

Meet VALERIE DREW, the Famous Girl Detective, Inside

THE SCHOOLGIRL

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Incorporating
"SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN"



A STOWAWAY FOR THE NEXT AEROPLANE TRIP!

Mysterious Jemima Carstairs
is more mysterious than ever
in the long holiday story
of the Cliff House chums
inside.

A Further Grand Long Complete Story of the Cliff House chums on holiday.



JEMIMA versus the TREASURE—

The Unseen Passenger!



"HALLO, here comes the plane!" Barbara Redfern cried, her blue eyes dancing. "Wonder how Clara and Jimmy are enjoying the trip?"

"They're loving it, I should say," Mabel Lynn replied. "Susan, pass the jam, there's a dear!"

Picnic tea under the brilliant sky of the hottest day in August was in progress on the broad golden sands at Pinebay.

Eight girls at the moment were helping to consume that picnic, and six of those were Barbara Redfern, Mabel Lynn, Bessie Bunter, Janet Jordan, Leila Carroll, and Marjorie Hazeldene of the Fourth Form at Cliff House School.

With them were two who did not belong to Cliff House School. One was Lorna Bayford, the friend they had made at Pinebay Holiday Camp, where they were all thoroughly enjoying a most crowded holiday. The other was Barbara's own madcap, fiery-haired cousin, Susan Tempest.

Susan, whom Babs had not seen for months, had arrived in her usual bolt-from-the-blue fashion yesterday with the calm announcement that she was going to spend the rest of the summer vacation at Pinebay Holiday Camp.

Genuinely pleased were Babs & Co. to see her, for, despite Susan's utter recklessness and her sometimes very hot temper, she was one of those girls one couldn't help but like. Wherever Susan was there also was bound to be gaiety and adventure

Her freckled cheeks dimpled now as she passed the jam, mischievously spilling some of it into unsuspecting Mabs' tea. But her eyes, for all her mischief, were eagerly on the black shape which was flashing through the sky.

It was the small cabin monoplane which, arriving that morning together with the holiday camp's brand-new speedboat, was now giving holiday camp members a flip to Channel Island and back for the sum of five shillings. Except for Susan, Babs, and plump Bessie Bunter, they had all enjoyed a flip.

"Here they come!" Susan said. "Babs to be one of the next two to

tea to her lips at that moment the result was unfortunate.

"Phoo! Oh, crumbs! Susan, you idiot, I've nearly dud-drowned myself!"

"Good for the complexion—tea!" Susan chuckled. "Hallo, the plane's coming down!"

And up she jumped as the monoplane came soaring over the cliffs on which the holiday camp was situated in a graceful bank, gliding towards the broad sands. They saw its undercarriage touch the sand, and, without a bump, the machine taxied towards them and came to rest twenty yards away. Out stepped the pilot.

"Mr. Shaw, I'm next!" Susan cried, dancing towards him. "Hallo, Clara! Hallo, Jimmy!" she added as the two passengers stepped out of the plane. "Enjoy the trip?"

"Tops!" Tomboy Clara Trevlyn grinned.

"Thrill of a jolly old lifetime—what?" Jemima Carstairs—known as "Jimmy" to her friends—observed, and nodded genially at Susan, and then, adjusting her inevitable monocle, beamed at Basil Shaw, the exceedingly good-looking young pilot. "Pretty nifty, the way you handle that craft, Mr. Shaw," she observed.

He laughed. "Thanks for the compliment, Miss Carstairs; but it's my job, you see." "Quite—quite," Jemima beamed.

"What cheer, Babs?" she added, as Babs, with her great chum, Mabel Lynn, came up. "Having tea—what? Just what the merry old medicine-man ordered. Perchance, Mr. Shaw, you will take a spot of the refreshing nectar with us before attempting the next hazardous excursion?" she ventured.

"Thank you—I'd like to," Babs

By

HILDA RICHARDS

Illustrated by T. LAIDLER

go up, girls. As a matter of fact," she added, "I don't know which I'm more keen on—the flip or the island. I haven't told you yet about the little surprise I've got up my sleeve concerning the island, have I, Babs?"

"No. What is it?" Barbara asked. "Ah!" said Susan, and roguishly winked. "Something big—something colossal—something," she added mysteriously, "which will make you hold your breath! But I want to see the island first. Until I've seen the island, not a word! Whoa, Bessie, duck your head!" she shrieked as the plane came roaring above them.

There was no need for Bessie Bunter to duck her head really, but the plump duffer who always acted on instructions, promptly did so. As she was in the act of conveying a cup of

It stars that most intriguing and baffling of characters, Jemima Carstairs.



Shaw smiled. "But first I must report to the manager's office—be back in ten minutes," he promised cheerily.

And, touching his helmet, he strode away. Susan looked after him and sighed.

"Jolly good-looking, isn't he?" she breathed.

"Just too-too!" Jemima agreed. "Pretty clever laddie all round. Came from London, didn't he?"

"Yes," Susan said.

"Great friend of yours?" Jemima observed idly.

"Friend?" Susan stared a little. "You know jolly well I never met him until this morning. Why should you say he's a great friend of mine?"

"Nothing—nothing," Jemima said dreamily. "Just one of my usual inane and idle observations, what? Still, tea for this little girl. Ahem! Er—just a minute, Susan! Wouldst mind, fair one, if I looked at your right ear?"

Susan stared.

"Bother it, what's the matter with my right ear?"

"Just one little peep?" Jemima urged.

Impatiently, a trifle irritably, Susan turned round so that her right ear was presented for Jemima's inspection. Babs blinked a little, wondering what particular little bee Jemima had in her bonnet now.

Jemima often said silly things, and often made the oddest of requests without apparent reason. But Babs—who knew Jemima as well as it was possible for any other human being to know her, knew that in Jemima's most inane remarks was a hidden significance, and

in Jemima's most ridiculous requests some keen motive.

Odd girl—very. No wonder, at Cliff House, she was known as the most puzzling girl in the Fourth Form. To most people who met her for the first time, Jemima appeared as a burbling fool.

Susan, who met Jemima only very infrequently, was rather inclined to be irritated by her.

Earnestly, Jemima stared at her ear, then lightly touched the little mole

And Jemima, swinging her monocle on its cord, cheerfully led the way forward. Susan, however, looked strangely at Babs.

"I suppose that girl really is all there?" she asked. "Blessed if she doesn't put the wind up me sometimes! Hallo, here comes Mr. Shaw again!"

Basil Shaw, the handsome pilot, it was. With an athletic stride he came down the cliff path from the holiday camp.

"Back sooner than I expected," he

Susan Tempest, Barbara Redfern's madcap cousin, meant to have the time of her life at the holiday camp. There was certainly every opportunity, especially as there was a treasure hunt in the offing. But that strange girl, Jemima Carstairs, apparently had other ideas. On the surface it seemed that "Jimmy's" one object in life had suddenly become the spoiling of Susan's holiday. But Barbara knew Jimmy; knew there must be something big behind that girl's amazing actions.

which showed beneath it. She nodded as if satisfied.

"All correct," she said cheerily.

"What's all correct?" Susan asked impatiently.

"The mole," Jemima blandly explained.

"You mean you just wanted to look at my mole?" Susan said.

"That's it, old fruit."

"But you knew all along I had a mole!"

"That's right!" Jemima agreed heartily. "Just wanted to make sure it was under the right ear, you see. Let us now hurry to the festive board."

said cheerily. "That's all fixed. Now we can have tea, eh? And I must say it looks delicious. Miss Tempest, may I have the honour of sitting next to you?"

"Yes, rather!" Susan laughed. "Move up, Bessiekins! Here we are, Mr. Shaw. Babs, a cushion for Mr. Shaw. Tea there, Leila? And buck up, slowcoach! Mr. Shaw," she added eagerly, "what's that island out to sea like—the one called Channel Island?"

"Well—" He looked at her. "Just any old island. Trees, bushes, and things, you know!"

"And old ruins?" Susan asked.

"Matter of fact, I believe there are some."

"Oh, good!" Susan laughed again. "Have a sandwich, Mr. Shaw? How long will it take to get there by plane?"

"About ten minutes. You seem very interested in the island, Miss Tempest?" the pilot murmured.

"I am—fearfully. So will you all be when I tell you what I've got on my mind. Something about that island—but rats! I'm not going to say—yet! Wait till I've seen the island, that's all!"

"Come on, tell us!" Janet Jordan urged.

"No, just wait! More tea, Mr. Shaw?"

In a merry buzz of chatter tea progressed.

A pleasant meal in all truth, that tea was, with Susan bubblingly excited—with Basil Shaw a really delightful and interesting companion. Very attracted towards Basil Shaw were all the girls, and he for his part seemed to like them. To-morrow morning, he said, they would have surf-riding out in the bay, and perhaps, if the manager agreed, he would take them all out for a fishing trip on the brand new speedboat in the afternoon. For Shaw, apart from piloting the plane, was also the pilot of the boat.

"And now," he said, when at last the meal was finished, "for work again. This will be my tenth and last flight to the island before packing up for the night. And that reminds me," he added, with sudden anxiety. "I must have a look at my petrol before we start. Got a bit of an idea I'm running low!"

"Oh, but—" Jemima said.

"But what, Miss Carstairs?"

"Ahem! Did I speak?" Jemima asked in some slight confusion. "Sorry to interrupt. Take no notice. Who's washing up?" she added, as Basil Shaw rose.

Bessie and Mabs were washing up—those two already having enjoyed a flip. And leaving Bessie and Mabs to execute that duty, the others, led by eager Susan, scampered across to the plane. As they came up, however, Basil Shaw ruefully shook his head.

"I say, I'm fearfully sorry—" he began.

"Don't say you've run out of juice?" Susan cried.

"No—not exactly. But the gauge is pretty well down. I've just about enough to do one trip—but I'm afraid it will have to be a trip with only one passenger!"

"Oh!"

"Sorry! But I can take one of you, if you like," he added.

Susan looked at Babs, and Babs at Susan. Then Babs nodded.

"All right, then, take Susan," she said.

"But, Babs—"

"No, Susan. I'll go to-morrow," Babs said. "Anyway, you've got a special reason for wanting to see the island—perhaps, afterwards, you mysterious old ninny, you'll tell us what bee you've got in your bonnet. Right, Mr. Shaw, it's Susan who goes!" she added cheerily. "Eh? What did you say, Jimmy?"

For Jemima, standing beside her, had made some rather inaudible remark. She shook her head now as Babs turned her eyes upon her.

"Risky—what?" Jemima said.

"Risky? How can it be risky if we're not both going?"

"That's it. Just it. Well, well, never mind. Listen not to the burblings that pour from my rosebud lips.

Hallo!" Jemima cried, suddenly starting. "Look at that!"

Everybody had jerked round at the same instant. Farther along the beach had come a sudden ominous rumbling sound like far-away thunder, and now, as they watched, a great portion of the cliff broke away from the face and went crashing and clattering on to the beach. Such falls of cliff were common hereabouts.

"Say, nobody was near that, were they?" Leila Carroll asked anxiously.

"No, I don't think so," Babs said. "Making a pretty big hole in the cliff there, isn't it? Good time to look for fossils, eh, Jimmy?" she added, turning towards Jemima again, and then blinked.

For of Jemima, who a moment or two ago had stood by her elbow, there was now no sign.

"Where did Jimmy go?" she asked of Susan.

"Didn't see," Susan replied. "Was watching the old landslide. Babs, you're sure you wouldn't like to go instead?" she questioned.

"Goose, of course not!" Babs laughed, and gave her a little push. "Go on now!"

Susan beamed. She had already drawn a flying helmet on to her head. Then, as Basil Shaw courteously held the tiny door open for her, she stepped into the first passenger's seat behind the cockpit. Her eyes were dancing then. Whoops, this was going to be fun!

The plane was one of the two-passenger variety, the two passengers sitting behind each other.

Basil Shaw started the engine, and while the machine throbbed and whistled, he fastened the chin-strap of his helmet and then climbed into the front seat. He looked round with a grin.

"O.K., Miss Tempest?" he shouted. "Fine! Bye-bye, girls!" she added, gaily waving an arm.

"Good trip!" called back Babs. "Whoops! Stand away, girls!"—as the monoplane roared away over the sand and their gay holiday clothes fluttered in the slip stream.

Swiftly the plane climbed. Susan laughed as the machine circled around, heading now for the open sea. This was grand!

"Like it?" called Shaw.

"Love it!" Susan shouted back.

"How high are we?"

"Six hundred feet!"

"Lovely! Make it a thousand!"

Up, up they climbed, and Susan, peering through the little window at her side, beamed in sheer delight. Down there lay the rugged little Albatross Island. Farther away, clearly visible from the height they had attained, the long, thickly wooded circle which was Channel Island. Eagerly, intently, Susan stared towards that.

"That's the island!" she cried.

"Yes, that's it! I remember it now. Whoops! What fun we're going to have! Mr. Shaw," she yelled recklessly, "can you loop the loop?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on, do it—please!"

Shaw, in the front, shook his head. He turned to point out that it was impossible to loop the loop unless they were both securely strapped in. And as he turned a surprising thing happened.

For behind Susan's seat a figure bobbed up. Shaw's eyes widened.

"Miss Carstairs!" he cried.

"Jemima!" Susan shrieked, turning at the same time.

Jemima Carstairs it was! Jemima obviously had heard Susan's madcap

suggestion, and hastily revealed herself in case it might be put into action.

"Ahem! Sorry, but I felt bound to protest—what? Unfastened and insecure as I am, a loop of the loop might have been a spot dangerous! Still, here we are, all merry and bright. Surprised to see me, what, Susan?"

"Miss Carstairs, you know I can't carry three of us!" Shaw roared. "Now you've spoiled the trip. I'm turning back!"

"Mr. Shaw, no!" yelled Susan.

But the pilot, with a rather grim, angry look on his face, was already turning. The machine heeled to one side as he sharply banked. Susan glared bitterly back at Jemima, now sitting calmly in her seat.

"You—you awful, selfish thing!" she quivered. "You would ruin everything! What do you mean by spoiling my trip to the island?"

Was Jemima Being Spiteful?



"HALLO, hallo!"

Clara Trevlyn cried. "Look, here's the plane

again! They're back already!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Barbara Redfern. "And look who's in it besides Susan and Mr. Shaw!"

"Jimmy!"

The chums on the beach at Pinebay stared wonderingly up at the descending monoplane.

"Guess she must have stowed herself away!" Leila Carroll breathed.

"And by the look of things spoiled Susan's trip," Clara said a little angrily. "What on earth made her do that?"

Babs shook her head puzzledly. Jemima, like the rest of them, had heard Basil Shaw's announcement about his petrol.

Jemima, even better than the rest of them, ought to have understood the danger attached to an overloaded plane, for Jemima's knowledge of aeroplanes and motor-cars and mechanics generally was considerable.

In bewildered curiosity they waited as the plane circled and, descending, taxied along and came to a standstill. Shaw himself was the first out. Susan, her face red with temper, turned furiously on Jemima as she stepped out of the plane.

Jemima, polishing her monocle, nodded genially to the chums.

"What cheer?" she greeted. "Nice little flip! Pretty short, though."

"You—you cheat!" Susan quivered.

"Ahem!"

"You did me out of my full trip!"

"Ahem!" Jemima coughed again.

"Sorry, old thing!"

"You know you had no right to stow-away!"

"Poor old misunderstood me!" Jemima sighed.

"I'm sorry I had to turn back," Shaw broke in. His face was stern.

"That was a dangerous prank of yours, Miss Carstairs," he added grimly.

"And, if I may say so, rather unsportsmanlike. I warned you clearly that it was dangerous to take two passengers."

With that he turned away.

"I think it was mean and beastly and selfish!" Susan choked. "You wanted to bag another ride and spoil my trip! Mr. Shaw," she added, "can't you get some more petrol and take me up now?"

"Fraid there wouldn't be time, Miss Tempest. Sorry and all that, but better luck next time perhaps," he added, with a look at Jemima. "Still, you did see the island, didn't you?"

"Yes, I saw it—from a whacking big distance!" Susan retorted.

"But you did say," Shaw pressed, "that it was the island?"

"Well, it looked like it," Susan admitted. "I can't be positively sure, though. It's not easy to recognise the real thing from an old chart."

"Chart?" Babs said interestedly. "Yes. Oh, I suppose I'd better tell you now! I wanted first to have a look round to make sure I was on the right track, that's all," Susan said, and she glared at Jemima, who was thoughtfully polishing her eyeglass. "The fact is, girls, I believe there's a hidden treasure on the island!"

"Susan, no?" Babs cried. "I said, I believe," Susan said cautiously. "Anyway, here's the story. Father had an old diary written by a captain who was in Sir Francis Drake's fleet when it chased the Spanish Armada, and in this diary is a plan of an unnamed island. The plan corresponds to Channel Island, and the particulars the captain gives also point to the fact that Channel Island is the island the diary describes. Anyway, cutting a long story short, the British drove a Spanish treasure ship on to the island in a fog—"

"I say, this sounds interesting!" Mabel Lynn of the golden hair interrupted. "You mean, the treasure may still be hidden on the island?"

"That's it. During the fog the Spaniards were supposed to have dumped it—where, nobody knows. There's no record of anyone having discovered the treasure, so it may be there. Anyway, it struck me that it would be fun having treasure hunts on the island."

"Jolly good fun!" Basil Shaw applauded. "And perhaps very profitable fun!"

"Golly, we must start to-morrow!" Babs cried.

In a moment the escapade in the aeroplane was forgotten as the chums fell to discussing details. To-morrow they would start the treasure hunt—and start in real earnest. The question was, how to get to the island?

Shaw, as keenly interested apparently as the schoolgirls themselves, solved that problem.

