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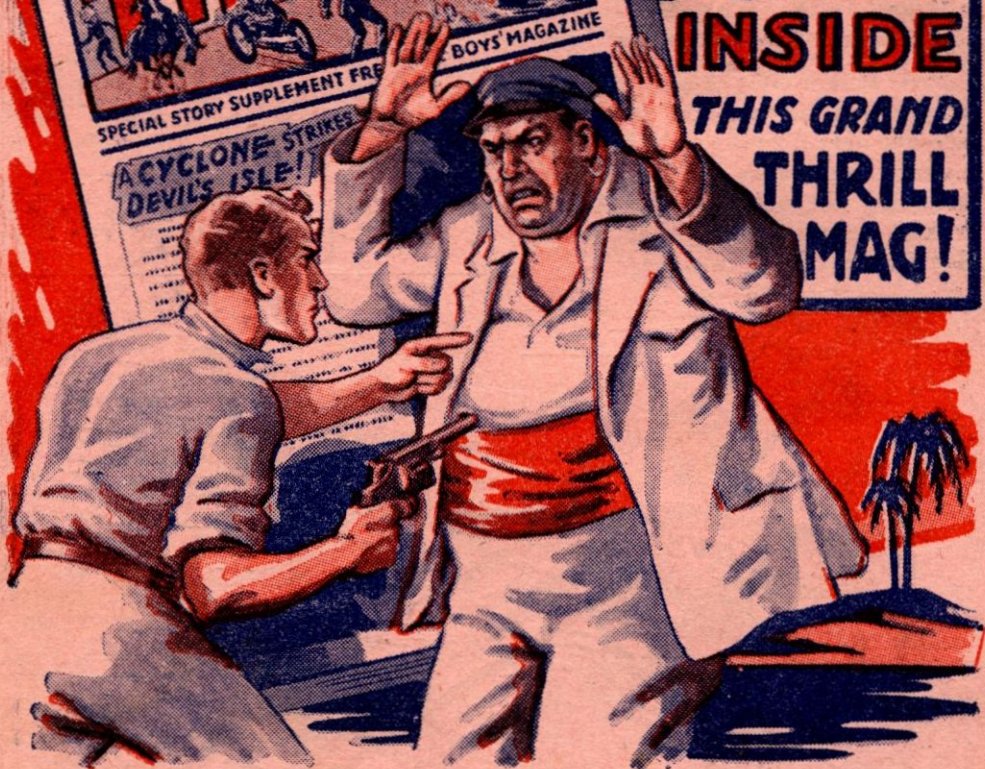
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VOL. XXII—No. 593—July 15, 1933

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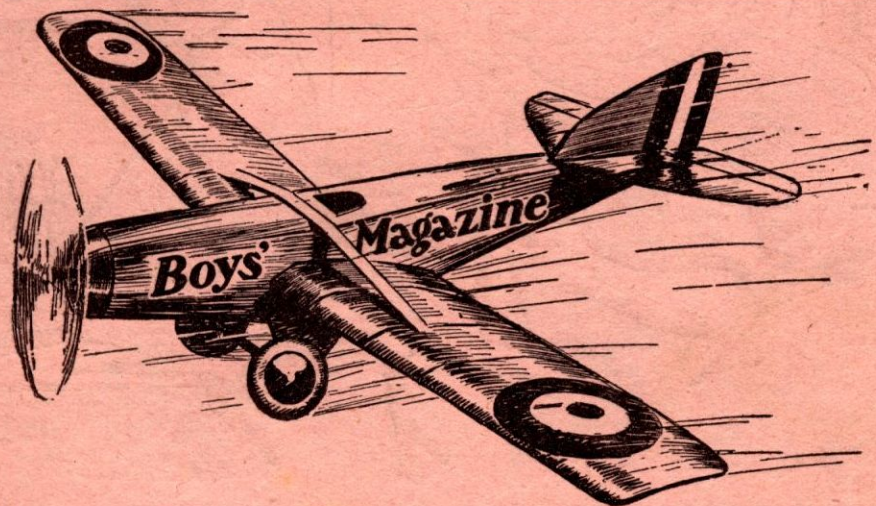
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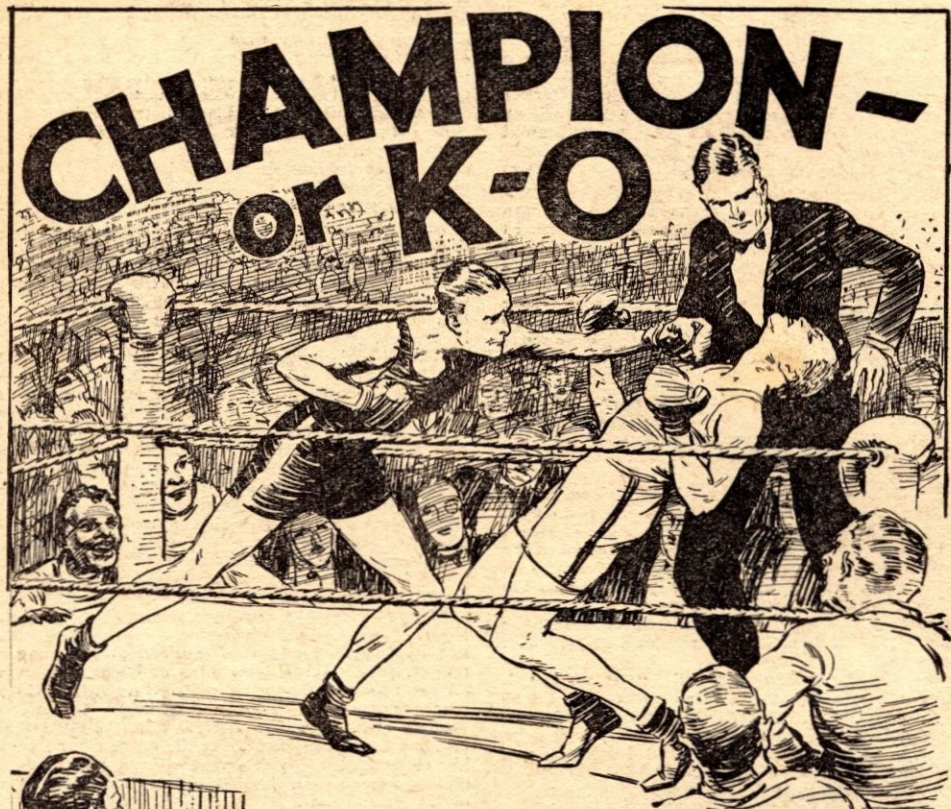
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THE MOST THRILLING BOXING YARN EVER TOLD!



Fouled At The Fair.

"PHEW! Thank goodness for a night away from the gym!" exclaimed Wally Randall. He was known in sporting circles as the Game Kid, a husky young boxer whom Dad McGovern, the well-known trainer and fight promoter at the Stadium Club, was putting into shape for title honours. The fresh-faced youngster was accompanied by his darkie pal "Chuck" Chocolate, wrestler and member of McGovern's string of leather-pushers at the Stadium. Together, they elbowed their way through the milling crowd on the big fairground at Bermondsey Green.

The two lads, taking a breather after a long session at their trainer's gymnasium, had come to the fair for a "lark."

"Drop those coconuts, Chuck—they make you look too much like a monkey!" said Wally, with a good-humoured grin. "My! but you should have watched that cock-shie magnate, while you were firing off your wooden cannon balls at his nuts! Nine out of ten shots isn't bad going, but



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

we dare not tak 'em back to the Stadium. Hallo! Here's something more in our line—a 'punch palace!'

The Game Kid and Chuck Chocolate drew up amongst the crowd that was gathered in front of a large, gaudy boxing booth. Standing on the platform was a budy individual, wearing a loud check suit and grey bowler hat, with ex-pugilist written all over his face. He was holding forth in a particularly raucous voice and pointing to a dark, beetle-browed fellow in boxing togs, who stood beside him.

"This, gentlemen, is Jake Sharko, the world's mightiest slugger in the light-heavyweight class, the bone-breakin' battler who packs more steam into one mitt than you get in the average concrete crusher! Jake Sharko, gentlemen, is the coming champion of his class. He's now in training, under Jem Carr's management, and now's your chance to see Sharko in action. And if any of you box, gents, here's your chance to try your weight against Sharko, the boy who's never yet been beaten! We're offering a purse of twenty pounds, gents, to anyone who can knock out Sharko in six rounds!"

Wally and Chuck looked at one another.

"Lawdy! Twenty quid for layin' out dat big socko in six rounds!" exclaimed the negro lad. "Ah reckon he's just 'bout your mark, pal. What about havin' a smack?"

The Game Kid's eyes gleamed. His clean, young fighting blood was roused by the superior sneer on Sharko's ill-natured visage. Wally and Chuck joined in the crowd that filed into the big tent, and when the loud-voiced announcer flung out the challenge to all and sundry, Wally pushed his way forward to the ringside.

There was a buzz of excited comment amongst the spectators, and Jem Carr glared down at him with cold hostility.

"Sharko will murder you!" the promoter hissed. "Get out, son, if you aim to go on living! I'll be kind, and tell the crowd you've mistaken this for the Y.M.C.A."

"You do," gritted Wally, "and I'll knock you smack into the centre of the mob!"

The promoter scowled.

"All right, smart kid—hop behind the curtain and get changed."

Wally hurried into the frowsy dressing-room. He changed and entered the ring, wearing the dirty, ill-fitting fighting garb that served for all comers.

The preliminaries were soon completed, the stools pushed through the ropes, and the gong went. Jake Sharko rushed from his corner, pumping hot leather with pistoning arms, bent on taking his usual one-round settlement. But Wally met him halfway, and a sizzling right cross connected with the point of Sharko's ugly jaw.

A gasp went up from the crowd. It was as pretty a wallop as had ever been witnessed in that third-rate punch palace.

Wally worked round Sharko, swift on his feet, rapier-like in the lancing jabs that he put through the other's guard. Then, unexpected as a thunderbolt from a sunny sky, came Wally's pile-driving left, hooking in a long-arm jab that drove into Sharko's midriff and floored him with a thud that shook the ring posts.

The spectators were on their feet, staring in disbelief whilst Wally, cool and smiling, went into a neutral corner. His smile turned to a grim frown as he realised that the referee was delaying the count, so as to give Sharko as long a chance as possible. On the long delayed count of nine, Sharko staggered to his feet, and rushed in at his slim opponent. The round ended, and Wally went to his corner. He

was given a perfunctory wipe with a sponge by the scowling ring attendant.

When the bell rang again, however, Wally hopped quite fresh into the centre of the ring, and his swift blocking of Sharko's avalanche of leather brought a yell of encouragement from the back rows. Wally pelted out with a stiff left and a straight right, and took a brisk lacing across the chest from Sharko's gloves. He countered the blows, however, then they clinched. The referee took his time in breaking them apart, hoping that Sharko would seize the opportunity to foul the youngster. But Wally was too sharp, and they were still hugging each other when the gong sounded the end of the second round.

Wally went back to his corner. Again a grudging daub with the sponge, and some ineffectual flicking with the towel. At the commencement of the next round, Wally got Sharko to his corner and tantalised him by gliding in and out of hitting distance, making him miss a lot of punches that were loaded for the knock-out.

When Sharko started his ninth or tenth vicious punch to the jaw, Wally lunged in with a hot right—half-swing, half-uppercut, that caught Sharko high on the cheekbone and sent him flopping against the ropes. How the fans in the fight palace yelled! And from the well of the hall, Chuck Chocolate's melodious voice yelled praise and encouragement. Sharko came back again, however, and for half-a-minute they stood in the centre of the ring slamming away at one another. But Sharko finished the round much the worse for wear.

He staggered back to his corner and a consultation proceeded, while his seconds sloshed him with ice-water—clearly against the rules.

Clang! The gong went, and the two fighters took the ring again, amidst a clamour of boos, cat-calls, and applause. Wally recommenced his tantalising tactics, getting in a blow here and there through Sharko's guard. The mauler forced a clinch, and in breaking away he landed a smashing left between Wally's eyes. The blow fetched away, stinging and blinding him. Brushing away the red-hot tears with his glove had no effect—and with a wild sweep, Sharko was on him, slugging him with all the power of his ramrod fists.

Sharko's fists swished the air, and Wally, his eyes blurred and bloodshot, could not dodge the murderous blows. The pug became a phantom, the sea of faces a blurred smear, now there were two of Sharko, and two refs. He staggered round the ring, defending gamely, but his guard fell, leaving the way open for the punch for which Sharko's fans were screaming—the punch that Sharko put home with all his weight behind it. The youngster crumpled under the trip-hammer right to the jaw, his legs thrashed the canvas and his body twitched convulsively. The referee was counting. "One—two—three—four—five—!" The arena was a bedlam of noise when Sharko was proclaimed the winner.

At that moment there was a commotion at the back of the hall, and a kindly-faced man thrust his way through the crowd, following Chuck Chocolate. It was Dad McGovern, Wally's trainer, and he gazed down at the beaten boxer with an expression of mingled rage and disappointment.

"So this is where you get to, when you're out of my sight!" rapped Dad McGovern sternly. "By grab! The Game Kid—beaten in a third-rate gaff with one of Jem Carr's cheap leather-toters! He's ruined and his boxing career's finished."

Despite his anger, however, Dad, with Chuck's help, carried Wally's inert form tenderly to a chair. The darkey boy grabbed a bucket of iced-water and a sponge and the other a towel. Carefully, they ministered to the battered youngster, and brought

him round. Wally blinked dazedly and raised his hands with a low moan.

"Oh! my eyes——"
 "Yes, sonnie, you've been framed!" Dad said quietly. "No wonder your eyes went watery and bloodshot—you got oil of mustard in 'em from Sharko's gloves. As soon as he hit you between the eyes, he left enough of it there to put you out of action. Get your clothes on, son, and come with me. This trouble with your eyes will mess you up for the big fight I've booked for you at Manchester on Saturday, with Tornado Jones, and it almost serves you right."

"Sorry, Dad," murmured the Game Kid contritely. "But I tell you what, Dad—if Jem Carr is going to put Sharko into big fights and run him for the championship, I'll do anything to get into the ring again with him, and have my revenge for the dirty trick he's just played me."

The old trainer nodded approvingly.
 "'At's the boy! I'll be after Sharko for you, Wally, and next time you meet him, I'll see he doesn't have a chance to work off any foul tricks."

Silvermann Gets It Hot.

THE Stadium Club in Bermondsey was run by Dad McGovern as a training camp for his own team of fighters, and an athletic club for all the promising young talent of the district. Many were the young professionals in boxing and other sports, who had been given their chances and training by Dad McGovern, one of the straightest men in the fight-business.

Wally Randall was well nicknamed The Game Kid, and McGovern regarded the boy as his greatest find. Boxing was in the boy's blood; he had all the makings of a real champ, and McGovern sincerely believed that one day he would capture the light-heavyweight diadem.

One evening some days later when Wally was having a rub-down on the massage table after training, Chuck Chocolate came in, grinning at Dad McGovern.

"Say, boss, dere's a man outside, askin' to see yuh," he announced. "He shuh looks an oily sardine, dressed in a crossword-puzzle suit. Got a nose Ah could hang ma hat on, and looks to me like the biggest lump of fat Ah evah see wrapped up in one skin."

"That's Flash Silvermann," blurted Dad McGovern, and Wally sat up abruptly on the rubbing board. "If that dirty crook comes in here——"

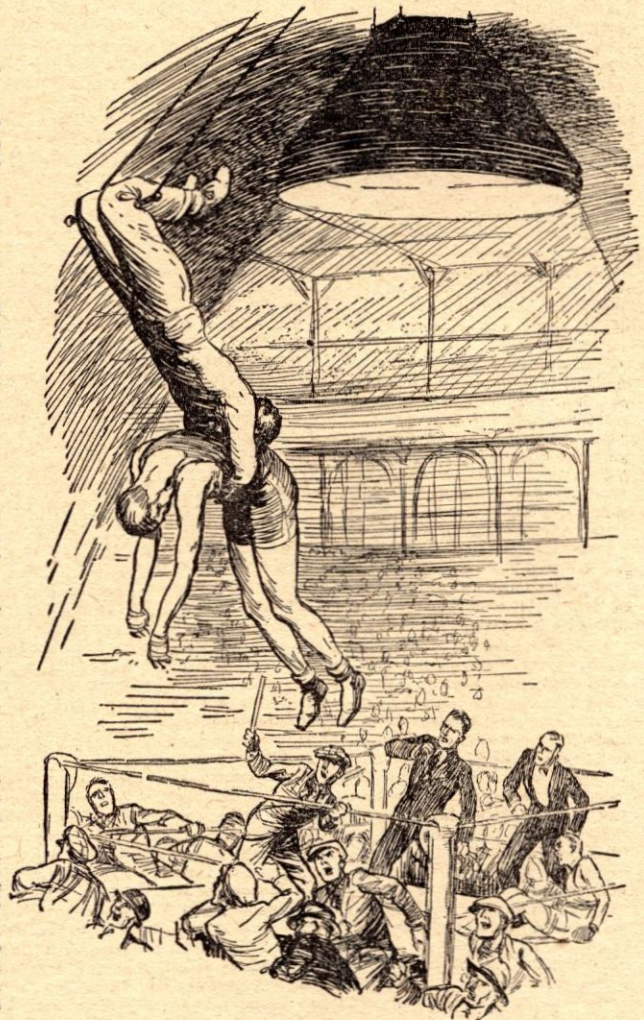
"Easy on the adjectives, McGovern!" sneered a voice in the doorway. The fat, over-dressed, triple-chinned newcomer stood on the threshold, regarding them with dark, piggy eyes that were indescribably evil and cunning. "So this is the Game Kid—the young false alarm. Going to offer up the poor kid as a sacrifice to Tornado Jones—eh? Listen, Game Kid, you've no

business in this fight, and McGovern is only playing you for a fall. Better come over to my stable while you've still a chance to make good for yourself. What do you say?"

The Game Kid rose deliberately from the rubbing board, a cold light snapping in his eyes. He beckoned to Chuck.

"We'll give you your answer, Silvermann," he said curtly. "Grab him, Chuck. We'll put him in the Turkish bath hot-box. Perhaps that will fetch some of the villainy out of him."

The two chums took the heavy, flabby fight promoter between them, and rushed him into the hot steam-box which was part of the Turkish bath equipment at the Stadium. His eighteen-stone bulk was



RESCUED FROM THE ROUGH-HOUSE. The darkie swooped towards the ring. Just as Wally staggered under a blow from a knuckle-duster Chuck caught him up and swung him high into the air.

rammed into the hot-box, so that only his shiny head protruded from the top, and then Chuck Chocolate turned on the steam.

When he was at last let loose, and he scrambled out of the hot-box, his immaculately pressed check suit was all limp and shapeless from its steaming, and clinging tight to his hog-like body.

He shook a huge fist at the two boys and then turned on Dad McGovern.

"I'll be even with you for this, McGovern!" he snarled. "I'll ruin you and this Game Kid of yours. I'm running Sharke for the championship, and you can't get in my way for long."

Dad McGovern pointed to the door.

"Get out, Flash Silvermann!" he said laconically. "You pollute the clean air I want my boys to breathe."

A shadow crossed the old-timer's honest, rugged features, when Silvermann had gone.

"He's right! He's fetched Sharke from the fairground, and is runnin' him for the light-heavy-weight championship as fast as he can go," he said. "And it's easy for Flash Silvermann with his crooked methods."

The Game Kid's eyes gleamed.

"Let them bring Sharke into the title class, Dad, and let me get there, too!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Get me a clean fight with Sharke, and I'll beat him next time, easy!"

Dad McGovern nodded. "I know you will, Wally—and so does the other gang!" he said. "That's what's making me worry."

He took up a legal-looking document from his desk.

"Here is the contract for your fight to-morrow in Manchester, with Tornado Jones. It's all set and fixed up, though I've had some last-minute trouble in getting it through. It's a condition of the contract, that I hand over to O'Gorman, Tornado Jones' manager, ten thousand pounds in hard cash before you weigh in for the contest. That money is in my safe now, and I've an idea that some of Silvermann's gorillas will be after that dough, for a treble purpose: first, to rob me of ten thousand to split between them, second to have the fight cancelled, because without the guarantee money O'Gorman won't let Tornado Jones fight, and thirdly, to ruin me—because I might tell you, boys, if that money goes, the Stadium Club goes, and it's curtains for all of us!"

The Game Kid and Chuck Chocolate looked serious. "Then you'll side-track the money somehow, Dad," asked Wally.

"Yes!" The old manager's eyes took on a steely gleam. "The money's supposed to go to Manchester by registered parcel post to-night. But I'm sending a dud parcel. I'll pack the cash with my sleeping togs in my bag, and carry it with me on the train to-morrow. You two lads will be with me."

Next morning, the two boys were fresh and eager for the forthcoming match. They took a taxi from the Stadium Club to Euston station, and caught the express to Manchester. Dad McGovern carried a Gladstone bag, ostensibly containing his week-end outfit, as it was arranged that they should stay in Manchester until the Monday morning.

The train thundered on its swift journey northward. There was certain to be a big gate at the Roxy Hall in Manchester for the Game Kid's fight, and barring accidents, Dad McGovern would make a good deal out of his percentage of the profits—and the Game Kid and Chuck realised, now, how much the money meant to the old trainer.

All at once, the Game Kid sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"Gosh! I'm feeling drowsy!" he exclaimed.

"My head's going dizzy, and— Chuck! Open that window, for goodness' sake!"

The three occupants of the compartment staggered to their feet, overcome with a strange drugged feeling. Chuck Chocolate tugged at the window, while Dad McGovern and Wally wrenched at the door. Neither would budge. And all the while the invisible drug whatever it was, filled the air and got into their lungs.

Shouting in cracked tones, the three doomed occupants of the carriage battered at the walls and the door. Dad McGovern totered on his feet and fell with a crash across the seat. Through the swirling mist that threatened soon to rob him of his senses, the Game Kid bethought himself of Dad McGovern's bag lying in the rack.

With his last remaining strength, he staggered across the carriage and reached upward for the bag. As he did so, there was a click at the compartment door, and a burly form appeared, the heavy-jowled face obscured by a mask. An ugly-looking revolver, fitted with a snub silencer, was jerked in Wally's direction.

"Drop that bag!" rapped out a curt voice, laden with menace. "If you don't, I'll drop you—!" The gunman broke off with a snarl as the inert form of Chuck Chocolate, sprawled as though unconscious on the floor of the carriage, sprang suddenly into animation. The draught of fresh air from the open door had revived Chuck, and his long, brown arms shot out and grabbed the man's legs, whirling him over.

"Seram, Wally!" Chuck yelled.

The Game Kid needed no second bidding. He gathered up the bag and ran for it along the swaying corridor. Wally flung a look over his shoulder, and saw a second masked thug clamber into the corridor, through an open door, and give chase.

Wally scudded down the train, passing swiftly through the thick canvas chambers that connected each swaying coach, but he realised that when he came to the end coach, he would be held at bay. The feeling of the bag tucked snugly under his arm gave him an idea. With swift, eager fingers Wally opened the bag, and took Dad McGovern's "cut-throat" razor from its case. With one long slash he ripped a gash in the canvas wall of the corridor through which he was able to squeeze. He hung on between the heaving, clattering coaches his feet resting on the buffers.

Less than a minute later, the masked thug came tearing along the corridor.

Bam! The Game Kid's dynamic left shot through the slit in the canvas like a piston rod, and caught the thug clean on the temple. It felled him like an ox.

Wally crept through the gap, and then he gave a start as a dark-faced form came scrambling through the ripped aperture. He sighed with relief on recognising Chuck Chocolate.

