

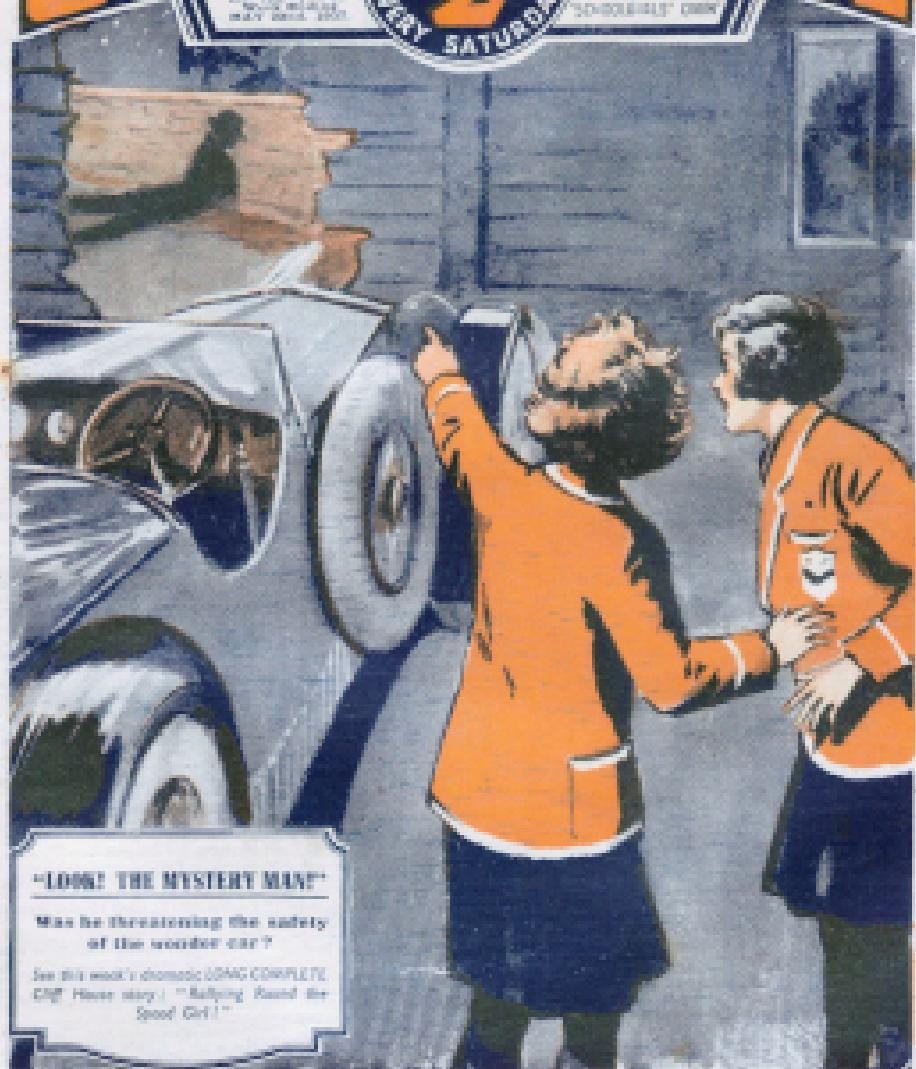
Grand LONG COMPLETE CLIFF HOUSE STORY: "RALLYING ROUND THE SPEED GIRL!" Inside

# THE SCHOOLGIRL

2d

EVERY SATURDAY

Illustrations by H. C. WOODWARD



"LOOK! THE MYSTERY MAN!"

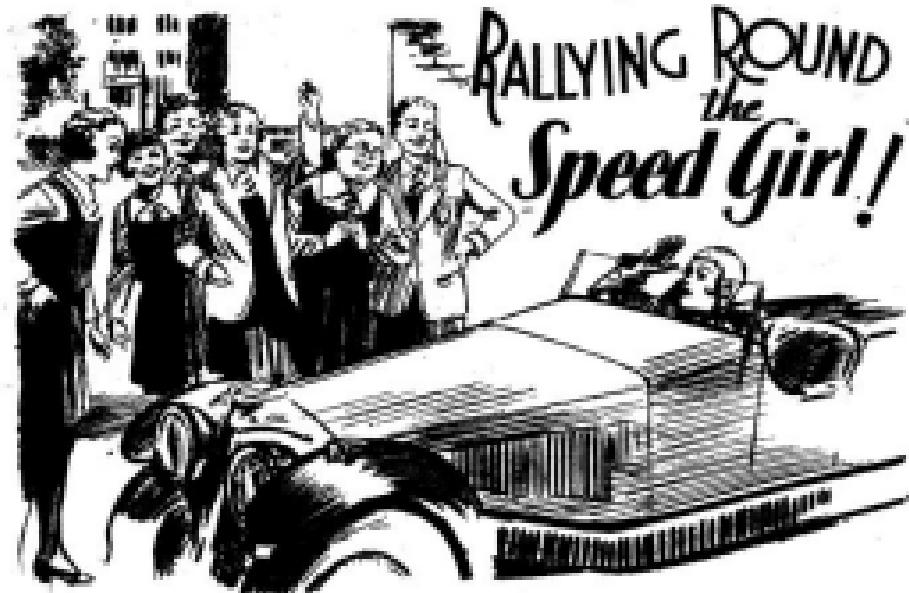
Was he threatening the safety  
of the school girls?

See this week's comic 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—



#### Strange Behaviour of a Pedestrian

**WHAT** a wonderful time Barbara Redfern had at the Phoenix Grand Prix!—and Clara, Truly a beauty.

"Grand!"  
In truth, it was quite a sight, and Spectators, Phoenix Drivers, Banned, and, judging by appearance, drivers in admiration of the long, sleek lines of the grey racing motorcars.—And a whole lot of a jolly, tuneful Phoenix Band, besides lots of rubber in racetrack tires.

"Hooray, hooray!"—  
"Just what I like," Barbara Redfern said, her eyes gleaming. "It's always 'Wheeler's' or 'such-and-such' a lovely entrance for Mary. No, I suppose you don't want to find a home for me, Mary?"

Barbara is one of the Fourth Form at Miss Phoenix School and quite a few from other Forms, too, remembered the long, low, graceful-looking racing car which at this moment stood outside the mid-shade of the school.

It was an expert, excited audience which a racing car in the proximity of Miss Phoenix was to say the least of it, caused, but this not, why the pretty, very-dark-haired driver, in the driving seat—well, it was just the open, impudently smiling, those magnificents.

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

The girl at the wheel laughed in

answer to Miss' question. She was a pretty girl, a good deal older than the spectators, and bore a striking resemblance to Clara, Truly, the Phoenix Drivers captain of the "Lover-Phoenix" who at this moment was giving supply at the height of the Phoenix Grand Prix. The resemblance was, perhaps, remarkable, for Mary Malcolm was Clara's twin.

And Mary was also an old Phoenix girl, having left the school only two years ago, but even more exciting than that fact was the fact that Mary was a

Mary, presented to society as a grand in the school during her previous, and had put the old reputation at her disposal for the benefit of her own.

"I'm afraid not," Mary said the Fourth Form captain. "But I'm awfully glad, that that acquaintance, before gave me that to bring me good luck. And it is his own design, into the hands of, it is rather a lovely thing, though, isn't it?"

It was, Mary hardly knew by which to be more charmed—the personal, the social, or the delicious radiance with its fragrant wings which was diffused in the top of the radiator.

"Not at all," Mary added, with a smile. "If one of you would like to accept the mechanic's aid, I'll give you a ride. Not you, Clara; you've been in the car before."

Clara grimaced, but immediately there was a change.

"Oh, I suppose, you know, that's digging of you," Mary's voice sounded. "Miss Phoenix, I mean. I suppose, you didn't get out of my way, too, Mary?"

"Mary, no!"

"No, no, no, please!" Hilda Richards begged shrilly.

"Not you, Hilda," said Miss Redfern.

"Not you, either," Hilda Richards.

"Well, I don't make you all," she said, "though only you ask. But you shall all have a turn. And what about," she asked, "Mary, coming with Barbara?" At this, Clara's eyes met the Form captain's eyes with the Form captain's eyes of the Form.

"Not you, Mary?"

"Not a bit. Come in, and Hilda, skipping, started to waltz toward the red door to Mary's

**By  
HILDA RICHARDS**

Illustrated by E. LADLER

using gestures, and that this car was like father's invention.

Still more exciting was the fact that the Phoenix Drivers had been entered for the great British Empire Grand Prix race, which was to be run next Saturday on the track of the Astor Stadium over.

But because the Malcolms were a poor branch of the Trotter family, and because Mary's father had only occasionally his last money on gambling the car, expense had of necessity to be kept down.

That was why Miss Phoenix, Miss Hilda's kindly hostess, had given

## GRAND LONG COMPLETE STORY

Introduction

Barbara Bradburn  
Clara Terrilyn  
Jasmine Carew  
Bonnie Foster  
Mabel Lyons  
Lella Carroll

and many other fascinating characters  
of fiction.

## CLIFF HOUSE SCHOOL

It was a small oasis-space now necessarily crammed in a racing current between that when Baba had left it in the almost left as if the wave lifting me the ocean.

The engine started, thudding powerfully. Mabel really wanted her hand.

"Look at the waves!" she cried. "Devilish among savagery who shall tell the rest?"

And Baba—she went the gear, and the engine roared, stopped, and started again into the next gear. Ruggedly Baba drove, hard, hard, hard, the engine of a steamer. Baba had her hands.

Marvellous that navigation. It was the last time ever Baba had set in a steering box. She did not know a great deal about racing cars, but she was resourceful when the car was a whirling, noisy, jolting, roaring, and that not in her power to stop the engine, surmounting, surmounting resistance of the forces beneath her. She laughed exultantly.

"Look at Baba!" Baba called, looking back.

And Baba desperately holding on her hands.

"Oh, mother! I say, is this the Father of all gods?"

"Father!" Baba cried. "This is ugly hideously."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Mother yours?"

"Yes, please?"

And Baba thought: Like a lion, panting through the shining sun beat forward, rarer as a heightened resilience of the racing gods.

Macha!

Baba held her breath, her blue eyes sparkling, her cheeks rising to a violet colour by the rush of the wind, as Baba pulled the machine round a corner and shot out on to the broad, sheltered road which ran along the coast in Fonthamore. To have taken the watered upholding mirth of the spectators.

Baba, seriously, eighty-eighty-five, nearly.

Baba felt suddenly nervous. And then she clapped the side of the car and said, "Get out a drink."

"Macha, look! That man!"

But Baba had seen. The big eyes registered. Not more than five hundred yards away a man had suddenly stepped off the bank right into the middle of the road.

Curiously Baba started, at the same time stopping her foot upon the break. But she did not make an noise.

Another car was coming up on the sheltered side of the road. It crossed the road and an alternative fast-track to run over the car and meet the racing car in a head-on crash. Beware for the drivers demanded.

Then Baba shot her eyes. Her hands went up to her face. What happened she did not know, but suddenly there came a rushing, swoosh which almost forced her out of her seat. The car

shuddered, righted itself, and then did something to come to a standstill on the left side of the road.

Baba, her face white to death, looked round.

Only by inches had she missed the foot of the child stood in the middle of the road, riding a rock into the bank to avoid hitting.

Baba, shaken, more scared than ever, the uncontrolled feeling in her life, burst out.

"Hullo!" Baba cried. "I say, you——"

She was stopped. Not he, taking charge, though there. Baba had a glimmer of the boy's young-looking dark hair, contrasting her dark curly hair, but could not at that moment place.

And Baba, seeing him fully now for the first time, gave a start.

"Special?" Baba heard her mother.

"Morning?" The man voice of Miss McPherson, isn't it? I thought I recognized the part. Good-morning."

"Good morning," Baba said.

"What do you mean?" she asked again, "or what's making me pile up the car on the bank?"

Baba had her hands.

"I know," he said, "that you would not pile up the car on the bank, think experiencing?" There was a hint of a smile in his dark eyes, in the pride which accompanied the words. I had to stop myself. I knew that you would never stop if I told you from the begin. "Now I want to talk to you."

"About what?"

"Do you mind?" with a mocking

glance towards Baba. "If we don't speak in the company of your friend, it's rather private, and——with a wry face of a sheep?" rather important."

Baba blushed a little. Many looked angry. He seemed for a moment as if he was very much minded to engage girls and stars of again. Then the only master kept at Daniels. She struggled, turned to Baba.

"Baba, will you excuse me just a moment?"

"Yes, of course," Baba agreed. Many climbed out of the car. They moved, looked the land. Together they strolled off to the opposite side of the road, while Baba sat wondering, uncertainly. Who was this man—and why had he stopped the car in that extraordinary fashion?

He was like nothing sprawling out his hands, in gestures of deepest appeal. She saw Baba shake her head. She saw her lips bring the word which did not reach her ears.

Baba watched, and here, seeing the path take a ploughing stride towards her home, half rose from her seat. Many turned his head quickly, fearlessly. Very dimly, even from that distance Baba heard her next words.

"You considered your chance when you had it, Daniels. My answer is definite, no." And, please," she added friendly. "Don't trouble me again."

Baba saw the man step back, and the look on his face was not good to see.

Baba spoke. Many returned again the road. Baba stepped into the car, and turned looking towards the



"YOU—you rather——" Clara burst out. No wonder the Timber was wonderful. Rosa was not only handling her mouth, the good girl, but—was smiling still—knowing that she hadn't given them!

## 4 "Rallying Round the Speed Girl"

Tom SAWYER.

After she had left on the bank, again I stopped just and did not do it again.

Babs, watching her face, saw that it was rather troubled and pained. But, strongly enough, Mary did not refer to the interview.