"That's easily settled," he said. "Don't forget, I don't start on the aeroplane flips until the afternoon. We've already arranged a fishing trip in the new speedboat for to-morrow morning. What about turning the fishing trip into a treasure hunt on the island? There's just one obstacle in the way, though," he added thoughtfully, "The speedboat will only hold ten."

"Well, there are only ten of us, you know!" Bessie Bunter put in.

"And the pilot, Miss Bunter," Shaw reminded her. "He has to be included in the ten."

"Which means," Lorna Bayford said, "that one of us will have to drop out?"

A little silence; then Susan abruptly spoke.

"What about Jimmy?"

"Eh? What cheer!" Jemima Carstairs murmured absently. "Did you pronounce my name, beloved?"

"I said what about you dropping out of the treasure hunt?" Susan said deliberately.

"Tut, tut, don't be hard on a girl!"

"Well, one of us has to drop out," Susan argued, "and, if you ask me, I think it's up to you! You can't say you've been very helpful so far."

"Meaning," Jemima suggested, "I should be punished for my naughtiness in stowing away on the old monoplane?"

"Well, it would rather even things up a bit, wouldn't it?" Susan said.

Jemima paused. The chums looked at her. The suggestion, they felt, was a fair one.

"And what," Jemima asked, "does Mr. Shaw say about it?"

That young man frowned uncertainly. "I wasn't going to say anything about it," he said. "At the same time, Miss Tempest's suggestion is a fair one."

"Plainly," Jemima murmured, "the feeling of the meeting—or should one say court?—is against me. Jimmy, old lad, for the first time in your blameless life you are not wanted. Excuse these tears of bitter disappointment and shattered hopes. Still, never shall it be said that a Carstairs intruded where she was not wanted. I accept the verdict."

"You mean you stand down?"

"Stand down or up, kneel down or lie down," Jemima agreed. "Nobly and in the true British bulldog spirit I make the great sacrifice. Terrible as the loss shall be to you, Uncle Jimmy shall not accompany you on the hunt to-morrow! Alas!"

"Oh, Jimmy, don't be an idiot!" Clara Trevlyn said. "Anyway, that's jolly decent of you! So it's fixed, Mr. Shaw?"

"As soon," Basil Shaw smiled, "as I get the camp manager's consent. Can't do things without him, you know."

And so that was fixed—to everybody's satisfaction, apparently. Susan, back in her old good humour once more, joined the chums in excitedly discussing the coming trip.

Jemima did not stop, however. When Basil Shaw went off to seek the holiday camp manager's approval she strolled away.

A minute or so later the chums went along to the little cove to inspect the glistening new speedboat in which they



CLARA held up the monocle. "My hat—that's Jimmy's!" Susan Tempest cried. The rest stared for a moment in shocked silence. This was proof that Jemima had been responsible for holding up their trip in the speedboat.

would make their adventurous trip on the morrow. There it was, a thing of mahogany magnificence.

"And to think," Babs chuckled, "that we shall be its first trippers."

There was a thrill even in that knowledge. It was a thrill which became even greater when Basil Shaw, meeting them as they wended their way back to camp, announced that he had satisfactorily fixed everything up with the manager, Mr. Mackenzie.

Great was the excitement next morning after breakfast. Some in slacks, some in shorts, the chums collected spades and a tuck-hammer. Babs, however, mindful of the disappointment Jemima Carstairs must be feeling, stopped as they started off.

"Just pop in and have a cheery word with Jimmy," she said. "See you on the beach."

"Right-ho," Susan assented. "Come on, everybody!"

In a body they tramped off, while Babs went back to Jemima's chalet. She knocked and peered in. The chalet, however, was empty.

"Hum!" Babs thought. "Gone off to the beach to see us off, I suppose."

She closed the door and ambled off, meeting Basil Shaw en route. He greeted her with a smiling nod.

"All ready, Miss Redfern?"

"Yes, rather!" Babs laughed. "Right-ho! Then we'll soon be on our way," he said cheerfully. "Best leg forward, eh?"

Babs laughed. Basil Shaw's best leg forward was a stride which almost kept her at a trotting pace by his side. In a few minutes they had reached the cave where the chums had already seated themselves in the speedboat, Clara, lover of speed, taking the seat beside the pilot.

Babs climbed into the boat, squeezing herself between her two closest friends, Bessie Bunter and Mabel Lynn. Then from Basil Shaw there came a rather angry exclamation.

"Hallo! Who's been playing about here?"

"Playing about?" Clara queried. "Somebody's taken the ignition key," Shaw said. "I tuned the boat up before breakfast and left the key on the dashboard. Now it's gone."

"Perhaps," Clara suggested, "it's fallen out."

She bent down and peered around the bottom boards. There was no key there, but something glittering immediately focused her attention. She picked it up and then jumped.

For the thing was a gold-ringed monocle.

"My hat! That's Jimmy's!" Susan Tempest cried.

They all looked at each other. "Your friend, Miss Carstairs, you mean?" Shaw asked.

"Well, y-yes," admitted Babs. "She has one or two monocles, and—and that is one of hers, all right."

"I see." His lips compressed. "I suppose she knows there is a strict rule that nobody is allowed to board this boat without permission from either Mr. Mackenzie, the camp manager, or myself. I shall speak to Miss Carstairs about this! Meantime, what about the key?"

"It—it's gone!" Clara stuttered.

"And that puzzling cat took it!" Susan Tempest flamed up. "Yes, she did! That's why her monocle's here! She must have dropped it when she was in the boat. We might have guessed something like this!" she added bitterly. "Jemima is trying to mess up the trip because she's not on it!"

They were all silent then, feeling that the accusation was justified.

Obviously, Jemima had been in this boat since Basil Shaw had tuned it up—and if not to steal the ignition key, for what other purpose?

Babs frowned. Not like Jemima, that!

"Fortunately," Shaw said, "I have a bag of tools here. It means I shall have to strip the dashboard to get at the controls—not a hard bit of work, but a longish job. If you could find something to do in the meantime—"

"We can and we jolly well will!" Susan flamed. "We'll go back to the camp and find that beastly spoil-sport, Jemima! And if we do find her—"

"Come on!" Clara said grimly.

And scrambling out of the boat they made their way in a rather determined body towards the path which led back up the cliff.

from Row G chalets, had seen Jemima near Mr. Shaw's chalet, and later had seen Jemima boarding the bus which went to Riversmouth, the nearest town of any importance, which was six miles away. From that it was safe to conclude that she was out of the way for the morning at least.

It seemed conclusive then that Jemima, after having made sure the motor boat was rendered useless, had just walked out on the chums and left them to their devices.

Susan was furious. The chums were annoyed. Had it not been for the resourcefulness of Basil Shaw and his own keen interest in their pleasure, the day, from that moment, would have been ruined. But when they reached the beach again there was the motorboat throbbing merrily away.

And when at last they were out at sea they forgot all about Jemima and her irritating mysteriousness.

A swift, briskly enjoyable run that trip was. Overhead was cloudless sky, from which a brilliant sun sent scorching rays to warm the spray which misted their faces as the speedboat tore through the water.

In the fast craft the island was soon reached, and beaching the boat, they all excitedly scrambled out to study the map of the island which Susan had brought with her. Thanks to Jemima, however, their time had already been curtailed by nearly an hour.

"Just a word, if you don't mind, before we start," Shaw said. "As I have a pretty busy afternoon before me I must get back to the camp by twelve o'clock. So while you are making plans will you bear that point in mind?"

"Why, yes, of course," Babs said. "That's fair. Meet here about a quarter to twelve then, Mr. Shaw? Now, I've got a suggestion. Naturally, we want to cover as much ground as possible—"

"Rather," Mabel Lynn murmured.

"Well, look at that map. The central point seems to be these old ruins in the woods there. We might all have a look round those together first, and afterwards split up into groups of two, making off in different directions. If any of us find anything exciting—well, just shout to the others. How does that strike you for a suggestion?"

"Jolly good, you know!" Bessie said. "I'll come with you, Babs. But—but what about the tuck, you know?"

"Oh, we'll have our snack after we've searched the ruins," Babs laughed. "Well, now, split up, Mr. Shaw, you're in this of course. Who will you have for your partner?"

He smiled as his eyes met those of Susan.

"I think," he murmured, "we have quite a lot in common, eh, Miss Tempest?"

"Yes, rather! Mr. Shaw and I, then," Susan said. "Marjorie, what about you?"

"Janet, shall we go together?"

"Done!" Janet Jordan cried.

"And I guess Lorna and I will make up a party," Leila chuckled. "That leaves Clara and Mabs to join up: So I suggest, let's hike. Sure I'm itching to get my fingers on the old Spanish treasure!"

In great good humour they tramped to the ruins—an old monastery which had fought a losing battle with time and elements—being reached in a few minutes.

As Babs pointed out, it was very unlikely that the Spaniards would have hidden their treasure in any place so conspicuous as a monastery.

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First Signs of Treasure!



THEY did not find Jemima, but they received news of her which confirmed the suspicion they all had in mind: Just after breakfast Chrissie Longmore,

With that they all agreed, after scrambling among broken bricks and dust-like mortar for half an hour. It was when, after that tiring task, they were enjoying Bessie's mid-morning picnic and Babs was again studying the map, they got another idea.

For on the flap, at various points of the island, were little dots. Against each of those dots was a tiny line in old-English type.

"REMAINS OLD ROMAN MINE."

"That's it," Babs decided. "Look, there are five of those old mines. What's more likely than that the old Spaniards would have used those? There were their treasure pits already dug."

"Sure sounds reasonable to me," Leila Carroll observed.

"And so," Babs went on, "as there are five search parties, let's each search one of these mines. It gives us a spot to make for, anyway."

That plan agreed upon and the tuck disposed of, they each selected their mine and off, with many a whoop, they went their separate ways.

As arranged, Susan and Basil Shaw went off together, Susan running excitedly ahead half the time, to pause and stare breathlessly round as though she had expected to see a few golden pieces and things popping up out of the ground. The man who had insisted on carrying both his and Susan's spades laughed.

"Excited, Miss Tempest?"

"Am I?" Susan chortled. "I suppose it'll all turn out to be a frost, but there's a thrill somehow in looking for things! What's that?" she cried breathlessly, and dashed to a rock from beneath which she had seen a glimmer of something. Excitedly she rolled it to one side. Then Shaw burst into a laugh.

For what Susan had unearthed was an old shoe, with a steel shod heel. It was the glint of the steel which had caught Susan's attentions.

"Blank number one!" Susan gurgled. "Still, never mind. Come on."

On they went. Then suddenly Susan paused, looking rather queerly at her companion.

"I say, did you see anything?"

"No," he said good-humouredly.

"Funny." And Susan stared again, looking behind her. "I could have vowed I saw something floating away through the bushes. Once or twice on this trip I've had a feeling we're being followed."

"Perhaps," Shaw suggested, "it's one of the other party who has lost her way? Anyway, we'd better buck up," he added anxiously. "Otherwise we shall only have time to glance at our mine before we have to turn back again. Let's make straight for it now, shall we?"

Susan, in her most agreeable mood, brightly nodded. Onwards they strode.

"Pity," Susan said after a time, "I didn't bring my camera and take some snaps of the mine. I've got a perfectly marvellous camera, you know; takes snaps at one-thousandth of a second, and fitted with a telephoto lens and all the rest of it. If we come again I must bring—Hallo, is that the mine?" she added eagerly as they emerged from the trees.

"I believe it is!" Shaw exclaimed.

Almost running now, they burst forward. Here the ground sloped sharply, forming a basin-shaped valley. Dead in the centre of that basin, was a large semicircular mound where earth from old diggings had been collected, and in

the middle of the mound was a notice: "Site of Roman Mine."

The mound itself was obviously a happy hunting ground for rabbits, for its soft, sandy soil was pitted with burrow holes. Except for a scooped depression in the centre of the mound, however, there was no tangible evidence of a mineshaft.

Susan paused, disappointed.

"Humph! Doesn't look very hopeful," she said. "Somebody might have kept the shaft from falling in! Can't see us finding much here."

Shaw tolerantly smiled.

"One never knows," he said. "Personally, I think it looks promising. After all, you've got to remember that if the shaft had been left uncovered it would have been explored so many times that anything worth finding would be bound to have been unearthed. Don't think it will be such a bad idea to have a look at the ground the rabbits have thrown out first, you know. Might find a clue among it. Tell you what. You explore this side of the mound; I'll look at the other. Better take your spade," he added, handing it to her.

Susan nodded. Eagerly she grasped the spade, and while Shaw plunged the blade of his into the soil, she raced to the other side of the mound. She overturned a huge spadeful of soil and explored it with her fingers. Except for an old tin lid and one or two pebbles, the spadeful contained nothing.

"Swizzle!" murmured Susan.

In again went the spade. Eagerly she turned it over once more. Apart from the soil she unearthed a few bleached bunny bones, but that was all. In the act of digging for the third time, however, she was arrested by a sudden low cry from Basil Shaw's side of the mound.

"Miss Tempest!" he cried excitedly.

"Quickly—come and look at this!"

"What is it?" Susan palpitated.

Down went her spade. She flew over the mound instead of running round it. Then she stared as she saw Shaw, his face flushed with excitement, his palm outstretched.

And on that palm, still grimy with sand, were two shining, golden pieces!

"In that hole!" he cried. "I've just found them!"

"Oh, gu-golly!" Susan cried.

"They're Spanish, too, aren't they?"

"They certainly look like it," he agreed.

"And old. Come on, Miss Tempest, grab your spade. We'll work this bit together."

"Yes, rather! But wait a minute!"

Susan cried. "We did agree that the first one to find anything should call the others." And before Shaw could give his approval or otherwise, she had cupped her hands to her lips.

Her clear-voiced, shrill "Coo-ee!" went echoing all over the island.

"Coo-ee!" came an answering call.

"Who is it?"

"Susan!" cried that girl. "Come on, we've made a find!"

A few minutes later there was a crash in the undergrowth, and Clara and Mabs came sprinting on the scene, spades in hand. Susan grinned.

"Treasure!" she cried. "We're finding the giddy treasure! Look at these!" she announced triumphantly.

"Mr. Shaw's just dug them out of this burrow!"

"Mum-my hat!" Clara breathed.

"Spanish gold!—Hi, stand aside, everybody!—Hallo, here's Babs!" she cried, as Babs and Bessie came pelting on the scene.

"Mr. Shaw's made the first find!" she whooped.

"Phew!" Babs cried, and her eyes lighted up. "Where?"

"Here! Come on, you girls, dig!" Susan laughed.

No need to repeat that invitation. The chums, imaginations fired by the evidence of that early success, were already grasping spades. Then Marjorie and Janet came along, followed by Lorna and Leila. In a minute the mine mound was swarming with industrious diggers. Even Bessie Bunter was working, as though her life depended upon it.

"Hey, what's this?" cried Clara, pausing, and they almost fell upon her as she picked up something. A yell of laughter rang out as she rubbed the sand from her find. It was part of an old horseshoe!

"Well, horseshoes for luck, I guess!" Leila said cheerfully. "Go it, cripples! Call me when you think I've dug down to Australia!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The sandy soil flew. Disappointingly enough, no further treasure revealed itself. Bessie did manage to unearth the bottom of an old mineral water bottle which she declared was valuable Roman glass, until Babs inspected it and found the word "Birmingham" embossed upon the glass. But nothing else—apart from sand and pebbles.

"Well, it looks as if Susan and Mr. Shaw have had all the luck," Babs said at last, pausing out of sheer breathlessness. "Dash it, I haven't even found an old tin can! I wonder—"

And then she jumped. "My hat—Jimmy!" she cried.

"Eh?"

"Look!"

They all looked—just in time. Distinctly, for a moment, they saw an oval face and a gleaming monocle peering at them from a clump of near-by bushes. Jemima Carstairs it was.

The face disappeared as soon as they saw it. But that was enough for Susan. With a cry she had flung down her spade; with a rush she had leapt at the bushes. There came a thump, and Susan's voice.

"Now, you rotter, I've got you!"

"Alas, a fair cop!" they heard Jemima's sigh. "I'll come quietly." And Jemima emerged, casually polishing her eyeglass and beaming at the group as they surrounded her.

"Well, here we are again!" she announced cheerfully. "Fancy meeting you! Small island, isn't it?"

"Jimmy, what on earth are you doing here?" Babs cried.

"Just," Jemima murmured, "enjoying the scenery."

"And how did you get here?" Clara demanded.

"By sea, you know," Jemima explained gravely. "Didn't walk it, or anything like that! Nice morning—what? Any luck on the old treasure hunt?"

"Never mind the treasure hunt," Susan said angrily. "We want a word with you. It's not your fault," she burst out, "that we're having a treasure hunt at all. What do you mean by stealing the ignition key of the speedboat this morning? Don't trouble to deny it. We found one of your silly monocles in the boat."

"Ahem! This becomes embarrassing!" Jemima sighed.

"And I should very much like to know, Miss Carstairs," Basil Shaw interrupted steely, "who has given you permission to enter the speedboat and steal the ignition key?"

"Steal!" Jemima frowned. "Harsh and naughty word—what? Pretty tough, branding me with the stamp of

8 "Jemima versus the Treasure-Hunters!"

the old criminal, you know. As my dear old nurse Anastia used to remark—"

"Jimmy, never mind your piffing nurse Anastia! You've got to explain," Babs said. "You took the ignition key to spoil our trip, didn't you? Why? And why did you come to the island yourself? And where did you get a boat?"

"And why," Susan bit out, suddenly remembering, "have you been following Mr. Shaw and me about?"

"And where," Basil Shaw put in, "is my key?"

"Now that question I can answer," Jemima said cheerfully. "The key, dear old pilot, is under the rear seat in the old speedboat. Cute little idea of mine—what?"

"Cute!" Susan choked.

