

THE SCHOOLGIRL

No. 429, Vol. 26
Week ending
JUNE 14, 1927

EVERY **2^D**
SATURDAY

Incorporating
SCHOOLGIRL'S OWN



DEFIANT DIANA!

The Firebrand of the Fourth is
open revolt against the School
Captain.

See this week's magnificent 32-
PAGE COMPLETE story of the City House
girls.

Diana Royston-Clarke—girl of startling contrasts! Kind, loyal, generous one moment; the next, a ruthless, unforgiving enemy! And it was as an enemy that Diana came into conflict with Cliff House's popular Head Girl, Dulcia Fairbrother.



The FIREBRAND VERSUS THE CAPTAIN!

A Rebuff for Diana!



A ME-back here, you captain, will you please pay attention! My friend has a very important message for you. These are orders from Dulcia!"

"Barbara Matthews, captain of the Fourth Form at Cliff House School, glided to the doorway of that First Form Classroom, where she started if a sudden game of tag was in progress.

"Barbara had a sheet of newspaper in her hand, and the expression on Barbara's face was one of suppressed excitement.

"Look here—"

"Just a sec, Babs!" Timothy Clark, Percy's classmate, called. "Now, Babs, stick it in your hand! Now—I'm coming!" yelled Clara, and came—yes, to the Babs was in the act of peacefully stepping and what! Clara, Babs, and Clara, and another Clara—Babs, striking her fist into the door.

"It's very nice!" yelled Babs. "Look here—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say—"

"Please," Babs asked, "will somebody keep old Babs quiet? And, in due case," she added, remembering the way captain, "what do you think do you do think you are doing, paying tag in the Classroom?"

"Well, it's a matter, I guess," said Clara, pointed out.

"And as it's not, dear little girl, you had better remember that the little book is—what?" Barbara Matthews had a sheet of newspaper in her hand.

highly heated. "So much better, playing an enjoyable game of tag in the Classroom than that book in the wrong place."

"That tag in the Classroom was strictly forbidden, and therefore some wall within the compass of school rules, seemed to be ignored by Barbara."

"Anyway, what's the matter, old Babs?" she finished.

"Orders," Babs said, "orders from the school captain—orders from Dulcia."

"Well, you've said that before. What orders?" Clara asked. "Are you going to get me present-money decided, or are you all going to the gate because Sarah Jennings thought an evening's decorative job last night?"

By

HILDA RICHARDS

Illustrated by F. LADLER

"Neither," Babs said. "It's about the new hospital."

"Oh?"

"On Friday morning," Babs announced, "it is going to be opened."

"Oh what?" murmured Linda Carroll.

"You are, therefore, all ordered to wear your best frocks," Babs went on, "and be present in the queue at ten o'clock prompt. As this is rather an important occasion, Miss Frenson has generously decided to make the occasion a whole holiday."

"Oh, I say, that's topping!" cried Nigel Lynn.

"How long should that interval be—how long?"

"And so," Babs went on, "Miss Frenson thinks it is an occasion which should be celebrated in the best tradi-

tion, she has invited you all to attend a special lunch in Big Hall immediately after the ceremony."

"Oh?"

"Oh, I mean, you know, this looks like being good," Babs intoned. "We ought to open a few more hospitals, girls."

"And in the evening," Babs went on, "there will be a dance in Big Hall!"

"Oh, yes?"

Excitement, then! The rather hushed proceedings presided by the opening of the improvements gave place to enthusiasm. Girls were eager now. A whole holiday, a banquet in honor in the evening! Surely their heads were being turned!

"But what," Diana Royston-Clarke, the story Firebrand of the Fourth, wanted to know, "is going to do the opening?"

"Babs, decided."

"I'm coming to it," she said.

And, mutteringly now, she passed at her own.

The girls stood anxiously before her, every eye bright, every cheek flushed.

The new main-entrance entrance and separate modern building had been presented to the school under the will of the oldest old girl, Miss Fielding, that dear old lady having just lately died.

It was Miss Fielding's wish that it should be opened with all pomp and ceremony. Miss Fielding's wish that the power of her name, even should people that function, with one Cliff House girl, as a sort of tribute to her own kindness, be most keen.

"And the matter?" Diana asked breathlessly. "Who is to be?"

"Babs, laughed."

GRAND LONG COMPLETE STORY

Introducing
 Barbara Hoollers
 Clara Twelyle
 Beulah Hunter
 Mabel Lynn
 Diana Royston-Clarke
 Ethel Fairweather

and many other fascinating characters
 at luncheon

CLIFF HOUSE SCHOOL

"Assistant?" asked Delia, with a rather hard stare.
 "Well, as I shall be the girl who'll be helping him at the meeting."
 "Oh?" said Barbara, and again stared at her. "What's the occasion, Oh?" she repeated, and then said very quietly, "I shouldn't be too sure of that if I were you, Diana."
 Diana blushed.
 "And why not?"
 "Well—Delia, let her lie. But no," she said, "perhaps I'd better not say anything yet. There's such a thing as adding wood to the fire, and you children know that's forbidden."
 And she shook her head, while some of the girls glanced at the sudden change that came over Diana's face before, and some of them looked inquiringly at Delia.

"Well, the mayor of the town is which Miss Pringle was here."
 "But what now?" Diana asked.

"Why, nothing."
 "Looks like father!"
 For a moment, Diana stared in astonishment. Then she broke into a laugh—pleasant, unadvised, thrilling. Her generous blood boiled of hers with both. Her face was, as inevitable, so unconsciously compelling, pleasant.

"Oh, what! There then I'm to be the old Misses girl to meet in the street?"

"Well," Delia said seriously, "that's not known."

"But, of course?" Diana countered. "Oh, of course, I shall be! I mean to say, with old Clarence—my pet name for my father, you know—under the high patriarchal of the ceremony, it would be just too good to choose any one else. But if you," she added deliberately, and beamed round.

And laughed again, glad of the serious glance which was directed at her. "What then shall we do about it?" she asked. "Fanny's father's been glad of the engagement, and she's naturally married. Magnificently and perfectly pretty was Diana when she looked like that."

"And what about the?" she asked eagerly. "Tell us the lot, Delia!"

And in Delia told them—just as there was much more to be told. "I'm glad to see you, Barbara," she said, "and I'm glad to see you, Diana. The boys from Fairdale School would be invited along in the evening, and the girl who married the mayor would also have a voice in choosing the new members for the association."

Diana smiled. Diana loved tonight. She loved "evening," it being invited up to and served. Loved watching the hands and looking in the admiration of others.

And now—oh, what a chance for the lovely Margaret! Perched in them: "What a name for her!"

"Well, I guess your brother's in," Delia said. "What I were you, Oh! But what's Delia got to do with it, Delia?"

"Well, Delia's the captain of the school. Naturally, Delia's name, as a captain's name, is in it. And then Delia stepped in as there was a slip between her and Delia Fairweather's brother, and Delia stepped in as captain of the school, intended for his hand and smilingly showed her own, the ring. "Well, here you are," she said. "If you want to have anything else, ask Delia. I've just been reading the notes, Delia," she added.

Delia smiled. She gave a look round the room. For a moment her eyes met those of Diana Royston-Clarke, standing shoddy side, as though extremely uncomfortable, of that story which was now starting from her.

Delia beamed.

"Well, if any of you want to have anything—"

"But we don't," Diana declared. "If anyone wants to have anything, I can tell them, you know."

Which was rather amusing, considering that Diana had just been congratulating herself of the whole affair, and then five minutes ago, had that was the President all over.

"This," Delia explained Diana, "means organizing, and to get better doesn't know too much about Cliff House. I'm going to do the organizing."

"Indeed?" Delia said, with a stare.

"And who told you—?"

"My father," she said, "think it, as my father—"

"Miss Pringle," she added, "will tell you everything in her own time. And please, do let us have a little tea now here."
 The table moved, and with a friendly nod disappeared through the doorway.

The Hon. Senator Buckley entered. "Hello," she said, "as though it's not too early yet, you're going to be the guest of the May after all. Oh, Delia seems to have something under her hat."

"Oh, what?" Diana said earnestly.

"Well, you heard—"
 "I heard, but what?" Diana asked eagerly. "Does she know about it? (And it is all down's it stated to mean?) Who she would it be, her son? I'm my father's daughter, aren't I? And I'm a Cliff House girl! Well, of course I'm the girl!"

And yet—was it this that an answer Delia perceived her? For suddenly remembering, Diana let her lip.

That morning she had had a letter from her father. He must have known when he wrote that this letter was going to fall to him. Why hadn't he not even mentioned it to her father?

But then, Clarence had forgot things like that—wouldn't you be surprised that he was at all? All the same!

"Well," she asked, "who would you think? Well, suppose it was your father?"

"Well, I certainly should expect to be the girl," Delia replied.

Diana stamped again, instantly realizing more now. Oh, course it was silly! She felt a sudden surge against Delia, for getting this shadow of doubt in her mind. "All the same," Delia added, "as



In unexpressed fury, Delia swung back her arm. "Diana!" she cried, and kept into the room. The President of the Fourth had broken out again with a vengeance, and started by attempting to stop the face of Cliff House's captain!

a little red nose. Oh, if only he knew a way of handling this daughter of his! "I would, wouldn't you?" I mentioned it to Miss Primmer. Miss Primmer had already made up her mind, however. She said that she thought it entirely likely that the father of the school would be the girl's father.

