

**"ASHAMED OF THEIR SCHOOL" GRAND LONG MORCOVE
SCHOOL STORY INSIDE**

The **SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN** 2d

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EVERY TUESDAY.

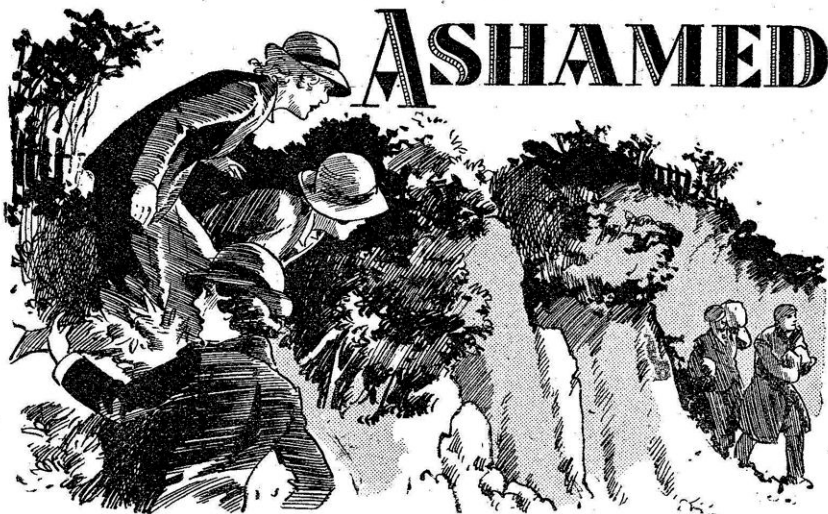


The Schemers' Bad Blunder!

An incident from this week's enthralling
long complete Morcove School story.

FIVE MAGNIFICENT STORIES WITHIN

For Once in Their Lives Betty Barton & Co. Are—



ASHAMED

Crisis at Morcove!

"O H—Fay Denver, I want you!"

"Yes, Miss Dollond?"

"There are lots of girls over there by the clock tower—"

"I know, Miss Dollond! I've just been to see. And it appears that some of those Study No. 12 girls have shut themselves up in the tower, and —"

"I know all about that, Fay. You must go across and fetch in all those who are standing about outside. Get them to the class-room at once, and start them on something—anything!"

"Right-ho!"

Fay Denver, the newly-appointed Form captain at Morcove School, could afford to answer in that careless manner. She was on such excellent terms with this Miss Dollond who, as a daughter of the temporary headmistress, was practically running the school.

"But what about those who are in the tower, Miss Dollond? Shall I—"

"No! Leave them to me!"

And Madeleine Dollond strode away.

Entering by the front porch of the vast school-house, she hurried across the front hall and so reached the side passage which would take her to the private room where her mother would be.

In her right hand there was a crushed-up note—one that her own fierce eyes had scanned a couple of minutes since. No sooner had she swept in upon her mother than she opened out the missive and banged it down upon the littered desk.

"Just read that!" she exclaimed fiercely.

With a curious glance at Madeleine, Morcove's

By Marjorie Stanton

ILLUSTRATED BY L. SHIELDS

temporary headmistress perused the lines, written in a firm, girlish hand:

"When you get this, I and some of my chums of Study No. 12 will have gone on strike as a protest against the unjust treatment of Betty Barton.

"You have no right to keep her in the detention-room during the week just starting.

"It is plain to us that you have a down on Betty because she made known the truth about you—that you are doing all you can to induce girls to want to leave Morcove and join a school of your own, when you open it later on.

"It WAS the truth, and although you managed to wriggle out of the accusation, sooner or later all Morcove will see that Betty was right.

"So we who are still Betty's friends are making this stand for fair play.

"We refuse to come into school until Betty is let out of detention.

(Signed) "POLLY LINTON."

Such was the sensational note from which Mrs. Dollond raised her eyes at last, to give her daughter a consulting look.

"They have shut themselves up in the clock tower," Madeleine Dollond scowled. "And I expect they have provisions. The whole thing was planned in advance."

"How many of them?"

of THEIR SCHOOL



"Five, I fancy. Polly Linton, Anne Trevor, Naomer Nakara, Paula Creel and Tess Tre-lawney."

Mrs. Dollond rose from her desk and crossed to the window. Owing to intervening trees surrounding that charming garden which was the permanent headmistress' pride, only the top of the clock tower could be seen. The hands were pointing to a little before nine.

But now, through an opening affording a glimpse of the games fields, a small crowd of scholars could be seen straggling towards the schoolhouse, led by a very jaunty girl.

"That is the rest of the Form—Fay Denver, bringing them in." Madeleine Dollond commented

Morcover School is in the throes of a serious crisis, and Betty and Co. risk all in an effort to end it.

sourly, standing by her mother at the window. "By the way, Pam Willoughby has gone off in a car."

"What! Pam Willoughby—she is another of the Study No. 12 lot?"

"Oh, yes. And I suppose she has gone home to Swanlake—it's quite a short run by car, I understand."

Mrs. Dollond looked greatly agitated now. "Complaints to her parents? If so—"

"I imagine not. The Willoughbys are big people. Quite likely they are abroad at this time of year. If they were at home, then I would have expected them to come over to Morcover for an interview—not send the car to fetch their daughter away, without a word to us. Pam, evidently, has acted on her own."

"But, Madeleine! 'Big people,' as you say, and in this district, too! Is that going to be good for us when we get our own school going, a couple of months from now?"

"Oh, mother, don't get jumpy!"

"All very well, Madeleine; but I just feel—uneasy. I can't alter my plans now. I have bought the Southmoor property, so there can be no crying off there."

And Mrs. Dollond's nervousness showed itself in a restless pacing about the room. Unpleasant thoughts were making her shake her head again and again; were causing her to retain a heavy frown. Suddenly:

"I think, Madeleine, we had better—better give in about the Barton girl."

"Mother!"

"Yes—"

"And I say 'No'! You'll be a fool if you do!" the daughter domineered. "What could be worse than to give in, when it is as bad as admitting that we really have done the girl an injustice! No; keep her where she is, and as for these self-styled strikers—leave me to deal with them, mother!"

"But how?"

"I know how!" was the fierce answer. "Really, mother, I don't know where you'd be without me! You've gone all to pieces lately!"

"I—I admit," Mrs. Dollond quavered, "I have been almost afraid to go on, ever since that Barton girl so boldly denounced us to our faces. I could never have expected a mere schoolgirl to be so clever at—at guessing our intention."

"We gave her the lie, and that was that!"

Madeleine said, slapping the table edge for emphasis. "Who believes now that there was a scrap of excuse for what she said? Her own pet friends—and they, it's said by everyone else, are for Betty Barton, right or wrong! The rest of the school—I tell you"—with a writhing of one upheld finger—"we have got the good side of them all! I can count fifty girls at least who will be for leaving Morcover—worrying their parents to let them leave, to join our school next term!"

"Very well," sighed Mrs. Dollond with a weakening note in her voice. "I—I must rely upon you, that's all, Madeleine. But mind—no violence."

