

**FREE PHOTO—£10 for FINGER PRINTS!** Etc., Etc.

THE  
**Union Jack**

**SEXTON BLAKE'S  
OWN PAPER!**



No. 1,005  
January 13th, 1923.  
EVERY THURSDAY.

**2<sup>D</sup>**



FREE  
WITH  
THIS  
COPY.

JOE DECKETT

**THE CASE OF THE STOLEN LOCOMOTIVES!**

A Thrilling Story of Peril and Detective Adventure on Land and Sea, packed with fast-moving incident; featuring **SEXTON BLAKE** and **TINKER**, and **COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.**

**DETECTIVE MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT AS USUAL THIS WEEK.**



## Tinkers Boyhood



### OUR POPULAR SERIAL.

#### THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

Tinker, in the days before he met Sexton Blake, comes into contact with a master criminal known as the Baron, whose plans, with the aid of a mysterious stranger—Mr. Allandale, or Nemo—he succeeds in thwarting on more than one occasion. Tinker is later captured by the Toff, one of the Baron's men. With the aid of some men from the "Wire" office, Mr. Allandale sets out to effect his rescue, and to capture the gang who are in an underground lair. They arrive there at about the time the Baron gets a secret message that the police are watching for him. The watchers see him turn to make his escape from the lair.

(Now read on.)

#### The Fight in the Dark!

“THERE is just this one more little surprise for our visitors,” said the Baron. He pulled out a square black tin box from which depended a length of insulated wire and an ordinary plug for fixing in the wall.

“There are ten sticks of dynamite in that,” he said. “I place it beneath the desk here, and affix the wall plug. By the time our inquisitive guests arrive and we are safely away and between the two pairs of armoured doors, I press a switch near one of the doors, and our friends get a lesson in high explosives. I think you will admit that I have forgotten nothing. Even at the height of my success I foresaw the possibility of some such device proving useful.”

“What next?” said the Toff. “What about trying to escape now through your private door?”

The Baron shook his head.

“When I went rattling as a boy, I always had a terrier watching one hole whilst I watched the other, and what I missed the terrier got. There will be a whole pack of dogs sniffing round there by now. I have a better plan than that.”

“What about him?” The Toff nodded at Tinker.

“The boy must come with us, and for the time being, at any rate, he must come to no harm. To kill him now, though simpler in some ways, would be wasteful—extremely wasteful. It would be worse; it would merely aggravate the danger of our position.”

“He has powerful friends. The owner of the ‘Wire,’ for instance, would spend a small fortune to avenge him, and incidentally fill his columns with more or less inaccurate reports of the steps taken to do so; and in the man we know as the ‘Doctor’ I have noticed a certain sentimentality for the boy which would make him doubly dangerous if the youth were killed out of hand. If we can get away with him we can hold him to ransom—make terms. Our freedom and a liberal sum of money in exchange for his life. That once arranged, we can always start afresh in Paris or Brussels or Vienna. New York I regard as a bad field for criminal enterprise; one has to buy the police, and the police are too expensive. They eat up the greater share of the profits.”

The Toff nodded.

“But how’s it to be done?” he asked.

“Leave it to me, and I will show you,” said the Baron, glancing at his watch. “It is time for us to be moving. Hardly, I can trust to your wife to look after my little friend, the little white rat, for me during our temporary absence!”

“Yes, gov’nor.”

“Good! I have given her instructions as to his bread and milk. A valuable animal that, Hardy—very valuable. Come, bring that rat with you!”

He crossed towards the door giving on to the secret passage, opened it, and listened intently.

“Hist!” he said warningly. “There is something going on below there; we must hurry.”

Hardy stooped to pick Tinker up and swing him over his shoulder, and Allandale pulled the thread once more—three quick jerks.

Instantly Harley, the war correspondent, and two other men came dropping through the grating, and stumbling towards him in the darkness.

Allandale waited just long enough to hear their footsteps, and then, with a shout, he thrust open the door in front of him and charged in.

The Toff and the Baron turned like lightning; but could do for the instant because Hardy’s stooping form was directly in line.

The Baron was the quickest to act.

“Out of the way, you fool!” he roared to Hardy, and switched off all the lights as Hardy leapt aside.

Instantly a perfect hail of lead swept the darkness; but Allandale had been prepared for some such move. Almost before the Baron’s hand had left the switch he had flung himself face downwards on the flag-stones, and the storm of lead swept high above him, leaving him untouched, though he dare neither answer it nor call out in warning to those behind him.

He crept forward a foot or two, and his hand touched something. It was Tinker’s left arm bound tightly to his side. He pulled, but the dead weight was hard to move in his recumbent position. He reached out farther and pulled again with both hands, one of which came in contact with a hairy face. Without wasting time in asking questions, he lashed out at it fiercely, and yelled to Harley and those behind him:

“Shoot—and shoot high!”

He had not a grip on Tinker, and that was all he cared about for the moment. The war correspondent flashed an electric torch, which showed up the whole scene vividly, and three revolvers rang out—er-ash!—just as Hardy, scrambling to his feet, caught Allandale a heavy kick on the head with his foot. The next instant Hardy himself gave a grunt and a hunch. The war correspondent had marked him somewhere, but not severely enough to disable him, for there was the clang of a closing door, and the plunk, plunk, plunk of bullets on the iron sheeting a fraction of a second too late. Hardy, the Baron, and the Toff were gone, leaving Allandale hanging on to Tinker’s arm amidst the reeking smoke.

(Look out for the next instalment of this popular and exciting yarn!)

### THE RETURN OF GUNGA DASS!



LOOK-OUT FOR THIS!

### THE RETURN OF GUNGA DASS, or The Case of the Mummified Child.

Next week’s story is one that many old admirers of Gunga Dass, the Oriental mystic-crook, will hail with joy. All new readers will revel in this yarn, too. A tale of Eastern cunning matched by European detective genius in the shape of Sexton Blake.

### KID LEWIS

The third of splendid picture-card series will be given next week. A REAL PHOTO, whose white background throws every detail of the figure into sharp relief. Are you collecting them?

THE U.J. WAS NEVER SO  
GOOD IN ALL ITS 28 YEARS!

Place a standing order!



KID LEWIS



A story of Sexton Blake and Tinker. This is a yarn which starts with a mystery, leads to adventure on sea and land, and finishes with the thrill and excitement of modern warfare. The great detective and his engaging young assistant have seldom had such a thrilling series of adventures as is packed into this fast-moving yarn!

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**

**"We Meet His Royal Highness at Midnight!"**



THE great gilded ball-room of the palace of Prince Carlos of Mauretavia—that complete and trouble-laden principality situated on the borders of Bosnia and Austria, was thronged with a brilliant crowd, even though it was not the season, and the majority of the official and diplomatic world were absent from the gay city, in the hills or at the fashionable gambling houses of Vienna.

The brilliant uniforms, the glittering stars, and coloured ribbons of the men, and the beautiful toilettes of the women, combined to form a perfect kaleidoscope of colour beneath the crystal chandeliers. Yet the British diplomat, accustomed to the dignified atmosphere of the Courts of Europe, might have been excused in likening the scene to a scene from some gorgeously staged comic opera, rather than to a gathering of the men who held the destiny of a small but populous country in their hands.

Brilliant though the setting was, the scene was gross and sordid. On the dark-skinned faces of the men were etched the lines which come of hard drinking and dissolute living, whilst the daring dresses and bold glances of the women were more fitting to the shady haunts of the city than to a Court reception of Prince Carlos.

Above the soft strains of a hidden orchestra the shouts of the revellers rose high, ringing through the lofty salons, dazzling with their painted ceilings, gilt mirrors, and giant palms.

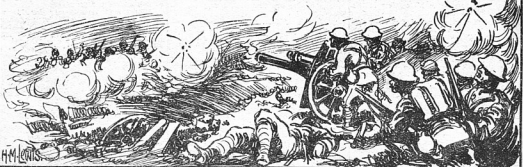
It was a night of enrousal and abandonment. Men drank deeply, laughed, and sang. Sang the ballads of fair Mauretavia in mellow harmony, which, mingling with the fiercer cries of those who found no pleasure in their cups, set the echoes ringing. More, it awakened bitter discontent in the breasts of the peasants in the valleys below, who, staring up at the brilliantly illuminated windows, stroked their curling black moustachios, and pondered in their hearts what fresh taxations would be piled on their overburdened shoulders to pay for the orgies which, for so many weeks now, had taken place at the palace.

Yet to-night it would seem that the usually gay Prince Carlos was in no mood for gaiety.

He wandered aimlessly through the throng, exchanging an occasional salute with the men, every now and then bending low over the hand of a woman. In his gorgeous Court dress, his left breast flaming with jewelled orders, he presented a strikingly handsome figure, though his face was effeminate.

His every movement seemed studied, yet his stiff elegance was on the most approved model of the ball-room.

On other occasions he wore the most hideous goggles and the heaviest of fur coats, and drove his racing-car daily through the streets of the city. He indulged in sports in impossible get-ups, used acent, wore his hair parted and pomaded in the centre, and was proud of his white, almost waxen, hands,



A weak and irresolute ruler, with political adventures always scheming and plotting at his elbow, he had brought a prosperous country to decay; contented and industrious little kingdom to discontent and ruin.

And all this had come of recent years.

The snows of ten winters alone had fallen since Prince Alexis, beloved father of his people, had been laid in his grave, and Carlos, his son, had ascended the throne.

In the days of Alexis no fevered winds of political intrigue had whirled about the throne or foetid moral atmosphere filled those grimy mansions and stunted boulevards. Alexis of Mauretavia had been a ruler wise and just, and "Peace and prosperity to Mauretavia," not a woman's beauty, had been the only toast in the halls of the palace.

In those days the great tracts of wine-lands and olive gardens of Mauretavia had satisfied the wants of a simple and industrious people. A just taxation, sufficient only for the expenses of administration, was alone levied, and fires had glowed on the hearths of the peasants' cottages, and their children been well-clothed and well-fed.

They would have given their lives for their royal master, Alexis, whose swarthy and sun-browned face had been controlled so perfectly and ruled so wisely.

Now, as they stood in the valleys, staring up at the lights and listening to the unrestrained laughter sounding from those gilded halls, heard the fretful whimper of their ill-nourished children, and thought of the tax-collectors of Carlos who demanded money at the crack of wire-throated knouts, their pulses quickened, and muscular hands closed tightly over the hafts of daggers.

And many, too, had a grievance beyond Prince Carlos. They cursed the name of Anne Borselli, consort of Carlos, who swept away with her all the virtues and the painful features. Cursed the unscrupulous woman's beauty which had made their royal master as wax in her hands, and had driven him to inflict further unjust impositions upon them in order to satisfy her expensive whims.

Six months only had elapsed since Carlos had brought Anne Borselli to the palace as his bride. The woman had been little else but an adventuress of the old Vienna courts, when on one of his frequent pleasure-seeking expeditions to the gay capital, Carlos had fallen an easy victim to her beauty and wiles.

With her had come the spongers and riff-raff that had clung about the old throne, who, in the lean times following the death of the late monarch, like rats the sinking ship, and stuck like leeches about the salons of Carlos, where the wine flowed freely, and a portion of the public funds of poor, strangled Mauretavia found its way into their pockets.

Never surpassed by its vice and shame, Anne Borselli moved with superb carriage through the continuous functions, official balls, and court receptions—the gay, irresponsible world of intrigue and scandal, of gaudy uniforms and glittering decorations, which to her was the breath of life.

Te-night Count von Dreschler was at her side, a stout, well-preserved Teuton of military swagger, who had followed in her train from Vienna.

Among the glittering orders on his breast was the plain black-and-silver Iron Cross, pinned there as was his badge, by the Emperor of Germany for his services in the German Secret Service.

Possessed of a wide knowledge of men, and a deep, wily cunning, Von Dreschler held the confidence of Carlos, and took care that nothing occurred to shake or imperil it. He was a poseur, and owed the position which he now held as Minister of War to his ingenious methods and plausible tongue.

His highly respectable exterior was inspiring, and the veteran of elegant refinement covering his party-crasher had opened to him the best social circles of Austria and Mauretavia, political adventurer though he was, and, in many quarters, suspected to be.

Upon the stormy sea of intrigue and espionage his Excellency and Anne Borselli had sailed together, and although many hurricanes they had run before the wind towards the shoals of exposure, they had somehow always managed to escape disaster.

To the most casual eye it was palpable that the beautiful Anne Borselli detested this U. J.—No. 1,005.

gross Teuton; yet, held together by the bond of gain, they worked together constantly, both enjoying excellent, though unscrupulously earned remuneration in consequence.

Well, your Highness, have you paved the way for our conference to-night?" said the minister, speaking without a trace of Teutonic accent. "I caught sight of his Highness in the crowd a few minutes ago. Evidently the usually gay Carlos is in no mood for revelry. Small wonder, either, considering the grave issues which hang in the balance."

Anne Borselli spread out her fan, waving it with affected laziness.

"I have done everything possible," she drawled, in a low and musical voice. "The only man in the kingdom with sufficient influence over his Highness to persuade him that I was against his brother, Prince Carlos of Bolivia, is the only way to steer Mauretavia clear of the rocks of financial disaster, is yourself, my dear count."

His Excellency Count von Dreschler smiled suavely.

"And rest assured, my beautiful Anne, that I shall exert that influence to the utmost," he said. "Never a wealthy, although always a prosperous country, Mauretavia will soon crumple beneath the demands the joint extravagances of yourself and the gay Carlos make upon its coffers."

"Already there is a movement afoot among the people to drag your husband from the throne. The recent taxes imposed have crippled all industry, and unless they are speedily removed and financial grants made to the distressed, a revolution is imminent."

"And if war is declared is there not a grave risk of intervention?"

Anne Borselli had dropped her affected drawl, and as she turned her sparkling blue eyes on the coarse face of her companion, his Excellency detected something of nervousness in their depths.

"None at all, my dear Anne," he said, smoothing his sabre-tasche with a plump, white hand. "Whatever the issue of the war, it would in no way affect any European Power. You know my plans. Victory is certain."

"An interview with the Minister of Finance this morning assured me of the fact that sufficient money could be scraped together to purchase a quantity of artillery equipment and ammunition from the War Surplus Department of the Power I mentioned to you in confidence."

"The Mauretavian Infantry is splendidly equipped as it is, and our army will march into Bolivia with but little offered resistance."

"Prince Carlos of Bolivia, in spite of the fact that he has little regard for his brother, who, through foolish extravagances, has brought a prosperous country to decay, is entirely unprepared for war, and except for a few remnants of infantry, a troop of indifferently-mounted cavalry, and a battery of obsolete field guns, is without forces of suitable equipment."

"And how do the finances of Bolivia stand?"

Count von Dreschler rubbed his plump hands together, and in his pig-like eyes was a light of satisfaction.

"I will give you the real rule of Prince Charles, worthy son of his dead father, Alexis, Bolivia is as wealthy and prosperous as it is possible for a small and purely agricultural country to be," he said. "You know the history of the two countries, I suppose, my dear Anne?"

"Did not Alexis marry Constance of Bolivia?"

"Yes. And you will remember that the gay Carlos and the worthy Charles were the only two children of the marriage. They were twins, and when Constance died, the countries, which had been ruled jointly during her married life, were by her wish placed once more under separate rule. Charles, her favourite, had the throne of Bolivia, your husband, even in his youth, a spendthrift and a prodigate—your pardon, my dear Anne—ascending the throne of his father."

His Excellency inclined his square and close-cropped head nearer his companion.

"There is little doubt that an indemnity of half a million could be extracted from the coffers of Bolivia," he extracted from his voice. "We must play our cards carefully, my dear lady, for if our other plans mature, much of the money will find its way into

our pockets. It is the greatest stake we have yet played for. But it is not wise for us to be seen so much together." He bent low over her beringed hand, raising it to his coarse lips. "Hard as it is for me to deprive myself of your charming company, caution prompts me to give you adieu until we meet at his Highness' at midnight."

With an extravagant bow, the arch-schemer left her, and Anne Borselli, betraying nothing in her beautiful and dark-skinned features, and the cupid in her heart, joined her husband, who was seen to her cat's-paw, and that of the gross Teuton and political adventurer, Count von Dreschler.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER. "Why Hestiate Any Longer? It Shall Be War!"



At midnight, when the feet of the guests had departed, and the sounds of revelry had died away, three people had audience of Prince Carlos of Mauretavia in his private apartment.

They were Anne Borselli, Count von Dreschler, and General Arturo Cardena, commander of the Mauretavian forces.

Prince Carlos was seated beneath a green-shaded reading-lamp, and before him was a parchment document bearing a red seal and ribbon, which, should he append, would blaze red war through the peaceful wine-lands and olive-gardens of his brother's prosperous country, Bolivia.

In extension, it may be said of him that his mind, charmed by the silvery tongues of those who sought to permit him to do this without a fight against his conscience.

As he sat there, his dark, melancholy eyes wandered from face to face, he betrayed in his twitching and restless fingers signs of the battle he was waging against his better self.

"You are certain, Count von Dreschler, that there is no other way out of our difficulties but to sign this Highness's finger-drawing nervously with your quill." Remember, I place implicit confidence in your judgment."

His Excellency bowed low to hide the exultation in his crafty eyes. His keen, clear foresight and his knowledge of men told him that in his Highness' nervous dalliance lay success to his wily plans.

"War against Bolivia is the only measure which can save Mauretavia from bankruptcy and ruin," he said. "The country is taxed to the hilt, and its industry is being slowly strangled."

"I had audience with the Minister of Finance this morning, and his accounts show that the country has been squeezed dry. Disaster is imminent, unless you take the step I so strongly advocate."

His Highness sighed, and glanced wearily at the document before him.

"Yes! He longed to listen to the insistent voice of conscience within him, and yet, with his hand for luxury, the expenses of his splendid palace, his magnificent villa at Monte Carlo, and palatial house at Vienna, how could he refuse the alluring prospect of half a million indemnity?"

He regarded it with a wistful, yearning existence. He turned his eyes upon the beautiful face of Anne Borselli, and the haggard lines were smoothed as if by magic from his face.

There was wistfulness in her eyes as she smiled upon him, her husband and cat's-paw—wistfulness to charm this monarch, a great little nation to trample upon his better self and let the evil in him work its will in order that he might lavish upon her the costly jewels and dresses which were the only bonds holding her to him.

"And if I do this thing, are you certain that the Army will be with me, General Cardena?" he asked heavily.

The general, who by Count von Dreschler's clever maneuvering had been given the rank of commander of the Mauretavian forces, stepped briskly forward and saluted.

He was a soldierly, middle-aged man, dressed in a sandy form of pale blue, gold, and crimson. His face was broad and cunning, and a livid red scar, acquired





'SEXTON BLAKE'S OWN PAPER'

In a duel in his cadet days, lent an evil expression to his sallow features.

"The Army is loyal, your Highness," he said, drawing himself erect. "Ten thousand men would bare their blades in any cause you nominate to-morrow if necessary."

He went to the window and tore aside the curtains. In the courtyard below a hundred officers were drawn up.

"Come to the balcony, your Highness," he invited. "These men, my most trusted officers, whose fathers served your father, would die for you!"

Carlos went to the balcony. Somewhere a military band was playing the Mauretavian National Anthem. The music, martial and stirring, quickened his pulses, and flushed his cheeks.

Like an old war horse who long after the battle hears the hoarse of the bugle, he flung back his head. In the light of a hundred torches a sea of upturned faces met his.

He went to the desk and dashed out a goblet of wine. As he returned to the window he held it high above his head, and it flashed with ruby-red gleams in the torch-light. In that moment he forgot his conscience.

"Mauretavia!" he cried. "Victory and prosperity for Mauretavia!"

A hundred swords gleamed like tongues of silver light. The answer was thundered back to him from a hundred throats.

"Carlos! Carlos! Carlos!"

