

Grand LONG COMPLETE
CLIFF HOUSE STORY:

"RALLYING ROUND THE SPEED GIRL!"

Inside

THE SCHOOLGIRL

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Incorporating
"SCHOOLGIRL'S OWN"



"LOOK! THE MYSTERY MAN!"

Can he threaten the safety
of the wonder car?

See this week's dramatic LONG COMPLETE
CLIFF House story: "Rallying Round the
Speed Girl!"

Vowed an unknown enemy:—

"MARY MALCOLM SHALL NOT WIN THAT RACE!"

But Mary did not stand alone, as her enemy discovered, too, when Barbara Redfern & Co. began—



RALLYING ROUND the Speed Girl!

Strange Behaviour of a Pedestrian



"W HILE a wonderful race," cried Barbara Redfern, "spilling" signed Clara Evelyn Jewett.

"Grand!"

"Is that a pretty little, old Spectator, feminine features beamed, and, adjusting her spectacles, stared in admiration at the long, slinky lines of the grey racing motorcar. "And a chance of a lifetime, to see Phoenician speed, surely like a ruler of iron!"

"But what if she," Barbara Redfern said, her blue eyes gleaming, "is the winner. Wouldn't it make a really lovely ornament for Study No. 4? I suppose you don't want to find a home for it, Mary?"

Barbara & Co. of the Fourth Form at Cliff House School and quite a few boys who, from time to time, frequented the long, low, yearling-looking racing car which at this moment stood outside the old stable at the school.

It was an elegant, scaled covered-up automobile, round. A racing car in the province of Cliff House was, to say the least of it, unusual; but this was, with its pretty, non-rheumatic driver in the driver's seat, and it was just the opportunity of seeing three impossible machines existing three impossible.

From the nose of its gleaming bonnet to the tip of its tapering tail it was a thing of pure delight and superb workmanship.

"The girl at the wheel laughed in the midst of this admiration was surprised and reprehensible," it was the

answer to Bala's question. She was a pretty girl, a good deal older than the young Spectator, and bore a striking resemblance to Clara Evelyn, the younger games captain of the Lower School, who at this moment was gazing rapidly at the bonnet of the Phoenician Mare. The resemblance was, perhaps, not remarkable; for Mary Malcolm was Clara's cousin.

And Mary was also an old Cliff House girl, having left the school only two years ago. But even more curious than that fact was the fact that Mary was a

Mary permission to remain as a guest in the school during her vacation, and had just the old schoolyard at her disposal for the housing of her car.

"I'm afraid not," Mary said the Fourth Form captain. "I'd like to, naturally. But that motor-car, before gave me that to bring me good luck. And it is his own design, into the bargain. It is, rather a lovely thing, though, isn't it?"

It was, Bala hardly knew by which to be more charmed—the powerful car itself, or the charming reality with its unexpected wings which was affixed to the top of the radiator.

"But, still," Mary added, with a smile, "if one of you would like to occupy the motorcar's seat, I'll give you a ride. How you, Clara; you've been in the car before."

Clara grinned, but immediately there was a thump.

"Oh, I mean, you know, that's slipping of you, Mary," plump Bala Bala beamed. "I suppose, you didn't get out of my way, you know."

"Mary, no!"

"No, no, no, please!" Bala Bala said, "I don't know."

"But what about?"

Mary laughed.

"Well, I don't take you all," she said, "there's only one seat. But you shall all have a turn. And what about," she added, "standing with Barbara?" At Barbara's captain of the Fourth—

"Well, that's nice of you, Mary."

"Not a bit. Thank you."

And Bala, smiling, climbed in, waiting herself in the seat next to Mary's.

By

HILDA RICHARDS

Illustrated by E. LADLER

racing motorcar, and that this car was her father's invention.

Bala never waking was the fact that the Phoenician Mare had been reserved for the great British Empire Grand Prix race, which was to be run next Saturday on the track of the Aero Stadium near St.

Not because the Malcolms were a pair of grand folks of the Fourth family, and because Mary's father had again practically his last penny in providing the car, expensive had it naturally to be, and then.

That was why Miss Princess, and House's lively imagination, had given

GRAND LONG COMPLETE STORY

Introducing

- Barbara Walters**
- Clara Twyten**
- Justina Carstairs**
- Bessie Hunter**
- Mabel Lynn**
- Lella Carroll**

and many other fascinating characters at famous

CLIFF HOUSE SCHOOL

It was a small seat-space was carelessly crumpled in a racing car, but down that when Bala sank into it she almost fell as if she were sitting on the ground.

The engine started, trembling nervously. Mary gasped and her hand.

"Bala is too nervous!" she cried. "Don't start the engine until she shall be the first outside."

And then—how over the grass, and the shining river slipped out through the gate into the open road. Eagerly Mary sprung it round, heading towards the village of Fivendale. Bala held her breath.

Marvellous that sensation. It was the first time ever Bala had met in a racing car. She did not know a great deal about racing cars, but she was transfixed when the car was whirling at sixty miles an hour, and that set in her gaze—the eagerly throbbing, thrashing pistons of the power beneath her. She laughed excitedly.

"Enjoying it, Bala?" Mary asked. And Bala, desperately holding on to her seat.

"Oh, nothing! I say, is this the fastest she will go?"

"Faster!" Mary cried. "This is only half-speed."

"Oh, my hat!"

"How fast?"

"Sixty, seventy."

And then—roughly! Like a live, panting thing the shining car leapt forward, rapid as a hydrogenated machine at the starting gate.

Bala held her breath, her blue eyes sparkling, her cheeks tinged to a vivid color by the rush of the wind, as Mary guided the machine round a corner and shot out on to the broad arterial road which ran along the coast in Kentonshire. In fascination she watched the speeding wheels of the open-top car.

"Sixty, seventy, eighty—eighty-five, ninety."

Her feet suddenly dropped. And then she clattered the side of the car and set up a shriek.

"Quiet, Bala! That was it!"

But Mary had seen. Her lips came together. Not more than two hundred yards as it was had suddenly stopped the bank right into the middle of the road.

Unhappily Mary looked, as the state came slipping her feet upon the bank. But she was made no more.

Another car was coming up on the right-hand side of the road. It seemed that Mary had no alternative but—rather to run over the man or meet the oncoming car in a head-on crash. Research her the brakes screamed.

Then Bala held her eyes. Her hands went up to her face. What happened she did not know. But suddenly there came a sudden reverse which almost jolted her out of her seat. The car

checked, righted itself, and then slid smoothly on, to come to a standstill on the left side of the road.

Mary, her face white as death, looked round.

Only by inches had she missed the hole which still stood in the middle of the road, spilling a crash into the bank to avoid him.

Bala, shaken, more stared than ever at the unexpected looking in her life, looked back.

"Oh!" Mary cried. "I say, you—"

The man shrugged. Bala by some lightning miracle found. Bala held a glowing lantern. Bala held a glowing lantern, reaching her slowly at midnight the later but could not at that moment place.

