

CANNON FEET!

FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS,
SEE GREAT NEWS INSIDE

Boys' ^{2D} Magazine

EVERY SATURDAY



CORPORAL KEITH and TIMBERHEAD are within, Boys!

VOL. XXI—No. 552—Oct. 1, 1932

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BY CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.

YOUR EDITOR INTRODUCES GREAT NEW THRILL MAKER

John Hunter's gigantic story of Football and Amazing Mystery begins its meteoric run next week. Full news about this great new treat below, boys!

MY DEAR CHUMS,
I promised last week to give you full details of next week's new serial bombshell. Well, a portrait of

CANNON FOOT—Goal Buster!

appears above. His other name is "Doty" Bideford—and with his homely, Devon drawl, mild inquiring blue eyes, and huge, ungainly frame he does give one the impression of being "a bit off the top!" Is he? You shall see! He has been created by John Hunter, specially for the *Mag.*, and his adventures begin in our great football and Gift News Number next week.

Of course Football is the keynote of this gigantic new tale; you'll read some of the niftiest footer stuff ever in print. But there's something else—

The Most Baffling Mystery!

Drama, too, when Cannon Foot sets out to solve the problem, presented to him when his dying brother murmurs two cryptic sentences: "Melchester Rovers . . ." and "Two smooth guinea pieces . . ." Doty learns little more, except that Dan Vorgan, most ruthless criminal genius of our time, seeks something to which those two smooth guinea pieces are the key. And so Cannon Foot decides to save his brother's honour and carrying his life in his hands pits his supposedly half-witted brain against the sinister, calculating cunning of Dan Vorgan.

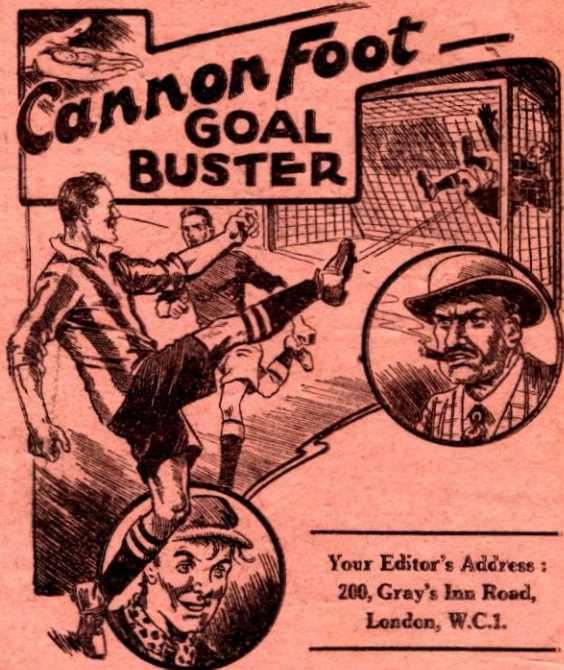
Have I told you enough? Does the above give you a dim hint of the immense thrills and excitement in this masterpiece of a master author? Well, whether I have failed to stir your interest or not I am assured that the author himself will not fail when you read the yarn next week.

How do you like Corporal Keith and Timberhead? Big stuff, aren't they? But the real thrills start in the second story of their exploits when they are

Trapped by Hoodlum Hank!

Hank, as you know is another member of the dreaded Six Star Gang, whom Keith has sworn to take back to Ottawa—dead or alive! The trail of Hoodlum Hank takes them to the upper reaches of the Moose River. But Hoodlum is desperate. He won't give in without a big struggle, and certain circumstances place Keith in his unscrupulous hands. Hoodlum Hank's method of ridding himself of the mountie is a strange one. He ties Keith to a wall of a hut and lays a trail of honey from the corporal to the woods. A bear is prowling in those woods! Nuff said!

Get ready to cheer, chaps. A bunch of old favourites return next week. None other than the Crew of the *Happy Haddock!* Brighter than ever,



Your Editor's Address:
200, Gray's Inn Road,
London, W.C.1.

brimful of fun and larks, the merry salts find themselves well and truly

GULLED!

In more senses than one! Pip starts it when a sea-gull takes a fancy to him. The little beggar is continually dropping worms and small fish at Pip's feet under the impression that his self-sought pal needs feeding. That's not bad but when the Chinese cook, An How, gets a growth compound from another Chinaman and feeds it to the sea-gull! things happen with a bang. Rapidly growing to the size of a small whale that bird begins to drop bigger things than tiddlers on Pip's napper. What he does bring to the *Happy Haddock* you'll read in the yarn itself.

You'll be glad to know that Tiny Tom Hinton, the Taxi 'Tec, with his wonder wane pistol and Smutty, appears next week in a double length yarn of his greatest coup. Thrills and drama let loose when the

Menace of the Dumb Men

sets London agog. How the Taxi 'Tec fights the gang and its mysterious leader will keep you thrilled all the way.

Midnight at Moaning Buoy

is the arresting title of the next exploit of Phil and Spud against the Headless Men of Drcone. Even more thrilling than this week's yarn. And that is saying something, eh, chaps?

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—Look out for startling news on this page next week.

CORPORAL KEITH The First Great Yarn of Daredevil Exploits Among the
AND TIMBERHEAD! Big Trees and Iron Men of the Lumberlands.

THE ★★★★★★
**SIX STAR
GANG**



**MIGHTY NEW MOUNTIE
SERIES, CHUMS!—BEGINS
TO-DAY!**

The Cataract of Logs.

THE maples and beeches were putting on their autumnal cloaks of red and brown.

The Moose River, which rises in the central plateau of Quebec to spill its waters into the St. Lawrence, was swollen by a dam built by a lumber gang; and the great head of water shone like a lake in the coppery light of the sun.

This peaceful scene of primeval splendour was disturbed by only one incongruous invader from modernity—a strange craft which was battling silently upstream, making dogged headway against the smooth-rushing torrent.

At first sight it looked merely like a smart electric canoe, decked fore and aft, and shining with chromium plating. But a waterman's eye would have been arrested by the queer erection, like a metal folding hood, behind the little well where the driver sat at the wheel. This was the one distinguishing feature of the *Kittiwake*.

The owner of this curious canoe looked as smart and well-turned-out as his vessel, in the red coat, gold-striped breeches and Stetson hat of the Canadian Mounted Police.

Although it was the first time that

he had been seen in that district, two villainous-looking men, who were eagerly watching his progress upstream from the shelter of a giant maple, knew him only too well.

"Corporal Keith Kennedy!" muttered one, a squat-built half-breed in a fur cap, hunter's outfit, and Indian moccasins. "He ain't wasted much time, Hank."

"Sure he ain't, Killer," agreed Hoodlum Hank, a huge, raw-boned hulk of a man. "But it's the last day he'll paddle his own canoe!"

"She didn't need paddlin'," said Killer Pete. "I heard tell he built her himself, and she can do 'most anything but fly! But there ain't no harm in putting a bullet through her battery," and he raised his long hunting rifle.

Hank knocked up the barrel. "Quit that, ya gink!" he snapped. "We'll let the timber do our work for us. C'm on!" and he darted away through the trees. Killer Pete, with one last regretful glance at the silver canoe, padded at his heels.

They followed a tortuous track through the dense forest which eventually brought them to a clearing



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

PHEEP! Next week the kick off of

JOHN HUNTER'S GREATEST FOOTBALL YARN!

The most compelling, the most vivid Tale of the Great Winter Game Ever Written, with Real Football, Real Characters and a First-rate Mystery, **CANNON FOOT!** the Half-wit Introducing Net Smasher.

Look Out For This Great Treat Next Week!

on the bank of the Moose. A long, low-built shack and enormous piles of timber showed that this was a lumber camp. Thousands of the logs had already been rolled off the slipways and were now rocking gently on the water, tethered by stout ropes until the time came to release them for their headlong voyage down river to the distant saw mills.

It was the siesta hour. Hearty mores proceeding from the shack left no doubt as to the comatose condition of the weery fellers.

A huge negro mounted guard over the logs—but his big, nodding head and hunched shoulders hardly suggested the alert sentry. Young Timberhead—as he was known throughout Quebec, partly because of his trade, but chiefly because of his hard head which, it was confidently asserted, was solid wood from the neck up—had, as usual, fallen asleep at his post.

Hank shook him roughly by the shoulder. "Wake up, you great boob!" he shouted. "You've got to let the lumber go!"

"Wh-what's dat?" gasped Timber, opening his innocent black eyes in a glazed stare and his capacious mouth in a mighty yawn.

"Heah! Read that!" Hank thrust a crumpled letter into his hands. "The Creek Saw Mills Company want the timber urgently! Wake up and wiggle!"

Timberhead staggered to his feet. "Guess I'll tell de foreman," he muttered.

"Why not write to the Governor of Quebec?" demanded the tough jeeringly. "Let the logs rip yourself, buddy. It's only a matter of cutting the ropes, and when your foreman wakes up and hears what a smart nigger you are you'll get a raise!"

Timber's eyes lit up. "Dis chile don't want no raise, but it'd be shuh good to get a pat on de back for once!" he exclaimed. "C'm on, boys. Gib me a hand!"

The next moment knives were out, and all three were strenuously engaged in cutting through the ropes. The great logs, some of which measured twenty feet in length, began to heave and kick in the rushing water as their bonds were severed. The last rope had been slashed away, and the whole mass of timber was beginning to move like an avalanche down stream, when the door of the shack burst open, and one of the fellers appeared, yawning and stretching himself.

"Hi! what the heck are ya up to?" he bellowed, suddenly straightening up; and his hand flew to the holster at his hip.

But before he could draw there was a sharp crack, and the smoke curled away from the long barrel of Killer Pete's rifle. The man clutched at his breast, swayed for a moment and then crumpled up in the doorway.

"C'm on, Pete!" roared Hank. "Beat it!" And, while Timber stood staring with the knife hanging in his nerveless hand, the two outlaws rushed away into the forest.

A crowd of loggers, headed by the foreman, came tumbling out of the shack, and a volley of shots rang out.

"After 'em boys!" thundered Big Jeff Carton, the foreman, as he ran down to the riverside and stared wild-eyed at the roaring, racing cataract of logs. "Great snakes! What have ya let those toughs do, ya great black boob? The river ain't high enough yet, and there'll be a hell's own jam in Red Man's Gorge!"

"It's an order from de Creek Saw Mills, bans," stammered Timber, handing him the letter. "Ah thought—"

"You thought? You can't think with that great timber head o' yours!" stormed the foreman, screwing the paper up into a ball and flinging it in the darkie's face. "Can't ya see this is a doggone forgery? I've had enough of your tomfoolery! You're bounced!"

"But, bans—" protested Timber.

"Bounced, d'ya hear?" roared Big Jeff. "Fired! Sacked! Why, the river's the only place for a sap like you!" The foreman advanced threateningly. "Take that—and you can swim after them logs and bring 'em back!" And he suddenly struck Timber a violent blow on the head with the butt of his gun, and, seizing him by his great shoulders, forced him backwards down the bank of the river.

The unfortunate nigger hit the water as heavily as one of the logs and, stunned by the blow from the pistol-butt, sank from sight in a toaming whirlpool.

Just then a wild cry broke out from some of the men, who had rushed up to the top of a small rise to watch the headlong progress of the logs. A terrible sight had met their eyes.

Forging steadily upstream, right in the path of the surging timber, came a shining silver canoe, a slight, cockleshell craft.

Corporal Keith Kennedy sat calmly in the well of the *Kittiwake*, his brown, nervous hands on the steering wheel, his keen, searching grey eyes taking in the situation at a glance. Even as he gazed at the phalanx of timber thundering down the river towards him, several of the logs which had detached themselves from the main mass came leaping at him through the water.

A sharp turn of the wheel carried the *Kittiwake* past the first of the plunging logs. Another and yet another followed, threatening to crash into her fragile side. Keith, coolly, methodically, as if he were merely negotiating a tricky reach of water, swung the little canoe round, and she darted between the two logs, which went foaming past her on either side, missing her polished decks by inches.

Then—just as it seemed that she would be swept away in that wild rush—an amazing thing happened.

The watchers on the mount were not to know that Keith had tugged sharply at a lever on the dashboard, but they saw the strange erection on the aft deck

suddenly slide forward and close over the well of the canoe in the shape of a smooth-fitting metal hood. Keith was now enclosed in a watertight compartment with a window of specially prepared glass at each side.

Next moment he pulled another lever and the *Kittiwake* dipped her silver nose and dived straight under the water like a fish!

The amazed spectators and one glimpse of the tiny propeller beating the air, and then the boiling scum closed over her; and nothing could be seen on the

neath him; and, supporting the drowning negro on her forward deck, reversed the lever and shot to the surface of the water just opposite the slipways.

Thieves in the Night.

WHEN Timberhead came round after his ducking, he found himself lying on the soft grass, while a hefty logger was almost pulling his arms out of their sockets in an attempt to apply artificial respiration.

"That's enough, bo," said a pleasant voice, and Timberhead stared stupidly up into the handsome, tanned face of a corporal of the Canadian Mounted Police. "You've had your fill of water, brother, but I reckon it's most outa you now."

"Who—who am yo'?" gasped Timber, sitting up.

"I'm Corporal Kennedy," was the quiet reply. "Maybe you heard of me before. I was the guy who broke up the Six-Star Gang, and now I'm out to catch

'em one by one and take 'em back, dead or alive, to Ottawa. Now tell me"—he dropped on one knee beside the exhausted nigger—what were those men like who brought you the fake letter from the Creek Saw Mills?"

Timber scratched his head. "One was a husky guy wid a blue chin, sah, an' de oder a half-breed—more Injun than Canuck."

"That'll be Hoodlum Hank and Killer Pete," murmured Keith. "The rest of the gang are Captain Star, Charlie the Conman, Jules Lemaitre the Canuck, and Chinook the Eskimo—and heaven alone knows where they are!" He turned to Big Jeff Carton, who came striding up with a brow of thunder. "If you'd spent your time chasing those two outlaws instead of trying to drown one of your own loggers," said Keith, with a trace of sternness in his voice, "you'd have saved me a sight of trouble."

"He ain't one of my loggers," snapped Jeff. "He's sacked! I just bin down to Red Man's Gorge with the boys, and I reckon it's gonna take them the rest of the day to clear the jam. As for that chocolate soldier, I'm through with him."

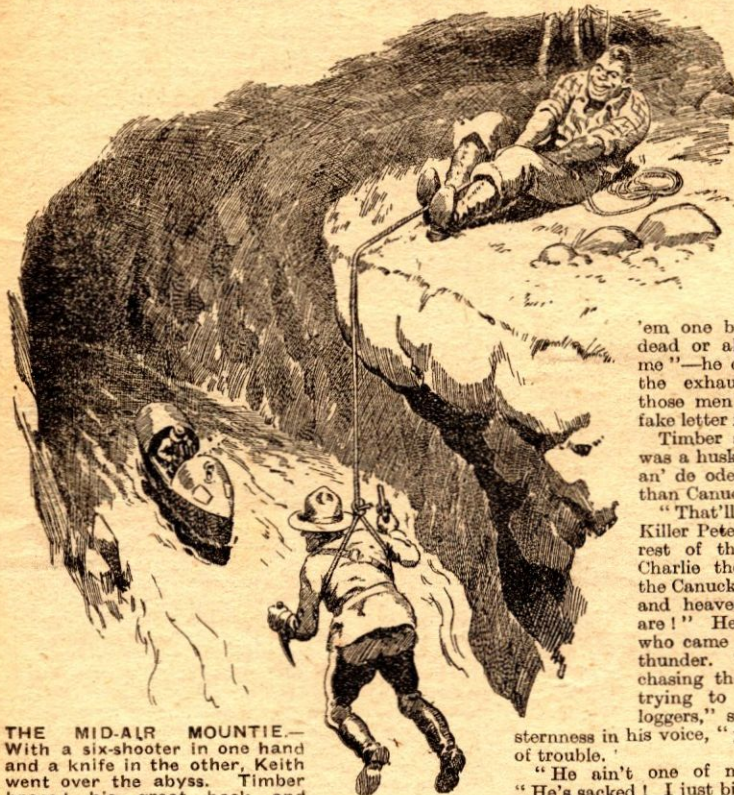
Keith looked at the unhappy Timber and stroked his chin reflectively. "So you're sacked, are you, brother?" he said. "Well, what about signing on with me?"

"What? Me?" The young giant's eyes grew round with amazement. "Ah ain't got no brains, sah!"

"So they tell me," said Keith. "But, listen, brother. There's plenty of hard knocks going in my business, and sometimes a thick head's got its advantages."

"Wall, if yo' means it," cried Timber, jumping up with a radiant face, "Ah'm shuh yo' man, sah! Ah'd let 'em bounce rocks off ma bean for yo'!"

"It's a bargain, then," said Keith, holding out his hand. They shook, and Keith turned to Jeff Carton. "Now, I won't ask you to help trail those crooks, Mr. Foreman. But you can offer us the common



THE MID-AIR MOUNTIE.—

With a six-shooter in one hand and a knife in the other, Keith went over the abyss. Timber braced his great back and mighty muscles to take the strain.

bold bosom of the Moose but the tearing, grinding, cracking avalanche of logs.

It was for occasions such as this that Keith Kennedy had applied his marvellous engineering knowledge, and built himself the only known diving canoe in Canada.

Secure in his snug little compartment, the intrepid corporal steered the *Kittiwake* in its submarine journey up the river, vainly trying to pierce the gloom caused by its burden of wood. At last it grew lighter—the tenobrous deeps changed to a murky green—and he knew that the timber had passed on.

He was just about to rise—for the air in the enclosed well was becoming stale—when he saw what he at first thought was a sunken log twisting and rolling in the water. Another glance through the steam-obscured window told him that it was a black man!

In a flash Keith had swung the *Kittiwake* under-

hospitality of putting me up in your shack for the night. I've got the *Kittiwake* moored to your slipway, and I'll let my new partner show his mettle by mounting guard over her to-night."

The foreman went off into a great roar of laughter. "You're starting well!" he guffawed. "If there's one thing he kin do real good it's falling asleep at his post!"

Timberhead scowled darkly, but he said nothing, although mentally resolving not to betray the trust that this splendid young Mountie had placed in him.

Dusk was now falling, and, after a hearty meal of bear steaks and plum duff, Keith had a last look at the *Kittiwake*, moored to the slipway, and retired into the shack with the lumbermen.

Timber sat down by the glowing embers of the fire, and stared out across the unruined surface of the river. Gradually the sounds from the shack died down, and the light went out at the window. A silver glow on the tops of the fir-trees heralded the rising of the moon, which soon shed her pale lustre on the moving waters.

The young giant, with his eyes glued on the *Kittiwake*, began to think what a wonderful fellow Corporal Keith Kennedy was. "Dey kin bounce rocks off ma head before Ah lets him down," he thought, and looked fiercely round—to find himself staring into the muzzle of a rifle!

At the other end of the weapon was Killer Pete, a fixed scowl on his dusky face, and behind him stood Hoodlum Hank, with a six-shooter in his hand.

"One word from your ugly trap, and my pard'll fill ya with lead!" threatened the latter. "Now, Pete, git into the canoe. It won't bite ya!" For the superstitious Killer, who had some idea that the little boat was propelled by magic, was hesitating to set his foot in it. Overcoming his fear, he sprang lightly into the well and began to examine the controls.

"You turn on the switch to set the engine going," Hank directed him; "but it don't matter if she won't work. The stream'll carry her down. I'll pick ya up below Red Man's Gorge when I've settled Corporal K!"

