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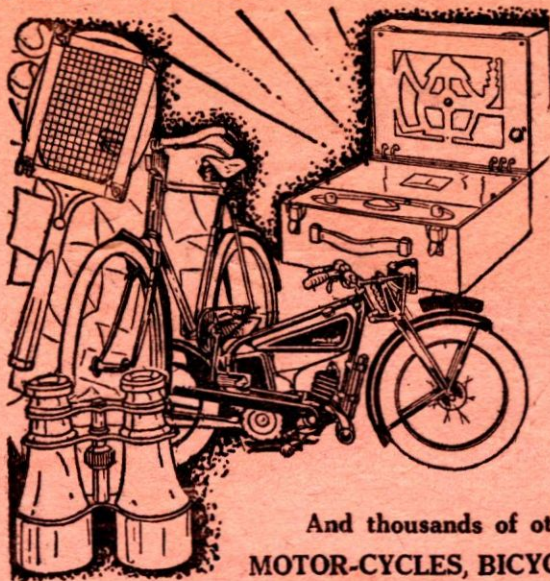
DAZZLING BOAT RACE DRAMA NUMBER

VOL. XX—No. 525—March 26, 1932

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H. Taylor M.A.

Madmen on the River.

"DO stop a minute, Boss!" urged Chick Conway. Falcon Swift, the famous Sporting Sleuth, was already applying the brakes of his big Bentley sports car. They were in the neighbourhood of Barnes, and it was just good luck that they were in time to see the Cambridge boat on a final practice run. It was the eve of the annual boat race between the great Universities.

"They look winners, laddie," said Falcon Swift, his eyes glowing. He was an old Cambridge Blue himself. They had left the car now, and were standing right on the riverside, near some steps,

All the characters in the stories printed in this paper are fictitious, the names do not refer to any living person or persons.

OUT EVERY SATURDAY.

White-Hot Crash Tale.
Falcon Swift, Wizard
Sleuth, at Work.

at the bottom of which one or two boats were moored.

The Light Blues were going great guns; all eight men rowing with perfect and glorious rhythm.

"Shall we be able to come and see the race, Boss?" asked Chick, eagerly.

"I'd like to," replied Swift, screwing his monocle more firmly into his eye, and surveying the sparkling river. "Even though I am too old for this sort of thing, the very sight of it brings a thrill—"

"Too old be blown!" interrupted Chick, indignantly. "I'll bet you could give as good a performance as any of those chaps—"

He broke off suddenly. "Boss!" he gasped, pointing. "Look at that motor-boat!"

It all happened in a flash. A black motor-boat, low and rakish-looking, had abruptly turned broadside on to the speeding Cambridge boat.

Falcon Swift's keen eyes saw two men in that motor-boat; they were wearing enormous goggles, and their heads were completely encased in crash helmets. One of the men had leapt up from the cockpit, and he was shouting as though in warning to the men in the fragile Light Blue's craft.

Zurrrrrr! With engines roaring, the black motor-boat, holding unswervingly to her new course, charged at that sixty-foot cockleshell.

Cra-a-a-sh! The sound came across to the banks clearly, and shouts of consternation arose from scores of people who had paused to watch the Light Blues. One moment the craft had been there; the next moment it was gone. Cut clean in two, it had sunk, leaving the crew struggling in the disturbed water.

"They must be mad!" gasped Chick.

The motor-boat had swung round again, and now its speed was reduced. At first it seemed that the begoggled men were aiming to rescue the stranded crew.

One of them was reaching over; he grabbed at a swimmer, and with a tremendous heave hauled him aboard.

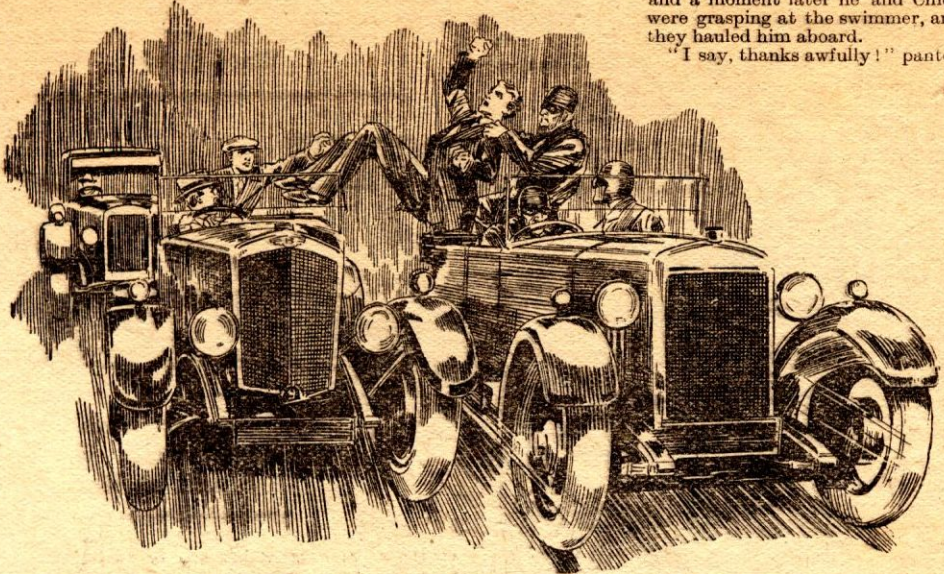
Others were attempting to gain a hold; but,

the struggling captive clean overboard, and he plunged into the creamy wake and disappeared beneath the surface. On went the black racer, speeding faster than ever.

"I told you they were mad, Boss," panted Chick. "They took all that trouble to grab him, and now they've thrown him into the river!"

To overtake that fugitive craft was, Swift knew, impossible: to rescue the dazed oarsman was easy, and a moment later he and Chick were grasping at the swimmer, and they hauled him aboard.

"I say, thanks awfully!" panted



KIDNAPPED FROM THE CAR—As the two cars ran parallel one of the goggled crooks leaned out and dragged the young sportsman from his seat.

suddenly, the motor-boat's engines roared again, and away she sped, the men in goggles caring nothing for the safety of the other oarsmen.

"Kidnappers!" yelled Chick.

Various boats were shooting across the river to the rescue of the Cambridge crew. And then it was that Falcon Swift noticed a speed-boat which was moored at the bottom of the steps, near by.

"Come, Chick!" said Falcon Swift, sharply. He leapt down the steps, and the next moment he and Chick were in the motor-boat. It took the Sporting Sleuth less than ten seconds to discover the ignition switch and the self-starter. The engine roared as Chick cast off.

FOOTBALLERS' COMPETITION.—No. 1 Result appears on page 9. Look out for Six More Puzzle Pictures for Footballers No. 2 in Next Week's "Mag."

Leaving a creamy wake behind her, the black racer roared under one of the arches of Putney Bridge. And like a meteor the blue-and-white speed-boat, with Swift and Chick inside, gave chase.

But the great detective saw, after the first few moments, that his borrowed craft was no match for the other. The black racer was fairly leaping ahead, increasing her distance and zooming away with startling velocity.

"It's no good, Chick!" shouted Swift. "We'll never catch them—and this is a fast boat, too!"

And then an extraordinary thing happened. With a great heave, two of the men in the black craft flung

the young man. "Did you see all that? Those fellows are as mad as hatters."

Swift immediately recognised the young fellow as J. W. D. Mainwaring—known to his friends as Jim. He was one of the giants of the Cambridge Eight.

"Did those men in the motor-boat give any reason for pulling you out of the river—or throwing you back again?" asked Swift.

"They didn't say a word," panted Jim Mainwaring. "But they were in the middle of a scrap with me—they were trying to hold me down in the cockpit—when the man at the wheel turned his head and looked at me. He cursed, or something, said a word or two to the others, and I'm hanged if they didn't chuck me overboard!"

Falcon Swift's eyes glinted. "We shall have to have a few words with Ronnie Cannell," he said enigmatically.

The Smash in Fulham Road.

WHEN they got to the landing-stage the other members of the Cambridge Eight had been brought ashore, and, fortunately, they were none the worse for their startling adventure. There was still a good deal of excitement, and all sorts of people were pressing round for news.

Falcon Swift took advantage of the occasion to return the motor-boat to its moorings, and to recover his Bentley. "What do you make of it, Boss?" asked Chick. "And what's that you said about Ronnie Cannell?"

"You may have noticed, Chick, that Jim Main-

wareing and Ronnie Cannell, both members of the Cambridge Eight, have red hair," said Falcon calmly. "I think that's a point worth remembering."

He drove to Putney Bridge, and presently he and Chick were mingling with the members of the Cambridge crew—who were now fully dressed, with large woollen mufflers round their necks.

There was a bit of added excitement when it was discovered that Jim Mainwaring had been rescued by the celebrated Monocled Manhunter. It was the general opinion that the men in the motor-boat were stark mad.

"I don't want to alarm you, but I believe there was a more sinister reason for the astounding incident," said Swift quietly. "Those men did not throw you overboard, Mainwaring, in order to check the pursuit. The boat I was in could not have overtaken that black racer. It is my theory that you were thrown overboard, Mainwaring, because you were the wrong man."

"The wrong man!" ejaculated Mainwaring, staring.

"In the confusion, at the moment of the collision, they saw your red hair, and mistook you for somebody else," replied Swift. "They were after you, Cannell."

There were some shouts of bewilderment. Ronnie Cannell, the popular stroke of the Cambridge crew, was a brawny young giant, very similar in build to Jim Mainwaring. Furthermore, his hair was of exactly the same brilliant hue.

"But that's impossible, Mr. Swift," he exclaimed. "Why should those men want to grab me? As far as I know, I haven't an enemy in the world."

Everybody knew that he was the "surprise" of the Cambridge crew. He had gone into training late, and he had revealed such amazing form that he was regarded as the "wonder man" of the Eight.

"You may not have any enemies, Ronnie, but I believe that Mr. Swift is right," said Mainwaring, in a startled voice. "This race means a fortune to you. Whereas, I'm only out for the honour—"

"His fortune?" interrupted Falcon Swift sharply.

Ronnie Cannell looked uncomfortable. "You shouldn't have said that, Jim," he growled.

"Just a minute," said Falcon Swift. "I have no desire to be inquisitive, Mr. Cannell, but I think you ought to be frank with me."

"Of course, Mr. Swift," said Ronnie. "These other fellows know all about it—but I'd hate it to get into the papers, or become otherwise public. And I can't possibly see how it can have any connection with what happened on the river a little while back."

"Perhaps you'll let me be the judge of that," said Swift.

"Well, it's only this," said Ronnie Cannell. "I've

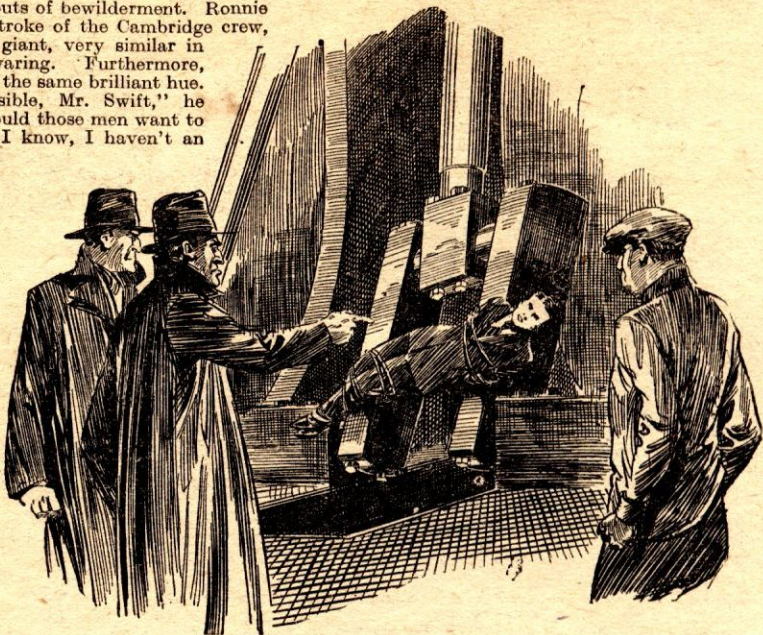
been in rather serious trouble with my father—Sir Malcolm Cannell—because I've been what he calls a slacker at Cambridge. My father, you know, is an Old Blue himself—he stroked Cambridge to victory in his own year. He was an all-round sportsman—a great cricketer, a champion hurdler, and all that sort of thing. And I fancy he's rather set his heart upon me following in his footsteps, as it were."

"Well?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I'm not particularly interested in sports," confessed Ronnie. "I haven't gone in for cricket, rowing, running, or anything. I haven't even given as much time to my studies as I should have done, perhaps. I've had—other interests. Dad didn't understand me, and he called me a slacker and a wastrel, and . . . well, to cut it short, he had a thundering row with me a month or two ago. Said I was no good, said I was unfit to bear his name, and he didn't want a son who loafed about and did nothing. He was so disappointed in me, in fact, that he cut me out of his will."

"As bad as that," commented Falcon Swift.

"He's always been a great sportsman, has dad," said Ronnie softly. "Well, he's ill now—rather badly ill. Has been for months. My mother has



FACING AWFUL ANNIHILATION.—"Listen, Cannell, snarled Rico. "Either you'll spill the beans, or we'll start these engines—and I guess you'll be mangled to death."

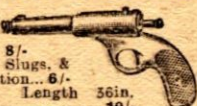
been terribly upset about our quarrel, and it was her idea that I should train for the Boat Race. We've been keeping it secret, you see. Dad isn't allowed to see the papers, he's so ill. But if, after the race, he learns that I was in the Cambridge boat—well, whether we win or lose, he'll know that I did my best. It'll probably help him to turn the corner—and, at the same time, there'll be a reconciliation."

"And put you back in his will, eh?" asked Falcon Swift drily.

"That's what my mother thinks—but I'm not thinking of the money," said Ronnie uncomfortably.

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"Hang the money! My father's ill, and I want to help. By complying with his wishes I think I might buck him up. But how can this have any possible connection with that infernal motor-boat?"

"I confess, I cannot see any connection—at the moment," replied Falcon Swift. "But that there is one I am convinced. I wonder, Cannell, if you can spare time to come along to my chambers? I'd like to have a longer talk with you—in private. I can give you a lift in my car."

"Why, of course—I don't mind at all," said Ronnie. They were soon off. Falcon Swift had seldom been so puzzled. He was certain, in his own mind, that there had been a grim attempt to kidnap Ronnie Cannell. By the merest fluke the crooks had got hold of Jim Mainwaring by mistake.

Ronnie was thoughtful and troubled as he sat beside Falcon Swift in the big Bentley.

A fairly clear stretch of road lay ahead, and Swift increased speed slightly. And then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw another car overtaking him.

It was a big, open car—and the man at the wheel was wearing a crash-helmet and goggles! The Monocled Manhunter took a swift glance round. There were two other men at the rear—also in crash-helmets and goggles!

"Look out, Cannell!" shouted the detective, suddenly. He tried to swerve, but a motor-bus, just ahead, prevented him. The other car lurched alongside; the two men acted like a flash. They leaned right over, and as the two cars ran parallel, their wings almost touching, Ronnie Cannell was lifted clean out of his seat.

And then something else happened. There was another car following close behind—a big saloon.

Crash! The saloon shot forward even as Falcon Swift was opening out in pursuit; the saloon rammed into the rear off-side wing, and there was a shriek of crumpling metal. The Bentley shuddered, and, under the force of that impact, skidded violently, and crashed into the side of a stationary motor-bus.

Nobody was hurt—but Falcon Swift was helpless. That collision had ruined all his chance of pursuit.

It had been perfectly arranged—and this time Ronnie Cannell was in the hands of his unknown enemies.

The Barge of Mystery.

"ONE squawk out of you, and you're dead!" The words were hissed into Ronnie Cannell's ear. And something hard and round was being pressed into Ronnie's side.

"You—you've made a mistake!" panted the young man. "My name's Cannell—"

"We know it! And if you know what's good for you, you'll sit quiet."

The big car swung into a side turning. It swerved again, doubling back on its own course.

The men were taking no chances. They knew that Falcon Swift would have the police net out at express speed. With a sudden shrieking of brakes the car came to a stop, skidding giddily on the greasy road.

"Get out—you!" said the voice in Ronnie's ear. "And don't forget, there's a gun at your side! One false move and it's you for the bump!"

Ronnie was hustled out of the car, and down some steps. A moment later he was pushed into the cockpit of a waiting motor-boat, which was almost invisible in the gloom.

With a soft, powerful hum, the racing-boat sped off into midstream, and soon it was making excellent progress.

One of the men touched some levers, and a white-enamelled super-structure arose as though by magic—a little cabin came into being. The appearance of the craft was completely changed.

And before long she glided alongside a dirty-looking coal barge which was moored a short distance from one of the dark shores. Ronnie, his mind in a whirl, found himself lifted aboard the coal barge.

A tiny hatch was opened, and he was thrust down some narrow steps.

A great surprise awaited him. For, instead of finding himself in a dirty little stuffy cabin, he saw, to his astonishment, that he was in a well-furnished saloon—which was really the hold of the barge.

There was a carpet on the floor, lights were glowing in the walls, and there were comfortable chairs and tables and other articles of furniture.

"O.K.!" said a voice. "We've got him now; you can cut him loose, boys."

Ronnie was freed from his bonds. He found himself facing three well-dressed men. They had removed their crash-helmets and goggles now, and they were looking calm and confident.

"You dirty rats!" panted Ronnie, furiously. "What do you want with me?"

The Invisible Flame.

RICO Valda, the leader, was doing all the talking. His right-hand man was Smitt Gregory, who professed to be a Canadian, but who looked more like a Dane.

"Now, listen, sonny," said Rico Valda, going nearer to Ronnie. "We got you all fixed, see? We've been working on you for weeks."

"Working on me?" asked the amazed Ronnie. "Sure!" replied Rico easily. "Ever since we heard of your—experiments."

Ronnie started. "You—you don't mean that you know—"

"The whole works!" nodded Rico. "One of your harmless friends slipped me a few words, some weeks back, while we were having a smoke during the interval at an East End theatre. The poor sap didn't know who he was talking to. I guess he didn't mean any harm. But what he told me interested me a heap. I'm a guy who's always on the look out for something new. I got some of the boys to index you up, and it wasn't long before I had the low-down."

