

The Schoolgirls' Own Annual

Now On Sale
Price Six Shillings

The SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN 2^d



**"WHERE IS
MY NIECE?"**

A tense moment in
this week's fine com-
plete Morcove tale.

**NOW ON SALE
SIX SHILLINGS**

More Daring Than Ever



Enthralling, Long Complete School Story, Featuring Betty and Co. of Morcove

HAVING carried deceit so far, unable to escape from her own wrongdoing and yet hoping that she will never be found out, Althea Dillon plunges recklessly from folly to folly. But Althea's daring avails her little when the hour of reckoning comes, and she is face to face with discovery!

Busy As Bees

"**W**HAT do you make the time, Pam?"
 "Just gone half-past seven, Helen."
 "It has? Then these manuscripts won't catch the post to-night!"
 "Paper-fasteners, Helen?"
 "Oh, thanks!"

And Helen Craig dipped eagerly into the box of brass fasteners that her study mate, Pam Wilmoughby, had passed across the table.

"There's one article!" said Helen, having clipped together a certain sheaf of closely-written pages. "And there," as she pierced a second sheaf at the top left-hand corner, and then thrust through the fastener—"is the other!"

"Bravo, you!" smiled Pam.

"I don't think so," demurred this other member of the Fourth Form at Morcove School. "I ought to have been able to knock them off much quicker, Pam, this being the second time I've had to write them."

"You had a lot of information to look up, all over again!"

"That was just it! Not that I minded," added Helen, hitching back a chair to rise. "But I would like to know what became of these two articles in the original! It's a mystery that has never been cleared up."

"It was a great shame, we're all agreed as to that!" was Pam's sympathetic rejoinder. "Going to run down now to the editorial den?"

"Yes, Pam but only to hand them in! I shan't stay."

"Yes, well, I expect they're busy enough, down there!"

They were!

Helen Craig, with her two MSS., got to a certain door in the Sixth Form quarters that bore the temporary inscriptions "EDITORIAL OFFICE—Strictly Private," and "No Admittance Except on Business," also the warnings: "No Parking here," and "Interviews by Appointment Only."

Granted that some of these notices were of a playful nature, being merely scribbled in blue pencil, there really was a serious businesslike activity going on in the sanctum.

Helen heard a typewriter being worked at top speed. Also, she heard voices, and the snip-snip of scissors, and a sound as of someone pounding down pasted bits of paper, to get them to stick.

BY MARJORIE STANTON

Nevertheless, Helen's own tap at the door was promptly and cordially answered.

"Come in!"

Entering, Helen was so charmed by the genial mood of the den's occupants—a senior, and two juniors—that she felt a little pleasantry on her part would not be amiss.

"Is this," inquired Helen blandly, "the editorial office of 'Fifty Years of Morcove'?"

"It is!" responded madcap Polly Linton, whipping a finished sheet from between the typewriter rollers. "Name, please?" she inquired, to make it clear that the burlesque might be carried a step or two further.

"Miss Craig," said Helen, keeping up the joke. "And, please, I have brought the two articles that had to be re-written!"

Thereupon Polly stepped across to the senior, who was in an easy chair beside the nice fire.

"Miss Craig!" the Morcove madcap announced. "To see the editress!"

"Oh, ask her in!"

It was like Morcove's head girl, Ethel Courtway, to enter into any bit of spontaneous nonsense. That was why she pretended not to see Helen until the madcap brought that chum across from the doorway, mock-solemnly repeating:

"Miss Craig!"

And there was that other sub-editress, Betty Barton, smiling brightly over the bit of nonsense, whilst using paste-pot and scissors as briskly as ever at her own little table.

"Well, Helen?" said Ethel Courtway sweetly. "Both articles?"

"Both, yes!"

"Splendid! If contributions were paid for, you should have a cheque now!"

Helen Craig's smile showed that she felt amply rewarded by the receipt of such an affectionate smile from the editress.

"As it is," Ethel chattered on, "contributors, like the staff, must be content to do it for love—love of the old school! Do I have to read these two articles, Helen—your writing being what it is?"

"I think you should," was the quite serious answer to a question put in fun. "I've tried to be as careful as ever; but—"

"Oh, I'll read them; and then Betty will read them; and then Polly will read them; and then we'll send them down to the printing works, to be put into type," Ethel droned. "And then they'll come up in proof, and I shall read them again, and Betty will, and so will Polly—and you'll be given your own author's proof, Helen! And so, we hope, no mistakes will go through. We hope so!" the editress stressed, getting up from her easy chair.

"At that rate, I should hope so too!" laughed Helen.

"Coming over, Betty."

The editress was throwing both MSS. for her "chief sub" to catch.

"You had better look after them for to-night, Betty. If they should vanish as the originals vanished, then I don't want to feel I'm responsible!"

"You're busy, so I'll clear out," Helen remarked. "It was good of you, Ethel, to give me the chance to re-write the articles, when you might have put in something else."

"My dear girl," said Ethel genially, "we couldn't have dreamed of putting in anything else in place of 'GIRLS WE ARE PROUD OF' and 'SOME MORCOVE RECORDS.' What would 'Fifty Years of Morcove' be like without those

two features? By the way, you didn't mention yourself in 'GIRLS WE ARE PROUD OF'!"

"I certainly didn't!"

"I shall have to mention you in my editorial article," was the comment that sent Helen upon her way with a very happy face. "That is," Ethel addressed Betty and Polly, now that she was alone with those two again, "if I've any room to spare after necessary references to—the staff!"

"You don't need to make any allusions to the staff!"

"Don't I, Betty! When the pair of you have worked so hard; hardly taking ten minutes for a bit of hockey. A standing rebuke to me, every time I've gone off to get a round of golf!"

Ethel seemed to be inclined to knock off from work now. She had her golf clubs in the corner, and she took a putter from the bag, then dropped a golf ball upon the hearthrug.

"Fore!" she warned Betty, who accordingly stood out of the way.

Polly Linton, sitting down to the typewriter again rattled away at the keys.

Clack, clack, tap, clack! Thump, clack, clack, clack, TING! Thrurr, clack, tap, tap—clack, thump!

"What did I say?" cried the editress, angling with the putter so that its metal-end might stir Polly's back hair.

"Didn't hear you say anything, Ethel!"

"Spell-O is indicated, girls! Let the hooter go now, you two! And there will be no need for either of you to be down before five in the morning."

Betty and Polly chuckled. A stranger might have imagined that the editress was an awful slacker; even a hindrance rather than a help to her staff. There could have been no greater mistake, however. All Ethel Courtway's easy-goingness was really only part of a charming, unassuming nature.

She had that rare quality of being quite effective without needing to put on any air of authority. Her genius for knowing when to relax, after a spell of really hard work, was wonderful in its effect upon those who had to work with her.

"I'm not a bit tired!" Polly declared. "Are you, Betty?"

"Goodness, no!"

Yet how jaded and fagged the two juniors might have been feeling, at the end of such a lengthy session of editorial work, if there had been some testy, irritable girl for chief!

Suddenly there was a kick at the door—a most decided kick—and then an entreating:

"Hi, one of you! Queek, please!"

It was Ethel who opened the door, letting in that dusky junior, Naomer Nakara, bearing a laden tray.

"Bekas—a refresher for ze ejitor and her staff!" sparkled Naomer. "Ze grand patent clove-corjool, and sangwidges if you want them; eef not, zey will do for me!"

"These," said Ethel, helping herself to a sandwich, "are the amenities of life, girls. Is that stuff in the jug a hot drink? Good! If there were a salary list, Naomer, you should be on it. As it is—remind me, Betty, please, to mention in my editorial article: 'Refreshments by Naomer!'"

"Nor must I omit a reference to Her Majesty Queen Naomer of Nakara," Polly promptly concocted the imaginary paragraph. "Who, by her sedulous attention to the gastronomic needs of the staff—"

"You had better write the editorial page for me, Polly," exclaimed Ethel. "But no; for then

you'd leave out all reference to yourself. Well," having quaffed a half-tumbler of the famous clove cordial, "I will now bid the staff good-night! If Naomer likes to call in at my study, when she leaves, I think there may be a box of choce."

"Ooo, gorjus! I will be there for them," shrilled the dusky one, "as soon as I have helped Betty and Polly to finish ze sangwidges!"

Nor did Naomer fail to keep to her word. Two minutes later she made her exit from the editorial sanctum, and Betty and Polly could then see about leaving everything right for the night, before betaking themselves to Study 12, upstairs.

Soon the editorial den was left deserted and in darkness. But not for long.

Silently, like a thief in the night, someone opened the door and came in on tip-toe.

The last flicker of firelight, fitfully illumining the room, revealed this cautious intruder as a well-grown girl in Morcove attire—a senior.

She was obviously in the greatest dread of being taken by surprise. After closing the door behind her without a sound, she stood still, not merely listening to make sure that no one was coming, but peering around to decide upon some hiding-place, should the need arise.

A half-minute of this, and then she tip-toed to one of the three small tables. It was the one used by the editress herself.

