

Start reading to-day our great new
romance of the East
PEARL OF SHIRAZ

"EYES"

Chorus-music and words of fox-trot
ballad in this number

Full of fascinating and helpful articles,
including a page by
OUR FASHION EXPERT

THE GIRLS' FAVOURITE



"STOP! THE BANQUET CANNOT PROCEED!" A thrilling moment in the magnificent new story, "Pearl of Shiraz," appearing inside.

2^D

A School Story that is full of Excitement and Adventure.



The RIVALRY of MORCOVE



Back at the Old Landship, Ethel encounters the enemies of her father.

BY MARJORIE STANTON

A Mission to Morcove.

ETHEL Ethel waited for Cyril to speak. She had no fear that any communication he was about to make would lessen her opinion of him. She had perfect faith in him.

She was certain he was merely the victim of circumstances, and that his strange side was due entirely to some honest purpose. Knowing him as she did, no other construction was possible.

"Mr. Courtway—Ethel!" began Cyril, in a low voice. "I know you're expecting something from me—some explanation." He paused, and gave a hopeless sort of gesture. "I know one is due to you, it was due at the very beginning. I couldn't speak then, and—ah—I can't speak now!"

Ethel heard her father's hands impatiently rustling the bedclothes, and frantically she sought in her mind for words that would pour oil on the troubled waters.

Yet, on second thoughts, she came to the conclusion that it would be safer to remain silent. Her father, at times, took umbrage if anyone intervened with counsel when he sat in judgment.

"Well, Cyril," he said at length, "so be it!" The unexpected mildness of his tone caused Ethel and Cyril to give a sigh of relief. "We will leave matters so, if you wish it. Say no more. If it is still your desire to do me some slight service, remain here. If not, I shall not take it unkindly if you retire."

"My word, sir," broke out Cyril impulsively, "you're a brick! Serve you! I should just think I did want to! Tell me what it is!"

"How long will you have to wear that sling?" asked Mr. Courtway.

"Only another day, I should think. I soon throw off a strain."

"I don't wear a sling," put in Ethel meaningly.

Her father patted her hand. "Ready to volunteer for active service, eh?" he smiled. "If Cyril goes, and you go, who, then, is to be here to protect me?" he added chaffingly.

"Tom Holliday!" they cried.

"True, I had forgotten him," said Mr. Courtway. For some minutes he remained deep in thought. "It's a question of sending a letter to Walter Douglas," he continued. "You see, situated as he is, he has no postal address, and the letter consequently must be delivered personally. No doubt this house is watched, and, therefore, whoever takes the letter, does so with a certain amount of risk."

"I'm willing to take it," cried Cyril.

"Thank you, Cyril. I have never doubted your courage. Then you will deliver this letter for me!"

"Certainly, sir."

Ethel had the slightest possible feeling of being left out in the cold.

"Father," said she, "won't it be all to the good if they do see Cyril—that is, so long as Cyril is not bearing the letter?" She smiled as she noted their questioning looks. "I mean this: Say Cyril leaves here early in the morning for Morcove—well, if the enemy see him, they can be expected to shadow him. They'll want to find out where he is going."

"An hour or so later," she went on, "when the coast is clear, I, too, will set out for Morcove—with the letter. Cyril will keep the enemy fully occupied whilst I go off to the landship and seek out Mr. Douglas. I know this isn't a very brave sort of suggestion on my part—for Cyril runs all the risks and the dangers—but it seems to ensure the safe delivery of the letter."

"Jolly good idea, Ethel!" applauded Cyril. "Don't you think so, sir?"

Mr. Courtway looked a trifle dubious.

"Yes," he murmured, "so long as they do follow Cyril. Supposing they don't, and follow you, Ethel, instead! I must think this over. Pass that table with the writing materials. Thank you! You'd better go away for an hour, and then return."

He lay back on the pillows.

"I see I haven't got my strength back yet," he muttered. "It's a nuisance. Never was there a time when I wanted it so much."

"Poor father!" murmured Ethel, when she and Cyril were out of the room. "He feels this inaction terribly. Still"—she turned to Cyril, her face flushed with

delight—"you and he are friends once more. That's a great triumph. I know everything would come right in the long run!"