"What I don't know about you, Cannell, isn't worth the telling. You're in bad with your daddy, ain't you? He figures that you're a worthless sap, and that you've been loafing around at Cambridge. You wanted to keep it a surprise, didn't you, that you had been sitting up nights on an invention?"

"How—how did you find out about this?" asked Ronnie, startled.

"I guess my organisation is efficient," replied Rico, coolly. "You weren't slacking, Cannell—you were working darned hard. But you wanted to keep it under your hat until you could claim complete success. Then your father got ill, and there was this Boat Race thing." He came nearer. "Now, listen buddy! I know that your invention is complete—that your blue prints are prepared to the last detail, and that you've actually made an experimental model. You were keeping it kind of dark until after the Boat Race—so that you could give your father a double surprise, eh? But he's a sportsman, and he wants to see you follow in his own footsteps, doesn't he? The Boat Race counts more with him than a hundred inventions."

Ronnie was silent.

"Now, see here," continued Rico. "You slip me the information where I can find those blue prints, and that experimental model—and you go free. Refuse, and you stay here until after the race."

Ronnie stared at him in horror.

"But—but if you keep me here, it will kill my father!" he exclaimed fiercely. "He has set his heart—"

"Sure," nodded Rico. "So I guess you understand that you're in a tight jam. Slip me that information, and you go free. You row in the race, and the old man will take you to his bosom again."

"But—but this invention can be of no interest to you," protested Ronnie. "I started thinking about it after that terrible submarine disaster, some months ago. It's an improvement of the oxy-acetylene lamp—"



"I know what it is," interrupted Rico. "An instrument no bigger than an automatic pistol which can be packed in the hip-pocket—an instrument which, by the employment of secret chemicals, can throw an invisible flame in absolute silence—a flame which can be used under water, and which eats through reinforced steel like a hot knife goes through butter. I want that invention."

The gang leader had seen the possibilities at once. Armed with such amazing instruments, he and his gang could break into any strong-room in record time, and in complete silence. It would increase the efficiency of his organisation two or three hundred per cent. The ordinary oxy-acetylene apparatus was clumsy, noisy—dangerous.

"You're mad!" said Ronnie Cannell contemptuously. "Do you think I'd allow the plans of my invention to get into your hands? I won't tell you a thing—and be hanged to you!"



THE RACE WRECKER.—A man leaned over the bridge parapet and dropped a fourteen-pound weight on the Cambridge boat speeding under the arch.

Falcon Swift on the Trail.

A SMALL, powerful motor-boat glided down the dark Thames. At the wheel sat Falcon Swift, with Chick Conway at his side.

"Like looking for a needle in a haystack, isn't it, Boss?" asked the lad.

"I'm afraid you're right—but we may have some luck," replied the Monocled Manhunter, as immaculate and self-possessed as ever. "I'm convinced that those crooks took Cannell on to the river."

Swift was not following any definite trail now—he had no certain clue. "It's just a case of two and two making four, Chick," he said, as the motor-boat glided downstream. "Those crooks grabbed Mainwaring first, and all the facts indicate that they had their plans ready for a quick getaway down the river. They haven't had time to make fresh plans. Therefore, it's almost certain that they got Cannell aboard the motor-boat as quickly as possible."

The great detective's shrewd brain was working hard. His common sense told him that the crooks, whoever they were, could not possibly take their

prisoner far by motor-boat. There was some hiding-place prepared—an old warehouse, perhaps.

Yet, as the famous pair went further and further downstream, they realised the difficulties of this hunt. Below the Tower Bridge, in the region of the famous Pool, the difficulties were increased a thousandfold. For here the river traffic was great.

A river-police launch came alongside Falcon Swift's boat, and Swift learnt that nothing had been seen of the black racer. The police, up and down the river, were on the alert, but no discoveries had been made.

The Monocled Manhunter only gave a casual glance at a handsome-looking motor-boat which glided into view from behind a grubby coal barge which was moored in the shadow of a big warehouse. The motor-boat had a white-enamelled cabin, and it turned its nose into mid-stream, passing just ahead of Swift's own little craft.

Then, suddenly, the detective became more alert. There was something in the cut of that craft which seemed vaguely familiar. The racer he was after had had no cabin—but that transom and sheer-water hadn't been built for a cabined craft!

"I think we'll have a look at that boat," said Falcon Swift suddenly. He followed at a safe distance, and presently he got in touch with a river-police launch. A few words were exchanged, and the two craft overtook the other and hemmed her in on either side. Falcon Swift and an inspector leapt aboard.

The cabin was empty; there was only one man in the cockpit; a gentlemanly looking fellow in flannels. He seemed very surprised that his boat should have been stopped.

"Sorry, sir," said the inspector. "But we've had orders to examine every motor-boat—"

He broke off as Swift made a sudden lunge at the man. The next second the detective had plucked the automatic pistol from the man's hip-pocket—and the fellow swore violently.

"Arrest this man," said Falcon Swift curtly. "This is the boat we're after."

"What!" ejaculated the inspector.

"Look at this cabin!" snapped Falcon Swift, his eye gleaming behind his monocle. "Very ingenious—very clever! Can't you see? It's so made that it can collapse mechanically, folding down into the hull. Take this man to the station, and we'll question him later."

Swift himself leapt back into his own motor-boat, and a moment later he and Chick were returning upstream.

"What are we going to do, Boss?" asked Chick, breathlessly.

"There's a dirty old coal barge that needs our attention," replied Falcon Swift, and his voice was like ice. "You take the wheel, Chick, and as we slip past that barge, I'll leap aboard. You carry on and hang about in the neighbourhood. If I want you, I'll signal."

The barge seemed to be quite deserted as the little boat crept alongside. Not fifty yards away a tramp steamer, moored out in the river, was taking cargo aboard, noisily. Great electric lamps were blazing, and the rattle of the donkey-engines was incessant. But here, near the wharf, everything was still.

Swift jumped aboard the narrow deck of the barge, and Chick, obeying instructions, sent the motor-boat gliding on.

Then, suddenly, there was a rattle of machinery from somewhere above. Falcon Swift stared upwards into the gloom. A great iron scoop, its jaws gaping open, was swooping down through the drizzle—and it was being operated from the dark warehouse.

There was no time for Falcon Swift to dodge.

The scoop pushed against him, and he lost his balance. As he fell into those gaping jaws, a kind of lid clanged down, and he was imprisoned.

Up went the scoop, swinging round at the same time. And so swiftly had it been done, so invisibly in the murk, that Chick Conway, practically within sight, saw nothing. The incessant din from the neighbouring tramp steamer had drowned all the other sounds.

The Headquarters.

FALCON SWIFT was carried upwards to a dark opening in the warehouse wall; the great scoop was drawn in, and opened. Three men pulled the detective out, and an automatic pistol was jammed into his chest, and another into his back.

There wasn't an earthly chance of escape. One false move from Swift, and he would have been riddled with bullets. He was quickly bound hand and foot and gagged. Then he was carried down some dark stairs into the lower part of the warehouse. Here an enormous packing-case was open—one side being unbolting. It contained agricultural machinery. Swift was thrust into a corner of the great case, and the side was bolted into position again.

And soon afterwards this great packing-case, with others, was loaded on to a lighter; the lighter was pulled alongside the tramp steamer—which was taking in a perfectly legitimate cargo of agricultural machinery for the Argentine.

That tramp steamer was the actual headquarters of the Valda gang! The proceeds of all the robberies were smuggled aboard that craft. Apparently engaged in honest trading—for she carried honest cargoes—she was really a crook ship.

She was due to go down river on the morrow—after the Boat Race! By that time Rico Valda meant to be in possession of Ronnie Cannell's invention. If there was any hue and cry, it would be useless—for the crooks would be out of England. And Falcon Swift, the one man who had proved himself dangerous, was a prisoner.

But Falcon Swift had his own ideas on that subject. No sooner had the side of the packing-case been bolted on than he commenced work. Struggling hard, he found that although he could not free himself from his bonds, he could wriggle upright. And soon he made a discovery.

That agricultural machinery was useful for other purposes than agriculture! By careful sense of touch, Falcon Swift located a jagged, knife-like edge. He managed to get his wrists free after ten minutes of hard work. He was wet with perspiration, but he was free.

There was very little room for him to move about. The crooks had deprived him of his pistol, but he still had a small electric torch. He found, bolted to the side of the packing-case, some tools belonging to the machinery.

The detective's eyes glinted as he saw an implement which could be used as an augur. There was an enormously heavy spanner, too—useful as a hammer—and, more important still, a long, thin saw-blade. There were all sorts of other spare parts, too, but Swift was not interested.

He got to work with the augur, and although it was a crude substitute for the real thing, he managed to bore a hole in the top of the packing-case, above his head. He enlarged this hole with the help of the saw-blade, and even as the great packing-case, encircled by chains, was being hoisted out of the lighter by the steamer's derrick, Swift worked his hardest.

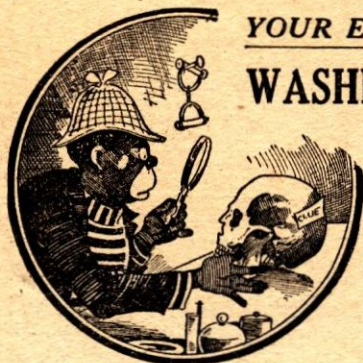
Another man might have been exhausted long before now, but Swift's reserve of energy was

(Continued on page 10.)

YOUR EDITOR'S CORNER.

WASHINGTON HAYSEED

AMONGST
GIGANTIC ATTRACTIONS
NEXT WEEK.



Write to
THE
EDITOR,
200, Gray's
Inn Road,
London,
W.C.1.

MY DEAR CHUMS,
How do you like the latest of the Mag.'s mighty Wonder Books, presented with this number? Isn't it the real gilt-edged goods? But wait until you get "EXPLORERS AND ADVENTURERS," the next 28-page dazzler in this great gift series! Below appears the result of the first Footballers' Names Competition in the first six Wonder Books. Congrats. to the winners. If you didn't manage to bring off the bacon in this competition, however, don't worry, chums. There is still time to have a shot at FOOTBALLERS No. 2. Another six Puzzle Pictures will be printed in next week's spanking number with a glamorous new programme of special thrill yarns. You'll be gripped by

The Comet of Crooks,

a startling, long, complete tale telling of the latest exploit of the Skywayman! Old readers will remember this debonair adventurer of the air and his wonder 'plane *Silverstreak*. New readers are in

Is Your Name Below?

On this page appears the Result of Footballers Competition No. 1. Still time to enter for Footballers No. 2, boys!

for a special treat when they read this smashing yarn of a sinister sky crook's plot and the Skywayman's hair-raising, quick-fire exploits to outwit his foes.

Fatty Slocum—Hypnotist!

Is the stunning sequel to this week's complete tale of the Joyous Juniors of St. Giddy's. The fat boy of the Remove, with the aid of the Gorgons Mask, mesmerises his form-fellows to get their tuck and life becomes one glorious feed; he hypnotises Cathy on the eve of an important exam., and in the form-room the irate housemaster sings comic songs to his scholars instead. Don't miss this, chums!

The rib-ticking Washington Hayseed, our Black Coon Sleuth, also has an eerie case to tackle next week. He solves the mystery of

The Ghost in a Bowler Hat!

Funny? Believe me, pals, this yarn is one long roar of mirth from start to finish!

This Special Speed and Spooks Number would not be complete without another tale of TERRORLAND, so the author of this grand series has written

The Crime Spider's Web!

It tells of the giant spiders, the latest horror of the Garden of Ghouls. Thrills fast and furious here and a crashing finale. Don't miss it and the

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presented with every copy of the *Mag.* Next Week.

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

Result of FOOTBALLERS COMPETITION No. 1

Six readers correctly solved all the puzzles in this contest, and, therefore, equally share the £10 prize. They are:—

COLLINS, Harold, 4, Thornfield-terrace, Ayr.
HUGHES, J. F., 7, Duke-street, Raubon, Wrexham.
HAUGHTON, C. Leslie, 6, Borland-avenue, Broadway, New Moston, Manchester.

LANE, Master J., 9, Chichester-terr., Horsham, Sussex.
PONNER, J. B., 10, Princes-road, Aylesbury.
WARREN, H. J., 11, Coles-lane, Sutton Coldfield.

The Second and Third Prizes amounting to £7 will be shared by the following sixty-eight readers, who had only one error:—

AUSTIN, D. L., 54, Manor-road, Hoylake, Wirral;
BIDWELL, Percy, Queen-st., Middleton, Cheney; Ballard, B., 21, Edingley-sq., Sherwood, Nottingham; Burke, L., 30, Lower Edge, Elland, Yorks.; Bardens, Master S., Beach View, Chalfabro, Bigbury-on-Sea; Bryceland, Peter, 93, Main-st., Thornliebank; Brodrick, C., The Bungalow, Edge, Nr. Stroud; Bailey, Thomas, 46, Lincoln-rd., Wrockwardine Wood, Salop; CHAPMAN, G. E., 7, Hollis-st., Kirkstall-rd., Leeds; Champion, F. H., Walnut Tree Farm, Waltham, Canterbury; Coldbeck, H., 4, Nicholson's Buildings, Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham; Clarke, Donald, 7, Greenbank-avenue, Wembley, Middlesex; Cutburt, W. S., 76, George-street, Mablethorpe, Lincs.; Cope, R.A., 6, Chatsworth-rd., Rowsley; Cairns, Robert, 20, East Cottages, Granton, Edinburgh; DAGLISH, G., 2, Editha-street, Landoor-rd., Stockwell, London; EASON, Albert, 14, Hindle House-lane, Pismoor, Sheffield; FIELD, Edward, Kent Bridge, Hawkhurst, Kent; Finn, J., Wellington House, D.Y.R., M.S., Dover, Kent; Fenwick, Geol., "Anwell," Rotherham-rd., Coventry; Fortt, Albert, 170, Abernethy-rd., Porth, S. Wales; Ford, Arthur, 96, Borland-avenue, Botcherly, Carlisle, Cumb.; GREEN, Leslie, 9, Manor-rd., Woodley, Stockport; Goodlife, Albert L., Brook Cottage, Great Dalby, Melton Mowbray; Gray, J. R., 5, Langlands-lane, Market Drayton, Salop; Gostage, William, 7, Factory-rd., Queen's Ferry, Chester; Gardiner, Mervyn, Brownhill, Chalford, Stroud, Glos.; HOOLE, Arthur, 17, All Saints-rd., Sutton, Surrey; Higgins, George, 11, Scotton Villas, City-

rd., Haverford West, Pen.; Haigh, Hopley, 75, Roydhouse, Linthwaite, Nr. Huddersfield; Hughes, Derik, Bungaiows, Pen-y-Bryn, Halkn, Holywell; Houghton, E. W., 39, Newtown-street, Heaton Park, Manchester; Hughes, Harold, 26, Waterside South, Lincoln; Higginbottom, Sydney, 10, Olney-st., Walton, Liverpool; Holt, W. Ernest, 74, Powell-avenue, South Shore, Blackpool; IVES, Arthur R., 4, St. Andrews-st., Cowes, I. of W.; KNIGHT, E. E., 50, The Drive, Swanspool, Wellinborough, Northants; Kemp, Master Richard, Sherlockstown, Sallins, Co. Kildare, Ireland; LEAHY, J., 12, Manchester-rd., Cubitt Town, E.14; Laming, J. A., 5, Laysfield-rd., Shepherds Bush, W.12; MATTHEWS, Jim, Victoria Place, Norton, Nr. Doncaster; Moore, Joseph, 10, Paris Garden Dwellings, Broadwell, Blackfriars, S.E.1; Moon, William, Bridge-st., St. Blazey, Par, Cornwall; O'BRIEN, Gerard, Leinster Villas, Crickle, Birr, County, L.F.S.; PENTECOST, Henry, 5, Beaufoy-rd., London, S.W.11; Pratt, George, Meadows-hurst, North Lopham, Diss, Norfolk; Porter, Edwin, Glebe Farm, Astbury; Payne, James A., Railway-terrace, Colwall, Nr. Malvern; Pledger, L. S., 48, Westward-rd., South Chingford; RHODES, A., 20, Greenfield-st., Dunkirk, Nottingham; Rowland, E., Ridley Hall, Badon Mill, Northumberland; SLASSOR, William, 26, Barwick-st., Easington, Coll., Co. Durham; Sayers, Norman, 41, Latimer-rd., Forest Gate, E.7; Sinclair, John Hills, 17, Jesmond-rd., West Hartlepool, Durham; Shepherdson, Alan, 171, Askew-avenue, Hull; Sharp, Donald J., 16, Florian-avenue, Sutton, Surrey; Smart, Harry, 26, Stephenson-st., Canning Town, E.16; Shakleton, Eric, 54, Queens-rd., Hoylake, Cheshire; Shepherd, C. J., Toll Gate House, Doveridge, Derby; Sayer, John R., 11, Hutton-terrace, Willington, Co. Durham; Swadling, Kenneth M., 41, Jesmond-avenue, Wembley Hill, Middlesex; TOMLINSON, J., 9, Rocklands-avenue, Woodhey, Rock Ferry; Taylor, Horace, Tan Pitts Farm, Ander-nr., Chorley; UPTON, Lewis, 7, Hinton, Nr. Bratley, Northants; WELCH, Arthur, 3, Princess-st., North, Colchester, Essex; White, R., 16, Mortimer-rd., Mitcham, Surrey; Whitshurst, W., 39, Burnt Oak-terrace, Gillingham, Kent; Willtell, J. R., Pretoria House, Gunneside, Rich-mond, Yorks.

In addition 200 splendid consolation prizes will be forwarded to those whose entries were next best. Look out for the correct solutions next week.

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MYSTERY OF THE BOAT RACE STROKE

(Continued from page 8.)

phenomenal. He felt the great packing-case swinging in mid-air. With the spanner he hammered vigorously, and the boards above his head crashed and split, making an opening sufficiently large for him to squeeze through.

The packing-case was descending now. Falcon Swift worked his way out, rose to his feet, and some shouts arose from the stevedores as he was seen, clearly illuminated by the great electric lamps.

