

HERE YOU ARE THEN!

The BOYS' HERALD

2^d

No. 106.

ON SALE EVERY TUESDAY.

Nov. 5, 1921.



SPECIAL
BUMPER
NUMBER



£200
for Readers
see
INSIDE

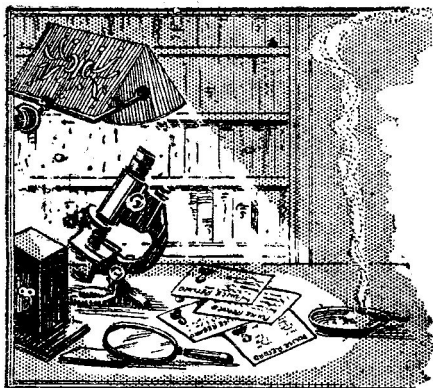


Three Jolly Chums

"THE RIVAL MIDSHIPMEN."

Long Complete Story Inside—and Many Other Attractions.

OUR DETECTIVE SUPPLEMENT.



THE BLACK TRIANGLE!

A Grand, Long Complete Detective Story introducing Ferrars Locke and Jack Drake.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

Ferrars Locke, the Up-to-Date Detective with New Methods.

Blackmail!

"IT'S a shame, Locke. I know that!" Detective-inspector Riley of the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard, spoke apologetically. He was seated in Ferrars Locke's consulting-room in Baker Street. Jack Drake had just shown him in.

Locke smiled. "My dear fellow, I am very glad to see you!" he answered. "Not so glad as I am to see you, I'll bet a pony!" said the big, ruddy inspector. "I've been round here a dozen times in the last week, at least, to see whether you were back, and I could have jumped with joy when that Chinese of yours told me he'd had a cable that you were coming. But it's a shame—a dashed shame—to drop on you like this, your very first morning!"

"Not a bit of it," Ferrars Locke assured him. "I am quite ready for work again, Riley. If there is anything I can do for you—"

"You can bet there is, or I shouldn't have been haunting Baker Street looking for you," said the inspector. "You've been away a long time, Locke—over the water, what?"

"In the South Seas," said Ferrars Locke.

"Looking for somebody, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And you've found him?"

"Exactly."

"The South Seas!" said the inspector. "You're a lucky man, Locke, to get out of the dust and turmoil of this old town, among the cocoanuts and—monkey-nuts, and—things." Mr. Riley seemed rather vague on the subject of the South Seas. "But you're back—that's the great thing. You only got into your old rooms yesterday, I believe?"

"That's so."

"And here I come bumping in the very next morning, to bother you," said Mr. Riley. "I say again, it's a shame. But you're not going to turn me out, as you ought—you're going to lend me your ears, as the Johnny says in the play. And you're going to give me your advice about that confounded Black Triangle."

"The what?"

"The Black Triangle," said the inspector. "You've never heard of it?"

"Not until this moment," said Ferrars Locke. "But you interest me, inspector. What is the Black Triangle, and what does it mean?"

"That's what we all want to know," said Inspector Riley. "It was never heard of, so far as I know, until after you had left London on your little jaunt to the South Sea Islands. But it's been heard a good deal of since, I can tell you. The Department is keeping it as dark as possible. But plenty is known to the public, and there's something like a scare. Sir Julius Krumm has paid down his five thousand pounds, telling us plainly that he's done it to save his life, because we can't help him. It's a bit bitter, but the truth is," said Mr. Riley, sinking his voice, though there was no one to hear save Ferrars Locke and his boy assistant, "the truth is, Locke, that I think he was wise to shell out."

Jack Drake looked curiously at the inspector. So far as he could see, the man from Scotland Yard was speaking in riddles.

Locke raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Sir Julius Krumm?" repeated Locke.

"Yes."

"The munition millionaire?"

"That's the Johnny."

"He has paid five thousand pounds to save his life!" said Ferrars Locke blankly. "Would your mind telling me, my dear Riley, what on earth you are talking about?"

"I'm talking about the Black Triangle," said the inspector testily.

"You forget that I am fresh from the South Seas," said Ferrars Locke. "The London daily papers do not circulate in Honolulu, or even in San Francisco. And from there I came direct, without losing time—and I have not looked at a paper yet, my dear fellow. You will have to tell me what London has been saying and doing."

Mr. Riley nodded.

"I suppose I'd better start at the beginning."

"It is a good plan," said Locke, with a slight touch of irony. "Of course, you might begin in the middle, or even at the end. But the beginning is a good place."

"It's really not a joking matter, Locke," said the inspector, with a rather rueful smile. "It's no joke on us to be told that we can't protect the lives of the citizens of London from a

blackmailing scoundrel who does not stop short of wilful murder."

"So bad as that?"