"Oh, just as if!" laughed the daughter, drawing off to the door. "The very last thing! When those girls are in the right, violence isn't the way to put them—in the wrong!"

Laughing, she made her exit into the passage, which happened to be the one that served Morcover's long-disused detention-room.

No doubt, in those far-off days when a mild form of segregation had been the recognised treatment for "difficult" scholars, it had seemed advisable to have the place of punishment close handy to the principal's own sanctum.

So there were only a few steps for Madeleine Dollond to take, and she was at the last door in the passage—a door which still retained lettering painted upon it many a year ago:

"DETENTION-ROOM."

She turned back a key that was in the lock, and the thrown-open door showed her the room, sparsely furnished, and a barred window which had been allowed to survive if only as a relic of the "good old days."

But this morning, as had been the case how often in the long-ago, the gloomy room had its virtual prisoner.

Here she was—Betty Barton, suffering a sentence which meant that she was to rejoin her schoolmates only at meal-times and during classes.

Last night she had been slept away from her dormitory. Less than an hour ago she had been marched into the dining-hall for breakfast, and afterwards she had been marched to this room, to wait for nine o'clock.

"Come to the class-room, Betty Barton!"

And so, a minute later, there was the sudden entry of the "great offender," in the custody of Madeleine Dollond, to cause a prompt cessation of that uproar which Form captain Fay, standing out in front of the class, had taken no trouble to quell.

Detention!

[T did not suit the crafty purpose of Madeleine Dollond to express annoyance at the disorder.

"What, not started yet?" she smiled sweetly. "But I cannot be cross with you, girls. I know where to place the blame—with that small section of the Form which is doing its best to spoil things for the rest!"

Frowning for the moment, she signed to Betty to go to her usual place. Then:

"All the same, girls, I want you now to go on quietly, and if you behave whilst I am away from the room you shall dismiss half an hour sooner! Fay Denver is in charge."

"I've told them to do maps, Miss Dollond—" "Quite all right!" The easy task was approved. "We shall soon return to normal. Er—all here, of course, except those five stupid girls who—"

"No, Miss Dollond," said Fay, in a fawning way. "I couldn't get Madge Minden to come into class. Judy Cardew and Helen Craig are here, as you see, but Madge—"

"She has joined those so-called strikers in the tower?"

"She is siding with them, but she is not with them. She went to her study upstairs, telling me to tell you she was not coming into class!"

"Indeed! Right!" smiled Madeleine Dollond, only to belie her smile with a fierce:

"I'll find her! Now, girls—silence!"

But the command was given in a tone that invited the flouting of it. She went from the class-room, hearing a babel of talk starting afresh, and she smiled to herself.

Nothing like leniency as bait for catching all these Morocco scholars! Several weeks yet before the permanent headmistress returned from America, where she was attending a head teachers' world congress. Meantime, what a game it was—this poaching in Morocco waters!

Such were some of Madeleine Dollond's exultant thoughts, causing her to retain that smile until she had mounted to the Form quarters. Then, as she came to a certain study door, half-way down the long corridor, she took care to appear very stern.

Madge Minden, all by herself in the study, had not failed to hear an approaching step. But she still looked out of the window, seeing the clock tower and a make-shift banner which the strikers had hung out as an emblem of defiance.

"What are you doing here, Madge Minden!"

Now she turned round, facing the headmistress's imperious daughter, whose eyes were blazing.

"I am sorry, Miss Dollond; but I am in complete sympathy with the strikers. Like them, I am ashamed of the school—the way other girls have let themselves be misled, duped—"

"Oh, you are, are you! Only, you haven't the



Polly looked out of the window from which the flag flew. "Yes, Miss Dollond?" she called out cheerfully.

nerve that they have, to do what they have done?"

The sneer was as water on a duck's back to Madge. She was not going to let herself be stung into making any retort. She was here and not in the clock tower because of the part that had been allotted to her during a council of war. But it was not for her to tell Miss Dollond that!

"I'll make you sorry, my girl!" came the ugly threat. "Are you going straight down to the class-room now, or shall I take and thrash you?"

"If you dare to touch me—"

Madge's gentle protest was cut short by a sharp laugh from Madeleine Dollond. As Madge was a naturally staid girl, without a scrap of impudence in her make-up, her quiet manner was sometimes mistaken for timidity. That mistake the headmistress' daughter was now making.

"Pah!" she shrugged. "You know very well you are trembling in your shoes! Which is it to be, then? Sharp now! I give you the chance to withdraw what you said, about being in sympathy with the strikers; but—"

"I would never think of withdrawing—"

"Oh, indeed? You will hold your own little strike, will you? One that means less discomfort!" And Madeleine Dollond laughed again, scornfully. "I'll see that you don't, my girl! You may just spend the whole of this week in detention, with Betty Barton—and see how you like that!"

Madge took care to flinch, so as not to let the young woman suspect; everything was going splendidly! Study No. 12, during its overnight council of war, had hoped that one of them might manage to join poor Betty in the detention-room.

To Madge had been allotted the task of doing this; hence her declared sympathy with the strikers whilst appearing unwilling to throw in her lot with them!

As for Judy Cardew and Helen Craig—they hoped to remain at large, recognised and scorned as being in silent sympathy with the strikers. If only they could steer the difficult course that it meant, then they would still have the use of their study, and that might mean great things.

"You quite understand, Madge Minden? For the rest of this week we shall do with you as we mean to do with Betty Barton!"

The threatened "punishment" was really such good fortune, she only feared lest Madeleine Dollond should suddenly change her mind. But the harsh decree was, at any rate, still in force when they both got to the class-room downstairs.

Loudly, for all the class to hear, the Form captain was addressed:

"Fay Denver, I have had to give this girl Madge Minden a week in detention. Like Betty Barton, she will attend all classes, of course. Just see that she stays in, with Betty Barton, when the Form goes out to break. Go to your desk, girl! And now," Madeleine Dollond smilingly remarked, in front of the very watchful class, "I am going across to the clock tower—to end that strike!"

The Hour Strikes!

ONE of the five rebels in Morcove's ornamental clock tower briskly chafed her hands together.

"I say—bit chilly, isn't it?"

"Yes, bai Jove!"

"How's the stove going, Polly?"

"Not so very good. Turn her up and she smokes. Turn her down and she smells!"

"Don't turn her out, anyway," Bunny pleaded.

"That would be too, too awful!"

"I zink, to warm us up a bit, we had better have a hand-round! Bekas, some hot coffee, and cake—"



Madeleine Dollond glared up at her. "I give you five minutes in which to think better of your disgraceful conduct!" she cried furiously, hoping to frighten the "strikers."

"Why cake, kid? Why not chicken sandwiches, or pate fois, or even the homely but nourishing saveloy?"

"Bekas, you know what we have got, Polly, and what we haven't!"

"I do. And that's why I say—nothing until one o'clock," Polly sweetly announced.

She got up from a kneeling position in front of the paraffin stove, still eyeing its rather uncertain flame.

"Eef we had something now, we wouldn't want so much later on!"

