

BIG SHEET OF FILM STARS' AUTOGRAPHS GIVEN AWAY INSIDE

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INCORPORATING
"SCHOOLDAYS."

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**"I'LL ONLY PLAY IF
I'M CAPTAIN!"**

One of many dramatic moments in
this week's vivid long complete
Cliff House School story: "Firebrand
versus Tomboy"

Clara Trevlyn and Diana Royston-Clarke are the Stars of this Exciting Complete Cliff House School Story



FIREBRAND versus TOMBOY

By
HILDA RICHARDS

Ready for Diana

"HERE she comes!" exclaimed Barbara Redfern. "Now we'll tackle her!" Janet Jordan said grimly. "And if she jolly well did arrange it so that Margot Lantham couldn't play in the match—" breathed Clara Trevlyn.

"We'll send her to Coventry!" There was quite a grim air about Barbara Redfern & Co. of the Fourth Form at Cliff House School, and also about the crowd of Fourth Form girls which surrounded them in Big Hall.

Certain it was that trouble was brewing for someone. That someone was Diana Royston-Clarke, the Firebrand of the Fourth, at this moment stepping lightly from the car which had halted at the end of the drive.

Though it was dark—a murky darkness, consistent with the heavy fog which had prevailed during the afternoon—the open doors of Big Hall, throwing its light into the quadrangle, gave a full and clear view of both Diana and the car.

It showed Diana's handsome face, flushed with triumph, the red lips curved in a laughing smile as she languidly flicked a ten-shilling note towards the driver.

They even heard the driver's delighted:

"Thankee, miss!"
"That's all right, my man," came Diana's lofty reply, and she strolled across the quadrangle towards the school.

And among those girls waiting so inimically to receive her, there was a stiffening of backs.

Even Bessie Bunter, the fat duffer of the Fourth, looked stern.

"I sus-say," she stammered now, blinking through her thick spectacles, "dud-don't you think you'd b-better let me speak to her?"

"Back water, Bessie!" And Clara grimly pushed her out of the way. "I'll do the talking!"

Diana, all unconscious of the hostile reception which awaited her, sauntered gliding forward.

Her smile showed that she was pleased with herself. The sparkling gleam in her eyes confirmed that impression.

For hadn't Diana, playing for Cliff House's opponents, Lantham Town, in the Lantham Cup, scored four goals against her own school? Hadn't she shown the Cliff House junior team that, as far as hockey was concerned, they were just novices at the game?

DIANA ROYSTON-CLARKE,
the dominating Firebrand
of the Fourth, comes into conflict
with Tomboy Clara Trevlyn.
And, as might be expected, this
clash of two such strong
characters causes something like
a crisis. For neither will give
way to the other!

If it hadn't been for that wretched fog, which had caused the match to be abandoned, Cliff House, through her, would have received the beating of the season.

Diana laughed on a thrilled note. Ever satisfied with her prowess was Diana, and she was anticipating with pleasure the replaying of that game, when once again she would be in the Lantham Town side. Perhaps, on this occasion, her one-time friend, Margot Lantham, the girl who had outshone her so far this season, would play in the ranks of her opponents.

Up the steps she gaily strode into Big Hall. She flung off her hat and coat and dropped them over a chair back, then tossed her hockey stick into a corner.

Quite casually, then, she turned to the assembled girls.

"Well?" Diana eyed them. "Sweet of you," she acknowledged, "to welcome the victor home—especially"—with a chuckle—"when the victor came so near to putting you all out of the Lantham Cup. Well, well, my Trojan Clara! I hope you, at least, have learned your lesson. What price little Diana for the Cliff House team now?"

Clara's eyes gleamed.
Characteristically, she wasted no time in beating about the bush. She came to the point right away.

"We're not here to congratulate you.

"We're here," Clara stated, "to jolly well ask what you mean by keeping Margot Lantham out of the match?"

Some of the mocking amusement died from Diana's face. She looked sharply at the Tomboy.

"Don't bluff!" Clara said contemptuously. "You know what I mean. This afternoon Margot was decoyed from school by a bogus telephone message, saying that her father was ill."

"And he wasn't?" Diana guessed. "He wasn't! The message was a ruse—to keep Margot from playing in the Lantham match."

"We all know why!" Clara's lips curled in contempt. "Margot happens to be our best goal-getter this season. If she'd been in the team, there might have been a different tale to tell. You knew that, Diana."

Diana's eyes narrowed. "Wait a minute," she said quietly. "Do I understand this is an accusation?"

"Yes!" "I see!" Diana's lips curled. "Oh, you duffers!" she cried scathingly. "You think I decoyed Margot, do you—to make the match safe for Lantham? You think I was afraid of what she might do—!" Her eyes flashed. "Well, I'll tell you something now. I wanted Margot to play in that match. I was as furious as any of you that she didn't. I wanted her to play because she showed me up at the beginning of the season, when I wasn't fit, and pinched my place in the team."

There was a pause. From Margot came a little exclamation.

"I thought," Diana went on scornfully, "that if you had the chance of seeing us both together, now that I am fit again, you might change your opinion. I asked for my chance in the team, didn't I? Clara wouldn't give it

to me. Right! Well, there was only one thing left for me to do, and that was—seeing that you wouldn't let me play with you—to play against you!"

"And a nice trick that was!" Leila Carroll flashed.

"What's that?" School first, what? "Jemima Carstairs murmured.

"Oh, rats! It was Clara's fault!" "But" Babs put in, "that doesn't alter what happened to Margot."

"Well, I had nothing to do with that!"

"Can you prove you didn't?" Babs asked quietly.

"Can you prove I did?" Diana flashed.

Babs paused. "Diana," she said, "it's well known that there was no love lost between you and Margot."

Diana sneered. "This morning, the morning of the Lantham match, Margot spoke to you as you went out. You wouldn't speak back to her. Five minutes afterwards, she had the phone message."

"And that, of course, proves everything!" Diana scoffed.

"If it was any other girl—if the circumstances were different—it would prove nothing," Babs said. "But the suggestion is that having it in for both Margot and the school, you stopped at the telephone-booth in the road in order to send that message."

Diana stared in astonishment. "Well, my hat! And is that the evidence?"

"It is!" "And you're ready to accuse me—"

Diana flung back her head. "Well, my hat!" she gasped; and she pealed with merriment, so astounding after her recent outburst, that everybody blinked.

"Well, if it's any satisfaction to you to hear me deny it, I didn't do it!"

"But"—and Diana waved her hands

"—but if you like to believe it, go on!" she said offhandedly. "I suppose"—with a sneer—"you must take it out of somebody after the mutts Lantham Town made you look this afternoon! Anyway, you'll be pleased to hear that I shall be playing against you on Monday—in the replay."

Up went the proud blonde head. She didn't care. Why should she? Unexpected as this reception was, she had lost no measure of her own self-satisfaction.

But there was a stir in the ranks of Cliff House. Quite suddenly girls there began to feel uncertain. Whatever Diana had done or not done, her dazzling personality made her a power in the Form.

It was always interesting to watch her reactions. There were some there who could not possibly help but like the Firebrand, whatever her faults.

Some who were ever ready to toady to her because of her wealth; others, like Lydia Crossendale, the snob of the Form, who admired her simply because she always flouted Babs & Co.

It was Lydia who said now: "And jolly well serve them right!"

"Hear, hear!" supported Frances Frost.

"What this team wants—" commenced Freda Ferriers.

"Oh, be quiet!" snapped Clara.

"Why should we be quiet?" Lydia Crossendale asked warmly. "Why should you expect to do all the gassing? There's too much of you and Babs & Co. in this Form, Clara! It's about time somebody else had a say! We all know you've got it in for Diana. We all know that you're mad because we haven't given you a beating this afternoon."

"A fine, spiteful sort of thing to do, isn't it, after she played such a ripping game, to accuse her of this?"

There was a murmur. Perhaps a good many girls there felt the sting of the truth in that comment.

Impossible, after Diana's scornful repudiation of that accusation, to be so convinced of her guilt now.

Margot's face had cleared. She, at least, didn't want to believe ill of Diana, although Diana, who had, once been her staunchest friend, now persisted in looking upon her as an enemy.

But the expression on Clara Trevlyn's face did not change. From the first moment those two had met—many, many terms ago now—their natures had clashed.

Clara never had liked Diana, and had never disguised that fact. On the other hand, Diana had never attempted to conceal that she held the tomboy games captain in the greatest of contempt.

All the same, even Clara could not deny that her evidence was rather thin.

Her face set. "Very well," she said quietly. "Since you deny it, and since, apparently"—she put heavy sarcasm on that word—"there's no evidence against you, we'll give you the benefit of the doubt."

Diana, seeing she had support, laughed mockingly.

"But"—Clara eyed her levelly—"if you have a grain of loyalty, Diana—"

"Well!" Diana invited.

"I should advise you," Clara continued, "to think twice about playing against your own school again."

"Meaning," Diana mocked, "that now you've seen I'm good enough, you'll give me a place in the Cliff House team?"

There was a pause. "Well, you jolly well deserve it!" Lydia chipped in.

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"I should say!" Frances Frost nodded. Clara's eyes flashed. "Thanks!" she said bitingly. "I'll ask for your advice when I want it! Diana"—she seemed to be making an effort—"you've grumbled about having been kept out of the team! You know why you've been kept out—not out of any personal spite against you. Nobody's denying that you can play hockey—and play well. What you seem to forget at times is that the team comes first. However, supposing I did offer you a place in the team for the replay on Monday—"

Margot sighed. She looked at Babs, from Babs to Mabs, who were in Study No. 4 with her.

It was not a happy gathering, and certainly Clara was in her most intractable humour.

The news had spread through the school now that Cliff House juniors had been on the way to being soundly thrashed by Lantham Town. And the amused and often caustic comments addressed to members of the Fourth had put them all in a very touchy humour.

There was a great deal of speculation as to what was going to happen in the

improving its appearance thereby. "But I'm not going to give in," she added doggedly. "I'll resign first!"

"But Clara," Margot put in patiently, "please listen! Don't you think—this once—it would be a gesture? I'm not agreeing that Diana should be captain for always, but, after all—well—" She hesitated. "She was kept out of the team. Don't you think it would be well—a sort of graceful act on your part?"

"No!" Clara said, with decision.

And that was that! Clara had made



DIANA swiftly became the centre of a lively battle, in which she tried desperately to ward off the attackers. But none of the pillow fighters was aware that the door had suddenly opened, and that Miss Wright was grimly watching!

Diana laughed. She saw the anxious, almost eager, glances of the Form upon her.

She said: "Well, supposing I'd play, of course—on one condition, and one condition only!"

"And that?" Clara asked, tight-lipped. "Is," Diana stated coolly, "that you made me captain of the team!"

She smiled mockingly, and, followed by the wondering, astonished stares of the gaping girls, leisurely strolled towards the door.

replay on Monday. Were Cliff House booked for the defeat of their lives?

