

WRECK OF TITANIC TOWER!

NEW ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN JUSTICE

The
MODERN BOY

EVERY SATURDAY
WEEK ENDING JUNE 5TH 1937
VOL. 19 - N° 487

2^D



While Oakshott School buzzes with talk about the mysterious Hold-Up Man,
the SCHOOLBOY DETECTIVE gives some vital clues to the—

MAN from SCOTLAND YARD!

By
**CHARLES
HAMILTON**

"Just a Slip!"

THERE was a hurried movement on the study landing at Oakshott School. Six or seven fellows were there, and every one of them, as if moved by the same spring, got away from the immediate neighbourhood of Pie Porringe of the Fifth.

A cricket ball, in its proper place, was a harmless article. In the hand of Porringe, at close quarters, it was neither. When Pie lifted his right hand, with the round, red ball in it, the effect was quite startling. It might really have been a bomb.

"For goodness' sake," gasped Harvey, "don't start chucking that ball about indoors, you ass!"

"Chucking it!" repeated Pie, staring at him. "I'm not going to bowl, you fathead! I'm just going to show you—"

"Don't!" implored Banks.

"What I mean is—"

"We know what you mean, Pie, old man," said Len Lex, the Schoolboy Detective. "It's what you don't mean that we're afraid of."

Pie glared. He had a lot of this sort of thing from his pals of Study No. 8. It was very annoying. Porringe knew that he could bowl, if nobody else did. It was altogether too thick for a fellow—a good bowler, too—to be regarded as positively dangerous merely because he was going to show his friends a little trick in bowling. Pie wasn't going to bowl, of course, but merely demonstrate to his friends how it was done. Nevertheless, the Fifth Form fellows on the study landing seemed worried. Three or four of them went hastily up the Fifth Form passage. Lex and Harvey and Banks stayed with Pie—but they remonstrated.

"You silly asses!" said Pie. "Think I'm going to knock your brains out with this ball—if you've got any? Look here! That fool Young—"

"Hush, you ass! He's on the next landing!" hissed Harvey.

"I don't care," said Pie. He glanced over the banisters. On the next landing, half-way down to the



Mr. Young hopped about on one leg, clutching his knee. Pie gazed down over the banisters in horror. He knew now what had happened to the cricket ball!

hall, Mr. Young, the games master, was standing, talking to Oliphant of the Sixth.

Pie had hoped great things when the new games master came in the place of Mr. Bullivant. But he had found Mr. Young as blind to his quality as a cricketer as old Bully had ever been. Still, he lowered his voice a little as he went on. Low as he rated Mr. Young's intelligence, he could not very well tell the man what he thought of him.

"That silly chump, Young," resumed Pie, in a lower key, "thinks

I can't bowl. He's as fatheaded as old Bully. He knows no more than you do about a man's form, Harvey."

Harvey winked at his friends. As captain of the Fifth Form eleven, he had had many arguments with Pie. Pie was his pal, but Cedric Harvey would not have put him in a team to play anything but noughts and crosses.

"What about tea?" asked Banks casually.

"Never mind tea," said Pie. "I'm going to show you! That idiot, Young, said I didn't even know how

to grip a ball. He's down on me—that's the truth. He doesn't like me because I went to meet his train the day he came here, and so it came out that he never came by train, though he said he did. I don't know why he told lies about it, but he did, and it was through me that it came out. That's why he's down on me. It's pretty thick, though, to slang my cricket because he has a down on me."

Pie's friends chortled. It was true that Mr. Young did not seem to like Pie—and perhaps it was on account of that peculiar incident on the day of his arrival to take old Bully's place. Why the man pretended that he had come by the four o'clock train from Greenwood, when, owing to Pie, it was known that he hadn't, was quite a puzzle. So far as a fellow could see, it did not matter a boiled bean how he had travelled that day. Still, there it was—and no doubt it had been annoying to Mr. Young.

But that wasn't really the reason why he slanged Pie's cricket. Pie's cricket, on its merits, was enough to make a games master weep.

"Oh, cackle!" said Pie. "But I can tell you, that's the reason—the man's a liar, and I happened to show him up. Do you know what he called me at games practice this afternoon? A clumsy ass!"

"He hasn't been here long," remarked Banks, "but he knows you already, Pie."

