

SCHOOL—HOME—RIVER-LIFE—SPORTS
STORIES IN THIS ISSUE!

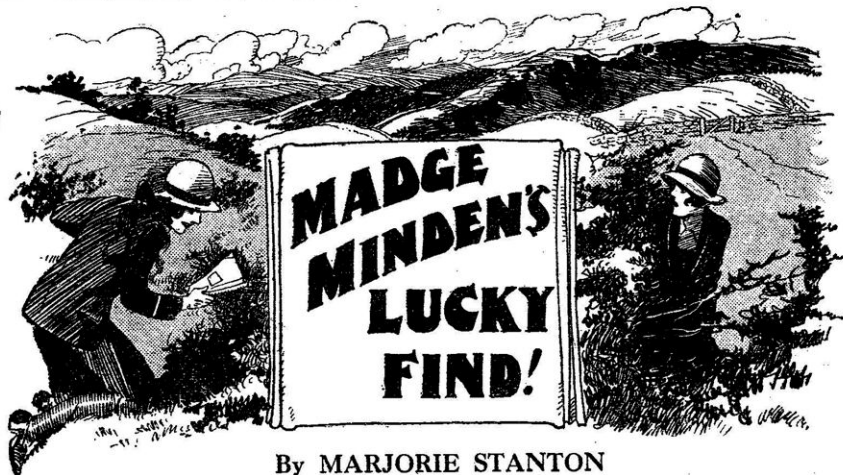
The SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN 2^d



**HER FLIGHT—
BACK TO SCHOOL!**

(An exciting incident from the splendid long, complete Morcove School tale inside.)

There is Something Exciting in Every Chapter of This Fine Long Complete Morcove School Tale.



By MARJORIE STANTON

Cora versus "The Cap!"

POUF! Here, you can take on now, Paula!" And madcap Polly Linton, after handing over a tennis-racket to the amiable duffer of the Fourth, mopped her hair to rights.

"Warm! But go on, Paula!"—for that languid member of Morcove's Fourth Form seemed in no hurry to begin tennis. "Show them what you can do!"

"Yes, queek, come on, old Skinnigalee!" shrilled dusky Naomer, brandishing a racket. "Show them how to muff zem! I will give you a game. I will give you ze licking, you see!"

Naomer and Helen Craig, as partners, were staying in untiringly. Pam Willoughby walked on to the grass court with elegant Paula, and a fresh game started.

That is to say, Paula was kept pretty nimble skipping out of the way of balls served by impish Naomer with rather too much vigour.

"Yes, wather!"

"What ze diggings, ef you are going to playtennis, play!"

"Quite!" responded polite Paula. "I am merely waiting for a reasonably—Owp!"

That one had got her on the ankle.

Polly stood a few moments longer laughing at what was going on, then she sauntered across to Betty Barton, who was sharing a bench under a shady tree with Madge Minden.

"And no one to save my life with a lemonade!" groaned Polly, fanning herself. "Another gorgeous evening, girls! I am beginning to think of hols!"

"Only now?" returned Betty. "I thought you always started to think of hols, directly term started!"

"Judy Grandways, anyhow, must be having a grand time," declared Polly, making a third upon the bench. "I wonder where she and her mother reached last evening in the car?"

"Somewhere down the coast, I fancy," said Madge. "They may have got as far as that new place that is becoming so popular—Lorna Bay."

"And we may have a card in the morning," rejoined Betty. "Well, I don't know!"

"What don't you know?" asked Polly.

"Don't know that I'd care to be taken away from school before breaking-up day, even for a treat like that. It's nice to be here when every-

one else is."

"Judy, come to that, didn't seem to want to go," remarked serious Madge. "I thought she looked very unhappy. Made me feel quite sad for her. Nice girl, Judy!"

"She is," agreed Polly heartily. "Pity Cora isn't more like her. My goodness, though, Madge, what a girl you are! Fancy being able

to feel sorry for Judy now, when you're so worried about your father!"

"Judy was very nice to me about daddy's trouble," Madge murmured. "She spoke to me most comfortingly more than once. But I'm afraid"—with a grave smile—"her comforting theory hasn't quite worked out."

"Oh, what was that?" asked Betty eagerly. "Judy had an idea that the stolen notebook would be returned after all. She seemed to think that the thief, or thieves, would get panicky—be afraid to make use of it, and return it."

"If only they had!" sighed Polly. "You'd be feeling a different girl this evening, Madge. But nothing has turned up!"

The loss of the details of the invention which was to make her father's name has cast a black cloud over the usually serene life of Madge Minden at Morcove. How can she be happy when her father is suffering such bitter disappointment! But Madge is destined to be the means of restoring the precious secret, in a way of which she little dreams.

"Nothing! Dad would have let me know," said the inventor's daughter pensively. "He would be across to the school in a jiffy if anything turned up. He knows how worried I am about it."

Betty Barton was about to offer a remark, when she suddenly jumped up, so as to see across the school grounds all the better.

"Now what's Cora Grandways up to?" she muttered uneasily. "Where is she off to now? Out of bounds? She mustn't! She knows very well she is gated."

But evidently Betty had very strong suspicions that Cora was indeed contemplating breaking bounds, for she set off at a run.

A minute later and Cora, thinking herself unseen, was maddened by an unexpected cry:

"Stop, Cora!"

She was half-way through a weak spot in the boundary hedge. Round she turned, her face already convulsed with fury. The Form captain!

"Oh, dash you, Betty Barton!"

"Come back, Cora!"

"I won't! You nasty, hateful, prying thing!" the "difficult" girl of the Form raged at the captain. "Go and mind your own business!"

"It is my business, as you know, to see that you keep in bounds when you're gated," Betty answered, stepping nearer quite calmly after her sprint across the grass. "You are to stay in bounds, Cora. I have stretched a point by not keeping you at compulsory games, and so—"

"One of those days," the spitfire seethed, clashing the privet-bushes as she came away from the hedge, "you and I will have a settling-up that you won't soon forget, Betty!"

"Take care when that time comes that the boot isn't on the other foot," Betty smiled. "Really, Cora, you are absurd!"

"And you—you're a mean, contemptible, pryer—a bossy nuisance!"

"If I reported that I'd just caught you going out of bounds the gating would be kept on for a week longer. That's why I say you are absurd," Betty insisted. "If you would only play the game and keep within bounds, the gating would soon be called off."

Cora scowled, at a loss for another insolent retort. Full well she knew that Betty had only spoken the truth; it would be far better to resign herself for the few days during which the existing gating order had to run. Good behaviour might easily win a speedy remission of the penalty.

But it was during the next few days that Cora so needed to get out of bounds. It was now—this evening—and again to-morrow. Every hour, every minute free from school, she should be spending out of bounds!