"Ah's come long de footboards, pal!" said the husky young negro. "Ah socked de other bird through a window as he was passing, but he'll be long here soon, Ah guess. We'll lay fuh him—uh-uh?"

Wally nodded, and slit the opposite side of the canvas with the razor. He and Chuck then clambered through on either side and waited.

In a few moments the crook came along the swaying corridor, gun in hand. Suddenly the Game Kid's fist shot out in a rip-snorting blow that felt like the kick of a mule to the gunman. He buckled at the knees and went down without a sound.

Chuck and Wally scrambled back through the slits, and dragged their second victim into the end

compartment, where the other was just sitting up dazedly on the seat. Before he quite got the hang of things, however, he was tied up with his own necktie. The other thug was treated in this manner, whilst still unconscious.

"Now we'll go back and attend to Dad!" exclaimed the Game Kid.

There was a crowd of excited passengers round the compartment when they got back. The old trainer was making a slower recovery from the dope fumes. But his rugged face cleared of its anxiety when the Game Kid came rushing back, with the bag safely under his arm.

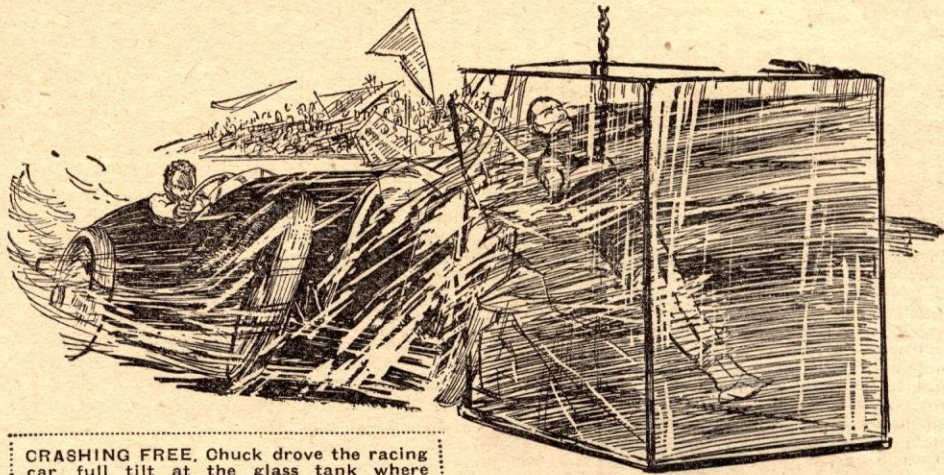
"The crooks didn't get it, Dad—the money's safe!" gasped Wally. "And we've got 'em tied up, in a compartment at the end of the train. Let's see who they are, and make 'em talk!"

But when the end compartment was reached, they found the door wide open, and the thugs gone. Their identity remained a mystery, but it was obvious

rest of the palaver gone through. The seconds were out of the ring and Dad McGovern was giving his last words of advice.

The gong sounded brassily, the two boxers leaped from their seats, mashed gloves and started. Tornado Jones did not wade in with a rush and a roar, as the Lancashire boys expected. Fighter that he was, Tornado was a boxer also, and he was making no mistake about the Game Kid. They both feinted with a shuffle of cautious feet for the first few moments. Then the Game Kid, taking the initiative, broke through and ripped home a slashing right-hander that caught Jones on the head as he ducked. The crack on the head made the Tornado see red, and he bashed his famous right against Wally's ribs, and then crowded to close quarters to give the crowd some real excitement, till the end of the round.

A babel of voices broke out in the hall. Had the northerners underrated the Game Kid from the south?



CRASHING FREE. Chuck drove the racing car full tilt at the glass tank where Wally hung helpless in the water in place of the escapist.

that they were members of Flash Silvermann's gang.

Reaching Manchester, they drove straight to Roxy Hall, where the money was handed over to O'Gorman.

The Framed Fight.

THE preliminary bouts were over in Roxy Hall, and it was time for the big fight between the Game Kid and Tornado Jones. As he walked down the aisle with Dad McGovern, the focal point of a multitude of eyes, Wally felt a little overawed. This was his first really big fight!

He was given quite a rousing reception, but the cheers rose deafeningly when Tornado Jones appeared. A great number of ringside seats had been taken by rough-looking customers, who seemed bent on making as much noise as possible on Jones' behalf. Flash Silvermann and Jem Carr were also at the ringside.

The northern champ stripped even more impressively than Wally. He was a big fellow, over six feet tall, his biceps were large, his torso like a bullock's.

The greatly contrasted opponents were introduced by the referee, bandages were examined and the

At the next bell, Tornado Jones came out of his corner with the leap of a wild cat, but Wally side-stepped and crashed a right to the face that set the other back on his heels. But Tornado Jones could take punishment as well as give it. Back again he rushed, slamming away with his deadly right. Wally's face was flushed with pleasure, however, as Chuck Chocolate mopped him down at the end of the round.

"Take it easy, son—don't let 'em excite you!" said Dad McGovern earnestly.

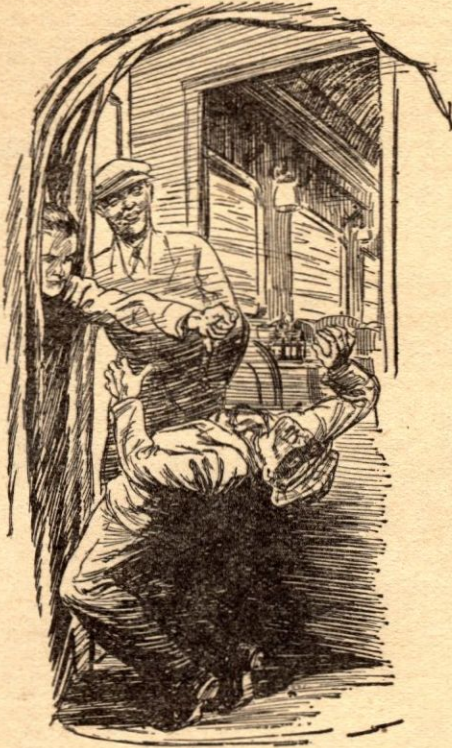
In the third round, Tornado Jones came hotly to the attack, driving with all his might, feinting with his left, then sloshing with his right. It was a terrific wallop, landing with a bang that was heard all over the hall, and the Game Kid's mouth gushed blood. He backed round the ropes, defending. There was no slackening in the fierceness of Jones's attack, no relenting in the power of his right fist. Again it landed, directly below the heart, and the Game Kid reeled. The cords in his throat tightened, a red mist obscured his sight, the ring seemed to be dropping away beneath him. He lay on the canvas, in silence, while the referee began to count.

But the Game Kid sprang up at eight. He could stand a terrific beating, and still hold his strength. He swung his left squarely to Tornado's jaw, and this time it was Tornado's turn to hit the canvas. Just

as the tall fellow was scrambling up, in a daze, the bell rang the round over.

Dad McGovern mopped the Game Kid's face and applied smelling salts to his nose.

The fight went on, at an incredibly fast pace, to the seventh round, and with the ringing of the gong, Tornado Jones was up first, and at his opponent. The Game Kid came in, with head and chest covered,



K.O.-ED IN THE CORRIDOR. The crook was racing after Wally along the corridor, when suddenly the boxer's fist shot out from the canvas wall where he had hidden.

dancing, feinting for a break. Tornado took a rush, steamed a blow that the Game Kid dodged, and then he let loose a flock of lefts and rights that flew and stung like bullets. The Game Kid took them, hedging back and watching for his opportunity. He crossed a cunning right to the head that made his opponent duck. Then he let go with his left, putting all the power of his tough young body into that swift, rip-snorting blow. It exploded with a resounding crack on the Tornado's chin. The tall fellow toppled back and thumped the canvas, his face streaming with blood.

"One—two—three—four—"

The crowd screeched and bellowed. Tornado Jones was pawing weakly at the canvas, trying to get to his feet, but he had spent all his force.

"Eight—nine—ten—out!"

The referee grabbed the Game Kid's right hand, raising it in token of victory, but before he could

utter the first words of his announcement, the huge form of Flash Silvermann clambered up into the ring.

"I challenge the decision in this fight!" he snarled. "The boy could not have smashed Jones's face like that by fair means! I demand to have his gloves examined."

The crowd stood on its feet, and the brawl of voices died down as the Game Kid, his face flushed, allowed his gloves to be removed for examination.

Jem Carr, who had leaped into the ring with Silvermann, took out a knife and ripped the red leather of Wally's left glove. Then he gave an exultant yelp.

"Look here!" he shouted. "A flexible steel band sewn across the knuckles! I claim a foul!"

The referee nodded grimly. "A foul it is!" he said. "The fight goes to Tornado Jones!"

The Game Kid staggered back, as though he had been struck. A loud, lifting roar went up from the crowd in the Stadium.

"Foul! Smash 'im!" Burly, savage figures tore through the ropes and leaped into the ring. Dad McGovern was thrown down unceremoniously, and submerged in the savage rush of Silvermann's bruisers.

Wally saw, now, that the attack had been pre-arranged. He drew back, raising his bare fists, and struck out pluckily. The bullies lunged at the hapless young boxer with fists that carried with them the deadly gleam of brass knuckle dusters.

Chuck Chocolate, wrestling his way through the mob in the Stadium, made a dash for the balcony. He could see what was going to happen, and his first thought was for his pal's safety. But would he be in time to put into effect the daring ruse that had entered his head?

He leaped from the balcony, on to the girders that formed an inner dome and Chuck climbed into the topmost part of the roof. He grabbed the trapeze ropes and undid them. Judging space and timing, he swung downward on the trapeze rope, sailing like a human pendulum towards the ring.

As he came swooping down, he saw one of the toughs land a crashing blow with a rubber truncheon on the Game Kid's head. A moment later, and he would have fallen beneath the feet of his aggressors. But in the same split second Chuck swooped across the ring on the trapeze rope, caught up the unconscious form of the Game Kid, and carried him away into mid-air.

The crowd shouted, the bruisers in the ring snarled their savagery, as Chuck, folding his arms round Wally's limp form, took a wild leap on to the gallery. Pausing only to hoist his unconscious burden across his broad shoulders, the darkie scudded away through an exit and down the stairs.

Wally did not recover his senses till the hall had been cleared, and he found himself lying on the couch in Dad McGovern's office. Flickering his eyelids, he saw old Dad McGovern sitting there, the crushed, broken figure of a once proud trainer. Chuck was staring wide-eyed at him.

"But, boss, Wally didn't know nothin' about it!" blurted the darkie. "Dem dar gloves was planted; the rough stuff was all arranged—"

"Yes, son, I know!" groaned McGovern. "I'll stick by him—it's a tough break for all of us, but I shan't turn on Wally, though I know it means ruin. The public naturally think I was in the swindle—they're saying already that I put Wally up to it, and provided the gloves. But tell him Dad McGovern don't believe he's crooked."

He walked slowly to the door, and went out with faltering stride. As the old trainer's footsteps receded down the passage, Wally sat up, a strange light in his eyes.

"Chuck," he said in a low, measured voice. "Flash Silvermann did this to have Dad and me hounded out of the fight business. But it's poor old Dad McGovern who's going to suffer most out of this—unless we can save his reputation by convincing the public that he knew nothing about the foul. If I run away, they'll think that I alone was responsible, and that would clear Dad. Chuck, I can't let McGovern stand by me and drag himself down to ruin. For Dad's sake, I must get out, and never see him again, until my name is cleared and he'll be proud to take me back again."

Chuck Chocolate looked hard at the Game Kid, and gave a low, long-drawn whistle. Then he rose to his feet and took Wally's arm.

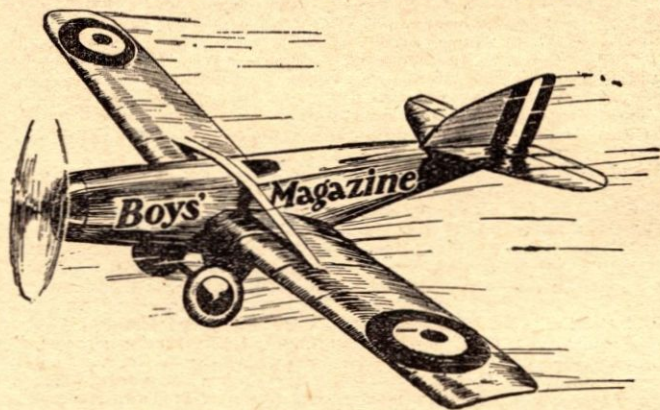
"Ah guess you'm 'bout right, pal," he said. "And Ah sticks to yuh. C'mon. Let's snap out ob it."

When Dad McGovern returned, he found the room of Wally and Chuck deserted. There was a note on the table, however, written by Wally Randall, telling aim of his decision.

Young Scarface.

OUT of the many dozens of "tough" restaurants in the remoter districts of Liverpool's dockland, Campolo's was perhaps the toughest. It was a large-sized place, the interior partitioned off into

UP SHE GOES—AND WHAT A BEAUTY!



You'll Get the Thrill of Your Lives when you Launch Your B.M. FLYING MODEL MONOPLANE, Chums. And There's One for Every Reader! See Page 2 for Full Particulars about this Splendid New B.M. Gift

sections for the convenience of its customers—"sports," crooks, and gangsters, who foregathered at Campolo's for the planning of their lawless enterprises.

Chuck Chocolate and Wally had tramped to Liverpool, and Chuck was installed at Campolo's Restaurant, performing the combined duties of dishwasher and "chucker out."

It was on a warm and sunny afternoon in early summer, that the darkie was cleaning the windows of Campolo's from the inside, when he suddenly caught

sight of two figures making direct for the restaurant. One was a huge, flabby, overdressed heap of humanity, ornate with jewellery. The other was a heavy, broad-shouldered man of the ex-pugilistic type.

"Flash Silvermann and Jem Carr!" Chuck murmured softly, bobbing behind the curtains.

Much to Chuck's satisfaction, the two rascally boxing promoters took one of the partitioned-off compartments close to where his ladder was reared. Flash Silvermann gave his order, and the pair sat talking, in tones that carried distinctly to the hidden darkie.

"Well, Carr, who's the sweet petunia who's been dropping all the canvas-backs up at your arena lately?" asked Silvermann.

"You mean Pete Batten, better known as Young Scarface," replied Carr. "That boy's a killer all right. Past history unknown, and best forgotten I think. Can't read or write, education sadly neglected, got the foulest temper I ever saw in a youngster, and likes to do his killing in and out of office hours. If that boy don't curb his playful spirits pretty soon, I'll have to turn in my club licence and get a slaughter-house permit."

Flash Silvermann's eyes glittered.

"The sort of boy you want to slap into the ring quick and often, and put over heavy on the public—eh?" he said. "I think maybe I could do with this Young Scarface, to play off against Sharko. What do you say to transferring him to me, Carr, and I'll run him up swift with the public. We'll run a match between him and Sharko, as a prelim. to a title bout, which is what I am at with Sharko. Is this Scarface boy the type we can handle in our own way?"

"I don't think you'll have much trouble about that, Silverman," replied Jem Carr. "But there was a row in my office last night, and Young Scarface, after smashing everything up and breaking the jaw of one of my men, went out in a tearing rage and hasn't been seen or heard of since."

Flash Silvermann jumped up in his seat, and banged a flabby fist on the table.

"He's got to be found, Carr—you understand!" he barked. "We'll rake the docks for him, and—"

A sudden rumpus in the main room of the restaurant broke in on Silvermann—and incidentally, it brought Chuck Chocolate to his feet in an instinctive call to duty.

A couple of young toughs, having partaken of a good feed, were complaining about the food, the service and the bill, and had got up to leave the restaurant without paying—which, of course, they had intended doing from the first.

Chuck lost no time with the two grafters, but seized them by the necks and started to bang their heads together. In no time at all, they displayed a willingness—in fact, a supreme eagerness—to pay. When they had done so, Chuck dragged them to the door, both fighting, and hurled them out.

"So it's that black seum of McGovern's!" hissed

Carr. "What are you doing here, you whelp, and what's happened to the Game Kid?"

"Me, Ah'm de bouncer in dis joint," replied Chuck, cheerfully. "As for de Game Kid, he'm jus' naturally disappeared. I'm pals wid anudder fighter now, and say Mistah Silbermann, if you'm lookin' fo' two tough boys jus' you gib me an' my pal, Pete Batten a chance—"

"Pete Batten!" shouted Carr, taking a step forward. "Do you mean Young Scarface?"

"Yessah, dat's de baby!" replied Chuck. "Lawdy, you nebber saw such a fighter as he is, boss—"

"Can you find Young Scarface for me now?" interrupted Jem Carr. "Mister Silbermann and I can sign him up on a nice fat contract. If you can bring him to my office at ten o'clock to-night I'll give you a job, too."

"Done, boss!" said the darkie, with a wide grin. The two rascally managers walked out, and Chuck Chocolate's left eyelid dropped in a wink that he bestowed upon the deserted air.

When he left Campolo's restaurant, Chuck made his way to the nearest telephone-box, and rang up a certain number.

"Dat you, Wally?" he said, when the call came through at length. "Listen, pal, Jem Carr wants me to bring Young Scarface along to the Arena office to-night, to sign up wid Silbermann to go to Lunnan an' train to fight Sharko. It's part ob de bargain dat I sign on wid Silbermann, too, if I kin persuade Young Scarface to join de racket. D'you think, pal, I'm likely to bring it off?"

A chuckle sounded at the other end.

"It sounds to me extremely likely, Chuck. Come along and see Young Scarface, and tell him all about it."

At ten o'clock that night, Flash Silvermann and Jem Carr were smoking cigars together in the latter's office, when the door flew open and a scowling youngster burst in, a threat in his bared teeth and wickedness in his eyes.

"You, Mister Carr, what joke are you tryin' to pull on me now—eh?" he snarled. "Wanna send me to London, Chuck says. What's the idea?"

Carr backed nervously away. Flash Silvermann rolled the cigar in his puffy mouth and regarded the newcomer with glittering eyes.

"Listen, Scarface," he rapped, with the authoritative tone of a man accustomed to handling such situations. "Cut out the rough stuff, and let's get into conference. I think I can help you to combine pleasure with profit, and get into the big pay end of the boxing game. You know who I am, and what I can do for you?"

"Yeh," grunted the other, scowling at him. "If this ain't a joke, I'll bite." For nearly half-an-hour they talked things over, then Silvermann rose.

"Get your things on, collect that black pal of yours, and come with me to the station," he said. "We'll catch the midnight for London."

Flash "Arranges" a Fight.

YOUNG Scarface caused plenty of grief in Flash Silvermann's camp during the following weeks.

After the first couple of days, he had knocked out all his sparring partners, and none of them would work with him—his temper was too uncontrollable.

So far as Young Scarface was concerned, the more fights Silvermann procured for him, the better he liked it. And his reputation grew rapidly; the public went wild about him; he was acclaimed the coming champ., and the logical outcome was, a

challenge to Sharko to the right to meet the title-holder in the light-heavyweight class.

Flash Silvermann pulled the wires with all his cunning. Officially, Sharko was still under Jem Carr's management. Young Scarface was Flash Silvermann's ace. The bout was fixed to take place at Leicester Square Palace, the big new sport arena in the heart of London, built on the old Alhambra site. The day of the Young Scarface-Sharko contest was to be the biggest of all in the London sport season. From two o'clock in the afternoon, Leicester Square Palace was providing a feast for the fans in almost every branch of sport.

On the morning of that great day, there was a conference in Flash Silvermann's office next to the training quarters. Seated at the table was a rugged, grey-haired man whose face looked lined and haggard, yet who still showed a doggedness of spirit in the hard setting of his granite jaw.

"Well, McGovern, we've brought you to the end of your tether now, I think," Silvermann said. "You haven't found a decent fighter yet to replace the Game Kid, and the men you have backed have proved flops!"

"Thanks to you, Silvermann—yes!" Dad McGovern's voice shook with rage. "And all the while you've been trying to hook on to the Stadium Club. That's all I have left now—the old Stadium that once drew the biggest crowds in London—"

"But which has been losing money ever since the Game Kid walked out on you," sneered Silvermann. "Well, McGovern, I asked you here to put a proposition up to you. I am willing to buy the Stadium from you at a figure. What do you say?"

Dad McGovern rose to his feet, his eyes blazing.

"If that is all the proposition you have to make to me, Flash Silvermann," he exclaimed, "my answer is 'No.'"

The old trader stormed from the office, and Silvermann gave an oily chuckle.

"McGovern's down flat—as flat as a burst tyre!" he said. "Now run out and find Young Scarface. I've got to talk to that rattlesnake, and make certain that he knows his drill for the Sharko fight to-night."

Jem Carr walked out. Half-an-hour later he returned with the scowling young pugilist.

"Can't you leave a feller alone?" he snarled. "I'm all set for the fight to-night, ain't I? I ain't let you down yet, 'ave I, Mister Silvermann?"

"No—and you're not going to this time, Scarface," said Flash Silvermann suavely. "To-night, I want you to play on the other side of the street. I'll give you two hundred and fifty pounds if you'll take the K.O. in the sixth round."

"Two hundred and fifty quid!" said Young Scarface, his eyes gleaming with an eager light. "All right, Mister Silvermann. I'll do it."

He walked out of the office, leaving the two rascally promoters rubbing their hands with satisfaction. In the gymnasium, he saw Chuck Chocolate, and the pair went across to a bench together.

"Well, pal, has de boss popped de question?" inquired the nig.

"Yes—and I've accepted!" replied Young Scarface with a chuckle. "Things have turned out just as we wanted 'em to, Chuck. Little does Silvermann know that Young Scarface and the Game Kid are the same person, and that now he has fixed up a fight for him with Jake Sharko. My disguise has effectively concealed my true identity, and to-night at the Leicester Square Palace I'll show those crooks something. All this time, I've been collecting evidence against Silvermann, and I've got sufficient proof now to clear myself and put an end for good and all to this sport racket! Chuck, our time will come

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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 page 27 to the Joke Editor, "Boys' Magazine," 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.



Gent: Why is it, Brown, that, although you are a gardener, I never see you wearing a button-hole?

Brown: Well, sir, do you ever see a butcher going about with a pork chop hanging round his neck?

(Cricket Bat to DONALD HILEY, the Post Office, Ancaster, Grantham, Lincs.)

FRENCH.

SMALL BOY: A halfpennyworth of toffee, please.

SHOPKEEPER: But this is a French halfpenny!

SMALL BOY: Then give me a halfpennyworth of French nougat!

(Fountain pen to ERNEST DAVENPORT, 47, Victoria Road, New Brighton, Wallasey.)

BEAK(Y).

BOY: A man called while you were out, sir!

EMPLOYER: Had he a bill?

BOY: No! Just an ordinary nose, sir!

(Fountain pen to C. TALBOT, The Tate School, Wexford, I.F.S.)

ON THE HOP.

CONSTABLE: Hi! You can't make that row here!

TRAMP: Row! Wot d'yer mean? I'm a bird-imitator.

CONSTABLE: Oh, you are, are you? Then let's see you hop it!

(Fountain pen to GEORGE PILKINGTON, 21, Post Office Row, East Tudley Hope, Tow Law, Co. Durham.)

A HOT PACE.

The old countryman was very proud of his son who was at one of the big public schools.

"He must be a very fast runner," said the proud parent, showing a paper to a neighbour. "It says here that 'he fairly burned up the track with his record-breaking speed.' And it's true, because I saw the track this morning, and it was nothing but cinders."

