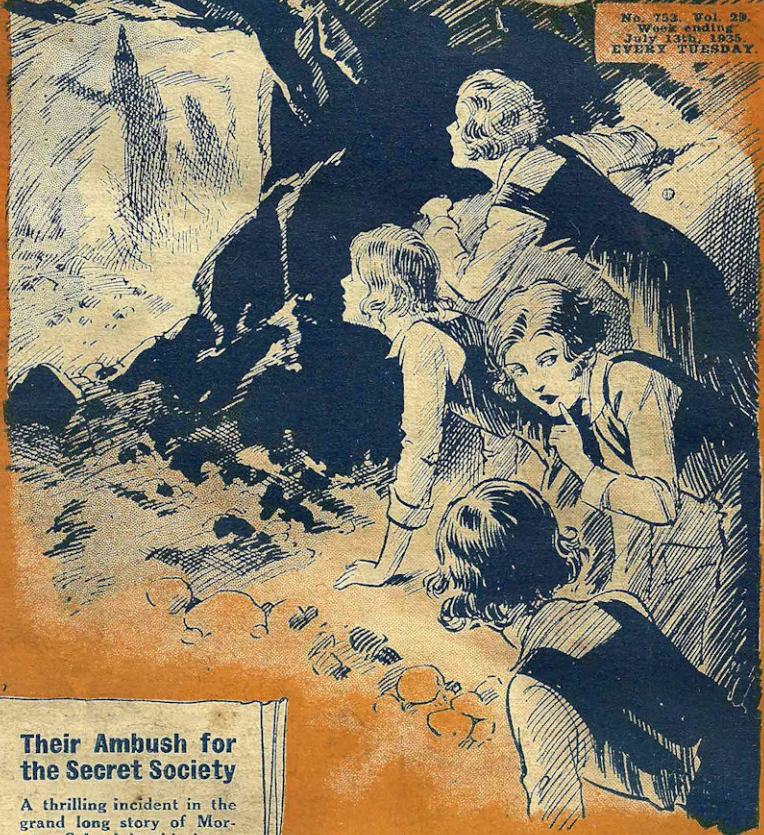


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Dodo Wren's Return!

Another Sparkling New Laughter-
Story by IRIS HOLT—Inside

The SCHOOLGIRLS' 2nd OWN

No. 753, Vol. 29.
Week ending
July 13th, 1935.
EVERY TUESDAY



Their Ambush for the Secret Society

A thrilling incident in the
grand long story of Mor-
cove School in this issue.

"HER FATEFUL FRIENDSHIP": Long Complete Morcove Story Within

Squalls Ahead for Bunny Trevor at Morcove School! But She Carries On With Her Self-Imposed Task Because She Feels She's Right. That's Bunny!



Her Fateful Friendship

CHAPTER I.

A Bad Time for Bunny

BUNNY TREVOR awoke to a sunshiny morning in the Form's big dormitory at Morcove School.

She awoke to just the usual happy chatter of other girls, and she thought to herself:

"They don't know yet!"

And when they did find out—what was she to do? "Have to tell them, I suppose!" Bunny mentally answered her own question.

"Lovely morning, Bunny!" called out Form-captain Betty Barton, a leader in the race to get dressed. "Going to be a glorious day!"

Was it? The irony of that forecast left Bunny smiling. Bad day in store for her, anyhow; a day of squalls and even a violent storm or two! Never mind, though. Things might be worse—but not much worse, perhaps!

"Slacker," madcap Polly Linton playfully stigmatised Bunny, as being one of the last to get up. "What are you thinking about?"

Decidedly inadvisable for her to say what she was thinking about! So she merely laughed.

"Disgraceful, yes, wather, bai Jove," chortled amiable Paula Creel, very proud of being in the running for the getting-dressed

By Marjorie Stanton

stakes. "Pewsonally," beamed the elegant duffer, "I was awake this mawning at a quite respectable hour!"

"Zen what about me!" yelled Naomer Nakara, who was Morcove's royal scholar from a tiny desert kingdom in North Africa. "Bekas, I have already been downstairs to Study 12 and had my apple!"

"Trust you!" Polly commented grimly. "Well! What is it to be to-day, girls?"

"School," chuckled Betty.

"Don't be funny. I meant, out of hours!"

"Cricker practice," the captain then stated, with emphasis. "We must all—"

"Including Bunny?" inquired the sneering voice of Fay Denver. "But Bunny's private arrangements must be considered! Do remember—"

"Oh, that's enough," frowned Betty. "We don't want to hear any more about that!"

"Although I think," smiled Edna Denver drily, "we probably shall! Still, what does it matter if the Form does lose matches?"

**BUNNY PUZZLES
HER
BEST FRIENDS**

"Well, what does it matter—to you or Fay?" the captain caught up the younger Denver sister sharply. "Do you ever care what sort of a showing the Form makes on the field? Have you ever taken the slightest interest in games?"

"Certain games—definitely," Fay said, and then she and Edna looked at each other and laughed, as if they had a joke up their sleeves.

Then a few other girls began to titter. This did not surprise Bunny. She happened to know what the joke was. Betty and the rest, who were in ignorance, chose to ignore the display of merriment as coming from a batch of girls who didn't count for much in the life of the Form, anyhow.

"Has anybody lost a diary?" Fay called out a few moments later. She first displayed a pocket-book that might be serving as one, then started to "read" imaginary extracts from it.

"Friday.—Went to the Turners' cottage again, to swap another bundle of old clothes for eggs! Kathy was there. Her father was away poaching, as usual!"

Some screams of laughter started from Edna and all the other girls who had laughed before.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Kathy looked so nice, wearing the odd stockings I gave her, the wrong way out—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wednesday.—A halfer to-day, so I gave the cricket-match a miss, although I was down to play, and went to the Turners' cottage again—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And stayed a long while. Kathy showed me how to poach eggs—"

More yells of laughter.

"Got back to the school after the Form had lost the match! But the captain said it didn't matter, as it was not my fault. That's the best of Betty; she always lets off her friends!"

"Shame!" protested several voices, above all the laughter which came from those girls who had been prepared for this twitting of Bunny and the captain. "Shut up, Fay!"

"And I am to play in the away match against Grangemoor—so we're bound to win then, anyhow! I asked Betty if I might invite Kathy Turner to see the match, and Betty said: 'Of course! Knowing that I have adopted Kathy—'"

"Oh, look out, Fay!" came instead of laughter, at this point.

Bunny had suddenly walked towards the possessor of the "fake" diary. As Fay stopped the pretended reading and took some retiring steps, Bunny simply flew at her.

Next second the penny notebook was torn from Fay's hand and was being used to bat her on the head.

