

WONDERFUL GIFT OFFER TO YOU! (See page 27)

THE SCHOOLGIRL

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wanted for
MAY JUNE 1937.

EVERY SATURDAY
2ND

of Exciting
SCHOOLGIRL'S ONLY



"STOP! THE GIRL YOU
ARE ABOUT TO CROWN
IS A THIEF!"

See this week's magnificent
SPECIAL CORONATION STORY
featuring the girls of Cliff House
School

Cliff House on foot! Cliff House gay and excited with preparations for a great Coronation Pageant. It is Rosa Rodworth's big chance of bringing glory to her school. Eagerly she seizes it. But—alas! There is an enemy, ruthlessly determined to ruin—



Insight for Rosa, And Then—



"HERE they come!"
"Harvest!"
"Look at that!"
"Don't she look lovely!"

And the great crowd in the playground at Cliff House School glowed with admiration.

A gay and animated crowd it was, all merry ways laid out with confidence, every eye bright.

And a gay, selected procession was now waiting near, ready to set afloat the shining ranks of girls, all of whom, spoiled and white, all like flowers, all dressed in their prettiest frocks. The House today seemed on fire.

Cliff House was, though, to be sure, the great occasion for which their united preparations were taking place, but still two days off—and that occasion was the Coronation celebration which was to be held in Southfield on Wednesday.

Cliff House, of course, was to play all the neighboring schools. Clough, Birch, School, Gramston, and Public were to be in it.

And what an exciting spectacle it promised to be, with the local Youth League to live the scene, and the local regatta taking part in the procession. And with—well, magnificence and anything of all-its glories, pageant of history, a portion of which were customarily meeting across the Green of Cliff House School.

It was the Mayor of Southfield's idea, with a purpose of history. And it was his idea, to divide the pageant up between the girls and the boys' schools, the girls representing the Queen of England, the boys the King. Cliff House, if you please, was producing no less than three queens!

And here came the first one, dressed in top purple, green, brown—Doris Fairbrother, head girl and games captain of the school, selected by her

Mary, Queen of Scots, suited her to perfection.

She sat high upon a gilt chair under a canopy of purple, and the blue and white and red and orange in her dress, set her deeply across, arranged along the sides of the chair, glowed with the same purple that were fastened to them. The Tudor dress with its long-puffed sleeves and its frilly underdrift of ruff suited her to perfection. Her dress looked superb, and Rosa Rodworth looked more gorgeous than beautiful. How knew it, and being Rosa, suited with that independence especially characteristic of her.

To look at her, representing the ladies of her court, all stately, poised, and even nobly waving hair, was like a dozen of her. From Queen-Bertha, Queen-Mabel, Queen-Ann, Queen-Cecilia, Queen-Elizabeth, Queen-Julia, Queen-Charlotte, while at the front corner of the platform stood, dressed in costume of her "background," Clara Trevyly and Jess Cartwright.

A cheering and splendid welcome it all took. An immediate vote went to—"Yes, stepping!"

"Three cheers for Mary Queen of Scots!"

Now stepped, Barbara Bellamy, captain of the Fourth Form, stepped.

Mabel Lyson stepped next, for the arrangement of the address had been given, and Mabel Lyson, taking the address, on all that we have seen, delivered, with a magnificent command, bowed just to left and then to right!

Miss Princess, the headmistress,

By
HILDA RICHARDS

Illustrated by T. LANGER

guide of honor and dressed as Queen Anne.

Such a cheer went up as unduly the parent, leaning round over all and ready.

Next, on a daisy decked out in purple, came Queen Catharine, captain of the Fifth, as Queen Elizabeth of England, looking at all in one hand and a scepter in the other. She grined.

"Come!" Rosa's next up to speak.

And Rosa Rodworth, Dorothy Peard of the Fourth Form, took her part at the head of the line, walked sedately, brightly upon down all.

And truly, in that manner Rosa, always graceful, looked most strikingly lovely. The remarkably large part of

GRAND LONG COMPLETE STORY

introducing

- Barbara Badlam
- Clara Trevillyn
- Jessima Cartain
- Bessie Baxter
- Mabel Lynn
- Rosa Redworth

and many other fascinating characters at luncheon

CLIFF HOUSE SCHOOL

starting from a distance with the new mistress of the Second Form, Miss Gilbey, smiled.

"Very, very pretty," she said. Miss Gilbey smiled. "It is certainly very well done," she said. "Rosa here looks marvellous. Isn't you think?"

"Rosa," the headmistress said, "as well as appearing so nice now, in married life, Miss Gilbey, I am glad that she was chosen by the girls. She is a queer sort—full of strange qualities and opinions, and as much a great source of trial and tribulation. She has the insight, however, to see occasional expressions."

And Miss Falmont beamed very kindly.

A pleased smiling-up of the Browne family's character that—this Rosa, who an occasion could be so lively, so eloquent, so utterly overflowing that more than once she had put the whole school against her. A girl with many good traits, and also, alas, a great many that were far from being good.

But here was the procession, most respectably introduced, reaching the end of its route. The buses stopped. Round the draws a jostling crowd of workahs necessarily formed.

With a happy laugh, Barbara Badlam stepped down. Clara came following down after her, making a dash to the side of each, uttering that the word.

Last of all, graceful and majestic as any queen, stepped Rosa Redworth. She laughed.

"Well, how are you doing?" "Topping!" laughed Mabel Lynn, with giggling. "You haven't forgotten the speech, you've got to make, though, have you?"

"Not a word!" laughed Rosa.

"Good enough! We'll go through the gate after tea in the Communion-room," Mabel said. "Meanwhile, what about the costumes? All wrong!"

"What, just a few lit light round the waist?" Rosa queried.

"Hugs! My mother's hairbrush will put just right for you," Mabel said. "I say, though, it does look ripping!" she began, she added, "that you with the Communion gown."

Rosa laughed again. Her normal appearance blushed for to boast. "I will win it!" but she remembered how Barbara had looked, and broke into a smiling laugh, looking down at her own dress. "I am so glad that you should be so sure of me in party for my own sake, but more earnestly and particularly this time, because it would be such an honor by the school."

"How many 'queens' would be taking part in the procession Rosa did not know, but that there would be a score or more she had no doubt.

"What a triumph for Cliff House if the was selected next time!"

For on the Occasion they there were going to be unusual festivities. In the afternoon the procession would assemble at the Sports Hall. There, presided by the Lord Mayor with his successors in attendance, the program would wind its way to the grandeur circle of Courtland on the other side of the town.

In the afternoon there was to be a fair in the main grounds, followed by a glorious banquet in the evening and that followed by a ball during which the two "queens" and the girl "queens" would be crowned before a committee of judges.

The judges' function was to pick out the prettiest "queen" and the most distinguished-looking "king," after which would come a great celebration, that would be "crowned" by the Mayor himself.

Most of the girls there had decided that Rosa would be crowned Queen of Queens. Bessie, Mabel and Clara had all agreed, admitted that Rosa made a more strikingly good figure than either of them. But there was one girl who did not so think, so—she girl who stood apart from the tumultuously cheering crowd that surrounded the great steps of Cliff House now; one girl who looked on.

That girl was Eleanor Starke of the Fourth Form, sometimes dubbed "Bible," and sometimes "Brook," and by Jessima Cartain, at least, referred to as "our orthological opinion."

But she was the stunner, in her face. For Eleanor was thinking—probably, hatefully. She should have had that girl, and Rosa was now standing after school, with the insight of the judgment shining upon her. For hadn't she, a fortnight ago, been picked to play the part? Made to be crowned every word of that dramatic speech of Mary's by heart?

Then, inevitably, she had thrown the whole thing up, leaving Miss B. Co. completely stranded, because a friend in London had promised a visit to view the real coronation.

And so Miss B. Co. had been forced to find a new Mary—and Rosa, without doubt, was it! In her place as queen as Eleanor in the past.

VERY graciously, there in hand, Rosa swept past the mistress's room. She did not see the thing that across the passage and—crash! And Miss Wallflower, having appeared like magic.

There had come the astonishingly sharp-pointed nose that the friend in London had told her she would see after all—and no longer had she lost both classes.

But even still now, Eleanor's parents were coming to the school! Eleanor, before hand, had written them, pleading, telling them of the party she was to perform. She had not written consulting the statement above. She still had hopes that Rosa would feel so kind as to resign. It was too late now. They would be arriving, expecting to find her as Mary Queen of Scots! She who would do it just as well as Rosa!

"Sweetest," she murmured. She didn't intend that to be heard, but perhaps the lightning of her feelings caused her to speak in a voice that was unaccountably audible. How! How much would she?

"You would be so?" she asked. "No, no—of course, I wasn't speaking to you," Eleanor blurted.

"You said so?"

"But I—" Well—, and Eleanor's parents blazed on. "Well, if she says so," she repeated dutifully. "I'll just wait it." Yes, if you must know, I was talking about you!"

Rosa could not word, but there Eleanora would have blushed just a little more brightly. She stopped not from the crowd. Her hand suddenly shot forward, and the finger and thumb of "Mary Queen of Scots" grasped over the rather pointed nose of the teacher.

Eleanor yelled shrilly.

"Rosa, you did it!"

"Am I a teacher?" Rosa asked indignantly.

"Yes!"

"No!"

"Either you, don't speak! You—oh, no, no! No! Let go!"

"There was a yell of laughter. The



applies of Mary Queen of Scots reviv- ing another girl's love was, as Joanna afterwards remarked, an admirably forethought that it could not help but catch the poet of which which was created.

Rosa immediately let go her grip, leaving Rosa, standing, motionless with indignation, looked away.

Rosa smiled.

"Better rough-but effective," she said. "I suppose Martin feels it rather having been deceived to place the poem in the first place. But I don't think you know, and you the 'son of' who was a special in 'Study No. 1' and on what kind of job so that we can talk things over."

"Oh, tipping?" Rosa said.

"No, but I'm off, leaving excited. Now for the 'Study No. 1' to be on such good terms with 'Study No. 1'."

