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THE SCHOOLGIRL

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EVERY 2^D SATURDAY

Incorporating
"SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN"



ROSA THE RECKLESS

SHE HAD BEEN REFUSED
ADMISSION TO THE
STUDIOS—BUT SHE WAS
RESOLVED TO SEE THE
SCREEN STAR

(See this week's grand long complete Cliff
House School story, featuring the "Stormy
Petrel" of the Fourth.)

This Brilliant Complete Cliff House School Story, the First of a Series,
Features Rosa Rodworth, The Girl Who Was—

Spoilt by Her MONEY!

HILDA
RICHARDS



"Money To Burn"

NO doubt that it was a ripping idea. A gorgeous idea. No doubt, either, that Cliff House School, as one girl, welcomed it with enthusiasm. The Courtfield Hospital needed funds. What better way of raising those funds than a glorious bazaar on a large scale?

"We've got," Barbara Redfern, captain of the junior school announced firmly, "to make just the biggest effort ever!"

"What-ho!" Jenima Carstairs, of the sleek Eton crop and the shining monocle supported.

"Every Form," Babs seriously went on, "is raising as much money as it can, 'tis raising as usual, has got to take the lead! Of course, we can't very well compete with the Sixth, but as far as the rest of the school is concerned, we've got to come out of this top bow-wow. Which means, my children, that we've got to open a subscription list right away."

"And there," Clara Trevlyn, the Tomboy games captain of Lower School beamed, "is my share." And she plunked down five shillings on the table of Study No. 4, in the Fourth Form

passage, where an impromptu meeting was taking place.

"And there's mine!" Mabel Lynn said, and put down another five shillings.

"And I guess I'll add this," Leila Carroll, the elegant American junior announced, and added a ten-shilling note. "Which cleans me out all but one-and-threepence—"

Babs laughed.

"And there's mine," she said, throwing a seven-and-sixpenny postal order on to the pile. "Any more now? Bessie, what about you?"

Bessie Bunter, fat, woebegone, blinked doubtfully.

"Well, you know, I've only got a threepenny-bit!"

"What, the one with the hole in it?"

"Oh, but it's not a hole, really!" Bessie protested plaintively. "Because I've filled it up with soap. But you can have it, unless," she added, with wistful hope, "one of you would like to lend me a pound or so, you know. I'll let you have it back as soon as ever my remittance arrives."

But there was no rush to take that offer. Bessie's mythical postal orders were rather too well known.

"Well, that's a start," Babs laughed, "and a jolly good start, too. Here,

ROSA RODWORTH,

as rich as she is reckless, believes that she can buy popularity—that money can make her the most talked-of girl at Cliff House. And that is the Stormy Petrel's ambition, which she sets out to achieve in a way that startles the whole School. How she fares is told in this powerful story, the first of a new series.



Mabs, give me that box. Dump this money into it. Jimmy, will you make out a collection sheet? Who's for a tour of the studies?"

"Whoopee!" cheered Clara.

Keen indeed the excitement. Though it was by no means a new thing to help the Courtfield Hospital, it certainly was a new thing to hold a bazaar, especially as that bazaar was going to take place in the grounds of Cliff House School, and the whole school granted an extra day's holiday in consequence.

"This way!" Babs cried.

She, Mabs, Leila, Bessie, Clara, and Jenima left the study in a body. Cheerfully they tramped along the corridor to Study No. 1, usually occupied by Lydia Crossendale, Freda Ferriers, and Rosa Rodworth, the stormy petrel of the Form.

A burst of laughter came from inside the study as Babs knocked. The voice of Rosa Rodworth shrilled a hearty "Come in!" In a crowd the six girls entered the study.

And then blinked.

For there were four girls in that study—its usual three occupants and a girl whom Babs had never seen before. A startlingly attractive girl, she was, her fair hair falling in close curls about a very pretty face, a merry smile upon her lips. She sat next to Rosa Rodworth at the farther end of the table, around which the four were taking tea.

But what a tea!

A three-tier cake stood in the centre of the snowy-white cloth. Dishes of fruits, of jellies, of cakes, surrounded it. In another dish was a whole lobster, gloriously garnished; a perfect monument of fragrant brown muffins, and a delicious-looking plate of salad. Bessie Bunter's mouth watered.

"Oh crumbs! I sus-say, what a ripping spread!"

Rosa laughed.

"Come to tea?" she asked pleasantly. "Welcome everybody. I'm the founder of the merry old feast. Come and make yourselves ill at my expense. But first"

—and she stood up, indicating the girl at her side with a wave of the hand—"let me introduce you, Renee," she added. "Meet Barbara Redfern, skipper of the Fourth. Babs, this is Renee Ballard, a friend I met in Paris when I was there with my father during the vac. I'm just showing her how we do things at Cliff House School."

Babs smiled as she shook the cool slim white hand extended to her.

"Welcome!" she laughed. "Staying for good, or are you only here on a visit?"

"Renee's stopping till the end of the term," Rosa volunteered. "Her pater and mine are knocking their heads together over some business deal on the Continent. I've taken her under my wing, you know. But come in! Sit down—do! Help yourselves! Sweep the merry old board if you like. There's plenty more where that came from!"

"My hat! Have you come into a fortune?" Clara gasped.

Rosa winked mysteriously.

"Perhaps I have," she replied.

Babs paused. She looked again at Renee Ballard. A nice girl, she thought—much too nice for the company in which she found herself. Babs was not friendly with Lydia Crossendale, and Freda Ferriers. Their ways lay too far apart from her own.

Only in spasms was she friendly with Rosa, who had rather too many sides to her nature, and was always too fond of trying to grab more than her fair share of the limelight to be consistent in her friendships.

But Rosa, in spite of that, had undoubted good points, and there were some aspects of her which Babs loved.

"Well, we're rather busy, you know," she demurred.

"Oh, rabbits!" Rosa scoffed. "Nobody's ever too busy to eat. And it isn't," she added, with a touch of arrogance, which could be so displeasing, "every day you get a chance to join in such a feed as this. Take your pers. Get a few more chairs, Freda."

Freda scowled.

"Look here, I'm not your servant!"

"No; but you're in debt to me," Rosa answered sweetly. "Want me to take

back the two quidlets I've just lent you?"

Freda turned red.

"But I don't see—"

"You're not asked to see. Go and get those chairs. She can grab them from your study, can't she, Babs?"

"Yes, of course! I'll give her a hand! Come on, Freda!"

Freda, with very bad grace, rose. With Babs she left. There was a scowl on her rather mean, thin features as she went along with the captain of the Fourth. Babs glanced at her queerly.

"Rosa seems rather well off," she commented.

"She is!" Freda grated bitterly. "That's why she's flinging her weight about."

Babs smiled. Hardly necessary to point that out to her. Rosa had a fin and deep-rooted conviction that money could accomplish anything. Not, indeed, that Rosa was ever short of money, except temporarily. Her father was a wealthy man, and rather too indulgent where his only daughter was concerned.

Freda, on the other hand, was as poor as the proverbial church mouse, and existed principally on loans.

They got the chairs. Back to Study No. 1 they took them. Rosa, in her most generous, her most charming mood, played hostess to perfection. The chums, having missed their own tea in the excitement of organising the bazaar, fell to with a will, surprised to find how hungry they were. Rosa laughed happily.

"Everything all right, Babs?"

"Lovely, thanks!"

"Mabs, have some of this cake—one of the Hathaway's best. It weighs five pounds. And guess," Rosa added proudly, "how much a pound it was?"

"No."

"Five shillings!" Rosa said impressively.

"Money to burn—what?" Jemima murmured.

"Well, not to burn; but I'm not short," Rosa laughed proudly. "In fact," she added, "I've got plenty at the moment. If any of you girls want a loan, just come along to me. Babs, what did you want to see me about?"

Babs laughed.

"Oh, about money!"

"Want to borrow?"

"Not exactly," Babs replied, flushing. "We're collecting for the bazaar. You've heard about it, of course." And Babs proceeded to explain. "We've got to work like anything," she added. "This is where the Fourth must come out strong."

Rosa nodded enthusiastically.

"And we jolly well will!" she said warmly.

"I think it's a lovely scheme," Renee Ballard said, speaking for the first time.

"I suppose a new girl can take part, Barbara?"

"Of course."

"Right. Then do you mind if I give this?" And Renee, to Babs' unbounded delight, pushed over a ten-shilling note.

"Oh, Renee, it's too nice of you!"

"Not at all. Please do take it!"

"Good old Renee!" Rosa chuckled.

"That's the stuff! Jolly decent sort, isn't she, Babs? Well, come on now! We're going to make this thing go with a swing! What about you, Lydia? I know you had a fiver this morning."

Lydia shrugged.

"What's the highest contribution?"

she asked of Babs.

"Well, ten shillings."

"Thanks," Lydia drawled. "Then I'll double it!" And, with an air of condescending superiority, she ostentatiously fished a pound note from her little pigskin wallet, and passed it across the table. "Put that down to me, Mabs!" she ordered disdainfully.

"The pleasure," Mabs grinned, "is entirely mine."

"And Freda?" Rosa asked.

"I'm hard up!"

"Oh, rubbish!" scoffed Rosa. "I've just lent you two quid!"

Freda looked daggers.

"But I tell you I want the money!"

"Well, borrow some more. You can have another ten bob."

Babs glanced quickly at the Stormy Petrel. Rosa must know that if she handed over another ten shillings she would never see it back. But Rosa did not seem to mind. She fished in her purse, pushing the ten shillings across the table.

"There you are! Put that down to 'Unwilling Subscriber'!" she advised,



WITH an extravagant flourish, Rosa handed over the cheque. She knew that the eyes of all were upon her, and she was glad. This was her chance to create an impression—and she was going to make the most of it!

with a scornful look at the sneak of the Forin. "Freda, that's two pounds—ten you owe me—or do you look upon it as a gift? Well, Babs, there's little me now. How much do you want from my exchequer?"

"Well, just what you can afford?"
 "Oooh! Name a sum!" Rosa said loftily.

"Well, as Lydia's given a pound—"
 "I'm asked to give more?" Rosa grinned. "Poor old Lydia! I'm sorry to take the wind out of your sails. Got a fountain-pen, anybody? Don't mind a cheque, do you, Babs?" she added casually.

Babs blinked.
 "A what?"
 "A cheque," Rosa repeated, with relish. "It was quite an unprecedented thing for a girl in the Fourth to have a cheque-book, and she knew it. 'Oh, don't stare! Yes, I've a cheque-book now, and an account at the bank. It's pater's idea. He's gone away for three months, and he's left me a sum at the bank to draw on. He says it's about time I learnt to handle my own money, and here we are!'"

And, to everybody's stupefaction, Rosa produced her cheque-book, flourished a fountain-pen, and, ostentatiously sweeping aside a plate with her arm, wrote.

"Here you are, Babs! Mind you don't smudge it," she added haughtily, and handed it over.

Babs looked at it.
 "But, Rosa, this is for five pounds!"

"Well!" Rosa asked haughtily.
 "But—but— Oh, no, we can't take it!"

"No?" Rosa flushed a little. "And why not?" she asked. "Isn't my money as good as any other? You want it, don't you?"

"Oh, crums, I didn't mean that! I mean it—it's frightfully nice and generous of you," Babs stammered; "but—well, it's an awful lot of money!"

"What's a fiver!" Rosa airily waved her head. "Don't mence! Just nothing!" she said. "Plenty more where that came from, and as you say, Babs, we've got to beat the other Fornis for it. Tell you what," she added eagerly, "if you let me know what the collection amounts to when you've got it, I'll make it up to the nearest fiver. You know—supposing it's seventeen pounds: I'll make it up to twenty."

The chums gazed at her speechlessly. Lydia's green eyes narrowed with contempt. Freda looked avaricious. Renee tempt. Freda looked eagerly, followed by a peculiar smile, which was gone, however, almost on the instant that it was born.

Rosa, of course, was showing off—showing off with the best intentions, perhaps, but, nevertheless, showing off. That was Rosa's way. Rosa liked to be in the limelight, liked to feel that she was popular. Liked to get herself talked about.

"Well, it's nice of you, Rosa, but I—I don't think we could accept that offer," Babs said.

The enthusiasm died from the Stormy Petrel's face in a flash. A sulky pout took its place.