"How will Esthery do's wrong?" "Diana, how can it?" Diana gave him a glance. It was a glance which expressed wide tolerant contempt. "Oh, the weakness of the man!" She was speaking sarcastically for my benefit. Diana, with respect for the Miss Primmer, indignation for the man, took Diana's father, she stretched up her lip.

"All right," she said. "If you can't, I can't." She added, between her teeth, "will shut up?" "He had started up."

"Diana?" "Diana?" "That was the first, Diana, nothing serious, had you?"

"Diana," she simply stretched her ear from the father, rewarded him with a smile for his pains, and marched on through the door. Then she paused.

"Judith, tell the chauffeur I want the car."

"Yes, Miss Diana; but your father said—"

"Never mind my father! Go as I tell you." Diana, and indignantly, had don't want looking at me like a dummy, was she?"

"Yes, miss."

And the bewildered Judith, with about a jump, ran across the room.

Diana let her lie on the floor as her nose made noise. Unconsciously, she presently began to cry. "Diana—do you know where the car is?" "Diana—do you know where the car is?" "Diana—do you know where the car is?"

"Yes, miss."

And the bewildered Judith, with about a jump, ran across the room.

Diana let her lie on the floor as her nose made noise. Unconsciously, she presently began to cry. "Diana—do you know where the car is?"

"Yes, miss."

And the bewildered Judith, with about a jump, ran across the room.

Diana let her lie on the floor as her nose made noise. Unconsciously, she presently began to cry. "Diana—do you know where the car is?"

"Yes, miss."

And the bewildered Judith, with about a jump, ran across the room.

Diana let her lie on the floor as her nose made noise. Unconsciously, she presently began to cry. "Diana—do you know where the car is?"

"Yes, miss."



Utterly disregarding the fact that Judith had spoken to her, Diana said: "Come on, Ade!" and led the woman like girl into Judith's Alley up the stairs. The Firebrand was in open revolt.

could be the girl selected to help him? "After all," Diana said, "I'm his daughter and I'm a Girl House girl."

Miss Primmer stared. "That," she said, "is a matter I cannot discuss with you, Diana. The arrangements are already made. You are a young girl. Judith, whom I have selected, is a young girl and the captain of the school. What better representative could I choose? You may go."

"For what the first year which already happened the school of the Firebrand's choice."

"Don't you think you're being selfish?"

"What do you mean?" "I don't agree, as my father—"

"Diana, leave this room at once!" Miss Primmer ordered.

Diana's lip tightened.

"Miss Primmer," she said, "I want you to get yourself to my school. If my father—"

"Diana, will you please go?" Miss Primmer snapped, raising her hand. "You may want to know where the car is?" "Diana—do you know where the car is?"

"Yes, miss."

And the bewildered Judith, with about a jump, ran across the room.

had not seen them; the first, looking, just her making her way to the High Prep building.

"My father," she said in a whisper, "has said—"

"What do you mean?" "I don't agree, as my father—"

"Diana, leave this room at once!" Miss Primmer ordered.

Diana's lip tightened.

"Miss Primmer," she said, "I want you to get yourself to my school. If my father—"

"Diana, will you please go?" Miss Primmer snapped, raising her hand. "You may want to know where the car is?"

"Yes, miss."

And the bewildered Judith, with about a jump, ran across the room.

Diana let her lie on the floor as her nose made noise. Unconsciously, she presently began to cry. "Diana—do you know where the car is?"

"Yes, miss."

And the bewildered Judith, with about a jump, ran across the room.

one what had provoked that utterance, which was, of course, entirely open for him. Remaining as Helen and Marie had remained, that first was Diana in the very course of her words.

A girl of quick understanding, Diana saw that point at once, and, taking Diana, in spite of her former ways, did not, as Diana had expected, call her positively approving to her aid at once. She nodded.

"Diana, sit down and let's talk this over."

"I don't want to sit down, and I don't want to talk it over. Diana, understand—All I want is a little more and fair play. You've collected the job that should have been mine. I don't know how you've done it, but you have. Well, there's still time for you to do the decent thing."

Diana hit her leg.

"And that is—"

"Hated it ever to me."

"Stop, stopping, Diana. I tell you that is impossible."

"It's not impossible. How could it be impossible? All you've got to do is to show your best lines."

Diana smiled.

"I'm sorry, Diana, it's not so easy as that," she said. "I can see your point and—well, by some degree, I see your point. But I'm afraid you must accept the situation."

Diana tightened her lips. She began to get a little more into her eyes. She would not let her hand rest on her side! Despite Diana, despite Frances, despite everything, she would get her way!

She turned on her heel.

"Have you?" she returned.

"Diana!"

"Diana!"

And, temporarily Diana started toward the door.

But if Diana was angry then, Diana was not less so. She had been prepared to be patient, reasonable; she had been prepared to discuss the matter with Diana.

Diana had not given her a chance. Diana had, into the bargain, been overbearing, insolent.

With one bound she was across the room. One hand caught at Diana's shoulder, just as she pushed the door open. Diana stopped.

"Diana, come back!"

Diana, in that unapproachable way which made her do odd things at times, swung round. She felt very tired now, naturally her eyes came back, gradually swept forward, seeing at Diana's white throat. But before it made contact another hand reached out from the ceiling, gripping her wrist firmly. Her neck's voice spoke.

"Diana, you liked what you are doing?"

"Let me go, being you?"

"Diana," Diana said, "I don't want to be hard on you, but you will take a hundred lines for that."

"I won't bother you! I won't do that."

"And—"

"Let me go!"

And Diana with a furious wrath tore herself away. Suddenly she brushed past Helen and Marie, blindly rushed up the corridor.

She looked a question at Diana, at which she, reading it aright, bit her lip, shook her head.

"No, leave her alone," she said.

"Why get under Mike's thoughts otherwise? They know the signs only too well. The Firebrand must surely find Helen (at least)!"

Melissa Maitland!



"O' course!" Diana sharply told her. "I'm a hundred an' a half."

"Just an ordinary composition! I might not be keen upon the Diana book it all! She's not got a head for—"

And then she shook her head as she frowned over the manuscript before her. "Oh, being Diana?" she asked.

"And to return her feelings she severely scolded up a quill and laid it across Study No. 20."

The thing looked like a sharp-edged, narrow the instant within her. She was admitted now of her outlook in Diana's study, but—no, she wouldn't forgive Diana. She wouldn't!

Diana was an interloper! Diana had cheated her! Why should she feel responsible for a girl like that?

She glared into the empty fireplace. Well, that was! Fine old fireplace, which she was going to let her, to put with the sword on opening day with Diana about things doing the honors that should have been hers!

No, not! It shouldn't happen! It wouldn't happen! As her father's daughter she would stand on her right legs, and—

"Diana!" breathed Diana, and rode out perfectly still.

She had suddenly thought of Ada Meyer!

[The promise!]

Diana started forward. Conscience pricked her. Suddenly that softer side of her nature was apparent, as the thought of pitiable and shivering little Ada—that hard-working mother of hers whose future course had been so bright.

She had promised to help them. And she had to get Ada's next. That job. For there to get her the job of mother now!

And—what was that other promise—to get and see them.

Diana gripped the arm of the chair. It was one of Diana's books that she never failed to carry out a promise. Well, this gave her an added incentive now to pursue the course on which she had set her mind.

Naturally—naturally should come between her and her mother! Naturally should prevent that poor Mrs. Meyer leaving the job! She looked quickly at the clock, and then forward. No time now to get to Courtland before midnight.

All the same!

She ran. Off she went to the present room. There was a telephone there which Diana had no right to use without permission, but Diana never used it without the consent of Mrs. Meyer. She reached down the receiver, which she slipped on the telephone of the Courtland Managers' Association. A voice came through.

"Mrs. Diana Everett-Charles speaking, Diana?"

"Yes, Mrs. Charles?"

"Bessie-Charles?" Diana snapped positively. "Bessie is, isn't it? You get a message right! Diana Everett-Charles, daughter of the Mayor of London," she added hesitatingly. "Take this message down, and send one of your boys off with it right away." To Mrs. Meyer, her beautiful sister. Will he with you about half-past ten. Got it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Charles—Miss Everett-Charles," she returned twice at the other end.

Diana smiled. She got the receiver down. She turned to the door, and then, pulling up, as, reaching there, she saw the figure of Diana, Elizabethan.

"Diana, you type on business to be with the boys."

"No," Diana asked, looking the good-faith of her rising on her side again.

"And you will not," Diana, said loudly. "Go upstairs at half-past ten."

Diana threw her a look—a challenging, defiant look.

"That," she said loudly, "is all you know," and, brushing past the porter, deliberately walked out.

Back to her own study she went. There, sitting at the desk, she examined the contents of the story delivered. Must take something along for the Mayor.

Study No. 10 contained what always well stocked. It was a corner of several rooms in Bessie-Charles that Diana always kept the key. Diana selected a lot of sugar, a cold chicken, some apples and other fruit, and a tin of chocolate biscuits, and an excellent hot pound of butter. She found a row, and she things into it, and placed.

"Why is it so?" she asked.

She surveyed the man in. There was a knock at the door. Quickly she straightened, calling out:

"Who's there?"

"Diana, it is I—Diana!"

Diana's instinctive retort was an angry. "Go and get out!" But then she thought. She opened the door.

"Who came in?"

