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Boys' 2D

EVERY SATURDAY

Magazine

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DON'T MISS THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE THRILL LIBRARY
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Another Thrill Library FREE Next Week, Chums!



SPECIAL STORY SUPPLEMENT FREE INSIDE BOYS' MAGAZINE

A CHAT WITH THE EDITOR.

Meet **THE FLYING LEGION** in the Thrill Mag next week, chaps. And Enjoy a Grand Programme of New Yarns and Surprises.

No, I haven't forgotten Jack Tempest, whose quest to solve the Four Death Riddles of John Ranger appeared in the first two numbers of the Library! His third adventure, **The Quest of a Thousand Deaths**

will appear in the *Mag.* itself next week. With O.K., the likeable Jap chap, he has earned a permanent place among the ranks of B.M. heroes. Next week's story is even more thrilling than the one you have found in this week's Thrill Library. The search for the

Anklet of the Sacred Elephant takes the two chums to South America, and in a grotesque under-world of shadowy caves they dare a thousand deaths at the hands of Don Nevada, an unscrupulous bandit, and Dr. Zog.

Another story treat you must not miss next week is the return of Ericus, the Briton—gladiator of Ancient Rome. In

Rivals of Rome

he pits himself against the cruel cunning of Pomponius, the rascally Roman who is his sworn enemy and rival. See the chariots hurtling over the glittering sand of the Circus Maximus; the mock sea-fight in the great floor of the circus; Ericus fighting the crocodile that is attacking his galley-slave friend—but these are only a few of the graphic incidents in this grand yarn. You must read it for yourselves, chaps, next week.

And for good, hearty laughs—dozens of 'em, in fact—turn up the latest exploit of The Chem-mystic Kid, entitled

Tommy's Tell-'em-off Machine!

Professor Hypo invents an apparatus with which it is possible to make people say just what the owner wishes.

Tommy Pink, foresees much fun if he can take that machine for an airing, but Dr. Hypo says that he could not trust it to his youthful devices. Tommy easily gets over that by just switching the machine on to the Doc., and putting into his mouth the words voicing his consent. Then he sends Professor Hypo to sleep and hops off for a happy hour with the machine. What he does with it I'll leave you to enjoy in the story itself on Saturday.

Further exploits of Don and Dick of the Flying Circus and a gripping long complete surprise yarn next week. I shall also have big news for you.

Your sincere friend, **THE EDITOR.**

YOUR EDITOR'S ADDRESS:—196, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

MY DEAR CHUMS,

Two magazines for the price of one! That's what the old *Mag.* amounts to nowadays—with its little brother, the Thrill Library, full of new thrills and surprises every week.

And take it from me, chaps, you won't be disappointed in the contents of next week's library. It contains a gripping, long complete thriller of the air entitled

The Flying Legion!

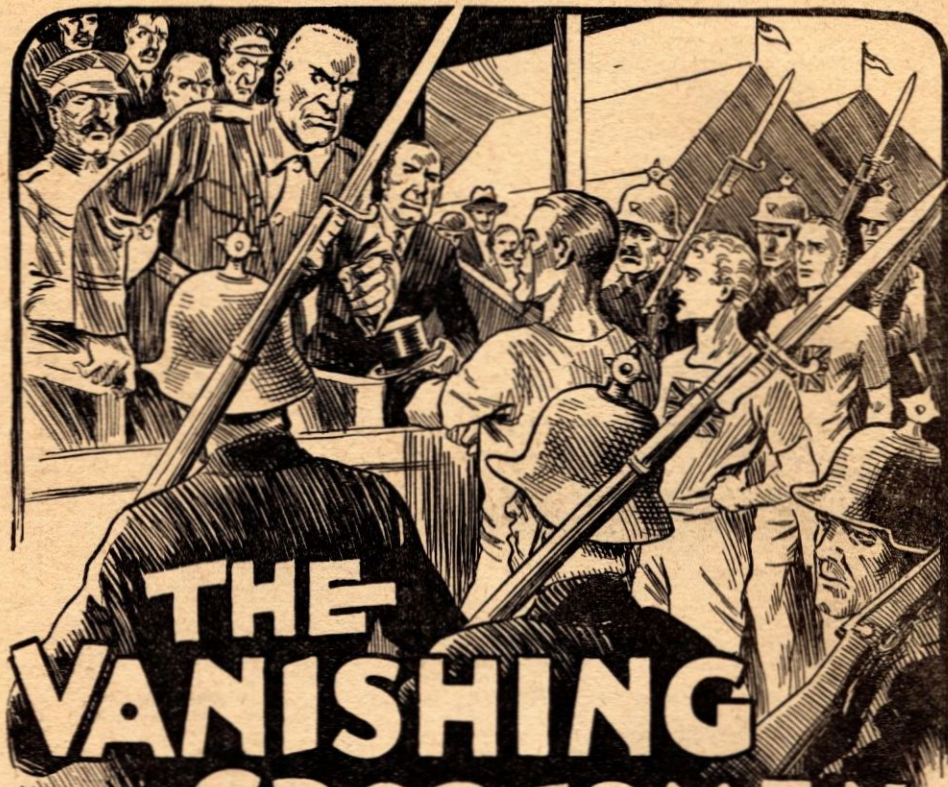
Something new, something stupendous in aeroplane yarns. You've all heard of the French Foreign Legion—that army of desperate men whose motto is: "March, march, fight—and die!" Well, the Flying Legion is its counterpart in the air. It is composed of as fascinating a crowd of daredevils as ever won wings. Flyers of many nationalities, from Faudel, the Paris Apache to Red Cougar, the Indian brave, form its ranks. But all have two qualifications—boundless courage and intrepid flying skill. They are free lances of the air—open to take on any job, however dangerous it may be, providing the reward is sufficient.

When Muggs Malone, with his baby face and china blue eyes, turns up and wants to join them, the hard-bitten legion take it as a huge joke. But Muggs is out to win his spurs. He prevails on Squadron Leader Drexel, founder and commander of the Legion, to give him a chance by offering to lead the flight to the lair of Wolfheim, an air plotter who is terrorising French Africa. There's a reward of one million francs for Wolfheim's body—dead or alive! And Muggs means to earn it for the legion and so win his spurs. How he does so makes one of the fastest, most thrilling and wholly enjoyable flying yarns it has ever been my good fortune to secure for my readers. Look for it in the Thrill Library next week, boys.

(With which is incorporated "Pals.")

Sport, Mystery and International Intrigue in this Thriller!

Featuring THE MONOCLED MANHUNTER, Sleuth.

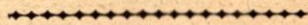


THE VANISHING SPORTSMEN



IN THE POWER OF THE SPIKED HELMETS!

The Gripping Tale of Falcon Swift's Clash with the Crook Dictator of Turania!



A Daring Attack.

THE radio broke out suddenly, crackling like an electric storm. A distorted voice roared through the loudspeaker. It gripped the crowd, and filled them with dread, whereas a moment before they had been seething with thunderous excitement. "Your attention one moment, please," crackled

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

the announcer's voice. "Here is a special message from Scotland Yard. At seven o'clock to-night Ferdinand Kreller, the sporting crook, as he is called, succeeded in effecting his escape from Maidstone Gaol. He was hotly pursued and tracked by the police into Pondland, the great London swimming pool, and no doubt he hopes to mingle with the crowd and escape detection."

A gasp went up from the great crowd that thronged the balconies of London's premier swimming baths as they realised that they were in the midst of drama. Never before had the B.B.C. used the air quite in this manner.

"Ferdinand Kreller is an International crook of great daring and resource," went on the speaker, "and it is expedient that his recapture should not be delayed a moment longer than is possible. The audience in Pondland are invited to assist the police by maintaining silence and order. Kreller is of distinctive appearance, being tall, broad-shouldered and strong, florid in complexion, with steel-blue eyes, and a shaven square head. Anyone seeing him please raise the alarm at once. Otherwise silence is requested. Thank you, that is all."

"Well, I'm dashed!" exclaimed Chick Conway. "Here's a go! Scotland Yard is creating history in its methods of man-hunting."

The boy sleuth, assistant to Falcon Swift, the famous criminologist, was in swimming costume and dripping wet. He had climbed out of the bath just before the commencement of that startling message over the radio.

Before then, Pondland had been shaking to the cheers of the vast crowd witnessing the daring display of high and fancy diving, and one name was upon everybody's lips—that of Falcon Swift who had got together the British team.

It was by no means an ordinary team of swimmers, for it represented Britain's greatest bid for supremacy in the world of sport. Each man of the eight was a picked athlete, selected to enter for a field event at the great Sports Palace in Langzig, the old-world capital of Turania.

Sport was a raging craze on the Continent. Falcon Swift, the finest all-round sportsman in England, had been chosen to conduct this daring experiment of getting together a team of all talents to show the world that where sport was cradled—in Britain—it was still alive and held leadership.

Falcon Swift, however, whose daring displays of high and stunt diving had so electrified the audience, had cast off that air of alert enthusiasm that had so far characterised him through the display. He looked grave and stern now, blue eyes like twin sheets of ice in his keen, hawk-like face.

"The authorities were right, Chick," he said quietly. "Ferdinand Kreller is the most dangerous revolutionary living. He is from Turania, you know, the cockpit of Europe, where there is trouble at the moment—threat of revolution!"

Just then there came along a man in a dinner-jacket with striking ash-grey hair and smoked glasses that completely veiled his eyes. Carl Lammerton, man-about-town, he was known to the world. But Falcon Swift knew better. He knew that Carl Lammerton was in reality the banished king of Turania—now trying for a come-back to the throne.

And Ferdinand Kreller was the man who menaced his ambition.

"The authorities request us not to abandon the rest of the meeting," he said quietly, pulling at his long cigar. "We're to go on as if nothing had happened, Swift."

The famous detective instantly agreed. The next event on the programme was to be the tit-bit of the

evening, a relay swimming match against the London Swimming Union, who numbered some of the most powerful swimmers in the world amongst their members.

Amidst a tense silence the two teams lined up at either end of the long bath, which rippled a calm sea-green under the powerful arc lights. Falcon Swift stood side by side with Stamford, a member of the Swimming Union, and they two were to dive off in the first relay of the race.

The whistle shrilled, and the two lithe forms shot out in racing dives and entered the sea-green of the bath with scarcely a splash.

Now the crowd saw Falcon Swift in action. And they gasped, for his speed in the water was truly terrific. He had a racing style peculiarly his own. With his head down in the water, his arms thrashing, he shot ahead like a torpedo.

But then suddenly a tremendous gasp went up as the famous detective threw up his arms as if baffled, and went down under the water like a drowning swimmer.

What had happened? Such was the swirl and foam created by the two powerful swimmers that none of the spectators could judge. But the Sporting Detective himself realised with something akin to a thrill of fear that swiftly his enemy, Ferdinand Kreller, had found him, and that he was trapped under-water.

How the crook had managed to enter the water undetected was a mystery. But, as the authorities had feared, he knew the baths inside out, and doubtless he had entered through a vent or a pipe through which the water flowed.

As Falcon Swift had come along at racing speed, the crook had shot up under him from the depths of the bath, and had slipped a looped rope over his ankles, quickly pulling him down under-water.

But there was one, who, though he could not see what happened, was waiting with taut nerves for the unforeseen. It was Chick Conway, the detective's astute young assistant. All along he had been gripped by a sense of impending drama. And as Falcon Swift went under-water, the young sleuth dived from the side of the bath, and shot forward, swimming under water like a fish.

Swimming Bath Mystery.

CHICK, with his lungs near bursting point, made for the struggling figures of the detective and the crook with the strongest stroke he could command.

Falcon Swift had been taken completely unwarned. Swimming the crawl as he was, he had been about to lift for air. And with his legs tightly bound and the crook clutching fiercely at his throat, he was already in a parlous plight. Kreller was tugging the detective under-water with the fury of a terrier, making for the large vents at the sides of the bath.

Falcon Swift fought strenuously, knowing that if, in a moment or two, he did not rise for air it would be the end of him.

Ferdinand Kreller, grinning like some demon of the deep, was about to dart through the vent hole when suddenly he seemed to change his mind. The grin was replaced by a terrible snarl as Chick Conway lunged towards him through the water.

Swiftly he secured the rope to one of the bars of the grating which opened like a gate from the vent hole. Falcon Swift was thus still held—like a fish on an angler's hook. And then, abandoning the detective, he closed with Chick.

There was a wild, fierce fight under water. The young sleuth tried to punch. The white body in

front of him moved; he felt a fierce grip on his hair and two bony knees on his shoulders.

Chick struggled and punched, never knowing the desperate strength with which he grappled with the crook. And then suddenly he felt the fierce grip relax. Ferdinand Kreller was unable to hold his breath longer and he darted for the vent.

In a flash he had disappeared, and Chick set about freeing his boss in double quick time.

They shot upwards for air. They burst out of the water, drawing long breaths and exceedingly thankful for their escape. But Falcon Swift was determined to capture their dastardly assailant before he could make his escape. True, there was no sign of Kreller on the surface of the water, but the keen, sleuth-trained eyes of Falcon Swift gave the Sporting Detective a clue to the man's escape. A number of small bubbles came to the surface from the other side of the bath.

"Quick, Chick—after him!" snapped Swift. "He's gone through those vent holes!"

They dived again, and shot through the passageway. They quickly came out into free water again, and shooting to the surface amidst ripples and splashes, found themselves in utter darkness. Falcon Swift, however, instantly realised where they had arrived.

"We've come through to the second class bath, Chick," he said in a low tone. "And that crook seems to have got clear. There's no sign of him—"

He broke off as there came swift, blinding flashes of lights, and the bath was brilliantly illumined. The second following there came a sharp command.

"Hands up! . . . Oh, it's you, Mr. Swift." The tone of triumph changed to recognition and some chagrin, as a detective inspector and several plain clothes police rushed out of the dressing-boxes around the bath. With them was Carl Lammerton, stolid and imperturbable as ever behind his smoked glasses. They had stationed themselves there in the hope of catching the crook.

But when Falcon Swift questioned them they replied with some surprise that they had seen and heard nothing until his advent, with Chick. They searched the second-class bath, however, and found in a dressing-box the red swimming costume of the crook, towels and a box of make-up.

Le Pere des Loups.

"LOOK at this, Boss!" Chick Conway turned round from the window with an excited expression on his face. They were back in their flat in Half Moon Street, and Chick had evidently seen something outside to arouse sudden interest.

"Well, what is it?" The detective came over to the window quickly, aroused by the boy's tone.

Outside in the brightly lit street, a long file of men was marching past. They bore banners appealing for alms, and to all appearances it was a march of the unemployed. But Falcon Swift concealed an almost imperceptible start by screwing his monocle in his eye as he looked out.

"Well, what d'you make of it, Chick?" he asked in a strangely tense voice.

"Why, boss," Chick's voice sounded almost awestruck. "Those are the boys."

In spite of their desperate appearance, they were well fed, and some were actually decently-clothed. But Falcon Swift recognised many of the men as being in his rogues' gallery—men who lived by crime. As the tail of the procession disappeared round the turning of the road, the sporting detective turned with a grave look on his keen cut face.

"Now you know the power of Ferdinand Kreller,"

he said, almost harshly. "That is a rising of the Underworld—at his command. On the Continent they call him *Pere des Loups*—'Father of the Wolves.' He's the virtual King of the Underworld."

Over Chick's face there spread a variety of emotions—blank surprise, consternation, incredulity.

"But—but what's he planning?" asked the young sleuth slowly at last.

"That remains to be discovered," said Falcon



THE KIDNAPPING CONE.—From the sky a gleaming glass cone came stabbing down towards Lord Loughley. Next moment it had disappeared into the blue again, and the famous athlete had vanished.

Swift grimly. "I fancy he is hatching some coup at the Sports Palace at Langzig, Chick, with the aid of these thugs and ruffians who are in his pay."

Chick looked startled. "I reckon then you'll get to work, tracking down this *Pere des Loups*," he said slowly.

The Sporting Detective looked up from the armchair he had taken, his monocle in his eye, his face keen, as if carved in stone.

"There's no change in our plans, laddie," he said quietly. "We're starting out as we intended in the plane for Turania."

"You know," he went on, "that Turania is surrounded by warlike countries, each of whom covets this pocket-handkerchief state. So far she has preserved her independence. Now in Langzig, the capital, is the great Sports Palace—"

At that moment there came a knock at the door, and Biddy Malone entered.

"Misther Carl Lammerton to see ye, sorr," she announced.

"All right, show him in, Biddy," replied Falcon Swift. He had hardly uttered the words ere Carl Lammerton himself hastened into the room. He seemed to have suffered from some shock and was in an excited, nervous condition.

Falcon Swift started to his feet as Lammerton hurried across the room, words bubbling from his trembling lips.

"That procession, Swift. You saw it. He is after me. . . . I'm certain of it," the man babbled, his eyes roving nervously round the room. "He'll get me. . . ."

"Pray calm yourself, Mr. Lammerton," interrupted the Sporting Sleuth, pushing his excited visitor into an armchair. "I presume you are talking about the notorious criminal known as the *Pere des Loups*!"

"You are right, Mr. Swift," replied Carl Lammerton, in calmer tones, wiping his brow with a white silk handkerchief. "As you know, Ferdinand Kreller—*Pere des Loups*—is the leader of the revolutionaries of Turania, and is bitterly opposed to my returning to the throne. All is ready for my attempt to re-establish a monarchy. But I go in fear of my life. Ferdinand Kreller is out to kill me, and I dare not sail to Langzig by steamer. So, Mr Swift, I have come to ask you to take me with you in your aeroplane. Will you do it—for Turania as well as for me?"

Falcon Swift carefully screwed his monocle into his eye. He had only recently bought a new Lee Mourday plane, and to his intense annoyance the news of his purchase had somehow got into the papers. In some way, too, it had been connected with his trip to Langzig. Yet the Sporting Sleuth wondered how Carl Lammerton had known so definitely about his plans. He understood his fears, however, and his sympathies were with the banished monarch.

"Why, certainly I'll take you, Lammerton," replied Falcon Swift quietly. "We are starting from Heston aerodrome to-night. Can you meet us there at nine o'clock?"

Rufus Lammerton nodded. "I do not know how to thank you, Mr. Swift," he said gratefully. "But Turania will never forget what you are doing for her."

He smiled strangely as he shook hands with the famous criminologist and took his departure. For Chick that night seemed queerly sinister and menacing. And the young sleuth had a strange foreboding of evil.

The Black Trunk.

THE night air was filled with a faint hum. The aeroplane was flying high over the state of Turania.

Falcon Swift was at the controls behind the sliding glass doors. In the cabin Chick Conway sat opposite Carl Lammerton, and between them was a narrow black trunk that contained the guest's effects.

Chick realised that for Rufus Lammerton—the

Prince of Turania—this was a momentous occasion. For ten years he had been banished from his country, but the people of Turania were tired of the revolutionaries. They had brought internal disorder, a reign of terror. Now it seemed that the tide had changed.

It was small wonder that during that air journey Carl Lammerton sat as if lost in thought, his face inscrutable behind the smoked glasses. Chick could have borne all that but for the trunk. That long black trunk held an uncanny fascination for him.

They were passing over the woods and mountains of Turania. Suddenly out of the dark sky a light licked up and transixed the aeroplane. A searchlight!

In the heart of the blinding white glare a flickering red flame stabbed a message from friends of the king, directing him to descend and make a landing. Accordingly Falcon Swift cut off and came down in long, gentle spirals.

In the cabin Chick suddenly started, and sat gripped by a fearful intensity. Through the shrilling of the plane's struts and wires he had heard a sound—a muffled sound. He felt a thrill of terror run through him.

The sound had seemed to come from the long black trunk.

Before the young sleuth could make any move, however, the aeroplane was landing. The slight impact of the wheels upon the ground, and then a roaring taxi to a stop.

Chick got out behind Carl Lammerton, to find the plane surrounded by Turanian officers, the King's friends and allies, and a great cheer went up.

"The King! The King!"

Count Franz Josef, the King's uncle and confidential adviser, a splendid, bearded figure in military greatcoat, spurred his horse forward.