At that sinister threat all Timber's alarm and caution flew to the winds. He forgot the terrible danger he was in, and as the *Kittiwake* glided off downstream, with Killer Pete clutching the wheel, he sprang to his feet and hurled himself at Hank.

The outlaw side-stepped, and brought the butt of his revolver down on Timber's head with crushing force. The blow would have smashed in any normal skull, but the young nigger was still conscious enough, as he sank to his knees, to lug out his revolver from the holster. As Hank darted towards the shack, three shots rang out in rapid succession. Timber, firing from the ground, missed with the first two, but "winged" him in the right arm at the third.

Hank dropped his gun with a howl of pain, and, spinning round, seemed about to rush at the nigger. But the crashing reports brought a crowd of men to the door of the shack, and guns began to bark in all directions! Hank, without waiting to settle Timber, clutched his bleeding arm and vanished into the obscurity of the trees.

The first man out of the shack was Keith. He sent a stream of bullets after the disappearing Hank, and was about to plunge into the forest in pursuit of him when a shout from Timber brought him up short.

"Let dat guy go!" cried the darkie. "Dey've got de *Kittiwake*, corporal! Ah shuh is sorry, but dey surprised me wid guns, and dat goldarned Pete's got away in de canoe!"

Keith set his teeth. "Where did he go?" he demanded.

"Downstream!" panted Timber. "Hank said he was gwine meet Pete below Red Man's Gorge."

"Foreman, can you let me have a coupla horses?" snapped Keith, turning to Jeff, who had appeared, gun in hand. "We'll get those skunks if we're snappy."

The foreman could raise no objection to this, and two of the lightest of the dragging horses were hastily brought from the corral. Keith and Timberhead mounted bare-back, and, pistols in hand, galloped away along the twisting path through the forest.

"I tel you what we'll do," said the young Mountie, as they thudded along over a thick carpet of pine needles. "I noticed the gorge as I came up the river to-day. The side is too steep for us to get down to the water, but I'll jest drop over at the end of a lariat and jump into the boat as she's passing."

Timber opened his big mouth at the daring of the suggestion. "Ain't dat jest asking for trouble, sah?" he exclaimed. "Why not bounce rocks on to him when he passes?"

"Oh, yeah? That'd do the *Kittiwake* a power o' good, wouldn't it?" responded Keith with sarcasm. "That's enough talk!" he added. "Hank must be skulking around here somewhere."

They relapsed into silence, and the two horses began to snort and pant as the ground grew steadily steeper. They were coming out of the great forest belt on to the higher rocky ground of the plateau, where the Moose River cuts through the cliffs of a low range of sandstone hills. As they had seen no sign of Hank, they knew that by now they must have passed him; and a few minutes later they saw the steep escarpment of the opposite side of the gorge, which rose about sixty feet higher on that bank of the river.

Over the Abyss.

SUDDENLY Keith, who was slightly in advance of Timber, drew up his horse with a sharp tug at the reins and motioned his companion back. He was standing on the very edge of Red Man's Gorge, and the moon, which was now riding high in the heavens, showed its glittering reflection on the surging black waters forty feet below.

"This is where we get busy," said Keith, dismounting and tethering his horse to a fir-tree some twenty yards away from the edge. Timberhead followed suit, and also imitated Keith when he dropped down and crawled on all fours over the broken sandstone to the verge of the abyss. Lying flat on their stomachs, they gazed up the winding river until their peering eyes picked out a moving streak of silver which caught the light of the moon. It was the *Kittiwake*, being rapidly borne towards them on the rushing torrent.

"There she is!" exclaimed Keith, and there was a world of relief in his voice.

He looked keenly round, and then sudden disappointment showed in his eyes. "This is where we are up against it!" he muttered. "There's not a single thing we can fix the lariat to! The trees are too far away, and none of these rocks is large enough to hold me. What on earth are we to do?"

"If you're still set on losing yo' life," observed Timber slowly, "Ah was thinking Ah might kinda hold de rope maself and let yo' down, sah! Ah know Ah ain't no clobber guy, but Ah's shuh husky, an'—"

"Brother, that's jest a dandy proposition!" exclaimed the Mountie, clapping him on the shoulder. "There's hope for that old wooden head of yours yet!" He drew his forty-foot lariat from a deep pocket, and, slipping the noose over his head and then under his armpits, fixed it with a knot. "If

you stand firm while I'm swinging on the end of that, I'll say you're tough!"

"Ah'll sahtainly stand firm," replied Timber calmly, and he wrapped the other end of the rope round his great body, and, rising on one knee, dug his heel hard into the ground.

At that moment the *Kittiwake*, flashing in the light of the moon, swung round the corner of the cliff below them, and darted like a silver fish into the gorge.

"Here she comes!" cried Keith. "Lean back, Timber! I'm off!" With a six-shooter in one hand and a knife in the other, he dropped over the edge of the abyss, and the next moment was suspended in mid-air. Timber felt the sudden strain, but he braced his great back and the knotted muscles of his mighty calves. He knew that he was more than equal to the weight imposed upon his colossal frame, and with infinite care he paid out the rope foot by foot.

Keith had carefully chosen the spot from which to embark on his perilous venture. It was a part of the cliff that jutted out and overhung its base by several yards; and as a result he found himself swinging over the middle of the stream right in the path of the oncoming *Kittiwake*.

Thanks to the night and the fact that he was struggling with the mysterious controls of the canoe, Killer Pete did not see the young corporal dangling in the air above him. It was Keith's intention to wait for the favourable moment and then cut the rope and drop into the canoe as she passed—but hairbrain schemes such as this do not always work out exactly according to plan!

While the canoe was approaching the spot over which he hung—and actually at the moment that his knife was poised in readiness to cut the rope—something happened at the top of the cliff which nearly put a fatal termination to the adventure.

Timber, straining with closed eyes at the rope, suddenly felt as if a bomb had exploded in his head. A thousand lights danced before his eyes, and, as complete darkness followed this unexpected fireworks display, he toppled forward and gently subsided in a heap. His bold jest had proved a prophecy. Hoodlum Hank, following up the horses as fast as he could, had arrived in the nick of time, and, being deprived of his revolver, had "bounced" a rock on the nigger's head!

"That's settled him!" he muttered, with one contemptuous glance at the grovelling Timberhead, and, racing to the edge of the gorge, he shouted: "Look out, Pete! They're after ya!"

Killer Pete looked up from the baffling dashboard of the canoe, and saw an amazing sight. The lariat, slipping rapidly through Timber's open fingers, ran out to its full length. Keith dropped a sheer five feet, and was brought to a sudden stop with a jerk that nearly dragged his arms out of their sockets, and sent his knife and gun flying from his hands, to fall with a splash in the water below!

For a moment the half-breed stared up in dumb-founded bewilderment. Then he saw Keith descending on him in a series of delayed drops, as the corporal's weight gradually dragged the semi-conscious negro nearer and nearer to the edge of the abyss.

Killer Pete stood up in the moving canoe, and an evil grin spread across his swarthy face. Very deliberately he raised his rifle to his shoulder and took aim at the helpless Mountie. Sure of his deadly marksmanship, he fixed the sight on his victim's head, and pressed the trigger.

At that moment Timber, drawn violently over the ground by the rope, rolled headlong into a little



KEITH GETS "THE DROP."—Pete pulled the trigger, but at the same instant Keith dropped a sudden three feet, and the bullet cut clean through the rope. The mountie crashed full atop of his man.

hollow almost at the edge of the abyss—and Keith dropped a sudden three feet. Before the crash of the shot awoke all the echoes of Red Man's Gorge, the bullet, shaving the corporal's head, cut clean through the lariat, and almost instantly a terrific weight descended on Pete's head and sent him crashing down into the bottom of the canoe!

He fought like a madman, but Keith's fingers were biting into his throat, and gradually the half-breed's struggles ceased under that relentless pressure.

While the fight was going on in the boat, another scrimmage had begun on the edge of the cliff. Hoodlum Hank had turned to see the huge nigger rising unsteadily to his feet. Even being "bounced" on the head with a rock had failed to lay him out! But this third blow he had received on his ill-fated

(Continued on page 34.)

THE TIN-RIBBED TORNADO IN—
Uproarious Doings at a Cook Shop!



REUBEN THE ROBOT HELPS
AT THE GREAT GRUB-SCOFF-
ING CONTEST.

The Sorrows of Spaghetti.

"WAITER!" Sunny Brown, the brilliant young inventor from the Wortlebury College of Applied Mechanics, tapped his plate with a knife and glanced impatiently across the restaurant.

He was already beginning to regret that he had popped into Spaghetti's restaurant, which was rapidly losing custom owing to a succession of inefficient waiters. Reuben the Robot, the marvellous mechanical man which he had built, sat beside his young creator, however, with the pleased expression to be expected of one who has just dined sumptuously off a gallon of paraffin!

The latest of Signor Spaghetti's incompetent servitors had his work cut out to attend to the abnormal wants of an enormously stout man. He ate with an astonishing gusto, and as fast as he swallowed one course he clamoured for another. As a result, the waiter was dashing feverishly to and fro between his table and the serving-hatch, employing the brief intervals in leaning against the counter to pant for breath.

Sunny interrupted one of these pauses by thumping the table and bellowing "Waiter!" for the third time.

The man looked angrily round, and then, as his eye travelled from Sunny to his grotesque 10-cwt. companion, a startling change came over his sallow face. "You?" he gasped.

It was Mike Crookes, a former student of the College, and an old enemy of Sunny's. Thanks to his mistaken belief that dishonesty is the best policy, he had come down in the world and was now compelled to earn a meagre living at Spaghetti's restaurant.

"What do you want?" he demanded sullenly.

"I want lunch, please," retorted Sunny. "I will start with thick soup."

Mike glared, and, crossing to the lift, yelled: "One portion thick soup and another steak and kid!" A few moments later he returned, bearing the steaming dishes in either hand. "Here you are!" he chortled, and, slapping the pudding on Sunny's head, he completed the action by giving him an unexpected shampoo with the scalding soup!

The boy inventor leapt to his feet with a yell of mingled pain and wrath. "What do you mean by that?" he shouted, doubling his fists.

Mike, a dangerous gleam in his eyes, sprang back and snatched up a knife. "Touch me at your peril!" he challenged.

Sunny's answer was to stretch out his hand—but not towards the enraged youth. He touched a button on Reuben's steel chest, and the Robot rose obediently and lurched forward in a jerky, menacing manner peculiar to him. Mike felt himself clutched in those relentless arms of steel and hurled with automatic velocity towards the exit. He crashed through the swing door and shot out into the street!

This quaint interlude passed unnoticed by the stout man, whose rubicund face was almost buried in a steak pudding. But Signor Spaghetti had witnessed the whole scene from his post at the pay-desk, and he now came bustling forward.

"Sapristi! what you do, what you do, sare?" he cried. "Your robot haf kill-a my waiter!" Reuben was already well-known throughout Wortlebury.

"Your waiter nearly killed me," snapped Sunny, wiping his neck with the tablecloth. "It was time he was discharged!"

"Alas! it is true!" Signor Spaghetti wrung his hands. "He is a bad waiter! The life of the restaurant proprietor is hard, sare," he went on almost weeping. "These waiters—zey are all ze same. I tell zem se customer he is always right, but it is no use. A waiter should have no personal feelings. He should be like a machine!"

"Like a machine!" Sunny Brown repeated the words as if they had given him an idea. He fell into a reverie, from which he was rudely awakened by a plaintive cry for food.

"Waiter!" squealed the fat man petulantly. "Are you asleep? Where is that third steak and kidney

pudding I ordered?" He banged the table with knife and fork and looked savagely round.

"Pardon me, sare," whispered Signor Spaghetti in Sunny's ear. "Zis is my best customer. Si, signor," he went on, hurrying to attend to the hungry one. "One meenit—you shall haf your pudding!" He waddled across to the serving-hatch and gave the order. Almost immediately the lift brought up a plate which bore no savoury pudding, but a mere scrap of paper.

The next moment a howl of anguish escaped the signor, and he tore his hair in an outburst of southern frenzy.

"I am a most unfortunate man!" wailed the *maitre d'hotel*. "I am ruined! Look at zis!"

Sunny took the paper from his trembling hand and read:

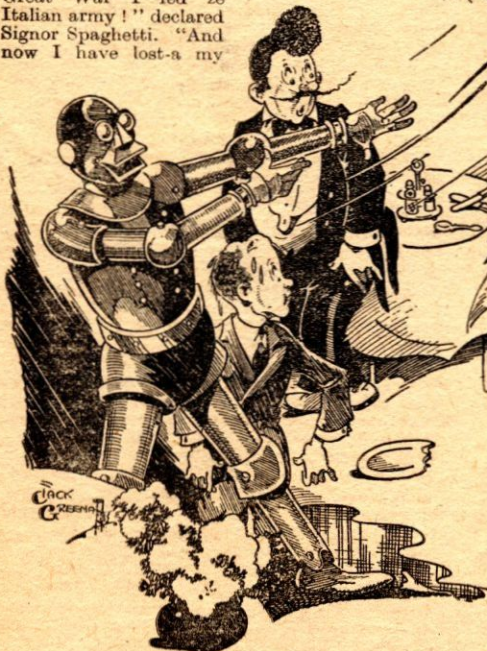
You can feed the fat pig yourself. I have had enough!—Cook.

"What fat pig?" he asked blankly.

"Hush!" The Italian placed a finger on his lips and glanced apprehensively towards the fat man. "It is zat gentleman! Every day he come-a here and eat, eat, eat like he is starving. My cook has resigned. Only yesterday he told-a me he was overworked!"

Sunny could not restrain a chuckle as he saw the stout patron glaring hungrily round as if he had not had a bite for weeks. "Well, I don't blame the cook for chucking up the sponge," he said.

"Nonsense! When I was a cook in ze Great War I fed ze Italian army!" declared Signor Spaghetti. "And now I have lost-a my



"*Sapristi!* I shall have to cook-a ze pudding myself! Pardon me," cried the harassed proprietor, and he hustled over to placate his incensed and solitary patron, while the young inventor walked thoughtfully out, followed by the Robot.

Robot Soup!

THE next morning Signor Spaghetti was studying his bill of fare with quiet satisfaction when he heard a sudden commotion in the swing doors.

It was caused by Reuben the Robot, who clumbled ponderously through the swing door.

"Let me introduce my mechanical waiter, signor," said the young inventor proudly.

Spaghetti stared in surprise to see Reuben's shining chest decorated with countless little discs on which numbers had been printed.



HAVING HIS FLING.—The robot clutched Mike in his powerful steel arms, and hurled him with automatic velocity towards the exit.

This is a new electro magnetic process I invented overnight," explained Sunny. "Do you mind sitting down at that table and calling 'waiter'?"

The restaurant proprietor, highly mystified, did as he was requested; and at the call Reuben strode towards him and stood attentively by his table. "Well, zat is very clever!" exclaimed Spaghetti. "But what do I do next?"

"You press one of the discs on his chest," instructed Sunny.

The Italian put out a tentative finger and touched a disc numbered seven. Reuben immediately wheeled smartly round, marched across to the serving hatch and shouted in his metallic voice: "Two sausagos and mash!"

Signor Spaghetti chuckled. "Eet is marvellous!" he declared.

"Quite simple," replied Sunny modestly. "Merely a question of very delicately adjusted cells. You must number all the items on your menu, signor, to make them correspond with the discs on Reuben's chest. Each one causes him to fetch a different

cook and my waiter! What shall I do?"

"Well, I don't know about a cook," said Sunny slowly, "but give me until to-morrow morning and I will turn my robot into the slickest waiter who ever slung a soup-plate!"

"Where is my steak and kidney pudding?" howled the fat man, jumping up and nearly upsetting the table.

course, and diners merely have to press the necessary button. His speed can be accelerated according to the number of guests, but he will always return to the right table. You would see if you only had a cook."

"Ah, zis is where I haf a leetle surprise for you," cried Spaghetti. "See?" He pointed to the serving hatch, where a dish had appeared via the lift.

Reuben took it carefully in his steel fingers, swung round and, trotting back, deposited a plate of sausages and mash on the table.

"I have engaged a new cook," explained Spaghetti. "Zat is quick work, yes, no?"

"He certainly produced those sausages in good time," agreed Sunny. "Now let's number your menu." They set to work, and had just finished when the doors swung open to admit—not without some difficulty—the fat man of the previous day.

Spaghetti ran to greet him effusively, and explained his wonderful new system of mechanical waiting. At the end of the recital the fat man shook his head sorrowfully.

"I wish I could try your mechanical waiter, signor," he said, "but I am not eating to day."

"Not eating to day?" Spaghetti stared at him, hardly able to believe his ears. Not a day passed but this valuable patron of the restaurant consumed enough food to satisfy six ordinary men.

"No, I am fasting," he went on in a melancholy tone, "but," he added, a touch of wistfulness creeping into it, "I should like to look at some food." As he spoke he prodded Reuben's numbered chest with a stubby finger.

A delighted smile wreathed his rosy features as he heard the Robot intone: "Turtle soup!" and when the steaming dish appeared a few minutes later a look of rapture shone in his bulging eyes.

"I don't think a spoonful would hurt me, do you?" he sighed. Sinking into a chair, he opened his mouth and greedily gulped down a long draught of the glutinous fluid.

The effect was electrical. Seized as if by a spasm, he started back so suddenly that the chair overbalanced, and the fat man rolled on the floor, spluttering and clutching at his mouth.

"Ugh!" he spluttered as Spaghetti rushed to his assistance. "Is it Robot soup or something? It tastes like gear oil!"

Spaghetti dipped a finger in and tasted it cautiously. It was gear-oil!

"It's that rascally new cook of mine!" he yelled, and, pushing Reuben out of his way, he darted from the room.

Sunny saw Reuben marching again towards the hatch. Spaghetti's hand had pressed another disc, and the Robot's stentorian cry of "Devised kidneys!" mingled with confused sounds of an altercation from below.

Sunny's eyes wandered to the sausages and mash, and he reflectively picked up a fork. "I wonder what's in them?" he murmured.

While he was examining the sausages with a view to vivisectioning them, Reuben had collected an enormous pile of plates which had just come up by the service lift. Undisturbed by a rapidly approaching clamour on the stairs, the Robot waiter strode forward to deposit his burden on the nearest table.

The next moment Spaghetti reappeared, dragging a bearded and white-faced French cook by the collar. "Ajolopise to zis gentleman!" he was thundering, "for ze foolish mistake you have made!" "One moment," put in Sunny quietly. "I don't believe it was a mistake. These sausages look rather queer to me!"

He prodded one with a fork, and instantly there

was a loud explosion. Sunny, used as he was to unexpected chemical reactions in the laboratory, leapt back and collided with Reuben. The next moment the four inmates of the restaurant were staggering under a shower of plates!

By the time Signor Spaghetti and Sunny Brown had stopped counting stars the mysterious chef had vanished. He had, however, left his beard behind as a memento.

"If you ask me," declared Sunny, rubbing his head ruefully, "that was Mike Crookes in disguise. I recognise his touch in those explosive sausages!" Signor Spaghetti shook his fists in the air. "Zat villain! He will ruin me!" he wailed. "Ten thousand pardons, signor," he continued, turning to the fat man. "If you will come-a to-morrow I will give-a you a most magnificent lunch for nothings!"

When the fat man had waddled out the Italian turned to Sunny and remarked: "It is a 'igh price to pay, but I must not lose-a zis so marvellous customer. If you will take-a my place in ze pay-desk I will do ze cookings."

"And Reuben shall do the waiting," added Sunny.

The Feast.