"Why not?"
 "Well, it—it doesn't seem right, somehow. I mean to say, if your father has given you such a lot of money to take care of, you ought to take care of it, don't you think?"

"Preaching?" sneered Rosa.
 "No, of course not, but—"

"Oh, bother!" Rosa laughed. "Don't worry, Babs. When the balance is blueed, I've only got to write and tell him so—and then, hey presto! the

coffers will be filled again. Anyway, let me know."

She nodded a cool dismissal. The five, rather breathless, rose to their feet. They hardly knew whether to feel pleased, or otherwise. Certainly Rosa was launching out on an amazingly generous scale, but Babs had a guilty feeling about taking so much of her money.

They went out. No doubt that the fund had made a crashing start, thanks to the generosity of Rosa.

In great jubilation they went on down the corridor, visiting study after study. While in Study No. 1 Rosa leaned back with a contented smile.

For Rosa was pleased with herself. She felt she had made her mark. She knew very well that her generosity would be talked about—and to be talked about was the height of Rosa's ambitions.

"Renee smiled.
 "That was very generous of you, Rosa."

Rosa shook her head.
 "Oh, it's nothing!"

"But it is! It must," Renee said with a sigh, "be lovely to have such a lot of money that you can just fling it about. However much has your father placed to your account in the bank?"

"Yes, I don't know. Fifty pounds—may be sixty," Rosa shrugged carelessly.

"And what," she added with a reckless laugh, "is money made for, if not to be spent? Well, if everybody's finished we may as well pack up. Freda, you can clear up," she added. "Help yourself to anything you want. Come on, Renee! We'll have a stroll in the quad."

Renee smiled again. A peculiar smile which somehow marked her good-looking features. She made no comment, however.

As Rosa got up, she followed. The two quitted the room.

In the corridor a fat figure turned, smirked, and rolled towards them. Rosa stopped.

"Hallo, Bessie! Thought you were collecting."

"Well, I am, you know," Bessie said. "But—but I felt I had to see you. The fact is—" and Bessie blushed. "I—I wanted to put something in the box, but unfortunately I've been disappointed over a postal order."

"Meaning," Rosa asked, "you want to borrow ten bob?"

"Oh, really, Rosa—"
 "Well, here it is," and Rosa flicked a note towards her. "And mind," she added, "that you put it all in the box. Bessie Bunterkins. Tell Babs that I'll be in the Common-room in an hour's time."

She strolled on, leaving Bessie blinking at the easiness of her conquest. Renee glanced at her curiously.

"Will you get that back?"

"Probably not," Rosa shrugged. "But still—who cares? Bessie has the best of intention, but when she has money she has a knack of treating you to a couple of jam tarts and considering the debt wiped off. Still, it's good to be able to do something for the old firm," Rosa went on, meaning, as Renee very well knew, that it was good to be able to popularise herself. "You know, I feel no end keen on this bazaar stunt, Renee. Think I gave Babs & Co. a bit of a surprise, don't you?"

"I think," Renee replied, "that it was awfully nice of you, Rosa. Cliff House should be proud of you."

At which Rosa laughed again, delightedly pleased. Perhaps, however, it was fortunate for Renee Ballard that Rosa did not surprise the look upon her face at that moment. For the expression upon Renee's face certainly belied the words that fell from her lips.

If anyone, seeing Renee Ballard at that moment, had noticed that expression, they might have drawn the conclusion that Renee thought Rosa was no end of a fool, and that for some secret reason she was rather pleased that she was a fool.

And that was exactly what Renee was thinking!



—Where Others Fail?

"HOW much?"
 "Seventeen pounds, five shillings and sixpence!"
 "Oh, jolly good!"

There was a buzz in the Fourth Form Common-room of Cliff House School.

Practically every girl in the Fourth was in that room, and all were surrounding the table at which Barbara Redfern and Mabel Lynn were counting out the money, conspicuous among which was Rosa's cheque which had been collected that afternoon.

Seventeen pounds was a sum that exceeded even the most sanguine hopes.

The Fourth were jubilant. With the exception of the Sixth Form, against which they could not, of course, hope to compete, it was far and above the best aggregate in the school.

But perhaps even more than the excitement of Babs' announcement, was the interest in Rosa Rodworth. Everyone knew, of course, that it was Rosa's contribution which had made the sum jump up. It was Rosa who had made the collection of such a huge amount money to burn.

There was a sudden stir as the door opened and Rosa came in, accompanied by Renee Ballard.

"Here she is!"
 "Rosa!"
 "Good old Rosa!"

Rosa stood smiling and flushed. "Good collection, Babs?" she asked.

"Babs told her," and Bessie blushed. "I—I will, if you'll let me have that cheque, I'll make out a fresh one for the new amount."

Babs looked a little uncomfortable. She didn't want to offend Rosa, even if she did consider that Rosa was rather overdoing her generosity. But it was out of the question to allow Rosa to contribute that would be practically half of the whole Form's share.

But Renee, though she caught the look, smiled and shook her head. She made an expression as though to suggest that she had already approached Rosa on that subject and met with a rebuff.

And Rosa had her way. She wrote out the new cheque. Babs accepted it, because she must, but she felt uncomfortable in doing so.

"There you are!" Rosa said, as she handed it over. "That makes it twenty. Any more, and I'll make it up again. The question is now, what are we going to spend the money on?"

"Yes, rather!"
 "And, you know," Rosa added thoughtfully, "I think it would be a good idea if we could get some big pot of open the bazaar. Some M.P. or Harley Street specialist, or somebody like that."

The idea was good. As a matter of fact, Babs had already thought of it. But Babs' idea ran not to M.P.'s or Harley Street specialists—Babs was toyed with a personality far more glamorous, far more likely to prove an

attraction than any M.P. or specialist. For Babs was thinking of Minette Calver, the famous film star.

Like Babs, of course, to think of someone like that. For Minette Calver, if all the reports were true, was as inaccessible as a queen. A star who disliked publicity, who would never be photographed away from the screen if she could help it; whose life off the set was a complete and intriguing mystery.

Minette Calver was something of a sensation in England at the moment. Three weeks ago she had arrived in England from Hollywood, and was at the moment working out a short time contract at the Enterprise Studios near by.

The mere mention of her name in connection with the bazaar would be sufficient to bring patrons from all parts of England.

Would it be possible—somehow—to prevail upon the glamorous Minette to do this?

"Or," she suggested hesitantly, "what about Minette Calver?"

Everyone stared as if Babs had taken leave of her senses.

"Who?"

"The film star!"

"Just waste of time," Clara snifed.

"But it's the idea," Rosa said. "A jolly good idea. And anyway, why should she be so jolly hard to get. I think it's a ripping notion. As a matter of fact, I was going to suggest it myself. Look here, Babs, you leave it to me. I'll get her for you."

Babs smiled.

"Thanks, I'd already thought it out," she said. "If anyone is to do the job, that girl is Mabs. Miss Calver once played in a film that Mabs' father wrote."

Rosa glared.

"Well, will she take any notice of Mabs because of that?"

"I don't know, but it's a sort of introduction."

"And a very thin sort, too," Frances Frost scoffed.

"All the same, it might help," Babs said. "She'd be more ready to listen to Mabs than any of us."

But there was doubt about that. Babs herself felt it. Mabs felt it, too, though she was quite ready to take the task. But Rosa scoffed. Her face was flushed now. She saw her opportunity.

Getting Minette Calver was reckoned almost impossible. If she could bring that off—what a scoop for her! What a heroine she would be in the school!

And Rosa had no doubt of her ability. Rosa, in possession of money, believed that money would unlock the door of any ambition. That with it nothing was impossible.

"Why the dickens should Mabs do it?" she said, restily now. "And, anyway," she added, as she saw Babs' lips tighten, "why shouldn't I go to her? Whose fund is it, anyway?"

"I beg your pardon!"

"Well—?" and Rosa, realising that in her hot-headedness she had said too much, bit her lip. "I mean—oh, blow! Look here, Babs, I only want to help. And I'm sure I could get round Minette Calver."

"All the same," Babs persisted quietly, "Mabs goes. If anyone can do it, Mabs can."

"You refuse to let me try then?"

"I'm sorry, but yes!"

Rosa flashed her a bitter look. From one of two girls came a titter. The sound of that added to Rosa's rage and humiliation. Rosa hated to be thwarted, hated her ideas and opinions set at naught. Well, it was a bit thick, she told herself. Dash it, hadn't she made



"MISS CALVER—please," Mabs pleaded. "I wanted to speak to you—" But the words died on her lips as the film star moved away. Was her mission to prove a failure? Mabs wondered.

the fund what it was? Practically half the money in it was hers!

"Rosa, don't be a duffer," Clara Trevlyn said, reading the mutiny in her face.

"Mabs, do you mean to go?" Rosa asked.

"As Babs has asked me—of course!" "Then let me come with you. Perhaps if you don't succeed, I can. After all," Rosa said boastfully, "I've got money. Money can do a lot that ordinary talking can't."

But Mabs turned away at that. A few girls looked faintly dismayed, a few contemptuous. It dawned on Rosa then that she was not showing herself in her best light, and a crimson tide of frustrated pride stained her cheeks.

For a moment she glared at Mabs, as she had glared at Babs. Then automatically she nodded to Renee and turned on her heel.

Stormily she strode down the corridor, stormily burst into Study No. 1, where Freda Ferriars was just finishing clearing up. She threw a glance towards her.

"Clear out!" she snapped. "Eh?" Freda stared. "My hat, what's upset you?"

"Clear out!" Rosa repeated.

And Freda, with a shrug, cleared out, while Rosa threw herself into the chair, scowling into the empty firegrate like a child who had been refused the toy upon which she had set her fancy.

Renee Ballard smiled inscrutably. "Don't look so upset, old thing," she said softly.

Rosa shifted restlessly. "Well, wouldn't you be?" she flamed out.

Renee bit her lip. "Well, it did seem rather mouldy of Babs to me," she said, "especially after the perfectly splendid way you've given

to the fund. But still, don't let it worry you."

"But it does worry me," Rosa said. "Why the dickens should Mabs be more successful than I? Her father once wrote a play," she sneered. "Why, I don't suppose Minette Calver will even remember the thing."

"And it isn't," Renee cooed, "as if she had your way with her, is it? Personally, I think Mabs is rather a milkoppy sort of girl. What you want for a job like that is a girl with personality—with thrust, you know. It just looks to me," Renee added, "as if Babs and Mabs have already cooked this up between them."

Rosa glared. "They wanted," she said. "Of course, it will be an honour for the girl who persuades a star like Minette Calver to take on a job like this. Babs and Mabs are nice girls in their way, but it must be obvious that they do jolly well try to rule the roost. You see how it is?"

She moved again restlessly, realising the unfairness of her words, but too stung with thwarted pride to care what she said.

"Babs proposed the fund. Babs thinks of the film star. Mabs is given the job of going to get the film star."

"While you," Renee simpered, "just foot the bill. Rosa, it isn't fair!"

Rosa glanced at her. There was affection in her eyes. How well Renee understood what she was feeling, she thought—and how well, in truth, Renee did. Just the right sort of thing to say, that was it. Rosa's present petulant, proud, hurt mood. Just the sort of thing calculated to endear Renee Ballard to her more than ever. She pulled a sulky face.

"Well, never mind," she said. "Never mind, let Mabs go. Let her jolly well get chucked out, and I hope she does,"

she added vindictively. "Nobody believes, anyway, she'll even get within talking distance of Minette. Then perhaps they'll listen to me," she added vengefully.

And she nodded her head—darkly, mysteriously. What a feather in her cap that would be. To crow over Mabel Lynn!

But, had Rosa only known it, no fate of that description lay in store for Mabs. Mabs did not believe in Rosa's bull-at-gate methods. Having been given that commission to carry out, Mabs most sensibly cast about in her mind for the best method of tackling it.

Miss Primrose, the headmistress, had some influence at the Enterprise Film Studios where the star was at present working. To Miss Primrose she went. With kindly sympathy the headmistress listened to her request.

"It's certainly a very good idea," she smiled, "and it deserves to succeed. Most certainly I'll try to get you an interview, Mabel, but I've heard that Miss Calver is a very exclusive sort of person. Wait a minute."