"Well, to make you search first for the key," Jemima explained. "I mean, makes the old trip so much more exciting having to search for things before you've reached the island. And after all, if you can't find the key of the speedboat when it's under your nose, how can you expect to find the existence of a hoary old treasure hidden under goodness knows how many feet, yards, or fathoms of Momma's earth? I mean to say!" she added brightly.

"You mean," Susan cried bitterly, "you hid the key for a joke?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, the idea was—"

"The idea was to spoil the trip!" Susan cried. "You were jolly well peeved because you were left out of it! Perhaps," she added angrily, "it was your idea to steal a march on us by getting to the island first, and searching for the treasure yourself."

Jemima looked at her oddly.

"Pretty low opinion you have of me, what?" she murmured.

"Well, you gave it to me!" Susan retorted.

Basil Shaw shifted restlessly.

"Do you think," he asked curtly, "there is anything to be gained by continuing this argument? The fact remains that Miss Carstairs did steal the key. Why is beside the point. No doubt," he added cuttingly, "Miss Carstairs thinks she had a good reason, but it is one, I am afraid, which is going to land her into trouble with the camp authorities. I shall report this, Miss Carstairs."

"Poor old I!" sighed Jemima. "How horribly are my noble motives mistaken!"

"And in the meantime," Shaw added, "we had better see about getting back. Miss Carstairs, will you come with us?"

"Ahem!" Jemima gazed at Susan. There was a certain puzzling quality in the glance which caused Babs, for all her annoyance with Jemima, to wonder. "As I'm not very popular, I'd better not. See you later. Bon voyage!"

Susan gave her a glare. Clara frowned. But they were all of Susan's frame of mind at that moment.

All, perhaps, except Babs. Babs herself was annoyed, but her knowledge of Jemima was sufficient to tell her that Jemima was not playing all these extraordinary tricks without some big and significant reason. As the others moved away she paused.

"Jimmy," she asked, "what's the big idea?"

Oddly Jemima gazed at her.

"Who said there was a big idea, old Spartan?"

"You know you're not behaving like

this for nothing," Babs said impatiently. "It wasn't a joke to take that key any more than it was a joke to overload the plane yesterday. You've got some game on, haven't you?"

"Ah!" Jemima said maddeningly, polishing her spotless monocle.

"And—and you can see how you're upsetting Susan," Babs objected.

That same old light was in Jemima's eyes as she thoughtfully regarded her.

"I wonder!" she mused.

"You wonder what?"

"How upset Susan might be if I were not upsetting her," Jemima replied gravely. "I hate to point it out, Barbara beloved, because, you know, I am very fond of your company. But isn't that the merry old speedboat crowd I hear calling thee? Better hurry," she urged. "Life is short and speedboats are fleeting."

"But, Jimmy, you idiot!"

"See you later," Jemima replied, and walked away.

Jemima Extracts a Promise!



"HALLO, here comes Jimmy!"

"And about time, too!"

Susan Tempest said. "It must be three hours since we left the island. What

the dickens has she been doing all that time?"

"And what," Leila Carroll said softly, "will she say to Manager Mackenzie when she sees him?"

The scene once more was the cove in which the holiday camp's new speedboat—now moored up while Basil Shaw took passengers for aeroplane flips—rocked gently on the swell. The time was after lunch, and the Cliff House chums, Susan Tempest and Lorna Bayford, dressed in sun suits and bathing costumes, were indulging in a lazy sun bath.

There was quite a crowd of bathers in the sea, and threading its way through those bathers now came chugging an old white tub of a boat, an outboard motor at its stern.

A girl stood at the tiller. Even though she was still some distance, her slim, immaculate form was easily recognisable as that of Jemima Carstairs.

More than three hours had gone by since they had left her on the island, and in that three hours they had all speculated upon what could have been keeping her there. Susan, more huffily annoyed than any of them, fiercely declared that Jemima had unsporting designs on the treasure which they had agreed should form a joint objective.

In the meantime, however, a rather angry manager of the holiday camp, having received the report Basil Shaw was in duty bound to give, was looking for Jemima, and it was pretty obvious that there was going to be an interview the reverse of pleasant when he met that puzzling Cliff House junior.

Gradually the old tub came chugging in, guided expertly by Jemima. Then at last it grounded, and Jemima lightly jumped out.

"Nice little tub, what?" she cried. "Hired it from Riversmouth early this morning, you know. Anything exciting been happening?" she asked interestedly.

"But what," Babs inquired, "have you been doing?"

They were all staring, indeed. For Jemima, usually so trim, neat, and spotlessly immaculate, presented a strange picture now they saw her close up.

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There were sandy marks on the white blouse she wore—marks of soil and grass, too. And her hands, for Jemima, were most disgustingly dirty. Her shoes, too, were covered with the dusty sand typical of the island. Susan, suspicion in her face, jumped up.

"You've been searching for the treasure?" she cried.

"What a girl!" Jemima said. "Can anybody fully convince her that anything I do is not done with the best of best old motives? Your dear old treasure, Susan fair heart, I have not even seen."

"Then how," Susan flamed, "did you get all that dirt on you?"

"Dirt?" Jemima jumped. Then she looked at her hands, looked down at her clothes. "Tut, tut!" she muttered in dismay. "Is it thus that a Carstairs presents herself to an adoring world! 'Scuse me," she added hastily, "I have an appointment with a bar of soap!"

"But, look here——" Susan hooted.

"When, sweet beloved, I am clean."

With that she made her way to her chalet. There she stripped herself of her garments, washed and dressed, and, in slacks and a clean blouse, sauntered out again. It was as she emerged from her chalet that she found Mr. Mackenzie, the camp manager, barring her path.

"Miss Carstairs," he said, with no hint of cordiality in his face or tone, "I'd like to speak to you——"

"The pleasure, old manager, is yours!" Jemima beamed.

"Will you come to my office?"

"The pleasure," Jemima assured him, "is mine!"

The manager did not smile. He strode on. Into his office Jemima followed him. It was five minutes before she emerged again, Mr. Mackenzie following her.

"And I hope now, Miss Carstairs, that we understand each other," he was saying. "You and your friends are allowed every liberty in this camp, but what few rules we have must be respected. I should hate," he added ominously, "to have to ask you to leave the camp, so please let this be a warning."

"Your words, my dear old sir, shall be heeded," Jemima said. "Frightfully sorry you had to deliver the ticking off. Tut! Regrets, and all that."

"Then no more pranks," Mr. Mackenzie said. "Let the matter rest there!"

With a sigh Jemima wandered on her way. Reaching the restaurant, she popped in. Meantime, on the beach, Babs & Co. were discussing her.

For Susan, her resentment fanned into brisk flame by the conviction that Jemima was hunting, unknown to them, for her own treasure, was in the mood to have a row with Jemima. Babs was having her work cut out to soothe her.

"Look here, Susan," she cried. "I'm sure there's something behind it all Jimmy's not hunting for the treasure if she says she's not!"

"Then why——" Susan began.

Babs wearily shook her head. "I don't know," she said. "Nobody knows. And it's no good going for Jimmy. It's no good even questioning her. She won't speak until she wants to."

"That's right," Mabs supported.

"And well, we've just got to face things," Babs said. "We just can't go on like this. With all this bickering and arguing, how the dickens can we settle down and all be happy together? Susan, I know you're fed-up, but we're not going to have the holiday ruined."

Susan flushed.

"Well, am I ruining it?" she retorted. "Did I ask Jemima to stow away in the plane, or to pinch the keys of the motor-boat?"

"No; but——well," Babs said, gasping, "for goodness' sake don't try to see wrong in everything she does. You and she have got to make it up. Susan, you don't want us all to be rowing for the rest of the hols, do you?"

"Well, of course not!"

"Well, just forget Jimmy's funniness. Let's all be pals," Babs said eagerly. "And the best way to smooth it all over is to ask Jimmy what she thinks about those coins you and Mr. Shaw found this morning. Jimmy's pet hobby is archeology, and she knows an awful lot about old coins and things. You've got them with you?"

"Yes, rather! Mr. Shaw gave them to me."

"Right. Then shall we fetch Jimmy?"

"Well, all right," Susan said, after a pause. "I'm willing. But if there's going to be any more funny business, then——"

"There won't!" Babs said. "Come on, Mabs, let's go and find the old chump!"

Mabs nodded, relieved. They hurried off. Annoyed as they all were with their puzzling Form-mate, they still all liked Jemima, and it was certain that the bitter feud which had sprung up between her and Susan was overshadowing the happiness of what, otherwise, should have been a perfect holiday. Together Babs and Mabs reached the door of Jemima's chalet, and Babs knocked. There was no reply.

"Come on, let's go in; the old chump's probably lazing—having a nap," Babs said. "Hi, Jimmy!" she yelled as she flung the door open.

Rather too-well oiled were the hinges of that door—or Babs was too boisterous. The door flew right back, crashing into a small table just within range, and sweeping on to the floor the writing-case which was on that table.

"Now, clumsy, look what you've done!" Mabs chided.

"Sorry," Babs said breathlessly. "No other damage, though. Jimmy isn't here. Wonder what——" And then, as she stooped to pick up the writing-case which had fallen, she gave a start. "Mabs, look at this!" she breathed.

For out of the writing-case had fallen a large mounted photograph. It was a very recent photograph of Susan Tempest herself, and on the bottom of the mount was a line pencilled in block capitals:

"THIS IS THE GIRL. LOOK FOR THE MOLE BELOW THE RIGHT EAR."

In utter bewilderment the two chums gazed at each other.

"What's it mean?" muttered Mabs. "What on earth is it doing among Jimmy's things?"

"Mole beneath the right ear?" Babs repeated, staring at the line. "My hat, don't you remember Jimmy's funny little stunt yesterday when she examined Susan's right ear? But where," Babs asked, frowning, "did she get this photograph?"

"And what the dickens does she mean by writing that line on it?" Mabs questioned.

Babs shook her head. She was utterly baffled. But she had a queer, shaken little feeling that Jemima was making some deep and significant dead set against her cousin Susan. Any further discussion, however, was inter-

rupted by the arrival of Jemima herself.

"Hallo!" she said. "Didn't expect to find jolly old visitors. Just been enjoying a lonesome cup of tea. I——" She jumped as she saw the photograph in Babs' hand. For a moment even Jemima lost her usual calmness, and a quick, startled light flickered in her eyes. "Babs," she cried, "where did you get that?"

"It fell out of this book here," Babs said, but questioningly she stared at her. "Jimmy, what's it mean?" Jemima stretched out a hand.

"May I have it, please?"

"Is it yours?" Babs asked.

"Well, no, not exactly," Jemima murmured. "On the other hand, old Spartan, it's not yours, is it? Neither is it Susan's."

"But where," Mabs demanded, "did you get it? And why have you written those words on it?"

Jemima put in her monocle. Then gently she took the photograph from between Babs' fingers. But she did not reply directly to that question. Something mysteriously, she said:

"Babs beloved, thou knowest me? Wilt, please, ask no questions? My methods may be mad, but my motives are marvellous. Nuff said."

"Is it?" Babs asked. "Jimmy, no, you're not going to get away with things like that. What have you got against Susan?" she added directly.

Again there was that odd expression in Jemima's face as she regarded her.

"Against Susan I have nothing. Susan to me is as a sister," she said.

"Not one hair of her fiery old outlet would I hurt. Word of honour. You believe that?"

Babs could not help but believe it. Jemima never pledged her word of honour lightly.

"And now," Jemima said, "if you will do me a small favour—just a tiny one? Sorry, old tops, to puzzle you—but, well, you ought to know your Uncle Jimmy now. This photograph——" Jemima said, and frowned.

"Careless of me to leave it lying about, but even the brainiest of us make mistakes, what? Will you promise," she added earnestly, "not to say anything to Susan about it? I've a particular reason for asking."

They both blinked.

"Well, if it's really important——" "It is—more than anything else at this particular old moment," Jemima assured them.

They gave the promise, and Jemima smiled gratefully. Then very carefully she locked up the photograph in her desk and cheerfully accompanied them down to the beach. On the way Babs told her about the two Spanish coins.

"Sounds interesting, what?" Jemima murmured. "H'm. Hallo, here's Susan! Susan, old timer——"

Just as if nothing had happened Jemima sauntered up to Susan, and Susan, though she did draw back for one hesitant moment, smiled.

"Come to see the coins?" she asked.

"What-ho! My old numismatical blood is all on fire," Jemima confessed. "Numismatology," she added, as Susan blinked, "is the scientific word for the study of coins, medals, and what-nots, and I'm one of the artless amateurs. Hallo, here we are," Jemima said approvingly, and fishing from her pocket the folding magnifying glass she invariably carried, opened it and peered at the coins as they lay on her palm. "Hum!" she said after a long and careful inspection.

"Good, eh?" Susan laughed.

"Very," Jemima agreed. "Fright-

fully cute, what? Real old Spanish double-cross."

"You mean doubloon," Susan laughed, and as Jemima handed the coins back she stowed them away in her handkerchief. "Hallo, here comes Mr. Shaw," she added, her eyes sparkling. "Coo-ee!" she cried. "Mr. Shaw, what about my flip now?" "Sorry," he said as he came up, though he nodded a trifle distantly to Jemima. "Plane's laid up for the time being. One of the parts in the engine is broken, and I shall have to wait an hour or two until a new part arrives. Just strolled along to see if you'd like a jaunt in the speedboat?"

"Oh, I say, that's ripping!" Clara cried. "No, tell you what! What about a spot of surf-riding?"

"Just as you like," he laughed. "But don't forget only two of you can surf-ride at the same time. I'll get the boards and boat ready while you make up your minds."

Excitement then. Everybody except Bessie and Jemima wanted to surf ride. In couples they drew lots for it, and to Clara and Leila's great joy they were the first two fortunate ones. Then Jemima, her old chirping helpful self once more, suggested that she should take out the boat with the outboard motor which she had hired from Riversmouth in order to form a point round which the surf riders could turn. That, in its sequence, gave Susan the idea of going off with Jemima and getting pictures through her long-distance lens from Jemima's boat.

So off Susan flew to get her camera—a brand new and most extravagantly expensive instrument equipped with all the very latest modern gadgets and lens. Shaw, who was himself an ardent amateur photographer, admired it.

"Grand job, that," he stated. "You could take some pretty good snaps from the air with it."

"Whoops, that's an idea!" Susan cried. "I say, let's do it, shall we? Suppose," she added eagerly, "we take some snaps of the island? You never know, they may give us a clue to the treasure. I have heard people say that you can often spot things from a photograph taken from the air which it would be impossible to see from ground level. What about it?"

The pilot laughed. "Well, I'm agreeable—very much so. But if you wouldn't mind a bit of advice from one photographer to another, I should suggest doing it in the early morning. Light is best then for long distance work, as you probably know."

"Is it?" Jemima asked. "Well, isn't it?" Shaw said. "Eh? I don't know. Never pondered the old problem, what?"

"Apart from which," Shaw added quickly, "it would fit in better with my plans. I shall be on my flips at nine o'clock in the morning, so there wouldn't be much chance after that, would there? So what about—say—eight o'clock?"

"Alone?" Jemima asked. "Well, naturally. Miss Tempest will want to concentrate on her photography. Mr. Mackenzie himself will develop and print them for you," he added. "As a matter of fact, I happen to know he'll be frightfully pleased to get some pictures from the air—they're just the one thing the camp hasn't got in its photographic section. Call that a deal, then, Miss Tempest."

A deal it was—and from that moment Susan was terrifically elated. She had taken pictures of everything from every angle and in every position, but snapshotting from the air was the one

adventure which remained to fill the bill of her photographic thrills. She was almost as excited about that prospect now as the prospect of the surf ride.

"Jolly good idea, isn't it?" she asked as, with Jemima, they chugged away from the beach in the outboard boat.

"Cute," Jemima agreed. "Nice bit of work, that camera."

Susan gurgled. Gone was her animosity against Jemima. Now, as Jemima cut off the engine preparatory to swinging the small anchor overboard, she got her camera ready. From the shore they saw Clara and Leila, ropes in hand as they stood on the boards. They saw a sudden spurt of blue petrol vapour from the speedboat.

"Here they come!" Jemima sang. "Go it, ye little fishes!"

There was a shriek from Leila; a yell from Clara. Then the speedboat came rushing forward, its sharp nose cutting water from under its bows in two great foaming waves. Nearer, nearer, and click! went Susan's camera.

"Oh, a beauty!" Susan breathed, as she prepared for the next shot.

Near, nearer. Now they saw Basil Shaw seated at the wheel. Now, with Clara shrieking and Leila roaring amidst a smother of spray, the motor-boat swerved in a wide circle; then, almost with a jerk, made its turn.

Then splash! away went Leila, and Susan gurgled as she got an almost miraculous picture of the American girl falling off her surf board. The speedboat stopped. Leila, swimming strongly, was picked up. Then off again!

Fine fun—lovely fun! How boisterously they all enjoyed it! It was Babs and Mabs' turn next—and again Susan secured the picture of the season wherein, in the sharp turn round Jemima's boat, both riders were shot off into the water.

Then Lorna and Janet—Janet on one foot making the bend. After which, at Jemima's suggestion, they chugged back so that Susan could have her turn with Marjorie, while Jemima, acting as camera man, then secured two perfect pictures of the madcap on the surf board.

Happiness once more reigned supreme. Contentment was with the chums once more. No longer was Jemima, in spite of all the odd things which had recently happened, regarded with suspicion and resentment—Jemima, in fact, was the life and soul of the party!

The surf-riding over, they all trooped up to the great sun lounge to enjoy the tea dansant, and when that was over spent an hour on the tennis courts, followed by a mock water polo match in the magnificent swimming pool in the evening.

Happy day! Happy Susan, rendered even more happy after dinner when manager Mackenzie sought her out and talked to her of the air photographs she was going to take on the morrow, and promised to rush through the photographs as soon as they were taken—provided, of course, he could keep a copy of each for the camp library.

Too Bad of Jemima!



