

Grand Gifts and Surprises for Boys

Boys' 2D Magazine

EVERY SATURDAY



SMASHING SCHOOL, SCIENCE, and ANIMAL NUMBER

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Barnacle & Chips

The Playful Sea Breezes



Chips was in a very playful mood one spring morn, so he tied a rope to the boom and waited for Barnacle. "Pull this rope and help me hoist the boom," he asked Barnacle when he hove in sight.



"Aye, aye, chum!" answered that worthy. "One good heave and up she comes!" Whereupon he tugged manfully at the rope without waiting for his pal to do the same.



In the meantime Chips slyly cut the rope. Barnacle staggered back, crashed into a barrel of tar, and proceeded to inspect the contents at close quarters on the deck.



He finally managed to tear himself away from the clinging embrace of the tar and hid himself below to clean himself, leaving Chips chortling loudly on deck.



As Barnacle disappeared the skipper bowled down from the bridge. Clapping eyes on the tarry decks and his hand on Chips' shoulder, he bellowed: "Scrub these decks at once!"



"And stick to it until you've finished," the captain added, walking off. The unfortunate Chips was on his knees using a scrubbing brush and pumice stone vigorously in a very short time.



Down below a bright idea had assailed Barnacle. He purloined a pot of black paint from the stores and daubed his duds until his suit looked like a new one.



Dressed in this natty black outfit, he mounted the companion way, his umbrella under his arm. Pulling on his Sunday best gloves he swaggered on to the deck.



He swaggered past the labouring Chips, who collapsed on his newly scrubbed boards. "Cheerio!" burbled Barnacle, lifting his hat. "You're in the ship's black books now."

AT SCHOOL ABOARD
A GIANT AIRSHIP!

Our Ripping Long Complete School Tale Full of
Novel Thrills, Fun, and Drama.

THE SKY SCHOOLBOYS IN TIMBUKTU



THE BOYS OF ST. GIDDY'S Cruising through the Clouds to Fascinating Foreign Lands Find Danger and Excitement in Africa's Strangest City, Timbuktu, thanks to **HASSAN THE CRUEL AND THE HAWK.**

classroom that had been fixed up for them in the gondola of a giant airship!

The whole of the Lower School at St. Giddy's had been transported abroad on Captain Lefevre's mammoth Spaceship, 'Z 26, which was the very last word in aircraft design.

Dr. Holroyd had made it quite clear to his touring pupils that lessons, as usual, would be the rule on the juniors' trip.

A bell rang in the Spaceship, and Mr. Tattersall laid down his book with a gasp of relief. The heroes of the Remove trooped out of the cabin classroom, making a bee-line for the spacious open-air deck of the Spaceship gondola.

Johnny Gee & Co. gazed over the rail, and saw the turbid waters of a great river some miles ahead. A large cluster of buildings and landing-stages almost directly below depicted a fair-sized town.

A tall, well-knit form in a smart blue uniform, with a short pointed beard and twirled moustache, wearing his peaked cap at a jaunty angle on his

Fatty's Filching Folly.

THE Remove Form of St. Giddy's School were at lessons; as, indeed, was the rest of the school.

Mr. Horace Tattersall, M.A., the Remove Form master, was taking his unruly pupils at history. The scene, however, was quite unusual—most novel, in fact. The Joyous Juniors were taking lessons in a

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

head, came along the gangway from the control cabin. It was Captain Paul Lefevre, the inventor and skipper of the giant Spaceship.

He smiled good-humouredly at the chums of the Remove. "This, my lads," he said, jerking his thumb downwards, towards the large trading-station near the Niger, "is Timbuktu, quite a famous place among schoolboys in England, I believe, apart from its importance as a meeting place of the desert caravans and the shipping of the Niger."

"My hat!" chuckled the Remove leader. "We must go down and explore, sir, if you don't mind. You see, back at Merivale, there's a school near ours called Earlswood—a measly old hole, inhabited by a gang of cheeky worms who try to put the kybosh on us—Us, you know! We wrote to the Earlswood mob, you remember, and told 'em that St. Giddy's scored again by going off in the Spaceship to see furrin parts. Tommy Rhodes, their leader, wired back to us at St. Remo, telling us to go to Timbuktu. So we asked you to bring us here. Those Earlswood jossers will be absolutely green with envy when they get cards from us, actually posted in Timbuktu!"

Captain Lefevre's smile broadened.

"Well, boys, it's your usual half-holiday to-day, so we've arrived at the right moment," he said. "I'll let you down just outside the town, and you may explore Timbuktu to your hearts' content—only be careful of the Arabs. They haven't much sense of humour, so go easy with your larks."

As soon as the giant airship stopped and hovered low, on the outskirts of the town, Johnny Gee & Co. descended and strolled off into the narrow, crowded streets, noisy with the jabbering of hundreds of tongues, in a dozen different dialects. The Joyous Juniors found much to interest them in the famous town and they lost no time in purchasing souvenirs of Timbuktu, posting them off to their old rivals at Earlswood.

Dick Bannister mopped at his perspiring brow. "Whew! The heat's enough to frizzle a chap!" he gasped. "But—Mum-my hat! L-l-look what's coming!"

The Arab inhabitants of Timbuktu were running along the narrow street shouting excitedly. The first person the Joyous Juniors beheld, coming through the crowd, was Timothy Catchpole, of the Remove, their inventive Formfellow.

Catchpole preceded an ancient native cart, of the low-built farm-wagon type, on which were perched two persons. The first, driving the two mules, was Daniel O'Pake, the big Irish bo'sun of the Spaceship. Seated in the cart behind him was the round, plump figure of Gugnunk, his little Eskimo pet.

Apparently, the high temperature of Timbuktu had driven the little Eskimo to desperate straits, and he had enlisted the inventive genius of Timothy Catchpole to provide him with some cure for the heat.

Gugnunk, therefore, was squatting in the native cart beside a huge water tank, clad only in a bathing costume. Catchpole, by means of slats of wood, bamboo poles, and an old pump, had rigged up a kind of shower-bath on the wagon. As the wheels of the wagon went round, they operated a weird form of mechanism that squirted the water out of the tank, all over the little Eskimo.

"Hoo—hoooo, boys!" Gugnunk roared as he saw the juniors. "How yo' likes my water-wagons—hunk? This an' butterfuls! Hoo-hooo!"

"Hoi, yo black devils!" cried Bo'sun O'Pake in his loud, stentorian voice, apostrophising the Arabs that swarmed round the cart. "Get away wid yo, an' let us pass! Oooooooh!"

Something went wrong with Catchpole's pumping apparatus—the stroke of the pump altered and Mr.

O'Pake gave a loud bellow as a shower of water cascaded all over him.

Johnny Gee & Co. roared with laughter, and continued on their way into the bazaars. The sherbet-shops were a particular attraction to the juniors, and having sampled the Arab sherbet, the chums of the Remove agreed that it was almost as good as their native British ginger-pop.

All at once, a wild yell rang out, in dulcet tones that were immediately recognisable. The yell was drowned by a chorus of blood-curdling shouts in Arabic, and next moment the rotund form of Fatty Slocum came dashing along the narrow street, with a dozen excited Arabs in full chase.

"Ya-ya-imsha! Stop the son of a serpent who taketh the goods but payeth nought!"

"Ooogh! Hellup! Murder! Yarooooogh!" howled Fatty, dashing in terror towards the group of Removites. "These murderous villains don't understand the word tick! Ooogh!"

One swarthy Arab in flowing garments whipped a sinister-looking knife from under his robe and aimed a savage blow at Fatty. Dick Bannister saw the gleam of the blade descending; he seized an egg from the basket of the native vendor near him and sent it whizzing at the knife.

Splash! The egg, though small, as are all Oriental eggs, burst in the Arab's eye and disgorged quite a mass of yolk and clammy liquid over that worthy's dirty face. The shock was sufficient to upset the man's aim, and the knife missed Fatty by inches. Next minute, Fatty Slocum had dodged up a side street. Johnny Gee & Co., thrilling with the sense of their fat Formfellow's danger, gathered up all the eggs and squashy grapefruit they could lay their hands on. Leaping over the stalls, they managed to get between Fatty and the Arab horde, and by means of quick-fire pelting, kept the yelling populace at bay!

They saw Fatty dive into the doorway of a tall, sombre-looking building close to the water-front. The doorway was carved in the Moorish pattern, as were the windows, and the whole edifice seemed to have been a palace belonging to some potentate of days gone by.

The mob of Arabs, as soon as they beheld the place into which Fatty had raced, drew up, their villainous faces taking on looks of the most intense terror. Then, shouting wildly to Allah, the whole outfit turned and fled into the maze of narrow streets.

The Hole of Serpents.

"WELL, I'm jiggered!" gasped Johnny Gee. "Why should those black ruffians run directly they saw where Fatty went. I vote we get in somehow and have a look round!"

The rest of the Co. nodded. They ran swiftly to the back of the white-walled structure, where Johnny Gee spotted a window, and by clambering along a narrow wall they were able to reach it. One by one the juniors entered, and found themselves in an old Moorish palace.

They traversed the thickly carpeted corridor, guided by the sound of Fatty's voice. They passed through several richly ornamented rooms, until they came to where some thick tapestry curtains hung, screening them from a place beyond, where Fatty's voice could be plainly heard.

"Oooooogh! Spare me! Have mur-m-mercy, sir—I—I mean, your Excellency! I don't mean any harm—"

"Son of a toad!" came a deep, cruel voice, a sinister ring in every syllable. "Knowest that thou has penetrated into the palace of Hassan El Moktar—known throughout all Sahara as Hassan the Cruel!"

Johnny Gee & Co. peered between the folds of the

curtain and gazed into the great hall of the palace. A fountain played in the centre. Its floors were of marble, its walls and ceilings done in rich, picturesque Mosaic, as were the many pillars that supported the lofty, dome-like roof.

Seated on a richly ornamented throne was an immense Arab, dressed in ornate robes that failed to conceal his Goliath-like body. His face was dark and swarthy. From his chin depended a black beard, parted in the middle below, and through it his yellow teeth were bared in an evil snarl. The powerful neck supported the ugly head, a pillar of muscles rising from Herculean shoulders.

At that moment a gong sounded, and Hassan the Cruel rapped out a guttural order in Arabic. A servant appeared, salaaming low before the despot. Words in their native tongue were exchanged, then Hassan El Moktar turned upon Fatty.

"Thou shalt be held for a short while, to await thy death!" he hissed.

Fatty was seized by two of the attendants and dragged, squealing, across the hall and through a door on the other side.

Hassan El Moktar resumed his seat on the throne, and shortly after the door at the end of the hall opened, and a servant ushered in a tall, distinguished-looking officer of the French army.

The newcomer approached Hassan's throne with evident reluctance and in trepidation, although he was obviously a man who in the campaign of battle would have no fear.

"Ah! *Sidi Colonel!* So you have answered my summons!" said Hassan the Cruel, his eyes glistening with triumph upon the soldier before him.

"You came by the secret way that I outlined in the message I sent you?"

"The word of a French officer is inviolable!" replied Colonel de Rivera, drawing himself up with a haughty mien.

"That is good!" sneered the Arab.

"Soon, *mon colonel*, the Arabs of the desert will come from the Forbidden City, which is in the uttermost depths of the Sahara where even your *Légion Etrangère* cannot penetrate, and the rule of the accursed French shall be removed. I—

Hassan the Cruel—shall reign supreme, from Algeria to the Sudan."

At that juncture the door at the end of the hall opened again, and a tall figure, dressed in black, wearing a sinister mask like a bird, with pointed beak and glittering eyes, stepped into view.

"The Hawk!" muttered Dick Bannister in a hoarse, low whisper, gripping his leader's arm. "Good Heavens, Johnny, what villainy have we struck now?"

Hassan the Cruel's eyes gleamed upon the newcomer. The Hawk greeted him in Arabic, and thus the two conversed together for some moments. Hassan then turned towards Colonel de Rivera.

"We receive intelligence, *mon colonel*, that news of our projected uprising from the Forbidden City has leaked through to the authorities, and the force at Bir Ella Khala, the southern-most post of the Foreign Legion, is to be strengthened. You, *mon colonel*, are going there with a strong force of native soldiers, and are taking armaments, including anti-aircraft guns, which are to be mounted on the walls of Bir Ella Khala, to shoot down the aeroplanes that are known to be in the possession of the Arab forces." At this, Hassan and the Hawk exchanged significant glances.

"Go, Colonel de Rivera, to Bir Ella Khala with your forces!" said Hassan the Cruel with a sneer. "You will receive detailed instructions from me later." And the Frenchman was shown out by an Arab attendant.

Then Hassan struck a gong, and Fatty Slocum was brought out into the hall before the despot's throne.

"*Pardieu!* One of those accursed schoolboys who are with Lefevre in his Spaceship!" rapped the Hawk. "How came he here, Hessian?"

"He assures me that he came here by accident, having been chased by a mob from the bazaar!" said Hassan the Cruel harshly. "The boy knows nothing, yet he must not leave this place alive."

He stepped down from the throne and trod on a certain spot in the ornamental marble on the floor. Immediately a complete circular section of the design dropped downward, leaving a wide, gaping hole in the floor.

SAVED FROM THE SERPENTS.—Hassan gave Fatty a push that sent him hurtling over the edge of the pit. At the same moment, Johnny and Dick held the curtain across the gap, catching Fatty as he fell.



The Removites, watching behind the curtain, saw the hideous head and body of a gigantic snake rear itself out of the new opened pit. They could hear the awful hissing of the reptiles below.

"This is my favourite sport," grated Hassan, harshly, "throwing my victims to the snakes. Now, boy—down you go!"

Sammy Slocum struggled fiercely in the grip of the gigantic Arab. His heart-rending shouts for mercy rang through the hall.

With a quick jerk, Johnny Gee tore down the curtains, and he and Dick Bannister dashed with them across the floor of the palace. They reached

the brink of the serpent pit just as Hassan gave Fatty a push that sent him hurtling off the edge.

But in the same instant Johnny Gee and Dick flung the curtain across the gap, holding it between them on either side, so that they caught Fatty as he went toppling downwards. A quick jerk, and they fetched him rolling off the curtain on to the marble floor of the palace hall.

"Run, Fatty—run for your life!" jerked the Remove captain. And the whole party of schoolboys dashed blindly under the arch behind them, through a door and up some carpeted stairs. In the rear, they could hear Hassan's bull-like voice shouting threats and orders in Arabic to his attendants.

The juniors tore up the stairs on to the flat roof. There they saw the long, black shape of the Hawk's flying machine at rest. Dick Bannister rammed down the trap-door through which they had emerged on to the roof. The juniors rushed across and started to wheel the Hawk's machine along.

Just as the trap-door came up and a cluster of Arab heads and brandished knives appeared, the Joyous Juniors gave a shove, and sent the big monoplane whizzing across the intervening space. The understructure hit these projecting heads, and a chorus of fiendish howls and invocations to Allah told of the effectiveness of Johnny's ruse!

"Good! They won't get up here in a hurry!" grinned Johnny. "Oh, Hurrah! Here comes the Spaceship! Wave and yell like mad, and they'll spot us!"

The Removites did so, and the Spaceship came over directly to them and hovered low. The telescopic steel ladder was lowered, and the juniors scrambled up into the gondola, even as the aeroplane was pushed away.

Breathlessly, they told their story to Captain Lefevre, who had been notified of the juniors' disappearance by Bo'sun O'Pake. Even as Johnny was finishing, they heard the roar of an engine below, and the Hawk's machine zoomed high in the tropical sky, and disappeared towards the Niger River.

"Never mind! We'll rout out these Arab dogs below, and find out just what villainy is afoot!" Captain Lefevre muttered, and ran to the control room.

But when Captain Lefevre's men raided the old palace it was deserted. Hassan the Cruel had made good his escape, by the secret ways that were known only to him!

That evening, Johnny Gee & Co. were taken by the Spaceship skipper to see General Martillae, the military governor of Timbuktu. The grizzled old general heard from the juniors' own lips an account of their adventure with Hassan El Moktar.

"It is impossible, *mon capitaine*, to suspect Colonel de Rivera of conspiracy with the Arabs," he said, turning to Captain Lefevre. "But if it is not running these schoolboys into unnecessary danger, I should like to accept your offer to take your wonderful Spaceship, loaded with extra supplies, across the desert to Bir Ella Khala. Meanwhile, in case there should be any danger of Colonel de Rivera playing the traitor, I shall summon another officer to the Post at Bir Ella Khala—an English officer of the Foreign Legion, known as Captain Fury—"

"Captain Fury!" cried Johnny Gee, eagerly. "Why, we know him, sir!"

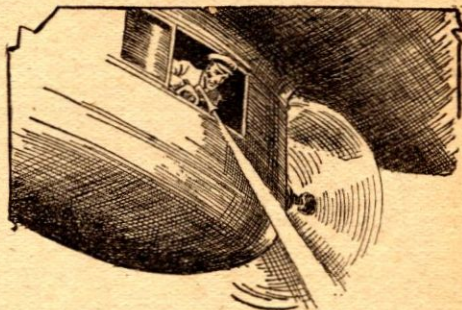
The heroes of St. Giddy's thrilled with joyous anticipation of meeting Captain Fury once more—that gallant Legionnaire officer whose fame had spread all over the world, and whom they had met once at St. Giddy's.

"Captain Fury is at the desert Post of Sidi-Bel-Abbes, which is not many kilometres from here," said Colonel Martillae, gravely. "He should meet

with Colonel de Rivera's force in the desert, midway between Timbuktu and Bir Ella Khala. You, *mon capitaine*, will fly across in your Spaceship, and will watch the progress of the campaign!"

Captain Lefevre nodded, and he and the chums of the Remove left the Governor's residence to return to the Spaceship.

