

**"CHAMPIONED BY MARJORIE!"** Magnificent **LONG COMPLETE**  
Cliff House School story inside.

# THE SCHOOLGIRL

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

Incorporating  
"SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN"



**TO THE RESCUE  
OF THEIR BOY CHUM!**

A dramatic incident from  
this week's superb story of  
Barbara Redfern & Co.

Meet Barbara Redfern & Co., in this Splendid Long Complete Story—



# CHAMPIONED by Marjorie!

## A Curious Welcome!



"JIMMY! Jimmy Richmond! Coo-ee!" And Barbara Redfern of the Fourth Form at Cliff House School gaily raised her tennis

racket and enthusiastically waved it as she walked in at the gates of Friardale School for Boys at the head of her five chums.

Very cheery, very chirpy and exceedingly happy did those six girls look that afternoon—each of them swinging a racket by her side. There was a certain air of do-or-die about them, too.

For this afternoon Babs & Co. were playing the first round of a new competition between the two schools—a junior tennis tournament for which Dr. Barrymore, the Principal of Friardale, and Miss Primrose, the headmistress of Cliff House School, were offering a special silver trophy.

"Jimmy!" cried Tomboy Clara Trevlyn.

"What-ho!" called Jean Cartwright. "Here we are!"

Marjorie Hazeldene smiled. Mabel Lynn laughed. Leila Carroll, the American junior and the sixth member of the party, gave a boyish whistle. But Jimmy Richmond, the captain of Friardale's Fourth Form, to whom those calls were addressed, did not at once turn round.

Jimmy Richmond was standing at the bottom of the steps of the Pavilion on Little Side talking most seriously to Douglas Coutts, Don Hayburly, Lister Cattermole, and Tom Clavering. Not

until Clara let out a hearty "Hal-lo!" indeed, did he turn round.

And then, turning, he started. With a mumbled word to his chums he hurried forward, raising his cap.

"Deaf?" inquired Clara pleasantly.

"Deaf—no!" Richmond coloured a little. He was a good-looking boy with his shock of curly brown hair, one unruly quiff of which peeped from under the peak of his cap. "Sorry if I didn't hear you first time," he said. "I was talking."

"Gee! You don't say!" Leila scoffed.

"Must have been a jolly interesting conversation," Mabel Lynn tantalised, "to miss our entry, eh? Hallo, Lister!"

"N-no, of course not," Richmond said.

"But why did you look at me like that?"

"Did I? I—I mean, was I looking at you?" Richmond stuttered. "Here's the pavilion," he added hastily. "And here—oh gosh!"

He stopped, suddenly crimsoning. And suddenly to Barbara's astonishment, looking rather grim. For across the tennis court, swinging with a long, easy stride, came another boy—a tall, long-legged senior this time, a rather peculiar smile on his lean but strikingly good-looking face, his hands in his pockets. Marjorie gave one look, and waved.

**Marjorie Hazeldene of the Fourth Form has always been one of the quietest, most timid girls at Cliff House School. What an amazing change then, when, for the sake of her despised cousin, she defies authority and plays a lone hand in a very courageous effort to clear his name.**

she added, as Cattermole strolled up. "And Doug! And Don! And Tom! How are we all?"

"Oh, fine!" Douglas Coutts said. "Just ripping, aren't we, chaps?" But he cast a queer sort of look at gentle Marjorie Hazeldene and then, as if embarrassed, quickly turned his head away.

"Ahem! Would you like to change your shoes in the pavilion? I think everything's ready, isn't it, Richmond?" "Oh, yes, quite!" Richmond said vaguely. But he looked at Marjorie this time, and, noticing the look, she smiled.

"What's the matter with me, Jimmy? Anything wrong?"

"Ralph!" she cried.

"Hallo, Cousin Marjorie!" And Ralph Lawrence, games captain of Friardale, came to a stop. His dark eyes brightened at the sight of the gentle-faced girl. "Jolly good to see you," he said enthusiastically. "Hope you'll have a good time. Babs & Co. with you, I see."

"Yes, rather!" Marjorie gazed at him seriously. "Ralph, did you post the letter I gave you yesterday?"

"I did. You don't think, old thing, I'd have let you down?"

"Dear Ralph," Marjorie said softly, and took his arm and hung on it. And with a beaming face she walked him

back towards Babs & Co. Those five boys, in a bunch, had withdrawn a little. They were looking, not at her but at her cousin, and the expressions on their faces were vaguely alarming. Tom Clavering in front, never very good at hiding his feelings, was looking with undisguised contempt at Ralph Lawrence.

"Ralph, there—there isn't anything wrong?" Marjorie breathed.

Lightly he patted her arm.

"What should be wrong?" he asked carelessly. "Or rather"—with a hint of the cynicism so characteristic of him—"what should be more wrong than usual, old thing? Don't worry, Marjie."

He turned to Jimmy Richmond.

"Get the balls out, will you? Coutts, grab me a scoring book! And for goodness' sake," Lawrence said, with just the suspicion of a snap in his voice, as the two juniors moved with marked reluctance to obey, "don't break your necks over it!"

Richmond paused. For a moment an angry light flashed in his eyes.

Babs, watching him, saw his hands fiercely clench. Coutts, no less mutinously, followed him, as with a shrug he walked off to obey. Pretty obvious then that something serious was afoot. Not usually did sunny Jimmy Richmond behave like that. And not usually was Ralph Lawrence so snappy.

"Ralph!" Marjorie muttered.

She gazed up at him, noticing all at once that grimly sharp set of his handsome face, noticing the queer blaze in his eyes. And inwardly Marjorie trembled as she observed those signs—for better than anyone Marjorie knew them. Not an easy boy to understand at the best of times was Ralph Lawrence, with his "don't-care" recklessness, his attraction for trouble and his disregard of consequences.

There had been a time, in the past, when Ralph Lawrence had been known as the "Black Sheep." Open defiance followed by the striking of a bullying master at Wrenhurst School had earned him expulsion from that school—and

## By HILDA RICHARDS

Illustrated by T. LAIDLER

Ralph, in spite of a marked improvement in character since his arrival at Friardale, had never really lived his "Black Sheep" reputation down, though, as Marjorie knew, he had tried desperately hard, and was still trying desperately hard.

But Marjorie, despite his waywardness, despite his liability to go off the rails, loved him. Marjorie, remembering the sterling worth of his real nature, was anxious about him. She at least had faith in him; she at least knew that Ralph Lawrence would never do anything of which he might be really ashamed.

"Ralph!" she muttered again, and her grey eyes revealed her troubled mind. "Ralph, old thing!"

And then she started. For from a crowd of fellows a little distance away went up a cheer. Rather surprisedly she turned. Babs & Co., attracted by the cheer, turned, too. And then their faces broke into dimpling smiles. For striding towards the scene, came another boy—and this boy, too, was a senior.

They all knew him. Everybody knew, liked, and most tremendously admired Clifford Brownlow, of Friardale School. Fair and handsome, a picture of shining immaculateness, he came forward. He raised his cap, beaming down on them.

"Why, hallo, girls! Hallo, Clara! I say, it's topping to see you!" he cried. "Is Myra coming along?"

Myra Gilda Brownlow, his sister, was a prefect in the Sixth Form at Cliff House.

"No," Babs smiled, and laughed up at him, her cheeks flushing as his blue eyes regarded her admiringly. "You seem to be popular," she commented.

"And I should jolly well think he is!" glowed Don Haybury; and again, for

some reason, glanced at Ralph Lawrence. "Haven't you heard what happened last night?"

"No; what did?" Babs asked interestedly. But Brownlow broke in with an embarrassed laugh.

"Oh, please, let's forget it!" he said. "Go on—tell us!" cried Babs' especial chum, golden-haired Mabel Lynn.

"What did happen, Don?"

"Well, if you'd read the paper this morning, you'd have heard all about it," Haybury chuckled. "Anyway, this is the yarn. Brownlow was coming back to the school—about midnight—"

"Aha, breaking bounds!" teased Clara.

"Not actually," Brownlow laughed. "As a matter of fact, I was returning from a week-end leave. Some dashed accident on the line outside London held the train up for a couple of hours, so naturally I was later in arriving than I intended to be. But don't—"

"And coming along the road from Whitechester," Haybury went on, "Brownlow found a house on fire. The place was all ablaze, and a girl was screaming from an upstairs window. Old Brownlow saw her, and dived into the burning building, rescued the girl, and carried her out. Mr. Soutar—his our new maths master, you know—happened to be coming up the street at the same time, and he saw it all—"

"Oh, Cliff!" Babs breathed rapturously.

Clifford Brownlow laughed embarrassedly. But Marjorie, who was still clinging to Ralph's arm, noticed how her cousin's lips were curling.

"And that's the story?" Clara Trevlyn asked.

"That's the story!" It was Lawrence who spoke. Freeing himself from Marjorie's arm, he lounged forward. "And they all lived happily ever after, didn't they, Brownlow?"

Clifford Brownlow flushed.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you ought to know, oughtn't you?" Lawrence gave a short laugh. "Isn't that what usually happens in



"RALPH!" cried Marjorie. "Don't go!" But the boy who had been branded a coward bolted towards the gates. He was running away from school.

fairy stories?" he asked. "There's just one thing you've forgotten in telling it, though, Haybury," he added, turning to the junior. "You've left out the big, bad, sneaking, cowardly wolf. Tell the story in all its gruesome details, please."

Haybury eyed him measurably. "You'd like me to?"

"Love you to!" Lawrence said mockingly. "Why not?"

But Haybury, for some reason, turned away, biting his lip. Clara Trevlyn looked at Ralph Lawrence rather angrily.

"Anyway, I don't see any reason to be funny about it, Ralph," she said. "I think it was jolly plucky, and—"

"Steady, Clara!" Brownlow broke in, smiling. "Chuck it, Lawrence!" he added curtly. "You know jolly well why the big bad wolf was left out of it"—and again he glanced towards Marjorie. "Anyway, that's neither here nor there. The matter of the moment is the tennis tournament, and as I'm umpiring the game, what about getting a spot of move on? Barbara—"

"Wait a minute!" Lawrence said sharply. "Who says you're umpiring?"

"Mr. Soutar!"

"Is that so? And who, may I ask, gave him authority?"

"Oh, dash it, Lawrence, you know he's Master-in-Charge to-day!"

"But he hasn't forgotten, I suppose, that I'm games captain?"

"Well, he's a master."

"He may be," Lawrence said coolly. "but I arranged the details of this tournament; I arranged myself to umpire this round, and I'm getting on with the job, see? Richmond, hurry up with those balls!" he called.

Marjorie bit her lip. The chums fell silent, but they were all, except Marjorie, looking rather angrily, rather scornfully, at the "Black Sheep" of Friardale now, and plainly their sympathies were all on the side of Clifford Brownlow. Brownlow, with a rather helpless look towards them, clenched his hands.

"All right, Lawrence. I don't want to kick up a shindy."

"Let's start!" Lawrence said curtly.

"But, Ralph, won't you get into fearful trouble with Mr. Soutar?" Marjorie cried.

"Of course I shall get into fearful trouble!" Lawrence laughed ironically. "Did you ever know a time, Marjorie, when I wasn't getting into fearful trouble? But don't you bother your head, I can look after this. Better sort yourselves out now," he advised, as he mounted the umpire's rostrum. "Babs and Clara, you're down to play Richmond and Clavering. Good-bye!" he added, as Brownlow turned away. "Now, girls, let's get down to business."

The girls eyed him wonderingly. Clara frowned a little, Babs shook her head. With his scoring-book in one hand, Ralph seated himself. A little flustered, Babs and Clara took their places. The game began.

But it was obvious from the start that it was not going to be a jolly game. Richmond and Clavering both were plainly out of form. Easily Clara and Babs took the first set. Richmond and Clavering, rallying, took the second, only for Clara and Babs to take the third, and win the match.

"Right," Lawrence said. "First point to Cliff House. Next players, please! Marjorie, you and Mabs; Coutts and Haybury. Now—"

And then he stopped, suddenly stiffening as another figure rustled on to the scene. "Ahem! Good-afternoon, Mr. Soutar!"

Mr. Soutar, the new master of Friardale, it was. He looked angry.

"Lawrence, come down at once!"

Lawrence flushed.

"Do you mind if I see this match through?"

"Most certainly I mind! I mind very much indeed! How dare you have the impudence, sir, to disregard my orders!"

"The order on the board this morning," Lawrence said steadily, "was that I should umpire this match. I received no word from Dr. Barrymore that those were changed."

"But I sent word," Mr. Soutar said irritably. "I sent word. I am aware, Lawrence, that you are games captain—but you must also bear in mind that I am Master-in-Charge. After what happened last night I do not think you are a fit and proper person to be in charge of a game with junior boys and junior girls. Come down at once, sir!"

Lawrence's face had grown white. Plainly it was in his mind there and then to defy this acid-tempered master. But he caught Marjorie's appealing glance. He paused. Then, very deliberately, he climbed down.

"Come to my study!" the master rapped.

With a glance at the girls, Lawrence went, following in the master's wake. Mr. Soutar led the way into the school and his study. With a bad-tempered slam pushed the door to after him. Then he turned and faced the senior.

"Lawrence!" he rapped.

"Well, sir?"

"I am," Mr. Soutar announced, "getting rather tired of your insubordination. I know you have no love for me, but I must remind you that I am your superior. I do not want to keep on dragging up what happened at Wrenhurst School."

"No?" Lawrence asked, with a curl of the lip; but his look plainly said: "Then why do it?"

"There," Mr. Soutar went on, "you were one of the most reckless, undisciplined boys in the school. I did my best, when I was master at that school, to keep you in your place, Lawrence."

"And your best, too," Lawrence could not help but retort, "to get me expelled, when the time came."

"Lawrence!"

"I'm sorry, sir! You practically forced me to say that."

"I came here," Mr. Soutar resumed, "expecting to find you reformed."

Lawrence eyed him scornfully. He knew that was a lie. Soutar had been his worst enemy at Wrenhurst; Soutar, from the moment he had arrived to take up the Maths mastership at Friardale, had been looking for faults, had continually persecuted him; had, in a hundred and one little ways, made it obvious that he still regarded Ralph Lawrence as the untamed black sheep he had known in earlier days.

"So far from finding you a credit to this school," the master went on, "I find you one of the worst-conducted boys in it. I find you, indeed, not only behaving with all your old reckless rebelliousness, I find that you are what I never suspected at Wrenhurst—a coward, Lawrence."

Lawrence winced.

"That's unfair, sir!"

"You do not deny it?"

"I deny it—utterly!" The boy's eyes blazed. For the first time he looked in danger of losing the control which, until now, he had kept so admirably. "Wait, sir! I know you believe the awful yarn Brownlow told you. Well, as he wants it, let him have the credit of pulling the kid out of the fire, but he's not—he's jolly well not going to make out that while he was playing the

hero I was the one who was doing the running away. I tell you, sir, I've had enough of that for to-day. I may be as thick-skinned as an elephant, but there's a limit to what even my skin can stand. If you want to know the truth—and this is the truth—I pulled the girl out of the fire. Brownlow did the running away."

"And you think I believe that?" the master sneered.

"I don't care whether you believe it or not. I tell you—"

And then Lawrence paused as there came a knock on the door, as into the room came the immaculate Brownlow. "Well, here he is," he grated. "Here's public hero No. 1. Come forward," he jeered, and pulled the dandy of the Sixth by the arm. "Will you kindly relate, here and now, so there can be no misunderstanding in future, exactly what did happen last night?"

"Lawrence!" Mr. Soutar frowned.

"Go on, let him say it!" Lawrence retorted. "And this time, Brownlow, tell the truth. Who pulled that kid out of the fire?"

Brownlow drew himself up coldly.

"I did!"

Something like a hiss came from between Lawrence's lips.

"And I, of course, ran away—too cowardly even to help."

"Well, didn't you?" Brownlow stared at him disdainfully. "That was certainly my impression. Really, Lawrence, I don't know why you're dragging this up again."

"In other words," Lawrence ground out, "I'm not only a liar and a cheat, I'm just a white-livered worm who ran away when I saw a child in danger of death. Is that it?"

The prefect glanced at Mr. Soutar.

"That's it," he said. "That—"

Then he gave back, wondering if the end of the world had come. For Ralph Lawrence, quivering, utterly beside himself, his temper gone, had lunged forward. There was a crack as his bunched knuckles took the dandy full on the point of the chin, and Clifford Brownlow went reeling back into the arms of Mr. Soutar.

## The Black Sheep Breaks Out!



"LAWRENCE, how dare—how dare you—"

Mr. Soutar was spluttering with anger.

"Brownlow, my boy, sit down. Lawrence, I order you to apologise for that brutal blow!"

Ralph Lawrence shut his lips.

"Immediately!" Mr. Soutar barked.

"I'm sorry," Lawrence spoke slowly.

"I'm not going to apologise for something I don't regret."

"Lawrence!" quivered Mr. Soutar, while Brownlow, nursing his jaw as he sat on a chair, winced. "Lawrence, I order you to apologise at once."

"Then," Lawrence said coolly and recklessly, "I refuse!"

"Lawrence, I shall report you to Dr. Barrymore."

The boy shrugged.

"And if," Mr. Soutar said, his eyes glinting and his voice grating, "if I report you, Lawrence, I shall tell Dr. Barrymore everything. I shall, indeed, strongly recommend that you be sent away from this school at once. You hear?"

"Yes, I hear. And thanks—thanks very much for the tip," he said scornfully. "Playing the old game, eh? Give a dog a bad name, and then kick him out. All right!"

And the boy's eyes flashed. "This time, Mr. Soutar,

I'll save you the trouble of getting me expelled. I don't think, on this occasion, I'll stop to be kicked out. I'll go—now!"

"Lawrence, are you mad?"

"Perfectly and sweetly sane," Lawrence said, and marched towards the door.

"Lawrence——"

But Lawrence had reached the door. Quickly he flicked it open. Quickly he passed through it, and quickly he turned the key on the other side as he went out. From behind him came a shout.

"Lawrence, how dare you? Open this door!"

Ralph Lawrence's fine lips curled into a rather bitter smile. There was a strange expression on his handsome face. He took no notice. As nonchalantly as if he were taking an afternoon stroll, he went to his study. There he selected a few things from the cupboard, packed them into a bag, put on his hat, and walked out.

There were many Friardale fellows in the quad and on the playing fields, and all, with one accord, turned to stare in curiosity at the figure carrying the bag as he walked down the drive. Some nudged each other. But it was significant that not one of them even spoke to him.

Ralph Lawrence smiled twistedly.

He arrived at Little Side, where Leila Carroll and Jean Cartwright were at that moment in the act of playing off a doubles with Lister Cattermole and the Honourable Laceport Levenden. There, for a moment, he paused, his brooding eyes watching the game. Then, with a shrug he turned away just as Marjorie, wheeling round, spotted him. In a moment she was at his side.

"Ralph! Where are you going?"

"Oh, just out," her cousin said unconvincingly.

"Going out? But—but——" And Marjorie's lips quivered. "Ralph, what is the matter?" she begged. "Why are you behaving so—so strangely? Why is it that the other boys are all so funny? Ralph——"

"Marjorie," he said. "I've told you before; don't worry your little head."

