



Detective June's MOST THRILLING CASE

THE WARNING NOTE

By PETER LANGLEY

JUNE GAYNOR, schoolgirl niece of Noel Raymond, was furious when she heard the fantastic rumours which were being circulated about her uncle. Some of these suggested that Noel was in league with the Grey Falcon, a mysterious master-crook; others hinted that Noel was actually the Grey Falcon himself!

Eager to prove her uncle's innocence, June wanted to help him track down the master-crook, but Noel would not hear of it. Instead, he gave her a case of her own to tackle. This concerned an old play which the girls of the Upper Fourth at Port Craig College intended to revive. According to an ancient legend, disaster would overtake all who attempted to produce the play and Julie Vermont, the leader of the Upper Fourth, had received a message ordering her to give up the project.

Disguised as Dorothy Whiteman, a new girl, June went to Port Craig with the strange feeling that her case and Uncle Noel's were somehow connected, and on arriving at the college her premonition seemed to be confirmed, for pinned to the door of the old Refectory, where the play was to be produced, was another threatening note—and it was signed by the Grey Falcon!

IN startled amazement June stared at the notice pinned on the door of the old Refectory.

Was it possible that the Grey Falcon had been responsible for issuing that startling threat? The paper certainly bore his signature, but it seemed incredible that the audacious master-crook could be concerned with anything so insignificant as the Upper Fourth's dramatic activities.

Standing there, her mind a riot of conflicting thoughts, June heard Cora Jarrold, the tall, bespectacled girl who had brought the Upper Fourth Formers to the scene, laugh shrilly.

"Now perhaps you'll show some sense," she said, looking across at Julie Vermont, the leader of the Dramatic Society. "Even you won't dare defy the Grey Falcon."

Julie tossed her head scornfully and, tearing down the warning message, she crumpled it up and threw it down.

"That's what I think of it!" she cried. "You must be simple, Cora, if you think that notice was written by the Grey Falcon. As if a crook like him would be interested in our play! Why, the idea's potty!"

"Hear, hear!"

There came a chorus of agreement from all around, and one of the Upper Fourth Formers flashed the bespectacled girl a significant look.

"More likely it was written by one of your Form friends, Cora," she declared. "We know how mad the Fifth is because it didn't think of the idea first."

Cora flushed and glared so vehemently at the speaker that June began to wonder whether something deeper than mere jealousy had prompted her malicious behaviour.

"All right—have it your own way!" the Fifth Former snapped, with a scowl. "But don't say you weren't warned."

And, turning, she went stamping back down the path. Instantly the Upper Fourth girls crowded eagerly around their leader.

"What about the rehearsal?" they chorused. "Do let's make a start."

"Yes, I'm game," Julie beamed and nodded. "Pick up your props and we'll—" She stopped, as for the first time she realised that there was a stranger in their midst, and with frank curiosity eyed June. "Hallo, where did you spring from?" she asked.

June smiled. She had taken an instinctive liking to plump, jolly-looking Julie. Indeed, all the Dramatic Society girls seemed to be a nice friendly crowd.

"Oh, I'm Dorothy Whiteman—a new girl," she said, and this time the name she had assumed tripped easily off her tongue. "I'm going to be in your Form, I believe."

"That's fine!" beamed Julie, and thrust out her hand. "The more the merrier's our motto. Welcome to the fold, and let me introduce you to the gang. That aristocratic person next to you is Lady Sue. The—er—slim girl rejoices in the name of May Fleetfoot, and here"—she flung a plump arm around a merry-eyed, laughing girl who didn't seem to have a care in the world—"is our prize swot, Mary Twigg."

One by one she introduced the girls, and then she regarded June a little thoughtfully. "You don't happen to be keen on acting, I suppose?" she asked.

June with difficulty suppressed a smile. What a shock these jolly Upper Fourth Formers would have if they knew that she was even now acting a part—had come to Port Craig in disguise under an assumed name! As it happens, I am," she replied. "I love it."

"That's splendid!" Julie gave a whoop. "Then we'll have to find you a part. Come on, join us in the rehearsal."

But June shook her head. "I don't think I'd better," she said. "I haven't reported yet, and Miss Stanton will be wondering what's become of me. But perhaps I'll be able to join you later."

"Right. We'll be expecting you." Julie gave an understanding nod, then turned to the others. "Come on, kiddlets—let's get into action," she urged, and led the way into the ancient building which had been converted into the college theatre.