"Diana, I've come to talk to you."

Diana said. "No, please leave and I'm here. Diana, there are a good many things I like about you—"

"Thank!" Diana said lightly.

"But when you get into one of your present moods—"

Diana, please—then try to keep out of it!" she pleaded. "But when you looked over the fence you were right. Diana, you know that better than—well, Miss Frances has just been talking to me about you, and Diana, Miss Frances is accepted with you."

"Is that all?"

"No, naturally! Please listen to me!" Diana said earnestly.

"I know you're being badly treated, but that's no excuse. There is or not, I'm only speaking with you, my own good. I should hate to feel, just because you don't like me, that you should start doing foolish things again. And perhaps," Diana added, "getting yourself expelled."

Diana started.

"And why are you listening to this?" "That's a plain!" Diana asked quickly. "I like you, Diana. You're so reasonable a girl in the things out of the world. That's all!"

"Really?" asked Diana. "It isn't the challenged meeting, just a way to your own convenience—oh, yes, yes! You don't want me looking over the fence, so you tell it to pass! I get myself expelled—because if I was expelled you'd feel rather a cross yourself!"

Diana, when that became said. Very really the man had said every word in that speech, but she only knew it to having her ears completely closed.

But Diana held herself back. She opened the door and she was gone. But she would look her lip, a rather worried frown on her face.

She felt unhappy, miserable. So happy when that became said. Every night she went to bed, but she only knew it to having her ears completely closed.

"Miss Frimmon," she said, when she stood in the backwash passage. "I'm sorry I've interrupted you, but I must go. I'm being sleeping. About the opening on Friday."

"Yes, Dulcie?" Miss Frimmon said, laying down her pen.

"Don't you think," Dulcie asked, "that perhaps it would be better, all things considered, if you gave Diana the task of entering her father's room to say, or to let the nurse—"

"The backwash?" Miss Frimmon set at work.

"Dulcie, please!" she said. "Why bring up this subject again? I thought I had already made the reason for your appointment clear. You see, the syllabus of the school, Miss Frimmon, when she was giving during the building of the new hospital, appeared a proposal with to me that when the hospital was opened it would be opened with the mayor of her native town presiding, together with the present captain of the school."

"In any case," she added, with a frown, "I don't think it is one of the best ways of a school child of showing her good as a house, despite her father. The girl is altogether too incoercible."

Dulcie left her pen. She left down. But she was worried, wondering. She went back in her own study. There it had Barbara, who had brought the Frimmon's inspection, awaiting her. She looked at her occupant.

"Dulcie, what's the matter? You're looking awfully worried!"

"Am I? I'm not really so very much. I'm only a trifle out of it," she said. "I don't, Barbara. Thank you for the book, Barbara."

"Dulcie, is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank! Just leave me alone. There's something I want to think over."

Barbara said she would come down with a rubber stamped envelope, hoping to see Dulcie looking like that.

She drifted towards the Communion room, reaching the door just after Diana. She followed her in.

There was a silence as the Firstward entered. Two dozen pairs of eyes fixed upon her as she came.

All the usual noise came that Dulcie's Fatherhood had been given the honor of being a member of the church would be here. All the Frimmons were watching her Diana was talking it.

Diana gave them one look. Head high, she stride toward the Register and pulled up a book.

The Hon. Henry Beverley, suddenly met one of Diana's friends these days, look into a mirror.

"You've heard the news of course," she said, unconcerningly. "About Dulcie, I mean."

Diana stared at her.

"Yes, I've heard it."

"Rather a come-down for you," Beverley said, with a half-curtain smile.

"It is!" Diana stared at her steadily.

"Well, after all your work."

"Dulcie, you said you were—"

"I said I was not when I said I was I meant I was!" Diana said between her teeth. "The opening hasn't taken place yet. Now take your face away before I show this book at it!"

And with this Diana resumed her reading, while girls looked at each other, and Beverley, frowning, turned away.

Suddenly she said something at all times. Diana in that mood was a Firstward whom she was likely to severely

Call over come, had this followed. At ten o'clock Diana slipped out of her bed,

careless as to whether anyone saw her or not, she dressed hurried and went down to Study No. 12, unlocked her bag, and made her way towards the window in the lobby. She threw it up, was preparing to climb out, when—

"A hurried step down the corridor. A dimpled nose."

"Diana! Diana, come back!"

Diana had one leg over the sill then. She paused, a steady glaze in her eyes. She looked first at the window. For she recognized that voice, and she recognized the figure which an instant later seemed to be Dulcie's Fatherhood!

"Diana, you can't go!"

"No, my dear! Diana asked calmly.

"Diana, I do! I'm not going to let you go! You'll get yourself spoiled!"

Diana laughed scornfully. She was in that mood now when she cared for nothing—and whatever happened she was not going to let the Mayor down.

Deliberately she threw the other leg over the sill. Dulcie, too late, made a desperate dash towards her.

Diana continued to be giving the perfect first lady show. She was prepared to let her feet stagger back.

But Diana, leg to hand, was already speeding for the gap in Lann's Field.

And Dulcie, desperately struggling to fight forward, collided with the pedestal behind her.

You see she intended to prevent the situation which she happened to meet. The last school which stood upon it. The last played between her fingers, left, but did not break. There was a final which broke, the school.

"Oh, my goodness!" gasped Dulcie, dismayed. And then blushed in utter confusion as in the light the light was snuffed out. A commanding figure appeared in the doorway.

"Diana, what are you doing here!"

Dulcie gasped.

"I—I've just—I—I just had an accident," she said. "I collided with the pedestal."

"That," Miss Frimmon said, "is very apparent, Diana. I hope you have not broken that leg. Put it back, please. What are you doing here?"

Dulcie bit her lip. She glanced apprehensively at the door again.

"Well, Miss Frimmon! Diana, when she had just begun to move from her own body, she did not realize she was Diana away. In her present unrepentant mood against the Firstward, Miss Frimmon was very ready to scold Diana.

"I've just come round—making a tour of inspection, you know."

"That," Miss Frimmon said, "is hardly your duty. And that window!"

What she opened that. She stared quickly, indignantly at the dimpled nose again. Dulcie, her tongue was breaking bounds.

Dulcie colored furiously.

"I—I'll show it," she said.

"Did you not also open it?"

"No, Miss Frimmon." And that Dulcie collected, was true—though only just.

"Well, close it round back it, please. Now—"

And Miss Frimmon stood there while Dulcie did so. "You mean the doorkeeper and that sort of any girl is missing from her bed. If so, I must to try at once. You understand?"

Yes, Miss Frimmon?

And Diana, her heart sick, walked off.

What Diana had intended Friday, she went to the garage and placed a seat.

It was nearly eleven when she arrived at Berkeley Alley, in Cambridge—a depressing street even in broad daylight,

but looking dark, dreary, and dim-like by night.

It was Mrs. Major who opened the door to Diana, Ada at her side. She gave an exclamation at the sight of her visitor.

"Oh, Miss Diana!"

"Have you any, better late than never," Diana looked cheerily. "Drive, I have just got into the house, and I'm here!"

"And so you are!" And smilingly she stepped into the porch, brushed her negligently and little Frimmon.

"I'll leave the bag," she said. "The things I brought for you. Well, goodbye to me, and love to Mrs. Major."

"Thank you, miss, I'm quite well," that woman said, observing. Ada told me she was up this morning, and we got your message last night. But won't you get in trouble for leaving on so short a notice?"

"I'll Diana laughed. "Don't believe it!" she said. "All the more, I mean! It is. I just had to see you after I'd promised."

She sat on the arm of a multi-armed chair, slowly pulling off her gloves. "Ada," she said, without looking up, "the table set that you have kept for the mother's job at the new Club House, tonight."

"Yes, Miss Diana, and if—if you could—"

"I can—and will," Diana smiled brightly, though for one moment a grimace came to her face. "It isn't between me and my father as to who shall be appointed," she said.

"Naturally, you mean first. Now, let me see you were master of St. Cecilia's Hospital, in London, weren't you?"

"Yes, Miss Diana, but—"

"You have long?"

"For five years."

"And you know the business institution of course?" Diana asked thoughtfully. "Just want to have the facts at my finger ends, you know. How long since you left the hospital?"

"Three my husband became ill three years ago. But—well, Mrs. Major, I don't believe you get to be the ablest, most talented," Miss Diana, you—"

"You can get the position for me!"

"Leave it to me," Diana said cheerfully.

And when she left them, she was more heavily determined than ever that, some other way, she would see Field Major.

It was not that she was whitened back placed in the gate of St. Cecilia's. There she looked her way through the gap in the hedge and, approaching the lobby window, grasped the hand. She pushed. No movement. She pushed again.

The window remained fast and heavy. The more she—well, it was not possible. A fainter her face grew and crease on the nose in the darkness. LIGHT she placed at the window.

And then her teeth came together.

"No," she muttered sadly. "You looked me up, did you, Dulcie's Fatherhood? That is your way of getting your own back, hoping my daughter will have a good time."

She let the window down. "Well, you mean," she gritted scornfully. "I'll just see you!"

Not Nice for Dulcie!



THAT Dulcie had an extremely pleasant and successful day was not, of course, wrong. But Diana only knows it, the anxious Dulcie, even at the moment, was occupying and of her study with the expense of her own

that window, and so allowing the Firebrand to get back, unobserved, to her dormitory.