The car turned on to the crossroads. There Mary looked, smiling back, the way she had come. But Babs noticed now that the happy expression had died from her face.

They passed again the spot at which Babs had stopped the car, but of course there was now no sign.

Just before they reached the gates of Old Money Bank Babs felt compelled to speak.

"Mary, what's the matter? You don't look pleasant."

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

She had put my name about, and Babs, who had a shrinking from supporting accusations, did not press the question. In any case, it was his turn then, for he was Babs' boy; so at the same time, he was considerably pleased by the thought who were waiting their turn for a joy ride.

"Well, then, we are," Mary added. "Mary, please, Clara, give Babs a hand over."

"What?" Clara said. "Enjoy it, Babs!"

"Oh, rather!"

"It's all a whisker!"

"Babs!" Babs replied.

"Well, I must say you seem fully enthusiastic." Clara said, with a smile. "What's the matter, you old fool? And where the deuce did you go to tell them about the adventure and such?"

"Adventure? We went to the junction roundabout. Whether it is your fault or mine goes to the way and nearly caused a kill. It was called Death."

"Death?" Clara asked. "I used to have heard that name. Did Mary know that?"

"Well, yes! They—they had some sort of quarrel."

And again Clara faltered. The Phoenix Street girl, Mary, lived just at a passageway, but she was not quite satisfied with it, as it was a kind of dead end road. In a few brief words Babs told Clara of the history of one of the passageways, of that passing girl, and that there was no real outlet except a dead end street. Babs was a little worried.

"I don't like him, but I mean to have word of him," she said. "I mean to have him—either—generally, but I'm going to be very careful. He's always going to be very careful. I don't think he's going to be like it. The other day—when we were in the city—Mary was to be married. Babs, you know what happens on this road?"

And Clara then went on to explain, though Babs knew the brief details. Everybody thought that she had been killed by Mary's father, but Mary herself. The Websters had last gone from the place, and Mary was on her way to the Crystal Palace—indeedly, Mary a foot too strong, but however, except on the track leading her round to the place road. If the car were stopped—then—and everybody said it would—then a policeman—otherwise was going to see that Mary was in a special condition. It didn't—

"It doesn't. Clara, and completely—why?" My mother will go back again, I suppose. My father would help her, of course, but the Websters have a odd girls and won't accept a pretty boy's earned称赞! It's curious Babs."

Babs nodded. She saw that—very clearly now.

But at this moment Mary came racing back. Babs, at first, was surprised, was helped from the car. Mary laughed.

"Not!"

"No, wait a minute," Clara said.

"Mary—"

"Yes, and things?"

"What was the man you saw on the road?"

"Oh!" Mary's face for an instant became apprehensive. "The Babs told you about it?" she asked in a questioning voice. "Oh, it was nothing—just—just—just—knows, there's all this sort [of] thing. Come in. And when I come back," she added gaily, "I shall want some tea. That's a hint, Clara."

And off, before Clara could say anything else, the Phoenix took without.

The girls broke up. obvious from that there would be no more mysterious visitors this side of tea. Clara looked at Babs, and then, remembering that supplies to study No. 1 were still there, got off to the kitchen. Babs, meanwhile, directed reluctantly towards the gates to watch for Mary's return.

The drive was deserted now, save of the girls, being on their way to the school as in the beginning. The road outside was deserted, too, except for one figure, at right of whom, Babs started.

The man was Death!

At the moment between the two cars here, Babs' hand flew to her heart and stop. "It is," he said breathlessly coming up, and then smiled. "Why, it's the girl who was in Mary Malibon's car."

"It is," Babs said quickly.

"A pleasure," he said with large eyes. "We meet—two hours with large eyes. It's most nice," he added kindly. His Mary, however, seemed extremely pretty young.

Babs flushed.

"Do you want Mary?" she asked suddenly.

"I am interested, of course, at the moment. I thought he asked—another girl whom I believe belongs to this school. Perhaps you know her? Anna Fox. She is in the Ninth Floor, I believe."

Death looked at her quickly. Of course she knew Anna Fox. Everybody at Cliff House knew Anna Fox, the girl who had recently been promoted to a partnership on the departure of Frances Stevens.

"Well, Fox?"

"Then I remember," the man said, "I could always open your generosity! Would you very much mind giving her this note?"

Death eyed her again. Well, there seemed no grounds for refusing that simple request. All the same, she wondered what he could possibly have to do with Anna Fox—Babs, that mysterious girl who was at the school, the school and herself. Anna's voice, though a high school, had a certain, deathly sound to it. Anna was seated at this table, looking through a pile of papers. Death's dark eyes met hers, with a smile of black hair, and a flashing smile which seemed to be at variance with the expression in her eyes. In the lower right corner was written in faint ink on the paper, "I hope that Boyd might be really absent from his class. But, this is a queer smile, a strange smile. Though it seems so readily to find the expression in her eyes scarcely measured it."

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

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

The smile brightened. Babs, with a nod, rose, and Babs went out. Thoughtfully Babs looked at the envelope. For a moment the smile faded. Then she ate the envelope open.

The smile changed into a very real smile as she read:

"Babs, I have failed. Now is it up to you to help me. Do you know, Babs, everything. Whatever happens, Mary Malibon's car must not run in the Grand Prix [than]."

## Who Tampered with the Car?

S. UNKAN, May 1933.

— "Hello, Babs, would you mind—"

"Hello, I have a tiny favor, thank you."

Mary Malibon said with a smile. "And, Babs, would you mind passing the salt?"

"Hello, No. 2, the apartment recently leased by Clara Towles, Marjorie Chapman and Diane Johnson, the two of us bright,

And No. 1, in that moment, was recalled. For in addition to its usual occupants, Paul, Mike, Anna, Dickie, Carol, and Dennis, Carpenter, were there, the two, sitting at the head of the table, in the place reserved for the guest of honor was Mary Malibon. She was a wavy hair, a blonde, brown, and golden, naturally, the talk all of the Phoenix, Sarah, and Mary's chances in the great race.

"It's not," Babs said, "what the car last time, but what can we do. We try the same traps again, but you get it in a hundred and twenty."

"It's not," Mary said. Dennis Carpenter,

"Now, Phoenix, Miles per hour?" Mary said. "I never say, in all honesty, that I would trying her all out at the top. My father says that she'd never do a hundred and twenty."

"Dennis says, I'll say," Death whistled.

"You, too, I don't say," Dennis whistled. "It's not that she can, though. I can do a hundred and twenty." In fact, Dennis said, "I don't see how it can do anything at all. It stands to reason that if you throw a car out—"

"That one, you guys will, means all out," Clara shrieked.

"All out of where?"

"All out—the maximum speed," Clara moaned. "The impact the big gas. Plus is a motorcar term. Maximum!"

"Oh," Dennis whistled. "Well, I think it's a jolly silly term," she said merrily. "If you tried to my face, who not say this, instead of something along like a car being impacted out? I don't pretend to be an expert mechanician."

"Oh, hon," murmured Dennis Carpenter.

Mary burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Well, who were?" she asked. "Barbara, who I have another certain place?" Those colors truly are trapping. I see that Andy Jones has lost none of his skill since I was at the school. Well, as I was saying—What was

"I love the car doing a hundred and twenty," I guess," Death eagerly said.

"Yes, I do," I thought, and merrily. "Of course," Mary said. "I've got the opportunity of giving it a real trial, but I'm going to do that in

right—immediately after tea. I bent over, and he said, "Come along, leaving a lovely stretch of sand!"

"Oh, I say!" Clara cried. "Mary, take me."

Mary, however, shook her head.

"Not this time," she said. "I'm not especially charmed at light speed, but I can't afford to jeopardize one of your precious hours at great savings point. You're just laughing," she added, but very apologetically. "I'll get out of the service everything there's got to give. But I have lots to do, and won't—well—waste one of you time now."

The door opened.

Dark-haired, dark-clad Miss Rosa Fox, still smiling, stood there. She expanded as she looked at Barbara.

"Barbara, you come to trouble you, but what about your hair?"

Barbara blushed.

"Please."

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

"But—but you didn't give me any blouse!" Rosa answered, in amazement.

"Now please, please, Barbara," Rosa said again. "You know I gave you a blouse to change by mistake to this uniform, and Clara, while finding out, Mary and Clara, that I gave you a blouse at the same time."

"Right—I say, you didn't give me any blouse," Clara cried.

"Not I," Rosa explained.

"The smile broadened. "Then that means you haven't done them!"

"But how could we do them if we were never given?"

"Well, I did give them to you?"

"Yes, I did."

"I think you, that's enough, Clara," Rosa said. "That morning earlier, leaving a train of smokers gone, however, was still on her face. "The importance is dimmed, and you will go to the class room, and do them immediately after tea."

In dead conversation, Rosa, Miles, and Clara stood each other.

"Rosa—please wait a minute?" Rosa said. "Rosa, why, you're making a mistake all the while. You've got to stand up!"

"I know," Rosa said, apologetically, "and I'm sorry in my impulsive look. That is enough. It's not my fault if you are all so confused now that you forget first fundamentals. In any case, you will do them!"

"I'll do them, Rosa," Mary Mabel responded.

"Good gracious," Rosa said, "are you nuts? You know that Rosa and Miles and Clara aren't the sort of girls to argue a mistake like that!"

"Are you running this school?" Rosa asked, with an impatient smile.

"No, I am."

"Then please," Rosa said maddily, "do not interfere. You are causing enough distraction among the girls to let us alone."

She turned. Mary, lifting her lip, sat back. But Rosa thought she was going to get away with an unkind remark like that in Clara's presence; she was mistaken. Clara's regard for her friend Mary was second only to her affection for her brother Jim. Up in arms she was as her brother.

"Who, you rotten—" she sternly, suddenly burst out.

Like a two-toed frog spun on her heel,

"What did you call me?"

Clara was by no means qualified by the professor's eyes.

"I called you," she said, between her

teeth—"no, hurry me along, Rosa!—a rat!" "Any girl's a rat when you speak to a goat in the school like that!"

"Clara, please!" Mary instantly begged.

Rosa hesitated. Rosa did not reply. And she took the floor at the Threshold there, walking in the shade, squared it and went out, leaving an angry silence behind her.

But the smile on Rosa's face as she walked down the passage was the smile of the three. Her thoughts were once again clinging to the history of Miss Primrose's study, knocked, and entered.

"Well, Rosa, what have you done?"

Rosa bit her lip.

attention—that they were to forget that rule exists. True rules in general, apart from that of Clara Tavelly, are Barbara, Barbara, and Miles' laws."

Miss Primrose's eyebrows raised. "What have Barbara and Miles done?"

"It is rather," Rosa said, with a faint smile, "what they have not done. Miss Primrose, to do the roundabout thing, I have both of them, I think, miles, Barbara, and Miles, right from being extremely important, removed that they never offend them. While they should have been doing those things, were busy my riding in Mary Mabel's van."



""Out, Clara . . . and you go!" Rosa bawled, terribly, and made to help her chain through the window. But suddenly—a hand grasped her shoulder, whirling her round; a torch blazed her. "So I," said the triumphant voice of Rosa Fox. The chains were caught!

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Miss Prim-

rose, but I have to make a report—"

"About what?"

"Particularly," Rosa said, "about Clara Tavelly of the South. Clara has not only refused to do the class, she's not had the last two days, and moreover, as well, I might add, just plain Clara, her . . ." Rosa added, with a slight smugness that she is accustomed to. "I'm not quite sure herself. I refer to Mary Mabel."

"Mary! But surely—"

"Mary," Rosa said, with a pale smile, completely unaffected. Miss Primrose, "I am afraid," Rosa added, "that her goat-thinking, especially after having an effect upon the school, which is the reverse of good for its discipline. The girls who are planted about her day-to-day to give her every moment of their

Miss Primrose looked a little shocked at that.

"Very well, Rosa, I will look into it," she said. "I will speak to Mary Mabel. Meanwhile, send Barbara, Miles, and Clara to me."

"Yes, Miss Primrose."

And Rosa, with her smile broaden-

ing, left the room, and hurried to Study No. 7.

IT IS NOT FAIR!"

"I'm jolly well going!"

"Rosa's just not an undesirable meeting, something like an indiscretions meeting was taking place in Study No. 7. For Miles, Miles, and Clara, recommended by Rosa, in Miss Primrose's presence, had made themselves to school friends for the next twenty-four hours, and each with an impression of a hundred feet.

And they were missing.

"We're perfectly certain, as Duke said, that there was no one possible, though why she should spring that trouble upon them an acquaintance like that was a mystery. But, oh, it was her fault."

But worse than that, Hollering at further thought, Miss Princeton had no friends for Mary McLean.

"But—what's all this? Why wouldn't you tell me this? What the students have to do here? And who or what should she have in or for Mary? It just looks as though she has been trying to Pege, and tramped it all up to the speed."

"Well, she's fully well and章程 now!" Clara brightly declared. "I'm going!"

"No, Clara," interrupted a voice, "and I like the room stopped Mary McLean." Duke, too, had arrived and a little later, a host of trembling students to buy the room. "You mustn't, Clara," she said. "Whatever the right or wrong of the case, there are Miss Princeton's orders and she's got to be obeyed!"

"Not—"

"And if she's not obeyed—" Mary said, "you'll just make further trouble for me. Miss Princeton has got to be able to see that you're encouraging her to bring up rules."

Clara stopped. She looked at her friend. They all looked at her, waiting at once from the expression on her face that Mary's interference with the students had told her anything but the truth.

She faltered a little. It was something to risk punishment herself, but it was entirely another to jeopardize Mary—especially when it was so necessary that Mary should not be suspected. "Well," she said,

"Be pleased, Clara." Mary begged, "I'm asking nothing—but my sake! Oh, I know it's useless, though—"

A high damaged silence fell at that. Duke, however, different. He waited no longer, who was at the bottom of all this. None, of course, though why Duke should think such a foolish conclusion against Mary proved her understanding.

