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# The Schoolgirls' Own 2<sup>d</sup>



**UNWELCOME  
ARRIVALS!**

(An unpleasant surprise for Betty & Co., in the complete Moreove story inside.)

A splendid story telling of great changes at Morcove.



Changes at Morcove!

"HOW funny it seems!"

"Yes, wather—"

"Don't get in the way, Paula!"

"Bai Jove, I'm sowwy, Polly deah—"

"Not so sorry as you'll feel if this box comes down on your toes!"

Polly Linton, as she chuckled the warning, was standing upon a chair in Study 12 at Morcove School, to lift down a playbox from the top of the corner cupboard.

"Look out!"

And with a thump the box came to ground—all upside down, as the rest of Study 12 may be said to have been looking at this moment.

A slithering sound outside the room, and then Betty Barton came in, hauling an empty port-manteau along the floor.

"Here we are, Polly; this ought to take some of the stuff. Matron told me I could borrow it."

"Hooray, just the thing! It's simply awful the amount there is; and yet to leave it behind or scrap it—rather not!" Polly declared gaily. "It is all part of what has made Study 12 our den."

"Am I in the way, gals?" Paula politely inquired, sitting down in an easy chair that had got shifted from its corner. "By-the-bye, I twust you are taking this cheah, what?"

Polly, hot and dusty, stood to look around and see what must be done next in connection with the "move." For that one word accounted for the prevailing chaos.

"I think," said the madcap, "the easy chair had better go out next. It will give us more room."

There was the horrid screeching of castors as Polly ran the armchair out of the room, to leave it—and Paula—in the broad corridor, just near the doorway. She came back, mopping her hair to rights.

"There you are, Paula dear; more air. Besides, you can superintend so much easier—"

# THE LAST OF STUDY 12!

By MARJORIE STANTON

*Morcove, without Study 12! It seems impossible, doesn't it? But that is the prospect that faces the school now. Study 12 must go! Why this is, and what becomes of the chums of that famous apartment, you will read in the exciting tale below.*

"Thanks, thanks! It weally begins to look as if you gals will end up in a frightful muddle," deplored Paula, patting her hair to rights after her hurried exit. "Twyving to do evewything in five minutes—gweat mistake!"

"Of course, you are going to have your things moved properly," Polly said sweetly. "Has the man been to estimate, Paula? Will it be a motor pantehnicion or simply a ton truck?"

"You are vewy fwivolous, Polly. I do wondah that at a time when we are in the thwoes of this move you can—"

Paula got no further. She was suddenly extinguished, as it were, by Polly's absent-mindedly dumping the playbox on to her, Paula's lap.

"Healp!" came a faint protest. "What am I to do with this, bai Jove?"

But Polly was already back in Study 12, starting to take down one or two framed photographs of school groups. Paula, breathlessly rididng herself of the playbox, sank back in the easy chair. She had a full view of many "tenants' fixtures" and much "clobber" that had been dumped outside a neighbouring door in the last half-hour.

There were, in fact, three studies on this floor from which the occupants had received notice to quit. That sounds rather unpleasant; but in reality those girls who were being evicted were the envy of the school!

Suddenly Miss Redgrave came upon the scene, having slipped away from the Fourth Form classroom to see how matters were progressing upstairs.

"Paula, is that how you spend the time?"

"Er—er—"

"Did I let you off morning school, along with Betty and the rest, simply that you might lounge—"

"A bwief west, Miss Wedgwave. I felt I must wucerperate from the gweat exertion of the—er—move."



"How much packing have you really done, Paula? Come and show me," proposed the chummy mistress, turning back to that study which she knew was Paula's, shared by Naomer. At the doorway a moment later Miss Redgrave assumed a look of amazement.

"Why, you haven't even started!"  
"It will be all wight, Miss Wedgwave, twust me. You may wely on my being quite weady when the time comes. On wfection, I realised that I should do best to west first, yes, wather!"  
"There is far too much reflection on your part, Paula—in pocket mirrors and so on," laughed Miss Redgrave. "Put it away," she added, catching sight of a tiny pocket mirror that Paula was even then holding. "And do get on!"

"Yes, wather! I will pwoceed wight away!"  
At this instant a minor crash, followed by shrieks of laughter, made Miss Redgrave hasten to Study 12. As for Paula, she closed her own study door, then collapsed into her own easy chair.

"Dweadful, dweadful!" she lamented. "Wetched quandawy! Naomer is such a wascal; if I ask her to healp she'll dwive me cwazy. If I tvy to do ewerything myself I shall have a nervous bweakdown. Extwawrdinary that we geals should have been the ones to have to clear out!"

And yet, in her heart of hearts, Paula was rejoicing at the sudden "move," which was going to break the monotony of winter term.

She knew that it would be great fun for herself and the others, as soon as they were settled in their temporary quarters. In Barncombe!

That was the beauty of it. Opposed to all idea of overcrowding other studies whilst some of them were in the builders' hands, Miss Somerfield had decreed that those girls whose studies were involved in the structural alterations must be quartered in the town.

So very likely for the rest of the term Betty & Co. would be in "diggings," attending school daily.

No wonder they were envied by the rest of Morcove's scholars. To be lodged in the town was to be almost on the footing of girl undergraduates at 'Varsity!

Needless to say, they would be under the strictest control, and on their honour not to take advantage of the special freedom that this temporary arrangement conferred. Even so, it was going to be a ripping time for the girls—and they knew it.

"Yes, wather!" Paula murmured, with a cheering-up smile to herself. "Gweat wejoints—once we are theah, bai Jove! But this move—Hallo, Naomer!"

The dusky one had suddenly whisked into the room.

"What is the twouble, Naomer deah?"  
"He is no trouble. Only Miss Redgrave she say I not any use in there, and I must come and see to things in here."

"Weal, of course, Naomer, there is a gweat deal to be done, yes, wather! I shall have to wely on you not to be a wascal."

"I am not a raskikkle! Eet not my fault that I drop all those books and smash ze pictures just now. Polly gets in my way!"

"I woice that I was out of the way for once, Naomer. Howevah, we are not going to have any catastwophes in heah, what? We will pwoceed quietly, Naomer, yes, wather! I shall

leave you a free hand, twusting you to be extremely careful."

So saying, Paula absent-mindedly proceeded quietly from the room. Naomer darted after her.

"You are going to help, Paula?"  
"Yes, wather! But I must first get myself to wights. Don't wait for me, pway!"  
"Oh, all r-r-right!"

Alone in the corridor Paula drifted to the door of one of the studies that was to be evacuated. Madge and Tess were in there with Helen Craig, busy as could be. Paula turned away, breathing: "Hownows!"

Then she came to the open doorway of Study 12.

"Dweadful, dwead—"  
Crash! I went something, back there in her own study; and then an agitated cry.

"Ooo! Queek—queek!"  
"Now what's that wascal done!" groaned Paula, running back to her own door. She threw it wide open and looked into the room.

"Healp! Hownows! My gwacious!"  
"He, he, he!" tittered Naomer, rubbing a bumped head as she danced around. "I nearly have ze accident!"

"Nearly!" echoed Paula, as she beheld a stand of books lying face downwards on the floor. "That's a nice beginning. Deplovable! Wun away. Leave me, leave me, and I'll do it all myself, yes, wather, bai Jove!"

"That crash!" said Helen Craig, suddenly showing herself in the doorway. "Anything up?"  
"No," chuckled Naomer; "but the bookcase—he is down!"

"Helen, you're the one," palpitated Paula. "If you have a moment to spare—would you? I mean to say, could you be so good as to oblige? And I'll wun and find someone to healp you, yes, wather! I won't be long!"

Nor was she. In a minute Paula was able to return, bringing Madge Minden and Dolly Delanc. With that capable pair to assist Helen the work went forward at a great speed. Paula, looking on from the doorway, could beam more and more delightedly as she saw the progress being made. Just as a commotion downstairs proclaimed the mid-day dismissal from classes, the elegant one was able to say:

"Thanks, thanks, geals! I am gweatly obliged for the assistance you have wendered, yes, wather! And now I will come in and have a sit down. I must west before dinner!"

### The Lucky Ones!

**M**ANY of those who had been working as usual in the Fourth Form class-room ever since nine o'clock were in the mood to pretend hostility towards Betty & Co., over the latter's eviable luck.

"Hoot them!" groaned Ella Elgood, as she and one or two others got to that end of the corridor which witnessed to the approaching "move."  
"Booh! Who would be you girls, going into stuffy lodgings in Barncombe?"

"They say it's an awful place," grinned Nora Nugent. "One of those apartment houses, where the blackbeetles simply swarm."

"Cheer up!" said another, addressing the chums. "You'll get one decent meal every day, anyhow—whilst you're at school."