"Greetings, your Majesty," he commenced. "There are ten thousand of your loyal subjects waiting here in the mountains, to march into the capital, in triumph, with their King at their head. You have only to reveal yourself in your right guise, your Majesty, so that they may recognise you."

Carl Lammerton drew himself up, a tall, broad-shouldered figure in black overcoat and black, broad-brimmed felt hat.

"Dear Count," he replied. "I am tired; worn out by the air journey. To-morrow I will see my subjects, and lead them into the city."

A murmur rose up. Count Franz Josef frowned angrily.

"Your Majesty, it will not pay to be a laggard," he said. "The revolutionaries are gathered in force in the capital, the Shock Troops and the Spiked Helmets. They only await their leader, Ferdinand Kreller. You must appear in the capital before your people to-night."

But the King was adamant in his refusal, and at length his disappointed advisers were compelled to give in to him.

Once installed in their suite of rooms at the best hotel in Langzig, Chick Conway turned round on Falcon Swift with a tense look on his face.

"Boss," he said in a low, strained voice. "There's some mystery about the King. As we were landing in the aeroplane, I heard a sound coming from the—"

He broke off suddenly, a peculiar gleam in his eye. Swiftly he turned, tiptoed to the door and opened it. There appeared to be no one outside in the passage. But as he came back to Falcon Swift, the young sleuth was breathing hard.

"Someone was listening all right, Boss," he said in a low voice. "The door handle was covered with

moisture from someone's breath—but he must have got warning and stole away."

Falcon Swift regarded his young assistant curiously through his flashing monocle. "What was this peculiar sound you heard?" he asked quietly.

"It was a groan," said Chick in a low, thrilling tone. "A groan, as if someone were in agony—and boss, it came from King Carl's long black trunk."

The famous detective started slightly, and his gold-rimmed monocle dropped on its black cord. Then he rose up.

"We'll go and see his Majesty," he said decisively. The King of Turania's suite of rooms in the hotel adjoined that of the detective. With Chick by his side, a dull, emotionless voice bade them come in. The door opened upon the bedroom, but they saw no sign of King Carl of Turania. The black trunk lay open upon the floor, however, and in it was a disorder of suits, shirts, pyjamas, etc.—a gentleman's wardrobe.

Falcon Swift shot a glance at Chick, and chuckled, for the lad's face was a study.

Then the door of the state room opened, and the King of Turania, as he really was, appeared. He was a strikingly handsome man with a dark, sleek, well-shaped head, well moulded features and striking black eyes.

King Carl was in evening dress, but he staggered rather than walked into the room, and sat down heavily in an armchair.

"I am not well," he said dully, in a stilted way, like one repeating words parrot-fashion. "Airsick I think from the 'plane journey. If you would leave me . . . until to-morrow."

"Why, certainly, your Majesty," said Falcon Swift instantly. "We will discuss arrangements for the sports meeting to-morrow."

"You think I've been imagining things, Boss," said Chick when they retired to their own suite of rooms. "But you see, before long something'll bust loose."

It did—the next morning. Came the staggering news that King Carl of Turania had disappeared during the night. Utterly and without trace.

Chick on the Scent.

IT was a staggering blow. The Sporting Detective and his assistant made a thorough investigation of King Carl's suite of rooms. They could discover nothing.

The question now was whether the great sports meeting should open that day. It had been planned, of course, that King Carl should make his reappearance on the opening day.

King Carl was the champion of sport—clean, healthy sport. That was his policy. And he would show by the fact that such first-rate powers as Great Britain had sent her representatives to take part, that he had the backing of this powerful nation. Ferdinand Kreller, the anarchist, on the other hand, frankly wanted war and chaos in Europe.

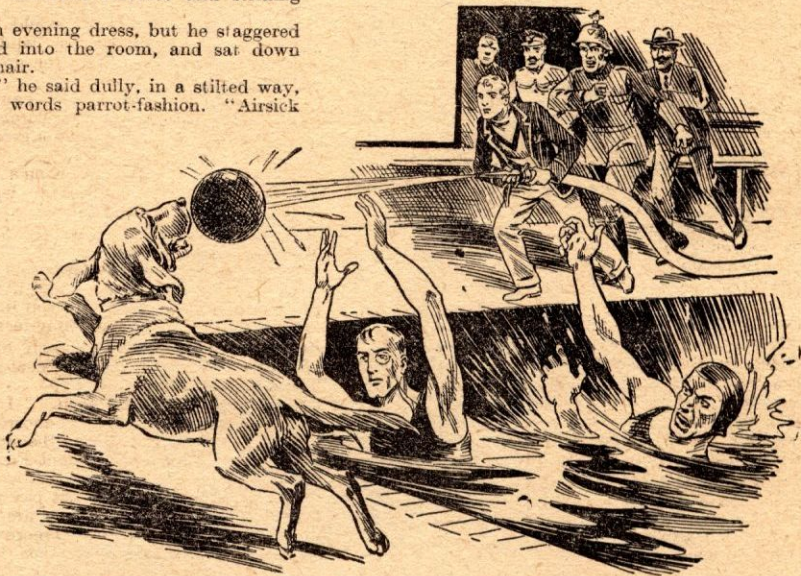
Actually behind him was a sinister power, out to swallow Turania and its important Baltic ports which were at present free to the commerce of the world. This, then, was the situation with which the famous detective had to contend.

"The meeting at the Sports Palace must open according to arrangements," said Count Franz Josef decisively. "The whole world has been advertised, and Langzig is crammed with visitors. You must discover the King, Mr. Swift."

"I will do my best," said Falcon Swift. "I have a fancy to examine the ground of the Sports Palace before the meeting opens. An idea is working in my head. Have you a car?"

A car was forthcoming, and the Sporting Detective sent a message through for Chick that if he was wanted, he would 'phone for him.

Meanwhile Chick, in the vanished King's rooms, had been pursuing a line of inquiry of his own. The



THE POISON GAS POLO BALL.—Chick, knowing that deadly gas was hissing from the polo ball, turned the hose on it. The powerful jet carried it out of Falcon Swift's hands towards Castro.

young sleuth could not get over that black trunk.

He examined it again and again—and then suddenly a thought struck him. He remembered that aboard the aeroplane he had seen a certain crack in the leather of the black trunk—and now he looked for it in the trunk lying before him. It was not there.

"Why, it's not the same trunk!" he exclaimed aloud.

The boy detective was certain now that some human being, probably in pain and fear, had been inside that black trunk during the voyage over in the 'plane.

The lad sat down to think, hard. He was getting to the bottom of the mystery, he felt sure.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed, jumping up suddenly in excitement. "Ferdinand Kreller must have kidnapped the King in the swimming baths, and adopted his disguise of the grey wig and smoked glasses. Then to dodge the people who were watching for him at the ports, he came over with us in the 'plane—and brought the king in that black trunk."

There was only one thing that did not accord with the quick-witted young detective's theory. That was the sight of the real king they had had the previous night.

But Chick was soon able to account for that. "I reckon Kreller held a revolver at the King's head, and made him walk out on us, swearing he'd shoot if the King spoke the truth," he mused aloud.

The young sleuth had done a pretty piece of deduction. Still he sat thinking hard, trying to figure out the crook's next moves. Suddenly the lad looked up from the armchair in which he was curled, and a wild thrill ran through him and seemed to freeze the blood in his veins.

He was staring at a full length oil painting of King Carol of Turania on the wall. The eyes of the portrait seemed suddenly to have become alive. Eyes like spinning drill tips—glaring at the lad—blue and murderous. Chick with a cry sprang to his feet, seized up a heavy inkpot from the table and hurled it at the picture.

Crash! At the impact Chick could have sworn that he saw the eyes move and roll in the picture. Then they were of paint and canvas like the rest of the portrait.

Drawing his revolver from his hip pocket, Chick crept stealthily forward to investigate. He tapped the portrait with the butt of his revolver at different places, but it seemed that only the stonework of the wall was behind the portrait.

"Anyhow, I know now how the King was spirited away," he breathed. "Wish I could get in touch with the Boss."

Just then the telephone rang stridently. The lad crossed to the instrument and took up the receiver.

"That you, laddie?" It was a mere whisper. Yet there was only one person in the world who called Chick affectionately by that sobriquet.

"Yes, Boss. Say, listen——" Swiftly Chick poured out the tale of his discovery.

"Good work, laddie," commended the whispering voice over the wire. "Now this is what I want you to do. Pull those heavy curtains over the window, and sit in the armchair, until I come. Lay your revolver on the table—yes, I'm in the hall below; I'll be there in a minute."

"Right, boss," said Chick with alacrity.

He rang off and carried out the Sporting Sleuth's instructions. He tried to stifle the hard beating of his heart as he sat curled up in the armchair. Minutes passed that seemed like ages.

Suddenly all his senses whirled in warning. He heard a click, the sounds of a human being moving on tip-toe.

"That you, boss?" he cried in a sharp, urgent tone.

Then too late he realised the fatal error he had made. A figure materialised behind the chair—loomed monstrous in the shadowed room. It was Ferdinand Kreller, his arm raised aloft, a demoniac expression on his face. Ere he could make a move to avoid it, a blackjack descended with stunning force on Chick's head, and he fell away into a terrifying black sea of oblivion.

A Kidnapping Cone.

"WHERE'S Chick got to, I wonder?" Falcon Swift muttered the words anxiously to himself. The famous athlete detective was in running shorts and vest, his chest proudly blazoned with the Union Jack.

The sporting detective had rung up the hotel—for his young athlete assistant was due to compete in the hurdles—but they were unable to give him any information about Chick. He had simply vanished from the hotel.

Falcon Swift felt that his reputation was involved in this case—and not only that, but the peace and security of Europe. Statesmen, diplomats, all the cream of the world's society were present, expecting King Carl to grace the assemblage with his presence. His people would greet him with thunderous salvos of cheers, and he would make a speech declaring the independence of Turania, and the freedom of her ports to the world's shipping.

But King Carl was missing.

Falcon Swift had practically given his promise that he would produce King Carl at the right moment, but he was up against a blank wall, and urgently hoping for a break.

Meanwhile the vast crowd that blackened tier upon tier of the Sports Palace seethed with thunderous excitement, as preparations were made for the first event of the meeting. It was to be the mile race, and six nations had sent their crack representatives to compete.

There was Deranda, of Italy, swartly, fierce-moustached and confident; Pierre Logi, of France; Hans Hannerberg, of Germany; Clan Clanberg, the Yankee crack; Normi of Sweden—and finally Lord Loughley, the champion miler of Great Britain. What a roar of cheering greeted him as he came out to the tapes, smiling and confident.

Then a tense hush succeeded as the competitors prepared for the start.

Suddenly the starter's pistol cracked. An electric hum rose from the thousands at the terrific speed of the start.

The Yank was in the lead, simply hurling himself over the first quarter-mile. The others streamed after, Lord Loughley hanging grimly to the leader. The Yank flashed past the distance in 67 seconds—and he went tearing down the straight to do the next quarter in 72 seconds.

Lord Loughley had fallen back a little. But now was coming the test. The Yank, apparently tireless, was loping along, gathering himself for the final effort.

The others scudded behind, watching, judging. Ah! Now the steam was being turned on, and the applause swelled to a wild roar. Those who could "read" the race knew that they had seen something—and were seeing something even more wonderful.

For there was one figure coming out of the rut like an express train from a tunnel. Lord Loughley! Running with grand stride, he was catching up with the leader, twenty yards ahead, almost as if the Yank were being pulled back on a string.

At a 100 yards from the tapes Lord Loughley was flying level. Ah! They had separated. Lord Loughley was sprinting magnificently—drawing ahead—arms outflung now to break the tapes.

The thunderous roar of acclaim changed suddenly to a stupendous gasp. Out of the clear blue sky an aeroplane appeared, and from the fuselage a great metal cone came stabbing down like a lightning bolt to within a few feet of the finishing tape. Lord Loughley was drawn up to the cone as if by some invisible hand and next moment cone and man had been drawn up into the 'plane.

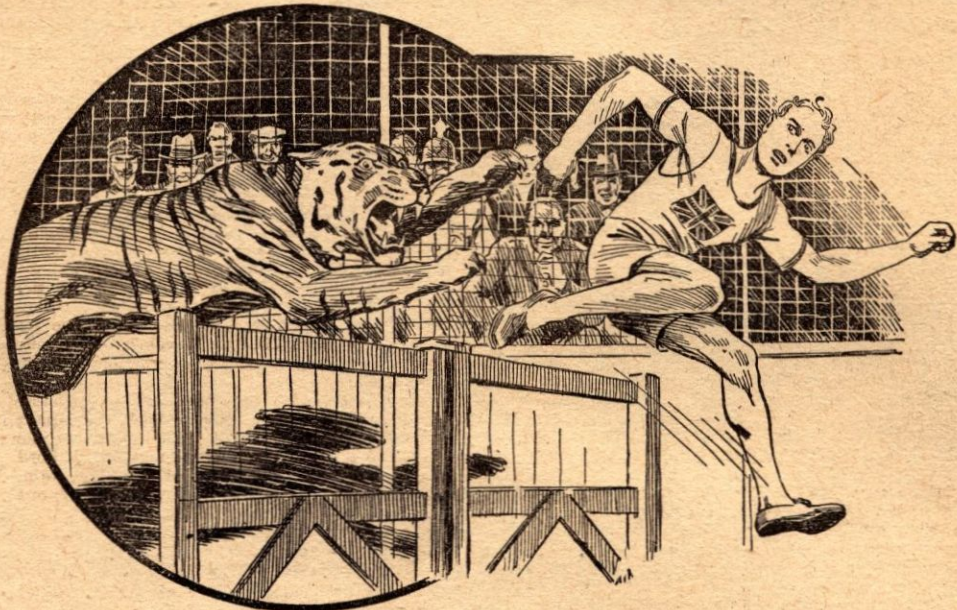
Falcon Swift, breaking through the barriers and running towards the broken finishing tape, felt the grip of terror at his heart. He knew, better than anyone there present, that this was some drastic move of the master plotter who was striving for war and unrest in Europe.

Even as the Sporting Detective raced madly to the spot, his judgment that this was the work of Ferdinand Kreller, was confirmed—in startling fashion.

relating to Turania. They told of another city that, hundreds of years before, had been lost in a volcanic landslide, and now was buried under the sea.

The Sporting Detective had rather scoffed at the idea that any traces of the secret city remained! Further, the notion that the ground below the capital of Langzig itself was honeycombed by passages that led to this secret city under the sea, seemed even more incredible.

But now he suddenly came to give the whole



DEATH IN PURSUIT.—Madly Chick raced over the hurdles with the great tiger hard on his heels. Could he reach the cage at the end of the course before he was caught?

The awed silence was broken by a stupendous crackling, and next moment a stentorian voice broke out, gripping and startling the spectators.

Listen all.—The champion English sportsman has vanished—so, too, will the whole British Nation before our might. The full power of the Spiked Helmets will be revealed to the world before this meeting is over.

THIS IS FERDINAND KRELLER SPEAKING—FUTURE DICTATOR OF THE WORLD.

The voice died, but not the crackling. And then, from unseen thousands, like the crash of massed bands breaking out, came a thunderous cry.

HAIL KRELLER! HAIL DICTATOR OF THE WORLD!

And then a great light seemed to burst upon Falcon Swift.

"Great heavens!" he gasped. "The City under the Sea. Ferdinand Kreller's discovered it, and must be using it as a stronghold for his Storm Troops. That's where he's taken the King of Turania. And Chick? Goodness only knows what's become of the lad—but he may be a prisoner, too.

Since he had started on the case the Sporting Sleuth had been studying some old manuscripts

fantastic yarn credence. It was from the City under the Sea that Ferdinand Kreller was speaking at the head of his troops.

"I believe that this very Sports Palace is undermined by a warren of passages," Falcon Swift muttered as he bent down. It was a startling theory he had stumbled upon, but he was going to prove it true—or otherwise.

Carefully the detective examined the ground around the spot where Lord Loughley had vanished. But he could find nothing to indicate a pitfall, or trap.

But he was extremely reluctant to abandon the idea that Lord Loughley had vanished through the ground. With frantic officials crowding round him, the detective realised that he had got to act and think quickly. If Ferdinand Kreller appeared now at the head of his Spiked Helmets, he would take the city by storm. Not only that, but he would deliver such a blow at the prestige of Great Britain that she would never recover again in Europe.

"It's all right. I'll guarantee to produce the king within the next hour," said Falcon Swift in a low, urgent tone to those who importuned him. "But you must hold the water-polo match next."

The great water-polo match between an all-England

team and a team of Internationals was to have provided the biggest draw of the sports meeting. In particular, it was to have been epoch-making because of the fact that the huge swimming pool here at the Sports Palace was the newest, most up-to-date of its kind. Actually, a great flooring was slid back to reveal the great cool, green expanse of the water. Swedish platforms, and other diving boards, appeared as if by magic—and the grand stands themselves closed in on wheels, each operated by a mechanism—around the water. This they were now doing.

The Revolutionaries' Arena.

CHICK CONWAY came to his senses in pain. He appeared to be lying in some cave or other, and he was bound hand and foot, and gagged. Through the opening of the cave, he could see the brilliant sunshine streaming down on glinting grass.

He thrilled suddenly, unpleasantly, to hear a man groan near-by him in the gloom of the cavern—and rolling over, he saw King Carl of Turania, likewise bound as he was.

"Where are we?" Chick gasped, wishing that the hammers of pain in his head would still their tattooing for a moment.

"We're prisoners," answered the King. "In the revolutionaries' mountain stronghold. This is the stadium where they hold sports of their own—cruel, blood sports!" King Carl shuddered. "Once brought prisoner here, they say no man escapes—for always there are the blood sports."

"We've got to get clear, anyhow," gritted Chick. The snarling roar of an aeroplane engine high outside startled the boy sleuth into watchful silence.

Suddenly the 'plane dipped into Chick's line of vision below the opening of the cave, and its engine opened out with a snarling roar again, then died as it came hurtling and leaping over the ground, to brake to a standstill.

Two men climbed out, dragging between them yet a third—a man in running shorts and vest. It was Lord Loughley.

The famous athlete appeared dazed, and his head was bleeding, evidently from some dastardly blow. As his captors dragged Lord Loughley towards the cave-mouth, Chick recognised one of the scoundrels.

He pulled off his helmet, revealing his shaven, square head, the blue eyes burning with the fire of a fanatic, and the cruel, florid face of Ferdinand Kreller.

"Three for our jackpot—look after him, Fritz," jeered Kreller, as he roughly thrust the dazed sportsman inside the cave. "Tie him up—and hurry."

He laughed cruelly, and turned and strode back to the 'plane.

The man named Fritz echoed his laugh as he crashed his great hamlike fist into Lord Loughley's face, and felled him to the ground. So far gone was the champion runner that he could not struggle.

"You fiends—how did you get him?" Chick ground out. "You'll pay for this!"

The man smiled—a mirthless leer as he bent to bind up Lord Loughley.

"We got him just as he was winning his race," he snarled. "Flew overhead in the Boss's 'plane, and dropped the kidnapping cone. It's an invention—like a metal cylinder on a cable, with a suction fan working. Simply scooped him up." He laughed—horribly. "Now we're getting your boss, Falcon Swift," he added.

Chick gritted his teeth. The lad had done some fast thinking. He was bunched up on his back—and now suddenly every tiny muscle exploded in a fierce burst, as he launched his body at the jeering scoundrel.

"Try that one, mister."

The scoundrel screamed at the vicious thud of Chick's boots on his ankles. He spilled to the floor, the glowing cigarette dropping from his lips. Chick, rolling over, crashed his bound fists full at the man's jaw, and he lay still. It was a sizzling K.O.

Chick rolled over with a wildly-beating heart—all set now for escape. For a plan had formed in his brain. He commenced blowing upon the glowing cigarette the scoundrel had dropped—it had fallen in some straw. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing the straw ignited. He arched over on his back. Ticklish work. But luckily the rope had an end on it that caught the flames before they burned his hands.

Chick wrenched madly. *Snap!* He was free. Rapidly he untied the ropes from his legs, and then jumping to his feet, pulled off the silver painted overalls of the man who lay on the ground.

