

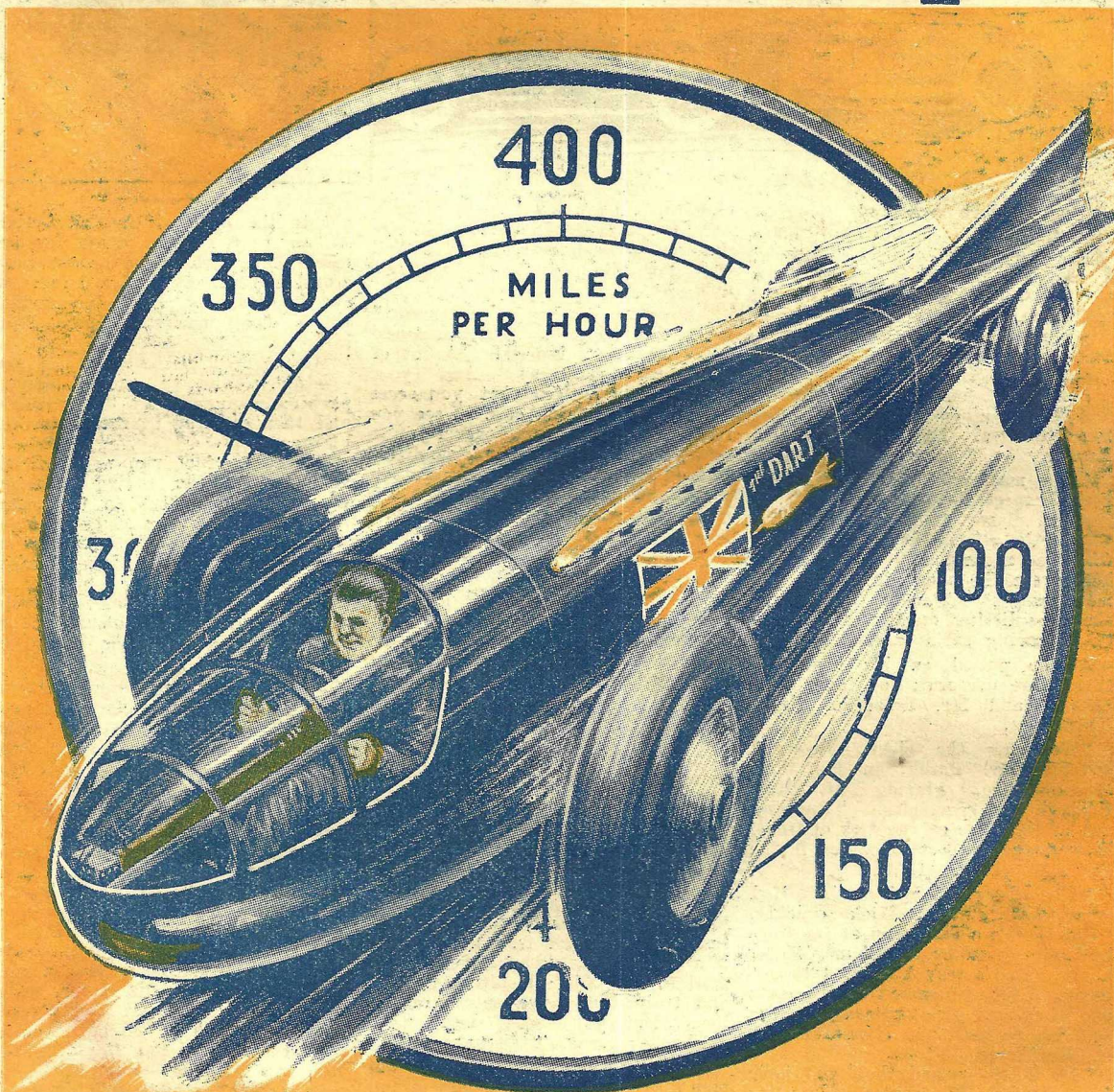
CAPTAIN JUSTICE'S GREATEST ADVENTURE!

# The MODERN BOY

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2<sup>d</sup>.