"QUARTER to eight," Susan Tempest said happily. "I must be off and get the old camera. 'Scuse me, girls! See you on the beach!"

"We'll be there, I guess!" Leila

Carroll nodded good-humouredly. "But I wonder," she added, staring at the empty place at the breakfast-table, "where that chump Jimmy's got to this morning?"

But nobody, as it happened, was worrying about Jemima. They were all, at the moment, concentrating upon Susan and her air photographs.

Susan was thrilling with happy excitement and impatience, and now, as she left the chums, she could hardly contain herself. Almost at a trot she went, and the chums grinned at that evidence of her excitement.

Once clear of the restaurant, however, Susan just gave herself up to her own impulses and flew.

The camp looked deserted, everyone at that time taking breakfast. But as she came within sight of her own chalet she started a little to see the door open. Then a girl appeared—a slim, Eton-cropped girl, wearing a monocle and with Susan's own camera under her arm.

"Jimmy!" Susan cried. "I say—"

And then she almost halted. For to her astonishment Jemima had turned; Jemima was running.

"Hey!" bellowed Susan, in amazement. "Jimmy, come back!"

Jemima did not heed. She was rushing towards the fence which encircled the holiday camp.

In a moment all Susan's good impressions of Jemima vanished. In a flash she realised that Jemima had not bagged her camera with any intention of doing her a good turn! Jemima was up to her old tricks again, and had bagged that camera, as she had bagged the ignition key yesterday, with the intention of spoiling her trip!

The colour rushed into Susan's face as that thought came to her. She put on a spurt.

"Jemima—stop!" she panted. Jemima at that moment was setting a pace which might have filled Clara Trevlyn with envy.

But Susan's blood was up, too, now. Anger, chagrin spurred her on.

Now Jemima had scrambled over the fence, running like a hare along the path that bordered the cliff. After her went Susan, hand vaulting the fence, tearing her blue slacks as she did so.

"Jimmy, you fool! You cat, come back with my camera!"

Along the cliff Jemima went, gasping a little, the camera under her arm. Now the distance was lessening between them. A gap of twenty yards became fifteen; the fifteen ten. Now came another sharp rise, and the effect of mounting that seemed to take the last bit of stuffing out of Jemima. At the top Susan caught her, angrily clutched her by the shoulder, and spun her round.

"You—you frightful pig!" she gasped. "Give me that camera!"

She made a snatch at it. Jemima, rendered speechless for want of breath, pulled back her arm just in time. Dangerously near the edge of the cliff both girls were, but in the fury of the moment neither noticed it.

"Give it to me!" panted Susan.

She snatched again. Again Jemima's arm jerked back. But this time, alas, in the jerk she released her hold of the camera, and that instrument, slipping, hit the ground. With a cry of dismay, Jemima turned—just in time to see it fall over the edge of the cliff. Susan stood stunned.

"Jimmy, you—you awful thing!" she cried. "My camera!"

"Oh, tut, tut!" Jemima gasped. "Sorry, old thing! Never mind, I'll pay for it!"

"You—pay for it!" Susan choked. "You! As if I wanted your beastly money! As if," she flamed, "I'd even let you pay for it! You stole that, you cat—"

"I say—" Jemima breathed. "You stole it as you stole the ignition key—to spoil my fun!" Susan cried. "And I was fool enough," she added bitterly—"just idiot enough—to believe that you had decided to be decent! I thought you were a friend of—"

"And so," Jemima said, very quietly, "I am!"

"Yes? Then all I can say," Susan said, "is that you've got a dashed funny way of showing your friendship! I'll be obliged if you won't speak to me again!"

"But—" Susan whirled away. Jemima, breathing heavily, looked at her and sighed. "Tough luck!" she murmured. "Poor old Susan! Susan—" she called.

But Susan, having found a point at which she could descend the cliff, was already disappearing.

Jemima, recovering her breath a little, wandered on. She reached the spot where Susan had disappeared, to see that girl half-way down the cliff. With a little sigh she followed her.

By the time Susan had reached bottom, however, Jemima had still half the distance to negotiate, and when she had negotiated it, it was to find Susan on the beach in possession once again of her camera. Her face was bitterness itself as she looked at it.

For certainly that camera would never take another snapshot in its present plight. The front of it was completely smashed in.

"Oh, Susan, I'm sorry!" Jemima cried. "Really and truly I'm sorry! Let me pay—"

Susan, with an angry shrug, turned away.

Tears of mortification stood in her eyes. The trip, of course, was doomed from that moment—how could she possibly take another snap with this camera? In any case, it was rather late now, and when at last she reached the beach where her wondering chums, Basil Shaw, and manager Mackenzie were waiting to see her off, it was a quarter past eight. They all stared as she came up, and Babs ran to meet her.

"Susan, where on earth have you been?"

Without a word Susan held out the camera. Babs jumped.

"Oh, my hat! How did it happen?"

"Jemima!" Susan choked.

"Jemima?" Basil Shaw frowned. "You mean she did this?"

"I mean," Susan burst out bitterly, "she stole it from my chalet! I chased her along the cliff and—in trying to grab the camera from her it slipped over the edge! Look at it!"

Shaw's face became grim; Mackenzie frowned.

"What a despicable thing to do!" he cried. "What was her object?"

"I think," Shaw said angrily, "that's plain enough, Mr. Mackenzie. Three times Miss Tempest has planned a treat for herself; three times Miss Carstairs has done something to upset or prevent that treat. The camera's hopeless," he admitted. "It will cost pounds to repair it and days to do it, I should say."

"Which means," Mackenzie said, "the trip's off. And so—with a hint of bitterness—are my photographs! What is the matter with that girl?"

That was a question which all the chums were asking.

"Susan, I'm sorry," Babs said. "Oh, my hat, I can hardly believe it even now! Susan, you are sure of your facts, aren't you?"

"As sure," Susan retorted, "as I'm standing here. You don't think I'd invent them, do you? Anyway, here comes Jemima herself," she added bitterly. "Let me get away! If I don't, I know I shall do something to that girl I might be sorry for."

Babs realised the wisdom of that suggestion. She made no attempt to detain Susan who, quivering because of the temper she felt upon her, turned away. But the chums waited, and grimly and angrily with them waited Basil Shaw and Mr. Mackenzie.

Jemima paused as she came within talking distance.

"Hallo!" she said. "Nice morning, what? Where's Susan?"

They all glared at her.

but as one of the injured parties I feel bound to speak my mind. I might add," he added angrily, "that I have not completely forgiven you for the ignition key incident, and if Miss Tempest cares to complain I shall request you to leave this camp!"

Jemima gave a forlorn polish to her monocle.

"Well, well!" she said. "Dear old unpopular me! Still, perhaps, fair sir, we can take the photographs on another day."

"Perhaps we can," Shaw broke in tartly, "if you can guarantee the weather, Miss Carstairs! And thank you," he added bitterly, "for wasting my time—and also my petrol"—as he gazed towards the plane, the engine of which had been running throughout the whole discussion. "Well, I'll leave you to make peace with your friends. Mr. Mackenzie—"



"MABS, look at this!" Babs breathed. She indicated the photograph of her cousin. "What's it mean?" muttered Mabs. "What on earth is it doing among Jimmy's things?"

"Sorry about the camera," Jemima murmured.

"And a fat lot of good," Clara broke out scornfully, "that will do towards mending it! Jimmy, I think you're a cat!" she added huffily.

"You've spoiled her trip!" Basil Shaw accused.

"And my photographs!" Mr. Mackenzie put in.

"Tough! Never expected the old camera would bust up like that, you know," Jemima confessed.

"And that's all," Mr. Mackenzie asked, "you're going to say about it? You're not giving any explanation for your actions against Miss Tempest?"

"Alas, fair sir, rack my feeble old brain as I can, I can find nothing else to say," Jemima murmured.

"Then," Mr. Mackenzie said scornfully, "if I were your friends I should seriously think of asking you to go home. It is not my business to interfere in girls' quarrels, Miss Carstairs."

The two men walked away.

"And that, Jimmy," Babs asked, "is all you mean to say?"

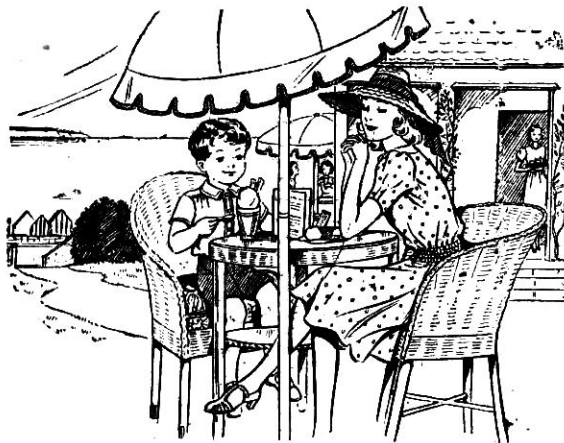
"All, beloved!" Jemima sighed. "Sorry and all that—Hallo, where are you going?"

But Babs did not reply to that. Scorn was in her face as she nodded to the chums. And they, understanding, furious with Jemima, sorry to the depths of their heart for poor Susan's spoiled treat, accompanied her. Jemima blinked at their retreating backs and then, seating herself upon an upturned rock, gazed out to sea and sorrowfully shook her head.

"And that," she told the murmuring waves, "is the thanks one gets in this wicked old world for doing the good deed! Ah, me! I wonder if ever, at any time, anybody will understand the deep and mysterious doings of Uncle Jimmy Carstairs!"

(Continued on page 14)

OUT OF SCHOOL HOURS



Week by week your friend PATRICIA writes to you. She tells you all her own news, about things to talk about and things to make—all in that cheery, chummy way so typical of her. No wonder all schoolgirls have taken PATRICIA to their hearts and wouldn't miss her weekly pages for anything.

ISN'T your Patricia a lucky young person? Here she is, still on holiday, if you please!

Actually, we, the family—that is, mother, father, small brother Heatherington (who is called Heath for short), and your Patricia—only intended staying at the farm in Dorset for two weeks.

But we have enjoyed ourselves so much—and mother says it is doing us all so much good—that we have stayed on. (Incidentally, it has also been an inexpensive holiday, which is certainly quite important!)

But these are the last days of our holiday now, and very soon we shall be home again.

Mother's very concerned about her precious carpets—terrified for fear they should have got the "moth in."

But I think they will be all right. Just before we came away, the "vacuum-cleaner man" called and gave us his advice.

● A Carpet Treat

He told us to wipe the carpets all over, very lightly, with eau-de-Cologne. It sounds very extravagant, I know—giving mere carpets such luxury!

Actually it wasn't, though, for we bought the cheap eau-de-Cologne that I often tell you about—the "toilet variety," as it is called, and got a huge bottle for sixpence.

This "did" all the carpets, and made them smell so fresh and sweet. So now we shall have to inspect them when we get back, to see if the scent really does keep the moths away as the vacuum man said it would!

● A Favourite Flavour

I wonder what is your favourite ice-cream?

A little while ago I used to say chocices were my pets. But now I think I've changed my mind—since discovering the small café on the beach near the farm where we're staying.

Here the sweet old lady who keeps the place makes her own ices, with real dairy cream, and flavours them with pure fruit juices.

You should just taste her raspberry ices, made with the fruit from her garden! They are just delicious!

And, as my small brother says, you get such "whopping great ones"—not "measly little ones."

To walk barefoot in the dewy grass sounds very romantic and glamorous, doesn't it?

But a physical training expert says that to do this is really very good for health.

So you must try it on warm, dewy mornings.

You'll remember, though, to give your feet a good drying afterwards. For we're not all young gipsies, accustomed to this sort of thing, are we?

● Fashions in Feet

Talking about feet, reminds me that schoolgirls' feet are said to be quite a bit larger these days.

When my mother was small, it was considered almost unladylike to take more than a size three in shoes—poor dears!

Now, of course, we think nothing of sixes and sevens being quite popular sizes among young girls.

I think sports have had a great deal to do with this, don't you?

But, strangely enough, I have noticed that girls who take a size six while at school, quite often take only a five or five-and-a-half when they get into high-heeled shoes later on. And this isn't because they squash up their feet, either. It just happens that way. Perhaps you've noticed it, too, with an elder sister who has left school. Have you?

There are quite a number of shops in London now that sell Film Star shoes.

They announce that these shoes have all been worn by the stars in Hollywood—and certainly the styles are very snappy! I've not bought a pair myself, but I have noticed that there are hundreds of pairs which are pretty huge.

So even film stars have big feet, apparently!

● Holiday Bracelets

Would you like to make yourself—or a nice chum—one of these little bracelets?

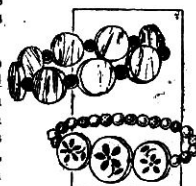
They'd be so smart on holiday!

You'd need a nice, clean cork, a sharp penknife, some beads from a broken necklace, and some hat elastic—that elastic which is almost as fine as ordinary cotton.

Cut the cork into neat slices, and spear holes through each piece. Then thread elastic through, slipping a bead between each piece.

Or, instead, you can use just a few pieces of cork threaded close together, and beads on the rest of the elastic.

The cork slices can be decorated most simply, with the aid of your paintbox.



● A Tasty Sandwich

If there is one thing most of us can grow in our little corner of the garden, I suppose it is nasturtiums.

But have you ever tried eating the leaves in a sandwich?

They're inclined to be a bit "hot" on their own, between bread-and-butter, but in a cheese sandwich they're delicious. Just you nibble at one some time.

● Darker Trimmings

Isn't it amazing the number of ways there are of adding just some "little touch" to a dress to give it that "new-again" look.

Next time you decide that one of your summery frocks could do with a spot of pepping up, try darker coloured trimmings instead of white.

You can see by the picture here how sweet they'll look.

New cuffs—made of straight pieces of material—a bow at the neck, and a new belt (but fashionably wider than the old one, perhaps) will completely transform even a plain dress.



● Try to Pronounce It!

What strange words there are for very simple things.

The strangest one I have met just lately is absolutely breath-robbing. Just look at it:

PNEUMONULTRAMICSCROPIC-SILICOVOLCONIOSIS

Forty letters go to make up that tongue-twisting word, and now just guess what it means: "A feeling of discomfort caused by breathing dust through the nose!"

Yes, honestly, that's all it means.

So next time you feel you're going to sneeze, you'll know what you're suffering from—PNEUMONUL.

Sorry, but I really can't type all that out again. Perhaps it would be easier to say, "my nose tickles," after all!

Still, it's fun to know.

Bye-bye now, my pets, until next week!

Your friend,

PATRICIA.

THE PERFECT SUMMER PARTY

A party out of doors is a grand idea before you go back to school.



A "garden party" always has such a posh sound, hasn't it? Reminding us of floppy hats, trailing dresses and parasols.

But that's no reason why you shouldn't have one, is it?

If you're going to have a party round about now, and you're thinking of holding it in your garden—well, that's most certainly a garden party!

The secret of the success of an outdoor party (quite apart from the weather, which, I'm afraid, we just can't do anything about!) is the planning. Once that is done, your party should go with a swing.

A JOLLY CROWD

You can generally ask more people to a party out of doors than you can to an indoor one, so if you're a popular young person, and the rest of the family, too, you can pay back lots of invitations that you may owe.

I think it's a good idea not to send out the invitations too far in advance for a garden party. Wait till the weather looks settled, then phone or drop cards to your friends, telling them that you'd love them to come along for fun and games in the garden next Saturday afternoon.

Three o'clock is a good time for a garden party to begin, and then it can pack up round about seven or eight, when the evening begins to get chilly.

LOTS OF SANDWICHES

The buffet tea is one of the first big things you'll have to think about.

Loads and loads of sandwiches are always in demand. Make as many varieties as you can think of, potted meats and fish pastes, cucumber, tomato, egg and cress, salmon (tinned), jam and cream (also tinned), nuts and raisins (or sultanas).

Cakes, biscuits, buns and sweets should also be on the table, and cigarettes for the grown-ups.

Then there should be the "Special Treat."

I suggest a monster fresh fruit salad for this. It can be made the day before—and preferably with fresh fruit from your own garden. Apples and oranges will probably form the basis of it, with all the luxury fruits added. The juice can be made from the juice in a tin of pine-apple (which is too expensive, perhaps, to buy fresh) or with warm water that has had sugar added.

REFRESHING DRINKS

Tea for the grown-ups, and lemonade, or grape-fruit squash—or even passion-fruit crush, which sounds rather exciting, for the young folks. Ices would certainly be an expense, but such a luxury! And the stop-me man would call at your house, you know.

FUN AND GAMES

Games that don't require lots of explanation are always the most successful at an outdoor party, where people tend to scatter instead of gathering round to listen to directions.

"Rounders" is grand for a mixed game—but remember not to insist on too many rules, as you might at school, won't you?

All the young people will adore races of every description.

An obstacle race could easily be fixed up. You would want one or two hoops slung from the clothes-line, several apples in a pail of water, a garden seat, and any other suitable "obstacles."

The runners would have to clamber through the hoops, pick up an apple from the pail of water—using only their teeth—get over the garden seat any way they liked, and so to the winning post.

The laughs would certainly be uproarious. If men were playing, you might finish up this race with their having to thread a needle with cotton—and then listen to your own sex chuckling!

Sack races, egg and spoon, and three-legged races—just as you have at school on sports day—would also be a success, I know, particularly if all the players were mixed.

Another idea would be to arrange small articles from the sixpenny stores on a garden table, and invite the players to throw hoops over these from a distance. (You can cut suitably sized hoops from cardboard boxes.)

What the players ring they should have, of course.

SMALL PRIZES

Prizes—quite tiny ones—should also be given for the other events, and one of the afternoon items on the programme could be a grand "Prize Giving" with cheers and claps, and all the rest of it.

