

"TREASURE TRAIL AT CLIFF HOUSE!"

Magnificent **LONG**
COMPLETE **Cliff**
House School story inside.

THE **SCHOOLGIRL**

No. 470. Vol. 19.
Week Ending
JULY 30th. 1938.

EVERY **2^D** SATURDAY

Incorporating
"SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN"



**ON THE TRACK
OF PIRATE GOLD!**

A thrilling moment from
the grand story of Barbara
Redfern & Co. in this issue.

This Long Complete Story of Mystery and Exciting Adventure features your old favourites,
Barbara Redfern & Co.



TREASURE TRAIL at CLIFF HOUSE!

Out of the Past!



"LOVELY! Just lovely!" Barbara Redfern sighed contentedly. "Lovely picnic, lovely sunshine, lovely sea—"

"And lovely dreams of holidays!" said her golden-haired chum and study-mate, Mabel Lynn.

"On a lovely yacht!" Tomboy Clara Trevlyn put in, with a pleased gurgle.

"To the lovely old Indian Ocean—what?" Jemima Carstairs burred.

"With the loveliest crowd of chumsies in all the world!" Marjorie Hazeldene dimpled. "Oh, it seems like a dream about to come true! What are you thinking of, Leila?"

"Oh, just thoughts!" Leila Carroll said lazily. "All sorts of hazy thoughts. Say, though, would somebody mind clapping the picnic hamper over old Rolyopolyskins' head? I guess that girl can snore—and some!"

The little party of Cliff House School girls on the crest of the hill near Friardale Woods looked at the fat, recumbent, snoring figure of Bessie Bunter and grinned.

Flat on her broad back Bessie was stretched, with her face upturned to the sun, her straw hat shading her eyes, and her plump hands folded on her chest. In front of her stood the empty picnic hamper. But nobody ventured to carry out Leila's request.

Truth to tell, they were all—even energetic Clara—feeling contentedly lazy. They all wanted to talk, to dream, to think beautiful thoughts of that thrilling holiday on which they were all to embark on the *Gloriana*

next week, after breaking up. The *Gloriana* was the luxury yacht owned by the grandfather of their chum Celeste Margesson.

In the cool depths of Friardale Woods near-by birds twittered happily; above them the hot sun shone; and the sea, a mile and a half distant, shimmered between the green curves of the downs and the distant horizon.

This was the last full day's holiday before the great breaking-up day next Saturday. The picnic in the shadow of Friardale Keep—that grim old ruin which reared its ivy-clad walls to the left—had been Barbara Redfern's idea.

"You know, it's queer, Babs—"
Clara Trevlyn said suddenly.

now. Well, I haven't even heard from him."

Babs smiled. Knowing the careless nature of twenty-two-year-old Jack Trevlyn, she hardly wondered at that.

"Seeing friends, perhaps," she guessed. "After all, Jack has been away rather a long time, hasn't he? I shouldn't—"

"Wow!" plump Bessie Bunter suddenly yelled, starting up, and clapped her hand to her nose with such violence that she howled again. "Wumps! I'm stung, you know! I—" And then she glared at Leila Carroll, who, with a wisp of grass in her hand that plainly told its own tale, was chuckling. "Look here, was that you?"

A letter, hundreds of years old, found in the back of a picture—and that letter is the clue to a treasure chart. More exciting still, the chart is hidden somewhere near Cliff House School! What a thrill for Babs & Co. if they can find the chart—and during their holidays go in search of treasure!

"Yes—what?" Barbara asked absently.

"About Jack."

Jack Trevlyn was Clara's adored and adventurous elder brother.

"Well, what about Jack?"

"I was thinking," Clara said, and frowned thoughtfully. "I told you he came home from Africa last week—"

Babs lazily nodded. She knew that Jack, having completed the government survey work he had been engaged on in Africa, was back in England, and was, in fact, to accompany the chums on their forthcoming Indian Ocean cruise.

"Well," Clara said, "he promised to come along to Cliff House and look us up, that's all. He said he would stay in Courtfield until the *Gloriana* put into port. If he was coming to Cliff House, surely he should have turned up by

"Me?" the American junior asked innocently. "Shucks, Bessie, I'm not a bee! I don't sting!"

"But you were jolly well tickling my nose with that grass!" Bessie glowered. "I sus-say, what's the time?" She stared round towards the ruins of the old Keep as if expecting to see a clock materialise in the one remaining turret it possessed—the only part of the building, in fact, which seemed to have escaped the ravages of time. Then she blinked. "Oh crumbs! I sus-say, Babs, who's in the Keep?"

"In the Keep? Nobody!" Babs said.

"Well, there is, you know! I saw him!" And Bessie stared again towards the glassless window which was set on the ground floor of the turret. "Look!"

The Fourth Form chums twisted

round. Earlier in the afternoon they had visited the old Keep in order to dump their coats and hats in the event of sudden rain, and most certainly no one had been in it then.

"Rabbits! You're dreaming!" Clara scoffed. "What you saw was—" And then she herself jerked upright, her own eyes widening in surprise; for plainly she had caught a movement near that window—the movement caused as of a figure shuffling about within the apartment beyond. "My hat!" she breathed. "There is someone in there!"

As if to confirm the words, there came from inside the Keep a sudden sharp sound, followed by an exclamation.

"Queer!" Babs frowned; then she rose. "No business of ours, I suppose," she said, "but we'd better have a nose round. Our hats and things are in there, remember. It might be some tramp."

The chums nodded. They had lost things like that before. In a body they rose—all except Bessie, who had a wholesome fear of tramps.

They approached the ruin; then paused, as a tall, square-shouldered man wearing glasses and a beard, appeared and for a moment seemed to be searching amongst old pieces of masonry on the ground; then, as they approached rather cautiously, he suddenly turned and faced them.

"'Afternoon!" he said gruffly. "What are you doing here?"

"Well, what are you doing here?" Clara Trevlyn retaliated. "We happen to belong to Cliff House School—and this," she added pointedly, "is school property."

"Is that so?" he said. "'Hem! Well, of course, in that case— You say you belong to Cliff House School? Happen to know a girl by name of Clara Trevlyn?"

Clara started.

"Girl with big feet," he added, looking at Clara's rather large shoes. "Got a pretty good opinion of herself, too, so I've heard! Not what you'd call good-looking—no! But that's not her fault. I happen to know a brother of hers—an awful wash-out—named Jack."

Clara clenched her hands.

"Wait a minute!" she said, while Babs flushed a little. Really, for a stranger, the man was uncommonly rude! "I'll have you know," she said dangerously, "that I am Clara Trevlyn. I don't care a button what you say about me, but please leave my brother Jack out of it!"

For answer the man most amazingly threw back his bearded head and went off into a roar of laughter.

"Funny, isn't it?" Babs glared.

"Oh, very! No end!" And they all jumped again at the suddenly surprising youthful change in his voice. "Good old Clara—rushing to the rescue of dear brother Jack! Up, the Trevlyns!"

Clara almost fell down.

"Who—who are you?" she gurgled.

"Guess!"

"It's—it's— Oh, my hat!" And suddenly Clara had leapt forward. One swiftly outstretched hand caught at that beard and tore it away. A handsome, sun-tanned face was then revealed before their gaze. As one they all shouted:

"Jack!"

For Jack Trevlyn, roaring with laughter, it was.

"You—you giddy spoofer!" Clara gasped. "You—you awful masquerader!"

He grinned.

"Good joke—eh?"

"I don't see there's any joke about it," Clara retorted. "Anyway, what's the little game? If you're supposed to be Guy Fawkes, I must say you're a jolly poor imitation!"

He laughed again.

"Imitation or not, I pulled the wool over your eyes!" he teased. "That shows the old disguise is pretty good—eh? But how are you?" he added boyishly. "I say, it's jolly good to see you all again! Dulcia Fairbrother isn't in the offing?" he added with studied casualness.

"Dulcia," Clara said, referring to the head girl of the school, of whom Jack was very fond, "is at Cliff House. I suppose you weren't dressed up as an old rag-and-bone man on the offchance of seeing her?"

"Rather not!" he laughed. But Babs noticed he looked sharply to right and left. "Truth is," he said seriously, "I'm dodging someone."

Clara stared; they all stared.

"But come inside," Jack added mysteriously. "I've got something to tell you and show you. And perhaps you can help me a bit. What about Bessie?"

Bessie, who was blinking short-sightedly from the picnic spot, turned to run as the chums looked towards her.

"Oh, she'll be all right!" Babs said. "But what—"

"Come on!" he said.

Intrigued, interested now, they followed him into the crumbling ruins. Carefully he rolled up his beard, carefully stuffed it away in his pocket. He looked round.

By

HILDA RICHARDS

Illustrated by T. LAIDLER

"It's treasure," he said quietly.

"Eh?"

"Treasure! Gold! Pieces of eight! Rubies! Diamonds! Gold chalices, and gem-studded swords!" He grinned a little, but there was serious and excited eagerness in his face for all that. "I think I've struck something," he said, "if we can only find the chart."

They all stared. Jemima Carstairs polished her monocle.

"Chart?" questioned that rather strange Fourth Former. "Chart? You mean a jolly old treasure chart?"

"That's it!" Jack nodded. "Wait a minute! Let me tell you the story from the beginning. Clara, you remember that old picture you bought me at the Courtfield Auction Rooms on my last leave?"

"The picture of that old ship. The—the what was it? Oh, yes, the Esmera?" Clara suggested, and nodded, for Jack collected old sea studies, and Clara had bought that ancient crudity on the impulse of the moment. "Well, what's that got to do with it?"

"Everything," Jack chuckled. "If it hadn't been for that picture, I shouldn't be here now. I accidentally dropped it, and busted the canvas out of its frame."

"Well, I must say, it wouldn't be like you if you didn't do something like that," Clara sniffed.

"And," Jack went on, "picking up the pieces, I came across a letter. It must have been hidden in the back of the canvas, and had been there for

centuries. The canvas, if you remember, was dated 1605. This letter was, too, and it was written by a chap called Ned Pickering—a sea-faring johnny, by the sound of him. It referred to a treasure chart. I read it through, of course—or what I could make of it—and then, like the chuckle-head I am, I left it lying about the room, exposed to the sun."

"And it got burned up, or something?" Clara suggested.

"Not exactly. But the sun caught the writing, and faded most of it out. Anyway, I remember most of it, and what's left is still decipherable. I didn't think a great deal about it at the time. I should probably have chucked it away, indeed, if something hadn't happened."

"And what did happen?" Babs asked curiously.

"Nothing fearfully exciting—at first. It was that same evening. A chappie calling himself Captain Rowney called upon me—rather a hefty, keen-eyed fellow dressed in a blue reefer suit, and simply shrieking of the sea. Apparently he was on the track of this Esmera, and he'd traced it to me from the auction-rooms. He offered me fifty pounds for it."

"Oh, great gluepots!" Clara gasped. "And I gave half-a-crown for it. You let him have it?"

"Nearly," Jack grinned. "Something told me not to, though. Obviously the picture, old as it is, was worth nothing like that sum, apart from which it was busted. I told him I'd had an accident with it, and he looked anxious. Then he said something which made me resolve whatever happened not to let that picture go until I'd got some more information. He said: 'And did you find anything hidden in it—a letter, for instance?'"

"Aha!" Jemima breathed.

"I told him 'yes.' He asked to see it. But you can guess I was smelling a rat then. I said 'no.' That made him waxy. After a few moments' thought, he said: 'Mr. Trevlyn, I may as well be frank with you. I'm more interested in the letter than the picture. I'll give you a hundred pounds for the letter alone.'"

"Gee!" whistled Leila.

"Again I refused. He was quite cross. Well, eventually I showed him out, but I had an idea from the look of him that he hadn't given up hopes of getting that letter. And he hadn't. That night the house was burgled—"

"And the letter stolen?" Clara asked.

"No; and nothing else was. My study was ransacked, though. Next day my overcoat was pinched in a restaurant. The day after that I lost my attache-case at the station. I knew I was being trailed wherever I went, and all this, of course, was an attempt on Cap'n Rowney's part to get hold of the clue to the treasure chart."

"Yes," Clara said. "Oh, come on, gasbag."

"Well, naturally, I was more interested than ever in the letter after that, and I wondered if there was something in what Ned Pickering had said."

Babs' eyes were shining now.

"And—and what did he say?"

"He talked a lot about this treasure which was hidden on a place called Pirates' Island, in the Indian Ocean. The letter was to his son, asking him to go and get hold of it before some villain named Ben Todd got hold of it. Ned Pickering, apparently, had made a chart, and the chart, if you

please, is hidden somewhere about here."

"No!" cried Mabel Lynn.

"Well, look!"

And Jack very carefully put his hand into his breast pocket. Out of it he withdrew something folded in blue paper. The paper he unfolded, to reveal a piece of yellow notepaper covered with crabbed, ancient writing, so faint from age and exposure as to be almost undecipherable. Babs craned forward.

She read out the piece still capable of being read:

"... and to this great and exceeding vast treasure, there is a charte which, with myne own hand, I have wrought an' hid beneath the sign of the Three Belles, in the tunnell of chalke that runneth beneath the grounds from the dungeons of the ancient Keepe of Friars Dale to the old Cliffe House. . . ."

The chums looked at each other with thrilled interest.

"The Keep of Friardale! Why, that's the place!" Clara breathed. "And old Cliffe House? That doesn't mean the school, surely?"

"What else?" asked Jack. "Remember, you bought the picture in Courtfield, which shows that it had local associations. Somewhere between here and the school there is a chalk passage. In that passage the chart which gives the hiding-place of this 'great and exceedingly vast treasure' is hidden. Naturally, I decided after that to look into this business myself, and, just to throw Cap'n Rowney and his associates off the scent, I came along here in disguise. And what do you think? On the train was the cap'n himself—with a girl."

"A girl!" cried Babs. "What sort of girl?"

"Oh, I dunno! Didn't take much stock of her. Young; pretty," Jack said vaguely. "I didn't think they were following me this time. After all, my disguise is pretty good; but they must have had some idea that I'd soon be on the track of the chart, and were out to forestall me. And that's the yarn, so far. Obviously the captain is after that chart, and so am I—now. What a lark, if we can only find it, to cruise around looking for the island when we get to the Indian Ocean!"

The chums' eyes sparkled. They looked at each other. Pirates and an unknown island! A chart leading to a treasure buried over three hundred years before! What an adventure! What fun! Even if they never found island or treasure, it would give such an awful kick to their holiday on the Gloriana.

And Celeste—that irrepressible mad-cap—how fearfully and gleefully excited she would be!

"Oh, whoops!" breathed Leila Carroll.

"And that," Jack finished cheerily, "brings us to the present. Looking for the tunnel, which I haven't found, is why I am here—have been here, messing about in the dungeons since this morning. But now to business," he added eagerly.

"What-ho!" Jemima accepted swiftly.

"Mind you, I don't want to mix you up in this—"

"Oh, rats! Come on, get on with it!" Clara cried.

"All right. Well, this is the idea. Obviously the first thing we've got to

Have you seen

SNOW WHITE and the SEVEN DWARFS—

that fascinating new card game which is on sale at all stationers and toy-shops? It costs only 1s. 6d., and is lovely fun. Get one to-day.

do is to find this chalk tunnel. It must have an entrance here somewhere, and it must have another entrance back at Cliff House. My suggestion is that you try and locate the Cliff House end of it, while I work here. But in the meantime," he added, "not a word about this—to anyone."

"Not a syllable," breathed Babs. "But, Jack, what about meeting again?"

"I'll let you know," promised Jack. "Anyway, if anything crops up you can always get me. Ask for Mr. Smith—that's the name I'm booked under—at the Railway Hotel, in Courtfield."

And the chums, glowing and thrilled, went out, to rejoin Bessie. The picnic hamper was packed up, and eventually they set off back to school. Because of Bessie, who, with the best intentions in the world, had a most unhappy knack of blurting out things, they said nothing to each other about the surprising meeting with Clara's brother, nor the more surprising story he had told. But each girl's mind was seething. ". . . beneath the sign of the three bells."

It sounded exciting in all truth. But the question was—how to find those three bells, when they did not even know where to look for the entrance to the "tunnell of chalke," in which those three bells were contained?

Babs, however, puzzling over that problem, already had an idea. She was thinking of the school library. In that library were a number of very ancient books relating to the history and the geography of the country about Cliff House, and in one beautifully bound and hand-inscribed volume entitled, "Ye ancient Historie of Friars Dale," she remembered a set of plans and diagrams relating to the school, and to the distant Keep. There might be a clue in that book. Mentally, Babs was promising herself the first opportunity of getting hold of it.

The bronze gates of the old school loomed in sight. Outside those gates was a girl, staring worriedly and perplexedly up and down the lane. A good-looking girl she was, smartly, though not expensively dressed, and in her hand she carried a rather large white handbag. She turned as the chums came up.

"Oh," she said, "excuse me! But this is Cliff House, isn't it? I wonder if any of you know a girl named Barbara Redfern?"

Babs started. "Why, yes, I am Barbara Redfern!" she said.

"Oh dear, are you?" The girl gulped relievedly. "Then you're the friend Celeste so often speaks about?"

"Well, I suppose so," Babs laughed. "But I don't know you, do I?"

"No; at least, you've never met me," the girl smiled. "But I expect Celeste has mentioned me at some time or another. I'm Anita Fayne."

"Well, good gracious!" cried Marjorie Hazeldene

For they had all heard Celeste Margesson, the merry madcap of the Gloriana, talk about Anita Fayne. Anita was one of those friends which Celeste seemed to make by the score.

"And—and," Anita said, "I'm going with Celeste on this trip to the Indian Ocean. You're coming, too, aren't you?"

"Aren't we!" Leila chortled, and surveyed the girl with an altogether new interest. "But the Gloriana isn't due until Friday. A bit previous, aren't you?"

"That's it!" Anita smiled wryly. "It wasn't my fault. In her last letter Celeste said there was a possibility of the Gloriana docking earlier. She asked me to get here to-day and meet her. Well, of course, the yacht hasn't arrived, and, until it does arrive, I'm afraid I'm stranded. But in her letter she told me if I was in any difficulties to come to this school and ask for Miss Redfern. Oh dear! I'm sure I don't know what to do," she added worriedly.

"But can't you put up in the village or somewhere?" Babs asked.

"I could; but"—the girl shrugged her shoulders—"well, the truth of the matter is that I haven't enough money. I had a bit of an accident when I stopped in London. I—I left my purse on a bus and failed to recover it. Except for a few shillings I've got loose in my bag, I haven't a bean—and I'm afraid it will take my father, who is in France, a few days to get money to me."

"Oh, I sus-say, what bad luck!" Bessie said, blinking sympathetically through her thick round spectacles.

Babs frowned thoughtfully. If Celeste had told Anita to seek her out, then surely it was up to Babs to do something about it.

"I—I hope I'm not being too much of a worry?" Anita said nervously.

"No, no!" Babs laughed. "Perhaps we can fix things up," she said. "Come along, and I'll talk to our headmistress, Miss Primrose. You wouldn't mind stopping at the school a few days if I could arrange it?"

"Oh, goodness, no! I—I should love that!"

"And, after all," Mabel Lynn argued, "there's plenty of room at the moment. A lot of the girls have already gone off, and we could look after Anita in our study, Babs. It will only be for a few days."

Anita gulped gratefully. Rather nervously, she accompanied them into the school, and Babs immediately took her to Miss Primrose. While she left Anita outside, she went in and explained.