Stealthily the unauthorised visitant pulled open and searched first one draw and then another.

Whatever it was that her thieving hands were seeking they did not find it there. She moved to another table—Betty Barton's—and searched there.

Instantly she found what she wanted; a couple of MSS., put away in one of the table-drawers. The fitful firelight enabled her to read the boldly written titles: "GIRLS WE ARE PROUD OF," and "SOME MORCOVE RECORDS."

Another moment, and this girl was stooping towards the dying fire, to thrust the two manuscripts amongst the red coals.

She waited and watched until the folded papers had tardily taken fire.

Then, with an exultant look that proclaimed her sense of triumph, she backed away to the door and was gone, as silently as she had come.

Sleepers, Amongst a World of Sleepers

DING-DONG! and again ding-dong! Morcove's pretty chimes were ringing out on the still, frosty night air. The quarters sounded, and then followed the deep-toned strokes of the hour-bell.

Midnight.

And up here in her cubicle in the Sixth Form sleeping quarters, one senior was awake.

Why—why must she lie awake like this, still

full of dread, still in fear of a terrible reckoning hour? Hadn't she enjoyed the best of luck a few hours back, contriving to creep to and from the editorial den and to destroy those two manuscripts, without being seen?

Althea Dillon shook up her pillow and settled her head again. "I won't think about anything any more!"

Vain resolve. Her weary brain would not concede the longed-for forgetfulness. Something in that guilty mind seemed to persist in addressing her, to the continuance of all her secret terrors.



"Bekas—a refresher for ze Ejjitor and her Staff!" cried Naomer, as she marched into the Editorial "den."

"You know you are not safe even now, Althea. They can have those two articles written a third time, as they have had them written twice before!"

Nor did that comprise the only reason for anxiety.

"And what about Aunt Kath?" that mysterious voice seemed to demand tormentingly. "Is she going to turn up suddenly at Morcove School? You are certain that you saw her in the town, the other night—when you believed her to be more than a hundred miles away! Why, then, hasn't she looked you up at the school? What does it mean—spying upon you?"

Another quavering sigh from Althea; another restless turning-over in bed. "This suspense!"

At last she arose, put on a dressing-gown, and stepped to the little window serving her cubicle.

The moon was riding high above the quiet sea, which it silyered here and there. A mile away,

one or two lights still showed in upper rooms of the mammoth Headland Hotel.

Any relief to her trouble mind that might have resulted from this standing at the window was marred by her noticing the hotel.

To see the great building looming blackly in the moonlight night was to be reminded of the rash thing she had said to Lena Grayson and other cronies.

If they cared to "wangle" an evening's leave from the school, she, Althea, would pay for a "spree" at that hotel. She had recklessly made the offer—and the girls were going to take her at her word.

"Fool—fool that I have been, to go on with Lena and the rest, at such a time," she raged against herself. "Just at a time when I stand in danger of Aunt Kath's finding out—the truth about me!"

Aunt Kath, who pinched and scraped so that an idolised niece might be at a fine school like this! Aunt Kath, whom one had deceived all along!

Such an easy thing to do, it had seemed; so safe, too. But there had been no hint, at that time, of a printed souvenir ultimately coming into the hands of every parent and guardian of a Morcove scholar, with features like "Girls We Are Proud Of," and "Some Morcove Records."

FULL PARTICULARS of Your Editor's Great GIFT SCHEME NEXT WEEK!

Where was Aunt Kath, to-night—where? Staying at that cheap boarding-house down in Cornwall—or staying, in secret, in Barncombe? If only one knew!

But whether here or there, this was certain; Aunt Kath was looking forward to the day when a copy of that Morcove Souvenir would come into her hands. Day of reckoning for her, Althea, who had made out that she was this and that in the school, and really she was nothing!

Like the flicker of a film upon the white screen at a cinema, Althea had visions flickering upon the walls of her darkened mind. She saw her aunt with the "Fifty Years of Morcove" in her hands at last; saw her searching page after page for the expected references to a niece who was "everything."

Wretchedly, she turned back to her bed. Once again the pillow received her weary head.

But she was to hear the single stroke of one in the morning beat out; she was to hear the chimes time after time, at their regular intervals, and then two, before she dropped off—at long last.

And inevitably it seemed as if she had been no sooner asleep than she was awake again, hearing the getting-up bell for the whole school.

She was half-way through her morning toilette when Lena Grayson came in past the entrance-curtain of Althea's cubicle.

"Morning, Althy darling!"

Lena, still in pyjamas, was as gay as a lark.

"Say, Althy it's to be this evening!"

"What is it?"

"Why, you know! Our next spree——"

"Oh, I—I——"

"Now, don't begin to cry off," laughed Lena. "You know what you said, Althy! Mind you, we others don't mean to hold you too fast to your

word about your paying for everything. We expect it to come to a pretty penny, for the Headland is very *de luxe*, of course! But you must——"

"Lena, I—I wish you wouldn't bother me now, anyhow. I haven't had a particularly good night."

"You haven't? Now I," rippled Lena, "slept beautifully. My good conscience—ha, ha, ha!"

Then she made a face at the curtain draping the entrance to this cubicle, hearing the voice of Ethel Courtway, in the passage-way. Seniors were not supposed to visit each other in the cubicles and gossip first thing in the morning, and the head girl was saying: "Lena!" in mild astonishment.

"Oh, all right!" pouted Lena. "Well, see you later, Althy. I think you'll agree that it will be quite safe, the way I have planned it, with Clarice Berkeley."

Althea was thinking of other things.

Five minutes later, she was downstairs, letting anxiety take her towards that parlourmaid who was performing the routine task of sorting out the first delivery of letters.

"Er—morning, Ellen!"

"Oh, good-morning, miss!"

"Anything for me, Ellen? Sorry to bother you, but—er I am really anxious for a letter from my aunt."

"Just a minute, miss, and I can tell you, Oh, but here is a letter for you, miss!"

"What? Oh!" And it was rudely snatched by the senior, who walked away, opening the missive with feverish haste.

Then she stood still, to read. The address was that of Aunt Kath's tiny flatlet in North London. So, she was up in town again!

"Dear Althea,—This is just a brief note, in great haste, to tell you that I had to come up from Cornwall quite suddenly, on account of my lawyer needing to see me.

"You will be surprised to learn that I was in Barncombe the other night! The fact is, Althea, when I had to leave Cornwall, I thought I might as well break my journey so as to look in on you at the school. I got to Barncombe, to sleep the night there, meaning to look you up next day. But——"

A voice interrupted Althea's reading.

"Althy, has Lena told you?"

"What?" she snapped round upon the questioner, who was Clarice Berkeley.

"That it is to be this evening——"

"Oh, go away, when I've other things to think about!"

"You are cross, Althy!"

"Yes, well, I—— Oh!" she fumed, and took a few furious strides to be by herself again.

Then she resumed the letter:

"But I took a lodging for the night that proved most uncomfortable, and felt so cheap next morning that I decided to get away to London at once.

"In Barncombe, that evening, I had such a shock, Althea. I was going along the High Street, just as the picture house was emptying, when I thought I saw you! But, of course, I must have been mistaken. You would not be out on your own at that late hour, would you?"

"Besides, I am sure you are very busy every evening, editing that souvenir for the school. Darling Althea, how I long for my copy——"

Ugh! She could read no further then. Savagely she crumpled up the note and put it away like that

for the time being. Maddening, to find Aunt Kath writing in that strain!

Then, suddenly, the hard-driven senior felt a big reaction from all the suspense and wretchedness. After all—after all, the position was no worse, even if it was no better! Aunt Kath was still in blissful ignorance.

The luck, holding out? Why shouldn't one indulge that comforting belief? "Let me think!" Both those MSS. destroyed last evening. And it HAD been Aunt Kath in Barncombe High Street a few evenings ago, and so there had been a very narrow escape from what might have been a disastrous encounter. If that wasn't the purest good luck—well!

"So I'm a fool, a fool to worry," she said fiercely to herself, going upstairs to the Sixth Form quarters. "Any other girl, after the luck I've had, would feel certain it is going to be all right. Oh, I can kid Aunt Kath somehow, if she wonders why I'm not mentioned in the souvenir."

Why, of course! As editress, all reference to oneself had been carefully suppressed!

As that idea belatedly flashed upon Althea's mind she broke into smiles.

"Why ever didn't I think of that before?" The answer, although obvious, did not occur to her. If she really had been editress, she would not have been the one to suppress, in modesty, references to herself. It would never have occurred to her to do that.

Quite jaunty of step all at once, she turned into the Sixth Form corridor—and next second she was being nearly knocked over by a junior.

Polly Linton had come rushing wildly round the corner, in a great hurry.

"Oh, sorry, Althea—"
"You clumsy kid!" she stamped. "Get out of the way!"

"I want to find Ethel Courtway—"

"Then find her! I'm not her keeper."

Polly whirled on again. She went downstairs with a rush of feet, could neither find the head girl nor be told where else to look for her, and so rushed aloft once more—this time to the Fourth Form quarters.