"Yes," said Cyril, attempting to partake of her enthusiasm; "nearly everything has come right, Ethel."

Ethel sighed. She understood what he meant.

At that moment there was a loud rat-tat at the front door. Ethel and Cyril paused on the top landing, and glanced into the hall below. They saw a servant pass by, heard her open the door, and then the voice of the visitor caused them to glance swiftly at each other.

"Maxwell Dyke!" whispered Ethel. Cyril nodded grimly, and started to descend the stairs.

The servant, hearing his tread, looked up. "Here is Mr. Dudley," Ethel heard her say. "And Miss Ethel, too."

Dyke stood in the hall, fingering his cap nervously.

"Good-morning!" he mumbled. "Can you spare me a minute? She'n't detain you long."

"You mean both of us, I hope!" asked Cyril.

Dyke intimated by a nod that he did mean both.

The servant opened the sitting-room door, and Dyke passed inside, followed by Ethel and Cyril. Then the door clicked, and they were alone.

An embarrassing sort of pause followed. Dyke was evidently experiencing extreme difficulty in beginning, and as neither Ethel nor Cyril were at all disposed to help him, quite a number of seconds ticked by before the silence was broken.

"Look here!" blurted Dyke, at length. "I've come about last night's affair. I dare say you're wondering why I'm not interviewing Miss Susan. Well, the fact is, you're more likely to listen to me than she is."

"Put it that we're more used to listening to you than she is!" said Cyril. "One of these days you may have to do the listening. Maybe, it'll be soon. I hope so. Well, go on!"

Dyke frowned.

"I haven't come here to—to quarrel," he muttered. Suddenly he turned to Ethel. "I've come to tell you something that may help you. I don't suppose you care much for my help—it's hardly likely you would. I haven't behaved over well to you; in fact, I've been a cad. The worst of it is that if I say I'm sorry, you won't believe me—"

"I'd try," said Ethel slowly.

"Thanks!" returned Dyke, with a shrug. "I suppose that's as much as I can expect. We shall have to leave it at that. To return to last night. There were some fellows trying to break in here. I overheard them



NEW READERS START HERE.

ETHEL COURTWAY is the head girl of Morcove school, and her boy chum is CYRIL DUDLEY, at one time secretary to her father, but dismissed in disgrace for some mysterious reason. At Morcove, Ethel discovers that a new boys' school has come to the neighbourhood, and encounters two of the boys there. These are

MAURICE THORNE, a boy who slightly resembles Cyril, and MAXWELL DYKE, Maxwell is very jealous of Cyril, who is employed at Prior's as a servant. Ethel is asked by her father to keep an eye on the new boys, and she and here many adventures befall her. She catches a glimpse of three men who she knows are enemies of her father. During the Christmas holidays, while skating on the pond, Cyril and Ethel rescue a man from drowning, and they recognise him as Mr. Courtway. He and Cyril are reconciled, but still the mystery of his previous dismissal is unknown. Will he explain it?

(Now read on.)

planning the affair. They were friends of Maurice Thorne."

Dyke stopped to give his audience an opportunity to make some remark.

"Is this all you have to tell us?" inquired Ethel.

"No-o; but it's no good going on if you think I'm stuffing you with a lot of fiction." "We don't think that at all," put in Cyril.

Dyke glanced at them curiously.

"It's a bit of news to you?" he queried. "That's our affair," retorted Cyril. "It's you who are volunteering to tell us things."

"Confound it all!" protested Dyke. "You don't make it very easy for me!"

"Why ever should we?"

"You have caused both of us a good deal of unhappiness," said Ethel, as gently as she could. "You can hardly, therefore, be surprised that we are doubtful as to your real intentions. I want to believe that you desire to be friendly. Last night you went out of your way to warn us. That, certainly, was a friendly action. Yet until yesterday afternoon, you and Thorne were apparently hand in glove together. Now you come and denounce him. Of course, we know you and he have quarrelled, and, because we know that,

came up. I took jolly good care they shouldn't see me, after that. But I crept as near as I dared, and listened to what they were saying—spied on them, in other words."