They were decidedly loud if un hurtful slappings which Bunny administered. Fay's inability to get her ducked head out of the way causing all the more laughter—this time, against Fay!

"Go it, Bunny!" yelled Naomer. "Bekas, serve her right!"

Desisting, Bunny flung the notebook in Fay's face, and then walked away. From first to last, there had not been the slightest sign of lost temper, for which reason a good many girls felt their old admiration for "their Bunny"—even though she had taxed their loyalty just lately!

Then Miss Merrick appeared, all bland inquiries as to whether the Form intended to be in time for breakfast, not to mention the half-hour of routine activities which preceded the first meal of the day. She had come to upbraid; she stayed to chat quite chummily, only effacing herself when all but two or three of the girls remained.

Of these last Bunny was one. A bit late in getting out of bed, she was not disposed to do any rush-round to make up for lost time. Let there be something in view promising a bit of fun, and Bunny could be trusted to be as lively as the livest wire. But this morning—fun? Hardly!

Betty had lingered, and so had tall Pam Willoughby, being a rare pair for leaving everything pertaining to themselves quite tidy.

"That's all right about your being at the nets by-and-by, Bunny?" Betty blithely inferred, whilst putting her hair brushes together.

"Not so sure," candour compelled Bunny to answer. "I'll have to see—what happens."

Pam, who was very fond of Bunny, gave her a concerned look. As for the captain, she faced round in a rather dismayed manner.

"Bunny! Now what does that mean?"

"I expect you'll soon know, so I won't trouble to tell you," was the enigmatic answer.

"Kathy Turner again, Bunny? Oh, look here, it's all very well," the captain gently protested. "You know that lots of us admire you really, for—"

"Please don't!" said Bunny. "That's far worse than being twitted—to be admired."

"Anyhow then! Must you give up more of your free time to-day, to fussing after that Turner girl? Do give the Form a chance to get over the soreness it felt, because of the way you—"

There was a sudden, a dramatic, interruption.

Into the dormitory burst a girl all out of breath after a rush upstairs. It was Helen Craig.

"Betty—all of you!" she panted. "Can you come down at once, to Study 12?"

"Why, what, Helen?" stared the captain.

"Something's happened in the night! There's been a theft—"

"Theft!"

"Polly's just discovered it! Some money of hers—that she kept in a drawer of the study table—you know!—it's not there now. It's been taken—stolen—in the night!"

Bunny saw Betty and Pam looking half-stunned by the news.

"Do come!" Helen pleaded excitably. "We don't know what it means—who could have done it! Come on down!"

She whipped about and sped off again, and Betty and Pam raced after her—never notice-

ing, in their sudden great amazement, that Bunny was remaining at a standstill.

She was quite alone, and, being alone, she could mutter to herself:

"And now—do the best I can, that's all."

CHAPTER 2.

They Want to Know

STUDY 12 was seething with excitement.

Only a half-dozen girls were here, including Betty Barton and Pam Willoughby—this moment arrived upon the scene. But those half-dozen were all talking at once.

"Bekas what ze diggings!"

"Extwaodina'wy—yes, wather! Incweddible!"

"Sure the money was there, Polly, when you—"

"Oh, don't ask silly questions! I tell you—"

"Nine shillings, too! As much as that?"

"Yes! I'd just had a remittance. As they left me with more than I like to go about with, I put it by, as usual—"

"But who—"

"Yes, that's the question!"

"Bekas—sweendle! I might have left some money in my drawer, eef I had had any! Good job I spent eet all at ze Creamery—"

"Wait a bit," Betty now quelled the babel. "And for goodness' sake, girls, don't let's spread the news all over the school at present."

"We are the only ones who know," Helen stated confidently.

"A par t from Bunny, who was up there in the dorm when I rushed up to find you and Pam. I didn't tell anyone else on the way."

Betty gave a "Just as well!" nod.

"Where is Bunny now?" Polly remarked grimly. "I wonder, hearing about this, that she hasn't come along."

Even as the words were said, the door opened, letting in Bunny. Her alert step brought her across the threshold, and then she quickly closed the door behind her.

"Nice thing!" Betty turned to say to the newcomer. "Somebody's taken the money right enough. Have other studies been visited in the night? That's what I'm beginning to wonder!"

"If so, then I should think we'd know by now," Tess Trelawney reasoned. "But why should it be Study 12—Polly's money? Lots of girls have spare cash in their table-drawers."

"Who did it? That's what I want to know!" Polly fumed. "Oh, I don't mind that it was my money and not somebody else's. It's the low-down thing it means—a thief in the school!"

"Yes," Betty winced. "And we know this; it can't have been anybody belonging to the staff. There never has been, and never will be an act of dishonesty by anybody employed about the school."

"Tewwible," sighed Paula, sinking down in the best armchair under the weight of the blow. "Her we, then, some wretched geal amongst us who has stooped to theft?"

"Looks like it," frowned Helen. "If it had been an outsider—a professional burglar—"

"Oh, a burglar doesn't break in simply to steal a girl's pocket-money!" Betty exclaimed. "When there's ever so much valuable stuff about the school—downstairs."

A pause was filled in with some regretful sighing.

"Rotten," Betty muttered, thinking of a pos-



"There's been a theft in the night!" Helen Craig panted. "Some money of Polly's—kept in a drawer of the study table—" Betty and Co. were too amazed by the news to notice its strange effect on Bunny Trevor.

sible scandal and coming disgrace for some girl or other. "I'll have to report it, of course—"

"Oh, you needn't," shrugged Polly. "No, I'd rather you didn't, Betty! I'd far rather put up with the loss than have it known outside this study."

"Bai Jove, Polly deah, that does you gweat cweedit—yes, wather!"

"Rabbits! Let's go down, or it will be wondered what we've got to keep us here, talking."

"Some of us had better get out to the field," Betty agreed. "But don't you go, Polly. You and I must go into it all straight away."

"That's much best," Pam commented, and set the example by making for the door. "If we can keep it from the rest of the Form, all the better."

"Yes, bekas zen, cef eet is some girl in ze Form who took ze money, she will zink eet hasn't been found out yet!" Naomer excitedly whispered, with great pride in her crudition. "And so, perhaps, we shall take her by ze surprise!"

"Clear out, kid!" was Polly's half-laughing response.

"Yes, bai Jove; hawdly the cowweet wemawk to hev made, kid," said Paula, following Naomer out of the study. "Owp!" came next moment, making it evident that Naomer had known how to resent criticism from the beloved duffer.

The door closed at last, leaving Betty and Polly alone together, most unhappily agaze at each other.

"I hate doing it, Polly; but we've got to ask ourselves if we can think of anybody who might have done it!"

The madcap nodded glumly.

"Yes—but who?"