**FREDDY DIXON'S "DART"** *Can It Beat Blue Bird?*

*Great New Motor Racing Series by*  
**FREDDY DIXON** *Begins Inside*

# PIE'S MASTER-STROKE!

The Goat of the Oakshott Fifth thought his "rag" a complete washout. The SCHOOLBOY DETECTIVE didn't . . . it gave him the final link in the evidence against the Hold-Up Man!

By  
**CHARLES  
HAMILTON**

## Friends in Need!

"**Q**UIET!" murmured Len Lex, the Schoolboy Detective.

It was necessary to be rather cautious. Lex, Harvey, and Banks, of the Oakshott Fifth, were where they had no business to be. The fact that their intentions were good would not, probably, have saved them from trouble had Mr. Young come in and discovered them in his quarters. Certainly, he would have wanted to know why they were there—which would have been difficult to explain.

Mr. Young, the new games master at Oakshott, was neither a patient nor a sweet-tempered man. But had he been both, they could hardly have explained to him that their pal, Pie Porringe, had been japing in his rooms, and that they had come up to see what the dickens the goat of the Fifth had been up to.

They had left Pie downstairs, grinning, in the day-room. That he had been up to something, they knew—but what, Pie declined to confide in them. All he would say was that Young would be sorry for having got him a licking from the Head.

Young, at the moment, was in Common-room, with other beaks. As he had a crooked knee, which was rather painful, it seemed likely that he would not negotiate the stairs till bed-time. The chums hoped so, at least.

In the glimmering starlight from the window, the three looked round the room. Nothing, at the first glance, seemed amiss. They were familiar with that room—Young had Bullivant's old rooms, while the regular games master was away. Everything seemed to be much as usual. Harvey made a movement towards the doorway into the adjoining bed-room.



Swiftly the Schoolboy Detective jerked the leather case out of the ivy, shut the window, and sped across the passage.

"Apple-pie bed, perhaps," he whispered. "Pie's idiot enough."

"Hold on!" murmured Len.

"Look here, the sooner we're out of this, the better, you know!" muttered Banks. "If Young barged in, he might fancy we did it—whatever it was!"

"I know!" Len Lex groped in his pocket for an electric torch. "That goat, Pie, had a smut of soot on his nose when he came down. He must have been messing about with the chimney. Let's look there."

A tiny beam of light played from Len's hand over the fireplace and the fender. The grate was empty. But that somebody had recently been there was evident. In the middle of the grate was a chunk of soot. In the fender were sprinkles of the same.

"But what in the name of all that's idiotic did that goat root into the chimney for?" breathed Harvey.

Len did not answer. He stooped,

and flashed the light up the big old-fashioned chimney. Harvey and Banks were mystified; but it was not much of a problem to the Schoolboy Detective. Stooping his head under the chimney, his keen glance following the light, Len Lex unravelled the mystery.

He reached up, and drew down the object that had caught his eyes—a cricket bat, jammed in the irregular brickwork. There was a good deal of soot on it. Harvey and Banks gazed at it. It was Mr. Young's bat!

"The unspeakable idiot!" hissed Harvey. "That's what Pie calls a rag—hiding a man's bat up a chimney!"

"Jevver hear of a man asking for it like that?" murmured Banks.

"Hardly ever!" grinned Len. "But it's all clear now. We've got to get this bat cleaned, and clean up the trail Pie's left, then Young will never know that anybody's touched his bat—or his chimney! Cut off to number-eight and get some dusters, Banker!"

The chums of Study No. 8 were busy for ten minutes by the light of the electric torch. When they were through, Mr. Young's cricket bat lay

on the table with hardly a sign on it to hint that it had been anywhere else. Not a spot of soot was left to meet the eye. There were several spots and smudges on the Fifth Formers, it was true—but that did not matter. Softly and stealthily, the three crept away from Mr. Young's quarters.

### A Surprise for Pie!

ROOT of the Fourth came out of the House the following afternoon with a frown on his face. He stared round him in the quad, sighted a group of Fifth Formers, and cut across to them.

