

# THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING LIBRARY



SAM LLOYD

**THIS BOOK IS AN ARTWORK  
CREATED FOR THE EXHIBITION  
'THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING LIBRARY'  
MUSEUM OF INNOCENCE, MILDURA,  
SEPTEMBER 26 - OCTOBER 17, 2018.**

**THIS IS BOOK NO. \_\_\_\_ OF 25**



# The Mystery of the Missing Library

Sam Lloyd



Published by White Puppy Press,  
Melbourne, Australia, 2018

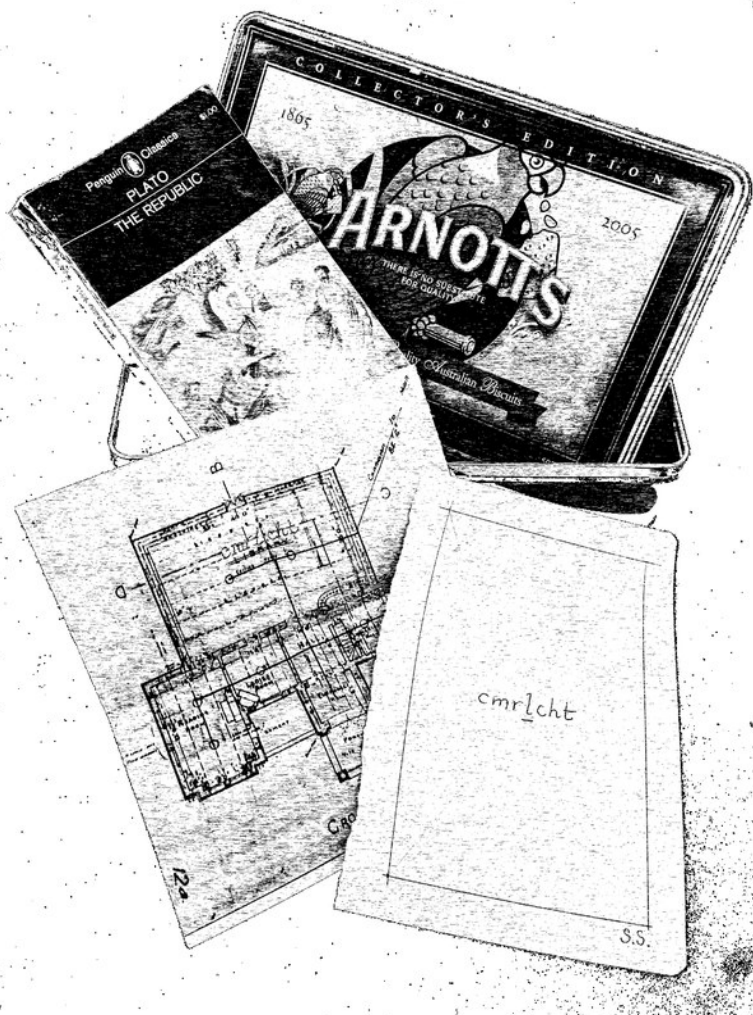
This book copyright Sam Lloyd 2018  
White Puppy logo copyright Katherine Lloyd 2018

Printed by Blurb

## **Contents**

CHAPTER	PAGE
1 A MYSTERIOUS NOTE	9
2 TRAPPED!	16
3 A FREE MAN	22





*"It's just an old biscuit tin!"*

*"Yes; but look inside" suggested the librarian.*





## ***A Mysterious Note***

“HEY, CHET! What are you doing here?”

The Hardy brothers’ plump friend was lounging outside the Bayport library one sunny July afternoon.

“Just waiting for the library to open, Joe” replied Chet, tucking into a gluten-free jam donut from Mr. Hudak’s bakery. “I’ve got some important reading to do. The sign says it opens at ten, and its nearly half past!”

“Hmmm. That’s odd. Mr. Spincks the librarian is usually very punctual”, ruminated Joe Hardy thoughtfully.

“Bet you think that’s another of your mysteries!” responded Chet cheekily.

“The only mystery here is why you are at the library at ten o’clock on a Saturday!” answered Frank Hardy, winking at his younger brother. “But still, it is a little strange that Mr. Spincks isn’t here.”