There came other shouts. Falcon Swift heard a noise like an angry hornet. A bullet!

He dived—a clean, magnificent dive from high above. Down he went. Chick Conway, some distance off, in the little motor-boat, saw, too.

Splash! Falcon Swift struck the water cleanly. *Plop-plop-plop!* Bullets, fired from silenced automatics, struck the water near the spot where he had dived under.

"Boss—here!" gasped Chick breathlessly. Falcon Swift had come to the surface; in a moment he was dragged aboard the motor-boat, and Chick, opening the throttle, sped off.

"Good lad!" said Swift, patting his assistant's shoulder with a wet hand. "That was smart work. Back to that barge, and, as our American friends would say, make it snappy!"

They picked up the river-police launch on the way. They leapt aboard the barge, the hatches were smashed open, and the surprise saloon was discovered. But Ronnie Cannell had vanished.

The Engine-room Horror.

REALISING the need for swift action, Rico Valda and his men had lost no time. Even while the Monoeled Manhunter and the police were smashing open the hatches of the barge, a secret exit was opened in the stern, just above the waterline.

A dinghy was passing, apparently on legitimate business, under the stern, rowed by two men in blue jerseys. It scarcely paused. Ronnie was dropped in, and covered with a piece of tarpaulin. The dinghy proceeded on its way towards the tramp steamer.

When Ronnie fully recovered the use of his wits he was staggered and horrified to find himself securely bound to an enormous crank of the tramp's great marine engine!

"Listen, Cannell!" snarled Rico, who was now thoroughly rattled. Either you'll spill the beans, or we'll start these engines—and I guess you know what that'll mean!"

Ronnie shuddered. He did know. The great crank would start moving, and he would be mangled to death hideously.

He appeared terrified—but, actually, his brain was working rapidly. He knew full well why he had been brought here in such a panic-stricken fashion. Falcon Swift was after the crooks!

"You—you fiends!" he muttered. "You wouldn't dare—"

"Cut the compliments!" snarled Rico. "Are you going to talk—or shall we give you the works?"

"I'll talk," muttered Ronnie, with a shudder. "The experimental model I made, and the blue prints, are at the top of the great tower of my college."

Ronnie gave the full information. There was a little room at the top of that ancient tower—a room where he had sometimes gone to be absolutely quiet. He had discovered a loose board in the centuries-old floor, and beneath that board, in a cavity, he had hidden his precious invention.

"We'll need a fast car," said Rico sharply. "The big tower, eh? I guess it'll be easy. We'll leave this guy strung up here until we get back. You'd best watch him, Smoke."

"Leave him to me," said the crook engineer. Rico and Smitt and the others hastened up on deck. They were in no fear of the police, for there was nothing to connect the tramp steamer with the disappearance of Ronnie Cannell.

But Falcon Swift was very suspicious of the tramp. Those crooks could not have got him aboard, in that packing-case, unless they were directly connected with the vessel.

And as Rico Valda and his companions came down the ladder, to get into their waiting boat, Falcon Swift's launch sped up out of the drizzle.

Crack-crack! Rico's automatic pistol belched flame and lead. And for once the famous detective was taken unawares. He had never believed that these crooks would fire at him openly. It was an indication of their panic.

"Boss!" cried Chick, in despair. For Falcon Swift had suddenly become limp at the wheel. The craft, unmanageable, her engine still running, rammed into the tramp's side. The sudden shock threw Chick off his balance, and he nearly fell overboard.

"They've got him—oh, they've got him!" sobbed Chick in despair. One of the police launches materialised out of the murk, and Falcon Swift was lifted out of that little cockpit, and carried aboard.

"It's all right, young 'un," said a river-police inspector. "Mr. Swift is only stunned. We'll take him along to the station."

"Oh, thank goodness," said Chick fervently. And then he remembered his duty. Saying that he would follow in the small motor-boat, he got aboard. But instead of going to the landing-stage, he reached the ladder of the tramp steamer. With nimble feet he climbed, and as he reached the deck a dark figure leapt at him.

Chick was ready. His automatic rammed into the man's chest.

"Where's Cannell?" he demanded. "You'd better speak—or I'll shoot!"

The man was utterly dumbfounded. "Why, he's—he's in the engine-room!" he muttered. "Go easy with that gun, you young fool—"

Crash! Chick's fist came round, and the man, with a howl, reeled against the deck-rail and toppled overboard.

Chick raced for the engine-room hatchway. Sliding down iron ladders, Chick penetrated into the depths of the engine-room. He passed across a sort of steel grating, with a polished rail for his hand. Leaning over, he beheld the engineer—the man called "Smoke"—and Chick also saw the bound and helpless Ronnie.

Whizz! Chick's automatic shot down from his hand, and before Smoke could dodge, the weapon struck him on the head, and the man crashed to the plates.

Leaping down the remaining ladder, Chick slashed through Ronnie's bonds.

"Thanks!" gasped the Cambridge stroke. "By Jove! You've done well, young 'un!"

"We can't talk," panted Chick. "Come on—"

(Continued on page 12.)

THE JESTER'S REALM



Cop (sarcastically): Why did you jump through that window? You must have been hungry.

Victim of Accident (equally sarcastically): I couldn't stand a pig's cheek.
(Football to ROBERT PATTINSON, 46, Park Road, South Moor, Co. Durham.)

NOW BREAKING STONES!

BILL: Have you heard that Brown's opened a shop?"

JOE: Is he having good trade?

BILL: Yes, he opened it with a crowbar.

(Fountain pen to FRED ARCHER, 80, Sticker Lane, Laisterdyke, Bradford, Yorks.)

ON SLEEPERS.

A sleeper is one who sleeps; also that on which the sleeper sleeps. Likewise that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper unless the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper, in which case there will no longer be any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper.

(Fountain pen to W. REDDING, 2a, 2H, Coppice Street, Tipton, Staffs.)

AGREED.

FORM MASTER: I hope I didn't see you looking at your book, just now, Jones.

JONES MINOR (fervently): So do I, sir.

(Fountain pen to ROY GILES, 9, Carlton Terrace, New North Road, Exeter, Devon.)

A GOOD START.

AUCTIONEER (holding up valuable vase): Come along, give me a start, someone.

VOICE: Sixpence!

AUCTIONEER: What?

VOICE: Ah, I thought that would give you a start.

(Fountain pen to F. CHILDS, 39, Musard Road, Hammersmith, London, W.6.)



Man (to gardener): Have you had your dinner, John?

John: Not yet, sir. I must just 'eat the green'ouse first.

(Football to ALAN BIRD, 787, Chorley Old Road, Bolton.)

3
Football and Fountain Pens awarded to senders of jokes on this page. Send your favourite joke on p.c., with coupon on this page, to the Editor, "Boys' Magazine," 196, Gray's Inn Rd., London W.C.1.

TOOK LONGER.

An old gent entered a barber's shop one day and his hair being rather thin on top, he remarked to the barber: "Look here, you ought to cut my hair cheaper, as there's nothing much to cut."

"We don't charge for cutting your hair at all," said the barber, "but for having to look for it."
(Fountain pen to E. DAVIES, 33, North Avenue, Horbury, Yorks.)

JOKE COUPON.

Stick on postcard and send with your favourite joke to the JOKE EDITOR.

26/3/32.

SOME SWIM.

YANKEE: You know we've got trains in America that cost thousands of pounds, and can travel from New York to Philadelphia in two hours.

SCOT: That's nothing, we've got gold fish here that cost sixpence, and can travel round the globe in two seconds.

(Fountain pen to ROBERT WEIR, 25, Duncombe Street, Maryhill, Glasgow, N.W.)

IRISH.

"Give me a bit of bacey, Pat."

PAT: The Devil a bit I have only what's in my pipe, and that's empty.

(Fountain pen to GEORGE SLUGG, 56, Tyndall St., Newtown, Cardiff.)

AND HOW.

GRANDFATHER: Georgie, I shouldn't slide down the banisters like that.

GEORGIE: Wouldn't you, Grandpa? Show me how you'd do it.

(Fountain pen to H. LEWIS, Church Hill, Chilham, near Canterbury, Kent.)

The SECRET of the BOAT RACE STROKE

(Continued from page 10.)

let's get out of this before some more of these rats are on us."

They reached the deck, and they almost fell down the ladder into the motor-boat. They were quickly away—and not until then did Chick Conway breathe freely.

"Where's Mr. Swift?" asked Ronnie.

"Injured—shot," groaned Chick.

It was a shock for Ronnie. Falcon Swift was out of the game! And he had relied upon the Monocled Manhunter!

Those crooks were on their way to Cambridge now. Perhaps there would still be time—time to save the invention and to take his place in the Cambridge boat, too!

The Sensational Boat Race.

FALCON SWIFT'S injury was much slighter than Chick had feared. The Sporting Sleuth recovered after an hour, and there was practically no sign of his injury, for the little strip of plaster was covered by his hair.

Although his head throbbed, he insisted upon taking instant action. He got in touch with the Scotland Yard chiefs, and the warehouse and the tramp steamer were raided.

Chick Conway, too, was "doing his stuff." He and Ronnie Cannell, in a hired car, raced for Cambridge. When they arrived, the great college was dark and quiet—asleep. But Ronnie had his keys, and, together, they went into that part of the historic building which was not used as living quarters. They mounted to the top of the great tower.

Reaching the summit of a narrow flight of circular stone steps, they heard voices from beyond the door of the tower room. With all their strength they charged.

Crash! The door burst open. Within the tower room stood Rico Valda and Smitt Gregory—and in Rico's hands were Ronnie's blue prints and the experimental "invisible flame machine."

"We're in time!" yelled Ronnie. "Now, you rats, we've got you!" And when it came to a hand-to-hand fight, Ronnie was superb. His left crashed into Rico's face, and even as Smitt Gregory was trying to pull his gun, Ronnie's right thudded against the side of his head. Chick helped, too. Chick gave all his attention to Smitt Gregory.

Ronnie and Rico Valda, locked in one another's arms, swayed through the open doorway, and they crashed headlong down the stone steps.

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I.....(name) enclose three coupons and stamped addressed envelope for membership of above. I am of British birth and promise to adhere to tenets and objects. (26/3/32)

BOYS' MAGAZINE LEAGUE COUPON.

Boys' Magazine, 26/3/32.

Help soon came and the gunmen were captured. But Ronnie Cannell, in that fall, had crashed his head against the stonework, and he was unconscious.

"For goodness sake don't let a word of this come out," pleaded Chick, to those who had helped. "Let me get through to my Boss—he'll advise us what to do."

Falcon Swift was overjoyed when he heard Chick's voice on the telephone. "Keep Ronnie there," he said, at once. "Swear those people to silence. Ronnie must be reconciled to his father—and the only way is for him to row in the race."

"But he can't, Boss," protested Chick. "He won't be fit."

"Leave it to me," replied Falcon Swift calmly. "You've done splendidly, Chick, and I'm proud of you."

* * * * *

THE sun was shining gloriously as the rival crews took their places for the start.

In the Cambridge boat sat Ronnie Cannell! At least, the lithe figure with the red hair looked so much like Ronnie Cannell that nobody could guess the real truth. The man who was determined to stroke Cambridge to victory was none other than Falcon Swift!

It was one of his most brilliant impersonations. Perhaps it was against the laws of the race; but he was doing this for Ronnie's sake—to save the life of his father.

"They're off!" The race had started. Falcon Swift rowed as though he had been in training for weeks.

The detective would have been more comfortable if he could have worn his famous monocle; but for once he had to dispense with it.

On they went, and now the Cambridge boat was drawing slightly ahead.

On Hammersmith Bridge, in a special seat amongst the prominent people, was one who was in the pay of Rico Valda's gang. He knew nothing of the fate which had befallen his leader; he only knew that Ronnie Cannell was here, or apparently here, in the Cambridge boat. That was contrary, he knew, to Valda's plans.

A man suddenly leaned over the bridge parapet. He apparently dropped something by accident—and it was a fourteen-pound weight! Immediately below, the Cambridge boat was speeding under the arch.

Crash! Missing one of the oarsmen by inches, the weight went crashing clean through the fragile shell! Water surged up in a vast cascade, and a moment later confusion reigned supreme.

Amid yells of consternation from the excited crowds, the Cambridge boat was seen to be foundering. She sank, leaving her crew struggling in the water.

* * * * *

IT meant a fresh start, with Cambridge using their spare boat. And, as it turned out, that crook had done a good service. For when the crews got back to the starting-point, Chick Conway raced up to Falcon Swift; he spoke a few words. Together they ran into one of the dressing-rooms.

And there stood Ronnie Cannell—flushed and eager. "I'm fit, Mr. Swift!" he panted. "I can take my place now—and nobody will ever know."

"Good!" said Swift, adjusting his monocle and removing the red wig, "Go in and win!"

Thrilling, eh, chaps? But wait until you get on to the Comet of Crooks, next week! It's crammed with excitement and drama.

The Quaintest Schoolboy Ever. MEET MARMY! THE BOY WITH A NOTEBOOK FOR A MEMORY! The Joyous Juniors of St. Giddy's Again.



The Absent-minded Member of the Remove Decides to Take a Memory Course—With Startling Results!



Gigantic Long Yarn in the MAG'S MIGHTY SCHOOL TALE SERIES

Curiosity Nets Catty.

"SHUSH-SH-SH!" hissed Johnny Gee. "Here he comes!"

It was evening-time—and the shades of dusk were useful to the Joyous Juniors of St. Giddy's. They had sallied forth from St. Giddy's to "lay" an unknown marauder known as the Terror, who had been spreading fear and foreboding among the simple-minded country folk.

The Terror was supposed to be the ghost of Dr. Marsden, who, until his death a few weeks ago, had been the occupant of the House on the Hill.

The grim, old mansion had passed into the hands of Jasper Grant, the doctor's partner from London.

The boys of St. Giddy's had often seen the old doctor, in his lifetime, and had been apt to be amused by his squat, grotesque appearance rather than frightened. Johnny Gee and his chums had found him a kindly and pleasant old man rather than terrifying.

The Joyous Juniors refused to countenance such things as spooks and spectres! And this evening, they had fixed a trap along the narrow path that led through the spinney at the bottom of the hill, to catch this "Terror," if he could be caught.

A large footer net was spread across the path, its four ends attached to strong cords that ran upwards to the massive bough of a tree reaching overhead. The net and the cords were carefully hidden in the grass and foliage. Johnny Gee & Co. were secreted amongst the bushes. All they had to do, when their quarry stepped on the hidden net, was to pull the rope—and up would come the net, completely "landing" the victim! By that means, Johnny Gee had determined to find out the identity of the prowler from the House on Copse Hill.

As the juniors crouched in the bushes, they heard footsteps approaching. Through the trees, they caught a glimpse of a form, bent and grotesque, with a face indescribably ugly, moving like an

inhuman monster towards the spot where they were hidden. It was the Terror!

With fast-beating hearts, Johnny Gee & Co. waited. They could not see the Terror now, but soon they heard footsteps approaching along that very path, and they held their breath tensely. . . .

The rope suddenly jerked tight. Someone had stepped on the net! At Johnny's swift command, they all yanked manfully at the rope.

At the same moment, a yell rang out, and Johnny sprang out of hiding, followed by his chums, who still held the rope.

"Got him!" cried the Remove captain. The net's come up nicely, and—" He broke off with a startled gasp.

"Catty!" stuttered Dick Bannister. Oh, scissors! That's done it!"

Mr. Ernest James Cattermole, the bad-tempered Housemaster at St. Giddy's, glared through the meshes of the net as he clawed desperately to free himself.

"Yah! Ow! Boys! Rascals!" he yelled. "How dare you subject me to this—this unheard-of outrage?"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Johnny, in deep distress. "We didn't mean this for you, really. We wanted to catch the Terror—" He broke off, in horror and consternation, as he saw a face of awful ugliness and sinister menace peering at him from the trees! It was the Terror itself. A baleful green light seemed to shine from its bulging eyes, boring into the Remove captain's very soul.

Johnny's frame grew rigid and he reeled backwards. Dick Bannister and Snowball started forward with ringing shouts. Dick hurled a large stone at the loathsome Terror, which disappeared in a trice amongst the fastnesses of the trees. A man, tall and sinister-looking, stepped from the trees on to the path. He surveyed the scene with dark, glinting eyes.

"What is the meaning of this?" he rapped. "You boys have been trespassing on my private property—"

"*Yah!* Lemme loose!" gurgled Mr. Cattermole. "Bannister—Gee! Do you hear?"

Johnny Gee lay where he had fallen, stiff and rigid, as though under some evil spell. Then Dick noticed that in falling he had grazed his hand. The blood began to flow in a thin stream from the wound. His chums bent down and shook him. Johnny's eyes flickered, and a convulsive shudder went through him.

"Those eyes—those terrible eyes, they—they seemed to petrify me!" said Johnny.

"What were you young rascals doing on my property?" rapped Grant. "I came down to follow you, and report you to your Headmaster—"

"We were looking for that awful thing—the Terror!" said Johnny, still badly shaken and trembling.

"Ridiculous!" snapped Grant. "One of you boys playing a prank, no doubt—"

"That—*you-wow!*—is precisely my own view!" snapped Mr. Cattermole through the meshes of the net.

Protesting, the Removites released Mr. Cattermole. He bent his gaze wrathfully upon them.

"Rascals! You shall be punished severely for this!" he raved. "I will—*you-wow!*—give you a public chastisement at call-over this evening!"

Johnny Gee & Co. looked at one another in wrath and indignation. That was just like Catty—to suspect them of the basest motives in everything!

"I shall be obliged if you will see that they do receive severe punishment, for presuming to trespass on my grounds above the hill," rasped Jasper Grant, with a deadly look at the juniors. He turned away and walked up the hill towards the frowning mansion. Johnny Gee & Co. gathered up the remains of the net, and followed Catty through the spinney. Strange, gasping noises caused them to halt abruptly. Those noises came from a ditch at the side of the path, and Johnny Gee & Co. uttered startled gasps as a tousled head appeared, and a pair of eyes, blinking over wobbling eyeglasses, regarded them in a kind of vacant stare.