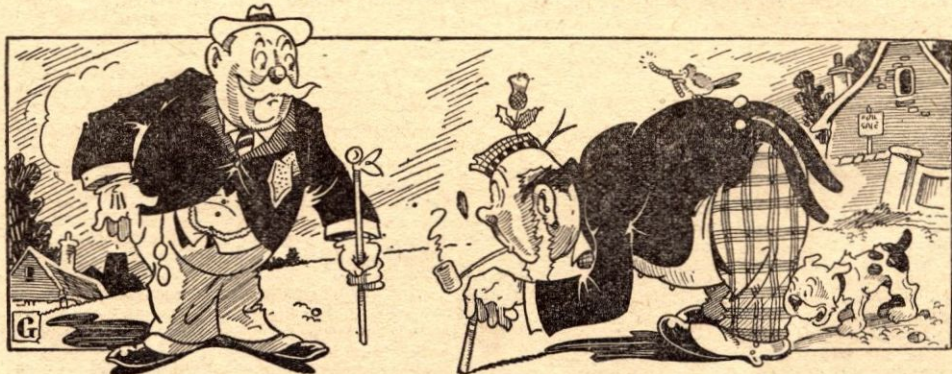
(Fountain pen to JOHN WRIGGLESWORTH, 37, Elenheim Road, Gloucester.)

NOT WORTH IT.

CAPTAIN (to member of crew after he had saved him from drowning): That was very brave of you, my lad: to-morrow, I will thank you before the whole crew.

SAILOR (hurriedly): For goodness' sake, don't do that, sir! If any of the crew thought I saved your life, they would half-kill me!

(Fountain pen to KENNETH E. RUSSELL, 5, Sarile Road, Buddle Lane, St. Thomas, Exeter, Devon.)



MacTavish (to Sandy, who is walking with a very bent back): Lumbago, Sandy?

Sandy: Nay, I've broken ma walking stick!

(Cricket Bat to G. SHOEMARK, 3, Middle Street, Montacute, Somerset.)

to-night—and then we'll go back to dear old Dad McGovern again."

"Lawdy, pal, won't it be a mighty fine surprise to spring on Dad to-night!" chuckled the darkie.

The two chums strolled away, Wally resuming his ferocious, ill-conditioned scowl. They did not see the burly figure in cap and sweater who crept out of his hiding place behind some crates, and rushed into Flash Silvermann's office.

The Game Kid's Come-Back.

LEICESTER SQUARE PALACE, the huge new sport drome in the West End, was crammed to capacity. The big arena was adapted to every conceivable sport except big game hunting.

Besides running, wrestling, cycling, and swimming contests, there were the motor races, in which some of the world's fastest cars were competing. Big feature attractions were on the bill of fare, including demonstrations by Haldini, the escape artist, whose big trick was to be lowered, gagged, chained and bound in a strait-jacket, into a huge glass tank of water in full view of the audience, and to escape in two minutes.

While the afternoon events were going on, Flash Silvermann and Jem Carr were fuming in their room behind the scenes. Nothing had been seen of either Young Scarface or Chuck Chocolate since the morning. Disaster and ruin stared Silvermann in the face.

The motor races had just started, when above the roar of the speeding cars, came a shout from Jem Carr, standing at the window.

"There's the little whelp, with Chuck Chocolate! How'd they get through, without our boys seeing 'em?"

"Fetch Young Scarface here at once!" snarled Silvermann, his podgy face a dirty grey with the rage that consumed him.

The young pugilist came up, growling in anger at having been dragged from the motor races. As soon as he entered the room, three of Silvermann's heaviest bruisers hurled themselves on him, and a blow on the head with a blackjack rocked him into unconsciousness.

Peroxide was brought in, and with its aid Wally's hair was brought back to its natural fairness, and his cleverly-faked scar removed.

"The Game Kid!" hissed Silvermann, between his writhen lips. "He won't live to tell what he knows—I'm going to kill him for this!"

Meanwhile, Chuck Chocolate stood among the crowd, watching the motor-racing enthralled. When the last race was run, and the big cars returned to the paddock at the side of the central arena, Chuck looked round for his pal. Wally had not returned, and with some misgivings the darkie went in search of his pal.

The rooms allocated to Flash Silvermann and Jem Carr were empty. From the cupboard in one of the offices, came the sound of a low moan. Chuck whacked at the lock with a chair, and broke it open. Chuck's eyes goggled wide, as the huddled, drugged form of Haldini, the escape artist tumbled out.

Inside the cupboard were Wally's clothes.

Looking through a window that commanded a view of the sport arena, Chuck saw the huge glass tank, filled with water, standing in the centre, and ranged alongside, the lifting and lowering apparatus used by Haldini.

A slim, fair-haired form, gagged, and bound in chains, his body strapped in a massive straight jacket, was being lowered into the tank! To the little nigger, came swift and awful realisation of the fiendish doom prepared for the Game Kid by Silvermann,

who had somehow got to know the truth! Wally was in that strait-jacket!

Chuck, with a loud cry, clambered through the window and took a vaulting leap downward. Two of Silvermann's sluggers rushed at him, but Chuck dodged, and tore madly across the arena.

There was no time for him to get the Game Kid lifted out of the tank, now, for Silvermann's gangsters were crowding round the base of the lifting apparatus.

Chuck's brain moved swiftly. He leaped into the bucket seat of a huge Mercedes racing car, standing close to the paddock entrance. Men shouted at him, but Chuck paid no heed to them.

He snapped on gas and ignition, slipped the car into gear, pressed hard on the clutch, to release the transmission, and then took off the brake. The car immediately began to run down the slope of the track. When it had gathered sufficient momentum, Chuck let in the clutch with a jerk, at the same time pressing on the accelerator. With a full-throated roar, the huge Mercedes leaped on to the track, its engine and gears screaming.

Watched by thousands of horrified eyes, the little negro whirled the wheel and crashed through the rails, driving full tilt at the glass tank! There was a terrible crash as the tank burst and its masses of water came pouring down.

The car zig-zagged through the debris, shot like a rocket across to the other side of the arena, skidded dizzily through the fence, and went over on its side.

Chuck Chocolate switched off, and leaped out. Silvermann's gangsters had made off and the Game Kid was lowered, and carried away into a dressing-room. He was fully conscious now, and he spoke urgently to Chuck.

"Get me away from here! I've got proof against Silvermann, but I want to save it—till after the fight."

The Game Kid and Chuck got away. They chartered a taxi, which drove them to Bermondsey, and Dad McGovern's stadium. They wanted his help, now. A look of perplexity crossed the Game Kid's face. The old fighteria was closed, the bills torn down, the place empty. They got in through a door at the back. The corridors were deserted, and the hall echoed hollowly to their footsteps. The Game Kid felt his pulses leap, however, as he came into the gymnasium—scene of his early training. Dim and dusty, the heavy punch bag hung unused from the ceiling. In a dark corner lay a pair of old boxing gloves. The ropes of the ring sagged low, the posts leaning at listless angles.

Eagerly, Wally picked up the gloves and slipped them on. His feet began to pad about the old ring at a steadily increasing pace, and he started to pound the bag, which swung to the force of his blows.

Chuck Chocolate had crept away, and coming to Dad's old office, he peered inside. A crushed and broken figure was seated at the desk, his head between his hands. It was McGovern. Chuck crept up softly behind him, and the old trainer looked up with a start.

"Chuck—you!" he cried out hoarsely.

"Yes, boss, it's me!" said the negro. "What am de matter, Dad? Why am de ole place shut up?"

"I'm ruined, Chuck," said McGovern, still staring half-dazedly at the darkie. "I've fought, Chuck goodness knows, I've done my best, but things haven't gone well with me since you and the Game Kid left. Where is he? What's happened to Wally?"

"Come wid me, boss," said Chuck.

They crept to the gymnasium, and Dad McGovern peeped through the door.

"The Game Kid!" he whispered. "It's Wally—my boy's come back!"

(Continued on page 18)

THE CHEM-MYSTIC KID AGAIN, CHUMS! Professor Hypo's Latest Invention Causes More Laughs
— and Some Creepy Thrills!



Yelling for mercy poor Tommy was dragged to the block. "Okay, executioner!" said the Mummy. The Chem-mystic Kid wished heartily he had not dropped the bottle containing the Professor's "back-to-life" mixture in that museum!

To Make the Dead Live.

TOMMY PINK sat on one of the hard, uncomfortable seats provided for the public in the local museum, and contemplated the shrivelled features of a partially unwrapped mummy, while he thoughtfully munched his midday sandwiches. On Thursdays, as is common with the world's-workers generally, Tommy suffered from acute financial depression, and was usually obliged to provide himself with a portable luncheon.

Not that Tommy Pink minded this. It gave him an opportunity to wander about and take his meal in varying surroundings. To-day he had chanced on this little free museum, tucked away in a side-street, and packed with an odd miscellany of ancient and curious exhibits.

The place was just a hotch-potch of curiosities. For instance, over there was a huge intricate skeleton of an extinct creature called a Triceratop and near it a stuffed lion and a rather moth-eaten looking bear. On either side of the door stood chipped statues, one of a hefty bozo called Herules, and the other of an old fellow with whiskers, in a nightshirt, called Socrates. He was some sort of a Greek interior decorator, Tommy concluded, from the roll of wallpaper he clutched in his marble fist. There was a dummy figure of an old time executioner and a knight in rusty armour, a hideous Chinese dancing mask, a weirdly carved wooden idol from some place in Mexico, a stuffed sword-fish and the usual

collection of vases, rusty pistols, knives, and things disposed in glass cases around the main exhibits.

Tommy had the whole place to himself, and as he sat there despatching his final sandwich he gazed in fascination at the mummy, that blandly grinned back from its sarcophagus.

"Coo!" muttered Tommy to himself. "Must be queer to be wrapped up and packed away like that for thousands of years. Wonder how it feels."

"Not so dusty!" said a voice echoing eerily round the large room.

Tommy Pink leapt off his seat with a yell of alarm and stared pop-eyed with terror at the mummy. Surely it had spoken to him!

"All right," said the voice again. "Don't get windy. S'only me!"

Tommy realised, with a gasp of relief, that the voice was coming from behind him and not from the mummy. The hollow echo of the room had deceived him. He turned to see the museum attendant standing at the door.

"Sorry if I startled you," chuckled the man. "So few people come in here nowadays that it's quite a treat to see somebody, and pass the time o' day. I said that old fellow"—he indicated the mummy—"ain't so dusty considering he's been lying in a tomb for three thousand years."

"N-no," gulped Tommy going somewhat red in the face—for the voice had given him a nasty "turn." "S'cuse me, but it sounded just as though the mummy spoke, y'see."

"Reckon his speakin' days 'as bin over long ago," chuckled the attendant. "There ain't nuth'n'll make him speak no more—not unless some o' these here scientists discover a way of reviving the dead, an' that ain't likely."

"It ain't," agreed Tommy. "I'm assistant to Dr. Hypo, the famous scientist myself, y'see, an' though I've seen him do some marvellous things in my time, I reckon that is a bit beyond him."

"Just imagine though," continued the attendant chattily, "saying one of those secret words what the soothsayers used to use—something like *Allerbergaliberzook!*—an' the whole lot come alive!"

"Be a bit awkward," replied Tommy, gazing at the mass of bones which was the relic of the prehistoric creature. "They might get a bit out of hand."

"Ah—but you'd have another mystic command, see! You'd say *Hot-ch-cha panjandrums!* or something', and back they'd all go to their original deadness."

"H'm," grinned Tommy. "Well, I shouldn't like to have the pleasure of being around when it happened. I'd sooner stick to real science, y'see. And that reminds me, it's late. Better be getting back. So long, I'll be in here again some time."

The attendant waved him a smiling adieu and Tommy Pink left the museum to hurry back to Dr. Hypo's laboratory. But he could not dispel the museum attendant's strange fancy from his mind, and the ridiculous phrase *Hot-ch-cha panjandrums* from his memory.

He found Dr. Hypo studying a hefty scientific volume, but the learned old boy put it aside when Tommy came in.

"Ah—Mister Green," said the Doctor, for he always called Tommy "Mr. Green," "I've been waiting for you to come back. I want to try a little psychological experiment on you if you don't mind."

"Okay, guv," grinned Tommy, and sat down expectantly before the doctor. Dr. Hypo took up a large flask, full of some luminous liquid, and held it before Tommy's eyes.

"Just stare fixedly at that for a moment," said the Doctor, at the same time stroking the top of his assistant's head soothingly. Tommy obeyed and couldn't help wondering what the Doctor was driving at.

"Now, Mister Green," Doctor Hypo said, after what seemed a lengthy pause, during which Tommy was aware of nothing but the flask. "I have an interesting discovery to impart to you. In this bottle is a concentrated solution of bicarbonate of allerbergaliberzook."

"What!" exclaimed Tommy, recognising that strange word. "Why, that's what—"

"This liquid," continued the Doctor, "has the remarkable property of making dead things—and things that have never lived, such as statues, come to life. It is an extremely potent chemical and vaporises immediately on being exposed to the air and through the air it acts on the inert objects and makes them live."

"But—"

"On that account," continued the Doctor, ignoring Tommy's attempt to speak. "I have decided not to experiment with it at all. I am going to deposit this preparation with the local museum, and I wish you to take it there immediately. You must be very, very careful not to drop the bottle or allow the air to reach the contents, otherwise I cannot say what might happen. The museum is the little known place in the street adjoining—"

"B-but," Tommy managed to splutter. "I've—I've just come from there, y'see. I—"

"Excellent, then you know the place. Please hurry Mr. Green; I cannot feel comfortable until that chemical is in safe keeping."

And Dr. Hypo forthwith bundled Tommy Pink out of the laboratory, thrusting the bottle of luminous liquid into his hand.

"Well, if that don't beat everything!" muttered Tommy. "Fancy the Doc having invented the very thing me an' the museum attendant was talking about—and it's called allerbergaliberzook, too! And he wants me to take the stuff to the very place where we talked about it! Don't seem natural."

Musing thus on the strangeness of coincidence Tommy Pink set forth to deliver the solution to the museum.

High Jinks.

WHEN Tommy Pink arrived back at the museum, carrying the bottle of bicarbonate of Allerbergaliberzook very gingerly, he found the place entirely deserted. Even the attendant was not standing at his usual position near the door.

"Must have gone right inside," concluded Tommy, entering the museum. "Hope I can find him and get rid of this stuff."

He hastened across the small, marble-paved hallway between the entrance door and the big room containing the exhibits. Unfortunately he was in too much of a hurry. He skidded perilously on the slippery marble floor, and, to help his balance, slid right across the hall into the exhibition room.

Alas! The marble flooring ceased at the door of that room, and Tommy's feet were brought to an abrupt stop, but the upper part of him continued merrily on its way, with disastrous results. Tommy Pink dived forward, between Hercules and the Greek wallpaper merchant, into the room, and landed with some emphasis on his tummy.

"Ouch!" said Tommy, at the moment of impact, and the precious flask of bicarbonate of Allerbergaliberzook, sailed out of his hand.

It executed a graceful parabola, and landed in the centre of the room, smashing to smithereens with a dull "plop"! Instantly the room was filled with a thick, white vapour.

"Gosh! Now I've caused it!" gasped Tommy, springing to his feet. "I'm off! Where's the blessed door!"

He had somehow lost his bearings in that thick smoke screen. As the clouds cleared away he found he had wandered to the other side of the room, near to the skeleton of the Triceratops and shied away hurriedly.

When the smoke cleared away entirely, he realised that nothing had happened. The bony Triceratops remained motionless, the mummy was as dead as he had ever been.

"Why!" chuckled Tommy. "The Doc's been pulling my leg all the time. He called the stuff allerbergaliberzook deliberately to—"

"Say! You blunderin' yahoo!" said a gruff voice. "What's the big idea uterin' them fatal words and wakin' me up, ding me sides?"

Tommy's heart would have left him entirely if he hadn't had his mouth shut! He stood petrified with horror, realising that his speaking the fatal word Allerbergaliberzook had awakened the exhibits, just as the museum attendant had said!

At last he plucked up courage to turn round, and then his hair fairly stood on end. There was the mummy sitting up in his sarcophagus and glaring at him in a most disapproving manner!

"I-I-I'm s-s-s-sorry, s-s-sir! It—it was 'accident, y'see, s-sir. I—"

"Accident, huh! Way back in the tenth dynasty

we didn't allow no such accidents from boys. I've a right mind to tan your hide—Hey! Hold him, Herk!"

Power of motion had returned suddenly to Tommy's limbs, and he had made use of it at once by dashing for the door and freedom. At the door, however, a large marble hand reached down and clutched Tommy by the back of the neck. Tommy backed away and barged against Socrates whereupon the venerable piece of statuary said: "Here! Who're you shovin', young feller! Gittartavitt!" and prodded Tommy in the ribs with his roll of wallpaper.

"P-please, sir," yelled Tommy, struggling helplessly in the grasp of Hercules. "I didn't mean no harm, I didn't!"

"Bejavers, an' 'tis meself that's not belavin' ye!" grunted Hercules with a strong Celtic accent. "Shame on yez for waking poor Mister Thothmes the thirrd."

tommy, whacking him one with his big roll of marble wallpaper. Obediently the bag o' bones released Tommy, and slunk away whimpering. Socrates yanked Pink to his feet.

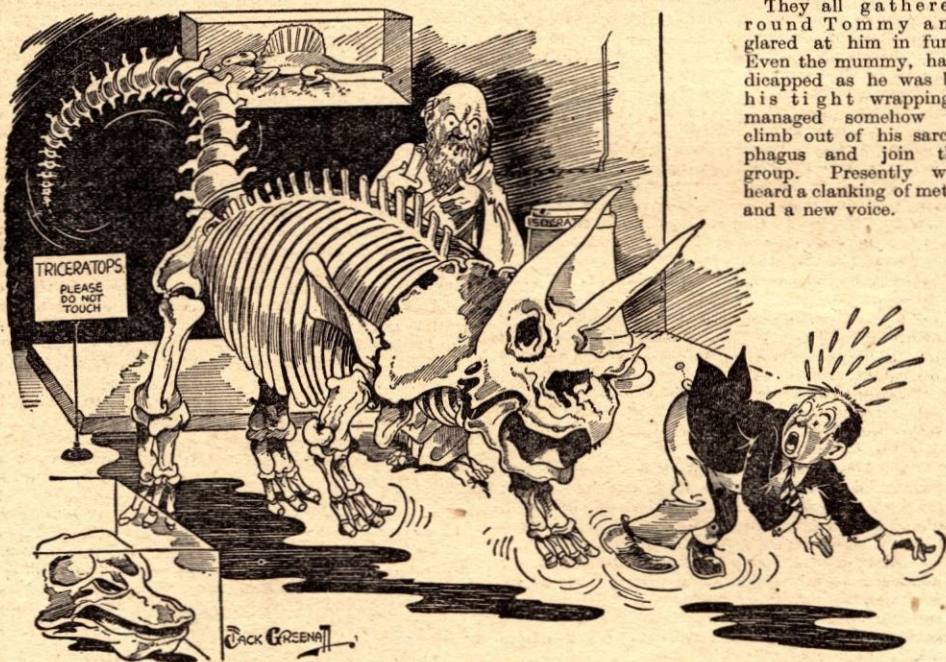
"Now," he said, turning to the mummy, still sitting upright in his sarcophagus. "What shall we do with him, Totty, old boy?"

"Give him China boy eaty up, yes-sir!" hissed the Chinese mask, grinning hideously and rolling its terrible wooden eyes. "Me likee topside white boy velly much! Me hungly!"

"Xeiztapalepetl zizzleopple Yxtacamaxtitlan!" roared the Mexican idol, suddenly coming terrifyingly to life. "Tetzmellocan poppatetpil!"

His meaning was not immediately clear, but Tommy gathered that the idol gent would be pleased to deal with Tommy in the manner of the ancient Mexicans.

They all gathered round Tommy and glared at him in fury. Even the mummy, handicapped as he was by his tight wrappings, managed somehow to climb out of his sarcophagus and join the group. Presently was heard a clanking of metal and a new voice.



MAKING HIS BOW-(WOW).—Tommy yelped with terror as the Triceratops stepped down from its stand and lumbered towards him, wagging its tail like a dog.

Whereat Mr. O'Hercules shook poor Tommy Pink until his teeth rattled.

"An' that'll be a lesson to yez I'm think'n'!" concluded O'Hercules, heaving Tommy half across the room to the foot of the bony Triceratops. "Ler's see phwat the dog thinks on yez!"

Tommy scrambled to his feet, but horror again struck him motionless. For the Triceratops, with a great clattering of bones, stepped down awkwardly from its stand, and lumbered over to him, its huge bony tail wagging like a dog's. It seized the terrified Tommy Pink by the seat of the pants, and worried him as a hound might worry a rat.

"Help!" screamed Tommy. "Mercy! I didn't mean nuth'n'!"

Socrates jumped off his pedestal and hurried over.

"Down. Fido!" he said sternly to the Tricera-


"B'y'ar leave, there. Odds bodikins an' it rages me to awaken on such a dirty night! Where is this knave, forsooth? Rust my sides, but I'll run the dog through!"

The rusty knight pushed his way to the fore and glared at Tommy; soon after, the executioner joined them but he said nothing—simply glared through his mask horribly.

"P-p-please I'm s-s-s-sorry!" stammered Tommy Pink trembling with terror. "It was—"

"Tell you what we'll do with him, boys!" interrupted Thothmes III. "We'll make him into a mummy and put him in a glass case and let him see what it feels like to have people snooping round an staring at you all day. That's what we'll do—that'll larn him sure!"

"Don't see how we can make him into a mummy,"




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objected Socrates, "unless he's bin dead a thousand years or more—an' that's too long to wait for a busy man like me!"

"Well, just put him under a glass case then—he'll soon make an exhibition of himself!"

So together they seized Tommy Pink and placed him in a large empty glass case. Somebody miraculously produced a notice from somewhere which said:

"*Pinkus vulgaris*. Specimen of the common or lesser, Pink. Note: This species (we hope) will soon be extinct."

The notice was affixed to Tommy's glass case, and then the museum exhibits gathered round, staring at him with that strange goggle-eyed look normal human beings put on when walking round museums.

Tommy struggled wildly and yelled at the top of his voice in the hope that he could attract the attention of the museum keeper.

"This ain't no good," said Thothes. "He's wrigglin' about too much!"

"W-e-e-e-l," said Socrates, stroking his marble beard thoughtfully. "Best way outer that is to kill him, ain't it. Where's the executioner? He'll see to it!"

The executioner pushed his way to the fore of the crowd and spat on his hands in anticipation of work to come. Then he swung his great axe as if testing its weight. An execution block was produced from one of the cases and laid on the floor.

Yelling for mercy, Tommy Pink was hauled out of the glass case and his head forced on to the block. The executioner stood over him and raised his axe.

"This is what comes o' disturbin' peaceful folk," said Thothes. "When you find yourself dead it'll be a warnin' to you not to do it again, see! Okay, executioner."

And then almost as he heard the executioner's axe descending Tommy remembered the other magic words.

"Hot-ch-cha panjandrums," he shrieked. "Hot-ch-cha panjandrums! Hot-ch—"

Tommy looked up apprehensively. The museum exhibits seemed to have frozen stiff as they stood. The executioner's axe had been arrested a bare inch from his neck.

"Gosh!" gasped Tommy. "Saved! I thought I was in for it proper!"

He rose to his feet, and then commenced to move the exhibits, one by one, back to their proper places. Socrates and Hercules took some shifting back on to their pedestals but luckily they were hollow, not solid marble, and he was able to manage it at last. His task completed, Tommy Pink heaved another sigh of relief and then hurriedly left the museum—thankfully.

He arrived back at the laboratory in a high state of excitement, but Doctor Hypo didn't seem in the least concerned about the smashed bottle of Bicarbonate of Allerbergaliberzook.

"I have another one!" he said airily.