"Quite. I'll tell you how it started—I've got the data here." Inspector Riley opened a fat pocket-book, and passed a newspaper-cutting across to the Baker Street detective. "That's an ad. that appeared in the personal column of half-a-dozen newspapers three weeks ago. It was repeated a good many times, and attracted some attention from its very mysteriousness. Some of the papers mentioned it, and joked about it. People talked about it in trams and Tubes. It grew to be a regular joke, and nobody guessed then that it meant tragedy."

Ferrars Locke looked at the cutting. It was a single short paragraph, as follows:

"THE BLACK TRIANGLE. £5,000, or Death!"

Inspector Riley watched the detective's face. Locke looked up, and met his eyes, with a slightly puzzled expression.

"What would you take that to imply, Locke?"

"A bad joke on the part of some person, or persons, unknown," answered Ferrars Locke.

"That was my opinion at the time," said Mr. Riley. "It might, of course, be some sort of a cryptogram; but, on the face of it, it is one of the catches that practical jokers sometimes insert in the personal columns in the papers, to puzzle the public. Lots of people read the personal paragraphs and try to decipher them, and practical jokers pull their leg sometimes."

"That is so."

"No doubt the newspaper people thought so," continued the inspector. "Of course, they'd never have inserted the paragraph if they'd known it was the advertisement of a desperate gang of criminals."

"Hardly."

"But it was. It was a week after that paragraph had appeared several times in a dozen papers that John Builder, the head of Builder and Company, the stockbrokers, came to see us, in a state of alarm—not to say, funk. He had received this letter."

The inspector laid a letter on the table at Locke's elbow.

Keenly interested now, the Baker Street detective looked at it. The letter was a single sheet of notepaper, of a good thick quality. There was no address on it. In the centre of the top a black triangle was marked with a pen. Under the triangle the following words were typed:

"The Black Triangle demand, £5,000. Will you pay or die?"

"We succeeded in reassuring Mr. Builder," went on the inspector. "The fact is, I looked on it as a practical joke by somebody who had seen the Black Triangle advertisement. Besides, you see, that letter doesn't mention how or when the money was to be paid. I really thought no more of the matter. But the next day Mr. Builder came again. He had received a second letter—they'd given the first notice twenty-four hours to sink in, you see. Here's the second letter."

Locke glanced at it.

The black triangle appeared on the paper again, but the message was a longer one. It ran:

"You will have £5,000 in banknotes, fives and tens, on your person on Wednesday. You will hand them, in a packet, without a word, to a man who will pass you in the street and whisper the word 'Triangle.' If you speak to the police, or if the notes are afterwards stopped, nothing can save your life."

"You did not regard this letter as a practical joke, Riley?" asked Ferrars Locke quietly.

"No. We took every precaution," said the inspector. "On Wednesday, Mr. Builder came up from Surbiton to the City by train, as usual, with two plain-clothes men in the carriage with him. He was shadowed to his office, and a Yard man was taken on, under the guise of a new secretary, to pass the day with him. Another Yard man lunched with him at his restaurant, and walked back to his office with him. The plain-clothes men went with him to his train, and travelled back to Surbiton with him. If anyone had accosted him that day with the whispered word 'Triangle,' the rascal would have been nailed without fail."

"But no one did?"

"No. It's pretty clear that they spotted that Mr. Builder was being watched by us, and they let him alone."

"And then?"

"By the next morning's post, Mr. Builder received a third letter—this."

Locke glanced at the third letter.

Again the black-inked triangle appeared, with a written sentence below it, in type: "PREPARE FOR DEATH!"

"The poor gentleman was in a blue funk," continue! the inspector. "The blackmailer—or blackmailers—knew that he had applied for police protection, and that they would have been nabbed if they had carried on with their stunt. They had sentenced him to death. I—I more than half thought it pure bluff. But Mr. Builder claimed protection, and three of our best men were told off to guard him day and night. And—and

He paused.

"And—" said Ferrers Locke.

"On the Thursday he was murdered!" said Mr. Riley.

A Master of Crime!

JACK DRAKE gave a start as the inspector reached his dramatic conclusion. The boy detective had listened with the keenest interest to the strange story. He stole a glance at his chief. Ferrers Locke was sitting bolt upright in his chair now, and his eyes were glistening. His face was as impassive as ever, but Drake knew that look in the eyes of his chief. All the famous detective's interest was roused now.

"Murdered?" repeated Ferrers Locke quietly.

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"He was shot through the heart, through the window of the dining-room in his villa at Surbiton. A Scotland Yard man was dining with him, sitting opposite him, at the moment the shot was fired."

"A daring act," said Locke.

"I should say so. I've had a pretty long experience of crime and criminals, but I never came across anything like it," said Mr. Riley. "The audacity of it fairly took my breath away."

"And the assassin escaped?"

"He got clean away. The Yard man picked up Mr. Builder as he fell from his chair, and laid him on the rug. He died almost instantaneously. The man did not lose more than half a minute. Then he was in the garden, hunting for the man who fired the shot. There were tracks found—signs where a man had climbed a low wall, tyre-marks in the lane at the back, where a motor-car had waited. And that was all."

