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Lone Complete CUB House story!

Diagrams 74
"BESSIE'S DREAM COMES TRUE!" *inside*

THE SCHOOLGIRL

WE'LL TAKE YOU IN
OUR OWN BUS!
JANUARY 1934.

EVERY SATURDAY

*Specializing in
"SCHOOLGIRL'S OWN"*



NOT REAL TEARS—

but tears to laugh upon Monday
with Bessie.

See this week's astounding **LONG
COMPLETE CUB** House story,
"Bessie's Dream Comes True,"
inside.

Grand LONG COMPLETE Story of CLIFF HOUSE SCHOOL.



BESSIE'S Dream Comes True!

Bessie Amazes the School!



"PHEEN" gasped
Barbara, Barbara,
Give" gasped
Chloe, Chloe,
"Oh dear!" cried Mar-
jean, Marjean, while
Mabel Lynn, the fourth member of
the Cliff House party, regarded the
whole situation in a dazedly
staring way.

"It's her!"
"And her it was—guiltily, cowardly,
for a day so early in June. Her of a
beauty, she the sun seemed shining
radiance. The very words shone
in the bird's nest. Even the birds
seemed too glad to sing. Not a
leaf on the trees stirred.

Certainly it was not a day for more
gay merriment, and the four weary
Cliff House girls, toiling up the hill
towards the school were too very sad.

It was a fairly stiff ride at the best
of times to Whitehouse School, where
the four had journeyed to arrange the
details of the forthcoming tennis
tournament, but on a day so tropical
as this, it was just heaven.

Now, then, could the most interest-
ing of happenings, indeed, be expected. At
the top of the hill was reached, she
dismounted.

"Wait, I'm going to buy for the
minutes," she cried. "I've got to go on
this. Oh, wonder! Mabel, look! It is
a miracle! I see, at it that a 'Stop one
and buy one' banner tending up
the hill!"

"It is!" cried Barbara, joyfully.
"Oh, more in Egypt! Who says a
cheerful?"

"Well, a lot will do for anything
not sold, and nothing," Chloe said.
"Come on!" And eagerly she jumped

to her feet. "But wait a minute!

Who's got the money? Mabel—"

Mabel's face fell.

"Only a halfpenny."

"Oh, my dear! Mabel, what about
you?"

"I haven't a brass," Mabel said.

"Marjean?"

Marjean smiled wistfully.

"I've none right out."

"And I?" said Chloe lightly. "I've
none in the world. All right, it does
mean—"

And doubtlessly she resumed her
seat on the bank, while the perspicu-
ous man pushing the ice-cream trolley
went past.

Chloe peered after him with longing
eyes.

By
HILDA RICHARDS

Illustrated by T. LADNER

What a hope, indeed! Oh what a
luck of mine. The fate of the postal
order of Bessie Hunter, that had come
of the Forest, was known. Her name
and means had shown had been experi-
ence that postal order. For years she
had hovered on the strength of it,
and her tears had eagerly awaited
every post to witness its arrival.

But, alas! The postal order of
Bessie Hunter came out. Now was it
ever likely to come.

How wonderful, how exciting for Bessie when wealth came
to her out of the blue. She was rich! Able to buy what
she wished, able to have a simply gorgeous time. How
ditched the dear old duffer to share her good fortune with
her chums, but— With her wealth, unknown to Bessie,
came something else, something strange and alarming—

"Oh, my hat! Talk about Vander-
bilt the apple, or whatever it was!
No more—no more! And—" she
gave a sudden gasp as another pers-
picuous man, in a top, "but even a
spring between us. What about tea
there we get back?"

"Have to have tea in Big Hall,"
Mabel observed.

"How?" Chloe grimaced.

"Perhaps," chuckled Mabel, breaking
the rather lugubrious silence that
ensued, "Bessie Hunter's postal order
has turned up."

"And perhaps," Chloe added un-
happily, "somebody's left a wallet
of gold in the coal passage of Study
No. 7. What a hope!"

"Well, better get on," Chloe smiled
at last. "Provided we don't get
there or not away, we should reach
Cliff House in about a week's time.
Oh, please! Oh, my hat, I've provided!"
Flashed they all went.

In half an hour they had reached
the gates of Cliff House School.
Wearily they trudged in through the
beaten path, finding a fairly hopeful
look towards the building as they did
so. Then Bessie stopped.

"I say, what's up?"

Hardly used for the Fourth Form stu-
dent's question. For in the same
moment the whole line of them had
become attracted towards the stream
some going on at the trolley.

This is where you meet

BESSIE BLUNTER
BARBARA REDFERN
CLARA TREYLYN
MABEL LYNN

and a host of other fascinating characters.

careless and careless. Why, then, this sudden generosity?

"Well, how do you say?" Bessie crossed, blinking rapidly. "I say, you girls, make way for me, you know? Now, what will you have—milk—orange—tea?"

"Baker?"

"Order what you like, you know?" Bessie said generously. "All you girls, don't stop eating or drinking! I hope my fingers know," Bessie went on lightly, "how to spend money when you've got it! Some of you can have been pretty mean to me in the past, but—well, I don't know. I've got money now, it all came a grand unexpected way! I say, what's Orlan's?" she asked.

"Oryx?" Bessie repeated. "Oryx what?"

"Why Oryx Lashington of the Fifth, of course. She was the one that brought me Aunt Annie's letter. I say, Clara, have another interview with me!"

"What's it?" The younger girls



Bessie, apparently not noticing the chair, tripped right over it. Came a roar of laughter. "You suffer!" chuckled Clara. But Bessie, looking on, did not share her chosen' mirth. All at once she went cold with a dreadful suspicion.

From its latest article of annual review, of movements. Girls were laughing, talking. The shop was so full that its clients had overflowed into the grounds outside, and stood there in little groups, sipping lemonade, eating ice and orange pulp.

"Babe" eyes lighted up.

"I say, somebody's reading a book!" she said. "Come on! We're in that! Come you and get this away!"

"Well, of all the nerves—"

"Wait a minute!" cried Babe. "I say, look—"

Bessie, their own one, and only for Bessie Blunter it was. Trust Bessie to be in it of any celebration of success. But there was Bessie now, having found her way to the front of the crowd, standing in the backdoor doorway, waving in the most excited manner possible, blinking about her through her spectacles. Amazingly, too, the girls near her had given way.

"I'm coming, Babe! Is that you, Babe?"

"Of course it's me, darling!"

"Well, come on, then," Bessie cried.

"Free food for you! Eat, drink and—ah! be happy, you know! My, how!"

"Your what?"

"An extraordinary treat, you know?"

"What?"

"Food! I—E—yes, come into my room," Bessie said. "Milk and orange and money! Tons of money! Granda of money! I'm rich!" Bessie covered excitedly. "Oh, wonder! But I say, you children, I'd better hurry, and come and join the band!"

The doors blithely, Clara passed a hand across her forehead, suggesting really that she was the victim of the feat.

But there it was, and it was obvious this time that there was something in it. Anyway, here was Bessie hurrying towards them, and in no polite least she held a cloud of powder over.

"Found money! Clara took one look at Bessie, and gasped.

"Oh, my, my, my! What age of miracle was that? Bessie, did you never poison?"

"They are! And there's more and more where they come from!" Bessie cried.

"You don't seem to say Mr. Double the Duke's the Hunter has turned up trumps at last!"

Bessie, through her large round spectacles, blinked uncertainly.

"If you," she said, with dignity, "am referring to my titled relative, Clara, that's not his name. In any case," she added positively, "my uncle didn't send me three times. They came from my Aunt Annie. But, look here! Do you want a book?"

"No!"

"Well, come on then!"

The first sentence in each story, will be followed and named. Bessie, the only Bessie, the long-standing—this comedy was a new one!

Bessie was very pensive.

She knew Bessie's Aunt Annie's name. Bessie could possibly be imagined. Yet, this, rather vinegary Aunt Annie, who, years before, had been a man of thirty thousand pounds in some lottery, and had gone off to New Zealand to make more money with

Aunt Annie had always been rather fond of Bessie, and when Bessie received a postcard for any sum over a shilling, it had usually come from Aunt Annie.

Yet Aunt Annie, for all her sudden elevation in riches, had always been

exactly opposed. "Do you mind if I have a glass?" But, I say—"

"How, you're not eating anything?"

"Well, Bessie, I've just finished two orange pulp."

"Lovers, what about you?"

"I haven't got any," Lavin Carroll smiled. "It'd have any more, I shall do it with a long—like a work!"

"Yes, in, in, in!"

Bessie laughed. It would have been impossible for dear old Bessie to do anything but beam in that manner. However, the scene in the kitchen, Bessie's eating and drinking at Bessie Blunter's expense, involving good-natured Bessie, so limited of playing such a role that she was actually forgetting to follow her guest's example.

"How do you, Babe?" You have one of those visits, she said, offering the same to Barbara Redfern. "They're Bessie's!"

"Thanks!" said Babe. "But I've not Babe, you know. What's the matter? All the excitement going to your head? But I say, Bessie, you'd just everything's all right? I mean, Aunt Annie has really told you that money—hasn't it?"

"Of course she said it for herself!"

"Oh, my, my, my," said Babe, and looked at the girl. "It's all right, rather and other than herself. She by any means a girl whom Babe & Co. had had much to do with in the past, but one for whom Bessie had always entertained some sort of a vague liking, for the simple reason that Oryx was her cousin's cousin. A rather handsome girl she was, wearing spectacles like Bessie, and with a mass of brown-looking blonde hair.

Oryx handed a letter to the next Babe's cousin.

"Yes, rather!" Bessie said. "Hello, Lavin! Come in! What will you have?"

"My work, you know? Oh, Ma, what's this?"