By night-time all the extra stores had been loaded and the Spaceship moved off, high aloft in the purple



sky, shaping a swift course across the desert towards Bir Ella Khala.

The Hawk Foiled.

EARLY next morning they sighted a long line of soldiers in the picturesque uniform of the Foreign Legion, marching through the brick-sand, followed by a caravan of pack-camels, all fully loaded.

"Colonel de Rivera's troop, marching to Bir Ella Khala!" murmured the Hon'ble Bob Vernon. "My word! Those poor chaps must have some stamina! My hat! Look, Johnny!"

The juniors looked down eagerly, and saw a gallant figure on a prancing Arab steed come over the dunes and halt, raising his sword in salute to Colonel de Rivera. It was Captain Fury of the Foreign Legion!

Captain Lefevre rapped out commands to the crew, and the Spaceship descended, until it was barely forty feet above the blazing sand. Johnny Gee & Co. tumbled down eagerly, and ran over the dunes towards the spot where the big force of *Legionnaires* had halted.

Captain Fury shook hands heartily with the juniors and with Captain Lefevre in turn. His keen eyes sparkled when he heard of the great adventures of the boys of St. Giddy's since they left England.

"So we're going on to Bir Ella Khala, sir!" chuckled Johnny. "And we hope to see you mop up those Arab devils, and take Hassan the Cruel back to the hoosegow at Timbuktu!"

The face of Captain Fury grew grave. "Hassan El Moktar is an enemy to be feared, my lads!" he said. "We cannot take his operations too seriously—but we shall see!"

The juniors drew aside to watch the great military caravan, whilst Captain Fury and the officers held a discussion together.

All at once the gaunt, black shape of the Hawk's monoplane came whirling into view from over the high sand dunes. Suddenly the chums of the Remove, who were standing in a group apart from the soldiers, gave hoarse shouts of terror.

The 'plane was zooming swiftly upon them, and a rope swung down from the cockpit, with the sinister figure of the Hawk upon it! They knew that the

Hawk was able to control the flight of his machine by the radio apparatus he carried on his belt.

Swiftly, the Hawk swung on the rope, and encircled the Remove leader with his powerful arm, that held Johnny in a grip like a vice. The hapless junior was swept upward from the hollow between the sand dunes.

As he found himself whirled through the air, Johnny heard the *thud-thud* of horses' hoofs clopping swiftly in the sand. Next minute the figure of Captain Fury appeared over the mound on his Arab horse. He reined up his steed so that it stood prancing on its hind legs. In the same instant his sabre flashed upward, cutting the rope with one sweeping slash!

The Hawk, with Johnny Gee still clutched to him, dropped headlong into the sand, and they both rolled over and over down the side of the immense dune. The Remove leader saw the Hawk leap to his feet, revolver drawn. There was a sharp interchange of gunfire, and the Hawk's black, hideous form disappeared behind the dune.

Beyond the distant ridge of sand they saw the black 'plane descend. The Hawk gripped the trailing rope, now shortened by Captain Fury's timely cut, and was carried far aloft into the sky, soaring upwards at ever-increasing speed.

"I'm all right, chaps. Thanks to Captain Fury," said Johnny as his chums dashed up.

Captain Fury came galloping across, and the Removees gave him a cheer. He smiled grimly. "On to Bir Ella Khala, *mes braves!*" he cried to them, waving his sabre in the air. The military caravan started off again with Colonel de Rivera and Captain Fury at the head of the column.

THE following day Captain Lefevre, peering across the limitless sand through his long-range glasses, saw a detachment of Touaregs attacking a small Sheik's camp. Instantly the Spaceship descended close to the desert and hovered over the gallant column of *Legionnaires*. Captain Lefevre communicated his message to Captain Fury, who immediately set off across the dunes, at the head

of a large detachment of his braves.

It seemed to Johnny Gee & Co. that the gallant encampment must fall to the hands of the desert raiders, but suddenly Captain Fury dashed upon the scene, flashing his sabre in the brilliant sunshine.

The Touaregs fell back with savage shouts, and a thrilling fight at close quarters developed.

Gradually, Captain Fury and his dashing band drove the tribesmen back. Suddenly a group of fighting 'planes of the latest type, painted yellow, with red crescents on the wings, appeared, swooping

fast upon the scene—the air raiders of Hassan El Moktar's rebel desert army!

Captain Lefevre rapped orders to his men, and the gun-ports were opened. Trained marksmen lined the sights upon the enemy 'planes—a series of deafening explosions rent the air, and belches of flame and smoke spouted from the ports of the Spaceship. They were the long-distance machine-guns firing, and the raking hail of lead cast havoc amongst the air raiders.

At length the crescent flyers, many of them crippled badly, flew off towards the inner fastnesses of the desert, whilst the savage tribesmen below had scattered before the *Legionnaires*.

Johnny Gee gave a sudden joyous shout.

"Why—that Sheik down there! It's old Yussif Ali Bey, the boy Sheik—our old pal!" he cried. "Captain Lefevre, we know them! They came touring in England some time ago, and visited St. Giddy's. We taught 'em to play cricket!"

The Spaceship was again lowered, and it hovered low, whilst Johnny Gee & Co. leaped down from the landing-ladders and rushed eagerly to meet their old Arab friends.

"By the grace of Allah, it is old Johnny and his sublime friends!" exclaimed Yussif Ali Bey, performing a low salaam in greeting of the heroes of St. Giddy's. "A thousand welcomes, O my excellent pals!"

"Jolly pleased to see you, Ali, old scout!" chuckled Johnny. Johnny Gee & Co. stayed as

THE RAY BARRIER.—Terror gripped Johnny as a shower of knives sailed at him. Next moment a shaft of blue light came from above, deflecting the knives harmlessly aside.



guests in the tents of Yussif Ali Bey, and were entertained on the lavish scale typical of the East, while Captain Fury moved on with his legionnaires.

Meanwhile, Johnny Gee & Co and Yussif Ali Bey & Co enjoyed a game of cricket in the cooler air of the evening. The Boy Sheik and his comrades had much improved their cricket since they had learned the rudiments of the game at St. Giddy's. They were fully equipped with very expensive cricket tackle, and had a pitch laid out in front of the encampment.

Johnny Gee & Co beat the Arab boys, though not by a very wide margin, for Ali Bey & Co. proved that at cricket, as at other things, they were foemen worthy of their steel!

At length it was time for them to "turn in," and Johnny Gee & Co. had the great thrill of sleeping beneath the stars and the crescent moon, in the midst of the Arab encampment. Johnny Gee remained awake long after his chums had fallen asleep. Suddenly he stiffened, and sat up among his blankets with a startled gasp.

A rope was dangling from the Spaceship, and down it came a swarthy figure in the flowing garments of a Touareg. On the instant Johnny had sprung up in the tent, with a rousing cry to his chums.

"Come on, chaps! There's an Arab villain out there—he's been up on the Spaceship! Goodness knows what villainy——"

The juniors went scampering across the sand-dunes in wild chase of the dark-faced Arab. But their quarry was too quick for them. They saw him leap into the saddle of his waiting steed, and there was a dull clop of hoofs as horse and rider disappeared over the dunes.

Johnny Gee and his chums ran back into the black shadow cast on the sand by the Spaceship hovering in the moonlight. The juniors drew the night watch's attention, the landing-ladders were sent down, and they clambered aboard.

Breathlessly they told Captain Lefevre of what had happened. Their fears were soon found to be justified. After a swift inspection, Captain Lefevre returned to the waiting chums.

"The cunning devil—he's disabled us!" exclaimed the Spaceship skipper between his teeth. "It will take days, perhaps, before the damage can be rectified and the craft made navigable once more. In the morning you and your Arab friends will set off for Bir Ella Khala with some of my men, who will be armed, and I will send out two of the light aeroplanes that we carry. One will set out at once, to tell Captain Fury to halt his detachment and wait for you, and the other will act as convoy to you."

The Arabs Routed.

TWO days later, in company with Captain Fury and the *Legionnaires*, they reached the big military post in the hinterland of the Sahara. They saw a high, loop-holed wall of sun-baked bricks, a squat blockhouse, the slender shaft of a watch-tower with the tricolour of France fluttering bravely aloft.

The gallant party wended its way through the gates amid thunderous cheers from the Legion soldiers in the post. Lieutenant Lartel, the officer temporarily in charge, received Colonel de Rivera and Captain Fury on the veranda of the officers' quarters.

The chums of the Remove found much to interest and thrill them, in the desert post of the Foreign Legion. They saw for themselves, at first hand, the gallant scamps of all nationalities who formed the greatest troop of heroes in the world.

In the late afternoon a group of natives appeared on a dune several kilometres away, evidently placed there as scouts, to observe the Post. Through a field-glass mounted on a tripod Captain Fury saw the blue-and-white clad Touaregs wave their black hands derisively when the rifle bullets from the fort kicked up the sand.

Before darkness was complete, a horde of hostile warriors had taken their positions in the sand-dunes around the fortress. Bullets thudded against the bricks, and the heavy drone of the Arabs' fighting planes was heard overhead, dropping bombs which, thanks to the guns in the Post, did no damage.

Towards midnight the firing ceased. Johnny

Gee & Co., standing at a look-out post on the fortress wall, were startled to see the dark form of an Arab walking towards the fort, his hands raised as a signal of truce. The sentry allowed the man to go right up to the wall, and took something from him. It was a piece of paper, and Johnny Gee & Co. heard the messenger say in husky tones:

"A message for Colonel de Rivera."

The Removites gazed at one another wonderingly. "What can that mean, Johnny?" asked Dick Bannister in a hushed voice.

"Hush!" muttered the Remove leader, with a quick glance across the fortress square. "Here comes the Colonel!"

They saw the dark figure of Colonel de Rivera come creeping from his quarters. A muttered word to the sentry, who saluted, and he had passed out of the gate of the fortress.

"I think there may be treachery!" muttered Johnny Gee. "Let's hop down and follow, and see where he goes."

The juniors crept along the fortress wall, and dropped down noiselessly into the sand. Crouching low in the shadows, they reached the high-flung dunes and followed the tall, erect form of Colonel de Rivera.

He came at length to the old Arab village some kilometres from the Post—a village long since deserted but now used as a base for the insurgent tribes' operations against Bir Ella Khala.

A tall Arab sentry admitted him. He was conducted into a tent where an oil-lamp hung, casting its yellow rays upon the tall, herculean figure of Hassan El Moktar. Johnny Gee & Co., who had made their way into the village, watched through a slit behind the tent.

"So, Colonel de Rivera, you have answered my call—the final call!" he said sardonically. "To-night you pay the price, as you promised."

"I gave you my word, Hassan El Moktar, that when you sent for me I would come on condition that you did not require me to betray my country or my regiment," the Colonel said in a low, vibrant voice.

"I, too, am going to keep my promise, *mon Colonel!*" Hassan said gratefully. "I have fetched you here to chop your head off. It will be cast over the wall of the fortress to-morrow, when the massed attack of my warriors is launched! The ghastly sight will cast terror among the black troopers—there will not be sufficient European troops to keep order, and Bir Ella Khala will fall!"

"So be it, Hassan El Moktar," Colonel de Rivera said in a low, firm voice.

Hassan the Cruel muttered an oath in Arabic. He picked up a large-bladed scimitar and swung it sideways, preparing to deliver the death-stroke that would sever de Rivera's head from his body.

But just as he was about to slash with the cruel blade, Hassan's evil face changed in expression, a low mutter of alarm burst from his lips, and he wheeled round with a cry. Johnny Gee & Co. were discovered!

Hassan dashed from the tent after them, shouting to his Arab followers, who streamed out in all directions in chase of the Removites. Johnny and his chums went tumbling through the sand-dunes, only to be brought up sharp as the dark, swarthy forms of Arabs rose before them in the moonlight. Strong, sinewy hands seized them and whirled them down, fighting gamely. The chums of the Remove were dragged back to the old Arab village and were cast into a filthy brick-walled room. The door was slammed upon them, and Arab warriors were put on guard outside.

The juniors had not been imprisoned long before footsteps sounded outside, and the door of their

YOUR EDITOR'S RIPPING GIFT OFFER!

A Treat You Won't Want to Miss—Spanking Cricket and Mystery Number Next Week—and

TEN AUTOGRAPHED COUNTY CRICKET BATS—Offered Free!

MY DEAR CHUMS,
Next week the old Mag scores another Big Hit. Nothing less than a grand opportunity to you all to possess a Splendid **Cricket Bat Autographed by Your County Team!**

Yes, chaps, these stunning bats are made of the finest quality willow with cane splice and spring handle—and, in addition, they will be autographed by every playing member of your own County Cricket team! Not one player—but the whole lot! Ten of these Unique Bats which will be immensely valuable in years to come will be presented to the winners of a simple competition.

Worth picking up, oh, boys? Don't forget to tell all your chums about your favourite boys' paper's latest scoop—but just to make sure, better order your own copies in advance next week as there's bound to be a rush to be in on this great chance!

You can wager I have searched high and low, my masters, for stories that will uphold the Mag's high standard next week. You'll be thrilled to the core by the special long yarn of cricket and a startling mystery which has been specially written for this number by the secret service author of Falcon Swift. This yarn concerns an all-Indian team and in view of the Indian cricketers at present touring England, has a special interest. All the glamour of the grand summer game is in this yarn—and an eerie mystery that will keep the hair crinkling on your scalps. I'll not spoil the surprise by revealing the plot here—but take it from me, chaps, this is the greatest yarn of Falcon Swift that has ever appeared in print.

Another fellow who will keep you tense and amused is

The Cannon-Ball Cricketer!

This worthy is none other than Bunsen Gage, the boy inventor. Bunsen is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. His exploit against Bully Hankey next week, however, ends happily—for Bunsen. Whether Hankey is as pleased about it all I'll leave you to discover for yourselves next week.

A Cad Accused!

is the title of next week's grand long complete tale featuring the Boys of St. Giddy's. The scene shifts

prison was opened. A tall form in the French Foreign Legion uniform was thrust in. Colonel de Riveria!

He turned a lined, haggard face to the juniors. "You are gallant boys, *mes enfants*, but Hassan El Moktar has greater forces at his command than we suspected," he said. "We are all doomed. I care not for myself—I came out here to-night ready to

from the giant airship on which they are voyaging to the old school back in Kent. This does not mark the end of their tour but the author of these spiffing school yarns has written next week's gripping, human interest tale by way of variety. Potter, of the Remove, comes into the limelight in dramatic circumstances. The moving story of Potter's folly makes this yarn one of the most absorbing we have had in this great series.

Another amazing science-tale appears next week.

The Giant Ant Men

one of the strangest tales of this type I have read tells of an attempt to steal the crown jewels with the aid of a startling invention. You will see the monster insects crawling through the demented guards—impervious to machine-gun and rifle bullets. And you will be astounded at the surprise denouement of this stunning complete yarn. It is written by the author of "The Ice Rays," which appears this week—himself a clever scientist.

Who doesn't enjoy the doings of cute Tom Hinton—the Taxi 'Tec'? Not the writers of the tons of letters which have reached me asking for more.

The Regatta Robbery,

which tells of his latest encounter with Professor Leo Wolfgang is one of the best yarns in this series yet. Tiny's famous taxi gets a new body with a sunshine roof for the occasion, but the job of looking after Digger Dell, the famous oarsman, leads the Taxi 'Tec and his vehicle, if not into hot water, into some very cold ditto! Still, though Tiny's taxi comes off second best, the boy 'tec with a water-pistol scores another triumph. A swift-moving, super-sports and 'tec tale this, chaps! Don't miss it.

Patent Pocket Targets!

The ripping dartboards with metal-tipped darts have made a great hit with B.M.-ites. So popular have they proved that I have ordered another bumper supply. Don't forget they are absolutely free—a 1½d. stamp to cover postage and four coupons are all you have to send for one of these ripping gifts! And the coupons appear every week in *Boys' Magazine*. Those readers who want a new one can send for it now.

More grand news next week.

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

give up my life in satisfaction of my vow. A year ago, my son came out alone into the desert, to pay me a visit. He fell into the hands of Hassan El Moktar. Hassan sent for me, and threatened to kill my son before my very eyes unless I gave him a promise that, were I released with my son, I would come to him when he sent for me. I gave my word—on the understanding that when Hassan the Cruel

should send for me I should not be required to perform any act that would make me a traitor to France and to my regiment. The rest you know."

The night passed—hours of sleepless anxiety and tension. Then Hassan El Moktar entered their place of imprisonment, followed by a band of his Arab outlaws. Colonel de Rivera and the Removites were seized, and dragged out into the open. The prisoners were placed against the high mud-brick wall, and scores of swarthy, evil-looking Arabs ranged all round.

Hassan El Moktar turned to Johnny Gee. "You boys will not be shot," he said. "Your deaths shall be slower—more amusing. One by one you shall be made the sport for my knife-throwers, and you, brave young dog, shall be the first to try their skill—and your own skill in dodging! My men will throw their knives at you as you stand against this wall, and you will be free to dodge their blades, for as long as you can!"

The faces of the Removites blanched with horror. They were surrounded by the grinning Arabs, and there was no possibility of escape! Next moment, a shower of glittering knives came hurtling towards Johnny as he stood crouching against the wall!

Terror gripped at Johnny's heart. He knew that he could not dodge so many knives, that were speeding towards him from all directions. But then a miracle happened! A shaft of blue, almost unceasing light shot through the air from above, forming a barrier between Johnny and his persecutors. The knives were deflected in an instant, and fell harmlessly to the ground!

All eyes turned upwards, and Dick Bannister uttered a shout of joy when he saw the Spaceship hovering over the Arab encampment, with Captain Lefevre leaning out of the window of the control-room, the lens of his anti-gravity ray machine pointed downwards!

