

THIS WEEK: THE MORCOVE MAGAZINE

# The SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN 2d



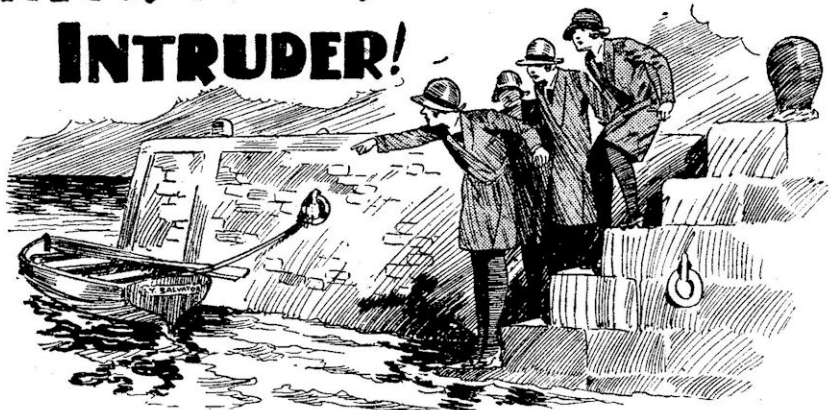
A dramatic incident from

## "MORCOVE'S MIDNIGHT INTRUDER!"

The Enthralling Long  
Complete Morcove  
Story in this Issue.

Amazing Are the Consequences Which Follow the Visit of—

# MORGOVE'S MIDNIGHT INTRUDER!



Betty Barton & Co. imagine that Muriel Garth is safe on board her relations' yacht; but one member of the Fourth, Helen Craig, knows otherwise! Consumed with anxiety as Helen is, she realises that she must exercise the greatest care, or Muriel will fall into the hands of those who seek to harm her.

By MARJORIE STANTON

"A Halfer-To-day!"

"NAOMER, bring your work here!"

"Er—"

"Bring it here at once, Naomer!"

And Miss Massingham, in charge of the Fourth Form at Morcove School, slapped a hand upon her own desk by way of stressing her command.

"No, bekas, you see, it is not work, plis—"

"Bring it here!"

Then that dusky imp, Naomer Nakara, reluctantly picked up her exercise-book and left her place to stand before the irate mistress.

Miss Massingham was demurely handed a closed exercise-book. She handed it back.

"Show me what you were writing."

"No, bekas I was not writing—"

"Then why were you not writing?" cried Miss Massingham, taking back the book. "How dare you spend your time in class scribbling— But what's this!"

"Zat is what I was doing, plis."

"Wasting your time; smothering a whole page of the book with such nonsense as this!" said the mistress, whilst she gazed at an artistic effort by her impish scholar. "To be torn out later, so spoiling the book! How dare you!"

"I can leave him in, Miss Massingham—"

"You will not leave the exercise-book so disfigured!"

So saying, Miss Massingham herself tore out the leaf which held Naomer's pen-and-ink drawing

of a steamer on the high seas, with one funnel, from which certain spirals were issuing like bedstead springs.

"Go back to your desk, absurd child! And you don't leave this class-room until you have done your lesson."

"But I can't do him, plis, bekas—"

"Then I must stay in with you, that's all, and show you how—"

"No, plis," Naomer said hastily, "bekas I zink perhaps I can get somebody better than you to teach me—"

"What!"

"I mean, plis, I zink I can get a chum to stay behind and show me."

"You had better!" Miss Massingham agreed bleakly.

"Go along, then, back to your seat.

The rest—pens down! Books away now!"

The command was obeyed with the alacrity of midday dismissal.

"Not so much noise, girls! Before you dismiss, this being the mid-week half-holiday, I wish to remind you that by six o'clock this evening every girl should be at prep. I have observed a tendency to regard half-holidays as implying freedom from evening work. Nothing of the sort was ever intended. Let me see no scamped work in the morning," said Miss Massingham, "or some of you will hear about it. You may— Polly Linton! I haven't said it yet!"

So headstrong Polly went back, as it were, to the starting-point.

"All excepting Naomer Nakara—dismiss!"

"Here, Paula! Whoa, what ze diggings!" Naomer cried, clawing hold of Paula Creel to detain her from darting away with the rest. "Scet down, bekas—"

"But, weally—"

"You are going to show me how to do zo rotten old lesson!"

"As we regards instructing you, Naomah deah, I really do not feel proficient myself—"  
 "All ze same, sit down. Bekas somebody has got to stop with me. I am not going to have Mees Massingham giving me a special lesson. Good-by-ee!" Naomer whispered after the Form-mistress, as that lady hastened away. "Good job. Now, Paula, we are nice and quiet, and so I can have my apple!"

Which apple Naomer, producing it as if by some conjuring trick, set her teeth into promptly. "And you can get ze jerk on," she informed poor Paula, whilst chewing. "Bekas we don't want to be here all day."

"Weally, and twuly, Naomer, I know no more about that lesson than you do. I was twying to swapple with it—"

"What ze diggings! Zen you better stay in until you have got ze hang of him. Eet no use me staying in if I can't be taught, is it?"

Whereupon Naomer calmly walked out. "Hallo!" Betty Barton laughed, turning round to find the dusky one approaching in the crowded hall. "You'll get it!"

"She has already got it," chuckled Polly, alluding to the monster apple which eclipsed Naomer's roguish face. "This means, I suppose, that I have got to show you how to do that lesson?"

"But not now, Polly, bekas—"  
 "I should say not now," the madcap laughed. "A morning like this—something better to do than stay behind in the class-room!"

"Pwecisely," said Paula, now that she also had come away from the hive of industry. "Most wegawetttable, Naomer's upsetting Miss Massingham like that. We owe that reminder about pwpet this evening to you, you wascal!"

"What ze diggings! I have to be called names by Mees Massingham; I am not going to be called names by you, Paula!"

"Girls," cried Polly at that moment, "a run round before dinner! Supposing we slip down to the shore?"

"Splendid!" agreed Betty. "Our going down to the beach once or twice when that huge yacht was here has left me thinking; we really don't go as often to the shore as we might."

"If it weren't so handy, we'd always be going off there," Madge Minden shrewdly remarked. "I'll come gladly."

"And I—and I!" cried other members of the Study 12 chums. "Do we want our hats?"

"N-n-n-o!" said the madcap, already darting for the open air.

"Wait ze bit!" was Naomer's yelled entreaty. "Polly, have you ze key of the corner cupboard upstairs?"

"I have. Don't be anxious," Polly sweetly answered over one shoulder. "It's quite safe."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Naomer, starting to walk with Betty and others, resented their laughter.