"We simply must conclude that some girl took the money. That isn't to say that it must have been a girl in our Form."

"You mean, we must rule out servants, and also any idea that somebody broke in last night? I get you," Polly said. "But whether it was a girl in our Form or belonging to one of the other Forms—"

She stopped. To her own and Betty's surprise, the door had opened to let Bunny whisk back into the study.

As before, she closed the door behind her. Then she walked across to the table and put down some silver coins.

"There it is, Polly."

"There's what?"

"The money that was taken!"

"What do you mean, Bunny?" gasped the madcap, whilst Betty looked faintly amused. "That's not my money! How can it be?"

"I want it to be yours now," Bunny explained.

"I think you said about half-a-sovereign?"

"Nine-and-six, to be exact."

"Oh, then, I'll take back sixpence," Bunny smiled, suiting the action to the word.

"But"—and Betty laughed outright—"you didn't take the money in the night, Bunny! What nonsense is this!"

"I'm afraid I'm to blame, though," was the rueful answer. "So, Polly, if you'll oblige me by—"

"That I certainly will NOT do—the idea!" exploded the madcap, pushing the little pile of silver towards Bunny. "Why should I?"

"You know I had a big remittance from mother," Bunny urged. "It was to enable me to buy a new bike. Well, I had nearly a pound left over, even after I'd—"

"We don't care if you had fifty million pounds left over!" Polly said rather wildly. "You're not going to make up my loss—"

"But it so happens that I consider myself to blame for it—I must!"

"But, Bunny—how are you to blame?" gasped Betty. "How can you be?"

The disagreeableness of this question caused Bunny to make a wry face.

"Yes," she said, "you have a perfect right to ask that, and I'm well aware it's up to me to tell you. I mustn't keep you in the dark. Otherwise, any girl in the school might be suspected."

"Then," jerked the two listeners, "it was someone outside the school, after all! And—you could name the thief?"

Before Bunny had time to answer, there came an ejaculation from the captain:

"Bunny! Oh, my goodness! I—I can guess!"

"Can you?" was the queerly smelly retort. "Careful you don't guess wrong, Betty—as I did at first!"

"Gosh," breathed Polly, to whom also there had come a flash of understanding. "Kathy Turner! That cottage girl!"

"I don't think so," Bunny quietly dissented. "I admit I caught her in this very study in the middle of the night—"

"You did! Then how on earth can you—"

"Oh, wait a bit," Polly was cut short. "I'm saying it looks dead black against the girl. She gave me the slip, and so I've had no chance yet to tackle her. Afterwards, I went back to bed feeling sure she'd taken the money, and thinking what an awful thing that was. She came to the school once before to see me. I had her up to this study for a minute or two, and so altogether it looked as if—"

"Yes, yes, we can both see all that!" Polly burst in again. "What Betty and I can't see—at least, I can't!—is how you can possibly doubt now that Kathy was the thief!"

"Well, I do doubt it—"

"Bunny! It's all very well," Betty sighed, "but—"

"It's not at all well," grimaced Bunny. "It's a perfectly foul business. I quite see; I've been the one to get Kathy associated with the school, and that's why I say—I'm to blame. But Kathy, whatever else she may be, is not the thief!"

"Then who is?"

That question, voiced by Betty, went unanswered for several moments. They were moments during which all three girls, tensely silent themselves, heard the usual pleasant hubbub of other girls, beyond the four walls of this study.

"We shall have to go down," Bunny remarked at last. "There's the bell for—"

"Yes, but you haven't said!" cried Polly.

"Because I can't say for certain who the thief is. I've only an idea."

"Your idea, then, Bunny?" pleaded the captain. "You know you can trust us not to say that you said it for certain."

"I don't think I'd better say any more," Bunny slowly answered. "It's enough, isn't it, that I've lost no time in telling you that no girl in the school was to blame? And I've offered to repay the money."

"Oh, the money!" frowned Polly. "You may as well take it up again, Bunny, for I'm not going to have it. And if you don't mean to say anything more—"

"But you will, Bunny?" interposed the captain gently. "To chums like us?"

"If you don't mind, girls, I'd rather not."

Then Polly strode to the door to pass out. She was angry; but she did make one of her rare attempts to be forbearing. With her hand upon the doorknob, she turned to speak again to Bunny.

"We're great chums, Bunny, and I hope we always shall be. But you must expect me to say—all this comes of your doing exactly what you were warned by Betty and others not to do!"

"Oh, I know," Bunny nodded.

"As you were warned; it's one thing to want to be kind to needy people—it's quite another thing to go 'adopting' a girl like Kathy Turner. Her father's a bad lot—a poacher, with other things against him. The son, Alf, is a waster."

"And that makes the girl to be—what?" asked Bunny.

"Oh!" stamped Polly. "It's no use arguing! Come along, Betty, or we shall be late. I know what I could say—but what use would it be!"

Wrrenching round the knob, she whipped open the door—then gave a disgusted gasp, staring resentfully at a girl who, just then, must have been listening outside the door.

Fay Denver!

CHAPTER 3.

The Captain is Warned

"WELL?" flared Polly. "And what do you want?"

"Do I ever want anything out of you Study 12 girls?" Fay disdainfully retorted. "I suppose I can walk along the corridor, or is that right reserved to the captain and her chums?"

"It would be better," Betty said bitterly. "If you walked right in next time—instead of listening outside."

"Listening—I?"

"Yes, you!"

"Pooh!"

And Fay stalked away. Being in front of Polly and Betty, she took care to whistle, as an indication of how little she cared what they thought.

Half-way along the corridor, the odious girl turned into that study which she shared with her sister Edna. This left the captain and the madcap going on along to the stairs alone together.

"Poor, Bunny," sighed Betty. "Nice position for her now!"

"Of course I'm sorry for her," Polly fumed. "She meant well. That was dead right what she said at the start of the whole business—how rough on needy folks, if nobody shows them kindness just because they don't happen to be attractive. But she was biting off more than she could chew! Those Turners—what Pam did tell us, who knows all about them, her father being a J.P. and all the rest of it."

"How she can imagine that Kathy was not the thief, after finding her in that study last night, beats me," Betty commented. "The girl had no right to be there!"

"None whatever!"

"But there it is," was the captain's more cheerful murmur. "Thank goodness, we do know for certain that no Morcove girl took the money. So nothing need be said."

Yet, without having said one word themselves to other girls in the Form, the chums of Study 12 soon found that Polly's loss was known.

In that mysterious way in which things do get about, it was known to every girl in the Form within the next hour or so.

The result was a most embarrassing one for Betty & Co. They had girls from other studies clamouring to be told everything! What was going to be done about it? The captain felt amply justified in answering plainly: "Nothing—there's no need," adding a discreet hint that the loss was not attributed to any girl's wrong-doing.