“Perhaps he’s around the back” suggested Joe.

“Let’s have a look!” said Chet, stuffing the empty donut bag into his pants’ pocket.

The three boys walked down the narrow alley that led beside the library, one of Bayport’s oldest and most historic buildings. Frank knocked on a door half way along the passage. “Are you there, Mr. Spincks?”

A moment later a shuffling sound revealed an elderly man with bright eyes and dishevelled hair: Mr. Spincks, Bayport’s respected librarian and expert on all things old, interesting, or just odd.

“Why, hello boys!” spoke the smiling face of the librarian. An old friend of their father, Mr Spincks was used to seeing the Hardy brothers in his library, searching the shelves for books to help decipher another mystery or clue. He was less used to seeing Chet Morton. “And Chet Morton too! I never thought I’d see you inside a library!”

Chet went red and said nothing.

“Actually, Chet is why we’re here” explained Frank Hardy. “We found him waiting outside for the library to open.”

“Why isn’t the library open, Mr. Spincks?” asked Joe.

“Well, that’s a mystery!” said Mr. Spincks mysteriously. “I’ve got something I’d like you to see.”

He led the boys through a rambling maze of dark and dusty corridors into the library. On a table in the centre sat a tin box.

“I found this while I was getting the library ready to open. It was on a table right here in the middle of the library. I guess I never noticed it before.”

Frank Hardy picked up the box. It was an old rectangular metal biscuit tin, with big letters on the lid declaring ‘Arnott’s Biscuits’ alongside a colourful picture of a parrot eating a cracker. “It’s just an old biscuit tin!”

“Yes; but look inside” suggested the librarian.

“Let me do it!” said Chet, pushing Joe aside in his rush to get to the tin, which he expected to be full of tasty treats. Joe in turn fell against Frank, from whose hands the tin fell with a crash to the floor.

“Now look what you’ve done!” said Joe accusingly to the embarrassed Chet.

Frank was on his knees picking up the tin, which had broken open in its fall. He placed the tin and its contents on the library table. The three friends and the librarian crowded around to look.

“It’s just an old book!” cried Chet in disappointment.

“Yes, but an interesting one”, said Frank, flipping through the yellowed pages. “Plato’s ‘The Republic’”.

“It’s an important book by the Greek philosopher Plato, discussing his ideas about education and society”, explained the librarian, noting Chet’s blank expression. “It contains his famous ‘allegory of the cave’.”

“Alligator in a cave!” blurted Chet. “I’d like to read that story!”

“Isn’t that the story about the people chained in a cave?” interjected Betty. “All they see are the shadows of the real world.”

“That’s correct”, concurred Mr. Spincks. “It may not look like much to you, but that book has been missing for nigh on forty years, when someone failed to return it! I had given up looking for it. How could it just appear in the library today?”

The boys agreed this was indeed a puzzle. Just then, a piece of paper fell out of the book Frank was holding.

“Maybe this will tell us!” proposed Frank, examining the paper. “It’s got some writing on it.”

“Show me”, said the librarian, reaching for a very large and dusty magnifying glass. Peering through the glass he read slowly: “*c-m-r-l-c-h-t*”.

“cmrlcht?” gabbled Chet, trying to pronounce the word. “What language is that?”

“It’s not a language”, replied Frank, looking meaningfully at his brother. “I bet it’s a code!”

“Actually, it’s not a code” said Mr. Spincks, slowly. “It’s a word, in a language no-one knows . . .”

“A language no-one knows?” ejaculated Joe.

“Yes. But look at the time! I must open the library! People will be waiting! Boys: help me open the front doors.”

The three boys rushed to the front of the library, where Frank and Joe heaved up the big bolts securing the heavy

doors to the floor. A small crowd of people was indeed waiting to get in.

“Why! Frank and Joe Hardy! I might have thought you were behind these locked doors!”

It was Iola, Chet’s sister and her pretty brown eyed friend Callie: Frank and Joe’s favourite dates. Beside them was a third girl they did not know. Chet pushed past the brothers and gallantly invited the girls in, paying special attention to the third girl, Callie’s dark-haired cousin Betty.