Saturday was a half-holiday at Oakshott, and Study No. 8 were debating what they were going to do with the afternoon. There was no match on, but Harvey, who was cricket captain in the Fifth, was rather keen on fixing up a game. Banks gave him support. So did Porringe—whose only chance of cricket was getting into a side in a practice game. Len Lex, however, though generally keen, demurred.

Detective - Inspector William Nixon's nephew desired, for certain reasons of his own, to be disengaged that afternoon. They were discussing the matter, though Pie was not giving his whole attention to the discussion. Pie had an eye on Mr. Young, who was standing at a little distance in conversation with Oliphant and Campion and some other Sixth Form men.

Mr. Young's knee seemed to have recovered from the effects of Pie's bowling stunts; at all events, there seemed nothing the matter with him now. But Pie was not thinking of that. He was thinking of his jape of the previous evening, and wondering whether Young had missed his bat yet. It looked as if he hadn't, for nothing had been said on the subject so far, and Mr. Young seemed quite undisturbed.

Which was rather perplexing to Pie! Certainly the games master had not happened to want the bat yet. Still, it was odd that he had not noticed that it was missing from his room. Pie was still unaware that it was not missing!

Albert Root came up to the group.

"Here, Lex!" he called, or rather hooted, to Len. "Your beak wants you in his study. And you can tell him to find somebody else to carry his dashed messages, and not to bother a Fourth Form man, see?"

"I think," remarked Len, with a grin, "that I'll leave it to you to mention that, Root."

Root grunted, and turned away. A Fourth Form "man" had plenty to do on a half-holiday without fetching and carrying for beaks—not his own beak, either! Root was justly annoyed. But his troubles were not at an end, for as he was about to depart, Mr. Young glanced round, and called to him.

"Root!"

Albert breathed hard! He did not like Young, who had got him a whopping for trespassing in Trant Wood!

"Yes, sir!" mumbled Root.

"Please go up to my rooms and bring down my bat!"

Albert breathed harder! Gladly he would have told the swab to fetch his beakly bat himself, or even to go and eat coke! But replies like that could not be made by Fourth Form juniors to beaks! Root, suppressing his feelings, answered "Yes, sir!" and started for the House.

Porringe winked at his friends, and grinned. His friends, guessing what was in Pie's mind, grinned too. The bat had not been missed yet! But now that Mr. Young had sent a fag to fetch it, it was going to be missed—so far as Pie knew!

"I say, Lex, don't go!" breathed Pie, as Len turned to go in. "Old Chalmers can wait. What the dickens does he want you for on a half-holiday, anyhow? I say, hang on till Root comes back."

"With Young's bat?" asked Len.

"Ha, ha!" chortled Pie. "I fancy he won't find that bat in a hurry! I say, hang on till he comes back, old chap."

"My dear chap, can't keep a beak waiting!" said Len, and he walked into the House—leaving Harvey, Banks, and Pie all grinning, though for different reasons.

Len tapped at the door of his Form-master's study and entered. The Fifth Form master gave him a blink over his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Ah, Lex!" he said. "I have had a telephone message from your uncle, Mr. Nixon."

Len's eyes gleamed for a moment. He had wondered when he would get news from Bill.

"Yes, sir!" he said.

"Mr. Nixon desires me to tell you, Lex, that he is sorry that it is impossible for him to pay you a visit at the school this afternoon, as appears to have been arranged."

"Thank you, sir!"

Len left his Form-master's study, smiling as he went down the corridor.

The master of the Fifth did not know that he had delivered a "code" message from Detective-Inspector William Nixon of Scotland Yard to his nephew.

The actual meaning of that message was that Mr. Nixon would be waiting to see his nephew that afternoon at a certain prearranged spot a mile from the school. Len Lex was feeling bucked as he walked out into the sunny quad again. He had no doubt that Bill had news for him—and that it was the news he wanted to hear!

He had for the moment forgotten Pie. But he remembered him, as he spotted his grinning face in the sunshine. He had only been two or three minutes in the House, and Root had not come back yet.

"Oh, here you are!" said Pie. "You're in time to see the fun, old man."

