

EVERY SCHOOLGIRL'S OWN PAPER

FOUR FINE
STORIES INSIDE

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Incorporating
SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN



THE GIRL THEY MUST NOT FIND

A dramatic incident from this
week's powerful long story
from Cliff House School story

JEAN CARTWRIGHT of the Fourth Form at Cliff House School, Stars In This Fine Extra-Long Complete Mystery Story



The Scots Girl's SILENCE

What's Wrong With Jean?



"JEAN CARTWRIGHT," said Barbara - Mother, looking at the small strip of paper she held between her thin fingers.

"One more vote for Jean?" sang out Clara Twynkle cheerily.

"That makes her sixteen!" said Marget Lantham.

Blue-eyed Barbara, the pretty leader of the Fourth Form at Cliff House School, Tumbey Clara, the junior sports-captain, and Marget were busy sorting and counting voting papers in Study No. 4.

Now Babe divd a hand into the discarded chocolate-box which had done duty as the voting-box, and extracted the remaining slip it contained.

"Famous Frost?" she announced this time.

"Then Frances gets twelve votes, seven less than Jean," said Marget, consulting the list she had been making out.

"Good old Jean!" cheered Clara. "She wins! She plays at the concert!" "My hat! Won't Jean be thrilled!" exclaimed Babe, with a merry laugh. "Now keep those voting papers to gether, in case any of the girls want to check them. Then we'll make out a notice, and pin it on the board—"

She broke off as the door suddenly swung open and a crowd of eager girls came jangling into the study.

"Who's won, Babe?" went up a chorus.

Babe's eyes twinkled. "Jean's finished counting," she greeted

them. "Jean Cartwright gets twenty-a majority of seven."

"Oh, jolly good!" applauded Rosa Redworth.

"Come on, Jean!" Clara cried.

"Where are you—?" "But no need to look for Jean Cartwright. Already she was pushing her way to the front of the throng, laughing and gasping as congratulatory hands thumped upon her back.

"Babe, you really mean it!" she asked breathlessly, her cheeks almost as red as her mop of fiery hair, her eyes sparkling.

Babe laughed at the excited Scots girl.

"Rather!" She laughed impatiently. "Jean Cartwright," she began, with mock solemnity. "It is my very great pleasure to inform you that by vote of the Fourth you are hereby selected to play at Lady Lantham's charity concert on Saturday."

A dimple appeared in Jean Cartwright's cheek.

"Babe, you daffey!" she chuckled. "But, Marget, you're sure it's all right! Your mother will be agreeable?"

Marget Lantham smiled.

"Of course. Mother left this part of the arrangements entirely in my hands. You see, when I knew she was organizing a concert, I thought it would be a good thing for the Fourth if we supplied the pianist. Mother, being a sport, agreed. And as you and Frances are the best pianists available, I put it to the vote. You've won, Jean—read us your play!"

"Hurray!"

By HILDA RICHARDS

WITH this fine story which has made her one of the most admired and popular girls at Cliff House School, JEAN CARTWRIGHT risks all for the sake of one whom she has chosen to help.

particular, were very excited. The concert being organized by Marget's mother, Lady Lantham, in aid of the Courtfield and District Poor Children's Fund, certainly promised to be a big affair.

Famous artists and musicians had promised to appear; but what made it even more thrilling for Cliff House was the fact that the concert was actually to take place at the school itself, in Big Hall, by permission of Miss Fitzroy, the kindly headmistress, who was herself actively interested in the charity.

But if the school was thrilled, Jean Cartwright, the talented Scots girl, was supremely happy. She, to be the pianist, to accompany the celebrities of the musical world who would be appearing at the concert! Certainly there were other pianists in the Four-Diana Roynton-Clarke, for instance. She, however, for reasons known only to herself, had refused to play. Peggy Perwin, another capable pianist, was in the money with a bad chill.

"Oh, it's marvellous!" Jean breathed. "I do hope I shall be a success, though I'll be a little nervous—playing in front of Sir Maxwell Bessan and all these other famous people who are coming."

"You'll be a success all right, Jean," reassured Babe confidently. "You always wanted to meet someone high up in the musical world, and here's your chance."

Jean's colour rose even more at that thought.

Goodness, if she could only interest Mr. Maxwell Brown, the famous pianist-composer, in her playing, then, perhaps, when she left school, her ambition could be realized—that ambition to win fame in the musical world.

"And now that that's settled," said Babe merrily. "You can all run away while I write out the notes. And Franny will want to know the result, too."

"But, I say," put in golden-haired Mabel Lynn, "where's Frances? She'll be disappointed—"

"I suppose that means I've lost," came a voice from the doorway. And into Study No. 4 strolled a tall, very fair-haired girl, whose cheeks were colourless, whose light grey eyes gleamed coldly. It was Frances First herself, nicknamed the little of the Fourth.

"Sorry, Frances," said Babe, looking up from the table, whose she was now writing. "Jean got in by seven yesterday."

"Oh!" That was all Frances said, but her eyes slowly revolved round until they rested upon Jean Cartwright. And Jean, generous-hearted as she was, stepped quickly forward.

"I'm sorry, too," she said, "though, of course, one of us had to lose—"

"Yes, of course," cut in Frances. "Congratulations, Jean!"

And with a nod she turned, making her way out of the study, leaving a strained silence behind her.

Cold and aloof Frances always was, rarely revealing her inner feelings. Her sudden entrance, her abrupt exit, had been typical of the little; but though she had made no comment, the girls sensed that she had been terribly disappointed.

Jean, indeed, felt that a little of her own glow of happiness had disappeared with Frances' departure.

"Rather upset about it," said Babe. "Poor old Frances! But I've finished the notes now. Beanie, will you get tea while I run downstairs? And, Jean, she added, "perhaps you'd like to have tea with us to celebrate!"

Jean Cartwright nodded eagerly. "Thanks awfully! And you must excuse the cake (rather and so this evening). I'll just slip along and get it. Be back in a moment or two."

In tears and throes the girls drifted away from Study No. 4, anxious now that the excitement was over to prepare their own tea, while Jean, humming happily to herself, tripped gaily to Study No. 5, which she shared with Green Cook.

Green was not there. The study was in darkness, illuminated only by a faint glow from the feebly flickering fire. Jean switched on the light, crossed over to the food cupboard.

She took out the cake—a large, dollopsome Dundee—then Beanie Barber's eyes would gaze when she saw it— and turned towards the door again.

But as she turned, something white, lying on the floor by the partly opened window, caught her gaze. Curiously she crossed over, saw that it was an envelope.

Jean stopped, picked it up, and raised her eyebrows in slight surprise to see that it was addressed to herself.

" queer!" she muttered. "When did

this come? Don't recognize the writing!"

Even more curious now, she placed the cake on the study table and tore open the envelope, to extract the single sheet of paper it contained.

She began reading. A look of astonishment came into her face—astonishment that gave way to dismay, alarm.

"Oh goodness!" It was a straggled oblong that came from Jean's pallid lips. "But I can't—I dare not—"

Almost nervously she gazed around her, catching the note in her hand, allowing it to drop unheeded to the floor. But then suddenly, she became galvanised into action.

Cake, tea, the waiting Babe & Co.—even all thoughts of the concert—became forgotten in that dizzying moment. Quickly she turned on her heel with a strangely furtive look up and down the corridor, she flew敏捷ly from her seat. Down the stairs Jean Cartwright raced, out into the dark night atmosphere.

Beanie, sitting self-consciously within her, the Scottish janitor watched amid the eerie darkness of the cloisters.

As at that same moment, back in Study No. 4, a figure moved, silently, furtively.

Now the light had been switched off. In darkness that figure moved, in darkness stooped by the table, and retrieved the crumpled note which Jean Cartwright had dropped.

The vague shape moved over to the fire, unrolled out the note, and by the still gleam read the message which had so perturbed the Scots girl.

There came the hint of a sharply indrawn breath, then a shudder of reluctant satisfaction.

Then, as wreath-like as it had appeared, the figure vanished through the study doorway, switching on the light as it passed.

In Study No. 4 Babe, Mabel, and Beanie were looking puzzled. They had finished tea—merrily because Beanie had waited so about everything getting cold—after waiting about a quarter of an hour for Jean. Now, nearly an hour had gone by, and still no sign of the Scots janitor.

"And—and she'd promised as a cake, too," Beanie lamented miserably.

Babe smiled faintly.

"Never mind the cake, old Ben," she returned. "What's happened to Jean herself?"

Mabel was about to speak, when there came a raps at the door, and Jean hurried entered.

"Hallo! What!" Babe began, only to stop in alarm as the new hair pale and anxious the Scots girl looked.

"Why, what's wrong, Jean? Where have you been?"

"I—I—" Jean stammered. "I'm sorry I—I just forgot all about tea. I'm afraid."

The chairs started at each other. Forget! It was hardly like the cheery Jean to behave in this impulsive fashion. And why did she look so pale? Just now she had been so happy about the concert.

"You might have brought the tik-tak, you know," put in Beanie.

"Shush, Beanie!" Babe admonished. "Never mind Jean." And she laughed lightly. "Come and have a chat. Look! We can soon make another pot of tea, if you haven't—"

"No, no, thanks!" Jean put in hurriedly. "I—I'm afraid I don't feel like it."

Again the chairs started. But before they could say more the door opened, and in came Margaret Latham.

"Ah, Jean!" she cried. "I thought I'd find you here. You just got the music for the concert. The girls want you to try it over. Can you come along to the music-room?"



JEAN trembled blindly from the piano. "I can't play to-night! I can't—I can't!" she sobbed. And while the chimes of the Fourth watched in silent dismay she stammered from the room.

For a moment Jean looked naive her old happy self. "Oh, yes, please! I'd love to!" she replied.

"Well, come on! You, too, Babs!" Babs nodded. She, Babs, and Mabel followed Jean and Margot for the study. The Babs looked thoughtful. She was still puzzling over Jean's strange behavior. What was wrong with their hosts' chums, she wondered?

The sound of music greeted their ears as they approached the music-room. Someone was playing the piano—playing it well. As they entered the music stopped, and Frances Frost swung round on the music-stool.

"Oh, it was you, Frances?" said Margot. "Sounded jolly good. But you don't mind if Jean sees the piano wire, do you?"

Frances shrugged. "Not a bit," she said, in that aloof way of hers, and just as she stood.

But once again, just as she had done earlier on in Study No. 4, her gaze, steady, penetrating, bowed into Jean Cartwright as this girl took her seat at the grand piano.

"Here we are, Jean?" Margot exclaimed gaily, taking from under her arm a music-case. "You'll have to open the concert with something ringing, you know, and mother suggested that 'Polonaise' thing by old 'Chopin'."

Jean laughed. Yes, she knew Chopin's "Polonaise"—could play it, indeed, without the music.

She swung round to the piano, and the first chords crashed out. But somehow to-night, her playing was listless, without feeling. Everybody who noticed it, Jean herself knew it, she tried to pull herself together, tried to concentrate.

She bowed her mind back to the music. She played on. But now she was making mistakes. Her fingers felt like dumb-bells. She was touching the wrong notes. And then suddenly her mind went completely blank. She faltered, stopped.

"Go on, Jean!" came Rosa Redworth's voice. "You're not playing so well as you usually do."

Jean bit her lip. She felt the hot prick of tears behind her eyelids. Oh, Rosa needs to tell her that! She knew it quite well herself.

Girls were staring at her in astonishment. Was this the Jean whose playing they had always so admired, the girl they had chosen to be the pianist at the all-important concert?

"Come on, Jean! Back up, for goodness' sake!" Clara Trevlin said, with more impudence than tact.

Jean tried. She found the passage, she stumbled on again. But the music was existing her eyes now. The tone was a blur in front of her.

"Well, my girl's went! If you call that playing!" came Lydia Crossendale's scolding voice. "I can play as well as that myself!"

"Oh, dry up!" snapped Babs, gazing aversively across at Jean.

"What I'd noted for Frances," muttered Lucy Morgan softly.

Something seemed to snap in Jean's head, then. Eyes flashed, hands clenched; she whirled round on the stool.

"Oh, stop it—stop it!" she shouted, almost hysterically. "Stop it! I tell you I know I'm not playing well! You needn't keep on raking it in!"

"But Jean—"

"Oh, leave me alone!" Passionately Jean jumped to her feet. With chest heaving and eyes burning, she glared

round at them all. Then her face worked guiltily. A sob came to her lips. "Oh, I can't play tonight! I can't—I can't!" she shouted apologetically. And with those words she pushed her way violently through the throng round the piano, dashed across the room, and out of the door, slamming it resoundingly behind her.