"Why not come across to the tennis-courts, Cora?"

The good-humoured suggestion met with a scornful shrug of the shoulders from the secretly desperate girl. She stalked away, returning towards the schoolhouse, and Betty felt that it was sufficient simply to watch her all the way to the porch.

If the captain had been one to glory in the authority with which she was invested, she could have been making Cora feel it at present. But Betty derived her notions of authority from mistresses who themselves never believed in being as stern as they might be.

All the same, Cora got indoors feeling that there was, after all, a vigilance on the part of the Form captain that was maddening. Even if Betty did not give herself airs, somehow she managed to be very much the captain when the need arose.

With her angry, stamping step Cora passed down a corridor that was otherwise deserted. She reached her own study and drove the door shut behind her—slam!

"Ugh, the wretch! But the whole school—how I hate it! How glad I shall be to be done with it!"

So she raged aloud to herself, alone in the study. To and fro she paced, as if caged. To be gated did not mean that a girl need miss healthy recreation. The Morcove grounds were very spacious, and every kind of game could be enjoyed—except the sort of game that Cora was wanting to play. The artful game of doing just what she had been ordered not to do.

Suddenly she took her stand at the window, and after a few moments of mere dull staring she gave a forward thrust of the head as her eyes caught sight of a small figure on a heathery waste just beyond the boundary hedge.

Yes, that was Sybil Elswick down there. Cora was instantly certain of this. There was the very girl whom she so much wanted to see, and it had been for this purpose that she had tried to flaunt the gating order.

It had been Cora's desperate intention, if only she had the luck to slip out of bounds unseen, to race across to the spot where the Elswicks were camped. But here was Sybil Elswick herself, quite close to the school.

Evidently she had come along to hang round on the chance of Cora's being able to slip out for a talk.

It all helped to make the gated girl feel madder than ever against Betty and against the entire school. Discipline! Fussiness! Footling rules! Irrksome enough at the best of times, but just now more maddening than ever.

Still at the window, Cora saw the distant girl give a wave of the hand at last. Sybil had picked out this study window and seen her. But the wave of the hand—was it a mere greeting, or did it mean an urgent: "I want you. Something to tell you!"

"Hallo, Cora! Lonesome without your darling sister?"

She flashed round. It was Diana Forbes who had sauntered in. Diana was almost the only member of the Form who ever sought Cora's company. At times they would be close cronies; then they would have a quarrel and not speak for a week. There was a dash of Cora in Diana, which accounted for their being attracted to each other like that. But this was not the moment for Cora to welcome even a kindred spirit.

"Hallo!" she returned heavily. "Why aren't you at games?"

"Oh—games!"

"Prep., then," Cora said, with a mirthless grin.

"Oh—prep.!"

"Well, anyhow, Di, I'm sorry, but I'm not in the mood for company this evening."

"So it seems!" smirked Diana. "Dear me, Cora, I would never have thought you would be so miserable without darling Judy! When she's here you do nothing but rag her. Yet when she's away you pine for your dear, sweet sister, the pet!"

"Oh, don't be funny!"

"But I guess how it is with you," chuckled Diana. "You are wild at not being given the treat that Judith is having. My goodness, I guess she's having a good time. Your mater is the one to do things in style, eh?"

"I shall have my treat another time!"

"Oh, no doubt. We know you are mumsie's favourite, eh? And really, Cora, without wishing to butter you up, I don't wonder! Judy is a misery! She looked like a wet week when she was going away."

"She was rua down!"

Diana laughed.

"Yes, I suppose she really was in need of a change. Been acting most strange lately. It was only the other day that I saw her doing the most extraordinary thing, flitting about outside the school as if she were playing hide and seek, yet she was all alone."

Cora suddenly stared.

"How do you mean, Di? When was this?"

"Oh—the day before yesterday, was it? Just before dinner, anyhow. She didn't see me."

"Oh! Was it right out of bounds you saw her?"

"Yep. There couldn't have been anything your sister wanted to hide, I suppose? It seemed to me," Diana threw out carelessly, "that would have accounted for the way she was going on."

Cora still stared, whilst her heart went thud-thud, beating violently from a sudden excitement about which Diana knew nothing.

Cora Comes a Cropper!

"HOW—how funny, Di, that you should mention this!"

"How funny of Judy to do it, I say."

was the flippant response, "Now, if it had been you, Cora! Then I might have felt sure that there was something you didn't want anyone to know about. But Judy, of course, is never underhand—sweet Judy!"

"Have a choc., Diana?" It was a sudden change in Cora. Her tone was now cordial; she found a box of chocolates which her mother had brought to the school yesterday and passed them across.

"Judy is a strange girl, anyhow," the elder sister remarked, with well-affected carelessness. "Much too fond of mooning about alone. Where exactly did you see her, Di? And do have another choc.!"

"Thanks; these are special! Oh, it was, not far from the school gates; about half-way between the school and the Delanes' cottage."

"On the Barncombe road?"

"Yep. But Judy was not actually on the road, she was on the moor. You know where there's a finger-post that points along a bridle-path? Near there," Diana finished, ridding a large chocolate-cream of silver-paper.

A slight pause followed.

"I must write to mother this evening," Cora exclaimed affably. "I don't know her address yet, but there'll be a card at least in the morning. Must get my letter written in advance. And then there's sickening prep.!"

"So, you don't want me langing about? All right!"

"But we must go out together some time, Di. I won't forget! At present I'm gated!"

"Yes—poor you!" grinned Diana, going out. "Bye-bye!"

The door closed between them, and instantly Cora flew to the window, to peer in the same direction as before.

Sybil Elswick had gone—no, she had not! But she was going away now, tired of hanging about; in despair of getting a secret meeting. Cora still watched, frantically hoping that the girl would look back at least once again. If she did—

Ah, she was glancing round now!

Standing closer to the open window, Cora signalled her frantically with a violently waved arm.

To her intense relief, she saw Sybil Elswick saunter back.

In the study, Cora found herself walking about again wildly, teeth and hands clenched.

Now, if only she were not gated! She must get a talk with Sybil somehow. Gated or not gated, she must manage it.

Those idle remarks made just now by Diana Forbes had a tremendous meaning for Cora. She had not the slightest doubt that at the time when Diana had seen Judith behaving so strangely Judith had been wanting to hide the stolen notebook!

"The day before yesterday," Cora repeated Diana's words. "That was the day when Judy came upon the notebook in this study and rushed



"Stop, Cora!" In the act of wriggling through the boundary hedge, Cora Grandways looked back at the arresting cry. "Oh, dash you. Betty Barton!" she said furiously.

away with it. She was the last girl to come to table that dinner-time. It's as clear as anything. She had been out of bounds, finding a hiding-place for the thing. And from what Diana said just now, it was somewhere near the finger-post."