Marmaduke Mist, the absent-minded Removite, struggled out of the ditch with the assistance of the others.

"I—*grooogh!*—cannot remember just what happened, mum-my dear fellows," he gasped, gouging mud out of his eyes and ears. "I appear to have l-lost my notebook."

Johnny Gee & Co. chuckled. The schoolboy sleuth could never remember anything without his notebook, which he thought was lost, but was probably in his pocket.

The procession wended its way to St. Giddy's, Mist stalking along behind with a vacant look in his eyes.

Catty Takes a Bath.

ST. GIDDY'S was assembled in Big Hall for call-over. Mr. Cattermole, who was calling the rota, came swooping on to the platform, a very ascetic expression on his narrow features.

Mr. Cattermole ran through the rota, beginning with the fag forms—the Second and the Third—and then on to the Remove.

"Mist!" There was no reply.

"Mist!" snapped Mr. Cattermole, with a glare towards the vacant space in the Remove ranks. "Bless my soul! Is Mist absent?"

Most of the Removites grinned. Mist undoubtedly was still in the bath, washing after his fall in the ditch, and had forgotten call-over!

The usual procedure was gone through, and then Mr. Cattermole arose at the dais, a very grim expression on his sour visage.

"Gee—Bannister—Graham—Cole—Vernon—Pelham-Smith!" he rapped. "Come up here!"

Johnny Gee & Co. walked up to the platform and stood before Mr. Cattermole, who picked up his stoutest ashlant and swished it viciously.

"These boys," he said, addressing the School, "are about to be punished for an audacious prank which they perpetrated outside the school precincts," he said in a voice like a file. "They were guilty of trespassing on private grounds. They also made me the victim of a violent outrage. Gee, hold out your hand—*Yah!*"

Mr. Cattermole gave a sudden yelp, as a large drop of water fell on his nose. He looked upward, and more drops of water splattered down on his face.

Then, all of a sudden, a crack appeared in the ceiling, and a perfect torrent of water cascaded downward, drenching the astounded Catty ere he had the presence of mind to jump out of the way.

Swooooooosh! *Splash!* *Swoooosh!* "*Yerrooogh!* *Yah!* Oh, dear! *Oooogh!*"

Catty was soaked! The boys of St. Giddy's, recovered from their astonishment, roared with merriment—they couldn't help it! The comical figure cut by Catty on the platform was sufficient to inspire mirth in a Greek statue!

"School—*yah!*—dismiss!" spluttered the drenched Housemaster, and he made one dive for the door at the side of the platform, his gown clinging clammy to his legs as he went, and a trail of water streaming behind him.

"It must be—ha, ha!—Mist!" gurgled Dick. "Up in the bathroom, you know! Kinmon—this should be interesting!"

It was! The juniors dashed onward, and a miniature waterfall running down the stairs confirmed Dick's supposition—the water was simply streaming from the bathroom.

Johnny Gee & Co. halted in amazement when they saw a strange form stalking along the upper corridor. It was Mist, arrayed in a voluminous bath-robe, with his socks and boots on! He blinked vacantly at the juniors.

"You—you duffer, Mist!" yelled Johnny, flinging open the bathroom-door. "Look here—the whole place is flooded! You've forgotten to turn off the tap!"

Johnny waded through the water that was cascading over the bath, and turned off the tap. The boys of St. Giddy's were roaring with laughter at Mist's funny appearance.

"I appear to have mislaid my suit somewhere, Gee," said Mist, with a sad shake of the head.

"Here it is, you chump—behind the bathroom-door!" said Johnny.

Mr. Cattermole came wading up the stairs, looking mad. Down the stairs, Dr. Holroyd was standing on a mat, which was like an island in the midst of a watery waste.

"Mist!" cried the Head. "Good heavens, boy! This absent-mindedness of yours is becoming a serious matter. Unless you improve, Mist, I shall have no alternative but to place you under the care of a mental specialist."

"Oh, dear! Ye-es, sir!" gasped Mist, and he groped in his pocket for his notebook. "Will one of you fellows lend me a pencil, so that I can make a note of it? Thanks, Bannister!"

Mist stalked away, blinking solemnly, and he left the House in hysterics.

Next morning, Mist was looking worried. Every now and then he would drag out his notebook, gaze at a certain paragraph, and shake his head sadly.

Johnny Gee & Co., being curious, noted the paragraph to which Mist so often referred. It was the Head's reminder of his absent-mindedness. Mist was taking the matter very seriously now.

But, alas! Marmaduke, even with the aid of his notebook, could not conquer the vacancy of his mind! Mr. Tattersall, the Remove master, fairly tore his hair over Mist at morning lessons, and rewarded him with several impositions—which Johnny Gee & Co. knew very well he would completely forget to write—and he left the form-room after lessons, looking more vacant than ever.

The bell rang for afternoon lessons, and the Remove assembled once more in the form-room. But there was one vacant place. That was Mist's. Mr. Tattersall came in, and gazed very sternly at the empty desk. A detachment of Removites was sent to find Mist, and bring him along, but though they spent quite a long time hunting for the elusive Marmaduke, they failed to find him.

The afternoon lessons proceeded as usual, and still there was no sign of Mist.

"The silly duffer!" exclaimed Johnny Gee, when the Co. were at tea in Study No. 4. "Fancy letting lessons slip! Tatters is in a rare bat about it."

The Co. agreed that in Mist's own interest he should be found and brought back, so when tea was over, they sallied forth in quest of their absent-minded Form-fellow.

By dint of many inquiries, they elicited from some

Johnny Gee & Co. made their way along the winding, tortuous pathway, towards the grim old mansion above. They came at length to the tall, frowning walls, and they started to reconnoitre.

Dick Bannister gave a sudden exclamation. "Great pip! Here are hoof-marks, where someone's climbed over the wall!" said Johnny Gee in a low voice. "Look—several bricks have been removed, to give foothold. Kimmon!"

The Removites, one by one, clambered into the wild, rambling grounds.

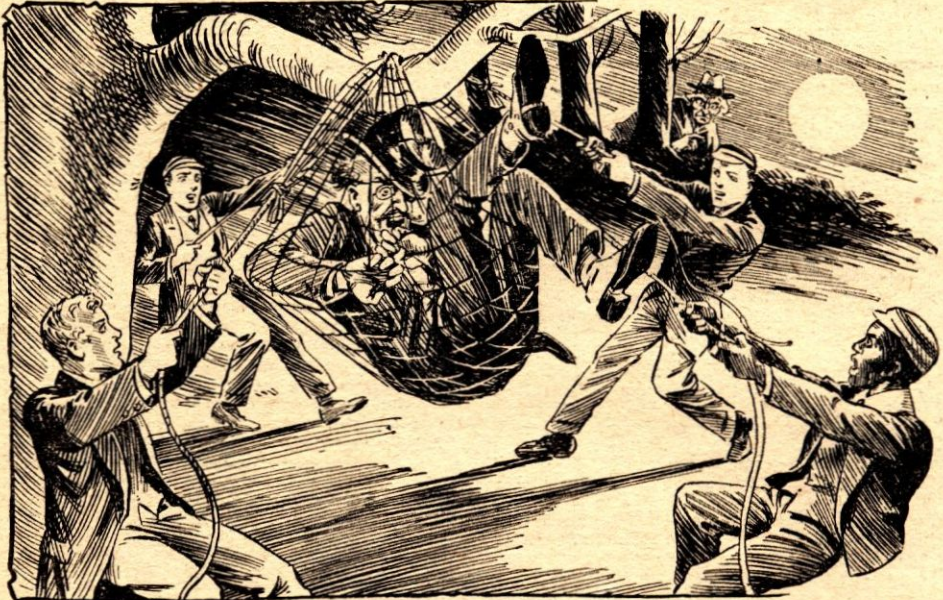
"Depressin' sort of show, old chappies—what?" said Lord Reggie Pelham-Smith, looking round curiously through his monocle. "Begad! There goes Mist—through the jolly old shrubbery!"

The juniors caught a fleeting glimpse of Mist's gawky figure not far away. But ere they had time to reach him, they saw a man's burly form dart out suddenly and seize Mist.

It was Jasper Grant! He held Mist with one powerful hand, whilst in the other he whirled aloft a heavy hunting-crop.

"What are you doing here, you whelp?" he hissed. "Tell me why you are spying, and what you have found out!"

Slash! Slash! Slash! The hunting-crop rose and fell with cruel force. Johnny Gee beckoned to his chums, and they made a sudden rush upon Jasper Grant. The man was not expecting such an interrup-



A BUNDLE OF TROUBLE.—At Johnny's swift command they all yanked manfully at the ropes. "Yah! Ow! Boys! Rascals!" roared the irate housemaster, struggling frantically in the net.

rustics that Mist had last been seen crawling up Cope Hill on hands and knees, examining the ground through his magnifying-glass.

"My hat! Then he's picked up some trail that's led him up to the House on the Hill!" ejaculated Johnny Gee. "Perhaps he's chasing up the Terror. Mist is a very cute chap, you know, when engaged on his amateur detective bizney, and he may have got a clue to something."

A snarled oath fell from his lips as Johnny snatched the hunting-crop away from him.

"Come on, Mist—hook it!" gasped Johnny. "Grant is an ugly customer, and— Get back, you rotter!"

Lash! Lash! Lash! Johnny Gee gave Jasper Grant a taste of his own medicine! He thus kept the man at bay, whilst his chums beat a hasty retreat to the wall and scrambled over one by one.

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Johnny gradually drew back to the wall, lashing at Jasper Grant with the hunting-crop. Grant made a sudden spring as he saw the Remove leader about to climb the wall, but he tripped on a mass of tangled weeds, and went sprawling.

The Remove captain went over the wall with a victorious chortle, and rejoined his chums on the other side.

Sergeant Rumble fastened a horny hand on Mist's arm as that youth came in through the school gates. Mist was taken straight up to the Head's study. When he emerged, Marmaduke was gasping, and rubbing his palms in a sore and stricken manner.

Johnny Gee & Co., extremely sympathetic, took Marmaduke along to Study No. 4, and there mingled their condolences with a request to know just what he had been "up" to that afternoon. But Mist could not enlighten them.

"What you need is a jolly good memory course, old son!" grinned Johnny Gee. "Get your wits into training, and—why, what the merry thump—"

Mist had suddenly dashed out of the study in a state of wild excitement. There was a bright, excited look in Mist's eyes as he came back into Study No. 4. He had a book in his hand, open at the advertisement pages.

"My dear Gee, you reminded me of something I had looked out only this morning!" he cried. "It is the advertisement of Professor Scrymgour's Mind and Memory Course. Read for yourselves!"

Johnny Gee & Co. gazed at the page indicated by Mist, and they chuckled. The advertisement described in glowing terms the claims of Professor Scrymgour's School of Mind Training and Psychology at Lexham. Forgetfulness—absent-mindedness and all wandering weaknesses of the brain were banished.

"Really, you know, my dear fellows, I ought to take up something like that, as I am getting most forgetful!" he said. "I will fill in the coupon, and write to Professor Scrymgour at once!"

"Yo, yo, yo!"

The Terror Visits St. Giddy's.

It was night-time at St. Giddy's. Johnny Gee lay awake in the Remove dormitory, long after the others had fallen asleep. His mind was occupied with many things.

Creak! Johnny Gee's heart suddenly skipped a beat as that sound broke through the stillness. It came from the door—something was creeping into the dormitory.

The Terror! Its hideous, contorted body glided softly between the two rows of beds. Johnny Gee lay in bed watching, in fascinated fear, too terror-stricken to move.

The Terror had come to a halt—was leering evilly over Mist's bed.

A hand shook the slumbering Removite, and Mist awoke, staring upwards with wondering eyes.

The green aura from the Terror's bulging eyes seemed to hold Mist in a spell of fear.

"I have you under the spell of my hypnotic power, boy! Tell me—what do you know of the secrets of the House on the Hill?"

"I—I cannot remember," replied Mist, in a strained, far-away voice.

"Then you shall not live to remember!" came back the hissing snarl. "I shall compel you to go to your own doom. Come! Follow me!"

Mist obeyed, as though hypnotised. The prowler glided from the dormitory, and Mist followed.

Johnny Gee sprang out of bed and roused his chums. Together, they crept from the dormitory and down the Merivale Lane.

Two fleeting shadows—one of gawky Mist, the other of the hideously deformed Terror—flashed beneath the light of a lamp. The juniors hurried towards the spot. The lamp stood at the corner of a lane which ran over the railway on a bridge. Johnny Gee & Co. saw the Terror's grotesque head appear over the bridge—then Mist clambered up to the parapet. The hideous marauder of the night was pointing to the line below.

"Jump!" he hissed. "I command you, boy—jump!"

A red glare and the shriek of a whistle round the bend close by heralded the approach of the night express! The horror-stricken juniors saw their hypnotised Form-fellow stand poised for a moment on the bridge, and then he leapt into space. . . .

At the instant Johnny Gee and Dick Bannister scrambled through the fence and dashed down the steep slope of the railway cutting, the express hurtled round the bend.

Johnny and Dick, careless of their own peril, leapt across the metals. In the nick of time, they snatched Mist out of the path of the train and fell in a heap together at the side of the line as the express roared past and disappeared in a trail of smoke and flame along the cutting.

Mist blinked dazedly at them.

"What—what has happened? Where am I?"

There was no time for explanations. The juniors stumbled up the cutting; willing hands helped them through the fence, and then they ran as fast as their legs would carry them, back to the crossroads and on to St. Giddy's.

* * * * *

"VISITOR for Mist!"

Fatty Slocum made that announcement, ushering the visitor into the Common Room. He was an old gentleman, with a long beard and a curious wizened face that nevertheless had a very sharp look about it.

"Master Marmaduke Mist?" cried the old gentle-

man, with a very sharp look round the Common Room.

"Eh?" said Mist, starting out of a reverie. "Does someone want me?"

"Ah! So you are Master Marmaduke Mist!" exclaimed the lynx-eyed old gentleman, hastening towards him. "My name is Scrymgour—Professor Scrymgour, of Lexham!"

"Splendid!" cried Professor Scrymgour. "That will be a good opportunity for you to put my code system into practical use, Master Mist."

Mist was at once agreeable. Soon the two teams were in the field. Soper, of the Fifth, acted as referee. Hooper was made captain of the scratch eleven, and after the toss, the match commenced.

Mist was in the forward line, and he plunged into



AS FOOTBALL NOT CRICKET!—In his excitement Marmaduke forgot he was playing footer. With the aid of ju-jitsu he flung those dazed and dizzy opponents about the field like sacks of corn.

Mist immediately dragged out his notebook and commenced to peer through its pages.

"Why, yes, of course!" he exclaimed. "I have a note of you here. Very good of you to call, sir!"

"Not at all, my dear boy!" said Professor Scrymgour. "I am extremely interested in your case, and have decided to give it my personal attention. Let me feel your bumps."

The Professor grabbed Marmaduke, and proceeded to grope through his long, rather dishevelled hair.

"H'm!" grunted the Professor. "Yours is a very bad case of absent-mindedness, but with the aid of my Little Blue Books, and personal instruction from me, you will improve until you attain great intellectual force and efficiency. The course I have invented makes use of a special code, which enables you to recall anything to mind at shortest notice."

The Professor went off with Mist to the latter's study. He left St. Giddy's at mid-day, and returned when lessons were over. Johnny Gee & Co., amused at first with the Professor, began to regard him somewhat dubiously. Mist was a very rich youth, and Johnny Gee was inclined to the belief that the wily old Professor was after Mist's money. Johnny decided to keep an eye on him.

"Care to play a game of footer this evening, Mist?" asked Johnny, meeting the absent-minded one and the Professor on the fives-court.

the game with a very solemn expression on his face. He had memorised the rules of the game, and he meant to show the others what a really good footballer he could be!

Johnny Gee soon scored for the Remove eleven, and soon after that, Lord Reggie lobbed in the pill once more. With two goals against them, the scratch eleven grew desperate.

Mist, inspired to performing deeds of valour, scooped the ball away from the Hon. Bob Vernon, and went galloping down the field.

He charged valiantly through the field! Johnny Gee & Co. were swooping upon him. He gained the vicinity of the goal, and then, with one foot on the ball, Mist paused. With the utmost solemnity, Mist dragged out his Little Blue Book and began to consult it. He had forgotten what to do next!

And as Mist paused, the opposing players swooped down upon him, and Mist went flying! Mist fell on top of the ball, and a pile of players fell on top of Mist.

That, indeed, was their undoing, for Mist completely forgot himself in the excitement. An expert at ju-jitsu, he put that art to practical use. He flung those dazed and dizzy players about like sacks of corn, once he had got into his stride! Johnny Gee and Co. went flying, to land on their backs on the muddy sward. The onlookers yelled with laughter.

"Yaroooh! Yowp! Slaughter the rotter!"

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roared Tony Graham, and the players, picking themselves up, made a retaliatory move.

It was unfortunate that at that juncture Professor Scrymgour should come dashing to the goal where Mist was lying. The Professor went down beneath the players' onrush.

Johnny Gee gave a gasp. "Oh, my hat! Look what's fallen out of Mist's pocket!"

Marmaduke Mist lay in goal, and around him lay a number of articles, including Lord Reggie's pocket-book, full of money, watches and other valuables.

"Great pip!" ejaculated Dick Bannister, aghast. "Those are our things! Mist must have gone through our pockets in the pavilion—"

"Mist! You—you horrid thief!" yelled Hooper. "What do you mean by it?"

"I—I don't know!" gasped Mist. "Dud-d-did I take those things? I really don't remember—" He was interrupted by Professor Scrymgour, who dragged him away.

"Master Mist cannot play football any more this afternoon, boys!" he cried.

The scratch match went on—without Mist—and Johnny Gee & Co. duly proved themselves the victors by five goals to one!

After the game there was quite a commotion in Hall. Fellows of various Forms were complaining of having lost things. Mist's study and all his belongings were turned out—by no means gently, but none of the missing property was forthcoming.

Professor Scrymgour's eyes were gleaming strangely as he took his departure. Johnny Gee & Co. stood on the School House steps and watched him go.