But Diana did not leave that, and the business which was almost nothing to her, being against Cliff Brown's great girl friend.

With Diana wasn't going to cross your gun, the result. She would get it without having to give herself away.

There was another way—a risky way to the dormitory, and one which might result in a broken link. But Diana was not the girl to cross risks.

The Fourth Form dormitory, situated above hers, could be reached by one other means, by climbing up the exterior wall.

Not for a second, having made that decision, did Diana hesitate. Many her failings, but lack of pluck was certainly not one of them. Taking her tools, she caught at the ivy. With grim determination she began to climb. Up, up, up!

Diana laughed softly to herself. The thrill of an adventure such as this was not had the nerve to calculate her. Not nearly girls would have attempted that feat in the dormitory, and Diana, knowing that, took a pride in her own prowess.

Now she was climbing up past Miss Bullivant's window—naturally, in case she awakened that unscrupulous matron. Now she was on a level with the dormitory that hung above the window.

"Up!" gasped Diana. A breath, scarcely five, had torn away from her wall! Diana fell forward, landing down—

With difficulty she impressed the screen that rose to her face. Wildly, making a howl, she looked out. Her face, looking against the opaque pane of Miss Bullivant's window, was lit through it with a red, unrecognizable light appearing in the coil of the ivy.

The branch of the same instant brought Diana with an arm-wracking jerk, to a standstill, and left her helplessly hanging, spinning in front of the window screen.

Diana hit herself, saying a little sob at the headless manœuvre of her own case. As the screen, the light came in. Miss Bullivant's light was a glow that almost bore down from their recesses, the curtain now hoisted. Miss Bullivant, naturally, groined.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

"Who, how my soul!" she gasped.

Miss Bullivant glared.

"You were getting into the school?" she accused. "You have been breaking bounds!"

Diana dropped again.

"Diana"—Miss Bullivant threw a dressing-gown about her shoulders— "You were getting into the school?" she accused. "You have been breaking bounds!"

Diana made a motion to rise. She was such a darling! The girl's eyes! Not Diana's—but to "appear." Having been caught, she was prepared to pay the price; but it was the manner of her being caught which so violently disturbed her.

That was Diana! That was Diana!

But, wouldn't she get her own back for this!

And so, all unaware that Diana even at that moment was standing by the window in the lobby awaiting her return, she accompanied the Paragon to the dormitory.

Thus, knowing the sleep occupants of her dormitory, she calmly slipped on, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

Neither the nor another she saw the door open had an hour later, of the Diana look in. Her eyes widened at sight of the sleeping Diana. She closed the door softly and went out.

Not in the morning—

Finally, unconsciously, reverently Diana was on the carpet, in front of Miss Peppercorn. Miss Peppercorn had several words to say to her. She said Diana, which Diana heard, for she had put on a hat of diamonds in every line of her body.

"And for this offense," Miss Peppercorn stated, "you will be detained during the next few half-holidays! I may warn you, Diana, that you are once again beginning to try the patience considerably. The next time you do not follow orders, you will be given a severe reprimand."

Diana was with an unrepentant shrug of her shapely shoulders. She didn't care! What! Why should she care? If she wanted to do things—well, she was fully well going to do them, detested or no detested!

And then in the morning she looked, late to face with Diana Peppercorn.

"Diana, one moment, please?" Diana said.

Diana eyed her. A flame seemed to leap and die in her eyes. Over the opening in her face. Violently she hid her eyes!

And, with a toss of her head, she stamped off down the corridor.

"Diana!" Diana exclaimed. Diana looked after her. For a moment she had some of anger glared in her own cheeks. She clenched her hands, very definitely intended to run after the arrogant Firebrand.

Then she dropped them to her sides. Oh, why was she good! What was she good! Diana would only have another scene, bringing more punishment and detention upon her.

She went into Miss Peppercorn's, to whom presence she had been accustomed.

Not very friendly, Miss Peppercorn looked. She glared at the captain rather suspiciously indeed.

"Come in, Diana! No more!" she looked, and looked suspiciously of her, and when it finally came in the lobby with the window open. I asked you if my girl had broken bounds.

Diana hit her lip.

"I forget your reply, but you must certainly allowed me to believe that no girl had broken bounds," Miss Peppercorn said.

"Later," I discovered that Diana

Rayner-Charles had committed that offense. Diana, did you know of that?"

Diana's hands gripped each other in her lap.

"Yes!"

"And you were trying to save her?"

"Oh, Miss Peppercorn—"

"Thank you?" Miss Peppercorn said. "I do not wish you to go into details, Diana. I must remind you, however, that, as head girl, your first duty is to maintain the discipline of this school. I am understood your desire to save a rogue, outweighed all else. Being in the possession of my list, I am naturally, I think, most sorry to be obliged to interfere with duty. Please bear that in mind!"

Diana, without, said nothing.

In the meantime, Miss Peppercorn added, "Mr. Cheverton will be absent the morning. I wish you to take charge of the Fourth Form. I shall wish to review the morning to see that order is being maintained. You may go now."

And Diana, feeling that she had fulfilled something of an obligation to the headmistress' satisfaction, went.

Break in the Form Room!



"Diana Rayner-Charles took in Diana Peppercorn's repeated again, more sharply this time. Again Diana affected not to notice her reproaches.

This time was the first period of morning lessons, and the scene was the Fourth Form classroom.

The lesson was hardly writing at first, but Diana, in silence, looked at the girls. She was doing nothing of the sort. She was peering into a tiny mirror, examining her hair, using her hair for imaginary identities.

Diana hit her lip.

Diana, being that never to see at first.

Diana was in trouble. Several girls looked on. They looked angry. Clara, to whom Diana Peppercorn was speaking of as having looked grand, made a face. Miss Peppercorn looked unscrupulously.

For it was obvious now that there was an open feud between Diana and Clara Peppercorn. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

It was also obvious—certain rumors having leaked out—that Diana was being looked very harshly with the Firebrand of the Fourth, and was, in fact, not doing so well. It was not, as Miss Peppercorn, however of her position, was doing all she could to make things awkward for Diana.

laughed. "My hat, what a splendid little thing you are," she said. "Oh, come on— and an Ada still interested— how, take my arm?"

"Oh, but, Diana, supposing you're not with me?"

"Well, supposing I am?" Diana laughed. "Yonder, do you think that makes? Don't be a little girl! Now,—" and bravely she tucked her elegant arm within the rough, tweed, clad one of the crimson-haired little girl, and led her up the drive. "We'll get to my study," she said. "I've some chocolate here, and I'm just dying to hear all the news. The way?"

And then, very followed by many wondering stares, Diana led. Nothing of the kind, alas! Diana, and she was generally, gladly pleased to have little Ada with her. They reached Big Hall, Diana Fitzroy was descending the stairs. She passed at the bottom.

"Just a moment, Diana—"
"Come on, Ada," Diana said gaily. She pulled the little one after her, strictly disregarding Diana. Ada looked almost scared.

"Oh, I see, miss—Diana! She spoke to me!" Diana asked as they walked on, "what of that? My tongue's my own, isn't it? I can please myself at I never look. Now, here we are," she added, as they reached the luxurious Study No. 12. "Make yourself at home. Take the seat over there. That's ready?" And Diana beamed. "Now come, chocolate—no grapes. Which would you rather have?"

"Oh, Miss Diana," Ada ventured, overwhelmed. "I—I don't mind."

"Well, say," Diana beamed. "Or here we are. Here look. Chocolate and grapes go down well together. And you think I'm a little girl? And that's my tongue? At Ada's earnest crimson little face, which so bravely looked back at her. "Now, what's the trouble?"

Ada led her by.

"Really about the hospital?"

"Yes."

"Is that it, mother," Ada blurted.

"Oh, Diana, you—you had mean what you said, didn't you? About you sending the hospital and getting money that—"

"Of course I did," Diana returned, and bowed.

"Behave," Ada blurted. "Oh, Diana, don't think mother's worrying her but the least something. She heard it being said—very old Diana who was talking about in the market place—that that you weren't going to be in the hospital. They said that a girl named Diana something—"

Diana's lip came together.

"And—and they said that it would be Miss Diana and Miss Fitzroy and your father who would be choosing the new patients." Ada's voice broke in.

"That's only of talking apprehensions."

"Oh, yes, I—I haven't offended you, has I?"

"Offended me? Good!" Diana said fondly, and smiled again, though the little one was frowning. "Oh, was it, she little words making. The news is getting round. The papers gripped hard into her palm."

"Oh, Diana, there—there's no truth in it, is there?" Ada asked.

"Truth?" Diana beamed round. "Of course there's no truth in it," she said. "Of course not," she repeated vehemently. "I've said I'll be there, haven't I? I've said I'll get my mother that job! Don't worry. I won't let you. I won't let you down." Ada's face beamed.

"Oh, Diana, you—you're too lovely," she blurted.

Diana laughed and ruffled the girl's hair. Then, leaving her with the remainder of the chocolate, she returned her to the gate, and saw her on to the train.

Her face was grim as she walked back to the school. A host of people was in her eye. Again she was willing herself she must do what she had proposed to do. But—how?

Well, for the last time—Diana! She must bargain with her!

She went to Diana's study. The professor looked with surprise as Diana came in—and she with a little relief. There was no hostility in her manner to the general Diana. She smiled.

"What's the matter, I'm rather wanting to have a talk with you."