It would be different, Clara said, with Margot Lantham in the team. That, however, carried little conviction.

Margot was good—Margot was brilliant—but the precedent had been established. Cliff House feared Lantham Town. They feared them mainly because of Diana. Certain it was, if Diana reproduced her form on Monday, they would hardly stand an earthly.

Diana, supreme mistress of a situation which had threatened to be so ugly for her, declared flatly that unless she was made captain for the Lantham match, she wouldn't dream of transferring her allegiance to Cliff House.

Apart from that, it was obvious now that Diana had found a certain support for the attitude she had taken up. That support, of course, came from Lydia Crossendale & Co., who rarely lost an opportunity of hitting at Babs & Co., and saw, in this dilemma of Clara's, the chance of precipitating a first-class crisis.

Clara, pacing the study, turned restlessly.

"Oh dash!" she burst out, with sudden exasperation. "What the dickens am I to do?" She ran a hand through her unruly hair, by no means

up her mind. She would not give in—not she! Let Diana do her worst!

Diana had already resolved upon that. If Clara was obstinate, Diana was implacable. Moreover, Diana was pleasantly conscious, too, that the whole school was on tenterhooks, wondering what she would do. She felt at last that the whole attention of Cliff House was focused upon her. She did so love the limelight.

Basking in that limelight she strolled into the Common-room, to be immediately surrounded by a crowd.

How they besieged her! How eager they were to know whether she was going to play!

"If," Diana told them, one and all, "I'm made captain; not unless. If I'm not made captain, then I play for Lantham. It's up to Clara to forget her spite for one match."

And in that decision she was immovable. She saw the way opinion, led by Lydia Crossendale & Co., was veering. She anticipated, shrewdly, if only she captained the team against Lantham and scored a victory, they would all be on her side.

If she did not, then the alternative still remained with her. For she would put up such a smashing show that Cliff House, humiliated, defeated and dis-



Ordeal By Pillow!

"NO!" Clara Trevlyn spoke emphatically.

"But, Clara—" Margot Lantham persisted.

"No!" Clara retorted again. "Just for one match—"

"No!" Clara repeated a third time, and turned a flushed and angry face towards her questioner. "I tell you I would not do it—not even for one match!"

grunted, would turn from Clara in a body.

In a ray mood was Diana that evening. In a gayer mood she went to bed. Mischievous, provoking, feeling sure of her support, she had confidently mapped out her line of action. Miss Wright suddenly she grinned across at Clara Trevelyn as she undressed.

"Well," she asked tantalizingly, "made up your mind, Clara? Am I, or am I not, to play in the replay?"

"Oh, shut up!" growled Clara.

"Hardly civil—what?" Diana said.

"Be quiet!"

"But supposing—"

"Will you shut up?" Clara snapped

"All right!" Diana shrugged as she climbed into bed. "I only asked you a fair question. I think, at least, that you might give me a civil answer. It must be rather tough hating somebody you feel you've got to play—Here! Who threw that?" she added, as a pillow whizzed through the air.

"I did!" Clara said, between her teeth. "Now go to sleep, before I throw another!"

But Diana's eyes gleamed. Not Diana to allow any attack to pass unchallenged. She caught up the pillow, poised it, and aimed it. Clara ducked just in time, and Bessie Bunter, who was just getting into bed, swung round with a furious yell.

"Here, I sus-say! Who threw that?"

"Diana!" Clara cried.

"Then j-jolly well take it back!" Bessie cried valiantly. And, grabbing the lower hem, took a terrific aim which whisked a cascade off the washstand, and, sweeping on, caught Lydia Crossendale.

"Why, you clumsy duffer!" Lydia cried, and grabbed up the first pillow to hand. "Take that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That seemed to be the signal for a general melee. As Bessie, helplessly bowled over, collapsed across her bed, Mabs, defending her fat chum, hurled back at Lydia.

Frances Frost took a hand; then Brenda Fallace. Rosa Rodworth jumped in. In a moment the air was thick with flying pillows.

"Hurrah! Go it!"

"Pile in, my side!" Diana shrieked, as she was heavily bombarded.

"What-ho!"

"Rescue, Babs!"

"What-ho! Up guards and at 'em! Wow! That's my eyeglass!"

"Biff! Biff!"

"Oh my goodness!" Babs gasped.

"You chumps! Listen!"

But nobody was listening to Babs at that moment.

Hot and fierce the fight waxed. Perhaps unconsciously, the dormitory found itself divided into two camps.

Lydia, Rosa Rodworth, Brenda Fallace, and Frances Frost were openly now on Diana's side; Clara, Jemima, Mabs, and Leila fought in the vanguard of the opposition. More and more joined in, rushing, scrambling in their haste and eagerness; oftentimes two girls struggling together for possession of one pillow.

What promised to be a merry rag began rapidly to assume the proportions of a bitter struggle, with Clara on one side and Diana on the other.

The end, however, swiftly came.

That was when a pillow, catching the Firebrand on a suddenly upflung foot in the cloud of feathers, and at the same moment the door opened, and Miss Wright, duty mistress for the day, strode into the dormitory.

"Girls!" she cried in a scandalised voice.

Immediately all was still. Pillows dropped. Girls, red, confused, guilty, stood petrified.

Miss Wright's eyes gleamed.

"Barbara Redfern!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Babs. "Y-yes, Miss Wright?"

"It is your duty, as Captain of the Form, to keep some semblance of order in this dormitory. I take it that you are aware of that?"

Babs bit her lip.

"Y-yes, Miss Wright."

"Very well! For failing to attend to your duties, Barbara, you will take a hundred lines! Every other girl taking part in this disgraceful fracas will take fifty lines, except the girl who started it. Barbara, who did start it?"

Babs bit her lip.

"I—I—"

"I am waiting, Barbara!" Miss Wright said angrily.

"I'm sorry, Miss Wright."

"You refuse to answer?"

"I—I—well, I'm afraid I can't."

"I see!" Miss Wright's eyes gleamed however. She had not the same fine consideration for schoolgirl codes as Miss Charmant and other mistresses at Cliff House. She believed strongly in her own duty, and her duty appeared very plainly at the moment to track down the ringleader and make an example of her.

She breathed deeply.

"Barbara! I refuse to waste my time. As your mistress I demand from you a direct answer. It is your duty, as Form captain, to obey! I demand, once and for all, to know who created this disturbance. If you do not answer at once, Barbara, I shall report you to the headmistress!"

Babs turned crimson. Diana chuckled. Then suddenly Clara Trevelyn sat up.

"All right!" she said. "I'll own up. It's not fair to put the blame on Babs. Miss Wright, I started it!"

"Indeed? Why?"

Clara bit her lip.

"Nothing!" she answered.

"Very well!" Miss Wright's features set.

"I will not bandy words with you, Clara. But I would remind you, also, that as an officer of some responsibility, it is also your duty to preserve order."

As you have confessed, I shall not, as I might have done, report you to Miss Primrose. You will take two hundred lines! Now, please! No comments. Another murmur from anyone in the dormitory—"Miss Wright breathed sulphureously.

There was not another murmur—at least, not until she had gone, snapping out the light en route. Then from Diana's bed came a chuckle.

"Too, too bad!" she mocked. "Didims have to be myself away then, to save poor little Babs? But I say, you never did answer my question, you know! Do I or do I not play against Lantham?"

"You do not!" came Clara's biting retort through the darkness. "Now go to sleep."

But Diana chuckled again.

new feud between its tomboy captain and its dazzling Firebrand.

For the first time, it seemed, Clara's supremacy was challenged.

Diana went serenely, triumphantly on her way. She had no doubts. The die was cast now. She was going to play again for the team which had so humiliated Cliff House on Saturday. She still felt fit and in fighting trim. Again she was going to play the game of her life.

In spite of the fact that Margot Lantham had returned to the Cliff House side, Diana had no possible doubt about the outcome of the match. Cliff House would be thrashed, humiliated. In consequence, Clara's stock, already on the wane, would go down with a bump. Easy then, if she played her cards properly, to wrest the games captaincy from her once and for all.

But Diana, so full of her own plans, never guessed what was going on in Clara's mind.

For Clara, desperate, mentally conscious that her leadership was in the balance, was equally determined to play the game of her life—yes, and to beat Lantham at the same time.

If they lost this match, then she had no doubt about the reaction of the school. Rightly or wrongly, Diana henceforth would be the heroine.

Clara's lips set. Not without a struggle was she going to give up that leadership.

At twelve o'clock the team assembled in the pavilion, preparatory for departure to Lantham, where the match was being played. Before they went out into the drive where the coach awaited them, Clara, standing on a locker, addressed them.

Her face was pale. It was the pallor of determination. Her grey eyes shone like two pin-points of steel.

"I don't want to have a word with you before we go," she said. "I want you all to play up like trojans this afternoon. If Lantham Town beat us after the dreadful exhibition we gave on Saturday, we shall never hear the last of it."

A murmur.

"We ought to win," Clara went on quietly, "with Margot back in the team there should be a different tale to tell. But you all know that Diana Royston-Clarke is playing on the other side. And—I make no bones about it—Diana Royston-Clarke is the girl we have to fear most from. Diana, therefore, has got to be watched. But I know you'll all do your best."

Quiet words. But spoken as they were, they could not fail to impress. Enthusiasm seized upon every one of them. Determination became reflected in every face.

They were playing for their school. They were playing to wipe out the humiliation of Saturday, to get into the semi-final!

They were stronger, as Clara said. The day was fine—ideal for the match. Why shouldn't they win?

Cliff House took heart. An hour later, when they stepped on the field at Lantham, they were the confident side of yore. As on Saturday, there was a great crowd to greet them, and a thunderous roar went up as they took the field. Then another roar as Lantham, headed by Diana, walked out on to the pitch.

Out she came, a smile on her face, swinging her hockey stick with careless grace. There was a flush on her cheeks, a gleam in her eyes. Her whole expression and attitude seemed to breathe confidence of victory.

Clara, watching her, braced herself. She saw that Diana was in a mood to



The Vital Match

GREAT was the excitement on Sunday Greater still on Monday morning. For Cliff House saw in its Lantham replay, not only the possible defeat of itself in the Lantham Cup, but the outcome of the



repeat her performance of Saturday. *But should she—should she?* The old grim, stubborn, never-say-die look was on the Tomboy's face. Not if she knew it!

Now! The referee's whistle pierced. The centre-forwards were crossing sticks in the centre circle. Girls were waiting, poised on tiptoe. A moment's breathless silence.

Then—phoop! Clash, clash the sticks met. Diana gave a shriek—"To me!" But Babs, keyed up, had the ball. With a quick flashing pass had shot it to Margot, and there was Margot, running with it, pausing for a moment as she was tackled by the Lantham half.

Then, snick! A pass across the field so swift that everyone, except June Merrett, momentarily lost sight of the ball.

Then June, racing, running, the Cliff House forward line in full cry.

What a thrill! But that effort, fine as it was, came to naught. By a miracle, it seemed, the Lantham goalkeeper cleared. Snick! The ball sailed down the field.