Games like "Statues," "Oranges and Lemons," "Please, We've Come to Learn a Trade," and other old favourites, should fill in the gaps when there is a pause in the fun.

And I'm sure that when the time comes to say good-bye and thank you, all the guests will decide it's been the grandest party of the year!



DID YOU REMEMBER

- To send that card to your school chum, who begged you not to forget her this year?
- To take those snaps to be developed that you promised to show to that nice family with the baby on the beach?

- To make some notes about your holiday, so that you'll remember what you did each day when you go back to school and perhaps have to write a "composition" on the subject?
- To send a little pot of cream to Aunt Lily who likes it so much? (If you're Westwards, that is.) It's expensive, I know—but such a treat for those who're at home.
- To rinse out your bathing suit in clear water after your daily dips? It's so good for it!
- To empty the sand out of your shoes—in the garden, not on the bedroom floor?
- To buy small cousin his (or her) favourite rock? Some young people

- positively insist on the "pineapple flavour"—that's the yellow coloured rock—these days, you know.
- To keep your sun-tan oil standing on a piece of paper or hankie on your dressing table? It can so easily stain a duchess set, if you don't.
- To return that book you borrowed from the library at your seaside town? (I forgot this once and it cost me three-and-sixpence—ouch!)
- To get the addresses of those young people you met on the pier, so that you can write to them when you get home again?
- To tell mother now and again that you're having a marvellous time—and that she's a darling?

(Continued from page 11)

Expelled from the Camp!



NOT a very happy morning was that for the chums.

True, they did not see Jemima until long afterwards, but in the meantime poor Susan was heartbroken. Her jaunt had been ruined completely. A trip to Riversmouth to get the camera repaired was met with the statement that two days at least would be required to do the repairs, and even then the camera which the sympathetic manager loaned to her to fill up the gap would not completely mollify her. Her heart was bursting with bitterness towards Jemima.

"I'll never, never speak to that girl again as long as I live!" she hotly declared.

Silently, disconsolately, they all strolled back to the camp together, to meet Basil Shaw, who had just completed his last flip. He smiled sympathetically at Susan.

"Still feeling bad about this morning?" he asked. "Never mind. Must cheer up, you know. I fancy," he added, "that Miss Carstairs is feeling as bad as you are about things. She's been sitting in the cove most of the morning looking utterly miserable and lonely."

"Serve her right!" Susan said bluntly.

"Now, now!" he chided. "Don't get angry, Miss Tempest, please! Say, I've got it!" he added. "It does seem to me, you know, that in all that's been happening we've lost sight of the treasure hunt. Now, what about a hunt now—at once? We can take lunch baskets over to the island."

"I say, that's a jolly good idea!" Bessie Bunter voted.

"And, if I may make another suggestion," Basil Shaw said, "invite Miss Carstairs to come along, too. I'm sure she's sorry now for what she's done, and, after all, if she's in the treat there's no need for her to make fresh mischief, is there? Shall I ask her if she'd like to come while you go off to get the picnic-baskets?"

They looked at each other, faces brightening. Really, Basil Shaw was one of the nicest and most forgiving of men—and wasn't it just awfully sporting of him to make a suggestion like that? Perhaps, in spite of all she had done, they did feel just a little guilty at having left Jemima to her own devices all the morning.

"Well, that's a good idea," Babs said, and flushed as she looked at Susan.

"Susan, what do you say?"

"I say let's do it!" Susan cried.

"And Jemima?"

Susan shrugged indifferently.

"Both Jemima! If she comes, just keep her away from me, that's all! All right then, Mr. Shaw, we'll go—and thanks. But what about overloading the boat?"

"Well, Miss Carstairs can sit next to me," he said. "If three of you can squeeze into one seat it can be managed, I think. After all, the trip won't take long. Shall I tell Miss Carstairs, then?"

"Oh, please!" Babs cried. "Come on, kidlets, off to the Blue Shop and get our picnic-baskets."

They hurried away, and Basil Shaw turned towards the cliff path. With a cheery smile on his face, he nodded to Jemima as he reached the beach.

All morning Jemima had sat there,

looking thoughtfully out to sea. Now she jerked up as she heard her name.

"Oh, what cheer?" she murmured vaguely.

"Miss Carstairs, we've arranged a treasure-hunting trip," Shaw said. "Miss Redfern and her friends would very much like you to join them. They're getting picnic-baskets now."

Jemima looked a little surprised.

"Nice idea," she said. "Dear old Babs & Co. always so nobly forgiving. Pleased to come, of course," she added.

"When do we start?"

"Now," Shaw smiled. "And you, Miss Carstairs, are sitting with me. Perhaps you'd like to get in and help me start up the boat?" he added cordially.

Rather queerly, just for a moment puzzledly, Jemima surveyed him. Then she nodded.

"Let's totter," she suggested briefly.

He held the speedboat while she clambered into it, sinking into the soft-cushioned seat beside the pilot's seat. Shaw, turning the ignition key, started up the engine.

"Sweet, eh?" he laughed. "Nice little tub. Right-ho, now; we're ready! But just a sec!" he said suddenly.

"I've forgotten the spades. Can't very well dig for treasure without spades, can we, Miss Carstairs? I'll pop along to get them."

"Whoa!" Jemima said. "You've left the engine on."

"That's all right. It's not in gear. Won't be a minute."

He clambered out of the chugging boat. Jemima frowned a little, but sat back. Idly she watched the quivering needles on the dashboard as the engine throbbled before her. Certainly it was a nice little craft. Still, pretty awful waste of petrol to leave it chugging like this. Funny—

And then suddenly Jemima let out a cry.

For without warning there was a sudden explosion in the engine in front of her. The boat seemed to kick back, and Jemima was flung off her seat. At the same moment there came a spluttering sound, followed by a hissing roar. Then, to Jemima's horror, a great flame shot up in front of her.

And from Babs & Co., just descending the cliff, there came a shout:

"Oh, my hat! Look, the speedboat's on fire! Jimmy—"

But Jemima was in action then. Out of that boat like a flash she jumped, almost throwing herself into the sea. What had happened?

She did not know, though she had done nothing. Her one object now was to save the boat. In the stern was clipped a patent fire-extinguisher. In two shakes resourceful Jemima had reached it.

As the flames mounted higher she pressed the handle and directed a stream of extinguishing chemical upon it. The flames flared, died low, and vanished.

Jemima wiped her brow.

"Warm work!" she murmured, and turned as Babs & Co. rushed up. "Needn't call out the fire brigade," she said cheerily. "Alone I have done it. Oh, ha!" she added, as a furious shout came from the cliff path, and racing down that cliff path came Basil Shaw, accompanied by Mr. Mackenzie.

"Miss Carstairs," Shaw raved, "what have you been doing?"

"Just putting the merry old fire out—what?" Jemima beamed.

"You must have tampered with something."

Jemima stared.

"I? I never touched anything."

"Look in the boat, Shaw," Mr. Mackenzie said.

They all stood round, silent now, all looking uncertainly and yet suspiciously at Jemima. Shaw, examining the dashboard, looked up. His face was grave in the extreme.

"I'm sorry to have to contradict you, Miss Carstairs," he said, "but you have been messing about with these controls. I asked you expressly not to touch anything."

"I didn't," Jemima said. "I—I—"

She was silenced by the angry look which Mr. Mackenzie flung at her.

"Shaw, you are sure the fire could not have happened unless someone had meddled with the controls?"

"Most decidedly not, sir."

"Then," Mr. Mackenzie said, and flamed round bitterly, "Miss Redfern, I must declare this boat out of bounds to you and your friends. I realise it is not necessarily your fault, but ever since you started using it there has been nothing but trouble."

"Oh! But I say—" cried Susan.

"That is enough! The boat is valuable camp property. I must consider the other holiday-makers."

A murmur of dismay went through the chums. They all glared at Jemima then.

"And as for you, Miss Carstairs," the manager said bitterly—"well, I have come to the end of my patience. I warned you, if anything else happened, that I should ask you to leave the camp. Since you have chosen to ignore that warning I must now order you to go. I shall be obliged," he added stiffly,

"if you will take the first train out after lunch! Shaw, get this boat in order again, and please bear my instructions in mind. The girls are not to use the boat again."

The chums fell back, humiliated, angry. Babs looked at Jemima.

"Oh, Jimmy!" she cried. "Jimmy, you idiot, why did you do it?"

But all Jemima did was to look at her oddly. Then she said, hanging her head:

"Shrewd, eh? Dashed shrewd! This, Barbara beloved, is what comes of under-estimating!"

News of An Amazing Plot!



"SHE'S gone?" asked Clara Trevlyn.

"Yes," Babs replied wearily.

"What did she say?"

"Oh, what she always says—just nothing!" Babs replied, and dropped into a deckchair. "Give me a cup of tea, please!"

The time was about half-past three in the afternoon, and the chums were having tea on the veranda of one of their chalets—all except Susan, who had been called away ten minutes ago by Basil Shaw. Only Babs of them all had been to see the expelled Jemima off at Riversmouth Station that afternoon.

They were all keenly conscious of the humiliation which had been inflicted upon them by Jemima's expulsion. The atmosphere in the camp towards them seemed somehow to have changed since that. They all felt they were regarded by the rest of the guests as being tarred with Jemima's brush.

The return of Babs did not lessen the gloom which sat upon them.

For to be sure Babs herself was not feeling cheerful. Babs, with her chums, shared that sense of humiliation, but Babs was also worried, and puzzled. Even now, in spite of everything, she could not help but feel that

something was desperately wrong somewhere. It was incredible that Jemima would have done all that she had been accused of doing without some good reason.

And yet Jemima had gone off serenely enough. Jemima, in fact, had seemed almost content.

"You mean," Mabs asked, "she never even gave you a hint of what had been on her mind?"

"Not a hint," Babs replied. "I'm just floored. Hallo, here's Susan!" she added. "Thank goodness she looks bright and chirpy about something."

For at that moment a gay "Coo-ee!" rang out, and Susan, her red hair trailing in the wind, came dashing towards them.

"Hi, hi, steady on!" Clara cried as Susan almost cannoned into her chair. "What's the matter? Been bitten by a giddy octopus?"

"Look at that!" Susan cried, and stretched out her palm in which was a winking stone. "Treasure!" she gleed. "Mr. Shaw found it on his last flip to the island."

They all blinked.

"I say, it's an opal, isn't it?" Marjorie breathed.

"An opal—yes. Mr. Shaw found it near one of the old Roman mines. And guess," Susan cried, her eyes shining. "I'm going up with him now—this instant!"

"Whoopee! I'll come with you!" Clara cried.

"Sorry, can't be done!" Susan gurgled. "It's the old petrol trouble again. You see, Mr. Shaw only takes in enough for his flips, and he's on the short line again. But you can all come and see me off," she added generously, "and if we make a really exciting find we're coming back at once, and he says he'll take us over in a crowd."

"What—when the speedboat's out of bounds to us?" Janet Jordan said.

"No, not in the speedboat—on another old tub," Susan dimpled. "That man's got a way of getting round everything, and he's so frightfully sorry about all our disappointments. He says he can rig an outboard motor on some old tub he can get from one of the fishermen along the beach, and he'll take us over in that. But come on now," she added, with impatience.

They all grinned. Impossible, when Susan was so buoyantly enthusiastic, not to catch something of her happy spirit.

Anyway, the thrill of the treasure hunt was back with them all again now. Jemima, for the time being, was forgotten in the new excitement. Even Bessie Bunter eagerly came with them as Susan led the way to the beach where Basil Shaw awaited. He welcomed them with a smile.

"All correct," he said. "I've inspected the plane for stowaways, and there is none. In you get, Miss Tempest. Off we go paupers, to return millionaires!" he added, with a laugh. "Now stand away, girls!" The plane throbbed into life. Susan waved cheerily as he climbed inside.

"Whoops, off we go!" she cried.

"Good hunting!" shouted Babs.

And off they were, the plane taxiing along the sand, to rise as gracefully as a bird and head out over the sea.

"Well, sure seems that we're on something this time," Leila said good-humouredly. "What do we do now?"

"Go back to tea," Bessie Bunter said promptly.

That seemed as good a suggestion as any. They went back to tea, though everybody's mind now was full of the treasure hunt again, and every eye was trying to visualise Susan and her companion as they groped among the sand on Channel Island. With what news—or what treasure—would they return?

"Nothing exciting's happened yet, it seems," Babs said at half-past four. "They've been gone nearly an hour. Hallo!" she said, with a sudden start. "Who's this? It—no it isn't—it is! Uncle Arnold!" she shrieked. "Girls, it's Susan's father!"

They all stared as along the line of chalets a man in a neat grey suit came hurrying.

At once Babs flew from her seat. They all recognised the distinguished-looking stranger now, and all wondered at his unexpected appearance. But

plotted to kidnap my little girl and then blackmail me into giving them what they want. One of the gang turned traitor and came and squealed the whole plot to me this afternoon."

In horror they stared at him.

"Apparently the idea is to get at Susan at this camp. Somebody is going to take her for an aeroplane ride alone and make off with her."

"But—but—" stuttered Babs. "No, it can't be Basil Shaw!"

"What name?" he asked sharply.

"Basil Shaw. That—that's the pilot Susan's gone to Channel Island with now," Babs said. "And—and it's the first time he's been up alone with her."

Mr. Tempest's face seemed to turn grey.

"And that," he gritted, "is the name the scoundrel is masquerading under—the traitor told me. Susan's gone with



"GIVE it to me!" panted Susan. Again she snatched at her camera, and again Jemima jerked it away. And in the struggle neither noticed how close to the edge of the cliff they were.

strangely enough he did not look happy—he looked, in fact, almost hunted. They watched as he and Babs met and Babs kissed him. They heard him ask:

"Where's Susan?"

Babs replied as they came along. He looked startled.

"In a monoplane, did you say?"

"Why, yes," Babs said, wondering.

"But what—"

"Wait a minute, I'll tell you!" He looked frightfully agitated all at once. "Good-afternoon, girls! Please excuse me if I seem not to be myself. But this—this—ahem! I'd better explain."

He looked grave. "Did you know, Barbara, there is a plot afoot to kidnap Susan?"

"Kidnap Susan?" Babs cried.

"Exactly. I won't go into details, but here's the gist of it. You know that I am a man of considerable property. Some of that property a scoundrelly syndicate has been trying to buy out from me at a ridiculous price.

"Times out of number I have refused, and to force my hand they have

the man who wants to kidnap her! Barbara," he added feverishly, "we've got to get to that island—and get there quickly! Where can we get a boat?"

Like lightning Babs' brain was racing. At last she began dimly to understand the mysteriousness of Jemima.

"We can get a boat—now," she cried. "It's a boat that's out of bounds to us. It's the camp speedboat—in the bay."

"Then," he said curtly, "lead on! "And thank goodness," he muttered beneath his breath, "I can drive a motor-boat! Hurry, hurry, everybody!"

Thanks to the Outcast!



"THERE'S the island!" Barbara Redfern cried.

Mr. Tempest did not reply. Eyes burning, his whole attention was concentrated upon the controls in front of him as the speedboat skimmed through the waves.

16 "Jemima versus the Treasure-Hunters!"

Every brain was asking the same question. Dreadful, the peril Susan was in! Would they be in time to save her? Not yet had the plane left the island, otherwise they would have seen it.

Nearer, larger, the island loomed before them.

Then all at once a cry went up from Leila.

"Look! The plane!"

"Uncle, faster!" shrieked Babs.

But it was hopeless. Less than a tantalising half-mile the island stood before them when suddenly there came that throbbing, roaring sound. Above the tops of the trees they saw the plane circling.

Arnold Tempest ground his teeth.

Like a mad thing the boat raced on. Now they were shooting to the edge of the beach. As the craft grounded on the shingle, Clara gave a horrified shriek.

"Oh, my goodness! Look—look!"

She was pointing with a trembling finger to the monoplane, still clearly visible. It was now well out over the sea, heading towards the Continent, but as they watched they saw a limp figure go overboard.

"Susan!" Mr. Tempest cried. "The villain! Quick, turn the boat! We may pick her up yet!"

"Don't think," a cool, startling voice spoke, "that I'd worry if I were you, Mr. Tempest."

And they all turned, and they all gasped, and all blinked to see the cool, smiling, immaculate figure of Jemima Carstairs emerge from the other side of a huge rock which had fallen on the beach. "Dear old Susan is safe and sound—what?"

"J-Jimmy!" Babs stuttered.

"What cheer!" Jemima smiled.

"You—you here? How did you get here?"

"Easy!" Jemima shrugged. "Just pulled the jolly old communication-cord on the train as soon as it had got out of the station, you know, then doubled back to the harbour at Rivers-mouth and hired a boat."

"But Susan!" Mr. Tempest cried.

"Jemima, you said about Susan—"

"Sound. All merrily alive and kicking—ho! A ticklet, please," she added; and while they wondered if they were dreaming some staggering dream Jemima disappeared round the rock and then reappeared again holding the arm of a girl who had a bandage tied round her head. At the sight of her a hoarse cry came from Mr. Tempest.

"Susan!"

"Daddy!" Susan cried.

"Well, mum-my giddy bonnet!" stuttered Clara as father and daughter embraced. "I suppose I am still awake? Jimmy, you washout, how did all this happen? And what," Clara demanded, staring towards the disappearing speck in the sky which was the monoplane, "was that that dropped from Shaw's plane?"

Jemima chuckled.

"Dear old baffled Basil!" she said sadly. "He must have found my dummy, you know! Pretty bad lad, old Basil—what?"

"A scoundrel!" Mr. Tempest said angrily. "What wouldn't I give to see that fellow under lock and key?"

"That pleasure," Jemima purred, "will probably be thine, fair sir, ere long. I fancy," she added musingly, "our dear old Basil will not get far loaded up with sand! Cute wheeze of mine—what—emptying his petrol-tins and replacing it with sand?"

"You did?"