He turned to go. But Marjorie desperately caught him by the arm.

"Ralph, no please! What has happened?" she cried, in such distress that Babs, Mabs, and Clara stared round,

and immediately came hurrying to her side. "Ralph, don't go!" she pleaded.

"But, my dear little cousin, I've got to go," he said. "I'm leaving. I'm finished. School days for bad lad Ralph are over and done with. This is where I start to make my way in life. I've got to go, because, you see," he added sadly, "I've been in the wars again. I was the big bad wolf in the fairy tale last night. I've just socked a prefect in the presence of a master, and really and truly, Marjorie, I had the greatest difficulty in not socking the master at the same time. But there's my bus," he added abruptly. "Good-bye!"

"Ralph!" vibrated Marjorie. But there was Ralph sprinting as the Courtfield bus passed the gate of the school. Dismayed Marjorie made to rush in pursuit, only to see her cousin with an athletic leap, swing on to the moving bus.

"Marjorie!" cried Babs, putting an arm round her.

"No, please," Marjorie, breathless, straightened herself. "Ralph—he—he's gone! Somebody—Jimmy—Jimmy Richmond!" she cried.

"Hallo, Marjorie. I say, I'm sorry——"

"Oh, don't be sorry! Tell me—tell me now," Marjorie faced him. "What's the matter with you all? What's the matter with Ralph? Why are you all against him like this? What does he mean by saying he's the big bad wolf? What have you done to him?"

"Marjorie, steady, old thing," Clara muttered.

"But I want to know," Marjorie protested.

"Well——" Richmond coloured uncomfortably. "Oh, bother it! We—we were trying to hide it from you, Marjorie. We—we all know how fond you are of the outsider—I m-mean the chap—and—and we didn't want to hurt you. But it's true. Your cousin was with Brownlow last night when the fire broke out. He wanted Lawrence to help him rescue the kid. Well, Lawrence didn't. He just lost his nerve and ran away. And—and that," Richmond concluded, "is why he isn't too popular to-day, you know."

There was a silence. Marjorie was staring. Staring with horror, with dismay, but with disbelief. The chums were staring, too, torn by all sorts of

mixed feelings now that they knew the truth. Certainly, for a boy who had acted in so cowardly a fashion, there could be nothing but contempt. But that Ralph Lawrence of all people—— "And you," Marjorie quivered, "you believe that, Jimmy? You believe a story like that—of Ralph! It's not true! It can't be true," she almost panted. "Clara, you don't believe it's true, do you?"

Clara was grimly silent.

"Babs——"

"Well, Marjorie, old thing," Babs said gently. "After all——"

"Do you believe it?" Marjorie blazed—almost fiercely.

"Well, what else can we believe. After all, we know Cliff Brownlow——"

Marjorie Hazeldene fell back. Suddenly, uncontrollably, tears rushed to her eyes. Blindly she turned towards the gates.

"M-Marjorie!" Clara cried.

But Marjorie did not heed. Her tom-boy study mate took an impulsive step forward. But Babs plucked her arm.

"No, let—let her get over it, Clara," she muttered. "Leave her alone—just for a little while. She'll be all right presently. Although," she added indignantly, "it's a jolly shame for Marjorie to be so fond of a fellow like Ralph Lawrence. Oh, my hat! Come on, let's pack up here and meet her back at Cliff House. A fine afternoon this has been!" she added bitterly.

But Marjorie, as they were to discover later, had not gone back to Cliff House. Marjorie was hurrying along the road that led to Courtfield.

She wanted to find Ralph! She'd got to find Ralph! In the mood on him now he was likely to do things for which, afterwards, he might be sorry. She'd got to find him!

Ralph would be in Courtfield—if, as was her secret dread, he had not already taken the first train out. The bus he had caught only ran as far as the Market Cross of the town, and sometimes trotting, sometimes running, she panted her way along.

Fortunately, another bus came along presently. She hailed it, boarded it and dismounting at the Market Cross, looked anxiously around. No Ralph there. Her heart in a flutter she hurried to the station. No Ralph there. The ticket collector, a man well known to both



"MARJORIE, where is Ralph Lawrence?" Miss Primrose asked sternly. A little pale, but very determined, Marjorie faced them all. "I—I am sorry," she said, "I cannot tell you." "You refuse to answer?" demanded Miss Primrose. "Yes," said Marjorie steadily.

herself and her cousin, shook his head as she anxiously put a question.

"No, miss. Mr. Lawrence hasn't been here."

Marjorie nodded. She hurried out. Then where—where was Ralph? Back towards the Market Cross she made her way, and then crossing into the busy High Street, stopped. A cry came from her lips.

"Ralph!"  
For there was Ralph—but Ralph the centre of an amazing scene. Seated on the pavement was a beggar with a tin at his feet. In the gutter, surrounded by a grinning crowd, was Ralph.

Ralph, with a terrifically intent expression on his face, had several silver coins in his hands and was earnestly taking aim at the tin with each coin in turn. Several coins apparently having missed the tin, surrounded the beggar.

"Now, this time," said Ralph.  
"Go on, gun'or!" one of the watchers chuckled. "Three to one you don't get it in!"

"No bet," Lawrence said dryly. "Great as my other sins may be, comrade, I bar gambling! Now watch!" And he aimed, and there was a finkle and the coin went in the tin. "How's that? The first in ten," he said. "Hallo, Marjorie!" he added nonchalantly, as his cousin fluttered to his side. "Shush! Don't interrupt the game. Watch this!"

"But, Ralph—"  
"Wait till I've finished!"

"Ralph, please!"  
But Lawrence, with a soft smile, gently pushed her aside. He aimed again—and again. "No luck!" Marjorie caught his arm.

"Ralph—"  
"This one," the boy said. "There! Oh, tough! Missed by a hair! Well, folks, the entertainment's over. If any of you want to help, just help the old man to collect the cash. Well, well, little cousin," he beamed. "And here we are again. Sorry I can't treat you to tea! I'm broke."

"Ralph, please be serious. You've got to listen to me. Oh, goodness gracious! You—you didn't throw all your money away like that?"

"Why not?" Ralph added recklessly. "It was a good cause."

Marjorie gazed at him helplessly.  
"But, Ralph, what are you going to do?"

"Oh, anything!" Ralph shrugged. "Why not, I'm making a fresh start. Marjorie, old thing—even to getting rid of the last shilling which accompanied me from the school. But you, little girl—you ought to be playing tennis, you know. Who won? Cliff House or Friardale?"

"Oh, Ralph, for goodness' sake do be serious!" Marjorie begged. "Ralph, you've got to come back."

"Not me!"  
"You've got to!" Marjorie was almost crying. "Ralph, they're saying dreadful, horrid things about you."

"I know," he added lightly. "Well, hard words break no bones, eh? Especially the bones of a real bad dog. Marjorie, old thing, I'm frightfully fond of you. I think I'd do anything in the world you asked me to do, but just for once, old thing, I'm going to be most dreadfully ungallant and refuse you this request. I'm not going back. I was the dog with the bad name at Friardale, and now I guess the poor old dog has just had a brick tied round his neck and dropped in the river! I'm through!"

"But what are you going to do? Go home?"

"And face old Ward, my guardian?" The boy's lips took on a wry twist. "No thanks!"

"But—but where are you going to stay—sleep?" Marjorie gazed at him distractedly.

"Haystacks and things for the time being. I hear haystacks make the most comfortable bed," Lawrence smiled. "But you trot off now, old thing. It's really time you had your tea, you know. Good-bye!"

He raised his cap. But Marjorie for once stood firm and resolute. Not if she knew it was she going to allow her reckless, headstrong cousin out of sight. She caught his sleeve.

"Ralph, no! You're coming with me!"

"Please, Marjorie!"  
"You're coming," Marjorie said, fiercely pulling at him. "Ralph, I won't let you go off like this—I won't, I tell you—I won't—!" and then a shriek left her lips. "Ralph! Ralph!" she cried.

For Lawrence, in the act of swinging round, had stepped off the kerb. And at that moment, round the corner near which they stood, a motor-bike came tearing. Before the boy could look round the machine was upon him. There came a cry from Lawrence as the pedal ripped across his ankle. Giddily he went staggering back on to the pavement. With a shrill scream of brakes the motor-cyclist came to a standstill. The driver—a young man—frantically rushed back.

"I—I'm terribly sorry!"  
Lawrence bit his lip.

"Why sorry?" he asked. "It was an accident."

"But it was my fault. I ought to have come slower round the corner."

"My dear chap," Lawrence smiled, "it's only a scratch! You push off."

The cyclist stared—hard, but relieved. He shook his head. But he went off, leaving Lawrence rising from the kerb. Anxiously Marjorie caught his sleeve.

"Ralph—Ralph, I'm sure you're hurt—"

"Not a bit of it," said Lawrence lightly, but he winced as he spoke, as he took three steps forward.

"Oh gosh!" he murmured.

His leg went from under him and he collapsed once more! It was only then that Marjorie saw that his injured ankle was streaming with blood.

### The One Believer!



"BESSIE, you're sure you haven't seen Marjorie?"

"Nun - no."

plump Bessie Bunter said. "And I should have seen her, you know, if she'd come through the gates, because I've been asleep in the tuckshop all the afternoon!"

Hardly helpful that answer, but for once Barbara Redfern & Co. did not chuckle. They were all too anxious about Marjorie.

For Marjorie, apparently, had not returned to Cliff House School as they had judged.

An hour had passed since their own return. High and low they had hunted for their chum. Worriedly they regarded each other now, in Study No. 4, the study shared by Babs, Mabel Lynn, and plump Bessie.

"But where," Babs asked, "could she have gone?"

"Chasing after that cousin of hers, of course," Clara said, with a curl of the lip. "You know how Marjorie feels it her duty to mother him. But dash it, she should be here by now! Bessie, get some tea, will you?"

"Sus-certainly," Bessie Bunter beamed. "I've had mine, you know, but I don't mind joining you girls in

another snack. I—ahem!" and she blinked as the door opened and another girl intruded an auburn head into the room. It was Myra Gilda Brownlow, of the Sixth Form.

"Hallo!" she said brightly. "Just come back from Friardale?"

"Yes," said Mabs. "Seen Marjorie, Myra?"

"Marjorie Hazeldene—no." Myra looked impatient. "Who wants to talk about Marjorie? I suppose you heard all about what my brother did last night?" she added eagerly.

"Yes, rather."

"And don't you think it was frightfully plucky of him?"

"Oh, yes!"

Myra sighed ecstatically. Lacking the qualities which distinguished her dashing, debonaire brother Clifford, Myra was rather liable to bask in Clifford's limelight, and was never tired of singing his praises.

"But Cliff always was a plucky lad," she said fondly. "The things I've seen that boy do! And fancy, you know, that awful cad Ralph Lawrence running off, to let poor Cliff carry out the rescue all on his own!"

The chums looked at each other. Nobody replied to that.

"Cliff told me all about it," the prefect went on, apparently not noticing that awkward pause. "Ralph Lawrence was with him when they saw the girl screaming out of the blazing window."

"Look!" cried Cliff. "Come on, Lawrence! We've got to help her!"—and then while Cliff dashed into the burning building, you know—without a single thought of danger to himself—Lawrence stood stupidly staring, and then just slunk off."

"Who did?" put in an unexpected voice in her rear.

"Eh, what? Oh!" Myra frowned as she twisted round. Babs & Co. started as they saw, in the doorway, Marjorie—Marjorie, looking pale, but with a fierce light in her eyes. "I think you've got those names wrong, Myra," she said quietly. "Ralph didn't do any slinking off. Ralph, if you want to know, was the boy who did the rescuing, while it was your brother who did the slinking off!"

"Oh crumbs!" muttered Clara pityingly. "Marjorie!"

Myra's face flushed.

"Marjorie, do you realise what you're saying?"

"I do, Myra," Marjorie said steadily. "Cliff is my brother."

"And Ralph," Marjorie retorted, "is my cousin."

Myra glared.

"You'll take that back!" she said.

"I'm sorry! I won't!" Marjorie returned firmly.

The chums almost gasped. What was this? Was this Marjorie—their Marjorie? That gentle, trouble-avoiding chum who ordinarily would never have dreamt of defying authority?

"Marjorie, take fifty lines!" Myra blazed. "You—you dare say things about my brother."

"You dare say things about my cousin," Marjorie answered spiritedly. "Take a hundred lines!"

"Thank you."

Myra glared again. But Marjorie stood very erect, very proud. She stepped back as Myra, with a furious scowl, strode out of the study.

"Marjorie!" Babs cried anxiously. Marjorie sunk into a chair.

"Marjorie, old girl, what's the matter?" Clara asked apprehensively.

"Nothing!" Marjorie said, in a thin voice.

"But fancy getting yourself into a row because of—"

Something in the look Marjorie turned on her studymate caused that sentence to finish in thin air.

"If," Marjorie said, "you are going to talk about Ralph, please don't. I believe in him. Please, please don't worry me, Clara," she added beseechingly.

They didn't worry her. Clara and Marjorie, who shared Study No. 7 with Janet Jordan, were staying to tea, so they bustled about getting the meal. Marjorie, contrary to her usual custom, did not help. She did not speak. Looking rather tragically forlorn she sat in the chair, her big brooding eyes fixed upon the fireplace. Now and again she rather worriedly sighed.

The meal which followed was no more cheerful than its preparation. There was no common ground for talk. While Babs & Co. could admire Marjorie's support of her cousin, they could not help but feel that she was fighting in a wrong cause; they could not help but feel—indignantly—that Ralph Lawrence did not deserve such splendid loyalty.

There came a knock at the door. Miss Charmant, the pretty mistress of the Fourth, came in. She glanced rather queerly at Marjorie.

"Marjorie, will you go to Miss Primrose's study?" she asked. "Barbara!"

"Yes, Miss Charmant?"

"You were at Friardale School this afternoon, weren't you? Will you go along, too?"

Babs, sensing further trouble, rose. With Marjorie she went out. Just before they reached the headmistress' study Babs paused. She laid a hand on her chum's arm.

"Marjorie, old thing—" she muttered.

Marjorie turned to look at her.

"Marjorie," Babs said softly, "please—please don't upset yourself! It's really not worth upsetting yourself about. No, Marjorie, don't look at me like that! I know what you're thinking, and—and—well, I don't care a dash about Ralph, but I do care about you, old thing!"

Marjorie smiled—a soft, quivering smile. She said no word, but, with a little gulp in her throat, gently took Babs' arm. They were at the door of the Head's study then, and, in answer to Babs' knock, Miss Primrose's voice bade them "Come in!" They entered.

And Marjorie stiffened.

There were four people in the study. One was Miss Primrose, looking a little worried; the others were Dr. Barrymore, the Friardale headmaster, Mr. Soutar, and the handsome Clifford Brownlow. All eyes fastened upon the two girls.

"Marjorie," Miss Primrose said gently, "I want to ask you a question. It concerns your cousin, Ralph Lawrence. Have you seen him since he left school?"

Marjorie bit her lip. For an instant she hesitated; then she braced her shoulders.

"Yes!"

"And perhaps," Miss Primrose suggested, "you know where he is now?"

Marjorie did not reply.

"Marjorie—"

"I'm sorry!" Marjorie turned a little paler, but she did not flinch. "Must—must I answer that question, Miss Primrose?"

"I hope," Dr. Barrymore said, "that you will, Marjorie. Ralph Lawrence must be immediately found. Perhaps you do not know what has happened—"

"I do." Marjorie looked directly at Clifford Brownlow, and there was scorn

in her eyes. "And—and if he is found, what is going to happen to him?"

"He will be expelled!" Dr. Barrymore said firmly.

A silence. Marjorie flinched. Babs, drawing nearer to her, touched her hand.

"Marjorie, where is Ralph Lawrence?" Miss Primrose asked sternly.

"I'm sorry," Marjorie said. "I—I cannot tell you!"

"Marjorie! You refuse to answer?"

"Yes!"

A death-like silence. Babs took an anxious step forward.

"Miss Primrose—"

"Barbara, please speak when you are spoken to!" Miss Primrose said angrily. "Marjorie, I admire your loyalty to your cousin; but do you not see, my girl, that you are only prolonging the inevitable? Sooner or later Lawrence must be found."

affects the matter. But, as you ask—yes, though I cannot see Brownlow in such a dreadful predicament as your cousin seems to have got himself in. Please, Marjorie, understand this. Lawrence is not being expelled for one offence; he is being expelled for a whole series. For weeks now—ever since the arrival of Mr. Soutar in the school, in fact—Lawrence has been showing unmistakable signs of his old bad habits."

"That is so," Mr. Soutar smoothly nodded.

"I have received nothing but complaints," Dr. Barrymore went on. "Many times I have had occasion to take Lawrence to task. Last night," he added, "he broke bounds."

Marjorie's eyes flashed.

"And do you know what he broke bounds for?"

## CLIFF HOUSE PETS

No. 11

Bridget O'Toole's  
ANDY

A RATHER wistful and winsome little chap is Andy, who is the monkey so dear to the heart of Bridget O'Toole of the Fourth. How old he is, what his pedigree is not even his adoring mistress knows, for Andy was a full-grown member of his species when Bridget two years ago bought him from an Indian beggar in a Liverpool street.

If Bridget has never regretted that purchase, many other Cliff House girls have, for Andy, despite his innocent and wistful expression, is full of tricks and has been the cause of several excitements at Cliff House School. Andy also has an unusual taste in delicacies, his favourite being flour!

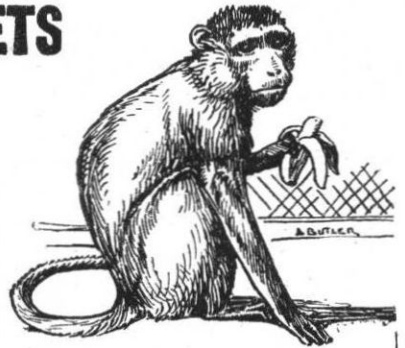
In connection with this, there is a rather good story to tell.

Not long ago Andy escaped—a by no means unusual happening, for Andy is always escaping. This time, however, Bridget was plunged into deepest grief, for it certainly seemed, after two days' absence, that Andy had gone for ever!

It seems strange, looking back, that no one connected Andy's disappearance with the weird things which began to happen at Cliff House. For suddenly, it seemed, Cliff House became peopled with ghosts!

Scared girls gathered to relate the tappings of ghostly fingers upon windowpanes and doors. Several times in the middle of the night whole dormitories were awakened by most ghostly cries. Shortly afterwards, Joan Carson of the Lower Fifth vowed that she saw a white shadowy form floating in midair in the Fifth Form dormitory.

It was Jemima Carstairs who finally solved the mystery. Jemima discovered certain traces of flour on the electric



pendants of the Fifth Form dormitory; Jemima also discovered that Mrs. Carey, the housekeeper, was unaccountably perplexed over the sad mess which was being made of the cook's flour-bin each night!

So Jimmy set herself to watch that flour-bin and neatly trapped Andy, who, not content with using his hands, climbed inside the flour-bin and fairly grovelled there. Thus, white-handed, rather than red-handed, was Andy caught!

