

“THE CLIFF HOUSE MAGAZINE MYSTERY!” Enthralling Long Complete story of Barbara Redfern & Co. inside.

# THE SCHOOLGIRL

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EVERY **2<sup>D</sup>** SATURDAY

Incorporating  
"SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN"



**THE CARICATURE  
AND—UNFORTUNATELY  
—THE ORIGINAL!**

*(See this week's grand story of the chums of Cliff House School.)*

Magnificent LONG COMPLETE story of when Barbara Redfern & Co. became involved in—



"WHERE'S Peggy Preston?" demanded Sarah. "What, lost her again?" Leila Carroll asked cheerfully. Peggy had been barred from helping to produce the Cliff House Magazine, and if the unpopular prefect saw her hiding under the "editorial" table—

# The CLIFF HOUSE MAGAZINE MYSTERY!

## The New Editress!



"IT'S not just a question of winning the prize for the best school magazine, it's a question of Cliff House's prestige!" Barbara Redfern, captain of the Lower School of Cliff House, announced seriously.

"Rather, Babs!" applauded her golden-haired chum, Mabel Lynn.

"The 'London Morning News,'" Babs went on, "is offering fifty pounds and a free course of journalism to the editress of the best turned-out school magazine. Our rivals, Whitechester, Kenmarsh, Courtfield High, and Courtfield Grammar, have already entered the competition. Are we going to be left behind?"

"No!" cheered Tomboy Clara Trevlyn, the junior games captain.

"But, I say, you know—" came from fat Bessie Bunter, who shared Study No. 4 with Babs and Mabel.

"Sure! And, having said 'you know,' why say any more?" Leila Carroll, the American junior advised, deliberately misunderstanding. "When do we start, Babs?"

There was a pause. Barbara, her pretty face a little flushed, her blue eyes sparkling animatedly, regarded the little group of her chums, with a laugh.

Quite excited those chums looked as they stood in the Fourth-Form Common-

room at Cliff House School, and quite excited the other girls belonging to that famous Form, who had been within earshot while the discussion was taking place.

"Well, it's a matter of the Form," Babs replied. "Of course, if we're going to bring out a special prize issue of the magazine, we've all got to work together! We shall want all sorts of articles and stories and things, and it's up to every girl to put her shoulder to the wheel! Let's put it to the vote!"

"What-ho!" murmured that strange girl, Jenima Carstairs. "Up on to the dais, Babs, my old Spartan!"

And Babs laughingly climbed on the dais, assisted by her eager chums. While the girls interestedly crowded round she clapped her hands.

"Girls of the Fourth Form—" she began.

"Present!" Janet Jordan beamed.

"You all know about this competition!" Babs waved a copy of the "Morning News" excitedly in the air. "You all know that our rivals, Whitechester and the rest, have already entered for it. What they can do we can do! We've just jolly well got to do it, in fact!"

"Hear, hear!"

"But to do it we've got to work hard and work quickly," Babs went on.

"We've all got to pull together! It's almost time, anyway, we brought out another issue of the old mag. It would be too unthinkable to let another school walk off with the fifty pounds prize while we did nothing about it! So I put it to you. Do we or do we not enter for this competition?"

And without dissent came the thunderous reply:

"Yes!"

"Well, right!" Babs cried. "We're all agreed, then? But it's got to be a tip-topper this time. What we want is the sort of articles and stories that can be read with interest by outsiders, but still be utterly Cliff House in tone. Now, the question is, who's going to edit it?"

"Me!" plump Bessie Bunter bleated at once, and then indignantly blinked around through her thick spectacles. "Well, what are you laughing for, you silly things?"

"Just you!" Clara Trevlyn chuckled.

"But what—"

"Pax!" Babs sang out. Keep to the business in hand, please! Mabs edited the last number. I edited the number before that; Lucy Morgan the number before that. The best thing, I think," she added thoughtfully, "is to hold a meeting of the editorial committee right

away and let the committee decide. Now, who here is on the committee?"

"I am," Marjorie Hazeldene ventured.

"Good! And Clara, Mabs, me—that's four. Jemima, you're on the committee, too. So is Leila. Only one missing," Babs added. "That's Peggy Preston, who usually does the sports page. Where's Peggy?"

"Well, I left her in the study when I came out ten minutes ago," Jane Mills observed.

"O.K. then! I'll go and round her up!" Babs said, and smiled a little, for she was very fond of hard-working Peggy Preston. "Mabs, will you collect the others and go off to Study No 4? And please, everybody else," she added, "don't forget that we shall need contributions. Don't forget that we shall want photographs, articles, sketches. The sooner you get them in the better it's going to be for us."

"Good old Babs!"

There was a cheer. While Babs, tripping off the dais on which she had been standing, slipped out of the room, an excited discussion broke out in the Common-room.

Everybody was eager now; everybody most wildly and tumultuously excited; everybody from that moment just bursting to do something.

Babs herself was aglow. If only they could win that prize! She laughed excitedly as she hurried off down the corridor.

Round the corner that led into the passage where the studies were situated she whirled, only stopping just in time to prevent herself from cannoning into another girl.

"Sorry——" Babs began; and then paused. "Oh, Sarah!" she cried on an apprehensive note.

For Sarah Harrigan, that highly unpopular prefect of the Sixth Form, it was; Sarah, whose little grey eyes were gleaming through her pince-nez; Sarah, who could be expected, even for so slight an offence, to line her.

Just for a moment a scowl marred her face, and then, amazingly, she smiled.

"Oh, Barbara, I've just been looking for you!"

"Yes?" Babs said wonderingly.

"I—ahem!" Sarah amazingly smirked. "I hear you're going to bring out a new issue of the 'Cliff House Magazine'?"

"That's right, Sarah," Babs agreed.

"Be looking for contributions, I dare say?" Sarah asked carelessly.

"Oh, rather!" Babs said.

"Then perhaps," Sarah offered, "you'd like this article I've written." And she produced from behind her back a sheaf of typewritten manuscript. "I've entitled it 'A History of Cliff House Dramatics'—and, of course, I've mentioned the Junior School Dramatic Society as well. If it's the sort of thing you're looking for, Barbara——"

Babs' eyes widened with interest.

She knew Sarah could write—and write well. She knew, like everyone else, that Sarah was the most expert authority on dramatic matters in the school.

"And, of course, I've got photographs," Sarah went on. "Would you like to take the article?"

"Oh, thanks!" Babs beamed. "That's topping of you, Sarah! We're calling a committee meeting now," she added. "I'll let you know all about it after the meeting is over."

"Right-ho, then!" and Sarah most pleasantly beamed.

She nodded as she strode off, looking very satisfied and a little self-conscious. Babs laughed on a low, happy note, and glanced at the manuscript in her hand.

She wondered for a moment why Sarah had taken all the trouble to write that article, not guessing that Sarah had already submitted the article to the "Courtfield Times" and had it returned on the grounds that it was not of sufficient general interest. And, of course, she saw immediately through Sarah's offer to allow the magazine to reproduce her photographs.

Sarah, as fond of the limelight off stage as she was on, was herself included in every one of those photographs!

Anyway, the article looked good, and the subject was dead right.

She went on, pausing before the door of Study No. 6—the apartment which was shared by Peggy Preston and Jane Mills.

Quietly she knocked, and as Peggy Preston's low voice bade her enter, went in. Peggy, almost swimming in a sea of papers and sketches at the table, looked up.

"Why, Babs!" she exclaimed.

"Hallo, Pegs!" Babs said. "I say, you seem to be busy. And you've seen the news, too," she added as she spotted a copy of the "Morning News" opened at the page announcing the competition.

"But, Pegs, what's that you're doing?" Peggy Preston blushed. She had an extremely attractive face, and that blush somehow made it look radiantly pretty. She hesitated a moment.

"Well, I'm working on—on a dummy."

"A what?"

**It meant so much to hard-working Peggy Preston of the Fourth Form that the Cliff House Magazine should be a tremendous success. And Babs & Co. were determined that it should be. But there was someone unknown who was plotting against Peggy—and the magazine.**

"A dummy," Peggy explained. "This," she added. "You know my father is a printer, don't you, Babs?" A 'dummy' is a word in the printing and publishing trade which means a skeleton copy, suggesting how the paper might be made-up. I had an idea, you know, that the Cliff House Mag. might be entered for the competition, and as I'm one of the committee, I thought I'd submit a dummy issue before we started work on the thing. Have a look at it, Babs."

But Babs had already picked up that skeleton copy. She was looking at it. Very neat and very painstaking Peggy had been. There was no typescript in it, of course, but Peggy had roughly indicated where the sketches were to be, had drawn most attractive little designs here and there, and had neatly laid out several pages, using old photographs and sketches from back numbers of the Cliff House Magazine for the purpose.

It was apparent at once that Peggy had given a great deal of thought to the preparation of her "dummy," and had a very, very good idea of what should go into it.

Babs stared.

"But, Pegs, this is ripping!" she cried enthusiastically. "My hat, this is the very thing we ought to do. And, I say, this is a lovely idea—giving the middle four pages up to a pictorial record of events at the school. And these little sketches at the bottom of the pages——"

Peggy smiled.

"They're thumbnails," she said.

"Oh, is that what you call them in the profession?" Babs laughed. "But how the dickens did you get hold of all this knowledge, Pegs?"

## By HILDA RICHARDS

Illustrated by T. LAIDLER.

Peggy smiled.

"Well, you know that before I came to Cliff House I helped daddy in his printing office," she said. "I picked up a good bit of knowledge there. Often when the men had gone, I would amuse myself setting type and so on, and studying the instructions on copy sent by daddy's customers. I was very interested then, and ever since I've sort of had a professional eye for anything that is printed. Even now, when I go home for holidays, I still help daddy!"

Babs nodded. She knew Peggy's story, of course—everybody at Cliff House knew it. Hard-working, diligent Peggy, as clever in the class-room as she was on the field of sport, had ever been one of Babs' greatest admirers, and surely Peggy had never had a greater admirer or a warmer sympathiser than Barbara Redfern!

A Lancashire lass was Peggy Preston. Daughter of poor parents, she had known what it was to rough it in the world. Sheer hard work and perseverance had earned her the scholarship which, terms ago, had brought her to Cliff House, and had helped her subsequently to win the Fielding Poor Girl's Bequest, which meant to say that she

need never trouble again about her school fees until she was eighteen.

But if Peggy were now comfortably established at Cliff House, her father was still a poor printer. She paused a little now.

"And—and—I had an idea," she said. "Babs, you won't mention this, will you? But—but—oh, Babs, I—I've been longing to tell you! You—you always seem to understand so—so perfectly, to be so ready to help. But, Babs, things are not what they should be at home."

Babs looked at her quickly.

"You mean—your father's business?" she asked.

"Well, no. Not—not exactly that," Peggy said, biting her lip. "The business will never make a fortune for daddy, of course—he can't afford the expensive plant his rivals are putting in nowadays. But he—he's managing to jog along. It's mother. She's been ill——"

"Oh, Pegs!" Babs cried sympathetically.

"A rather serious illness, Babs. She's getting better now, thank goodness, but the doctor says unless she can get away to some warmer climate—like the South of France, or Italy, or somewhere—it'll take her years to recover. Of course, poor daddy can't afford that. He could get a little money together, but it would need about another forty-five pounds or so——"

Unconsciously her eyes fell upon the "dummy." Babs bent forward.

"And so, old Pegs?" she asked softly.

"And—and so," Peggy said, looking up, "I—I had this idea. Of—of doing the dummy. I—I thought, you see, that—that if it wasn't hurting anyone else,

it might help me to get the editorship of the Cliff House Magazine, and there might be a chance of winning the competition. Apart from that," Peggy earnestly went on, "you know how my heart's set on journalism. The—the course would help me no end. Oh dear, Babs, you—you don't think it's awful cheek?" she added.

Babs smiled.

"I think," she said fondly, "that it's the loveliest idea I've ever heard of, Pegs! And I'm sure," she added sincerely, "if I have anything to do with it, the editress' job is yours! Anyway, the dummy speaks for itself. No other girl in the school could have done that. But come on, Pegs, we're having a committee meeting right away. I'll take this along with me, shall I?"

"Oh, Babs—"

But Babs, laughing, picked up the dummy and tucked it snugly under her arm, while Peggy, her face a little redder than usual, quietly heaped her papers in the drawer of the desk.

Then off they went together.

From behind the door of Study No. 4, which Babs shared with Bessie Bunter and Mabel Lynn, there came a buzz of chatter. It died as Babs and Peggy came in.

"All here?" asked Babs brightly.

"All," Mabs answered. "Sit down, everybody. Babs, as captain, you're in the chair, of course! Now, what's the programme?"

"The programme," Babs announced, "is, first of all, to find an editress."

"Oh, stuff! That's your job, of course!" Clara Trevlyn said.

"I think not," Babs replied.

"Anyway, we'll put it to the vote later on. But before we go any farther, I want you all to have a glance at this. Mabs, you take it first, pass it along to the right, as you've finished. I'll tell you all about it when you've looked through it."

Mabs blinked a little as she took the dummy. Peggy, red-faced, anxious, sat next to Babs and, idly drawing a piece of paper towards her, began, in the most abstracted way, to sketch. She felt that she daren't look up.

"Oh, I say, this is ripping!" Mabs cried. "Babs, you giddy old dark horse, you never told us you'd done this!"

"Pass it to Jimmy," Babs advised.

"Spiffing!" was Jemima Carstairs' comment, as she surveyed the dummy through her monocle. "Absolutely—what? Quite a professional touch, too! Congrats, Babs!"

"Let Marjorie look at it," Babs replied.

Sweet-faced Marjorie Hazeldene looked at it in awe. Even Tomboy Clara, never greatly appreciative of artistic effort, was impressed. Leila shook her head.

"That's a wow!" she solemnly announced.

She handed it to Peggy, who, with a rosy-faced start, looked up, at the same time pushing away the sheet on which she had been idly sketching.

Babs smiled.

"Well, you like it?" she asked.

"I'll say!"

"And you agree with me that the girl who prepared that dummy is the girl most suited to be an editress?"

"Well, cut out the cackle!" Clara said impatiently. "We all know you did the dummy!"

"But," Babs said calmly, "I didn't do the dummy. I couldn't have done it if I'd tried. The girl who did that," she added, and turned with a smile to the crimson-cheeked girl at her elbow, "is Pegs, here, and I want to propose, if you don't mind, that Peggy be nominated editress here and now!"

Peggy dropped her eyes. Every gaze was upon her then. There was a pause.

"Gee! Peggy did it?" said Leila.

"Then she's got my vote!"

"And mine," Marjorie chipped in.

"And speaking for little Jimmy Carstairs, my vote is hers, absolutely," Jemima beamed. "Anybody who can turn out a merry old dummy like that ought to be editing the 'Morning News' itself—what?"

"Then we're agreed?" Babs asked.

Agreed they were.

Peggy blushed.

"Well, thank you!" she said. "I'll do my best to deserve the honour!"

"There's just one question," Babs said. "It's what I might call an 'if' question. But let's get it straightened out first. If we win the prize—and we're going to have a jolly good shot at it—I vote that it all goes to Pegs!"

"Oh, well, of course!" Mabs said.

"Agreed?"

"Absolutely!" Jemima nodded.

"Good enough! Now comes the question of editorial staff," Babs said.

"We shall all help, of course, but too many of us may spoil the broth. Peggy, you'll do the sports pages, as usual, won't you? I'll do some of the illustrations, of course. Mabs is dramatic editress. By the way, Mabs, have a look at this stuff, from Sarah Harrigan. Jemima does our archeological notes. Leila the film notes. Marjorie, you're our handicrafts expert, so we shall expect a batch of copy from you. Now, what about you, Clara?"

"Oh, I'll be general sub-editor," Clara grinned.

"Right-ho! And we'll make Janet Jordan the other sub," Babs beamed.

"We'd better use this study as an editorial office, I think, seeing that it's the biggest in the corridor. Now—hallo!" she broke off, reaching across the table.

And, taking up the sheet of paper Peggy had been idly scrawling upon, she burst into a laugh.

For if Peggy was a promising editress, she was no less a promising caricaturist. Though she had worked on that sketch almost unthinkingly, it was as brilliant an effort as if she had devoted hours of thoughtful toil to it.

It depicted Miss Bullivant, the tart-tempered maths mistress—always a favourite subject for such efforts—in the act of walking through a class-room door. Her pince-nez was awry. Under each arm she carried an enormous sheaf of papers, each sheaf neatly labelled "Impots." In each hand she carried a terrific bunch of keys, and attached to each bunch was another label—"Detentions."

Underneath the whole was the inscription:

"The Bull Starts the Day."

And the expression depicted on Miss Bullivant's face!

"Oh, my hat!" Babs cried. "What a ripping caricature! And what," she added, with a gurgle, "a pity we couldn't push that in the mag just as it stands! Do look, Mabs!"

"And me," Clara instantly clamoured. "Oh, my giddy aunt! Ha, ha, ha!"

"See! See!" cried Leila eagerly, and leapt up. Gee—oh—ha, ha, ha!"

"Nice work—what?" Jemima murmured. "That's just how I see the old Bull in my private nightmares, old Spartans! Take a merry old eyeful, Marjorie!"

Admiringly they clustered round, while Peggy stood back, blushing a little. So typical that of the Bull, who probably gave out more lines, detentions, and impots during one day than the rest of the Cliff House mistresses in

a whole week. So marvellously drawn, too, and so poignantly to the point! The chums shrieked.

"Oh, it's too good!" Clara cried, passing it back to Peggy. "I say, we ought to frame it, Pegs! I—"

And there she froze. For behind her the door had opened, and surely, swiftly, a bony hand had snatched at that priceless caricature. While the chums twisted round, the laughter became stifled; everybody at once stood dismayedly still. For the mistress who, accompanied by Sarah Harrigan, had now entered the study, and who was shakingly holding that clever caricature in her hand, was—

Miss Bullivant herself!

### The Co. Mean Business!



WHILE the chums stared at her in utter dismay, and Sarah Harrigan quickly smothered the grin on her features as she glimpsed the sketch, Miss Bullivant caught her breath.

Then the storm broke.

"And who," the mistress wanted to know, with a dagger-like look from one face to another, "perpetrated this outrage? Barbara, I understand you are something of an artist—"

"Please, Miss Bullivant, no!" Peggy broke out. "It—it is mine!"

"You? You did this—this thing?"

"I—I'm sorry!" Peggy faltered. "I—I hardly realised what I was doing! It—it's only a—a doodle, you know!"

Miss Bullivant's face reflected scandalised horror.