He could not stop to tie him up. Donning the overalls, then the helmet and goggles, he ran out of the cave. Without a word he forked the rear cockpit of the snarling 'plane ready to take flight.

The scoundrel at the controls scarcely gave him a glance, and certainly did not suspect the daring masquerade.

The 'plane roared thunderously, and went forward with a surge. She went up and up, and then, filling the high heavens with thunder, disappeared. Chick sat tight, wondering what would happen next.

The Blood Sports.

SHOUTS and cheers rent the Sports Palace. All was ready for the water polo match, England versus the rest of the World.

Falcon Swift realised he was gambling high now, staking everything on one theory. He had formed the idea that the swimming pool itself would provide the key to the riddle that was baffling him.

Directly he found that Chick was missing, the Sporting Detective had wired to England to have the boy sleuth's bloodhound, Castro, sent over by special airplane.

If anyone could track down the lad, his own bloodhound could. The detective waited anxiously, but it was not until he was in swimming costume, ready for the polo match, that the great dog arrived.

"Too late," he said tersely. "But keep the dog there by the side until the game is over."

Amidst a great roar of cheering Falcon Swift led his team, plunging into the pool. Excitement ran higher as the teams lined up for the start—seven men at each end of the pool.

Phwoop! As the referee tossed the gleaming

(Continued on page 12.)

JOIN THE B.M. REDSKIN LEAGUE

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Boys' Magazine, 24/6/33.

The JESTER'S REALM



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

Patient: Please, I want a tooth taken out.
Dentist: And what do the other boys want?
Patient: They're my pals. They're paying me a penny each to see it done.
(Cricket bat to W. W., 1, Wellington Terrace, Barmouth, North Wales.)

NECESSITY.

"What inspired Columbus to set out for America in a frail sailing vessel?"
 "Well, sir," answered Johnny Jones, "you

JOKE COUPON.

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

24/6/33

couldn't expect him to wait hundreds of years for the *Mauretania*, could you?
(Fountain pen to H. TOBIAS, 171, Draycott Avenue, Chelsea, S.W.3.)

REPLACED.

ANGRY CUSTOMER (to butcher): How do you account for this? I found this piece of rubber in my meat.
BUTCHER: Well, sir, don't you know the motor-car is replacing the horse everywhere?
(Fountain pen to E. MENGHAM, 8, Leaf Road, Eastbourne.)

THE RUB.

SHIPWRECKED MARINER (to native who has greeted him in the usual manner of rubbing noses): 'Ere! I don't mind being made a Hemperer, but I'm blowed if I'll be a pocket 'andkerchief!
(Fountain pen to ERIC CLAYTON, 26, Sheen Rd., Richmond, Surrey.)

IN MOURNING.

WAITER (to guest who has been waiting for a long time): Did you ring the bell, sir?
GUEST (sadly): No; I was tolling it. I thought you were dead!
(Fountain pen to G. HARRISON, 4, Tan-y-groes Place, Port Talbot.)

ALIVE.

PORTER (who is unloading cattle and sees one lying down): There's one dead here, Inspector!
INSPECTOR: That's not dead, my man!
PORTER: Well, it was breathing like it, sir!
(Fountain pen to C. H. COCK, 69, Edward Street, Tuckingmill, Camborne, Cornwall.)

GAME PIE.

CLUB GROUSER: What do you call this?
WAITER: That's game pie!
CLUB GROUSER: Umph! Think I must have got a piece of the cricket bat.
(Fountain pen to K. A. JAMESON, 83, Wickham Road, Brockley, London, S.E.4.)

WHAT HE WANTED.

"What does my little man want to buy to-day? Sweets?" asked the kindly shopkeeper.
 "You're right!" exclaimed Johnny. "But I've got to buy soap."
(Fountain pen to R. LOWMAN, 226, Northam Road, Northam, Southampton.)

NOT FITTING.

SERGEANT: Why aren't you standing at attention?
RECRUIT: I am, sir. It's the uniform that's at ease!
(Fountain pen to W. HISCOCK, 67, Hazely Heath, Winchfield, near Basingstoke, Hants.)

WRONG COLLAR.

SHOPMAN: So you want a collar for daddy; one like mine?
DICKY: Oh! No—a clean one, please!
(Fountain pen to W. CANWELL, 48, Wilberforce Road, Finsbury Park, N.4.)



Customer: Aren't those gooseberries rather dirty?
Greengrocer: Dirty! Do you expect me to wash them and part their hair in the middle, all for threepence a pound?
(Cricket bat to LAURIE SCOTT, 7, Orchard Road, Colchester, Essex.)



As he shoots across the bay
In a mighty cloud of spray
Says the Pilot.....

Sharp's the word
and
Sharp's the Toffee
I like best of all

THE VANISHING SPORTSMEN

(Continued from page 10.)

red polo ball to the centre of the pool, the two teams surged for it, and the cool green expanse of water was churned to a white foam by threshing arms and bodies.

Falcon Swift got the ball, but was immediately tackled by the famous 'American, Johnny Wesson, playing for the Internationals. With a lithe twist of his body the detective slipped past him, however, and streaked for the Internationals' goal, the ball bobbing between his powerful arms. A dark-skinned Maori from Australia and a swarthy Italian—both champion water poloists of their countries—were upon him at once, however. And Swift, raising the ball, flicked it clean across to the other side of the pool.

The beautiful pass was trapped by Joe Hatfield, of England, and he streaked away down the side of the bath, dodging the Swedish swimmer, Lagroo, smartly. He was tackled again, however, and lost the ball. The Internationals' back sent it sailing out into the sunshine and Johnny Wesson pounced on it, slipping one opponent after another in a streaking dash for the English goal! As the Yankee swung his arm to deliver a rocket shot, however, Falcon Swift, kniving through the water, tackled him. Flung off his balance, Wesson dropped the ball, and Falcon Swift fastened on it like a terrier.

He went away like a rapier through the opposition, while the crowd cheered madly. Opponent after opponent he tricked, the ball bobbing like a mad thing between his arms. The goalie waited, tensed, and two others surged at him. Wasting not a single instant, Falcon Swift shot—the ball travelling like a shell from his arm. The goalie flung himself up madly in an attempt to stop it—but he was utterly beaten. The ball whanged against the back of the net with a force that almost tore a hole through it.

A mighty roar of cheering rent the air. Possibly it drowned the low, snarling drone of an airplane high in the sky. Certainly none looked up, not even Falcon Swift!

Yet in that 'plane was his enemy—and behind, in the rear cockpit, sat Chick, disguised in the silver-coated leathers, helmet and goggles.

"Right away we strike," Kreller snarled through the telephone instrument. "The umpire's in our pay, and he will throw in a poison ball now. Got me, Fritz? That ball is filled with a chemical to generate gas—the gas'll overcome the players. But before they all sink and drown we'll get that hound of a 'tec. I'm diving."

Chick felt a tearing white hot blaze of terror through his heart as the 'plane went pouring down the sky in a steep, power dive. It landed in the Sports Palace, and getting out, the villain snarled more directions to Chick, still believing him to be his evil henchman.

Chick's heart jumped. He started running madly. His beloved boss was in deadly peril. How could he save him?

Chick had seen the ball thrown in by the umpire after the goal, and instantly surging, tumultuous play commenced again.

From a pretty lobbing pass by Joe Hatfield, the ball came to the centre, who slung it out to Falcon Swift on the right. And the 'tec went off with a rush, carrying the ball well down the pond before he was forced to part.

He decided, instead of passing, to try a long shot. Lifting out of the water, he flung up his hand with the red leather sphere poised—and then he suddenly heard the hissing of escaping gas!

His face blanched. He smelt the gas too—the startled look on his face was replaced by horror. The 'tec was something of an analytical chemist, and he knew what he'd got.

The gas had generated from the action of the water upon a certain chemical in the ball. The hissing gas would speedily overcome the players. Falcon Swift could not sling the ball to the side of the bath, for it would get the spectators. What could he do?

And then suddenly he saw Chick. The faithful lad had snatched up the bath hose lying at the side and turned on the nozzle. Instantly water tore out in a hissing jet—and the boy sleuth directed it full upon the ball.

It was knocked from Falcon Swift's hand and such was the force of the water that it sent the ball flying out of the bath—as it happened, full at Castro the bloodhound, who waited by the side.

With a deep, startling baying, the great dog leapt, and snapped the ball in his powerful jaws. In a few seconds he had reduced it to a squashed lump of leather. The water streaming out, the chemicals within were unable to generate the poison gas.

With a fierce curse Kreller rushed upon the scene. Chick made a dash for escape with his dog. But Kreller whirled around and let him go. He was determined that his programme should go according to plan—and it did.

The swimming bath was rapidly emptying!

With a roar like that of a waterfall, the water poured out, taking the players completely unawares. They were deposited on the bottom of the deep pool within a few minutes like fish landed in a net.

Then the iron sides of the great bath clanged upwards like the portcullis of some medieval castle, and through the opening appeared in massed formation, scores upon scores of Kreller's revolutionary troops, the Spiked Helmets.

(Continued on page 35.)

THE GROWTH MACHINE!

Thanks to Dr. Hypo's Latest Invention, the Chem-Mystic Kid Becomes a Human Steeple. Laughs Galore.

A Chortling
Complete Fun
Yarn starring
Tommy Pink—
the Boy Who Put
the "Sigh" in
Science!



TOMMY THE TITAN!

The Growth Machine.

"LEGGO, you bully!" yelled Tommy Pink, struggling in the grasp of the burly ruffian. "It was an accident, I tell you!"

"Accident, was it! Well, this 'ere 'idin' I'm gonner give yer'll learn yer to be careful a' them accidents in future, you cheeky young pup, you!"

The man was one of those unpleasant gentry whose physical size and brutal nature make them go about looking deliberately for trouble. As he was jumping off a bus, Tommy Pink, Doctor Hypo's young assistant, had had the bad luck to barge accidentally into this man and step somewhat heavily on his prize bunion. The man had seized hold of Tommy savagely and was now shaking a great red fist threateningly in his face.

"I'll learn yer you can't make no spring-board a' my feet, saucy young—Ouch!"

Tommy ducked suddenly and gave the tough an unexpected biff in the tummy and then struggled wildly to free himself. But the man hung on.

"Cor!" growled he, recovering the breath that had so suddenly left him. "I'll tear your inside out, I will!"

Back swung the great fist and whizzed towards Tommy's face. He ducked again frantically and felt the blow glance harmlessly past him. Then came a sickening thud as the gent's size nine in mitts brought up with terrific force against a lamp-post in the rear. The bully's grasp on his victim relaxed suddenly, and for a moment Tommy watched with some interest as his attacker commenced to execute a sort of wild ballet dance about the pavement, clutching the unfortunate hand and howling with pain.

The Chem-mystic Kid did not wait to see the conclusion of that strikingly emotional performance, but scampered off down the street towards Dr. Hypo's laboratory and safety.

"Yah! I'll kill yer fer this! Kerm 'ere, you—" Tommy declined the invitation. Instead he quickened his pace, darted round a corner and thence up the steps to Dr. Hypo's house. The raging bully hurtled after him, but Tommy was inside the door and had slammed it securely behind him before the man caught up.

He shook his injured fist at the closed door and yelled threats.

"I ain't finished wi' yer! I'll wait 'ere fer yer,



you saucy young thingummy! I'll tear the dial open you when you come aht. I'll—"

Tommy Pink, listening on the other side of the door, gulped fearfully. He crept over to a near-by window and looked out, presently, to find that the tough merchant had seated himself on the railings opposite and was glaring towards the house.

"Gosh! He's waitin'!" muttered Tommy. "An' I'll have to go out again soon, too! Doc Hypo wants me to fetch him some chemicals. Here's a go, I must say!"

Tommy gave a final glance out of the window and then went thoughtfully upstairs to the lab. He found that Dr. Hypo was out, but there was a note saying he had gone to a scientific meeting at Faraday Hall and would be back later that day.



POCKETING THE COPPERS.—"Here!" roared the giant Tommy "I'll take you to the fighting. The police car will be too long." And he started to place them in his pockets.

Rigged up on the bench was an elaborate electrical apparatus consisting of large Cathode-ray tubes, high-tension coils and such like, and beside it was a sheet of the Doctor's notes.

"Hello!" thought Tommy, "what lark is the guv. up to now, I wonder?"

He glanced casually at the notes, but a remark at the top of the page riveted his attention and presently he was reading with keen interest.

Physical size is purely a matter of molecular density in organic or inorganic matter. By powerful cathode-ray treatment the molecules of any organic creature can be enlarged so that it may grow to giant-like proportions, while the effect of the electrical ray treatment lasts, without injury to the creature. N.B.—Better try with guinea-pig or rat before trying on Mr. Green.

"Coo!" mumbled Tommy. "Intends to try another experiment on me, eh!"—Dr. Hypo, of course, always referred to Tommy Pink as "Mr. Green"—"that don't sound half bad, though. Giant-like proportions—I could—"

Tommy broke his meditation off short as an idea suddenly surged into his youthful napper. He crossed to the lab. window and peered down. The bullying tough was still waiting on the opposite side of the road. Tommy smiled thoughtfully as he turned away.

"I'll chance it," he decided. "There can't be any danger!"

Tommy Pink switched on the electrical apparatus. It began to buzz powerfully and a brilliant purple

light reflected on to the metal-covered bench. Tommy somewhat hesitantly placed his little finger just within range of the rays. Nothing happened for a moment, and then to his delight, he saw the end of his finger grow perceptibly.

"Don't hurt a bit! I'll risk it!" Tommy clambered on to the bench eagerly and stretched flat on the metal plate immediately beneath the rays. The feeling was rather like taking a sun-bath and was quite pleasant. Tommy chuckled to himself as he felt his limbs growing larger and larger.

Modern Gulliver.

TEN minutes later the angry gent., waiting outside Dr. Hypo's laboratory, gave a grunt of savage satisfaction as he saw the front door swing slowly open. He slipped from his perch on the railings, and crept across the road, spitting on his hands in gleeful anticipation.

Next moment his eyes grew large and round with horror and his mouth lolled open with helpless amazement. He saw a huge foot and leg emerge and then a giant Tommy Pink, stooping to get through the door as though he were climbing through a small hole in a fence. The bully was over six foot himself, but as Tommy Pink stood upright he towered over him at fully twice the height.

"Were you waitin' for me?" demanded the Chem-mystic Kid, his voice sounding like the rumbling of distant cannon, while he scowled fiercely at the trembling little figure below. "Did I hear you mention something about tearing my inside out?"

"N-n-n-n-n-no, s-sir!" piped the comparative midget; "I-I w-w-w-w-was only j-j-jokin'!"

"Jokin', huh!" said the giant Tommy Pink, who seemed to have grown even larger since he emerged from the house. "I enjoy a joke, myself, y'see. Let's see if we can't think of one together!"

Tommy clutched the man by the scruff of his neck and lifted him between finger and thumb, as one might handle a piece of soiled linen. The bully squealed in terror and wriggled wildly.

Tommy seemed to be growing larger every minute. Now he could see over the housetops quite clearly.

"Lovely view from here," roared Tommy leaning his elbow on the roof of Doctor Hypo's house and smiling gigantically at the wriggling bully. "I could almost swallow you! I seem to be getting bigger and bigger, y'see!"

Tommy opened his mouth and pretended to push the terrified bully towards it. The man gave a pitiful shriek as he gazed into the yawning cavity, lined with teeth almost the size of his own head.

"Help! Help!" he screamed. "Save me!"

A gale like a tornado blew past him accompanied by apparent peals of thunder. It was Tommy Pink laughing at him.

"Mercy! 'Ave a 'eart? Spare me!" pleaded the bully.

"I'm not going to hurt you," said Tommy Pink, "but I'm just going to cure you of your unpleasant habit of bullying, y'see. I'll hang you up somewhere to cool off a bit and think about it."

To be truthful, Tommy Pink was getting a little worried. He had imagined that as soon as he ceased the treatment with the cathode rays he would remain the size he had become. But he was still expanding.

He stepped over a row of houses and just avoided

knocking over a bus in the adjoining street. He heard shrill cries of terror, and looking down, saw crowds of people scuttling away from beneath him like two-legged mice.

"Better dispose of you first," said Tommy to the wriggling little figure between his finger and thumb. "What shall I do with you now?"

Tommy sighted a nearby church-steeple just below his chin. Adjusting the bully's coat so that it held him securely in place, the Chem-mystic Kid hung him to the stout-iron weathercock at the top of the steeple.

"Just stay there," chuckled Tommy, "until I find Dr. Hypo!"

Tommy Pink walked away, stepping gingerly down the narrow pathway, as it seemed to him, that was the main street, between the midget houses. Flocks of terrified, tiny figures scuttled away from him in all directions. He picked up an empty char-a-banc that was standing by the kerbside and, seating himself on the roof of a large office building, examined it for some moments with interest.

As he replaced the machine in the street he suddenly became aware of a crowd of diminutive, blue-uniformed figures on the roof of the opposite house. They were bawling at him, in weak little voices like the squeakings of a mouse, through megaphones.

"You're arrested!" they yelled. "Disturbing the peace. Better come along quietly."

"All right," said Tommy in his voice of thunder. "Where to?"

This seemed a problem for the midget policemen.

"Who are you?" they said. "And what do you mean by it? You nearly crushed some of those people in the street!"

"Can't help it," Tommy roared back. "I treated myself with Dr. Hypo's growth ray and I've grown bigger than I expected. I can't do anything until I find Dr. Hypo and get him to put me right."

As Tommy spoke, he glanced casually over the house-tops. Some distance away stood a large factory. Tommy knew the place. It was a big motor works lying about twenty miles out in the suburbs—it looked about a hundred yards away to Tommy!—and Tommy knew that the factory had been in trouble lately through a bitter strike by the workmen, who had threatened violence.

And as the gigantic Tommy viewed the distant works from his towering height, he realised the strikers must have carried out their threat. He could see hordes of insect-like men surging back and forth as though engaged in a terrific fight, and he could hear faint yells, which told only too plainly that a savage brawl was in progress.

"I say," said Tommy Pink to the policemen near him, "do you fellows know there's a riot in progress at the Bedsted Motor Works? I should think it would be more useful if you went out and quelled that—instead of telling me off for bein' a little overgrown like."

"So the trouble has started already?" exclaimed a tiny voice. "Come on, boys. Call up the Flying Squad!"

"Flying Squad!" said Tommy. "Here, I'll show you how to get there in a couple of shakes. It'll take you half-an-hour by car. Keep still—I won't hurt you."

Tommy Pink thrust forward a huge hand and lifted the leading policeman gingerly off the roof. Then he placed him carefully in his pocket so that his tiny head projected from the flap.

"Comfy?" he queried. The bobby nodded and Tommy transferred the rest of the policemen from the roof to his pockets.

"Now," said the Chem-mystic Kid. "We'll stop this rioting in two shakes!"

He stood up, and stepping carefully over the houses, was soon out of the city in the open country beyond. Thirty or forty huge strides across country and Tommy was towering over the Bedsted Motor Works.



THE MASTER MIDGET.—Tommy Pink leaned through the skylight of the lecture hall and picked up Dr. Hypo. The Chem-mystic Kid wanted the doctor to get him back to normal size again.

The rioters suddenly ceased to fight, and gazed up at him in terror and amazement.

"What is it?"

"It's one of them giants! Ooo-errr!"

Tommy smiled and knelt down near the factory. One by one, he took the policemen from his pockets and set them down among the rioters, where they proceeded at once to wade in with their truncheons.

"I'll give you a hand," said Tommy, having landed the last of the policemen.

With his two huge hands he proceeded to sweep the rioters into a bunch in the yard before the factory, being careful not to injure anybody.

"Now," said Tommy, "are you fellows going to chuck this brawling and settle this strike in a proper manner?"

"Mercy, mister!" screamed a hundred tiny voices. "We don't mean no 'arm! We'll go quiet!"

"Mind you do! Now buzz off, all of you—and let the factory get on with its work."



PIFCO ELECTRIC CYCLE HORN.

Fits any Cycle. Complete with 3 batteries. 7/8.