Someone Knows



CONSTERNATION followed Jean Cartwright's impetuous exit.

For a moment there was dead silence. Girls eyed each other in amazement. Then the silence was shattered by a babel of upraised voices.

"Well, my hat! What's come over her?" asked Frides Peffer, her ferret eyes gleaming with unconcealed curiosity.

"A fine way to practise for the concert, I must say!" sniffed Eleanor Strain.

Margot Lanthorn was looking anxious. She glanced about at Barbara Redburn, who stood silent amid the hubbub, a worried frown on her brow.

"Goodness, Babs, what ever made Jean do that, of all things that! Has something upset her? I've never heard her play so badly before." Margot bit her lip. "It's—" she rather airily, she added, "After all, the concert's only two days off and Jean hasn't even seen the rest of the music yet."

Babs shook her head helplessly. She felt both puzzled and concerned.

"I—I think I'll go and find her—try to get her to come back," Margot said hesitantly.

Surprisingly enough, it was Frances Frost who spoke then. All the time she had been sitting quietly in the back ground, making no attempt to join in the comment which Jean's behaviour had aroused, but watching intently, a faint smile lurking at the corners of her bright mouth.

"I shouldn't do that, Margot. Don't worry her if she's upset—no use, anyway. She'll be all right. And if you specially want to hear those pieces, perhaps I can play them over for you!"

The girls stared. Such concern for the little, for someone else, was unusual. The Fourth knew Frances Frost's disposition, too. But now it looked as if they would have to revise their opinions. Frances was taking her defeat jolly sportingly. It was nice at her to come forward.

"Good old Frances!" applauded Brenda Falgout. "Yes, let's hear you play them while Jean gets over her sad tantrum!"

And a unanimous Frances took her seat at the piano. Margot, with a grateful smile at the girls, placed the sheets of music before her. She started playing, and the atmosphere grew calmer.

A good pianist was Frances, when she took the trouble; and this evening she surpassed herself, playing with feeling and delicacy. She came to the end of the first piece. There was a burst of enthusiastic applause.

And that applause penetrated to Study No. 4 in the Fourth Form passage. It reached the ears of Jean Cartwright, who sat shivering in an arm-chair before the dying fire, her thoughts as cheerless as those loudly unfeeling children.

Her face was wrong with misery. What must the girls be thinking of her! She should never have rushed out of the music-room like that. She had

been a hind to Jean instead of herself. But it had been impossible to play.

Altogether Jean Cartwright passed. A sudden wave of alarm pulsed through her.

"That letter!" she gasped. "My hat, where did I put it? If someone reads that—"

The guard wildly around her. She remembered now. In her agitation she had crumpled it in her hand and dropped it heedlessly to the floor by the window.

In two long strides she crossed the room, looked round for the crumpled white ball which should still be on the floor.

There was no sign of it. She dropped to her knees, peered frantically beneath the barrow, under the table, the small bookcase. Still no letter rewarded her search.

An icy hand of fear seemed to clutch at Jean Cartwright's heart now.

"I must find it—I must!" she muttered feverishly.

Perhaps someone had run it, had picked it up. It might have been thrown into the waste-paper basket.

She grabbed the basket, emptied its contents in a heap upon the floor. Definitely she began examining each separate sheet of crumpled paper.

But she saw that the letter was not there. Nor was it in the fireplace or in the coal-bucket. Then where was it? With growing dread, she searched everywhere. A vain search! The horrifying truth forced itself upon her. The letter was nowhere in Study No. 4. Someone must have been in and picked it up—and that someone had kept it.

Keep it! Jean trembled. Then it was—

Her secret was known! Appalling as the fact was, it had to be faced. Someone had the letter—someone knew its secret. She, by her carelessness, had made known the secret which she had sworn so solemnly to keep!

The Clock Strikes Four



CLANK! Clang! Derr-r-r-r! bell peated through the junior quarters of Clif House School.

It was time for bed, and reluctantly the Fourth Form emerged from copy studies and Common-room. Surely the girls made their way up to the dormitory.

"Well, I only hope Jean will be better by to-morrow," Barbara Redburn made that remark to her chums, Mabel Lynn and Clara Trevlin, as they ascended the stairs in a little group.

"Can't make out what's come over the duffly little evening."

"She's a chump!" said Clara in that blunt way of hers. "She'll lose her chance of playing in the concert if she goes on like this."

"Yes," agreed Mabel. "Margot's worried, and some of the girls are saying that Frances should play."

Babs & Co. reached the dormitory. They were the first up, and Babs was the one to open the door. But even as she was about to enter, the Form captain drew up with a sharp intake of breath.

She and her chums were not the last arrivals, after all. Jean Cartwright was already in the dormitory. And as they saw what she was doing, Babs & Co. stared in surprise.

There was Jean, huddled down beside her bed. She was in the act of sliding a small brown-paper parcel under it. Hearing the chums enter, she straightened up with a guilty start. But



THE eerie silence was broken by Babe; she whispered hoarsely: "It's locked! We can't get out!"

though she made an elaborate pretense of rucking the bedclothes in under the mattress. Babe, Mahe, and Clara were not deceived. Clearly they had seen Jean's action.

"My hat!" breathed Clara. "What's she up to now?"

Jean looked across at them with a forced smile.

"Rusel saw you all tonight!" she said, striving to hide her confusion. The chams exchanged glances. More and more mysterious was Jean Cartwright's behaviour becoming. What was that parcel she had hidden under the bed? Obviously she had slipped up to the dormitory first, hoping that her action would not be observed.

Babe refrained from making any comment, however, for the other girls were streaming into the room now.

Jean, having donned pyjamas by this time, slipped into bed. She saw the girls regarding her, some curiously, some indignantly. There was a reproachful look on Margot Lantham's face, and Jean flushed awkwardly.

She pulled the bedclothes about her. Her mind was a torment of chaotic thoughts. She was suspicious of everyone. In all those places she had imagined accusation and condemnation. At any moment she dreaded that someone would point to her and say:

"Jean, you have a guilty secret. I found that letter. It is my duty to tell everyone."

Gradually the Form settled down for the night. Dulcia Fairbrother came in and extinguished the light.

One by one the girls dropped off to sleep. But Jean remained wide-eyed in the darkness, moving a little restlessly. No sleep for her—not yet, at any rate. In an hour's time, when the rest of the Fourth dimbowed, she had a task to perform.

Outside, stiff gusts of wind blew a light patter of rain against the window-pane. From a mossy tree an owl hooted. Then the chime of the school clock—one single, resonant chime. Half-past nine.

Another half-hour to wait. The reluctant ticked slowly on.

"WHO'S THAT?"

Barbara Hedford's voice suddenly blazed through the darkness. Aloud she sat up in bed, striving to pierce the grey gloom of the dormitory.

Softly to her ears had come the click of a closing door. The dormitory door. Quickly Babe hopped out of bed.

There was a rattle from the bed next to hers.

"Is that you, Babe?" It was Clara Trevilly's sleepy voice. "What's happening?"

"Somebody's been out!" Babe's just gone out!

"Oh!" Clara, all her sleepiness vanishing, perked upright. "Who?"

"Don't know. Just going to have a look."

Babe began crossing to the door. As she did so, the chime from the clock tower rang on the still night air. Goodness! Ten o'clock! All the mistresses would still be about. Whoever was breaking bounds at this early hour was surely asking for trouble.

Room, looms, looms, looms! Deep, resplendently, came the stroke. Unconsciously, Babe found herself scowling there.

Then, unexpectedly, most amazingly, silence!

"My hat! What's the matter with the clock?" came Clara's voice. "It only struck ten!"

"Must be feeling tired—gone off stroke!" muttered Jane Harvett, who was awake now.

Clara's exclamation, indeed, seemed to have awakened the whole Form. The dormitory was filled with wondering voices.

But already Babe was striking towards the window. She looked out into the darkness. And then she stiffened; her eyes widened.

"I say! Look at this!" she cried. "There's a light in the clock tower!"

"A light? There can't be!"

"Well, come and look for yourself!" Immediately there was a surge towards the window. The startled girls stepped out into the darkness of the night.

They saw the dark bulk of the clock tower, just discernible in the later radiance of a pale moon, which peered feebly through the wrack of scudding clouds. But it was the face of the clock tower which riveted their attention. For, weirdly, unaccountably, it shone in the darkness, illuminated by some inner light—a yellow disc seeming to hang in space. Ever it looked to the watching girls; mystifying to them because they knew there was no lighting system in the tower to illuminate the clock face.

"Queer!" muttered Mahel Lynn. "First the clock strikes wrong, though the hands are pointing to ten, and now the giddy light!"

In the darkness the girls looked blankly at each other. Then came a startled exclamation from Gwen Coombs.

"I say, where's Jean?"

Babe started, looked swiftly around her.

"She's here, isn't she? Jean! Jean, where are you?"

But no Jean answered. And then Babe knew. So it was Jean whom she had heard leaving the dormitory. Quickly she hurried across to the Scots master's bed; looked under it.

That parcel which she had seen Jean so furtively hiding there was gone!

Babe thought hard. That light in the clock tower—Jean missing. Could there possibly be any connection between the two facts?

Babe suddenly hung on her dressing-gown, drew on her shoes.

"I'm going down to look for Jean!" she announced grimly.

"And I'll come with you!" said Clara at once.

"And I'll get in Mahe. But where are you going to look, old thing?"

"In the clock tower. Come on—and careful! It's the ward!"



The Fugitive

"MARRY! For good news' sake get out that light!" Jean Cartwright's voice rang out sharply in the belly of the old clock tower at Cliff House.

Pausing and breathless, she roused up the stairs and peered wildly round. Her eyes met those of a girl who had risen hastily at her approach—a girl who was wrapped in a warm winter's coat, and who had been sitting on a rug on the floor in one corner of the belly before an extinguished lamp on which flickered two burning candles.

Not a Cliff House girl. But Jean Cartwright showed no signs of surprise at seeing her in the clock tower—only alarm and agitation. For Jean had known she would be there. It was Jean who had hidden her there early that same evening! It was in her that girl that she had swept out of the dormitory only five minutes ago.

"Jean, what's the matter? Has someone found out I'm here?" With a catch in her voice, Jean glancing in her eyes, the stranger in the clock tower caught hold of Jean's arm.

She was slightly taller than Jean, a little older, too; a tall, slim woman of light brown curls, unostentatious but attractive face—but it was a face that looked drawn and worn, and the flickering candlelight accentuated the light shadows of suffering that crested her wildly staring eyes.

Not then did Jean reply, however. Shaking her arm free of the other's grip, she sprang across the belly, made a dash at the candles, and, in rapid succession, extinguished the flames between her finger and thumb.

"There was a gasp from the girl she had called Mary. But quickly Jean pulled a torch from the pocket of her dressing-gown, and, pointing it to the floor, switched it on.

"That won't be seen from the outside," she said confidently. "But, Mary, you shouldn't have lit those candles. The reflection could be seen across the quad. A mistress might have seen it—or anyone. And what on earth happened to the checks? My hat, I haven't got over the shocks yet!"

Mary MacDonald regarded her apologetically.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Jean! But you know what a theophanes, clumsy thing I am. Somehow I got mixed up with the chains of the clock, and it went wrong. But, Jean, do you think I'm still safe up here? Will anybody come across—"

Jean bit her lip.

"I don't know—I hope not!" And then, seeing the pathetic look on the other's face, she gave an expression softened. "But we must be careful, Mary. It's an awful risk hiding you here, and if anyone should suspect—"

Jean broke off and smiled ruefully. "But we hope no one will—oh? And now, here's a little food for you."

She held out a small brown-paper parcel, which Mary took eagerly.

"Oh, Jean, you're a brick to help me like this!" she said softly. "But I knew I could rely on you; that's why I came to you this afternoon."

Jean regarded her anxiously.

"Mary," she said, "you must tell me everything. I've promised to help you, and I will willingly, because you once helped me. But why did you run away from your uncle? And—and how long will you have to hide here? It—it's not going to be easy, you know."

Mary's blue eyes fixed upon the

Fourth Floor. There was a look of wistful appeal in them. Suffering was mirrored in their depths.

"Yes, I—I realize that. And I don't want you to get into any letters on my account, Jean. But I do need your help—and you were the only one I could come to. There was a little break in Mary's voice. "But, there, let me tell you everything, Jean, you know I've been living in Cliffside with my uncle, Roger MacDonald!"

Jean nodded. You also knew that. And she knew Roger MacDonald, a prominent and greatly admired man in Cliffside. That was what had been puzzling her—why Mary should have run away from a man who always seemed to be kindless itself.