"A what? Peggy, how dare you use such dreadful terms! What is a—a—What was it you said?"

"A doodle, Miss Bullivant. I guess it's an American expression," Leila explained. "If you ever saw 'Mr. Deeds Comes to Town'—"

"I most certainly do not know any gentleman of the name of Mr. Deeds!" Miss Bullivant answered stiffly. "And why you should assume, Leila, that I would put myself out to see him come to town passes my comprehension!"

"Ha, ha!" Clara chuckled. "I mean—oh, my hat!" she added, crimsoning. "Mum—Mr. Deeds," she explained, as the mistress fastened a basilisk glare upon her, "was a film, you know!"

"Yes, rather! And it was in the film that the word 'doodle' was introduced," Mabs said helpfully. "It means—well, it means sort of idle scribbling—the—the sort of thing you do, you know, when you're thinking of something else, Miss Bullivant, and happen to have a pencil in your hand—"

"Oh!" Miss Bullivant exclaimed, and pondered the point. "So I," she said acidly, glaring at beetroot-faced Peggy, "am the subject of your idle thoughts—eh? And this is how your idle thoughts depict me, Peggy Preston? Since it is obvious that your thoughts require better employment, you can work out all the exercises in Chapter 7 of your algebra book! And if," she added warningly, "I catch you doing this sort of thing again, I shall detain you until the end of the month!"

"Oh dear! I'm sorry!" unhappy Peggy blurted.

"Very well; let the matter drop now," Miss Bullivant said grandly. "What I came here about was an entirely different matter. In the first place, let me tell you that Miss Primrose—who has not been very well lately, as you know—has been called away for a few days, and while she is absent, I shall of course, take her place."

The chums glanced at each other wryly. The Bull taking the place of the headmistress! Most decidedly, that news did not find favour.

But there was an even greater shock in store for them, as it happened—the last kind of blow they had expected.

"In the second place," Miss Bullivant went on, "I hear you have some idea of entering the 'Cliff House Magazine' for a newspaper competition. There is no harm in that, of course—indeed, I wish you all success—but I must impress upon you that your journalistic activities must in no way interfere with your Form work."

"Oh, no, Miss Bullivant!" Barbara Redfern said readily.

"Very well. Now for my third point," Miss Bullivant said, rather grimly. "It concerns the magazine. I am not entirely satisfied with some of the contributions you have published in the past, and, as this particular number is destined to get into outside hands, it is therefore extremely necessary that it should have some sort of official supervision."

The editorial staff looked at each other blankly.

"But, Miss Bullivant—" Babs gasped.

"Please, Barbara, do not interrupt!" the Bull said sternly. "As long as you behave yourselves, you need not worry. I have appointed Sarah as supervisor, with instructions to consult me on any point she might be doubtful about."

If the chums had been dismayed a



moment before, they were utterly glum then. Sarah to supervise their efforts! Sarah to censor what they wrote—to busybody about what they did! Peggy bit her lip.

"But, Miss Bullivant, as editress—" "Editress?" Miss Bullivant exclaimed.

"Yes, Miss Bullivant," Peggy cried. "And—"

Miss Bullivant's eyes snapped. "You are referring to yourself, Peggy? And who has appointed you editress?"

"The—the committee!" Peggy stammered. "I—I've just been appointed. Miss Bullivant, as editress, may I be allowed to say—"

"You are allowed," Miss Bullivant tartly interrupted, "to say nothing, Peggy! The editress of the magazine

gives you no official status in the school whatever! That is all! Sarah, I will leave these girls to you!"

She rustled out, frowning a last forbidding frown as she closed the door. Sarah lounged into the room.

"Well, I must say you don't look very pleased!" she commented.

"We're not!" Clara Trevlyn retorted, bluntly and bitterly.

"Now, now!" Sarah shook her head. "No more remarks, please, Clara!"

she said, with astonishing mildness. "Just let's get this straight before we

go any farther. Like you, I've got to take my orders, and—well, like you, I'm not always keen on doing it. I don't particularly want to supervise this job—"

They blinked.

"But, as Miss Bullivant says I've got to do it, I must!" Sarah decided. "I want to see you win that prize, not only for the honour and glory of the school, but because—well, dash it, I'll be frank—but because there's a contribution of mine in the mag. I give you my word that I won't interfere any more than I can help, so please don't make it necessary. That's all. Now get on with your meeting."

And with a nod—astonishingly friendly for Sarah—she strode out of the study. The chums regarded each other in astonishment.

"Well, can you beat that?" Leila breathed. "Shucks, I'm not dreaming, am I? That really was Sarah?"

"Sarah it was," Jemima cheerfully put in. "Sarah, holding out the green olive branch of peace. Strange, comrades, how sometimes the leopard may change into a lamb. Strange that

**BLANKLY** Peggy stared at the manuscript. Someone had put it amongst the articles she had submitted to the mistress for publication in the Cliff House Magazine. It obviously referred to Miss Bullivant—and she was holding Peggy responsible!

sourness may turn to such sweet syrup. 'Well, well,' as some frightfully deep old johnnie said somewhere or other, 'Tis not in this age that the power to work the merry old miracle is an art forgotten.' And the proof of the old pudding is in the rolling stone—or something! We shall see, fair Spartans, what we shall see!"

"Quite!" Clara grunted. "And some day perhaps we shall hear some sense from the lips of the burbler who calls herself Jimmy Carstairs! Well, blow Sarah—and the Bull! Now what's next on the programme?"

"Work!" Babs answered at once. "Come on, Pegs, you're head cook and bottle-washer. Give your orders!"

Peggy laughed. She had been looking a little dismayed a moment ago, but she was all bright and cheerful radiance now.

"As a matter of fact, I've already thought of one or two little things," she confessed. "I'll spin them off. But, please," she added, "do be awfully honest, and tell me if you don't like any of them, won't you?"

"O.K.!" grinned Clara. "Fire ahead!"

And Peggy began.

"Well, Babs, what about starting work on the art supplement?" she said. "I've got an idea or two for you there. Suppose you give Page One to Cliff House Personalities?"

"Good egg!" Babs beamed.

"And the middle two pages to scenes and odd corners of the school. Wait a

minute, here's a better title for it than Art Supplement. What about 'The Cliff House Sketch Book'?"

"Oh, ripping!" Marjorie cried delightedly.

"And Mabs—I suppose you'll be reading through that Sarah Harrigan thing? Have to put our heads together to find a really good ripping title for it. Perhaps," Peggy suggested, "you'd like to run along to Sarah and choose some of the photographs she offered Babs? Tell her, of course, that you're the dramatic editress. Jimmy, what about your article?"

"Aha!" Jemima said. "Aha! Thinking about that, what? What about this? 'Cliff House in the Stone Age'?"

"Say, that's snappy!" Leila Carroll cried. "And mine, too! What about: 'Films We All Remember'?"

"No; something brighter than that," Peggy said. "What about writing some personal notes about your own film



friends in Hollywood? The great thing is to link up even Hollywood with Cliff House. No—half a minute, let's think! I've got it! What about this for a title? 'Through the Cliff House Telescope'?"

"Sure sounds O.K.," Leila said dubiously, "but where in the name of the stars and stripes does Hollywood come in?"

"Well," Peggy laughed, "what do you see through a telescope?"

"Why, stars!" cried Marjorie, clapping her hands. "Oh, I say, isn't that a topping idea? Stars, Leila—film-stars!"

"Gee-whiz!" Leila cried. "That's the notion. O.K. I'm off, sisters!"

And out with a rush, all bursting with sudden inspiration, Leila dashed.

"Now, you, Marjorie," Peggy laughed. "'Things We Make at Cliff House'? No, too stodgy. Something snappier, as Leila says. Whoa, though, here's an idea. What about writing it up in story fashion, something after this style: 'Little Lady Nimble-fingers'—that fits the bill, I think. Now can anybody give me a title for my sports page?"

"Yes, I can," Babs said. "Do it in the form of a newspaper article. We've got the Cliff House Sketch Book. Why not the Cliff House Sports Review?"

"Just lovely!" Peggy laughed, and her face shone. "Good enough! Now we can all get busy. Clara, you're chief sub-editress, aren't you? You'd better stay here with me. And, of course, Babs and Mabs will be writing their stuff here as well. Can we arrange the table, Babs?"

The table was arranged. Jemima and Marjorie, well pleased with the tasks they had been given, vanished after Leila. Babs, smiling, got out her drawing materials and board, and sat herself at her own desk by the window.

"Now, Clara," said Peggy, "what about doing the computations?"

"The whatters?" Clara asked.

"Well, this," Peggy laughed. "Here's the dummy. Now, just measure up the space given to each article and find out how many inches each article will take up. We'd better set them all in Long Primer Old Style, I think."

"Or in Dutch," Clara grumbled. "What the dickens is Long Primer Old Style?"

"It's the name and the size of a type," Peggy explained. "Now see! If we use Long Primer we shall get sixty words to every solid inch. That means, in full columns eight inches long you get four hundred and eighty words. But don't forget in making your calculations that we've got to put sketches and things in, and allow half an inch for each of these thumbnails."

Clara ran her hand through her unruly hair.

"Right you are," she agreed good-naturedly. "But don't forget I'm only a beginner. You'll check up the measurements afterwards?"

"Oh, of course!" Peggy said. "Yes—hallo?" she added, as a knock came at the door. "Come in!"

The door opened. The round, fat face of Bessie Bunter peered in.

"Oh, hallo!" she said. "I say, what are you doing in this study? Is it true you've made me editress of the Cliff House Magazine?"

"Just as true," Clara chuckled, "as that crocodiles are sprouting wings this season! Don't bump against the table, chump! I'm compu—com—calculating," she said.

Bessie sniffed.

"I'm not bumping against your beastly table," she said. "And anyway, I think it's unfair. What you want, as editress of a magazine like this, is a girl with brains, you know."

"Exactly!" Babs smiled. "And we've got one. Sit down, Bessiekins, and think up something that will stun the literary world. We're all fearfully busy."

"But look here——" Bessie glowered.

But nobody was looking there. Bessie, with a ponderous frown, dropped into the armchair, and at that moment the door opened again.

Lydia Crossendale, the Snob of the Fourth, looked in, affably.

"Whoops, are we busy?" she grinned. "Hear you've been made editress, Peggy."

"Well, jolly good job, too!" Lydia said, with a slight sneer at the back of Barbara Redfern. "About time some of these stunts got into other hands. Ahem!" Lydia laughed modestly. "I've written a little thing here, Peggy, you might be glad to have."

"Thanks," Peggy said. "Put it on the table, will you?"

"But aren't you going to read it?" Lydia asked.

"Well, I'm up to my eyes. Anyway," and Peggy looked up with a little sigh. "What is it about?"

"Well, it's an article," Lydia explained. "I think it's rather neat myself. It's called: 'Tyranny at Cliff House.' If you're so jolly busy I'll read it to you."

"But, Lydia——"

"Oh, no trouble! This is how we start," Lydia swept on, and laughingly unfolded her manuscript. "Rather good, I think. Listen to this:

"Though Cliff House prides itself on being a modern school, it is, in many respects, still living in the dark ages. Mistresses at Cliff House seem to think their duty is not to teach, but to punish——"

"No, no!" Peggy very firmly shook her head. "Is it all written in that strain?"

"Why, of course!"

"Then I'm sorry, but it's no good!" Peggy said bluntly. "That's rather a libel on the mistresses, isn't it? In any case, the article is what they call of a controversial nature, and we're just fighting shy of controversy in any shape or form. Do try to think of something else."

Lydia's face reddened.

"Aren't you going to publish it?"

"No," Peggy said decisively.

"But dash it, I've spent the last hour on the thing," Lydia raved.

"And," Clara said, worriedly looking up from her computations, "if you don't buzz off you look like spending the next hour cleaning this bottle of ink I'm going to throw over you. Buzz off! Oh my hat now I've forgotten the sum I was doing."

"But look here——"

"Scoot!" Clara cried.

"What about this article?"

"Light the fire with it!"

Lydia scowled; and then, as Clara's hand strayed suggestively towards the bottle of ink in question, she took a step back.

"Blow you!" she said, "I hope you jolly well don't win the prize now!" and crash! went the door, and thump, thump, thump went Lydia's footsteps, savagely tramping down the passage.

"Our little bird hath its feathers ruffled," Clara chuckled. "All the same, she should know better than to write that piffle. Hallo," she added, as the door came open and Mabs, with a sheaf of photographs in her hand, came in. "Got something good?"

Mabs had. She had half a dozen photographs for her dramatic page. All of them showed Sarah Harrigan in some prominent position, of course, but as the pictorial value of the photographs was unquestionable, there was not a great deal of objection to that. Peggy smiled.

"Jolly good!" she said. "Some of them will have to be retouched, though."

"Re-whattered?" Clara asked, staring.

"Touched-up—that's another professional term," Peggy laughed. "Photographs don't often print as well as they look. Before you have a block made of them you have to do a little toning down here and there, put in a highlight or two, and emphasise some of the lines. But I think I can manage that," she added thoughtfully.

Amazing, this Peggy. How easily she smoothed out the difficulties at once. What an editress she was, to be sure.

Mabs laughed. Babs, turning from her board, beamed. If her respect for Peggy had been great before, it had increased a hundredfold now.

Earnestly and diligently they settled down to their work again. Bessie, with a grunt, rose up and went out. For half an hour there was silence in the

study, broken only by the industrious scratch of pens. Then Peggy, with a laugh, sat back in her chair.

"Well, there we are—that's the Sports Review," she cried. "Babs, if you'll do a pictorial heading for it, I'll rake up some of those snaps Diana Royston Clarke took a little while back. I've only dealt with the most important events, of course—but I've let myself go on how Cliff House Seniors won the Courtfield Hockey Shield. Come in!" she added, as a knock sounded at the door.

Jemima's face peered in.

"What-cheer," she beamed. "Enter timid contributor, uneasily offering child of its brain to clever editress! There's the merry old Stone Age, Pegs," she added. "Werruff!" she added, as the door opened again, its handle hitting her in the back. "Don't mind me, what?" she added brightly. "We Carstairs were made to withstand battering-rams. Oh, it's Sarah!"

Sarah Harrigan, it was, her sour-looking face wreathed in smiles.

"Hallo, still at it!" she asked. "Read my article, Peggy?"

"Oh, yes!" Peggy said. "It's jolly good!"

"Thanks!" Sarah simpered a little. "I thought you'd like it," she said modestly. "And you'll publish those photographs, of course? What else have you got in?"

"Well, there's Jimmy's Stone Age article."

"Yes?"

"And I've just finished my sports review——"

"Oh!" Sarah looked at her quickly. Jemima, behind her, polished her monocle. "What's the sports review?"

Peggy explained. Sarah frowned a little.

"And you say you've described the Courtfield Shield match? Did you—you mention me?"

"Oh, yes, of course!" Peggy laughed. "I mentioned al the team, you know—and the goal scorers."

There came a cough from Jemima. But nobody noticed that Sarah, for some reason, was looking frowningly disapproving.

"Well, you're editress, of course," she acknowledged. "At the same time, I don't think I'd include a sports article. Who the dickens wants to read about schoolgirls' hockey matches? This thing's going to London."

Peggy's lips came together a little.

"At the same time," she pointed out, "it's still supposed to be a school magazine. The 'Morning News' haven't asked us to provide a magazine to be read by the public; and, anyway, I think it would look funny if we didn't mention sport, especially when Cliff House has got such a reputation for games. I'm not saying it couldn't have been written better, but I'm jolly sure that an article like it should go in."

Sarah shrugged.

"Well, all right," she said hastily. "I'm not trying to dictate. At the same time, I hope you don't mind me expressing an opinion. Peggy, when you've read through the contributions you've received you might trot them along to me, will you? I'd like to have a look at them."

She went out, smiling again. Peggy frowned a little. Jemima, still thoughtfully polishing her eyeglass, slipped out after the prefect.

Peggy, a little pink, read through Jemima's article. Just as she finished it Diana Royston-Clarke came in.

"Copy," announced the Firebrand of the Fourth gaily. "Here's something

about what we wear at Cliff House, Pegs. Any good?"

"Good idea!" Peggy said.

"Arrah, it's meself that's written a ghost story," Bridget O'Toole cried, coming into the study after Diana. "And a real good one it is, I'll tell the world! Like to look at it, Pegs darlint?"

"Yes, please, put it there," Peggy advised. "Oh, my hat! Isn't the copy rolling in?"

The copy was rolling in—so much so that there was a perfect pile of contributions by the time prep bell rang, and Peggy for the rest of that evening was kept frightfully busy just reading.

Margot Lantham came along with an article entitled, "Secrets of Cliff House." June Merrett offered a really radiant burst of wit, under the title of "Cliff House Howlers."

Marcelle Biquet, determined not to be left out of it, had contributed "A French Girl's View of Cliff House." And Jean Cartwright had written an article on the Pets' House.

Gwen Cook had contributed a story of an incredible length. Even the silent Terraine Twins had rolled along with a rather laboured poem which in itself would have filled a quarter of the paper.

And up and down the Fourth-Form passage girls were still energetically, industriously turning out "copy." Even Bessie Bunter, tucked away with Janet Jordan and Marjorie Hazeldene in Study No. 7, was reputed to be writing a story destined—by Bessie—to be an epic.

Quite a job reading and sorting all those things out. Quite a job accepting and rejecting. But Peggy miraculously did sort them out, and just before prep took the pile to Sarah Harrigan's study.

After prep she went along to see the prefect. Sarah welcomed her with a smile.

"I suppose you've come for your copy," she said. "Well, Miss Bullivant asked to see it, Peggy. She's got it. I'll let you have it as soon as she returns it."

Peggy nodded, but she did not hear from Miss Bullivant that night. Tired but happy, thrilling with the wonderful start she had made, she went to bed, pleasantly reviewing the events of the day, and thinking of that dear little mother back at home.

What a marvellous thing it would be if only the "Cliff House Magazine" won that competition! What joy to see the pleasure flood in those tired eyes, the bright flush to that wan face, when she handed over that fifty pounds!

If—ah! Peggy choked a little. Unemotionally she had told her story to Barbara Redfern, but what urgency, what poignancy there was behind it! For many months had that dear little mums been ill. How many times during that illness had her hard-worked life been despaired of? And those dread words the doctor had used to her father during the Christmas holiday: "If you do not get her away to a warm climate, Mr. Preston, I will not hold myself responsible for what might happen next winter!"

Peggy bit her lip. The "Cliff House Magazine" must win!

She fell asleep presently, to be awakened by someone shaking her shoulder. She looked up to see the face of Lady Patricia Northanson, duty prefect for the day.