THE fat man arrived punctually the following day, but he did not come alone. He brought along two queer-looking individuals, one as skinny and hungry-looking as he was fat and well-fed, the other a toff in a top-hat. Sunny Brown came forward from his seat in the pay-desk to greet the visitors.

"Good morning," he said affably. "We are prepared to keep our bargain, sir, but I don't believe Signor Spaghetti mentioned any friends."

"They will not eat with me," replied the fat man.

"We are only watching him," put in the top-hatted gentleman.

They sat down at a table and, with Sunny watching curiously, went through some strange actions. The fat man took off his coat and waistcoat, rolled up his sleeves and breathed deeply as if preparing for some colossal feat of endurance. The top-hatted gentleman produced a notebook, a pencil and watch, which he laid carefully on the table in front of him. And the thin individual leant back in his chair with a cynical smile on his cadaverous features.

"We have chosen the right place for this," the fat man was saying. "They have a marvellous mechanical waiter here. Just watch." He raised his voice and bellowed: "Waiter!"

His companions started as the grotesque figure of Reuben the Robot strode majestically from the shadows and halted beside their table.

The fat man chuckled and prodded one of the discs. A moment later Reuben was booming down the lift-shaft: "Turtle soup. Three portions. Rolls and butter, four. Six bottles of ginger beer."

"That's a good start!" chuckled Sunny. The same thought occurred to Signor Spaghetti, who was toiling in the steamy heat of the subterranean regions. "But he is only a man. He can eat-a so much and no more!" he muttered.

The words had barely left his lips than he heard the booming voice of the Robot again: "Turtle soup. Three portions. Rolls and butter, four. Six bottles of ginger beer." Signor Spaghetti was relieved by Reuben's next order for four steak-and-kidney puddings. "Ah! he's got-a past ze soup course, any way!" he murmured.

What was his horror when, looking up the lift-shaft, he saw Reuben's expressionless face again and heard the words:

"Clear soup. Five portions. Turtle soup. One portion. Rolls and butter, six. Eight bottles of ginger beer."

A PEN IN THE HAND FOR A JOKE IN THE MAG.

The JESTER'S REALM



Football 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.

G

Would-be-Golfer: I'd move Heaven and Earth to play golf properly!
Caddy: Well, you've only got Heaven to tackle now!

(Football to HORACE LONG, 65, Burlington Road, New Malden, Surrey.)

LUCID.

An Irish porter, who had recently found employment at a station, got flustered when the first train came in and forgot the name of the station, so this is what he shouted:

"Here you are for where you are going. All you in there for here get out."
 (Fountain Pen to R. K. C. HAMMOND, "Chase Side," Ro hley Plain, Leicester.)

CANNY SANDY.

SANDY: Well, and how do you like the house?
FRIEND: Fine! But why have you nailed the wallpaper to the walls?

SANDY: Well, I mightn't live here for ever!
 (Fountain Pen to P. J. FENSOME, 129, Langdale Road, Thornton Heath.)

A BLACK OUTLOOK.

NEGRO (at labour exchange): I don't suppose you don't know nobody that don't want nobody to do nothing does you.

(Fountain pen to HUGH SPROSTON, 3464 West 36th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.)

GOOD ADVICE.

CUSTOMER: I've only got two shillings, waiter, what do you recommend?

WAITER: Another restaurant sir!

(Fountain pen to ERIC NICHOLS, Powell Ward, General Hospital, Bristol.)

DEDUCTION.

CONVICT (who has lost his toothbrush): Look here, warden, there's a thief in this prison!

(Fountain Pen to R. JONES, Primrose House, Clyde Road, Frampton Cotterell, near Bristol.)



Teacher: It is a well-known natural phenomenon that heat expands and cold contracts. Just give me an instance of this!

Pupil: Please, sir, the holidays! In summer they last six weeks, in winter only two.

(Football to JOHN PEARSON, "Heatherfield," Gore Lane, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.)

UNMASKED.

FIRST KID: Who's that chap over there?
SECOND KID: Don't yer know? That's Johnny Brown—only he's had his face washed!
 (Fountain Pen to E. A. JAMES, Glanville House, Cubert, Newquay, Cornwall.)

JOKE COUPON.

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

1/10/32.

HAD IT HOT.

SCIENCE MASTER: Trees contribute greatly to the heat of the atmosphere.

TOMMY: Yes, sir; the birch has often warmed me!
 (Fountain Pen to G. MARSHALL, 1, Grange Lane, Ashby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.)

AN ATTACHMENT.

FIRST NAVY (during quarrel): I hopes yer know I've got a name?

SECOND NAVY: Yus, I know every maug 'as an 'andle!

(Fountain Pen to KEITH DOLSON, 7, Killerton Road, Bude, Cornwall.)

THIRD RATERS.

TEACHER: John, who defeated the Philistines?

JOHN (aroused from day-dreams): Dunno. I don't follow none o' them Third League teams.

(Fountain Pen to R. J. MARCH, 41, Courtenay Road, Splott, Cardiff.)

SOIL(ED).

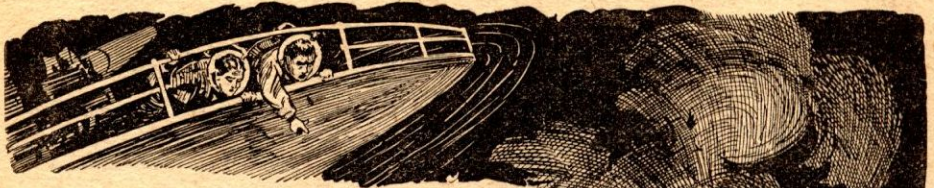
DINER: Waiter, this coffee is mud!

WAITER: Sir, it was only ground this morning.
 (Fountain Pen to THOMAS GREEN, 34, Watson Street, Morley, near Leeds, Yorkshire.)

WHITE HOT CONCLUSION OF OUR WONDER SCIENCE TALE!

AMAZA

PLANET OF PERIL

**By BERNARD BULEY**

The Cylinders of Death.

THAT mighty vivid flash from the gun of the space cruiser and the succeeding disappearance of the helicopter with Jimmy and Monty upon its deck was perhaps Hawke Cruise's greatest piece of strategy.

He had fired the gun far above the helicopter, but in the blinding flash it did not appear so. To the Amazans it seemed that Jimmy and Monty on the helicopter had been wiped out with one stroke.

Actually, however, a moment before firing as a blind, Hawke Cruise had switched off the current that had paralysed the controls of the helicopter, and as they had been set for a descent upon earth, the machine immediately dropped away with the sickening swoop of a plummet.

Jimmy and Monty immediately realised the scheme of the fighting scientist. With the awful sensation of falling like an iron clutch at their hearts, they yet retained sufficient presence of mind to hang grimly on whilst they dropped away out of the ken of the Amazans manning the space fleet.

Only when he had counted a full sixty seconds did Jimmy Wade struggle as if against mighty invisible waves to reach the controls.

To his infinite relief, he succeeded, and the dizzy downward plunge of the helicopter was stayed, so that they sank slowly but comfortably with whirring propeller above.

And they had the defensive ray-box still.

Suddenly, Jimmy cried out wildly at what he saw. It was a cry that was echoed in horror by Monty within his glassite helmet. Below was such a scene of terror, war and destruction as surely never had the world seen before.

**LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER YARN BY THE AUTHOR OF AMAZA**

Enormous towers were rolling over the Plain, their armed occupants smashing away all opposition that came in their path. Parties of British soldiers would come running, gas masks making them hideous, bayonets drawn. Brave men rushing into the jaws of death, only to meet with a blaze of white fire and instantly be annihilated—wiped out of sight and existence.

Mace men from Amaza—huge fellows—bearing metal clubs that gave off a weird unearthly glow, were tramping in solid columns, their arms working like those of automatons.

They might have been metal men, for all the lads knew. Suffice it that they smashed everything that came in their path, whether it were tanks, buildings, or the flesh and blood of earth men. Their glowing maces smashed down—and stone and steel, flesh and blood crumpled before them.

"Here, we've got to stop that somehow!" groaned Jimmy Wade, his blood boiling.

He tried the effects of the defensive ray web, switching it on with trembling fingers. In a sense it acted like a charm. It stopped the mechanism of the rolling, lurching towers, stopped them dead. The army of mechanical men halted, and crashed down like so many toy soldiers. But the action of the ray-web was localised. It no longer spread for miles around, though Jimmy Wade sought to strengthen the flow of its crackling current.

Only the coming of daylight and reinforcement from the cosmic rays could strengthen the web. But before then, it seemed, the terrible forces of Amaza would gain a secure foothold on earth.

Moving the helicopter like a flash through space, Jimmy and Monty saw England spread out like a dark relief map beneath them. Dark save for the ominous glowing fires at all parts. England was being put to fire and sword.

Dearly did the boys desire Professor Hawke Cruise's heartening company—and Nick's—during that zero hour.

"Nothing doing, Monty," Jimmy gasped, "unless something unexpected turns up."

And it was at that moment that something happened.

Upon their ears was borne the thunderous drone of a powerful triple-engined 'plane, and peering through the gathering dawn, their hearts beating hard, they saw its riding lights. Jimmy brought the helicopter to stationary, and watched as the big 'plane circled. It sent out a rocket signal, and then piqued down in a long slant.

"Wants us to land," muttered Jimmy.

Monty silently set the controls, and they swirled down through space, a weird sight. The lads felt as though they were throwing off intolerable fetters as they stepped once more on to *terra firma*.

They threw back their space helmets, breathing great draughts of the clear air as they crossed over towards the huge tri-motored aeroplane. Men in great military overcoats stepped from the cabin and went hastily to meet the boy-space adventurers.

Jimmy and Monty recognised one as the Prime Minister; and he was surrounded by high staff officers. Almost before they realised it, they were engaged in earnest conversation with the Prime Minister of England.

"My lads," he began, hurriedly; "you are well met, indeed. We have received through the ether telephone we borrowed from you an urgent message from Professor Hawke Cruise. He has wired through the details of an instrument of war, manufactured from the Mallemitite of the gusher in Africa, that will smash these invaders from Amaza—wipe them off the face of this land of ours."

The boys looked at one another quickly, eagerly.

"It is a cylinder," went on the Prime Minister. "You understand? It will eject this bubbling hot Mallemitite as if from a powerful hose. And the Mallemitite will completely wipe out these ghastly machines of Amaza!"

"Gosh!" gasped Jimmy Wade as he looked again at his chum.

The Prime Minister went on hastily: "Thousands of those spray cylinders have already been manufactured in a day and a night to the Professor's plans and specifications by a firm in Africa," he said. "They have been filled with Mallemitite, and are ready for use. But our fastest aeroplanes, all the resources of earth, cannot bring them to us in time."

He shot a look at the boys, and instantly they grasped his meaning. They had the Amazan space helicopter. Travel across continents was a matter of swift flashing flight for them.

"You mean—we are to go and get the cylinders?" said Jimmy quickly.

"Exactly. It might save England," said the Professor earnestly. "Can you do it, boys?"

They grinned at one another.

"Can a snake wriggle?" said Jimmy enthusiastically.

They wasted no more time, but turned, racing for the helicopter. And with them went a high officer from the Air Ministry, who was to act as guide.

They were soon in the clouds and whirling through space, looking down upon rolling seas, and presently again—so flashing was their speed—they were descending upon a hissing geyser like a white column, and all around were the fair rolling lands of the Colonial plantations.

Landing, they found a busy scene. Cranes at work and the thrumming of huge power turbines evidenced the garnering of the hot Mallemitite. Fast aeroplanes were droning in the sky, already carrying the filled cylinders away. And time was precious. Far-away England, and other places in the world—Berlin, New York—were desperately struggling against the tide of death brought by the Amazan invasion.

But the boys did not enter into this hive of activity. Their call was too urgent. Remote from it on the hill, they waited by the Amaza helicopter while lorries brought the Mallemitite cylinders to them.

Strange giant pumps they were, with long hose attachments. But Jimmy and Monty had scarce time for a survey of them; they wondered only whether the helicopter would carry all as they helped with the loading of them. At length ensconced in a small space with the shining cylinders like bulwarks on all sides of them, the helicopter lifted again into the skies, bound for England.

The boys lost interest in their strange machine during that whirring journey back. A fearful anxiety gripped them. Messages were coming through from Land to say that the march of Amaza was gaining rapidly. London was occupied and held at all strategic points by the mechanical men of Amaza, though the defensive web, now reinforced by the cosmic rays, was holding the main forces of the invading planet in check. The air defences were found to be totally inadequate, and a raid from the space cruisers of Amaza was feared. The population was in panic; telephonic and other communication had been put out of order, and all the attendant confusion of invasion obtained in the big cities which were without light and food, some partially flooded through burst mains.

They had had no word through from Professor Hawke Cruise and Nick for hours. What had happened to them? On what mission were they bound with their vital prisoners? Night had drifted down again as the boys came whirling down over Salisbury Plain in answer to the criss-crossing beams of powerful searchlights.

Immediately they had landed a host of officers in military attire hurried to their side.

"You've got them?" breathed the Prime Minister in tones of fervent thankfulness.

Speedily the cylinders were unloaded from the helicopter. A brigade of men in special armour and gas masks were marched up, and to each was handed out one of the cylinders. They were to be reinforced by tanks.

"We're in this," said Jimmy Wade, grimly; "we're going to lead the way."

It was a strange and terrible procession that wound across Salisbury Plain, creeping upon the armed hosts of Amaza. In a great strung-out line the tanks crept forward, by the side of each a cylinder man, goggled, steel helmeted, grotesque. Behind, wave upon wave, moved the infantry. There was no advance fire, no barrage to herald their coming.

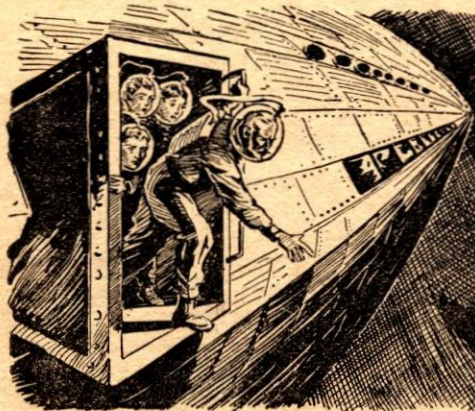
fire as they crouched down with the ray-web crackling all around them now, their only defence.

Flinching, despite themselves, the boys pressed the buttons of their strange devices, directing the muzzles upon the Amazan towers.

There was a wild hissing. A flood of awful incandescent white fire leapt from the nozzles in a long stream like water ejected from a powerful fire hose. The streams splashed against the terrible towers of Amaza . . .

The effect was terrible. It seemed as if molten hills of metal, flaring white hot, hissing, running in rivulets and streams, had suddenly appeared before the boys' eyes. The towers of Amaza dissolving in molten ruins.

Wild uncontrollable cheers rose to the boys' lips. They had won after all. The World had beaten the



THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET—The professor hurled the ray-bolt glove at the two floating bubbles. A great, hissing white light spread out, dissolving the globes.

It was to be a surprise attack upon which everything depended.

And ahead of the line, whirling through the night air, weird and mysterious, was the helicopter, on board Jimmy and Monty, together with high officials, all armed with Malletite cylinders.

And presently they saw the Amazan fortes—a fearful sight. The gyro mono-rail trains were still landing troops from the floating islands high above; the Amazan mechanical army with glaring lighted eyes and luminous maces stood in dark row upon row. And over all, over the whole ghastly scene, there glowed and crackled the weird bluish light—the ray light that was Amaza's protection against the shells of the earth people's big guns.

"They've seen us!" Jimmy burst out suddenly.

From the Amaza host bells rang stridently as signals went to and fro; there was the vicious *thrum* of intricate powerful machines—a *thrumming* that rose to a veritable scream.

And suddenly all those machines leapt to action. It was inferno, making the senses reel. Thousands of mechanical men, with angry lighted eyes, glowing maces working, sprang as if released from mighty floodgates and came pounding across the plain.

Behind them loomed the towers of Amaza, manned by the ghastly denizens of this other planet. The ray-web above was powerless to stop them. It was the decisive moment as the two opposing armies clashed. Jimmy and Monty, in the helicopter, received the brunt of it.

A myriad spiteful fires flashed at them from the opposing towers that rolled and lurched like runaways out of control. They were bathed in an unearthly



menace from Amaza, the Planet of Peril. Thanks to Professor Hawke Cruise.

"We've done 'em, Monty—we've done 'em!" cried Jimmy Wade deliciously.

The British soldiers, too, were firing their cylinders now—firing them upon the hosts of mechanical mace men. And the result was devastating. Those molten streams stopped what had seemed a terrible irresistible force. Great lighted heads, black metal bodies, glowing crashing maces—all were lost in the sudden roaring white holocaust. And there was a great heat.

How long that the terrible battle raged Jimmy and Monty could never have told. It seemed that at last the battle was spent. The world's forces had been gloriously victorious. In a daze brought on by the tremendous light and heat, the fumes of molten metal, Jimmy and Monty saw the Prime Minister bending over them on the helicopter and heard his low, anxious voice.

"We have won. The World is victorious over Amaza. From everywhere reports reach us that the attacks of the invading planet have been repulsed and smashed. But there is still another danger; the greatest danger of all—that this dark and sinister whirling world, having entered the earth's orbit, must crash with our own sphere bringing about the end, not only of Amaza, but of our own wonderful world. Come!"

A Perilous Mission.

THE boy space adventurers looked at one another in dire dismay.

They had known all along that something of extreme urgency must have kept Professor Hawke Cruise and Nick from their side in the perilous times through which they had been passing.

Was it this, then, the danger of the two warring planets colliding? Could human agency avert that? It had dwelt at the back of the lads' minds always as a possibility, but one too terrible to contemplate. They were whirled away on the helicopter, the Prime Minister and his staff directing the machine's progress. And from the dark heights the boys witnessed terrible things.

The glowing fires of earthquakes; not in England, but in parts of South America. Cities in ruins; these they saw. And swooping down, they witnessed from the helicopter deck enormous tidal disturbances. They understood the scientific cause quite well. The approach of Amaza too near the earth's orbit was causing these disturbances.

"Can nothing be done to stop this?" gasped Jimmy Wade at last.

"We believe that something can be done," said the Prime Minister quietly. "We have been in touch with the Professor and his nephew on the space cruiser, and under pretext that something has gone woefully amiss on their own planet, they have led the Amaza fleet back. Thus a terrible attack from the void on the world was averted. But the Professor's ruse has been discovered. It is now known that he is not the Commander of the Amaza fleet—for he failed to grasp some of the signals that were directed to him, and to which he was expected to respond. To hold off the vengeance of the fleet he has been obliged to exhibit his prisoners.

Jimmy and Monty looked grave at that.

"Blattner has boasted that he directs the dead world of Amaza towards the earth," went on the Prime Minister. "Surrounded as he is by a hostile fleet, Professor Hawke Cruise can do nothing. So you see it is a deadlock. And upon you two lads the whole situation rests. We want you to smash the machinery directing the planet Amaza. A big tank

of the Mallemitite is ready, with the devices necessary to transmute it into a flaming metal, that will dissolve all Mallemitite machinery." went on the Prime Minister. "When it is loaded on the helicopter there will be but room for you two boys—"

"We'll go," broke in Jimmy instantly, eagerly.

Thus it was arranged. And it was not many hours ere the two were whirling into space again, seeking the Professor and Nick and charged with their last and greatest mission to save the world.

Blattner's Bubbles.

THE huge tank aboard the helicopter gave the chums but little room in which to move. The coiled metal hose and nozzle, the glass indicators filled with hissing, bubbling Mallemitite—somehow these provided a deadly but reassuring sight. They had an instrument of destruction here, unrivalled in all the experience of the universe.