"But, Doc, some of the weirdest—"

"Presently, Mr. Green. Presently. Just gaze at this fresh bottle as you did before."

Puzzled at Dr. Hypo's offhand manner, Tommy Pink sat down again in the same chair as before. Again Dr. Hypo produced a luminous bottle and held it before Tommy's eyes and commenced to stroke his head. This seemed to go on for some time; then Dr. Hypo took the bright bottle away and smiled at him.

"And now, Mr. Green," he chuckled. "I would like you to tell me what appears to have happened to you!"

Tommy Pink did—as fast as he could gabble out the words and punctuate them with hasty "y'sees." Dr. Hypo smiled sympathetically.

"And this morning," asked Dr. Hypo, when he had gasped out the last of that astonishing series of happenings, "you visited the little museum in the back street, h'm? Something must have happened to impress a vivid recollection of the place on your memory. Did you receive a shock, this morning?"

"Why yes!" answered Tommy, a little perplexed. "The keeper of the place suddenly spoke to me while I was looking at the mummy. It seemed just as though the mummy had spoken, and gave me a bit of a start, y'see."

Dr. Hypo nodded with satisfaction.

"That explains why the museum was the central fact of your hallucination. You see, Mr. Green, since you came back from lunch you have not left that chair you are now sitting in. You have been gazing at this bottle of allerbergaliberzook, or whatever you call it, since then. It is, in fact, merely a bottle of luminous paint, and you have been in a hypnotic reverie since the time I told you to concentrate your attention on it."

"But it seemed so real, guv'nor. I can't believe . . ."

"No doubt, Mr. Green, no doubt. That is what I wished to ascertain. This method of hypnotism dispels all ideas from the mind *except the dominant one*, then automatically this idea is enlarged on by the subconscious mind, so that it all seems to happen so vividly that it is mistaken for reality. You will see how your 'subconscious mind' constructed the whole thing, when I tell you that the statue of Hercules, without your knowing it, must have reminded subconsciously you of something Irish."

"Why, yes! Now I come to think of it his face was like old Paddy Flannagan's who lives in our road! I suppose that's why he talked Irish?"

"Yes," agreed Dr. Hypo, "and why Socrates used such words as 'plastered,' 'decarate,' in his remarks. They were associated, subconsciously, with the scroll in the statue's hand, which you thought was wallpaper. Socrates was not a paperhanger, by the way, he was a philosopher. The reason the Triceratop behaved like a dog is simple to explain. One subconsciously associates dogs with bones, as they are so fond of gnawing and burying them. The Chinese mask would naturally speak in what you imagine to be Chinese; the reference to 'dirty knight' and 'rust' by the armoured figure is obvious!"

"Well I'm blowed!" laughed Tommy. "So it was all my imagination!"

But, for all that, it was a long time before Tommy Pink again went to eat his lunch in the little museum in the back street.

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on the bill is a smashing new flying serial by a famous war ace—Squadron-leader Hamilton Smith.

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THE EDITOR.

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CHAMPION—or K-O*(Continued from page 12.)*

He took a step forward in the doorway, but Chuck drew him back.

"Not yet, Dad!" he murmured. "Let Wally carry on. You'n I, we'n got to raise money somehow to back him against Sharko."

"I can see Silvermann's agent, and sell out as Silvermann asked—with the option to buy back on Monday," said McGovern. "It's the only chance, Chuck."

At Grips With Sharko.

SOMEWHERE out in the big arena of Leicester Square Palace, the gong clanged for the last round of the semi-final bout. The place was packed, and there was a feeling of tension in the air.

The sound of the crowd reached the dressing-room of Wally Randall, the Game Kid, alias Young Scarface. The door opened, and the threshold was blocked by the pudgy form of Flash Silvermann, with Jem Carr behind him.

"The Game Kid!" he snarled.

"Yes—the Game Kid!" snapped McGovern. "He's your baby for to-night, Silvermann, and you've got to put him into the ring against Sharko." Silvermann let loose a lurid tirade, and stormed away.

Ten minutes later the Game Kid entered the great arena. The news of his dual identity was out, now.

Sharko was in his corner, swarthy, low-browed and scowling. His close-set eyes darted wickedness at the Game Kid, as he climbed through the ropes amidst a tumult of cheers.

Now the announcer grabbed his megaphone, and shouted to the roaring crowd. The fighters took their respective corners and stripped off their dressing-gowns.

Then the gong sounded, and ere its jangling notes had died away, Sharko charged across the ring. He shot a terrific right to Wally's jaw, which landed solidly, and the Game Kid's back rubbed hemp. Another murderous jab, but this time he side-stepped swiftly and *Wham!* He cracked over a stinging left hook that rocked the big battler into the centre of the ring.

The Game Kid was after him, slamming, feinting,

skipping, thrusting, and he was still pasting away at him when the bell rang the round over.

The next round saw Sharko running berserk, expressing his hatred in the terrific might of his fists. The Game Kid gave a brilliant display as he evaded Sharko's mad rushes, allowing his rival to waste his energy.

Round three saw the fighters going hot and strong, the Game Kid always the saner and the faster, meeting Sharko's impetuous rushes with a series of smashing lefts.

Sharko came out of his corner for the fourth round in a low crouch and the Game Kid, mindful of Dad McGovern's warning, let several fine openings pass.

Sharko took this as a sign of weakness, and piled into him, slinging leather recklessly. He fired a man-killing right, misjudged the Game Kid's dodging distance, and staggered off his balance to the ropes. Then the Game Kid was on him, and in vain did Sharko try to stop that rain of hurricane punches.

And then came Wally's chance, made to order! Thrown into the ropes by a rib-smashing right, Sharko bounced out like an arrow from a strongbow. The Game Kid braced. *Wham!* His deadly left shot up and erupted on Sharko's chin with a force that lifted him off his feet.

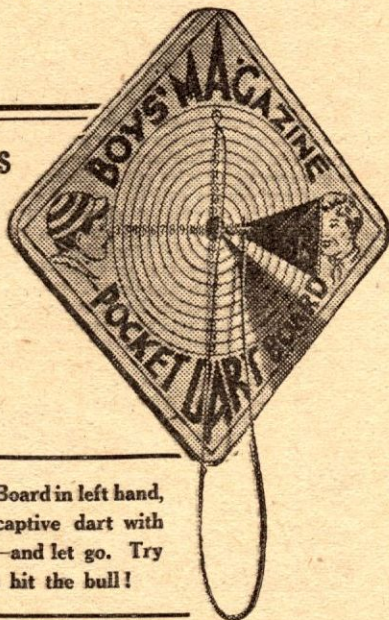
Sharko went down like a felled tree. Sprawled on his back, gloves spreadeagled on the canvas, the big slugger made no movement beyond a weak thrashing of his legs, as the referee's "Ten and out!" was lost, in the roof-raising clamour of the rejoicing multitude.

"By grab! You busted him a-plenty, son!" croaked Dad McGovern, almost dancing in his excitement. "It's good-bye to Silvermann and Carr. And the Stadium reopens on Monday—the training quarters of the future light-heavy-weight champion of the world!"

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THE MAN WHO COULD MAKE GOLD! Why did a Crook who had Stolen a Fortune in Gold, Manufacture More of the Precious Metal? Ingeniously Told Below.

The Scientist's Secret.

WATCH!" cried Dr. Adolph Martius, his eyes glowing with fanatical triumph.

Into a large crucible filled with odds and ends of lead piping, copper rivets and old brass, he sprinkled a vivid green powder. A vapour arose, swirling greenishly—to be instantly changed into a dazzling redness as Dr. Martius poured the contents of two glass retorts into the crucible.

The four noted scientists, who had come down into this quiet corner of the countryside to watch the experiment, stood round—impressed, but by no means convinced. True, Dr. Adolph Martius seemed to be an earnest man. His laboratory was like a crypt, with stone walls, rising to an apex in the roof. There were electric lights glowing mysteriously—and in one part of that laboratory there was a strange looking electric furnace, festooned with great globular valves, dials, and strangely marked indicators.

Dr. Martius himself was as extraordinary as his laboratory; he was dressed like an alchemist of old, in a black flowing robe, decorated with coloured signs and symbols, and, set well back on his large, dome-like head was a conical hat. His sharp, wizened features were afire with the enthusiasm of a fanatic.

"Gold, gentlemen—gold!" he gloated. "All I ask you to do is—watch!"

He claimed to have discovered the marvellous secret of the Philosopher's Stone—that secret which would enable men to transmute base metal into virgin gold.

"This powder," said one of the scientists—"and these liquids? Of what are they composed, Dr. Martius?"

"Ah! You would have me surrender my great

secret?" said the modern alchemist, with a gloating laugh. "Oh no, Professor Stevens! That is not a fair question. Later, perhaps . . . Now, watch!"

The great door of the electric furnace was standing open, and Dr. Martius propelled the heavy crucible towards it on a trolley. It slid into the furnace, and all could see the vapour arising. With a clang, Dr. Martius closed the door—and in that door there was a square of solid quartz, almost transparent. It was, indeed, a fireproof window.

Click-click-click! The alchemist pressed switches, and the encircling valves glowed into slow life, becoming brighter and brighter. Within the furnace dazzling flashes of fire leapt into being—fire of every colour of the rainbow.

"Now, we will wait," he said, in calmer tones. "It will not be long, gentlemen. Might I suggest a little refreshment?"

"You are confident of success, Dr. Martius?" said one of the scientists, eyeing him steadily.

"I am confident because this is my fifth operation," replied Dr. Martius. "It cannot fail."

"If you sell your secret—" began Professor Stevens.

"Sell it!" flashed Dr. Martius, spinning round. "No! Never! I'm a scientist, gentlemen—not a business man!" He suddenly laughed. "What gold is there in the world that could buy such a secret? Moreover, I am only desirous that the scientific world should recognise my method as genuine. That is the only reason for this demonstration."

Soon, it was time. . . . With eyes aflame, Dr. Martius turned the switches, opened the furnace door, and withdrew the crucible—in which glowed a shimmering pool of molten metal.

"Stand back, gentlemen!" commanded the Magician of Gold.

With great tongs he drew the crucible forth, allowed it to slide on to its trolley. He pushed the trolley across the laboratory, and by a mechanical

device tipped it—so that the molten metal ran into prepared moulds.

When it cooled, the scientists were dumbfounded. For what they beheld was gold—pure and unadulterated.

IN his roof-top home, at the summit of the mighty Krell House, in the Strand, Professor William Trafford, otherwise known as the Science Sentinel, was entertaining a distinguished visitor—one of the highest officials in the Government.

"If you can go at once, Professor Trafford, it will



A GRIZZLY GUARD.—At its master's command, the great bear gripped the two boys in its massive arms and shambled towards the pyramid.

be so much the better," the Great Man was saying. "Dr. Martius is giving a demonstration this evening—perhaps at this very hour. Frankly, we are alarmed—for Dr. Martius seems to have been successful, incredible though it may appear."

"I, for one, do not believe that Dr. Martius has turned base metal into gold," said Professor Bill, shaking his head. "He is comparatively unknown and for some time I've had a professional eye on him—and I suspect him of being a very clever criminal."

"Good heavens!" said the Great Man. "But what can his object be? He steadfastly refuses to sell his secret—which is to be readily understood if he can make gold."

"Dr. Martius appears to be very cunning—and very patient," replied Professor Bill.

"I wish I could agree with you, sir—but I fear that this man has discovered the secret which has eluded scientists for centuries," said the other. "Every

bank in England is filled with alarm. If this method of gold is actually possible, the finance of the whole country is in danger of being disorganised. I urge you, Professor Trafford, to do everything in your power—either to expose this man, or to verify that his method is genuine. The Government must know—one way or the other."

"It shall," promised Professor Bill, leaping to his feet. "My car is waiting, and I shall start at once."

Mysterious Pyramid.

"COME on, Tom!" said Freddy McNutt cheerily. Two youthful figures, in flannels, set out from the picturesque little White Hart Inn, in the village of Bishop's Green, where Freddy had been persuaded by his old school chum, Tom Whitfield, to spend a few days' holiday. It was a quaint, rustic spot, quiet and peaceful, in the heart of rural Essex.

They walked along the sleepy village street, their objective being the dilapidated, unkempt Whitfield Manor, which stood amid woodlands, a mile outside the village.

Surprisingly enough, Tom Whitfield, although a cub reporter on a London newspaper, was actually Sir Thomas Whitfield, Bart. He had been at school, when his father had died unexpectedly. Then the orphan had learned that his father, instead of being a rich man, as everybody had supposed, died destitute.

It had been a great shock for the bereaved schoolboy. His old home had been sold, and Tom, thrown upon his own resources, had found work as a junior reporter.

All this had happened two years ago; and now, for his summer holiday, he was drawn irresistibly to his old village, to revive his schoolboy memories of home.

He was professionally interested, too, for he scented a "story" for his newspaper here. He knew—none better—that his old home had been bought by Dr. Adolph Martius, the wonder scientist who had claimed that he could make gold. The villagers round about regarded the scientist as a man of magic, a sorcerer, and gave the gardens of Whitfield Manor a wide berth.

"Professor Bill would be interested in this," remarked Freddy, as he and his friend walked across the fields, along a moonlit footpath. "I think I shall have to drop a line about it to-night."

"Perhaps you'll be able to tell him something really interesting," said Tom, his eyes glowing. "I'm suspicious of this Dr. Martius! And to-night, Freddy, we're going to explore."

They dived through a low gap in a hedge and now, at last, they were actually within the grounds of Whitfield Manor. There was an orchard here, where walnut trees grew thickly—and, beyond, mulberry and cherry and apple. They made their way through long, tangled grass and weeds, turning, at length, round a dense clump of hazel-wood trees.

"Look!" muttered Freddy, in a breathless voice.

Midway between them and the old house stood an extraordinary building—a replica, in miniature, of an Egyptian pyramid! From its summit, lurid flames, of every colour of the rainbow, weaved towards the night sky.

"That's his laboratory!" whispered Tom. "He works there at all hours of the day and night. By Jove! I wonder if he can really make gold?"

"Come on," said Freddy. "Let's get nearer."

There was very little to be seen—even at close quarters. There was no window in this pyramid—and no visible doorway. For one of the great stone blocks, which composed the pyramid itself, served as a door. Soon, the flames died down, and still the boys waited.

It was a long wait—well over an hour—before anything further happened. Then a streak of light suddenly appeared at the base of the pyramid. The door had opened, voices sounded; Professor Adolph Martius and his guests were emerging. For the first

but I know him, Freddy! He's Roger Stanton."

"Well, supposing he is?" asked Freddy. "I expect he gave himself that fancy name—"

"No, no, you don't understand," broke in the youthful baronet. "Roger Stanton was my father's secretary! What is he doing here—masquerading as a scientist? Why should he buy my old home and set himself up as a maker of gold?"

"Great Scott! It looks suspicious!" said Freddy McNutt, his detective instincts aroused. "Tom, my son, I'm going straight back to the village to 'phone my Chief!"

"Come along then," agreed Tom. "We can cut across this way, and climb over the wall."

They waited until the cars had left, and until Dr. Adolph Martius had gone back into his strange pyramid laboratory. Then they cut across the grounds, and, side by side, they jumped at the high, moss-covered wall, which protected the property on this side.

Something moved behind them—something huge and shaggy. Freddy took a half-glance round, and his jaw dropped in amazement.

"Look out, Tom!" he yelled.

But the warning came too late. The thing behind them was a ferocious grizzly bear. The brute reared

on its hind legs, one huge paw seized Tom, the other gripped Freddy, and they were hugged to its hairy chest, struggling vainly.

"So, Tagus!" said a soft voice. "Hold them—bring them along."

The boys were amazed to find that they were not hurt, though to escape was impossible. The bear shambled obediently towards its master—a thin, loose-jointed man who was near at hand. So Dr. Martius employed an assistant, after all!

Straight to the pyramid they were carried—the bear releasing them, only when the rock door was opened. Then they were thrust in, and their captor

hustled them along a stuffy passage.

"You have them, Pablo?" came the voice of Dr. Martius. "Good! Bring them here!"

"Si, master," said Pablo, with a cunning leer.

The boys found themselves within the strange laboratory, standing before Dr. Martius, who had removed his impressive headgear. His face, learned and clever at first sight, now revealed its sinister characteristics.

"Stanton!" exclaimed Tom, breathlessly. "What does this mean?"

"You young cub!" gritted Roger Stanton. "So you have come—you have spied me out? But you will not carry your knowledge away from here and ruin me. It is to be regretted that you brought a friend with you—for he must share your fate. Dust! That is what you'll soon be, both of you! Light, powderiness dust!"

He laughed with demoniac glee. Then, with a word to Pablo, he flung himself upon Tom Whitfield. The boys fought gamely, but they were no match for these two powerful men. In a few minutes, they were bound hand and foot—and then they were thrust into that dreadful electric furnace.

"I shall not turn you into gold, my young friends—"



THE FURY FROM THE FURNACE.—Dr. Martius opened the furnace door. At the same time Professor Bill leaped clean through from the secret door and butted the scientist in the stomach.

time Freddy and Tom saw that two or three big cars were standing on the weed-covered drive, near at hand.

Brilliant headlamps were switched on—and it chanced that Dr. Martius was limned in the full glare of the lights. A low gasp escaped Tom Whitfield, and he clutched frantically at his companion.

"What is it?" asked Freddy. "That's Dr. Martius—"

"No, no!" hissed Tom. "He's different, I know . . . the rummy clothes, and the great forehead . . ."

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but into dust!" cackled the Science Sorcerer. "Just dust—and in that way you will leave no trace!"

Clang! The door swung to, the switches clicked, and the valves glowed vividly into life.

Bill Turns the Tables.

BILL did not like the look of it. He had motored to Bishop's Green, expecting to find his assistant at the White Hart Inn. But Freddy had gone out with his friend, Tom Whitfield, and they had not yet returned.

Professor Bill naturally turned his thoughts in the direction of Whitfield Manor—the home of Dr. Adolph Martius. It was any odds that the boys had gone there. Somewhat alarmed, he set off for the gloomy old Manor, but he did not arrive as a respectable visitor should. He climbed one of the walls, and dropped silently into the grounds.

He started to scout round the dark house, but suddenly halted with a sharp exclamation. In a patch of moonlight a strange footprint was visible. Bill bent down, his little electric torch flashing close to the ground. He drew his breath in with a sharp hiss.

"The footprint of a grizzly," he muttered. "This looks ugly!"

With his jaw grimly set, Professor Bill moved in the direction of the pyramid structure. If the boys were being held prisoners they would probably be there.

Something lumbered behind him; he heard the snuffling breath of a great animal, and he spun round, his hand leaping towards his side pocket.

The bear was on him—towering above him, advancing with dread purpose. Professor Bill stood his ground, making no attempt to move. He allowed the bear to clasp him in its great paws. . . .

As it gripped him, however, he thrust something forward upon the bear's chest—a little instrument, scarcely larger than a pencil. He depressed a push-button. . . . The bear stiffened as though shot, and Bill himself felt a queer numbness throb through his body. It was only momentary, however, for the bear's grip relaxed and Bill stepped back. Amazingly enough, the grizzly stood stock still, on its hind legs. It stood as though turned to stone.

It was, in fact, paralysed—rendered absolutely helpless by the electric current which had shot out from Bill's weapon. It was an invention of his own—a wonder of modern science. He knew that the animal would not be able to move an inch for at least an hour.

He moved on, his jaw jutting aggressively. Abruptly, he crouched low in the grass, for his keen eyes had detected the opening of a slab of stone at the base of the pyramid. A figure appeared, and like a Red Indian on the warpath, Professor Bill leapt. He landed fairly and squarely on the shoulders of the unsuspecting man. They both rolled over, and Bill's paralyzing instrument was again useful. Pablo, the assistant, lay as though dead.

"Hope I haven't made a mistake," muttered Professor Bill. "You're not Dr. Martius—but you look villainous enough, all the same."

He stepped cautiously through the doorway into a

stone passage. This was not the real entrance to the laboratory—but a kind of back door. On Bill's left, as he flashed his torch, he saw some stone steps leading steeply downwards. Just in front of him, however, there was a little cubby hole, or lobby, and at the base of it there was a great steel door—a strange thing to find in such a place as this.

Bill seized the handle, turned it, and swung the door lock back. A blast of intensely hot air surged into his face, and a gulp escaped him. For there, lying in front of him, were the bound figures of Freddy McNutt and Tom Whitfield!

"Chief!" came a gasp from Freddy.

Bill was a man of action. Without a word, he grabbed his assistant, and yanked him out. Tom followed. The intense heat from the furnace came out in great waves, increasing with every second. The steel door was, actually, the back of the electric furnace—a trick door. Professor Bill had arrived in the nick of time, for the heat was almost unbearable.

"He was going to kill us—burn us to ashes!" panted Tom, when their bonds had been removed. "Thank goodness you came, sir. He had only just turned the heat on!"

"But I can't understand why you're here, Chief," said Freddy, in dazed wonder. "I was going to wire you to-night—"

"Never mind that," said Bill, crisply. "The false door at the back of the furnace makes me suspect something—and I want to make sure. Come, my sons!"

They descended the stone steps, and proceeded along a dank tunnel. To Tom Whitfield's amazement, they arrived in the old family crypt of the Whitfields! Here, in a great stone tomb, they found hundreds of dull gold ingots. The story was easy enough to understand—and Professor Bill, with his quick reasoning, soon arrived at the truth.

Tom's father, always eccentric, had converted his fortune into gold—at a time, probably, when currencies were tumbling. He had hidden it, naturally enough, in the family crypt. It was learned later that the old man had suffered a stroke; knowing that he was dying, he had written to Tom, entrusting the letter to his "faithful" secretary, Stanton. It had contained full information regarding the gold, but Stanton had read that letter—and had kept it to himself.

To prevent awkward questions being asked by the authorities, Stanton had hit upon the ingenious scheme of "making" the gold. His secret assistant, Pablo, had used the trick door of the furnace to replace the crucible of base metals with gold, thereby fooling the scientists.

The trio hurried back along the tunnel, and up the narrow steps. As Professor Bill swung back the secret rear door of the furnace, so Dr. Martius opened the other door, in the laboratory. The furnace was now a kind of tunnel, the interior of which was an appallingly hot oven.

Professor Bill took a chance! He bunched himself together, and shot clean through. He butted Dr. Martius full in the middle, and they went rolling over and over on the stone floor.

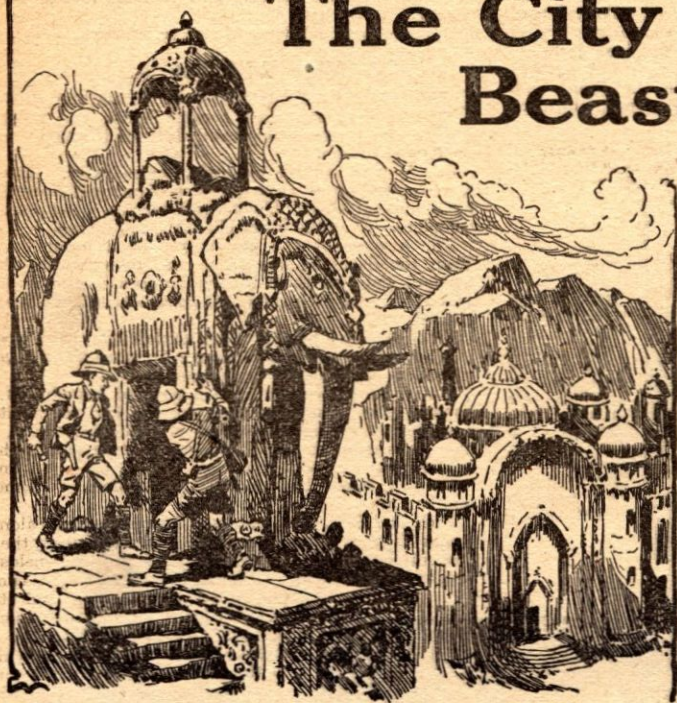
"Got you, my friend!" said Bill coolly, as he secured a firm jiu-jitsu grip. "The police are rather anxious to question you, Roger Stanton."