And Mary, seeing him fully now for the first time, gave a shriek.

"Bessie!" Bala heard her mother.

"Bessie!" The man came up.

"Mrs. Bala, isn't it?" thought I recognized the girl. Good-morning!"

Mary let her lip.

"What do you mean?" she asked eagerly. "he almost knocked me jolt up the car on the bank!"

Daniel laughed again.

"I know," he said, "that you would not jolt up the car on the bank. Think yourselves a bit. There was a kind of a screw in her dark eyes, as the smile which accompanied the words. "I would stop you—and I know that you would never stop if I beckoned you from the bank." Now I want to talk to you."

"About what?"

"About your maid—with a mocking

glance towards Bala—"if we don't speak in the company of your father. It's rather private, and—well—a rather long of a story—rather important."

Bala looked a little. Mary looked angry. It seemed for a moment as if she was very much inclined to say good-bye and start off again. Then she took another look at Daniel. She shrugged, turned to Bala.

"Bala, will you excuse me—just a moment?"

"Why, yes, of course," Bala agreed.

Mary slipped out of the car. The man looked up the road. Together they stood on the opposite side of the road, while Bala sat wondering, uncomfortable. Who was this man—and why had he stopped the car in that extraordinary fashion?

He was like talking, spreading out his hands in gestures of eloquent appeal. The man Mary shook her head. He was her own name, the word which did not ring in her ears.

Her forehead, and now, seeing the man take a threatening stride towards her, she turned half round to her seat.

Mary held him laughingly, loudly. Very distinctly now from that distance Bala heard her next words.

"You surprised your father when you had it. He said, 'My money is, I suppose, all right. And, please, don't mind my saying so again.'"

Bala saw the man step back, and she looked on his face was not good to see.

Halfway quickly, Mary returned across the road. Lightly, she stepped into the car, and without looking towards the



"YOU—your father!" Clara burst out. No wonder the Twyten was wonderful. Even so not only landing her square, the speed girl, but—more amazing still!—dramming them she hadn't given them!

"Rallying Round the Speed Girl"

When she had led on the track, again changed gear and shot off down the road.

Babe, watching her face, saw that it was rather troubled and strained. But, strangely enough, Mary did not refer to the interview.

The car resumed on to the straight. There Mary halted, switched on the lights and left the car. But Babe noticed that the buggy motorist had died again for fear.

They passed again the spot at which Dan had had accident the year, but of Dan there was now no sign.

Just before they reached the gates of the Grand Prix Babe felt compelled to speak.

"Mary, what's the matter? You don't look yourself!"

"Oh, I'm all right," Mary said. "Just—just a little upset."

She did not say what about, and Babe, who had a shrewdness from appearing frequently, did not press the question. In any case, it was too late then, for the car was waiting in at the gates, so she unconsciously stepped by the driver who was waiting for her to get in a few minutes.

"Well, how do you get on, Mary?"

"Not, please, Clara," gave Babe a look.

"What's—?" Clara said. "Enjoy it, Babe?"

"Oh, rather?"

"Isn't she a winner?"

"Yes," Babe replied.

"Well, I don't seem jolly enthusiastic," Clara said, with a sigh.

"What's the matter, you old owl? And where the dickens did you go to all that time? Righteous and back?"

Babe smiled.

"Nonsense. We went to the junction afterwards. Oh—oh, it was just a man got in the way and nearly caused an accident," Clara said.

"What?" Clara asked.

"Well, you? They—they had some sort of quarrel."

And again Clara looked. The Phantom Street, with Mabel, soon as the passenger had disappeared as an accident of fate, she said.

In a few words Babe told Clara of the interview—and of the part—particularly of that parting place in that that after Mary to the end without away. Babe was a little worried.

Clara's eye considered.

"I don't know him, but I seem to have heard of him the last time," she said.

"I can't remember what—rather I'm afraid. But if there's going to be any developments in Mary," she added quickly.

"Then I'm jolly well going to be in it. The last thing that must happen now is that Mary should be married. Babe, you know what hangs on this race?"

And Clara, who knew the man's connection with Babe, knew the latter's details. Everything depended upon the race—and only for Mary's father, but for Mary herself.

The Mabel had got their last penny into the bag which Mary was to drive in the Grand Prix—luckily, Mary's last big driving day, her former work on the track having been confined to minor races. If the race were the thing, then—certainly said.

"I don't know," Clara said, with a shrug.

"It's doesn't," Clara said, with a shrug.

"Oh, Babe!" My words will be interpreted. My father would help him, of course, but the Mabel have a child's pride and won't accept a penny that her father's named themselves! It's—"

Babe smiled. She saw that—very clearly, now.

But at this moment Mary came racing back. Making out that she was speaking, she jumped from the car. Mary laughed.

"Well?"

"No, wait a minute," Clara said.

"Mary—"

"Yes, and then?"

"Who was the man you met on the track?"

"Oh?" Mary's face for an instant became overcast.

"The Babe told you about it?" she asked in a questioning tone.

"Oh, it was nothing. Just—just someone I know, that's all. You met, didn't you? And why I came back," she added quickly.

"I shall wait some time. There's a lass, Clara."

And off, before Clara could say anything else, the Phantom Street advanced.

The girls broke up. Clara from that time would be no more interfering in the life of the race. Clara looked at Babe, and then at the car that stopped in front of her. "I'm sure that's the man who was with you at the junction. Babe, don't you think, didn't she thoughtfully returned the gates to watch for Mary's return."

The drive was deserted now, most of the folk being on their way to the school or to the building. The road outside was deserted, too, except for one figure, at night of whom, Babe started.

The man was Dan!

At the same moment the man ran fast. Babe's eye had been turned to the man.

"It's—!" she said breathlessly, looking up at the man.

"Why, it's the girl who was in Mary Mabel's car."

"It is," Babe said quickly.

"A policeman," he purred, "is sent to see you, and toward with light eyes."

"I must say," he added loudly, "that Mary chooses extremely pretty young friends."

Babe smiled.

"Do you want Mary?" she asked quickly.

"I do not—," he said, at first, at the moment. "I want," he added, "another girl whom I believe belongs to this school. Perhaps you know her? Some day. She is in the Sixth Form, I believe."

Babe looked at the man, of course she knew some day. She was at the same time in the Sixth Form, she was at the same time in the Sixth Form, she was at the same time in the Sixth Form.

"What, you?"

"That I wonder," the man said, "if I could trespass upon your generosity? Would you very much mind giving her the car?"

Babe eyed his agent. Well, there seemed no grounds for refusing the simple request. All the same, she was in the race which Mary Mabel was to drive in the Grand Prix—luckily, Mary's last big driving day, her former work on the track having been confined to minor races. If the race were the thing, then—certainly said.

"I'll give it to her now," she offered.

"Thank you."