"What ze diggings! I think you think I only think of eating! Just bekas I like a snack now and then."

"Now and then?" echoed Polly wittingly. "But, girls, how would you all like to be on the Salvator now? A lovely day like this. My word! Lucky girl, that Muriel Garth, who went on board the Salvator yesterday!"

"To make the voyage all the way to Mexico. Just fancy!" rejoined Pam Willoughby.

"And what a luxury-boat the steam-yacht was!" added Tess Trelawney. "Like a small liner."  
 "Gorjus! Bekas ze lady running him was so

rich. No wonder she could give us such a fine spread yesterday when we went on board for tea!"

"Food again," commented Polly. "When my thoughts are running on such a high plane this morning, I feel I could even write poetry."

"Well, don't!" requested Pam.  
 "It was," Polly began to improvise:

"It was the steam-yacht Salvator,  
 That sailed the summer seas,  
 And everything on board that yacht  
 Was as nice as ever you please!"

"I'll turn back!" threatened Pam. "You weren't cut out for a poet, Polly!"  
 "I was," sighed the madcap; "but Morcove has altered all that. I've had to adapt myself to you others. Suppose I must go on being a mere quiet student of maths and history; a pattern to the rest of the school. Hooray, come on, my hearties!"

And she galloped away, leading her chums in a non-stop rush to the zigzag pathway which was their way down the beach.

Never had the open sea off Morcove's rugged shores looked lovelier than to-day. Under a sky of azure blue the calm waters flashed in the brilliant sunshine.

"I wonder," exclaimed Betty, when they were all grouped at the foot of the zigzag, taking in the beauty of the scene—"I wonder how far away the Salvator is by now?"

"Two hundred miles?" suggested Tess. "Three—perhaps. She left at dark last night. At fifteen knots an hour—"

"And she could steam every bit as fast as that," put in Helen Craig thoughtfully.  
 "Yes, wather! Bai Jove, gents, wemember how quickly she was gone frowm sight last evening."

"Thing I shall never forget," murmured Madge, "watching the Salvator leave her anchorage at nightfall, and go away out to sea all lit up like a floating hotel."

"Who's being poetical now?" Polly inquired derisively. "Hallo, though—look! Why, girls—over there at the jetty! Just look what's there!"

"A boat!" was Betty's almost incredulous cry, as she and the rest stared in the direction indicated. "A rowing-boat, moored to the jetty. Well!"

They looked this way, that way, expecting now to see the person or persons to whom the boat belonged. But the rugged shore in either direction was deserted.

"Queer!" said Pam. "Who on earth can have rowed all this way along the coast from the nearest place where rowing-boats can be had? Or is there a small motor working a screw?"

"Let's go and see!" burst from Polly, starting off with her usual impetuosity.

Then she stopped suddenly.  
 "Girls, do you know that rowing-boat seems familiar to me. It's not like one you hire out from a seaside place. It's awfully like—"

"Like a ship's boat—yes!" cried Betty. "Like one of those in which we were rowed out to the yacht when she was at anchor yesterday."

Next moment the scholars were all hurrying over the loose shingle as fast as they could, making for the old stone jetty with increased excitement.

The empty boat was rocking gently upon the intrunning waves, tied as she was to a ringbolt by a short length of rope.

By going half-way along the jetty and down a few stone steps, the girls would have been able



to draw in the boat quite safely if they were so minded. But to interfere with it was not their intention. They only wished to get a close look at it, and that look they obtained as they ran out on to the jetty.

"Salvator!"

As with one voice the astounded scholars shouted the name painted upon the boat.

"The Salvator!"

They repeated their cry in greater amazement than ever, then turned to one another, simply speechless with surprise.

#### Morcove is Mystified.

IT was Polly who first shook off the spellbound state into which all had been thrown.

"One of the Salvator's own lifeboats!" she gasped. "And that's a strange thing, if you like!"

"Extraordinary!"

"Weally stwange—yes, wather!"

"Bekas— What ze diggings! We were just saying, ze yacht is millions of miles away by now!"

"She steamed away last evening—we know that, anyhow," Betty said. "We all said our last good-bye to Muriel Garth on board the yacht, and even before bed-time the Salvator was miles away. Yet here's one of her boats!"

"Left behind. What on earth does it mean?" cried Polly. "Were some of the crew left behind? We know that two or three had leave to go on shore. This would be the boat by which they would row out to the yacht to return on board at the end of their leave. But didn't they do that?"

Suddenly the madcap laughed.

"That's about it, girls! Some of the sailors seized the chance to desert. They're in Barncombe now, perhaps, or have gone off to 'see Britain first.' Ha, ha!"

"The yacht couldn't hang about for them."

Madge carried on Polly's chain of reasoning.

"Perhaps they were a couple or so of sailors they were really glad to get rid of," smiled Pam. "Of course, in that case, the Salvator can easily put in somewhere down the Cornish coast to sign on other men."

"Still, I am surprised at their going without the boat," came Helen Craig's rejoinder; but Naomer said:

"No, bekas— don't forget. They are millionaires. Eet is nothing to them, leaving behind a boat like this."

"They have others, of course— plenty in case of emergency," Betty conceded. "But it is hard to see why they did it. A steam-yacht should not have to go on a certain tide or to catch a certain wind."

The flow of comment ceased. In silence all the girls stood gazing down into the empty sea-boat, still wondering at its being there.

But this had been a before-dinner scamper down to the seashore, and they had to remember to be back in time for the gong. Miss Massingham, this term, was all for discipline.

So, leaving the deserted boat just as they had found it, Betty & Co. soon returned by the way they had come. The toilsome ascent of the zig-zag was made, with a few pauses to regain breath and look with admiring eyes over the wide sweep of ocean.

Of the half-dozen girls, Helen was quite the most frequent in looking out to sea; so much so that suddenly Betty remarked:

"One would think you are expecting the Salvator to come back for that boat, Helen!"

She smiled a little sadly.

"I only wish it would! For then we would see Muriel Garth again."

"You and she became great friends, didn't you?" Betty said. "We others all noticed that. I suppose it was on account of your father being out in Mexico—that being the country to which Muriel was to be taken back by her stepmother. Perhaps Muriel will meet your father out there some day, Helen."

"I hope she does, Betty. I'm sure that it will be a joy to Muriel to meet anyone belonging to Old England. About that boat back there at the jetty; hadn't we better report it at the school?"

Betty nodded.

"I was going to say we ought to let Miss Somerfield know. Otherwise, if the school does nothing about it, it may stay there until it gets swamped and smashed. Nobody ever seems to go that way except from the school."