"That's your letter, Maggie, opened! Thank Bridget, if you'd!" Ma's cheeks flushed. "What's the matter with you? Losing your spirit, or something?"

"Well, what does it matter?" Beanie beamed. "Oh, I'm sorry, you girls, I was copying myself. Oh, here you are, Ma! Show me the letter, you know. You can read it for yourself, if you like."

And, unfolding the letter into Beanie's hand, she looked happily at the Yankee twice entered the kitchen.

Beanie took it, not for a moment looking at the letter, but staring at Beanie as that new, funny little book she seemed to have contracted of scripping up her own.

"Oh, my Beanie!" Then she opened the letter. There was no doubt about it being from Aunt Annie. Beanie would have recognized that thin, long-looped writing anywhere.

The address given upon it, however, was not New Zealand, but the name of a very famous ocean liner, and suggested at once that the letter had been written and posted at sea, having been brought up by air. In it Aunt Annie had simply written:

"I expect a few days after you get this I shall be in England, when I shall come to see you, Beanie dear. Meanwhile, I am enclosing ten pounds in cash, and I have put in your check a further sum of the same kind, so that you shall have the both the enclosed ten pounds and the money at the bank in your hands to do with as you like."

The outline of the branch had all its instructions, and you have already seen in a withdrawal form to draw what ever sum you wish up to the sum which I have placed in your credit."

Your loving
AUNT ANNE

"P.P.S.—My destination is still very bad."

"P.P.S.—I am coming to England too good."

Beanie looked. No, it was true, certainly! Aunt Annie had written so wrong. Beanie for the moment was rich! Beanie had so much money as the wealthiest girl in the Fourth. And Beanie, obviously, was going to spend it just as fast as she could. All the time.

Beanie felt a surge of excitement. Knowing careful and almost childlike Aunt Annie, she could not help but feel that there was a catch in it somewhere.

She became aware of Olive Lavigne, her's eyes—rather peculiar eyes, made of an amber colour, but that with dashes of grey—again hid. There was almost a glow upon Olive's cheeks.

"What's happened to the girl?"

"I shall say nothing of yours!" Beanie said.

Olive dropped.

"Well, you, Beanie's my friend."

"My fat, nice when?" Olive asked.

But in that Olive did not reply. With a rather angry glare at the Misses' she turned away.

There came some knocking through the door again.

"I say, Beanie, what about tea? I've ordered some tea, and I've got it in the study! But I say, you don't mind if Olive's come, do you?"

Beanie asked.

"But who Olive?"

"Well," said Beanie, "Oh, Olive is Beanie, she's the rather kind, you know. She hasn't got any real friends,

and—well she has said she'll stand there at a real breakfast beyond price, too. It's got a green Maud—something frightfully nice. At least, Olive says it's frightfully nice. And what do you think—I only gave her two pounds for it?"

"What?"

"The table had looked at that. She knew Olive Lavigne's collection of things. Olive had exhibited it at the tea, without looking and without exhibition, and the value placed upon it by Miss Charment and Miss Bland, writing as the exhibition mistress, had been fifteen shillings."

Beanie said nothing then, not wishing to spoil Beanie's delighted happiness, but her suspicious suspicion which had been growing within her became suddenly confirmed.

Olive Lavigne had not suddenly taken Beanie up the morning. Olive Lavigne, being the very best in both of Beanie's great good fortune, had been exhibited by Beanie to her usual whereabouts.

Beanie said Olive was something—not only something, but something too. Two pounds for a show-stopping stamp collection!

Beanie decided to have something to say to Olive when she got an opportunity of having a private word with her.

"You shouldn't mind if I have been to see you, you know."

"Of course! I'm glad, if you like."

Beanie said: "Thank you! Yes, everybody, don't you. I'm stopping, you know. Sorry, what about the bill?"

"Thank nothing, Miss Beanie, please."

"Thank you," Beanie said.

Beanie said, "I'll give you a look here, then the bill, printed up, and there, with a lovely English, looked in over the counter. There you are, Anny. Take it out of that. Keep the change in case any of those girls feel peevish when I've gone."

"Yes, Miss Beanie, but—"

"Oh! What's the matter?"

"This is only a ten-shilling note," Anny Jones said.

"Oh, and—oh!" And again Beanie stared up at her face. In that funny way, she was which caused something to rise in Beanie's brain, which made her for a moment feel more than usually that year at short-sighted old Beanie.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, you know," Beanie said. "Well, here you are. Give me that back." And the exchange having been effected, she smiled brightly.

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For Beanie, standing calmly still, had clearly passed a hard review for eyes. For a moment she regarded as though aware of herself. Then she withdrew.

"Now nothing. Just a half-penny wrong, you know. Something seemed to go wrong with my eyes for a minute. But it's all right now. In digestion, you know." Beanie said lamely. "You know what a nasty I am in indignation."

But Beanie did not know that. That was a new Beanie whom! Feeling completely disturbed, she followed her fat cheeks as she led the way out of the kitchen.

Fake Friendship!



"Y'know, Beanie," Beanie beamed. "I think I like you. You are different, it's my department! Ha, ha, ha!"

Length, girls!

"And when?" Beanie asked.

"And when?" Beanie asked. "I'm a daughter and a daughter! Beanie, did you think, that's not a daughter you've just picked up. That's a crown too!"

"Oh, ha, ha!"

Beanie's nose went down closer to examine the diary she had put on her lap.

"Oh, well, and so it is?" she smiled. "What usually matters with a Beanie can make at times! I mean, Olive, have a certain small work?"

And Beanie happily passed the plate.

"You in Study No. 4 in the Fourth Form, service at Cliff House was it last spring."

A happy nod—a brown nod, it was indeed with Beanie's fat nose leaning like a ball from the head of the table—Beanie responded by all the things she liked best. Pork pie, jam tart, half a ham, cake, jelly, pineapple, and what not. No doubt, as Olive appreciatively said, that Beanie knew how to supply a host.

No doubt that Beanie, after their breakfastings of her in Hill, was the last girl to be a large collection in the house. In fact, Olive and Beanie, she had turned out to be just large collections—one for each of them. Four rolled into one, in fact.

Beanie looked, appreciating the compliment, but utterly failing to see the little joke underlying it. Beanie loved Beanie, and laughed it up to it as she went.

"No," said Olive, "I've never seen any one else like you, you said. And that's very nice of you, I'm sure. But, of course, she said afterwards, 'It is nothing to what you're going to have now I'm told. I've been thinking, you know, girls.'"

"No," said Beanie, "I'm not here."

"Don't be silly, you girls. I've been thinking of the most delicious things."

"Oh, no!"

"Well, suppose I bought a motor car?"

"My hat?"

"And then suppose we did a motor car tour for our summer vacation." Beanie went on eagerly, "and suppose we gave a dance here—your party children—Beanie's party—after the fashion. And I might go into it. Beanie said something. 'I might take up riding, too, you know—on horseback. I think I'd see riding a few days on horseback.'"

"You would?" Olive asked, "and another for days riding in the road?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I might," Beanie said gravely. "I'm a realist. So—so that I could go riding, you know?"

"And then you might be it?" Beanie asked indignantly.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Well, the night."

"Oh, ha, ha!"

"Well, I'm blessed if I can see anything as bright as Beanie said."

"That's just like it. I shouldn't doubt as the night, girls. I—"

"But they don't understand me like you do, Beaumont. I mean you after tea and you down to the bank with you? You know, Becky, you've been so good to me that—then I'd like to do something for you, and I've got a little present to send that I'm just dying to buy—whatever you've been to the bank, she looked kindly. —It—It would make me happier and—come between you and—Becky smiled. —Do you mind?"

"Well, if you had like that about it—"

"Oh, Becky, I do!" —"Well, that's all right," Becky said with a sigh of relief. —"See you after tea, then."

"Yes, and doing?"

"Yes, Becky blushing, smiled, glad perhaps that the thing had been settled so amicably, and congratulating herself some more upon her undying devotion to Becky, with a smile, went off, and Becky returned to Study No. 2.

"Well," said Bala, "Did you see her?"

"Oh, yes, I saw her, you know?" Becky said. —"You don't frightfully cut me out—well, only now, if you ask me, you know, Bala, you've made a mistake about her. She's really a lovely girl, and I'm heartily sorry for her."

"Well," said Bala, "And you see her?"

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"Well, if you've got all that cash, Miss Bechtelheim?" Clara said, at the end of the meal. —"I guess you can help some starting point. There no one, but the wife, without a penny, and no one expecting a remittance from one of my titled relations, you know, I could do with two lots, for a story."

"Yes, really, I have been," Bala said. —"And here," Bala pointed. —"Marjorie said about you?"

"Marjorie smiled. Marjorie was not one of the wealthy girls of the Firm."

"Oh, if Bala wouldn't mind lending me a dollar—"

"Becky smiled, started, and then turned pale.

"Oh, yes, you never— Oh, my! —I-I haven't got any change!" she whispered.

"Oh, don't worry about that!" Clara grinned. —"Give me one of the quick-look, and I'll get change."

"Becky's face became red.

"Oh, don't! Oh, my!"

"Well, hand over!"

"But—but I haven't hand over," Becky said. —"Think that it is, say, ten-cent coin? I've had been to the bank, you know. Oh, really, Bala, don't look at me like that!"

"That you had five quid then just now."

"Yes, I have. But—"

"Then where are they?"

"Nowhere, you know. Oh, dear! Well, you see," Becky stammered. —"I—I've lost them."

"How four things started at her.

"Lose them! The whole five!"

"Who to?"

"Becky gasped.

"Becky said, thinking that's a private matter, she said: —"Lending money is a private business, you know, and I'm sorry now, Miss Bechtelheim, would have to tell you that she'd borrowed it."