She picked up the phone. Mabs heard her say to Mr. Langley Rummiman, the general manager. Very soon the metallic click that came from the transmitter told her that Mr. Rummiman was on the line. Miss Primrose smiled and nodded.

"Thank you, Mr. Rummiman. When did you say—at once?"

She turned to Mabs. "Mr. Rummiman says that Miss Calver is on the set. She'll be through in half an hour, however. He won't make any promises, but he'll do his best to give you an interview. Which means, of course, that you'll have to go at once. You'd better have a late pass out in case the gates are closed when you return." Swiftly she wrote one out.

"There it is, Mabel—and good luck." "Thank you, Miss Primrose!"

And Mabs, hardly able to believe her good luck, left the study. No time for anything—not even to see Babs.

At once Mabs rushed to the cycle sheds, got out her bicycle. Off she went down the drive, pedalling fast. In a quarter of an hour she had halted at the gates of the Enterprise Film Studios.

The gateman was expecting her. He took her to Mr. Rummiman's office. He smiled and shook hands.

"Well, you're tackling something, Miss Lynn. If Minette gives you the interview, it will be the first she's given this side of the Channel. But there's no harm in trying. Come along, we'll catch her as she comes off the set."

Mabs followed him with a swiftly beating heart.

Work on the set was drawing to a conclusion when they reached it. The incomparable Minette was there, occupying the centre of the set alone. Dressed in filmy diaperies, she knelt on a chair by a diamond-paned window, anxiously peering out and clapping her hands.

Mabs caught in her breath. Almost awed was she as she watched, hardly believing even now that she was in the presence of the greatest film actress in Europe.

And could she act!

She turned. What tragedy on her face. She went to the door, opened it, shook her head, and slowly sank down on to a silk-covered settee on the left of the set. Slowly she pulled up her legs, languidly placed her arm under her head. Her eyes closed. Like a gunshot out of the darkness came the director's laconic: "Cut!"

Immediately where all had been gloom and silence became light and life. On went the lights, Minette, with a slow smile, rose to her feet.

She glanced at Mabs, looked away, and would have moved on, but Mr. Rummiman stepped forward.

"Ahem! Miss Calver—"

"Yes; what is it?" the star asked slowly.

"A— a young friend of mine—Miss Mabel Lynn. Could she have a few words with you?"

"I am sorry. You know that I do not give interviews. I am very tired."

She picked up her dress. Langley Rummiman turned, ruefully shaking his head. But Mabs darted forward.

"Miss Calver, please!" she said. "Wait just one moment. Let me introduce myself. My father—"

"What is your father to me?" the star asked wearily.

"Oh, don't you remember, Miss Calver—two years ago in Hollywood, when you took the part of Saïda in 'Lady All Alone'?"

The star turned to her sharply. "What of that?"

"Nothing," Mabs gulped. "But— but my father was the man who wrote the play. He has often told me of you."

The star stared from her big, heavily lidded eyes.

"You mean—you are the daughter of Major Arnold Lynn?"

"Yes."

"So! I remember him—yes, I remember." The film star's voice was almost a whisper. "And you," she added, staring again, "are his daughters—that daughter of whom he spoke so many times on the set—a girl named—no, let me think of her name! Mabel!"

Mabs' heart was beating to suffocation point.

"Yes!"

"Then I am sorry that I said I could not see you." With a miraculous change of front, the star laughed. "Major Lynn," she said, "was my friend. His daughter is my friend also. Mabel, you may follow me."

"Great Scott, you've done it!" Langley Rummiman whispered, almost unbelievably.

But Mabs hardly heard. She was amazed at her good fortune. She was to be granted the interview! That interview which it had been looked upon as next to impossible to obtain!

She followed Minette up the stairs. Into a luxurious boudoir the star stepped. Lighting a cigarette, she motioned Mabs to an easy chair and sank down on the settee opposite her. For a long moment she studied her.

"Now I see," she said. "Truly you are the daughter of Major Lynn, the Mabel of whom he spoke so much."

"Yes, my father on the set. It was his advice, listening to him and carrying out his orders, which gave me my success. I always said, Mabel, that if ever I could do Major Lynn a good turn, then surely I should never have to be asked twice. What is it you want?"

"So Mabs explained. She started in rather a faltering voice, which, however, gained confidence as she went on. The star listened, frowning a little, sometimes shaking her head, at others nodding. When Mabs had finished she bent forward, leaning her hand upon her knee.

"Now, listen, Mabel," she said. "I would like to do this for you. Yes, I would. I was a schoolgirl myself once. I retrace how eager you must be feeling about it. As you know, I am strong against publicity stunts, but just to

oblige you—to really show some small appreciation of my indebtedness to your father—just for this once I would appear at your school and open this bazaar." She paused, while Mabs felt her heart leaping madly. "But," she added, and down went Mabs' heart into her shoes. "I cannot!"

"Oh!" Mabs faltered.

"Because, Mabel, on the day you are holding the bazaar, I am—"

Then the film star paused, looking at her queerly. "Mabel," she added, running off at a tangent, "I am going to entrust you with a secret. Can you keep it?"

Mabs eyed her wonderingly.

"Why, of course!"

"I am going to get married," the film star breathed. "That is the secret. It is all being kept very quiet, for reasons which you can guess, knowing my dislike of publicity. But please, I beg of you, do not mention a word about it."

Mabs breathed deeply.

"No, Miss Calver."

"And as for your bazaar—well—" The star's brows puckered. "Listen, Mabel, I have a suggestion," she said. "Perhaps I can arrange this for you. You have heard of Joan Hepworth, of course. She is as famous as I am—perhaps even more so in your country. Joan Hepworth is coming to London. She will be here a few days before your bazaar opens. If I can, I will get her to open it for me. I am her friend, and she may do it if I ask. But do not take it as official, please," she smiled. "And do not make any plans until you know that it is an accomplished fact."

Mabs laughed. Her eyes were shining now. Joan Hepworth! As famous in her way was Joan Hepworth as Minette Calver. Either of them had the power to draw enormous crowds.

"Oh, thank you!" she said. "If you can, Miss Calver. When shall we know?"

"In a few days," the star smiled. "You and your friends may come and see me whenever you like. Here is my private address"—she handed her a card. "But please keep that to yourself, too. And, Mabel, about my secret. I realise on second thoughts that it may be hard for you to explain why you haven't succeeded when you get back to school, and I give you my permission—but only on condition that they shall respect my secret as you yourself—that you may tell your closest friends. No others."

Readily Mabs gave that promise. With a queer mixture of excitement and disappointment she left the studios. She was proud to have been the confidante of the ravishing Minette. How she wished for one fleeting second that she had been invited to the wedding! But if Minette could only persuade Joan Hepworth to open the bazaar—

Mabs laughed. Excitedly she pedalled back to Cliff House School. Breathlessly she made her way to Study No. 4, flinging herself upon Babs who, alone in the study, was busily finishing her prep. She glanced up eagerly.

"Mabs, you saw her?"

"Yes!"

"Oh, my goodness! And—"

Mabs shook her head. Babs pulled a face.

"But wait a minute," Mabs laughed. "It's not because she doesn't want to. She told me why, but you're to keep it a dead secret, mind." And then she told Babs what the film star had said—about her marriage, about her hope of fixing up Joan Hepworth. Babs' eyes sparkled.

"And she really intends to do it?"

"Yes, she's getting in touch with her right away. She hopes to have news for

us in a few days. Meantime," Mabs said breathlessly, "she's given us permission to call upon her. But mum's the word, Babs!"

"You bet!" Babs said, and checked. She had finished her prep then. She and Mabs went arm in arm down to the Common-room, buzzing with laughter and chatter as they entered.

Rosa Rodworth, by the mantelpiece, was proudly holding forth, on a sun-tanned arm along the edge of the shelf to show off the new watch she had bought herself that afternoon.

But conversation languished as Babs and Mabs came in. Everybody at once turned towards the girl with the golden hair. There was an eager rush forward.

"Mabs, what luck?"

"I couldn't get her!"

There was a murmur of disappointment. Nobody had really expected any other verdict, but everybody, filled with enthusiasm for the bazaar, had hoped against hope.

A little silence fell. It was broken by a scoffing laugh from Rosa Rodworth.

"Didn't I say that you wouldn't get her? You wouldn't listen to me, would you? You wouldn't let me go. Well, you've failed! But the bazaar is going to be a success. And Minette Calver," Rosa said coolly, "will be here to open it."

"And who," Clara Trevlyn sniffed, "will accomplish that miracle?"

"I will," Rosa said calmly. "Mabs didn't get the right way about it. What is wanted is a girl with money—with personality. Well," she added, "I've both, and if I have to spend every penny I've got, I'll get Minette Calver to open that bazaar. Where Mabs has failed, I'll succeed. Just wait!" And there was a flash of determination in her bold eyes, a challenging smile upon her red lips.

In spite of the boast in those last words it was easy to see that she meant what she said, that she really believed in her ability to succeed where Mabs had failed.

Babs threw a quick glance at Mabs. Mabs bit her lip.

She longed to tell Rosa what she knew—that it was quite impossible for Miss Calver to attend the bazaar, on account of her marriage. But she could not do so; Miss Calver had pledged her to silence, and so there was nothing for it but to let Rosa do what she liked.

"I tell you, Rosa, it will be no use," Rosa laughed scornfully.

"So you say. You wait!"

"Rosa," Babs said quietly, "can't you let well alone? You've been an awful sport so far—don't go and spoil yourself now. You just can't succeed! I tell you I've a reason for saying that—you've less chance than Mabs of seeing Miss Calver."

"Trying to put me off?" Rosa sneered.

"Not at all, but—"

"Well, save your breath," Rosa sneered. "You're only jolly well jealous because you think I can pull off a job you've made a mess of."

Mabs stared at her speechlessly, shaking her head. Rosa flashed her a haughty grin. She meant what she said. She had made her boast and she would stick to it. By her side, Renee threw her an admiring look.

"My goodness, but you've got a nerve," she said. "Are you sure you can do it, Rosa?"

"Just watch!" Rosa sniffed.

And again, for some reason, Renee Ballard smiled that strange, inscrutable



The Gate-Crasher

"IT'S not going to be easy," Renee Ballard said thoughtfully.

Rosa Rodworth shrugged.

"But you've got to do it now," Renee went on seriously. "If you don't, you'll be the laughing stock of the school."

Rosa moved peevishly.

For she, too, was thinking that. She had made her boast, the school was expecting her to live up to it. A night's sleep, a morning at lessons, however, had given Rosa time to think over her challenge, and she hardly needed to be reminded by Renee that she had anything but an easy task in front of her.

It was after dinner now. Rosa and Renee were in Study No. 1. Rosa expensively and perhaps just a little too ostentatiously dressed, was pulling on a pair of monogrammed suede gloves. This afternoon was a halter—and Rosa meant to devote it to getting the interview with Miss Calver.

An obstinate expression crossed her face.

"You coming with me?" she asked.

"Oh, Rosa, of course! You want me, don't you?" Renee asked.

"Thanks, it's jolly decent of you, old thing. I'd love to have you, of course. But—" and Rosa paused, hating to ask the advice, but feeling that she was at grips with a difficult problem, forced to ask it. "Supposing, Renee, you were tackling this film star," she asked cautiously, "how would you go about it?"

Renee frowned.

"Have to have a car," she said thoughtfully. "Creates a good impression."

"Well?"

"And must take money—plenty of it. There'll be tips and things," she added vaguely. "It may be necessary to bribe some of the dressers, and so on, to get to her, seeing that she's such a frightfully guarded sort of person. Shall I order a car, Rosa?"

"Yes," Rosa said, after the slightest hesitation.

Renee smiled. She left the room. Again there was a peculiar expression on her face as she stepped into the corridor, again that strange light in her eyes. With a low chuckle, she closed the study door behind her, as she slipped into the corridor, shook her head at it.

"You fool! You poor, vain, idiotic fool!" she whispered. "But carry on, Rosa. I like you to be a fool! I want you to be a fool! It won't," she said, as she turned, speeding off down the corridor, "be my fault if you keep any of my money. Nor,"—with a deeper flash in her eyes, "will it be my fault, Rosa, if, before I leave this school, I haven't dragged you into the deepest pit of disgrace!"