"Well," Miss Primrose said—"well, it—it is rather unusual. You think the girl is to be trusted, Barbara?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Primrose!"

"And you are prepared to accept responsibility for her while she is here?"

"As she is a friend of Celeste's, naturally she'll be a friend of ours," Babs said simply. "Yes, Miss Primrose."

"Very well, I will see the girl. Show her in."

And so Anita rather nervously came in. And Miss Primrose smiled. A nice girl—yes. A girl, most obviously, who could be trusted, and who was overwhelmingly grateful when Miss Primrose told her that she could remain at the school until the Gloriana returned. She added a note of warning, however.

"You will not, of course, do lessons; but for the sake of discipline, I must ask you to observe our rules while you

are here. As you are all going on holiday together, I'm sure you would like to be with Barbara, so you may share her study for the time being. As far as sleeping arrangements are concerned—well, Barbara, I do think that Anita had better use the guest room. Very well, my dear, I hope your stay will be a happy one!"

"Th-thank you, Miss Primrose!" Anita said; and her eyes shone. And when they were in the corridor outside: "Oh, Barbara, how frightfully sweet of you!"

Babs laughed. "All in a good cause," she said. "And, Anita, I'm Babs, not Barbara—just as Mabel Lynn—my especial chum, you know—is Mabs! Now what about your luggage?"

"It's at the station." "Right-o! Then you'd better see about collecting it this evening," Babs said. "Meantime, I'll bet you're famished, so what about a snack in Study No. 4? We've already had a picnic, but if I know old Bessie, she won't mind digging up another meal!"

And chumily she threaded her arm through the other's and fairly sailed along to Study No. 4, in the Fourth Form corridor. Although that study was normally occupied only by Babs, Mabs, and Bessie, the rest of the chums were there, eagerly awaiting the news. Clara cheered when it was told.

"Well, that's ripping!" she said. "Topping! Welcome to the fold, Anita—or Nita—that's what I'm going to call you. And fancy you coming on the trip, too! And what"—Clara chuckled—"a trip it's going to be! Here, Nita, sit down. Bessie, get busy with the tea!"

"Well, I am, you know!" Bessie protested. Anita laughed.

"And, of course, you're looking forward to the trip like anything?"

"Aren't we?" Clara chuckled. "Bread-and-butter, Mabs! If everything goes as it should," Clara said enthusiastically, "we're going to have something more than a cruise! My brother Jack—" And then, remembering, she pulled herself up with a start as she caught a look from Babs. "Well, just wait till the Gloriana returns," she added.

"Your brother Jack—Jack Trevlyn?" Anita asked interestedly. "Oh, yes,

I've heard Celeste speak about him! Is he coming, too?"

"He is!" Mabs dimpled.

"But isn't he in Nigeria—or something?"

"He was," Clara corrected, "but not now. He's finished his job there, and at the moment he's in Courtfield—oh crumbs! Still, I don't see why we shouldn't tell Anita," she added resentfully to Babs. "Dash it all, Anita will have to know! And she's coming on the trip. So what's the sense in not being able to talk about it? What—" And then she broke off, frowning at Babs, who, with a most peculiar expression on her face, was staring at Anita.

For Anita, fishing in her bag for a handkerchief, was all unwittingly displaying the contents of that bag to Babs. And Babs was staring, rather surprisedly, at the two pound notes which, their edges showing, were tucked behind the mirror. Anita had money, then! But Anita had already declared that she had lost everything except a few shillings in a bus in London!

Mystery in the Library!



FOR a moment Babs experienced a sense of shock and mistrust! The girl had lied! She had gained admission to Cliff House under false

pretences! Perhaps something of her feelings showed in her face, for Anita, turning, met her eyes at that moment, and reading the unmistakable target of their attention, glanced swiftly down at her bag. She gave a little start—almost a jump, in fact. Then she cried out.

"Oh, my goodness, look!" "Look at what?" Clara questioned.

"Look at—this!" And the girl plucked out the two pound notes. "Two pounds! Two!" she cried. "And all the time I've been pretending to be a pauper! But how the dickens—" And she frowned down at her bag, so surprisedly, so puzzledly, that it was obvious she was as astounded as the rest to discover that hidden wealth. "I'm sure I don't know—but, oh, I do, though! Well, fancy!" "Fancy what?" Clara asked.

Anita laughed. "My father," she explained. "He gave me this bag—as a present—before he went away! He said something mysterious about a surprise—but I never thought this was the surprise! Just fancy! All the time I've been thinking myself practically penniless, this has been here!"

The chums grinned. Babs flushed, ashamed of herself then for her first unworthy suspicion.

"Well, jolly good luck!" Clara beamed. "That's topping! I was going to ask you if I could lend you something, you know—just till Celeste arrives."

"But that," Anita laughed, "won't be necessary now—will it?—though thanks for the thought. At the same time," she added uncomfortably, "this does make me feel rather a fraud. I really do think, you know, that I ought to go to Miss Primrose and explain. She only took me in because she thought I had no money."

"Oh, stuff!" Clara said. "You'd rather stay here, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, there's nothing I'd like better! But it's not honest—"

"Stuff!" Clara said again, but she grinned at the girl. Clara, honest as the day herself, did so respect that quality in others. "What's the good of upsetting everything now? If you feel you owe the school something, you can always give a donation to one of our charities, can't she, Babs?"

"Yes, rather!" Babs said, and smiled, completely reassured now, and more than ever vexed with herself for her suspicions.

"And after all, Anita's coming with us," plump Bessie beamed. "I think it's jolly for us all to be together. But look here, Clara, you never told me you'd seen your brother Jack, and I should jolly well like to know what he's doing in Courtfield without coming to the school!"

"And what," Anita asked curiously, "is it that I ought to know? Weren't you hinting at something that's going to happen on the trip, Clara?"

Clara glanced at Babs. But Babs quickly frowned.

"Well, I—I don't think—not really—that we ought to say anything about that, yet," she said. "At least, we ought to get Jack's permission first," she added. "You see, Jack's planning a—a—well, sort of surprise, and he's



"WAIT a minute," Babs added quickly, and suddenly she strode to the door and flung it open. A girl outside started back. "Anita!" cried Babs. Had the girl been listening to their conversation concerning the treasure chart?



particularly asked us to keep it secret."

"Sort of promise?" Anita asked with a smile. "I see. Babs, might I have two lumps of sugar in my tea, please?"

Babs laughed. Willingly she popped the two lumps of sugar in the tea, finding herself growing more and more to like this new friend with every passing moment.

Tea progressed—and a merry meal it was. Anita was charming. She talked so much about Celeste and about the good times that she and Celeste had had together, that it was easy to see that Celeste must have been very, very fond of her. She occasionally used nautical words—picked up, she said, on journeys with Celeste, and Clara, apparently, seemed fascinated by her. In the middle of the meal, however, there came an interruption. It was Boker, the page boy.

"Is a Miss Fayne in here?" he asked. "Miss Primrose would like to see her."

Anita looked nervous again all at once.

"Don't worry!" Babs laughed. "I expect she only wants to remind you about something she's forgotten. Better go along with Boker, Anita—he'll show you the way in case you've forgotten. Keep the teapot warm, Mabs," she added, and as Anita went out she looked quickly at Bessie. "Bessie, like to do me a favour?"

"What?" Bessie asked suspiciously.

"Go to the tuckshop and get a box of those lovely chocolate whirls—just to finish the meal with," Babs said, and while her chums looked a little surprised, she flipped a half-crown across the table. "I'm in funds."

Bessie beamed. Bessie had a weakness for those whirls. Off she trotted. Clara blinked.

"Why, what's the giddy game? You don't really want those whirls now, do you?"

"No," Babs admitted. "But I want to say something, and if I don't say it soon I'm sure I shall burst!"

"About Anita?" Clara questioned.

"No, about the treasure."

"Oh!" They all became interested at once.

"I can't tell you while old Bess is about," Babs went on, "and—well, having promised Jack, I don't want to say anything in front of Anita, though of course, it might be safe—"

"Of course it would be safe!" Clara said testily. "I think we're all being rather potty to keep her out! She's a jolly nice girl and she's got brains—anyone can see that. If Jack had known we were going to meet her he'd have given us permission to tell her like a shot!"

"Well, we'll wait until we see him. Plenty of time to ask him then," Babs said. "But buck up now, before old Bess comes back," she added, and leaned across the table. "I've got a bit of an idea, something which may help us to find the secret chalk passage. You know that old book in the library—'Ye Ancient Historie of Friar-dale'?"

"I'll say!" Leila nodded. "Full of plans and diagrams, and things?"

"That's it! There's a chapter in that given up to Cliff House and the Keep, and unless I'm mistaken there's a diagram of the ancient passage which used to link one with the other. It's my suggestion that we have a look at that book."

"But how can we?" Clara asked. "We're not allowed to take it out of the library."

"But we are allowed to study it in the library," Babs pointed out, "and there's no harm in doing that as soon as we can. Miss Belling is in charge

of the library at the moment, but as she won't be back from tea until half past five there's no sense in going up now. Two of us will do—Mabs, you and I—"

They fell to eager discussion of the book, nobody aware of the figure which stood outside the study. That figure, her eyes shining with undisguised excitement, was standing swiftly tense, listening. She craned forward as the voices died to a low mutter, and then, with a swift glance at her wrist watch, turned quickly and vanished down the passage. Babs & Co. would have been vastly surprised to have seen her in that moment.

For Anita Fayne, whom they all fondly imagined in Miss Primrose's company, the figure was—Anita, having met Miss Primrose en route, who, after all, had only wanted to know her full name in order to enter it in the Cliff House Visitors Book.

The discussion went on in Study No. 4. All plans were made, everything settled. After tea Jemima Carstairs and Marjorie Hazeldene would make it their business to keep Bessie out of the way. While Clara went off with Anita to make arrangements for the conveyance of the latter's luggage from Courtfield Station, Mabs and Babs would go up to the library and look into the book.

The discussion was interrupted, however, by the re-appearance of Bessie Bunter, a smear of chocolate about her mouth and a box of chocolate whirls open in her hand.

Babs glared.

"Why, you fat brigand, you've been eating them!"

"Nun—not really!" Bessie protested. "Oh dear, don't look at me like that, you know! I—I only tasted them! J—just to make sure they were absolutely fresh, you know!"

"And so," Babs said wrathfully, "you scoff half a boxful! You awful burglar! But, by the way, where is Anita?" she asked, looking down at the clock. "Old Primmy must be frightfully fond of her to keep her gassing twenty minutes!"

Five more minutes went by. The five lengthened into ten. Then there was a quick step in the corridor and Anita, looking rather bright-eyed and flushed, burst into the study with a laugh.

"Oh, goodness, did you think I was never coming?" she asked. "Miss Primrose—she's awfully sweet, isn't she?—kept me talking ever such a long time about the Gloriana and Celeste and all that, and then, silly thing that I am, I lost my way coming back here. I hope you don't mind," she added quickly.

Clara laughed.

"Mind? Why should we mind? Except," she added, looking at Babs, "that time's getting on. If we're going to see about your luggage, Anita, we'd better be toddling off—so that I, poor fish, can get back here for prep. Lucky you," she added with a grimace, "you've got no prep to do!"

"Then perhaps," Anita suggested, her eyes twinkling, "I can help you with yours, Clara?"

Clara grinned. Helping with prep, of course, was not allowed, though she appreciated the spirit in which that offer was made. Off she went then, Anita by her side, while Jemima, with a thoughtful frown, polished her eyeglass and glanced at Bessie.

"Well, well! And what about a spot of staggering with me, old Bess?" she asked. "Methinks the tuckshop is open and methinks Auntie Jones has a new selection of those cream thingummies you're so fond of. Marjorie, my angel,

willst come with me and watch the lions feed?"

"Oh, really, Jimmy, if you're calling me a lion—" Bessie said indignantly. "But I say, do you mean you're going to treat me?"

"Just that!" Jemima agreed. "Let us totter, shalt?"

And off the eager Bessie, with Jemima and Marjorie in tow, "tottered." Babs grinned at Mabs.

"And that," she said softly, "is our cue. Come on."

Together they went out. Up to the library they flew. Miss Belling, the pretty assistant mistress of Cliff House, smiled as they came in, for if Miss Belling had a favourite in the school that favourite was certainly Babs. She looked a little anxious, however, when Babs asked for the "Ancient Historie."

"I'm afraid you can't take it away, Barbara."

"No, Miss Belling, we only want to look at—at something," Babs said. "I can get it!" she added eagerly, and crossed to the side where the most valuable books were kept. Then she uttered a quick exclamation.

"Miss Belling, it's not here!"

"What?"

In a moment the mistress was out of her desk, rushing with fluttering agitation towards the shelves before which Babs had halted.

She blinked. For the Historie was most certainly not there. In company with a dozen other books of its same age and class it occupied that shelf, and the great space made by its removal formed a conspicuous oblong.

"But—but nobody has borrowed it. Nobody has even been at this side of the library," Miss Belling said, and she looked really alarmed, for as the librarian, Miss Belling was responsible for every book, and the Historie was one of the most valuable volumes in her charge. "Somebody must have slipped in during the tea interval and borrowed it," she said.

"Oh, it must be here somewhere!" Babs said. "Some careless thing has taken it down and put it on another shelf! Let's hunt round."

They hunted round, concerned more for Miss Belling now than their own intended quest. The search met with failure, however. Not an easy thing to miss that book, but it was certainly on none of the other shelves. It was on none of the tables, and it really did seem as though it had vanished. Miss Belling's face grew worried.

"But who could have taken it?" she cried.

Then the door opened. Miss Primrose came in. She held something under her arm.

"Miss Belling," she said coldly, and Miss Belling turned and then almost jumped as she recognised the missing Historie in Miss Primrose's possession, "Miss Belling, I should like you to explain," she added, "how this book comes to be in the waiting-room next to my study? I thought you understood that in no circumstances is such a volume to be taken out of the library without my express permission?"

Babs and Mabs stared while the unhappy Miss Belling made her explanation. Obvious, then, that the book had been taken during the mistress' absence during the tea interval. But what a place to take it—almost to the Head's own study, indeed! If it was a trick it was a very ill-natured and pointless one.

"I trust," Miss Primrose said, "you will see that such a thing does not happen again, Miss Belling. In the meantime, I sincerely hope you will find the girl who borrowed it and report her to me!"

"Y-yes, Miss Primrose!" Miss Belling murmured, and glanced so confusedly at Babs that Babs felt a pang of pity for her. "Oh, goodness!" she sighed as the headmistress went out. "Thank goodness it turned up! You may look at it now, Barbara. But please be careful," she added anxiously.

Babs smiled as she took the book and lifted it on to the desk. There she and Mabs bent over it. Now where—where—ah! Here they were!

"Look!" Babs said eagerly. Mabs looked, and her features tensed. Before them was the diagram which Babs had visualised in her mind's eye. It showed Cliff House Abbey, as the school had been known. It showed the woods, the Keep, and even, indeed, went as far south as Monks' Folly. Between the three buildings were broken lines, crossing in places, some apparently ending nowhere, others making definite connecting links with other buildings, Babs bent eagerly forward.

"Mabs—here!" she breathed. She stabbed her finger at the page. From "Ye Watche Tower" a thin brown line wound a spidery way across the woods towards the Keep to a spot marked "Ye Dungeons."

Thrilled, Babs traced the line with her finger. Then, in search of more detailed information, she turned over the pages, all beautifully executed in the faded Tudor script of the ancient monks. She pointed to a paragraph.

"In ye East Wall of ye Watche Tower shall ye come upon ye entrance of ye secret door that leadeth to ye tunnel of chalke to ye Keepe of Friars Dale, this place being much used by ye Baron Sarr wherein he was wont to accommodate his men-at-arms."

Almost trembling, Babs turned back the pages to the diagram.

"That's it," she whispered, "the East Wall of the Clock Tower! The Clock Tower was, of course, the Watch Tower in those days. But—phew!" she added, and suddenly bent closer "Mabs—look!"

Mabs bent forward, too, and then she stared. For faintly, though plainly, on that page were indentations.

The plan of all the secret passages had been carefully traced out. By whom? For what reason?

Strange!

But Babs said nothing then. Very quietly she closed the book. To Miss Belling's care she returned it. Together she and Mabs strolled out of the library, each intrigued now, each wondering. Not until they reached Study No. 4 did Babs speak. Then she said:

"Mabs, somebody else is on the track of that tunnel. Somebody else has got wind of what we're doing. That book disappeared from the library because this other person, whoever she is, wanted to make a sketch of the secret passages."

Mabs started. "You—you mean somebody else knows?"

Babs shook her head. "No," she said, "not quite that. If she knew, she wouldn't have traced all the passages on that plan; she would only have traced the one leading to the Keep. At the same time," she added, "we've got to watch our step. Whoever it is is in this school, and knows enough of our game to make things dangerous for us."

Mabs gulped.

"And—and meantime?"

"Meantime," Babs said, "we must take the first opportunity of investigating in the Clock Tower. But, first of all," she added, "we've got to get in touch with Jack. Mabs, you stop here; I'll see if I can do that now."

Mabs, rather excited, nodded. Straight to Dulcia Fairbrother's study Babs went, and finding Dulcia there, received at once permission to use the phone in the prefects' room. In two minutes she was connected with "Mr. Smith" of the Railway Hotel.

"Good work, Babs!" Jack Trevlyn chuckled when she told him. "I've got news my end, too. I believe I've found the entrance my end—yes, in the dungeons of the Keep, as old Ned Pickering said. No, I don't think Captain Rowney is on to me yet, though I've seen him in the town."

"And the girl?" Babs asked. "Eh? What girl? Oh, the girl I spotted him with on the train! No, she's not with him. I haven't seen her since. But mum's the word, Babs—

Anita, having arranged for the disposal of the latter's luggage, were tramping back to Cliff House.

"I shall love to meet him," Anita said. "Celeste has talked such a lot about him, you know. But didn't you say, Clara, he was in Courtfield?"

"Yes," Clara agreed, and sighed. Well, having already announced that fact, there wasn't much sense in denying it.

"I suppose," Anita asked carelessly, "he'll be coming to the school?"

"Well, no, I—I don't think so," Clara said.

"But why not? Everybody seems to be so fond of him."

"Well, he—he's in Courtfield on—on some sort of business," Clara answered lamely.

CLIFF HOUSE PETS

No. 19.

Lettice Gray's MANX

MANX is not a cat though his name suggests it. Manx is the terrier belonging to Lettice Gray of the Fifth Form, and earned his confusing name owing to the fact that he is completely tail-less!

Poor Manx was only three weeks old when the accident which deprived him of that useful appendage happened, and it happened with such astonishing suddenness that Manx was much too surprised to feel the slightest hurt.

One moment there he was, with a fine long pencil which promised to grow into a king among tails; the next—poof! it was gone.

