGGAGE!**

twice as much as any of the others had brought, and occasionally stopping to gaze anxiously into her pocket-mirror.

And so there would be bewildered questionings, then the direct accusation. Grace could anticipate the indignant, scornful cry:

"You must have known you were not entitled to the money! If I had not turned up, you would have stuck to it for life!"

Unanswerable charge that it was going to be, and there was nothing to be said in extenuation—nothing! When the moment came for Daphne Cranford to voice that disgusted cry the only thing to do would be to plead guilty!

"Is it bad news, miss—anything upsetting?"

Grace came to herself with a violent start. She had been forgetting that the parlourmaid was still standing by.

"Oh—er—no, Ellen! I—this message—it—I shall have to let Miss Redgrave know. Someone's coming to see me. I don't know if—if it should be allowed."

The words fell automatically from Grace's lips as she jumped at the one chance left to her. Perhaps

"Look at Paula!" chuckled Polly. The elegant one was making for the san, trying to carry twice as much as any of the others had brought, and occasionally stopping to gaze anxiously into her pocket-mirror.

"For you to have a visitor? Oh, quite! You and the rest have gone past the time when you would have gone down if you had taken the sickness. There is now not the slightest risk."

"Then you—you don't wish me to—to put Daphne off?"

"Oh, no! You want her to come, don't you?"

"Yes, of course—yes!"

"Very well, then!"

Miss Redgrave hurried away, having a lot to do, and now Grace could only go upstairs and pass into her study.

There was a sharp reminder in the loneliness of that study of how Dolly Delane was still a patient in the san. If only, thought Grace—if only that could have meant a difference! But it did not affect the case. It was only necessary for Daphne to see her—Grace—to know what a mistake there had been.

How long she had been alone with her despairing

thoughts she knew not, when suddenly Betty and two or three others came to look her up.

"Hullo, Grace! You seem to be—"

"I've just had a telegram," she hastened to say, to account for her agitation, "from Daphne Cranford."

"What! Daphne and her people in England?"

"Coming here this afternoon!" Polly cried out, reading the telegram. "Oh, hooray! We must give her tea!"

"Yes, wather! Gwace, you won't keep her to yourself, will you? We must all celebwater!"

"Ooo, yes; queek—queek!"

And Grace—what else could she do but pretend to be quite keen to see Daphne publicly entertained? The only alternative was a frank confession at once—now, before Daphne arrived! But that confession Grace had not the pluck to make. Prolonged guilt had brought utter cowardice in its train.

Polly laughed.

"We have this one day off, the last before we come in for the extra lessons that that wretch of a doctor suggested! Let's go into Barncombe this afternoon—early—"

"Yes, wather!"

"And shop!" chimed in Betty. "Another order for the Creamery! Well, we have left them alone in the last week or so. It's time we had another special spread."

"You'd like to do as we say, Grace?" asked Madge.

"Oh, yes! I—of course!"

After dinner, however, she found a plausible excuse for not going with the girls into town. She wanted to stay back, she said, in case Daphne Cranford should turn up earlier than expected.

So off went a batch of the other girls, consisting of the Study 12 coterie. Half-way to Barncombe Polly became very amused over something that had just struck her.

"It's funny, girls, Grace never offered to foot the bill for this afternoon's doings, although it's really a tea on her and Daphne Cranford's account!"

"She forgot!" smiled Betty. "The excitement, I suppose. But it's rather odd, as you say."

"Yes, wather! However, we won't let that make any difference, geals."

They did not. Luckily most of them were in funds, and they enjoyed losing out their own money for the coming "spread." It gave them the satisfaction of feeling that they were keeping quits with new-rich Grace, who had really been awfully lavish.

The afternoon was keeping as bright as could be wished when the schoolgirl shoppers started back from Barncombe. Tied to sundry cycle-handlebars were cardboard boxes, each packed with something nice for tea. There were flowers also. Madge and Trixie had looked in at the florist's and bought some beautiful daffodils.

"My word, isn't it a treat to be out again!" Polly exclaimed, as they peddled along the sunny highway, a fresh sea breeze in their faces.

"Being in quarantine was all right—until the novelty wore off!"

This led to their remarking how thankful Dolly and Cora would be when these two girls should get their discharge from the doctor. But that would not be yet awhile, as they were actual "cases," and there could be no hurrying their convalescence. Poor old Dolly! It was hard luck, all agreed, that her fellow-occupant of the ward should be "catty" Cora Grandways!

Towards the end of the cycle-run the spacious

buildings of the great school came into sight. Between the budding trees Betty & Co. glimpsed the old familiar walls, and that was a moment for them to thrill anew with the joy of regained freedom. They had not been cooped up in the san. by any means, but this was the first time they had been outside the grounds since the great scare.

Then, on the last stretch of dusty roadway, they found themselves overtaking a girl proceeding towards the school gates on foot. A train had recently arrived at Morcove Road Station—that tiny wayside railway-station which served the school—and suddenly the scholars wondered if this could be the eagerly expected Daphne Cranford. For the girl they were overtaking was not a Morcove scholar.

Putting on speed, Betty & Co. quickly caught up with her, and as she rather shyly returned their passing glances they felt convinced. Impetuous Polly sprang from her saddle, the others following her example.

"Daphne Cranford?" asked several of them, in one breath.