But yet more eagerly and earnestly, however, were Jimmy and Monty looking out for the space cruiser manned by Professor Hawke Cruise and Nick. They yearned to see their old friends again, to learn that all was well with them.

Jimmy had the ether telephone back, and though he called repeatedly, he could not get the Professor or Nick. It seemed to signalise disaster, that silence, failure of their own mission. The boys' hearts grew heavy—heavy with fear—then frantic.

It was not until their indicator signalled that they had actually entered the atmosphere of Amaza, the realm of peril, that they suddenly saw the *Meteor*.

The sight burst upon them as a revelation. One moment the boys felt themselves sailing through heavy darkness on the helicopter—there must have been some form of black cloud; if so they passed through it—and the next the helicopter was passing directly over the space cruiser.

Immediately they recognised it, and for the very simple reason that they were staring down through its deckhouse glass at the Professor and Nick, who stood confronting their prisoners, Blattner and Spike Derriker.

The two latter were still securely bound up, and very ugly they appeared as they glared up at the dominant figure in the tableau, Professor Hawke Cruise.

The Professor was sternly speaking, and through the ether wireless Jimmy Wade caught his words.

"You'll give them orders to stop firing, Blattner, or we'll throw you out, the pair of you. I tell you it's no bluff. You see we've got the airlock chamber open."

Swiftly Jimmy looked at Monty Mildmay, and there was fear on his boyish face. The moment of crisis had arrived, for out there in the gloom the space cruisers of Amaza circled, and at intervals there came from their guns sinister flashes.

Neither Clufoot Blattner nor Spike Derriker seemed perturbed by this latter fact. The would-be Emperor of Space grinned—his sinister slow grin—up at his deadly enemy.

"Hawke Cruise—you are to see something," he said very softly. "It is ready. Ah, look!"

He pointed suddenly to the airlock chamber, the doors of which were open. Jimmy and Monty saw two enormous puffs, greyish white, issue from one of the surrounding Amazon space cruisers. And they travelled at startling speed for the *Meteor*.

They resolved themselves into great bubbles filled with a grey smoke, or vapour. Something sinister about them—indescribably menacing. And Professor Hawke Cruise, seeing those great, smoke-filled globules instantly was sensible of some dire danger.

"Quick, Nick; shut the airlock doors!" the Professor cried sharply.

The fair-haired lad and his scientist uncle dashed to the communicating doors. Too late! The menace burst on the threshold in their very faces.

The bubbles surged in through the doorway like a strong flood of water, filling the cabin and after-deck of the *Meteor*, pressing the space adventurer and his nephew hard back against the wall, fighting desperately not only for space, but for breath—life itself.

Through the wraith of smoke within the bubbles, the Professor and Nick—even in their extremity of need—saw two ghastly, iron-faced men from Amaza and coiling, writhing, horrible in the hands of each was one of the deadly sword snakes of the Planet of Peril.

More even than this Professor Hawke Cruise and Nick saw. For the spreading bubbles that now all but filled the upper deck of the *Meteor*, did not press against Blattner or Spike Derriker!

followed—saw Clubfoot Blattner and Spike Derriker enter the amazing bubbles that had come to their rescue.

City of Machinery.

AND like some awful distended growths the bubbles were oozing out again through the doorway of the airlock chamber. Clubfoot was in one, Spike Derriker in the other.

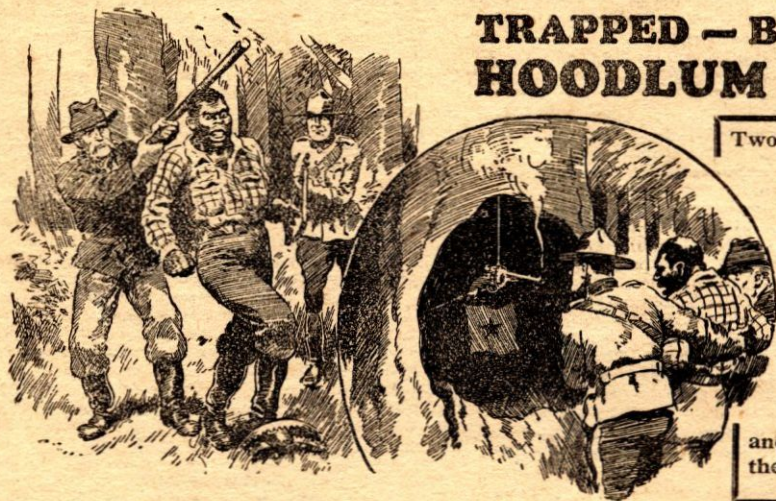
"We've got to stop 'em, Monty," gasped the fat lad, suddenly waking to life, "before it's too late!"

He sprang desperately to the controls. But before he could manipulate them, the lads heard Clubfoot Blattner shout ferociously to the two hideous Amazans, who were now inside the space cruiser itself.

"Set the iron glove on the Professor. When it gives off its ray explosion, the whole ship will burst into flames, and blow up."

MORE EXPLOITS OF CORPORAL KENNEDY and TIMBERHEAD Next Week, Chums. Look for the Title:—

TRAPPED — BY HOODLUM HANK!



Two incidents from this thrill-crowded story, second in the series, are depicted here. It tells how the Mounties track Hoodlum Hank to the Wild Caribou haunts and so round up another member of the Six-Star Gang.

This is Only One of Next Week's Stunning Story Features. Don't Miss The Star Attraction: **CANNON FOOT—GOAL BUSTER**, John Hunter's Great New Football Mystery Thriller!

Hawke Cruise and Nick were now fighting desperately for breath. The pressure grew—unbearable. In a few moments only, their lungs were near bursting point, and spots of vivid fire were dancing in blackness before their eyes. But before oblivion claimed them, they saw the bursting of that bubble by the Amazans inside.

They dived it with the aid of the sword snakes, which ripped the effulgent sides of the strange bubbles with their long sword-like bills. And as if parting a crystal curtain, the Amazans stepped through, upon Blattner and Spike Derriker, who were bound to the gun stanchions.

Once again the sword snakes proved effective, providing a substitute for knives to cut the bound men free. Then the utter darkness of unconsciousness overcame Professor Hawk Cruise and Nick.

But Jimmy Wade and Monty Mildmay saw what

The lads, horrified, watched the two hideous Amazans spring to the Professor's side. One of them lifted the Professor's right arm, while the other fitted over his hand an iron glove, like a vice, and turned the screw.

"We're going to stop that!" cried Jimmy Wade, his blood on fire.

He turned a switch, and the helicopter shot over the stationary starship like a flash, and dropped down, level with the doorway.

Clubfoot Blattner and Spike Derriker must have seen it in that flash of a split second. They emerged from the airlock chamber, and the distorted cases assumed globule form, swimming away in space. They had escaped, though they had left the two Amazans in the lurch.

Jimmy Wade, the hot breath pounding through

(Continued on page 35.)

Our Eerie New Mystery Series telling of Two Boys' Blood-Chilling Adventures with **THE HEADLESS MEN OF DROONE!** Lured by a Phantom, Treacherous Light, a Stately Ship Sails to Doom. But Phil and Spud are on the Job, Sworn to Hoodwink the Man Without Eyes.

The Isle of Nameless Things.

PHIL TREGENNIS was a strong swimmer, and his usually powerful strokes were rendered more effective now by reason of the terror which urged him on. With him swam his companion of many a sailing adventure, Spud Briggs.

"Faster, Master Phil—faster!" almost sobbed Spud, as he cleaved through the water with powerful strokes.

All around them spread the dense mist which had, that day, enveloped the Scilly Isles. The two sturdy youngsters were attempting to swim across the wide roadstead, with its treacherous currents, from Droone Island to one of the uninhabited rocks which were dotted, thereabouts, by the dozen. Afterwards, it would not be difficult to reach the larger island of St. Mary's—where, in Hugh Town, Phil had his home.

There was a legend that the ghosts of the beheaded victims of a wrecker named Black Jason walked about the island on moonlight nights. Phil and his chum had been out sailing when they thought they had heard the barking of Bosco, Phil's terrier. They had landed on Black Jason's Rock, and had seen the headless horrors for themselves. The Man Without Eyes they had seen, too, who seemed to control this hideous grotesque band. Now they were both swimming for their lives from the terrors of dread Droone Island.

Suddenly, in mid-channel, Phil ceased swimming and trod water.

"Just a minute, Spud," he said grimly. "I'm hanged if I'm going to bolt like this! Those devils can't find us in the mist! We're safe enough."

Spud's eyes were full of terror.

"Mist don't make no difference to them demons!" he said, hoarsely. "Like as not, they'll be on us within the next minute!"

Phil continued to tread water.

"Bosh!" he cried. "We're not going to be scared by a lot of crooked trickery! Do you think I'm fooled by all that theatrical rot we saw in that great cavern under the island, Spud? I don't know what it all means—but I'm as certain as I'm alive that Droone Island is in the hands of a gang of crooks. They're human—and we're human. And I say—let's go back!"

"If you go, Master Phil, I'll go with you," said Spud loyally, but his tone told of his reluctance.

"Droone Island is mine—my own property, left to me by my father, who went to his death, with my mother, when the *Stornaway* was wrecked off the Giant's Fang," said Bill doggedly. "Nobody has ever been able to discover why the *Stornaway* ran on the rocks, in clear weather."

"But—but, you don't think—" began Spud.

"I don't know what I think," interrupted Phil. "But we're going back to the island—to investigate! Don't you see that all the odds are in our favour? Those brutes think that we have swum clear—and by dodging back in this mist, we shall fool them. Droone is the safest place for us."

Without another word, Phil commenced swimming again. Spud obediently struck out by his side. There was something uncanny in Phil's sense of direction, for, in spite of the mist, rocks, black and ugly, soon loomed up ahead.

"Thought so!" murmured Phil. "Come on—we can crawl on to this spur of rock and then get to the higher ground. We shall be able to approach the Folly from another direction."

Droone's Folly was a queer, squat granite building, erected on the island centuries earlier. Ever on a sunny afternoon, there was something sinister and grim in the appearance of that gaunt building.

It was invisible now, owing to the swirling mist. Night was falling. The two boys reached a still pool, and from here it was easy enough for them to haul themselves out of the water on to a flat ledge of rock. As Phil knew, these rocks were only exposed when the tide was low.

"This'll do for a bit," murmured Phil, as he and

LURED TO GIANT'S FANG

Spud sat down. "Phew! It was hard work, swimming against that tide! We'll take a breather here, and—"

Even as he was speaking, an extraordinary thing happened. Phil and Spud experienced the strange sensation of the rock heaving beneath them. The solid seaweed-covered slab, yards in extent, and feet in thickness, rose right up—silently, stealthily.

"Quick—this way!" whispered Phil, pulling at Spud's arm.

As the great rock moved beneath them, threatening to fling them off, they slid silently into the deep pool near by. With a couple of strokes, Phil had reached a black cavity, where overhanging rocks concealed him. Spud came to his side. Together, they trod water there.

The great rock, having tilted upwards for some distance, was now going back into place. And there, vague and hideous in the mist, stood two figures.

Men clothed in quaint, old-time dress—and they had no heads!

Their bodies finished at the shoulders! But Phil and Spud knew that these monstrosities were of solid flesh and blood. Dwarfs, no doubt—wearing the cunningly-devised costumes which gave them such a terrible appearance.

"Look!" muttered Spud, in amazement.

For the two headless men were walking straight down the ledge of rock—walking

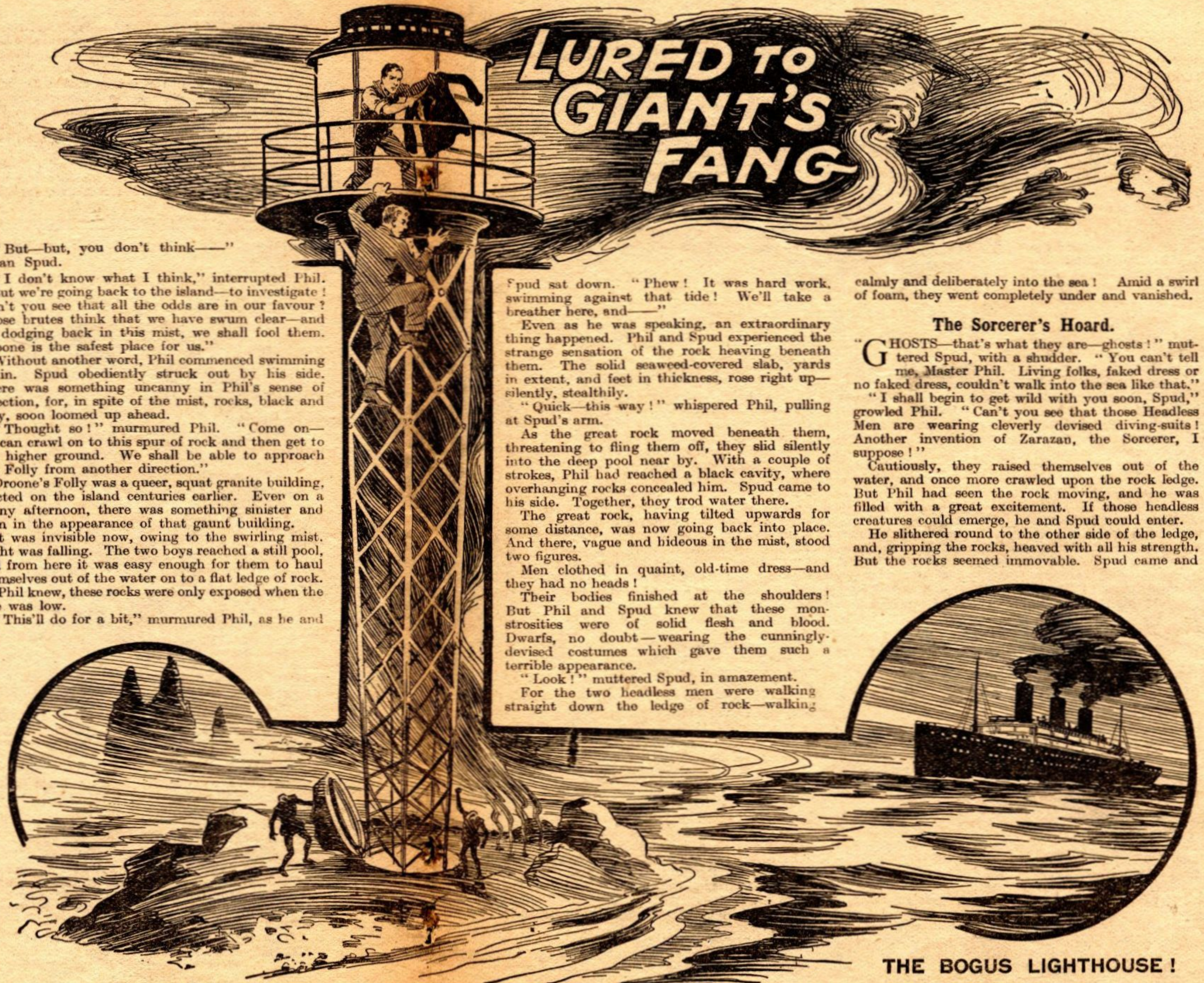
calmly and deliberately into the sea! Amid a swirl of foam, they went completely under and vanished.

The Sorcerer's Hoard.

"GHOSTS—that's what they are—ghosts!" muttered Spud, with a shudder. "You can't tell me, Master Phil. Living folks, faked dress or no faked dress, couldn't walk into the sea like that." "I shall begin to get wild with you soon, Spud," growled Phil. "Can't you see that those Headless Men are wearing cleverly devised diving-suits! Another invention of Zarazan, the Sorcerer, I suppose!"

Cautiously, they raised themselves out of the water, and once more crawled upon the rock ledge. But Phil had seen the rock moving, and he was filled with a great excitement. If those headless creatures could emerge, he and Spud could enter.

He slithered round to the other side of the ledge, and, gripping the rocks, heaved with all his strength. But the rocks seemed immovable. Spud came and



THE BOGUS LIGHTHOUSE!
A Thrilling Incident from this Great Yarn.

helped. The result was astonishing. For, suddenly, the two boys lifted the tons of rock with comparative ease.

Phil guessed the secret. That enormous mass was pivoted, and its own weight held it in place. But it required a strong man to exert the necessary force to swing the rock upwards.

In front of the boys lay a flight of roughly hewn rock steps, leading to the mysterious depths below. Phil saw, too, a massive catch, that secured the rock from within.

"Come on, Spud!" panted Phil exultantly.

As they descended, they drew the heavy rock down behind themselves—and Phil took the precaution to lock the catch. So, if those two headless men returned, they would not be able to enter.

Phil's electric torch was still serviceable, and when he pressed the switch, a beam of light blazed out. Leading the way, he went down the rock steps, and presently he and Spud were in a narrow tunnel, which widened as they walked on.

"What about when the tide comes in?" asked Spud suddenly in a whisper. "Don't this tunnel get flooded?"

"I think not—the rock slab fits too tightly to admit water," replied Phil.

After progressing some way he calculated that they had got well into the island by now. And suddenly, in front of them, the two boys saw a great rock door, fitted with huge levers. So, even if the tunnel became flooded, the water could not pass this second door.

"Listen, Master Phil!" whispered Spud shakily.

They heard a kind of crooning hum, which rose and fell mysteriously. To Spud's ears, it sounded like the ghost voices of a hundred spirits. Then Phil suddenly discovered the real cause.

"Look here!" he whispered.

He retraced his steps for some feet, and was flashing his light into a rock crevice, which split the side of the tunnel. And as the two boys placed their heads within the gap they could hear the crooning hum much more loudly. They could feel a strong current of air beating against their faces.

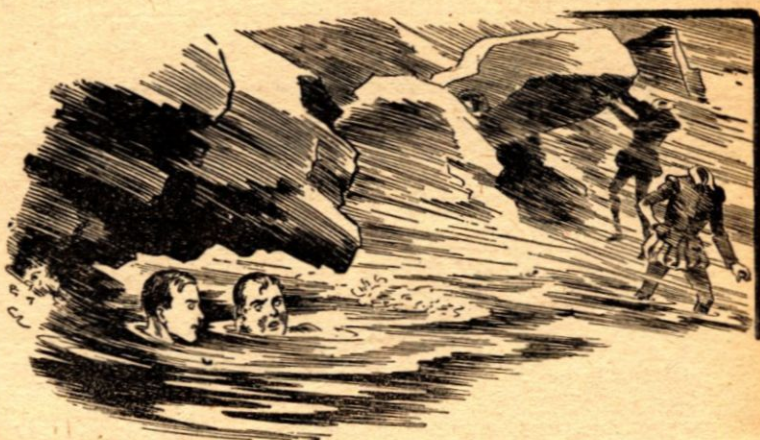
"It's the draught," murmured Phil. "There must be an outlet up there, in this fissure, and the sound is caused by the air passing the rocks."

Acting on impulse, Phil wriggled upwards, for there was just sufficient space. By using his elbows and knees, and grabbing at small projections, he wormed his way like a monkey. Spud, nothing loth, followed.

Suddenly, a gleam of light showed above, and then Phil caught his breath in.

"Easy, Spud!" he hissed. "We've made a discovery."

The crevice widened out until it was quite a respectable ledge. And, wriggling over this, the two boys found a slit in the rocks, through which the light filtered. Placing their faces to it, they found themselves gazing down into that rock cavern where, earlier, they had been imprisoned. Lights were



THE WRAITHS OF THE ROCKS.—Phil and Spud, concealed by the overhanging rocks, trod water and watched the great slab of rock tilt upwards. From the cavity two hideous, headless figures appeared.

glowing, and, pacing up and down in the centre of the floor space, was the Man Without Eyes.