But the school has also cause to be grateful to Andy, for it was he who, in one of his innumerable escapes, rung the fire-alarm bell when the fire started in the School Laboratory. And it was Andy, too, who succeeded in bringing to light a gold cup which Cliff House lost during the War. For Andy, in climbing the hollow oak near the Clock Tower fell into the trunk—and that was what he found at the bottom!

So perhaps it is understandable why Bridget is so proud of him; and Cliff House, if it looks upon his presence with suspicion, cannot bring itself to banish him to some place where he is likely to create less mischief!

"Then in that case," Marjorie replied, with unbending resolution, "I prefer he was found not because of me! Oh, please," she suddenly broke out—"please listen to me! Ralph hasn't had a chance, I tell you! Because Ralph was expelled from his last school, everybody thinks he's a cad! Everybody labels him the Black Sheep, and just goes looking for faults! Dr. Barrymore, may I ask you a question?"

"Mar—" Miss Primrose protested; but Dr. Barrymore good-humouredly gestured with his hand.

"Well, Marjorie," he added, "you may. What is it?"

"If it had been another boy—if it had been Clifford Brownlow, for instance—would you have expelled him?" Marjorie demanded.

"Really, Marjorie, I do not see that

"He refused to say."

"Then," Marjorie said, "I will tell you that. He broke bounds to post a letter for me. I gave him the letter yesterday. He was on his way to post it when Mr. Soutar met him and ordered him back to school. As the letter was important, and had to arrive first thing this morning, Ralph broke bounds to catch the night mail at Court-field Station. Is that a very serious offence?"

"Marjorie!" muttered Babs.

"The fact remains," Dr. Barrymore said, "he broke bounds. Apart from that, he behaved in a way which is discredit to the school by leaving another boy to rescue a girl from a blazing house. That, of course, is not a matter for school discipline, but it is a matter which rather reflects upon the

school, and because of it he earned himself the name of coward."

"But," Marjorie said fiercely, "if it hadn't been for that he wouldn't have rowed with Mr. Soutar, would he? He wouldn't have hit Clifford Brownlow in Mr. Soutar's study, and shut Mr. Soutar in while he walked away?"

"Well, no—"

"And if those things hadn't happened he wouldn't have been expelled?"

"Well, no; I—I suppose not," Dr. Barrymore agreed. "At the same time, Marjorie—"

"Well,"—Marjorie drew a deep breath; firmly she faced the headmaster—"he didn't behave like a coward. The coward," she cried, and pointed at Clifford Brownlow, "is there! And I'm not going to tell you where Ralph is! I wouldn't tell you where he is even if I were going to be expelled for it! I—I—" And then, suddenly quivering, she broke down. She burst into a storm of tears. "I—I—I— Oh, please—please let me go!"

"Marjorie, will you answer?"

"No!" sobbed Marjorie.

Miss Primrose's face hardened. Dr. Barrymore shifted uncomfortably. Clifford Brownlow sadly shook his head. Only Mr. Soutar seemed unmoved.

"Barbara, take her away!" Miss Primrose ordered. "I will talk to her later."

Gently Babs put her arm round her chum's shaking shoulders. With a lump in her throat, she led Marjorie away. Poor old Marjorie! What a brick she was! Gently she led her into Study No. 7, which was empty. And there Marjorie, sinking into a chair, sobbed again. Babs hovered around her.

"Marjorie—"

"Please—please let me alone!" Marjorie appealed. "Please, Babs!"

"But look here, old thing—"

"Please!" Marjorie cried, almost frantically.

And Babs, with a sigh, left her alone. Back she went to her own study. There, while her chums listened, she told them all that had happened. Clara pulled down her lip.

"Oh, what a chump—what a silly old chump she is!" she cried. "Babs, she'll just go and worry herself over that rotter! Poor Marjorie! And poor old Clifford, too! It must be rotten for such a splendid sport to have all this fuss and Marjorie accusing him!"

Which, in fact, rather summed up the feelings of the whole Co. at that moment. They had yet to discover the sort of boy Clifford Brownlow really was!

### Just the Faintest Hope!



IT was not a happy evening for the chums, that which followed. It was by no means a happy evening for Marjorie Hazeldene. For when Dr. Barrymore, Mr. Soutar, and Clifford Brownlow had gone, Miss Primrose had some rather hard things to say to Marjorie about her manner to her visitors, and since Marjorie still persisted in her earlier defiance, she was gated for the following afternoon.

Marjorie winced at that; but her faith in her cousin was still unshakable. Very quietly, but with an oddly stiff air of aloof pride, Marjorie made her appearance in the Common-room that night, saying little to anyone. It was the same in the dormitory.

But in the morning, long before

rising-bell, Marjorie Hazeldene was awake. While every other girl in the room slept, she hastily donned her clothes. Unseen, she flitted from the dormitory. Through the tradesmen's entrance she disappeared into Friardale Lane, and, running and walking by turns, finally came in sight of Myrtle Cottage. She paused as she neared it, looking back.

But the road, at that early hour of the morning, was deserted.

Marjorie gulped a little. Quickly she pushed open the little gate. A fragrant garden lay before her; beyond it the little thatched roofed cottage, smoke spiralling from its single chimney. The door of the cottage was already open, and Marjorie, tiptoeing up to it, knocked on the door, and went in. An old man—a very, very old man, whose lined, gentle old face was covered with a growth of beard—craned round from the fire.

"Why, Miss Marjorie?" he said.

"Grandpa," Marjorie cried, "is Ralph up?"

"Ay, Ralph is up," the old man nodded. "And looking a sight better, Miss Marjorie, than when you brought him in yesterday. You'll find him in the back garden."

Marjorie smiled. Dear old Grandpa Crawley—though, to be sure, he was no real relation of hers, only a very good friend whom she and Babs & Co. had once helped.

"And nobody's inquired?" Marjorie breathed.

"No, nobody, Miss Marjorie."

Marjorie smiled again. Grandpa Crawley, she guessed, who was not enjoying the best of health lately, must still be in bed. In the garden, leaning casually on a stick, Ralph, her cousin, was contemplating a rose-bush. He wheeled eagerly as she came up.

"Marjie!"

"Ralph!"

They clasped hands.

"Ralph, how is the ankle?"

"Not bad; not bad. I can hobble about, as you see. Old grandpa—what a sweet old thing she is, Marjie!—says that I've twisted a bone or something, and that it'll take about a week to heal. But, Marjie," he added seriously.

"Yes, Ralph?"

"Sit here—on the seat. I want to talk to you." The boy's face took on rather a dogged look. "You know, old kid, I love you for all this—what you're doing for me, your belief in me, and all that. I can tell you, it makes it no end brighter for a chap. But it's not going on, Marjie. I want you to understand that. I'm not stopping here a week, sponging on these old people and you. It's up to me to get a job."

"Ralph, you ought to go back to school."

"To give Soutar and Brownlow the pleasure of getting me kicked out? No thanks, Marjie!"

"Ralph, please listen to me!" Marjorie placed a hand upon his sleeve. "There's no question of you going back to get kicked out. I don't mean," she added, "that you're going back now. But, Ralph, please!" she begged earnestly. "I don't want them to go on thinking at Friardale that you're just a coward. Somehow, Ralph, we've got to prove—we've just got to prove—that Brownlow told the lie. If that could be proved there'd be no question of you ever getting expelled."

Lawrence's face grew moody. He shrugged.

"Well, I agree," he said. "But what possible chance is there, old girl? I've

told the truth, but, of course, seeing it's me, they just don't believe it."

"Ralph, tell me again—everything that did happen," Marjorie insisted, and then started as her eyes fell upon his wrist. "Ralph, what have you done to your wrist?" she cried.

"Oh, that!" The boy laughed, as he regarded the inch-long scar which showed just above the wrist-bone. "I guess I must have got that at the same time I got this," he said, raising his damaged foot. "Don't fuss, old Marjie; it doesn't hurt—not a bit. What was it you were saying? Oh, yes! About what exactly did happen?"

"Yes," Marjorie said.

"Well, nothing much. I told you last night. I got to the station and posted your letter, just as a train came in. Brownlow got off the train, with some yarn about being delayed. I wasn't keen on the idea of keeping him company, but seeing that we were two fellows out together, and bound for the same destination, it would have been rather idiotic not to walk back together. Then, just outside Friardale, we saw this house on fire. The fire had got a good hold then, and there was not a soul in sight."

"Yes," Marjorie said, still staring at the scar on his wrist.

"Of course, we both ran towards it. Then we saw the girl at the upstairs window. Naturally we couldn't leave her roasting there. I called Brownlow to help and dashed into the building. Brownlow didn't come. When I was half-way up the stairs I looked back, and the coward was standing in the door absolutely green with fright."

Marjorie's lips set.

"And then?"

"I found the room. The poor girl, by that time, was unconscious. The floor and the door—the very windows—were in flames. I grabbed her up. Somehow I fought my way back down the stairs. I reached the street. I looked for Brownlow, and—the boy's lips curled bitterly—"there was Brownlow, stumbling away fifty yards along the road."

Marjorie's face became grim.

"I called him back. He came. Mind you, all this time nobody else had come on to the scene. It was about half-past twelve then, and the house was a good half-mile from the next. I wasn't hurt much, but the kiddie was in a pretty bad state, and as Brownlow was in a blue funk, I told him to look after her while I buzzed off and fetched help. I rushed off to get Dr. Longmore, who lived close by. Longmore was out—called away on some urgent case. Nothing to do then but to return and do the best we could for the kiddie—"

Marjorie nodded.

"And then—well, I told you. My luck, as usual, was just dead out. Fate was on Brownlow's side. Running back along the dark road, I tripped over something, banged my napper, and knocked myself out. I came to goodness knows how long after. I went to the fire to find a crowd there, the house practically burnt out, and Brownlow and the kiddie gone. Nothing for it then but to make my way back to school. I did. And then, of course, I heard the yarn."

"Which was—" Marjorie asked.

"Apparently, while Brownlow was minding the kid, Mr. Soutar had come cycling up the road. Soutar jumped to the conclusion at once that Brownlow had done the rescue stuff, because, you see, Brownlow didn't mention me then."

"It was later, when Soutar found my cap on the scene and Brownlow was



already established as the hero of the piece, that he had to account for my presence on the scene. And that"—bitterly—"is how he accounted for it—by saying that while he rushed in to do noble rescue stuff, I had fuked it and run away. And, naturally" Lawrence added, with a cynical smile, "the yarn was borne out later when I ambled in about half-past two."

There was silence. Marjorie's grey eyes were soft. Tenderly she looked up at her cousin's brooding face; then very, very gently she reached for his injured wrist and picked it up. Then she started.

"Ralph, that's a burn," she said quickly. "And, Ralph, where is your wrist-watch?" she added.

"Lost it," Lawrence answered.

"Where?"

"I don't know. On the night of the fire, I guess. 'Nother slice of my usual luck," he said wryly, and shrugged his shoulders. "But why the excitement?"

"Ralph, listen!" Marjorie's face was working suddenly. Her eyes were glistening. "Supposing," she breathed—"supposing you lost that wrist-watch at the same time you got this burn? Ralph, please try to remember. Think back to the rescue. Do you remember getting this burn during that time? Do—"

He glanced at her queerly.

"I don't see—"

"Ralph, please, think!"

"Well—" His brow wrinkled for a moment. Then he nodded. "By Jove, yes, I—I do remember something now! I told you the room I rescued the kid from was practically in flames? I remember as I barged through the door that the key was in it—and the key was practically red hot. I seem to remember hitting my wrist against the key, because my wrist-watch strap got entangled in it. By Jove, yes, I do remember it now!" he added, his own face lighting up. "It all comes back. But"—with a sudden hopeless shrug—"why worry about it, Marjie? I can get another watch."

Marjorie, to his astonishment, laughed excitedly.

"Never mind the watch," she said—"never mind. Ralph, don't you see, you old silly—oh, don't you see—if you left your watch in that room it must still be among the ruins of the building—"

"Well?"

"Well, won't that prove," Marjorie said triumphantly, "that Brownlow is lying? Won't it just prove, if the watch can only be found, that you were there? Oh, I know it sounds wild—but, Ralph, it's a clue! Find the watch and it clears you. There's just one snag, though," she added thoughtfully.

"That the watch might have melted?" Lawrence asked. "Shouldn't worry about it too much, Marjorie."

"But," Marjorie said, "there's still a chance. Silver doesn't melt as easily as all that. In any case, it's worth while looking for and, Ralph, I'm going to look for it. No"—she rose to her feet as the boy shook his head—"I mean it. You can't do anything for yourself, crooked as you are. Leave it to me."

For Her Chum's Sake!



"YOU really think, Babs, that Marjie knows where Ralph Lawrence

is?"

The question came from Clara Trevlyn—a rather worried and depressed-looking Clara, despite the fact that she was dressed in her tennis

outfit, and was idly swinging her favourite racket while she waited for the doubles match in progress on Junior Side to finish, so that she could take her turn in a singles with Barbara Redfern.

And, despite her interest in tennis—an interest greater than ever, in view of the tournament against the Friardale boys—her eyes were not upon the courts. They were fixed rather anxiously and somewhat pityingly upon the window of the detention-room, glinting in the light of the afternoon sun two hundred yards away.

Babs, only one degree less serious than her chum, nodded her head.

"Sure of it," she said.

"You think she went to see him before assembly this morning?"

"Yes," Babs said.

Clara frowned. For gentle Marjorie Hazeldene, so directly her opposite in character, she had a greater affection than for any other girl in the school. It worried Clara to see Marjorie worried. It alarmed Clara to notice the

AS she heard Miss Bullivant enter the room, Clara Trevlyn bent lower over the desk. She was hoping against hope that the mistress would just glance at her back view and go out again. For Marjorie had broken detention, and Clara, to shield her chum, was taking her place.



change that had come over her since yesterday. It rattled Clara that Marjorie should be running risks for that good-for-nothing cousin of hers.

And it angered her now to feel that while a glorious sun shone above, while the tennis practice which Marjorie so badly needed to improve her game could have been hers, Marjorie was detained in a stuffy class-room—and all because of her faith in her black sheep cousin.

"Babs, what can we do about it?" she asked.

Barbara shrugged.

"Well, what?" she asked. "I wish we could do something. But the fact remains—Marjorie has faith in Ralph Lawrence. She believes—Mind your racket!" she cried, as Clara, restlessly turning, accidentally swung it against the pillar of the pavilion steps. "And— Oh, golly me, you've broken one of the strings!"

Clara stared at the racket. She stared ruefully. But what Babs said was true. The string, catching against a nail, unseen before, had snapped.

"And that," she grumbled exasper-

atedly, "was the one Miss Charmant swapped me. Oh, fiddlesticks! Keep on the court clear, will you, Babs? I'll rush off and borrow another."

"Tough luck!" Babs sympathised, as the Tomboy strode away.

Clara, however, was not worrying about the racket. She was thinking still of Marjorie—Marjorie her chum.

She paused as she reached Big Hall, cool and untenanted on this glorious afternoon. Then, obeying a sudden impulse, she marched off towards the detention-room. Poor old Marjie. It would cheer her up if someone had a word with her!

As was usual in such circumstances, the door was locked. But the key was on the outside of the lock, and Clara, with a swift glance to right and left, softly turned it. With a smile on her face she stepped into the room.

"Marjie—" she began.

And stopped, started, stared.

For although Marjorie's books were on her desk, of Marjorie herself there was no sign.



Clara blinked at the open window. Marjorie had broken out of detention—Marjorie, of all people!

And then suddenly she jumped as she heard a footstep in the corridor.

She knew that footstep. It belonged to Miss Bullivant, duty mistress for the day. Miss Bullivant at all times took her duties seriously, and there was little doubt that she was on the way to the class-room, just to make sure that Marjorie was still at work.

For a moment Clara paused. Then she swiftly slipped into Marjorie's seat, and, bending her head and grabbing up a pen, began to write furiously. There was just the slim chance that if Miss Bullivant saw a girl sitting in Marjorie's desk, working furiously, she might pass on without a second glance.

And that indeed was what Miss Bullivant possibly would have done, had not the mistress been surprised at discovering the door which she had carefully locked, unfastened when she tried it. Even at first glance she did not recognise Clara.

"Marjorie!" she said, coming into the room.

Clara, writing feverishly, hoped she was creating the impression that she was too absorbed even to hear.

"Marjorie," Miss Bullivant said again—"Marjorie, how comes the door?" She jumped. "Well, I—I never!" she cried. "It is not Marjorie! Clara—"

Hopelessly Clara threw down her pen. Miss Bullivant's face was very angry.

"Clara, what are you doing here?"

"Oh crumbs! You—you see," Clara stammered feebly—"you—you see, Miss Bull-Bullivant—"

"I certainly do not see! Where is Marjorie? What are you doing in her place?"

"Well, I—I thought perhaps that—that if the detention was done, it—it wouldn't matter," Clara said weakly. "You see—"

"Clara, do not persist in repeating 'you see.' And do not be so astoundingly foolish, girl, as to imagine for one moment that I would allow you to do a detention belonging to another girl, although," she added grimly, "since you seem so fond of detentions, you may stop now for the rest of the afternoon. Where is Marjorie?"

"I—I don't know. I just looked in to see how she was getting on, you know, and—and then I heard you coming, and—and so—"

"And so, to save her from being found out, you took her place!" Miss Bullivant's lips came together. "That may be a loyal example of friendship, Clara, but it is definitely against all school rules. You will remain here now until half-past four. Meantime, I shall report Marjorie to Miss Primrose!"

And Miss Bullivant swept out of the room, turning the key in the lock outside with an almost vicious twist.

Clara, with a glance toward the window, and another glance at the tennis racket, which lay by her side, shook her head.

"Poor old Marjorie!" she sighed anxiously. "Now she'll get it in the neck with a vengeance. Where—oh, where, is the silly chump?"

MARJORIE, at that moment, was two miles away from Cliff House School. She was, as a matter of fact, cycling along the trackway that led through Friardale Woods.

Marjorie, who had probably never schemed to break a rule before, had carefully worked her plans for this afternoon. Hiding her cycle during the morning in the woods, she had broken detention, and was now on her way to the ruins of the burned-out house. She had taken the track through the woods, because, on that little-frequented way, she was less likely to meet a mistress or a prefect.

With her head bent as she struggled against a strong wind, Marjorie did not see the figure which came into view over the crest of the hill; did not see the boy who, wearing the cap of Friardale Boys' School, suddenly paused and stared at her.

Not until, gasping, she had almost reached the summit of the hill, did she become aware of him. And then she started, turned, wobbled, and dismounted as she found herself staring into the handsome features of Clifford Brownlow.

"Well, well," Brownlow said, and mockingly raised his cap. "I declare!

My dear enemy of Cliff House! And just," he added, "as I was thinking about you, and that gallant cousin of yours!"

Marjorie regarded him with contempt.

"Thank you! I don't think I'll stop; I'm in a hurry," she said.