Cora's brain was working fast now. Surely this information she had received by accident should help tremendously in the search for the stolen book.

"So I must get out to Sybil somehow, and let her know—oh, I simply must!" fumed Cora. "She and her brother can go ahead then. I can tell them exactly where to search. It should be easy now. I could do it, if only I were free. I'd scour every yard of ground over there at the finger-post."

In a raging, important manner she struck her hands together. Then she simply rushed out of the study, although this violent and reckless haste quickly gave place to cautious slowness.

Stealthily she made her way downstairs by a side-staircase supposed to be used only by the staff. She was going out! Betty had baulked her before; Betty should not baulk her a second time!

"Not if I know it!" seethed the desperate girl, warily emerging from a side doorway. "Mother said I was to do all I could to get hold of the notebook again, and get it back I will!"

Keeping to all the cover that offered, swiftly Cora stole down towards the boundary hedge of the school. She was hoping that she might not have to break bounds. Sybil might have come stealing in near enough to the hedge to be hailed by a guarded call. Then, in a few words, she could be told.

There was an open space before her now. Cora sauntered across this with an appearance of carelessness as though she were a mere idler round the outskirts of the school grounds.

But she was in the highest state of excitement, for she had just glimpsed Sybil, close in on the other side of the boundary hedge. Sybil was a shrewd girl; she seemed to understand exactly what to do!

Cora started to hum a tune, and then she heard a faint "H'm!" from the other side of the hedge—Sybil's indication of her exact locality. Artfully that girl had taken her stand where the bushes were at their very thickest, and Cora admired her for doing this. Of course, the thickness of the hedge would make no difference to their whispered talk, whereas it would keep Sybil safely hidden from anyone inside the grounds.

With a last quick glance around, Cora gave a low:

"H'sh! Sybil!"

"Cora, can't you come out?"

"Not this evening; I'm gated! But, I say—can you hear me?"

"Yes, Cora. What's the latest? My people are so anxious to know whether—"

"Listen, then! I have just found out a most important thing," breathed Cora. "I believe you and your brother can easily find the—"

She broke off abruptly. Too cunning to give herself away by glancing guiltily around at the sound of someone's approach, she would have sauntered on, only a familiar voice called out arrestingly.

If looks could kill! Betty, in that case, would have been annihilated by the look which Cora, turning round, now gave her. But instead, Betty looked quite unperturbed.

"Come here," said Betty.

"You wretch!" panted Cora. "Oh, you—"

"Yes, I know," the captain cut short the other's vituperation. "It is the second time within the hour that I've dropped on you! Well, you shouldn't have tried it on—a second time! Now you'll come to Miss Everard."

"I won't! Who do you think you are?"

"The captain—under orders, the same as you," Betty returned simply. "Just a second."

With a couple of quick strides she was at the hedge. Her arms parted some of the branches, enabling her to see through to the other side, and there was Sybil Elswick, trying to slip away unseen!

"Ah," said Betty, "I was right! Very well, Cora, you must come with me to Miss Everard. I've been giving you a good deal of rope, but—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"For once," Betty stated regretfully, "I've got to report you. It is no good giving you a second chance. You only threw it away. You've asked for this, Cora. Come on."

For a moment they eyed each other. Then, passionately, Cora walked on fast. Betty walked with her. Cora suddenly loitered. Betty altered her pace accordingly.

Then, suddenly, in her mad rage Cora's arm went up and there would have been a stinging smack on the cheek for Betty, but she struck down the menacing arm. Next instant Cora found that same arm gripped tightly while she was hustled along towards the school door.

"Let me go!" Cora panted and stamped, after the first hundred yards. "If you don't—"

"I shall know when to let you go," Betty said grimly. "When we've found Miss Everard—not before. And there she is, as it happens."

The Form-mistress had come out to look on at the tennis and other games. She had her attention directed suddenly to the strange sight of one girl bringing another along as if under arrest, and she at once hastened to meet the pair.

At the same time girls from all parts of the field came running up.

"Here is Cora, Miss Everard," Betty began, rather breathlessly, yet quite calmly. "For the second time in an hour I have found her—"

"That's untrue!" panted Cora. "I was not going to break bounds!"

"The first time I caught her getting through the hedge," Betty explained quietly. "I let her off; warned her not to be so silly—"

"I was not going to break through!" Cora insisted wildly. "Miss Everard, I was merely walking round—"

"The second time, Miss Everard, she was talking through the hedge to Sybil Elswick, and after what I was told must not be allowed I simply had no choice but to report her."

Miss Everard had eyes only for Cora.

"Why would you not observe the warning that Betty was kind enough to give you? Why must you force her to bring you to me? Do you think orders are given to you, or to Betty or anyone else, only to be set at naught?"

"I don't care—"

"Cora! If I have another impudent word! You have been gated—why, you know. You have been forbidden to see or speak to that Elswick girl—and again, you know the reason. It goes to show what that girl is like, that she can have the impudence to come hanging round the school, after being told plainly—"

"Why should she care?" Cora laughed reck-

lessly. "She isn't a Morcove girl, anyhow! She's lucky not to be at such a sickening school!"

"Silence——"

"For that's what it is; a rotten, petty——"
"Silence!" cried Miss Everard, with such sternness as those who crowded round had never before seen her display. "Now go indoors to the detention-room. You will stay in detention until prayers."

"Will I? If you don't look out——"

But Cora got no further than that. This time it was the Form-mistress who, seizing her by the arm, hustled her towards the house. Morcove felt scandalised. It had never dreamt that even Cora Grandways could be so recklessly impudent as this.

Five minutes later the key was turned upon Morcove's most "difficult" girl, now within the four walls of the detention-room.

She was so roused, so desperate at being balked that she rattled the inside knob and kicked the door as if she would like to kick it down. Then Miss Somerfield came to her and solemnly warned her that if she made another sound her mother would be communicated with.

"As soon as I know Mrs. Grandways' address I will wire her to fetch you away," said Miss Somerfield sternly—"never to return!"

That stern warning nearly had the effect of making Cora all the more unmanageable. Let her force them to wire for mother—so much the better! That was her first thought when she was alone again. As soon as mother got to the school she—Cora—could pass to her the information that she wanted to pass to the Elswicks!

But, on second thoughts, Cora decided on a more cunning course. If she kept quiet now they would let her out at bedtime.

"And then I can go ahead," Cora told herself. "Sneak out when everyone else is asleep and get to the Elswicks' camp!"

She gave her wide grin at the afterthought:

"It may get me expelled, but who cares? I don't, and I am sure mother and father will think nothing of that, if only I can get hold of that notebook for them."