PIFCO ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMP.

Britain's best Cycle Lamp. The only electric lamp with these features: 50ft. beam. Faceted Lens. 30 hour light from 2 pocket batteries. Alternative voltage 4 or 8 volt. 5/-.

Every cyclist should have these for safety. The new Pifco Horn supersedes bells. It has a loud high-pitched tone, long life, and is completely weather-proof.

The Pifco Headlamp is recognised as the finest value obtainable, and by far the best looking cycle lamp. It has many unique features not found in other lamps whatever their price. Fit both the lamp and the horn. Add to your safety and make cycling more pleasurable at the same time.

PIFCO

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The rioters didn't need the invitation to be repeated. As Tommy Pink removed his huge hands, they scuttled away on all sides. In three minutes, not one of the mob was near the factory.

"That's that," Tommy said to the policemen he had carried with him. "Now I think I'll go home and get back to normal size. It's all right for a lark—this giant business, but—"

Then a horrible thought struck Tommy Pink. He would never be able to get back into the laboratory now! The place wouldn't hold him!

"G-g-good heavens!" he gasped, rising suddenly from his knees and scaring the onlookers out of their wits. "I shall have to stay this size all my life. Gosh! I'd better find Doctor Hypo right away!"

Tommy's Terror.

FARADAY HALL is a well-known place for Scientific Lectures. Doctor Hypo spoke there regularly. It is a big place, and the lecture-hall is illuminated by a great skylight in the roof.

Doctor Hypo was on the platform, standing beside a table which was decorated with his lecture notes and the inevitable water-decanter and glass.

"Yes, gentlemen," he was saying, "I feel safe in asserting that the science of molecular physics is still in its infancy. My own humble researches, carried on with the able assistance of Mr. Green, my laboratory assistant, have been hailed as scientific miracles. I assure you, however, that these things are trivial—g-g-good g-gracious me!"

Dr. Hypo had chanced to look towards the big skylight in the roof as he was speaking. His whiskers almost stood on end with amazement. For there, above him, was a huge face of Tommy Pink.

"Ahem!" said Dr. Hypo, unable to believe his own eyes. "Pardon me, gentlemen. I am suffering from a temporary hallucination."

He took off his spectacles and polished them vigorously. Replacing them on his nose, he again looked towards the skylight. The colossal face of Tommy Pink was still there.

The members of the audience followed the direction of the learned Doctor's gaze. And then the whole of Faraday Hall echoed with wild cries of astonishment and fear.

They saw a huge hand appear beside the face and lift the heavy skylight open, and then a voice like the crashing of an earthquake spoke down at them.

"Dr. Hypo, I just wanted to speak to you a moment, y'see. I've been an' treated myself with the Cathode Ray apparatus, y'see, an' I don't know how to get back to my proper size. Y'see, I can't get back into the laboratory—I'm too big!"

The majority of the audience did not wait to listen beyond the first sentence. The whole crowd dashed in a panic from the hall.

"Mr. Green," said Dr. Hypo. "This is extraordinary! It is beyond belief! It is amaz—"

"Can't hear what you're sayin', guv'nor," said Tommy's thunderous voice. "Do you mind? . . ."

Tommy stretched forth a huge hand through the skylight and tenderly picked up Dr. Hypo. He hoisted him through the roof and perched his boss on his shoulder. The Doctor hung on to the lobe of his ear and bawled into the massive organ.

"There is only one thing to do, Mr. Green. The Cathode Ray apparatus will have to be brought out of the laboratory and fixed up out in the open. We shall have to treat you bit by bit."

"Thank heavens!" breathed Tommy. "There is a way out, anyway."

AND so, in a field just outside the city, Tommy Pink was saved from the unpleasant doom of being a Titan for the rest of his days.

It was decidedly unpleasant, Tommy discovered towards the final stage of the long process, to have, say, a body of normal size and a head twenty times or so too large for it. Particularly when Dr. Hypo cheerfully warned him not to try and lift his head, in case the muscles of the neck were too weak to hold it, and it dropped off! But anything was better than remaining a giant!

At last, after four hours' gruelling work with the Cathode Ray, Tommy Pink rose from the field normal sized and much relieved.

"Guv'nor," he said to Dr. Hypo, as he stepped into one of the cars which was to drive them home to the laboratory. "I swear I'll never mess about with any of your apparatus again when you're not there! I've had the shock of my life, y'see!"

"But how interesting!" burbled Doctor Hypo. "I must make this the basis for a paper to be read before the Society. How strange! How extraordinary!"

As the car drew up before Dr. Hypo's laboratory, they heard the jangle of a fire-bell and a fire-escape hurtled past them.

"Dear me!" said the Doctor. "Another fire!!" "No, guv'nor," said the chauffeur of the car. "There's no fire! Somebody's discovered a bloke hanging from the top of the church steeple by his coat an' they're going to fetch him down. Bin up there for hours they say!"

"Gosh!" gulped Tommy Pink. "I forgot all about him!"

A screaming science fun tale featuring Dr. Hypo and Tommy Pink, his amusing assistant, next week. "Tommy's Tell 'Em Off Machine" is the title of this ripping mirth yarn.

ALL ABOUT ENGLAND'S MOST THRILLING
LOCOMOTIVE—By Our Own Expert



Union Station
Chicago

By LMS to Chicago

Enston

"The Royal Scot" at the World's Fair

"I CHALLENGE any train in the world to race the *Royal Scot*, and it would be an international contest well worth watching." So says Driver William Gilbertson, the proudest locomotive driver anywhere to-day. And his mate, Fireman John Jackson, echoes the remark. London Midland and Scottish men both, the pick of a fine company's fine loco-men, they have been chosen to take charge of the *Royal Scot* on his travels in Canada and the U.S.A.

Every fellow knows that the locomotive and an eight-coach train, representative of the splendid rolling-stock of the LMS railway, have been sent as an exhibit to the Chicago World's Fair. It has just taken its place on the stand, after a triumphant tour of Canadian and U.S. cities. That doesn't interest us so much, except to know that No. 6100 did all his driver asked of him, and several times had to be eased up for overdoing it.

But what about Bill Gilbertson's international race? We can think of a fine selection of crack trains that'd give him a run for his money! Why, Bill, have you forgotten your own countryman the *Cheltenham Flyer*? There's the *Flying Hamburger*, which sidles along the 178 miles between Berlin and Hamburg in 138 minutes; the *Royal York* on the C.P.R. does his 128 mile run in 105 minutes. There's going to be a race if we can get all these chaps side by side on a hundred miles of straight line somewhere.

But let's have a look at the *Royal Scot*. It's pretty certain there is no finer example of British handiwork anywhere.

For years the LMS railway had been wrestling with heavy trains on their difficult lines, trying to keep time with inadequate engine power. Fellows who were keen on the old L N W R knew how every important train had to be "double-headed," a most wasteful way of getting trains along. Well, that's all done away with since 1927, when the *Royal Scot* first took the metals. No. 6100 was the first of the

class, and there are now 70 of them, of which 50 were built in Glasgow. The sketch shows the massive size of the fellow. Keen railway fans will spot at once the big headlight and the bell, essential for all locos. to work on American railway tracks. There is also a plate with the name on the smoke-box door instead of the familiar No. 6100.

Royal Scot is a three-cylinder, simple-expansion, 4-6-0 type. This wheel arrangement has been generally accepted as the best for British railways, though the LNER are firm believers in the Pacifics.

The engine is just about as big as it can be on any British line, that's why it's got such a squat little chimney, not a very handsome feature, we think. What are the large screens on either side of the smoke-box for? Call them blinker-plates, please. Well, when we're making a good speed along an easy stretch, the steam from the exhaust just purls quietly out of the chimney and would trail down in front of the driver's windows, thus obscuring his vision. The blinker plates cause an upward rush of air to shoot the steam well clear of the windows under all conditions.

We shall not put in a lot of technical details about cylinder sizes and so on, for the enthusiast knows most of them. But it is necessary to have a note or two on the great driving wheels. They don't look so big from the bridge above, or from the station platform, but not many men can touch the top rim, standing on the sleepers of the track. They're six



feet nine inches in diameter, and as *Royal Scot* can easily do 85 miles an hour, they must be able to buzz round nearly six revs. a second.

The American loco. chaps will admire the grand crimson lake of 6100, with his extra trim of black and yellow. They don't go in for coloured engines in America—their coal smoke's too dirty for that—but they did try it out on some of the crack lines after *King George V.* showed them what Britain could do a few years ago.

Those mighty driving rods, forged from the finest high-tensile steel, which pass on the two-thousand-odd horse-power, have been hammered at red heat under a five-ton steam hammer. They have been heat-treated to settle the true run of the grain in the steel. They have been drilled, and milled, and polished till they look what they are—faultless all through. At full throttle the piston-rod, hounded back and forth by the piston in the cylinder, gives each rod a twenty-ton punch—followed by a twenty-ton pull—six times a second at eighty miles an hour! Now that's steel! What gives the piston that power? Just steam—generated in a huge nickel-steel boiler.

That's John Jackson's job, and he knows it like an artist. Forty-five pounds of coal go on the roaring fire every mile the train travels—two tons for a hundred miles. Not just thrown on anywhere, but put on evenly, flung exactly where it is wanted. Have you ever tried shifting a ton of coal? Well, don't bother, if you haven't, it's too much like hard labour. On a long run of 250 miles a fireman will have to handle five tons, and there isn't too much room to spare in the loco-cab. In between times, he watches his water and steam gauges, attends to the ejector to keep up water level in the boiler and so on. All the time, whatever he's doing, he helps the driver keep an eye on signals.

Is there anything else? There is! Every time he comes to a water trough in the track, he has to lower the scoop in the tender and collect a matter of fourteen hundred gallons of water. If he is a bit slow in lifting the scoop, he may get a handsome dousing of water from the overflow.

Talking of the tender, *Royal Scot* has got a new one, with roller-bearing wheels. It has an extension grid at the top to accommodate a few extra tons of coal, making nine altogether.

Better have a look at the train too, while we are about it. Very handsomely fitted out, it looks too good to be true, even in the third-class compartments. The kitchen car is the most interesting of the lot, unless you are a keen student of interior decoration and upholstery! This car is well worth a good look.

First of all, it's all-electric. No, we know that's nothing new. But this one is, all the same. *Royal Scot's* kitchen has a 36 horse-power Diesel engine driving a 27 kilowatt dynamo at each end of the car, so the chief cook doesn't care how long the train stands still! These two sets run continuously, and here's what they keep going! Three large ovens, two grills, two vegetable boilers, two tea urns, two hot water tanks, nine hot plates and one hot cupboard, all so that everyone can have plenty to eat—piping hot! The two hot water tanks take nine kilowatts of current between them, that's equal to 12 horse-power, to provide washing-up water.

Sixty feet long, this car weighs all of 48 tons. Of course, there are all the usual kitchen accessories and such additions as refrigerators, a linen cupboard, pantry, sinks, wine cellar, and an electrically warmed cigar cabinet. In the roof there is a cold water tank which holds 230 gallons.

The sleeping cars are a marvel of thought. Everything has been done to prevent any sound entering the compartments—double-panelling, filled with insulating material, double floors with Sorbo rubber

laid on felt. Nothing is allowed to rattle, even the brake rods on the bogies are wrapped with leather to prevent noise if they should vibrate against any part of the frame. The wheels have wooden centres for quiet running, too. This is the second heaviest coach on the train, chiefly on account of the six-wheeled bogies on which its 68 feet of length are carried. The whole car scales 46 tons.

Eight coaches have gone to Chicago, they total 295 tons, not a very serious load for such an engine. The ten o'clock from Euston, however, which is the *Royal Scot* train, generally has about fourteen coaches.

Incidentally, one of 6100's brothers—they are nearly all named after famous regiments of the British Army—named *Cameronian*, took the train non-stop from Euston to Glasgow on one occasion. This was a world's record for a time, 400 miles in eight hours seven minutes.

Before *Royal Scot* took on in the fair exhibit line, it had run 335,658 miles in service, getting on for sixty-thousand a year. That's how they make 'em work.

A word about one or two of the big chaps Bill Gilbertson has been seeing, and perhaps having a dust-up with.

The sketch shows him alongside one of the "cracks" of the Baltimore and Ohio line, *President Jefferson*. See how much higher the Yank is! Two feet to be exact! These two feet all go into the boiler and firebox, giving him a big advantage in steaming power, and that's what counts in pulling a heavy train. What they call a heavy train in the U.S. would make Bill and his mate scratch their heads. We don't doubt they'd get it on the move though.

Some time ago, the ticket-collectors on one of the crack trains put up a moan because they couldn't carry out the job in the short time allowed. The trains consisted of more than twenty coaches, all full up, and the whole lot would go to more than 1,250 tons. Hauled by one loco, this outfit had to go 100 miles or so at 55 miles an hour average. That's loco. work, even if it isn't at racing speed.

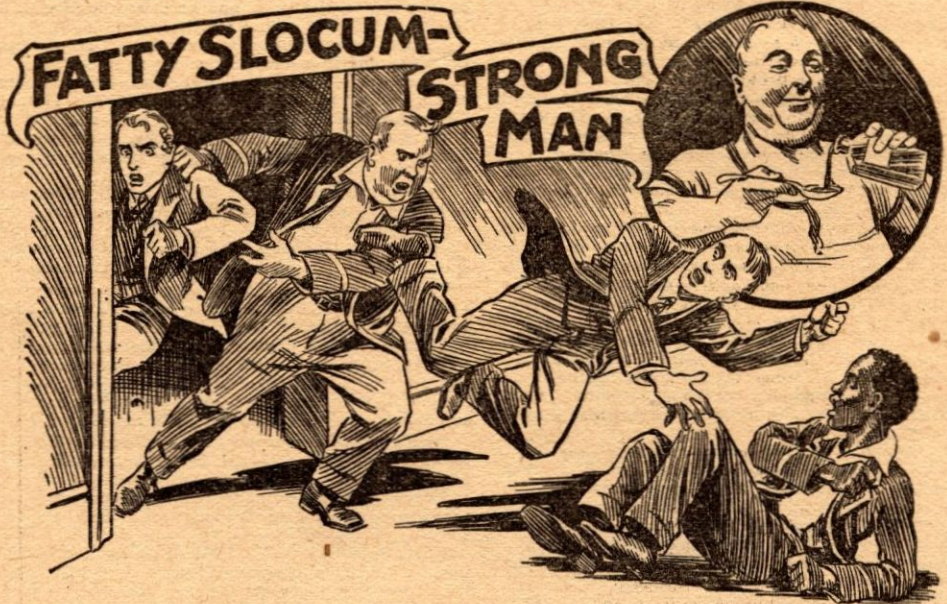
President Jefferson is a "Pacific" and with a booster, digs up nearly twice the actual hauling power of 6100. He's got two 25 inch cylinders to 6100's three at 18 inches. Some of the extra pull comes from its smaller driving wheels, six feet three inches.

Of course, his trains aren't all of the thousand-ton sort, more often they are about 550 tons; just a trifle above what the heaviest LMS trains are. American coaches are much heavier than ours, just about double; they are all-steel where our fellows believe in wooden frames.

We have put the cart before the horse somewhat, but it is interesting to mention that 6100 was partly dismantled for the job of making the Atlantic crossing. The whole train was picked up and slung aboard the C.P.R. cargo-ship *Beaverdale*, by the famous floating crane called "London Mammoth." The loco. went into the hold, but all the coaches, which were covered with wax to keep out the sea air, travelled on the deck.

The C.P.R. took on the job of putting the loco. together again in their big shops in Montreal, supervised by Fitter Woods, a loco. magician from Crewe.

During the preliminary tour, before going on the show stand, the *Royal Scot* visited Ottawa, Toronto, and Hamilton, all in Canada. Entering the U.S.A. at Buffalo, they went on to Boston, New York, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. Then a comfortable rest at Chicago for a bit. After the show, the whole outfit, if the Yanks haven't taken it away for souvenirs, will make for home again by way of Detroit, Cleveland, and so into Canada again.

**FATTY—THE
SCHOOLBOY SAMSON!**
**Startling Developments at St. Giddy's This Week,
with Fatty well to the Fore.**


The Whole School was Astounded at the Sudden Change in the Lazy, Soft-Muscled Fat Rascal of the Remove! But when they Learnt the Secret of his Strength there was a Furore. You'll Enjoy Every Word of This Laughable Long School Tale.

The Trainer Tyrant.

JOHNNY GEE & CO. were at tea in Study No. 4, when there was an unceremonious kick at the door, and the fat, ungainly form of Sammy Slocum appeared.

"Get out, Slocum!" said Johnny Gee gruffly.

"We haven't any grub to spare for fat cadgers." "Look here, I've come to talk to you fellows!" spluttered Fatty Slocum. "It's about the Olympic Sports. I think it's a shame—"

"Of course, you would!" said Johnny Gee. "It's a shame that the Head's ordered all chaps of the Lower School to go into training for the Sports—eh? Well, we think it's ripping. You can take it from us, my fat pippin, St. Giddy's is going to beat Earlwood and Redhurst all along the line, and bag the Inter-School Olympiad Cup!"

"Yah! You rotters won't give a chap time to speak!" roared Fatty. "I tell you I think it's a shame that the Head should engage a blessed trainer to put us through the hoop!"

"A—a trainer!" ejaculated Johnny Gee.

"Yes—a blessed physical-drill master!" snorted Fatty. "A chap by the name of Strang—Sergeant Strang! He's one of the strongest men in England, and he's got a reputation for being a regular terror with the troops."

Johnny Gee & Co. looked in astonishment at one another.

"A beastly shame, I call it!" snorted Slocum. "This bullying sergeant rotter will lead us a dog's life, you see! As if I, for instance, want a rotten trainer to lick me into shape for the sports! I call upon you fellows to follow my lead, and give the new beast beans!"

"Well, of all the cheek!" gasped Johnny Gee. "Buzz off, Slocum!"

"I refuse to buzz off!" shouted Sammy, waxing quite warm. So loud were his tones, in fact, that neither Fatty nor the Co. heard a heavy step that sounded just then in the Remove passage. "If you are content to take this sort of thing lying down, Gee, I'm jolly well not! I shall call upon all right-minded fellows in the Lower School to rise in a body and squash this brute Sergeant Strang—ow!"

Dick Bannister made a lunge at Fatty with the poker, whilst Tony Graham took aim with a pat of "nifty" butter. Slocum ducked, and the butter went whizzing through the open doorway. There was an ominous *plonk!* and a sudden roar of wrath.

Johnny Gee & Co. and Sammy Slocum gasped in dismay when they saw a huge, broad-shouldered, towering figure in the doorway. The giant was clawing the butter spread over his face.

"Yah! Gurroooogh! You—groogh!—young rascals!" boomed the newcomer. "How dare you throw things at me—hey? Yurroooogh! This, I presume, is the boy responsible!"

Fatty Slocum gave a howl as the giant's heavy hand descended on him, and he wriggled in the vice-like grip.

"I am Sergeant Strang!" said the newcomer grimly. "I am the rotten trainer, as you describe me. So you're going to call upon all your school-fellows to follow your lead and rise in a body to squash me—eh? I shall now proceed to show you what measures I take with boys who prove recalcitrant and troublesome!"

Sergeant Strang lifted Slocum by the scruff of the

neck as though he were a feather-weight, and whirled him over on his knee. The burly giant grabbed a cricket stump and proceeded to give it full play upon Fatty.

"*Yaroooogh! Yah! Wow!*" The dust flew in clouds from Slocum's trousers as Sergeant Strang lammed at him energetically with the cricket stump.

Soon, however, frowns began to darken the faces of the Co. The new physical-training master seemed to be devoid of all mercy and feeling. The cruel blows continued to fall with vicious regularity, and at last Johnny Gee could stand it no longer.

"Here, draw it mild, sir!" he exclaimed. "We don't go in for bullying at St. Giddy's. Slocum's had enough!"

Sergeant Strang whirled round. "How dare you talk to me in that insolent way!" he roared. "I'm the best judge of when a boy's had enough. You boys seem to take too much on yourselves, for juniors! I'll show you who is in authority here. Follow me!"