"Oh, Marjorie!" The boy's face twisted into a mocking smile. "Why be so anxious to leave me," he pleaded, "when I've been dying—oh, no end!—to have a quiet chat with you? Now, about Ralph Lawrence—"

"Need we discuss Ralph Lawrence?" Marjorie asked frigidly. "You've bluffed everybody else, but you haven't bluffed me. We won't talk about Ralph."

"Oh, please!" Brownlow's tone was insincerely earnest. "You know, dear Marjorie, that he's a truant from the school. You know that he's wanted—oh, so badly! I was wondering—yes, and I really do think you could give me a clue—if you knew where he was."

Marjorie's eyes glinted.

"Let me pass."

"No! Answer me first, please!"

"Then," Marjorie said; and her hands clenched, "here's the answer. I'll give you the clue to where Ralph Lawrence is fast enough—but not yet. Not until," she added, "I've proved the charge you have brought against him is false. Not until I've proved that it was you, and not Ralph, who was the coward last night!"

Brownlow's eyes narrowed.

||||| NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE |||||  
will be On Sale one day  
earlier than usual. That is  
Friday, June 3rd, instead  
of Saturday, the 4th.  
Don't forget.

"And, of course"—sneeringly—"you can prove that?"

"You'll see!" Marjorie cried; and, with heightened colour, pushed her cycle past him, and mounted again.

She did not look back. Anxious to get away from the sneering senior of Friardale, she did not see the intent gaze with which he followed her slim figure as she topped the rise.

Nor did she notice that he slowly followed her, and, standing on the top of the hill himself, thoughtfully followed her progress with his eyes as she left the path, cycling along the road on which the burned-out ruin of the house was situated.

The house, as Lawrence had said, was almost completely gutted. Enclosed in its roofless walls was piled a mass of twisted beams, loose brickwork, and black debris. Even from Clifford Brownlow's vantage point, the little puffs of dust that suddenly arose here and there, telling of the falling of loose bricks into the fine ash, could clearly be seen.

Brownlow's face puckered into a frown. There was uneasiness in his expression, too. Marjorie had seemed so determined, so fierce, so utterly sure of herself, that he was disturbed.

He watched as Marjorie reached the ruins. He saw her park her cycle against the post of a notice which, though uncreadable from this distance, he knew to bear a warning that the ruin was dangerous. He saw her dive under the wire fence which had been

erected round the remains of the house, and disappear.

The expression of uneasiness tempered with a little fear increased in his handsome features.

The walls of the ruin had swallowed Marjorie now. No one else was in sight, however. With a sudden smile on his face, Clifford Brownlow walked down the track which Marjorie had taken. In ten minutes he had come abreast of the house. By Marjorie's leaning bicycle, he stood, peering through a hole in the wall. He saw Marjorie desperately searching among the ash and debris. He heard her fretful mutter:

"Oh, it must be here—it must!"

For a moment Brownlow paused. For a moment it seemed that he would move forward. Then, looking up at the notice which said "Danger! Keep away," he hesitated, and a delicate shudder shook his frame as he heard the fall of debris on the farther side of the ruin. Marjorie, unheeding danger, her hands grimed with ash, did not seem to notice.

Then suddenly a grin lit up Brownlow's face. With a soft chuckle, he drew Marjorie's bicycle away from the post, with another chuckle, mounted it, and went cycling off down the road. Still Marjorie, frantically and anxiously searching for the lost watch of Ralph Lawrence, did not notice. Still she was intent.

It was perhaps an hour later when she came to herself. She looked at her own watch and gave a jump. Oh goodness gracious! It was four o'clock! She would have to fly—simply fly—to get back in time before the detention class closed. Success, despite her diligence, had not rewarded her efforts, but still she was not without hope. Hurriedly she scrambled out of the ruin, and dashed towards the danger post. And then she stopped.

Her cycle had gone!

Marjorie's face turned white.

"Somebody must have taken it!" she cried.

In vain she searched round the ruins. Her eyes were full of despair then. Nothing for it but to walk back. But walking back meant a stretch of three miles. Three miles meant the best part of an hour, and the detention class would be dismissed in twenty minutes.

Desperately she set off. Who could have taken her bicycle? Through the woods she went, sometimes running, sometimes walking.

Three-quarters of an hour later she burst through the woods into Friardale Lane, and then jumped again as she saw propped up against a tree a cycle. It was her own!

Not usually was Marjorie suspicious, but the obvious removal of her machine from one spot to another which she would have to pass on her return journey made her think.

A momentary picture of the face of Clifford Brownlow floated before her eyes.

Rather grimly she set her lips. If it had been Brownlow's plan to make her late, then he had succeeded without a shadow of doubt. Anxiously she caught up her cycle, anxiously wheeled it on to the road, and rode the short distance to the gates of Cliff House School. And then she stopped as Myra Brownlow confronted her.

"Marjorie, where have you been?" demanded the prefect.

Marjorie did not reply.

"Marjorie!" Myra's cheeks flushed. "How dare you refuse to answer a prefect when I ask you a question! I

suppose you are aware that Miss Bullivant is looking for you, and that you are to report to her? Where have you been?"

Marjorie's face paled a little. Very straightly she looked the prefect in the eyes.

"Why not ask your brother?" she asked quietly.

"Clifford? What has he to do with it?"

"A lot!" Marjorie was quivering now. "If it hadn't been for his nasty trick in taking my bicycle, I should have been back on time. He knows. He must have watched me. While I was busy he removed my cycle and left me to walk back."

"Marjorie, how dare——"

"It's true!"

"Why, you——"

And Myra, furious at hearing her idolised brother so scornfully accused, made a step forward. What she intended to do perhaps even Myra did not know, but the action put Marjorie on the defensive at once.

She shrank back as if from a threatened blow, and, in shrinking, accidentally swivelled her machine with her. Myra uttered a sharp cry as she stumbled into the bicycle, catching her knee against the spokes of the wheel. She gave a shout.

"Marjorie, you little cat——"

And, in agony clutched her knee, just as Miss Bullivant, emerging from behind one of the old elms on the drive, rustled on to the scene.

"Marjorie!" she exclaimed. "How dare you, girl! You deliberately pushed your bicycle at Myra!" And Miss Bullivant honestly thought she had.

"I—I didn't!" panted Marjorie.

"Don't argue!" snapped the mistress. "In any case, put that machine away. Come with me. I really do not understand what has happened to you, Marjorie; but I am going to see, once and for all, that this streak of defiance in your nature is curbed. This afternoon you deliberately broke detention. Not only have you broken detention, but you have the impertinence to turn up late, and insult and injure a prefect. There can be but one punishment for that, Marjorie Hazeldene. You will spend the night in the punishment-room!"

Marjorie's face paled.

"But, Miss Bullivant——"

"And, unless," Miss Bullivant rasped, "you make it your business to obey the school rules with the rest of the girls, I shall recommend your expulsion! Now put that cycle away and report immediately to my study!"

### Marjorie Goes Too Far!



"MARJORIE!" Marjorie Hazeldene, drifting miserably back to school after putting her cycle in the shed, looked up as she saw Clara Trevlyn's tall form hurrying towards her.

"Marjorie!" Clara came up. "Marjorie, old thing—— Oh, my hat! What have you been doing? Where have you been? Marjorie, I did my best——"

"I know," Marjorie smiled tenderly. She had met Janet Jordan in the cycled-shed, who had told her about Clara. "Clara, it—it was awfully sporting of you, but—— Oh, I wish you hadn't done it! I—I——" And then, remembering Clara's liking for Clifford Brownlow, remembering the hopelessness of trying to establish any case for

her cousin, she shut her lips. "I—I had to go out," she faltered. "I had to——"

"To see Ralph?" Clara questioned.

"No!"

"But it had something to do with him?"

"Yes."

Clara heaved a sigh.

"Marjorie, old thing," she said softly. "I don't want to butt in. You know I'd do anything for you at any time, whether I agree with you or not. But, old girl, you're scaring me stiff. Nobody can understand what's come over you. Marjorie, why—why not leave Ralph to fight his own battles and look after himself?"

Marjorie stiffened.

"Clara, I'm sorry, don't let's talk about it. I'm helping him. There's a chance of proving his innocence—just a slight chance—and I'm taking it, that's all. Good-bye, now."

"Marjorie——" Clara faltered.

But Marjorie, with rather a defiant toss of her fine head, had marched on.

Clara stopped, looking after her, still amazed at this change in Marjorie, but

don't know where Lawrence is—and I don't jolly well care! But whether Marjorie likes it or not, she's not seeing him again."

"And how——" Babs asked troubledly.

"We'll watch her. We'll cling to her. We won't, not for a minute, let her out of our sight," Clara said grimly. "Oh, she won't like it, of course. But it's for her own good, and later on, perhaps, she'll thank us for it. Keep her from diving off to see that rotter—and that's obviously what she's doing all the time—and she just can't get into trouble. And to-morrow—to-morrow morning," she added resolutely, "just as soon as she's let out of the punishment-room, we start."

"But to-morrow morning we're playing the second round in the tennis tournament against Friardale, I guess," Leila Carroll put in.

"We'll take her with us," Clara said stubbornly.



"NOT until I've proved," cried Marjorie, facing the sneering schoolboy, "that it was you, and not Ralph, who was the coward last night!" Brownlow's eyes narrowed. "And of course," he sneered, "you can prove that?" That was the point. Could Marjorie prove it?

still most frightfully worried. She watched the trim form as it disappeared up the steps. She was still staring when Myra Brownlow limped up.

"Well, jolly well serves her right!" Myra said, with a spite aided by the smarting pain of her knee. "A night in the punishment-room will bring her to her senses, perhaps."

"Punishment-room?" Clara cried, starting.

But Myra only grunted, and limped on. Clara bit her lip.

"Oh, my aunt!" she muttered. "Marjorie—in the punishment-room! And all because of that rotter Ralph!"

Angrily Clara went off. She gathered the chums of the Fourth together in Study No. 4.

"We're jolly well going to stop it!" she cried. "It's no good keeping on telling Marjorie she's running her head into a brick wall. We've just jolly well got to make it our business to see she doesn't get into further scrapes. I

And that, drastic remedy as it was, was the plan decided upon.

Next morning when Marjorie, rather pale, but still determined, was released from punishment, it was to find Babs, Mabs, Clara, Leila and Janet Jordan all awaiting her.

"Feel all right, Marjorie?" Clara asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Sleep well?"

"Y-yes," Marjorie said uncertainly.

"Feel fit enough to come over to Friardale and watch the tennis? You're one of the team, even if you're not playing, so you've got time off from lessons."

"Do—do you mean come now?"

"Certainly now!" Clara said.

"We're waiting for you."

"But—but I can't come—not for a little while," Marjorie cried. "I—I've got to go somewhere. Please," she added, as she saw the suddenly

(Continued on page 14)

# OUT OF SCHOOL HOURS



*"Patricia always seems so understanding, somehow." That is what hundreds of schoolgirls say about her. And that, perhaps, is the secret of her popularity with you all. You love to hear about "The Family." You love her sense of humour, her gift of being wise without being "preachy." But above all, you like to think she understands all schoolgirl problems—and all schoolgirl fun.*

**T**HERE'S such an air of excitement in your Patricia's family this week.

You see, another wedding is in the air.

I think I have told you that my small brother Heath—whose full name is Heatherington—goes to a very small dancing class once a week. This class is held by a charming woman who was once on the stage, a Madame Charmain—though mother says her name is actually Mrs. Green.

Now, Madame Charmain has a very pretty assistant named Miss Phyllis, and it is Miss Phyllis who is going to be married very soon.

So this is where young Heath comes in. Miss Phyllis is choosing her own sisters and cousin as bridesmaids, but says she would love to have her young pupil, Heath, as the one and only "page" at the wedding.

Mother, of course, is delighted at the idea of her baby boy playing such an important part. Heath himself wasn't so impressed at first.

"I don't think I like being a page," he said. "Not by myself—"

But after explaining that he would have a glorious ride in an enormous car to the church and could actually have some shoes with silvery buckles on, he cheered up enormously.

"But I wish it was a real train I had to carry," he finished rather regretfully.

### ● In American-ese

I wonder which type of film you enjoy seeing most?

Do you like them sweet, or thrilling, or tough—or musical?

I confess to a liking for all sorts—except perhaps "musicals," providing the story is really good.

Mother will complain about the "weird expressions" used in American films, particularly the "gangster" and newspaper types.

Now, I'm sure you know lots of American expressions which you have picked up from the films. But just try translating this next paragraph, as a test of your knowledge.

"Any cabbage head knows you can't catch the larks by being in cahoots with hoodlums even for a C note every day, because there is always the danger of passing in your checks unexpectedly."

I showed the paragraph to mother, and she said she'd just as soon read Hindustani.

What do you make of it?

You'll see I've given a "translation" at the bottom of the page—so that you can test your skill.

### ● With Lace Insertion

Don't you love those pretty summery frocks that have the "panties" to match?

Even big schoolgirls are wearing them these days, and I think it's such a good idea.

But, of course, you may not have a pair to match every frock, so you will probably be wearing just plain, summery "knicks" under your frocks now that warm days are here.

If you have a favourite pair that has grown a little tight since last summer holiday, don't be too depressed, you can very easily give them extra roominess.

Buy—or produce from mother's work-box—a yard of two-inch wide insertion lace. Then let this in—right down the front of each leg, from waistband to hem.

You'll be delighted at how dainty your plain "panties" will look after this easy alteration.



### ● Foolish Puss

Our family pusscat, young Minkie, is really growing into the prettiest darling. Apart from trying to sharpen his claws on the dining-room table-legs, and when that doesn't work, on my silk stockings, he really is extraordinarily good.

But Minkie has one enemy—the vacuum cleaner!

When Olive—that's our maid—sets the "vacuum" going, Minkie arches his back and tries to look like a wild tiger.

But it's no good. The vacuum is always the victor—so poor Minkie retires in great disgust to find his small master, Heath, and to hide in the toy cupboard with teddies, and golliwogs, and lions—and other fearsome animals!

What Minkie does love—after the family, of course—is my typewriter. He will sit on my small desk beside the machine and watch me for ages.

Occasionally he makes a dab with one of his silly, soft little paws, just as if he wants to try a paw at typing himself!

And when I come to a new line, as you know, a warning bell on the typewriter rings.

Minkie dreads, yet loves this. He waits for it, with head on one side—and then nearly jumps out of his fur when all unexpectedly it goes "TING!"

I expect you've heard mother and big sisters talking about "house-coats" during the winter, haven't you?

They're such a good-looking garment—and so useful.

Some are most luxurious, and correspondingly expensive. But others—gay, printed cotton ones—are every bit as pretty and very inexpensive.

Well, the point of all this is that schoolgirls are having a turn at these now. The newest bathing wraps are just like ankle-length cotton frocks, that open all the way down the front. They can be worn on the beach, in the bed-room, and downstairs at home, too! Something really new, isn't it?

If your bathing-suit is too tight, or is looking a little bit last-yearish, do try your hand at altering it.

You can cut off the shoulder straps and drop the costume an inch or so, if you need to. Then sew a piece of thick cord to make new straps. These can tie at the back of your neck, and can be adjusted as you like. A matching piece of cord around your waist would make it look very 1938.

Gaily-coloured braid will do the same trick for you—as you'll see from the picture, and you can also let in a tiny piece of this in the front if your bathing suit is too tight in the bodice.



### ● Were You Right?

Now for that "translation" from American into English.

"Any stupid person knows you can't prosper by being in league with ruffians even for 100 dollars every day, because there is always the danger of dying unexpectedly."

Not a very cheerful piece to translate, I admit, but still, it's fun for all that.

Your friend,

•PATRICIA.



# A BEAUTY TIME-TABLE FOR YOU

**Y**OU must have realised that school-girls—as well as grown-ups—are paying much more attention to their good looks these days.

And a very good thing, too, I think, for if this foundation of health and good looks is laid while you are still so young, you will be so very, very grateful when you are a little older.

Naturally, I would be the last person to suggest that we like the type of schoolgirl who is always fiddling with her

hair, twirling curls into place, or gazing into a mirror—for no one likes a vain school-girl, any more than they like a vain grown-up.

But if you form a good-looks routine for yourself, and stick to this day by day, you can improve your schoolgirl looks without losing one ounce of that youthful *naturalness*, which is every schoolgirl's chief charm.

So I have planned a little beauty time-table for you that should take you through an average day, keeping you fresh, dainty, and "lovely to look at."

Naturally, some of the times will vary for individual cases. I know that many of you—who have long trips to school—must get up earlier than I have suggested.

Some of you have more duties in the house to perform. Dinner hours vary at different schools, and so on. But I do think, that if you regard this time-table as a *guide* to the day, you will find time to carry out those good-looks tasks that are so essential if you are to grow up to "be a beautiful lady."

- 7.30 Wake. Have a really good stretch in bed and jump out. Drink glass of water. Take five deep breaths in front of open window. Touch your toes five times without bending your knees.
- 7.35. Into bathroom. Wash "right-down" if you don't bath. Clean your teeth.
- 7.45. In bedroom. Brush hair thoroughly. Dress.
- 7.55. Downstairs. Clean shoes. (Wash hands again if necessary, remembering to push back cuticles with towel.)
- 8.0. Breakfast. Let this be unhurried, and chew it well.
- 8.20. Brush tunic, hat, and coat. Prepare school case, and set off. Walk if possible, and if fine.
- 8.45. At school. Comb hair in wash-room.
- 10.45. (At playtime.) Drink glass of water (or milk if you are on the thin side). Eat apple or other fruit now that warm weather is here. Have a game or stroll in playground. Wash hands and comb hair.
- 12.0. Comb hair and set off home.
- 12.20. Home. Wash hands and have glass of water.
- 12.30. (Approximately.) Dinner. Eat slowly and do not drink as you eat.
- 1.0. (Approximately.) Help clear away. Wash hands, clean nails. Rub duster over shoes.
- 1.30. Back to school.
- 2.0. Comb hair in wash-room.
- Afternoon break (if any). Drink glass of water.
- 4.30. (Approximately.) Home again. Change out of tunic. Wash face and hands, but use no soap on the face this time. Comb hair.  
Now you're all ready for tea, homework, and the evening's entertainment.
- Bedtime. Wash face and hands (if it is not bath-night); clean teeth. Brush hair, drink glass of water. And so—Good Night, and—Good Looks!

As this is meant only to be a time-table of the *average* day, you'll realise that I have not included time for *special* good looks treatments.

On one night about every fortnight, or on a Saturday afternoon, you will probably wash your hair—that is certainly a "special" task.

Your nails should have a manicure once a week, I feel. This will be quite sufficient, providing you remember to push back the cuticles (the skin around the nail) every time you wash.

I can't, of course, fix "bath-night" for you. You're lucky indeed if it is convenient for you to have a bath every day. But this is often not possible, I know. So it is all the more important that you should make a real beauty-treatment of your bath when you do have it—whether it is twice a week or only once.

On this night I want you to give your feet a little extra care. Also your hair. Trim your toe-nails and give your hair an *extra* brushing. After this, coax the waves and curls into position—which will be very simple, for the steam from the bath makes hair very easy-to-manage.

But do note, from my time-table, that it is the regular, daily care of your good looks which is so essential.