“Why hello Chet!” she murmured. “I didn’t know you liked reading!”

“Oh, you know, you can find me in the library most the time”, blushed Chet.

“Now we know why Chet was in the library at ten on a Saturday!” whispered Frank to his brother.

While Chet occupied himself showing the girls around, Frank and Joe returned to the librarian’s desk.

“What was I saying? Oh yes, that word.” Mr. Spincks walked over to the shelves marked ‘fiction’. “A, B, B-o, ah yes, here it is.”

The old man pulled out a small book and placed it gently on the table. “This is a work by the Argentinian writer Jorge Luis Borges. He was also a librarian, and he wrote a very interesting story about a library. Here it is: ‘The Library of Babel’.”

“Isn’t that the place where everyone spoke in different tongues?” exclaimed Joe.

“Because they disobeyed God?” added Frank. “We learn about that in bible class.”

“That’s right” said the librarian. “Only in this story, Borges proposes a library containing an infinite number of books. Somewhere in this endless library, every possible word must occur and have a meaning in some or other language. And look at the example he gives!”

The boys leaned over the librarian's shoulder. On the page they read: *dhcmrlchtdj*.

"It's like our word, but longer", mused Frank.

"Yes; but look at the central letters of the word: *cmrlcht*. Those are the same as our word. I thought I recognised the pattern."

"But that doesn't make any sense!" blurted Joe. "Why would someone write half of a crazy word from some old book and leave it in the library?"

"And that means the meaning of the word could be – anything, right?" added Frank.

"Maybe. But think about this: why has the person reduced the number of letters to seven, and underlined the 'l'?"

"They have?" exclaimed Joe.

Frank looked again at the paper. "Boy, I really am a dummy, Mr. Spincks. I never spotted that. What do you think it means?"

"Well, I am not sure. But the letter 'l' is in the middle of the word, just as the word is in the middle of the paper – note how the writer has drawn diagonal lines to locate the middle of the page."

"And the paper was in the middle of the book!" suggested Frank, checking the page numbers in 'The Republic'. "And the book was inside a tin. . ."

". . . inside a cupboard . . ." added Joe.

". . . inside a library . . ." added Mr. Spincks.

"What have you found?" interrupted Chet, back from his wanderings with Iola, Callie and Betty.

"A mystery!" said Frank and Joe and Mr. Spincks.

"I know what the word is!" announced Chet after perusing the paper. "Library! It starts with an 'l' and has the right number of letters. And it's logical!"

Betty looked thoughtful. "I don't think whoever wrote this word expected anyone to understand it. Like you said,

Mr. Spincks, it could mean anything in an infinite number of languages. I think what's important is that it is part of a – what do they call it? – a sequence, that's right; a sequence of things hidden inside other things.”

Everyone stood in impressed silence as Betty added: “I think everything – and everyone – has a mystery inside them, don't you think so, Chet?”

“Like how you've become so fond of reading lately”, suggested Frank with a grin.

“What's this?” asked pretty brown eyed Callie, picking a second piece of paper from the old biscuit tin.

Embarrassed at overlooking yet another clue, Frank mumbled: “Oh that? We were going to look at that next.” He shot an annoyed grimace at Joe.

“It seems to be a plan”, said Callie, opening out the folded paper onto the table.

“It's a plan of this building!” exclaimed Mr. Spincks.

“And look!” said Iola, pointing at the page. They all stared at the word ‘LIBRARY’, with lines through it, and the mysterious letters ‘cmrlcht’ written neatly above the crossed-out word.

“There!” said Chet. “I was right! Library!”

Everyone agreed this seemed to clinch the puzzle. “Mystery solved!” exclaimed Joe.

Betty pursed her lips. The old librarian looked at her thoughtfully and caught her eyes. “I guess so . . .” he said.

At that moment a woman who had been waiting to check out a book coughed impatiently, and Mr. Spincks returned to his duties.

“Let's go get a soda!” suggested Iola, and the young people all departed the library.

“Well I don't agree the mystery's solved!” declared Betty over a lactose-free milkshake at Hudak's bakery.

“Yes; why would someone go to all that trouble over a

silly word and leave it in the library anyway?” responded Iola.

“And in a book that’s been lost for forty years!” added Callie.