"Betty!" was Polly's breathless cry, as she whirled in upon the Fourth Form captain and other chums, in Study 12. "Those two manuscripts! Where did you leave them, last night?"

"Leave them?—In my table drawer, of course, Polly! You saw me! Why?"

"They're not there now!"

By Whose Hand?

"WHAT!" gasped Betty.
"I can't lay my hands upon them anywhere in the den!" Polly panted on dismayedly. "I went there on purpose to read them through in these few minutes before brekker. But they're gone."

"They can't be!"

"They're missing!"

"Polly dear—never!"

"Howwows!" came Paula Creel's appalled comment. "Pwecisely the same awticles that were lost before, bai Jove!"

"But," cried Betty, "how on earth—I mean to say, what can have happened to them, this time? Or has Ethel taken them, to read before brekker?"

"Ethel hasn't got them, that's a cert!" Polly said. "We know what Ethel is; she never lets anything interfere with a bit of exercise out-of-doors first thing. She's out now, somewhere—practising her rolf swing, I dare say," grimly.

At this instant, Helen Craig sauntered in, with Pam, Madge and Tess.

"Helen dear," Betty began uncomfortably, "you—er—haven't taken back those two manuscripts for any reason? To make corrections, for instance?"

"Oh, no! I hope they're quite correct as they stand! Why?"

"They are—er—not to be found in the den," Polly says. "But we'll go down and have another look."

"Not to be found!" cried all four newcomers upon the scene. "Those two articles—missing!"

An astounded silence followed.

"Goodness!" Polly exploded at last. "But if those two manuscripts don't go along to the printing works to-day, then I don't know where we'll be! Friday is press day—Friday is! Think of it!"

"Yes, bekas, we were going to have ze grand cellerbration, after ze last pages had gone to ze press! A gorjus spr—"

"Yowp, owch, ow!" howled Paula, collapsing under the weight of Naomer, who had been toppled over by an impatient thrust from Polly. "Naow look at me, geals! A weck, a wuin!"

But this was not a time for standing to look at Paula. With the captain dashing away, to go to the editorial den, Polly and others followed. Only Naomer remained behind with Paula in the study.

Paula was feeling that she must get herself tidy again, after the recent ruffling; and Naomer, by having the door banged in her face, understood that she was not to follow to the den. If she did, the same hand that had banged that door might start to bang something else—Naomer's head to wit!

"What ze diggings, Paula, do you make of eet? Bekas, manuscripts can't get eaten by mice in ze night, like we know our cakes do in our corner cupboard!"

"Er—hev we mice, Naomer?"

"What ze diggings! Eef not, how ees it that cakes do vanish?" demanded the dusky one.

"Bekas we know they do!"

"Yes, wather! Howevah, I would pwefer not to pursue the subject, Naomer. I— Heah, stahp it! Ow—"

"Bekas I believe you zink I am ze one who eats cakes on-ze quiet! And zat is an insult, and so—"

"Yarowp! Oooch, that's my hair—"

"Zen you be careful, bekas you are not Polly, to be able to say what you like!"

Meantime, down in the editorial den, a renewed search for the missing MSS. was being carried out.

Betty and Polly, with several good chums to help them, hunted the whole room through, and in vain. Inside of three minutes it was definitely established that the two manuscripts were gone. Ethel Courtway had sauntered in, after dumping some golf clubs in her study, and was astounded as any of the juniors.

She had not touched the MSS.—had not seen them since she handed them to Betty, overnight, for safe keeping.

"And I put them away in this drawer," Betty solemnly declared. "Polly saw me do it! We left directly afterwards to go upstairs to Study 12, and we didn't look down here again."

"Second time!" Ethel frowned. "There was no easy-goingness about her now. This affair of the two MSS. was putting her on her mettle as head girl."

"It's all right, Betty; I'm not imagining that."

there has been any carelessness on your part. Was I careless about the original MSS.? I know I was not! But they disappeared. And now the re-written articles have vanished."

She chewed a lip.

"It isn't good enough! Who is it playing this game upon us?"

"I must write the articles all over again, that's all," Helen said cheerfully.

"Oh, you can't!" cried Ethel.

"I don't mind, if you feel that the souvenir should contain those two features."

"We're all agreed, it won't be complete without them. But the trouble; the time you'll have to give up to them, Helen!"

"To-morrow is our Wednesday halfer," she remarked. "I am sure Betty will let me off games, so that I can push on. And I have this evening, of course; prep doesn't take long. Come to that," Helen added, "I could start in at midday!"

Betty and Polly, like the head girl, gazed at willing Helen Craig in admiration.

"But I know what a lot of trouble they mean for you," Ethel insisted distressfully. "Especially the 'Records' feature. You have school records to look up again, and figures to check very carefully."

"Almost, I'm beginning to know them by heart," laughed Helen. "Anyhow, do let me!"

"I shall ask Miss Everard if she'll let you off afternoon class to-day, that's all," was the head girl's decision. "If the two features are to be done all over again, then you must be let off some schoolwork. Bother, though! Shall I have to explain to Miss Everard about the missing MSS.?"

"I don't see that you need," Betty broke out. "After all, Ethel, won't it do if you just say that Helen is wanted to do some work for the 'Fifty Years' that is rather behind?"

The editress nodded.

"Something like that, yes! We simply mustn't spread it about that those rewritten manuscripts have been stolen. It will mean a scandal in the school. Obviously, there is spite or jealousy, or something else as despicable, at the bottom of this business. Miss Somerfield would be so angry, she'd gate the school until the affair had been cleared up."

The gong was sounding the call to breakfast.

"Leave it at that, then," Ethel wound up, turning to pass out. "And all I can say is, you're a ripper, Helen! You juniors—I don't know, but you can give some of us seniors points, I think!"

She left them talking amongst themselves, although they would soon be following her down to the school tables. As she passed round into the Sixth Form corridor, she was aware of Althea Dillon coming towards her. That senior had a moment since withdrawn from somebody else's study—Lena's.

They had to pass each other in the corridor—Ethel Courtway and Althea Dillon—and although Althea seemed to want to flaunt by, insolently, she suddenly cast down her eyes as if her nerve had failed her. Her smile changed to an uneasy smirk.

Not a word was exchanged. Ethel had previously said her "Good-morning" to this school-mate. But, after they had passed each other like that, the head girl stopped and looked round.

It was not that she felt inclined to address a remark to Althea, after all. It was simply that Ethel had been struck by the other's mood.

"I wonder?" Ethel murmured to herself a moment or two later. "I wonder!"

And she was in deep thought as she went on once more.

Naomer Joins the Staff

AFTER midday, Polly came bounding into Study 12 as if she had "gone whoopee."

"Cheers!" she shouted, waving. "Hip, hip! Although there is no need," she hastened to inform Naomer and Paula, "for you two girls to get excited!"

"I like zat! Bekas—"

"It doesn't concern either of you," Polly added with playful heartlessness.

Then Betty came in, all smiles. She and the madcap exchanged felicitating looks.

"Wasn't Miss Everard awfully nice?" Betty said.

"A real sport!" nodded Polly.

"Bai Jove—"

"Yes, what ze diggings! Bekas what is ze sweendle zis time, I'd like to know!"

"No swindle at all," Polly answered sweetly. "Simply that Helen Craig has been let off afternoon school—"

"Good!" beamed Paula.

"And so have Betty and I!"

Paula looked as if this were not quite so good. As for Naomer—

"What!" she yelled. "Ficall zat ze most abominable sweendle that ever was, I do. What about me?"

"You are not on the staff, kid!"

I have written an article! Isn't that good enough? Bef I don't deserve a let-off from school, after all ze trouble I took with my spelling! Ah, bah, I am disgusted!"

"Tess is let off, too, as being staff artist," Polly further announced. "Oh, Miss Everard is one of the best, really!"

"I realise, galls, pweasure of work has waw-wanted your being weleased from afternoon classes," drawled Paula. "Howevah, you can hawdly expect us not to envy you, what? Pway don't imagine that I, pweasonally, feel aggrieved—"

"I do!" stamped Naomer. "Bekas I never get a look in! See what you girls have had, for being on ze staff! First, zey give you a gorjus ejjitorial den, with a coal fire and a Turkey carpet. Zen zey let you go into Barncombe to have lunch at ze Creamery, bekas you have got to call at ze printing works. And now—no classes!"

"But think," cried Polly, "of the strain! Friday, press day! Last pages to be passed for press on Friday next!"

"Bai Jove, it is wather an alawming pwe-spect," Paula sympathised. "Enough to pwe-cipitate a newvogs bweakdown—yes, wather!"

"Oh, we'll manage!" laughed Betty. "Get a bit of exercise after dinner—"

"And then at two o'clock," said Polly, "just when you others are all going into afternoon school—"

"Yowp, ow, groogh!" came the sudden howl from Paula. "Naomer, what do you want to go for me for?"

"Bekas—"

"Wowp! Healp! Betty deah, stahp her!"

"Naomer," chuckled the captain, "stop!"