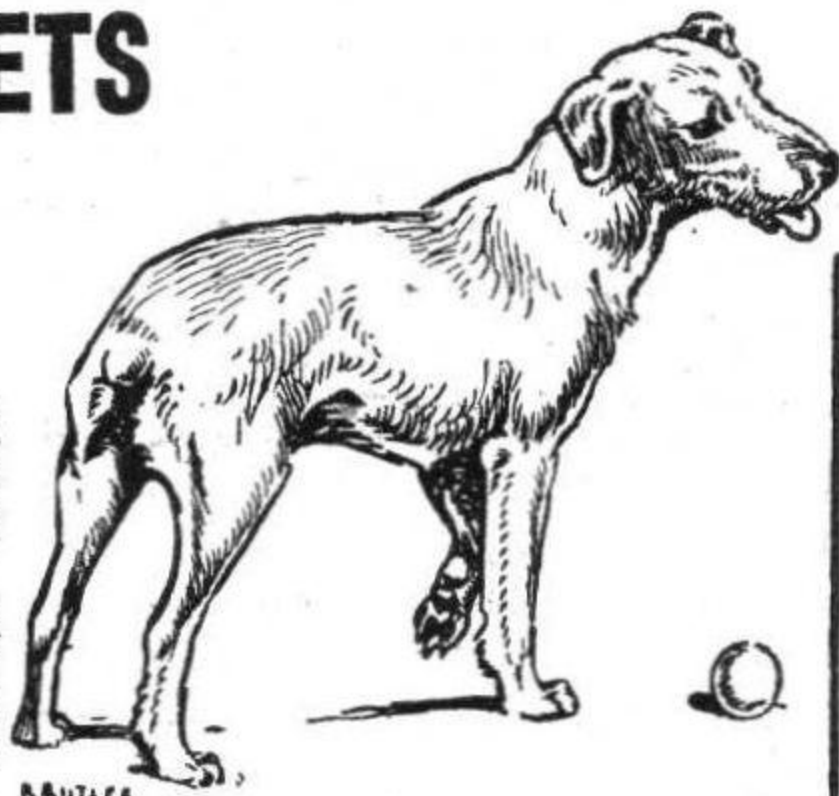
I am afraid that the tale of Manx is rather the tale of Manx's tail, so please forgive me if I appear to labour the point.

I'm sorry to have to relate that the shocking loss of the tail was the result of the anxiety of Lettice's younger brother, to please his sister.

Johnny Gray is very fond of Lettice, and both of them were most terrifically excited when Manx, along with several doggy brothers and sisters, was born. Lettice was on holiday at the time and was invited by her father to take her pick from among the puppies—the same puppy to be sent on to Cliff House as soon as it was old enough to leave its mother.

Well, Lettice picked the fine-tailed Manx and, tremendously enthralled at the prospect of possessing a pet of her own, went back to Cliff House, charging her brother meantime to look after Manx.

Johnny promised—and Johnny certainly did his best. Every morning in the little shed which was his workshop he carefully groomed Manx on the bench—and that is how high-spirited Manx, getting mixed up with Johnny's circular saw, came to lose his frisky tail.



Poor Johnny was dreadfully upset about the accident, and so afraid of hurting Lettice that he carefully refrained from mentioning the accident in his letters to her.

Then the great day came when Manx arrived at Cliff House! Lettice had a crowd of friends to receive him! And those friends, expecting from Lettice's glowing accounts of her wonder-pup, something extraordinarily handsome in the way of puppy-pets, simply shrieked their heads off when the bounding, happy, but tailless Manx was produced.

But poor Lettice was heart-broken and rather ashamed.

But that, perhaps, was only natural reaction in her disappointment! Later, when she had grown accustomed to his appearance, Lettice became most terrifically fond of the little chap!

After all, Manx didn't seem to mind his loss, so why should she? And Manx was such a happy, carefree and sturdy little chap, so full of pranks and fun and energy, that she soon forgot all about his missing wagstaff.

To-day, in fact, Lettice is very proud of her pet, for after all, she points out, it's not often you find a completely tailless dog like Manx!

mum to everybody until we've had a pow-wow together. Love to Clara. Ring off now! I can hear somebody coming up the passage."

And Babs rung off. But as she put down the receiver there was a rather thoughtful, and not a little mystified, expression in her eyes.

Strange Signals



"OH, it's going to be fun—fun!" Anita Frayne laughed.

"And I'm just dying to see Celeste again. Clara, you did say your brother Jack was coming on this trip, didn't you?"

"I did!" Clara grinned. She and

"Oh, something to do with the cruise?"

"No—yes! Well, something—something like that," Clara said, flushing. It was hateful, really, to keep fobbing off such a charming girl as Anita appeared to be, and it was so jolly silly too, when she would know as much as herself within the next few days. Almost was Clara tempted to break down and tell her there and then.

But there was that promise—or half promise. Clara was nothing if not loyal.

"Something secret?" Anita asked.

"Well, yes—just—just for the moment, of course," Clara said. "It—it's all rather a lark really—something we—we're saving up as—a sort of surprise for Celeste, you know, and something you shall hear about before long. But

here's Cliff House," she added, with a gasp of relief, "and here's the Pets' House. Anita, I told you about my Alsatian, Pluto. Like to see him?"

"Oh, love to!" Anita beamed; but if Clara had been more observant, she might have noticed there was a trace of disappointment in her eyes. "I say, isn't this a lovely place!" she enthused as they entered the Pets' Enclosure.

A lovely place it was: and a noisy welcome, too. There were thirty-seven dogs in the Pets' House, and they all barked with noisy glee at sight of Clara. Pluto, the large Alsatian, came stampeding out of his kennel with boisterous eagerness. Anita's eyes shone.

"Oh, what a lovely animal!" she cried.

"Isn't he!" Clara said, and glowed. If there was one sure way to the Tom-boy's heart, it was through Pluto, her pet. "Stroke him!"

Anita not only stroked Pluto—she got down on her knees and cuddled him. Pluto frisked: Clara laughed with pleasure. Anybody old Pluto took to was Clara's friend!

Pluto, as a matter of fact, usually took to everybody he found in his mistress' company, unquestionably accepting her valuation as his own.

Then suddenly there was a hail. Mabs came strolling in at the gate.

"Clara, cheerio! Just in time—Babs wants to see you! We're having a meeting," Mabs explained. "Jemima's study!"

"Oh!" Clara said, and paused, glancing swiftly at Anita. "About—you know?"

"Yes," Mabs said.

"Right-ho! Be along in two minutes," Clara said.

Mabs nodded. She went off. Anita straightened up, looking at Clara and sadly shaking her head. She pulled a little face.

"And that means," she said regretfully, "I lose you for the time being. I—I suppose I can't come, too, Clara? You know, I—I do feel rather out of things!"

Clara blinked. That went to her heart. Poor old Anita!

"I—I'll speak to Babs," she mumbled. "Dash it, I don't see why you shouldn't enjoy the fun! Don't mind being left for now, do you?"

"Well, of course not," Anita smiled. But as Clara hurried away, her eyes narrowed a little.

"Well, here we are!" Babs said, when Clara arrived at Study No. 3, where Mabs, Leila, Marjorie, and Jemima were gathered—Bessie having been artfully got out of the way.

"Clara, shut the door!" she added quickly. "And please don't any of you speak in more than a whisper. There's something funny happening in this school—and there's some spy on the trail of our movements!"

And then, while they listened in startled astonishment, she went on to tell them of the minor mystery of the missing Historie.

"Sounds sinister—what?" Jemima murmured. "No idea whose the hidden hand is, Babs?"

"No," Babs said. "But it just proves we've got to be careful and— But wait a minute!" she added quickly; and suddenly she strode to the door and flung it open. A girl outside started back.

"Oh, Babs!"

"Anita!" cried Babs.

Anita Fayne it was. She looked just a little confused.

"Yes, it—it's me!" she said. "I'm sorry if I'm intruding, but—but is Clara in there?"

Babs gazed at her narrowly. She had heard a sound outside the door, and her first instinctive thought was that the meeting was being spied upon. But Anita's face was the picture of surprised innocence.

"What is it, Anita?" Clara asked, coming forward.

"Nothing. I—I didn't know you'd started your meeting, you see. I was just going to ask you if I might buy Pluto a biscuit from the tuckshop. I—I sort of felt I'd like to give the old chap just a little gift!"

Clara's face melted into a smile at once.

"Of course you can," she said. "Make them sponge fingers, Nita! Pluto loves those!"

Anita smiled. She went away—but not without a yearning glance into the room, which somehow made Clara feel that she was acting rather meanly. Babs closed the door again.

"Well?" she said, and laughed. "Jimmy, stand near the door," she said, "and keep your ears open. What did you say, Clara?"

"I was saying," Clara said, a little resentfully, "that it's all silly rot—leaving Anita out of this, I mean! Oh, Babs, why the dickens can't we invite her? I'm sure Jack wouldn't mind if he knew!"

"Well," was Babs' quiet retort to that, "wait until we've an opportunity to ask him! Meantime, let's get down to the other business—the finding of the chalk passage. I've got a clue, I think!" And Babs related what she had discovered in the Ancient Historie. "Naturally," she added, "we can't stroll off in a body to the Clock Tower during the daylight!"

"Sure makes sense, I figure!" Leila agreed. "And that means breaking bounds! What time?"

"Ten o'clock. Is that agreed?"

Agreed it was. The meeting broke up then. But shortly after ten o'clock that night—when the moonbeams were filtering through the diamond panes of the Fourth Form dormitory window—Babs awoke. Quickly she looked along the lines of sleeping figures.

"Clara!"

"Right-ho!"

"Leila!"

"O.K., sister!"

"Jimmy!"

"Adsum!" Jemima yawned

"Right-ho! Wake Mabs and Marjorie. Not a sound, mind!"

Six silent figures rose. They dressed, any slight movement drowned by the deep bass snore which was the outward and unmistakable sign that Bessie was asleep. In a body, they tiptoed to the door.

Down the stairs outside they went, across Big Hall to the lobby window. Without a sound, they climbed out.

"O.K.!" breathed Leila. "Babs, did you bring a torch?"

"Here!" Babs said.

"Good old spartan Babsie!" Jemima burbled. "How does she think of everything? Lead on, Macduff!"

Keeping to the shadows, Babs went on. Now they saw the black outline of the tuckshop in front of them. Fifty yards beyond it—like a sentinel against the grey-black sky—was the old Clock Tower, which in years gone by had served the ancient monks as a watch tower. In the shadow of the tuckshop Babs paused, waiting until her followers gathered. Then suddenly she stiffened.

"Look!" she exclaimed, and stretched out a hand.

They all turned; they all started.

For from a window on the second floor of the school a light was flashing.

"Gee, somebody's signalling!" breathed Leila.

"And in morse!" Babs cried, with sudden excitement. "Wait a minute!" And excitedly she began to read.

"G-I-R-L-S N-O-W A-T T-U-C-K-S-H-O-P!"

They stared at each other in wonder and consternation. Then suddenly, from a point near the gates, on top of the wall, two quick lights flashed in reply. For a moment Babs fancied she saw the shape of a man's broad shoulders behind it, then darkness again.

"Somebody signalling from the school!" Babs breathed. "Somebody flashing a message of what we're doing! We're being watched, girls!"

"But who—?" Clara said.

"That means the visit is off," Babs said quietly. "Whoever it is signalling has accomplices near by, and those accomplices are obviously out to see what we're doing, so if we go to the watch tower we'll be followed as sure as eggs! Come on!"

"You mean—back?" Clara asked.

"Well, what else, chump? You don't want us to give the game away?"

Clara grunted. When Clara had a goal in mind she liked to reach it, whatever the obstacles to be overcome en route. But a second's reflection told her that Babs' suggestion was only sound common sense.

There were no more signals, but Babs was doing some swift thinking. Back they went, to creep softly through the lobby window. In the corridor Babs paused.

"Look here, I've got a fancy for trying to find out who was signalling," she said. "The light came from somewhere near the guests' room where Anita is sleeping. Let's pop in and ask her if she noticed anything, shall we?"

"Oh, stuff, let the poor kid get some sleep!" Clara sniffed.

In the dark Babs pursed her lips a little. But certainly there seemed no sense in waking up Anita. Back to the dormitory they went, a great deal mystified. In any case, the treasure hunt was a wash-out for the night.

Without mishap, they got back to bed, and not until rising-bell was clanging in the dormitory did Babs wake again. She washed and dressed, noticing that Clara's bed was empty, and with the rest went down to breakfast. In the corridor, Clara, in company with a smiling Anita, met her.

Clara waved, a letter in her hand.

"Babs—news!"

"But where have you been?" Babs wanted to know.

"Me?" Clara asked. "Playing tennis," she said. "I promised Nita I'd give her a game before brekker, you see! Babs, it's from Jack! He wants to meet us!"

Babs glanced swiftly at Anita.

"This afternoon," Clara burbled on, "at—" And then, becoming aware of the frantic message that Babs was telegraphing with her eyes, flushed. "Oh crumbs, you needn't be so secretive in front of Nita!" she said. "She jolly well knows that Jack is in the offing, anyway! He wants to see all of us."

"Which," Anita laughed, "is only natural, after all, isn't it? How I'd love to be going with you!"

Babs glanced at her thoughtfully.

"Then why not?" she asked, rather to Clara's surprise.

"Isn't it rather a secret meeting?"

"Not exactly," Babs smiled. "Clara wants you to know, doesn't she? We'd



"LOOK!" exclaimed Babs. Tensely they all watched the mystery signalling from the school. Almost immediately afterwards came answering flashes of light from the school-wall. "Somebody signalling from the school," Babs breathed. "Somebody flashing a message of what we're doing. We're being watched, girls!"

all like you to know. The only reason you haven't known, so far, is that sort of promise we gave to Jack. Well, here's the opportunity. If we're all going to meet Jack, why not come along with us?"

"I say, that's a topping idea!" Clara said, her eyes shining.

But Anita, for some reason, looked just a little taken aback.

"Well, I—I—" she said, and then laughed. "Well, yes, I'd love to come!" she cried. "Where are you meeting him?"

"By the old oak, near the ruins of Friardale Keep," Clara said.

"What time?"

"Half-past two. But, of course, you'll come along with us?"

"Oh, of course!" Anita smiled.

Babs stared at the girl. There was a look of sudden bafflement in her eyes, a look which rather suggested Babs felt she had made some mistake. But she said nothing then; and, in any case, there was no time for more, for at that moment breakfast bell rang, summoning them to the school. Breakfast was followed by Assembly; Assembly by lessons.

And Anita, of course, being merely a guest at the school, was free to drift where her fancy took her during that time.

Lessons, tediously long with the end of term so nearly in sight, came to an end. Dinner followed, and after dinner the chums, in no little state of excitement, prepared for the trip. Bessie, fortunately, was feeling too lazy to go with them.

"Hallo, hallo!" Clara cried boisterously, coming into Study No. 4, just after two o'clock. "Ready, Babs? I say, do you know where Anita is?"

"In the guests' room, getting ready, I expect," Babs said. "I'll go and see, shall I?"

She went to see, but the guests' room, when she entered it, was empty. She went back to Study No. 4, but again Anita had not turned up.

"Well, blow it, she must be somewhere!" Clara said impatiently. "Anita wouldn't let us down! Mabs, look in the music-room!"

Babs looked in the music-room. Not there! They went down to the swimming bath, the tuckshop, the library, and the laboratory; they went across to the sanatorium, and the new Cliff House theatre. Still no sign of Anita. Clara was fuming then.

"Well, perhaps she's gone on without us," she decided. "Anyway, we can't leave Jack hanging about—"

"And she does know where to come," Mabs put in.

"Unless," Babs said thoughtfully, "she's changed her mind."

Clara started.

"Stuff! Why should she change her mind?"

"Because," Babs replied—and though Clara did not notice it, there was a peculiar glimmer in her eyes—"she might not want to meet Jack!"

At which Clara snorted, and Jemima Carstairs, for one moment, turned a rather startled look on the leader of the Fourth. But Babs was smiling—quietly, satisfiedly. It seemed that Babs had assured herself on some point.

In the Secret Tunnel!



"WELL, if it doesn't beat the band!" Clara Trevlyn said disgustedly.

"First Nita, then Jack! Jack! Jack, where the dickens are you?" she called.

But "you," on a slightly mocking note, was the only echoing word which answered her.

Clara, Babs, Mabs, Marjorie, Leila, and Jemima arrived at the old oak near the Friardale Keep.

Thanks to the search for Anita, they had arrived somewhat late—a quarter of an hour, indeed, after the appointed time. But, as Clara had said, that was

no reason why Jack should not have waited for them. Jack, after all, had the whole day to himself.

Clara clucked her exasperation. The chums looked at each other. Certainly, it was not like Jack to be absent, even if they were late. Certainly, it was not like— And then Babs, looking round, gave a sudden start.

She swooped up an object half-hidden in the grass, and picked it up. Then she jumped.

"Clara!" she breathed.

"Eh?" Clara looked round. Her face took on a queer expression as she saw the thing in Babs' hand. "Mummy hat, that's Jack's cap!" she cried excitedly.

The chums stared at each other.

"And, by the looks of it," Jemima observed, "there's been a bit of a struggle round here—what? Spot the old foot mark, girlie?" She gazed keenly at the ground, then she looked at the Keep. "And if," she said softly, "I mistake me not, friend Jackie Boy is within those ancient walls! See the track in the grass?"

They blinked, shocked into rather scared excitement now. Clara's exasperation had changed into frank alarm. But there was no doubt that Jemima spoke the truth; plainly to be seen now was the track she had pointed out—the grass bent and broken, as though by the violent passage of rough feet.

"Oh, my hat!" Clara cried, and started towards the Keep.

"Jack!" she cried.

A sound came from within. It sounded like a groan.

"Jack!" Clara cried frantically.

She broke into a run. Again the groan was repeated. In a frantic body the chums rushed forward, to reach the yawning entrance to the Keep, and then to pull up short.

For there, propped on one arm, while he put a hand to his head, was Jack Trevlyn, hatless and dishevelled, with every pocket in his suit turned inside out!

He grinned feebly as he saw them, made an attempt to rise, and then fell back again. In a moment, anxious Clara was at his side.

"Jack—Jack, what has happened?"
 "Those ruffians—" Jack said. "Oh, my head! Phew!" With Clara's assistance he rose to his feet, shook his head like some half-drowned bulldog, and glared. "Three of them," he muttered. "Three of them—headed by Captain Rowney himself!"

"You mean three men—"
 "Yes."
 "And—and they went for you?"
 "They went for me all right!" Jack smiled grimly. "At the same time," he added, "I think I gave a couple of them something to get on with. We had a pretty hectic set-to! No, it's all right now, Clara, old kid, I can manage, I think. I might have done better if that scoundrel Rowney hadn't banged a brick at me and hit me on the head! But, I say, where's my cap?" he added, in alarm.

"Here," Babs said. "But—"
 "Thank goodness!" And Jack, to Babs' surprise, snatched it from her. Eagerly he turned it inside out. Then relievedly he smiled.

"And so," he said, "they had their trouble for nothing, after all!"

"Trouble?" queried Clara.
 "The letter!" Jack's eyes gleamed, though he ruefully rubbed his head. "That is what they were after! My cap went west in the scrap, you see, and they never thought I might have hidden it in the lining! That's why they turned my pockets out!"

"You—you mean to say that it was in the cap all the time?" Babs gasped.

"That's it!" Jack grinned. "Clever notion, what?" he asked. "Look!" And he turned the cap inside out. From a slit in the lining he withdrew the ancient letter which Ned Pickering had written to his son. "But the beggar of it is," he added, frowning, "how they found I was here. They must have been lying in wait for me, and I'm certain I wasn't followed."

Babs started.
 "You think somebody told them you were going to be here?" she asked.

"Well, it looks like it," Jack said. "Though how the dickens they knew I'm hanged if I can guess! You didn't tell anybody, Clara?"

"Good gracious, no! Except—except—but that's rot, of course—except Anita," Clara said.

"Anita who?" Jack asked keenly.
 Clara explained.

"Don't know her." He shook his head. "Sure she's to be trusted?"