"Yes, we are greatly to be pitied," was Polly's sighing retort to this make-believe compassion. "Of course, if you others were going it wouldn't

matter so much. Girls like us—so fond of study—we ought to be the last to be cast adrift upon a cold, hard world."

"Lucky girls!" Ella said, with terrific emphasis. "No chance, I suppose, of changing place with one of you?"

"Afraid not!" smiled Betty. "But think of us when we're gone. Remember that we never tried to escape this cruel fate."

"Ugh!" And one of the luckless ones glared her envy. "Cruel fate, when you know you'll be having the time of your lives! I shall strike!"

"Hear, hear! Something ought to be done about it!" Eva Merrick joined in the mock complaint. "These girls will be as good as on holiday every evening, while we are swotting in our studies, as per usual."

"To say nothing of the hammering and banging there's going to be all day with the workmen about the place! Why couldn't it be done in the hols?"

But this last grumble was really only as flippant as all the rest. Morcove School knew that the structural alterations, with a view to enlarging the schoolhouse, were to be of such an extensive nature, that the contract could never have been carried out in a few weeks of holiday-time. The workmen were to start now, so that the actual building could be undertaken during the Christmas holidays.

So far there had been everything to show that Betty & Co., if they were envied, were only being envied in a most good-natured manner. But now two girls came along from the stairs who were to show quite a different spirit.

One was Cora Grandways, swaggering along as haughtily as usual. The other girl was Cissy Norton, the cousin of Polly Linton's, who had not been long at Morcove. It may be said, however that Cissy had been long enough at the school to get the Form in general quite "fed-up" with her.

For the girl's own sake Polly and her chums would have borne patiently with her in Study 12; but Cissy had preferred to become very chummy with handsome Cora.

"What, not gone yet?" Cora commented noisily, as she had to go past the crowd in the passage to get to her own study round the corner. "Not very eager, I suppose, and no wonder!"

Facing round after passing the throng, she jeered at the chums:

"So there's to be an end to Study 12 at last! Ha, ha, ha! You needn't pretend you don't feel sick about it! Don't you wonder how Morcove will exist without Study 12?"

"Loud laughter!" said Polly in a bored tone.

"No!" sneered Cora. "The loud laughter will be when we others meet you girls in Barncombe, walking out two by two! I wouldn't be one of you for anything; the rules you are going to be under. Give me my old study," she added to Cissy Norton, as the pair of them passed round the corner together.

Slam!

"Well, Ciss," the Grandways girl broke out, after violently closing the door, "it mayn't have occurred to you, but one bit of luck is coming our way, anyhow."

"It is? I'm glad to hear it," Polly's cousin said, looking bored.

"Yes," nodded Cora, throwing herself into a chair. "I hear that the builders' men are going to tear those four studies round the corner to bits. And have you seen them getting the ladders into position outside? Well, you and I, Ciss, will

be left undisturbed in this study, because it's not going to be touched. The workmen's ladders will be left in position from one week's end to the other. That ought to mean a chance or two—eh, Ciss?"

"Oh, I see what you mean!" whispered back Cissy. "But look here, Cora; supposing we do slip into Barncombe one evening. Shan't we run the risk of being caught by Miss Redgrave? She's going to be in charge of Betty & Co."

Cora gave one of her reckless shrugs. She got up, stretching herself.

"There's that risk, of course, Ciss. On the other hand, we stand a good chance of being



**MOVING MOMENTS!** Paula was suddenly extinguished by Polly's absent-mindedly dumping a playbox on to her lap. "Heal!" she protested faintly. "What am I to do with this, bal Jove?"

mistaken for a couple of the very girls who will be lodging in Barncombe. So it's as broad as it's long."

"We ought to be amongst those who are going to lodge in Barncombe—"

"Well, we're not, so don't keep on about it! As a matter of fact," Cora whispered to the girl who had become her willing partner in any daring misdeed, "what I hope to do, in the end, is to get a couple of those girls brought back here, and ourselves sent to take their places!"

"Cora! If only—"

"Ah, you see the things that I think of!" grinned Cora. "But don't say a word—in front of my sister Judith, I mean."

"Just as if!" Cissy answered.

Betty & Co. made an early start after lunch. Dressed for out of doors, because the school bus was even now waiting to run them into Barncombe, they took a last wander down the corridors together. They looked into Paula and Naomer's study—empty. The same with the study that had been Madge and Tess'—empty. Then the one that had served Helen and Dolly—empty!

Last of all they came to Study 12, up to now the famous rendezvous for the Form in general. Study 12—the Form captain's own den, shared by Madcap Polly; and it, too, was—empty!

"Deploable!" was the sorrowful exclamation wrung from Paula. "Geals, geals, I could pweety weal bweak down and cwyl! The woom does look so dweadful!"

Polly had little sympathy with Paula's exaggerated emotions over the imminent demolition of the dear old den. All the same, she met Betty's eyes and looked rather queer—upset.

Then a shouted inquiry from the direction of the stairs:

"Betty Barton—all of you! Miss Redgrave says she is waiting!"

"Oh, hooray—come on!"

"Ooo, yes, queek, queek! Paula—"

"Yes, wather! I'm weady!"

All the Form was ready. Those who were not going off by the private 'bus were determined to cheer those who were. The sudden pandemonium almost equalled that of breaking-up day.

At last the 'bus door was slammed shut—the driver got the "Right away!" and Betty & Co. could hear their Form mates shouting, in one great chorus:

"You LUCKY girls!"

"I trust so," sighed Paula, struggling for a little more room in the 'bus. "But it remains to be seen—yes, wather! Polly, deah, could you kindly squeeze up a bit?"

The madcap did not appear to heed the polite request. She was gazing out of one of the 'bus windows—getting a last sight of her Cousin Cissy, standing apart with Cora Grandways.

Those two girls—they did not know it, perhaps, but their looks just then were those of bitter, ill-natured envy. And once again it was like a sudden cloud, sweeping over Polly's sunny disposition—for her to think how Cissy was always with the Grandways girl, and how it was bound to mean trouble in the end!

#### From Morcove To "Modena"!

THE school 'bus drew up at a high-fronted house in Barncombe, where a brass plate said: "Apartments."

But there was no sinking of the heart for Betty & Co. at the prospect of being boarded out at such an establishment as this. The front door had only to be opened to them, by a trim maid, and the girls wanted to give a whoop of delight.

"Will you come in, please!"

Barely were the words spoken than the lady proprietress of "Modena"—for such was the name of the house—came hurrying forward. The girls had to cut short their first glance round a charming entrance-hall, to receive the smiling handshake of this lady.

"Some of my best scholars," Miss Redgrave remarked, after each had been named to the proprietress of Modena. "So I hope they won't give you any trouble. If they do—"

"Och, we maun all be yang once," said Mrs. Mackay, with a shrug of her plump shoulders. "So I'll no be a terror to the lassies, I ken! And wad ye, my dears, like to gang away oop to the rooms I've set apart for ye at once?"

Up a rather dim staircase they followed their landlady.

"Ye'll find here two rooms where I trust you'll no sleep badly," she said, throwing open a couple of doors. "Then, for any wee-bit o' study in the evenings, why, there's this—"

"Oh, how perfectly jolly!" burst from several of the girls, as they peeped past a third doorway.

"Bai Jove, it's great, it's gwand! Geals—"

"We've clicked," said Polly in her own expressive way.

But the pleasantest surprise of all was yet in store. On the floor below, a few minutes later, Mrs. Mackay admitted Miss Redgrave and the girls to a very fine front room that held a piano, table, settees, easy chairs, and a crammed book-case.

"This really is good!" exclaimed Miss Redgrave delightedly. "Nothing was said about this room, Mrs. Mackay, when the terms were arranged."

"Ay, well, 'tis the quiet season, ye ken. And I shall no be sorry to hear the lassies enjoying themselves, being left rather lonely now. Ye'll be fond o' a wee-bit music, Ah'm thinking, now and then?"

Madge crossed over to the piano. The impulse was upon her to "say it in music" how they would want to do their best to brighten the widow's lonely life. Without sitting down, Madge began to play "Ye Banks and Braes."

"What a perfect tone!" she exclaimed, turning round to find Mrs. Mackay standing in a kind of happy trance. "But everything is just lovely."

"Gwand," sighed Paula, sampling an easy chair. "Weally spwingy, yes, wather. Bai Jove, Miss Wedgware, I can see myself doing some good work here!"

"I shall be glad to see the good work, Paula," dryly answered the chummy mistress. "Well, girls, for the present I must leave you, as I have to go round to the railway station. You know there is an extra junior mistress coming to Morcove, on account of my having to be here with you girls. She arrives by the three o'clock train."