"Calm, my child," requested Polly in a mothering tone. "These tempers! Do you wish me to use the ruler?"

"I don't care a hoot for you! I am disgusted, I tell you."

"She is dangerous," said Polly, retreating in mock dismay from Naomer. "Look out, all!"

"Why I should weevie the full fuvy of her attack, I don't know!" wailed Paula, putting back hair that was all over her eyes.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"An idea," said Betty brightly. "I say, Polly, why can't we beg Naomer off from school this afternoon to lend a hand?"

"That kid lend a hand?" gasped Polly incredulously.

"She can run errands for us," Betty suggested. "Take proofs and pages to the printing works in Barncombe. There are some you know, that really should go by hand the moment they are ready."

"Ooo, gorjus! Bekas, zen I can call at ze Creamery, and—"

"And lose all the staff for the printers—yes, we know!" said Polly.

But this grinness, as usual, was only in fun. At heart the madcap wanted Naomer to be let off the afternoon class.

A wink to Betty conveyed this chummy desire, and away went Betty accordingly to seek another interview with the Form-mistress.

Ten minutes later there was no happier girl in all the school than Naomer; there never had been a more joyous one.

"Bekas— Pipooray! No school for me zis afternoon! Gorjus! Do you hear, Paula? Hi, "

"Owp! Theah you go again. Ow—"

"Bekas I am so eggscited—"

"You needn't maul me about!"

"What ze diggings, I must do somethink!"

Again Polly intervened, dragging the excitable imp away from a freshly-rumpled Paula.

"Naomer," said Polly solemnly, "now that you have been taken on the staff as a printer's 'devil,' you must do differently. Remember, Naomer, that it is a great honour. Remember it is one thing to be a humble schoolgirl, like Paula, and another thing to be an officially appointed assistant to the staff of 'Fifty Years.' Stand still, for I haven't finished yet."

So Naomer stood stiffly to attention, grinning from ear to ear.

"Who knows," said Polly solemnly. "A great future may lie before you, Naomer. Work hard, and, above all, Naomer—above all eschew sweet-stuff shops! Do not, when sent upon your employers' errands, hang about in creameries! Got that? Then now let me look at your hands, child!"

Naomer held out two chocolate-coloured hands.

"They need a wash," said Polly. "Now that you are on the staff, Naomer, you'll be expected to wash, you know. One word more. You may wish for something on account of salary? Here is tuppence!"

"Ooo, zank you, much obliged!"

And Naomer retained the twopence on the principle apparently that every little would help her in town this afternoon.

"You will report for duty," Betty now carried on the joke, "at two pip-emmer."

"And if you are a minute later—nay, a moment," added Polly, "the sack for you, my girl!"

"Bai Jove!" chortled Paula, who had enjoyed all this whilst relaxing in the best armchair. "Pewfectly widiculous cweatures, all of you. Haw, haw, haw! Owp! Gow!"

"Zen don't you call me a widiculous cweature," shrilled the dusky one, "now zat I have become ze fishily appointed printer's debble! Hooray!"



Unable to stop, Polly collided with Althea Dillon. "You clumsy kid!" stamped the irritable senior. "Get out of my way!"

Even if Naomer had not been so artlessly proud of her temporary job, the Form in general would still have got great fun out of her "official appointment."

After dinner a special apron, "subscribed for by the Form," was brought out to Naomer on the games field. A bit of hockey was interrupted, so that the solemn bestowal and putting on of this apron might be made.

Also an official badge was forthcoming—an armlet in red flannel. Skittish minds had conceived the idea that Naomer should be numbered, and her number on the badge was O.K.5159.

"What ze diggings, just as eef I were a motor-car?" cried Naomer.

But she was quite agreeable to having the badge put on—by Polly.

"And so the police will be able to take your number," said the madcap in one of her happy improvisations. "Guard that badge of office carefully. It may not get you a discount at the Creamery counter. But it will prove a passport into the best editorial circles. One word more. Always take it off when you go to wash. You had better take it off now, Naomer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" the crowd laughed, changing to facetious cheering as Naomer scampered away in apron and badge to get properly dressed for out-of-doors. She hoped to be sent off upon an errand to the printing works as soon as she reported at the Den.

When presently Betty and Polly were turning

into the passage leading to the Den they heard loud laughter. Their immediate belief was that some of the seniors were teasing Naomer.

But the merriment, they discovered, was going on in Althea Dillon's study, and it really had nothing to do with their dusky chum, who had already got to the Den, and, having nothing better to do was sprawling in the editor's chair.

Those "Bright Young Things"

"HA, HA, HA! How lovely!"

"But listen, Althea; that isn't all."

It was Althea Dillon whose fresh burst of laughter had caused Lena Grayson to break off once more whilst giving a most amusing description of a recent interview with the head-mistress.

Lena had other listeners besides Althea. Dressy Daphne Merrow was here, and so was Clarice Berkeley. And although Daphne and Clarice were hearing the joke of the interview all over again, they were none the less amused.

"The funniest part of all," Lena tittered on, "was when Miss Somerfield reminded me that we had special leave one evening last week. I really didn't know how to keep a straight face—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" pealed Althea, again throwing back her head. "But that was so that we might go to the lecture on foreign missions. He, he, he!"

"Just so," nodded Lena, and then they all four laughed together. "Mind you, I felt awfully windy for a moment. Wondered if Miss S. would suddenly ask 'By the way, how did you like that lecture?'"

"In which case," tittered Clarice, "you would have said it was a lovely film, of course. Ha, ha, ha! Oh dear, how very funny!"

"Yes," rippled Daphne. "When you think what a really fine programme they gave us that evening at the cinema."

Althea stood up, still smiling.

"Well, I suppose it's time to go down to Form. I suppose we shall have to think what to wear for this evening?"

"Oh, we must dress for the occasion!" stressed Daphne, glancing at herself in a mirror after rising. "They say the Headland is becoming quite famous for the way its people dress. Nothing equal to it anywhere in the West Country."

"Besides," grinned Clarice, "Lena's parents will expect us to dress—won't they, Lena darling?"

There was the cream of the joke in this, and they all went into fresh fits of laughter. For the "joke" was that Lena's parents would not be at the Headland Hotel this evening, although it was on the understanding that they were to be there that Miss Somerfield had granted special leave to Lena and these other seniors.

"Look here, we must steady up a bit," said Clarice, straightening her face. "Or somebody will be smelling a rat. And don't any of you catch my eye in class this afternoon. I shall scream if you do!"

"How do we get there this evening?" Daphne asked with less levity. "It will be a fine night. Do we walk?"

"Walk—no!" Lena answered derisively. "There will be a car from the hotel to fetch us at six-thirty. My parents are sending it—at least, so the old girl understands."

"Lena, you are!" burred Althea. Go along, all of you. I must stay and get my books together. But it will be a great spree—a glorious razzle!" she added rapturously.

It was a sign of her strung-up state that she gave a sudden little laugh when left to herself for this last minute or so before school. During the book collecting she moved about the study most jauntily.

Then, with a few moments still in hand, she took out that letter from Aunt Kath, received this morning, and seemed to find a feast of delight in the last page. They were those closing lines that she had omitted to read when the letter was first looked at before breakfast. But she had been reading these lines again and again at odd times since then.

"And now, Althea darling, something that should make you awfully happy. No more pinching and scraping for your Aunt Kath!"

"The lawyer had me up to town about a wonderful stroke of fortune. Some shares of mine in a gold mining company that were not worth anything have suddenly boomed. They have found a very rich reef out there. I will explain fully when I next see you, but that won't be yet awhile, I'm afraid."

Meanwhile, you may be sure, Althea dearest, that to be able to do more for you than has been done so far is one of the greatest joys at this time to—

"Your loving AUNT KATH."

Words that Althea had got by heart by now, and yet she still liked to flick out the letter and read just those words again and again!

"Wonderful stroke of fortune!" And as those last lines testified, if it had proved that for Aunt Kath herself, so it was to prove for her, Althea.

"... Able to do more for you than has been done so far..."

Close one's eyes now and there were mental visions of a golden future. Aunt Kath living in luxury, and keeping her only living relative, her adored niece, in luxury!

The luck again. "Say I'm not lucky!" Althea whispered, as if challenging something within her that would doubt it. "She is never going to find out. And she is going to be rich—rich. Aunt Kath, who dotes on me—rich!"

No wonder Althea had surprised her so-called friends by being so "full of beans" just now. Her head was turned. She did not realise, but it was so.

Now it seemed to her that she might go to any lengths, at any time, and she would come off all right. Silly of her, to have gone in dread of a Reckoning Day. There was to be no Day of Reckoning! Her luck, her destiny, to be one of those who were never found out.

And so, by-and-bye, she would be engaging in that fresh escapade with the utmost confidence, a sense of complete security. She laughed again, picking up her books to go down to class.

A little dinner for four at the Headland! A more daring thing than had ever been perpetrated by any batch of Morocco girls.

"It ought to be put in the 'Fifty Years,'" she smiled to herself. "Amongst 'Some Morocco Records'!"