Dyke glanced at Ethel and Cyril defiantly.

"I only caught bits of their conversation," he continued, "but I made out enough to learn that they were on some housebreaking expedition. 'All right,' I thought, 'I'll spoil your little plans!' When they'd got the motor going, I hung on behind, and so got transported near this house. The precious crew got out and went round to the back, and I, as you know, came to the front door. Well, I suppose I was a bit too clever. In warning you, I warned them, and so they escaped."

"You did what you could," said Ethel. "I'm going to do more when we get back to Prior's," exclaimed Dyke fiercely. "I'll tackle Maurice Thorne and make him wish he'd never been born!"

Dyke moved towards the door, then he turned.

"I sha'n't worry you two any more," he said.

Cyril replied. "Just hold my bag a minute while I tie my bootlace."

Neither of his bootlaces appeared to need attention, but Ethel stopped and held the bag. She glanced with apparent carelessness around.

"See any signs?" muttered Ethel. "There's a man working in a field, that's all," she answered.

"Ah, we can trust them to keep good cover," observed Cyril. "I didn't much hope to spot them until we reached the station. May not even do it then. That, however, will go for nothing. They're on the watch right enough, and there'll be more than one ticket taken for Morcove Road this morning."

The excitement of the business tinged Ethel's cheeks to a deeper hue. Every cluster of trees, every broken-down barn, every hedge hid, in Ethel's imagination, either Maurice Thorne or some of his companions—waiting—watching.

"You won't be too daring, Cyril?" she said all at once, a note of anxiety creeping into her voice.

Cyril guaranteed to be cautious personified. They arrived at the little wayside station just as the train was signalled, and, while Cyril bought his ticket, Ethel strolled on to the platform, all the while keeping a sharp look-out.

There were half a dozen passengers waiting, but none of them bore the faintest resemblance to the enemy.

"No sign of them," whispered Ethel, when Cyril joined her.

"I expect they'll turn up at the last moment," he said. "Here comes the train. Best of luck, Ethel. All being well, we meet to-morrow."

The train steamed in, and Cyril got into a half-filled carriage. In one corner was an elderly lady with a small child; the other occupants comprised a stout, farmer-looking person, and a couple of soldiers.

Just as the whistle went, and Ethel and Cyril had shaken hands, a clatter of footsteps caught their ears. Ethel glanced over her shoulder.

"Is it them?" breathed Cyril. "I don't know. At least half a dozen people—four of them men. They've got in near the guard's van. Oh, be careful, Cyril!"

"Yes—yes," he muttered.

The train was on the move now. Cyril continued to wave to her; but, as the end of the train slid by where she stood, Ethel shot a swift glance into the carriage windows. The faces, however, were blurred, and the features indistinguishable.

"I wonder if those late-comers were the men?" she muttered.

She strolled slowly back the way they had come, trying to persuade herself that all had well—but only partially succeeding.

However, whatever doubts she may have had, she was careful to keep them to herself when she went up to the bedroom where her father lay. She was frightened that he might forbid her to undertake her part of the business, if she even remotely hinted at the possibility of the enemy not following Cyril.

"Now, you quite understand what you have to do, Ethel, when you arrive at the back of the cave?" said Mr. Courtway. "Three feet from the ground—you must stand with your back exactly towards the cave entrance. It is smooth piece of rock about a foot square. It is not, however, as solid as it looks."

"You will find," he went on, "that it juts out a couple of inches from the top, which will enable you easily to pull it out. Then, on the left-hand side, if you feel, you will come upon an electric bell-pull. Walter Douglas fitted this up. Push it, and he will let you in by the secret way. Quite an ingenious contrivance, this secret entrance, and it speaks very well for the mechanical skill of the smugglers of old. Just repeat this, please!"

Ethel did so. Her father patted her hand approvingly. "Good, my dear!" he said. "And you are not afraid?"



"Excuse me," said the old lady, making a movement to restrain Ethel. "They don't stop here. Here, what are you doing, young lady? You'll fall! Oh—"

we naturally rather wonder whether your visit here is due more to your hatred of Thorne than to your affection for us."

Dyke hung his head.