"Oh, it won't be any use expecting much later on," Polly answered wistful Naomer. "Just a mouthful, and then a nice long look at all that we have left for another time!"

"Wouldn't it be nice," Bunny sparkled, "if this room in the tower were fitted with a stove—with a nice stock of anthracite—"

"And if it were wired for electric," Polly nodded. "Of course, we have all those candles for after dark. Only, I am just wondering if we oughtn't to keep them in reserve."

"Bai Jove, Polly deah, whatever fow?"

"To eat, Paula."

"Howwows!"

A narrow door opened, and Tess Trelawney came in from the tiny stone landing forming part of the tower stairway. She closed the door briskly.

"Pretty parky outside; nice and warm in here."

"Is it?" questioned Bunny, holding her hands over the stove. "Anyway, there is room for us to turn round now."

This consoling reflection was due to the recent hasty removal of much of the lumber which had been cluttering up the place.

"We're all right!" Polly suddenly made the stoical assertion. "It's a stronghold! If we had taken to the attics, they could have had us out in no time. So, no grumbling—"

"Who wants to grumble?" cried Naomer.

"You do!"

"No, I don't!"

"Well, whether you do or don't—be quiet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As for food—we shall have more than ever we can get through," Polly joyously predicated. "It isn't what we've got—"

"I should hope not! Bekas zat won't last us more zan to-day!"

"It's what we may expect to be smuggled in to us—by Pam! Don't forget Pam, girls," Polly continued. "She'll be over with a whole car-load! It won't be Pam to let us down. There's the arrangement we made, and she'll stick to it. If she can't get the stuff to us here at the tower, then she knows where to hide it—where one or two of us can slip out to get it."

"Sounds all right," said Bunny.

"Perfectly all right; most promising, geals, yes, wather—in theowy. Er—howevah—"

"It is all right, and we're all right," Polly insisted, paying fresh attention to the stove.

"Besides! Is it to be supposed that the Dollonds won't give in—before the day is out, most likely! They simply can't afford to— Hallo, what's that?"

It was a dull, thudding sound upon the outer door below.

"Aha!" Bunny commented. "Already!"

"Yes, bai Jove!"

And Paula, who had been occupying a deck-chair, left it with what was, for her, remarkable

celerity. The next moment she started violently at the sound of another imperative THUMP! As for her fellow-strikers—Naomer gave a caper of pure delight, whilst Polly and Bunny and Tess exchanged grins.

"You girls in there!" the shouting of Madeleine Dollond came up to them. "Attend to me!"

Bunny chuckled. "Just for fun—let's hear what she has to say."

"But we are not going to open any of these windows," Polly stipulated. "Letting in a draught! That landing window outside will be the one."

Thump, thump, thump! the one outer door of the tower was again pounded angrily.

"Every one of you—come out this instant!"

"Coming," Polly murmured sweetly.

But she only meant that they were, all five of them, passing out by the room doorway, to squeeze together on the small stone landing.

There the narrow window—which was directly above the outer door at the base of the tower—was set open to the full extent of the iron bar securing the ornamental casement.

Nor could this diamond-paned window have been closed without a fetching in of the strikers' banner. For it was over this stone sill that the pole, flaunting the Morcove coat of arms, had been projected.

There was room for only one girl at a time to put her head forth to see down. Polly, as the recognised leader, took first peep. She managed to do so without having to disturb the flag-pole.

"Yes, Miss Dollond?"

Madeleine Dollond, falling back a step or two, looked up, showing Polly an infuriated face.

"It is five minutes to ten by the clock up there, Polly Linton! I give you those five minutes in which to think better of your impudent, disgraceful conduct!"

Polly drew in her head.

"I don't see why I should catch cold for her, girls!"

Bunny put forth her head.

"You were saying, Miss Dollond—"

"I have nothing to say to any of you! I will not demean myself by parleying—"

"Right! In that case—"

And Bunny did the same as Polly had done, a few moments since.

Thump, thump, thump!

"Miss Dollond," Tess called down, having taken her turn at the window, "do you want to come to terms?"

"Come to terms—with you, an impudent pack of insubordinates! There are more than two hundred girls at this school, and you are the only ones who have dared—"

"Compliment to us, Miss Dollond!"

"Hurrah—yes!" Bunny cheered at the top of her voice. "Fair play for Betty!"

"Yes, wather—hooway!" squealed Paula.

"Here, what ze diggings, let me spik to her!" clamoured Naomer, pushing Tess out of the way.

"Now zen, Miss Dollond!" as the dusky one looked out over the stone sill. "What about eet? Bekas—"

"Two minutes now—I warn you!"

"And zen—what? Bekas, don't you zink you can get us out, bekas you can't—no! Bekas, we've piled zings against ze door, and we've got all ze food we want—tons of eet, gorjus! Enough food to last us years—hooray!"

A gurgled "I don't think!" from Bunny caused Naomer to draw in her head to speak round protestingly:

"Even eef we haven't, Bunny—no need to let her know! What ze diggings, you want to do just ze opposite!"

"The clock," Madeleine Dollond's furious voice called up to them all, "is going to strike!"

"Then time is on our side—striking with us, hurrah!" Bunny yelled, without troubling to displace Naomer at the window. "All together girls! Are we downhearted?"

"No-o-o!"

"Oh, listen, girls—hark!"

Bunny's sudden gleeful entreaty implied that she had detected significant sounds from the clock chamber overhead. A wheezy, whirring commotion it was, coming before the first ding-dong of the chimes.

Four times, and tremendously loud at such close range, the familiar bells beat out the quarters. After each chime the girls sent up a terrific "Hurrah!" Then came the first ponderous BONG! of the hour-bell.

Polly put her head out of the window again. She was expecting Madeleine Dollond to shriek desperate intentions all the while the bell would be sounding. The ultimatum had expired, and so it was just as well to know, if possible, what to expect now!

But Madeleine Dollond, although still in evidence below, was not only not calling out; she was no longer even looking up to the window.

Instead, she was seen by Polly to have been suddenly joined by Edna Denver, to whom she was paying the closest attention.

At first, Polly inferred that the new captain's sister had come running to Madeleine Dollond from the schoolhouse, with the news to tell of some sensational happenings—perhaps in class!

Another moment, however, and this idea gave place to the belief that Edna was excitably panting out some brilliant suggestion of her own as to how to break the strike.

Polly noticed that Madeleine Dollond was eagerly nodding as she listened in an impressed way to all that was being said.

If only one could catch a word or two!

But even when the last stroke of the hour-bell died away, not one syllable could Polly's straining ears pick up.

Obviously enough, neither Madeleine nor Edna gave another upward glance. Instead, they began to walk back to the schoolhouse.

Polly, drawing in her head at last, faced round to her companion strikers. She looked so glum that they instantly clamoured:

"Well, what? It's gone ten! What's she going to do? Did she say?"

"No, she didn't, girls."

"Can you guess, then?" jerked Bunry.

"Oh, yeah," grimaced Polly. "I can guess that all right. She is going to do just what Edna Denver has suggested."

"Edna!" cried the others as with one voice. "She has been suggesting—what, Polly? What?"