And yet, for all its audacity, how safe the scheme was. Miss Somerfield had been completely satisfied that Lena's parents would be at the hotel this evening, just arrived from London, and that they wished their daughter to join them at dinner, bringing two or three special friends to share in the treat.

A letter that Lena had been able to show the headmistress had borne out all this.

What Miss Somerfield did not know was that

the letter had been tampered with, before being shown to her. It was next Tuesday Lena's father and mother expected to go into residence at the Headland Hotel, for a fortnight or so.

In the editorial den, towards tea-time that afternoon, Ethel Courtney and her hard-working staff were a good deal annoyed by constant peals of laughter, coming from a study just round the corner.

"Dash!" Polly exploded at last. "I hope we're not going to have that all the evening!"

"Oh, no," came Ethel's quiet assurance. "It's Althea and her intimates, and they are going out this evening. Invited across to the Headland to dine."

"What ze diggings, bekas—"

"Kid," Polly mock-sternly addressed the latest addition to the staff, "if you can't keep quiet, you must go outside!"

Naomer, back from an errand to the printing works in Barncombe, would not consider herself off duty for the rest of the day, although no further errand running could be done.

She had found a seat for herself, and had kept quite quiet, except that now and then her fingers rustled into a paper bag and her teeth gave a toffee-grinding crunch!

"I tell you what you can do, Naomer," said the editress. "Pop downstairs for me and bring me up a cup of tea from the school tables, and a biscuit. If I break off for a proper tea, I shall never get back to this job."

"That's how I feel," said Betty.

"And I!" chimed in Polly. "So, Ethel, may we—"

"You—may—not! Spell O for you two girls," the editress decreed. "I insist. Study 12 is the right place for you girls at tea-time. And no showing your faces here again until six-thirty at the earliest!"

"Half-past five," Betty amended coaxingly.

"Six-thirty, I said!"

And six-thirty it had to be, with the result that Betty and Polly, then making for the den, were just in time to see four seniors setting out to go to a waiting car.

"Whew!" the madcap said, under her breath.

Althea Dillon & Co. were dressed as for a gala occasion. They must have rivalled one another in the attempt to create a sensation over at the Headland Hotel. "Classy" was not the word for such toiling. It was "exclusive."

Betty and Polly disliked all four seniors. But fairness compelled the opinion that the four looked extraordinarily pretty.

There was nothing of the "semi-evening" about the frocks they wore. These were ball-room dresses in the very latest style.

Nor had one of the seniors, in her regard for finishing touches, added anything that clashed.

Altogether, the four made up a human bouquet of a colourfulness that was lovely.

With restrained smiles of pride in their appearance, they swept past the Study 12 pair, who turned to watch them.

"Girls we are proud of!" jested Betty.

"I don't think!" said Polly grimly.

Dinner For Four

AT that moment, when Althea Dillon and her companions were entering the car at the front door of the School House, another car was setting down a single passenger, with luggage, at the entrance to the Headland Hotel. This was a hired car, from Barncombe, and

the luggage which the driver off-loaded bore the "Waterloo to Barncombe" label.

A hotel porter flew forth to bring in the various dressing-bags and trunks, which all looked brand-new.

"I have not wired for a room," the lady passenger remarked, rather timorously, to the porter, whilst paying the chauffeur. "But you are not full up?"

"We're having a good season, madam. But I expect they can give you a good room."

"Thank you."

The shy-looking arrival found a revolving door being spun for her by a pageboy. Then, having passed through into all the warmth and brilliance of the reception-lounge, she was directed by a liveried hall porter:

"Reception office on the left, madam!"

"Thank you."

Like most gentle-natured people, this little lady from London was all-rewarding smiles for any little politeness shown.

She stepped to the counter of the reception office, where a young lady was in charge.

"I am thinking of staying for a few days, if you can let me have a nice single room, with a sea view."

"We can give you one of our best rooms, with private bath, on the first floor, madam. Would you like to see it? Page!"

"Oh, I am sure it will satisfy me, so my luggage might go up at once?"

"Certainly, madam! Page, tell the luggage porter, Number Forty-seven for this lady. Then come back to show her up. Would you kindly sign in, please, madam?"

"Thank you," as the pen was offered.

And the fresh arrival from London, having stripped off a glove, wrote, with slight nervousness:

"Kathleen Dillon—London—British."

THE car bringing four seniors from Morcove School, turned in at the entrance-gates of the Headland Hotel and did a final swish up the new-made gravelled drive.

It stopped before the grand entrance to the mammoth building; and out jumped Althea Dillon & Co.

"Burr!" said Clarice Berkeley, shrugging into the three-quarter-length fur coat that she wore over her lovely frock. "Cold!"

But they were all four to be under cover in a brace of seconds. There was no delaying to settle with the driver of the car. He had his instructions—pick the party up for the return trip at ten o'clock. Then they would settle for both journeys.

"Ah," smiled Clarice, "this is better!"

The revolving doors had let them through, and now that fur coat and other things worn for the journey here could be slipped off.

The lounges were almost deserted, but that, as the party realised, was only because people had gone up to dress. At any moment now guests would be trooping down, first to dine in the restaurant, then to while away the rest of the evening in various delightful ways.

A framed announcement, hanging near the reception office, proclaimed:

DANCING TO-NIGHT
at 9.0 p.m.
in the
BALL-ROOM.

Log fires blazed upon more than one spacious hearth. The most up-to-date lighting devices

rendered the lounges and public-rooms brilliant. Masses of hothouse flowers were tastefully arranged at the bases of marble columns.

"It really is," Lena conceded, standing wrap-over-arm with the others to gaze around. "quite nice!"

The hall-porter came up, bowing. A tactful, experienced man, he yet seemed to be slightly nonplussed by the arrival of four young ladies—obviously still schoolgirls—"all on their own."

But Lena, for one, treated him to her smile.

"Oh—er—good-evening," she said blandly. "We thought of dining!"

"I— H'm! I see, miss! You have no one staying here, expecting you?"

"Oh, no!"—lightly, and the others laughed.

"Very good, miss! The restaurant is open now, if you care to—"

"Oh, it's rather early thanks," Clarice drawled. "We'll wait until there's a bit of life about the place."

So the hall-porter, bowing, retired to his lair.

The four Morcove seniors went to one of the fireplaces. Retained coats and wraps were dropped across the backs of luxurious chairs, and for a minute or two there was enjoyment of the cheerful blaze, with very little talking but a good deal of inward laughter.

Then they had the delight of watching guests who came down, some by the grand staircase and some by the lift.

FREE!

Superb 8-Page Album and Over 40
Charming Photos of Their Majesties

THE KING and QUEEN

Full Details Next Tuesday.

"It's a scream!" tittered Althea. "They think we've just arrived with some grown-ups. That fat old dowager—she'd have a fit if she knew!"

"She may like to chaperone us," grinned Daphne Merrow.

"Chaperones," shrugged Clarice Berkeley, "are off. Very definitely. Well, they seem to be going in. Shall we—"

"Yes, come on!"

Followed, a picking up of the retained furcoats and wraps. Althea, in that reckless mood which came of a sense of security, could saunter as erect and as boldly as any of them towards the wide-set doors of the restaurant.

"You see about a table, Lena," whispered Clarice at the last moment, "and don't let him put us away in some corner."

By "him" Clarice meant the head waiter, who was in readiness to receive any strangers. Airily, the four seniors sauntered into the restaurant, and promptly he came towards them, bowing.

"Four—yes, please," drawled Lena.

"Four!" he echoed, as if he had thought there might be other members of the party still to come.

Then he marched ahead of them to where he would have them sit—at a table by a wall.

"Oh—er—what do you think?" demurred Lena, turning to her companions. "It's not very nice here?"

"It isn't!" agreed Clarice loudly. Of all girls, she liked to be seen.

So the head waiter found them another table, more in the centre of the great restaurant. Two other waiters rushed up to slide in chairs behind the girls as they sat down. The menu was flourished; a dainty card, dated and typewritten.

"We'll have the dinner."

Both waiters bowed themselves away to fetch the first course.

"What's it going to be?" asked Lena, taking a fresh look at one of the cards. They need a new typewriter, I should say."

Glancing up then, she was surprised to see Althea looking quite pale of a sudden.

"What's the matter, Althy?"

"Nothing!"

"Althy's afraid it is going to be oysters," laughed Clarice.

"Oh, don't be funny!" snapped Althea. That allusion to "a new typewriter" had given her a bad turn.

"As a matter of fact, it is oysters!" said Daphne. "I say, this dinner is eight-and-six a head!"

"Oh, well," said Althea, with restored recklessness, "I told you I'd pay."

"You'll have enough?" Daphne asked rather anxiously. "For I'm rather spent up. But I'll pay for coffees, presently, anyhow!"

"Pity we couldn't have given the dinner a miss, I think," said Clarice. "But, of course, you can't come into a place like this, for the dancing, unless you dine."

"It's a fine band, anyhow," conceded Lena as the dinner programme started. "I suppose the same band plays in the ball-room, later on. Oh, let's cheer up! What's the matter with us, all at once?"