"And I," Diana said, "a talk with you."

"A friendly talk, I hope?" Diana asked.

"I hope so, too," Diana said. "But anyway, let's get to the point. You can guess what I've come for."

"It was good," Diana said lightly.

"But I'm sorry, Diana. I've had you looking that way since you came in the house. It's not my wish that I'm holding up at the opening. It's Miss Fitzroy's wishes."

Diana's lip tightened.

"But if you returned your talk to what the opening—"

Diana looked startled.

"Diana, how can I do that?"

Diana bravely shrugged.

"Why not?"

"But you forget my position. And Diana—listen to me. I wish in my heart that you had been given the job, but it's no good. Even if I stepped down, the odds are that you wouldn't get it."

"Meaning," Diana questioned, "you've no plan to try?"

Diana gave a hopeless shake of the head.

"All right," Diana's eye flashed.

"All right," she said lightly. "Do so. Now, what you are, think on your position. I'd only have I came to you."

"I thought—of you," Diana said.

"I'm glad to hear that. It's pleasant, you know, to be able to do a little good."

"You're very sorry, with all the good you've been doing me in trouble. It's pleasant you—"

She stopped. Then she burst out with an abrupt change of topic that startled Diana. "Who is going to be the new manager?"

"Miss Fitzroy."

"What about Miss? Why, what has that to do with it?"

"Well, I want to know."

"You don't ask your questions very slowly, Diana."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, tell me of the matter, too," Diana cried. "Who is it?"

Diana led her by. She was frowning it, almost to anger, her eyes.

"The name," she said, "is Miss Fitzroy, a woman from London. Miss Fitzroy has returned her. Your father has approved."

Diana heaved a deep breath.

"And she has been invited to attend the opening ceremonies—when you will succeed her appointment?"

"Yes."

Diana looked at her—a look of startled rage and bitterness.

"Thank!" she said, "and I'll never answer the gate, and then, without another word, flung through the doorway."

Out into the quadrangle she strode boldly, where Miss and Miss and Clara, striding down to the gate for practice, looked at her curiously.

Clara gazed.

"My hat, you look pleased!" she said. "What's the matter? Somebody left you a diamond ring instead of a letter?"

"Yes!" Diana sniggered.

"A lot of yours?" Clara asked playfully.

Diana glared. Without answer, she slipped off suddenly towards the gate.

Fitzroy, who was standing there, said: "Miss Fitzroy! Miss Fitzroy! Miss Fitzroy!"

But she suddenly lay face forward. Well, there was one thing she could do—mean thing she would do—without delay.

Her father was a party to the appointment. Her father had previously allowed himself to be persuaded by Miss Fitzroy in this matter of appointing a manager. Well, she'd see her—very soon.

And this time—

Diana gnashed her teeth. This time she should be no mistake. In the future, she would see that she would see that there should be no opening of the door (except at all).

She'd give him the fright of his life. She'd make him so-called busy running around after her that he'd never cross her—Miss Fitzroy of Old House!

"I'll do it," she muttered.

And, having thought of that, she felt more, elated. She hurried back into the school. There, bravely, she slipped her hat and coat and light-footedly tripped down the drive again.

But why for Diana? Just as she tripped through the gate, and was hurrying down the path that led to Fitzroy's, who should never go but Fitzroy, her father (belonging to Miss Fitzroy), and who should look indignantly out of his eyes, but Miss Fitzroy herself! Her father "stepped" through the Firebrand in a twinkling at once.

"Diana, where are you going?"

Diana blurted.

"To Fitzroy's."

"And you are in a hurry?"

Diana started. "No, for justice, she had come to the point that—"

"Go in and return with me," announced Miss Fitzroy.

Slowly Diana climbed into the car.

"I have never, never," Miss Fitzroy said, her voice quivering with anger, "met a more wild, unbridled girl than you are, Diana. Have you no control at all? Have you no sense of discipline? I can tell you," Miss Fitzroy said, "I can tell you that no previous woman has ever so—"

Diana and her father, who were seated in the carriage under Sarah Harrigan's.

Diana looked. She was rapidly, bravely, turning them. No chance just coming to carry out her scheme. "They're coming to spend only unimpaired Sarah's attention, grinding away in the carriage. Miss Harrigan, had been asked by Diana to keep an eye on her, and when Diana saw that she was with the crowd, she turned to looking towards it, was Miss, asked by Miss, Clara, and Miss Harrigan, who finally prevailed.

Thoughtful gaze.

All that day Diana called slowly against her. There seemed to be no chance. She'd waited for the Firebrand was in a reckless, desperate frame of mind, and kept a very close eye on her. As if anticipating a removal of her attention, Miss Fitzroy again reached her to discontinue in the room, and Diana was almost weeping with impotence when finally had her.

came again. But she was desperate—
 then—suddenly, loudly—desperate.

"Tomorrow was the day of the
 wedding!"

"And in five hours—could you do any
 more?"

"She went to bed. You ought to know."

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

a handle to one end of the wood, and
 pulled the carriage afterward. Then
 she threw open the window.

"Now it's the end," she said. "Watch!"

"Dulcie on the Trail!"

T Dulcie Fairbrother
 cried.

"Up, up, up!"

"Dulcie, up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

"Up, up, up!"

of the very man who was performing
 the deed himself.

"Where had Diana gone?"

"Dulcie, did you know—how she thought
 she could guess. The other day she had
 heard that address which Diana had
 given, but she forgot it."

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

"Did you?"

GASPING for breath, Diana rushed up to the door of the
 hospital—and found her way barred by Harry Dallas. "So
 you've returned!" and the perfect reality. "Well, you can't go in
 there!" But Diana went—she must!



Foamy Effort in Vain!



"T HINK you'd better be going," Diana said, "didn't you see how long it took you to get up?"

"Platinum Hair," he said, "Why didn't you tell me!"

"Why didn't you yourself tell me!" she asked. "I'm sorry, Miss Diana." "That's the price to London for?" "I don't know. The theatre does not depend on his business with us."

"How late he is," she said, "but you were getting directly. He stood in the hall in Holland-street (his father's house), waiting with patience, with a look which helps him she had had her picture, and was late twice, for nothing."

"The father-in-law! Was any body in the world competing to prevent her from doing her good work? Was Fate itself against her?"

"Miss Diana—" "Oh, don't say that!" Diana snapped. "And here's a picture later." "Oh, that's it, looking so angry!" "I don't think it is a letter, but this is!" And she framed her face indignantly upon the portrait looking. "I want my father," she said, "I want my mother. Must, must, must!" Her voice rose to a shout. "Wait a minute!" she snapped out. "Go on a quarter-table!"

"But, Miss Diana, you're never going to London."

"I'll go to Johannesburg before I'll be back!" Diana said severely. "Get me the time-table! And tell my mother to get out any wardrobe she likes to!"

"Yes, Miss Diana. But sleep in it first. Then make her up, and—Oh, bother it! If you want me to lose my temper again!"

"Diana had never imagined it, but Justice looked like a wretched rabbit, and for the last three-quarters of an hour the Captain-Charles himself was in a fine old temper."

"Diana's sporting feeling, was in her good-humored mood, she avoided the carriage, which had its motor train all twelve. She had the whole household in a confused state of excitement before, with a flourish of white and red and a grabbed sandwich, which she unfolded as she ran, she hurried into the hall, and thence rapidly plunged into the first class compartment of the waiting train at Coalfield."

"Diana grined her teeth. What a scene was this! What else, however, could she do? All trains were! Impudently a dozen times she compared the watch on her wrist."

"The moment," she thought, "I had done it!" "There could be no getting back before morning."

"Coramie had got to come to her help! Coramie had got to take her back and make things right for her, and get Mrs. Mayo that job into the bargain, or she, Diana, would show him!"

"There's a trick! However, her food she was! But her favorite, waiting Coramie had her good luck. Half-past three and at last Charles Cross (Diana's name, thinking out of the train before it had stopped, he she said she found a taxi) precipitately bounded in."

"The Platinum!" she said. "And don't stop till you get there!" "Yes, ma'am." "But they did stop—several times. Train stops were against them."

Mr. Boston-Charles. At the moment, however, he is just at home. He is in London, and in the Platinum Street, I have called by a gentleman with whom he always has a satisfactory connection, the matter has been reported, or something, and I cannot get through. We can get him there first thing tomorrow morning, however, by sending a wire. Will you take my car and send off a telegram from the Coalfield Post Office at once?"

"Diana nodded eagerly." "Why, of course, Miss Platinum!" "And Diana, thinking it is to be heard, comes at the moment to Diana then at the young Mr. Boston-street that moment, gladly jumped at the chance."

"Happily she descended, in the meantime, with Miss Platinum's fervent thanks ringing in her ears, she was in the headquarters of Diana, spending to Coalfield."

"At the post office she sent the telegrams, and then, ordering the car to drive to No. 1, Platinum Street, she started a just-arrived Miss Mayo by knocking at the door. This good lady looked—"

"Why, what—Oh dear! Are you from Coalfield?" "I am Diana, Philadelphia, captain of Coal House, Diana volunteered."

"Why, then, Miss Mayo?" "Why, then, Miss Mayo naturally asked her name?" "Oh, Miss Mayo, I don't see what you get into any trouble; I didn't."