"I don't know," was the shrugged answer. "I only wish I did!"

A Telephone Message!

IN her mother's beautiful drawing-room at stately Swanlake, Pam Willoughby stood waiting for an answer to a call she had put through, on the extension telephone.

The last of the daylight was waning from the

room, and Pam might well have switched on lights by now. She had not done so, and yet the scene was quite cheerful, deriving such a comfortable glow from the jolly fire by which she had sat at tea—all by herself.

Fifteen minutes from now, and chauffeur Jeffreys would be bringing the car round to the front porch. Then to put on board that goodly store of things which, with any luck at all, would ultimately come into the hands of Morcove's strikers.

Meantime, it had suddenly flashed into Pam's mind that she could do her best for her chums and the school itself in a quite different direction. Hence her asking to be put through, just now, to a certain firm of estate agents in Barncombe.

"Hallo? Is that Messrs. Barnes & Co? Who is that speaking, please?"

An office boy, the mumbled response implied.

"Well, I want one of the partners!"

Pam, waiting to be put through, was at her serenest. She hummed a bar or two of Chopin as she waited.

"Hallo? Mr. Barnes! I'm speaking from Swanlake—yes, that's right; Mr. Willoughby. About that Southmoor property, please; you might send on any particulars you have. No, this is only his daughter speaking, but— Pardon?"

Tall Pam suddenly stooped a little, owing to a quickened interest in what was being said over the wire. A flicker from the log fire gave light to her face, in all its delicate loveliness.

"Oh, is the property sold? I see! In that case—of course, no use in sending on the particulars. But—hallo!—you might tell me who has bought Southmoor. Father is sure to be interested. Anything connected with the district—"

Her clear, cultured voice trailed off into silence. Mr. Barnes, in his office at Barncombe, was suavely pleading a professional reticence. Um! Nothing more to be got out of him!

"I see, thank you!" Disappointment would not allow her to be less polite. "Sorry I troubled you."

But, anyhow, it was something to know that the property was sold! Now, if only one could find a means of proving that it had been sold to the Dollonds! Sold to them to be turned into a school for girls—

Tr-r-ring, ring, ring!

The telephone again! Mr.

Barnes ringing up again, ready to say more, after all? It might be so. He had a great respect for dad, who had often put business in his way.

"It's somebody at your school, miss, wanting you—"

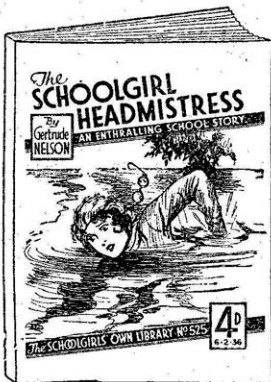
"Morcove, wanting me?" Pam incredulously exclaimed into the receiver.

"Yes, miss," said the maid who had answered the call at the house switchboard. "She says— 'Judy.'"

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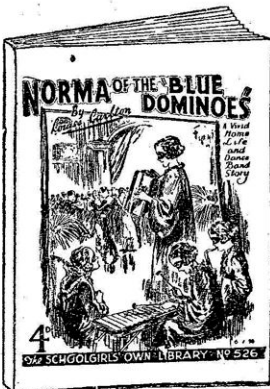


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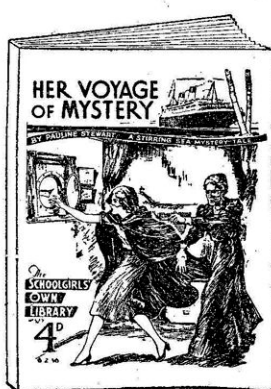


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No. 527

Judy! But how amazing. She and Helen had been going to go on normally, if allowed to do so as known sympathisers with the strikers. Wonderful, though, that Judy had been able to ring up!

"Hallo—Judy? Pam speaking, dear! What?"

"Can you hear me, Pam?"

"I can—yes, dear."

"Listen. Don't come over this evening. They're all right; I'm just back after slipping out to them with some useful things."

"Then when?"

"To-morrow, Pam, just before dark; that's what they asked me to tell you. And now, look here—they say put everything in the gravel-pit. You know the one—nearest the school grounds—"

"I know; yes, Judy. But why can't I have a try, anyhow, for getting the stuff straight to them?"

"Polly said the gravel-pit, and you had better stand to that, or it will be a muddle."

"But look here—Judy! Hallo there, Judy? Judy!"

No, she had rung off; must have had to end the stolen talk abruptly and dodge away. Both! There was so much one could have usefully said, besides hearing more about how the strikers were faring.

"And now I shan't need the car."

Yes, she would, though. Grangemoor!

Pam's mind was made up in a moment. She would get her things on now, run over to Grangemoor School—really no distance from Swanlake. It would be nice to see Mrs. Challenor, who used to be a Morcove Form-mistress before she married the Housemaster of Challenor's.

And so—Pam was ushered into Mrs. Challenor's presence twenty minutes later.

"Well, Pam dear," came the start of summing-up comments, after everything had been told, "what I think of you and your chums having gone on strike and what I must say—are two very different things altogether!"

Pam nodded as she gazed across at Mrs. Challenor, on her side of the drawing-room fireplace. The latter was taking time for reflection.

But it was by no means a silent room in a silent house.

Now and then Pam heard a clatter of boyish feet on flights of stairs, heard jovial boyish voices and guffaws of laughter. And it all sounded so pleasant, evidenced such a rightness about the life of Grangemoor, she suffered worse pangs than ever over the present sad state of Morcove.

"Before you go, Pam—not that I want to hurry you away—"

"Oh, but I mustn't hang about. I told Mrs. Greddon; back soon."

"Then I'll see if those boys who are such chums of yours can come here for a minute or two." And Mrs. Challenor smiled as she started to pencil certain names on a slip of paper.

She got up to touch a bell, and presently a comely parlourmaid entered.

"Emma, Mr. Challenor is in conference at Head's House, I know. But these boys—to report here at once, please."

"You are good!" Pam laughed, as soon as the maid had withdrawn. "Well, they must be neutral, too!"

"You talk, my dear, as if you expect the impossible. As for me, I only expect—boys to be boys!"

Three of them came in a minute later; Dave Cardew, Jimmy Cherrol and Tubby Blood. Each

in his characteristic way expressed delight at finding they had been summoned to meet Pam.

Studious Dave gave her a strong handshake and waited for someone else to speak. Jimmy Cherrol became, as usual, very shy. As for Tubby, he wiped his fingertips before shaking hands, as if he knew them to be sticky on account of sweets that, kept loose in a jacket pocket, were being continually conveyed to his large mouth. He soon asked after Naomer—his particular Morcove favourite—and became aghast when informed of her participation in the strike.

Not that Tubby, any more than Dave and Jimmy, disapproved of the strike. But Tubby was thinking of privations.

Then Jack Linton and Tom Trevor came rushing in, tousel-headed, having abandoned a bit of boxing in the gym to answer the sudden summons.

Grangemoor in Support!

"CHEERS! It's Pam, boys!" Polly's riotous brother shouted, in spite of this being his Housemaster's drawing-room.