"No clue since?"

"None, excepting this. This postcard was delivered at Mr. Builder's house on the morning following the crime."

Locke glanced at the card.

It bore the sign of the Black Triangle, and the word "One." That was all.

"Needless to say, there was a furore at the Yard," said Mr. Riley grimly. "But the matter was closed; we found out simply nothing. The villain had not left a clue behind him. The sensation was tremendous. Some enterprising journalists got hold of the Black Triangle, and made a lot of it. Whether some special enemy of Mr. Builder's had dealt with him, or whether it was all part of a huge blackmailing stunt, we did not know—till the second case happened."

"Then there was a second case?"

"The case of Lord Flexwood. He received the two warning letters, as Mr. Builder had done—facsimiles of these. The whole affair ran on all fours with the Builder case. His lordship came to us as a matter of course, but he was less keen on taking precautions than the stockbroker had been. He carried a revolver, and disdained police protection. But our men kept him under watch all the same, as you can imagine."

"Naturally," said Locke. "And he refused to yield to the demand?"

"He took no notice of the threat at all, excepting to place the threatening letters in our hands."

"And the result?"

"He was shot in his motor-car on the Brighton road. He was going down to Brighton for the week-end. His chauffeur heard a shot from the roadside, but did not know till later that it had struck his employer. He supposed that someone was out shooting, so far as he noticed it at all. But later on, looking back into the car, he noticed his lordship sitting crumpled up in a corner, stopped the car, and looked at him. He had been shot through the brain, and killed instantly."

"What weapon was used?" asked Locke. "Not a revolver?"

"No; it was a rifle-bullet."

"Exactly where did it happen?"

"The chauffeur is positive that when he heard the shot the car was less than a hundred yards past the village of Ishill."

"And what followed?"

"This postcard, delivered at Lord Flexwood's town address on the following morning."

Inspector Riley laid the card on the table. It bore the black triangle and the word "Two."

"The papers were full of it," resumed the inspector. "The postcard was seen and read by half-a-dozen servants in Lord Flexwood's town house, and they talked, naturally. We wanted to prevent a scare, so far as possible, but there was little to be done. And a few days afterwards Sir Julius Krumm received a letter from the Black Triangle gang. He phoned us up, and I fairly flew round to his house in Park Lane. But the millionaire's nerve had petered out before I reached him." The inspector snorted. "He told me plainly that, after what had happened to Mr. Builder and Lord Flexwood, he wasn't taking chances. I pointed out to him that it was really illegal to hand money to a blackmailer, known to be a murderer, on threats. He answered that he was going to pay the money to save his life, and that he was going to consult with his lawyer, to advise him whether he could sue Scotland Yard for damages." Mr. Riley made a wry face. "That was rather a facer for me. I bowed myself out."

"He paid the money?"

"We couldn't get a word out of him afterwards. But we made some discreet inquiries, and learned that he had drawn five thousand pounds from his bank, in notes of five and ten."

"The inference is pretty clear."

"Quite clear."

"The bank had the numbers of the notes, of course," said Ferrers Locke. "Did you obtain them?"

"They had the numbers, of course," said the inspector. "But Sir Julius had taken measures against that. You note that the Black Triangle gang threaten their victims with death if the notes are stopped. And there is no doubt that they would keep their word, after what has happened. Sir Julius had warned the bank manager that under no circumstances was he to reveal the numbers of that special lot of notes to any inquirer, even the police. The manager knew his reason, and stuck to his secrecy. Of course, we have ways of compelling a man to give information, but—but—you understand, in the present circumstances, legal measures to enforce such a communication would have been awkward."

Locke nodded.

"Quite so. But, with the numbers of the notes, you would have had a chance of tracing the man. It would have been but a slim chance, however. The man who has planned so desperate a campaign as this has, no doubt, taken his measures carefully. The notes may not be put in circulation for years—and only a few at a time—and in all probability they will be changed in foreign countries. A trip to Paris and a visit to a dozen money-changers would do the trick. The French notes received in exchange could be changed later. There would be little trace of the blackmailer. He is evidently a man operating on a large scale, and not in need of ready money."

The Baker Street detective reflected for a minute.

"Is the case of Sir Julius Krumm the last?" he asked.

"So far as we know."

"You mean?"

Inspector Riley shrugged his shoulders.

"I mean that others may have received Black Triangle letters, and complied with the demand without notifying the police," he said. "Sir Julius Krumm's action is pretty well known, and others, if threatened, may have followed his example. What happened to Mr. Builder and Lord Flexwood scared Sir Julius into ransoming his life. It may have had the same effect on others."