Mary seemed to read her thoughts.

"Yes, I know what you're thinking," she said, rather bitterly. "Everybody likes Uncle Roger. So did I until a few weeks ago. Jean, he isn't what he seems to be. He's a brute and—and a scoundrel!"

Jean started.

"Mary—"

"It's true, I came down here to live with him when my parents went abroad. Dad, as you know, is an explorer, and mother's gone with him to Central America. Before he went, dad left to my possession the details of an invention he had been working upon. I have them here." And she pulled the pocket of her coat. "Then came the news that my parents were missing—believed to have perished in a jungle fire. And from that moment Uncle Roger, who was acting as my guardian, changed. He told me he knew about the invention, and asked me for the papers. When suspecting his treachery, I handed them over, only to discover that some night that he was going to pass them on as his own and claim all the money that would be made on them.

"Rather foolishly I told him what I knew," Mary continued, "and ever since he's treated me like a prisoner. He locked me in my room—would not allow me to go out or see anyone. And I was desperate. I knew if I didn't do something soon he would apply for a patent for daddy's invention in his own name.

"So last night I determined to get the papers. I broke out of my room, slipped down to his safe, and was just taking them out when I heard noise coming downstairs. I was terrified—didn't know what to do. I jumped through the window. I heard him shout after me. But I ran far and ran until I reached that old deserted house in Friarlands Lane—you know, Ivy House.

"I spent last night and all this morning there, but I didn't feel safe, and I was so hungry, too. And—and then I thought of you, Jean—"

"And that's why you came to Cliff House?" finished Jean. "My hat, you poor bird!" she said tenderly.

"So that was Mary's story. It startled her; it aroused every feeling of compassion within her.

"And—and you will help me?" Mary asked pleadingly.

"But, Mary, what can you do? Your uncle will say you stole those papers. It's his word against yours. There'll be a terrible law and cry."

Mary's chin set.

"I know that, that's why I'm keeping out of his way. You see, Jean, I'm convinced that if my parents will come back, I have a feeling they are not dead. And I'm going to remain in hiding until I find out for sure what has happened to them. And, anyway," she added fiercely, "I'll destroy those papers—do anything—rather than let Roger MacDonald get hold of them!"

Jean stood irresolute.

"And you want me to hide you here until you get definite news?" she asked.

"Jean, if only you would!"

Clashes were Jean Cartwright's thoughts in that moment. Oh, goodness, this was a terrible decision to have to make. The position was far, far more serious than she had anticipated. Hide Mary until there was definite news of her parents! That might be days—weeks—months!

Jean Cartwright came to her decision.

"I'll do it, Mary!" she said bravely.

"And—and you won't tell a soul?"

Mary asked. "I know it's making it difficult for you, but the slightest whisper could put Uncle Roger on my track."

Again Jean hesitated. Oh, this was making it doubly difficult! This was— But, then again she nodded.

"I promise, Mary—"

She broke off, her body stiffening, her face suddenly blankly. "What's that?"

The two girls listened tensely. Through the stillness came a sound—the soft crunch of gravel beneath moving feet. Then a soft murmur of voices, leading up to the belly.

"Mary—quick!" hissed Jean. "Someone coming! Goodness, they must have seen that light, after all! Downstairs—quickly! We'll hide behind those packing-cases by the door!"

As the noise she was dragging the frightened Mary down the narrow, winding flight of stone steps, a torch wavering before her. In that moment of eyes she did not notice that Mary had dropped the small parcel of food.

With hearts thudding, they reached the ground floor. Against the wall stood seven large wooden packing-cases which had at some time contained Mrs. Cartwright's gardening paraphernalia.

Just in time, they slipped behind them, crossed, hardly daring to breathe.

The door of the clock tower swung open. The ray of a torch cut through the darkness. Only by a barest effort did Jean stiff the gap which came to her lips as she saw the three girls who entered—Barbara Redfern, Mabel Lynn, and Clara Traversy. She glimpsed their three shadows ascending the stairs.

Like a snail, they disappeared from sight. Jean grabbed Mary's arm.

"Now!" she hissed. "Hold for it!"

Prone throbbing, they slipped out through the open doorway, and, leaping in the shadows, fled stealthily across the quadrangle towards the black bulk of the school.

W HEN UP in the belly of the clock tower, Babs, Mabel, and Clara looked at each other with mystified eyes.

The torch, held by Babs, was directed upon a brown-paper parcel which lay on an overturned box—a parcel which was unopened, and which they saw contained food.

Babs winked.

"So Jean has been up here!" she exclaimed. "That's the parcel we saw her hiding under the bed!"

"But what does she want to bring it up here for?" Clara demanded. "And these conditions—they explain the light we saw. Looks as if she's been hiding a midnight feed here by herself. But where the deuce is she now? Oh, it's got me broken!"

"It had them all beaten."

"Better get back to the dormitory," Babs said at last.

In single file, they descended the stairs again, Babs leading, shoving the torch in front of her. She rounded to the door, now closed, tapped at the

handle. But though the handle turned, the door would not budge.

"Locked?" gasped the Fern captain.

"Oh, it can't be—" began Clara.

"But it is, I tell you. Locked from the outside?"

"Oh! But who—?"

In dismay the three girls looked at each other. Who, indeed, had locked them in the clock tower? And into their minds, simultaneously, flooded the same thought.

The girl, they knew, had been to the clock tower that night, and only a few minutes before they had crossed. Jean Cartwright!

But surely Jean, their own chaperon, would not lock them in!

On the Floor Above



"WELL, Jean Cartwright, and where have you been!"

Jean stepped dead on the threshold of the Fourth Fern dormitory as Lydia Cromwell's voice, unpleasantly scowring, openly suspicion, blazed through the darkened room.

She braced herself; she crossed the dormitory towards her bed. All the girls seemed to be awake—was it Miss Beattie Baxter? The moon was still in darkness, but the moon, now rising clear of clouds and shining in through the windows, showed her up plainly.

"You haven't answered my question. Where have you been?" demanded Lydia again.

Jean flinched at the rudeness in that girl's tone.

"Any business of yours?" she retorted.

"Yes, after all the funny things that have been happening," came another voice—Rosa Rodworth's, this time. "And where are Babe & Co? They've gone out looking for you, Jean."

Jean bit her lip. Yes, where were Babe & Co? She had expected them to be in the dormitory when she returned. Nearly half an hour had elapsed since she and Mary had rashed from the clock tower, during which time she had seen Mary safely installed in a fresh hiding-place.

But—Babe & Co. not back yet!

Jean climbed into bed, ignoring the questions which were being levelled at her, refusing to give an account of her movements. The dormitory buzzed with the sound of voices.

A quarter of an hour passed, and then footsteps were heard outside the room.

The door opened. Babe, Mabe and Clara came in. Straight across to Jean's bed Clara strode. Seeing Jean lying there, the Towsey placed down her.

"Jean," she said, striving to control the anger in her voice, "somebody looked us in the clock tower. Was it you?"

Jean sat up with a jerk. From the beds around her came a chorus of incoherent gasps.

"Look—look you in the tower? Of course I didn't, Clara!" Jean protested hotly, though her head was whirling as she tried to comprehend the Towsey's startling statement. "Why—why should you ask me?"

"Because," came Babe's voice quietly, "we've reason to believe that you were in the clock tower to-night. Were you?"

There was an electric hush in the dormitory just now. Everybody was looking at the Scots junior; everybody was hanging upon her reply.

Jean moistened her lips. She felt as if she were caught in a trap.

"Well, yes, I was," she admitted.

"But—"

"Then what were you doing up there?" asked Clara bluntly.

But how could Jean answer that question? How could she, in the light of what had happened? Impossible to answer, when it would mean involving Mary.

Again Jean moistened her dry lips.

"I'm sorry, but I'd rather not say."

"H'm! That's helpful! And yet you didn't lock them in, eh!"

It was Rosa Rodworth's voice, very soothing, not a little contemptuous.

"No—no! I tell you I didn't!" Jean cried.

Babe looked down at her broadly.

"But who else could have done it?" she demanded. "Has anybody else been out of the dormitory, other than you four?"

"Well, yes," volunteered Frances Frost. "But I only went out to the landing to get another look at the tower from that window at the end of the passage."

"I didn't do it," protested Jean again; but there was a look in her voice now as she felt, rather than saw, the condemning looks that were fastened upon her.

"Well, it's got us into a nice pocket of trouble, anyway," Clara said bitterly. "As Jack would have it, Piper and Merryweather based on hanging on the door. They let us out, but Piper's reporting us to Primary in the morning, and that'll mean a gating, as sure as eggs."

And again she glared at the Scots girl, a look of hard reproach in her eyes.

But Jean could say no more. Dumbly she shook her head. Oh, goodness, hadn't she had enough worries to-night without being accused of such a mean trick? It wasn't fair. Somebody else had done that, and she was blamed.

A choked sob came into Jean's throat as she huddled beneath the bed-clothes.

No more was said then, however. The Fourth settled down for the night. Once again Jean tossed restlessly, shutting her eyes tightly as the hope that sleep would come to her. But it was no good. The tumult in her brain kept her wide awake.

But the Fourth was destined to be disturbed again that night. Before the majority of the girls could fall asleep there came another alarm. The stillness of the dormitory was suddenly broken by a sound from overhead.

A queer, rattle-tingle sound, as if something being slowly dragged across the uncarpeted floor of the room above.

"Oh!" It was a half-gasp, half-scream from Majorie Hamblaine.

"What's that?"

Below anyone could answer the sound came again.

Swift-quick! Followed by a queer, shuffling noise, eerie and frightening in the tense hush.

"Clara, what is it—oh, what is it?" panted Majorie.

The next moment, her frightened cry had changed to a shrill scream of fear.

Crash!

Thunderous, reverberating, that sound, seeming as if the very ceiling would give way beneath it.

Craaa!

Again the Fourth Fern dormitory shook beneath that chattering sound. Girls leapt out of their

beds in unshaken terror. Others lay there cowering and trembling, too frightened to move.

Then, from the direction of Beattie Baxter's bed, came a wild, pining cry of alarm.

"Oh—oh! Help! Save me, save me, Babe! The something's caved in! I'm being buried alive, I'm suffocating! Help, come and dig me out! Go—go!"

Babe, pulling herself together, leaped across to the light switch. But even as she reached it, she felt a sudden draught and realised that the dormitory door was opening. She saw a vague figure on the threshold, felt unnecessary alarm.

She pressed the switch. And in the sudden white glare of the electric light, she found herself gazing straight into the distraught features of Jean Cartwright.

But in that moment Babe had no time to question her. Quickly she turned to cover the dormitory. A sense of confusion met her gaze. Girls were standing motionless, as if rooted to the spot, their faces white and frightened. Clara, a glass of water in her hand, was leaning over Majorie Hamblaine, who lay back against her pillows, trembling and gasping faintly.

Bessie was still howling—as well she might, for a portion of plaster, dislodged from the ceiling by that crash, had showered down upon the fat one, though, to be sure, she was more frightened than hurt.

"Quiet, girls!" called Babe sharply.

"It's all right now—"

But before she could say any more, a tall figure appeared in the open doorway, and there stood Miss Primrose, the headmistress. Behind her were Dulcie Fairbrother and Frances Barrett, temporary captain of the school.

Alison stepped, the headmistress seemed, as she stared through her fingers.

"Babe my soul! What has been happening here? Barbara, what is all this noise?"

Quickly Babe explained.

"The candles came from upstairs, Miss Primrose. It must have been in one of the attics."

Miss Primrose looked startled. The two prefects exchanged glances. Then the headmistress shook her head proudly.

"Extraordinary!" she murmured. "Most amazing! Who could be up in the attic at this time of night? Frances, please fetch Piper and Merryweather. Tell them to go upstairs to the attic and investigate. I'll have the master cleaned up immediately!"

"Yes, Miss Primrose."

But even as Frances turned to go there came a wild cry.

"No, no, Frances, you mustn't go! Come back here!"

And Jean Cartwright rushed frantically forward, grasping the temporary school captain's arm. Frances paused, looking in astonishment at the boy-haired justice. But Miss Primrose frowned.

"Jean!" she rapped. "What is the matter with you, girl?"

Her frown was thunderous, but Jean seemed not to heed it.

"Don't call Piper!" she gasped. "I'll go upstairs, Miss Primrose, I—I'm not frightened. I'll see what it is. Please let me go, Miss Primrose!" And she took a step forward as if to dash off. But in a flash, Miss Primrose's hand shot out, caught the Scots girl by the wrist.

"Jean!" And there was that in her voice which made even the frenzied Fourth Fencer stop in her stride.