"How's the going, Pam!"

"Not so good. Hallo, Tom!"

"But fancy!" cried Bunny's brother amazedly. "How on earth have you wangled leave, Pam? When we understand that those Dollonds are just about—"

"Chaps," struck in Tubby, his fat face expressing tragic concern, "there's no leave about this. Pam says there's a strike on at Morcove—"

"Wha-a-at! My hat! Tell us, Pam—"

"Five of 'em," Tubby loudly lamented, "holding out in the clock tower; and one of 'em Naomer! I hope they've got enough to eat!"

"Polly—is she one of them?" clamoured Jack; and at a smiling nod from Pam: "Good old Polly-wolly!"

"Bunny—is she another?"

"Yes, Tom!"

"Well, good LUCK to her!" Tom said with terrific emphasis. "Jolly good luck to them all! But, say, Pam—"

Pam could say quite a lot now, including much that she would not have cared to say in front of Mrs. Challenor. For the latter tactfully found an excuse for effacing herself.

Not until ten minutes later did the Housemaster's pretty wife return, and by that time there was not much that the five boys did not know about the state of the Morcove "front."

Finally, they were allowed to escort Pam out to her waiting car, saying things which went miles beyond the limits of any neutrality, however benign.

Jack and his pals were, in fact, simply yearning to "weigh in" on the side of the strikers. Pam said a laughing good-bye to them in front of the lamplit doorway and got into the car; and still they hung about—speaking into the car from both sides.

Chauffeur Jeffreys, impassive at the wheel, possibly hoped for a dignified driving away at last, in keeping with Swanlake traditions. If so, he was disappointed.

In the end, he had to start off with three at least of the boys riding on the step, whilst the remaining two ran alongside.

Jack and Tom and Tubby were those three who hung on, on either side, still shouting in messages to Pam, who was to pass them on to the strikers if she got the chance.

As for Dave and Jimmy, like the graver spirits they were, they trotted alongside in silence and,

by being less demonstrative, were all the more helpful. The moment came for chauffeur Jeffreys to nod his "Thanks!" as, having run to get in advance of the crawling car, they gave him the "All clear!" at the gateway.

The boisterous trio dropped off then, with last shouts of "Morcove for ever!" Pam set her face close to a window of the car and waved a gloved hand to Dave and Jimmy.

Especially Jimmy! She had the highest admiration for Judy's brother Dave; but Jimmy was—well, Jimmy, for one thing, was a fellow without a sister. And she, Pam, was a girl without a brother—

But, fond though she was of them all, and of Jimmy in particular, her thoughts soon reverted to her chums of Morcove.

she would either show up, or else show that flash-light signal in the darkness!

Night at the Clock-Tower!

DING—DONG! And again: Ding—DONG!
"Half-past eight, girls!"

"Yes, bai Jove!"

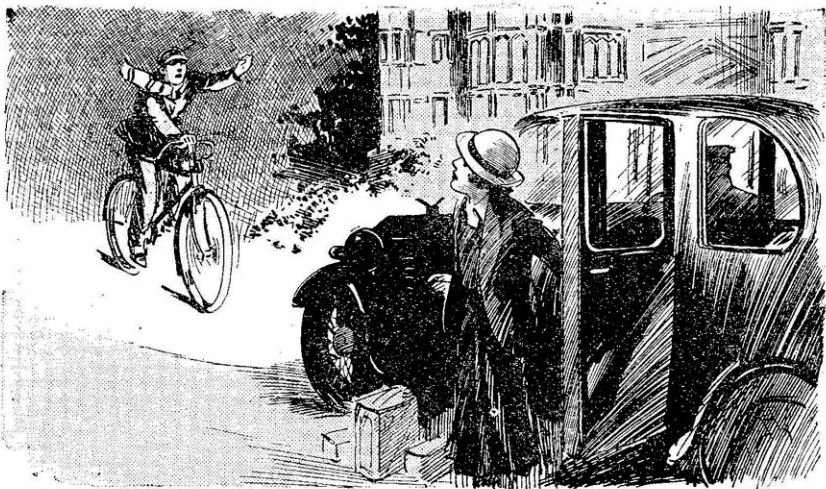
"And nothing doing, even now! Still no sign!"

That was Polly, as she stood peering out from one of their narrow windows into the moonlight night. At the only other window of this room in the clock tower Tess was watching just as intently.

"You don't see anything of her, Tess?"

"No!"

Polly received this answer with a stamp.



Just as Pam was about to enter the car she saw a figure on a cycle pedalling down the drive at top speed. It was Jimmy Cherrol. "Stop!" he yelled. "Important news, Pam!"

By now, if it had not been for that telephone message, she would have been "delivering the goods" at Morcove.

As it was, one must take it that the cancelled arrangements simply meant things were going better with the strikers than they had imagined to be possible. Supplies had been helped out by stuff smuggled to them by Judy and Helen—which only showed what a good thing it had been to arrange for those two girls to remain at large in the school!

"So all there is for me to do—simply wait for to-morrow—"

To-morrow! And at this very moment, if only Pam could have known, those five chums of hers in the clock tower at Morcove were anxiously waiting.

Waiting and wondering how much longer before

"Hang! It isn't like Pam to make a bung'le of anything. Why hasn't she come over, then, with those extra supplies? I say nothing about her not showing up in person. She could easily have had a dozen good reasons for keeping outside the school bounds. But—"

"No reason why she couldn't flash that signal!" Tess glumly interrupted. "She could do that from a mile away—"

There was an interruption. Bunny Trevor came in off the tower stairway, dangling a paraffin can in such a way as to indicate how light it was.

The girls were keeping the paraffin can outside their room, so that it should not get mixed up with the provision department.

"About a quart left, girls, I should imagine."

"Howwows!"

"Yes, bekas—what ze diggings! Eef ze stove gives out—"

"Oh, let it!" Polly said wildly. "Anyway, we

are not going to give out—or give in! What we must do—as we are down to the last refill—roll up in our blankets all the earlier.”

“After a good supper—”
“Huh, I don’t know about the supper, either!” Naomer was mock-grimly answered. “A biscuit apiece, perhaps—and less for breakfast in the morning.”

“We are entitled to be fed by the school,” Bunny cheerfully argued, whilst on her knees refilling the oil stove. “Whether we are on strike or not! How about a midnight raid on the school’s larder?”

“Oh, yeah!” said Polly. “And fall bang into a trap set for us! Don’t you girls realise? I do! The Dollonds are fighting us on food supplies—”

“And oil sanctions,” said Bunny, as the last drops trickled out of the tilted can into the oil stove’s reservoir. “I was only joking about making a raid. Whatever else we do, we mustn’t go near the schoolhouse.”

“Then, seriously, geals—”
“Yes, bekas—zere is annuzzer zing! Eet begins to look as eef ze Dollonds are not going to give in to our demand, either! Ze dodge is, to leave us until we are so hungry and cold and fed-up—”

“Shrr’p, kid!” Tess breathed. “Girls! I don’t know if it’s Pam, as late as this, but—”

“But what, Tess? You can see someone?”