Those glasses of water—between meals—each day that I have prescribed will help your sparkling good health, while the other "tasks" will ensure cleanliness, daintiness, and neatness—the essentials for Schoolgirl Charm.

# USEFUL AND PRETTY



**T**HESE attractive little "pots" can be so easily made by you who like "something different to do" when you're spending an evening indoors.

They are just ordinary cream cartons, covered in original and colourful ways.

First you must wash the cream carton very carefully in luke-warm water, and then dry it.

If you collect silver-paper and the coloured tinfoils off those luxury chocolates, you can now decorate it. Cut up this gay paper into fancy shapes and then glue them all over the pot, covering the outer surface entirely.

Perhaps you collect stamps? In which case, you are quite sure to have lots of odd ones, that you simply don't know what to do with.

Well, paste the stamps all over a carton—and you can then show them to your chums with pride.

One of these little pots on your dressing-table would be very useful for holding pins and oddments, and would look very pretty, particularly if you painted the inside in a colour to match your bed-room colour scheme.

# A DAINTY BELT



**A**S I think you know, scarves and hankies are being used in all sorts of ways these days. (At one time, of course, scarves went round the neck and hankies were concealed up sleeves until wanted!)

You've seen those long, sash-like belts worn round frocks, I expect, which make the wearer look rather dashing—like a nice lady-pirate, in fact.

But this style is for more "dressy" occasions. For every day, schoolgirls require something a little simpler.

So if you have a pet frock that has lost its belt, do consider the idea of buying a large, man-sized hankie to take its place. You can get a beauty from the sixpenny stores for threepence—and in the gayest reds, blues, and greens!

When you get this home, just chop it in half, right through the middle, from corner to corner.

Then hem up the raw edges.

Now wear these two halves around your waist, knotting them at the sides.

You'll look a perfect picture!

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determined looks on their faces.

"Clara, what are you doing?"  
 "I'm taking your arm," Clara said.  
 "And I'm going to keep it, Marjorie. No, please, old girl, don't resist. As you don't seem to be able to keep clear of trouble, we're looking after you. Come on!"

"But I tell you—" panted Marjorie.

"Sorry, old thing! It's for your own good. This way!"

And Marjorie, despite her protests, despite her pleadings, was escorted down the steps of the school. In the cycle sheds, Clara wheeled out the tandem she had already borrowed from Christine Wilmer of the Lower Fifth. She herself took the front saddle and Marjorie was forced into the back.

Rather pale and white-faced Marjorie looked, but she was no match for Clara in one of these moods. Again she protested; again her pleas were heard by deliberately deaf ears. And so, eventually, Friardale School was reached.

Friardale wore something of a festive air this gay, sunny morning. Many Cliff House girls had cycled over to watch the tournament, and conspicuous among them was Myra Brownlow, her knee completely healed now, talking to her brother near the steps of the pavilion.

Marjorie's eyes gleamed a little as she saw them. Then Brownlow, raising his cap, came over.

"Morning, girls!" he said cheerfully. "And what a scrummy morning it is! Hallo, Marjorie!"

Marjorie glanced at him and turned her head.

"Marjorie, answer Clifford!" cried Myra sharply.

"Oh, please let her alone!" Clara said apprehensively. "Marjorie's not feeling too good. Er—hallo! Who comes here?"

She wheeled round. Three figures were approaching down the gravelled path. One was Dr. Barrymore, in a rustling, black silk gown. The other, his mortar perched primly on his head, was Mr. Soutar, Ralph Lawrence's old enemy from Wrenhurst School. Between them was another—a stranger, whose twinkling eyes and round, jovial face reminded Babs irresistibly of one of Walt Disney's Seven Dwarfs—a film she had recently seen in London while on a week-end trip with Mabs and Leila Carroll. Dr. Barrymore raised his hand.

"Oh, Brownlow, just a minute! Good-morning, girls!" he said jovially, and his eyes fastened upon Marjorie. "Ahem! I—I suppose you still have no news for me of your brother, Marjorie?" he asked.

"No, sir," Marjorie retorted.

"Ahem!" He glanced at her; obviously, he did not believe. "Well, well," he said, "that is beside the point. Brownlow, I want you to meet Mr. Norris."

"Pleased!" Brownlow grinned, and shook the stranger's hand.

"Mr. Norris," Dr. Barrymore went on, "is the father of the girl you so gallantly rescued the other night, and he—but may I leave the rest to you, Mr. Norris?"

Boys and girls, scenting something out of the ordinary, now had gathered round. Myra's eyes were shining. Mr. Soutar was looking smugly and patronisingly satisfied. Mr. Norris beamed.

"Er—this is the first time I have been able to congratulate you personally, my boy. I need hardly tell you the great admiration and esteem with which we

regard your action. My daughter, who has recovered sufficiently to tell us some of the details of the fire, says that if she had been left in that burning room one or two minutes, no power on earth could have saved her." He paused, his face worked a little, while from the boys and girls around went up a subdued cheer. "I hope, my dear boy," he said, "I do sincerely hope that as a little token of my great gratitude you will accept this."

He stopped. Clifford Brownlow flushed. Myra gave a rapturous giggle of pleasure, and from everybody went up a deep breathed sigh of admiration as from a little oblong box Mr. Norris drew out a gold fountain-pen. He smiled.

"Mr. Brownlow," he said. He handed it towards the boy. But Marjorie, who had seen, who had heard, was shaking then. Something seemed to be rising in her, something seemed to be choking her. That that smiling boy could stand there so calmly, taking this reward which should have been Ralph's!

Not for the life of her could Marjorie have prevented what she did next. Fiercely she stepped forward.

"Don't—don't give it to him," she cried. "It's not fair! Not fair! He didn't rescue your daughter. He did the running away!"

"Marjorie!" thundered Dr. Barrymore.

"It's true!" cried Marjorie.

"Oh golly!" muttered Babs. "Marjorie—"

"I think," Dr. Barrymore said, his eyes stern, "that you had better leave, Marjorie. How dare you, girl, how dare you! Myra, please take her away. Take her back to school. I myself will telephone Miss Primrose and explain. Bless my soul!"

"Marjorie!" cried Clara.

But Marjorie had burst into tears now.

Angrily Myra stepped forward. She laid her hand upon the junior girl's shoulder; while Babs & Co. looked at each other, uncertain and utterly crest-fallen, the weeping girl was led through the gates.

"Oh gosh!" breathed Clara. "Come on, I can't stand this."

"But the tournament?"

"Hang the tournament!"

"Wait, Clara!" Babs cried. "Oh goodness, Clara, what can you do? And what will everybody else do if you go off now? We're depending upon you. There can't be a tournament without you, goose, and you can't do anything to help Marjorie—not a thing!"

That was true. What they could do for Marjorie it was hard to see. At the same time they could not let Friardale and Cliff House down. But Clara's heart was anxious. Clara's mind was far away that morning, and as a result she lost both her games, and only Mabs and Leila scraped through into the final. Immediately the games were over they all rushed back to Cliff House School.

Myra Brownlow met them on the steps. Her face was fierce as they came up. Breathlessly Babs confronted her.

"Myra, what happened to Marjorie?"

"Marjorie?" Myra's eyes blazed. "Marjorie is going to be sent home until the end of the term!" she cried.

"Myra, no!"

"Well, it's true. Miss Primrose received the complaint from Dr. Barrymore. Miss Primrose said that Marjorie must go home at once!"

"And—and she's gone?" gasped Mabs.

"No!"

"What—"

"Because," Myra said savagely, "the little cat has disappeared. Instead of

going off to pack her clothes as she was ordered, she bolted out of the school. I'm waiting for her. Primmy wants to see her as soon as she comes back. And this time," Myra added spitefully, "there'll be no question of her being sent home for the rest of the term. She'll be expelled!"

## Tracked Down!



"I SUS-SAY, you girls—" "Don't bother, Bessie."

"But I sus-say, you know—"

"Oh, for goodness' sake!" Leila Carroll said peevishly.

Bessie Bunter blinked indignantly. The time was a quarter of an hour later, and Babs, Mabs, Clara, Leila, and Janet Jordan were in Study No. 4, rather anxiously and despairingly talking over the newest and the most sensational escapade of Marjorie Hazeldene. Bessie, who had been paying a visit to her little friend and admirer, Roddy Bennett, at Fallsweir Cottage, had just rolled into the room.

"Well, blow you, I'm blessed if I'll tell you now," she said peevishly. "I only thought you wanted to know where Ralph Lawrence was, you know."

Five pairs of eyes fastened upon her at once.

"Do you know?" Clara asked.

"Yes, I jolly well do, but I wouldn't tell you he was at Grandma Crawley's cottage now, if you asked me," Bessie retorted offensively.

"Grandma Crawley's," Babs' eyes lighted up. "Bessie, you're sure?"

"Blow—"

"Bessie, please tell us," Babs said.

"You saw him?"

"Yes, I did, Babs. He was limping about in the garden, you know. That is I say—here, where are you going?"

But Babs was not replying to that. With a quick look at her chums she had grabbed up her hat. While Bessie blinked, not understanding the cause for the sudden rush, the chums in a body bundled through the door.

"We might have guessed," Babs cried. "Grandma Crawley—of course! That's just where Marjorie would hide him—there or at the Hathaways' in Friardale. Well, we've got her now," she added, "and we've jolly well got her cousin. Come on!"

No need for that invitation. Grimly, determinedly, the chums were sweeping on. They collected their cycles; then, with bells whirring, pedals revolving, they swept down Friardale Lane.

In a very short time the roof of Myrtle Cottage came into view, and after the roof the gate, on which a rather gloomy-faced boy was leaning, staring into the lane. He looked towards them as they rode up, but made no attempt to retreat. Clara let out a cry.

"Ralph Lawrence, there he is!" she cried.

She put on a spurt. Red-faced, she was the first to reach the gate. Lawrence, hobbling out on his stick, grinned in a friendly way as she dismounted from her machine. Angrily Clara faced him.

"So this," she said witheringly, "is where you've been hiding out."

Lawrence started.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Did you say hiding out?"

"I did!"

"Then you've got something wrong." The boy's lip curled. "Did I look as if I were hiding out when you girls

came along? You know, I saw you a long time before you saw me. Being the awful fink I am, I ought, of course, to have flung myself behind the nearest hedge, but I didn't."

Clara paused. The others had come up now.

"Then why haven't you shown yourself? You know Friardale's looking for you?"

"Exactly!" Lawrence lightly shrugged. "Looking for me to expel me?" he asked. "Looking for me to kick me out? My own idea—which, of course, seeing what a rotter and a liar I am, you'll never believe—was to rest up this gammy foot of mine and then find some sort of a job. But never mind me. Where's Marjorie?"

"Isn't she here?" asked Babs. "She is not. I haven't seen her since yesterday morning. I—" And then he saw from the consternation in their faces that something was wrong.

"Nothing's happened to her?" he asked quickly.

"And you'd care, I suppose, if there had?" Clara asked with scorn. "Oh, no, of course nothing's happened to her—except that for your sake she's been running into one batch of trouble after another, and this afternoon she jolly well got herself expelled. But that doesn't matter to you, does it, that—Oh!"

And Clara gasped as Lawrence, with sudden fierce anxiety in his eyes, abruptly gripped her by the shoulder.

"Let go!"

"What's been happening?" he asked. "Tell me!"

"You know."  
"I'll swear I don't."

Babs gazed at him. For the first time she felt a qualm. So fierce was Ralph's face all at once that it was impossible to feel that he was shamming then. Breathlessly Babs explained, watching his expression as it grew more anxious, more horrified, as she went on. He glared.

"And I—knew nothing," he muttered. "I never guessed. But she shan't be expelled!" he cried desperately. "She shan't! And you really think," he stormed at her, "while all this has been happening I've been here sheltering behind her? You think I'd allow her to go through all that for me? You fools! You utter fools! And—By Jove!" he cried suddenly. "I know where she's gone! Clara, can I ride behind you on that tandem?"

"But your foot?"

"Hang the foot! Can I?"

"Yes, but where are we going?"

"That," Lawrence grated, "I'll tell you when we get there. Come on!"

And, hobbling to the gate on his stick, he grabbed the tandem on which Clara had travelled. "This way!"

When the Great Test Came!



**M**ARJORIE HAZEL-DENE was where Ralph Lawrence guessed she would

be—in the ruins of the burned-out house. And once again Marjorie was feverishly, busily searching.

And once again, unknown to Marjorie as she searched, she was watched by a pair of boyish eyes. They belonged to Clifford Brownlow.

Truth to tell, Brownlow had not been easy in his mind since yesterday. Conscience, they say, makes cowards of us all, and Marjorie's defiant avowal that she would find proof to establish her cousin's innocence had flung Clifford Brownlow into rather a panic. That

proof, obviously, was in the ruins; that proof, obviously, was something which Lawrence must have lost during the rescue, and the finding of which would without doubt prove his presence in the burning house.

So after the tournament at Friardale, Brownlow had slipped along to the scene of action again. And he had been standing outside that house, trying to screw up his courage to brave the tumbling walls, when along the road he had seen Marjorie approach.

Quickly he had hidden. From an unseen vantage point he had watched Marjorie clamber, despite the warning notice, into the ruins; had seen her as, muttering and fretful, she had begun her hunt.

He was watching now while Marjorie, choked with dust, grimed with grey and black ash, toiled on, despair in her eyes, but that fiercely unquenchable hope still in her heart—Marjorie who was already under the sentence of suspension, but who cared little or nothing for herself if only she could right the great wrong that had been done her cousin.

Half an hour she had toiled, unaware of the watching eyes, deaf to the

at the clue she had found, started as she heard his footsteps

She turned and saw him come scrambling over the ruins. Marjorie did not flinch, did not step back as panic-strickenly he came blundering towards her. There was scorn in her face—scorn and triumph.

"You—you—" choked Brownlow. "What have you found?"

"Something," Marjorie cried, "which will show you up, Clifford Brownlow—something which at last proves how you've cheated Ralph. I said I'd get the proof, didn't I? Well, here is the proof!" And she dangled the watch in front of his horrified eyes. "Now, Mr. Brownlow, what will you say to that?"

Brownlow stared. Desperate, hunted his expression. Then, with a shout he jumped forward, snatching at the blackened watch.



**TRIUMPHANTLY** Marjorie gazed at the blackened watch. Surely she could clear Ralph now? But—Ralph's enemy was watching, and he also knew the importance of that watch.

ominous cracks which sounded from the walls or the occasional rain of small debris which, caused by the slight vibration of her own light steps, rattled down into the ash. The watch—the watch! She must find the watch!

She knew she was in peril, but she did not heed that.

And then suddenly Clifford Brownlow saw Marjorie pause; saw her dart towards the ground. He heard a low exclamation from her lips, and he saw, as she straightened up, that look upon her face—a look of joy, of triumph—and he saw for a moment something which dangled from her fingers—a squareish, blackened something—hanging from a charred length of leather, and his heart leapt as he recalled the watch belonging to Ralph Lawrence. That was the clue. Marjorie had found it.

And in that clue lay his own downfall, his own humiliation.

Suddenly Clifford Brownlow forgot those crumbling ruins, whose danger, so far, he had preferred to watch a young girl face.

Marjorie, looking in rapt fascination

Instinctively Marjorie gave back a step, her hand closing on the watch. Her foot, slipping, plunged into deep ash, and unresistingly sank.

She gave a shrill little scream as something beneath her cracked—gave way! Down, she found herself pitching. With a bump she hit hard bottom; with a loud gasp came to herself. And then she saw—

And, seeing, understood then what had happened.

Above her—ten feet above her—was a small square hole, its edges overhung with jagged splinters of timber. Through the hole dust was falling, filling her eyes, her throat, her nostrils. The hole itself was a trapdoor leading into this deep cellar, and the woodwork, burnt in the fire, had been unable to support her weight as she stood on it.

With a cry, she struggled to her feet.

For a moment she saw a face looking down at her, the white, scared face of Clifford Brownlow. She saw even then that he was shaking, that he was in the grip of a deadly fear,

and suddenly there came a rumbling to one side of her.

She herself stiffened as she saw one wall of the cellar in which she was trapped bulge outward, and then come tumbling amid a rain of fine ash and mortar. Behind her came a sound like rock shattered by a thunderbolt. Across the cellar roof a gaping fissure appeared.

Marjorie lost her nerve. "Clifford, help!" she screamed. "The roof's falling in!"

Above her Brownlow heard; but he did not move. He was paralysed by fear.

"Help! Help!" cried Marjorie. "I—I'll go and get help!" the boy muttered. "I—I—I— Hold on!"

"But I can't hold on! The other wall's going!"

Brownlow's face was pasty. Gosh, what a funk he was! How, in that moment, he hated himself! The other night, while Ralph Lawrence had been rushing into this burning house, he had felt like this! That girl—down there! He must do something—must!

But he didn't. He still stood staring stupidly. Another crash, followed by—a cry from the road!

Dazedly Brownlow turned. He saw a crowd of girls coming, saw among them a limping figure—Ralph Lawrence!

At the same moment Marjorie's voice vibrated again:

"Help! Oh, please, help! Brownlow, you coward!"

Then Ralph was upon him. His eyes, blazing with scorn, caused Brownlow to wince. With one hand Lawrence swept the coward out of the way, just as Babs & Co., heedless of danger, came tearing into the ruins. Then Brownlow gave a cry:

"Lawrence—Lawrence, you fool! Oh!"

For Lawrence had swung himself down through the hole in the floor!

Thud! he landed. Like millions of red-hot needles pain shot through his foot. But he didn't care then. He saw Marjorie; he rushed towards her. As he did so, part of the roof fell!

"Ralph!" Marjorie gasped. "Ralph, the roof!"

"O.K.!" Lawrence granted.

In a moment he had summed up the situation. He saw that the roof was due to cave in. The one huge beam which kept it together hereabouts was already on the move. Once that collapsed, bringing with it the accumulated debris which lay above it, nothing on earth would save either himself or his cousin.

The fallen wall had already made a mound of debris four feet or more in height. Lawrence hobbled towards it, scrambled up it, and, with hands above his head, flattened his palms against the beam.

"Get out!" he cried.

"Ralph—"

"Get out! The others will help you up!"

Above at the trapdoor the faces of Clara, Babs, Mabs, and Janet Jordan appeared. The fallen wall had created a hillock in front of her now. Gasping and sobbing, she crawled up it, extending her hands as Clara reached down.

"Hold tight, Marjie!" gasped Clara. "Don't move! Babs, pull—one—two—three!"

And out of the hole Marjorie came, gasping as she lay on the ground.

"Ralph—Ralph, he—he'll be killed!" she cried. "Ralph—he—he's holding up the beam! Ralph!" she cried.

In the cellar Ralph Lawrence, almost

at his last gasp, was already beginning to wilt with the terrific strain upon his muscles. But he shouted:

"O.K.!" and tried to make his voice cheery. "Don't worry; but get away from here—all of you—get away! The—the—"

And then crash came the ceiling, followed by a faint moan, and hastily Babs & Co. hung back as they felt the ground sliding beneath their feet, saw a great cloud of dust and ash arising.