The Science Sorcerer knew the game was up. He fought like a tiger. But Freddy McNutt and Tom Whitfield came to the rescue, and they helped Professor Bill to render the infuriated crook helpless, and to take him to the police station.

It's a stunner! And how it flies! The bonzer B.M. Working Model Monoplane hits the high spots for efficiency, and is given FREE with every copy of the Mag. next week.

JACK TEMPEST'S LAST QUEST! A Story of Sheer Thrills!

The City of the Beasts!



The Secret City.

LIKE a wrinkle in the ancient face of Nature, the narrow, tortuous path was etched into the precipitous mountainside. Two solitary figures crept and edged their way along the path, while a third, some distance behind, copied their every movement, keeping sinister pace and melting abruptly into invisibility whenever they stopped or glanced back.

The two figures clung desperately to ledges and clefts or jumped crazily across sudden, unexpected gaps, flirting with death all the time, till at last they rounded the final bend and gazed in silent amazement upon a sight such as few before had ever seen.

Far below, the leagues of primitive, virgin jungle were broken abruptly by a ring of bleak, volcanic mountains. Within this frowning circle there squatted, like some ancient, sleeping monster, the secret city of Gongpur. Its domes and minarets and broad, flat roofs glistened in the sun, which poured golden torrents of light through its silent streets and great, empty squares.

For some minutes Jack Tempest and his Japanese pal, O.K., gazed down in silence upon the eerie spectacle.

"The emptiness of said city," O.K. murmured in his quaint English, "is of first magnitude. Yet this absurd Oriental imagines that shadows are moving through the streets!"

Jack raised his field-glasses.

"Jove, you're right," he exclaimed. "But whatever it is, it isn't human!"

Jack frowned thoughtfully as they began the

Half-Way Across the World, Through Peril and Danger went Dick and his Jap Chum, O.K., to solve John Ranger's FOUR DEATH RIDDLES. Below they Face their Last Great Task.

descent. Presently, they came upon a succession of jutting ledges that ran almost like a natural stairway down the side of the mountain. In a surprisingly short time they had reached bottom and were standing before the gate that marked the entrance to the Secret City.

Magnificent and imposing in its architecture, the great stone archway was surmounted by the massive, jewelled effigy of the sacred elephant, garbed in its trappings of purple and gold and with a huge, golden howdah upon its back. On either side of the archway a spiral stairway had been cut into the stone and led up to the wide platform upon which the superb carving rested.

O.K. moved forward, but halted abruptly as his companion laid an arresting hand on his arm.

"Look!" Jack whispered tensely. "That shadow, it—"

The Jap followed the direction of the other's pointing finger. Through the open gateway, a wide quadrangle shimmered in a veritable bath of sunlight, across which a great black patch, grotesque and unfamiliar, had suddenly sprawled, climbing the white walls of a building beyond and melting abruptly into nothingness.

They waited but it did not reappear. Creeping forward, their guns cocked, they passed through the open gateway. The quadrangle was utterly deserted!

Puzzled, they pressed on, crossing the square and entering the first of a maze of narrow, crooked streets, flanked by tall, white-walled houses and bazaars. They twisted and turned and at last came into another and vaster square, flanked by impressive and elaborate buildings. The imposing facade of a magnificent temple occupied the whole of one side, while, in startling contrast, the centre of the square consisted of a huge, jagged hole—a veritable pit that yawned like a giant's mouth.

They approached the edge and peered down. A

flight of crumbling stone steps ran almost perpendicularly from the top and was lost to sight in the seemingly fathomless blackness below.

"Observe the temple and the palace of justice," murmured O.K., gazing round the square. "The scene suggestively indicates that said hole was used as ancient and shuddering Pit of Execution!"

Jack nodded. The Jap's ingenious idea certainly seemed sound. Suddenly he turned and pointed to the ground near to the spot where the steps began. Imprinted in the thick sand was a strange, sprawling mark.

"I suspiciously deduce footmark of prowling tiger!" murmured the Jap. "Said tiger was evidently interested in contents of pit. and——"



FOES FORE AND AFT.—
"B a c k!" yelled Jack, as the tiger crouched to spring! He and O.K. turned to the opening—to see Dr. Zog's evil face peering through.

doors and peered in. A wall of jet darkness loomed before them, cloaking everything within from sight.

Mystified, Jack crossed the threshold, with O.K. at his heels. Next instant, with a stifled gasp, his gun was cocked, his finger tightening round the trigger.

"Back—back for your life!" yelled Jack.

Alive With Beasts.

HIS words were punctuated by a snarling roar. The very darkness became solid, and took shape, as something heavy hurtled through the air towards them.

Jack's gun barked viciously, once—twice. The roar changed abruptly to a scream of agony, followed by a muffled thud. Then came silence, utter and complete. Even the weird chanting had ceased.

For a moment the chums remained immobile. Then the darkness was gashed by twin swords of brilliant light as their electric torches flashed and played over the lifeless form of a magnificent, cat-like animal.

"Leopard, by heck!" Jack exclaimed.

"But where are the humans?" demanded O.K., mystified. "The said singfulness——"

His voice trailed off upon a gasp of incredulous horror. The light from their torches had revealed a seemingly endless succession of crouching forms, like giant cats, their yellow eyes glinting balefully as they prepared to spring.

"Quick, man! The doors!" yelled Jack. "The temple's alive with wild animals!"

Jack and O.K. shot out into the open square like stones from a catapult and spun round, dragging desperately at the doors and flinging their whole weight against them. Gasping with relief, they took

the broad marble steps in a series of leaps, skirted the edge of the Execution Pit and streaked for the nearest route to the main gateway.

As they pelted along, O.K.'s eyes goggled with renewed horror. The noise from the Temple had evidently startled the rest of the weird inhabitants of the city and now from every door and window there appeared a succession of tawny heads and sleek bodies.

"Step on it!" cried Jack desperately. "They're almost on us!"

A sudden, hot wind lashed the sand into their faces as they tore blindly for the exit, the roar of the animals dinning in their ears and mingling with the sharp crack of their automatics. At last they streaked through the

gateway and flung round, making for the nearest stone stairway that led to the platform above.

Hardly had they reached the comparative safety of the platform, than the straggling vanguard of the animals poured through the gateway and, unaware that their intended prey were perched precariously above their heads, halted with lashing tails and foaming jaws, finally turning and loping back the way they had come.

"Well, that was touch-and-go if you like!" Jack laughed ruefully. "But what I should like to know is, where did those voices come from? We're going to solve that blinking mystery whatever happens! But meantime, as we're actually on the spot, I suggest

"Jove, here's another!" cut in Jack. "Remember that queer shadow we saw through the gateway?" he muttered. "O.K., the animals are still here—suffering jellyfish, what's that?"

Through the eerie stillness came the low chanting of a myriad voices, raised in some weird incantation. O.K.'s beady eyes widened in almost comic amazement.

"The city's not deserted after all!" muttered Jack. "Those are priests, chanting their——"

The words trailed off as he streaked back across the square towards the great Temple. O.K. followed and they mounted the broad, marble steps. The uncanny singing seemed to grow louder, more distinct as they approached the huge half-open

that we carry out John Ranger's final instructions and replace the symbols."

It was not without a strange, exultant thrill that they now proceeded to fulfil the last orders of John Ranger. Jack Tempest clambered up the massive back of the sacred elephant, wormed his way along, and inserted the red eye into its socket. Instantly its light was caught by the sun and reflected in a myriad glittering points of fire. Meantime O.K. followed suit by replacing the jewelled tusk, while Jack deftly ringed the elephant's foot with the anklet.

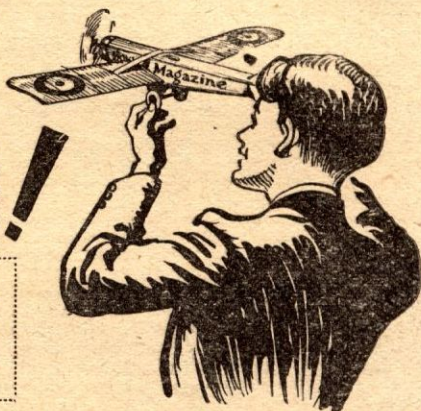
As soon as they disappeared, a sinister, hunched shadow detached itself from an unsuspected alcove in the pillared walls of the gateway. The half-crouching figure crept swiftly up the stone stairway to the platform . . . and, as he reached the still yawning trap, Dr. Zog chuckled in evil triumph.

Silently and ruthlessly he had shadowed the two adventurers over every yard of the long trek from Singapore to the Lost City. And now, having let them reveal the secret he himself was out to probe, he had only to follow and bide his time.

From the outset he flattered himself that he had

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"The last of the four contains the secret of them all!"

The strange, prophetic words of the lord of Gaunt Castle echoed again in Jack's ears as he studied the exquisitely carved mahout, the fingers of one brown hand curved round the spiked goad. What had the doomed explorer meant?

He ran his fingers over the effigy, and caught his breath as, without warning, the tiny goad came away and fell into his palm. At the same instant, O.K., inspecting the massive side of the elephant, pointed excitedly to one of the long tassels that formed part of the beautifully carved trappings.

"Observe the secret aperture!" he cried. "I desire to know why there should be intriguing void that looks like keyhole—"

"Keyhole!" Jack repeated.

The word had brought an idea flashing to his mind. He stared again at the tiny goad. Its spiked tip bore a queer resemblance to the teeth of a key—

"Jupiter, I believe we've struck it!" he cried, and O.K. watched with bated breath, while his friend carefully inserted the goad into the ingeniously placed aperture of the tassel. Came a sudden click and Jack gave a warning shout.

The long trappings of the sacred elephant had begun to move in a solid mass—a great, square door fell slowly inwards, revealing a flight of stone steps.

Jack's eyes gleamed as he beckoned to O.K.

"Come on!" he muttered.

Shining their torches before them, they clambered over the edge of the trap and began the descent.

stage-managed affairs with consummate skill. Hadn't he taken advantage of John Ranger's confidence in his medical skill, and deceived the explorer into believing that he had barely a year to live, whereas Ranger was as sound of wind and limb as he was himself? And hadn't he finally disposed of the explorer by leaving him helpless, stupefied under the effects of a powerful drug?

Chuckling, the dwarf, with the silent stealth of a panther, stepped over the edge of the trap and followed Jack and O.K. . . .

Tons of Treasure.

"GEE! This is some trek!" Jack Tempest paused. He had counted no fewer than a hundred steps and still they stretched ahead in a gradual slope.

As he moved on again, O.K. gave a sharp ejaculation and they both spun round. From somewhere far above had come a muffled thud and a tiny cascade of dust showered upon their upturned faces.

"I suspect that honourable foot of my English pal has stepped on a spring," murmured O.K. "Said spring has lockfully closed abovementioned trap!"

They continued to peer upwards but in vain. The winding slope of the steps had already concealed the trap from view, concealed, too, the hunched figure of Dr. Zog, who, clearing the trap by a hair's-breadth, was glaring back over his shoulder in startled alarm as the square of light abruptly disappeared.

"Well, trapped or not, I'm not turning back now!" growled Jack, and O.K. nodded agreement.

They cautiously continued the descent and at long last there came a break as they found themselves standing on what seemed at first glance to be the floor of a large, square-shaped cave. In its centre was an opening through which they discerned yet another flight of steps.

Wonderingly, they clambered through. The steps were few in number and ended in another square cavern, of almost exactly the same size. The walls were curiously smooth and contained several long, narrow apertures which had apparently been blocked up with sand, while in the far corner there was a third flight of steps, this time made of rotting wood.

"Jumping crickets!" cried Jack. "We've stumbled on a city underneath a city!"

As they played the lights of their torches round, the truth of Jack's startling statement became increasingly obvious. The flight of steps they had just descended, had led, through what had once been a skylight, into the top room of a house of several stories, while the wooden steps were the remains of an ordinary staircase leading to the ground floor, and the blocked apertures had obviously once been windows.

Their feet clattered eerily, as they went down the last flight and found themselves in what had once been the site of an ancient shop or bazaar. A yawning gap represented a long-since departed window, while an archway led out into the remains of a narrow street, whose darkness was relieved by a series of thin, wavering lines of dusty light.

"Said light, plus useful oxygen, comes via above cracks in walls," announced O.K., flashing his torch upon a succession of jagged clefts in the stone walls of the silted buildings.

They pressed on. The way ran almost straight before them in a gentle slope that marked what had once been a narrow, cobbled street. One side was flanked by houses curiously intact, while the other was nothing but a solid wall of earth and rubble. Suddenly Jack halted and glanced back over his shoulders.

"I'll swear I heard something," he muttered. "A sort of crunching sound—"

"Like this?" put in O.K., lifting his foot and bringing it down again deliberately, causing his boot to grate harshly on the sand.

Jack nodded grimly. "O.K., it almost sounds as if we're being followed!" he whispered. "Yet who—"

Suddenly O.K. gripped his companion's arm.

"Listen!" he muttered. "The spookful song—"

Jack caught his breath. From somewhere ahead the muffled chanting was repeated. They crept forward, the blood tingling in their veins. Now the chanting had become a din that rang in their ears, while they turned instinctively to an archway.

They crept towards the opening and peered through, gasping in amazement at what they saw.

A crowd of figures, robed in priestly garb, knelt in a swaying semi-circle in the middle of the vast hall, their voices uplifted in a ceaseless wail of supplication. Here, at last, was the solution to the mystery of those phantom voices!

"They're praying for the release of the city from the animals!" Jack whispered to O.K., for he understood the language. "They're imploring Allah to remove the Sacred Tiger, so that the rest of the animals will follow, and they can then return to their city in safety!"

For a moment they hesitated. Then Jack nudged his companion, and they crept softly past the building. A few minutes later both halted and instinctively switched off their lights, while O.K.'s bony eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"I predict soft movement immediately behind,"

he whispered. "Is it that the priests have discovered—?"

The chanting of the priests had died to silence but it was a silence that remained unbroken. Jack took a few paces back but turned again, baffled.

As he rejoined his chum, Jack saw that the Jap was approaching what appeared to be a solid wall, cutting off all further progress. They flashed their torches around and found themselves in a kind of high-roofed chamber. Jack crossed to the furthest-most wall and ran his fingers along it.

"There's a queer, cold wind coming from somewhere," he exclaimed. "I can feel it quite plainly, and—gosh, look out!"

His hand groping over the wall, plunged into a mass of soft rubble, beneath which was something more solid, that yet crumbled unexpectedly under the pressure of his fingers. There was a shower of dust and a sudden clattering—and they both sprang back, the lights of their torches falling upon a veritable cascade of brilliant colours that poured from the hole.

"Treasure, by heck!" gasped Jack. "Look, man! Tons of it!"

Magnificent State jewellery of every conceivable kind lay in a scintillating sea before them. A quick inspection revealed the mysterious source of this amazing find. Embedded in the wall was an ancient chest which had rotted away and fallen, slantwise, out of position. Jack's groping hand had disturbed the rubble and caused the already rotted box to collapse altogether. And in its place was a gap wide enough to clamber through.

"It's the bottom of the Execution Pit!" O.K. cried.

Jack nodded. He shrewdly guessed that this was not the only treasure chest—that there were others, doubtless built into the walls.

"Gosh! See what it all means?" he exclaimed.

"That blinking mahout's goad was the key to the ancient storehouse of the lost city's treasure! Come on, O.K.!"

The hole in the wall was almost level with their hips and to clamber through was easy work. But as Jack, who was leading, sprang to the ground, he stood rooted, the blood freezing in his veins.

"Keep back, O.K.!" he panted. "Keep—"

But O.K. had already landed beside him. He saw crouching in the opposite angle of the pit, a huge, cat-like creature, its greenish eyes glaring with the madness of ravenous hunger, its yellow teeth bared in a snarl of fury, and one massive paw gashed and covered with congealed blood.

"The Sacred Tiger!" gasped Jack. "It must have fallen into the pit and injured itself and couldn't get out again."

O.K. whipped out his automatic and levelled it. But the hammer clicked harmlessly. And in that instant they both realised the truth—in beating off the wild animals, they had used up all their ammunition.

"Back to the hole, O.K.!" Jack shouted.

They whirled round—to stare speechlessly into the malevolently leering face of Dr. Zog, as he peered through the opening.

"You can stay there, my busybodying friends!" he cackled. "You've led me to what I want and I've no more use for you!"

With a shout of rage, Jack leapt forward. But at the same instant, the dwarf's head disappeared, and in its place there came slowly into view a huge stone slab.

"My stars, the fiend's blocking the hole up!" Jack panted. "He—"

"Duck!" yelled O.K., and he literally flung

himself against his friend, bringing him to earth. At the same instant there came a heavy thud as the tiger landed, amid a cloud of dust, a bare dozen yards beyond the spot on which the chums lay prostrate.

Jack and O.K. scrambled up and leapt blindly for the opposite wall. O.K., an arm's length ahead, reached it first and began to scale the crumbling steps with the agility of a monkey. At the same instant the tiger sprang for the second time and a sudden, startled yell from Jack caused O.K. to stop and look back.

His chum lay prostrate, a bare yard from the bottom step, the tiger's claw having brought him down. And through a chink still left between the slab and the wall, Dr. Zog grinned in malevolent triumph.

With a gasp of horror, the Jap turned and, reckless of his own peril, began to slither back to his chum's aid.

And then, with dramatic unexpectedness, something whizzed past O.K.'S head from above—something that looked like a gleaming metal ball. It fell a bare dozen yards from Jack and the tiger, and a split second later there came a deafening explosion, and the pit was illumined by a sheet of vivid flame.

Roaring with fear, the tiger spun round and took a blind leap. Came a sudden crash followed by a wild, unearthly yell.

"Heavens!" gasped O.K. "The tiger's jumped through the gap and—and got Zog!"

The stone slab had disappeared and only a gaping void remained. The wild yell from beyond had ceased abruptly.

O.K. shuddered and scrambled down the steps to where Jack, bruised and shaken and with a great rent in his coat, was already getting to his feet, otherwise unhurt. The fragments of the queer, metal ball that had fallen apparently from the very heavens, lay a few yards away, like the broken pieces of an eggshell.

"Magnesium bomb!" cried Jack. "The flash of it scared the tiger and—"

He stopped. A weird thrumming sound broke through the silence, rising now to a full-throated roar. And even as they glanced up they caught the glint of silver wings against the sun's rays.

"Aeroplane, by Jupiter!" gasped Jack. "But who, on earth—"

Again he broke off, and both sprang back as a rope-ladder came snaking down. Mystified but relieved, they needed no second bidding, but swarmed up the ladder to the cockpit of the huge helicopter 'plane that hovered above the pit. A familiar face grinned grimly into their own and a deep, friendly voice greeted them.

"Good for you, boys! Glad I got here in time!"

"John Ranger!" they chorused.

The great explorer looked bronzed and well. Even his gun arm seemed to have recovered from its paralysis, and was rippling with muscular strength and energy.

"You saw what happened?" said Jack; and John Ranger nodded.

"It was the end of Dr. Zog," he answered quietly.

The giant 'plane began to climb and then O.K.'s voice broke in.

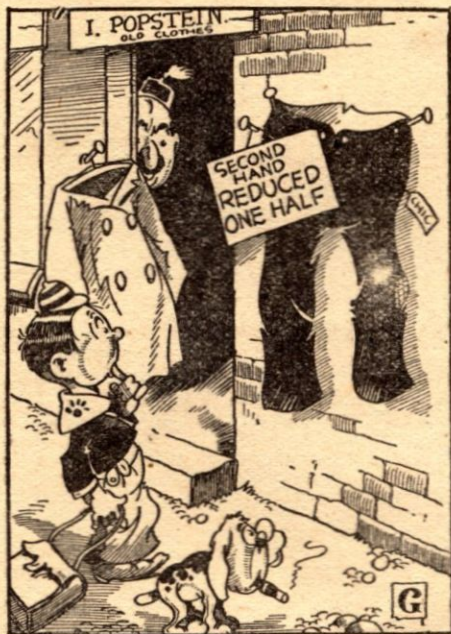
"In certain famous historical event the animals went in two-fully," he murmured. "Now they go out hundredfully and with great hurry!"

They turned and gazed down upon the scene below. The streets of the city were alive with movement as the legion of animals poured forth. Led by the sacred tiger.

As the last of them disappeared into the jungle, a group of priests and people flocked into the great square before the Execution Pit and a great shout went up. Flags were waved deliriously, and drums roared their grateful greeting and farewell to the grimly smiling, bronzed-faced man seated at the 'plane's controls. And John Ranger leaned forward dipping the machine gracefully in answering salute.

Thrills abound in next week's magnificent yarn of the gallant daredevil Air Aces who fought in the Great War. Look for the title, **ACES BURN THE CLOUDS!**

THE PRICE—NOT THE TROUSERS!



"Grashus, th' feller that wore them trousers musta bin a whopper afore they was reduced!"

(Cricket bat to J. VELLENOWETH, Goldsithney, Marazion, Cornwall.)

CHOICE.

An old professor entered a restaurant in Norwich and sat down at a table.

"What can you give me for lunch, waiter?" he asked.

"That depends on what you like, sir," replied the waiter.

"What are you celebrated for here?" asked the Professor.

"Our cathedral, sir," was the reply.

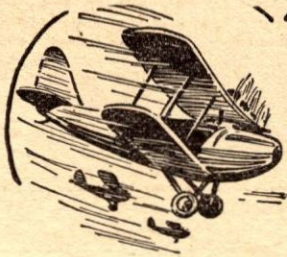
(Fountain pen to JACK BROOKSHAW, 31, Westfield Road, West Croydon, Surrey.)

JOKE COUPON.

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

Boys' Magazine, 15/7/33.

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



DOOM TO THE FLYING CIRCUS

THE MENACE OF THE
SCARRED HAND!

Our Dazzling Wonder Tale of a
Dreadful Vengeance Plot; of
Terror and Daring in the Big
Tent Tops and in the Clouds.

By

H. WEDGWOOD BELFIELD.

"I—Hsuan, the son of Chang, vow vengeance to 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 and disappeared completely. And in trying to trace the Red Avenger, Don fell into his hands and was taken to his lair.

Dick, unknown to the Chinks, travelled on the same plane and made his way into their City of the Dead. But at the approach of some Chinamen he concealed himself.

Meanwhile, Don was taken before Hsuan, with whom was an old wrinkled Chinaman, wearing silken robes and spectacles.

"The illustrious Dr. Fu," said Hsuan. "He has read the writing on the Buddha and is manufacturing the antidote. But why tell ye this? The gods of this place demand a sacrifice. What better than a foolish white youth?"

Don was hustled away to an immense vault lined with coffins. He was strung above a pool of crocodiles—and the water was slowly rising, bringing the saurians nearer to his feet.

Suddenly one of the Chinks screamed in terror and pointed. Don spun round, and saw that—the lid of one of the coffins was slowly opening.

In the Hands of Dr. Fu.

IT was like a scene from a nightmare. The lid of the coffin rising . . . slowly . . . as if drawn by some unseen hand.

No wonder the Chinks were staring in superstitious, appalled silence. Even the Red Avenger—would-be master of the world—was stricken to immobility by that evidence of the supernatural. And Don, catching a brief glimpse of it as he spun at the rope-end, forgot the dreadful peril beneath him . . .