"What fun?" asked Len innocently. "You'll see when young Root comes back!" grinned Pie. "Just keep an eye on that swab Young. He's an ill-tempered tick—but you he goes off at the deep end when Root tells him he can't find that bat in his room!"

"You think Root won't be able to find it?" asked Harvey.

"Sort of!" smiled Pie. "Bet you Young will slang him, and then he'll go up for the bat himself, and then the fun'll start! Just stand round and watch for a bit!"

Pie's friends were quite prepared to stand round and watch—though they had their own reasons for thinking that it would be Pie's face that would be worth watching.

Root came out of the House and walked towards the games master and the group of Sixth Form men.

"Now!" murmured Pie, and broke off suddenly, staring at the approaching Root.

Under Root's arm was a cricket bat. Evidently it was the games master's bat! The ghost of a cricket bat could not have startled Pie more. The changing expressions on his face were quite entertaining to his friends.

Root, not even noticing him, came up to Mr. Young.

"Your bat, sir!" grunted Root.

"Thank you, Root." Mr. Young took the bat, slipped it under his arm, and walked away towards Big Side with Oliphant and the other Sixth Form men.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Pie at last. "My only hat! That—that—that was Young's bat, you men! I—I—I say, he—he—he's got his—his bat!"

"What about it?" asked Banks.

"Wha-a-at about it?" gasped Pie. "I'll tell you what about it! I parked that bat up his chimney last night! It beats me! Root can't have found it there! Young can't have found it there himself, or he'd have kicked up a terrific row! Yet—yet it's been—been found! Can you fellows make it out?"

Pie's friends did not try to make it out! They walked away, laughing, and Pie was left trying to make it out, in quite a dizzy state of astonishment.

### "Leave it to Me!"

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR NIXON rose from his seat on a big gnarled root under a shady tree in Oakways Wood, and grunted. That grunt was his greeting to the schoolboy who came through the wood and gave him a cheery nod and a smile.

"News?" asked Len.

Mr. Nixon nodded. He groped in a pocket and drew therefrom a folded, typed sheet. The Schoolboy Detective's eyes gleamed.

"You've not let the grass grow under your feet, Bill," he remarked approvingly. "They knew what they were about when they sent for you to put salt on the tail of the hold-up man who raided the Sussex and Southern Bank at Trant. You're going to make them a present of him, what?"

Grunt from Mr. Nixon.

"And you were going to leave me out of the game," said Len reproachfully. "And little me right on the spot, too!"

"I don't want you in this, Len!" said Mr. Nixon. "That hold-up man is dangerous. He shot a man in the bank—it's not schoolboy's work to handle him. But—"

"But," grinned Len, "you want to

## Pie's Master-Stroke!

know why I asked you to look into the record of Mr. Egerton Young, the sportsman who takes temporary posts at schools, for a few weeks at a time."

Bill Nixon nodded.

"I don't know how you got on to this, Len," he said slowly, "but it looks as if you're on the mark. The man's above suspicion, to all appearance. Good college record—satisfaction in the various posts he's held. There's no doubt that he could have secured a good permanent appointment, if he had wanted to—"

"But he may have had reasons for sticking to the temporary line—frequent change of quarters, and all that?" said Len.

"I've got a list of every post the man has held for the last two years," grunted Inspector Nixon. "In the last two years, Egerton Young has held eight different posts, in eight different places, all over the country. And in each district there has been a hold-up—during Young's time.

"In each of these hold-ups," went on the inspector, "the man got away. In every case there was reason to suspect that the man acted in disguise. In every case he got clear, and vanished as if the earth had swallowed him up."

"Same as that Wednesday at Trant," said Len. "The hold-up man at Trant looked like a silver-haired granddad. But he got away on a bike like a stout lad. And vanished as if the earth had swallowed him up."

Len took the paper from Bill Nixon's hand and scanned the typed lists—one list of Mr. Egerton Young's posts during the past two years; the other a list of bank hold-ups. The Schoolboy Detective smiled grimly. He had had hardly a doubt—but this was certainty! Was it a coincidence that whenever Mr. Egerton Young occupied a temporary post in a school a bank hold-up took place within a certain radius of the spot, while Mr. Young was in the post? That was stretching coincidence very far.