"Well, of course she is!" Clara said. "As a matter of fact, we were going to bring her along to see you."

"And we didn't," Babs put in, "because she was missing when we set off. Almost," she added, "as if she didn't want to see you, eh, Jack?"

Clara stared.
 "But why shouldn't she want to see Jack?"

"Because," Babs said, "Jack might have recognised her."

"Eh? What on earth do you mean by that?"

There was a pause. Everybody was looking at Babs now.

"Just," Babs retorted, "what I say! Wait a minute, hear me out! Oh, I know you're keen on her, Clara! But she has gone out of her way to make you keen, hasn't she?"

"But, dash it—" Clara began.

"No, hold on," Jack interjected, "let Babs go on!"

"Well," Babs said. "I'll own she appears to be a very nice girl—on the surface. If I'm suspecting her without reason, I'm sorry. On the other hand, you must admit that all the funny things that have happened just lately have happened since Anita came to the

school. She said when she came that she was broke—"

"Well?"
 "But all the time she had two pounds in her bag!" Babs said. "Granted she might have overlooked that; on the other hand, it might have been just a wheeze to get into the school. About the time the library book disappeared she was also missing from the study, and who, except a girl without any knowledge of what was what at Cliff House, would have left that library book in the room next to Miss Primrose's study? Last night," Babs went on, "the mysterious signal we saw came from near the room she was occupying. This morning, when I suggested she should come and meet Jack, she looked taken aback at first and then, when she had accepted, was nowhere to be found. Apart from ourselves, only she knew that Jack would be here at two-thirty this afternoon, and she'd have had plenty of time to get in touch with her gang during lessons this morning."

Jack whistled softly.

"But—but it's absurd!" Clara broke out. "She wouldn't!"

"I'm not saying she did. I'm only saying that it looks suspicious," Babs said. "At the same time, we can't ignore the possibility, and I'm voting, until we meet Celeste, that we say nothing to Anita. If she's in with the gang, you may be sure she'll give herself away before long. If she isn't, I'll be the first to beg her pardon. And

Jack whistled softly.

"But—but it's absurd!" Clara broke out. "She wouldn't!"

"I'm not saying she did. I'm only saying that it looks suspicious," Babs said. "At the same time, we can't ignore the possibility, and I'm voting, until we meet Celeste, that we say nothing to Anita. If she's in with the gang, you may be sure she'll give herself away before long. If she isn't, I'll be the first to beg her pardon. And

Jack whistled softly.

"But—but it's absurd!" Clara broke out. "She wouldn't!"

Another SCHOOLGIRL

next Friday. Next week's issue of your favourite paper will be on sale one day earlier than usual, that is Friday 29th.

another thing," Babs added, looking at Jack.

"Say on!" Jack said quietly.

"I don't think, all things considered, you ought to keep that letter, Jack!"

"Oh bosh! What—"

"Because," Babs went on levelly, "the gang has spotted you now. Having made one attempt, you may be sure they'll make another. If you haven't the letter, they can't very well grab it, can they?"

"You mean I hide it?" Jack asked.

"No; I mean," Babs said, "that you let one of us look after it! Even though they know you're meeting us, they'll never suspect that you've handed it on to a schoolgirl to look after."

Jack frowned.

"Well, I don't like—"

"Oh stuff, Babs is right there anyway!" Clara chipped in. "Mind you, I'm not agreeing with her about Anita—after all, there's nothing proved, is there? But if anybody's going to look after the letter," Clara added, "that somebody is me! Hand it over!"

"Well—" Jack said again.

"Oh stuff! Come on!"

And Jack, after some further demur, was persuaded to transfer his custody of the clue.

"And now," he said, "seeing that I feel something like a normal man again, what about getting down to brass tacks? Just have a peep outside. Anybody about?"

"No," Babs said.

"Good! Then," Jack said softly, "come with me, and tell me what you make of what I've found."

He rose. From beneath a stone where he had previously hidden it, he produced a lantern. The chums looked at each other, sudden excitement animating their faces, guessing where Jack was taking them and quivering with eagerness. To the end of the ruined apartment Jack led the way, and stooping, ducked through a hole in the wall. They saw the flash of his lantern.

"Careful," his voice came back to them, "steps here, and pretty rotten, too, by the way!"

After him they crept. Down the broken steps, littered with debris, they groped their way. It was cool here—pitchily dark, too, and their footsteps echoed with a hollow ghostliness as they descended. Presently they found themselves on a flat, damp surface again, smelling with age and mildew. Over them a series of arches, supported by stout stone pillars, formed a roof.

"The dungeons!" breathed Babs.

The dungeons they were. Shining the lantern, Jack carefully picked a way through the debris. Presently, in front of a great iron gate leading into one of the old-time cells, he paused. The gate creaked protestingly as he pushed it. A little rain of dust fell from the ceiling.

"Now watch!" he said.

He halted in front of the stone wall. Here the fallen masonry had been cleared away. The wall, built of the stone, was still solid and untouched, stoutly resisting the ravages of time.

Carefully Jack counted along the cobbled stones of which the cell floor was formed. Then he selected one. He pressed his foot upon it. Even Babs, nerved then for what was going to happen, gave a gasp as a great stone in the apparently solid wall in front of them slid back, disclosing a cavity which shone whitely as the beam of Jack's lantern flashed into it.

"The chalk tunnel!" he announced.

"And what the merry dickens of a job I had finding it! Even then, I only tripped on it by accident!"

"And the bells—the three bells," Babs asked breathlessly, "did you find those?"

"No."

"Oh!"

They followed him as he pushed forward, peering round them. The walls of the tunnel, hewn from the solid chalk, gleamed eerily.

They hardly knew what they expected to see as they followed the winding, tortuous path in the wake of their leader.

"Look at that!" Jack said, suddenly stopping.

They looked. The lantern was playing on the wall then; and in those walls were carvings, made by hands goodness knows how many long years dead. There were four or five sets of initials, roughly carved, and near by a roughly incised drawing of a dog's head. A few feet away was a crudely carved picture of a ship, and underneath a name:

ESMERA

"Odds bodkins, getting warmer!" Jemima murmured.

"But where," Marjorie asked, "are the three bells?"

Certainly there was no sign of bells there, either real or inscribed. Jack went on a few paces. Then he stopped again.

They all stared, thrilled once more. For on the wall was executed a skull with two crossbones beneath it. And beneath that pirate's symbol was a name:

BEN TODD

1602

"The name mentioned in the letter," Jack said grimly. "The man old Ned Pickering was afraid of. Evidently this tunnel was used by his pirate gang in those days. But look here!"

He stepped a few paces farther on, and they all had a big thrill as they saw the name revealed in the light of the torch. It was:

"Ned Pickering, 1602."

"Mystery—what?" Jemima breathed. "Looks as if dear old Neddie was in the tunnel at the same time as Mr. Todd. His prisoner, perhaps."

"Perhaps," Jack answered. "There was something about it in the letter—can't remember what. Here are some more carvings," he added; "nothing in the nature of three bells, though." And he passed on up the tunnel, shining his torch at intervals on various old weird inscriptions of the past. Here a pirate, there a dog, several times the skull and crossbones, and once a human face—though whose, goodness only knew!

Then for many, many yards the walls were of pure white untouched chalk again. Finally, he flashed his torch on a solitary inscription.

They all stared at it, puzzled.

For the inscription, contained in a deeply carved border like the oblong outline of a box, was comprised of three simple figures. Those figures were:

"730."

"What do you make of that?" Jack asked.

But nobody could make anything of it; there seemed no significance at all in that cryptic number.

"A date, perhaps," Clara suggested.

"What date?" Mabs asked. "You don't mean A.D. 730? I don't suppose the tunnel had even been made in those days."

They passed on. More names, more carvings—the skull and crossbones sign occurring frequently. Here and there a drawing of a ship, and once a crude drawing of an island fringed with palm-trees. At each one they stopped, carefully scrutinising it; but of the three bells there was not a sign.

Presently they found a black wall confronting them.

"And this, if I'm not mistaken, is the end of the tunnel," Jack said. "You'll probably find it leads into your clock tower. I can't open it from this side, which seems to suggest that the opening is in the clock tower itself. It is probably worked on the same principle as the entrance at the other end. Let's get back now."

They turned back, pausing again to examine the inscriptions on the wall—all filled with wonder, with faint awe, but with blank and baffled amazement. If the letter of Ned Pickering was no hoax, he had certainly taken good care to hide up the clue to it. Nothing remotely resembling a bell was in the tunnel.

"Well, there we are," Jack said, when, in the dungeons again, he closed the secret stone. "Now you are as wise as I am. Make anything of it?"

But nobody could make anything of it, even though they discussed it all the way back to school. That Ned Pickering had been in that tunnel there could be no doubt. But where had the old mariner hidden the chart of which they were in search?

Almost unconscious of the time, filled still with the wonders they had seen, they came presently within sight of the school gates. Two girls were standing by those gates—the plump figure of Bessie Bunter, and with her Anita

Fayne. Anita put up a hand as she saw them.

"Ahoy!" she cried.

"Belay!" Bessie beamed. "Avast, you know! I sus-say, you girls—I mum-mean you lubbers—where have you been?"

"Whoa! Aren't we getting naughtily nautical?" Jemima grinned. "Why the sudden rush of sea slang, beauteous Bess?"

"Well, I'm learning, you know," Bessie said with dignity. "If you go to foreign countries you have to speak the language, don't you? Of course, the Gloriana isn't a foreign country, but it's a ship, you know; and Anita's been teaching me the language they use on ships. Haven't you, Anita? But, I say, where have you cats—you lubbers—been, you know? And who," Bessie asked wrathfully, "shut Anita up in the guests' room so that she couldn't get out?"

Clara started.

"Shut Anita up?"

And you yelled, and Bessie rescued you, I suppose?"

"Bessie got a duplicate key from Piper," Anita returned. "But even now I don't know who did shut me up."

Jemima glanced at Babs. Babs had turned red. Remembering the suspicions she had voiced against the girl, she felt ashamed and uncomfortable all at once. Anita's explanation certainly did seem to dispose of her theory that she was afraid of meeting Clara's brother, and yet at the same time Babs was still not feeling sure. Suppose—just suppose Anita had locked herself in the guests' room?

"Well, I—" she said; and: "Well, I—" she repeated, drawing a deep breath, not quite sure what else to say. "Tough luck!" she sympathised. "All the same, I'd like to know the name of the practical joker who did it. Well, what about a spot of tea, kiddies?"

"Belay!" said Bessie.

"Meaning," grinned Clara, "what—ho! Tea's the ticket, children. But



"CLARA, give me that letter!" Babs said excitedly. "I've got the clue to the treasure chart at last!" But when Babs opened the envelope it contained only a blank sheet of paper! Where had the vital letter gone?

"Somebody did," Anita nodded seriously. "I don't know who. They not only shut me up—in fact, they took the key as well!"

"And that's why you didn't come with us?" Clara asked.

"That's why," Anita agreed. "Did you meet your brother?"

But Clara did not reply to that; she was glancing at Babs. The look on her face triumphantly said "I told you so!" and it was evident from that moment that Clara's faith in her new-found friend was completely vindicated. For a moment even Babs looked baffled.

"But, Anita, I came to look for you about a quarter-past two," she said. "What time did this happen?"

"Oh, somewhere about then, I should say!" Anita said. "I only just popped in for my hat, you know, when—snick!—the key turned in the lock, and I was a prisoner. I'd been in the bath-room before that," she added simply.

"And all the time—" Clara said. "Well, my hat! What ninnies we were!

you'll eat in my study, if you don't mind. Trot on, will you? I'll go to the tuckshop and rustle up some grubbins! Marjorie, will you help Bessie prepare the table? Anita, come and help me with the provender?"

"Pleased!" Anita agreed.

And she and Clara strolled into the tuckshop. Anita sighed a little.

"Oh, Clara, I—I have missed you!" she said tenderly. "Did you see your brother Jack?"

"Yes," Clara said.

"And—and did he give you permission to tell me the secret?"

"Well—" Clara said, and paused. "Well, nun-not exactly," she said, and in her confusion dropped the handbag she was carrying. In swiftly stooping to pick it up, she was alarmingly dismayed to see Ned Pickering's ancient letter shoot out and across the floor. "Oh crumbs!" she gasped and dived for it, clumsily missed it, and fell on her

(Continued on page 14)

OUT OF SCHOOL HOURS

If your idea of a real friend is someone who is pleased when you are happy and will sympathise when you are sad—someone young and modern and gay, with a delightful sense of humour, too—then you will love PATRICIA, who writes to you all on these pages each week in that chummy and helpful way so typical of her.



WHAT a lot of lovely, exciting things seem to be happening in July. There's the prospect of holidays—and, as I told you last week, your lucky Patricia is off to the South of France again this year with Aunt Monica.

(Aunt Monica isn't really my aunt, but is actually my small brother Heath's godmother. And as I am in an explaining mood, Heath's full name is Heatherington, allow me to tell you yet once again.)

Though my own holiday isn't just yet, that doesn't mean to say I'm not excited about it, for I am. I expect you are, too, about yours—for "looking forward" is half the joy of a holiday, I always think!

Then I have been swimming, which I adore, even though I'm not very expert, I'm afraid. It is my breathing which is all wrong, I imagine, which will prevent the swimming of the Channel by your Patricia—for this year at least!

Also I have been to a garden fête. No, not the dressing-up sort, but a school one—run by the pupils (and mistresses, too, I suppose) of the day school where the girl who lives next door attends.

Rosemary—that is the schoolgirl—asked me if I would come as she and her chum were running a Games Stall.

● At the Fete

So, of course—I went—and did they raise some funds for their school charities!

There was a charge of twopence for each person to enter one of the competition games. When there were six or more competing, Rosemary, said "go," and a small prize was awarded to the winner.

The game that I enjoyed most was "picking up rice." For this there was a bowl of rice (uncooked, of course) and several pieces of paper around it. Each player was handed a stick of firewood and told to pick up with this as much rice as she could, placing the grains on her piece of paper.

It was most terribly difficult, and I'm afraid I was the booby, with only five grains on my piece of paper, after at least seven dips in the bowl. The winner was given a painted coat-hanger, which was just what I had had my eye on.

But I did win a prize at Rosemary's stall. This was later, when I returned after going around to all the others—including the tea-stall, where the cakes were delicious, made by the girls in cookery lesson.

A Needle-threading Competition was in progress. Again we all paid twopence, and were each given several lengths of cotton.

The game was to see how many needles, from packets on the stall, we could thread in the given time. I threaded fifteen—and won a handkerchief, which was very useful, since I had already lost mine during the afternoon.

There was a bead-threading competition, too, but I didn't enter for that. Instead, I helped to decide the winner.

The players were each given a needle already threaded with cotton. A bowl of small beads was in front of them, and the idea was to thread as many beads as possible before Rosemary called "stop!"

I helped to count the takings at the end of the day, and do you know, Rosemary's stall alone had taken two pounds three shillings!

This money will go towards providing holiday by the sea for small children, who possibly had never seen it.

● Your Summer Coat

I expect you'll be wearing your school blazer most of the time you are away on holiday when something a little warmer than a frock is necessary—though I hope that won't be often.

But if you have a holiday coat to take as well, it will be very useful when you go somewhere rather smart.

Perhaps you have one from last summer which is on the short side. You won't want your frock to show beneath, not if it is meant to be a full-length coat, so what about making it longer?

Half a yard of striped material—either flannel or tweed—would make a very smart trimming for the coat.

A strip of this around the hem, another strip around both cuffs, and a belt to match, would

make it look even better than new, particularly if you choose a fabric that tones nicely with the main part of the coat.

● For Father!

I expect mother is already wondering what knitting she shall take away with her on holiday, isn't she?

If so, then I'm quite sure she's already sorting out her collection of knitting needles—and probably finding several broken ones.

Ask her not to throw these away, but tell her you are going to save them for father.

She'll look at you in great surprise, until you tell her that he'll find them very useful in the garden.

He can stick them in the earth and place the flower seed packets over them to see just where his precious new flowers will come up.

Old meat skewers are useful for this purpose, too.

● What a Price!

Haven't you noticed how the stamp-collecting craze is spreading?

And very lovely some of the stamps are, too! I'm afraid our British ones look rather plain compared with some of our Empire stamps and with many foreign ones.

The most impressive collection I have ever seen is at the British Museum—a collection which must be worth many, many thousands of pounds.

Quite a number of youthful stamp-fiends probably have never realised that the museums hold such fascinating treasures.

I suppose the best-known stamps of big value are the Blue Mauritius and the Penny Black—so you'd better look through your collection right away to see if you have one of these!

But the other day in London two blue Italian stamps, which were printed in 1860, and whose nominal value was twopence, were sold for £250!

● Very Useful

Here's a very compact little needle-case that you could make yourself for emergency mendings. It would be ideal to

tuck into your satchel for school, or would slip into your haversack for hikes.

It is made of a strip of felt, velvet or serge, measuring five inches by an inch and a half. Then you require two circles measuring one inch and a quarter across.

Wrap the ends of the strip round the two circles and join them with blanket-stitch. The needles and pins are stuck lightly into the felt (velvet or serge) and a reel of cotton just fits snugly into the little bed made by the circles.

The long piece is then rolled over the reel and fastened with a button and loop.

Your friend,
PATRICIA.

P.S.—Have you spotted the notice on page 22 reminding you that you may now send your coupons and postal order for 6d. to the address given, and in return you will receive the wonderful Four-Colour Propelling Pencil? Another reminder will appear next week, but, I warn you, that will be the last!



PACKING FOR THE HOLIDAYS

*What to pack and how to pack your precious holiday garments.
An article of real help to all who are going away.*



I THINK there are three types of holiday-makers. First, those who pack most carefully, taking at least a week over the task. Second, those who are slap-dash and pack at the last minute, any old how. Third (and I'm in this section) are those who are a bit slap-dash by nature, but simply make themselves be methodical.

I know, if I didn't force myself to use some system when packing, I should find myself landed on my holiday with several odd stockings, a jumper without a skirt, shorts without "tops," tons of hankies (which I never forget), but no face-flannel!

So we simply must have a System—yes, with a capital S.

And the first step towards this system is to write out a list. Now, this is something I love doing, and I think you will, too.

We'll start from the feet and work upwards, and then perhaps this is what your list will look like:

NECESSITIES

Shoes: Walking, beach, indoor, party.

Stockings: One pair for special occasions.

Oversox: Three pairs.

Shorts: One dark and one light pair (for tennis).

Frocks: Three cotton ones, one best one.

"Tops": Three blouses, one wool jumper, and one sun top.

Hats: Not more than one, for best.

Scarves: Three, to be worn on hair on windy days.

Gloves: One pair for travelling.

Coat: One big one.

Blazer: One, or cardigan.

Mac: Of course!

Undies: Three panties, three vests, three pettis.

Bathing Suits: Two, if possible.

Bathing Wrap: One, to be used as dressing-gown as well.

There, so much for your clothes. You may say I have been too generous with the shoes and not generous enough with the dresses, or that you always wear stockings and never oversox. But that, after all, is up to you when preparing your own list. But at least mine will help you as a sort of check-up.

Now for the second list.

ODDMENTS

Face-flannel: One.

Tooth-brushes: Two, please.

Tooth paste or powder.

Soap: A cold cream or olive oil one for preference.

Nail-brush: Not too harsh.

Hairbrush.

Combs: Two (one for dressing-table and one for your bag).

Coat-hanger: Two, in case there is none where you are going.

Shoe-white: For touching up tennis shoes.