"Come back here immediately! Have

Again the Fourth Fern dormitory shook beneath that chattering sound. Girls leapt out of their

"Yeah, he's a swell guy!" drizzled Leila Carrell, the American junior. "He donated the prize at the Crystal-field dancing gala. Remember him, Babe?"

Babe nodded. Yes, they all knew and liked Roger MacDonald, and instantaneously all their sympathies were for him in this sensational occurrence.

"But I'm rather surprised to hear that about his move," Babe said. "She always struck me as rather a charming girl, the little I've seen of her."

"Doesn't sound very charming," commented Jean Carmichael disparagingly. "The paper says she was seen near her. The paper says she was seen near her. We'll have to keep our eyes open for her."

"Yes, rather?"

That idea was greeted with approval. And in the general excitement that crossed as one noticed Jean Cartwright. No one noticed how she suddenly clutched at the window-ledge as if for support.

The Roger MacDonald had acted. The story was in the newspapers. Mary was now a fugitive from the police!

Pale and uneasy she stood there, listening to the comments of the girls about the table.

Then another thought came to her—alarming in its dread possibilities.

That letter from Mary which someone had taken from Study No. 8. Ever lurking at the back of her mind had been the fear that the unknown person who had taken it would reveal what she knew. Not yet had that blow fallen—but would this latest development precipitate the crisis?

That letter had been signed "Mary MacDonald." If the person who had it saw that item in the newspapers, the connection was obvious.

Suddenly Jean felt she could bear the suspense no longer. She must see Mary—must tell her of this alarming development.

With a stealthy look round, Jean Cartwright slipped out of the Conservatory. She had a quarter of an hour yet before lessons. It was dangerous going upstairs at this hour—especially after last night's occurrence. But if she were careful she would be able to do it. She could not rest contented until she had told Mary.

She reached the attic safely, cautiously opened the door. For a moment she thought Mary was not there. Then, in answer to the soft calling of her name, a scowled face peered from out of the large cupboard which stood in the corner.

"Goodness, Jean!" gasped Mary MacDonald. "You gave me a start. I couldn't make out who it was, so I hid in the cupboard. Oh, Jean, I'm awfully sorry about last night! I thought she'd feel safe, somewhere. I thought I'd climb up into the loft, so I stood on a heap of cases. But just as I was going through my feet must have caught against them, and—"

"Last night's business isn't the worst," Jean replied wryly. "Aldred I've got some more bad news for you." And she went on to tell the startled Mary of what the evening newspaper reported. A look of alarm sprang into Mary MacDonald's blue eyes.

"But, oh dear!" she cried. "If anything happens—if I'm caught—this might mean danger for you as well as for me. You mustn't be involved." For a moment she fell silent, as if thinking deeply. "Listen!" she said suddenly. "During the day-time I'm going to keep a hot-post. If the police should come in, Cliff House, I shall see them. And if they do, I'll make a bolt

for it. Down the fire-escape or out of the servants' entrance. So don't get too weary. And, whatever happens, I'll see that your name isn't brought into it. That's only fair, after all you're doing for me."

Jean's face cleared. And when she left the attic, after promising to see Mary again that evening, she was feeling very much calmer in mind.

Despite the fact that her problems were far from solved, Jean Cartwright was much more like her old self that day.

The girls noticed the change and wondered. They simply could not

head's study with the first hundred lines Primary had given her. She was somewhat surprised when entering Miss Primrose's study to find Piper, the parrot, there. Miss Primrose mentioned her to wait.

"Now, Piper, as I was saying, sometime this evening I want all the trunks and cases removed from the attic above the Fourth Form dormitory. The decorators will be in tomorrow to repair the damaged ceiling, and they will, of course, want the attic clear. You will see to that, Piper?"

"Which I will, ma'am. Yes, ma'am!" said Piper unobtrusively.



JEAN barked frantically to the prefect. "You mustn't go up to the attic—you mustn't! Come back!" she panted. Full well, Jean knew that any search of the attic must result in the discovery of the girl she had hidden there.

understand Jean lately. When, after morning lessons, Margaret Lathburn (jilfilantly suggested a spot of practice. Jean willingly and eagerly agreed.

Indeed, every spare minute that day Jean practised. And when, just before tea, the girls congregated in the music-room to hear her go through the whole repertoire, they were pleasantly surprised and delighted.

For Jean's playing, as of old, was exquisite. She played perfectly. The girls listened with unreserved delight. Billed showed plainly on Margaret Lathburn's face.

"Oh, that's splendid, Jean!" she enthused. "If you play like that tomorrow, you'll run away with the concert."

Jean flushed and smiled. She could sense that the girls were changing towards her. They were less cold now. They still couldn't understand the reason for her extraordinary behaviour; still were rather stiff, but definitely not antagonistic as they had been after the previous night's incidents.

After tea Jean went along to the

But, Jean, hearing that conversation, felt all her old fears suddenly sweeping back upon her. Oh, goodness! Piper going up into the attic again! Once more Mary's hiding-place was to become unsafe, once more she would be in grave danger of discovery.

But thank goodness there was time to avert that danger! Almost dancing with impatience, she waited until Miss Primrose had glanced through her lines; almost ran from the study at the end of dismissal.

Then swiftly but warily she made her way up to the attic again. Mary was waiting for her this time.

"I'm sorry, old thing," Jean said urgently, "but I'm afraid you'll have to keep out of the attic to-night, at any rate." And she told Mary of what she had learned. "But don't worry. I've thought of somewhere else where you'll be quite safe. It's not so easy, but what will you give for you, I mean, the crypt."

Mary nodded.

"Anywhere you say, Jean," she replied at once. "When do I go?"

"Right away. Piper's likely to be

up here at any moment. Take those travelling bags with you. I'm going to smuggle you out by the fire-escape. You know the way across to the crypt, don't you? I'll meet you there in about ten minutes."

And as together they quitted the attic—and not a moment too soon, as it happened, for as they reached the door to the fire-escape, Pipar and Missyweather appeared at the other end of the corridor.

Outside, the early darkness of winter had fallen. Down the iron stairs of the escape the two girls hurried. Jean, passing for a moment at the bottom, saw Mary, youth-like, slip silently across the grounds, and disappear into the shadowy Christies.

Then up the fire-escape again she raced, entering at the rear of the Fourth Form apartment, to find to her relief that her absence had not been noticed.

Trying to appear unconcerned, she slipped down into Big Hall, made her way to the main door. Nobody was about, all the girls being busy at prep in their studies.

That suited Jean. It would not take her long to slip across to the crypt, and so Mary comfortably quizzed for the night.

With a last cautious look round, Jean slipped through the door, and down the wide, stone steps, breathing a sigh of relief.

But that relief would have been short-lived had the but seen the eyes that were following her every movement.

And dread would have filled her had she known that those eyes belonged to the mysterious figure that the previous evening had crept into her study and stolen the precious letter from Mary MacDonald.

Hidden in the shadowy cleft by the school wall, that figure watched as Jean Cartwright vanished into the darkness of the eerie crypt.

And then—

With a low chuckle the figure straightened and crept stealthily across the quadrangle!

In the Crypt



"FRESHENED" said Barbara Boddens, and threw down her pen with a sigh of satisfaction. "How goes it, Mabel?"

Mabel Lynn grinned.

"Another three minutes and I'll be through, too."

Babe & Co. were seated round the table in Study No. 4 doing prep. The curtains were drawn; a crackling fire burnt merrily in the grate.

With a snuffle, Babe rose, walked across to the arched air and sunk luxuriously into its depths.

Her mind drifted lazily. Whole day's holiday tomorrow. The concert in the afternoon. Should be jolly, she decided. And thank goodness Jean Cartwright seemed to be more her aid still. She had played beautifully that evening at parties—

Tap-tap-tap!

Wonderfully that sound came from the direction of the window.

Babe sat up with a jerk. Golden-haired Mabel looked quickly round. Babe's eyes widened behind her thick-rimmed spectacles.

"Wh—what—" she began nervously, but before she could finish, again came that sound.

Tap-tap-tap!

A little of the colour fled from Babe's very cheeks.

"Oh, Babe—Babe, what is it?" Babe frowned. She rose, striding across to the window. She flung back the curtains; threw up the window, peered out into the dark quadrangle. And then she blinked. For there was nobody in sight.

"Well, that's jolly creepy—" she began, to break off, tapping.

For from Study No. 7 came a startled little shriek in Marjorie Haddock's tones. A shriek that was followed by the flapping up of the window, and a grunt about Miss Clara Trevelyan!

"Here, who's playing the giddy goat?"

But now other windows were crackling up, other heads protruded. And as curtains were drawn back and windows thrown up, a yellow glow from the studios illuminated the quadrangle.

From the row of heads came a rain of questions and shouts.

"I say, did anybody hear that tapping?"

"Who's tapping about?"

"Can't see anybody."

And then from Babe's basket, who had peered Babe and Mabel at the window of Study No. 4, came a quivering wail.

"Oh, Babe! Lal-look-look!"

And Babe, following the direction of the fat one's trembling, quaky finger, felt her heart give a queer leap. At the same moment, there was a chorus of startled yells from the other girls.

Everybody saw it. Horrified eyes became riveted.

For on the edge of the radius of light thrown from the studios, something moved. Something white and shapeless-looking. Something that seemed to glide along, unobscured, unceasing. For a moment everybody could recognise. Then a swirl across from Green Cook.

"A—ah ghost!" she cried quiveringly.

"The Ghost of the White Lady! Look, it's going into the crypt!"

In that moment even Babe felt scared. She, of course, had heard the legend of the White Lady who was reported to haunt the Christies and crypt.

A sudden chill feeling seemed to grip at her heart. Again she forced herself to look at that frightening figure. Just discernible it was now. A white shape, it passed for a moment before plunging into the darkness beyond. And looking, Babe took a grip upon herself.

Foolish to imagine the supernatural. It could not be a ghost—there were no such things, she decided herself. Someone must be playing a joke—a pretty low-down sort of joke at that.

"Don't be a duffer, Green!" she called out loudly. "It's somebody playing about. I'm going to have a look-see, Clara!"

"Neither!" shouted back the Tumbler. "Say, count me in on that, too!" came Leila Carroll's drawl.

"And we!" put in Mabel quietly.

"Then come along quickly! I think whoever it is has gone down into the crypt and we'll be able to catch her there!"

There was a busy clanking of numbers. Hasting only to see the palpitating Babe's safely installed in Study No. 7 with a white-faced and rather shaken Marjorie Haddock, who was being consoled by Janet Jordan. Babe joined up with Clara, Mabel, and Leila.

In a group they set out for the crypt.

"Then, now! You'll be all right now!"

And Jean Cartwright, in the little

chapel in the crypt, smiled at the girl who stood before her, bathed in the white beam from her torch.

Mary MacDonald nodded.

"O.K., Jean, there's your match. Now you dash off back before you're missed. Don't want you getting into any more bother. Night-night, old thing! And thanks again!"

"Goodnight, Mary. See you tomorrow. And for goodness' sake," Jean added, half-hearing, half-worried, "do be careful. Don't cause any more scenes."

And with a last smiling nod, she withdrew, closing the heavy oak door carefully behind her.

Well, that was that. Once more Mary was safe for the night. And now for school, and prep, which she had not done.

Slipping the torch in front of her, she stepped quickly across the stone floor until she reached the slight air steps which led up into the Christies. And then she stood stock still, a wave of alarm gripping her.

She had heard a movement. It came from ahead of her. She raised her torch, heart thumping painfully. Next moment—

"Jean Cartwright! I've caught you!" a voice shouted. "Caught you red-handed. So it was you who was scaring the girls!"

And all at once Jean found herself blinking in the white glow of a powerful torch. She saw behind it the figure of a girl. The figure of Frances Frost, her face violently triumphant.

Jean stood paralysed, incapable of speech or action. And before she could bring her dazed wits to work, there came a ringing thud of feet from outside, more shouting voices.

"This was, Babe!" yelled Frances.

"I've got her, it's Jean Cartwright!"

"What!" Involuntarily she about this followed that statement.

But now the crypt was full of flashing lights as Babe, Mabel, Clara and Leila, tumbled upon the scene. Jean Cartwright was confined in that battery of lamps, still standing there like a statue, too stupefied to grasp what all this meant.

"Jean! You!" exclaimed Babe in horror. "You couldn't be. There must be some mistake. Frances—"

"There's no mistake!" said Frances grimly. "It was she all right. I swam on ahead of you, Babe. I saw her just disappearing down the steps. I saw her just as she was throwing off the blanket she had draped about her. Look, there it is!"