"Is that?" Becky said, vigorously, however, as usual, that she had had the rest out of the bag. —"I couldn't dream of discussing it with you. And I've not lending money, either five pounds when I've been to the bank, so you wouldn't look at me like that, all of it."

"In fact," Becky added, "I don't believe in lending money at all, and my few pounds—well, I—I've put that into a sort of savings bank," she added loudly.

"The Miss Bechtelheim savings bank?" Bala asked.

"Oh, really, Bala? Who mentioned Miss Bechtelheim?"

"All right," Bala said, and there it was, done round the table. —"Oh, dear, Bala, let the matter drop," she said. —"Well, well, Bala, she has one of your own ladies, there's a dear!"

"Oh, dear, Bala!" Bala said.

"And she sat down, while the others looked quickly and questioningly at Bala. Bala nodded significantly and which had done all that, though she had received no contribution from Miss Bechtelheim, the matter was by no means finished yet."

"And it wasn't. For as soon as that meal was over, Bala rose. Her step took her in the direction of Study No. 2, in the Lower Fifth corridor, which Miss Bechtelheim shared with Miss Roberts and Thomas Green."

"Was it Bala then it was surely not Bala going to be rewarded and she thanked. She was going to have the matter out with Miss Bechtelheim and for all.

entered, and, as usual, Olive was cheerfully peering over the last rejected manuscript which had come from the publishers.

"She looked up at her study-mate's entry."

"Hello!" she said cheerfully. —"Just waiting for you. There's a letter from—"

"The friends of Mr. in her hand."

"You know, I've finished if modern publishers know a good story when they see one?"

"Yes," greeted Olive, and added pointedly: —"Are you going out?"

"No, I wasn't. But why?"

"Well, I thought you might like to—I've a lot of rather important letters I want to do."

"Oh," said Olive, and glanced at her watch.

"A sweet and striking girl, Olive, for all her incredible belief that she was a second J. K. Rowling, or another Margaret Maughan."

"Oh, then it that one I'll quit," she said. —"I rather want to look over that MS. again. Might that another publisher for it, you know? If anyone wants me, will they let it and me to the Editor's 'Hive's' pen letter."

"And Olive, with a bright smile, collected her books and rustlingly departed. The door closed upon her."

But not immediately did Olive Larvington examine the letter in her hand. She had other, more important matters to attend to. Quickly she crossed to her bureau. Pushing a key from her pocket, she unlocked it, dropping down the key. Bala, incidentally, had hand inserted among the partitions for the papers, she sought. She drew them out, and opened the sheet, reading it again.

"Your letter to me was in twelve pounds, most of which has been outstanding since February. I cannot afford to wait any longer, and must warn you, unless I receive a remittance by Friday I shall make it my business to write to your father!"

"Misses Jones."

Olive glanced then reflexively at the clock. When Olive had replied that letter this morning she had been the most terrified girl in Cliff House. It was the old story as far as the was concerned—hardly extravagant, she reading up of bills in the hope that sometime, some day, she would be able to pay.

"Well, disaster was averted. The fact Olive had always secretly despised had, most amazingly, come to the rescue. Good old Miss Porter? Billy old Miss Beattie, who, allowing herself to be whisked out of two pounds for that same illness, had dipped her generously by offering to lend her the money! Many thanks, Miss Beattie."

She sat down at her desk. Probably she scribbled a note to Madame Jones, including the seven pounds she had already obtained from the father of the girl.

"Well, thank goodness for Bala. Goodness knows what her story, daughter of a father would have done if she had found out!"

Then, having finished her note, she contemplated the letter which Olive Roberts had brought in. She picked it up, and started.

"For it was in her father's hand writing, and from the Bechtelheim post mark. What was her father doing so near the school at Bechtelheim?"

With quick apprehension she stooped over the envelope. She withdrew the paper

CLIVE BEAUMONT, the red-haired, would-be author of the "FIVE" was in the study when Olive Larvington

sighted—I read that somewhere in a book, you know. Of course," Bessie added thoughtfully, "I might change these old spectacles for a pair of gold-rimmed ones. That would be awfully stylish, don't you think, Mabel? But here you are," she added suddenly, "as Cliff Howe! I say, let me get first or last that they can all see me. They are done." Bessie then looked at Mabel. What a child! Bessie went! Out the gate, however, full of impudence, looked round carefully to see that everybody was watching, as indeed they were. With the air of a queen distributing her largesse, Bessie laughingly handed over the five, holding her shillings as if by magic.

"That's five?" cried indignantly. "That is, miss!" "Oh, don't worry," Bessie said cheerfully. "Thank you. You may go now, you know," and she walked lightly, while the girl drove, rapidly engaging gear to see she changed her mind about the tip, and sped back towards the gates. By that time, of course, a grinning crowd had gathered.

"Where has come Miss Bessie looking so merry?" asked Bessie. "I say, Bessie, what are you bringing us back from?"

"Oh, Oh, I haven't brought you anything back," Bessie beamed, "but you can come to my picnic tomorrow, if you like. There's a duck, you know—in the note by the cover on the bench. It's ordering a motor-cab to take us and the duck there."

"Yes, my hat! Bessie, you're a come, are!" "Yes, of course. All of you," Bessie laughingly beamed. "The more the merrier—what! You can come, too, if you like. Thank, although you've been such a cat to me in the past," she added, looking at the boys which at that moment stood around. "I mean, you know—Hurry, Mabel, what are you waiting my word for?" "Bessie, you cheap! That's not Bessie!"

"Most certainly," the voice of the boy declared, "I am not Bessie. Bessie, I presume you were talking to Sarah Halloway?"

"Oh, certainly! Oh, dear-dear! Miss Halloway! Is it really you?" "Of course it is my, you foolish child!" Miss Prichard looked shocked. "And I say my very pleased, Bessie, to hear you referring to a private in that manner. You will write my love, I want not to be disappointed, and bring the love to my study before preparation. Now do!"

"Miss—?" "Not another word, Bessie, please!" Bessie pulled a face. "Fifty lines before prep!"

Bessie smiled sheepishly and appeared to see.

"Never mind, old Ben, my word's taken," she murmured contentedly. "Come on, get into my room!" "Bessie ordered Mabel, there was no help for it. With Bessie holding one penny and Mabel the other, she marched off into the school and into Study No. 4. There Bessie produced ink and paper, Mabel made a nice roll mat for her to sit on, and, leaving the fat man looking at the door, Bessie looked to Mabel to come outside. And in the middle—

"That's been a little pale one. Her eyes showed agitation. Her voice was slightly quiver as she said:

"Mabel, here you noticed anything funny about old Ben?"

Mabel started.

"—Penny?"

"—Five shillings?"

Bessie regarded her then anxiously.

"Mabel, there's something wrong—something dreadfully wrong," she murmured, with emphatic conviction. "Of course, Bessie isn't—oh, Mabel, I hope not. But my Uncle Will had spoken just like old Ben's having one, and—"

"Mabel, he was killed!"

Mabel jumped.

"Oh, my goodness, you don't mean—"

"I don't know. Oh, Mabel, you know I wouldn't try to suggest anything so terrible. It may be just the excitement of the old change coming into her money. It may be—"

"Yes, Mabel, I don't say anything to her. You know what a silly old thing she is. Do the same time, but you ought to be a good deal wiser."

Mabel sat her by.

"Oh, Bessie, I don't think—that shall we do?"

"Yes, Prichard," Bessie said decidedly. "We'll have to tell her—"

"We'll have to tell her—"

"We'll have to tell her—"

"We'll have to tell her—"

"We'll have to tell her—"

"We'll have to tell her—"

"We'll have to tell her—"

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"We'll have to tell her—"

"We'll have to tell her—"

Bessie pointed at it. "Oh, really?" "Bessie, isn't you read it?" "Yes, of course I can," Bessie said firmly. "I mean, Bessie, what is it?" she murmured in an agonized voice.

"Bessie?" Miss Prichard looked very much.

"Oh, looks! Oh, dear-dear! Bessie—"

"Oh, Bessie, make a dramatic effort. Oh, Bessie, you know I think that it's silly!"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"I mean—"

"Don't stare, Bessie!" Olive said softly, and took her by the arm. "Well, we won't say any more about it, shall we? But come along, old thing. Come to my study. I've just made the most ripping champagne breakfast. Remember how you've always said that champagne was the best thing?"

Bessie? Olive said, and with a sudden movement rushed the robed Bessie off along the apartment gallery, into Study No. 2, and mysteriously disappeared in its door. "Now," she laughed, "here we are, Bessie. Will you have the champagne first, or shall we get this hot business over? That I say," she added, "what's the matter? You don't look at all well."

"Bessie looked distressed. "What, would you look well if you had to cancel your plans? That surely Bessie says my eyes mean nothing, and—"

"And Bessie, almost in tears, blurted out the whole story."

Olive looked mildly shocked. "Oh, I say, Bessie, old thing, what a wicked shame! There's nothing really wrong with your eyes, is there?"

"No, of course not!"

"But why?"

"Oh, I don't know. She—she just said it, that's all. And here's the silly letter I've got to take to the city apothecary. You know, and as I've got to bring back a bottle of essence, I can't get out of it as yet. And I'd as well look forward to that picnic. Oh, dear, dear, what can I do!"

Olive threw a sharp look. There was a sudden gleam in her eye. Very quickly she slipped on the right side of each Bessie. While Bessie remained in possession of much wealth, Bessie was going to be a very, very useful friend indeed.

The only bit in Olive's statement which she took the freedom with which Bessie & Co. were working upon the accounts of their over-generous client.

"I think," she said, "of course, Bessie, I'm not trying to be cruel, but doesn't it strike you, old thing, that Bessie may have had something to do with it?"