At prayers, however, Cora found even this desperate plan frustrated. She was to pass the night in a bed-room adjoining Miss Everard's. The room Cora would occupy could only be entered or left by passing through the mistress', and there would be other precautions, too, to ensure that where Cora was put she—should stay!

She Couldn't Be Happy!

THE Grand Hotel, Lorna Bay, was enjoying an early season. Though it was only early July the hotel was full, and most of the tables in

the great dining-room would be occupied for the Grand Hotel's sumptuous late dinner.

At the moment the public rooms and lounges wore an air of desolation, but it only meant that all the guests had gone up to change for the evening. There was to be a ball after dinner.

A motor-horn blared, and hall porters, pages and reception clerks brisked up at the toll-tale sound. More arrivals! People who had come all the way by road evidently. The last train of the day, except locals, had got in an hour ago.

Swish! The arriving car came round the curving drive and pulled up at the terraced entrance. A lady was at the wheel; obviously a very wealthy lady. Her only companion was a girl of school age—a daughter, no doubt.

"Wait a moment, Judith," the lady rather coldly bade the girl, who accordingly stood in the grand vestibule, dully taking notice of the magnificent features of this famous hotel.

At the reception office window the lady spoke haughtily to a pretty girl clerk.

"Rooms for a night or two; let me have the best—my daughter's room next to mine."

"Certainly, madam!"

But the girl-clerk found, on referring to her



Standing close to the window, Cora signalled frantically to the girl below. Would Sybil Elswick understand that she must speak to her at all costs?

room-chart, that she could not quite comply with the lady's special demands.

"I can give you a very fine room on the first-floor, madam—one of the very best—if you would not mind your daughter being a little way off—on the same corridor?"

"Very well."

"Page!" And a boy in buttons flew up.

"Numbers Nineteen and Thirty-three. If you would kindly sign the register, madam? Thank you!"

The lady's jewelled arm reached to the pen-tray, and she wrote in the register:

"Mrs. Grandways and daughter—from Morcove."

Then they went up by the silent lift and took possession of the two gorgeous rooms. Mrs. Grandways, after giving her own room a grudging look of approval, attended her daughter to Number Thirty-three.

"There you are then, Judith—and now—try not to be so moody. I have brought you away from school for a little change that should be a great treat. Get unpacked—and put on something nice for the evening. I won't have you disgrace me."

Mrs. Grandways went out, and no sooner was the door closed than Judith looked more unhappy than ever. Slowly her eyes filled with tears that finally trickled down her cheeks.

It was as if she had been bearing up with great difficulty throughout the ninety-mile motor-run, and must now give way, being alone at last.

She moved to the window and looked out. There was the bay, with Atlantic breakers tumbling in whilst the sinking sun shed a wonderful light—almost theatrical—upon the whole lovely scene.

From other rooms on this corridor came sounds telling of their occupants' high spirits. Girls sharing rooms were chatting and laughing as they dressed. Mothers and fathers were in holiday mood, too. Judith thought of Morcove School—of how she always seemed to be hearing happy sounds there. Now, in this great hotel, it was just the same. Everybody seemed to be care-free, whilst she—

"You make your own misery!" was one of the jeering things her sister Cora had often said; but it was not true. Misery enough and to spare had Judith to endure from that same spiteful-natured sister.

With a heavy sigh Judith turned away from the window to unpack her luggage. A few minutes sufficed for her to get everything either put away in the wardrobe or set out upon the dressing-table. Then she washed and changed.

Her hair had a fine gloss after she had finished with comb and brush—sign of perfect health. Yet her cheeks were so pale, making her look indeed as if she had needed to be given this rest from school work. But it was not over-work—it was not that!

Suddenly the gong sounded through the hotel, and that again reminded her of Morcove School. Bed-room doors were opening and closing, and there was a general descent of guests to the ground floor, with a lot more pleasant talk and laughter. Not unlike Morcove, yet again, when bell or gong called girls down from the studies.

Judith was in no hurry to go down. She felt indeed that she should wait to see if her mother, when, dressed for the evening, would come in quest of her. Judith had no eagerness to join

in the gay life of the place. Hotel life was the one for Cora; that girl simply revelled in it.

Judith would always have preferred to stay with friends, enjoying all the quiet delights of family life. And this evening she would have preferred a thousand times to be still at Morcove School. Her heart was there at the school. If only—oh, if only her mother had not taken her away like this!

"You ready, Judith? Let me look at you."

Mrs. Grandways, in a Paris gown and pearls, had entered, conscious of her own gorgeous appearance, coldly critical or her daughter's.

"You've been crying?"

"No, mother—at least—"

"Judith, before you go down; you make me cross! I know very well that you did not really need a change of air, although I let the head-mistress imagine that to be my reason for bringing you away with me. You are behaving very stupidly."

The mother, unsoftened by the appealing look which Judith gave her, came a step nearer.

"I am going to speak plainly, Judith. It was a letter I had from Cora that made me come to Morcove this afternoon. She told me certain things about you."

Judith received this in silence.

"It appears," Mrs. Grandways continued aggrievedly, "you have threatened to behave in a very high-handed manner, forgetting that Cora is your elder by a year. If I had not brought you away from the school, you would have made serious trouble for your own sister."

"Mother, that is not right—oh, it isn't!" Judith protested, a sob in her voice. "It's quite the other way about. I wanted to save Cora from getting herself into disgrace. She and the young Elswicks—oh, but I suppose you know? If not—"

"I know this," struck in Mrs. Grandways sharply. "All that Cora did was to join with the young Elswicks in playing a joke on Madge Minden's father. For fun they entered his cabin on the moor and took away a notebook of his—one dealing with some cranky invention of his, I understand. It was silly of the girls, but—"

"The notebook, mother, continued the secret of Mr. Minden's invention. It was not a joke. If that book got into the hands of anyone dishonest—"

"Cora's hands are not dishonest! How dare you suggest such a thing! Of course, she was only acting in fun with Sybil and Cyril Elswick. The book would have been returned by now, only you yourself got hold of it."

"I found it in the study, where Cora had hidden it."

"Meaning to return it, quite! But your interference has prevented her doing that, and now people may well think that it really has been stolen."

Judith's face twitched, as if some great emotion were working up in her again.

"It is no use, mother. Oh, please don't think me rude or unkind about Cora! Only it is so obvious, when Mr. Elswick's business would be hit so hard by Mr. Minden's invention. He wouldn't want that invention to be brought out. And, worse than that, Cora knew—we all knew—that dad's business would be hit, too, if the invention were brought out."

"So," exclaimed Mrs. Grandways, bridling, "you even suggest that Cora and the young Elswicks deliberately stole the notebook to please your father and Mr. Elswick!"