For all we know, half a dozen victims may have paid over five thousand pounds to the Black Triangle, without a word being spoken. Why, it may go on indefinitely, if something is not done!" exclaimed the inspector. "The scoundrel may pile up a huge fortune by blackmail while we twiddle our thumbs at the Yard. You've got to help us, Locke! So you understand how glad I was when your Chinese said you were coming back. I nearly dropped in on you last night."

THE ROGUES' GALLERY:

SOME OF THE VILLAINS FERRERS LOCKE, THE GREAT DETECTIVE, HAS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.



BARON BURTONHURST.

An impostor who has engineered many big crimes.

"SLICK" STANLEY.

A racing trickster cornered by Ferrers Locke.

"WILY" WILSON.

The financial swindler, well-known in the City.

BLACK MICHAEL.

Of Moscow, the Russian criminal who defied the law for years.

REVERS BURNLEY.

A master of the art of disguise.



Ferrers Locke held out his hand, and the ragamuffin placed a sealed envelope in it. "Who gave you this?" asked Locke. "A queer old customer with bushy whiskers and great big specs., sir," answered the boy.

"I have missed a good deal by my voyage to the South Seas," said the Baker Street detective. "You needn't apologise for dropping in on me, Riley. I'm only too glad to get on to this case."

"You'll take it up?"

"With all my heart."

Detective-inspector Riley drew a deep breath of relief.

"If any man can deal with the Black Triangle, Locke, you're the man," he said. "We're not beaten—not exactly beaten—but if you can help us, we shall be grateful. We—"

The door opened, and admitted Sing-Sing, with a letter on a salver.

"Messengee bling letter for Missy Locke. Sayce velly special!" said the Chinese.

Locke nodded, and took the letter from the salver.

Sing-Sing retired, with his noiseless footsteps.

"Is the messenger waiting, Sing-Sing?"

"No waitee—goey way."

"Very good."

Sing-Sing closed the door.

"Excuse me a moment, Riley!"

"Certainly," said the inspector. "I dare say I'm not the only man glad to hear that you're back in London, Locke. But, whoever it is, you've got to put him off till you've dealt with the Black Triangle."

Ferrers Locke nodded and smiled, and cut open the envelope with a paperknife.

His face changed a little as he looked at the letter. A hard, steely glint came into his eyes, and his lips set in a tight line. Jack Drake watched him anxiously. The inspector sat upright, eyeing him.

"Something startling, Locke?"

"A little, Lock!"

Ferrers Locke tossed the letter upon the table, and the inspector and Jack Drake glanced at it simultaneously.

In the centre of the top of a single sheet of thick notepaper was marked a black triangle. Under it was typed:

"Ferrers Locke,—You are warned not to intervene in this case. Take one step, and it will be known to us, and your death will follow. Remember Mr. Builder and Lord Flexwood, and take warning!"

"That was all!"

An Old Foe!

FERRERS LOCKE smiled slightly. Inspector Riley's ruddy face was a little pale. Jack Drake breathed quick and hard.

"A rather startling epistle on my first morning home," drawled the Baker Street detective.

"Good heavens!" the inspector licked his dry lips. "They know you are on the case, then, Locke. And yet—"

"You were watched coming here, Riley," said Ferrers Locke. "Your shadower knew, of course, why you came. He would not need telling."

Inspector Riley nodded slowly.

"You're right, Locke. By heavens! The daring scoundrel! But the messenger who brought this—it may be possible to trace him—"

Riley started to his feet.

"Scarcely," said Ferrers Locke, unmoved. "I imagine he had stepped into a car before Sing-Sing brought the letter in to me, and he is probably miles away by this time."

The inspector sank back into his chair.

"I suppose you're right, Locke. The Black Triangle will not be caught so easily as all that."

Locke turned the letter over in his hand, examining it attentively. Drake caught his eye.

"May I—" began Drake.

"Speak, my boy."

"You've often told me, sir, that typewriting can be traced," said Drake diffidently. "No two machines write exactly alike."

"Quite so, my boy," said Ferrers Locke. "This note, for instance, was written upon a Remington machine, with Elits type, which has had a good deal of use. Several of the letters are slightly out of alignment, and the capital 'L' is a little battered. Many of the letters are worn in places, and the same traces show in all these Black Triangle communications. They were all typed on the same machine. If that machine had been hired for temporary use, these clues would have been valuable. But, undoubtedly, the Black Triangle owns his machine, and it is never seen by any eye but his own. I am afraid that the character of the typewriting will not, therefore, help us."

Drake nodded.

"No finger-prints on the paper, sir?"

"None. It was handled with gloves on, I should say—certainly so, if the man knows his business, as he evidently does."

Inspector Riley fixed his eyes upon the Baker Street detective.

"You're not allowing that threat to influence you, Locke?"

"Scarcely."

"You're keeping on with the case?"

"Certainly."

"Good man! I reckon he thought he could scare you off because you're a private detective," said the inspector thoughtfully. "They haven't tried this game on us at the Yard."