And down swept Frances' torch, to reveal a white object that lay almost at Jean's feet.

"A blanket!" gasped Clara. "Well, say so!"

Jean Cartwright blinked. Her lips moved. She struggled for words. But what was all this? What was all this talk about blankets and scared girls? What was the meaning of Frances' accusation? And why were Babe & Co. staring at her in that queerly reproachful way?

"Babe! Frances! What are you talking about? I don't understand. I don't know what you mean!" she cried, the words coming now in a torrent.

"Oh, no!" Frances' laugh was menacing. "Don't try to play the innocent now, Jean. You know very well that you dropped yourself in that blanket and played the ghost, scaring the girls half out of their wits!"

"Oh, it's a lie—it's a lie!" Jean burst out passionately.

"Then," said Clara grimly, "what are you doing down here—and with that blanket, too?"

"But I've never seen the blanket before. I don't know how it got here."

"No!" mocked Frances. "You fibber! You know very well I caught you. And now you're frightened to own up."

"No! Frances, wait a moment," broke in Hilda quietly as she stopped forward. "I admit the circumstances seem a bit suspicious, but I can't believe Jean could do such a mean thing. Jean," she added, turning to the Scots girl, "you didn't do it, did you?" Almost pleading was her voice, as she asked that question. "You can explain why you were down here, can't you?"

But that was just what Jean could not do. With a sudden shock, as the full realization of Frances' accusation soaked into her numbed brain, the consciousness of her plight revealed itself startlingly.

"Whatever's been happening, Hilda, I'm not responsible!" she burst out desperately.

"Then what were you doing down here?" demanded Clara bluntly.

"Jean passed wildly at the Treasury."

"Oh, please don't ask me that! I—I can't explain—" She broke off lamely.

"There you are!" it was Frances' voice. "She's got to admit it!"

Hilda drew a deep breath. Almost desperately, it seemed, she was fighting for Jean. The Fours captain knew the Scots girl—could not believe her capable of such an action. A sudden, last, despairing thought came to her.

"Jean," she said fervently, "you didn't see anyone else down here. You've not identified anyone, are you?"

An icy hand of fear seemed to clutch at Jean's heart.

"Oh, no, Hilda! You—you wouldn't think there's anyone else down here?"

"There," said Clara Trenchly heavily, "there's only one thing for us to think, Jean. You must have played that silly trick!"

And Clara turned away disgustedly. Slowly Hilda & Co., with a last brief look at the white-faced Jean, wheeled and walked away, Frances, with a sweeping grin, following in their van.

But, even in her misery, Jean caught that look and wondered at it. Frances had deliberately led to Hilda & Co. to convince them of her, Jean's, guilt.

Why?

Jean's mind whirled. And then she drew a sharp breath. Goodness, she hadn't thought of it before! But Frances must have been deliberately waiting for her. What was behind all this? Why should Frances want to get her into danger? And how had the blanket come to be here? Jean knew it had not been in the crypt when she and Mary had first entered.

Thinking of the blanket, she stopped, picked it up to examine it. But as she raised it, something dropped out of the folds and tinkled to the floor of the crypt.

Jean flushed her teeth round. Ah, there it was—a small, glittering object. A brooch. In a flash Jean was across the floor. But before she could stoop to retrieve it, there was a crashing, rattling thud of footsteps down the stone stairs, and into the crypt here Frances Front, her face white and alarmed, her grey eyes blazing.

The new Jean stooping—saw that glittering object on the floor. A choked cry came to her lips.

"Leave that alone, Jean Cartwright!" she shouted. "Leave it alone!"

She rushed wildly forward. But Jean was too quick for her. Now she had the brooch in her hand, and, gazing at

it, she gave a shout of amazement. For that brooch she recognized. It belonged to Frances Front.

"Your brooch!" she gasped. "And it was in the blanket. Then—then—" Realization suddenly flooded upon her in a blinding light. "Then it was you, Frances! You're the guilty one!"

Frances' face was white with rage. In that moment she looked as if she would fling herself upon the red-haired Scottish junior, and Jean leaped herself for the attack. But it did not come. Stunned as they, surprisingly, Frances laughed.

"Well," she asked coldly, "what if I am? The girls think you did it, so what's it matter?"

Jean's eyes blazed.

"I'm beginning to see a few things now, Frances. I suppose you did this deliberately—to get me into disgrace. And I can guess the reason why. You want to play in the concert!"

"How very clever of you!" sneered the trick. "And now that you've dedicated all that, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to take this brooch to Hilda & Co. I'm going to tell them where I found it. This will prove to them that it was you who really worked that marvellous stunt. Now get out of my way!"

"Certainly! But just a minute!" Frances' voice was harsh but smouldering now. Then a slow, enigmatical smile came into her face, and those frosty eyes of hers glittered strangely. "Take it to them by all means," she said frigidly. "Tell them what you've found out. But get this. Immediately you do that, then I shall take to Miss Finmore a certain letter I have in my possession—a letter signed by a girl named Mary MacDonald!"

An agonized cry came to Jean's lips then. She fell back a pace before the glittering menace in those strange eyes that glared so coldly into hers.

"Yes, Jean Cartwright, I know all about it. I hold the whip-hand, and you know it. And here's something

else for you to think over," Frances went on. "I do want to play in the concert. What's more, I'm going to play in the concert. You'll probably be shocked and, in any case, after tonight's affair. But if not, then you'll find to your regret that to narrow scoring, or—and she laughed unpleasantly—"or I shall take that letter straight to Miss Finmore!"

Red Sand



THE following morning Joan Cartwright came to her decision. After a sleepless night, her mind was made up. But long and bitter had been the struggle within her to determine what she should do.

On the one hand, her staunch Scottish pride relating to accept defeat—refusing to allow a trickster like the trick to frustrate all her hopes and ambitions.

On the other hand, there was Mary, and loyalty for that old-fashioned friend of hers. How could she fail Mary now, whatever the price to herself?

Jean knew she must sleep out of the concert!

But, even though that decision was made, Joan refused to acknowledge complete defeat. Frances should not get away with everything. While Frances held that letter she was an ever-present menace—could always prove the part Jean had played in hiding a fugitive at Cliff House.

She must get that letter back. And not only the letter. Also she must endeavor to prove Frances for the trickster she was; prove her own innocence of the things for which she had been condemned by the Fourth Form.

But it was going to be difficult and dangerous. Even if she did recover the letter, even if she did prove Frances' duplicity, that girl could still denounce Mary's presence in the school.

WITH a wild cry, Frances burst into the crypt. "Leave that alone!" she almost screamed. But Jean had already recognized the brooch as Frances' own. Here was the proof she needed!



How to avoid that damaging possibility?

That was the problem which occupied Joan Cartwright's mind as she dressed that morning in the Fourth Form dormitory.

Joan was up early. But not a girl spoke to her. Everyone knew that she had been found in the crypt the previous night; the majority were convinced that she had been responsible for the ghost story.

Latter that morning, as Joan knew, a meeting was to be held in the Fourth Form Common-rooms to decide, even at that late juncture, if she should still have the honour of playing in the concert.

But as need for them to worry, the Scots girl thought bitterly, as she went down the stairs. They wouldn't have the task of deciding whether she was to play or not. Her resignation would be on the board before then.

Meanwhile, the next go across and see Mary before the school was astir. She would take her some food; yet that she was all right. In the grey light of the early morning Joan fitted across to the crypt, went down the stone steps and along to the chapel.

She tapped on the heavy oak door, softly called Mary's name; but there was no reply.

"Still asleep, the lazy slacker?" she murmured.

Slowly she pushed open the door, flashing her torch around the little room. And there a little exclamation left her lips.

Foot of Mary there was no sign. But the rug was folded neatly, and on top of them lay a white envelope. With a feeling of quick alarm, Joan took it open. Wonderingly she detected the sheet of paper it contained. It was a note in Mary's writing:

"Dear Joan, 'it read,—' I heard everything last night. I cannot allow you to suffer for any longer, so I have gone. But I'm sorry about me—I shall be all right. Try to find the letter that girl is holding. Then you will be free to expose her for the cheat she is. And as I have gone, even if she does accuse you of hiding me in the school, she will have no grounds for her accusation. Don't let her beat you, Joan. Play in the concert, and the best of luck."

"Mary."

Letter in hand, Joan stood. Not at first could she grasp the significance of that note. Mary gone! But where? Oh, goodness, what if she were caught! But Mary had said not to worry. Perhaps the had thought of another hiding-place—somewhere outside the school.

In spite of herself, Joan was suddenly swept by a feeling of overwhelming relief. Mary had gone, and with her going—no longer had Joan a secret to hide. No longer need she fear Mary's presence in the school being discovered! Then, in a flash, realisation came to Joan. With Mary gone it altered everything. It solved that problem which had so filled Joan's mind.

It meant that if only she could get back that letter which Frances Frost held no longer need she fear the trick.

Magically Joan's face cleared. For the first time for hours a smile appeared in her cheeks. How splendid of Mary to do this thing!

And now—

Into those grey eyes of hers came a healing light. Her skin squared, her shoulders broadened.

Now, with the third time left, she was going to fight. Fight desperately to get that letter, to overthrow the trick

and, in doing that, win her way back into the hearts of the Fourth.

Back to the school Joan Cartwright strode, determined and resolute. But in the Fourth Form passage, where little loads of girls were congregated, she was met by a strange silence. And then came the shock—the shattering blow that upset all her high hopes!

For Margaret Lambton stepped forward to meet her—a Margaret who looked very red and uncomfortable.

"Joan," she said hesitantly. "I—I have something to tell you."

Joan pulled up short. A sudden feeling of apprehension swept through her.

"Margot, what is it?" she asked sharply.

Margot coughed.

"I—I— After you had gone out of the dormitory this morning the Form held a meeting to decide if you should still play in the concert this afternoon." She broke off awkwardly. "I wasn't my will, Joan. Both Babs and I tried to prevent it. But the girls were determined." Again Margot paused.

"Yes, go on," Joan said tersely. But in her heart she knew what was coming.

"Oh, Joan, I'm so sorry," went on Margot miserably, "but by a majority the girls decided after what happened last night, that you should not play. They—they've put Frances Frost in your place!"

"Joan, you may."

It was Barbara Roffers's voice which came softly to Joan Cartwright's ears as she sat alone in her study. Joan turned.

"Oh, hello, Babs!" she said quietly.

Babs advanced into Joan's No. 4. "Joan, I'm terribly sorry about what's happened—the concert, I mean. You know that we had no head in it, don't you?"

Joan nodded.

"Yes, and thanks for that, Babs."

The Form captain regarded her keenly.

"It was Lydia Comensale who tipped the girls on, and after last night's unfortunate incident they were only too ready to agree." Babs paused, came nearer to the Scots girl. "I've been thinking about last night, Joan," she went on. "The evidence pointed to you, but—well, I don't think you did it. You're hiding something, old thing—I'll even go further than that. I'm practically convinced that you know who was guilty, but that for some reason you can't speak out. Am I right, Joan?"

Joan's eyes were bright.

"Yes, Babs, you are right," she said quietly. "I can't tell you anything more yet, but—" and she smiled—"I haven't given up hope of playing in the concert some day. I'm not beaten yet. I do know who named the girls—I've a pretty good idea as to who locked you in the cloak tower the other night. But until I get something which that girl holds, I'm fixed."

Slowly Babs looked at her. She gave a sudden start. "I thought as much. And I—I almost think I can guess who the girl is. But perhaps I'd better say no more, Joan, if there's anything I can do—"

Joan, however, shook her head.

"Thanks, Babs, but this is my job. You understand, don't you?"

Babs smiled.

"I'm sure I do now! Good luck, Joan—and here's hoping you play in the concert."

She went. But that short interview had put fresh heart into Joan Cartwright, had made her even more determined to hunt out her enemy. A few minutes later she, too, left the

study. She had no clear-cut plans—only that desperate letter somehow to get through. The letter—how to get it! Frances' name assuredly had been put in it in some very good hiding-place; or she might even be carrying it about on her. She must watch her every movement. She'd search her study—search her locker in the dormitory.

But soon Joan began to realize what a tremendous task she had undertaken. Easy said thus does find that letter—of time was flying, and the hour of the concert drew nearer and nearer.

Seizing the opportunity when it presented itself, she had combed Frances' study. A blank. With no exception she also went through the teacher's locker; but again without success.

Something very much like despair began to grip Joan now. Dinner came, and the concert was due to start in two hours' time! Two hours only, and she was no further towards finding the letter than she had been first thing that morning!