"Alone I did it," Jemima nodded.

"Then you knew Basil Shaw's game all along?" Babs questioned.

"Not so, old Spartan—not so!" Jemima shook her head. "For a time, you know, I was quite in the dark—only had the suspicions to go on. But I can see," she added with a smile, "that you want the story now, and the story, such as it is, you shall have."

"Sit down, fair comrades. Now that the time is ripe, and the hour is at hand, and all that sort of rot, I can unseal my sealed lips. It all happened," Jemima went on more seriously, "when I had my first flip with dear old Basil."

She went on then to explain how, being intensely interested in aeroplanes, she had privately examined the plane when they had landed on Channel Island, and the others had started to have a brief look round. In a pocket in the pilot's cockpit she had discovered Susan's photograph with, on the mount of it, the strange instructions.

"Enough," Jemima said, "to make one think and wonder, what—especially as Basil Shaw, at that time, had only just met Susan. Obvious it was that somebody had given that photograph to Basil Shaw to help him identify our dear old red-head. Perhaps," Jemima said sadly, "I have a criminal mind, for immediately my reaction was 'What-ho, Jimmy, lad! Foul play in the offing! Watch out!'"

"Next," Jemima said, "came the news that Shaw hadn't got enough petrol in his plane to take up two passengers. That was a fib. Shaw had plenty, because when I was looking round the plane I also examined the instruments. Then the news that he and Susan were going up alone, and, full of suspicion, I decided to be on the trip."

"And—and then?" Clara questioned.

"Then," Jemima shrugged, "does not the story unfold itself? Still, just that there shall be no further misunderstanding, I will explain."

And explain she did, telling how, in her suspicions of Shaw's intentions, she had tried to scotch the speedboat trip by taking the ignition keys, but in case of accidents had secretly visited the island herself, and when Susan had gone off alone with Shaw, followed them.

She explained also how she had seen Shaw deliberately plant the two golden Spanish doubloons, his intention, of course, to excite Susan's curiosity in the hope that she would visit the island with him on future occasions.

"Later, I inspected the coins. They proved to be what I suspected—fakes," she explained blandly. "Seeing that I wasn't in very good graces at the time, I didn't mention the fact. Careless of me, though, to leave that photograph for you to find, Babs, and careless of me not to guess that Mr. Shaw might be getting uneasy about my uncanny poppings-up just when he was on the point of carrying out his scheme."

"I don't think," Jemima added softly, "there's any need for me to go into the camera business, is there, though I repeat I was dashed sorry that the old instrument got socked—that was no part of the Carstairs plan. All I wanted to do then was to delay Susan so that there would be no time to make the trip."

"Well, you know what happened next. Dear old Mr. Shaw, resolving to get rid of me at any price, planned the speedboat bust-up—the intention, of course, to get little I out of

the way. Well, just to give him confidence I went, guessing that once he thought I was gone he would act. Then—but perhaps," she added, "the end part of the story belongs to Susan. Susan, old-timer, tell them what happened."

Susan's face twisted in a wry smile. "There's not much to tell," she said.

"First, Jimmy says that opal Shaw pretended to find is a cheap imitation. Well, we got to the island, as you know. We went to the mine. Then suddenly Shaw turned upon me and hit me over the head with a stick, and after tying my hands and feet and throwing a sack over me, bundled me back into the plane. Then—then Jemima came along. She freed me, bandaged me up, and rigged up the dummy which she put in my place."

"Great guns!" breathed Mr. Tempest admiringly.

"Meanwhile," Jemima continued, "dear old bad-lad Basil was filling up the plane with tins of petrol for a long flight. I didn't mention, did I, that the afternoon you accused me of trying to hunt for the treasure on my lonesome, I found his petrol tin dump, and took the liberty of replacing the petrol with sand? You see," Jemima added, "the bad lad had to load up for a long-distance flight, and his carefully prepared and cutely worked-out scheme was to refuel on the island after he had nobbled Susan. 'Twas in putting sand in place of petrol that I became a trifle stained," Jemima added, "giving Susan the impression that I'd been hunting for the treasure."

"And I," Susan said, "was fool enough—"

"Tosh!" Jemima said. "Simply tosh! Easy to think the wrong thing. Well, well, there we are. So ends the story. Oh, there's the treasure," she added gently. "Bit of a flop, that, because, you know, as an amateur antiquary, I happen to have read that it was found several years ago. Shall we," Jemima added, "get back to camp now? I'm rather keen to let the police know about Mr. Basil Shaw, so that they can pick him up when he comes down."

Susan's face was alight.

"Jimmy, I—I'm sorry!" she blurted. "And to think, while I was hating you, you were doing all this—for me! Oh, Jimmy, I'm a cat!"

"Tush! Shall we toddle?" Jemima asked amiably.

"And—and we're all friends again?" Babs asked.

"Firmer, thicker, and more friendlier than ever," Jemima assured her. "Susan, what do you say?"

"I say," Susan said, and her eyes shone with the affection and admiration she felt, "that you're about the most wonderful girl I've ever met, Jimmy!"

That was an opinion shared now by Mr. Tempest and all the chums. It was an opinion intensified a few hours later when they received news from the police that Basil Shaw had made a forced landing off the coast of France, obviously because the would-be kidnapper had discovered his reserve supply of fuel had turned out to be Channel Island sand. When Jemima heard the news she chuckled.

"One regret, and one only, have I," she said. "And that was not seeing dear Basil's face when he unscrewed the first tin of petrol. Dear, dear! What stunning treats one does miss in life, eh, girls?"

END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

Further gripping chapters of our dramatic Girl Detective story.



Valerie Drew's HOLIDAY MYSTERY

By

ISABEL NORTON

FOR NEW READERS.

VALERIE DREW, the famous girl detective, and her clever Alsatian dog, **FLASH**, are spending a holiday at **Sunnylands Farm**, which is run as an hotel by a hard-working, likeable young girl,

DOROTHY DEAN. Dorothy seems to have a secret enemy who is trying to drive guests from the farm. Mysterious things happen and suspicion falls upon one of the guests.

JOHNNY JEVONS, a boisterous young fellow who is a confirmed practical joker. Valerie likes him, nevertheless. It is Johnny who brings her a note he says he has found. The note, which is unsigned, refers to some mysterious activity which is to take place at ten that night! And at that very hour, when the guests are playing blind-man's-buff, the lights go out. One of the guests,

MRS. CROBY, who has been blaming Johnny for the strange happenings, has been seized by the lad, who is "blind man." Suddenly she screams! "My pearls! They've gone!"

(Now read on.)

Baffling!

VALERIE DREW held her breath as Mrs. Croby's startled cries ceased.

Momentarily there was a hush. The darkness remained complete; the intense silence was almost uncanny.

Then, as a fresh babel of inquiry and alarm broke out from all parts of the room, Valerie strode to the nearest window.

One glance outside was sufficient to tell her all she needed to know. Every light in the building was out. There could be only one explanation.

"Someone strike a light, please!" Valerie requested, in cool, clear tones, as she felt in her handbag for her own matches. "The main switch has been turned off."

She heard matches rattling. Several spurts of light—some rather shaky—arose in different parts of the room. In an unforgettable glimpse, as she struck a light herself, Valerie saw Mrs. Croby sitting petrified, with Johnny, wearing a faint, bewildered grin, now standing beside her, the blind-man's-buff handkerchief pulled up to his forehead.

Then, holding her own match aloft, Valerie left the room, with Flash trotting eagerly at her side.

The main switch was in a small cupboard fixed on the wall a short distance along the passage. She saw it at once, but her match burnt out before she

could reach the spot. Running her fingers along the wall, she found the cupboard in the darkness, felt carefully for the switch, and pushed it up. All the lights in the house were restored immediately.

Valerie remained staring at the switch itself. A length of fine, tough string attached to it told her how the dramatic failure of the lights had been contrived. The string had been fixed in readiness so that someone could pull it at the prearranged time!

Who had done it?

With narrowed, intent eyes, Valerie followed the course the string took. It led down from the switch under a convenient hook, back along the wall to another hook, then rose again. Near the top of the wall it vanished through a ventilator.

The ventilator communicated with the very room Valerie had just left!

WHO TIED STRING TO THE MAIN ELECTRICITY SWITCH at Sunnylands Farm? If Valerie could discover that she would know the identity of the secret plotter.

Hastening back, she heard confused sounds of argument, which, for the moment, she was too busy to heed.

Now she was actually looking for it she saw the continuation of the string instantly, though the shadows and the striped wall-paper had offered plenty of excuse for no one noticing its existence before.

It ran straight down the wall to within two feet of the floor, then turned sharply beneath a bracket, continued horizontally behind the chairs, and ended where it was firmly tied to the central-heating radiator.

The trick was as clever as it was baffling.

Fixed in that spot, the string could have been secretly pulled by one of a dozen people in the room, or equally well by anyone hanging about in the passage outside.

"Well, Dorothy, I'm waiting!" an incisive voice declared behind her. "It's no joke to me—it's just plain robbery. What are you going to do about it?"

Mrs. Croby's eyes were gleaming with anger; her features were set in hard, determined lines.

"That's beside the point! I felt Johnny's fingers on my neck," she went on. "If you can't make him own up we can soon fetch someone who will."

Every eye turned, at those significant words, on Johnny Jevons, the high-spirited boy who had, until a few minutes ago, been the life and soul of the party.

Johnny's hands were thrust into his trousers pockets, his good-looking face still wore a vestige of its usual cheerful grin. But Valerie, noticing his heightened colour, knew at once that he was not as easy in mind as he appeared to be.

"Go easy, Sunshine!" he urged.

"Haven't I offered to be searched?" "You could easily have a confederate!" stormed Mrs. Croby. "It was no accident that the lights went out the very moment you were within reach of my necklace."

"Mrs. Croby," said Valerie evenly, "do you think I might be of any assistance to you?"

There was an immediate murmur of approval all around.

"Why, of course!"

"Valerie's a detective—" began several.

"Yes, but a girl detective!" responded Mrs. Croby scornfully.

Valerie smiled, in no way perturbed. "It might be quite beyond me," she politely agreed, as she stepped closer to the open window against which Mrs. Croby had been sitting. "All the same, even though I'm here on holiday, I'm quite willing to have a shot at finding a missing pearl necklace."

Her glance strayed casually out of the window as she was speaking. For the fraction of a second it lingered on the flower border just outside. But there was nothing in her manner as her gaze returned to the room to betray the fact that she had just made a sensational discovery.

Immediately beneath the window,

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where there was a patch of clear earth, she had seen a distinct footprint.

"Look here, everyone!" she appealed. "It's quite possible we're all trying to make a mountain out of a molehill. Mrs. Croby, I'm going to make you a sporting offer. Will you be quite satisfied if your missing pearls are returned inside two minutes?"

Mrs. Croby stiffened.

"How can you promise that," she demanded, "unless you know where they are?"

"Oh, I'm not promising!" Valerie pleasantly assured her. "What I mean is simply this. Maybe someone's played a joke, and it's gone farther than they intended, so I'll tell you what. I'm going to turn the lights off again for just half a minute. That'll give the thief—if he or she is here—ample time to put Mrs. Croby's pearls on the table."

"What a good idea, Valerie!" exclaimed freckled Marjorie.

"Hear, hear!" chorused half a dozen others.

Valerie stepped across the room, left it by the open door, and walked briskly along the passage. Her hand once more reached up to the main switch, but not with any hope that the missing pearls would reappear while the lights were out.

She had made her suggestion only in order to give herself time to remove the telltale string before anyone else noticed it.

Slipping the one end from the switch as the lights went out, she crept back to the room she had just left, found the string hanging down from the ventilator, and drew it through. There she dropped it on the floor, knowing no special significance would be attached to it now.

Restoring the lights as soon as the promised half-minute had elapsed, Valerie returned to the drawing-room.

The table remained bare. All the guests who had glumly witnessed the apparent failure of Valerie's experiment, looked at her with varying expressions as she appeared before them.

"There you are, Valerie!" said Mrs. Croby acridly. "If you can see my missing pearls you have better sight than I have!"

Valerie gave her a concerned smile.

"I'll admit it's a disappointment, Mrs. Croby—"

"Disappointment!" said Mrs. Croby, taking her little girl's hand and moving in a bristling manner towards the door. "I will say good-night to one and all!" She turned suddenly, sweeping her glance across the room until she met Dorothy's embarrassed gaze. "What's more," she added heatedly, "this will be the last night I'm here to say good-night to anyone. To-morrow we shall certainly leave Sunnylands Farm, and the police shall hear what's going on!"

On the Trail!

"YES, Valerie, I'll admit it—I've got the pip badly to-night," Dorothy ruefully confessed later that evening. "Mrs. Croby's clearing out to-morrow with her two youngsters, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if several others soon start beetling off as well."

She looked up at Valerie with the plucky smile which Valerie had so much admired from the start of their acquaintance.

"Now tell me I'm just a grouser, and much worse things happen at sea, and I'll agree with you!"

Valerie smiled sympathetically. "I don't intend to say anything of the sort, Dorothy," she responded. "In any case, Sunnylands Farm isn't at sea, so that doesn't apply. What I'd like to find out is how you've managed to make out some secret enemy—and why!"

Her violet eyes reflected her frank puzzlement as she made the remark, for Dorothy was so cheery and willing, always so anxious to see that everyone had a happy holiday, that it seemed impossible to believe she could have a foe in the world.

Yet someone had deliberately caused

the disappearance of Mrs. Croby's pearl necklace, and more than half the guests undoubtedly still believed in their hearts that Johnny, the acknowledged japer of the place, was responsible! Valerie thoughtfully pursed her lips.

Up to a point she had decided to keep her own counsel, and so far she had mentioned nothing to Dorothy about the warning note, the string on the electric light switch, or the footprint outside the window. Until she knew more, Valerie did not want to worry her plucky young hostess with details which might only increase her present sense of apprehension.

Yet obstinately she still clung to her own conviction that Johnny was innocent.

"Have you had to reprove any of the staff at all lately?" Valerie suddenly asked, trying that line of approach.

Dorothy shook her head emphatically.

"It's one of the joys of running this place to have such cheery people helping me," she explained. "We're always just like a happy family in the kitchen."

Realising there was no more she could discover from Dorothy for the time-being, Valerie bade her a cheery good-night, and left the office. Passing through the hall, she appeared to change her mind, however, and made her way to the kitchen instead.

"Oh, Miss Valerie, it's you!" exclaimed dark-haired Emily, the shy maid, drawing back in her usual timid way at sight of Flash. "If the dog's hungry—"

Valerie smiled, recollecting Emily's previous desire to be allowed to feed Flash in order to get on friendly terms with him.

"Not at this time of night, Emily," she said. "I just wondered if you could let me have two or three candles. I don't want to be left in the dark if people start messing about with the switches again."

"Why, of course, miss," said Emily, going to a store cupboard at once. "You can have this box if you like."

Thanking her, Valerie went up to her room—but certainly not with any intention of turning in at present.

Valerie had so far purposely kept away from the telltale footprint outside the drawing-room because, until she knew who the secret plotter was, she was anxious to betray nothing of her own suspicions. But she had certainly not forgotten it.

Her procedure, as soon as she had securely locked the door, gave an indication of what was really in her mind.

Lighting the boiling jet on the top of her gas fire, she took a small metal bowl and broke three of the candles into it. Removing the wicks as they melted, she waited until the grease was really hot, then poured it carefully into her vacuum flask, knowing that it would keep in its present condition for several hours.

It seemed a long time to wait until everyone else in the building had retired to rest for the night, but at last, judging the coast was clear, Valerie opened her door. Save for one or two dim lights which burned all night, the whole place was in darkness.

Whispering to Flash to run ahead, Valerie softly descended the staircase. Nothing happened to alarm her. Flash was waiting patiently at the front door when she reached it. Softly Valerie slid the bolts, opened it, and stepped outside.

Creeping to the side of the house, she shone the light of a discreetly shaded

torch on the flower border outside the window where Mrs. Croby had been sitting when the audacious theft took place.

With a smile of satisfaction she saw that nothing had disturbed the print she had glimpsed from inside the room.

Opening the flask she had brought with her, she poured the hot candle-grease into the impression until it was completely filled. The cool earth caused the wax to start setting at once. Valerie had only to wait two or three minutes before the whole thing was hard enough to be removed safely.

With deep inward satisfaction she found herself surveying a thin white impression of the complete sole and heel of a man's shoe.

Bearing it carefully back to the house, she refastened the front door as silently as she had opened it and returned to her room. When she had immersed the cast in cold water it was hard enough to allow her to make a more detailed examination.

"What luck!" Valerie breathed, as she studied it under the light.

For the cast showed the heel of the shoe with startling clarity. It was one which had been tipped with rubber, and across the softer surface there was a long, irregular cut. With such a distinguishing feature, she should have no difficulty in identifying the shoe which had left that print as soon as she came across it.

Well content with her investigations so far, Valerie turned in and was soon fast asleep in her cosy bed. It was only a few minutes after seven next morning, however, when she was awake again.

Rising purposefully, she quickly washed and dressed. Then, with the vital wax cast hidden in an inside pocket, she went downstairs, accompanied by Flash.

This morning Valerie was evidently the first guest up. She found two sleepy-looking maids moving about the kitchen, while Trumble, the house-boy, was busily shoe-cleaning in a small annex. He gave Valerie a friendly grin as she appeared in the doorway.

"Flash got you up early, miss?" he asked, still brushing vigorously.

"Yes—too soon for me to be wide awake, I'm afraid," Valerie confessed with a rueful smile. "I've come down without his lead."

"I'll fetch it, miss," offered the obliging house-boy, immediately setting down the shoe and brush.

Valerie thanked him with a smile as he sped off. Her ruse had worked perfectly. Stepping into the annex, she swiftly drew the wax cast from her pocket.