"Hi, stop!" yelled Naomer as Paula prepared to leave the room. "Sett down, somebody has got to stop with me." "But, weally— began Paula, though she knew it was no use protesting.

"I think you should mention it, as Form captain," murmured Helen, but in a half-absent manner, as if thinking about other things.

Nor did she resume the talk with Betty. The latter mingled with those who were disposed to be talkative, and thus Helen had a chance to be as pensive as she felt inclined to be, dawdling behind her schoolmates all the way back to school.

Although not given to moodiness, Helen Craig was quite in the dumps to-day. Her chums had noticed it, and they were right in what they took it to mean. A certain sadness over the parting with Muriel Garth!

That parting they had all felt acutely yesterday evening. Somehow, they had grown very fond of the girl during her chance stay of one night at the school. And, as Betty had remarked just now, they had all seen how great a friendship had come about between Muriel and Helen.

But, ah! Helen's schoolmates did not know what vital, mutual interests had tended to cement that friendship. Personal matters; issues of the very gravest importance. Helen was thinking about them now, just as she had lain awake in the night, thinking about them then.

If only Muriel Garth could have remained in the Homeland instead of making the voyage back to Mexico. She had not wanted to go when the time came.

It was an un fading vision that haunted Helen Craig to-day; Muriel's face as it had been at that moment of the last good-bye. A sad face, blanched with helpless dismay, and eyes ready to fill with tears.

"She will not be happy with her Mexican step-mother," ran Helen's pitying thoughts. "She was so unhappy in the old days out there in Mexico; she had to get that governess of hers to bring her to England. Is it likely that Madame Garcia means well by the girl now? I could not believe it possible. And she has gone; she has gone!"

Back from the jaunt, the scholars found that there was time, after all, for a few minutes more to themselves before the gong would sound.

Some of them stayed out in the sunshine, enjoying talk and play with other juniors. Helen was one of those who preferred to go up to the studies. She reached the study which she shared with Pam, and presently the latter sauntered in.

"Yes, well," Pam serenely remarked, "what about this afternoon, Helen? I'm for tennis up till three o'clock. But after that. What about our giving a tea-party for once? We seem to be always letting Study 12 do the entertaining!"

"It is rather our turn," Helen assented cordially, whilst staring out to sea from the study window.

"Yes, we might do that, Pam."

"Question is." And Pam stepped to the study's "larder," setting wide the door to take stock of the shelves. "No, hardly sufficient," was her prompt conclusion. "So I must ring up the Creamery—when Miss Massingham is safely off the scene. They'll deliver by four."

"Shall you want me to do anything, Pam? I can very well ride into Barncombe later on if—"

"Oh, no need, thanks all the same! But I tell you what, Helen. It would be nice to have Dolly Delane to tea with the rest, only she has gone home—"

"I can easily go along to her home on the Barncombe road and ask her," Helen suggested quickly. "I'll go directly after dinner, so as to be sure of her. She'll love to come if she knows in time."

"Right!" nodded Pam, just as Betty showed herself in the open doorway.

"All we get for finding that boat at the jetty and letting Miss Somerfield know," the Form captain grined, "is seashore out of bounds until further notice!"

"Oh dear!" grimaced Pam. "Not that it matters much. We're all for games this afternoon. Oh, and, by the way, Betty, you and a few others—tea—"

"Ooo, gorjus!" And there was Naomer, suddenly at Betty's side in the doorway. "Bekas—"

"And, by the way, you"—Pam blandly dropped on the Imp—"you haven't been coming into this study, mistaking it for Study 12?"

"What ze diggings!"

"I know that Polly's keeping your corner cupboard locked," Pam continued, serenely. "Helen and I leave ours unlocked—"

"Hallo, hallo, what has she been doing?" cried Polly, coming up like a policeman. "You charge Naomer with knowingly and wilfully pilfering, is that it?"

"She had better not!" yelled Naomer. "What ze diggings!"

"In the name of the law!" said the madcap, taking Naomer into custody. "Come quietly, and anything you say will be used in evidence against you! Five years for this, my beauty."

"I don't care a hoot for—"

"You're the one we've been looking for," Polly declared, holding Naomer's wrists together behind her back.

At that moment the gong went.

"You're allowed out on bail," Polly said, changing into a magistrate. "But your case will be tried at the next assizes in Study 12—at two sharp. Before Judge Betty Barton. So mind!"

Pam, laughing, along with the others, turned back to the cupboard after Naomer had dashed away.

"Really, though it does look as if someone had been helping herself here! A whole Genoa cake gone, to my certain knowledge! Helen, you haven't been giving a cake away? Oh, but don't look so upset!" Pam gaily added, for she found her study-mate looking as white as death all at once. "It's not as serious as all that. Just as if— Ha, ha, ha!"

"Anyhow, we have made an arrest," Polly said grimly. "I'll be prosecuting counsel with pleasure, Pam. If you'd kindly attend at Court No. 12 at two o'clock to give evidence."

"Yes, well," said Pam, "perhaps I had better." "A whole Genoa cake," said Polly, K.C., going out with Pam and Betty. "Ten years for a Genoa!"

Helen, left to herself in the study, went to the cupboard and seemed to gaze at the looted shelves with as much concern as had been hers when she saw the abandoned boat at the jetty.

### "Polly, K.C.!"

THE trial of her Serene Highness Naomer Nakara, famous in the annals of Morrove School, did not take place in "Court 12," after all.

There would not have been room! As soon as the Form heard that Polly Linton had been "briefed," there was an agitation for the case to be heard in the class-room.

So, at two o'clock that afternoon, the prisoner was brought in under escort to find the public seats crowded.

A joyous jury had been empanelled; Betty Barton sat enthroned as judge on a chair stood upon a table; ushers were at their posts crying "Silence in court!"

To the right of the judge, and facing the jury, was the dock—a blackboard- easel with a chair behind it. Naomer, made to stand on that chair, might have looked quite small and pathetic, as the top rail of the black-board-easel was level with her chin; but she chose to look very hardened and defiant.

"Get ze jerk on!" she shrielled, after pleading "Not guilty!"

Then Polly, handling a volume of notes in the seats reserved for counsel, opened the case.

It was, said counsel for the prosecution, one of the worst on record, aggravated by many previous convictions. The accused was a desperate character, long known to that brilliant, marvellous, talented member of Morcové's Flying Squad, the great Polly Linton, as a cupboard raider of the deepest dye.