"Ralph!" screamed Marjorie. "Ralph—Brownlow!"

But Brownlow, twitching, was hiding his face in his hands.

Then while the ground was still heaving, Mabs darted across to the trapdoor. One of the tottering walls fell outside with a crash, but the trapdoor was still intact, and from it was protruding an arm. Mabs caught it.

"Clara, give me a hand! Babs, Janet, Leila, get the rubbish clear! I—"

She and Clara pulled. Madly, desperately, Babs and Janet and Leila tore at the debris. Presently Ralph's face hove into view, grimed and torn and cut, but with the old sardonic grin upon it. He gasped.

"Close call!" he laughed. "Still, all's well that ends well. Give me a good yank, girls, and we'll be out of this!"

"Ralph, you—you saved Marjorie's life!" Babs gulped.

"Oh, stuff! Get me out!"

There was a sudden cry from the road. A car stopped. Two figures came hurrying towards the scene to stop in amazement outside the barbed wire. As Lawrence, with a last heave, was hauled free, Dr. Barrymore and Mr. Soutar came up.

"Lawrence—why, bless my soul—what is all this? Brownlow, what's the matter? Are you ill, boy?"

Lawrence, breathing heavily, stood on his one uninjured leg.

"Ill, yes!" he said contemptuously. "Ill with funk! He lost his hero complex down that hole, you see, and I've been down to fish it up!"

"I—I—" mouthed Brownlow.

"But what—"

"Please let me explain." Marjorie stepped forward. "I think, Dr. Barrymore, you ought to know. I was struggling with Brownlow. Brownlow made a grab for something I had in my hand. I fell into the cellar, and the

cellar roof was giving way. I called Brownlow to help."

"And he didn't!" Clara cried. "We saw!"

"It was Ralph!" Babs stated simply, and her eyes were full of shining admiration as she turned them upon the boy. "Lawrence did it, Dr. Barrymore! He held the roof up until we got Marjorie out, and then the cellar collapsed on him. If it hadn't been for Ralph, Marjorie would have been buried alive! Brownlow," she added, with a glance of scorn at that tongue-tied, shamefaced coward, "was too funky even to help."

"As he was the other night," said Lawrence quietly. "I think this rather proves it now, sir."

"And if it doesn't," Marjorie put in, "this does! Because," she explained, "this is what I found in the ruins!"—and she showed them the watch. "And this," she added, "was what Brownlow wanted to get from me because he knew it would prove him a coward! Let him deny it!"

But Brownlow, wilting with shame, had turned away. Dr. Barrymore bit his lip, and while Mr. Soutar studiously regarded the ground, quietly laid a hand on Lawrence's shoulder.

"I think," he said softly, "that we have made a mistake, Lawrence. We have rather judged you upon your past reputation. Come back with me, my boy—come back to school! And please, girls, you come back, too! I would like to hear all your evidence again."

And when he had—when Friardale at last knew the truth—there was no talk of expelling the "black sheep" any longer. And at Cliff House, when the news reached Miss Primrose's ears, there was no further talk of punishing Marjorie.

Friardale boy and Cliff House girl were hailed as hero and heroine, and for days and days afterwards neither Clara nor any of the disbelievers could do enough to make it up to the two cousins. Not, indeed, that Marjorie sought praise or admiration. She was quite content and happy at last. Her faith in her black sheep cousin had been most overwhelmingly vindicated!

If gentle Marjorie had any regrets at all, indeed, it was for the exposed coward of Friardale, now suffering the shameful ban of Coventry, and for the crumpled ruins of Myra Brownlow's good opinion of her brother.

THE END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

## THEIR CAPTAIN in PERIL!

By  
HILDA  
RICHARDS.



### WHY WAS DULCIA FAIRBROTHER, POPULAR HEAD GIRL AT CLIFF HOUSE, BREAKING BOUNDS?

Barbara Redfern & Co. wondered—in amazement. For such breach of school rules was the last thing anyone expected of Dulcia. Connie Jackson, the spiteful Sixth Form prefect, however, wondered in quite another way. This was a splendid chance to strike at Dulcia, whom she hated. And strike Connie did, with all her cunning. That was why Babs & Co. rallied round their popular School captain to save her from disaster.

Don't miss HILDA RICHARDS' latest wonderful Cliff House story. It appears COMPLETE next week.



Further fascinating chapters of our wonderful adventure story—

# 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 father in Africa when they become stranded. With a quaint native girl,

FUZZY, as guide, they set off by foot. When they help a white hunter, he gives them a talisman ring, which allows them to enter a native king's country. Teresa exposes a treacherous magician. The king gives them all jewels, but Fuzzy's are taken by the queen. Continuing their journey, Luise is bitten by a deadly snake. Fuzzy goes to a water-hole to find a cure, and is menaced by a lion, just as Teresa arrives.

(Now read on.)

## The Precious Root!

TERESA jumped up as she saw that lion, unconscious that Fuzzy lay in his path, move swiftly to the drinking pool. There were three lions now, and four leopards. Other animals hung back until these errors of the jungle had slaked their thirst.

Unless frightened or annoyed, the lions would molest no one. Yet if one came upon Fuzzy and she jumped up, then the swift blow from a paw would be her end.

Teresa stood up, cool, tense. The time had come to use the gun. Not to kill, but to frighten. A violent report, and the animals would scatter wildly.

Teresa raised the gun to her shoulder.

And at that same moment, Fuzzy, hearing the tread of a lion approaching, sprang up, looked about her, and dodged. The lion sprang forward.

Bang! came the deafening report of the large bore gun.

Teresa herself recoiled and stumbled, but that flash and that deafening bang, the scream of the bullet zipping high into the air, sent every animal within earshot scuttling back.

Fuzzy, jumping obstacles, raced to Teresa's side, panting and gasping.

"You sabe me," she gasped. "Lion, him come along take me."

Teresa gripped her arm.

"Fuzzy—the herb! Have you seen it?"

On that herb Luise's very life depended.

"Me know him dere—but him right along nearside dem pool," said Fuzzy. "Leopard stand over him. Missa Luise—her plenty bad?" she added worriedly.

Teresa sighed, and told her just how ill Luise was. Even now their friend lay delirious, with the danger of the snake's deadly venom increasing with every moment.

And only this precious root could save her!

"We've got to get it, leopards or not!" said Teresa, in grim determination. "Come on, Fuzzy. Together. Those leopards won't come back yet."

## SAVAGE TRIBES RISE IN REVOLT AGAINST THEIR KING — AND TERESA'S FATHER IS HELD AS HOSTAGE!

"One or two minutes, yes," nodded Fuzzy. "Mebbe—we go quick enough."

Without a word more, Fuzzy ran down to the pool. The little black girl had the speed of a hare, and nerve and courage, too. But it was not courage alone that enabled her to brave the leopards and the lions. Fuzzy had learned how to treat wild animals, had won their trust, and in a crisis she would be prepared to rely on her influence over them.

But as Teresa knew, at the drinking pool all the animals were so nervy and strung up that they would be likely to act with vicious haste. There might not be time for Fuzzy to soothe them.

As she followed Fuzzy, and looked in the direction in which the leopards and lions had gone, she saw their reddish eyes reflecting the moon.

It was the curiest sight she had

known, and it gave her heart quite a jolt.

Fuzzy, racing ahead, had reached the water's edge. She was stooping now, and plucking frantically at the leaves, while Teresa stood guard, watching those red eyes.

And the eyes came nearer from all sides!

"Fuzzy—have you got the stuff?" she cried. "I've reloaded. One bang, and we run!"

"Me got et!" shouted Fuzzy.

Teresa put the gun to her shoulder, pulled it tightly against her, gritted her teeth, and fired.

The roar of the gun and the flash of the discharge gave the animals pause. But there was one leopard who had braved hunters' guns before, and he came forward snarling, low to the ground, ready to spring at lightning speed.

"Run!" shouted Teresa, as she stumbled, and fell.

Fuzzy raced for her at mad speed, slithered, stooped, and helped her up. Together they ran, the leopards' snarling almost deafening, the lions' roars like thunder.

Teresa's legs kept going automatically; she ran even when her wind seemed to be gone, and she was all in. On the hockey field she had been counted a fine sprinter, and she had won the hundred yards at school. Yet Fuzzy was so much better, she actually helped her!

They burst through the undergrowth, staggering, gasping, and then came upon Bambo, the young elephant, patiently waiting, Adolphus, the baby chimp, and Luise, silent and pale in the moonlight.

Teresa dropped down in a heap, rolled over, and lay still, her chest heaving,

By  
ELIZABETH  
CHESTER

her heart thumping, so that it seemed to choke her whole body.

She could not speak for gasping, and she put a hand to her side, where the stitch had caught her. But Fuzzy, although she panted, could yet move about and get busy with the root, to steep it as they had been told to do by the witch-doctor.

In a few minutes Teresa felt well enough to sit up, and went to help Fuzzy.

And now, even though they had the precious root, which they fully believed could save Luise, they were not free from anxiety.

Luise was so still while Teresa applied it, that it did not seem possible that the magic could work—for magic it appeared to be, although Teresa well knew that it was but a remedy as yet unknown to European doctors.

With what patience they could muster they awaited the remedy's effect. It seemed slower than before—and then, quite suddenly, Luise opened her eyes and spoke:

"Fuzzy—where's Fuzzy, Terry?"  
"Me here," said Fuzzy. "Me got herb—"

"Oh, Luise!" cried Teresa. "We've got it—and now you'll be all right. Honour bright you will. The witch-doctor said so, and everything he's said so far has come true."

Luise stretched out her hand.  
"I certainly feel better. Do you think I'll be all right to-morrow? All right to travel, go on? I'm sorry, Terry—I've messed things up. I'm a nuisance—"

"You? What bosh!" said Teresa. "Adolphus has taken the blame for putting the snake near you, and I'm to

blame for letting it bite you, and Fuzzy says she's to blame for not looking after Adolphus. So we're all quits."

Luise smiled faintly.  
"What pals we all are!" she said softly. "It's so wonderful to be with real friends, to feel—to feel safe."

Teresa patted her hand.  
"Don't talk, dear. You get some sleep, and then to-morrow, if you're really better, we'll push on. A straight journey now, I hope, straight ahead to meet my father."

Luise sighed, squeezed Teresa's hand, and then dropped off to sleep. It was real sleep this time, with even breathing, calm expression.

Teresa, wrapping herself in a blanket, lay down beside her, while the faithful Fuzzy sat on guard, until she, too, overcame with sleep, dropped off.

### White Man Prisoner!

IT was the throbbing of a drum that awakened Fuzzy. The song of the birds had not awakened her, nor the bright light of dawn. But that insistent murmur of the drum spoke a message.

She sat up, rubbed her eyes, and stared about her.

"Me dream," she muttered.  
Adolphus, the baby chimp, was sitting up, too, a tin of condensed milk in his hand, which he had turned round and round until he felt quite giddy. But still he had not found a hole, a lid, or any way of getting the milk out.

Fuzzy scrambled up. She did not rebuke him, for she was too excited. She understood this African telegraph, this

simple, elementary, yet most effective means of sending news across country.

The hollow trunk of a tree was somewhere being boomed, its message being broadcast for miles. Cunningly placed, so that their sound was echoed, carried, and reflected, the drums could be heard from distances which to white men seemed almost incredible.

Fuzzy shook Teresa excitedly.  
"Miss Teaser—wake—wake!" she cried.

Teresa sat up, stared at her, and yawned.  
"What's wrong?" she asked, blinking, saw Adolphus with the milk tin, and flopped back. "He can't open it," she yawned.

Fuzzy shook her again, urgently.  
"Oh, Miss Teaser," she implored. "Bad tings go happen plenty soon!"  
Teresa sat up again and forced herself awake. Then, instantly looking at Luise, beside her, she leaned down, felt her heart, and noted her breathing.

In relief, she glanced up at Fuzzy.  
"Luise is all right—"  
Fuzzy was kneeling, and almost wringing her hands.

"Yes, Missa Teaser hern all right. But drums go bom bim."

"Drums?" said Teresa, frowning.  
"Why not? It needn't worry us."  
Fuzzy gripped her arm and shook her.

"Miss Teaser. Drums dey send bad words. Bad tings. Dem say white man him took prissier."  
"Prisoner. Oh! A white man?" said Teresa, and became fully awake.

Fuzzy, glad that at last Teresa understood that this was urgent, held up her hand, for the drums were throbbing again.

Ear to the ground, she listened, as hundreds of other black people were now doing.

"What does it say?" asked Teresa.  
Fuzzy stood up, tense, dramatic.

"All black men rises up. Take spears, swords," she said.

"What?" cried Teresa, in horror. "A black rising? Black men arming? To fight whom?"

Fuzzy shook her head.  
"Big king—him shall die. Black king—our king."

"Nompanyo!" gasped Teresa.  
His name came naturally first to her mind, for this was his territory through which they were passing, and he was certainly a great king.

"You can't mean that his own men are rising against him!" she frowned.

"That can't be possible. That magician is—"

Fuzzy sat down again, agitated.  
"Him do it—bad magic man," she said, shivering.

By this time Luise was awake. Turning over, she blinked in the bright light, and then, pushing away the mosquito netting, looked at Teresa.

"Morning!" she smiled. "Have I been ill?"

"Have you been ill!" said Teresa, and then gave her a hug. "Oh, Luise, it's wonderful to see you smiling. How do you feel? Not really well?"

Luise sat up.

"Maybe little bit of a headache," she admitted. "But nothing more. Oh, it's grand to feel well again."

Then she became aware of Fuzzy's worried look, and knew that something was wrong.

"What is it now?" she asked anxiously.

But Teresa gave Fuzzy a gentle, secret nudge, for, until they had more detailed news of what was happening, there was no sense in frightening Luise.

"Fuzzy can hear drums," she said lightly. "The black man's broadcast—and she's listening without a licence. If



MY DEAR READERS,—The other evening I went to the cinema. I know that isn't a sensational thing for anyone to do, but I've a special reason for telling you about it. I went to the cinema and I saw a cowboy film. And do you know, I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it.

I sat there thrilled and spellbound, amused and excited in swift changing turn. And when I came out, I was wishing that all you could have been there, because I know you would have liked it just as much as I did. There was something in it to please everyone.

But my wish wasn't entirely useless. It gave me an idea. Why shouldn't we have a western story in *The Schoolgirl*? I asked myself. Not quite like the film I'd seen, of course, but one specially written for YOU, introducing not only a heroine you could respect and admire, but all the atmosphere of the golden west?

There. Wasn't that a lovely idea—though I blush to say so myself! I'm sure you'll agree that it is, and I can just imagine you begging me to tell you more. But I'm afraid I can't do that now. Next week—yes. Then I shall be only too delighted to give you all the information you want, for we are going to have a Western story very, very soon. Don't miss my chat next week, will you?

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.

Now I think I had better pass on to that most important subject—

#### NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

First of all, the superb LONG COMPLETE story of your Cliff House favourites. It is entitled "Their Captain in Peril," and features not only Babs & Co., but also popular Dulcia Fairbrother, Captain of the school.

No one is held in greater esteem or respect than Dulcia. She is loyal, scrupulously fair, and as straightforward as the day. And yet—no wonder Babs & Co. are surprised—they discover that Dulcia is breaking bounds at dead of night, slipping out of Cliff House on some mysterious secret mission.

"What on earth is she up to?" they ask themselves. And instantly decide that, whatever the reason for Dulcia's puzzling conduct, it is nothing of which she need be ashamed.

But meanwhile Connie Jackson, the harsh, spiteful Sixth Form prefect, also discovering Dulcia's activities, mutters: "Now what's her little game?" And Connie, bitterly jealous of Dulcia, seeing in this a chance to strike at her, sets out to do her worst.

That is where Barbara Redfern & Co. rally round their adored captain. You'll be held spellbound by Hilda Richards' masterly telling of this great story. Don't miss it.

As usual, of course, our next issue will feature "The Jungle Hikers," "Cousin George and 'The Imp,'" more of Patricia's interesting pages, and another Cliff House Pet: So cheerio until then—and don't forget I shall tell you all about that Western story next week.

With best wishes,  
Your sincere friend,  
THE EDITOR.

you want to listen. Fuzzy, dear, you'd better go farther away, because we're going to talk."

Fuzzy, understanding that she was to listen, and keep it secret from Luise, went swiftly away to find the likeliest spot for clear reproduction of the jungle telegraph broadcast system.

To keep Luise's mind off worry, Teresa looked for Adolphus, the baby chimp.

"What do you think that scamp of a young chimp of ours has found now?" she asked.

"Goodness knows," laughed Luise. "What?"

"Condensed milk tin. And the poor goop is trying to open it," smiled Teresa. "He couldn't bang it open, even with a hefty mallet, so we needn't worry. There's not a chance. Hey!" she ended, with a shout, and jumped up. For Adolphus had found a way!

In most things Adolphus was not too bright, but where food was concerned he had a quick, shrewd mind. It was probably someone like Adolphus who had invented the first nut-crackers.

He had found a tin-cracker now—a real hundred per cent cracker.

The condensed milk tin was standing on the ground, and above it was poised a real smasher—the hind foot of the young elephant, Bambo.

Bambo did not grasp what was expected of him, and Adolphus was getting nearly frantic trying to explain. All that Bambo had to do was to put his hind foot on the tin, use all his immense weight, and—squelch! Easy!

Adolphus had seen nuts go crash under Bambo's feet, and this whizzing idea had shot into his brain.

Teresa sprang forward. "We've only two tins left, and that's one of them! Stop!" she shouted.

But Teresa's sudden rush was just what was needed.

Young Bambo moved back, startled, and down went his mighty foot on the tin.

There was a nasty, scrunching sound, and then a jet of condensed milk shot out.

Adolphus, watching intently, to miss nothing of this glorious sight, did not even miss the jet of condensed milk. It hit him smack in the face.

Chattering and jibbering, he did a double somersault, and then rushed up a tree, from which he shouted down abuse.

Teresa threw back her head and laughed; Luise just shook with merriment.

Young Bambo, not finding the tin comfortable, ambled forward a yard, and stood with head swinging gently.

"Adolphus, come down!" called Teresa. "The milk's spilling over the ground, and I'm not lapping it up. Come on down!"

Adolphus descended warily, arming himself with a stick as he approached the tin, daring it to move, or try any more of its spiteful tricks.

But Bambo, who had had enough of Adolphus' larking about with his feet, gently picked the young chimp up in his trunk and deposited him in the middle of a bush.

Adolphus was struggling out, gibbering at Bambo, when Fuzzy came back.

She looked serious, and there was no use pretending to Luise that there was not bad news in the air.

"Fuzzy, what's wrong?" Luise cried. "You're keeping something from me, you two. I'm strong enough to know now, and I'm not going to faint, or do anything silly. What is it, Terry?"

Teresa shook her head. "I don't know for certain, but it's



TERESA, surveying the open land beyond, did not notice her two chums. "Missa Luise," whispered Fuzzy, with a cautious glance at Teresa, "me not say before, but the bad men's prisoner is her papa!"

some kind of rebellion, I think. That right, Fuzzy?"

Fuzzy gave a quick nod of assent.