"I reckon that old buffer knows more about Mist's so-called kleptomania than he cares to tell!" said Johnny grimly. "When he comes to-morrow, we shan't be at footer, and we can watch him more closely."

The Terror's Secret.

JOHNNY GEE and his chums kept a strict eye upon Mist, but no further signs of kleptomania were noticed. Mist, indeed, seemed too much occupied with certain mysterious entries in his notebook.

The Professor turned up again at St. Giddy's next day, and Mist had to leave his own notebook, to pursue further studies appertaining to the Mind and Memory Course. But as soon as his exercises were over, and Professor Scrymgour had gone, Mist put on his cap and hurried from St. Giddy's.

Johnny Gee and his chums followed Mist from the school. He made straight for the House on the Hill, much to their dismay and consternation. So intent were they on keeping watch on Mist, they did not see the lynx-eyed old Professor!

Mist suddenly disappeared, close to the wall of the grim old mansion on the hill, and Johnny Gee & Co. halted in astonishment.

"He must have got into the grounds somehow!" muttered Johnny. "I vote we go over and have a look—and blow Jasper Grant!"

The chums made their way to the rear wall, climbed over, not without some trepidation, and dropped into the midst of the unkempt shrubbery beyond. With hearts thudding hard, Johnny and his chums made their way through the grounds, in search of their wayward Form-fellow.



THE HYPNOTIC TERROR.—Johnny Gee watched the Terror wake Mist, who was held in a spell of awful fear by the green aura of those bulging eyes.

The Next Ripping Yarn in this Great School Tale Series— FATTY SLOCUM, HYPNOTIST. You'll Enjoy Every Word of this Spiffing Yarn on Saturday Chums!

All at once, a loud cry rang out—a cry of pain and terror. The Removites dashed along the weed-grown path, and saw Mist staggering in the grass his feet held firmly in the powerful steel jaws of a man-trap!

Mist held a parcel, but in his struggles to free himself from the trap he dropped the bundle in the grass. Johnny Gee & Co. were amazed to see Professor Scrymgour dart out immediately from amongst the bushes, seize the parcel that Mist had dropped, and vanish!

"Oh, good heavens!" exclaimed Johnny. "Jasper Grant must have laid that trap and—why, there he is at the window!"

Jasper Grant's features were contorted into an expression of demoniacal fury. A massive panel of stone, forming part of the wall, slid outward. Then they saw that a heavy iron chain came out from under the secret door, and the other end of it was fastened to the man-trap!

Even as Johnny and his chums started to run forward, the chain drew taut and dragged the helpless Removite towards the gap in the wall!

The chums of Study No. 4 were within a few yards of Mist when the chain jerked him into the black, yawning gap in the side of the house, and then the stone panel slid back!

The chums ran desperately to the rear of the mansion. Snowball vaulted on top of a low buttress, and gained a window, which he pushed open. The little nigger of the Remove clambered through. The others followed. Creeping on tip-toe, the intrepid chums ventured along the corridor, until they came to some stairs, leading downwards, it seemed, into the cellar regions.

Only for an instant did they hesitate, and then Johnny led the way down the stairs. They came to the stone-flagged floor of an underground passageway. A light was coming through a door close by. The door was slightly open, and without a sound the Removites tip-toed towards it and gazed through.

They were looking into a low, cellar-like compartment. In the centre of the floor was a gaping hole—the mouth of a deep well. Mist, his feet still clamped in the jaws of the man-trap, stood by the brink of the hole. The other occupant of the underground chamber was Jasper Grant.

"Pah! Meddling rat! You shall not leave this place alive, to tell what you know. You see this well? It is deep. You will lie there and die slowly. No one will find you. At the bottom of this well is a bed of quicklime. Your living body shall be eaten away—a horrible death!"

A despairing shriek burst from Mist's lips as the arch-roguer dragged at the chain, pulling him over on the brink of the awful pit.

Johnny Gee, uttering a ringing shout, sprang forward. His chums ran swiftly after him. Strong, sturdy hands reached forward, and Mist was dragged back to safety.

Jasper Grant, his face livid, drew a revolver. He had no time to fire, however. The juniors made a rush, and involuntarily he took a step backward into the well, and disappeared.

Johnny turned a white face to his comrades. "Get Mist's feet free, and we'll hook it!" he muttered. "No use staying here."

They wrenched at the jaws of the man-trap, and forced them open. Mist limped from the pain at his

Mad as a Hatter: This saying originated from Robert Crabbe, a hatter of Chesham Bucks; who earned for himself the title of Mad Hatter because of his habit of praying behind the counter and, because in 1651 he sold his shop and goods and gave the proceeds to the poor. The tin-whistle was the inspiration for the organ. The globe from an old print. Shakespeare's Theatre, The Globe had no roof. The play in progress was abandoned when it rained. The wolf was the last animal to become extinct in the United Kingdom. (1770). Yellow was the only colour worn by the Jews in England in the 12th. century. The first match had to be dipped in acid to make it light. An early fork. Forks came into use in the 14th century. Knives and spoons had then been in use hundreds of years. It is still illegal to play or watch Football in Scotland as contravening an Act passed in 1602! The domestic cat originated in Ancient Egypt, and was held sacred. JACK GREENA

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ankles, but was assisted along by the others, and they left the house of horrors.

The Pro's Secret Probed.

MEANWHILE, Professor Strymgour had made his way from the grounds of the House on the Hill, with the parcel clutched tight under his arm. He crept into Merivale Wood and, puffing heavily after his hurried retreat from the hill, he paused to take a second breath.

Professor Strymgour undid the parcel.

A hideous mask came out in his hands—a repulsive thing that was fashioned like a face, with huge, bulging eyes consisting of a pair of lenses attached by wires to a small electrical apparatus.

“So this is the Gorgon Mask—the face of the Terror that goes out at night!” He chuckled. “And the diabolical power of its eyes enables the wearer to exercise hypnotic power over all on whom the eye-lenses are focussed!”

As he stood there, gloating over the hideous mask in his hands, he did not perceive the plump, rotund figure of Fatty Slocum lurking among the bushes.

Rubbing his hands and cackling with delight, the unscrupulous old Professor tucked the parcel under his arm and walked on through the wood.

“My word! If only I could get hold of that mask!” Fatty gasped the words eagerly. “I—I could play the Terror, and have all the chops—and the masters as well—completely in my power!”

Fatty Slocum rolled on like a fat Red Indian through the wood. He got ahead of Professor Strymgour and laid in wait for him, with a long, thick stick held in his hand. As the Professor passed, the stick suddenly came out between his legs. He performed a wild species of somersault, and landed on all fours in the thick undergrowth. The parcel dropped from under his arm, and Fatty Slocum, gliding out from his hiding-place, raked in the parcel with the stick.

In a trice he was up and away, running through the wood as fast as his fat little legs would travel. Professor Strymgour gave a howl of wrath and dashed in pursuit of the unknown marauder. But in vain did he scour the wood.

Johnny Gee & Co. were at the gates of the school when Fatty arrived. They were waiting for Professor Strymgour.

A tall, gawky form entering the cloisters in a mysterious manner suddenly caught their attention. It was Mist, still limping a little. Mist had a small bundle with him, and he halted at various intervals to make entries in his notebook.

“Here, this looks jolly fishy!” said Dick Bannister

gruffly. “We’d better watch Mist and see what the scallywag is up to this time!”

Creeping over the ancient flagstones, they saw Mist ahead of them. And in a niche behind one of the arches Mist placed his bundle. He was about to leave, when Johnny Gee & Co. accosted him.

“What are you doing here, Mist?” exclaimed Johnny. “What is that you have just hidden?”

There was a sudden outburst from Dick Bannister, who had raked the bundle from its hiding-place.

“My giddy aunt! This is all Mist’s swag—the things that were stolen from the House!”

“Nun-no, they are not stolen!” gasped Mist, with a wild look at his notebook. “This is one of the exercises in Professor Strymgour’s Mind and Memory Course—”

“Wha-a-a-at!”

“Why, I see it all now!” exclaimed Johnny Gee. “Professor Strymgour instructed Mist to take things from the school and hide them. Strymgour knew, of course, that Mist would forget all about it. You can bet your bottom dollar that Strymgour means to come here with that bag he left behind, and collect the divvy, leaving Mist to bear the responsibility.”

“Dud-d-dear me!” gasped Mist, blinking in great distress.

“Now we will lay for that phony Professor!” said Johnny Gee grimly. “Perhaps one of Catchpole’s soot-bombs will do the trick—what?”

A bundle closely resembling the one that Mist had carried was placed in the hiding-place within the cloisters. It contained, besides various odd items of rubbish, an extra-large-sized supercharged model of the Catchpole Soot Bomb! The detonator was so arranged that only a slight disturbance was necessary to set it off!

The Professor appeared, in a state of wild wrath and excitement. He took a sharp look round the quadrangle. Then he darted into the cloisters, and made his way to the old arch.

Bang! The bundle exploded with a terrific roar and a flash of flame as the Professor took it from its hiding-place. There was a volcanic eruption of soot and smoke!

“Yerrooooooooh!” Professor Strymgour went down with a wallop whilst the soot-bomb proceeded to emit choking masses of sooty smoke all round him.

The pall of sooty smoke gradually cleared, and a weird, gruesome figure was revealed. Professor Strymgour was scarcely recognisable.

Dr. Holroyd’s tall, majestic figure came striding to the scene. The Head gazed at the fearsome form of Professor Strymgour in horror and amazement.

“It’s—ha, ha—old Strymgour, sir!” chortled Johnny Gee. “He’s a swindling old rotter—ahem! He got Mist to steal things from the other fellows and hide ‘em here, making out that it was an exercise in memory-training.”

“Yah! Gerrooogh! It’s all—wow-wow—lies!” gurgled the infuriated memory expert. “I discovered from Mist’s notes where he had hidden the stolen articles, and came here to get them and return them to their rightful—yah!—owners!”

Dr. Holroyd’s expression was very stern.

“My own impression, Professor Strymgour, is that Gee has formed a correct estimation of your motives and methods,” he said. “And I have no hesitation now in forbidding you to enter this school again, for any purpose whatsoever!”

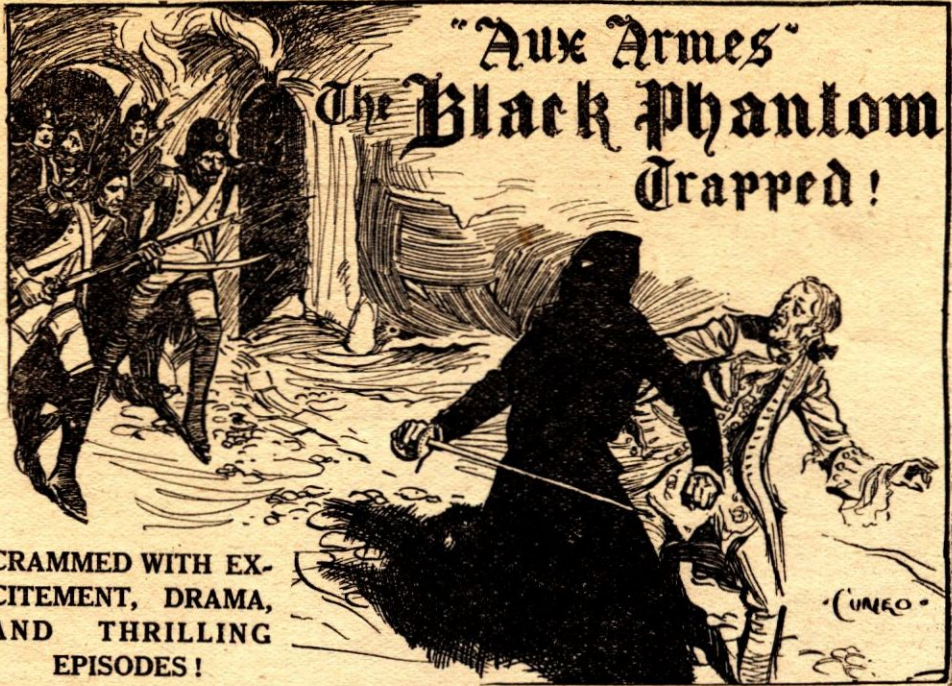
The Professor staggered out of the cloisters and across the quadrangle to the school-gates, leaving a long, long trail of soot in his wake.

How will Fatty use the Mesmeric Mask? You’ll learn in a ripping complete tale of the Joyous Juniors next week, chums. Don’t miss it.

Another Exploit of the Hooded Terror of the French Revolution.

NICK CHANCE— GUILLOTINE GAMBLER

Follow this Dazzling Character in the Mag. Each Week Chums!



CRAMMED WITH EXCITEMENT, DRAMA, AND THRILLING EPISODES!

By JOHN HUNTER, Master of Mystery and Imagination.

THE blood-stained hand of terror lay heavy over France.

The mob, ground down for centuries, had at last turned like a wounded monster at bay and was busy trampling the lilies of the most despotic monarchy the world has ever known. The gleaming knife of Madame La Guillotine rose and fell, rose and fell—as into her dreadful maw the flower of France walked, head erect, a careless jest on the lip.

And then, when the Terror seemed to have reached its blackest hue, a white ray of hope illumined the night. A name was whispered, the name of one careless dare-devil who snatched her prey from the very steps of the guillotine—the Black Phantom.

The Vicomte de Belceaux was among those rescued, but he refused to go to England till he had found where his son, the Marquis de Saint Gervain, was imprisoned. His son had not been executed because he and his father alone knew the hiding-place of the famous Belceaux emeralds—and Robespierre and his colleagues were not above cupidity.

A spy found the old man in his hiding place, and tried to torture from him the secret. But the torture killed the Vicomte, and the spy died horribly.

During the search that followed for the Marquis, the saving of other aristocrats by the Phantom went on apace.

While rescuing the son of an aristocrat Nick

learned that the Marquis de Gervain was a prisoner in the Luxembourg.

Next evening, while strolling along the quay, Nick saw a man about to be hanged on the mast of a barge.

"Now Arcot," said one of the men to the prisoner, "on this barge you shall die. It has been decided that you did betray our good friend Thiban to that accursed cousin of thine who holds some kind of office in the Luxembourg."

Nick's heart jumped right into his throat. A man with a cousin in the Luxembourg! Here was fortune indeed. He would rescue him and earn his gratitude.

As the man hauled on the rope to send Arcot into Eternity, a hooded, black figure arose on the quay.

THE noose was round Arcot's neck. Because of his gag he could not cry out, though it is doubtful whether, at that time of night and in that place, he would have been heard by anybody.

"Heave ho!" said the spokesman, and his two companions hauled on the rope. It ran through the block with a clatter, but as Arcot's feet left the deck of the barge some inches, one of the men pointed upwards and screamed:

"The Black Phantom!" And the Black Phantom came down among them, taking a flying leap from

the quayside. The men at the rope released it, and so Arcot clattered to the deck, his face purple, his eyes starting.

Nick landed feet square on the fellow with the sword, who went down underneath with a crash, Nick sprawling across him. But Nick recovered so swiftly that the two fellows who had loosed the rope had no time to gain their wits and assault him.

He managed to grab the sword as he straightened himself. It was short, thick, and heavy, but in his

stabbing. The man jumped back. The stab was short—intentionally. Nick came after him, stabbing again—and again short, but once more sent his man backwards.

The man who had fallen into the Seine was coming inboard at the prow of the barge—as far as he could get, in fact, from the fight. He was weaponless, and concentrated solely on saving his life.

The knife of the other man was knocked from his fist by another flat-handed blow. The short, thick sword circled nastily. The skipper and his friend covered.

Nick spoke very softly. "Now, my friends, I do not wish to kill you. So release this man and let him come with me, and all will be well."

He nodded to the captain, but he was a bit of a bulldog. He looked sullen.

"He is a traitor," he said. "He betrayed a man to his fate. There is no justice in France now, so we took it into our own hands."

"Cut him loose!" insisted Nick, and the short sword moved threateningly.

The captain picked up the knife and slashed through the bonds. Arcot stood up, ripped the loosened noose from about his neck, the gag from about his mouth, rubbed his throat, panted for breath, and cursed the captain.

"Come on, friend Arcot," said Nick. "We must away. *Au 'voir*, my friends."

The captain said nothing. The two seamen were only too glad to be alive. Arcot climbed to the quayside, and Nick went after him.

Nick took hold of Arcot's arm and led him into the deepest shadow of a *cul de sac*.

Arcot began to mutter thanks. He did so hesitantly as though he did not like giving anything away—even gratitude. That should have warned Nick.

But Nick was so full of the plan which had flashed upon him when he heard the men talking on the deck of the barge, so sick of trying to get into the Luxembourg and failing, that he was in no mood to observe slight signs and portents.

In the utter darkness of the *cul de sac*, Nick said: "I would

ask a favour of you, friend Arcot. I have this night saved your life."

"Yes," said Arcot, as though he hardly liked to admit it.

"Now," added Nick, "there is a country lad in this city who did me a slight service. He is workless, and starves. I heard those murderous fellows back there say you had a cousin with influence at the Luxembourg. I wondered if you could persuade your cousin to find this lad a post. Anywhere would do. He is useless for anything save the most menial of work. Maybe your cousin will know of somebody who needs a good lad for hard work. There might even be such a need in the prison itself. Wouldst do it?"

THE BLACK PHANTOM STRIKES.—As the point of the Black Phantom's sword danced up towards his throat the first attacker started back, kicked his heels on the bulwark, and toppled into the Seine.



skilled hands it remained a potent weapon as the two men at the rope found as they came at Nick with drawn knives.

He had no wish to kill them, for he had no quarrel with them. So he bent at the first knife, using the flat of the sword. Its holder shrieked. The blade fell from numbed fingers, and as the point danced up towards his throat the man started backwards, kicked his heels against the barge's low bulwark, and toppled into the Seine.

Nick took a flying leap sideways, away from the second knifer, and out of the path of the skipper, who had managed to get to his feet, but was not now feeling too warlike.

The second knifer paused, and Nick stepped in,

"Is that all?" asked Arcot, and once again the tone of his voice should have warned Nick.

"Well—what else?" laughed Nick. "This lad has served me once, as I said, and if he finds work I shall consider myself well rewarded."