With a smile all round, the Fourth Form-mistress left them. The private 'bus had preceded her to the station, to pick up the young lady who was arriving by the three o'clock train. Miss Redgrave was under no compulsion to meet Morcove's auxiliary mistress, but it seemed the nice thing to do, especially as the fresh arrival would be devoting herself to the Fourth Form.

It would not have been strange if Ruth Redgrave had been feeling a few pangs of resentment at having to see someone else more or less supplant her at the school.

All this time she had simply lived for the welfare of Morcove and the Fourth Form in particular. She knew the girls from A to Z and many of them she loved dearly. Others, like wayward Cora, were as sad a disappointment to her as a trying sister might have been.

But she was not going to sulk, just because this boarding out of some of the girls, on account of the rebuilding, had rather side-tracked her. Full well she knew that it was a compliment, that she had been put in charge of these girls who were sleeping out for the rest of the term.

As for the future, she could surely trust the auxiliary mistress to play the game. Was it to be imagined that the temporary engagement would be taken advantage of unfairly? Ruth preferred to believe that she and the temporary "help" would be jolly good chums from the very start.

At the station, a ticket collector saluted her with the special respect accorded to everyone belonging to the district's famous school. The train was coming in now. Ruth experienced all the keen excitement that scholars know, when they came to meet a new girl.

What would she be like? Young, she knew, and, she hoped, jolly and affable.

And now the train was alongside the platform, and one or two compartment doors were flying open. Morcove's Fourth Form-mistress, seeing one young lady step down, hastened towards her. This must be she! And if she was as nice as she looked—she'd do!

"Miss Cunliffe, isn't it?" Ruth Redgrave began with a smile. "I thought I'd come to meet you. Had a nice journey? You go on from here in the school 'bus—it's trouble."

"Thanks! Don't trouble with that bag, I can—"

"Oh, I'll bring this," insisted Ruth Redgrave, blithely.

Nothing more was said as they passed off the platform, each fairly well laden with luggage from the rack. The porter trundled a truck behind them, piled with Miss Cunliffe's heavier luggage, and there was no opportunity for further talk whilst everything was being put on board the 'bus.

At last, however, the porter went away, whistling in well-tipped fashion, the chauffeur climbed to his wheel, and the two junior teachers were free to exchange a few more ingratiating remarks.

Only now did they take a good look at each other, and, as their eyes met, Ruth was conscious of the other girl giving a violent start.

"Your name?" asked the fresh arrival.

"Didn't I tell you?" laughed the other. "It's Redgrave."

"Ruth Redgrave—isn't that it?"

"Yes—why? But how strange you should be able to guess! Have we met before?" was Miss Redgrave's bewildered exclamation. "I—I don't remember you or your name. And yet now I look at you closer—" She paused, suddenly trembling agitatedly.

"We were at school together," the newcomer said, with a suddenly dry smile. "You could not be expected to know me by the name I bear to-day. Some other time I'll tell you why it's changed."

Miss Redgrave moved closer, giving a still keener scrutiny to the other's perfect features, and then she recoiled as if stung.

"Mabel Denver!" she said under her breath. "You are Mabel Denver?"

"I am! And now you remember—don't you?"

It was said in a tone that held an extreme bitterness surviving after the lapse of many years. It was said with a smile that was bitter—unforgiving. Mabel Cunliffe was certainly going to impress Morcove as being a most charming young lady. Only for this moment or so was she looking unkind—dangerous!

She entered the 'bus and was driven off upon the last stage of her journey to the great school. As for Ruth Redgrave, it was a full minute before she moved from that spot where the fateful disclosure had been made. Even then, she still felt dazed.

"After all these years—that girl!"

It was the only murmur that escaped the Form-mistress, as she passed on. Not one word came, hinting at what the name of Mabel Denver had meant, back in the past. But Ruth Redgrave's stricken looks showed what a shock she had sustained—the sudden dread that was upon her, now that she knew who had come to Morcove to-day!

### "Miss Doubleface!"

"THE house is just here, Ciss. I've often seen the name over the door—yes, here we are!"

And Cora Grandways, sharply steering her motor-cycle and sidecar into the kerb, pulled up.

The autumnal day was already ending, although the town chimneys had yet to ring out six o'clock. Twilight was upon the quiet High Street, and here and there a shop window looked all the better for the cheery glow of switched-on lamps.

"We'll go in," grinned Cora; "see how they are shaking down! Just to let Betty & Co. see that they aren't having all the favours!"

"Yes," agreed Cissy. She was rather tight-lipped now that the house had been reached where Polly and the others were being boarded out.

Modena, in the twilight, was showing a very cheery front to the High Street. At some of the upper windows, firelight was gleaming in rooms whose curtains had not yet been drawn. The two girls could hear talk and laughter going on, and altogether they felt sure that Betty & Co. were in luck.

To the maid who answered the ring at the bell Cora had only a few words to say, in a high-and-mighty tone.

"We have come with a note for Miss Redgrave. She is upstairs, I suppose? Anyhow, we'll go up!"

Enjoying their rather brazen invasion of the house, both girls stalked to the stairs and mounted to the first floor. They retained their lofty looks as they walked into the chums' sitting-room; but, at heart, both Cissy and Cora wanted to glare their savage envy.

By the light of the fire, here were the chums of Study 12, revelling in their new abode.

Madge was just stepping to the piano, whilst Polly and Naomer were ending a game of ping-pong. The others were scattered in easy-chairs, one or two of them opening books just taken from the inviting shelves.

"Oh, aren't we grand!" jeered Cora. "Didn't expect to see us, did you? Where's Miss Redgrave?"

"She was here a few minutes ago," said Betty. "I expect she—"

"Well, anyhow, this is a note for her," Cora said, tossing it down. "Miss Cunliffe gave me and Cissy leave to bring it along—important, I suppose. So see that she has it."

"Right," said Betty, taking the note to put it on the mantelpiece. "Miss Cunliffe—what's she like?"

"Oh, fine!" burst from Cissy enthusiastically.

"A real ripper, and going to be ever so popular."

"That's good," commented Polly. "Rough on the rest of the Form, if they'd come in for some wretched blue-stocking, just because Miss Redgrave had to be so much with us. You needn't go at once, Cissy? There may be an answer."

Cissy looked at Cora, who gave her a wide grin. "We were told there would be no answer," announced the Grandways girl. "And I'm sure there's nothing about this place to make us want to stop—is there, Ciss? The usual boarding-house!"

"Theah you are quite mistaken, Corwa," drawled Paula, from an easy-chair set near the bright hearth. "It's a vewy comfortable place, and Mrs. Mackay is a bewick."

"Yes?" sneered Cora. "Oh, well, come on, Ciss, we'll get along!"

"Good-night, Cissy, if I don't see you again," said Polly.

But Cissy Norton could not even be civil



enough to say good-night. She had got to the stage when she must go out of her way to be as rude as possible to Polly and all of them. If she had been "off" with them before this, how she hated them now for having such a fine time!

It was not that she or Cora greatly envied the girls the mere novelty of furnished apartments instead of ordinary studies at the schoolhouse. The two were raging inwardly because of the chance these other girls were bound to have for stealing pleasure—a chance that Cora and Cissy, just because they yearned for it, had been denied!

After letting themselves out into the darkening High Street, they looked at each other hesitantly. "Oh, come on—yes, we'll do it," Cora suddenly laughed in her daring way. "Half an hour



**SHE KNOWS PAULA!** "I have not begun packing yet, Miss Wedgway," said Paula. "On reflection I realised I would do best to wait first." "There is too much reflection on your part, Paula—in pocket mirrors and so on!" laughed the chummy mistress.

at the pictures! Miss Cunliffe won't be any the wiser. Besides, I can always plead a puncture that delayed us."

The Grandways girl kick-started in the usual noisy way, and away they went, churning slowly along High Street. Polly, standing at the window of Modena, saw them, but she did not make any remark to her chums as she turned round, after watching the "outfit" pass from sight. It was Helen Craig who exclaimed uneasily:

"I wonder what time those two will get back?"

"Sh!" gestured Betty—for the room door had opened. "Oh, Miss Redgrave, there's a note for you from the school—from Miss Cunliffe. Cora and Cissy were sent with it."

Either it was a trick played by the fitful fire-light, or else Ruth Redgrave's face really did become deathly pale. Betty could not be sure.

"Shall we have some light?" Polly proposed gaily. "You can't see to read—"

"I—I am not staying," their chummy mistress said flusteredly. "I am going back to my room; I'll—read it there."

What was wrong? Something was obviously agitating Miss Redgrave all at once! So the chums were ready to say to one another, as soon as she had again withdrawn.

"But it's nothing to do with the note—can't be," Dolly Delane argued perplexedly. "For, if you ask me, Miss Redgrave was feeling rather down before it came."

"Yes, wather; gwately depwessed, I thought. And I wondah why, hai Jove, when evewything heah is such a twat?"