"Bad trouble," she said. "Take dem white mens prissiser, and guns and tings. Magic man make dem black people rise up fight."

"Behind us—or in front?" asked Teresa.

Fuzzy hesitated to answer that, but she seemed to be sure enough in her own mind.

"In front," said Luise quickly. "You mean that black men are arming in front of us—the way we are going. Is that it?"

"Tink so," said Fuzzy miserably. "Bad tings may go happen soon."

"Not to us," said Teresa swiftly. "We've got a good lead of the magician—"

"Him send message. Stop white girls," said Fuzzy, wide-eyed.

"Stop us! But we're not so far now from my father's territory," said Teresa, with a flash in her eyes. "He can assemble white troops with modern arms. These black men know that all right—"

"Um. Mebbe black men keep us, hide us—den big white chief, yo fader, him not fight dem," said Fuzzy, frowning.

Teresa was silent then, for she saw that that might indeed be a true reckoning. But she was not really greatly alarmed, and did not hesitate.

"Come on. Pack—get going!" she snapped.

"But breakfast?" asked Luise.

"Eat as we go along—fruit, anything. You can perch on the top of the luggage," said Teresa. "But there's cold tea in the flask. Up—and on our way, chicks!"

Luise, weak though she still was, really, insisted on helping, for speed mattered now. A good packer, she was a great help in getting the luggage neatly stacked, and they very quickly had Bambo loaded.

Adolphus, having finished off the tin of milk with no more damage than three cuts on his arm and a small one on his nose, was ready for anything, and climbed on to the top of Bambo.

"Ready?" said Teresa, looking them all over. "Then forward!"

And forward it was, with Bambo setting a quickish pace, even with Luise on his back, while Teresa and Fuzzy trotted alongside.

"Every step in this direction is nearer to safety," said Teresa presently, "because my father may have come to meet us. He'll know this is our route. And if he comes, he'll have an armed escort, I dare say. No one is likely to tackle him."

"Not likely!" agreed Luise lightly.

Only Fuzzy was silent; but then Fuzzy knew something she had not dared to tell Teresa—news which she did not mean to impart in Teresa's hearing, although she was really burning to tell Luise.

Not until they reached some high ground, where Teresa called a halt and went to prospect the open land beyond and about them, did Fuzzy have a chance to be with Luise alone.

"Miss Luise," she called, "not tell Miss Teaser."

"Not tell her what?" asked Luise.

"Bad tings come by drum," said Fuzzy dismally. "White man him took prissiser."

"Oh, a white man!" said Luise, in grave concern. "Not that hunter we met—"

Fuzzy shook her head, and her eyes were large and frightened. Looking cautiously towards Teresa, she cupped a hand to her mouth and whispered.

"Miss Teaser's big chief papa!" she said.

### "Forward—to the Drum!"

LUISE looked down at Fuzzy and was stupefied, hardly able to believe it.

"Teresa's father—captured!" she exclaimed. "But how do you know? Are you—are you sure?"

Fuzzy nodded quickly.

"Um—drum not tell lies. Big chief—white chief of many soldiers—friend Nompango—go 'way along Nompango."

"You mean a big white chief who was travelling to Nompango? It might

be anyone," said Luise hopefully. "Not necessarily Teresa's—"

At that moment Teresa returned. "Hallo! Why the whispering?" she asked. "Anything wrong?"

Luise looked down and did not know what to say; for she knew that Teresa was devoted to her father, and there was nothing they could do to help him if this news were true.

And suppose it was not? Then Teresa would be given unnecessary worry and suffering.

"Nothing, dear. Fuzzy's worried about this black rising."

"There's something else," said Teresa quite sharply. "Don't pretend. Bad news, Fuzzy—something new?"

Fuzzy shook her head.

"Me tel dem big stories fibs—lays—"

"Lies?" exclaimed Teresa. "Fuzzy!" There was anger in her tone now. "Lies—you mean you've been deceiving us—"

"Me not tell lies," wailed Fuzzy. "Tellum troof. Nebber—nebbber tellum lies no more." And she threw out her arms to Teresa.

Teresa drew back and held out her hand.

"The truth, Fuzzy! Is there a black rising?"

"Yes, yes."

"And was a white man captured?"

"Y-yes," said Fuzzy, and looked up at Luise, who shot an anxious look at Teresa and met her eyes.

And presently there came a pallor to Teresa's cheeks as enlightenment dawned.

"My golly!" she gasped. "You don't mean— Fuzzy! He's not my father—not dad captured! Why, if they did get him, if they're out of hand—"

She turned then; for ahead of them, round the bend of the path which wound round the precipice edge of this lofty hill they were climbing, came a runner—a runner who stumbled as though near to collapse.

Teresa stared at the runner with growing dismay. Then, as he came nearer, she recognised him as one of her father's own servants. With a gasp, she ran to him, and he, seeing her, recognising her, lurched to a halt, then dropped to his knees, hands clasped in appeal.

"Missa Teaser," he panted, "big chief him plisner!"

"My father—prisoner! Oh, it's true, then," said Teresa faintly. "Where? Where is he? Is he—hurt?"

Now Luise and Fuzzy had reached the man, too, and Luise gave him a drink of water, guessing his need. He drank it eagerly, and then, brushing his mouth, rose shakily.

"Me run plenty time," he panted. "Chief, him way back along. Many men hold him. Him send me seek you—seek King Nompnyo."

In a minute or two, in command of himself, he was able to talk more freely, and Teresa, pale and anxious, listened to his story, at first in fear for her father's safety.

But the warriors rising against Nompnyo had taken Teresa's father prisoner only so that he should not be able to raise a white army.

They wanted to dethrone King Nompnyo, who was too agreeable to white man's rule for their liking, and then make terms with Teresa's father, as the agent of the British Government.

It was a wild scheme. No good could come of it, only harm, and Teresa knew that, urging the black men on, were evil leaders who thought only of their own prospects, of wealth which they would gain, using the poor natives as the catspaws.

## HILDA RICHARDS



Replies to a few of her Correspondents.

**MARY and BARBARA (Wales).**—Thank you both for a sweet little letter. You would each be in the Upper Third, with Doris Redfern, Madge Stevens and their chums, if you went to Cliff House. I'll certainly keep your story suggestion in mind. Write again, won't you?

**PAMELA SHEDDAN (Otago, New Zealand).**—So glad to hear from you, Pamela. My dog, Juno, is a lovely large Alsatian, with the gentlest disposition you can imagine. So your favourite Fourth Formers at C.H. are Babs, Clara, and Jemima? I know they are all most popular with my readers.

**"BABS" (Wolverhampton).**—You would be a Second Former if you went to Cliff House, Babs. You have quite a list of favourites at C.H., it seems, but Babs—your namesake—is evidently your favourite. You'll write again when you have time, won't you?

**DOROTHY and ANN (Croydon, Surrey).**—Many thanks, Dorothy and Ann, for a charming little letter. What did you think of my story called "The Loneliest Girl in the Second," after all? I hope to feature Dolores Essendon again quite shortly. I shall look forward to another letter from you both.

**"ADMIRER OF JEMIMA" (Llantfair, Wales).**—Thank you so much for your very nice little letter. Do persuade your two friends to write to me soon, won't you? Then I shall know all three of you! The answer to your important question is "No," Iris.

**"NESTA" (Liverpool).**—I loved every word of your nice long letter, Nesta. You would be in the Second Form if you went to Cliff House. Clara's second name is Marian. My pet Alsatian, Juno, sends a pawshake to Jim, and hopes he hasn't been getting into trouble again!

**"ADMIRER OF JEMIMA" (Worthing).**—Another of Jimmy Carstairs' fans! Here are the names you asked for: Mabel Elsie Lynn, Clara Marian Trevlyn, Jemima Carstairs, Marcelle Odette Biquet, Dolores Essendon, Marjorie Alice Hazeldene and Janet Elizabeth Jordan. You would be in the Second Form if you went to C.H.

**"FUZZY" (Maldia Hill).**—I liked your quaint pen-name, Fuzzy! So your Fourth Form favourite is Mabs? I know Babs' great chum has many fans among my readers. Tell your sister I'll certainly keep her suggestion in mind. I shall look forward to hearing from you again.

"My golly, but it's bad trouble," said Teresa, aghast. "My father will be safe for a while, but maybe not for long."

"Oh, Terry, can we save him?" said Luise fretfully. "We must go to him at once if we can. Only the black men are armed, aren't they?"

"Yes, heavily armed; armed enough for us," said Teresa quietly. "We'd be helpless, of course. But if we could only get King Nompnyo's help—"

"Well, we can. He's a friend," said Luise eagerly. "We know that."

"A friend, yes," nodded Teresa. "No doubt about that; but if what Fuzzy heard by the drums is right, he is a prisoner, too. You know who is behind this?"

"The magician, yes," said Luise.

The three girls exchanged looks, while the runner, dropping down, hungrily ate fruit that Fuzzy fetched him.

There was a great load of responsibility now on Teresa's young shoulders. She must decide herself what to do, and it seemed that whatever decision she made would involve them in danger.

To go back meant to face King Nompnyo's savage enemies, led by the magician. To go on was just as perilous. For the men who had captured Teresa's father would surely capture them, too.

Fuzzy was round-eyed in alarm, and just shook her mop of frizzy hair in distress. To her there seemed no way out of this at all. The runner, having been told to take a message to King Nompnyo, was willing to do so, even though the king was in enemy hands, for he was a loyal servant, ready to risk even death in the service of Teresa's father.

"If only daddy hadn't come to meet us!" said Teresa, with a sigh. "But he did it for the best, and they caught him with only a small guard—"

No use crying over spilled milk. The thing was done.

Luise in this crisis seemed to lose her nervousness, for things were now really bad, and she knew that courage was needed. Teresa was distressed, and for Teresa's sake she rallied wonderfully.

"Terry dear," she said, slipping an arm about her friend's shoulder, "do just what you think is best. If we must take risks, then we will take them. Let us go on to your father, if you think we ought to."

Teresa shook her head.

"No; that's what I want to do, but it's not the wisest thing. We must find Nompnyo. The magician has fooled the people, and only just in time. I don't suppose King Nompnyo had time to tell them that he no longer trusted the magician himself. But we know the man's a fraud. If the people know it—"

She turned to Fuzzy.

"Fuzzy—a drum. Is there one near? Can you find one?"

"Me tink so, yes," said Fuzzy excitedly.

"Then let's find one and get the news sent," said Teresa swiftly. "There was someone drumming a short distance back. We've got to take news of a big white army approaching—guns, soldiers, tanks. You," she said to the runner, "when we find that drummer, run to him in terror with the news. He won't know you are one of my father's men."

"And then?" said Luise eagerly.

"Then we'll take the news, too," said Luise, "and go back to find the king—go back through the jungle, not along the beaten path."

Fuzzy, listening, turned, hands to ears, to catch the direction of sounds she heard. And then in excitement she lifted her right hand and pointed.

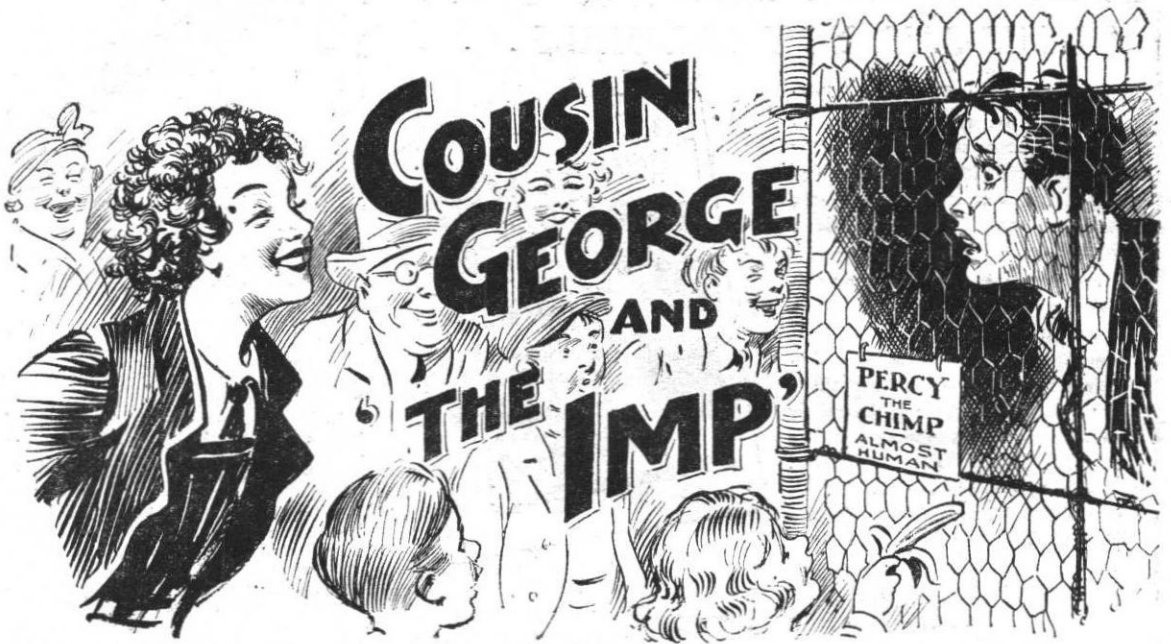
"Drums," she said, "on hill—way oober dere!"

Teresa swung round, alert, ready for action.

"Then forward—to the drum," she cried.

**WHAT** a thrilling moment this is! Will Teresa's daring plan succeed? On no account fail to read next week's dramatic climax to this grand story.

COMPLETE this week. Another topping laughter-story featuring that priceless pair—



The IMP knows how to pull people's legs—Cousin George merely thinks he does. So when George tried to pull The IMP'S leg, he ended up inside a monkey cage!

Two Japes That Went Astray!

"If only it were Wednesday!" Hetty Sonning sighed that remark sadly, for to-day was Tuesday, and not, therefore, a half-holiday. Wednesday seemed always a long time in coming; but this week it was slower than ever, and Tuesday afternoon's lessons were particularly dull and dreary.

Some girls love lessons, and go rushing madly to school, stamping up and down until the bell rings, and then struggling to reach their desks in a fever of excitement to learn something really useful.

But Hetty was not that kind of girl. Hetty preferred circuses, and there was a circus in the district. She had seen that circus already, but she wanted to see it again, for there was an amazing new acrobatic turn, and a clown who could make people roll over and over with laughter.

Offered her free choice, Hetty would have chosen the clown rather than geography, or even history.

What really galled Hetty so much at the moment was that in her hand she held two tickets for the circus—good tickets, in the best seats, too. Moreover, they were for this afternoon's performance!

If only to-day had been a half-holiday all would have been well; but, of course, it wasn't, and as Aunt Miriam positively refused to get her leave from school, the tickets were just so much wastepaper.

Hetty sighed again, and then looked across the room at Cousin George. It was early afternoon, and a balmy breeze rustled the curtains in this severely furnished Common-room which she shared with her cousin.

Cousin George, looking very solemn, wearing reading glasses, sat at his desk poring over a newspaper, studying the latest political developments, not even looking at the pictures or sports news.

"George," said Hetty—"I mean, Cousin George—"

He turned and surveyed her over his glasses.

"Unless you have anything important to say, please don't interrupt. I am studying our foreign policy."

"Ours? Didn't know I had one!" said Hetty, in surprise.

"I mean England's foreign policy," said Cousin George stiffly. "A pity you aren't doing something similar."

"What, in my dinner-hour?" said Hetty, surprised.

Cousin George clucked his tongue and gave a hopeless shrug of the shoulders. He was two years older than Hetty, and a prefect at his school, but he tried to give the impression that he was a grown man of the world.

Before he could rebuke her, however, the door of their Common-room opened, and his mother—Hetty's Aunt Miriam—looked in.

Cousin George rose politely, and gave his little courteous bow.

"Oh, I'm just off to the Debating Society," said Aunt Miriam, with a quick look at Hetty. "I hope Hetty is behaving, George?"

"Oh, yes, mother! Hetty's all right," he said, with a faint smile. "Much less troublesome than when she came. I dare say I shall manage by my influence to make her far less harum-scarum."

"I hope so," his mother said. "Always do what George tells you, Hetty. He knows best."

A slight frown from Aunt Miriam then, and off she went, after kissing George good-bye.

Hetty moved forward.

"That's funny!" she exclaimed.

"Aunt's gone to the Debating Society."

"I don't find it amusing. She goes every week," said Cousin George.

"Yes, but Wednesday is her day," pointed out Hetty.

And because there was just a chance that her aunt had made a mistake,

Hetty went to the door to catch her. Aunt Miriam would not be amused if she arrived there and found the place empty.

But on the landing Hetty paused. The maid Nellie was just going downstairs, dressed in her best and smartest. "Nellie, where are you going?" asked Hetty.

"Me, miss? Oh, to the pictures. It's my afternoon out."

Hetty was so surprised that she said no more, and Nellie, pulling on gloves, went out of the door.

Nellie's afternoon off was Wednesday. Aunt Miriam went to the Debating Society on Wednesday. They had both gone, therefore it was Wednesday.

Eagerly Hetty hurried back into the Common-room.

"Well, I must be potty!" she exclaimed. "Cousin George, what day is it?"

There was a faint glimmer in Cousin George's eyes.

"If in doubt, consult the newspaper," he said, tossing it across.

Hetty caught it and looked at the day—Wednesday. And then, taking

By IDA MELBOURNE

another look, she noted the date. It was the date of the previous Wednesday, and, what was more, she could see by the report of a film which she had read before that it was indeed last week's paper.

Cousin George was solemnly trying to pull her leg.

Hetty saw it in a flash, but she chose not to show it.

"Well, fancy! Wednesday! Hurrah! No school! Hurrah!"

Cousin George sat back, hid a grin, and chuckled inside. Hetty had pulled his leg several times, but this was where he got his own back.

"You thought it was Tuesday?" he said lightly. "Dear, dear! Well, I'm glad that you are so immersed in lessons that a half-holiday comes as a shock. Perhaps the day will arrive when they will have to drive you away from the school on a Wednesday afternoon."

## A word from Bessie Bunter,

### "I SUS-SAY, YOU GIG-GIRLS . . ."

I'm so excited. Th-th-the Editor has asked me tu-tell you all about the other stories f-f-featuring me and—and Bib-Babs & Co. You know, the ones that app-app—oh, dud-dear—now I've mum-made a big berlot. . . ."

From which point onwards Bessie's letter was indecipherable. But what she meant to say was that you can meet her—and all your Cliff House favourites—every month in the grand LONG story of their early adventures which appears in the SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN LIBRARY. This month's story—No. 637—is one of HILDA RICHARDS' Masterpieces. Don't fail to get it!



No. 637

And also remember the other three fine stories, details of which appear on the right. These grand book-length volumes cost 4d. Each . . . are on Sale Thursday, June 2nd . . . and will give you hours of enthralling reading.

No. 636—"AT SCHOOL TO GUARD A MADCAP!" Specially written for these Numbers by Ruth Maxwell.

No. 638—"DRIVEN FROM MORCOVE!" One of Marjorie Stanton's early stories of Betty Barton & Co.

