

THE HAPPY HIKERS!—See Inside.

The MODERN BOY

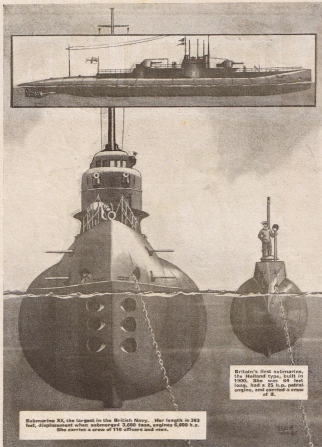
EVERY MONDAY
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SPECIAL HIKING and CAMPING Number.



Submarine XI, the largest in the British Navy. Her length is 282 feet, displacement when submerged 3,000 tons, engines 6,000 h.p. She carries a crew of 115 officers and men.

Britain's first submarine, the Holland type, built in 1900. She was 64 feet long, had a 25 h.p. petrol engine, and carried a crew of 8.

THE GROWTH OF THE SUBMARINE

LOOKING like a huge whale, with torpedo tubes for mouth, Britain's giant submarine, XI, is here seen contrasted with our first submarine, the Holland type. Drawn to the same scale, the drawing gives some idea of the progress made in this type of warship. Submarine XI mounts six torpedo tubes, four 5.5 inch quick-firing guns, and two machine-guns. She has two hulls, the outer one

completely surrounding the inner one. The space between hulls is occupied with fuel oil storage tanks and water ballast tanks. The inner hull forms the accommodation for the crew, who live and sleep in greater comfort than has ever previously been known in a submarine. Submarine XI's two sets of Diesel engines, each of 3,000 h.p., used for surface cruising give her a speed of 19.5 knots.

Everybody is doing it—hiking away, as chance offers, from the bricks and mortar, having a perfectly topping time in the open spaces, with a bit of camping thrown in



A-Hiking We Will Go!

"**W**HOM did the deuce started this hiking business?" asked a fellow who called at the *Modern Boy* office recently. "All the chaps at our school want to know."

Well, we need not bother our heads about who started it. It's enough that we're going on with it, for hiking is one of the freshest starts ever invented. In fact, everybody's doing it! And not only because a hiking holiday—properly planned and carried out—costs very little indeed.

Quite a string of "youth hostels" for hikers is springing up in this country, and a letter to the Youth Hostels Association, 18, Bridge Road, Welby's Garden City, Here, will bring you a list of these lodgings—a list which would be extremely useful to you in planning a hiking route well in advance.

Alternatively, you have a choice between the roadside inn, the farm cottage, and the hike tent—the latter winning on the score of healthfulness and cheapness.

There is little weight in a hike tent, so you need not be afraid of "lugging one about." You can get an excellent one at a very moderate price, one that will stand up to a real summer storm and remain waterproof.

Or you could get a cheaper tent and waterproof it yourself with one of the special compounds sold in shops. Also, a rough-and-ready waterproofing can be done with a candle, by rubbing it up and down the seams.

The costs are a big consideration always, and perhaps you will be able to judge of your own case when you see what you may be expected to pay in hostels or cottages.

A loaded satchel a shilling for a night's lodging, while a farm cottage may ask you anything from half-a-crown to five shillings for bed and breakfast. Five shillings will probably pay for a good supper, your night's rest, and a good breakfast to kick-off with the next day.

If you reckon five shillings for that, another half-crown should purchase other

Camping and hiking breed hearty appetites, and the seriousness to" seems to be the weakness deer, boys," is observed with alacrity!



A-Hiking We Will Go!

meals during the day, so that over-aid-expense is wanted by this arrangement.

The tent idea is cheaper, and preferable if you don't begrudge time in preparing meals, in clearing away, in breaking camp, in finding camp, and so on. If you have plenty of time on your hands, by all means choose like-tenting. If your time is limited, allow six to seven shillings a day for necessary expenses and you won't find yourself "spare out" of money.

All this scheming fits in excellently for two or three fellows, but when the hiking party becomes a dozen or more it is useless to huddle haphazard into a village and expect the inhabitants straightway to provide billets for the party. Youth hotels are the only way with a big party, and accommodation should be secured in advance.

THERE is no need to follow slavishly the time-table given here; but it gives you an idea to work upon.

Start early on a day hike. Get on the road before the motor and other traffic. Best time to start, eight a.m.

Get off the main road as quickly as possible. If going part of the way by train, make certain you have found out the times of trains. It is a waste of time and energy to have an hour's wait on a dismal and smoky railway-station platform.

At eleven it is a splendid scheme to stop for light refresh-

ment, such as cold milk and dry biscuits. Keep off greasy sandwiches and buns—they puff you out!

Stop at one p.m. at the latest for lunch. If the weather is hot, lunch of sandwiches, and don't forget that it is cheaper to take sandwiches with you than buy them on a trek. Cheese sandwiches are good; sausage sandwiches are not to be recommended in hot weather. The coolest sandwiches of all are made up of slices of tomato.

DON'T drink a lot of tea with lunch. It leads to tummy trouble. Try cold water or "milk" lemonade instead.

Stop at five in the afternoon for tea, and this is where you can let yourself go with a real good feed. But don't overdo it, for you've got to get home again!

Remember that after tea you should be well on your way home. It takes all the grit of the gingerbread if you find yourself ten miles from home at seven in the evening and only your trousers to do it on!

At eight o'clock you should be home, if the hike has been properly planned. And then for a warmish bath, to make you feel just right!

On a week-end hike, cover between thirty and forty miles at the very most. Plan twenty out and, say, fifteen home. You will not feel quite so fresh for the run-in, you know!

Map out, as rough a route as you like, but be certain that stopping-places for the night are arranged. You cannot—with safety!—knock a cottager up at one in the morning and ask for lodgings!

The BIG VOICE of the NORTH!

Our Wireless Experts chat about Moorside Edge, the B.B.C.'s new transmitting station from which the North Regional programmes are broadcast

MOORSIDE EDGE, the new twin-wave transmitter of the B.B.C.'s North Regional Station, which has taken the place of the old Manchester transmitter, uses a power of 70 kilowatts. In order to supply this enormous current, the station runs its own generating plant. There are two separate transmitters at the station, and each has a

current of 1,500 amps at 20 volts. For the high-tension supply 12,000 volts are wanted, and to get this current powerful generators driven by Diesel engines are used. Our photo shows one of these generators, of which there are four. The Diesel engines used for driving these develop 325 r.p.m. a minute, and the generators each give 250 volts at 1,050 amps, making a total voltage of 1,325, which is "stepped up" to the 12,000 volts required by means of transformers.

When these gigantic engines are working they set up a good deal of vibration, and to prevent this getting to the sensitive transmitters and ruining the broadcast programme they are all mounted on

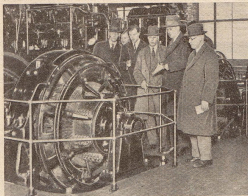
Where the North Regional gets its power—one of the four high-tension generators.

one gigantic block of concrete weighing 600 tons. This block of concrete rests on a special shock-absorbing material, which is entirely surrounded by an air space and thus isolated from the ground.

Each transmitter has a spare set of generators held in reserve, and altogether there are fifteen motor-generator sets in the station. Smaller generators

are used to obtain the grid bias voltage, which at this station are of 2,000, 500, and 250 volts respectively. A big jump from our 9-volt grid bias battery, eh?

Moorside Edge is the most up-to-date transmitting station in the world, and a credit to the engineering staff of the B.B.C. who were responsible for its building and equipment.



complete set of motor-generators to supply the various powers required.

The powers are exactly the same as are required to run your own little receiver at home—that is, high tension, low tension and grid bias—but, of course, very much more powerful. You have a small accumulator to light your valves. At Moorside Edge the valves require the tremendous

If you can read this message you are about Captain Justice, the *Outlaw of the Seas*, without scrippling with excitement, see a doctor. He'll put you right! There is a reward of \$100,000 offered for information which will lead to the Captain's capture, and in the middle of the ocean his vessel is beset by—

The Invisible Ship

By

MURRAY ROBERTS



Proceeding along the deck came the bald-headed Mulligan, looking like a fanatic and waving his clenched fists frantically in the air!

A Dangerous Enemy.

CAPTAIN JUSTICE—free-lance of fortune, outlaw of the Seven Seas; a man without a country—sat with a cigar clamped between his teeth, his white-topped cap cocked rakishly over one cold, grey eye.

There was a half-wistful expression on his lean, sun-bronzed face as he listened to lively strains of music emerging from a loud-speaker above his head.

The swaying violins and crooning saxophones suddenly ceased.

"You have just heard De Bussy's orchestra broadcasting from the Hotel Magnificent, London," came the clear, precise voice of the wireless announcer, who was standing in a sound-proof room several thousand miles away. "In three minutes you will receive our first news bulletin."

"Baled, and this certainly is an age of miracles!" declared Dr. O'Mally, whose portly figure was wedged in a deckchair in the friendly shade of a canvas awning on the fore-deck of the graceful yacht that was gliding through a smooth blue sea.

"To think that that music was being played at the Hotel Magnificent, in the heart of London! Remember the last time we dined there, captain?"

Justice nodded. Before he could speak there was a patter of footsteps, and Len Connor, the young wireless operator, came hurrying from the wireless cabin.

"Urgent message from Boston, your London agent, captain."

Captain Justice took the sheet of paper and rapidly decoded the string of apparently meaningless words:

"Advice return headquarters all speed. Big job awaits your consideration. Big, but highly profitable."

Captain Justice read the message aloud, a gleam of excitement kindling in his grey eyes. The days when he had been known as the modern pirate were past, though he was still an outlaw with a heavy price on his head. Justice had adopted a new profession, little less perilous and sensational than his previous one.

He was now a gentleman adventurer, whose services were at the disposal of any man, combine, or nation that cared to engage him in any capacity or mission that was not adverse to the well-being of the British Empire.

It was only recently that Len Connor and Len's loyal claim, the

discontented, red-haired Midge, had recruited in the service of Captain Justice. Already they had had their full share of thrills and adventures, having accompanied Justice on a gun-running expedition to the west coast of Russia.

Captured by the Turks—the Red's secret service police—it was only by sheer good luck that they had managed to escape with their lives. The trip was one of Captain Justice's few failures. He had been successful in landing his contraband cargo, but the guns and ammunition, and money he was to have received, had been seized by the Bolsheviks.

"So Boston has found a fresh job for you? Kinky, but highly profitable!" Dr. O'Mally sat up and winked at Len Connor. He knew that the risk was a greater attraction to the daring captain than any monetary reward he might receive for his services.

"Bogorah, and I wonder what sort of a game we're going to play next, and where it'll take us?"

"We shall know all about it when we get back to headquarters," jerked Justice, consulting the radiogram in his hand.

Headquarters! The word interested Len Connor mightily. He and Midge had yet to learn where Captain Justice had established his new base of operations—the secret hiding-place where he and his supporters lay low during the intervals between their various enterprises!

The loud-speaker, suspended by a length of flex from a support of the canvas awning, suddenly broke forth again. The brazen voice of Big Ben

The Invisible Ship

beamed the hour as loudly and clearly as if Justice and his companions were standing in the center of Westminster Bridge.

"I will now read the first news bulletin," declaimed the wireless announcer. "The rumor that Captain Justice, the amazing modern-day buccaner, is still alive and seeking fresh worlds to conquer has been accepted as authentic by the authorities. There is no doubt that Justice was actually in London as recently as last March!"