He raised the goblet to his lips, drinking the red wine at a gulp, afterwards dashing the vessel to the floor. The officers were singing the National Anthem now, but had Carlos been more observant he would have noticed that those who had followed in the train of Count von Dreschler from Vienna shouted the loudest, sang with more fire than the rest.

With a pleased and insane smile his Highness drew close the curtains, and returned to his desk. His cheeks were flushed with enthusiasm, and Count von Dreschler went to him, placing a quill in his hands.

"Do you doubt now, your Highness, that the army is with you?" he said, in silvery tones of subtle flattery. "Those men would lay down their lives for you, and are the cream of your forces. Why hesitate any more? It shall be war! In a few weeks, probably less, you will be riding at the head of your victorious army into Bolivia."

Without hesitation the puppet of the wily Teuton took up the quill, and with a quick flourish scribbled his signature at the foot of the document which would bring war and desolation to his brother's kingdom.

With a gleam of elation in his close-set eyes the Minister took up the document, and folding it, placed it carefully in the breast of his tunic. Scarcely had he done so than a clatter of horses' hoofs sounded from the courtyard, and for a second time an under-secretary entered the room carrying a sealed envelope.

"For His Excellency Count von Dreschler," he said, and left the room.

Breaking the seals, the Minister tore open the envelope. The contents were evidently displeasing, for a frown crossed his heavy features.

"I am afraid, your Highness, this is bad news," he said. "The declaration of war will have to be postponed for some time."

"Postponed, Excellency," said General Cardena, with knit brows. "But the troops are in readiness!"

"I cannot be helped," Count von Dreschler handed the despatch to the wiser. "You are aware that I entered into negotiations with a certain Central Power to purchase from their war surplus the equipment necessary to the success of our campaign. And our requirements were several locomotives."

He turned to his Highness and bent his portly form in a low bow.

The railway running from Mauretavia to Bolivia was, you know, built by your father to facilitate trade between the two countries. During the war, owing to the tempting offer made, your Highness disposed of them to Austria, who at that time required every engine they could get on their railways or for transport of troops."

"I thought it would be possible to purchase them back, but apparently they were disposed of some months ago to a private company who now refuses to part with them. All other wagon engines can be supplied, but without locomotives to carry our guns, ammunition, and general baggage our field



Blake, Tinker and the police inspector cowered low in the boat while gigantic seas cast them alternately high in the air, only to suck them back into a black vortex of boiling water. "My heavens!" gasped the inspector. "It's the end, Blake, we can't live through it." (Chapter 6.)

equipment into Bolivia, war is practically impossible."

"But could they not be built to order?" suggested his Highness, a note of nervousness in his high-pitched and effeminate voice. "Delay to our plans might well bring disaster."

"They could not possibly be built under three months, your Highness," said the Minister.

Anne Borselli clenched her hands in impatience.

"Three months!" She flung back her handsome head and laughed scornfully. "Three months you say, Von Dreschler? By that time revolution will be upon us. Already champions are rising up in the cause of the people. Nom de Dieu, already the wolves are snarling at our heels."

She paced the room with quick, graceful movements, and the others stood on in silence, knowing that behind the beauty of Anne Borselli was a wit and genius superior to their own.

Suddenly she swung round and fixed them, and in her lovely eyes was the light of a cunning idea.

"In a month—less—Mauretavia shall have all the locomotives she requires," she said. "You all know that I am familiar with England. During the war I resided in Southampton, within a stone's throw of the garrison, as a secret agent of my country."

"From the town a small and privately owned railway company run a goods service along the coast, and owing to the somewhat hilly nature of the district the engines are modern and powerful. Are the lines of the Mauretavian railway built to standard gauge?"

Count von Dreschler nodded. "Excellent. Then if suitable men can be found to carry out my plans," said her Highness, "the locomotives you require shall steam into Bolivia in less than a month's time."

"But will they sell?" protested his Excellency.

"Sell?" Anne Borselli laughed derisively. "And who is going to buy, my dear country? We are going to steal them."

"Gott in Himmel!" His Excellency stared at her as if he believed her to have suddenly become bereft of her senses. "Steal them—"

steal locomotives! You will, of course, bring them back in your handbag, your Highness," he added ironically, having recovered his composure.

Anne Borselli flung a contemptuous glance at the smiling Teuton, and turning to the others, she spoke in low and hurried tones.

Her dark eyes sparkled with excitement, and varying expressions of emotions crossed her vivacious features as she outlined her plans. The amazement which had been present on every face slowly changed to admiration for her ingenious brain.

Impossible as the theft sounded, her subtle wits made it not only possible, but safe and certain.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. In Which Sexton Blake Hears of the Curious Behaviour of Three Locomotives.



THE consulting-room at Baker Street presented a peaceful scene.

Wrapped in a quilted dressing-gown, with a well-seasoned briar gripped between his teeth, Sexton Blake, the great London criminologist, reclined lazily back in a saddle-bag chair before a cheerful fire, his fingers idly plucking the great, floppy ears of Pedro, the sagacious dog-detective, who stared up at him from humid and faithful brown eyes.

Tinker, capable and lion-hearted lieutenant of his master, was sprawled out in a comfortable though inelegant attitude on the couch. His shrewd blue eyes were skimming the pages of a cheap novel, on the front-piece of which was depicted a bearded cowboy, in a bright red shirt and gigantic Stetson hat, holding up a stage-coach with a pair of pistols of such dimensions that

# The LONDON JOURNAL

## "SEXTON BLAKE'S OWN PAPER"

they would have done duty as field-guns, at a pinch.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a thunderous and official rat-a-tat-tat on the street door, which sent the echoes clattering along the adjacent house-tops.

Tinker closed the exciting chapters of the exploits of the red-shirted brigand with a whistful slam, and said to the floor.

"The time is up, as they've granted."

"Jolly fine imitation of a one-man band, anyway!"

"Detective-Inspector Rollings, of New Scotland Yard, is expected young 'un," said Blake quickly. "I expected him here five minutes ago. When the superlatives and consideration the amazing facts of the case, it is not surprising that he is excited."

Tinker stared at his master in bewilderment.

"What case?" he said. "This is the first I've heard of it. And that you were expecting Mr. Rollings, either."

Blake took up the evening paper from his knee and waved it in the air.

"This paper contains scanty but interesting news of an astonishing theft—or a series of thefts, rather," he said. "Three locomotives, the property of the Southampton & South Coast Railway, have been stolen on three consecutive nights. The affair savours almost of the supernatural."

"It was a foregone conclusion that the Southampton police would invite the co-operation of Scotland Yard, and that Rollings, one of the Yard's most able detectives, would be given charge of the case."

"I also suspected that the puzzle would be too intricate for Rollings to solve, and that he would leave Southampton to-night on the train which arrived at Victoria twenty minutes ago, in order to seek my opinion on the strange affair. He must have been here five minutes ago; but a delay in securing a taxi might account for that."

Tinker was too accustomed to his master's reasoning methods to evince any surprise at the first deduction. He merely he put the question uppermost in his mind.

"But how the dickens could anyone steal three locomotives?" he asked. "The affair sounds impossible!"

Before Blake could reply the door opened, and a Eager-looking detective's house-keeper, ushered in the detective's officer.

Stepping briskly into the room, the official peeled off his coat and gloves, and, handing them to the housekeeper, together with a heavily-mounted malacca cane which must have excited the lady's curiosity, he made a major beeholding it, nodded to Blake and Tinker. Then he flung himself into a chair.

"Pug" Rollings wholly merited his sobriquet.

His hair, which he wore close-cropped as a pugilist's, was as red as fire, so was the short, wiry, aggressive moustache.

His complexion was red and tinged with purple, and from beneath his shaggy red eyebrows he surveyed the world from a pair of twinkling, steel-grey eyes, their hardness relieved at times by a twinkle of humour. High cheekbones and prominent jaw muscles enhanced the truculence indicated by his chin.

In figure he was small and dapper. A faultlessly cut blue reefer suit encased his slim but muscular limbs. He had the shoulders of a prizefighter and the straight limbs and small feet of a dancing-master.

"Evening, Blake!" evening, Tinker!" jerked the official detective, his eyes already on the stump of a poisonous-looking cheroot. "Beastly night—eh? Just got in from Southampton. Thought I'd give you a look up."

"I reckon you gave us a wake up, by the tune you played on the knocker!" granted Tinker. "What's bitten you?"

Rollings glared at the lad, but there was a suspicion of a smile on his firm lips. "As to the matter of the visit with quiet amusement. He already knew the subject of Rollings' visit, and he saw that the Yard man was trying hard to fight down his professional pride and admit himself beaten by the bewildering and seemingly impossible theft of the three engines."

"Any fresh details to hand concerning that mysterious railway affair down South?" asked the Baker Street man casually.

Rollings looked relieved for the opening. "Only that another of the confounded things vanished into thin air practically under my nose at dusk this evening!" he granted, staring savagely at the glowing end of his cheroot, which feat, the cheroot being in his mouth, sent him cross-eyed.

With an impatient gesture, he tore the "smoke" from his lips, and slammed a hairy and muscular fist on the table.

"I'm beaten! Stumped! Dished!" he barked. "If this affair goes on much longer I shall be the laughing-stock of the country! When I reported to the chief over the phone this evening he asked me if I thought the Yard paid me to stop dog-fights. Me—stop dog-fights!"

"Suppose you give me the details, old man," Blake said, struggling to repress a smile at the expression of savage indignation on the purpling countenance of his official friend. "It seems a very complicated and mysterious affair. One would have to look a long way to find the motive for the thefts, too."

"Except to the owners, the engines would have little value, and the thieves would be unable even to dispose of them as scrap-iron. Every valuable piece of metal is numbered, and that would speedily lead to their detection."

Rollings' face brightened as he saw that the genius of Baker Street was interested in the case. He knew much of the capabilities which lay behind the tall, private investigator's thoughtful and placid countenance, and of the baffling and intricate problems that alert brain had so often unravelled by reason of his shrewd logic and cleverness.

"It is the lack of motive which first puzzled me," said the Yard man. "And then again, there is the confoundedly mysterious way in which they vanish. This evening the Yardmen were to see the steam at half-past six, but at seven o'clock it one disappeared, like a billiard-ball in the hand of a conjurer. It's uncanny, I tell you!"

"Any quicksands about?" The railway line he took pretty well, I believe," said Tinker. "It's possible the train, as you've jumped the rails at a weak point and become lost in the sands."

"That was my first theory, Tinker—that, or something like it," Rollings said. "I have travelled over and searched every inch of the line, though, and there isn't a quicksand within a hundred yards of the rails. We've got to look for some deeper solution than that, young 'un. Another remarkable feature of the case is that the locomotives disappear somewhere on a five-mile stretch at exactly the same minute every night."

"I can't make head or tail of the business. How the dickens do they carry them off? They must weigh at least forty tons each, and a hundred men couldn't lift them. The Yard hasn't been a solitary footprint left in the case. It makes one inclined to believe in supernatural agencies."

Blake stared thoughtfully into the fire.

It was certainly a mysterious business, yet he knew there must be a solution somewhere, and a simple one at that. The short time in which the engines disappeared did not permit of complicated and elaborate methods of stealing them.

"And the fireman and drivers. What of them?" he asked. "Do you think they were implicated?"

"The fireman and driver of each engine are also missing," said the Yard man. "The whole eight of them, two to each engine which has disappeared, were old and trusted servants of the company. I am convinced they have nothing in common with the thieves, and that they are being held prisoners." Rollings snuffed vigorously. "Dash it!" he granted. "About the only thing I got the handcuffs on down there is a darned coil of silver."

As he pulled out his handkerchief, something of silvery brightness rolled along the carpet to the detective's feet. Blake bent down to pick it up; and as he glanced at it he regarded Rollings with slight surprise.

"Did you know you had been collecting foreign coins, old man," he said.

"What the deuce—Oh, I remember now," said the Yard man. "I found the thing lying on the sleepers as I was examining the line. First coin of the sort I've seen, so I stick it in my pocket for one of my nephews, who has a collection. Made of silver and worth about tuppence, I expect. Must have dropped from a carriage of a passenger train. What country is it a coin of? D'you recognise it?"

Blake examined the coin curiously for a moment, and a quick gleam entered his grey eyes. It was a small coin of nickel and silver alloy, and on one side it bore the head of Carlos, Prince of Mauretavia.

He took up the evening paper, and turned to the pictorial supplement on the back

page. In the centre of the sheet was a photograph of Prince Carlos of Mauretavia reviewing his troops.

The prince, with Count von Dreschler at his side, was riding around the ranks of some two hundred infantry drawn up in the park at Bona. Beneath the photograph was the following:

"Prince Carlos of Mauretavia reviews his troops."

"It is rumored in Vienna that there is a possibility of war being declared between Mauretavia and Bolivia, the above photograph should be of interest to our readers."

Blake handed the paper to Rollings.

"Have you seen this?" he asked caustically. "Read it in the train coming up to town," granted the Yard man. "Bolivia and Mauretavia are two pokey, comic-opera sort of kingdoms tucked away on the borders of Austria and Bona. I believe. The photograph of Count von Dreschler attracted my attention most. He's as cunning and crafty as they make 'em, and it'll be 'Heaven help Prince Carlos!' if he listens to Dreschler's sobbing."

"Did not Prince Carlos marry Anne Borselli some months ago?" asked Blake. "The woman was suspected of being a secret agent of one of the Central Powers during the war. Through nothing could be proved against her."

"The woman lived within a stone's throw of the Southampton garrison during the war; and although many suspected her of espionage, we could never get any evidence against her," said Rollings. "She and Count von Dreschler have worked in harness for years, and a pretty pair of scoundrels they are."

"It was owing to her influence, of course, that Dreschler was made Minister of War of Mauretavia as soon as she married Carlos. According to what I've heard, the prince is a weak-willed sort of fool, and Dreschler and the woman are having it all their own way in the kingdom."

"If there is going to be war over there, you can bet your bottom dollar that those two boys brought it about with the help of profiting from it somehow. But to get back to this railway affair—"

"And one of the most important requirements for an army is an efficient transport," Blake said thoughtfully. "A good railway service to bring food and ammunition to the lines is essential to success."

Rollings stared at the private investigator in amazement.

"What the deuce are you driving at?" he asked blankly.

Blake did not answer, but took up the coin. As he examined the date beneath the head a suggestion of a smile played about his lips.

"Have you noticed the date, Rollings?" he said, his eyes of excitement in his usually untrifled voice. "It is nineteen twenty-two, and by its clean and unscratched surface I should imagine it was struck late in the year—probably as recently as two months ago."

"That tells us conclusively that a Mauretavian subject, or someone who has visited Mauretavia, was in the vicinity of the railway lines this last few weeks. Tinker, bring me the atlas."

Rollings looked on from eyes expressing bewilderment, but Tinker was smiling now. His nimble wits, set in the right channels by his master's remarks, were following the same trail as was Blake.

He tugged a large atlas from the bookcase and handed it about with a detentive.

"I believe you've hit it, gu'nner!" he said excitedly. "Great pip! It's a bit of a shocker, though."

Blake gave the lad a nod of approval, and opened the atlas at the page showing a map of Austria-Hungary and Bona.

On the border-line between the countries the two small principalities were shown in neutral colours. From Mauretavia into Bolivia ran a line denoting a railway, but on either side of the line were two red-dotted lines, showing that the service had been abandoned.

"Was not Prince Carlos suspected of having German and Austrian sympathies during the war?" he asked quickly.

"Yes," granted the Yard man, chewing at the butt of his cheroot. "But I can't see what the dickens it has to do with the case. We know for a fact that he disposed of all his locomotives—'Jumping Jimmy!'"

Rollings broke off with a sharp exclamation, and his red crop positively bristled with excitement.

"You think that—"  
 "That the locomotives have been stolen for war purposes?" put in Blake quietly. "It is certainly a staggering theory, yet the only one I can put forward at present which will provide a motive for the thefts. The map shows, too, that the railway service between the two countries has been abandoned."

"If, as you were about to state, Mauretavia disposed of her locomotives to one of the Central Powers during the war—and the abandoned service bears this out—it is imperative that she should obtain locomotives in order to conduct any contemplated war operations with success."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Rollings. "You're a wonder, Blake! I never thought of connecting the coin with the thefts. There's something about your theory that is true."

"Ever known the gov'nor to be wrong?" Tinker said, with a grin. "My stars, there'll be some complications! I reckon you'll be the only giddy sleuth, Mr. Rollings, who's ever clapped the darbies on a real, live, ruling prince!"

"And you'll get a run for your money, too," Blake said. "Carlos is not the big noise in this affair, although, if my theory is true, he is implicated. You'll find you are up against Count von Dreschler and the elusive Anne Borselli. No mean combination of brains that."

"We have proof of their ingenuity in the theft of the locomotives. Give me all the details you know concerning the thefts. I intend running down to Southampton and investigating the case in the morning. There is one other thing in favour of my theory."

## HOW TO MAKE FINGER-PRINTS

*A Few Simple and Practical Hints that will enable you to make a good showing in our New Competition*

Prints can be made in several ways.

(1) By spreading a small quantity of printer's ink over a flat piece of tin by means of a rubber roller.

(2) By impressing the finger-tip on an ordinary stamp-pad, such as is used for rubber stamps.

The finger should previously be washed free of greasiness or perspiration, and wiped clean and dry. The stamp-pad or inked tin, whichever is used, should also be perfectly free from dirt or hairs.

The finger should be pressed lightly but firmly on the paper. Too heavy a pressure will cause the lines to smudge.

Almost any paper will do, but ordinary semi-glazed paper is as good as any. You may experiment till you get the best result, and then cut out the print and stick it to the coupon.

The clearest prints received will be reproduced as the prize-winning efforts.

"You say that Anne Borselli was a resident of Southampton during the war? It would be essential that a person who knows this district should be in charge of the operations, and it would not surprise me to know that she is in the country. Get her description circulated along the South Coast. She might fall into the net."

Rollings positively beamed upon the man from Baker Street.

"I've a deuced lot to thank you for," he said. "I'll also get the Channel watched for any suspicious shipping. If your theory is correct they must get the engines across to Mauretavia by water!"

Blake shot him a glance of mock-serious approval.

"Good man!" he said. "I shouldn't be surprised but what they do!"

The detective proffered his cigar-case, and then they settled down in their chairs.

"I arrived in Southampton this morning, and set to work straightaway," said the Yardman. "First of all, I interviewed the men in the signal-boxes along the section of the line from which the engines disappeared. Soon I narrowed the field of investigation down to the five-mile stretch of the line—the distance between two boxes only."

"It appears that each night the stolen engines had passed these two boxes correct to time, but only passed the one known as Moreton signal-box coming back on the down line. Therefore, I knew the engines had disappeared at some point between the two boxes."

"How is it that the engines were not attached to a train?" asked Tinker. "Were they freighted?"

"Yes, young 'un. Each engine stolen was (Continued overleaf.)"



## TEN POUNDS in CASH PRIZES for FINGER-PRINTS!



Another Ten Prizes of One Pound each are offered this week in our increasingly popular Finger Print Competition. The prize-winning efforts in No. 1 Contest will be reproduced in the issue for January 27th.

### NO PUZZLING!

### NO TIE-ING!

### NO DIVISION OF PRIZES!

The above prizes will be awarded to UNION JACK readers who comply with the simple conditions below, and whose prints are adjudged to be the neatest and clearest.

Clean finger-prints are easily made (see above), and if you fail at first you can keep on trying till you get a good result. You can send in prints of as many fingers as you like, each on a separate coupon.

You do not have to send your name and address, so there is no possibility of favouritism or identification. When the entries are received, the ten clearest will be reproduced in the UNION JACK. All others will then be immediately destroyed.

When the reproductions appear, compare your finger-print with them. If any are identical—NOT SIMILAR—send up another copy of the print, with your name and address. The print will be checked with the original, and the prize you have won will be forwarded.

No two finger-prints are the same. There is no possibility of the other fellow winning your prize!

### ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

The following simple conditions MUST be complied with:

(1) The print may be made either on the coupon itself, or on a separate piece of paper. If the latter, the paper must be firmly STUCK to the coupon, and not pinned.

(2) You may send in as many different prints as you like, but each print must be stuck to a separate coupon. No more than one print per coupon.

(3) You need not send your name and address.

(4) No correspondence should be sent with the coupons.

(5) Coupons may be either pasted to postcards, or sent in envelopes. If the envelope is unsealed, the postage will be one penny.

(6) Coupons must be received at this office by Thursday, January 15th, 1925. Any arriving after that date will be disqualified.

(7) Address your entries to: The Editor, UNION JACK, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

(8) The Editor's decision must be considered as final. This is a condition of entry.

(9) No employees of the proprietors of this journal are eligible to compete.

### U. J. FINGER-PRINT COMPETITION.

(No. 1,005) | No. 5. | 13-1-23

Make your print here.



If preferred, you can use a separate piece of paper, which must be stuck firmly in the space provided.

an extra one added to the rear of a certain goods-train which journeys from Southampton to Weymouth every night," said Rollings. "Owing to the lily nature of the countryside this is necessary."

"After Moreton signal-box is passed, however, the track runs more level. Fortunately the spare engine to be uncoupled, and reversing, it gets on the down line at the points, and runs back to the locomotive sheds."

"Between Moreton signal-box and the next one down the line, the engines vanish. The theft happened in exactly the same way to-night as those of the three preceding nights. I was in the first box myself this evening. The engine passed our box coupled to the rear of the train, correct to time, and a quarter of an hour later Moreton box rang through with the information that it had uncoupled, and was ready to reverse on to the down line for the sheds."

"The driver and fireman were questioned, and reported they had seen nothing of a suspicious nature on the journey."

"I then waited for the engine to pass us on its return journey. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and it failed to put in an appearance, I knew that something was wrong. You can imagine my feelings when I tell you I tramped along the line to Moreton to get a glimpse of it. It had apparently vanished into thin air. The affair beats all reason!"

"And yet there must be a natural solution to it," Blake said quietly. "It is, however, useless to sit up and guess at the affair. Tinker and I will join you at Southampton some time to-morrow afternoon. To-morrow night we will drive the engine ourselves, and see what happens. That will be the quickest way of getting to the root of the mystery. I'll leave you to arrange everything with the railway people."

"Fine, gov'nor!" said Tinker, enthusiastic at the prospect of the promised excitement. "You can do the coal-shovelling while I drive it."

Blake cheerfully flung the atlas at the lad, which, catching him on the chest, put the damper on his enthusiasm for a moment.

"I'll get the whole line studded with police," Rollings said. "I'll stake my pennies that I get away with another of the darned things!"

But Blake shook his head.

"That would be fatal to success, Rollings," he said. "We must carry this thing through on our own. If the line is policed, the gang would not be foolish enough to show themselves, and we should have our trouble for nothing. We must ally their suspicions at all costs."

Rollings rose to his feet, and gripped the detective's hand.

"That's true enough," he admitted. "Very well, then, we'll play a lone hand. It sounds a bit like running our necks into a noose, but, as you say, it is the quickest way of fitting the puzzle together. I'll get round to

the Chief now, and let him in on this. If he mentions anything more about dog-fight, I'll—U—H—"

Words failed the choleric police official, and, jamming on his hard felt hat, he snatched up his coat and stick, and stomped from the room.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**  
**A Night of Adventure.**



"SHE'S a daisy, gov'nor!" Tinker said, looking over a brightly-painted and glittering locomotive standing outside the engine-sheds of the Southampton & South Coast Railway. "Make her rip on the home run! She'd do over sixty an hour without a grunt."

Blake smiled at the enthusiasm in the lad's voice. It was dusk on the evening following Rollings' visit to Baker Street. The private investigator, the Yard man, and Tinker were all clad in blue overalls and peaked caps, and stood in the presence of one of the traffic managers.

"The goods train will be ready to depart in a few minutes, Mr. Blake," said the railway official. "The company are very grateful for the interest you are taking in the affair. If we lose any more of our engines we shall have to curtail the service. The whole thing is inexplicable."

Blake nodded and examined the regulator, Westinghouse air-brake, and other controls to see if they were in proper working order.

"I am hoping that to-night will see the mystery solved," he said. "Come on, Tinker, you lazy beggar. Bank up the furnace. You'll be as lean as a greyhound after to-night's work."

With a cheery grin, Tinker rolled up his sleeves and set to work with a will on the small mountain of coal in the tender. Round ticked the needle on the steam-gauge to seventy pounds pressure to the square inch, and Blake closed the blower with his foot.

"Ready, Rollings!" he cried, making his voice heard with difficulty above the hiss of escaping steam. "The goods train has just run out of the siding, and they are signalling us to couple-up."

After they had bid the traffic manager a cheery good-night, Rollings clambered up beside them on the plates.

Blake gently pulled down the regulator, and a shower of sparks danced into the air. At a slowly increasing speed the engine sortered its way to the tail-light of the goods train ahead, and a few minutes later they had attached the coupling links and were

thundering along at a good speed behind the goods train into the night.

"This is topping," said Tinker, snatching a brief respite from his labours. "It's a pretty black night, though, and if there's going to be any danger, we shall be in it before we realize where we are. Come on, Mr. Rollings! This job'll save you quids in Antipou. Shove a shovel, or I'll report you to the union for slacking! Phew! I shall be a grease-spot in a minute!"

"I'd give a fiver for a couple of 'o'clocks' moonlight to see me chasing the dampers, and wiping the sweat from his forehead with a piece of cotton-waste. "To make things worse there's a confounded fog blowing in from the Channel."

Away in the distance lights twinkled mistily on the Isle of Wight. From the Channel came the hoop of fog sirens, and a keen, salt wind, laden with yellow, clinging mist, which formed a halo about the ruddy glow from the dampers. An uneventful hour passed, and when they reached Moreton signal-box and uncoupled from the goods, each experienced a little thrill of excitement.

"I wonder in what uncanny manner we're going to be spirited away," Tinker said, peering into the darkness. "I'll bet you'll lose your bottom dollar that something is going to happen. The night is too favourable for the job for the gang to let the opportunity slip. Right away, gov'nor! There's a green light one down signal, and the points have shifted. Reverse her, and let her rip!"

Blake tugged over the reversing lever, gave a turn to the regulator, and they rattled over the points on to the down line.

The darkness veiled them like a curtain, and scarcely ten yards of the line ahead was visible in the yellow glow of the lamps. Shutting the blower, Blake motioned Tinker to cease feeding the fire.

"We've got to see to it as mink," he said, peering through the circular observation window. "It would be madness to venture at a greater speed. Get your automatics ready, and keep your eyes skinned! Hello, what's that? Someone signalling from a vessel in the Channel!"

Out in the Channel a red light flashed a message, which at times was blotted from the detective's view by the rolling banks of fog.

Blake gritted his teeth. Five hundred yards down the line another powerful light had leapt into view, disclosing in its brilliant glow a large gang of men, who carried something which glittered like long strips of silver.

Came the clang of heavy hammers on metal, and from the shore the shrieks of startled gulls.

So near were they to the coast that this point that the hiss of the surf distinct reached their ears. Every now and then there sounded dull but reverberating thuds, as of some mighty bird flapping the cliffs with monstrous wings, as the larger waves wrecked their fury on the rocks.

"We seem to be surrounded, Rollings," Blake muttered. "Hold on like grim death! There's plenty of reserve power registered on the gauge, and I'm going to attempt to run through the danger area and return to investigate on foot, if I succeed."

"I have a good idea now as to how the engines have been stolen, so it would serve no useful purpose now for us to fall into their hands. Open the blower, young 'un!"

Blake opened the regulator to its widest extent. A fountain of sparks danced and showered about them, and the engine leapt forward with a mighty roar. The scream of metal rubbing over metal deafened them, and the needle of the speed-indicator flicked at between fifty and sixty miles an hour.

Then, above the din, rose the startled voice of Tinker.

"Look out, gov'nor! Someone's waving a red light ahead! It means danger! The signals are against us, too!"

Blake swung up the regulating lever and sprang to the Westinghouse air-brake. Was it trickery? He hesitated for a moment, undecided as to what action to adopt. The engine was slowing down now.

Suddenly it gave a violent lurch towards the sea, bumping and rocking perilously in its mad passage.

Rollings and Tinker were flung to the hot plates, but with a desperate effort Blake managed to keep his feet and to apply the brake.

As the engine came to a standstill, he had a fleeting glimpse of shadowy forms clambering up the sides of the tender. The next moment something descended with stunning

<b>FOOTER</b>	<b>BEST BOYS' BOOKS</b>	<b>BOXING</b>
<b>THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY.</b>  Fourpence Per Volume.	No. 649.— <b>THE GREEN TRIANGLE.</b> A thrilling detective novel, introducing NELSON LEE and NIPPER P. PROFESSOR KINGRAVE and the LEAGUE of the GREEN TRIANGLE.	
	No. 650.— <b>THE IDOL OF THE CROWD.</b> A superb yarn of the footer field. By A. S. Hardy.	
	No. 651.— <b>SPORTSMEN, LTD.</b> A grand tale of sport and adventure. By Walter Edwards.	
	No. 652.— <b>BANDITS OF THE BUSH.</b> A magnificent story of Jack, Sam, and Pete in Australia. By S. Clarke Hook.	
	No. 267.— <b>THE CASE OF THE AMBER CROWN.</b> A tale of fascinating South American adventure, featuring SEXTON BLAKE, TINKER, and ADELAN STREET.	
<b>THE SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY.</b>  Fourpence Per Volume.	No. 268.— <b>THE SECRET OF THE SAFE.</b> A story of baffling mystery and clever deduction. By the author of "The Sign in the Sky," etc., etc.	
	No. 269.— <b>THE MYSTERY OF GLYNN CASTLE.</b> A tale of SEXTON BLAKE and TINKER, with a most amazing plot. Specially written by the author of "Flagship of Fate," etc., etc.	
	No. 270.— <b>THE AFFAIR OF THE SEVEN MUMMY CASES.</b> An absorbing story of clever detective work in London and Egypt.	
<b>MYSTERY</b>	Now on Sale!	<b>Get a Copy To-DAY!</b>
	<b>ADVENTURE</b>	

force upon his head, and with a groan he slipped to the plates, his world becoming a sea of whirling red, in which he sank down, down into oblivion.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

"It Was No Play-acting—No Bluff."



IN the breathless stillness of a southern afternoon, when the air was hot and heavy, and the sky brazen and cloudless, the shadow of the Golden Crest lay solitary on the surface of the glittering sea.

A few birds flew round about the vessel, and seemed to pass under her stern windows only to appear again at her bows.

A lazy albatross, with the white water flashing from with a dabbling sound to leeward, and in the place where he had been glided the hideous fin of a silently-swimming shark.

The seams of the dirty deck were sticky with melted pitch, and the brass plate of the compass-case on the bridge sparkled in the sun like a jewel.

There was no breeze, and as the clumsy ship rolled and lurchcd on the heaving sea, her idle sails flapped against her masts with a regularly recurring noise, and her towspit would seem to rise higher with the water's swell, to dip again with a jerk which made each rope tremble and tauten.

On the forecabin some half-dozen foreign sailors, in all varieties of undress, were playing at cards, smoking, or watching the fishing-lines which hung over the catheads.

Outwardly the appearance of the vessel differed little from that of an ordinary sailing ship. It was just one of the many treacheries of fortune which might be found on any of the Seven Seas to the casual eye, except that at her masthead flapped the little known flag of Mauretavia.

But in the waist a curious sight presented itself. Between the foot of the foremast and the first hold two men and a boy were roped together in a sort of barricade, and outside an armed sentry stood on guard.

The prisoners were Sexton Blake, Tinker, and Detective-Inspector Rollings of New Scotland Yard.

The sun poured its hottest rays upon their heads, and although every cranny and seam in the deck sweltered hot and reeking pitch from the fierce heat, no awning had been erected over them, and the slightest attempt been made to relieve their sufferings.

They had lain thus, in one position or another, ever since the groaning vessel had escaped from the rollers of the Bay of Biscay, for over a week had elapsed since their adventurous ride upon the locomotive had terminated in their finding themselves in the hands of the enemy.

"If I ever come to grips with that square-headed son of Satan, Count von Dreselher, I'll break him in half," ground out Rollings, lying motionless and more suddenly fierce-eyed at the sparkling sea. "How the deuce did they get us aboard the confounded boat in the first place?"

"The whole affair is as simple as I first supposed it to be," Blake said wearily, changing his position on the unbearably hot deck. "You will recollect how we suddenly swerved off from the main track towards the sea?"

"The gang must have taken up a section of the rails, and substituted a curved section on sleepers which ran down to the water's edge."

"This deck, which you will see is detachable and curiously constructed, can be taken up and fitted out as a huge raft. It was towed right up to the beach, and the engine, running down the rail they had attached under cover of the darkness, would naturally carry on under its own impetus on to the raft."

"The raft and engine must then have been towed out into the Channel. I can see no signs of anything in the nature of a crane on the ship, and as it would be impossible to get the engines into the holds in a whole condition without one, it is pretty certain they must have dismantled them on the raft, and carried them aboard in sections, after-



So great was the glare thrown off by the flames that Blake and his companions could see the vessel distinctly. "Poor devils!" muttered Rollings, "They'll roast like hot chestnuts! Thank Heaven they set us adrift!" (Chapter 5.)

wards fitting the deck back into position on the ship.

"Many of the crew are obviously not sailors, I am inclined to think they are a gang of skilled mechanics slipped for the job. To such men the task of substituting the curved track and dismantling the engines would present little difficulty, and could be done in a short space of time."

Tinker nodded, and turned his sun-battered face towards his master.

"And soon as they had the engine on the raft they must have removed all traces of the theft, and left the track in its original condition," the lad said. "It was a clever stunt! At that point we were so near to the sea that the larger waves would roll over the sands and obliterate any foot-prints except those near the line."

"It would be a simple matter for them to get rid of those remaining with a few buckets of water. And as you say, gov'nor, the work would be simple to a gang of mechanics. Twenty of them could easily get the engine aboard the raft, and re-lay the rails in their original position in a quarter of an hour. But where are we heading for now, I wonder?"

Blake stared out over the shimmering water. Away off the port bow was a black smudge.

"That will be Sicily," he said. "I believe it is the captain's intention to work round the south coast of Italy into the Adriatic, and land at either Zara or Spalato on the Slavonic coast. From either of these ports the engine could be taken by rail into Mauretavia."

Rollings gave vent to his feelings in a dismal groan.

"What the deuce will they think at the Yard?" he said. "The Chief'll go crackers. It's peculiar we are the only prisoners aboard. What's happened to the drivers and firemen of the other engines?"

"I believe they were liberated before the boat left England," Blake said quietly.

"Then why the deuce should we still be held prisoners," Tinker said, "having gained possession of the locomotives I should have thought they would have rid themselves of us at the first opportunity. Our presence aboard does not add to their safety. Should

the customs officers take it into their heads to search the ship at any port we should take a lot of explaining away."

"We are being held prisoners because our true identities are known to someone aboard the ship," Blake said quietly. "That is the only conclusion I can come to."

Blake broke off with a slight start as he became aware that someone was standing outside the parlance. The three turned their eyes and saw that a tall and well-developed woman, dressed in a loose-sleeved robe of white silk through which all the supple grace of her body strained like an inflamed fire, was regarding them with a peculiar smile on her lips.

"Words of wisdom, Sexton Blake!" she said mockingly.

"Anne Borselli!" snapped out Rollings. "Your theory was correct, Blake."

The Yard man turned his fierce blue eyes on the woman. "It will be as well if you release us at once, madam. The punishment for forcibly detaining an official of Scotland Yard is by no means light. It would be hard if such beauty as yours has to blush unseen in an English prison for a few years."

Anne Borselli laughed low and musically.

"So we meet again, M'sieu Rollings," she said. "The last time I had the pleasure of your company was when you searched my flat at Southampton, I believe. What a pity you did not think to examine the clothes lines hanging out in the garden!"

"They were disguised aeriels of a very efficient wireless receiving and transmitting set, the mechanism of which I had in the bonnet of my car instead of an engine. Non de Dieu! But surely you are choking, M'sieu?"

The Yard man turned a delicate shade of purple, and muttered something between his clenched teeth. The adventress turned her vivacious eyes on the composed features of Sexton Blake.

"But you, M'sieu Blake, are a stranger to me except in reputation," she said. "You were quite right. I recognized the three of you as soon as my men brought you aboard, and when I found the Mauretavian coin in

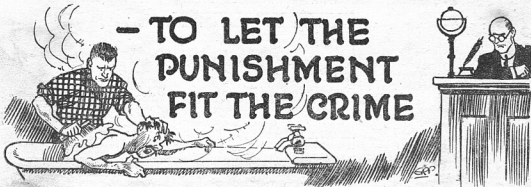


# THE U. J. DETECTIVE MAGAZINE Supplement



No. 57. Presented with the UNION JACK Library for the week ending January 15th, 1925.

## - TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME



"THE sentence of the court is that you shall have a hot bath." This novel sentence was recently imposed on a man who appeared in a New York court-room. He was a baker, and he was in court on a charge of keeping an unclean bakery.

He emphatically disapproved of such a charge being brought against him, and waved his hands in broad gestures to say so. The case began to look very black against him in more ways than one when the judge noticed his hands. They were very unclean, too—black almost.

The judge put two and two together, and assumed that a man with black hands was not unlikely to keep a black bakehouse. As an inspector of the Municipal Health Department had already testified to that effect, the judge passed the sentence quoted above.

The baker duly had his hot bath (presided over by the aforesaid inspector), and thus Justice was vindicated.

There is an increasing tendency nowadays for justices and magistrates to give sentences which are designed to fit, in some way or other, the crimes which they are designed to punish. Particularly is this the case in America.

There was also another case in New York, this time that of a man who was charged with showing his filial piety by assaulting his sixty-seven-year-old father.

He gave vent to his affection by dealing his paternal parent several blows, and dragging him around the floor. The young man was found guilty, and, as the result of a very novel sentence, will probably not forget that in future his father should be immune from such playfulness, for the judge ordered him to paste into his hat a text.



Every time that this gentleman takes off his hat nowadays, he sees the words

*"To let the punishment fit the crime" is a principle that has, until recently, been confined to comic opera. But nowadays certain Justices—having a sense of humour as well as justice—have begun to bring it into real life. Here you will read of some instances of it—all quite true.*

confronting him: "Honour thy father and thy mother."

A few months ago, three enterprising boys of Tampa, Florida, broke into and entered a eatery store in the town.

They were captured, however, and brought up at the Juvenile Court.

The case was proved against them, and the judge inflicted a punishment whose justice is novel as it is poetic.

The judge ordered that the three young prisoners should save their money and buy a pocket-knife for each child in the local children's home. Where the poetic part of the justice came in was that they were ordered to buy the knives from the shop-keeper that they had already robbed.

It is fairly certain that the unique sentence given them will have a greater and far more memorable effect on the prisoners' minds than if the money spent on the knives were paid into court in the prosaic way of a fine.

A rather humorous touch was given to a case in North Carolina. Five negroes were in the dock charged with gambling—playing dice in the public streets. They were duly found guilty, and the judge had then to pronounce sentence on them.

He took it for granted that as they were gamblers they would not mind gambling for their sentences. He therefore sent for dice, handed them to the prisoners, and told them to throw dice for their sentences.

The luckiest of the five threw himself three months' imprisonment, and the others varying terms as indicated by the dice. The unluckiest threw a double-six—twelve months.

Erring husbands who like the delights of

the club rather than those of the home had better take warning from the horrible example of William Wheeler, of Peoria, Illinois.

It was his wife's complaint that he refused to come home at nights. The judge, in finding him guilty, determined on a sentence that would improve matters.