The boys disagreed. “There’s no mystery here except why you girls won’t leave it alone!” said Chet, sucking on his recyclable paper straw.

Just at that moment there was screeching of tyres and a white four-wheel-drive car raced past the bakery; something flew from the vehicle’s window, and instinctively Frank pushed the others away as the plate-glass window shattered into a thousand pieces!

A devastated Mr. Hudak came over to make sure everyone was OK. Frank knelt down and picked up a brick from the floor. Opening the note wrapped around it he read aloud:

**“HARDYS: KEEP AWAY FROM THE LIBRARY. READING CAN BE BAD FOR YOU.”**



## ***Trapped!***

FRANK and Joe waited anxiously for their father to return home that evening, to fill him in on the day's events. As usual, Fenton Hardy was busy on a difficult and perplexing case that kept him away from the home most days. Around six they heard the door open and rushed downstairs to greet their father. Mr. Hardy read the note without a word, then indicated for the boys to join him in his study.

"I'm sorry that you have gotten tangled up in this" said Mr Hardy, sitting down in his easy chair and reaching for his pipe and tobacco.

"In what?" cried the brothers in unison.

"About three weeks ago I was approached to look into a case of vandalism at the library. The back door had been broken in, and an attempt made to light a fire. Luckily, the librarian arrived early and noticed the fire before it could spread."

"Wow! Said Joe. "Mr. Spincks never mentioned anything like that!"

"No, he wouldn't. We have kept it under wraps; not even the papers know about it."

"But why would someone start a fire in the library?" asked Frank.

"It seems there is an element in the local Council that wishes to sell the library to a developer and build a new library further up the street", replied their father. "But there is a sticking point: the heritage value of the building. Everything depends on how intact and original the building is. Any dam-

age could tip the balance towards demolition.”

“Gee, that’s terrible!” uttered Joe. “The library is one of Bayport’s most historic buildings!”

“But an altered one, and it seems the degree of alteration is the key point. That’s where Socrates Smith comes in.” Fenton Hardy took a puff of his pipe and gazed at the ceiling.

“Socrates Smith?” queried Frank. “Who’s he?”

“Solomon 'Socrates' Smith is a local artist who has taken an interest in the building” replied Mr. Hardy. “He claims to have found an important part of the original building that everyone thought had been lost through alterations. If his report is correct, this lost room would guarantee the survival of the building.”

“Well that should clinch it!” proclaimed Joe.

“Where is this report?” asked Frank.

“Well that’s the thing”, said Fenton Hardy grimly. “It’s disappeared, and so has Socrates Smith!”

“Disappeared!” exclaimed Joe Hardy.

“Do you suppose Socrates’ disappearance has something to do with the library sale?” asked Frank.

“Could be” responded their father. “But we must be careful not to jump to conclusions. Meanwhile you boys better take care.”

In their laboratory over the garage that night, Frank and Joe poured over the day’s events and whether the clues might in any way connect to the mysterious Socrates Smith.

“Let’s put everything on the table” suggested Frank, pulling the old biscuit tin out of his bag along with the sinister note that had been hurled at the bakery window.

They first checked for any similarity between the note found in the library and the threat.

“Different paper, and the writing’s nothing like the same” concluded Joe, putting down his magnifying glass.

“The two notes clearly have different purposes” ventured

Frank. "It's the library note that's got me puzzled. Show me it again . . . hey!"

"What Frank?"

"Look at this, right down in the corner!"

Sure enough, in small neat writing similar to the cryptic word, two letters were written in the corner of the page.

"S.S." read Joe. "Socrates Smith! He must have written this note! But why?"

The next day, after a phone call to Chet Morton, the friends gathered again at the library to see if they could get any further with the mystery. Chet was only too glad to have another opportunity to hang around with Callie's dark-haired cousin Betty. And even the Hardy boys had to admit that the girls had been 'darn useful' in deciphering the clues so far.

"So", asserted Iola, taking charge instantly, "we now know that Socrates Smith, the missing activist trying to prevent the demolition of the building, left this tin box in the library. And we also know that someone – probably the person responsible for Socrates' disappearance – doesn't want us to poking our noses into the affair."