"HERE WE ARE!"

The big, luxurious limousine which Renee had ordered from the Courtfield Garage, halted outside the gates of the Enterprise Film Studios.

Rosa, with a do-or-die look on her face, stepped out. Renee stepped out after her, ordering the driver of the car to wait. Rosa, had she only guessed it, was likely to have something of a shock when it came to paying for the hire of that car.

Together she and Renee approached the gates.

The uniformed doorkeeper stared at her with some curiosity and some suspicion. From them he looked towards the car in the road. Rosa, with a



WITH a swift glance round to make sure that she was unobserved, Renee darted up to the manager. "That girl's name is Rosa Rodworth," she said. "She belongs to Cliff House School!" And this was the girl Rosa thought was her best friend!

haughty nod, strode in through the gates.

"Ahem! I beg your pardon, miss, but have you an appointment?"

Rosa stared at him loftily.

"No, miss. But my orders is not to admit anyone unless they have an appointment," the gateman said doggedly.

"Well, I have an appointment!" Rosa informed him.

"Yes, miss. Who will it be with?"

"With Miss Calver!"

The doorman's lips shut.

"I'm sorry, miss, but you must have made a mistake," he said. "Miss Calver doesn't have appointments with no one. Believe, if he added suspiciously, 'you're just trying to sneak in.'"

Rosa's eyes flashed. Rosa had a great sense of her superiority. She objected to be talked to by a man like this, whom she reckoned among her inferiors.

But a warning look from Renee checked the hot retort that rose to her lips. That look which, at the same time, significantly travelled to her handbag, suggested a tip.

"I'm going in," she said. "Never mind, you haven't seen me." And she slipped a ten-shilling note into the amazed man's hand. "Come on, Renee!"

They went in, but at the door of the studios another official barred their entrance. Another ten-shilling note changed hands, and then at last they found themselves in the studios, where an electrician directed them to Miss Calver's room.

"Got her," breathed Rosa.

But had she? It was one thing to know the star's location, entirely another to get to her. Boldly Rosa knocked on the door, boldly went in when the invitation floated from the other side.

And she stopped in dismay. She had rather hoped to walk into the star's presence. Instead, she found herself confronting a young woman who had risen from a desk at which she had been typing.

"Yes?" said the girl said now.

"Can I see Miss Calver?" Rosa asked.

"She's expecting you?"

"Yes," Rosa said boldly.

"Then will you wait here. What name, please?"

Rosa told her. Then she stood glowering as the girl crossed the room to an inner door. She scowled. Rosa hated to be kept waiting, and her difficulties, so far though they had been overcome, had left her with a sense of irritation.

Imperiously she stood, impatiently tapping a foot. Renee glanced at her and smiled in quiet satisfaction.

The girl knocked; a voice from the other side called out: "Who's there?"

Rosa started. She recognised the voice at once. How many times, through the recording apparatus at the cinema, had she not heard it. Minette Calver herself!

"Yes, what is it?" the voice asked.

"There is a Miss Rosa Rodworth to see you, Miss Calver!"

"Then send her away—please!" came the voice of the star. "I do not know her. I do not wish to be interrupted."

Rosa's face turned scarlet. By her side her hands clenched. Renee, who saw the signs and read them aright, pulled a face.

"I say, that's pretty callous," she said. "Just as if you were some tramp or something."

Rosa's eyes glinted.

"Wait a minute," she said, as the girl came forward. "Just wait a minute! Who the dickens is she to send me packing! You go in and tell her I've made a special journey from Cliff House."

The girl bit her lip.

"I'm sorry, Miss Rodworth, but it would be more than my place is worth."

Rosa set her teeth. She glared at the door. The cheek of it! The colossal impudence!

She made a step forward.

"Miss Rodworth!" the girl gasped.

But Rosa was in her stormiest mood now. Not Rosa to be detained. Before the girl could stop her, she had swept towards the door. One savage wrench she gave and flung it open. The star, reclining on the settee, started round with a frown.

"Good gracious! Who are you?"

"I'm Rosa Rodworth," that girl snapped. "I've come from Cliff House School."

The film star frowned.

"Indeed?" she said coldly.

"I've come," Rosa said, "to see you about a bazaar we're organising."

"Thank you; you need not go into details of your intrusion," Minette said tartly. "I have said I do not wish to be disturbed."

"But I tell you—"

"Please go!"

Rosa, however, remained motionless. Her eyes were glinting now. She had come here to get this film star, she jolly well meant to get her.

"I—I'm sorry for breaking in on you like this," Rosa began, trying new tactics.

"Will you please go?"

"Well, will you come and open our bazaar?"

"Most certainly not!"

Rosa breathed hard.

"If it's a question of money," she said, falling to what was to her the obvious reason.

The film star's lips compressed. Unseen by Rosa, she touched a bell.

"Miss Rodworth, will you please go away?" she asked wearily. "I do not wish to have you put out."

Rosa stared at her incredulously. The threat stung her like a whip. Put out—she, Rosa Rodworth, who had more money than the film star was ever likely to handle in her life!

This jumped-up, twopenny-ha'penny doll who came from Hollywood! A surge of passion which made her quiver, shook her from head to foot. She gritted her teeth.

"Miss Calver," she said, trying to keep the fury out of her voice, "I have come here—"

She said no more. From the other room came a cry in Renee's voice. Rosa wheeled. On the threshold stood two uniformed porters. They stared at Rosa.

"Will you please show this girl out?" Miss Calver said.

"Why, you—"

"This way, miss!"

"But I haven't said—"

"This way, please!"

And very grimly they strode forward. Very gently, but with a firmness there was no mistaking, one caught Rosa's arm. Rosa, furious, suddenly found herself escorted, struggling, down the stairs. Found herself being rushed across the car park and towards the gates.

Before she quite realised what was happening she found herself outside in the road. With indescribable passion she glared at the door slammed upon her.

She, Rosa Rodworth, the Stormy Petrel, who had vowed to force Minette Calver into opening the Cliff House bazaar, had been thrown out!



Not to be Outdone

BUT not Rosa Rodworth to accept defeat. Not Rosa, even after that summary lesson, to take no for an answer. Obviously, however, it was impossible to think of bearing the film star in her den again. "The cat!" she breathed to Renee. "Poor old thing!" Renee said sympathetically. "What a beastly trick! But you're not going to give in, Rosa?"

"What do you think?"

"But how—"

Rosa shook her head.

"Oh, don't ask me," she said irritably. "I'll find a way."

"Going to be difficult," Renee murmured. "Still, there should be other ways. You look done up, old girl. Supposing we take the car to Courtfield and have a snack? We may hit upon something then."

Rosa nodded. Inwardly she was still seething. Inwardly her feelings were bitter against Minette Calver. Inwardly, too, her better judgment was telling her that she had taken on more than she could manage. All her saner instincts were urging her to give up the project there and then, and face her humiliation at Cliff House with the best grace she could muster.

But the Stormy Petrel in Rosa was uppermost now. Not in that mood was Rosa likely to listen to the voice of either reason or wisdom.

They got back into the car. To the Courtfield Restaurant they drove. There, Renee ordered the car to wait, and accompanied Rosa into the restaurant. It was she who ordered the meal—and Rosa never realised at the time that she chose the most expensive items on the menu. Then she leaned forward.

"Rosa, there's the secretary girl."

Rosa stared.

"Well, what about her?"

"I don't know. But obviously she's got Minette's private car. I was thinking," Renee said thoughtfully, "that we might get hold of her."

"But how?"

"Well, supposing we invited her out to dinner to-night. Stand her a good meal and then pump her dry. It might just happen that she will be able to arrange the whole thing for you."

It sounded a good idea to Rosa. It was better in a way than she could think of. The cost, as outlined by Renee, was likely to be considerable—which meant, of course, that Rosa would have to draw money from the bank. Already she had run up a bill of two pounds for the hire of the car. The lunch broke into and disposed of the better half of another pound.

But Rosa didn't care. She had money. She'd spend every penny if necessary to get her way.

Lunch was paid for, then off to the bank, where the clerk who cashed her cheque glanced at her rather curiously. Renee, it was, who phoned up Miss Reeve—that was the name of the secretary, and Renee in some unaccountable way had got hold of it. In smiling triumph she announced that Miss Reeve would be very pleased to meet them at seven o'clock in the Royal Restaurant.

"Have to stand her a good feed," Renee said.

"But it will make us late back," Rosa protested.

"Well, you're not going to let that worry you, are you?"

Rosa wasn't. When Rosa had set her mind upon a thing, nothing worried her save the accomplishment of her object. But characteristic it was of Rosa, even in her most stormy mood, that she should think of her chum.

"But you," she objected. "Renee, no—I can't have you getting into trouble on my account. You go back to school."

Renee laughed musically. "We stand or sink together, old girl," she murmured softly. "I'm in this with you—up to the hilt. Don't think about me, old thing."

Which Rosa considered, little guessing the thoughts going on in that girl's mind, as frightfully decent of Renee.

They spent the afternoon together. First at the local cinema, where, luckily, a film of Minette Calver's was being shown.

Then back to the Royal Hotel for tea. A look round the dress shops, where Renee persuaded Rosa to buy a new and expensive pair of gloves she did not really want, and then back to the Royal for dinner.

Gertrude Reeve was already there to meet them.

"I say, it's frightfully nice of you," Rosa smiled.

"Oh, don't mench. Just a sort of peace offering after the rumpus I kicked up in the studios this morning."

Gertrude Reeve glanced at her. There was that in the glance which seemed to suggest that her private opinion of Rosa was a rather pitiable thing.

But she needed no second bidding. Excellent the meal, merry the chatter. Gertrude, apparently, was by no means loth to talk about her mistress.

Rosa got the film star's address out of her learned among other things that Minette Calver would be present at the grand supper and ball which was going to be held at the Courtfield Restaurant that night.

But as for getting in touch with the star—

Gertrude Reeve shook her head.

"I'm sorry, but I just couldn't arrange that," she said. "If I could help you, I would. But you don't know Miss Calver. Apart from which," she added, "she's not too pleased with you. Still, anything else I can do to help, you know! Thanks for the dinner. It was lovely."

She smiled at them as she rose to take her departure.

It was eight o'clock then, and the "gates" at Cliff House would have been closed half an hour ago.

That certainly meant a detention, but Rosa did not care.

She paid the bill, glancing rather anxiously at the depleted sum left in her purse.

Outside, she and Renee climbed into a taxi.

"Well," Renee glanced at her rather curiously. "You're going, of course?"

"Where?"

"To the dance to-night!"

Rosa's lips compressed.

"You bet I am!" she said.

"And I," Renee purred, "am coming with you. No! No protests! That's a promise!"

If Rosa had only known! If only she could have guessed the thoughts in the other girl's mind! But she couldn't; blinded by her vanity, she saw Renee only as a friend—little dreaming that that friend was false!



That Night—

"BARBARA, have Rosa and Renee returned yet?"

Babs shook her head as Miss Charmant, the pretty mistress of the Fourth Form, addressed that question to her.

"No, Miss Charmant."
"They are now three-quarters of an hour late," Miss Charmant said severely. "Barbara, when they return will you tell them that Miss Primrose wishes to see them immediately."

And Miss Charmant, in that gracious way of hers, nodded round the Common-room as she took her departure.

Girls there looked at each other. Unconsciously some of them looked at the clock. In another quarter of an hour it would be bedtime and still the truants had not arrived.

Babs frowned. She was rather worried.

For Babs was remembering Rosa's vow. Had Rosa been off during the day announcing Miss Calver, who had so sweetly promised to do her best to get Joan Hepworth to open their bazaar for them?

Babs knew Rosa. She knew her capacity for foolishness. Minette Calver, even though she had been so sweet to Babs, was not the woman whom one could pester with impunity, and Babs was very anxious that she should have no excuse to repent her decision.

Apart from that Babs was anxious for Renee Ballard's sake. Renee obviously had gone with Rosa, and Renee, as a new girl, was as yet ignorant of Cliff House rules. It was rather unfair, rather churlish of Rosa to drag her into trouble.

There was a stir. The Common-room door opened. In stepped Rosa, a petulant scowl upon her face, accompanied by a smiling Renee Ballard.

"Rosa, you're late," Babs said.