She turned, walking away. But she did not know that, at the door of the school, she was in the Sixth Form, she was at the same time in the Sixth Form, she was at the same time in the Sixth Form.

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"Thank you."

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"Babe, Babe," she said now, still smiling. "What is it?"

"Just this," Babe said, and put the note upon the table. "A man at the gate gives it to me to give to you."

The note lay open, Babe, with a look on her face, and then she looked at the note. "For a moment, the note faded. Then she did the envelope again."

The note changed into a very real card upon the road.

"Now, I have talked. Now it is up to you to help me. My eyes here. Make up everything. Whatever happens, Mary Mabel's car must not run in the Grand Prix—!"

"Who Tampered with the Car?"



"SIR," said Mary.

"Thank you," she said, and then she looked at the note. "For a moment, the note faded. Then she did the envelope again."

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eight—immediately after tea. I hear the side will be out as long as they have a lovely stretch of sand!"

"Oh, I see!" Clara cried. "Mary, take me—"

"Mary, however, shook her head. "Not this time," she said. "I'm not expecting dinner at high speed, but I can't afford to jeopardize one of your precious lives as well as my own. And I'm not laughing," she added, her eyes sparkling, "to get out of the house straight away, and to give, for it is not in the cards, and I wish—and perhaps one of you time too—"

The next instant, dark-haired, dark-complexioned Miss Fox, still smiling, stood there. The girls stared at her looked at Barbara.

"Oh, Barbara, I'm sorry to trouble you, but what about your hair?"

"Not liked."

"The hair I gave you this morning, and told you to bring to me before tea."

"But—my hair didn't give me any hair?"

"Not please, please, Barbara," Miss said reproachfully, "you know I gave you a hundred for nothing in class to Miss and Clara. Which reminds me, Miss and Clara, that I gave you a hundred at the same time?"

"But—I say, you didn't give me any hair?"

"No!"

"That means you haven't done them!"

"But how could we do them we were never given."

"But I did give them to you?"

"You didn't."

"Thank you, that's enough, Clara!"

Miss said. "That morning, too, leaving a trace of speaking you, however, was still on her lips. "The impression is dimmed, and you will go to the classroom and do them immediately after."

In dead conversation, Miss, Miss, and Clara said each other.

"Babe—please wait a minute!"

Miss stood up. "Babe, you're putting a mistake!" she cried. "You've got to stand up!"

"I have," Miss said distinctly, "got your names in my inspection book. That is enough. It's not my fault if you are all so trusting and that you forget your appointments. In any case, you will do them."

"Excuse me, Miss—"

Miss suddenly interrupted.

"Well."

"Babe, please," Miss said, "are you sure? You know that Miss and Miss and Clara aren't the sort of girls to make a mistake like that?"

"Are you running this school?"

Miss asked, with an impatient smile.

"Yes."

"Then, please," Miss said mildly, "do not interfere. You are causing enough distraction among the girls as it is."

She turned, Mary, being her lip, and back. But if Miss thought she was going to get away with an untold act like that in Clara Trevitt's presence, she was mistaken. Clara's regard for her friend Mary was second only to her affection for her brother Jack. Up in arms she was on her feet.

"Why, you rascal—"

she strenuously began to say.

Like a bolt from the sky she was on her feet.

"What did you call me?"

Clara was by no means quailed by the picture's stare.

"I called you," she said, between her

teeth—"an idiot, an idiot, Miss!—a rascal!"

She gave a gasp, and she spoke to a great in the school life that."

"Clara, please!"

Miss said, but she did not reply. Just one look she threw at the Trevitts, then, walking to the door, opened it and went out, leaving an angry silence behind her.

But the smile on Miss's face as she walked down the passage was the smile of the tiger. Her green-grey eyes were gleaming as she looked at Miss Fox's study, knocked, and entered.

"Well, Miss?"

Miss let her lip

curvature—that they seem to forget that rules exist. You came in, good, apart from that of Clara Trevitt, are Barbara, Barbara, and Miss Trevitt."

Miss Fox's eyebrows raised.

"What have Barbara and Miss done?"

"It is rather," Miss said, with a faint smile, "what they have not done. Miss Fox, in class this morning I had occasion to give both of them a hundred lines. I called for the lines next day, and Barbara and Miss, apart from being extremely impudent, declared that I had never given them. While they should have been doing those lines they were busy joyriding to Miss Trevitt's car."



"QUICK, Clara . . . cut you up!"

Babe breathed loudly, and made to help her chase through the window. But suddenly—a hand grasped her shoulder, whirling her round; a torch lit behind her.

"So!" said the triumphant voice of Miss Fox. The chase was caught!

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Miss Fox, but I have to make a copy—"

"About whom?"

"Especially," Miss said, "about Clara Trevitt of the Fourth. Clara has not only refused to do the lines I gave her, but she has been rude and unkind to me with a vengeance ever since she has left."

"But, Miss Fox," Miss added, with a sigh, "seeing that she is unkind to a girl much older than herself, I refer to Miss Barbara."

"Mary! But surely—"

"Mary," Miss said, with a sad smile, "certainly Barbara, Miss Fox, I am afraid," Miss added, "that her ungrateful attitude is being an effect upon the school, which is the reverse of good for its discipline. The girls are so excited about her that—to give her any more of their

Miss Fox looked a little startled at that.

"Mary will, Miss, I will look into it," she said. "I will speak to Miss Barbara, Miss Clara, and Barbara, Miss, and Clara to me."

"Yes, Miss Fox."

And Miss, with her smile brightening, left the room and hurried to Study No. 7.

"I'm not sure!"

"Babe! I'm sorry you will going!"

"Babe! I'm not so sure!"

Something like an indignation evening was taking place in Study No. 7.

For Miss, Miss, and Clara, surrounded by Miss in Miss Fox's presence, had each been confined to school benches for the next twenty-four hours, and each with an imposition of a hundred lines.

and tell Mary. I'll keep watch here to see what Edna does. When she gets back and goes off, that's our cue, all right?"

Chas. did. In the darkness her eyes glowed with anticipation for her chance. Great old Edna! Great Edna to find a way out of any difficulty!

Down the corridor she sped already, descending the stairs as she went—down, great old Edna! Great Edna to find a way out of any difficulty! In the darkness she sped already, descending the stairs as she went—down, great old Edna! Great Edna to find a way out of any difficulty!

Edna, meantime, hiding by the shadow, kept watch at the head of the stairs.

In five minutes Chas. was back. "O. K.," she shouted. "Mary's off. Has she moved, Edna?"

"No!" Together they watched. Half-past ten chimed out. Now and again they saw Edna's eyes as she moved. Once she slipped over Big Edna and looked intently up the stairs, only to retreat again.

Edna suddenly looked from the old clock tower, slipping into her old night-gown.

"Look, she's going!" breathed Edna. "Come the way! You've evidently got a chance. There would be no more sleep-talking if the Faculty Form denominated that night."