Everyone nodded.

"So that suggests there's more to the tin box left by Socrates than we thought. Perhaps it's a clue to where Socrates' Smith or his report can be found?" suggested Callie.

"I still think there's more to that mysterious note than just the meaning of the word 'library'", mused Betty. "I keep thinking about that sequence, you know, of things inside other things. What if the meaning is that there is something hidden inside the library?"

"Like Socrates' report!" proposed Frank.

"Great, but where? There must be a million books in here!" blurted Chet.

Betty looked thoughtful. Just then, Mr. Spincks came by with a trolley returning books to their shelves. "Mr. Spincks",

she called.

“Yes?” asked the old man.

“Where is this room on the plan that Socrates Smith marked with the mysterious word?”

Mr. Spincks came over to look at the plan. A puzzled look came over his face. “That’s funny”, he said; “there’s something very strange about this plan.”

“What’s that?” queried Joe.

“Well it’s just this: there is no such room as that in this library. It doesn’t exist!”

“Doesn’t exist?” queried Chet on astonishment.

“There may have been a room like this in the original design, but the building was extensively altered in the 1960s”, explained the librarian.

“Mr. Spincks, I think Socrates marked up this plan for you, and left it inside a book you’d be sure to notice. I think this tin, and all that’s in it, is a clue to Socrates’ whereabouts!” stated Betty breathlessly.

Everyone looked at Betty with admiration.

“Socrates Smith? Well yes, it’s true that he was meant to be here at the library the day he disappeared, but I never saw him. He never showed up!”

“Mr. Spincks, why was Socrates coming to the library that day?” interposed Frank.

“He rang me”, said the librarian. “Said he had found something exciting. The library was not normally open that day, but I came in and waited for him all day, but he never came.”

A thought occurred to Joe. “Mr. Spincks, were you ever called away from the library that day?”

The librarian thought. “Well yes, there was that time when those workmen arrived to service the air conditioning. It was completely unexpected, but they had the council paperwork. They said it would cause a lot of noise, so I went home for an hour or so to have my lunch.”

“Did you happen to notice their vehicle, Mr. Spincks?”

“Why yes; as I left I noticed a white four-wheel-drive.”

Frank and Joe exchanged glances.

“The same car that threw that brick at us in Hudak’s!” surmised Callie.

“What if that was a ruse to get you out of the building because they knew Socrates was coming there?” suggested Iola.

“In which part of the building were the workmen working?” asked Betty.

“Well I’m not sure, but I did see them coming out of the library store room when I got back. They told me the job was finished and left.”

“Let’s check out that store room”, suggested Joe.

The five friends headed towards the room indicated by the librarian.

“Boy, what a mess!” ejaculated Chet. There were piles and piles of old books in the store room, covering nearly every inch of the floor.

“This way!” said Frank, navigating between the piles of books. “Look – this area’s recently been moved.”

Sure enough, Joe’s torch revealed dusty outlines where several piles of books had been relocated.

“Help me move them, Joe.”

Chet and Joe helped Frank move the heavy piles of books away from the wall.

“Look!” cried Callie. “On the wall!”

A patch of fresh paint, cleaner and whiter than the surrounding wall, showed up clearly in the torchlight.

Frank tapped the wall. “It’s solid”, he said, with a puzzled look. “It’s like a hole has been made in the wall and then filled in again.”

Suddenly Iola, whose head was near the wall, screamed.

“What is it, Iola?” asked Callie.

**“Listen!”**

**From behind the wall came a faint but distinct sound – the sound of someone tapping!**

## *A Free Man*

THE five friends stood in amazement as they listened to the faint tapping sound coming from behind the store room wall.

“There’s a rhythm to that tapping”, asserted Joe.

“It’s Morse code! I learnt it in Girl Scouts.” Callie started to jot down letters in a small notebook she carried in her bag. “i-a-m-s-o-c-r-a-t-e-s” she spelled out. “h-e-l-p-m-e.”

“Boy”, said Frank. “It really is Socrates Smith, and somehow he’s been trapped behind this wall!”

“For nearly three weeks!” added Joe.

“Everyone! Look for tools! We’ve got to break through this wall! Chet, go ask Mr. Spincks.”