Then Diana was on it—was running up the side-line. Clara's face became dogged. Out she rushed. Diana, with a scornful smile, nicked the ball. But Clara was on it—had cleared.

What a cheer! Five minutes! No score. Ten minutes! What had come over Cliff House? Was this the same side against which Lantham had made a walk-over victory on Saturday? And what was happening to Diana?

Diana was there all right, and, as usual, had most of the play. Swift her rushes, brilliant her passes. But why was it she never got within striking distance of the goal?

Clara, playing the most strenuous game of her life, could have answered that question.

For Diana, perhaps to show how easy it was to beat Cliff House, was not yet exerting herself. Clara was. Every threatened attack from the Lantham inside-left was met with a solid, stubborn resistance which even Diana could not penetrate.

Five times in two minutes she reached the ball. Three times Clara robbed her. Twice Leila Carroll cleared.

A quarter of an hour—still no score! Ding-dong now. Ding-dong. Diana was getting the brunt of the opposition. She tried new tactics.

Now she had the ball. Snick! And away to her centre-forward she swept it. Up the field went the centre.

Look, she was in the striking circle! She was going to score!

But no! Like a battleship under full steam, Brenda Fallace was running out. Just a second before the other stick reached the ball, Brenda had got to it.

Away it sailed, falling right at the feet of Margot. Off went Margot. And look—look!

Crack!

"Goal!" yelled the crowd. Goal it was—first to Cliff House!

Exciting! Trojan work now between Cliff House defence and the Lantham left wing. Diana, desperately determined to get through, brought about her head showers of applause from the Lantham supporters. But Clara's defence, ably backed by Rosa and Leila, was rocklike.

Half-time. Cliff House retained their lead.

Stella Stone, captain of Cliff House, and Dulcia Fairbrother, games captain of Cliff House, standing on the sideline, exchanged a look.

"Diana's good!" Stella said. "But Clara," Dulcia returned, "is better. She's playing like an International!"

She was. Second half. It started immediately with a thrill. This time Diana adopted different tactics. She caught the ball, and instead of snicking it towards Clara drove it into the centre of the field.

No stopping her this time. Clara, hopelessly out of position, could never reach her. Up the field ran Diana, and then—snick!

Goal! The second half was one minute old. Diana had scored!

One—one! Desperate now. The spectators were on tiptoe. Diana, alight with victory,

Bother Cliff House! Now! A free hit. Here it was, coming towards her. Robbed again by Clara—how Diana hated Clara! A draw was the only possible result—she would make it!

Across the field Diana streaked, determined at any cost to pull the match out of the fire and switch the limelight on to herself. She cared nothing that she was all out of position. Excitement flamed within her. A desperate determination to get that goal at all costs.

One minute! Diana was there—just too late. The ball was being run away by June Merrett. Desperately she chased June. She got her stick to it—she had it, had it!

Like an eel Diana had circled round,



DIANA turned with a frown as Lydia Crossendale & Co. marched up. They were obviously hoping for a lift, and Diana's first impulse was to refuse. And then came the thought: she might be able to make use of them in her feud with Clara!

confidently took her place once more. The ball came out. Again Diana had it—was off with it, following the same tactics. Look at her—no, look at Clara! Clara had robbed her; Clara was sending the ball along to Babs. Babs had it. There was Babs, streaking up the field and— Oh, my hat! Look, look, everybody! Babs had scored!

Two—one! Diana was gritting her teeth. She was playing well, finely, valiantly. But Clara had her measure now. It was Clara, Clara, Clara! The cry echoed round the field. Clara! Oh, my goodness, wasn't she doing Trojan work! What a leader!

Ding-dong! Grim and dour the battle now. But time was getting on. The crowd was beginning to decide that the match was likely to result in a draw.

Diana, fighting desperately, meant to make it victory. But victory was still as far off as ever when the clock on the Lantham pavilion signalled two minutes to the end.

never hearing, in the crowd's excited roar, the whistle that went for cessation of play.

Now up the field—with a clear run before her. One dreadful, heart-bursting sprint.

She was there—there! Brenda Fallace, in goal, was looking bewildered. Brenda saw Diana—saw the umpire waving her arm. Time was up, and Cliff House had won; but here was Diana, with no consciousness of that, rushing at her. Brenda smiled grimly.

Well, Diana shouldn't get past even now. But Diana did. The flashing stroke that came from her stick would have beaten any goalie on earth.

It beat Brenda. Crash! Smack! The ball was in the net!

Up went Diana's stick. Flaming-faced, the Firebrand spun round. "We—we've made the draw—," Diana paused, staring around. The team in the field were all looking at

her. They were grinning. Some, indeed, were laughing.

Outraged, she flung round to Brenda Wallace who, with a stolid smile upon her rather stupid face, was fishing out the ball and shaking her head.

It dawned upon Diana that something was wrong.

What—that was this?

"I'm sorry, Miss Clarke—" The umpire shook her head.

"Sorry! What for?" Diana flamed. "I scored, didn't I?"

"Yes. But the goal is not allowed."

"You mean it was offside?"

"No. But—" The referee pointed to the clock.

Diana saw then. Her jaw dropped. She had scored—too late! She had, she thought, saved the game for her side. Too late! Cliff House, in spite of her efforts, had won!

Clara, flushed and gasping, ran over to her.

"Bad luck, Diana," she sympathised. "You played a topping game!"

Diana glared at her.

"You—" she exclaimed.

"I'd like to congratulate you," Clara said; and, smiling, she extended her hand. But Diana, bitter fury suddenly overwhelming her, stood still.

Lantham had lost! Had lost, despite all her battling, all her efforts! Had lost simply because this girl, her enemy, had kept her in her place, had marked her, had bottled up her every movement. How could she, in that moment, express pleasure? She felt that she hated Clara.

Clara had called her bluff. Clara had, by her own free determination, beaten her. She had not cut the dash she had so confidently anticipated, even if she had scored her side's one and only goal. This match should have been a triumph for her—a triumph which should have carried her irresistibly on to the captaincy of games in the junior school at Cliff House.

Instead—

Something came over Diana. Suddenly, appermost, those worst instincts of hers rushed. She looked at the hand so friendly, so cordially outstretched towards her, and then, in a sudden access of jealousy, thrust her own out and passionately struck it down.

Clara stepped back a pace.

"Diana!"

"Oh, don't talk to me!" Diana grated, and, flushed with passion, walked away.

But not before a murmur went round the field. Not before an angry shout assailed her ears. Team and spectators alike had seen that unsportsmanlike action. Ready and willing they had been to applaud Diana's fine performance. Now they simply felt nothing but scorn for her!



For Their Own Gain

AFTERWARDS.

It was a moody Diana who walked off the field, convulsively clutching her stick, as, reaching the side-lines, she heard the murmurs of disgust mingled with a little hiss of contempt.

In silence in the Lantham Town pavilion she dressed, exchanging never a word or glance with her team-mates. Rage, bitter and futile, overflowed in her heart. She had failed. The match which was to have been such a glorious personal conquest for her, had ended with her failure, with her humiliation.

The girl she felt she hated most on earth had triumphed!

What a fool she must have looked! She had wanted to crush Cliff House, and by crushing Cliff House, to turn the tide of opinion against Clara Trevlyn.

Instead, Clara, most astoundingly, had played the game of her life. Clara had foiled her. It was Clara, not she, who had triumphed!

Diana breathed deeply.

Savagely she rammed on her shoes. Tempestuously she picked up her bag. She knew the other girls were looking at her, she knew that they were wondering.

She gave them never a second glance but, walking across the pavilion floor, noisily slammed the door behind her and strode into the enclosure. And then stopped as she heard her name.

"Diana!"

Diana turned. Jane Stevens, the captain of Lantham Town side, was there, talking to Barbara Redfern.

She turned pettishly.

"What is it?"

"Diana—Jane came up to her. "I—I must congratulate you upon the game you played."

Diana sneered bitterly.

"Thanks!"

"It was hard luck that we lost, of course, but I must admit—stumblingly—" that we lost to a better side."

"Really?" Diana mocked.

"And—and—" Jane shook her head. "I—I'm so sorry—we all are—about what happened after the match. It was really hard luck, Diana, that you didn't get that goal; but the whistle had gone, you know. Perhaps it was understandable that you were a bit wild. But—but—" Jane bit her lip—

"we don't want to part with Cliff House with any sort of unfriendliness, Diana. Won't you go and see Clara and apologise?"

"What?"

"Well—"

"Apologise—to her?" Diana showed her teeth. "I'll see you bothered first!" she cried furiously.

"Diana!" cried Babs.

"Oh, be quiet, you!" cried Diana contemptuously. "Is that all you have to say, Jane?"

"Diana, I think it would be only doing the decent thing."

"Thanks! I'm the best judge of my actions!" Diana retorted tartly.

"Good-bye!"

She flung away, looking straight ahead of her.

Apologise, indeed! Apologise to Clara—Clara, the girl who had brought about her downfall. She laughed harshly, as she walked on, and, reaching the road outside, imperiously hailed a taxi. Well, the fight wasn't finished yet. Not by a long chalk, it wasn't. She'd show clever Clara.

Seething, Diana stood on the pavement, waiting as he turned. The cab pulled up in the kerb, and, with a scowl at the chauffeur, Diana flung open the door. At the same moment a voice hailed her:

"Diana!"

The Firebrand turned. Oh, bother it, here was Lydia Crossendale & Co. coming down the road. Lydia, with Frances Frost and Freda Ferriers, had obviously been to the match, and obviously, seeing Diana climbing into the cab, were hopeful of a lift back to Cliff House at the Firebrand's expense.

For a moment Diana paused, tempted to pretend she had not heard that shout, and to ignore them altogether.

Then she thought. No; Lydia & Co. were her allies. Lydia & Co., like her

self, were dead set against Clara Trevlyn.

No sense, at this juncture, in offending possible helpers, even though, secretly, she despised those helpers.

As if by magic the scowl disappeared from her face. The old dazzling smile was on her lips.

"Why, Lydia, fancy meeting you! Going back to Cliff House?"

"Yes, rather?"

"So am I. Let me take you back?"

Lydia grinned. She threw a triumphant "I-told-you-so" look at her, toadies.

"Well, that's jolly nice of you, Diana!"

"Oh, stuff! Come on, get in!"

Gleefully the three climbed in, Diana holding the door open for them. She scowled a little when she noticed that Lydia and Frances bagged the back seat, but her smile was bright as she pulled down the seat opposite them and sat down. The taxi bowled off.

"Be to the match, of course?" she asked off-handedly.

"Yes, rather. Lovely game you played, Diana!"

"Think so?"

"Oh, marvellous!" Frances Frost chipped in.

"Quite one of the best performances I've ever seen!" grinned Freda Ferriers.

"Some others don't seem to think so."

"You mean—Clara?" Lydia shrugged her shoulders. "Naturally she wouldn't!" she said contemptuously.