Shoe-cream: For cleaning black, brown, or coloured shoes.

You may inform me, coldly, that you will have your shoes cleaned for you while you are away; but, in spite of that, I do think it's a good idea to take your own shoe-cleaning things, for so often shoes require a touch-up or rub-over during the day.

Now one more list. This time of the luxuries you will probably want to pack.

LUXURIES

Play-suit: One, just to be in fashion.

Camera: For happy memories.

Books: For the evenings when you're not going out.

Sun-tan oil: If you're in earnest about getting brown.

Cold cream: To protect your face and neck from peeling.

Boracic powder: Just a spot in a tin, in case of blisters.

There, now, with such a list I don't think you can possibly forget anything, do you?

If you show it to mother, she will probably say that, apparently, you're quite old enough to do your own packing this year—so you see what I have let you in for!

The next step, then, is to fish out the case you will take. Dust it out and then line the inside with paper.

LOTS OF CARE

In packing, remember always to place the heavy things to the bottom of the case.

All shoes should be wrapped, to prevent damage to more dainty articles. It is quite a bright notion to keep old silk or wool stockings for this purpose. The whole stocking can be cut into three pieces, and each will make a most suitable wrapping for one shoe.

Oddments should be tucked into the corners of the suitcase, and all undies and woollies placed so that they make a surface that is quite flat for precious dresses to rest on.

Cotton frocks should be folded carefully and a layer of tissue paper placed between the last folds.

But a silk or party frock should have tissue paper placed between every single fold you make, using as many as five or six sheets if necessary.

This sounds extravagant, I know, but since you can buy about twenty sheets of paper for threepence, it isn't really. For, you see, this trick means that your frocks will be completely crease-free when they reach their destination, where they should immediately be shaken out and hung in a wardrobe.

A COSY BATHING-WRAP

That you can make yourself—from two bath towels.

THOSE full-length beach-coats, as they are called, will certainly look very swish on the sands this summer, and the knee-length ones will look very youthful.

But the sensible wrap, made of towelling material, will still take the prize for all-round usefulness.

For the towelling one makes a suitable cover for your bathing-suit as you leave the beach to buy an ice from the prom. In addition, you can use it to dry yourself on when you come back to the family party after a dip—which is what can't be done with the more fancy beach-coats.

This wrap here is perfect for schoolgirls, I think. And what is more, you can make it yourself in about half an hour. So I should consult mother about it right away, so that you have it ready in time for your holiday.

You will require just two average size bath-towels in white, striped, or any colour you like—and that is all. (Mother may have two to spare, but if not, you can buy them for sixpence and a shilling each.)

Place these towels together and oversew down one long side. Open them out and then fold the edges to the centre so that the seam comes down the middle of your back.

Stitch the edges that form the shoulder part together, gathering slightly as you do so—as in the picture.

Fasten at the neck with pretty cord, tape, or buttons, and your new bathing-wrap is complete.



(Continued from page 11)

knees. But Anita, with a merry laugh, had scooped it up.

"Clumsy!" she taunted. "But, I say, what is this?" And she stared, with a sudden, incredulous light in her eyes, at the letter. "I say, this is old!" she cried.

"It—it's a letter," mumbled Clara. "It's—it's— Oh, I say, give it to me!" she pleaded. "There'll be no end of a row if Jack knew that— Oh, please!" she added, as Anita tantalisingly held it behind her. "Don't rot!" she added earnestly.

"Poor old Clara! Was I teasing her, then?" And Anita, with a laugh, handed it over, while Clara, all hot and bothered, tucked it away again. "As if," she said, "I want your silly old document!"

At which Clara grinned. But she did not see the light in Anita's eyes.

Bessie Solves the Secret



"JIMMY!"

Barbara Redfern uttered that word as, peering into Study No. 3 after tea, she found the immaculate Jemima

Carstairs alone.

"What cheer?" And Jemima looked up. "Welcome as the flowers in May!" she said, beaming. "What hast on thy mind, fair comrade?"

Babs closed the door; she came forward.

"I've been thinking," she said.

"About Anita?" Jemima asked thoughtfully.

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"Because, old Spartan," said Jemima, "your little Jimmy has been brooding a spot on the way Anita always has a neat little excuse ready to explain suspicious happenings. A little too neat—what?"

"Then you think, as I do," said Babs, "that she's mixed up in this?"

"Well, I have a suspicion—certainly. The least said, though, the soonest repaired, as the old saying goes! And I must confess," Jemima added seriously, "to a certain uneasiness concerning our dear Clara having possession of a frightfully important document like the old letter."

"Me, too," nodded Babs. "Think I'll go along and ask her to let me have it. In the meantime, Jimmy, I'm glad you think as I do about Anita. We'll watch her closely."

And off went Babs to tackle Clara about the letter. But Clara, who had completely forgotten the little episode in the tuckshop by that time, and who, for greater safety, had put the letter in an envelope and was now carrying it in her tunic pocket, only sniffed.

"Oh, stuff! I'm not a kid that can't be trusted!" she said indignantly. "Of course I can look after it! And who," she wanted to know rather suspiciously, "is going to try to pinch it?"

"But—but—oh goodness! Well, be careful, that's all!" Babs pleaded anxiously. "What will you do with it to-night?"

"I shall sleep with it in my pyjama pocket," Clara said gruffly.

And that promise she carried out, though Babs was still anxious; and Babs, turning over in her head the clue of the three bells which they still had to find, and listening vaguely to the nautical mutters which came from Bessie Bunter's bed, was a long, long time going to sleep.

There was a surprise awaiting Babs on the morrow. That was when, in company with Clara, Anita, Jemima, and Mabs, she took an early morning stroll in the quadrangle.

The telegraph boy from Courtfield came cheerily sailing towards her.

"Miss Redfern," he said, "cablegram for you."

"Cablegram!" Babs exclaimed, and took it. She started as she opened it, while the chums and Anita clustered eagerly round. Then she gave a whoop.

"It's from Celeste!" she cried. "Oh, great golliwogs! She says she'll be in port to-morrow!"

"To-morrow?" Anita echoed, and Babs, looking up, saw that her face was startled all at once. But in the same moment as that expression came, it went, and Anita, with the rest of them, laughed with glee.

Great the excitement then—for Celeste had not been expected to arrive until Friday. The cablegram, throwing them all into a flutter, announced her arrival two days before that date. Breakfast bell, however, interrupted the conversation, and off, with a merry scamper, the chums went to the dining-hall.

Jemima nudged Babs as she flew up the steps.

"Methinks," she muttered softly, "the cablegram disturbed friend Anita! Did you notice?"

Babs glanced at her sharply.

"I did."

"And if," Jemima said softly, "what you suspect is true, old spartan, I think we'd better look out for merry old fireworks in the near future."

Again Babs looked at her, feeling suddenly anxious. She understood what that meant. If Anita Fayne was the spy she suspected her of being, then the last thing Anita would wish was to meet Celeste Margesson—and that meant that whatever mission Anita had in view must be accomplished before Celeste's return. And that mission—if Babs was right—was undoubtedly to get information from Clara as to the contents of the letter which provided the clue to the hidden treasure chart of Pirates' Island.

She wished for a moment—and how she wished—that the chart was entrusted to a safer person rather than the careless Tomboy.

And just before the end of breakfast, called away on some Form Captain's duty, Babs was worried on her return to find that Clara had gone off to Pegg with Anita—in order, Mabs said, to get some last-minute article of luggage for the cruise.

Not until nearly dinner time did Clara turn up again, Anita laughing by her side, the Tomboy herself wearing an expression of expansive good humour. Babs drew Clara to one side.

"Clara, have—have you got the envelope?"

"Of course!" Clara said.

"Where?"

"Really, Babs—" And Clara looked quite nettled. "What an anxious thing you are!" she said crossly. "Dash it, anybody would think I was a kid not to be trusted! Still, if you want to know—here—" And she withdrew the envelope from her pocket just to assure her chum. "Satisfied?"

Babs was. Even she began to wonder then if she was not making a mistake. Every hour that passed brought the arrival of Celeste nearer, and though those hours were going on, the villains had not yet shown their hands. Anita, of them all, seemed to be the least concerned, the least suspicious.

She was just being a silly idiot, Babs told herself.

And yet she could not get rid of that

feeling of uneasiness, that feeling, somehow, that something was happening. Just to be near Anita, she took good care to spend the afternoon in her company, arranging, on the spur of the moment, a tennis doubles in which she, Mabs, Anita, and Clara took part. Not by a glance or gesture, however, did Anita betray any signs that anything was more than normal.

Was she wrong after all?

Teatime came—a merry, hilarious meal with a great deal of talk about Celeste and the forthcoming trip. Prep followed, with Anita sitting quietly in the corner reading a book, and Bessie, who, for wonder, had done her preparation during the afternoon, dozing in the chair. Prep was over and Anita, with a light laugh, excused herself on the pretence of having a letter to write. And then Bessie, sound asleep, started muttering.

"Avast! Belay!" she said.

Clara, who was in the room, grinned. "Poor old Bess, she's got sailors' phrases on the brain!" she said. "The joke of it is that sailormen these days don't use such expressions!"

"Belay!" Bessie said sleepily.

"Land on the port bow!" Clara grinned.

"Land to starboard!" Bessie corrected in her sleep. "Bosh, you know nothing of it! When's lunch?" she added; and, after a pause, uttered two words which caused Babs, Mabs, and Clara to glance at each other in startled amazement. "Three bells?" she said.

"Three—three—" Babs rose sharply. "Bessie, what did you say?"

"Eh?" Bessie irritably blinked, wide awake. "Oh, really, you girls, I wish you wouldn't disturb a girl when she's having a nap!" she said peevishly. "Lul—look here, Babs, dud—don't you stare at me like that, you know! I've done my prep!"

"Bessie, what was it you were saying?" Babs asked.

"Eh? I wasn't saying anything!"

"But you were—in your sleep! You said something about three bells! What do you know about three bells?"

Bessie stared for a moment.

"Dud—did I say that? Well, why shouldn't I say it, you know? Any fool knows what three bells are! Really, Babs, I'm surprised at your ignorance! Three bells," Bessie added proudly, "is a nautical expression, you know! It means a time!"

"Time!" exclaimed Clara.

"Yes, rather!" And Bessie, always willing to bestow knowledge upon the ignorant, simpered. "And a most important time, too, if you ask me! There are seven three bells during the day—Anita told me that—and they start at one-thirty! One-thirty," Bessie said impressively, "is the first three bells! That's lunch time!"

Clara gurgled.

"Well, we might have guessed it concerned grub!" she said.

"And then there's three bells at five-thirty—that's tea time!" Bessie said with a sniff. "Then there are three bells at seven-thirty—dinner—and three bells at nine-thirty—supper! The next three bells don't matter!"

Babs started.

"Bessie, what did you say—about three bells at dinner time? What time is that?"

"Well, seven-thirty," Bessie said, and blinked, "though I'm blessed if I can see—"

But Babs was not looking at her then. She was staring at Clara, at Mabs, her face suddenly aflame with excitement as the significance of that time and the three bells flashed into her mind—three bells, and one of those three bells was

seven-thirty—730. Suddenly, vividly, a picture of the inscribed figures in the chalk tunnel jumped in front of her eyes. Had that been Ned Pickering's artful way of writing three bells?

"That's it!" she cried.

"What's it?" Clara asked in amazement.

"That—that— Clara, give me that letter!" Babs said excitedly. "I've got the clue to the treasure chart at last! Three bells—seven-thirty!" she added. "Clara—quick!"

Clara hastily produced the envelope. Bessie stared.

"But look here, you know—"

Babs, however, was not looking there. Almost trembling with excitement, she had positively snatched the envelope from Clara's hands. From it she withdrew the sheet of paper it contained. And then gave a strangled cry.

For the paper was a perfectly modern sheet of notepaper—and it was blank!

"Clara—"

Clara stared in horror.

"Mum—my hat! It—it's not the letter!"

"It's not—no!" Babs' eyes blazed. "The letter—the real letter—has been

"But Anita—"

Babs smiled bitterly.

"Anita," she said, "has gone—unless I'm a Dutchman. She must have known we should find this blank sheet sooner or later. But never mind her! What we've got to do is to get to the chalk tunnel—and get there right away! We'll go to the clock tower. I'm sure we can find the secret entrance. Jack said it is probably worked in the same way as the entrance at the other end of the passage. Oh, Jimmy, Leila, Marjorie!" she cried, as those three rather mystified girls appeared in the doorway and rapidly she explained to them. "Come on!"

"But Anita—"

"Blow Anita!"

"Look here—" Bessie howled. "Here, I say, what does all this mean? You can't go without me!"

But the six had gone. Bessie glared.

"Well, of all the cats!" she glowered indignantly.

But the chums, without a thought for Bessie, were racing frantically along the corridor. Down the stairs they went like a whirlwind. Across Big Hall they

One quick look she gave. Recognising them, she flew on down the passage.

Mabel Lynn gave a cry.

"After her! She might have the chart!"

Grimly the chums took up the chase. But Anita kept her lead until at last loomed up the wall which divided the tunnel from the dungeons of Friardale Keep.

They saw Anita fumble at the wall; saw the secret entrance open. After her they went, giving her no time to close the wall again. Through the hole they tumbled, to hear Anita racing up the steps. As they did so there came a hoarse cry from above.

"Come on!" gulped Clara grimly. "Oh, my hat! What a fool I was to have trusted her!"

With a reckless disregard for their own safety, they pelted up the crumbling stairs. They reached the ruined room of the Keep just in time to see their quarry speeding through the doorway. Outside, another yell sounded.

It was followed by a panting voice.

"Hold him!"



A CRY went up from the chums as they rounded a bend in the secret passage. For there before them was a searching girl. Someone had beaten them in the search for the treasure chart.

stolen," she cried, and suddenly her brain was working like lightning. "Clara, I asked you to let me take charge of this—"

"Well, I nun—never—"

"Never mind," Babs said swiftly. "Wait a minute—and think fast! Clara, when you were out with Anita this morning, did this letter ever leave your hands?"

"Why, of course not! It was in my macintosh pocket all the time!"

"And did you leave your macintosh anywhere?"

"N-o. Oh, my hat, wait a minute, though! Anita suggested we should have some coffee at the Anglo-American Cafe. I hung it up on the rack for a few minutes—"

"And in those few minutes," Babs guessed, "Anita grabbed the letter and put this blank sheet in its place! No, don't look—and for goodness' sake don't start arguing!" she said feverishly. "But don't you see? Three bells is seven-thirty—and seven-thirty is the number carved upon the chalk tunnel! Get Marjorie, and Leila, and Jimmy—quick!"

Mabs rushed from the study

raced, out in the quad, and across the lawns, and Babs, fearing the worst but hoping for the best, reached the clock tower first. In her hand was a torch she had snatched from her desk. She led the way into the cellar. And then they all gaped.

For a square section in one wall had been swung back.

"Anita!" gasped Babs. "She's before us! She's found the entrance!"

Her eyes were blazing. In she rushed, the others following. Down the chalk passage she flew, waving her torch in front of her, the others following. They rounded the first bend.

And then—

"Stop!" shrieked Babs.

Fifty yards down the corridor, distinctly outlined in the rays of the torch, stood a girl. She stood with her face to the wall, opposite the spot which Babs knew was marked by the fateful number. Armed with the clue, it had not taken Anita, with her wide knowledge of nautical terms, long to trace the significance of 730; and even as they rushed forward she was raising her hand towards that spot. At Babs' shout, however, she turned swiftly.

And that, in its turn, was followed by a strangled cry:

"You scoundrels! Help! Help!"

"Jack!" shrieked Clara.

Anita had disappeared then, but an instant later they heard her voice.

"Father—quick! I'm being followed! The chart is in the passage—"

"Come on!" Clara cried.

She fairly raced, reaching the doorway before Babs. Out of it she rushed; and then, in spite of herself, she paused. Dimly grey it was now, with the twilight deepening into dark—but it was not too dark to see what was happening. In front of her was a writhing heap of men—five or six of them—all panting, holding down a madly struggling form on the ground.

Near them, the pale light glimmering on his handsome features, stood a man. Towards the man Anita was rushing.

But the figure on the ground—

"Jack!" shrieked Clara.

Jack it was. And, without a thought of her own safety, Clara rushed into the fray at once. Then she gave a strangled cry as she saw a short stick descend upon Jack's head. He went limp.

"You scoundrels! You——"

"Quick, men!" the voice of the handsome man rapped. "Those girls—secure them!" And as Anita clung to his arm, as the men became aware of their new foes, Babs & Co. paused. Too late! With a shout, the men were upon them.

And then—What happened? Babs did not know. In the dim darkness she saw a vague figure loom towards her, felt two arms thrown about her waist. Struggling, she was forced backwards, was heeling over. She heard the leader's voice again.

"Take them to the boat! We'll get the chart later——"

Babs gasped fearfully. She guessed then what had happened. In their excited chase of Anita they had run full tilt into the arms of Captain Rowney's gang.

What hope now?

And then—Was it a miracle? Plainly Babs heard the honk of a car horn. Two piercing beams like searchlights cut through the gloom. A car was approaching across the lonely cliff. In that moment Babs had an electrical brain-wave. She raised her voice.

"Hurry, hurry!" she cried. "Girls, hold on! It's the police!"

Not for a moment did Babs believe it was the police, but the cry had effect. As if she had been a red-hot coal, the man holding her dropped his arms.

"Police!" Babs yelled again. "Police—quick!"

The men paused. From their leader came a muttered exclamation. Dazzlingly the headlights flashed into their faces. There came a cry:

"Come on! Out of it!"

A pause. But panic was infectious. The car, with a shriek of its horn, came on. Impossible to see who was in it, but there was no doubt that Babs' ruse had succeeded. The men, Anita with them, were taking to their heels.

Clara had dropped on one knee beside her brother. Now Jack sat up, grinning dazedly.

"Gosh!" he said.

The car halted, the door opened—and Babs gave a yell at the sight of the figure whose face peered out of the window.

"Celeste!" she cried.

"Ahoy, comrades!" Celeste Margesson cried. "Whoops! What's this? Babs—Clara—Gee whizzikins! What sort of a circus have you been having here?" And the door opened, and Celeste herself—trimly immaculate, as usual—stepped down. "Funny!" she said. "I was just coming to see you, and I thought it would be a lark to run the old car over the downs. But what is——" she cried, as Jack staggered to his feet.

"Celeste!" he said. "You!"

"It's me!" Celeste chuckled. "Doesn't it look like me? The Gloriana docked an hour ago, and I had a notion I might see you before you all went to bed. But what's this?"

And then breathlessly she was told. Her face lit up.

"Golly! What a story!" she breathed. "And the chart—you've got it?"

"No," Babs said. "But I don't believe those scoundrels have it, either. Let's go back and see—Oh, Jack, I'm sorry! Are you all right?"

"Except for a bit of a head, right as nippence!" Jack said cheerily. "Let's go!"

And they went, Madcap Celeste dancing with excitement. Into the chalk tunnel they scampered, and presently halted before the mysterious

730. Babs reached up, her eyes suddenly dancing as she saw something she had never suspected before—a deep crack in the middle of the border which surrounded the figures.

"My hat!" she breathed. "See the wheeze? That crack's just a sort of tiny door, or lid!" And she pressed it in. Then, while they all stared, the chalk within the crack gave way, and Babs' hand plunged into space behind it. With a cry, she brought out a metal container. Her fingers trembled as she wrenched off the cap at one end. Out slipped a roll of parchment.