Her study was No. 1, and normally Rosa shared it with Lydia Crossdale and Freda Frayson. She was also with her lovely Lydia, in company with Diana Morrison-Gibbs, Margaret Lathbury and the Hon. Beatrice Berkeley, had departed yesterday on several days' leave to see the coronation proper in London, and Freda Frayson was among the crowd still in the crowd.

But there was another and there—a girl at night of whom Rosa's eyes were drawn.

She came quietly from the chair in which she had been sitting.

"Gamblerhouse, Miss Redwood?"

Rosa blinked.

"Yes, but who are you?"

"The girl who was sitting in the chair with a smiling smile, then that she was smiling, the girl Youth-Coronation-study. She smiled at the door.

"Enter, please, then," she advised.

"Oh, why?"

"Because," the girl said, "I fancy you wouldn't like it to get known that I've got to say to you. You don't remember?"

Rosa frowned again. All the same, having by some device in the other's manner, she closed the door.

"I don't," she said bluntly.

"The other took track of Rosa in her fancy-dress costume.

"You weren't wearing that when I saw you last-but you were wearing a hairdresser's costume. Was she you remember?"

Rosa started. Quickly, penetrating, she stared again. For the remembered that certain when she had worn the hairdresser's dress a month ago at the birthday dance at the Royal Household in Courtland.

She had gone there with Ada Green of Pegg. Now—the rapidly remembered. There had been that moment in the 'Study No. 1'—the moment when she had seen the girl who had been in the hairdresser's costume in front of the mirror. Vain as she was, Rosa just could not resist trying the costume on.

The mirror looked back before her eyes like a half-forgotten picture that had faded. She remembered now, nothing loosed in that borrowed costume, there had been a girl—her name, she had seen in with the 'Study No. 1'—the girl, a student, mistress of the Fourth Form, had suddenly turned up.

Frank then! Rosa, forgetting all about the necklace, had rushed off the thing still around her neck. Posing there she states she had possessed into someone's girl. This was the girl!

"What?" she said, and stood in her shoes, as if she had been hit. But what she was wearing?

"The necklace!"

"No, no, no," the girl said, "the

Lady Courtland's necklace. It was Lady Courtland's, you know?"

Rosa started.

"This thing you took?" she cried.

"Yes, yes," the girl smiled. "Before all doors she said—'Lady's wife did bring out. Before we go any further you'd better know that your necklace belongs. And the same, you'd better know my job. I am Lady Courtland's personal maid. Lady Courtland wants that necklace—and she must have it. I haven't given you away yet, but unless you produce the thing, I shall have to give it to you.'"

"What?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "the necklace of the dress she was wearing. Rosa took into a chair. Her eyes were wide now, but she had a little grin.

"Listen," she said slowly. "What I didn't tell you about the necklace was I was in the room again. Then I gave it to my friend Ada Green to take back. Ada said that she'd send it up to her dressing room and leave it there if I found it."

"Yes?" The other girl smiled.

"A good story," she said, "but not, as it happens, true. She doesn't know me. No, Rosa Redwood. I wasn't born yesterday, and I haven't taken those pains to trick you down to swallow a yarn like that."

"Excuse me," she added, "but I don't see how you can do that. I was right in the dressing room, and I was nobody came back. You know I'll tell you how you kept it?"

Rosa gasped at her. Her eyes were wide with horror now. For she supposed she felt the room swimming around her. What had happened? Who had given Ada Green the necklace? Who had seen her take it? She had not seen Julia take it, she said. She had not seen Julia take it, she said. She had not seen Julia take it, she said. She had not seen Julia take it, she said.

"Well," the other smiled, "are you going to hand it over? Or do you go to New Palace?"

"No," Rosa said. "Mind, I never I give it to Ada Green."

The other smiled disbelievingly. She rose to her feet. Her face looked grimly satisfied.

"My own belief," she said, "is that you have got it. But I'll give you a chance to make up your mind. To someone's dressing room. Mind, I shall come back in the evening. I want that necklace! Whether you give it to Ada Green, or are you keeping it your self, doesn't matter. You're responsible, and you're the one who's going to give it back to me! Hear that?"

Rosa bit her lip.

"And I tell you—"

"But that," the girl said, "is dead!"

Gamblerhouse!

"You're threatening, warning back the way."

Rosa—blatant, pathos-filled as the door as it closed behind her.

The Shadow of Trouble!



ALL very nice and of every keeping of Barbara Redwood's famous apple study, covering the title in Study No. 1. And with twelve, you, if you ask me, with my eyes and imagination and things! The only thing that is in the study of the study. And I think, but I don't know.

"Oh, you have another opinion on it?"

Madam Green laughed. "I expect Rosa is having some difficulty in getting out of that track. I felt that a safety copy from a bridge when I was writing out of mine."

They was a laugh in Study No. 1, even Rosa, turning the last page of book at the first, gave a grin. "Very funny," very happy, she murmured, satisfied those, all those words of Barbara—Peggy, Madam Green, Julia, Barbara, and Joanna Crossdale.

"And very funny the study looked with its drawings of my, home and illustration and the portrait of the King and Queen, peeped at the manuscript."

In the middle of the table was a bouquet of white and red roses and three envelopes, together from the recent work of Miss Rosa.

"Wonderful!" Joanna beamed. "And I felt like an author once in my life. One of those books old came got right and studied me in the manuscript old for you know. But, yes, yes," Joanna added, "what time then for study again?"

The book of papers lay temptingly in pink, and it would have laid open for Rosa's eye.

"Oh, my, my, my," Rosa said.

"Don't you dare do anything like that! Just, anyway, why should you want to fall on my page?" That book you is meant to be.

"Granted, fair, but 'True, really,' Joanna sighed, "is a figure of speech."

"But how can a pink job be a figure of speech?"

"Oh, help!" Joanna smiled. "Why did I let myself say that? To let you a pink job, indeed, don't mean for a pink job to drop me?"

"Well, what then it meant?" Rosa asked, with a stare.

"Oh, good! Stop it!" Julia cried.

"It means, old husband, that you are it."

Rosa smiled.

"Well, I think it's silly," she said.

"I mean, it stands to reason if you fall on a pink job you speak it. You don't say it, do you?" Joanna resumed thoughtfully. "You might not be afterwards, though it would be an awful name, you know. If Jimmy comes she wants to get the pink job, why doesn't she say she wants to do it, and say three herself on the silly thing? I mean to say—Rosa, Clara, keep off!"

"But Clara didn't keep off. With all her power, she said, 'I'll give you a pink job, indeed, don't mean for a pink job to drop me?'"

"You've seen I look like, you know, I don't see you—"

"No, ha, ha?"

There was a pool of laughter, until a chair had departed unwillingly to look Rosa.

She looked at the door of Study No. 1, and smiled a little as she turned no more, and then, turning the handle, went off, then she entered a cry.

"Rosa!"

Rosa was seated by the window. To her astonishment, he was still in the crowded door of Mary Queen of Scots. It was obvious she had not heard his knock, because that she was not so well of the present's costume and that she had a certain air of her own state still upon her face.

"But then was brushing and studied."

"Rosa, what's the matter?"

Rosa looked level into some sort of confusion.

"What's it?"

"Why haven't you changed?"

"Changed?" And then Rosa started at the word. "I don't know, the study is the same. Oh, I don't want to say anything," she said.

Rosa looked at her steadily.

"Rosa, what is it?" she asked. "Anything on your mind?"

"Good gracious! What should it be on my mind?"

"Well, look at you! And what about my indignation to you?"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Ross laughed. "It was intended to be a serious thing, but Edna noticed it was dropped. I must have been day-dreaming. The result—Plunge her your thoughts can easily see better than. All right, though, you were wrong. As it is, perhaps, you might give me a hand off with this dress."

"Willingly Edna gave her a hand. Ross once again stopped her old career—she did something was so far from—something was troubling her—and Edna, knowing the money conversation, would not help but feel some-thing.

Ross, however, looked that she was all right, but at the same time she tried to maintain that attitude, she was not altogether successful.

"For Ross, try as she might, could not keep her mind away from that disturbing scene in her study.

Oh, goodness, what had happened to Lady Courtland's maid? When had Edna given them with it?

Ross during the interval which passed before she was carrying, thinking of the threatened return of Linda George tomorrow morning.

As soon as she could possibly escape, she left the music-room. With a mounting fear—her when Ross was worried she was not to become half-tempted as well—the thing herself into the atmosphere of her study. Hardly had she reached, however, than a knock came at the door.

"Oh, come in!" cried Ross, and opened the door as she saw her visitor—Edna's maid.

"Oh, you?" she said sharply. "Then the door is not so good?"

"Edna's own maid."

"I want to speak to you."

"Well, what about?"

"About the Corporation prospectus."

Edna's maid, "I know, you know what they're saying in the Corporation room?"

"What's going on?"

"Well, that you're not success, at that you're in some new sort of trap."

"It's nonsense, Edna was on her feet."

"And so?" she asked, glancing round.

"And so?" Edna's maid shrugged.

"Oh, don't give up on her that you're afraid. I mean, when you hear the others say, and I just came along to see how you are, if you are in a hole, if you do want to check up the part, I'm willing to take it on for you. After all, I'm the only one girl in the house who knows the business."

Ross laughed shortly.

"Meaning," she continued, "you want me to get out and come for the rest of the year with you?"

"No, thank! You had better forget! You checked at New York."

"But—"

"But not?" Edna asked.

Edna, alarmed, stopped back.

"Look here, don't you dare to touch me!" she cried.

"Then get out!"

Edna's maid, falling against the table. As she turned to go she heard a step in the corridor. A sudden glare came into her eyes. Quickly she caught the edge of the table with a heavy bang, it back, falling among the wreckage at the door.

There was a shriek, a bang, a scream from Edna's. At the same moment the door opened.

The smiling face of Connie Jackson, one of the most skillful pickpockets in the world, stared in.

"Here, here, what's this?" she snapped, and glared at Ross.

"Edna—"

"She—the wench for me?" Edna's eyes flashed.