But it was during the meal that Joan made her first discovery. Watching Frances covertly over the table, she saw her unconsciously pass the pocket of her table again and again, as if to reassure herself that something it contained was still safe.

Retracing gestures! Joan knew then. Frances had the letter on her!

Joan thrilled. Her eyes gleamed with excitement. Desperate situations called for desperate measures. And Joan was desperate.

She knew what to do now. She would tackle Frances. She would take the letter from her by force!

Impetuously she waited for the meal to end. Once she had the letter there was nothing to fear. Then she would speak out—to the Misses of Frances' mistress. That brooch, belonging to the locket, which she had found in the crypt last night, would surely convince them of what had really happened—

Impetuously Joan waited for the meal to end. But even when it did she was unheeded. Miss Ballivan, the acid mastic mistress, was in charge of the Fourth's table, and she took it into her strict head to search the girls out after dinner in orderly file. Thus it was that Frances was out of the hall long before the dancing began.

And it was a full twenty minutes later that the Scots girl saw the trick. She was walking along the corridor, striving to herself in evident self-conviction and rubbing one hand vigorously with her handkerchief.

She didn't notice Joan until that girl was almost on top of her. Then she gave a violent start, throwing the handkerchief hastily into her trunk pocket.

"Now, Frances," Joan greeted. "I want that letter. If you won't give it to me I'll take it, if I have to—"

But the eyes which regarded her showed no fright. They were, indeed, cockingly triumphant.

"Go ahead!" Frances grinned. "You won't find it on me now, Joan. I saw you looking at me at dinner. You expected that I got it on me, didn't you? Well, I've hidden it where you'll never think to look for it, so I still get the last laugh!"

And, brushing the startled Joan aside, she walked on down the corridor, and up the stairs which led to the dormitory.

Joan's hunch checked. Oh, goodness, she was surely beaten now! Only an hour to the concert—and she had no reason to doubt that Frances had found some secure hiding-place for the letter so desperately wanted.

But wait! Why had Frances been wiping her hand on that handkerchief!

Why had she thrust it away so guiltily out of Jean's sight? She had noticed reddish-brown stains on the handkerchief.

And then she noticed something crawling under her feet. She looked down.

Send! Grains of very fine red sand, it must have dropped from Frances' handkerchief! How could this link up with the missing letter? Yes, like a sudden blinding white light, it flashed upon her. Frances had hidden the letter in sand. And the only sand in the school was that to be found in the fire-buckets!

Jean could have guessed in that moment.

The fire-buckets! But—oh, my hat!—there were dozens of them throughout the school. Yet in one of them—

Jean Cartwright became a whirlwind then. Only one thing to do if she was to find that letter. Search every fire-bucket until she found the right one!

From corridor to corridor, from floor to floor, Jean went. Dozens of buckets she inspected. But each time she drew a blank. Oh, she would never be in time now. It was half-past two—the concert was due to start at three. Girls were drifting towards Big Hall.

Big Hall! Goodness, that was one place she hadn't searched. On the gallery above the platform there were two fire-buckets—the only two she had not examined!

To Big Hall Jean raced. Big Hall had been transformed. Rows and rows of chairs lined it from side to side. Banks of flowers massed the platform. The grand piano from the music-room had been moved into position.

But Jean had no eye for these details. In her frantic anxiety now she did not see the group of girls clustered round that piano, among them Frances Frost.

Now Jean had reached the gallery. She saw the two fire-buckets; leapt at the first one.

Her hand plunged into it, for a moment groped in the sand. Her fingers touched paper! In that moment Jean gave a hoarse cry of triumphant excitement. She drew the paper out, glanced at it quickly. Yes, it was the letter!

But below, in Big Hall, Frances Frost had seen.

Like a wild thing Frances flew up the stairs. Girls were staring at her in astonishment; but they stared even more as Frances, reaching the gallery, leaped herself upon Jean. Jean, unable to move herself, sprawled to the floor, but, still clutching hold of Frances, took the blows with her as she sprawled. Her own knuckles against something hard. There was a rattling clatter—and now went the fire-bucket!

Search!

A reddish-brown stream cascaded down from the gallery on to the platform below. Screams and shouts came from the girls congregated there as sand rained down upon them. Then suddenly, stilling even the quivering Frances, the gasp-filled voice of Miss Pritmore, shaking with anger.

"Jean! Frances! What is the meaning of this disgraceful spectacle? Come down at once—at once, I say!"

She eyed the struggling girls. But at her command the struggles ceased. Dishevelled, Jean scrambled to her feet. But Frances Frost, trembling in the fury of her passion, was already running into Big Hall.

Jean followed, while Frances was already shouting:

"Miss Pritmore, I demand that you punish Jean Cartwright! She's done

nothing but try to hinder the concert. She's jealous because I'm playing—"

"Frances, control yourself, girl!" thundered Miss Pritmore. "What are you saying—"

"It's true! And there's something else. Jean Cartwright has been hiding a thief in the school—yes, a thief!"

"Frances!" repeated Miss Pritmore angrily, while everybody in Big Hall stared open-mouthed and listened in tongue-tied amazement. "How dare you cause this disgraceful scene. Jean, what have you to say?"

"I say," said Jean, her voice in strange contrast to the shrieking of Frances, "that Frances deliberately tried to prevent me playing in the concert. The girls threw me out because I wouldn't answer as a glove hat night and scared them. I was accused, but Frances Frost is the guilty one!"

"It's a lie!" Frances panted. "Then what about this?" And, plunging her hand into her pocket, Jean produced the brooch. "This was caught in the blanket in which the girl masqueraded last night, Miss Pritmore. And anybody in the Fourth will tell you that it belongs to Frances Frost!"

Frances' mouth opened again. But before she could speak a new voice broke in.

"Frances, my dear, what ever is the matter?"

And on to the scene strode the tall, thin figure of a man, at sight of whom Frances fell back.

"Father," she gasped. "Yes, Frances," Mr. Frost said. "I received your letter last night, saying that you were playing in the concert to-day, and, though I was terribly busy, I felt I must come along and hear you."

Frances started violently. She sprang forward, catching hold of her father's arm, as if trying to force him away from the scene. But Jean had heard. Her eyes blazed.

"You heard that, Miss Pritmore! Frances must have written on Thursday night for the letter to have reached her home by Friday, and it wasn't until this morning that Frances knew she would be playing."

There was a burst at that—an angry look that grew to a roar.

Miss Pritmore's eyes glistened. "That is true, Jean. There's some explanation needed here. Frances, what have you to say? Bless my soul, but I cannot make head or tail of this—"

"Miss Pritmore, perhaps I can help you!"

This time it was Jean Cartwright who swung round. Her eyes widened. For, running across Big Hall, was Mary MacDonald. Mary accompanied a deeply tanned man and woman, whom Jean recognized immediately as her mother and father!

"Miss Pritmore, please listen to me!"

Mary had reached the group now, and simply, clearly, she told Miss Pritmore of all that had happened since she had first sent that letter to Jean Cartwright.

"Jean is not to blame," she finished. "She only did what any fierce would have done. Indeed, she thought I had left the school. But, unbeknown to her, I was still hiding in the left of one of the attic upstairs. And it was from there that I saw my mother and father"—here she shot a radiant smile at the man and woman—"coming towards the school. I knew then that I could reveal everything. Know that I could expose that girl for the schemer she is!"

And her finger indicated the shrinking Frances!

AND AFTER that, of course, Frances' life details were of no avail, and the whole truth came out. And as Jean Cartwright played at the concert after all. A great success, she was, too. All the artists congratulated her on her playing. Everybody applauded. But, most wonderful of all, Sir Maxwell Brown, the great composer, before he departed from Cliff House, assured the Scots girl that he would watch her future with great interest, and that he himself would be prepared to take a personal interest in her career when she left Cliff House.

And Jean could have asked for no greater reward.

THE END OF THIS WORLD'S STORY.

"LOOK! A ROCKET!"

Barbara Radford pointed to where the distress signal stalked the grey stone-walk. Breathlessly the Cliff House crew watched as the stickier vessel roared helplessly in the raging sea which poured ceaselessly across her decks...

That was only the beginning. Read the rest of this dramatic story in next Saturday's **SCHOLASTIC**. It features the inevitable **JENNYMA CARSTAIRS** and is entitled—

A
COMPLETE
STORY

By
HILDA
RICHARDS



The **RIDDLE** of the **WRECK**

TESS' DRAMATIC CASE DISCOVERY: Enthralling Chapters of a New Morcove Mystery and Adventure Serial

WHEN MORCOVE EXPULSED HER



FOR NEW READERS.

MAIRIE FENWICK and her brother **KALPH FENWICK**—who is a partner in Otago-moore—are living at Gilchrist Buildings, near Morcove. They are intensely friendly to Morcove; especially they are engaged in a successful trial.

TESS TREKLAHNTY, the Fourth Form artist, owing to her astounding abilities on the lino-cut, becomes an intimate friend to their plans. Because of this her success in getting her diagnosed at Morcove. Within of their scheme, Tess, rather they were an unassisted strategy, accepts condition! She is living with her

AUNT FENWICK in the suburbs of Harrogate. Owing to her aunt's kindness, Tess is prevented from attempting to solve the mystery.

(18th road on)

"Schoolgirl That Was!"

"AUNTIE, can I go out now?"

"What?"

"I've been in all day—"

"What of it?"

"I was in all day yesterday, too."

"Well—and why, Tess, should I care? A girl who has got herself expelled from Morcove School—the master's expect to be kept at home in illness!"

"Editha! I'm working for you like a servant!"

"That will do. It was that impudence and defiance of yours that an angry young headmaster!" cried Tess Treklahnty's aunt, Aunt Fenwick. "Go to the kitchen, now!"

But Tess, her plea for permission to take an evening run out of doors having been so ungraciously refused, was not going to return to the domestic regions, anyhow. She didn't see why she should!

There was absolutely nothing for her to do for another two hours. Tess she would have to think about supper for her aunt. But it was to be a cold supper this evening. Aunt Fenwick lived next door—*with a stringless* in fact, that made Tess into the liberal fare provided at Morcove. Supper, later on, would not take five minutes to get ready.

So Tess went up to the room that had been assigned to her in this brand new villa of her aunt's, on the outskirts of quiet old Harrogate.

"No pocket-money!" Aunt Fenwick had decreed when, the day before yesterday, Tess came along as a girl expelled from Morcove, and, therefore, in black disgrace.

But Tess meant to get hold of some pocket-money by a means that did credit to her clever, industrious nature.

She was soon at work up here in her tiny bed-room, painting a most pretty water-colour picture on the back of a plain postcard.

Her idea was to supply some of the best stationers' shops in Harrogate with hand-painted picture postcards. There would have been little hope of these selling at all well, only Tess was going to make them all "local views," those from Morcove.

Harrogate had many a quaint, picturesque "bit" of which others would come readily buy views.

Suddenly:

"You up there, Tess!"

MARJORIE STANTON'S

powerful serial story of a Morcove girl who—for a reason the boys never knew her chosen—*Chloe* to be expelled from the school she loved

"Oh, Jack! Yes, auntie!"

"Come down at once, then! Here you," Aunt Fenwick called upstairs, as Tess appeared outside her room, got some girl friend of years hanging about round here, waiting for you?"

"Well, I thought I glimpsed somebody just then, prowling in the back garden, close to the back window! I hope there's to be no peering here by

any of your former Morcove friends."

"I've got 'former' Morcove friends," Tess said, looking a bit testy herself as she went downstairs. "They see my friends still."

"More shame to them, then! But go out and take a look round."

"Aunt Fenwick, surely it's a waste of time? If any of my chums were waiting to see me they would come to the door."

"They had better not come to the door!" was the grim remark with which this elderly, angular spinster retired to her drawing-room. "One schoolgirl about the place is enough. Oh, I should say, a schoolgirl that was!"

Ten minutes later she came darting out of the drawing-room, catching Tess at the foot of the stairs.

"You're not going up to your room again, girl!"

"There was no one hanging about out there in the back garden, aunt. And I want to—to get some painting done."

"Tess, when I say" the tapping voice had resumed, where—? "Tearing, ring!" went the telephone bell.

"Answer it!" commanded Aunt Fenwick, although she herself was within a yard of the phone.

"It's for you," Tess frowned round, after a few seconds in talk on the phone. "It's Mrs. Andrews, wanting to know if you will—"

"It had better be for me!" said Aunt Fenwick, snatching the receiver from her niece. And then, most graciously:

"Hallo—oh! Yes, dear? Oh, how terrible nice of you! Certainly!"

But Aunt Fenwick had not been maliciously charmed into a good temper with Tess.