In response to Frank’s order they all busied themselves looking for any kind of tool. Mr. Spincks came in with a small screwdriver, a pair of needle-nosed pliers, and a Stanley knife. “Sorry”, he lamented, “these are the only tools the library has.”

Meanwhile, Cassie continued to translate Socrates’ tapping. “h-u-n-g-r-y. Oh dear! We must get him out – quickly!”

“Joe, go and telephone Chief Collig at the police department” Frank ordered. “Chet, go around the nearby shops and see if anyone has a big hammer or a heavy steel bar you can borrow.”

“Betty and I will make coffee and look for the first aid kit” said Iola. “Cassie, you stay here and listen to Socrates’ messages.”

Everyone had their job to do. Shortly Chet returned, trium-

phantly carrying a large sledgehammer and a steel crowbar.

“Cassie, message Socrates to get away from this section of wall” instructed Frank. “I’m going to try and break through.”

Frank grasped the heavy sledgehammer and swung it at the wall. Chips of paint and concrete went flying but there was hardly a dint in the wall.

“Try again, Frank”, encouraged Joe, who had returned from calling the police chief.

Again and again, Frank attacked the wall. Bit by bit, larger and larger chunks of cement and brick started to come away. Finally, a small black hole appeared in the wall.

“I’ve broken through!” cried Frank.

Frank peered through the tiny hole. The air coming from the other side was stale and dusty.

“Socrates! Mr. Smith! Are you there?” he queried.

“I’m here”, answered a weak voice. “And I’m OK.”

At that moment, Chief Collig arrived with another officer. Quickly taking charge, he told the officer to call the fire brigade and ambulance immediately.

“You’ve done a fine job, Hardy Boys! And your friends, of course”, indicating the girls and Chet. “You all go and take a break now – and have something to eat. Everything’s under control.”

Before long the fire brigade arrived with heavy tools to break open the wall. The Ambulance followed, and the friends watched from the library as a stretcher carried out Socrates Smith’s limp figure, attached to a drip line.

“I wonder how Socrates managed to survive so long without food or water?” wondered Iona aloud.

“And why he was in there in the first place!” added pretty brown-eyed Callie.

“It’s all got to do with the sale of the library, and Socrates’ report, I bet” stated Frank. “Let’s ask dad when we get home.” Joe nodded.



The friends separated, Chet taking the girls home in his jolly 'The Queen', while Frank and Joe walked to their house, which was only blocks away. As they reached their house, they noticed a white car speeding away up the street.

"Hey, isn't that . . .?" cried Joe.

"Sure was", answered Frank, "but this time I got its number. Hey, what's this?"

Stuffed into the letter box was a note. In writing identical to the warning thrown at Hudak's, it said:

**THE STORY'S NOT OVER, HARDYS. STAY AWAY OR YOU WON'T LIKE THE ENDING!**

The next morning at breakfast, Fenton Hardy had news. "I just had a call from Chief Collig. They traced the owner of the car - there aren't many white four-wheel-drives in this city. Turns out it is registered in the name of an employee of the developer who wants to buy the library. They didn't even cover their tracks. The man has confessed to kidnapping Socrates and walling him up in the library - for a 'scare', he says."

"Some scare!" exclaimed Joe.

"Yeah, that's attempted manslaughter at least, if not murder!" interpolated Frank.

"Maybe, but the man will argue he was following orders. The real culprit is the developer!"

"Well, he won't get the library now. Even if he gets off the charge, the Council will never sell it to him", declared Frank.

"Plus, now there's Socrates' report!" contributed Joe.

"A good result all round", concluded Fenton Hardy, tucking in to Mrs. Hardy's hash browns and bacon.

A few days later, in Chief Collig's office, Frank and Joe gave their statements.

"The trial starts in two months' time, so make sure you

boys are around to give your testimony”, advised the Chief.

“Sure will, Chief Collig!” nodded Frank.

“We want to see those crooks behind bars”, added Joe.

About four weeks after the adventure at the library, the boys received a telephone call from librarian Spincks.

“Come on down to the library at twelve. There’s an important person you must meet”, he told Frank.

“Do you think it could be . . . ?” conjectured Joe.