"The chart!" she breathed.

They gathered round, their recent adventure forgotten now. Eagerly Babs untied the leather thong by which it was bound. They stared, fascinated, at the sight of the crudely drawn map spread in front of their eyes.

"The chart!" breathed Mabs.

"The chart! We've got it, after all!" Babs laughed shakily. "Pirates' Island," she chuckled, "where the treasure is hidden! Oh, Celeste, if only you can get your grandfather to take us there——"

Celeste's eyes were gleaming with excitement.

"There's no need to get grandfather to do anything," she said. "As soon as he sees this he'll be as thrilled as all of us to find the island, treasure or no treasure. But, phew, what a lark!" she cried. "And what a thrill! But, Babs, I say——"

"Yes?" said Babs.

"What did that girl call herself?"

"Anita Fayne."

Celeste frowned.

"Then I wonder," she said softly, "how she knew that name? For Anita—the real Anita—we left on a trip in Egypt. What was she like, Babs?"

As best she could Babs described her. Celeste's face grew excited.

"Fair hair!" she cried. "Good looking! And her father?"

"I think," Jack said grimly, "I can describe him." And he did.

Celeste whistled shrilly.

"Then," she cried, "I know them! Captain Rowney he called himself, did he? He's not Captain Rowney! His name's Todd—Carl Todd! No wonder he and his daughter knew all about Anita Fayne! Because Carl Todd was captain of the Gloriana on two trips; and his daughter—whose name, by the way, is Isa Todd—was my personal companion. They both got into trouble with the police at Algiers, and deserted. And——Why, what's the matter, Babs? What are you looking at me like that for?"

Babs' face was queerly thrilled.

"I'm just beginning," she said slowly, glancing at the chart, "to see things. Remember the letter, Clara? Remember the name of the pirate whom Ned Pickering was so anxious should never have the treasure?"

"Ben Todd!" cried Clara. "Then——"

But Babs did not answer. She was staring—as the chums were staring—with a strange, tense thrill filling her whole being. Was there a significance in the fact that the modern seeker of the treasure of Pirates' Island bore the same name as that old pirate of long ago, of whom Ned Pickering was so afraid?

"And," Jemima said in a low voice, "the Todds and their gang are still at large! Y'know, comrades, I've a queer feeling in my old and ancient bones that we haven't seen the last of them!"

In that Jemima voiced the feelings of them all. Would they, in their quest for the hidden hoard of Pirates' Island, meet Carl Todd and his cunning daughter again?

END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.



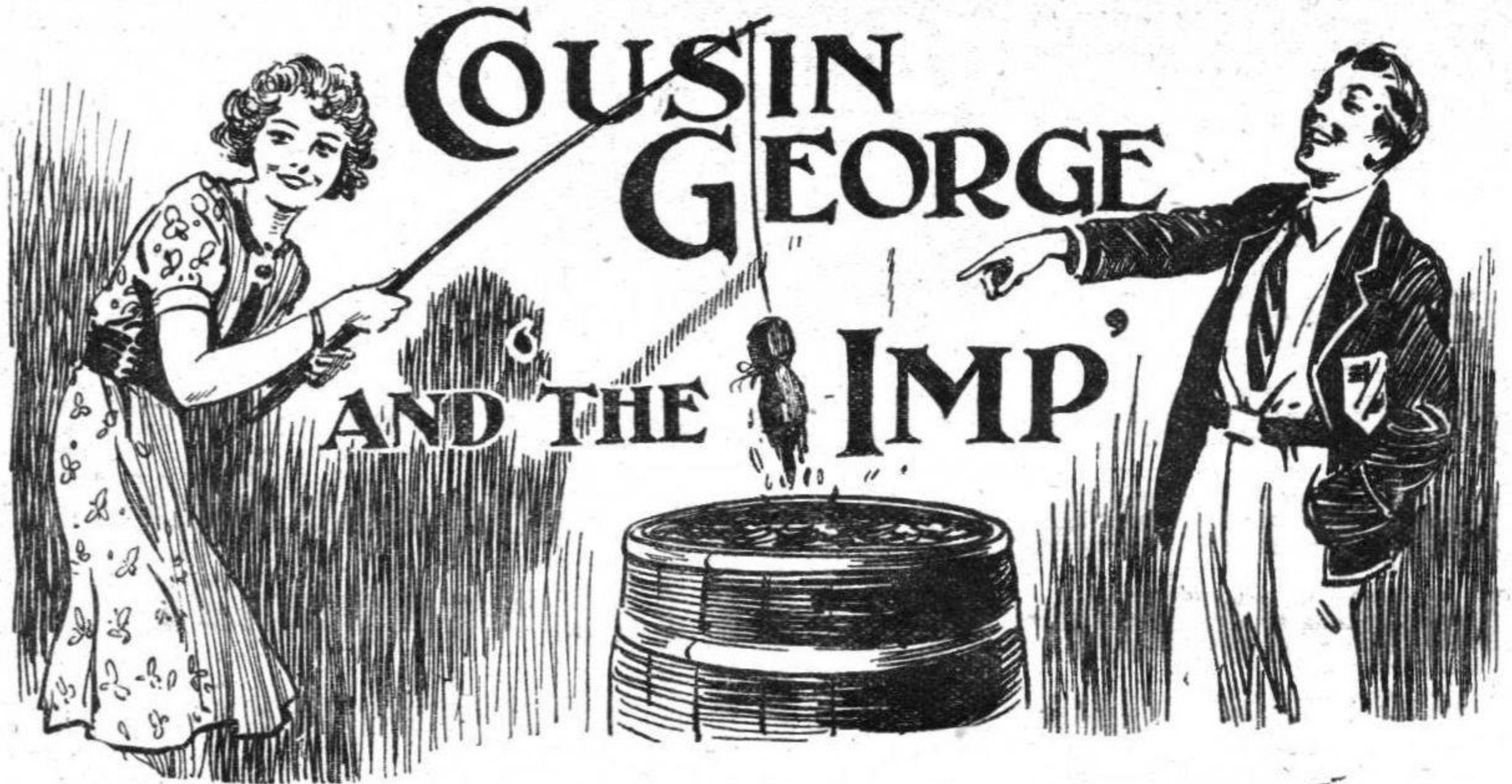
BOUND FOR PIRATES' ISLE—

aboard the luxury yacht Gloriana, Barbara Redfern & Co.—not to mention adventurous Jack Trevlyn and wealthy, high-spirited Celeste Margesson—stop for supplies at a romantic tropical island in the Indian Ocean.

Such fun! Such excitement! A really glorious welcome from the friendly natives, and the most appealing little native girl, daughter of the chief, with whom to be chums. But that is just where trouble begins—drama, mystery, danger! For it is the chief's daughter who, anxious to show her friendship towards Babs & Co., unintentionally brings the treasure hunt to the brink of disaster.

Don't miss this absorbing adventure story. It is COMPLETE next week, by Hilda Richards. Packed with thrills and glamour—and fun, too!

COMPLETE this Week. Another topping laughter-story introducing—



"Oh, my goodness! What a joke. YOUR shoes!" roared Cousin George, as the IMP fished the dirty tennis shoes out of the water-butt. Hetty winked to herself. It WAS a joke, but the shoes weren't hers. They were George's!

Cousin George Knows Best!

HETTY SONNING was doing a good turn—and for her Cousin George, too. She was cleaning his tennis shoes.

No shoes had ever looked whiter, save perhaps in the one or two places where they had not yet quite dried. But fortunately the sun was shining strongly, and it would take only a moment or two for them to dry.

It was the heels that were still damp, and as Cousin George had rather large feet, the shoes could not be rested properly on the narrow sill.

But Hetty—better known as the Imp—had brains. After a moment's thought she rested the shoes heels outwards, and then pulled in the lace tags and lowered the window on them.

Of course, if the window was raised the shoes would fall; but as Hetty was alone in the Common-room of the house where she lived with Aunt Miriam and Cousin George, there was not likely to be a mishap.

"Good," murmured the Imp, well pleased. "And if Cousin George doesn't advance me half-a-crown from my pocket money, then he's just a meaney."

She had dusted her cousin's desk and tidied his papers, and now, as a piece de resistance, so to speak, had cleaned his shoes.

After all that, could any boy, even a senior and a prefect at his school, be so hard hearted as to refuse a slight loan? But Cousin George, chancellor of Hetty's exchequer and responsible for her good behaviour, was strict.

"Anything else?" Hetty asked herself looking about the room.

If there were anything she could do, she would do it now; for this afternoon was a half-holiday, and she would have to be starting soon for the river. But before she went she needed that half-crown.

In unusually thoughtful mood then, the Imp decided to write out a little

warning notice to put against the window so that if by any chance Cousin George should come into the room, he would not fling the window open and so send his shoes down into space.

She was just writing the little note when the door opened and Cousin George looked in. He was two years Hetty's senior, and therefore of some importance at his school, and almost everywhere.

"What? Stuffing indoors on a lovely afternoon like this?" he demanded, frowning heavily.

The Imp looked up and smiled.

"Only for a bit. I've been doing a few jobs," she said. "Matter of fact, Cousin George, I'm going out this afternoon with Jill and Biddy."

Cousin George gave a casual nod.

"Well, don't get up to any mischief," he advised. "When you three girls get together, there's no telling what may happen. I don't wonder, really I don't, that you were expelled from your boarding school, Hetty. Of all the young Imps—"

And sadly shaking his head, he went towards the window.

"Hey! Whoa," warned Hetty in alarm. "Don't open that window."

Cousin George turned in some surprise.

"Why not?" he asked. "Have you broken the sash-cord or something? What little game is this, Hetty?"

"Game? No game. The fact is—" the Imp began. "Look out—" she ended, leaping forward as Cousin George, not to be dictated to, hurled the window up with one manly lunge.

As it opened he had a momentary glimpse of a pair of white shoes tumbling from the ledge, and he poked out his head.

"Oh golly—that's done it," sighed the Imp.

Cousin George looked back at her, and smiled ruefully.

"They're in the water butt," he said.

"Let that teach you a lesson." And he grinned.

"In—in the butt?" said the Imp.

"Oh golly!"

And the look of dismay on her face struck Cousin George as being so comical that he laughed.

That amused her.

"Not right in the butt?" she asked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Cousin George. "Well, I must say you're a sport, Hetty, anyway. You can take a joke against yourself."

"Well, so can you," returned the Imp, warily.

"Oh yes, I should laugh myself," shrugged Cousin George, "if they were mine. A person who cannot laugh at his own misfortunes is no philosopher, and whatever my faults are, no one can say that I lack balanced philosophy. I'm not laughing now because they are yours, Hetty, but because it's a comic thing to happen."

"Mine?" said Hetty, surprised.

"They're not mine! They're yours, Cousin George."

Cousin George's grin faded. He gave a violent start, and then rushed to the window and stared down into the butt.

"My, mum-my shoes!" he yelped.

"My shoes in the butt. They'll be ruined. Gosh! What a crazy thing to do. Did you put them there on purpose?"

"I put them there to dry," said the Imp.

"After I cleaned them. I thought you might want them this afternoon."

Cousin George glowered.

"And suppose the Head asks me round to play tennis again?" he demanded. "I haven't any shoes! Who asked you to clean them, anyway? I wish you'd mind your own business, Hetty."

"Oh dear! I—I'm sorry," the Imp said contritely.

"I was trying to do you a good turn. But anyway, I don't suppose the Head will ask you round this afternoon, will he?"

"If he does, I shan't take you."

"I'm going on the river picnicking," said Hetty. "Matter of fact, Cousin

By IDA MELBOURNE

George, we thought that perhaps you might like to come."

Cousin George regarded her coldly. "Me—with a crowd of giggling young girls? Don't be absurd," he protested. "I should be a laughing stock. And besides, I thought you were out of funds."

The Imp gave a little cough. "Well, I was—but I thought I might have a half-crown from my pocket money, Cousin George. Look at your desk—isn't it nice and tidy? I'm sorry about the shoes, of course, but I did warn you not to open the window."

She looked hopefully at Cousin George, whose face was heavy. There was also a look which suggested he realised that Hetty's kindness had not been entirely without motive.

"Did I hear you say something about going on the river?" he asked.

"Yes—just the three of us, Cousin George. Why not come?" asked Hetty.

He dismissed the suggestion with a curt movement of the hand.

"Have you the headmistress' permission?" he asked sternly.

Hetty gave a little jump.

"Goodness, no. Why?"

"Because, at our school, it is forbidden for any junior boy to go on the river without a senior. If you have a senior girl, well and good. If not, then you had better find out whether you can go on the river unaccompanied by a senior. You know her telephone number; go and ring her up."

The Imp reeled. The mere idea staggered her. Never in her life had she sought a headmistress' permission to do anything!

"You'd better go now," advised Cousin George.

The Imp stood her ground.

"I'd rather not," she said. "It's all planned now. We're meeting on the landing stage, and I'm taking a hamper. Why ask for trouble?"

But her cousin moved to the door with a purposeful air. As a prefect he had a fit and proper sense of responsibility. It was his duty to report any juniors seen on the river unaccompanied by seniors—and what applied to boys surely applied to girls.

"Where are you going?" asked the Imp anxiously.

Cousin George looked back.

"To telephone your headmistress," he said, "of course."

Hetty, with a little gasp of dismay, sank down on a chair; for, although no ban had yet been placed on juniors going on the river, one word from Cousin George—one hint that it would be a good idea—and the headmistress would snap at it, jump at it.

Downstairs, Cousin George lifted the receiver.

But the Imp is Undaunted!

"O H, absolutely!" said Cousin George in his smoothest tone. "I entirely agree. Most dangerous! Juniors are so irresponsible. Well, if I have opened your eyes to the danger I am pleased. Not at all. I thought I had better ask. Quite! Oh, yes, I'll see that she doesn't. Yes—yes, you can rely on me."

The Imp stood just behind Cousin George, listening to that conversation, her eyes gleaming, her hands on hips. Of all the interfering busybodies, Cousin George took the bun!

He hooked up and turned to her solemnly.

"I did right apparently," he said. "Your headmistress thanked me—"

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.

BETWEEN OURSELVES



MY DEAR READERS,—Such lots of exciting things to tell you about this week! Our marvellous Propelling Pencil offer, the first of the Cliff House Holiday series, and a delightful surprise I've been saving up for you.

Well, I've got to start somewhere, haven't I, so I may as well chat about those things in the order above. First—

Our Lovely Propelling Pencils.

At last, you can secure one. That is, of course, if you've been saving up those little numbered tokens which have been appearing at the bottom of the back page for the past six weeks, including this issue. You'll find full instructions, very simply told, on page 22, so I won't say more about how you can secure one of these topping pencils. Instead, I want to say something about the article itself.

It's dainty and attractive, superbly made in silverine, with leads of four different colours (red, green, black and blue) all ready for use; there is a plentiful supply of spare leads in the detachable top, which also contains a very efficient little rubber, and, in addition, there is a separate metal container full of a further supply of leads.

Finally, the pencil possesses a neat clip so that you can attach it to your blazer pocket. It really is a lovely little thing, and all you who have made sure of one are going to be delighted.

Well, now for the next item on my little list:

"Their Quest for the Golden Snake!"

That's the title of next week's magnificent LONG COMPLETE story of Babs & Co. on holiday. Sounds awfully thrilling, doesn't it? But just wait until you read the story itself. It'll hold you spellbound.

The Cliff House chums, on the trail of pirate treasure, halt at a lonely island in the Indian Ocean. A romantic, colourful island it is, too, inhabited by people who, in their own queer way, give the friends a memorable welcome.

But there are others on the island who do not feel so kindly disposed towards the chums. And that is how the trouble starts. For there is trouble, yes—really serious trouble. But I won't tell you about what happens, except to say that dear old Bessie Bunter, for once in her placid life, proves to be very, very useful.

And so we come to the last item on my list—the "Surprise." First of all, a wee disappointment. This week's "Cliff House Pet" is the last of the series, I'm afraid, but there's no need to be upset. Very shortly I shall be announcing another little feature—just as attractive—to take its place. This is my surprise! So do look out for further news shortly, won't you?

As usual, next week's issue will contain further fascinating chapters of "Girl Rider of the Blue Hills," another delightful COMPLETE story of "Cousin George and 'The Imp,'" and more of Patricia's charming and useful pages.

With best wishes,

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

"She would!" said Hetty, with a sniff.

"She said that she was most grateful," smirked Cousin George. "She hadn't realised the danger before; but henceforth no juniors will be allowed on the river, unless accompanied by someone more than sixteen years of age."

"Starting when?" asked Hetty. "Not this afternoon?"

"This afternoon," nodded Cousin George.

Hetty did not speak. She was completely bereft of words. It was a glorious afternoon, and she and her friends had planned to row up to Fir Island and picnic, take photos, and have fun. Now, thanks to officious Cousin George, it was off.

But Cousin George was a good fellow at heart, and, seeing the utter consternation on the Imp's face, he shook his head sadly.

"If it's ruined your afternoon," he said, "I'm sorry."

"If—What ever made you think it would?" asked the Imp, with a touch of sarcasm. "It doesn't matter to us whether we go on a picnic, or just chuck the food away. And it was awfully decent of you to put it to the Head, Cousin George. I'll get all the juniors to come round and thank you."

Then she turned and strode away.

Cousin George, his face a little pink, called after her.

"Hetty, come back!" he said; and then, as she turned, he shook a finger at her. "I know you're disappointed, but try to bear up."

"You may be disappointed this afternoon," retorted the Imp. "Perhaps Violette won't ask you to play tennis."

Cousin George went pink in the cheeks.

"I am not expecting Violette to ask me; I am expecting her father, our headmaster, to do so," he said coldly. "If he does not, I shall suffer the disappointment without a word."

And he mounted the stairs to his room to put a little more brilliantine on his hair and brush it smooth.

For a moment the Imp stood motionless; and then, with a nod, walked out to the kitchen—which, as it was the maid's afternoon out, was empty.

On the table stood a small hamper, already half-packed, and Hetty set to work completing the job. Forbidden or not, she was going on the river, even if she had to take some complete stranger aged sixteen!

While Hetty was still busy with the hamper Cousin George peeped in, and then, looking grim, withdrew and slipped into the drawing-room.

A little later, the hamper packed, Hetty went up to her room; and Cousin George crept back into the kitchen. Quickly he unfastened the hamper and removed the cakes, the bread, the jam, and biscuits. That done, he wrapped up the dusting brush in the same paper, a chunk or two of coal, an empty tin, a few oddments, and added a little note:

"Let this be a lesson to rule-breakers!"

Then, refastening the hamper, he crept from the kitchen and went up to his room, listening for the telephone. There was no thought in Cousin George's mind of being unfair. But rules were rules, and the river was no place for frivolling girls who were quite likely to fall in and get drowned.

He heard Hetty go down a moment later, and waited to see if she opened the hamper and learned the truth.

But no, Hetty did not open the hamper. As a matter of fact, unknown to her cousin, she went to the telephone and gently lifted the receiver.

She put through a telephone call too softly for Cousin George to be aware that it was being made, so that when he descended the stairs a moment later he had quite a shock.

"Oh, right-ho! Meet you on the landing stage, then," the Imp was saying loudly. "It'll be a grand picnic."

Cousin George stiffened, and when Hetty hung up and turned he stood with folded arms, brows knit.

"I happened to hear what you were saying," he said.

Hetty nodded quite calmly.

"That's right," she admitted. "No objection to my going for a picnic with Bob Biggs?"