"That's as good as proof, Bill," said Len, handing the paper back to the Scotland Yard inspector.

"For us—not for a judge and jury!" answered Bill. "There's never been a breath of suspicion on the man. It might be all coincidence. What started you suspecting him?"

"Young came same afternoon as the bank raid," said Len. "He was supposed to come by the four o'clock train from Greenwood, having come from London. Porryng had a stunt of meeting him at the station. And so, by a chance that no fellow could have foreseen and reckoned on, it came out that Mr. Young hadn't come by train."

"Nothing in that," said Bill, staring. "Might have changed his mind."

"Nothing," said Len softly—"except that, knowing nothing about Pie having waited for him at the station, he said he had come by the four o'clock train from Greenwood, when the subject was mentioned."

"Oh!" said Bill.

"Then," continued Len, "I fancied Pie had made one of his usual fat-headed mistakes and missed him at the station. But we found, from inquiry at the station, that Young really hadn't come by train. His bags had, but he hadn't! A lot of the fellows heard Pie on the subject, of course, and wondered why a man should tell lies about such a trifling thing. No reason, that they could see. But when a man makes out that he was somewhere where he wasn't, at the time of a bank raid by a man who got away and disappeared, it's fishy. A man doesn't work up an alibi for nothing, Bill."

"No," said Mr. Nixon slowly. "But that's not the lot?"

"More to come!" said Len. "Wednesday was a half-holiday, and Root, a junior, with some fag friends, was tree-climbing in Trant Wood. He dropped his pocket-knife. Thinking they heard a keeper coming, they scudded—without picking up the pocket-knife. Next day, young Root went back to look for it, under that big oak-tree in Trant Wood, Bill. You know the tree—the one I found you in—"

"Get on!"

"You fancied it might be in that tree that the hold-up man parked his disguise and clobber when he got away. So did I—after what I'd heard from young Root. Listen to this, Bill: While young Root was roofing after his pocket-knife, Young came suddenly on him, and sent him back to the school to be caned for trespassing! But what was Young doing there on his second day at Oakshott? You searched that tree, Bill, and found nothing. I fancy you might have found something if you'd got there before Young."

Bill was silent.

"Look at it," said Len. "The hold-up man got away in the wood, and vanished as if he had dissolved into air. That means that he stripped off his disguise, removed the clobber he was wearing outside his own, parked them in hiding, and walked off in his own proper person—unknown! Nothing certain known of his looks but sharp brown eyes. At the same time, Mr. Young walks into Oakshott School and tells lies about having come by train—and Mr. Young has sharp brown eyes!"

Bill nodded slowly.

"To put in some guess-work," said Len, "I should say that the hold-up man left disguise, clobber, and loot all hidden in the same spot. Safer for him, till he got quite clear. Next day he goes back for the loot—perhaps for the disguise as well, but more likely intending to leave that till wanted, or perhaps abandon it altogether. But finding a school kid roofing about the spot, he clears off the whole lot. And," added Len, with a chuckle, "a Scotland Yard inspector comes along later and draws blank!"

"You were going to leave me out of this case, Bill," went on Len, "but you've got to leave it to me. Young's at Oakshott, under my eye. He doesn't know there's a detective in the Oakshott Fifth!" Len chuckled. "He may find that out later—when I

introduce him to my Uncle Bill—what?"

"You're not to run risks!" growled Bill.

"I'm too fond of your nephew, Bill, to run unnecessary risks," said Len. "Leave it to me, old man—and leave me your telephone number at Trant."

Bill Nixon paused—a long pause. Then, in silence, he wrote down a telephone number.

### Parked in the Ivy!

PIE was wandering in the quad when Len came in. Harvey and Banks were still at cricket. Porryng was disengaged. He joined Len.

"You'd hardly believe it, old man," he said, "but I bagged a duck's egg!"

Len could quite believe it.

"Rough luck, old man!" he said.

"These things happen," said Pie.