Here she knew she would find at least one pair of shoes belonging to every guest in the farmhouse. Would there be one amongst them to tally with the impression from which her cast had been obtained?

Knowing she had only a few moments in which to work, Valerie went swiftly from pair to pair. Then, with an indrawing of her breath, she paused and stared.

She had found it! The very shoe, with a quarter rubber tip cut raggedly across, was here. She gleamed triumphantly at the number chalked on its sole, then turned to a list on the wall to see the name of the occupant of the room from which it had come.

The name she read was: "Mrs. J. Jeyous!"

Scarcely had Valerie replaced the cast in her pocket after making that astounding discovery than Trumble returned with Flash's lead.

Thanking him for the trouble he had

taken, Valerie attached it to her pet's collar and made her way to the raffered entrance hall.

Baffled as she felt by the perplexing discovery she had just made, one thing was perfectly clear to her.

Johnny could not have made that incriminating impression in the earth himself for he had been close to Mrs. Croby all the time.

Then what did it mean?

Gradually Valerie began to understand. Johnny, of course, possessed more than one pair of shoes. Evidently he had discarded his dusty ones with the cut heel before dinner and left them outside his room. The person who had stolen Mrs. Croby's necklace had "borrowed" them deliberately.

Valerie's thoughts took wings at that. Whether it had been done with the intention of throwing the blame on Johnny mattered little at the moment.

Whoever had worn those shoes last night would have left their scent in them—and also on the ground. Now was Flash's chance to follow it.

But how was she to give him the scent?

Picking up a couple of large shells which someone had brought back from the beach yesterday, Valerie returned to work again.

"Got Master Johnny's shoes handy?" she asked, with a twinkle in her eyes. "I've got a surprise for him."

The boy laughed as he saw what Valerie held in her hand and produced the shoes at once. It seemed to him purely by chance that Valerie held the pair close to Flash's sensitive nostrils whilst she was stuffing one spiky shell into each toe.

"The biter's going to be bit this time!" chuckled the house-boy, as Valerie returned them.

"I certainly hope so!" Valerie feelingly responded.

Some of the farm-hands were moving about the distant fields, but nobody else was near to the farmhouse itself as Valerie made her way to the window outside which she had obtained her wax cast last night. Leading Flash to the spot, she tensely whispered:

"Find, boy! Seek him out! Show me where he went!"

Flash lowered his nose and sniffed eagerly. To Valerie's joy a wave of

his bushy tail indicated that he had found the scent immediately. Off he padded across the lawn, heading swiftly in the direction of a copse which lay on the other side.

The Plotter Strikes Again!

"Oh, mummy—please! Just one last bathe before we go!" entreated little Jackie Croby, gazing appealingly across the breakfast table at his mother.

"Oh, yes, mummy!" Penelope, his sister, eagerly added. "After all, we can still leave this afternoon! You did promise us we could bathe to-day, mummy!"

Watching their pretty, attractive little faces, Dorothy Dean had the hardest job in the world to keep from joining in the appeal herself. For the weather was still perfect, with not a single cloud in the sky. It would be such a shame if the kiddies, on such a day, missed the treat to which they had been looking forward so eagerly.

But Dorothy remained silent.

Mrs. Croby had come down to the table with her brow still as dark as a thundercloud. The maids reported she had already packed half her luggage. Mrs. Croby's pearls were still missing, so Mrs. Croby and her two children were off!

What was more, Valerie Drew, the girl who had last night volunteered to find the missing necklace if she possibly could, had not even appeared for breakfast!

An unusual silence hung over the long table as everyone waited for Mrs. Croby's answer, some siding with her, some thinking she was being unreasonable.

All at once Mrs. Croby's set expression relaxed. There was an almost audible gasp of relief as she smiled reassuringly at the two wistful little faces. Though she had many faults—was quick-tempered, eager to be popular, yet easily resentful if a joke displeased her—she was certainly very fond indeed of her children.

"Dorothy," she said quietly, "would you object to us staying on, after all, until after lunch?"

Dorothy looked up, trying not to



POURING the hot wax into the footprint, Valerie waited until it had cooled. Then, carefully removing it, she studied it intently. "Now to find out whose shoe made this," she whispered to Flash.

betray her deep sense of relief, though her bright eyes did so, all the same. "Why, of course, Mrs. Croby," she agreed.

But there was a wistful look in her eyes as, the meal over, she stood watching the cars loading up with the merry parties off to the beach for the morning. She was sad at heart to think that it still meant only a delay of a few hours in Mrs. Croby's intended departure.

The visitors themselves were all as jolly as ever once more. Johnny Jevons, his spirits completely revived, now wore a comic police helmet, and was busily and most unhelpfully directing the "traffic."

When a large new cardboard box was brought out under Mrs. Croby's direction, and attached to one of the large luggage grids, Johnny humorously produced an enormous notebook, and demanded, amidst great merriment, that the box should be searched for bombs.

But Dorothy, reading what was printed on the side of the box, was only too sadly reminded by it of the sort of guest she was losing.

The box held a costly kind of tent, which stood up rigidly by itself when merely inflated by a small pump. Obviously money was no object to Mrs. Croby at all.

At last the cars were ready to start. Their horns tooted merrily, as, one after the other, they drove away out of the farmyard. With a sigh she simply couldn't repress, Dorothy turned and made her way back into the house.

Trying her hardest to banish her gloomy thoughts, she went to her little office. There, with a resolute smile, she drew a piece of paper across to the blotter, and sat down to think out a new, attractive menu for lunch.

An unexpected little whimper close at hand caused her to drop her pen and turn with a start. With bewildered eyes, scarcely able to collect her thoughts for the moment, she sat staring at Flash.

The Alsatian stood just within the entrance to the office, his eyes shining brightly, his head held slightly on one side, the handle of a tiny basket grasped between his teeth. In the basket, which he had obviously come to offer the girl hostess, was the prettiest little posy of wild flowers.

"Why, Flash, you old darling!" Dorothy cried, her face lighting up at the delightful surprise. "What a lovely present you've brought me! Let me take them. Oh!"

She broke off, her colour changing, a lump rising suddenly in her throat as something fell from the flowers as she lifted them.

It was a pearl necklace!

Flash brought the flowers only to disguise this much bigger, this utterly incredible surprise.

"I thought he ought to return it himself as he really found it," Valerie's voice softly explained.

"Oh, Val!" Dorothy caught the girl detective's hand. Bright-eyed, too moved to speak at once, she held it for a long moment. "I—I'd no idea! I can't believe in such a stroke of luck!"

"Only sorry, my dear, we didn't get back sooner," Valerie assured her, her happy face lit by a most attractive smile. "It was buried, you see, amongst the trees in the grounds. Flash followed the trail almost to the very spot, then lost it. It seems we've been searching about for hours and hours."

"But, Val, this'll put everything right!" Dorothy cried delightedly. "Mrs. Croby can't even think of going now! Look, Val, Mrs. Croby's gone to the beach. You take the necklace to her now."

A moment's thought convinced Valerie that it would be just the right move. Mrs. Croby, her precious pearls safely restored, would then have the rest of the morning to get herself back into a thoroughly amiable frame of mind before returning to the farmhouse.

So Valerie, only a few minutes later, was springing nimbly to the saddle of Dorothy's bicycle. With Flash bounding along at her side, revelling in the vigorous exercise, she pedalled off in the direction of the bathing beach.

It was certainly a glorious part of the countryside where Sunnylands was situated. The rolling fields were full of golden, nodding corn. Where the road went gently uphill tall trees, brilliant green in the sunshine, came crowding to its very edge.

Nearer the top of the hill the trees receded a few feet from the roadside. And there, in a tiny clearing, Valerie suddenly saw a small gaily painted caravan, with a dark-featured woman perched on its steps.

"Good-morning!" she hailed, as mutual recognition caused Valerie to stop. "Did you find the owner of the gold bracelet, after all?"

Flash, panting noisily, perked up inquiring ears as he looked at the gipsified woman. But she took no notice of him, gazing instead at Valerie with searching eyes which now looked faintly mocking.

Valerie shook her head, recalling her disappointment when what had promised to be a valuable clue to her mystery petered out with this very woman denying that she owned the slim gilt bracelet.

"No; have you?" Valerie blandly responded, her own eyes inscrutable.

The gipsy woman laughed.

"I've been too busy painting," she explained. "Don't let me keep you now. The others are only a little way ahead."

Valerie rode on, feeling oddly perplexed. A pity she could not find out more about the woman.

But presently, remembering the necklace she carried and the great surprise its return was certainly soon going to cause, she forgot the gipsy woman entirely.

Only a few minutes later she saw the sea ahead of her, its yellow sands shining in the foreground. Then she glimpsed something that always held a thrill of its own—figures in brightly coloured bathing costumes, clustering together for the first exciting dip of the day.

But were they standing together for that reason? Valerie suddenly asked herself.

The costumed figures were all gathered around one person who, with angry gesticulations, was pointing to something which lay nearby on the sands.

Only a minute later Valerie had reached the sands, to find that the angry woman was none other than Mrs. Croby. At her side her two young children were weeping bitterly. Near at hand was the costly, elaborate tent which she had evidently only just unpacked from its box.

In one startled glimpse Valerie saw what had happened to it.

Flags and little coloured pictures had been fixed all over it with enormous pins. The pump which should have inflated its clever, patented structure lay useless on the sands. It scarcely needed Mrs. Croby's indignant voice to tell Valerie what had happened.

"See, my tent is utterly ruined!" she cried tremulously. "It will have to be patched in hundreds of places before it can ever be inflated! And what will it look like then! And somebody—some brainless imbecile—has had the audacity to treat my property like this and pretend it is a joke!"

"Madam"—a tall, grey-haired man of military appearance stepped forward—"I certainly agree this is no joke. But perhaps no joke was intended. May I suggest that one of the servants, for instance, may bear you a grudge and have done this deliberately—"

"I might be more inclined to listen, sir," Mrs. Croby throbbingly interrupted, "if the miscreant had not made a mistake this time. Unfortunately for himself, he also dropped this! I have just found it in the box!"

She held up, as she spoke, a white handkerchief. Scarcely able to breathe in her amazement, Valerie read the initials.

They were "J. J."

The only person staying at the farmhouse with those initials was Johnny Jevons—already known as the japer who appeared, for some odd reason, to have his knife in Mrs. Croby!

WHAT an astounding development this is! Can the likeable Johnny really have done this senseless damage? Is he the unknown plotter, after all? Don't miss Valerie's thrilling activities in next Saturday's issue!



Only BABS COULD CONTROL HER!

And Thalia Pascoe, a new girl at Cliff House School, certainly needs controlling! Since childhood she has lived a wild life amongst gipsies, doing and saying practically what she pleases. Now, when it means so much to her to succeed, she finds it extremely difficult to accustom herself to the discipline of Cliff House. And although Babs—liking the newcomer, despite her tempestuous outbursts—does her best to help, it is a hard struggle. For Thalia makes enemies at the school. Beyond that, a certain gold locket threatens to bring about her downfall.

A stirring character is Thalia Pascoe—and she features in a stirring long complete new term story—next week in THE SCHOOLGIRL, by Hilda Richards.

Another fascinating COMPLETE Canadian story featuring—

KIT OF RED RANCH



THE Indians were on the war-path—thanks to a villainous white man. But they changed their tune when Kit got busy with a toothbrush and some red ink!

Trouble Brewing!

“BY Golly, Redwing, if that’s not an Indian chief in full war-paint what is it, eh?”

Kit Hartley gave a soft whistle as she spoke; for in this part of Canada an Indian chief arrayed in all his glory was a rare sight. It was a stirring sight, too. A head-dress of eagles’ feathers, richly coloured, marked him out from the other Redskin riders; but even without it the rich embroidery of his cloak would have proclaimed him as the leader of the small posse.

“Who is he, Redwing?” Kit added, reining up.

Redwing was Kit’s little Redskin girl friend, and what she did not know about her own kin was not worth knowing.

“Big Chief Silent Eagle,” she said. “My uncle.”

“Your uncle, eh? Well, what’s he come here for?” asked Kit.

Redwing shook her head.

“Bad business,” she murmured sadly.

Kit and Redwing were just returning to Red Ranch, of which Kit’s dad was boss; but they were still some distance from it—a good five hundred yards farther away than Big Chief Silent Eagle was. And before they had ridden another dozen yards, the Big Chief swung from his horse and entered the yard.

“Hallo, calling on dad, eh?” said Kit. “O’mon, Redwing, this is where we put on a sprint, I reckon. Dad’s out, so it’ll be up to me to say how do.”

Kit reached the ranch gate at a canter; and almost at that precise moment, the Big Chief returned from the ranch-house.

He returned at the run; and behind him was Bill, the foreman of the ranch, a bearded fellow of massive build. Bill carried a can of paint in his hand, and as he ran in pursuit of Silent Eagle, he swung it back.

“I’ll give you war-paint!” he roared. Swoosh!

The paint shot through the air as the chief turned, and splashed over his gorgeous clothes.

From the other Redskins came mutters, exclamations and shouts.

But it was nothing to the shout that Kit gave.

“Hey! Bill—what’s the idea?” she cried in anger.

Kit hurled herself from her horse, and ran forward as the chief swung round to the angry foreman.

Another cowboy was coming down the path, and he, too, was carrying paint in a large can; while close behind were others, laughing and shouting.

Kit, her eyes blazing, sprang between the chief and the cowboy. There was nothing infuriated her more than their rough, thoughtless horse-play; and to

“Laugh, cowboy,” said Kit, and walked past him to the Indian chief.

“Chief Silent Eagle,” she said in grave tone. “In the name of my father, the boss of this ranch, I am sorry for this bad business.”

The chief, dignified even though marred by the paint, drew up, his eyes cold and glittering. From under his cloak he took a hatchet, the blade of which glistened in the sun.

“This morning it was buried,” he said. “I came in peace. I came to ask that those who set fire to our crops shall be punished, that our wrongs shall be headed. But now, there is no more pow-wow.”

He flung down the hatchet and it cut into the grass, burying itself almost to the handle. Then without another word, he turned and mounted his horse.

Kit, recovering from the shock of the chief’s startling gesture, looked at the foreman.

“Bill! Have you gone crazy? What’s the idea of insulting that chief? He came here as a friend; you’ve made him an enemy. The next thing we’ll know there’ll be an Injun rising. If that Injun has a grievance, I guess I’m going to find out what it is. And if it can be put right—O.K. I’ll put it right.”

Kit turned away then, and went over to Redwing, who sighed and pointed to the distant blue ridges of hills.

“All time, all day, all night, Injuns come,” she said. “North, south, east, all places. Horses, horses, horses, guns, guns, many guns. Much pow-wow. Bad business come soon.”

Kit stared at her, hardly able to believe it.

“A rally, eh?” she said, frowning. Hurrying forward, she picked up the chief’s hatchet.

“O’mon, Redwing,” she said. “I’ll need you as an interpreter. This hatchet has bin dug up, and now it’s got to be buried—or, by golly, I’ve an idea there’ll be a ring of Redskins round the shack one night and tomahawks in action. If Silent Eagle’s got a grievance, we’ve got to find what it is, and put it right.”

Kit Hartley peered over a rocky ridge, and stared in awed silence at a vast compound of horses on the plain below. It was a section of the plain hemmed in by rocks that formed it into a kind of small bay so that it was almost wholly concealed from view save from one angle.

“Gee—what a herd of horses!” murmured Kit. “Reckon if there are as many Redskins as horses it’s a rising all right.”

By

Elizabeth Chester

her way of thinking this was an outrage.

“That’s enough! Hold it,” she cried.

Bill made a sweeping gesture of the arm.

“Stand aside, Miss Kit if you please,” he said. “There’s some more in this can—”

The chief had folded his arms in quiet dignity.

“Paleface dogs,” he said thickly. “For this you shall suffer. I came in peace. I go to dig up the hatchet. A thousand, two thousand braves shall rise to arms.”

“Then here’s some war-paint to be getting on with,” jeered Darrel Lamoine, the man with the full can.

But the can was not flung. Kit, neatly stepping behind Lamoine, tipped it up. Out shot the paint—not over the chief but over Lamoine himself, swamping from head to foot, coating his hair and neck and shirt.

Spluttering, just as startled as he was enraged, he dropped the can, and swung round to Kit.

This was the secret assembly place of the Indians. Redwing led her to it, and then had gone to find Silent Eagle himself to ask if he would have a word with Kit.

While she was waiting, Kit tried to count the horses, and to find out how many braves there were. The wigwams stretched far away, and judging by the haze of smoke that hung over the camp there were many hundreds of them.

And then all at once Kit heard her Indian chum's soft call.

"Lo, there!" Kit returned.

Redwing joined her, creeping through long grass, and as she approached, shook her head dismally.

"Won't see me?" exclaimed Kit.

"Busy—much pow-wow with white chief," said Redwing.

"White chief! What kind of white chief?" Kit asked, in surprise.

"Big wise lawyer man. Come from United States."

Kit gave a slight start as she heard that. Anything more unlikely than a reputable lawyer helping a Redskin to organise a rising she could not imagine; and if he wasn't reputable, then the chances were that he was behind the trouble.

Suddenly Kit looked up keenly.

"Redwing—if I can't see the big chief, can I see the squaws?" she asked.

"Yis, yis!" nodded Redwing eagerly. "Oh, yis!"

It was easy to arrange; and a few minutes later, Kit was in the women's quarters.

There she learned something that gave her quite a shock.

The rising had been started because the Indians had been robbed of their cattle by mysterious marauders, their crops had been fired, and three of their number had been shot at and wounded.

"And who does Silent Eagle think is to blame?" asked Kit.

"The cowmen from Red Ranch!"

Kit whistled softly in dismay; for now things really were looking black.

"But that's not right," she declared. "Tell Silent Eagle that my dad will go into it; and if by any chance anyone from Red Ranch is to blame, believe me he'll be brought to book, and we'll make compensation!"