"Yes, that's me!" was the smiling answer.

Charming girl! Betty & Co. were taking to her at once.

"Grace Garfield is at the school, expecting you!" was Polly's eager cry. "So come along with us, Daphne, and we'll take you to her. She will be glad that you have got here in good time."

"Yes, wather!" beamed Paula.

So little did they suspect!

#### Face to Face!

WELL ahead of her chums, Polly Linton rushed into the schoolhouse and raced upstairs.

She burst in upon Grace Garfield.

"Grace, she is here! Daphne Cranford has come! We girls met her on her way from the station. Her people have not come to-day. They're in Barncombe, though. Going to stay a few days."

Polly fetched a breath, after her run upstairs, then broke out afresh:

"You are going down to meet her, Grace? She's in the school by now. I'm off to see to a few things in Study 12. Such a nice girl! Just our sort!"

With that the madcap whirled away, never suspecting what a terror-stricken girl she was leaving behind in this study.

In a hunted way, Grace stepped about the room, wringing her hands. In spite of the desperate effort to nerve herself for this, the terrible moment, she was going to pieces utterly.

She went towards the door, feeling that nothing was to be gained by hanging back; but her knees almost knocked together, she was trembling so violently.

Hark! Oh, they were bringing her upstairs already! She shrank away from the door, which Polly had left ajar. The voices grew louder; then one or two of the girls came sprinting down the corridor.

"You there, Grace? Here's Daphne Cranford!"

The door was sent wide open, and Tess and Helen stood revealed, looking jubilant.

"Here she is, Grace! This, Daphne, is Grace's study. Go in!"

The heart of Grace Garfield seemed to stop beating. Once again, after all this long time, she was face to face with Daphne Cranford. For that girl was now in the study, advancing with outstretched hand.

Grace herself, on the other side of the room, had the window behind her, and perhaps at first glance



her features were not easily recognisable. Even so, she saw a great shock take visible effect upon Daphne.

Instantly that girl's happy smile was fading. The glad cry died at her lips; her upheld hand faltered.

"Grace Garfield?" she asked faintly, after a little pause.

"Yes, I— How are you, Daphne Cranford? I—er—"

"Oh, I'm all right! But—"

The newcomer advanced another step, gazing harder than ever. Some of the Study 12 girls, as they followed into the room, thought it all very funny.

"Tell Daphne not to be shy, Grace," chuckled Helen. "You are a pair! One would think you didn't know each other!"

"It's Grace who is the shy one," smiled Betty. "This is how she has been all along, Daphne—going red every time she has thought there was to be a fuss made of her. Grace doesn't like the great deed to be talked about—do you, Grace?"

"No," stammered that girl, forcing a smile; "I'd rather not—"

"She would rather you didn't say it all in front of us, Daphne. So we are going to leave you two together!" Betty gaily announced. "When you hear the tray banged, that's tea!"

"Yes, wather!"

Then they effaced themselves, their mirthful comments still audible for a moment after the door had closed, leaving Grace and Daphne alone together.

There was a great pause—a silence that seemed unbearable to Grace. If it continued another moment, she would have to cry out—so she felt. But now Daphne spoke.

"Well, it's funny," Daphne said bewilderedly. "You are Grace Garfield, of course. Oh, yes, I remember you, that day last summer! But—"

"But what?" jerked out Grace.

"I thought—I thought you were—the other girl."

"How do you mean?"

"It's hard to explain," Daphne Cranford said, sweeping finger-tips across her forehead, as if her mind were in utter confusion. "But when I first came into this study, and looked at you, I felt there must be some mistake."

"Mistake?" echoed Grace.

It seemed too good to be true, but, to her ineffable relief, this girl Daphne seemed to be hopelessly confused!

"There were two of you that day," Daphne said slowly. "I have not remembered much about the other one—your chum. That's to say, I have always thought most about the girl who actually saved me from that runaway horse. And—and that was your doing, wasn't it?"

"Yes," fibbed Grace desperately. "The other girl is in the school san., getting over a mild fever. You can't see her."

"I'm sorry she has been ill. But, of course, I really came to see the girl who saved me, and to thank her properly after all this time. Only—" Again Daphne gazed uncertainly. "This is where it's so queer, you'll say, I remember that yours was the name of the girl who saved me—Grace Garfield. Yet it seems as if—now I look at you—it must have been the other girl!"

Grace laughed outright. She was suddenly seized with a great boldness.

"Oh, no, Daphne Cranford! How funny you should feel like that, now you are here! You remember taking our two names at the time? At

least, they leaked out, although we never got yours. We forgot. That's why, when the news of your reward came to me, I couldn't realise that it was for saving your life that day. The name Cranford meant nothing to me."

"Of course it didn't. I quite see that," assented Daphne, nodding thoughtfully. "The fact is, that runaway horse gave us all such an upset—"

"Yes—"

"I know that I went away afterwards, utterly dazed. When I got home I felt I had better not say anything to my people, as it would only worry them. At that time they were not in a position to reward you. But I made up my mind that day, if ever we were in better circumstances, I'd get dad to send you a present."

"Yes, and that's what you've done!" Grace exclaimed, with another mirthless laugh. "It is good of you!"

"Not at all! So this is your study?" Daphne remarked, looking around the room. Evidently she wished to turn the talk, now that Grace had started thanking her. "How jolly! You share with another girl?"