"I am sure, mother," Judith said after a moment, in a low, dry-throated tone, "that is what everybody would think. Unless the notebook can be returned to Mr. Minden in such a way that no suspicion falls upon the people who took it—and that is what I was meaning to do. I would have done it, too, and so saved Cora; but you—you brought me away."

Mrs. Grandways quivered, so that all her jewellery flashed and shimmered.

"You took far too much upon yourself, Judith! Now you must tell me—where is that notebook? I want to know! You would not tell Cora where you had hidden it."

"No. I—I knew what I was doing."

"But you are going to tell me, your mother?"

"I— No, mother, I—I can't," Judy all but sobbed. "Please, please don't be angry—"

"I must be angry! Don't you see, this is only making things worse all round? The sooner I have the book, the sooner it can be returned to Mr. Minden."

Judith had no answer to that—at least, no answer that she could bring herself to voice.

"You are only, by your stupidity, prolonging Mr. Minden's anxiety," Mrs. Grandways added impatiently. "And think of his daughter, Madge Minden, a schoolfellow of yours, and yet you behave like this!"

"Oh, mother," Judith sobbed, "don't—don't be so—so unjust! When I would have been so glad to rush to Madge with the book as soon as I found it, only it would have meant her knowing that Cora was mixed up in the business. I have tried—tried to do the best for everyone."

"You have done Madge Minden and her father no kindness, and you have been very cruel to your own sister. Stop crying! Now dry your eyes and come down to table."

Poor Judith! What wonder that she had to keep her austere mother waiting a minute or so before she was fit to go below? She was distressed not so much by all that had been said, as by what had been left unsaid.

Down they went at last, and the head waiter came forward bowing, whilst all the guests who were even then at dinner gave discreet, interested glances to these fresh arrivals.

A string band was playing, and electric lights blazed in parts of the great dining-room which did not get the glow of the setting sun. Waiters flew about. Peals of laughter came at odd moments from tables where jolly family parties were seated. Between the first course and the second Judith sent her first shy glance around.

Here and there she caught people looking fixedly at her, puzzled, perhaps, at her not being in happy, excited mood, like the other young girls,

"You take a lectle chcecken?" The waiter bowed, his foreign accent making Judith think of Naomer Nakara at Morocco. "Ze young lady"—he obsequiously smiled at Mrs. Grandways—"not much appertite?"

"Give her some chicken."

And Mrs. Grandways cast off a costly wrap in careless manner.

Then, if only for appearance sake, she smiled across the table at Judith.

"Foolish child! Haven't I brought you to a beautiful place? Well, then, do for goodness' sake cheer up!"

But the splendour and magnificence of the place could do nothing to banish Judy's distress. The food almost choked her. The music, the light chatter, the stir of excitement going on around her only seemed to emphasise her own unhappiness.

There could be no happiness for her until all was put right for the Mindens. And even then her relief would be tinged with the bitter sorrow of knowing what Cora's part in it all had been.

Off and Away!

A BAND stopped playing one of the latest fox-trots, and all the couples crowding the floor of the grand ball-room sauntered to the surround of chairs and gift benches, chatting vivaciously.



"Are you ready, Judith?" Mrs. Grandways said. "Let me look at you." Then, as she looked critically at her daughter, she frowned. "You've been crying!" she said accusingly.

"May I ask you for another presently?" a young man asked Judith, with whom he had just been dancing. Now he was taking her back to her mother. "That was jolly!"

"It is nice of you," Judith thanked him, "but I am not staying down any longer."

"What! And only ten o'clock!" He said the rest to Mrs. Grandways, who looked a queen to-night—quite the best dressed and most be-jewelled woman in the place. "This young lady talks of going to bed already!"

"My daughter has been brought away from school for a rest and change," Mrs. Grandways said blandly. "I want her to be happy, but not to have too much excitement."

"I see. Well, good-night!" He bowed to the girl who was so much his junior, and then bowed himself away from haughty Mrs. Grandways.

"Good-night!" Judith responded as he vanished into the throng, seeking a fresh partner. "Mother, I shall go up now."

"Yes, Judy. Good-night, and sleep well." The words were coldly spoken. Mother and daughter did not kiss, as Judith had seen another mother and daughter kiss each other a few minutes ago when parting for the night.

"How different—how different we are!" was Judith's sad reflection as she left the gay scene. Forgetting the lift, she mounted to her room by the richly carpeted staircase. In a few moments she was closing her bed-room door against the renewed strains of the band from downstairs. Then she went quickly to her open window and looked out.

It was a glorious night. A full moon hung over the bay, and the sea shimmered like hammered silver. But such a lovely, romantic night scene did not keep her gazing in delight. On the contrary, it seemed to give her extra determination about something she had now to do. She must get back by some means or other to Morcove!

Drawing the curtains, she hastily changed out of her evening frock into day clothes—her usual Morcove attire.

Then she seated herself at the writing-table with which this fine guest-chamber was provided, and took a sheet of the hotel paper for the letter that had been in her mind all day.

"Dear Mother,—When you get this I shall be on my way back to Morcove. You must know why I am going back in such a hurry and without your permission.

"You will be angry, but I can't help that. How I wish that I could do right and yet please you. But I must do this, mother, even though I know you will be so cross.

"If I had been left alone, by now the Mindens would have had the stolen book returned to them, and there would have been no disgrace for us. Oh, mother, I have only wanted to manage so that the truth about the theft would never be known.

"Perhaps it is nothing to you that I care for Madge and her father. But surely you cannot call it wrong that I should want, at the same time, to save my own family from disgrace.

"There is a lot I can't bring myself to write about. Try to believe that I am still

"Your loving daughter,
"JUDITH."

She was crying, poor girl, by the time her shaky hand was penning her name at the finish. The blotter was smoothed across the ink and tears alike.

In spite of great emotion, however, her heroic purpose never faltered. Quickly she gummed up the letter in an envelope, addressed the latter just simply "Mother," and left it on the writing-pad.

She did not expect her mother to look in at this room to-night. Alas! mother was not the sort to come in to bestow a last good-night kiss in one's sleep. The letter would lie there until the morning, and so much the better! By that time Judith hoped to be well on the way to Morcove.

From a hanging cupboard Judith took her outdoor things and put them on. The coat was a rain-proof one, a lined gabardine, amply warm enough for the time of the year if she should find the night air a little fresh.

At the door she clicked off the lights, then passed out. The broad corridor was deserted. To-night's dance was a great attraction, keeping people up late. She hurried away to a back staircase and regained the ground floor without any awkward encounters.