June turned, as if to depart, but as soon as the great double doors had closed behind the troupe of girls, she darted back and picked up the crumpled warning which Julie had flung down so contemptuously.

Her detective career at school had begun sooner than she had anticipated. At all costs she must try to discover whether that message had been written by the Grey Falcon or by some practical joker.

As she smoothed out the paper and studied it keenly, her mind recalled all that Uncle Noel had told her about the play which Julie & Co. were planning to present on Foundation Day.

"The Casket of the Three Virtues" had a grim legend attached to it, and distster was supposed to overtake all who attempted to enact it. Although June's romantic nature was thrilled by the strange story, yet her common-sense rejected the idea that the ghost of Sir Richard de Coreville could be responsible for the disturbing happenings which were always supposed to accompany the production of the play.

"This note certainly wasn't the work of a spook," she said to herself. "But I wonder—"

She broke off, her heart thumping as, faintly, she discerned the trace of fingerprints on the crumpled sheet of paper. Some of them had undoubtedly been left there by Julie and herself, but suppose the mystery writer of the note had also left a similar clue to his identity?

Quickly June opened her handbag. From it she took a square metal box containing fingerprint powder, a folding magnifying glass and other detective aids. She covered the paper with the fine powder, first on one side, then on the other. Next she blew off the powder, then studied the paper again. The faint marks could now clearly be seen, for the powder had adhered to the fingerprints.

One by one she examined them, and suddenly she gave a gasp, for one of the fingerprints had a scar across it and it was much bigger than any of the others.

"That wasn't made by a girl!" she ejaculated. "It's a man's print! They—"

Again she broke off, her pulses racing. Was it possible that that distinctive mark had been made unwittingly by the writer of the threatening message? But if that was so, then it seemed to suggest that the signature was genuine—that is, really had been the Grey Falcon who had threatened the Upper Fourth Form girls with dire consequences if they dared put on the forbidden play!

The thought was a startling one, and if it were true, confirmed the strange premonition June had had—that in some mysterious way the case she had come to solve was connected

with Noel Raymond's desperate hunt for the elusive Grey Falcon.

But why should a master-crook be interested in the activities of Port Craig College? How could the production of "The Casket of the Three Virtues" possibly concern him?

June did not attempt to answer those questions. Instead, she set out to search for more clues which might enable her definitely to identify the writer of the note. Carefully putting the message with its important fingerprint away in her metal box, she walked to and fro, looking for foot marks.

There were none on the gravel path. Its surface was too hard for impressions to be left, but on the softer ground beyond it was a double line of large footprints, leading away from the old Refectory.

Keenly she set out to follow up the clearly defined prints. They led to the great oak trees which bordered the playing-fields. June had just reached them when abruptly she pulled up in alarm.

What was that? For a moment she thought she had been mistaken, then she heard it again—a sound which rang out piercingly and seemed to stab right through her.

A girlish scream of terror!
And it came from the supposedly haunted Refectory!

SENSATION AT THE REHEARSAL



"OH, golly, the Grey Falcon's kept his threat! He's started his tricks already!"

That was June's first thought as, the blood draining from her cheeks, she stood there, listening to that wild, desperate cry. Then, abruptly, she plunged into action. Racing back through

the grounds, she dragged open one of the iron-studded doors and rushed impetuously into the building.

She found herself in a great vaulted hall, the stone walls pierced by narrow mullioned windows through which the light shone dimly. At one end a curtained stage had been erected, and on this stood Julie and her chums, looking bewildered and unhappy.

"What's happened?" gasped June, as she came running forward, her footsteps on the flagged floor sending loud echoes ringing eerily across the old Refectory.

Julie, her face deathly white, turned and made a helpless gesture.

"It's Delia," she whispered. "Delia Cleves. She's—she's vanished."

"Vanished?"
Incredulously June stared.

"It's true." It was the girl who had been introduced to her as Lady Sue who spoke. "While we were unpacking the prop baskets Delia wandered up on to the stage to explore. Suddenly we heard her scream, and when we pulled aside the curtains there was no sign of her. She'd simply disappeared."

June cast a quick look around, frowning thoughtfully as she saw the deep, dim alcoves filled with scenery and other stage gear.

"Perhaps she's hiding for fun. Let's look," June said briskly.

Swiftly they broke up into small groups, searching amongst the scenery, exploring the alcoves, even peering into the dressing-rooms.

But all in vain.