"With Dolly Delanc."

"And I'm not to see her? She doesn't even know that I am here? What a pity! I don't suppose I'll be down this way again. My people are putting up in Barncombe for a few days, because the district has memories. Then we are going on the Continent, and home to New York from there."

"I see!"

Grace was hardly able to contain her wild relief. Her flushed face and brilliant eyes showed her sudden tremendous elation.

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Then suddenly she found Daphne looking hard at her again in that puzzled, uncertain way, and she glared a little.

"Well?"

"Oh, it's tiresome of me, you'll say; but every time I look at you my mind feels sort of muddled! I must have been more upset that day than I have ever realised!" Daphne laughed. "Anyhow, I did remember the names right? I remember saying to myself over and over again when I got home: 'Grace Garfield!'"

"You think I've changed a bit?" grinned Grace.

"I am sure that you have, Daphne!"

"Oh, I! The changed life was bound to change me," was the smiling answer. "But you—I wouldn't have expected you to seem so altered. You dress the same—those nice school clothes, like all the girls wear."

Grace glanced herself down.

"Sometimes I wish we didn't have to dress alike," she said, shrugging. "It's apt to be confusing. Dolly and I were dressed alike that day, and I expect that accounts for your not remembering me distinctly."

"I expect it does," assented Daphne. "Then, too, you were all covered with dust—face and all. Oh, how very brave you were, Grace Garfield! I can see you now—rushing down that bank, and making a dash to catch that great farmhouse before he—"

"Yes, well, we won't talk about that!" struck in Grace brightly. "I say, tea must be almost ready. Wouldn't you like to have a tidy-up before we sit down?"



### NO INTENTION OF STARVING!

"Haul away!" shouted Polly, and the Fourth pulled with a will on the basket laden with dainties. The Creamery man stood beneath and grinned.

"I'd like to have a peep round the school, either before or after tea," Daphne wistfully confessed. "I mustn't stay long. The train back at five-forty is the only one."

"Come along, Daphne!"

Jauntily Grace stepped to the door, and then led the way. By-and-bye, when she would be alone again, she would feel absolutely ill, it was certain, with the shock of this change from crazy despair to joyful relief. She had been called lately the luckiest girl in the world, and now indeed she felt she deserved the term.

That Daphne should have made the great mistake about which of the two Morcovians was entitled to the reward—that had been sufficiently amazing. But here she was, even now, persisting in the mistake—or, rather, she was allowing her sudden doubts to be defeated, overborne.

And yet, as Grace began to think, whilst she attended the girl during the wait for tea, perhaps it was not so very amazing, after all. Confusion at the time of the accident having caused the girl to retain a wrong idea, it was not so very surprising, after all, that that idea was persisting.

And so Daphne Cranford would go away to-day, retaining no uneasy doubt. If—Dolly had been on hand, then it would have been different. Then the mistake simply must have been revealed. But Dolly was not going to be seen. She was in the san.

"I think I hear them calling that tea is ready!" Grace suddenly exclaimed serenely. "So don't let's keep them waiting. We shall be a party in Study 12!"

"They're all so nice and friendly!" declared Daphne, hurrying upstairs again with the new-rich Morcovian. "I noticed that coming along with them. Well, it's a ripping school! I wish I were going to be one of you!"

And Grace thought to herself darkly: "Good thing for me that you are not!" So long as Daphne Cranford was gone from the district by the time Dolly Delane got her discharge from the san., all would be well!

Then suddenly all the exultant relief again forsook Grace. She turned faint with the appalling thought that had struck her. How she kept her wits about her she did not know, but, with only a few moments left before she and Daphne would be with the other girls, she had the presence of mind to beg a favour.

"Daphne, before we sit down to tea—"

"Yes, Grace?"

"You have not said anything to the girls yet about what I did that day?"

"No. I only said, coming along, that you saved my life. I might have said more, only I was all for asking questions about the school."

"Then, Daphne, please don't tell them the full story!" was Grace's earnest entreaty. "Please! You—you can't imagine how uncomfortable I shall feel. They'll make the sort of fuss that I hate. Promise me, Daphne!"

"But—"

"If you want to do me a real good turn, promise not to say that it was—a runaway horse, and all that."

"As you please," smiled Daphne. "Anything to oblige the girl who saved my life! I won't say a word."

And Grace, after this fresh scare, breathed freely again.

## A Chance, Even Now!

"COME along in, Daphne!"  
 "Yes, wather! Wealcome, Daphne Cranford, to the—or—modest wepast that we have—er—pwepawed for you!"

"Ooo, yes; queek—queek! And you shall seet next to me!" cried impish Naomer, promptly dancing round the much admired visitor.

"My word, what a table!" laughed Daphne.  
 "Double celebration!" said Polly. "Our first day out of quarantine and your surprise visit!"

"With extra work to-morrow!" rejoined Helen.  
 "You can think of us in the morning, trying to remember all the subjects we have forgotten."

"Then I'm sorry for you!" jested Daphne. "It's so horrid to be racking one's brains, trying to recollect. I've had some of that!"

Charmingly she accepted the seat assigned to her. Grace was on her right and Naomer on her left. Naomer had her own idea as to how to look after a guest. She promptly offered the cream-buns, even pointing out which bun looked most desirable.