"Oh, shut up, Banker! Look here, do you fellows want me to show you or not?" demanded Pie hotly. "Just watch! This was how I did it when that cheeky swab called me a clumsy ass—me, you know!"

The three kept well out of the way and watched—warily. If Pie let that ball go, goodness only knew what the result might be—a smashed window, at least. That, however, was better than a smashed napper.

Pie's arm came over with a swing. How it happened that the ball left his fingers he never knew. Possibly, there was some foundation for Young's assertion that he didn't know how to grip a ball. Certainly, Pie had not the remotest intention of letting the ball go. He was merely demonstrating the action—and the ball should have remained in his grip. The unfortunate part of the performance was that it didn't—it flew!

"Oh!" gasped Pie, in surprise.

The ball went with a whiz! For an awful second, the Oakshott Fifth Formers wondered where, dreading a crash of one of the tall windows over the staircase.

But it was not the crash of a breaking window that came. It was a fearful yell of agony from below.

Mr. Young had turned as Oliphant left him, glanced up at the Fifth Form fellows on the upper landing and started to climb the stairs. Then it happened. Something that felt like a bullet hit him on the right knee. It hit him hard! The startled yell from Mr. Young woke most of the echoes of Oakshott School.

He hopped on one leg. With both hands he clasped the knee of the other. He hopped and he roared.

Pie, over the banisters, gazed down at him in horror. Pie could not understand how this had happened. The ball should not have left his fingers. Even if it did it should not have taken a downward flight to the middle landing. It shouldn't have—but it had! And Young had got it!

"Oh gum!" gasped Pie.

"You goat! You've done it now!" hissed Harvey.

They stared down over the banisters. Five or six fellows came running up the lower stairs in alarm. Mr. Young ceased to hop and set down his damaged leg very gingerly. He winced as he did so. Clearly, he was hurt. He tried to calm himself, but the expression on his rather hard face was fearfully unpleasant.

"Porringer!" His voice came up like a savage bark. "You threw that ball at me!"

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Pie. "Not at all, sir."

"What? I saw it in your hand!" roared the games master. "I was about to call up to you when you threw it!"

"I—I never!" stuttered Pie. "I—I was just showing these fellows something, sir, and it slipped from my hand—a pure accident, sir!"

"I shall report this assault to your headmaster, Porringer!" And Mr. Young went down the lower stairs, limping.

"That," said Pie bitterly, "is that swab all over. He's going to get me into a row with the Head—making out that I chucked that ball at him! I told him it was an accident. He thinks I'm a liar like he is."

"Oh, you goat!" groaned Banks.

"Hold on a minute, you men," said Pie, "I'll go and get that ball, and show you—"

"You'll what?!" shrieked Harvey.

"I never showed you, owing to the beastly thing slipping out of my hand somehow. I'll get the ball, and show you—"

Pie's friends did not speak. They grasped him, and walked him away to Study No. 8. Pie's indoor demonstrations of how it should be done were over. Once was enough—if not too much.

The Man in the Tree!

"EIGHT hundred pounds!" said Root of the Fourth impressively.

"Phew!" said Skye, of the same Form.

"And all," went on Root, "in pounds and tens, so the swab will get rid of them as easily as anything. People don't take the numbers of currency notes, like they do banknotes."

Len Lex, sauntering under the old Oakshott oaks with his hands in his pockets, glanced at the group of juniors. Albert Root had a day-old newspaper, and was reading up the recent bank-raid at Trant.

Newspapers, bank-raids, and such things seldom interested Oakshott men. But the case at Trant was rather a special one. It was the Sussex and Southern Bank which had been

"held up," and Oakshott fellows had got mixed up in the affair. Lex had actually gone after the bank-raider on his bicycle, and had been called upon by the police to make a statement. For these reasons the hold-up at Trant was a great topic at the school.

"And they haven't got him!" said Dodham of the Fourth.

"Oh, they won't," said Root, shaking his head. "They don't know what he's like. A lot of people saw him, but what have they got to go on? An old johnny with silver hair and white whiskers—see? Well, of course, all that was stuck on. He took 'em off afterwards."

"I don't see how they know that!" said Skye.

"You mayn't, but I do, and so does everybody else," rejoined Root. "The way he beat it on a bike showed that he wasn't what he looked—a giddy old grandfather. He did Trant Hill at about a mile a minute, with Lex scudding after him. The bobbies aren't looking for a jolly old Methuselah, I can tell you—they're looking for a young and hefty blighter; but, of course, they don't know what he's like, except that Lex saw him close, and said that he had brown eyes. That's something."

"Fat lot that is!" said Dodham. "Lots of people have brown eyes. I have, and Campion of the Sixth has, and that chap Young, the new games master, and—"

"Still, it's something," said Root. "But if I'd had a bit of luck last Wednesday, I'd have been able to tell them more than Lex could. I never saw the man—but I jolly well heard him."

Len Lex stopped his stroll under the oaks, and listened. Root & Co. did not notice him there. And had they done so, would not have guessed that he was interested in their discussion. But he was. The School-boy Detective had his reasons. He had been doing some hard thinking of late on the subject of the bank-raid.

And Root had talked of the fact that he had—or at least believed he had—almost established contact with the escaping bank-raider on that memorable Wednesday afternoon. Other Fifth Form seniors, if they heard of it, gave no heed to the chatter of a Fourth Form junior. Len Lex did. Nobody at Oakshott School knew that Lex of the Fifth was a detective as well as a schoolboy—not even his chums in Study No. 8. But he was, and since the bank-raid at Trant, the detective in Len had been rather more to the fore than the schoolboy.

"I heard him," repeated Root, impressively. "You remember we were up in that big oak in Trant Wood that afternoon, Skye? Member I dropped my pocket-knife, and was going to field it when we got down—and then we heard somebody coming, and bunked—"

"A keeper!" said Skye.

"We thought it was a keeper at the time," chided Root, "but he never showed up, and we never saw him—we beat it quick. But look here, that

Man from Scotland Yard!

old oak is quite close to the wood-cutter's cart-track in Trant Wood. If we'd only known it, that hold-up man was scooting along that cart-track, with Lex behind him on his bike. From what we've heard since, he was stopped by a cart blocking the way, chucked his jigger, and bolted into the wood. That was the time we were there. See? Ten to one it was that very blighter we heard, and took for a keeper."

"Um!" said Skye.

"You can say um!" snapped Root. "But I wish I'd known! I'd have spotted him, and seen him taking his whiskers off. Then I'd have been able to tell the bobbies a lot more than Lex did."

"Funny thing is," went on Root, "that he was coming straight towards the oak—just as if he knew the place."

"If it was a keeper, and he had spotted fellows in the tree—" began Skye.

"It wasn't," said Root, a little discomfited, for really Skye's suggestion seemed very probable. "I dare say he was going to stick behind that oak to take his white whiskers off. I dare say he did, if you come to that, after we were gone. When I went there the next day, to find my pocket-knife, I was jolly well going to look round, to see if there were any foot-prints or things, you know, only that swab Young came barging in, and ordered me off." At the mention of Mr. Young, Root shot off at a tangent on a new subject.

"I tell you, I loathe that beast Young. Sending me to Surtees to take six, for trespassing in Lord Trant's woods. What bizney was it of his, I'd like to know? I'm jolly glad Porridge has given him a game leg, playing the goat with a cricket ball! I say, have you fellows heard? That idiot, Porridge of the Fifth—"

Len Lex resumed his stroll, and passed out of hearing of Root & Co. The discussion had lost its interest for him. He sauntered in the direction of the bicycle house, and Harvey and Banks cut in and joined him on his way.

"Going out?" asked Harvey.

The Schoolboy Detective nodded and smiled, without giving the slightest indication that it had been his intention—and desire—to go out on his own. Friendship was a boon and a blessing, but it was rather in the way sometimes of a fellow who happened to be a detective as well as a school-boy.

"Let's get the jiggers out, then," said Banks, "I want a bit of a change from poor old Pie! I'm tired of hearing him talk about that man Young. He's called him everything he can think of twice over, and he was beginning again at the beginning when we bunked out!"

The three ran their jiggers out, and sailed merrily away up the road towards Trant. For several miles they rode abreast. But at a point where a bridle-path led away through Trant Wood, Len slowed down, jumped off, and bent over his jigger.

Harvey looked round.

"Puncture?" he called out.

"No, it's all right—carry on!" called back Len.

Harvey and Banks carried on, and disappeared round the curve of the road ahead. Then Len remounted, turned from the road, and pedalled into the bridle-path. Much as he liked his chums, he did not want them on the spot when he was dropping Lex of the Fifth and taking up Lex the detective!

Five minutes later, he reached the spot where he had had to give up the chase of the bank-raider. Parking his machine in a thicket of hawthorns, he proceeded on foot, winding among the trees. Off the paths, Trant Wood was private property, and out of bounds; but it was not the first time that Detective-Inspector Bill Nixon's nephew had had to disregard bounds. Len was looking for that big oak in which Root and his friends had been ensconced on the afternoon of the bank-raid. He had no doubt of it when he reached it—a gigantic, ancient tree, topping the wood, with vast branches spreading far and wide.

Standing under the huge branches, Len looked about him with a searching eye. Somewhere near this spot—if not close by it—the silver-haired, disguised bank-robber must have passed. And, as likely as not, it was his approach that Root & Co. had heard, and mistaken for a keeper's. But had he passed—or had he been, as that observant youth, Root, surmised—making for the oak as a spot he knew? A discarded disguise, a discarded hat and suit of clothes, had to be concealed somewhere—easily done, in those massive branches, heavy with foliage.

Len gave a sudden start. From above him, in the dense tree, came a sound of rustling. His heart beat as he stared up.

Someone was in the tree. He could see nothing of the climber—thick foliage screened him. But Len heard him moving. Leaves rustled, and a branch swayed. Some village lad tree-climbing, or—

Len heard a grunt from the tree above. It was no village lad in the branches. That was a grunt of exertion from a man who was past his first youth—past the clambering age. Grunt again, and a lower branch swayed. The climber was coming down on the side of the tree where Len stood.

Silently, the Schoolboy Detective circled round the massive old trunk. Hidden from sight by that great trunk, he listened intently. Grunt again—rustle, rustle, rustle—and then a bump! The man had dropped from the tree, and was standing under the branches, breathing hard.

The great trunk was between Len and the climber, and for a moment he was content to keep himself out of sight. Then his heart gave a great jump. The unseen man was coming round the tree. His stertorous breathing heralded him.

Had he, after all, heard anything, cautious as Len had been? Did he know that someone was there? As the heavy breathing came round one side of the great trunk, the Schoolboy Detective backed quietly round the

other. The tree was still between them when they had changed places—each still unseen by the other. If the man had not heard him—

But the man had! There could be no doubt of that, for he came on round the big oak, obviously in pursuit. Len, stepping softly, circled the trunk again. He had to take the chance of the man reversing and coming back instead of going on, and so meeting him face to face. And that was precisely what the man did! Face to face, Len stared at a portly figure and a red face—and gave a gasp of astonishment and relief!

"Bill, you old ass!"

A Tip for Bill!

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR NIXON stared at his nephew, as astonished as Len.

"You!" he exclaimed, pushing back his hat and mopping his brow with a handkerchief. It was warm weather, and clambering in the oak branches had made him rather damp.

"You keep young, Bill," remarked Len. "What's the game? Bird's-nesting?"

Mr. Nixon gave his nephew a glare. For whatever reason the portly Scotland Yard inspector had clambered into that ancient oak, it certainly was not bird's-nesting.

"What are you doing here, you young ass?" he demanded. "Why aren't you at your lessons, like the other little boys?"

Len chuckled.

"Don't get shirty, Bill! Why didn't you tell me they'd put you on the case? Didn't it occur to you that I might have helped?"

"No!" said Bill. "It didn't! I heard all you could tell me, from the police-inspector at Trant, who took your statement down. And when an officer from Scotland Yard is called in, he doesn't confide it to small boys at school."

"Shirty!" sighed Len. "It's your great fault, Bill—you get shirty! Did you think you'd got your man when you played mulberry-bush with me a few minutes ago. When I heard you in the oak, I fancied you were the bank-raider coming back for his whiskers. Here we are, both done—neither of us a hold-up man—only an affectionate nephew and a grumpy uncle. And you're getting proud! Too proud to take a helping hand from your dutiful nephew! I've a jolly good mind to throw up the case."

"Throw it up?" said Bill. "Does that mean that you've been barging into it, instead of attending to your lessons?"

"What else?" asked Len. "What do you expect of a fellow trained by the most sagacious inspector and finest detective at Scotland Yard?"

Mr. Nixon looked at him, his damp, red face slowly melting into a grin. But he shook his head.

"You're not butting into this, Len! That bank-raider shot a man in Trant. He's not going to shoot my nephew."

"I might have guessed," said Len, "that it was some fatheaded idea of that sort that you had in your soft old brain, Bill. But to come down

to brass tacks. You're after the man who held up the bank at Trant. You've read my statement, and you know I lied after him nearly as far as this—and you're wise to it that he parked his venerable exterior somewhere when he got away.

"Now you're rooting through the wood after a clue to the jolly old hold-up man, and you've spotted this oak—and it does you credit, Bill. You thought it a likely spot?"

"Isn't it?" grunted Bill.

"Quite!" agreed Len. "Easy for the man to find again, when he wanted it—and as safe as houses for a hiding-place, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless some merry spirits of a junior Form at some school happened to go tree-climbing, and picked this very tree," said Len, "which is a thing that no hold-up man could be expected to foresee or guard against. Fancy his surprise if he'd clambered up and found them there! Lucky for them, in such a case, that they might have heard him coming, taken him for a keeper, and scooted! What?"

Mr. Nixon regarded his nephew in silence.

"But you're too late, Bill!" said Len regretfully. "You've picked a likely spot, but I've an idea that the man came back the next day, found out that the hiding-place wasn't so safe as he had fancied, and cleared out anything he might have parked in that oak."

Grunt from Bill.

"You've found," grinned Len, "signs that this oak has been climbed recently. Are we in this together, Bill?"

"No!" said Mr. Nixon, stubbornly.

"Then I shan't play!" chuckled Len. "Only out of sheer good nature, I'll tip you that there's nothing to be spotted in this wood since Thursday. You can chuck up understudying our remote ancestors, Bill—tree-climbing isn't your long suit." Len glanced at his wrist-watch. "It's an hour's walk back to Trant from here, Bill. That gives you easy time to catch the 7.15 up."

"I'm not going back to London, you young ass."

"Not?" asked Len. "Sorry! I thought you might like to take a walk along Regent Street in the morning."

That unexpected and extraordinary remark caused Inspector Nixon to stare very hard at his smiling nephew. He not only stared hard—he breathed hard.

"Carry on!" he grunted. "What do you mean about Regent Street, bother you?"

"In that well-known thoroughfare in the metropolis, Bill, there is an office run by a firm called Hodgson's. Scholastic agency—supplies temporary masters to schools when required; anything from a French master to a mathematics master, or a games master. It occurred to me, that if you had nothing special on hand in the morning, you might drop in at that show, Bill, and enjoy a little conversation with the principal. You might pick up news of a man named Young—Egerton Young."

"Who's lie?"

"So far as I can tell you, Bill, he's a youngish man, pretty good athlete, and quite a good games master—and his business is taking temporary posts at schools and such places, when the regular man is on leave, or sick, or anything of the kind."

"Well?"

"Of course," said Len, "if you prefer climbing trees, Bill, stick to it. It's splendid exercise—slimming, too! But if you felt curious about the chap I've mentioned, you might get a list of the posts he's held during the past few years and compare it with another list which I dare say you will find parked somewhere at Scotland Yard—list of bank hold-ups, where the man hasn't been caught, and where there's any reason to suppose that he was in disguise when he dropped in to do his business with the bank."

Mr. Nixon breathed very hard.

"You may find," went on Len, "that there are certain coincidences in the two lists—that hold-ups may have happened round about the spots where the chap I've mentioned was filling his temporary posts. Mind, I'm not advising you, Bill—as I'm not in this, of course, it's no biznecy of mine. But if you do as I've suggested, and find any of those coincidences, you'll drop me a line, I'm sure."

Mr. Nixon looked at him in expressive silence.

"Now, if I don't get back to my bike, some Oakshott chaps will come rooting after me," said Len. "Good-bye, Bill! Take your choice between tree-climbing stunts and a walk up Regent Street."

Len waved his hand to Mr. Nixon and cut away. Bill stood staring after him, his brow wrinkling deeper and deeper in thought. Len, grinning, pushed out his bike and remounted it. He spun away at top speed, got back to the road, and whizzed on to Trant.

He overtook his friends as they pedalled into that little country town, and the three had ginger-pop together at the Rotunda. When they rode back to Oakshott, Len glanced once or twice at the dusky shades of Trant Wood. He did not think that Detective-Inspector William Nixon was still there.

He wasn't! Bill Nixon was catching the 7.15 at Trant.

Pie's Strange Find!

PORRINGE sat down, got up hastily, and squeaked! His three friends, sitting down to prep in Study No. 8, smiled. They were, of course, sorry for poor old Pie. A fellow who had been up before the Head and taken six hefty swipes from that gentleman's muscular arm was a proper object of sympathy. Still, sad as it was for poor old Pie, it had an element of the comic.

"Still feel it?" asked Harvey.

"Oh, no!" said Pie, with bitter sarcasm. "Not at all! I'm standing up to prep because I like standing

up, like a horse taking its fodder. Ow!"

"Well, you did ask for it, old fellow!" said Banks soothingly. "You can't crock a beak with a cricket ball without something to follow. Young's going about dot-and-carry-one now. You didn't expect him to like it, did you?"

"The rotter!" said Pie, in a deep voice. "I never liked that man from the start. He's an outsider! A real rotter! Look how he told lies about that train the day he came, and look at the way he reported young Roof. Cheeky little beast, I know, but he was doing no harm going to Trant Wood to find a pocket-knife he'd lost. He was trespassing, but so was Young himself. He had no more right off the footpaths in Trant Wood than a Fourth Form kid had! I wish a keeper had copped him!"

"And now he lands me with six from the Head, for an accident—a sheer accident!" went on Pie. "He fancies I buzzed that ball at him on purpose! That's because he tells lies himself—liars can never believe other chaps."

"He was a bit hurt!" murmured Len.

"Serve him right!" said Pie. "I'm glad he got it! I wonder what he was up to that Wednesday afternoon!" added Pie bitterly. "Eh?"

Len Lex looked curiously at Porrynge. He also had wondered—not without result. But Porrynge's ideas were not likely to run on the same lines as the Schoolboy Detective's.

"You wonder—what?" asked Banks, while Harvey stared.

"Well, just think," said Pie. "He's supposed to get here by the four train from Greenwood. He doesn't! He turns up from nowhere—and makes out that he came by the train he never came by. Why should a man tell thumping lies about a silly thing like that?"

"Beats me!" said Banks.

"And me!" said Harvey.

"What do you think, Lex?" asked Pie.

"I think we'd better get on with prep, old bean."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Pie. "The man's a swab and a rotter—but even a swab and a rotter doesn't tell silly lies for nothing. There must be something fishy about it. Looks to me as if he's keeping something dark, or—something."

"Well, what?" grinned Harvey.

"How should I know, fathead?"

But he wasn't in the Greenwood train when he said he was, so he must have been somewhere else—and he's got some reason for keeping that somewhere else dark, or he wouldn't tell lies about it," grunted Pie. "Beastly tick! And look here, you men—"

"Prep, old chap!"

"Oh, rats!"

Prep, however, had to have attention, in spite of Porrynge's painful and disgruntled state. Pie stood to it. Every now and then he sat down, but he always got up again. His face, generally beaming, was darkly

A GOOD CYCLE DESERVES A GOOD PUMP

THE best cycles are all fitted with Bluemel's Pumps. Make sure yours is fitted with one of their famous Celluloid Pumps.

Prices from 1/9d.

Write for Bluemel's Pocket Catalogue containing interesting cycling data.



Bluemel's

CELLULOID PUMPS

BLUEMEL BROS. LTD., Dept. 26, Wolston, nr. Coventry.

The Leading Radio Weekly!

POPULAR WIRELESS

AND TELEVISION TIMES

Every Wednesday, at all Newsagents

BE TALL

Your Height increased in 14 days or money back. The amazing Stebbing System soon brings 3-5 inches increase and new energy. The first, original, and the one GENUINE guaranteed Height Increase System. Complete Course, 5/- Details free, privately.—Stebbing System (M.B.), 28, Dean Rd., London, N.W.2.

"HOME LABORATORY" COMPETITION

BECK'S offer you a great chance of winning a valuable prize. If you have to do is write not more than 500 words on the subject of "CHEMISTRY EXPERIMENTS AT HOME." 1st Prize £5/5/0 Chemistry Set; 2nd £2/2/0 Set; 3rd £1/1/0 Set. There are also fifty Consolation Prizes. Competition holds good until August 31st. Names of prize winners will be announced in October 9 issue. Send for Free Folder containing full particulars to—**BECK** (Competition Dept. B), 60 High St., Stoke Newington, London, N.16.

Man from Scotland Yard!

clouded. It was not only the whopping that worried Pie—though that was bad enough. It was the injustice of it—from Pie's point of view. True, Young had hardly been at Oakshott long enough to learn how dangerous Pie could be with a cricket ball! Still, he ought to have taken a fellow's word.

After prep, when three fellows were ready to go down, Porryng walked about the study with his hands in his pockets and knitted brows.

"Come on, old chap!" said Harvey at the door.

"I've got to think out something," said Pie. "You cut."

"Now, look here, old bean," said Harvey, in a tone of patient remonstrance, "I know what you've got in your silly head, and you're going to chuck it, see? You've had enough trouble with Young, without asking for any more."

"Young's going to have trouble with me!" answered Pie calmly. "The swab's not getting by with this—not without a knock back. You fellows cut. I've got to think!"

His friends went down, and Pie was left to pace the study and meditate. When, later, he left Study No. 8, he turned into the passage that led to the masters' quarters, and reached the door of the room that had been old Bully's sitting-room; now, with the adjoining bed-room, the quarters of the new man. He paused, to ascertain that there was no light under the door, or through the keyhole, turned the door-handle softly, stepped in, and closed the door after him with hardly a sound.

Pie, grinning rather breathlessly, looked round the room in the glimmer of light that came from the window. On the table lay a cricket bat.

Pie was there for a "rag." That was the only form in which he could give that swab a knock back. The question was, what form was the rag to take? The sight of the games master's bat supplied him with the necessary idea.

Taking it up, he stepped towards the empty fireplace and pushed the cricket bat up the chimney—planning to lodge it there, out of sight.

Greatly to his surprise, the end of the bat clumped sharply on something hard, where empty space should have been, dislodged that something, and brought it down with a shower of soot.

Pie jumped. Then he stared at the object that had dropped into the grate. It was a small leather attache-case, locked with a couple of patent locks.

For a long minute the bewildered Pie stood staring at that mysterious and startling object. He saw that it was locked. What, in the name of wonder, could it contain for its owner to hide it in a chimney? It beat Pie hollow.

But slowly a grin dawned on Pie's astonished face. He saw his rag taking an undreamt-of shape and form. This was going to be rich—

richer than he could ever have planned! Young, missing his bat, would probably be guided by the very palpable traces of soot to the chimney. He would find the bat there—but not the attache-case!

The probable expression on his face when he did made Pie chuckle breathlessly. He would not have to hunt long for the bat. But he would have to hunt for the attache-case! And if he had any reason—as, of course, he must have—for hiding it, missing it from its hiding-place would give him a fearful jolt.

Up went the bat—meeting with no resistance this time. Pie lodged it in the chimney, then picked the attache-case out of the grate, brushed it along the hearthrug to clear off soot, and stepped to the door with it in his hand.

Very cautiously indeed did Pie open the door a few inches and peer out. The coast was clear, and he stepped swiftly to the big window at the end of the passage and opened one of the casements. Below the broad stone sill, the ancient ivy of Oakshott grew thick. The leather case was neither large nor heavy. It was perfectly easy to shove it down in the thick old ivy and push it out of sight there. It lodged safely among the tough old tendrils, completely hidden.

Pie closed the casement, and strolled down to the day-room. His friends were there, and they gazed at him as he came in. So did every other fellow present.

"What the dickens," exclaimed Banks, "have you been up to? Sweeping a chimney, or what?"

"What d'you mean, you ass?" ejaculated Pie.

"There's a spot of soot on your nose, old chap!" said Len Lex gently. "Oh!" gasped Pie.

He drew his sleeve across his nose, transforming the spot into a smear. "That all right?" he asked.

"Right as rain," said Len, "if you want all Oakshott to know that you've been rooting up a chimney! What, in the name of all that's idiotic, have you been up to, you goat?"

Without replying, Pie went to a glass, took out his handkerchief, and rubbed. Every fellow in the room watched him with deep interest.

"Well?" said Study No. 8, with one voice, when Pie had finished his cleansing operations.

"Oh, nothing!" drawled Pie. "That swab Young may be sorry he got me that six from the Head! Don't you fellows ask me any questions, and I won't tell you any whoppers—see?"

Which was all that his friends could draw from the astute Pie. They could only wonder what particular form the goatishness of the goat of the Fifth had taken this time!

PIE'S MASTER-STROKE has unexpected results in next week's story—it puts into the Schoolboy Detective's hands the final link in the evidence against the hold-up man!