"It doesn't much matter which," he mumbled. "You'd better hear what I've got to say, and then I'll clear out. After the hockey match, there was a rare old scene at home. Thorne wouldn't accept my father's apologies on my behalf, and he slanged the lot of us, right and left. It wasn't a very edifying scene, as you can imagine, and the upshot of it was that Thorne shook the dust of our place off his feet. After tea, there was a further row between my father and myself, and I decided that the best thing for me to do was to go for a long tramp until things grew calmer, so off I went, not much caring where I went or whether I ever came back."

"It was somewhere about eleven o'clock that I ran into those chaps," he continued. "In a lonely lane, not far from here, I came upon a motor pulled up amongst some trees. There were three or four figures tinkering about with it, and amongst their crew I recognised Thorne's. This surprised me, because Thorne had gone off by train to his home—or I thought he had. Evidently, however, he hadn't."

"Luckily, they were so intent on their old motor, that they never saw me when I first

With a swift movement he had the door open, and was out in the passage.

"Stop!" cried Ethel. "Cyril, stop him! We ought to thank him!"

But although Cyril darted in pursuit, he was not quick enough. The front door opened and closed, and Dyke was scuttling away as fast as his legs could carry him.

Shadowed.

Two days went by, during which time Cyril recovered the full use of his arm, and on New Year's morning he set out on his journey to Morcove.

Ethel accompanied him to the station, and their farewells on the platform, they hoped, would be seen by those whom they were certain would be lurking about.

"I shall arrive at Morcove soon after one," said Cyril, as they proceeded along the road. "You'll get there at five-thirty, which means you'll be at the school by six easily. Is your study window in view of the road?"

"Yes—why?"

"To signal to me that you've arrived safely. I'll stroll by somewhere about seven, and if I see a light in the top part of the building, I shall know everything's O.K. Just describe the exactly where the window is."

This Ethel did. "And your signal?" she asked. "A letter first post to-morrow morning,"

"No, father, I am not afraid."
Neither was she, but for all that her heart beat quicker and quicker as the moment drew near for her departure. This was indeed an adventure of an adventurous kind.

Twelve o'clock came, then lunch, then good-bye to Aunt Susan—the latter had not been informed of the nature of Ethel's mission—and so away to the station.

Ethel took her ticket, and, as she was about to leave the booking-office, a sudden thought occurred to her.

"You don't often issue tickets from here to Morcovoe Road, do you?" she asked the clerk.

"No, miss; it's a bit off the beaten track. Still, you happen to be the second one for that station to-day."

The second one—only the second one! Then that meant Ethel caught her breath—that the enemy had not travelled by the same train as Cyril.

Ethel carried this thought with her on to the platform. Of course, it might mean nothing, or it might mean a good deal. The man owned a motor, and perhaps had journeyed to Morcovoe. And there, where the ticket collector stood, were the three men she had an intuition she would see.

They had shadowed her, and not Cyril! Ethel sank back in the seat and put her hand up to hide her face. Through her half-closed fingers she watched them go by the window, until they were lost to view. She felt the precaution she took was a needless one. There was no doubt in her mind that they knew she was in the train, and that at each station that it stopped they would be on the watch in case she alighted.

They were away from Winchmoor Down now and speeding along at a good thirty miles an hour. Where was the next stop? She had an idea it was a fairly fast train, but of this she was not certain.

There were two other people in the carriage—one a girl about her own age, and the other an elderly lady. She caught the latter's eye.

"Can you tell me what stations this train stops at before Morcovoe Road, please?" she asked.

"Only Moddington Junction, I believe," was the reply.

Ethel thanked her. Moddington—that was about midway on the journey! Should she attempt to get out? She weighed up the pros and cons, and finally decided that it would be useless. No, she'd better go on to Morcovoe.

She glanced out of the window with unseeing eyes, for her mind was too fully occupied to note the passing scenery which the train was passing through. How—how was she to get the letter to Mr. Douglas? Scheme after scheme she planned out, only to reject each as impossible. Even Cyril—what could he do? Both of them would be under constant observation.

She must write at once to her father—luckily she had her bag—and post it directly she reached Morcovoe.