"But I am a queen, don't forget!" interrupted the prisoner. "And I don't care a hoot—" "Prisoner at the bar! Do you wish me to commit you for contempt of court?" frowned Judge Betty Barton. "Silence!"

"I call the prosecutrix!" cried counsel. "Pamela Willoughby, spinster, now of Morcové School, but domiciled at Swanlake, North Devon."

So Pamela Willoughby, spinster, stepped to the witness-stand and serenely deposed that on the previous night there had been one untouched Genoa cake in her study larder, which cake she had missed at three minutes to one to-day.

"And you accuse the prisoner of eating it?" thundered counsel.

"Oh, no!"

"Good job, bekas—"

"Silence!" shouted all the ushers.

"As I understand it," said counsel dramatically, "as soon as you missed the cake you took it for granted that there was only one explanation? Did you therefore call in the aid of that eminent member of the Force, aforesaid, and give the prisoner into custody?"

"Oh, no!"

Polly treated this mild answer as another serving to prove guilt up to the hilt.

"Thank you, Miss Willoughby; that is all I have to ask of you," said counsel triumphantly. "On that, m'lud, and members of the jury, I ask for a verdict of guilty! I ask for a heavy sentence; such a sentence, m'lud and members of the jury, as will—"

"Stay, stay!" interrupted the judge. "Evidence for the defence. We have not heard that. We must hear both sides. Who is defending this poor wayward wretch?"

"No one," shrielled Naomer, "bekas I prefer to spik for myself. What ze diggings! I can prove I did not touch ze mouldy old cake, bekas none of it has been found on me, so see! Queek, hurry up with ze jolly old verdict—"

At this point a burst of laughter from the public—mostly juniors ready to dash away to tennis—greatly grieved the judge.

"If there is any more of it," said Judge Betty Barton, "I shall have to clear the court! Prisoner at the bar, have you anyone to speak for your character?"

"No, bekas it not necessary. Bekas I am a queen in my own country, don't forget. And wait till I get Polly Linton in my country! I will—So I will!" Naomer shouted above the uproar. "And I don't care a hoot for any of you! I am going!"

But she found wardresses ready to grapple with her. A scuffle, during which the prisoner's dock fell to bits and had to be set up again, and then

Justice pursued its more or less cold, impartial progress.

"Yes, who are you?" asked the judge, looking at Paula Creel mildly as that tender-hearted young person suddenly came forward.

"My lah," Paula said emotionally, "the pwisoner, having no other friend to speak for her, I twust you will allow me to plead for mercy. The pwisoner—"

"One moment!" counsel for the prosecution cried. "This is where I cross-examine! Have you or have you not known the prisoner under the name of the Walking Appetite?"

"Er—as vegards—"

"Yes or no!"

"Er—yes, wather!"

"Also as the Cream-bun Champion?"

"Er—"

"Yes or no!"

"At times, yes. However—"

"Then what do you mean," thundered counsel, "by coming here to ask an intelligent judge and jury to let the prisoner off? Go away!" Counsel dismissed Paula amidst shouts of laughter. "And now, if your ludship will allow me to address the jury, I think I shall prove that it must have been the prisoner!"

"Go on, then," said the judge solemnly.

"Members of the jury!" Polly said, preparing for a burst of eloquence. "You have heard the evidence of the prosecutrix, and you must have seen the force of it, the weight, the—er—ah—the— In short, take a good look at the prisoner, and then ask yourselves! I say," Polly cried, banging a fist upon her desk, whilst brandishing the other hand at the prisoner, "look at her! Ask yourselves! If she didn't do it, then who did?"

"You did!" yelled the prisoner.

"She cannot prove an alibi—"

"Yes, I can!" piped the prisoner. "Bekas I was in bed all night and in school all this morning, so see!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence in court," requested the judge. "If this unseemly laughter is repeated, I will clear the court! Go on," with proper judicial weariness to counsel.

"M'lud and members of the jury," Polly wound up, with hissing impressiveness, "there stands the perpetrator of this infamous deed! True, it has been argued that the cake was not found upon her. Is it likely that it would be? Isn't it obvious what became of that cake, every crumb of it, within an hour—nay, within ten minutes!—of the dastardly, unconscionable, perfectly unspeakable deed! M'lud and members of the jury, I will tell you what the prisoner did with that cake," said counsel, driving home each word with a rap upon the desk "She ate it!"

And with that, counsel sat down.

There was applause, instantly quelled by the ushers. Then the judge summed up.

"I am sorry this case has taken so long, as I am due at another court," said Betty, meaning the tennis-court. "You must all keep open minds, if you have any minds at all. I do not think the case should ever have been brought. In any case, the prisoner is obviously not responsible for her actions—"

"Good job! Bekas—"

"Keep the prisoner quiet!" ordered the judge; and the wardresses did so!

"You will now, members of the jury, give your verdict—"

"Not guilty!"

Great sensation! There was such wild cheering,

the judge could hardly be heard telling the prisoner that she was discharged without a stain upon her name.

Instantly, versatile Polly forgot that she had been counsel for the prosecution. She became as a mother to Naomer, ready to enfold her to her heart.

"My chee-ild!" Polly sobbed joyfully. "It is all over now! Be comforted! Did I not say, whilst you had British justice to rely upon, you had nothing to fear!"

Helen Craig had looked in to laugh, along with others, at the whole bit of nonsense. Now that it was over, and juniors were pelting away to games, she for one set off for her stroll as far as the cottage-home of Dolly Delane on the Barncombe road.

Although Dolly Delane had become a day-girl at Morcove when her parents retired to the cottage that was within a mile of the school, she often spent her "halfers" with the boarding scholars. Now and then, however, home interests claimed her. The Delanes had a good bit of land with the cottage, and Dolly, as much as her father and mother, loved to work about the glorious garden.

There, amongst the riot of flowers and the bees, Helen Craig came upon the happy-hearted, homely day-girl. Up rose Dolly from her weeding as she heard the wicket-gate click.

"Hallo, Helen dear!"

"Are you coming to tea with me and Pam this afternoon, Doll? Betty and the rest will be there. I promised Pam I would walk out this way and ask you."

"That is kind of you both! Yes, I shall love it. Dad and the mater have motored to Exeter. I could have gone, too, but things in the garden are getting exciting!"

"They look very wonderful, anyhow, Doll!"

"But the weeds! Still, I'll knock off about three, and be along in good time. I can bring some early strawberries and some clotted cream. We are getting such loads of cream, Helen, and the strawberries are some I've hurried on."

"Strawberries and cream!" cried Helen. "First time this year! I shall be slipping out one morning, before you are up, to raid the beds, Doll!"