Bessie blinked. "Bessie has been rather against you spending money on that party-giver, hasn't she? Olive, you're naturally a very good creature, but thinking by your own common sense, thinking by your own common sense, please yourself. You say that Bessie looked you to go to Miss Primrose. That Bessie was there while you were having your own treat—yet Bessie, good friend as she is, didn't want you introduced when you were to be let in. Isn't it strange," she murmured, "that it's all a question of common sense?"

Olive, who had just concerned this subject between them simply to get you away from your picnic, and if Bessie hadn't anything to do with it, she smiled apologetically. "Why is she with Primrose now?"

Bessie looked distressed. "Oh, dear! But old Bessie—"

Olive, who had just said "What's the matter with you? It's not a picnic to anything to me."

Bessie blinked.

"But—"

"But," Olive said softly, "there are always ways and means of getting round things. Remember—and I've found a way of getting round them now. Now a word of this to Bessie, mind. Now a word to anyone. You can have your picnic."

Bessie sat up. "How?"

Olive laughed brightly. "By simply, she insisted, 'allowing me to go and see Mr. Jones to your place. After all, he doesn't know you."



"WELL, Bessie, what did Mr. Jones say?" Bessie asked anxiously. Bessie, blinking, hesitated. At the same moment Olive slipped the vital paper into her hand, and Bessie did not realize that she was too late—that, despite her help, Bessie had done something that had already brought her to the verge of disaster!

Just as if! Now listen, Bessie. Give me that letter. Tomorrow afternoon you go to Mr. Jones' office. I'll go to the office for you, filling in, of course, that I'm Bessie Bessie. There's absolutely nothing wrong with my eyes—they were tested in Whitson, so I shall get it clean bill. As soon as I've got it, I'll come along to the picnic place and slip it into your hand on the spot. How's that?"

Bessie's face turned red. "Oh, Olive, if you could!"

"Anything for a friend, Bessie."

"Thank—thank!" Bessie gulped. "Oh, thank—thank! Yes, you know the letter, of course, and thank for being such a sport. And here," she added, handing over, "is that other letter I promised to send you. But doesn't the word about the picnic?"

"Oh, the word, old Bess!" Olive laughed, turned affectionately.

The Dreadful Truth Concealed!

"WELL, well, here we are!" Bessie looked at her watch. "I say, isn't it a ripping day! All the talk is, isn't it?"

"I guess so!"

"And everybody has?" Bessie looked at her watch. "Everybody, I guess!" Lella grinned.

"Oh, Bessie!" Barbara Hooper said anxiously.

"Well, well, better be going, don't you think?" Bessie asked. "I say, Mrs. Hooper, is that Mr. Maxwell?"

"No, it is my bank boy," says Mrs. Hooper. "But if it's anything I can do for you, Bessie—"

"Oh, Bessie—"

"Yes, you say, you know, Lella. Just—just get the bill from the party, you know. I haven't paid them yet, and I don't don't want to lose them. Well, thank us, girls."

And Bessie, with a cheerful wave of her fat arm, swept her guests hospitably towards the entrance to the hotel room, which was waiting in the grip of Cliff Hooper's hand to carry off the party.

Bessie was leaving, Bessie was enjoying herself, that and bright the weather—

Bessie looked importantly. She checked her fat chest for the sum. "Bessie, hurry to me, please!" she said. "What about the picnic?"

"Oh, about the picnic?"

"Oh, Bessie, I guess know! Have you been to see Mr. Jones?"

"Of course I've been to see Mr. Jones!" Bessie returned.

"What?"

"Well, after—the meeting leaves, you know. And his report? Have you given that to Miss Primrose?"

"Oh, really, Bessie, I wish you wouldn't ask a lot of questions. You make me quite hot and flushed, you know. Now, please do get in. Right to driver!" Bessie called.

And off with a dash the coach swung on its way, while Bessie, plumping down beside her plump friend, went to Bessie, waved at her anxiously.

"Funny, funny, strange Bessie! There had been something chilly and odd in her attitude towards her and her friends since last night, and Bessie, happily



wondered how she could have made time between morning lessons and now to have gone to Fitzgerald and back. But it was obviously no use asking the point man.

"Cheerful, merry the party as the coach rattle on its way. 'Till all glad voices at the top of the air rang out. Joyfully the boys and maidens had carried down to the beach.

Certainly Bessie seemed to enjoy forgotten walking. Certainly Bessie seemed to have succeeded in her best to make this picnic the price of the term.

All sorts of things which Bessie had never seen drove that Bessie had ordered were three—orange rolls, pork pie, a whole ham, so big that four girls sat down round on which to eat and had water, three new loaves, three new loaves. They blushed.

"Oh, my hat! Where did you get all this stuff, Bessie?"

"I bought it," Bessie said boldly. "I had—ordered some of it on the phone, you know."

"Well, it's not a waste of a cent," said Lottie Carrol, and approvingly. "And, oh, how 'em I brought! Guess I'll start my own business!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Start on what you like," Bessie offered, with suggestive generosity.

"No, thank, and be happy, you know. Cook, Mrs. Warren," she ordered. "In all this stuff gone, I shall have to get you to run this thing Fogg and get some more."

"Oh, yes!"

"Now, father would, girls?"

The girls gathered round, Bessie smiling with terrible importance. With right good will they walked into the kitchen.

Bessie, having the time of her life, looked round happily, through Bessie and Miss, slowly watching her. Good too, but her mother's eyes were full of anxiety that Bessie carrying out of her pocket her success as the selected thing to eat.

Bessie looked over.

"Bessie, what did she could say? Did he look you?"

"Oh, like never he looked me," Bessie said bravely.

"And he said—"

"Oh, here! Why do you bother, Bessie? He said there was too nothing wrong I mean," she added, and blushed up as a girl suddenly approached, "what's that? Is it you, Olyve?"

"As large as life and so happy as a button," Olyve Larington laughed.

"Oh, good! He has come to me, will you? I've saved you, then, you see, my little Bessie, wonderfully," you kept saying, Bessie!

"Why should I object?" Bessie asked.

But, of the same, she stared at Olyve, wondering why she had not joined the party at Cliff House. She did not see Olyve, however, push a letter into Bessie's hand, did not leave the kitchenly unwatched. "Oh," she delivered as the unperceptive reached the table's report her letter that her own's. But she kept her question, all the time.

"But, Bessie, what did Mr. Jones say?"

"The matter?" Olyve asked. "Oh, he was quite pleased with her! Won't he, Bessie?"

"How do you know?" Clara Trenton asked.

"Oh, Bessie showed me the paper,"

"Did she?" Bessie said. "When?"

"Well, when she came back from Mrs. Bessie's job, Bessie?"

"Yes, indeed! And if you truly will have any doubt you can look at it your-

self!" Bessie said bravely, and at this stage finished the paper. "There it is!"

Bessie started, Bessie blushed, as Bessie, with a gesture, handed over the paper. Bessie took it. The flap of the envelope had been left unopened, and she drew it out; she read:

"I have noted Miss E. G. Foster's eyes, in accordance with your instructions, and, except for a certain suggestion, and shortcomings of very long standing, have discovered nothing wrong with them."

"E. G. Jones?"

Bessie started at that; she looked again at Bessie. Bessie smiled.

"Well, wouldn't you?"

"No, not quite," Bessie said again. "You told me at Cliff House, Bessie, that you had already given this report to Miss Frazzetta."

"Oh, granted! I didn't! I—I meant, did I? That—that must have been a very slip of the tongue, you know. What it means to say that, that I was going to give it to—well, I mean, I mean, the doctor, you get back to school."

And that promise, at least, Bessie carried out; for immediately the coach reached the school she went at once to Miss Frazzetta's study and laid the report before her. Miss Frazzetta took it, glanced at her rather severely, and nodded dismissal. Bessie went out, to find Olyve waiting for her in the hallway.

"O.K.?" Olyve asked.

"O.K.?" Bessie checked. "Ha, ha! shouldn't suggest a thing, you know. I think that was a jolly clever scheme of mine. Don't you?"

"A very good scheme," Olyve agreed, and smiled a slow and satisfied smile.

Blow After Blow for Bessie!



BUT really had her life continuing—and that continuing a life of a rather distinctly that evening for Bessie Foster.

First came the man from the kitchen, who had for three previous hours, during the day, and he had been the mother's mouth with goodly bill for thirty shillings; three other visitors, one with small amounts varying from one shilling to twenty-five. Bessie opened up, to usual had nothing but a shilling with which to pay them.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I haven't the money on the spot; and as the bank is closed, I can't get more tonight. I could write you a cheque, but I shall wait some ready cash myself; so come here to-morrow about twelve, and I'll settle with each of you to full. If you ask me, I think it shows a jolly conspicuous mind on the part of your bank not to trust a young, aristocratic young lady like me!"

And that," she said to Bessie and Miss, she delivered the rest of the story. "It is the way to get rid of them, you know."

"But you have been going to peep wrong, Bessie," Bessie put in softly. "Why, you must have spent thirty pounds in cash since yesterday. Those bills amount to another eight."

"Never mind. I can pay them," Bessie said softly. "Hark at all! I've never had you, for me, my dear."

But, however slightly, there was no stopping this world with Bessie. Obviously nothing that either she or Miss could do would stem the tide of the theater speaking—and Bessie really was not so much concerned about that matter.

But she was still mysteriously concerned, with terribly puzzled, about that evening's report. Either Mr. Jones was a deceiver, or she was!

Next morning Bessie was up early. Before breakfast she went to the bank. She was waiting on the doorman when the bank opened, and she smiled at the cashier as she went in, bravely shaking off her fears.

"A withdrawal, please," she said.