But this reserved attitude on the part of Study 12 was bound to give rise to speculation.

How was it that Study 12 seemed to know, and yet would not explain fully? Was the captain shielding somebody? Why this hushing-up?

But Betty, relying upon the majority of girls to trust her, was not disappointed. By tea-time that day it looked as if the sensation were dying down. The theft, as a topic, had given place to all the usual skipping from one school interest to another—games, class-room work, and so on.

Then came a surprise for the captain.

After tea in Study 12 with most of her intimates, including Bunny, she went round to that little "den" which was her very own by right of

the captaincy. There were a few things she wanted to do before going down to the field.

On her blotting-pad, as she entered the room, she found a note awaiting her, and the surprise for her began when she noticed that it was very formally addressed

TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE FORM.

Queer! Nearly always notes bore simply "Betty" on the envelope. Was this from somebody outside the school? The handwriting was very clumsy.

She opened the envelope and took out a folded sheet of paper which bore only a few lines of writing—in the same large, unrecognisable hand.

TAKE WARNING!

the message began, and went on to say:

Betty Barton, you are being watched.
Beware the hour when you are judged!

JUSTICE WILL BE DONE!

After a first stare of amazement, Betty burst out laughing.

"Whose nonsense is this? Perhaps some of the other girls can say?"

So back she went to Study 12, where only Polly and Helen were on hand, doing some clearing up after tea.

"See this, girls?" Betty laughed, offering the mysterious note for inspection.

"Eh, what?" gaped Polly, as she and Helen goggled their eyes at the message. "Now, who on earth—"

"But, obviously," laughed Helen, "we are not supposed to know! Unsigned—and disguised writing, by the look of it!"

Betty crumpled the note into a ball, which she batted into the wastepaper-basket.

"Something to do with last night's affair. I take it," she unconcernedly remarked. "Somebody reckons I'm not doing my duty as captain. But I don't mind. Girls like Etta Hargrove, and others who count, are quite content to leave the matter as it stands. Has Bunny gone down to the field?"

"She's gone—wouldn't like to say where," Polly grimaced. "As for Paula and Naomer—I could give them something for slipping away, leaving others to see to all the tea-things!"

But when Betty herself got down to the nets, presently, there was no sign of Naomer and Paula. They were noticeable absentees. Bunny had given practice a miss, but this surprised none of the others who were there, doing their best to get into trim for the coming "away" match.

Bunny was not being given a place in the team for that match, as Betty had failed to exact from her the necessary undertaking not to let down the side again. Nothing was said about her absence from the field this evening; but many a member of the Form was thinking:

"Running after Kathy Turner again!"

Where, however, were Naomer and Paula? Even if their "zeal" for practice was only to be regarded as a joke, they so seldom failed to be where the rest of the Study 12 chums could be found.

It would have been guessed that the two had gone into Barncombe, only their bicycles were in the school's cycle-stands. Polly, as one of those who put in more than an hour and a half at the nets, either bowling or batting, professed to be glad of the couple's absence.

It was always Polly's playful pretence that she would rather have their room than their company. Like Betty and others, however, the mad-cap felt a wee bit mystified.

And then, when the close of practice meant an adjournment by the captain and some of her chums to Study 12 for a rest, there came sensation with a capital S!

Suddenly, whilst Betty and those others were idly chatting in the study, they were startled by a great commotion in the corridor.

To the noise of two girls galloping down the passage, was added much breathless jabber on their part. A moment or two of this, and into the study dashed Naomer, shrilling incoherently, to be followed in by Paula, utterly shorn of her usual elegant appearance.

Her clothes were rumpled; her hair was in streaks over her eyes; altogether she looked as if she would drop before she got the last yard or so to her beloved armchair.

Up from that chair had bounded Polly, as the dishevelled pair burst upon the scene like this. Betty also had stood up, utterly amazed, and so had Pam, Helen, and Judy.

"Ow!" puffed Paula. "Ow, gwacious—"

"Bekas you don't know!" came Naomer's indignant yell. "Sweendle! Awful—"

"Tewwible, bai Jove! Ow, let me sit down!" gasped on the adored duffer. "Oh, deah—oh! Ah, burr—ugh!"

"Eet was worse for me!" yelled Naomer. "A meellion times worse! And I am fu-rious!"

"But why—what?" clamoured the captain. "Now what's happened?"

"You wait till we tell you!" panted Naomer. "But first—queek! Let me have some of zat lemonade—queek! Bekas—"

"Monstwous treatment, bai Jove!" Paula now cried out indignantly. "Insuffeable—yes, wather! I—I—Weally, I—"

"Abominable, yes!" Naomer said in between her sips at a glass of lemonade. "Talk about being disgusted—"

"Are you both off your rockers, or what?" thundered Polly with her usual impatience. "Where have you BEEN!"

Naomer thumped down the empty tumbler. "Now I shall tell you, bekas now I can spik! Eef you want to know where we have been," she said, with restored shrillness, "Paula and I have been in ze hands of a secret society!"

"A what?"

"A secret society!" the dusky one repeated. "And what do you think of zat?"

CHAPTER 4.

Insult and Injury

"YES, bai Jove! No othah wofd fow it, geals! Theah they were—"

"Ah, bah, you let me tell Betty and zese others!" cried Naomer. "Bekas I am best at eggspaining! So, to begin with," she jabbered on, whilst the listeners stood utterly dumb-founded, "we were capcheered and carried away—"

"Wegawdless of the most stwenuous stwuggling, geals—and pwtests, too—yes, wather—"

"But zen—what ze diggings! When zere were eight of zem on to us two, what else do you eggspect? Zat was ze sweendle, ze—"

Bawhawous cwuelty of it all—yes, wather! Geals, I give you my assuance—"

"We hadn't a chance—no! Bekas zey flopped blankets over our heads—"

"Who did?" Polly demanded, finding her voice

again. "Where did all this happen? Who were they?"

"How do we know?" shrilled Naomer. "When zey had sacks over zeir own heads, with holes to see out by—"

"Like apawitions—yes, bai Jove!" Paula shuddered. "Awful!"

"In the school?" Betty asked.

"Right bang in ze middle of ze school—yes! Bekas we were capcheered on ze staircase, and zey took us up to ze attics—oo, you should have seen ze attics when we got there! Candles—"

"Gosh!" Polly exploded. "A secret society in the school! And that, Betty, accounts for the message you had a little while ago!"

The captain nodded, starting to smile faintly.

"Message?" Paula jerked, sitting bolt upright in the armchair. "Bai Jove—howwows! How I twust, Betty deah, you are not to be the next victim?"