There was commotion in the rebel camp at once. The superstitious Arabs, terrified at this manifestation of apparent magic, dashed off with loud yells. Hassan the Cruel whipped out his scimitar and made a lunge at Colonel de Rivera. But the ray, directed upon that sweeping blade, held it in a powerful magnetic control, so that Hassan, strong though he was, could not move the weapon one inch nearer his intended victim!

The landing-ropes were lowered from the Spaceship and, under the protection of Captain Lefevre's crew, who raked the Arab camp with rifle-fire, Johnny Gee & Co. and de Rivera clambered upwards to safety.

"Just in time, my lads!" said Captain Lefevre grimly, as he twirled the ends of his pointed moustache. "We managed to get the Z26 going sooner than we expected. We went to Bir Ella Khala, and Captain Fury signalled to us, telling us of your danger. He is coming up with the soldiers of the Post to attack Hassan in this village."

The Spaceship hovered over the Arab encampment and waited for the gallant British captain and his Legionnaires. Soon the great column of soldiers appeared and immediately prepared to give battle.

A deadly hail of machine-gun and rifle bullets raked the mud houses, taking terrible toll of the Arabs, but the gaps were always filled as more of the outlaws took the place of the slain. The Spaceship, too, wreaked terrible havoc in the hordes of Hassan the Cruel with its small guns and machine-guns.

Suddenly the juniors saw the gallant Legionnaires fix bayonets and, led by Captain Fury, charge down on the encampment. Uttering blood-curdling yells worthy of the men they were fighting, the soldiers of Bir Ella Khala swept through the Arab town

irresistibly. Desperate hand-to-hand fighting took place, scimitar and lance against sword and revolver.

In the thick of the fighting Captain Fury was living up to his name. Suddenly the Englishman caught sight of Hassan El Moktar swinging his scimitar in a great circle of death. With a great shout Fury fought his way to the huge Arab and engaged with him.

The Arab, swinging his scimitar, made a lunge at the Englishman, who took the blow on his own blade. So powerful was the blow, however, that Fury's sword snapped off short, leaving him helpless. Captain Fury, undaunted, seized a rifle, with bayonet affixed, from the hands of a Legionnaire at his side, and, as Hassan swung his scimitar up for the death-blow, the gallant captain plunged the bayonet through the Arab's throat.

At the fall of their leader the Arabs round about uttered shouts of dismay, and it was not long before they turned tail and fled, completely beaten. Many were made prisoners, and the few who survived were too utterly scattered ever to challenge the rule of the Legion.

The Spaceship descended, and Captain Lefevre and the juniors alighted. They swarmed around Captain Fury, shaking his hand and congratulating him on his great success.

Suddenly the juniors saw the sinister shape of the Hawk's plane swooping down upon the encampment. Johnny Gee's quick eye caught the shape of something round and deadly-looking in the air crotch's hand.

"A bomb!" he shouted.

"Keep out of sight!" shouted Captain Fury. "Corporal Tomkins has brought his favourite gun with him, a portable anti-aircraft gun."

Corporal Tomkins unstrapped the gun from his back, set it up on the tripod and took sight with the long telescope attached to the barrel. *Bang!* The cockney let fire.

"Hurrah! You got him! You've smashed one of his wings!"

The plane lurched off and zig-zagged along the course it had shaped towards the Arab town. Then it started to drop, whirling diagonally down behind the sand-dunes.

"He's gone! I don't think we will be bothered with him again!" muttered Captain Fury.

Later a force of Legionnaires was led over the Mirage Mountains to the Forbidden City, the stronghold of Hassan the Cruel. There was very little opposition, and the place was quickly captured. Beneath the city were discovered great oil wells and a refining plant, explaining how the Hawk got his petrol. He, of course, had supplied Hassan with modern weapons.

During the short skirmish at the Forbidden City, the Spaceship shot down some of the planes of Hassan; the rest flew off, probably to join the Hawk in some secret retreat.

Back at Bir Ella Khala, the victory was celebrated in jubilant spirit. The heroes of the Remove stayed with Captain Fury and his men for two days, and then the Spaceship set out on its return journey to Timbuktu, leaving Captain Fury in charge of Bir Ella Khala, and taking Colonel de Rivera back with them to explain everything to Colonel Martillac and hand Hassan the Cruel over to justice!

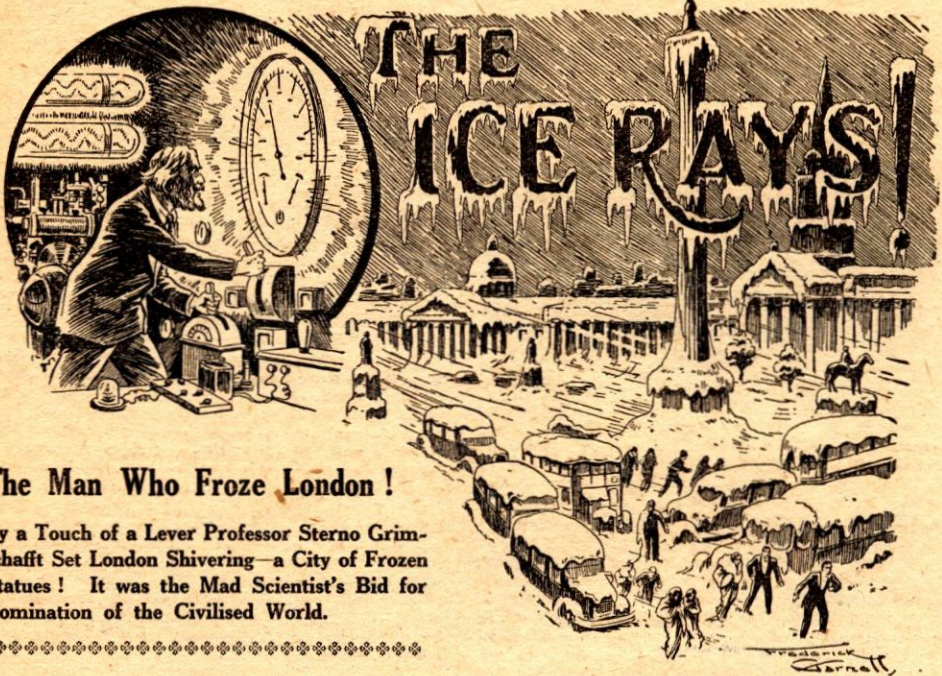
"My word!" chuckled Johnny Gee, as the big airship sped over the desert. "This has been more exciting than we bargained for!"

Pretty hot at Timbuktu, isn't it, lads? The Joyous Juniors have foiled another terrible villain and have met some of their old chums. Another chortling yarn of the Boys of St. Giddy's next week.

**WEIRD, COMPLETE
SCIENCE TALE**

THE GREAT ICE PERIL

**THE ZERO
HEROES!**



The Man Who Froze London!

By a Touch of a Lever Professor Sterno Grim-schafft Set London Shivering—a City of Frozen Statues! It was the Mad Scientist's Bid for Domination of the Civilised World.



The House of Horror

ZIZZZZH—boo-oo-oom! The thunder crashed on the heels of the dazzling lightning, and Dick Haversham and Bob Somers were half-stunned by the very fury of the elements.

"Look!" yelled Dick pointing. "There's a house up there—let's make for it, Bob! It's dangerous under these trees—with the storm right overhead!"

When they had started out on this hike, in the brilliant sunshine of the summer's afternoon, they had plunged lightheartedly into the depths of the wooded Surrey hills without a thought of any possible storm.

It had developed suddenly, and the sultry evening had become as black as night. So far, there was very little rain—just a few enormous drops which fell about the two youngsters with dull, ominous "plops." And the temperature remained tropically hot.

Boom—craaaaaash! It was like an explosion, and Dick and Bob halted, awed by the storm's threat.

They both worked in the same Government office, in Whitehall—they were both strong, stalwart, healthy lads, and until the storm had developed, they had revelled in the free and easy hike.

"Something funny about that place, Dick!" said Bob, suddenly clutching at his chum's arm.

They had broken free of the dense trees, and now they could see, on the rising ground in front of them, a strange isolated building, with an observatory-like tower, jutting out against the inky sky. There was an uncanny kind of green halo outlining the tower vividly.

These green rays flickered unceasingly, radiating

outwards and upwards in the most mysterious manner. Not a light showed in the house.

Zizzzzh! A flash of blazing lightning seared down. It was followed by an explosion like the report of a big gun. Livid flames leapt up from the ground, not far ahead, and both boys were hurled backwards by a terrific blast of air.

"**Phew!** That was a narrow shave!" muttered Dick Haversham. "Did you see, Bob? The lightning struck not fifty yards away from us."

"I believe the lightning's struck the wall—" said Bob Somers. "Yes! Look there!"

Another flash had come—a distant one this time, long and flickering. In the sudden blaze, the boys saw a prison-like wall, with a great gaping rent in it, where the lightning had struck.

"Come on!" said Dick, with a gulp. "We can get through that gap—and reach the house. The people who live there won't refuse to give us shelter in a storm like this."

As they pressed forward the rain commenced to come down much harder, the enormously big drops pattering on all sides noisily.

"I say, I hope this place isn't a convalescent home of some kind—an isolation hospital for dangerous diseases!" said Bob Somers in a low voice. "I can't help wondering—"

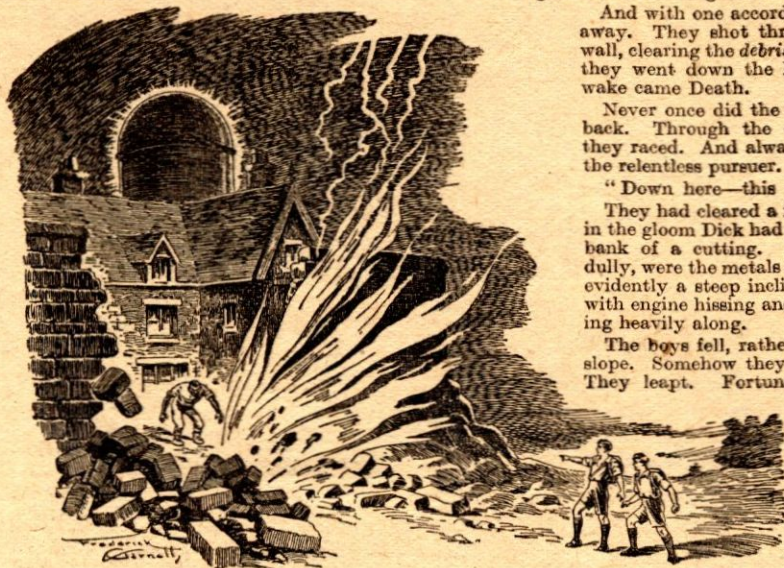
He broke off abruptly, and at the same moment his companion caught his breath in with a sharp gasp. For as the boys walked forward they felt a startling change in the temperature. A moment ago they had been perspiring in the sultry, humid heat; now they were chilled to the marrow.

In another flash of lightning Dick saw the hailstones.

They were as big as pigeon's eggs, bouncing off the hard ground as they struck. The same enormous raindrops as before—but now frozen solid!

"What—what does it mean?" panted Bob, shivering so much that his teeth chattered.

They stood, helpless with amazement and sudden apprehension. They had only felt this queer effect after passing within the private grounds of the mysterious house. And now, staring upwards, they could see the green rays more distinctly; they appeared to be shooting outwards from the tower in their direction.



THE TERROR OF THE STORM.—Zizzzz! A flash of lightning seared down, followed by an explosion like the report of a gun. Livid flames leapt up, revealing a hideous negro—the Black Dwarf.

Dick tried to speak, but was horrified to find that his jaw would scarcely move. The moisture in his mouth had turned to ice! His tongue was actually frozen. Some vague, unseen force had got him in its grip—something far more deadly than mere frost. Bob Somers was experiencing precisely the same sensations. When he tried to move he found that his limbs were useless.

Then, with equal abruptness, the cold wave vanished. The return of the warm air was so unexpected, so swift, that the boys fell, wracked with agony for some moments. When they managed, at length, to struggle to their feet, they saw that the green rays had gone. Overhead the lightning blazed and the thunder crashed, and rain was now descending in grim earnest.

"What—what was it?" panted Dick shakily. "I've been in a few thunderstorms, Bob, but I've never known anything like that frost in all my life!"

"The temperature must have dropped sixty or seventy degrees all in a mere second!" said Bob dazedly. "I can hardly believe it—there's something awful about this place, Dick!"

"Look!" gasped Dick, clutching at his chum's arm.

A blaze of lightning had revealed one of the upper windows of the dark old house; and the boys saw that the window was open. Standing there, gazing out into the night, was a strange, shaggy, elderly man.

And as the thunder rolled away, echoing amongst the hills, the boys heard a weird, wailing cry.

"Great Scott! Let's get away from here!" jerked Bob hoarsely.

They turned, and found themselves staring at the Black Dwarf—a grotesque, hideous negro, with a great, flattened nose, enormous lips, and fang-like teeth, yellowish and uneven. Its arms were of such length that they almost touched the ground.

A snarling sound came from the Black Dwarf; his eyes burned with mad hatred; he leapt forward, his great arms reaching out like talons.

And with one accord Dick and Bob raced away. They shot through the gap in the wall, clearing the debris in one bound. Away they went down the hillside, and in their wake came Death.

Never once did the boys pause to glance back. Through the driving, pelting rain they raced. And always in their rear came the relentless pursuer.

"Down here—this way!" gulped Dick.

They had cleared a fence at a bound, and in the gloom Dick had seen the steep, grassy bank of a cutting. Far below, gleaming dully, were the metals of the railway. It was evidently a steep incline, for a goods train, with engine hissing and roaring, was labouring heavily along.

The boys fell, rather than ran, down the slope. Somehow they reached the bottom. They leapt. Fortunately, the train was

going slowly enough for them to clutch securely. And, far too exhausted to speak, they tumbled into one of the trucks.

And there, on the permanent way, left behind, was the grotesque Dwarf, mouthing horribly.

The Great Midsummer Frost!

THE Prime Minister of England, seated at his desk, in No. 10, Downing Street, regarded his visitor with interest.

"You have said in your letters, Professor, that your business with me is of national importance," he said in his quiet, dignified way. "I regret there has been some delay in making this appointment—"

"Let us not waste time in polite exchanges, sir," interrupted Professor Sterno Grimschafft. "After many disappointments I am at last face to face with you."

The Premier made no comment, although he was surprised. Professor Sterno Grimschafft, shaggy, untidy of dress, wild of eye, impressed him strangely. The name of Grimschafft, of course, was a household word—for the Professor was one of the most brilliant, most progressive, scientists in the country.

"You will be startled by what I am about to say—but I wish to impress you with the fact that I am in deadly earnest!" said Professor Grimschafft, rising to his feet and pacing up and down. "Sir, you behold the most powerful man in the world! Here," he extended a chemical-stained hand, and closed his fingers suggestively—"here, in this grip of mine, I hold the country! Yes! I hold the world itself!"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Prime Minister, starting up in amazement.

"Being what I am—being the Commander of the World, I require State support," continued Professor Sterno Grimshafft. "First, I must have Chequers for my own use. I shall also require servants—hundreds of servants—State motor-cars, and so on. Further, you will provide me with a Special Guard of Honour. I have already designed the uniforms that these men shall wear."

"Dear me!" said the Premier, reaching for his bell. "Really, Professor, you are not at all well."

"Wait!" rapped out the other, suddenly bending forward and clutching the Prime Minister's hand. "You think I am mad, yes? You would ring for assistance. Bah! Let me tell you what will happen to London if you refuse to grant my reasonable request." He made a sweeping gesture towards the windows. "It is a fair summer's morning; London swelters in midsummer heat. Refuse to obey my instructions, and London shall be brought within the dread clutches of the Ice Grip!"

"I see—I see!" said the Prime Minister, gently. "Well, Professor, I must place this matter before the Cabinet. You will realise that I cannot—"

"I realise that you are attempting to humour me!" snarled Professor Grimshafft, his eyes blazing like live coals. "You think you are dealing with a madman, do you not? But I tell you that if you send me away empty-handed, I shall give you a sample of what my Magnaforce can accomplish. I have discovered the amazing qualities of the Voxific Layer—that mysterious unseen belt which lies five hundred miles beyond the Earth's atmosphere. The Voxific Layer answers, with amazing readiness, to my Ambra oscillations. Yes, it was I who invented the Ambra Tubes—"

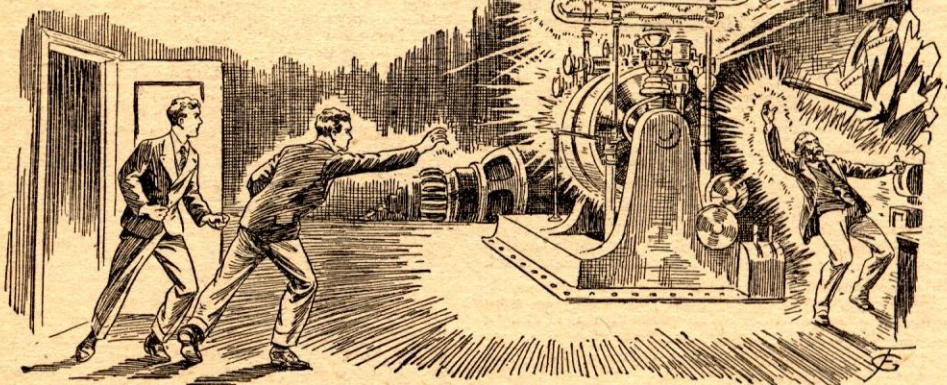
Bob looked, and started. "Ye gods and little fishes! That shaggy figure we saw at the window of the mysterious house in Surrey!" he muttered. "I'll swear he's the same."