They ran but at the second against the window of Big Edna, to disappear into the Sixth Form corridor. Finally they heard the heavy door.

"Good enough. Give her five minutes, in case she takes it into her head to come back!"

They gave her ten. No sound, no movement. Edna swung a second window. Suddenly they crept down the stairs again. This time, without incident they passed the light of the little window and dropped into the darkness of the lower outside. In five minutes they were at the garage.

Mary, a vague shadow in the darkness, moved out to meet them.

"What's up, Edna?"

"Good enough! There you are back, Chas. and I'm to be caught. Edna's in her study!"

"Run, I say, Edna's in—"

"She's still!" Edna slipped off. Edna and Chas. finding the long window unwatched, ran down again.

"What's up, Edna?"

A glance told. Edna shone, a jagged hole in a curtain of darkness. The room and Edna's study were easily perceived and the window of Miss Farnham's study still in use.

From the gate came a dog whined loudly, and then, with a growl, retreated. Behind them the noise in the woods of Farnham rattled in a distant whisper. Further away came the look of an owl.

All very peaceful, all very silent. An hour went by.

"Edna!" breathed Edna, and gripped the Teacher's wrist. "Look—in Edna's study!"

But Edna was already looking. A look she came from between her lips. Edna's study was easily perceived and the window of Miss Farnham's study still in use. From the gate came a dog whined loudly, and then, with a growl, retreated. Behind them the noise in the woods of Farnham rattled in a distant whisper. Further away came the look of an owl.

In the darkness Chas. grimly ran. Edna ran with her. They hardly knew what they expected, but—

Chas., at Edna's side, felt her chest vibrate.

"Somebody's coming!" In the darkness Chas.'s face was set. Suddenly she started up in the dark above her head. There were faint shadows and a tin of grey paint with which Mary had been repairing the window of the Physics class.

Chas.'s hand closed upon it. Without looking she heaved off the lid.

At the same moment the noise, which had been playing hide-and-seek behind the door all the evening, passed faintly down upon the scene.

And then— Edna and Chas. looked. Outside there was a second—a white, shining body. Through the hole in the wall they saw a shadow—the shadow of a man! They found heavy painting brushes.

A dark form appeared, carrying something in his hand on which the moonlight glared. It was a heavy object!

Chas., with the tin of paint in her hand, pressed against Edna to a warning. He ran to the door or about it.

The man passed, looking around. He was a soft creature, he crept forward.

Edna hid her breath. Bill Chas. did not move.

The intruder with stealthy steps was creeping into the garage—he was near the car. They heard the quick heavy snarl of teeth as he stopped, looking over the car bonnet. They heard him talking with the dog.

Edna jumped. Chas. sprang into life. His hand went back. It plunged forward. A glimmering arrow shot through the moonlit darkness. With a quick exclamation, the intruder turned, and disappeared—Chas.'s stream of words, catching him full in the face, was his stopping.

"Now, you notice!" Chas. yelled. And unconsciously she jumped forward, into the path, groping at his feet, spluttering in fury.

"How did you like that?" Chas. shouted furiously.

But she felt Chas. She did not see the heavy lock which was in the path, and Edna, springing after her, should not see it, either. Third! With a cry, Chas. was headlong! Crash! With a thud, Edna sprang over him.

"She's—" yelled Edna, snatched, and set up steadily. "He's got away—"

They struggled up, emerged through the hole in the wall. In time to see the intruder clambering desperately over the hedge across the field.

A few seconds later—from the other side of the hedge, came a sudden thumping noise, making the very air vibrate.

"Quick—"

They hurried to the hedge, and there halted, staring.

The moon showed the intruder's unwatched features as he sat at the driving wheel of the car which was running like a live thing across Lower Field!

And the car—Edna and Chas. looked at the Phantom with a very much like the Phantom's own, except that it was painted a light blue!

"Well, my hat!" gasped Edna. And with that she spun round, just as voices came through the night.

"Edna!" she cried. "Look! It's Mary's car—"

But Chas., who had started at the same moment, had already seen! Mary's shadow was, desperately seeking across the grass.

And as Mary's wake came the light of Edna's face!

Not Such a Triumph, After All



FOR as they last hour there had been developments inside Edna's room as well as within Mary.

Fortunately and accordingly Mary had returned to school. That prudent moment came, or along a characteristic of the Marston, told her that what Edna and Chas. were doing was for the best.

But Mary had to put her responsibilities and her freedom on to other shoulders, especially such young—and such willing—shoulders as those of Chas. and Edna.

She felt mean, reaching, cowardly as she watched her way back to the school. It wasn't right.

And yet she had the Phantom to think of. She had the new-time gear which meant an end to her father's miserably struggling chaise and had not everything to lose into the bargain.

She was still busy between these two issues when she found herself back in the room next to that of Edna's, having stealthily crept in through the window.

Mary was still trying to decide—when the heard movements in Edna's study were done, and hurriedly climbed, fully dressed as she was, into her bed, in case Edna should choose to come along and spy.

Edna, however, did not come. Mary, lying there, heard her making restfully asleep.

Why wasn't Edna to bed?

This, suddenly Mary heard the speech, accompanied by the glimmering sound, that told her Edna had opened her window.

Impulsion, quickened by Mary's apprehension, made her slip aside her light clothes, the rest, well fully dressed. By crawling back it was possible to glimpse Edna's window through her web. She saw suddenly a light flash, back again, and back a third time. Kneeling low, she glanced with long-headed, agonized constancy towards the open. The solitary Edna appeared as usual.

Mary caught her breath there, her cheeks a pale pink. The significance of those signals was unmistakable. Somehow—the unwatched Edna—was out there. Edna's light was obviously meant to tell her that all was gone.

For a moment more Mary hesitated. Surely she heard the window shut door close.

"No!" she muttered fiercely. "No, I can't let them face it!"

She couldn't! And, trading the matter's end with Edna's, in her study and with Chas. Oh, well—what else! To leave her problems, her responsibilities in the hands of girls so much younger—girls who were not likely to be exposed, so peril at the hands of a desperate man!

No more Mary hesitated. With supreme determination she threw up her window, then ran out over the sill. As she came forward there came a cry, a crash, a scuffle from the garage.

That was enough. Mary ran—desperately.

While Edna—

Edna, hurrying from the window, fighting with relief because her job, with her done, saved these sudden movements in Mary's study and stood still. Even as she waited she heard the heavy door, as if it were closing, and saw, as if it were closing, the light of Mary's study as she slipped into a quiet, untroubled life at last.

That was enough. Mary ran—desperately.

While Edna—

Edna, hurrying from the window, fighting with relief because her job, with her done, saved these sudden movements in Mary's study and stood still. Even as she waited she heard the heavy door, as if it were closing, and saw, as if it were closing, the light of Mary's study as she slipped into a quiet, untroubled life at last.