“Skulking about in the laurels—yes.” Instantly Polly and Bunny had their eyes almost as close to the small window as Tess’ were set. Naomer and Paula stood close behind the peering trio, enduring acute suspense.

“Bekas—you never know!” Naomer excitedly whispered. “Pam can have ze car whenever she likes! Ooo, gorjus eef she has turned up after all—”

“There!” Tess suddenly exclaimed softly, the nail of a pointing finger almost touching the window glass. “Down there—”

“I see her,” Polly panted. “A girl—”

“So do I!” whispered Bunny. “But is it Pam?”

“No, that isn’t Pam,” was Tess’ sudden convinced murmur. “Not tall enough. And besides, why is she only hanging about, when—”

“Dash!” Polly fumed, rubbing condensed breath from the glass. “Is it Judy or Helen, then—from the schoolhouse? Oh, see!”—joyfully. “There are two of them now!”

“But,” sighed Bunny, “they’re not Judy and Helen. Ugh, if it isn’t the Denver pair—the wretches—”

“Ow, don’t say so, geals!” wailed Paula. “No relief after all? No—”

“No purvisions!” raged Naomer. “Ah, bah, sweendle! And I am so hungry! What ze diggings, how can I help being—”

“Shut up, can’t you!” Polly raved. “They’re calling up to us—we may as well hear. It may tell us something!”

“I say, good-evening!” came the teasing voice of Fay Denver, next moment, as if she were repeating the mocking greeting. “Got everything you want?”

“Yes, thanks!” Bunny called down from the half-open window very sweetly. “Lovely night, isn’t it?”

“But going to be a bit cold for you?” Edna twitted back. “Still, you’ll get used to that—before the week is up!”

Then the sisters laughed, reckoning that the strikers were feeling horrified at the hint con-

veyed. The strike was to be allowed to last the week!

“We shan’t have to stay it out for the week!” Polly fiercely retorted. “The Dollonds aren’t face the publicity it would mean!”

“Oh, is that what you’re banking on?” laughed Fay. “I am glad you girls have something to comfort you—”

“When things haven’t gone quite according to plan, have they?” jeered Edna. “What about Pam? Ha, ha, ha!”

“Yes; why hasn’t Pam turned up?” tittered the elder sister. “Surely you expected her? Or were we out in our guess—he, he, he!”

They were laughing together again as they now walked away.

“Ha, ha, ha!” their mocking peals rang out, louder and louder. “Ha, ha, ha!”

A sudden appalled silence on the part of the strikers was ended by Polly’s violently closing the lattice window.

She gasped it fast with a furious wrench.

“Ugh! You heard that about Pam?” she raged. “Tricked! Those wretches—somehow they’ve tricked us! That’s why Pam hasn’t turned up!”

“Whew!” Bunny whistled. “Nice fix that leaves us in, too! What are we to do?”

“Do?” Polly stamped desperately. “Carry on as best we can, that’s all! Keep the flag flying, girls, and hold out—hold out to the last gasp!”

If only Pam could have known—could have found out during the long, dark evening which passed for her so uneventfully at stately Swan-lake!

But she was fated to remain in blissful ignorance. Even next day, although the hours dragged by slowly for her, at least they were hours free from acute suspense.

That message over the ‘phone, yesterday, had entitled her to think quite happily of the strikers as being well provided for.

All the same, she was thankful when at last the time had come for action, and the car was at the porch, taking on board the really lavish supply of eatables and other necessities which she had been able to command.

Oil for the stove—she had remembered that as a prime necessity. Four gallons, put up in two old petrol tins, did chauffeur Jeffreys take charge of, placing it where it would be right away from the provisions during transit.

And then suddenly Pam, who would next moment have been taking her seat in the car, came in for a big surprise.

Jimmy Cherrol! Most unexpectedly, he was to be seen riding full-pelt towards her on a bicycle, making frantic signs for her not to set off before he had spoken with her.

“Stop!” he yelled. “Important news, Pam!”

Wonderingly, she stepped to meet him. He jumped off his machine utterly spent for breath, and no wonder! The mile-long avenue along which he had come after the turn-in off the road was slightly uphill all the way.

“Pam,” he panted, “that can’t have been right—that you were told over the ‘phone yesterday.”

Her brows went up in a startled way.

“You mean—the message from Judy?”

“But it wasn’t from Judy,” Jimmy heaved on.

“It must have been another girl, making herself out to be Judy.”

Pam almost reeled. Sudden understanding

caused her to remain staring at Jimmy’s hot face.

“We chaps at Grangemoor know it wasn’t

Judy," he gasped. "She rang up Dave just now, from Barncombe. It seems that she has done a desperate run into the town to get things for the strikers. And from what she said to Dave—she never rang you up yesterday. She thinks it must have been one of the Denvers."

Pam nodded. A good deal of her deathly pallor was due to fierce scorn for the Denvers, that they could have stooped to such a shameful deed.

"We may well be more ashamed than ever of Morcove, after this," she said steadily. "All right, Jimmy; thanks for letting me know. I am off, anyhow, and—"

"Wait, though! At least," Jimmy hastily amended, following her to the car, "can I get in with you, Pam? And will you get Jeffreys to stop for a jiffy, down by the lodge gates?"

"Why?"

"Jack and the others—they want to come as well."

She stared afresh.

"To Morcove?"

"Yes, Pam. It's all right. Here, let me get in with you and I'll explain. A plan—to pay them out!"

The Raid!

PAM'S journey to Morcove, during the next half-hour, in Swanlake's roomiest car—never would she forget it!

She was comfortable—her five Grangemoor companions took good care to see that she was that! And even if she hadn't been, not a scrap would she have minded.

But what a load it was, for a moorland road lumpy enough to break a back axle under far better conditions.

Six passengers, and—of course—the chauffeur, and then all the stuff she had taken on board for the strikers; with much more besides!

For Jimmy's pals, when the car had stopped to pick them up, at Swanlake entrance, had each been burdened with very bulky packages.

So now the car, at the fag-end of the wintry afternoon, was riding the rough road across the dreary wastes very heavily. At moments, like an overladen cargo boat in a rolling sea, she seemed to go down as if not to come up again.

Whereupon the more joyous of Pam's schoolboy companions would break off their chatter to give a mock-dismayed:

"Ooo-er!"

But that car was a thoroughbred, and chauffeur Jeffreys knew his job—no man better. There was no need for sober spirits, like Dave and Jimmy, to say: "I wonder what he thinks of us!" Jeffreys was so obviously thinking only about the driving.

His not to reason why! His part, simply to take some notoriously deceptive rises in the road—short but very steep—without getting stalled, and so to get his freak load, human and otherwise, to the desired spot.

All which Jeffreys succeeded in doing with an efficiency that drew a compliment from smiling Pam, when at last they pulled up.

They were still on the moorland road, half a mile short of where it joined the main highway between Morcove and Barncombe.

Only Jack and the rest of the boys bundled out. Pam retained her seat, finding a good deal more room for her feet as all those bulky parcels belonging to the jovial-looking lads were removed.