The girls might wonder, but not yet were they to have the answer to the puzzle. Ruth Redgrave's sudden worry was one she must keep to herself. Alone in her room, she read the note that Mabel Cunliffe's hand had penned, and, having read it, she dropped it into the fire.

"I might have known!" she sighed. "That girl is the sort who would!"

Then, for at least ten minutes, the recipient of the mysterious message paced to and fro, thinking deeply. Some shock to her happiness had been administered, however, which was not to be shaken off like this. In the end, Ruth Redgrave put on her outdoor things and, going downstairs very quietly, quitted the boarding-house, closing the front door behind her without a sound.

She did not wish the chums to know that she had gone out like this—simply to roam the by-roads of the town in a state of miserable dismay.

Never once during her aimless wanderings was she out of hearing of the town chimes yet they had ding-dong'd several times before she suddenly realised how time had flown. So deeply preoccupied had she been.

"Half-past seven?" Good gracious," she exclaimed to herself, "the girls will wonder what has become of me, when this is our first evening at Modena. I shall be sorry if they guess that there has been an upset."

Briskly she set off along a road that was her quickest way back to the High Street. The shops had closed, very few people were about, and the purring of one very fine motor-car along the almost deserted street was something to attract attention.

Miss Redgrave was all the quicker to pay attention to that car, because it was a familiar make. Knowing it for Miss Somerfield's, she became flustered—felt inclined to shrink aside to avoid being seen. And then, whilst this nervousness was still upon the Form-mistress, the car pulled up sharply, not three paces away.

"That you, Miss Redgrave?"

"Yes, Miss Somerfield! Good-evening; I—er—"

"Good-evening!" The headmistress spoke from the lowered window of the car. "I hardly expected to see you out at this time. But that isn't why I stopped. Did I see two of the girls just now?"

"In Barncombe? Oh, no!"

"But I am almost positive they must have been two of our girls," Miss Somerfield insisted uneasily. "You are not allowing Betty and the rest to be about in the town?"

"Of course not, Miss Somerfield. They understand; unless it is something special, for which permission simply must be granted."

"Then, have a couple of them slipped out, unbeknown to you? Please find out, and report to me in the morning. I would not be so fussy," added the headmistress, "only their staying at

Modena is a great responsibility. How long have you been out?"

"I—er—about an hour—a little longer, perhaps."

"I am sorry to hear you say that," came the pained comment. "Well, good-night; I am on my way to Lady Lundy's, at the Castle."

And the car drove on.

It was no social function, lasting to a late hour of the night, that Morcove's headmistress was attending at Barncombe Castle. She very rarely let anything of that nature take her away from the school.

By half-past nine, Miss Somerfield was back from what had been a mere committee meeting at the Castle, connected with a local charity. Reaching her private room in the schoolhouse, she found a telephone message written out in pencil by one of the maids.

"Miss Redgrave rang up to say that none of the girls at Modena were out of doors this evening. She has questioned them, and they have given their word about it."

The first effect of this note was a nod of satisfaction. Then the headmistress seemed to feel a recurrence of her misgiving.

"If the girls have given their word—well! But who were the pair I saw, then? For I am more and more convinced that they were in Morcove dress!"

Suddenly she touched a bell.

"I want Miss Cunliffe, please, Ellen."

There was a promptitude about the appearance of Mabel Cunliffe, in response to this message, that showed a great desire to give satisfaction. She was with Miss Somerfield in a few moments, eager, pleasant—efficient!

"Sorry to send for you at this late hour," said the headmistress, "but there is something giving me great concern. This evening, on my way to Barncombe Castle, I glimpsed two girls in the town who were certainly Morcovians. The hour being what it was, I naturally concluded that they must be two of the girls boarding in the town."

The auxiliary mistress nodded.

"But Miss Redgrave reports by telephone that her girls did not stir out this evening. They have given their word, and they happen to be girls whose word I could never doubt."

"But how strange!" Mabel Cunliffe exclaimed blandly.

"You know of no juniors of yours who could have been in town, round about half-past seven? That's what I wished to ask you, Miss Cunliffe."

"I did send two girls into Barncombe, with a message for Miss Redgrave; but," Mabel Cunliffe hastened to declare, "they reported back—oh, long before that!"

"You are sure?"

"Positive! I would have been upset if they had been late. For, of course, we can't have that sort of thing."

"No! Who were the girls?"

"Cissy Norton and Cora Grandways."

There was a prolonged silence. Miss Somerfield did not like to tell this newcomer that Cora and Cissy were not two of the best behaved girls.

"Well, if you say they were back earlier than that, it absolves them," the headmistress spoke at last. "But I certainly did see two Morcove scholars—juniors."

"On foot, Miss Somerfield?"

"Yes, hurrying along—"

"My two girls had a motor bicycle and side-car; and in any case they were in school at that time. I can account, too, for the rest of the Form."

"Well, then, I must have been mistaken! For I refuse to doubt the word of those girls who are lodging at Modena."

"Miss Redgrave had to ask them, did she?" pursued Mabel Cunliffe, although the headmistress seemed inclined to let the matter drop. "She was not indoors with them at the time?"

"No, she was not—unfortunately. That rather annoyed me," confessed Miss Somerfield petulantly. "It seemed a bad beginning. But you must be tired, Miss Cunliffe, after travelling all day. Good-night, and I hope you sleep well."



**A PARTING SNEER.** "So there's to be an end to Study 12 at last!" jeered Cora Grandways. "You needn't pretend you don't feel sick about it. How will Morcove exist without Study 12?" "Loud laughter!" said Polly, in a bored tone.

"Good-night, Miss Somerfield," the newcomer said silkily. "I must say it makes one awfully happy to be here—awfully keen!"

"That's right," responded the hard-worked principal, sitting down to some late letter-writing. She hardly ever switched off her light at the desk until eleven. To-night, she was going to be later than ever.

And yet—

Midnight though it was ere Miss Somerfield retired to rest, she was not to be the last inmate of the great schoolhouse to lay her head upon the pillow. For, when the deep-toned bell overhead had clanged out one, someone came creeping from a bed-room, fully dressed, but softly slipped.

Mabel Cunliffe!

Strange, too, was the secret task which she had



set herself to do at this dead hour of the night. In a few minutes she was out of doors, creeping round to the school garage. The headmistress' car was locked up for the night, but the school's 'bus was only standing under cover, a rug thrown over the bonnet.

Mabel Cunliffe carefully drew away the rug, opened the bonnet on one side, and was a minute or so doing something to the engine.

That was all. When her extraordinary deed was done, she replaced the rug exactly as she had found it, and flitted away.

Silently her steady hand locked and bolted the back door by which she had re-entered the house, and another minute found her back in her own bed-room, undressing for bed.

#### The Best of Boarding Out!

**B**REAKFAST was over at Modena. Polly Linton, hatted and coated like the rest of the Morcove "detachment," was eagerly inquiring:

"My books! Where are they? What became of them last night? The school 'bus will be here in a jiffy!"

"Where did you put them, Polly?"

"What a question to ask! As if I ever know where I put anything! I expect you to tell me, Paula!"

"I wegwet," said the elegant one, touching her hair tenderly at the temples, "I have no recollection of what you did after pwep. last night. You were all so full of pwanks, and I was so pwestwate—"

"We did have a rather jolly first evening!" smiled Betty.

"And Mrs. Mackay didn't mind the noise a bit; seemed to like it," was Tess' rejoinder. "Got them, Polly?"

"I've found some! Now I want my French exercises. Naomer, scoot about—quick!"

"Ooo, yes, queek, queek!"

"I can see us all being given notice," laughed Helen Craig. "Rather more than Mrs. Mackay can stand."

"Yes, wather! It would be much bettah, geals, as I always say, if you were not quite so skittish. I myself would be extremely welieved. I think the games you played with me, at bed-time, were downright ewuel!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ze French ezercise—here he is!"

"Hooray!" cried Polly. "You're the one, Naomer. And now—"

There was an interruption. Miss Redgrave, dressed for the run to Barncombe, had suddenly appeared before the girls, looking distressed.

"Girls, a most annoying thing has happened. The 'bus is not coming for us."

"What!"

"Bai Jove—"

"They've 'phoned from the school; there is some trouble with the engine that the chauffeur cannot put right. Miss Somerfield says it is a case of our not attending school this morning."

"Well, I don't call that a disaster!" cried Polly. "Hip, hip! No school! Oh, I do like being at Modena!"

"Gweat wejoic— That is to say," Paula corrected herself, noticing Miss Redgrave's worried expression, "most wegwettable, yes, wather! But —er—not our fault, what?"

"Of course not, girls," the Form-mistress asserted promptly. "And, of course, you need not

fall behind in your studies. You have lesson books here."