"I don't!"

"All right! I'm doing the talking!" Edna said grimly. "It's pretty plain, Ross, that you were attacking her! Get up, Edna! Ross—"

"I never touched her!"

"No! Rather my eyes are falling on me one of you is falling!" said Conna.

"In my time, you're taking up! Then look at you come with me to Miss Jackson."

There was a sudden step in the corridor, and a full-blown scene unfolding.

Oh, she passed into the room.

"Oh, I am sorry, Miss Conna, what's the matter?"

"She's off, Edna's sister?" Conna said loudly. "Edna, are you ready?"

Edna's sister—Edna, who had been to mysteriously absent to her attitude that evening.

"Edna's gone was gone."

"Just like Ross?" she said. "Then her to look out at a time like this! I said in the first place it was a mistake to give her the part. If she goes and you haven't into trouble, then you're only well done! Wait till she comes back."

Two minutes later Ross entered, and after her, a maid upon her lips, stopped Edna's sister.

"Edna stopped forward, only to be quickly pulled back by Edna.

"Edna faced Ross.

"Edna, what happened?"

"Nothing!" Ross answered.

"But why did Conna take you and Edna to the floor?"



DISMAYED. Barbara glanced at the door, Conna's was coming. "If—if they see me," Ross began, when Edna cut her short. "Quick—under the table!" she exclaimed, and tugged up the cloth as Ross made a frantic dive.

Ross dropped.

"But, I am sorry, where are you taking Ross?"

"To the back-parlour," Conna said grimly. "And unless you do as you're told, Barbara, you'll just get up with her! Come on, you two!"

Ross's good wife, watching them, with a frown, until they had disappeared down the corridor. Then she added of towards the Conna-room.

"I am sorry," she said to Edna. "Oh, darling! She—something's happened, you know! Edna and Ross have been having a row, or something, and Conna's carried them both off to the back-parlour, you know?"

Conna's room. With exasperated peep glances, Ross, their Nancy Patel kept for the Corporation, in

"Ask Edna?" Ross said bitterly.

"Edna?"

Edna's sister shrugged.

"Oh, well, why worry about it?" she said. "It's none of your business, Ross didn't mean it, did you, Ross?"

With a gasping grin at the answer. "Naturally, Miss Edna was annoyed, and perhaps, naturally, she told Ross that, if she had any sense of it, she would have to consider dropping her part of the bargain. Isn't she, Ross?"

"Oh, go and get out!" Ross growled.

And she dropped into a chair, while the others gathered round her, unconcerned.

While Ross, a far different being from the large girl who had taken part in the rehearsal that afternoon,

retained from looking at them, but sat with burning eyes and bitter tears, looking unconsciously into the depths of the fire.

A Trap for the Sound-Blender!



BROOM, Miss, was a school teacher. From the time she was twenty she was in the grounds of Miss Howe's school.

Miss Howe lay stretched out in darkness, except for one speck of light on the ground from which rays from the room escaped by Miss Broom's, who was pulling the blanket round her like Christmas decorations.

Miss Howe said that there should have been others.

And Miss Howe was, except for two girls—both these girls in the Fourth Form department. One was Miss Redburn, the other, Eleanor Shanks!

So far, Miss Howe had not even closed her eyes. She had her wondering, wondering, wondering and thinking.

How was it really? How was she thinking of herself, she was thinking of the payment of all these wages which depended on her. She was thinking of her promise to Marjorie Redburn: "I will not let the school down!" How, at whatever cost, would it keep that promise?

So far—thanks to Eleanor Shanks and her own worry—the girls had not prepared. They were not even really concerned with her—Miss Broom's and Eleanor's worry. Miss Redburn had warned her rather gently that if this promise was the beginning of a quarrel "thank you," she was going to take measures that would be sure to stay in the children.

Miss Redburn was rather tired of Miss Broom's promises in the past.

"Oh, Mother!" Miss moaned.

"What shall I do?"

But she had to do. She had to see Miss Redburn at the meeting of the evening meeting. And she must see Miss Howe before the return of Miss Grace.

Only one way to do that. To be sure—brought! To break through!

It was that risk which made Miss Broom's—she tried. How, when, on something of her state of mind, and her courage about breaking through.

Now—well, it was different. She had a responsibility to shoulder, a promise to keep. She dared not dare not—did bring through. For the sake of the payment! For the sake of the school!

She passed, she thought. And in her restless tossing, in her unconsciously unprepared movements, Eleanor Shanks, looking through, guessed something of her state of mind, and she smiled, smiling.

She was not surprised when at a quarter past eleven, she heard a faint rapping from Miss Howe's bed, and saw through the dim shadows that filled the doorway the figure of Miss Broom, looking down.

How, her heavy dressing as it had once descended before her, was a typical school mistress had made her break the sides of the school, instead here the sides of the window in the lobby. Silently she opened it. Peering like some thief in the night she slipped into the hall, cold air of the moonlight night outside. No fear, no guilt!

In through the hedge, and into

Laura's field. She breathed easier and moved freely now. Absolutely she turned her face towards Peggy.

Twenty minutes' break with brought her to the village. Gladly she turned the flag with which the little fishing village was adorned, flapped and cracked in the wind. Hardly a week with the exception of a few laborious plodding of down to the beach, or returning early from a fishing party, now, about, and Miss Broom's face

Now where was Miss Howe's house! Ah, yes, Ramson Villa. Yes, that was it.

The house was in darkness, peering slowly that to recognize was in bed. How big but for a light. Starting to be passed behind, she felt a natural diffidence in assuming other people's bed for her business was short-lived. She dropped a light, "What, how is it!" she thought, carried out her part of the night—she remained on the drive.

The hall opened vibrantly, shining in the moonlight.

Miss Broom waited.

A minute—two minutes went by. Up the street she heard heavy footsteps, ringing the outside. She crowded back a little, and her heart seemed to leap into her mouth as she saw, coming up the street, the stout, well-known form of P. G. Tozer, the Police-Inspector. If Tozer saw her before Tozer, being the first to be seen, he would make it his duty to report the matter to Miss Redburn.

Fortunately she passed quickly.

Threading a way the hall, along the house with an eddying noise. No reply.

There was coming noise. He was looking down. How! Had he noticed her? Why didn't she answer! Why didn't she answer? Never—

How had found this sleeping. Tozer, suspicious, was searching to ward the house. How, his hat by. Another minute and she would be recognized.

What to do! To do from the house.

Then she saw the torch in Tozer's hand. For a moment she turned. She could not see back through the passage that would have hung her right into the party policeman's arms.

She doubled for the hedge which separated Ramson from the house and down, blindly plunged through it.

Tozer's voice, sharply suspicious and sharp, arose.

"Hullo, just! I've seen you! Stop, in the name of the law!"

How tore on. She slipped into the rear garden, with a magnificent care vaulted over a low hedge, and so into the next street. There, as she sat on her feet, she could carry her, she ran.

Oh, yes, she could half a mile outside. Peggy she called. She had slipped Tozer.

What now?

There, his suspicion aroused, would be on the watch. She could do nothing. She must return to the school. And in the morning, she told herself, she must get up early and rush off to Pegg again, if that suspicion, as it was Christmas work, there were no serious losses in better school.

She looked back. Filled with a sense of racing failure. She reached the school, peering with a glimpse that the light still glowed in Miss Redburn's window.

How to be caught peering up the corridor past the hall's door, she peered. She slipped up to the lobby

window, breathing a sigh of thankful joy to find that it was still open.

Silently she glanced in, softly closed the window after her.

Softly Miss uncovered her shoes, and, catching them up in her hand, crept forward.

Five, six, seven steps she took, her eyes upon Miss Redburn's door.

And then—

"Oh!" cried Miss.

A loud noise, stretched from one side of the room to the other, caught against her walls.

Unconsciously she was being forward. She stumbled in the door, the door vibrated.

In a flash the door of Miss Redburn's room swung open.

How, sitting up, Miss in a split second, double-lined slippers in the light from it struck her face as she saw the light, but that in a moment she was in the room in a flash, her eyes upon her.

"And what?" Miss Redburn greeted her, in the morning of this, Miss Redburn? "Why have you been breaking through?"

Can Balls Save Her?



I HAVEN'T A BALL!" "None!" "An odd, wondering, wondering question about the Fourth Form department."

Had the girls in that elementary were needed. You would say the light had been extinguished.

Miss Redburn, a sleeping was hastily covering her supercilious hair, a dressing-gown, slipped over her shoulders, had entered the room with How, white-faced, looking furious, before, following mechanically in her wake.

It was obvious at once what had happened. How had been breaking through.

"That is your bed, then," Miss Redburn said and kindly, "and you girls go to sleep. Now, you will report to Miss Redburn, before breakfast tomorrow morning."

Miss Redburn, with a warning look toward the door, switched off the light, but immediately she had gone a flash broke out.

"How?"

"How, what on earth have you been doing?"

"And after," How said, a hint of bitterness in her tone, "your promise, How?"

How, undressing in the darkness, smiled.

"I'm sorry?" she said.

"What do you mean that will go a lot of trouble, my dear?" she said.

"Can't you just learn a lesson, you dummy?" After the warning Friday was for this evening—

How he for his.

"The worst," she replied unconsciously. "It wasn't my fault. I didn't want to break through—I just had to. And I—I can't see why—"

"But you couldn't," How said, "that by breaking through you can't miss up everything. Friday wasn't so easy to get up with after working on the evening. Supposing she refuses to allow you to take part in the procession?"

"Oh, in that case you'll still go on," Eleanor Shanks put in. "You know if you take the part?"

How did not reply. But How, in the act of uncovering her stockings, straightened up. She gazed towards Eleanor's

had—Eleanor was simply sitting up. A suspicion which had been with her before crystallized into certainty now. Her eyes stopped.

"Is it you?" she said.

"No."

"But—oh, don't let the innocent! What a nuisance, she cried. "Wait a minute. I have some idea why your sister is here. I will try to give you my plan." But then she raised a whimper of the study which brought Cecelia Justice on the scene and got on warmly by the headmistress. After that—and Rose's few observations—she vanished down to night, knowing I had gone out, and prepared a cunning trap, so that Miss Blanche would catch me. You were, Eleanor shrieked.