"Sleepy-head!" Lady Pat laughed. "You'd better get yourself up and dressed, Peggy. Miss Bullivant wants to see you in her study at once!"

No. 28 of our delightful series for Your "Cliff House Album."

## CLIFF HOUSE CELEBRITIES

LET me introduce you this week to Charles Percival Henry Boker, Cliff House's cheery, energetic, and willing page-boy. One of the very best!

That wealth of cheerful, happy character which shines out of his rugged countenance is worth an abundance of good looks. Tawny-brown his hair, always a trifle astray in the parting; healthy and tanned his freckled cheeks. Ever smiling, that wide mouth of his reveals a really splendid set of white teeth. Rather indeterminate are his eyes—something between grey and blue. Decidedly snub the nose, and a trifle oversize the ears.

Not an Adonis by any means—but certainly a gentleman. That is Boker, despite his humble upbringing and his struggles in the past.

You can never ask Boker a favour and find it undone; you can never expect anything but a cheery word from Boker if you are ever down in the dumps!

Bring Boker face to face with a crisis and you will never find him wanting; ask his help and you have the most willing slave in the world!

But Charles Percival Henry Boker also has faults (ask Piper!). He is inclined at times to be just a little cheeky, but never to those whom he likes and who like him!

Fond of carpentry—his pet hobby—he would much rather get on with that than his more tedious duties. Give him a football and he will forget everything! But these faults are essentially a part of the boy in him, and make him, if anything, more likeable than ever.

Now for a little of Boker's history. He was born in Liverpool. I'm afraid he wasn't a very bright boy at his local Council school.

Fondness for sport, too much attention to his carpentry, and a necessity to run errands to earn a few pence to help his poor family's exchequer did not help his lessons. He was always healthy and strong, however, as he is to-day.

Leaving school, Boker achieved an ambition—to become assistant to a joiner. He should have become an



Charles Boker

apprentice, but unfortunately the joinery business failed, and Charles Percival Henry was cast upon the world.

About this time his father fell out of work, and his mother ill, and poor Boker, casting about desperately for another job, was glad to take the page-boy's vacant post at Cliff House. At first he didn't like it very much—but now even his beloved carpentry would not tear him away from it.

I don't believe Boker has any dislikes in Cliff House School. But among his favourites are Miss Primrose and Babs & Co.—particularly Clara.

Fond of all sport, Boker belongs to the Friardale Village Sports Club, in which he acts as centre-forward in the football season and wicketkeeper in the summer.

His favourite colours are his club's—blue-and-white. His favourite pet a dog—a big one like Miss Trevlyn's Pluto, for preference. His favourite song at the moment—which he whistles very badly—"Little Old Lady." Fond of the films, Ronald Colman is his hero; of heroines he has none.

He is sixteen years old, and rather short for his age.

"Oh, thanks!" Peggy answered.

She got up. She dressed, and, smiling, went downstairs, rather eager, if the truth be told, to hear Miss Bullivant's opinion of the copy she had already accepted.

But her heart failed her a little when she stepped into that mistress' study.

Miss Bullivant was not looking pleased—far from it.

She said, her hands upon the pile of papers which Peggy had submitted to Sarah Harrigan:

"These are your magazine contributions, Peggy?"

"Yes, Miss Bullivant," Peggy admitted.

"And," the mistress asked, "you have accepted all these? You are intending to print them?"

"Why, yes," Peggy, wondering, agreed.

"Then in that case I am very glad I have undertaken some form of censorship," Miss Bullivant said angrily. "And I am very sorry to inform you, Peggy, that I cannot agree with you as to what should comprise the contents of your paper."

"I have no objections to find with most of the contributions, but one is nothing but an outrageous libel upon myself. This—" And suddenly her

hand darted towards the pile. With quivering fingers, she snatched a thin, typewritten manuscript from among it. "As you confess you have already accepted that for publication, Peggy Preston, I forbid you to edit the 'Cliff House Magazine' from this moment."

And she thrust into horrified, amazed Peggy's hands two typewritten sheets. Peggy almost swooned as she read the big title at the top:

"CLIFF HOUSE'S MOST HATED MISTRESS!"

WHY DON'T THEY SACK 'THE BULL'?"

Standing By Peggy!



"PEG S," Barbara Redfern cried, her voice vibrant with consternation, "what ever's the matter?"

Peggy Preston, entering the Fourth Form dormitory five minutes later, just dumbly stared at her. Her face was white, her lips twitching.

"Oh, goodness! What's happened?" Mabel Lynn cried.

Peggy shook her head. She sank down on the bed. Anxiously, questioningly the chums gathered round her.

"Pegs," Babs said tenderly, and sat beside her and put an arm around her shoulder.

"It—it's the Bull," Peggy said brokenly. "She—she's taken the editorship of the magazine away from me. She—"

And then the story came out. How Miss Bullivant had found that libellous article among the copy Peggy had accepted; how in her anger she had refused to accept an explanation, and, remembering Peggy's caricature, had forbidden her to have anything further to do with the magazine. In dismay, in anger, the others listened.

"But—oh, my hat!" stammered Babs. "Peggy, we can't lose you now. Nobody else could possibly take your place. But who the dickens did it?"

"Sarah?" questioned Mabs. "She had the copy first."

"But why," Babs demanded, "should Sarah do a thing like that? She knows the Bull as well as we do. For all she knows, the Bull might have stopped us going on with the mag altogether—and then what about Sarah's article she's so keen to see in print? No; it wasn't Sarah, but—"

And suddenly her gaze travelled to Lydia Crossendale. "Lydia—" she said.

"Well?" Lydia asked.

"Do you know anything about this?"

Lydia glared.

"Why should I know about it?"

"Well, didn't you write a similar sort of article?" Babs asked, her eyes narrowing. "And weren't you rather mad when Peggy rejected it? Don't I remember hearing you say something about hoping the mag wouldn't win?"

Lydia's face turned crimson. But half the Form were looking at her then.

"So you're going to try to put it on me?" she asked angrily. "You would, wouldn't you? How the dickens could I have shoved an article among that copy?"

It was Rosa Rodworth who spoke then.

"Didn't you go to the Bull's study last night?" she asked. "Didn't you come back saying that the Bull wasn't there? And didn't," Rosa asked, her eyes growing more and more suspicious, "you take a paper with you—and didn't you come back without it? Easy enough, if the Bull wasn't there, to have rammed that article in the copy. And it's the sort of rotten trick you'd do, Lydia."

Lydia panted. The eyes of the whole form were suspicious now.

"I tell you I know nothing about it!" she hooted. "What I took to the Bull was lines. As she wasn't there, I jolly well left them on her desk. I don't even remember seeing any copy—and don't you try to put this on to me!" she added violently. "I— Oh!"

The door opened. Lady Pat again, her face rather overshadowed, stood there. She frowned a little.

"Time you girls were downstairs," she said. "Barbara, Miss Bullivant wants to see you."

Babs bit her lip. She threw a glance at the downcast Peggy, smiled reassuringly, and quitted the room. Miss Bullivant, when she arrived in the study, eyed her sharply.

"Barbara, perhaps you are aware that I have forbidden Peggy Preston to have anything further to do with the editing of the magazine?" she began.

"Yes, but—oh, Miss Bullivant, aren't you making a mistake?" Babs asked. "I'm sure Peggy—"

"I am not," Miss Bullivant said starchily, "in the habit of making mistakes, Barbara. And, please," she added, "do not plead on Peggy's behalf. Peggy has utterly disgraced herself. She is forbidden to act in an editorial capacity any longer. I sent for you to tell you that if you intend to proceed with the magazine, I shall hold you responsible. You will take over the editorship yourself. Here is the copy already approved of. That is all."

"But, Miss Bullivant—" Babs said desperately.

"That is all, Barbara!"

Babs bit her lip. She went out. Take over the editorship—in poor Peggy's place. Peggy, who was hoping for so much from that appointment; Peggy, who was so superior to her in this matter. No, she couldn't; she wouldn't!

And then Babs had an idea. And that idea brought a sudden smile to her face. Hurriedly she rushed to Study No. 4.

Peggy, Mabs, Leila Carroll, as well as Jemima, were there.

They all turned questioningly at her entry.

"Babs," Peggy cried, "what did—did she say?"

Babs broke the news. Peggy's face fell.

"But," Babs broke in breathlessly, "don't worry, Pegs. We elected you editor, and you're still going to be editor. If you can't edit the mag openly, you can on the quiet, and—well, anyway, you've just got to now. There's no reason, after all, why the Bull or Sarah should know what you're doing. When the magazine's published, we'll send it in under your name."

"But—but," Peggy stammered, "the Bull's bound to find out then."

"Well, what of that?" Babs asked cheerily. "The thing will be done, won't it? What can she do when the whole thing is an established fact? She can only give us a few lines, and who the dickens cares for lines? In the meantime, you do the work and I'll take the responsibility. Agreed, everyone?"

"A notion," Jemima beamed, "which I, with all my weighty brain, could not improve on. Agreed is the word, Barbara, old friend of my youth!"

"Oh, Babs!" Peggy said, and smiled—such a glad, grateful smile, that Babs felt herself glow with happiness.

But there was no time for more then, for at that moment the door came open. Sarah Harrigan, a smile on her face, stood on the threshold. She frowned a little when she saw Peggy, however.

"Peggy, what are you doing here? I understood that you had been forbidden to edit the magazine?"

"Quite!" Jemima drawled. "Thou hearest right, Sarah, old Spartan. But nobody can say at this specific old moment that Peggy's doing anything but chinwag to her chums, what? She's not exactly been forbidden to talk to the editorial staff, you know."

Sarah scowled a little under the rebuke. She darted that "take-a-hundred-lines" look at Jemima, and then, hastily changing it, smiled.

"Well, no," she admitted. "All right, Peggy, you may remain. Barbara, as you're the new editor—"

"Yes?" said Babs.

"I just want to have a word with you about—about the contents," Sarah said. "I've been thinking about that

sports stuff Peggy was including, and I really don't think we ought to let it go in, you know. I'm sure you agree with me, Barbara."

"But I don't," Babs said. "I think it's absolutely necessary. Anyway, I've read the article, and I think it's a ripping bit of work. Why shouldn't it go in?"

"Well, Peggy wrote it," Sarah said. "And Peggy's forbidden—"

"But," Clara chipped in, "Peggy isn't forbidden to write for the paper, is she? Being a contributor and an editor are two entirely different things. And, anyway," Clara added, showing a sign of that hostility which was never very far from the surface, when she found herself face to face with the tyrant of the Sixth, "Babs is jolly old editor, and Babs can please herself what she puts in, can't she?"

"Clara, that's not the way to talk to me," Sarah warned. "Oh, well, go on then, have it your own way."

She went off, and for a moment there was silence.

"Now, I wonder—" Jemima murmured thoughtfully.

"What?" asked Mabs.

"Oh, nothing! Just a wonder," Jemima answered, in that vague way of hers. "Questions, queries, problems and puzzles, and all the rest of that merry old rot, you know. By the way, Babs—"

"What is it, Jimmy?" Babs asked.

"Do you still think Lydia Crossendale put that MS amongst the others?"

"Who else?" Babs asked, staring.

"Oh, heaps and heaps of people, I should say!" Jemima answered thoughtfully. "Just heaps—what? A rather feeble notion flickers across my cranial vacuum, however; but, of course, I'm not very clever, so don't pay any attention to it. The notion is," Jemima said cheerfully, while the others stared, "that Lydia had about as much to do with that merry old act of naughtiness as I did. Now run! There's the breakfast bell!"

And the smiling enigma of the Fourth, brightly taking her monocle out of her eye, was the first to leave the room.

### Unlucky for Sarah!



**S**ENSELESS and inane though Jemima's remarks appeared to be, they commanded respect.

Babs & Co. had had enough experience of her to know that they covered some deeper and perhaps very significant thoughts of her brain.

One thing was certain—that when Jemima was at her vaguest and most flippant, then that cool brain under her sleek Eton crop was busy with the most intricate problems. When Jemima said she had a notion, then Jemima had most crystal-like suspicions.

And who, if not Lydia Crossendale, did Jemima suspect of having written the article which had enraged Miss Bullivant to the point of sacking Peggy Preston from the editorship of the "Cliff House Magazine"?

Babs, despite Jemima's mysterious remarks, was still inclined to suspect her—Lydia. It was only when after lessons that morning Henrietta Winchester visited her in her study—Henrietta, a day girl, was the only girl in the school that Lydia had any feeling for—that she felt her suspicions further shaken.

"But, Babs, I'm sure it couldn't



have been Lydia," Henrietta said. "Babs, I'm positive. You know Lydia wouldn't tell fibs to me."

"Well, no," Babs admitted. "I don't think she would to you."

"And I've talked to her, Babs. I've begged her to tell me. But she sticks to what she did say—that all she put in Miss Bullivant's study was the lines the Bull had given her. And, Barbara, half a dozen girls might have gone into Miss Bullivant's study last night."

That was true. And yet, if not Lydia, who?

Still, that wasn't the thing that mattered most at the moment. The great thing was to get on with the magazine. And as this afternoon was a half-holiday, it behoved them all to make what progress they could—especially as the time limit was drawing rapidly towards them. Babs, as usual, made the plans.

"We work this afternoon," she said. "Pegs, we'll have to have you with us."

"But supposing," Peggy asked worriedly, "Miss Bullivant or Sarah comes along?"

"We'll put a guard on the door," Babs answered at once. "Jimmy, you've done your stuff, so that's a job for you. If anybody comes in, Pegs, you just nip under the table—see?"

And so that was arranged—and, to a point, worked well. Immediately after dinner they returned to Study No. 4. The editorial "office" was arranged; Jemima posted on the door, and the Co. sat down to work.

Most of the copy, thank goodness, was in by that time, though it was a rare old job to fit it all in.

Babs, however, had done less than half her art supplement; Mabs was still busy on her dramatic notes, and two or three pages had to be left blank for contributions that had been promised, among them a feature from Miss Charmant, the pretty and popular mistress of the Fourth Form.

Scratch, scratch! industrious pens went. While Jemima, standing by the door, beamed round. Then suddenly she gave a hiss.

"Cave, Pegs! Sarah!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Peggy.

But immediately she was out of her seat. At once she dived under the table.

The door came open, and Sarah peered in.

"Oh!" she said. "Where's Peggy Preston?"

"What, lost her again?" Leila asked cheerfully.

"No check, please, Leila," Sarah frowned. "Miss Bullivant wants to know what became of the imposition she gave her yesterday. I've searched the school high and low—"

"Too bad," Jemima sighed, "Why not search it deep and narrow now, old Sarah Spartan? As it's a halfer, perhaps she's gone out."

"She hasn't gone out," Sarah said. "I've asked Piper. She must be somewhere in the school. I thought perhaps she'd come here," she added, then wheeled round as the door opened, and a fat, bespectacled face appeared at the doorway. It was Bessie Bunter.

"Oh, hal-hallo, Sarah!" Bessie smirked. "Fancy seeing you, you know. I sus-say, Babs, have you found my fountain-pen?"

"Hallo! Somebody else lost something?" Babs asked. "No, Bess."

"Well, I left it on the table, you know," Bessie said. "I must have dropped it." She peered short-sightedly at the carpet, and then

frowned fatly. "It must be under the table," she said.

"Oh, stuff!" Jemima said. "The place for fountain-pens should be in fountains—what? No; wait a piplet, old Spartan! Where are you going?"

"Well, I want to look, of course," Bessie said. "Oh, really, Jimmy, I wish you wouldn't stand in my way like that! How can I finish my story if I haven't got my fountain-pen? Really, I wish you wouldn't stand in my way! Let me look under the table—"

"But, my dear Bessie—"

"Bessie," Babs said hurriedly, "borrow mine."

"But why should I borrow yours when my own's somewhere about?" Bessie sniffed. "Anyway, this is my study, isn't it? I can jolly well hunt for my fountain-pen if I want to!"

"Of course she can!" Sarah said, her eyes glimmering a little now. "You're sure it's under the table, Bessie?"

"Well, where else can it be?" Bessie said.

"Bessie, you chump!" hissed Babs.

"Oh, really, Babs, why should you call me a chump?" Bessie demanded, and stared in perplexity from one furious, grimacing face to another.

"Blessed if I know what's happened to you girls!" she said grumblingly.

"Really, Babs, I wuw-wish you wouldn't glare at me like that!"

Babs groaned. But it was obvious that Sarah's suspicions were aroused now. Dear old duffer Bessie—why the dickens couldn't she see they were trying to tell her something?

Desperately Babs rose to her feet.

"I—I'll look," she said.

"You needn't, Barbara," Sarah said. "I'll look."

"But—but— Oh, my hat!"

And Babs, as if to settle the question,

darted towards the table. Sarah at the same moment dived, too. Two heads came together with a crack. Back with a crash went Sarah, falling over on her side, and for one moment Peggy was completely revealed as the tablecloth lifted. But Babs' resource was equal to the crisis.

"Bunk!" she hissed quickly at Peggy; and, pretending to stagger up herself, dragged at the cloth, flinging it towards the half-dazed Sarah so that it completely enfolded her. "Quickly!" she hissed.

And Peggy, seeing her opportunity while the prefect was unable to see, immediately leapt to her feet and flew towards the door.

The eyes of Bessie goggled.

"Oh dud-dear! Oh, I sus-say—"

"This way!" hissed Jemima.

She flew to the door and wrenched it open. Peggy, with a half-scared glance at the struggling Sarah, darted through it. Then—

"Oh, Sarah," cried Babs, "I'm frightfully sorry! I—" and froze, her eyes goggling.

For outside in the corridor came a sudden awful crash, a shriek in Miss Bullivant's tone, a gasp from Peggy. And then Miss Bullivant:

"Peggy! Peggy, how dare you collide with me in that violent way! How dare you leap out of a study like an enraged lion leaping from its cage! And, anyway," she added wrathfully, "what are you doing in that room? I—" and approached the door, then gave a cry that was almost a shriek. "Sarah!" she cried. "What—what—"

For furious Sarah, beetroot red and almost choking with rage, at that moment poked her furious face through the hole she had torn in the cloth.



"DO you still think Lydia Crossendale put that MS. amongst the others?"

Jemima asked. "Well, who else?" Babs asked, staring. "Oh, heaps and heaps of people, I should say," strange Jemima answered thoughtfully. "Just heaps, what?"