"Yes, wather; most wegwettable—I mean to say, we can pursue our studies all wight. If—er—you think it necessary, yes, wather!"

"What about this afternoon?" wondered Betty. "It's a halfer, and we were going over to Stormwood School to play hockey. Is that off?"

"I am afraid it will be off, girls, unless the 'bus is got to rights in time. I did not like to suggest hiring a special conveyance," added Miss Redgrave; "it comes very expensive, and this boarding-out business is costing a great deal."

"But," exclaimed Polly, "if the worst comes to the worst, couldn't we pay for a couple of cars ourselves? Bother! If only we had our bikes— But they are at the school!"

"It would ruin you," the chummy mistress declared, with a forlorn smile. "But I will do what I can, myself, about this afternoon. Meantime, in about half an hour, I must set you a few lessons."

Almost before Miss Redgrave had gone from the room, Polly for one had whipped off her hat and thrown it up to the ceiling.

"What a lark! Only, it means that we shall have to go on waiting for our fist sight of Miss Cunliffe. And I am so longing—"

"Yes, wather! One feels ewious, natuwallly, geals, to see what the auxiliawy mistress is like."

"I don't mind not being able to get to school," owned Betty. "But I don't like to see Miss Redgrave looking so bothered."

"If you ask me," murmured Madge. "Miss Redgrave is not quite her usual self this morning."

She was not, and the reason— Ah, it was one that Betty & Co. stood little chance of divining.

Once again, because of the agitation that was upon her, Ruth Redgrave had withdrawn to her private room at the boarding-house.

To and-fro, as overnight, she paced the carpet, her face drawn and worried.

It was most unfortunate, this inability to get to school with the girls, she was saying to herself. Never the one to be prone to groundless jealousy, she yet felt a jealous mistrust of Mabel Cunliffe. It seemed to Ruth Redgrave as if that trouble with the 'bus had occurred, simply to keep her away from the school.

Was it foolish of her to be so greatly upset? No, she found herself answering that question! There was not the slightest doubt that Mabel Cunliffe at this moment was rejoicing over the chance it meant of supplanting her in the school!

And so indeed the auxiliary mistress was rejoicing.

Only a few minutes since, she had come away from the headmistress' room, secretly exulting over what had been said.

"It is a case of your taking Miss Redgrave's place this morning, Miss Cunliffe—no help for it. The school is bearing such a heavy extra expense over the boarding-out—for I would not have the girls go to a cheap place—that we simply cannot charter another conveyance. Do you think you can manage?"

"I'll do my best, Miss Somerfield."

"I'm sure you will. Very well, then; and I will 'phone through again to Modena, begging Miss Redgrave not to worry. If I can assure her that we are managing all right, thanks to you, she will be easier in her mind."

So little did Miss Somerfield guess the nature

of this silken-voiced, charming young lady, who had come to Morcove yesterday.

And now that the school had been rung into the various class-rooms, that same young lady took her stand where Ruth Redgrave should have been. A few empty desks witnessed to the absence of Betty & Co., whilst Mabel Cunliffe herself faced the rest of the Form as a very charming "deputy" for popular Miss Redgrave.

"I hope we shall carry on all right," was the pleasant remark, spoken whilst books were being slammed out. "And this afternoon—a half-holiday, I understand—I must get you over to Stormwood for that fixture. We must make up the best team we can."

The Form liked that. It seemed a sporting attempt on the part of this very junior mistress to let the others' enforced absence make no difference.

What a jolly good sort they found her to be, too, during that morning's lessons! She said "Books away" at ten to twelve, so that all present could debate with her about the "half." It was less a case of announcing her own decisions as of hearing what they would like to do. Or so it seemed to the girls.

But imperceptibly Mabel Cunliffe got everything her own way, even to the extent of picking upon Cora Grandways to make up a team.

The Form, much as it disliked Cora, could not enter any protest, since Miss Cunliffe was new to the school. It was a pity, the girls said amongst themselves afterwards, but of course she had acted most innocently. She must be left to find out what sort of a girl Cora was; to tell her was unthinkable!

As for Cora herself, such a sudden rise to favour fairly turned her head. She took care not to let the Form in general know how excited she felt; but Cissy, alone with Cora in the study "round the corner," came in for plenty of crowing.

"Can't you imagine," grinned Cora, "how mad Betty will feel? Because it's sort of making me captain, Cissy, isn't it? I think Miss Cunliffe has taken to me—taken to both of us, in fact. The way she picked upon us two, last evening, to run that errand. And now—this!"

"Oh, it's very nice and all that!" conceded Cissy. "Only I'd rather be at Modena. They're in for some fun this afternoon, not hockey!"

"All I hope is," exclaimed Cora, going to the window, "that chauffeur chap doesn't manage to get the 'bus to go. It isn't that I feel so frightfully eager about taking on the captaincy. But I do like to see Betty and the rest left out of things now and then. Does them good!"

As soon as the school rose from dinner Cora made her brief authority felt.

Swaggering about, her hands encased in showy motoring-gloves, she gave the other girls no rest from her tongue. Careful not to be too high-handed, she adopted a kind of rallying tone, her strain being:

"Don't let's lose the match this afternoon, just because we are a scratch team and Betty isn't on hand!"

Then she and Cissy were off and away together, leaving the rest to come on by ordinary cycle. Cora, of course, felt that it was due to her position to ride ahead like that.

But in glorying over her sudden rise to leadership she was too inclined to forget what Betty & Co. had it in them to do, when "up against it."

At that very moment, unbeknown to Cora or any of the other girls bound for Stormwood School, the Modena contingent had hit upon what seemed a happy way out of the fix they were in.

They were scouring the town for bicycles that could be hired out for the afternoon. Miss Redgrave had felt bound to forbid them to go to the expense of hiring a couple of cars; but the mere shilling or so per head for cycle-hire was quite another matter.

Eight bicycles to be had on hire took some finding that afternoon. It was the dead season at Barncombe, and one or two cycle shops had put up the shutters. Betty & Co. were not to be beaten, however. Some of the machines they got hold of were what Paula called "Dweadful welics," but at least they could be ridden.

With the town chimes ding-donging a quarter past two away pedalled Betty & Co., to get to Stormwood in time for the match.

Handlebars squeaked; more than once a slack chain came off the sprocket; there were two tyres at least which had to be pumped up every five minutes. Never mind! On and on struggled the resolute and happy-hearted girls, making light of their "old iron" and of the roads that were soft from autumn rains.

#### From Bad to Worse.

MEANTIME, Miss Redgrave, had yielded to the impulse to walk all the way to Morcove School, to set her troubled mind at rest.

As it was a half-holiday, and her charges had been so keen to undertake the cycle ride to Stormwood, she had seen no reason why she should not put in an appearance at Morcove School.

Rightly or wrongly, she was obsessed by the feeling that Mabel Cunliffe was taking unfair advantage of her enforced absence from the school. It was only natural that she should feel determined not to let herself be ousted by the newcomer.

Reaching Morcove, she soon had cause for realising how well her misgivings had been justified. Mabel Cunliffe had gone to Stormwood to see the juniors beat that school at hockey. It appeared that the girls were ready to do anything for the auxiliary mistress, and neither the proper Form-mistress nor Betty & Co. had been missed.

This was all very well from one point of view. Miss Redgrave would have been the last to want the school to suffer by her and the girls' absence. But she could not help a little chill of presentiment going over her. It was a cold thrill, which recurred when she came into Miss Somerfield's presence, and found that lady not quite so cordial as usual.

"You, Miss Redgrave! What are you doing here?"

The question was asked lightly, and yet there seemed to be that absence of the old affectionate note in Miss Somerfield's voice.

"I had the afternoon on my hands, so I thought I would come along and—see how things were going on," faltered Ruth Redgrave uncomfortably.

"Oh! But there was no need to worry, as I assured you on the 'phone. Miss Cunliffe has taken your place very well; she is wonderful at adapting herself. You know she is over at Stormwood, and that a scratch team is hoping to win

the match? What are your girls doing this afternoon?"

"I let them hire bicycles to go to Stormwood, and they should be in time for the match," stated Ruth.

"I see!" nodded Miss Somerfield slowly. "Well, no doubt you have done quite right. I'm always rather afraid of hired bicycles; but, of course, you saw it that your girls only took out reliable machines? Didn't you do that?"

Miss Somerfield added that last question rather sharply as she saw a troubled look come into Ruth Redgrave's eyes.

"Surely, Miss Redgrave, you were not so negligent as to let those girls go off upon any rubbishy machines which might be foisted upon them!"

"I—it never occurred to me—"

"But why not? You are at Modena simply to see after those girls! I did think I could trust you to exercise the special vigilance which the circumstances require!"

Abashed by the censure, which she felt was deserved, mute and still stood Ruth Redgrave, whilst her principal took a rather provoked turn about the room.