"Bekas you better look out, Betty! Bekas you never know! Zey take you by surprise, and when zey have got you, zey try you like a prisoner—"

"Like an Inquisition, bai Jove! No othah wofd fow it! I was awwaignd before this secret twibunal—"

"So was I!" chipped in the other victim. "And asked questions, and just bekas I couldn't answer them—zey turned me round and round, and pinched me, and—"

"Bwuisis!" wailed Paula, working her arms about. "Oo! I shall be a week wecoveewing fwom—"

"Torcheer, zat is what eet was, eef you ask me! Bekas zey wouldn't even give me a drink when I asked for one! And I was so thirsty—"

Naomer's recollection of how thirsty she had been, made her help herself to another glass of lemonade.

"Yes, well," said Pam, "a joke's a joke, but—"

"Joke, bai Jove! My gwacious, you geals should hev been in our unfowtunate pwedica-ment! You are pwobably aweah, geals, Mowcovee School has accustomed me to unwuly treatment at times—yes, wather! But I do dwaw the line at—"

"Having your arms twisted to make you answer questions you can't answer!"

"Well, cool down now, both of you," Betty counselled. "What were the questions?"

"All about Polly's lost money," Naomer again rushed into speech. "Bekas zey seemed to zink zat Paula and I must know who took eet, when we don't know, and—"

"I wathah gathered, Betty deah, they are some geals who have constituted themselves judges of your conduct in wegawd to mattahs affecting the Fowm."

"Bekas zey call zemselves ze Justice Dealers, and one of zem is ze chief, who asks all ze questions."

"Couldn't you recognise them by their voices?" asked Judy.

"Their voices!" gasped Paula. "Dweadful voices! Hollow, ghostly voices—"

"And every now and zen, eef you don't answer, zey all give a groan! Ooo, you should hear them gwoaning!"

"Tewwible!"

"Well, forget it," Betty said, keeping back her laughter, for she felt really sorry for the victims. "We'd better go upstairs and take a look."

"I'm not coming!" Naomer hastily declared. "Not ze bit of eet!"

"And if you don't mind, geals, I—er—would wather wemain wheah I am—yes, wather!"

The captain, needless to say, had meant only her other chums to attend her, which they did.

There were several unused attics, and they found that the darkest had been used for the recent "Inquisition." Its one window was still darkened by a makeshift curtain, put up by the Mysterious Eight, and there was the pungent odour of snuffed-out candles.

Otherwise, nothing remained as evidence of the use to which the attic had been put. The "Justice Dealers" had taken good care to efface themselves in the moment that they gave their two victims the very welcome release.

"Now, who are the girls?" Betty wondered aloud, returning downstairs with Polly and the others. "I'm not going to rest till I find out. I never like jumping to conclusions, or I could name a few possibles."

"So could I!" Polly grimly rejoined, whilst the others nodded to the same effect.

"Anyway, girls," added Betty, "not a bad idea if we all attended one of their secret meetings?"

And the smile with which she said it left her chums in no doubt as to the bright idea which had flashed upon her mind!

CHAPTER 5.

No Good in Kathy

BUNNY TREVOR took slow, returning steps towards the bicycle which she had stalled against the roadside hedge, more than half an hour ago.

On the other side of the hedge was a patch of neglected garden, fronting a ramshackle cottage—the home of the ill-famed Turners.

Once again had Bunny given up the best of her time free from school routine, to cycle out to the cottage to have word with Kathy Turner.

That best-of-all times for Morcove girls, in these summer days—directly after tea—had found Bunny riding away upon an urgent mission, whilst other girls—

Tennis for them, or batting-practice, or some other form of pleasant exercise—and very likely not a care in the world! Little wonder if Bunny was inclined to say to herself at this moment: "What a fool you were!"—especially as she had had her journey all for nothing.

"Shan't wait for her any longer," she muttered to herself in a rather "peevish" tone. "Nothing and nobody to tell me where she's got to, or when she's expected back."

For Bunny had found the cottage to be locked up and deserted when she got here, a while ago. After a futile rapping at the door, she had gone round to the plot of potato ground behind the humble dwelling, thinking Kathy might be working there.

But no; there was no trace of the girl, nor of her father or brother. Not that Bunny would have welcomed any encounter

with either the poacher or his wastrel son, Alf.

The plated parts of her bicycle flashed dazzlingly in the sunshine as she prepared to mount, reminding her of its brand-newness. Even good machines were cheap to buy, nowadays; still, she could not help thinking! If it hadn't been for Kathy Turner, one might still have been better off by several pounds. At least, mother would have been.

What a wretch that Alf Turner had been to go off with the old machine the other day. But there, it was simply no use judging him by the standard of conduct which one applied to others.

A poacher's son, even as Kathy was that same poacher's daughter! And if the commandeering of the bicycle had enabled the lad to avoid falling into the hands of the police—well, good luck to him!

She mounted, but had hardly got going when oh went her brakes, and down from the saddle she hopped again. Kathy had suddenly appeared.

The very furtiveness with which the cottage girl emerged from a small copse, on that side of the road opposite the cottage, seemed, to Bunny, typical of the life these people lived.

When the young daughter of poor but respectable parents would have been seen returning with a brisk step from some pleasant little errand to the nearest village, this girl must needs come sneaking back to her home like this.

But whatever disagreeable sensation it meant for Bunny, she conquered it. As she left her machine and walked to meet the girl, she was



"Eef you want to know," Naomer declared shrilly, "Paula and I have been in ze hands of a Secret Society!" Study 12 stared half-amused. It was the first they had heard of a Secret Society at Morcove.

remembering once again that utterance of a few days ago—"Nobody ever likes me for long!"

In other words, taken up and then—dropped! "So you are not to drop her, Bunny—now mind!" had been the self-imposed injunction then.

"Allo, miss!" Kathy faltered with an extremely miserable smile. "You bin waiting about for me?"

"I felt I must bike over as soon as I got a chance, Kathy. After what happened last night—at Morcove—you must expect me to ask a few questions."

Kathy's eyes avoided Bunny's now. Bad sign!

"You were in the schoolhouse, Kathy, in the middle of the night!" Bunny spoke on in a low and tremulous tone. "You know I found you in that study I share with some of my chums."

"I know you did, miss."

"Well?"

Kathy's look began to imply an inclination to be doggedly silent.

"Some money was stolen from that study, Kathy—last night! Oh, look here," Bunny stamped, failing to get either a word or a direct look in response; "it's no use being like this, Kathy! Haven't I been—your friend?"

"Yes, miss, you have."

"Well, then! Now, listen, Kathy," the Morcove girl resumed, banishing the exasperation from her voice. "Although the case looked so black against you, I haven't jumped to the conclusion that you stole that money—no!"

She had Kathy's eyes to meet at last, and they were eyes that stared excitedly.