"Sure you haven't taken any of my things by mistake?" she jested.

For answer there were affectionate pattings and huggings of the parcels with which the five were again burdened, also some staggering about to imply that by mere weight alone correctness was assured.

"Gee, boys," Jack chuckled, meaning Pam as well, "mine feels just like ten tins of corned beef!"

"Only—it isn't!" Pam laughed.

He gave her a wink which said:

"You know very well what it is!" And then:

"Come on, boys!"

And away they went, treading a long disused cart-track which ran between the by-road and a certain gravel pit just outside the school bounds.

"St! Look out, girls! Down!"



Carrying part of the supplies, Jack ran gaily up the ladder to greet his sister. Joy filled the Morcove "strikers," for now they could carry on the struggle to the bitter end.

Fay Denver it was who hissed the warning.

There were at least six of them whom she and her sister Edna had brought to the gravel pit a few minutes since.

Fay herself, by right of her rank as captain of the Form, occupied the best bit of shelter. A solitary holly bush, growing close to the pit's edge, was going to enable her to remain proudly erect and yet unseen. Edna and the others, only ambushed by stunted gorse and tangles of leafless brambles, had now to crouch low and even duck their heads, if they were to escape detection.

Although so awkwardly positioned, some of them managed to get safe peeps at five schoolboys who suddenly loomed upon the scene. But it was only Fay who, very exultantly, witnessed all that took place.

From her watchpoint, she saw those boys come treading softly along the old cart-track, which entered the shallow pit on the opposite side to the one where she and her schoolmates were gathered.

In the dull and misty light of late afternoon she saw how those boys, with every sign of nervous haste, dumped packages and parcels all together amongst some brambles on the floor of the pit. And wider and wider became her grin of malicious delight.

Another minute, and the five Grangemoor lads had made off much quicker than they had come, and then Fay could let a little scream of triumphant laughter precede the gleeful outburst:

"Lovely! No need to hide any longer, girls! They've gone, and so now to get busy! He, he, he!"

"But what a scream it is," Edna tittered, during the general scrambling down into the gravel pit. "Fifty times better than we expected! Pam got those Grangemoor fellows to come with her, and they were simply loaded!"

"The more they had—the more for us to collar," gurgled one of the six girls who had been enlisted by the sisters for the purpose of the great coup. "Goodness, the weight of this parcel!"

"And this!"

Bustily they searched among the brambles, drawing out one parcel and another by its string bindings.

"Oh, and paraffin for the stove—I'm sure this must be!" cried Fay deliriously. "It's a petrol tin, done up in paper. You take it, E—rather too heavy for me! I'll have this parcel—feels like Creamery stuff!"

"Do let's open all the parcels and see—"

"No!" Fay and Edna firmly opposed this suggestion. "No-o-o! Half the fun—to march past the clock tower and let those strikers see us with the haul. Ha, ha, ha!"

And that, less than ten minutes later, was what they all did.

Of all the proud moments Fay Denver had known since she obtained the long-coveted captaincy, this was quite the proudest. This moment when, with Polly Linton and other strikers showing dismayed faces at certain of the tower windows, she went striding past on the school's drive at the head of her noisy gang!

Whilst substantial parcels were flourished and brandished as wildly as their weight would allow, mocking voices were at their loudest, guessing the contents.

Eight girls parading like this past the clock tower, on their way to the schoolhouse, whilst in the tower were those five strikers—without food or warmth!

"Like something to eat, would you?" Fay her-

self jeered towards the clock tower. "Well, come and get it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Paraffin!" yelled the flourisher of that angular, extra heavy parcel. "Two gallons—wouldn't you like it?"

More screams of laughter, whilst the eight, proceeding upon their way in triumph, were met by scores of girls who had come running to find out what the joke was about. Enlightened, they turned back to keep with Fay and her lot, who were all the more pleased.

"Yes, do come indoors with us and see us open the parcels!" Fay cried. "And you shall all help yourselves," she headily promised. "Ha, ha, ha!"

And with ever-swelling pride she kept at the head of this fast-increasing crowd. Such numbers decided Fay to make for the class-room, and there, next minute, she proudly took her stand at the mistress' desk, showing a jaunty face to all the dozens of girls who surged around.

With the captain, at that desk, were her sister and all others who had carried out the "raid." Some of the parcels had been thumped upon the desk; the rest were dumped on the floor close by.

"Now, girls," grinned exultant Fay, as paper and string began to be eagerly clawed away. "Stand back a bit! I know this haul has come nicely in time for tea—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But," she was blithely continuing, when those who crowded around started a chorus of surprise.

Fay wondered why, until next moment she herself saw the contents of an opened parcel.

Then a vain longing seized her that the floor might gape and swallow her up.

Several half-bricks were all that that parcel contained.

She switched her horrified eyes to another. It comprised a bundle of dog-eared Latin primers. Yet another—a pair of dumb-bells and an old boot!

"And I don't believe this is paraffin after all," said the girl who had portered that particularly heavy load all the way from the gravel pit. "It isn't," she declared, sniffing at the uncapped can. "It's just—plain water."

"Here, you two!" another member of the raiding party yelled at Fay and Edna very savagely. "This parcel of mine—after fagging it all that distance!—empty jam-jars!"

"Sawdust!" shrieked another. "A bag of it! Ugh! And I felt sure it was cakes and buns!"

The crowd, when it had acquainted itself with the "spoo" contents of every parcel and package brought in, became most embarrassing to the captain and her sister. From all sides came the very reasonable suggestion that they had been "had."

"You told us, Fay—"

"Yes, Fay! Yes, Edna—"

"Oh, shut up and get away!" the captain suddenly screeched. "Clear out—I mean, no; clear up all this rubbish first—"

"What! It's likely!"

And the crowd, to make it clearer than ever that Fay and Edna should be the ones to clear up the offensive litter, walked out.

The captain—so full of pride a few moments ago—had nothing to say to her sister.

Nor had Edna a word to say to Fay.

There they stood, glaring at each other in a state of humiliation that was far too great for speech!

Supplies at Last!

At that moment, over at the clock tower, four of the strikers were bunched together in grave debate. The fifth member of the party—Naomer—was still looking out of the window.

"Loads of stuff, it must have been," Bunny sighingly deplored. "Enough to have lasted us the rest of the week nearly!"

"Paraffin as well," muttered Tess. "What a shame!"

"And I'm as sorry for Pam as I am for ourselves," Polly bitterly rejoined. "It will just about break her heart when she knows. She'll get back to Swanlake, feeling she has stocked us up so well—and then they'll ring her up and tell her! That's what they'll do, the wretches!"

"I'd like to know how the trick was worked," sighed Bunny. "She must have been acting on a false message—"

"What I want to know is—how we are to carry on now?" Tess frowned. "Our chums in the school—will they be able to help us?"

"I doubt it," Polly grimaced. "It's so evident now; we are to be starved into a surrender."

Although the tower isn't being picketed, so to speak, every attempt to— "Kid!" she shouted round to Naomer. "Come away from that window! We are not going to have those girls coming back to laugh at us!"