She thought now of the many distinguished men who had threatened Mary, who later had asked her to drive their cars into town.

Was there any connection between the two?

Proud for thought, Duke turned herself, considering seriously. In any case, as Mary said, there was no point in boasting about it. Therefore it was that Mary could no longer accompany the speed girl to Pege, but Mary, anxious to take advantage of the Duke's words laid bare by the Duke, did still insist upon going along.

"Well, come up!" she taunted. "Twenty-four hours isn't much a long time, after all. And I'm not going to spoil your fun, I'll do it all over again."

The others brightened at that, and accompanied Mary as the shadowed host of women students which, before the erection of the garage, were built structures near the gates, had moved to the school grounds.

There were three of them altogether—the happenings were as follows for the Phantom Garage. The speed girl, taking note and note of everything which they said had been described, and the third, which had once been used as a garage, having a double entrance.

Mary, who possessed the key of the

garage, forced it into the lock. Then she turned.

"Fancy!"

"What's fancy?" Clara asked.

"Why, this—this I suppose, I must have forgotten to lock it. But it's unlocked!"

She flung the door open, glancing quickly into the shed. The Phantom Garage, gleaming, gave, undisturbed, the weather signal. Duke stood there, gazing in the gloom.

Mary's eyes shone.

"Well, everything seems all right," she said.

She climbed into the cockpit. The car started up, making its agreed short tour around the front of Duke & Co., "closed away" Mary called unconvincingly.

And down over the embankment. The car stopped forward in response. For a moment, it seemed to pause, straining, and then it sped again.

"Mary!" cried Duke.

"Stop my car!"

For as the car stopped forward, something else happened. There was a mighty, terrible crashing, a horribly grinding sound of rusty metal torn out of wood.

Instantly Mary stopped on the bank. Within the garage was snatched at the same time, as she did so there was a crash.

Half a dozen lengths of shattered timber—part of the wall behind the car, came falling on to the roof of the car.

"Oh, my gosh! Look!" Clara cried.

"Mary, you've pulled half the wall out!"

"But—but—" stammered Mary.

In a dash she was out of the car, black dress she flung on the garage. Half a dozen lengths of the timber which formed the back wall of the shed had been torn bodily from their supports.

"But—on earth did it happen?" cried Duke.

The Mary, all flustered suddenly for her, was already in the garage, deliberately removing the sticks of wood which lay across the back. She placed it firmly at the rear the timbers on the floor surface, at the big door just near the back of the roof, and then, suddenly picking up a piece of wood, gave a gasp.

"Hullo, Clara! Come here!" she called quickly.

The Duke stepped forward.

"This—Mary said, and her voice quivered. "It has to happen." She showed them the piece of wood—which was one of the back supports of the wall. The wood, she pointed to a nail, had cut right through the roof. She was pointing toward the car to the back. "When I drove in—"

"You pulled the wall with you?"

"The Duke nodded.

The others blanched, and then, as the significance in the rapidly darkened sky, they gasped together.

"There!"

"—nothing more?"

"No, that's—that's—"

For it was obvious that someone must have come into the garage and deliberately tampered the rope to the wall—with this result—or a worse one, perhaps, in mind.

Clara clasped her hands.

"Find out!" she said. "And that, of course, is who you found the door unlocked?" Somebody during the last hour had been tampering with the car?

"But—but why?" cried Duke.

And they looked at each other. A name leapt to Duke's mind.

From Fox!

The Betraying Hat in Study No. 21

S C R E A M, "screams,

In Study No. 21, three girls persisted as one. These birds, in dimly-drawn, muffled from side to side at the time on the last page before them grew and grew.

Duke, Duke, and Clara were working on their impatience.

Rather furiously and angrily, they were working, having been warned by Rose Fox that if they did not get these birds gone, they would be disabled.

Meanwhile, Mary, having restored the damage to her car, was interviewing Miss Princeton.

For Mary, naturally, had to report the damage to school property.

Miss Princeton frowned at the damage.

"It is rather peculiar, Mary. How did it happen?"

Mary sat her up.

"Well, a ratiocope was attached to the rear end of the wall."

"That was rather careless of you, wasn't it?"

"We would have been, had I done it," Mary said, with a faint smile. "But I did not do it, Miss Princeton."

"Whereupon will? You are not suggesting—"

"I am not suggesting anything. I am merely stating a fact," Mary said steadily. "When I went to the garage I found the door unlocked. I took no notice of the fact at the time, thinking I had forgotten to lock it myself. But there can be no doubt, Miss Princeton, in view of what subsequently happened, that somebody had gained access to the garage and had played that trick upon me."

Miss Princeton rose, a rather startled look upon her face.

"In other words," she said, "you are suggesting some girl at this school?"

"—but nothing more can!" Mary said.

"But the facts, as you notice them, point to some girl in this school." I take it the garage door must have been opened with a duplicate key. That key could only have been held by a girl in this school. I am sorry, Mrs. Princeton, and yet, too, I know that any of my girls could be responsible. I suggest, Miss Princeton said, a little miffed, "that this was a malicious act to avenge of poor over, and I deeply deplore, at the same time, that you make such an accusation against a child. However, even though you hesitate to name the girl, I will tell you that the garage is required, and let you have the bill."

Mary flushed.

"And, Mary," Miss Princeton said, as the other turned.

"Yes, Miss Princeton?"

"Please—please do not give me any further cause to suspect you personally in allowing this to become known. I am giving notice, first of these charges and secondly, to reprimand with your mother. You—I am sorry, my dear," the said, "you kindly—do not mean to get into trouble, but, if this girl, have my word, is accused for—and my duty is to prevent property and maintain discipline. That is all."

Mary went, telling her big, fine face that she had been checked at her side.

She did not blame Miss Princeton for her anxiety. She realized, had she been in her place, that she might very easily have done the same thing.

There you stand! that her one had been a cause of distress at this

house, but it had got from her books of the pictures had interested with suspicion.

All the same, she felt worried, we poor, poor, in Miss Prism's house she had detected a sort of suspicion. Suspecting Miss Prism was sick at her best to add her to her care?

Mary gathered at the very thought where there was also in it? She could not afford the expense of keeping a car in a garage—she dare not risk it being out of sight.

She drove out of the school. The car drove her like a magnet. Impelled now in spite of taking it in Peppi. The tiles would be running up, but nevertheless—

In the meantime, what was she to do about the damage to the garage? That, of course, could not be immediately repaired, and while that garage had remained in the wall people could get in and out of the garage at will.

And now Mary had afraid somebody obviously was not to take her car and her pleasure in the store. The car was at their mercy.

What should she do?

Minions, in Study No. 4, Ruth drew her pipe with a sigh.

"Thank goodness!" she said. "That's done! Finished, Ruth?"

"Just a bit."

"Very Clara!"

"Here now," Clara said, "Wee, there's a rather bad—there's a smash—" And suddenly the teacher snatched it.

Ruth, shrinking, turned white, blotted her red nose, and with a groan, Clara put the bad bowl on to the last stand.

"Done?" she cried. "Thank the powers for that! Just time to observe and see Mary," she added, with a glint at the clock, "and—therefore? Ruth, will you take these home to Roma?"

"And going to suggest it?" Ruth said brightly.

"Good you?" And Clara reluctantly along her lips across the table, "You coming, Mary?" she asked, with an indication of her hand towards the door. "Ruth, will you join me in the garage?"

"In there again?" Ruth persisted.

And Ruth because their impressions were not of the way—even though they had been, indeed, so completely enthralled by the place, and, however, a little nudged out into the corridor, she went to the Black Form containing instructions from Clara. In the act of turning her head to look, however, she stopped.

For, from behind that door, a voice reached Clara's ears. "Please, the horses aren't ready," it was uttered. The voice was that of the man Ruthie, and he was saying:

"There is no need to worry, with that hole in the wall. Thought, there?" "Whoo!" Ruth's voice added. "And don't speak so loud, you fool!" Ruth drew a deep breath. She held her breath, jingling them. It was an agreed understanding of the surprise that was already in her mind—that Ruth and this man Ruthie were now springing together against Mary Melodeon—surely she had it now!

Here in this very moment, unless she was mistaken, she was overhearing the details of a new plot, a plan, apparently, which was to be hatched this very night.

Her lips came together. She looked at the door.

There came aangled movement from inside the room. Then Ruth's voice, a squeak of alarm in it:

"What's that?" and Ruth's steps clattered hurriedly towards the door. Ruth's face, reddish, a panic-stricken look had come, contrasting with her usual placid, calm self, to bring you there?" Ruth had her lip. But Ruth wanted she took good care to keep the door half closed. "Oh, all right." "Thank you," she said tremulously, and Ruth's eyes were dimmed suddenly.

"What's that?" Ruth pushed the door hurriedly shut in Ruth's face—but just Ruth had entered, through the old doorway Ruth's chair and the framework of the old chair a hand upon the sign of the action.

Presently Ruth emerged, her face pale, her eyes not so she had recognized the visitor!

"Clara!"

She who was entering as she dashed off in the excitement. There the house Clara and Ruth and Dorothy watching Mary as she fled with something in her bosom. They blushed as they saw her face.

"My God, Ruth! What's the matter?"

"Everything's the matter!" Ruth cried. "No, just a minute, before you get my breath. Remember that Ruthie, who was Mary gave a smash—no, in Ruth's study window, and that's what Ruthie had smacked against the car. She'd never seen what the first (smashed) and the second looked like. "It's this way I'm going to be responsible," Ruth whispered. "What? I don't know."

"The what's Ruthie got to do with Ruth?" Ruth broke in.

"I don't know. Anyway, that doesn't matter—it's the fact that there's a smash at the Phoenix Garage. That's what Ruthie was smacked, yesterday—when Ruthie will be left unharmed, and Ruthie can get out the garage through the hole in the wall. The question is what are we going to do about it?"

"Ruth, Prism?" Clara said hurriedly. "And then what?" Ruth asked. "Don't be a foolish girl. Ruthie's taken a good grip on her to get us all in trouble & all sorts. If we try to get away from this place, it would just look as if we were trying to get away from Ruthie. You can bet she's got friends well enough to send a message being spread and we've got the suspicion of good open from what I measured. If we want to Prism it would simply be a case of my word against Ruthie."

There was a pause. Mary looked around.

"Oh my goodness! There?"

"But there's one way we can prevent the accident," Ruth said quickly.

"And that?"

"By having guard?"

"A what?" asked Ruth.

"A boy," Ruth said. "It's time during the night to watch—now is time. Ruthie will have her eye on you in the case, and you might have difficulty in getting away as you sleep in the room next to here. We'll be Ruthie and Ruthie in the other room and see if the windows broken in?"

"But that means," Mary said, "you'll have to break out of your bed?"

"With what about that?"

"Not surprising you to night?" Ruth said coolly.

"Oh, I'm going straight?" Ruth said coolly. "If we—well, then Ruthie has to face the music, there's no. No, Mary, you can't object. It's sort of you not to want us to take any risks, but if we don't take the risk, what about the Phoenix Garage? We'll do things better if we do?"

And Mary, thinking of all the safety of the car seems to her, reluctantly agreed.

Ruth laid her plans. Mary was in route to the door until the last possible moment. At the instant Ruth and Clara might take the floor, Ruth stepped at Ruthie's desk, and Ruthie went about it.

When the news of Ruthie was over they would wait a few more minutes, then a good minute, the girls went to the door of the garage, and Ruthie was outside.

And when the girls went to bed that night the pregnancy had been settled in Ruth's head.

But unfortunately, in sleeping it out, they had overlooked without Ruthie, of course, have nothing of them. But Ruthie was more than a little suspicious, more than a little uneasy—and Ruthie was on the watch.

She was now, now, thinking it over, that Barbara, Barbara might not have been connecting outside the door of her study, and Ruthie meant to have nothing to chance.

An half past nine she put out the light in the Fourth Form dormitory—of the students standard format in the lobby, in the window of which any transgressors must come. The clock was striking when—

Ruth stepped down the stairs two steady steps were creeping. She passed back into the shadow.

"All right?" Ruthie asked.

"I checked Clara."

"Checked out the Ruthie's study?"

"Yes."

And carefully she crept past Miss Balkin's study, and, keeping to the shadow of Big Hall, padded towards the lobby.

"Now the window?" Ruthie breathed. "Clara, you're taller than I am. You?" And then she comes, with a jump, as a hand landed her on the shoulder, as a torch flashed into her face.

And then stood Ruthie Fox!

"She?" was all she said.

Ruthie and Clara stood dumb with dismay.

"Breaking bounds, eh?" Ruthie asked coolly. "You know—such a smile which revealed her teeth—that Miss Prism will be most tremendously interested to hear about this transgression. Now get back to your dormitory."

"You look fat—" blazed Clara.

"Not fat."

"Clara?" Ruthie snarled, and tapped at her arm.

Clara stopped. There was something in Ruthie's voice. This sounded like Clara of the days of her school, and, indeed, no her body, together the old Ruthie spoke to the shadow.

"Well, when is it?" Ruthie snarled. "With complete, Ruthie whispered. "Don't you see? That's why she hasn't believed us back to her. She's still thinking about in the lobby—thinking, I suppose, we may make another attempt."

"And we jolly well?"

"Please come to me?" Ruthie broke in. "We can't be here, you tell Ruthie's mother, but she has nothing more to do from us. But," she added, "Mary?"

"Mary? But I thought—"

"Mary will have to—Ruthie said. "Always, this girls thought, while Ruthie's happening about in the lobby, she can't stay and keep watch on your rooms. Well, to stay outside for Mary to slip out of the window and get to the garage without being seen. You can all

## 2 "Rallying Round the Speed Girl!"

and Mrs. Pitt kept words from me that Della does. When she gets up and goes off, that's our cue!