## Leave it to Jemima!



**G**ASPING, Sarah Harrigan staggered to her feet.

"Sarah!" Miss Bullivant cried again. "How dare you indulge in such horseplay—"

"I—I—" Sarah choked. "Horseplay?" she flamed out. "I was not indulging in horseplay, Miss Bullivant! I was deliberately—yes, deliberately—made the victim of an assault! Peggy Preston, against your orders, was in this room—"

"What?"  
"Oh, my hat!" muttered Clara. "Miss Bullivant—"  
"Silence, Clara! Yes, Sarah? Go on!"

"She was hiding under the table. Obviously, she had been working on the magazine," Sarah got out. "I went to lift the tablecloth. At the same moment Barbara collided with me. I was sent spinning into this corner; then someone threw the tablecloth over my head—apparently," Sarah said furiously, "to blindfold me while Peggy made good her escape!"

"Oh!" Miss Bullivant's brows came together. "So that," she said quietly, "is how you carry out my orders, Barbara! This is how you treat the prefect I put in charge of you! And if this," Miss Bullivant added, her voice beginning to quiver on a timbre of wrath, "is how you intend to conduct your editorship, I warn you frankly, Barbara, that I shall have no hesitation in forbidding the publication of this magazine altogether! Meantime, you will take a hundred lines!"

"Oh dear! Y-yes, Miss Bullivant!" Babs mumbled.

"And, Peggy, you will take another hundred! And you'll go," Miss Bullivant added grindingly, "to the Form-room to do them! And do not forget, Barbara, I mean what I say! Another incident of this nature, and I shall forbid the publication of the magazine entirely!"

And Miss Bullivant, with a dagger-like glance round, rustled out. Sarah followed her. There was a dead and uneasy silence. Then immediately a battery of glares were fixed upon Bessie Bunter.

"You scathing nitwit!" Clara said.  
"You blundering chump!" Janet Jordan supplemented.

"You frabjous lump of fatness!" Mabs added.

"Oh kik-crumbs! Oh dud-dear! I'm sus-sorry!" Bessie stammered. "Why the dickens didn't you tell me Peggy was hiding under the table?"

Babs shook her head.  
"It's no good grumbling at old Bess," she said. "She didn't know, after all. Still, it was rather fun seeing Sarah trussed up like that! Ha, ha! But poor old Pegs!"

Poor old Pegs, indeed! Peggy at that moment was feeling almost sick with dismay. Readily and gratefully she had accepted Babs' offer to edit the magazine in secret. But what an end to her first attempt to do so!

Disappointedly she trailed at Miss Bullivant's heels into the class-room. It seemed, indeed, as if some black fate was dogging her steps. So hard had she tried to fit herself for that editorial post, so happy she had been when she had got it. And now—now—

How could she possibly accept any credit for the magazine when she had only half edited it?

But she need not have worried. Babs & Co., obeying her instructions, were

still slaving away. Seeing there was no need to keep watch for prowling prefects any longer, Jemima had slid off on some mysterious expedition of her own.

Four o'clock came. And with it came Margot Lantham. Her face was a trifle troubled as she gazed into Study No. 4.

"Hallo!" she said brightly. "Still on with the mag? By the way, Babs, there's a question I want to ask you. About the mag."

"Fire away," Babs said cheerfully.

"Have you seen the printers yet?"

"The printers?" Babs stared, coming to earth with a sudden, most awful jolt. In the excitement of preparing the magazine, the means of its completion had not occurred to a single one of them. "Well, no," Babs said, and frowned. "But that will be all right," she said. "Jenkins will do it for us—they always have."

"Sure?" Margot asked. "Because," she added, "I've just been to Jenkins to get some notepaper printed. I saw Mr. Jenkins himself, and he says they're so rushed with work that they can't guarantee delivery within a fortnight. Doesn't sound," Margot added, "as if he'll be able to do the mag. And the Courtfield printers are as busy as they can be, too, what with the two Courtfield mags to get out by Saturday. I'd advise you to go down right away, Babs."

"Oh, my hat! I will," said Babs in sudden fearful apprehension. "Mabs, come along. Better bring the dummy and the copy. They might want some to get on with at once."

And off at once the two chums went, grabbing their machines from the cycleshed. At a breakneck pace they rode to the printers. It was Mr. Jenkins himself who saw them.

He shook his head when Babs blurted their request.

"I'm sorry, Miss Redfern, I'm full up," he said.

"But, Mr. Jenkins, just this once," Babs pleaded. "You've always done the mag."

"I know. But you've never wanted it in such a hurry before, have you?" the printer smiled. "All my men are working overtime now, you see. Apart from that I've got the Kenmarsh and Whitechester magazines in hand, and I can tell you they've given me some work. But this looks good," he added thoughtfully, running through the dummy. "Quite one of the best things I've seen for a long time. Is this to go into the competition?"

"Yes," Babs blurted.

"Oh—hum!" He shook his head. "And this is the copy you have ready?" he asked. "Wait a minute. I'll see my foreman."

He hurried away. Babs and Mabs looked with sickly dismay at each other. Supposing after all their efforts it was impossible to get the magazine printed?

In five minutes Mr. Jenkins came hurrying back.

"Now listen, Miss Redfern," he said seriously. "I'll do my best. But I can't do my best unless you do yours. There's the dickens of a lot of work in this, and you've only given me about two-thirds of the copy. Will you promise truly and faithfully that I shall have the rest of the copy in no later than five o'clock to-morrow? If you can't do that, I'm afraid we just can't handle it."

"Yes, yes, we promise," Babs cried.

"You understand—by five o'clock, mind. If I don't have it then, it will be impossible to do it. I wouldn't take the job on now if it was for anybody except you, Miss Redfern."

"Thank you," Babs dimpled. And, with Mabs, left.

"Phew!" she said expressively.

Back to the school they rushed. Peggy, by that time, had completed her task and been released from detention. At once Babs called an editorial meeting and explained the situation.

Peggy, of course, was not there. But Jemima was.

"We've got to work like steam engines," Babs told them. "We can carry on without Pegs during the evening, but we've got to have her later. And there's only one way to do that," she added, lowering her voice. "That is when the school is asleep. Who's game to work to-night?"

They all were.

"O.K., then," Babs said. "Now let's get busy. Any more copy in, Clara?"

"Yes, Miss Charmant has brought this article in. And there's something here from old Bess. Leila has finished her film notes. They're here, too. And there's another two articles here which I slipped along to Peggy, and she says one of them can go in—one by young Doris, your beloved sister, Babs."

"Oh, bless the child!" Babs said. "Right-ho, then, let's get down to it."

And busy they became for half an hour, working frantically. Then Sarah entered.

"Hallo!" she said brightly. "I hear you've been down to the printers, Barbara?"

"That's right," Babs said.

"Everything all right there?"

"As long," Babs told her, "as we get the remaining copy in by five o'clock to-morrow. If not, we're dished."

Sarah started a little.

"Remaining copy? You mean you've already given some in?"

"That's it," Jemima beamed. "Rather swift worker our Babs, what?"

"And it was all passed and approved," Barbara laughed. "It was the stuff Miss Bullivant read last night, you know. Your article was among it, Sarah."

"Oh!" Sarah said, but she seemed annoyed, and nobody noticed the queer way in which Jemima was rubbing the side of her nose—just as though, in fact, Jemima was pondering some new and vastly deep problem. "You—you included that article of Peggy's?"

"That's right," Babs assured her. "The printers have got that, too. No objection, is there?"

"Oh, no—no; none at all," Sarah said harshly. "It—it was a very good article, I thought. I—I wasn't quarrelling with the article, you know—only the theme of it. Still, I'm jolly glad mine's gone off," she added, with a laugh.

And out she went.

And on, grimly, the chums toiled. Jemima was posted at the door to intercept interrupters, and from then until prep they worked. Then Babs, with a sigh, gathered up her pages.

"Good enough! A couple of hours during the night, and we'll be through," she said. "We can't possibly do anything else now, without old Pegs to advise." She paused as Bessie Bunter came in. "Hallo, Bessie!"

"Oh, hallo, Babs!" Bessie simpered. "Jolly good, wasn't it?"

"Eh?"

"Didn't you like the way the heroine rescued the trapper from the bear's den? I think it's a real masterpiece, you know. But, of course," Bessie added loftily, "describing those sort of situations comes easily to a Bunter, you know. If only because of that story, the editor of the 'Morning News' will give us the prize. Somebody ought to make a film of it, you know."

"Oh!" Babs smiled. She understood then what Bessie was driving at.



"SARAH!" cried Miss Bullivant. "What— what—" The prefect, her head through the table-cloth, fairly choked. "Miss Bullivant," she flamed, "Peggy Preston, against your orders, was in this room!" The chums groaned. Now for trouble.

"You mean your story? Sorry, Bess, but there's no room for it."

"What? Look here, you know—" Bessie said warmly.

"Frightfully sorry!" Babs said. "It the same time, don't worry, old Bess. The cookery article's all right—with the spelling mistakes corrected, of course—and I've given you a column on the back page for that. Now, please!" she added, as Bessie wrathfully glared and mutteringly sat in the armchair. "Don't worry, fattikins!"

She turned to Clara, Mabs, Jemima, and Leila Carroll.

"I'll just trot along and tell Pegs about to-night," she said. "We've just got to get everything finished. For old Pegs' sake," was the thought she added to herself, as she hurried out.

"PEGGY, ARE you awake?"

"Yes, Babs!"

"Good egg! Clara—"

"O.K.!"

"Jimmy!"

"What-ho!" Jimmy's sleepy voice answered from her bed.

"Leila!"

"Both eyes wide open, I guess," Leila Carroll grinned.

"And Mabs—"

"Getting up," Mabs replied. "But shush—don't make a row! What's the time, somebody?"

"Half-past ten," Babs replied, consulting the luminous dial of her watch. "Better put dummies in the beds, in case some nosey prefect comes prying in." A moment later. "All ready now?"

"All!" Leila replied.

Like six shadowy wraiths the daring girls crept towards the door of the darkened dormitory, Babs leading.

Behind, they left six bolsters in their beds.

Down the stairs they crept, making

hardly a sound. All was still and silent. In Study No. 4 Babs had carefully prepared everything before retiring for the night, and if only they could remain uninterrupted for the next two hours the "Cliff House Magazine" would be completed beyond any possible shadow of doubt.

Quickly they slid into that apartment. While Clara piled the rug against the bottom of the door to exclude any gleam of light from permeating into the corridor Mabs drew down the blind.

Then, earnestly and industriously, they got to work. For half an hour there was no sound in the study save the scratch of pens and an occasional deep and heavy sigh. Then suddenly—

"Listen!" cried Clara.

They all stopped. And then they looked in startled amazement at each other. From farther down the corridor there came a sound. Then a voice.

"The Bull!" gasped Babs. "With Sarah! Quick, grab everything! Scoot through the window! Clara, out with the light! Take that rug from the door."

Breathless and tumultuous the commotion all at once. But everybody saw Babs' idea. Hastily they snatched up the work. By the light of the still-glowing fire, Babs rushed to the window and threw it up. Out on to the broad sill they scrambled, standing there, packed against each other, shielded from the study by the blind. Then the door of the room opened; the light was switched on.

They heard Miss Bullivant's voice again.

"Well, it certainly seems that you made a mistake, Sarah. There is no one here, as you will observe."

"No," Sarah admitted. "All the same, I could have sworn I saw a light. Shall we look in the dormitory, Miss Bullivant, just to make sure?"

"Very well!"

The door closed. Babs breathed heavily.

"Oh, my hat, what idiots we were!" she cried. "Sarah must have seen a crack of light, or something. She wouldn't know, of course, that we'd come along to edit the old mag. But come on," she added, "we've still got a chance. If we scoot up the fire escape we can get to the dormitory before them."

She flung the window open again. In a breathless body they piled into the study. Quickly Babs ran across to the door, peered anxiously out, and with a low-breathed "O.K.!" scooted off down the corridor. Feverishly she wrenched open the door that led to the fire escape. In a body they rushed up the stairs into the dormitory corridor. At the far end of the corridor the footsteps of Miss Bullivant and Sarah Harrigan could be heard ascending the stairs.

"Come on, we can do it!" Babs panted.

On breathless tiptoe she rushed along the carpeted corridor, her chums gathered round her. Miss Bullivant and Sarah had nearly appeared when Babs reached the dormitory door, and feverishly flung it open. And then—

Crash!

"Oh!" gasped Babs.

And crash! came Mabs, tripping over her in the darkness. A moment later they were all a struggling heap then lying on the floor. And from the corridor came a startled exclamation.

"My goodness gracious!"

Too late then! For even as they picked themselves up, the figure of Miss Bullivant appeared at the door.

On went the light.

"Barbara!" she cried. "Peggy! Good gracious, what are you girls doing here?"

"Oh dear, we—we haven't been doing any harm, Miss Bullivant—"

"Barbara, how dare you try to evade the question. And what is that you have in your hands—manuscripts and sketches? Oh!" And Miss Bullivant's

(Continued on page 14)

# OUT OF SCHOOL HOURS

*That popular young person, PATRICIA, is your very own friend who writes to you every week, telling you of her doings and of other things that interest schoolgirls.*



**I**SN'T it exciting to realise how much longer the evenings are growing already? And yet it seems no time since the very shortest day.

Your Patricia will be quite sorry to part with the winter evenings in some ways—although I do love the summer!

You see, we've gone darts-mad at home.

For my big brother's birthday, all the family—that is, mother, father, small brother Heatherington, and the daughter of the house, your Patricia—all clubbed together and bought him a super dart-board.

It's made of pig's bristle, if ever you heard of anything like it—but the man in the shop assured us it was the best.

Heath's contribution, for which his money-box was raided, consisted of two sets of darts to go with the board—price one shilling.

And so, of course, we have spent many a dark evening at the game.

If I'm to be perfectly honest, I must confess I'm not an expert by any means. If I get a "double," it is generally because I'm aiming at the "bull"!

But mother is worse even than your Patricia. She really is a duffer at darts—and even her strongest admirer couldn't deny it.

Father and Brian are really quite good, and have spent many hours playing, using important sounding expressions like "Three-o-one up," and "Seven split,"—which always seem very impressive to the lookers-on.

I must just tell you, though—in case you start getting keen on home darts—that father made a huge board of plywood to protect the wall, before the dart-board was allowed into the sitting-room.

And mother insisted that a rubber mat should be placed on her precious carpet at the point from which they throw. (Which is certainly just as well, for the rubber mat is showing signs of needing a patch already!)

## ● A Novel Address Book

Did you, when you were small girls, always fancy yourselves at drawing houses?

I did.

I would sketch the most hideous houses with quite absurd pains.

There were never any sides, any back, or any perspective at all for that matter—to my houses. They were all flat, like a piece of paper.

But the bricks were drawn with ridiculous care. The front door had a handsome knocker and a huge letter-box. The windows all had curtains with foolish bows to keep them back.

All this is leading up to this very novel little address book in the picture here that I'm sure you'd like to make for yourself.

You must first sketch out a house—quite a simple one—and then trace it on to a piece of cardboard.

Cut out the house in two thicknesses of cardboard—one for the top of the address book and one for the back.

Next cut sheets of plain or lined paper the same shape and lay these between the two covers.

Make a hole right through all thicknesses and jab one of those brass paper-clips through, opening the ends at the back, so that the pages and covers are all kept securely together.

Now, the nice part—of colouring the house. Make it as elaborate as you like,



with red bricks and a blue door—or as simple as you like, in black and white.

Print the word "Addresses" across the roof, and it is complete.

Oh, of course, you must write all your chums' addresses in it—even if you do know them so well that you're quite certain you'll never forget, for address books look so impressive when they are full!

And gradually, as you acquire more and more chums and more and more addresses, you can easily add other pages to the book after removing the paper fastener.

## ● Homework Difficulties

So many schoolgirls find it awfully difficult to get their Homework done to time in the evening after the family's tea or supper. There are, naturally, very many distractions.

Lots of chatter is going on; perhaps the wireless is chanting, crooning, or just lecturing.

And how can a poor schoolgirl concentrate then? You may not have to rack your brains over permutations and combinations—yet! But even vulgar fractions can be pretty baffling when the general noises of family life are all around you.

So you've got to be very firm with yourself about this homework. The best idea, I think, is to make a point of doing

your homework each evening at the very same time—and the best time is directly you get home from school—before the family life of the evening has got into its stride.

In this way, homework should be completed before father and any other out-to-work members of the family come home—and then you can all be chummy together.

But supposing this can't be managed, then I should, if I were you, try to get up a little earlier in the morning and do it then. Once you've made this into a habit, it won't be so hard as it sounds.

## ● Poor Heath

Poor, small brother Heath, had to be taken to the dentist this week, by your Patricia.

It was one of his foolish milk teeth that had been giving trouble.

So far from being upset about it, Heath felt very important and was extraordinarily brave.

Because he was so good while the tooth was being extracted, the dentist-man gave him a ha'penny. But that wasn't enough for Heath!

"I want my toof, too, please," he said.

And he had it!

The small tooth now lives with Heath's other treasures in his nursery, and is brought out on state occasions to show to admiring relatives.

## ● For. String Bits

If mother's always saying that she can never find any string, and really she can't understand it—what about making her this cute little string box?

This string box has a name, too—it's the Man With One Hair, poor thing!

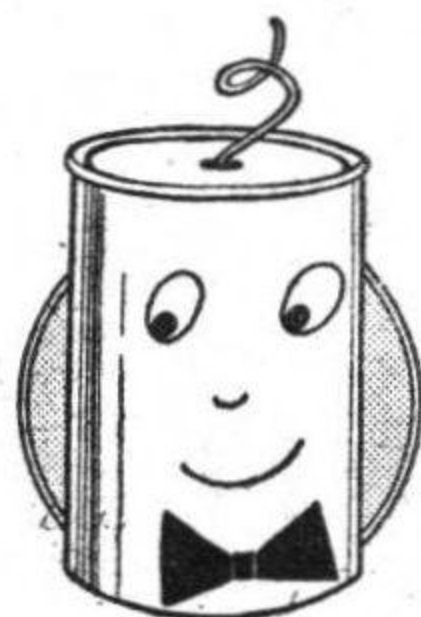
First you must obtain a cocoa tin with a tight-fitting lid. After removing all labels, jab a hole in the lid with the help of a nail and a hammer. (But do mind your fingers as you perform this operation.)

Paint a face and bow on the tin itself. Then slip string inside, pulling a piece up through the hole in the lid.

The Man With One (string) Hair will certainly be a very welcome ornament in the kitchen—especially if all the family remember to put string oddments inside him.

Bye-bye now till next week, all!

Your friend,  
PATRICIA.





# SUCH A USEFUL DAUGHTER!

*That's what everyone said about Carol—because she tackled her household tasks sensibly.*

## WASHING-UP

CAROL didn't like washing-up any more than most people—though she did prefer the washing to the "wiping," which generally included "putting away" as well. But—she determined to make the best of it.