He was alone—but he was raving like a madman. He was a hideous sight. His dress was like that of an alchemist of old—a long black robe, which flowed to his ankles. On his head stood a conical hat, and he had a white beard which reached almost to his waist.

Once again they gazed on that horrible, hideous face, without eyes. The white skin stretched down from his domed forehead—it stretched to his cheeks. And where there should have been eyes, there was nothing. Phil was convinced that the man could really see, and that this grotesque appearance of his was another trick.

"To-night—to-night!" Zarazan was shouting as, with clenched fists, he paced up and down. "To-night the *Hathaway*, homeward bound, passes the Giant's Fang! But it shall not pass! It shall crash to destruction on the rocks. As I wrecked the *Stornaway*, so shall I wreck her sister ship, the *Hathaway*!"

Phil and Spud felt their blood chilling in their veins. So this man without eyes, in addition to being a scientific robber of gold, was a wrecker of ships!

Phil almost saw red. It was this vile creature, then, who had sent his father and mother to their doom!

A little light gleamed in and out on the other side of the cavern. Zarazan swung round, and in a moment he had composed himself. Two of the Headless Men appeared through a rock doorway.

"Master, the boys have gone," came a voice.

"Fools! Incompetent dogs!" gritted Zarazan. "You shall suffer for this! But now—there is other work for you to do! Go and prepare the ship—go at once! Wait! I will come with you!"

In a moment the rock cavern was plunged into darkness, and the boys heard a thud. They slipped back along the platform, and soon they were slithering down the crevice. Yet it was not long before Phil halted, and Spud, who was by his side, whispered an inquiry.

"We've come wrong, I think," replied Phil softly. "We didn't climb as far as this, did we, Spud?"

As he spoke he flashed his torchlight downwards. The light gleamed on something yellow. Phil caught his breath in, and lowered himself further.

"Steady, Spud—there's a drop here," he whispered. "I think we've made a discovery."

The two boys released their grip and dropped. They thudded upon a hard floor. Phil, swinging his light round, saw that they were in a wide rock chamber. Against the walls, piled like commonplace bricks, were thousands and thousands of bars of solid gold!

"Great Scott!" gasped Phil. "It's Zarazan's hoard! There must be millions of pounds' worth of gold here, and—"

He broke off, for suddenly a great door had opened, the cavern was flooded with light—and there, in the doorway, stood the Man Without Eyes—Zarazan, the Sorcerer!

The Wrecker.

WITHOUT waiting for his enemy to make a move, or to utter a sound, Phil dived headlong at Zarazan's feet. It was a glorious tackle, worthy of the Rugger field.

Crash! Cursing, the Sorcerer went down. Ordinarily, Phil would not have treated an old man so violently. But he was certain, in his own mind, that this man's make-up was just a pose.

Spud, bubbling with excitement, did his bit. He jumped on the back of the fallen man as the latter attempted to rise. Zarazan mouthed violent curses as he went to the floor again.

"This way!" yelled Phil. He dashed through the open door. Spud followed him. The Man Without Eyes was struggling to his feet, and in his hand gleamed an automatic pistol.

"All that gold!" muttered Phil breathlessly. "But, come on! We mustn't stand talking here."

Although they had actually seen the Sorcerer's apparatus working, the boys did not know that Zarazan had discovered a unique method, involving the use of hitherto unknown rays, to reduce solid gold into infinitesimally small atoms. The gold, in its atomic state, was attracted to the great instruments in the cavern. There it was automatically returned to its original form.

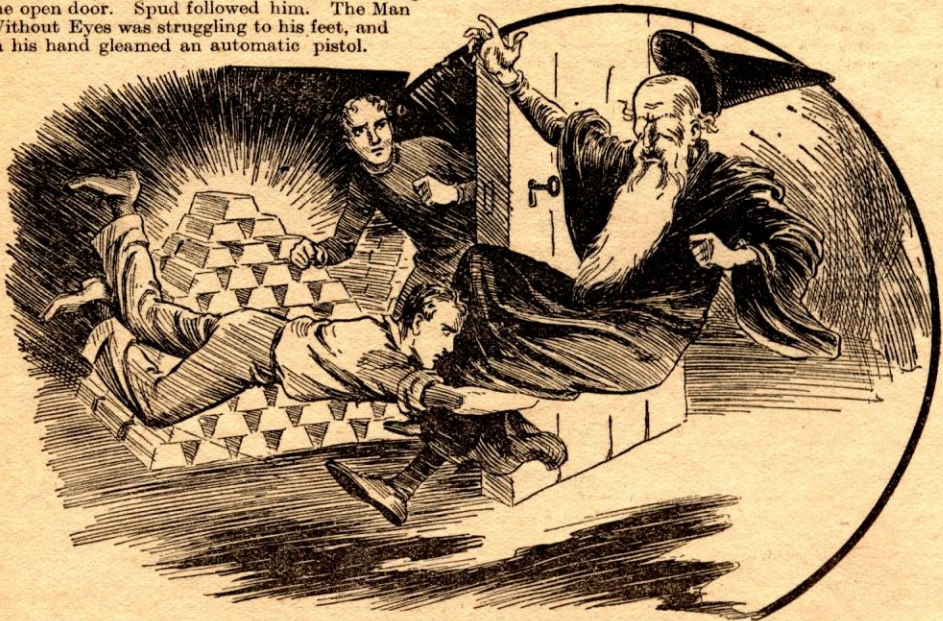
The boys ran down a wide tunnel, until they came to a fork. Phil kept to the larger one, and presently he and Spud were relieved to find the sea mist driving into their faces. They had come out in one of the countless caves which abounded in the rocky cliffs of the island.

"We shall have to swim for it," said Phil grimly. "The tide ought to have turned by now, and that will make it easier."

They climbed out over the wet rocks beyond the cave entrance. And here, before plunging into the sea, they paused. It was not yet quite dark, but nearly so.

"Look, Master Phil!" muttered Spud, with a catch in his voice.

He was pointing to the sea, near at hand, just visible in the gloom and mist. It was swirling past with the speed of a mill-race. The waves were not



SETTLING THE SORCERER.—Before Zarazan could make a move Phil dived at his legs in a glorious rugger tackle, and brought him crashing to the ground.

Phil crashed the door to, even as he heard the sharp crack of revolver shots. He had closed the heavy door in the nick of time. Phil found a great bolt, and thrust it home.

"Got him!" he gasped. "It might be hours before any of the other rotters find out what has happened to him—and by then we can get back and bring help."

"We've got to get out first, Master Phil," panted Spud.

breaking, as one would have supposed. And Phil, for some moments, could make nothing of the phenomenon.

"It's queer!" he muttered, gripping his companion's arm. "Am I dotty—Great Scott! Where's the cave?"

He had looked back. In spite of the mist, the cave entrance, black and gloomy, had been visible. But now it had mysteriously vanished! The two boys were standing on the jagged rocks, which were some

fifteen feet from side to side, and they were entirely surrounded by sea.

"Spud!" gasped Phil. "I've got it! We're not standing on a rock at all! This is really the disguised deck of a ship!"

Instinctively, the two lads crouched down in a crevice of the rocks. For it occurred to them that somebody would be on the look out. But perhaps they had escaped notice in the mist. For they were almost at the stern of the singular "vessel." It was apparently of the submarine type, with a deck fashioned after the style of rocks!

"Spud, Fate's with us!" Phil breathed. "You heard what Zarazan said? He told his men to get the ship ready—that he meant to destroy the *Hathaway* to-night! I'll bet this queer vessel is now on its way to do the dirty work."

"And—and we're on the deck here, helpless," muttered Spud.

"Helpless at the moment—but we might be able to do something presently," said Phil confidently.

They crouched there, waiting, terse. The "rock ship" passed silently out of the roadstead in the mist. An hour passed—two hours.

And by now the boys found themselves clear of the mist belt. Out here, virtually in the open sea, the night was clear and starry. Suddenly Phil felt that the ship, under him, was losing way. She had reached her appointed station.

"There it is—the Giant's Fang light!" said Phil. Far out, on a jutting ridge, where the Atlantic rollers boomed, stood a slim lighthouse. It was some two or three miles away, and it marked the deadly Giant's Fang Reef. Here the *Stornaway*, carrying Phil's father and mother, had been wrecked.

With a sudden sense of bewilderment, Phil found that he could no longer see across the sea. He was aware of a chokiness in his throat. Then he uttered a startled gasp.

For, from numbers of hidden outlets amongst the "rocks" enormous spouts of densely black vapour were shooting upwards! The black clouds, as thick as solid soot, rose rapidly, filling the entire atmosphere. The pall reached from the sea to a height of several hundred feet. And the rock ship was moving slowly along, leaving this trail behind it.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" gurgled Phil. "It's a smoke screen—and we're passing along so that the Giant's Fang Lighthouse will be completely blotted out to all vessels in the open sea!"

The False Light.

BEFORE the boys could fully recover from their amazement they had another shock.

For, suddenly, "amidships," the rocks fell back, and black figures appeared. The boys heard muttered voices. Then a spidery tower of girders rose upwards, opening out in telescopic fashion, and reaching higher and higher.

At last, with a metallic clang, the tower was in position. And from its summit a great light flashed out. Phil, staring upwards, caught his breath in. The opening and shutting of the shutter was exactly the same as that of the Giant's Fang Lighthouse!

And Phil knew the truth. The real lighthouse was blotted out of sight—and this false light would lure a proud ship to destruction upon the cruel rocks!

Spud, too, guessed at the truth—and they both stood staring upwards, watching that light. Then they became aware of a ruddy blur on the horizon. They both knew what it meant. Out there a great ship—undoubtedly the *Hathaway*—was approaching. "Can't we do anything?" whispered Spud.

"I—I don't know," groaned Phil. "We can't possibly swim to the ship, and there's no way of giving a warning from here—"

Then he broke off. A wild idea had come to him. He saw that the shadowy figures had gone. Now that the girder tower was in position, the men in charge of this unique vessel had gone below again. No doubt there were some instruments there which had to be watched.

"Wait here, Spud!" breathed Phil. "There might be a way."

Without another word he climbed over the rocks, reached the base of the spidery tower, and leapt. Rapidly he climbed up the girders. And it was some little time before he discovered that Spud, not wishing to be left alone, had followed. Together the two boys mounted higher and higher.

At last they reached the summit, and here, like a real lighthouse, the false lantern was surrounded by a narrow gallery.

"Look, Spud! She's making straight for the Fang Reef," whispered Phil, pointing out to sea. "Her officers believe that she is running into the safe channel, and she's really heading for disaster."

While he was speaking, Phil removed his jacket. Now, to Spud's amazement, he climbed right up over the very face of the lantern.

Awaiting his opportunity—until the shutter closed—he spread out his jacket. Then the light blazed out, and for a moment Phil allowed it to do so. Then he covered it—or, rather, the direct rays—with his jacket. But only for a second. He removed it. Then he replaced it and held it in position for a longer time.

"What—what are you doing, Phil?" came Spud's amazed inquiry.

"I'm trying to Morse!" replied Phil grimly. "It's the only hope."

Phil had a very useful knowledge of the Morse code, and the message which he now attempted to flash to the apparently doomed ship was: *False light—danger—reverse engines and wait.*

One thing was certain. The ship's officers would be watching the light—and it was inevitable that they would see the signals.

Spud looked down sharply. It seemed an enormous way through the girder-work of the tower to the rock "deck." And Spud caught his breath in. He was sure that he could see moving figures.

"Phil, they've spotted us!" he gasped.

"Who cares?" replied Phil exultantly. "Look! They're signalling from the *Hathaway*!"

He had read the message: *O.K.—waiting.* Those on board had sensed danger—and the great ship had hove to. That meant, that sooner or later, the smoke pall would drift away and the real lighthouse would become visible. Thus, the liner had been saved from destruction by these two plucky boys.

But now the voices below became angry shouts. Then, dramatically, the spidery tower commenced shooting down. It fell with a sickening lurch, and the two boys clung to the little platform, and at the last moment Phil saw his opportunity.

"Jump!" he yelled.

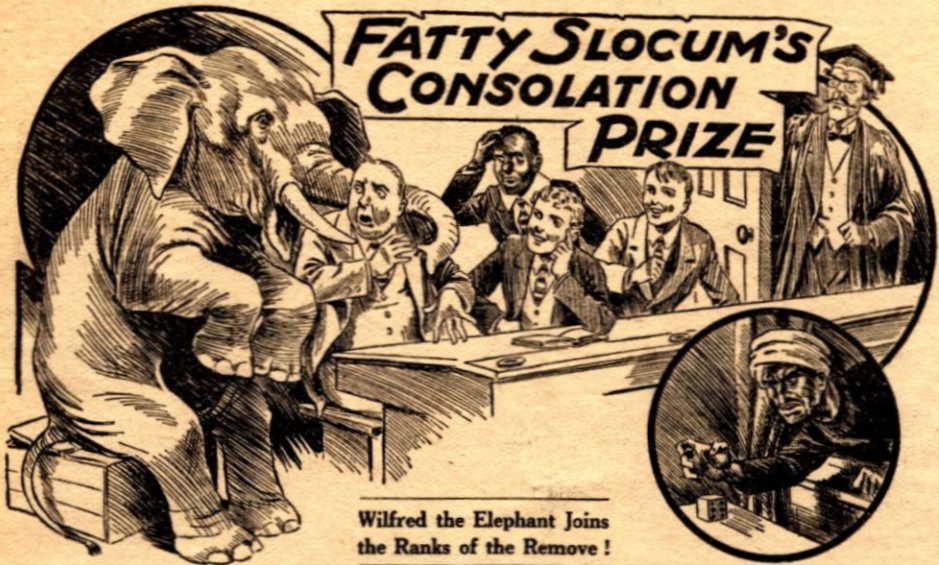
As the platform closed into the apparently solid rocks, the two boys jumped for their lives. They plunged into the sea, and heard infuriated shouts. They were swimming—and Phil was confident that he and his chum could reach the rocky shore of one of the outer islands with comparative ease. For the tide was now running in, and it would help them.

Glancing back, Phil saw that the rock-ship was moving stealthily away. Those aboard had not dared to wait about—and they probably believed, in any case, that the two boys had plunged to death.

Look out for the third of these eerie mystery yarns next week. "Midnight at Moaning Buoy" is the title, and it's a real hair-raising, breath-taking tale of thrills.

A BABY ELEPHANT FOR SAMMY SLOCUM.

Fatty Wins a Prize from the Bakers' Budget. What Happens when it Arrives Told Below, Boys.



Wilfred the Elephant Joins the Ranks of the Remove!

THE BOYS OF ST. GIDDY'S LATEST ESCAPADES! QUITE COMPLETE.

The Prize Surprise.

"SNIFF!"
"Hullo, hullo! God a code id de dose, Fatty?"

Johnny Gee, Captain of the Remove, and the rest of his cheery Co. at St. Giddy's, Dick Bannister, Tony Graham, the Hon. Bob Vernon and Snowball, were journeying across the quad fresh from the footer field when the strange behaviour of Samuel Arbuthnot Slocum halted them.

The human mountain of the Remove had been rolling along under the autumnal elms with a green-backed periodical clutched in one fat hand and an ecstatic, far-away expression on his chubby features. At sight of Johnny Gee & Co. he had elevated his snub nose in the air and rolled past them like a fat feudal baron passing so many serfs.

It was the irrepressible Dick Bannister who had inquired after Fatty's health; his reply had been another expressive and haughty sniff!

Dick tapped his forehead solemnly. "Alas, our poor Slocum. It's come at last—fatty degeneration of the think-box. Careful, you chaps, he may be dangerous."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Brrrrr! Giggling beasts!" gritted Fatty, stung into speech. "But just you wait—wait until you want to borrow a fiver. I'll not lend it you if you ask me on your b-b-bended knees!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" Another yell of amusement, mingled with no little surprise, broke from the Removites at this strange threat. The idea of the impecunious fat fellow possessing so much as a "fiver" was ludicrous in the extreme.

"What's biting you, my fat tulip?" demanded Johnny Gee, good-humouredly. "Been robbing a bank, or has the fabled Lord Slocum died and left you his fortune!"

"I want none of your cheap sarcasm, Gee," retorted Fatty Slocum loftily. "My uncle, Lord Slocum, is fit and well, and I have no need to rob a bank. No, I have earned the money with my own brains. Look!" And with a dramatic gesture Samuel Slocum stuck the green-backed publication under Johnny Gee's nose.

With no little interest the Captain of the Remove glanced at it. He saw that it was a copy of *The Bakers' Budget*, to which journal Fatty, who loved anything connected with food, was a regular subscriber—when he could borrow the wherewithal to purchase it from his long-suffering schoolfellows. The paper ran recipe competitions for amateur pastry-makers, and Fatty had it opened and folded back at a page announcing the result of one of these contests. The name of the first-prize winner was unfamiliar to Johnny Gee, but in smaller type among the consolation-prize winners he saw the legend: *Samuel Arbuthnot Slocum, St. Gideon's College, Kent!*

"So that's the reason for all this thushness, is it, my plump coughdrop?" he smiled. "Congrats., Fatty. What's the prize, a twopenny bun?"

"Rats! It'll be a tenner at least!" quoth the optimistic Fatty. "The first prize is twenty pounds, but they don't say what the consolation prizes are. Anyway, I expect it by the first post in the morning."

"Good egg! Then you'll be able to pay back that ten bob you owe me!" said Johnny.

"And the bag of doughnuts you pinched from my study cupboard!" grinned Dick Bannister.

"And—"

But Samuel Arbuthnot Slocum did not wait to hear of the rest of his debts among the Co. He snorted disgustedly and rolled away in the direction of School House. Johnny Gee & Co. followed him, chuckling.

That evening, the news of Fatty's luck in the



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Price, Gun Blued 8/6 each With supply of Darts
Plated 9/- and Slugs.
Send for List of Guns, etc., Post Free, from maker: **FRANK CLARKE**, Postal Dept., 39/41, Lr. Loveday-st., Birmingham.

Recipe Competition was all over the school. The boys of St. Giddy's did not share his optimism in estimating the amount of the prize. But, in spite of this, he was simply bombarded with polite notes from all past victims of his borrowing powers stating the amount owing to them and demanding settlement on the morrow.

And even if the prize did amount to the ten pounds he hoped for, it was extremely doubtful if he would be left with the price of a solitary jam-puff!

He determined, therefore, to be up at Rising Bell on the fateful morning, meet the postman at the school gates, and bear away his precious prize before any other grasping hands could touch it.

In this the cunning Fatty reckoned without four of his hosts in the personages of Cadman, Meeke, Lucas and Snell, the rotters of the Remove. These worthies were enjoying a surreptitious smoking-bee in Cadman's study when their bullying leader proposed his plan.

"I reckon Slocum owes us at least a fiver for the tuck he's pilfered from this study at various times. Well, we're going to bag Fatty's letter from *The Bakers' Budget* and take first pickings."

Thus it was that next morning, while the rotund form of Fatty Slocum adorned the ancient gateway of St. Giddy's, the rotters' brigade crouched in ambush behind Sergeant Rumble's lodge.

At last Mr. Trott, the village postman, hove in sight and Fatty Slocum eagerly acceded him.

"Anything for me, Mr. Trott?"

Good-humouredly, the old postman handed an envelope to the excited Fatty. At the same moment, four schoolboy figures flung themselves upon Slocum and, before he could save his property, snatched it from him. Then all four dashed away, guffawing loudly, in the direction of Merivale Wood.