"And he's just come out of Downing Street."

The chums were puzzled, and not a little disturbed. Ever since that uncanny experience they had wondered whether they should go to the police. Yet, the very fantastic nature of their story held them back.

The day was unusually hot; and when evening came the sky was coppery in hue, and London sweltered. The temperature was over eighty in the shade, and the night promised to be one of those still, sultry nights when sleep is difficult.

Dick and Bob, not so keen on hiking now, went for a motor-cycle run, and they reached the seaside during the evening, when they indulged in a cooling bath.



THE INFERNAL ICE MACHINE.—With all his strength, Bob flung his wooden stake at the blazing dial. There came a shattering of glass, and lightning-like flashes shot out of the broken instrument.

But by this time the Prime Minister, taking advantage of the Professor's turned head, had touched a bell push. Servants came—stalwart attendants were sent for. And Professor Sterno Grimshafft, quite obviously a harmless lunatic, was escorted out.

"I feared this!" he said, as a final word to the Premier. "Well, my good sir, you will see. To-night, when the Voxific Layer is most powerful, the Ice Grip will hold London in a vice!"

About the same time, Dick Haversham and Bob Somers left the office for lunch. They were both walking down Whitehall.

"Look!" said Dick, breathlessly. "That man over on the other pavement."

Then, in the oppressive heat of the gathering night, they turned London-wards.

About eight o'clock, just when the West End theatres were filling, the Ice Grip descended.

People in the streets were airily attired; ladies wore the flimsiest of frocks and cloaks; gentlemen were hatless, waistcoatless, and—in the less prominent streets, they walked about in their shirt-sleeves. It was one of the hottest evenings within living remembrance.

And then, as though by magic, the temperature dropped. It was bewildering—frightening—terrifying. Down—down—down! The sultriness of the atmosphere gave way to a sharp, biting coldness.

Then came the Blizzard—snow at first, turning

to tiny, ice crystals of the kind only seen in Polar regions. It should have been a heavy summer's rain, but, owing to this startling change in the temperature, it was a blizzard.

Down tumbled the temperature—down to freezing point—zero—twenty below—forty—sixty degrees below zero!

Colder and colder, and people, terrified, were escaping from the streets—fleeing into hotels, restaurants, shops, and private houses.

Motor-cars, motor-buses, and lorries were stranded in every part of the stricken Metropolis—the water frozen solid in their radiators. Even the Thames itself, incredibly enough, had a thin layer of ice over its surface, which rapidly grew thicker.

After that came the Great Terror. For panic seized London's teeming millions. Chaos reigned everywhere. In such places as Piccadilly Circus the traffic was at a standstill, in hopeless disorder. The snow lay everywhere. Point-duty policemen were standing motionless—frozen solid at their posts.

Twenty miles out there was no sign of frost, the summer temperature remained unchanged. And all the main roads became choked with traffic—thousands of motorists, returning Londonwards, were held up. And thus the panic spread, and London lay helpless.

In Downing Street, the Prime Minister, surrounded by all the available members of his Cabinet, was breathlessly describing his interview with Professor Sterno Grimschafft.

"Gentlemen, in this appalling crisis we must face the facts!" the Prime Minister was saying. "This unbelievable frost is the work of Professor Grimschafft. He came to me—threatened that London would be clutched in the Ice-Grip unless I agreed to his preposterous demands! Gentlemen, we must find Grimschafft—we must make terms with him! Otherwise, London will perish!"

Heroes of the Hour

IT was nearly ten o'clock; Dick Haversham and Bob Somers had succeeded in getting as far as Thornton Heath. Here the temperature was below freezing point, but quite bearable. Dread rumours were coming out from London. The roads, ahead, were choked with congested traffic.

"Come here, Dick—quick!" muttered Bob feverishly. He dragged his chum away, and Dick saw that his face was flushed.

"Remember that shaggy man we saw in Whitehall to-day?" he panted. "He came from Downing Street, didn't he? I heard somebody saying, not long ago, that a madman had been to the Prime Minister to-day, and—"

"You—you mean that this man is the cause of the frost?" gasped Dick.

They stared at one another—both struck by the same thought.

"Come on!" panted Dick. "We've got our motor-bikes. We'll go down to that old house—and we'll make sure!"

By the time they got down into Surrey the temperature was sultry again—real summer. It was difficult to believe, indeed, that London was freezing up solid, and that people were succumbing like flies.

"Look!" said Dick feverishly.

They reached that lonely hill, which was so familiar to them. Leaving their motor-cycles behind, they had undertaken the last part of the journey on foot; and now they could see the gaunt old house before them. From the observatory-like tower the mysterious green rays were flickering far, far into the sky.

"We were right!" muttered Dick. "Look at

those rays, Bob! They're all pouring out in one direction—right across London!"

"There's only one thing for us to do—get into that house, and smash the apparatus which is being used," said Bob grimly.

They found that the broken wall had been roughly boarded up. They forced their way in, and almost at once they saw the ugly, mis-shapen figure of the Black Dwarf. This creature, no doubt, was kept by the mad scientist as a guard.

He sprang at the boys—but this time they did not turn and flee. Dick was the first to leap in, and a fist like teak crashed into the dwarf's hideous face. With a scream of rage, the monster staggered, but he came to the attack again. Bob, whipping up a great stake of wood, whirled it round.

Crash! It descended upon the dwarf's head, and the creature sagged to the ground without a sound.

Still holding that great piece of wood, Bob smashed it through the nearest window. He and Dick forced their way in, and one of them flashed on an electric torch. They mounted a staircase, and from far above they could hear a strange whining hum, like the whirring of machinery.

Up they went, mounting two or three flights of stairs. Then they came upon a metal circular staircase; and here the whining hum was so loud that conversation was difficult. The two plucky boys pressed on. Suddenly, Dick saw a streak of light on a little landing, coming from beneath a door. He charged straight at it, and burst through with Bob at his heels.

They halted, aghast, for they saw a great domed room, glowing with greenish-purple light. In the centre there was a vast, glittering machine, from which the whirring came. Sparks were flying from two enormous rotating drums; projecting from the machine were great glass tubes—tubes filled with flickering red flames. All round the room were great switch-boards, levers, and other weird festoons of scientific apparatus.

At the main switch-board, crouching like some monster, was Professor Sterno Grimschafft, gripping two gleaming levers. In front of him an illuminated dial, three feet across, was blazing with greenish-purple fire. There were figures and degree marks on this dial, and a long, sensitive needle was hovering to and fro.

"Fools—fools!" the mad Professor was raving. "They shall all die in the Ice-Grip! My Magnaforce shall suck the coldness down from the Vortex Layer! See! See the Ambra oscillations!"

With all his strength, Bob Somers flung his stake of wood at the blazing dial.

Craaaaash! There came a shattering of glass, and lightning-like flashes shot out from the broken instrument. A terrible and mysterious force leapt across the room, flinging the two boys headlong.

With an animal-like scream, Professor Grimschafft clutched at one of the smashed controls—and in front of the boys' eyes the greenish-purple flames leaped round him, enveloping him. Within the space of three seconds he was dead.

The whining hum died away, and complete darkness fell upon that room of mystery. Outside, the green rays no longer radiated upwards, and as though by the waving of a magic wand, the ice blast was taken away from London.

London was saved, and when the truth became known about Dick Haversham and Bob Somers they were treated as national heroes.

Don't miss the grand free offer in next week's **MAQ** of Ten County Cricket Bats autographed by the members of your own County Cricket Team. And grand cricket tale of Falcon Swift.



Cricket Bats and Fountain Pens awarded to senders of all jokes printed here. Send your favourite joke on p.c., with coupon on this page to the—
Jokes Editor,
 "Boys' Magazine,"
 196, Gray's Inn Road,
 London, W.C.1.

Disgusted Spectator (to neighbour at cricket match): Fancy putting on a rotten oowler like that!

Neighbour (wearing an old bowler hat): Well, it's better than that old straw hat you're wearing!

(Cricket bat to A. J. BALDWIN, 9, Beech Avenue, Pinehurst, Swindon, Wilts.)

CANDID.

The mathematics master noticed that one of his pupils was day-dreaming, and not following his work on the blackboard. To recall his attention, he said sharply: "Board, Brown, board!"

The boy, startled, looked up: "Yes, sir, very!"

(Fountain pen to V. WOODSFORD, The Convent, Felixstowe.)

EXAMPLE.

"Do you know why I am going to spank you, Willie?"

"No, Dad. Why?"

"Because you hit a boy smaller than yourself."

"Oh, I thought p'raps it was 'cause I'm smaller than you!"

(Fountain pen to W. V. JAMES, 1, Woodbastwick Rd., Sydenham, S.E.26.)

SOME JOB.

FOREMAN: I want this job finished to-night, Pat!

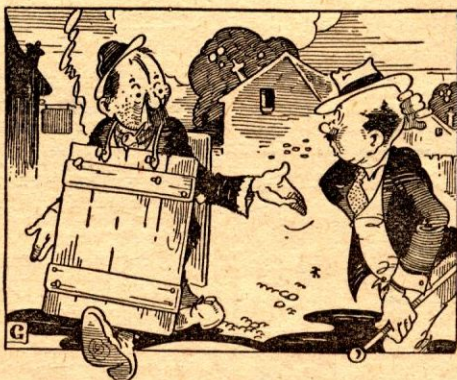
PAT: Shure! I'll get it done to-night, even if I have to work all to-morrow at it.

(Fountain pen to C. DOY, Grammar School House, Banham, near Norwich, Norfolk.)

ALL ON HIS OWN.

LITTLE BOY (who had not been invited to the party): I don't care. When I grow up I shall have a great big party, and I won't ask anyone to it.

(Fountain pen to JOHN BOADEN, Tregoose, Cury, Melston, Cornwall.)



Well-meaning Pedestrian: Pardon me, do you know that your sandwich board is turned wrong side out?

Sandwich board man: Certainly! Yer don't think I'm going to work in me lunch hour, do yer?

(Cricket bat to GEORGE NUTTALL, 119, Talbot Street, Moss Side, Manchester.)

HARDLY!

PAT: Why do they always use a cock as a weather-vane on a church steeple?

MIKE: Well, if they used a hen, it would be too far to fetch the eggs!

(Fountain pen to JOHN ASHCROFT, 8, Lauderdale Road, Preston, Lancs.)

JOKE COUPON.

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

25/6/32.

A LEAK.

AMERICAN TOURIST (on top of bus crossing Westminster bridge): Say, conductor! What is this little stream (pointing to river Thames).

CONDUCTOR: Blimey, if the radiator of this bus isn't leaking again!

(Fountain pen to VINCENT EVANS, 37, Llantwit Rd., Treforest, Glam.)

WELL DONE.

OLD GENT.: And have you done your good turn to-day, my lad?

BOY SCOUT: Yes, sir; I taught Bobby Binks that it isn't safe to call me names!

(Fountain pen to C. E. PORTMAN, 8, Brewery St., Tipton, Staffs.)

BED-TIME.

SMALL BROTHER: Dad says he'll send you straight up to bed if you hit me!

BIG BROTHER: You just wait till after supper!
 (Fountain pen to R. TREEVES, 2, Meon Road, Acton, W.3.)



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When you have solved all the pictures you should arrange them in a complete set, numbers 1-48, and post them to "CRICKETERS,"

"Boys' Magazine," Pump Yard, Manchester (Comp.).

to arrive not later than WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29

The pictures represent names either as they are spelt or as they are pronounced. Do not send in any of the puzzles until you have the whole series numbered 1-48.

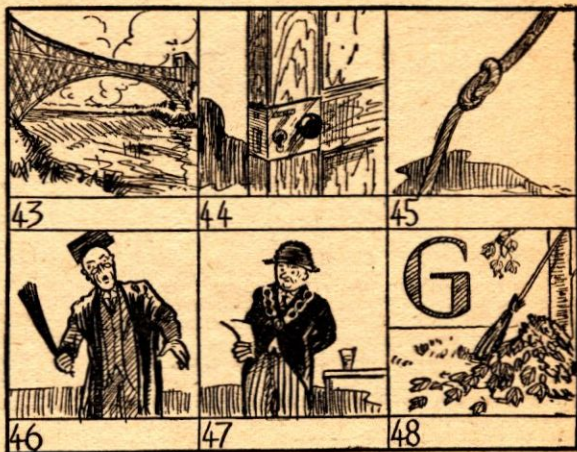
Solutions must be filled in IN INK in the spaces provided on the entry forms.

Only one name must be given under each picture. The decision of the Competition Editor in all matters relating to this competition must be accepted as final.

START TO-DAY! Forty-two puzzles have been published in the last seven issues of the "Mag." If you didn't get them you can get back copies from the Subscription Dept., "Boys' Magazine," Witley Grove, Manchester, price 3d. per copy, post free.

The solutions to this week's pictures are among the following Cricketers' names:

BARNES	HOLMES	LOCKE
BAXTER	HITCH	LOCKWOOD
BIRCH	HUGHES	MAYOR
BRIDGE	KNOTT	WEIR
CLEAVES	LEYLAND	WOOD



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Name

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A PAGE FOR B.M. REDSKIN LEAGUERS



THE CHIEF'S CHAT

Hints on Camping and Tent Making

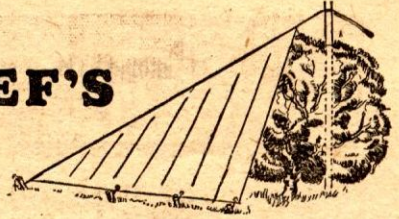
If you want to stay two or three nights in the same place, try making a regular bed. One method I've described before, last year, but I'll go over it briefly again. Two six-foot-long staves make the sides of the bed. Six more staves, each four feet six in length, make the legs. These cross like the legs of an ordinary camp bed, and are bound in the centres in pairs. The "spring" is made of a ball of stout cord, wound back and forth round the long side members, from side to side.

The fixing of the legs to stretch out the spring is clear from the sketch. A "U," cut into the top ends of each pair, holds them against the side members, and a loop of cord, tied tightly and then twisted with a short twig, will draw them taut.

If you already have a tent, you can make a low camp bed as follows. Find a couple of logs about a foot thick and five foot long. These will make head and foot supports for your bed. The sides are, as before, staves six feet by two or three inches. In this case the "spring" is a couple of dozen sticks, six feet by an inch, laid parallel to the two logs, from side to side of the bed, and each in turn bound in place on the side pieces. This will take two people, or even three at a push. It's the bed I myself have been using. When I get up, I take all the bed-clothes off, and drag the bed out and lean it against a hedge till evening. If you make one of this sort, make sure it will go into your tent before you build it—perhaps five feet by six is too big.

The tent itself, if you haven't one already, is most easily made of tarpaulin, ground sheet, or some other large waterproof sheet, slung endwise over a line strung between two poles. Most tents are made with tent-poles, one at each end. But I find it usually best to erect these poles at least six feet beyond the ends of the tent, and hang the tent over a long line running between them. It's a great nuisance having a post right in the middle of the entrance. If you make your own tent, on these lines, the end can be closed up with your macs pinned or tied in place.

If your camp is in a district where the wind blows hard, you'll find it better to sling your tarpaulin over a line from corner to corner, with one corner



touching the ground; and two sides only staked out to the earth. The third side of this triangular edifice is closed with a gorse bush, or some other close-growing shrub. This will let in enough air, but will keep out all breezes. The lower end of this tent should be pointed towards the prevailing wind. The entrance is made by having one corner detachable from its stake, so that a foot or so can be raised.

"How can we build wigwams for our lodges?" several braves have asked. Here's a method, rather after the style of the summer *hogan* of the Navajo Indians. The framework is a number—six or eight or more, if you like—of long, straight staves, bound together at the top, and spread out at the bottom to form a wide circle. The building can be as high and as wide as you like to make it. For a tribe headquarters a good size would be eight or ten feet high and the same width of floor.

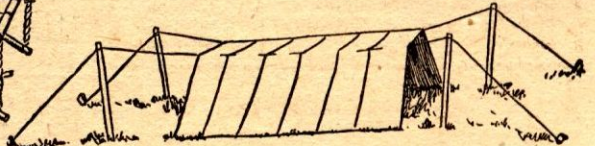
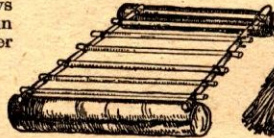
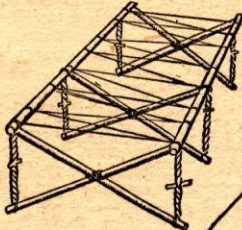
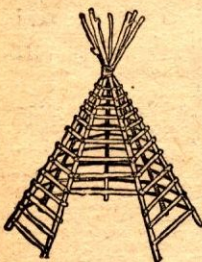
Get smaller twigs, binding them horizontally to the other staves, like ribs. They should go from top to bottom, each no more than six inches from the last.

Lastly, thatch it. I doubt if you can get deerskin to cover the wigwam, so thatch is the only method! Bundles of reeds are best. Tie them up like small sheaves of corn, and bind them down tightly to the framework of the wigwam, starting at the bottom and working round. Then the next layer, a little higher up, will overlap the first, and so on. Do it carefully—don't hurry the work, but make a real good job of it.

If reeds are unavailable, short, thin twigs will do; these take longer to collect and bind, but do the job just as well.

Line the inside with sacking, tying it at intervals through the thatch. If you can get hold of some whitewash or any colour, the wigwam will pay for painting in various designs.

If there's any further advice you want on tent-building, etc., write to me at once, and I'll send you an answer as soon as I can.



Huntz, slightly ahead, moved with the utmost caution, taking advantage of every crevice and rock. At length he stood up slowly against the wall and made a helpless motion with his hands. Somehow they had to climb over that wall.