Justice smiled ironically as he lit a fresh cigar. It was from London that he had sailed with his cargo of guns and ammunition for the anti-Reds in Russia. And it was in London that he had sought out Len Connor and Midge and re-enslaved them into his service.

"In addition to the reward of five thousand pounds that the British Government is offering for the apprehension of Captain Justice," continued the announcer, "we are able to make known the fact that Lord Hagar Griffin is prepared to pay a sum of no less than thirty thousand pounds to any person supplying information

that will lead to the capture of Captain Justice."

"Thirty thousand pounds!" exploded Dr. O'Mally. "It's a valuable person you're becoming in these days, captain! Maybe when the bidding reaches fifty thousand I'll be prepared to consider tapping you on the head and handing you over to the authorities!"

Justice smiled again. He was confident that not one of his friends and supporters would ever betray him—not for all the gold in the Bank of England.

But Lord Hagar Griffin was a dangerous enemy. Unscrupulous and fabulously wealthy, he was almost fanatic in his determination to avenge the loss of a brother, for whose death he wrongly held Captain Justice responsible.

Griffin made no secret of the fact that he was prepared to devote all his time and all his vast wealth to the task of running Captain Justice to earth. He had spies in all parts of the world, seeking information of the captain's whereabouts.

It was one of his agents that had betrayed Justice to the Russian Toleks, only to have the tables soon turned against him.

"Lord Griffin," concluded the wireless announcer, "is at present cruising in his coast-going yacht, the *Nemesis*. His exact whereabouts are a secret, but it is rumored that he is hot on the trail of Captain Justice."

Justice chuckled in grim amusement as he rose to his feet and brushed a speck of cigar-ash from his immaculate white uniform. He had never set eyes on Hagar Griffin. The man was a complete stranger to him. He did not seek a meeting with his unknown enemy. He was only too anxious to come to grips with him!

Actually, he had been hunting the hunter. For the past two or three days Justice had been cruising west of the Azores, seeking to locate Griffin's powerful steam-yacht, the *Nemesis*.

"Better drop this wild-goose chase and make straight for headquarters," advised Dr. O'Mally. "Griffin can wait. Besides, you don't know what sort of a trap the copsiers may have laid for you."

"Maybe that fellow Clatter's been leading us up the garden?" suggested Len Connor. "If Griffin's yacht is anywhere in this locality, we should have sighted her by now."

Clatter was the paid spy who had betrayed Captain Justice to the Russian Toleks, afterwards purchasing his freedom with the idea of handing him over to his employer, Lord Griffin. His plan had failed. Clatter himself was now a prisoner on the captain's boat—instead of being in command of the vessel and hastening to join the *Nemesis* in mid-sea!

"Midge!" Justice beckoned to the red-haired youngster, who had followed Len Connor from the wireless cabin. "Tell McManus to fetch his prisoner along to me."

A few minutes later Clatter came marching along the deck in company with McManus, the half-breed, lantern-browed chief engineer, whose loyalty to Captain Justice was beyond question.

Clatter was a bulky, pink-cheeked man, with the plausibility of a pawnbroker and the cunning of a wren. As he was not to be trusted, he had been given the choice of remaining locked in a cabin or working in the engine-room under the vigilant eye of McManus.

"Clatter!" Justice spoke sharply, without any beating about the bush. "You gave us to understand that we should find Griffin's yacht, the *Nemesis*, cruising two hundred miles west of the Azores."

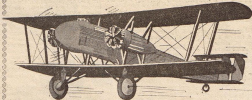
"That's right," agreed the man sulkily. "That's the last message I had from the bee." He squared his shoulders and threw an eager glance at the surrounding horizon,

What Plane Was That?

Flying-Officer W. F. JOHNSON pictures and describes the new Vickers Vulture Freight Carrier

THE new Vickers Vulture is an all-metal twin-engine development of the single-engine Vulture which flew from England to Australia in 1925. It has been specially designed for the speedy transport of a large quantity of freight or mail, and its carrying capacity at high cruising speed is probably unrivalled. It is essentially a freight carrier, and is built of metal with fabric covering. It is rather a queer-looking machine and quite unlike any other type. Note the way the fuselage is raised above the lower plane, and the four rollers in the tail unit. The wheel track is exceptionally wide, and the tail wheel is of the wheel type.

The twin Vulture is fitted with two Bristol Jupiter engines, each of



525 h.p. It has a speed of 134 m.p.h., and with its 250 gallons of fuel has a cruising range of about 300 miles. Its pay load for this range is 4,000 lb. The landing speed is 24 m.p.h., and the absolute ceiling is 25,000 feet.

An interesting point is that the Vulture can maintain flight at 50 m.p.h. with either one of the two engines out of action, a useful safety factor when flying over dangerous country. Pilot and navigator sit side by side in the open cockpit in front. The cabin is 15 feet long, 4 feet 3 inches wide, by 4 feet 2 inches high. This cabin will accommodate ten passengers if necessary. The Vulture is 42 feet long, 18 feet high, and has a wing span of 76 feet. It is convertible into a float plane, or can be fitted with skis for operating over snow.

narrowing his eyes beneath the glare of sea and sky. "What's the date?" Justice told him.

"And your approximate position at noon to-day?"

The information brought a gleam of excitement to Chater's closed eyes. Accompanied by Justice and Len Connor, he retreated to the bridge, glanced at the binnacle, and suggested a slight alteration in the vessel's course.

Producing a leather case from his pocket, he donned a pair of spectacles with yellowish-tinted lenses, and made another keen survey of the horizon.

He smiled mysteriously as he refused the offer of Justice's powerful marine glasses.

"If the Nessie is anywhere about, I'll sight her," he declared con-

fidently as he paced impatiently up and down the bridge, halting now and then to sweep the vision of sea with his binoculars. There was no sign of the Nessie, or of any other craft—and so much as a smothered or a smudge of betraying smoke on the distant skyline.

Justice suddenly went to the chart-house, scribbled a code message on a pad, and handed it to the young wireless operator.

"Send that at once, Connor," he said. "We're altering course for headquarters in one hour, unless we sight the Nessie before then. There'll be plenty of time to deal with Griffin in the future."

Disturbed by a feeling of vague uneasiness for which he could find no reason, Len hurried to the wireless cabin and sent the captain's

lanatic and waving his clenched fist frantically in the air.

"Treachery!" he thundered. "There's a traitor aboard the ship, captain! Some black-hearted scoundrel's wedged open the emergency coals and emptied every drop of fuel into the sea! We're adrift without a spot of oil in the tanks!"

Captain Justice slumped down the bridge-ladder, his back grating on the steel rungs, his face as black as a thundercloud.

"What do you mean, McManus?" he demanded. "Who's the traitor? Who emptied the oil tanks?"

"One of them dirty Russian stokers we have aboard!" spluttered the enraged engineer. "I caught him in the act, and soaked him over the head with a wet bit sparker!"

McManus panted, gulping for



Before Justice and his companions could recover from their surprise at sight of the massive steel cage, they were being roughly hustled towards it.

idently. "That's more than you'll be able to do, Captain Justice!"

An Amazing Sight!

It was a strange remark. Len Connor stared puzzledly at the man. Chater's manner was no longer that of a cringing prisoner. He spoke as if he was in full command of the situation.

"The beggar's too pleased with himself for my liking," muttered Len, under his breath. "But he can't have anything up his sleeve. He hasn't had a chance to communicate with Griffin and put him on his guard."

Captain Justice kept a watchful

message flashing through space. The call-ward—J. H. Q.—brought a speedy response, and a cast O.K. from the person for whom the message was intended.

Just as the lad whipped off the cap-bands and jumped to his feet, a strange hush of silence and inertia descended on the speeding vessel.

The smooth, regular thrumming of the powerful Diesel engines had suddenly ceased. The yacht lost speed, rolling slightly on the heaving surface of the ocean.

A wild commotion broke out in the direction of the engine-room hatchway as Len Connor darted from his cabin. Prancing along the deck came bald-headed McManus, bowling like a

breath. The "was it" appeared in his hand was as big as a motor-jack.

"Where's that slippery skunk, Chater?" he snarled. "Ten to one he's to blame! He and you stoker have had their heads together this past two days, jabbering in some outlandish lingo which I didn't comprehend."

"Retard, it's a fact that Chater speaks Russian!" blurted Dr. O'Mally accusingly.

A jesting laugh of defiance rang across the silent ship. Len Connor uttered a shout of amazement as he glanced towards the bridge. Chater was standing erect at one end of the steel platform, facing in the westward. He was waving his arms in a

The Invisible Ship

rapid, deliberate manner, sweeping them from side to side, extending them above his head, and gestulating like a human semaphore.

"Great cats, look of him!" yelled Midge excitedly. "The beggar's signalling! But who the dickens is he signalling to?"

The sea was empty. There was no other vessel in sight. Captain Justice went up the metal ladder like a cat at a wall. Chatter dropped his arms, and turned to face him, smiling like a dog.

"Too late, captain!" he jeered. "You've blundered into your own trap! This is—"

Justice's branched fist thudded against the spy's jaw with the force of a sledge-hammer. Chatter dropped to his knees, shaking his head to and fro like a stunned ox. In a trice Len Connor had grabbed his wrists and wedged them in the stanch of his back.

Captain Justice's grey eyes were cold with fury, his bronzed face puckered in bewilderment, as he scanned his marine-glasses and swept the sea from horizon to horizon. It was as empty as a well-cleaned plate.

There was not a craft of any kind to be seen; not a vestige of smoke or sign of a sail! Yet Chatter had been signalling—there was no question of that. He raised his glasses to the clear sky. There was no aeroplane or ship circling in the blue firmament.

"Bedad, and what sort of a mystery is this?" exclaimed Dr. O'Mally blankly. "Is it crazy the man is, waving his arms like a mad windmill?"

Chatter laughed triumphantly as he staggered to his feet, struggling helplessly in Len Connor's muscular grip.

"You're trapped, Captain Justice—trapped like a rat!" he gibed viciously. "You wanted to find the Scissors, and, by James, so you have. You'd better haul down your flag and surrender before this ship is blown clean out of the water! Griffin's got you to rights!"

"Great gumblith, the fellow's clean crackers!" gasped Midge, squinting bewilderedly in all directions. "There ain't a haul for miles, unless it's a submarine!"

"Bang! As if in defiant answer to the lad's words, the crash of a gun echoed suddenly on the stillness. A shell arched across the yacht's bows, and plunged into the sea half a mile away, flinging a spout of water high into the air.

"For the love of Patrick," exploded Dr. O'Mally, his face a picture of consternation, "where the dickens did that come from?"

The question seemed unanswerable. Justice's jaw was clamped like a vise; his eyes narrowed to cold, grey slits as he peered fiercely from north to south and east to west. The waste of blue waters was as bare as the palm of his hand!

"Strike your flag and surrender!" A ghostly voice, magnified by a mysteriously megaphone, thundered out of space.

A shiver of awe trickled down Len

Connor's spine. Never before had he experienced anything so eerie and uncanny. A voice without an owner! A gun that had no visible existence, neither substance nor shadow!

Chatter laughed again, his face a mask of malice as he glared at Captain Justice through the yellow-tinted lenses of his horn-rimmed spectacles.

Midge's jaw sagged. He could feel the red hair rippling on his skull. He was genuinely scared.