SHE tackled it with a smile first, which made an enormous difference, somehow, and made it much less dull.

NEXT she always insisted on having very hot water. So if it wasn't hot in the tap, Carol put the kettle on. While that was boiling, she had several things to do.

FIRST, she tied an apron round her waist. It was a silk one as a matter of fact—and very gay. For Carol didn't see why silk should be thought extravagant when it was so much easier to wash than a cotton or linen one. And why be drab, Carol demanded? "The duller the task, the brighter the costume," said she.

SECOND, she scraped all pieces from plates into the sink basket and stacked the plates on the small table beside the sink, leaving the draining board clear.

THIRD, she stood the knives into a

jam jar (a stone one kept by the sink) and laid the forks and spoons into the washing-up bowl. "Well begun is half-done," murmured Carol, who knew a surprising number of these maxims from the day-by-day calendar in her bedroom.

FOURTH, she sprinkled the washing-up powder into the bowl—by which time the kettle was ready. She poured most into the bowl and a little into the jam jar.

(Just four steps in preparation—but how quickly it made the washing-up disappear. Glasses were rinsed first. Then the silver. Next, crumby plates. After that, greasy ones. And lastly the turn of the saucepans.)

## MAKING A BED

Carol also made her own bed—and sometimes mother's, too—at week-ends. This also she did to a system, not because she was specially clever, but because Carol knew that the right way was always the quickest and best way in the end—and she liked going out to play as much as anyone else!

She flung the clothes over the end of the bed before breakfast and humped the mattress up in the middle.

THEN she opened the window wide at the bottom—if it wasn't raining—and went downstairs.

UP again. The mattress was turned—one day side to side, the next day end to end, for mattresses are more comfy, and live longer this way.

SHE made sure the under blanket was flat and that the bolster was huffed up. (Carol didn't have a pillow. It saved laundry.)

"FIRST the foot and then the head," Carol would say to herself as she pulled up the bottom sheet. "That's the way to make a bed." Except this time.

FOR the bottom sheet tucked over the bolster instead of a case, and Carol liked a nice tuck-under for her watch and her hankie which she kept there each night. There was still enough sheet left for a good fold at the bottom, however.

TOP sheet and blankets followed swiftly. There were three blankets—none of them very long! So two were pulled well UP to keep chilly shoulders warm, but the top one was pulled well DOWN to keep the others tucked securely at the foot of the bed.

LASTLY the bedcover. This came from the chair, where it lay every night, folded up before Carol popped into bed.

Oh, her nightie. This was neatly folded, of course—never just rolled, and placed in a case that looked just like a fluffy "Scottie" asleep on the bed, except that he had a zipper down his back.

MOTHER'S bed was made in just the same way, except that she had pillows as well as a bolster, also an eiderdown. Carol would have liked this to go UNDER the bedcover, but mother preferred it over, so she won! One day it lay showing one side, and the next day on the other, so that both sides—which were equally pretty—had a fair share of the sun, and admiration!

Carol also had her own ways of cleaning shoes, "doing out" her bedroom, and setting a table. But we'll learn these ways another time, shall we?

*Here's a puzzle you'll enjoy solving when you have a few minutes to spare.*

## TEN-MINUTE CROSSWORD

*Turn to page 20 for the solution—but not until you've finished.*

### ACROSS

1. Queen of the Ice, Miss — Henie!
7. He's often heard with the dance bands.
9. To have possessed.
10. A river in Aberdeenshire.
11. Upon.
12. In this place.
13. You meet them in fairy tales.
15. A king in one of Shakespeare's plays.
16. A chuckle.
17. Thieved.

1	2	3	4	5		6
7					8	
9				10		
11			12			
13		14				
15					16	
	17					

### DOWN

1. Where you go to each morning.
2. " — and Lemons."
3. To shake one's head.
4. A character in "Little Women."
5. A range of mountains in South America.
6. One who is not a slave.
8. "Ever"—poetically speaking.
12. A brave man.
14. A small, four-legged, and most unwelcome visitor.
16. Him.

## "THE CLIFF HOUSE MAGAZINE MYSTERY!"

(Continued from page 11)

face suddenly froze as enlightenment dawned upon her. "So Sarah was not mistaken," she said quietly. "You were in Study No. 4. And you were there, apparently, for the purpose of editing the magazine."

"Oh crumbs, we—we—we—" spluttered Clara.

"And Peggy," Miss Bullivant added, her eyes darting like spearpoints to that dismayed girl, "was among your number. I think I see, Barbara—I think I see! Against my wishes and my orders you are still employing Peggy to help you edit this magazine. Apart from that in defiance of my instructions that this was not to interfere with your school work or discipline, you make this dreadful scene in the middle of the night. Well, Barbara, I warned you," she added grimly. "This settles the matter! Each of you five girls will be detained to-morrow afternoon—Sarah, you will make it your duty to take the detention!"

Peggy gasped. Babs' face fell. "But, Miss Bullivant, we shan't have time to finish the magazine, and the printer already has most of the copy—"

"That," Miss Bullivant said tartly, "is no concern of mine. Now, please get to bed."

Dismayed, disheartened, the chums drifted to their own beds. From Peggy came a choked little sob.

The light went out. Miss Bullivant and Sarah retired. There was a chorus of dismayed groans.

"What luck! What beastly luck!" Clara Trevlyn snorted. "All our work for nothing! But why the dickens," she added wrathfully, "did you go and trip up, Babs?"

Babs' face was set, in the darkness. "Because," she said, "somebody had stretched a string across the door while we were away. Look!"

She switched on the light. She pointed. Faces became angry then. For what Babs said was right. A string, broken now, had been tied to the leg of the chest on one side of the door, to the leg of the washstand on the other.

"Well, of all the sneaking tricks!" Clara exploded. "But—I say!"

"What?"

"Jimmy—" and Clara stared. "Jimmy didn't come back with us," she said. "Where is she?"

Babs stared. She looked towards Jemima's bed. But Jemima had not returned. And she remembered that

Jemima had not been among the dismayed group caught by the Bull. Where was she?

At the same moment the door opened. Jemima's face cautiously peered in. She was looking rather mysterious.

"What-cheer!" she breathed. "Better put the light out, sweetheart—the Bull's still on the prowl. Oho, so that was how 'twas done!" she added, staring at the broken string and gazing most queerly at Babs.

Babs frowned. "Do you know who did it?" she asked.

"No," Jemima said, "but I've a shrewd suspicion, comrade. Nifty scheme," she added, "just too, too deep! And what did the Bull say?"

Babs explained. Jemima shook her head sadly.

"Too tough!" she said. "Too, too leatherily tough! Still, cheer up, Spartans! All's well that ends well, and we'll get the old mag out, yet. Now list to the words of wisdom I am about to pour into thy shell-like ears. For once you've got to leave things to Uncle Jimmy."

Babs & Co. stared.

"But—but—"

"Butts hold water," Jemima replied cheerfully. "Ha, joke! But straight-faces. This is serious, what? To-morrow," Jemima said, "Sarah is going to take you in detention."

"Well?"

"Wells also hold water. 'Nother joke—two 'ha's' for that! Are you listening, Spartans?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake get on with the washing!" Clara snorted.

"Washing," Jemima murmured, "shall be got on with. Now to-morrow, when you go into merry old detention, take the stuff you've got to finish for the mag, with you. No, tush! interrupt not, my Barbara. A short time after you have started detention," Jemima explained, "Sarah will leave the classroom."

"And how," Babs demanded, "do you know that?"

"Ha, ha!" Jemima said mysteriously. "I've consulted my horoscope! But hist! As soon as Sarah's gone, get on with the old mag, see? Work for all you're worth. That's all."

"Well, sounds fine," Babs said. "If Sarah leaves the classroom. If we're left alone. But there's just one thing, my dear old Jimmy—"

"And that?" Jemima asked.

"Is that the copy has got to be at the printer's at five o'clock, and detention, as it happens, doesn't end till five o'clock! Will you kindly explain how, even if we do finish the work, we're going to get it to the printer's!"

Jemima gazed at her reproachfully. She shook her head.

"Didn't I say," she added enigmatically, "leave everything to Uncle Jimmy?"

And further than that she refused to be drawn.

## Failure at the Finish!



AND leave it to Jimmy seemed to be the only thing to do, in the circumstances.

Jemima, in that strangely mysterious way of hers, appeared to have some scheme all cut and dried. Impossible, after the disturbance that night, to attempt to go down to Study No. 4 again. Just as impossible during morning lessons to do anything.

But Babs was doubtful; Peggy, fearing the worst, was secretly breaking her heart. Supposing, after all their efforts, that they failed?

What was Jemima's mysterious plan? And who—a problem still furiously exercising the minds of the Fourth Form—was the secret schemer who had brought about the magazine downfall?

Rather despondently, with their magazine work hidden under their tunics, the five delinquents reported to Sarah in the Fourth Form class-room at two o'clock.

Sarah eyed them reproachfully. "Well, you are ninnies," she said. "I didn't know last night you were working on the mag, otherwise I might have thought twice about telling Miss Bullivant. I just thought you were up to some prank, that's all. A fat lot of use," she added irritably, "my writing that article for you."

"Sorry, Sarah!" Babs said meekly. "Well, get to your places, and let there be no larking," Sarah warned them. "You'd better sit in the front row so that I can keep an eye on you. You can each write an essay on discipline."

She took her seat at the desk, opening the copy of Shakespeare she had brought with which to pass the time.

Hopelessly the chums glanced at each other. Dismally Peggy shook her head. It was too much to hope that Jemima's unknown scheme, whatever it was, would turn up trumps.

"Now then, get on with it!" Sarah rapped, looking up.

They sighed. But they got on with it. Minutes ticked away—ten, fifteen, twenty. No sign of Jemima's plan maturing. No sign of anything. Then suddenly the door opened. Mary Buller of the Sixth Form came into the room.

"Telephone," she said briefly to Sarah. "Urgent!"

She went out. Sarah started a little. She looked at the juniors.

"All right," she said. "Barbara, I put you in charge while I'm away. But just," she added, "that there shall be no funny business I shall lock the door after me."

"Yes, Sarah," said Babs.

But her heart was beating rapidly all at once. Was this the first step in Jemima's scheme? Sarah, with a scowl, went out. Peggy looked at Babs.

"Babs, shall—shall we start?"

"No, wait a minute or two," Babs advised. "It might be just a false alarm. Give her five minutes."

But there was no need to give Sarah five minutes. Four minutes only had gone by when Clara Trevlyn, glancing through the window, gave an exclamation.

"Babs, look! There's Sarah going towards the gates—and she's dressed for going out!"

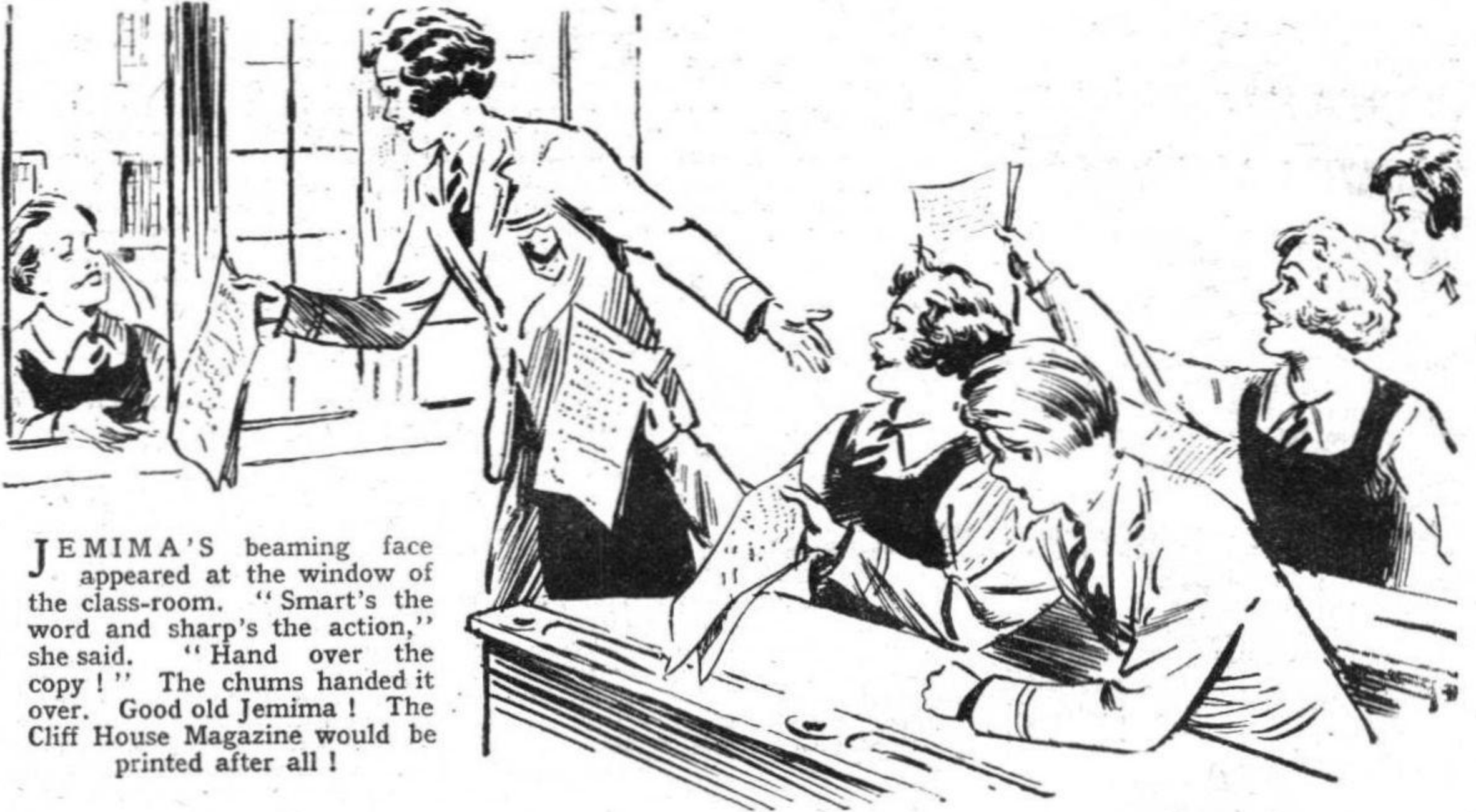
They all stared then. Hope came into their faces. That was true. Sarah, with rapid strides, was making off. Jemima had not failed them, then, though how the dickens she had got Sarah away was a mystery. Babs laughed.

"Come on, get on with it!"

Out came the unfinished copy for the "Cliff House Magazine." Forgotten



SILENTLY the editorial staff crept from the dormitory.



JEMIMA'S beaming face appeared at the window of the class-room. "Smart's the word and sharp's the action," she said. "Hand over the copy!" The chums handed it over. Good old Jemima! The Cliff House Magazine would be printed after all!

then the detention and detention task. Busily, industriously, they worked away. Clara was the first to finish.

"That's mine," she said. "Done!" Mabel Lynn gleed five minutes later.

And— "There we are!" laughed Babs. "The last stroke. Leila—"

"Just finished, I guess," Leila Carroll beamed. "I say, what's the time? Quarter to four? I wonder if Jemima will turn up?"

But they were hopeful now. Not usually did Jemima say things she did not mean. Inscrutable her methods, yet they had an uncanny knack of working.

Then Peggy gave a jump. "Jimmy—she's coming!" she breathed.

"Open the window!" Babs cried. A moment later Jemima's beaming face appeared in the window-frame. She grinned.

"All goes well, henchmen," she said. "Finished?"

"Yes, rather; but—"

"No buts," Jemima said quickly. "Smart's the word and sharp's the jolly old action. Hand over the copy and I'll stagger off to the printer."

With a laugh, Babs gathered it up. Peggy's eyes were glowing as the Fourth Form captain passed it to her.

"Merci," Jemima said. "Tut, tut, what an exciting old life we all do lead forsooth! Never say die—what? Chin up and face it like a Briton. I'm tootling," she said. "First stop the merry old printer. See you later."

She beamed breathlessly in at the window. Off she scooted, rushing towards the drive. In an eager, excited body the chums gathered at the window, watching her slim figure as it passed across the quad. Then Babs gasped.

"Oh, my hat! Look who's coming up the drive!"

"Sarah!"

"And, gee, doesn't she look wild about something!" Leila chuckled. "But I say, she's stopping Jemima!"

Their hearts gave a jump. For that was true, Sarah, looking very ill-tempered, had spotted Jemima. They heard her call her name. They saw Jemima stop and stare as if nonplussed. They saw Sarah striding towards her. Some words passed, then—

"Look!" cried Clara. "Oh, my hat!" For suddenly Sarah had made a snatch at the copy in Jemima's hands.

Jemima darted forward, made a desperate attempt to retrieve it. And even as they watched, their hearts sinking. Sarah pushed the Eton-cropped junior away. Back she came striding towards the school.

The faces of the chums were sickly. Peggy had turned white.

"We—we're done!" she gasped hopelessly and brokenly. "Oh, Babs, the competition!"

Babs shook her head despairingly. Poor old Pegs!

"Jimmy, You Wonder!"



"BUT where," Babs asked desperately, "is Jimmy?"

Nobody knew. Although it was six o'clock that evening, nobody apparently had seen Jemima Carstairs since her meeting with Sarah Harrigan in the afternoon.

But all the form knew what had happened, and the Form, as a whole, was glowering and sick. All the Form knew how Sarah had snatched the last of those manuscripts from Jemima. All the Form knew now that Sarah had burned them in the detention-room under the very eyes of their authors.

Half-past six came—seven o'clock. The door opened. Babs, Mabs, Peggy and Clara looked up hopefully. But at once their faces fell. It was not Jemima—only Sarah.

"Where's Jemima?" she asked, glancing round.

"We don't know," Babs exclaimed shortly.

"But," broke in a voice behind Sarah, "perhaps the old lassie can answer for herself—what? Whoops, everybody! Here we are!" And into the room, just as if nothing had happened, strolled Jemima herself. "Why, little Sarah!" she said beamingly. "Dear darling Sarah! How is everything, old sport? Sorry I'm late, but I just had to wait for these—what! And there's been a most fearful rush at the printing works. Have a look at them, Babs."

And Jemima threw down a sheet of printed proofs. Babs jumped.

"The magazine!" she cried. "Jimmy—"

Jemima smiled. Quickly she stepped to the door, and, locking it, took out the key. Sarah's face was a study.

"Th—those are the proofs?" she asked.