"One must admit she was in form this afternoon; but it was a form inspired by her spite of you, rather than real hockey. Clara was up against it," she went on. "She knew if you beat her in this match—and, mind you, in my opinion, and the opinion of a few others, you just made rings round her!—she knew that if she came out of it worse than you, then her name would be mud. She just had to save her face."

Diana listened idly. She was not flattered. She knew that Lydia & Co. were just toadying to her, and she accepted their praise at its true value.

Privately she decided that Clara had really beaten her at her own game that afternoon, though whether she could do it on another occasion remained to be seen.

But she did not contradict. She had more than a vague idea that Lydia & Co. in this frame of mind would be useful.

"Well, I think it was a rotten game," she said at last. "I wasn't quite up to my best form, you know. And I suppose I was a bit of an idiot to lose my temper at the end of the match when Clara came over. But—oh, well, I just couldn't help it, somehow. Still, it's all over now. I'm glad, in a way, because it means I shall be able to settle down and play for Cliff House."

Lydia glanced at her quickly.

"You mean—in the semi-final?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, no reason at all, of course!" Lydia said hastily. "But I—I was thinking of Clara. She doesn't like you, does she, Diana? It would be just like her to keep you out of the team. Not, of course, she added craftily, "that she's got any right to."

"Rather not!" Frances Frost said warmly.

"Especially after the show you put up."

"Then," Diana said, and her eyes narrowed a little, "if she does keep me out of the team, it'll be just a case of personal spite?"

"What else?"

"And you think the Form will stand for it?"

"Well, we jolly well shan't, at all events!" Lydia said virtuously. "I'm not in the team myself, but I do say that the best players should be given first chance."

"Hear, hear!"

"Thanks!" Diana smiled. "Then, if there is any question about it, I can rely upon you to stand by me? You see," she said slowly, but all the time her mind was working like lightning. "I've got an idea that Clara will try to make capital out of what happened this afternoon. I'm willing to play if she'll give me a chance—yes, and willing to do my best. I'm jolly anxious now for Cliff House to get into the final and win the cup. I want to help the school to get it. But if Clara does, give me the chance."

Lydia looked grim. She exchanged a look with her companions.

"Then," she decided, "there's going to be trouble. As far as we're concerned, we back you up through thick and thin. Is that so, girls?"

"What-ho!" Frances grinned.

And Freda Ferraris added a deep and meaning:

"Rather!"



Gathering Stormclouds

"CLAREMOUNT!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"We're drawn against Claremount in the semi-final!"

"Yes, rather!"

There was quite a buzz of the chatter in the Fourth Form Common-room.

For the news of the draw for the semi-final had just arrived.

It was Clara Treloyn who had brought it—a flushed and triumphant Clara, who had returned with her victorious team from Lantham half an hour before. The match was to be played on the following Saturday, on the ground of Claremount School.

It was news which excited the Fourth Form, for Claremount were Cliff House's most formidable challengers for honours, both in the school championship and the Lantham Cup this season. Whatever the result, it was certain a strenuous game would be the outcome.

"Gee, some game, I guess!" Leila Carroll said, her eyes shining.

"Sort of game we'll have to field our best side for—what?" Jemima asked.

"Yes, rather!" Bessie Bunter nodded heartily. "And, of course, in fielding the best side, you'll have to give the best players a chance, Clara."

Clara grinned.

"Of course!"

"I'm a jolly good hockey player!" Bessie rattled on, quite unconscious of the grins on the others' faces. "I once scored nine goals, you know—"

"Against your own side!" Clara chipped in.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Kik-Clara! You know you're jealous!"

"Oh, frightfully!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are all you kik-cats cackling at?" glowered Bessie. "Blessed if I can see anything funny in that!"

But the "kik-cats" in question apparently could. They roared.

"All the same," Diana said, strolling forward, "there's something in what Bessie says. It's the most important match of any, up to the present, isn't

For A Frock That's

GROWN TOO SMALL

If a favourite frock has grown too small, you can still wear it—with this pretty trimming added.



ISN'T it horrid when you try on a favourite last year's frock—only to find it has grown too small!

I can remember that happening to the prettiest party frock I ever had as a small girl—and it nearly broke my heart. For I had to have a new frock, and it didn't suit me nearly as well as the other had done.

So I'm going to save your school-girl hearts from such a fate.

Providing it is only the bodice that is too small, your frock can not only be made to fit you again in a twinkling, but can actually be made prettier in appearance.

WITH MOTHER'S HELP

All you want is a piece of wide ribbon—about 4 inches in width, and about 18 inches long.

Now, with mother's help, slit down the front of your frock from the neckline nearly to the waist—but not quite to the waist, remember.

Let this slit open itself into a long, narrow V that will make just that difference between a too-tight feeling and comfort.

Over this slit tack your ribbon.

Then, when it is beautifully flat and smooth, stitch the ribbon down each side.

Trim it around the neck into a neat hem, and stitch this also. At the neck fix a novel button or a brooch.

The lower end would look nice—and much less of a renovation—if you allow the ribbon to drop right over the waist-line, without sewing it all the way down.

Catch it at the waist-line itself with a button sewn right through, or make a buttonhole in the ribbon that will fasten over the button of your belt.

Not only will you now be able to breathe freely again—but you'll know that you're really looking very charming.

it? Obviously then, only the very best players should be selected."

"Hear, hear!" chimed in Lydia Crossendale.

Clara regarded her coolly. "Meaning," she guessed, "that you think you ought to have a place?"

"Well, why not?" demanded Lydia. "This is my business," Clara flashed.

But she saw that she had to have it out with Diana, and she decided that here and now was the best time.

"Diana!" she said quietly.

"I'm here," Diana said.

"I think it only fair to tell you, here and now, that you're not in the team. No, wait a minute! I'm not saying you didn't play a good game this afternoon. You did. But you played that game against us."

Diana frowned.

"Because—"

"Yes, I know!" Clara waved a hand. "But it doesn't alter the case," she said.

"If you could have beaten us, you would have done."

"Well?" Diana said impatiently. "Your play's all right, but your spirit—well, that just isn't," Clara went on. "Everybody in the Cliff House team pulled their weight, and did their very best this afternoon. They're the girls who have got us so far in the cup. They proved their loyalty, and they're entitled now to go on to the final. If I put you in the team it would mean standing on the side of them down. I can rely on them—"

Diana's lips pouted.

"And you can't rely on me?"

"No."

"I see!" Diana smiled. She had herself well in hand. She meant to have herself well in hand. "Right! Then listen to me! I'm sorry about what happened after the match. Yes, I'm sorry! I refused to apologise before, but I apologise now—freely, frankly, without malice. I played for Lantham, as you know, because you allowed your dislike of me to overcome your better judgment and give me my chance in the Cliff House team. Well, never mind all that. If you're willing to let bygones be bygones, I am, too."

"Well said!" Lydia Crossendale applauded.

"And if you want me to play I'm willing and eager to play," Diana went on. "I can't say any fairer than that."

The words, spoken softly, simply, carried conviction.

But Clara was not deceived.

"I'm sorry!"

"Clara"—Margot touched her arm. "Clara, please do!" she beseeched.

"Let me stand down."

"I'm letting nobody stand down. The team's been good enough to carry us so far; it's good enough to take us farther. No, Diana!"

"You don't want me?"

"No."

"Very well," Diana shrugged. For a moment her eyes flashed. The next, however, she shook her head. "I'm sorry," she said quietly. "Sorry, I mean, that you are allowing your spite to run away with you like that, Clara."

"What?"

"Well, isn't it true?" Lydia flashed.

Clara's face burned.

"Are you talking to me?"

"I am!"

"Well, jolly well don't!"

Diana smiled contemptuously. She said no more. There was no need, by that time, to say any more. The seeds she desired to sow had fallen upon fruitful ground. She could see—and that, of course, was what she intended—that she had put Clara's back up. She could see—also intended—that her frank, conciliatory apology had had its effect. Many of the girls who were not so friendly with Babs & Co. were veering towards her.

There was a murmur. Girls were looking at each other. Even Babs, for a moment, felt a tremor of doubt, sympathizing, as she did, with Clara's attitude.

Lydia Crossendale, Freda Ferriers, Frances Frost, standing there in a group, cast a gleeful look at Diana as that girl, with a shrug of her slim shoulders, turned away.

Marjorie Hazeldene bit her lip as she gazed at Clara, plainly reading in the obstinate, muttonous expression which came into that face, signs of trouble.

Clara stood rigid. She knew. Clara, at least, had no illusions about Diana. Diana, the dazzling, had never dazzled her. She did not trust her. She sensed in this that Diana wished to make trouble for her. She had neither faith nor sympathy with her belated contrition. Had Diana been a normal sort of girl she would have played her with pleasure; but Diana was not normal.

Her craving for the limelight, her unceasing temperament, were qualities which, in Clara's opinion, overshadowed her ability on the field. Besides, she did feel rather strongly about keeping her team together.

"Oh, play her, Clara!" Margot whispered.

"Yes, rather! Give her a chance!" Rosa Rodworth supported.

"After all, it is the semi-final!" Nancy Bell put in.

"And that's why," Clara said, between her teeth, "I'm taking no risks."

"No, you won't play her?"

"No."

The murmur became a growl.

"But, dash it, we want to win!"

Frances Frost protested.

"We shall win—without Diana."

"But—"

Clara's eyes flashed.

"Look here, who's captaining this team?" she asked.

"Well, you're not," Lydia Crossendale broke in.

"What?"

"You're not! If you call it captaining a team to jolly well throw out a girl who's proved that she can play better than anyone you've already got, simply because you've got a personal grudge against her—"

"Yes, rather!"

"Give her a chance!" cried Frances Frost.

"Diana! Diana!"

And then, in a moment, there was commotion. Quite suddenly the question of playing Diana became the most insistent in the room. They wanted Diana. Diana had humbled herself. Diana had said she was sorry. She had done the sporting thing. Silly to say there was no place for her in the team. Clara was just being spiteful.

"Girls," pleaded Barbara Redfern.

"Girls! Chumps, listen to me!"

"We want Diana!" cried Lydia.

"Diana for the team!"

"But look here—"

"Will you give me a hearing?"

hooted Clara Trevlyn.

"Yes. Tell us that you'll play Diana!"

"I won't!"

"Then jolly well resign!" shouted Freda Ferriers. "Let's have someone who knows her job!"

Clara clenched her hands. Her face was red. Stubbornly she faced the storm, while Babs, Mabs, Marjorie Hazeldene, Janet Jordan, Leila Carroll and Jean Cartwright gathered about her. Then suddenly from among the crowd a hiss sounded.

Clara's eyes flashed.

"Who did that?"

Hiss-s-s! came the voice again, and then Freda Ferriers gave a yell.

"Here, it wasn't me!"

But Clara had seen. White as chalk her face became. She took one tempestuous stride forward.

"Clara!" cried Babs.

"Clara," pleaded Marjorie—"Clara, don't!"