"Have heem, queek—queek!" said Naomer. "A nice squochy one!"

Betty poured out, and as soon as the numerous cups had been passed round, she filled up again from the hot-water jug.

"We shall want another," remarked Betty, setting down the jug. "What kind person is going to get the refill? This is where we miss Dolly Delane."

"Yes, wather!" agreed Paula, showing no inclination to be the one to do the running about in Dolly's absence.

It was Helen who sped away with the jug.  
 "Dolly Delane? That's the girl who is in the san.?"

"One of the only two girls who went down, yes," Polly answered Daphne. "The other patient—well, we were sorry she crocked up, and all that, but she is not a nice girl."

"Dolly should be here—poor old Dolly!" was Tess' foeling remark. "Pretty hard lines to have only Cora Grandways for a fellow-patient!"

"When do you expect them to be out again?"  
 "Oh, in a few days now!"

"A few days," reflected Daphne. "I expect I shall be gone by then. Pity!"

"In missing Cora you are not missing much," chuckled Polly. "But you'd have liked Dolly."

"Oh, I'm sure! I remember—"

Daphne broke off in confusion, reddening. She had all but made a remark that would have constituted a violation of the promise just made to Grace Garfield.

Madge looked across at the guest.  
 "What do you remember about Dolly Delane, Daphne?"

"Oh—er—Grace Garfield has been saying Dolly and she are study-mates!"

That was the best evasion that Daphne could make. Whether it was good enough or not she could not tell. She was conscious of Grace, sitting next to her, taking a sip of tea, and holding her cup with a rather shaky hand.

"Bread-and-butter, Daphne? Cake? Some of that honey?" suggested Polly. "Make a good tea!"

"Yes, wather! Do patwoneise this Madeiwa cake, Daphne!"

"We shall have to show her," said Polly, spearing a cream-bun, "how it feels to be just out of quarantine!"

"Dweadful expwience it was!" sighed Paula,



**WHAT DOES SHE MEAN?** Dolly lifted up her head and peered at Cora Grandways. "All in bits—torn-up letter," she was muttering. Dolly was puzzled; but if only she'd known what those fevered ramblings meant!

her extravagant simper greatly amusing Daphne. "One wound of howwible pviations—yes, wather! I nevah got a pwoper night's west—"

"Oh, oh!" protested the others merrily.

"You forget; I don't," was Paula's aggrieved retort. "There was such a continual wumpus, and I nevah had any woom. What about the night, geals, when I wolloed up on the day-woom floor?"

"What about the night we made beds on the veranda?" chuckled Polly. "That was great fun—until it came on to rain. A good driving rain from the sea—ha, ha!"

"Dweadful, dweadful! Howevah!" And Paula spread a thin slice with honey. "Pewsonally, I shall be none the wowse, I twust, when I've got my stwength up."

What with Paula's amusing talk and the varied topics that were touched upon, the tea-party passed off quite safely from Grace's point of view.

The others were very interested in Daphne's coming travels on the Continent with her parents. She, in return, enjoyed listening to the scholars' plans, now that school life had been resumed. The sudden ding-donging of a quarter-past five took all by surprise—excepting Grace, who had been yearning for Daphne's departure.

"My word, I shall have to hurry!" exclaimed Daphne, and they all jumped up with her.

"We'll go along with you to the station, Daphne," proposed Betty. "A nice after-tea stroll."

"Thanks! I hate leaving you, but the train goes at five-forty."

"We shall manage it nicely."

So, as soon as they had their things on, they went out with the girl who was returning to Barncombe.

The golden sunshine of early evening was upon

the beautiful vicinity of Morcove. The thrushes sang, and the budding hedgerows were full of the cheep-cheep of small birds.

Still leaping false gaiety mask her acute suspense, Grace chatted away with Daphne. That girl gave no sign of being still in doubt, and the others were not asking awkward questions; but until Daphne should be actually in the train Grace would be all on edge like this.

In the end they all had to sprint to the station, for they had rather dawdled at the start. That was because Daphne was so interested in the school, and she had kept on looking back at the buildings and making delighted comments.

The little "local" was waiting at the platform. With no need to visit the tiny booking-office—for she had a "return half"—Daphne whisked through the open wicket-gate, attended by the Morcovians. "Now, then, miss, if you are going on!" requested the guard.

"Oh, I'm keeping them waiting!" laughed Daphne, starting a hurried handshake all round. "Good-bye, then, and thanks for a ripping time! Good-bye, Grace! But I don't know when I shall see you again, and so—"

The rest was a sudden quick kiss, given by the girl who considered that she owed her life to this other.

Then Daphne bounded into an empty compartment, and flashed round to speak a last word from the open window of the slammed door.

"I'll let you know where I am, so that you can write to me, Grace! We want to keep in touch, don't we?"

"Daphne—I say!" sang out Polly, as the train moved off. "You haven't told us exactly what Grace did for you that day! You should have told us the whole story. Grace is so modest about it—"

"Yes, wather!" "Can't tell you now, anyway!" Daphne cried back, head and shoulders out of the window. "Good-bye, all! Some other time, perhaps!"

Might that other time never, never come! Such was Grace Garfield's secret wish as she stood with Betty and the rest, watching the train steam away.