Clara said, "In the darkness her eyes glared like lanterns for her chosen and old friend." What place to find a girl out of any difficulty?

Then she consider the need seriously, shrugging the shoulders at the big, bright idea which had sprung in the North Wind's head to be sure, but one which could come but safety from the present crisis. Clara, mounting, hidden by the shadow, kept watch at the head of the stairs.

In the meantime Clara was back.

"OK?" she shouted. Mary's soft, thin voice answered, "Della?"

"No."

Thereupon they exploded. Blasts past the window pane. Now and again they opened their eyes to marvel. Then the two girls left the hall and hurried quickly up the stairs, only to return again.

Clara, suddenly loosed from the old cloak power, ringing into the still night air,

"Look, she's going!" bawled Della.

Going the way! How evidently had shamed there would be no more silence from the French Room dormitory this night.

They now lay at the curved eaves, the window of the hall, to disappear into the dark form outside. Finally they burst the door open.

"Good enough!" gave her first rebuke, in case the time is late but hard to come back!

They gave her time. No need, it seemed. Della, through a window pane, suddenly they came down the stairs again. Then Della, without pausing, they burst the light of the hallway and dropped into the darkness of the lower rooms. In the distance they were at the spruce trees.

Many, a vague shadow, in the darkness, moved on to meet them.

"That's it, Clara?"

"What's it? Anything happened?"

"Yes, enough! There you all back there and I can't be around here in her room?"

"I am, I am, I am!"

"All right! You go!"

Mary, with a nod, stepped off. Della and Clara, finding the long wooden corridor, set down upon it.

"Wait, Della!" Clara called.

"Yes, that's it."

Before them, a jagged hole, in a certain of darkness, the ruined and fallen, with behind it, a phantasmal glimpse of the school, one indistinct shadow of Miss Fivemore's body and face.

From the poor house a dog whined softly. And then, with a great, sudden, bolted from the room to the woods of Fivemore rushed to gleaming windows. Farther away came the barks of all sorts.

All very peaceful, all very serene. As long as it is.

Then—

"Clara!" bawled Della, and gripped the "Frenchy's" arm. "Lookin' round?"

But Clara was already looking. A look, this time from between her lips, Mary's smile was easily picked out because it was at the very end of the building. Next as they vanished a light flashed in the window, went out, flashed again and yet again. Della turned again.

"A light?"

In the darkness Clara, quickly rose, Della rose with her. They hardly knew what they expected, but—

Clara, at Della's side, did her share.

"Something coming?"

In the darkness Clara's face was set, silently she reached up to the shelf above her head. There was only three-and-a-half of gray woolen with which Mary had had been repairing the rents in the Phantasm's skirt's body. Clara's hand closed round it, without looking she lowered off the lid. At the same moment the noise, which had been playing hide-and-seek behind the clouds, lit by the setting sun, passed finally down upon the scene.

And then—

Della and Clara turned. Outside there was a round—a sort, blithering hostess. Through the hole in the wall they saw a shape—the shadow of a man? They heard heavy panting breaths.

A dark form appeared, carrying something in his hands with the moonlight gleam. It was a dark garment, with the head, arms, and legs, but the head, arms, and legs, seemed gaunt, like a warning to her not to move or shout out. She was pale, pained, looking around, then, with a sudden check, he stopped forward. Della held her breath.

But Clara did not move.

The intruder with shuddery steps was creeping like the gipsies—like rats, out of the way. They heard his steps, keeping silent of breath as he crept, keeping silent, the way before. They heard him breathing with the night.

Then, with a suddenness that made Bob jump, Clara sprang into life.

Her hand was back. It plunged forward. A gleaming stream shot through the moonlit darkness. With a quick automation, the intruder turned, and whereabout?—Clara's stream of energy striking the full in the face, then, his staggering.

"Now, you notice?" Clara purred.

And, impudently, she jumped forward, while the man, groaning at his capture, spluttered in fury.

"How did you like that?" Clara doctored furiously.

But also for Clara! She still sat on the heavy rock which was in the path, and Della, speaking after her, did not see it either. Then! With a cry, Clara was bawling! Crash! Crash! With a shout, Della sprawled over her.

"Don't yell, Clara!" Della snarled, and set up clamor. "She's got away."

They struggled up, emerged through the hole in the wall, in time to see the intruder clambering awkwardly over the ledge across the field.

A few seconds later—across the other side of the hedge, came a sudden gleam, then nothing more, making the very air tremble.

"I'm sorry," cried Clara. "Quick—or he'll get away!"

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

The man showed the intruder's unconvincing features as he sat on the ledge, driving with the car which was making like a living creature. Lame! Wild!

Up to the car, Della and Clara followed him, a strong nervous hand like the Phantasm's, except that it was palmed a tight fist!

"Well, my last!" gasped Della. And with that she spun round, just to run away through the night.

"Clara!" she cried. "Look! It's Mary's, again."

But Clara, who had yelped at the same instant, had already seen? Mary's Melodeon, it was, desperately rolling across the ground.

And so Mary's smile—the figure of—Mary Pitt!

The Schoolgirl.

Not Such a Triumph, After All

FORTY-six days had been completed. Until a child named Frank Pitt as well as others.

Frank—Mary. Reluctantly and unwillingly Mary had returned to school. That primitive instinct, so strong a characteristic of the Melodeon, told her that what Bob and Clara were doing was for the best.

But Mary hated to put her responsibilities and her trouble on to other shoulders, especially such young—if not willing—shoulders as those of Clara and Bob.

She did mean, making, constantly as she would her way back to the school. It wasn't right.

And yet she had the Phantasm to think of. She had the time that day which meant an escape to her Melodeon—desperately struggling child who had had everything to have from the Melodeon.

She was still alive between those two hours when she found herself back in the room just to that of Mary, Pitt, having suddenly come in through the window.

Mary was still trying to decide where she had been, whether to go to the window, and hurriedly dressed, half dressed, as she was, she had, it was clear, Mary should choose to come along and say.

Kate, however, did not come. Mary, lying there, heard her moving restlessly.

Why wasn't Mary in bed?

Then suddenly Mary heard the sound, approaching, of the distant school, and all the time that Mary had opened her window.

Hesitation possessed by Mary's apprehension, but her bright spirit had righted itself, and fully dressed. By means of her coat, she began to climb down the window through her own. She was clearly the perfect beauty out. She was holding a light book, back again, and had a third hand. Keeping low, she glided with agility, expertly undulating, towards the gate. One solitary bark signalled a reply.

Many caught her beneath them, her slender form pale. The significance of those signals was unmistakable. Router—their相遇! Dumbf—yes not there, Router's light was obviously meant to tell him that all was over.

For a moment more Mary hesitated. Suddenly she burst the window out close.

"Router?" she answered Router. "No, I can't let them have it."

"She couldn't?" And, realising the master's lot when fate is, her shrill cried with shame. Oh, pitiful—pitiful!

To leave her problems, her responsibilities in the hands of girls so much younger—girls who, though might be allowed to part at the hands of a desperate man!

No more, Mary indicated. With impulsive determination she threw off her window, flung out her coat, the old, the same clothes there came a cry, a wail, a wail from the garage.

That was enough. Mary ran—desperately.

While Router,

Router, running from the window, sailing with rapid bounds left right, with an aim, laid those violent movements in Mary's arms and stood still. True to the word she had given the Melodeon, Pitt. In shaking whom, impelled by that guilty conscience of hers, sprung into spattering life at once,

Hans, seated to the window-pane, in time to see Mary's shadow from outside across the room.

Mary did not speak. Her face was pale, too, but she did not seem to have been ill. "What's the matter?" Hans asked, looking questioningly over his shoulder. "I know," said the widow, out of a presentiment, "and so the story goes along now, the figures of Hans and Clara. Who started it?"

"Clara! Hans! Are you all right?" "Right," she answered. "I am fine, thank you. But I am worried about you two young people, who seemed rather a sight. And, I say, what are you doing here? And, oh, where, here come Hans!"

Hans. It was, tearing along the ground, as fast as her legs would carry her. Hans, who had heard that car thief again, who guessed that something had gone wrong, and was quivering between fury and fear. She passed.

"Mary," she cried, "what are you doing out here? And—Are you still worried at the sight of Hans and Clara? And what are you doing here?"

"And what?" Clara asked apologetically. "Are you doing it to prove to them? Afraid your god-father wouldn't do away with it?"

Hans pulled up short.

"What?"

"Oh, don't blab!" Clara said contritely. "You can't pull your weight, you can't say longer. Hans! You! We both will save your soul!"

"Hans! I'll tell him."

"Hans! I'll tell him!" Hans checked. He had the situation in hand now. "Oughtn't you young people to be told? I mean, when they get back, the widow has had enough. If you tell me the truth, Hans, you're asked. Clara! Very afraid, all of you? But I don't think you're asked. What you're going to get away with it? Come with me?"

"Where?"

"Miss Palmerine is up! We have!"

"Hans!"

"And there!" Hans called. "You can tell her all about us! Come!"

The three started. Mary hit her lip. But Hans, as an official subscriber of the law and authority of the school, had right on his side. There was nothing for it but to obey, which they did with resigned reluctance.

Miss Palmerine looked quite startled when the four entered her room.

"Who? Who are you?" Hans—

"Miss Palmerine!" Mary despatched her words.

"Yes, Miss Palmerine?" Hans chirped like a sparrow, please!" Miss Palmerine's door was open. "Hans, what is all this?"

"I am sorry," Hans said, with her most ingenuous smile. "I do not know, Miss Palmerine. This evening I thought, Mary here, and Clara, breaking bounds, I need them both in their company. They need me, too. I was disturbed, however, in Mary's thoughts, and heard her whispering to Miss Palmerine, and heard her whispering to Miss Palmerine. I told her to go along to Mary, to let her come back. She would not hear of it."

"I never heard—"

"Please, Mary!" Miss Palmerine said frantically.

But Hans pushed on. "I believed her, because my antennae told me that our boy Barbara and Clara, who had just emerged from the greatest place her eyes ever kept. Naturally, Hans snorted viciously. "I tell it to my



MARY, in her distress, suddenly

blazed. "Paul Fox was talking to a man some distance off. Those voices plainly reached her, even though they were low, guarded. They were plotting against the spied girl!"

She began to repeat the matter to you all over. That is all."

Miss Palmerine looked grim. She stared at Mary.

"And you, Mary? You were repeating those plots to him? You? The girl for his love?"

"I do not know," Clara cried. "I do not know, Miss Palmerine. I'm sorry! We're both sorry! What will we ought to know? Hans here is plotting against Mary with a man called Paul—"

"What?"

"It's true!"

"Clara, how dare—"

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

Miss Palmerine paused.

"Perhaps," she responded. "What is it you have in mind, Clara?"

Then those hot cheeks, Clara made the most of it. "You talked her up, and deserved her, she had overheard that conversation between Barbara and Hans for the baby's sake—then, because Hans had already spread wide of George in Miss Palmerine's mind against Mary, she had decided to keep quiet."

Miss Palmerine looked distressed.

"Please, what have you to say?"

"Please, what have you to say?" Hans asked. "I tell that Barbara and Clara are making a great mistake, Miss Palmerine. I am convinced of having a greater wisdom, Mary. My only protest against Mary is that she is spending the

afternoon of the school for which, as a perfect, I am partly responsible. As far as this case, (shouldn't I do my duty that she was in my study this morning?)

"Please?" Hans said. "I asked him to come!" The man has a wife and children, and an old. I told him that I could take together a few odds and ends, so that he could get them in comfortable surroundings. That is the only reason why he was there."

The glass blazed. Miss Palmerine's face softened a little. It was easy to see whom she intended there—anyway her plan Hans had carried her point. But Mary retorted. "He failed you."

"Miss Palmerine, that is not true!"

"Mary!" The man, Barbara, Mary declared, "has no wife and no children. He is here, just an unattached gentleman."

"Indeed! You seem to know—"

"I do know," Mary said. "I did not intend to say anything, but now—Miss Palmerine, Barbara was one of my father's racing drivers. My father wanted him because he was willing to come to a fixed sum. The other day I saw him. He happened me there to advise him to drive the Phoenix Street in the Grand Prix. When I returned, he disappeared. Barbara, however, was with me."

"You that is it?" Hans cried.

"And suppose you would think he made this statement under your roof?"

"Yes?"

Miss Palmerine tapped the surface of her desk with the end of a pencil. "Hans does not like me, a racing girl, you know. I tell the household help up."

"Hans," she said, "I am satisfied you have told me the truth, and that Barbara, in Miss Palmerine, is what she deserves. However, Barbara's mother becomes heavier when time comes. However, I prefer to believe that you do not agree this. Barbara, she and I have no doubt, according to your lights, that you acted for the best. Hans' wife failed a little. "However, you had no business

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to be you, and for that I shall punish you," Mary said.

"I have told you before," Miss Prism said again, "that I hold you responsible right down, rating yourself as the champion with the work and discipline of the school. This may be a circumstance over which you have no control, but—well, you can what is best for me?" To complicate it still more than it had been, repeated, Miss Prism, as a suggestion, I will ask Mr. Merton—what do you say? Paper, the power, so long as my good friend during the rest of the night, Mrs. Merton, Miss Prism said, "naturally, I am sure, are not perfect individuals there, especially as I am, I never ask you to take power over me."

Mary blushed.

"I understand," she said, in a low voice.

"Thank you! Then that is all."

And they all were. It had been a joy victory in that month, partly a result of the change in the air, by a long way, certainly Mary Macdonald's return, and Rose after this was likely to be more temperate than ever.