Arcot reflected. "Let him meet me at the Auberge de Pere Jules, in the Rue Croissonniere," he said, "at mid-day to-morrow."

They parted. Avoiding the quay, Arcot walked along through the silent streets, across cobbles and the hot dust of that night of Thermidor, and reflected.

He walked on, across the river, to the gates of the Luxembourg. He was admitted, and went to the bedroom of his cousin, whose name was Cassin.

Cassin sat up in bed, his night-cap pitched over one eye, stretching himself, and began to abuse Arcot in terms that made even Arcot flinch. In the meantime Arcot lit more candles from that which he carried, so that the room was quite brightly illuminated. He waited for Cassin to exhaust his repertoire, and then he asked a quiet, even question.

"What is the reward for the capture, dead or alive, of the Black Phantom?"

This brought Cassin up with a jerk and wiped all the sleep from his eyes.

"Robespierre would give ten thousand francs to the man who captured him," Cassin said. "Of that I am sure. But what is this? Are you fooling—to wake me thus?"

Arcot lifted his hand soothingly. "A moment, cousin. Listen to this." And he told the story of his rescue.

Cassin's eyes bulged as he listened. He forgot to complain about his work. He was vitally, quiveringly interested.

Arcot went on. "Now I think this country lad is the Black Phantom himself. Who can say, of course? It has to be proved. But why should he suggest such a reward for saving my life? Eh?"

Cassin nodded. "Hast brains sometimes, cousin."

Arcot grinned. "I thought you had all that were in the family. I suggest this. That you give this country lad a post in the prison, and that he be watched by two good and cunning men. Once it is established that he is the Black Phantom . . . then . . ."

Cassin's eyes blazed. "To see him before Fouquier-Tinville, my little cousin! To see the thumbs go down, eh? That would be good. And you and I . . . five thousand each. . ."

"I found him," said Arcot drily. "But you could have a thousand for your trouble."

Cassin seemed about to argue on this point, but shut his lips suddenly and nodded.

"As you say, cousin. Now see this lad and bring him here." He stroked his chin. "The worst of it is—the Black Phantom goes only for the accursed aristocrats. And the supply has run out." He cackled with joyless mirth. "All dead or fled.

None in the Luxembourg. Do you perceive my argument? I wish to tempt him into betraying himself."

Arcot nodded. To tempt the Black Phantom into betraying himself was quicker than waiting.

Cassin waved his hand. "All right, cousin. Leave it to me. You see him and bring him here. Leave the rest in my hands."

Arcot went off, but Cassin did not immediately blow out his candles and settle down to sleep.



THE KEY TO A CRIME.—In the right hand of the gaping country lad was a long slim sword, its point at Fachon's throat. Nick took down the great unnumbered key.

Instead, he sat up in bed, and thought . . . and thought. . .

Ten thousand francs. It was a lot of money. Of course, he could ensure that Arcot received none of it. If the worst came to the worst, he could have Arcot conveniently guillotined. *Une lettre de cachet* was sufficient. The reward was his already—his, Cassin's.

But the trap. An aristocrat. . .

Cassin's bulgy eyes widened until they seemed likely to fall from their sockets.

The Marquis de Gervain!

The prisoner in the secret dungeon!

Cassin broke out into a perspiration as he thought this Gervain was the pet of Robespierre and St. Just. But . . . he was an aristocrat. He could bait the trap.

After all—there were ten thousand francs at stake. Nobody need know that Cassin had used the precious Marquis as his bait. And what did he, Cassin, care

for the motives of Robespierre and St. Just in keeping Gervain so secretly?

Yes. If it were properly planned, it was the big idea. Set the trap and bait it with the secret prisoner.

Then—the Tribunal—the yelling and vile crowds—Fouquier-Tinville—the downturned thumbs . . . the oblique and red-dripping knife in the Place St. Antoine.

Cassin snuffed his candles and went peacefully to sleep with a wide grin splitting his hideous face.

* * * * *

THE next day, Nick went in his guise of a country lad to the Vuberge de Pere Jules in the rue Croissonniere, a narrow unpaved street near Les Halles.

The weather was hotter than ever. The fatal *Neuf Thermidor* was approaching, but Paris did not realize it then. The Terror had reached its height. No man walked safely.

Nick went into the *auberge*. Arcot was already there. Nick saw him in a corner, sitting at a bench behind an empty upturned wine-barrel.

Red wine was brought for them. Nick, now the country lad, gaped and looked foolish and listened.

In his broad Normandy French, he told the story he had told everywhere about himself, and Arcot began to wonder if he had made a mistake—so convincing was the accent and so convincing the story.

Arcot told him that he had got him a job. They finished their wine and trudged through the heat and the dust to the Luxembourg.

Nick went into the Luxembourg and so came face to face with Cassin.

Cassin looked him over and then looked at Arcot and wrinkled his brows. This could not be the Black Phantom—this gaping lad with the empty eyes, who fumbled his hat nervously and spoke so broadly. Anyhow, he could have a job.

He was set to odd tasks, and, all through the hours, he was watched.

Cassin, having dismissed Arcot, settled himself down to do some more thinking. It was in his cunning mind that things were not going too well. A man never knew what might happen in any given hour. Ten thousand francs were useful, and the sooner secured the better.

That very afternoon Cassin called Nick to him, and shut the door.

"You can be trusted?" he asked.

Nick stammered that he was as honest as the day.

"Right. I want you to clean a cell out. Come with me."

He guided Nick along stone corridors and down stone steps. First of all, he called in at the lodge and secured a great key which hung alone on a board. Nick noted it. All the other keys had numbers attached to them. This one had no number.

They came to the bowels of the great prison. Cassin unlocked a door. He bore a stand holding three candles. He wanted a lot of light. He wanted to watch Nick's face.

Nick stepped after him into the dungeon, and his eyes betrayed him for just one second. He could not help it.

The place was small and filthy beyond description. It was ventilated by a little grid up in one wall. This grid was at the outside ground-level, so that when it rained, water poured through in a torrent.

In one corner a man crouched. He wore the tattered remains of a silken suit, whose dirty and fouled lace hung in strings from his wrists and throat. He gibbered a little, moving sideways like a crab against the wall.

But one thing stood out, the one thing which

trapped Nick's eyes into that momentary betraying change—his likeness to the Vicomte de Belceaux.

Cassin held his candles aloft. "Pretty, isn't he," he grinned. "The *ci-devant* Marquis de Gervain, my lad. That's who that is."

Nick nodded and mumbled and grinned, and began to sweep. The task sickened him. The foul air rose to meet his nostrils. Cassin was driven outside by it.

Nick whipped a look at the Marquis. His back was to the door. He permitted his face to become normal, and he smiled and winked.

He saw incredulity flash into the beaten, vacant eyes. He could not resist giving this mute message of hope to the poor creature. He did not know that Cassin saw that change in the Marquis, and now knew who the Black Phantom was.

The sweeping ended. Nick went back with Cassin, and Cassin sprang the second part of the trap.

"To-night, my man," he said, "we are short-handed in the prison. I want you to come and supplement the guard. For that I shall pay you a franc. It is an all-night job, but there is wine and there is food."

Nick said he would be there. Later, he went back to make his excuses to the miser.

His heart throbbed heavily. Here was his chance. He had found the man he sought. That night the prison would be sparsely guarded. He would get the Marquis out or die ere the following morning. He was resolved on it.

That night he set out for the Luxembourg. He carried with him the sign manual of his *nom de guerre*—the hood and dress of black silk, which was to be the sign of his guilt against the Glorious Revolution. And *Le Neuf Thermidor* was one day nearer.

NICK reached the Luxembourg and reported for duty. There were very few guards about, he noticed, and he wondered at this. Again he might have been warned that something unusual was afoot, but again he was so concentrated on his opportunity of rescuing Gervain that he was blind to these signs which might have saved him.

Cassin saw him, and assigned him to his duty. It was connected with the lodge at the gates. This was deliberate. The great key hung in the lodge, and Cassin thus further baited his trap.

Nick bided his time. He wanted to wait until after midnight, when the men about the prison might be sleepy. He had already planned his way of rescue, and it was this plan, of course, of which Cassin was unaware.

Just after midnight a little boy came to the gates of the Luxembourg. At the gates he stopped to sing a fragment in a high, shrill treble.

*"Celui qui se lève, on l'abaissera
Et qui s'abaisse, on l'élèvera—
Ah, ça ira! Ça ira! Ça ira!"*

Then he walked on, whistling once more, walked until his whistle could not possibly be heard from the prison, ceased to whistle and, on his little bare feet, ran back as hard as he could go and hid himself in the dark cavern of the prison's gateway.

That boy was the only thing on which Cassin had not reckoned.

Nick was ready. He had guarded against a last-minute discovery by having the boy on hand to take the Marquis to the safety of the miser's house while he drew off the pursuit.

He started his operations. In the lodge all was quiet. Fachon, who kept the lodge, was seated by his fire smoking a long, clay pipe, with a great mug of red wine at his elbow.

Nick walked into the lodge. Fachon heaved his heavy bulk in the chair and said: "Hey, *cochon*,

(Continued on page 30.)

DR. HYPO'S PATENT STRENGTH MIXTURE | TURNS TOMMY PINK | A FUN TALE TO MAKE
 into a SECOND SAMSON! | THE SPHINX CHORTLE.



To the Surprise of Battling Basil, His Iron Fists were swept aside by a Gloved Hand Holding—a Pork Pie!—Why Tommy Pink Needed Food to Win His Fight Told in the Chortling, Complete Laughter Yarn Below.

The Strengtheners.

DR. THEOPHILUS HYPO looked at the frothy liquid he had prepared, stroked his slender chin meditatively, and said "H'm."

Tommy Pink, the Chem-mystic kid, stood by him, all attention.

Suddenly Dr. Hypo said: "What would you like for lunch, Mr. Green?"

Tommy looked at his boss blankly. The doctor took up a memorandum pad and a pencil.

"Give me a list of your favourite dishes and I'll note them down."

Tommy Pink obeyed cheerfully.

"Well, first," he said, "I'd like a nice steak an' chips, y'see."

"Half-a-pound of steak, say?" said Dr. Hypo, scribbling a note on his pad.

"Yes. That'd do nicely. Then I'd like a nice chicken with sausages and roast potatoes."

"Chicken, sausages, roast potatoes," echoed the doctor, writing it down. "Don't you like fish, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes. I'd like sixpennorth of fish and chips, too."

Fish and chips were duly noted.

"Nothing else?"

"Well if I could eat any more, I'd have some

roast beef, with sprouts and more potatoes, an' finish up with a nice big helping of plum pudd'n'."

"Fruit?"

"Yes. I might have a couple of apples and a banana—No. A watermelon!"

"Why not have all?"

"All right," answered Tommy, taking the proceedings for some kind of weird game. "Put 'em all down. It makes no odds."

Dr. Hypo finished the list of Tommy's favourite dishes, tore the sheet from the writing pad, and handed it to his mystified assistant.

"Now, Mr. Green, I'd like you to run along to some restaurant near here and order these things to be cooked and sent here to the laboratory. I want you to eat the biggest meal you possibly can without injuring yourself. It's to prepare you for an experiment."

"Gosh!" gasped Tommy. "Have I got to eat all that?"

"I'd like you to, if you possibly can."

Tommy took the proffered slip with a grin.

"All right, guv'nor. I'll attempt anything in the cause of science!"

The Chem-mystic kid left the room in search of a restaurant that could supply all these articles of nourishment.

In due course three waiters arrived with the food, and when they had gone Tommy sat down to the feast and wired in with gusto. When the steak, the chicken, and the sausages had gone, and the last morsel of fish had been swallowed, Tommy's pace began to flag.

With his fork he stabbed a solitary chip that remained on his plate and gulped it down with an effort, and then he turned a none too confident eye towards the beef.

"I see you're having difficulty with the next course," said Dr. Hypo. "Just take a dose of this. I think it might help."



THE POTION TOO POTENT.—Blissfully unconscious of his new-found strength Tommy tugged the door-handle. There was a rending and splintering of wood, and the door crashed from its hinges. Half the door-post came with it.

The doctor held out a spoonful of the new chemical. Tommy swallowed it obediently. For a second or two he sat still, and then he grinned broadly as he felt a fiery glow of new vigour course through his veins.

"I feel fine now, sir. Reckon I could go through that meal again."

The doctor smiled with evident satisfaction Tommy took up a spoon and turned his attention to the pudding.

He dug into the rubbery mass, as it seemed to him, quite gently, but the spoon went clean through the pudding on to the plate beneath, smashing it completely in two and bending the spoon into an unnatural shape.

"Tut! Mr. Green. You must make your movements more gentle."

Mystified, Tommy selected a new plate and transferred the pudding on to it, and then, with the aid of a fork, ate it with studied delicacy. When it had gone he devoured the beef, then the fruit, and found himself wishing for more.

He rose from the table and drew a deep breath. "Gosh! I feel like ten men. Where's that Carners

bloke? Reckon I could knock his block off s'afternoon!"

"No doubt," said Dr. Hypo in all seriousness. "But you must first try something a little less ambitious. There's a small dynamo down in the cellar, Mr. Green. It weighs about half-a-ton. I should be obliged if you would fetch it up here."

Tommy stared. Surely the doctor was pulling his leg!

"Half-a-ton! Fetch it up here! I——"

"Try, Mr. Green. If you cannot, I shall be surprised."

"If I can—I shall!" murmured Tommy, walking to the door. The laboratory door, constantly exposed to chemical vapours, was liable to stick. It did so now, as Tommy Pink grasped the handle. He gave a slight tug. There was a rending and splintering of wood and the door wrenched away from its hinges, bringing half the door-post with it.

Tommy gazed in bewilderment at the door-knob in his hand—with the door still attached!

"Steady, Mr. Green! You must go about your movements more gingerly!"

"Sorry, sir. I didn't seem to pull hard!" Tommy leaned the broken door carefully against the wall and left the room in a daze.

Down in the cellar he examined the mass of iron castings and electric wire that was the dynamo. Carefully he unscrewed the bolts which held the machine down on its concrete bed, disconnected the supply wires and attempted, half-heartedly, to move it. To his surprise he lifted it easily. The thing seemed as light as an empty box. He carted the dynamo upstairs with very little effort.

Carrying it to the centre of the laboratory, Tommy let the machine drop with light-hearted gaiety. It struck the floor with a thud that shook the house to its foundations. Dr. Hypo leapt fully six inches into the air, and shouted: "Don't! Don't! You'll smash the floor in!"

Tommy looked at him, mystified again.

"I don't understand, gov'nor. It seems as light as anything, y' see!"

"Tut!" said the doctor. "How very remiss of me. I forgot entirely that you didn't know. It's not that this dynamo is light, Mr. Green, but that you are now very much stronger than you normally are. My new chemical increases physical strength enormously."

Tommy was too astonished to reply. He staggered to a chair and set down, gaping at his boss.

"Listen," said Dr. Hypo. "I'll just explain. You are no doubt aware, Mr. Green, that physical strength depends on the store of energy in the muscles."

Tommy Pink could see that Dr. Hypo was settling down to a nice long lecture. Involuntarily Tommy's attention wandered towards the window. He saw a large van draw up in front of the house opposite and three removal men, in green baize aprons, climb out.

"Now from what source do the muscle fibres derive the energy?" The doctor had now dropped easily into his lecture style. "From the food we eat, no less," said he, answering himself.

Outside, the three removal men had opened the back of the van and were surveying a huge grand piano speculatively.

"Normally, if the muscle fibres are fed beyond their capacity," Dr. Hypo drawled on, "they merely secrete the excess vitamins as fat and the body gets plump without the muscles growing any stronger."

A removal man with walrus whiskers had climbed into the van and was leaning on the piano with a pensive look in his eyes. The other two held a short conference.

"However, if we could treat the muscle fibres with some substance that will increase their capacity for absorbing food, and similarly increase the speed with which they carry on this process . . ."

Slowly and carefully the removal men had begun to edge the piano out of the van.

"... our strength could be made to depend directly on the amount of food we eat . . ."

Tommy watched the process of shifting the piano tensely. The two men standing outside the van were bearing the full weight of the piano now. Their knees were knocking with the strain, and they looked as though they would drop it any minute.

Suddenly Tommy sprang up. "Gosh! They're dropping it! S'cuse me, sir. Reckon I'm wanted outside!"—and Tommy dashed from the laboratory. "How strange," said the doctor. "How extraordinary!"

When Tommy arrived on the scene the two removal men were just about to throw up the sponge and submit to the law of gravity.

"Hold on, lads! I'm coming!" came a cry behind them, and next instant Tommy had grasped the hefty instrument firmly and lifted it, without effort, to the ground.

"Now, you just sit back and have a breather," he said to the men. "I'll see to this ukulele of yours."

So saying, Tommy picked up the piano and marched up to the door of the house outside which the van stood.

He rang the door-bell, and when it was answered by a servant, said: "Afternoon. Just popped along with the old jo-aner."

"But—" "S'all right. I can manage," said Tommy. "If I can get it through the door, everything'll be O.K."

With a little manoeuvring he managed to get the piano inside the door, and then he marched in with it, dumping the piano with a thud in the centre of the drawing-room.

Within, two patriarchal old gentlemen were playing chess. They gaped in speechless amazement.

"Aha! Now for an odd spot of music, eh?" Tommy said to them genially. "Good day, sirs. Sorry to disturb you."

Tommy marched out of the house and joined the removing men outside, very pleased with himself.

"That their planner," the workmen shouted in desperation, "ain't got to go theer! It's got to go next door!"

Tommy said: "Oh!" Then: "Tush! tush! I'll have to fetch it back, that's all."

He walked back and entered the still open door of the house, went into the drawing-room, and picked up the piano.

"Sorry," he murmured to the two astonished old gents. "Wrong house, y'see."

With that, he hauled the big piano back to the removing men.

"Now, which house did you say?"

"That theer," said walrus whiskers, pointing with a ham sandwich to the house next door.

"Right," said Tommy, picking up the instrument once more.

It seemed heavier. He took a step towards the house indicated, noting, with some alarm, that the piano seemed to be getting more weighty every second.

It chanced that just at that moment two pugilistic-looking gentlemen in white sweaters came sprinting down the road.