"The proofs," Jemima smiled. "Rather rough—but proofs! You'll find everything there, Babs, except a few of the pictures. They're still making blocks of those. Rather natty performance—what?" she added, beaming.

"Thought you'd be interested to see the old proofs, though Mr. Jenkins says he can't stop for you to send them back because the old machinery's waiting. They'll check them up with the copy down there."

"But—but—" Babs felt dazed and breathless. "But everything's here."

"Yes; I rather hoped it would be," Jemima smiled.

Peggy's eyes were wide, but they were also radiant. Sarah's face was a study.

"But—but—" Clara cried dazedly. "Jimmy, what sort of miracle is this? Here's the stuff in proof which Sarah took from you."

"What?" shrieked Sarah.

Jemima smiled.

"Shush!" she said. "Speak not with upraised voice, dear Sarah. You might strain the old larynx, you know. True, beloved," she admitted—"perfectly true! Forgive me, kind Sarah, for deceiving you, but the parcel of stuff I handed to you were but rejections. My dear old guv," she added, polishing her monocle—"frightfully wise old bean, my dear old guv'nor—always used to say to me: 'Jimmy, old boy,' he used to say, 'if you're ever playing a subtle game, always have something up your sleeve.'"

Sarah turned red with fury.

"I fancy," she snapped, "that you will have a something else up your sleeve when Miss Bullivant hears about this. You mean to say, you little schemer, that you had already armed yourself with this copy, and gave it to me instead of the right copy?"

"Alas!" murmured Jemima. "I had to be prepared, you know. Well, there you are!" she said. "Sarah—"

"Open that door!" Sarah said grimly.

"Not yet," Jemima said—"not yet. Please, Sarah, do listen to a little story I've got to tell, though this isn't for inclusion in the magazine. Oh, by the way," Jemima said blandly, and fished in her pocket, "I've got a bit of your jolly old property here. That does belong to you, doesn't it, Sarah?"

She held out an envelope. Sarah jumped.

"Where did you get that?" she rapped.

"Just outside your study," Jemima said brightly. "Last night. I rather think you must have dropped it when you went to rig up the booby-trap in the Fourth Form dormitory."

"What?" hooted Clara.

Sarah panted.

"You—you read it?" she asked.

"Well, in the circus, naughty thing to do; but, yes," Jemima admitted. "Your Uncle George must be a nice old boy, mustn't he? So glad he gave you that ten-pound note, Sarah."

Sarah's face had turned grey all at once. She looked hunted. While the chums stood in blank amazement, Jemima smiled again.

"Going to the Bull now, Sarah? I don't think, she added, "I would, if I were you. Because, you know, if you did, I might consider it my duty to post a copy of Peggy's article to your Uncle George, and that would be too bad, wouldn't it? I mean to say, when a man gives you a ten-pound note—"

"Shut up!" Sarah raved. "Shut up!" she panted. "I—I— Hang you!" she burst out. "Hang you! Here, let me get out of this room!"

"Suttingly!" Jemima smiled.

And while the chums, in goggle-eyed amazement, watched, she opened the door. Sarah, almost choking, vanished through it.

Babs stared.

"Now, Jimmy, you awful mystery, explain!"

"Nothing really to explain," Jemima said. "It all happened as I expected it to happen—what? Sarah's the merry old mystery plotter—Sarah, who tried to get the old mag dished. And it all happened," Jemima mused, "because Sarah didn't want that sports article of Peg's to appear."

"But—but why?"

"Because," Jemima said; and now she was serious, "if it had, it might have got into Sarah's Uncle George's hands. Remember Pegs rather let herself go on the report of the Courtfield Schools' Shield match."

"Well?" Clara demanded. "Pegs didn't say anything rotten about Sarah's hockey play?"

"No," Jemima beamed. "But throw your memory back to that match. Remember that Sarah was only shoved in the merry old team at the last moment, and she didn't do too well, did she? Remember the report that appeared in the 'Courtfield Times' the same night—when some reporter chap had got the names all mixed up, and credited Sarah with the three goals which Helen Hunter scored?"

"Oh, goody! Yes, I remember that now," Babs said. "But it was corrected next day."

"Quite!" Jemima smiled. "But Sarah, you see, had sent the earlier report to her Uncle George, who sent her ten quidlets just to show how pleased he was with her. That was why," Jemima said, "Sarah wasn't too keen on Peggy writing the real truth about that report. Remember how she tried to get it thrown out?"

"Phew!" said Babs.

"That was when," Jemima added, "I smelt my first little rat. Then I began in my woolly headed way to put two and three-quarters together, and so on. 'Tis our own fair Sarah who got Peggy the sack from the editorship by bunging in that libel against Miss Bullivant, in the hope that the new editress would chuck her article out. Well, Babs didn't. Next Sarah knew of was that the article was in the hands of the printer."

They blinked. Now it all became as clear as daylight. For Sarah, fearful that the article might receive publicity, and having failed to stop it going through, had deliberately plotted to get the whole magazine squashed. And nobody suspected that, because Sarah's own article had formed part of its contents.

It was Sarah who had caused the rumpus in the dorm last night. Sarah, fearful that Uncle George might get to know the truth, had dashed out of detention this afternoon in response to a telephone call, expecting to meet him at Friardale Station. Jemima, of course, had engineered that phone call, leaving Sarah to kick her heels there.

"Oh, Jimmy," Peggy gulped, and her face was flushed—"Jimmy, you wonder! What ever should we do without you? But nothing can go wrong now?" she added earnestly.

"Nothing," Jimmy assured her, "because by the time Mr. Jenkins' doors open to-morrow, the finished copy of the mag will be on its way to London, and your name, Pegs, goes with it as editor!"

MONDAY, TUESDAY, Wednesday!

They passed in ferment for the Fourth Form at Cliff House School. For everybody knew now that, despite all the efforts to thwart it, the "Cliff House Magazine" had gone to the "Morning News."

In the meantime, Miss Primrose had returned to the school, and Miss Bullivant, oblivious that anything was amiss, had returned to her old position as maths mistress.

But Thursday was the date on which the competition would be announced, and on Thursday, long before the newspaper was due, a whole host of girls

were swarming in the quad. What would be the result?

Peggy, of them all, was strung up to trembling point. Only this morning she had received another worried letter from her father, saying that he feared a relapse upon her mother's part if the doctor's instructions were not carried out. Her one hope—her only hope—was the competition. Would—

There was a shout:

"Here he is!"

"Whoops! Come on!"

Immediately there was a rush. Peggy, joining in, found her steps lagging. So eager she was to learn the news, and yet so afraid. What would it be? What—

As through a mist she saw the excited girls surrounding the astounded newsboy. She saw the girls hurriedly getting copies, opening them. Then suddenly there was a shout.

"Peggy!" screamed half a dozen voices. "Peggy! Peggy!"

And there was Babs dashing towards her—Babs, her face wildly excited, waving the "Morning News" as if it had been a banner. And there was Babs in front of her, just quivering as she pointed to a half-page announcement prominently displayed in the centre of the newspaper. And that announcement read:

"Schoolgirls' Magazine Competition!  
**'THE CLIFF HOUSE MAGAZINE'**  
**WINS THE PRIZE OF FIFTY**  
**POUNDS!**  
**TRIBUTE TO CLEVER EDITRESS,**  
**MISS PEGGY PRESTON!"**

"We've won! We've won!" Babs shouted, almost dancing in her excitement. "Pegs, the prize is yours! Pegs, congratulations! Good luck, old thing! Oh, Pegs," she added, in concern, next moment, "you're crying!"

"Am—am I?" Peggy sniffed. "Am I? Oh—oh dear! I—I'm silly! But—but I'm only crying with happiness, Babs! And if it hadn't been for you and Jimmy—"

But the rest of the words were swept away as, with wild, excited whoops, the Fourth Form rushed at her and swept her up to carry her shoulder-high into Big Hall!

END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.



Tomboy Clara Trevlyn, of the Fourth Form, loves her pet Alsatian, and thinks him the most wonderful dog in the world. Janet Jordan, Clara's studymate and chum, feels exactly the same about Toppy, the clever little dog from her father's circus. And it is their very fondness for their pets that suddenly comes between these two staunch friends in the most startling manner!

Don't miss this wonderful HILDA RICHARDS story, featuring your Cliff House favourites. It appears next week.



Another sparkling COMPLETE story featuring—



"AHA!" said Nakita—Joy Sharpe in disguise—as she read the hand of her grandfather's cook. "I see trouble ahead!"

No Zoo For Joy!

"HOW many more times, Joy, have I to say 'no,' before you understand that it means 'no'?" If the word 'no' does not mean 'no,' then perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what it does mean."

Joy Sharpe sighed sadly as her governess, Miss Retcham, ramped on. She knew exactly what the word "no" meant, for she heard it more than almost any other word in the English language. It was Miss Retcham's favourite.

In fact, Miss Retcham, from force of habit, sometimes said "no" when she meant "yes." But this, unfortunately, was not one of those occasions.

Joy and her governess were walking primly along the road towards the village, and because she was tired of being rebuked, Joy walked in a rather stiff and starchy manner, as though she were dressed in a cuirass of steel, instead of in a cosy jumper and winter coat.

Ahead of them a small boy was dragging a stick along the railings, and Joy envied him. He seemed so free.

"I have already told you," resumed Miss Retcham, "that I am going to London, to see my aged Aunt Martha. I am not going to the Zoo."

"Oh, I didn't really think your Aunt Martha was in the Zoo!" said Joy quickly.

"What? Joy, are you being impertinent?" asked the governess, coming to a halt. "Why should you suppose that my Aunt Martha would be in the Zoo?"

The small boy dragging the stick, hearing that, jumped round as though he expected to see something interesting—someone whose aunt might reasonably be in the Zoo, a chimpanzee, or ant-eater, or hippopotamus. He only saw Miss Retcham.

"I didn't suppose your aunt was in the Zoo, Miss Retcham," protested Joy, stifling a giggle. "What I mean is,

# 'GIPSY JOY'

## The Rich Girl • • Romany • •

there's an excursion to London tomorrow, and I thought that as you'd be out, I might join it."

Joy spoke without conviction. She knew that there was not one chance in ten thousand of her being allowed to join the excursion, and her knowledge was well founded.

"Indeed?" said the governess cuttingly. "An excursion! I suppose the village children are going?"

"Yes. Some of them. You see, they are going with the curate," said Joy. "It should be jolly good fun. Boko says the curate is short-sighted, and will have to put his face right against the cage to see the animals."

A snigger came from the boy who had been dragging his stick along the railings.

Joy saw her governess' cheeks redden and that glint come to her eyes which meant trouble.

"I am pleased to know that you consider it fun to see the curate mauled by an animal, merely because he is myopic," said Miss Retcham tartly.

"Myopic?" echoed Joy, puzzled.

"Ah, you do not know the meaning of the word."

"She means sippy!" said the small boy.

"I am not addressing you," said the

governess hotly. "You are a horrid, impertinent little boy! And if I catch you dragging that stick along the railings again—"

"Again? Garn, you ain't caught me once yet!" said the rude little boy, preparing to run.

Miss Retcham made a movement towards him, and he ran ten yards and then stood still, dragging the stick to and fro along the railings as noisily as he could until the woman who lived in the house whipped open the door and, striding upon him unawares, fetched him a blow with the flat of her hand on his ear that sent him reeling.

"And a good thing, too!" said Miss Retcham fiercely. "Really, I do not know what the modern child is coming to!"

Then she turned and marched on. Joy said not a word—for when her governess was in this mood, the less said the better.

"First cook is impertinent. One would imagine that she was obliging us by burning the meat," said Miss Retcham. "And if she supposes that we could not very easily replace her, she—"

She gave a scoffing sound. Dust-ups between Miss Retcham and the cook were not unusual! But Joy sided with the cook. She was a jolly good cook, who could make delicious sweets and pies, and the most scrumptious cakes.

"So let me hear no more about this excursion of the village children to the Zoo," ended Miss Retcham. "You are not going. While I am out to-morrow you can improve your mind by reading, knitting, sewing. It will do you far



There was—when Joy's grandfather found a glove in his stew!

more good than gaping at some of the oddities of the jungle!"

Joy sighed. It was no use arguing. Miss Retcham was in a temper—chiefly due to cook; and she was just yearning to be contradicted.

"Ah—and one more point. You mentioned Boko. I presume you mean the butcher's boy," said the governess. "May I ask when you conversed with him, and learned this interesting fact about the curate—"

"S-sh!" warned Joy anxiously, as she saw a man emerge from a shop doorway just ahead of them. "Here he is."

The curate approached, peering forward slightly, lifted his hat, and beamed.

By IDA MELBOURNE

## BETWEEN OURSELVES



Your Editor's address is:—Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Please send a stamped, addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

together, the tiger riding on the elephant's back—of all places!—and then leaping through a flaming paper hoop, to land on the elephant's back again the other side!

And I heard afterwards that both animals were the greatest of pals "off duty." My goodness, what patience and understanding their trainer must have had, not to mention absolutely steely courage! For that trick could never have been perfected by the animals alone.

I've been encouraged to tell you these little things because next week's Cliff House story deals with some of the school pets, their little tricks, their manners and whims, and the mutual affection between them and their mistresses—in this case Babs & Co., particularly Clara Trevlyn and Janet Jordan.

For Clara and her beloved dog, and Janet and her equally beloved dog, are the central characters in this grand story. The little cases of animal friendship which I have just told you have a real bearing on the yarn, because the story opens with Babs & Co., together with their pets, in perfect harmony.

You see, the pets have been well trained, well cared-for—of course. In fact, Clara and Janet are justly proud of the cleverness of their pets and, in friendly rivalry, try to score off each other, just as they've done scores of times before.

But this time things go wrong. There is misunderstanding. Hard words are spoken. Bitter things are thought. And almost before Clara or Janet are aware of the danger, their friendship crashes. An apparently unbridgeable gap yawns between them.

You simply mustn't miss this wonderful story. It shows HILDA RICHARDS in great form, handling drama, pathos and humour, as well, with the same gripping skill.

As usual, next Saturday's issue will contain another fine instalment of "The Jungle Hikers," another delightful COMPLETE "Gipsy Joy" story, together with more of Patricia's bright and instructive pages. Do please make sure of your copy well in advance, and then you won't be disappointed.

Bye-bye until next week.

Your sincere friend,  
THE EDITOR.

**M**Y DEAR READERS,—Animals are queer things, aren't they? Which is probably the reason why, in some respects, they are so much like we humans.

Take the average cat and dog, for instance. You daren't trust them together, or there'd be a simply terrible to-do, with the pussy spitting, prancing, and finally streaking up the curtains, and the dog sending all the furniture flying in a frantic effort to reach her.

And yet, quite often a dog and a cat will live together in the most cordial terms. Heaps of you have told me that you possess two such pets who are really devoted chums! And only a few days ago a reader in Cheshire told me that her cat was not only very fond of her canary, but took jolly good care no other cat came anywhere near the cage!

Of course, these are fairly ordinary cases of natural enemies overcoming their instinct through having been brought up together. I expect the kindness of their owners had quite a lot to do with it.

But I really was intrigued—and surprised, I must confess—when I saw a photo in the papers the other day showing a cat and a rat eating off the same plate. Even more surprising was the wording under the picture, which said that the two were always sharing a meal.

A cat and a rat, mind you! There couldn't have been any affectionate master or mistress to bring about that conciliation, could there? (For the rat, I should add, was a wild one living in the fields.) No. The two of them, born enemies, just declared a truce and shook paws!

The most extraordinary case I ever encountered of animals forgetting their natural hostility and living in harmony, was a circus act I once saw. Quite the most hair-raising act imaginable. A Bengal tiger and an elephant working

to mix with village children she would return to the Gables and smash the furniture, make mud pies in the hall, and generally behave like a hooligan.

In silence Joy walked with her governess as far as the Stores, and there waited outside while Miss Retcham gave an order.

"I wonder—I wonder," mused Joy fretfully. "I just wonder if I dare!"

She was thinking of the Zoo excursion. Even though her governess was going to London on the morrow, and Joy would be free from supervision, she did not see how she could escape.

"Unless—" she mused.

Her eyes gleamed, and her heart beat more quickly at the exciting thought that had come to her.

Joy Sharpe, rich girl, could not go with the excursion. She would be noticed, and it would be sure to reach Miss Retcham's ears.

But suppose Nakita, the gipsy girl, went? No one would think that at all strange.

Joy came guiltily from her reveries as she heard her governess' voice.

"Joy, I want you to take this home at once. Do not loiter; do not speak to anyone on the way. Cook is waiting for it."

Joy gave a jump of glee. This request was the very thing she wanted.

"Why, of course," she said in delight.

And almost snatching the parcel, she turned and hurried away.

For Joy had seen the way out—the way of going with the excursion! But in order to put that plan into execution, she had first to return home.

### Nakita Blunders!

**T**INKER, Joy's pup, had been left at home that morning as a punishment. He could not be given lines or extra algebra, so he was deprived of his walk on the lead when he was naughty. And according to Miss Retcham he had been very naughty, although actually he had only eaten one of her slippers. Not the whole slipper, either—very little more than half. And what seemed so unfair to Tinker was that she still had one left intact.

Tinker, brooding on his wrongs, had had the shock of his life when Joy rushed into the house, just called "Hey, Tinks!" and then banged through the green baize door to the servants' quarters, and reappeared again a moment later without the small parcel she had been carrying.

"Nakita, Tinks," she said to him.

Tinker almost fell over himself with excitement. For that mysterious word meant much to him.

"Shush, duffer!" warned Joy. "Want to give us away—"

She raced him to her bed-room and, tugging open her wardrobe door, pulled out a gay gipsy frock.

"Come on, Nakita," she said.

Tinker sat beside her, wagging his tail, and lolling his tongue. For this was a secret he shared with his mistress.

Only he knew that Nakita the gipsy girl was really Joy Sharpe dressed in a gay frock, with her skin suitably dyed. And Tinker had sworn not to tell.

"Tinks—I've got to slip down to the village hall," she said excitedly. "I'm going to the Zoo to-morrow. I'd take you, only dogs are not allowed."

Joy hummed to herself in delight, for the thrill of changing into these clothes had lost nothing by the passage of time. Whenever she became Nakita, she felt the same tingling excitement, the same sense of daring.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Mumphy!" he said.

"Good-morning!" said Miss Retcham. "But I am not Mrs. Mumphy. I am Miss Retcham."

The curate put his nose an inch from hers, and then took it back.

"Indeed, yes," he admitted, always ready to confess himself in the wrong when there was no alternative. "You are indeed Miss Retcham."