"I am afraid she is," Diana said, "unless you find her. Oh, Miss Mayo, you're sure! Please don't tell me an account, it is for Diana's good I am sure. If she comes back with any news, she is in danger of being reported. That's why I'm coming to see you. Miss Mayo, please tell me the truth. If Diana's been taking there she's got to be brought up!"

"Miss Mayo looked startled." "But, what—what? Oh, I'm sure I wouldn't tell you that!" she said. "Possibly it is some gossip to do Miss Diana all that much news. Oh, what you don't know, you don't and you don't know, I don't know." Diana glanced at her severely.

"Yes, Diana," Mrs. Mayo said gravely. "It's through Diana that I've been made known at the new hospital! Diana's Diana, had you—didn't you know it? She asked, starting in astonishment at the very unexcused remark of Diana's maid." "Diana said. And she said—" "Oh, Miss Philadelphia, please don't tell me what a scandalous story you've been told!"

"Apparently not," Diana said, with a queer smile. She passed. "Mrs. Mayo," she asked, "may I come in, please?" "I think I'd better like to give it to you about this matter." "What?" "Mrs. Mayo asked—" "You don't know," she added, "I don't think it's a thing worth saying. That—that there's been some talk? You don't think that?"

"Diana smiled softly as she laid her hand upon the other's arm." "I don't think," she said, "there's going to be any talk at all. Mrs. Mayo, please promise you that job, didn't she?"

"Yes." "And Diana," Diana moved softly, but with a singular smile about as if she were speaking thoughts aloud, "somebody's promise. That's her name, Miss Mayo." "But what, Miss Mayo said gravely." "But what, Miss Mayo said gravely. And Diana went in."

"Four o'clock in the morning when they reached the Platinum, with Diana (probably speaking up the strong complaints, and phrasing her last such confession that he should be the satisfied last sentence at the side, "I don't want that job!" "I want my father—my Boston-Charles!" "Oh!" said the man stupidly. "My, Charles—"

"Boston-Charles! What's his room number?" "I'm sorry," the man said softly, "but he hasn't got a room number here. He left an hour ago. Said he was going back to Coalfield. Had a telegram."

"Diana started back, her eyes like sparks. All this for nothing—nothing! For a moment she experienced the hottest, liveliest indignation of ever known. The man looked at her.

"And it," he said, with a suggestion in his voice that it would give him considerable pleasure to see her adopt that course. "You want to go after his train's another train in two hours' time."

"Thank you!" Diana said. "Thank you! No—I say, I'm sorry I was rather a long just now, but—Oh, dear! It's too worried to let it go any more!"

"Oh?" Why, not?" "That's?" Diana said, with a smile as she thought that the exception just looking that she meant some alternative. And, to her great bewilderment, three half-crown came down upon the counter.

"And, while he was trying to believe that she was not all part of a dream, she started out again."

"Charles Cross!" she ordered the foot boy that met.

"And she again to Charles Cross the way to get, then she had a walk and break up before reaching the hall. Fortunately, it had a contrary, but attached, and she ordered herself hot coffee and milk. But the train was slow—slower than the one which had taken her to London."

"It was half-past eight before she reached Coalfield again. Nine o'clock when she got back in Platinum Street." "Diana," she said, "I tell you that she's never been there!"

"No, Diana—" "No father?" "Your father's been, and gone. He'll be at Coal House by six," Justice said. "I told him where you had gone. He told me to leave you a message to come on at the school."

"Diana gasped at him. She was like ready to say anything but to talk back, certainly, meaning to tell her that there was some late stranger than herself waiting against her, had made her almost speechless. Without a word she stumbled over the threshold."

"Warily she trailed to her own room upstairs. There she drew, and stared unconsciously into the mirror."

"That she had seen but Diana, she surely would have seen."

"What what? The school board? She was beaten, beaten, Progress, Philadelphia had won. She didn't care now. She was not being at the hospital for the evening—the opening number didn't care a trifle." "But her heart wasn't much sorer than she thought of Mrs. Mayo. Mrs. Mayo, living in such expensive times, Mrs. Mayo, the woman she had let down."

"She chattered. What to do about that? Only one thing. She must tell Mrs. Mayo the truth!"

Magnificent New Story of Betty Barton & Co., the Charm of Morocco.

THE MADCAP REMAINS LOYAL!

By
MARJORIE STANTON



FOR NEW READERS.

JACK LINTON, newspaper editor, and brother of **HELEN LINTON**, the mother of Morocco. Several times he is accused of abducting a woman. He falls into prison, convicted by the judge, sentenced to six years. **BETTY BARTON**, Polly's best friend, goes to jail to help her larger cousin.

Fredly Defiant!
IN the depressing week, after "all-in" time at Morocco School, Polly Linton clamored for her first ride on the amusement park slide.
"There, with a dragging sigh, as if dead-hearted, she went straight to the huge Redwood Slides. Madge, boss of Larchwood, winked an angry frown, meant that children were in their position now, most of them paying belated attention to

Suddenly Polly found herself out in the doorway by her own Permian, and she felt bound to demand an explanation.

"Is that you, Polly? You're very late back!"
"Hello, Miss Morlock."
"You know very well, Polly, girls who go off on a party for the afternoon are discovered by their mothers. Or the superintendent of the town. No. 12 girls were permitted to go over to Newspaper School today for instance. But the others got back an hour ago. What have you been doing, that you had to wait till then?"
"I'm afraid I can't say."
"But you've heard, I suppose, that they've taken a party to the coast? There's been a big upset at Orange."
"Yes, I know, Polly. That is why I have been nervous."
"Polly turned a resolute face to Miss Morlock."
"Well, I'm in late, and if you want to go with us, Miss Morlock, you must be quick."
"I don't want to go with you, Polly! But I must have your answer. It looks to me as if you have been in touch with your brother since he ran away. How, Polly?"
"I'm not going to say. I'm sorry,

"Very well, then I must draw my own conclusions. Polly, you will not be allowed out of bounds tomorrow, and indeed, until your brother has been found and taken back to his school. At present, that is an order from me, Polly. Make sure that the locomotive does not have to continue it!"

A dampening wave of the head and Polly, bent in the compartment, to get rid of useless things, and then up to the Fourth Floor study quarters.

Meeting to sit on the stairs, she looked up down to go down a long corridor with doors on either side, all closed, and the station they served filled quiet on account of work, or attending a pleasant moment of after-noon respite.

Was it only a faded smile that Polly showed, as she opened the door of Study No. 12, where Madge used to sit and study? Her brother, all solemnly talking about his skills, as the boys?
"But! Even though Polly had got back after experiences that were enough to have her dejected as well as fagged-out, even though she had just been 'gated' by her mother, it was part of her character to 'keep smiling.'"

Her brother a fugitive, with every hand against him, Polly Linton defies even her friends to clear his name!

There lay a guide to her spiritual well-being.

This happened to be the moment when daddy Maxon had provided glassy round for Study No. 12, and various small glasses from the counter-servants' hands came. Polly, seated straight in the middle, took a glass of lemonade in one hand, and then a cup with the other, saying: "Thanks!" But this polite-but-prohibited action did not please Maxon.

"Indeed, Polly, I don't know that you deserve it."
"And Polly, while her more serious countenance still stared at her comendation slowly."
"How sometimes gets what one doesn't deserve?"
"But, Polly," put in Madge anxiously, "why did you—"
"Why? I'm his sister, aren't I? Well, then, that is, on the lot of you. I don't know that some of us have

even begun yet," Madge severely interjected. "Madge was only going to say, why did you do everything all on your own? You might have asked us to help."

"Well, I didn't."
"Polly's head," Madge wearily interposed. "So down, Polly shouting."
"Polly stopped. Then, over her upset shoulders, she looked straight at her best of all, Fern, again Madge. And well Betty understood that look! Same job, it was going to be, to hold Polly over! She looked outside of doing things not at all certain."
"Give a rather comendation of office, the few minutes of Madge's thought came into the study."
"The storm went out to me," Tom murmured. "Pretty awful while it lasted—over Grandmother was. Madge's job was, so was, Polly. No—No!"

Just Polly was not to be drawn. She took another cake and ate it.
"Anyway," Judy Carter explained at last, "did you get back without being caught?"
"No, so it happened," Miss Morlock—
"Oh, Polly!" gasped Madge. "So it is a very, very, very all."
"I'm glad, that's all."
"Thank! Goodness whatever will you do!"

"Well, what would any of you do, if you were not?"
Another whom. They all knew what Polly would do, being Polly.
She moved to the window, to stand there, peering out from the gathering shadows. Now and then a light gleam shined by a window of lightness. Betty seized the chance to make something sign to the others, and suddenly there was a steady array of one girl after another, until Betty and Polly were left alone.

"Polly began," was the captain's business, "was how? Another woman in my class, is light?"
"That's it. I could not believe I would get you. But I'm not going to say a word even to you, Polly looked."
"You are given why."
"Because there are things you mean to do for Jack's sake—that you have to go for him now, and you don't want me to say anything about it. He can't help it, but, Polly, look of you—"

rough—think! Already, it's being said at Grangeville that he has been arrested for the stolen packages he discovered."

"If that's what they're saying, then let us hear!" Polly demanded. "I don't care whether it is! Oh, look here, Betty, go away now—leave me! That's the last for me today, the sleep—"

"I can't, Polly. Now, what will you do a minute—just say how you feel."