"Nothing!" They were all agreed as to that.

"We shall get an hour's dancing, anyhow," said Althea, with desperate levity, after the soup had come.

"More than that," said Lena. "Dash it, keep the car waiting at ten! In for a penny, in for a pound, I say. What thin soup. I wish I'd had thick!"

"It looks, to me, sort of oily on top!" grimaced Althea.

"Turtle soup; that's how it should be," said Daphne, the only one of them who knew the French for "turtle."

"Well, I don't like it," Althea had to own sourly. "What's the first course?"

"Boiled turbot—"

"Boiled! Oh dear," sighed Althea, "I hate boiled fish!"

"So do I!" exclaimed Lena, "Waiter!"

He flashed up.

"We won't have the fish."

"A leetle chicken?"—as he removed the unfinished plates of soup like a conjurer.

"I suppose so," droned Lena, after consulting the others with her eyes.

"There is roast beef, after the chicken, if we want it," Daphne remarked, looking again at the menu when the waiter had gone.

"But who," sighed Clarice, "wants roast beef, when we get that every other day at school? Well, Althea, I'm glad I'm not having to pay for this dinner. So far—what have we had?"

"Nothing!" They were all agreed as to that, as before.

"Oh, but I don't mind," Althea said, with a forced laugh. "Those who are well-off must always expect to pay for more than they get."

It was throbbing in her mind that Aunt Kath was well-off now, and that this made her, Althea, a girl with great expectations.

"What we want to do is to throw our weight about a bit," she presently declared. "Here, waiter! I don't like this chicken. It's—it's raggy!"

"I think I must have got the parson's nose," said Lena loudly, hacking with her knife.

The head waiter came up.

"Is everything to your liking, young ladies?"

"Oh—er—yes, thanks," they faltered, losing their impudence in face of his dignified bearing.

"But I can't read this line for the sweet—so smudgy," Daphne Merrow complained.

"An ice, miss; Neapolitan."

"Ices for all," Lena gave the order. "Eight—and six each, for an ice, Althea. It comes to that!"

harmless-looking woman could not have been imagined. She was quite in awe of the head waiter as he approached her, bowing.

But Althea— Althea knew instantly. Merciful goodness—AUNT KATH!

The great room, all in white and gold, seemed to heave about as if it were part of a liner rolling in mountainous seas. Althea's brain was reeling, in fact; her eyes goggled, turning the head waiter into an uncouth monster for the moment.

Then her vision righted itself, and Aunt Kath was still there. Or, rather, she was now being conducted to a table, over by a wall.

And Althea knew that as soon as Aunt Kath had settled in her seat, she would send a roving glance all round the room.

And if Aunt Kath saw her—

Althea fought back the feeling of faintness that stole over her.



In dire panic, terrified of being seen by Aunt Kath, Althea blundered out of the dining-room, leaving the other seniors to make a more dignified departure.

"So you would think," sighed Clarice, "that they could afford a new typewriter for the menus! What's the matter, Althea?"

"Nothing! But you do so keep on about new typewriters," Althea testily protested. "It isn't funny!"

"No one," Clarice said, "can be funny on an empty stomach. I wasn't trying to be funny. I am merely waiting to see what sort of a failure the ice will be."

"Have some bread," grinned Lena, "to be going on with! Well, it has been a wash-out, so far! I feel like starting a rough house. Goodness, what's the matter now, Althy!"

That "bright young thing's" face had suddenly turned livid. She was staring—as well she might!

Perhaps her cronies could not be expected to see anything alarming in the coming-in of a solitary lady guest, quietly garbed in black silk. A more

"Serve You Right!"

"ALTHY darling, are you ill? Girls, look at Althy—"

"Oh, shut up!" Althea snapped at Lena, who was genuinely concerned. "Look here, I—you—Dash! I must get out of here!" was the wild whisper.

"What!"

"Must!" panted Althea, her forehead starting a crimson flush whilst her cheeks remained as pallid as ever. "Someone who knows me!"

"What? Where? Who?"

The agitation had instantly spread to Lena, Clarice and Daphne.

"Don't look, you idiot," hissed Althea. "It's Aunt Kath. Here, can I—change places with you, Lena? I'd have my back to her then. But, no," Althea feebly groaned; "she'd notice!"

*Entirely
New work—*

BY THE FAMOUS EDITOR OF
CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Arthur Mee's 1000 HEROES

6^o Weekly Parts
PART 1 TODAY

Arthur Mee, whose books and papers have been read by Millions while this generation has been growing up, has been looking round the world again, seeing Youth everywhere waiting for its opportunity, listening impatiently to its suggestion that it has no chance in these days. This is the message of the new book he has made.

It is not true that there is no chance for Youth in this Twentieth Century. What Youth needs is not Opportunity but Courage. The cry is for the courage that will not fail, the spirit that will not quail, the eager brain that sees the boundless chances of this brave new world.

All through the ages there have been such men, such women. If life is hard to-day it was harder a thousand times for them, but they went on. They did their work in the dark hours of the world, not one with your opportunity, your chance of victory. They did incredible things. They made the world we live in.

**In His New Book Arthur Mee
Tells Us Their Stories.**

There is the slave writing the fables every child loves to read. There is Socrates drinking the poison, Joan in the fire, Tyndale being hunted to death. There is Captain Cook making the British Empire possible, Faraday peering into electric mysteries, Clerk-Maxwell founding the Wireless Age with nobody believing him, Busybody Gurney dreaming of motor-cars with everybody mocking him. There is Cervantes at the galleys with Don Quixote rippling in his brain, Grotius locked in his box with the League of Nations in his mind, William Willett fighting to make us believe in Summer Time, Mallory and Irvine struggling up Everest and disappearing in the clouds.

Here is inspiration. Here are the glorious hours, the shining deeds of men. Here are they who made our race immortal.

You will need to see Part I of this new work.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

At all Newsagents - - - 6d.

A waiter, smiling, came along with the ices, he set them down with a triumphant flourish.

"Oh—er— Yes, the bill, waiter, please!" stammered Lena.

"Pardon?"

"The bill! We—we must be off. We find—"

"Train to catch," Daphne put in glibly. "At least—er"—as she lost faith in this excuse—"we have to go, anyhow."

Then the head waiter came up again.

"No complaints, I hope, young ladies?"

"Oh, no, but—quick, please, the bill!" Althea entreated frantically. "Here, Lena, you stay and pay. I—I won't wait."

By now, all four "bright young things" were up from their chairs. The agitation was not confined to their speech. They dodged about, as if on hot bricks.

"Well, leave me some money to pay with," Lena begged huskily. "Pull yourself together, you idiot," she added in a fierce whisper. "She hasn't seen you yet."

But Althea could not recover her shattered nerve. Her knees were knocking together during the few moments that she had to remain, finding money to hand to Lena, for the settling-up.

The head waiter was writing out the bill, on the back of a plate. One of the ordinary waiters drew the chairs clear for the "young ladies" to depart. As he moved, Althea's chair she seemed to feel like a captive whose shackles have been knocked off.

She took a few quick, faltering steps in the direction of the way out; then she almost ran for it. Her wraps and gloves, left behind, were picked up by Daphne, who hurried out after her with Clarice.

"Nice thing!" Daphne fumed at Clarice, who muttered:

"Awful! In front of all those people. Worse than being ill in a railway carriage!"

They overtook Althea near the exit into the open air. Where her face was not scarlet it now looked sea-green.

"How was I to know?" she began to splutter, reading furious rage in the eyes of Daphne and Clarice. "I understood she was up in London. I heard from her only this morning, from her flat in Town."

"Didn't she say anything about coming down here to stay?"

"Not a word. She did say that she wouldn't be seeing me again yet awhile."

"Let's hope that she doesn't see you yet awhile," sniggered Daphne. "Get away from here before she does—all of us. Oh, there will be a row if we don't look out!"

"And all four of us in it; that's the rotten part," scowled Clarice. "Hang your tiresome old aunt, Althy!"

Lena came away from the restaurant. There was a V between her brows.

"Sickener!" she emitted through clenched teeth. "The bill was one pound eighteen, Althy. I don't know anything about change. I left it for the waiters."

"I gave you two pounds ten!"

"I can't help it if you did! You also gave me indigestion, making me jump up like that! No dancing to be had, either," Lena raged on softly. "Talk about a spree! Ugh!"

"How about getting back to the school?" Daphne asked perplexedly. "That car was ordered for ten o'clock!"

"We must walk! Here, Althea, not such a hurry!"

But Althea, having struggled into her outdoor coat, was already making for the revolving doors. They caught her—bush!—and then she got jammed, as it were, and lost her head. Her ultimate exit was made to the accompaniment of much banging and muttering.

Then, without waiting for the others to walk with her, she set off at a tearing pace for the school. Dire panic decreed a haste that she knew to be useless. All up with her now!

Even if Aunt Kath had not seen her, she was there to stay in that hotel—less than a mile from the school. And to-morrow, of course, she would be across to the school.