And then suddenly the telephone-bell rang, calling Miss Somerfield to the extension instrument. She took up the receiver and spoke.

"Yes? Who is it? Yes, I am Miss Somerfield. What's that?"

It was an alarming message that was coming over the wire. Before the watchful eyes of Ruth Redgrave, the headmistress was turning pale as she listened. What, then, had happened?

"Here's a nice thing!" broke from Miss Somerfield agitatedly as she hung up the receiver at the end of the call. "One of your girls has hurt her-

self, all through riding a faulty bicycle. It is Dolly Delane. A sprained ankle, they think."

"Never! Oh, Miss Somerfield—"

"There has been this accident, anyhow, and a serious one it is," spoke on Miss Somerfield sternly. "All because you, Miss Redgrave, have failed in your duty! I can't help feeling angry; it is enough to make one cross. For such a thing as this, Miss Redgrave, I think I should suspend you!"

Miss Redgrave was out of the room at last, drifting away in a state of intense misery.

Miss Somerfield as angry as that with her—and deservedly angry! When had there been such a thing before? Never!

The day seemed to have grown dark to her. With the sense of being in sudden disfavour, she wandered about in the open air, and presently she saw the headmistress going off in her car. Miss Somerfield had said that she herself would go and fetch poor Dolly Delane home to the school, said. As if she, Ruth Redgrave, were not to be trusted now!

"And it's my own fault," she told herself.

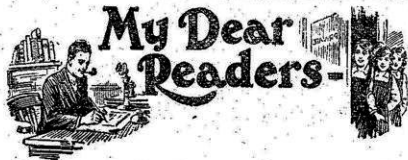
Gloomier still grew the autumnal afternoon. Under that sullen sky she made her way back to Barncombe, and as often as she glanced behind at Morcove's great schoolhouse it was with the wistful, tragic eyes of one who has been exiled from home itself!

#### By Order Of The Headmistress!

"DEPLOYABLE catastrophe!"

"Oh, well, don't keep on moaning about it, Paula!"

"No, Polly, dear; the last thing I wish to do.



ONCE again the Morcove Magazine cuts your Editor's letter down to a mere half-page, so I'll have to be very brief in my remarks to you this week, readers all.

Whatever I leave out, however, I must pass on to you the little motto that Elsie Bowman, of London, has made up for you. This is it:

"When you are depressed and are feeling all alone

The best thing to do is to buy the SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN."

And, of course, if you've already read the latest number, the next best thing is to write to the Editor!

#### The Joys Of Boarding Out!

You will read all about these in the next Morcove story, entitled:

#### "BOARDED OUT IN BARNCOMBE."

It tells of the chums of Study 12 in their new surroundings. There are lots of incidents that will make you envy them, and others that will make you wonder what is going to result from this change of quarters for Miss Redgrave and, of

#### OUR BIRTHDAY GIFTS CLUB. PLEASE NOTE!

1. This scheme is only open to registered readers. The claims of unregistered readers cannot, therefore, be considered.
2. A published date must coincide in day, month, and year with the date on your registration coupon to entitle you to claim an Annual.
3. You cannot send in your registration coupon together with a claim coupon. To make you eligible for one of our gifts, you must have been registered several days before the date of your birthday appears in the paper. The exact date is given on every claim coupon.

course, the girls themselves, since they are so closely connected.

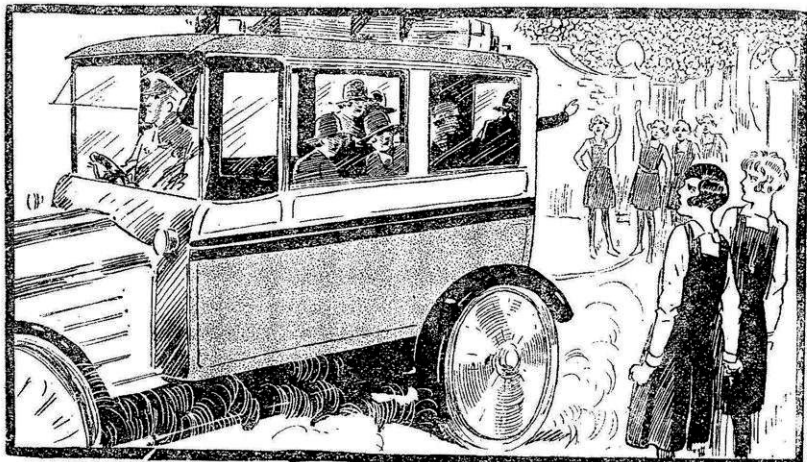
Both our serials are as excellent as ever in next week's number. "LITTLE MISS MODERN" takes quite a fresh turn, and this promises some most exciting developments in the near future, while "WHEN SUNNY CAME TO STAY" is not only full of amusing happenings, as usual, but so enthralling in its adventurous incidents that you will almost hold your breath when you read it.

Muriel Holden has written another fine tale for you in "THE GIRL WHO WAS LOYAL" for next week's number. There is not a moment in this splendid complete story that you will not enjoy to the full.

Your sincere friend,

YOUR EDITOR.





**GOOD-BYE TO MORCOVE.** While the other girls waved and called good-byes to departing Study 12, Cora and Cissy stood by with looks of bitter, ill-natured envy. They wished they were going to have the chance of getting surreptitious "good times" that boarding-out in Barncombe would mean to them.

I wealise, geals, you are depressed enough about it all. But, weally!"

And Paula Creel subsided into one of the easy-chairs in the Modena sitting-room with a murmured:

"Dweadful!"

It was half-past five, and the batch of chums, minus poor Dolly, had just got indoors. Everything had gone wrong this afternoon—everything! Dolly's accident had befallen her on the outward journey to Stormwood.

After getting her to the nearest wayside cottage, some of the girls had stayed with her, whilst others had proceeded with all speed to Stormwood School to make known the news. Thus the 'phone message had reached Miss Somerfield at Morcove.

Then, left with nothing better to do, the few who had reached Stormwood had been treated to the spectacle of their Form's scratch team getting a bad licking. Under the captaincy of Cora, too—Cora!

"All through that silly old school 'bus going on strike!" Polly suddenly fumed. "Ugh, I could say things!"

"Miss Redgrave seems very worried," remarked Betty uneasily. "The way she went back to her room just now after we'd come in! Hardly a word to say!"

"Yes, I can't make her out," murmured Madge. "It's almost as if—Hark!"

There was the sound of a car drawing up outside the house. Some of the girls darted to the window, peered out, and then voiced their amazement.

"Miss Somerfield's car! And there are two of the girls from the school—"

"Cora and Cissy!"

"Yes, wather!"

What did this mean?

Still watching from the window, they could see the chauffeur starting to lift out quantities of luggage, whilst his passengers ran up to the street door and rang the bell.

The tall-tale commotion had been heard by Miss Redgrave, and now Betty & Co. heard their Form-mistress hurrying down from her room. For a minute or so she was in talk with Cora and Cissy, and then suddenly those two girls came dashing up to the sitting-room. They burst in, looking exultant.

"Tess Trelawney and Helen Craig, to report back to Morcove at once!" was the malicious announcement with which Cora staggered the chums.

"How do you mean?" Betty asked bewilderedly.

"Helen and Tess to leave us?"

"Yes. Headmistress' order," nodded Cora.

"Cissy and I are taking their place here."

"What!"

"Howwows! That is to say, why?"

Then the door opened, and Miss Redgrave stood revealed. She was deadly pale, holding a crushed-up note in one hand.

"Tess Trelawney, and you, Helen Craig—I'm afraid I must ask you to pack at once and get back in the car to Morcove. Please don't ask me why. I— A reason has been given, but—"

She broke off, as if a great lump had come into her throat. With all the girls remaining mute and motionless, she turned away and passed from the room, and then Cora and Cissy laughed softly together. It was more than Polly could stand.

"Oh, that's enough!" she burst out, glaring. "When you see how upset Miss Redgrave is about something! You—you—Ugh!"

And she rushed from the room, followed by the others. They all called: "Miss Redgrave! Miss



Adventures of  
**TIGER TIM**  
appear each week in  
**The RAINBOW 2s**  
and  
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Redgrave!" but she had withdrawn to her room, and did not answer.

Beside themselves with concern on her account, they tapped at her door, and then surged in upon her.

"Miss Redgrave! Oh, what is it? What does it all mean?"

So they exclaimed, their compassion deepened by the sight of her, sitting dully at the table, as if under the effects of a stunning blow.

"Miss Redgrave, surely you can tell us!"

And huskily she answered:

"No, girls. But someday, perhaps—someday you will understand!"

At that moment, in the sitting-room, Cora Grandways flung herself joyfully into one of the armchairs, whilst Cissy Norton flopped back into another.