Her own opinion thus corroborated, Miss Retcham made to walk on, but the curate detained her.

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on our little excursion to-morrow, Miss Retcham," he said. "And, of course, Joy, too. Some of the children are a little rough and excitable and Joy will bring a pleasing moderation of tone—"

"I'm afraid I shan't be coming, Mr. Wimpers," said Joy dismally.

"Dear me! I am sorry," he confessed.

"I do not approve of Joy mixing with the village children," said Miss

Retcham coldly. "Her manners are crude enough as it is."

"Well, well. Should you change your mind, reservations can still be made at the village hall," said the curate. "But everything has been well arranged, and we are taking our own monkey-nuts. There are fortunately some buns left over from the last summer outing for the bears."

"I didn't know bears had summer outings," said Joy, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Mr. Wimpers meant to say buns for the bears left over from the summer outing," snapped Miss Retcham.

"It was the buns left over, not the bears," said the curate, with a titter. "However—there it is. And if you do come and have any old bananas, I shall be most gratified. The animals do so appreciate fruit."

He raised his hat and passed on.

Joy looked after him wistfully, for she knew that the outing to the Zoo would be fun.

Miss Retcham, a die-hard snob, had the fixed impression that if Joy were

No one had discovered her secret yet—and she vowed that no one ever would. Miss Retcham would never forgive her if she knew. She would remember the numerous occasions when the gipsy girl had checked her, or played tricks on her—and they would all be brought home to Joy.

It took Joy only a few minutes to change and stain herself. Then, looking at her reflection in the mirror, she saw a dusky-faced girl, wearing a pretty gipsy frock—Nakita.

"Good—now for the village hall. Come on, Tinks—and whatever happens, we mustn't be caught," she murmured.

She paused only to put a brown stain on the loyal Tinker's flank—disguising him as his supposed brother, the gipsy girl's dog, Slinker!

Then down the back staircase Nakita went very cautiously so that she could slip past the cook. She listened, heard sounds in the kitchen, and went swiftly through the back door.

But there she paused. Cook was just outside, looking in the coal-shed to see how much coal there was.

She must have heard some telltale sound, for she turned, and then called out.

"What do you want?"

Nakita had a small basket on her arm. She always carried it in her gipsy guise, and now she held it up.

Her heart was thumping with fright, for she did not know if cook had actually seen her leave the house.

"Just want to know if you'd like anything, lidy," she said in whining tones.

"Well, I don't," said cook, advancing. "And you've been told before not to hang around here, let me tell you."

But Nakita knew the way to please cook.

"You've got a lucky face," she murmured.

"Oh, go on with you!" said cook. "Don't talk that twaddle to me!"

"I can see into your past, lidy," said Nakita gently. "You've had a row with the lady of the house, that's what."

Cook flared.

"Oh, have I?"

Nakita stepped towards her.

"And perhaps there'll be some more trouble. Let me see your hand and I'll tell you."

Cook, although she sniffed, held out her plump, red hand, and Nakita surveyed it solemnly.

"You don't stand up to her," she said. "You ought to assert yourself. They couldn't get on here without you. The old gentleman couldn't, anyway. Don't you stand any nonsense. I can see you getting the better of an argument—and maybe more wages, too—"

Cook's eyes gleamed.

"Ah, now perhaps you're right," she agreed. "I am too soft. And I'm certainly worth every penny I get."

"I can see trouble, and then peace," said Nakita.

She knew that if cook really stood up to Miss Retcham, the governess would toe the line. For Joy's grandfather, whose house this was, valued the cook, and he would give in to almost any demand for peace and quiet.

"You've got some sense, an old head on young shoulders," said cook in kindly tone. "What are you selling?"

"Just some shoelaces and matches," said Nakita.

Cook bought some shoelaces and a box of matches and Nakita, chuckling to herself, went on her way to the village hall.

Three members of the organising

committee were there, and Nakita entered shyly.

"So you want to join the outing?" said Mrs. Mumphy, the secretary. "Very well. But you must promise not to make yourself a nuisance."

Nakita promised readily enough, paid her half-crown, and then danced out of the hall. Miss Retcham was walking towards her, but Nakita was not alarmed. They had met too often for that.

"Tell me," said the governess abruptly. "Are you going to the Zoo?"

"Me? Yers, lidy. I'm sick of waiting till they call for me. I'm going to give myself up like," said Nakita, with a smile.

"I did not ask for frivolous and cheap remarks," snapped Miss Retcham. "I wanted to know to assure myself that in refusing my charge permission to go I did the right thing. If you are going that settles the matter."

And Miss Retcham, feeling in better temper now that she had insulted someone, walked on.

But Nakita did not mind being insulted; she chuckled.

"If only you knew," she murmured in keen delight.

And then, conscious of the need to get home first, she ran on and took the short cut through the woods.

She reached home a good five minutes ahead of her governess and, managing to sneak in unobserved, hurried to her room, removed Tinker's stain from his side, and then changed her own clothes and took the dye from her skin with the special remover she kept in the cupboard.

When she was Joy again she went out on the landing, and looked over the banisters.

Miss Retcham was home. Joy could hear her voice.

But she could hear another voice, too. Cook's.

"That settles it. I'm leaving. I'm resigning!" stormed cook.

"Resign, then," came Miss Retcham's voice.

"Thanks for the permission—I will!" snorted cook. "I know my worth. And I knew this little row was coming. The gipsy told me—"

Joy stood stock still in dismay. She had really not expected this to happen; and all at once she realised that she had let her fortune-telling enthusiasm run away with her.

"I hope the gipsy told you that you were leaving never to return, cook," said Miss Retcham. "Because otherwise she will have given you quite a wrong impression of the future. Fortunately, I can cook quite well myself. Until another cook comes I shall deputise."

"You do it. I don't mind—I shan't have to eat it," retorted cook.

Joy hurried downstairs, a little shaken by what she had heard; for somehow she could not imagine the house without cook.

Miss Retcham, pale-faced, crossed the hall and went to the telephone. She asked for a London number.

"Oh, is that you, Aunt Mariha? This is little Gertie," she said. "I'm most awfully sorry, aunty, but things have gone wrong. The cook has given notice, and is leaving at once. So I'm afraid my visit must be postponed. I'm very sorry, aunty. It's not my fault—yes—yes—no—yes—no—well, you see—but—yes—I'm awfully sorry."

And Miss Retcham hooked up. Turning, she saw Joy.

"Joy, get an apron! I shall want your help in the kitchen," she said. "I



JOY'S grandfather, staring at the ground, was suddenly startled as an arm appeared out of a bush and the voice of Nakita, the gipsy, said: "Take some of these tablets, sir!" He'd have been even more startled if he had known the reason why.

shall not be going to London, after all, to-morrow. Cook has left."

Joy stood riveted to the ground. A dozen thoughts raced through her mind. But one stood out beyond them all.

If Miss Retcham was not going to town to-morrow, then Joy herself could not escape; could not go to the Zoo—even as Nakita!

"Oh golly!" said Joy dismally, as she saw her governess sweeping off to the kitchen. "Why did I tell that fortune?"

Still a little dazed by shock, she tottered to the kitchen. Unless a miracle happened, the excursion, as far as she was concerned: was off—definitely off!

### A Most Peculiar Dinner!

Joy's grandfather was returning to lunch. He had spent the morning at a friend's house, and walked there and back for exercise. In consequence, he was now as hungry as a hunter.

It was sheer bad luck that most days when cook was functioning he stayed indoors and read, while to-day, when Miss Retcham was indulging in practice, he should work up an appetite.

He knew nothing of the domestic strife that had taken place in his absence, and he was not likely to know; for, although a mild-tempered, easy-going man, he had one strict command—that no domestic strife was to be brought to his notice.

Hands behind back, he strolled up the drive deep in thought, his mind centred upon ancient Egypt, where—in thoughts, at any rate—he spent most of his time.

He was looking at the ground, and so did not notice a hand thrust out of a bush, holding a bottle, until a sepulchral voice exclaimed:

"Take some of these, sir!"

He halted and looked up, frowning as he saw the bottle and hand, but nothing else.

"It's some tablets," said the same voice—that of Nakita, cleverly disguised.

"Tablets? Medicine, you mean?"

"Yes, mister. Cure for indigestion."

"But I do not suffer from indigestion. I have an excellent cook. Only badly cooked food gives me indigestion."

Nakita shook her head.

"Be that as it may, mister," she said.

"I know what I'm saying. I've told your fortune before, and I've been right."

Her grandfather drew up and pursed his lips.

"Yes," he admitted. "But what are you trying to tell me?"

"That I can see trouble ahead, mister," Nakita said, in wheedling tone. "And it's through eating badly cooked food. Just try two of these things when the pain's bad."

Mechanically her grandfather took the tablets.

"And remember my warning," said Nakita darkly. "There is someone you need near you. You have lost someone you'll never replace—never."

And Nakita passed on, only pausing when she reached the bushes round the bend of the drive. Peeping round, she saw her grandfather saunter towards the house, stopping now and again to look back.

"That's puzzled the poor old darling," she told herself. "But he'll find out the gipsy's warning is true."

Then, as soon as she was sure that he would be in his study, she crept to the house and let herself in.

The midday meal was half an hour late, and when Miss Retcham took her place at table she appeared with a

crimson face, her hair singed in front, and her left hand bandaged.

Joy saw her grandfather peer at the governess closely through his glasses. He clucked his tongue when he heard that the hand had been burned.

"And what is for lunch?" he asked genially.

"There was roast chicken, granddad," said Joy, "but—Ow!"

Miss Retcham had prodded her under the table.

"Stew," said the governess. "The chicken caught fire—I mean—er—the chicken was unsatisfactory."

"Oh, pity! However, cook's stews are invariably delicious. I wonder what she has put into it to-day."

Joy said nothing. It was not really what Miss Retcham had put into the stew that mattered. Joy's own additions were much more important.

Miss Retcham served the stew, sniffing anxiously, and Joy's grandfather got going. He ate some raw potato, and then tackled something else on his plate and slit it across.

"Dear me, what an unusual carrot!" he exclaimed. "It is hollow, and is growing in a bunch. Most strange."

### SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

on page 13

ACROSS.

1. Sonja; 7. Crooner; 9. Had; 10. Dee; 11. On; 12. Here; 13. Ogres; 15. Lear; 16. Ha; 17. Stolen.

DOWN

1. School; 2. Oranges; 3. Nod; 4. Jo; 5. Andes; 6. Freeman; 8. Eer; 12. Hero; 14. Rat; 16. He.

He prodded it with his fork, but could not pick it up.

Joy leaned over, trying not to laugh.

"Why," she exclaimed, "a glove!"

Miss Retcham gave a low gasp and sat bolt upright.

"A rubber glove—the left one!" she said, in horror.

At that moment Joy's grandfather, using a fork, managed to lift the object. He stared at it, put it back on the plate, and turned pale.

"Are we reduced to this?" he asked, in a strangled voice. "Gloves, indeed! And rubber gloves! Rubber is dreadfully indigestible. A pair of woollen mittens would have been bad enough, but rubber gloves—"

"You haven't eaten any of it, granddad?" asked Joy. "Shall I get you some indigestion tablets?"

She saw her grandfather give a start.

"By Jove! The girl was right!" he exclaimed. "Amazing!"

He put down his implements and leaned back.

"I refuse to eat a mouthful. This must be deliberate. Miss Retcham, summon the cook!"

Miss Retcham quaked.

"Oh, but—but—"

"Summon the cook," repeated Joy's grandfather angrily; and before anyone could stop him, he rose, went to the bell, and pressed it hard.

The maid appeared, keeping her face still with difficulty.

"Send the cook in at once!" said Joy's grandfather.

"But—but she left this morning, sir!" said the maid.

"What? Then who cooked this meal?"

Miss Retcham gave a groan and went limp, and Joy tried not to catch her grandfather's eye.

"Er—er—" stammered the governess.

"I—I cooked this meal. I am sorry about the glove, but, you see, it must have slipped off my hand. Cook left in a rage—"

"But she'll come back," cut in Joy. "She only wants more money."

Her grandfather looked at his plate and then at Miss Retcham.

"She should not have been allowed to leave. Really, this is too dreadful! I have actually eaten half a potato. Pour me out some water, please, Joy. I will take two of these tablets."

Having done so, he returned to the attack.

"Cook must come back!" he insisted. "She must!"

"But she has gone," said Miss Retcham stubbornly—"gone to London."

"Then please go to her at once! Exhort, plead with her."

Joy looked up.

"I think she's still in the village, granddad," she said. "She told the gardener she was calling on Mrs. Hicks at the Old Cottage. If you like, I'll go there now."

"Go, please, Joy—at once!"

Joy jumped up before Miss Retcham could recover enough to utter protest, but at the door she paused.

"There's cold chicken in the larder, I think, and some Russian salad."

She knew there was, because she had ordered it by telephone herself, and Boko, although it was really his off-time, had called in at the shop, collected it, and brought it to the house.

Then Joy ran all the way down to Mrs. Hicks' house, pleaded with cook, assured her she would get the rise she wanted, and returned with her in triumph.

Within ten minutes of arriving, cook was arranging for a cold repast, with some delicious mashed potatoes, to be ready in less than half an hour.

Miss Retcham sat in sullen silence.

"But for the glove," she said bitterly, "that would have been a delicious stew!"

"Except for the potatoes," smiled Joy's grandfather. "Come, Miss Retcham, you are an excellent governess, but a cook—no!"

"It was awfully kind of Miss Retcham to give up her holiday to-morrow, though, granddad," said Joy. "She was going to give up her holiday to-morrow to stay at home and cook."

"Very kind indeed!" said her grandfather. "I appreciate the thought—Ah! Footsteps! Lunch! Aha! And some of cook's delicious potatoes!"

ON THE morrow Miss Retcham set out for London by the eight-thirty train, leaving Joy in her grandfather's charge, and he, as he had to go, urged cook to keep an eye on her.

But cook was busy, and Joy, slipping up to her room, became Nakita, kissed Tinker farewell, and then made her way to the village hall, where a motor-coach was already being loaded with excursionists.

"Wotcher, Nakita!" said Boko.

"Wotcher, Boko!" answered Nakita. "Are we going to have fun, eh?"

"We are," said Boko.

And subsequent events proved him a sound prophet. They certainly had fun, even though the curate did not push his head through the bars to have a good look at the tiger!

END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

THERE will be another delightful fun exploit featuring "Gipsy Joy" next Saturday. You won't miss it, will you?"

Our fascinating adventure serial

# The JUNGLE HIKERS



## FOR NEW READERS.

TERESA FORRESTER, self-possessed and resourceful, and

LUISE RAYMOND, her more timorous chum, are on their way to meet Teresa's parents in Africa when they become stranded.

With a quaint native girl, FUZZY, as guide, they set off by canoe. The canoes were stolen by Fuzzy from a warlike tribe, who come in pursuit of the chums! They escape, but miss their steamer and continue by canoe. Fuzzy, in saving the chums and trying to find a pet monkey, braves a lion!

(Now read on.)

## Where Is Adolphus?

FUZZY was at the mercy of the lion!

She had dropped flat on her face the moment she had failed to grasp the branch, but there was no time for her to dodge. There seemed not the slightest chance of her being able to escape.

Teresa, in horror, passed the electric torch to her left hand, and with her right snatched the paddle lying in front of her, while Luise covered her eyes.

Terribly afraid for her black chum though she was, Teresa had possession of herself. However noble Fuzzy's motive, the little black girl could not be allowed to sacrifice herself for them—to throw away her own life so that her white friends might be spared.

Teresa sent the canoe forward, and then, raising the paddle over her head, flung it with all her might.

Well aimed, the paddle struck the lion on the nose. To such a massive, powerful creature it was a light blow, hardly felt. But it made the animal hesitate—gave Fuzzy a chance she was swift to take. Turning round, she made a soft, hissing sound.

The noise had a remarkable effect. The lion held back, puzzled and a little alarmed.

Fuzzy, quick as a flash, hurled herself from the bank into the river.

Next moment, the spell broken, he sprang.

He hurtled through the air, his front

paws wide, the claws ready to grasp anything that might be in their path.

And he landed on the spot where Fuzzy had been. But now only the grass was torn by his huge claws.

Teresa still focused the torch on the lion, hoping that the blinding light would make him flinch.

Luise had heard the lion's roar as he jumped, and she quivered violently and felt weak inside. She did not know that Fuzzy was safe—or as safe as a swimmer could be in a river where alligators lurked.

"This way, Fuzzy!" called Teresa.

Those words were the first intimation Luise had that the little black girl had escaped, and she pulled her hands from her eyes.

"Fuzzy!" she murmured in a tone of tense relief. "Oh, thank goodness!"

## STRANDED IN AFRICA!

But two plucky English girls, and their quaint little native guide, are determined to get to civilisation.

"Paddle! Move the canoe back!" cried Teresa urgently.

Luise, pulling herself together, snatched a paddle, and moved the canoe back and sideways as Teresa swung the rays of the torch from the lion on to Fuzzy, so as to guide the little black girl to safety.

A clean, strong swimmer, Fuzzy reached the canoe in a few strokes and drew herself up.

"Queek! Alligator, him come soon!" she breathed.

Teresa and Luise hauled her aboard, and Fuzzy, without the precious tablecloth in which she was usually wrapped, shivered.

"I'll find a towel," said Luise. "And you can borrow a frock of mine."

It was sheer joy to Fuzzy to have them caring about her—whether she was wet or dry, safe or not. Mostly people had not really cared what happened to her. She was just a nobody, a little black girl from a native village. But Teresa and Luise treated her as though she was someone of the greatest possible importance. Even had she been a princess, she could not have been better cared for.

In a few minutes, dry and secure, she sat up, beaming from ear to ear.

"We diddum lion," she said.

"We did," agreed Teresa, smiling. "But you're not to be so silly again, Fuzzy. It was very brave of you!"

"Awfully brave!" murmured Luise, almost in awe. "Why, that lion might have torn you to ribbons!"

"Um! Old lion—slow," said Fuzzy. "Me make hissing noise. Him not like. Think snake, mebbe."

Fuzzy had atoned. She had been a bad girl; she had prevented them catching the steamer, but no one could have behaved with greater loyalty afterwards.

The canoes drifted along the river, and Teresa, flashing the torch, saw that they were well beyond the spot where the lion had attacked them; and that meant well beyond their luggage, too.

"We've got to go back," she frowned. "We can't leave our things—"

"And Adolphus!" cried Fuzzy suddenly.

Teresa and Luise exchanged a guilty look then. Adolphus, the chimp! In the excitement they had forgotten him. It was through trying to find him that Fuzzy had nearly been seized by the lion.