One of the be-sweatered gents dodged hurriedly as Tommy's strength wavered. Too late. The piano struck the ground to the accompaniment of a crashing discord, pinning the foot of that gentleman in the sweater beneath—as he indicated with remarkable emphasis.



MUSIC (C)HARMS THE CHAMP.—Tommy's synthetic strength waned suddenly, and the piano crashed on to the foot of the gentleman in the sweater. "Omigoosh! My foot! Takitorf!"

"Omigoosh!!! My foot! Takitorf! Takitorf!" His companion tugged at the piano, but could not budge it. So, finding rescue impossible, turned his energies to revenge. He gave a terrific swipe at Tommy's head.

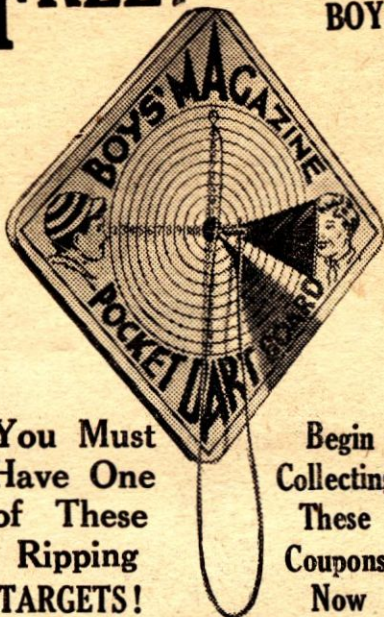
Tommy threw up his arm to protect himself, and accidentally hit the man in the jaw.

The man in the sweater staggered backwards with considerable momentum, tottered to the ground and passed blithely into the realms of dreamland.

"Gosh!" said Tommy. "I've laid him out!"

(Continued on next page.)

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One of these Special Coupons is printed each week in B.M. Send your four as soon as you get them to the Editor, "Boys' Magazine," 196, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1, or Withy Grove, Manchester. Mark envelope "Pocket Target." Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.



THE PORK-PIE PUGILIST

(Continued from previous page.)

The removal men had succeeded, by now, in lifting the piano off the other man's foot. He was sitting on the ground nursing it, and groaning, too miserable to attempt reprisals against Tommy.

"Now you've gorn an' done it!" he moaned. "One o' me toes is broke!"

Tommy apologised profusely. "It was an accident, y'see, an' I'm sorry I've gone and knocked your pal out too. That was an accident as well."

"Oh, he don't matter," said the damaged gent, glancing at the reclining form of his companion unsympathetically. "He's only my trainer. But I'm due to meet Battling Basil for the Heavy-weight Belt to night. How'm I gonna do it with a broken toe?"

Tommy didn't know.

"I'll lose my stake money," the boxer went on miserably. "An' I won't never get another chance for the belt."

Tommy looked sympathetic. "Say," said the boxer, with sudden interest. "You must have a dooce of a punch to knock me trainer out like that!"

Tommy shrugged his shoulders modestly. "Quite an accidental tap—." He broke off all at once, struck by an idea. "I say," he went on, a moment later. "If you were to get a deputy, would that save the situation?"

"Well, it might save the stake money, and give me a chance for a return bout. It's bin done before."

"Then let me meet Battling Basil in your place," said Tommy with a grin.

"You! You're only a kid! You ain't up to the weight, or nuthin'," said the wounded heavy-weight, and then he glanced at his dazed trainer—just reviving—thoughtfully. "Darn me, it's an' idea, though! You certainly got a mule kick of a punch! Tell you what. You come along an' see me manager, an' p'raps we can give you a turn with the gloves on an' see how you shape."

It is hardly necessary to say that the manager of Sam Conk—that was the boxer's name—was wild when he heard the news. But after Tommy had knocked out three of Sam's sparring partners—with the assistance of the remainder of walrus-whiskers' sandwiches—Hoggridge, the trainer, began to see possibilities in the idea.

And so that evening, as the long queues of spectators were filling into Harker's Stadium where the fight was to take place, Tommy Pink slipped into a near-by restaurant and ordered a large meal to be delivered to his dressing-room as soon as possible. This done, he presented himself to Hoggridge and Sam Conk, with cheerful confidence.

When Tommy was stripped and ready for battle, Hoggridge laughed nervously as he viewed his none too plump figure.

"Gaw! Reckon when Battling Basil sees you, he'll die o' larfin'. Dunno where you get that whale of a punch from. Come on, Sam, let's go and see what sort of a house there is."

Hoggridge left the dressing-room and Sam Conk hobbled after him—for his foot was in a pretty bad way. Left alone, Tommy climbed into Sam's roomy dressing-gown, and a few moments later there came a tap at the door and a waiter entered with Tommy's meal.

When the waiter had gone Tommy sat down to the meal, licking his lips with anticipatory relish.

The door opened behind him. "Gaw!" gasped the guttural voice of Mr. Hoggridge, and the next instant the knife and fork were wrenched out of Tommy's grasp and the plate seized and pushed out of reach.

"Whatsy idea?"—the manager's face was lurid with rage—"D'you want to spoil what chances you have got?"

"I was only having a little snack! Have to eat to keep my strength up, y'see."

"Keep your strength up! Gaw! I've met some dumb guys in my time, but you're the champ! Keep your strength up! If you were to eat that grub you wouldn't last two minutes! Here, Sam, you'd better eat that up yourself. I shan't feel safe till it's gone!"

Tommy tried hard to explain, but Hoggridge wasn't of a scientific turn of mind and refused to understand.

Presently it was time to go into the ring; the manager, Sam Conk, and Tommy's two seconds, led

(Continued on page 30.)



It doesn't matter which bar you may choose - just a nibble of Nestlé's tells you this is the chocolate you like best. The smoothest and milkiest of chocolate - the choc choc-full of goodness!

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NESTLÉ'S
WRAPPED 2 D BARS
 CHOC-FULL OF **2** GOODNESS

THE PORK PIE PUGILIST—

(Continued from page 28.)

him away. A roar of derisive laughter shook the audience as Tommy climbed through the ropes and shed his dressing-gown.

Battling Basil was a genuine comic-paper type of bruiser—six foot of bulging muscle, close-cropped head and a badly shaven jaw that jutted forward like the cow-catcher on a railway engine.

Clang! Before the gong had ceased to ring, Battling Basil was out of his corner and walking towards Tommy with extended arm, grinning all over his face. Tommy followed suit, not so swiftly. He shook the proffered hand, and murmured "Pleased to meet you!" without enthusiasm.

Blump! Tommy sat down on the canvas with a thud and watched some darting planets with dazed interest.

"One—two—three—four—" said the voice of the referee.

"... seven—eight..." Tommy dragged himself up and gazed around. His blurred vision saw the grinning face of Battling Basil before him. Desperately, he rushed at it with arms whirling wildly, but something that felt like a steel bar—Basil's guard arm—brushed aside his blows and a leather-covered fist struck him in the mouth.

Thereupon Tommy knew no more until he found himself in the arms of his seconds, and felt the cool, towel-generated breeze fanning his face. The gong had struck just in time to save him.

"Gimme something to eat!" groaned Tommy. "He keeps on burbling about something to eat," said Sam. "Shall we try it?"

"Makes no difference," Hoggridge grunted. "Do what the blazes you like!"

So Sam limped away in search of food.

Came the cry "Seconds out" and the clang of the gong. Tommy, fresher after the short rest, walked warily to meet Battling Basil and sidled round him.

Battling Basil made a wild dive—a risk he dare not have taken had he been up against a boxer of his own mettle. Tommy managed to dodge him. Throwing all precaution to the winds Basil charged

at him furiously, whereupon Tommy turned and sprinted round the ring with Basil in full cry behind.

Round and round they ran for some minutes—to the wild delight of the audience. At last, Basil cornered Tommy against the ropes—drew back his fist to administer the knock-out blow.

"Look out!" yelled Tommy, with a swiftly feigned look of horror over Basil's shoulder. Involuntarily Battling Basil hesitated, to glance behind him. Tommy seized the opportunity to wriggle from the ropes and again sprinted out of reach. Then the referee stopped him and pointed out that these tactics were not approved of by boxing authorities, and that if Tommy didn't behave the ref. would be obliged to disqualify him altogether.

Tommy grinned—for out of the corner of his eye he had caught a glimpse of Sam Conk returning.

Tommy dashed back to his corner, seized a pie and began cramming it in his mouth. The last morsel of the first pie was just sliding down Tommy's alimentary canal (as Dr. Hypo would say) when the gong rang for time. Tommy seized another in his gloved hand, and took a furtive bite as he walked forward to the centre of the ring.

Battling Basil sprang forward like an enraged elephant. This farcical combat was reflecting ridicule on himself, and he didn't like it.

Then, to Basil's surprise, his wild blows were swept aside, like the pawings of a playful kitten, by an arm that held—of all irrelevant things!—a pork pie! Next instant Battling Basil forgot the pie, as something just hit him—that's simply all there was to it as far as Basil was concerned. All there was to it, that is, until he woke up in his dressing-room twenty minutes later, with a head that felt as though it had been shattered to fragments. What actually happened, of course, was that Tommy Pink's blow lifted Battling Basil through the ropes and deposited him in the lap of a portly gentleman.

Tommy awakened the day after the fight to find his muscular powers disappointingly normal, and Dr. Hypo refused all pleadings for further treatment.

Cheers! Another chortling fun tale next week, boys. Look out for Washington Hayseed, the Comical Black Detective. He solves the Mystery of the Ghost in a Bowler Hat.

NICK CHANCE—GUILLOTINE GAMBLER

(Continued from page 24.)

get out! I don't want you here. I ponder affairs, and your presence makes me restless."

And Fachon gasped. From somewhere, as though by magic, a long, straight and slim sword had materialised. It was in the right hand of the gaping country lad, and its point projected to within an inch of Fachon's slobbering lips.

Fachon gurgled, went as red as the wine in his pot, dropped his pipe and broke it. Nick stepped close to him, and into Fachon's gaping mouth went a tightly rolled wad of cloth.

Then Fachon found himself handled with a strength and dexterity that further amazed him. He was bound hand and foot with speed and a brutal efficiency that left him helpless to move.

Nick took down the great unnumbered key, and Fachon writhed as he understood.

Then he ceased to writhe, and his heart turned to water. For the country lad was slipping into close-fitting black silk. His vacant face and tousled hair vanished, leaving nothing but a featureless black hood.

The Black Phantom slid out of the lodge. Down the corridors, down the stone steps, into the bowels of the prison went Nick, softly, swiftly, like a black creature of the night, the key in one hand, his sword in the other.

Nick reached the dungeon without a number and

opened its door. The Marquis started up with a cry. In the utter darkness, he could see nothing, and Nick could not see him, but Nick groped towards him and found him.

"Listen," he hissed. "I am a friend. I come to save you. I was your father's friend, and I promised him that I would set you free. Come with me. Outside, a boy waits. If I cannot come, go with the boy wherever he takes you, and do as he tells you."

Gervain stumbled along at Nick's side, and as he did so Nick thrust into his hand a second key.

"This," whispered Nick, "opens the outer gate. Use it if I'm not with you."

They came up the steps and the corridors and past the lodge to the yard, and suddenly, from various doorways, torches leapt, men bearing them aloft, while Cassin cried: "Take him. Take the Black Phantom."

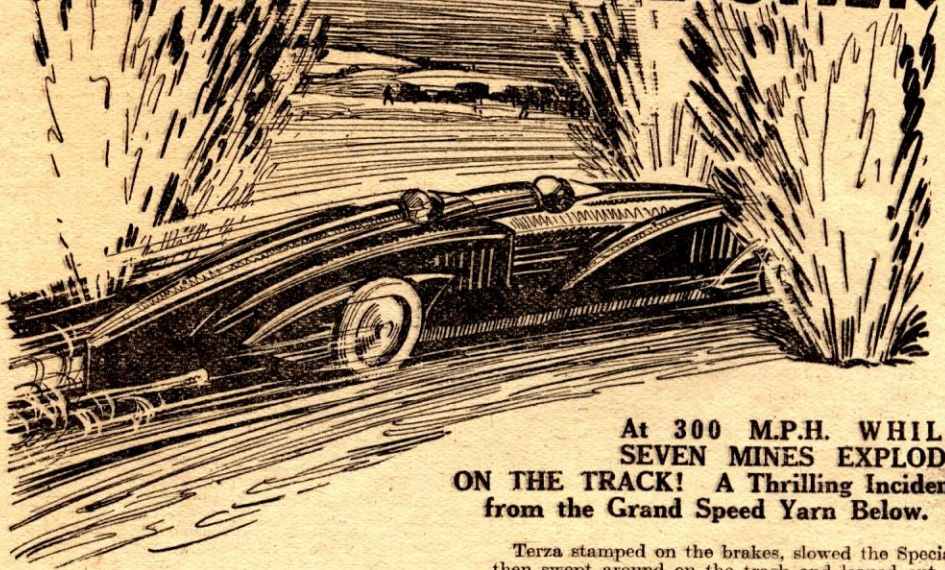
Nick's jaw set sharply. "A trap..." he muttered. "Run, *monseigneur!* Run!"

He hurled the Marquis forward to the archway of the gate, and while Gervain's trembling hands tried in vain to fit the great key into its lock, their attackers were on them like wolves.

Caught red-handed! At last the laughing enigma that has harassed the Comite of Public Safety for so long is to be laid by the heels. The Black Phantom at Bay next week. Don't miss it, pals.

SPEEDMAN SAMSON! THE SMILING, BLACK DEMON OF THE SMOKE AND METAL TRACK in a CRASHING COMPLETE RACE TALE

RECORDED HOT RECORD SMASHER



At 300 M.P.H. WHILE SEVEN MINES EXPLODE ON THE TRACK! A Thrilling Incident from the Grand Speed Yarn Below.

Tearaway Terza!

WITH a whooming roar two racing cars charged off the home banking at Brooklands and hurtled into the railway straight—while awed men with stop watches wondered if the rival machines would yet again break the lap record in their impromptu race!

Terza was at the controls of the Harker Special—a wheeled projectile capable of colossal speeds. His ebony-black face was set, eyes were narrowed as he peered around the scuttle edge, with steely fists wrapped on the kicking steering wheel.

At his side Jack Harker was braced, his heart pounding while he looked at the other machine. Behind its raked steering wheel was "Gyp" Vanotti—the vicious gipsy speedman.

They heeled together, both skidding on to the Byfleet banking! Tails wagged, tyres screeched—and Gyp Vanotti skidded!

The machine yawed on the track. For the fraction of a second it leaped at the Harker-Special like some nightmare thing, with torn rubber flying from its wheels, while Terza twitched his steering and all but shaved the fence to avoid disaster.

Jack shouted in his alarm, then they were straight and he was looking back at the twisting, cavorting mass of screaming metal that skated across the course behind—ending only as it swiped sideways into the iron bridge over the River Wey!

Terza stamped on the brakes, slowed the Special, then swept around on the track and leaped out as he stopped by the wreck.

Jack followed at his heels as the giant bent over the smoking cockpit of the other machine. He tucked hands under the arms of the shaken driver, lifting the man from his battered seat with the gentleness of a mother.

"The speed gods were nigh to claiming you, friend!" he murmured, as he bent over the man.

But Gyp Vanotti was not hurt. He tore away his goggles and his flaming eyes burned up at the giant who had been reared by a gorilla in an African jungle.

"You balked me, you crazy nigger—you pulled in my track!"

His right fist swung with the words, smashing at Terza's jaw. Behind that vicious blow was packed all the sinewy strength of the gipsy's body, and his fist landed with an impact that sounded like a mallet smashing home on the end of a beam.

But Terza did not move. He might not have felt the punch, and Vanotti might have struck a brick wall for all the emotion he produced! Seething with baffled rage, he lashed out again—but this time Terza's right hand came out. He gripped the driver by the overalls and raised him from the ground as a boy might lift a mouse. While Vanotti kicked and struggled, the Speedman Samson threw him heavily to the ground.

"He called me cheat!" Terza growled, and his face set. "I shall not forget that!"

Three Hundred M.P.H.

CARS, an ambulance and men afoot were racing up the finishing straight from the paddock, and leading them all was a light lorry with Spike Rodney—Jack's chum—at the wheel. By his side was wizened, grey-haired Professor Grimwade, who had trained Terza into becoming a motor engineer with a taste for super speed.



BEATING THE BLAZE.—Like furies Samson and the boy mechanic worked—shovelling sand on the precious racer. It was the only way to save her from the flames.

"You're all right?" he called as he flung himself off the lorry with surprising agility, and landed beside the giant.

"I am unhurt, little father," Terza answered gently.

"That's good!" and the Professor smiled, then his face became more serious. "I want to talk to you and—ah, here's Mr. Kimber!"

A big saloon car rolled up, and a man slipped out; he was tall, good-natured and clever-looking and he extended his hand when Terza and the boys were introduced to him. Terza shook his fist gently.

"Mr. Kimber owns Power Sparking Plugs," the Professor said quickly. "He will supply engines and all money and material for a speed car which you boys shall design and build for Terza to drive in an attempt on the world's record in England."

"It'll be a five thousand horse-power job, with four engines," Mr. Kimber said quickly, as he looked at the giant. "Just the kind of job you'd like to handle, Terza—the biggest and fastest thing in the world, and it ought to do three hundred miles per hour!"

Jack and Spike glanced from the man to Terza, and then looked at the Professor, only to see that the scientist was glancing to where Gyp Vanotti was moving away from the crowd gathered about his

car. A man was holding the gipsy speedman's arm—lean-faced, narrow-eyed, whose gaunt features seemed to contain half the evil cunning in the world.

"If you build the car, you will be racing against Jason Sard and Vanotti!" the Professor told Terza.

"It was my idea to have a record-breaker built to advertise Power Plugs," Mr. Kimber broke in, "but the Electra Spark-Plug people are going to do the same thing. They, also, are building a monster speed-iron—and Sard has already contracted with Gyp Vanotti to handle it. Their car will be as big as ours—and both will run on Shelloast sands!"

"You cannot run a three-hundred-miles-an-hour car there, little father," Terza said, as he turned to the Professor. "The sands are good, but they are only seven miles long!"