"But, I say, Lex, old man, I can't make it out. It's weird about Young." There was puzzlement in Pie's face.

"What about Young?" asked Len, with a curious glance at his chum. Pie little guessed how keenly Len Lex was interested in Mr. Egerton Young!

"I expected him to go off the deep end," said Pie. "He's got a rotten temper. And he must know. I told you I'd parked his bat up his chimney—"

"Oh, that!" Len chuckled.

"Well, he must have found it, and never made a fuss about it," said Pie. "But that isn't what beats me hollow. What are you grinning at, Lex?"

"Nothing, old man! Carry on."

"Well, if he found it there, he must have found something else," said Pie. "That's what beats me hollow. He couldn't have hooked that bat out without noticing that there was nothing left in the chimney."

"Lots of soot!" suggested Len.

"I don't mean that, fathead! Something else," said Pie crossly. "Look here, Lex, when I shoved that bat up his chimney, I found he'd got something parked there already—a leather attache case. I was just flummoxed to find such a thing hidden up a man's chimney. But there it was, and I hooked it out, and left that bat in its place."

Len looked hard at Porryng. This was news to him—startling news!

"Being there to rag the swab, you can guess what I jolly well did, what?" said Pie. "I fancied he might spot the bat in the chimney, because there was some soot sprinkled about when the attache case came down—and it seems that he did, as the bat turned up! But I thought that he'd get fearfully excited at missing the attache case. He couldn't get the bat down without noticing that it was gone! So he must know! See?"

Len nodded. His eyes were gleaming.

"Well, if a man hides a thing in a chimney, it must be because he's fearfully particular about it," said Pie. "Missing it, wouldn't you expect him to, at the very least,

inquire after it? And he hasn't said a word! He's carrying on just as if he doesn't know anything's happened in his rooms at all! Isn't that weird?" Pie was hopelessly puzzled. "You shifted it?" asked Len.

"Yes, I parked it in the ivy just under the passage window," said Pie. "Give him a hunt for it—that was the idea! I was going to give him a hunt for the bat, and when he found that he would miss the attache case, and have a hunt for that, too! I fancied he would be shouting his loss all over Oakshott! But he isn't!"

Len smiled faintly. The explanation, though unknown to Pie, was simple: Young hadn't missed his bat at all, owing to the intervention of Pie's friends; and had not had his attention drawn to the chimney in any way whatever. If he had parked an attache case there, he naturally supposed that it was still there, as he had no reason to suppose otherwise!

But why had he parked a leather case in a chimney? It was quite mysterious to Pie—not so mysterious to Detective-Inspector Nixon's nephew. Len's interest in a case belonging to a man he suspected of bank-raiding, and which that man had hidden in a chimney, was deep.

"Can you understand it, old man?" asked Pie. "Blessed if I can! He must know—and he doesn't seem to care a bean! I thought he would be raging all over the school—and there he is, playing cricket with the Sixth! It's got me beat."

"My dear chap, it's as you said, weird," agreed Len. "One of those insoluble mysteries! Let's go and have a look at the cricket, shall we? You'll be wanted to field soon."

Len left Porrhage on the cricket ground, and, after making sure that Mr. Young was still with the Sixth Form cricketers, walked to the House. He went to Study No. 8, where, from a secret drawer in his box, he drew a bunch of rather peculiar-looking keys. Then strolled across the study landing and up the passage past the masters' rooms.

At the big window at the end of the passage he stopped, opened one of the casements and stood looking out, scanning with keen eyes the thick ivy that grew under the old stone window-sill.

Closer examination revealed traces which guided Len's reaching hand to the spot where Pie had parked the attache case. He groped, and his hand came in contact with the hidden article. He could feel that it was of thick, strong leather, and that there were two locks on it.

He jerked the leather case out of the ivy and in at the window with a single swift movement; so swift and neat that no one in the quad below could possibly have observed the action. Swiftly he closed the casement and ran along the passage to the door of the games master's sitting-room. Stepping into that apartment, he closed the door and laid the attache case on the table.

The Schoolboy Detective was breathing hard, but he was cool as ice. The bunch of peculiar keys was

whipped from his pocket and in less than a minute the two patent locks on the attache case yielded.