"Then you'll have to be up early," was the retort. "Take a walk round with me, Helen. The worst of gardening, you start to do something, and then you start to walk round."

"I'm in the way—hindering you?"

"Not a bit! I should be starting to walk round by now! Oh, talking of getting up early—that reminds me, Helen," chattered Dolly, as they strolled together, "who was it at Morcove up ever so early this morning? You know I can see one side of the schoolhouse from my bed-room window here? I was surprised when I looked out and saw some girl or other, coming down the iron staircase of the school?"

"The fire-escape, you mean?"

"Yes," Dolly nodded. "It must have been as early as half-past five. In fact, I went back to bed again, finding it was so early. But there was that girl going down the school's fire-escape, and I think it was a silly thing for her to be doing. There would be a row if it were known."

Helen had nothing to say, although she was attentive enough. She had come to a standstill, staring blankly at Dolly. The latter resumed:

"It's all very well for a scholar to get up, ever so early, mornings like we are having now.

But, even if it were done not to disturb the others, the girl shouldn't use the fire-escape."

"It's dead against the rules!" exclaimed Helen. "I know. But some girl or other did it this morning."

"What—what was she like, Doll?" asked Helen, quite distressfully.

"Oh, she was too far off for me to distinguish her. I couldn't even say if she was a junior or senior. I only know that for certain it was a scholar, right enough. What do you think of my delphiniums, Helen?"

And so the talk turned upon flowers, the kitchen-garden, and the other delights of a place supporting a couple of cows and two little calves, not to mention Blue Beverans, fantail pigeons, a pair of doves, and a bobtail sheepdog.

"Dad and mother gave up farming," laughed happy Dolly, "but they still must do a bit in a small way. And I'm glad."

"You'll have to marry a farmer, Doll, when you grow up!"

"If there are any farmers left to marry," was the shrewd rejoinder. "Well, ta-ta for the present. I'll be along in good time!"

Dolly must have imagined that chummy Helen was under compulsion to hurry away to fulfil some engagement on the courts or the games' field. But Helen did not go straight back to the school.

As soon as she had passed a bend in the road that put her out of sight of the cottage, she struck aside on to open grassland lying between the road and the cliff's ragged edge.

Soon she had the sea's wide horizon spread before her, and she scanned it eagerly—anxiously. Smudges of smoke marked the going-by of the usual number of big steamers, all those miles out. She seemed to watch each tell-tale smudge in turn very earnestly.

So far as she could tell, however, without glasses, no vessel was steaming shorewards; all were going out to the Atlantic or making for the Bristol Channel.

At last, and with a sigh that was like one of relief, she went back to the road. Helen crossed it and walked out on to open moorland.

The cottage was a little way behind her, the school directly ahead of her. Rough and undulating was the ground, with the narrowest of paths amongst great patches of gorse and bracken. The latter had sent up its fern-like fronds to a great height, affording thick cover.

Helen herself was often quite hidden amidst the surrounding greenery.

At intervals, whilst drifting this way and that, she paused like one who is watchful, eager to pick up a sound that might tell her something. If the linnets twittering so sweetly in the gorse suddenly took to flight, as if startled, she frowned in that direction.

But such wary tactics brought Helen no result.

Presently she worked her way towards the school, giving more than one little sigh—but not of relief this time. Now they were sighs evidencing great suspense.

Some grave anxiety was upon the scholar's mind; an anxiety which she was bound to keep to herself. For she had banished all signs of uneasiness from her looks by the time she joined chums of hers who were looking on at the tennis.

Study 12 had got the use of one grass court, and there a brilliant set was being played. Pam and Betty had taken on Polly and Madge. At the next court Pat Lawrence was playing with "the Three E's." Whether as players or as

lounging lookers-on, awaiting their turn, the juniors were enjoying themselves this afternoon. Helen must have been the only one to feel ill-at-ease.

"Tell Pam I've gone up to get the study ready, will you, girls?" she said quietly to a few of those sitting about in the shade. "And that it's all right about Dolly Delane; she'll be here."

"Right-ho, Helen!"

So she went off and was soon in the study, but not at once did she start the table-laying.

All by herself, Helen took her stand at the study window once again, and for several minutes she kept anxious eyes fixed upon the horizon and all the steamers going by.

#### What is Helen Thinking?

LOUD cheers greeted the arrival of Dolly Delane in Pam and Helen's study at half-past three.

The rest of the chums had already mustered.

"Hooray! What about it, Doll?" cried the chums. "Who said strawberries and cream?"

For answer Dolly gaily set down one pint cream-jug, and to the paper-covered top, and an open basket of strawberries, not a green or white one amongst them!

Naomer went off her head.

"Gorjus!" she shrieked. "Ooo! Ooo, queek, I must—"

"Naomer!" shouted the dusky one's mentor; and Polly dragged her serene Highness away, just as a brown hand was diving into the fruit basket.

"Go outside!"

"What ze diggings!"

"Out-SIDE!"

And out she went, only to come back like an indiarubber ball on the end of a bit of elastic.

"Bekas," said Naomer indignantly, "I never get a look-in now, what with locked cupboards and all ze rest! I am fed up!"

"Then you can't really want any tea," was Polly's logical conclusion.

Naomer, however, did ample justice to the strawberries and cream. For that matter, so did the others! Where Naomer maintained her reputation against all comers was in her achievements in the pastry department. There, she even had Polly "whacked!"

Afterwards, there was a pleasant sitting about in that study, made so luxurious by Pam's tastes and means. The window was wide open to sunshine and breeze, and whilst the talk flowed on the girls heard others at their games, again, below.

"Yes, well," said Pam at last, "you'd like to be going out again. As soon as I've cleared away—"

"I'll see to that, Pam," offered Helen.

"We'll all see to it," proposed Dolly, ever the one to revel in a bit of washing up.

"That's the idea!" cried Polly. "And afterwards—what about a pick-up game of cricket.



Dolly Delane suddenly stopped as she and Helen were walking round the garden. "Who was up so early at Morcove this morning?" she asked. "I saw someone coming down the fire-escape about half-past five."

girls? Pam, you run and see if Pat and the Three E's will join in?"

So, whilst the clearing up went on, many hands making light work, Pam went off to inquire, and was soon back with a gratifying announcement. It was generally hard to get hold of Pat Lawrence, she so kept to herself without being stand-offish. But she had nothing to do at present. She and the Three E's—who would always do what Pat wished—would join in for cricket. Delighted!

Down to the field went the juniors, and soon it was an exciting match they were playing—double wicket and all. They had found eleven Fifth Form girls to make up an opposing team.