"Well, think I don't know that?" Rosa snapped.

"Miss Primrose wants to see you."

"And think," Rosa sneered, "I don't know that?"

Babs eyed her steadily.

"Rosa, have you seen Miss Calver?"

"Oh, mind your own business!" Rosa snapped, but the flush that ran into her face told Babs something of the truth.

"Come on, Renee. Let's go and get it over with Primmy."

They turned, followed by some chances as they went out. Together they reported to Miss Primrose, who was justifiably angry.

Miss Primrose had a few scathing things to say on the subject of discipline, and Rosa retired richer by a detention and a hundred lines. As Renee would have followed her the headmistress called her back.

"Wait a minute, Renee. Yes, Rosa, you may go," Miss Primrose said.

"Renee, you are new to Cliff House. Probably you are ignorant of our rules. I am not going to deal harshly with you, my dear, but you really must learn that there is such a thing as discipline. You will take a hundred lines."

"Yes, Miss Primrose," Renee bit her lip. "I—I'm frightfully sorry. I'd no idea. You see," she added, "I thought it would be all right as I was with Rosa. Rosa said that everything would be all right."

"Rosa," Miss Primrose said tartly, "should have known better than to lead you into rule-breaking. I have no wish

to interfere in any friendship which concerns you, but I must say, Renee, that in my opinion Rosa is not an influence for good. You may go."

Renee went, a slow, sly smile curving the corners of her lips. It was bedtime then, and with the others she went upstairs. Rosa, undressing, flashed her a quick and significant look. A look that was accompanied by a half-nod towards the door. Renee smiled an affirmative.

They climbed into bed, Rosa surlily. The day, as far as she was concerned, had not been a success. Rich she was, but she had an uneasy feeling that she had spent far, far too much money—and all she had got for her pains were a wiggling from Miss Primrose and a humiliating ejection from the film studios.

Well, she wasn't beaten. If Miss Calver thought she had got rid of her, Miss Calver was jolly well mistaken. She'd show her!

In her own bed, Renee Ballard lay awake, with quite a pleased smile on her face. She, too was thinking.

Mary Buller came to put out the lights. Half-past nine sounded from the clock tower. One by one the girls settled down. Here and there in the school the lights went out. Ten o'clock struck. Rosa sat up in bed.

"Renee!"

"Hallo, old thing!"

"You still want to come?"

"Of course."

"Then let's go."

In the darkness they got up and dressed.

Rosa, an old bounds-breaker, knew the ropes. In a few minutes they were out of the school, tramping along the road that led to Fardale.

At Fardale Rosa again hired a car and they were driven to the Grand Hotel at Courtfield—the most luxurious and expensive restaurant it was said, in the whole of Kent—now a blaze of lights. The commissionaire looked at them as chance as they approached.

"Tickets?"

"No," said Rosa haughtily. "I wish to buy two. Where do I get them?"

"You can get them from me," the commissionaire said. "Two guineas each."

Rosa paled a little. She had only five pounds with her. Once again she hesitated, half tempted to turn back.

But Renee, by her side, nudged her.

"Have to pay up, old thing."

Rosa braced her shoulders. She paid up. The tickets were handed over. Led by Renee, she went to the cloak-room. Again a tip for the attendant in charge.

Strains of music floated up from below, accompanied by the sound of handclapping, and the two girls went downstairs.

The dance was in progress then. At a table they took their places, watching with interest the girls dancing on the stage.

Supper was brought. No sign yet of Minette Calver. Anxiously Rosa's gaze roved the floor. And then suddenly there was a stir.

Rosa jumped. She indicated the woman who, escorted by Langley Rynnman, the general manager of Enterprise Films, had just stepped into the hall.

"Minette Calver!" she breathed.

Minette Calver it was, looking lovely in a filmy gown of white lace with a flowing train. She stopped, smiled round her, and then she and Langley Rynnman began to dance.

Rosa looked quickly at Renee.

"Come on," she said.

They rose from the table. Other couples were dancing now. Round the

floor they floated, Rosa taking gentleman, leading Renee nearer and nearer the star. Rosa's heart was thrilling now. Now or never was the time to realise her ambition. Nearer, nearer—

"Don't let her see you too soon," Renee whispered. "If she recognized you—dance behind her for a bit."

It was good advice; even Rosa saw that, though she didn't guess the idea which inspired it in the other's mind. Rosa swung round, shifting her arms, so that it was Renee now who took the gentleman's part, Rosa with her back towards the star. Again there was that smile on the face of Renee, again that savage gleam in her eyes. She watched, steering closer.

And then suddenly—
As if looked like the sheerest accident in the world, but its results were appalling. To the fraction of a second Renee timed it. As Minette whirled in the arms of her partner she took a step forward. Rosa, one foot in the air, brought it down—full upon the loose train of the beautiful filmy gown.

Minette pulled up in the middle of the turn, but she lost her balance and fell back.

Too late her partner stretched out an arm to save her. Too late Rosa, caught off her own balance, made an effort to recover herself. Star and Rosa crashed together.

An awful, death-like silence. Even the band stopped playing.

Rosa, half dazed, not yet realising what had happened, sat up. And then she jumped as she saw the star sitting next to her on the floor.

"Oh, my hat!"

Minette's face was white.
"You!" she cried.
"I'm sorry—," Rosa stammered. "I—it is an accident. I'm sorry—"

"Langley, please help me up," Minette said starchy. "I have been insulted—insulted!" she cried. "I have been made to look ridiculous. This girl is the girl who broke into my dressing-room this morning." She was recovering now. She flung round upon Rosa.

"Langley, your arm," she said. "Take me home!"

Rosa, crimson with dismay, gulped.

"Miss Calver—"
"And please," the star said, "do not let me see you again."

Rosa stood rooted, anger struggling with contrition within her. She was sorry—but even now she did not know how it had all happened. But she saw her chance slipping away again. She saw Miss Calver moving away. She made a desperate start forward.

"Miss Calver, please, please listen."
But Miss Calver strode on. Now the manager arrived. Angriely he headed Rosa as if she would have followed. Accompanied by sympathetic murmurs, the star swept towards the door.

The manager, fussy, red-faced, waving his arms, was glaring at Rosa, raving that she had ruined the whole of the evening, declaring that she had spoiled everything.

Rosa's face paled.

"I—I tell you—" she panted.

"You will go!" the manager shouted angrily. "Never, never has my restaurant been so humiliated! Ah, what it cost me to get Minette Calver here to-night, and you—you have ruined it all. Come, you shall pay your bill!"

"Oh, yes, I'll pay the bill all right!" Rosa retorted. "But you'll jolly well have to take a cheque for it!"

A cheque! A cheque from a school-girl!

"Oh, never, any money—"

"Then you must give me your name—your address!" the manager fumed.

"Otherwise I call the police! A foi! You ruin my restaurant! You take away my best customer! Then you offer to pay your bill with a cheque! Never, never! Here, Alphonse—your pencil! Now, young lady, your name!"

Rosa's eyes gleamed.

She caught a look from Renee. Renee was shaking her head. Rosa understood. To be sure, in spite of her anger, she was a little appalled by all that had happened. She thanked goodness in that moment that she was not wearing clothes which would identify her with Cliff House. Glibly the lie came from her lips.

"Rosa White."

"And the address?"

She made up one on the spur of the moment. The manager looked grim.

"Very well. I see that you pay me my money," he said. "If I do not receive it by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I come for you with the police. Now go!"

Something, shaken, Rosa turned away. In bad temper she strode up to the cloak-room. Renee, however, waited.

Then she caught hold of the manager's sleeve.

"Just a minute," she said. "I'm sorry, but I can't let her get away with that fib. I know the girl. Her name's Rosa Rodworth, and she belongs to Cliff House School. If you want your money, I should apply to the head-mistress."

"Ah!" he cried.

"But—but don't say anything as to who told you."

"My dear girl. I will not," he said.

"No, I will not. Thank you—thank you! It shall be done!"

Renee smiled a quiet and satisfied smile. Then she rushed after Rosa. Rosa, by the time she reached her, was just in the act of opening the cloak-room door, never even having noticed, in the tumult of her mind, that Renee had not accompanied her up the stairs. Renee laid a hand upon her sleeve.

"Hard luck, old time. But, of course, it wasn't your fault. It was Minette's own. It was she who crashed into you."

Rosa smiled.

"Well, why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't have the chance," Renee replied truthfully. "Still, never mind. But, I say, what a rumpus! Rosa, you don't think anybody recognised you?"

Rosa started.

"No. Why?"

"Nothing! But I saw a girl talking to the manager after you had gone upstairs, and she was pointing to you. I do hope," Renee added anxiously, "that you weren't recognised."

But Rosa smiled, little realising the falsity of this friend, who, while betraying her, took good care to cover up her own tracks. Rosa was smouldering.

Rosa was furious. She felt in that moment that she didn't care a button what had happened.

An expensive day had ended in one further humiliation. One more humiliation, caused through the spoil and petted darling of films, Minette Calver.



Schoolgirl and Screen

Star

AND in the morning—

What a sensation there was at Cliff House during assembly.

Miss Primrose was pale with anger. Her gaze darted towards Rosa.

"Rosa," she stormed, "stand out!"

Rosa started, a little frown coming to her face. What had happened now? She and Renee had got back safely without raising an alarm last night. She intended, as soon as ever she could get away, to go back to the hotel and hand over the amount of the bill she owed. Rosa's conscience on that score, at least, was clear.

But Primmy's face was like a thunder-cloud.

"My hat, she's for it!" Clara muttered.

Rosa, still rather dazed, stood out. Miss Primrose's lips compressed.

"Rosa, where were you last night?"

Rosa started.

"Why, in bed—"

"That," Miss Primrose said sternly, "is a fabrication, Rosa. Last night you went to the Grand Hotel in Courtfield. There you ate a supper for which you could not pay. There, also, you insulted Miss Minette Calver, the film star. Apart from that," Miss Primrose went on angrily, while Rosa's face whitened, "you gave the manager a false name and address, with the intention, obviously, of avoiding payment for your meal. It is the manager himself who has informed me of these details, having rung me up on the phone this morning."

Rosa hung her head.

"I have also," Miss Primrose went on, "received a message from Miss Calver herself. Miss Calver, as the result of her upset in the ball-room last night, is in bed this morning. She says that yesterday afternoon you deliberately broke into her dressing-room at the studios. There you insulted her, following this up with that further scene last night. Rosa, what have you to say?"

But Rosa could say nothing. There, with the eyes of the whole school upon her, she stood—quivering, rage shaking her on every moment, dismay the next.

What a fool she had been! What a fool!

But it was not her fault, she told herself. The scene had been Minette's fault—not hers. Hadn't Renee said so—and Renee had seen it all?

Her eyes strayed to that girl, gazing at her out of the ranks. Renee, looking deeply sympathetic, shook her head.

"Nothing!" Rosa replied sulkily.

"Very well!" Miss Primrose drew a deep breath. "Rosa, you realise that you have brought disgrace upon the name of the school. Apart from your other escapades, there is also the question of breaking every rule we have, you have set at defiance. I was hoping," Miss Primrose went on bitterly, "that the change I have seen in you recently would be maintained. Instead of that, you are going from bad to worse. If I went to the extreme limit of my duty as headmistress of this school, I should, here and now, expel you. But I am reluctant to do that. But I issue here, Rosa, a solemn and serious warning. I give you one more chance. If you can't get together," Upon report of your next offence I shall certainly expel you! Now go to your place."

A murmur, like a sigh, went through the school. Rosa, white of face, stepped back into the ranks of the Fourth Form, between Lydia and Renee.

"Tough luck!" Renee whispered.

Rosa gripped her teeth. She was still shaken, still quivering. It was unfair, unfair! She had been no more responsible for that scene in the restaurant last night than Minette Calver herself.

Why should she take all the blame? But she was sorry—yes, she was sorry. She saw now that she had gone entirely the wrong way to work. She owed Minette an apology.

After assembly she found herself surrounded by a crowd.

"Well, my hat!"

"Of all the chumps—"
"What colossal lunk! You ought to have been expelled!"

Rosa sneered bitterly.
"I ought, ought I," she replied, "when I was only trying all the time to help you ninnies! I tell you I didn't cause that scene. I was only trying to get Minette for the bazaar."