"What infernal trickery is this?" muttered Justice, with a pained glance at his companions. Calmly he struck a match and lit his cigar. "There must be some—"

"Bang! Again the ghost gun spoke, and a shell waited into space. This time Captain Justice glimpsed the flash of the discharge, a crimson stab of flame that quivered in empty air a mile away across the barren blue.

"Great gosh, did you see that?" gasped Len Connor, hardly able to believe his own eyes. "What the dickens does it mean? What the—"

A suspicion of the truth suddenly flashed into the lad's mind, a suspicion born of vivid recollections of amazingly camouflaged ships used during the Great War, and of a certain novel type of moving picture he had seen in a London cinema—a film that was blurred and meaningless unless observed through pieces of transparent, vari-colored celluloid.

With a shout of excitement Len released his hold on Chatter's wrists and snatched the tinted spectacles from the man's nose. Placing them to his eyes, he peered to the westward—and was staggered by the amazing sight that was magically brought before his vision.

Less than a mile distant, the lean, snake-like shape of a sinister-looking vessel, without masts or funnels, was converging on the drifting yacht at the speed of a destroyer.

She flew no flag. Her decks were deserted. On her sharp, graceful

bow was pointed the one word—*Nemesis!*

The mysterious, camouflaged craft was the boat in which Lord Hagar Griffin was scouring the seas in search of Captain Justice—and revenge!

Caged!

CAPTAIN JUSTICE suddenly dashed his cigar to the deck and clenched his hands on the sunset bridge-rail. He had no need for the tinted glasses that Len Connor extended to him.

As the distance between the two craft swiftly decreased, so did the invisibility-producing patternwork on the moving vessel's hull gradually lose its effect.

Like a dream-ship, a misty mirage, Griffin's strange craft slowly loomed into view, assuming substance, shape, and grim reality.

"It's the *Nemesis!*" yelled Dr. O'Mally, with a gesture of dismay and consternation. "Shure, and here's a boiling kettle of fish, Justice, no bluff!"

"Thought you were smart, didn't you?" jeered Chatter, eyeing the approaching yacht in high glee.

"You've bitten off more than you can chew this time, Captain Justice. Lord Griffin is none than a match for a jumped-up little mountebank like you!"

Justice ignored the man. His hand was as steady as a rock as he calmly lit a fresh cigar and tilted his cap aggressively over one eye. He must have known that he had reached a crisis in his meteoric career. His first encounter with his unknown enemy was likely to be the last!

He had been unannounced; there was no doubt about that. Far better had he observed Paxton's wireless warning, and made direct for headquarters, instead of inviting a meeting with the *Nemesis*.

"By jings, we're in a dickens of a jam!" whispered Len Connor, drawing Midge to one side. "So that fellow Chatter did have another card up his sleeve! I thought he was too blessed willing to help us find the *Nemesis*."

"Bang! For the third time a gun boomed. The shell waited close overhead. Midge ducked, and grinned sheepishly. The yacht rolled slightly in the heaving sea, her engines silent, her all tanks empty, and her auxiliary steam-turbines useless owing to lack of coal.

"Strike your flag and surrender!" snarled Chatter viciously. "Griffin won't stand any nonsense. He'll blow you clean out of the water."

"I hope not, for your sake!" observed Justice ironically. He scribbled a code message and tossed it to Len Connor. "Send that at once—no quick as you can!"

The order came too late. Len was only half-way down the bridge ladder when a shell carried away the top of the foremast, bringing down the wireless aerial in a tangle of wire and splintered insulators.

"That's your last warning!"



Solution to last week's Crossword Puzzle.

This week's Pricewinning Crossword is on page 26.

heard a voice from the Nemesis. Bells clanged as the boat heaved, less than a cable's length away. Several figures appeared on her decks. A man with a megaphone stepped from the round, armour-plated chest-house.

"I'll give you just five minutes to take to the boats and abandon ship!" he shouted gruffly. "We'll pick you up, and any man then found carrying arms will be shot and dumped overboard!"

Justice shrugged his shoulders and puffed at his cigar.

"I've drawn bad cards this time!" he remarked coolly. "Griffin seems to hold all the trumps. Have the boats lowered, O'Mally."

Defiant to the last, he snatched a megaphone from the rack and placed it to his lips.

"Toll Lord Griffin that Captain Justice is coming aboard!" he announced crisply.

Chatter made a rush for the first boat to be lowered. Enraged at the triumphant grin on the spy's face, Dr. O'Mally delivered a hefty kick that lifted the man clean over the rail and sent him floundering head over heels into the sea.

One boatload, comprising the crew and quartermaster, rowed away from the drifting yacht. Captain Justice, in company with O'Mally, Len Connor, Midge, and McManus, the half-headed engineer, were the last to leave the vessel.

In silence they rowed towards the waiting Nemesis, her rails lined with curious faces.

"Clever piece of camouflage, that!" remarked Justice, as he surveyed the vessel's strangely coloured hull and superstructure. "Griffin is evidently a man who has enlisted the aid of science in his operations."

There was a sudden dazzling roar of gunfire as half a dozen high explosive shells ripped the abandoned yacht from stem to stern. Slowly, majestically, she coasted over on her beam-ends, and disappeared for ever into the green depths of the sea.

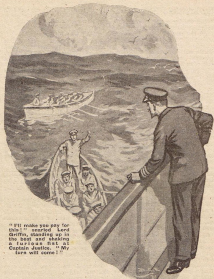
Justice's lips tightened. The vessel was not his own property. It had belonged to the combine that had engaged him in the Russian gun-running expedition. But the wretched destruction of a gallant ship affected him as it would have done all true followers of the sea.

"First blood to you, Griffin," he muttered under his breath. "I'll make you pay dearly when my turn comes."

Len Connor overheard the words. It was evident that the amazing, resourceful captain was by no means disheartened by the crushing reverse he had suffered. In fact, he was smiling confidently and bore himself like the victor instead of the vanquished as he scrambled actively up the ladder to the deck of the Nemesis.

Griffin's yacht was a queer-looking craft, with her total absence of funnels and masts, her low, steel-sided decks, and the enclosed, weather-defying bridge.

"Any weapons?" barked the half-



"I'll make you pay for this!" snarled Lord Justice, standing up in the boat and shaking a furious hat at Captain Justice. "My turn will come!"

headed man in trim uniform who stood flanked by a file of armed sailors. "Nothing save these," drawled Justice, extending his muscular, brown fists. "Our mutual friend, Mr. Connor, will vouch for their effectiveness."

The dripping spy sneered as he landed the painful lump on his jaw.

"These are my prisoners!" he claimed, with a touch of defiance. "Where's the boss?"

A deer eyed, Captain Justice and Lord Hanger Griffin met for the first time. They eyed one another like a couple of lovers about to engage in a championship fight.

Griffin was not at all the type of man Len Connor had pictured in his mind. He was tall, well built, and strikingly good-looking, with a thick crop of raven-black hair, and hard, deep blue eyes. His tanned features were regular, his lips curling.

Yet there was a vague quality of merciless determination and innate cruelty about the man that reminded Connor of a sleek black panther waiting to pounce on a crippled deer.

"Captain Justice?" said Griffin in a smooth, silky voice, as he lounged forward, smoking a cigarette in a long jade holder. "The modern phrase! The bold, had because of the seas! The gentleman adventurer! My brother's murderer!"

"That's a lie!" snapped Captain Justice hotly. "Your brother died on Beaulieu Island—killed through his own greed. I had to direct hand in his death. But"—Justice snapped his fingers, contemptuously—"he wasn't fit to live."

Griffin's blue eyes hardened, and an ugly look flickered across his handsome face.

"Back to the hantus crowing!" he said mockingly. "What a brave little man it is! What a strutting, fire-eating swordswickler! I'm disappointed in you, Justice. I thought to meet a man worthy of my steel—not an underlined whippersnapper!"

He laughed aloud—a laugh of scorn that whipped the angry blood to Justice's lean cheeks.

"Why, you sneering scoundrel, I've whipped better men than you before breakfast, with one hand tied behind my back!" Justice barked furiously. "Tell your pack of curs to stand back, and we'll soon see who's the better man."

"I'll fight you with fists, firearms, or any weapon you care to name! You're just a walking wastrel, with more money than brains, and less courage than an earwig!"

"Deborah, that's the talk to give him!" sang out Dr. O'Mally delightedly.

The Invisible Ship

"Spill another mouthful, captain!" encouraged Midge defiantly.

"Ay, the man's just a blithering blabbermouth!" agreed the bald-headed McManis drowsily.

Griffin suddenly smiled, a crooked, unpleasant smile that sent a cold shiver down Len Connor's spine.

"To kill you out of hand, Justice," he said quietly, "would be a kindness with which I do not intend to favour you.

"The exact form of your punishment I have not yet decided on. I shall have plenty of time in which to study your nature, and determine the best method to bring you to your knees.

"Eventually I shall probably hand you over to the authorities, to be hanged as a murderer and a pirate. In the meantime, you and your friends shall be my guests. Your quarters are already prepared for you. I hope you will find them to your liking."

Griffin signalled to the man on the bridge. A moment later a section of the deck slowly sank out of sight, like a hydraulic lift in the landing platform of a naval aircraft-carrier.

Sixty seconds later it rose again, bringing into view a massive steel cage, with closed bars as thick round as a man's wrists.

One side swung open. Before Justice and his companions could recover from their surprise, they had been grabbed by the arms and hustled roughly into the metal cage. The barred door slammed shut!

Griffin smiled mockingly as he sauntered forward and stared at his prisoners.

"Absolutely the only genuine live pirates in captivity!" he chuckled. "You will have no reason to complain of any lack of fresh air, captain."

"Why, you confounded scoundrel!" exclaimed O'Malley indignantly.

"Behold, and if you mean to say you're going to keep us penned up in this infernal contraption?"

"For the time being," agreed Griffin. "It is an admirable arrangement from all points of view. The cage is strong enough to hold a lion, let alone a desperate character like Captain Justice. You will be constantly under the observation of the man on the bridge.

"You may find it a trifle draughty at night, but the bright sunshine will compensate you in the daytime. Besides, you will kindly see that my savage pets are fed at six bells."

"Ay, ay, sir!" grinned one of the sailors, with a smart salute.

"And now," continued Griffin, "I think I will adjourn to my cabin to think out what punishment will suit your case best, my dear Justice. But I shan't hurry—I've plenty of time!"

He lit a fresh cigarette, and strolled away without another glance at his captives. A moment later the decks were deserted. A bell clanged, and the *Nemesis* surged forward through the rolling blue sea.

The officer on the bridge rested his arms on the rail and stared in-

differently down at the cage and its occupants.

A "Woe Bit Spawner"!

"WELL, least a frog if this ain't the limit!" exploded Midge wrathfully. "Cooped up like a bunch of blessed monkeys at the Zoo!"

"Behold, we might be in a worse position," said O'Malley, with a resigned shrug of his shoulders. "Stare, and this is a palace compared with the Tulecke prison at Kibalee. "That fellow Griffin's got a kink somewhere," declared Len Connor. "He gives me the creeps. Who hat a madman would think of sticking us in a cage like a lot of wild animals?"

Justice's eyes were as hard as flint, his jaw set like a cat-trap, as he stood gazing moodily through the bars of the cage, as if envying the freedom of a lone albino that flapped lazily overhead.

Defeat meant nothing to Justice. No man could hope to be always on the winning side. But defeat with humiliation rankled bitterly in his heart.