The squaws gave a murmur of approval, and Kit saw that she had them with her.

"Waal, waal, I reckon if you squaws are dead set against fightin', then fightin' mayn't happen," mused Kit. "And mebbe if the chief were to fall sick and need to go to hospital, he'd see where the white man comes in useful."

An idea had jumped into her mind, and presently, when she had bade the squaws good-bye, she whispered it to Redwing.

"Get down to the village, quick as you can," she urged. "Buy a small bottle of red ink from the stores, and a toothbrush. Get some violet ink, too."

When Redwing had gone, Kit herself loitered, watching the Redskin camp. She was waiting with the hope of seeing the lawyer who was advising the chief; and presently she was rewarded for her patience.

From the chief's tent stepped a portly little man in city clothes, contrasting strangely with Silent Eagle's magnificent manner and attire.

"So you're the smartie who's fixing all this, eh?" murmured Kit grimly. "O.K. I'll fix you!"

And she went openly down the slope to the camp.

"Hallo!" said Kit breezily, going up to the lawyer. "Reckon you're the head director of this film outfit, eh?"

"Film outfit?" he said, frowning.

"Sure; you can't kid me," said Kit, with a laugh. "This is a film you're shooting here; if not, then it's mighty strange having so many Redskins around!"

The lawyer gave a somewhat sickly smile.

"Er—um—y—yes," he agreed. "Strange. It would be strange. But, as you say, it is a film."

"And can I have a part in it?" Kit asked gravely.

"Oh, most certainly!" the lawyer said. "Yes, of course."

"Then I'll be seeing you to-morrow," said Kit easily. "And don't forget I'll want a whacking big salary."

But Kit returned to the Indian camp before then; she went back later with Redwing, and together, taking cover in a suitable place, they awaited one of the squaws whom Redwing had mentioned as being very trustworthy.

"Now, listen carefully, please," said Kit softly to the woman. "This brush is a toothbrush, but it's not to be used for that. All you have to do is to put red ink on it, and put it near your face."

The Redskin woman watched intently. "Then," said Kit, "gently draw your thumb along it, and a little shower of red rain will fly off on to your cheeks—so! But if the red doesn't show up, use violet."

Kit gave several demonstrations, and the Redskin woman declared she understood perfectly.

"Good!" said Kit, with a soft chuckle. "Wait till they're asleep and then get busy. Heliotrope measles 'ud be a mighty good name for it," she added to Redwing.

But whatever the name, it was sure to prove startling to those Redskins who, on the morning, awoke to find they had violet spots on their faces and hands!

And that was how Kit hoped to quell the rising!

Kit's Desperate Plan!

"HALLO, doc—who's ill?" Kit had seen the doctor's buggy arriving from the village, and she was mounted ready to ride alongside it. It was the morning following her visit to the Indian camp, and Kit was expecting the highly coloured disease.

The doctor, a rather grumpy man, with old-fashioned mutton-chop whiskers, grunted disapprovingly. "Redskins!" he snapped. "Seems there's some queer epidemic broken out."

It was not for another mile on the road, however, that Kit broke the news that it was a fake ailment. At first the doctor, furious, refused to go on; but Kit explained the whole affair, and by the time the doctor realised just how many Indians there were

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Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

BETWEEN OURSELVES



MY DEAR READERS.—This is the third time I've started these notes to you. On the first occasion I began, quite truthfully, "It's raining at the moment." But no sooner had I got that far than the rain stopped.

Well, I stopped, too. I waited for a while. And then I recommenced "It's rather dull and cloudy as I write—"

But would you believe it?—the weather played another trick on me. Out popped the sun! A brilliant, most welcome sun, which is continuing to shine now and, by the look of the blue sky, doesn't seem likely to retire again for hours and hours!

I wonder what sort of weather you're all having. Of course, some of you will still be on holiday. I do so hope you're enjoying yourselves, and I also hope that those of you for whom holidays this year are but a recent memory will find the memory something you can really treasure.

It's a sad moment when holidays end. But there's compensation in meeting all your old friends at school, and renewing acquaintance with the familiar things that make up your normal life. Don't you agree with me?

Even Babs & Co. have to go back to Cliff House sooner or later, you know, and as a matter of fact, they return to the famous school next week.

There's the customary excitement; the boisterous greetings, the eager exchange of experiences, the interested search for new girls, and the rush to the tuckshop for the first ginger-pop of the new term!

And on this present occasion there is unexpected drama in store for Babs & Co.

The Fourth Form receives a new girl. She is a strange character, a girl who has lived her early years with gipsies, and who still retains some of the wildness, the spirit, and the contempt for authority of those wanderers.

Knowing little of the ways of a big school, this girl, Thalia Pascoe, soon comes into conflict with authority at Cliff House, and makes one very dangerous enemy, Lydia Crossendale.

"ONLY BABS COULD CONTROL HER"

is the title of this magnificent story. For Thalia has been put in Babs' charge. But even Babs, experienced though she is in handling members of her Form, begins to despair of ever being able to teach Thalia to control her wildness.

Hilda Richards has celebrated the chums' return to school with one of her most appealing and intriguing stories, so don't miss it, will you?

Next Saturday's issue will also contain further thrilling developments in our grand girl-detective serial, by Isabel Norton—and thrilling is just the word for the latest adventures that befall Valerie and Flash; another delightful COMPLETE Kit and Redwing story, by Elizabeth Chester, and more of Patricia's Chummy and Useful Pages.

And naturally, there'll be a few words from me.

With best wishes,

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

assembled in a small area, his alarm overcame his anger.

"It's in your hands, doc," Kit told him. "You alone can prevent a rising. All you have to do is scare them."

The camp presented a strange sight. There were in all at least twenty sufferers from the mystery spots, and they were arranged before the chief and the man from the city.

At the doctor's approach, however, the latter disappeared—as Kit was quick to notice. For reasons of his own he did not wish to be recognised, or even seen, at the encampment.

The chief, with folded arms, awaited the doctor.

"Bad business," he said. "White man's bad business. The paleface has spread poison."

The doctor did not heed him, but examined his first patient, a squaw.

"You'd better not get too near them, chief," warned Kit. "It's most likely catching, you know."

The chief did not reply; but he moved a little farther from the victims of the strange ailment.

Indian camp, he gave orders that the sick were to be taken the required distance away, with wigwams, necessities, and other Indians to act as attendants.

"Pretty tough luck," said Kit to the city man. "Means holding up your film, I guess."

The city man gave her a keen, penetrating glance.

"Yes, it will probably ruin the film," he agreed.

Kit returned to the doctor then, and when the camp was behind them, she laughed.

"Gee, doc, I reckon that's put paid to the rising all right!" she said. "They can fight guns and cowpunchers, but they can't fight purple spots, I'm thinking."

The doctor smiled.

"A smart plan, young woman," he said, "and if they don't discover the truth in time, there'll be troops on the scene, and the rising will be definitely over."

Kit returned to Red Ranch in smiling mood; but she did not tell her dad the reason for her smiles.

"Hallo, doc!" she exclaimed. "I heard that—"

"Listen. Three Redskins here," came his excited reply. "The trick has failed. They've washed off the spots. They're taking me back—"

His voice died away, and Kit, rattling the hook, could not get into touch with him again. She recalled the number through the exchange, but in vain. The number was unobtainable.

Just as she was trying to explain to the exchange that something serious had happened her own call was cut; the telephone went dead.

Kit ran from the ranch, mounted Pete, and rode pell-mell for the Indian camp.

Far away to the left as she rode she saw four horsemen, three of them Indians, riding low, and the other bound about the arms.

The Indians had taken a wider detour on the homeward journey—and with them, a prisoner, went the doctor.

Kit's heart froze; for she could picture the chief's rage at learning of the trick that had been played him. The whole camp would be maddened, and in

"HI, Bill! Stop him! He's bilking with the money!" Kit cried, pointing towards the unscrupulous lawyer. But Bill had already whipped up his lariat, and now he sent the noose snaking through the air.



The doctor, having examined them all, returned to Kit and the chief.

"Bad?" asked Kit.

"They must be taken away at once. Separated," said the doctor. "I suggest forming a small isolation camp five miles away, chief. Anyone who has been in contact with them should be isolated, too."

"Better have another camp for them," said Kit, frowning. "Then if they have got it, they can't pass it on. Take a look at the chief's throat, doc."

The chief opened his mouth, and the doctor examined it with the aid of the special electric light he carried for the purpose.

"Um!" he murmured. "You had better be isolated as well. And don't do anything requiring exertion of any kind, chief."

"I am ill?" asked the chief. "Pah! I do not feel ill."

"Not yet, perhaps," Kit agreed. "But you can't be too careful. If you'd like me to stay and help with the nursing I

declined the offer, but bowed his head, because by now there was almost amounting to panic in the

He was not smiling. On the contrary, he was looking extremely grave.

"Kit," he said, "there's trouble brewing, and I must ask you to keep inside the stockade that's being run up."

"You're expecting the Indians to come down like wolves on the fold, dad?" she asked.

"Yes—just like that," he nodded grimly. "I've sent for troops, and if it's taken seriously, they'll be on the spot soon."

Kit sighed in relief; for when the troops arrived on the spot, all would be well. The city man would see danger; and even the braves would be overawed by the sight of modern tanks and guns.

It was just as Kit was finishing a meal that Bill, the foreman, burst into the room.

"Say, there's news from the Indian camp; boss. Something queer going on. Three Indians, riding like smoke, have gone by heading for the town."

Kit was not upset; she guessed that they were bound for the doctor. And she guessed right. For fifteen minutes later the telephone-bell rang.

Kit took the call herself.

a mood to rise with their former glory—

"Gee! If he scalps him!" gasped Kit.

She reined Pete, and turned back. There was no sense in riding on to the camp to be caught herself. But, on the other hand, to send a rescue party would start the battle at once.

Never had Kit's brain worked so quickly as now. Everything depended upon her. It was for her to decide the line of action taken. And if she chose wrongly, the full weight of responsibility would be hers.

The doctor could not be left to his fate; but the cowboys could not ride to his rescue without starting the war.

There was a way out—one way. It was a gamble, but the kind of gamble that might win.

Returning to the ranch, Kit swung from her horse. Her heart was thumping, and inwardly she quaked with dread. But as she ran to the stockade she forced herself to laugh.

Her dad saw her arrive, and ran to open the gate.

"You crazy kid, come inside," he cried. "Haven't I warned you, Kit?"

24 "Kit of Red Ranch!"

Do you want to be captured by Redskins?"

"Captured by Redskins? Gee, dad, when you hear the truth you'll laugh!" Kit cried. "Rally the boys, I've got news for 'em!"

The boys were already rallied. They were in the compound which had been rapidly and efficiently converted into a fortress. Those who were not perfecting the stockades were cleaning and oiling guns, or stacking ammunition.

"Boys," called Kit, "the joke's on you! Form a queue, all those who'd like to earn five dollars."

The cowpunchers stared at her in silence, then after an exchange of looks, they lined up one by one.

"Hey, Kit, what is all this?" her dad demanded. "Who's gonna pay the five dollars, and why?"

"The film director," said Kit. "I said the joke's on you. Those Indians are being fixed up for a film."

There was silence, and then incredulous scoffing.

"O.K. But I've spoken to the film director," said Kit easily, "and I'm going to fix it so that you lads have five dollars apiece. I've been offered a part in the film myself. Come on—get your best kit on; and there's only one stipulation. No ammunition."

Playing for Time!

KIT spoke confidently, but she had never felt more quaky in her whole life. It was touch and go whether she would be believed, but even if she were, there were breakers ahead.

Although it wouldn't be like the Redskins to fire on unarmed men, something might go wrong.

"Kit, this sounds daffy to me," said her dad, frowning. "Are you dead sure? And if you are, how do you account for Silent Eagle coming here with his complaint and threats?"

Kit had her answer pat. "O.K.; I'll tell you! That cunning film director had an idea he might get a charge of cowboys to film all for six."

Kit looked at Darrel Lamoine. He was retying his kerchief. "One or two others were preening themselves.

"Mightn't be so bad as that, acting for a film," smirked Jeff.

"Sure would be an easy five dollars, boss," pleaded Freddie.

The boss rubbed his chin, and then smiled.

"Waal, if Kit's sure about it——" he murmured.

"Certain sure," nodded Kit. "And I vote the boys ride over in a line so that they won't get a picture on the cheap."

Twenty minutes later, wearing their best kit, but not ammunition-belts, forty cowpunchers set out across the plain with Kit at their head.

And Kit, on the end of a stick, carried the largest white hanky that the ranch had been able to provide. Long before they reached the camp, however, the Indians had appeared, scattered across the grass in good cover, holding rifles, loaded and at the ready.

Kit advanced to where the chief proudly sat on his white horse.

"Greetings!" she called. "The rascal paleface doctor lied," said the chief in anger.

"Mebbe he made a mistake," said Kit. "But take it easy, chief. The boys have come to earn their five dollars."

"Five dollars?"

"For taking part in the film."

Not far from the chief, taking cover behind a wagon, was the city man.

"You're crazy!" he called. "This is no film, but the real business."

"Quit kidding," answered Kit. "These cowpunchers have come without ammunition, but all fired to act in a film at five dollars each."

The boys were only a hundred yards back, and the city man looked them over, and then beckoned the chief.

What he said Kit did not know, but the chief proudly drew up and shook his head.

"No Redskin brave shoots unarmed men. Let the paleface open fire first," he said haughtily.

There was a roaring droning sound in the sky, and Kit looked up. From the blue came a flight of five large aeroplanes.

"Hallo, the bombers!" she said. "They didn't take long in getting here. I'm sorry about it, chief, but my dad had the idea this was a real rising. By the time I'd made him understand it was only a film it was too late to stop the bombers. There are also tanks on their way, and a troop of Mounties."

The chief folded his arms, and was silent as he gazed at the roaring monsters of the sky which, circling the encampment, landed on the prairie a mile away.

"Bombers," said Kit.

If those bombers had arrived after the start of a cowboy-Indian battle they could have done no good; their bombs might have killed as many cowboys as Indians. But now they were Kit's trump card.

"The Mounties and tanks are coming," said Kit. "And here's my dad."

The city man came from hiding, a strange, worried look on his face.

"Dad, here's someone from the big city," said Kit. "The film director."

"Happy to meet yer," said Kit's dad, putting out his hand. "The boys are all lined up to be film stars."

"Yeah?" said the city man. "That so?"

"Five dollars apiece is their figure," said Kit. "That is, unless you were fooling when you said that was a film."

The city man looked across at the bombing aeroplanes; then, with a start of amazement, he glanced across the prairie to a cloud of dust, in the centre of which showed red jackets.

"The Mounties! Then the tanks," said Kit.

The city man did not reply, but turned, snatched at a grazing horse, and mounted it.

Kit swung round to Bill. "Stop him! He's bilking with the money!" she called.

Bill snatched out his gun, remembered that it was empty, and, whipping a lariat from his saddle, let fly with it.

The noose sailed through the air, and, even as the city man got going, dropped over his shoulders. The horse went on, but the man in city clothes crashed to the ground.

The city man was grey in the face as the ring of cowpunchers gathered about him, and he smiled at them in sickly manner.

"Forty cowpunchers at five dollars apiece," said Kit.

Before the city man could reply two officers from the aeroplanes came on the scene.

"Indian chief," said the senior officer sternly, "I have to warn you to scatter

your camp, or else take what's coming from the air."

"Officer," said Kit, "there's a mistake. This is a film that's being shot, and the director here is just fixing with the cowboys to play parts at five dollars a head.

"Sure, sure!" nodded the city man. "He groped in his pocket and pulled out a wallet, from which he hastily extracted two one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Split 'em between you," he said. "We start the film to-morrow. To-day I've got to get back to town on urgent business."

He remounted his horse; but Kit nodded to Bill, who instantly roped him again.

"Just a minute," said Kit grimly. "If anyone has the power to—arrest that man for inciting the Indians to revolt!"

No one present had the legal power, but Bill had the physical power. And then Kit, ordering the chief to free the doctor, explained what she knew of the rising.

By the time she had finished the Mounties were on the scene, and their officer took charge of the city man.

"Why, we've been wanting you for six months!" he exclaimed. "Cattle-rustling and claim-jumping is the charge."

"You can add the other," said Kit. "I'm just acting on suspicion, but it's up to you to get the proof. This gunk aimed to get the Indians rising so that they'd get in bad, and be ordered north. He wants their reservation."

In vain the city man denied it. The chief, realising that he himself was in a tight corner, folded his arms.

"That is true," he admitted. "Also, he pay us money."

"And also he had the cattle stolen and the Indians shot to give you a grievance," cut in Kit. "I may be wrong, but I guess that'll come out at the trial."

It did come out at the trial. The Mounties knew their work, and it wasn't long before the man's whole gang was rounded up. Then, as Kit had indicated, it was found that they had stolen the cattle and formed the grievance for the chief; they had also supplied him with arms.

Under the Indian reservation was oil! That was the cause of the trouble.

The cowpunchers, richer by five dollars a head, rode back in good fettle, accompanied by the doctor, who was in no way harmed.

It was a bad day for Chief Silent Eagle, who was called to order for having assembled the Indians; but the authorities were not hard on him, and agreed to believe that he had acted more in a spirit of bluff than with the actual intent of warring.

"But, gee, Kit," said her dad later, "I reckon if you'd handled things differently there'd have been bloodshed! I certainly hand it to you."

So, too, did the Mounties—yet no one more sincerely and humbly than Chief Silent Eagle! For the sight of modern arms had convinced him that never again could even the most heavily armed Redskins compete with the palefaces as they had done in the past.

END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

THERE will be another topping COMPLETE story of Kit and Redwing in next Saturday's SCHOOLGIRL. Are you telling all your friends about this lovely series?