But Clara flung off the detaining hand of her chum. Relentlessly she strode towards Freda. One hand gripped the other's shoulder. Diana rushing forward, suddenly interposed, however.

"Here, no bullying!"

"Don't interfere!" Clara panted.

She flung out an arm, catching Diana in the chest. It was not a heavy push, nor was it forcible. On another occasion Diana would have hardly finched. She would, in all probability, have pushed back.

But Diana was grinding a different axe this time.

She gave a gasp as though she had been struck a violent blow. She staggered back, falling against Bridget O'Toole. Bridget, caught off her balance, went down with a bump, Diana sprawling on top of her.

"Arrah!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Clara!"

But Clara was not looking. She was not even conscious of what had happened to Diana. She had Freda by the shoulder now.

"You awful little trouble-monger!" she rasped. "For two pins I'd shake you!"

"Help—help!" shrieked Freda.

"Yoicks!" Diana gasped. "Drag her off, somebody!"

There was a rush at once. But it was a rush that died almost as soon as it had commenced. As Freda let out a fresh shriek the door opened. A majestic figure strode into the room.

A quick whisper "Cave!" hissed from the lips of someone. Immediately every girl in the room became rooted to the spot.

Clara, hands still on Freda's shoulders, turned her head. Diana, on the floor, gave a gasp and staggered to her feet.

Then Miss Primrose sailed in.

"Clara," she cried, "release that girl at once! Bridget, what are you doing there?"

Diana, rubbing her hip, rose to her feet. Bridget, pulling a face, staggered up after her, while Clara, her face brick red in colour, bit her lip.

"Clara!" Miss Primrose cried sharply.

"I—!" stammered Clara.

"Oh, it's all right!" Diana said coolly. "Clara didn't mean to let herself go, did you, old top? She just forgot herself for a moment, Miss Primrose."

"Indeed!"

Another murmur arose. Really, the Form thought, considering Diana had been one of Clara's victims, it was jolly

decent of her to intervene on her enemy's behalf.

But the explanation did not mollify Miss Primrose.

"Thank you, Diana, I did not ask you to interfere!" she said, with asperity. "It is quite evident that Clara was letting herself go, as you term it. Freda—"

Freda whimpered.

"Yes, Miss Primrose?"

"You were engaged in a disgraceful struggle with Clara."

"No, Miss Primrose; I wasn't," Freda said tearfully. "It was Clara who went for me. Then—then Diana tried to interfere, and Clara pushed Diana on the floor."

"Sneak!" cried Leila Carroll.

"Leila, you will refrain from interrupting," Miss Primrose frowned. "And, for doing so, you will take fifty lines. Clara, is this true?"

Clara shifted uncomfortably.

"You were bullying Freda?"

Clara flushed.

"No, I wasn't. She—she hissed me."

"I didn't!" Freda whimpered.

"I see," Miss Primrose's eyes glinted. "I have had cause, Clara," she said heavily, "to remonstrate with you before for allowing your temper to run away with you. I do not approve of this sort of horseplay in the Common-room. I have already received a report from Miss Wright that you provoked an uproarious scene in the Fourth Form dormitory last night. The punishment you received then should have been a warning to you. Since," Miss Primrose added, "it has apparently failed in that purpose, you will write out two hundred times, Clara: 'I must remember to keep my temper.'"

And Miss Primrose, with a warning glance at the rest of the Form, and a severe frown in Clara's direction, swept out of the room.

She left a red-faced, glum Tomboy behind her, and Diana, who was chucking with secret satisfaction.



Diana's Latest Dodge

BUT that by no means was the last Clara Trevlyn heard of the incident.

Long after the headmistress had departed, there were mutters. Strange glances were cast towards the Tomboy of the Fourth. Even some of Clara's own supporters looked at her askance. They felt that Diana, on the whole, had behaved very charmingly.

Clara, on the other hand, it seemed, was simply showing up badly. There were some—like Rosa Rodworth and Brenda Fallace, Lucy Morgan and Eleanor Storke—who, so far having taken no part in this new feud between the Tomboy and the Firebrand, went openly to Diana's side.

All of which, of course, pleased the Firebrand immensely. Diana was satisfied. She had resolved to make Clara Trevlyn sit up. In her most aggravating mood, she had determined to lose no opportunity of making Clara's life a burden to her. Even so, Clara wouldn't have her in the team, wouldn't she? Diana grinned. At this rate, Clara would have no voice in the matter. At this rate, Clara herself wouldn't be in the team.

And her support in the Form was growing. If only she played her cards well—

Clara, meantime, was glum. She knew the game Diana was playing. Diana, of course, was just having her revenge. Had Clara had better control of her feelings she would have refused to have fallen into Diana's trap. But that was Clara's weakness. When her anger or her sense of fair play was roused Clara was very apt to say or do the very first thing which occurred to her.

And both anger and fair play were aroused now. Helpless before the greater cunning and trickery of Diana, Clara just had to let off steam. Realisation of the way in which Diana had made her the victim of her plot, the knowledge that the Form judged her, that she was losing support, brought out every stubborn strain in Clara.

But worse than that was the punishment which Miss Primrose had administered.

"I won't do the beastly lines!" she vowed in Study No. 7 later. "I won't! I wasn't bullying Freda. I didn't push Diana. That cat simply made that up."

"But, Clara—" Marjorie said worriedly.

"Clara, old thing—" Janet Jordan said.

"I won't! Why should I do them?" And Clara flung round bitterly. "That cat's just getting the Form on her side! She's mad with me because I won't include her in the team, and, having got Lydia & Co. to back her up—well—" She sat down, scowling across the table. "I'm not standing for it!"

Marjorie looked quite worried. Janet, more practical, shook her head. She rose from the table, went across the room, got Clara's fountain-pen and some paper, and placed it in front of her.

"Come on, old thing, get on with it," she urged.

"But—" "Yes, we know; it is rotten and all that," Janet sympathised. "But nobody who really knows you believes it, Clara. Don't you see, by kicking over the traces like this, you're just asking for Diana's trouble? You're just playing Diana's game. And supposing—supposing—" Janet paused—"you don't do the lines."

"Well, I'm not!" "But you are!" Janet informed her. "What's Primmy going to do? She won't give you lines next time, old kid; she'll just detain you. And supposing," she added seriously, "she detained you on Saturday!" Clara's eyes gleamed.

"You mean I'd be kept out of the match?"

"Yes!" "And Diana would go in the team?" "Don't you think," Janet asked, "that that's what she's playing for?" "Give me that pen," Clara said grumpily.

And without further ado she started on her lines.

She wrote swiftly. But 200 lines are not done in five minutes, and Clara was not a patient writer. When call-over came she had only done half of them.

"Well, I'll do the rest to-morrow," she said.

She went to bed. Diana, still pursuing her own tactics, grinned at her sympathetically from the other side of the dorm.

"Hallo, Clara, old thing! Done your lines?"

Clara did not reply. "Rather rough, wasn't it?" Diana asked sympathetically. "I mean—200! Still, you did rather let your temper

run away with you—like I did." She paused. "Clara—"

"Oh, shut up!" Clara grunted. "All right," Diana looked hurt, however. "I was going to offer to help you with the lines; but if that's the way you take it—"

She shrugged, climbing into bed. But again she had made an impression. Girls looked rather admiringly at Diana, rather frowningly at Clara. What a sulky thing she was!

Clara's lips compressed, however. She was not deceived. Nor, for that matter, were Babs and Mabs and Leila and Jemima, who knew Diana in some moods rather better than she knew herself.

But it was impossible to argue the point. Any attempt to put Diana in bad light would most certainly have aroused the ire of one section of the Form at least. But there was no doubt that Diana was playing her cards well—and cunningly, too.

But she was Diana. But not so pleased, perhaps, when, next morning, Miss Charmant, the pretty mistress of the Fourth Form, called upon Clara Trevlyn to stand up. Diana gleefully anticipated fresh trouble for the Tomboy then.

Instead, however, Miss Charmant said, with a smile:

"I really must congratulate you and your team, Clara, upon your excellent victory yesterday! I sincerely hope you will get through it the semi-final."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Charmant!" Clara said, flushing.

Miss Charmant laughed.

"We are all keenly interested in you now," she went on. "I have been talking with the headmistress, Clara. I pointed out to her that it is rather necessary for you get some extra practice."

Clara's eyes lit up.

"And she has very kindly given permission to my request that you should take the first period of afternoon lessons off for extra training," Miss Charmant said.

What a buzz then! Clara, her face a fiery red, sat down. Mabs looked at Leila and nudged her. Leila grinned at Janet Jordan, and Janet ecstatically dug Rosa Bodworth in the ribs.

A lesson off—for extra practice! What a feather in their caps!

The Cliff House hockey eleven glowed.

But, needless to say, their pleasure was not shared by the rest of the Form. Girls who were not in the hockey team looked enviously at those who were; some looked sulky, some looked bitter.

All very well, Lydia Crossendale sneered, for that crowd to get off scot-free, when the rest of the Form must grind away at mouldy mathematics! Even though most of them were as good at hockey as the rest of the team, they were not allowed time off!

Sickening, the state of things at Cliff House when studies were passed over for the sake of the school's sport!

Not many, of course, listened to Lydia's spiteful comments; but not many outside the eleven itself were pleased. Perhaps it was only natural that other girls should feel envious.

It would not have been so bad, Matilda Tattersall grumbled, if the first lesson of the afternoon was not hated mathematics. But for them to get off a lesson like that—

Only Diana of them all never seemed to turn a hair. Certainly she frowned a little when the announcement was made; but immediately, as though some idea had dawned behind her blonde curls, she smiled.

At morning break she approached Clara.

"Of course," she said, "you'll want me to turn out this afternoon?"

"Of course," Clara said tartly, fiercely pleased to get a dig back at the Firebrand, "I shall not!"

"You're sure?" Diana asked.

"Positive!"

"Thanks!"

And with a smile that rather made Clara wonder what new dodge the Firebrand was getting up to, Diana walked away.

She went straight to Study No. 1, where Lydia Crossendale and Freda Ferriers were in conclave. Lydia glanced up as she entered. She looked far from pleased.

"Hallo, Diana! Come in!" she said cordially. "Well, what do you think of the latest?"

Diana laughed. "I think it's a very good thing," she said.

"What?"

"Well, don't you? After all, the first lesson is maths, and maths, I think we all agree, is a very good thing to get out of. I've just been speaking to Clara, you know; she says that I'm not to turn out."

Lydia blinked.

"Well"—Diana shrugged—"I think,"

she said, "that I'm entitled to turn out. If opinion in the Form is anything to go by, I should be in the hockey team on Saturday. After all, the team list hasn't been posted yet, so I consider, until it is, that I'm entitled to count myself in the eleven."

Lydia frowned.

"But I don't see—"

"Don't you?" Diana shrugged.

She took a seat on the arm of the settee, and nonchalantly crossed her legs. "As a possible member of the team," she added carefully, "I'm naturally entitled to practise. Right! Clara's denied me the right of practising with the real eleven, just out of spite."