The luck had held marvellously! And now, if only Daphne Cranford and Dolly Delane failed to meet in the days to come, the fortune of five thousand pounds would still enrich the girl who had received it—by mistake!

In the evening light, as the Morcovians dawdled back to the school, a few of the distant windows were shimmering like beaten gold. Some of the girls had a sudden thought of the couple in the san., unable to be out-of-doors on an evening like this.

"Poor old Dolly!" murmured Betty. And, indeed, that schoolfellow of theirs was to be pitied—for a far greater reason than they had in mind at this moment.

Cruel luck for Dolly Delane that it had been! Bitter destiny in it all, surely!

She, who not only deserved the fortune, but also needed it, being the daughter of struggling farming folk—she had missed the meeting with Daphne Cranford. And, by missing that, she had missed—all!

#### How About Cora?

LATE that evening Grace Garfield ran up to the Form-mistress, to make what must have seemed to be a very sympathetic inquiry.

"Is Dolly Delane going on all right still, Miss Redgrave?"

"Oh, yes!" "I am wondering when she will be back in school?"

"Not for another week at least, I'm afraid. But the great thing is, Grace, that both Dolly and Cora's cases have been such slight ones."

Miss Redgrave passed on, feeling pleased at the girl's eagerness to have Dolly with her again as a study-mate. The youthful mistress little dreamed! Chancing to be near the telephone, it occurred to her to ring through to the san., to get the very latest news of the patients from the nurse on duty. There were bound to be other inquiries about them at bedtime.

So, of a sudden, the 'phone bell went outside one of the wards of the san., fetching nurse to the instrument.

"Oh, Miss Redgrave, is it? Yes, nurse speaking! The patients? Splendid! Cora Grandways is perhaps still a bit feverish, but Dolly Delane is almost normal. A week from now—yes, it's safe to tell the others that."

And nurse hung up the receiver, to return to her two charges. She hummed her way down the centre aisle of the ward, taking her stand between Cora's bed and Dolly's.

Cora Grandways was dozing, her face looking very flushed against the snow-whiteness of the pillow. Dolly was wide awake, and had all the appearance of a girl fast getting back to good health. The fever had thinned her a little, robbing the homely face of its former plumpness.

"Like a little jelly, Dolly? You've got to feed up now," nurse said pleasantly. "A drink of lemonade?"

"No, thanks, nurse! Will it really be another week before I'm about again?"

"I'm afraid so, dear. We have to be careful, you know."

"Of course! I'm thinking how tired of me you must be. But I expect you like nursing?"

"I took to it as a girl, so I suppose I was meant to be a nurse."

"It must be rather nice, too," Dolly mused in her rather old-fashioned way. "Anything to do with looking after people, or animals—I love animals—and keeping them well. At home—"

She broke off abruptly, giving a concerned look to the occupant of the adjacent bed. Cora had muttered peevishly in her sleep.

"That's nothing!" sniled nurse. "You were like that, Dolly, telling us what you were dreaming. Something about runaway horses, mostly! As for Cora, she seems to be always dreaming about a letter!"

"Yes," whispered Dolly. "I've noticed—I've heard her. But, nurse, what did I say about a runaway horse?"

"Oh, as if I paid any attention!" was the laughing answer. "Well, Dolly, you know, I think it is time you turned over and tried to get to sleep."

"Very well, nurse. Good-night!"

The nurse stepped away after she had seen the more convalescent patient curl up for slumber. All was silence in the dim-lit ward for a minute or two, and then suddenly the other patient gave a feeble laugh in her sleep.

Dolly lifted up her head and peered at Cora again.

"All in bits!" Cora muttered disconnectedly in her sleep. "Torn up! Get a pane of glass." Again the drowsy laugh sounded eerily, and then the one word was murmured: "Letter—"

Strange!

But Dolly felt that, even if the mutterings were likely to become intelligible, they would be no concern of hers. She laid her head down again, and after a while she fell asleep—not to dream about runaway horses to-night. It was a much better dream this time—all about Betty Barton and the others, and her being back in their midst.

As for Cora, that was her last night of fever. Next day found her surprisingly better, and as the week wore on she quite caught up with Dolly.

It was a wearisome time for both convalescents, but at last they were allowed up, and then allowed to be on one of the sunny verandas.

The Fourth Form, going out to games, would see the pair of them on the balcony, and would give a cheer. Nor was the demonstration of delight all on Dolly's account. Betty & Co. never bore ill-will, and if Cora liked to feel that they were glad she was better—well, so they were glad, of course!

It was a full week after Daphne Cranford's visit to the school that the two girls got their discharge from the san.

By that time Daphne and her people had gone from Barncombe, and so Grace Garfield could enter heart and soul into all the great rejoicings.

She was to the fore when Betty & Co. rushed to welcome Dolly back. Study 12 celebrated—another big order for the Creamery—and Grace, sitting next to her study-mate, was as gay as any.

"I'm safe!" she was thinking to herself exultantly. "And I don't care! I'm going to let the fortune remain mine—for ever!"

Fate, however, might yet be intending something very different.

For, now that Cora Grandways was about again, she could resume the puzzling task which had been interrupted by her illness.

That same evening Cora sat alone in her study, busy with a lot of scraps of paper that represented a torn-up letter. She had a small pane of glass, on to which she could paste the scraps when they had been pieced together. Thus she hoped, in the end, to be able to read both sides of the letter.