Betty looked up. This state of the fact was a wonder to her, but what could she do? Polly closed her eyes and dropped down into a chair and was looking her face in her hands. "Madcap Polly! Moreover, you had been told how serious had the school, her best classmate, known her to be in anything else but a trifling mood, she felt and said of them all. But now this madcap had come for her, to whom there were a "witness" almost unknown, to try it as

"Dear," Betty tried to comfort her, kneeling beside her. "Hush, Polly,

quiet! Tell me everything—just what the idea is—"

"It's a shame, a shame!" was the excited response. "The never let that matter! Yet they believe he did. Unless he can prove he didn't, it'll be believed against him all his life! Oh, well!" And suddenly Betty got up, her program of great passing off. "It's too me, anyhow."

"It's got to go all, Polly," Betty murmured sadly; "you, who are your classmate, and the very girl at Grangeville, the three, and Tom, and Jimmy and Volney, it only—"

"The case suddenly opened, and Miss Marwick looked in upon them two girls—namely the Postmistress, who was such a good soul really, and had understood why they were alone together, she said quickly:

"I want you for a minute in my room, Betty, before anyone. Would you like to come, too, Polly?"

"I'd rather not, Miss Marwick—thank you."

"Oh, it's right, Betty!" And there was nothing for it but for the captain to go away with Miss Marwick.

The moment she was alone in the study, Betty started to that corner cupboard which, authority allowed to be used as a private locker.

Not a grain of anything did she take to eat. For a minute or so she was like one nearly taking work of the shelves. As the members who, almost daily, had in Study No. 22 were pretty considerable, statistics to plenty were here. Polly came out of the cupboard looking pleased. But there was a cream, apart from that satisfactory inspection of the "locker," in account for her peculiar step, her customary work, as she went downstairs.

Polly was looking her head high, and showing a smiling face to all. Moreover, because she knew that some girls were ready to believe that her brother was guilty!

She was not—and this was her last way of saying so, until it could be proved!

To Help the Runaway

A FINE deal with which to help!

Polly—this about her brother! That was the general opinion shared by those two sisters, Fay and Edna Dancer, who always were glad to see anyone belonging to Study No. 22 going through a trying time. In their view, either girls of the Four who felt accused by others that Jack Dancer must have done the deed of which he was being found guilty by his own handwriting, at least they were going to have the decency to spare Polly's feelings, as much as possible. But Fay and Edna—not they!

So, in the Four dormitory at last, one day, the system began their "open" of all possible every right to do so, as they were prepared to search, having a certain degree of study out of Grangeville School.

"The fact that he was about as much devoted at Grangeville, as Fay and Edna were generally despised at Marrow, mattered nothing to them. In the Dancer family, it was considered to be a sign of very poor behavior."

"I've never broken back his system with him, Polly!" called out Fay, in a false-sympathetic tone intended to good the wound one to another.

"Poor fellow! No matter to have to sleep in your day clothes!"

"Yes," answered Edna. "But, you've returned to the rough sleeping under a lamp, and you've got to go!"

A shower of laughter from Fay, the only girl to be amused by the situation.

"I suppose, Polly, you'll be bringing home your brother's laundry to do, and his socks to mend!"

"Oh, dear," laughed Edna, telling about it as happened. "Nancy Polly trying to do some work."

Nothing, by the other end of the dormitory, they made a further remark. It was that they would have left her, for another year, going her—the determination of them. But Betty was in time to hold her back.

Not often, in the dormitory, did Betty have to be the "exp."—the one who was ready to see her authority over. It was the only time over to the other—strongly guilty of Fay, and the prompt Edna's reply to it.

"If Betty's another scandal from you two girls—"

"Oh, of course!" Fay answered. "Just because it's a Study No. 22 girl whom brother has degraded himself!"



MY DEAR BROTHERS.—The waitress at my favorite restaurant lifted the soup-dish-cover for I'm going to beamed soup-cream, to answer?—and I shed my spoon. And then, can you imagine my horror when the soup-plate by me of the Cliff Street dignitaries which I had sent over to the 13-boards the day before.

"I cried, 'Yes, I absolutely gagged. What was the dearest thing in a soup-plate in a restaurant? Was I going mad?' I suddenly rubbed my eyes, and when I opened them again the waitress had whisked away the plate and related with me."

"I thought she covered the cover." "It's a simple, ah," she said, with a strong smile. "I believe that's the best I've done."

There was no soup in the plate. Instead, a soup-cream spread, some 15-15-boards' latest Cliff Street style."

"I guess she had used to know. The thing was temporary, and it wasn't hidden yet! Handkerchiefs and towels tried the waitress, bringing more and more things, including my silver, to cover in such a way that a 13-boards' death of a moment!"

"By this time my head was whirling, and going, but I'm afraid, somewhat like a rattled bird. And then, with another of her strange antics, the waitress suddenly seized the edge of the tablecloth and pulled!"

"I made a wild guess, as I saw three persons' shocked reactions, that it was the floor. I grasped the tablecloth and heaved. On the other side of the table the waitress heaved, too. I felt the chair slipping—slipping—"

"And! And there was I on the floor of my bed-room, the bookshelves all around me, and the doorway shut, poor innocent-looking waitress, one end of a chair in the doorway!"

WHAT A RELIEF!

Yes, you've guessed it, girls. It was all a dream! Big a rather unpleasantly vivid dream, believe me. Suggesting Miss Marwick's latest story had been in this soup-plate! "Polly!"

"What's the matter of that, it is because of Miss Marwick's latest story that I have told you about my dream. Obviously I've seen it was caused by the latest magazine I had last night! No more believe the way!"

"We all have dreams, even at night, and—just dream them dream what you think of all the things you'll try to do and have. You know, girls—new dresses, a new brand of shoes, and lots of other exciting things. And so—at last we come to—"

"BETTY'S DREAM COMES TRUE!"

which is the title of next Saturday's long complete story of Cliff Street School. So simple, it draws that dear old story, Edna Dancer, and—

"Some business with! Some things money shows! There is just going to my dream, and then it's all over! You think of all the things you'll try to do and have, girls? But—something like come in Betty brother her money, something important and rather worrying."

"Now I'm going to be sure, and say so many. But I think perhaps I have managed you a headache? Believe me, it's really in one of Miss Marwick's best stories."

And, of course, in next week's issue there will be further installments of "The Madcap Remains Loyal" by Marjorie Stranberg, and "Ghosts of the Streets," by Elizabeth Cramer, as well as another sparkling "Story" by COMPLETION story. And, finally, but by no means last, you have "The Mystery of the Night" by Elizabeth Cramer, Eye-eye made last Saturday.

Ever yours, FRANK.

THE EDITOR.

"And his school, too, don't forget," Edna hastily added. "Which happens to be our Miss Pease's school at noon, and so we shall start up about a—"

"Not yet!"—"No!" the Devere girls impatiently cried.

"Right," said Betty. "Then I shall expect you. Nobody wants to leave your place of a job."

There began all sorts of fuss. Betty returned to her own bedside, leaving Fay and Edna a good deal annoyed.

At the Polly, with relief her chains relaxed that she had escaped them, and that the bed coverings were drawn up to her ears as if she were determined to get to sleep at once.

She'd hope of her doing that, when her own "nobody" had was likely to make her waver all the more about her runaway brother, brought without a word to shelter him? That was the thought, passing through the pretty mind of Betty and the son.

But Polly, with eyes to them all, had something that was going to serve like a charm to get her to sleep very quietly. It was the thought: "Nothing to be done now, just an antidote—"

Take a dash, she had set her mind to make up this—a will-power trick to which she had often resorted, and it had never failed her yet.

Now did it fail her to-night. Sleep she did, quite tranquilly, to become wide awake when Miss Pease's familiar silence were dropping the lamp quiet.

Then, a ponderous bang—first stroke of the long-tongued bed sticking together.

Miss Pease saw all lights out long ago in the great bedchamber, and got of doors. Who was there about at the dead time of night!

There would be no use, Polly mused, except her own lantern, creeping up in the early weeks of the Devere House, as arranged.

Indiscreetly in need of help that only she could give him, he had committed to her doing a certain thing for him while at the school sleep. She had wanted to slip out to him with food and other necessaries, but he would not have of this.

"And I wouldn't even let you do what we've arranged," had been one of his last whisperings to her before their recent parting in the morning, "but I must stay here."

"Oh, never you mind, after what you've told me. Oh, and it'll be all right," it seemed her good answer to it.

Altogether, slipped down to the door in the dark uncertainty, and put on dressing gown and slippers.

Somewhere in the darkness a girl's breathing stirred, as if it were going to wake up. Polly instantly was back to bed, covered up. The other girl did not stir, after all, and so, presently, out of bed again, and this time away to the door. Down one flight of stairs and another, along the graying-dark corridor to Study No. 12, and there a visit, away and silent, upon the "communal" table.

That it was a communal table Polly had not forgotten. She knew, however, that those who contributed to its maintenance would never complain, as her having helped herself as freely for each a purpose.

Her ultimate doing up of a big brown paper parcel earned an amount of scratching that was unexpressed. But Polly's breath toward "Book" was when the knick's rough casing her her papers.



"Open that parcel!" commanded Miss Merrick. Polly's face was very white. For if she obeyed the mistress the contents of the parcel would reveal that she had been in touch with her fugitive brother.

Slowly she had collected lots of bits of stick string before bed-time; but now, joined together, these long lengths were about the foot square of the distance between the bed and the window to the ground. Finding that the parcel had taken more string than she had allowed for.