"Ooo, but queek—queek!" was the strangely joyful yell with which the dusky striker now sensationalized these others. "Queek—look now! Bekas—hooray, gorjus!"

"My goodness!" shouted Polly, after reaching that window at a bound. "Girls! Oh—"

"Whew!" whistled Bunny. "Hoo-ray!"

"Yes, bai Jove!" squealed Paula, whilst Tess gasped:

"Grangemoor!"

In what was left of the fast-fading light, two boys wearing the Grangemoor colours were to be seen. Jack and Dave—rushing a short ladder towards the clock tower, from where they must have found it, hard-by a gardener's shed!

At the moment, they were the only living beings to be seen. Fay and her party, just now, had drawn all others girls indoors, and none had come out again.

At a gallop came on the two lads, with the obvious intention of rearing the ladder against

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permission strictly forbidden.



HAVE any of you ever heard of the "League of the Crimson Shadows"? If you haven't, you soon will, for in next week's SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN, a new series dealing with the adventures of this mysterious secret society is beginning.

Nobody knows who are the members of the "Crimson Shadows." It might be almost anybody at Tower House School. But every girl and mistress in the school soon has reason to be aware of their existence, while many crafty people learn to fear the famous society which "always gets its man."

Who is No. 1, that mysterious central figure that gives orders to the other members? Why does the secret society wear long monkish robes, crimson in colour?

It is an eerie sight to picture them gliding silently along the corridors of the old school, clad in their loose robes, making no sound as they set about their self-imposed duties—the righting of wrongs.

You must not miss any of the adventures of the "Crimson Shadows." They are very much like your own secret societies, but they are always together; at one moment, planning to prevent the mean, crafty plans of one girl, at another helping someone out of a difficulty.

But the "Crimson Shadows" do not always have everything their own way. Their plans often miscarry, they are trapped, their well-meant efforts only make the situation worse than before, often their identities are nearly discovered and their society broken up. Always, however, the "Crimson Shadows" triumph in the end and their efforts are at last successful.

Next week you will be introduced to this famous secret society, and you will be able to follow their adventures and activities in their fight to help others.

Also in next week's issue of "SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN," there will be a fine long story of the ever-popular chums of Morcove School, together making a stand against those who are plotting to ruin Morcove and bring the glorious career of the old school to an untimely end. This splendid story is entitled: "Their Stand Against the Schemers," and no one should miss it, for it is the final story in the present enthralling series.

Of course "Her Harum-scarum Highness" will be in fine form again. Full of whimsical sayings and in the midst of the fun. Princess Cherry has undoubtedly become a firm favourite with all our readers.

Then Joan Siddons, who is striving so pluckily to succeed at the "SCHOOL FOR STAGE-STARS," will feature again in further exciting chapters of this new and original school. I expect many of you would like to be with Joan at the Langley Academy, but the next best thing is to read about her, so don't miss any of her adventures.

Rio, the elusive gipsy girl, plays a big part in Margery Marriott's thrilling serial, "Her Fugitive Friend of Mystery." Who is Rio, and why is she so interested in Muriel's welfare? What secret is it that she cannot remember? Muriel would like to know the answers to these questions and so would you, and you must be sure to read the continuation of this gripping mystery serial.

Your Sincere Friend,
YOUR EDITOR

the tower wall, to be able to reach one of the very windows from which the strikers were now shouting as they watched:

"Hurrah—come on, yes, Grangemoor!"

There was the glorious sense of being saved—saved for the time being at least—even though the hard-pressed girls could only suppose that small packages of food were to be passed into them.

Then, to their increased amazement and delight, they were suddenly aware of other figures, converging upon the tower.

Three more Grangemoor boys, and—yes, Pam herself!

Jimmy and Tom, and Tubby also—portly Tubby, coming on as fast as the best of them! And these boys, like Pam, carried parcels of a most promising size.

Crash! The top of the ladder came to rest against the stonework, just under the sill of a window at which all five strikers were now gathered.

The two or three who could peer down saw Dave becoming the one to stand to steady the ladder at its base, whilst Jack took a couple of the packages under one arm and came running up.

"Here you are, girls! Hallo Polly-wolly," he breathlessly greeted his overjoyed sister; and then—already relieved of the parcels—he ran down again.

Up came Tom, bringing the precious consignment of paraffin. As it was taken in over the sill the strikers gave frenzied cheers.

Starting to descend, Tom found Jimmy halfway up, so he simply did an acrobatic twist and dropped safely to ground.

"Pam will be up last of all—for a talk," Jimmy

panted, offering his load to reaching hands.

"Best of luck, all!"

Then he, starting to descend, found Tubby coming up.

No wonder the ladder, at this moment, was bending and creaking! Tubby, plus some really mammoth parcels!

"Sorry we can't stay," Tubby puffed, wearing a fat smile. "Some other time, perhaps!"

"Ooo, you good old Tubby!" was Naomer's way of calling down blessings upon her favourite Grangemoorian. "Bekas, we can hold out for years now!"

"Well, be careful, girls. Don't get thin on it—"

Three seconds later, Pam was up the ladder, handing in some last things which she had carried as she climbed.

Talk between her and the strikers had to be all the more rapid because—as all were now aware—numbers of girls had suddenly flocked forth from the schoolhouse.

"I hope there's everything you need, girls—"

"Oh, there is, Pam—there is, we're sure! Splendid—"

"Yes, wather!"

"Bekas—saved, saved, gorjus!"

"I inquired about Miss Merrick again this morning," Pam remembered to say. "She is out of danger now, but won't be out of hospital for a good while yet. The boys have been wonderful—"

"So have you, Pam!"

"Oh, I don't know. Anyway, you saw Fay and others with a lot of parcels? That was Grangemoor's idea—'to spoof' them. Now the car is waiting just outside—"

"And you must go, Pam—you must go!" they urged her, paying anxious heed to scholars who were swarming across from the schoolhouse.

"Don't get caught, Pam!"

"Are you all keeping fit?"

"Splendid! So do go—"

"Yes, queek, queek, Pam! Bekas, eef you do ze bunk now, you can come again with another load!"

Pam, starting to descend, smiled her own serene smile.

"Bye for now, all! I may be able to do—other things!"

"Bye, Pam, and thanks ever so! You're the one! 'Bye!" they dinned.

And yet Pam hardly heard them, such was the much louder din from all those running girls who were now so close at hand.

She jumped off the ladder from three rungs up. Jimmy impulsively caught her by the arm to help her to run the faster.

"We may do it yet, Pam!"

"Oh, we shall do it," she serenely predicted.

And they did it!

Another minute and the Roysler had the six of them on board again.

Just too late, a crowd of bewildered, angry girls, which had Fay and Edna in its midst, got to the school gateway.

The car was already speeding away.

And they had to come in off the road and go trailing back to the schoolhouse—in full view from the clock tower.

Bravely, over there, the strikers' banner still hung out—a flag that was not to be struck, after all!

[END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.]

"REBELLION" AT MORCOVE!

How will it all end—this struggle Betty Barton & Co. are waging against those to whom the fame and good name of Morcove mean nothing?

Be sure to read

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