They looked at each other, then burst out laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, what a scream it is!" chuckled Cora. She waved a hand above her head. "We've done it! Got to Modena after all!"

"Yes," grinned Cissy. "And now for a high old time!"

"Aren't the others mad about it?" whispered Cissy. "Did you ever see?"

"Mad? That isn't the word for it, Ciss! So

much for the clique! Ciss, we've got Miss Cunliffe to thank for this! Miss Cunliffe is all right; she suits me. What's more—"

Cora paused, glancing towards the door. Then, in a whisper:

"What's more, Ciss, I think we shall suit Miss Cunliffe, don't you?"

And Cissy Norton nodded.

"Yes," she muttered, "we're all right. It is Betty & Co. who are up against it."

"On the losing side—that's what they are!" exclaimed Cora. "My word, Ciss, I wouldn't be one of those girls when Miss Redgrave is gone!"

"You really think it will come to that in the end?" Cissy whispered across eagerly.

"Bound to," chuckled Cora—"with a little help from us!"

And, sprawling back in the armchair, she gave herself up to the full joy of the spiteful triumph!

(END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.)

What a dismayed shock for the girls to find Cora and Cissy thrust upon them like this! And, on top of this, the worry of seeing Miss Redgrave so upset. It seems as though their stay at Modena is not to be so enjoyable as they imagined. You must not miss reading their further adventures in "Boarded Out at Barncombe," next week's enthralling complete Mercove story, to see what happens now.

## This Week's Birthday Gifts List!

CLAIM NOW IF YOU WERE BORN ON  
ANY OF THE DATES GIVEN BELOW!

Readers who were registered in the SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN Birthday Gifts Club before Saturday, September 17th, 1927, may now claim for their birthday gifts if the date of their birth coincides with the list given here. An entirely different list will be published next week and during subsequent weeks.

If you were born on any of the following dates:

February 28th, 1913,  
April 9th, 1914,  
May 15th, 1912,  
June 21st, 1911,  
August 1st, 1915,  
October 5th, 1915,

fill in the coupon provided here, and send it to:

The Editor,  
"Schoolgirls' Own" Birthday Gifts Club,  
Gough House,  
Gough Square,  
London, E.C.4,

so as to reach this address not later than Thursday, September 29th. Please write the word "CLAIM" in the top-left-hand corner of your envelope.

Birthday Gifts.

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Name .....

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I declare myself to have been registered in your Birthday Gifts Club prior to Saturday, September 17th, and as the date given here (*here state date*) ..... is the day on which I was born, I wish to claim a (*state name of Annual you would like*) .....

.....  
in accordance with the rules of the club.  
SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN, September 24th, 1927.



No. 18]

[Week ending September 24th, 1927.

## A NEW CRAZE AT MORCOVE.

By BETTY BARTON - - - Editress.



URIIOUS, isn't it, the way in which a craze catches on, lingers for a while, and then dies out—only to be revived some time later? We have been having another example of that at Morcove recently. Helen Craig was in Study 12 the other day, borrowing a book, and as she turned over its pages she saw something which I had written on the fly-leaf some time ago.

"What on earth does this mean, Betty?" she asked, and I read there: "I saw a bottle of O-dol lying in a side lane."

Now, I know that sounds silly, but I immediately remembered how it was I came to write it. Morcove had a craze some time ago for "hidden names," and there is a hidden name in that phrase. If you write it down like this, you will see where the name comes:

"I saw a bottle of O-Dol ly-ing in a si-De lane." It is quite plain to see that Dolly Delano's name is hidden in the curious sentence.

Helen was quite intrigued with this, and the result was that we all started trying to invent sentences containing other hidden names of girls in the Form. I can assure you it was not easy,

but we eventually drew up half a dozen sentences, each containing a name. It struck me that they might prove interesting to readers of THE MORCOVE MAGAZINE, so I am publishing them this month. Here they are:

1. The mad gentleman swam in Denmark.
2. I scratched my poll yesterday, and put lint on it.
3. The cinema can tell a "reel" good story.
4. A poetess played on the centre lawn yesterday.
5. Neither a bison nor agnu gentle is.
6. "Mon, I can," cried the Scotsman, attempting to hold encumbrances.

I wonder how many of my readers can find out all the six names which are hidden in the above sentences? I will not keep you waiting until next month for the answers, but will publish them at the end of the answers to Madge Minden's questionnaire, on the back page of this issue.

Try making up sentences containing the hidden names of your own chums. You will find it most amusing!

And now I have come to the end of my space, so I had better "ring off."

## WERE YOU BORN IN OCTOBER?

If you were, you will be interested in what NORA NUGENT has to say!



THE lucky day of a girl born during the month of October is Saturday. Her lucky colour is shell pink, her lucky number is ten, and her lucky flower is the Michaelmas daisy.

The October girl is a most sympathetic person, and people generally go to her with their troubles, to which she always turns a willing ear, and her judgment is absolutely sound. She is even inclined to be too sympathetic, and sometimes she is imposed upon as a result of this.

A curious thing is that, while the October girl can give good advice to others, she does not

always apply that good advice when it refers to herself. Left to herself, she is apt to become rather dreamy, and she does not act quickly enough. She should strive to guard against this little failing, for if she lets it grow on her she might easily spoil her best chances in life.

She is too inclined to meditate rather than to act, and she must always remember that there is a time for both. If she keeps this in mind, there is no reason why she should not achieve considerable success in her various undertakings.

Some people consider that the opal is an unlucky stone, but the girl born in October must not believe this, for the opal is her lucky stone.



## LENA'S LUCKY CHARM!

A Comedy of Errors - - - By POLLY LINTON.



**A**LTHOUGH she is a monitress, Lena Grayson, of the Sixth, is not very popular.

The other day she received a small package by post, and opened it to discover that it was a very pretty little silver "luck charm." There was no letter with it to tell who had sent it to her, but, as her birthday was not far away, she came to the conclusion that someone had got mixed up with the date, and meant to send her the charm for a birthday present.

Lena was very pleased with her luck charm, and she pinned it on her blouse. Then the "luck" started! First of all, in pinning it, she stuck the pin into herself. Then she decided that she would polish it up a bit, and she borrowed some silver-cleaning powder from one of the housemaids.

In cleaning the charm, Lena forgot how time was passing, and she suddenly awoke to the realisation that she was late for morning prayers. She arrived in Great Hall later than anyone else, and got a wiggling from Miss Somerfield for it.

But there was worse to come! Lena was giving a little tea-party that afternoon to some of her special cronies in the Sixth, and she had told Hermione Merrick, of the Third, who is a sort of unofficial "fag" to Lena, that she had to make some home-made cakes for tea that afternoon. Hermione was to get the flour, baking-powder, and the rest of the ingredients from Lena's study, and to have the cakes ready for tea.

Hermione grumbled, of course, but she had to do as she was told.

Tea-time approached, and Lena's friends were ready in the study. Hermione had to wait on them, and after serving tea she handed round the cakes. They looked really appetising, and the guests bit into them eagerly.

The next moment the study was in an uproar.

"Oh! Grrh! Gracious, I'm poisoned!"

This and similar exclamations were heard on every hand, for, tempting though the cakes looked, they tasted abominable.

Hermione, seeing that something was wrong, made a rush for the door; but Lena was too quick, and caught the Third-Former before she could get away.

"What have you put in those cakes, you little cat?" demanded Lena angrily.

"N-nothing, Lena!" gasped Hermione. "I—I only put in the things which I got from your study."

Lena looked around, and she saw that a packet of baking-powder had not been opened.

"What about baking-powder?" she demanded. "You haven't used any!"

"Please, Lena, I took it from that tin there," said Hermione, and she pointed to a small tin.

Lena gave a gasp. Now she understood!

Hermione, instead of the baking-powder, had used the silver-cleaning powder! Of course, there was a fearful row, and after the guests had departed Lena caught sight of the luck charm.

"I believe the horrid thing brings bad luck, instead of good!" she cried angrily, and, plucking it from her blouse, she threw it far out of the window.

By the last post that evening Lena received a letter from a firm of jewellers in Barncombe.

"Dear madam," it read,—“Owing to an error on the part of an assistant, a silver luck charm was sent to you by mistake last night. Would you kindly return it, as it should have been sent to another customer?”

"If, however, you should like to retain the charm, you may do so if you send us the cost of it, which is seven shillings and sixpence."

Down the stairs flew Lena, and out into the quadrangle. Of course, she didn't want the charm, and she would look for it and send it back to the jewellers, and be only too pleased to do so.

But the charm was not to be found! She searched round thoroughly, but there was no charm to be found, and Lena had to pay the seven-and-six for it!

Any girl who mentions "luck charm" in Lena's hearing nowadays is asking for trouble!