"It's starting to snow quite hard," suddenly observed the elderly lady.

"Is it?" cried Ethel. Then she gave an embarrassed laugh, for her exclamation was a little absurd, considering that she had a pair of eyes in her head. "I'm afraid I was rather wrapped up in my thoughts," she hastened to explain.

"Heavy fall, too!" said the other girl.

So it proved to be, and it was whirling

down in great flakes by the time they reached Moddington Junction.

Ethel leaned out of the window and glanced up the train. Other passengers' heads were poking out, and amongst them doubtless was to be numbered the enemy.

Once more away—over bridges, through tunnels—now a deep cutting—now a high ridge—thus the miles slipped by. Ethel looked at her watch. Getting on for five o'clock. In another half-hour or so they would be at Morcovoe.

Suddenly the brakes were applied, and from fifty miles an hour they dropped to twenty—from twenty to five, and then just a gentle crawl. Ethel peered through the window into the darkness, and all at once a pale lamp glided past. A station of some sort—probably the kind that has one train a day.

Surely they were stopping! Like a flash, possibilities came to Ethel. They might halt there just for a second—halt just sufficiently long for her to jump out. Ah! The train was beginning to move again. No; it had really pulled up.

Ethel gripped her attaché-case, and turned the handle of the door.

The porter shook his head. "Market-lorry to-morrow morning," he said.

Ethel considered the situation. The snow-storm seemed to have passed, and she was wondering if she could possibly walk the distance. Certainly, she argued, that is what Cyril would have done if he were in her position. Of course, she was only a girl.

Only a girl! She shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and turned to the porter.

"Is it a fairly straight road to Morcovoe?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the old man wonderingly. "You couldn't miss the way in daylight. But in the dark! You ain't a-thinkin' of walkin', surely?"

"Yes, that's my idea."
The porter said no more; but the way he shrugged was very eloquent of his opinion of Ethel.

She glanced along the road which was to take her in the direction of Morcovoe. The snow was quite untrodden—a proof of how little it was frequented—but its course was clearly defined by the hedgerow which grew each side. The porter had assured her that



The woman fingered the letter curiously, then leaned over to where a small kettle was steaming on a spirit stove. With one more look at Ethel, she thrust the envelope in the vapour.

"Excuse me," said the old lady, making a movement to restrain Ethel, "they don't stop here!" The train gave a jerk, and moved on. "Here! What are you doing, young lady? You'll fall. Oh!"

Her voice became mingled with the shriek of the engine, and in a fraction of a second, the compartment was minus one of its passengers.

Any Port in a Storm.

Snow, snow, snow—snow over half a homestead, over park and moor; snow, bending down the leafless trees, lying in drifts by hedges, and obliterating familiar landmarks.

Such was the waste of wintry world for miles around, which Ethel viewed in the dying light as she stood in the doorway of the little wayside station.

The shambling old porter who hovered about her was still mumbling words about rules and regulations. The express did not stop here, he grumbled, and therefore Ethel, by alighting, was qualifying for a penalty not exceeding forty shillings.

A shilling, however, proved a satisfying compromise to both parties.

"How far is Morcovoe from here?" asked Ethel.

"Matter o' fifteen miles, miss."
"Is there any sort of conveyance to be had?"

there were very few branch turnings, so she should not lose her way.

So off went Ethel at a good swinging pace. For a quarter of a mile the road followed the course of the railway, but then the latter dipped into a tunnel and was lost to view.

She trudged along through the snow, ever and again glancing up at the sky, hoping to see a glimpse of the moon or a few stars. No such welcome sight. Flitch black overhead, and not much better in front and around, and the silence only broken by the "slosh-slosh" of her tread.

Presently the road began to twist until it was joined by another road. At this point Ethel noted the vague outline of a tumble-down looking building. It seemed to be a large, old-fashioned posting inn, with stables to the rear and sides, ample enough to quarter a regiment of cavalry, once filled with horses, but now deserted and ghostly.

She gave it a mere glance in passing, thinking, as she discovered it was starting to snow again, that she might be glad of such a shelter if the weather prevented her from getting to Morcovoe.