"I can't be blamed, therefore, if I make my own arrangements, can I? And seeing," Diana added, with a composure that took Lydia & Co.'s breath away, "that I can't very well practise hockey on my own, I'm entitled to get other girls in the Form to help me."

"Oh, my great Aunt Sally!" Lydia gasped, and stared at Diana as if she was not real. "You don't mean to say—"

"I do! Why not? That's why I'm here. I want you, Lydia, and you, Freda, and Nancy Bell and Gwen Cook—and about two or three others to back me up. The Clara fixture is fixed for two o'clock on Junior Side. I'm arranging mine for the same time on Senior Side. Lydia, I'll leave you to get the crowd together, and if there are any rustions, leave it all to me—I'll take the blame. Savvy?"

Lydia did. She grinned admiringly.

"My hat! What a nerve!" she chortled. "Leave it to me, Diana!"

"WELL, MY only giddy aunt!" she gasped Clara Trevlyn.

"Look who's come here!"

"Diana!"

The eleven girls on Junior Side stood in flabbergasted amazement. And well they might!

For it was two o'clock at Cliff House, and by all the rules and laws of the school every girl except their privileged selves should have been in class, assembling for lessons.

In great glee and with great enthusiasm they were preparing to bully-

off, when out of the School House trooped seven girls.

Seven girls, headed by a smiling, fresh-faced Diana, each dressed in hockey garments, each with a stick under her arm.

They stood and stared.
"Well, my hat! Diana!" Babs cried.

Diana stopped.
"Well?" she said haughtily.
"What are you doing?"
"What," Diana asked, "does it look as if we're doing? We're going to practise."

"Hockey?"
"Well, you don't think we brought hockey sticks to play rounders, do you?"

Babs flushed.
"But you haven't permission."
"Your mistake—we have! At least," Diana informed her, "I have. But that's our business, you know. We're not going to interfere with you. Just carry on. Though," she added, while Lydia Crossendale beside her grinned, "if you really want to see how hockey should be played, come over on to Senior Side and get a few tips."

"But—"
"This way, girls!" Diana cried.
And the seven, in a chortling, triumphant group, filed serenely on their way.

"Well, I guess that just about beats the old brass band," Leila Carroll opined. "How did Diana wangle that, I'd like to know? Kinder guess that girl has her wits about her."
"But it's funny," said Rosa Rodworth.

"Well, funny or not, it makes no difference to us," Clara said shortly. "I suppose the silly idiot must have permission, otherwise she'd never risk it. Still, come on! Brenda, get into goal! Babs, you stand here—"
And practice commenced.



Trouble Brewing

MISS BULLIVANT jumped. She stared at the half-empty class-room, and jumped again.

Miss Bullivant, notoriously sour-tempered, was not in the best of humours.

Miss Bullivant was maths mistress at Cliff House, and in Miss Bullivant's opinion maths was the most important subject on earth.

Unathletic herself, Miss Bullivant had no earthly use for games and sports, and secretly deplored the fact that such were countenanced at Cliff House School.

It had put Miss Bullivant in a real "pet" to learn that eleven members of the Fourth Form were granted leave of absence from her cherished lesson that afternoon. That, she told herself bitterly, was enough to upset the equilibrium of any mathematics mistress. But to find eighteen of them gone—
"Marcelle!" she snapped.
"Oui, Miss Bullivant?"

"Marcelle Biuet, the little French girl of the Fourth Form, stood up.
"I am aware—I am aware," Miss Bullivant repeated, with sour steeliness, "that Clara Trevlyn and ten other girls have been given permission to neglect their studies for this period in order to indulge in a foolish athletic game.

"But I certainly have not been informed that seven other girls have had leave to absent themselves also. Where is Diana Royston-Clarke? Where is Lydia Crossendale and Freda Ferriers? Where is Gwen Cook and Nancy Bell? Where is Frances Frost and Matilda Tattersall?"

"If you plis, Miss Bullivant, I do not know," Marcelle replied unhappily.
"Thank you! Sit down! Bessie Bunter, stop gazing out of the window. Perhaps," she added sarcastically, "you can shed a light on this mystery?"

"Eh?" Bessie came to herself with a start. "Please, Miss Bullivant, the answer is three, subtracted by two and a half."

"What?"
"Oh crumbs! Weren't you asking me to do a sum?"

"I was not," Miss Bullivant said grindingly. "I was asking you if you were aware of what had happened to Diana Royston-Clarke."

"Oh!" said Bessie, and her face cleared. "Well, they're playing hockey, you know. At least, Bessie said, 'they are out on Senior Side. Not, of course,' she added hastily, 'that I was looking at them through the window.'"

The eyes of Miss Bullivant seemed to snap. One glare she gave Bessie, one quick step she took towards the window. Then her face flamed.

"Peggy Preston!" she rapped.

"Yes, Miss Bullivant?"

"Take charge of the class while I am absent."

"Yes, Miss Bullivant!" Peggy stut-tered.

She stepped out. Miss Bullivant, in perfect fury, flung off to the head-mistress's study.

Miss Primrose looked up, astonished at her entry.

"Miss Bullivant?"

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," Miss Bullivant said, controlling her anger; "but I wish to know, Miss Primrose, if you have given more than eleven girls permission to absent themselves from lessons this afternoon?"

Miss Primrose looked surprised.

"Why, most certainly not!"

"Then are you aware," Miss Bullivant got out, "that there are eighteen girls of the Fourth Form practising hockey at this moment?"

"What?"

"Look for yourself, Miss Primrose!"

Miss Primrose rose. She looked. Her face became stormy.

"Good gracious," she cried, "is it possible that those girls can have mischievously misinterpreted my orders, Miss Bullivant? Please get them in—get them all in—at once. I will come to the Form-room later."

"Yes, Miss Primrose," Miss Bullivant said, and with a glimmer in her eyes, she strode off.

THE ATMOSPHERE in the Fourth Form class-room was the atmosphere that precedes a thunderstorm. In grim, inimical silence Miss Primrose stood before the class.

She faced a class, some members of which were trying not to laugh, some of which were furious and aggrieved. For, of course, the hockey practice, both for Clara Trevlyn and Diana Royston-Clarke, had been completely curtailed. Furious indeed was the Cliff House eleven, considering that. More furious than any of them was Clara Trevlyn.

"Clara," Miss Primrose said, "stand up!"

Seething, Clara stood up.
"You had permission this afternoon to take ten girls, and ten girls only, to hockey practice."

"I only took the team, Miss Primrose."

"Indeed? Then can you explain—"
"Excuse me, Miss Primrose!" Diana demurely rose. "Please don't ask Clara to explain. She could hardly explain without involving me, you see, and I'm sure she wouldn't like to sneak." She smiled sweetly. "If there was a mistake, it was mine."

"Yours?"
"Yes, Miss Primrose!" Diana looked as if butter itself wouldn't melt in her mouth. "It's like this," she added chattily. "Naturally, I considered that I should be included in the team on Saturday. Half the Form thought so, too. I asked Clara, Miss Primrose, if she would like me to train with the team, and Clara said no. But as I felt that I was bound to be called upon, I considered myself within my rights in going out. Clara, however, refused to leave me practise with the rest of the team, and as I couldn't very well practise on my own, I invited six other girls to practise with me."

"I hope," she added demurely, "you do not think I have done wrong. After all—"

The Form gasped. The nerve of the girl!

"Thank you; sit down!" Miss Primrose's face relaxed. "You had no authority, Diana, to do what you did. You should have sought permission."

"Yes, Miss Primrose. But none of the others sought permission," Diana said glibly.

There was a titter. Miss Primrose looked a little nonplussed.

"You say you are a member of the team?"

"I considered myself so—yes," Diana answered calmly.

"You had no official intimation from Clara?"

"No, Miss Primrose. But neither," Diana answered carefully, "had anyone else. The other girls who have played in the Lantham match took it for granted, you see. I thought I could take it for granted, too. Most of the Form, you see, expect me to play—"

"Yes, rather!" Lydia Crossendale supported, and an approving murmur went round.

"You had no right, all the same, to take the law into your own hands, Diana."

"No, Miss Primrose. I see that now," Diana shook her head regretfully. "But I was in need of extra training, too, you know. And if I'm going to play—"

Clara clenched her teeth. She could stand it no longer.

"She's not going to play!" she cried.

"And she jolly well knew all the time she wasn't going to play. I told her so. She did that on purpose to mess up our practice."

Miss Primrose frowned.

"Clara?"

"Please, Miss Primrose, don't be hard on Clara," Diana begged.

"Please refrain from interpolating," Miss Primrose said, but her gaze was not unkindly. "I do not quite," she said, "understand this." Diana apparently was confident that she was to be selected for the team—

"She wasn't!" burst out Clara hotly.

"Indeed?" Miss Primrose's eyebrows went up. "I am not in the habit of interfering with your affairs, Clara, but I must say that this strikes me as odd. I was certainly under the impression, from what I have seen and from the talk I have heard, that Diana

was one of the most capable hockey players in the Lower School."

Clara bit her lip.
"You agree with that, Clara?"
"Yes, I agree all right," Clara said furiously, and her gaze, full of bitterness, fastened upon Diana. "But I'm not putting her in the team, Miss Primrose, and she jolly well knows it!"

"Indeed, why?"
"Because," put in Lydia Crossendale, "she's got a down on her. She's afraid Diana will show her up!"

"Lydia, you will take fifty lines for interrupting!" Miss Primrose frowned, but she stared a little. "Clara, I hope this is not true?"

"No!"
"Then how—?"
"I—I'm afraid I can't explain," Clara replied, flushing. "I can only say I've got a very good reason. And Diana knows."

"No, do not like Diana?"
"No, I jolly well don't!"
"That is enough—quite enough!" Miss Primrose said. "Clara, sit down!"

But Clara wasn't going to sit down. Baffled, Clara was in her most stubborn mood now. Diana had cunningly worded the conversation to put her in the worst possible light. Diana should not succeed. All the fighting blood of the Trevlyns boiled.

"Miss Primrose—"
"Clara, I repeat, sit down!"
"I won't!" Clara hardly knew what she was saying. "You've got to hear the truth!"

"Clara!" gasped Marjorie.
"Clara, you are now being insulting," Miss Primrose said. "I tell you to sit down! You will obey—this instant! Furthermore, you will not say another word. I have already given you two hundred lines. To that you will add another two hundred. Another word, another single word, and I shall detain you on Saturday."

Clara collapsed.
"As for you, Diana, I am not altogether satisfied with your explanation. I cannot overlook your offence, even though you may have felt there was some justification. You will take fifty lines."

"And—and the practice, Miss Primrose?" Rosa Rodworth gasped.

"The practice," Miss Primrose said. "It will not take place. Clara, I shall expect those lines before breakfast to-morrow morning."

Clara bit her lip. She had to bite it hard. In that moment Clara was afraid of herself.