"When I got back to bed last night," Bunny pursued, "I thought and thought, and in the end it seemed clear to me. It was all Alf's doing—wasn't it?"

"No, miss."

"It wasn't!"

"No, miss, and don't you go saying it was, please!"

This left Bunny utterly agast. For a few moments she could only gaze at Kathy, whose expression was too dull and stupid to indicate anything helpful.

"But!" Bunny exclaimed at last. "But, Kathy, if he didn't take the money—then you did! Or—goodness, I hadn't thought of this before, but—was it your father?"

"No, miss; nor him, neither."

"Then you really mean to say—it was yourself?" The unhappy girl suddenly started to cry. "I— Now I don't know what to say, or what to do, either! But I don't want to upset you, Kathy. Don't—don't cry now!"

The girl, by rubbing hands that were none too clean across her wet eyes, was making dark smears upon her cheeks. On the point of asking: "Haven't you a hanky, Kathy?" Bunny quickly offered her own.

"There, Kathy—and see if you can't manage not to cry any more. You'd find it ever so much better, always, if you didn't—"

Bunny broke off, angry with herself. Starting to lecture the girl at a time like this—what a mistake!

"Listen, Kathy. This is how I saw it all. Alf, hiding from the police—as he had told me he was still doing—"

"Yes, miss, and they hain't caught him yet!" came the half-proud interjection.

"I see. Well, I thought that he'd made up his mind to get money and food from the schoolhouse, and that you'd got to know, and had begged him not to. But he wouldn't listen to you,

and so you—you followed him, trying all the time to get him to turn back, and he wouldn't! So, when he got in at some window or other, you lost your head and climbed in after him—still hoping to get him not to touch anything—"

"Oh, no, miss," Bunny's comforting theory was again shattered. "And don't you go a-saying that Alf—"

"I am not going to say anything now!" Bunny rather flared out. "I had hoped, after seeing you, to go back to the school and be able to tell my best chums, anyhow, that you were not to blame. Far from being a thief, you had only entered the schoolhouse to try and prevent a theft! But now—I can't say that in your favour, it seems, so I certainly shan't say anything," was Bunny's dejected ending.

"No, miss, don't you—"

"Oh! Really, you—"

With a stamping step, Bunny returned to her machine at the roadside. Fiercely she slammed it round, ready for mounting and riding away.

"I'll do the best I can for you, Kathy, not to get you dealt with for taking the money. I'll do that for you—and nothing more, ever!"

"Fank you, miss. And, please, don't you want your hankerchief?"

"What?" Bunny stared at her. "No, keep it! Good-bye, and—oh, I don't know," she floundered despairingly, starting to pedal away. "Good-bye!"

The evening sun, shining into Bunny's face as she put on speed, rendered her expression clearer than ever. Bitter disappointment—frustration—disgust and humiliation; all these feelings were combining to give her a bleak, pinched look.

It was a moment for her to seem to hear the whole world of Morcove yelling at her:

"What did we tell you? Now, perhaps, you are satisfied! She wouldn't be warned! She was the one who was going to succeed where others have failed. Ha, ha, ha!"

And then, suddenly, came her own loud "No!" to herself, whilst she jammed on the brakes again.

She came foot to the ground once more, slewing the machine round as if minded to ride back.

"Just because she said she was the thief—is it good enough—is it?"

If only—oh, if only one could hold to this new and heartening belief! Alf really the thief, after all, and the girl—his sister, dullard though she might be, yet with that spark of hope in her!

"Taking the blame upon herself, to shield him! A sister, sacrificing herself for one who, waster though he might be, was still—her brother.

Self-sacrifice—so that he, with the police already wanting him on some other charge, might at least escape the penalty of this far more serious misdeed.

"I'm going back!"

Bunny's face now, even without the sunshine to light it up, because the sun was behind her—radiant, and her eyes full of the sparkle that Morcove had so often seen!

The machine got her quietly to the wicket-gate, which was standing open, so that she did not have to clack-up the latch to pass in.

The cottage door was now ajar, and even as Bunny went along the short path there came a sound which caused her to quicken her step, and yet to go quite noiselessly. Kathy, in the cottage, whimpering and sobbing loudly to herself. The poor little soul—oh, the poor, broken-hearted young thing!

Bunny went in, and there was the girl whose life was so without a chance, sitting at the table with her head lowered to the folded arms—crying wildly, with her face hidden like that.

"Kathy," said Bunny, as with a last, quick step she came to the girl's side and touched the shaking shoulders. "Kathy—dear."

The crying girl blundered up from the chair, turning away so that her back was to the schoolgirl.

"You—you go away, miss," was the sniffed entreaty. "I know I done wrong, and so you must chuck me. I—I never will do right—"

"Kathy, you have done right, I'm positive! Oh, it's why I came back, because—"

"Cos wot?"—suddenly facing round.

"Because, Kathy, you told me a lie just now."

"No, I never!"

"I don't mean a lie to be ashamed of," You love your brother. Bad as he may be—"

"I dunno wot you mean, miss! Why don't you go away?" whimpered Kathy, her face freshly smeared and bloated with weeping. "It's no use your staying! I tell you, I took the money—he didn't!"

"Then why, when I burst in upon you in the study, last night, were you in tears even then?"

"Only because I didn't half like the idea of what I was doing—o' course I didn't! But I did it all the same. As for Alf, he was nowhere near at the time. I'll take my dying oath about that."

"Yet, before I came upon you in the study, I thought I heard two voices whispering—and one didn't seem like a girl's."

"You must ha' bin deceived, miss," came with a stubborn shake of the head. "There were others prowling about in the schoolhouse, I know. It scared me stiff in case I should be spotted. I never had no one to speak to."

Bunny stood reduced to silence now. The girl was speaking truth when she talked of "others prowling about," last night. For what reason had she, Bunny, left her bed and crept out of the dormitory, if it were not that she had seen certain girls rise up and steal away? The Morcovore "Secret Society"—up to some sort of midnight prank!

"Kathy—"

"Smiss?"

"I must go, but I take back that good-bye I said just now. I'm not going to drop you. It wouldn't be right. I'm sure of that. I just don't care what the school thinks of me. It may call me a fool if it likes. But you said to me once that people never liked you for long. That meant you've been so often dropped."

"And o'n you wonder, miss? I know what they fink of father and Alf, and I'm only another wrong 'un, too." She wept again. "Twere only waste o' kindness, your giving me clothes to wear, and—and being kind to me in heaps o' ways. All it's led to—my getting to know the inside o' the school, and how well-off some of you gels must be; and so I—I felt I must sneak in and take what I could find in that study o' yours. I on'y hope it wasn't your money, miss—I do, indeed."