The immense Zulu grinned in the quiet of the African night, and held up his immense axe. Presently he was busy with it, and with the long coil of thin but immensely strong rope. He made loops at intervals in the rope attached to the handle of the axe. Then standing back he poised and threw.

The axe sailed up as if it had been a feather, and there was the slightest metallic clanking as its protruding edge nicked on the top of the brick wall. The point dug in like a grappling iron as the Zulu tugged, and there it was with the rope trailing down, looped at intervals for footholds.

First the lad with the monoleo, then Huntz climbed up, followed by Fellixa, whose face was livid and fear-twisted. Last of all came the Zulu, grinning. He simply took an immense leap, grasped the axe handle and swung himself atop the high wall like a pole vaulter.

Now the temple lay before them. They crept cautiously, their nerves on edge. Neither Reggie nor the Zulu noticed that Fellixa had left something behind hanging from the wall. It was a rope ladder.

Led by Huntz the party twisted round the corner and crept up immense stone steps to a door. Huntz turned the great iron ring, bound with the brass pattern of a dragon, and the door opened.

They found themselves in a vast, dark temple. Through the stained glass windows the moonlight drained fitfully. The adventurers saw the queer, distorted shape of a great idol. But there was no sign of Trader Cape and Captain Raika.

The lad with the monoleo followed Huntz, who moved lithe as a tiger over the floor of mosaic work. Zambegi coming behind, gripping his terrible axe, suddenly hissed in warning.

At the end of the aisle there was suddenly a lurid glare of light. It leapt up from a great bowl on the steps before the great image. And suspended from a rafter in the ceiling above the bowl of fire hung a black lantern.

Then Reggie Mott suddenly remembered. He had been told by Trader Cape that the sacred butterflies of this temple of Barodi took three years to hatch. And the chrysalides were kept in this black lantern above the bowl of fire. The heat helped to hatch the magnificent, many-hued butterflies from the chrysalis stage. Thus they had come to be known as fire butterflies.

Huntz suddenly dashed through the rounded pillars and made a snatch at the black lantern hanging at the end of the aisle.

Again the Zulu hissed. For there came a strangled cry, and a priest suddenly appeared on the steps of the altar. A gaunt, venerable man of terrible aspect, whose white hair and beard contrasted strangely with his dark colour. He trembled with terrible fury as he flung out a shrivelled, black hand. In trumpet tones he shouted, and his voice rang through the temple.

Then Huntz shot him. Following the fiendish crack of the revolver the priest flung up his arms and collapsed on the altar steps. There was something in it that chilled the blood of those who saw it. A door at the back of the image suddenly opened, and a host of spear-armed Untowosa warriors poured in from the moonlight. The priest had called them. When they saw him lying grotesquely huddled up with his blood staining the altar steps, there was a hiss as of an angry sea, and a shower of spears whistled.

Reggie Mott felt himself suddenly seized. The Zulu was urging him towards the door, and Zambegi's

axe was whirling in a shining barrage against the flying spears.

Somehow they found themselves out in the white fire of the moonlight, running across the courtyard. But Huntz and Fellixa were ahead, and it dawned on Reggie that this had all been planned.

Behind swarmed the enraged Untowosa warriors. Throwing spears came with a high vicious whine through the moonlight. But those that were sped true to their objective clanged against the whirring steel of Zambegi's axe and fell harmlessly to the ground.

Suddenly Reggie Mott gave a startled shout. He was staring at Huntz and Fellixa who were now swarming up the rope ladder, which they had thoughtfully left against the wall. As they reached the wall top they drew up the ladder and commenced the descent the other side. Huntz still had the black lantern.

Reggie saw it all now. Trader Cape and his companion had not, of course, attempted to loot the temple. There would be trouble with the British authorities when this was noised abroad, and Huntz had planned that that trouble should fall upon Reggie and his party, if they lived to get away—

That seemed extremely unlikely. The furious and enraged warriors of the Untowosa tribe were rapidly closing the gap now. For Zambegi had to slow his gait to suit his shorter companion, and also he was fully occupied in warding off the spears.

As they tried to retreat in good order, suddenly there broke out the deafening roar of the airplane engine. The Zulu's face became a terrible mask of anger as he heard it.

"*Whau!* I ask but the chance to make them taste my blade," he thundered.

With a sudden snarling roar the airplane appeared over the temple wall, the propeller clawing for height. Zambegi, his eyes ablaze, took a terrific run and suddenly spun round and round, the axe whirling in a silvery circle.

With a blood-curdling shout he let go. Straight up into the air *Numkonto* flew—straight for the nose of the roaring 'plane.

There was a crash, and the great whirring whisker that was the 'plane's propeller, was shattered to atoms. The crippled 'plane lurched, its engine rising to a fiendish scream. But Huntz, cutting off the engine, somehow got control and took it down in a whistling slant beyond the courtyard. There came the dull crash of a forced landing.

Zambegi the Zulu smiled scornfully and stood at his full height with arms folded as he and the monoleo lad were surrounded by the enraged Untowosa warriors.

"Now they can take us. I care not," he boasted. "Ah, but *Numkonto* my axe served me well that time if never she did before."

N'shimbi-N'shamba.

"THIS is a beastly bothaw. They're cooking up something extra special for us in the way of torture, I reckon," whispered Reggie.

The lad looked haggard and woe begone. The shirt was stripped from his back, and his body and faced showed bruises. But, surprisingly, their lives had been spared through the night.

Now, fettered by chains, weary and aching, they had been put to the work of chopping up masses of brushwood and logs for a vast bonfire.

Zambegi seemed quite cheerful as he squatted on an immense log. He had his beloved axe, *Numkonto*, in his hands again.

"I do not work too hard blunting my axe in chopping up these logs," he rumbled. "Come hither

a little more, N'kose. See what I have done. Is it not going to be a work of art?"

He exhibited to Reggie's gaping eyes a half-completed airplane propeller that he had carved himself during the hot day with *Numkonto*, his famous axe.

The lad's gaze involuntarily went to the airplane, which had been dragged by the fierce Untowosa warriors into the courtyard. Huntz had managed to make a safe landing, and had got away.

The propeller was remarkably done. The Zulu was a fine craftsman. He had seen 'planes before, and always admired the propeller, measured it and noted its curves. The propeller fascinated him as a spear or a new axe might.

Diligently he carved away. From the smashed propeller he had managed to reclaim the metal ring bore, and this he proposed fitting in the new propeller—if he had time.

Suddenly, as the Zulu had almost finished, he looked up, the whites of his eyes leaping a moment. From the gates came a terrific din and voices clamouring for admission. Reggie looked at the Zulu, startled, with a wild hope in his face.

"It's Trader Cape," he whispered—"his voice; I know it."

The fierce Untowosa blacks hastened to unlock the gates. But some of them rushed towards Reggie and the Zulu, seizing them brutally. The warriors stuffed clay in their mouths to gag them, and some formed a cordon and screen in front of the two as the gates were opened, and Trader Cape and Captain Raike stalked into the courtyard.

Trader Cape with his impressive presence, his grim, resolute blue eyes, held these fierce Untowosa warriors in awe as he stalked into the compound. Both he and the corpulent little sea captain held native shields and revolvers. As they halted, Trader Cape spoke in a deep, growling swelling tone.

"Where is your high priest? I would speak with him."

All this was impossible for Reggie to understand, for Trader Cape spoke in the native dialect. But it was evident from the furious shouts as they rushed forward, that they were telling their story.

The great African trader's brows shot up as he stared at the airplane and listened. He raised a hand commandingly.

"This is not of the white lord's doing," he cried in a booming voice. "There shall be punishment for those who have stolen the chrysalides of the Blazing Butterflies."

"*Au! Au!*" they shouted, and turned, pointing. Those who formed a screen before Reggie and Zambezi parted, and Trader Cape and the Captain stared in utter consternation at the English lad and the Zulu.

The bearded African trader strode up, his revolver in his hand. "What does this mean?" he asked in a low, tense tone.

Rapidly Reggie explained how they had been tricked by Huntz into helping to loot the temple, and how Huntz had got away with the chrysalides of the Sacred Butterflies.

"This means trouble for everybody," Trader Cape pronounced harshly. "Huntz and that jackal of his have got the chrysalides, eh? Well, they won't get clear of the country without the aeroplane. The river's flooded. And there's the worst storm ever known in equatorial Africa on the way."

He turned to the Untowosa warriors, holding them with the power of his eye.

"Hear me," he cried in his booming voice. "What I say is truth. Long have you people of the Untowosa persecuted the harmless folk of the Nari tribe. You have made war on them until they have been forced to live in houses amongst the trees on the other side of the river."



THE ARRESTING AXE.—As Huntz climbed into the cockpit Zambezi swung his great axe. It swirled through the air, crashing into the ground before the wheels of the plane.

The angry roar swelled at this bold speech. But it was true.

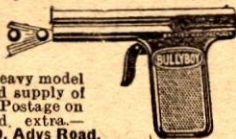
"Not content with that," cried Trader Cape, "you send these fire butterflies amongst the Nari people in their trees when they are hatched. And they spell death by a terrible disease. Is that the way the so-called brave Untowosa make war?"

A hideous shout rose. It seemed the warriors would hurl themselves upon Trader Cape and his companion in a solid mass. But the bearded African hunter faced them unflinchingly.

"I came to you three suns ago. I told you if you

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would deliver up the chrysalides of the Blazing Butterflies to me, I would say you, people of the Untowosa, from a dreadful danger. That danger is near. The dreaded N'Shimbi-N'Shamba. The God of Storms is upon you in all his wrath. Listen."

He held up his hand, and a silence fell. Suddenly the warriors' faces fell. They put their knuckles to their teeth. The sky in the passing of a few moments had gone suddenly pitch black, and the sigh of an approaching wind sounded over the plains.

A great outburst of howling broke out, and suddenly the savage host advanced menacingly upon Trader Cape and his companion.

"N'Kose!" cried the Zulu suddenly, "the 'plane! Make for it, quick."

He raised himself in his chains, shook off with a mighty shake those who would have held him, and suddenly, seizing up the propeller which he had completed, he hurled it in an arc from his great hands. Trader Cape caught it, and in a flash he understood.

With drawn revolvers the two adventurers threw themselves against the wings, and rushed the aeroplane out through the gates. Only by emptying their revolvers could they keep the savages at bay for the precious few moments they required.

The reassuring roar of the engine broke out, telling the Zulu and Reggie that their friends were fighting free. Then in a few moments a great shape rose roaring into the storm-ridden sky.

The Storm.

REGGIE and the Zulu were tied to stakes in the compound. The savage Untowosa warriors, roused to blood lust by the escape of Trader Cape and his companion, had apparently decided to put the two who remained to fire before the storm reached its worst.

The warriors were moving with flaring torches in a horrible slow dance round the sacrifices.

The Zulu faced his fate with more than fortitude; with a serene dignity that made Reggie pluck up heart.

"Be not afraid, O N'Kose," he boomed. "We shall live yet to see many more suns."

The brooding storm was gathering. The sky was overcast and dark as night. The warriors were fearful and uneasy, though they danced round their victims. Sounds were carried to their ears of the gathering fury of N'Shimbi-N'Shamba, the god of storms.

The brushwood was set alight. Instantly it crackled to a furious flame. The savages meant to get the burning of their victims over before the storm burst.

But then, as if to cheat them, the rain commenced

to fall. It fell in heavy drops at first. But in a few minutes that changed, and it hissed down in sheets. Lightning zig-zagged terrifyingly across the sky.

The solid sheets of water turned the flaring brushwood to blackened hissing, smoking branches.

Infuriated, one of the chiefs of the Untowosa warriors leapt in, a huge curved knife in his hand—raised to plunge first into the Zulu's breast.

The storm was at its height, a howling shrieking fury. The savages were whimpering; their bold demeanour vanished.

As the knife was raised before him Zambegi's voice boomed through the fury of the storm.

"Stay your hand, O chief. For I have something that is better than *tagati* (magic) to save you all from the storm." He held up the heavy gold ring. "This is a sign. If ye take it to the Nari folk, who live in houses amongst the trees, and are your deadly enemies, they will relent and become friendly and allow you to stay in their houses in the trees until N'Shimbi-N'Shamba's wrath has passed.

And somehow his manner convinced them.

Knowing of the approaching storm from the meteorological office, Trader Cape had gone to the Nari people in the tree-tops and told them that if they would give shelter to the Untowosa, they would never again be molested.

He had succeeded in this delicate mission. The Nari people had agreed to give hospitality to the Untowosa in the storm.

The great massed colony of Untowosa folk could hear the threatening sound of rushing water. The river was breaking its banks. Soon the land would be flooded.

Painted savages pressed forward to urge their chief. And in a few minutes their counsel was accepted. The chief himself stepped up and cut the Zulu and Reggie free.

And scarcely was it done a moment too soon. There was a sound like the crack of doom, and the heavens seemed to open and deluge water.

"Run, N'Kose," the Zulu shouted, and he seized the English lad up and commenced to run with him. The warriors followed in a panic-stricken horde.

PANTING and sweating, Zambegi, the Zulu, cut his way through the tall papyrus grass. He carried Reggie Mott on his back. The sun was up and like a scorching fire. The storm had ceased, but it had done its damage. The Zulu waded waist deep in water through the grass. He was looking for the homes of the Nari people in the tree-tops.

He had lost the Untowosa savages, the chief had snatched the ring from him as he was bearing Reggie through the flood. And the Terror was all around them now, eating away at the banks of the river; trees were falling, splashing mightily into the flood.

The Zulu ran stumbling through the steaming, shroud-like haze. How he staggered on during that day through the rising water Zambegi could never have told. Making for high land he had seen, he at last reached it, and staggered out on what now appeared an island.

The deadly menace was growing. About the island floated dark objects, ever increasing. Crocodiles swimming about the island, waiting for their prey. Slowly, inch by inch the water was creeping

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up on this mound that the Zulu had chosen. Here he would make his stand.

He revived Reggie. The lad opened his eyes, and grinned. Getting to his feet painfully he looked around. "Must have gone out with the heat," he said. "Foolish of me. Gee, things are getting bad, Zambezi old friend."

The Zulu had lit a great fire, but it could not keep back the wild, frightened life on the island. Lizards, hogs grunting and snuffing, moved beyond the fire circle; a mongoose, barking in a frenzy of fright. From the trees snakes coiled—cobras, mambas, ringhals.

"It is best that we make into the trees, N'Kose," said the Zulu at last. "The water creeps higher."

The Zulu swirled his great axe around his head and let fly. The blade bit deep into the heights of a tall palm—the highest tree there, and first clambering up on the looped rope that had depended from the axe handle, Reggie was followed by the Zulu.

The sounds of that night made Reggie shudder. The lion's roar. The coughing spit of the leopard. They were heard always in that dreadful concert of the flood. They slaughtered . . . and in turn were slaughtered.

"Whau!" suddenly boomed the Zulu. "O, N'Kose, what is that?"

He flung out a great hand with pointing forefinger. Through the black and silver lacquer of the flood a canoe was moving, its two occupants rowing frenziedly. With a start Reggie saw that the two in the canoe were Huntz and Fellixa.

Well might the two scream in horror. For the elephants, after waiting in the flood for the best part of the night, were now running amok, rushing down on the canoe.

"Whau!" exclaimed Zambezi drawing hissing breath. "Those two carrion must be rescued from the flood, for they have the chrysalides of the Blazing Butterflies."

And the Amazing Zulu commenced to lift back his axe. Straight and true it flew for the fatal spot of a great cow elephant—the spot under the ear. The red arterial blood flowed, but before the mighty beast could sink, right under the water, Zambezi had tied his end of the rope to the palm.

"Up, dogs!" he cried to the frantic couple in the boat. "And bring with you the black lantern of the Sacred Butterflies, else you will be chopped down into the flood again soon enough."

They crawled up on the loops in the rope, half dead with fright. And now the palm tree was overloaded. Every moment was laden with menace, fear. The moments dragged.

They saw other trees topple, their roots undermined. The splashing, the gurglings, the screams,

poundings, and barks continued until the moon set. Dawn broke gray over the ghastly yellow flood, shrouded in rising vapour. And as the sun appeared, a brazen ball, the Zulu suddenly gave a great shout and seized up his axe. Gazing in the direction his slitted eyes were taking, they saw a motor launch creeping through the white curtain of the mist.

With a great booming shout Zambezi the Zulu



LOOTING THE TEMPLE.—Suddenly a gaunt, venerable priest appeared on the altar steps. In trumpet tones he shouted, and his voice rang through the temple. Then Huntz shot him.

let fly his axe. Trader Cape told him afterwards that the gleaming axe just missed his head as it buried itself in the woodwork of the deck. At which the Zulu grinned and shrugged and made great gestures.

That night found the nerves even of the giant Zulu. He had had enough. Sorry—yes, but glad Trader Cape's head, and the launch, of course, happened to be there.