With the lilting music coming louder to her ears, she went in the opposite direction from the ball-room. Along a rather dim passage, past a room where billiard-balls were clacking, past a remote reading-room, and so out by a garden door into the moonlit night.

Here and there in the hotel garden couples were strolling about by way of interlude in the dancing. She avoided them all, hastened on in the shadows cast by ornamental shrubs and rose pergolas, and so gained the open road.

Then she ran. Like an escaping prisoner she fled along the road, the sea upon her left, open country upon her right. The Grand Hotel stood in a picked, isolated position. Town there was none, as yet, but Judith found herself going towards a lot of new-built bungalows showing lighted windows.

She had no fear of the dwellings. With what right could anyone challenge her? Who would suspect that she was a girl fleeing from the hotel? Dropping to an ordinary saunter, she went by all Lorna Bay's holiday homes, and then had only open country before her, except for the railway station.

There the platform and booking offices were all in darkness. But she was aware of some shunting going on at the goods sidings.

Apparently this was the end of the shunting, for a porter with a swinging lamp bawled out: "Good-night, Charlie!"

He was going away, leaving the engine-driver and the driver's mate to await the fall of a signal. When that signal fell, the goods train would pull out and go puffing away.

Suddenly Judith stood hesitant, then went to the wire fence of the goods yard. The porter had gone, glad to hurry home from his bit of night work. There were only the enginemans, and they, of course, were in the engine's cab. Supposing, then—supposing she made this her means of getting away from Lorna Bay.

There had been no thought of such a thing in her mind until this moment. Now she saw it as a wonderful chance of hastening her urgent journey. The goods train could only go the one way—the way she herself wanted to go. For Lorna Bay was a railroad, and trains came either from the east or returned eastwards.

Stooping, she got through the fence by wriggling between its middle strands of wire. Another minute and she was a diminutive figure treading alongside the great railway trucks, looking up at them wistfully. Some had chalked directions as to where they were to go. Thus,

many had EXETER scrawled upon them, and the date.

BARNCOMBE Junction, she suddenly read in the moonlight, and her heart gave a leap. Barncombe! Only a few miles from Morcove! She could not do better than that.

Yes, she could, though. For here was the very next wagon, bearing the chalked instructions, "MORCOVE ROAD."

Morcove itself. At its journey's end this particular truck would be within a mere mile of the very spot where she had hidden the notebook. Only let her get through to the Morcove Road railway siding by means of this truck, and then—

Hark!

A man was whistling as he came along the track on the other side of the goods train. There was another shunter, then, or would it be a guard, now going to his van? She had forgotten the guard.

Even as she stood still she heard the signal drop some distance up the line. Then the engine whistled.

"Yes, right you are!" the guard sang out, and she knew from this that he was going to swing himself up to his van when the train was jangling off.

Time for further hesitation there was none. With a now-or-never feeling, Judith reached up both hands to the Morcove wagon's side, and hauled herself up. Some roping helped her, and she agilely scrambled to safety, swarming quickly but silently over the side, to land on fine gravel, which formed the wagon's load.

Hardly had she settled herself than the goods train moved off. The coupling tautened all down the train; her own truck jolted with a violence that threw her flat; then it rumbled along with the rest and jolted over points until it had the main line under its wheels.

Off!

Standing up warily, she looked ahead and saw the glow of fire from the engine's cabin. Then she looked back and saw the Grand Hotel, like a lit-up palace, receding into the moonlit summer night.

She huddled down an instant later so as to be hidden by the four sides of the truck. But the moonlight still shone upon her there, and it showed her white face full of a look of fervent thankfulness.

Her hope, she felt, was to be fulfilled, and she would yet be able to restore the notebook of which Madge's father had been so cruelly robbed, at the same time shielding her sister's name.

It was a desperate course to have followed! But it had been either this or a letter to Madge—and no letter, however guardedly written, could have disguised the dreadful fact that Cora had been a party to the theft.

All night the goods train rumbled upon its way, with occasional lengthy stops for the purpose of shedding some wagon or other. Towards morning the stowaway on the Morcove truck knew a time of terrible suspense. The truck in which she was riding had to be shunted at a great junction and finally taken on again as part of another, shorter train.

But, to her inestimable relief, she remained unseen. An hour after the early sunrise she was at Barncombe Junction. Again the truck was shunted, and now it was put at the tail of the first morning train out to Morcove Road. It was past seven by her wrist-watch when the fussy "local" steamed away—without a single passenger. Judith had not passed the night without sundry

snatches of sleep for her; but now she was very much awake—a tremble with excitement.

Like music to her ears was the beat of the wagon-wheels underneath. A few minutes and she would be there; back at Morcove actually.

Just about the time when Morcove School was being rung into breakfast, they side-tracked a wagon of gravel that had come along with the first train at Morcove Road Station.

The truck was shunted on to the one siding, close to the signal-box; so close that the signalman could almost see down from his cabin windows into the truck!

At the same moment a car came speeding towards Morcove School, driven by a lady.

It was Mrs. Grandways. She had found the note in the hotel bed-room overnight, after all, and she had started away from Lorna Bay as early as half-past five this morning, so as to get to Morcove School without an instant's loss of time!

Her Chance!

"WHY, Betty, look there—at that car!"
"Hallo! Phew, that's funny! The Grandways' car—"

"And Mrs. Grandways at the wheel! But I don't see Judy," commented Polly, now that she and various members of the Study 12 band of chums were watching the motor as it flew up the main drive. "What's become of Judy, then?"

"Judy was to be away for a few days, so it's not surprising she isn't there," remarked Madge Minden. "But why on earth Mrs. Grandways has turned up again—"

"Good job eef it is to fetch Cora away as well! Bekas—"

"But that won't be much of a good job for Judy," Helen caught up Naomer. "I guess Judy is all the better off without her sister."

"Yes, wather, bai Jove! Geals, do you realise that this is wemawkably early for Mrs. Grandways to put in an appearance, anyhow?"

"She has come for brekker," jested Naomer.

"Then it's to be hoped she won't sit at our table with Cora!" rejoined Betty. "Come on in, girls; we're ages late as it is."

Although the chums streaked for the porch, having kept on a game after the gong gave the call to breakfast, Mrs. Grandways had gone into the schoolhouse before they got there. On the way to the dining-room, Betty & Co. found a good many school mates in similar excitement and puzzlement. Mrs. Grandways, turning up again like this—and at such an hour!

Where had she come from to be here so early? At what unearthly hour must she have got up this morning if she had come anything like a journey by road? And again—why?

"Better for her if she had kept away, if you ask me," chuckled Polly. "She'll hear something about Cora, I know!"

Nothing had been seen of that girl this morning by Betty and the rest. They had been expecting her to come in to breakfast looking as impenitent as usual; now they guessed she would not give them the doubtful pleasure of her presence—and so it proved.