Hard Lines

SCRATCH! Scratch! Scratch!
Clara Trevlyn wrote furiously. Scratch, scratch, scratch!
Three hundred lines. She straightened her back. One desperate look she gave at the clock on the mantelpiece, and bent her back again. How

she hated it; how she fumed at having to do it. Diana's fault! Diana—

There, another page done, thank goodness! Have to buck up. Soon be bed-time. Still another seventy lines to do, though, before she finished—and Clara groaned.

But she stuck it. No help for it. The threat of detention was enough for Clara. At whatever cost, she vowed grimly, she was not going to be detained. Giving her enemy the laugh, and, perhaps, into the bargain, giving her her place.

Scratch, scratch! Twenty more. She was breathing heavily now. Her back ached, her wrist and hand felt cramped and stiff. Thank goodness Marjorie and Janet, out of consideration for her, had gone to keep Babs and Mabs company in Study No. 4.

The door opened. Clara, glancing up, saw Bessie Bunter's fat frame in the doorway.

"Well, Fatima?" she asked.
"Nun-nearly finished?" Bessie asked.
"Nearly. Another fifty and I'm through," Clara grinned. "Shut the door, there's a good kidlet."

Bessie paused, however.
"B-Babs sent me along," she said. "She says that you mum-might like some of the chestnuts we're roasting in Study No. 4. They're ripping, you know. And—" Bessie's eyes glittered. "Can't you save the lines, Clara?"

"No, old girl. Sorry. I'll be along later."

Bessie blinked.
"Kik-can I help you?" she volunteered generously.

"No thanks, old top, you just buzz off. That'll help me most."
Bessie sighed. She glanced sympathetically at the tousled head as it was downcast. She retired, passing Diana as she came down the passage, with a frigid nod of the head.

Diana, however, only grinned.
But Diana had seen Bessie come out of Clara's study. Diana, indeed, had overheard some of that conversation. In merry mood was Diana, and guessing that Clara was doing her lines, had been on her way to chip in. She loved to irritate Clara, perhaps causing another scene, and more trouble for the Tomboy.

Now, however, she paused. A sudden idea seized her.

Clara had nearly finished those lines, had she?

She chuckled suddenly. She could imagine the anguish which had accompanied that labour on the Tomboy's part. Her eyes gleamed suddenly. Clara was supposed to have those lines—the whole four hundred of them—in by to-morrow morning.

Supposing—
Diana hugged herself then for the sudden brainwave which came to her. Quickly she looked up and down the passage. No one about. She stepped forward, rapping sharply at Clara's door.

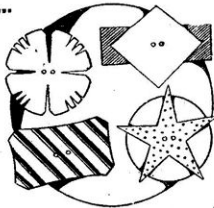
"Hallo, come in!" the voice of the Tomboy answered her.

"Clara!" And Clara inside looked up, for the voice which reached her ears was the voice of Stella Stone, captain of the school. "You are wanted on the telephone—urgently. Be quick, please, your caller is waiting."

Clara, in the study, frowned. She put down her pen. Who the dickens, she thought—and unsuspectingly went to the door and looked out. Of Stella Stone there was no sign. Not that Clara worried about that, for very often a prefect delivered her message from the

BUTTONS—FROM OLD CORK MATS

Nothing makes a frock or coat look so distinctive as gay buttons. And the more original, the better.



HAVE you ever noticed a frock that looks quite plain—except for just a little something? I'm sure you have. At first you're not at all sure what it is that catches your eye—and then you look again.

As sure as Fate, it's something quite small—possibly the buttons. It is things like belts and buttons and collars and cuffs that do more to give a dress that "cost the earth" look than anything else.

So I've planned some novel buttons for you—made from old cork mats.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN DESIGN

There is no end to the designs you can evolve—particularly if you are one of those people who excel at art. But if you're not very inventive, don't worry—just copy the styles here instead.

The top left-hand button is a homely flower pattern—ideal for a simple frock. Painted white, it would look splendid on navy blue.

And cork holds paint so well, too. (I think you'll find a sharp penknife is the best way of cutting up an old cork mat—after you have sketched out your design on the surface.)

The diamond and star-shaped button on the right would look nice with two matching companions sewn down the front of a frock.

You'll require a straight strip of cork and a diamond piece glued over this to make it.

Paint the background one colour and the front another—to make the button really chic.

Simplicity is the keynote of the bottom left-hand button. This would look charming on a jersey or a summery frock. Cut it out of the cork mat to the size you like, copying the pattern here.

Then paint across it stripey lines to contrast or match whatever you intend wearing it with.

The cheerful starfish-looking button on the right would look charming on a new frock.

I can imagine the star painted in blue or red, and little splashes of gold paint dotted over it. The back circle would look adorable in gold to match.

Wouldn't three or six of these buttons look charming on a very best frock made of silk or velveteen!

Anyhow, do try them next time you catch mother throwing away some old cork mats. I'm sure she'll love to think you're making such good use of them.

Be careful with the sharp penknife, too—won't you? And don't forget to return it. You know what brothers are about penknives!

corridor outside, without troubling to enter the room.

She went off.

But as soon as she had gone the door of Study No. 10, farther up the passage, opened. The face of Diana Royston-Clarke looked out. Another moment, and she had crept silently down the corridor, pushed open the door of Study No. 7, gathered the lines off the table, and flew back to her own study. With a gleeful laugh she put them on the table.

"Done her!" she chuckled.

Her heart glowed. Here was a score off the Tomboy, indeed. No earthly chance for Clara to do another four hundred before breakfast—and wouldn't there be a riot when Miss Primrose asked for them.

Primmy had, thanks to her, put Clara in her black books. Primmy had threatened, if she had another complaint, that she would detain her. She would remember those lines.

Diana chuckled again.

But Clara's lines also reminded her that she, too, had an imposition. Not she to get on the wrong side of Primmy, not now. She saw now that if she played her cards well—if only Clara was

booked for a detention, she had a rosy chance of getting into the team. Oh, yoicks, wouldn't that be a smack at Clever Clara!

In a thorough good humour, Diana sat down to write her lines. Absently she pulled Clara's imposition paper towards her. She wrote her name, the date; she wrote the first half-dozen lines before, with a jump, she checked herself. "What on earth was she doing? Not like her to make a silly mistake like that. She was writing on one of the still blank sheets of Clara's impost."

"Di, my girl!" she frowned at herself.

Better put temptation out of the way. In any case, Clara herself might cry in at any moment. Once she found her impost gone, there would be ructions, Diana guessed. The Tomboy might guess, and if she found the lines in her study—

Very quickly Diana rose. She looked reflectively at the fire.

No, burning paper took a long time to consume, and left telltale evidence. Acting on a sudden impulse, she slipped the sheet between the pages of her latest fashion paper, and laid it aside

on the stool near the fireplace, with the others.

The she settled down to write her own lines.

Clara, meantime, in great puzzlement, had gone to the prefects' room. Nobody was there, but to her amazement the receiver was not dangling from its hook. Some nosy prefect must have found it hanging loose and hung it up again, she thought.

She rang the exchange.

"No, Miss Trevlyn, I cannot trace a call for you," the voice at the other end of the wire said. "No, not at all."

"But I tell you—" Clara said exasperatedly.

"I'm sorry, miss."

Clara hung up the receiver. She was fuming now. She turned, and then she stared. In the doorway stood Stella herself.

"Clara, who gave you permission to use that phone?"

Clara blinked.

"Er—"

"You are aware—"

"Yes, I know, but—" Clara stared at her dazedly. "You told me yourself that somebody wanted me."

"I certainly did not!" Stella replied, with asperity. "Really, Clara! However, never mind. I have no time to waste.

Georgina Skeppington of the Fifth Form has been taken ill, and the doctor said he can't get over to the school because his car has broken down. I want you to go and see Mr. Merryweather, and tell him to take Miss Primrose's car to Dr. Longmore immediately. Buck up, now!"

Clara, at that, forgot her lines. Forgot her puzzlement. Georgina ill! Georgina was rather a friend of Tomboy's.

All consternation at once, she tripped off to find Mr. Merryweather, and after ten minutes search ran him to earth in Piper's lodge. She returned just as bell was ringing for supper.

Too late, then, she remembered her lines!

"Oh, my hat!" she groaned. But no time to go to the study now. She must present herself in the dining-room with the rest of the Form.

She groaned as she thought of the other fifty to do, and no earthly chance of finishing them to-night.

From supper girls went straight into Big Hall for call-over, and from call-over were marched straight off to bed during the winter term. Rotten hard luck, the Tomboy unhappily reflected. Still, never mind. She'd get up early to-morrow and do them.

Get up early she did. But when she went to her study her heart leapt. For the table on which she had left her lines was empty.

Where had they gone?



LITTLE AIDS TO BEAUTY

Good Looks are made up of so many little things—yet how important they are.

YOU must often have noticed girls who somehow always manage to look serenely lovely even under the most hectic circumstances? And yet you might not even call them pretty if you studied them feature by feature.

How do they do it?

I think I can tell you. The secret is good-grooming, and this is made up of the little things of beauty.

HAIR is probably the most important. If yours is the kind that looks as if you've been pulled through a bush backwards, don't deceive yourself into thinking it looks rather gloriously carefree.

Instead, try getting your unruly waves into a semblance of order. A touch of brilliantine—your brother's will do—or a little setting lotion, will work wonders.

On the other hand, if your hair's the oily variety, a dry shampoo once a week will keep it fresh and soft while awaiting its washing.

HANDS.—How these matter! Smooth and soft they must always be. You can't always help their colour, for this depends so much on one's health. But wearing gloves all the time out of doors is one way of taking care of them, and careful drying another.

NAILS must be spotless—always. Yes, I insist on this. Hands will get grubby from various causes, but nails must never suffer. A little

orange stick carried in your pocket will solve this problem for you—and can be brought into use as many times a day as you like. Just a smoothing under the nail's tip and the dirt will vanish. (You can actually wash the orange stick, too!)

LEGS matter, too—whether they're like a chorus girl's or merely legs. Stockings must have straight seams and really fit. Then even the most unbecoming will not evoke comment.

FEET.—Light, dainty feet that have a spring in the walk are another part of good looks. Stockings that are frequently washed, and shoes that are well cleaned, are essential. Down-at-heel shoes are one of the "little things" that mar a well-groomed appearance.

GLOVES.—"You can always tell a lady by her gloves," was once a favourite saying. We forget it now, but the fact remains that peeping fingers and hanging buttons do spoil a pretty girl.

WELL PRESSED CLOTHES.—however old, always look smart. Buttons that are tight, buckles that are trim, and pockets that do not bulge—all are signs of the girl who takes an interest in her appearance.

They are all "little things"—but they matter, every one!



The Turn of the Tide

"WHAT?"

"No!"

"It can't be true!"

If a bomb had exploded in the Fourth Form at Cliff House, consternation could not have been greater.

But true it was! The news came out after breakfast. Clara Trevlyn had failed to do the imposition which Miss Primrose had given her, and was detained for the match on Saturday.