To be out-manoeuvred by a man of Griffin's power and resources was no disgrace. To be imprisoned in a cage like a wild animal or a tame rabbit was a different matter.

Regardless of the watchful gaze of the man on the bridge, the captain paced from side to side and from end to end of his prison, searching vainly for some structural weakness in the steel cage.

He noted two things. The cage had not been originally constructed for the purpose of imprisoning human beings, capable of using their brains and hands. But it had been adapted to that end.

The sliding bolts on the door had been removed and replaced by a massive double-throw lock that was bolted securely to the steel framework.

Justice tested the bolts and the hexagonal, chilled-steel nuts, each as big as a penny bun. Were he possessed of twice the strength of a Samson he could not have boded them a fraction of an inch.

Only with proper tools could the lock be removed, and the only thing in the nature of a tool that he possessed was an automatic signal-lighter

—as useless in the circumstances as a hairbrush to a bald man.

Daylight faded as the *Nemesis* ploughed steadily on her way. A wooden-deck steward, in spotless white uniform, appeared with a trayful of food, which he slid beneath the steel grill, and departed without a word.

There was no sign of Griffin until just before darkness, when he came sauntering along the deck, smoking a cigar and talking to one of the officers. Together they tested the cage door and examined the massive lock.

"They're safe for the night, sir," assured the officer. "But I'll instruct the watch to give them a look-over every half-hour or so."

Griffin nodded, threw a curt look at his prisoners, and returned to his palatial cabin below decks. Night fell like a black mantle. Soon the sky was ablaze with stars. No sound was to be heard save the rhythmic throb of the yacht's powerful engines and the wash of the sea along her sleek hull.

Len Connor snugged himself in one of the blankets that had been tossed into the cage, propped himself against the steel bars behind him, and began to wonder how the dickens it all was going to end.

Where was Griffin bound in his magnificent coast-going yacht? What were his intentions in regard to his prisoners? Evidently the man had taken the law into his own hands in his determination to speak his crazy message on Captain Justice.

Len groaned with a start. He had been dozing. It was the beam of a flashlight, enaged full on his face, that had rudely aroused him. It was the night watch going his rounds. With a grant of satisfaction the man switched off his torch and went his way.

"Dung the men!" growled McManis drowsily. "If he comes round again a-gossip 'bout wif his blithering glib I'll give him a tap of the steel with me wee bit spawner!"

"Spawner!" Captain Justice hung off his blanket and sprung erect like a jack-in-the-box. "Mac, if you mean to say you've got a spawner with you!"

"Ay, sure!" replied the bald-headed engineer shrilly. "Did ye ever meet a Mac frae the Clyde without a spawner by him? 'Twas tucked away in the seat of 'an brock when yoo sailors searched us as we came aboard. Ay, and it's a—"

"Not so loud!" cautioned Justice fiercely, as he crawled across to where the Scotsman was huddled. "Let's have a look at that gadget!"

The "wee bit spawner" that McManis produced from his strange hiding-place was the same fearsome bit of metal with which he had trained the transhorne stoker who had captied the oil-burner on the carbon yacht.

Justice chuckled grimly as he belted the heavy instrument in one hand and elided across to the door of the cage. It was the darkest hour of the night.

WHO WANTS Adventures?

THERE is an old saying: "Adventure is just around the corner." Have you heard any adventures yet? If you're waiting for you in the thick of some of the most thrilling—both glorious and dangerous—adventures in themselves. There is the exciting experience of exploring country that is new to you—an experience akin to the one which makes men like Sir Robert Wilton and other great explorers travel to the far corners of the earth. Every fellow who is interested in exploring holidays should write to Thomas Black & Sons (Incorporated), Ltd., Greenwich, London, for a free copy of their big catalogue of exciting equipment, which also contains a series of entertaining camp-fire stories.

He could scarcely see a hand in front of his face, and there was small likelihood that the man on the bridge could observe his actions.

It was a screw-spanner, with six-inch jaws. Justice worked swiftly and silently. But Len Connor could hear the deep pant of his labouring lungs and the crack of his straining muscles as he heft all his weight and strength on the nuts of the big lock.

Swaddled in a blanket that defended any accidental clank of metal against metal, the lock came away in his grasp. The steel door opened at a touch!

Rapidly Justice whispered instructions to his companions. Kicking of his shoes, he left the cage and groped his way to the bridge ladder. Silent as a shadow, he ascended the rungs,

with an array of loaded rifles and revolvers.

Ten minutes later the men on watch turned the corner of the deck-house—to feel the cold muzzle of a gun thrust against the back of his neck.

"One squeak and you're cold meat!" snarled Dr. O'Malley, with a ferocity that a man of his volatile temperament found it difficult to assume. "Where are the crew's quarters in this confounded ship? Lead the way—and watch your step!"

Gripping a revolver in one hand and his pet spanner in the other, McManus waddled crablike towards the engine-room hatchway.

"Justice, my marmie, you can leave this job to me!" he chuckled confidently. "If I need any help I'll

"Heets, no!" drawled McManus. "I'm meaning that he's just lost his job for the time being. You can't have two engineers in one ship—and both Scotsmen. Sandy McEwan is no heart, but he may have a nasty headache when he wakes up!"

Lord Hagar Griffin awoke at his usual time, complaisant in blue silk pyjamas. The morning sun was streaming through the pantries of his state-room, and he could hear the steady, reassuring throb of the yacht's engines.

Griffin tucked a cigarette in his costly jade holder, lit it, and rang for the steward.

"To-day," he promised himself loudly, "I'll have some sport with that dog Justice!"



ONE GUINEA has been awarded to the sender of this photograph of the **HYDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL'S** competitors in the late of Wight schools' sports. Included in the group are juniors (front row), seniors (middle row), and intermediates (back row). The fellows are holding their individual prizes, and the shield was gained by the intermediate team. The

sender, D. Miller, second from right middle row, gained second place in the high jump.

A gift of **FIVE SHILLINGS** will be sent to J. Blythe, the owner of the ringed head in this photograph, if he sends his name and address—vouched for by D. Miller—to the Editor, envelope to be marked "Glam."

gripping a blanket in one hand and trusty spanner in the other.

"That you, Sawneys?"

The officer at the wheel knew nothing more after the spanner descended sharply on the back of his head.

Justice caught him as he fell, gagging and binding him with strips torn from the blanket.

The dialy lighted chart-room was deserted. Justice discovered, with a chuckle of satisfaction, that the yacht was equipped with the latest type of gyroscopic self-steering apparatus.

Glimping at the compass, he deliberately altered the ship's course, set the instrument, and snugged the lock off an arm-rack that bristled

give you a wee test through the speaking-tube."

McManus needed no help. The engine-room was his natural province, where he knew how to exert his authority—with threat of speech and spanner.

Captain Justice and Len Connor were standing together on the bridge when the dear Scotsman's voice came floating up the speaking-tube.

"Ay, it's all clear down here!" he announced calmly. "There were only two greasers attending the oil-burners, and, would you believe it, the late engineer o' this ship is an old pal o' mine for the Clyde!"

"The late engineer?" queried Justice. "Great guns, you haven't killed the fellow?"

No steward appeared in answer to his summons. Griffin rang again, with no better result. Spluttering with anger, the millionaire leaped from bed, donned dressing-gown and slippers, and strode indignantly to the cook's galley. It was empty.

In rising rage and bewilderment, Griffin released his steps to the saloon hatchway, and burst on deck in all the glory of crimson dressing-gown and fur-trimmed slippers.

He stared towards the bridge, and remained staring, rubbing his incredulous eyes and wondering if he was still asleep and dreaming!

Captain Justice stared back at him, a frosty gleam of amusement in his eyes, his cap tilted rakishly on one

The Invisible Ship

side, a fat cigar jutting from the corner of his mouth.

"Morning, Griffin!" greeted the captain briskly. "You'd better hurry and get dressed, and pack what things you'll need. I shall be putting you off this ship in twenty minutes. O'Malley, just escort his lordship to his cabin, and see that he doesn't get up to mischief."

"Shure and delighted, captain!" chuckled O'Malley, as he stepped behind Griffin and tucked a revolver barrel under his fifth rib.

Griffin's mouth opened, but no words came.

Against, he glared at the steel cage on the foredeck. It was crum-full of dejected, sulken-looking men, whom he recognized as the officers and crew who had been in charge of the *Nemesis* when he had gone to bed the previous night!

Twenty minutes later the graceful yacht bore-toe and came to rest on the sun-kissed waters of the South Atlantic. Two boats were lowered, equipped with all the necessary nautical instruments and an ample supply of food and water.

One by one the late owner, officers, and crew of the *Nemesis* took their seats.

"There are your bearings and dead reckoning," said Captain Justice, handing a slip of paper to the first officer. "Steer due east, and you'll sight the Azores in two days."

Lord Griffin's face was as black as a thunderbolt as he rose in the boat and shook a furious fist at the immaculate captain.

"I'll make you pay for this, you dog of a pirate!" he snarled thickly. "My turn will come! Wait till we meet again!"

"Exactly! To our next meeting!" smiled Justice, throwing over the engine-room telegraph as the boats slipped off. "I really believe, Griffin, that you are going to prove a great entertaining crew!"

Five minutes later the *Nemesis* was streaking towards the horizon as fast as her powerful engines could propel her.

Captain Justice had won another round in his fight with Lord Hagar Griffin, winning free when the odds against him had seemed well-nigh overwhelming. But Justice knew that the fact that he had won would make

Griffin even more determined to run him down.

The agents Griffin maintained all over the world would be told to redouble their efforts to locate Captain Justice, and everywhere the captain went, no matter how remote the place might be, he would have to be on his guard. Spying eyes would be searching for him all over the world.

But Justice did not let the thought worry him. He was no believer in unobscuring trouble. Sufficient for him that he was prepared for it.

"No more delmas or interrogations, I hope," he now drizzled. "They are becoming a confounded nuisance!" He glanced at the chronometer, and clapped a friendly hand on Lee Connor's shoulder.

"In twenty-four hours," he pronounced, "we shall be back at headquarters. And then for our next adventure! I wonder what sort of a job Paxton has found for me this time, and where it will take us?"

"Anywhere but Russia and you can count me in!" grinned Hidge.

(Next week: "The Secret of the *Nemesis*," Captain Justice and his daring crew will set you thrilling spells in a swift-action story that will keep you a-quiver to the very last line.)



PACKING THE RUCKSACK

THERE'S a right and a wrong way of packing a rucksack. You can jumble the things in anywhere so that the sack hangs like a dead weight on the shoulders, or you can arrange them neatly and make the sack ride easily.

For a hike that is to extend overnight, you will want the following things: enamel mug for drinking water; mess-tin; change of socks; small canister of talcum powder; map; book to read—you may have an odd half-hour; pair of slippers or gym shoes; change of vest and shorts; pyjamas; toilet requisites, such as soap, towel, toothbrush, tooth paste, comb and brush; food.

You will find it an excellent plan to pack such things as bottles, comb, brush, toothbrush, and so on in one of the larger garments—pyjamas, for instance. This enables you to keep your things together, also the garment forms a neat parcel for the rucksack, which will not then look knobby as if all sorts of odds and ends were trying to burst out of it.

The pocket in the back of the sack can be used for food, or the food should be kept as near the top of the sack as possible, otherwise it may become rather warm from body heat.