Jack Drake smiled behind the inspector's head.

The thought was in his mind that the Black Triangle did not threaten Inspector Riley because the blackmailier did not fear him.

The threat to Ferrers Locke had only one meaning to Drake's mind—that Locke was feared, and was considered worth powder and shot by the desperate rascal who used the sign of the Black Triangle.

Such a thought was not likely to occur to Mr. Riley, however.

"When are you beginning on the case, Locke?" asked the inspector, after a thoughtful pause.

"This minute!" answered Locke, quietly.

"Good man! And the first step?"

"A big think," said the detective. "Leave me to it, Riley. At present there is not a single clue that is worth while. I have the glimmering of a plan in my head. Is Sir Julius Krumm in town now?"

"Yes, at his house in Park Lane. He will tell you nothing, however," said Mr. Riley. "He is scared to death, and as close as an oyster. You can ask him on the telephone and see."

"I think I will call."

"The phone will save your time, for he will guess what you want, and most likely refuse to see you."

"Which will not matter in the least," said Ferrers Locke tranquilly. "I only want to be seen entering his house."

"But why?"

"So that the Black Triangle will know that his threat has had no effect on me, and will know that I have taken up the case."

"You think you will be shadowed, then?"

"I know it."

The inspector rubbed his hands.

"That's an opening, Locke. If you are followed when you leave this house, I shan't be far away, and if I don't spot your shadower, I'll resign my position at the Yard, and go into the country and grow turnips."

Locke smiled, and shook hands with the inspector, and the burly man from Scotland Yard took his leave, his ruddy face expressing his satisfaction at the interview.

After he was gone Locke made a sign to Drake, who fetched the tobacco-jar and placed it at his chief's elbow, and then sat down quietly at his desk. There was a long silence in the room.

Ferrers Locke filled his pipe, and refilled it again and again, till the room was thick with smoke. He was hardly conscious of what he was doing. Usually the detective smoked little—he was too careful of physical fitness for that. But when he had a problem to solve the Baker Street detective forgot his usual care, and smoked while he thought it out—and sometimes Drake was a little startled by the amount of tobacco that disappeared on such occasions.

It was a good hour before the Baker Street detective stirred.

Then he laid down his pipe, and glanced at Drake, and smiled slightly. The boy detective met his eyes eagerly.

"A very curious case, Brake, my boy," said Ferrers Locke, in his quiet tones. "The man who works under the sign of the Black Triangle is a criminal in a thousand—a foeman worthy of our steel, my boy! A more ruthless villain has seldom been mentioned in the annals of crime. He seems to have committed two cold-blooded murders, simply as a warning to his other victims not to resist his attempts at blackmail. And the warning has evidently been successful. We shall be doing the public a service, Drake, if we solve the mystery of the Black Triangle."

"And we shall, sir, if you take it in hand!" said Jack Drake confidently.

Ferrers Locke smiled.

"I hope so, Drake. As I said, the criminal is a man in a thousand for coolness, determination, resource, and utter ruthlessness. In my career I have come upon one man who answers to the description—and one man only."

He paused.

"And that man, sir?"

"You have met him, Drake. It is Count Sazineff!"

Drake started.

"Count Sazineff!"

"He escaped from prison, some months ago, after we succeeded in sending him there," said Ferrers Locke. "I have been expecting to hear of him again. He has been lying low. The police believe that he has succeeded in escaping from England."

"But you do not think so, sir?"

"I do not think he would desire to escape from England," said Locke. "London is the natural home of the count—the richest city in the world, where he finds his prey, where

there is unlimited wealth to be had for the taking. I have no clue to guide me at present, Drake, but, unless my instincts deceive me, the Black Triangle will prove to be the new campaign I have been expecting Count Sazineff to begin. If it is not so, there is evidently another criminal in London as desperate, as clever, and as ruthless as the count—which I doubt."

"It will not be easy to find him, sir."

Locke shook his head.

"My theory as to his identity, Drake, does not help us. The count, if he is in London, is lying low in deep disguise and under another name. We have to proceed as if the criminal were totally unknown to us—as, in fact, he is." Locke glanced at his watch. "We have time to make a call before lunch. Tell Wootton to bring round the car."

Drake quitted the room at once.

His heart was beating with excitement now. If the enemy Ferrers Locke had to tackle was indeed Count Boris Sazineff, the master criminal, Drake knew that there was a long and desperate conflict before the famous detective. It was a conflict of which the end could not be foretold, in which death lurked in every shadow. But there was no fear in the boy detective's heart. Where Ferrers Locke led he was ready to follow even into the valley of the shadow of death.

Ten minutes later Locke and his boy assistant were seated in the car, and the chauffeur drove rapidly to Park Lane.

The Last Warning.