Cousin George gave a violent start.

"Bob Biggs! You're not going with that—that outsider?"

The Imp shrugged.

"If he can come, I am," she declared.

As Bob Biggs was an entirely imaginary youth invented just to liven up Cousin George and put him on his mettle, there was really no likelihood of his going to the picnic. But Cousin George had never guessed the truth about Bob Biggs.

"You're not going with him!" he thundered. "From all I've heard of that silly, swanking duffer, he's as likely as not to upset the boat."

Hetty sighed.

"Very well, if you forbid it, I won't ask him," she said. "But, all the same, rules or not, we're going."

"You're going, despite the rules?" asked Cousin George grimly. "Well, let me give you a warning. No enjoyment ever comes of unlawful ventures. You will not enjoy this afternoon."

Hetty smiled.

"Oh, yes we shall!" she said. "And I know you won't sneak, Cousin George. You're a sport. But don't say I didn't invite you, that's all."

And Hetty marched into the kitchen, chuckling softly at some joke of her own, and took the hamper.

Left behind, Cousin George frowned, pondering a serious problem. He could forbid Hetty to go, but not her friends; possibly he could lock her in, keep an eye on her. But, of course, if he did that and the Head rang up, he couldn't go to tennis.

It was a sticky problem, and Cousin George grunted in perplexity. The sight of Hetty with the hamper eased his ruffled brow, however, and when he went into the kitchen, after she had departed, he went and found that the food he had removed from the hamper was still where he had put it, he beamed.

"H'm! Fir Island, eh?" he mused. "Well, that's a long way from any cafe. I think I have succeeded in teaching Hetty a lesson she deserves."

And then plucking up his courage, Cousin George went to the telephone, and called the Head's number.

The maid answered the telephone, and said that Mr. Sibley was out.

"And Miss Violette?" asked Cousin George, smoothing his hair.

"Miss Violette; she's gone out, too, sir," came the reply.

Cousin George gave a yelp of dismay.

"No! You don't mean that?" he cried in horror. "Wh-where to?"

"I don't know, sir. Just out—in a pretty frock and hat. That's all I know."

Click! Cousin George tottered from the phone. For all that he had said he could take disappointment lightly; his face was dark with annoyance, and, recovering from his first despair, he stamped up the hall and down, snorting.

For now there was nothing for Cousin George to do all the afternoon but just kick his heels.

Oddly enough, the first thought that came to his mind was a trip on the river—a picnic. But, tempting though it seemed, he dismissed the idea for fear of meeting Hetty.

The sudden burring of the telephone bell brought him from gloomy reverie, and he whipped off the receiver eagerly.

"Hallo! Yes—yes! Oh, hallo, Jill!" he grunted, as Hetty's friend gave her name. "This is Hetty's Cousin George."

"Oh, I say, George!" said Jill, forgetting his seniority. "Do tell Hetty that the Head is going on the river. Tell her to buck up! We don't want to be under her eye all the time."

"Your Head going on the river?" gasped George. "I say, you'll have to warn Hetty. She's already left."

A gasp came from Jill, and she hung up.

Cousin George, no longer in gloom, came to life.

"By gosh, I've got to do something! If they do go on the river—and Hetty's crazy enough to even now," he mused—"it'll mean she'll be caught. I've got to stop them. I—!" And then a daring, exciting idea came to him.

Fir Island was the picnic venue, and the other side of it could be reached more quickly from another boathouse. Cycling being quicker than rowing, he could reach the island first. And if Hetty & Co. arrived, then his plan could be put into operation.

If not, then he could go for a pleasant row himself, and have tea at the river cafe.

Cousin George, chuckling to himself, mounted the stairs. All he had to do was to take some old clothes an uncle had left, dye his red theatrical beard

black with ink, and he would become the irate owner of the island!

In fury at the trespassers, Cousin George could send them packing before the Head caught them. And if the mistress arrived at an awkward moment, then he could tear off his disguise, and be the sixteen-year-old escort, having by that time made Hetty and her friends so scared that they would never break rules again.

As an idea, it was a sizzler, and Cousin George got busy to put it into operation.

The Boy Behind the Beard!

"BUT, Hetty, if we're caught?" said Jill anxiously.

The Imp, Jill, and Bidy were on the landing-stage selecting their boat; but now Jill and Bidy seemed to be suffering from cold feet. They knew that breaking school rules meant nothing to Hetty; but they were not eager to be punished, and keenly though they had looked forward to this picnic, the joy had now gone.

But Hetty was cheerful as ever.

"My dear chicks," she said, "we're all right. We have an escort—some-one aged seventeen. Here she comes!"

And the Imp gestured towards a prettily dressed girl in a river frock and hat, carrying a dainty sunshade, who was approaching.

"Why, that's Violette Sibley!" exclaimed Jill.

"Is she coming with us? How awfully decent of her!" said Bidy. "When did you ask her?"

Hetty's eyes glimmered and danced. "Oh, I just phoned up, and asked if she would come for a picnic on the river with us!" she said. "George and I owe her an invitation as we played tennis at her place, you see."

"But George isn't here," said Jill. "You don't mean he refused to come when he knew she was coming?"

"I didn't tell him she was," admitted Hetty lightly. "But I'll tell him afterwards, of course."



"NOW then, get off here at once!" growled the bearded stranger. The Imp, hands on hips, stared at him for a moment. Then she chuckled. It was none other than Cousin George—disguised again!

Violette smiled sweetly as she reached them.

"All ready, I see," she said, nodding to Jill and Bidy, "we shall need a biggish boat. I didn't know it was to be so large a party."

"Oh, just the four of us! That's not very large," the Imp said innocently.

Violette gave a slight start.

"Isn't George coming?" she said.

"George!" said Hetty. "Oh, no! He backed out at the last minute. He said he didn't want to come with a gang of giggling girls."

Violette's eyes flashed a little, and some pink stole into her cheeks.

"Oh, he did?" she said, in a very quiet voice.

"That's George all over," said the Imp. "But if you'd rather he came, I'll persuade him, somehow."

"Good gracious, no! Why should it make any difference to me?" said Violette, with a toss of the head. "I think boys are just a bore, everlastingly showing-off."

"Hear, hear!" said Hetty. "Of course, if you'd rather back out now, you—"

Violette spoke with great haste.

"Oh, no, no! You can tell George from me that I think he—that we have had a good giggle!" she ended a little lamely.

And Violette, determined that no one should think she minded whether George backed out at mention of her name or not, flounced into the boat, giving a little bow to Hetty's headmistress, who arrived at that moment with a friend.

Of course, it could be explained afterwards that George had not known Violette was coming.

At the moment, though, Violette was huffed. She was still brooding a little when they pulled up at Fir Island.

Cousin George, from his vantage-point there, saw them approach, recognising Hetty and Jill from a distance, but not the girl who at the moment was rowing with Bidy.

"Now for it!" he chuckled; and off he went to fix his disguise.

With a pair of old trousers, large boots, and oversize coat, he looked older than he was, and the beard completed the picture.

Hiding behind bushes, Cousin George heard the boat pull up.

The Imp was the first to land, followed by Jill, and they moored the boat. While they were tying the painter, there came a footstep on the grass, and then a gruff voice.

"Now, then, get off of here at once!"

Cousin George, speaking through his beard, strode forward, a stick in his hand. And then he stopped. He stopped, and he stared. He goggled.

"W-why—w-w—" he yammered.

For, looking very dainty, Violette was being assisted from the boat by Hetty.

"Well?" said Violette, staring at him.

Cousin George gaped and blinked, and the Imp, wheeling round, fixed him with one keen look, and then giggled.

"Why, it's—it's—" But she swallowed the name.

It was Cousin George! Wonderful disguise though he was in, she recognised the coat and trousers.

"Well, and what do you want?" asked Violette, who had not the Imp's advantages in the matter of recognising George.

"Oh—er—I—er—I'm the owner of

this land!" mumbled George. "You—er—can picnic here!"

"Thanks!" said Hetty.

"But just a minute," cut in Violette, frowning. "This man is an impostor. I know the owner of this island, and he isn't like this chap at all!"

"An impostor?" said the Imp sternly. "Then let's call the police! Let's push him in the river!"

Cousin George backed a step or two, and his heart went cold. He was going to be made to look utterly ridiculous. He could almost hear Violette giggling now, and his ears went crimson.

"Nun-no—j—just a little juj-joke!" he muttered. "Only my little joke, young ladies!"

And, with a sudden movement, he turned and bolted. Fearlessly, the Imp rushed after him.

Cousin George ran hard, and then, looking back, tripped and went head-long.

Catching him—trying not to giggle—the Imp came to a halt.

"Hurt, George?" she asked kindly.

"You—you know me?" George gaped.

"Well, you're my own cousin, so I suppose I do," smiled Hetty. "What's the idea? You've upset Violette, you know!"

Cousin George tottered up and fixed her with a grim look.

"Never mind what my idea is," he said. "Why did you bring her along?"

"It was your own idea," said Hetty, in surprise.

"Mine?"

"Yes. You said we had to get someone over sixteen, so we got Violette!"

"Well, why didn't you tell me?" demanded George fiercely.

"Because you were going to play tennis with the Head," said Hetty, in round-eyed innocence. "You were looking forward to it. And, besides, you said you couldn't go about with a gang of giggling girls!"

Cousin George did not reply; but suddenly he remembered the hamper.

"That hamper, Hetty—I took all the stuff out!" he said, in horror.

At that moment there sounded Violette's anxious voice.

"Hetty—Hetty—where are you?"

Hetty turned to her cousin.

"Hide—down on all fours—creep away!" she urged.

Cousin George obeyed, and was still crawling on all fours when Violette arrived, spotted him, and pulled up.

"What on earth is he doing?" she asked blankly.

"Ssh!" said Hetty, with a wink.

"The poor chap's just a bit dotty! I think he's looking for a gold-mine!"

"Wha-at! Let's get off this island," said Violette. "Come on!"

But Hetty held her arm. She remembered what George had said about the hamper, and now she saw that she, too, was in a tight corner. Unless she was careful, they would go without tea.

"Don't be worried, Violette!" she said quickly. "My Cousin George will soon shear this chap off!"

"George! But where is he?" asked Violette, quite eagerly.

"He was coming here," said Hetty. "He's getting some stuff for tea. He'll be on the other side of the island. You go back to the boat, and I'll bring him."

Before Violette could detain her, Hetty ran through the bushes, and the Head's daughter, hesitating a moment, turned and ran back to their boat.

Three minutes later, Hetty appeared, running and laughing.

"Golly—that poor tramp—just hark!" she said.

They listened—to hear thumps and biffs and grunts and yells, then the sound of padding feet. Only a moment later, Cousin George came into view in his normal clothes, rolling down his sleeves and putting his jacket on.

"All right," he said, strutting forward. "That fellow's gone. He won't trouble you again!"

Violette's eyes shone with admiration.

"George—you—you didn't really hurt him?" she asked.

George sucked his knuckles realistically.

"Oh, not too badly! I know the limit," he said. "But don't you worry. And now—how about this picnic? Hallo—hallo!" he added. "You've brought the wrong hamper. That's only got kitchen rubbish in it!"

"Bother!" said the Imp solemnly. "Oh, well—you buzz off to the cafe and buy some things, George! Thank goodness you left—I mean thank goodness we've got the spirit stove and kettle, and milk!"

Violette clapped her hands.

"Oh, what fun to think you really sent him packing, George! I'll come with you and get the stuff at the cafe, shall I?"

"Yes, do, please!" beamed George.

But Hetty demurred.

"We can't be here without an escort of over sixteen," she said. "We might fall into the river. We must all go!"

"Um!" said Cousin George glumly. "All right!"

Off they went in two boats, and when they returned it was with enough food for two picnic parties, delicious cakes, fruit, buns, chocolates—everything Violette wanted, and Hetty wanted, too.

And after the picnic party was over they had such games and such fun! Even Cousin George forgot that he was two years Hetty's senior, and was just as high spirited. As for Violette, she was willing to do anything Cousin George did, and she even laughed when George, rowing home again, tried to be too energetic with the oars and sprayed everyone in the boat with water, including himself.

And when they were home after that sunny, cheery day, Cousin George slapped Hetty on the back.

"A cute dodge that of yours, pretending I'd sent the tramp packing!" he said. "But all the same, Hetty, if from the first you had told me Violette was coming—"

"Why, what difference would that have made?" asked the Imp, as if in surprise. "She's only another giggling girl. She was giggling like anything at your jokes!"

Cousin George coughed.

"Oh, quite!" he said. "Quite! However—well, never mind! It was a jolly afternoon. And you said something about borrowing a half-crown—here it is!"

The Imp took it, and then, beaming, gave him a hug.

"Dear old, funny old George!" she said. "I mean," she added, "Cousin George!"

END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

AREN'T Cousin George and the Imp a delightful pair? Be sure to meet them again next week, and remember that our next issue will be on sale one day earlier than usual—that is, Friday the 29th instead of Saturday the 30th.

Further chapters of our absorbing story of the Golden West.

GIRL RIDER OF THE BLUE HILLS!



By
**DORIS
LESLIE**

FOR NEW READERS.

FAY THORNTON lives on the Flying H Ranch in Texas with her father, ROBERT THORNTON, and her two little brothers, Ted and Bobbie. The ranch is small and not too prosperous. Mr. Thornton is wounded by cattle thieves on the land of wealthy John Hampton, who owns a big neighbouring ranch and who is their enemy. Mr. Thornton is not seriously hurt, but people are whispering that he is really one of the men rustling cattle. Because they see in the Flying H ranch-house a saddle bag containing articles used by rustlers three of Mr. Thornton's cowboys leave. Fay goes after them to get them to come back. She saves the daughter of one of them—Lefty Mason—from danger. Lefty Mason says he will come back to the Flying H ranch. Just after this, however, Douglas Lessiter, a rather mysterious young Englishman, rides up with the disturbing news that the big water-hole which the Flying H cattle use is drying up.

(Now read on.)

The Problem of the Water-Hole!

THE water-hole drying up, Douglas! Oh, gee, but—but what—

And then Fay Thornton's incredulous voice trailed off. In gathering dismay, she stared at the young Englishman.

"I—I'm sorry," said Douglas Lessiter quietly. "Yes—it's drying up! I've kept it from your dad. Didn't want to worry him again, you know!"

Mystery fellow though Douglas was—baffling though his attitude towards her had always been in the past—there was no mistaking his sympathy now.

"I suppose that's rather grim, isn't it, old thing?" he asked quietly.

Fay, lips compressed, slowly nodded. Grim, indeed! That water-hole was the main source of supply for the cattle on the Flying H Ranch, and if it dried up completely the herd would perish.

"I reckon it can be a whole heap serious," she said, and went into the simple details for the benefit of Douglas' tenderfoot mind.

Then abruptly she gripped his arm. "Douglas!" she exclaimed. "We must ride straight back to the ranch! Something's simply got to be done—quickly! You wait here!" she added, turning away. "I'll tell Lefty!"

A trim, efficient, and yet most attractive figure in her typical cow-girl clothes, Fay sprinted across the valley to Lefty Mason's little shack that nestled at the foot of the hills.

Her young brothers, Bobbie and Ted, were frolicking with little Tina Mason.

"Cooeece, Aunty Fay!" Tina cried, as Fay hurried past. "Is you comin' to play with us?"

"Not now, darling. Later, maybe!"

Fay smiled, swerved so that she could playfully tweak Tina's round little nose and pat her own brothers' heads, and then made for Lefty Mason, who was tending his vegetable patch.

Lefty's good-humoured grin vanished when he heard about the water-hole. Yesterday, believing her father was a rustler, he had left their employment. But to-day, ashamed of himself for

For the sake of the little Flying H Ranch, Fay meant to make the big charity event a huge success. But her rival, Lucille Hampton, was equally determined that she should fail.

harbouring such suspicions, and fervently grateful to his boss' daughter for having saved his only child from certain death, he was the old loyal, pally helper again, more friend than employee.

"Doggone it!" he growled. "That's sure bad news, Miss Fay!"

But Fay, troubled though she was, did not intend to worry too much until she was actually on the spot. Besides, an idea was already taking shape at the back of her mind.

"You come on later, Lefty, will you?" she said. "Bring Ted and Bobbie with you. They'll be better out of the way until we've looked into things. But don't make it later'n mid-morning; we'll need all the help we can get if an idea of mine has to be made use of."

"O.K.," said Lefty. "An' I'll pick up Jim Orr, too. I know he'll come

back." He touched his stetson, then impulsively grasped her hand. "Thanks—thanks again a heap for what you did for Tina, Miss Fay!"

Fay smiled at him, and then strode to the little corral. Starlight, her pony, greeted her with a delighted whinny. His injured leg was better now, still showing the cut, of course, but the lameness had gone. Fay, mounting, rode towards where Douglas waited on the back of the fine thoroughbred chestnut which he had borrowed from Hampton, with whom he was staying.

"Bye-bye, boys!" Fay called. She waved her wide-brimmed hat as she passed the children. "Lefty's bringing you back later, so you'll have time for a game. Bye-bye, Tina!"

"Bye-bye, sis!"—from nine-year-old Ted.

"Goo'-bye, Aunty Fay!"—from diminutive, rosy-cheeked Tina.

While from Bobbie, six years of age—all golden curls, chubbiness, and impish fondness for imitating the cow-boys—came a long-drawn-out:

"Yiiiiip-peeceeee!"

Together Fay and Douglas cantered away across the valley.

They rode in silence for a time until Fay, who had been thinking, and occasionally glancing at Douglas out of the corner of her eyes, noting the ease with which he rode his horse, suddenly said:

"Douglas, I want you to tell me something. You're not such a tenderfoot as you seem. No," she said, as he registered surprise. "For one thing, you're ridin' like an expert, and only the other day you could hardly stay put in a saddle!"

Douglas' eyes twinkled.

"All right," he said quietly. "Go on."

"And you're up to something queer, Douglas," Fay resumed. "I've known that, I guess, for quite a while, ever since I caught you spyin' on daddy!"

He looked at her steadily.

"I'll admit I've been behaving queerly," he said. "I'm behaving queerly now, helping you when I'm a guest of John Hampton, your biggest enemy. I'm afraid I can't explain why I'm doing all that, but I can say this, old thing—I'm your friend; I'm your father's friend. Will you believe that?"

Fay looked at him, steadily, wonderingly.

"Why, sure—sure I believe it! And thanks a whole lot!" she said then, gripping hands.

It was a far happier Fay who rode on from that point. She liked Douglas—had always liked him. It'd be swell having him for a friend.

They were on the dusty, winding trail, about three miles from the Flying H, when they encountered a party of womenfolk, driving towards Redland Gulch in a buggy. Fay, remembering how often she had been snubbed by old acquaintances since suspicion had branded daddy, was prepared for her smile to be returned with sniffs and turned heads.

But—no! The buggy reined in. The women began talking to her, all at once. Fay's eyes widened. The story of her adventure with Tina had already spread, and these folk wanted to congratulate and praise her—wanted to shake her by the hand.

"Why, gee, it—it wasn't anything much!" she gasped happily. "I was just lucky to be there, I guess!"

"You're too modest, my dear," said one of the women. She beamed. "But you're just the person we've been wanting to see. You know 'bout the social an' show we're holding this week, of course?"

"Why, sure!" said Fay, nodding, and looked at them inquiringly.