Five minutes later the snowflakes increased in size, and the heaviness of the fall prevented Ethel from seeing more than an inch or so in front of her.

"I should never have attempted this!" she muttered.

For another hundred yards she struggled along, and then halted. Was she still on



(Continued from previous page.)

the road, or had she wandered into some path? The snow was thick under foot, but, in place of the smooth highway she had previously trodden it was all rough and uneven.

"She must turn back," she told herself. She wheeled round and groped her way in the opposite direction, expecting every minute once more to strike the road. But the minutes went by—quite a number of them—and the going, instead of improving, grew decidedly worse.

Lost! Ethel battled with the dread thought, telling herself it was absurd; and when she felt herself moving on a decided downward incline, she pulled up.

Which way? She hadn't the faintest idea! Snow deadens sound to an extraordinary extent, and Ethel, listen though she might, could hear nothing that would serve to guide her. She would try to go. Some way, however, she must go. She couldn't simply stand still.

Once more she turned on her tracks and groped her way back the way she had come. She might as well have been blindfolded for all she used her eyes were to her. And now the bitter cold was beginning to penetrate, and her hands and feet were like ice.

She stumbled into a clump of bushes, and their covering of snow splattered up into her face. With difficulty she extricated herself, and, hands outstretched, she progressed foot by foot. At one point of direction was lost, and she kept on the go. Some way, however, she must go. She couldn't simply stand still.

Her cry seemed but a whisper, scarce louder than the twitter of a bird. Her eyes were dry. This was a futile proceeding. No human being was within miles of her; she was alone—alone in the wild.

Suddenly her advancing foot trod on air and she pitched forward into some sort of ditch, half-filled with snow and a thin layer of ice that cracked and splintered, as she struggled to regain her footing.

She put out her hands and the tips of her fingers encountered the opposite banking. A wild hope came to her that, growing above, might be the roadside hedge.

Bushes certainly were there, and she gripped the branch of one now, and by its aid slowly hauled herself upward. Once she nearly slipped back, and frantically grabbed at anything she could reach. Then, with a firm foothold secured, she gradually forced her way through the branches, to find herself slipping into a ditch on the other side.

This, however, was comparatively dry, and, moreover, undoubtedly skirted a road of some sort. Whether it was the road she had left, Ethel had no idea; but she did not trouble much about that. It was a case of trying to be being thankful for small mercies, and a road at least held out faint possibilities of a house or cottage.

She peered left and right. To the left, she reckoned, led back to the station. She was not absolutely sure on the point, but that was her impression; therefore, to the left she would go.

Somehow something was moving in her direction. What it was, she could form no opinion, but immediately her heart was flooded with hope. She raised her voice, and shouted to the fullest extent of her lung power.

Once more she called.

All at once a flicker of yellow light caught her eye, not ten yards distant. A lantern, she thought joyously, as she stepped to meet it.

Like a phantom from the darkness emerged the form of a horse, and at its head another form was mingled—that of a man bearing a lantern. Behind them came a faint rattle of wheels, but the nature of the vehicle Ethel could not, for the moment, discern.

"Can you give me a lift?" Ethel cried. "I've lost my way. I want to get to Morcov—but anywhere where there is the chance of shelter for the night will do."

A muttered "Whoa!" to the horse echoed in her ears.

"Who're ye?" was the gruff inquiry. "A girl, by the sound of your voice. On the tramp, lass?"

"Yes," returned Ethel.

"No home and no friends, ch?"

"Oh, dear, yes—I have both! As I told you, I've lost my way. I am quite willing to pay you—er—what I can."

Ethel put in this saving clause, because the fact that peered into hers was not exactly prepossessing, and the manner of the man suggested that he might ask for some exorbitant amount far beyond what she possessed.

He grunted something under his breath, and then, with another "Whoa!" at the horse, he beckoned Ethel to follow him round to the back of the vehicle.

"Why?" cried Ethel, "is a caravan?"

"Expect it to be a motor?"

"No—no, of course not. I thought it would simply be a cart. I should think it would be awfully cosy in there. Is there anyone in there?"

"My wife and child."

"But I don't want to disturb them!"