Sergeant Strang marched into the quadrangle, hustling Fatty Slocum in front of him, and with Johnny Gee & Co. trooping reluctantly behind him.

He obtained a rope from the gymnasium. Then he ordered Johnny Gee & Co. and Slocum to form a circle round him.

The bullying sergeant swung the rope in a swift, powerful circular motion close to the ground, so that to escape being lashed with it, the Removites had to hop smartly in the air. Fatty Slocum was not so agile in skipping, and he howled in anguish as the lashing rope cut upon his ankles again and again. Even Johnny Gee & Co. were not able to miss the rope every time.

At length, Sergeant Strang curtly ordered them to follow him into the swimming-bath that adjoined the gymnasium. At the new sports master's command, the juniors undressed and garbed themselves in swimming-costumes. Fatty Slocum, clad in a costume that threatened to burst at any moment, stood whimpering by the brink of the bath.

"Now, Slocum!" thundered Sergeant Strang.

"*Ooooooh!*" wailed Fatty, shivering like a fat jelly. "Mum-my constitution w-won't stand water! *Groogh!* I c-c-can't swim properly, sir! *Yah!* Leggo!"

"A boy of your size ought to make a good swimmer!" said Sergeant Strang, seizing hold of Slocum.

Next moment, Fatty went whirling through the air, to drop into the deep end of the swimming-bath with a loud splash. The fat Removite sank like a stone. He came up again, gasping and gurgling wildly.

"*Yerrooooooh! Hellup!* I'm drowning! Save me—*yah!*"

Johnny Gee ran up to Sergeant Strang, his eyes flashing angrily.

"You brute—you coward! Slocum isn't a good swimmer, and he may drown! I think he's hit his head on the bottom of the bath—it was your fault, for throwing him in!"

Sergeant Strang gave a brutish laugh. "He won't drown—he's too fat!"

A choking cry came from Fatty, and Johnny Gee & Co. acted. They dived in one after another, and Slocum was brought to the surface. They hauled his heavy, ponderous form up the swimming-bath steps, and Fatty collapsed on the side, moaning pathetically.

Sergeant Strang strode up, his mottled face purple with rage.

"You young rascals!" he boomed. "I told you—why, what—how dare you! Hands off! *Yarooogh!*"

The chums of the Remove, at a significant nod

from their leader, grabbed Sergeant Strang fore and aft, and swung him over. A moment later, the giant form of the new physical-training master went off the side of the bath, and he disappeared with a terrific splash and a loud howl.

"There!" said Johnny Gee grimly. "How's that for a taste of your own medicine, you rotter?"

There was a rustle of a gown, and the spectators parted, to admit the dapper form of Mr. Horace Tattersall, M.A., the master of the Remove.

He stopped short in horror as the huge form of Sergeant Strang came crawling up the steps out of the bath.

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. Tattersall, retreating in horror. "Is this—can it be—Sergeant Strang?"

"*Yah! Gerroooooogh!* I was thrown in, sir—by these young hooligans!" shouted the infuriated sports master. "Lemme get at the little whelps!"

"Sir!" cried Mr. Tattersall. "Pray moderate your language in front of these lads! I came here to investigate a report that I had received, of your—er—heavy-handed manner in dealing with certain boys of my Form. You appear to have exceeded your duty, and I shall deal with these lads in the manner I deem fit. Boys, dress yourselves as soon as possible, and then wait for me in my study!"

Mr. Tattersall swept away, leaving Sergeant Strang, an infuriated and bedraggled figure by the swimming bath.

Johnny Gee & Co. and Sammy Slocum went to the Form-master's study after they had dressed themselves.

"You may go, boys," said Mr. Tattersall, in kindly tones. "I have intervened on your behalf with Dr. Holroyd, after inquiring into the affair, and I trust we shall have no further trouble with Sergeant Strang. But remember, in future, come to me with all complaints."

The Joyous Juniors left their Form-master's study, greatly relieved.

They foresaw more trouble in store with the new sports master, however.

Sammy Slocum went along to his own study, fairly boiling with wrath.

He sat down in the armchair, turning over in his mind all manner of wild and blood-curdling schemes for making Sergeant Strang squirm. The soul of Samuel Arbutnot Slocum was roused. He thirsted for revenge!

As Fatty sat there, thus, occupying himself with thoughts of vengeance, a paper lying on the table caught his eye. These words, printed in heavy type across the open page, attracted Fatty's notice:

WHY BE BULLIED?

Fatty eagerly took up the paper. He blinked at the rest of the advertisement, which ran thus:

ARE YOU A WEAKLING? DO OTHERS SIT UPON YOU?

Once I was a weak, puny, insignificant person, downtrodden by others. What I lacked was Strength, Confidence, and Self-Assertiveness!

But thanks to my great discovery—"MARVELOID MIXTURE"—I quickly lost my Inferiority Complex and Became a Muscular, Masterful Man!

YOU, TOO, CAN BECOME POWERFUL—A SUPERMAN!

YOU CAN DEVELOP HERCULEAN STRENGTH, SO THAT THOSE WHO NOW MALTREAT YOU WILL COWER BEFORE YOU IN FEAR AND TREMBLING!

Prove this by sending immediately for FREE SAMPLE. Don't delay—send right away!

Address: MURGATROYD'S MARVELOID MIXTURE, 14, Gt. Gunn Street, London, W.1.

"Mum-my word!" gasped Sammy Slocum. "I'll do it! I'll send for a free sample right away!"

Sammy Slocum took a sheet of grubby impot paper and proceeded to indite thus upon it:

Dere Sirs,

I am regarded as a worm and am shunned out of school sports because the silly asses here say I'm a weekling and a wash-out. Also, the new sports master is a tirant and a bullying rotter, and I want to develop seuper strength and make the cad lower before me! Kindly send Free Sampul, as advertized.

yores trewly,

SAMUEL SLOCUM.

Having addressed this epistle to the makers of Margatroyd's Marveloid Mixture, Fatty borrowed a stamp from Johnny Gee and posted it. He returned to the School House in a far more hopeful frame of mind.

The Worm Turns.

HAD Sergeant Strang been more of a human being and less of a brow-beating tyrant, he would have been welcomed with open arms at St. Giddy's, because the Joyous Juniors were nothing if not keen on sports, and the approaching Olympic Sports filled them all with enthusiasm.

Three schools were participating in these sports—St. Giddy's, the neighbouring school of Earlswood, and Redhurst College, which stood close to Merivale Heath.

The Joyous Juniors were eager to go into training for the different events, but it was soon apparent that under Sergeant Strang's course of "intensive" tuition, they would get very little good done.

First thing in the morning, he roused the Remove and turned them out for hard physical drill in the quadrangle. He put them through their paces with unremitting severity, making Fatty Slocum his particular "mark," and poor Sammy led a dog's life.

The new drill sergeant even started to ration the Remove, cutting down their diet almost to starvation point. This, to Fatty Slocum, was "the most unkindest cut of all."

On the third day of his stay at St. Giddy's, Sergeant Strang came into the Remove Form-room just before afternoon lessons were due to begin.

"Put away your books, boys," he rapped out. "I'm going to take you for a cross-country walk!"

The Removites brightened considerably. It was a hot, sunny afternoon, and a walk out in the country was infinitely preferable to "swotting."

They trooped from St. Giddy's in double file, whilst Sergeant Strang marched beside them, frowning heavily, and carrying a stout ashplant in his hand.

The happy prospect of a walk in the fresh air and the sunshine faded away like a glorious vision, before the Removites had gone very far. Sergeant Strang, walking with large strides, set a terrific pace.

"No dawdling behind there!" he rapped harshly turning round. "Quick march! Left-right—left-right! Piek 'em up!"

The long file of Removites toiled onward in the broiling heat, while their bullying drill instructor

marched alongside and "touched up" the laggards with the ashplant. Right across the Heath they went and here the "walk" was more trying still for their was no shelter from the scorching sun.

"Groogh! Oh, dud-d-dear!" groaned Fatty Slocum. "I say, you chaps—puff-puff!—I'm whacked!"

"I shan't be able to stick this much longer, either!" muttered Johnny Gee. "Oh, erumbs! Here come the Redhurst chaps!"

A troop of fellows in running attire had come into view along the country road. They were Herbert Fortescue & Co., the leading lights of Redhurst School. They paused to grin at the suffering St. Giddy's fellows as they laboured past.

A meaning look passed between Sergeant Strang and Fortescue, as the trainer drew level. Pelham, one of the Redhurst fellows, nudged his leader.

"Well, Herbert, old chap, it looks as though this Strang fellow is comin' up to scratch—what?" he chuckled.

Herbert Fortescue's eyes gleamed.

"Rather!" he said,

"Lucky, wasn't it, that I found out just in time that he had



A SLUG FOR THE PUG. The trainer came tearing ferociously after Slocum. Wham! Fatty! brought the hayfork down on the bully's bowler, smashing it over his eyes.

been appointed sports master at St. Giddy's? I've squared Strang all right, and he'll give Gee and his pals such a gruelling that they'll be as weak as rabbits when the Olympic Sports come round."

The hapless Removites marched onward and by a roundabout route came to the old windmill, when

the fellows were dead beat. Sammy Slocum was the worst sufferer of all, and but for surreptitious help from Johnny Gee and Dick Bannister, he certainly would not have got so far. At last, Fatty dropped out altogether.

The Removites had gone a hundred yards or so, ere Sergeant Strang looked round, and his face went livid with rage when he saw the form of Sammy Slocum huddled on the grass far behind. He started off down the road after him, with a shout of rage, brandishing the cane furiously.

At that moment, a hay-cart, fully laden, came lumbering out of a gate leading from a farm that adjoined the road, and Fatty, in sheer panic, clambered aboard. He grabbed a hay-fork that was lying in the wagon, and held it up, in an attitude of defence, like a very fat Ajax defying the lightning. As Sergeant Strang took a leap forward, Fatty made a wild swipe with his weapon.

Biff! The fork smashed down clean on top of Sergeant Strang's bowler hat. There was a howl and a gasp from the bullying sergeant, as the hard head-gear went down, right over his eyes and ears, and wedged there firmly.

"*Yah! Help! Ooooooogh!*"

Staggering blindly in the road, Sergeant Strang went clean off the highway and floundered headlong into a small gate. This gate led into the farm piggery, and it was not intended to withstand the gargantuan weight of a man like Sergeant Strang. The result was, the gate gave way and, next moment, Sergeant Strang was inside the pig-sty, wallowing around with porkers of all shapes and sizes.

Bedlam was let loose then, what with the shrill screaming of the pigs, and the infuriated bawling of Sergeant Strang as he wrenched desperately at his hat. A large, black hog suddenly made a dive between the drill-sergeant's legs, bowling him over. There was a terrific splash and a dismal roar as he went headlong into the trough of murky pigs'-food.

"Oh, come on—let's leave the rotter to it," said Johnny Gee, turning away in high mirth. "What do you chaps say to tea at the old windmill?"

"First chop!"

The heroes of the Remove looked round for Fatty Slocum. The wagon, with its fat passenger, had rumbled onward, the old rustic seated on the shafts in front being rather hard of hearing and quite unaware of the episode that had just taken place.

Johnny Gee & Co. chortled, and the whole party adjourned to the old windmill on the heath, to take a much-needed rest and some refreshment.

Murgatroyd's Marveloid Mixture.

SEVEN o'clock struck from the clock tower at St. Giddy's. Samuel Arbutnot Slocum was "hanging about" in Merivale Lane, afraid of the wrath to come when he should have to return to the school and meet his old enemy, Sergeant Strang, face to face.

"Oh, dear!" murmured Fatty. "The brute will murder me when I get in! Perhaps I'd better find P.C. Dooley, and ask for p-police protection, or—"

Fatty broke off, as he saw the parcel postman arrive with his bulky bag. The postman dived into his bag, and much to Fatty's surprise and gratification, he took out a medium-sized package.

"Here you are, Master Slocum," he said, and went on his way, towards the school.

Fatty undid the wrappings with eager hands. At last it came to light—a bottle containing a dark-blue liquid, and enclosed with it was a sheet of paper with the following inscription:

MURGATROYD'S MARVELOID MIXTURE.
FREE SAMPLE.

*To Be Taken Three Times a Day or as required,
when you get that Shrinking Feeling!*

Fatty felt a glow of new-found hope and eagerness well up within him. If only the claims of "Murgatroyd's Marveloid Mixture" were true, then he would get his own back on that bullying drill sergeant!

Fatty uncorked the bottle, and took a swig at the blue liquid. It tasted vile, but once it was down, the effect upon Sammy Slocum was amazing, to say the least!

A purposeful gleam came into his eyes, his chest seemed to swell, and he snorted fiercely.

"Grr-rrr!" he growled, quite ferociously. "Where is this Sergeant Strang rotter? I'll teach him to bully me! Lemme gerratt him, that's all!"

With no further hesitation, Sammy Slocum marched towards St. Giddy's, his plump fists clenched hard and ready for action! Quite a number of fellows were gathered at the school gates, and an excited cry went up, when his rotund form came into view.

At the same moment a huge mass of humanity loomed large from under the elm trees and came striding towards the gates. It was Sergeant Strang, and he bore down upon Fatty like a huge gorilla about to seize its prey. Much to the amazement of all the onlookers, Slocum stood his ground. Next moment, one of his plump fists shot out with lightning rapidity, and crashed on Sergeant Strang's rather prominent nose.

Biff! "*Yaroooooogh!*"

The hefty sergeant went down on the flagstones, gurgling wildly, and the crowd blinked in amazement and disbelief.

"Come on!" shouted Fatty, brandishing both his fists. "Get up and have some more, you brute! I'll teach you to bully me! Kimmon!"

Sergeant Strang jumped to his feet, spluttering with fury and his face aflame. He made a rush at Slocum, his huge, ham-like fists going like flails. Fatty dodged smartly, and then landed a couple more blows that seemed to rock Sergeant Strang to his very foundations.

It seemed incredible, yet Sammy Slocum, the flabbiest fellow in all St. Giddy's, the prize funk and slacker, was giving Sergeant Strang a hiding!

"Go it, Slocum!" roared Dick Bannister. "That's the stuff!"

Strang went to earth once more like a fallen ox. He had been licked to the wide by Sammy Slocum. To the utter amazement of everyone, Fatty grabbed Sergeant Strang, who must have turned the scale at sixteen stone, and heaved him upwards in the air.

Slocum whirled the sergeant round, and sent his struggling and kicking form hurtling through the air. That dizzy flight ended with a splash as the bully landed in the basin of the ornamental fountain in the quad.

Amid the chortles of the Removites, Sergeant Strang crawled out of the fountain. Fatty Slocum shook a fist at him.

"Now you clear off, Strang, and don't let us have any more bother with you!" he said ferociously.

The bullying sergeant slunk away, like a chastised dog, wet and bedraggled.

"Well, you chaps, I'm not standing any hanky-panky from now on!" said Fatty. "And I'm hungry! Who's got any grub?"

"Sergeant Strang has!" grinned Dick Bannister. "He's ordered a late dinner to be served in his room—and a whacking feed it is, too!"

"Oh, my word!" gasped Fatty. "Just what I could do with!"

He made tracks for Sergeant Strang's room, telling Nelly the maid to bring the dinner along at once. In came a huge repast, all piping hot, and the

eyes of Sammy Slocum glowed with delight. He seated himself at the sports master's table, and proceeded to wire into that feed with gusto!

Suddenly there was a heavy tread on the corridor, and the gigantic form of Sergeant Strang appeared. He glared wildly at the fat Removite.

"Get out, Strang!" Fatty commanded. "Your face worries me, and I want to eat in peace."

Sergeant Strang gurgled something that was unintelligible. For a moment, his huge fists clenched, and he seemed about to hurl himself at Fatty. But

"What—what?" spluttered the bullying sergeant, going red with rage.

He made a grab at Fatty—and found himself lifted bodily in the air and carried across the gymnasium to the ropes that hung down from the ceiling.

"Hi! Yah! Lemme go!" he roared. "Whatter you going to do, you young villain?"

"Tie you up, old scout—to keep you out of harm's



SAVED BY THE FAT SAMSON.—Fatty took a swig at his marvellous strength mixture. Then he grasped the huge rock, and, exerting all his new-found strength, he rolled it away. The juniors were free.

apparently he thought better of it, and turning on his heel, he strode away.

Fatty returned to his feed with a chuckle.

Run Out Of St. Giddy's.

WHEN the school dismissed next day, Johnny Gee & Co. discovered Fatty in the gymnasium. The fat Removite was clad in a tight-fitting sweater, shorts and plimsolls. He looked like a huge balloon, but the athletic tricks that he performed were marvellous, to say the least!

"My only hat!" gurgled Dick Bannister. "I say, Fatty, how do you do it?"

"Ah!" chuckled Slocum. "That's my secret! Care to have the gloves on with me, Bannister?"

Dick, who rather prided himself on his boxing, willingly agreed. In the ordinary way, one punch would have sufficed to put Sammy Slocum out of action, but to-day Dick Bannister was driven all round the ring, and he saw a whole array of stars when Fatty landed a four-point-seven punch on the left optic that completely floored him!

At that juncture there was a heavy tread and Sergeant Strang came striding in.

"What are you boys doing here?" he rapped. "Get your things on—I'm going to give you some drill!"

"No you're not, big boy!" snapped Fatty Slocum. "You can go and fry your ugly chivvy—from now on."

way!" chuckled Fatty, as he coiled the end of one of the ropes round the burly giant's waist, and then hoisted him to the ceiling.

"Yah! Ooogh! Lemme down! I'll thrash you within an inch of your life, Slocum!" bawled Sergeant Strang. But no one paid any heed!

Johnny Gee & Co. went out of the gymnasium, roaring with laughter.

"Well, that's settled the Strang bird for the afternoon!" grinned Johnny Gee. "What do you chaps say to a picnic on the cliffs at Pebblecombe?"

"Begad! Rather!"

Though he had just had the sergeant's huge meal, Fatty Slocum pricked up his ears, and decided to be there.

But Johnny & Co. hurried from St. Giddy's while Fatty was dressing himself.

The cliffs provided a favourite rambling ground for the Joyous Juniors, and there were a number of old caves, too, to be explored. Dick Bannister and the Hon. Bob Vernon went off to make the purchases, and returned to the pebbly shore, carrying a large tuck hamper well filled with goodly viands.

"Ripping!" said Johnny Gee. "Now, I vote we find a decent cave, to have the picnic in. My hat! Look who's up there, behind those rocks!"

Gazing upwards, the chums of the Remove saw a number of schoolboys wearing red striped school caps, talking to a tall, burly form in cap and sweater.

"Fortescue and his crowd—chin-wagging with



8'6

BUYS

The MAORI TENT for SUMMER CAMP

Size 7ft. Gins. long, 5ft. wide, 4ft. high. Made of special light-weight material, with 4 section jointed pole. Packs into small valise; weight, 3lb.

In good strong white material, 8/6

In Green rot proofed material, 12/6

Sent C.O.D. if desired. Postage 9d.

Ground sheet to fit, 4/11

BLANKS 303, GRAY'S INN ROAD,
King's X, London, W.C.1.

Sergeant Strang!" exclaimed Dick Bannister, and a frown wrinkled his sunny brow. "Now, what are those rotters up to, I wonder?"

"Well, we don't want a rumpus now!" exclaimed Johnny Gee. "This is where we do the disappearing act!"

The Co. hurried off amongst the rocks on the seashore, and crept through a narrow rift in the cliffs that led them downward into a long, tunnel-like cave.

"This will do fine—for the time being, anyhow!" said Johnny Gee, as they set the hamper down on the sandy floor of the cave.

Fortescue & Co. and Sergeant Strang, however, had seen them creep into the cave, and the burly sports instructor, uttering a snort of rage, started after them.

Fortescue's eyes gleamed cunningly, and he called out:

"Hold on, Strang! Don't yank those cads back to St. Giddy's yet—I've got a better idea!" Sergeant Strang paused and stared at the Redhurst leader, who went on in whispered tones: "Do you see that cave they've gone into? The sea flows in there when the tide is in. Supposing we shift that big rock up above, so that it falls into the gap in front of the cave entrance? We could leave Gee and his crowd in there for some time so that they develop chills and colds that will put them out of the sports. Then you, Strang, can come out and 'discover' them. You can buzz off back to St. Giddy's, now, and look for Slocum."