Previously the puzzling work had baffled her, but she had come back to it this evening with restored patience.

Nor did she give it up this time until every tiny scrap was in correct position, enabling her to read, from beginning to end, the very letter which Grace Garfield had once destroyed, because it threw light on her guilty secret!

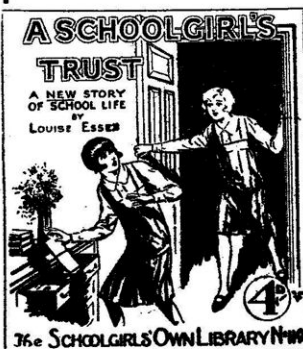
(END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.)

And now Grace Garfield's secret is indeed on the point of being known to one, at least, besides herself, and that one the girl whom she need most fear! What is to happen now? You must on no account miss reading next week's exciting story to find out. It is: "Cheated By Her Chum!"

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## THANKS TO YOU ALL!

By BETTY BARTON

Editress.



FIRST of all, I want to thank Nora Nugent and the rest of the temporary staff of THE MORCOVE MAGAZINE who so gallantly "kept the flag flying" while we were away from England. Of course, as all our readers know, we were back at Morcove by the time the last issue of this little magazine of ours was published; but, as Nora and the others had so kindly prepared that issue, we stood aside until it was published.

I don't want you to think that, because I am editing this paper again, you won't hear any more of the "temporary staff." On the contrary, I hope that they will not be backward in coming forward with contributions to our pages, and I am sure that Madge Minden would be only too pleased to let Kathleen Murray continue inventing the Cross Word puzzles. If you've ever tried to make up a Cross Word puzzle, you will understand why!

But Kathleen will have it that Madge's puzzles

are better than hers, so Madge has had to put on her thinking-cap once more.

If any of our readers have suggestions which they think would improve our little school magazine, I hope they will not be too shy to let me know them. If they mention them to the Editor of "The Schoolgirls' Own," he has promised to let me know them, so that you may be sure that your suggestions will reach me.

I am hoping in the near future to let you have some special issues, edited by other girls, and dealing with the girls of other Forms, but more of that later. In the meanwhile, I take the opportunity on my return to the editorial chair to thank all our readers for the way in which they have stood by us, and to assure them that we will continue to do all in our power to make this little paper as bright and interesting as we possibly can, and make it a stronger link than ever between us and the girls who are such loyal supporters of ours and such keen readers of our adventures.

## MORCOVE GOSSIP!

Collected by

POLLY LINTON.



POOR dear Paula is always a scream in class, but she surpassed herself the other day. She was puzzling over a question in maths., and Miss Redgrave, seeing her worry, went to her.

"Does the question embarrass you, Paula?" she asked.

"Not at all, Miss Wedgwave," was Paula's answer. "The question is quite cleah. It's the answer which twoubles me!"

\* \* \*

During the last holidays we heard Ursula Wade was actually allowed to sing at a concert in aid of charity, and, of course, when she returned to school she went all over the place, boasting about it. I overheard her talking to Maggie Barlow, of the Fifth, one day, and telling her about it.

"And, do you know," she finished up, "I never

thought my voice would fill that big hall."

"Neither did I," answered Maggie. "I thought it would empty it!"

\* \* \*

One of the Barncombe House girls went into a stationer's shop in Barncombe the other day, and asked for a pound of wax.

"But we are stationers," said the assistant. "The only wax we keep is sealing-wax."

"I'm afraid that's no good," said the girl. "You see, we are going to have a little dance in the music-room to-night, and I want to wax the floor, not the ceiling!"

\* \* \*

Here's another little story about Paula. She came down very late for breakfast one day, and Miss Redgrave asked her how it was that she was late. "Weal, you see, Miss Wedgwave," Paula said, "they wang the bell before I got heah!"

## WHAT'S WHAT!

A dialogue between Paula and Polly. Faithfully recorded by TESS TRELAWNEY.



THE scene is Study 12, in the Fourth Form corridor at Morcove School. There are four girls present, but only two of them speak. The others simply look on and laugh. At the beginning every girl has her head bent over her work at the table, for they are doing "prep." Suddenly Paula looks up with a puzzled expression on her face.

PAULA: "I say, Polly, deah geal, who's Watt?"

POLLY: "Who's what? What on earth is the matter with you, Paula? You mean who's who, of course."

PAULA: "No, weally, I mean Watt, deah geal. Who was Watt?"

POLLY: "What kind of what—Wat Tyler, what cheer, wat-ch-key?"

PAULA: "Don't wot, deah geal. I mean what was Watt? By pwofession, you know."

POLLY: "'What' isn't a profession. It's a pronoun interrogative."

PAULA: "I don't mean that what at all—"

POLLY: "You must never say 'that what,' Paula! It's appallingly bad grammar. You must say 'that which.'"

PAULA: "But, deah geal, I don't mean that 'what' which is used in 'That which.' I mean 'what'—it's another Watt altogether! He's a man."

POLLY (looking at her anxiously): "Paula, it can't be the sun that has affected you, because we haven't had any. You must be suffering from overwork. Too much prep. has turned your brain."

PAULA: "You're wight about the pwep., Polly. Look heah, I've got to put down what I know about Watt, and I don't even know what Watt was!"