No. 639—"AN OUTCAST—ON MYSTERY'S TRAIL!" Which is simply packed with excitement.

Hetty laughed; she giggled; but not at that joke. She was giggling at the idea of turning the tables on Cousin George.

It was still Tuesday; she knew it was Tuesday. But—

"Cousin George," she said, "I could hug you with joy! Oh, whoops! No lessons this afternoon—"

And Hetty skipped out of the room. Bang! went the door, and then Cousin George, the practical joker, let himself go. He fairly hooted with mirth.

"Poor old Hetty!" he said, wiping his eyes as he sniggered anew. "What a leg-pull. I must tell the chaps this. When she finds out the truth—"

A sound came to him that caused him to jump up—the tinkle of a cycle bell—and he rushed to the window, just in time to see Hetty cycle down the drive. "Hetty!" he howled.

Hetty turned.

"Ta-ta!" she called.

"Where are you going?"

"Where do you think—on a half-holiday?" she called back. "The circus!"

Cousin George nearly fell out of the window. He yelled, howled, raved; but Hetty rode on!

OUT OF THE GATES Hetty went, swung left, pushed her cycle amongst the bushes, and then tiptoed alongside the hedge that bordered the drive, there to wait for Cousin George.

He had had his little joke—and now she was having hers! Cousin George, no longer laughing, came galloping down the drive, pale-faced and anxious.

He rushed into the lane, looked left and right, rushed back, and then saw the odd-job man, who had been thinning out the flowers.

"Have you seen Miss Hetty?" yelled George. "She thinks it's Wednesday."

"Wednesday? It's Toosday," said the odd-job man.

"I know it is. But she thinks it's Wednesday. Mother's changed her debating day, and she's changed Nellie's day, too, this week. Oh, gosh!"

Hetty, hiding behind the hedge, enjoyed the fun. She had never seen Cousin George look so hot-up in her life. And suddenly he charged back to the house and went inside.

Hetty hesitated, a little puzzled by this manoeuvre, so completely unexpected was it. Pushing through the hedge, she went up the drive. But Cousin George had slammed the front door, which automatically locked, and Hetty had to go round to the back.

Meanwhile, Cousin George, in a dreadful panic, was on the telephone. He had searched through the directory and found Miss Norah Wimley's number. Miss Wimley was Hetty's headmistress at school, and with luck George could just catch her at her private house.

"Miss Wimley—thank goodness!" he gasped. "This is George Sonning speaking—Hetty's cousin. Yes, Hetty Sonning, of the Fourth Form. I am her cousin, George. A dreadful thing has happened—"

Miss Wimley's voice came back shaken with anxiety.

"A cycle accident? I knew it! I knew it! Hetty is very reckless—"

"No, no; not a cycle accident," said George. "You see—well, it's like this. I was playing a joke. I—I kidded her it was Wednesday. I'm rather a good actor, and I faked things so well that she really thinks it is Wednesday."

Miss Wimley did not "get" it.

"Surely, that has not resulted in any bodily injury or incapacitation?" George snorted, and did not wonder that Hetty called her Head a goop. Patiently he explained it all from the

very start, and at last Miss Wimley mastered the whole thing.

"You behaved very foolishly, and I am surprised, after what I have heard of you," she said crossly. "Hetty cannot be blamed for this; for once, she is more sinned against than sinning. Do your best to find her and explain matters. Hurry!"

George hooked up the receiver, just as Hetty, who had been banging at the locked back door in vain, managed to climb in through the scullery window.

By the time she reached the hall George was going through the gate on his bike, heading for the circus and hoping that by putting on a real sprint, he could catch Hetty.

Naturally, he would be late for school—and he was a fellow who despised others who were late for school.

"I'll never play a practical joke again," he groaned.

Inside the house Hetty looked for him, went outside, and saw the odd-job man.

"Master George?" she asked. "Seen him?"

"Gone down the drive like a lunatic. He was asking for you a minute ago, miss," said the man, easing his back.

Hetty blinked, whistling softly, and then jumped to her machine.

"The circus!" she gasped. "Oh, the silly goop! Now I've overdone it! The poor mutt thinks I'm going to the circus!"

And, best pedal forward, that was where Hetty went. She had got to catch Cousin George before it was too late!

### Truants!

"ROLL UP, roll up! The biggest and best circus of the year! The best circus ever!" bawled a man with a raucous, long-distance voice.

Cousin George hurred himself from his machine, rested it with a pile of others, and scurried forward to the "big top"—that large marquee into which a string of people were filing past the pay-booth.

Then, having bought the cheapest seat he could get, he pushed into the large marquee with the hope of finding Hetty.

It was twenty minutes past two now, and even if he found her at once and they rode back flat out, they would miss first lesson.

Hetty reached the pay desk a few minutes later, and found she had no money, except threepence, which would not allow admittance; but in a flash she remembered the tickets.

Whipping one out, she showed it, and was passed through with bows, and led towards the best seats. But, of course, she had to find Cousin George.

She found him three minutes later, running about like a scared rabbit, looking in all directions.

"Hallo, George!" she said calmly.

Cousin George let out a gasp, and then pulled himself together.

"Hetty!" he choked. "You loon—you raving mutt! To-day's Tuesday!"

"Tuesday?" she gasped, and pretended to be overcome. "Oh! Cousin George," she cried in reproach, "you deceived me. Oh, you wicked, horrid boy, you may make me play truant!"

Cousin George grabbed her arm.

"It's all right, Hetty, I owned up. I did the decent thing. I telephoned Miss Wimley."

"You did what?" said Hetty, startled.

"Telephoned your headmistress and explained."

"Explained what?"  
 "Well—all about everything. About kidding you it's Wednesday. I told her not to blame you if you didn't show up. I said you'd ridden off, but I'd try to find you, and thank goodness I have."

Hetty let out a sigh.  
 "George, you brick—you wonder!" she said.  
 Cousin George, puzzled, frowned at her.

"I don't understand," he said a little stiffly. "I played a foolish trick—"  
 "You actually phoned my head-mistress, and told her I wouldn't be in this afternoon? Oh, Cousin George, that was sweet of you!"

Cousin George stared, and then slowly enlightenment came to him. He saw just what Hetty meant.

"You mean—you mean you're not going to school?" he asked in horror.

"After you've explained everything? Not likely!" said Hetty. "If I don't show up, then Miss Wimley will know why."

Cousin George drew up and looked down upon her.

"Listen to me, Hetty," he said, wagging a forefinger. "Do you realise that that would be playing truant?"

"I've been excused lessons because a trick was played on me," Hetty argued, "and I'm staying. I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb."

Of course, Cousin George was dreadfully shocked. He could hardly speak at first. The very idea staggered him, paralysed him.

"Matter of fact," said Hetty eagerly, "I've got two tickets, Cousin George. They say there's a grand new turn, best ever—and that new clown!"

Cousin George fixed her with a look of cold scorn.

"Hetty, I can hardly believe it," he said. "You—prepared to play truant! But I shall not allow it. This way to the exit," he exclaimed, and took a firm grip on her arm.

"As a prefect, Cousin George, couldn't you give yourself permission to stay?" Hetty asked gently.

"It's my duty to prevent wrongdoing, and if I were a prefect at your school, and saw you here, I'd report you. There may be a prefect here," he added, and looked about him. "In fact—h'm!—I think I see one."

It was a bluff. His theatrical tone told Hetty that, but she played up.

"Oh, oh! I shall be caught!" she wailed. "Hide me—"

And, as though in a terrible panic, she bolted.

Once again Cousin George's bluff had recoiled on his own head; he had dug a pit for her, and fallen in it himself.

"Hi, stop—I was joking!" he gasped.

But Hetty dashed amongst the crowd, got outside the tent, bobbed down out of sight, and waited while Cousin George slipped by. He was looking right and left anxiously, and she saw his well-oiled head of hair as he stopped. For fear that he might give the school a bad name, he had taken off his cap and put it in his pocket.

The sight of it gave Hetty an idea. Moving nearer, she took hold of the cap, and a neat tug brought it out unnoticed by him.

Then, after another look round, Cousin George walked on, without his cap.

Hetty loitered for a minute, and then dodged back. Presently, noticing a lad of about fifteen standing at the back of the crowd on tiptoe, she approached him. Once or twice he had delivered groceries to the house, and now he touched his cap.

"Wouldn't care for a really good seat?" she asked eagerly.

"Eh? Me? Wouldn't I just!" he grinned. "Can't see much here."

"Well, one good turn deserves another," said Hetty softly. "You know my cousin—lives at the same house."

"Oh, yes! I know him, miss!"

"Then be a sport," said Hetty. "He's trying to get me away from here, and I want to lead him a dance. Here's his cap. Just put it on, will you, and hang about here somewhere. Don't let him see your face, though—and if he chases you, bunk. He might manage to get locked in somewhere, perhaps," she added.

The grocery boy's eyes gleamed, and he gave a chortle.

"Gosh—and you'll give me a ticket?" he asked. "A real ticket, miss?" he added, with sudden suspicion. "You're not trying to pull my leg? It's all on the level?"

"Honour bright, yes! Here it is!" said Hetty.

The boy's doubts vanished as Hetty showed him the ticket.

"Done!" he said.

"Only, mind," Hetty warned, "if he finds you in his seat he might be pretty mad—that is, if he should escape and come back. You can even shout, 'ware pigs!'" she added.

The grocery boy understood.

"Here—that's him now!" Hetty exclaimed, then dodged away, and watched.

She saw Cousin George approach, looking about him anxiously—and then suddenly his eyes alighted on the school cap.

"Hi, you!" he exclaimed, rushing forward.

The grocery boy swerved neatly and dodged, and Cousin George gave pursuit through the crowd.

"Gosh!" muttered George, his eyes glinting. "If I can catch that young rascal, the Head won't blame me so much! Caught red-handed at the circus, the little rotter! Playing truant."

And off galloped Cousin George. Off in the other direction went Hetty, to find her seat.

## The Invalid!

"GRAND—hurrah!" cheered Hetty.

It was the most stunning circus she had ever seen, and the new act was just wizard, while the clown had made her sides ache.

Half-way through the show, someone came pushing along to her seat, grinning broadly, and she looked up to see the grocery boy.

"O.K.?" she asked.

"O.K., miss," he said. "I led him round and round the place. Lucky I know one of the attendants—chap who looks after the monkeys."

"Where is he now?" asked Hetty.

The boy grinned.

"Hope you won't mind, miss, but I dodged into an empty cage they used to keep a chimp in, and he followed. My pal let me out at the back, and I shouldn't be surprised if your cousin's locked in the cage."

Hetty giggled.

"Poor old George!" she said softly.

But thereafter she forgot all about George in her enjoyment of the show, and the grocery boy forgot that he was due back at work until he suddenly saw the clock, and bolted.

By then school for the day was over. And ten minutes later the circus was over, too.

"It was worth anything," she decided.

But there was a slight uneasiness in Hetty's mind, and with a growing feeling of guilt, she wandered towards the menagerie. A large crowd had gathered round one of the cages, roaring with laughter.

Hetty joined the crowd, pushed her way through, and then gasped. On the cage was a label: "Percy the chimp—almost human." And behind the wire-netting a brilliantly red face glared out.

"Golly—George!" she gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd.

"Pretty nearly human," said someone.

"Except for the nose—"

Cousin George bobbed back, but a minute later he came into view again. This time, he had his coat wrapped round his head and, rushing forward, he snatched up his cap, which was near the netting.



"LIKE a free ticket for the circus?" the Imp asked the grocery boy.  
 "Then be a sport. Put on this cap and let that fellow chase you!" It was the only way she could get rid of Cousin George—and see the show!

"Hi!" came a voice from the back of the cage. "Get out of here. What are you doing, larking about, eh? Who are you? What's yer name—"

Hetty rushed round to Cousin George's rescue, for she had not intended the joke to be carried as far as this! Cousin George might easily get into a serious row.

But it was only the grocery boy's pal, and he released Cousin George, and let him escape. Face burning, Cousin George charged away, and Hetty ran for her life to get her cycle first.

But she looked back in time to see Cousin George examining the cap to find the name tag. Someone was going to suffer—someone was going to get into a terrific row, for the young rascal who had led him into the cage had dropped this cap. All Cousin George had to do was to read the name, and the fellow's number was up.

Hetty looked just long enough to see Cousin George give a convulsive start, look again at the name, and then gape open-mouthed into space.

For the name, of course, was his own! Hetty reached home in good time, rushed into the house, and let out a gasp.

"Saved!" she said. "Saved she certainly was, but the ringing of the telephone-bell jarred her from her calm, and for a moment she hesitated to answer it. Now her conscience was stirring. Miss Wimley, the headmistress, might be ringing through.

It was not Miss Wimley, however, but Mr. Brassey, George's maths master.

"Yes, sir," said Hetty, pretending to be the maid. "This is Mrs. Sonning's 'ouse."

"I want to speak to Master George. Is he ill? I had an important treatise for him; but he was not at school. This is Mr. Brassey speaking."

Hetty drew a breath, and at that moment she heard George's bell as he swept into the drive.

"Oh, he can't speak to you now, sir! Shall I take a message? He seems fearful feverish. His face is all red, and he ought to stay in bed, that's what."

"Oh dear! Ill? Will he be at school in the morning?"

"Oh, yes, sir! He'll be all right in the morning."

"Well, well, I'm riding past. I'll call in with the thing myself, and see how he is."

Click! went the receiver.

Cousin George burst in, and certainly looked a little feverish.

"Oh, hallo, Hetty!" he said loftily. "Did you dodge the prefect?"

"Yes, thank you, Cousin George," said Hetty meekly. "I did. I suppose you went to school. Did you get into a scrape?"

Cousin George unwound his scarf and spoke airily.

"Me? Oh, no—no—not at all. Quite an uneventful afternoon."

And he mounted the stairs. But underneath his calm exterior, Cousin George was quaking.

"Oh, Cousin George!" called Hetty.

"Well?"

"A phone call came from a Mr. Brassey at your school."

Cousin George went white, and nearly fell downstairs.

"Wha-a-at!" he gasped. "You don't mean that? Nun—not really—"

Hetty mounted the stairs, and looked at him.

"George—you look ill! You're feverish," she said. "You ought to be in bed."

"In bed?" he echoed. "I'm all right. I—I—"

"Your teeth are chattering," said Hetty, shaking her head. "I'd better take your temperature. You may not be able to go to school in the morning if you're ill."

She guessed that Cousin George for once wouldn't be too keen to go to the school in the morning. There might be a few unpleasant questions, and his story of staying at the circus to chase a boy wearing the school cap who wasn't really at the school would sound dreadfully thin, while the yarn about being shut in a cage would just cause shrieks of mocking laughter!

Hetty knew enough about schools to guess that the episode in the chimp's cage might never be lived down if it became known, and she could not help feeling that she was to blame.

There was only one thing to do. George had to be saved; he had to become an invalid. She rushed for the thermometer and put it under the hot tap. Then she jabbed it into George's mouth.

Cousin George was feeling a bit shaky in reality now, and toying with the desperate idea of feigning illness.

"Now," said Hetty, whipping out the thermometer. "Gosh!" she added, looking at it.

Cousin George snatched at it, stared, and reeled.

"A hundred and three!" he yelled. "Oh, goodness gracious me! I—I must be dreadfully ill. Hetty, how do I look? Have I the appearance of a sick man? For goodness' sake—"

"George, go to bed—quick! I'll get you some gruel," said Hetty. "Hot-water bottle. Wrap an old sock round your throat. Golly! A hundred and three! And you do look awful!"

Cousin George's eyes bulged. "Hetty, better phone Dr. Simpson quickly. I may have caught something in the cage—I mean, at school."

Cousin George fairly hurled himself into bed, while Hetty made a concoction hurriedly and boiled some water for a bottle. Then, going to a cupboard, she found a clean cap and apron and put them on.

It was as she was taking the tray up that there came a knock at the door. Answering it, she beheld Mr. Brassey.

"Come in, sir!" she said. "Just taking up some gruel."

Mr. Brassey followed her.

At sight of Hetty in the servant's cap and apron, Cousin George sat gasping, and was about to make some sharp rebuke when Mr. Brassey entered.

If George had felt ill before, he very nearly collapsed now.

"Ah, Sonning, my poor fellow! The sick-bed, eh?" said the master. "Dear, dear! Nothing serious, I hope? A slight rise of temperature?"

Cousin George gulped.

"Y-yes, sir. A hundred and three."

"A hundred and three—high fever," said the master, backing a pace warily.

"Nothing—er—infectious?"

"Nun-no, sir; I hope not," said George. "Hetty is sending for the doctor, sir."

"Most advisable. Don't come to school in the morning unless you are well, my boy. Here is the treatise, but

leave it until you are better. I am seeing the headmaster this evening. I will tell him about this. A pity, too. You missed a most interesting algebra lesson which you would have enjoyed."

"Dud-did I, sir?" asked Cousin George.

Mr. Brassey stayed only a minute or two, and then Hetty showed him out, explaining that George's mother was not at home. Returning to the sick-room, she chuckled.

"Nothing to chuckle at. Have you phoned the doctor?" demanded George.

"Doctor? Golly, no! He'd tell Aunt Miriam," said Hetty. "You're all right, Cousin George."

"All right—with a temperature of a hundred and three? Don't be silly!"

Hetty managed not to laugh.

"Well, I've just thought," she said. "I put that thermometer under the hot tap before I gave it to you. That may have been why it read high. You should always wash a thermometer first, but—"

Cousin George snatched the thermometer, shook the mercury down, put it in his mouth, and waited for it to get warm. Then he took it out and looked at it, his expression darkening.

"Normal!" he snapped. "Of all the young idiots! A lot of good you'd be as a nurse! A hundred and three! It might have read a hundred and ten under that hot tap. Take that muck away. I'm getting up."

"You feel all right now, George?"

"Of course I feel all right!" he said loftily. "And if ever I do get ill, you keep away. We've scared Mr. Brassey for nothing. He'll tell the Head. Gosh, what a muddle!"

Hetty backed to the door, fighting down her laughter.

"Yes, Cousin George. I'm sorry," she said. "I won't let it happen again. But if you go to school in the morning it might be as well to explain."

Cousin George eyed her sideways, and then nodded.

"Yes, I can explain," he said.

But he knew, and Hetty knew, that he wouldn't. And with shrewd wisdom, he didn't. He just played the part of the heroic invalid making a rapid recovery by sheer will-power.

And he never knew that Hetty had saved him from disaster by that little accident with the hot-water tap. Nor did he question her about how she had spent the afternoon—if only because she might question him, too.

There was some slight unpleasantness next day with Miss Wimley, who was not completely convinced that Hetty had spent the whole afternoon thinking it was Wednesday, and Hetty was kept in detention for an hour on Wednesday afternoon as a punishment for being so credulous.

But no punishment could alter the fact that she had seen the circus, and from one of the best seats! So Hetty, even in detention, writing a dull essay, chuckled.

END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

**DON'T** forget—there will be another delightful **COMPLETE** story featuring these two priceless fun-makers next week. And, of course, your favourite paper will be on sale one day earlier than usual, that is Friday 3rd, instead of Saturday.