Cool as he was, the Schoolboy Detective felt his heart thump as he lifted the lid, and he drew a deep breath at what he saw within: a closely folded suit of clothes, identical in appearance with the clothes worn by the bank-raider on the day of the hold-up at Trant; a silvery wig, a set of white whiskers and moustache and eyebrows; a folded soft hat, and a number of bundles of currency notes, fastened with elastic bands—just as the hold-up man had grabbed them at the Sussex and Southern Bank!

It was no wonder that Mr. Egerton Young had parked the attache case in a secret spot—never dreaming that a japing goat would go to the chimney to hide a cricket bat there. For a brief moment Len Lex gazed at what he had discovered. Then swiftly he closed the leather case, and the locks secured it again without a sign of having been opened.

There was a grim smile on his face as he lifted the attache case to the fireplace and dropped it into the grate just under the chimney. Taking the poker, he raked, and a shower of soot fell on the leather case and round it.

A few moments later Len was gone, closing the door quietly after him. For the next hour he was seated on the settee on the study landing reading, but with one eye on the staircase. He was rewarded at last by the sight of Mr. Young coming up.

The games master went to his rooms without a glance at Len.

The first object that would meet his eye would be the leather attache case lying in the grate in a shower of soot. He could hardly think anything but that it had fallen from the chimney. That it was his—that he was the bank-raider of Trant—Len knew; but the proof would be final if Egerton Young, finding that leather case lying in his grate, concealed it in his rooms.

Len gave him five minutes, then tapped at the games master's door.

"Come in!" Mr. Young's voice was quite casual.

Len entered. Mr. Young faced him, his hands in the pockets of his flannel trousers. There was a fleck or two of black on the white flannels—and the leather case was no longer in the grate!

"About the games practice on Monday, sir—" Len had to say something, and that was an easy one.

"Another time, Lex, another time," said Mr. Young. "I am a little fatigued now. Shut the door after you, please."

Len was smiling as he walked down to the bicycle shed, and wheeled out his machine. He had a telephone call to make—which he certainly could not make from the school.

### The Grip of the Law!

"WHO are you, and what do you want?"

Mr. Egerton Young rapped out the words sharply. He

had come hastily up the staircase, arrived at his rooms a little breathless, and flung open the door of the sitting-room and strode in.

It was the hour of prep, and all the Oakshott fellows should have been in their studies. One Fifth Form man was missing from his study, and Porrhage, Banks, and Harvey were wondering what had become of Len Lex.

Of that, however, Mr. Young knew nothing—the games master had nothing to do with prep. Striding angrily into his sitting-room, he stared at a man who was standing by the window, his back to the red sunset that glowed outside.

"My name is Nixon—" began the inspector quietly.

"I do not know the name, and I cannot imagine your business with me," rapped Mr. Young. "I was surprised, and very much annoyed, to be told by the House page that he had shown a caller into my rooms. He should have done nothing of the kind. The visitors' room downstairs is—"

"The lad is not to blame!" broke in Nixon. "I may explain that I have spoken to the headmaster, Dr. Osborne, and he gave the page his instructions."

"I fail to understand you, Mr. Nixon." There was a startled gleam in the sharp brown eyes of the new games master. "I repeat, who are you, and what do you want?"

"I have told you my name, Mr. Young. I may add that I hold the rank of detective-inspector at Scotland Yard."

Mr. Egerton Young stood quite still. For a long moment there was dead silence in the room, then the games master stepped to the door and closed it. He turned back to Inspector Nixon. His face was calm, but its lines had hardened strangely.

"I am more in the dark than ever," he said. "I can imagine no reason why an officer from Scotland Yard should call on me. Perhaps you will be kind enough to explain your business."

"That is why I am here, Mr. Young," said Bill stolidly. "It is in connection with the recent bank raid at Trant."

"The bank raid at Trant!" With all his nerve, the games master could not quite keep a tremor out of his voice. "I do not seem to have heard of it."

"It occurred, I understand, the day you arrived here to take up the position you now hold," said Nixon. "And from information received, Mr. Young, we have reason to believe that you are the man we want."