He spun round again. Another glimpse of the coffin showed the lid heeling over, and—

Crash! The din, as the massive lid of stone smashed into a thousand fragments on the floor, awoke thunderous echoes in the vault. It brought the Chinks, too, out of their trance of horror. With shrill, high-pitched cries they turned and fled, carrying Hsuan with them in their mad stampede.

Don saw a dim figure rising from the coffin. Surely this was an apparition if there ever was one. As the figure heaved itself erect, he saw, not one of the dead kings come back to life, but—

"Dick!" he gasped incredulously.

It was impossible; his eyes were playing tricks with him. Don gritted his teeth. His nerves, he told himself were giving way under the strain.

Then he heard a yell.

"Get your legs up. I'm coming, Don."

No doubt about that. It was Dick's voice; and Don, screwing round his head, saw his pal poised on the stone rim of the coffin. Incredible as it seemed, Dick was there, tensed for a leap.

Don had no time to seek an explanation. In those few seconds in which Dick had made his startling appearance, the water in the pool had risen higher. The crocodiles were within reach of him now. Jaws clashed, ripping a piece of leather from the sole of his boot. He heaved himself up desperately, bunching his knees until they all but touched his chin.

"You're not going to get me now," he gritted.

But—could Dick reach him in time?

The acrobat was in the air, leaping with outstretched arms from one of the beams spanning the roof. He caught it with his hands, and then, in a whirling cartwheel, swung himself sure-footedly on to the beam. From that, he leapt to the next . . . again, to the beam from which Don hung. Kneeling there, he caught the rope with his two hands and heaved with all his might.

Just in time! Don was snatched out of the very jaws of a monster reptile that had heaved itself bodily from the pool, and it dropped back with a disappointed splash.

Another tug, and one of his arms was round the shoulders of his helpless pal. Then a fiercer heave brought Don to the beam beside him, and a knife in his hand was snicking through the cords that bound Don's legs and arms.

"Got you," grinned Dick. "We live to fight again, old scout. Can you run?"

Don nodded. He was speechless with amazement.

"And we'll need to, I reckon," went on Dick,

slashing through the last rope. "They'll get over their scare in a minute, and—gosh! They're here now!"

A furious shout floated up from below as he spoke. Glancing down, he saw that the red-garbed Chinks, with Hsuan at their head, had streamed back into the vault.

That they had seen through Dick's deception was immediately apparent, and they weren't stopping to ask any questions. One man, at a command from Hsuan, had clambered on to another's shoulders. With a lithe bound he gained the beam, running, crab-like, along it, with a knife between his teeth.

Even as Dick yanked Don to his feet, the man leapt at him. *Swish!* As the blade hissed down, Dick caught the fellow's wrist, giving it a quick and subtle twist. The knife went spinning from his grasp, to fall with a splash in the pool; and the man followed it, catapulting helplessly through the air as Dick employed a ju-jitsu throw. There was another splash, a single fearful yell, and the pool was whipped to a lather of blood-red foam, as the crocodiles swarmed upon their prey.

"Get going!" yelled Dick.

Don needed no second bidding. He ran sure-footedly along the beam, making for one of the ragged holes in the vaulted roof. A savage uproar broke out below. Knives sliced through the air, missed them by inches or stuck quivering in the beam at their feet. But Don held on, leapt from one beam to the next, and then found himself faced with a jump of a dozen feet if he was to reach the gap in the roof. And a miss would mean a drop into the pool where the crocodiles were cruising in search of more prey!

He hesitated. In his weakened state it seemed like taking too big a chance. But to Dick Derring, the star acrobat of the Flying Circus, such a leap was child's play. Without a word he pushed his pal aside and slipped into his place; then he was flying through space . . . had gripped the edge of the hole . . . vanished through it with a wriggle of his legs. His head and shoulders reappeared, arms dangling.

"Now—jump!" he yelled. "Quick—the beggars are after you!"

Don leaped. His pal's fingers closed on his wrists in a grip of steel while he was in the air, and yanked him through the gap in the roof. They found themselves in a vast, roofless hall, with a gallery running round it, and—Chinks were streaming through an archway to their right. Most of them carried swords, but one, at least, had a gun, with which he took a pot shot as he ran.

"That's our way," grated Dick, pointing to a flight of broken, mossy steps that clung precariously to the wall and ascended to the gallery.

Things were shaping very differently from what he had planned. He had hoped to gain the courtyard, where stood the 'plane in which they had been brought to the City of the Dead. With that, they might have made a getaway, but now—

Two steps at a time, they went up the stairs, clinging with one hand to the wall. Bullets smacked into the masonry around them, but they reached the gallery unharmed. With the idea of reaching the courtyard eventually, they swung themselves through a gap where once had been a window and found themselves on an expanse of recently repaired roofs.

Across them the chase led, with the agile Chinks gaining upon the young Britishers. As a taller building loomed before them, Dick and Don thought they were cornered, but there was a slit in the wall through which they scrambled, dropping in turn into the corridor beyond.

Dick gave a grunt of disgust. There were ample signs that the building was occupied—was a sort of barracks, in fact, for the Avenger's men.

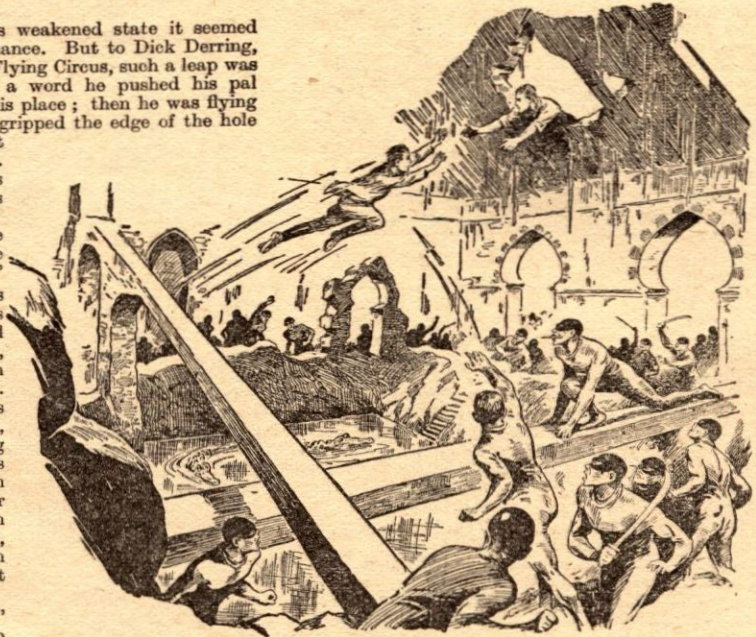
"Looks as if we've butted into the lion's den," he muttered.

It did. Somewhere below a gong was noisily sounding the alarm. But there was no going back. Don pointed to doors on either side of the corridor.

"Try one of those," he suggested breathlessly. "The chances are the beggars'll think we've gone straight on."

"Good egg!" cried Dick. "If it comes to the worst, we can fight it out. The fourth door along," he said with a tight laugh. "Four always was my lucky number. Come on!"

The door opened to a push. They did not trouble to see what sort of room they had intruded; it seemed to be unoccupied—and that was all that mattered for the moment. Slamming the door, they



GIVING HIM A HAND! Dick's head and shoulders reappeared through the hole in the roof, and, as a knife whistled past him, Don leaped for his chum's outstretched hands.

shot a couple of bolts and took their stand against it.

A minute dragged by, and yells and running footfalls sounded in the corridor. Another thirty seconds of suspense, and their pursuers streamed past the door, their echoing footfalls dying away in the building.

"Tricked 'em," laughed Don. "And now—"

From behind them a hideous, high-pitched chuckle interrupted him. The pals whirled together—and in a moment realised the cruel trick that Fate had played them.

They were in a room furnished as a laboratory, with benches littered with an array of bottles and retorts—with a white, marble-topped bench that resembled an operating table.

Beside the latter was an old and wizened Chinaman, who wore a robe of Chi-fu silk, thick-rimmed spectacles, and had a gauze pad over his mouth and nostrils. Clutched in one talon-like hand was a levelled gun, and his eyes blazed with a mad triumph through the thick lenses of his spectacles.

"Doctor Fu!" jerked Don; and he couldn't repress a shudder, for, only an hour before, he had learned that Dr. Fu was the brain behind the Red Avenger—the mad doctor who was going to loose the Silent Death upon the world.

Changing Fortunes.

DICK bristled like an angry bear. He saw only a shrivelled evil-looking Chink who seemed frail enough to be knocked out by a mere feather-tap of a blow. Even the gun, held in the shaking, claw-like fingers, appeared but a small menace which swift, resolute action would sweep aside. And he wasn't going to let a wispy Chinaman like Dr. Fu stand between them and a getaway.

He braced himself for a leap, and as he did so another chuckle broke from the doctor's pallid lips.

"Stand still, foolish one!" he croaked. "Your accursed race has a saying that it is wise to look before you leap. It is indeed an excellent precept. See! My finger trembles upon the trigger. Just a little harder, and Death leaps forth—aye, death as swift and silent as that which comes from the Jade Buddha.

Dick relaxed. He saw now that it was no ordinary gun Dr. Fu held.

"Gas," he muttered.

"The foreign devil sees with a knowing eye," smiled Dr. Fu. "It is, as ye say, a gas pistol—and a gas so potent that but a breath of it would send ye across the gulf from which there is no return." His eyes narrowed to slits behind the thick lenses. "Raise your hands, dogs!"

There was nothing for it but obedience.

"So!" croaked the wizened little Chink. "Ye have escaped from Hsuan the Mighty." His malevolent gaze rested for an instant upon Dick. "This is the other of whom the Avenger spoke. The gods have indeed favoured us. But—hark ye, foreign devils. Let Hsuan and his rabble search for ye. They will search in vain, for here is the last place where they will think to seek."

For an instant an unreasonable hope that Dr. Fu might be on their side flared in Dick's brain. It was shattered rudely as the doctor went on—with a snarling smile that was the very embodiment of evil.

"You, O dark-haired one," he went on, looking at Don, "I have heard from the lips of Hsuan the Mighty that I desired he should give ye into my hands. My work demands experiments which must be performed upon a living man." His lips twisted hideously. "Lo, ye came of your own free will. Surely the gods meant that ye should lie upon your slab."

Dick's blood ran cold. Death he did not fear, but there was something indescribably horrible in the thought of dying under the knife of the sinister Dr. Fu.

Dr. Fu gave a mirthless chuckle.

"I confess to a lie, foreign devils," he grated. "This gun does not deal the swift death I mentioned. But a whiff of the gas brings insensibility—will make you subject to my will. And so—"

He pressed the trigger, and from the muzzle of the gun came a puff of yellowish smoke. As the deadly stuff impinged on his face, bringing with it a horrible choking sensation, Dick hurled himself at the doctor, lurched up against him and knocked aside the gun as he pressed the trigger a second time.

Dick's senses were reeling, but his arms whipped around the shrunken body, and he put all his ebbing strength into one fierce heave. Over they went, pitching to the floor in a fighting heap.

Automatically Dick shifted his grip, groping blindly for the scraggy throat. Behind him he heard a crash. That was Don down! And Dick felt his own senses slipping away, as his fingers found a hold . . . tightened . . . relaxed—and he was a still, sprawling heap beside Don.

DICK came round, with a roaring in his ears, as if an express train were rushing past him.

The sound dwindled—seemed to die away in the distance—and, as Dick opened his eyes, all the fiendish horror of Dr. Fu's intention rushed back to his brain.

He jerked himself to a sitting position. And then a croaky laugh of relief broke from his lips. He was sitting on the floor, using the still body of the Chinese doctor as a cushion; a yard away, Don was stirring, as the effects of the gas wore off. Only a few minutes could have elapsed since that brief struggle which had averted the deadliest peril of their lives.

Dick passed the back of his hand across his clammy forehead, and wriggled over to look at Dr. Fu. There was a bump on the back of the doctor's bald head the size of a small egg. That was enough to account for his unconsciousness, and the chances were that he would remain senseless for a considerable while. But Dick was taking no chances. Realising that Don was coming round without aid, he proceeded to tie up the doctor with some rope he found. When he had completed his task, Don was sitting up and demanding to know what had happened.

It didn't take Dick long to tell him.

"And now we've got to make our getaway," he ended. "I reckon we'll leave that door and try the window."

Don nodded. At any rate, the effects of the poison gas were not likely to worry him; they were wearing off already. His face clouded, however.

"Yes," he answered. "But—you've forgotten something."

"What?"

"The Buddha. Here's something you don't know," went on Don. "Dr. Fu was at work on the antidote to the plague the Avenger's going to loose on the world. I had it from his own lips. And this is the place where Fu works. It's a thousand to one the Buddha's here."

"Gosh—yes!" breathed Dick, his gaze roving over the littered benches. "We'll give the place a look-over before—"

He broke off as footfalls rang hollowly in the corridor outside. For a moment the pals thought the Avengers were returning, but it was only one man who halted at the door, and rapped upon it.

Dick and Don exchanged swift glances.

"Let him in," whispered Dick. "And then—"

Nodding, Don stooped to draw the bolts, while Dick took his stand to the left of the door.

The man—a red-garbed Chink—stepped across the threshold, and Dick hit him. It was a sledge-hammer punch that, thudding to the point of his jaw, dropped him without a sound. Dick dragged him inside, and Don shot the bolts.

"Now we've got to find the Buddha before the rest of the mob come up to see what's happened to him," said Dick. "Get busy!"

They got busy, finding it an easier job than they had counted upon. In a corner of the room was a

spoke, gongs began to boom. "Hang on to that Buddha, and—fix up the getaway." He was gathering Dr. Fu's papers into a heap. As clattering footfalls sounded in the corridor, he emptied a bottle of strong acid over them and turned to follow Dick, who had already clambered on to the window-sill.

Crash! The Avengers were hammering at the door now, shouting for Dr. Fu. Receiving no answer, they made a savage attack upon it. The door quivered from top to bottom—cracked at the next charge.

But Dick and Don were through the window. They were on the roof when the massive door caved in with a crash of breaking timbers and a dozen of the Avengers swarmed across the wreckage and into the room.



THE GAS GUN. Dick and Don reeled in the choking, yellowish gas from the gun. Gathering his remaining strength, Dick sprang at the evil little Celestial.

safe, its massive door obligingly open, and amid a mass of papers lay the Buddha.

Dick snatched it up with a cry of delight.

"It's the real, genuine article all right," he murmured. "And—"

Intent on finding the Buddha, neither of them had spared another thought to the Chink Dick had knocked out. At a sound behind them, however, Don whirled round, a yell breaking from him as he saw the man crawling on hands and knees across the floor, making for a rope which dangled beside the door. A bell-rope!

In a flash Don moved. He snatched a heavy retort stand from the nearest bench and heaved it at the Chink. It flew straight to its mark, dropping him even as he grasped the rope. He pitched forward, the weight of his falling body giving the rope a jerk. Somewhere below a bell jangled.

"That's torn it," muttered Don; and even as he

Hounds Of Doom!

"GOSH! We've properly stirred up a hornets' nest," panted Dick.

Everywhere gongs were drumming an alarm, and yells and shouts came from every direction as the pals scurried across roofs and broken walls. Dick, with a better knowledge of the geography of the place, took the lead, realising that their one chance was to reach the jungle which, on all four sides, encroached on the City of the Dead.

They were creeping along the top of a broken wall when they were seen. Instantly rifles cracked, and bullets splattered the wall at their feet.

"Keep down!" panted Dick. "And—come on!"

Bent almost double, he broke into a run, with Don following close on his heels. Bullets were whistling about them now, but by a miracle of luck they escaped being hit and gained the fifty-foot wall surrounding the ruins.

And then their luck seemed to peter out.

Below them, in the depths of a gorge, ran the swift-flowing river that watered the hidden valley. Even to Dick, used as he was to heights, its dark waters seemed a dizzy distance beneath them. Yet there was no going back—no turning to left or right. The Avengers were closing on them from three sides; on the fourth was the dizzy drop to the torrent.

"Got to risk it," jerked Dick, stepping to the edge of the wall. "Here goes!"

He jumped, stiffening like a ramrod and pinning his arms to his sides as he dropped like a stone.

Down—down! A cold blast of air whipped his face like a solid thing. The shadowy gorge and the dark water seemed to jump up to meet him. Then, feet foremost, he struck the water, cleaving it with scarcely a splash.

Still he went down—down, till his feet touch a rocky bottom worn to the smoothness of glass—till his tortured lungs shrieked for air.

Desperately he lashed out with legs and arms, fighting, against the drag of the powerful current, back to the surface.

How he managed it he never knew. He was gulping mouthfuls of air into his bursting lungs, when Don's head bobbed up beside him. Then the current was whirling them away, with wasted bullets from the Chinks on the wall splattering the water around them.

There was no need for swimming in that seething torrent. In a matter of seconds they were carried out of range; two minutes later they were swept from the gorge between jungle-clad banks, where the very sky was blotted out by the tangle of liana-hung branches overhead.

Three miles downstream they waded ashore where their footprints were quickly obliterated in the oozy mud. Impenetrable, tangled jungle hemmed them in.

Dick grinned. "We're through, old son. And we've got the Buddha."

* * * * *

"WE'VE got to think—and think hard," said Dick, stretching himself contentedly.

It was eight hours later. The pals had dined luxuriously off shell-fish and fruit, and now, in a glade hidden from the river, with night not far off, they were holding a council of war.

"First thing," went on Dick, drawing the jade Buddha from its resting-place inside his shirt, "what are we going to do with this? I'm for dropping the beastly thing in the river, where—I say!" He broke off, weighing the Buddha in the palm of his hand. "It feels sort of different. Not so heavy. I suppose—Gosh! It's hollow—and empty!"

Don gave a gasp of dismay.

"That means Hsuan has got the half that matters," he said. "He's emptied it of whatever was inside—the stuff that's going to spread the plague."

For a moment Dick was silent; then he gave a tight laugh.

"So we've had all our trouble for nothing," he muttered. "We may as well have this thing away."

Don put out a restraining hand.

"Not on your life! We've got to stick to that like glue. There's the secret of the antidote written there. We've got to get it back to civilisation—and get it there quick, before Hsuan starts loosing his plague germs, and—"

He broke off suddenly. Far away, a muffled, bell-like note sounded in the jungle.

"What's that?"

The sound came again—nearer and clearer—before Dick replied.

"If I know anything, son, it's the baying of a hound! Looks as if the Avenger is getting busy already."

Hunted! Hounded down! How can Dick and Don shake off such relentless pursuers? Don't miss the gripping incidents in next week's chapters.

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THE DRAGON ORCHID

The Orchid in Dr. Leonardi's Collection of Carnivorous Plants had Tom Hinton in it's Grip when Smutty darted forward with the water-pistol. How could such a weapon prevail against the Hot-house Horror?

Sinister Leonardi.

HONK! Honk! Charlie Bilks—known as Smutty—opened drowsy eyes and stretched himself lazily. "Aw-yaw-aw!" his mouth widened in a colossal yawn. "Drat the alarm! Is it time to get up, mate?"

The cheery voice of his little detective pal, Tiny Tom Hinton, penetrated the veils of sleep which still bemused his brain. "That's not the alarm clock, old son. It's my hooter!"

Smutty sat up with a start. To his astonishment he found himself, not stretched out in bed as he thought, but propped up beside his pal in the ME2, the Taxi 'Tec's celebrated speed-cab. The rate at which the green hedgerows were flashing past showed that the old bus was doing a good 60 m.p.h.

"Wh-what's happened?" he gasped. "Wh-where am I?"

"You're in Sussex at the moment, Smutty," replied Tiny grinning. "We're approaching Leonardi's Gardens."

"Whose which?" stammered Smutty. "Strike me pink, I thought we was in the old Euston Road!"

"I received an urgent wire from Cassidy in the middle of the night," explained the young sleuth. "I hadn't the heart to wake you out of your beauty sleep, so I bundled you into the cab."

"What's Cassidy say?"

"Read for yourself!" Tiny passed him a letter from Inspector Cassidy of Scotland Yard, and the puzzled Smutty read:—

Dear Tiny,—Dr. Leonardi, the famous botanist, reports that a one-armed man made an unsuccessful

attempt to steal his rare Dragon Orchid to-day, and he fears a return visit. You might run down to the gardens and look into it. You will find his collection of carnivorous plants most interesting!—CASSIDY.

Smutty wrinkled his brows. "A one-armed man?" he repeated. "Might be that blinking crook, Felix Wolfgang! But 'oo the dooce is Dr. Leonardi?"

"I understand he is one of the world's greatest experts on tropical plants," replied the Taxi 'Tec. "We are now passing the famous Leonardi Gardens," he waved one hand towards a long grey wall, "known locally, I believe, as the Plant Menagerie! For there Leonardi keeps the flesh-eating plants that he has succeeded in growing, some of which are literally as dangerous as wild beasts!"

His Cockney mechanic was about to make one of his half-humorous rejoinders when suddenly a frightful scream of mingled fear and pain shrilled into the quiet country air, freezing the words in his throat.

Tiny's mouth set in a grim line. "That was a human cry!" he muttered. "We must look into this!" With a fierce tug at the steering-wheel he turned the ME 2 through the wide open gates of the gardens. Next moment they were tearing up a drive between dense shrubberies and woodlands, with glimpses of hot-houses and conservatories on every side.

"Brake, brake!" yelled Smutty abruptly. "'Oo's that?"

The cry broke from him as a man burst from a mass of rhododendrons, and reeled drunkenly across the drive in front of them. Tiny jammed on the

brakes just in time to avoid running him down. He was a little old man, shabbily dressed, with a grizzled beard, but it was the glazed look in his eyes that gripped their horrified attention.

"That fiend——!" The words bubbled from his throat. "Left arm—stung me!" he gasped; then crumpled in a heap on the ground.

"He's fainted!" Tiny, kneeling beside him, supported the man's head and stared into his ashen face. "You'd better fetch help, Smutty!"

Before the bewildered mechanic could collect his senses, however, the bushes parted again and another man stepped out.

"Pardon me," he said, in a suave, cultured voice, "my gardener has been injured. I am Dr. Leonardi."

Tiny looked up, to see a tall, stooping figure dressed in a velvet smoking-jacket and a smoking-cap. He had an unkempt black beard and his eyes were hidden behind blue spectacles.

"How'd you do?" said the Taxi 'Tec. "I'm Tom Hinton. I seem to have arrived just in time. This poor fellow said something about a fiend—and a left arm."

"Yes, it was the Fiendis Flora, one of the deadliest stinging plants in the Tropical House," explained Leonardi, bending over the unconscious gardener. "It must have stung his left arm."

Tiny rolled up the man's sleeve, but there was no sign of injury. Then he examined the other arm, and found it blackened and swollen, with a small puncture above the elbow. "That's strange!" he murmured. "It's his right arm—not his left!"

Horrors of the Hot-house.

"A'DN'T we oughter fetch a doctor?" put in Smutty anxiously.

Dr. Leonardi considered for a few moments.

"The effects of the poison will work off in a couple of hours, but perhaps it would be safer," he said. "Help me carry him into the house. Then I will ring up my doctor, and tell him that you will come round for him."

Together they bore the motionless figure of the gardener into a small, compact study on the ground floor of the house, and laid him gently out on a sofa.

"Wait here a moment while I 'phone my doctor," said the famous botanist, and left them in his sanctum.

Tiny looked round with interest at the orderly cabinets, the desk littered with catalogues, and the specimens of rare plants scattered all over the room. In one corner there was a big cupboard, with a label on the door which said: *Orchids. Keep in dark.*

In a few moments they were rejoined by Leonardi, who told Smutty where to find the doctor. As soon as the mechanic had departed, Tiny turned to the botanist.

"I should like to see the plant which stung your gardener," remarked Tiny.