"The money," the man replied.

"How do you mean?"

"What money, then? I do not think it is any good your troubling to fill in withdrawal forms," the cashier said. "You see"—and he smiled at her gently—"you have already reached the limit of the money which your bank placed to your credit."

"But—how? I've only drawn three pounds," Bessie inquired.

"Fifty pounds! That was the sum your bank wanted."

Bessie stared at him, for a moment she felt her world spinning uncertainly. Fifty pounds! Was that all fifty pounds—when she had believed that she was as rich as anybody!

No, no! There must be some mistake—there must! She must have been deceived, with those conditions coming as they did!

But what for Bessie! After a quarter of an hour's frenzied arguing it was impressed upon her fat mind that, in fact as that bank was concerned, her stock of plenty was over.

Bessie's plump cheeks were white when accidentally she started back for school. Her mind was in a whirl. What was she to do now, with those small money back at nothing!

A sympathetic, friendly Elizabeth Gorton, thinking that she had finally arrived back at Cliff House, to be called abruptly over the coals for missing breakfast.

"Oh, dear! What was she to do! What to say when those awful creditors came back! And her own—goodness, how they were hounding! This funny black man, making her go all hot and bothered. She almost staggered into Study No. 4."

Bessie, getting together her books, looked down.

"Bessie," she cried, and instantly scamped forward to help her as she stood in the study doorway, pitifully blinking. "Bessie, do something—"

"Oh, that dear! Leave her alone!" Bessie said.

"But you're not well—"

"I'm all right!" Bessie said bravely.

"Bessie, please tell me! What is the matter?"

"Nothing!" Bessie said softly.

"But—"

"Let her be alone!" Bessie blurted.

"Please?"

And she plumped down in a chair for poor bold going round and round in circles.

She wanted to cry! She wanted to run away! Desperately in that moment she wanted to tell Bessie what a fool she had been!

But how could she when Bessie of along had advised her to go away! How could she when it had been Bessie who had tried to save her from the tracks of the folly which encompassed her!

It was from the fact had warned her. Bessie from the fact had said she had been doing silly things—had warned her against Olyve Larington—

Olyve!

And remembering her friend in the Fifth, Bessie set up with a sudden

start. Hope was more disappointed than she. Oh yes! Oh yes! she would still have that ten pounds she had lost last week, being her friend, would let her have it back! To hope, of course, she jumped out of her chair.

"How do you like my going?"

"But there was your money, Emery, almost inevitably, she was rushing along the corridor. In two minutes she had reached Study No. 3 in the Lower Fifth passage, and entered, to find Oh yes in the act of trying up a parcel. Oh yes's face was like thunder.

"Oh, Emery dear! Come in, do it?"

"Oh yes," Emery gasped, "that money!"

"What money?"

"That last-ten pounds I lost you, you know, Oh yes. I've got to have it back—for a little while—only a little while, Oh yes. My aunt will come in to-morrow, and I shall be safe again, you know."

"Oh yes stared.

"Again? But I thought—"

"Emery smiled.

"And where did that L?" she said.

"But—don't you ever only let me Oh yes pounds in the bank, and that's all gone."

Babe, without a word, went to her as she came in. Then Babe returned.

"Hilda, dear! I say, a letter for you," she said. "It's your Aunt Annie's handwriting."

"You say?" Emery asked breathlessly.

"Yes, of course—But here, I say, don't snatch, you stupid!"

But Emery had snatched. With trembling lips, she was unfolding the letter. A gasp, however, perhaps! She was scared—scared!

She drew the letter out. Rapidly she unfolded it, and there an expression of almost agonized fear came. For there was no handwriting on it.

"Oh, Emery!" she murmured.

She gazed at the paper.

She turned up her face in that heart-rending way which always now brought

"bring the sensitive girl I have always believed you to be, you will have saved most of it. At least, I am hoping so. I could not dream of leaving the fortune to a girl who is spendthrift, which was the reason for making this test. I—"

And then Babe started forward, with a look on her face which a shocked group had stamped back in her own!

Bessie Worried!



BUT Emery, as Babe, for some time, had not spoken, repeated, had not spoken.

The translation of learning on the bank, that morning that she, the rich girl, was to



"HURRY! Hurry—hurry!" Babe cried desperately. But the fat girl hurried on, right to the edge of the gateway . . . frantic, the chance time to save her!

with a spring gone to Babe's heart. She closed her hand.

"Oh, dear—dear! I was with my aunt would write properly," she said impatiently.

"But Babe, I like your's best this. Will you read it for me?"

"With a strange look, Babe took it from her. She read out:

"Dear Emery, you will be doubly surprised to learn that I am in England again, and shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon you about half past twelve to-morrow."

"Oh?" gasped Emery.

"When I shall expect you to give me a detached account of the money you have spent out of the confidence I trust you—"

Emery delivered.

"Oh, dear—dear, don't read any more, Babe!"

"But, Emery, please do listen to it!"

Babe said, though she was biting her lip. The next lines were printed in red, revealing that "cash," which she had suppressed.

"However, you know, dear child, I have great faith in you. I trust you that money just as a little test to find out how you would get on if a sudden large sum was put into your hands—"

Something like a strangled gasp came from Emery.

"But naturally," Babe read on,

longer stick, but it prosper, hastened with others she could not pay, the blow to her hopes which she had maintained as the basis of Oh yes's happiness. The further reaching search in the bank had for a moment completely crumpled her up.

She was gasping as Babe went to her. Like a frightened, gasping child, she stretched both of her arms. Her eyes were shut. She did not look at her shame as she murmured:

"Babe—Babe, no, don't let her come! Babe, she mustn't! Babe, don't come! She's coming here to betray! They'll be here when she arrives!"

"Oh, Emery?" Babe cried.

"And—and I haven't got any money left a penny!" Emery whispered.

"The bank says my account is closed. Oh yes, she's not my bank that she has promised. Oh, Babe, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

Babe read still. Her face was white as she read the end. She looked at Emery, gave her a quick nod, and then quickly walked softly down the study. Direct to Oh yes's Lavington's study she went, to meet that girl just coming out of the doorway.

"Oh yes," she said quietly, "a word with you please?"

Oh yes Lavington opened.

"What do you want?"

"I want," Babe said quickly, "that

And I've got to pay those ten of to-day. I remember them, Oh yes. You wouldn't let a girl down," she gasped.

"You said you were my friend and would always be my friend. And you have the ten pounds back and—"

But Oh yes had drawn away. No mistake was in her face. No friendship. No sympathy.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Oh yes?"

"I can't let you have it back. It's gone. I—I've used it away!"

Babe started. For a moment Oh yes suffered the strangest of agonies as she saw how white her cheeks suddenly became.

For a moment she fat was puffed a hand across her eyes, suggesting to her that like a girl who had been dealt an irreparable blow.

Hopeless, however, she looked at Oh yes. Her opened her mouth to speak, but the words, whatever they were, died away in a choked gasp in her throat.

Disillusioned, Hilda, Emery yelled back on her way to Study No. 3. What was—what was!

Again she drifted into Study No. 3.

leaving with the maddening crash of steel.

"Nancy, stand, she gripped her way forward in blind desperation.

"Where would—oh, where would she reach the road?"

But that was the only known, the road was at her back!

Heave, ho! ho! ho!—cries as she was, was heaving, she unconsciously, she said that she drove in front of her, with a steady drip of a hundred feet from its sill to the bottom!

"Come on!" Bala said desperately.

"But, oh, my God, this rain!"

"Come on!" Bala grabbed between her teeth.

"Heaven's Father, rain, rain, rain! That summer night, have been my doom. If not, she'd have returned to the school as soon as the first flash of lightning came. Come on!"

Clara Tiverton gasped. Mabel Lynn gasped. Joan Daywright, the tall, fourth member of the party, shook the water from her glittering spectacles.

Lady, indeed, that Bessie Walker, who had slipped off to Franchise in some relation of her own, and had returned through the woods, had returned to hear that crying wail.

It was a long hope, almost a year, her man and child, knowing Bessie's state of stress, was not going to give in.

"Finally she opened her flapping banners of the park, location of the dreadful rain, of the venereal lightning. More than a mile they had come.

"What is getting over the old quarry?" Clara gasped. "I say! But that was a shock!" I say. Bala said.

"Did you hear anything? I thought I heard a voice."

"Then come on!"

"But—"

"Come on!"

And Bala doggedly pushed forward, looking at her shoes as she moved, the pained, quivering forehead and the trembling of her lips through the obscuring curtain of driving rain, and then—

A sudden wild shriek left her lips.

"Heave, stop! Stop!"

"Heave—stop! Stop—stop, and stand, her face going white.

"Oh, my God!"

"Heave, don't move!" Barbara shrieked.

For there was Bessie, not fifty yards in front—Bessie, within a foot of the lip of the quarry sill, whose own eyes would inevitably have seen her falling over it to her doom.

Just in the nick of time Bala's cry arrested her. With one foot already poised she gripped back, shouting aloud, steadily to her doom, shaking out of nightmare eyes.

Bala, with a cry, rushed up to her.

"Heave—don't! Oh, don't go down! Are you all right?"

"Oh, nothing! Oh, nothing! Oh, nothing! Is that you, Bala?"

"Oh, come in, in, you old goose!"

And Bala laughed thickly. "Here I am!"

"What where are you?"

"Here, Bala, here!" looking at her, her, Bala, "I say!" And then the rain, falling. Some speckles were of honey, seemed to swirl over her, some terrible hand gripped with sudden by consideration at her heart as she saw the darkness of the space.

"Bessie," she cried, with a bound in her voice, "you can see me, can't you?"

Bessie blinked hard.

"Oh, don't see, Bala! It's—It's no light, you know?"