Strang nodded, and strode across the Heath towards St. Giddy's, while Fortescue & Co. climbed up the rocky face of the cliff, until they came to a spot directly on top of the entrance to the cave wherein the heroes of the Remove had taken cover. Resting on the verge of a wide ledge, was a huge, jagged mass of rock, and Fortescue and his companions exerted all their strength in pushing together behind it. Gradually, they rolled it forward until it toppled over. It crashed upon the pebbles, then rolled towards the narrow mouth of the cave, where it came to rest, completely blocking the entrance.

Inside the cave, Johnny Gee & Co. uttered exclamations of amazement and dismay as they found themselves imprisoned.

There was a small gap on either side of the obstructing rock, enabling them to see out on to the shore, but it was impossible even for Snowball to squeeze through. And, no matter how they tried, they could not shift the rock!

The tide was already on the flow, and Johnny Gee

gave a cry of alarm as the first trickle of water came through on to the sandy bottom of the cave.

"Look, Johnny!" exclaimed Tony Graham in a low voice, pointing to the cave roof. "Those are water marks, and stones and shells left from the last tide. This cave is completely flooded at full tide. We—we shall be drowned!"

The terrible truth came home to the imprisoned Removites, and caused them to shudder with dread.

Fortescue & Co. little dreamt of the awful danger in which they had plunged their rivals!

The tide came in rapidly, and soon Johnny Gee and Co. were wading waist-deep in water. Doomed to be slowly drowned in that narrow cave, all they could do was to keep on shouting, in the faint hope of being heard. But now it seemed too late.

All at once, above the surging of the waves, they heard someone clambering on the rocks. Peering through the aperture, the imprisoned Removites saw that it was Fatty Slocum, and they cried out to him hoarsely.

Slocum had tracked the Removites to the seashore, and had been hunting for them—his object, of course, being the tuck hamper.

"Help! For goodness' sake, get help somehow, Fatty!" shouted Johnny Gee. "We shall be submerged before long! This rock must be shifted somehow!"

Fatty's eyes gleamed, and unseen by the others, he took a swift swig at his bottle of "Marveloid" Mixture. He then clambered over the rocks, and Johnny Gee & Co. watched him in amazement, as he took hold of that huge rock and, exerting all his superhuman strength, slowly moved it away! With glad shouts the juniors came wading out, into safety!

"You're simply wonderful, Fatty!" exclaimed Johnny Gee. "I—I can't make out how you do it. How on earth did that rock come to fall down—that's what I want to know!"

"Those Redhurst rotters did it!" said Fatty. "I saw 'em about half-an-hour ago, laughing at some joke they had on. But I say, you chaps might be good enough to wade back and fetch the tuck hamper. I'm peckish!"

The hamper, which had been put on an upper ledge for safety, was brought out, and the grateful juniors willingly handed it over to Fatty, while they made haste back to St. Giddy's, to have a rub down and a change before they caught cold.

"What about a turn in the gym—it will do us good, and save any risk of us catching cold," said Johnny Gee.

The chums agreed and went into the gymnasium, where they proceeded to indulge in vigorous exercises. Sammy Slocum came rolling in later. There was a smear of jam and an unctuous grin on his face as he watched Johnny Gee & Co. performing on the parallel bars.

"H'm! Not so bad!" he said airily. "Of course, you chaps aren't a patch on me, and—" He broke off as a heavy step sounded behind him, and Sergeant Strang came striding into the gymnasium.

"I'll show you who's master here!" he thundered. "Come here, you fat brat! I'm going to give you the biggest larruping of your life! Why—what—Oooooogh!"

A pair of fat hands seized Sergeant Strang, and he was whirled over in a trice. Next moment, he found himself astride Fatty Slocum's knee, face downwards! Fatty held him there with one hand, whilst in the other he held the drill sergeant's belt.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Sergeant Strang roared and bellowed as the heavy leather strap descended again and again, licking across him with powerful, stinging blows!

(Continued on page 35.)

PROFESSOR BILL (THE PRESTO SLEUTH)—HERE AGAIN IN A GRAND COMPLETE SCIENCE AND CROOK TALE, CHUMS!



Hurting through the Air on the Ray Railway, the Sky Car Raced to Doom! A Gripping Incident from this Unusual Science Tale.

One Thousand Miles An Hour!

PROFESSOR WILLIAM TRAFFORD glanced up from his morning newspaper.

"Pass the marmalade, kid," he said casually.

Freddy McNutt grinned. He did not pass the marmalade in the ordinary way, but he pressed a button on the edge of the table. The silver dish containing the marmalade glided mysteriously round the snowy-white tablecloth, and halted in front of the Professor.

"Jiggered if I can get over these marvellous gadgets of yours, Chief," chuckled Freddy. "I've never known one of 'em to fail yet."

Professor Bill, young and untidily dressed, looked across at his boy assistant with twinkling eyes.

"Gadgets which fail are no good to anybody," he replied. "Want some more coffee, kid? Let's have your cup."

Freddy's cup glided across the table; the coffee-pot tipped as though by magic, and coffee came from one spout and milk from another. Automatically, a lump of sugar popped from an opening between the spouts; and the cup gracefully returned to Freddy.

All this was very usual in the unique home of Professor Bill, the brilliant young inventor who was

known in the scientific world as the Science Sentinel. He was, in fact, a science detective. His home was situated in a delightful bungalow on the roof of Krell House, in the Strand, London's mightiest and highest building.

Suddenly, a tiny light flickered in and out from the centre of the breakfast table.

"Hallo! An early visitor!" said Professor Bill, laying his newspaper aside.

He pronounced some quaint sounding words—clearly and distinctly. Not only did the front door open wide, but the sitting-room door noiselessly opened, too; and the surprised visitor, an excitable, elderly man, walked in wondering.

"Good gracious me!" he ejaculated. "This—this is most extraordinary! Doors opening without hands! Have I the honour of addressing Professor William Trafford?"

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Conrad Fletcher," said Bill coolly. "Take a pew!"

A chair came gliding across the floor behind the visitor, and he was seated in it almost before he knew it.

"But this is astounding!" he exclaimed. "How did you know my name, sir?"

"It is my business to know most things connected with the scientific world," replied Bill. "I recognised you at once, Mr. Fletcher. You live at Sydenham, and for some months you have been building an extraordinarily high tower in your hill-top garden."

"You seem to know so much, that I doubt if I can enlighten you further," said Mr. Conrad Fletcher. "But I am here to ask your help and protection; so

I will tell you all. To-day I am testing my wonderful Sky Train. I am making the great journey from London to Paris—along the invisible sky track."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to come with me," replied the inventor. "I have already made tests by night—tests with an empty train. But to-day I desire to proclaim my great invention to the world. It will revolutionise travel. . . . But I am afraid of the treachery of a man named Sergius Leboff. He was my assistant—a brilliant scientist, and about a month ago I found that he was planning to sell my secrets to the notorious Kernahan International Gang—for, you will realise, Professor Trafford, that my invention would be of incalculable use to criminals."

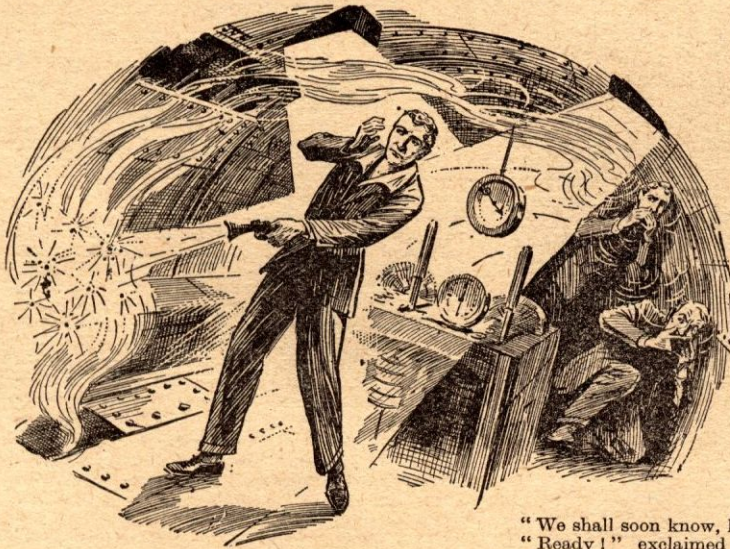
"If Leboff knew your secrets, what was to prevent his selling them?"

"He did not know the vital ones," replied the other. "I caught him red-handed rifling my safe, and I dismissed him instantly. But I have reason to believe that he will make some attempt to be revenged to-day. That is why I desire your help, sir."

"You shall have it," said Professor Bill, rising briskly to his feet. "We will start for Sydenham at once."

* * * * *

THE tower in Conrad Fletcher's garden, a massive thing of steel girders, rose skywards for a thousand feet, like a huge wireless pylon. A little lift carried the inventor and his companions to the summit, where was situated a control-room.



THE ANTI-GAS GUN.—Professor Bill touched a projection on the metal tube, and tiny pellets sprayed out. They burst as soon as the poison gas took effect, and magically cleared the air.

utting from one side of it was a metal platform on which stood a torpedo-shaped car.

"My ultimate plan is to produce a train—a large number of these cars linked together," explained Conrad Fletcher. "But for experimental purposes, one car is sufficient."

A lean, skinny individual in overalls, who answered to the name of Simms, was Fletcher's assistant. In excited tones he announced that everything was ready for an immediate journey.

"Nothing can go wrong, sir," he declared. "I'd give my right hand if you'd let me come with you—"

"Not this trip, Simms," said the inventor. "You are needed here—in the control-room. Set the motors going and then give the signal to Pierre, at the other terminal tower in Paris."

Pierre was Fletcher's second assistant, and at the turn of a switch it was possible for the two great control towers to be in instant communication. Pierre, from the other end, announced that everything was ready.

Lever after lever was pressed home, enormous tubes glowed with life, and a soft, vibrant hum filled the chamber. Freddy McNutt watched in amazement, and even Professor Bill was lost in wonder at this modern magic.

"Look!" said Fletcher, pointing.

From the platform outside, streaks of filmy blue rays went shooting out. They were vague and unreal, but Fletcher declared that they were like rails on which his car would run. His "ray-power" was unique in modern science.

Onwards and outwards shot the blue rays; and from the other tower, in France, the same same rays spread forth. Somewhere over the Channel they met and joined forces.

"If the power is insufficient, the rays retreat," explained Fletcher. "That, of course, means a death-gap somewhere—a gap through which the hurtling car would fall from the ray-track. But come! We will start on the epoch-making trip."

He gave final instructions to the faithful Simms, and led the way into the luxuriously appointed car. Freddy McNutt's eyes sparkled appreciatively, and a glow came into his plump features, as he beheld a little snack-bar at the end of the saloon, where sandwiches and other eatables were visible under glass containers.

"By jiminy!" he exclaimed, turning his attention to one of the unsplinterable glass windows. "It's an awful way to the ground, Chief! I hope this contraption is safe."

"We shall soon know, kid," replied Professor Bill. "Ready!" exclaimed Conrad Fletcher, as he closed the hermetically sealing door. "Paris by air is two hundred and forty miles away. We shall accomplish the journey in approximately fifteen minutes—for my car can easily attain a minimum speed of a thousand miles an hour."

He touched one of the control levers, and Professor Bill and Freddy McNutt were aware of a little movement. The car had risen from the platform, and was hovering in space, some feet from the platform itself—on the ray-track.

"We are ready to start, Simms," said Fletcher, talking into a microphone.

"Right, sir!" came a metallic voice from another instrument.

The car shot forward, and Bill and Freddy held on tightly. With ever-increasing speed, they hurtled over South London, and people in the streets below saw a mere streak—a flash of gleaming metal shooting through space—for, from the ground the hazy bluish ray-track was invisible against the sky.

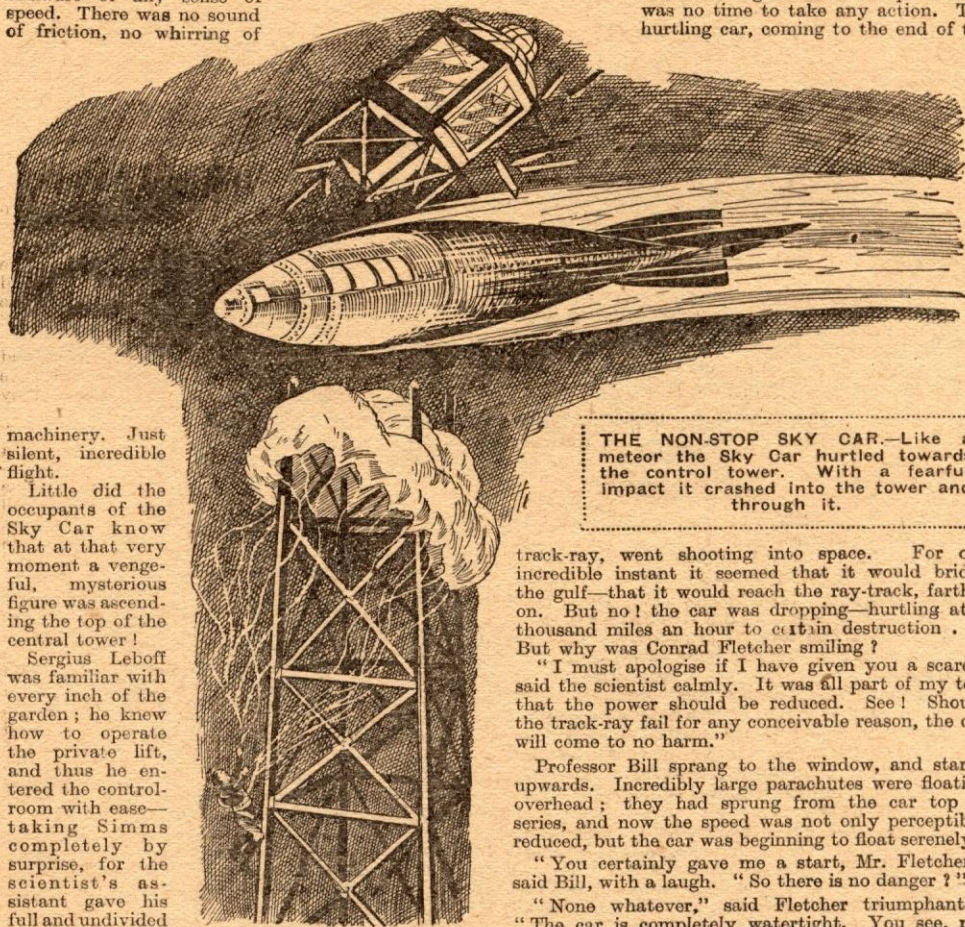
Within a moment or two, the passengers were unaware of any sense of speed. There was no sound of friction, no whirring of

The Science Sleuth stiffened. It was true! A few miles ahead, and quite near the French coast, the sky track was broken. There was a gap of four or five hundred yards.

"Treachery!" gasped Freddy. "What can we do, Chief?"

"Nothing!" snapped Professor Bill.

He was right! At that speed there was no time to take any action. The hurtling car, coming to the end of the



THE NON-STOP SKY CAR.—Like a meteor the Sky Car hurtled towards the control tower. With a fearful impact it crashed into the tower and through it.

machinery. Just silent, incredible flight.

Little did the occupants of the Sky Car know that at that very moment a vengeful, mysterious figure was ascending the top of the central tower!

Sergius Leboff was familiar with every inch of the garden; he knew how to operate the private lift, and thus he entered the control-room with ease—taking Simms completely by surprise, for the scientist's assistant gave his full and undivided attention to the intricate controls.

Crash! A blow from a gun butt felled Simms, and he rolled over without a sound. Sergius Leboff, his eyes full of fanatical hatred, his Slavonic face, with its high cheek bones, flushed with success, uttered a hideous laugh of venomous triumph.

"So!" he whispered, staring out through the windows along that strange, bluish filmy track. "They go to death, and the great secret is mine!"

IT seemed to the ever-watchful Science Sentinel that Southern England was left behind in a mere minute or so. The Sky Car, a thousand feet up, was now shooting across the Channel.

"Look!" yelled Freddy McNutt, clutching suddenly at Bill's arm. "The track—the sky track! There's a gap!"

track-ray, went shooting into space. For one incredible instant it seemed that it would bridge the gulf—that it would reach the ray-track, farther on. But no! the car was dropping—hurtling at a thousand miles an hour to certain destruction . . . But why was Conrad Fletcher smiling?

"I must apologise if I have given you a scare," said the scientist calmly. It was all part of my test that the power should be reduced. See! Should the track-ray fail for any conceivable reason, the car will come to no harm."

Professor Bill sprang to the window, and stared upwards. Incredibly large parachutes were floating overhead; they had sprung from the car top in series, and now the speed was not only perceptibly reduced, but the car was beginning to float serenely.

"You certainly gave me a start, Mr. Fletcher," said Bill, with a laugh. "So there is no danger?"

"None whatever," said Fletcher triumphantly. "The car is completely watertight. You see, my safeguards are unique."

The car touched the water not a hundred yards from the beach of the French coast—to the amazement of many people who were on the sands. But even as the car rolled in the sea, an ominous hissing sounded, and a choking cloud of vapour arose from the forepart of the car."

"What is that?" asked Bill sharply.

"I—I don't know!" gasped Fletcher. "I cannot understand . . ." He coughed as a choking wave of the vapour touched him. "Good heavens! Poison gas!"

Back in the control tower at Sydenham, Sergius Leboff heard those words through the wireless instrument. He cackled in his triumph. For he had known of Mr. Fletcher's plans, and he had secretly fitted a chemical apparatus in the floor of the air car. The instant the car touched water the deadly gas

was generated and came shooting upwards through a cunningly hidden tube.

It was a death-trap—to encompass the destruction of Conrad Fletcher and his companions.

The Hand Of Fate.

ONE full breath of that vile vapour would be sufficient to kill; and there was no time to open the safety door.

"Leboff—his doing—the safety door!" gasped Fletcher jerkily. "Our only chance—"

"Modern science had not yet finished," interrupted Professor Bill coolly.

With a powerful sweep of his arm he thrust Fletcher and Freddy McNutt back to the far end of the car—where, for the moment, they would be safe from the advancing gas. Then he stood his ground, holding his breath and taking a slim metal tube from an inner pocket. He touched a little projection, and at the same moment the gas enveloped him. From the end of the metal tube a number of shining pellets sprayed out and an extraordinary thing happened.

The pellets burst in a succession of tiny explosions—on the floor, in the air, wherever they came into contact, in fact, with the poison gas. And as they burst, the air about them magically cleared.

Swinging round, Bill sent the strange pellets spraying round Freddy and Conrad Fletcher. Miraculously, the poisonous atmosphere cleared.

"The safety door!" snapped Bill.

But Fletcher was already frantically operating the controls. The door was flung wide, and the three of them scrambled out on to the shining metal roof of the torpedo-shaped car. Floating in the sea, near by, were the billowy masses of the parachutes.

"I—I don't understand!" panted Fletcher. "I thought there was no escape from that gas; I caught the merest whiff of it, and I was well nigh helpless."

Professor Bill toyed with the metal tube in his hand.

"An interesting little instrument, this, Mr. Fletcher," he said calmly. "It is my own invention—my Anti-Poison Gas Gun. I always carry it as a matter of precaution—for poison gas is one of science's marvels which criminals are now using generally."

"Amazing!" said Fletcher breathlessly.

"Not at all," said Bill. "The tiny glass pellets are filled with liquid chemical which dispels the poison gas and purifies the air. The chemical is effective against six different known formulae. But I am anxious to meet Leboff, and rid honest science of his evil influence."

"Then you shall return to London at once," said Fletcher eagerly. "See! A motor-boat is coming out to our rescue. We will take the first train to Paris—and then return by my air route. It will be much quicker. Leboff will not be prepared this time—he will not make two attempts in one day."