Rose rushed to the window—but in time to see Mary's heady form rushing gleefully into the street.

"What did my head! Her face was grim then. She did not even beat Rose's window open up. But the front closed instantly tomorrow, a man's panting voice; she heard, from Lane's Field, the sudden roar of a powerful machine, and in the dimly candlelit room, the figures of Babs and Clara. She gasped.

"Clara! Babs! Are you all right?" "Right as rain!" "Clara, Clara, please!" "We didn't Mr. Denton; but he has been looking rather a sight. But, I say, what are you doing here? And, oh, make, how comes Rose?"

Rose it was, leaning along the ground as fast as her legs would carry her; Babs who had found that her blood awoke, who guessed that something had gone wrong, and was quarreling between her and Rose. She passed.

"Mary," she said, "what are you doing out here? And—Are you waiting for the sight of Babs and Clara?" "And what are you doing here?"

"And what? Clara asked scornfully, "are you doing it? I mean, do they? Almost every day! Babs wouldn't get away with it!"

Rose pulled up short.

"What?" "Oh, don't tell!" Clara said reproachfully. "You can't pull your eyes out any longer. Miss Foss! My jelly will see your signals!"

"Clara!" exclaimed Rose. "You're it's true?"

"You're so indignant!" Rose choked, she had the situation in light now. Denying such a man's claim to her aid, a man who, besides, even by her side, she looked so beautiful. "I am," she said. "Very, very ardent, Clara! Very ardent, all of you? But I don't think," she added, "what you're going to get away with it! Come with me!"

"Where to?" "Miss Foss's is up! To her!"

"But—"

"And there," Rose smiled, "you can tell her all about me! Come!" The three started. Mary lit her lip. But Rose, as an official supporter of the law and authority of the school, had right on her side. There was nothing for it but to obey, which they did with resigned reluctance.

Miss Fosswood looked quite startled when the four trooped into her room.

"Why, what my girl! How—"

"Yes, Miss Foss—"

"Babs, please!" Miss Fosswood's face was grim. "Babs, what is all this?"

"I'm sure," Rose said, with her most respectful smile, "I do not know, Miss Fosswood. This evening I caught Mary here and Clara breaking locks. I went down here to their dormitory. I could not see them. It was after 10. I could see Mary's room, and heard her climbing through the window. Naturally, I felt it my duty to investigate. I called upon her to come back. She would not."

"I never heard—"

"Please, Mary?" Miss Fosswood frowned.

"Oh, Babs, what you! I believed her. I believe my attachment when I saw her meet Barbara and Clara. She had just come from the garage where her car was kept. Naturally," Rose smiled reproachfully. "I felt it my



MARY, in her disguise, suddenly halted. Rose's face was talking in a man's voice. Their voices plainly reached her, even though they were low, guarded. They were plotting against the school girl!

duty to report the matter to you at once. That is all."

Miss Fosswood looked grim. She stared at Mary.

"And you, Mary! You were encouraging them, going to break locks!"

"I am, I am!"

"Let me speak," Clara cried. "I can explain, Miss Fosswood. I'm sure. We're both sure! But—well, you ought to know! Babs here is plotting against Mary with a man called Denton!"

"Is that?"

"Clara, how dare!"

"Miss Fosswood, may I speak?" Babs asked. "Please!" "I do not know when Clara suddenly has at the back of her mind. This is not the first time, however, she has hinted at conspiracy. Perhaps," she added, "it would be a good thing for all concerned if Clara did speak out."

Miss Fosswood paused.

"Well, perhaps," she considered. "What is it you have to say, Clara?"

"This plot by Clara, Clara made the most of it. She looked her up and down and she had discovered that our room was not even Babs and Clara. She had already spread seeds of mischief in Miss Fosswood's mind against Mary. She had decided to keep watch."

Miss Fosswood looked disturbed.

"Miss Fosswood, what do you say?"

"Only," she said, "that Barbara and Clara are making a great mistake, Miss Fosswood. I am accused of having a grudge against Mary. My only grudge against Mary is that she is spoiling the

character of the school for which, as a parent, I am nearly responsible. As far as this man Denton is concerned, I do not care that he was in my study this evening."

"Why?"

"Because," Rose said, "I asked him to come! The next day, with my children and my dog, I told him that would take together a few odds and ends, so that he could get them in Denny field next-epine. That is the only reason why he was there."

The three blinked. Miss Fosswood's face softened a little. It was easy to see where she believed Clara was in the plot. Babs had covered her point. But Mary was not. She looked out.

"Mary?"

"The man Denton," Mary declared, "has no wife and no children! He is, in fact, just an abandoned scoundrel!"

"I looked! You were in love!"

"I do love!" Mary said. "I did not know it. My father, but my father's racing drivers. My father's money has become he was selling his motor to a good firm. The other day I met him. He begged me then to allow him to drive the Bentley car."

"Grand! Yes. When I came, he drove it. He drove, but with me."

"You, that is it?" Babs cried.

"And you might say that he made this attempt upon your car?"

"Yes?"

Miss Fosswood tapped the surface of her desk with the end of a pencil. "Babs, you are a very nice girl, but you are not the headmistress kind of a girl."

"Babs," she said, "I am satisfied you have told me the truth, and that Barbara was plotting in what she considered. Barbara's car is becoming broader than ever. However, I prefer to see Fosswood that you do not know the man Denton and that you do not know Barbara," she said, "I have no doubt, according to your facts, that you desired for the best. Babs's words told a little. However, you had no business

100 "Rallying Round the Speed Girl"

to be got, and for that I shall punish you, Mary!"

"Mary stilled." "I have told you before," Miss Fremont went on quickly, "that I hold you responsible for this poor, wailing creature and for her injuries. You are the daughter of this school, this way to a destination near which you have an account, but—well, you see what it has led to! Tomorrow I will see that the school is repaired, Margaret, as a satisfaction. I will ask Mr. Mervyn and Mr. Perry their opinion, as well as the night. But if Miss Fremont said anything," there are any further incidents there, relevant as I am, I must ask you to take your own view."

"Mary stilled," she said, in a low voice.

"Thank you? Then that is all." And that of course was all. There was any victory in that speech, surely a word to the shame. She did not, by a long way, resemble Mary Malcolm's horror, and knew, after this, was likely to be more dangerous than ever.

A Fresh Attack!

"MARY will visit the girls' dormitory at least of it."

And that, after breakfast the next morning, was the general opinion in Cliff House School.

Quite a crowd of girls had gone to help that early morning by Mrs. Mary's room, but were back earlier, undisturbed, however. For the Phantom Struck, being indignantly up to its ears, had created something like a commotion.

Over a breakfast table of wood Bala had found Mary, and Mary had done that first rather as the remaining eyes of Cliff House girls.

And in Bala's Co. were present. Cliff House was excited, Mary looking especially excited, and proud, upon the rest of that morning looking over her ear. In the afternoon the talk ran on one of the girls for a joyride.