"Hi! Come back, you rotters, whoever you are. That's mine! Hellup! Rescue! Thieves!"

And Fatty lumbered off after the cads of the Remove, intent on recovering his precious prize. When he pulled up, panting and blowing, a few hundred yards up the Merivale lane, there was no sign of the others.

Cadman & Co., meanwhile, had dodged into Merivale Wood. On a fallen tree they sat down and opened the envelope addressed to Slocum.

Dear Sir (ran the letter),—*Herewith we send you a consolation prize for your entry in our Recipe Competition. We shall be glad if you will show it to all your friends. Please accept our congratulations.*

*We are, dear sir,
Yours truly, "The Bakers' Budget."*

Enclosed in the same envelope was a postal order for seven shillings and sixpence.

"H'm! Not much. But it'll buy us a few smokes," said the unscrupulous Cadman. "Kimmon, chaps, let's get back to St. Giddy's. I'm ready for breakfast. Slocum can—Hullo! What the dickens is this lot?"

A strange apparition had appeared in the wood, coming along the path from Merivale village. The cads of the Remove stared at a baby Indian elephant

which was being led in their direction by a dark-skinned man wearing a turban.

"*Salaam, sahibs,*" he said with the soft intonation of his race. "Could you direct my unworthy self to St. Gideon's College?"

"I should say so," answered Cadman. "We belong to St. Giddy's ourselves. But why on earth are you taking that beast there?"

"I am the mahout of the Rajah of Blampurah," he replied proudly. "My master hath come from his native land to learn the ways of the white lords and he hath ordered me to go before him to his English school with his favourite elephant. He will follow later to-day, having to attend to some business in the village called Merivale."

While the Hindu was speaking, a cunning glint had come into the eyes of the bully of the Remove.

"Of course," he told the mahout warmly. "I had forgotten the rajah was coming to St. Giddy's. Fact is we were sent to look for you by the Headmaster, Doctor Holroyd, and direct you to the school. Master Slocum of the Remove Form will look after you and the elephant—he has a way with animals!—until the rajah himself turns up. Just take the elephant to him when you reach the school and hand him this letter."

Cadman's cronies had difficulty in smothering their laughter as the bully drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to the mahout. It was the covering note which had been enclosed with Slocum's prize for the recipe competition. The Hindu, all unsuspecting, took the letter addressed to Fatty Slocum—after Cadman had carefully refastened the flap—and uttered a sharp command to the elephant. Obediently, the animal lumbered into motion again, and the six ill-assorted companions pursued their way to the ancient school.

"JUMPING jabberwacks! Look what's coming through the gates!"

"New recruit for the Upper Fourth freaks!"

These and similar remarks greeted the arrival of the mahout and the baby elephant at St. Giddy's. Sergeant Rumble came out of his lodge and goggled at the strange pair.

"My h'eye!" he exclaimed. "Wot's all this? Wot I says is you've made a mistake my man. This is St. Gideon's College for young gentlemen."

The mahout halted his charge.

"That is quite right," he said quietly. "I want to see Master Slocum," and before the worthy sergeant could protest further he walked into the quad, urging the elephant forward.

A crowd of juniors who had gathered round the gates, took up the cry for Slocum.

The mountainous figure of the Falstaff himself came scuttling forward at the sound of his name and was pointed out by many willing schoolboys to the Hindu.

The mahout salaamed low and handed Fatty the envelope Cadman had given him. With a puzzled expression on his fat, homely features Samuel Arbutnot tore open the missive and drew forth the letter from *The Bakers' Budget*.

Half-a-dozen of his curious form fellows read it with him:

Dear Sir,—*Herewith we send you a consolation prize for your entry in our recipe competition. We shall be glad if you will show it to all your friends. Please accept our congratulations.*

We are, dear sir,

Yours truly, "The Bakers' Budget."

A howl of unadulterated mirth shook the very stones of the quad.

"Ha, ha, ha, Fatty's got his prize."

"Mine de insect' don't bite you, Fatty. Yo, Yo, Yo."

"Show it to all your friends! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Kim up, Wilfred!"

As for the lucky prize-winner himself his eyes were nearly popping out of his plump face. The long looked for prize had come as a distinct shock.

A crowd of yelling, cheering St. Giddy's boys surrounded him, packing the quad almost to its limits. Fellows coming from breakfast streamed to the scene to view Fatty's consolation prize.

The mahout with his limited knowledge of English did not understand the cause of all this excitement, but Cadman had said Master Slocum would look after him and the elephant and to Master Slocum he meant to stick until the Rajah himself appeared.

The elephant itself seemed to have taken a great liking to Fatty; in fact its devotion was almost embarrassing.

The fat Removite had been consoling himself for the loss of his prize with a bag of doughnuts when the said prize appeared. Wilfred calmly lifted the bag from Fatty's startled grasp and shovelled one doughnut after another into his gaping red mouth until the whole lot had disappeared.

Cadman, assuring the mahout that his charge was in safe hands, took him to the servants' hall, ostensibly to provide the Hindu with breakfast, but the bully of the Remove really wished to get him away so that Fatty should suffer the companionship of his new friend without any expert help to guide him in his treatment of it.

The bell for first lessons sounded just then, and with unaccustomed alacrity Fatty Slocum turned and scuttled towards the Fourth Form room. But he could not thus easily rid himself of his new possession. The elephant lumbered joyfully in Slocum's wake, into the school house and along the corridor to the class room itself.

Fatty made one desperate effort to lose it before his irate housemaster, Mr. Cattermole, who was himself taking lessons that morning, should appear.

"Shoo, you brute! Gerraway!" he told the elephant.

Wilfred, mistaking Fatty's words for some term of endearment, gave him a playful blow with his trunk that sent him staggering into the blackboard, upsetting it, and himself sprawling, yelling on the floor.

The swish of a gown in the corridor caused Fatty to scramble hastily to his feet and drop into his place at the end of the front row. Wilfred, evidently thinking this some new game, seated himself on the floor beside Fatty.

A howl of merriment greeted this move, and in the midst of the uproar Mr. Cattermole entered.

Catty, whose pet complaint of dyspepsia was particularly severe that morning, was in hunnish mood, but that did not detract from his surprise. His eyes almost started from his head at the astounding sight of the new Removite.

"B-B-Bless my soul, what is the meaning of this? To whom does this animal belong? "He moved forward and peered through his pince-nez at the elephant. Wilfred's trunk immediately came into play. He seized the housemaster's mortar board and waved it cheerfully in the air, then solemnly replaced it on the now almost demented Mr. Cattermole's head.

"P-P-Please, sir," began Fatty Slocum. "It's mine, b-b-but I don't want it—"

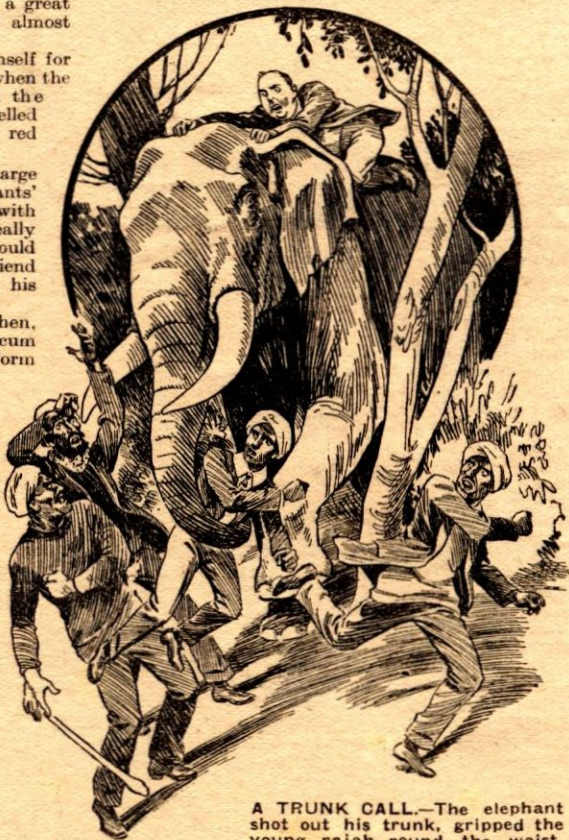
Mr. Cattermole eagerly seized on a human victim. "Slocum! Boy! Young hooligan! So you are responsible for this outrage. You shall be reported to Dr. Holroyd for bringing the animal into the school. Meanwhile you must remove it from the Form-room so that we can proceed with the lesson."

"But I e-e-can't, sir. It followed me here."

"Then it must follow you away again," snorted Catty. "Go!"

Quaking at the thought of the punishment in store Fatty Slocum rose to his feet and left the Form-room. Behind him, like Mary's little lamb, went Wilfred.

In the quad Fatty Slocum halted and considered the position. If he went back to the Form-room he



A TRUNK CALL.—The elephant shot out his trunk, gripped the young rajah round the waist, and swung him clear of the down-sweeping club of one of the ruffians.

knew the elephant would follow him, thus bringing more of Mr. Cattermole's wrath on his head. He must get rid of the animal! A mad idea of losing the elephant in Merivale Wood came to him and he decided to put it into execution.

Through the gates he went, along the Merivale Road and so to the Wood through which led the path to Merivale.

He was wandering morosely along through the trees with Wilfred in tow when a surprised shout greeted him. Four youths in the caps of Earlswood

hove into view. Fatty identified them as Tommy Rhodes & Co., sworn rivals of all St. Giddy's boys.

"Hullo, fat St. Giddy's microbe. Taking your little brother for an airing?"

"Yah, Earlswood cads, go and eat coke!" grunted Fatty.

"Now, now, Fatness, no cheek," admonished Tommy Rhodes. "Grab him you fellows."

Fatty made an attempt to flee but he was quickly seized and held firmly.

"Glad the doctor let us off lessons this morning to meet a new kid for Earlswood," chuckled Tommy. "We will improve the shining hour by putting this fat freak through his paces. Let's see what sort of a mahout he would make."

Ignoring Fatty's terrified yells and straining beneath his terrific weight the four Earlswood boys whirled him aloft and flung him on the elephant's back. Then Cakebread gave Wilfred a resounding smack on his rear quarters.

The good tempered elephant, surprised rather than annoyed at this treatment, set off at a lumbering trot away from his and Fatty's tormentors.

Almost sobbing with fright, Fatty clung to Wilfred's ears like grim death. After a minute or so the elephant slowed his gait and ambled along at walking pace. Fatty was weighing up the chances of dropping from his strange steed's back to terra firma when sounds of conflict drifted through the trees.

A voice cried out in a foreign tongue. The sound seemed to electrify Wilfred. He set off like a whirlwind in the direction whence it came.

Branches clutched at Fatty like malicious hands, threatening any moment to drag him from his perilous perch. Less than three minutes that nightmare ride lasted, then the elephant burst into a clearing. A startling scene was unfolded before the fat junior's astonished gaze.

A handsome Indian youngster was struggling desperately in the grip of three villainous-looking men of his own nationality. Even as Fatty and the elephant appeared one of the assailants raised a hand holding a heavy bludgeon.

He aimed a blow at the victim's heart—which never landed. Wilfred's trunk shot out quick as legerdemain, gripped the young Indian round the waist, and moving him clear of that down-sweeping club, placed him gently beside Fatty. Trumpeting shrilly, the elephant lifted its great feet to trample the attackers to pulp. The ruffians nimbly dodged and, snarling with chagrin, turned and fled.

The Indian, with a cry of relief and pleasure, patted the head of his animal rescuer.

"Splendid Muska, old friend. You and this white schoolboy were just in time. I thank you both."

He dropped lightly from the elephant's back and then assisted Fatty to descend. The Removee breathed a great, deep sigh of relief when his feet touched Mother Earth once more.

But the Indian boy did not notice his relief. Even now he was patting his pet elephant's trunk with one hand while he shook Fatty's hand warmly with the other.

"That's all right, dago," said Fatty, who was not sure how to address a Hindu. "That rescue stunt was nothing. I should have killed those scoundrels with one blow if they had waited instead of running away—cowards!"

"You did enough," said the other with real gratitude. "I and my people will not forget that you helped to save the life of the Rajah of Blampurah. But I see from your cap that you are one of my new schoolfellows. I was on my way to St. Gideon's when I was attacked by those scoundrels."

"Yes," said Fatty, pompously, scenting the prestige he would enjoy as a friend of the schoolboy Rajah. "I am Samuel Arbutnot Slocum, one of the leaders of the Remove form. But why were those ruffians attacking you?"

"They wanted this!" answered the Rajah quietly.

Fatty stared curiously at the object in the other's brown palm. It was just a little ivory cube with six dots on one of its sides.

"H'm doesn't seem valuable enough for all that fuss," grunted Fatty Slocum.

"It is practically worthless in itself," returned the boy Rajah gravely. "But in my country it is believed to have belonged to Vishnu himself. Whoever possesses it has the entry to any temple in the section of India which I govern. The priests believe only one of the chosen can keep possession of it, for in the hands of infidels it is supposed to cause instant death! Those men whom you drove away do not believe in the fatal powers of the Sacred Cube. They want it so that they can rob our temples of their treasures, for if they show this cube to the priests they will allow them to take away anything they please. But, come. I am very eager to see St. Gideon's and the rest of my schoolfellows."

Fatty, nothing loth, led the Rajah of Blampurah and Wilfred to the school.

It was the hour between morning lessons and dinner and the quad was crowded with fellows of various forms when Fatty and his companion turned up. The human mountain of the Remove had one fat arm tucked affectionately in the Rajah's, and they appeared to be on most friendly terms. Wilfred brought up the rear like a rather large lap dog.

"Hullo, Fatty. Found another victim for your tummy fund?" grinned Hooper, of the Remove.

"Not at all," returned Slocum loftily. "Can't you see the Rajah and I are pals. I've just saved his life!"

"Gammon! You fat fraud!"

"It's true, I tell you. There were a dozen huge villains all armed to the teeth—" And Fatty Slocum launched into a colourful account of the incident, finishing with the story the schoolboy Rajah had told him about the Sacred Cube.

And the Doubting Thomases had to believe, for the Rajah of Blampurah himself vouched for the truth of the main particulars of the amazing narrative.

After dinner Johnny Gee was summoned to the Head's study, and as Captain of the Remove commanded to acquaint the Rajah with the routine of St. Giddy's and show him the school, etc. Johnny and his chums took an instant liking to the dusky potentate. Wilfred, as they had christened the elephant, was housed in a wood-shed until alternative quarters could be fixed up at the local zoo, and that evening the chums of Study No. 4 had a great spread to celebrate the coming of a real live Rajah to the ranks of the Remove.

Fatty's Fateful Food Trail.

"CRUMBS! I feel peckish. Beasts! Anybody awake?"

Samuel Arbutnot Slocum woke from dreaming that he had been consuming a giant meat pie with the help of an elephant and half-a-dozen Hindus, and stared around the moonlit dormitory. Somewhere a clock boomed the witching hour of midnight. Around him his schoolfellows slumbered peacefully.

"Beasts!" mumbled Fatty again. He was labouring under a sense of injustice. At the spread in Study No. 4, at which his presence had been suffered only because of his friendship with the

Rajah, he had been severely rationed. Hence his resentful reference to the state of his inner man. Vividly the vision of a certain bag of jam tarts, which still remained in Johnny Gee and Co.'s cupboard, filled his mind.

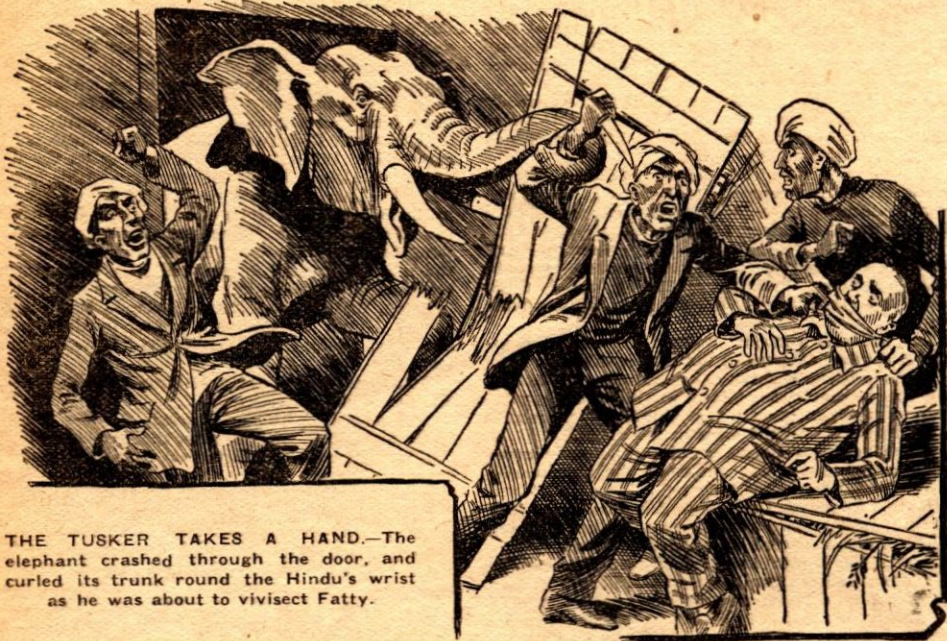
At last Fatty could stand it no longer. He rose from his bed and, pausing only long enough to adorn his fat feet with a pair of voluminous carpet slippers, he crept out of the dorm. and made his stealthy way to the Remove corridor.

And while Fatty pursued the age-old quest of food, back in the dormitory strange things began to

For a moment the pursuers were out of sight and quick as thought their quarry dodged into one of the studies.

It was Study No. 4. But there was no sign of Fatty Slocum. He had heard the hurried footsteps along the passage, and, thinking it was Johnny Gee or one of the famous Co. who had discovered his absence, had swiftly hidden himself behind the big armchair. There he crouched now, quaking, while the mute evidence of his guilt, the bag of jam tarts, lay half-consumed on the study table.

These were the first things that the Hindu's eyes



THE TUSKER TAKES A HAND.—The elephant crashed through the door, and curled its trunk round the Hindu's wrist as he was about to vivisect Fatty.

happen. A swarthy, villainous face peered through the window at the sleeping juniors. A muffled *click* sounded, and the sash was raised. Into the dormitory slipped the marauder, stealing soft as a cat to the bedside of the Rajah of Blampurah. For a moment the Hindu (for it was one of the miscreants who had attacked him in the wood) groped under the Indian boy's pillow; then a hiss of satisfaction escaped him as his hand closed on what he sought. Simultaneously the boy Rajah leapt into action. Wakened by some slight sound the fellow had made he instantly acted to defend his treasure. The six-dotted Cube of the Temples!

He jumped full at the snarling Hindu, calling for help as he did so. A chorus of sleepy voices demanded the reason of the uproar; and Johnny Gee, Snowball, and Dick Bannister first to realise what was toward, joined the Rajah in his attack on his enemy.

"Grab the rotter! Don't let him get away, chaps!"

But the man was slippery as an eel. Still clutching the precious ivory cube he wriggled from the grip of their eager hands and dashed out of the door and along the corridor, with the Removites in full cry behind him.

Fast as he ran, the Removites were gaining on him. He went down the stairs and turned into the Remove passage.

lighted upon, as he searched desperately around the study. He hissed something in his own language, and, on a sudden thought, quickly pushed the precious cube into one of the dainties.

He was only just in time. For at that moment the study door burst violently open and Johnny Gee and Snowball appeared on the threshold.

"There he is! Come on you chaps, the rotter's in here!" roared Johnny Gee, and both he and Snowball made concerted grabs at the snarling Hindu as he made as though to leap through the window. They bore him down, kicking, biting, scratching, But though he fought like a wild cat he was quickly overpowered by the reinforcements that had swiftly arrived on the scene.

"Now, we'll soon get your charm back for you, Rajah," gasped Johnny. "He's not had time to get rid of it. Search him, chaps!"

The Removites obeyed—thoroughly. But of course there was no sign of the ivory cube about the marauder's person. They guessed that he had hidden it and searched the place thoroughly, but still no sign of the precious charm came to light. Fatty, meanwhile, had already mingled with the juniors under cover of the excitement. In the midst of it all Mr. Cattermole himself appeared.

"Boys! What is the meaning of this unparalleled escapade. You have wakened the whole school.

There'll be floggings for the ringleaders. I—who—who is this?" He broke off as his eye fell on the sadly crumpled captive.

Johnny Gee explained.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Cattermole. "Then—then this ruffian broke into the school to steal this—this talisman from the new boy? The police must be sent for at once!"

At that moment the Hindu plotter saw his chance and took it. He wrenched away suddenly from Johnny's grip and flinging up the study window disappeared into the night.

"Great pip! Don't let him get away, fellows!" shouted Johnny and led a rush to the window. Ivy grew thickly on the old walls and the rascal was already half-way down to terra firma, when Johnny Gee, followed by Snowball and Dick Bannister clambered out after him.

A minor tragedy happened when somebody bumped against the table and those jam tarts were scattered all over the study floor. All interest was centred on the escaping Hindu.

Hooper led a rush from the study to intercept the fellow in the quadrangle. And soon the room was empty. Empty save for one fat presence. Fatty Slocum was determined to finish those jam tarts!

They still lay behind the study table. Fatty carefully collected the fallen tuck and set to again with gleaming eyes. At lightning speed those appetising pastries disappeared into his insatiable maw.

The last one vanished and an expression of ineffable content overspread the fat youth's features.

It was a warm autumn night and after the excitement of the previous events all was still and peaceful. Fatty's shiny, satisfied visage became blank and he slipped gently into the arms of Morpheus. . . .

How long Fatty Slocum slumbered he never knew. But the manner of his awakening he remembered ever afterwards. Something tickled his throat and he opened sleepy eyes irritably. A brown, malevolent face was inches away from his own, the lips writhing back from cruel teeth in a horrible snarl.

It was the Hindu who had pilfered the precious cube from beneath the boy Rajah's pillow. He had succeeded in dodging his schoolboy pursuers.

"Queek, white boy! Where are the sweetmeats that were on this table. Speak or I will keel you!"

The knife turned suggestively at Fatty's throat.

"I dud—don't know!" he gurgled. "I never could eat jam tarts!"

An awful light gleamed in the dusky plotter's eyes. The crumbs on Fatty's waistcoat, the smear of jam on his plump cheeks, told him the truth. He almost choked with rage and chagrin.

"You lie, little white rat. You lie! You have eaten them—and the Sacred Cube of Blampurah!"

Fatty quaked. "Grooh! I never—I dud-dud-didn't—"

"Silence!" grated the Hindu thug. His knife pinked his fat victim's flesh suggestively and he hissed the one word: "Come!"

And Fatty did not question the command. In such circumstances to hear was to obey. Along the moonlit Remove passage he was guided and into the quadrangle. The Remove were back in the dormitory to which they had been commanded to return by Mr. Cattermole. The housemaster paced his study in his dressing-gown, awaiting the arrival of the police whom he had summoned by telephone. So no one saw the Hindu and his terrified captive cross the quadrangle and enter a wooden store-house adjoining the woodshed, where skulked the Hindu's two companions.

"Greetings, Tarimi. You have the cube?" hissed one of the leader of the infamous trio.

"Nay," snarled Fatty's captor, motioning towards Slocum. "As I told you, Muldah, I hid it in the white boys' sweetmeats. But now this fool hath consumed them!"

For a moment the other gave way to his rage and disappointment at the news. Then a gloating, sinister expression spread over his saturnine face.

"By Vishnu!" he hissed, drawing an ugly, pointed knife from his robe. "Then we must take the Sacred Cube from him! Gag the boy so that he cannot cry out for it will be verree painful."

Fatty's eyes almost started from his head at the horrible thing the thug meditated. Before the other two could cram a handkerchief in his mouth he let out a terrified yell for succour. The cry choked off as the plotters inserted the gag. But Fatty's voice had been heard. For, even as the Hindu with the knife advanced on his victim to do his fell work, the door crashed inwards. Through the shattered wood-work lumbered a familiar, trumpeting form.

It was the Rajah's elephant! Ever since his incarceration, Wilfred had been working on the door of the woodshed, intent on returning to his human friends. That cry from one of them had speeded up his efforts. His trunk seized on the Hindu with the knife, and the fellow was lifted, yelling and struggling, into the air. The knife clattered from the man's nerveless fingers and he screamed with terror as Wilfred bore him into the open air.

Fatty, finding himself free galloped towards the School House as though a dozen fiends pursued him—and Wilfred with his victim followed, a good second.

Up the stairs went Fatty, to burst into the Remove dormitory like a whirlwind.

"Help! Help!" he howled, flinging himself under his bed. "They're after me. Keepemoff!"

Johnny Gee & Co. started up from their beds in bewilderment—to witness the entrance of the baby elephant, holding the Hindu in his trunk.

"Great Pip! Wilfred! And he's caught that thug—Oh, grab the fellow, quick, chaps!"

For the elephant had laid his victim at the feet of the Rajah, and that badly frightened plotter made a desperate attempt to flee. Half-a-dozen juniors piled on him and quickly the fellow was secured.

His capture synchronised with the arrival of Mr. Cattermole, attracted once more by the hullabaloo. Behind the housemaster was a burly man in a bowler and big overcoat, accompanied by a couple of constables holding two crestfallen Hindus. The police had reached the school gates as the two thugs were making their getaway over the wall. The story was quickly told to them and they bore their three prisoners away to the lock-up.

But one phase of the drama still remained to be cleared up. Where was the missing Sacred Cube of Blampurah? Fatty swore that he had not swallowed it with the jam tarts in Johnny Gee's study. He was sure he would have discovered it.

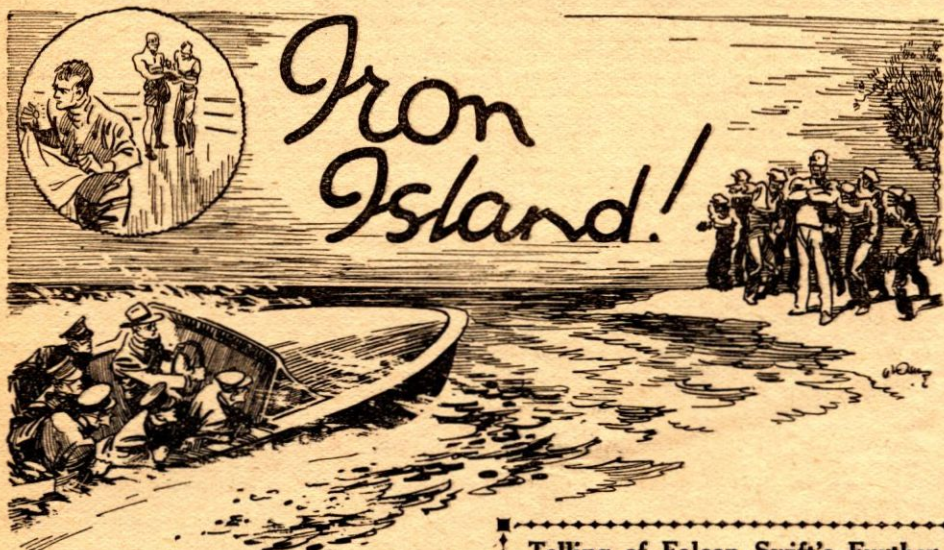
A thorough search was made of Study No. 4 and there, lodged behind the curb in front of the grate Snowball found a squashed jam tart. In the jammy centre was the precious Cube!

Next day the Joyous Juniors had a great feed to celebrate the recovery of the Rajah's precious possession—now lodged in the Head's safe for greater protection. Wilfred was too bulky to pass the study doors (the larger entrances of the form room and dormitory had been a tight squeeze) so Johnny Gee and Co. got the Head's permission to hold it in the woodshed.

Triumphant return of THE TAXI 'TEC next week in a grand double-length yarn of his greatest case: "The Menace of the Dumb Men."

HOW THE SPORTING SLEUTH BECAME FAMOUS TOLD BELOW.

Crammed with Fascinating Detective Work and Thrills in the Boxing Ring. Complete.



A Boxing Scoop.

FALCON SWIFT laid down the magnifying glass through which he had been examining some finger prints, and looked up with a start as the door burst open, and a figure came like a whirlwind into the room.

His startled expression gave place to one of pleasure, however, as he saw that it was Harry Duke, of the Corinthian Club, one of the best sportsmen in Great Britain.

"What cheer, Swift," he exclaimed, heartily, "I've sprung a surprise on the world. It's the biggest surprise ever. Make the public sit up, I can tell you. Come out with me and see it."

"I'm glad to see you, Harry," said the great detective as soon as he had the chance. "We'll call your bluff, as Chick would say. We'll come with you and see what this great news is."

"Done," said Harry Duke, instantly. "My car's all ready outside."

The sporting detective and his young assistant followed Harry Duke out of the flat to where a long torpedo-shaped car stood at the curb. Harry Duke's car, like the clothes he wore, was of a somewhat eccentric design; but then people said that everything connected with the great, cheery sportsman was weird and wonderful. He was an old amateur boxing champion, and now a promoter for the fun of the thing, and the managing director of the great Corinthian Club and boxing stadium.

They all climbed into the big car and under Harry Duke's skilful, though reckless, driving they reached the Corinthian Stadium in a very short time.

"Look," said Harry Duke, triumphantly, pointing a fore-finger. And the sporting detective and Chick Conway gazed in the direction he indicated.

They saw great flaring posters—posters showing a man in boxing attire, crouching in a well-known attitude. Indeed, the man's face, every line of his figure, the very fighting scowl of him, was well known.

Telling of Falcon Swift's Further Exploits Against the Crooked Resources of the Infamous Owls Gang.

"Why," gasped Chick. "Why, it's Hempsey! The world's heavy-weight champ!"

"You've hit it," chuckled Harry Duke. "First pop! And he's to meet Battling White, champion of England, in a twenty-round contest at the Corinthian Stadium on March the twentieth!"

This was, indeed, a great piece of news. John Hempsey had created a great stir when he had recently beaten the French boxer, Callonter. Even Falcon Swift was impressed.

"There's something else, Swift," chuckled Harry Duke. "Hempsey arrives this afternoon by the four o'clock train at Waterloo. And if you like, we'll go and meet him."

Chick's eyes sparkled with excitement, and he looked inquiringly at Falcon Swift.

"What d'you say, Swift?" asked Harry Duke. "Hempsey will be glad to meet you again. He tells me he met you in America some time ago."

"That's so," said the sporting detective, thoughtfully. "I came across Hempsey in America years ago when he was a tramp or 'hobo.' He was a fine chap when I knew him—yes, I think I should like to meet him again."

And so it was decided, and the torpedo-shaped car threaded its route in the direction of Waterloo Station.

Battling White.

THE boxer's arrival is quite unknown. I don't suppose there'll be anyone else to meet him but ourselves," said Harry Duke.

The party of three stood on the arrival platform at Waterloo Station waiting for the four o'clock train from Southampton to come in.

While the millionaire sportsman was speaking Chick noticed that he was straining his eyes down the platform where the solitary figure of a man in overcoat and bowler hat stood, evidently also awaiting the arrival of the four o'clock train.

"Dash it," the sportsman exclaimed, in an annoyed tone. "That's Battling White over there. I overlooked him altogether. Hi!" He raised a gloved hand. "I'll invite him to join us. Hi, White!—here!"

The man in the bowler hat started, looked in the direction of the noise and came over to them.

"So you turned up," said Harry Duke jovially. "Awfully decent of you. If I'd known you were coming I'd have asked you to join our party. Let me introduce you to Mr. Falcon Swift and Chick Conway, both good sportsmen."

The champion heavy-weight of England shook hands gravely. He was a pleasant-looking man with a somewhat battered-looking countenance—due to his profession.

"I'm glad to meet you," he said to Falcon Swift, with grave sincerity in his somewhat grim eyes. "I've heard of your great reputation, sir, and also that of your assistant. I should like to have a friendly spar with you one of these days."

"It would please me, too," said the detective cordially. "We must try and arrange it, Mr. White."

It would be an experience to box against Battling White, the boxer whose hair was as white as snow. Such men somehow look peculiar, but the boxer was positively striking—attractive too, with his great strong face and gravely twinkling eyes.

"Reminds me of someone," muttered the boy. "If it wasn't for the hair!"

But he could not call to mind who the other man was, and presently his thoughts were broken into by the shrieking and rumble of the train as it steamed into the station.

"That's him!" exclaimed Chick suddenly—and ungrammatically.

A well-dressed young man was stepping out of a first-class carriage. A man with a boyish, somewhat full face, and an alert, lithe bearing. It was the figure made familiar by posters and photographs all over the world—the figure of John Hempsey, the world's champion.

Harry Duke went forward at once to meet him, and introductions were effected. They all soon proceeded to Swift's flat, where, over tea, Hempsey struck up a friendship with Battling White, his future opponent, and they discussed their respective plans as though they had known each other for years.

"I'm training at Richmond," announced John Hempsey. "Public training an' all that, like I did when I was fighting Callonter in the States."

"And I am adopting Callonter's methods," said Battling White, with a quiet smile. "I shall train in secret. No man will be allowed inside my camp—not even newspaper representatives. In fact," he added, "I'm going to keep my training quarters a dead secret."

At this the other three men looked at him queerly, and Chick burst out with a question. "But why?"

"Oh," said the boxer, shrugging his shoulders, "it all makes interest in the match—draws the public like a magnet."

The Smasher Again.

"CHICK!" The boy looked up with a start as he heard his name pronounced. There was a note of unaccustomed sharpness in Falcon Swift's voice.

It was the after-breakfast-hour, and Chick was curled up in his favourite armchair reading the

Sporting Chronicle. He had been engrossed in a column on the forthcoming big fight, and had just been reading a description of Hempsey's training routine at Richmond.

"Chick," repeated the detective, "have you read the newspapers this morning?"

"Only the *Sporting Chronicle*, Boss," answered the boy wonderingly.

"Read that," exclaimed Swift, and he flung a newspaper across the room.

Chick picked it up and read a paragraph marked by the detective in blue pencil. It was startling enough in all conscience.

PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

Early this morning a daring escape from Portland Prison was effected by a convict. During stone-breaking work on Granmoor, Convict No. 103 suddenly made a bold dash for liberty. The rest of the convicts were evidently in the plot, for they set up a racket which the warders had some difficulty in quelling. In the confusion, Convict 103 got clear, but he is believed to be still somewhere in the neighbourhood.

We understand that the convict number, 103, covers the identity of the man who is known as The Smasher, the notorious American boxer.

"That's rotten, Boss," said the youngster ruefully.

"It's particularly bad," said the detective, with some gravity. "The Smasher is the chief lieutenant of Mellish, the Big Boss of the Owls Society—the man who seems to be behind most of the big crimes of to-day."

"And now he's free again!" said Chick slowly. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to put the police in possession of information which, until now, I have thought fit to hold private," answered the Sporting Detective grimly.

A GREY motor-boat, grim and unlovely in design, churned its way towards Iron Island. In its stern sat half-a-dozen figures, garbed in sombre dark blue. There was also a man in raglan coat and cap, wearing a monocle, and by his side was a smaller figure—the figure of Chick Conway.

On the shore a group of Mellish's underlings, in white sweaters and cloth caps, watched the motor-boat approaching, and in their hearts was stark terror.

Foremost amongst them was a huge, strange-looking man, veritably a giant, who stood with folded hands on which were a pair of match boxing-gloves. Thousands of the sporting public would have named him at once. They would have been quite positive that it was none other than Battling White, the tremendously popular British heavy-weight boxing champion. Yet they would have added, with a shudder, that "Old Snowy" never looked like that before.

The Big Boss, Mellish himself, was not amongst the group on the shore. He was hidden away in the tower of the grim, prison-like building behind. And he was watching the approaching motor-boat through field-glasses.

On the rickety bedstead in the tower room, bound hand and foot, was the figure of a man. And as the motor-boat steadily approached, Mellish set to work. First of all he took up several loose boards in the floor of the room, revealing a dark cavity. Then with many oaths and much rough handling he proceeded to conceal the figure of the bound man in the hole. Then he replaced the boards.

Meanwhile, in the motor-boat, Falcon Swift was speaking.

"You must remember," he reminded the police inspector, who sat in the stern, "that we have no

power to arrest anyone but The Smasher. For the rest, Iron Island is still a private property purchased by Mellish, and we can only make a search for the escaped convict."

The Fight On The Island.

FALCON SWIFT and his boy assistant remained on the shore when the party of police filed up to the grim, dark building. The detective dug his hands in the pockets of his raglan overcoat, looking completely astonished and bewildered at the group of sullen-looking men—and at one in particular.

"Well, White, you sly dog. So this is where you're hanging your hat. Do you know everyone is highly indignant that you should conceal your training headquarters from them."

The Sporting Detective was completely mystified. It was plain that these were the secret training quarters of Battling White. It was a revelation—and a revelation heavy with suspicion. For it implied that the boxer must be in league with the Owls Society.

Falcon Swift glanced sharply again at Battling White. The man seemed completely changed, somehow. There was the same snow-white hair, the same square jaw, and grim, black eyes under beetling brows. But Battling White was not the same. In the short space of a few days, a lifelong dissipation and villainy seemed to have written themselves on his face.

"I'm very sorry for this little jaunt," went on Falcon Swift, striving to remain pleasant in face of the boxer's silence. "It's nothing connected with you, however. The police are up at yonder house making a search in connection with a warrant for the arrest of an escaped convict known as The Smasher."

He watched the boxer's face as he made this announcement, and his suspicions were confirmed. For a moment, terror crossed the man's features—terror stark and hideous.

"How's the training going, White?" the detective went on. "You're looking pretty fit. Do you think you'll beat the great Hempsey?"

The boxer spat on the ground, and spoke for the first time.

"Sure of it," he growled. "I've got a trump card up my sleeve, and I'll wallop Hempsey—easy!"

"I'm glad to see you're not suffering from nerves," said the Sporting Detective. He was talking really to waste time—waiting for the report of the police who were engaged up at the house. And it was because of this that he remarked, idly:

"You mustn't forget, Mr. White, that you promised to give me a little sparring match some time."

The boxer looked surprised.

"Did I?" Then into his face there leapt a sudden, savage exultation. "Well, why not have a go now? We've got a roped arena up at the house. What do you say?"

He seemed eager for the bout, and Falcon Swift smelt a trap of some sort. But in its way the offer was in the nature of a challenge, and he could not very well decline.

"I'm willing," he agreed, lazily. "As you say, it will pass the time, and I shall be able to gauge your form for the big fight."

Battling White led the way up the hill, the group of men crowding after him. The detective and Chick followed slowly.

Falcon Swift looked with interest at the roped arena on the green outside the forbidding-looking house. It is very seldom that one comes across an open-air ring in England, but in America many boxers do their actual training out of doors.

Presently he was peeling off his coat and cap, and stepping into the ring.