But Conrad Fletcher was wrong—for the renegade scientist heard every word, and infuriated at his failure, he was determined to achieve success.

The inventor and his two companions were fortunate enough to get a quick train for Paris. There was a brief delay with the French authorities, but as soon as Professor Bill announced his name, all difficulties were smoothed away. Arrangements were made to have the derelict air car sent to Paris later.

On the outskirts of the French capital, on the heights of Montmartre, Conrad Fletcher had erected the second of his giant towers. It was an exact replica of the one at Sydenham—and here, too, another Sky Car was in readiness. Pierre, the assistant in charge, was excited and voluble—and mightily glad to greet his Chief.

"M'sieur is safe—and no h'ing else matters," he

chattered. "And now you return to England, yes? All is ready, m'sieur! This time there can be no treachery. M'sieur Simms waits, on duty."

Fletcher went to the private radio, and he turned the necessary switches.

"Simms!" he called, speaking distinctly into the microphone, while Professor Bill stood by his side.

"Here, sir," came the metallic reply from the instrument.

"All went well, Simms, except for a matter I will tell you of when I arrive," continued Fletcher. "Is everything in order at your end?"

"Why, yes, sir."

"You have seen nothing of that villain, Leboff?"

"Nothing, sir," came a voice. "Will you make the journey without any mid-Channel tests this time?"

"Yes—we shall be with you in just over a quarter-

of-an-hour," replied Conrad Fletcher.

Little did he guess that it was Sergius Leboff speaking at the other end, carefully disguising his voice. In one swoop he would kill Conrad Fletcher, and Professor Bill, too! After that Fletcher's secrets would be his—to use or sell as he willed.

From the Paris end, the passengers got into the torpedo-shaped Sky Car. The procedure was exactly the same as at Sydenham; the car rose slightly, and then, as the power was applied, it shot out into space on its way to England.

And Sergius Leboff was preparing to smash the Ray Car and its occupants—and the method of it was as certain as it was awful.

The car was well on its way now; it was streaking over France, gathering its maximum speed. Leboff knew the main workings of the invention; he knew that there was an automatic regulator—a device which applied invisible brakes as the car was approaching its destination.

Ruthlessly, deliberately, he destroyed the automatic regulator. There could be only one result now; the Sky Car would crash headlong into the Sydenham tower. Leboff chuckled with evil glee as he pictured the result. The total destruction of the car—it would be smashed into a million fragments by the force of that terrific impact. The tower would go, too. . . . And it would happen now, within a minute or two. . . .

"Conrad Fletcher!" snarled Leboff, talking into the microphone. "Do you hear me, Conrad Fletcher?"

"Great heavens!" gasped the scientist, in the speeding car. "It is the voice of Sergius Leboff!"

"Yes—none other!" gritted the voice. "I have been in possession of this control-room ever since you left. Simms is a prisoner. I have smashed the automatic regulator, and nothing can save you from death this time."

Fletcher's face was blanched with horror.

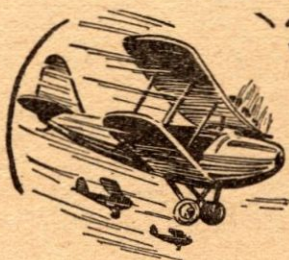
"Quick! The emergency brake!" he panted, staring round wildly. "It's our only chance. But it is too late, even now. . . . You villain, Leboff! You fool! By this you have encompassed your own destruction, for you will not be able to reach safety in time."

"Do you think I am mad?" jeered the voice of Leboff. "I am prepared. Good-bye, Conrad Fletcher!"

Sergius Leboff ran out of the control-room and paused at the edge of the great metal platform. He had already fixed a parachute to his back. He jumped, the pilot parachute opened, and then the main parachute. But Fate took a hand in the game! Unknown to the crook-scientist, the wind had changed! Instead of being carried away into safety, he was wafted against the tower. . . . The parachute

(Continued on page 36.)

EVERYBODY'S READING THIS GIGANTIC NEW YARN OF THE DAREDEVILS
OF SANGSTER'S CIRCUS ON SECRET SERVICE



DOOM TO THE FLYING CIRCUS

were being drawn apart. And through the gap appeared a hand—marked with a livid scar.
The Scarred Hand!

Trapped.

"I—Hsuan, the son of Chang, vow vengeance on the white devils who encompassed the fall of Chang," hissed the Red Avenger. "With the Jade Buddha in my possession the world will fear my vengeance. Inside the Buddha is death—death that will lay waste continents and armies—striking terror into the hearts of all. Yet engraved on the Buddha is also the secret of Life."

But to complete his plan of conquering the earth the Red Avenger had to pursue the Flying Circus on its world tour to get the Jade Buddha. For Dick Derring, wonder acrobat of the circus, had taken the idol from Chang's city when they had brought about his fall.

After several attempts, Hsuan secured possession of the joss, despite the opposition of Dick and his pal, Don Hawkins. Once he had the Jade Buddha, Hsuan, with his devilish gang, disappeared completely, and Hannibal Sangster, boss of the Flying Circus, called in the British Secret Service.

The next call of the Flying Circus was El Kantora in North Africa. On their arrival Dick and Don explored the city, stopping at Ibrahim's café for refreshment.

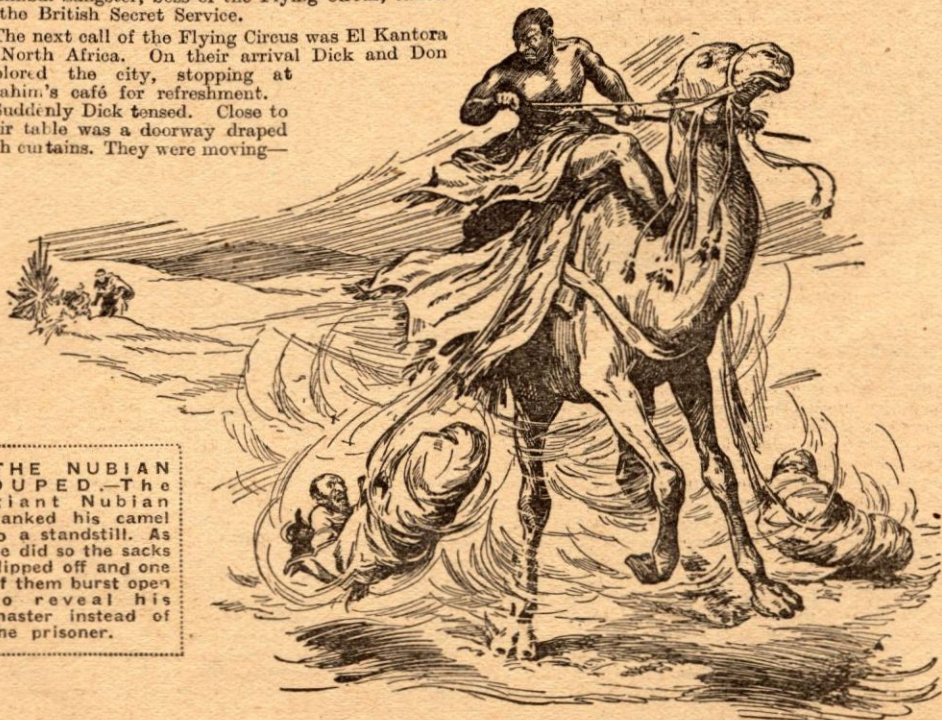
Suddenly Dick tensed. Close to their table was a doorway draped with curtains. They were moving—

DICK sat rigid, but his brain was working fast. The Scarred Hand! It hung between the curtains, fingers extended like talons, the scar gleaming brightly against the dusky skin. The peculiar shape of the scar stamped it as a mark of the Red Avenger, though the hand did not appear to be that of an Arab—or even of a negro.

Anyhow, it was the Scarred Hand again . . . and that alone mattered. The owner of that hand would know of the City of the Dead, the Red Avenger's headquarters—and Dick meant to know likewise.

For an instant the hand hung between the curtains, poised as if in indecision. Then it was swiftly withdrawn.

But Dick was quicker. Jerking himself to his feet, he leaned across the table and made a lightning snatch at it.



THE NUBIAN DUPED.—The giant Nubian yanked his camel to a standstill. As he did so the sacks slipped off and one of them burst open to reveal his master instead of the prisoner.

"Got you, you blighter!" he jerked, as his fingers closed over the man's wrist. "Now—come out of it!"

He put all his strength into one powerful heave. For all the effect it had he might have been tugging at an iron ring concreted into a wall. Suddenly the hand was jerked back—and with it went Dick.

He was yanked clean across the table into the clinging folds of the curtains . . . through them . . . and he crashed into a towering figure that stood like a rock in the doorway beyond.

The man was a giant negro. It would have been impossible to disguise that herculean torso. He was nearly seven feet tall, and his strength, as evidenced by that tremendous heave, matched his huge body.

There was no time for Dick to realise more before the door slammed shut, and a pair of muscular arms enveloped him, crushing him to that massive chest. The boy acrobat felt his ribs cracking under the terrific pressure, and he struggled desperately to free his arms, at the same time smashing a kick at the negro's bare shins.

His boot smacked home on bone, and the crushing grip momentarily relaxed—long enough for the young acrobat to whip one arm clear. Knuckles bunched, he drove his fist into the ebony face.

It was a hefty punch, but it did not fetch so much as a grunt from the negro. Almost contemptuously he swung Dick into the air, tucked him under one great arm and, silent as ever, bore him along the passage.

In vain Dick struggled. It was sheer waste of time. The silent, black Hercules—servant of the Scarred Hand—padded on, down some steps . . .

AS if the appearance of the Scarred Hand between the curtains had been a signal, pandemonium broke loose in Ibrahim's cafe. The first Don knew of it was when his pal was yanked through the doorway, but he hadn't a chance to interfere, for the table crashed over on him. When he scrambled to his feet, things were looking ugly.

From the counter the one-eyed Ibrahim was yelling hoarse threats in Arabic. Everywhere men were on their feet, and Don saw a menacing crowd of swarthy, white-robed Arabs and fierce-visaged Berbers bearing down on him. Knives flashed, and a savage howl rose above the clamour.

"Savage to the infidel!"

Don's brain worked at express speed. He realised now that the whole thing was an elaborate trap. The packed room; the unoccupied table—the only one unoccupied in the place—remote from the street and close to the curtained doorway.

To reach the street was impossible, since it meant fighting a way through that howling mob. Besides, it wasn't Don's way to desert a pal . . .

As a big, bearded Arab came at him, he picked up a stool and slung it into his face. The man went down, taking two others with him. That checked the rush for a moment, and Don sprang backward for the curtained doorway, sweeping the hangings aside.

An involuntary groan broke from him. The door was closed. A push failed to open it, and there was no time to search for any fastenings, for the Arabs, yelping like a pack of wolves, were on him.

Dark, lowering faces hemmed him in. Somebody threw a knife. It sliced past his cheek and stuck quivering in the door. Then Don had snatched up the table and had hurled it at the nearest of his enemies. It caught a big man, who was brandishing a sword, in the stomach, and he doubled up like a pricked balloon. The sword flew from his grasp and slithered across the floor almost to Don's feet.

He whipped it up, a hard smile parting his lips as he faced the mob again. Next moment he was hacking, thrusting, cutting. A man reeled out of the fight, his *djellab* stained red; a huge, bearded Berber, stabbed through the shoulder, tottered and dropped like a stricken oak. The room echoed with hideous screams and bloodthirsty threats; and above the din sounded Ibrahim's snarling voice.

"*Ya Allah!* Are ye craven dogs that ye let a beardless infidel defy ye? *Subhan 'llah!* O burnt sons of a pig, take him—but take him alive, as the Master commands."

Don's jaw jutted. The Master! That would be Hsuan, the Red Avenger. And the Avenger had got Dick already . . .

The Arabs made a determined rush, and Don's sword whirled with renewed vigour. He wondered now if he couldn't hack a way through to the street and win back to the Flying Circus; he could organise a rescue party and hasten back to Dick's aid. Yes, that was the plan—if he could bring it off.

There had come a lull in the fight. Some of the Arabs had lowered their weapons; others were staring at the curtained doorway behind him. Don failed to appreciate that they were staring at something; he only saw a chance to break through their ranks while they were off their guard. He crouched for a leap, and at that very moment, through the gap in the curtains, a sack was thrown neatly over his head.

So unexpected was this move that the sword was knocked from Don's hand before he could move, and next moment a cruel blow struck him on the head, robbing him of his senses. He had a hazy notion of being lifted in powerful arms—and then everything melted into abysmal blackness . . .

He opened his eyes to the impression that he was suffocating. For a minute he lay trying to recall what had happened—with vague realisations gradually shaping in his spinning brain.

He was lying on a floor of beaten earth . . . bound hand and foot . . . with the sour, damp smell of a cellar in his nostrils. A crude oil-lamp cast a flickering light over the squatting form of a huge negro, who was watching him as a cat watches a mouse. Behind him was a massive door . . . bolted. The cellar had no other occupants that he could see, but . . .

He rolled over as there was a rustle beside him . . . and found himself looking at Dick Derring!

The Great Deception.

DICK, roped hand and foot, was as helpless as he was himself, but at sight of him a wave of relief swept over Don. He forced a grin.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"Down below that beastly Arab joint, I reckon," said Dick. "These fellows are all in with the Red Avenger, and this may be one of his hide-outs." He jerked his head towards the squatting black. "I've tried to pump the nigger there. But he's deaf and dumb. Guess we've just got to wait and take what's coming to us."

"And that'll be something pretty putrid," grunted Don. "And . . ."

He broke off suddenly as a little red light appeared over the door. The negro saw it, too, and, lithe as a panther, heaved himself to his feet. Crossing to the door, he withdrew the bolts and opened it. Two Arabs, muffled to the eyes in voluminous garments, stepped into the cellar.

One of them touched the Nubian on the arm.

"*Salaam alaik!* Peace be upon ye, Hakim!" He spoke slowly, shaping his lips for every word; and the Nubian, watching his movements, nodded comprehendingly. "Give heed, brother," went on

the Arab, "to the words of the Master whom we serve. Go ye to Suliman's house in the street of the prison and bring three swift camels here. At sunset we ride from the city and you shall guide us to the Mosque of Shadows, taking with us the two infidel dogs in sacks. *Billah*. We have but to give the infidels into the Master's keeping, and a reward of many mejidies is ours. Now haste and bring the camels hither. Kassim and I will abide here and guard the infidels. They shall be ready in the sacks against your return."

The Nubian nodded, having followed every word

the minutes were passing. Soon it would be sunset and the Nubian would be back with the camels.

"Verily, 'tis time he were here," muttered Mahmud. "Hark ye, Kassim. Go ye to the street and see why he tarries. I will secure these dogs in their sacks while ye are gone."

Kassim went. Rummaging about in a corner, Mahmud produced a sack and approached Dick, grinning evilly as he stooped over him.



THE HAND OF POWER.—Dick grasped the scarred hand. It was suddenly jerked back, and Dick was yanked across the table through the curtains.

from the movements of the other's lips. Salaaming, he left the cellar, stooping to pass through the doorway. The door was bolted behind him, and the two Arabs, having made certain that the prisoners' bonds were secure, seated themselves patiently to await his return.

During the next hour Dick put in some hard thinking. Arabic was one of the many languages he spoke like a native, and he had understood every word of the instructions that Mahmud—as he soon learned the Arab's name was—had given to the Nubian.

The Mosque of Shadows! There was something sinister in the very name. But more sinister was the fact that there they were to be handed over to the Red Avenger. There would be no escape! Their only chance was to make a getaway here and now—before they were carried away from El Kantora. But how?

In vain Dick racked his brains for a plan. And

"Hark ye, dog. Ye and this other misshapen son of a pig are going for a ride into the desert. 'Twere better to have slit your throats, but the Master hath ordered otherwise."

Dick tried a desperate shot. "How much is he paying ye?" he asked in Arabic.

"Thirty mejidies."

"Y'Allah! That is but the price of a camel," said Dick. "Hark ye! I will promise ye fifty apiece to let us free."

Greedy desire leapt to Mahmud's dark eyes. Then he shook his head.

"Nay. The arm of the Avenger is long," he said. "*Billah!* Of what use is a golden collar to a dead dog? Nay! Hold your peace!" And the Arab stooped lower.

Dick's thoughts raced. Bribery was useless. That left only—action. Bunching his knees, he suddenly threw himself on to his back and straightened his legs.

Too late Mahmud, reaching for his knife, tried to spring back. Dick's feet, moving like the piston-head of an engine, took him in the pit of the stomach. Mahmud doubled up with a howl of pain and went catapulting backward as if he had been kicked by a mule. There was a sounding crack as his head met the opposite wall, and he slid down it, to sprawl in a still heap on the floor.

"K.O.-ed!" jerked Don. "Good old Dick! Gosh! If we could only get rid of these ropes before his pals come back!"

Dick made no reply. He had seen that Mahmud's knife, jerked from his hand, lay but two yards away, and he rolled towards it. His hands, roped behind his back, grasped it, and, for the star acrobat of Sangster's Circus, the rest was easy. His lithe body whipped into amazing contortions, and the keen edge of the blade slashed through the cords around his ankles. A minute later he was on his feet—free—and stooping over Don to hack through his bonds.

"Thanks!" grinned Don, as he scrambled to his feet. "What's the next move, chum? Do we beat it back to the Circus? Or—"

Dick's reply was to point to the door. Above it, the tell-tale light glowed redly.

"Kassim or the nig. coming back," breathed Don.

Footfalls sounded outside . . . the slither of sandalled feet. That meant Kassim—and he was alone! At a sign from Dick, the circus stars slid to positions on either side of the door.

The door opened, and the Arab stepped over the threshold. At that moment, Dick hit him, putting every ounce of his strength behind the blow. It caught the man in the curve of the jaw and, without a sound, he crashed backward to the floor, to lie as limp and still as Mahmud.

"What next?" breathed Don. "Do we beat it before the nigger blows along?"

"Not on your life!" Dick exclaimed. A reckless light blazed in his eyes as he slid to the door again and shot the bolts. "We're going to the Mosque of Shadows," replied Dick.

Don stared at him as if he had taken leave of his senses. But Dick was in deadly earnest. His face was hard as he went on:

"We want to get on the Avenger's track again; we want that jade Buddha, before he has a chance to use it against the world. That means we've got to get to the City of the Dead, his headquarters—and we've got to find first where the beastly place is. As I see it, the Mosque of Shadows is the first step on the way there."

Don nodded. "Sure! But how the dickens are we going to find the mosque?"

"Hakim knows it."

"Yeah—and he's likely to lead us there," broke in Don witheringly.

Dick chuckled. "I think he will. Listen!" For some minutes Dick spoke in rapid whispers. "That's the idea. Game to risk it?"

"Bet your life," grinned Don. "We'd better get busy."

They set to work. First, they stripped Mahmud and Kassim of their bulky garments; then, with their own discarded bonds, they trussed them up like fowls for roasting, thrusting a gag into the mouth of each. That done, they bundled them into a couple of sacks, tied them securely, and dumped them in a corner. That was the easiest part of the business. The rest needed more time and care. But ten minutes later found a couple of stalwart young Arabs in place of the pals of the Flying Circus. Shapeless in the bulky *diellabs*, with head-shawls brought well over their faces to conceal their beardless cheeks, with all exposed skin smeared with dirt, they might, in the darkness, pass muster for natives.

"Look!"

Dick pointed to the door. The red light glowed there. The Nubian was coming back.

Death On The Desert.

"WATCH your steps," whispered Dick. "If he smells a rat, the only chance is to go for him—and do it quick!"

He drew the bolts. Soft-footed as a cat, the giant Nubian came in. Then, for a moment, the issue lay upon the knees of the gods. Keeping his face averted from the light, Dick pointed to the corner where the bulging sacks lay and signed to Hakim to pick them up.

The Nubian complied, tucking one under each great arm. Carrying them as easily as if they had been two feather cushions, he stepped back through the doorway. Dick and Don followed, hearts thumping madly, but outwardly calm . . . up a flight of worn, stone steps . . . and so to a courtyard under the stars.