"They're used to being disturbed," grunted the fellow.

He climbed up the steps, and thrust open the door.

"Norah," he shouted, "here's a visitor who's willing to pay what she can if we'll take her to Morcov!"

A woman turned forty came to the door. She was tall, and her raven-black hair, streaked with grey, hung in straight masses on each side of her face. Her eyes were black, hard and glittering, and constant exposure to wind and sun had given her face a curious look of dryness.

"Ye'll come in?" she asked.

"Indeed I will; and many, many thanks!" said Ethel.

Truth to tell, she was not greatly taken with either the man or the woman; on their caravan was too inviting to make her hesitate about entering.

"Take off that coat, lass," said the woman. "And Mike, close that door—the air cuts in like a knife."

The door shut with a bang, and a moment or so later the caravan moved on with a lurch, and a huge clatter of protest from the pots and pans that hung from the roof.

The woman regarded Ethel keenly as she took off her hat and coat.

"So," she muttered, "you're a young lady, are you? Rook on those clothes coat a tidy sum. Your sort don't usually walk about in a snowstorm!"

"No, I suppose not," returned Ethel, feeling explanations were expected. "You see, I lost my way!"

The woman nodded.

"Hungry?" she asked.

"Oh, no; I'm only a bit tired and cold. It's very good of you to give me shelter!"

The woman shrugged. She fixed up some sort of seat in the corner for Ethel, and Ethel, thankful to sit down, subsided into it. No more words passed between them; the woman busied herself with various matters.

Ethel tried to keep her wits about her. No wonder! She was pretty well dead. Presently, despite the rattle and the jolting of the caravan, she was fast asleep.

The woman regarded her intently, and then noiselessly crept over to where Ethel had hung her coat. Still with her eyes on Ethel, she thrust her hands swiftly into the side pockets, and drew out the contents. Amongst them was Mr. Courtway's letter to Walter Douglas.

She fingered it curiously, then leaned over to where a small kettle was standing on a spirit stove. With one more look at Ethel, she thrust her hands swiftly into the side pockets, and drew out the contents. She drew out the contents, and started to read!

Despite the precautions of Ethel and Cyril, Mr. Courtway's letter has fallen into other hands, by a sheer stroke of misfortune. What are the contents of the letter? And why should it be so important to her that she should be so important to make her retain the document that is of such importance to the unsuspecting, sleeping girl? Don't miss the first—next instalment of this story next Wednesday.

For the Girl Who Dances.

THIS is just a little hint to the girl who goes to dances.

Don't saturate yourself with scent. Many girls who use very little perfume in the ordinary way seem to think that they may empty any quantity of it on themselves when dressing for a dance. They may turn up their noses with disdain at the thought of cheap scent, and think that because their particular brand happens to be good they can use as much as they like.

An overdose of scent is in bad taste.

The benefit of the Doubt.

"WASN'T it kind of Betty to make that pretty camisole for Eileen?"

"Yes, but you can be sure she wanted Eileen to do something for her!" This is the sort of conversation overheard between two girls, and it seems to typify the attitude of quite a number who are really nice girls, but who have got into the habit



of always looking for faults in their acquaintances instead of the good points.

I don't wish to tell you to make excuses for meanness, lies, sneakiness or dishonourable actions; but do please give people the benefit of the doubt in little things, and not be like those two girls, who refused to think that Betty could have a good motive in doing a kind action for another girl.

A Pose.

I DON'T want to thrust too many "don'ts" upon you, but I must give you just one more.

"Don't allow yourself to become affected.

There is a great tendency amongst girls nowadays never to appear their true natural selves, but if they only knew how horrid it made them appear and also how ridiculous at times, I am sure they would never again show the slightest affectation.

I went with a party of girls and boys to a dance the other day, and I could not help watching one of the girls the whole evening. Her every word, every action, even her way of dancing was studied to give a certain effect.

There are other girls who seem to think it is smart to say cynical things, and would feel very old-fashioned if they allowed themselves to express a sentimental view, with the result that they give an impression and say things that are very different from what they feel in their inmost hearts.

If they only knew that in many cases they were not impressing their audience, but sickening them!