"I am asked round to play bridge, Tess. So I shall be out for supper. If I can't be in at ten, you may go to bed!"

"But I suppose, aunt, as you are going out now, I may get a run?"

"Certainly not! Tess, I forbid you! There must be someone at home! As for fresh air, you may, if you like, be in the back garden. The grass needs cutting."

Avoid woman! And yet Tess could not regret that expulsion from Morcove had come upon her at a time when her parents were away, and the house at home closed, so that she had been compelled to stay like this with Aunt Fenwick.

To be here in Harrogate meant being within easy cycling distance of the sea-shore.

And what else meant to Tess! Did it mean anything less, really, than the chance to get herself righted in the eyes

of her headmistress and the whole school?

"Oh, but this is the last day I'll stand such treatment!" Tess was saying fiercely to herself as she went on with her painting upstairs. "Why should I? It's a shame, it's why she can't keep a maid for more than a week. Now, say, say! And I'm doing all that a maid has to do—not a penny for it, either!"

Tess' dark brows were drawn down in a heavy frown; her eyes flashed. And presently she sighed in an exasperated way. The assurance of her aunt's treatment of her rankled, coming between Tess and her work—the fine work, with the smallest of candle-burn brushes, adding stroke after stroke as deftly to a tiny water-colour that she was gladly going to sell for expenses.

"Te-r-ring, ring, ring!"
"That hoarsely telephone again!" she raged, flinging down her brush. "Who is it now?"

"Poor Tess! Born artist that she was, and unable to help being 'temperamental,' as artists are, she was the last girl to fit for this life at Aunt Panslope's. She stormed downstairs.

"Hallo, hallo!" she yelled into the scratched-up receiver. "Who are you?"

"By the voice—Aunt Panslope! Oh, but this was better! Now Aunt Panslope had rung up to say that she—Tess—might go for a run, after all! Evidently, conditions at the house where there was to be bridge were so delightful, the lady had even felt suddenly independent towards Tess.

"Well, sorry, thanks!" Moore's ex-pelled girl acknowledged the set of Mrs.

"Crash! She replaced the receiver. A mere minute, in progress herself for out-of-doors; then she sat round on the stool which held her bicycle, with the horse locked up.

The clock at the town hall was sounding the half-hour as she rode away. Half-past six—that was all!

Yet there was a whip, white, white of Tess Trilovney's pedals, as if she felt there could be no getting to the meadows too quickly.

So much she had to do when there; so much to find out—if she only could!

The Cave Again

TESS closed her machine, and then hopped down from the saddle at a point on the Banncombe-Moore's road where it ran within a few hundred yards of the cliff.

She went on to the springy turf, wheeling her machine for perhaps half the distance she would have to go, to be near the edge of the cliffs. Then she chose one of the numerous grass patches as a suitable place for putting the bicycle out of sight.

Even before she alighted from her machine on the open road she had taken a good look round to make sure that no one was in sight. In all directions—no one!

It had not been so at she came along from Banncombe. More than once Tess had seen, in good time, girls belonging to Moore's School, doing an evening run into town, and she had been quick to dodge out of sight as they skinned by.

Had now, having "parked" her bicycle amongst the bushes, she made her way to that narrow "ohine" which used to offer a craggy pathway leading down to the cliff-ward shore. One could still go down this way, but the road for agility and care had become a hundred times greater.

"That, as Tess knew, was thanks to Ralph Fender's arduous work with a cumber the other day. If, as she strongly suspected, the Grangeowner scriver had had some secret, urgent motive for blocking the cliff path, then he had done his work well.

But Tess soon managed the difficult clambering down. She could even have made the descent in shorter time than it took her, only there was a big reason why she should be extra wary now.

It was in her mind that Ralph Fender or his sister Maizie might be lurking around at that part of the forebore on to which the clogs gave. Both of them, perhaps! For it was along this part of the shore that there was the cave with which the Fenders were so mysteriously associated.

So, whilst the craggy banks were still on either side of her, although she had got down to level-land, Tess peeped out most cautiously before emerging upon the sands.

Not a soul was in sight, and one sign she noticed which induced her to remain very slowly, then no one was about in view on this seldom-visited stretch of beach.

It was her own arrival that had put nesting jockulas into a state of excitement. Until she appeared, not an objection "yes!" had been raised, nor had a gull felt cause for slowly winging away.

There was a smile on Tess' face that had been absent from her face all day. An hour is hard, and the place all to herself!

Keeping close in under the frowning cliffs, she glided along the dry sands, making for the cave where Ralph Fender had raised her oil-colour studio the other day.

"By accident," he had said, and he had led to her! Because he and his sister had agreed as their tricksters, Tess was approaching the cave with the greatest degree of stealth. They might be in the cave—might have been in there long enough for the birds to have settled down after taking fright, as they always did at anyone's approach.

Many footprints there were, to tell of a going in and out of the cave. Tess noticed them. But they did not appear to be new-made; nor, passing to listen, could she hear the faintest sound from within the cave.

Good enough! In she went, passing between one creeping stop and another to look behind and listen intently.

It was not until she had advanced so far into the cavern that the evening light could hardly keep with her, that she began to gaze about very searchingly.

But when she was as far in as that, her face became an eager, panting expression.

What could it be in this cave, that made Ralph and Maizie Fender—doubtless with their parents' approval—want to make other people "keep out"?

Why had Ralph Fender looked so agitated the other afternoon, when he learned that she, Tess, proposed to leave her sketching materials in this cave?

Any answer to these questions would, Tess felt, be a sensational one. So she went make the best use of every available moment now, trying to find out. And if she failed this evening, then she must come again.

They were making secret use of the cave as the hiding-place for something about which nothing must be known. But what could that "something" be?



It was the half-light Tess was suddenly assailed to see a row set of footprints in the sand. Someone had followed her into the cave!

And why, why use this cave, when they had that private highway further along the cliff, with its lattice gates and padlock and chain to afford security for anything put by those?

Was it because the Feenders heard inquiries by, say, the police? Did they even fear the carrying out of a warrant to search Cliffside Banglow and the private cave which "went" with that charming residence?

The mere possibility of such a thing kept Tom peering about most carefully in this other cavern.

"I thought I knew all there is to be known about it," she was saying to herself. "For my charm and I have been here often enough on hillers. But perhaps the Feenders have discovered a sort of secret entry, back to the rocks. There may be a block of stone that you can lift away—and an inner cave beyond it."

Towards the far end there was a twisting way to the right and so on part of the cavern was always in darkness. Tom had brought a pocket torch with her, and she kept it going for several minutes on end, the brilliant ray covering over every square foot of rock wall.

It was such a thorough inspection as might have revealed anything of a significant nature, never before noticed by her. In vain, however, did she look around this inner section of the cave. The arching rocks were devoid of crannies.

Suddenly she was seized with the uneasy sense of being not alone in the cave. Not a sound had come to her, and she tried to decide how one nervous state as being due to her awareness of how, even in the open, the light must now be fading.

She switched off the torch to save the battery for some other time, and took returning steps towards the mouth of the cave.

And then it was, in the half light at the outer end, that she was seized to see—a new set of footprints!

She Has Been Watched

THESE stopped dead. Footprints that had not been there, in the sandy floor of the cave, ten minutes since!

Someone, it was perfectly obvious, had stolen in after her, and then crept out again. A girl!

Maidie Feender? Who else could it have been, with reason for coming and going like that, without disclosing herself? Who else, with a reason for spying?

Anger, as much as excitement, caused Tom to dart out to the open above and look this way and that. But she could see no one. Far advanced as was the evening, she ran some distance along the sands, in the direction of that bit of cliff atop of which Cliffside Banglow enjoyed such a breezy position.

But more than half-way to the zigzag path leading up to the banglow Tom dared not run.

If only there had been more daylight in hand, she could have gone on, climbed the path, and come out on top of the cliff, just close to the banglow. She could have done some looking around there. But now the light was going fast, and she was compelled to turn back, hurrying past the cavern, to go up the cliff by that obstructed path down which she had come.

Even with such haste, it was lightning-up time when she got to the gorge-path where she had put by her bicycle, and it was not there!

It was gone—removed by somebody; she waken, she was instantly convinced,

had simply placed in concealment somewhere else, so as to hinder her return to Banglow.

"The Feenders again?" she was thinking furiously, whilst searching all likely places for the machine. "Maidie Feender—for I don't see how it could have been Ralph, unless he has been over this way this evening, from Grangeover School. But where, anyway—where is the dashed thing?"

She could not find it. Using the torch to aid her at last, in the falling darkness, she hunted around, all for nothing. In a desolated state, she had finally to resign herself to the prospect of walking all the way back to Banglow—a good three miles.

That her aunt would not be in until after tea, most likely, and so there was little likelihood of a scene with her, comforted Tom not at all. Her raging anger continued. Once again the Feenders had served her a mean, cruel trick! The other afternoon, rained sketch and washed parchment; and now—they had taken away her bicycle!

Wasn't it obvious that this was just another effort to keep her away from the shore? In her, with her fondness for sketching, they had recognized a weakness to themselves which did not exist where other Morocco girls were concerned. She, and she alone, was liable to feel not something! That must have been the alarming fear which had seized Maidie Feender and her brother the other afternoon.

Tom, taking wild strides along the night-bloom, lonely road, was inclined to glance behind her now and then. Since she had certainly been "shadowed" during her visit to the machine, someone might be shadowing her now! The thought did not cause her any nervous alarm; it did, however, keep her in a burning state of indignation.

For a while, she hastened on like this with the wind all to herself. Then, when she was getting to the outskirts of Banglow, cycle-lamps shone out before her like a cluster of stars. A few moments more, and she observed as a lonely pedestrian, came in for a warning clime of cycle-bells.

Then she heard a murmur of voices—familiar tones. Betty and some of the other Study No. 12 girls, riding home as late as this to Morocco! But they had their Farm-mistress with them.

Even if there had been time for Tom to chide aside, to avoid being recognized, she would not have done so. After all, she was no longer a Morocco schoolgirl, and she was out with her aunt's permission.

So, of a sudden, there was a startled breaking-up of bicycles, and an equally startled cry from Miss Merrick:

"Tom! That you, Tom Yesterday—at this time of night?"

"It's all right, Miss Merrick—"

"I don't see how it can be, Tom. On foot, too! Have you been walking all the way back home—from Morocco?"

"Oh, no!"

"Where, then, have you been? I mean, Tom, even though you have—have left Morocco—I feel satisfied—"

"Oh, don't bother! Tom, rather wildly protested. "Aunt Penelope said I might go out this evening."

"Very well." The Farm-mistress tried to sigh away her grave concerns. "We had come to Banglow's Castle—a sort of committee meeting about something Lady Evelyn wants the Feens to take part in. I wish you had a bicycle, Tom!"

"Here, have mine, Tom dear!" cried Betty. She and the other girls had not liked to interpose whilst Miss Merrick

was speaking. "Polly and I can wait a sparkling moment."

There was an approving murmur from the Farm-mistress; but Tom didn't see why two of those dear chums should be put above an her account.

"No, Betty—thanks all the same. It's awfully good of you, but—"

"Take it," the Farm captain stepped closer to inquire, in a deep whisper. "Then I'll have an excuse for coming to see you to-morrow. You'll have something to tell me then. There's no time now; but, oh, Tom, we are so puzzled on your account!"

"You must have that machine, Tom!" second Miss Merrick decisively. "I insist!—Betty can call for it at your aunt's to-morrow."

So Tom, with sudden readiness, took over the bicycle. If she could have waved with Betty to-morrow, so much the better. The time had come for her, the Farm captain, and others to be hurried along the remnants of Cliffside. There might still be an alarm of good; but this evening had added greatly to one's best suspicions.

"Good-night, then, Miss Merrick! 'Night, girls!" Tom said, a little tentatively in the darkness. Her Farm-mistress that was; her chums that used to be her schoolmates!

"'Night, Tom darling!" the girls spoke very tenderly in chorus. "Rest of luck!"

Then she was riding the loaned machine in the direction of the town, whilst they got along as fast as possible, making for the school. Betty and Polly were alternately riding and treading.

Suddenly Tom laughed to herself. It had flashed upon her that the Feenders, by arriving here such a mean trick this evening, had once again done the worst thing for themselves!

It was only a day or two since that their attempt to get her "pated" had resulted in her being expelled, and so sent to reside with her aunt.

Now, by depriving her of her bicycle, they had made it certain that she—Tom—would see Betty to-morrow. And that would mean all Study No. 12 being warned! How would the Feenders like that, if they knew?

"Not much, I guess!" Tom laughed fiercely to herself. "Not that they'll be likely to get to know!"