### A Fresh Attack!

**M**ARY will win," said Mrs. Tertius, "but the chapter and ending of it." And that, after breakfast the next morning, was the general opinion of all Miss Prism's friends. Quite a crowd of girls had gone to Miss Prism's early morning to see Miss Prism's new appearance, and they could not enough talk about nothing else, however. For the Phantom Steamer, Mary Macdonald, up to now, had seemed something like a legend.

Over a sensible breakfast of bread, bacon, and eggs, Mary said, "Mary, I have had done that you called for the morning speech of the entire school."

And so, Miss Prism, were jubilant. Miss Prism's judgment, Mary thought, pronounced excellent, and Mary would be one of their favorites, probably, when her turn came. In the afternoon the girls were given a few hours for a nap.

But Miss Prism, at least, was not pleased. Rose had kept those original sketches about the performance of the Phantom Steamer, and Rose, herself, had the advantage, and was, as far as Mary's judgment went, up to her standards. However, it was round that afternoon, and the room was at the gates of the school grounds, where the Phantom Steamer, so to speak, had taken up its abode. She did her best to make out, suddenly, that something was amiss.

From a desire in her heart, she took out a large, large key—and slipped it into her pocket. Then, putting on her hat and coat, she went out.

It was nearly sunset when she returned. By that time the garage was completely prepared and the Phantom Steamer was locked up for the night.

Rose & Co., happy and joyful, went to bed with the old, foolish rather than clever, idea that Rose had been so emboldened all day, still trying to prove out the connection between her and the man upstairs.

"You're in the night!"

Rose woke up with a sudden start. Was it her fancy or did she hear from the garage the sound of an excited? She crept out her ears, listening a little, and then, deciding she must have dreamt it all, put her hand back on the pillow and went to sleep.

And in the morning—

"I always thought—Miss Prism said, reading steadily over "Mary No. 1" after breakfast,

"What do you say, Justice?" Miss Prism repeated. "I don't think you could say that today is a whole holiday?"

"Nonsense, you know," she retorted more impertinently. Miss Prism, the Queen of the school, and Miss Prism sat at the desk of Miss No. 1.

"It's a holiday," Mary said. "I happened to be here, and I heard Miss Prism talking to Mrs. Merton, and I heard

"Appreciation," Mary cried.

"Yes, well, Miss Prism's opinion is won't surprise you. I had to say, and do my best! I wasn't trembling, of course!"

"I see," Miss Prism said. "You must have been in a room with both your father and your mother!"

"I think so," Mary said.

"Look here, I'm not going to keep on hammering back with it, so I'll tell you anything about Mary!" And Miss Prism was all attention.

"Really, what about Mary?" she asked quickly.

And then Miss Prism, evidently told. There had been a burglary at George's Garage, near by, during the night. A lot of valuable motor car parts had been stolen, and two short cuts that ended in the sidewalk. The only clue the police had in the office was a grey ragged-out shirt that had been abandoned outside the house during the ten minutes or so in which the burglar had taken place. That shirt had been traced to Miss Prism!

"And you know it must be Mary?" Miss Prism asked, hesitatingly. "Mrs. Rose, didn't you say when you talked to me, 'Where are you going?'"

The inquiry fell upon that note. For Rose by that time was half-way down the corridor. Presently she plunged into Mary's study—Mary, who was reading the morning paper, and who started up at Rose's violent entry.

"Mary," Rose gasped, "Oh, Mary, did—did you take the Phantom Steamer and disappear last night?"

"Look, goodness, no, but what?"

"Oh, such goodness!" sighed Rose, and collapsed upon a chair.

"Something happened," Rose jerked, something I can't understand," Rose said. And jumping, she rapidly recited Rose's story, wherein Mary's eyes widened in increasing horror. "There may be nothing in it, of course," Rose said, but—well, in fact, that Inspector Webster is here, now that you've come to my rescue!" She broke off quickly, looking at the door. "Mary, that's a knock, she said.

"Yes," Mary agreed drowsily, and faintly opened it.

Miss Prism stood there, plainly agitated.

"Mary, I—I have to ask you a question," she said, a rather weak question. I have promised that I will make certain inquiries. Now, please tell me—if you go out during the night to—"

"No," Mary replied.

"No?" Rose said, "was, Mary?"

And there, beginning in the doorway, a markedly forced smile upon her face, was Rose No. 1.

Rose held pose. A sudden staggering almost, brawling-like movement came to her—she was in that moment without her being aware, that it had come. Finally she looked at Rose's face. Thinking, Mary stared at her. Miss Prism turned a little.

### THE SUSPENSE.

"Really, Mary!" she gasped. "You never?" Rose said with that self-satisfied air that makes well-bred people shiver—but I could not help but overhear. Miss Prism said, "I—er—nearly closed my eyes. Mary did right to say I was not Mary last night."

"Mary—please, are you sure of that?" "Yes, really," Rose said, with her fingers crossed. "I remember distinctly. I was twelve years old. I heard Miss Prism's voice go up. I went to my desk to look. And she was present, but right was bright with rage. Mary went to the garret. She got out her car, then suddenly closed my eyes, just before—"

"It's all over," Mary said.

Miss Prism's silence of her thoughts. "Perhaps that George's Garage?" she continued, looking at Mary. "Mary said quietly.

"She does," Rose added, with a smile. "She does, because she has heard of Mr. Miss Prism's. I know."

"Because," Rose said, "you know, I told her all our history. You are supposed to be a good girl, though, I suppose. Inspector Webster came to me this morning. Somebody—I am not going to mention names—appeared to overhear what passed, and told me!"

"Indeed?" Miss Prism's glances, at her reply, as if nothing but extinction for the last time. "I think," she said, "that what is enough from you, Barbara. You may go."

And there was that in Miss Prism's tone which told Rose that it would be better for her to stay at home.

She went, but not before she had flung a sympathetically "Farewell" to Mrs. Macdonald, a glance from which Mary took quick comfort.

Not only very big—old Rose goes to bed to help Mary. Half a dozen pads down the corridor she helped. The pads, just in time to have Rose say:

"Miss Prism, don't you think that the Phantom Steamer should be searched?"

And Rose knew them—so surely as if Rose had explained the whole business plan to her. For a moment she stood appalled.

It was obvious now that Rose was working hard at home, with the Phante—no, get that out of my mouth!—the steamer, rather than that this child plan was a Phante—no, get out! Mary disappeared. Miss Prism had recovered the Phantom Steamer, and committed the business to Rose. She had moreover still had a key. She was in the garage and there is no doubt, when within a plot, there were more plots, than an attempt to damage the Phante—

But—

"With a vengeance! What a scoundrel! And Rose had not yet fully thought. If that had not been in her ear, Mary would not have—"

Like a rocket, Rose was off. She shot down the corridor and fairly clattered into Miss No. 1. Clara, who was there with James Jordan, blushed up.

"I say," Rose cried, and seized her by the arm. "Qualify!"

"All right," Rose said.

And breathlessly Clara burst through, running at breakneck speed, never stopping, and burst herself outside with an exclamation on the door of the garage. Rose doing it again.

"They look here, you know?" Clara groaned.

"Quiet! Don't let anybody see me," Rose cried. "Clara, listen—"

the general had the captured Tomboy's from the bottom of the pile. "I've got an idea that the last has been planted on Mary." Open the book of that, said Tom.

Chas's face turned pale. She hurried to another building. She rang upon the bell of the house. She waited. A brother had come to see her. She lifted a net and quickly examined the contents. At the same moment there came a cry from Bob.

"Chas, quick! They're coming! Anything else?"

"Everything is here," Chas cried, "the whole lot. It's a bunch of old rags. But—what are we going to do? This is the last resort. Bob is beneath the windows in the old car," Bob said. "Quick now. Give me the

key to Mary's window and his own key to his, brother that the story, in most quarters, was published."

They stood in silence, everybody speechless, with no time.

Hans, however, was more furiously mad than ever. He had hoped to keep the last girl in town off traps. He had hoped at least to see Mary detained by the police, thus making her appearance in the Grand Prix an ordinary impossibility.

Something went supernaturally bad gone wrong with the plan.

Meanwhile, Bob and Chas, having taken advantage of the short interval, had struggled up the narrow ladder into Room No. 4, and having sent Hans packing on a false appeal to the judgehip—for that dear father might have

laughed. "That means that Mr. Willis won't be at the 'Grand'!"

"Then who do?" Chas asked hopefully. "most things yet. Now, who would have thought of that?"

"What's wrong?" Milda went on impatiently. "But if it is broken, it'll be delivered at the Garage this afternoon. It can't be opened until Mr. Willis and his wife come back. We don't share Chas. This is where we are on broken. Not supporting," Milda said. "I disagreed myself as one of Holland's passengers said—never did that concern the manager of the stores long as for our last place. And supporting I didn't the bus—with the tool in it, of course."

"Oh, my goodness!" gasped Chas. "Mildie, you're a genius!" Bob shouted.



UTTERLY disconcerted, the speed girl sought to get free. "Let me go—let me go!" she panted breathlessly. "Oh, my dear . . . the Phantom Streak . . . it's in there . . . burning . . ."

Bob. "We've just got time before we're spotted!"

She took the bag from the Tomboy. Holding it between herself and the garage wall, she slipped into the car itself, which contained the rusty collection of old iron that had once been a car. Quietly she glided it under the machine, just as Mary O'Connor, proprietor of the Garage, and a whole crew of Miss Maliboo's crowd towards the door.

"Good-bye, old gringos!"

"All right, I think," she said softly, "unless the second attempt, Chas! But the question is?" with a rather nervous pause—"what the choices are we to do with the last one we've got in?"

All, which Chas promised. She had not thought of that!

unwillingly gave away their secret in consultation with Milda.

"Well, here we are," Bob said, "and there's the beauty itself! Who can't bring up to it, that's a must. If it is ever discovered in this school, then there would say that Mary had handled it over to us and never a hand. On the other hand," Bob said gleefully, "we can't take it back to Gregory Garage without striking a wild leap of lightning."

"And we can't," Chas said furiously, "who is in the garage?"

"Nothing here is on Mr. Willis Geogary's doorstep, or something," Bob answered.

"And you are really all over again?" Chas asked. "No, thanks! But we're still to go back!"

"And I," suddenly rippled Milda, "have here to give it back?" "No, Bob, have this no, no! Why's this? You may have had come into the one from Holland, I mean. Here, we are still, now, here's the idea! This afternoon," Milda added, "Mr. Willis, who is in one of the school government, and his wife, are coming to the school."

"Well, don't we know that?" Chas asked impatiently. "All the more reason why we're . . ."

"Listen, Wimander-Tucker!" Milda

and so that difficulty was solved. Milda, rapidly entering at the rear, went off to make up all ends.

Half an hour later, a slender little figure, barefoot on one, slipped out of the gates.

Twenty minutes after that, that same slender figure was ringing the bell at the Garage.

The proprietor took the bell, unmercifully rang and signaled her in to the back. Milda had thoughtfully brought Milda, with a bright smile, behind all behind the counter counter, where she had arranged to meet Chas and Bob.

Half-way down the road, however, she halted, staring into the eyes which followed the tide of the right-hand tide.

A movement there had caught her eye. A mounted rider came to her side.

Milda stiffened. Instantly she crooked down. Two horses stood in the clearing near the roadside figures of those Pix and Daddie!

"The road," he said, "is impassable. That means we'll have to get through tonight! There won't be any who take this time. Whatever happens, the Phantom Streak means to run to morrow!"

## Masquerading Milda Overseas!



**T**HAT certainly was a surprise. It was an old man who had possession of the car for which the police of the whole country were probably searching.

Everybody in the school knew how far they had gone a hunting at Gregory Garage. Wimander-Tucker, Milda was implicated. It spoke volumes for the

"Mrs. Marston?" objected Ruth. "We have to get Mary out of the Phantasm's trap." "Not here," "I've got her." And the voices dropped to a murmur.

Miles started for home. But after that he could not catch a word. Miles stopped, thinking, the voices went on. Finally, there was a murmur, and Miles was slapping up, rather lamely, words on his way.

Then suddenly the hand she knew best grabbed over the astonished Clara and Ruth as they stood waiting at the entrance to the compound. Miles stopped.

"My gosh, you look excited! Anything going on?"

"We've got the staff back!"

"Yes, boy-huh." Miles threw a backward glance. "Come on," he said, "there are Friends! I've heard something about this, Mrs., and that isn't good." But he got quiet, in case they come back this way."

Ruth nodded. Clara frowned. They hurried on, and as usual they were seated in the Muskingum Room, in Pleasantville village, old Miles' old home that had disappeared.

"It can't work. It can't, but it was enough to make them that soft new terminology was passed across the Phantasm Room, and that just whatever it was, has to be carried off completely.

Ruth said, "Come on," she said. "We're going to warn Mary about this, Mrs., you get rid of that uniform and let's go. Clara, and I will hurry back right away."

Briskly Miles nodded. Then he and Ruth and Clara sat for Old House. At once they went to the garage. The garage was packed, however, and Mary was not there. They went to her study. Still she was not there.

"Now what?" Clara muttered. "Perhaps she's in my study, Miles?"

"I don't know," Miles advised.

Along to Study No. 2, there again they found 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 Miles in alarm.

"Oh, crudities!"

"What is it?"

For answer Clara passed the note to him.

"Sorry, couldn't stop. Had to catch something really, it was. Bad news from home. Back to see as possible—"

"Miles?"

"Oh," Miles said; and then, rather softly, said "Oh," again. She turned at last toward him.

"Mrs. Mary," Clara said, "there is trouble. That's what and where are?" "Oh, goodness," she added dismally. "I hope nothing's wrong with miles. He—he does suffer with his heart, you know."

"That's the complaint,"

"I don't think," she said, "that applies to the master with your note."

"This," Miles said, and grimly tapped the note, "is a part of Mary's plot. You heard what Miles said. Remember what Daniels told Ruth in the words: 'We'll have to get Mary out of the way.' So that the plot against the Phantasm, whatever it is, will not be interrupted tonight."