A howl of laughter greeted the words.
"Well, my hat, don't you try to get me to do anything!" Clara Trevlyn said with a chuckle. "If that's how you treat—"

Rosa, furious, flounced off.
"Sulky idiot!" Joan Charmant said disdainfully.

But Babs and Mabs, who had been present at the scene, exchanged a look.

"This chump will go and ruin our chances. I shouldn't think Minette can be feeling any too sweet about Cliff House after last night," Mabs said.
"Babs, do you think I'd better go over and see Miss Calver?"

"If you can get permission," Babs said.

Mabs got permission all right. She went after afternoon lessons. Babs, who was the only other girl who shared the secret, was waiting anxiously when she came in. She looked at her chum eagerly.

"Mabs, you saw her?"

"Yes, rather."

"What did she say?"

"Well, naturally," Mabs said, "she's frightfully upset. She thinks that Rosa did what she did last night out of revenge. She told me to warn her to keep off the grass."

"Otherwise?" Babs asked quickly.

"Otherwise," Mabs said slowly, "she says that she'll wash her hands of the bazaar altogether. She says— And then she checked herself as a knock came at the study door. 'Well, come in.'"

The door opened. Renee Ballard, looking quite white and worried, and already dressed for going out, entered the room. Babs stared.

"Renee, you're not going out?"
"I am. I've got to." Renee threw a swift look round. "It's Rosa!" she exclaimed in a whisper. "She's gone out!"

Babs tingled.

"What! But she's detained!"

"—I know—" Renee looked worried. "It's not that that I'm afraid of, though," she said. "She's been saying such funny things about Miss Calver all day. She's got some idea of getting her own back on her, Barbara, I'm going after her," she said. "That's why I came to see you. If—if Rosa's not back for call-over, you might try to cover it up, will you? It would be too awful after this morning if her absence were spotted now. I'm going to Miss Calver—just to see that Rosa does nothing silly."

And before either Babs or Mabs could offer any objection or suggestion, she flew, leaving the chums looking at each other in bewilderment.

"Well, of all the fools!" Babs cried. "But isn't that just like Rosa."
"But what a chum," Mabs said, thinking of Renee.

What a chum, indeed! Mabs might have revised that opinion if she had seen her speeding down the drive—that crafty, exultant expression in her face, her eyes shining surely not with friendliness, but with vindictiveness.

Meanwhile, Rosa, all unconscious of pursuit, was making for May Cottage, where film star Minette Calver lived. Rosa, to do her justice, was on a

noble errand bent. Rather abruptly had Rosa been jerked up by Miss Primrose at assembly that morning. She had no wish to be expelled, though she did still smoulder when she thought of the unfairness of the accusation.

She was genuinely sorry about last night. Rosa herself had tasted humiliation and she knew how Miss Calver must be feeling about it. Well, she was going to see Miss Calver. Frankly and openly she was going to offer her apologies.

"Rosa Rodworth? Most certainly I had no appointment. Yes, Jane, I will see her—and settle with her. Meantime, take this telegram to the village. It's dreadfully urgent."

Rosa drew a deep breath. She rose to her feet. She heard the maid depart. She heard the star's footsteps approaching the room, and then the door came open.

Minette Calver, her face suddenly pink with rage, stood there.



"I GIVE you one more chance," Miss Primrose said sternly. "Upon report of your next offence I shall expel you!" Rosa's eyes flashed. How unfair it was—how cruelly unfair!

And then—

Rosa smiled a little. She had not yet given up the hope of securing Miss Calver's consent to open the Cliff House bazaar. Once the apology was out of the way that shouldn't be at all a hard thing, she thought.

She reflected upon her task as she strode through the wood. She was in no hurry. It was imperative this time that she should make no mistake. Once she and the star were friends and the star had consented to do as she asked, the past difficulties would be wiped out. She, the girl held in contempt now, would be the heroine of the school.

She reached May Cottage, knocked. Miss Calver's maid answered the door. "Miss Calver hasn't returned from the studios yet," she said. "I'm expecting her any minute, though. But you know that she won't see you without an appointment."

"Oh, that's all right," Rosa lied easily. "I've an appointment."

"Oh, then will you come in, please?"
Rosa was shown into a very pretty living-room. She never saw the face which for a moment peered through the hedge outside—the face of a rather breathless Renee Ballard, who had followed her.

Rosa sat down, picking up a book. Hardly had she opened it, however, than a voice sounded from the hall outside.

"How dare you!" she cried.

"Miss Calver—"

"Please get out of this house—at once!" the star said. "How you have the effrontery to accost me here after what happened yesterday— No, please do not say anything. I do not wish to hear one word from you, Rosa Rodworth. Go!"

Rosa clenched her hands. Immediately her good resolutions vanished. A dangerous flash came into her eyes.

"I came here to say something," she stated between her teeth. "I'm not going until I have said it."

The star's face turned crimson.

"Miss Rodworth—"

"I came—" Rosa said.

And that was all. For in that moment the star's temper was as fiery as her own. Like darting points her eyes gleamed as tempestuously she crossed the floor. One hand clutched at Rosa's shoulder.

"You shall go!" she said between her teeth.

"I tell you—" Rosa panted.

"Go!"

Rosa stood her ground. The star dragged her towards the door. That did it. Good resolutions—everything—became immediately forgotten.

Round swung Rosa. Tempestuously she caught the film star's arm, tempestuously tore it from her. Minette went reeling towards the table.

"Right!" Rosa said between her teeth. "Then I'll go. Yes, I'll go, and I'm glad—glad now that I did make you look—a laughing-stock last night. You—"

"Go!" shrieked Minette.

"I'm going!" Rosa snapped.

She went in a quivering fury, slamming the door behind her.

Outside, Renee, who had witnessed the whole of that scene, gripped a stone.

"Now to put the finishing touch to it!" she grinned.

She waited, heard the door close with a slam. Through the window she saw the star standing in the centre of the room. Now! If she buzzed this stone through the window wouldn't that just put the lid on little Rosa's activities for good and all? It would seem like a last spiteful act of revenge!

She lifted her arm. She threw—whiz!

And even as the stone left her arm she flew. Three pages she had travelled before she heard it smash its way through the window. But she did not hear the smothered, agonised cry that came almost simultaneously with the crash. She was not aware that the one, after crashing through the window, had hit the queen of the screen herself!

But Minette, as she reeled, clinging to the table for support, saw just a vanishing Cliff House hat.

While Rosa, in a raging fury, stamped her way back to the school.



Rosa the Rebel

"ROSA! Rosa!" What's the matter now?"

"My hat!"

"Voices were calling Rosa Rodworth up and down the corridor. Rosa, a sulky, petulant expression on her face, sat in Study No. 1, pretending not to hear.

"Rosa!" Babs flung the door open. "I say, can't you hear? Primmy wants to see you."

"What for?"

"I don't know. But she's frightfully serious. Rosa," Babs added anxiously, "did you see Miss Calver?"

"Oh, go away!" snapped Rosa irritably.

She rose to her feet, thoroughly fed-up. Her hopes had failed. So far from gaining her triumph, she had made of Minette Calver a lifelong enemy.

She was sorry about that now. But, dash it all, it was Minette's fault—Minette, who hadn't given her a chance to explain! Now, she supposed, Primmy had heard that she had broken bounds. Primmy was going for her.

To the headmistress' study she went. Miss Primrose, her expression very stern, stared at her as she came in.

"Rosa, you have been to Miss Calver's house. Miss Calver has just told me over the phone."

Rosa shrugged sulkily.

"You quarrelled with Miss Calver," Miss Primrose went on. "Rosa, this, in spite of the warning I gave you this morning."

"I went to her to apologise," Rosa said sulkily.

"Indeed!" Miss Primrose's eyes flashed anger. "A queer apology, from all accounts. I could have forgiven your offence in breaking bounds, and your quarrel obviously was some-

thing between you and Miss Calver herself. But, Rosa, I cannot forgive—nor will I ever forgive—your crowning piece of vindictiveness!"

Rosa started.

"My what?"

Miss Primrose's lips set.

"You deny, I suppose, that as a parting gesture of hostility you threw a stone through her window? You will deny, I presume, that you struck Miss Calver with that stone? Rosa, it is of no use. Please do not try to act as though this was news to you. Your reverent motive is too patently clear."

"But—but—"

Rosa felt her head whirling. Oh, goodness! What was this? A stone Striking Miss Calver! Was the Head out of her senses?

"Rosa!"

"But I tell you—"

"Thank you! Do not add fabrications to your other sins," Miss Primrose said. "I am sorry, Rosa, but this once and for all ends it. Until I can establish communication with your father, you will remain at Cliff House. But from this moment you are expelled!"

"But I tell you—" Rosa wildly broke out.

"That will do! Please go!"

Rosa stared. Expelled—expelled! Expelled for something she had not done! The Head believed that she had thrown a stone through Minette Calver's window. It was unfair, monstrous, outrageous! Her face flamed.

"Miss Primrose, I tell you—"

"Please go!" Miss Primrose said.

"Wait till I've said what I want to say."

"Rosa, if you do not go, I shall have you locked in the punishment-room!"

That sobered Rosa. She was trembling with rage. After all her good resolves—Passion smouldered in her. She felt sick with the unfairness of it all. They had given her a bad name. She was expelled—expelled!

A crowd was waiting for her in the corridor, when she left Miss Primrose's room, Barbara Rectfern among them.

"Rosa, what happened?"

Rosa stared. Then, without a word, she abruptly pushed her way through the crowd, and stormed to her study. Renee, sitting there, started up.

"Rosa! My goodness, how pale you look! What's the matter?"

The Stormy Petrel gave vent to a harsh, bitter laugh.

"The matter," she stated, "is that I'm expelled! Expelled—yes, yes!" Her dark eyes flamed with passion. "Because I've a bad name they fasten a crime on me that I never heard of

until I was judged and condemned for it!" Her hands clenched. "They've chucked me out," she cried bitterly, "for something I knew nothing about! It's a case all over again of the dog with the bad name!"

Renee looked suitably timorous.

"Rosa—Rosa, don't talk like that! After all, you have a friend. Rosa, I'm your friend."

Rosa laughed bitterly.

"Yes, you! My only friend!" she said. "The others—"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Well, hang the lot of them! I don't care! She's given me the tar-bush, but she can't pitch me out just yet. I've got the name here! I'm sticking on here with the name—the bad girl's name! Well"—she heaved a deep sigh—"I'll let them see in future that I can live up to it! I'll lead them all such a dance that they'll wish I were a thousand miles away! I've finished with trying to do the decent thing. I've a reputation now for doing the rotten thing, and, by Jove, I'll go on doing it!"

And in an access of passion, she took hold of the vase from the table, and flung it to the floor. Renee, white and trembling, fell back.

HALF AN HOUR later the news was all over the school.

Rosa was expelled. Rosa, after assaulting Minette Calver, was to leave Cliff House. But Rosa was not going immediately—not until her father could be located.

Cliff House buzzed. Everywhere that Rosa went she was met with glances of scorn. Money had spoiled her, had turned her head. Money had brought out the worst traits in that stormy nature of hers. There was no sympathy—or very little—for Rosa when it became known what she had done.

And when the next day Mabel Lynn came back from a visit to Minette Calver, there was less than before.

For Minette, recovering from shock, now fairly and absolutely refused to have anything to do with the Cliff House bazaar. Nobody blamed her for that. Nobody could. But everybody bitterly blamed Rosa.

But Rosa was getting used to taking the blame. She only laughed.

"Before long," she told them, "I'll give you all something to blame me for! You wait!"

A threat which was destined to come true, and one which, once again, brought that mysterious and treacherous smile to the face of the girl she called friend—Renee Ballard!

THE END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

THE GIRL WHO DID AS SHE LIKED

UNDER the grim sentence of expulsion for a deed she has not committed, Rosa Rodworth, reckless and impetuous, determines to do as she pleases while she is still at Cliff House.



The result is fresh trouble for the "Stormy Petrel," as you will see when you read next Saturday's exciting long complete story, the title of which appears in the illustration here.

Do not fail to read this brilliant story

BY HILDA RICHARDS

The Morcove Crusoes Face Peril on the Island of No Escape: Dramatic Chapters of This Powerful Serial



FOR NEW READERS.