He therefore decreed that the luckless William Wheeler should observe the following twelve rules:

1. That for an hour each day he should take care of the children.
2. That he should help his wife prepare the family breakfast every morning.
3. That he must get a job at once.
4. That he must stay at home at least five nights every week.
5. That he must take his family out for walks, not only during the week, but also on Sundays.
6. That he must start a savings bank account.
7. That, instead of letting his wife wait on him at meals, he must wait on her.
8. That every evening he must repeat to his wife his marriage vows.
9. That he must wash the plates and dishes every evening.
10. That he must hand over his money to his wife and allow her to be the chancellor of the family exchequer.
11. That he must go to church every Sunday and take his wife and family with him.
12. That he must stop drink.

In passing this novel sentence, the judge gave it as his opinion that it would give an example to other husbands who were the same way inclined. Very probably he was right.

If he is not, however, and others are brought before him for similar offences, he says he will send them to gaol and give them the same sort of work in gaol as William Wheeler was set to do out of it.

In other words, they will have to wash the dishes and the windows, sweep and scrub the floors, and other mental tasks of a household nature.

It will be good news to lovers of animals that one of those fiends who are so habitually and savagely cruel to the defenceless horses under their charge, and who flout them to their heart's content and get off with the usual fine, has at last met with his real deserts.

(Continued at foot of next page.)

# THE CRIME MUSEUM OF THE VIENNA POLICE

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB.

Mr. Gollomb's intensely interesting article on the Man-Hunting Machine of Berlin (in No. 35 of this Supplement) was but the prelude to a series from his vivid pen. This series is the outcome of a Continental tour, during which he investigated the police system of several countries. This article tells what he saw in the Crime Museum of the Austrian Capital—an institution which corresponds with Scotland Yard's "Black Museum."

A Piece of Bone, and Its Story—Amateur Counterfeiting—25 Enank-toes in Austria—Up-to-Date Burglars' Tools—The Model Ear.

UNDER the head of a certain class of crime catalogued by the police of Vienna—and a hard time they had classifying it—there is only one case—that of Julius Vogelsgang, Ph.D.

I doubt if there has been another crime quite like it. It would have been an interesting test for amateur Sexton Blakes, and for many professionals, to spy on Dr. Vogelsgang when he was preparing his crime, and to try to guess from the scene what there was criminal connected with it.

A scholar's study filled with books on anthropology, archeology, ancient history; most of the books open at the chapters dealing with prehistoric man. On a table near the window, which was carefully shaded to admit a maximum of light and kept out neighbourly observation, a few sheep bones, a piece of flint, a file or two, and a magnifying-glass. Working over these was a man of the sensitive scholar-artist type.

Now and then as he worked he referred to some dusty volume. He spent more time consulting books than chipping on the sheep bones.

That was all there was to the scene. Several weeks later an intelligent peasant, in smock and wooden shoes, appeared at the gate of a great Austrian university carrying something tied in a handkerchief.

"I should like to see some professor," he requested.

"Which?" he was asked.  
The peasant scratched his head.  
"Blessed if I know!" he grinned perplexedly. "And I am not sure that it is not

the rag-and-bone peddler I'll want. But I was digging for a new well on my farm—'s near Gmund—when I dug up these bones deep down under my beet patch."

He untied his handkerchief and showed a dozen oorty-shaped bones, badly discoloured by soil.

"I thought they were ordinary sheep bones at first, and was about to throw them away. On second thought they were more interesting. They look more like a result kind of axe-head, some of them; others like arrow-heads; and this one looks like a spoon. So I thought I'd bring them here and see what the professors make of them."

The professors examined the bones with increasing interest. Finally, one of them, the greatest authority in the world on his subject, said seriously:

"Gentlemen, these are prehistoric implements of tremendous importance. If my conclusion from their structure and workmanship—and I am convinced that further study will support them—are at all correct, whole chapters of firmly-established history of our prehistoric ancestors will have to be discarded and rewritten on entirely different lines." He turned to the peasant. "We will be glad to take these from you, my man, and to pay you for your trouble in bringing them to us."

A crafty, greedy look had come into the peasant's face.  
"From what you say they must be worth a lot of money!"

The professor offered a generous compensation for a peasant's day's labour from work. The peasant's face darkened.

all convicted of driving at an excessive and dangerous speed. They were not sentenced, but put aside one by one for further action to be taken as regards their cases.

This action took the form of a visit to the local morgue. Here there were lying the mutilated remains of one woman, five men and one child. They had all been killed by motors.

The ten motorists who had been brought up for furious driving were made to look at these remains, and then the judge, to further impress on their minds the danger of reckless driving, ordered them to raise their right hands above their heads.

Then, in the presence of the dead, he made them swear to observe the rules of the road and drive carefully and safely, and to urge all their friends to do likewise.

There are now at least ten motorists in the United States who have a greater respect for the rights of the pedestrian.

A man who was sentenced in an Ohio court for killing his father probably did not realize the enormity of his offence.

At least this was apparently the judge's impression, for, having sentenced him to a life term of imprisonment, he decreed an added penalty calculated to bring the crime home to the criminal.

The partricle, who is only twenty-two years old, is to be isolated from his fellow convicts for five days in every year. For five days in every year for the remainder of his life the prisoner will sit in solitary confinement meditating over his crime.

A shopbreaker in Urdana, Illinois, who got away with six hundred dollars, and was afterwards arrested, had the alternative offered

"Give me them back!" he exclaimed, gathering up his find. "You think because I am a tiller of the soil that I'm a fool. I have found something worth a fortune, and you offer me a drink for it!"

When, after weeks of negotiations with the obscure fellow, the university bought the collection, it was at a cost of about £2,900.

Then began a minute scientific study of the bone implements by the professors. Buried in the same hole where the "peasant" had "found" these bones there must have been deposited implements made in three epochs thousands of years apart. There had either been an astounding coincidence in these individual deposits, or—the collection brought by the peasant were fakes.

Finally, the fake was proved beyond doubt. The peasant had fled. But the science of criminal-hunting in Austria—which means in Vienna, which does the police work for the whole country—has been developed to the point of wizardry, thanks to Professor Hans Gross, the greatest scientist in criminology in the world, and developed after him in the faculties and laboratories of the universities of Austria.

Dr. Julius Vogelsgang, who had painstakingly manufactured a clever imitation of prehistoric bone implements, was traced and imprisoned by scholars cleverer than he.

The faked "prehistoric" bone implements were placed in the Crime Museum of the Vienna police department, where I saw them, which is used as a school for its detectives.

They were shown to me by Inspector Johann Rapp, who had organized the museum, and

(Continued on top of next page.)

This was a certain individual who was driving through Elm City, and lashing his horse incessantly because he did not think it went so fast as he thought it ought to do.

He was arrested and taken before a local magistrate. The case was proved, and the sentence passed.



"Ten lashes with your own whip!" There is now at least one horse-thrasher who knows what a horse-whip feels like from his own experience.

The police official who did the flogging did not spare the whip!

The problem of the speed-hogging motorist is becoming a great one, not only in this country but in America.

There is a judge in America who hopes to put down this danger by very unique means. Whether they will be effective remains to be seen, but anyhow, they have the merit of being novel.

Ten motorists were brought before him,

him of serving ten years in prison or obeying ten rules which the judge drew up.

1. Go to a place of worship at least once each week.

2. Give up smoking cigarettes for twelve months.

3. Stay away from gambling-houses one year.



4. Read books selected by the public librarian and report to the probation officer what he reads.

5. Keep employed constantly and keep account of the money he spends, and how he spends it.

6. Stay off the streets at night except on business.

7. Keep all laws of the State, city or village.

8. Drink no intoxicating liquor.

9. Pay all Court costs in five dollar monthly instalments.

10. Report to circuit judge the first day of each court term.

He chose the rules!

(Continued at foot of next page.)



was head of the detective school. I have spoken of this particular exhibit not because it is the most interesting thing in the museum—it is not—but because it seemed to me so typical.

I have studied the crime museums of London, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, and from each I have carried away the feeling of its typical criminal.

The museum in Scotland Yard made me see a sullen, heavy, unimaginative criminal who struck down his prey with a bludgeon and was not too clever either in crime or in escape.

In Paris I felt a keen, highly-imaginative, temperamental genius in crime.

In Berlin it was again a heavy ruthless type, but working with ponderous intelligence.

The Vienna crime museum reflected a light touch in crime, skilful, subtle, lightly modern in accomplishment, delighting in concocting something absolutely new in the way of dishonesty—something based on the latest in science and preferring to avoid physical cruelty if possible.

Dr. Julius Vogelssang and his crime, while unique in their particular category, seemed to me entirely of a kind with the rest of the museum. Inspector Johann Rapp exhibited to me.

"Observe, for instance, the exhibit of counterfeiting," Inspector Rapp said, his beard and spectacles fixed alive with interest. "Here is an outfit, one hundred years old. The gang that used it consisted of a schoolmaster, a printer, a lithographer, and a sporting man, who distributed the false bills. They even imitated the watermark with the use of various devices."

I must not describe the device, lest its simplicity and effectiveness may even to-day be a suggestion. Nor must I describe another exhibit I saw there—a counterfeiting outfit carried outside in the waistcoat pocket of its inventor.

I shall take a chance, however, in telling of the simplest conceivable counterfeiting device, the product of a farmer-boy's ingenuity toward crime. He was caught in his first effort, and would be anyone else who tried to use his crude device. Nevertheless, there was imagination in his method.

He took a coin and heated it until it was red-hot. He then took a piece of wood and cut on a small piece of wood until the pattern of the coin was burned into it half the depth of the coin. He did the same with the reverse side of the coin on another piece of wood.

Clamping the two pieces of wood together with the burned parts facing and exactly opposite each other, he cut a funnel-shaped channel leading to the resulting mould.

Then, by means of a mixture of soda-water syphons he made a liquid metal that flowed into the mould, and, hardening, be-

Punishments by ridicule is another great weapon in the hands of the reformer.

In the Frankfort Penitentiary, Kentucky, as in most of the other great penal establishments of America, the inmates are allowed much more licence than is the case in English convict prisons.

Card playing is one of the privileges they enjoy. So much so in fact, that the thing has become a scandal, and gambling and quarrels arising out of card games became quite a usual thing in the prison. None of the usual punishments seemed to have any effect.

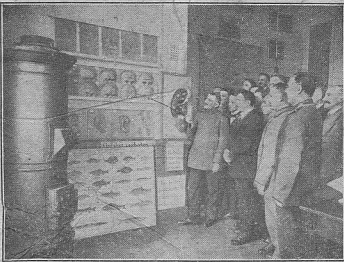
The governor of the Penitentiary then hit on a good idea. Every man now wears dishevelled prison regulations, has to wear a pair of trousers coloured a brilliant shade of red. This splash of colour in the grey prison surroundings advertises the man as no other man would do, and arouses his fellow-prisoners' mirth and ridicule.

No man wearing the vivid red nether garments can take part in the many privileges of the prison. This is bad enough, as there are many privileges, but worst of all is the incessant leg-pulling the red trousers provoke. Gambling has now become a very rare occurrence.

A very practical way of making the punishment fit the crime is practised by a certain body of the American police. This again concerns motorists. In the ordinary way the speed-hog is a very hard person to catch, owing by the unsatisfactory method of chasing him on a motor-bike and side car.

Here they have a better method, and one which never fails to bring results.

When they see the speed-hog approaching



The Crime Museum of Vienna is a school for detectives as well as a museum. Here is shown a class receiving instruction on the comparative modelling of criminals' foreheads. The model car referred to in this article is seen on the instructor's right.

Photo: Della Mirror.

came a replica of the coin he was counterfeiting. There was left only to open the mould and repeat the performance indefinitely.

"The crime impulse in itself sometimes fascinates people," Inspector Rapp said, taking out of the glass case what I took at first glimpse to be a fifty-kroner note.

"Such people will go to enough trouble and employ more talent to commit a crime than would have earned for them a hundred times the reward they expected, had they used the same effort and talent in legitimate channels. This counterfeit note was done by a talented boy of sixteen, and it took him nearly a week to make it. Look closely at it."

I did, and was startled to find the note had been entirely drawn by hand with the finest pen-work imaginable in ink of several colours, the whole intricate engraved pattern most faithfully copied.

"Here is another case almost like it," Inspector Rapp said, showing me a hundred-kroner note. "It was done by a medical student, who also made a study of photo-

graphy. As you see, he has photographed a genuine bill with extraordinary care several times on the same piece of sensitized paper, printing each time in another colour. For the eye the reproduction is, of course, perfect.

"But he was compelled to print it on paper so different from that on which genuine bills are printed that he was caught at once."

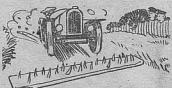
Many of the souvenirs in the museum are interesting for their stories. Here is a cleverly counterfeited five-pound (five pound sterling, English) note.

The Austrian who made it and many others like it, reasoned simply. In Vienna it would be much easier to pass counterfeit English money than Austrian money.

So he made English money, and succeeded in getting the highest bank in Vienna to give him Austrian money in exchange. In time the bank was notified from England that the bills were false.

The bank in Vienna, on the advice of the police, kept quiet. The counterfeiter, who

(Continued on page 296.)



the waiting policeman throw across the road a large plank studded with very sharp nails. The nails are point upwards. If the man is a speed-hog he is going too fast to pull up in time, and consequently his tyres go over the pointed nails.

Naturally there are four sets of punctures, and he has to pull up quickly to prevent an accident. Before he can change even one tyre the waiting police are on the spot.

He is then safely gathered in. He has no excuse, for if he were not going at above the legal limit, he could easily have pulled up in time to avoid the nail-studded plank. The normal-speed man always avoids trouble and the road-hog always runs into it.

Even should the speed man get away there is no difficulty whatever afterwards on the part of the police in identifying the car that has gone over the nail-studded plank, for the tyres are practically gashed to ribbons, and marks are even left on the rims.

Five boys were recently charged at a New York Court of Justice for doing damage on the railway. They were lucky indeed to have come before Recorder Barbour, who has

modern and humane ideas with regard to the punishment of juvenile offenders.

He is not a believer in coal as a place to reform young boys. He thinks that much more can be accomplished by good humanitarian treatment than by the imposition of fines or imprisonment.

His treatment in this case took the form of sentencing the five boys to learn and study a great piece of oratory whose appeal is lofty and inspiring—Abraham Lincoln's address before the battle of Gettysburg.

"I want you," he said, "to study it. Four weeks from to-day I want you all to come here and report. The eldest of you is to recite the address, having learned it by heart. The others are to be ready to answer any questions I may put to them about you. Now you may go. Be ready to report to me in four weeks time."

When he was asked to explain the reason for this novel sentence he replied:

"I am certain that the whole five of them will be here when the weeks are up. Moreover, they will register eight marks out of a hundred. They will learn something. They will keep out of trouble in the meantime, too. Boys will be boys. Is it not better they should learn this than be thrown among real criminals in goal and have their first lessons in training in real crime? A little real education, a little encouragement and a pat on the back at the right time, will start almost any so-called 'bad' boy along the road to 'good' boy."

There will be few to disagree with him. Making the punishment to fit the crime has a great deal to be said for it.



## THE "GLORIOUS" NORTH- WEST MOUNTED.

By L. RICE.



### ALL ABOUT THE MOST WONDERFUL BODY OF MEN ON EARTH—THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.

This is an article that you have long been wanting to read. It is an authoritative account of the famous "North-West Mounted," whose deeds and valour are the pride of its members and the envy of the world. The men who make it up have a pet name for it—they call it the "Great Outfit." And so it is—the greatest that ever happened! Here are some little-known details about the conditions of life in it.

WHEN King George was crowned every country owing allegiance to the British throne sent a number of men, representative of its best, to be a guard of honour at the ceremonies.

There were the tall, haughty rajahs from India, and the lean, browned Australian constabulary; the magnificent Highlanders, and a selected number of the most famous English regiments.

Among them all our squad of men attracted universal attention. Of all those wonderful specimens of manhood they were the most wonderful.

They wore black knee-breeches with yellow stripes, a red tunic, broad picturesque Stetson hats, spurs, and a carbine.

They were representative members of the North-West Mounted Police of Canada, to whom, in admiration, the King afterwards gave the appellation "royal." It is now known, therefore, as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

That is, it is called by that title officially. But its members have a "pet" name for it, a name which denotes their unshakable pride in the most wonderful organization in the world.

They call it "The Great Outfit."

The uniform mentioned above is the one in which the men are usually seen, but they have another uniform—a full-dress affair—which is only worn on great occasions.

It very much resembles that of the full dress of the Dragoons, and consists of a bright red coat, dark-blue trousers with a yellow stripe, and a white helmet in place of the broad-brimmed slouch hat.

In winter these uniforms are replaced by short coats of shaggy buffalo skin, with a fur cap to complete the picture. Moccasins are also worn in the bitter Canadian winter in place of the ordinary boots, as the latter would freeze hard and injure the feet of men wearing them in the extremely low temperatures that prevail in the bleak solitudes of the "North-West Mounted's" best.

It is probable that more detective stories, and stories of heroism, have been written around this unique body of men than about all the other police bodies in the world, with the possible exception of the members of Scotland Yard.

The restlessness of the "North-West Mounted" is proverbial. Its single-handed bravery is known from one end of the world to the other.

Our magazines and our cinema pictures are full of the brave, cheerful, smiling, dead-

shot-never-give-up chap, and his wonderful and beautiful horse.

What is more, those stories, though fiction, could be overmatched any time by the cold facts as set down in the "Mounted's" records.

From the cinema pictures and from stories we know the North-West territories, too,

with their brief spring and their long and cruel winter.

And we are perfectly familiar with the solitary horseman on whom the life and safety of its inhabitants hang, and hardly anyone knows of the very precise and exact life which that horseman leads.

#### Physical Perfection.

The force was first mobilised in the 'seventies. At that time the territories were not provinces of Canada, as they are now, nor had the Indians and half-breeds been put on reservations.

McCloud, on the border between the United States and Canada, was a place at which innumerable fugitives from the United States of America slipped through into the practically uncharted country.

Ranchers, already trying to establish homesteads on the fertile plains, were at the mercy of thieves and bandits, both red and white.

There were no railways in the whole country.

Officers of the law from Quebec Province made efforts to secure the persons of notorious criminals known to be hiding in the territories, but any man with a knowledge of outdoor life could easily evade them.

The Canadian Government, therefore, determined to put a mounted force in the territories, and called for volunteers, the same to be subject to the most rigorous physical examination.

The standard set has not only been maintained, but made higher. Every man, to have even a chance of becoming a member of the "Mounted" must be at least five feet seven inches tall.

Many of the men put this by a full foot. The health of the applicant must be perfect, not only at the time of application, but previously.

Teeth, eyes, hearing, heart, lungs, feet, spine—all must receive that laconic symbol, which has passed into our language from Lloyd's—"A!"

#### First Big Innings.

The year 1874 saw the first muster roll of the force, which was soon up to the full number of one thousand, at which it has always remained, except for a brief period during the late war.

The first place at which a post was established was Battleford, then the capital of the territories, and the next was Fort Pelly, Edmonton Post, that of the important border town of McLeod, and then of Prince Albert, were established in rapid succession.

When, three years later, Regina became the capital, the territorial headquarters of



GLORIOUS MEN ON GLORIOUS HORSES.—Skilled horsemanship is only one of the requirements of the "Mounted" man. This sort of thing is merely a frolic for both horse and rider. [Photo: Special Press.]

the force were removed to that place, then little more than a hamlet.

The official headquarters of the force has always been at Ottawa, the seat of the Canadian Government.

The reason for this has never been brought out so far as I know in any tale of the North-West Mounted Police.

This body is a most singular one, in that it is both military and civil, and operates under both authorities.

The form of life led is strictly military, as is the training and the discipline; but the powers are civil. The "powers that be" at Ottawa have to do with all civil matters, while the commanding officer in the territories has to do with all matters military.