Three kneeling camels were there, in the charge of a bedraggled-looking native who helped the Nubian tie the sacks on either side of the saddle of the biggest beast.

Dick and Don were each perched upon a camel by the time the job was done. Hakim swung himself above the sacks and brought down a stick with a sounding thwack on his mount's flank. Dick shouted an order, imitating as far as possible the gruff Arabic of Mahmud. The beasts lurched with protesting grunts to their feet.

Camel-riding is not an easily acquired art, but Dick and Don, in their world trips with the Flying Circus, had sampled most modes of travel. They sat as steady as rocks as the camels, with the Nubian's mount leading the way, lurched sedately along the narrow, twisting streets.

The city gates were closed, as was the custom after sunset, but the mere sight of the giant Nubian was enough to send the guards scurrying to open them. The little caravan passed through the tunnelled gateway and along the road to the dark, mysterious desert.

Dick laughed softly. "We're through—straight ahead now for the Mosque of Shadows. Nothing to stop us now from squaring up with the Avenger."

But there he was wrong. Even then, things were happening back in the den of ill-repute from which they had escaped. The bedraggled-looking Arab was clobbered with the one-eyed Ibrahim.

"Know, O Ibrahim, that it was a beardless youth who rode with Hakim. The shawl fell away from his face for a moment, and behold, I, Selim, saw his chin as hairless as that of a boy. And, *y'Allah*, that is strange, for both Mahmud and Kassim have noble beards."

Ibrahim's single eye flamed, and he tugged at his wispy beard.

"Why did ye not bring me your news ere this?" he snapped.

"Know, O Ibrahim, that I went down to the place of their prison. There I found these."

From beneath his ragged cloak he brought out two odd boots.

"Fool! Son of a dog!" bellowed Ibrahim. "Why did ye not bring me this news before. See! The infidels have overcome Mahmud and Kassim and now have escaped to the desert." His eye narrowed viciously, and he stroked his beard thoughtfully. "By Allah, though, 'tis strange that they went with Hakim. Mayhap—"

A vicious smile puckered his face as he spun round on Selim.

"Fool that ye are, there may yet be time to

retrieve thy mistake. Hearken. Haste ye to Faisal bin Imri, and say that I have need of his white racing-camel. Hasten, and bring it here, or mayhap ye will lose your worthless life!"

THE moon rode high over the desert, shedding a pale, mysterious light over the limitless waste of rolling sand-dunes.

It was hours since the pals had left El Kantora, and Dick had forced the pace, wishing to reach the Mosque of Shadows before daylight came to upset his daring scheme.

"Ought to be getting somewhere near the mosque," said Dick. "I'm sick of this beastly camel. But—"

He broke off, flinging back his head to listen. Far away, he heard a faint droning sound that grew rapidly louder and nearer. Far from registering any alarm, Dick's face wrinkled into a grin.

"A 'plane," he said. "The Avengers on their way to keep the appointment, I reckon."

The machine zoomed nearer, the roar of its engine echoing far over the moonlit desert. Now they could

Another camel tore past him in a whirl of dust, and he had a glimpse through the haze of Dick rocketing up and down in the saddle and striving in vain to stop the runaway. He yelled, and Dick turned his head. That was his undoing; the camel gave a sudden sidelong lurch for which the young acrobat was unprepared, and Dick was pitched to the sand.

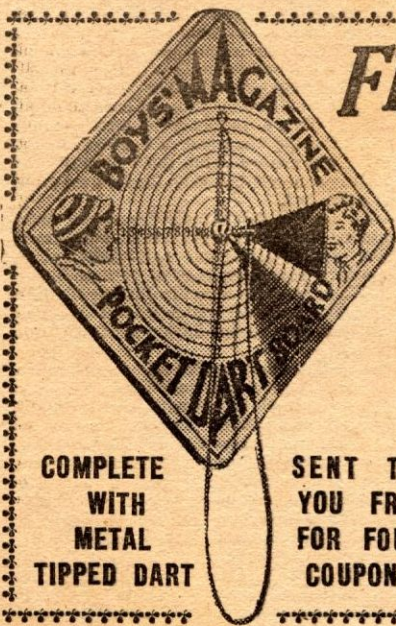
The camel plunged on after Don's mount.

"Confound that airman!" Don muttered. "Guess he thought he was having a fine joke. And—"

He broke off. The third camel had stampeded with the others, but the Nubian's greater skill and giant strength had pulled it to a standstill, not a hundred yards from where the boys stood.

As he did so, the two sacks tied to the saddle slipped their moorings and pitched to the sand. One of them burst open, and from it appeared the swarthy head and shoulders of Kassim. He had got rid of his gag, and now he was screeching a string of Arabic oaths.

"You pig-faced baboon!" screeched Kassim. "Son of a burnt father of a dog! Fool! Ya Allah!



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Where are your wits? Cut me loose, and may Allah visit ye with scorpions for your lack of wits."

The negro hastily dismounted, and from his tongueless mouth came a gurgling bellow that might have been rage or surprise. His hand dropped to the belt supporting his loin-cloth and whipped out a knife. Three slashes, and Kassim was free. Cursing, he climbed stiffly to his feet; then, snatching the knife from the Nubian, bent over the heaving sack beside him. Mahmud rolled out, with a torrent of language calculated to sear the desert.

"Oh, fool and son of a fool! Canst not tell the difference between a true son of the Prophet and an infidel! *Insh Allah!* They must be caught! After them!"

A terrible figure in his rage, the Nubian reached up, caught the snarling camel by its bride and with a sheer feat of strength forced it to its knees. He swung himself into the saddle, bringing down his stick upon the beast's flanks as it lurched to its feet.

Dick sucked in his breath with a hiss.

"Gosh! Looks like we've barged into big trouble. Get down!"

Trouble and worse! How can Dick and Don get clear from such a formidable foe? Look out for thrills galore in next week's colourful episodes.

see it against the moonlit sky—like a black hawk of the night. It dipped towards them in a vengeful swoop.

"Look out!" yelled Don. "The beggar's diving clean at us. They can't have rumbled—"

The rest of his shout was drowned in a terrific racket of engines, and he ducked instinctively. The plane had flattened out and went screeching over their heads, missing them, it seemed, by a matter of feet. And then things started to happen.

The camels stampeded. Don clung to the saddle for dear life, bouncing up and down like a sack of corn, as his mount tore off at a gallop down a dune. For a couple of hundred yards he stuck it; then a saddle-girth worked loose, and he and the camel parted company. He sailed through the air and landed on his back in a clump of prickly camel-thorn.

Shaken, bruised, and with as many thorns in him as a porcupine, Don struggled clear of the scrub.

CRICKET HINTS . . . NO. 2

BECOME A BOUNDARY HITTER

In his second chat in this Grand Series the *B.M.* Expert tells you how to Hit.

THE DRIVE.

THE first thing which attracts a boy to the game of cricket is batting; and, to most boys, batting means hitting. But I want to warn my readers that the biggest fault in junior cricket is the ever-present eagerness to score quickly.

Don't be in a violent hurry to make runs, for when you first go in to bat you will not have a very good sight of the ball. You must wait until your eyes have become accustomed to the light and to focusing the ball accurately when it is in the air.

Most boys, when they start playing cricket, are sloggers. Anybody can slog! But very few boys—or men—can hit properly.

All the great batsmen appear to put the minimum of exertion into their strokes, yet the ball travels to the boundary at a tremendous speed. Just think of the number of times when you have swiped at the ball with every ounce of your strength; how you've hit the ball, and what a short distance it has gone! Yet it is possible for you to hit as the County men do.

First of all, you must remember that all good scoring strokes are the result of accurate "timing," or making the bat meet the ball in that fraction of a second when the power in the hit is at its greatest.

But every ball is not the right one to hit. You must wait for that one which pitches within your reach; the ball which, by stretching out the left foot, you can hit just after it leaves the ground. This is called a "half-volley."

When this over-pitched ball comes along, wait until it is just about to bounce and then swing your bat and throw out your left foot so that it is close up to the ball as you make your hit. When you try this in the practice net, you will probably find yourself making your stroke too soon, with the result that the ball is

lobbed into the air for an easy catch.

Do not worry if you are bowled a few times when you are practising this shot in the nets, for until you perfect the stroke you will have your stumps spread-eagled quite often. This—or a catch—is the almost certain result of mistiming the shot.

You'll fail at first. Of course you will; but you'll be astonished at the success you will make in a very short space of time. However, in all your strokes, excepting when hitting a "long-hop" to leg, you've got to remember to get that left foot as near as possible to the ball.

A very good method of practising the drive and getting your left foot across to the pitch of the ball every time, is the following: Have your wicket in the net in the usual way, but instead of having your chum bowl to you get him to stand about halfway up the pitch and throw the ball so that it reaches

you as a half-volley.

Your chum can have two or three balls if he wishes, but, of course, he must not throw faster than bowling speed. Also he must vary the position of the bounce of the ball—to the leg or the off but not very much in the length—to make sure that you are on the alert and that you are not preparing to make your stroke before the ball is on its way to you.

You may find during practice that you are completely missing the ball every time or only nicking it into the slips. This is probably because you are making a "blind swipe" instead of a proper drive. In other words, you are watching the ball only part of the time and your eye is not on it at the moment of impact with the bat.

The "hook" to leg should only be made when the ball is pitched short. To make the shot you must step into your wicket with your right foot and at the same time turn your body so that you are facing the bowler. When you are actually hitting the ball you should get the bat well under it, but hit hard and square so that you do not lob up a catch to one of the fieldsmen.

Now there's a shot which you've all admired when looking on at good class cricket, and that is the cover drive, in which the ball is hit with terrific speed in the direction of cover point. The ball has got to be outside the off stump for you to do this properly; and again it is a matter of perfect "timing."

Here's how it's done! Ah, this ball is pitched outside the off stump. Now keep your right foot in its ground and throw out your left foot toward the off, hitting the ball with a horizontal bat, slightly inclined downward.

Of course, you've often seen men get ready to make this stroke, only to let the ball go past. The reason is that it was rising. And the first-class batsman knows that only a fool attempts to hit "through the covers" the off-ball which is rising. The slightest mistake means a snick and a catch in the slips.

So the secrets of hitting amount to very careful watching of the ball, getting the left foot well in the direction of where the ball pitches, and making the hit at the exact moment when all the strength is in it.

Use a bat which suits your strength and with which you can make your strokes without feeling a drag on your wrists. If you are not too tall always use a short-handed one; and, if possible, use your own.



Hooking the ball to leg.



A drive.

FATTY SLOCUM—STRONG MAN*(Continued from page 24.)*

All at once, Snowball gave a startled shout.

"Golly, golly! Look what am dropped from de ole rotter's pockets, boys!"

Various articles came tumbling out of Strang's pockets on to the gymnasium floor, the Removites uttered gasps of amazement.

There was Dr. Holroyd's well-known amber snuff-box, a very valuable antique which he kept in his study. There, too, were Mr. Tattersall's pocket book with his initials in gold upon it, and well filled with Treasury Notes; several coins from Mr. Hinks' famous collection, and worth a great deal; and all manner of articles that had obviously been stolen from the masters' studies.

"Great pip! The villain has been thieving, and had all these things hidden in his pockets!" ejaculated Johnny Gee.

The rascally drill sergeant shouted in rage and struggled wildly, as the Removites swooped upon him. He was hauled from the gymnasium on all fours, and dragged across the quadrangle.

Dr. Holroyd appeared on the School House steps as they arrived, and he fixed his eyes sternly on Fatty.

"Slocum!" he rapped. "While you absented yourself from the Form room this morning, you went to the masters' studies and stole certain articles of value! Your thieving proclivities are well known, and—"

"I think you're mistaken, sir," said Johnny Gee breathlessly. "Here's the real culprit—Sergeant Strang! We found the stolen property on him—at least, some of it. The rest fell out of his pockets. Here they are, sir!"

Sergeant Strang started to bluster, but the Head interrupted him.

"Personally, Sergeant Strang, I am inclined to infer, from your manner and conduct, that you are the thief. I must request you to leave the school, and at your earliest convenience, sir!"

The Head swept away in dignified s'ate.

"Well, that's final for you, Sergeant Strang!" said Johnny Gee grimly. "It only remains for us to speed your paring."

The bullying drill sergeant raved and struggled, but he was helpless in the grip of the Removites. A wheelbarrow was fetched from the woodshed, and his belongings deposited on that. Sergeant Strang was put in an upright position before the wheelbarrow and his hands were fastened to the handles by means of cords, so that wherever he moved, he had perforce to propel the barrow before him! A battered topper was put on his head, and stuck there with liquid glue. Then Johnny Gee pinned a large placard across the ejected sergeant's back, reading:

Not Wanted at St. Giddy's.

The Removites formed in a long procession behind him, and prodding him with cricket stumps they drove him out of St. Giddy's.

The bullying sergeant was glad to put as much distance as possible between himself and the school. At the cross-roads, a group of elegantly attired youths, wearing the red striped caps of Redhurst School, came into view.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Fortescue. "I say, dear boys, it's Sergeant Strang! Oh, my hat! What's happened, Sergeant?"

"Get me free from this confounded wheelbarrow!" said Sergeant Strang chokingly.

The Redhurst fellows roared with laughter at his predicament. Strang was released, and he stood in the road, his burly face livid with rage and mortification.

"So they've slung you out of St. Giddy's—what?"

said Fortescue, and he gave a rueful shrug. "H'm! Not so good! But we won't give up yet. You'd better hang around, Strang, and find out what you can about Slocum and his new Samson business. We must put a spoke in his wheel somehow!"

The young rascals of Redhurst and Sergeant Strang walked away, engaged in earnest conversation.

A great yarn, eh, chaps? But this isn't all! Just wait until you get on to the ripping sequel to this grand St. Giddy's tale. It's entitled: "The Sport of the Sports!" With Fatty Slocum again in the Star Role.

THE VANISHING SPORTSMEN*(Continued from page 12.)*

Falcon Swift and all of the English team, as well as the Internationals, were overpowered, and then Kreller made a speech to the assembled multitude telling them that they must follow through the caverns.

The Sporting Fleuth and the others were led away, through a great cavern land. Ferdinand Kreller, however, went back to his airplane, and there he found Chick waiting for him.

The lad was in his disguise again, of course, the silver-painted leathers, helmet, and goggles. And his heart was bearing hard. Kreller merely snarled at him, however, and seemed to expect no reply.

As the plane zoomed like a wild goose across the sky, Chick took out the polo ball. He had tied a message to it and a brick—a message to the International troops who were guarding the outer ring of the city, telling them what had happened in the Stadium.

As he was about to drop it over the side, however, the plucky lad was undone. Kreller must have seen him in the mirror—the secondel turned, snarling like a rabid dog.

"When we get down I'll have you torn to bits," he snarled.

He commenced tearing about the sky in circles—killing time. When he flew over that other secret stadium of his in the heart of the mountains Chick saw that the stands were packed. The whole crowd had been transported from one stadium to the other.

When Kreller landed he had Chick seized by Spiked Helmets and dragged forward. He saw Falcon Swift also being hauled before the throne of the Mighty One—the 'tec had been given towels and his running shorts and vest, which he now wore.

The loudspeakers were giving tongue now. They were telling the crowd what was going to happen. Falcon Swift paled with horror as he listened. His young assistant, Chick, had got to race over the hurdles against a fierce Bengal tiger. The tiger would be released from a trap after Chick had had a few seconds' start—if Chick reached the end of the hurdles and gained the cage there, he would be safe. But if not—

"You—you fiend!" broke out Falcon Swift at last, struggling with his captors to get at the Dictator.

"Take them away," snarled Kreller.

And Chick? He had donned running costume in a dressing-room, and had been led out to the start. The hurdles stood between iron-fences, on the other side of which waited Spiked Helmets. There was no escape for him.

"Get ready to start," growled a gruff voice.

The boy sleuth crouched down, trying to control his violent trembling. Behind him ten paces was a great trap, and from it came shrieks and snarls that froze in one's veins. It was the Bengal tiger.

"Ready?"

A pistol shot cracked out startlingly, and the trap opened. Like a streak of fused yellow and red light

the tiger came out. But Chick was away in a mad run for the first hurdle.

The tiger, travelling with heart-shrivelling speed, gave vent to a blood-chilling scream as Chick disappeared over the hurdle.

The brute threw himself over it—seemed to flash through the air without effort. Chick, moving at blinding speed, flew over the second hurdle.

But the tiger was gaining. People looked away, groaning with fear. But none dared to protest at the fearful cruelty.

There was one, however, who struggled furiously—Falcon Swift. He seemed to be imbued with phenomenal strength, and suddenly he tore loose from his captors, snatched at the bayonet knife at one of the men's belt, and in a trice had vaulted the iron fence and was in the path of the hurtling tiger.

With a scream the striped killer came through the air, eyes blazing. Sharp claws sunk in Falcon Swift's flesh, the weight of a great body bore him down, and the fetid breath of the tiger choked his lungs as its teeth sought his throat.

The struggle of thrashing, writhing bodies was fearful. It could not last long. Man or beast—who would win!

Suddenly a wild, delighted yell rose from the crowd as there came a cracking sound and a torrent of blood shot from the animal's throat. Falcon Swift threw the tiger from him, writhing in its death agony, and rose, gasping. Then he stared. What was happening?

In a second he understood. Those marching troops, they were British troops—French—Italian. The Internationals had received Chick's message thrown with the polo ball, and had come to the rescue, just in the nick of time.

As Falcon Swift raced forward, he saw Ferdinand Krelier rise from his gorgeous throne, staring, one hand at his throat. He reeled, took a pace or two, then pitched forward, lifeless.

He had died from apoplexy, they discovered. When he found his grandiose schemes had failed, he had a fit and so for him came Journey's End—and an end to Falcon Swift's most remarkable case.

A Super Flying Yarn of the Foreign Legion of the Air features in next week's Thrill Library. Make sure of your copy of the Mag. for this stupendous Eight-Page Supplement.

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THE SKY CAR RAIDER

(Continued from page 28)

fouled the girders; Leboff clutched frantically—and there he hung, three parts of the way up the tower. And in the distance, hurtling at lightning speed, came the flashing, gleaming Sky Train.

LIKE a madman, Conrad Fletcher had flung himself at the emergency brake control. But, as cool as ice, Professor Bill held his hand.

"Let me go!" gasped the inventor. "By pulling this lever, metal vanes project from the car, and they act as an air brake—"

"Will they stop the car in time?"

"No; but they will reduce the speed considerably," panted the other. "Our crash will be much less violent. Let me go, Trafford! Are you mad?"

"I am very sane," said Professor Bill grimly.

With a quick jujitsu grip, he forced Conrad Fletcher away from the control—thus allowing the Ray Car to continue its meteoric flight. Through the windows he caught sight of the tower. It was right on them. . . . Like magic they were there.

Craaaaaaash! The sound of the collision was like an explosion, and the tower itself virtually ceased to exist. The top flew into a hundred fragments and girders and scraps of metal flew in every direction. The rest of the tower sagged, swayed, and collapsed.

The Ray Car. . . . It was like a miracle. The car, intact, streaked clean through the flying debris, and it went skimming over house-tops, to drive finally like a gigantic projectile through the trees of a dense plantation to the earth. The trees not only acted as a brake, but they prevented any violent crash with the ground.

Dazed, but otherwise unhurt, Conrad Fletcher, Professor Bill and Freddy McNutt crawled out.

"A miracle, indeed!" panted Fletcher.

"No; merely a scientific fact," said Professor Bill. "Have you ever seen a motor-cyclist hurtle through a sheet of plate glass?" asked the Science Sentinel. "Have you ever heard of a level crossing and coming through unscathed? Of course you have! Speed, and speed alone saved that Ray Car—just as speed saved the motor-cyclist and the car driver from injury."

They found the remains of Sergius Leboff—mangled amid the wreckage of the tower. Miraculously enough, the unfortunate Simms, although gravely injured, was not dead, and hopes were entertained that he would make a complete recovery.

Another ripping science yarn of Professor Bill and Freddy McNutt soon, chaps. And you simply must not miss next week's enthralling yarn in the Thrill Library.

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