Day of Reckoning, to-morrow—after all!

"Fool, fool that I was!" she almost whimpered to herself. "To imagine that I was safe! You're never safe—never! This evening has proved that!"

Nor did the journey back to Morcove School, without getting into any row, dispel her renewed despair. Lena told some plausible story about the four of them having come back—"as my people haven't turned up!" It was accepted, and that enabled three of the miscreants to go off into laughter about the fiasco, upstairs in the studies.

But Althea would have no more to do with her cronies that night. Another night for her to lie awake, hearing the chimes' hour after hour; another sleepless night for her! And to-morrow—the Reckoning Day!

She awoke to that new day with the low spirits of the condemned. Now she understood; there had been only so much imaginary "luck" just to tempt her on. She had been raised up simply that the downfall might be greater.

Maddening to know that the crash was to come, just after Aunt Kath had been raised to riches.

Even now, one could not be sure that she had not seen and recognised one in the restaurant, last evening.

In any case, Aunt Kath was close at hand; she was certain to visit the school, and then— How about the supposed editorial work? How about that eight pounds?

The wild autumn winds, shrieking about the schoolhouse, seemed to be shrieking at Althea. They were like the taunting, mocking cries of invisible spirits as she prepared for morning school.

"You've done for yourself, Althea Dillon! She'll finish with you; find some worthier girl to take an interest in, and to leave her all her money in the end. And serve you right!"

A sudden tap at the door, and how her heart leapt.

Ethel Courtway looked into the room.

Oh, Althea, I was to let you know! Miss Somerfield has had a note from your Aunt Kath, who arrived at the Headland overnight."

"Er—Aunt Kath did?"

"Yes. I wonder," Ethel said bleakly, "you didn't get a surprise meeting with her! But, anyhow, she has sent across a note that she is coming to see Miss Somerfield this afternoon. I was to tell you that Miss Somerfield doesn't intend to mention that the editorship was taken out of your hands."

"Oh, I don't mind it's being mentioned!" Althea blustered desperately. "I shall be telling her!"

"You have other things to your credit, is that it?" Ethel said coldly, and went out.

Then Althea, alone again, gave a lift and fall of

the hands. There was a "What-am-I-to-do?" look in her eyes; a half-crazed look.

The chimes again. So the time was running out swiftly now. A few more hours, and then:

"Oh, I've a good mind to run away!" she moaned to herself.

But her money was nearly all gone, and she was not the sort of girl to fend for herself. It takes a girl of spirit to do that, and a worthy motive for doing it—not the cowardly dread of being found out.

How she got through that morning's work in Form she did not know. At times the awful suspense seemed to make the morning an endless one; at other times—when the chimes were sounding again—she trembled to think how soon the end must come for her.

It was the mid-week "halfer" for all the school, and, in spite of her self-absorbed state, she could not remain unaware of how others meant to spend the afternoon.

Lena came to her directly after dinner, grinning a proposal for some fresh "razzle." But Althea was so snappish that the other senior went away to tell Daphne and Clarice that they had better all three be done with the girl:

"She's never two minutes alike!"

Then there was Althea's knowledge of how the editress and staff of "Fifty Years of Morcove" would be spending the halfer. The wretched senior, skulking in her study, was bound to hear light-hearted remarks that let her know; Ethel Courtway had prescribed at least an hour off from the editorial work for self and staff.

So at two o'clock there was no clack-clack of typewriter keys audible from the Den round the corner. That room was deserted, as were many of the Sixth Form studies.

This bright, if windy afternoon had fetched almost every body out of doors excepting Althea, alone and moody in her study—waiting for the end. As she must wait now in blank despair—for what else could she do?

And presently a footfall at her door; a step that did not sound like any girl's.

Aunt Kath, for a certainty!

In Luck Again!

TAP, tap! the closed door was softly rapped.

"Are you in there, Althea darling?"

There it was, the gentle voice of one who in every way was so gentle.

"Er—yes, auntie! Oh—er—how are you, auntie?" stammered the guilty-minded senior as she opened the door to admit her visitor. "I—I heard that you were coming. I waited in!"

"You had a surprise, Althea. I'm sure it must have been," beamed Aunt Kath, offering her cheek for a kiss. "Let me look at you, dear. But you look very pale, Althea! Have you been working too hard at the editorial job? I trust not."

"No-n-no, auntie. I—I'm all right, really."

"Just a little excited, perhaps, about my coming?" was Aunt Kath's pleasanter inference. "And about the news I gave you in my letter—eh, dear? Oh, and don't you think your Aunt Kath must have rather lost her head over that wonderful stroke of fortune? I frankly admit, Althea darling, I have been doing the most impulsive things."

She sat down, laughing gently.

"I told you in my letter that I would not be seeing you yet awhile. And as soon as the letter was in the post, what must I do but ask myself: Why not go down to Morcove—treat my-

self to a little stay at that lovely new hotel. Oh, but, Althea dear, there has been so much pinching and scraping; I have had so many years of cheap holidays in shabby boarding-houses—

"Yes, auntie. And—and, after all, why shouldn't you enjoy yourself now that you are rich again?"

"I hope I shall never be one to want to live constantly in luxury, Althea. I intend to keep on my little flat in London. But I did feel I must treat myself to this change at the start of my changed conditions. That is a beautiful hotel, Althea. You must come to dinner one evening."

"Oh, thank you, auntie! I— I'd love to—"

"We might make it the first evening after you have gone to press with the last pages of the *souvenir*—eh, dear? When will that be, Althea?"

"Oh, I— I fancy next Friday is supposed to be the last day for going to press. But I—er—"

"A little behind, is that it? Oh, well, I don't suppose the printers will make any fuss, my dear. I am sure they will wish to show every indulgence towards an amateur editress, although I expect by now you begin to feel quite professional."

Aunt Kath glanced around the study.

"You are not doing the work in here, Althea? I don't see that new typewriter that I gave you the money to buy. Nor any proofs and such-like." Another happy little laugh. "I quite expected to find you half-buried in proofs, my dear."

"Er—the work— There's a room round the corner where—"

"Oh, is there? You mean they've given you your own special editorial den? Althea, how thrilling! I must see the editor's den. Won't you take me round to it now, dear?"

"Why—er—as a matter of fact—er—no one's there at present. I mean—"

"You and your staff are taking an hour or two off? Quite right, dear. But," said Aunt Kath, picking up her umbrella as she rose, "take me round, Althea. I do so want to see that typewriter, whether it's a good one. Eight pounds seems very little to pay, Althea. I thought they cost about twenty."

"They—they're much cheaper now, auntie. Ever so much!"

Althea was feeling moist all over, and yet she was cold from head to foot, despairingly drifting out after her aunt, who turned to the right to go round the corner.

To the guilt-stricken girl it seemed madness not to have blurted out a full confession back there in the study. But she had been afraid—afraid. Oh, how terrible it was going to be to have to undeceive this trustful, idolising aunt of hers.

"Dear, dear!" laughed Aunt Kath, reaching the closed door of the den, with its mock-important warnings about privacy. "I may go in, of course, as there is no one to interrupt!"

And she threw the door wide round in front of her.

"Oh, but, Althea darling, how delightful! How like the real thing in Fleet Street, surely. You must be having some busy times. The papers—the proofs. And which is your chair, Althea dear? The editorial chair, dear?"

"Er—that one, auntie!"

"I have only one regret, Althea; how I wish I could have taken you by surprise sitting there. I am so proud to think that my own niece has been entrusted with this ambitious piece of work. I am sure, Althea, if there had been any need for you to get your living, by and by, you might have done big things up in London in Fleet Street. But your future is amply provided for now, Althea," added Aunt Kath blissfully.

She stepped to one of the paper-bestrewn tables.

"Are these pages of the '*Souvenir*,' being finally corrected for printing? All the little corrections that somebody has been making. How ever do you girls know how to do it all?"

She glanced at another table on which stood Morocco's spare typewriter—that old creak which scholars were free to borrow whenever they liked.

"That isn't the new machine, Althea."

"Oh, no, auntie! Er—that's the old one!"

"Obviously. Then where is the one you bought, dear?"

"Why—er—as a matter of fact," Althea plunged head long into falsehood, "I had to return it. There was something wrong with it—"

"Indeed. Oh, pity, when you so badly needed—"

"They took it back at the shop. I—it was guaranteed," Althea floundered on. "So I shan't have to pay anything extra."

"But the hindrance, and you and your staff so busy. Well, dear, I mustn't keep you here. You spend enough of your free time, I'm sure, working hard at the '*Fifty Years*.' Wouldn't you like to put on your hat and coat, Althea, and stroll back with me to the hotel? You could have tea with me there."

"Yes, auntie. Th-thanks, I'd love to. I—if you could allow me ten minutes or so?"

"Certainly, my dear. Will you come out to me when you're ready? I'll wait in the open, Althea. There may be a game on the field to watch. I have already seen your headmistress, and I don't wish to be in anybody's way."