### Organization.

Any man of the force has the right to arrest an offender against the law; and all commanding officers are with all civil matters of the peace, and sit in regular courts, at the posts, whenever necessary.

They are the magistrates for that locality, as well as for any cases brought before them by a man of the force.

All the force must attend lectures, given every week by the commanding officer, upon the interpretation of the law, and upon the interchange of relationships between Canada and the United States.

Every man of the force must know exactly how far his authority extends, how and when to use it, and what are his limitations.

In all matters of daily living the details are the same as those of military life. There are barracks, canteens, parade grounds, officers of the day, guards at night, morning inspection, and so on and so on.

A British cavalry regiment would be quite at home with a post of the Mounted.

The privates are called constables. The commissioned officers are known by the corresponding military titles.

Next to them are inspectors. Above them are superintendents, who are always commanders of posts.

Above them all are the chief commissioner and his assistant.

### Conditions in the "Mounted"

A constable begins his work at the wage of fifty cents a day. It must be borne in mind, however, that absolutely the only things any man or officer of the Mounted needs to spend money for are tobacco and books.

Everything is furnished—and that of the best—down to sponges and toothbrushes. The food in the mess is of the best that can be procured, and is more than abundant.

Every comfort that civilization has invented belongs to the ordinary private of the force, without a cent of cost to himself.

The recreation halls have billiard tables and games of every possible description. There is a great field day twice a year, in which any one may participate, and for which ample leisure is given for training. Polo, lacrosse, boxing, swimming, winter sports are all given a place, and valuable prizes are awarded.

Every post has a quadrille club, and meets twice a week in winter and gives a dance at least once a month, to which all the people of the section are invited.

### And Pay

The following is a list of the rates of pay of the various ranks. The actual payment is, of course, in dollars, but the amounts have been put into sterling, also, for purposes of comparison. The English equivalents are approximate, fluctuating with the prevailing rate of exchange:

- Constable... 39 cents per day (about 2s. 3d.)
- Corporal... 1 dol. 25 cts. per day (about 5s. 6d.)
- Sergeant... 45 dollars per month (about £10)
- Serg.-Major 60 dollars per month (about £13)
- Inspectors 1,400 dollars per year (about £315)
- Superintendent 1,800 dollars per year (about £405)
- Asst. Commr. 2,600 dollars per year (about £550)
- Chief Commr. 5,300 dollars per year (about £790)

These salaries do not sound a great deal, but remember that every dollar of them is clear profit.

No married officers need spend a penny except for the clothes in their family needs. Every item of his household, always of the very best, is supplied.

The furnishings are kept up-to-date. The grounds of his house receive attention. He

## FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS!



### ROMANCES OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

(A Series.)

### DOCTORS IN THE WITNESS BOX.

### ARRESTED FOR MURDERING HIMSELF!

(A True Crime-Story.)

### THE CRIME MUSEUM OF THE BERLIN POLICE.

### IS YOUR HOUSE BURGLAR-HOUSE?

### MORE GREAT ESCAPES, etc., etc.

need pay nothing for food, light, heat, or service. Transportation is given him.

His grocery bill is not audited. High cost of living need have no terrors for him. He can bring up a large family, and fill every hungry young mouth without a penny of expense.

He will never be discharged, except for a gross neglect of duty. Even to mention the possibility of such a thing to a Mounted will make him turn pale. It has never happened.

### Real Detective Work.

Promotion comes only on an evidence of unusual fitness, but is sure, once that evidence is produced.

The work of the men is of a nature to

give unusual opportunities for bringing out the superior calibre of individuals. It is detective work, often of the most difficult kind.

Frequently it requires the constable to go to his wit and courage to restrain the hardest of criminals, for no man will seek refuge in the Territories who is a physical coward.

The country is too rigorous to attract the sneak and the weakling. The men who seek to evade the law either of Canada or the United States by losing themselves in this still almost trackless country are the men who have superlative cunning, and who are not afraid to kill, with their bare hands, if need be.

The Indian population, always getting out of bounds, is another problem, and the half-breeds, with the vices of both white and red predominating, are among the most "difficult" of the earth's criminals.

There is no one, however, who are many men belonging to the force who are "extras." These are men who are expert at some trade.

### Odd-Job Men.

A carpenter, for instance, will join. He, as well as the regular constables, must fulfil the physical requirements. He will be taught horsemanship along with the active force. And he will be paid, and have all the perquisites and allowances of the regular man, but, in addition, he will be paid the regular wage per day for all work he does belonging to his trade.

These "extras" are numerous, since each post is a complete little world in itself. Everything possible is made there. Every bit of artisan's craft needed will find a man for it.

These men are not required to do full military duty, except that they must take their turn at standing guard; and must, in the event of a posse being formed to hunt down some particular criminal, be prepared to do active service.

If married, they are given houses just outside the post for their families. This is true also of the constables; the official houses of the post are reserved for officers.

### The Prairie Beat.

Every post has its well-defined area of jurisdiction. Every constable has a well-defined "beat" as an ordinary London policeman.

Each Monday morning the force scatters from the post, each man with such provision as he will need, and with himself and his horse in the best of condition.

His route always lies along the route of ranches. At each ranch or homestead or little hamlet, he stops, asks for complaints, and inquires if any suspicious characters have been seen.

Receiving his report, some responsible person at that place signs a card, testifying that the constable has been at that place at the appointed time, and fulfilled his duties.

This is repeated until the full round is completed and the constable returns to his post at the end of the week.

Constables or inspectors who are sent out to "see" certain criminals are given a free hand. They are to come home when they get their man.

At present there is a good deal of talk about greatly increasing the force, and putting part of it into the Province of Quebec.

This is due to the many strikes and great labour agitation there, as well as to the fact that the local police of many cities and towns have struck from time to time, along with other less important bodies.

The Mounted, being sworn in for a period of five years under the Crown, cannot go on strike.

Nor can anyone who knows its history or its morale imagine it doing anything of the kind.

At the present time the "North-West Mounted"—or the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, to give it its new official title—numbers about five thousand men.

Between them they patrol a territory larger than Australia. There are about a hundred men to a stretch of country about the size of England and Scotland combined.

Think what that means!

Not only do they patrol it, but they control it. Crime knows better than to cross the path of the Mounted, for the name conveys the traditions and the fame of the most wonderful of policemen-soldiers on earth!



IN WINTER DRESS.—This picture shows the buffalo skin uniform and fur cap described in this article. It is hard to say which of their outfits is the more picturesque. (Topical.)



Seeing the dots and dashes, he would, of course, immediately conclude that it was a message in Morse code, and try to solve it on those lines. Even if he eventually discovered it was not, it would need a bit of puzzling to hit on the fact that it was the SPACES that mattered, and not the dots and dashes.

Even then, should a lot of brain-fag have resulted in his getting on to this fact, the number of spaces need not necessarily represent the more or less obvious numerical sequence of A B C, etc. Any arbitrary number could be given to the letters, and the searcher's solution would result in a fresh jumble that it would need more work to discover.

It would, in fact, be a cipher within a cipher, and an easy one at that.

A rather baffling cryptogram that we have not as yet touched upon is known as the Transposition Cipher.

The secret of this is in writing down the message to be sent into columns of a given number of words in depth, instead of straight across the paper from left to right.

To make this clear, let us assume that the following well-known sentence is to be the message:

"It is not the hunting that hurts the horse, but the hammer, hammer, hammer on the hard high road."

We write it down thus:

IT	THAT	THE	THE
IS	HURTS	HAMMER	HARD
NOT	THE	HAMMER	HIGH
THE	HORSE	HAMMER	ROAD
HUNTING	BUT	ON	

Having done this, we proceed to copy it out line by line in the ordinary way without any breaks.

What will result is this:

IT HARD NOT THE THE IS HURTS HAMMER  
HARD NOT THE HAMMER HIGH THE  
HORSE HAMMER ROAD HUNTING BUT  
ON.

You can easily imagine that any unauthorised person who gets hold of a jumble like that will have a fine time unravelling it, especially as there are quite literally thousands of millions of different orders in which the nineteen words can be put before they make sense.

As a matter of actual fact the exact number of ways those nineteen words can be rearranged in entirely different combinations is

**121,645,100,408,832,000.**

The chief merit of this cipher is the ease with which it can be enciphered and deciphered. You have seen how it is put into its secret form. Here is how you get it back into sense.

The recipient divides the total of words by five, knowing as he does that there are five words in each column. Five into nineteen—the total words in the message—is three and four over.

There will thus be three full columns of five, and a column with only four words—four columns in all. Very well, then. Write them in fours from left to right, placing them in columns. Then read down the columns, and you have the message.

Complications can be introduced, if desired. The message may be made to read from the bottom of the columns to the top from left to right, or from right to left. Punctuation marks can also be added for further bafflement.

With the example given, it would then read:

(Left to right.)  
HUNTING THE NOT! IS IT? BUT THE  
HORSE HURTS. THAT ON HAMMER!  
HAMMER, HAMMER THE ROAD HIGH.  
HARD THE.

(Right to left.)  
ROAD HIGH, HARD? THE ON HAMMER.  
HAMMER! HAMMER THE BUT, HORSE!  
THE HURTS—THAT HUNTING? THE NOT  
IS. IT!

A very large branch of the science of cryptography has not been touched on in this chat as yet—and that is numerical ciphers.

This has been avoided advisedly, for in the great majority of these ciphers the great

advantage of simplicity is lacking to a marked extent. Moreover, some of them are no more secret than the ciphers which use plain letters as cipher-symbols, in spite of the added work that is necessary to turn letters into their figure equivalents.

There is one outstanding exception to this rule, however, and it comes as near being the perfect cipher as any.

In a previous article the writer has given it as his opinion that the ideally perfect system of secret writing has the following advantages in its favour:

It should be

Easy to put into secret code.

Easy to translate back again.

Impossible or difficult of decipherment by outsiders, even experts.

Worked without any mechanical device.

Not be apparent as a cipher on the face of it.

The ideally perfect cipher—like everything else ideally perfect—has yet to be discovered, however. At least, the writer confesses that he knows of none that fulfils all the above conditions.

There is one, however, which probably best fulfils four of the five—and that is the

The message will then read like this:

MGVYTCQPHQYSOKLUU  
or  
LETUSALLGOTONIGHT

You will see that one of the L's in "all" is represented as Q and the other as P. So with every other letter, each is represented by a different symbol practically every time it appears.

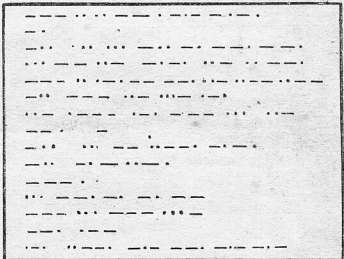
This simple fact is an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of the would-be decipherer. Together with the easily-memorised number and the lack of complications, it is what makes this system of secret writing such a good one.

When decoding, the recipient of the message only has to write the memorised number above the cipher-letters, and they count backwards instead of forwards.

Of the making of ciphers there is no end. They are old and new, simple and complicated, easy and difficult.

There are hundreds of variations of this fascinating game of cipher-making that have not been even mentioned in these articles. To do so would be only to make for confusion.

Only those which have the merit of



Those who know the dots and dashes of the Morse Code would have a puzzling time trying to read sense into this—until they know that it is the SPACES that matter, and not the dots and dashes. (See accompanying article.)

Key-Number Cipher. The one thing against it is that it is obviously a secret message on the face of it.

It is simple, easy to work, both forwards and backwards, has no mechanical device to get lost or stolen, and is practically impossible to solve except by those in the secret.

It is soon explained.

First of all, a key number is selected, and memorised by the correspondents who will use the cipher. The number can run into as many figures as you like, but the less there are the less chance there is of the number being forgotten.

Suppose we fix on four figures as being easily remembered, and on the number 1254 as the key-number.

Suppose, also, we want to send the message,

**LET US ALL GO TO-NIGHT.**

We then write the key-number over it, repeating it as many times as may be necessary. Thus:

1 2 5 4 1 2 5 4 1 2 5 4 1 2 5 4  
L E T U S A L L G O T O N I G H T

All that remains to be done is to count onwards from the letters according to the number above each individual letter. Thus will be one letter after it in the alphabet, E two letters after it, T five letters, and so forth.

simplicity, of being easily understood by the ordinary person, and worked by him, have been included.

With the two or three dozen examples of cryptograms that have been given in these pages you will be able to select one or more that best fit your needs. You may even adapt or evolve your own private system from those specimens given that take your fancy.

Ciphers and secret writings have been used throughout the history of the world, right from the earliest times. Their history is not yet done; the future will have as great a use for them as has the past.

And, as regards the present—it is a fascinating hobby for anyone to take up. There is fun in it; the thrill of really secret correspondence, and the knowledge that you are providing yourself with a bit of useful mental gymnastics.

So far we have dealt with the cipher and cryptogram aspect of the subject. The only part of secret writing that has not yet been given is one of the most interesting of all—and that will be given in next week's Supplement, concluding the series.

It will deal with secret writing in invisible inks.

Look Out for Next Week's  
Unique Article.

## The Crime Museum of the Vienna Police.

(Continued from page 291.)

from a safe retreat waited a sufficient time for the bank to have heard from England, decided that he was better than he thought, and, encouraged by success, presented himself at the bank with another batch of false bills and found himself "nipped."

In a glass-covered dish in the museum, Inspector Rapp showed me some paper ashes with bits of money bills among them still visible. They formed what I suspect was the briefest and most convincing case that ever convicted a criminal.

They were the only bit of evidence submitted by the prosecution against the counterfeit in whose house only these ashes of bills were found.

"Were these bills genuine the man would have never burned them," was all the speech the prosecutor made—and it was enough.

I pointed at random to the cuff I saw under glass, and asked for its story.

"It was found on the scene of a murder," Inspector Rapp told me. "In this case, too, it was the only clue, as the victim was strangled some hours before the discovery.

safe combination respond to the manipulation of skilled and sensitive fingers.

Here are tools whose use it would take an expert to divine, so complicated and new are they, inventions of Breitwieser himself, the product of the University course he took to perfect himself in burglary while he was supposed to be preparing himself for engineering.

But the purpose of the museum is not to furnish stories to visitors. It is the school-room, laboratory, and consultation-room for the Vienna detectives.

Here is a large Teddy Bear, sitting among implements of crime. Its glass eyes staring in wonder at its surroundings.

In its stomach was found a fortune in smuggled jewels, and the toy is there to say to detectives, "When hunting suspect even the most innocent in appearance."

Here, too, are copies of every famous and also of every typical bomb. Their disguises are studied, their make-up analysed. Infornal machines sent as gifts are shown. Traces of powder left by their explosion are copied faithfully, so that a detective investigating a bomb outrage may recognise the composition of the bomb.

In another case are different articles stained with blood, specially prepared that detectives may learn to recognise signs of it.

On jute and plaster, wood and cloth, on dark and on light coloured material, on glass and paper and metal are shown bloodstains, and it is bewildering to see how seldom

## LAUGHTER IN COURT!

PERHAPS there is more unconscious humour uttered in Courts of Justice than anywhere else. People get nervous and flustered, or, anxious to impress the Court that they are "somebodies," their pomposity makes them say ridiculous things.

The following instances are cases in point:

"This man is a perfect stranger to me, but I do not want to be bad friends with him," said a witness, obviously anxious to impress the magistrate with a sense of his respectability, when giving evidence in a case of assault.

"I did not notice anyone in particular," said a witness in a charge of pocket-picking. "No one at all!" queried counsel.

"Well, only the prisoner picking pockets," replied the witness.

"That's enough for me," said counsel.

Speaking better than she knew, a woman summoned for using obscene language denied the charge, but admitted coyly that she "swore a bit."

The Magistrate: "There is a great difference, which perhaps you do not appreciate. Pay five shillings."

A man was charged with obstructing the police by clapping his hands.

The Magistrate: "That sounds a strange charge."

Police witness: "He was the look-out for a lot of gamblers, and when he saw us coming he clapped his hands and they all ran away."

"It was only by the dispensary of Providence that I was not killed," said a woman, who alleged that her husband had knocked her downstairs.

Certain people profess to regard port and sherry as non-alcoholic drinks, and a woman, charged with being merry and not wise, denied indignantly the charge of drunkenness.

"Me drunk? Why, I only had a few glasses of port, and everybody knows that's as harmless as ginger-beer!"

Magistrate: "Take no more chances. Drink ginger-beer next time!"

A prisoner charged with fighting, indignantly denied the allegation.

Magistrate: "Well, your brother, the prosecutor, has two black eyes and a cut lip, and you have two black eyes and a grazed face. How do you account for that?"

Prisoner: "We were having a few words."

Prosecutor: "Just a family affair."

Magistrate: "Hard words were once said to break no bones. Now they seem to produce black eyes. This sort of brotherly love has better not continue. You will both be bound over to keep the peace."

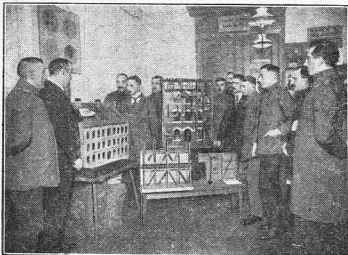
"These policeman ain't got no idea of economy," said a motorist, charged with leaving a stationary motor in the street without lights. "I left the car under a street lamp so that it could be seen, and switched off the lights to save 'ere. Then they made me light up again. Think of all that current being wasted!"

Woman prisoner, of a man about to give evidence against her: "Don't you listen to him, mister! He's such a liar that he can't believe himself. He'll contaminate the Court!"

Summoned for cruelly working a horse in an unfit state, a defendant remarked:

"There ain't nothing the matter with that 'orse; it's me what ain't fit to work, but no society-man stops me in the street and says, 'Ere, you stop work!'"

Magistrate: "The only society that stops middle-aged men from work is the trade union."



INSTRUCTION AT VIENNA'S CRIME MUSEUM.—The models of houses of various types shown are used to instruct detectives and policemen as to the methods up-to-date burglars adopt to effect entry. This item is only one of scores in the museum, most of which are described in the article.

[Photo: Daily Mirror.

"We made a thorough investigation of every manufactory and haberdashery, to trace, if possible, the owner of the cuff.

"After a great deal of despairing work, we traced the cuff to a wealthy railroad official, who, at the time the crime was committed, was in another country. But we found that his house in Vienna had been broken into a short while before the murder and some of his wearing apparel stolen.

"We had traced the burglar, who had, however, escaped to a country from which we could not extradite him on the ground of mere burglary. But when we had traced the murder to him the other country gave him up to justice."

Here are beautifully worked implements of chilled steel made by the notorious burglar, Breitwieser, for opening the most complicated locks, and great "can-openers" for forcing the most obdurate.

Here are gas torches that will burn through the most thoroughly tempered metal.

Here are delicate oscilloscopes of electric wires to indicate when the tumblers in a

blood is recognisable as such except by the eye, made expert by such exhibits.

Dominating the class-room is a huge model of the human ear, with its sixty-four divisions considered by the police. The ear to the modern detective is, on sight, what the smudge of a finger-tip is to the finger-print department.

It is almost as sure a means of identification, changes least of any part of the body, and can be quietly observed by a detective while studying his quarry.

But what touched me most of all in the Vienna Crime Museum were photographs showing how policemen and detectives can break sweat the unfortunates of our big city streets—the victim of the speeding car, the ill, the lost and frightened child, the hurt dog or cat, the fallen horse, the starving fainting; and prominent in the exhibit is a table of awards the police department in Vienna gives to its police for those who distinguish themselves for humane aid.

More than any other crime museum I have ever seen, the one in Vienna has the appeal of good detective fiction.

Coming Shortly: Another of Mr. Gollomb's enthralling articles—  
THE BERLIN CRIME MUSEUM.

**THE CASE OF THE  
 STOLEN LOCOMOTIVES.**

(Continued from page 18.)

seems they escaped one fate only to meet with another."