Useless for Clara to argue. Useless for her to protest that she had done



"If you want to see how hockey should be played, come over and get a few tips," Diana said airily. Clara and her chums looked bewildered. Had Diana received permission to practice with a rival team?

them. Miss Primrose, keeping a very wary eye indeed upon the Tomboy, had refused to accept any excuse. She had warned Clara fairly, she said. Clara must take the penalty.

Gloom descended upon Babs & Co. It was the gloom of despair. Diana, Lydia & Co., however, were chortling with glee. They chortled still louder when later that day it was learned that a certain visit to the headmistress by Barbara Redfern and several of Clara's supporters had failed, and that Clara's detention was confirmed.

Clara was fuming. Clara was wild with rage—and with passion. "I won't be detained!" she stormed. "I won't! I'll be expelled first!"

But that attitude did not help. As Babs pointed out, whether she suffered the detention or not, she most certainly would not be allowed to play in the match.

"But, I tell you, I did the lines!" Clara hooted. "Well, you didn't give them to Primmy."

"Because I couldn't find them. Somebody must have decoyed me away with that fake message. Somebody got into my study and grabbed those lines. Diana, was it you?"

Diana shrugged. "Aren't you rather tired," she asked, "of settling every blame upon my shoulders?"

"Yes, rather! Be a sport," Lydia chimed in.

It made no impression on the Fourth. Some of them were, truth to tell, a little disgusted. They considered that Diana had played up like a sportsman since the unfortunate incident of the Lantham match. They considered that Clara had her knife in the Firebrand. If anything was required to strengthen Diana's hold upon the favour of the Form, that was it.

But Clara was still convinced. Only one girl could have done it—and wasn't that just too Diana-ish a trick?

But Clara, whatever her convictions,

could prove nothing. Diana was not to be shaken. Glowering but helpless, she saw her fate in front of her.

On Thursday, by the unanimous vote of the sports committee, Barbara Redfern was made captain in her place, and later that day, at a meeting of the sports committee, the team was picked.

Clara, as a delinquent, was deprived of all privileges, and therefore took no part in the meeting which selected the team.

At that meeting only the voices of Barbara Redfern and her sister Doris and Mary Treherne were raised in condemnation of Diana. The others—Frances Frost, Ida Jackson, Rosa Rodworth, and the Hon. Beatrice Beverley—supporting the cause of Diana, were victorious. Diana, therefore, was in the team.

How Diana gleed at that! How Lydia Crossendale & Co. crowed! But Clara's cup of bitterness was filled to overflowing.

Even Bessie, usually not demonstrative where these matters were concerned, was touched. Clara often pulled her leg, but she had been a real friend to the fat girl, and Bessie was not the one to forget the numerous good turns the Tomboy had done her.

And then at last came Saturday, with Diana gleeful, gloating, cock-a-hoop. With Babs & Co, rather stiff-lipped, and Clara, cooped up in the class-room with Savagely writing lines.

Bessie put her head in at the door. She saw Clara there.

"Clara!" she whispered.

"Go away, Bessie!" Sarah snapped. Bessie departed. She rolled disconsolately up the corridor. Diana, coming along, flushed with triumph, grinned at her.

"Hallo, Fatima! Lost someone?"

Bessie glowered.

"You cat!" she said.

"Eh?"

"You cat," Bessie said furiously.

"What about poor old Clara?"

Diana's eyes burned. "What about poor old Clara?" "You know jolly well you've bagged her place in the team!"

"Oh, piffle!" And Diana good-humouredly tripped on to her own study.

In high fettle was Diana. She was laughing with glee. Oh, this was good—good! She had won. She had beaten Clara. She was in the team! She had the chance to-day of so dazzling Cliff House that it was long odds now that she had so completely landed Clara in disgrace that they would make her captain.

Outside the coach was waiting. Girls were collecting to see her off.

"Yoicks!" grinned Diana.

In a perfect burst of glee she hurled into her study. Her bag, her gloves, where were they? Must have her gloves. Ah, there was one—but where was the other? In feverish impatience she rummaged among the papers on the stool near the fireplace. Then she turned as Bessie loomed in the doorway.

"I sus-say, Diana—"

"Scat!" Diana said.

"But I want to tell you—"

Diana whirled. She had a paper in her hand. She did not realise it, but it was the fashion paper in which she had concealed Clara's lines, and had afterwards, with characteristic carelessness, forgotten. She screwed it up in her hand.

"Beat it, Fatima!"

"But I won't, not until—!" And then Bessie gasped as a missile flew across the room and landed in the corridor outside. While Diana, with a whoop, pounced upon the missing glove and shook it out boisterously. "Lul-look here, you cat—" Bessie hooted furiously.

But Diana did not look. Out of the study she rushed, with a whoop. It may have been accident, it may have been design, but as she peered Bessie she swerved, and Bessie, catching the impact of her shoulder, with a gasp, sat down heavily in the corridor. She yelled.

"You cat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bessie sat up wrathfully. Then she jumped.

"Bessie, you foolish child! What are you doing down there? And what—?" Miss Primrose paused. She picked up something from the floor—a paper which had been screwed up, but which in its flight had become unscrewed.

Out of the paper several sheets of impot paper had fallen. The first page uppermost, boldly inscribed with Clara Trevlyn's sprawling hand, and with the date beneath it. Her eyes almost started from her head.

"Bessie, where—where did this come from?"

"Dud-Diana threw it at me, Miss Primrose."

"Then—then——" And, turning the sheet, Miss Primrose's eyes suddenly gleamed.

She stooped, helping Bessie to her feet, and then, to the fat junior's almost stupefied astonishment, went off down the corridor almost at a run.

"BYE-BYE!"

"Good luck!"

"Mind you get through the semi-final!"

"Yes, rather! Play your hardest, Diana!"

"What-ho!" gloated Diana.

It was an animated scene in Cliff House's famous old quadrangle, where the big grey coach which was to take the Cliff House semi-final team to the Courtfield ground was standing. And in the coach the driver was seated, ready to move off. Already the engine was throbbing.

Diana was in her gayest, her most reckless mood. She waved her stick merrily.

"Bye-bye! Wait till we come back! We'll be in the final right enough!"

"Good luck!"

The gear snicked home. Diana leaned back, grinning impudently at

the dark, overshadowed face of Barbara Redfern. She chuckled.

"Well, here I am, like the bad old penny," she said merrily. "Too bad about Clara, isn't it?"

"You're sure," Babs asked, "you know nothing about that?"

"Would I?" Diana mocked, "tell you if I did? On, James, and don't spare the engine!"

The coach moved forward slowly.

And then, electrifying everybody, there came a shout.

"Stop—stop! Driver, this instant, stop!"

Everybody turned. And then, as one, everybody gasped. For across the quadrangle, with all dignity gone, was Miss Primrose herself. She reached the coach and pantingly gazed up.

"Diana!"

"Yes, Miss Primrose?"

"Get out of that coach!"

Diana looked amazed.

"But I'm going to Courtfield!"

"Get out of that coach!" Miss Primrose said sharply.

Diana sulkily got out. Then she became aware of the sheaf of papers Miss Primrose was holding in her hand.

"Diana," the headmistress said sternly, "did you steal Clara Trevlyn's imposition the other day?"

Diana started.

"No; of course I didn't!"

"You're sure? Because"—and Miss Primrose's eyes glittered steely—"I have found Clara's lines in a paper which was in your study, Diana."

Diana, if taken aback, was equal to the occasion. She smiled.

"How do you know it was my paper?" she asked. "Is that it? I've never seen it before."

"No?" Miss Primrose breathed deeply. "It has your name upon it, Diana. Furthermore, in going through the lines, I discover that by some oversight you commenced upon the last sheet an imposition of your own. The

imposition bears the same date as Clara's. What have you to say to that?"

But at that, finally, the Firebrand was stumped. She looked at Miss Primrose's face, at the questioning, angry faces around her. She remembered her own carelessness, and in remembering it reviled herself bitterly for her oversight. There was no answer to that challenge. She was bowled out!

There was a pause.

"Well?" Miss Primrose snapped. "I am waiting, Diana, for your answer."

"I tell you," Diana began, and then shrugged. "Oh, well, what's the good?" she asked. "All right, I did do it. I stole the imposition—yes, I stole it because I wanted to get Clara into hot water. But that's not a criminal offence, Miss Primrose. I can still play in the match."

What a gasp went up then! How faces changed! Even those who had been admiring Diana looked non-plussed.

"Diana," said Miss Primrose, "you cannot play in the match! I forbid it! Wickedly and willingly you endeavour to deprive Clara Trevlyn of her rights. You succeeded almost in forcing me to commit an error of grave injustice. In any case," she added, "you are not wanted to play in this match. I have just received a notice from the secretary of the competition, who points out that as you have already played for Lantham, you are not eligible for this game. Diana, you will go to my study. Barbara, will you fetch Clara?"

Diana paused. For a moment her head went up. It looked as if the Firebrand even then would defy the headmistress. She glared at the faces around her—at Lydia, at Freda, at Nancy Bell and Frances Frost.

They turned their heads away. Not in that moment did they wish to be associated with Diana.

"I see!" she said, between her teeth. She turned. Without a word she strode towards the school, and, as she did so, a hiss, growing in volume, went up from the crowd.

Diana's ears burned.

"THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T CARE!"

is the intriguing title of the long, complete Cliff House School story which appears in next Saturday's SCHOOLGIRL.

And, of course, The Girl Who Doesn't Care is—Diana Royston-Clarke! Diana is down; scorned by the school, she has got herself into a truly unenviable position. But Diana doesn't mind! She continues to go her own reckless way—heedless of the consequences which her folly is certain to produce.

There is one girl at Cliff House, however, who DOES care—Margot Lantham. Margot is resolved to save Diana from her folly, for Margot has faith in Diana. And in next week's powerful story you will read how Margot, in the face of discouragement, sets out to bring the wilful Diana to her senses.

This is a fine story of school-life—a story you must read, packed with dramatic situations and bringing to a thrilling climax one of the finest series HILDA RICHARDS has ever written.

THEY BURNED even more during the next half-hour when she received that awful wiggling from Miss Primrose. They burned again when, in solitary confinement, she sat in Clara's place, doing the detention the Tomboy should have done.

While Clara, triumphant, her prestige fully restored once more, went off with the team.

They burned fiercely when later she heard the result of the match—a victory for Cliff House by three—nil, and Clara once more the heroine of the game.

But they burned most fiercely of all when, after her detention, she put her head in the Common-room that evening.

For at her entry every back simultaneously turned upon her. Only among them all was there one friendly face.

That belonged to Margot Lantham—the girl who had scored two of the goals that afternoon.

With a short, bitter laugh Diana slammed the door and went out.

No longer the dazzling, the defiant was she. She was an outcast! The Form had let her know what they thought of her.

They had virtually sent her to Coventry!

THE END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

COMPLETE NEXT SATURDAY