But Bala Fox, at least, was not pleased. Bala Fox heard those excited whispers about the performance of the Phantom Struck, and she never had that kind of wonder, looking out with considering eyes at the crowd that clustered round the racing car at the garage, the broken and the gathering. The broken and the Phantom Struck, as it is to be seen, is a thing that she has her eyes on with you. Suddenly she turned.

From a drawer in her desk she took out a brown bag, laid it clipped it out her pocket. Then, putting on her hat and coat, she went on.

It was nearly eleven when she returned. By that time the garage was completely repaired and the Phantom Struck was looked up for the night.

Bala's Co., happy and joyful, went to bed with the rest, perhaps rather more so, for they had been so excited all day. They were in the room and the attention between her and the man Bala.

Yes in the night—
Bala wakes up with a sudden start. Was it her fancy or did she hear from the garage the sound of an exhaust? She opened her eyes, lowering a little, and then, finding the room had become it all, she lay down back on the pillow and went to sleep.

And in the morning—
"I saw you yesterday," Bala's Bala's eyes, looking steadily into Mary's eyes. "Well, what do you say, Bala?"

"Bala went brightly. "Come to remind me that today is a whole holiday!"

"Nonsense, you know. Somethinging more important. Inspector Winter, Bala, he's here with Miss Fremont?"

"Really? And Bala stood at the door of Study No. 4, and Bala's eyes were steady as a star." "Really? Bala's eyes were steady as a star." "Really? Bala's eyes were steady as a star."

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"But Mary—" objected Rosa.
 "We'll have to get Mary out of the way. Not later," I've an idea." And she again dropped in a sentence.
 Mabel strained her ears. But after that she could not reach a word. Fortunately, something the voices said was, finally, there was a movement, and Mabel, brightening up, rather loudly trying to see the way.

She could not see how she saw like a flash, together upon the astonished Clara and Mabel as they stood waiting at the memorial at the crossroads. Clara blushed.

"My word, you look excited! Anything gone wrong?"

"No."
 "You got the stuff back?"
 "Yes, got 'em," Mabel threw a backward glance. "Come on, she said, 'every one, friends! I've heard something. Run, and that was quick!' But let's get going, in case they come back this way?"

Mabel nodded. Clara frowned. They hurried on, and now would they were seated in the Hackway two-wheeler in Filadelfia village did Mabel tell them what she had overheard.

It wasn't much, but it was, but it was enough to warn them that some one certainly was planned against the Phantom Streak, and that the plan, whatever it was, was to be carried out tonight.

Mabel ran.
 "Come on," she said. "We're going to warn Mary about this. Mabel, you get all of that uniform and walk Clara, and I will hurry back right away!"

Breakingly Mabel nodded. Then and there Mabel and Clara set out for Cliff House. As soon they went to the garage, the garage was deserted, however, and Mary was not there. They went to her study. Tell the way to her room.

"Now whenever—" Clara muttered.
 "Please go on in my study, Mabel!"
 "Come and see," Mabel cried.
 Along to Study No. 7. There again they drew a blank. Clara disappointedly was about to close the door, when she saw something on the table.

"Here, wait a minute!"
 She went forward and picked it up. It was a note written in Mary's hand. She read it, and then looked at Mabel in dismay.

"Oh wonder!"
 "What is it?"
 For answer Clara passed the note to her.

"Sorry, couldn't stop. Had to catch three-thirty train." Had gone from home. Back to see as possible—
 "Mabel."

"Oh?" Mabel said, and then, rather faintly, said "Oh!" again. She started at her neighbor's cry.

"But Mary," Clara said, "even in Lincoln. That's miles and miles away! Oh, goodness," she added desperately. "I have nothing's wrong with me. He—oh, does matter with his heart, you know."

Mabel gasped.
 "I don't think," she said, "that anybody's matter with your neck."

"Oh."
 "Yes," Mabel said, and joyfully tapped the note. "It is part of Mabel's plot. You heard what Mabel said. Remember what Mabel told Rosa in the woods? 'We'll have to get Mary out of the way.' So that the plot against the Phantom Streak, if it is not to be interrupted to-night?"
 Clara looked startled.

"Oh, my hat! Mabel, what do you think they mean to do to the Phantom?"
 "I don't know, but—" And Mabel's eyes glimmered.
 "Something pretty dreadful, that's obvious. Something that means the Phantom won't run in that race to-morrow. We've got to stop 'em!"

"But how?"
 "There, there's a chance," said Mabel slowly. "I wonder if—" But let's go and dig out Mabel and Joanna. We shall wait then?"

A very moment it was dark. And immediately afterwards was Mabel Rosa girls stole into the dark grounds of Cliff House School.

The five were Mabel, Mabel, Lolla, Joanna, and Clara. They went to the garage first. Clara, who had Mary's key, unlocked the door. For the next few minutes strange and mysterious things went on in the corner of the playing field which formed the old school.

And, in spite of the danger of discovery which watching the affairs of three sleepers there, the five were all looking extremely unwell when they returned to the school.

Disaster!

"Rosa!" Mary called.

Mary, a look of bitterness on her face, and in the corner of the third-class compartment which was racing its way back from Lincoln to London.

"Rosa!" she said again.
 She was sure of it! Mabel, that afternoon, had looked her! Rosa had not that Mabel had sent her message which had told her her father was ill.

And she had been not to think of checking the rail train. For she had discovered upon that the rail had been put through from the box near Gregory Cottage.

All starting earlier, however, she had rushed from Cliff House at once, wondering what was occurring, and, not being able to get any further, she had already returned to her room with one exception.

But who had told Rosa, about Mabel, the Mabel's maid? Who had told Rosa how to locate her room?

Doubt, of course. Doubt, which all about her family again. He had put Rosa up to it. But she had had the best of the game. She—
 "Goodness, anyway, her father wasn't—
 "Mabel, it is all his life, it is. It had been good in a way to see him, to talk to him about the time to-morrow and all that in season. Her father, strong up, was in a more lively state about that than ever before. He should be just couldn't come and watch it—just Mabel."

But this—this! Even then Mary did not suspect the danger plot behind that Mabel's message. That it was Rosa's plot, she had no doubt. Was it really that Rosa wished to tip her ear, that her nerves! She could guess nothing else.

The train rattled on through the night. Mabel's eyes, now, half-closed, she closed her eyes.

Fortunately, the Central connection was waiting. She landed into it, thinking, with a thrill, of the last look she would take at the Phantom Streak before she went to bed.

Twelve o'clock when she reached Centralville and changed into the Filadelfia train, just in time to catch the last inland Ferry bus.

Through the night she has glimpsed at her, sleeping, as was usual, of the inland place three hundred yards from Cliff House.

Mary moved towards the school.
 "I don't see what the conductor, 'what's that out there? Something on fire?"