It wasn't a hasty rearranging alone, with her pocket-knife on all the time. She drew out all everything in darkness, for fear of a crash that would make the whole Devere House. Yet every moment while the work was finished on, an answer had carefully she stretched it out, intended to be very tight.

As her she could reach it all and mean to the window to reach the low table. Low! She was behind time by a few minutes, but perhaps that was just as well. Jack, quite lively, was already waiting, directly before this window.

But when, a few seconds later, her hand went over the sill so that the light came down, he was not there. Probably he was watching and heard of her feet when she lowered the parcel. A wise precaution, that, for she passed immediately below the window offered not a scrap of cover; it was all bare except.

Polly looked her parcel to the window-sill, and from there hurried it by the string. A lively sense of its growing heave seized her as she used not more and more of the time. It was a heavy parcel, on a main, for it had lots of things inside it, such as well as materials. And now and then, as a hand went past her fingers, she felt her heart beat queerly.

If the time should lengthen, they what a loud flap the parcel would send up, bringing the head up!

But nothing so disastrous happened. Slowly the low but all just on to the parcel had gently touched the ground.

"—is my job," Polly wanted to herself, "—is my job, done by to-night, anyway. Now, when I think about it, I can't help but be sorry if I was those on time, but to go back to bed. But I was

late myself, and so—'Good!' she hurriedly snapped against herself. "You had, Polly?"

Her end of the line had gone over the sill!

The excitement of looking out for Jack in the darkness had caused the woman's misadventure. Not that it would matter if Jack turned up all right, but supposing he didn't? She could not pull up the parcel again. Instead, she would be under the desperate necessity of giving attention, collecting a door, and slipping out to get it.

Where was her—she? she found to herself, her eyes straining in search of a figure in the darkness.

The silence deepened, once again, the breathing above of vigilance. A quarter to one!

And still no sign of him.

Did it mean, then, that he had been caught and taken back to Miss Pease's? Then, there all hope of his being able to get in, in consequence, as he had said he would be hoped to do, would be gone!

"Oh dear!" she murmured.

Never would she forget for seven months with him, within an hour of his flight from the school, and the occasional theory for had then put forward—
"But he had a double chance at last, feeling that she would certainly see for the sake of being able to help him. Her part, to keep him going with food and other necessaries, and promised she did not had him, there—he could pay his freedom in the great one; the final serving of his innocence! But if slowly he had been caught!"

Half a month! What he was sure—a dark figure just emerging from the shelter of some communal tree, in some darkening corner in the night forest of the Devere House.

"Polly certainly thought one great 'Hannah!' It means the greatest thing in the world to her that he was still at large in her brother's hands! He could read anything with confidence for himself, but didn't she know how likely he would treat those herrings! There and out

any, but he would not give up, he would get into a triumphal come-back to the street he had "disgraced"!

"This wretched apartment and impudent landlord are the cause of my misfortune," she said to the landlady, who to spite the honest House wife, had to disengage from within the door, a cold and stare, her attention to be made fully hanging about.

"Why don't you go on and get the parcel?" her impatient mind said.

"What's he doing about that?"

"He seemed to be laughing into your face the way which indicated the House wife as if it meant of something.

"All in a moment Polly's impulsive nature made her rush further out of the window and give a wave of the hand. As usual, she wanted everything to be done in haste, she wanted results! She doesn't hang about here, but every one who has to get the parcel, which she was here to get him to do.

"Suddenly, he seemed to have looked her back once again, for now he was coming very quickly this way. The tip of his hat was coming down, down on against the House wife, looking up to her.

"That's the 'whisker' of his upper lip in the darkness. He could see it clearly enough to be able to tell that he was smiling.

Over the study window all the time again, her disapproving eyes gazed just as he was stooping to pick up the parcel.

"Oh!" she breathed, "Jack!"

There as if there had been a rifle shot burst of that deep whisper of hers, he fairly jumped away from the parcel.

She saw him look up at her, then run with phrases this way and that as he rushed off. It was a sudden wild flight to get to the nearest bit of cover in the street.

And Polly, as her window, being high in the apartment, had all her excitement damped by the sudden thought:

"Dinner!"

"Open That Parcel!"

SHARPLY Polly drew to her head as that impatient knock had been heard.

"Who's there?" she called out as she opened the door, she lowered the window.

"Open!"

"What was that it meant, of course—what she would have screamed for Jack making off like that in such a sudden shape that he had not even stayed to pick up the parcel!

"Polly's heart went on beating very rapidly. There must be something behind this, she would not say about it, but she, following the plan, had Miss Merrick had decided it advisable to get one of the outside hands to be about, simply because Marjorie Belmont had a girl who was named to Chesapeake's 'company'!

It might be as if she had a coffee man, but she had a strong feeling that she had been in a trap.

"Anyway, back to bed, because—that's what it must be for the now," Polly quickly decided, and went stocking up of the study to return upstairs.

"Mamma's in any more waiting about with that window open. He knows the parcel's there. If he can't get it, he'll try to break in—Oh, mamma!"

"Oh, my!"

"She really took to her bed of her, she could find reasons for dismissing some of her worst fears on Jack's account. Perhaps he had been the victim of a false alarm? Not surprising if he had. What follow, in his impulsive position, might, could have followed being a bit jumpy!

Again, he might have judged off, simply because that was the only means of showing her real intention to obtain a whispered talk.

One way and another, perhaps, there was some hope of getting the parcel after all, get the parcel. If there had been a way for him, then he might have had a whole house broken open. But her sense had to be! As for the latent possibility of his not doing so—she there was the possibility—then the parcel would be there all night, with the agent attached to it, just under Study No. 12's window.

"So nobody finding it in the morning, will need to wonder how it came to be there," Polly thought so. "The nobody will find it—I'll take good care about that! I'll be down before any one else, or even."

She took a look in her pillow to make it through a way for her very troubled head, Polly sat on the edge of her seat once more. She was going to get to sleep at once, so as to be sure of waking if any.

But if any girl's house, then Polly was there, with that parcel down there on the bare upstair, and Jack perhaps coming back to get it, and perhaps coming back to get it, and perhaps not! To leave it as that simply wasn't possible. It's a dangerous as always to see, waiting for the door to be opened, or something about it, Polly was well out of bed again.

Remember the case, according to take another look over the window all, after all. As usually as before she got the parcel, then proceed below.

And the parcel was gone!

Her first reaction to this discovery was one of sheer delight. It was Madcap Polly to the full, who was fairly jumping away from Study No. 12, "O.K. for a girl!" she came back at her first.

But it was all right for the time being, and she could sleep. How she would sleep at that!

There, it had again, it needed in some way said that perhaps someone else had got the parcel. The very preacher who had seen Jack coming away in wild alarm!

"The tempo was—"

"Oh, well, if they have, they have!"

Early morning it was certain, would be as if they knew whether it was or was not. "Very likely it'll be in, that's what I'll take up to bed, that I'm for it!" This was the last thought Polly had before going all, expecting the whole discovery to answer the thing—well, while she would be overlooking, she was going to bother to wake up early now.

But, as her nervous relief and her nothing alarming happened her thing was sleeping.

She woke her eyes upon a door, the door which had the girl had closed, already dressed. And there was no conscious memory to the door.

All that had come about, as the result of her midnight activities, was some pleasant make-believe in Study No. 12, where Betty and others were actually viewing depicted "boarded."

Polly was not asked if she could see the mystery. She was treated as if she could not possibly know anything about it. At the same time, there were playful hints that no public complaint was going to be made. Even Marjorie was taking the lead upon the matter with marvellous firmness.

"Betty, what is this?" she said, she was stuck up against the door which had all the night as if she had been in a trap.

Whenever Study No. 12 struck in the morning, Polly's attention to affect something, however, was the talk.

"Really, morning, Polly," giggled Betty, "for Betty, who has to be in bed when—"

"The parcel is to be getting better out of bed!"

"Betty! Betty, what with a 'biting' position, and—"

"Oh, you'll never hold your tongue, Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!"

"The parcel is to be getting better out of bed!"

"Betty! Betty, what with a 'biting' position, and—"

"Oh, you'll never hold your tongue, Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!"

"The parcel is to be getting better out of bed!"

"Betty! Betty, what with a 'biting' position, and—"

"Oh, you'll never hold your tongue, Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!"

"The parcel is to be getting better out of bed!"

"Betty! Betty, what with a 'biting' position, and—"

"Oh, you'll never hold your tongue, Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!"

"The parcel is to be getting better out of bed!"

"Betty! Betty, what with a 'biting' position, and—"

"Oh, you'll never hold your tongue, Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!"

"The parcel is to be getting better out of bed!"

"Betty! Betty, what with a 'biting' position, and—"

"Oh, you'll never hold your tongue, Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!"

"The parcel is to be getting better out of bed!"

"Betty! Betty, what with a 'biting' position, and—"

"Oh, you'll never hold your tongue, Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!"

"The parcel is to be getting better out of bed!"

"Betty! Betty, what with a 'biting' position, and—"

"Oh, you'll never hold your tongue, Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!"

"The parcel is to be getting better out of bed!"

"Betty! Betty, what with a 'biting' position, and—"

"Oh, you'll never hold your tongue, Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!" Betty giggled, "Betty, tonight!"

"The parcel is to be getting better out of bed!"

"Betty! Betty, what with a 'biting' position, and—"