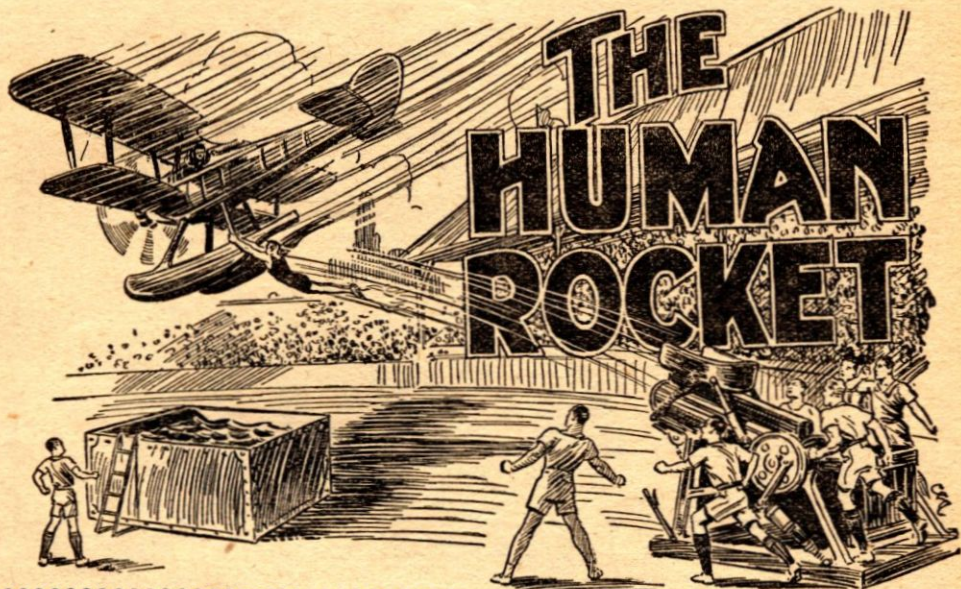
Huntz and Fellixa were put ashore at the first opportunity. Again they had lost, in the race for the specimens for Millionaire Mott's museum.

Once again Reggie Mott has beaten his rival Huntz, but this is only the second quest! Look out for Another Ripping Yarn of Trader Cape soon.

Our Ripping
Sports Series

THE WIN-OR-BUST BOYS!

GRAND COMPLETE
THRILL TALE!



In One Fell Swoop Crane the Master Ploter Schemes to Destroy the Game Lads whose Monster Sports Arena Cloaks his Crime Warren. A TALE TO MAKE YOUR PULSE TINGLE!

"IT'S risky, Hal—and you know it!" said Tony Morley, uneasily.

But Hal Beresford, the loose-limbed young owner of the Wexmouth Old Town Football Ground, smiled almost amusedly.

It was nearly at the end of the afternoon show and the "Win-Or-Bust" Boys Sports Arena was crammed full. And everybody was waiting for the star turn of the show—the Death Defying Rocket Flight followed by the Great Dive.

"There's nothing to worry about, my sons," said Hal, as he and some of the others made their preparations. "You all know that we've got to rake up the money to pay off the mortgage held on this ground by Lucas Crane and that can only be done by getting good 'gates' each week."

He regarded the apparatus, his own invention, with a fond eye. The structure was made of wood, mostly, but there were some iron girders, too, and a curious sort of cradle. Further back there was a great winding handle, and a drum.

"Nothing can go wrong," said Hal, confidently. "We've tested the apparatus with a dummy exactly the same weight as myself."

Certainly, it seemed that the boys had taken every precaution. With Crane and his gang plotting against them, the Win-Or-Bust Boys needed to be well on the alert. There were tunnels and caverns beneath the old football ground used by Crane for smuggling. The unexpected arrival of the boys, with their ambitious scheme to run a summer sports

season, had put a nasty kink into his activities. And now Lucas Crane was desperate.

So desperate, indeed, that he had tampered with the very apparatus which Hal Beresford thought was in perfect trim. Hal was to be hurled skywards by means of a catapult arrangement and would dive into a small tank of water.

"That tank looks horribly small, Hal," said Arty Golightly, soberly. "If you don't happen to dive into it, you'll be as dead as mutton."

"I invented this marvel of ingenuity, and I've faith in it," replied Hal coolly. "Come on, boys! Let's go."

Hal had the courage of his convictions. Everything depended upon the accuracy of the catapult. And Hal had made the most careful calculations and tests. He was a superb diver, and once up in the air, the drop would be nothing to worry about.

What he did not know was that Crane had cunningly altered the apparatus, while the boys were away, in such a manner as not to be detected. He had increased the tension of the great spring—and at the same time he had added to the weight of the dummy. Thus, at the final test, everything had gone according to plan.

But when Hal himself was shot into the air there would be a difference! For Hal, being lighter, would be catapulted much higher—and thus he would be sent hurtling far beyond the tank—to certain death!

"Ready!" said Hal, crisply. "Let her go!"

During the preparations the crowd had been entertained by some comical antics on the part of Blanko, the black boy, and Bill Hobbs and Navycut. But now there was a hush. Hal stood, dressed in a swimming suit and wearing a pair of light shoes, in a kind of cradle of the apparatus.

Tricks and Tony stood ready with a trigger, which projected from the queer structure. For there was

to be an added effect—a super thrill. Attached to Hal's shoes were lengths of filmy gauze. That gauze was petrol-soaked, and the trigger in Tony's hand operated a powerful sparking flint.

Clang! The spring was released, and with a tremendous metallic noise the cradle shot outwards and upwards—and Hal Beresford was sent hurtling, like a veritable rocket, high into the sky, the trail of gauze bursting into flames behind him.

"He's going too high!" panted Tricks, in horror.

"Look! My only hat! Look at that 'plane!" gasped Tony.

Lucas Crane, unable to resist the temptation to witness the destruction of his boy enemy, was flying low over the stadium in a small seaplane. He sent the machine swooping down, banking at the same moment, so that he could obtain a better view. And Hal, shooting upwards, saw the master-crook's evil, leering face as it was thrust out of the cockpit.

"This time, you young dog, I win!" gloated Crane.

Hal heard those words faintly above the purring of the throttled engine. But nobody on the ground heard the words, or saw Crane's evil expression. And in that twinkling, Hal knew the dread truth—that he would fall twenty or thirty yards beyond the tank. For a split second Hal seemed to hover motionless in mid-air, as he reached the limit of the great catapult's impetus.

And it was then that the 'plane, only just above him, dropped in an air-pocket. As a drowning man will clutch at a straw, Hal gripped one of the floats, and, at the same time he managed to kick his shoes free—although by now, the flames had nearly died away from the gauze. As the 'plane swooped down, influenced both by the air-pocket and Hal's sudden uneven weight, the boy made his grip fast. With a quick wriggle he swung round to the upper side of the float, and with rare presence of mind he waved an

airy hand to the crowd, below—as though all this was part and parcel of the performance.

And from the stadium came thunders of enthusiastic applause.

The Old Hulk.

LUCAS CRANE'S first thought was one of consternation. He had planned so ingeniously to kill Hal Beresford, and thus take the spirit out of the other Win-Or-Bust Boys, that Hal's sudden salvation made him writhe with fury. Then came a gloating sense of triumph, as a dazzling idea came to him.

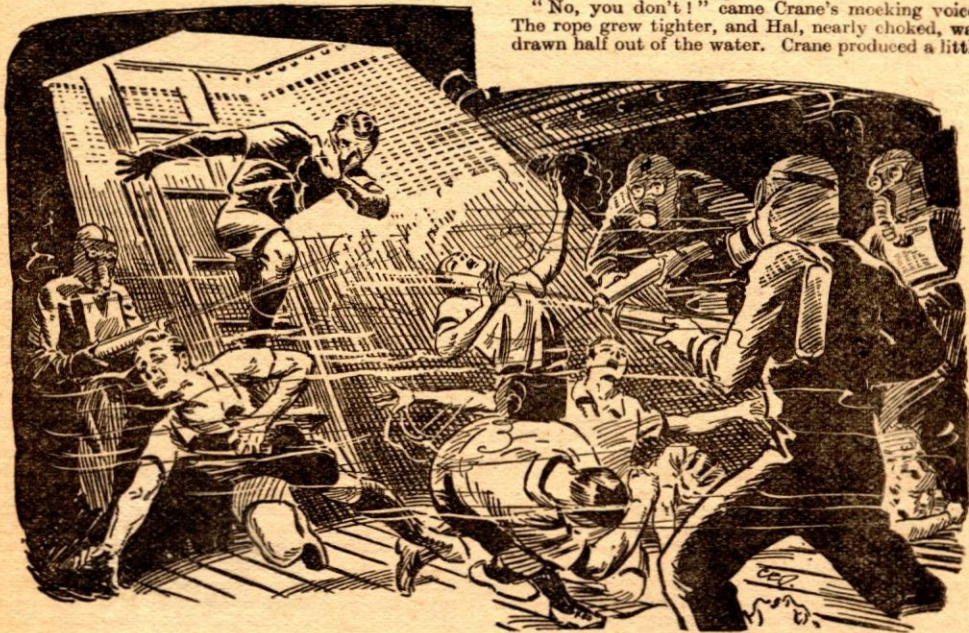
"By thunder!" he muttered. "By acting this evening I can wipe all those boys out without lifting a finger against them—and their deaths will be put down as accidental—as the result of schoolboy folly!"

Hal had made himself fairly comfortable by this time. To a fellow of his agility and strength, it was simple enough to cling to the float and the struts. Indeed, he had waved light-heartedly to the crowd on the sands—and he had seen quite a few people waving back.

But, rather to Hal's surprise, the seaplane was getting right out to sea. There was a certain amount of haze, although the afternoon was hot and cloudless, and the sea itself was as calm as a lake. Glancing back, Hal saw that the coastline and the Wexmouth front had all merged into an indistinct blur.

Without warning the 'plane dropped into a giddy nose dive. Hal was nearly jerked from his perch and he was obliged to cling for his life. At the last moment the 'plane flattened out, and then the floats struck the water, sending up two tremendous waves of spray. Before Hal could get free of the undercarriage, a thin-noosed rope coiled over his head and was drawn tight.

"No, you don't!" came Crane's mocking voice. The rope grew tighter, and Hal, nearly choked, was drawn half out of the water. Crane produced a little



THE HORROR OF THE HOLD.—The Win-or-Bust Boys scrambled down the ladder into the hold. Hiss! Before they could utter a sound the air was filled with gas from the cylinders the men held.

instrument from his pocket—something like an automatic lighter, and as he held this close to Hal's face he loosened the rope. Hal gulped in a great breath of air—and, with it, a lung-full of cloudy spray which emerged from the gas-projector in Crane's hand. Hal's senses left him at once.

Crane looked round. A hulk—a gaunt, seaweed-smothered wreck of a once-proud sailing-ship—was the only thing in sight. She was listing drunkenly to starboard, her masts were missing, and a portion of the stern was a mere skeleton of slimy timbers. There was a small sandbank here—invisible now, on account of the tide, which was on the ebb. Some distance away a buoy, with a bell clanging monotonously, gave warning to shipping.

Soon one of Crane's own motor-boats came shooting towards him. For while flying outwards to the old hulk, Crane had been busy with the wireless. His planes and motor-boats were all fitted with special sets which could transmit messages on a private wave-length.

"Take this kid and put him in the hold of that hulk," said Crane, as the motor-boat glided alongside.

Slim Jasson, one of Crane's chief henchmen, was looking rather scared. "Dangerous, ain't it, boss?" he asked. "You know what's going to happen this evening—"

"For that very reason, we must look sharp!" interrupted Crane coolly. "No need to worry, Slim. I know what I'm doing. Listen to me!" And he told them of his great scheme to be rid of the Win-Or-Bust Boys.

The crooks looked rather scared when he had finished, but raised no further objections. Hal Beresford was taken quickly aboard the motor-boat and transferred to the weed-covered hulk.

Meanwhile, back at the Sports Ground the Win-Or-Bust Boys were frantic with apprehension. They stayed only long enough to see the crowds out, and to lock up. Then they gathered on Wexmouth beach.

They stood searching the hazy sea. Everything looked very normal. A typical seaside scene, with small boats lazily floating on the water close inshore, with children building sand castles on the beach or paddling in the shallow surf.

"Smart trick of yours, young gents, and no mistake!" said a grizzled old longshoreman, touching his forelock, and grinning at the boys. "Durned dangerous, though, wasn't it?"

"Do you know where that seaplane went to?" asked Tony quickly.

"Why, she flew straight out yonder," replied the longshoreman, pointing. "Come down on the sea, too. Mebbe she'll be back, soon. But there! I warrant you young gents know more about it than I do," he added with a chuckle.

But the boys were not listening. They were attracted by a large, powerful motor-boat which was even then on the point of being launched. There was only one man in it. The boat belonged to Crane—it was one of his fleet of pleasure craft.

"This is no time to stand on ceremony!" said Sam Hardy fiercely. "Come on, chaps! Let's grab that boat—and go out and find Hal!"

"Good egg!"

They raced down to the boat, and it seemed lucky to them that the smartly uniformed driver should have jumped ashore at that moment. How could they guess that it was all part and parcel of Lucas Crane's cunning plot?

A moment later, they were swarming into the boat, and the man was shouting indignantly, but they took no notice. And, with Sam at the wheel, the engine roared and the fast craft shot out across the smooth sea.

Some of the people on the beach clapped; others laughed. These Win-Or-Bust Boys were always up to something new!

"There she is—just taking off!" yelled Tony Morley suddenly. "We're too late."

Out of the haze rose the handy seaplane—some considerable distance ahead. It did not come in the boys' direction, but flew off along the coast, and was soon lost in the dazzle of the sunshine.

"I say, there's something funny about this!" said Navycut suddenly. "That seaplane rose up from the water just near the old hulk. P'raps they've imprisoned Hal in there!"

"It's not very likely," said Arty Golightly, shaking his head. "But as there's nothing else for us to do we might as well get aboard and make sure."

Quickly the motor-boat ran alongside, was made fast, and the Win-Or-Bust Boys scrambled up upon the slimy, slippery decks of the wreck.

"Hal!" yelled Arty, at the top of his lungs. "Help! Help!" While they held their breath, the cry came—from somewhere below.

"He's here!" yelled Tony joyously. "Hal!"

"In the hold!" came a muffled cry. They dashed across the deck to a great hatch. With one heave they lifted it off, and there, below, was a wide ladder, leading downwards into the black depths of the evil-smelling hold.

Almost falling over themselves, the Win-Or-Bust Boys scrambled down the ladder—and into the trap!

Lucas Crane's Cunning.

THERE were only four men lurking in that hold. But those men were wearing hideous gas-masks and they stood surrounding the boys.

Hissssssss! Before the startled youngsters could utter a word, the air was filled with gas, ejected from the small cylinders the men held. And, like logs, the boys fell unconscious to the rotting floorboards.

"Easy!" said Slim Jasson callously. "Now then, boys—look alive! No need to do anything to these kids—leave them as they are."

The men climbed the steps, removing their gas-masks as soon as they were in the open air. Working quickly, they battened down the hatch securely—making escape almost impossible. Taking the boat which the boys had used to come out, Slim Jasson and his men sped away.

But they did not go far. The other boat—the one which the men themselves had used—appeared out of the haze. Slim and his crew transferred themselves to this second boat, leaving the big motor-boat to drift.

Later, Slim Jasson gave a brief but full report of all that had happened. Lucas Crane's eyes glittered with satisfaction.

"Splendid!" he said, at length. "What's the time, Slim? H'm! They'll be starting the fireworks pretty soon now, eh?" he laughed callously. "What a pity that so many young lives should be needlessly lost! And all because of the boys' careless folly!"

Slim Jasson went out of the office hurriedly. Crook though he was, this wholesale murder of twelve youngsters scared and horrified him.

"Yes, very interesting," murmured Crane, sitting back in his padded chair. "As I am the most prominent motor-boat owner along this part of the coast, the Naval authorities have thought fit to inform me that it will be dangerous to send any of my boats near the Shoal Sandbank after five p.m. this evening. It appears that some huge Naval seaplanes are to carry out torpedo practice on the old hulk, which has become a danger to shipping."

Already, Crane had laughingly told people that he

had fallen in with Hal Beresford's advertising plans—and that he had taken Hal out to the Half-mile Sandbank. He had left Hal there, and the other Win-or-Bust Boys had gone in one of his—Crane's—motor-boats to fetch Hal. The idea was to get the item into the evening paper.

It sounded very plausible. Half-mile Sandbank was a good deal further out to sea—and well beyond the danger zone of the torpedo practice.

cradle, was preparing to fly over the target. It was the pilot's task to skim the water, and release his torpedo at the most favourable moment. The machine would then soar away—leaving the deadly torpedo to wreak its destructive work.

There were gaping rents in the hull, and water was seeping through in some places, gushing through in others. Already, some of the boys were being washed by the salt flood. And they were unconscious



THE TORPEDO TURNED.—Arty hurled himself at the torpedo. He clutched the wet, slippery surface, and with all his strength heaved at the torpedo's nose.

Later, it would be discovered, to the horror of the authorities and the public alike, that the twelve boys were aboard the old hulk when she was blown up. It was certain that their mangled bodies would be found.

"Yes, if I stick to my story, I'm safe," muttered Crane. "I shall say that I warned the boys not to go near the hulk. But they evidently went there—perhaps in a light-hearted spirit of bravado. Once aboard, they foolishly went into the hold, and the hatch must have closed down upon them. And the bad gas in the hold overcame them—and thus they were unable to warn the seaplane pilots of their presence. My motor-boat will be found drifting, giving further proof that the whole thing was an accident."

And that evening Crane would open up the stadium himself. The news of the tragedy would probably come in just in time. And there, before all the crowds, he promised himself the pleasure of making the tragic announcement.

The Boy Goliath Does His Stuff.

BOOM-CRAAAAAASH! The hulk's stern, shattered into a thousand fragments, roared skywards accompanied by hundreds of tons of cascading water. And zooming round, low over the sea, came the formidable torpedo-carrier. The pilot was not quite satisfied. He had not obtained a direct hit.

Another 'plane, with the torpedo visible in its snug

—still suffering from the effects of that gas which Lucas Crane's men had administered.

Then—a movement! Arty Goliathly, rolling over as the cold water surged over his face, sat up in dazed bewilderment. His head was singing strangely. He did not know it, but he had been deafened by the crashing report of the explosion, which had occurred some moments earlier. And here, in this one trifling detail, Lucas Crane had miscalculated.