The secret of hanging the sack so that it will not bob up and down as you walk is to adjust the straps so that the rucksack is slung low down your back. The higher it is, the worse movement.

If, however, you are the type of chap who walks with a jerk, the rucksack cannot be prevented from bobbing about by slinging it low. In this case you can buy what is known as a "bummy-band." It costs about sixpence, and consists of a piece of material to slip through the bands of the rucksack, and a buckle or clip. It is fastened either in front of you or at the side.

A "bummy-band" is a useful object, because you can also get for it a small pouch with a buck strap to slip over the band. This pouch can be used for holding your cash. A hole can develop in your pocket and allow your money to fall out, but a leather pouch holds it secure all the time.

If you can spare the room, carry in your rucksack a pencil and notebook. You never know what you may wish to jot down while on your travels—addresses, good views of the countryside, remembrance of local bus services, or times of trains.

"Bring that box here—you!" ordered the Major. Con reminded the man's threatening tone, but obeyed.



DECOYS of the AIR—Complete

A Ransy Job.

"DON'T think for a moment there will be any danger," said the stranger. "But it is quite possible you will not receive or observe any signals. In that case you will simply return here with the undelivered parcel early to-morrow morning. There'll be no complaints coming from us if you do."

"And you want us to get away as soon as possible, sir?" Conroy Stirling asked.

"As soon as the two mechanics have fixed that little range-finding gadget on your control-board and the extra yellow light—we want you to use," the stranger replied.

"There are only three signals you need use, and I think you understand those all right?"

"Oh, yes!" Con assured him, and presently, leaving the stranger, went to find Tommy, his brother.

Tommy had gone off to get their flying-kit and ordnance ready for a long air trip.

Some of Captain Stirling, founder and owner of the Stirling Air Park, from which, with their help, he carried on the business of "Couriers of the Clouds," Con and Tommy had found themselves up against big trouble when their father had been seriously injured in a motor smash.

The firm was in its infancy, and the accident to Captain Stirling could not have happened at a more awkward time. An important commission had been received from Lord Varley, the

great commercial magnate, the successful carrying out of which would place the business firmly on its feet. But the captain's accident meant that the firm was left without its chief pilot, and the man whom Captain

Aboard their father's plane, The Great Conroy Stirling and his brother Tommy whiz off into mystery and adventure. There is supposed to be a fairly uneventful job as "Couriers of the Clouds," but the young brothers get their fill of swift-action incidents in this topping story

By

Michael Poole

Stirling had wanted to carry out that fight had been unavailable.

Their father was too ill to be told this news, so the boys had determined to keep it to themselves and carry on at the Air Park as best they could.

Con had his pilot's ticket, and he

reckoned he could carry out all the jobs that came their way.

Con and Tommy had successfully dealt with Lord Varley's commission, with the result that gave work from him had come their way.

Most of those jobs had been straightforward enough. But the job Con had agreed to undertake for the visitor who had motored to the Air Park this evening, bringing with him two expert mechanics, had an air of mystery about it.

The man came with a letter of introduction from Lord Varley. But his lordship did not mention the man's name, and the visitor had straightway said that he was anxious not to disclose his identity. He looked a typical soldier in uniform, and his straightforward manner had banished any suspicion Con may have felt at the concealment of the man's identity.

A retired colonel, Con decided, almost as soon as he saw him, and the way in which he gave his instructions and explanations strengthened that idea.

"It's a ransy job we're off on," Con explained to Tommy. "We've got to deliver a large parcel to somebody—somebody! There's no name or address on the parcel, just one weird hieroglyphic, done in red ink on the four sides of the canvas covering. There are half a dozen big lead seals on it, and I'm blessed if I know what's in it!"

(Continued on page 16.)

Decoys of the Air

(Continued from page 13.)

"Where are we to deliver it?" Tommy asked.

"That's the rummy part of it," Con replied. "We've got to fly down and then turn north just before reaching the coast. Then we follow the coastline as far as possible, but keeping inland and watching for signals."

"This friend of Varley thinks we may have to go a hundred miles or so before we get any signal. We shall be showing a special yellow light, which his mechanics are fixing up now, besides the usual lights. When we get the signal we come down."

"I suppose there will be landing lights, and we will simply land the package over and come back."

"What are the signals we're to look for?"

"Don't know," Con declared. "This chap doesn't know, either, but he thinks we're bound to recognize them all right."

"As we fly we have to keep tapping out a few dashes on a little instrument he's having fixed on our plane. From what he says, this signal will be sufficient to tell him just where we are. We have to send out another signal just before we land."

"Sounds jolly mysterious to me," Tommy said. "Do you think they are trying out some new fool-proof range-finder, or something of that sort? Perhaps Lord Varley is interested in it, but wants an independent test?"

"It may be that," Con agreed. "Anyway, it's a job for us, and on Lord Varley's recommendation, so we're taking it! Ready?"

A few minutes later they were on board their plane, The Grunt, and the mysterious-looking, grey canvas-covered parcel had been stowed safely aboard. The stranger had given his last instructions in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, with a really friendly note in his tone.

"Good luck, Sterling! We won't let you down!"

"Queer thing to say!" Tommy thought as The Grunt spored forward and began its run across the ground. But he forgot about it presently when they were climbing up to the cloudless sky of a perfect flying evening. They were certainly in luck's way so far as weather was concerned.

As soon as he was well up Con tapped out three dashes on the queer little instrument the stranger's mechanics had fitted on the instrument panel. Con would have liked to know more about the gadget and its uses, but the stranger had not encouraged questions.

"Get to give that signal out every fifty miles," he told Tommy, when they had done the first fifty miles and he had again tapped out the dashes.

They were in sight of the sea when he gave the next signal, and now The Grunt turned due north and later swung slightly east.

By now Con had switched on the lights, including the yellow one which had been specially fitted for this

trip. Another fifty miles was registered, and another, and the signal sent, without any incident.

"This is somewhere near the area the stranger marked on the map," Con told Tommy behind him. "He didn't seem very sure of things, but he thought we might pick up a signal of some sort round about here. Keep a sharp look-out, Tommy!"

Trickery!

THE GRUNT had come well in from the coast-line now, though they could still see the glimmer of the sea far off. Suddenly Tommy gave a quick call through the phone, and Con saw he was looking down away to his left.

A beam of yellow light flashed out for a moment and kept up an intermittent flash every two seconds.

"That may be our signal!" Con exclaimed, and began to head in that direction. As he came nearer, four white lights sprang into life, sending up straight beams towards the sky. The yellow light still kept up its steady twinkling.

"This must be our address," Con decided. "Easy enough to land with those boundary lights showing. We'll land!"

He did not forget the little "tapper." And this time it was a different signal he sent.

Dot—dash—dash—dot he tapped out. That meant, according to the simple code the stranger had given him, that he was descending, having received what he believed to be the necessary signals from the ground.

The white lights went out almost as soon as The Grunt's landing-gear touched earth and they were facing across smooth, even ground towards the yellow flash-lamp. The moment they came to a standstill the yellow light gave its last flash and died away.

"Head down the parcel when I get out, Tommy," Con told his brother.

As he climbed from the cockpit the beam from a powerful hand-torch shone upon him and a voice hailed him:

"That No. 3? All well? Expected you across last night!"

Con, taking the parcel from Tommy, did not reply.

"Say as little as you possibly

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can!" had been his instruction. He took the big package, then held it in the light as he faced the man with the torch.

"I think this is for you, sir!" he asked briefly.

"Yes!" the man with the torch jerked out. And Con realized these were two other men in the background, who were evidently puzzled by Con's appearance. These seemed to be no doubt but that the parcel had been identified and was accepted.

"If you'll be good enough to take this, I'll consider I've done my job, and be getting back," Con said, after a rather lengthy pause.

"Oh?" There was a challenging note in the man's voice. "You know what to do, don't you? You head that to the chief himself—with any messages you've brought?"

"All right!" Con agreed, and called to Tommy, who had just climbed down. "You'd better stay with the machine, Tommy! I've got to head this over to someone else. Don't be long!"

"He'll come, too—if you don't mind!" the man said immediately. Just for a moment Con stared at the fellow's manner, flamed up in Con. But he checked it quickly, deciding that it might be as well to do exactly what he was asked to do.

He turned to Tommy, and the two of them were presently walking across a stretch of grass towards a big house some distance away.

They carried the parcel in turn. None of the three men who had accompanied them offered a hand, nor did they speak a word until they were at the main entrance to the house. Even then it was only to issue curt commands.

"This way! Now to the left! In here!"

The brief impression the boys had of the house as they passed through the hall and then turned to the left into the room to which the man led them was one of wealth. It was a big place, and obviously belonged to some person of importance.

There was a large cupboard in the corner of the room, and the man with the torch led them across to this, the two other men keeping just behind. Opening the door, the man stepped into what was apparently an old store cupboard, and indicated that Con and Tommy were to follow him.

"This is where the catch comes in!" Tommy said jokingly, as the doors were closed. Almost immediately they were conscious of the fact that they were descending in a absorbing lift. The rising of the door had shut out all light.

It was only a matter of seconds, however, before the lift stopped and the door was being opened again. So far, this adventure had been a succession of puzzling but comparatively mild surprises.

The room into which they now stepped was the biggest surprise yet. They might have been in the managing director's office of an important company. Two men were sitting at the table at the far end of the room—an extraordinary contrast to each other even at first glance.

The one who was starting at Con as he moved forward with his package was a typical country gentleman, dressed in tweeds and smoking a cigar with leisurely content.

The other, a sallow-complexioned foreigner, was hunched at work among the papers which covered the table.

"Stand still!" their guide ordered.

"Right! I'm getting tired of hugging this lead!" Con objected, and jumped it on the floor. As he stood up he noticed that the man with the cigar was staring at them in puzzled wonder.

Their guide was saying something to the "Squire," as Con had mentally nicknamed the more important-looking man. The foreigner put down the papers he was engaged with, and he, too, seemed startled.

"Bring that box here, you!" The Squire pointed at Con, his voice commanding and threatening.

Con counted the ten, but obeyed.

"There you are, sir!" said Con, a hint of sarcasm in his voice, as he dumped the box on the table. "I'm an artisan, not a parier! I've delivered this to the right quarter, I suppose, and there's no need to wait for a receipt, is there?"

He might have talked to the wind for all the notice they took of him.

The men were intently examining the package, the Squire using a magnifying-glass to examine the seal.

"A sudden exclamation broke from his lips as he dropped the glass on to the table.

"It's been tampered with!" he dropped out, "Look at the seal! Open the thing, Rigold! Sound the warning, Ferrana! There's some treachery here! Now, you!"

The man who had guided the brothers was already ripping open the covering of the package, while the foreign-looking man—Ferrana—was speaking in some queer lingo into the telephone.

The Squire came swiftly round the table, and his right hand flashed up as he stepped in front of Con. An automatic pistol was being held within twelve inches of Con's breast!

The Red Light.

THE Squire rapped out a command to Tommy:

"Keep still, you, co—"

"Look out!" Tommy interrupted him with a fierce yell, and the man swung round.

In that instant Tommy made a sudden dash, just as he might have done on the Raggar field. He tackled the man falling him, and took him by the ankles. The pair went sprawling across the floor, and as they went Con jumped forward and snatched

the automatic from the grasp of Tommy's victim.

As he jumped back, with the automatic in his hand, Tommy was scrambling to his feet—and so was the Squire. In that same instant a cloud of white powder was flung into Con's face.