Cora's place at the Fourth Form table was vacant that morning. It was taken for granted that there was "a row on." But what would happen about Cora remained a matter for speculation for the next forty minutes.

Then, at a moment when Madge, chatting with

others in Study 12, was mentioning that she meant to go across to her father's shack on the moor after morning school, Polly came rushing in with news.

"Girls, she's off!"

"Who's off? Oh, Cora, you mean?"

Polly nodded elatedly.

"I've just seen her going out to the Grandways' car with her mother. Mrs. Grandways is taking Cora away now!"

"Hoo-ray!" cheered the chummersy.

"Yes," agreed Polly heartily, "we won't cry over Cora's going. I wonder if it means that she's gone for the rest of the term?"

Madge had stepped to the study window.

"There they go, girls—see!"

In a bunch they crowded to the window and watched the departing car, but only until it passed out on to the high road. If this had not been the rush time before classes, and if Betty & Co. had watched further, they would not have seen that car go far before it pulled up.

Mrs. Grandways, ready to stop at any instant, said peevishly to the daughter who sat beside her: "Now, Cora, tell me where."

"We're coming to it now, mother—this finger-post," was the answer, given in a tone of feverish excitement. "If you pull up there we can start searching at once. It won't matter, they'll all have gone into school."

The mother nodded, with a hard, determined expression. As she drew the car close into the side of the road where it could be left untended, her elder daughter exclaimed excitedly:

"Oh, how glad I am you turned up, mother! I might have been going into school now. Goodness knows when I would have been able to get word to the Elswicks about where to search. But now—"

"Not so much talk!" Mrs. Grandways struck in testily. "But if we do find the notebook you shall have a nice present, Cora."

"And you'll see that father doesn't go on at me for causing ructions between you and the head-mistress?"

Mrs. Grandways could not bother to answer that. The car was at a standstill now, and she signed to Cora to jump out.

Meantime, the signalman at Morcove Road railway-station, by retiring to his pretty little cottage for breakfast, had afforded Judith a sudden chance that she had feared she was not going to get. Normal traffic conditions on this branch line were such as to allow the railway staff plenty of time for meals, gardening and poultry raising. Judith had made good use of her chance, and now—

The luck of it! So she was saying to herself as she gained the open moor. She was here—and now for the notebook!

Less than twelve hours ago she had been ninety miles away at the Lorna Bay Hotel. She might have had to walk mile after mile through the night; she might have had to take train when the morning came, with all the risk of being challenged as the result of notice being given by her mother. Long before this Mrs. Grandways must have discovered her absence. But that did not matter now.

She had only a mile to go on foot, and she would recover the stolen notebook, and the rest—returning it—would be easy!

The lark singing above her in the sunny sky had no more joy in its heart than was Judith's now. Unseen by anyone belonging to the tiny wayside station, she gained the golden gorseland,

and with a light step she dodged along, stooping to keep safely out of sight.

She had not the slightest need to look to see her way, but once she ventured to assume her full height and peer over the prickly tops of the bushes in a certain direction.

Morcove! Her school—and how she loved it! Not another day could she have spent there, except under the cruellest compulsion, if ever the truth about the stolen invention had become known. But now it never would be known!

Nearer and yet nearer she drew to the spot where, in that first loyal impulse towards Cora and the family, she had hidden the book. And then suddenly, when she felt as if she were treading on air for joy over a great purpose accomplished, a terrible shock came.

Two figures she glimpsed—the mere heads and shoulders of them, above the luxuriant gorse.

Her mother and Cora!

Just that one glimpse, and down dropped Judith to avoid being seen. She dropped as if shot. All her joy gave place to frantic alarm. They had not found the book yet, but they were hunting for it!

In some way they seemed to know the exact locality in which it had been hidden!

Crouching there, Judith heard her heart going pit-pat violently. She knew she must not disclose herself, or they would force her to reveal the book's hiding-place. Her mother must have made a lightning run in the car this morning to have been here by now.

And more than that, mother and Cora must have obtained a clue that the hiding-place of the precious book was whereabouts. Oh, what a cruel shame it was! What a blow! Expected victory turned into defeat after all, perhaps.

Concealed amongst the bushes, she knew her mother and sister to be so close at times, hunting about, that she quite expected them to blunder right upon her. At any instant she knew they might discover the book. They were so near the spot.

Then presently they worked away from it. After being so "warm" over the hunt they were growing "cold."

From time to time they exchanged impatient remarks, and Judith found their low-voices becoming more difficult to hear. But every word that she managed to distinguish told her they had no idea of abandoning the search. If it went on all day, they were not going to mind—so long as they succeeded in the end.

When this was their evident intention, Judith at last began to wonder if, even whilst they were close at hand, she could creep unseen to the spot and get the book away. The bushes afforded ample cover. If she could act with sufficient care and silence, it might be possible.

Driven to desperation as she was, she crept along the grass and between the close-growing gorse. The moment came when she was almost up to the spot—could even see the rough stone which she had placed over the notebook. But that moment also gave her a sight of her mother and sister—again only the tops of their heads—as those two pressed on with the search not a dozen yards away.

Would she manage it? Should she venture the rest of the way, or withdraw?

"Go on!" something within her urged. "Now or never!"

She crawled on. Her right hand at last made

the critical pounce, turned the stone aside, and seized what lay underneath.

Instantly she wriggled backwards, the notebook in her grasp.

Wanting to gasp for breath, she was so excited, and yet feeling afraid to breathe, she crawled right away. Not until she had put half a mile between herself and the outwitted searchers did she stop. Then she asked herself—what now?

What must be her next step? The book was saved for the Mindens—saved! But how to restore it to them without suspicion falling upon the guilty?

To keep to her original plan seemed best. She must wait until such time as she could secretly return the book to Mr. Minden's shack during his absence. She might have to wait all day. Never mind, she would go hungry, thirsty, weary for the sake of that crowning success.

"Judith!" they both gasped at her, completely staggered.

"Mother," she said softly, "it is no use your looking for the notebook any longer. Madge Minden has it."

"What!"

"She is taking it now to her father. And now will you please take me away with you before I get seen by anybody belonging to Morcove? Remember, mother, if I am seen by anyone now it will be guessed why I came back to Morcove—alone!"

The solemn-sounding words took effect. Furious the mother might be, and enraged the elder sister; but they realised that this was no time to vent their anger upon Judith. The car was not far off, at the roadside. Mrs. Grandways went across to it, letting one word only pass her tight lips.

"Come!"



Judith's heart gave a leap of dismay as she glimpsed two figures near at hand. Her mother and Cora—and they were hunting for the hidden book! Judith dropped down into the bushes. She must not let them see her.