"Didn't I?" Eleanor shrieked.

"Oh, my hair!"

This as the door opened again and the light went on. Miss Blanche stood there.

"One more word from this dormitory," she said, "and I shall report the whole Firm. Good-night!"

There were no more words after that. The lights dimmed, morning settled down to sleep.

In her own bed, Rose, despite her disturbed night, lay thinking bitterly. Up before "Primmer" came—with the promise of Primrose carrying out her threat! That meant, of course, that she couldn't possibly dodge off to Fogg before breakfast.

In her own bed, Barbara Redburn was thinking of the problem, too. Barbara felt harassed, worried, and restless. For once, she had faith in Rose. Whatever had happened to Rose since that job referred to in the quadrangle had not altered her. Rose meant; was trying to do her best. Rose did not mean to let the Fogg down. But—

Something had to be done—and done at once! Not take a girl to luncheon to three hours into a breach when another was necessary.

Then and there she made up her mind. In the morning, before being left, when the night watchman was shutting the dormitory, she got up, dressed, and went straight across to Miss Primrose's private room.

Miss Primrose had only just come down when she was informed of Babs' call. She stared in surprise at the captain of the Fourth.

"Miss Barbara?"

"Miss Primrose, I had to come and see you." Babs said desperately.

"What for?"

"The headmistress returned a letter."

"I know," Babs said.

"I know," Babs said. "The headmistress, Miss Primrose, please, for the sake of the Firm, do not prevent her from attending the pageant. Last night she—" And nervously she told what she knew. "I know that it is asking a heresy especially after you have warned her, but I do believe, Miss Primrose, that Rose has some good reasons for it. And if," Babs added, "you promise to be generous, you will not only punish her, but the whole Firm. We've never had another girl to take Rose's place."

"Indeed?" Miss Primrose pressed her lips. "What about Eleanor Burke?"

"She's not half so good, Miss Prim-

rose."

"Very well," Miss Primrose decided. "It is not my fault, as you know, Eleanor, to think of disciplinary measures. I do not intend to do so in this case.

At the same time, I cannot let the whole Firm suffer. I will have a talk with Rose."

And she did later. And Rose, who went to the headmistress's study in dumb amazement, the next day was overjoyed when Miss Primrose said:

"But for the action of Barbara Redburn, Rose, who has played most ably on your behalf, I should have sent you home this morning. For what—ever reason—I am depending on you now, Barbara, is responsible. I hope you will do your duty by her, and by the Firm, in some way you may! Eleanor Burke, if I write you again! The next time, Firm or not, I shall act!"

And Rose blushed involuntarily at her good luck. She went outside like a girl in a dream, to be anxiously pursued by a group of anxious girls who had gathered there to hear the verdict.

Eleanor Burke was among them—Eleanor Burke, smiling softly, and, unconsciously, combined this time that her name was won.

"Well," Clara demanded, "what happens?"

"She did—"

But Rose, without apparently saying any of these words straight to Babs, felt eyes were glowing, her cheeks on

IMPORTANT

Next week's issue of

THE SCHOOLGIRL

will be published one day earlier than usual—that is, on

FRIDAY, MAY 14th

instead of Saturday, the 15th

her. She caught both Babs' hands in hers.

"Babs, you're a hero!" was all she said, "and—and thank!"

"You mean—" Eleanor Burke sniffed.

"I mean," Rose smiled, "that if it hadn't been for Babs, I should have been expelled from the pageant! So it was Babs' action chains—and so thank to you!"

And while Eleanor felt both her face white with a fury she could no longer conceal, the word in the passage broke into a shiver.

"A good job," Rose Redworth told her all with a resolution, more bravely determined than ever, "to see Miss Green."

"That was after breakfast—a beautiful opportunity, unusually happy. For today is a wonderful day—a day of preparation of talks, of last-minute touches for the great point of tomorrow—the Coronation itself."

Out in the quadrangle already a group of girls were waiting over the huge doors, which were to be finally decorated by the last rehearsal which would take place during the day. They would take their seats round the tables of the old dining hall, and the vast assembly hall, with the two hundred Ragnars which tomorrow would be flags in honor of the late King and Queen who were to be crowned in that of London.

Suddenly there was an excited whispering in the passage. The door of

Rose's study was open with a business crash. Babs, Babs, Clara, and half a dozen other girls came crowding into the room.

"Oh, how you are, Rose!" Babs cried joyfully. "Now, we've given you her a quick rehearsal—! But, I beg, you're not going out?" she demanded.

Rose let her lip.

"Well, I was, I—I have to. But I don't go by long—no more than an hour, say so."

"But, Rose, you can spare ten minutes!" Babs cried. "No only want to do the grouping again. Not with the presence of course, we're having a dress rehearsal later."

Rose laughed.

"Oh, well, in that case, of course—"

she said. "Shall we go now?"

In the case of the event, she went out, making a nodding of their last business arrangement as they returned down the corridor.

Oh, it was good—good to be contributing so much to the happiness of the school; good to feel that she was so wanted—that these good women, Babs & Co., were for them as well.

They passed through gaily garlanded Big Hall, across the quad in a whirling crowd they entered, Babs on one side of Rose, Babs on the other.

And then suddenly Rose stopped dead. For striding through the door was the girl she dared not love.

Linda Grange, true to her threat, had arrived!

Read the Mysterious!



JUST for that one second Miss Redburn, Miss Babs and Miss Mabel, not knowing that she had stopped, ran on. Then suddenly, mysteriously, she found

herself. "Curiously that action. She knew it. All her four instincts urged her to stop and face the girl."

But the door's Linda Grange had come for Lady Lovell's neighbor, and Linda Grange, obviously, did not intend to go away without it.

She had given her time in which to get it. She had not got it. Linda would keep her threat. Linda would go to Miss Primrose, and then—

Rose's face paled even as she ran. She saw her chance of action that. Her own, obviously, it was to keep out of the way. She would see Miss Grange's private room, and she could knock off to Fogg and see Mrs. Green.

Quickly she darted up the steps. With a swift backward glance over her shoulder, she plunged into Big Hall, and—dash!—right into Eleanor Burke.

Rose gasped. Eleanor gave a look to the double up.

"You clumsy fool!" she shrieked.

"What the deuce?"

"Oh, sorry?" Rose breathlessly greeted her and so.

"What was—"

Rose did not reply to that. She stared on the steps which led to the Fourth Firm corridor.

Eleanor sighed. "What was the matter with Rose? From whom was she running away?"

Intuitively, that.

Intuitively, that. Eleanor advanced back up the stairs—but in time to see Rose disappearing into the bathroom at the far end of the passage.

By Rose was hiding. From whom?

Eleanor smiled with open satisfaction. That, obviously, was the new thing to find out. She crossed her

drops down into the quadrangle, straggling around her.

"A girl in a sky-blue costume—a stranger to the school—was conversing with those steps at the moment!"

"Those steps had previously not run away from a Cliff Howe girl. Eleanor had decided that this girl must have been the sister of her friend's, the friend."

"Oh, hello!" she said pleasantly.

"Looking for someone?"

Luella Orange stopped.

"Yes."

"Well, I thought you might be wanting Ross! But Eleanor said Eleanor had decided that this girl must have been the sister of her friend's, the friend."

"Oh, nothing! But Eleanor—well, I've an idea that Ross, doesn't want to see you, you know, as Aunt?" Eleanor said thoughtfully.

"Where she did spot you on the low life—a happened thing upon the school, and is looking herself new in the low room."

Luella Orange eyed her. Her eye

"What?" she said, and murmured beneath her breath.

"Is that her name? Looking you up?" she looked sharply at Eleanor.

"Where is this low room? Can you take me to it?"

And as Eleanor eyed her curiously, she

"Have she something for me—something I very much want?" continued Luella Orange.

"What?" Eleanor said. "What have I never mind what. Now will you show me this low room?"

Eleanor smiled. Slightly enough that information, but it showed her to be that this girl had been under her thumb.

"Come on."

And with Luella Orange in tow, Eleanor mounted up the Fourth Floor corridor, looking in front of the two

"Is this where she's hiding?" she girl asked.

"Is it?"

Luella frowned. Her hand caught at the knick. She turned it. And then she

"Looked it was, Ross, even in her

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"Oh, my dear," she said. "I'm just taking it to the altar—I mean—"

"The what? Eleanor's eyes gleamed. "So that's where she's going, is it? And you have about it all the time! Come on, Linda—"

"The where?" Babs gazed in amazement. "I say, don't—don't go on like this!"

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Broken Promises!



"ALL THIS time," Clara Evelyn said gravely. "You told me that Babs—"

"But, Babs said she wouldn't be more than an hour," Babs said dejectedly.

"What if I say that Babs?" she cried. "Babs's own kind of saying things she doesn't mean."

"Yes, rather, you know! It's a bit thick," Babs' father said approvingly. "I hope you make the Mary Queen of Scots."

"The history chapter has had again that same history lesson. Nobody was required. The day of the wedding was to see the best of it, being—"

"Well, what are we to do?" Babs' head jerked in amazement. "We can't wait here all day. Babs's dress—"

"I'll go in half an hour. Babs, can't you stay the party?"

"Babs left her lip.

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later when Eleanor, Babs and dated, almost them in the queue, and proudly mounted the throne on the heavy decorated stage.

Under Babs' direction the impatient waiting group descended. Eleanor was made to decline her lines. Clearly, evidently, Eleanor could tell how it was driven to everybody, although she knew the lines, though she looked well, she was not in the same street as Babs.

Here, indeed, was a Mary Queen of Scots who would not let the play; but there was likely to be all the difference in the world when it came to the judging tomorrow night to visit the best woman. Babs looked serious.

"Just a minute," she said. "Now let's go through it again. Eleanor, just a little more emphasis when you talk about Elizabeth."

"Very well," Eleanor said good humoredly.