That was a fight that Chick never forgot. One of the men with a watch in his hand called "Time," and from the way Battling White leapt out of his corner it was evident that this was no friendly match.

The mask was off now, and as the two men "touched" gloves he openly glared his hatred. Then he tore in like a madman. Swift saw his opponent



THE MAN-CARRYING KITE.—The huge kite shot up towards the tower top, and Chick clutched desperately at the balcony rail, the wind straining and pulling at the canvas.

leap forward, glimpsed the left stabbing at his face. And he ducked. The next second Falcon Swift's right glove flicked out and rattled his teeth.

Battling White snarled angrily, and tore in once more. Falcon Swift put up his gloves, and beat off the welter of blows that ensued. He was punched back to the ropes, but he was quite cool when the call for time came.

In the second round Battling White opened like a whirlwind. He came boring in, and the detective drew back. He was in the corner against the ropes, but he ducked, and his footwork got him round.

And then the detective's tactics changed. He became speed incarnate, his feet sliding as though he were on ice. He went round and round the slower man at will, his fists moving like the flick of a whip, and every time they registered a punch.

The call for time came, and Battling White was glad of it. He sprawled back in his corner while his seconds attended to him. Chick jumped into the ring to look after the Boss.

He was holding his hands high to wave the towel in front of the detective when he happened to glance into his mirror ring. Chick always wore a mirror ring; a ring, that is, with a piece of looking-glass in the place of stone or jewel. By this means he was able to see what was going on behind him.

He saw one of the seconds was smearing Battling White's boxing gloves with a fluid from a bottle.

"Time."

The seconds jumped out, and they were at it again. Flick, flick. The detective's fists were working again like an electric fan. But Battling White, for a moment, seemed to be made of iron. He ran right into the other, and punched Swift as he did so.

It was a body blow, terribly punishing. But Falcon Swift had endured many such. And yet his senses commenced to swim. He struggled against a feeling of overwhelming dizziness.

Vainly he tried to put up his arms, but he had lost control of them. He saw Battling White's right hooking up under him, and he tried to dodge.

A crack, like a breaking stick, split the still air, and then Falcon Swift toppled over—knocked out for the first time in his life.

Chick's Kite.

"I CAN'T understand it, Chick. I was feeling quite confident that I could beat the fellow, when suddenly he tore in and gave me a body wallop, followed by a hook to the jaw. Neither blow hurt me much, but the funny thing was that I began to feel dizzy—just as though I'd been doped. Then, of course, he put me out."

"You've said it, Boss," said Chick Conway, grimly. "The police found nothing?"

"No," said the detective, looking at him a little queerly. "Why do you ask?"

"There was some rumpus after that fight of yours, Boss," he said. "And in the excitement I managed to pinch this out of one of the guy's pockets."

The Sporting Detective took the bottle, and examined the thin, whitish fluid it contained with a perplexed frown on his forehead.

"I saw one of the seconds smearing Battling White's gloves with stuff from that bottle just before you were knocked out, so I boned it as a matter of curiosity," explained Chick.

A gleam of excitement showed in the detective's eyes, and with a word or two to his assistant, he hurried out of the room to his laboratory to analyse the fluid.

"It's just as I thought," he declared on his return. "This is a new compound, Chick. It is an intense drug which paralyses the nerves instantly it directly touches the skin. You see the immense possibilities of this, Chick, in the hands of, say, an unscrupulous boxer."

"Like Battling White, for instance," exclaimed Chick.

In a flash the whole cunning plot was revealed to him. The Big Boss would be heavily backing the snow-haired boxer against Hempsey. Backing him probably for thousands of pounds. And his money was as safe as the bank, for Battling White was bound to win.

Whenever he felt like putting an end to the fight his seconds had only to smear his gloves with the

strange new compound, and he had to get in but one blow, and the fight would be all over.

"And to think that I once believed Battling White was a clean, decent boxer!" exclaimed Falcon Swift.

"I still think he is," said Chick. "But I guess that man we met on Iron Island wasn't Battling White at all. Think, Boss, who does he look like?"

"He certainly didn't seem like the Battling White I first met," remarked the detective. "Why," he ejaculated suddenly, "it's The Smasher in disguise!"

"Yes, Boss, the man we met on the island is The Smasher, I guess," said Chick, quietly. "He could easily have taken all the colour out of his hair with potash. And the real Battling White is on the island, I reckon."

"Then we will go there," announced Falcon Swift. "Probably the island will be deserted to-morrow, as the party will have come over for the fight to-morrow night."

"DOORS securely locked," announced Falcon Swift in a tone of slight disappointment. "Some of them are heavily bolted from inside."

He was standing outside the grim-looking building on Iron Island. As he had anticipated, he had caught Mellish napping, for the island seemed deserted. Everyone had gone to London for the fight that night.

"Then may I try my kite, Boss?" asked Chick, eagerly. He indicated, as he spoke, a huge kite, a tremendous box affair which he had brought over to the island with him in the motor-boat. He had heard of the Chinese man-carrying kites, and he had been keen to try out the experiment for himself.

"You see the idea," said Chick, excitedly. "You hold the windlass, Boss. I walk about fifty yards from you and then push off the ground. Then you pay out the rope as fast as you can."

"I don't like it, laddie," said Falcon Swift, uneasily. "But it's our only hope of getting inside."

"It's all right if you steer the kite with the windlass properly," said Chick. "Look, I want to steer for that high tower. We've got enough rope and wind to make it."

Saying which he commenced to carry his kite forward, while the detective paid out the rope. At about fifty yards' distance he pushed sharply off the ground.

He shot up like a dart, and then, for a sickening moment, swayed dizzily as the rope came out with a rush. But the wind caught the kite again and drew it up higher.

Falcon Swift, below, shifted the windlass a yard, and the kite, rising rapidly, went straight as a die for the platform on the tower. *Crack!* The big square of canvas scathed the balcony rails, and Chick clutched desperately.

The next moment he was climbing over the balcony, with the kite pulling and straining against him. He was soon on the balcony and freed himself of the kite.

Then, as Chick stepped towards the room, he heard a sharp cry of pain, and turning to peer through the French windows into the room, gave a sharp start.

"Our friend, Battling White," he murmured. "The real one, or I'm mistaken."

It was, indeed, the boxer. He was stretched out on a ramshackle bedstead, bound hand and foot. And bending over him and torturing him by squeezing his fingers between two pieces of wood, was an evil-looking tough.

Chick flung open the French window and slipped inside. The tough at the bedside rose like a rocket. He came at Chick—and made a wild swing. It bit—nothing.

Then Chick slid in, his hands playing. The tough took a swinging left in the mouth and went back, his fists pawing frantically. Chick's left went back again, like a piston-rod, he slid close; then his right hooked with scientific precision, and the man dropped like a stone.

Chick went to the side of the helpless man and commenced to untie his bonds. And the first thing Battling White said, when he sat up, was:

"Well, I'm blest! Who taught you to box?"

A Fair Fight.

THE man who was known as the Smasher—alias Battling White, pulled his dressing-gown around him, and puffed at a cigarette, although he was due in the ring at the Corinthian Stadium at nine-thirty.

Suddenly he heard a slight noise. He glanced towards the door of the dressing-room. A man was standing there, looking in curiously.

"You!" shouted the boxer, jumping to his feet.

Falcon Swift grinned.

"Just looked in," he said, tersely. "Fight the other day—wasn't quite fair. Quite fair this time."

As he spoke he locked the door. The Smasher threw off his dressing-gown, pushed chairs out of the way, and advanced. A fist like a ham swung round with a rush. The detective ducked and countered for the body. The Smasher put up his left, and the two clinched.

And then commenced a fight, thrilling enough to delight thousands of spectators, but done in a locked room where none could see except the two combatants.

There was no doubt that the Smasher knew all about clinch fighting. He hammered in kidney punches that fairly tore the strength out of the Sporting Detective.

Falcon Swift was boxing coolly and skilfully. He was flashing round the Smasher now like a will-o'-the-wisp. His left came out tentatively, the Smasher blocked, then the detective's right shot between his guard and crashed on his chin, sending him flying against the mantelpiece.

Falcon Swift stood back as the Smasher scrambled up. The professional came out again, a poker in his hand. He aimed a blow—cruel, annihilative, if it had landed.

The detective, however, was an expert in ju-jitsu. He jumped aside, his foot came up, and his toe cracked on the boxer's wrist with scientific precision.

A string of vile oaths testified to the results, and the poker went clattering to the floor. Falcon Swift came in again, but now his task was easy, for the other's hand was badly damaged.

The Smasher's head was down now and he was covering himself with great hairy arms as he retreated. Then a body punch jolted and stiffened him. Falcon Swift glimpsed his opportunity and flashed in with a terrible uppercut.

Down went the Smasher with an impact that shook the floor. He shuddered and moved convulsively for a moment, and then he lay still.

Meanwhile, at the ringside, Felix Mellish was sitting back, smoking a cigar, well satisfied with himself and the world. The gong had just gone, and a white-haired boxer had just stepped into the ring.



THE POKER PERIL.—Falcon Swift jumped aside, his foot came up, and his toe crashed on the boxer's wrist, so that the poker clattered to the floor.

But it was not the man whom Mellish believed it to be. It was the real Battling White. A boxer who wanted to win, but who meant to fight fairly.

And now Hempsey stepped between the ropes. Such a burst of cheering went up as nearly raised the roof.

Five minutes later the gong went, and Hempsey tore out of his corner, crouching, lithe as a swift warring animal, and the crowd gasped as they watched the finest boxer of the age.

FOUR rounds later Battling White was carried to his corner. The great Hempsey had won again.

At the same time Falcon Swift opened the door of his dressing-room and called in the police.

"You can take him away now," he said, indicating the broken man on the ground. "That is Callagan, otherwise the Smasher, or, better still, Convict 103, who recently escaped from Portland Gaol. And now some of you come with me and get Mellish. He is sitting at the ringside, watching the fight."

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THE SIX-STAR GANG

(Continued from page 7.)

pate was the most severe of them all, and Timber was no match for the furious outlaw, who charged at him with whirling fists.

He put up his hands to defend himself, then reeled back and slipped right off the edge of the gorge, to hurtle forty feet through the air into the raging torrent below!

His second plunge into cold water during that eventful day had the effect of bringing him completely round. Gasping and spluttering, the unfortunate dorkie hollered lustily for help.

To his relief he saw the *Kittiwake*, which had been swept on in the wild swirl of waters, surge round in a smother of foam and fight her way back to him against the full force of the racing stream. Keith was once more at the wheel of his beloved boat, while Killer Pete lay in an inert heap on the floor, all the fight knocked out of him.

In a few moments the struggling nigger was dragged, half-drowned, and with bulging eyes, into the canoe beside Keith. "Oh, baas, Ah done let yo' down again!" he groaned. "Why don't yo' throw dis chile back into de water?"

"You've had enough water for one day, brother," was Keith's reply. "Well, we've got one of the skunks. Where's the other?"

As he spoke, a mountain of water shot up into the air only a few feet away from them, and the spray fell like a cloud-burst on the decks of the *Kittiwake*.

"Dere's de oder, baas!" shouted Timber. And he pointed up to the top of the gorge.

Hoodlum Hank, sharply outlined against the sky in the light of the moon, was leaning with all his weight against another great rock, with the obvious intention of shoving it over the edge on top of the canoe.

"Duck your head, brother!" snapped Keith. "We're going to dive!"

He pulled the lever, which brought the hood shooting smoothly into its grooves over the well, and the instant they were enclosed, the diving-control was snapped back, and the *Kittiwake* plunged beneath the surface. Timber, staring with round eyes through the little green window, saw a huge black shape of a rock hurtle past them.

"That was a narrow shave!" said Keith coolly.

"I reckon that's Hank's last attempt on our sweet little lives. I kinda think he won't be waiting to greet us at the lumber-camp—I guess he'll make himself scarce on one of those hosses we left up there! But never mind!" He grinned mischievously. "Well, how d'ya like the life, Timber? How are you feeling now?"

"Wall, baas, Ah dunna how it is," said Timber, thoughtfully scratching his woolly pate, "but de fact is, Ah kinda got a headache. Maybe I jest ain't got used to de life yet!"

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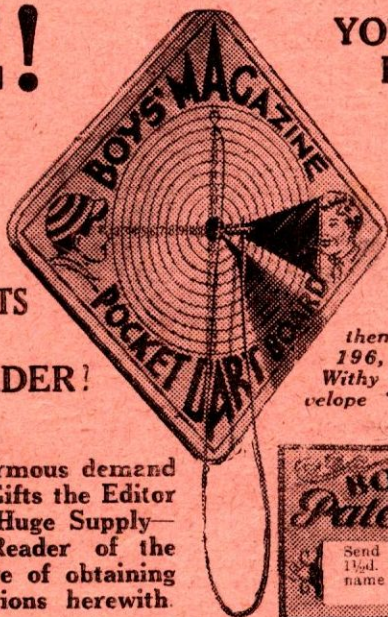
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AMAZA, PLANET OF PERIL

(Continued from page 17.)

his raw throat, stopped the helicopter exactly at the side of the *Meteor*, and he and Monty clambered over the tank on deck and jumped down through the airlock doorway, dashing in upon the Amazans.

They closed with them desperately. But whereas they had expected a hard-fought hand-to-hand encounter they found these two terrible-looking creatures as easy to handle as babies. Nor had the lads any compunction. They bundled them to the airlock door and cast them out neck and crop, and then returned hastily to the Professor and Nick.

As they bent down they saw the Professor moving and writhing convulsively. He was gasping for breath like a fish out of water. Through his glassite helmet he surveyed them painfully, with bloodshot orbs. He smiled recognition—a twisted little smile.

"You must—end—Amaza," he gasped out. "Before—it—collides—with—world. Get there—before Blattner. He knows—your mission."

With a last effort he pulled papers from his pocket, and thrust them into Jimmy's hand before turning on his side, inert, unconscious again. Hastily the lad unrolled the paper, and—Monty peering over his chum's shoulder—they examined them.

Papers of dread they were.

There was a remarkable photograph of Amaza, taken, only the Professor knew how. It showed one of the glass cities. And under the great arching roof was a mass of machinery. The few notes the Professor had left simply made it plain from the topographical relief of mountains, hills and canals how it was possible to descend upon this city.

"GOOD gosh!" Jimmy looked at his chum. "It looks as though the Professor meant us to go on at once—get on with the job."

Monty Mildmay's freckles showed up startlingly. "But the Professor and Nick! That iron glove is due to give off a ray explosion—any moment."

"We can't leave them here," Jimmy cried. Bending, he tried to wrench the iron glove from the Professor's hand, but some catch held it too securely.

"We must take them with us, that's all," he added. The two lads between them determinedly carried first the Professor and then Nick out through the airlock chamber and laid them on the tank on the helicopter deck.

"Roady?" asked Jimmy Wade as he climbed aboard the helicopter, and moved like a swimmer in deep waters towards the controls. As Monty nodded his head, the fat lad manipulated a switch, and there was sudden, swift awful movement.

They went down. Dropped like a screaming eagle, with whirling helicopter propeller.

Before their vision, far below them, appeared the outlines of Amaza, dark world of woe. Shadows were jumping up at them—shadows of mountains, with slumbering fire in the depths between.

Jimmy, holding grimly on to his nerve, manipulated the controls, studying the map of Amaza. No sign of the sinister bubbles descending! They were racing Blattner and Derriker.

Suddenly a great white diamond, it seemed, with many facets, winked, then blazed up at them. The City of Machinery!

They could see it now, a myriad shining pistons, clashing, moving; mighty wheels revolving, great metal arms sliding in and out as fast as the shuttle

of a loom. And the extent of it was so vast that the eye could not take it in.

Jimmy Wade clambered up on the tank and commenced uncoiling the long metal hose. He let it drop over the side of the helicopter, till it was like the shining coils of a great python hanging downwards.

And then—a myriad tiny pinpoints of fire spat spitefully from around the city below. There was a great whining around the helicopter as missiles screamed past. The Amazans were firing upon them.

"All right!" Jimmy cried, recklessly and defiantly. "Have it then—have it!"

He turned the tap on the nozzle directing the hose downwards on the City of Machinery.

There was a hissing, and a stream of white fire travelled downwards. When it met that glass city the effect was sudden, terrible, and devastating. There was a noise like the thunder of mighty falls in the boys' ears, and a white light spread that hurt the eyes. Jimmy waited desperately, holding on as long as he could while the helicopter tossed about in a great heat. Then, unable to bear it any longer, he suddenly pulled the elevator switch forward.

And the helicopter shot up into the gloom. Blinking down, the chains saw below the white molten fire of the ruins of the city.

And then they saw the great dark world, whirling away into the oblivion of space like a black cloud at nightfall. Amaza—the planet of peril receding—going back into the vastness of infinite space from whence it had come. Doomed, dead world.

A MOVEMENT at the boys' side made them both whirl around on the tank. They saw to their surprise and glee that the Professor and Nick had both recovered consciousness, and were sitting up. Joy, however, changed to swift consternation as they took in what the two were doing. Both were endeavouring—but in vain, it seemed—to wrench the iron glove off the Professor's wrist.

"Can we help?" cried Jimmy, his voice shaken. He and Monty moved to the Professor's side. But the Professor looked up with warning face. And at that moment there came a fresh and awful distraction. A sound like the *phut* of a monstrous airgun as something sailed past them. Looking up they saw rigged around them the Amazon fleet. And they were

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closing in, firing. And in their midst were the two bubbles of white fire.

"Get to our starship," cried Professor Hawke Cruise sharply as his glassite helmet touched Jimmy's. "Look! There it is."

Jimmy saw the lone space cruiser, their beloved *Meteor*, and swiftly he sprang to the controls. The helicopter moved, swift as an arrow from a bow, under the direction towards this only haven.

By a miracle it seemed they gained the open airlock doors, and as they all four scrambled through, a white, flaring missile hit their late refuge. In a lurid incandescent splutter, the helicopter went out—spending itself in a marvellous pyrotechnic display.

In a last superhuman effort Professor Hawke Cruise was wrenching at the ray-bolt glove on his hand. And suddenly a cry burst from his lips—he had it off. He raised his arm, and hurled the crackling ray glove from him—straight at the two globes so near the space cruiser.

The effect was one that no words could describe. A great white light spread hissing like wildfire in the sky. The globes were dissolving. They spread, hit the starship's.

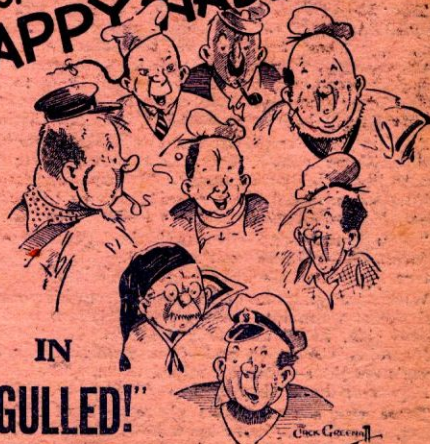
"Quick! To the controls!" gasped the Professor. But Nick Cruise and Jimmy were already there.

And the *Meteor* was living up to her name: She was moving in an awful streak of speed—away from the danger zone.

What more to tell? Thus was the great danger to the world averted, and the Amazon fleet wiped out with Clubfoot Blattner and Spike Derriker. All the world knows of the rejoicing and feting that greeted the return of Professor Hawke Cruise and his brave companions from Amaza, the Planet of Peril.

"CANNON FOOT-GOAL BUSTER," our new mystery footer serial by John Hunter, starts in next week's number of the Mag. Don't miss this whirlwind yarn of Sport and Mystery.

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