SIR JULIUS KRUMM'S mansion in Park Lane was a stately building. Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake were admitted to a spacious hall by a butler as stately as the mansion. As a matter of fact, the butler had been taken over at the same time as the mansion, from an impoverished nobleman, by the munition millionaire.

Locke's card was taken in to Sir Julius, the callers being shown into a room to wait.

In a few minutes the butler returned.

"Sir Julius is sorry that he cannot see you, Mr. Locke!"

"One moment," said Locke.

He wrote on the back of one of his professional cards, "Important business in connection with the Black Triangle."

"Take that to your master, please," he said.

"Very well, sir."

Locke smiled to his boy assistant as the butler left them.

"I suppose he's in a blue funk, sir," remarked Drake.

"Obviously," said Locke. "He fears the vengeance of the Black Triangle if he has any dealings with police or detectives. Perhaps he is right, from his own point of view."

The butler returned.

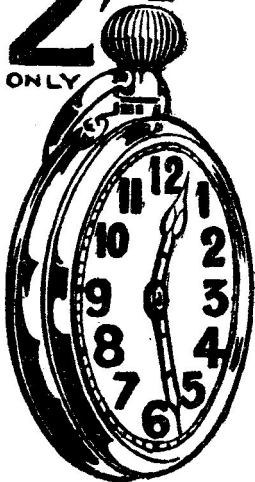
"Well?" said Locke.

"Sir Julius declines to see you, sir, and he says that he does not desire you to interest yourself in his affairs in any way whatever, sir."

(Continued on next page.)

NICKEL SILVER WATCHES.

2/- ONLY YOURS TO WEAR WHILST PAYING FOR IT.



Gent's full-size Keyless Lever Watch, strong Nickel Silver, dust and damp proof cases, clear dial, genuine Lever Movement, perfect railway timekeeper, price 15/- or cash with order, 13/6 (similar watch, cheaper quality, 9/- cash). Ladies' or Gent's wristlet model (a beautiful present), 4/- extra. Any of these splendid watches sent on receipt of the first payment. After receiving the watch you send us a further 2/-, and promise to pay the balance by weekly instalments of 6d. each, or 2/- monthly. Warranty for 10 years sent with each watch. No unpleasant inquiries. Don't risk disappointment, as this is manufacturer's stock, purchased at great reduction (usually sold at 25/-). Send 2/- and 6d. extra for postage and insurance at once to:—

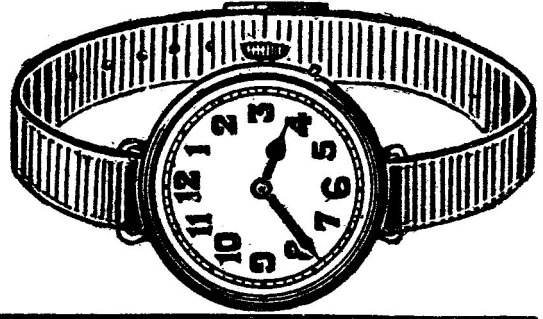
THE WOBURN WATCH CO.,
Desk B.H.8, Woburn House, London, W.C.1.

RECENT TESTIMONY FROM SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

I am very delighted indeed with your watch, and it has kept perfect time.
F. J. R.

Received watch quite safely. It is an excellent timekeeper.
J. B.

Exceedingly pleased with the watch and think it wonderful value for money.
F. L.



LUMINOUS DIALS TO SEE TIME IN THE DARK
2/- EXTRA
LADIES' OR GENT'S WRISTLET MODELS
4/- EXTRA.

Buy Mead

ON EASY TERMS



direct from factory at wholesale prices and **SAVE POUNDS.** World's finest massive Table Grands, Portable, Hornless and exquisitely coloured monster horn Mead-o-phones to select from. Grand bargains in Columbia, Regal, Sonophone, Pathé, Edison Bell and Decca. Immediate delivery. Sent on 10 days' trial, packed free, carriage paid, 26 records (32 tunes) and 400 needles included. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send postcard now for the biggest and most beautifully illustrated art catalogue ever issued.

MEAD CO. (DEPT. G108), BALSALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.

FILMS FOR SALE! Cheap. Machines, etc. Stamped envelope for lists, 50 ft. Sample film, 1/3. Tyson & Marshall, 89, Castle Boulevard, Nottingham.

"METALCRAFT," A NEW AND COMPLETE OUTFIT 12/6. Send for the Illustrated MANUAL, 1/- post free, and particulars of Special Money-making Offer.
Metalcraft Co., 23, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

FULL SIZED MEN. These are the men who win success in business. If you are under full size, increase your height by the Girvan Scientific Treatment. This treatment has even increased the height of soldiers after years of army drill. Students report from 2 to 5 inches increase. Send a post-card for particulars and our 200 guarantee, to Enquiry Dept. A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.4.