There was no sign of the missing Delia. "It's the legend," breathed Lady Sue. "It's started to come true. I never believed in ghosts, but—"

Her voice trailed away and she gave a shuddering glance around. Instinctively the girls drew nearer to each other. Julie Vermont, however, gave a laugh.

"Ghosts! How silly!" she exclaimed. "If

there has been any hanky-panky, it's the person who wrote that note who's responsible."

"You mean the—the Grey Falcon?" whispered May Fleetfoot.

"Yes—or someone who's using his name," said Julie, her usually cheery face red with anger. "One of those Fifth Formers, I expect. This is their idea of a joke. But this time they've gone too far."

Her indignant assertion made the girls forget their nervousness, but it was helplessly that they peered around the great dark stage.

"But how could they have spirited her away?" asked Lady Sue. "There's no door, and we were on the stage almost before Delia stopped screaming. How could they all have vanished so quickly?"

That was what June was wondering. Her brow furrowed, she strode to and fro, every sense on the alert, and then suddenly she gave a gasp as, behind a pile of stage props on the stage, she saw thin black lines forming a square on the dusty boards.

"Of course—a trap-door!" she cried.

"Eh—what's that?"

Wonderingly Julie & Co regarded her. Dropping to her knees, June pointed to the square. "This trap-door—that must be the explanation. Delia must have accidentally stepped on it and fallen through."

"But it's always kept locked," objected Julie. June pressed against the boards, and then gave a note of satisfaction as she felt the trap-door swing downwards. When she released the pressure, it swung up again, obviously operated by a strong spring.

"Well, it isn't fastened now," she declared. "You see, we'll find Delia down below."

The girls rushed forward and with their help June managed to press the stiff trap-door wide open. A steep flight of wooden steps was revealed, leading down into the lumber-filled cellar under the stage, and there, at the foot of the stairs, lay huddled a dim, girlish figure.

"Delia!" cried Lady Sue. "Thank goodness! There—then it was an accident!" "There was relief in her voice, echoed by the others.

But June did not share it.

As the Upper Fourth Formers went hurrying down the stairs to the unconscious Delia's aid, she paused to shine her torch on the underside of the trap-door. A heavy bolt was fixed there, and it had been freshly greased! But that was not all. The grease had smeared part of the woodwork, and there, clearly to be seen, was a fingerprint.

A man's fingerprint, with a scar running across it. A duplicate of the one she had discovered on the threatening message.

June drew in a deep breath.

"This settles it," she told herself. "It was the Grey Falcon who was responsible for Delia's accident. But what—"

She broke off and reached down a helping hand, for Julie & Co. had lifted up Delia and were carrying her up the steep steps.

"There're no bones broken," announced Julie when the girl had been laid out on the floor and June had rolled up her blazer to form a pillow. "And there are no bruises. She must have fainted with the shock. Scurry round, someone, and get some water, will you?"

May Fleetfoot dashed off, but before she returned Delia gave a moan, then blinked open her eyes. For a moment she stared uncomprehendingly about her, then she clutched wildly at Julie.

"The ghost—the ghost!" she gulped.

The leader of the Upper Fourth put a plump, soothing arm around the agitated girl.

"It's all right, dear. You're safe now. Just lie back and take it easy. There's no need to worry about any ghost."

"But I heard him—at least, I think I did," Delia put an uncertain hand to her brow. "It was dark on the stage with the curtains drawn, and a bit creepy," she said unsteadily.

"I couldn't help talking about the legend of Sir Richard de Coreville, and then—then I heard something." She gave a shaky laugh. "Ghostly footsteps, then a horrible chuckle. I— I stepped back, and—and then I must have fallen through that horrid trap-door," she concluded.

Julie's arm tightened around her.

"Now, don't think about it," she said gently. "You're all right now. As for the ghost, you must have imagined it. We didn't see any sign of it. Now take a sip of this, there's a pet." As May Fleetfoot appeared with a glass of water, Julie put it to the other girl's lips, and gratefully Delia drank.

"You really think that—that I imagined those noises?" she asked, looking up.

"Certain of it," Julie said stoutly.

There came a chorus of agreement, and Delia's face cleared.

Only June remained silent. She alone believed that Delia had not been mistaken. Someone had deliberately set out to scare her, and that someone June felt convinced had been the Grey Falcon.

But why?

Had the master-crook, for some mysterious reason of his own, hoped to scare the Upper Fourth Formers into abandoning their play? Or had there been some deeper motive for his action?