"Are you jesting, sir?"

"Not at all! It is my duty to warn you that anything you may say—"

"You must be mad, I think."

"—will be taken down, and may be used in evidence against you," continued Bill stolidly. "I must ask you to accompany me to Trant police station, Mr. Young. I have a taxi waiting outside."

"If you are not mad," said Egerton Young, "tell me what you mean! You are making an absurd mistake!"

(Continued on page 27)

Scarcely pausing to take aim Dick fired. The heavy bullet from his revolver smashed the mamba's venomous head and the snake squirmed helplessly on the ground.

Mopo sprang to his feet with an exclamation of grateful astonishment.

"Why did you kill the snake?" he demanded. "Had you held your hand it would have bitten me, and my death would have been sure."

Dick almost laughed with relief, for Mopo had called him by his native name, and that was a sign that he no longer bore hatred towards him.

"I have already said," Dick answered soberly, "that I wish your friendship, O Mopo. So, though your life was in my hands I gave it back to you. What do you say? Is it peace between the white and the black?"

"It seems that it must be," Mopo answered. "At least, there is peace between us two. Now see, here are two twigs. I bind them closely together—so. So we are bound. Take them, and if at any time you are in need of my wisdom, send them to me. And, for the life I owe to you, I will come to you. And so, if I am in need of you, I will send to you twigs thus bound together. Now my servants shall escort you back to the place of Melefe. Wait there until I come."

That night the signal drums beat out a message which was carried over the jungle until it finally reached the ears of Commissioner Darcy. It was a message which told all who heard that Melefe acknowledged the overlordship of the white men.

Meanwhile, Tabu Dick was seated beside Melefe, watching a dance given in his honour.

Suddenly, at a signal from Melefe, the dancing warriors rushed towards Tabu Dick, raised their spears high above their heads, gave him the royal salute, then threw their weapons at his feet.

Though Tabu Dick did not take this homage to himself, he glowed with the satisfaction of having successfully accomplished a difficult task!

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## Pie's Master-Stroke!

(Continued from page 21)

But if you fancy you have any grounds—"

"Such as an attache case hidden in a chimney?" suggested Detective-Inspector Nixon.

The man staggered. His face whitened as the colour drained from it.

He knew now that the game was up—the game he had played so long and so successfully. Utterly unexpectedly, the blow had fallen. He staggered, as if he had received a blow—and rested a hand on the table for support.

Inspector Nixon made a step towards him. There was a clink of metal, and that sound seemed to pull the hold-up man together. All was lost—his name, his reputation, his plunder—everything but liberty.

He made a swift step back, and his hand shot to his hip pocket. In another second the deadly weapon would have been out—but a grip was laid on Egerton Young from behind, and the automatic, as it whipped from his pocket, was twisted from his hand.

He spun round. He had believed himself alone in the room with Bill Nixon—he had seen no one else. His eyes almost popped from his head at Lex of the Fifth!

Disarmed, but desperate, he struggled, till in the grip of Bill

Nixon and Len Lex he crashed on the carpet, and the handcuffs clicked.

Len picked up the automatic and dropped it on the table.

"You'll want that, Bill!" he remarked. "If I hadn't parked myself behind that screen, Bill, they'd be filling a vacancy at Scotland Yard. Let this be a warning to you—never think of leaving me out again."

"Clear!" said Bill tersely.

"It's more than time," remarked Len, "that I got to prep; and my shy nature makes me loathe the limelight. I don't want the fellows here to tumble to it that I'm a detective. I'm off! Get him away quietly while the fellows are in the studies, Bill—the less excitement, the better. It won't take you long to search. So long."

And Len walked away to Study No. 8, there to resume life as Lex of the Fifth!

*His job done, we say good-bye for a while to Len, leaving him to enjoy to the full a schoolboy's life at Oatshott. Next week a great new character makes his bow on the MODERN BOY stage—BRIAN KENT, a British youngster who takes on a mental job on an American railway with the fixed determination of making good! See "The Editor Talks," page 25, for details.*

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