FUN FOR ALL! Ventriloquists Voice Instrument, Invisible, Astonishes, Mystifies, Imitate Birds, Beasts, etc. 1/- P.O. (Ventriloquism Treatise included).—**IDEAL CO.** Clevedon, Somerset.

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Full particulars FREE.—**FRANK HUGHES, Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.**

When answering advertisements will our readers kindly mention this paper.

The Black Triangle!—Continued from previous page.

"Thank you!" said Ferrers Locke imperturbably. The Baker Street detective and his assistant were shown out. As they descended the steps to Park Lane, Ferrers Locke's eyes were very keenly about him.

On the opposite side of the park railings, a dozen pedestrians could be seen, and any one of them might have been watching the detective's car.

Locke and Drake stepped into the car.

"Home!" said Ferrers Locke, briefly.

The car rolled away.

"N.G., sir!" said Drake, glancing at his chief.

"I did not expect Sir Julius to see me," said Locke. "I simply desired to let my shadower know for certain that I am on the case."

"You think we are shadowed, sir?"

"I am sure of it. But it is done cunningly, and I confess that I cannot spot the shadower," said Locke.

"But what is the object of letting the Black Triangle know that we are working against him, sir?" asked Drake, puzzled.

"Isn't it giving away a point?"

"You forget the threat in his letter, Drake. If I take the case, he threatens me with death. He will certainly attempt to carry out his threat—partly because he is a determined villain who does not make idle threats, and partly because he undoubtedly fears me as a pursuer," Locke smiled grimly. "In that case, Drake, he will make the first move, and in making it, my boy, he will have to show his hand. And it will go hard but that I shall learn something of him from what he does."

"I—I understand."

Drake drew a deep breath. He understood clearly enough now. Ferrers Locke was setting his life upon the cast. If the unknown blackmailer attempted his life and failed, there might be a clue. If he succeeded— But Drake drove that dark thought from his mind.

The car stopped at the house in Baker Street. The portly figure of Inspector Riley loomed up as Locke alighted.

"You here?" said Locke.

"I've been on guard," explained the inspector. "You were not shadowed when you left, Locke."

"You think not?" smiled Locke.

"Not so far as I could see," answered the inspector, "and I flatter myself I'm fairly keen-eyed."

"No doubt," assented Locke. "But I am fairly sure that the Black Triangle knows before this that I have called on Sir Julius Krumm, and knows, therefore, that I am on the case definitely."

Inspector Riley smiled incredulously.

"You give him too much credit, I think, Locke. He is a cunning and clever scoundrel, certainly; but there are limits—"

A little ragamuffin came along Baker Street, whistling shrilly. He stopped before the group of three by the motor-car, and touched a ragged cap and grinned.

"Which of you gents that there car belong to?" he asked. "I got a note for the gent it belongs to."

"To me," said Ferrers Locke quietly.

He held out his hand, and the ragamuffin placed a sealed envelope in it.

"When was this given to you, my boy?" asked Locke, without opening the envelope.

"Five minutes ago, sir. Gent says it's for the gent in this 'ere car, sir, and said it would stop about 'ere, sir. So I followed. He give me 'arf-a-crown."

"What was he like?"

The boy grinned.

"Queer old customer, with bushy whiskers, sir, and great big specs., sir. Looked about a hundred years old."

"Did you see where he went?"

"He got into a car, sir."

"Thank you!" said Locke, and he gave the boy a shilling. And the ragamuffin strolled away very cheerfully.

"What does all this mean?" asked the inspector. "Do you think it has anything to do with the case in hand, Locke?"

"I think so," said Ferrers Locke quietly.

He opened the envelope. There was a card inside, and on the card the sign of the Black Triangle caught the eyes of the inspector as Locke held it up. There was a sentence under it—not typewritten this time, but printed, in capital letters, with a pencil:

"FERRERS LOCKE! YOU HAVE DISREGARDED THE WARNING! PREPARE FOR DEATH!"

Shot for Shot.

"By Gad!" muttered the inspector thickly. "By gad! This is—is—" He paused, and looked round him, almost nervously, into the traffic of Baker Street. Wootton, at a sign from Ferrers Locke, moved the car on to the garage. The detective thrust the letter into his pocket.

"He knows!" said Riley. "You were watched, after all."

"Evidently."

"You're going to take care, Locke?"

"The best of care, you may depend on it," said Ferrers Locke, with a smile. "We have a dangerous man to deal with."

"At least, we have some description of him," muttered the inspector.

"A description of a pretty complete disguise, you mean."

"Yes—I suppose so." Mr. Riley looked discouraged. "Well, the best of luck, Locke! I shall be anxious about you. Good-day!"

Ferrers Locke and Drake entered the house. Locke was rather silent and thoughtful at lunch, but his appetite was quite unimpaired.

"And now to work, Drake," said Locke, when they rose from lunch.

"Ready, sir!"

"You have your revolver?"

"Yes, sir."