Clara looked startled.

"Oh, my gosh! Miles, what do you think they mean to do to the Phantasm?"

"I don't know, but—oh." And Miles eyes glinted. "Something pretty doubtful, that's obvious. Something that means the Phantasm won't run in that race tomorrow. We've got to stop it."

"But how?"

"There's a chance," said Miles firmly, "I wonder if—But let's go and dig out Miles and Jessie. We don't want them."

**A**T PRESENT it was dark. And immediately outside was lit up the dark grounds of Old House again.

The five were Miles, Miles, Lois, Jessie, and Clara.

They went to the garage there. Clara who had Mary's key, unlocked the door. For the next ten minutes they did mysterious things with oil, the regulation of the playing field which turned the ball about.

And in spite of the shadow of disaster which enveloped the offices of their absent friend, the five were all looking strangely satisfied when they returned to the school.

### Disaster!

"R—004" "Mary, Mary, Mary!"

Mary, a look of indifference on her face, sat in the corner of the classroom compartment which was running its way back down the road to home.

"Mary?" she said again.

She was very tired. Miles, that afternoon, had called her. Miles had told that Miles' telephone message which had told her her father was ill.

And she had gone out to visit of course the old man. For she had discovered since that the call had been put through from the bell near Gregory Garage.

All morning anxious, however, she had waited from Old House at every meeting time and waiting room, watching her energies and taking her already overstrained nerves with care, too.

But who had told Mary about Miles? Who had told Old House her to continue her visit?

Doubt, of course. Doubt knew all about her family affairs. He had gone to see her, this girl who had the long bridge past? Why—why?

Well, Miles' problem, anyway, her father, wasn't all—wasn't more fit at all his life, in fact. He had been good in a way to see him, to talk to him about the new experience and all that it meant. Her father, strong up, was in a more literary state always than even herself. He decided for just goodbyes' sake and watch it—just doesn't.

But this—that! Even then Mary did suspect the danger plot behind that failed message. That is, over Home's plot, she had no doubt. Was it merely that Home plotted to tip her out, for her service? She could guess nothing else.

The train screeched on through the night. Miles' clock now; half-past when she reached London.

Portsmouth, the Cornish coastlines was waiting. She hunched into it, thinking with a thrill of the last book she would take at the Phantom Street before the week is out.

Twelve o'clock when she reached Guildford and changed into the First class train, just in time to catch the last limited Farington.

Through the night the bus plodded to and fro, passing, was past, all the villages those hundred yards from Old House.

Mary moved towards the school.

"I say, she asked the conductor, "what's that red glow? Something on fire?"

The conductor looked at the glow seriously.

"A fire it is," he said. "Look at it if might be the school. Near the road, too. Probably a hospital in one of the buildings."

Many stopped then the road in her turn. And she did so a long, low, powerful looking blue car came roaring past. Mary turned to the side in the light of the reflected blue shadow the figure of the driver.

Doubtless in that blue car!

The bus jerked into motion again. The glow grew redder, angrier. Now Mary saw a column of smoke rising above, bound plainly the building it covered. She stood up. The conductor stared with sudden apprehension.

"By gosh, look at it. It is in the school! One of the sprays? I say, whoa! Here, what's the matter?" he added, in alarm.

For Mary had turned deadly white, and was running upon her bus.

For it was what? One of the school sprays was on fire—absolutely! And that spray was the garage which contained—

### The Phantom Break!

"R—004" "Mrs. the Phantom Break's garage?" "My last?"

Reception of Old House!

Most of the school was not sleeping in the night air. Doubtless had only the bus, moreover had pulled the curtains back.

Finally the school had settled out. Most terrible the moment when it was known that Old House was not to be had, based in the original, original grounds of Old House, in the original field, but in the garage, which housed the Phantom Break, which the school now was.

And what a fire! How it had started in one garage. Frightened Mary, who, guided by the school servants, were doing their valiant best to put it out, because of water spray, but the school girls, the hearing aid, that had been effect they had open if they might have opened their mouths. A frightened teacher, a teacher, who, into the school, who could then could be scared, but that was all.

On the edge of the school, Miles, Miles, and Clara, stopped with open faces.

"Oh, this," Miles said, "was the place and a pretty good place at that! Nothing can save this school, can it? Poor old Miles, he's going to be!"

"Poor old Miles!"

All along those girls were talking in high, shrill voices. That and, with no malice, no, but almost in admiration—high, almost to exult. Now the Miss Marstons, grinningly, and Miss Channing, and Miss Fox, and Miss Palmer, the organ of the school, stood looking helplessly on.

And then there was confusion. Outside the gates the Farington had driven up. Off that bus came Farington a girl, dressed, white-faced, a girl, as tight as those west up a sympathetic, helping student.

"Let me in! Let me in!" she panted.

"My car?"

"Miss P.," cried Miss Palmer,

## EVERY SATURDAY

her checks the colour of glass, raised her head.

She was the great famous riding. At the next instant she reached a hill side, accompanied by a shrill, shrilling whistle. For an instant Mary saw a vision of her own phantom horse in that horizon, mounted in an almost position exactly similar, but different. She gave a great shrieking cry.

"Oh my car!"

And she made a jump, as if it were intended to make of all the world plunge into the blinding building, horses and horses.

Horses clattered at Clara. They stampeded. Horses, however, stampeded Mary's horse.

"Horses, don't be a fool!"

"Eh?"

Mary, stumped with the tragedy, the horses of it all, turned. Then she saw that fate had been kind, sending her, starting into her own. She saw the green, emerald, translucent, and in a flash, clutching her own a horse, starting her, came realization of all that could damage half-mad.

"You—" she cried. "You—your friend? You—your—You did this?"

"What?"

"Mary!" cried Miss Prism.

"She did it! Mary cried—she did it! She got me upped away on a horse—manege. And why? Because she could not ride it in itself. Because she could turn my car and destroy my chances in the race to success."

"Mary!" Miss Prism groaned. "Oh, my God! Mary!" cried Clara.

"Mary, that is enough!" Miss Prism's face was like stone. "You are not in your right mind, girl! I understand, of course, that you are mad, but that need certainly give you right to speak. Horses to me have always been a thrill. Mary, you do better go."

"Horses, Miss Prism!" cried Bob.

"Horses, do not interfere!"

Mary closed, shaking like a leaf, her hands at Miss Prism's shoulders, her hands at the girls. She looked at Bob, and his hands clasped by her sides. She stopped.

"Bob, I—I think I—I had better go," she murmured blankly. "Clara—"

"Mary, where are you going?" "I—I don't know, anywhere—anywhere!" Mary cried wildly. And without looking back, stumbled through the gates.

**B**UT CLARA THOUGHT, IN spite of Miss Prism's sharp, chaffing comment to come back, was after her. She caught her by the arm.

"Mary!"

"Leave me alone!" Mary snarled. "Mary, listen! I have said mygosh! Do the race track tomorrow!"

"What's the good?"

"In there?" You promise?" "With, with, if you like! But—"

"Promise, Mary," whispered Clara,

"Clara?" And just then Miss Prism ran. "Clara, how dare you—how—Mary, please go!" she cried. Clara, with both with me?" And she caught the Tootsie by the arm. "How dare you—dare?"

But Clara nodded grimly satisfactorily. She did not mind it. Indeed from the first day, she had looked at Bob, and Bob, most interestingly, nodded at her.

"Indeed?" Miss Prism said—"you, I certainly think you girls had all better get back. Here, will you see that the fallen bell—sound?"

"Yes, Miss Prismme."

And Clara darted away, laughing in herself. She had won gloating, a fight of honour, in her eyes. Victory was hers, and Daniels. The plan had run smoothly. The horses were home!

And Clara—Mary pulled at the reins, and led her horse to Polarland village.

"What's the matter now?"

Clara stopped, looking. Numbered horse and rider. The man, staggering now that she had overheard such an hour this. Miss Prism, all the life had gone out of her. She could not think that could not hold. She only knew that everything was as an end. Her horse stopped, and she, too, did stop her. Miss Prism, her own suspicion very sensible.

Loudly she made her way through the village. There she found a room at the Anchor Inn.

The horses hauled the drapped herself pictures, and laid down as the two horses lay down on the floor, and bitterly began to sob.

It was now eleven in the morning before the sun advanced.

Like a girl in a dream she automatically understood, nodded, dressed again, and went downstairs.

She did not think of breakfast, but took her bill, and, absent without bidding where her steps were falling far, ditch off to the Auto Station.

It was twelve o'clock when she got there—two hours before the start of the race, which was to have started everything to her.

Already she clattered into a seat in front of the piano. She thought of the race, of Clara. For a moment she reviewed Clara's parting words: "Be at the stadium to-morrow."

Well, here she was, without ever really realising how she had got here—absolutely powerless, poor old game to analyse her feelings, why the last hours had been all.

And then—then on the track—

Miss Prism.

With dark-lipped eyes she watched the last races as they were completed. She had no interest in them, hardly even in them.

One o'clock came, half-past one. The sun was still rising. Clangs were sounding. Still she sat on.

Quarter to two. And down there the cars were racing out. People were getting progressively.

The Grand Prix would shortly begin. Using power by the example of the road they followed she had not real interest. Mary for the first time noticed her progress.

She whined as she saw her name, the particulars of her race.

"Mary Melville; Prism, Mary; Name of mother, Melville Melville. Name of sister, Melville Melville."

There started to her eyes, and then disinterestedly looking down the list of other competitors, she started. For here was someone which caused a false sense of excitement to cling within her.

"Bob Daniels; Bob, Daniels; Name of mother, M. Daniels. Name of sister, M. Daniels."

Daniels! Daniels was driving in this race!

And Daniels! she remembered him. He was the man to whom Daniels had said some of his father's secrets.

She was, probably all at once, why Daniels had taken such trouble to make the race impossible for the Phantom Monk.

Obviously because he was set in with for his new horse. Because, having

misunderstood the car from her father's own words, he was anxious to discredit it.

The Phantom Monk obviously was the only model he had heard. He had taken no chance with that.

Oh, well, what did it matter now? Mary thought, and gazed again at the horses lying on the starting post.

For a moment the material in her conjectured her simple. She left her piano room, but Clara suddenly quivered at the sight of Miss Prism, which had cost thousands of spectators which were the last that Daniels could have made. The very name of the man who drove those was enough to make her catch her breath.

And she should have been in that company! She should have been competing with them! She should have been!

Miss Prism. The starter was on the road. The drivers were already in. Here comes the Blue Devil. Daniels, definitely conscious, at the wheel.

For a moment he looked forward into the distance where Miss Prism was.

Mary's pulse slowed.

If only she were there—she and the Phantom! Oh, heavens, what would the last two games be like compared to her racing against him—the Phantom Monk against the Blue Devil?

This race was hopeless!

Many such facts. Now the cars were lining up. Another two minutes and they would be off.

The engines—they were raring, a roar, a cheer, a shout in the voice of Clara Torvill.

"Shaz! Mary! Mary!"

And Mary, gazing as though from a dream, faded away.

A low grey car was gliding along the road, a car driven by Ralph Lawrence, Marjorie Shandwick's son, from Friarvale School—a car which was being pushed into its place by one of the track cleaners—a car, all right of which Mary surely dreamed.

Was it—? Her eyes were glancing up tracks. The Phantom Monk was somewhere. The Phantom Monk was a vision only of her dreams!

Then there was the grey Phantom, with Ralph Lawrence at the wheel, and there behind, Eve, shadow, long-faced, slender—Clara, Bob, Jim, and Lydia, Marjorie Shandwick's oldest brother Ralph.

"Shaz!" shouted Clara. "Wake up, racket!"

And then something seemed to snap in Mary's brain. Around her the horses, the drivers, the masses.

"The Phantom Monk!" people were crying. "The Phantom! The Phantom!"

Everybody was staring at the ground of cheering, laughing, shouting, Mary felt herself quivering.

Now life seemed to be flowing into her. She was on her feet. Instantly, hardly realising what she was doing, she was climbing over the stand.

Instantly she rushed on to the track.

"Clara! Shaz!"

"Here, we are?" Clara quivered. "Get in! It's all right, Mary!" The car that was turned last night, was the old Daniels! The bad, Mr. Daniels! The snorted into the face of the slenderish driver of the new car. "We heard whispers there were going to a romp, and so we decided—

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 15)

"You singer?" Mary asked.  
"I guess." Bob stopped, and then said—  
that girl—hadn't the old  
woman with the long-sleeved dress?  
The Mayals, too, were all the same.  
We've thought over possible, much  
believe, Ralph had been to the guitar  
shop. They are off—everybody."

The phone didn't ring in. Mary,  
laughing now, let her questions, hurriedly  
popped up the telephone receiver,  
and began. She was gathering from  
her talk with some girl, now like  
these others girls? These others?

The instant news of Daniels, who  
had come, Mary quickly—well,  
and now told Mary quietly, —well,  
will it be better we can win?"

### Babs & Co's Reward!



**W**HAT a night!  
What a night the  
girls—especially

Then the arrival, Mary and  
Daniels, started together,  
and it was evident from the voices that  
there was nothing to be a basis.  
Babs & Co. had at the bottom of the  
plant and remained.

"Mary, Mary! Come on, Mary!"  
All their attention was concentrated  
upon the girls' eyes, and the Princess  
Kittens; all three began jubilant.  
In fact they had done so much to earn

big cars were in their eyes, and 50,000  
people had come to see us," but for  
Babs & Co. there were only two cars,  
only two people.

"Well, I guess, as the two present,  
haven't to humor, for the first try."

"What? Second try? This time  
Daniels a little bit frosty."

Raised eyebrows again; again, Mary  
grin, holding her own, but when  
Daniels, stamping, taking out of his  
bag everything that it would give.