POLLY: "Oh, you mean *that* Watt!" (She has been perfectly aware all the time to whom Paula referred, but Polly never can resist a joke at Paula's expense.) "Don't you know what that Watt did?"

PAULA: "No, weally, Polly."

POLLY: "H'm! Well, I'd better tell you the story. Watt was sitting by the fireside, watching the kettle—"

PAULA (quickly): "The cat. I pwesume!"

POLLY (in surprise): "The cat? What on earth do you mean?"

PAULA: "Wca!, deah geal, you asked me what was sitting by the fire watching the kettle, and I know that cats do that."

POLLY: "Oh, you duffer! I meant Watt—the man, you know, not the pronoun."

PAULA: "Oh, weally? I thought it was a counndwum."

POLLY: "Now, pay attention. Watt was sitting at the fireside, watching the kettle. Now, before long the kettle-lid began to lift. Now, what lifted the kettle-lid?"

PAULA: "Did he?"

POLLY: "Did who?"

PAULA: "Did Watt?"

POLLY: "Oh, Paula, you are hopeless! I am asking you what lifted the kettle-lid?"

PAULA: "You mean you're telling me that Watt lifted the kettle-lid."

POLLY: "Watt didn't lift the kettle-lid! Now, what did?"

PAULA: "Weally, Polly, I can't understand you. You say Watt didn't, and then immediately contwadiet yourself and say Watt did!"

POLLY: "You are the limit, Paula! Well, if you can't tell me what lifted the lid—"

PAULA: "But I've just told you that Watt did!"

POLLY (very definitely): "It wasn't Watt who lifted the lid. Now, what was inside the kettle?"

PAULA (indignantly): "Weally, Polly, don't be so silly as to tell me Watt was inside the kettle!"

POLLY: "Well, you don't seem to know what was!"

PAULA: "Watt couldn't have been, bai Jove, because you have just told me Watt was sitting alongside the fire, looking at the kettle! It's a widulous stowy. It's nothing but a lot of wot!"

(But this is too much for Polly, and Paula is unceremoniously bundled out of the study, to the accompaniment of roars of laughter from the other girls, and told to finish her "prep." in her own study.)

## A DAY AT MORCOVE!



HATE to hear the rising-bell  
That brings our dreams to end,  
For those are chimes that seem to tell  
To studies we must bend.  
At eight o'clock, we hurry all  
To breakfast in the school's Great  
Hall.

At nine o'clock the meal is o'er,  
And morning prayers are done,  
And off we rush to class-rooms, for  
The day's work has begun.  
And, save for but a "quarter's" break,  
Till twelve-fifteen our toil we make.

And then again, at one-fifteen,  
To class we go once more,  
And out of doors are never seen

Until it's half-past four!  
Let loose at last, and happy, we  
Rush off to make our study tea!

But, oh, we're not quite finished yet,  
For we must "watch our step,"  
Or else, next day, some lines we'll get.

If we neglect our "prep."  
But "prep," like all sad things, soon ends,  
And we are free to meet our friends,

So really, things are not so bad,  
So long as we don't shirk,  
And awfully jolly times we've had

When we have finished work.  
A lot of work, a little play—  
That constitutes a Morcove day!

## THIS MONTH'S SPECIAL CROSS WORD PUZZLE!

Specially Invented for You by MADGE MINDEN.

## CLUES ACROSS:

1. Manuscript (abbreviated).
3. Electrically-propelled vehicles.
8. How the Spanish schoolgirl says "Yes."
10. An exclamation of surprise.
11. Pertaining to, or composed of, runes.
12. Short for "editor."
13. Baby's thanks.
14. Not above.
15. Initials of a commander of a very high order.
16. To assume the character of someone else.
17. The best known verb.
18. Doctor (abbreviated).
20. The Egyptian cobra.
22. What a French schoolgirl calls the sea.
24. A leguminous plant.
25. A vast continent.
26. Generally given to bears at the Zoo.
28. To decay.
31. The senior fighting force (abbreviated).
32. Fastens.
34. Master of Arts (abbreviated).
35. Part of the verb "to eat."
36. What the French schoolgirl says for the top part of a mountain.
37. A personal pronoun.

38. A negative.
39. Make note of.
40. A compass direction between north and east.

## CLUES DOWN:

1. Found on the floor.
2. Forms of moulds.
3. A town in Cornwall.
4. Goes quicker than walking.
5. A town in Hampshire.
6. Air, demeanour, bearing, etc.
7. A small detached piece.
8. To give up.
9. Illicit diamond buying (abbreviated).
17. Bachelor of Arts (abbreviated).
18. A member of the Royal Academy (abbreviated).
21. Used for cooking.
22. A country in the continent mentioned in 25 across.
23. A conundrum.
24. A business term meaning actual value.
26. The husks of ground corn.
27. "Do — otheira > > >."
29. A sign.
30. A plant of the bean family.
33. Expressing denial.



## SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE.

A	L	T	E	R	N	A	T	E	S
R	E	X	Y	R	F	A			
C	L	E	A	T	F	I	E	L	D
T	O	M	R	S				A	D
I	N	K			S	I	N	G	E
C	E	N	T	R	A	L	O	R	
		O	A	F		I	N	N	S
S	A	W	N		M	I	E	N	
E	S	N	O	W	P	A	T		
E	M	E	B	O	R	O	P	E	
N	A	R	R	O	W	E	L	S	A

## JUST JOTTINGS! By DOLLY DELANE.

Maggie Barlow, of the Fifth, certainly has a sense of humour, and she can stand a joke against herself. The other day she sat down unconsciously in a bed of stinging nettles, but it didn't perturb her. When she rose to her feet, all she said was: "Well, that stuff certainly has its good points!"

anybody stop me talking!" she cried. "Yes," said Madge Minden quietly, "so would I!"

Here are some of the Third-Formers' latest "howlers":

Ambiguity means telling the truth when you don't mean to.

Barbarians are things put in bicycle-wheels to make them run smoothly.

Examinations may be written or "vice versa."

There was a little bit of an argument in the Form-room the other day, before Miss Redgrave came in, and Cora Grandways was "letting herself go"—much to the annoyance of the rest of us. "I'd like to see

An anachronism is a thing a man puts down in writing in the past before it has taken place in the future.



## THE GIRLS OF OUR FORM!

No. 10. TRIXIE HOPE.

By MABEL RIVERS.

**W**ERE a stranger to visit Morcove and ask one particular girl a question, to find herself answered in French, she must not jump to the conclusion that we have any French schoolgirls at Morcove. On the contrary, Trixie Hope—for no one but Trixie would ever answer in French—has never, to my knowledge, set foot in France.

But Trixie lives in hopes—no pun intended—and, in view of the fact that she looks forward to a visit to "la belle France" one day, she "swots" French to a tremendous extent. Yet she never quite manages to get her words or grammar correct, and Trixie's method of speaking is one of the standing jokes of the Fourth.

Trixie is quite a pretty girl, and, being dark, small, and vivacious, might even pass for a French girl—if only she could speak the language! She makes the most astounding mistakes, however, and causes roars and roars of laughter.

But everyone must admit that she is most persevering, and never allows herself to be cast down because of her mistakes. No matter how much we chaff Trixie about her shortcomings in the way of speaking French, she continues with her studies,

and one day, perhaps, she may be able to speak passably—that is to an English listener! Should she ever go to France, however, I can quite imagine her coming back and grumbling because the French people don't understand their own language!

Apart from this little habit of Trixie's, she is quite one of the most popular girls in the Form. She is very good at all kinds of sport, and is quite a good singer, too—so long as she does not insist upon singing in French!

She is one of the best actresses in the Fourth Form Dramatic Society, and loves to play vivacious parts, in which she sparkles continuously. She is a very good dancer, too, and she loves dancing.

A staunch supporter of Betty Barton & Co., Trixie has no time for such girls as Ursula Wade and Cora Grandways, who dislike her as much as the rest of the girls like her.

The best thing anyone can wish Trixie is the wish that I now extend to her—that her ambition to visit France may be gratified, and that by that time she will be able to speak to the natives as they speak themselves!

## HELEN CRAIG FALLS IN LOVE!

And tells the whole truth in this little article.



**G**IRLS at school, of course, shouldn't fall in love, but I just can't help it, because "he" is just the cutest, sweetest, dearest thing in the whole wide world!

As soon as I saw him I fell in love with him. I don't know exactly what it was. Perhaps it was his eyes. I simply adore them! As soon as I saw them I just "fell for them," as Americans are supposed to say, and I didn't worry a bit, even though one of them was quite black!

Sometimes I think that mistresses don't understand girls as they ought to do. For instance, why shouldn't I have "him" to tea in my study whenever I wish? I did take him there once, and Miss Somerfield caught me! There was an awful row, and I was threatened with all sorts of dire punishments if I dare do a thing like that again.

But it's very hard being parted from him, and I simply long for the time to fly, so that I can get out-of-doors and see him again. We go for long walks, too, and—oh, he's so happy when he sees me, so I know he loves me just as much as I love him.

I know the other girls love him, too—yes, all the Fourth Form, even staid Madge Minden! But I'm not jealous, because he prefers me to any of them. He hasn't exactly told me so, but I can always tell, because he makes such a fuss of me, and sometimes he doesn't even bother to notice the other girls, until they deliberately make him do so.

I must admit, though, that he has one fault, but

I can forgive him for it, because he's such a dear. He is rather noisy, and likes to make his presence known. That was how Miss Somerfield found out that he was having tea with the girls in my study. If he had only been quieter, no one would have known, because no one saw me bring him into the school.

As soon as I have finished this article I am going to see him again. I know he will be patiently waiting for me, and, even though I have kept him waiting while I write this, he won't mind a scrap, and we shall go off for a walk together!

I always prefer to go for walks with him entirely alone, although this is not always possible, for so many of the girls wish to accompany us.

Of course, I never raise objections when others wish to come with us, but I must confess that I prefer him to devote all his time to me, and not to divide his attention amongst so many.

Yet I can't very well complain, can I? For I know that whatever the others say to him, and no matter how much fuss they make over him, he will never get "swelled head," and he will always place me first in his thoughts.

Cora Grandways and Ursula Wade are the only two girls in the Form who don't think he's a dear, and that is simply because he has snapped at both of them. But, as I told them, they had no right to try to tease Bob—the dearest little fox-terrier puppy you ever saw, which father gave me for a present at the beginning of this term!