All those boys had been treated exactly alike. But the Boy Goliath was a veritable young giant—not only in size, but in strength, stamina, nerve. It was natural that he should be the first to recover from the drugging effects. The shock of the exploding torpedo partially revived him—the swirling of the cold water helped further.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" gurgled Arty, staggering to his feet. "I—I remember now! Those men in the masks—Tricks! Tony! Why, hallo, here's Hal himself!"

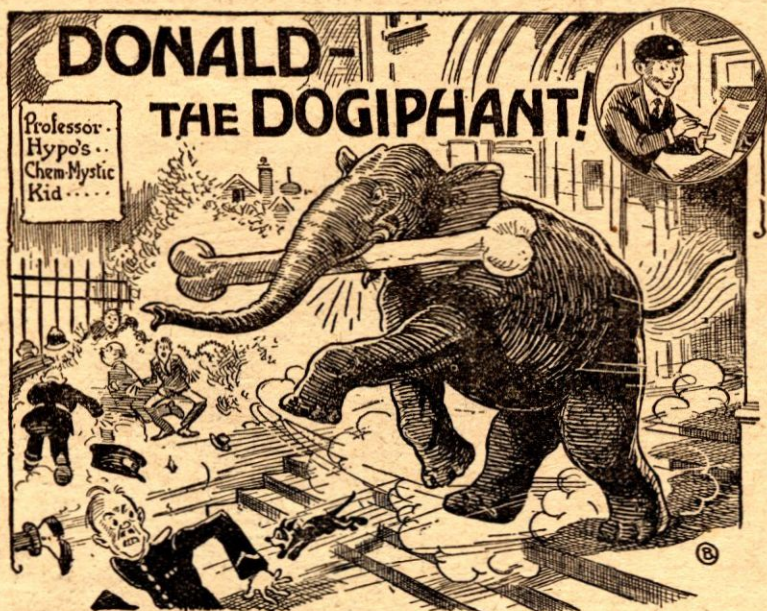
He stared round stupidly, for even now he had only partially recovered. Then, as he was about to make an effort to assist his chums, he heard the low droning roar—quite unmistakable—of a multiple-engined flying-boat. And in that flash, Arty knew that he must have help.

He turned feverishly to the split timbers of the hulk. And with all his enormous strength he tore at the rotten woodwork. He never knew how he managed to smash his way through, but at length,

(Continued on page 35.)

THE CHEM-MYSTIC
KID AGAIN, CHUMS!

More Merry Doings of Tommy Pink—the Go-getter
Who Can Make a Cheshire Cat Chortle.



Even
Elephants
Can
Laugh
and
Grow into
Light-
weights
With the
Aid of
Doctor
Hypo's
Latest
Marvel
Mixture!

Donald Arrives.

"YES," said Dr. Hypo. "This substance has been prepared from the hereditary genes of a dog, Mr. Green. These genes I am speaking of contain cellular bodies which are directly responsible for the differing instincts in animal life. Now the behaviour of all animals lower than the human kind is almost solely dependent on instinct. When a dog sees a bone, for instance, it reacts to it like a machine, seizes it, gnaws it and then, perhaps, buries it for future reference.

Doctor Theophilus Hypo paused for breath. Tommy Pink stifled an instinctive reaction to say "Oh, yeah?" and tried hard to take in what the doctor was burbling about.

"As I have told you," went on the Doctor, "science believes these instincts to depend on the hereditary genes—the presence of these cells, in short, compels the brain of the animal to work in a certain way. If we can isolate these genes and treat different animals with them, the tiger ought to become as timid as the mouse and the mouse as ferocious as the tiger—as far as the actual physical build of the creature will allow."

Tommy Pink gasped. He had heard some startling theories from Doctor Hypo, but this one just about took the proverbial bun!

"This substance," Doctor Hypo went on, indicating the test tube he held in his hand, "contains the genes of a dog that recently died, and I propose to inject it with this hypodermic syringe into the body of an animal totally dissimilar—the process will be quite painless, of course, because the animal will notice no difference in its actions from those that are natural to it. Then, if the theory is correct, the animal ought to behave like a dog."

"Hello, hello," said Alec Smart, the doctor's nephew, who entered the laboratory just at that

moment, "going to keep a menagerie, Uncle? Reckon we have enough animals about the place since this Pink fellow came!"

"Alec, you are exceedingly rude and disrespectful to my most able assistant. However, your arrival is most opportune. I wish you to deliver a message for me."

Alec Smart groaned. Doctor Hypo sat at his writing desk and scribbled a short note.

"Now, Alec, I wish you to deliver this to Professor Swizzle, the curator of the Society for Zoological Research—the address is here. I have asked him to lend me some small animal from the private Zoo of the Society, and I feel sure he will oblige me.

Doctor Hypo grabbed his overcoat to go to his lecture.

"When Professor Swizzle sends this animal," he said, "make it comfortable until I return.

"Right 'ya are, sir." Dr. Hypo grabbed a bundle of notes on the subject of his lecture and hurried out of the laboratory. When he had gone, Tommy Pink sat down and gazed wonderingly at the preparation of hereditary genes in the test tube. He had a vague premonition that this strange substance was going to produce some larks. He was right.

The direct cause of these said larks was Alec Smart. Alec was of that disposition which has been picturesquely described, as "nosey." No sooner had he left the house and was on his way to the Zoological Society, than Dr. Hypo's note was opened and read.

My dear Professor Swizzle (said the note),

I am conducting some researches on the hereditary instincts of animals, and I would be greatly obliged if you would lend me some small live creature from your admirable collection. I require a mammal, of course, whose habits are quite different from the common domesticated dog. The animal will not be

harmed in any way. I feel sure, my learned colleague, you will oblige me in this matter.

Yours faithfully,

THEOPHILUS HYPO, M.Sc., A.B., S.E.Z.U.

As Alec Smart read the note a broad grin spread over his face. He popped into a post office conveniently near, and commandeering one of the desks provided for writers of telegrams, proceeded to make a few slight alterations in Dr. Hypo's letter.

Alec Smart surveyed his handiwork proudly, replaced the letter in its unsealed envelope and went on his way rejoicing.

"Hum," said Professor Swizzle, when he read the letter, "some animal, tall, and having habits opposite to a dog. Let me see—ha!—Donald, undoubtedly. Yess. Donald should be the very thing. You may present my kind regards to Dr. Hypo," he said to Alec Smart, "and tell him I will send one of the keepers, within half-an-hour at the most, with an animal that will suit him admirably."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Alec, and he left the premises. When he arrived back at Dr. Hypo's laboratory he found it difficult to suppress his smiggers as he saw Tommy Pink making preparations for Dr. Hypo's experimental animal.

A short time later, the front-door bell rang. "Ah! There it is," murmured Tommy, as he ran downstairs. "Wonder what the little shaver is—a monk, I bet!"

He flung open the front door and then recoiled at the sight before him. A large crowd had collected in the street outside, and in the centre of that crowd stood a grey, mountainous mass of living matter—an elephant!

"Compliments o' Perfessor Swizzle, an' this is the tallest animal what we got an' the most unlike a dorg he can think of," said the keeper, with a backward jerk of his thumb towards the elephant. "Donald 'ere's a quiet chap, so I can safely leave him in your charge—but I shouldn't muck abah't wi' him too much."

So saying, the zoo keeper pushed the end of the rope he was leading Donald by into Tommy Pink's hand, and walked off down the street, whistling gaily.

Donald Makes His Bow(wow).

DONALD, the elephant, curled up his trunk and gave utterance to a terrific trumpeting. Whereupon a neighbouring policeman dispersed the crowd and ordered Tommy to remove his elephant forthwith as he was causing an obstruction.

"Ain't you got a garden or somethin'?" Tommy's face lit up. "Of course! I never thought of that!"

Luckily, the large garden at the back of the house was accessible from the street by a fairly wide lane which ran down the side of the building. With the assistance of the policeman Tommy managed to lead the elephant down the lane as far as the fence which separated it from Dr. Hypo's back garden. The problem now was how to get Donald into the garden.

Furthermore, the policeman offered no suggestions. He considered his duty done now that he had helped to remove Donald from the King's highway, and he went away, leaving Tommy Pink to his own resources.

Still, Tommy was a bright lad, and at last he hit on a way of performing this apparently impossible task.

Securing Donald's lead so that he could not wander away, Tommy hurried back to the laboratory, and there he provided himself with a bottle of anti-gravity mixture, a bottle of the mixture to annul the effects of this peculiar chemical, and a large garden syringe.

The properties of the anti-gravity liquid were very unusual. It had the effect of lessening the weight of any object treated with it, relative to the weight of surrounding objects.

Back in the lane, he was first careful to secure the end of Donald's long leading rope to a stout stake on the other side of the fence, inside the garden; then, carefully, he filled his syringe with anti-gravity compound and squirted it all over the elephant.



A GREAT UPRISING!—Donald sailed forward. Tommy hurriedly squirted the contents of his syringe over him as he shot past; but Donald floated clean over Dr. Hypo's garden.

Slowly, Donald's great legs left the ground—and he didn't seem to like the experience much. Tommy Pink refilled his syringe with the stuff to counteract the anti-gravity chemical, and ran into the garden to wait until Donald drifted over the fence.

Soon the feet of the elephant were high enough for him to pass over. Tommy grabbed the rope and gave a hefty tug to drag Donald over the fence, but he forgot that Donald was much lighter than normal, and pulled a bit too hard.

Donald sailed forward. Tommy hurriedly squirted the contents of his syringe over him as he shot past, but Donald had floated clean over Dr. Hypo's garden

into that of his next-door neighbour—the fiery Colonel Sloggem—before the counteracting chemical took effect.

And then it did take effect—and how! Donald descended to earth clean in the centre of Colonel Sloggem's cucumber frame. For a second the air was thick with the noise of splintering glass and the crash of smashing wood.

Colonel Sloggem rushed into his garden—what was left of it—but his military roars were drowned by Donald's superior vocal powers.

"What's this! Wild elephants in the back garden! My gun! My gun!"

Colonel Sloggem dashed back into the house and re-emerged a second later with a relic of the Afghan wars.

Then Donald evinced a desire to rejoin Tommy Pink, which he did—by the simple process of knocking down the fence that separated the two gardens and walking through the gap.

Colonel Sloggem sprang in the air and spat words of fire and brimstone at Tommy Pink.

Something certainly had to be done about Donald, as Tommy Pink could see. At last he got a bright idea. The gene stuff! If he was to dope Donald with this he would act like a dog, and a dog certainly wouldn't bellow like that! The very thing!

Pausing only to see that Donald was well secured to his lead, Tommy Pink rushed back to the laboratory. Here he carefully filled the hypodermic syringe with the mysterious stuff that Dr. Hypo had been telling him about earlier that day. Back he went to the garden.

Donald was still trumpeting lustily, but he ceased suddenly as he felt Tommy drive the needle into his skin and press the plunger home.

Donald stood stock still for a second, then his short slender tail shot up in the air and began wagging vigorously. He trotted round the small space of the garden, head down, sniffing here, sniffing there, and tail wagging in a manner that was unmistakably that of a playful puppy dog!

FINISHING his nasal examination of the garden, Donald the dogphant sat down, his hind legs doubled up under him in a most unelephantine fashion.

Suddenly Donald pricked up the great flaps of leathery flesh which were his ears and cocked his head on one side in the manner of an inquisitive puppy. Somebody in the adjoining street was whistling a dog!

Donald sprang to his feet, his tail wagging like a semaphore. He stood motionless for a second in the attitude of a pointer and then leapt clean over Dr. Hypo's garden fence, dragging the long rope and the stake it was secured to with him.

The gent who had been whistling was standing at the street corner squinting round through his spectacles for the missing animal.

All of a sudden there came a thunderous rumble and clatter behind him. He turned that way. Rushing towards him, with an air of expectancy, was a full-sized Indian elephant!

One look was enough. The said gent ran for the nearest lamp-post and swarmed up it with unsuspected agility.

Donald stopped and snelt his quivering form, and then lost interest, for the noise of pursuit behind now attracted his attention. Taking this for some sportive game, the dogphant uttered a joyous "trrr-oof!" and gambolled off.

Down the street he galloped. Cars skidded on the pavement, people scuttled before him, climbed lamp-posts, dived into open windows. But Donald was obviously enjoying the romp.

This went on until some scent from the open door of the local Natural History Museum attracted his attention. The scent led Donald to the wide-open door of the institution, which he just managed to get through without smashing anything.

Presently he trotted out again, tail wagging furiously and in his jaws a huge bone which had lately been *Exhibit 60. Thigh bone of extinct dinosaur.*

Joyously Donald romped down the street with his prize. The street ended in the open gates of a park kindly provided by a thoughtful corporation for its ratepayers—but this certainly did not include sportive elephants.

Sighting an open field, Donald leapt the railings, ran to the centre of the field, and then began an astonishing series of operations.

Dropping the bone, he proceeded to scrape the earth with his two great forelegs. Big lumps of mud and grass shot back between Donald's hind legs in a huge crescent.

All at once he seemed to catch sight of the crowd. He suddenly abandoned his labours, crouched down in that doggy attitude, emitted his imitation bark and romped off boisterously once again.

Anon Donald came to a pond where a man was amusing himself and his dog by throwing his walking-stick into the water and allowing the dog to swim for it. The stick left the man's hand.

"*Trrrr-oof!*" barked Donald, and hurtled forward. *Ploosh-sh!* As Donald entered the pond most of its native liquid left it in a terrific cascade that drenched everything and everybody within range. Donald found himself struggling and floundering in a half-empty pond, and he emitted a series of noises that were the nearest approach to yelps his vocal chords would allow.

Slowly he crawled out. Tommy Pink ran forward and grabbed the rope which still hung about the elephant's neck.

"Lie down! Lie down!" said Tommy with a burst of inspiration, and Donald obeyed, cowing his head between outstretched forelegs.

And then came a voice that was unmistakable: "How strange! How extr'o'dinary!" Dr. Hypo pushed himself forward with Alec Smart close on his heels.

"Mr. Green! I can't understand your actions! Administering the genes without my permission! And on such a creature! As though—"

"'Ere, 'arf a mo'—'arf a mo'," said a gruff voice which issued from a large man with a fur collar to his coat. "I'm Bunkum, of Bunkum's Monster Three Ring Circus, if you wanta know, an' I'm prepared to buy that theer animile—an' what's more, I'll pay for the damage it's done, I will!"

The doctor explained that Donald was the property of the Zoological Research Society, and furthermore, that his doggy habits were only temporary and would wear off in time.

"Well then, mister," said Bunkum. "Tell you what I'll do. If you persuade this 'ere society to loan me him for as long as he's in this condition, I'll pay them well for his hire and you as well."

SO Donald ended his career as a dogphant in a circus, where his antics drew packed houses every performance, to the profit of Mr. Bunkum and the Society for Zoological research.

In time the dog-like habits gave place to Donald's natural ones, and he was returned to his old home in the private zoo of the Society.

What a rib-tickler, eh chaps? Another Screaming Fun-tale Next Week, introducing Speedboat Bill, the funniest sailor that ever went to sea.

THE HOUSE OF DEMONS!

The Greatest Tale of Mystery and Magic Ever Written. This Week's Episode is White Hot with Uncanny Thrills.



Black Morsley, Modern Magician, in the Clutches of Svarsen, the Bathchair Crook, Flings All His Evil Resources in the Crucible of Science.

Trapped in the Inferno.

WHEN Billy Jackson went to live in his uncle's house he felt that he had left the world of realities behind and was in a region of mystery and magic.

An attack was launched on the house by a crippled crook called Svarsen, and his giant negro attendant, Sambo. The cripple took possession of Mystery House, and got Morsley in his power. Billy managed to get away with his friend Buck Lindsay.

"We must tell the police all we know!" decided Buck. But their dwelling was surrounded by Svarsen's men. Nevertheless, Buck set out to shoot his way through, while Billy went over the roof-tops. There he was caught and taken to Svarsen.

When the boy awoke, after being sent to sleep by Morsley, he discovered to his horror that he was strapped to a Flying Demon, which would burst into flames on striking any object. Svarsen and Morsley were directing the Demon at a great smugglers' plane.

Almost at the moment of contact, however, Lindsay appeared on the dome of Mystery House, and, at the point of the gun, ordered Morsley to bring the Demon back. When Billy arrived safely, Lindsay was only able to make his escape from Svarsen's gang by climbing along some telegraph-wires to an empty house.

IT took Lindsay some time to recover sufficiently to begin to make a move, and by that time the police had ceased their investigations at the House of Doom and had gone. Billy was still helpless. His ordeal and exposure had so affected him that he needed medical attention, and Lindsay was very anxious to get him away out of all possible danger as quickly as possible.

The house in which he had taken refuge, like others in the immediate vicinity, including the House of Doom, was a very old one, and standing alone, had a small garden on three sides. Thus it lent itself admirably to a silent siege.

Lindsay picked Billy up and went down from the attic with him, his footsteps echoing weirdly in the emptiness of the old house. He groped his way along the dark, dismal hall and came to the front door. This was bolted, but the lock had long since ceased to function.

The dragging back of the rusty bolt caused some noise, warning those outside. Lindsay pulled the door back and instantly there was a soft plop and something crashed viciously at the door jamb.

Lindsay slammed the door close and managed to get the bolt shot home just as feet pattered on the slime covered steps outside.

He realised that the ground floor was no place for him. There were windows there which, though

shuttered, could easily be broken into. Further, his ammunition was dangerously low. He had brought only a spare clip of cartridges, and this was now in his gun with one bullet fired from it. That left only eight shots.

He went upstairs as fast as he could, and, going, heard a crash of rending wood and knew that his assailants had started on the lower windows. He paused on the first landing and glanced out through the window down to the rear of the house.