And with that she stood up.

And at that moment Babs' footwork came jangling through the garden door, with hands clasped—Babs was so busy with disappointment had come to Babs. She had visited Ada Green's home, only to learn that Ada had gone to London—wouldn't be back until after the Coronation—and had left no address, no message for Babs!

And now—here was the final blow!

Babs' hearted as she saw Eleanor in that proud seat which she was to be crowned in, as they turned her words ringing across the field. Babs' tongue stuck up within her

heart. She understood them. The Fourth Form, sink of her, had given Eleanor her part.

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BITTERLY. Babs made to stroll past Eleanor and Linda, keeping Babs's hat out of sight. But, suddenly Eleanor gave a cry. "I say—that hat! Look—look—look—look!" Babs' tongue stuck up within her. Her plan was working well.

she said abruptly:

"I haven't got it!"

"Not? Linda asked. "That's why you've been trying to dodge me?"

"That's right," Rose admitted.

"Right! Then you know what it means?" Linda caught up her bag.

"Rose," she asked, frowning, "why don't you hand it over?"

"I'll give it to you," she said. "I'll hand it to you."

"I'll give it to you," she said. "I'll hand it to you."

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Desperate Measures!



NEVER had there been such a successful rehearsal of Cliff Howe's musical comedy as there was that afternoon.

Cliff, sitting at the first corner table in her little box, was like a girl.

Fortunately, of course, because she was possessed of that firm, firm resolve to see the thing through. No longer, and even on the slightest degree, was there thinking of herself. There girls treated her, looked up to her. She had disappointed them in many times, had so severely shaken their faith in her, that she felt it her duty to put forth an improved front.

Again from time, she was reacting violently to her nervous and disappointed state of the morning, working by throwing her whole heart into the paper, to forget.

Cliff Howe was astounded.

Cliff Howe, though a hero of what she was capable, was bewitched with enthusiasm.

Her sincerity, and earnestness which would have inspired, was completely nullified up to the Henry Petrie's competitive stage.

"Oh, you've wonderful—wonderful!" Linda cried afterwards, and there was that quiver in her voice which showed her, simultaneously, stirred her despite it. Linda had been. "Rose, if you only do this that tomorrow—"

"I will!" Rose proudly promised.

And the next day?

But there was that dreadful business of Lady Chatterfield's medicine, the illness of Linda Gray's, the absence of Cliff.

Most of the afternoon, after rehearsal, Rose spent in a trunk call to London, phoning up every conceivable place which she had ever mentioned—only, she felt to be told that she was not there.

Madeline came with the problem still a thorn in it had ever been, and with Rose not the balance ray forward.

Half the night she lay awake, worrying about it; half the night she passed weeping. Well, there was one way of solving the problem—one way only. A desperate one, if you like, but Rose had not carried her unshaken confidence for nothing and Rose, in this mood, was not likely to let any consideration stop her.

Afterwards, when it came out as inevitable it must do—there—well, as patients would be her portion now and again.

But every mind capable—never could anything! She was going to see Cliff Howe through!

Morning broke—a morning bright with sunshine, dripping with promise. Joy and merry Cliff Howe that morning every girl, unthinkingly, was being told. Such a delicious and surprising and startling that the old school school boys and to go.

Along the crowded road, Cliff Howe's old legs trotted and tripped every girl that morning—every! There, of course, taking only in the past—passed in her previous and distant past, and every girl, unthinkingly, was being told. Such a delicious and surprising and startling that the old school school boys and to go.

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Breakfast over, there followed a brief but most careful review in the little school. There such excitement while the tables draped round while the last finishing touches were put to the stage.

In the dressing, half a dozen lovely young girls surrounded Rose, pressing this and pointing that, and Rose, standing there in her London dress, looking such a completely radiant picture that she might have stepped right out of some fashionable magazine.

"Never mind! Never mind! Never mind! Rose had a lot of love and more generous encouragement.

"For St. Rose!" Rose laughingly asked.

"As a child?"

"No worrying me about!"

"No a word!"

"Good!" Rose laughed, called. "I'm so glad!" she whispered. "But what about the other matters?"

"That," Rose told her, "you shall hear about tomorrow—perhaps to-night, after the dance." And then she took a quick look through the window. "Fido, will you please tell" she asked.

"No!"

"Not why?"

"Because! I'd see you in the grand hall."

Fido smiled, though she was just a little startled by the look that came into Rose's eyes.

Rose, however, went out of the room, for Rose had been coming up the drive the figure of the girl who had haunted her these last few days. There was no drinking in her hearing now, however, she had made up her mind.

Halfway down the stairs she met Linda Gray coming up, and in Linda's walk the haunting figure of Eleanor Howard.

"Hello! How pleased I see you!"

"Hello! How pleased I see you!"

"Hello! How pleased I see you!"

"Hello! How pleased I see you!"

"Hello! How pleased I see you!"

"Hello! How pleased I see you!"

"Hello! How pleased I see you!"

"Hello! How pleased I see you!"

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"Hello! How pleased I see you!"

"Hello! How pleased I see you!"

"Hello! How pleased I see you!"

have permanently for purposes of association. "What you come with me?" Linda nodded. She put her hand on Rose's arm.

"Then let's get ready, closing the fireplace curtains behind her. They stood in a square compartment which they had thought of as a dressing room."

"Then," Rose explained, "back into the crypt, but you're not going that far. This is one of the main secret passages out of Cliff House, and has had a door built some length out of it. Now, recede there!" She opened the door. Here we are. Here the work.

Linda shook the torch—on here, black with—

"But I don't see—"

"Wait!" Rose shrieked. She ran her hand over the mirror. Again Linda started for with the door of a well-lit door a great slab of

Rose stopped.

"Do I?" she asked lightly. "You know, Rose, in everything ready?"

"Yes—but, Rose, you're sure you feel all right?"

"Right as heaven," Rose answered her. And, suddenly, from that moment she looked in. Why should she worry? The door was just open. She had looked her hands. Her roomy was out of the way, without power to interfere.

When she was found—Rose intended she should be found the moment she returned in Cliff House—then suddenly Linda thought would do her most splendid work.

But she didn't care! She didn't care! She was going to see Cliff House through!

And what could be her exit, the door that opened by apparatus in the wall? That's the way when the car

Thrilling, marvellous, terrifying! Rose felt her heart racing in the excitement of it all! What! This worth every consequence which might follow? Had she the faintest regret for what she had done?

No! An instant to-morrow, perhaps, but to-day, in very truth, spirit of all she accepted!

And then up, up to the day, her person, impeding. Again, with her mouthful—

But, suddenly, she saw that she were drawn by the cream-and-white heavy into the street, there to be embraced by the thunderous cries of the waiting crowd.

Faintly Rose looked down upon them as they passed through the porticoed street, happily smiling.

"Glorious! Wonderful!"

She heard their whistles, saw their



eyes coming away, disclosing a small square apartment on the other side.

"Linda's eyes glowed."

"Is the children in there?"

"No, it is, do you think I've brought you here for?"

"Linda looked her lips. Then she changed. She shook her head like the child, pouring round. Behind her, Rose gathered herself. Her face was white now. She took a sudden spring.

"Here—!" Linda began.

"You have? But with the large desperation which had her so recently in the grip of this moment. Rose pushed.

"Linda, falling on her knees, were standing into the room. When she looked round again the secret entrance was closed, and Rose was gone!"

THE fourth was in despair. "Can't you play Rose's part?" Bala appealed to her cousin. "Sorry," said Bala dejectedly. "I don't want know the lines." Came a voice from behind the girls.

"But I do!" They turned. There was Eleanor Marks, willy consent.

could, see other girls hallooed, were utterly certain and comfortable.

Whispered. Shouted up to her.

"Oh, I say, who is that?"

"Isn't she beautiful?"

"What I want her?"

Rose laughed. Bala, seated at her feet, looked up at her and smiled happily.

"Now, show the Goodwill High Street. Good morning and (clapping at the glancing position, half a mile in length, wanted in way.

"People, people everywhere, all wearing Coronation sashes, all waving at the tops of their noses. Were upon wave of acclamation, like and being upon the shore.

"And then, near the Market Cross something happened.

Robert Ross, suddenly looking back, was seen suddenly to yawn. Rose, laughing, was seen suddenly to lower. Bala, whose eyes had been staring a minute before, was now staring

Amazing Conduct of Mary, Queen of Scots!



"**R**OSE! How you are! And, I say, what's the matter? You look quite white." This English lady, the minutes later, as she saw Rose's forehead coming down the fourth time, decided

never to take the advice given all to the gaily garlanded Torr's Hall. There, in the great marriage hall, surrounded by hundreds of gold-dressed and richly-garbed kings, queens, nobles, lords, ladies-in-waiting, knights in armour, sons, sons-in-law, ambassadors, Queen's girls, the stone like a gem indeed.

Ralph Lawrence, Marquis Hunt, don't handsome cousin from Flanders, gay and debonair, as King Charles the Fourth's eyes, his hair glowing with a queen indeed, your royal majesty," he continued. "Mistake I know who will be crowned Queen of Queens this morning?"

Rose, her face like a furnace, dropped a laughing curtsey.

"And I say, the King of kings," she answered gently. "You may kiss my royal hand!"

Which Ralph, with an air that was rapidly prompt, pluckily did.

How thoroughly coming down the fourth time, decided

unhappily at the head of the crowd— and particularly on one girl, who, doing her best to efface herself, was staring miserably down towards the shoulders of two pretty men. And suddenly Rose saw—

"Rose?" Echo cried.

"But Rose is not here. Now the redoubt Miss Queen of Scots was gone. In her place stood once again the prettiest, strongest-faced Petal of the Fourth Form here as well. A faint shiver fell upon the crowd. Three minutes—

"Rose?" someone said.

"But Rose had departed from her seat. The procession was moving on in spite of her protest. Rose, blind, deaf, as you might say, so all that was going on about her, nothing made a lease, jumping right into the midst of the Coronation crowd.

Especially for a second was she thoughtful.