## MADGE MINDEN'S QUESTIONNAIRE.

See if you can score one hundred marks this month.



**B**ELOW you will find another ten "posers" for you, which will test your knowledge of Morcove School. The answers will be found on the back page of this issue. Count ten marks for every question you get correct, and see if you can score one hundred.

1. What two girls in the Fourth Form are cousins?
2. Who is the girl in the Fourth who prides herself on being "modern"?
3. What is the lucky stone of the girl who is born in May?
4. Who was "the Lady Wowena"?
5. Who was the girl who tried to run her own tuck-shop?
6. What was the most successful jape the Fifth ever played on the Fourth?
7. Whence does Naomer get her surname?
8. What girls of the Fourth Form have written for every issue of this magazine?
9. Who is the best (a) hockey player, (b) actress, and (c) artist in the Fourth Form?
10. What girl's name means "a giver of light"?

## JUST JOTTINGS!

By DOLLY DELANE.



THE Third Form have been at it again! The other day Miss Potter, their mistress, was explaining how heat expands and cold contracts. "Heat makes things grow larger," she explained, "while cold causes them to grow smaller." "Please, Miss Potter," asked Beryl Westwood, "is that why the days are long in summer and short in winter?"

We have a Second Form at Morcove, generally called "the Kindergarten," and they delight in such childish pastimes as "playing at soldiers." I happened to overhear them at it the other day. "Mark time!" cried the small maiden who was pretending to be the captain. "Please, must I mark time with my feet!" asked another. The "captain" waxed very indignant. "Did you ever hear of marking time with hands?" she demanded. "Yes," was the unexpected reply. "Clocks do it!"

Millicent Ashwell, of the Fifth, has the reputation of being rather mean. Discussing tennis the other day, she said: "Considering the price of rackets and balls, I consider tennis to be a rich girl's game." "That might be so," answered Juanita Baroja, the Spanish girl of the Fifth, and the school's best tennis player. "Still, I've seen some pretty poor players in this Form!"

Polly Linton certainly "got one over us," as

the saying is, the other day. "I say, girls," she announced, "I've found out that five will go into one!" "Don't be ridiculous!" we all replied. "But it's true," said Polly. "I put five toes into one stocking this morning!"

Elsie Drew is a bit of a wireless "fan." Diana Forbes looked into her study the other day, and found her busy with her splendid four-valve set. "Diana, just put your hand on one of these wires," Elsie asked, and Diana did so. "Did you feel anything?" Elsie went on. "No," was Diana's reply. "That's all right, then," said Elsie. "I wasn't sure which was which. Don't touch the other one, or you'll get a shock!"

"Weally," said Paula the other day, "my bwain is weally tiwed out, bai Jove!" "Why don't you try eating fish?" suggested Polly. "It's supposed to be good for the brain." "Bai Jove, I nevah thought of that!" exclaimed Paula. "What sort of fish should I eat, Polly?" Polly's eyes twinkled as she replied: "Well, Paula, I should think a couple of whales would do to start off with!"

During the last holidays Cora Grandwains recited at a local concert. "Did you notice how I moved the audience?" she asked a friend afterwards. "'Moved' wasn't the proper name for it," was the candid reply. "It was little short of a stampede!"

## THE RIDDLE OF THE TIMES.

[NOTE.—When it is noon at Greenwich it is the world: New York, 7.4 a.m.; Adelaide (Australia), 9.15 p.m.; Victoria (British Columbia), 3.47 a.m.; Cape Town (South Africa), 1.14 p.m.; Hong Kong (China), 7.37 p.m.; Moscow, 2.30 p.m.; Kingston (India), 5.54 p.m.; Berlin (Germany), 12.54 p.m.; Naples (Italy), 12.57 p.m.; Buenos Ayres (South

following times in these different parts of the world: New York, 7.4 a.m.; Adelaide (Australia), 9.15 p.m.; Victoria (British Columbia), 3.47 a.m.; Cape Town (South Africa), 1.14 p.m.; Hong Kong (China), 7.37 p.m.; Moscow, 2.30 p.m.; Kingston (India), 5.54 p.m.; Berlin (Germany), 12.54 p.m.; Naples (Italy), 12.57 p.m.; Buenos Ayres (South

**I** WONDER if it has occurred to you,  
When lessons are over and lunch is due,  
And you settle down to your brief repast—  
The American girl is breaking her fast?

And out in Adelaide, so it's said,  
The schoolgirl there is going to bed.  
In North Columbia, if you could peep,  
You'd find *their* schoolgirls fast asleep!

And in South Africa, it's quite plain,  
The girls are back in class again;  
And it's evening in Hong Kong and Canton, too,  
While in Moscow it's just turned half-past two!

In Kingston, Jamaica, it's early morn,  
And the Ottawa girls are greeting dawn;  
While in Calcutta, if I am right,  
It's just about six o'clock at night!

In Berlin there's nearly an hour between  
Their time and the time at Greenwich (mean);  
And that's the same difference which you'll see  
In Naples, down in Italy!

In Buenos Ayres it's just gone eight  
In the morning. In Egypt, I wish to state  
That the Cairo clocks have just struck two.  
It sounds peculiar, yet it's true!

HELEN CRAIG.

## THE GIRLS OF OUR FORM!

By MABEL RIVERS.



HIS little article brings to an end the descriptions of the girls of the Fourth Form at Morcove. There remain four girls to be described. They are:

**Kathleen Murray:** A pretty girl who does not take much part in the life of the Form. She is rather too easily influenced, and she is apt to let things slide. "I can't be bothered!" is her usual expression, although if only she would exert herself more she would make herself more prominent. She is quite a good tennis player, and she can also make a good show on the hockey field when she likes to be "bothered" to play. She is rather an ordinary type of girl, who is good at several things, but not particularly brilliant in any.

**Eva Merrick:** Eva is about the most obstinate girl in the Fourth. To give Eva good advice is like talking to a brick wall. She simply will not listen to anyone, but will insist upon having her own way—which generally ends disastrously for her! She has a very sharp tongue, and can be very rude to anyone when she takes it into her head to be so. I am sorry to say that Eva is a girl who is not always to be trusted, and, while she sometimes

sides with Betty & Co., she is quite liable to change round suddenly and throw in her lot with Cora Grandways and Ursula Wade.

**Etta Hargrove:** Etta might well be termed "the blunderer," for she certainly does make the most appalling blunders. But even when she finds out what she has done, it has no effect upon her, and she goes on in the same way. She is rather of the domesticated type of girl, but she likes to see everything done in her way. Even when she makes a mistake she will not admit it, and she hates to be criticised. If only Etta would listen to others, she might make herself very popular in the Form.

And now, how shall I describe

**Myself?:** It is not an easy task for a girl to endeavour to tell people what she is like, but I will try. To begin with, I must confess that I am not a brilliant girl, but I am always willing to do what I can. I support Betty & Co., but I must admit that there have been occasions when I have not done so. I would like to be a more prominent figure in the Form, but I am afraid that my personality is not strong enough to make great impressions upon people. Still, if I persevere, I might some day be able to get a share in the limelight—a thing I would love to do!

### WHAT YOUR LUCKY STONE MEANS.

This will tell you the meaning of your birthstone.

The stones are arranged in the order of the months to which they belong. Thus, the garnet is the January stone, the amethyst the February stone, and so on.



**ARNET:** You may be sure of constancy.

**AMETHYST:** You may be sure of lasting friendships.

**BLOODSTONE:** Brings you courage and wisdom and constant affection.

**DIAMOND:** Helps to maintain peace amongst those you love.

**EMERALD:** Discovers those who are false to you.

**AGATE:** Ensures health, long life, and prosperity.

**RUBY:** Points out mistaken friendships.

**SARDONYX:** Stands for happiness.

**SAPPHIRE:** Frees from enchantment.

**OPAL:** Lucky only to those born in October.

**TOPAZ:** Emblem of fidelity and friendship.

**TURQUOISE:** Denotes prosperity in affection.

If Nora Nugent has not already told you your lucky stone, keep this list, and refer to it when your birthday month comes along.

### ANSWERS TO MADGE MINDEN'S QUESTIONNAIRE.

1. Stella Munro and Jess Lingard.
2. Diana Forbes.
3. The emerald
4. An ancestress of Paula's. She was mentioned in our fourteenth number.
5. Maggie Barlow, of the Fifth Form.
6. When they "commandeered" our eighth number.
7. From the country of Nakara, of which she is the queen.
8. None.
9. (a) Betty Barton, (b) Madge Minden, (c) Tess Trelawney.
10. Helen.

### SOLUTIONS TO HIDDEN NAMES.

1. Madge Minden.
2. Polly Linton.
3. Ella Elgood.
4. Tess Trelawny.
5. Nora Nugent.
6. Monica Holden.