Helen, looking out of the window, saw that the Fifth were batting, and that the Fourth had put on its demon bowler, Polly Linton, to play havoc with the stumps.

For Helen had stayed behind in the study, on the pretext that she wished to put away the washed-up china very carefully. It was Pam's Royal Worcester! Unbeknown to Helen's chums, however, there was that secret anxiety at war with her desire to be as sociable and sport-loving as ever.

When all was done that could be done in the charming study, Helen first took another look at the distant sea, then went from the room to do a strange wander-round.



She went upstairs and stood about on high landings and in dormitory passages, curiously careful not to make a sound in a schoolhouse that was so deserted and quiet.

It was from one of these upper landings that some emergency-doors, with a push-bar fastening, opened on to the outside iron stairway. She looked through the glass of the emergency doors, but there was nothing to excite her interest.

Meantime, the cricket-match went on, the Fifth Form wickets falling with a frequency that made it seem possible for prep. to be started not later than seven. But the juniors were stickers when they went in to bat.

In particular, the demon bowler proved a demon batter. Lengthy were shadows on the playing-field when at last terrific cheering marked the close of the match.

Into the schoolhouse stormed the juniors, still cheering as they pounded upstairs to the studies. A win by eight runs!

"The stuff to give 'em," said Polly. "And now—work! Remember, dear children, what Miss Massingham said."

Polly should have been dead beat by now, after activities that had included the case in court, good work at the tea-table, tennis, cricket. But she was not. It was Naomer who suggested an interval for refreshments before starting prep.

Helen Craig lay awake long after others were asleep that night.

Even if she had felt as tired out as the others, she would have made efforts to keep awake.

Never once, however, as the dark hours crept on, did she find sleep stealing upon her. Her mind was active; every sense was on the alert.

If she heard the very faintest sound about the schoolhouse, she sat up sharply in bed, heart pounding, nerves tense.

In the stillness she could hear the murmur of the tide along the shore. Once a bat flitted in at the open dormitory window and went blundering all round the great room before finding its way out again. Then an owl hooted—tu-who!

Ding-dong went the school chimes, striking off each quarter of an hour. Very lengthy intervals they seemed to wakeful Helen, between one chiming and another. Quarter-past eleven, a great wait, then the half-hour. And still no sound had come such as she had thought there might be, all at once. A sound bearing out the theory which had been agitating her ever since midday.

Was it any use her keeping awake like this? But, in any case, sleep was as far from her pillow now as when—

Hark! What was that?

She sat up sharply, silently. Her ears were straining whilst she peered across the dark room to its half-open door.

Suddenly she flung back the bed-coverings and set foot to floor.

On went dressing-gown and slippers. Then, whilst all her schoolmates still slumbered, Helen tip-toed away.

Stealthily she crept from the dormitory and along to a landing, there to peer over the banisters. She stood there a full minute, listening.

Not a sound.

Yet she was not going to conclude that mere fancy had fetched her out of bed like this; a mere fancied sound in the house, as of someone creeping about.

Treading as cautiously as before, Helen went down a flight of stairs, round the half-landing, then down another flight.

Now she was on that floor of the great schoolhouse given over to studies. A few steps on tip-toe took her to where she could peer along the Fourth Form corridor.

All should have been total darkness there; and instead—what did she see?

A gleam of light coming from under one closed study-door, and that door her own and Pam's.

Someone was in the study which she, Helen, shared with Pam, and something was being done that necessitated a switched-on light!

Helen was scarce breathing as she tip-toed down the dark passage, coming silently to that door under which was the line of light.

She was so excited, violently her hand trembled as she took hold of the doorknob to turn it.

Then she opened the door, and her figure was in the full glare of electric light as she stood gazing into the room; gazing at someone who, greatly startled, stared back at her.

A girl it was who had come a few minutes since to the study at dead of night.

Fully dressed, she was seated at the table—or had been seated, until surprise at the opening of the door made her start up, pen still in hand.

"Sh!" gestured Helen, for she had feared that this other girl was going to cry out.

She closed the door. She could hear her heart thudding as she stood over there by the door, meeting the other girl's wild, sorrowful eyes.

"Muriel Garth!" whispered Helen. "Oh—Muriel!"

The pen in Muriel's hand was suddenly put down. She dropped back in her chair and, putting her face between her hands, gave a low moan of acute anguish.

#### Together Once Again!

HELEN CRAIG crossed over quickly and touched the other girl in a pitying, rallying way.

"Don't, Muriel—sh, don't cry; don't make a sound! It's all right!" was the deep whisper.

"What you must think of me!" Muriel Garth answered. Uncovering her face, she looked at the scholar with eyes which now held tears. "I have no right to be here—"

"But you have, Muriel; at least, so I think! We became friends. All Morcove liked and trusted you. And whatever you have done—ah, I can understand what excuse there is!"

Muriel got up, but she did not speak. She could only look at the Morcovian wistfully, tragically. Then Helen whispered again:

"You got away from the yacht, after all, Muriel! That open boat—"

"I gave them the slip, yes," Muriel whispered back. "The boat was towing when the Saviour started. I let myself down by the tow-rope, cast off, and rowed ashore. Tell me, Helen—tell me! Has the yacht come back?"

"No."

Helen breathed deeply, then resumed, keeping her voice as low as ever:

"Ever since midday, Muriel, when the open boat was found at the jetty, I have been wondering—could it have been you! There is a belief that sailors on leave were left behind; but I—I at once thought of you, how you longed to stay in this country."

"I did it," Muriel said in a fierce whisper, "for the best. It was a case of now or never. I did it, to keep my promise to you in this study, the other evening—not that you asked for the promise, but I felt then that I must make it."

"And I have not forgotten it, of course,"

Helen answered softly. "Oh, and I am only so thankful, Muriel, for your own sake, that you did get away from the yacht."

"If there had been only my happiness to think of, I would not have minded," said Muriel in a whisper. "But I discovered that my stepmother had base reasons for wanting to take me back to Mexico. It's because she wishes to please her father, who is fond of me; to please him, so that she can increase her influence—get him to hand over business affairs to her. And then—she is going for your father, Helen, about that silver mine."

The schoolgirl nodded.

"I know. Didn't we both realise that the whole thing was suspicious! But, naturally, you could not act on mere suspicion, Muriel. And proof only came when you had finally gone on board!"