"What was the matter with Rose?"

They saw her slowly advancing the crowd aside, forcing her way through the upturned skirts of dresses. Now still she looked towards the shoulders of the two men. They saw Rose's hand outstretched, they saw her search, they heard her words.

"You mean, Ada Green?"

"Just that, and then—the girl, her face suddenly athen, gave back. Rose passed her for two or three paces through the crowd, and then, stepping suddenly, turned, to the crowd nearest, faintly repeating her hand into her pocket. The draw was still moving. With a little spring she jumped upon it. Rose started.

"How, you chessy, why did you do that?"

"Let's get on," Rose said impatiently.

"But you—"

"Oh, never mind!"

"And Rose—this astounding Roman—climbed back to her seat again, ignorantly as to what she had done, and waved a gay hand to the curiously staring crowd!"

Now what, Eleanor thinks, surprised, "has happened to Linda Grange?"

"Not sure, nor have, had Eleanor asked herself that question. She had asked it twenty times.

Old Hans was diverted, enough for a lot of the servants and old Harry-went to the garden—and Eleanor.

Eleanor, for reasons of her own, had chosen to remain behind. As luck would have it she had received a letter that evening, her parents, that meaning saying that the girl would be unable to come to the school, after all.

Well, that relieved Eleanor on one score, but more certainly it did not minimize Eleanor's anticipation towards the girl she now looked upon as her own.

And Eleanor still cherished a spirited notion that she would be able to get even with that girl.

That morning Eleanor had witnessed the arrival of Linda Grange. She had seen Rose go off with Linda Grange.

Then she had seen Rose, amid a crowd of triumphant Fourth Formers, stagger. But Linda Grange had not been with her, and Rose, as she passed her, had looked to curiously around her, and when that the procession had been over, while Eleanor's coming went and coming, her happiness. And Eleanor being more than a bit of a conquer herself, had gazed then.

"Linda Grange knows something about Rose Redworth. Rose, 207-

only, is desperately anxious that Linda Grange shall not tell what she knows. The very fact that Linda came to Cliff House last morning shows that something vital is going to happen, and if it is the speech—what will happen to Rose? Poor Eleanor thought, and gazed at Rose's triumphant face, but never through was going to be answered by another girl, what would you do?"

"And the answer, coming by: 'I would see that she was allowed!' had given Eleanor the idea that Rose, in some way, had got rid of Linda.

The very fact that Linda Grange had not been seen or heard of since she was last in Miss Redworth's company puzzled it.

"Then where was Linda Grange?"

A problem, that. One that Rose had dropped her away. High, low, from end to end of the school, Eleanor had searched. No sign of Linda.

"I see them in the Fourth Form corridor," she mumbled. "Rose had been got rid of her within twenty minutes of that time. She is hidden here; I'm positive of that. But where?"

And faintly again, Eleanor thought, seeking success in the playhouse. There, certainly the search. With an idea in mind, she hurried up the steps again. She reached the Fourth Form corridor. Opening the door of Study No. 1, which Rose shared with Lynn Cromwell and Trade Ferriss, she stopped in.

"So, then, no sign there."

She went to Study No. 2. Study No. 3. Eventually on the other three. The second unoccupied, she passed on in the famous Study No. 4. Nothing there. Study No. 5 was a blank, so was Study No. 6. With growing despair, she pushed her way into Study No. 7.

That apartment was shared by Clara Trelton, Marjorie Hamilton, and Janet Jackson.

Early discretely, Eleanor looked round. Nothing. No maid. And suddenly the landing on the table caught her eye. She went towards it, picked it up. Now excitement flared high. Wasn't this the bag she had seen Linda Grange carrying? Yes—definitely!

So Linda had been in this room! From this room, obviously, Linda had disappeared, otherwise why should she have left her bag?

She ran from to the fireplace. She recollected suddenly the error of that fireplace.

She was trembling with excitement now. To be sure, she did not know how to open the fireplace. Half an hour or longer she vainly pressed, pulled, and heaved, and at last, more by accident than design, her finger hooked the bottom spring.

Eleanor dropped into the little passage behind it.

"Linda! Linda!" she cried, and stopped, listening.

"And then her heart gave a great bound. For, faintly muffled, along the corridor came a cry—

"My love! Help! Help!"

Eleanor had found Rose's victim at last!

N

A night of gaiety, of happiness, of brightness hurrying in the polished hall of Goodford Court.

Swimmers, swimmers everywhere! Lights which flashed, hovering overhead of their newly crowned Majesties of England!

A king playing on the platform, surrounded people tripping round the floor to the strains of a lively waltz. Among them, more delightfully happy and excited, was Rose Redworth, gliding with

Linda Callender, from Princeton debut.

And then suddenly a look. The curtains at the far end of the room were whipped aside. A voice called:

"Here Ladyship, Lady Thelma Court-Said!"

Rose turned. For one moment the smile faded from her radiant face as the regular-looking woman, who had hurried back from the Coronation letter in London, stepped into the room.

Lady Courtship smiled. She passed on towards the door, where the mayor and his adherents were gathered in readiness to goot off:

"That is major told up, his hand."

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he began.

"Thank!" Justice Currier murmured.

"I have pleasure in announcing," the mayor went on, "that her ladyship has been on the honor of hurrying back from London so that she may be present at the climax of our destination, the Coronation! She has kindly consented to take on the steering of affairs. Will all the kings and queens of the imposture now step this way?"

A thrill, a shiver. Rose, legs on fire, felt her arms pressed by Rose; hands for moment.

"Good luck, old things!"

Forward stepped forward.

Now there was a look. Trelton, seated, the first hundred guests in the great hall gathered round. At the back of the platform, a pair of curtains were whipped aside. Behind those curtains stood the two thrones. In front of the platform the great kings and queen-lined up. Glazed whippers, key-bushes, mounted policemen, from the side of the stage. The judge looked at the line. Rose stood, her heart in her mouth.

Then the mayor rose.

"Will His High Lordship, of Friesland School, step this way?"

"Good old Ralph!" involuntarily cheered Clara Trelton.

Ralph stepped up, smiling.

"His High Lordship, as he is crowned king of the material, the mayor said, and passed for the shining to substitute. "His queen will be—"

And here, he indignantly called around, while everybody, from up with anyone, caught their breath.

"His queen is Miss Joan Redworth of the Queen's School!"

Such a crash of cheering then, such a hurra of hand-clapping. Into a Candace with delight, shaking hands, laughing, joking. Then came Rose, a step in the back which almost drowned the plump one. Justice, with a "Three jolly old wives!" sang her people into the air, and let it fall, and Rose was above. This was laughing.

What looked to the next, was looking with joy; Marjorie Hamilton was silent crying.

"And now," the mayor announced "the ceremony, ladies and gentlemen! Follows—this way?"

How played, Triumph stepped within her. She had done wonders it for her school! This moment was worth all the dinners, all the positions, which might follow.

Then, out from the adjoining room came the robe-bearers—vividly gazed in heraldic dress. Rose laughed at the purple cloak was fastened about her neck and her white-splashing, according to the data assembled about her dress.

Simply she sat there, smiling softly as she caught Lady Currier's gaze. The mayor, adjusting his robes, took the crown from the velvet cushion on

which it was offered and raised it above

King's head.

A great thrilled moment of silence.

And then—

A sudden commotion at the back of the hall. The curtain bang aside. A ringing voice, vibrant with spiritual feeling, rang out:

"Stop! You can't crowd her—she is a child! And not only a child but a Katherine as well!"

Consequently Rene stopped the arms of her throne. Everybody turned, astounded, astonished at two girls now running forward—the blond, radiant Eleanor Martin, and behind her, looking savage and vindictive, Linda Orange, followed by two gentlemen.

"The mayor passed, glancing quickly at her," Linda said.

"And—" he murmured.

"But before anyone could do anything, before anyone could speak again, Rene herself had risen upon her throne. If that had looked royal before, she looked positively magnificent now with her flashing eyes, her brilliantly beaded clothes, looking indeed a queen in every line of her. She hung out no sign.

"Wait!" she cried in a low but steady voice. "Wait!" And such was the amazing power of her presence in that moment that everyone stood still.

"Before that girl comes now, let me speak for myself," she said. "I at least have a right to do that!"

"But—" cried Eleanor Martin. "Wait!" Rene repeated, and gathered herself. From her seat, collected she was now. Her words were scornful. "The girl accuses me of being a kidnapper and a thief," she cried. "If starting up Linda Orange in kidnapping, then I am a kidnapper. But I don't let my child become the instrument to split the kingdom!"

"There is a charge," Linda took a step forward.

"Let me go on," Rene said indignantly. "I am accused of being a thief by Linda Orange, who is Lady Catherine's maid!" Here there came a little explanation from Lady Catherine, but Rene did not heed it. "I am

accused of having stolen Lady Catherine's necklace. I did not steal it, but I admit I tried to do. The real thief of that necklace is a girl named Ada Upton."

"What?" Linda cried. "And the necklace?" Rene cried, and looking up her hand to her forehead. "I mentioned it from Lady Catherine's work in the crowd this afternoon—when Ada Upton was carrying it! In this house, Lady Catherine?"

There was an electric moment. At the mention of that name, Linda Orange gave a shudder now. Lady Catherine looked dazed.

"It is indeed," she said, "but I do not understand. You say Linda Orange is my maid. But she is not. I do not even know her!"

Linda gave back a gasp. Her eyes were wide with fear now. She had not expected Lady Catherine to be there.

"What?" Rene cried. "But she came to me saying that you had sent her? I am, with a minute, convinced, I do not give her!" she cried. "Linda Upton—"

Linda gasped.

"I—I only did it because of the fifty pounds reward."

"Reward? Then all the time—"

"Please," Lady Catherine said, her face was stern now. The accusation for the time being was forgotten. "It is true," she said. "But I allowed a reward of fifty pounds for the recovery of the necklace. This girl apparently has been wearing my chain in order to possess a form of blackmail. But I remember now," she added softly, "she is one of the girls who are employed at the Royal Restaurant—"

A gasping then! Linda, the first, tried to fly. Eleanor, looking pale and white, stopped her.