BETTY BARTON & Co., of Morcove School, together with members of Grangemoor, are on their way home from Africa by air-liner, when they have to make a forced landing on a tiny island. With them is a mysterious girl, named

MURIEL, who has jumped by parachute from another plane. She tells Betty & Co. that she was escaping from people who had kidnapped her. The leader of the kidnapers is a man named

DULIP KHAN, an Indian ruler and tyrant. Later, his yacht anchors near the island, and the chums realise that he is going to attempt to recapture Muriel.

Jack, Dave and Jimmy are out reconnoitring when suddenly there is a landslide, as a result of which Jack is injured. Back at the camp Polly and others decide to go after the boys, to learn why they have not returned.

(Now read on.)

Her Watch In The Night

FRANTIC eagerness to find out what had happened—to know the worst at once—sent Polly Linton and her chums rushing away from the seashore camp.

Wildly they floundered along the island's shingly beach, their eyes straining to pierce the darkness.

Polly had led from the start, having been the first to set off. She was still slightly in advance of Betty Barton and the rest, when she made out the dark shapes of two figures looming towards them in the night.

Or were there three figures, two of them bringing the third with them as a chum, who must be got out of danger, and yet he could do nothing for himself?

"Morcove!" Polly breathlessly shouted the recognised hailing cry. And the other girls all repeated it in heaventone: "Here we are!" tones.

"Morcove!" Then, in the deep darkness of the cloudy night, they were with Dave and Jimmy, who for the moment set down their human burden.

Jack! Polly's own brother Jack, showing not a sign of life.

After a first horrified stare at the poor lad's inert figure, the girls gazed at Dave and Jimmy, who were in a most exhausted, dishevelled state.

"Attacked?"

"No," Dave answered the girls hoarsely. "The three of us were keeping watch at the top of a sort of sand-dune. To-day's storm must have played tricks with it. Suddenly it all went from under us—"

"Like a landslide," Jimmy interjected. "Before we could do anything, we were being half-smothered."

"Jimmy and I struggled clear!" Dave rasped on. "But Jack here—we had to get him out."

"Oh, Jack—Jack darling!"

Polly went upon her knees beside him; made as if to raise his head and shoulders, so supporting him in her arms that he could not sink back again—to look quite done for. But she forbore.

"The slightest movement," they heard her murmuring; "it may hurt him."

"We must get him along, though," Dave said steadily. "Just after the accident, someone belonging to Khan's party turned up. It was that woman. She switched on a torch to take a look at us—"

"Ah, that then was the light I saw that first made me wonder!" Polly voiced, still kneeling beside her brother. "I took it to be a signal, given by one of the—'Sh!' She checked herself, and anyone else who might be going to speak.

She had heard Jack give a faint groan. After a moment she whispered tenderly:

"Jack dear! You know who this is?"

Then his eyes flickered open.

"Hallo, Polly!"

Those who stood round saw that his smile was as faint as his voice had been.

"In pain, Jack dear? We want to take you on to the camp, but—"

"Eh? Oh, hang! Am I being all this bother?" he ruefully murmured.

"Say, though! How about Dave and Jimmy? Oh, but there you are, you chaps"—as he lolled his head to look about him more in the darkness. "Dave and Jimmy—and you, Polly. And you others—all O.K.!"

"Yes, Jack—"
"Except for me—huh!" he emitted, with a grimace of self-disgust that was pathetic.

So he would have grimaced if he had been on the Field at Grangemoor, knowing himself to have let down his side.

"But, Jack dear," Polly almost sobbed, "as if it could be helped!"

There was no response, and another silence was ended by her speaking round to her chums.

"He's fainted again! Oh, this is awful!"

Very gently others prevailed upon her to stand away, so that he might be borne on once more. But as soon as he was taken up by Tom and Tubby, who had now come upon the scene, she set herself to walk within touching distance of their human burden.

And, after the first few steps, she took one of her brother's hands in her own, and held it for all the rest of the way.

Betty and some of the other girls had run back to the camp in advance with the news. The menfolk of the party were away, but Pam's mother and Mrs. Cardew were available.

In a few minutes there could be feelings of tremendous relief on account of Jack. Those two women, both so well trained in Red Cross work, had not

By **MARJORIE
STANTON**

only done much in the way of first-aid treatment; they had been able to tell, from experience, that the only injuries were to his left knee and ankle.

That left leg of his had been badly caught and wrung by the shifting sands.

He was lying now in one of the palm-leaf shelters, and, whoever else might be in and out during the night, anxious to know how he was going on, Polly herself was to remain there.

As late as three in the morning, Betty came tiptoeing to that palm-leaf "sick-bay," and found Polly still awake.

The night was as far advanced as this, and nothing had happened to throw the camp into a state of fresh alarm.

Yet this, perhaps, was only because of good work that the three men had done, and were still doing, absent all this while upon that errand which danger had decreed.

Betty came to a standstill at the narrow entrance to the shelter. A few yards behind her the camp-fire was burning in the darkness, and some of its fitful light found its way into the makeshift shack, revealing Jack as the patient, made as comfortable as possible, and Polly—her "bedside chair," a small boulder fetched in from the beach.

It went to Betty's heart to see her chum squatting there, kept awake and alert by loving anxiety. Polly turned her head this way, and so her face caught what little light was entering. How glad she was to see Betty, a wan smile showed.

Then, that they might speak without fear of disturbing Jack, Polly rose up and came to Betty at the shelter's entrance.

"Having a good night," was the thankful whisper which answered Betty's eager, inquiring look. "He has been awake twice, but only for a minute or so. But it was pain each time that woke him," Polly distressfully added.

"Poor old Jack!" Betty softly exclaimed. "But you'll soon see him as chirpy as ever. We know what he is."

"It's a wretched business, though," Polly fumed. "I don't mean just because it's my brother who's been croaked up like this. Bouchou, so long as everyone in the camp was keeping fit, nothing else seemed to matter. But now—think how we're placed!"

Betty nodded.

"Yes, I know, dear. But look here, Polly; I've had several hours' sleep. I wish you would go away now, and I'll sit by him. Won't you?"

"No, Betty," came with one of Polly's most obstinate shakings of her head. "I shall carry on until daylight. He might wake again, and then I could change the cold-water bandages."

"Got some really cold water there, for steeping?" Betty asked, for an idea had flashed upon her.

"There's water, Betty, but it hasn't kept as cold as I would have liked."

"Then I'll fetch in a fresh lot, Polly. Hand me that tin, and I won't be five minutes."

"That's good of you, Betty!"

To Betty it seemed a most trifling thing to be going to do, but it was better than doing nothing. She knew where a spring of water had been found, trickling from a fissure in a rocky bank, to feed a fern-bordered pool.

The place was only a couple of hundred yards behind the beach, and so much cutting down of the island's rank vegetation had been done just there that it was now like a tiny clearing in a jungle. All the same, Betty shrewdly

realized that she had better not go alone.

Of several of her chums who were about at this late hour of the night, after snatching arranged hours of sleep, Dave was one. She decided to ask him, for he was nearest to hand on the fire-lit patch of beach.

He and his two chums, when the landslide served them so badly, had lost their rifles. But Dave had supplied himself with a fresh one—another of those rifles found packed in a case, along with ammunition, in the boat captured from the enemy.

Betty did not like to say so, but she felt how safe it was to go beyond the radius of the firelight, having such a young stalwart as Dave with her.

He always seemed to her a bit more reliable than any of the other Grange-moor lads, not because he had greater courage, but because he was so quiet, and wise, and alert.

He had asked her for the latest about Jack, receiving the good report with a very gratified nod. Now he was silent, and, very definitely, wished her to keep a still tongue, also.

Very softly, too, they stepped, so that altogether Betty felt it as a time of intense quietude everywhere, except for a dull plunging of waves along the shore, so constant that the ear no longer took notice of it. Those who were about in camp, whilst others slept, were doing nothing to cause a sound. The sea wind souged through the island's thickets and kept the tall palms rustling; and yet Betty had the feeling of the whole island being hushed. Perhaps she felt it as complete silence because there had been a tremendous hurly-burly when the weather was at its worst. Or, it may have been that, this night being one of possible peril, her hearing was ready to heed only sounds that meant danger.

In deep darkness, at the spring of water, she found Dave signing to her to bend over and dip up the painful herself. This surprised her, for he was usually so quick to do the polite thing for any of the girls.

Then she understood. Not for a few seconds, even, would he be off his guard. As she reached the makeshift utensil into the deliciously cool pool, she was aware of his peering around very vigilantly.

Then he spoke, not at all guardedly. It was, for him, such a loud, light-hearted remark, that Betty instantly guessed that it was meant for someone beside herself to hear.

"How can Khan's lot be going to trouble us to-night, Betty? So quiet it is. The whole island at peace!"

"Just what I was thinking, Dave."

Whilst answering, she got from him a meaning look. He and she were to linger here, as if induced by a sense of security to fall into talk. But she was also told, by another close-at-hand glance from his dark, clever eyes, that the surrounding darkness held—a prowling spy.

She has now a talk with that girl Muriel just as she chatted on. "But only about things as they are at present. She's so awfully sorry about Jack. Had come away from where you girls sleep, meaning to inquire how he was doing, but I persuaded her to go back."

"Muriel should be asleep, along with the rest who are lying down," Betty remarked, guessing that Dave, for some very good reason, wanted this talk to be all about Muriel.

"But they're not asleep!" he laughed. "She went back, and then I could hear half a dozen voices. I fancy they were talking about that woman who spies for Khan."

Another meaning glance came to Betty in the darkness as those words were voiced.

And by this latest glance she learned, what Dave, evidently, dare not even whisper, that "that woman" was actually within hearing distance now!

Both of Them!

IN a flash Betty understood why Dave had purposely spoken about the girl Muriel, when he knew that Khan's woman spy was in a position to overhear.

He—Dave—had as good as told the woman she need not hang about in hopes of repeating last night's daring seizure of Muriel. That girl was awake, in the midst of a whole batch of wawful Morcovian news.

And this information he had conveyed to the lurking spy, so that the camp might be spared the upset which even a frustrated attempt would have meant.

"Well, Betty, we mustn't hang about here," he said. "They may be waiting for that water."

"Yes."

Like him, Betty spoke as if unwarned of danger. She stooped to take up the pan of water, which she had set down whilst in talk with the lad. But whilst stooping she managed to glance at him, to see whether he was already facing the way they would have to go.

He was, instead, in an unchanged attitude—one that appeared to be a careless waiting for her to go before him; but she could tell that really he was peering fixedly into the darkness.

So Betty knew at last exactly where the woman lurked. Dave, for all his apparent carelessness, was ready. He held his rifle as a man might who never expected to have to use it; and yet he was now telling Betty with his eyes to keep clear when she stepped away—not to get between him and the lurking spy.

And then suddenly a little laugh, with a feminine note in it, came from only a few yards away. It was the woman herself, making no involuntary self-betrayal of her presence.

Betty stared at Dave perplexedly, but he would not glance her way, even for a split second. She saw his eyes dilating as they still watched that part of a mimosa thicket from which the laugh had issued.

Then some foliage rustled over there, as if the woman were boldly, impudently advancing from her lurking place. Was she, then, intending to have speech with them?

Dave suddenly levelled his gun, veicing a calm but commanding: "Stop!"

But the woman came at least one step farther. Betty, now upon Dave's left and facing the thicket, saw her. The darkness was such that the face of anyone as dark-skinned as a Hindu would hardly have been discernible; but Betty saw the woman's face quite well.

Perhaps she was a half-breed. At any rate, it was almost a white mask in the darkness—that handsome face, still smiling, although the woman knew that Dave's rifle covered her.

"Oh, it is all right!" the woman chuckled, speaking very good English. "Shall I put my hands up? There!"

The amusement in her voice, the readiness with which she did raise both arms above her head—it must all have made Dave a little ashamed, Betty felt, of being so threatening.

Unhappy he may have been about the whole business, but he still kept the rifle to his shoulder.

"Well," he asked, looking along the barrel of the woman, "what is it?"

At that instant, when Betty was wondering what the woman would answer, there came men's voices from another part of the camp's outskirts. The three evidently were back—completing such a hasty return to camp as meant that danger of some kind or other was imminent.