"Oh, goodness, don't say the lion has got him!" cried Luise.

By  
ELIZABETH  
CHESTER

"Let's hope that he managed to get into a tree!" said Teresa grimly.

Fuzzy, terribly upset and alarmed, took a paddle and feverishly drove it into the river, for already she was very deeply attached to the baby chimp.

"Will the lion be waiting?" Luise wondered.

Teresa flashed the torch back on to the bank. Whether the lion were there or not, they had to return, or, at any rate, keep close enough to the bank to go ashore the moment he went away.

With the drinking pool so near to the bank, they would not be quite safe at any time, and the murmuring of the animals came clearly.

"If only we had chosen a better spot!" sighed Teresa. "But no sense in crying over spilled milk, I suppose. We didn't know the pool was there."

Teresa called out to Adolphus, and Fuzzy made her own call—a soft, endearing chirrup—which she was certain would be answered by the baby chimp.

But there came no response from Adolphus.

"Swim! Fuzzy go, swim ashore!" said Fuzzy anxiously.

But, as she tried to clamber over into the river, Teresa seized her arm.

"No; better not. Remember the alligators. We don't want you to get hurt, Fuzzy. And, anyway, the lion has gone. If he meant to hurt Adolphus he's had time enough now. The worst that's likely to happen is that Adolphus may have wandered away."

It was quite likely that the poor little chimp, finding himself deserted, had hurried along the bank in panic. He might even have taken to the trees. Indeed, in the circumstances, that seemed really the most likely thing; for he would have been terrified by the lion and rushed to safety.

Teresa tried to cheer Fuzzy by suggesting that, and it had some effect.

For five minutes they paddled the canoes up and down the bank past the pile of luggage. The lion had gone, and even Fuzzy's keen eyes could find no movement to suggest that he was lurking anywhere about.

Teresa waited only a minute longer. Then she decided that the time had come to land. Even the snarling of leopards at the drinking pool must not deter them any longer.

"Eyes and ears open," she said warningly. "And remember, Fuzzy, when I whistle come straight back to the canoe. Luise, you'd better be ready to push off."

Luise, trembling with excitement and pent-up alarm, sat in the leading canoe, her paddle pressed into the bank ready to push off, while Teresa, flashing the torch, and Fuzzy, calling softly to Adolphus, went ashore.

### When The Guards Slept!

FUZZY called in vain. And the more she called the sadder she became, for there was no answer from the baby chimp.

To hunt for him amongst the trees would be a hopeless task. He might have wandered in any direction; and at night there were too many dangerous wild animals at large.

"Don't go far, Fuzzy!" warned Teresa.

She was dumping the luggage back into the canoes, looking about her every now and then, ready for the slightest indication that there was an animal hunting.

Suddenly, as Teresa moved a box of tinned food she heard a movement. She swung round and prepared to jump.

But in a moment her alarm vanished;

she stared with rounded eyes, and then laughed.

"Adolphus! Fuzzy—quick—"

Adolphus, uncovered by the moving of the box, blinked about him guiltily and clutched a tin of mixed sweets.

"Gngngng!" he said warningly. "Come on! See if you can get it away! Just try!" That was what he was seeming to say.

Fuzzy ran up in wild excitement, dancing and skipping.

"Him found! Me glad!" she said.

"And look what the little rascal has got!" laughed Teresa. "Sweets—toffee—"

Adolphus was eating some toffee at that moment. It was delicious, but gluey, and his jaws, once closed, did not open.

Teresa nearly collapsed with laughing at his expression, but Fuzzy, puzzled, wondered what was wrong.

"Him ill," she said, in dismay.

"Not ill—just toffee," said Teresa. "The little scamp could hear us calling, but he just didn't bother to answer."

Adolphus grew really annoyed at the state of his jaws.

"Here, come on!" urged Teresa, between laughter. "We can't wait while you learn how to eat toffee, young man. Are you coming or staying?"

Adolphus fended her off.

"Well, the toffee's coming, and you can please yourself," decided Teresa, and, with a quick snatch, she took the tin of sweets from him, put the lid on, and tossed it into the canoe.

Adolphus gave her a look of hauteur, and then followed into the canoe.

"See how clebber he am," said Fuzzy. "Him hide."

"He's hidden nearly a quarter of a pound of mixed sweets, too, somewhere inside him," smiled Luise. "But they won't hurt him."

Teresa and Fuzzy between them stacked away the last remnants of their luggage, and Teresa made quite sure that the black case was aboard.

What that black case contained they none of them knew, but the skipper of the steamer that had brought them to the river had told them not to lose sight of it. It was important; and Teresa was not a girl to fail in a trust.

"And now, Fuzzy, it's up to you. You are our guide, philosopher, and friend," said Teresa, when they were aboard their canoes again. "Lead on!"

"A nice safe place, please, Fuzzy, where we can have a meal and sleep," urged Luise. "If there is such a place."

"Me know!" said Fuzzy. "Me take you along island."

Fuzzy, proud to be leader again, went ahead in one of the canoes with Adolphus, leaving Teresa and Luise to follow.

The moon was rising, and already its silvery light was shining on the river. The heat of the sun was gone, but the night was still pleasantly warm, and Teresa sang as she paddled along.

Luise joined in, and Fuzzy hummed a musical accompaniment. They sang old favourites, and modern tunes as well. From "Bonnie Prince Charlie" to "That September," and "The British Grenadiers" to "Limehouse Blues."

Presently Fuzzy pulled ahead swiftly, and called out in thrilled tone. She had found the very place she had been seeking—a small island.

"Oh, hurrah!" cheered Teresa, in delight. "Nothing to fear here, Luise. An island."

"There! Isn't Fuzzy a wonder!" cried Luise.

And when the canoes were moored she set out lightheartedly to prepare a meal. Teresa, while she did that, went with

Fuzzy to find a suitable spot for sleeping.

As they had no proper tents they had to make do with blankets and coats. But fortunately they had a small axe, and with that they were able to chop branches and thick creeper stems to use as tent supports.

Fuzzy then made a camp-fire, singing a native song as she busily set to work.

Adolphus was not quite sure at first that he liked the fire, but whether he liked it or not it would go on burning, so he had to get used to it.

He had finished his toffee, except for a small piece which had in some odd manner become attached to his left ear, so he had really nothing with which to occupy his mind.

"Don't get too near," warned Luise. "or you'll burn yourself. If you want to be helpful go and put up a tent with the others."

But Adolphus preferred to help with the cooking, and, choosing a moment when Luise's attention was elsewhere engaged, he took a tin of spaghetti she had just opened and looked at it, inquiringly.

To get a better look at the contents he upended it.

Without the slightest warning small snakes fell out of the tin on top of his face.

Adolphus let out a howl of terror, for his neglectful mother had not told him that spaghetti was not a cluster of snakes.

Yelping, he went swinging away to the nearest tree and swarmed up it, heart thumping.

Fuzzy, alarmed by his pitiful cries, went to his rescue. But all she had for her trouble was the spaghetti that he swished from his face in terror and rage.

In vain Fuzzy called him to come down. Adolphus knew where he was safe. He had seen other tins amongst the luggage, and, for all he knew, a lion might pop out of one of them. He was taking no chances—or, at least, only the small chance of a tin chasing him up the tree.

"He'll be all right there," said Teresa. "Poor little chap! He doesn't know what roughing it on a picnic means; he's only used to jungle life."

She and Fuzzy had made a good job of their tents. They had hacked away the grass, made sure that there were no snakes, and then dug small props into the ground, and arranged cross beams.

Teresa and Luise were sharing one tent, and Fuzzy and Adolphus another, unless he decided to stay in his fourth story apartment.

"That's all settled," decided Teresa. "There can't be any lions on the island; and I don't think there are any snakes, either. But how about alligators?" she asked sharply.

Fuzzy looked anxious. She had forgotten about alligators, which could quite easily leave the river and come ashore.

Teresa saw her look, and gave a start of dismay. For sleep, while alligators roamed about, would not be peaceful.

In fact, she knew that Luise, once she got wind of it, would not sleep at all.

Teresa always felt that she was stronger than Luise, and, at least, she knew that she was not so nervous. It would be better not to let Luise get any idea about alligators. If the worst came to the worst, then Teresa could lie awake at night, and keep guard.

Luise had not thought about such dangers. She was happy cooking. She really loved preparing meals, and was singing to herself as she made a hot

meal. There was tomato soup and spaghetti, and bread. Nuts and fruit completed the diet; and fortunately there was no immediate shortage of water.

It was a good thing that Luise, in packing up from the steamer, had been so thoughtful in the matter of cooking utensils and crockery. There were four soup plates, spoons, knives and forks, a cruet, and cups and saucers, too.

"Good!" said Teresa, sitting down, and rubbing her hands. "Am I hungry?"

"Don't you know?" Fuzzy asked. "Me know. Feel empty."

"Oh, I know!" said Teresa, her eyes twinkling. "But that's just a phrase. 'Am I hungry,' means I am hungry, if you don't ask it with a question mark."

"In an inquiring way that is?" explained Luise.

Fuzzy frowned in thought, lifted her soup plate, and put her lips to it. Then she lowered it hurriedly with a gasp.

"Am dis soup burning?" she said. "And have you slopped it over the table?" laughed Teresa.

But it was a grand meal, all the same.

"How about the camp fire?" asked Luise, when they had washed their things in the river, and dried them.

"Leave it for a bit," Teresa advised. "I want to study the map. It doesn't go into too much detail, but it will show us the way, and, at least, we know where north and south are, so we can plot some kind of course."

But, although Teresa really did want to look at the map, most of all she wanted Luise to go to sleep while she herself was still awake—but not seeming to be keeping awake for some secret purpose.

Luise, tired out, went into the tent. She fully relied upon Fuzzy and Teresa, and she was hardly wrapped in her rug before she was asleep.

But outside, near the camp-fire, Fuzzy, lying face downwards on the grass, looked admiringly at Teresa as she studied the map.

Lucky girl, she was thinking—the luckiest black girl in all Africa to have real white girl friends.

She thought of herself going with them everywhere, of going even to England, of wearing lovely frocks, and, without realising it, her day dreams became real dreams. She fell asleep.

Teresa, spreading out the map, studied it carefully. She did not want to make a false move, and go in the wrong direction into almost unexplored country.

Poring over the map in the flickering firelight was rather difficult, and she cupped her chin in her hands, and glanced at Fuzzy.

Dear Fuzzy, thought Teresa. How loyal the little black girl was! Teresa had quite forgiven her for the trick she had played. And really she had been far less angry than she had seemed to Fuzzy. It was impossible to be really cross with anyone so warm-hearted, so friendly.

She closed her eyes, for the firelight made them smart a little. She thought of Fuzzy still, of her quaint ways, of Fuzzy in England, wearing English clothes; and presently she was dreaming almost the same dreams as Fuzzy herself.

From the water came the sound of swishing—very soft, and yet unmistakable. But only Adolphus was awake.

To him those faint sounds meant nothing, and he was not afraid.

But a hundred yards or more down

the river crocodiles were on the move, swiftly making for their night retreat.

Most of the day they floated in the water, seeming like logs; but at night they went ashore, crawling up on to land.

Half a dozen, at least, were making for the island, cutting swiftly through the water.

And Fuzzy and Teresa, the self-appointed guards, each with confidence that the other would be awake, dozed on.

## Fire!

ADOLPHUS, the chimp, from his lofty perch in the tree, looked down upon the campers and their fire. Life was a puzzle to Adolphus. He liked Fuzzy, and he liked the white girls; for they had pleasing ideas, and he admired the things they did.



WITH a cry of alarm, Teresa flung back her blanket and scrambled up. Adolphus the chimp, playing with a torch, had set the jungle on fire!

When he was a big chimp he would have a canoe of his own, and an enormous tin of toffees; and he would light fires everywhere.

Such, no doubt, was the trend of Adolphus' juvenile thoughts as he sat in the tree, his bright eyes blinking, and the odd happenings of this strange, exciting day running through his mind.

Probably Adolphus did not see any real difference between human beings and himself, except that they were not lucky enough to have a nice fur coat, but had to wear clothes.

But they were pretty clever, and their cleverest trick was lighting a fire. His own mother had never managed to do that.

The more Adolphus thought about the fire, the more it fascinated him, and presently he climbed down from his tree.

No one was awake, and he approached

the fire and sat looking at it solemnly. Then, after one or two tentative snatches, he caught hold of the unlighted end of a brand.

He lifted it up, and sat gaping in wonder.

There in his paw was a fire—a torch. It was the most thrilling thing that had ever happened to him.

Just as an experiment he held the torch near to some grass. It smoked, and then burst into flame.

Adolphus waddled away, and experimented. He wanted to make the biggest fire ever, the swankiest, poshest fire in the world.

It was quite easy, he found, to set light to a bush, and he hopped back in squeaking delight as it roared to flame.

But Adolphus did not know that fires are easier to start than to subdue. In a few minutes he could set light to the whole island with very little difficulty, but mastering the flames would be quite another matter.

The bush roared, and there came vivid light as well as smoke and flame.

Teresa stirred, started, and woke up. Then, hearing the roar of flame, she turned her head.

In numb horror, she stared for a moment at that blazing bush, with Adolphus standing quite near, holding the brand. Then she sprang up, and called to Fuzzy.

"Fire! Water, quick—"

Fuzzy stirred, and waking instantly in full possession of her senses, jumped up, and made a run at Adolphus.

The baby chimp let out a shrill squeal, dropped the torch, and streaked away for all he was worth.

Teresa had no time to worry about Adolphus just now. She grabbed the canvas bucket and went to the river, returning in a moment and swilling the contents over the bush.

"Get some more," she said to Fuzzy

briskly. "I'll smother the flames. If this spreads, the whole island may get ablaze!"

And Teresa, using a blanket, flung it over flames that spread along the ground, and jumped on it. Fuzzy hurled another bucketful of water over the bush, and for ten furious, frantic minutes they fought the flames while Adolphus watched from his old tree.

Their faces smoky, their eyes smarting, Teresa and Fuzzy at last saw that their efforts had been rewarded. There was no need for more water. The fire was out.

"Phew! Lucky I woke up," murmured Teresa.

Fuzzy blinked in shame.

"Me go sleep," she admitted guiltily.

"Well, I did, too!" grimaced Teresa. "I can't blame you. But there's one good thing. That burst of flame may have scared any crocodiles who were lurking around."

"Dem go," agreed Fuzzy, in subdued tone.

She had failed in her trust, for she had had every intention of keeping awake and proving what a wonderful sentry she was. And now she was quite ashamed and humble.

"Me go see?" she asked. "See if crocs um come along near?"

But Teresa, although she stood still as though listening, was not intent on sounds from the direction of the river close by. She had heard an odd noise from the other direction.

"Fuzzy! You're sure this is an island?" she asked.

Fuzzy frowned, and nodded her head slowly.

"River him go both ways," she said.

Teresa picked up the map and studied it; but the scale was rather large, and when she had not found an island marked in the river she had thought little about it. But now, studying the map more closely, she began to wonder if Fuzzy had not made a mistake.

"I'm just wondering," she said anxiously. "It might be a peninsula."

"What am dat?" Fuzzy asked, surprised.

"Not quite an island. The water doesn't go right round," said Teresa. "And if this isn't really an island, then it's attached to the other river bank—and lions and leopards—anything—might come across while we're sleeping."

"Fuzzy not go sleep."

"No, maybe not. But we've got to know," said Teresa. "And I can hear strange sounds. Either this isn't an island—or else we aren't alone on it."

Fuzzy listened, and the rustling sounds came distinctly. There was indeed something else moving on land not far away.

"I go see," Fuzzy said.

Teresa went at once to the little tent, and to her relief found that Luise was still fast asleep, some light mosquito netting thrown over her head.

Closing the flap of the home-made tent, save for the necessary air space, Teresa stepped out again into the night.

Adolphus, feeling safe now that the fire had been doused, came down from the tree to show his repentance, and Teresa scolded, then consoled, him.

"Fuzzy's a long time," she murmured, growing anxious.

But only a moment later there came the crashing of undergrowth trampled by a runner, and Fuzzy came tearing into view almost breathless.

"Missa Teaser," she cried, gasping. "Go—go way—"

Teresa stared, pulling up sharply.

"Go away? What's wrong?"

"Go way quick!" cried Fuzzy. "Put things in dem canoes—quick—"

"But what is it? Lions—leopards—what?"

Fuzzy shook her head in a way that sent her frizzy hair dancing.

"Go way, quick!" she cried, and then pointed the way she had come.

"What is it?" demanded Teresa, taking her by the arm. "You've got to tell me—"

"Hark!" was Fuzzy's reply.

She held up her hand, and Teresa listened. There came then the soft murmur of native voices, crooning some kind of rhythm, dirge-like, yet impressive.

"Warriors?" Teresa breathed anxiously. "Oh, Fuzzy! Not the ones whose canoes we took?"

"Not same warriors," said Fuzzy. "Men carry luggage."

"Carry luggage?" echoed Teresa, in surprise.

The sound of their voices had awakened Luise, and she called out, anxious to know what was the cause of the excitement.

"Nothing's wrong," Teresa assured her.

"But there's someone singing!" protested Luise.

"Oh, just some natives passing by," Teresa said coolly. "I'll go and see."

"No; don't leave me!" begged Luise anxiously.

She rose from her home-made bed, pulled the flap of the blanket tent, and peered out, to see Teresa looking very earnest, and Fuzzy very alarmed.

Something was wrong!

"We go way," urged Fuzzy. "Not stay along here. Me hear dem talking. Bad men."

"Bad? How?" asked Teresa.

Fuzzy explained then just what had happened. She had heard their voices when they were farther away, and had spied to see who they were. As Teresa had suspected, this was not really an island, but a small peninsula with a narrow bridge of land joining it to the far side of the river. Thickly leaved trees had served to conceal that narrow strip of land, so that the river appeared to flow straight on under the trees.

Fuzzy, however, creeping along the land towards the voices, had seen a line of black men carrying bundles. They were porters—black men employed as carriers on a hunting expedition.

Listening to their talk, she had learned that the white man employing them was ill with fever, and they were planning to desert him and steal his goods.

Teresa, as she heard, grew grave and worried.

"Planning to desert him! Oh, the rascals! He would die! We can't let them do that!"

"Bad men," said Fuzzy anxiously. "Mebbe they hab spears."

Fuzzy's one idea was to escape, for what could three girls do against half a dozen burly natives?

Luise came out of her tent, putting on a jacket.

"Terry, she's right," she murmured, in frightened tones. "They're desperate. We can't stay here. We've got to fly—as quickly as we can!"

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