As Rene made her last claim, fully aware she was, looking over her shoulder was a quick consultation on the platform. Then the mayor raised his hand.

"I think," he said, "before the emergency proceeds, that we had better leave a full and detailed explanation from Miss Anderson!"

"Yes, unless!"

"Rene."

And Rene rose. There was hardly a whisper at the table. Clearly, her body also told all, looking toward Rene looked at each other as they began to realize the possible meaning which she intended. One must have endured the desperate drama at the back of it all to have the solemnity of payment and the willingness, over that drama was achieved, of having the music and bearing the drama.

Simply, clearly she told it, and all who heard it could not doubt the truth. At the end there was a silence.

"Rene! Rene! Good old Rene!"

"She did it for us!"

"Hush! Hush! Hush!"

Another commotion. Then Lady Catherine stopped forward. She was still.

"Linda and gentlemen—"

A look.

"If it is your wish," Lady Catherine said, "we will carry on with the ceremony. The matter, as far as I am concerned, is closed. We are all human, with human weaknesses. I regret, having been a girl myself, but it is my heart to blame Rene for the moment's temptation she had to try on my necklace. I shall only, she said with an indulgent smile at the young Linda, "pardon" with it if Linda Orange persists in her persecution. Do you wish to do this, Linda?"

"No!" Linda answered.

And there was a roar, a cheer. Rene, looking forward, the heroine of the hour, sank back. And while Linda Orange and Eleanor Martin stood like a pair of whipped puppies out of the hall, Rene, amid a mob beyond all dimensions, then rose, and in dignified silence at the crown was placed upon her head.

The clouds had passed, together—rain and more sun.

And so Cliff Rene's wonderful Deposition they reached to triumphant days!

END

THE SPEED GIRL BRINGS MYSTERY TO CLIFF HOUSE!

What a thrill for Cliff House when Mary Malcolm, popular old girl, came back as a guest to prepare for a vitally important race. And with Mary came the Phantom Streak, her wonderful racing car. Exciting honour for Babs when she was invited to go on a trip. Exciting, yes—and, as it turned out, the prelude to one of the most sensational events Cliff House had ever known.

There you have the theme of next Saturday's enthralling **LONG COMPLETE CLIFF HOUSE** story, specially written by **HILDA RICHARDS**. Don't fail to read it, but order your copy now.

Outside the famous school :—
A stranger vows she shall not win the race of her life!

Inside :—
A perfect plot to help him.

But—
Barbara Redfern & Co. retaliate by resolutely—



ing in one's clothes. But still her mind remained a number one. "Harry and Polly, when they came walking in, found Tom standing just at the window. "Well, where did you get the gold?" was the Mad man's talking. "I, the asked me truly smiling. "No, I can't be here—don't worry."

"You looked round, answered, frowning.

"—No, Polly?"

"Your Aunt Fender?"—with a shrug.

"Yes, You don't come from there," "naturally" it's no good getting, Polly said I know well enough what it is that is keeping you here. The Fenders, getting all that smugged gold away from the cave; a deed, without shame."

"What Nanner could call it," "naturally," just as Polly, as she walked on with her hand up. "But, my dear, there, no more of the gold, don't! And then, think of the fact it's going to be presently, being interviewed by the police—and the Press!"

"You're very convincing. You said, with a better grace, "Police, Press, and then—Aunt Polly, I'll not see any of them!" she suddenly burst out. "Why should I? What's the use now? That gives me only a sight of Madam Fender again, as my brother Ralph."

"There," Harry eagerly announced, to Tom just as he was to complete his speech. "But that, I'm very much afraid, is asking for the impossible."

"Of course it is!" Tom snatched. "There's got the gold, all of it, and it's in their hands, never to be seen again! And that's why I say the police wouldn't partise me for further information. Because that's not good gold, it's to be seen."

"But you do?"

"The Press?" she urged on, standing in front of the glass to see a better thing, her face. "If they want my story, you can tell it for me! And as for my aunt—well, I wish I'd never got to see her again."

"Which, while you, her dancing completed, stride out of the room."

Impatient Pleaders!

All that the weather had made possible to the Museum district by offering brilliant sunshine.

Now that darkness had come again, the stars were shining in their thousands above the falling sea and of the moonlight water.

And by no other light but that of the moonlight stars a girl came picking her way across one of the busiest parts of the whole busy street.

Madam Fender, was the girl, but some who had known her by that name would have recognized her now.

All these Fenders, fugitives from justice as they were, had sustained other changes.

Mrs. Fender had known a Madam Fender whose face was of the "oblong" kind and very pale. But the girl who, a month or more ago, had been stepping a safe step of her in the Museum district, had a high forehead, and her nose was inclined to be too prominent. All the same, she was Madam Fender!

Striding along, calmly very thick she was alone in the midnight gloom. The long-anticipated scene, that good falling in with of this remote spot beyond likely ahead of her.

Another minute and an odd booted foot somewhere amongst the cheering chattering elements of a crowd of Madam's shabby speaking to a back door. As some welcome back, it must

have seemed to her, the silence becoming as profound as it could be, as they all stood that twilight appeared to have the glowing place to themselves.

But after Madam had crept in by the back door and stood for a few moments with the windows wide of the center hall about her there was a faint footstep in the darkness; (was a voice whispered—)

"That you, Madam? Ralph now with you?"

"No, no, no. Why should he be?"

"Oh, I don't know! I thought you hope you might have fallen in with each other coming back."

Mrs. Fender spoke rightly, like one upon whom prolonged suspense had begun to tell.

"Did you get a paper?" she asked.

"Yes, Richard and his wife have been arrested, of course. The Museum was all so very talked upon and looked there-out."

It was not until Madam had her mother had gone down some military steps into a rather that the newspaper changed hands. A couple was looking, stark with the news was on the top of a line. Mrs. Fender went close to the trouble lights to begin her eager scanning of the front page—one that had been given up entirely in the great room.

She looked closed the paper close and stood breathless on a plank that was supported by a couple in lower bricks.

"Has the Herberts don't appear to have said anything that might help the police?" Mrs. Fender suddenly remembered.

"Well, we don't forget those when they come out of prison. My dear's have got through all the gold by then!" she added, with a hurried look.

"Perhaps you've not seen I don't have had it, after all," was Madam's dejected whisper.

"Ralph wouldn't talk like that!" snapped her mother. "Really, Madam, there's no need to be wiser by folly. We did get the gold away from the cave, anyhow."

"Yes. And how do you get it?"

"Nanner said it," Mrs. Fender again divined honestly. "But where it wasn't to found, even though it may be lying all about in the street as now. And what's this in the paper—Step First?"

They are reported to have been seen—in Newmarket!"

"Yes, but not laughing in a rather over-weighted manner, and certainly being the better side."

"In Newmarket, Madam. That's a nice long way off. But did you do any good at the Museum?"

"I had!" Madam began, then she ceased so suddenly. "Why, Ralph?" the mother said, after being too bright for a moment. "You are in temper, Madam?"

There was the faint drizzle of a descending step; then the outer door opened, letting in one who only a few days since had been a prisoner at Orange-street School, but who now looked like a 1919 man.

The visitor wore a shabby and cheap hat, where the white felt used to be there was now a tattered hairbrushed. He looked how his sister placed as late in a shabby way, as if she had yet to get used to his business appearance, and he looked ill.

"Madam's apartment?"

Madam shrugged.

"What's mainly got's a Door Bramwell," she responded, with a cool little gesture.

"You don't look so very good, Madam, even in that! It's the Bramwell work you want. Yes, too, mother."

"Have you done any good?" Mrs. Fender asked impatiently.

"I've got myself—there," was all he said, suddenly displaying a couple of very large yellow rings on the palm of a hand. "I've got the gold, one of a kind, and I'll give you the gold in the hole of his right ear—'ain't that an improvement?"

"I'll not a time for fooling!" Madam snapped.

"No, and I'm not fooling," her brother returned sharply. "Mother wants to know if I've done any good. Well, I have! You see now it'll be of your own right, how to get the gold away. I've got it."

"Why, how, then—how?" his mother and Polly demanded. "And what?"

"You'd never guess, that's certain," he boasted with all his old manner. "So at eleven and I'll tell you."



"Come back—come back!" shouted Tom's aunt, but the Museum artist went charging down the stairs, shouting ahead back for back care.

The Caravan on the Cliffs

FORM CAPTAIN BETTY, in a pair of slippers, afternoon dress, was stopped in full flight across the study corridor by a sudden bright light. A word with Tom!

"In Betty's journal of going on to Study No. 12, I tapped at a closed door and went in."

"You don't, I say!"

"You must say it pretty quickly, then, 'cause, in a time or two, Betty would be back when you're gone!"

"But must you, Tom?—and you really on the afternoon?"

"No, certainly!—That's what I originally thought of asking you; if it can't be left until some other convenient week!" This is Saturday afternoon, Tom.

"I know," that chap smiled. "But it's like Aunt Penelope to have arrived on an evening. When I call at three o'clock for my collection and other shopping, you, I won't get them back at all. They go away by the half-past four train, for good."

"Because she can't get a maid to sleep with her, isn't that it?" Betty mouthed loudly. "I'm not surprised, then, she didn't give you exactly a heavy time, Tom!"

"Anyway, I don't see a woman's temper at her house than I can help. Tom gently declared, "I don't see a big thing, coming up for me. She can't do it! I ought to be back by four, say, Betty."

"All the same, it does seem a shame, don't you? The rest of us are going to have such a grand time—all thanks to you!"

"I won't be making tea, anyhow, Betty. And I won't get back to get my things, and so on. I'll get up at five. I'll have a lot of talking to go on till late in the night!"

"All right, then?" Betty asserted. "And she faded away, making for the general store of Madame—Study No. 12, where the rest of the chemistry, she knew, would be found in a state of lively chaotic disorder."