Then a new thought struck June. If the Grey Falcon had been here, playing ghost, how was it no one had seen him? How had he managed to vanish without trace?

Utterly baffled, she looked around, but there seemed no exit through which the master-crook could possibly have slipped.

June's puzzled thoughts were broken into by Julie suggesting that the interrupted rehearsal should be postponed until the following evening. The suggestion was generally approved. It was getting late. Besides, after what had happened few of them felt in the mood for play-acting.

"Then let's get going," said Julie. "Let me give you a hand up, Delia," she added, bending over that girl.

Delia shook her head. The colour had returned to her cheeks and she seemed little the worse for her alarming mishap.

"No, I'm perfectly all right now—thank you," she said, and got to her feet. Then she gave a startled gasp as she put her hand into her blazer pocket. "The main dressing-room key!" she exclaimed. "I've lost it!"

"It must have dropped out when you fell," said June. "I expect it's lying about somewhere below. Half a tick. I'll soon find it."

She went running down the steps, shining her torch on the dusty floor of the cellar, but to her surprise she could see nothing of the missing key.

"Doesn't seem to be here," she shouted up. "Never mind—we'll look for it to-morrow," called back Julie. "It must have fallen amongst some of that lumber. Anyway, there's a duplicate hanging up on the board in the Assembly Hall, so there's no need to worry."

June made no comment, but there was a puzzled frown on her brow as she clambered back up to the stage. The floor at the foot of the stairs was clear of lumber, and it seemed unlikely to her that the missing key could have become hidden.

But there was no time to worry about this new mystery. She should have reported to the headmistress long ago. So, leaving Julie & Co. to make their way leisurely back to the college, June ran on ahead.

A maid directed her to the headmistress' study, and as she reached it she paused, for voices came from the other side.

"But surely a detective ought to be called in. Miss Stanton!" came in shrill, agitated tones. "I suggest Noel Raymond. He has a good reputation."

"A detective at Port Craig College!" The

headmistress sounded horrified. "Absurd, Miss Tuft. Besides, Noel Raymond is the last person I should ever dream of consulting. I have heard strange rumours about him lately. Why, it is even said that he is in league with the Grey Falcon!"

June forgot that she had become an unwitting eavesdropper as she heard that scathing comment. Her cheeks went a fiery red, and it was only with difficulty that she resisted the temptation to charge into the study and angrily defend Uncle Noel's good name.

Oh, how beastly it was that anyone should think that Uncle Noel could betray his professional honour! And how ridiculous! Why, Uncle Noel's whole energy were being concentrated on tracking down the master-crook!

The tears spurted to June's eyes as she remembered all the slanderous rumours which the Grey Falcon himself was spreading about the famous detective who had vowed to capture him. Why, he had even made some foolish people think that Noel and the Grey Falcon might be one and the same person!

As June stood there, struggling with her indignation, Miss Stanton's voice rang out again.

"I am convinced that this threatening letter you have spoken about, Miss Tuft, is nothing but a stupid practical joke. Of course I shall not call in a detective! Of course I shall not forbid your girls to abandon their play!"

"But—" began the other woman, then broke off, for June, realising suddenly that she had no right to be listening to this conversation, had tapped on the door.

"Come in!" called the headmistress briskly, and June entered, to regard curiously the two women who sat on either side of the big mahogany desk by the window.

One, whom she correctly guessed to be Miss Stanton, was elderly, with grey hair, but she looked strong-willed and brisk, and her air of business-like competence was emphasised by the white shirt blouse and severely cut skirt which she wore. Her companion was little more than a girl—not more than twenty-one at the most, June decided—but she looked fussy and excitable, even nervous.

"Excuse me," said June, "but I'm the new girl—Dorothy Whiteman."

The headmistress gave a nod and smiled. "Please to meet you, Dorothy. You are late. I expected you an hour ago. Come in and sit down. This is Miss Tuft, your Form-mistress."

She nodded across at the young woman, and Miss Tuft, with a flashing smile, jumped to her feet and uttered a rather effusive greeting. She seemed quite nice, but June decided that she preferred the brisk, business-like Head to the gushing Form-mistress.

The interview lasted a quarter of an hour, then June found herself dismissed, having learnt that, owing to the fact that the other studies were fully occupied, she was temporarily to have a room to herself. This suited the schoolgirl detective, for in view of the secret mission on which she was engaged, privacy would be welcome.

Happily she made her way along the winding corridor in search of the study which had been allotted her. At last she found it, but she had hardly entered when there came a knock on the door and a maid entered.