Ferrana had picked up a small jar which had been standing on the table, and with an expert jerk sent the contents straight for Con. The next moment Con was sneezing, and his eyes were smarting fiercely.

Instinctively his hands went to his

face almost as swiftly as it had come, and he had seemed to sneeze. Tommy, conscious of a dull throbbing where his jaw had connected with Rigold's fist, was, nevertheless, watching the three men intently, wondering what on earth the mystery was.

The Squire and Ferrana had taken their places at the table again, while Rigold stood on one side. He seemed to be intent on watching a light placed near the ceiling about halfway down the room.

Neither Con nor Tommy had



A torch flashed out, revealing faces were looked together and fighting furiously. "All right, sir!" cried Con, as he and Tommy worked in to land a hand. "Allings here!"

face, and then Ferrana was wrenching away the automatic which Con had taken from the Squire.

Tommy had no more chance than Con. Rigold had jumped forward just as Tommy was rising, and the next moment the youngster knew that Rigold was on expert with his fists. A crashing blow sent him reeling backwards, and the Squire gripped him fiercely, twisting his arms quickly behind him.

"The card, Rigold!"

The light was over very swiftly. For ten seconds it had been a hectic affair. Then the brothers were each sitting in a chair, their hands tied behind them and secured to the back of the chair.

The noise smarting in Con's eyes

noticed it before, but it glowed a deep yellow colour, just as the guiding light in the grounds had done.

"Who are you? Who sent you?"

It was the Squire who began the cross-examination, and Con answered him briefly and easily, giving as little information as he possibly could, yet stating the exact truth. For five minutes or so the questioning went on, and the Squire might have been an impartial judge, so calmly and coldly did he speak.

Only once did he turn to Ferrana with a quick nod. Ferrana opened a drawer in the table, took out two or three phials, and began to mix a small dose in a glass tumbler.

The atmosphere changed suddenly.

Decoys of the Ali

One moment the Squire was sitting back in his chair listening calmly to Con's assertion that he really did not know the name of the man who had loaded him the package; the next he had jumped to his feet, and all the post-up fury within him was blazing forth.

"You are lying! You have been sent out as spies! Thought you could play a game of bluff and then get away? You'll get away all right!"

There was savage temper in his voice as he came round towards Con, and his right arm swung round and struck him full across the face so violently that the chair nearly went backwards. Tommy was beginning to tug and struggle at the bonds which held him fast to the chair, but Ferrans and Rignold had eyes between him and Con.

They were turning back Con's leather coat, and then Rignold cut the coat and waistcoat underneath with a sharp knife. Ferrans leaned over the table, and Tommy saw him take up a gleaming silver syringe and fill it carefully from the beaker. Behind Con's chair the Squire was standing, holding Con in such a way that he could not move.

Tommy was working strenuously to get one hand free from the cords which bound him to the chair. If he could not do that, then he would try to interfere with Ferrans in some way or other.

He could see Ferrans poised over Con, the needle ready to be pushed into the boy's neck. Con was trying his utmost to struggle and make the task impossible.

Now! Tommy raised himself on his feet as well as he could and hurled himself, still attached to the chair, in a sideways direction. He crashed against Ferrans's legs, and the next moment the man with the syringe was toppling heavily on top of him.

The force with which Ferrans hit the back of the chair added to Tommy's desperate efforts to break free. The cord cut and tore his wrists and hands—but he was clear of the chair!

He jumped to his feet, throwing Ferrans off him, and prepared to make a fierce attempt to get Con free.

A sharp warning came from Rignold. The man was pointing to the yellow light and calling the Squire's attention to it. It was no longer yellow, but red.

The Squire rapped out swift orders. Ferrans scrambled to his feet, whilst Tommy dodged swiftly to get behind Con's chair and unloose him as quickly as possible.

Tommy was prepared for attack, but the three men had suddenly lost all interest in him! In a little group they were dodging behind the table, and their eyes were held by the red light.

It had begun to flicker, and then all the other lights in the room went out. Except for the red flashes, the room was in darkness—but Tommy had freed Con's hands.

"Thanks! I'm all right!" Con whispered, his eyes trying to make

out the moving shadows which he fancied he could see behind the table. Instinctively he and Tommy had jumped away from the chair the moment Con was free, expecting some sort of attack from the men behind the table.

But none came. For a brief space an eerie silence settled on the room, exaggerated by the flickering red halcyons near the ceiling.

"Get towards the lift door!" Con whispered. "That seems to be the only way out. What's that?"

The Stranger Explains.

THE brothers stood listening intently. From somewhere far off came muffled sounds which seemed to intensify the uneasy silence of the room. Quite suddenly the sounds came nearer and became more distinct.

Then came a thud, and in the uncertain light from the twinkling red lamp they saw the door for which they were cautiously making their way wide open.

It was difficult to make out distinctly what was happening, but it seemed as though a wild crowd of men came tumbling into the room. There were sharp cries and abrupt commands, but so mixed up that to the two youngsters who were the unwise witnesses they conveyed nothing.

One of the mob broke away suddenly and jumped towards the lift again. The next moment the door had closed, and the muffled sounds which had been coming from aloft became less and less distinct. In any case, the view which was now going on in the room would have drowned anything from above.

A torch flashed out and illumined two figures locked together and fighting furiously. Only for a second did the powerful beam rest on the fighters, but in that space Con and Tommy had recognised both of them!

One was the stranger whom they had left at the Air Park. The other was the man whom they had come to know as Rignold. How the stranger had managed to get here, or what his object was, still remained a mystery. But they were on his side and cheering Rignold!

"Jump in!" Con muttered, and the brothers jumped together.

Con's arms were around Rignold's neck and Tommy was tackling an arm, while Con was also gasping out a greeting to the stranger.

"All right, sir! Stirrings here! No, you don't!"

Rignold had suddenly turned to try to tackle the enemy who had seized him from behind, and just for a moment Con had to give way. Then, as he managed to get to grips again with the man, the light was cooled. Someone had seized the man, and the commanding voice of the stranger was rapping out:

"All right, Jesses! We've got this fellow! And another! One fellow get away, but I expect they'll get him all right!"

Two torches were flashing about the place now, and the red light had gone out altogether. One of the men

with a torch had wandered round the place and discovered switches, and the whole place was flooded again with white light. Standing there were Rignold and Ferrans, their wrists fastened with handcuffs.

"You're not hurt!" exclaimed the stranger, who had caught sight of Con's damaged clothing where Rignold had performed the cutting operation.

"Not a bit, sir!" Con assured him. "I don't know just what the game is, but I don't like these fellows! The chief man—the Squire, I call him, because I don't know his name—seems to have got away. I believe he was the chap who went up the lift last."

"The Squire? Not a bad name for Margrave! He played the part here very well. But we'll go aloft and see what's happening there. Thank goodness nothing happened to you!"

"I began to get nervous when we couldn't find you anywhere in the house, especially as we entered the place by surprise and never gave them a chance to prepare for us. But we'll go up."

The stranger gave brief instructions to the two men in charge of Ferrans and Rignold, then led the way to the lift.

In the hall, when they reached it, an extraordinary collection of people was gathered together—chief among them the Squire—glowering Mr. Roger Margrave. He, also, was wearing handcuffs, and two uniformed policemen stood on either side of him.

There were other policemen and a number of men who evidently belonged to the detective branch of the police force and were in plain clothes. Men servants and maids were standing in a little group, perplexed and wondering of gullen and suspicious. Some of the plain-clothes men had notebooks out and were quietly talking to some of the servants.

"You don't want to be mixed up in this part of the programme," the stranger said to Con. "I've got my car here, and it can take you down to the Meads Hotel."

"I'll join you there when we've finished our job here. Your plane will be all right till morning—time enough for you to start back home!"

Two hours later the stranger joined the two boys in the comfortable room to which they had been shown at the hotel.

"A complete clean-up!" he told them. "Took them strictly by surprise, and my plane here worked out splendidly. I'm tremendously grateful to you both!"

"Is it still a secret, sir?" Con asked. "We don't even know your name yet."
"Colonel Loxley, late Indian Army, at present attached for special duties to Scotland Yard," the stranger said. "There has been a tremendous and increasing traffic in the last two or three years in dangerous drugs, and every country in Europe has been trying to stamp it out."

"The helms has grown that the central organization and control was in this country, and it became my job to find out and put an end to it.

"We knew in the beginning that it was being carried out very skillfully and carefully, and eventually it was boiled down to certain possibilities. We believed that the head office, as to speak, was in a certain area, but all our efforts to get right down to the people concerned were fruitless.

"We have had three or four houses in this area under suspicion, but the British law won't allow you to start arresting people until you have got sufficient proof. And if you attack too early the chances are that the proofs will never be found.

"This was one of the suspected houses, but Margrave is a well-established person of considerable importance, and all our observations led to nothing. Aeroplanes are his hobby, and the fact that friends often

came to visit him by plane was likewise explained.

"Then luck played into our hands. A plane came down off the East Coast. The pilot was injured, but he would say nothing. He had on board, carefully hidden away, the package you carried tonight. We opened it carefully and examined it, and found—drugs!

"Within a very few hours all our arrangements were made. No news was allowed to leak out about the pilot, and you know what arrangements I made with you. They were based on odd discoveries we had made. You wore my decoys to trap the ringleaders.

"That yellow light you carried, for instance. We found that on the plane which crashed. We guessed it must be a signal to the smugglers, but we didn't know what the answering signal was.

"That's why my instructions were

so vague. All I could do was to tell you to fly in this direction and keep a bright look-out for landing signals. Fortunately, you picked up the landing signal, and all went well.

"I chose you fellows to carry the box because I didn't want to risk spoiling things by sending any of my fellows who had a knowledge of what we were up to. Being completely in the dark, and not knowing that you were acting as decoys, there was naturally nothing in your behaviour that could lead to suspicion.

"As soon as you left your aerodrome I was off in a car which was fitted with a new invention we are trying out—a patent range-finder, which worked wonderfully well.

"I took a shorter route across country, and when you landed in Moulton Park my car was within thirty miles. Within the hour, all the forces we had been holding in

(Continued on the next page.)



A Tent Full of Boys

It's surprising the number of fellows you can comfortably pack into a bell tent if you go the right way about it

out the point to the extreme left of the pole and the point to the extreme right, so that you have a straight line running from one to the other, with the pole half-way. Hammer pegs in at these points. Do the same at right angles.

Then insert the pole into the tent, and get two sturdy chaps to lift it and hold it steady when you are ready to set up.

Next, slip guy-lines over your four pegs and give the order to hoist up the tent. As the tent goes up have the guy-lines tightened slightly, and you will find the tent being held erect by the four guy-lines. It is then easy to peg all around as required and to adjust guy-ropes.

Important points to keep in mind are: (1) The door should be away from the wind; (2) There must be dug a small hole close to the tent pole. This is required if heavy rain comes during the night and guy-ropes must be slackened. By pulling the tent pole into the hole the effect is to slacken everything outside without the need for going all round the tent and getting thoroughly wet.

In the ordinary way all guys should be slackened at night, to allow for dew at least. I know of one party of campers who thought you should tighten guys at night. They did so—and about three a.m., in a glorious storm, the tent pole went right through the tent, which collapsed like a peachstone on their heads.

Dig a small trench about three inches deep all round the tent, to prevent flooding in the event of heavy rain. The trench should lead away downhill, if possible.