The boys couldn't wait to find out if the person they were to meet was who they expected!

Frank called Chet and soon the five friends were reunited outside the Bayport library. Mr. Spincks hailed them as they came in and directed them to the store room. The small hole in the wall created by Frank was now a sizeable opening, though they still had to stoop to pass through. Inside they could see a torch bobbing around.

“Why, hello!” cried a friendly voice, “Just let me turn on the lights so you can see what the fuss was all about.”

The man threw a switch and a couple of big workshop floodlights lit up the room.

“Wow!” gushed Callie. “It’s . . . It’s . . . enormous!”

It truly was. A good forty feet long and over twenty high, the corners of the vast space were lost in shadows, despite the powerful lights. Elaborate mouldings and classical columns decorated the walls, whose rich pink and buff colours gleamed through many decades of dust. High up in the gloom, the exquisite tracery of a pressed metal ceiling capped off the ethereal space.

“It’s like Aladdin’s cave from ‘The 1001 Nights’”, cooed Betty, touching the walls.

Socrates Smith was an arty looking type, average height and slim with a shock of white hair poking out from under a rakish beret. He thanked the kids profusely for their bravery and cleverness in deciphering his clues and saving him.

“I want to thank all of you for my resurrection. If it hadn’t been for you, I’d be a goner!” stated the artist.

“We were delighted to save you, and this magnificent room as well”, said Frank.

“The library will be safe now!” added Joe.

“Yes, the building is safe. But it’s a funny thing. My report found two reasons for preserving the building. One is this room; the other is the clocktower that you see on the outside of the library. It was built as a war memorial. Seems it’s the tower, not this beautiful interior, that saved the building. In fact,” he added wistfully, “there’s no guarantee this room will be conserved. A new owner may argue it’s not economical to keep it, and I doubt the Council will oppose them. That’s the modern world: celebrate the external while the interior life withers.”

“Mr. Smith”, asked Iola, “there’s one thing that puzzled me: how did you survive in that room for so long without food?”

“Ha!” replied the artist. “A good question. When that room was no longer considered practical, it was used for a while to store things, but finally it was considered too damp and was sealed up and forgotten. Luckily, they left behind some tins of dry biscuits that were still ok even after forty years! And there was a tap in the corner that still worked, for water. But the week you found me, I had reached the last tin of biscuits.”

“And you used one of those tins to hide your clues!” submitted Callie.

“That’s right; when I arrived at the library that day the librarian wasn’t there, just some workmen fixing the air conditioning – so they said. I had previously found a manhole into the lost library from the store room and I went back for another look. I was just coming out holding one of those tins when I overheard the men talking, saying ‘we’re gonna

fix that Socrates fella. We'll seal him up in that room of his so his secret dies with him!' I could hear them coming; there was no escape! I looked around for some way to leave a clue. It had to be in a form that – should it be found by the criminals – would not arouse suspicion. What could I write in a few seconds that would have meaning only for an old librarian, a lover of Borges? I quickly wrote the note and hid it in a copy of Plato's 'Republic' that I was going to return to Mr. Spincks that day as a surprise. I hid it in the tin just before the men grabbed me!"

As they all walked out through the library, Chet whispered shyly to Betty: "you're really smart, Betty. Maybe you could teach me more about books sometime."

"That'd be nice, Chet, I'd like to", Betty blushed.

Outside the building they gazed up at the outside of the library, with its somewhat oversized, triumphal clocktower.

"You know what, Mr. Socrates?" said Betty, "no one should be able to destroy the beautiful things that lie inside. No one should be able to do that. They're more . . . truthful than what we think we see on the outside, don't you think?"

"You know what, Betty?" replied Socrates, "I think you're right."



**A secret lies within . . .**

**Bayport's historic library hides a mysterious secret - a lost room that, if found, will save the building from demolition. But can the Hardy Boys locate the room - and its enigmatic discoverer Socrates Smith - before it's too late?**

**THIS BOOK IS AN ARTWORK  
CREATED FOR THE EXHIBITION  
'THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING LIBRARY'  
MUSEUM OF INNOCENCE, MILDURA,  
SEPTEMBER 26 - OCTOBER 17, 2018.**