As has been said, the little garden circled three sides of the place. The fourth side—the rear—was a plain high brick wall that dropped clean into a narrow street leading to some mews, where there were not only garages, but a big livery stable that hired out hacks to equestrians in the neighbourhood.

Now he could hear padding feet downstairs, and fierce swift whispers, a voice hissing commands. He began to run. It was useless for him to disguise his presence, and the sooner he reached the attic the safer he would be. Instantly he heard two short stabbing monosyllables as he fled.

"Get him!"

They were after him swiftly, silent in their rubber shod feet. The stairwell twisted above the hall that reached to the top storey and a man fired up through the well with his silenced pistol again and again.

Lindsay turned on the second landing and risked two of his precious shots. The pursuers were too close for him to permit the chase to go on, for at any moment he might take a bullet in the back.

His first bullet was aimed direct at the blazing, spreading white eye of an electric torch. He hit the torch and the bullet crashed from it into the man who held it. There was a scream, the thud of a falling thing on the bare boards and a scurry of feet for safety. A second bullet brought forth no sound and Lindsay muttered softly. He had wasted a cartridge.

His sally—if it may be termed that—had earned him a respite, and he was able to gain the attic and the top of its narrow stairs above the top landing of the house proper. The roof skylight was still open as he had left it, and he suddenly decided to get Billy up to the roof. He knew that the bandits below could never reach the roof from the outside, for they would not have ladders long enough.

He was able to do this before a second assault took place. He got back to the attic and, lying on the floor, peered over the edge of the stairs that came up through its floor.

About half-a-dozen men had come creeping up the stairs proper and were on the landing. Lindsay took careful aim, selecting the biggest man, and shot him dead. Again there was a scurry for safety, and wild oaths and savage threats came to his ears. He laughed aloud.

"Say you," he called. "If you think a bunch of small town yeggs can shift me you've got to go away and have another big think. I'll give you some advice. It's healthier out in the street."

There was a swift consultation. A voice came up to Lindsay.

"Look here, Lindsay, this crowd ain't got nothing against you. This crowd's been told to get that boy. You hand him over and we call it a deal. See?"

Lindsay advised the speaker to go somewhere decidedly hotter than Kensington, London, W. Again there was silence.

After that there was some more whispering and the receding patter of feet. Some of the men were going downstairs. A mysterious move on the part of his foes was enough to breed great uneasiness within Lindsay. He held the gun ready and watched the lower darkness.

He heard a soft movement. He saw a shadow

against the deep shadows of the landing below. He fired. There was a sobbing sound, a fall, something dragged itself and then was still.

Four bullets left.

Again the voice reached him. "Look here, Lindsay, you've got two minutes. That's what you've got. Two minutes to come across with that boy. If you don't this gang'll hand you yours."

"Let 'em try," said Lindsay promptly. "Why, you bunch of poor suckers, I could bat you around with a fly-swat. You don't want a gun to talk to the likes of you."

A wild oath greeted this. More feet scurried on the stairway. Lindsay's brows contracted. Then up through the musty air of the close old house came a smell at once pungent and unmistakable—the spreading fumes and gas of petrol poured with unstinted hand on floors and stairway.

The same voice, choked with malicious triumph, now roared: "Sing, Lindsay! Sing! Can you smell it?"

Lindsay set his teeth. He was not beaten yet. Ere the flames reached the roof and caused it to collapse help might come. But he knew that this was a feeble hope.

They must have brought in about thirty cans of petrol and they had poured the spirit as far up the stairs as they dared come; which meant that it was only one of the short flights below him.

The old house, though it had stood empty for so long, had remained in a remarkable state of dryness. Its timbering was all exposed, and its interior, aided by the petrol, would become a raging furnace. Under such conditions the roof beams could never stand for any length of time, but must collapse.

"Chuck your hand in?" demanded the hoarsely triumphant voice.

"Not while I can stand," snarled Lindsay, and getting up, he dropped his gun into his pocket and stared towards the open skylight.

Matches scraped below him. There was a sudden gusty roar, flames leaping up as though made by magic, flames that leapt and travelled along the floors, up the stairs, in the path of the scattered petrol, flames that licked at door and floorboards and stairway and balustrade, that ignited them crackling fiercely.

Lindsay, glancing downwards, saw only smoke and leaping flame. He took a jump, got to the edge of the skylight with his fingers and hauled himself to the roof.

Below him, the joists of the first floor gave way and the lot collapsed. Already the joists of the second floor were sagging. Nothing but minutes separated the collapse of the lower floor and the crashing inwards of the slate-weighted roof.

No fire escape could arrive in time. There was no way down, for the stairway was just a furnace. Indeed, it fell as Lindsay dragged himself to the roof.

There, he picked up Billy and looked downwards. The lurid light, striking through the glassless, shutterless windows—for the fire had destroyed these, showed him that the gangsters had withdrawn from the garden and were in the street beyond, posing as excited spectators of the fire.

Lindsay stepped cautiously across the slates, sliding, and nearly losing his balance, and so came to the rear of the house. Below was the narrow street that passed through the mews—so far below that to attempt to jump into it would mean instant destruction.

He heard a horrid rending sound. A section of roof away to his right, which covered a gable of the house, suddenly went inwards and up through the great jagged opening flames came leaping triumphantly.

He heard shouts down below. Now the rest of the roof must go at any moment.

And it was just then that he saw something that filled him with desperate hope. A big open lorry came swinging round the corner into the mews. It was piled high with straw for use in the livery stables.

The roof was sagging. The heat was intense. The lorry went rumbling along below, its driver taking a tremendous risk of having his load fired and himself destroyed. Lindsay held Billy tightly to him and jumped.

Feet downwards, he landed full in the middle of the straw, and he went to his knees deep into it and stayed there, shaken, a bit dazed, even weakened by his ordeal.

And as this happened, with a roar like thunder, the roof went in.

Out in the street, the leader of the gangsters said to the man nearest him: "Slip in and tell Svare, that Lindsay and that kid went down with the roof. I saw 'em go."

The man believed what he said. For Lindsay's jump had coincided so exactly with the collapse of the roof that it seemed as if he had gone with it when he disappeared. For from where they were standing, the gunmen could not see the lorry with its load of straw, and the narrow mews behind the old and now completely wrecked house.

It was this chance which enabled Lindsay to slip off the lorry at the far end of the mews, when it pulled up by the stables, and, unchallenged, find a taxi and drive to an hotel, where a doctor instantly attended on Billy.

Imperator Mundi.

BILLY was in bed with a temperature. He had been there two days, and during those two days the doctor and a consultant he had summoned had fought hard against the threat of pneumonia. They had warded it off, and Billy, with the corner now turned, should soon be himself again.

The newspapers had reported the mysterious fire at the old house, and had also reported that it was feared that two lives had been lost, as two figures had been discerned on its roof prior to the collapse of that structure.

Lindsay realised that the gang, therefore, thought him dead, and he took advantage of this to recuperate thoroughly. He had, by this time, decided not to inform the police, for he could not see exactly how he might co-operate with them in the absence of conclusive evidence.

When Billy was convalescent Lindsay took him down to Brighton, so that the change and sea air should put him right as quickly as possible. While they were in Brighton the first moves in the greatest criminal game of all times were made.

To begin with. The Paris air mail crashed in flames on the Picardy coast. Everybody was slain in the crash. It was afterwards discovered that the machine was carrying precious stones of great value, and these were not found among the wreckage. As it was thought that the plane had come down through an accident, the loss of the stones was

debited to casual theft by somebody who arrived on the scene before honest helpers.

A good deal of smuggling had been going on the Romney Marsh—a home of smugglers from time immemorial. Two planes bearing no distinguishing marks were fired, destroyed and left, their crews burnt to death. Whether they had carried anything or not, was never known.

And then a notice appeared in a big daily newspaper. The editor of the paper, in a footnote, said



BEATING THE BLAZE.—Holding Billy tightly to him, Lindsay jumped just as the roof went in with a roar like thunder. Feet first he landed in the straw on the lorry below.

that the notice had been transmitted anonymously over the telephone to his office. After consultation with the police, he had decided to print it, without prejudice and in the national interest. It read:

WARNING.

His Excellency, the Ambassador of Rølvavia, flies to-morrow night from Paris to London to see the Prime Minister of England. With His Excellency I have no quarrel, but he will serve as an example

of my power. I warn him not to fly. If he does, he will never complete his journey.

EMPEROR MUNDI.

Svarsen's scheme was exposed. He signed himself Emperor of the World! Morsley's magics had indeed got hold of him.

The Parisian telegraph wires hummed and hummed. There were long talks in the rue St. Honore, where the Rolavian Embassy was established. The Ambassador, a brave and courteous man, refused to be frightened. France provided four big fighting 'planes. It was arranged that a squadron of vicious high-speed scouts should come up from Manston to meet the Ambassador on his London flight.

The passenger-carrying 'plane took off from Le Bourget. The four big fighters, with the tricolour on their fuselages took off with her. They swept skywards, circled above the centre of civilisation and headed away north for the heart of the Empire.

At Manston the squadron of scouts stood in line, little grey, wicked things that could climb perpendicularly on their tails, that could swoop through the air so that the eagles were mere groundlings beside them.

And they did not start. They could not start. There was not a machine of all the army aeroplanes at the great depot which would start. Electricians, examining their ignition systems, were flung groundwards by powerful shocks. Tangmere was tried, and Tangmere was under the spoll.

And then a voice boomed over London. Many times in the future London was to hear that mighty voice which rolled in thunder above its traffic.

On that dreadful night, light crept across the London skies like a living thing—a strange light that merged in colour and changed, the elemental colours breaking and parting and coming together, the mysterious elemental colours from which all colour and light spring.

And from this light cloud that floated eerily against the aloof and distant stars, the great voice boomed from the heavens, as though a god stooped down in wrath and told the peoples of the earth of his anger.

"Manston is paralysed. I warned the world. The Ambassador at this moment is dying." That was what the voice said.

At Croydon they had been in constant touch with the machines that flew from Paris. The convoy was scheduled to make the run in less than two hours.

It left the French coast on time. The pilot of the Ambassador's machine was talking all the while to Croydon. Suddenly he screamed: "The demons—"

That was all they ever heard. Ships, slamming on full pressure and racing across the dark Strait, saw five great masses of flame fall seawards.

The Emperor of the World had spoken.

The Toll of the Unseen Terror.

LINDSAY and Billy—the latter now fairly fit—had been to Scotland Yard. While a paralysed Continent wondered what would happen next a second Sidney Street outrage was staged in the streets of London.

For the benefit of those not old enough to remember it, it should be recalled that Sidney Street, an obscure thoroughfare east of the Bank of England, contained then a house in which some desperate gunmen took refuge. These men were besieged by soldiers, and a pitched battle took place before their fortress fell.

And now the House of Doom was to be subjected to a similar siege. The Emperor of the World, as Svarsen called himself, had already given evidence of his terrible power, so that the authorities took as

few risks as possible. As in the case of the Sidney Street affair, it was decided that no rush attack could be made on the house.

Two companies of Guards constituted the besieging force. The police acted as able auxiliaries. Lindsay and Billy were there, but not as combatants.

Lindsay was inclined to be morose about this. To Billy he said: "Of course, once Svarsen started, he knew that something like this must happen—though I reckon he never guessed we were alive and could tell the police exactly where to find him so soon. But, anyhow, knowing him, I'm not willing to think that he left anything to chance. He'll be ready for a siege. He'll be ready to make his getaway. All this soldier business is a mistake."

It had been deemed essential to evict for the time being the people in the houses close by. The area round the House of Doom was cleared. The house was isolated. The troops surrounded it.

The Commissioner of Police himself got on to the telephone, and he spoke to Svarsen.

"I give you warning," he said. "Your place is surrounded by soldiers. We intend to take it. You are invited to surrender and thus avoid further loss of life."

His reply was a shock that sent him reeling from his seat. Through the chaos of this shock he heard high and mocking laughter from the great Voice.

This Voice spoke in the daytime. It warned the people of London. It warned the authorities. Let the attack be called off else everybody would regret it.

The authorities decided that they could not be dictated to by this criminal run amok, and the soldiers were given their orders. Of a sudden, old London which has seen so much fighting in its chequered history, heard the crisp dry rattle of rifle fire. The soldiers were firing at the House of Doom from various vantage points.

No reply was made to their firing. The lines looped four controlled rounds, and then the firing ceased.

A short consultation followed. The silence of the enemy was ominous. And it was during that silence that there occurred that catastrophe which shocked the whole of the world.

The time was early evening. That time when the great rush home to the suburbs from middle London is at its height.

Westminster Bridge was carrying its due share of the evening's burden. Its double track of tramway line held a dozen trams going in either direction, and these trams were full. The wide roadway beside the tram tracks that occupied the rest of the bridge was, as usual, choked with traffic. The two pavements on either side were black with people.

It was as though invisible lightning struck Westminster Bridge. The magnificent structure—perhaps, the most handsome bridge in all Europe—split asunder at its three middle arches, which utterly ceased to be.

The steel and granite of their composition disintegrated under a force that was stupendous. Trams, buses, taxis, cars, pedestrians . . . went riverwards. Panic indescribable descended on the bridge and its immediate district.

Traffic stopped on the Embankment and in the Westminster Bridge road. And Big Ben, his hands pointing at 5-35 p.m., as though to mark the exact time of the gigantic catastrophe, stopped also.

And the Voice spoke. From the high sky it thundered, sonorous, with a note of throbbing exultation in its depth and volume.

"I warned you. I did not wish to strike at innocent people. Let the troops withdraw."

Let amnesty be granted me. Otherwise I shall loose my servant Death to a greater killing than that of to-day."

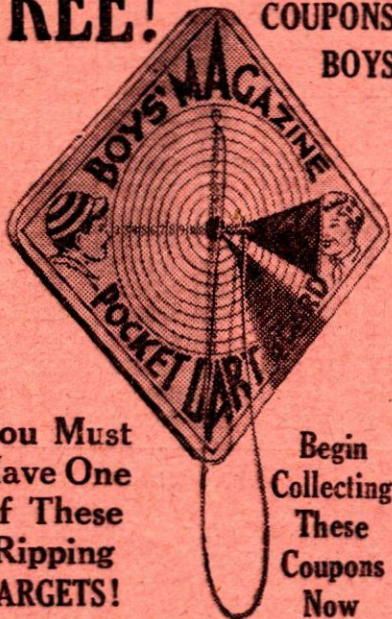
Nobody is to blame for what followed. That brave man died was a natural corollary to the murder act. Wrath blazed suddenly, as wrath will blaze under great affront. Vengeance was demanded. The two companies of Guards, parading as though by order, asked to be sent direct to the assault on the House of Doom.

The decision was taken. Men would be lost, but, after all, if the Guards wiped out the House of Doom at the cost of twenty lives the sacrifices would be justified were a stop put to such outrages as that which had just occurred.

The House of Doom under Siege! How will Svansen meet this attack? What further Magies has Morsley invented? Devastating developments at Mystery House Next Week.

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THE HUMAN ROCKET

(Continued from page 27.)

he squeezed out, and a moment later he was swimming strongly. In the distance he could see a great flying boat, high up. And coming towards him—coming straight for the hulk—low upon the water—was another craft of similar design. And it was in that flash that Arty remembered.

"Torpedoes!" he gasped. "They—they don't know! Heavens above!"

Plip! Splash! Arty saw something drop from the under part of the speeding plane. The plane herself zoomed up gracefully and majestically—and there, on the surface of the water came a black, long, wicked-looking projectile.

A torpedo! Arty could see that it was speeding in a direct line for the old hulk—absolutely amidships!

And then the Boy Goliath saw a tiny hope. He, and he alone, could save his eleven friends from certain death. With swinging, powerful strokes, he swam; diagonally, he approached the surging torpedo.

He half rose out of the water, hurling himself violently upon the torpedo. He clutched at the cold, wet, slippery surface; he felt the quivering hum of the monster, and he heard the whining whir of the tiny propellers. And with every ounce of his great strength he heaved at the torpedo's nose—his object being to swing it round, and divert it from its original course.

Half-blinded by the spray, choking, carried on by the deadly thing, at first he knew not whether he had succeeded or failed. At length he managed to open his eyes. He saw enormous timbers right over his head. With a thudding jar the torpedo smashed into some floating debris. And Arty knew that the giant explosive had just cleared the wrecked stern.

Booooooooom! Not ten seconds later the Boy Goliath was half-stunned by the terrific report from the exploding thing he had lately hugged.

"It was our own fault, I suppose," said Hal Beresford huskily. "But how could we know that the hold of that old ship would have deadly gas in it?"

The boys had been rescued and now they were on the weed-smothered deck with the Naval men who had helped to revive them. And Hal thought it better to say nothing of Lucas Crane.

Thus, the Win-Or-Bust Boys, safe but shaky, were taken aboard one of the flying-boats, and soon they reached Wexmouth beach.

"Now for the stadium!" said Hal grimly, after he and his chums had thanked their rescuers and had parted from them. "It's opening time, boys—and we've got to give the show!"

And at that very moment Lucas Crane was in the stadium—his face expressive of sorrow, but his heart thudding with evil triumph.

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" he shouted. "I am afraid there will be no performance to-night. Unfortunately, the Win-Or-Bust Boys—"

"Save your breath, Mr. Crane!" came a hearty yell. "The Win-Or-Bust Boys are here—and the show goes on!"

Lucas Crane staggered as though he had been struck a blow between the eyes, for running into the arena were the Win-Or-Bust Boys, all of them unscathed! Too shocked to utter a word, Crane was escorted off. And amid the thunderous applause from the audience, the show went on.

Lucas Crane was almost successful in his dastardly attempts to ruin the Win-Or-Bust Boys that time. Still those great thrill chaps carry on! More startling adventures with the Win-Or-Bust Boys shortly.

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