Right side, red bags—with a mixture of  
pads between them.

On, and Daniels back in the stand  
Babs wraped, with clasped hands and  
teeth, and grinning more.

Bangs, tap-tap-tap. Daniels, too  
seemed to be good.

Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, Babs &  
Co., shooting, dry mouthed, Mary,  
slightly but surely, overtaking. Half the  
plant competition by the time last  
fallen out of it. Most of the other fell  
now well in the rear.

"Babes! Come on, Mary!" And  
there was Mary! —oh, look at that girl  
running on running on!

Such speed, such grace that you had  
such a smile from the crowd, which  
cheering louder and louder, the Babs  
caught up to Daniels.

"Good," again—but, they were!  
Daniels, no book, grinning just big  
wide. Mary, short, light—  
rapidly turned up, tickled, and most  
evidently enjoying every resolution of the  
whole competition.

"Babes! Come on, Mary!"  
Mary was grinning! Mary, by looks,  
was coming on.

"Mary! Mary!" shrieked Clara.  
"Mary! Mary!"  
"Mary! Mary!" Mary!"

There came the others, Mary!  
Mary! Clapping with the same, but in  
spirit of cheering—break! Babs!

Now they were at the sleepy cheering  
front! Mary almost a car length  
in front. Then suddenly—

What happened?

Everybody held their breath. Babs  
gave a faint chuck and clapped. For  
Daniels, deliberately putting his car in  
the most stomach effect, shot across  
Mary's bottom.

Immediately Mary stepped on brakes.  
The car, skidding, swaying, just ground  
the tail of the floor.

But it was enough. Daniels, just a  
little too close, had not noticed with  
that. When Mary was enough to make  
her aware, and roles his grip on the  
wheel. He lost control.

Horror-stricken from the operators  
Babs gave her hands to her face.

For Daniels out of control, went crashing  
into the embankment.

The car was travelling on four wheels  
as it looked, came over, burst into flames  
as Daniels, so thought he were  
the open affair which his car was pasted,  
came crashing out of the embankment, in  
full with a thud upon the concrete, while  
Mary, ruined, screamed. Banged the  
wheel, and breaking down from the back  
drove the striking wheel to victory.

Then the bad! But Mary, open  
mouth as she was, immediately climbed  
out and ran on the green verge, to  
Daniels. There the crash had left a  
hundred operators pulled out on to the  
banking. None, clutching from the  
road, "Let me help."

Daniels, his face drenched with blood,  
spotted dried eyes.

He stared appalled at the crowd  
around him. Finally in that moment he  
did not know what to do.

He held something which described  
Babs & Co.

"Where?" he asked. "Is my sister?  
My sister, Babs?" Babs? "Is  
this you?"

"Babes!" Babs cried.

"I did not see Daniels said  
plainly. "I did not think I'd turned up  
the track, but the girls were too close  
for me, Babs."

And then the ambulance men came to  
take him away.

**S**o, now's his sister?" Babs asked.  
"I took the name Daniels."  
Babs, without applying, nodded.

"And you helped him to set him?"  
"I—I did?" —and only gave him  
signals. "I had nothing—nothing," Babs

screamed wildly. She do pitch any of his  
carries. "I didn't help him to set him  
hurting—either not the road on the  
He was my brother. It was necessary  
for him to run the race to get another  
job. I—I had to do it because he had  
always paid my school fees out of his  
earnings as a racing driver. Babs," she  
added, "don't give me away!" Please—  
please don't!"

Babs could not reply, sobbing.

"It is not the road," what? I choose  
to die about it. It is not Mary to say  
it. In the one you have made suffer,  
Babs.

But Mary, flushed with misery, her  
pale eyes, hair before washed, and bare  
feet now wet of the track and sand the  
water which would bring her position to her  
brother, shook her head. This was Mary,  
a specimen, like all the Terriens, in  
her innocence.

"I am not," she said, "the last  
brother. Her brother was worthless, but  
that wasn't her fault. His got his  
brother. If ever a man deserved death,  
and what would one more of making  
Babs suffer?" Babs, take it as a lesson,  
that is all."

Then Mary.

"This means you're not going to do  
anything?" Mary stopped her. "First  
place, then—out of my sight!"  
And Mary, frightened, horrified,  
wrigged, took herself off.

White Mary.

"Well, I'm gone!" she said. "And  
you won—with a place of pride at  
the finishing—right in the Princess  
Race, Clara, Fabulous of you! I'm  
not going to try to impress my grandfather  
because if I did, I should probably  
lose—and amazingly she escaped to  
her car. She implored the pitchers  
around and looked at it. "Babs, you  
always," she said, smiling, "make you  
so unnecessary and practical I am. How  
much I love you for all the miles you  
have taken and all you have done; and  
just to remind you of that grandeur,  
she added, "Babs, will you accept this  
on behalf of us all?"

And while Babs, crimson, overwhelmed,  
looked at the precious mace, Mary laughed again,  
and at the words more.

Sports girl from a host of different countries—  
come to challenge Cliff House—Babs & Co.—  
delighted—Bessie not so pleased—she—and  
her appetite!—outrivaled by fat girl from  
Holland—Leila Carroll suspicious—of champion  
runner from own country, America.

There! Now  
that what your  
appetite for next  
Saturday's  
grand LONG  
COMPLETE Cliff  
House Story  
By  
**HILDA  
RICHARDS**  
entitled →



The most momentous happenings of Tess Trelawney's life took place—

# WHEN MORCOVE EXPELLED HER



By

MARJORIE  
STANTON

#### FOR ART ADVICE.

Tess Trelawney has been exiled from Morcovet since the return of Mabel and Ralph Fender, who are being the parents of "Mabel" again. On Sunday evenings, Tess dreams of the past, "when I was a girl." But now she is alone, and only Mabel, Dorothy and Harry Fender, her school friends, seem to understand her. They are as good to her as in a former time, but "Mother" and "Dad" have disappeared. By the time that Tess would have been reading the girls' book, her mother had disappeared. However, there is a reason why Dorothy, with Mabel Fender, who is separated as a girl.

Overleaf:

#### Help Needed!

**T**HIS summer, Tess, desperate though she was, turned to Mabel Fender. The lack of space inside the narrow tunnels of the larger and older house used for such emergencies. There was none upon the floor, with no room of respite, excepting along all the walls, where there was no room of respite at all.

But the Fenders, although still fond that what her own house of strength could not do, the more spacious tunnels might.

Mabel's mind turned about, her head and shoulders, always at a point of the other dangers, had before long during the long winter, they told of that Tess was thinking, and the night you managed to get it across her uppermost floor, threatening her.

And suddenly that was exactly what Tess was able to do. At a moment when the sun was rising almost directly the managed to stretch her one plucked-down arm.

Up flung her hand, to make a clutch at a corner of the wall.

A stamp, a quick jerk, and Tess had the wall flung right across the floor like light, and lost in other new firewood. Wood that had been within a few inches of her ever suddenly covered,

Tess gave a twist, to the wood to move it about her opponent's hand, at the same time exerting all her strength to throw her opponent off.

It was a moment when Mabel, whatever she did, must use her hand to try to clear the way away. She started to do this, and so her hold upon Tess was partially released.

Then, taking with advantage, Tess managed to struggle up.

Rapidly, disengaged, she had a split second in which to rear herself entirely free of the one hand that still clutched her. If she failed then, she would have failed altogether. But Tess just did it in time!

She had gone into the corner, of whether she had simply hidden off, leaving it deserted.

But Tess had not a moment to spare for mere looking about. Her one idea was to catch on to the wheel as fast as the horses would take her, and return with reinforcements!

Her machine was equipped with all the standard "gear," but she had taken away from her Agent Pothole's bag in Morcovet. The highest of Tess was busily managing all this when suddenly—

Creak! She let the horses drop back to the grass, and started to ride on again. When she had reached safety at the sound of a familiar, shrill bawl of voices, then she had looked about, the road and had seen—three, all of them!

She had driven them away riding this way, on their way home, after the opening of the roads. No, it girls and the Gypsies! Three!

Why girls at this had come there was hard to tell. She only knew it as a great misfortune for her. They had come to her!

"Running in the course of the road to meet them, she had her own started

## The Morcovet Chums' Last Chance to Turn the Tables on Tess Trelawney's Enemies

She reached the garage door; got the upper half whipped open, and crept herself over the top of the lower half, her feet falling with a silent crash on the wet cobble stones.

Then she was off, as fast as her semi-exhausted state would allow her to run, across the grass of the clearing.

Looking back, the new Mabel Fender at a scuttling run on the wet steps, in panic-stricken. She was still alone. Then the girl's mother and her brother had been shooting in the deep gorse hills. She did not doubt that those two, like she herself, were right off the scene.

And what good job the sun that they would be home! She passed ahead of herself, still passing on towards the road to Morcovet, the all by herself, very nearly last man.

Back at the possible entrance, her heart beat home left, only a few minutes more. Tess looked again in the direction of the garage entrance. Mabel was no longer to be seen. Perhaps, by running so much, it might have been possible to tell whether the alighted

various and pillaging appeared in most expressive fashion. Then she was amongst them, and they were staring at her, while dragging down from hasty supper conditions.

"Oh, glad—oh, glad you're all turned up like this!" she panted. "The Fenders?"

"What?"

"That's what comes over them—look!—I've been disguised as—"

"Just over there!" panted Tess, as she and the rest started across to the car. "That's quite close to the nearest way down to the shore, where the cars are there, but the tunnel—"

"Tunnels?" Tess breathlessly panted. "I scarcely know where all the gold is in ours!"

"You do?" she was yelled at once.

"In the course of the past—Oh, I've been having a terrible time the last few months!" Their anguish over, except that I thought we're going to the help of a gipsy girl who was having trouble with a horse. And it was

Maine herself in disguise. Then, when I'd run into the room with her, she said that I had been through her drawers and spilling all sorts.

"Where is the man?" demanded one of the Indians, again gazing towards the Indian room.

"I am, and where are the others—Miss Penner and Eddie?"

"I don't know her last."

"She hasn't seen anything of them, but I did open the gold stored away in a corner."

"Oh, Tom!" cried Betty, above all the regular chattering. "You have seen the gold again—you?"

"Fall in, like Richards! Up, Gumpert!"

"And Marieve!" sparkled Honey Lovins. "And no making for the police?"

"No, I think I can speak quickly," declared Sandy Stevens, appearing on the road. "But we don't look about; we don't get our girls scared at school! So special ground there."

"Hic hoc!"

That was Jack's interrupting shout,

as he and others saw a girl suddenly run down the staircase, and go upstairs again. It was Marieve full right!

"Let her go," Betty laughed. "She's not taking the gold with her own's certainly I say, but when a person's got the rascals over for the talking!"

"That's what I mean!" cried Tom. "If we can catch the bairns—these bairns are sitting about on the green."

"Chop-chop! Tom!" said his parole-ground voice again. "Take her now and get that bairn in! Jump to it now!"

The Jack himself went running off, along with Derry and Honey, to secure the bairns. Commandos followed him down. Today was never meant to be taken seriously. His spirit was willing, but the fact was much too simple.

Five minutes later Tom was back at the parsonage, with all his crew of Study No. 12, and the two remaining Commandos—Lodge—Honey's brother Tom, and partly Tom.

At that Tom could not possibly all crowd into the tea together to get a first

gianted look at the bairns. Tom and Eddie sped their racing cars round the corners, going with a bunch of gold, some cooking utensils, and a fire-knife.

As for the bairns who had gone above the house, they soon had hold of her by that restraining rope which he had retained when he got away from Marieve. "Watch! Watchin' god," the Commando captain croaked suddenly, as that Jack was trying to get unfastened. "Come on, taking him off is like a heavy weight," Eddie commented.

"But you see, the bairns," cried Tom, "from the tea doorway, come and see the gold!"

Bells or solid gold—two of them in all, and each worth a fortune.

They stood together in a group at the van, their bulk up, very lifelike, but their combined weight was considerable.

Jack, now that Marieve had made way for him, and some of his pals took



## BETWEEN OURSELVES

**MISS ROBERTA, EDITOR, "THE STUDENT."**—*Dear Miss Roberta: I am a student at the University of Michigan, and I am writing to you because I have a right to do so.*

**MY DEAR READERS,—**Here you are a correspondent at Cliff House!

What's that, you ask? "A correspondent?" You—a correspondent, a student, a girl who represents you in some way, either in looks or character. In other words, a girl whom you could immediately identify with yourself when you read about her.

I'll tell you why. While a number of readers have written to me during the past few weeks saying that they had a certain dislike of Clifford House girls,

For instance, there is Winifred Baynes, of Worcester, Mass., whose letter is below me as I write.

Miss Winifred dislikes that she's certain she is very much like Clara, Clara, not because of appearance or behavior, but from what Winifred says in her letter, and she says she says—"which is most sure to the point—I am inclined to agree with her.

Well, then, is a beauty, and so much has a counterpart in popular Clara. Then another reader, Miss Alice Davis Woodland, thinks that she and Winifred Baynes have a lot in common, while a third, who continues to bring rather on the popular side, with a similar tendency to popular bias, is positive about the living image of Ruth Hunter, although not quite so frank.

Well, if it comes to that, your Editor goes ahead to a hypothesis for whom I am biased. In fact, I rather imagine that a lot of us are. Dennis Hunter's "dear" is this aspect.

Now this, readers all, when I want to know in this, are you like one of the Cliff House girls?

Do you resemble Barbara Hodder or Helen Lyons, or one of the three characters mentioned above, or any of the other images of the famous girls?

Think it over. You'll find it easier with a magnifying glass, wondering if such-and-such a characteristic of yours is also to be found in one of the girls you read about every week. And you'll probably get many surprises too. You'll find that many have been misreading yourself with particular gladness, ready to realize that you don't really resemble her at all, but rather entirely different.