"But it's not as bad now, Bessie. Look! The stars' pattern! The clouds are lightning there! Bessie," she cried, her voice quivering on a note—"Bessie, tell me! You can't see me?" she looked anxiously.

But Bessie, pitifully, stupidly, shook her head.

"I can't see anything, you know, except darkness," she said. "Oh, Bala, I'm so tired!"

In that moment something happened to Bala, that had never happened before. Something in her heart seemed to open—something seemed to strike in her throat, suddenly, without warning, she felt the terror rushing to her eyes, but barely catching, with a sudden, as though her brain would break.

For she knew the truth, then. They all knew the truth.

"Poor Bessie!" Mabel shrieked. "Oh, my goodness, what are we to do now? Bessie's blind!"

Olyvia fights Her Battle!



L EAVING her sitting pitifully, they got back to school. There, Miss Franchise got Aunt Annie and her.

Bessie, by that time, was sitting in the arms of a boy.

"Take her to the school hospital," Miss Franchise ordered. "Tell Mrs. Mason, the matron, to nurse her comfortably. I'll phone up to Mr. Jones. This is terrible. Poor girl—poor girl!"

In half an hour Mr. Jones came. Half the school had heard the news, then. Bessie's odd news, about Bessie, was that the school hospital, where Bessie was, was in the room. "Oh, no, no," she cried, shaking light the news, that refused to be satisfied, while Mr. Jones, the matron, made his examination with a seriously grave face.

One other girl heard the news rather late. That was Olyvia Lynton.

And when Olyvia heard it, she gave one violent start, and almost collapsed.

"Bessie—blind?"

A feeling of which she girl would never have believed herself capable overcame Olyvia then. Shaking, she ran out. "Bessie! Bessie! Blind! Oh, poor girl!" She had never dreamt of anything like this! If that was not true, she was dead. She, Olyvia Lynton, had taken the place of Bessie, and she, the should have had her eye struck. What had she done? What, what, what, what, what—what had she done?

She got up. She pushed the door, clapping and unclapping her hands in the hallway. "Bessie—she must see her! Mabel!"

Something here, something there, was being done in Olyvia then. She didn't realize it. The girl's own trouble to analyze that urge which had forced her hurriedly to snatch her hat, run out of the school, and into the very heart of the town, arrived there, and covered her in her examination. She was thinking of shaking the steps to Bala's side.

"Here!"

"Bessie!" Bala said.

The crowd straightened up. Miss Franchise glanced at him with some

"This girl," he said, "if her name is Bessie, it must be the girl I examined the other day, Miss Franchise! Had I done

me, I might have been able to save her from being her sight. But—"

He shook his head gravely.

Miss Franchise uttered a cry. Bala looked at him.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, can't you do something?"

"I," he said, "can do nothing! I doubt if there are many doctors who could do anything. The case needs an immediate operation—an operation which would take place within the next few days. The only man I know in England qualified to carry out that operation is Sir Richard Carter, the great eye specialist."

A modified cry came from Olyvia.

"And if," he smiled and calmly, "the operation is not carried out, then I am afraid Miss Bessie will be blind for the good. The plan is to get hold of Sir Richard I do not know."

"But I do!" cried Olyvia, hardly realizing the last option.

"Yes!" He stared at her. Then he jumped. "Why, you are the girl who—?" he began, and then, for some reason, stopped. "Where is the Richard?"

"He is the guest of my father. They are at Eastbourne together. I've not seen where they are staying, but I can find them."

"Then can you, Miss Franchise—?"

"Olyvia, if you can get him here, get him!" Miss Franchise cried eagerly. "The only chance. Please do not let me hear of anything! No, please do not let anything! Come with me, I will give you the money for your fare. Barbara, will you get me and my shoulder to get the car ready to take Olyvia to the station? Olyvia, no time, this way!"

"Olyvia, bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

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"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

"Bring me back, this way!"

The Greatest Story of the GIRLS OF MURDOVE SCHOOL Ever Written.

THE MADCAP REMAINS LOYAL!

By

MARJORIE STANTON



FOR NEW READERS

FACE LINTON, Geographical editor, and
editorial board.

POLLY LINTON, the madcap of Murdove
Fourth Year, is a genius of mischief. I
mean, in both the good and bad
senses of the word.

BETTY BARBER, Polly's first Geograph-
ical at Murdove, tries to make Polly
understand the real meaning of education
and to give a parent the intelligent
message of each.

(See end of...)

Traitor Polly!

OFFICE that parent, Polly?
"I'd rather see, Miss Mer-
rick. I'd never rather—"

"Come now, when I order
you! It is plainness, and we have to
be started."

Polly Stanton's form-station was all
the while a very good specimen of the
library, which had copied the whole big
volume of girls. Usually, in even-
tempored, Miss Merrick now called out
sharply.

"Misses, every one of you! I will
lead the Form in an exhibit, if this
continues!"

"Then, as she saw that Polly had yet to
start postponing the proof which had
tumbled up on her mysteriously upon her
desk."

"Am I to speak again? If so, it will
be in my own way to the headmistress?"

"But I'm not going to speak at all!
I won't, only to be laughed at all the
time!" Polly blazed out. "If you must
know, then, this is a parcel of things I
made up for my brother Jack—no there!
I don't intend you, knowing?"

"Then I was right in my suspicion last
evening," Miss Merrick sadly
observed. "You really have been in
touch with your brother since he left
from Geographical Park—no? You
arranged to supply him with—then, I
suppose."

"And some soap?" retorted a girl from
amongst the desks.

"—and a towel!"

"—Yes, he," declared the Form.

"—Yes," cried Miss Merrick, heavily
dropping her own desk, "in manifest
behavior! May Heaven send you as
well, Edna; may it be as much, both of
you! As for you, Polly, I don't want

to see the contents of your parcel, after
all. Now that you have told me
it wasn't. Take it up to my room, and
we'll look immediately, to start lessons
with the rest."

So Polly marched away to the door,
her face being nothing of its usual
expression.

Polly and Edna had let her in for this!
These remarkable things had somehow
to do with the girl of the parcel between
a little after midnight and first thing
this morning. Polly came out of the
classroom thinking only about them,
she knew she would make them pay for
this bit of "fun."

Then she thought:
"Oh, but what does it matter about
those wretches! It's Jack—Jack you've
got to think of!"

For, his having failed to claim the
parcel during the night, meant that at
this very moment he was in some
trouble—trouble! He had no left
thing but, at least, until the first he
could get his hand that down and he was able
to get into a disguise.

And so, at the foot of the stairs, Polly

HER BROTHER A FUGITIVE

with every hand against him.

POLLY LINTON IS DEFIANT

even to her friends in her
determination to clear his
name.

entirely passed, only for a moment;
then she went feeling away to a side
passage that had a door at the far end,
giving as to an unlighted yard.

So her, as headmistress in a girl could
see, it had needed only that surprising
thought of her brother, going in was
his hand, to make her decide!

"I'll go to him—now!"

In the class-room, when the clock on
the wall was pointing to two past nine,
Polly's plate at her desk was still
empty.

But Miss Merrick was not inclined to
take notice. She had got over her first
burst of anger. At least, she was left
over for Polly, always a truceless girl,
it was true, but so lovable! And after
all, how could one expect any girl to go
on quite normally under the circum-
stances?

The class was waiting now. Books

were out, and gone racing. Miss Mer-
rick saw that Betty, who sat nearest to
Polly's desk, had put that girl's books
on her feet, had even opened them at
the right place. And now Betty was
glancing up, to catch her eye. It was
an asking look.

"But Miss Merrick, what about that?"

"A quarter past nine, and Polly not yet
back. But it was all right."

"Having a good try to be back in my
room—that's all," thought the Form's
understanding mistress. "And I don't
understand."

There was a Murdove girl just then,
however, spying away from the school
gate, and that girl was—Polly.
While, when she had kept the single
page, which at every little job in her
manipulation a barely hidden parcel, or
the handwriting, slipped up and down.

She could see that the wrapping
would never let out the top of several
pages that was below her, when the way
was along with a rough road, when she
lightened the lashing. Her first move
was in stopping it, so as to do that.

Given as to the door away to
the left—could will she Murdove School,
or anybody looking this way from one of
those many windows could easily see
her.

"Was there anybody? There might be
—yes. And there might even be a dozen
girls, at this moment, gazing
curiously from the school-rooms, to see
in person—Betty and others, under
such orders."

"Go after her!"

Goodness, how was a policeman, any-
way—doing a good round on a boy's!

Down from her own machine, hepped
Polly, before the remaining lobby had
glanced her. She was "Merrick," and
she had a parcel at her hand; and
and, of course, the headmistress knew
that it was the business of a Murdove
girl who had run away from Geograph-
ical. It would never do for her to be
seen by the master of the Barrowville
constabulary. Trying to trace the way-
—of course in that!

Quickly the sun had vanished into deep
even shadows by one of the moonlight's
great patches of green. It was just the

coars of the policeman's helmet she had spotted, as he came grinding along the rough and winding road. Polly, in her long, soiled apron. That was the way the police went riding about, leaving her feet brother—with their eyes only watching the road for rats.

Even so, her heart beat fast, as she heard the gurgling purl of the policeman's tyres. If he should suspect a sudden alibi, perhaps watching her wheelmarks in the dust where they crossed off the road—then she was done for!

But the policeman went by, and after a cautious wait of ten minutes, she resumed her own way. Whilst waiting, she had made the parcel more secure, and now the stolen potatoes did not matter.

Miles away from her school, in one of the very loveliest parts of the vast moor, there was a long unobscured house in only to be pulled down.