"We've allowed for that!" Mr. Kimber cut in. "Our car will have colossal acceleration. It should be doing two hundred miles per hour at the end of the first mile. You'll realise how terrific it can be when you see the engines, but"—he turned to Jack and Spike—"will you build the car for me?"

"Will we?" Spike gasped. "We'll—" He broke off. He saw two figures listening just behind him—

Vanotti and Jason Sard, of Electra Plugs.

"So you're going to try and whip us at Shelloast?" Sard glared. "Well, that's O.K. with me, Kimber!" He looked at Terza and grinned evilly. "I reckon I can build a machine that'll beat anything this buck nigger can handle. . . . You'll crash, darkie! You'd better tell me now what kind of flowers you prefer!"

"When the gods call, I shall go—not until then," Terza answered, and his eyes glittered again when he looked at the gipsy speedman. "I will master all that you can do—you who named me 'cheat'!"

The Jumping Juggernaut!

SHELLOAST SANDS! A seven-mile stretch of sand thinly awash in places with water—and five thousand people gathered on the dunes to watch the preliminary trial of the record-breaker which Jack and Spike had created for Terza to drive.

It was being rolled slowly out of a great, tarred-walled barn at the end of the beach, running over boards laid so that it would not sink in the sand. Men gasped when they saw its flaring crimson shape.

It was broad, with a flattened nose. It was beetle-backed and armoured, a gargantuan thing of steel which was terrible to see. Men quailed when they thought of driving it, and they stared blankly at the

four stream-lined humps which marked the positions of the engines—one to each wheel!

It was to be tried out now. Later, it would make an attempt on the record, after Terza had given it a final tuning. It was pushed on, forty men thrusting it to where a wooden platform lay on the sand. Here the car came to rest, and it was all ready to start on its run.

Terza signed to the boys, and they climbed over the tail to two narrow cockpits set between the rear wheels. The chums here controlled clutches governing the engines at the rear, while Terza would steer and also handle the forward engines. His cockpit was placed ahead of them, and they saw him climb in, while mechanics clamped down the stream-lined coverings which brought minute windshields in front of the boys' faces and left only the tops of their heads protruding.

Terza waved back to the boys as he climbed into his cockpit, turning as he settled down after making adjustments to the controls.

"We won't do more than two hundred miles per hour, friends! Ready—start up!"

Fifty men strained against the huge car. She moved off slowly, drawing petrol into the cylinder; then the engines leaped to life. The voices of five thousand metal horses stammered across the sands, and the spectator heard the muttering bellow from the festooned, open exhaust pipes which yawned about the tail.

The clutches were disengaged while the engines warmed up, gradually becoming easier in their roaring, while the thunder of the exhausts deepened to an angry note which bellowed amongst the dunes, hammering in the ears of Jason Sard and Gyp Vanotti. Their Electra car was due later that day and would go for the record on the morrow—but Sard had arranged that the red car should never run for the record.

Crouching near these two was a man with a scarred face, and he bent over wireless controls which almost filled the back of a closed car. Near by was a giant five-ton lorry, and as the man moved the controls the lorry's engine accelerated or slowed in response. That lorry could be steered and handled by remote wireless control—and soon it was to play its part in the dastardly scheme which the Electra rogues had conceived!

Through field-glasses, Sard and Vanotti now looked down the beach. They heard a furious bellowing, and a monstrous shape launched itself forward.

Twin banners of flame streamed back from the wide-open exhausts of the four-engined machine. It travelled like a red streak, hurling itself on, picking up speed in a way that made the spectators gasp, making all speech impossible under its tumult.

"Now!" Sard turned and signalled to the man by the car.

Instantly, the great lorry started forward, picking up pace as it lurched out of the sand-dunes.

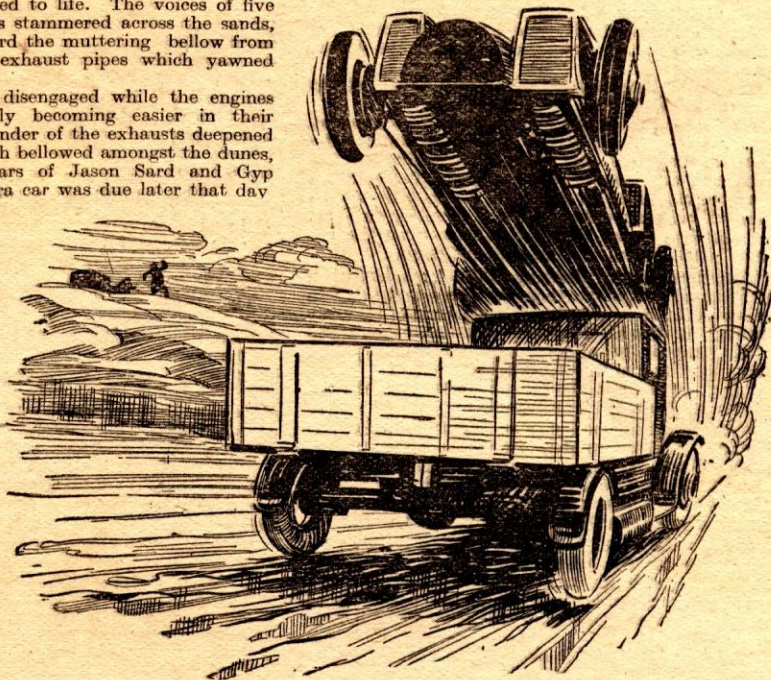
In the car, the boys were bending their heads to its 200 m.p.h. trial gait when they saw something on the course in front. It appeared from nowhere, and it was the giant lorry rushing out of the dunes, hurtling to meet them!

Terza eased on the steering, and the monster machine swerved—but the lorry answered the move uncannily, coming on to meet it! Again Terza twitched his steering, but yet again the lorry answered the move—and now there was no time for more. It was on them!

The speedman Samson peered through his windshield, and he saw a bump in the stretch of sand between himself and the charging five-tonner—and he stamped the throttle wide open!

The crowd gasped as they saw the red car hurl itself at the thing which blocked the track—seeming to fling on to meet utter destruction! Terza steered to strike the bump in the sands where it was highest. They were on it next moment, with the menacing lorry bare yards before them!

The red car hit the bump at four miles a minute.



THE HIGH JUMP RECORD CAR!—Full in the path of the hurtling speed car thundered the lorry. But Samson acted like lightning. He steered the car so that it bounced into mid-air from the hump in the sand.

It leaped from the bump into the air—up—up—up—full across the roaring lorry!

The great crowd shouted as the spectators saw the titanic leap-frogging of the red juggernaut; then the machine struck the sand again. A fount of torn grains spumed up from each wheel, while the car slewed a little before it streaked on—and the lorry swerved towards the sea!

The scared man stood amazed at his controls, and ere he could check the great machine it had

charged into the waves at the foot of a fount of spray, plunging on before it sank and vanished from sight.

"Who'd have thought Terza could have got out of that!" Gyp Vanotti snarled.

"He won't escape next time!" Jason Sard rasped. "I have another plan. If he runs that car against our Electra machine, we might be beaten—so he must not run!"

The Buried Speed-Iron!

IT was midnight in the big black barn. Terza and Jack were asleep inside, and Spike was on watch outside the huge doors, sitting in the shelter of a pile of tar-barrels which stood there. The three were guarding the car, each taking two hours' watch, and Spike was on duty now.

Alert though he was, Spike saw nothing of the three figures which skulked towards him over the dunes. A man raised himself up, his arm lifted—to come swiping down with a length of heavy rubber, which sogged full across the back of Spike's head!

The boy dropped, pitching full length.

"He's out!" whispered his assailant.

"Get busy, then!" came the harsh tones of Jason Sard, while he lowered petrol-tins that he carried.

Vanotti appeared with more, and soon gallons of inflammable liquid were slashing over the tarred walls.

"Right!" Sard snarled. "They'll never get the car out of that!"

He struck a match and tossed it on to the petrol. Like magic a circle of fire rushed all around the barn, leaping high to the roof, touching off the woodwork until the whole building was flaring like a squat torch. And at the first sullen roar of the flames Terza leaped from his bed, shouting to Jack.

"Somebody's set the place alight—rush the car out!" Jack yelled. "Charge at the doors!"

Terza was already plunging at the doors, but when he flung his weight on them he discovered them to be barred from outside—and the barrels of tar were burning, forming an impassable inferno on their own!

He jumped for a corner, where stood spades, snatching one and hurling another to Jack.

"Dig the car into the ground—cover it, then the fire cannot harm it!" he roared.

With the words, he began to dig at the tail of the machine, making mighty shovelfuls of sand fly, delving beneath the rear wheels while the boy worked at the front. As the ground was hacked away, the machine started to sink in; then they shovelled more sand up at either side of it.

Outside the shed, Spike was coming back to his senses, to see the whole building burning like a torch. He got to his feet, and through the fluttering banner of flames which held him at bay, he saw Terza and Jack covering the car. He shouted, and they heard him.

"We're all right!" Jack called in answer. "Get after the men who set this place alight!"

He dashed off while Terza and Jack continued their work. Again and again Terza looked up to the tottering roof overhead, and the car was buried completely when he let up a shout and darted at Jack. He swung the boy up on his shoulder and dropped his shovel, while, up above, there sounded a mad crackling and the roof caved in! On his shoulder, Jack saw a screen of fire, then Terza was through it, leaping to the cool night air just as the whole barn collapsed!

"The whole barn's burning on top of the car!" Jack gasped.

"But it cannot harm the machine," Terza.

answered. "The good earth will guard it. . . But where is Spike?"

Spike was amongst the sand-dunes. His head was reeling from the blow which had felled him, but he was on the trail of Sard and Vanotti. Only he knew nothing of the fact that they had seen him following, and were now deceiving him to a remote part of the sands—where the scarred man suddenly leapt on him from behind.

They gagged him roughly, then heaved him off the ground, to run him to another barn set half-way along the dunes, dropping him down through a trap in the floor to a cellar beneath. He was held while lanterns were lit, and through the shadows around he had a glimpse of wires and switches and eight rounded, evil-looking things which were like bombs.

He was roped swiftly and tied to a post, while Sard disappeared for a space. When Sard returned the man's lean face was distorted with rage.

"They dug that car into the ground—it's hardly touched!" he snarled. "They're getting it out now, and it'll run to-morrow!"

"I could have told you that!" Spike panted from the post to which he was tied. "It'll take more than a bunch of crooks like you to beat Terza!"

"It will, eh?" Sard moved towards him, and now a thin grin twisted his lips. "He has defeated our plan to stop him running—but we have got you, my young friend! And we'll let Terza run to-morrow—but if he can beat our car then it means his doom, and yours!" He pointed to the eight globes Spike had noticed. "See those? They're mines! Seven of them are goin' on the course, one will stay in this hut—all connected to the electric timing apparatus. When the car crosses the first line—up goes the lot!"

The Seven Turrets of Flame!

FROM all over England, spectators had travelled during the night, to be at Shellbeach in the morning.

The record attempts were to be made early, when the sands were smooth and the tide was out.

The crowd saw Terza and Vanotti toss for first run, and the gypsy driver won. He elected to start his run from the far end of the course.

The gypsy disappeared. Minutes passed then, from the distance, there came a hammering roar, and a blue flash zipped into view. Down the course came the Electra, travelling in a thundering blaze of hazed colour, hurtling out of the mile and slowing before it wheeled at once for its return run.

Without pause the Electra gathered speed again, Gyp stamping the throttle open, treading power from his mighty engines, to slash past as he had gone before, disappearing again.

Silence came as he vanished from sight, then the timekeepers announced his speed.

"Two hundred and seventy miles an hour!"

The crowd cheered. Over where Terza waited, the speedman Samson motioned for Jack to get the car. In such time as they had, the two had searched far and wide for Spike, but had found no trace of him.

Terza had coupled the clutch which Spike controlled to Jack's, and he thought the arrangement would answer. The engines were now warmed up, and all was ready.

The power units were started once more. Professor Grimwade and Mr. Kimber came and shook hands with Terza. Jack sat with both feet rammed on the clutch pedal which he controlled, watching Terza's upraised arm. Flags showed that the course was clear—then the arm dropped.

Up came the pedal, slowly. All four engines took hold, and the car was away!

The speed was unbelievable. The sea on the right changed to a grey haze. Nothing was visible save

the yawning sands before them and the mile banner sliding out of the sky.

They passed under it. The red car changed to a demonic giant held by the only hands in the world that could hold it, controlled by the fine intelligence of the man who sat behind the wheel. The mile faded out—brakes screamed in their drums and they slowed where the beach ended.

"Three hundred and twenty, friend!" Terza called to Jack, repeating the words of an official who had come to the car—and those same words were being repeated down in the barn cellar, by wireless and in the voice of Jason Sard.

Spike heard them, and he was there with the scarred man. He saw the fellow stride to a single switch set on a panel and jerk it down amidst a flutter of blue sparks.

"That switch connects the timing strip to the mines—and when Terza crosses it the whole seven will blow up! This eighth one here will blow up, too! You've seen too much—and there'll be nobody left to give us away now!"

Spike stared at him, his eyes dilated.

He saw the scarred man grinning at him, then the fellow went running up the ladder and the trap door above closed behind him.

Spike strained against his ropes. He had been under guard all the time he had been in the cellar, and this was his first chance really to try his bonds. He struggled furiously, gifted with sudden strength in his need to warn Terza before he could start.

Spike felt a rope slip, then another gave. He increased his efforts, to feel his bonds loosen until he got an arm free. Not sixty seconds after the man had gone, Spike was reeling away from the post, freed, and with ropes falling from him as he clutched at the foot of the ladder.

He clambered up it and, somehow, managed to lift the heavy trapdoor and emerge to the barn. He ran out, stumbling across the sand dunes—just as he heard

the roar of the red car starting its return run and saw Sard and Vanotti and the scarred man before him!

They spread out, trying to bar his path, but he dodged them, speeding on as the car came into sight. Terza and Jack saw the timing-strip, black against the yellow sand—and Spike running towards it, waving his arms.

"Good old Spike, he's safe!" Jack thought, "Look at him cheering us on!"

But Spike was waving them to stop—only they could not have stopped even had they known the danger! The machine was entering the mile at better than 300 m.p.h.! Its thrashing wheels stamped over the timing strip and—

Instantly turrets of leaping flame shot from the beach!

Terza saw a cavity appear in his track, and heard the bellow of the seven explosions through all the booming of the car! He twitched his steering, and the stamping wheels kissed the very verge of the hole—for the steering to go the other way, so that they skimmed another mine-torn gap! They were dodging the exploding mines at over five miles a minute—to swing straight and hurtle on, leaving seven smoking holes behind.

The red car left something else behind—three prostrate, sand-smothered figures sprawling on the sand near the outermost mine-crater! The forms were Sard and Vanotti and their accomplice.

They had pursued Spike and, in their eagerness to come up with him, they had been too near one of the hidden mines in the moment the car crossed the timing-strip.

They were in hospital, justly punished, when the news came to them that Terza had shattered all records with a pace equivalent to five and a half miles a minute!

Sard and Vanotti had been thoroughly beaten.

Don't miss **THE SKYWYMAN** next week, chums!

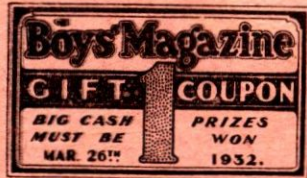
GREAT NEW PRIZE COUPON SCHEME: START TO-DAY

Here is the ninth set of coupons for the wonderful new prize contest described on page 2.

A SPLENDID PRIZE FOR EVERY READER WHO ENTERS.

Start collecting now and win a big prize. Cut out these five coupons and keep them in a safe place until the close of the contest. Every coupon is valuable to you.

Forty-five prize coupons have been given in the last eight issues, copies of which can be obtained from Subscription Dept., Withy Grove, Manchester. Price, 3d. per copy, post free.



SAVE THESE COUPONS—FIVE MORE WILL BE GIVEN NEXT WEEK.

WE HAVE SEARCHED THE WIDE WORLD

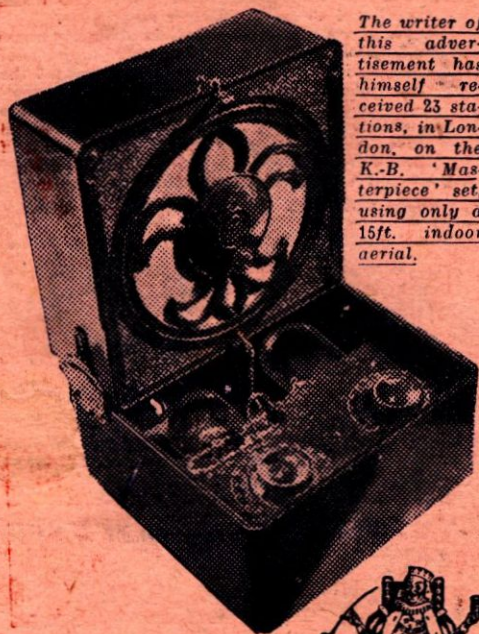
KOLSTER-BRANDES 'MASTERPIECE'

We tested dozens of new 2-valve sets . . . examined every set that claimed to compete with the K.-B. 'Masterpiece,' and not one surpassed the

SPECIFICATION. The Kolster-Brandes 'Masterpiece' 2-valve. Overall dimensions: 7½" x 7½" x 7½". Highly sensitive receiver.

standard set by Kolster-Brandes. A revelation in 2-valve radio. Get your K.-B. free, and enjoy the pick of the winter programmes. . . . Save B.D.V. coupons—from to-day.

Pure-toned loud-speaker. Figured mahogany finished case in Bakelite. Complete with two "Fotos" valves and instructions.



The writer of this advertisement has himself received 23 stations, in London, on the K.-B. 'Masterpiece' set, using only a 15ft. indoor aerial.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he:
He called for his pipe,
He called for a light,
And he called for his B.D.V..



Even less coupons required from B.D.V. Tobacco—each Tobacco coupon being worth 1½ cigarette coupons

500

COUPONS...

B.D.V.

CIGARETTES

each Coupon worth 3
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in colour, showing 275 treble-value
gifts, and including 5 free coupons

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