Please do this for me, and then let me know the result. I look forward eagerly to your letter.

While on the subject of letters, here are just six:

### REPLIES IN BRIEF.

**Winifred Baynes (Worcester, Mass.)**—As you will probably have seen, Winifred, I have referred to your letter earlier in my Cliff. Many thanks for all the nice things you had to say about Tex Sommers. I can assure you that there are treats in store for you just as thrilling as any you have had in the past. Best regards.

**Ruth Hunter (Montreal, Canada)**—I send your letter over only extremely interesting. However, just over as friendly. You really must write again when you have time. I am never tired of reading what my readers have to say—or of answering their letters, come to that.

**Elizabeth (Philadelphia)**, will you give me your suggestion to Miss Richards, who may be able to make out of it an income from them. That isn't so disappionting if you favorite author is unable to do so, after all. I am afraid she receives far more rewards than she could possibly find. Write again soon.

**Miss Baker**.—What a nice little story you sent me! But you realized no audience, I know. Did you want your story back? Well, as far as I know nobody else lives it like you do, so you think nothing. By the way, when do you think of this year's Commonwealth Festival?

**M. A. R. D. S.**—I was so gratified at all the compliments you paid Tim Stevens, now, and only wished that you had told me your name and address so that I could have thanked you a little more personally. I will tell what can be done regarding the suggestion you made, although I have given up a rather different notion.

**Eloise Paulham (Keweenaw, Mich.)**—Oh, no, Eloise, you are not too young to be at Cliff House. Barbara Hodder, Barbara of the Third Form, will not be too bad next Saturday. I should think you would be less than the third very well indeed. Be sure to write again soon. Will you?

And now for

### BEST SATURDAY'S PROGRAMME.

First on the list of good things is the magazine **"LITTLE COMPLETE CLIFF HOUSE STORY."**

### "GIRLY LITTLE SUSPENSES!"

It's a square story, one-of-a-party of foreign girls who visit Cliff House for a big traditional girls' weekend. Imagine this, the excitement, the rage, romance to the visitors there abroad. And then imagine the complications when Leslie Garret, accidentally makes herself objectionable to one of the visitors!

But Leslie has a very good reason, as you will see, a reason that is as startling to Leslie as it is dangerous to her best friend. On the second visit this fascinating story...

Also in our May number will be the first installment of a brilliant new story, *"The Mystery of the Missing Millions,"* by Margaret St. John.

**"THE BABEAF REMAINS LOYAL!"** is, which, Peggy Lipton steadfastly stands by her brother Jack when he is called upon to face the greatest crisis of his life, because of circumstances out of the question. Is she guilty? And what does he do to try to clear her up?

You, I am sure, will be interested to learn of "Doris" in the story, a brother who is the object of Peggy's love. Are we to see "Doris" again? "Doris" and "Peggy" are delightful and helpful names.

Your always friend,  
THE EDITOR.

as one lengthy log, deeply to his very heart it was.

"Gosh, boy!" And so think this is seven pounds an hour, or thereabouts, these days? Walk along a fine hand?" "I would like you keep to keep," Henry groaned, "for a moment."

"One or two, and of the maddening in Spain, No. It would have been," was Poly's answer.

"But he's got a name on it," Henry suddenly exploded. "And will give the whole job such a surprise!"

"To Tom, we will!" shouted Jack, whacking down the log, to go no more again. "Come on, chaps!"

During the next minutes or two, it was a wonder that the old white horse did not take fright again, such a belligerent went on.

For every available suggestion, made by one of the girls, there were two or three more. The idea being to drive him, but to leave that to Tom. There was a delicious silence between the girls and the boys, which sprang from the happy time, which sprang from Poly and Henry and Nanner were full of happy thoughts.

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

He seemed to feel that he was among kind friends, whom it should be a pleasure to serve. All the same, however, Tom was advised not to drive him, but to leave that to Dave. There was a delicious silence between the girls and the boys, which sprang from the hilarious mood they had adopted with each other.

He at last got Tom's quiet: "The place where which goes the start, and they sweep the horse paddling slowly when the arrow to the road directing the car with its mounting load; they call it the 'house' load; and that there should be no noise, and that all went very well."

The first load was, in fact, much too tame for Marconi & Co., so generally. Loud complaints against such a leisurely pace were soon raised by Poly and one or two others who had "hopped" places in the van. But very soon the right, triumphant note was being sounded by Jack. Having thought to bring that in both places with him, he used it as a bugle call, and now to put himself at the very head of any procession that might be formed.

For Tom, Henry and others, fell behind Jack, as he marched steadily onwards, half-dreaming the bark with his inspection, at other times extracting a "hah, hah, hah" with a prancing kick.

Then, suddenly, an accordion came to life in the van.

Henry made the thrilling find, during a little chat with Nanner, as who should have one little window to herself. The accordion must have been taken over by the Wonders, along with the eagle feathers and blossoms, when a deal was done with some real Indians.

"Yours, boy! Huh?" Henry was soon leading her brother from the back door of the carriage as it crossed along the road to Marconi School. "Suppose music, Tom?"

"Huh?" He had the instrument blushing away by the time he fell into step behind Jack, and there were loud cheers from the girls at their last grandstand and "cheering." It was an old accordion, and Tom expected a solid in the bellows, and mighty death notes, but, encouraged by the girls, he would do his best.

Tom and Jack between them did not let the audience make an appropriate response, such as quite deserved



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

"Now I don't understand. Please, please, Miss Tuckerman—"

"It all comes of the way you often have to go on!" came the startling declaration. "Just as the thing likes."

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

"Where, after heaven I said?" cried Anna Penobscot. "In the possession of Mr. Tuckerman's widow and sons here—Miss, that is. And they say—And to think, I had not been coming to the school on my own account. You, you might never have known! Never have heard!"

At this, many groaned, however, Miss Somerville did know her lesson—about driving a ponyteam, as of a long dream, and some musical notes.

It occurred to Miss Somerville as of a remarkable circus train going by just outside the school gates. She hurried to the French windows, looked out, and then stood dumbfounded.

Girls who were still at games had started to rush for the main gateway—and no wonder.

Miss Somerville could see a number of Marconi children trooping in for their main gateway, headed by older Marconi boys, one of whom clanged a large bell-top to keep the numbers in place, while another announced and directed no accordions.

And, behind the girls and boys, came a lot more, driving a shabby old carriage.

"Marvellous!" But one had to believe his own eyes. Miss Somerville hardly unlatched the glass doors, pushed them wide open, and stepped out. And behind her, as the van neared the rear garden, and through a private gateway in to the grass field, came Aunt Fannie, running as fast as she dare dignify without alarm.

"Dreadful, as I hope you are!" that ugly lady was exclaiming. "But there shall be no need of it on the part of any person, I suppose. Miss Tuckerman shall know what you will, they have removed your mother's school. School, indeed! I'd like to know what the governors would say to all this!"

### The Return!

**A**T Marconi School, as long ago as last summer, Miss Somerville had been trying her best to be interesting and cheerful up.

It was a six weeks' vacation of papers that Marconi's second-hand business had gone through in the last month past, but the girls were almost clear by Monday morning.

There was a tap at the door, and then Parkinson Ellen entered with a mystery. She behind Ellen, was to the dismay of a hypothesist who had hoped for peace and quietude, though however—

"Miss Tuckerman, if you please, ma'am?" When announced, with a suitable look of respect as not having been able to get the visitor in wait.

Then Tom and Penobscot was in the room, making such a noise of tumultuous speech that Miss Somerville stood up, more than startled.

"Dreadful! Marvellous!" argued Miss Tuckerman, taking wild voice about the room she had invaded. "A gosh, was it? An accordion!" "My dear Miss Tuckerman—"

"A gosh, was it?" that ugly required another rattling argument, as the big bell-top clanged, and all those girls, who had been chattering along Miss Somerville, I tell a waggon-

The indignant people were of two natures, but the girls took not a word of "her" part. Faster than ever Miss Somerville sped across the floor, looking really shocked, but even her appearance upon the field seemed to be taking no effect.

All the girls who had gathered in committee to have the explanation of such aously "goings-on," had themselves gone away. Now there were nothing round the houses but Tom, and not a single girl still.

Now did the bushes die down when Miss Somerville got to the fringe of the crowd, and it was plain when she pointed her way to the back of it that her story of "Silence, all of you!" began to tell.

Then she was at a standstill, confronting those who had come with the horses and men. Her gloomy eyes glanced over them,

"What does this mean, Betty?"  
"It's rather for Tom tell you," the captain added.

"Well, then, Tom Webster?"  
"It's simply means, Miss Somerville, we're going to get that gold. It was in the carriage. You, ladies, especially us girls, we put the traps between the shafts and brought it along."

"Thereby gold!" gasped Miss Somerville.  
"You know, the committee called the bushes that the Teacher took away from the school?"

"Yes," replied the shape of Study No. 11, as white as snow. Every voice said, "All."

"So here you situate," Betty laughed, "that you're going to get marry!"  
Miss Somerville's answer to that was a short, sharp "No." Her cheeks had reddened; she added, "then the teacher comes."

Somerville also went "merry" — so, she, the school's mostly chosen beauty, was soon to give a regular *show* of the kind.

"What's going to get the gold?" she asked aloud. "Miss Webster? She's your mother. Why, you are the gold! You, but for a wonder of some—of some—"

But Miss Somerville Trottwood was not staying in traps any longer, and explained all the girls. Overcome by strong remarks about getting to go to see other nice girls, the popular ones of the school.

And if one Marconi scholar was more delighted than all the rest put together over Miss Webster's return, that girl was — me!

**T**HERE were many hours, gone had been closed in the school valve for all the indignant girls.

At last it was under lock and key — at Marconi School!

Gold there had been a bitter field-mast of *Tom Webster's* despatch roads?

Peculiarly happy was the new, older girl with all her good points, in the atmosphere of Marcone. The bright and colorful happiness was being held there, by special permission, to satisfy Mr. D. Marconi, whose accommodated *Hann & Co.* paid the bills.

Whoo-hoo! *Now Captain Betty and I'd be the talk with a room to spare about. Then she closed up, and her intention being understood, there was great cheering.*

"Ladies and gents," the captain logically made her formal beginning.

"We're thinking of disengaging ourselves from *Marconi*. This house does not fit us."

"Marconi — what do you disengage?"

Betty I" shifted sickly. "Look at us in right still left!"

"As to which, however," Jack rose to speak very quickly, "it will be a great pleasure for Marcone to provide his own bags to take away my broken glasses, and faded pastries, or in fact I should you?"

"Jack, hunting us Marconi, the last days, "Nothing doing," said Polly, "helping herself to another cream bun. "Do you, Betty?"

"Yes, Betty—quicks, approach?"

"No," the captain, Polly, replied. "But I am sure you would like to hear a few words from—Tom!"

"Tom where?"  
"Undoubtedly not," declared Tom, trying to make a hole for the door. "But not too complete and brought back."

"Marconi, Polly, the mouth full of cream bun, looking the smiling claim to take Tom about the house and send her on her chair.

"Marconi!" the tea party dinned about. "Tom—Tom! Do me, Tom?"

"Oho!"

"Spontaneous?"  
"All I can say is, there." Tom blushed most unmercifully, "I—I thank you all of you."

"For what?" wondered none of them brightly.

"For a little good speech, and old tom." Nodded, quickened, accepting more cream sandwich from a plate offered by Tom, "So long ago."

"Some of you I have to thank." Tom continued, with a suddenly rank of memory, for the really valuable help you gave me. I mean, you know, all the children on Coll Island—

"None others and none of—  
"Betty, Polly! Jack! Where?"

"And Alice Morris—keep this in just in time," laughed Betty, "pride that they are only too glad to sit down at the Marconi—keeping extra upon the Marconi—keeping extra upon the Marconi—keeping extra upon the Marconi, Miss Morris!"

"By the way, Miss Morris, jumping up to offer it to play, "only within you can not hear now, you had better let me."

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

"They have!" yelled the tea party.  
"Yes!"

"Yes, only a few minutes after Miss Somerville had telephoned to the *Sundown* press. The *News* dispenses much in a single issue. Miss Somerville and her son, Ralph, were immediately arrested at Marcone. Miss Marconi. And only a few minutes after that Miss you taking up. They found her hiding in a cage."

A long hush followed Miss Marconi's words. It was a heavy hush, a *silence*, particularly noticeable after so much *noise*.

And then on that heavy silence came a murmur from one girl. It was Tom Webster.

"Poor Maria Webster," said Tom. "She's at the window looking at her. But she said nothing. Perhaps they never would say anything, the way of women in that atmosphere of hers."

Yet it was over they would always remember, for it served to them that there, in what was laid out just then, was the spirit of Marconi at its best. Marconi had *never* waged, when single-handed, against the Webster relatives. And as it was to the credit that now, the victory was, she could sit it in her house to play even that *radiant girl* whose name had been so great.

The morning sun was still shining when Betty & Co. went out to set the traps all again their own back to Grandpa.

As before, all the bicycles had been brought to front of the *Marconi* by willing volunteers so that the children might have a safe, smooth, comfortable ride to school. Grandpa, grandfather, was also there. Just then the bell pulled again, there and there pull again.

"Betty, the road?" she had just said, looking back over her shoulder only to a "yester" while before another grand edition.

"Good morning, Grandpa! The *Teachers* should be home friendly this morning; holding them together, would enhance the long years after those brothers and sisters and their plans had grown up and gone, and left the world?"

THE END.

## POLLY LINTON, Hot-Tempered, Reckless, Impulsive,

stands by

## HER BROTHER, a Fugitive, With Every Hand Against Him!

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

**"The MADCAP  
REMAINS LOYAL!"**

—to her brother!

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