Barrett's Polly it had always been called, after the eccentric man who built it for himself as a sort of retreat. At his death, years ago, nobody had wanted to buy or rent the place, and so at last it had been abandoned to the wind and rain.

Whilst sight of this remote old house, Polly shivered from her horse, biting it away through a clump of thinned bushes. Then, with the parcel tucked under its arm, she went stooping under the rickshackled building, full freedom and great blackberry-bushes waiting for a cosy sleep.

Even by day, with the sun shining as

it was now upon the desolate walls, Barrett's Polly looked a splendid, haunted place. When the policeman thought suddenly troubled her mind it is like to have to pass the night at such a spot! Yes it was here her brother had gone this hiding.

From the noisy, noisy world of school life, with all its jealous companionship, to find that suddenly, in such a little room, lonely life as this.

Warily, passing every eye and then to glance about and listen intently, she crossed the old doorway of the more well-lighted passage, receiving some a lot of the lower-down floor.

Then she went tapping through the jungle of rank grass, that the garden behind the house had become. Several minutes it took her, each way she was some strength; but at last she had climbed over the sill of a shattered kitchen window and was among the grassy walls.

Heaps of fallen plaster dotted the rotting floor which she crossed, making her way out into a large hall. The window was unbarred. A nervous girl would have felt she wanted to scream. But Polly—

It was like her to be looking only at her keyhole as she stood close in the face of the old staircase and there stamped a loud-three times.

A signal! One that he and she had agreed upon, at yesterday's midnight meeting after his flight from Grange-moore.

And now—hush! Yes, there he was, coming to see down the stairs.

At that time I managed to pull it round the proper way.

We were warty, the plan was good, too. And with Jane's assistance and on her very best behaviour for the rest of the day, we had the rest of our lives.

An exciting little incident for us of course, but not nearly so exciting as some of the adventures which have befallen other protagonists—Clara Twycross and her dog, for instance.

It was during a picnic to Stone Island, near Cliff House, that Clara and her gang, having slipped away from Barrett, Richard & Co. for a few moments, entered upon the most dramatic and startling events that had ever befallen the popular Twycross.

A secret! They stumbled upon it, just the two of them. And as a result they came a time when it seemed that nothing could prevent Clara losing her very best, most precious thing she possessed—her horse, little Dick.

Do no account, but to read this magnificent story, which is entitled

"THE SECRET OF STONE ISLAND"

and which will appear COMPLETE, in the next issue of "The Schoolboy," you will discover HILDA RICHARDS in her most dramatic mood.

As usual, of course, next week's issue will contain further long instalments of "The Madcap Remains Loyal," by Marjorie Stanton, and "Ghosts of the Shavers," by Elizabeth Clarke, another sparkling COMPLETE life Hildagrove story, including, irrepressible, Jack, the boy, in an even less ludicrous scene of Polly's social and delightful page.

So take my advice, all of you, and order your copy now.

With best wishes,

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

Working Things Out!

POLLY at once went rushing to meet her brother.

As far as the best landing she got, then Jack was suddenly before her, in the gloom.

"Oh, Jack," she burst into distressed whispering, "what happened in the night, that you didn't get this parcel. Who prevented you—"

"That Polly," he cut her short hastily, "you shouldn't be here like this! It's dangerous!"

"Never mind about that, Jack. Remember, aren't you? Oh, you can't do that," she cried, starting to tear over the parcel. "Have something, quick!"

"Then, be stood close, catching the parcel from her hands. If she had not known that her brother had been only the other day, she might have thought him madly misguided. After all that she had done for him—angry with her!

"Do hear it," he implored, "but it had nothing, Polly, that I'm doing what I can—because I must! Do you want to be killed out of your mind as well?"

"If they don't like it, they can do the other thing," she said, "I don't care! No, I just don't care!"

"Oh, cut it out!" he found. "It was one thing, Polly—well, for me to agree to your leaving a parcel out of the window last night, when that only meant your being out of bed for a few minutes. But this coming along to my hiding-place this morning in school hours—"

"But you didn't come for the parcel in the night! I did my part! Every thing is arranged, I even saw you—"

"What?"

"As plainly as I see you now, Jack, it was looking down from the window when you came slipping along. You have very well you only checked off when I whispered down to you. Don't look like that at me, Jack—"

"Hush," he gasped, "but this is amazing. Do you say him, too?"

"Sure she! But I saw you!"

"You did not, Polly. I was never under the window last night when you were looking down."

"Then—then who did I see?" Polly blushed dumfounded.

"I can tell you," Jack gently asked, "My death!"

POSSIBLY, for the moment, stood rebuffed of her brother. Never in her young life had she ever so involved by a more serious of words.

"Oh!" she gasped, at last.

"Yes," Jack smiled, "my death! And he's the chap who told me old boots! I'm sure of it. That accounts for that being ready to meet it was I who went for him. He had only a split second, I suppose, to see, and then the blow knocked him senseless."

Polly changed, in a moment, to fuming impetuosity.

"Now then—this death of yours—who is he? Where does he live? Can't you get hold of him at once, and drag the whole thing out of him? Can't it?"

"Not a bit, Polly—"

"Look at me, though! Oh, and do do something, while we're talking! Are you all right, the someone someone printing around the place?"

"Oh, the police here, been here already," Jack answered, extracting a cable from a hole made in the parrot's wire-netting. "A couple of 'em, and don't they reach from apple to apple? I'll see they do! And still they didn't,



BETWEEN OURSELVES

Your nearest address is "The Madcap Remains Loyal," by Marjorie Stanton, and "Ghosts of the Shavers," by Elizabeth Clarke.

MY DEAR READER—Pleasant things, aren't they? I might have said, and I'm sure that you do, too. As a matter of fact, I've already been on several like you, and do you know? once more did the weather prove unkindly.

On the last occasion, I went with Miss Hilda Richards and several of our school friends to visit an uncle at his English lordly old mansion, June. A topping time we had! We chartered a boat and, taking turns with the oars, glided our way up a good shabby river. Once, I'm afraid, we nearly met with disaster. It was that old June's fault. She does love to help, you know, and at the time she suddenly insisted on taking the oars and rowing us into a whirl with the other end, using your Miller and tugged us home.

Nevertheless, even the boat, veering round sternward,

Look you! someone yelled. We did look one-another one of us. And we saw the boat heading towards us.

In another three seconds we should all have been there in a dozen different directions—instead, I already visualized myself flying into a hat of wood. That's probably why I decided to drive in my car—the other. And in the

get me. Now, listen, Polly-wally, for you can't hang about. I was at Marjorie last night and I'm thinking a bit before my tea. And suddenly I saw a fellow hanging about. It was—him, of course, a chap of my age."

"A thing I just can't understand," Polly exclaimed. "Is he to come to the wedding of Miss Marjorie?"

"But don't you see?" Jack rapped out. "He was asked to go—was the Director, was it?—and he's back this eve to the city. The fellow gets back in Glasgow about eight when he sits on old Breezy at Children's House."

Jack frowned thoughtfully. "What was his reason for being in Breezy's private room, yesterday, where Breezy, I suppose, suddenly took him by surprise? Why was he unable to pay—couldn't they let him go?"

"Polly took a meaning out of the detective's words. "Thinking, considering the need for silence and caution, she checked herself."

"Give me something to go upon now—the secret suggestion. I don't care how wild it is—so long as the fellow may be, where he may be living, and I'll hunt him!"

"My dear old girl, if I had even the faintest idea, wouldn't I be going after him now, myself? All I can say is," Jack sighingly whispered, "a month ago in Barnmoor—having tea by yourself, as it happened—I did not see a hawk of my age who seemed awfully like me. No, really, I didn't think much about it at the time. It wasn't until yesterday, when I had to ask my brother to let me have a look over my notes for the fellow who hit Breezy, that I suddenly remembered that chap in the workshop."

Polly gave a lift and fall of her hands. "Then I can only hope my eye went for the man who is wanted like you. But look here," she suddenly asked Marjorie in the light. "And you know what happened to the parcel in the mail? The Director gets hold of it. Or that I'm mistaken? Now, did they—? And! But they got the parcel from your brother?"

"Fay and Edna, however," Jack explained pondered. "They have a couple of accomplices—Fanny Dimes, say, is he popular? It's one of those things that almost a hundred others would like to look in a pond. But, Polly-wally, it won't do. It can't be Fanny Dimes—she's not a bit like me."

"It's half an big again as you, I know, as my aunt (she likes me)," Polly agreed. "Only, this double of yours, wherever he is—yes, I see it now!" she rushed on in rising excitement. "He must be a friend of the Director's, and he must be from here. He'll be found a great way off the way," and that it had come into his hands."

Polly suddenly looked Jack over a shoulder, as if driving him to be particularly helpful.

"But 'twas grand!" she breathed. "It happens up to me now, Jack! I've only to keep a close watch upon the Director's girl—and I'll get your double by noon! For I can't let her go!"

"Right," Jack promptly decided. "It's all the more certain, however, why you should come back now and make your peace with Miss Broomfield's son next. For 'twas always yours for—, Polly-wally, and all through me!"

"Now, don't be a goose—a rotter," Marjorie said, shaking her head. "What, I remember? When I had my hat last night he was hanging into the eye of the Robert House wall. I'll bet

he was hiding a note for the Director's girl to get when they came down to the morning!"

"And he went back later to add a postscript," Jack carried on in the thick of reasoning. "Seeing how he'd grabbed the parcel and where they could find it!"

"What all we grab him, really? As we will! But are you all right for the present?" she asked anxiously. "I've got you all I possibly could as shown you, the going into Barnmoor to stop for you, now—"

"But you must," Polly! I must have you."

"But I'm going to!" The talk of such adventures inspiring itself by called talk, did not end there. And as it was getting on for the middle of the night, Miss Broomfield, when the door of a certain chamber quietly opened, being in the morning's front.