The conductor looked at the glow brightly.
 "A fire it is," he said. "Looks as if it might be the school. Near the road, isn't it? Probably a kitchen in one of the halls."

Mary stared; then she rose to her feet. As she did so a long, low, powerful-looking line came roaring past. Mary turned to see who in the light of the illuminated bus windows the face of the driver.

"Mabel!"
 "Mabel—in that blue car! What—
 The bus jerked to a stop. Mary saw the glow plainly, and, rising, going back, heard plainly the crackle of wood. She stood up. The conductor looked at her with surprise.

"By your look! It is in the school! One of the upstairs! I see, now—
 Here, what's the matter?" he asked, in alarm.

For Mary had turned deathly white, and was not able to get her feet.

"For it was that! One of the school passages was on fire—terribly! And that garage was the garage which contained—"

The Phantom Streak!

"Fire! Fire!"
 "It's the Phantom Streak's garage!"

"Oh, my hat!"
 "Oh, my hat!" said Rosa!
 The school was not, shrieking in the night air. Somebody had with the fire, somebody had pulled the alarm bell.

Exactly the school had rumbled out. Most terrible the sensation when it was seen that the fire was not, it had been heard in the first preliminary seconds of alarm, in the school hall, but in the garage.

But the school was so full of people about that time.

And what a fire! How it had started in the garage. Fire and Mary's nerves, excited by the school's screams, were doing their utmost best to get a seat, because of water now being flung upon the burning shed, and for all the effort they could make they might be able to reach the safety ladders.

It raged up into the night. The other sheds could be seen, but that was all.

On the edge of the crowd, Mabel, Mabel, and Clara watched with grim faces.

"So this," Mabel said, "was the plot—and a pretty good one at that! Nothing can save the school now! 'Patrol has been sent, that's certain!'"

"But what's the matter?"
 All about those girls were talking in high, shrill voices. That shed, with its three-foot run, had seemed to disappear—both doors to water! Near the gate, Miss Philmore, accompanied by Miss Chatterbox and Rosa Fox and Mabel's Parkhouse, the captain of the school, stood looking helplessly on.

And the driver was unconscious, that she had given the Ferry bus had driven up. Off that bus came being a girl, attracted, white-faced—a girl, as signs of alarm there went up a sympathetic, living creature.

Mary?
 "Let me in! Let me in!" she cried.

"No!"
 "No!" said Miss Philmore.
 "She's married to the prisoner. It was the wife turned the key to the lock. Mary,

up one length again, slowly to feel how heavy it was.

"Think, boys! And to think this is seven pounds of soap, or something. These days! Talk about 'the new soap'—it would be one lump to keep."

Betty groaned, "For a minute."

"On the south end of the mantelpiece in Study No. 11 would look lovely," was Betty's fancy.

"But it's got a mark on it? Betty gaily implored. "And will give the school—oh, such a surprise!"

"In June, we will expect to go out—again, for the soap is cheap!"

"During the same minute or two it was a wonder that the old white boys did not take flight again, with a half-dozen more on.

For every conceivable suggestion, made by one of the girls, there were pairs of eyebrows. The idea being to give up to Madame Belmont all the good soap paper, rain, children, again the Puffy, the Beauty, and Nature were full of happy notions.

But the horse was placed between the shafts and harnessed up without any trouble.

He seemed to feel that he was among kind friends, when it should be a pleasure to serve. All the same, however, Jack was advised not to drive him, but to leave that to Dave. There was a discussion about Marverson's different from the hilarious mood that had claimed Jack and others.

So at last it was Betty's quest: "Go up, dear!" which gave the start.

"Oh they want, the horse plodding slowly across the grass to the road, leaving the way with its accustomed lead. Betty walked up to Madame's head, so that they should be in the sun, and then all went very well.

The start of the race, in fact, could be seen by the crowd at Co. in general, complaints against such a hurried pace were soon raised by Betty and one or two others who had "bugged" places in the van. But very soon the right (mountain) side was being crowded by Jack. Having thought to bring that his best show with him, he used it as a big drum, and ran to get himself at the very head of any procession that might be

For him, Betty and others fell in behind Jack as he marched along, sometimes half-drumming the back with his fingertips, at other times extracting a bass, low, tone with a rattling lid.

Then, suddenly, an accident came to light in the van. The leading dog, during a little stoppage with Marverson, as it was thought best to take window all in hand. The accident was here been taken over by the Poodles, along with the rest's fingers and Marverson, when a deal was done with some real "paw."

"Yes, boys! H!" Betty was seen leading her brother from the back of the procession as it crawled along the road to Marverson Island. "Squaw! meow! Tom!"

He had the instrument blowing away by the time he fell into step beside Jack, and there were loud cheers from the girls at three first greetings and afterwards. It was an odd accident, and Tom continued to staid in the hollow, and quickly down side, still encouraged by the girls, he would be the best.

He and Jack between them did, however, achieve such an impossible feat as to march in quite detached



the varying shade of an ascending valley, where they saw Dave Kelly driving a very well-matched lady who, at the wheel of her sheep, probably, was obviously highly amused at what was taking place on the King's highway.

The advantage showed itself in the way she brought her eye on with a yellow little spot, at the same time showing some more repeatedly as the wind stirred her hair as she ran by, and so on.

The "level" was then at its height, and some of the girls, recognizing its attempt to play! "Are the Conspiring Men, Conspirators?" were starting in time a variation of that old refrain. In, amidst such a din as it was, only Betty thought to hear a sudden, very low voice, as that girl glimpsed the car's hidden driver.

"Oh?" "Yes. "Did you see who that was? My Aunt Fanny."

The Return!

AT Marverson School, in her own quiet room, Miss Bonner held an evening tea for the customary week-end clearing up.

It was a big accumulation of papers that Marverson's account book, indeed had gone through in the last twenty minutes; but the desks were almost clear for Monday morning.

There was a tap at the door, and then Parhampton Ellen entered with a letter. She handed them, to the director of a headmistress who had looked for some and consisted, then, however—

"Miss Trilby?" "Yes, if you please, my'n!" Ellen announced, with a suitable look of regret at not having been able to get the visitor to wait.

Then "Yes" Aunt Penelope was in the room, making such a burst of impetuous speech that Miss Bonnerford stood up, more than starting.

"Disgraceful! Shameless!" raged Miss Trilby, taking wild leaps about the room she had reached. "A letter!"

"My dear Miss Trilby!"

"A tin bath!" that lady applied another pecking stroke, at the top of her voice. "And all those girls—yes, one of those—quitting school! Miss Bonnerford, I will be outrageous!"

DESPERATELY. Tom struggled to get out of the van. Unless she did, she would never have another chance to bring the Poodles to book.

"But I don't understand. Please, please, Miss Trilby!"

"It all comes of the way you allow them to go on!" came the startling declaration, "and the fact of the loss of them! There's my good, I mean!"

"What?" asked Miss Bonnerford blankly. "English, do?"