"It was not, Kathy, if that's any comfort to you. But you must—you simply must try, from now onwards— Oh, dash, I'm going!" Bunny abruptly ended, and within half a minute she was gone.

"Lecturing her! That's no USE!" Bunny again lectured herself, pedalling hard along the road which would take her back to the school. "You might just as well hit her when she's down!"

After that, many a big sigh Bunny fetched whilst purring along in the golden evening light. What a difficult case; what a problem—Kathy! One's chums had said aright—of course they had.

A matter quite outside the province of a school-girl. One thing after another had gone towards proving that.

"But somehow I got started, and—no, I can't stop now," Bunny said to herself with a desperate look in her eyes. "I won't be beat! Oh, and besides—she IS worth all the worry. A girl who could take the blame for what her brother did."

A spark of hope—to be fanned into an enduring flame some day, perhaps, if only one were patient!

CHAPTER 6.

Justice For the 'Justice Dealers'

"GIRLS, do you know anything about Bunny —what she is up to this evening?"

Madge Minden asked the question, having come round to a grass court where Betty and three others were getting a "spot" of tennis.

"I expect she's bothering about that Turner girl again," the captain answered. "Why?"

"It's strange. I was fetched away from the music-room just now to answer a 'phone call. It was Bunny, speaking from Barncombe, she said. She asked me to get certain things of hers, and meet her with them at the first cave on the seashore, about an hour from then."

"What things?" asked Polly, with a glance at a hand-basket which Madge held.

"Oh, some soap and a towel, and a tumbler and—"

Madge's verbal cataloguing of the basket's contents was interrupted by a burst of laughter from all four of her listeners.

"Ha, ha, ha! You've been had, Madge—spoofed!" chuckled Betty. "And to prove it—look! There's Bunny, at this moment, coming away from the cycle-sheds!"

"Oh, but this is lovely!" gurgled Polly. "You must go along to the cave without fail, Madge!"

"What do you mean—when Bunny has turned up here!"

Further laughter was all the response Madge got for the moment. She had to follow Betty, Polly, Pam, and Helen, as they sped across the grass to intercept Bunny, who was making for the schoolhouse.

"I say, Bunny," the captain blithely addressed her, "you didn't ring up Madge from Barncombe just now?"

"I? No!"

"Of course you didn't!" Polly bleated. "So there it is, Madge dear! Somebody imitating Bunny's voice, to trick you into going to that cave!"

Then Bunny's eyes sparkled.

"If it's caves, then I can tell you something. I was tricked into going to one of the caves, last evening. And when I got there—"

"You were captured by eight girls, wearing cowls—isn't that it?" Betty rippled. "As Naomer and Paula were captured a little while ago. Girls, the Morcovore Secret Society is keeping busy! Another 'drive,' to find a victim for the Inquisition!"

"If they are at it again, this evening, then I may as well tell you that the membership is no secret to me," Bunny lightly remarked. "Fay and Edna Denver are the ringleaders."

"Just what we'd guessed!" cried Betty, still looking greatly amused. "And now—I know it's their excuse for 'justice dealing' that I don't do my duty as captain! But, as captain, I mean to attend this next meeting of theirs."

"Same here!" the madcap said heartily.

"We've just time, I reckon. They may be going to the cave on the way back from Barncombe? At that rate—a chance to get to the cave before they turn up?"

"Have a jolly good try, anyhow! Come on, straight away!"

That was Betty, so eager to be off that she simply left her racket on one of the seats, rather than waste a minute by running indoors with it. The other players did the same, and then followed a brisk run down to the gateway.

Naomer and Paula were picked up just by the gateway, and their services were enlisted. A certain inclination on the part of Paula to hang back, was overcome by the others' insistence that she must not miss the fun. As for Naomer, she was all a-caper at the prospect of revenge!

They parted from Madge at the gateway. She was to come on alone, presently, as if acting strictly in accordance with the "fake" message.

Some hundreds of times had Betty & Co., during their life at Morcove School, made hasty dashes down to the seashore; but never had they acted with greater speed than now. The fun, they felt sure, would be ten times as great, if only they could find themselves at the cave in advance of the "secret" Eight.

"Can't see any sign of them on the shore!" was Polly's hopeful comment, as a hurried descent of the zigzag cliff-path afforded a bird's-eye view of a lengthy stretch of beach. "I wonder!"

Another minute and they were all treading the dry sand above high-water mark, at the base of the beetling cliffs. Where there were patches of shingle to cross, the girls went very carefully, doing their best not to clash the stones under-

foot. If the Eight were already in the cave, an immediate "raid" would be imperative, in which case the absence of any warning would play a big part.

But it was now Study 12's joyous belief that the Eight had yet to turn up, otherwise there would have been one or two of them on the look-out—for Madge!

Sure enough, Betty and her chums went stealing in by the arching cave-mouth, to find the gloomy place quite deserted. Gleelessly nudging one another, they passed to the far end, where they were in groping darkness.

There had been only dry sand for them to tread, inside the cave, but footprints did not matter, as the sandy floor already showed so many.

And now, bunched together in the deep darkness, they waited. An understanding that there must be no talking or tittering was not strictly adhered to. More than once Naomer, in her great excitement, started to jabber.

She called it whispering, but in that confined space, with rock walls on either side of them all and roofing them only a few inches above their heads, even a whisper took on a loud-speaker effect.

Suddenly sounds came which thrilled the waiting girls. They were no longer alone in the cave!

Luckily, the natural cavern took on a slight twist just before it came to its dead end in the heart of the giant cliffs. This bend had enabled Betty & Co. to huddle together where they could only be seen if any of the "Justice Dealers" first came to look, by the aid of artificial light.

That it was quite possible two or three of them might take a look round, before the proceedings started, was the cause of a good deal of suspense during the next minute.

Then, to the huge relief and delight of Betty & Co., it became apparent that the Eight had taken it for granted that they had the cavern to themselves.

Very likely they had much to do in little time, for the chums could hear a great flutter of activity from about halfway in from the entrance. There was much excitable whispering, and a good deal of tittering. A loudly hissed "Sh!" at frequent intervals, helped to give the proceedings a proper conspiratorial character.

All was being done, too, by the combined light of many candles stuck about in that middle section of the cave. The ghostly illuminant served to relieve, if only feebly, the darkness where Betty & Co. were ambushed, and now they could see one another's grinning faces.

Bunny, as full of expectant fun as any of the other girls, had yet room in her mind for a thought of Kathy Turner. An hour or two ago, all the poignancy of that distressing scene with the poacher's daughter; and now this! What a change from grave to gay!

A sudden hushing down on the part of the "Justice Dealers," and the appearance of shadows on the wall, caused Betty to make a sign that she was going to venture a peep round the bend.