"I heard my stepbrother and sister talking. They thought I was asleep in my cabin—they were sitting just outside, on the deck. Afterwards they moved away; but I had overheard enough. And so—here I am!" Muriel sighed. Then continued in an undertone:

"I found shelter for last night in the school-house. At daybreak I went away. It seemed wiser for me to do that, and fairer to the school. Helen, I am sorry, but I took a cake from this study of yours—"

"That's all right. Is it all you've had!" was Helen's concerned whisper. "But I must contrive—that is, if you are bound to stay in hiding. But are you, Muriel? The yacht has not come back!"

"It will return. That is inevitable," the poor girl stated grimly. "I only wonder that it has not already done so. And you see how I am placed, Helen? I dare not go to that kind headmistress of yours. If I did, she would be compelled to hand me over to my stepmother when the yacht returns."

"Yes, I guessed that that was why—"

"And, Helen, you mustn't breathe a word to

your chums," spoke on Muriel imploringly. "Oh, I hate having to ask you to shield me, and even help me; but—"

"Why? When you have only let yourself in for all this hardship and misery to prevent your stepmother from dealing my father, out there in Mexico, an unfair blow. I am only glad, Muriel, that you did escape from the yacht. I was far more worried when I had to think of you as having gone upon the voyage. You shall not suffer more than I can help. What about food now?"

But Muriel shook her head.

"I crept to this study, a few minutes ago, only to find pen and paper for a letter," she whispered. "I was writing this"—and she indicated the half-finished letter on the pad—"when you took me by surprise. It is to Miss Aylwin."

Helen gave a start as that name was mentioned.

"Ah, I understand, Muriel. You want to get in touch with that young lady—such a true friend to you as she has always been."

"And what I am wondering is—shall I?" came Muriel's tense rejoinder. "You remember what I told you about Deborah Aylwin; how she has taken a post that means travelling about with a wealthy lady. I can only post this letter to the hotel where Miss Aylwin was to join the lady, trusting that it will be forwarded."

"You think they will have left the hotel by now?"

"I know they will!"

The excited whispering lapsed. After a moment, Helen mutely signed to her friend to sit down and finish the letter-writing, and Muriel saw the wisdom of obeying.

So, for a minute or two, dead silence prevailed. With feverish haste Muriel wrote on, whilst



Helen dismounted as she saw Betty & Co. coming towards her. Leaning her bicycle against a tree, she pretended that she was having tyre trouble. Her one hope was that the others would ride past without coming to her aid, for she had a special reason for wanting to be alone just then.

Helen, near the closed door, was like a sentinel—listening, ready to give warning of danger.

Then, as Muriel put the letter in an envelope and wrote the address, the schoolgirl went across to the table.

"I'll post it, Muriel. Leave it in that drawer of mine, and to-morrow I'll send it off. It asks Miss Aylwin to come down to Moreove and take you away—in secret?"

"And she will," rejoined Muriel, silently closing the table drawer, "if only she gets the letter! I can only hang on as best I can, and if I fail to get in touch with her—well, I shall have to make the best of a bad job."

"You're brave, and everything will come all right in the end, Muriel. Meantime, I do realise that you must stay in hiding against the return of that yacht."

Helen stole back to the closed door. Now that the other girl had finished the letter, it seemed wise to switch out the light. Helen did so, then opened the door warily and listened.

"Safe!" was her relieved whisper, after she had reclosed the door. "The whole place is sound asleep. You poor soul, what sleep are you going to get to-night—and where?"

"I shall go to the same attic that sheltered me last night," the homeless girl answered softly. "And get away at dawn like I did before. It is best to be in the open by day; I shall keep fit, and be able to attend to myself better."

"You must have food enough! I must be in constant touch with you!"

The whispered debate went on. The drama of it all was stressed by the darkness in which they now stood. Muriel was all for fending for herself; but Helen had every good reason for insisting upon playing a helpful part.

To-morrow she would go into Barncombe, get some supplies, and hide them at a certain spot on the moor, where cover was so good. She described a suitable spot to Muriel.

"And perhaps we may meet there," was Helen's hopeful whisper at the finish. "It will be after school hours—early evening. Watch out for me at that place on the moor, Muriel, and I will look out for you. Now you must go and get some sleep, and so must I."

Nothing more was said. All the gratitude welling up in Muriel's heart had to be expressed by a sudden grasping of Helen's hand in the darkness.

#### Unwarned!

**I**N class next morning, Helen wisely worked her very hardest at each successive lesson.

It took some doing! Only by the greatest effort was she able to concentrate upon school-work; but, at least, she had a sharp enough spur. If she got dropped upon for carelessness, she would be made to stay in later in the day. And then where would be her opportunity of going into Barncombe?

The same in the afternoon. She might have been aiming to become that obnoxious person, "teacher's favourite," the way she worked! But a far better motive than that lay behind such painstaking efforts in class.

She was out of school at the usual time—and still the yacht had not made its dreaded return.

That seemed to her a most amazing thing, but at the same time it was a tremendous blessing.

The really great danger for poor Muriel would only begin, so Helen was reasoning with herself, with the return of Madame Garcia.

Every hour that scheming stepmother of

Muriel's delayed the return to these shores, to start a hue and cry for the girl, was going to be great gain.

So, as Helen cycled along the open road to Barncombe, about five o'clock, she did not omit to glance seawards whenever an open view in that direction offered.

In spite of the load of care, she felt like singing aloud with joy as she cycled along, simply because even now there was no sign of the Salvador.

In Barncombe she posted Muriel's letter to Deborah Aylwin. Then, doing her best to dodge other girls who had come into town after tea, she made those purchases which would best serve her friend.

She managed all this with success; but the return, loaded up as she was, proved every bit as difficult as she had feared.

Not that the laden state of her handlebars was a thing to excite curiosity of the girls whom she was constantly encountering. Scholars generally did come back from Barncombe fairly well loaded up. It was her being out alone; her coming back when other girls, many of them her chums, were only just pedalling for the town.

Unfortunately, she had been bound to take the road back to Moreove, and soon there was the anxiety of trying to leave the road, unseen by any schoolmates; of hiding the bicycle, and then going warily over the moor with the various parcels, to the appointed spot.

Half-way back to Moreove she dismounted, with no one in sight; and then suddenly she saw girls coming—Betty and others, full pelt on their machines!

Helen unhitched her tyre-pump and pretended to be having trouble with a valve as her chums whirred by.

"Hallo, Helen, why aren't you with us?"  
"Yes, what ze diggings! I hope you have left something for us to buy at ze Creamery!"

She gaily waved them upon their way, and went on fiddling with a perfectly good tyre to give them time to get out of sight.

Then—thurr! came the noise of a motor-cycle. Pat Lawrence, this time, flashing a smile as she roared past.