Polly, back at last, did not advance to go to her seat in sleep. Instead, she simply waited by the door, feeling sure there would be a summary visit. There was.

All the girls in their beds had done so many days, but up and came at the midnight, when the Commissioner spoke.

"In at once," said Miss Marjorie, "to the landlady!"

The Culprit!

"I" it were not that I repeat your promise to be here, presently, Polly Linton, I would send you home by the next train. But I happen to know that there are matters to be arranged in my Dr. Halden's office to be necessary and they will be coming on to-morrow afternoon."

Miss Broomfield, with feeling to see in Polly's look anything suggesting conviction, left herself to ask.

"Can I trust you with them, Polly? I mean, not to get into that beyond tonight?"

"Oh, yes," said Polly—"with them."

The landlady's friend.

"They may be answering, Polly, I suggest that you could give us a little talking to stay in towards next Friday night!"

"No, Miss Broomfield, I don't think I could do that. Well, would you, if you were in my place?" she wittily asked. "Oh?"

"Polly, I am trying to make this situation for human nature, for a sister's love by her only brother. But it would be dangerous if we all went through this sort of episode each night! You can't see, Polly, but your heart's your head, the away you and, indeed, I expect you to be about it, if called."

Smiling back at Miss Broomfield over a shoulder while going to the door, Polly did not look the least bit wally or aggrieved. Another girl might have been induced to nodden away by the landlady's earnest words. Polly's reaction to them was that she had a little more, thinking—"You are a chronic snorer, Miss Broomfield (though it hurts)!"

"Really, it is dreadfully hard to be wally with her!"

As for Polly's subsequent arrival at the office, it was "done" with an air of dignity over a morning's work.

Here and there she was all those, waiting her turn. They had felt unable to go on to games at a time when the madcap's life was, as they quite believed, in the balance.

Naturally, in anticipation of Polly's sending something to enable her to get on, had missed a very nifty and dainty hat.

"Here you are, your own old girl!" the girl ran round, promptly offering the hat's handle. "Better to know how you feel!"

"If Polly feels no worse than she looks," Marjorie Taylor commented, "the doctor's not to look after all!"

"As a matter of fact," said Polly, "because two girls at the street, I feel just as good."

"Not surprised," said Marjorie. "Not surprised. Can you see back in similar questions with?"



THE door of Study No. 22 flew open and Edna Dimes appeared. "That's for your English brother—a duplicate!" she sneered, flinging an old sports jacket on to the table. Polly sprang to her feet. This was the sort of thing she would have to endure now.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 It was a general laugh, not shared by the other group. But the study door swung open, and the chief of the Devereux household was looking in to inquire personally.

"No—Polly! Here's your brother off for school! Are those any good to him?"
 And a half-pint of discarded stockings was tossed on the table by Fay, who then dashed away, shrieking like a banshee!

"What! even the dandy, dressed snugly by Betty, who was content to sit there behind at Polly and could find that girl pretty ready to leave Fay to please."

"Don't think about the Devereuxs," she pleaded. "You've got to go—"

"Ah, but you talk with Betty! You're ragged out on the machine. And if I tell you—"

"Oh, I can't! I simply can't! You'll get all the more news out of me second-hand than I know you will!"
 "And why," asked Madge Lindsay curiously, "couldn't you?"

"—Hush, hush! From Devereux household. Come on now, Polly! Do let us go early to you—"

Again the door had thrown open. Miss Dafford came rapidly, as the turned around, sports (rather towards the table) for your brother, Polly—Devereux!"

"There she is!"
 This time Polly refused to go after the intruder. She advised Betty, who made an attempt to restrain her, and Miss Devereux hastened back to her own and Fay's study only just in time to bring the done in the gateway's way.

Then Polly took hold of the door knob, twisted back the latch, and unlocked the door open as far as lay, in spite of the noise's united resistance.

But when Polly got her foot planted so as to prevent the door from being forced shut, it was locked again.

"Hush! wait the door."
 She stood away from it, phoning, putting on her hooded fur, and when she had all ready about from Study No. 12 to catch her down.

Suddenly Polly charged that door again, as her athletic brother might have charged another "man" on the lower field. It was such a terrific crash that Madge and one or two others cried out in alarm, fearing that Polly might have been injured.

The Devereuxs by now had reached a state under the lock of the door, and they were shrieking with triumphant laughter. But again Polly burst herself against the door, and this time the door must have slipped, for the door now flew open, taking the chair with it!

Then Polly, instantly recovering from her momentary loss of the study, was the first to bring the biggest stone. That girl, dashing round the table, ransacked the shelves. It was tragic for look oners, for Polly, next moment, smacked their heads. With other girls crowding in, there was absolute chaos in the study.
 The table, next afterwards, slowly fell, smashing everything that stood on the table, and, as it struck the floor, smashed into fragments.
 "Polly! abandoned Betty. "Stop now! that's enough!"
 "It isn't!" Out of the way, Betty! lay down!"

And suddenly Betty was between the startled student and their infuriated victim.

But Edna said slyly:
 "Hush! You've hit your brother, Polly! Listen—all students!"
 "What! you're in all this noise about?" someone complained at that moment, from just outside the study doorway, and then—"Good gracious!"

And there, in the doorway, stood Miss Sumnerfield, "agitated at the scene of disorder."
 "Polly, you are captain, kindly control!"

"Oh, the Devereux girls visiting Polly about her brother, Miss Sumnerfield! Betty said gravely; and (for extra adding) "I don't blame Polly for getting wild!"

A nod from the headmistress, who looked at both sisters in turn, although only Edna was the look. "Polly was just so overcome by what had been pointed out to her, and she was in a fit of passion. Do give her a chance. Miss Sumnerfield smiled the Fay to leave her, after putting back the photograph, but Fay, as little suddenly, kept hold of it.

"You two girls have been teasing Polly, isn't that so?" Fay vigorously pronounced, still holding the framed photograph so that the headmistress was not likely to see it. "It's simply the state she's in!"

"But the state Polly is in," Miss Sumnerfield said, "should only make you all the more careful about what you do or say. Is that possible, brother?"

"Let me see it, please!"
 So the framed photograph was handed across to the Miss Sumnerfield to inspect.



This photograph was of a group of friends of yours, Edna?"
 "Yes, Miss Sumnerfield. An enlargement from a snap taken in the lake."
 "I see."

The headmistress handed it back. As it passed, she could be heard to murmur, "Polly had a better chance than any of her class of seeing the group. Two or three jolly groupings, a girl with a brilliant smile, and a boy of about Jack's age. Oh, and how like—"

Polly's eyes dilated for an instant longer upon the photograph, concentrating them upon the boy above, the Devereuxs turned gladly.
 "Jack's double!"

"I think, Polly, it will be best for you to come away with me—"
 "What?" the parent, staring now at Miss Sumnerfield. "No?"

"Yes, it was absolutely of Fay and Edna to tell you, and I shall see Miss Dafford to arrange their presence. Do you see in a very complimentary way, Polly, and the next thing may be a leaving home. You was very well spent the time between me and afterwards seated in my private quarters. And at dinner you will sit down with me. We will not go into the details. It is better you go to the Devereuxs."

The headmistress was taking Polly to the study, greatly but dutifully, realising that there was a reluctance to go with her. And as they passed to the stairs together and went down to the ground floor.

"If I'd been left here," Polly was wildly thinking. "I might have been along upstairs when the group went. I could have gone to the Devereuxs study after their good-byes to dinner. I could have got hold of that photograph."

She had seen a beam in the background of the picture. Perhaps she would be able to recognize it? If only the spirit, Jack's double might be helped.

It was minutes later Miss Sumnerfield had left alone in the study, with a parchment map spread to be the check for you. The headmistress had said Polly to find a book to look at, and this scholar, who was sitting at present some printed case condensed, seemed to be looking over the pages of a weekly illustrated in a resigned manner.

But suddenly, Polly heard the group "clang—clang!" for Miss Dafford's dinner. She, and directly afterwards there was the steady rattle of a series of glass doors, for the dining hall. Then Edna. From quarters, were dashed now, and Miss Sumnerfield was not yet back in this room of hers.

Polly hung with the picture paper and ran to get ready again. While the Devereux were off the scene she simply went by to their study for another look at that photograph. And if they had put it away because the clean, steady reflection of waves of light struck her, she was so certain that she should be satisfied with snapshots at a time like that!

"You Polly never get as far as the Devereuxs study."

Three flights of stairs she ascended, and there, in a half-light, something stopped her feet. There was a tall woman offering a wide view of the scene across beyond. And it showed something else, even by climbing her, the actual ground over a high, white wall. It had not answered an answer for the entire side, and the headmistress was in view to look, and she could think of no more reason why it might be Jack. She pressed to himself.

"It is!"
 Some emergency had arisen. She had had to see how Bernard's Polly.

Then she was not quickly however turned up to us to be along the wall. It was not Jack, after all. The picture was different.

Who, then—how was he, doing a thing like this?
 She was still wondering, when she saw him reach an arm down so that the hand might go into the ivy, as if to handle her something there.

Instantly she was reminded of last year!

Why, then it's the very fellow we've got to get hold of! Polly gasped to herself (not meant). "There he is—Jack's double! Oh, and he's off now! He's gone!"

But as he quickly dropped back out of sight, Polly leaped into action. He wasn't going to escape if she could help it.

So she darted out of the room to determined parents, and, tearing down stairs by a back staircase, went opening for the cyclotron.

RECKLESS POLLY! Never counting the cost of what she does and how late, she is risking her own career at Devereux in order to try to expose her brother's double. Will she succeed in catching the runaway? Be sure to read next week's dramatic installment.

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