"Or, auntie, could I come across to the hotel in an hour's time?" Althea counter-proposed, following her idoliser out of the den. "I could really do with—an hour."

"Just as you please, my dear. We'll make it that, then."

They parted, for the time being, at Althea's study doorway. Once again the girl was back in that study—alone with her wild thoughts.

Even now—even now, Aunt Kath had not found out.

It was stupendous luck, surely. By a sheer miracle, one had been able to go with her to the editorial den and not have to say that one had no personal right to be there!

Out of the depths of despair Althea rose again, on another tremendous wave of hope. It was all right for her. It was all right. Why should Aunt Kath ever become any the wiser after all?

"Staying on for a bit at the Headland—yes," Althea pondered agitatedly. "But that needn't matter. She has been once to the school; she won't come again. She said she doesn't wish to be in anybody's way. She's like that—so shy, so retiring. So everything that I hoped for still holds good. It does!"

She walked about, clapping her hands together softly.

"It does hold good. Even when the '*Souvenir*' comes out, she'll still believe I was the editress. No references to myself—that will be because I was the editress! Oh, this is great. I can breathe freely again!"

But it was just as well to have begged that hour to oneself. One needed to calm down, to steady up a bit. "And act with all the cheek in the world—that's the thing now. It pays! Fortune," she quoted to herself, with a wild little laugh, "favourites the brave."

And at the utterance of that word "fortune" she thought again of her aunt's own good for-

tune and the golden future that it meant—"for me as well!"

After All

"POUF!" puffed Betty Barton, at the end of a good half-hour's brisk "practer" on the field with a number of other juniors. "And that's all the hockey I'm going to play to-day!"

"Same here," cried Polly. "You, kid," playfully menacing the dusky one with a hockey-stick, "can carry on still. But—"

"Not ze bit of eet! Bekas, eef you two girls are going up to ze den, so am I!"

"There is nothing to eat in the den," Polly stated flatly. "And there are no errands to run. You'll be thrown out; simply thrown out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Swendle! Bekas I want to earn ze bit of overtime as well as you!"

Naomer must have meant this for a joke; yet she strongly resented Paula Creel's laughing, whatever other girls might do. Betty and Polly scampered away, whilst Paula's protesting "Ow!" was still going up.

"We shall be a bit before our time; but Ethel won't mind," was Betty's blithe comment, as she and the madcap ran indoors.

"She can't very well give us the sack, anyhow," jested Polly. "Not this side of press day. I fancy we shall find her already in the den, Betty. She's just gone in."

A minute after this both juniors got to the sanctum, to find the official editress of "Fifty Years of Morocco" using an umbrella as a putter, with a golf ball on the Turkey carpet.

"Fore!" Ethel warned the entering juniors. "Whose umbrella, you girls?"

"What! Goodness, we don't know," Betty answered for self and madcap. Has Miss Somerfield been here? But that doesn't appear to be hers?"

"It's a brand-new one," commented Ethel. "So don't get using it upon Naomer, Polly! Why, by the way, aren't you two girls still at games?" "We thought we'd do a spot of work," smiled Betty.

"Strange!" said Ethel blandly. "I had the same thought, too, for once in a while. We are going to proof-read some more pages, are we? A few straightforward ones for me, please."

Ultimately, however, she made her own selection, and sat down in the editorial chair, to go through a batch of pages that called for very careful reading.

Betty and Polly went to their respective tables as they might have gone to their seats in class.



"That is the old typewriter," inferred Aunt Kath. "Where is the one you bought—with the money I lent you?" Once again Althea could not speak the truth. "I—I had to send it back," she faltered.

There was some typing for Polly to do, and she reeled in a sheet between the rollers.

Then, just as she was starting to clack-clack at the keys:

"Althea dear, are you in there?" came the gentle hail from somebody evidently coming towards the den.

Then the door opened.

"My umbrella, Althea dear? I think I must have left it—"

"Oh, is it yours?" cried Betty, jumping up to restore the lost umbrella to its owner. "We wondered!"

"Thank you, my dear! But," gasped Aunt Kath, fixing startled eyes upon Ethel, who was smiling round the editorial chair, "where's Althea, then?"

"Oh, her study is round in the main corridor—"

"I know. But this is her editorial den; that's her editor's chair you're sitting in!"—to Ethel in a scandalised tone.

Polly burst out laughing. "Oh, Miss Dillon—no! You niece is not the editress. She's—"

"H'm!" Betty coughed checkingly. Too late! Impulsive Polly had as good as said sufficient, and now a staggered, horrified look was in Aunt Kath's eyes.

"Nothing to do with the souvenir?" she echoed.

blankly. "But I understood that she was editress. Isn't she?"

"Miss Dillon, I'm sorry," said Ethel, getting up from the sacred chair. "The headmistress might have explained, only she wished to spare you the disappointment over Althea."

"Disappointment? How do you mean?"

"Althea was appointed editress at the first go off," the head girl said, with engaging simplicity of language. "But things were not going smoothly, and so they asked me to have a shot at it."

"Then you are editress!"

"Well, yes. Although really these two subs of mine do the lion's share of the work. Miss Dillon, won't you sit down?"

A shake of the head was the only response. Betty set forward a chair; she thought Althea's aunt looked so completely stricken.

"Thank you, my dear, but I—I won't sit down. I won't stay. This has—come as a surprise."

"I'm so sorry!" Polly burst forth emotionally. "It was like me to blurt out things, and now I could kick myself."

"You are not a bit to blame, my dear," was the quavered assurance. "It was only right that you should correct my mistaken belief that this senior was—was sort of usurping Althea's place in the room. Now I quite understand."

Aunt Kath addressed Ethel again.

"You have been editress—since when?"

"Oh—since the first day or two, one might say."

"I see! Well, thank you. I shall look forward to my gift copy of the souvenir, none the less. Good-bye."

Half-way out of the den, she turned round to speak again.

"And that old machine over there is the only typewriter there has ever been for the work? My niece has not bought a new typewriter?"

"Not that I know of," said the head girl.

"You haven't seen her with one?"

"I'm afraid I haven't, Miss Dillon."

"I see. Thank you for those answers. I realise you have tried to make them sound as well as possible for Althea's sake. You three girls are all, I am sure, a great credit to Morcove School. As for Althea—"

The rest was a heartbreaking sigh, followed by the gentle closing of the door.

Then, in the editorial den, madcap Polly did the—for her—almost unheard-of thing. She dropped down into a chair, and looked on the point of bursting into tears.

"That poor soul!" she said chokingly. "The

ARTHUR MEE'S 1,000 HEROES

Arthur Mee has been looking round the world again, looking back and looking forward, a little impatient of hearing it said that Youth has no chances in these days.

He has looked back to the dark days that have been before and has seen how men got out of them. He has looked about in every age and every land and chosen a thousand heroes equal to their situation and told their story in a new 6d. part work called "ARTHUR MEE'S 1,000 HEROES."

Some of them were heroic all their lives, facing hard times and overcoming them. Some have made themselves immortal by great deeds which all the world remembers.

It is not true that Youth has no chances in these days. What Youth needs is Courage. Here are a thousand heroes who have known dark days and overcome them. They have done incredible things. They have made the world we live in.

Here are a thousand great adventures of Humanity, told in that fine way in which Arthur Mee's stories are always told, glowing with life and feeling and hope and courage. Here is nothing for the pessimist, but here is something for all who are thrilled by the past and believe in the future.

Here are the Greathearts of the world. Here is inspiration for these dark days. Here is the very book the world is waiting for, the very thing Youth needs.

Ask for "ARTHUR MEE'S 1,000 HEROES," the new sixpenny in about 50 weekly parts. Part 1 on sale now.

YOUR
 a lw
 lighted
 from yo
 ever you
 write. H
 is: "Th
 girls' Ov
 Fleetway
 Farringd
 London,
 s t a m p
 dressed
 must be
 for a repl

look in her eyes. Oh, and it is my fault—mine!"
 "Sh! Polly dear, no," Betty said soothingly.
 "You heard what she said about that, Polly."

"Yes, Polly," said Ethel very quietly. "It had to be. Sooner or later, it had to be. Hark! That sounds like Miss Dillon, speaking to Althea now, round the corner—"

ROUND the corner, Althea was suddenly face to face with Aunt Kath, whose expression was none the less terrible because it seemed to threaten laughter.

"I went back to the den for my umbrella," Aunt Kath said. And then her laugh came—bitterly scornful. "I have seen—the editress. Do you understand what I mean by that?"

Althea swayed, and her right hand pressed the passage wall for support.

"Don't come to tea presently at the hotel," Aunt Kath commanded sternly. "Don't come near me any more. Never, if it can be helped, show your face to me again!"

And she passed on blindly, the tears suddenly coursing down her grief-ravaged cheeks, whilst Althea Dillon stood there in her study doorway, like a figure turned to stone.

END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

ALTHEA'S LAST CHANCE



One last opportunity for Althea Dillon to redeem herself!

What is it?

And how does she act?

Be sure to read this enthralling long complete Morcove story in next Tuesday's

SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN