

OUR AIR-PILOT KING! SPECIAL ARTICLE ON
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The **MODERN BOY**

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FILMING THE CORONATION IN COLOUR!—See centre pages

The schoolboy nephew of Detective-Inspector Nixon of Scotland Yard solves the mystery of the—

KIDNAPPED FIFTH FORMER

"This is the End!"

THE Head!" exclaimed Banks of the Fifth. "Oh crumbs!" murmured Pie Porringe. "That," remarked Harvey, "tears it!"

Len Lex, the Schoolboy Detective, nodded in agreement. There could be no doubt about it.

Since Tunstall, the new man in the Oakshott Fifth, had been at the school he had had a series of extremely narrow escapes from the "boot." Now he had, as Harvey expressed it, "torn" it.

The chums of Study No. 8 were walking down to Oakways after class. Near the village they had to pass the Peal of Bells. That establishment was, of course, strictly out of bounds for Oakshott fellows. But it was, as the chums knew, a favourite resort of the new man, Tunstall.

Glancing at the building in passing, they could see into the open window of the billiards-room. They would not have been surprised to see the "bad hat" of Oakshott in that apartment, for the fellow was absolutely reckless, and did not seem to care whether he was spotted or not. But three of the four, at least, were quite surprised to see him sitting in the open window, smoking a cigarette, in full view of any passers-by.

They stopped and looked at him. Tunstall returned their look with a sneer on his sallow face, and blew out a little cloud of smoke. And at the same moment a stately and imposing figure came into view from the direction of Oakways. It was Dr. Osborne, the headmaster of Oakshott School.

Study No. 8 caught their breath as they saw him. In about a minute the Head would reach the spot where they stood. Tunstall would be right under his eyes—sitting smoking at the window of the billiards-room in the Peal of Bells. The fellow was under suspicion already; he seemed to have gone out of his way to get himself a bad name at Oakshott. Now he was fairly asking for it—begging for it! If he saw the Head coming in the distance, it had no effect on him. He sat and smoked. Study No. 8 stared at him, astonished at his nerve and impudence.

Pie made a movement. If ever Porringe had loathed a fellow, he loathed Tunstall. But Pie was all good-nature. He simply could not see



Len flung up the window and he and Inspector Nixon leapt into the room. Bound and gagged in an armchair was the kidnapped schoolboy!

a fellow "copped" like this! But Harvey grabbed him by the arm.

"Hold on, you ass! The Head can see us!" he breathed.

"I don't care! I'm going to give him the tip!"

"You're not, ass! The Head——"

"I jolly well am!" retorted Pie.

He jerked his arm away from Harvey and ran towards the building, which lay back from the road. Banks made a hasty grab at him, and missed.

"Oh, the goat!" hissed Banks.

Len Lex said nothing. He stood and watched. To his three comrades it seemed that Tunstall, reckless as he was, could not possibly know that the Head was coming up the road. To the Schoolboy Detective it seemed otherwise. Ever since Tunstall had been at Oakshott, the nephew of Detective-Inspector Nixon, of Scot-

land Yard, had wondered, perplexed and puzzled, why the fellow so persistently asked for trouble. But he had guessed the reason at last. And he knew—what his comrades did not think of guessing—that no warning would cause the bad hat of Oakshott to get out of sight as the Head came by.

Dr. Osborne had seen the four standing in the road. He saw Porringe detach himself from the other three and cut towards the forbidden building. He frowned, and quickened his stately pace a little.

Unheeding, Pie dashed up to the window.

"You dirty tick!" he gasped. "Haven't you any sense? Back out of sight—the Head's coming!"

Tunstall did not even remove the cigarette from his mouth.

"Rot!" he answered.

"I tell you, the Big Beak will be along in a minute or less!" gasped Pie. "Do you want to be bunked, you frowsy swab?"

"Mind your own business!"

Pie stared at him. There was no time for talk, if the black sheep was not to be spotted—no time to convince him of his danger. Only prompt action could save him.

Instead of speaking again, therefore, Pie clenched his fist and hit the fellow in the window a mighty

By
**CHARLES
HAMILTON**

Kidnapped Fifth Former

smite under the ear and sent him toppling over.

There was a yell, and Tunstall disappeared.

Pie looked round breathlessly. Had he been in time?

He had! Dr. Osborne reached the spot where Len, Harvey, and Banks stood, and halted, gazing at Pie. He saw Pie framed against an open but untenanted window. Tunstall, sprawling and spluttering on the floor within, was invisible.

"Porrige!" came the Head's deep voice.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Pie. He hurried back to the road.

"What are you doing there, Porrrige?"

"Oh! Nothing, sir!"

"You should not have approached that building, Porrrige," said the Head severely. "Had I not seen you, a few moments ago, in the road with your friends, I should have supposed—"

He broke off. Within the building, at the open window, a figure rose into view, staring out.

Tunstall, with a cigarette in one hand, and the other pressed to a damaged ear, stood visible to all eyes. Dr. Osborne gave a violent start. His gaze fixed, as if spellbound, on the Fifth Former, caught frequenting the lowest resort in the vicinity of the school. The expression that came over Dr. Osborne's face was positively terrifying.

"That—that is an Oakshott boy! That is Tunstall! Upon my word!" He made a step towards the building and raised his hand. "Tunstall!"

Study No. 8 exchanged glances. The fat was in the fire now!

"Tunstall!" repeated the Head. "Leave that building this instant! Do you hear me?"

Tunstall stood staring. A beery-looking man joined him at the window, looked out, and whistled. The Oakshott senior stirred at last. He disappeared from the window, and a moment or two later emerged from a side door. With hanging head, he came across the road and stood before his headmaster.

"This," said Dr. Osborne, "is the end, Tunstall! You have been at Oakshott a very short time, but in that short time I have received the worst reports of you from your Form-master and from the prefects. I have doubted very seriously whether you could be allowed to remain at the school. Now I have myself witnessed your conduct, and there is no further doubt. You will be expelled from Oakshott, Tunstall!"

Tunstall made no reply. He stood shifting nervously, his eyes on the ground.

"You will now," continued the Head, "walk back to the school with me. I shall write to your grandfather, Sir Gilbert Tunstall, and explain the matter, and to-morrow morning you will go. Until then, you will be isolated in the punishment-room. Follow me, Tunstall!"

Dr. Osborne walked on. After him, sullen and cringing, went the new

fellow in the Fifth. Study No. 8 watched them depart.

"Well," said Harvey, with a deep breath, "that's that! He's lagged at last!"

"The silly fathead!" said Pie. "It would have been all right if he'd kept away from the window. I knocked him out of sight—a fellow couldn't do more."

"Looks as if he wanted the boot!" said Banks. "I suppose a fellow couldn't—but dashed if it didn't look like it!"

"He's got it, anyhow!" said Len Lex.

The four walked on into Oakways. Three of them went into the sports shop there; Len Lex remained outside. But he did not remain long. When Pie, Harvey, and Banks came out, they saw nothing of Len, wondered what had become of him, and then walked back to Oakshott without him.

News for Mr. Nixon

DETECTIVE - INSPECTOR WILLIAM NIXON backed his two-seater on a rutty track under the thick, overhanging branches in Oakways Wood, and sat watching the lane in front of him. It was half an hour before a boyish, athletic figure swung out of the lane into the woodland track, stopped by the car, and grinned cheerily at the man from Scotland Yard.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Bill!" said Len as he stepped in and sat down beside his uncle. "You've run in a lot of burglars in your time, Bill," he went on, "and you must have picked up some of their ways. Feel like cracking a crib with me?" Bill Nixon looked at his nephew.

"Talk sense!" he suggested.

"Talking it!" assured Len. "To come down to brass tacks, Bill, we're winding up the case to-day. You may need a jemmy, and you'll certainly need the handcuffs. I hope you've got both!"

"You're winding up the case to-day, are you?" said Mr. Nixon. "This is my first information that there's a case to wind up. What is it?"

"Kidnapping, illegal detention, and fraudulent impersonation, Bill!"

Bill Nixon looked hard and long at his nephew. Len Lex gave him a cheerful wink, and the inspector grunted.

"Let's know what you mean, if you mean anything," he said. "I asked you to keep an eye on Eric Tunstall at your school. Have you done so?"

"No!"

"And why not?" demanded Bill hotly.

"Because I haven't seen him there."

"You haven't seen him!" said Mr. Nixon. "Have you forgotten all I said to you the day before you went back?"

"Sing it over again to me, Bill, and I'll see if I remember."

"You young ass!" Mr. Nixon breathed hard. "I told you that old Sir Gilbert Tunstall asked my advice about his grandson Eric. The boy was expelled from his school,

Higham, in Yorkshire, for bad conduct—card-playing, pub-haunting, all sorts of shady things. He protested his innocence, and stated his belief that his cousin Herbert Varney, also a Higham boy at that time, had somehow fixed the evidence on him. I saw the boy, and liked him, and thought there might be something in it—all the more because if the old man got fed up with him, he was likely to cast him off, and the Tunstall fortune would go to the other grandson."

"I remember," smiled Len, "and I said that if such a game was on, a schoolboy, even a really bad egg, couldn't lay such a scheme on his own and there was an older hand behind it."

"Oh, you remember, do you?" grunted Mr. Nixon. "And you may remember I told you that old Sir Gilbert hoped there might be something in Tunstall's story and decided to give the boy another chance. He used his influence with the governors of Oakshott, to get him into a new school, with no questions asked. As a total stranger there, he had a chance of washing out what had happened and starting fresh. Varney—if Varney really had done him any harm at Higham—had no chance of doing any more, as he was sent abroad with a travelling tutor—a Mr. Stacey. Young Tunstall's future prospects hung on how he turned out at Oakshott. If he was sacked, as he had been from Higham, it was the finish for him. That's why I asked you to keep an eye on him, you slack young rascal!"

"You're getting shirty, Bill!" murmured Len.

"Well, why haven't you?" demanded Bill. "If there was any truth in young Eric's tale, there was some crook behind Varney at Higham, planning the thing; as you said yourself. Varney's safe abroad with his tutor, but that crook might have tried on some game at Oakshott—not likely, perhaps, but there was a chance of it, and I told you to keep Tunstall under your eye from the day he came! Now you tell me that you've not even seen him—and you spin me a yarn about a case of kidnapping!"

"Same case, Bill!" replied Len. "A man called Tunstall blew in late first day of term. Mindful of my dear uncle's instructions, I glued my eyes on that sportsman first shot!"

"You said, a minute ago, that you'd never seen Eric Tunstall!"

"I'll say it again, if you like!"

Mr. Nixon looked at his nephew, gave a sudden start, and drew a deep breath.

"Carry on!" he said curtly.

"After seeing that sportsman called Tunstall, Bill, I wondered that you had liked his looks—I didn't! I wondered more and more, after what you'd told me, when he turned out to be not merely a bad hat, but the worst hat ever! Smoking, betting, pub haunting, breaking bounds—disgraceful blighter in every imaginable way! He not only deserved the sack, Bill, but asked for it—begged and prayed for it! Bill, you know that

your nephew Leonard is bright—or don't you?"

Grunt from Mr. Nixon.

"Bright as your nephew is, Bill, that sportsman had him beat! A fellow who was going to be disinherited, and see a fortune handed over to a relative, if he got sacked—asking for the sack all the time! Hunting for it! In the innocence of my heart, Bill, I barged in to keep him clear—thinking him a reckless fool! And only quite lately, Bill, it dawned on me. I put it like this. A fellow who was going to lose everything if he was expelled from school couldn't possibly want to be sacked. This fellow was going all out to get sacked! So—he wasn't the fellow, Bill!"

Mr. Nixon whistled.

"No doubt about the facts?" he asked.

"None! Five or six times already the cad would have been bunned—only other fellows helped him out. And every time his bacon was saved he was as vicious as a badger. But he's brought it off at last, Bill! That's why I was late at this merry meeting. Half an hour ago, I watched the Big Beak spotting him smoking at the window of a pub—sitting there, Bill, to be spotted! The Head's walked him back to Oakshott, to be turfed out in the morning.

"He wins the game," added Len, "so far as he knows—and his backer! I fancy he's rather like the real Eric Tunstall to look at—near enough for this game. A relation, I fancy! Absolutely certain that that sportsman Varney is abroad all this time with his jolly old tutor, Bill?"

"Supposed to be—there must be letters!" grunted the inspector.

"Easy enough to wangle. I suspect that Varney is nearer home! I rather think that the tutor will turn out to be the nigger in the woodpile. Anyhow, the chap called Tunstall at Oakshott is no more Eric Tunstall, once of Higham, than I am!"

"That the whole packet?" asked Bill.

"My dear old bean, I'm only beginning," smiled Len. "You've met my pal Porridge—old Pie. Well, on the first day of term Pie missed his train, and caught the next. A vulture-nosed man in that second train wanted to keep him out—man who was travelling with one other passenger, a schoolboy. This lad chipped in, and made the man let old Pie in. Pie got talking to him, and the chap said he was a new man for the Fifth Form at Oakshott. Before they got further, the train stopped at a station, and the man pitched old Pie's bag out. Pie had to jump after it, and the man pushed Pie over when he tried to get back. So Pie lost his second train, and trickled in very late!"

"I suppose all this is leading to something!" said Mr. Nixon.

"That remark, Bill, shows how they polish up their intellects at Scotland Yard!" assented Len. "You're right on the mark. Hearing that Tunstall was coming, Pie jumped to it that the fellow he had met in the train was Tunstall, and having taken a

liking to him, asked our beak to put him in our study. We bumped him for it when we found that we were landed with that bad hat. Not the same chap at all, you see! But we fancied at the time that the fellow in the train had been stuffing Pie—Pie's born to have his leg pulled. But since then—"

"The real Tunstall?"

"Guessed it in one!" said Len approvingly. "You're getting as bright as your nephew, Bill. That man with the vulture nose didn't want another passenger in the carriage because he had things fixed to snaffle young Eric somewhere along the line. And after Pie was got rid of he snaffled him, Bill—and a bad hat came along to Oakshott in his place."

Mr. Nixon sat in silence.

"Pie noticed that he was rather like the chap in the train, though different," Len remarked casually. "Cousin, I fancy."

"Varney?"

"Or his ghost, Bill! With a crook behind pulling the strings, he got Tunstall sacked from Higham School. That didn't quite work the oracle, hence this new game! From what's happened at Oakshott, deduce what happened at Higham—what young Eric told his grandfather was the truth. See the game, Bill? Eric's snaffled on his way to his new school, and a bad hat turns up at Oakshott in his name, and gets himself sacked in his name. Old Sir Gilbert, convinced that there's no doubt of it this time, goes off at the deep end, disinherits Eric and takes the cousin into favour. How's that?"

"Um!" grunted Bill.

"Turfed out of Oakshott, Varney drops his Tunstall name, hikes off abroad with his tutor, and comes back when wanted, looking as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth—hair to Tunstall Hall."

"And the real Eric?"

"Kept safely parked all the time. Old bean hears that he's sacked from his new school, expects him home in disgrace; thunderbolts of wrath all ready for his devoted head—but he doesn't turn up! What can the old bean think? Afraid to face the music, the kid has cleared off on his own—run away! Who's going to guess that he never arrived at Oakshott at all, when his grandfather receives the Head's official notice that he's been sacked?"

"Nobody!" said Bill. "But they'd have to let him go sooner or later."

"Later rather than sooner, I think," said Len. "I won't undertake to sketch their plans to the last spot, but I think young Eric's booked for a long spell of board-residence in a secluded spot. Possibly till the ancient baronet joins his ancestors. At any rate, till it's safe to let him run. Meanwhile, he's supposed to be a disgraceful young scoundrel, afraid to show his face at home."

"Um!" repeated Bill.

"Suppose, after a long time, they let him run. He hikes home, and finds the old bean with a fixed belief that he was expelled from Oakshott and ran loose after. Is his tale of kid-

napping going to be believed? Not without a lot of proof, Bill. Where's the proof? Suppose he calls on Oakshott people to prove that he was never there? Varney's only a short time there—they're alike to look at—no Oakshott man is going to know, after a long lapse of time, which was there. They won't let him run, in fact, till all possible danger is over in that quarter—if they let him run at all while his grandfather lives, which I doubt."

"Look here, Len, if you've got it right, it means that the tutor, Stacey—the man Varney's supposed to be abroad with—is in the plot. And he would have to keep in touch with the young rascal at Oakshott. That means sticking somewhere in this neighbourhood."

"Quite! They're on visiting terms—official!" grinned Len.

"And he would have to keep the kidnapped boy under his own eye," went on Bill. "That means that young Eric is near Oakshott all the time, if Stacey is—"

"I'm pleased with you, Bill!" said Len gravely. "The way you work a thing out, when it's as plain as a pikestaff, does credit to Scotland Yard."

Detective-Inspector William Nixon gave his nephew a glare.

"If you mean that you've spotted the place—" he began.

"I mean," said Len, "that if you'll drive me to Greenwood, I'll take you to the place. I'll tell you the rest, old man, while you're endangering the public safety on the King's highway!"

Mr. Nixon, grunting, started up. The car slid out into Oakways Lane, turned into the Greenwood road, and buzzed off in the direction of Greenwood.

Bill the Burglar!

KNOCK! Knock! Knock! The sound echoed through the lonely house in the belt of woodland on Greenwood Down. It echoed over the weedy, ill-kept garden and through the surrounding trees. But, save for the echo, there came no answer.

Detective-Inspector Nixon grunted, and released the knocker.

"Nobody at home!" he said.

"Which is exactly," remarked Len Lex, "what I expected! The man was away from home at this time yesterday, and I rather think he is often from home. Greenwood is not a wildly exciting place, but it must be an agreeable change, in the evening, from this. Even Robinson Crusoe would tire of permanent quarters in this spot."

Grunt, from the inspector. His car stood at the gate. The gate was locked, and Bill Nixon had clambered over it with his nephew. That was not a wholly satisfactory proceeding to a guardian of the law.

"We're trespassing here!" he said.

"Quite!" agreed Len. "But that's nothing compared with what we're going to do, Bill!"

"Are we?" said Bill.

"We are!" said Len. "Look at it,

(Continued on page 16)

Modern Boy Coronation Newsreel

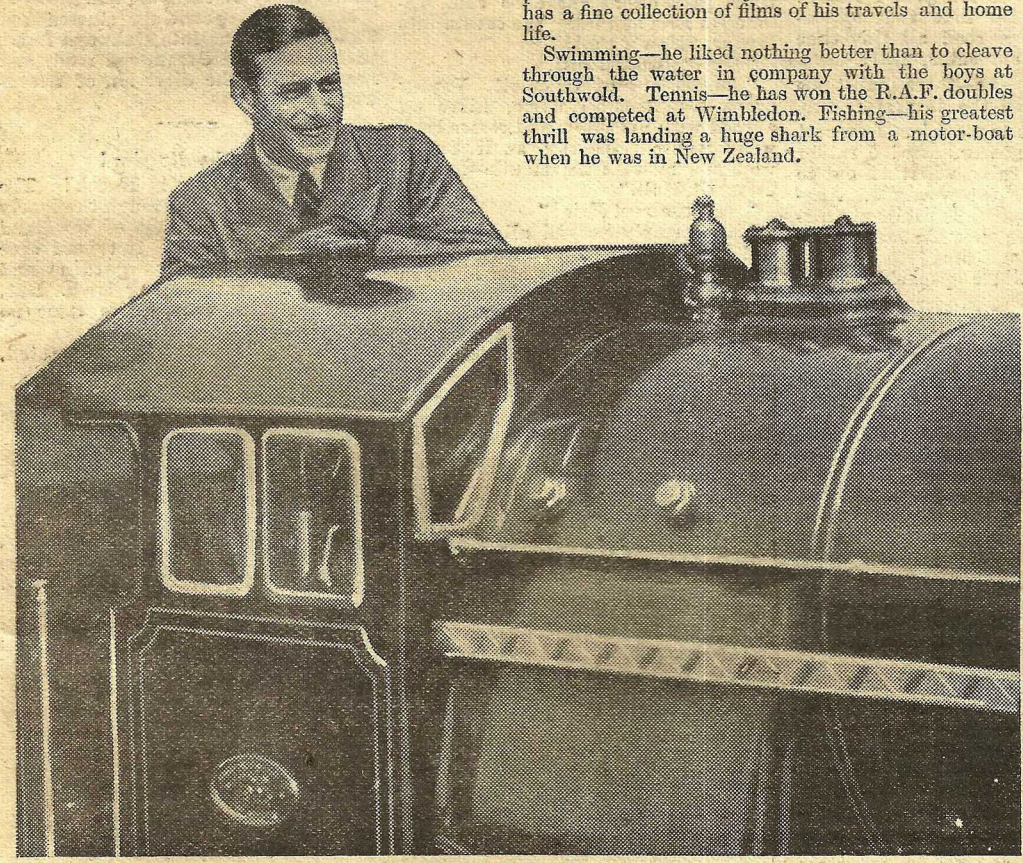
Our Pilot King!

BRITAIN has had many Sailor Kings but George VI is the first king of this, or any other country, who has qualified for his "wings" in the Air Force.

All his boyhood he was known as Prince Albert, and was brought up to go to sea, starting his naval career in the old Britannia. When war broke out, he was a midshipman aboard the Collingwood; when this vessel steamed into action in the great Battle of Jutland the Royal Prince was there, serving in one of the gun turrets. A dispatch from Lord Jellicoe afterwards paid tribute to his coolness under fire.

Meanwhile, a great new fighting force was growing its wings—literally. In 1917 Prince Albert joined the Royal Flying Corps, went into training at Cranwell, and won his wings. The picture at the top of this page is historic; it shows an Avro flying over the Government aerodrome at Waddon, in Surrey. The man at the controls was Britain's future King George. It was shortly after this that he was posted Wing-Commander.

It was natural that he should take to flying—anything mechanical appeals to him enormously. You can see him below in the cab of a miniature loco on the Romney, Hythe, and Dymchurch Railway.



King George on the footplate of one of the locomotives on the miniature Romney, Hythe, and Dymchurch Railway, in Kent.



He drove the big Southern Railway loco Lord Nelson on a visit to Ashford. In New Zealand he was shown the Passchendaele, a big locomotive. Eagerly he climbed the footplate, fingered the controls, and asked if he could drive it.

A visit to Brooklands soon means for him a look-in at the pits and a chat with the speedmen, and when he is in one of the Royal cars he must sometimes think of his days at Cambridge, when he had his own motor-bike.

HIS famous boys' camp at Southwold, in Suffolk, where Public school and working-class boys go on holiday together, was once visited by the Newsreel man. It wasn't long before he was up on the sound truck, learning all about the camera. He finished up by shooting the scenes himself, and millions of cinemagoers saw the result. He was a pioneer in the new hobby of amateur movies, too, and has a fine collection of films of his travels and home life.

Swimming—he liked nothing better than to cleave through the water in company with the boys at Southwold. Tennis—he has won the R.A.F. doubles and competed at Wimbledon. Fishing—his greatest thrill was landing a huge shark from a motor-boat when he was in New Zealand.

Britain's Pilot King will give air travel or whenever time will be winged of Captain of the King

Commander Fielden.

There are still many people King of Great Britain should But King George realises that this is very much exaggerated chief accidents that are given prominent papers, while millions of miles are in perfect safety.

The King is Marshal of the and Air-Commodore-in-Chief of the Air Force.

FILMING CORONA IN COLOUR

YOU see them at any big reel men, crouching or capturing the scene in such that you may watch it in a complete reproduction of But is it? Did those guard black tunics? Those football jerseys? Of course not! But about that; we were used to in black and white.

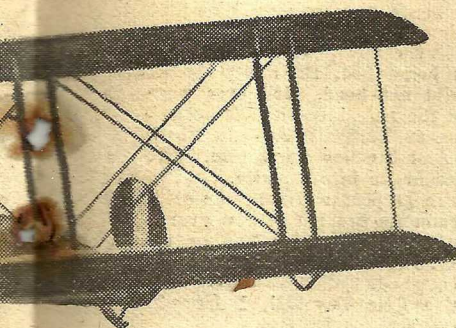
Until Mickey Mouse flashed wearing red trousers, followed his blue sailor's uniform! On the screen. Soon it found its films. The next step was And what better than a great for the initial effort?

Placed along the route of the new and costly Technicolor on film all the pomp and splendour. A hundred and fifty cameras at top speed exposing 10,000 the best "shots" will be chosen.

The Technicolor camera is different from the ordinary outward sign of being one of the best.

Taking colour films is a costly affair we'll see if we can put into a film.

IN water-colour painting you use primary colours—red, blue, yellow—to make almost any colour camera does much the same. It exposes three films at once, and "colour filters" each film sees



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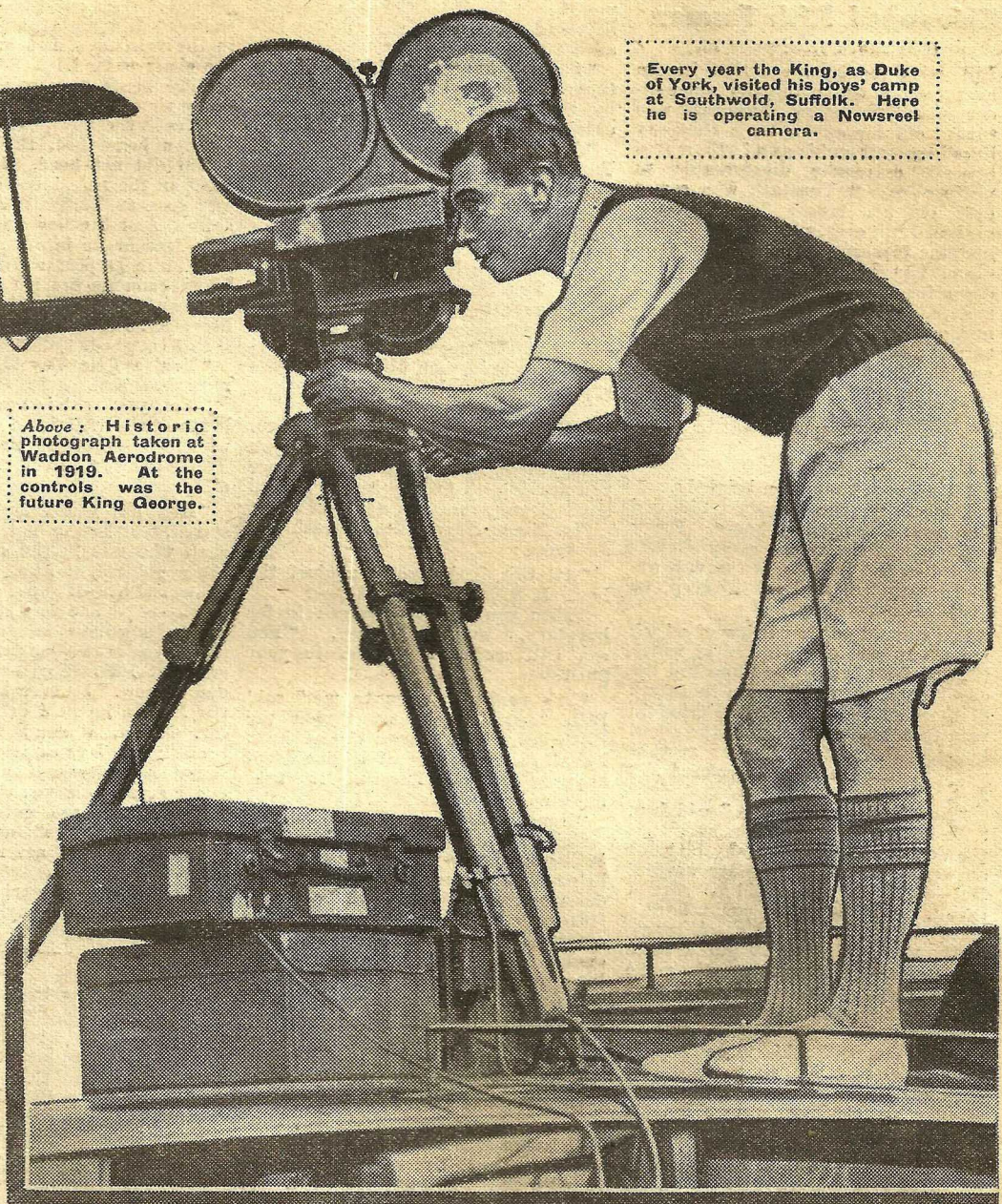
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Above: Historic photograph taken at Waddon Aerodrome in 1919. At the controls was the future King George.

Every year the King, as Duke of York, visited his boys' camp at Southwold, Suffolk. Here he is operating a Newsreel camera.

colours. The three separate films are developed, and from them are made what are known as "matrices." These look like cinema film, but the image, or picture, actually stands out in relief, like a printing plate. These strips are then passed through baths of dye—each receiving its own individual colour, and impressed in turn on a single strip of film, which is the one shown in the cinema.

Look at that strip of film. It is a series of tiny pictures each in full colour. Here's a guardsman's coat in red, printed on the film by the red matrix; a Union Jack, built up from dyes impressed on it by both the red and the blue film. Here's the gold Coronation coach, printed in by the yellow film. Hallo! Here's something green! How did they get that? Dyes from the blue and yellow films, of course, combined to make green in the same way that you can do it with your paint-box. The same with browns, purples, and blacks.

The great point about the Technicolor system is that once they get those three matrices, they can go on printing as many copies of the film in full colours as they want.

Ordinary black and white films of the Coronation will be taken as well, and it is estimated that nearly fifteen miles of film will be taken by the Newsreel men of the different companies.

○ N some parts of the route, racing motor-cyclists will stand by, ready to rush the film off to the laboratories. That won't be easy, with fifteen million people blocking the roads!

And when the first rush prints are ready, planes will zoom up from the London aerodromes with Britain's air aces at the controls. Jim Mollison, C. W. A. Scott, H. L. Brook, David Llewellyn, and Mrs. Beryl Markham, all in friendly rivalry to set up a record that will win the special Coronation Cup presented by Gaumont-British News. British and Empire air routes, ships, cars, and express trains will also play their part.

Time marches on . . . when the Coronation of King George V was filmed in 1911, the film was taken from the cameras and rushed away—on a push-bike!

Kidnapped Fifth Former

(Continued from page 13)

Bill, with the keen eye that has so long been a terror to jolly old evil-doers! The beaky blighter who turned old Pie off his train that day lives here—all on his own! He makes himself extremely disagreeable to visitors—except Tunstall, who comes here on his bike. Tunstall, the biggest funk ever, pitched old Pie off his bike to keep him away from here—and bagged a big hiding in the dorm for the same. Not without a motive, Bill! What's Tunstall's connection with the man—the man who turned Pie off the train, and travelled on alone with the lad who said that he was bound for Oakshott, but never turned up there? Bill, old bean, do you want me to spell it out in words of one syllable?"

Grunt, from Bill.
"This way!" said Len brightly.

Doubtfully, the inspector followed him round the lonely house. Every window was shuttered; every shutter locked on the inside. If the vulture-nosed man had a secret to keep, he guarded it carefully.

Len stopped at the window of a back room. It was the window at which the Oakshott fellows had knocked the day before when they were in search of the elusive Pie, and had tried in vain to get an answer from the silent house. The wooden shutter at that window, like the rest, was closed and fast.

"Now lend me your ears," said Len. "We banged at the shutters as well as the door to make that beaky blighter answer, if he was there. He wasn't! But—somebody was, Bill! A sort of sound, as if a fellow could hardly move—a creak of a chair. A puzzle at the time, Bill, but no puzzle since I've spotted that sportsman's game at Oakshott and tumbled to it that the genuine Eric is parked somewhere round about.

"You see, Bill, this place is jolly lonely—selected for that reason by our friend with the beak—but strangers sometimes happen by. A prisoner couldn't be left free to yell. I think, old man, that every time that hard nut with the nose goes down to Greenwood in his car, he fixes up his boarder so that he can't hand out any back-chat if a chance caller knocks at the door. What?"

"If!" said Mr. Nixon.

"Wash out the 'ifs,' Bill!" said Len. "We're here to burgle, not to talk about ifs. I must remind you that I am a schoolboy as well as a detective. As a detective, I'm here to bring up a Scotland Yard inspector in the way he should go. But as a schoolboy, I have to turn up at Oakshott for roll, or get lines from a beak."

Mr. Nixon breathed hard and deep. "You're making out," he said, "that the man keeps a prisoner here, and fixes him up, gagged and bound, every time he leaves the house?"

"Could he do anything else?"

"Not if—"

"Ifing again, Bill!" said the schoolboy detective reproachfully. "With your ifing, I begin to doubt whether

you'll ever be Chief Commissioner at Scotland Yard, even with my assistance."

"I don't know," said Mr. Nixon thoughtfully, "why I don't take you by the neck, Len, and bang your cheaky head against that shutter."

"You're getting shirty again, Bill! That's a mistake! Now, listen!"

With his knuckles, Len knocked sharply on the wooden shutter. Detective-Inspector Nixon bent his head to listen. There was no sound from within. Rap, rap, rap! went Len's knuckles again. Then Mr. Nixon gave a start as a faint sound from within came to his listening ear—a faint shifting sound, as of someone who moved with difficulty. Len's eyes met his uncle's.

"A dog!" muttered Bill.

"Wouldn't he bark?" asked Len. "Don't be an ass, Bill. Are you going to burgle that shutter, or are you leaving it to the less practised hand of your innocent nephew?"

Mr. Nixon drew a deep breath and answered:

"All this is distinctly against the law. If it's a mare's-nest—"

"Then you can run yourself in for burglary," suggested Len. "You can call me as a witness to your guilt."

"It's perfectly clear to me," said Bill, "that they don't thrash the Fifth Form boys enough at Oakshott. I shall set that right, if we don't find anybody named Tunstall in that building, Len."

"Done!" said Len.

Possibly Detective-Inspector William Nixon had picked up knowledge of the cracksman's art from his dealings with gentlemen of that fraternity. At all events, when he ceased to raise objections, and proceeded to action, it did not take him long to open the locked shutter. It was drawn open, revealing the glass, covered by a blind.

"Skill in the felonious line," remarked Len, "is no longer needed! An elbow will do the rest."

Crash! Shattered glass flew and scattered under Len's jabbing elbow. Bill Nixon said nothing, but his look was expressive. Len reached through, found a catch, and unfastened it. He pushed up the lower sash, dragged aside the blind, and two heads were put into the room. Len looked with confident eye—Bill with a doubtful scrutiny. Then he gasped at what he saw.

Len was in at the window in a twinkling. The inspector followed him more slowly, but actively, all doubts gone now. By the time he was in, Len was already at work on the cords that bound a boy sitting in a wooden armchair. Porrhage, had he been there, would have recognised the pleasant-faced boy he had met on the train the first day of term—the boy who had told him that he was coming to Oakshott, and who had never come. But the pleasant face was pale and worn now—two or three weeks of imprisonment in the lonely house had told on the kidnapped schoolboy.

His eyes fixed almost wildly on the

rescuers. Len cut the cords and unfastened the gag that was jammed in the prisoner's mouth. The boy in the chair panted.

"The brute fixes you up like that every time he goes out?" asked Len.

"Yes!" the boy panted.

"You hear that, Bill?"

Bill did not heed. His eyes were fixed on the pale face—a face he had last seen at Tunstall Hall, in Yorkshire. And the boy knew him. His pale face broke into a smile.

"You're Inspector Nixon," he said. "You came to see me at my grandfather's. Bless you for finding me here, Mr. Nixon!"

Bill coughed.

"You're Eric Tunstall, I fancy?" remarked Len.

"Yes, yes, that is my name. That brute—that villain—I don't know who he is—brought me here—"

"He got you on the train, first day of term?"

"How did you know?" The boy stared. "You're not the Oakshott chap who was in the carriage. The brute got rid of him, and then—all of a sudden—it was chloroform, I think—" The boy shuddered. "I don't know how he got me off the train unnoticed—might have made out that I'd fainted or something—I don't know. I never knew anything till I woke up in a car coming here. Mr. Nixon, I don't know how to thank you. I can't imagine how you found me here—but you have—how can I ever thank you enough?"

"Scotland Yard gets there every time, old thing!" said Len Lev gravely. "Bill's never been beaten yet."

Which remark earned the Schoolboy Detective a petrifying glare from William Nixon.

Time to Cut!

"JUST in time!" said Pie, slipping his arm through Len's, as the Oakshott fellows went into Hall for roll-call. "Where have you been? We missed you in Oakshott."

"I met a man I knew, and he gave me a ride in his car!" explained Len, whose chums did not know he was a detective.

The Fifth Form master, calling the roll in Hall, did not call Tunstall's name. That name was already erased from the Form list. When roll was over, most of the Fifth gathered in the senior day-room, discussing Tunstall's expulsion. Everybody agreed that it was exactly what he might have expected, from the way he had carried on.

Len did not join his comrades in the day-room. He loitered in the passages till a favourable moment when no eye was on him, then slipped into the corridor that led to the punishment-room. The door of that dreaded apartment was locked, the key on the outside. That any Oakshott fellow would ever venture there and turn that key had probably never occurred to Dr. Osborne. But Len turned it, opened the door, and stepped in.

Kidnapped Fifth Former

He shut the door after him and stood looking at the fellow who had been called Tunstall at Oakshott. The bad hat of the Fifth was sprawling in a chair smoking a cigarette—his supply of smokes, apparently, had not been taken away when he was "run in." He gave Len Lex a stare of astonishment.

"What the dickens do you want?" he asked.

"The pleasure of your society for a few minutes," said Len. "You can throw that smoke away, you worm—the Head isn't here to see it."

The expelled Fifth Former gave him a quick, furtive look.

"Do you think I want him to see it, you fool?" he muttered.

"I know you do! You want to keep him up to the mark, in case he thought of going easy."

"I don't understand you—"

"I think you do!" said Len. "But I'll make it plain. I've come here to speak to you, because there's still time for you to cut without a policeman's hand on your shoulder, and—as an Oakshott man—I don't want that to happen. There's a window in the passage, and the door's unlocked! You've time to cut—if you choose."

"Why should I?"

"I'll tell you! The police are in charge at the house on the down near the Greenwood road."

The black sheep of the Fifth bounded from his chair. The cigarette dropped to the floor. He stared at Len Lex, the colour draining from his face.

"What?" he muttered hoarsely. "What?"

"Eric Tunstall has been found there," said Len quietly, "and that blighter with the beaky nose—whose name turns out to be Stacey—has been arrested in Greenwood on a charge of kidnapping, and is now in a cell in Greenwood Police Station."

The wretched schemer gazed at him with wild eyes.

"Your game here," went on Len, in the same quiet tone, "is known, Herbert Varney—and that game is up! Detective-Inspector Nixon, of Scotland Yard, is driving up to Yorkshire, taking Eric Tunstall home to his grandfather. But he has left certain instructions at Greenwood. If you are here in an hour's time, you will leave in custody of a constable. You're a pretty thorough rotter, but I've no doubt that beaky blighter was the worst of the two, and you were as much a tool as anything else. Rotter and rascal as you are, I'm giving you a chance."

"You—how—why—" The young rascal stammered, helplessly.

"Never mind how and why," said Len Lex. "Whether your grandfather can, and will, do anything for you now, I don't know—but your best guess is to head for him, confess the whole thing, and throw yourself on his mercy. Stacey will go to prison, you may get off more cheaply. But if Sir Gilbert Tunstall can, and will, do anything for you, you've no time to lose."

Varney gave a groan.

"Then it's all out? It was all his doing—he put me up to it, at Higham. He planned it all here—"

"I know all that! Never mind! Go while the going's good."

Len Lex walked out of the punishment-room, leaving the door ajar. He did not look back as he went up the passage. But when he turned the corner at the end, he lingered—and a few minutes later heard the sound of an opening window. He walked away to join his friends in the day-room.

At prep that evening in Study No. 8 work was suspended, every now and then, for discussion of the exciting topic of an expulsion in the Fifth. After prep, however, there was a still more exciting topic. Cayley of the Fifth barged the door open, and put an excited face into Study No. 8.

"You fellows heard?" he gasped.

"Which and what?" asked Len, with a grin.

"That man Tunstall—bolted!"

"Bolted!" repeated Harvey, Banks, and Porrhage with one voice.

"It's all over the House!" said Cayley. "By gum, you know! What a neck! Some sportsman must have gone along and unlocked the door. Anyway, it was found open, and a window in the passage, too. And Tunstall's not in the House—he's gone!"

"Couldn't wait to be bunked in the morning!" said Harvey, with a whistle. "Who could have let him out?"

"Nobody seems to know! Somebody did! He's bolted."

The Man of Brains!

"WHO'D have thought it?" Porrhage asked in Study No. 8 a few days later.

"Echo answers who!" agreed Banks.

And Harvey nodded.

Len Lex, who was reading a letter from his Uncle Bill, did not speak. The Schoolboy Detective was reading that letter with considerable satisfaction. It told him that the vulture-nosed man, Stacey, was booked to take his trial, and that Eric Tunstall, completely cleared in the eyes of his old headmaster by the full confession of Varney, had gone back to Higham. Which was pleasant reading for Len. He would rather have liked to see the chap at Oakshott, but it was very satisfactory to hear that he had been reinstated, in all honour, at his old school. Deep in that agreeable letter, Len did not heed Pie.

"Though, as a matter of fact," went on Pie, "I never trusted the fellow. I can't say I exactly spotted the game he was playing here—but I knew he was fishy! Secretive sort of swab, you know—and I dare say I should have spotted his secret, if—if I'd thought of it. It's all come out now—and if you'd get your silly nose out of that silly letter, Lex, I'd tell you—"

"Eh!" Len looked up. "Any news?"

"Oh, you never hear anything," said Pie. "That man Tunstall—you know, that swab the Head copped at the Peal of Bells, and sacked—well,

it turns out that his name wasn't Tunstall at all."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Len.

"I jolly well do!" affirmed Pie. "His name was Barney—I think it was Barney—or Carney—no, Varney—that's it, Varney! Well, this fellow Barney—I mean, Varney—came here calling himself Tunstall, and everybody knows now, except you—you never know anything."

"I'm waiting for you to tell me, old man!" said Len meekly.

"I fancy," said Pie, "that the Head would rather have said nothing about it—but he couldn't let fellows go on thinking that Tunstall was such a swab. But I say, who'd have thought it?"

"Who indeed?" said Len.

"And where do you think young Tunstall was all the time?" demanded Pie. "That chap I met on the train, you know—jolly decent chap, as I told you at the time—where do you think he was?"

A dramatic pause!

"At that house on Greenwood Down!" said Pie. "Parked there—kidnapped! That nose blighter was the kidnapper! I shouldn't wonder if that was why that swab barged me over on my bike the day I was going there—that swab Tunstall—I mean Barney—that is, Varney! I see now that he didn't want Oakshott men rooting round the place. Might have spotted something, you know. By gum, if I'd known the chap was there, I'd have barged in fast enough. A man named Dixon found him there."

"Dixon?"

"I think it was Dixon—or Hickson—a detective, or something, from Scotland Yard, I believe," said Pie. "These Scotland Yard johnnies are pretty wide, you know. Well, this man Hickson—or Dixon, I forget which—rooted him out all right. And I'll tell you fellows what I think!" went on Pie. "I jolly well think that man Tunstall—I mean Barney—no, Varney—that man Varney somehow got wind that they'd found something out, and that was why he bolted out of a window, instead of waiting to be bunked in the morning! Got the wind up, you know, and slid. That's what I think, now—now we've got the whole story, you know."

"You're the man for thinking things out, Pie, old chap!" said Len Lex admiringly.

"But who'd have thought it?" said Pie. "A schoolboy with a secret like that—and if that Scotland Yard johnny hadn't butted in, it would never have come out! Nobody at Oakshott would have guessed it, what?"

"Nobody!" agreed Harvey and Banks. And Len Lex, deep once more in his Uncle Bill's letter, made no remark!

.....
Len Lex is suddenly pitchforked into a thrilling mystery next Friday. Two echoing revolver shots send him, with his life in his hands, careering on the trail of THE HOLD-UP MAN!
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