You must never, in any circumstances, pitch tent at the foot of a hill. There may be plenty of shade there, but you will get all the rain. Besides which, the ground is probably damp to start with.

In the tent you can make a very serviceable hanger for clothes. Get a length of rope and, with a screw at the top, wind the rope down the pole to about two feet from the base. Pieces of string wire can then be hoist into hooks, and these, hooked on the rope, will hold clothes and prevent the tent becoming wet.

A lantern is another necessity, so that you can read or write in comfort. A torch also has its uses, and one should be placed beneath your pillow (or ruck sack, if this is your "pillow"), so that in the event of any untoward happening during the night a light is at hand.

When breaking camp, count out tent pegs and all other equipment. See that everything required for pitching elsewhere is safely tucked in the bag.

LOOK at the photograph, and ask yourself: How did all that crowd of happy campers get into the one bell tent to sleep? Easy. The "packing" was done properly!

I have seen a big bell tent sleeping only four chaps, and each one complaining that someone's feet kept getting into his work!

That was because the tent wasn't packed properly. The ideal arrangement for sleeping is to treat the inside of the tent like a bicycle wheel, the pole in the centre representing the hub and the fellows the spokes.

Now do you see how a bell tent should be filled for sleeping? You can get as many as fifteen fellows in it then, and as all feet point to the tent pole there can be no cry of discomfort.

Pitching a tent should offer no difficulties. No need for the fellow holding up the pole inside to wobble about as first one guy rope is pulled and then another by those straggling manfully outside.

Set about it this way. First tap into the ground a stake where you wish the pole to be. Next, with the pole mark

Decoys of the Air

readiness were concentrated at Moulton.

"We saw your plane there, and forty minutes after you landed, this house was being entered by my men, who took every precaution to ensure there was no alarm raised.

"Even then our first search revealed nothing in the slightest degree suspicious. But we couldn't find you, nor the package you had brought. The servants told us that Mr. Mangrove was away from home, and they assured us they had seen no visitors."

"To were tucked away in that underground office as soon as we came in," Con explained.

"We discovered that through one of the servants stealing off quietly

to the room where the lift is," Colonel Loxley said. "It was the sort of room that would never arouse an atom of suspicion, and the lift itself might never be discovered. We could have searched the place a hundred times and merely made laughing-stocks of ourselves.

"As it is, we've found enough dope and stuff in that underground room, as well as other proofs, to make a watertight case and to arrest the organization utterly!"

He rose to his feet, and looked at Con with a smile playing about his lips.

"I'm pleased with myself tonight, and with the success of my plans," he said. "But they could never have come off without your aid. There was a risk, but I hoped to avert that, and anyway I gather that, between you,

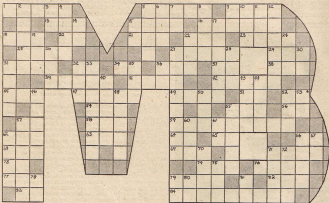
you managed to dodge anything really unpleasant.

"I'm tremendously grateful. If there is anything I can do for Stirlings I'll do it. Lord Warley said something about getting your name on the official list of approved airplane services for special work. I'll do that, if you wish!"

"Rather, sir!" Con said enthusiastically. "Jesse, Tommy! But that will be something to tell the gaffer when we go to see him to-morrow! Stirlings are climbing, Tommy!"

"And that's worth a punch in the jaw any day!" Tommy said cheerfully, as he gingerly stroked the lump on his chin!

Con and Tommy play leading parts in another of those topping air-adventure games in next week's MODERN BOYS.



DEFINITIONS ACROSS:

1. The "M. B." will see these.
2. Dinner.
3. Assisted by water.
4. Took food.
5. Wife of 2 down.
6. Animal.
7. Associated with cream.
8. Not out.
9. Very common conjunction.
10. Inseparable.
11. Mirror wanted to make one.
12. "Look before you —."
13. One letter changed and you have "Egg".
14. Wine associate.
15. No.
16. Something added to a letter.
17. The article of "rock".
18. Compression.
19. The opposite of "out".
20. Soil.
21. Bubbled (though).
22. One who sings.
23. Calculated.
24. Mass.

25. Belling peacocks.
26. A "toilet".
27. Order of March (abbr.).
28. Eaves.
29. T.S.N. (abbr.).
30. "Pic" added up a bit.
31. Reverse of across.
32. The heart of "quay."
33. "I'll see —."
34. Instructed.
35. Denial.
36. By which we see.
37. Unchangeable reply.
38. "I'm not —."
39. Thereabout.
40. Mince.
41. Famous English railway.
42. Long periods of time.
43. The answer is K.P.
44. Apple.
45. Expulse.
46. Fall.
47. Where Hobbs usually plays.
48. Youth.
49. Behind!
50. Acheating!

DEFINITIONS DOWN:

1. A rich one is helpful.
2. The pater.
3. Grass.
4. Hill of sand.
5. Plumb.
6. Low tandem (abbr.).
7. This you do when tired.
8. Exalts.
9. Was asked.
10. Ketchup.
11. Unemployed.
12. Fitter's measure.
13. Instance of a coloring agent.
14. Tinting.
15. Why not of tea.
16. "Fall" without a beginning.
17. Pricking vessel.
18. Fasting.
19. Cahn.
20. Shotten and run Ronald.
21. Almost "not."
22. Stop.
23. Handy inside an orange.

24. One who spots.
25. Vehicle.
26. Put, mistaken.
27. A kind of composition.
28. Kneak rate.
29. Handings.
30. Punched egg on —.
31. Go in.
32. I.O.V. (abbr.).
33. Ketchup.
34. Arroyo Grande (abbr.).
35. Sacked.
36. Slender.
37. At this moment.
38. Towards.
39. "Aid" and —.
40. A plant grown from this.
41. The endless (abbr.).
42. Theophrastus.
43. 20 acres (abbr.).
44. Hagg.
45. In to W. (abbr.).
46. Set out.
47. At sight.
48. Violet, shortened.
49. Cattle's bed-down.

Here's something for you to sharpen your wits on—an original Crossword Puzzle sent in by P. G. Lompkin, 68, Murray Road, Ipswich. No reward is offered for a correct solution, but a prize of **ONE GUINEA** has been awarded to the sender. The solution will appear next week.

Startling adventures in a South American jungle, where a new railway line is being flung across terrible country in the face of immense perils and difficulties

By
**ALFRED
EDGAR**



Vivid Adventure Serial

In the face of great opposition from an American syndicate headed by unscrupulous Karl Elmer, the last link in a new railway line in South America is being built by Gregory Drake, uncle of Bob and Ned Thorne, twin brothers and members of King's Abbot School, who go to Colombia to see the railway built. Elmer is captured by Drake's men, during one of his interventions, and put to work with one of the construction gangs. Local revolution breaks out in Colombia, and the revolutionaries, known as the Red Cochinos, attack one of Drake's blasting gangs and steal their explosives. Mike, Mr. Drake's son, goes with a party of men back to Popayan to secure rifles, whilst Bob and Ned join in an attack on the rebels. The attack is broken off—thanks to Elmer, who has escaped—and the boys are taken prisoners. Mr. Drake attacks and rescues the boys, when it is told that Mike is coming with men and guns, and that an aeroplane is being used to the construction camp. He predicts that there will be a pitched battle between the rebels and the railroaders within the next twenty-four hours.

War at Dawn!

CHEERING railroaders greeted the return of Mr. Drake's attacking party in the tractor and the spectacle of a bunch of dust-smothered prisoners. The boys found that the line had been pushed forward amongst the rocks, and when they got on the scene the ardlamps were already being pushed ahead to cope with the coming of night.

The brothers were almost dropping from fatigue and reaction, but neither of them felt like resting just then.

It was only when they saw the railway, with gangs passing in their labours to clear the tractor into camp, that they realised how near they had come never to seeing it all again.

They rode in a tractor with Bark Glory, a negro engine-driver, and

Mr. Drake. It was late afternoon then. The wounded were carried away to a manure, then the men who had attacked the rebels sought out their own gangs and started work once more as though nothing had happened.

The prisoners were herded together, put under an armed guard of four men, and set to the heavy labour of lifting rails and dropping them in position ready to be set in place on their sleepers.

The country had been cleared

obtain the first real meal either of them had had for what seemed a week.

The darkie cooks had arranged something rather special for the fighters, but what the brothers most appreciated was the chance of drinking deep from a can full of super-sweet tea.

They did not talk much while they ate, and their meal was almost finished when they heard an uproar outside, succeeded by a burst of cheering and then a sudden storm of counter-cheers.

They had been eating in a hastily erected hut, and they dashed out, to see that a big engine had just arrived. Hitched to it were half a dozen open trucks from each of which a score of men were unloading.

"It's Mike and the fellows he's been to fetch!" Bob exclaimed.

They saw Mike drop off the foot-plate, and they ran towards him, to find Engineer Drake shaking his head and laughing.

"I drove right through to Buenaventura, dad," the boys heard Mike say, "and I picked up over a hundred men off the coast. They know us down there, because it's our base for a lot of stuff."

"When I said I wanted volunteers for what might be a fight, men simply came rolling up!"

"When I'd got enough, we raided the barracks there, got every gun and every round of ammunition in the place, took all the weapons we could get from ships in the harbour, then raided the police barracks at Cali on the way back."

"I don't know exactly what you've got, but every man seems to have a weapon now. They can all fight, and there's one very special bunch that volunteered from a yacht—clap named Captain Sanders."

"He was a King's Abbot fellow and he came like a shot when he heard I

The Roaring Railway

beyond the rocks, and the boys found that, during the night, the rails would be pushed on along what was almost the edge of a four-hundred-foot precipice.

On the inside of this the ground rose in a series of rocky peaks which looked over broken ground patched with fat stretches of grass-land.

They knew all about this, because as soon as the tractor got in, Mr. Drake discussed matters with Lumpy Dunn, trying to fix up some scheme for guarding against any surprise by the rebels.

The matter was still unsettled when the boys went with Buck to

coasting or engine rose to them. They could see the gang of prisoners labouring, and could even hear the clank of hoes as the men dropped them beside the track.

Darkness fell swiftly. The vista of the unfinished railway changed to a spectacle of scattered lights, some shifting considerably. Beyond the blaze of air-lamps the boys saw the red glare of engine fire-boxes, and the glow of candles in tents. Here and there camp-fires glimmered redly, winking as men shifted about them.

Suddenly Back became evident, appearing like a solid chunk of the night itself. By this time the boys were wrapped in the two blankets each had brought, and Back felt accused for his own.

"That's O.K.," he told them. "If any o' them revolutioners can get anywhere near us in th' dark, then they must have wings! Much nigger friends have parked themselves well ahead, an' I'll say a back rabbit couldn't get by them without they knew about it—that's if they got rabbits in this country!"

The boys talked with him for a while, then began to doze.

The night air was cool to Red's face, and he pulled the blankets up to shield his cheeks. Lying there, he could hear the roar of the railway rising until all merged to a busy boom, which, very abruptly, changed to a series of quick cracks which jerked him to wakefulness.

He found the early sun in his eyes, and sat up as he saw, thirty yards from him, a man kneeling against a rock further along the ledge on which he had been sleeping. The man wore a cap, which was tugged down over one ear, and he had the stock of a rifle cuddled against one cheek as he sighted.