Still stooping over her machine at the roadside, Helen watched Pat race out of sight. Then—was there a chance now? She looked in all directions. Yes; not a soul in sight for the moment. Now!

Another moment and she was running the bicycle on to the grass, amongst clumps of gorse. She crashed the machine through straying black-berry brambles. With almost frantic haste she pushed and lugged the machine a discreet distance from the road, then laid it flat amidst a tall surround of bushes.

Kneeling there, she got all the parcels off the handlebars and out of the basket. Swiftly she made them up into two bundles, held together with string.

Then, leaving the bicycle in its place of concealment, she set off on foot, carrying the bundles.

Hardly had she done so than the sound of a car on the road reached her. It seemed to be gone by in the direction of Moreove very quickly.

As a matter of fact, it had stopped, allowing someone to alight; but Helen did not know that.

The one backward look she had given, over the intervening gorse and brambles, had shown her the car—or the mere roof of it—and it was then in motion.

Hurriedly she pressed on over the rough moor, her course a zig-zag one amongst the bushes. It was a sunny evening, and she could see upper windows of Morcove School flashing in the golden light, the old tiling of the roof a rich red.

The moor itself looked at its best, and she knew that there was need to be as cautious as ever. At any moment she might meet other girls out rambling. They must not be allowed to see her.

And all the time she was thinking of Muriel—wondering would she show up at the appointed place?

At last Helen was within a stone's throw of the spot. Ahead of her she could see the three shapely hollies which she had named as the landmark for which Muriel must make.

Was the girl even now lurking close at hand? Or was there to be no meeting, alter all; only a hiding of the provisions, in the hope that Muriel would turn up later?

With a fluttering heart she came up with the three hollies, then stood quite still.

She listened, and when at last she heard a tell-tale sound it gave her a throb of joy. That was Muriel now—venturing near, aware that she, Helen, had turned up.

Then, to Helen's sudden dismay, she knew that she was mistaken. She had turned her eager gaze in the direction from which the rustling sounds were coming, and, instead of seeing a girlish figure, she saw—the head and shoulders of a woman.

And that woman was Madame Garcia!

#### From Bad to Worse!

### MADAME GARCIO!

Muriel's own stepmother—here.

No wonder Helen's brain reeled under the shock.

The yacht had not come back, but the woman herself had.

Helen, in the first moment of surprise, knew what it meant to feel bereft, palsied by fright. She simply stared as if at an awful spectre.

Then suddenly she turned and rushed away.

Like one of the moor's own wild deer, she took to flight before that searing presence. Still burdened with the two bundles, she rushed off through the sheltering bushes.

Madame Garcia had seen her—that was beyond doubt.

Panting for breath, after a big detour on the lonely moor, Helen at last got back to where she had concealed her bicycle. She had rid herself of the bundles, hiding them in the best place that offered; and now her idea was to recover the machine and ride back to the school.

There was a car at a standstill beside the road, as she could see when she was still where the bicycle had been left. It appeared to be a hired car of the taxi type, and only the driver was with



As Helen crouched behind a bush she saw the head and shoulders of Madame Garcia. What was she doing on the moor? Helen wondered. Was she on the track of her step-daughter?

it. So, deciding that his presence did not matter, she wheeled the bicycle out to the road, mounted, and pedalled away.

The man civilly touched his hat to her, and she nodded a good-evening, recognising him as belonging to a Barncombe garage with which the school dealt. Then she put on speed, if only because her brain was in the state that impels hurried movements.

Failure! Such the result of her own well-meant activities this evening.

Perhaps Muriel had already fallen into her stepmother's clutches! If not, all one could do at present was to hope and pray that there would yet be a chance to avert the disaster. If only—oh, if only the hapless girl could remain in hiding, what misery it would spare her, what wrongdoing it would prevent!

All the way to Morcove such anguishing thoughts were coursing through Helen's mind, and it was the same when she had regained her study.

The wide sea, from the window, was as empty as ever; but where was the comfort in that, when the moor had shown her Madame Garcia on the track of the missing girl?

Round about eight o'clock some girls, just back from Barncombe, came pounding up to the studies. They went first to Study 12, but in a few moments Helen had them all surging in upon her to impart exciting news.

"Helen, what do you think?"

"Yes, Helen—amazing thing—"

"Incredible, *bai Jove!*"

"In Barncombe—those Mexican people, the



Garcios!" was Betty's share in the outcry. "We suddenly came face to face with Jose and Andro. Madame Garcio is there, too, although we didn't see her—"

"They arrived by train this afternoon from Plymouth," chimed in Polly. "Surprised? You could have knocked us down with a feather!"

"Bekas—"  
 "Muriel isn't with them; Muriel is missing!" rushed on Polly. "That's the meaning of the boat we found at the jetty, Helen! That girl, Muriel Garth, didn't go with the yacht, after all!"

"And in the morning," added Betty, "Madame Garcio is coming to the school to try and find out—what has happened to the girl!"

"The theory being," said Madge Minden, "that she must be hiding in the district!"

"I see," responded Helen, trying to look only half as alarmed as she felt.

It was her added dread that these chums of hers, remembering her special friendship for Muriel, would question her. But it was time to think of routine matters, and there was only one more remark. It came from Polly.

"Mystery why Muriel Garth should have acted as she has! For it seemed to us girls that Madame Garcio and the others were only wanting to be very kind to her!"

(END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.)

It really seems as though Madame Garcio will soon find Muriel Garth. Helen Craig realises the dire trouble that must follow from such a meeting. But how can she possibly prevent it? On no account miss next week's long Morcove tale, entitled: "Where Was Muriel Garth?" Order your SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN now!

## THERE'S ONE GLAD RUSH for SCHOOL-DAYS!



When school is over for the week, there is the joy of reading this lovely, chummy paper, packed with all the things a schoolgirl loves to read.

Published every Saturday, you will find it ideal for the week-end. Start now and make SCHOOL-DAYS your Saturday treat!

Here are just a few of the splendid features in the issue of

### SCHOOL-DAYS

NOW ON SALE:—

#### "THE SILENCE of DAPHNE DREW"

A fine school serial by JOY PHILLIPS.

#### "SUSAN TAKES THE LEAD"

IDA MELBOURNE'S full-of-smiles serial.

#### "THE DARING of DIANA"

A great complete story by ALMA BULEY.

#### LOOKING YOUR BEST PAULINE SOLVES YOUR PROBLEMS

#### WHISPERS IN CLASS MY BROTHER TEDDY WHO'D BE A TWIN?

A fascinating debate—with a prize attached!