Locke opened a tall cupboard in the wall, and drew from it that looked to Drake like a dressmaker's model—a life-size figure. It was built of wires, and cleverly jointed.

Drake watched the detective in silence and growing wonder. Locke proceeded to dress the figure in clothes similar to those he was wearing himself. A wax mask, strangely life-like, and bearing a startling resemblance to Locke's own features, and a wig resembling the detective's dark, thick air, turned the figure into Ferrers Locke's double.

Drake looked from one to the other.

At a dozen feet distance he could hardly have told the difference between Locke and the life-like figure.

The detective placed the figure in an armchair, in an easy attitude, leaning back, with a pipe in the mouth. He wheeled the chair into a direct line with the window looking on Baker Street.

Drake looked at him questioningly.

"If you should pass in a car, Drake, and glance into this window, would you not think that you saw Ferrers Locke sitting there?" asked the detective, with a smile.

"I should be sure of it, sir," said Drake. "But, with the window closed, no one can see in, as the panes are clouded."

"On a warm afternoon it is natural for the window to be opened," said Ferrers Locke. "Take up your stand at the side of the window, Drake, and be careful to keep in cover of the curtain. Watch the street without betraying yourself."

"I catch on, sir."

"The Black Triangle has proved himself a deadly shot, with rifle and revolver," said Locke. "Keep in cover."

Drake took up his station, and then Ferrers Locke, taking care to keep out of sight from the street, opened one leaf of the French window, which looked on a low balcony over the area steps.

Locke drew back to the side of the wide windows; through the curtains he had a clear view of the street.

From the tops of motor-buses that passed, people glanced into the famous detective's consulting-room carelessly. Anyone who knew Ferrers Locke by sight could have had no doubt that the Baker Street detective was sitting in the armchair, smoking, and enjoying a breath of fresh air at the same time. The opening was not wide at the window, but it was wide enough to give a glimpse of the seated figure.

Strict orders had been given to Sing-Sing to admit no one to the house. There was no danger of interruption from callers.

Locke waited.

An hour passed—two hours—three hours. Jack Drake sank into a chair by the side of the curtained window. But Ferrers Locke remained standing, hardly stirring. He seemed like some statue in bronze.

It was about half-past four when a car, which had passed the house at a good speed, was seen returning at a slower pace. It was a large, green-painted Mercedes, closed, though the afternoon was fine and mild. The chauffeur was capped and goggled, and little could be seen of him.

The car glided by, and for a moment a face looked out. Then the Mercedes was gone.

It had passed the house twice—first fast, then slow. It might mean nothing, or it might mean much.

Ferrers Locke waited.

The car had glided on towards Marylebone. But five minutes later the same car was seen returning—more slowly still. It was almost crawling when it passed the detective's house.

Just as it came opposite the open window on the ground floor, a face appeared at the car window, and a hand, in which something glittered.

A sharp report rang across Baker Street.

To most of the crowd that heard it, it seemed probably the popping of a burst tyre. But it was the crack of a revolver, and, in an instant, the figure in the chair in Locke's consulting-room fell sideways. Through the head, from ear to ear, passed a bullet-hole.

The instant the shot had rung out, the green car started forward at a furious pace.

Ferrers Locke leaped through the open window to the narrow balcony. Drake, dazed by the suddenness of the happening, did not stir.

But Locke was more alert. He was on the balcony in a flash, his revolver in his hand. The green car was leaping forward like a thing of life, amid shouts from startled drivers of other vehicles.

Crack! Crack!

Locke was firing with an aim as deadly as that of the unseen man in the green car. The first bullet smashed the car window, the second grazed a tyre. Had it struck the tyre fairly, the puncture would have been all that Locke needed. But the speed of the car, and its sudden windings in the traffic, saved the tyre. The bullet only grazed it. A third shot would have done the work, but the green car was on the other side of a slow motor-lorry now, and Locke had to hold his hand.

There was a shout in the street, a roar of voices. Pedestrians stopped, three or four policemen rushed up from different directions. Ferrers Locke leaped clear from the balcony, across the area railings, to the pavement, and Jack Drake, recovering himself, was after him in a flash. He was at the heels of the detective as Locke rushed across the street, heedless of the traffic.

But the green car was gone.

It had fairly whizzed round the nearest corner, and by the time Ferrers Locke reached the corner it was out of sight.

Locke stopped, and set his lips.

"A near thing, my boy!" he said quietly, as Drake came panting up. "A very near thing! But I saw him as he fired, Drake, and I knew his face—changed, disguised, but I knew it!"

"Count Sazineff?" asked Drake.

"Yes."

The first round was over—and it was drawn—between Count Sazineff, the master-criminal, and the famous detective of Baker Street. But the struggle had only begun, and Ferrers Locke and his boy assistant were soon to see more of the Black Triangle.

THE END.

Get next Tuesday's "Boys' Herald" for another of these splendid stories.