Truth to tell, she'd almost forgotten about it; there had been so much else to occupy her mind. But every year, after the rodeo, and while some of the visitors for that event were still in the neighbourhood, Redland Gulch held a social. At least, it was called a social, whereas it took the form of social-cum-concert-cum-dance-cum-everything else. And the proceeds were devoted to the orphanage at Ainsworth, the nearest important town.

"Waal, Fay," the woman went on, "you made a mighty fine job of running the affair last year, an' so we want you to do it again. Will you?"

Fay's cheeks reddened.

"Why, of course!" she said breathlessly. "I—I'd love to!"

"Then we'll expect you at the meeting, in the School House, at three this afternoon," was the smiling reply. "Until then, dear."

The buggy, creaking and lurching, went past. Radiant-faced, Fay resumed her ride with Douglas.

Gee, but it was grand to know how folks' attitudes had already changed! And just because she had done something that any decent girl would have done. She'd make the social a tremendous success, too. The bigger success it was, the greater would be the glory reflected upon her—and daddy! For daddy's sake, she'd make it something which Redland Gulch would never forget.

But first of all, also for daddy's sake, there was a far more urgent problem to be tackled. The water-hole.

Side by side, she and Douglas continued along the trail, and, reaching the Flying H, went in via the yard and immediately rode down to inspect the damage.

The four remaining cowboys were there—a glum, grim-faced little group—with the long-legged foreman, Tiny Shaw, seeming more melancholy than ever. Mr. Thornton was absent. Having been assured of Fay's safety, he had, as she correctly guessed, gone off to investigate the photo of a rustler which they had found some time ago.

Gravely, Fay greeted the men; tight-lipped, she looked at the once deep, clear pond. A startling drop in the water-level had taken place since last night.

Daddy didn't know about this—yet. It would be better if he were kept in ignorance, at least until plans for putting things right were under way.

Suddenly, she looked up.

"I know where we'll get more water!" she cried. "From the creek!" And she pointed to a stream that ran through the land some quarter of a mile away.

"But th' stream's too narrow, an' the banks are too deep, Miss Fay!" objected Tiny, more gloomy than ever.

"I didn't say the steer'd drink out of the stream," Fay pointed out. "I said that's where we'd get the water. We'll dig a canal to this hole, an' then there'll be no more danger of this sort of thing!"

Everyone was enthusiastic enough, but Douglas thought of one objection.

"A topping wheeze, Fay," he declared. "But it'll mean the dickens of a lot of work!" He frowned. "If only we could get help—some experienced labourers, you know—I think we'd do it safely enough, and in time, though it'd be a near thing even then."

"If I hear of any men going free I'll rope them in," Fay said thoughtfully.

"And I'll make inquiries, too!" Douglas promised.

Fay nodded. The cattle wouldn't be able to hold out for more than a couple of days. By then they'd be frantic with thirst.

Douglas and the cowboys set to with a will. Tools were brought from the outhouses, and work commenced at once. When Lefty Mason arrived with Bobbie and Ted, and Jim Orr—one of the punchers who had left the ranch—he and Jim plunged in straight away. Even the youngsters lent a hand shovelling away earth.

Came dinner-time. Fay, having prepared a substantial meal at the ranch-house, took it down to the scene of activity in the buggy. Already a fair-sized trench had been dug between the water-hole and the stream, but it seemed negligible considering what had to be done before the work was through.

Returning to the ranch, she saddled Starlight, and took the winding trail to Redland Gulch, and the social meeting. As she rode, her mind worked actively.

One thing puzzled her. Why had the water-hole so suddenly started to dry up? It was, she knew, fed by a subterranean stream which, rising somewhere in the Blue Hills, several miles away, passed through Hampton's land on its way to the water-hole—actually emerging above ground for a short distance in one of his valleys. The whole thing seemed just inexplicable.

Anyway, Douglas & Co. were feverishly battling with that task. It was up to her to see that her own task, the social, brought not only happiness to Redland Gulch, not only happiness and relief to the little inmates of the orphanage, but also the restoration of the good name of Thornton, her name—daddy's name!

The town was well filled with people; people who greeted her in the old, friendly manner. Joyfully, she approached the single story wooden schoolhouse. She tethered Starlight to one of the wooden rails, and was passing a group of men on her way to the gate when she recognised the voice of one of them.

She turned her head, her lips tightening. It was John Hampton himself. A big-built man, with a dark, swarthy face and a jet-black moustache, he was grinning amiably at the crowd of punchers who surrounded him.

"Yuh certainly did a mighty fine job with that dynamiting, boys," he was saying quietly. "A pity it stampeded my own steers, but reckon I can afford to lose a few hundred head if Thornton's broken! And he'll be broken, sure enough, with no water. He'll lose all his steers. An' the joke of it is he'll never know that a little dynamite set off on my land, just where that stream poked its nose into view, was the reason his water-hole went bust!"

Fay stopped. Her eyes blazed. So that was it! The drying-up of the water-hole was no accident, after all. Hampton had deliberately dynamited the source of supply!

Fay in Command!

STILL unaware of Fay's presence, Hampton gave a lazy salute to his henchmen, grinned, and watched them as, guffawing heartily at their own unscrupulous actions, they ambled off down the side-walk. Then, turning, he found himself face to face with Fay!

And Fay's expression, the set of her chin, told him the truth—that she had overheard. He started, then swiftly recovered himself.

"Oh, good-afternoon, Miss Thornton!" he said, doffing his hat. His dark eyes scanned her face, shifty, uncertain, like his flickering smile. "You've had a spot of trouble, I hear. Water-hole dried up."

Fay ignored both his greeting and his remarks.

"That was a pretty low trick of yours, Mr. Hampton," she said.

"Trick? Of mine? My dear Miss Thornton, I'm afraid I don't get you."

Special Announcement

YOUR PROPELLING PENCIL

**is now ready
Send In Your Gift Voucher
and Remittance At Once**

Your pencil is waiting. This week gift token No. 6 appears and readers who started collecting tokens from No. 1 will be able to complete their Gift Vouchers which together with cash remittance should be sent in immediately. Do not delay. All pencils will be sent out in strict rotation and if you want yours quickly you must apply AT ONCE.

Readers who started to collect tokens from No. 2 must wait one more week until they have collected six consecutive tokens.

Send Voucher and Remittance to:

**The SCHOOLGIRL,
Presentation Dept.,
(G.P.O. Box No. 184a),
Cobb's Court, Broadway,
London, E.C.4.**

"Dynamiting the source of someone's water supply is a mighty rotten thing to do," Fay went on, just as though there had been no interruption, "especially when a man knows it may mean ruin to someone else."

"Are you suggesting—" Hampton began, getting rather red.

"I'm not suggesting at all!" Fay cried angrily. "I know! You blew up that stream so that we'd have no water—because you hate daddy; because you've always wanted to buy our ranch. But you'll never drive us off!"

A final flash of her eyes, and then, breathing a little heavily, but apparently at perfect ease with herself, Fay passed into the schoolhouse.

Hampton, scowling, stared after her. "What's wrong, father?" suddenly asked a voice at his elbow.

"Oh, it's you, Lucille!" he growled, turning to face his daughter. "Huh! That Thornton girl, confound it. Lucille, she knows about that dynamiting! Yes. Heard me talkin' to some of the boys. That's bad enough. But they're making her a heroine in that hall! The whole darn town's talking about what she did for that Mason kid!"

Lucille, smiling, lifted heavily-plucked eyebrows. She was a pretty blonde, fashionably dressed in the most immaculate cut riding-clothes, but for all her attractiveness there was something hard and unpleasant about her.

"Leave Fay Thornton to me, father," she said, patting his arm. "I haven't come to this tin-pot meeting for nothing. I'm going to have a say in the social. And this is quite a good opportunity of doing that and removing some of the glamour from brave, clever little Fay!"

And Lucille Hampton elegantly made her way into the hall.

By that time the meeting was already in progress. For Fay, it was a gloriously thrilling affair. They elected her chairwoman at once, and, seated at the head of the table, with paper and pencil before her, she was soon putting forward ideas and suggestions.

Then Lucille Hampton entered. Fay stared. She was frankly surprised to see the girl, and by no means pleased, but she contented herself with the reflection that if Hampton's daughter genuinely wanted to help the good cause—well, she'd be welcome.

Fay soon discovered Lucille's real purpose. Instantly, the girl proved obstructive, raising objections and counter-proposals to almost everything Fay suggested. But she took care to adopt a most bewitchingly eager-to-help attitude.

In spite of Lucille, however, the meeting approved the programme Fay drew up for a concert, her suggestion for a flag day, with the sale of home-made flags of various colours; and her plans for a jumble sale, each of these separate affairs to be organised by a special sub-committee.

Lucille was seething with chagrin when Fay rose to make her final proposal.

Eyes asparkle, she surveyed the crowded room.

"And now for my last suggestion, and one that I do hope you'll like," she said. "All our other schemes will only bring in just a peck of money. Even the flag day won't raise a lot—if it had to rely on the folk of this town alone. But this other idea of mine," she went on with gathering enthusiasm, "will fetch folk in from all the towns within half a day's ride."

"Waal, what is it, Miss Fay?" cried Mrs. Gribbin eagerly.



"I KNOW Fay Thornton's been running this meeting, and running it all her own way," cried Lucille. "Well, it's about time someone else had a say!" From the head of the table Fay stared rather angrily at her rival. She knew Lucille was merely out to score off her.

"This," said Fay excitedly. "The Siege of the Laceys—all over again!"

What a stir! Everyone sat up, even Lucille, waiting expectantly.

And Fay did not disappoint them. Swiftly she began to explain. "The Siege of the Laceys" was legendary local history, a Texan epic of heroism and fortitude which had taken place in the "bad old" eighteen hundreds. A family named Lacey had been besieged in their ranch by Redskins, and for twelve hours they had held the attackers at bay. Just as help arrived, the ranch had burst into flames.

Fay's idea took her hearers' breaths away. It was stupendous! Nothing less than a reconstruction of that epic, with the folk of Redland Gulch playing the parts of the heroic little family and the savage Redskins.

"Gosh, but it'll bring folk from miles around!" cried Mrs. Gribbin.

"It'll be th' biggest money-raisin' stunt we've ever seen!"

"And—and," Fay burst out again, flushed by the rapturous reception the suggestion had earned, "it needn't mean a lot of trouble. We can hire Redskin costumes from the man who supplied them for the rodeo, and we can stage the whole show on the same field, chargin' for admission. The orphanage ought to have a small fortune when we're through!"

Everybody was wildly excited now. This was the brain-wave of a life-time. Then somebody wanted to know about the ranch-house necessary for Fay's idea.

That was the opportunity for which Lucille had been hoping. Her eyes gleamed. At last a chance to take some credit to herself; a chance to enhance her own prestige.

"I've thought of that," she said promptly. "I know some men who'll build a really excellent model ranch, and corral, and so on, quite reasonably. They're the labourer chaps from Ainsworth who helped with the rodeo, and haven't gone back yet. I'll fix things with them."

"Great idea!" everybody enthused—everyone except Fay, who thoughtfully tapped her pencil against her chin.

"Just a moment, Lucille," she said

quietly. "What do you mean by reasonably?"

"Oh, a hundred or a hundred and twenty dollars should cover everything," was the reply.

"A hundred or a hundred and twenty dollars?" Fay echoed. She whistled. "That'd be a mighty big lump out of our profits. We'll have to pay for the hire of the rodeo field an' the Redskin costumes as it is. I know how we can save that money."

Lucille's lips thinned. This was her last chance of winning a little glory herself, and Fay Thornton wasn't going to rob her of it.

"Indeed?" she said, her eyes flashing.

"Yes," said Fay. "By using an old shed from our ranch. I've some fencing, too, the sort you roll up, and both of them could be shipped into town on a cart by three or four men in next to no time—and at no cost. And it won't matter when they're set on fire at the end," she added.

"But I don't see why we shouldn't have something better than a shed," Lucille objected. "Why spoil things for the sake of a few dollars?"

"Because the dollars aren't ours to play with!" Fay returned evenly.

"We shan't have any dollars at all if we're going to use make-shift things," Lucille snapped. She got to her feet, addressing the meeting. "I stand by my proposal, so there! I know Fay Thornton's been running this meeting, and running it all her own way," she cried, gesturing towards Fay. "Well!" Her eyes smouldered. "It's about time someone else had a say! I don't believe in doing things crudely. No one will be imaginative enough to believe some old, broken-down shed is a ranch-house, even if we tell them it is. You know my proposal. I put it to the vote. Do you agree with it or not?"

Uncertainly, the meeting exchanged looks. Fay's heart beat queerly, for she could tell that Lucille had impressed most of them. And Lucille's proposal must not be carried. Oh, Fay didn't care whether or not she was scored off by the daughter of her father's enemy. That wasn't the point. The thing was that the orphanage would be robbed of quite a large sum

of money if Lucille's suggestion went through.

"A moment, please—all of you!" Fay exclaimed, and pushed back her chair.

A Surprise Accusation!

"I'M sorry to disagree with Miss Hampton, folks," Fay began, "but this is my point. We can draw just as many people with something that's not very elaborate. We're working for the orphanage, as well as for our own entertainment, don't forget, and even something that's crude, as Miss Hampton calls it, won't spoil that, I'm sure. It's up to us to spend as little as we can. That's all."

She sat down. Lucille sneered. But when a vote was taken the largest show of hands was for Fay, and Lucille strove desperately to hide her chagrin behind a smile of indifference.

That was virtually the end of the business. The meeting soon broke up, after arrangements had been made for a further gathering that evening.

Radiant-faced, Fay lingered to complete her notes.

"Gee, everything's turning out wonderfully," she was musing, when a shadow fell across the table.

Sharply she looked up. Instinctively she tensed. Lucille Hampton stood beside her, lips set, eyes burning.

"Well, you've got your own way—at the moment," she said, then passed on, out of the room.

But there was something in the steely tone of her voice which, even more than her expression, brought a strange presentiment to Fay. Lucille meant to level the score at the earliest opportunity.

Thoughtfully, Fay stared after the girl; then, with a shrug, she gathered up her papers. Oh, well, let Lucille do her worst!

"WHY, GEE!" Fay cried, in delight and astonishment. "I sure never figured on you boys getting as

far as this! And a mighty good job you've made of it, too!"

It was on hour later, and Fay, having helped load the old shed and rolled up fencing on to a cart, stood at Douglas' side, inspecting the work down on the range. Little wonder she was astounded, for simply amazing progress had been made, and a super canal, flanked by boards, constructed for a distance of nearly a hundred yards. A quarter of the work already completed!

Douglas, grimy, wiped the back of a hand across his forehead, and then pointed to one end of the canal, where several men were busily digging, while the youngsters, Bobbie and Ted, shovelled the earth out of the way.

"Don't thank me, old thing!" Douglas grinned. "Thank those chaps—the three on this side of the trench. They know this sort of work. I hired them just after you'd left!"

Fay shaded her eyes from the blazing sun and stared at the trio; then she jumped. They were the self-same men from Ainsworth, whom Lucille had wished to employ for the show. And they were working like Trojans.

"Oh, Doug, that's swell!" she cried, gripping his arm. "And you—you reckon we'll be able to get it all finished in time?"

Douglas frowned, hesitated, bit his lip, and finally nodded.

"Well, yes, I think we shall, Fay," he declared; "only it'll be an awfully close call, and if anything goes wrong, it might ruin everything. But, barring accidents, I don't see why we shouldn't win through."

Fay pressed his arm, waved to her young brothers, went over and chatted to the Ainsworth men for a few minutes, finding them polite, but taciturn, and then rode back to the ranch-house.

Everything going magnificently. And yet any delay, any hindrance, any set-back from now onwards might prove disastrous. Already the cattle herd was restless. A temporary pond had been dug near the stream for them to slake their thirst in the meanwhile, but only a few could drink at a time, and that meant Tiny and the cowboys had to abandon their work on the canal to shepherd each batch of animals to the pond.

But, despite her consciousness of the dangers that menaced their efforts, Fay was radiantly happy. Just one other little qualm she experienced. She spoke to her father about it when he returned from his trip. That was how they were to pay the men's wages. But her father, chuckling as if at some secret of his own, declared the money side of the job was safe.

"It's mighty fine of that Lessiter guy to help us like this," Thornton went on. "And, honey"—he put an arm about her—"I'm proud of the way you saved little Tina Mason."

"Oh, I was lucky, daddy!" she said, smiling at him happily. "Now come, an' have a bite to eat. You look awful hungry!"

She pressed him into his chair; she helped remove his heavy riding-boots; she saw that he had everything he wanted, including pipe and tobacco to follow the meal. And then, filling several basins with food, she loaded them on to the buggy, and took them down to Douglas & Co.

Time simply flew after that—she had so much to attend to. It wasn't until

she had fetched Bobbie and Ted back to the ranch-house for a rest after their exertions that she was able to snatch a hurried meal herself.

Then, that finished and cleared away, it was time to ride into Redland Gulch for the second meeting at the schoolhouse.

She had a word with Douglas before cutting off to the trail. Even further progress had been made, but the men looked exhausted, and Fay insisted that they should rest in shifts.

"Oh, Fay," said Douglas, as she was about to ride off, "I don't like to ask any favours of you, but do you think there'd be room for me in your bunk-house?"

Fay's eyes widened. "You—you mean you want to sleep with th' cowboys? But I—I thought you—I mean Hampton. You're stayin' with him, an'—an'—"

"After this?" asked Douglas, with a quizzical smile. "Not on your life! I've done with Hampton, and I told him so. Of course, if there isn't room, I—"

"Gee, there's room right enough!" Fay cried. "And the boys'll be just as glad to have you as dad and I. Oh, gee, that's swell! You're really one of us."

It was a happy Fay who rode down to Redland Gulch for that evening's meeting of the social committee. She smiled a greeting as she entered, and then experienced the strangest of premonitions at what she saw.

Everyone else was present, including Lucille Hampton, and, without exception, everyone was regarding her with displeasure. Fay, taking her seat amid a tense silence, surveyed face after face.

"What's the matter now?" she asked quietly.

Lucille sprang to her feet. "You ought to ask that, Fay Thornton!" she cried, her eyes blazing. "That shed you tried to palm us off with—so rotten that it fell to pieces as it was being taken out of the lorry."

Fay just stared. She was astonished, incredulous. Why, this couldn't be true! The shed had been in perfect condition when it left her; strong enough to withstand any amount of ordinary wear and tear. And so was the fencing.

"But—but that's absurd, I guess!" she began. "Are you sure—"

"Is it true you've got those three labourers from Ainsworth working for you?" cried a voice from the back of the school-room.

"Why, yes!" Fay's heart began to beat wildly. "But what's that got to do with it?"

"Everything!" snapped Lucille, her eyes aglow with malicious triumph. "You voted against employing them for the social, didn't you? And why? I'll tell you why! You wouldn't use them for the social, and you palmed us off with a broken-down old shed that wasn't any good in order to keep us quiet—just so that you could collar the men yourself. And I think it's the meanest, most despicable trick I've ever heard!" she ended hotly.

"Hear, hear!" came an angry, contemptuous chorus.

A SHOCK for Fay—and mystery, too. How did the shed and fencing come to collapse? These are questions she sets about discovering the answers to in next week's instalment.

Call in the 'DOC'



—and the rest of the 7 dwarfs, for an exciting evening with SNOW WHITE, the grand new card game founded on the famous Walt Disney film.

By permission
Walt Disney-Mickey
Mouse Ltd.



Pepys
Series
Sold by every good
Stationer and Store.
Published by
Castell Bros., Ltd.,
London & Glasgow.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

S.C.L. 6