While Red stared at him wonderingly the man fired. Red saw the fellow's shoulder jerk as smoke sprang from the muzzle, then the man was pumping the bolt of his weapon and reloading.

Red scrambled to his feet and reached out to kick Bab. His brother roused, started wildly, then dragged at Red's arm and pulled him that as something scrooped on the air past their heads.

It hit the rock behind them, then went on through the air with a screaming snarl.

"What's happening?" Red gasped.

"It must be the rebels," Bob answered. "That was a bullet!"

They lay flat, close together. Back's blankets were tangled near them, but there was no sign of the big nigger. The rocky peaks around were full of ringing explosions.

Tiny gusts of smoke were jerking in the air and floating away, and the two boys squirmed nearer to the edge of the ledge and looked down the slope.

Below them men were moving. They looked like rounded balls dodging about the ground, appearing and disappearing again. Everywhere puffs of smoke were kicking out and being themselves almost at once in the straight.

Farther away, on the edge of the valley, groups were coming forward out of the dawn mist, some running and others picking a course over rough ground. Now and again the sun would dash on the barrel of a rifle, and immediately beneath the bore the tumbled rock and broken ground seemed to be full of men.

"The rebel army's attacking!" Red exclaimed.

"Yes, and we haven't got a gun, or anything!" Bob answered. "Hallo! Here's Back!"

The negro engine-driver came crawling on to the ledge at that moment. Back was keeping his head low, and he grinned at them as he came alongside.

"Th' bottle has just commenced!" he said. "Ah never had time to warn yo'. Ah got th' word an' Ah had to slip off an' let th' captain know. Them rebels came marchin' up like they was goin' to walk through a door watterboardly had left open, but yo' should ha' seen them water when our guys got busy!"

He pointed downwards to the edge of the flat, grassy stretch beneath.

"See there?" he asked. "We got six o' them with th' first volley!"

Shouts were sounding from every direction, and the figures approaching from the valley became lost as they took cover. Nowhere could the boys see men now; only faint puffs of smoke and minute flashes of red which came from shadowy things by rocks.

(Continued on the next page.)

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The Roaring Railway

Occasionally they heard the song of a bullet on the air above. Twice bullets hit the edge of the ledge, kicking up spurts of rock chippings and dust.

"Some guy down there has got his eye on us," Buck growled. "Don't show 'er 'er head an' don't— Say, looka that!"

His last words came in sudden excitement. A plane dashed into view, swooping around a peak. It had a huge wingspread and was flying low, one of its twin engines coughing and banging lamely.

"It's the plane from Puerto Belle. Uncle told us about it," Red said. "What's it trying to do?"

"Lookin' for some place to come down!" Buck answered. "Hey, see them pilots leavin' off at it?"

Rifle-smoke from below was spouting vertically upwards as the machine banked around, swooping away, then turning to dive. The boys could see some of the rebels darting from cover, under the impression that the craft was a positive machine about to bomb them.

"He's going to land on that grass down there!" Bub called.

"The guy on it don't know what's happenin'!" Buck exclaimed. "Say, take a look at that—he's coming down!"

The plane was dropping steadily, swaying as its pilot brought it around towards one end of the plateau below. He eased off his dive, straightened, seemed to pause for a moment, then his landing-wheels touched earth.

The two could see rebels standing up to shoot at the machine as it ran on and, abruptly, it swung around.

The boys saw the wing-tip score the ground in a slaver of torn grass and earth. The nose dipped, and an instant later the inside wing crumpled, the tail lifted, and they heard a splintering crash as the machine stopped, wrecked!

"They must have hit the pilot!" Bub exclaimed.

"Add that machine's full of rifles and ammunition!" Red muttered. "If the rebels got it—"

He was swinging himself over the edge of the ledge on to the steep, loose slope as he spoke, to go glancing down, heedless of the risk from the rebels below.

Bub rolled after him. Then, with a shout, Buck followed.

The three went sliding wildly towards the wrecked plane, while rebels, sighting them from below, sent bullets screeching amongst the shale about them!

The Race.

WITH his hands digging in the loose shale, Red sailed down the slope, a cloud of dust rising all about him.

Close behind him came Bub, and near him was Buck. The big negro engine-driver kept his shoulder feet-clear of the shale and steadied himself with two lamps of the staff clamped in either hand.

Red could see the wrecked plane

clearly, clamped over on its broken wing. Some of the rebels were darting out from the rocks and grass surrounding the plateau, racing towards the machine, as though they knew it was loaded with rifles and ammunition.

From the peaks above, the railway guards were shooting furiously, and a dozen armed men were plunging towards the slope of shale, intending to follow the example the leaders had set.

As the three hurtled downwards, an avalanche built up with them. Twice Red fell but lost his balance and plinked forward where the slope grew even more steep, and each time it seemed to him that the shale above was raking scaldingly down on him, the heights above bluffed out by dust.

How many hundreds of feet the downward rush lasted Red did not know, but he suddenly discovered that the shale raked in a low cliff. Beyond this the rock was cut away, and nothing on earth could stop him streaking onwards through thin air when he reached the bottom of the slope.

Red hardly saw this before he was near the end of the wilderness. He saw that, at the foot of the low cliff, bushes and trees were clustered and might break his fall; then he was pitching onwards, turning over and over as he hurtled through the air.

Three breathless moments lasted an age, it seemed, then there was a mad crash of bushes as he hit them. He was tossed in half a dozen different directions, with branches lashing at him until he felt a stinging bush give beneath him, then he hit the ground. He alighted a little way over smooth grass and stopped, sprawling and lying on his back.

He saw two trees with shattered branches and broken bushes which had helped to check his fall. He saw Bub and Buck just smothering through a thick-barred tree to one side, and beyond them the shale slope appeared to tower absolutely above his head.

Shale was coming off it in an avalanche, and fragments were already starting to patter around him. He saw that, if he remained there, the weight of the descending mass would certainly smother and bury him.

Red scrambled to his feet. He was breathless and bruised, but he was unharmed, and he stumbled to where the others were slithering over the ground.

"All right?" Red sought at his brother and pulled him to his feet.

"Already Buck was up and yelling: "Buck away—look outa here! Travel!"

He darted at them both, dragging them away. They crashed through the bushes just as the trees behind bowed and bent under the weight of shale which fell on them from above.

The trio were half smothered by dust. Flying fragments hammered at them, then they broke clear of the bushes and sighted the wrecked plane a full two hundred yards in front, almost in the centre of the bare, open ground.

(Continued on page 26.)



The Editor Talks

Address your letters to
The Editor, THE MODERN BOY,
Playway House,
Farrington Road,
London, E.C.4.

All letters must bear full name and address of the writer.

THE PICTURESQUE BYWAYS!—There's no better way of exploring and enjoying our delightful countryside than travelling through it a-foot, and I hope all you fellows will find the hints and tips on hiking in this issue extremely helpful. The great thing about a hiking holiday is that you can get right away from the traffic-filled, bustling highways and snarl along the more picturesque byways and foot-paths, where every turn in the road brings new scenes of Nature's loveliness to the eye.

Don't be Tempted.—Whatever you do, don't over-estimate the distance you can comfortably tramp in a day. Just as there are road-hogs in the motor world, so there are mileage hogs in

art—producing the most perfect little miniature machines as easily as a conjurer performing the old trick of producing a rabbit from a top hat!

The Photograph in the centre of this page gives you some idea of the latest example of an art which has surprised me—a tri-axial model plane which, absolutely silent "performance." As you will see, it has three fuselages: a main passenger-carrying structure and two lower engine-carrying side-fuselages, all of which rest in a level hull mounting three rubber-tires. The extra fuselages were necessary to accommodate the side-engines.

Performance.—Of course, we had to test the model, and I was surprised

Alfred Edgar contributes more stirring chapters to his thrilling railway serial. By the way, this serial will shortly be coming to a close. To take its place I have secured a story by an author who is new to *MODERN BOY*. I shall have more to tell you about this coming story in a future Talk.

Too Strong Reaction.—The fact that your jet bursts into combustion as soon as you rotate the reaction container indicates that you are using too large a reaction cell. H. G. (Swarley). If you haven't a smaller reaction cell, you can ease the trouble by increasing the space between the reaction and aerial cells. They should be at least one inch apart, and you should experiment until you find the distance apart at which you can obtain smooth reaction over the whole tuning range.

First Transatlantic Liner.—The first steamship to cross the Atlantic under her own power was not the United States vessel *Savannah*, although most people think she was. J. K. (Newington). Two British ships, the *Great Western* and the *Stirling*, arrived in New York Harbour on the same day in 1833, having made the first all-engine crossing. The *Savannah's* voyage, which lasted 26 days, was made some time before this, but the American craft only used



the taking work—fellows who probably least of the number of miles they have tramped during a day? Don't be lulled into joining them! Be content in the knowledge that you're ambled comfortably along through delightful country, getting healthy tired without overdoing it. That's the only way to enjoy hiking thoroughly.

"Hiking with a Bike."—Under this title an article appeared in *MODERN BOY* No. 115, 116, 117, all fellows interested in the Youth Hostels at which bikers can "hibble" accommodation for 2/6 the night at very reasonable prices were told to apply to the Travel Association for further information. I now learn, however, that all inquiries on this subject should be addressed to the Secretary, Youth Hostels Association, 18, Bedford Road, Woburn, Garden City, Herts. A postcard on this address will bring you full information regarding Youth Hostels in the district through which you are planning to hike, whether a-foot or a-wheeled.

Full of Surprises.—The Air Expert who conducts our Model Plane Chat is always bringing surprises in the shape of new model planes on tap. He walks into the office, coughs his portable blower, and "hatchily" brings out his latest "chumpies" of the model plane maker's

at its various performances. Not only would it fly on one motor only, but it would rise off the ground, given a slight head-wind, with but two of them working. But best of all was to see it rising effectively off the ground under the wing of its three motors.

A further surprise was the model racing motor-car shown alongside the plane. This, our Expert told me, is to be used for launching tiny model paper gliders into the air. It is electric-driven and turns the gliders until they rise from the ground. Special tyres are being made for it which will prevent it skidding when towing the gliders.

At Your Service.—He's certainly a genius when model planes are concerned, is our Expert, and if any of you fellows want his help and advice in your model plane making, his services are at your disposal. Simply write to me, explaining fully what you want to know, and you will receive a reply from him promptly and post free.

Next Week's Issues.—In addition to long readable stories by Murray Roberts and Michael Bock, next week's *MODERN BOY* will contain a descriptive article by Flying Officer W. E. Johns on the King's Cup Air Race, which takes place on Saturday, July 25th. And

her "right" for 48 hours, proceeding under full sail for nearly the whole of the journey.

Guarantee Names.—All vessels owned by the Great Steamship Company have names ending in "de" Ken (Harrow), and they can always be recognized by this means. Thus they have the *Mauritavia*, *Rovergaria*, *Catania*, and so on.

Google.—There are two suggested explanations of the term "google"—the name of a ball which is bowled by a cricketer in such a way that it curves in one direction and "breaks" in another. F. S. F. (Lyonsmith). It may be from the Scandinavian word "godel," meaning to trick or mislead, or from the Swedish word "google," meaning shady or devious.

World's Motor-cars.—The last world census of motor-cars showed that there were 15,841,000 cars in use in the world. V. D. (Winnipeg). These figures were obtained in 1924, and at the same time it was shown that America had made over 12,000,000 machines in that total. Nowadays, there are very many more motor-cars on the road than that census shows.

The Editor

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