Altogether, she felt in vastly better spirits now. So long as her chums could know why she had adapted that line of conduct which had led to her being sent away from Morocco, the expulsion would be without half its sting.

And now she really was entitled, so she had not been before, to make a statement to them. She would not have to play a lone hand—and just as well. It had begun to look as if the whole thing were too big for her to handle quite by herself!

The ride back ended, however, at the front gates of a villa which was showing light—signs that Aunt Penelope had got home early.

And so Tom felt her spirits going plummet again. It was no disgraced hour for her to be returning; but Aunt Penelope was—Aunt Penelope!

Quickly Morocco's "scholar" that was" put the loaned bicycle away in the shed, and then passed to the back door, the key of which she had with her. At the first click of the lock she heard her aunt coming with a stamping step, through the back kitchen.

She opened the door, and had her aunt looking her up and down with shocked eyes.

"What does this mean, Tom! How dared you disobey me!"

"Disagree you? But I didn't!" Tom fired up. "You told me I could go out."

"I told you nothing of the sort! My last word to you was that you were to stay in—be in the garden until dark, if you wished."

"But you rang me up afterwards to say I could go out, after all!"

"Hang—you—up!" gasped Aunt Penelope. "What a wicked falsehood, girl! Really, Tom, I am beginning to think you must be a thoroughly unmanageable girl!"

"Riddle of the Sands" I

"LOOK here, Aunt Penelope," cried Tom, in a passion, "I'm not standing for it, so there! You did ring me up!"

"Tom, enough! Now, silence, girl, and up to bed with you this instant! Go on! Upstairs! You're excited, strange up! You have been dreaming about it!"

"It's enough to madden one, not to be believed! I was going to stay in; but you did—you really did ring me up!"

"And I, Tom, say that I did not! It's an old war, trying such stories upon me! I would never have dreamed of ringing you up, to let you go out so late!"

"But it wasn't late then."

"It is late enough now," Aunt Penelope grimly retorted—"so late that I mean upon your going to bed at once! I want nothing done tonight!"

"Right! Then I will go up!" Tom said, slung the back door and bolted it, then marched through to the stairs.

It was another clam! when she could serve her bed-room down the stairs. She felt crossed for being in another temper. First, the Fenders; now her aunt!

But presently every scrap of annoyance in regard to Aunt Penelope passed from Tom's mind.

Now that she was in bed, lying awake and pondering everything, it had suddenly flashed upon her; even the telephoning had been another spiteful trick, played upon her by the Fenders!

She saw it all. Maizie Fowler had even dared to hark around in the back garden this evening. That accounted for Aunt Penelope's fancying that she had glimpsed a girl smoking around. Maizie, by prying like that, had discovered what the arrangements were for the evening. After that Penelope had been gone a little while from the house that cunning girl had gone to a public call-box. She had rung up, initiating Aunt Penelope's voice.

"What!" Tom leaped to herself, shaking up a pillow. "Then what is there, so serious and so secret, going on at the cave that Maizie Fowler has even been going to lengths like that? What's their game? Didn't I search and search, and not find no sign of any hiding-place for anything?"

But now, and only now, it occurred to puzzled Tom. The cavern floor! Oh, why—why hadn't she thought of that before? There used to be no secret hiding-places in rock walls of the cave; but there, in the smooth sand which she used it—how easy for anything to be buried! A hole, easily and quickly dug; the object, whatever it might be, placed there, and then the sand put back and smoothed over.

"I must get to the cave again first thing in the morning—I simply must!" Tom decided, in great excitement. "As

(Continued on following page)

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MY DEAR READERS.—Last week I wrote about rain; but (although at the moment it's still pouring, as if to give emphasis to my previous Chat) let me be more cheerful this time and write about—sunshine!

I know! Let's play the map game. Do you know it? It's one of my favorites—has been for years. All you need is a large scale map, on which footpaths and lanes and farms and other jolly country things that not used and barbed wire and three holes (y) are marked.

With the map spread on our knees we can easily imagine that it's a glorious summer's day, with the bluest of blue skies (just a few fleecy clouds, perhaps); the birds are singing; the tall June grass—as yet uncut by the mower—ripples like the sea waves in the breeze.

Delightful!

SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS

Now let's look at our map and decide where we shall go. This looks a jolly lane—I'm sure it's narrow and unspoiled by tar and there are certain to be wild roses and honeysuckle in its abundant hedges.

Yes, it's a dream lane. And presently it brings us out, after a stiff climb—*phew*, the heat is—on to the downs, where the air is sweet and cool and the larks are singing.

Our lane ends with surprising suddenness but that line of tiny dots on our map shows that it continues as an attractive field path, leading down to that tiny village, which seems to have a church and a farm.

We'll follow it, and so.

As if we had seven-league boots, we stride over fields of still-green corn and meadow grass, following that ray of dots. The village, at last! And it's just as lovely as we had expected.

REFRESHMENT

There's a farm where we can call for a glass of milk—and how fresh and cool it is, straight from the dash of the stone-flagged dairy! Then we, past the tiny church, down a lane that, according to our map, crosses a stream.

Oh, there's the stream and there the bridge. We lean on the parapet and watch the water gliding beneath and the big spotted trout in the cool depths. Then on again, past a farm, to a walled garden a blaze of color.

The map tells us that we're coming to a main road—marked as a warring red line. Well, we don't want that, do we? So— and this is the joy of the map game—we simply jump over the road, without noticing its existence—and come down just where we think we will, on the outskirts of a wood.

BY FIELD AND STREAM

It's lovely in the wood. Cool and shady, and there are foxgloves. Shall we rest awhile? I think so. Here's a fallen tree, and as it's such a beautiful spot we might just as well open our picnic packages and see what excitements they contain.

Lunch needs't take long—in the map game! We're off again, following another path, through meadows and beside a stream and so into another village, where, if I'm not much mistaken, we'll find tea awaiting us in a shady three-roomed parlour.

How welcome was that cup of tea! And now, in the protected evening, and feeling like giants reborn, we can turn homeward. But there's no need for haste. The night comes—in a single bound—think that twinkling spot of the downs and gaze upon the view. And such a view, so vast that we are spellbound; a view of vale and field and wood and distant hills, and all so very peaceful on this summer's evening.

But we must be gone. Dark comes swiftly on and the slow rich song of a blackbird comes from an old apple tree in a cottage orchard. Time is waning—and so, with another cup of tea—"seven-league" boots, we reach home.

A jolly day, wasn't it? And as we fold up our map we can look forward to many more such delightful excursions.

The rain is still drizzling my office window and the smoke of the City's married chimney drifts across the nearby roads. Yes, it's only March, after all!

Bye-ye! Let's have some more chat on the first, Gustav!

TRAILS TO COME

In next Saturday's *SATURDAY*, I shall have some most exciting news for you regarding a tapping **NEW SERIAL**, which one of your favourite authors—no names, yet!—is writing for you! Look out for **FULL DETAILS** of this grand new feature next week.

"THE MIDDLE OF THE WRECK,"

by Hilda Richards, is the intriguing tale of the powerful complete **CHIT** Brown Richard adventure story in next Saturday's issue. A ship adrift near Pegg... a mystery girl saved from the sea... **John & Co.** in a mad, mad adventure at the wreck... **Jonathan Curstain** in mysterious mood—look out for all these excitements in next Saturday's fine story.

"WHEN MORDOVE EXPULSED HER"

will thrill you again next week. Big developments happen in next Saturday's chapters—so don't miss them. There will also be another delightful complete comedy story!

"HAPPY-GO-LUCKY LULL,"

the princess of mirth. You simply mustn't miss this story. And of course you will be longing to read the first dramatic chapters of

"THE MYSTERY OF CARNIVAL LAND,"

which appear next week. Order your **RENEWALS** right away.

With best wishes,
YOUR EDITOR.

for any, I can't help it if it means another score. But I know! It's eight hours before she's awake. I'll slip away at daylight!"

Now was it long after dawn next morning when Tom was back at the covers.

The wind blowing in gently from the sea was still chilly, and the sun was not yet up. She had gladly calculated that there was to be no more acting quite alone; and yet, after all, she was alone again at this spot.

Before she slept last night certain time-saving methods to adopt had occurred to her. The covers floor covered a large area, but she might be attracted to some right spot for making a find by looking out for a "sign." It might be only a smoochiness of the sand that did not appear to be natural, or she might observe at once a place where much tramping about had occurred during digging operations.

Into the cave Tom rushed, with the pocket torch ready for switching on as soon as she should have seen all that was possible by daylight.

At first she saw only fragments—some of them her own—bearing definite tracks running more or less along the centre of the cavern's sandy floor.

But no sooner had she gone far enough in to have need of the torch than her eager eyes were attracted to a place that was much trampled close to the right-hand wall.

Then she noticed that all these old

harred footmarks formed, roughly, a ring round a patch of sand that was overcast with seaweed.

Instantly Tom was in the mood to say aloud to himself triumphantly: "Here's the place!"

Tom thumbed off the torch, and, kneeling down, soon shifted aside the thick layer of seaweed. Then she started to dig with both hands.

To right and left, she went on flinging away the scooped-up handfuls for what must have been several minutes. Then, of a sudden, when she had dug to the depth of her elbows, she excitedly paused.

One burrowing hand of hers had come upon something at last—an object that felt as cold and as hard as iron.

Tom shone the torch into the hole in the sand, and its strong ray drew a yellowish gleam from the object just unearthed. It looked to her like a long lamp of brass; but, as soon as she had worked it altogether clear of the sand in which it had lain buried, she knew it for exactly what it was.

"Gold," said Tom, under her breath, to herself—"buried gold!"

BURIED GOLD! What is the meaning of this amazing discovery that Tom has made? And will she be able to prove that this hidden wealth is connected in any way with the mysterious tenants of Cliffedge Mountain? Continue this grand story in next Saturday's number of **THE SCHOOLGIRL**. And be sure to tell your chums about it.

LITTLE LETTERS—

From Your Editor
To You

"Miss Mystery" (Reading).—Thanks so much for your welcome letter and for your suggestion. I'm afraid I can't promise to do as you ask just at the moment—but I certainly won't forget the idea. All good wishes.

Bertie Dennis (Wheatley Hills, Dorchester).—Thanks so much for writing to me again. I'm glad you like all the present SCROOZERS' stories. Look out for a grand new serial soon! Best wishes.

Betty Dolphin (Cannock's Quay, Chester).—I'm so glad you've all last-mentioned your opinions, dear reader! You need never to shy of writing to me, you know. So glad you like all our features. Do tell me more about Spot in your next letter, won't you?

Geri (Worcestershire).—You're was a most enthusiastic letter, dear reader! I'm delighted to know that you think so highly of *THE SCROOZERS*. How does the new Morcové serial appeal to you? Best wishes.

Mary (near Hull).—Many thanks for your letter. I did laugh at them "hush-kissies!" I do hope you're enjoying all the present SCROOZERS' stories.

"Hesperal" (Nottingham).—Thank you so much for your nice letter, dear reader. You will be glad to see that recently I have been able to give a little extra space to the Morcové serial. The Grangehouse boys are to play quite a big part in the new story. All good wishes.

Dorren Brown (West Jamaica).—I'm always especially delighted to receive "Snit" letters, dear reader. Yes, the CUB House characters you mention will all appear in stories in due course. Write again, please.

Maria (Rhos-on-Sea).—Welcome as a new reader! I do hope you'll like all future issues of *THE SCROOZERS* as much as those you have read. Write to me again, soon, and tell me which is your favourite story, won't you?

Jean Gifford (North Auckland, N.Z.).—Thank you so much for your long and interesting letter. Does your sister read *THE SCROOZERS* too? Let me know how you like all the latest features in our paper, won't you?

Sybil Khan (Hendon, N.W.5).—Thanks so much for your nice letter. Yes, I'll mention your request to Miss Hester—and I think it's quite likely that your wish will be granted. All good wishes.

Widge Anonworth (Leeds, Y.).—Another welcome "Snit" letter! I was very pleased to hear from you, dear reader, and to know that you've been enjoying our paper for four years. I can't promise another Dada Wren serial—but I'll bear your request in mind. Best wishes.

"Georgina".—I was very pleased to receive your nice letter, and to have your comments and criticisms. Yes, Pat is a real person; I have passed on your suggestion to her. If you will write to me again, giving your full name and address, I shall be pleased to answer your questions in a personal letter.

Many thanks to the following readers for their very welcome letters: Diana Clark (Perth), Mary Weston, Ethel Dean (near Newport, Mon.), "Steady" L.P. Peggy (Bristol), and "A Critic."

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