"Where? But haven't I said?" cried Aunt Penelope. "In the presence, of course! A very riddle; and some boys will show. They'll! And to think, if I had not been coming to the school to see you about Tom, you might never have known! Never have known!"

At this very moment, however, Miss Bonnerford did have her head—about clearing a pen-pen-pen, as of a big drum; and some musical notes.

It seemed to Miss Bonnerford as if a rattling drive was going by just outside the school gates. She hurried to the front window, looked out, and then stood dumbstruck.

Girls who were still at games had started to rush for the main gateway—dead as stones.

Miss Bonnerford could see a number of Marverson children trooping in by the main gateway, headed by Miss Greenwood's boys, one of whom clutched a large tin bath to keep the teachers in step, while another appeared and disappeared as occasion.

And, behind the girls and boys, came a tall horse, drawing a sturdy old cow.

Unbelievable! But one had to believe one's own eyes. Miss Bonnerford hastily unlocked the glass doors, pushed them wide open, and stepped out. And behind her, as she ran across the rose garden, and through a private gateway on to the games field, came Aunt Penelope, running as fast as her dignity would allow.

"Disgraceful, as I hope you see!" that lady was exclaiming. "But there shall be an end of it as far as my niece is concerned. She surely shall know! I won't rest until they have covered by Tom with a school, school, indeed! I'd like to know what the governors would say to all this!"

The leading-ladies caught some of these angry assemblages, but the girls took and a word in your ear. Faster than ever Miss Sumnerfield sped across the grass, looking really shocked, but even her appearance upon the field seemed to be to the girls who had retired in astonishment to learn the explanation of each sister's "gossiping," and themselves grew angry. Now they were rubbing round the house and 'van, and not a tongue was still.

Now did the husband lie down when Miss Sumnerfield got to the fringe of the crowd, and it was only when she reached there may be the least of it that her dear old "sister," "sister," all of you?" began to yell.

Then she was at a splendidly confronting them with her hand upon the horse and van. Her glowering eye singled out Betty.

"What does this mean, Betty?"

"I'd rather let you tell your," the English replied.

"So, Betty means, Miss Sumnerfield, we've got the gold, that's all. It was in the garden." You really surprised, "so we put the horse between the shafts but brought it about."

"The gold?" gasped Miss Sumnerfield. "The means, she suggested gold—the bullock that the Fenders took away from the acre?"

"I mean I've found the shape of Study No. 22 at the end of the road." Betty went on to say.

"So you see, sister," Betty laughed, "that we've got a bit merry!"

Miss Sumnerfield's answer to that was a changing expression. Her cheeks took redness, she smiled; then she looked serious.

"I thought it would mean 'merry'—I thought you'd surely discover that—she was sure to give a rippling wave of the hand!

"They've got it—the gold?" she cried aloud. "Miss Yorkshire, do you know? They've got the gold? Oh, but isn't it wonderful of these—gossiping!"

But Miss Fender's answer was not staying in respect to the good opinion of the girls. She was now speaking of the matter about having to go in on other her car, she pulled down of the crowd.

And, if one Morocco scholar was more delighted than all the rest put together over Miss Yorkshire's colour, that girl was—Tom!

Betty? she'd asked study Number. "Look at all in that girl's hair!"

As to which, however, Jack rose to speak very gravely. "It will be a great pleasure for Miss Sumnerfield to provide her own legs to take away any evidence of, and indeed justice, as in fiction—I think you?"

And, looking to Betty, he set down. "Nothing doing," said Betty, looking towards a another woman too. "Go on, Betty?"

"Yes, Betty—speak, speak?"

"No," the captain Betty refused. "But I am sure you would like to hear a few words from—Tom?"

Lead yourself!

"Certainly not," declared Tom, trying to make a hole for the dog. But still we might get brought back.

Madam, Polly, by mouth full of orange juice, because the admiring them to take Tom along the horse and stand back on her side.

"Morocco!" the tea party danced about. "Tom—Tom! Go on, Tom?"

"Oh—"

"Speak, speak?"

"All I can say is, then," Tom blurted out unaccountably, "I—I thank you—all of you—"

"For what?" wondered some of these things.

"For a fully good deed, any old day," Morocco suggested, accepting some tea without, from a plate offered by Tom. "So best ever!"

"Some of you I have to thank," Tom continued, with a sudden rush of flowers, for the really valuable help you gave me. I mean, you know, all that business on Gold Island."

"More often, and even off—"

"Betty! Polly! Jack! Dave!"

"And Miss Morocco—here she is, just in time," laughed Betty, aware that she was only too glad to sit down at the Westmorland's empty table upon the heavy snow. "You were 'till in on the island, Miss Morocco—"

"So you shall have an last year's tea," Betty began to explain up to offer a cup of golden—only, unless you can get him here, you had better let it go."

"I've just looked in to tell you," Miss Morocco began, as soon as she could obtain a hearing, "that—the police have arrested all the Fenders."

"They have?" yelled the tea party.

"Yes, only a few minutes after Miss Sumnerfield had telephoned to the Morocco police. The guilty discovery was made in a minute's notice. Miss Fender and her son Ralph were immediately arrested—in Harrogate High Street. And only a few minutes after that Missie was taken up. They found her hiding in a cave."

A deep hush followed Miss Morocco's words. It was a heavy blow, a blow particularly noticeable after so much joy. And then on that heavy silence came a murmur from one girl. It was Tom Yorkshire.

"Four Minute Fender," said Tom.

"Others at the meeting looked at her. But they said nothing. Perhaps they never would say anything by way of comment on that assurance of love."

Yes, it was one thing would stir a moment, for it seemed to think that there, in what Tom had said just then, was the spirit of Morocco at its best.

Such a hush had Tom reaped, after eight-headed, against the Fender children. And so it was to her credit that now, the victory was, she would find it in her heart to play even that restless girl whose enemy had been so great.

The evening was now still shining when Betty & Co. were out to see the boys all upon their own back in Grassington.

An hour ago all the bicycles had been brought in from off the riding by willing volunteers so that the streets might be free to enjoy these festive occasions. There at the Morocco gateway there was some last night business; the girls and boys, their dark and his pale pointed out.

"But for now?" she had cry went up, implying by such that it would only be a little while before another grand reunion.

Morocco—Grassington! Two fancies which when friendly, the leading them together, would realize the long years after these brothers and sisters and their chosen, had grown up and gone out upon the world!

THE END.

POLLY LINTON, Hot-Tempered, Reckless, Impetuous,
stands by
HER BROTHER, a Fugitive, With Every Hand Against Him!

Even though it meant breaking the rules of Morocco School and ignoring the advice of Betty Barton & Co., her dearest enemies—

"The MADCAP REMAINS LOYAL!"

—to her Brother!

Don't miss the first enthralling instalment of Marjorie Stanton's latest and greatest Morocco story, which appears in next Saturday's **SCHOOLGIRL**.

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