"Please, are you Miss Dorothy Whiteman?" she asked.

June nodded and the maid made a gesture towards the corridor.

"A man from the station's brought your luggage, miss," she said. "Shall I ask him to bring it in here?"

"Please."

The maid stood aside, there came a trundle of wheels, and a man appeared in view, pushing a hand-trolley on which reposed a trunk, two or three suitcases and June's sports gear. He was an elderly man, with a beard and a black shade over one eye. He wore a high-collared jersey, and the black peak of his cap

was pulled well down over his other eye; he looked more like a fisherman than a railway porter.

"Where'll I dump it, missy?" he asked in a deep, husky, voice.

June indicated the alcove beside the fireplace.

"Oh, there'll do for now," she said.

The porter trundled his trolley forward, but when he was between June and the maid, he stopped and pushed back his cap as if hot. At the same time he made a warning gesture, and, in a low voice which only June heard, whispered:

"Get rid of the maid—I must have a word with you!"

June nearly collapsed, so great was her surprise, for there could be no mistaking that changed voice. It was the voice of Uncle Noel! The porter was Noel Raymond in disguise!

NOEL MAKES A REQUEST



WITH an effort June smothered the cry of astonishment which rose to her lips and smiled across at the maid.

"You needn't wait," she said.

"I'll see the porter out."

"Thank you, miss!"

The maid withdrew, and hardly had the door closed behind her than June darted forward and flung her arms around the famous detective.

"Uncle Noel!" she gasped. "What a surprise! But what does this unexpected visit mean?" Anxiously she surveyed him.

"Nothing wrong, is there?" she asked.

Heavily Noel nodded. "I am afraid there is," he said. "I made a terrible mistake in sending you here."

"But why?"

"Because I ought to have guessed that the Grey Falcon was behind this forbidden play business," was the detective's reply.

June gave a cry of dismay and her lips pouted her disappointment.

"So you've discovered that, too, have you?" she gasped. "Oh, uncle, and I thought I was going to surprise you!"

He looked at her quickly.

"You mean, you've also discovered that our two cases are connected?" he asked.

June nodded and explained what had happened. When he learnt about the fingerprints, Noel's lips drew together in a thin, hard line.

"That confirms it," he declared. "The Grey Falcon has a scar across one of his fingers. Yes, he's this unknown enemy all right."

June's grey eyes gleamed with eager curiosity.

"But what's his game? Why doesn't he want Julie & Co. to perform that play?" she demanded.

To her disappointment Noel Raymond shook his head.

"That puzzles me as much as it does you," he said slowly. "But the fact that he's in the neighbourhood is enough. I can't let you risk running into danger, my dear. But we'll go into that later. First of all, I want you to do something for me."

The prospect of acting as Noel's assistant smothered, if only for a moment, the fear that she might not be allowed to remain on at the college in disguise. Excitedly she leaned forward.

"Of course, Uncle Noel—what is it?" she asked.

"I want you to get hold of a key for me."

"A— a key?"

"Yes—of the main dressing-room in the old Refectory. I'm pretty certain there's some secret hidden in there—a secret which will enable me not only to solve the mystery, but also to bring the Grey Falcon to book. I believe —" He broke off, noticing the look

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attempt," she whispered. "If you were caught—"

"Hassan has risked his life for me more than once," Kay replied. "I'd be a coward not to make the attempt. Will you help me, Zuleika?"

The other nodded, her dark eyes glistening. "This evening, then," she breathed, "when the moon-rises, I shall be here."

Clasping hands, they parted, Kay to return to the camp, her face pale, her eyes shining with suppressed excitement.

When the time came for her to keep her appointment with Zuleika, she pretended that she was going to bed early, but, instead of going to her tent, she stole out of the camp and made her way towards the fountain. Stepping from the shadows to meet her came Zuleika.

"I have brought the things you requested, and I have news," the Arab girl said. "But let me help you change while we are talking."

Drawing into the shelter of a clump of palms, Kay changed quickly into the glamorous Egyptian garments Zuleika had brought with her.

"I have told them that I shall be returning with water from the well, so you will not be challenged at the gate," the Arab girl whispered. "Except for the sentry, the courtyard should be deserted. The young sheik is in the west side of the fortress. The window of his cell is the third beyond the tower."

Kay pressed the other's hand gratefully. Seeing her reflection in the gleaming water of the well, she caught in her breath quickly. She might have been Zuleika's twin!