Then as Blake turned his face northwards he shot a quick glance at Tinker and the Yard man. The sky to the northward was streaked with a belt of livid green, above which rose a mighty black cloud, whose shape was ever changing.

Becoming aware that darkness was falling upon them, Tinker and Rollings looked up at the sky.

"Great thump!" cried Tinker. "What are we in for now?"

"A bit of a storm—nothing much," Blake said. But in spite of the easiness of his tones his lips had tightened, and a strained expression had crept into his grey eyes. "You chaps get busy and worry the biscuits. I'll keep a look-out in case a vessel should pass near."

Assured by the lightness of Blake's voice, Tinker and Rollings started their frugal breakfast. The detective fixed his eyes on that ominous black and yellow cloud, and his face became tense and drawn as he recognized in it the meteoric heralds of danger.

The unnatural calm which had brooded over the sea for the past few days had given place to a smart breeze from the north-east. The sight, though awesome, was one of wild grandeur.

The huge black cloud which hung in the horizon had changed its shape. Instead of a curtain it was an arch, and beneath the vast portal glowed a dull phosphoric light. Across the livid space pale flashes of sheet-lightning passed palely. Behind it was a dull and threatening murmur, made up of the grumbling of thunder, the falling of rain, and the roar of wind and water.

"What the deuce is it, old man?" Rollings said uneasily. "Good heavens! There's a fine old witcher brood brewing in that cauldron. Out with the old friend! What are we in for? Cyclone, hurricane, or what?"

"I'm afraid we're in for a pretty severe gale," Blake said quietly. "One that I doubt this cockleshell will weather. We must place our faith in a higher power than frail timbers."

A solemn silence fell between them. As they gazed apprehensive eyes across that gloomy expanse they observed a strange phenomenon—lightning appeared to burst upwards from the sulken bosom of the sea. At intervals the darkly-rolling waves flashed fire, and streaks of forked flame shot upwards. The wind increased in violence, and the arch of light was fringed with rain.

"Let us lash ourselves to the boat," cried Blake, striving to make his voice heard above the fury of the storm. "It is our only chance. Tie with slipknots, though, so that you can quickly unfasten yourselves should the sea sink."

A coil of rope lay in the stern locker, and, cutting it into lengths, they lashed themselves to the thwart.

A dull red glow hung around, like the reflection of a great fire. Suddenly a tremendous peal of thunder, accompanied by the terrific downfall of rain, rattled across the sky. The arch of light disappeared, as though some invisible hand had snatched the slide of a giant magic-lantern.

A great wall of water rushed roaring over the level plain of the sea, and with indescribable medley of sound, in which tones of horror, triumph, and torture were blended, the gale swooped upon them.

"My heavens!" Rollings said, through teeth that chattered with fear. "This is the end, Blake—the end."

Blake did not answer, but glanced at Tinker. The youngster had cowered down, seeking protection from the roaring wind, but as his eyes met his master's, the travesty of a grin came to his lips.

"Chuck that howling pessimist's overboard!" he said. And only Tinker knew what an effort that cheeriness cost him.

Rollings glared at the lad for a moment, then a deep-throated chuckle left his lips. "Good young 'un!" he said. "You're made of the right stuff! But I happen to have a wife and kiddies, you see, and it's all different then."



Sexton Blake, he's o'ther torn to shreds and glistening with white brine from the sea, stagge'd into the little cottage. His drapery of a linging seaweed caused the woman who was working there to swing round and stare at him in amazed alarm, (Chapter 7.)

Blake fung his old friend a glance of silent sympathy. Further conversation became impossible between them, so great was the roaring of the wind. The boat bobbed up and down on the waves like a cork.

The arch of light had entirely disappeared, and all was a dull, wind-swept blackness. Gigantic seas seemed to mount in the horizon and sweep towards and upon them. It seemed to them that the boat lay in the vortex of a whirlpool, so high on either side of her were piled the colossal pyramidal masses of sea. Mighty gusts arose—claps of wind which sounded like strokes of thunder.

It was impossible to raise the head to look to windward. The cyclists were driven together, and the face stung by the swift and biting spray.

Soon the gale reached its height. The heavens showered out rain and lightning—rain which the wind blew away before it reached the ocean, lightnings which the mountainous waves swallowed before they could pierce the gloom, so high did they appear around the tiny craft.

At one moment the boat seemed to soar upwards on the bosom of a raging sea, the next to be returned into a pit of liquid blackness.

The boat was a mere labouring, crazy wreck, half filled with foamy water, that might sink at any moment. Save when lighted by occasional flashes of sheet-lightning, which revealed to them each other's awe-stricken faces, the tragedy of the elements was performed in a darkness which was almost palpable.

The boat lay practically on her side, held there by the madly-rushing wind, which now seemed to fatten down the sea, cutting off the tops of the waves, and breaking them into a fine white spray, which covered the ocean like a cloud.

Suddenly the pressure lessened, and, with one awful shriek, the wind dropped to a calm. The boat, no longer steadied by the wind, was at the mercy of every sea. Presently she heeled over, for, with a triumphant scream, the wind leapt on her from a fresh quarter. Following its usual course, the storm returned upon its track. The hurricane was about to repeat itself from the north-west.

Borne before the returning whirlwind, an immense wave, which glimmered in the darkness, spouted up, and towered above the wreck. They looked shudderingly up into the impending greenness, and wondered if the end was come.

At midday on the morning of the storm, the rays of the sun fell on an object which floated on the surface of the water not far from the rocks of Cape Spartivento on the "toe" of South Italy.

The object was the quarter-boat from the ill-fated Golden Crest. Lashed in the stern were three huddled figures—two men and a youth. The hand of the lad was firmly clasped by one of the men, and his pallid head lay on the man's knee.

The tempest was over. As the sun rose higher the air grew balmy, the ocean placid. And, golden in the rays of the new risen morning, the boat and its burden drifted towards the rocks.

**THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.  
 A Dangerous Mission.**



THE wonderful courage and strength which had sustained the three detectives through their terrible ordeal had exhausted itself and merged into stupor.

Blake was the first to arouse. He felt the salt spray sting his face, and the wrathful tide lick the hand that hung over the edge of the boat.

But that was all! They were out of danger at last! The air-tight lockers of the lifeboat had saved them!

As the thought blessed his senses he lifted his smarting eyes.

High above his head he beheld a roof of

rock, on which the reflection of the sunbeams, thrown upwards from the water, cast flickering colours.

Before him was a jagged and gaping hole—the mouth of some cave into which they had drifted—and about Tim was the lapping and washing sound of the sea.

He unfastened the knots of the rope which lashed him to the boat, and, raising himself, stretched his arms and legs.

Tinker and Rollings lay inert heaps in the stern. He went to them, and as he detected signs of faint animation in their pulses, a silent prayer of thankfulness left him.

It was imperative that he should bestir himself. He pressed desperately forward, but had torn from the sea, they must have food and fire.

Painfully clambering out of the boat, he essayed to reach the mouth of the cave. The first movement caused him to fall head-aloof. His left arm, which the force of the tide that had sent them into the cave must have ground against the rugged walls, hung powerless.

In an instant he sank despairingly into a pool of foaming and foam-decked water on the floor of the cave; then the terrible menacing and gurgling sound of the sea warned him that the tide would soon engulf the cavity, and, collecting all his energies, he pressed desperately forward.

Arrived at the mouth of the cavern, Blake peered out over the sea.

Great rocks, reef and split into a thousand fissures by the action of the sea, and as wrecked as shipwrecked, formed a low wall, forming a natural breakwater behind which he could see the sullenly frothing water, gurgling, spouting, and creaming in huge sunny eddies, occasionally leaping forwards at a splash if another storm to send it raging up to the men who had escaped its fury.

Craning his neck, he saw that great, immovable cliffs towered above him, a horizon of vegetation, and affording not the slightest foothold. Yet where it met the sea the surface was honeycombed and wave-perforated. Not a sign of the recent tempest marred the exquisite harmony of the picture.

A cloudless heaven expanded above him; a fresh breeze kissed his cheek, and, within the breakwater, the sea, fringed by a length, sparkling in a myriad wavelets beneath the bright beams of morning. There was not a sign of human life.

Behind the recess out of which he peered nothing was visible but a sea of sky and sky of turquoise smiling upon a sea of sapphire.

Escape was impossible that way. His injured arm tabooed an attempt to scale the cliffs—there was any help which might be beyond. Sexton Blake turned his head into the cavern, and began to explore in that direction.

Before him lay a great grey shadow which was brightness faintly illumined by the sunlight reflected inward from the surface of the water, above which rose a wilderness of waving seaweeds. He recognised in the moist and weed-bearded edges of the cave signs of frequent submersion.

"I must get the cut in this as soon as possible," he muttered. "The tide appears to be fast rising, and in an hour the cave will be flooded, and we shall die like rats in a trap. It seems we have escaped one danger only to face another."

Conscious of their peril, he pushed and sloshed onwards through the thigh-deep water into the bowels of the cliff. He had covered some ninety feet, and had lost, in the various windings of his path, all reflections of light, and was now by a glimpse of sunshine striking downwards from the roof of the cave.

He parted two enormous masses of seaweed whose bubble-headed fronds hung like curtains across his path, and found himself in the base of a great bluish rock terminated in a patch of sky high above his head.

The sides inclined upwards at an angle which would perhaps permit ascent. Clinging to the rough and rock-like algae that fringed the slopes, Blake slowly and painfully climbed upwards, and half an hour later stood on top of the cliff.

To his left he saw the rocky promontory of Cape Spartivento, a sight of rugged grandeur, resembling a great slab of cheese at which cats have been nibbling.

Faint fragments of islands lay scattered about the strangely-shaped point of land—the

Italian boat with its top bent upwards—and it seemed as though Nature, jealous of the beauties of her sunny Italy, had made the approach to it as dangerous as possible.

Blake turned from the scene and looked inland. A grove of cottages, colour-washed yellow, blue, and pink, gleamed like jewels among emerald foliage. With a sigh of relief he made his way towards them.

The door of the first was open. Peering inside he saw a fat Italian woman, engaged in stirring a pot of palmetta which hung simmering on a chain over an open fire.

A black-eyed, curly-headed baby gurgled and played with some simple home-made toy on the hearth, and as the detective's shadow fell across the floor, and the child looked up and wrinkled its plump cheeks in a chuckle of delight.

The sound attracted the mother's attention. As her big dark eyes fell upon the detective, she uttered a startled cry.

Blake did not at that moment present a pleasing spectacle.

His clothing was torn almost to shreds, was covered with a sparkling white brine from the sea. His cheeks were pale and haggard, and his eyes bloodshot and red-rimmed by the action of the salt spray.

His long hair, falling upon the woman, with a shaggy drapery of seaweed clinging round his knees, he must have intruded upon her startled senses as some monster arisen from the depths of that illimitable sea.

"I beg you not to be alarmed, madame," Blake said in his native tongue. He stepped into the room, the sparkling blue eyes of the baby opened in wonderment. "I was shipwrecked in the gale last evening, and my two companions lie helpless in a cave at the bottom of the cliffs. Have you a husband, some one who will aid me to rescue them? I would pay them well for their trouble."

"Why, yes, signor," said the woman, recognising the urgency in the detective's voice. "A thousand pardons that I should have gaped at you so foolishly. See, I will go and call my sons, for they are at work in the fields of the fattoria."

Wiping her hands on her apron, the woman went to the door.

"Camillo! Angelo!" she cried. "Hurry quick to the fore! there are men in danger who seek your aid!"

Two sturdy and picturesque Italian youths came running from the vineyards which surrounded the tiny village. Blake explained the situation briefly to them, and a few minutes later they were climbing down the sides of the blow-hole to the cave.

Tinker and the Yari man still lay in a stupor, and the detective's face paled as he realised that he had returned only just in time.

The darkness rapidly grew darker as the rising tide covered the mouth of the cave, and the water slapped and gurgled about their faces as they returned to the base of the blow-hole with mudmen placed at and prepared the ropes they had slung from the lip of the cliff for the laborious task of getting them to the top.

When they reached the cottage a blazing fire crackled on the hearth, and, wrapping them in blankets with mudmen placed at his disposal, Blake laid the unconscious pair on the matting before it.

Cognac and hot water were mixed, and the first spirit induced a tinge of colour in their white faces.

"Hallo!" Rollings was the first to open his eyes, and he stared about him blankly for a few seconds. "Where the deuce—Oh, remember now! So we got through it safely, eh, old man?" He rose, tottered to a pace, or two, sank into a chair, and stretched out his chilled hands to the fire. "Heavens, what an experience! I knew the meaning of fear last night, Blake. But what about Tinker? The lad looks pretty sick!"

"He is coming round," Blake said, bending over his assistant and rubbing his hands. "Thank the stars he has an iron constitution, or he would have succumbed with exposure. There will be a pretty heavy bill to be presented tomorrow for last night's work!"

"I believe that Anne Borselli went to her death last night, but hers was not the only loss in the game. Count von Drescher will have much to answer for."

It was not until an anxious half-hour had passed that Tinker opened his eyes. At first his brain was a mass of tangled thoughts, through which ran a thread of consciousness that he was in some deadly peril. But as the lights rolled away, and he saw the anxious features of his master

beeding over him, the shadow of a grin came to his lips.

"Good old gov'nor," he muttered huskily. And immediately sank into a deep and exhausted sleep. Blake felt his pulse. Its beat was stronger now, and he turned to Rollings with a sigh of relief.

"He will be as fit as a fiddle when he awakes," he said. "The young beggar's got a happy knack of going through things smiling, and that helps a lot. Now what about some food, caro mio?" he added, turning to one of the Italian youths. "We are famished!"

"The signor is very welcome," said the youth addressed. "So you, too, have been shipwrecked? You will doubtless be pleased to know, signor, that several of your friends also reached the shore safely. They were well cared for by Vito Ricci, a peasant youth, who works with us in the vineyards. And he is so very dull. All morning has he raved about the beauty of the signorina."

"The signorina?" Blake said quickly. He turned to Rollings. "That must be Anne Borselli. She and several of the crew must have escaped from the ship in one of the boats."

"St. signor," said the youth. "They reached the shore at dawn—just before the storm broke. But perhaps you would like to question Vito yourself? Shall I bring him to you?"

Blake nodded, and the Italian hurried from the room, soon to return with a sweet-faced youth about his own age.

"You have some news concerning friends of ours who reached the shore this morning?" Blake said. "I would like to hear about them."

"With pleasure, signor," said the newcomer. "It was raining along the cliff at dawn in search of gull eggs when I saw a small boat in difficulties in the bay. I added the party to reach the shore, and they told me their ship had been wrecked, and the beautiful signorina wished for a conveyance to take them to the railway station at Reggio, as it was imperative they should reach Rome without delay."

"Have they left for Rome?" Rollings asked.

"St. signor. I took them to my mother's house, and as soon as they had eaten I drove them to Reggio in time to catch the morning mail train to Rome. They numbered six in all."

"And when does the next train leave?" asked Blake.

"At midnight, signor. Few trains leave from Reggio, which is only a branch line to Cosentia."

"Then be here with your conveyance in time to catch the midnight train," Blake said. "Do not fail us. We are anxious to overtake our friends, and will pay you well for your trouble."

"The signor is generous. I will not fail you," said the youth, and left the room.

"They had Satan's own luck," growled Rollings. "Still, furnished with cars, and a sail they would have little difficulty in reaching the shore."

Blake nodded. "By midnight Tinker will be fit, and we will journey to Maureglavia," he said. "That of course, is the woman's objective. From Rome she will probably take another train through Venice to Klagenfurt in Austria, and so to Italy."

"Until I have that wireless and Count von Drescher under arrest, I shall not give up the trail."

### THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. In and Out of Trouble!



THE day following the events of the last chapter, Blake and his companions stood upon the departure platform of the Imperial Station at Klagenfurt.

"Not a trace of her so far," said Rollings, chewing the end of a cigar, and unobtrusively searching the face of every woman who passed them on the crowded station.

"I reckon the beautiful Anne is too shy to let us spot her," Tinker said, now fully recovered from the effects of his ordeal.





As the woman rose, Blake saw too late that he had been tricked. "Anne Borselli!" gasped Blake in a curious far away voice. The next moment the two Austrians sprang upon him as he sank into unconsciousness. (Chapter 8.)

"Until we reach Mauretavia we might as well forget all about her. She had practically a day's start of us, and it is quite possible she has reached the place already."

"What's the programme when we arrive, you've not? This won't be an easy stunt. We can't walk up the steps of the palace and openly arrest the party. Besides, where's the evidence? With the burning of the ship containing the locomotives every scrap of evidence went down to Davy Jones' locker. Our story would appear so wild and improbable as to be laughed at."

"That's so, young 'un," assented Blake thoughtfully. "You could do nothing by wiring through to England for extradition papers, either, Rollings."

Rollings chewed savagely at the butt of his cigar.

"Not a darned thing," he said. "Without evidence of the theft to send to England we are helpless. Extradition papers, as you know, Blake, can only be granted after a magisterial examination, when, if the claim for extradition is justified, the Home Secretary issues the necessary warrant."

"Even if we could make up a political offence against them we should be unable to act. Purely political offences are not extraditable in England."

The detective nodded.

"When we reach Mauretavia we must attempt to ferret out new evidence," he said. "If we can only gain entrance to the palace that should not be difficult. It might even be possible to obtain it through some of the crew who escaped with Anne Borselli from the Golden Crest."

"Men of that stamp always have their price. And we must work quickly if we are to prevent war. As long as Borselli and Count von Dreschler are at liberty, the lives and freedom of the subjects of Bolivia stand imperilled."

"But here comes our train. At midnight we reach Esseg. We can travel by rail no further than that, and from there we must cross by caravan a section of the Dinatic Alps into Mauretavia."

As the train rumbled into the station all was confusion.

Neither Blake or his companions bestowed more than a passing glance upon an old Austrian woman, who, wrinkled and bent with apparent years, stood beside them, accompanied by two stalwart youths of the Austrian peasant type who might have been her sons.

As the detectives entered a carriage the woman followed them in, pushing her way through the throng with a force and agility surprising in one whose outward appearance betokened such decrepit old age.

The sons followed her, seated her in a corner with her back to the engine with solicitous care, wrapped a gaily-striped travelling-rug about her knees, then seated themselves opposite her, burying their swart faces in Austrian newspapers.

As the train steamed out of the station she blinked her red-rimmed eyes, and peered into Blake's face.

"You are foreigners?" she croaked. "Do not my eyes tell me that?"

Blake smiled good-naturedly into the lean and wrinkled face.

"Yes, madame," he said. "We are from England, and journey to Mauretavia on business."

"Then beware how you travel, my foreigners, lest an evil fate befall you! Since you have just arrived the rumour of war may not have reached you yet?"

Blake began to talk more interest in the conversation. Behind the newspaper the two Austrian youths passed a significant glance.

"I have heard there is a possibility of war between Mauretavia and Bolivia," Blake said, pressing a coin into her skinny palm. "Tell me more. Having business interests there I am naturally interested."

"Already the dogs of the accursed Carlos are mobilised for war," said the old woman. "Listen, strangers. I have sons who work in the vineyards of Bolivia. A few days ago I had a letter from them with the news that war might come upon them at any moment.

We are about to visit them. It may be that we shall see them for the last time!"

The old woman hugged herself, whispering curses on the head of Carlos whilst she clawed her bearded chin.

"The good Prince Charles, beloved of his people," she croaked, "refuses to believe such ill of his brother, and is consequently still unprepared."

"Treachery—treachery! The poplars of fair Bolivia whisper it as they bend to each other. Across the olive-gardens a wind carries it for all to hear its lament. The birds scream it as they take flight to other lands. Treachery—treachery! The star of Bolivia has already set—in blood!"

Which-like she appeared now—this mother of sturdy peasants—whose voice rose shrill in red-like piping as she prophesied the fate of a beloved country. But there was little of motherhood left in the lean, wrinkled visage, the shrunken body of this apparent hag of a past generation.