Tom, dressed but not-of-course, went down to the stable-block. Fifteen minutes later, he was collecting her luggage about the part of the coast road which was then by a certain spot that might very be considered to her mind with the French business.

She looked away to the right—in the gorge-patched hill-side, where one of the best hair-dress trunks had been played upon by the French. The spot was not so lonely today as it had been at that fearful twilight hour when she had been without of her house. Now an air of well-remembered confusion was in evidence, the shafts empty and trying their tips upon the grass, the boys, white knee a little way off, kept from straying by a rope and a stake.

The artistic eye of Tom Tallowater took a good, steady look at the old caravan in the west riding by, some couple of hundred yards from it. There was no one to be seen, but he inferred that they were asleep.

A mile further on, and there was anything but the picturesque to shake Tom's attention. It was a new erected road and highway station! His took the road of village as quickly as possible, and the town-hall there was striking only a quarter to three when she got down from her machine at Aunt Penelope's house.

"Had?" began that ancient lady, opening the front door. "The policeman couldn't trouble to get here a bit sooner



BETWEEN OURSELVES

Dear readers, please read the article on page 27. It is a very interesting one and you will be a great help to me.

MY DEAR READERS—Have you much chance of obtaining the Dairy Album and Book of Recipes of the Royal Children?

There is not very much time left now, you know. If you haven't yet sent in your application, I should like to see it at once, and carefully read through the instructions.

They're not very complicated, and very difficult to carry out. After all, you've bound to know at least six girls who do not send you Christmas cards. Just think of all the other girls in your school. Names of them? Now do they ALL buy Tom's newspapers? I thought so. So just get down the names and addresses of six of them, and put them all, according to the particulars of page 27.

Naturally, this wonderful Gift Offer is presented by your Editor's desire to entertain the Commission with his readers. For the same reason, this issue, now in your hands, contains special Commission features. What do you think of them?

Please let us know. Tell me if you agree that the Cliff House Commission is one of the best ever offered, and that Pat has worked herself with all the care, speed, logic, tact and common sense introduced into his celebrated pages. I shall be eagerly awaiting your reply.

Well, then is drawing me; in other words, no space is remaining now. It's a day's work, and prep time.

NEXT SATURDAY'S PROGRAMME.

Only a day gone. It's almost, but I think it'll be enough to start your eyes.

First of all, the Cliff House story. It's thrilling, it's dramatic, it's full of fun and excitement. For one of all the same, you'll see! All you, but then the little and drama, fun and excitement, in this grand tale are slightly different. You see they are revised around a plot rather matter.

Cliff House, meeting Barbara Redfern & Co. is, particularly, an absolutely unique when the speed girl arrives. Eagerly they gather round her, and she, naturally, a starting plot character, the speed girl, who has become the heroine of the school. That is where the theme starts—

"BALLING ROUND THE SPEED GIRL"

Don't miss this. Barbara's latest story. It will be COMPLETELY new work of mine. That's true, with the usual further incidents of our two line agents, "Queen of the Showers," and "When Morocco Expelled Her," as well as another sparkling episode featuring "Clay Joe" (the Black Dog Runaway), and more delightful "Pats' Page."

With best wishes,
Your sincere friend,
THE DIRECTOR.

than this, to lead me a hand with my penning!"

"An' a matter of fact, I couldn't. We all had to—"

"Bah! Bah! If you had chosen to ask, you could have! But it's like all you young girls, nowadays—well, well, well! Come to the drawing-room!— come round Aunt Penelope, making her tea, because—"

"Thinking a treat, Tom, I can't do better—"

"Do you see me?"

"What? Aunt Penelope cried, turning about to stare. "Impossible as ever! Oh, and here she goes!" In Tom's sudden, started up the best flight of years—

"I—I—I—I—"

"Aunt Penelope—her kind-words are given proof on the first landing in great down to her knees—"I'll get the things I want, if you don't mind, and go!"

"But I do mind! I see down—"

"But so was I!" Her quick, sweeping step took her to the room she had been given, when she was expelled from Morocco. By a lightning-like glancing at one thing and another, she got at all that she wanted—quickly made her call from Tom's landing with her collection, including things, holding over, empty-chest, and all else, she found Aunt Penelope looking in the doorway.

"Yes, if you don't put down every one of those things this instant—"

But Aunt Penelope got on her feet with her famous almanac. Her body was gone offensively she was caught tight by Tom, who went on down the stairs, one at a time.

Standing in pursuit, Aunt Penelope only got to the foot of the stairs when her shoe was already at the hall door, another moment and that door banged shut between them.

Tom, getting almost everything under his arm, as she departed to the garden gate, took a hand first to wipe her forehead, and then to wipe his. The girl's face, pale, hollow cheeks, then looked awfully worried. "Oh, she's awfully a girl!"

The thought had occupied even less time than Tom had allowed for. Yet she was not going to dawdle over the other part to Morocco. As soon as she had got all her things done, and arranged the things—some at the hall—she went and came on the back garden—she was off again, peering almost at her feet as before.

Then, about a mile from the town's outskirts, her feet suddenly stopped their sliding course. The machine, five-wheeled along gradually, being momentum on the level road, while Tom's extremely quick attention to a rather startling thing, that was happening—about that girl's carriage.

She saw a tall, well-grown girl having trouble with the horse. By the look of things, the poor creature had got agitated with its harness-ropes, which, coming about for a fresh middle of light. The girl had to, to put matters right, her seemed to be only making their way.

Tom looked up, looked down from her stable, and the machine on to the ground, and he had to go. Then the spot on the girl's eye's lid.

The horse was becoming impatient, waiting round and rearing up, flinging its head about more violently than ever at each angry pull on the rope by the girl.

The stable in which the rope was tied had a door out of the ground, and was hanging from the end, in which the

(Continued from page 20)

more was hanging on. To Tom, as the boys along in school classes, that any boy should be expelled, or to a teacher to have a fight, that was a thing of the past. But a teacher of ignorance and fear was the very worst. Even such a persecuted student as this boy, who here was not likely to stand for it. No one did.

The boy was Tom, in his room to the other girl's side. All in a moment there was a girl with eyes for the boy, who pulled the paper right off her face. Then she let go, a hand went flying helplessly, and gave a shriek over at him as the teacher strike down her a glowing like in the hall.

Away gathered the boys, treating the girl and with the school class holding along the great of the still boys and three fly the girl who had failed to hold her. All-around!

Now the boys began going upon her knees, making the crowd going, pointing a pointed finger.

"Hush! hush, are you? Keep still for a minute!"

"Oh, yes!" gasped out the crowd.

"Now you sit up your seats. Get up!" But Tom would not do that. Nobody else was on hand, and that nobody stirred his, with a typical girl, and that left hand, was in a lucky student seat.

Now that she was kneeling, her feet being around to be all left-hand.

She did not look at Tom, who believed that she was too cowardly. After a few moments of her kneeling, the girl stood up and started to walk away to the window, with a hand on her side or her head. But she returned, and immediately Tom was talking her by the arm, as if with her, afterwards.

"I am," Tom announced, "And I'm glad you got a nice woman from that story of yours."

A GRAND SOUVENIR BOOK FOR CORONATION YEAR



This beautiful book is a grand souvenir for coronation year. It contains a full course of 120 pages, with 12 full-page illustrations. The book is bound in a fine, dark cover with gold lettering. It is a perfect gift for the coronation year.

There are a lot of them. A monarch in the English Empire of which King King. The Royal Family. King, the King, the King. A crown around the crown.

For KING and EMPIRE

of all Empires and Kingdoms

protested. "Don't trouble about the king, my dear!" "I say, do you?" "Oh, I'm not troubling about the king. You said, 'The I must just let you see of the king, my dear.' There are such things," as they got to the back-side light of their own eyes, saying the very best thing. "And you ought to let me look at your head before I go."

"That's all right, my dear!" "Oh, yes!" "I'm not troubling about the king. You said, 'The I must just let you see of the king, my dear.' There are such things," as they got to the back-side light of their own eyes, saying the very best thing. "And you ought to let me look at your head before I go."

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FOUND! But in what strange, dramatic circumstances. Can Tom watch the Princess across now? Her word's three chapters will tell you. Be sure to order your SCHOOLGIRL well in advance.

"GIPSY JOY" — the Rich Girl Romany!

(Continued from page 19)

and then concluded a hurried note. "And when the group reached the 10th, Joe took that note with her downstairs to a couple to be Uncle William.

Joe (smiles up from her work in the school-room, twenty minutes after lunch. She looks a little more about to sleep in her doorway. In the doorway, she was in a corner, gaily clad, with a bunch of paper in her cheeks and a bright sparkle in her eyes. She was holding her book, but her eyes, and her very face, were dead.

"Joe, what luck, my dear? I shall be out most of the afternoon. You have not good-bye to your mother?" "Oh, yes, yes. How could she ask me to go to school with her?" "Yes, Miss Hamilton?" "Yes, Joe, I am hardly likely to suffer indignation from watching a display. If you are well-informed I will tell you all about it."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Hamilton," said Joe. "I do hope you enjoy it?" "I am, my dear," said the Princess, with a smile.

Joe came to the window and looked out. Uncle William was waiting in his car.

"Loving her, my dear, Joe called out cheerily, get me ready."

"Thank you, my dear," said the Princess. "I will be ready."

And then for some days a stream of papers flew from an unopened book. It was the first time in which Joe had written her name.

"Please for a moment, and help me, my dear. You just take Miss Hamilton to the street-side apartment, Uppell!" "Cousin William, thinking that the book helped to get her from a visit, was now helping her out.

And Miss Hamilton enjoyed the office immensely. There was, indeed, some one whom she thought, and that was what she was. The girls of the class were in one of the best with all their girls.

Surely that is the girl Hamilton who she spoke of to her to her. Miss Hamilton, she asked.

"Looky like the same girl?" he answered.

To Miss Hamilton's heart, to speak of her name, she said.

And Joe, naturally, finished her deeply.

Don't forget that there will be another delightful COMPLETE GIPSY JOY story in that Saturday's SCHOOLGIRL, and be sure to tell all your friends about her.