But before another moment had passed, that might have enabled Betty to catch a word or two of what was being rather loudly reported, a terrible thing happened to the chum with whom she stood.

He suddenly toppled over and fell flat to the ground, stunned by a hurled club that had been aimed at him. Not by the woman! She was still "hands-up," making no movement. It was from the very opposite direction that the club had come spinning at Dave, striking him at the back of his head.

Betty had only one thought in such a terrible moment; could have only the one thought, and that was to do her best for him.

She saw a man—very likely the hurler of the club—rushing forwards as if to pounce upon the fallen lad. The pan of water was still in her grasp; she flung it at the man, and it struck him upon chin and chest.

That stopped him! What with the smashing impact of the tin itself and the sudden sousing of its contents gave the fellow, he reeled backwards.

As for Betty, sending out a shout to alarm the camp, she reached down and took hold of Dave, to drag him away.

But now the woman rushed in and made a tigress-like pounce. One strong hand seized Betty. Vainly struggling, she was quickly lifted right off her feet. A last vague glimpse she had of Dave, being pounced upon by a couple of Khan's men, and then she felt herself being carried off.

Still she struggled, and still she could neither writhe free nor call out.

She was being rushed along a track that led away through one of the wooded parts of the island, and it was a track so narrow and overgrown that her captor was constantly stumbling, nearly falling altogether with her.

But neither the difficulty of the path, nor the weight of her struggling captive brought the woman to a stop. On and on Betty was carried like this, held by one whose lithe figure seemed to be endowed with inexhaustible strength.

The darkness and confusion spread to Betty's mind. She could feel herself becoming half insensible, and very likely she was only saved from complete unconsciousness by an agonising anxiety—about all of this at the camp, and about Dave in particular.

Khan's Command

THE woman spy, although she was so tireless, set Betty down at last. But she did this, only to drag her on by a rightly gripped arm, at the same time hissing:

"Try shouting, my girl, and it will be fifty times worse for you! Come on—unless you want to come to real harm!"

Little need was there for such a fierce command. Betty had either to run on with the woman, or sink down, only to be dragged on as fast as ever!

Whether her captor had meant it to be so or not, there had been that in the threatening order which even allayed Betty's love for herself. "Real harm" would only be done to her if she offered resistance.

From this it was a leap of her mind to the belief that she was to be held as a kind of hostage. She was to be a

prisoner who would be returned unharmed to her friends—in exchange for the girl Muriel!

In a little while they came out on to open ground, and by that time one thing was tragically apparent to Betty. Not far behind there were others coming along, just as rapidly, in the darkness; but they were not would-be rescuers from the camp.

Such sounds as she was paying heed to were attributable, she felt certain, to Dave's being brought this way by those men.



THE island became very silent; there was only the muttered talk of the guards and the distant sound of breakers on the reef. "I wonder," Betty whispered at last, "what has happened—at our camp?"

Suddenly, across open ground that fell away to a part of the island's shore, she saw lights.

There was the rising-and-falling glow of a fire, burning close to the night-bound shore, and there were specks of lights from lanterns.

Khan's camp upon the island. And thither was she being hustled at a pace still so fast that she could hardly get her breath and scarce retain her senses.

Once she managed to fling an eager glance behind her; but the darkness was too intense for her to see those who were following. Yet they were not far behind now. She even heard a couple of voices jabbering excitedly. It was a foreign language the men were speaking.

Not until several minutes later was she able to get a first sight of those who had come the same way as she had been dragged by her woman captor. Then, however, they were near enough to the encampment to be in the far-reaching light from the fire.

Looking back again, Betty saw those two Indians, bringing Dave with them. On either side of him they strode, holding him by wrist and shoulder.

The woman, whose hold upon Betty was as relentless as ever, laughed softly.

"Yes, we have caught that boy as well! I hope it is not to become his turn to have to face a levelled rifle. It might be one to go off!"

Their arrival had already caused excitement in the camp. Betty saw two or three men abandon their staring state to go quickly to a large tent. She guessed that it was one which had been fetched ashore from Khan's palatial yacht, so that he might pass the night in comfort on the island.

Towards that tent Betty herself was taken, and in a few moments Dave was

close at hand, still guarded by his captors.

There was just time for the young prisoners to exchange a long look, and then they heard Khan's voice.

He came out of the tent, and a lantern held by one of his men showed his dark, handsome face to be wearing an evil smile. That famous jewel, the Tiger's Eye, flashed where it was set amongst the folds of his turban.

His first words were to the woman and the couple of men who had made such fine captures. He spoke in Hindustani, but Betty and Dave could tell that they were complimentary remarks, for the recipients of his praise looked very pleased in a servile way.

Then he spoke in English—most likely with an idea of terrifying the captives by letting them understand his intentions.

"It may not be necessary, but we shall know in a little while," he smiled, twitching his eyes from one to the other. "If they bring in that girl—then we will set this pair free. If not—I shall know what to do! For the present take them away!"

He heeled about as if to return to his tent, affecting an air of assured triumph. But Betty and Dave, whilst being marched off together, saw him pause just

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

MY DEAR READERS.—In this week's number we say farewell to that merry madcap, Princess Cherry. I know you have all enjoyed the series of stories in which she has featured, and I only decided to end it because I felt that I had found a new feature which you would like even better!

The new series of complete tales which is to take the place of "Her Harum-scarum Highness" is written by Ida Melbourne, and the title is:

"HAPPY-GO-LUCKY LULU"

That suggests some fun, doesn't it? You'll love Lulu; she's an absolute live wire, full of the brightest ideas for waking up St. Winifred's. And when Lulu decides that St. Win's needs waking up—well, things begin to happen; and surprising things at that!

In the first story of the series, complete in next Saturday's issue, you will read what happens when Lulu arrives at St. Win's. They thought they knew how to deal with new girls—but they didn't know how to deal with Lulu! From the very moment of her arrival Lulu makes things hum—and the result is a feast of fun.

Look out for this topping new feature next week—and if you want to make doubly certain of your SCHOOLGIRL, you'll be well advised to order your copy in advance. And all your chums should do the same, too.

Of course you are just longing to know what happens to Rosa Rodworth, now that she has got herself expelled. In next week's brilliant long complete story, the title of which is:

"ROSA GOES HER OWN WAY"

you will read how the Stormy Petrel of the Fourth takes the law into her own hands.

Embittered by the knowledge that she has been falsely blamed, falsely punished, blind to the fact that her so-called friend, Renee Ballard, is out to ruin her, Rosa the reckless plunges wildly into a whirlpool of folly.

Brilliantly written by Hilda Richards, next Saturday's fine story will grip you from first to last. All your favourites of the Fourth are to the fore and with Rosa the rebel as the girl on whom the limelight shines you may look forward to a real story-treat.

A thrilling instalment of "MORCOVE MAROONED!" and further exciting chapters of "THE HOUSE OF BYGONE DAYS" complete the fiction programme in next week's issue, while Pat's gay pages are packed with sparkling notions for Autumn days.

All are too good to miss—so do the wise thing, won't you, and order next Saturday's SCHOOLGIRL right away.

With best wishes,

YOUR EDITOR.

outside his tent and look away into the darkness like a man anxiously wondering how plans, recently put into action, were succeeding.

Here in Khan's seashore camp there were only a few of all those men who had yesterday landed from the yacht. Bearing in mind what Khan had said just now, it was certain that a party had been sent out, under cover of darkness, to make a fresh attempt to kidnap Muriel.

Yet there had been no sounds of firing from the direction of the castaways' camp for Betty and Dave to hear. In spite of the smallness of the island, was it possible for rifle-shots not to be heard—on account of intervening hills and thickets?

Betty, who was made to stand close to a palm-tree on the outskirts of the camp, had her hands tied behind her, the rope being secured round the stem of the tree.

Dave was served similarly, within easy speaking distance of her; and then the woman went away.

Those two men who had caught Dave remained on guard, but they squatted down and fell into purring talk with each other.

There was that false peacefulness which this tiny tropical island so often assumed during those critical days and nights for the Morcove castaways.

Again Betty heard the rhythmic sound of the waves and the sighing of the thin breeze amongst rank foliage. Voyagers landing on this island for a few days' stay as mere holiday-making campers, might wake in the night and think how pleasant those lullaby sounds of wind and tide.

But she and Dave were in this desperate plight now—utterly helpless captives in the hands of that rascal.

She whispered across to Dave. "What do you think, then?" was her starting question—causing the two Indian guards to look round; but she was not going to take any notice of their camp. "Can anything have happened at our camp, Dave?"

"Something was going to happen just when I got knocked out like that," he clenched his teeth as if maddened by the recollection. "The men were back, warning everyone—"

"Yes, I heard them, too, Dave. But if they had come rushing back to get the camp prepared for an attack—did that attack come off? Surely we would have heard—sounds!"

Then the attackers thought better of it, then the all. Dave muttered. "They found that our camp was not to be taken by surprise—and maybe Khan had warned them to avoid bloodshed."

"Then everyone is still safe at our camp?" Betty said, in great relief. "Muriel as well!"

"But what about you, Betty?" he frowned. "If only I hadn't been bowled out like that! I'll never forgive myself for not—"

"Not what? Having eyes at the back of your head? Don't be silly, Dave!" she retorted. "Really, I'm to blame for it all. I should never have gone in the dark to get that water. But—"

Breaking off, she reared her head to listen, and Dave also paid eager attention to significant sounds. Those of Khan's men who had been away upon the attempt to carry out his orders were now flocking back. Already they were so close to their own camp that they could come on in a noisy manner.

The two men guarding Betty and Dave rose up, and the woman suddenly returned. Although she saw the two Indians taking a look to see that the

"Morcove Marooned!"

captives were as secure as ever, she herself gave an eye to the ropes. As if either Betty or Dave could have united such knots as had been made!

Then, just as the disorderly band got clear of some trees and swarmed upon the fire-lit scene, Khan came out of his tent again.

Instantly there was such a silence as meant more than habitual awe. The men who had come back, with only failure to report, were in abject dread of his wrath.

Betty and Dave looked that way and saw how hesitant was one man who must have led the party to tell of the failure. And, sure enough, only a few first words had that man mumbled when Khan broke out in a great rage.

Whatever explanation there might have been to give, whatever excuse to offer, it made no difference to him, the born tyrant. For a full minute he raved at them all, and then suddenly he turned round and came, still speaking in fury, towards Betty and Dave.

Girl and lad noticed how the two Indians on guard, and the woman who stood by, seemed to swell with pride. Khan's infuriated state had no terrors for them, that was obvious. The fiasco of the "night attack" had, of course, rendered their own craftier work all the more deserving of his gratitude.

"We shall keep them, then!" he changed into English speech, as he came to take his stand in front of Betty and Dave. "But it is in use keeping them here. Have them aboard the yacht—at once!"

The yacht—his own great ocean-going vessel—only a few miles out she was, somewhere in the darkness; but even those few miles of sea between Betty and Dave and their dear ones on the island—what it was to mean in the way of intense anguish!

"And if," Khan harshly added—"if they have not been exchanged for that girl within twenty hours from now, we shall sail—and sail for India! Not the India of your polo-playing British Army," he snarled at Betty and Dave, "but my India—mine!"

The woman, recovering from the low bow she had given as his orders came, stood very erect, smiling.

Small launches that had brought Khan and his following ashore from the steam-yacht were at the water's edge. Even as Khan turned to stride away, Betty and Dave were having their ropes untied, and to one of those boats they were next minute taken.

Their guards embarked with them, and a few men who had come down for the purpose ran the boat out. As soon as she was afloat in the surf, an Indian who was in charge started up the engine.

Away to sea she went, slashing through the infuriating waves, soon to find Khan's magnificent vessel looming into view like some phantom ship, all ghostly white in the darkness.

And Betty and Dave felt it as a very climax to all that had happened to them during this fateful night—to see that great vessel of a sudden, lying so still, with never a light to find its reflection in the dark waters.

A floating prison, to receive and keep them whilst their fate was in the balance!

TERRIBLE indeed is the plight of Betty and Dave—and who knows what their fate may be, now that they are Dulip Khan's captives! You must read next Saturday's exciting instalment of this powerful serial, so order your SCHOOLGIRL right away.