Leonardi peered curiously through his glasses at the boy sleuth, nodded slowly, then turned and led the way out of the house.

They threaded a maze of paths between shrubs, until they reached a huge domed conservatory. Through the glass, which was misty with vapour, Tiny could see the grotesque forms of strange, exotic plants.

"I hope you can stand the heat," observed Dr. Leonardi, as he opened the door. A blast of warm air, fetid with the smell of rank vegetation, greeted their nostrils, and Tiny felt slightly faint and nauseated.

"The plants in this house are almost animate," Dr. Leonardi was murmuring in his ear. "They bite and sting and grip like animals. This is the Fiendis Flora."

He indicated a scarlet-streaked flower whose coarse stem was so horribly suggestive of a snake that Tiny instinctively stepped back.

"Take care! You will tread on the Octopus Plant!" warned the botanist, and Tiny recoiled from a twisting mass of slimy tentacles, with a heart of cruel, curved spines. "This is the plant that stung my gardener," Leonardi went on. To his companion's surprise, he stretched out his left hand and touched the Fiendis Flora. "The poison has been spent, but see"—a spiny thorn darted from the heart of the flower—"it still has venomous intentions. Touch it and see!"

"No, thanks," said the Taxi 'Tec promptly.

"It won't hurt you now," went on the botanist drily. "Nor will this—the Man-Eating Pitcher Plant, and the most interesting of all my specimens!" He thrust his left arm deep into the capacious calyx of a plant which looked something like a huge, yellow lily. "It has been fed, but if it were hungry it would snap off my arm from the elbow. Put your hand in and feel its teeth!"

The Taxi 'Tec hesitated.

"Surely you are not afraid?" smiled Dr. Leonardi, withdrawing his arm.

Tiny, never slow to accept a challenge, placed his hand boldly in the cup of the plant. He was prepared by the botanist's words to feel the sharp contact of the tooth-like thorns of the calyx—but not for the sudden tightening grip.

The next moment the blood drained from Tiny's face. He felt an excruciating stab of pain, like the thrust of hot needles, and as he struggled to free his hand the calyx of the plant closed round it like a vice. The thorns were sinking slowly into his wrist!

"Help me!" he shouted in a strangled voice.

"The thing's gripping me!"

To his amazement, the botanist, instead of assisting him, stepped back with a cold smile. "Yes, it's gripping you," he repeated.

Tiny was now suffering intense agony. He writhed and twisted with the pain of that relentless grip, and looked wildly round for some weapon. His glance fell on a pruning-knife hanging from the shelf.

Straining every effort to reach it, he stretched out his free hand, snatched the knife and slashed savagely at the murderous plant which held him. The blade ripped through the leathery calyx—and Tiny, dropping the knife, dragged out his bleeding hand. He staggered back, pale and indignant.

"Are you mad?" he demanded, turning furiously on the botanist. "Why didn't you help me?"

Leonardi did not answer, but a voice from behind suddenly asked in tones of savage mockery:

"Does the tiger help the hunter?"

Tiny recognised the intonation as that of Felix Wolfgang, the crook who had sworn to slay him; but, whipping round, he was astounded to find nobody in sight. Before he could turn again he felt the botanist's hands on his shoulders.

"Take care!" shouted Leonardi. "The Octopus Plant is waiting!" and with the words he gave the boy a violent shove.

The Taxi 'Tec was taken completely off his balance, and, as he put out a foot to steady himself, he felt something cold and clammy fasten round his ankle. He looked down to find himself caught in the tentacles of the Octopus Plant!

This time he did not waste energy with words. His hand flew to his pocket and he pulled out his famous water-pistol. But, before he could raise it, another tentacle lashed out and clung round his wrist—and the weapon was knocked from his grasp.

Dr. Leonardi was retreating backwards out of the conservatory. "I will fetch help," he said

softly. "Have patience!" The next moment he had opened and closed the door, and the Taxi 'Tee was alone. He had been dragged to his knees, struggling desperately, and was being drawn relentlessly towards the quivering heart of the Octopus Plant.

A Test of Pluck.

MEANWHILE, Smutty, little guessing the peril in which he had left his pal, was speeding along in the ME 2 towards the village.

He had driven barely a mile when he suddenly observed a man standing in the middle of the lonely country road ahead of him. Smutty instinctively

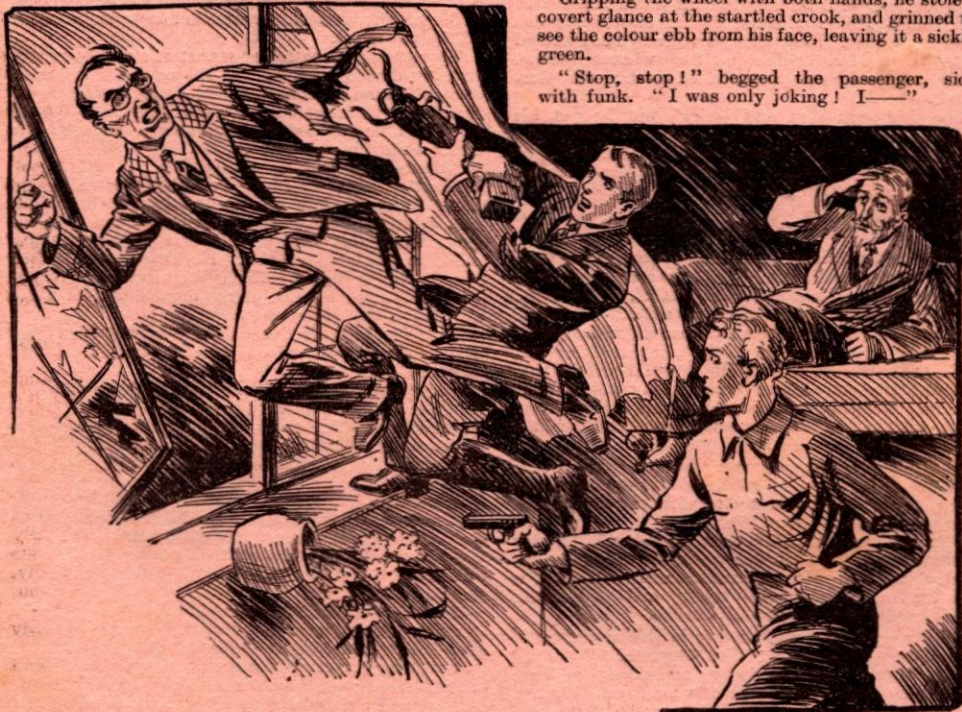
But he had not been the companion of the Taxi 'Tee for so many years for nothing. His foot came down heavily on the accelerator, and the marvellous engine of the ME 2, responding to the pressure, spurted fiercely forward. The other's face blanched with sudden fear.

"Hi, stop, stop!" he yelled, prodding Smutty in the ribs with his revolver. "I'm going to shoot!"

"We shall both crash if you do, mate!" retorted Smutty coolly. The speedometer needle was already quivering around sixty, and as his foot pressed relentlessly down the cab raced on and on at seventy—eighty!

Gripping the wheel with both hands, he stole a covert glance at the startled crook, and grinned to see the colour ebb from his face, leaving it a sickly green.

"Stop, stop!" begged the passenger, sick with funk. "I was only joking! I——"



THE CROOK DISARMED.—Wolfgang jumped to the window, but Tiny managed to grip his arm. To his surprise, however, the limb came away in his hand.

slowed down, and then applied the brakes as he saw the stranger signalling to him.

"Can you give me a lift, sir?"

Smutty darted a keen glance at the man. To judge by his rough, earth-stained clothes, he was a farm-hand returning after a hard morning on the land.

"I'm in a hurry, mate," replied the good-natured mechanic, "but 'op in! There won't be no fare!"

In a moment the man was sitting beside him and they were gliding off again. Smutty turned to his passenger to ask him where he wanted to be dropped, when he felt the hard muzzle of a revolver thrust against his ribs.

"Ere, wot yer pl'ying at?" he shouted in alarm.

"Drive where I tell you, buddy," cut in the man coldly, "or I'll plug you full of lead!"

Smutty realised that he had fallen into a trap.

"Then chuck aht yer gun!" snapped Smutty. "And don't distract me attention while I'm taking this 'ere dip!"

The crook stared with haunted eyes at a steep hill which swooped down to a narrow bridge, where it ended in a hairpin bend. Already the ME 2 was blazing towards apparent destruction. With a dry sob he flung the revolver away and almost howled: "Stop, for heaven's sake! I give in!"

Smutty grinned, and began to brake with caution. But the speed was so terrific that they drew up only a foot or two from the bridge.

As they jerked to a standstill Smutty whipped out his revolver and presented it at the shivering crook. "Nah then! Give us yer wrists!" There was a click, and the man was in handcuffs. "And yer feet!" Smutty stooped and snapped another pair of bracelets

round the man's ankles. "Now we can talk. 'O sent yer on this little job, eh?"

The prisoner set his lips sullenly.

"So that's the tone, is it?" said Smutty. "Well, I won't press yer. I can guess." It had occurred to him that Leonardi might not have phoned the doctor after all. "I fink we'll go back and see if Tiny's all right."

In another minute they were roaring back towards the gardens, Smutty's prisoner maintaining a stubborn silence. In a few minutes Smutty drew up at the house in the shelter of some trees, and jumped out.

As he did so a sudden shriek, muted as if coming either from a distance or from some enclosed space, split the air; and Smutty felt his blood run cold.

"Help! Help! Rescue!" A cry of anguish reached his ears. It was Tiny's voice! The alarmed mechanic raced in the direction from whence it came, and in a few moments had reached the huge Tropical House.

The door was shut and locked, but he put his powerful shoulder to the panels. He crashed through the flimsy woodwork to see the Taxi 'Tec crouched on hands and knees, in the midst of the writhing tentacles of the Octopus Plant!

The One-Armed Crook.

THE mechanic recoiled from a menacing tentacle which swayed out at him, like a serpent about to strike. His eyes fell on a label, which read: "*Phyllocaetus Octopod. Do not water.*" With a sudden hope he looked round the crowded conservatory, but there was no sign of a hose or a watering-can.

Suddenly his eye fell on Tiny's water-pistol, lying almost at his feet. He stretched out a cautious hand—jerked it back as a tentacle came at him—and then, with a sudden movement, snatched up the little weapon.

The next moment a stream of water sprayed over the Octopus Plant. And at the chilling contact of the water, the serpentine tentacles withdrew into themselves, shrinking in size.

With a mighty effort Tiny freed one hand. Smutty poured the residue of the water on the tentacles wrapped round his friend's ankles, and the Taxi 'Tec was free. He turned to Smutty and gripped his hand, hardly able to gasp his thanks.

"Why, you're smothered wiv blood, mate!" gasped the mechanic. "Wot appened?"

The Taxi 'Tec hurriedly explained, adding: "Leonardi is either a traitor or a madman. We had better get back to the house in case he does some violence to that gardener."

While they ran towards the house Smutty gaspingly described his adventures, and Tiny listened with set lips. They raced up the steps three at a time and darted through the open door. In the study they came to a breathless halt, for the gardener was sitting up on the sofa, his head resting on his hands.

He looked up vaguely as they burst into the room. "Where am I?" he gasped brokenly. "Who—who are you?"

Tiny stooped over him. "I'm the Taxi 'Tec," he said. "You have been stung by the Fiendis Flora."

"Yes—yes! I remember!" The old man's eyes suddenly lit up. "That fiend—without a left arm—he pushed me up against it!"

"What?" Tiny snapped out the question. "Who are you then?"

"I am Dr. Leonardi!"

The two pals exchanged a glance and then stared

at the speaker, for a voice seemed to come from him, though he did not move his lips.

"No, I am not Leonardi. I am his gardener."

The friends gazed at him in wonderment, and his bewildered eyes blinked up at them.

"I—I did not say that," he stammered, passing his hand wearily over his brow. "Am I in a trance?" And then, looking up at them, he went on: "*Leave me, leave me! I want to be alone!*"

Smutty felt his flesh creep. "He's—he's mad!" he whispered hoarsely.

But Tiny did not answer. His eyes were roaming round the room, and suddenly they fell on the big cupboard where the orchids were kept.

"Get ready with your gun, Smutty," he snapped, and, springing across the room, he flung open the door of the cupboard.

There was the shattering report of a revolver, and, as Tiny darted back behind the cover of the open door, the man, whom they had at first taken to be Dr. Leonardi, leapt out of his hiding-place. In his left hand he gripped a small ebony box; in the other a smoking revolver.

"Shoot!" yelled Tiny.

Smutty's revolver spoke, and there was a second report as the weapon which the false Leonardi held, was shattered in his hand. But the man was uninjured, and, as he sprang across the room, Tiny made a wild grab at him. His fingers met in the shaggy black beard, which was instantly ripped clean off, revealing the dark, tanned face of Felix Wolfgang, the Tiger Man!

Wolfgang continued his tigerish spring across the room. He leapt up on to the window sill and smashed the pane with his elbow.

Tiny launched himself in pursuit, and was just in time to clutch Wolfgang's left wrist. But, to his astonishment, the crook made his leap and disappeared from view—leaving the whole of his left arm, with the hand still gripping the ebony box, in Tiny's clutch!

The Taxi 'Tec, losing his balance, rolled head over heels on the floor. He was on his feet again in an instant, and relinquishing the ebony box to the real Dr. Leonardi had followed the fugitive through the window. "I'm in this too!" grunted Smutty, bounding after him.

As they raced down the drive they heard the familiar droning roar of a powerful engine, and saw the ME2 gliding away between the shrubs. She gained the gates in a flash and spun through them at full speed; and by the time the Taxi 'Tec and his pal had reached the road the famous racing car had disappeared in the distance!

"He's got away!" gasped Smutty.

"And I've lost the ME2!" Tiny gritted his teeth. "That scoundrel has got the last laugh again!"

"Not entirely, Mr. Hinton," said a voice behind them, and, turning, they saw the real Dr. Leonardi, who had followed them out into the gardens. "I am sorry you have lost your cab, but you have at least saved the Dragon Orchid from the one-armed man."

"The one-armed man," repeated Tiny bitterly. "I might have known it! That was why he could touch those poisonous plants with impunity. It was a false arm. And he took me in again with his confounded ventriloquism! But I will hunt him down in time!"

The Master Crook, Felix Wolfgang, free! And in Tiny's Taxi! Another enthralling sleuth yarn of the Taxi 'Tec next week, entitled "The Speedcab Crook."



SPECIAL STORY SUPPLEMENT FREE INSIDE BOYS' MAGAZINE

A CYCLONE STRIKES DEVIL'S ISLE!

**GRAND LONG THRILLER OF THE
SOUTH SEAS.**

It was a groan that attracted Ted and Tommy Brennan—known the South Seas over as the Cyclone Twins—to the ramshackle, palm-thatched shanty above the coral beach.

Ted, big and broad-shouldered, man-sized at eighteen, with flaming red hair, blue eyes and a fighting jaw was a copy of his father, "Big" Brennan, who had sailed the Pacific before them, and had vanished from the ken of men, while he and Tommy were still at school in Sydney. He thrust his head through the doorway, and saw the man. He was a native, wasted by disease to mere skin and bone, too weak even to crawl from his couch of branches.

"Just about all in," surmised Tommy, who was inclined to roundness and had a face that was angelic in its innocence.

At the sound of his voice the man raised his head. Eyes already holding the shadow of death,



gazed up at the boys. Wasted lips framed a feeble whisper.

"Water! Water!"

As Tommy dashed away upon his errand of mercy, Ted knelt beside the stricken native. A glance was sufficient to show that he was doomed. But with a start, he realised that the native was staring at him fixedly, terror in his glazing eyes.

"Boss Big Brennan!" the man gasped.

Ted drew a sharp breath. The dying man had mistaken him for his father—that was clear. Yet, why that look of dread? There had not been a fairer man, to brown and white alike, than Big Dan Brennan. His kanakas had worshipped him; even the lowest beachcomber had a good word for him.

"You lib for come back to haunt this-fellow," the native babbled fearfully. "Me promise big-boss Dutch Sam me—"

Ted stiffened. That mention of Dutch Sam, the fat, triple-chinned gang-leader of the South Seas, was like a red rag to a bull. More than once, since they had sailed a schooner among the islands, seeking news of their vanished dad, they had run foul of him and his band; and they had generally managed to come out on top. Ted gripped the native's wasted wrist.

"What do you know about Big Brennan and Dutch Sam?" he jerked.

Before the man could answer, Tommy returned with his cap brimming full of water. Ted held it to the dying man's lips; they had to keep him alive long enough to tell the secret of his fear.

"Tanna him thank white bosses," murmured the native, and smiled bleakly.

"Well, spill what you know about Big Brennan," Ted cut him short. "He was our father. We want to know what happened to him."

For a moment the man was silent. Then: "Dutch Sam say him kill Tanna, suppose him speak. But me finish all-a-same, Me tell."

Ted bent closer to catch the barely audible words.

"Dutch Sam bad-fellow—plenty full of tricks all-a-same snake. One day him meet Big Brennan's schooner—pretend him short of water. Boss Brennan come aboard, and Dutch Sam catch him. Sink his schooner . . ."

A shudder shook the dying man. But he rallied—fought back the clutch of Death.

"Yes," whispered Ted, his face very grim.

"What then?"

"Him take Big Boss Brennan to— Devil's Isle. Him no come back. Him lib for—"

That was the end! The kanaka slumped in a heap and lay still. Ted straightened up and looked at Tommy.

"I guess we'll go along and see Dutch Sam," he said, his voice dangerously quiet.

* * * * *

DUTCH SAM, the trader of Sapai, was sprawling in a cane chair when Ted and Tommy turned up at his store, a couple of days later. Immensely fat, with a breadth of shoulder matching his tremendous bulk—with rubicund face above a tier of chins, glittering, close-set eyes, and sleek black hair plastered with grease—he was like a venomous and bloated toad.

His blotchy face puckered into snarling hatred as the Twins entered his room uninvited, and his hand strayed towards his hip pocket.

"You can keep your hand away from that gun," snapped Ted. "See this?" His hand was in his pocket, but it was gripping something round and cylindrical that pointed at the dead centre of the trader's bulging shirt-front.

Sam's eyes narrowed. "What do you want?" he snarled.

"That gun, for a start—to be on the safe side. Get hold of it, Tommy." And as, with an ill grace, the trader submitted to being disarmed. "Now I'll tell you that we've met a kanaka named Tanna."

"Never heard of him," growled Dutch Sam.

Ted's eyes hardened. "Not when you sank Big Brennan's schooner, after luring him aboard yours? Not when you took Dan Brennan to Devil's Isle?"

Sam ran his tongue round his thick lips.

"That's what the kanaka told you?" he queried. "It's lies—the lot of it!"

"A man doesn't lie when he's looking death in the face," shrugged Ted. "We're here to know where this Devil's Isle is—and you're going to tell us."

For a minute Dutch Sam said nothing, but the boys didn't miss the expression of cunning that came into his heavy-lidded eyes. He smiled contemptuously.

"Lookin' death in the face, eh?" he repeated.

"Meanin' the kanaka's handed in his checks." He gave an unpleasant laugh. "Reck'n you aim to find this missin' dad o' yours. He's alive—you say. Well, I ain't denyin' it, but— You'd be doin' y'rself a kindness if you left him where he is."

The veins on Ted's forehead bulged.

"You swine!" he muttered. "You think we're going to leave him to whatever fate you've chosen for him? You never made a bigger mistake in your life. You're going to take us to Big Brennan—and you're coming aboard our schooner now. Get on your feet."

The trader did not move, except to stifle a yawn.

"You're a couple o' young fools," he said. "Thought ye o'd get the best o' Dutch Sam, did ye? Look at the windows—an' the door."

Shadows darkened the room. Ted whirled round to face the two windows. At each of them was a man with a levelled gun; a third man similarly armed occupied the doorway; while a shutter had slid back in the wall, and, framed in the opening, was a six-gun, backed by a vicious, scar-slashed face.

The Beachcomber.

IN that moment of crisis, Ted acted like lightning. His hand whipped from his pocket, but it was innocent of any gun. As a matter of fact, the "gun" in his pocket was nothing more than a tobacco pipe. Grabbing a chair with his two hands, he hurled it at the man in the doorway. Man and chair vanished from sight, and Ted, reckoning that the gangsters would not shoot for fear of attracting too much attention, dived for the opening, dragging Tommy with him.

They gained the doorway. But there luck deserted them. Ted stumbled over the wreckage of the chair and pitched full length, Tommy on top of him. Before they could rise, men piled above them.

There was a scrap. But it was a one-sided affair, and it ended with the boys being dragged back to the room, where Dutch Sam still sat.

"Still wantin' to meet y'r dad?" he queried. "Right! I'll take you to him, an' he'll tell you hisself that kanaka was lyin'." He shrugged significantly. "An, if it ain't such a happy reunion as ye expect, don't blame me."

Ted said nothing. He was puzzled by Dutch Sam's sudden willingness to fall in with their plans.

"But I ain't comin' aboard y'r schooner to-night," went on the trader. "To-morrer mornin' I'll be there, an' you can have all ship-shape fer a three days' trip."

Ted's eyes gazed steadily into his.

"That means you're going to take us to this Devil's Isle?" he asked.

"To y'r dad," snapped Dutch Sam. "Ain't I told you that kanaka was lyin'?"

"And no double-crossing?" queried Ted.

"Gee! You're as nervous as a kitten on hot

Hogan in the bows and Dutch Sam's huge bulk sprawled in the sternsheets.

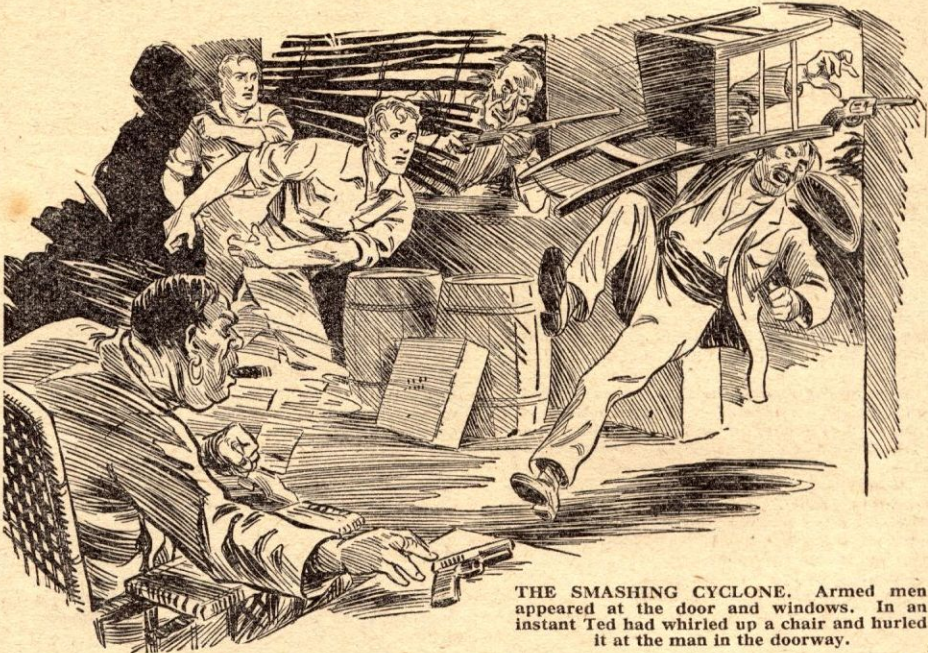
"Ye c'n get the anchor up," said Sam, when he had swung himself to the deck. "Let's go below, an' I'll show ye where to lay y'r course."