Her pulses racing, she stole away on her reckless venture, carrying a heavy ewer now full of water and a small bundle. In ten minutes Kay stood outside the grim walls, plucking up courage to approach the gates. Her heart turned cold as the Egyptian sentry took a step towards her; then, with a gruff laugh, he motioned her to enter.

She could hardly believe her good luck. The guard-room lay at the far end of the courtyard, and it was there that she was supposed to be taking the water—to Zuleika's father.

Putting down the water in the shadow of the wall, she hurried towards the tower. She soon espied the window, heavily barred and about five feet from the ground.

Darting towards it and reaching up, she grasped the ledge. With an effort she drew herself to level, staring through the bars into the darkness.

"Hassan!" she whispered. There came a movement from within; a stifled, incredulous ejaculation in a voice that she knew so well.

"It cannot be! I must be dreaming!" "Hassan!" repeated Kay, her voice choked. "Quickly!"

A boyish, handsome face was pressed close to the bars.

"Kay, it cannot be you!" "Hassan! I had to come!" she whispered. "I only just discovered you were here. We are camping in the oasis—"

"But why—why did you take this risk? Don't you realise the danger? You got my message, Kay?"

Kay nodded. "Hassan, that's one of the reasons why I wanted to see you. Dr. Ralston won't listen to me, and the Stanhopes have persuaded him to visit the Ravine to-morrow—"

A stifled ejaculation escaped the young sheik's lips.

"At all costs they must be stopped!" he declared huskily. "It is a plot, Kay. A plot aimed at the doctor and yourself. You must find means of delaying them till I can escape. I have tried, once and will make another attempt to-night. If only I had a file—"

"Hassan," Kay breathed, "I thought of that. Look!"

Quickly she unwrapped the mysterious

bundle she had brought with her, disclosing a hammer and a heavy iron file, procured by the quick-witted Zuleika.

But just then, startled by a slight sound in the courtyard, she let the file slip. Desperately she tried to snatch at it, but too late!

With a loud, ringing clatter, it fell into the courtyard.

Instantly there sounded a distant shout, followed by another. Somewhere a door was flung open, and a lurid red light streamed across the courtyard.

With a gasp of dismay, Kay realised that she was discovered.

It seems now that there is no chance of rescuing the young sheik. In next Friday's **GIRLS' CRYSTAL** there will be another fine instalment of this grand serial.

DETECTIVE JUNE'S MOST THRILLING CASE

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of dismay which had suddenly come to his niece's face. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Your mention of that key startled me," explained June. "You see, it's gone astray."

Swiftly she told him of the strange disappearance of the key, and his face grew grimmer than ever.

"That explains the reason for that ghost scare!" he cried. "It wasn't just a trick to frighten you all away from the Refectory. The Grey Falcon was after that key. For some reason he didn't want you to go into the dressing-room. And now he's got it!" he ended glumly.

But June's eyes were sparkling. She had just remembered what Julie had said.

"Yes—but there's a duplicate," she cried. "It's kept in the Assembly Hall. Half a tick, and I'll get it." Jumping to her feet, she crossed to the door, then paused. "You'd better be pretending to pack away my luggage, just in case anyone happens to come along," she suggested.

He nodded, and off she sped down the corridor, her heart pounding, her pulses racing.

At the end of the corridor were double doors. They stood ajar, and through the opening June caught a glimpse of a long, oak-raftered apartment.

"That must be the Assembly Hall," she murmured.

There was no one about, so she pushed open the doors and entered, to find that her guess was right. Eagerly she looked around, then gave a gasp of satisfaction as she saw a glass-fronted case hanging on the far wall.

Running across, she saw that two rows of keys hung from hooks within the case, then her face clouded, for suddenly she realised that the glass door had been smashed—and only recently, for the broken glass still lay scattered around the floor.

Her heart beating uneasily, June peered in at the keys. Each hook was labelled, and in an instant she found the one which bore a tag with the words "Main Dressing-room" on it.

But the hook was bare. The key which should have dangled there had gone!

From the empty hook June's eyes travelled down to the broken glass on the floor at her feet, and slowly the blood drained from her face.

"Too late!" she whispered. "The Grey Falcon's beaten us to it! He's burgled the case and taken the key!"

How is it this mysterious Grey Falcon is able to come and go at will—unseen and unheard? Don't miss the exciting chapters of this serial which will appear in next Friday's **GIRLS' CRYSTAL**.