Had Madge been caught and brought in by now? If so, it would be time to act! Madge, the perfectly willing "live bait," must not be left at the mercy of the Eight for a moment longer than was necessary.

On hands and knees the captain crawled forward a yard or two, and could then see even as far as the mouth of the cave.

But it was the middle section, where a couple

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The rout of the Secret Society was complete. They fled at top speed, only too anxious to get away from the vengeance of Betty and Co.

of dozen candles burned, which claimed her eager gaze.

The members of the Secret Society had now donned their black cowls—each hood having only eyelet holes. And it really was amazing how awe-inspiring the miscreants looked, their heads covered in this way, and the setting for the scene being what it was. The dark cave, and those cowed figures assembled by the light of numerous candles!

Betty counted only six girls; but suddenly the pair that were missing came into view. They had entered the cave, bringing Madge with them—the latest “victim.”

“And we’ll take jolly good care she proves to be the last!” was Betty’s thought, as she backed on hands and knees to where her chums had faithfully kept mute and still.

Once again the captain made a sign to Polly and the rest. It was a gesture implying: “Now!”

Instantly they were all on hands and knees, crawling forwards as Betty alone had done just then. Not a sound; not so much as an audible breathing!

Silent as that, themselves, they heard the voice of the Chief Inquisitor, addressing some first remarks to the victim. The tone was suitably stern and solemn.

“Madge Minden!” the voice rumbled hollowly in the cave, “you are a member of the Study 12 crowd! It is our intention to find out the truth about last night’s robbery. Either you will tell us what you know, or else—”

The rest was never said.

All in the same instant, up rose the girls who had lain in wait.

With one united yell, which the narrow confines of the cave rendered ear-splitting, they made their dash from the hiding-place.

Slipping by on either side of a shallow pool,

which they could avoid all the more easily because of the candle-light, they swooped upon a Secret Society which was seized with panic.

Even if Fay Denver & Co. had kept calm, they would have stood little chance of escaping into the open air. Their heads were cowed, and the eyelet holes were not adapted to hasty movements.

Nor did Betty & Co. fail to knock over and otherwise extinguish a good many of the candles whilst swooping upon the startled Justice Dealers. This sudden diminution of light was all the more awkward for the girls who were wearing the cowls.

Before there had been time for any one of them to do more than flounce round bewilderedly, most of the candles had gone out, and they, the Justice Dealers, were being pushed and jostled and upset against one another.

“Bekas I teach you to torcher me!” Naomer’s shrill yell rose above all the hubbub as she grappled with one of the hooded figures. “Bekas—my turn now, hooray! Hooray!”

At that instant, whilst Naomer was hanging on to her struggling captive for all she was worth, Polly was able to shout some instructions as to a fine way of dealing with the enemy.

Polly had had the wit to drag round one girl’s cowl, so that the eyelet holes were at the back of the head!

This valuable “tip,” imparted to Naomer and the rest, achieved grand results in next to no time. Nearly all the Justice Dealers were dealt with in that way, so that in a few moments they were as badly off as if they had been blindfolded.

Then, even if Betty & Co. had stayed their hands, the discomfited members of the Inquisition would have become inextricably mixed up.

But the chums were not done with them yet.

“Bekas,” yelled Naomer, continuing like the

rest to carry on with the good work, "serve you jolly well right eef you fall in ze pool!"

Which some of the Inquisitors promptly proceeded to do, splash after splash attending a good deal of blind floundering into the water.

By now all the candles were extinguished, and Study 12 could not see for certain whether any of the discomfited girls had actually sat down in the water. Judging by the frantic screeches which followed more than one extra-loud splash! some of them had.

The rout was complete. Scrambling up and clawing their hoods into position, the Justice Dealers beat an ignominious retreat, followed by the triumphant cheers and laughter of Betty & Co.

And then, their task finished, Betty & Co. discreetly disappeared.

"THE wretches, the beasts!" raved Fay Denver, when at last she had her cowl off and could see the state of herself, her sister, and the rest. "Ugh! Betty and her lot, wasn't it?"

"I heard Naomer—"
"Oh, it was the Study 12 crush, right enough!" Edna seethed. "And that's why Madge didn't struggle when we took her by surprise! She knew they were here!"

"I've been up to my knees in the water!" wailed one of the crestfallen Justice Dealers; and "So have I!" snapped another. "So-ked!" "What about me!" shrieked Eva Merrick. "My left shoe came off in the water—and now I can't find it!"

"Oh, shut up!" stamped Fay. "That's nothing! It's the—the way they'll be able to laugh at us, and have the rest of the Form laughing when we get back! But you quite understand, Edna! We won't forget this!"

"Not likely," was the passionate response. "I'll have my revenge for this!"

"And I!"
The sisters, speaking as vehemently as that, may have seemed to the others to be voicing only an empty threat.

But that mutual vow of Fay and Edna,

although made only in the heat of the moment, was not to go unfulfilled.

So strange a thing is Fate! For, by the very fulfilment of that vow, there was to be a sensation for Morcove as big as any the school had ever known.

And in that sensation there was to be the climax to the tragi-comedy of Bunny Trevor's connection with Kathy—the poacher's daughter!

AFTER the bell had rung the school down to Big Hall, that evening, Betty came to Study 12, where Bunny was all alone, looking thoughtfully out of window.

"Bunny, have you anything to tell me?"
Bunny turned round. In the deep dusk these two girls faced each other from opposite ends of the room.

"You've seen Kathy Turner again, haven't you, Bunny?"

"Yes, Betty."
"To tell her, I hope, that after last night you simply must drop her?"

But Bunny shook her head.
"No, I didn't tell her that."
"You didn't!"

"I'm sorry, Betty, but—it's difficult for me to explain. I know, though, what I'm doing."

There was a lengthy silence.
"One thing you are doing, Bunny—do you realise?" the captain exclaimed at last. "You're making it awfully difficult for us—your chums!"

"You'll bear up," Bunny smiled confidently.
"Then—what about yourself?"
"Oh, I'm all right!"

But Betty could tell. She crossed over, impulsively taking this schoolmate of hers affectionately by the hand, to draw her on to the door.

"You're a sport, Bunny! You know—I can't help liking you all the more for it."

"Then you shouldn't!" Bunny smiled—this time rather queerly. "As captain—"

"If not as captain, Bunny, then as your chum!"
"That's awfully decent of you, Betty," was the other's answer. "For I suppose no girl really likes to be—dropped!"

[END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.]

Torrential Rain— The Roar of Thunder— Vivid Flash of Lightning—

And Bunny Trevor was alone on the desolate moorland. Madly she raced for shelter—only to jump "from the frying-pan into the fire"!



Read what happened to Bunny in one of the most exciting stories Marjorie Stanton has ever written

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