In the cabin, Sam pricked a spot on the chart. It was a tiny bay on an island notorious for its savage isolation, hemmed in by dangerous reefs.

"That's where you'll find y'r dad," he said. "I reck'n you c'd recognise him if you met him?"

Ted drew a worn and faded photograph from his pocket. Dutch Sam studied it for a moment, and nodded.

"That's him! Leastways, it was him. It'll be ten years since that picture was took, an' them ten years ha' made a difference. But ye'll see fer y'rselfes."



THE SMASHING CYCLONE. Armed men appeared at the door and windows. In an instant Ted had whirled up a chair and hurled it at the man in the doorway.

bricks," jeered the trader. "I'm comin' alone, 'ceptin' for my lieutenant, Bat Hogan, here." He indicated one of the gunmen—a squat, thick-set man whose nationality might have been anything but Irish. "An' now—" His eyes filmed cruelly. "If ye take my tip, ye'll clear out and get back aboard y'r schooner—an' stay there."

The Twins had no choice. At a sign from Dutch Sam, the gunmen closed on them, hustling them to the door, and they went quietly back to their ship.

They were suspicious of the Dutchman, however, and with Crackers, their fuzzy-headed kanaka chum, they took it in turns to keep watch that night, to frustrate any counter-move under cover of darkness.

Nothing happened, however. And in mid-morning a boat pulled out from the jetty, Bat

For the next forty-eight hours Dutch Sam and Hogan were mostly to be found sprawling on deck, consuming whisky which they had brought aboard themselves. Crackers was specially deputed to keep an eye on them, and there wasn't much that escaped the alert brown youngster. Yet he had nothing untoward to report, when, on the third morning, the *Wide-awake* threaded a tortuous way through shoals and reefs, and dropped anchor in a bay encircled by a wide sweep of golden sand.

Remembering Sam's previous trickery, the Twins took precautions. It was when they were halfway across to the beach that Bat discovered his gun was missing from his hip pocket, and swore softly and fluently. Dutch Sam made a similar discovery—but he merely looked pained.

"I'm surprised at ye. Arter the way I've

trusted meself aboard y'r hooker, too!" he muttered.

Ted grinned by way of reply, and showed Bat's gun, which Crackers had previously abstracted from his pocket.

"Don't forget we've got them—that's all," he said, as he leapt ashore.

Alert for any sign of treachery, the Twins followed Sam along a narrow path through the trees, which brought them presently to a small clearing, where there was a squalid, palm-thatched hut—plainly a white man's home, but so filthy and neglected that a frown furrowed Ted's brow as he strode towards it. Dutch Sam halted, and, with Ted's gun prodding gently into his back, gave voice to a stentorian hail.

"Dan! Where are you? I've brought you some visitors."

No reply came from the hut. Nothing but a sudden clatter of breaking crockery, to show that it had an occupant.

"Same as usual," murmured Dutch Sam, dolefully. "I reckoned we'd find him like that, but—I warned ye."

Ted's hand dropped on his shoulder and whirled him round.

"What do you mean?" he snapped.

"Go an' see," rejoined Dutch Sam. "That's y'r dad in there. He's most always like that these days."

Ted's face was as grim as a mask as he stepped up to the door, dragging Dutch Sam with him. He raised the latch, forced the door opened with his knee.

A man, sprawling with arms across the table, reared himself up and leered through bleary, bloodshot eyes at the figures in the doorway.

The wreck of a once-splendid man—now a drink-sodden wretch. But in the sunken, cadaverous cheeks, covered with a three days' growth of red beard; in the eyes that blinked owlishly at the glare of sunlight; in the line of the mouth, the flaming mop of hair, there was an unmistakable resemblance to the photograph in Ted's pocket.

Something like a sob rattled in Ted's throat. His dad!

The Plot Unmasked.

SAM'S sneering laugh cut into his whirling thoughts.

"A pretty picture, ain't he? Reck'n you're sure proud of him. Just an ornery drunken beachcomber—an' he's y'r dad! I've—"

Ted gave him a push that sent him reeling sideways.

"Clear out!" he snapped. "You, too, Bat!"

Before the steely glare in his eyes, the two rogues retreated precipitately, but they went no farther than the bushes on the fringe of the clearing. There they halted and peered back at the hovel into which both Ted and Tommy had disappeared. A gloating smile curved Sam's flabby lips.

"It's worked, Bat," he muttered. "If I know them kids, they'll start the reformin' business straight away. You'll see 'em carryin' him neck an' crop back to the schooner." Sam's pale eyes suddenly blazed. "You fixed that bomb all right?"

"Sure, chief," nodded Bat. "Stuck it where it'll blow a hole in the ship's bottom."

Sam's smile grew wider.

"An' it's timed to burst in a couple of hours," he muttered. "That'll just about give 'em time to get aboard and clear o' the bay. An' here they come!" He grinned as the Twins appeared in the doorway, dragging a furiously resisting man between them. "I reck'n that's about the last we'll see of them, eh, Bat? Walkin' straight into—"

The trader broke off suddenly and grabbed Bat's arm.

"Gosh! Look!" he mouthed. "An' we ain't got no guns!"

As he spoke, he pointed to the back of the clearing. From the bushes came a horde of yelling, leaping, painted savages.

The Twins were but twenty yards from the door when they heard the yells of the charging savages.

Ted glanced over his shoulder. What he saw was not reassuring. There were a couple of score of natives—thick-lipped, mop-headed brutes, with painted faces and bone-tusks piercing their broad nostrils. Cannibals, most likely. All of them carried clubs or throwing spears, and they obviously meant business.

Ted's face hardened, as he jumped to the natural—though wrong—conclusion.

"So that's Dutch Sam's little surprise-packet,"

Immense Double
Attraction in Next
Week's "B.M."

WORKING MODEL
MONOPLANE FREE
and Another Star
Number of the
THRILL LIBRARY,
containing a Grand
Complete Serial Yarn
THE RAINBOW
RAIDERS.

were less than a hundred yards away. And there was their new-found father to consider! Drink had apparently sapped Dan Brennan's courage as it had sapped his strength. He was tugging at Tommy's arm, fear showing in his bleared eyes.

"C'm'on! They're cannibals, an'—" He broke off with a whining sob of terror, as a spear soared over their heads and dug into the ground ahead of them. "C'm'on!"

Crack! Ted was in action now, using the gun he had taken from Dutch Sam. The leading native flung up his arms and pitched forward on to his face. Two immediately behind him tripped over his sprawling body, and in the momentary confusion the chums managed to get across the clearing.

Their advantage was only momentary. Yelping like a pack of wolves, the savages poured on to the path leading to the beach, reckless of the death that belched from Ted's gun.

Suddenly Ted turned and faced the natives. He had to give Tommy time to get away. Twice again his gun belched leaden death, and two more of the running men dropped in their tracks. Again he pulled the trigger; but the only sound was the click of the falling hammer. The gun had jammed, and he flung it into the faces of the oncoming mob, before he raced after his brother.

Tommy was half-way to the beach now,

half-way down to the boat when the savages broke from the bushes. It was touch and go now. Thirty spears were simultaneously levelled at the white men. A split second later, and they darkened the air in their flight.

There came a sobbing groan from the man running beside them. Ted shot out an arm just in time to prevent him from falling, and at the same time saw the spear-haft sticking out from between his shoulders.

"I'm done! Leave—"

Ted picked him up in his arms. Only a few yards to the boat now! The kanaka oarsmen had already pushed the boat into deep water, and Tommy waded to his thighs before he scrambled aboard.

Ten seconds later Ted was beside him, the kanakas were tugging madly at the cars away from the beach and the disappointed savages, while the Twins were bending over the wounded man. The spear had sunk deep beyond its barb and—

"I'm finished," he whispered hoarsely. "Listen! You did y'r best for me, an' I'm grateful. You think I'm y'r dad—Big Dan Brennan?"

Ted bent lower. "Aren't you?"

"Nothin' like it. Fermoy's my name, an'—" He was fighting for breath. "In the records of Devil's Isle—Noumea, you know—"

"The convict settlement."

"That's it," nodded the man.

"... You'll find a Fermoy servin' a life sentence. That Fermoy was me, but now—it's your dad—an' the Frenchies don't know the difference. . . . Dutch Sam worked it—kidnapped y'r dad, an' fixed for me to get away an' leave him . . . in my place."

Ted's eyes narrowed to steely points; but there was no time for him to say a word before Fermoy, with a single, choking gasp, fell back, dead.

By then, the savages were dragging a long, hideously carved war-canoe to the water's edge. They launched it, scrambled into it, and two

score flashing paddles cut the water. Like some ghastly sea-monster, the long craft sliced across the bay, covering three yards to every two made by the more clumsily built ship's-boat.

Barely fifty yards separated them, when the dinghy bumped the *Wideawake's* side, and valuable seconds were wasted in scrambling aboard and carrying the dead man with them. Spears rattled like hailstones on the deck.

"Nothin' for it but a scrap," muttered Ted. "Stand by to repel boarders. Where's Crackers?"

The canoe bumped into the schooner's side. Painted arms reached out to grab a trailing rope. And that was the moment when Crackers put in an appearance, gingerly carrying a bundle at arm's-length. Dashing to the rail, he dropped it overboard, full into the stern of the war-canoe.

There was a thunderous explosion that rocked the schooner. Bits of the canoe, cannibals and weapons went skyward amid a mushroom of smoke and water. . . .



A PERILOUS PASSAGE. The *Wideawake* sped towards the narrow channel in the reef where shells from the gunboat whined overhead. Could the schooner get through before it was caught by its pursuers whose vessel was too large to enter the channel?

he muttered. "We've got to get moving, Tommy, old son. You look after him." He jerked his head towards Big Brennan, whom the deadly danger had sobered surprisingly. "I'll keep the brutes busy while you make for the boat. Get moving."

Tommy wasted no time in argument. It was a quarter of a mile to the beach, and the savages

dragging the other with him. Ted overtook them in a minute or so, but, hard on his heels, were the cannibals. Without a word, Tommy passed back Bat Hogan's gun, and once more the crack of a revolver rose sharply above the savage howls.

But it was like trying to stem an avalanche. For every man that dropped, two took his place; and the two score had swelled to something like a hundred. Then, to make matters worse, a spear grazed Ted's knuckles. The weapon flew from his numbed fingers, and was lost among the dense bushes bordering the path.

"That's torn it!" muttered Ted.

Again he sprinted after Tommy. They were

"What the blazes was that?" Ted queried.

Crackers grinned. "Him-fellow Bat leave box behind. Me find. Go tick-toek. -Plenty devil-box. No like him, so throw him blackfellows. Big bust—rather!"

Tommy sighed. "Another of the old Dutch cheese's schemes gone west. And now"—his voice hardened as he glanced at Ted—"it's Noumea, I reckon?"

Sam Gets K.O.

IT was an altered *Wideawake* that dropped anchor off Noumea. Her sails were furled in slovenly fashion, her paintwork daubed with grease; and the name on her bows had been altered to *Avenger*.

Standing by the stern-rail, Ted and Tommy gazed frowningly across the harbour. Behind them lay the town built by French penal labour, backed by the frowning, savage hills of New Caledonia. Straight over was the long, dark outline of the terrible Ile Nou—the old French prison camp and the home of despair.

"And that's where Dad is," Ted muttered. "Gosh! Six years in that place! Somebody's going to pay for it."

"Dutch Sam—when we've got the dad out," nodded Tommy. "And we've got to get a move on, Ted, old son. Those French johnnies are suspicious about us. Listen! I found out a few things from a prison official I met in the town. Dad's cell is on the east camp of the island there—the old torture camp. That's going to make the job harder. I dare not ask too many questions, in case Mossoo smelt a rat. But we've got to pull it off to-night. I've got a hunch Dutch Sam may try to queer our pitch—"

He broke off, a queer light in his blue eyes. Then, gripping Ted's arm, he pointed to a dinghy, propelled by two lusty kanakas, putting off from a schooner that, only an hour since, had come to her moorings. A monstrosity of fat man sat in the stern-sheets.

"Talk of the devil," quoted Tommy. "And he's sure to pop up."

"Keep back," snapped Ted. "He mayn't have recognised this as the *Wideawake*. . . He's pulling this way."

But, if Dutch Sam hadn't recognised the disguised schooner, he obviously had his suspicions. He made straight for them, and he was within a cable's length when Ted padded to the head of the cabin steps and called softly.

"Crackers!"

The fuzzy head of their kanaka chum bobbed up. "Chuck up my rope," ordered Ted; and Crackers vanished, to reappear with a coil of fine hemp, with a noose at one end. He flung it up the steps, and Ted caught it deftly, looping it over his forearm as he slid back to Tommy's side.

A noosed rope is a useful adjunct in climbing a high, spiked wall. Ted had recognised the fact, and had spent days in assiduous practice. Now a Western cowpuncher had nothing on him when it came to throwing a rope.

Dutch Sam stood up, the better to inspect the schooner, and on his fat face dawned the light of recognition. A cunning smile curved his lips, and—at that moment Ted made his throw.

The rope snaked through the air. For a moment the noose hung above Dutch Sam's head; then it dropped. Too late Sam saw his danger and attempted to duck. The noose settled over his

shoulders and tightened with a jerk. Another tug, and Sam's yell ended in a gurgling splash as he was dragged overboard.

"Lend a hand to haul the old cheese inboard," Ted yelled.

Tommy bent to the rope with a will, and for the next few minutes Dutch Sam had one of the worst times of his life. Tommy grabbed him as he was hauled on to the deck with a soggy bump.

"Yank him below," said Ted.

Not until he was down in the cabin, roped to a chair, did the secondarily trader recover his breath. Then his language was lurid in the extreme.

"You can make up your mind you're going to stay here, my old Dutch cheese," said Ted, when Sam was silent. "Crackers is having a word with your kanakas, and they'll go back and report that you fell overboard. Folk won't worry a lot. And now—" Ted's voice hardened. "You know why we're here—to rescue somebody from that Devil's Isle. We had it all from one of your dupes—"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Sam.

"You soon will," retorted Ted. "You're going to write a confession—how, six years ago, you helped a convict to escape from the penitentiary there and left Cap'n Dan Brennan in his place—to a hell of your making. . . You're going to write every word. Got that?"

Sam opened his mouth to protest. But the look in Ted's eyes made him change his mind. He shuddered instead, as paper and pen were thrust in front of him.

"Going to write?" queried Ted.

"Y-yes."

Tommy searched him for guns, and then cut his arms loose. Sam picked up the pen. His piggy eyes stabbed venom at the boys, but quailed before the steely look in Ted's. He began to write—slowly, and mumbling curses—and over his shoulder Tommy read aloud every word as it was written. Sam scrawled a shaky signature at the bottom.

"That suit you?" he growled.

Ted took the paper and read it through, word by word. And it was then that Sam thought he saw a chance of making a getaway. Ted's one hand, with the revolver in it, rested on the table, and Sam made a lightning grab for it, thinking he could snatch it away.

He never made a bigger mistake in his life. The hand holding the gun jerked back out of Sam's reach; Ted's other fist streaked in a smashing straight left to the trader's tiered chins.

All Ted's strength went behind that punch—all the memory of those five years of torture to which Sam had doomed his father. It picked Sam off his feet. . . . smashed him against the cabin wall. . . . and he rolled to the floor a senseless heap of flesh.

Ted pocketed the confession.

"That'll keep him quiet for a bit, I reckon. And when he wakes up, he's going to have the biggest shock of his life."

"Devil's Isle."

THE sunset gun had been gone an hour, and darkness lay over the isle of torture. Lights gleamed in the town across the bay, but on Ile Nou, where the prison camps were, the only lights were from the jetty, the signal station, and

four red beacon lights to the south—warning to shipping of perilous shoals and deadly reefs.

Ted and Tommy stood in the bows of the *Wideawake*, waiting. This was zero-hour for them. The next eight hours would mark the success or failure of their enterprise!

"Tide's on the ebb," whispered Ted. "Pass word along to Crackers to slip the cable, and—mind, no lights showing."

Like a ghost ship the *Wideawake* slipped from her moorings, and like a ghost she heve-to, some



COIL AND RECOIL. Dutch Sam stood up in the dinghy and then Ted threw his lasso. The noose settled over the trader's shoulders, and he was jerked into the water.

ninety minutes later, under the shadow of the dark cliffs of Ile Nou.

It was darker now, and a thin haze obscured the stars. With no more sound than a jumping fish the dinghy was launched, and Crackers dropped into it. Ted and Tommy went to the cabin, returning with a limp, bulky bundle which they lowered into the dinghy.

A faint sigh came from the bundle as it rolled on the bottom-boards.

"The old cheese is waking up," murmured Tommy. "Better stuff a gag in his mouth—just in case."

With heavily muffled oars, the boat moved landward. They had chosen the spot, because it seemed to be the only place away from the jetty where a landing was possible. Even so, they had some exciting moments before the boat's nose ran on to a narrow strip of steeply shelving beach. Above them towered the cliffs. To climb them at any time would have been hard; at night, with silence as an imperative condition, it seemed almost impossible.

But Ted and Tommy did it, somehow. What was more, they dragged Dutch Sam up after them. Ten minutes later they were on the slopes of the hill, on the summit of which showed the dark mass of buildings known as East Camp.

With thumping hearts, they stole towards it. It was nerve-tingling work. Every moment they expected to hear a staccato challenge in French—to see the darkness stabbed by a red spurt of rifle-fire . . .

A complicated system of barbed wire barred their way. But Tommy had come prepared. Five minutes' work with gloved hands and a pair of wire-cutters cleared a path. Soon they were under the lofty wall surrounding the camp—a wall topped by six-inch rusty spikes and patrolled on the other side by armed sentries.

Ted got busy with his lasso. He threw—



blindly, for the mist shrouded everything—and the rope fell back, gripping nothing. At the second throw the rope caught over something, and a jerk made it secure. Ted tested it.

"I'll go first," he whispered. "When I give the signal, send Sam up."

Tommy nodded, and Ted swarmed up the rope. The signal that he was safely balanced on top of the wall came presently—by which time Tommy had made his end of the rope fast round Dutch Sam's waist. Inch by inch Ted hauled him up, balanced him on the wall, and left him in that position while he tossed the rope down to Tommy.

Tommy joined him on the wall. Then the process was reversed, Tommy descending into the prison grounds and Dutch Sam being lowered to him. Last of all, Ted descended, and the rope was left dangling.

"That's that," whispered Ted, peering into the misty darkness. "Now we've got to find where the pater is . . . Listen! What's that?"

"Somebody coming this way."

Ted's jaw jutted. "Right! Keep back against the wall, and don't make a sound."

They flattened themselves against the wall.

The footfalls came nearer. Presently a smudgy figure loomed up out of the murk; a bayonet gleamed dully.

The sentry never really knew what happened. A shadowy form leapt at him from the darkness; a hand like a steel vice gripped his throat and choked off the cry that sprang to his lips.

Then he was flat on his back, and a hard knee was digging into his chest. A fierce voice—Ted's—hisssed in French.

"Make a sound—and it'll be your last." Then after a pause. "Answer a few questions truthfully, and you won't come to much harm. Now—where shall we find the *forcat*—Fermoy?"

The man whispered, and blurted out the answer—more answers as Ted plied him with other questions. By the finish of that tense, whispered conversation Ted and Tommy had a pretty good idea of the lie of the camp.

They roped the sentry thoroughly, and dumped him among some bushes. Then they stole on again dragging Dutch Sam with them. They crossed an exercise yard, skirted a pile of dark barrack-like buildings, saw the lights of the guardroom and made a long detour to avoid them. Eventually they came to the cells.

Three stone steps led down to a dimly-lit corridor, with barred doors on either side. A French soldier paced the corridor, and the end of his beat brought him to within a yard of the doorway where the Twins crouched. He grounded his rifle—and at that moment Ted leapt.

The sentry had no time to cry out before two fists smacked like twin piston-rods between his eyes. The man's head went back as though his neck were broken, hitting the wall with an ugly deadened thud.

Ted caught him as he slid to the floor. And after that, the Twins wasted no time. While Tommy guarded the doorway, Ted ran his hands through the unconscious man's pockets. A short search revealed what he expected to find. A master-key!

Treading softly, Ted hurried along the corridor. Number Seventeen! That was the cell. His heart thumped as he fitted the key in the lock and swung the door back.

A man lying on a hard, wooden bed straightened up at his entry. In spite of the difference in years, it was easy to trace the resemblance between Ted and this man in prison dress.

"Hallo, dad!" Ted said softly. "I'm Ted. Tommy's outside. We've come for you. Quietly does it."

The man on the bed seemed to gather his wits by a tremendous effort. The light of hope in his eyes, he drew himself to his feet and followed Ted out of the cell. Ted checked him as he was about to swing back the door.

"Half-a-mo'! We've got somebody to dump in there."

Between them, the Twins carried Dutch Sam to the cell and bundled him inside. The unconscious sentry was thrust in after him, and then Ted closed and locked the door.

But he hadn't quite finished. From his pocket he brought out Dutch Sam's confession and fastened it with a pin to the doorpost. Then he swiftly padded to join Tommy and his father.

No words were spoken as they slid back through the grounds to the spot where the rope still dangled from the wall. They shinned up it and down the other side; they wriggled through the

barbed-wire entanglement and raced down to the cliffs.

Then the silence was shattered by the single, thunderous report of a gun.

Ted's jaw tightened. "They've tumbled to it," he muttered.

Race With Death.

BY the time they reached the beach the camp was humming like a hive of disturbed bees.

A bell was clanging, shouts rang through the mist, another gun boomed from the signal-station. The boys charged down the beach to where Crackers was waiting with the dinghy.

Breathless moments followed. The mist was thicker, increasing tenfold the difficulties of passing the reef. But Tommy and Crackers pulled madly at the oars while Ted held the tiller in an iron grip.

"We'll be lucky if we get out of this," Ted muttered. "They'll have the wireless working, and—" A vague shape loomed up out of the mist. "Easy now!"

They bumped against the schooner's side. A minute later they were on deck, and Ted was bawling orders that sent the kanaka crew leaping to their posts. Under a press of sail the *Wideawake* moved slowly.

For two hours they groped through the mist, and how close they were to death in that time no one knew. Then the mist cleared, and they were sailing under the stars, with the tip of a waning moon rising out of the eastern sea.

On—on—and then suddenly the darkness behind them was stabbed by the blazing beam of a searchlight. Like a questing finger it probed the channel. It passed across them, lighting the deck with its silvery glare—passed on, and back again.

Boom! There was the thin scream of a shell passing overhead. It burst a hundred yards ahead—a deadly command to heave-to. But Ted didn't give the order to shorten sail. And Cap'n Dan, remembering his six years of torture nodded his head. But he saw a slim chance where Ted saw none. . . .

He spun the wheel. The *Wideawake* slewed round on a new course, her masts creaking . . . seemed to head straight for the surf-ridden reef. Ted expected a crash—to feel the schooner's bottom ripped out. But, just when he was bracing himself to meet the bump, he saw a narrow opening in the vague, misty line of the reef.

The *Wideawake* rode through it, jagged coral scraping her sides as she went.

"We can make it, Ted," shouted Cap'n Brennan. "A gunboat can't. If we can dodge the shells, we'll hit the open sea six hours before the gunboat possibly can."

The searchlight swung after them. Came more shells, bursting to right and left. One carried away the tip of the foremast and sprayed the deck with shrapnel. The *Wideawake* carried on, scraping past the reefs. Then somewhere behind sounded a faint crash, the searchlight was suddenly extinguished, and there were no more shells.

Ted laughed softly.

"The blighters have run their old tin tub aground," he said. "And we're through."

A wonder Science Yarn features in the Thrill Library next week. The RAINBOW RAIDERS is the title to look for, and it tells of a mammoth invasion from Mars.