Suddenly her manner changed. Her voice held the whining note of the mendicant.

"Pardon an old woman, strangers," she said. "You are true of heart, and there is sorrow in your eyes because of a fair country's doom. We are very poor, gentlemen, and the cost of our journey has taken all our savings. My sons brought them that we should sell flowers on the way."

Uncovering a basket on her knees the old woman, with trembling eagerness, took out a large bunch of roses. "Selecting three she handed one each to Blake and his companions.

"Only fifty centimes each, sir! Smell them! Do they not carry the breath of fair Austria?"

As the detectives bent over the perfumed petals, the dark eyes of the old hag flashed with a brightness that gave the lie to her aged appearance.

Suddenly an intense drowsiness overtook the three. Blake realised the danger, and flung the flower down. But the drug must have been potent. Soon the carriage grew less bright, and the swart faces of the Austrian

youths opposite became blurred and indistinguishable shapes. He turned sleepy eyes in the direction of his companions.

Tinker's rose fluttered from his fingers to the floor; Rollings lay back against the upholstered seat with a gasp.

Then Blake saw he was tricked—too late! He turned to the woman. She stood up now a superbly graceful figure. The garment of decrepit old age had been thrown off, and her dark eyes sparkled with malicious amusement. Taking out a handkerchief she wiped cunningly-pencilled lines of disguise from her face.

"Anno Borselli," Blake cried; and his voice held a curious, far-away tone.

He swayed to his feet, but before he could reach the communication-cord the two Austrian youths sprang upon him and dragged him back.

Then the drug which had been concealed in the flowers took full possession of his brain, and all was darkness.

When Sexton Blake opened his eyes to the world again he found himself in an apartment of stone. High up in one of the walls a barred window framed a patch of dark sky.

The light was very dim to permit anything but a vague vision of his surroundings, but he immediately became aware of a presence concealed by the gloom but revealed by the sound of laboured breathing.

"Who's there?" he whispered softly. No answer came, but he groped through the darkness towards the sound. Suddenly he stopped. His foot had struck something soft and yielding. In the darkness his hand encountered a face. It was the face of Rollings. The scrape of the aggressive, bristling moustache against his fingers told him that "Rollings!" he called, and shook the man softly.

The Yard man turned restlessly, then opened his eyes.

"Hallo! That you, Blake?" said Rollings wearily. "Say, old man, I've got the fattest head ever. Those darned flowers were doped, of course. Holy Moses! What a she-cat to be up against! The beautiful Anne is as cunning as a pack of monkeys."

Blake smiled grimly in the gloom. "I suspect they were masterpieces," he said. "Before becoming a political adventuress she had half Europe at her feet as an actress. Some subtle drug must have been concealed in the petals of the flowers. I experienced a tingling sensation in my nose as soon as I smelt them. But where is Tinker? He doesn't appear to be in the cell."

"Alarmed at the boy's absence, Blake and Rollings made a hurried search. Tinker was nowhere to be found.

"That's funny," Rollings muttered uneasily.

"Funny?" snapped Blake. "I fail to see anything funny in it! By heaven, if they have harmed the lad I'll make them pay to the utmost. And what's that?"

A sound came trembling across the warm air. It was the boom of a gun.

It fell upon the silliness once again, and then on wards it continued, the pauses becoming shorter and shorter, until it sounded like a roll of heavy drums.

"Heavy artillery in action—a grimy old howitzer battery," Blake said, a prying note in his voice. "It means that we have commenced, Rollings. We must be within a few miles of the line."

"They must be mad to attempt war with out an efficient transport."

"I suspect they consider a surprise attack as usual a weapon," Blake said. "Remember that Charles of Bolivia, refusing to believe such evil of his brother, is entirely unprepared. Backed up by wagon transport, even the Mauretavian forces would be formidable against the mere handful of men. Prince Charles at present can only put into the line."

Above the trembling thunder of the guns came another sound, this time from the corridor outside the cell. Came the patter of many feet, a short, sharp scuffle, a groan, a thud; then silence.

"What the deuce—"

A key grated in the lock. Blake and the Yard man squared their shoulders, prepared for any sudden attack which might be launched upon them. The door slowly opened, and beams of lantern-light danced on the gloom.

They were reflected on the pale and excited face of a youngster, who, dressed in the drab grey uniform of a Mauretavian soldier, stepped

with noiseless and cautious steps towards them.

"Tinker!" cried Blake in amazement.

The youngster gave a cheery grin, and pressed a finger against his lips. "There's a whole crowd of guards down the corridor. I had the deuce of a job to reach you. I pined this rig-out from a kit-bag in the barracks, and slipped through the guardroom while the sentries were outside presenting arms to the orderly officer. Behold me, Bandsman Tinker, of the Mauretavian Army."

Rollings gave a chuckle, and wrung the lad's hand like a pump-handle.

"Bully for you, young 'un," he whispered. "I reckon Bandsman Blake, the heavy-weight boxer, would be more like it though."

He peered out into the corridor. A sentry lay like a grey log in the shadows. "You Joe-Bekotted him a treat, Tinky! We wondered what the deuce was up when we heard the scuffle."

"You've done splendidly, dear lad," Blake said warmly. "We were just trying to figure out what had happened to you. How did you manage to escape? Rollings and I have only just thrown off the effects of the drug, yet you appear to be quite fit. My head's buzzing like a clockwork engine."

Tinker nearly swallowed his ears in a grin.

"I didded them a treat, gu'nor," he chuckled. "Just as I was bending my head to get a sniff at the posies, I saw a quick glance pass between the old hag and her son."

"That set me thinking, although I was still far from suspecting the truth. Then I noticed that although swartly of countenance, there was not the deep brown sun-burn on the men which one would expect to see on the faces of peasants. There was no yoke! awkwardness in their bearing, either."

"I came to the conclusion that they were cunningly disguised by now, and all one usually only sails under false colours with an older man."

Blake gave the lad a glance of keen appreciation.

"On, young 'un," he said quietly. "Why didn't you give the alarm?"

"Because I felt rollings fall against my shoulder, and the merest glance told me he was drugged," said the lad. "We should have felt his loss had it come to a struggle. Then you drifted off into dreamland."

"I see you to the conclusion that my wisest course—being then one against three—would be to fake illness. I closed my eyes, let the flower, which had not touched my nose, slip from my fingers, and lay back."

"One of the men came and examined me, but I kept very still, and they had not the slightest suspicion but that the drug had worked."

"So you laid low?" said Rollings. "Well done, lad! What happened next?"

"About five hours afterwards the train slowed down on a narrow curve, and we were handed out to a gang of accomplices who must have received orders to be present at this point. We were then placed in a caravan, and journeyed by road to Mauretavia. You have been under the influence of the drug for three days. They gave you sniffs of it every two hours on the journey."

"And you?" said Blake.

"Breathed out instead of in every time the cloth was put over my nose. I did get a sniff of it once though. I drifted off for about an hour, but was as right as ninepence when I awoke in a camp-room."

"And the gang were asleep round a camp-fire?"

"Anne Borselli was in her private caravan, and so the coast was clear. I dropped quietly from the back of the caravan, and made for the shelter of a dense wood. An hour later I was on my feet, and made my escape, and searched for my right through the night. I was up in the branches of a tree, and although at one time they stood beneath me, they had no suspicion of my presence."

"And then I suppose you followed the caravan into Mauretavia?" Blake said, quietly amused at the matter-of-fact way in which Tinker was describing his clever and risky exploit.

"Followed a hundred yards behind you," grinned Tinker. "About half an hour after you found the corner of an old peasant came along in a donkey-cart. I had my horseman known for the hire of the moke, cart, and his clobber, and, as a peasant youth, I caught you up and jogged along behind you."

"There was a sack of pickling walnuts in the cart, and I cut a few open, and rubbed

the juices over my face, disguising myself fairly effectively."

"Arrived at the gates of the city I saw that all who passed in and out were being questioned. I got wind-up for a minute, then decided to pass, as I followed the part of a deaf and dumb mate. The guards were satisfied, and, by way of a bit of local colour, a woman came out and bought a basketful of vegetables from me right under their noses."

"They were taking you in the gates of the courtyard, and as I followed you in, pretending to sell fruit to the soldiers who were lounging about. When you were finally handed over to the captain of the guard I knew I could do nothing for the time being, so took the donkey cart to the address the peasant had given me, and returned with just a small basket of fruit."

"An opportunity soon occurred for me to break into the barracks and to pinch this uniform, and when the guard was turned out for inspection I slipped quickly into the cells, knocked out the cover posted outside your door, and entered with my key."

"Now we must get out here as soon as possible. Listen! The bugles are sounding the 'dismiss.' We must hop it at once!"

"They stepped over the inert body of the sentry, raced through the guardroom, and, concealed by the shadows flung down by a high wall, made their way swiftly and silently into the courtyard. As the last notes of the bugles died away, the clatter of muskets sounded, and, following a hoarse command, the guards went back to their room."

"What's the next move?" whispered Rollings. "We must look sharp. Our escape will be discovered in a few minutes."

"That's the Q.M. Stores over there," Tinker said. "Why not break in, arm ourselves, and get full equipment of a Mauretavian soldier. Recruits are joining up every day now, and among them we should be safe from detection."

"Our best move would be to get through the Mauretavian lines into Bolivia and see if we can give them any help on that side. Without this uniform we should never pass the front line."

"The Army is in action. Listen to the guns. According to the latest information this morning the small Bolivian force is offering a gallant resistance."

"Bully for them," whispered Rollings. "I reckon the youngster's struck the right idea, Blake. What do you say?"

Blake gave a nod of silent assent, and they made for the Quartermaster's Stores, taking advantage of every scrap of cover afforded by the shadows.

Lights gleamed in the barrack-room windows, and on their left lay the palace, brilliantly illuminated.

From the streets of the city came the dull rattle of gun-carriages being hurried to the front, the cracks of the drivers' whips, and the hoarse-voiced commands of the officers in charge, while all the time the Mauretavian guns thundered at the gates of Bolivia.

Flash after flash lit up the sky-line, red and menacing, and from overhead sounded the drone of a powerful plane setting out on reconnaissance duty.

"Here we are, gu'nor," whispered Tinker, as the outline of a great sheet loomed and before them. "I'll slip this knife through the window sashes and force the catch."

In a few minutes the three stood inside the stores. Army blankets were tied over the windows, and a shrill screaming from outside view the ultimatum of the lights which Tinker now switched on.

Boots, tunics, rifles, and other stores lay in orderly piles on the floor, and, stripping off their clothes, Blake and Rollings arrayed themselves in a shoddy uniform.

"Roll up your pants," Tinker grinned, stuffing a hundred rounds into his bandolier, and picking up a rifle. "You'd better stick a cork on that bayonet of yours, Mr. Rollings. Up, Guards, and at 'em! First parade six each, worn. Moustaches to be worn outside chin-fraps."

"The chap who invented puttees ought to have 'em round his neck," growled the Yard man, growing purple in an effort to wind the elusive coils about his legs.

"When you've ready to depart, Blake's eyes fell upon a huge stack of rifles, and a grin smile flickered on his lips.

"Get busy and detach the bolts from those rifles," he said, setting to work. "There's five hundred there, I should say, and without the bolts they will be useless. It will

be one step towards foiling the plans of Count von Dreschler. Pack them in an empty kit-bag. We can dump them somewhere along the route, and be done.

In half an hour all the bolts, essential to the firing of a rifle, were removed and packed in three kit-bags.

"Ready?" whispered Blake. "If we are questioned at the barracks-gates leave the tablets along the route, as I am familiar with the patois."

Switching off the lights, they shouldered the bags and left the building. At the barracks-gates two soldiers paced up and down, their bayonets gleaming like tongues of fire in the light.

"Halt, who goes there?" came the sharp command, uttered in the patois of the district, and palms smacked smartly against stocks as the two rifles were brought down to the ready.

"Friends!" called out Blake quietly, in the same tongue, a mixture of Austrian and German. "See, we have our kits! We have been ordered to join a draft proceeding to the front."

"Pass your friends. All's well!" grunted the sentry in charge, and the two started once more to pace their beats, bestowing no further attention on the trio.

"We're well out of that," Rollings said, when they were clear of the gates. "We'd better dump these consigned bolts somewhere and get out of my wits in case they should rattle as we walked past."

"There's a garden over there," whispered Tinker, jerking his head in the direction of a row of white railings. "If we can lower 'em down a well they will be safe as houses. I'll hop over and reconnoitre."

To his satisfaction Tinker found a large well at the bottom of the garden. In a few minutes the rifle bolts had been lowered down in the great bucket, and, relieved of their burden, they stood in the road.

"That's that," Tinker said. "What next, guv'nor? Shall we make an attempt to get through the lines into Bolivia at once? It should not be difficult in this get-up. We might even be able to collect some useful information on the way the Bolivian general would—"

Tinker broke off suddenly, and the three darted into a hedge.

Their ears had detected the tramp of martial feet. Round the corner swung a platoon of infantry, and in their midst walked proudly a small party of officers, whose sky-blue tunics and scarlet breeches contrasted brilliantly with the drab grey of the Murretavian forces, and at once denoted them to be officers of high rank.

"Bolivian prisoners," whispered Blake, as the men tramped by. "And what a haul! Two generals, one of artillery, the other of infantry, besides several highly-placed staff-officers. I didn't know the Murretavian forces had broken the line."

"They have," Blake said. "I've read several official statements to that effect."

"Then this affair smacks of foul play," Blake said, half to himself. "To capture the staff of an Army H. Q. the line has to be penetrated to a considerable depth. No general directs operations from a point less than ten or fifteen miles behind the lines, especially a general of artillery."

"Then how the deuce have they fallen into the enemy's hands?" asked Rollings.

"It is possible they have been kidnapped," Blake said thoughtfully. "Some of the Murretavian forces must have got behind the Bolivian lines in some way, probably over the hills—and held up the general's car on a lonely road when the staff were returning back to H. Q., after an inspection of the lines."

"Without an escort staff to direct operations the Bolivian forces would be like a man without a backbone, a ship without a rudder. The thing has been done before. I feel convinced that it is Count von Dreschler's work."

Rollings nodded, Blake's theory, starting though it was, had the ring of truth.

"What's to be done?" he asked, scratching his bristling and curly hair, a habit when perplexed.

"We must follow them, and, if a chance should occur, enable them to escape," Blake said quickly. "Quick, keep them in sight!"

As the trio left the shadow of the hedge they saw the party wheel round and enter the gates of the palace. Silently and swiftly they raced after them.

"Follow me in," whispered Blake. "Arrange yourselves with me on the end of

the party. These in front will not be aware of our presence, and any spectators will come to the conclusion that we are the rear guard."

With rifles at the slope, the intrepid three marched about fifteen yards behind the party into the palace, and the luck which generally favours a bold stroke was with them, for the guards at the gate bestowed but a casual glance upon them, sothe even nodding with a friendly smile.

"Into the palace," whispered Blake. "See, they are marching the prisoners there. Evidently Carlos and Count von Dreschler wish to question them in the hope of obtaining useful information."

"Keep an iron front. This is the greatest bit of bluff ever! If that confounded officer at the head of the party looks round we are done."

Behind the party they marched straight up the marble steps into the palace, through a reception-room where lounged Murretavian officers of all ranks, and into the private apartments of Prince Carlos beyond.

Here the corridor was deserted except for the men in front.

As they came abreast an open door the detective tugged his assistant's sleeve, and they darted into the room, fortunately deserted, leaving the prisoners and escort to march on without them.

"Quiet," whispered Blake. "Listen! The private suite of Carlos must lie at the end of the corridor. They have halted."

"Order arms!" came the gruff voice of the officer in charge. "Fall out the escort! Prisoners, left turn, quick march!"

A door slammed, and the sound of subdued voices alone reached them. Half an hour passed, and the door opened. Orders were given, and the party marched back past the room in which they were concealed. Night was upon them now, and somewhere a single sounded light out. The palace was as silent as a tomb.

"Come, Blake," Rollings said. "Suppose we search Carlos' private suite? We might find evidence to convict them in there. The opportunity is too good to be lost. I intend getting Count von Dreschler and that she-cat, Anne Borsell, under lock and key, and without evidence that can only be a fond dream."

"I was going to suggest the same thing," Blake said softly. "Greatly lighty. If we are discovered in this rig-out they are entitled to shoot us as spies. Dreschler and his minions would not let the opportunity slip."

With cautious steps they left the room and crept along the passage to the private suite of Prince Carlos.

The door was unfastened, the room shrouded in silence and shadows.

In a few moments they were inside.

**THE NINTH CHAPTER.**  
**A Knock-Out—And what came of it!**

"THE curtains are drawn," Blake whispered, noiselessly closing the door. "Switch on one of the lights, young 'un. We are fairly safe here. Intruders seldom enter the private suite of a monarch."

Tinker struck a match to light the switch. As the slow blue spurt of flame burnt up into a yellow flame, there came a startled gasp, a Teutonic oath, and the next moment the square and close-cropped head of Count von Dreschler rose above the back of a chair which had hidden his presence, and in which he had evidently been leaning.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded the minister. "Why do you rankers intrude upon the privacy of your king?"

Blake's keen faculties grasped the situation. The Minister of War, deceived by the uniforms, did not suspect their identities, and believed them to be ordinary soldiers.

He saluted smartly, and stepped forward towards the unsuspecting count.

"A thousand pardons, Excellency," he said. "We have brought you urgent despatches from the front, and request instructions to deliver them into your hands, please."

Count von Dreschler nodded, and his face became more amicable in expression. Blake fumbled at the breast-pocket of his tunic as if to draw out some papers placed there for safety.

The minister came forward impatiently, and at that moment Blake's fist shot out straight from the shoulder, felling the Boche like a poleaxed bull. With a queer grunt round he crashed to the floor, the soft-plant carpet covering it scarcely yielding a sound.

For a moment they listened intently, but, except for the laboured breathing of the unconscious man, no sound broke the stillness.

"Good shot, guv'nor!" whispered Tinker breathlessly. "Gee! I nearly had a fit when I saw his square napper sticking up. I reckon we gave him a bit of a fright ourselves. He'll be in a daze for some time for a couple of hours. I've seen the effects of straight-leaves of yours before. Couldn't have done it better myself."

Blake smiled grimly and stood over the fallen foe. A bulky packet, half-fallen out of a pocket in the man's gaudy and gold-braided tunic, attracted his attention. He reached down for it, and carried it beneath the light which Tinker had now switched on.

"Looks like a sealed despatch," Rollings said, gazing at the package curiously.

"That's exactly what it is," Blake said. "It is addressed to the general in command of the Murretavian forces. Probably it is a detailed plan prepared by Dreschler for future war operations. There is no man in Murretavia more qualified than Dreschler to prepare such a document. He is a man who has held high military commands in Germany."

Sealing the parchment envelope was a great dab of red wax bearing the seal of Prince Carlos. Blake was on the point of breaking the wax in order to open the envelope, when he paused, uncertain of action.

"Once Dreschler recovers consciousness and finds the seal broken, he will cancel these plans and get out orders," he said. "If we could only get at the contents without breaking the seal we might be able to turn the information to useful account, for we should then know every move of the Murretavian forces without Dreschler being aware of the fact."

"Get it X-rayed," suggested Rollings jokingly.

To his surprise Blake answered seriously:

"There's genius in you, after all, Rollings. Quite a sound idea!"

Tinker, who the Yard man stared at the Baker Street man from amazed eyes.

"X-ray it it!" Tinker said. "You're joking, guv'nor!"

"Not at all, young 'un," Blake said quietly. "The possibility of reading the contents of a sealed document has already been established by the use of apparatus by which radiographs of a very fine substance, such as a sheet of paper, an insect's body, or a leaf may be obtained. These substances, through which the rays formerly used to pass through, are now transparent, can now be quite easily radiographed."

"It sounds impossible," Rollings said.