But the girl who had fought so hard was finding her luck turning at last. Soon after midday she became aware of a Morcove girl coming this way across the moor. Madge Minden!

Then Judith had a great idea—an inspiration. As quickly as it flashed upon her she put it into action.

Her schoolmate was going to pass close by on a narrow footpath, evidently making for Mr. Minden's shack. Judith silently crawled the few feet to where she could lay the notebook on the grass path—not too openly, yet with the certainty of its being seen by the inventor's daughter.

That done, Judith as silently backed away, then turned round and loped like a rabbit through the gorse.

Was it pure fancy, or did she suddenly hear a faint cry of joy? In any case, she was positive that her great task was finally accomplished, leaving only one thing more to be done. Morcove School must never know that she had returned to the district alone this morning.

On she hurried, standing no risk of being seen by Madge. A few minutes and Judith calmly disclosed herself to her mother and sister,

And in a few moments she and her two daughters were speeding from the spot.

Her One Reward!

"**B**ETTY! All of you! Something to tell you!" That was Madge, a few minutes before dinner-time, as she burst into Study 12.

"The stolen notebook—it's been found!" she panted, all out of breath with her rush upstairs. "Found!"

"Found?" echoed the chums, standing as though electrified. "Found?"

"Where, Madge—where? When? How?"

"On the moor, between here and dad's shack. I found it. I, myself. Oh, it's just too wonderful! I suddenly saw it lying in my path, amongst the bushes." A pause for breath while all her listeners gasped, and then Madge panted on: "Dad's got it now. I ran like lightning to let him have the book. He's simply off his head with delight! It's all right—"

"But, Madge. How ever—"

"Yes, bekas—"

"It's no use asking me to explain how it came to be there," laughed Madge. "All dad and I

can say is that the book is intact. Nothing's missing—no leaves torn out. It must have been thrown away after being stolen—"

"But stolen by whom, Madge?"

She shrugged.

"There is no telling. Girls, do you remember an idea Judy Grandways had—that the thief might get panicky and be afraid to keep the book or make use of it? That is what has happened, dad himself is sure."

A babble of talk followed the semi-speechlessness of stupefaction. Study 12 was still arguing the whole thing, when the gong went. Afterwards, at the dinner-tables of Morcove School, the latest sensation was the one topic.

But, argue it though they might, neither girls nor mistresses were to guess the inner history of the case, so well had Judith Grandways fulfilled her great purpose!

The accepted theory, in the end, was that some tramp or other had purloined the notebook, thinking it might contain paper money in the pocket of the cover. That would account for its having been thrown away afterwards on the moor.

Then it was remembered that Judith had spoken of "doubtful characters" hanging about the shack on the evening of the theft. Her name cropped up in the talk about that; but never once was she or her sister mentioned as having perhaps been involved in the affair.

Even the Elswicks were absolved from the suspicion that had fallen upon them; and again that was only because Judith had played her part so well!

Next morning the Elswicks were gone from their camping ground on the moor, and Mr. Minden could work on in peace, bringing to perfection that marvellous idea which was to make him—the owner of the master-patent—a very wealthy man.

Meantime, some correspondence was passing between the headmistress of Morcove and Mrs. Grandways, but it had nothing to do with the affair of the stolen notebook. Miss Somerfield's one motive for writing was to know whether she was to have Mrs. Grandways' undertaking that Cora, if allowed to return to Morcove, would be a better-behaved girl?

The assurance came. Mrs. Grandways had had a serious talk with Cora, and the latter had promised to mend her ways. And Judith—she was feeling much better as the result of her change of air and rest at Lorna Bay. Might both girls now return to school on the understanding that they were honestly resolved to make up for time lost?

"They're to come back," Betty made known the news in Study 12 the following midday. "Of course, Miss Somerfield is as keen as any of us to see Judy back at school. As for Cora—Miss Somerfield is thinking of her career, I suppose."

Madge came in with a remark at the finish of all the excited comments.

"Now that we've got the address, I think I shall send a note to Judy at Lorna Bay. Somehow, I feel I want to write to her. She was not here when I found the notebook."

"You must tell her all about that!" cried Polly.

"I mean to," nodded Madge, passing out. "Judy always seemed to feel so sorry for daddy and me over the loss. I remember how she tried to comfort us with the idea that the book would turn up safely in the end—and that idea proved right, after all."

As the door closed behind Madge's retiring figure, those who were still together in Study 12 turned to one another with happy expressions.

"Judy Grandways would be glad if she could see how happy Madge is," smiled Polly.

"And Judy," was Betty's shrewd rejoinder, "can do with something to make her happy, I'm sure. Even though she is on holiday with her mother and sister."

Nor had Betty ever spoken a truer word than that. Judith was not having a happy time just then at the hands of her family. Yet a great happiness was hers.

And, when the post brought a nice long letter from Madge, they were only tears of joy which filled Judith's eyes after reading.

It had told her nothing that she did not know already, yet the letter seemed very precious. It was one that she would treasure always as a memento of what, surely, had been her very hardest time at Morcove!

Meanwhile, there was one girl who was happier even than Judith, and that girl was Madge Minden.

Only that very evening the walls of Study 12 resounded with the laughter and clatter of a great "do"—an extra special tea-party in celebration of the finding of the notebook, with Mr. Minden as the guest of honour.

And Judith, if she could have peeped in at that happy gathering, would have felt herself well rewarded for all that she had risked and suffered to bring about the recovery of Mr. Minden's precious secret. It was the only reward she would receive, for no one in the school would ever know how she and she alone had brought about Madge Minden's lucky "find."

THE END.

Don't miss the first story in a new series of splendid long complete Morcove tales next week, entitled, "EN ROUTE FOR ADVENTURE." It will hold you enthralled from first word to last. Order your SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN for next Tuesday and make sure of reading it.

TASTY TOAST FOR TEA

The foundation for all these recipes is hot, buttered toast, so next time you have a chum to tea make some of them.

Hot Buttered Toast.

Cut some slices of stale bread about a quarter of an inch thick, and for the best results toast them in front of a clear coal fire. Butter the toast well and keep it hot in the oven.

Fish Paste Toast.

Mix some fish paste—bloaters, shrimp, etc.—with a little butter, spread in on the prepared toast, cut in fancy shapes, and serve very hot.

Or, take the bones and skin from any cold cooked fish, add a little anchovy or other sauce and pound together. Spread the mixture on the toast, cut in shapes, and serve hot.

Yorkshire Toast.

Any sort of potted meat or very fine minced cooked meat can be used for his recipe. Mix the meat with a little butter, add tomato sauce, stir, and spread the mixture on some prepared toast. Serve hot.