"Any document written with ink having a material base can be radiographed," Blake said quietly. "Even when the sheet is folded in the usual way, it is possible, by taking a radiograph successively, first then every detail can be seen standing out in bold relief."

"We had better get over to the nearest hospital at once, and get busy with the X-ray apparatus. My plan is to get a shadowgraph of the contents, then restore the envelope intact to Von Dreschler. That will ally his suspicions, and cause him to think we have overlooked it."

"There will be some bluff needed. Tear your sleeve, Tinker, and smear your arm and tunic with some of the blood running from friend Dreschler's nose. I will explain later."

Turquoise-blue movements, when they reached a quiet thoroughfare, Blake accented a civilian who was walking along the street towards them.

"Can you direct me to the nearest hospital?" he asked politely. "My friend has been injured." U. J.—No. 1953.



met with an accident while cleaning his rifle, and I wish to get the bullet extracted."

Following the man's directions, Blake and his companions soon reached the hospital, where, to the detective's relief, turned out to be a civilian one.

"Don't forget you are wounded, young 'un," Blake said, as they mounted the steps. "Play the part well, and leave the rest to me. Catch hold of him, Hollings. Give an impression that he is too weak to walk unaided."

In answer to their summons on the bell, a caretaker, dressed in a faded uniform, opened the door, and peered out at them. "I am a medical officer from the barracks," Blake said sharply. "The hospital is now under military control. I wish to X-ray this man's arm, and to extract a bullet. Please lead me without delay to the operating theatre. Are there any doctors in attendance to administer the anaesthetic?"

The man jumped alertly to attention. "The medical staff have retired, sir," he said. "Will you summon one of your own? We heard the rumour that the hospital was to be turned into a military one for the wounded soldiers."

"Blake gave an inward sigh of relief. His face had worked perfectly. "I shall not trouble to disturb any of them," he said quickly. "I shall be able to manage quite easily myself. Lead the way to the X-ray-room at once, please. This man needs immediate attention."

The man led the way into the hospital. Tinker gave a very realistic groan, and Hollings supported him with solicitous care. Arrived at the theatre the man switched on the lights.

"Will you need me, sir?" he asked. "You will find everything in order. Any instruments you require you will find in the steriliser. That is the door of the X-ray-room. It leads out of this one."

"I shall not require you," he said. "You may go. On no account trouble to disturb any of the staff. There is no sense in dragging them out of bed for a simple case like this."

The man saluted and withdrew. As soon as the door closed behind him, Tinker danced a silent jig of elation.

"You're a cool beggar, Blake!" Hollings said admiringly.

But Blake was already striding across the theatre to the X-ray-room. As they entered he was stripping the great camera-like affair of its protective cover. In a trice he had slipped the letter into his hand, taking another tube from a metal case lying beside the apparatus, he deftly fixed them into position.

"Excellent!" he said. "These are low tubes, which, giving out soft rays, will photograph the skiagraph much more clearly than the old type."

Something clicked, and a ray of powerful orange and violet light shot across the darkness. He continued to work for several minutes, then took out the negative-like shadowgraph. In a quarter of an hour he had developed the plate, and, beneath a powerful lamp, they bent over it, studying it closely.

It was possible, following his guidance, to read many of the words inscribed on the sheets of the paper reproduced on the queer newspaper. It was a map and a handwritten matter, and so admirably defined were all the details that even the edges of the sheets of paper could be discerned. Being taken stereoscopically, every sheet stood out in bold relief.

Together they traced out the map and several of the more legible paragraphs, the gist of which ran thus:

"Royal Palace, Mauretavia.

"To the Commander-in-Chief of the Mauretavian Forces.

"Matters are progressing very favourably here, and recruits are coming in at the rate of about five hundred a day. In a few days I shall be able to send a draft of ten thousand men, and it is my wish that you should attempt an offensive all along your left wing.

"I enclose a map of the district which your left wing now occupies, and have marked out favourable positions for your artillery at the points marked by red lines, for my secret agents have brought me the intelligence that those points are the weakest spots in the Bolivian line.

"You will meet with little opposition, for our plans to kidnap the best military brains U. J. - N. 1095.

in Bolivia have matured. Both the generals and their staff are now being held prisoners of war at the palace.

"Paul Katona plays his part well, and so far none is suspected of being very actively engaged in the plot."

"Ernst von Drescher,  
"Minister of War."

"So that's how the land lies," Blake said, as he read over the transcript of the skiagraph. "Pretty, isn't it? And who the deuce is this Paul Katona? By the tone of the despatch, he is obviously impersonating someone. That is the only inference we can draw, heard of any crook or adventurer of that name? You keep pretty comprehensive records at the Yard."

Hollings pondered for a moment. "Name seems familiar," he said. "Believe there was an Austrian actor of that name who was suspected of being very actively engaged in the Continental 'dope' traffic on a large scale. If it's the same man he has a bad record.

"One of those effeminate, foppish sort of blighters on the outside, but as cunning and hard as they make 'em underneath."

"Probably the same man," said Blake. "Profession, nationality, and record point that way. But come, let us get back to the theatre, and return the despatch to Count von Drescher intact. This will be exceedingly useful to the Bolivian forces, and we must hand the intelligence to them without delay. There will be plenty of time to figure out the fresh development afterwards. It is useless to waste the time of the generals. They would be too closely guarded."

Taking up some cotton-wool, Blake washed the blood from Tinker's arm, threw the bloodstained material in the dressing-pail, dried the instruments in the steriliser, and made it seem apparent that the operating theatre had indeed been used for an operation.

The caretaker bowed them out, and they swiftly made their way to the palace, past the guards on the gates, and into the royal suite of Carlos. The Teuton had not stirred, and Blake carefully placed the despatch in the man's pocket, afterwards taking a silver cigar case from a few of the attendants, in order to give the count the impression that common theft had been the motive for the attack.

"Now for our journey through the lines into Bolivia," Blake said, switching off the light. "Be careful not to speak in English if we happen to be within the hearing of any of the Mauretavian soldiers. That would bring suspicion on us instantly."

Leaving the palace, they struck across the plain towards the distant foot of the guns. The lined trenches, the breaking whys of the wagon-lines, and the shattering explosions of hidden batteries were deafening. Great dumps lined the roadside, and fatigue parties were loading up the limbers with stores.

The hedged were white with a dust which bore silent witness to the passage of hundreds of horses and men, and white puffs of shrapnel smoke hung like fleecy clouds over the lines. The breaking whys of the efficiency of Bolivia's small force of artillery.

As they approached the reserve trenches the whole Bolivian line belched death; rifles and machine-guns, heavy and light artillery blasted gaps in the Mauretavian ranks, cutting gaps through the piled-up trench emplacements.

Bang and counter-bang, shriek, curse, and groan, broke like pandemonium through the morning air. And that day the troops of Carlos began their march on the "outstanding little army" of Bolivia could fight the men.

"Down this communication-trench," Blake said. "The infantry in the section are fixing bayonets in readiness to go 'over the top.' Follow them over behind me. We must get into a Bolivian trench, and give ourselves up as prisoners. We can say 'afterwards.'"

As the whiggle blew for the Mauretavian soldiers to go over the parapet they were close upon their heels.

Machine-guns belched death, cutting great spaces in the Mauretavian ranks; but the living went on.

They reached the Bolivian trenches; man grappled with man; steel crossed steel, and the shrieks of the wounded were terrible to hear.

Then, seeming to spring from the bosom of the earth, the Bolivian counter-charge came with a rush. In one shattering chorus their rifles spoke, and the quick-firing guns spat desolation. Down went the foremost of the

charging Mauretavians, and the hinder ranks faltered and were lost. In a trice the party were surrounded, and being marched up to the Bolivians cages as prisoners.

"We're through, anyway!" Hollings said, grinning good-humouredly into the face of a barely 20-year-old infantryman who snatched the rifle from his hands.

A puzzled expression crossed the soldier's smart face on hearing the unfamiliar language, and Blake hastened to explain.

"We are English," he said, in the patois, "and would like to be taken all once before your colours. We come as friends, but had to join the enemy in their attack, in order to cross the lines and reach you."

The man looked dubiously at them for a moment; but a subaltern officer standing near, who had heard the conversation, came forward.

"You shall have ample facilities to prove yourselves!" he said, somewhat curtly. "Follow me!"

A few minutes later they stood in the presence of a colonel of infantry, to whom Blake unfolded the strange story. An abashed veteran of the despatches. The grizzled old copyer thanked them warmly, then said: "I will see that you are taken to the G.H.Q. by car at once. His Highness Prince Charles is there, for since the loss of his generals, he has been directing operations himself."

And a few minutes later they were speeding across the shell-swept countryside towards G.H.Q. The sun was well up when they arrived, and without loss of time they were ushered into the presence of the prince.

The prince, a tall, well-built young man, clad in a simple but business-like uniform, was bending over an ordnance-map, surrounded by members of his staff. He looked up from sharp and observant eyes as the conducting officer approached the table and clicked his heels in salute.

"These gentlemen, your Highness, say they are from England and are the bearers of important news."

His Highness bowed courteously, and Blake, briefly gave the details of his amazing expedition, and his attention with the case of the stolen locomotives.

Prince Charles and his staff were attentive listeners, and when the detective came to the end of his narrative the ruler of Bolivia took all three warmly by the hand.

He was a clean-shaven young man, an admirable foil to the effeminate and irresolute other, and the boyishness in his manner detracted nothing from his manly bearing.

"I am deeply indebted to you and your companions, Mr. Blake," he said. "This despatch copy will prove invaluable to us, so my suspicions concerning the disappearance of our general were right. To what depths of infamy has my brother sunk?"

"I believe him to be but the tool of others," your Highness," Blake said. "He is surrounded by political adventurers of the worst type—men who would stick at nothing to gain their own ends. We would have attempted to release your general, but the odds were far too heavy against us. Still, in the copy of that despatch lies victory—a bloodless victory—to your forces. Look at the map."

The prince looked down puzzled at the tracing of his brain and not the same keepers of perception as had Blake's, and he shook his head dubiously.

"They will be occupying a very strong and strategic position, Mr. Blake," he said. "From the hills on which they intend their artillery to get into action their guns will command the Bosnian Plains."

Blake bent over the map. "Kindly follow me in this, your Highness," he said. "Withdraw your forces across the plains, and what would happen?"

"The Mauretavian forces would naturally take possession, as it is their intention to make a sweeping advance into Bolivia, and thus force the Bosnian Plains."

"Exactly, prince," said Blake; "and in their advance would lie your success. Do not the River Save, a tributary of the Danube, border the plain, which is already low-lying and marshy?"

Blake paused for a moment, earnestly studying the map. The prince and his staff were silent, recognising in this calm-voiced Englishman a man whose genius was superior to their own.



As his assailant recoiled Blake dashed his fist into the brawny throat. The German count staggered back, his sword clattering to the floor. (Chapter 10.)

"Had I charge of Bolivia's war operations my plan of campaign would be this, your Highness," Blake said: "I should draw my troops to the Bolivian end of the plains, simply leaving behind a few decoy regiments to make a show of resistance, and draw the Mauretavian forces on.

"It would be a simple matter to check their advance by a creeping barrage of artillery when they had reached the marshy centre of the plains, and at that moment I should blow up the bank of the river and flood the district.

"What would happen? When you made a sweeping offensive against them, the flooded and marshy land would not permit them to withdraw with their baggage and horses, and they would be lost. They would surrender without any serious resistance."

Into the silence which followed the calm and convincing statement of Sexton Blake broke the enthusiastic voice of the ruler of Bolivia.

"Mr. Blake, I place every faith in your judgment. Your plan shows you to be something of a military genius, and the loss of my generals has left me badly in need of such men. Will you accept a command in my army—serve beneath a foreign flag? I would like to place the command of these operations entirely in your hands."

Blake hesitated for a moment, then bowed. "As in this case war is the only weapon with which to gain peace for Bolivia, I accept the honour, your Highness," he said simply. "It is a land of peace these armed marauders of Count Von Dreschler have hurled themselves upon, and my sympathies are entirely with you and your gallant forces. They are men I shall be proud to command."

The Prince of Bolivia took the crimson sabre-tache from his waist and slipped it over the detective's head.

General Sexton Blake clicked his heels in a military salute, and, raising the tips of his fingers to his cap, turned shining eyes upon the flag of gallant little Bolivia which fluttered overhead.

**THE TENTH CHAPTER.**  
**Tinker is Barred Alive!**



WITHIN a week, under the fine generalship of Sexton Blake, the fake retreat had been carried out with mastery skill, and not a life had been lost in the operation.

Paler than usual, with the strain of those eventful and anxious days written in the tired lines beneath his eyes, the great London detective sat at G.H.Q., an expressionless figure, yet the staff officers in the room had every faith in his judgment, and his every command was carried out without question.

"Tinker should have been back by now, old man," Rollings said. "I hope nothing has happened to the lad. It was a dangerous mission you sent him on; but you were forced to it, of course."

Blake nodded somewhat wearily. "Yet he will win through, Rollings. Tinker shows at his best when in a tight corner." A staff officer, bearing on his breast the ribbons of many hard-fought campaigns, hurried into the room.

"Good news, sir," he said, saluting. "The field telephonists have just phoned through the intelligence that the bank of the lake overlooking the plains has been dynamited. The plains are flooded."

"And what of my assistant?" Blake's voice trembled for a moment. "Is Lieutenant Tinker safe? His was the hand that did this."

"Of Lieutenant Tinker there is no news," said the officer slowly. "The explosion was greater than was expected. The officers who viewed the affair through field-glasses state—"

The old veteran broke off in uneasy confusion.

"Go on, colonel," Blake said quietly; but his lips twitched painfully.

"Well, sir, Lieutenant Tinker was buried under the debris. It is feared that he was buried alive."

Blake clutched the sides of the table as he rose to his feet. His face was very white, but his voice as firm as a rock as he said:

"Please see that my car is brought round immediately. I am going into the line to direct artillery operations. His Highness is personally leading his infantry. Ask him to follow up my barrage with an advance."

The officer saluted and left them.

"Rotten business about Tinker, old man," Rollings said gruffly; and there was a suspicious dimness in his eyes. "Gosh, but the lad was made of the right stuff! Many a man would have funk'd the job!"

Blake nodded, and swallowed hard at the growing constriction in his throat.

"You're right!" he said. "If I've lost him, Rollings, it will be the hardest hit I've ever had. Here's the car. Let us go to the gun-pits. Afterwards I will investigate."

With Rollings as his aide-de-camp, Blake entered the car, and a few minutes later they had reached the gun-pits.

"Send the order along to the battery commanders to get ready for action!" Blake said curtly, stepping from the car to the shell-ton earth. "Aiming-point, that red-tiled cottage on the left bank. Bring me a range-finder."

The aide-de-camp sped off on his errand, returning shortly with a range-finder and tripod, Blake clamped the instrument together, then stared out over the flooded plain with his field-glasses.

All was confusion. From a great gaping hole in the banks of the broad river the water poured in, a swift current in which men and horses were struggling desperately.

In serpentine contortions it ran over the plain, covering it in the lowest lying hollows to a depth of several feet, effectively cutting off the retreat of the Mauretavian forces.

Ammunition-dumps stood up like fantastic

fragments of islands in the great pools, and Blake smiled grimly as he realised that none of the howitzer charges would prove effective, covered and dampened as they were by the quickly rising flood.

In a few seconds he had the range. His batteries stood practically wheel to wheel in a formidable line, and the ground seemed to bristle with the long black muzzles.

Well-stocked limbers lay behind every gun, and the gunners stood alert in their pits—boys in the blush of youth, men in their manhood's might, and stalwart grey-beards in the splendid autumn of their days, all of them young at heart, and true of soul, material with which warlike arts are conquered.

Taking up his megaphone, the detective placed it to his lips.

"Batteries in action—batteries under cover," he boomed. "Aiming-point, red-litied cottage on the left flank, twenty degrees, fifteen minutes more right! Range, three thousand five hundred yards! Twenty rounds battery fire, ten seconds! Shell-rop load; raise the yards each shell!"

The fresh-blooded boys above the click of the fuse-setters. Gun-layers set their instruments, and in a few seconds sounded the voices of the brigade-majors:

"All guns set and ready, sir!"

"Let 'em rip, Napoleon!" Rollings whispered admiringly; and his whole frame was trembling with excitement. "Gosh, Blake, you're a wonder! That'll put the breeze up 'em! You're not firing directly on the enemy's course!"

"Just a creeping barrage a couple of hundred yards in front of them," Blake said. "Look out for the white flags. They are bound to surrender, their retreat being cut off, and when they see the barrage creeping towards them they'll chuck up the sponge like sensible men."

Then, with the megaphone to his lips:

"All batteries fire!"

And the next moment the air was torn by the thunderous voice of the guns. The hills, taking up the sound, sent it booming and echoing in the valleys, the answer of gallant Bolivia to the horns of Count von Dreschler. Dense clouds of smoke, dyed with the red flash of the guns, hung like a mantle over the field of war as a hurricane of shells, before which even the stoutest veteran in the Mauravian ranks might well quail, raised red-hot chunks of iron to the hundred yards before the enemy's ranks, and made havoc of the rich red soil.

Ten seconds later the guns boomed out their message of destruction once again, and the shells fell round the foot of the hills. The gunners worked with a will. Soldiers of liberty these; gallant hearts who would have died to keep their beloved country clean and pure.

Through the dense clouds of smoke loomed the figure of Sexton Blake, calm and inscrutable, revealing nothing in his iron features of the grief in his heart born of the knowledge that his brave assistant must surely have gone to his doom.

As the atmosphere cleared between the times of firing, he caught fleeting glimpses of the disordered and panic-stricken ranks of the Bolivian forces; of men struggling to cross that raging flood, of wildly plunging horses, unmanageable through the terror, those mighty crashes had bred in their hearts.

Blake gave the order to cease fire a hoarseman cattered out from the ranks of the Bolivians.

It was Prince Charles, and though his uniform was torn and covered with thick dust, no warrior in shining armour of the olden days looked more knightly of figure. His voice roared out a command, and the flood of human life in the Bolivian trenches leapt to life. Onwards they sped, a mighty yell on their lips, as grim as the power of the sun, over a little fire, spiked and wire-entangled, the men who fought for liberty went like grey wolves, and neither rifle-fire, guns, nor steel could stay them.

A few minutes it was over—the Mauravian forces had surrendered.

A few hours later, when the task of rounding up and disarming the forces of Count von Dreschler was completed, Sexton Blake and Rollings stood in the presence of Prince Charles at G.H.Q.

"Mr. Blake, my country owes you a debt of gratitude we can never repay," said his Highness; and his voice, though pleasant and casual, covered all the deeper meaning.

"Rollins will mourn the death of your brave assistant, and the memory of his gallant deed will live for ever! He gave his life that Bolivia might be saved from the thralldom of my treacherous brother's rule!"

His Highness paused for a moment, and opened a drawer in his desk. He drew out a diamond-studded star and handed it to the detective.

"The Star of Bolivia, Mr. Blake," he said kindly. "Accept it as a token of my country's respect for the memory of your gallant lad. It is the greatest honour Bolivia can bestow!"

Blake took the glittering star with hands that trembled.

"I thank you, your Highness," he said. "There can be no doubt that my assistant is dead. I had a hundred men searching the river-bank, but we could find no trace of him."

The door opened, and a party of staff officers marched into the room. In their midst stood Prince Carlos of Mauravia, a tattered and mudstained figure.

## Football Competition No. 9.

Matches Played Saturday, December 2nd.

### £500 WON.

In this competition six hundred and fifteen competitors set in correct forecasts of the results of all the matches on the coupon. The prize of £500 has therefore been secured by the winner.

We regret that pressure on space precludes us from publishing the names and addresses of these winners; but a full list may be seen at The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

"His Highness Prince Carlos of Mauravia, sir," said one of the officers. "His Highness and his staff were captured and brought in with the other prisoners."

The features of the ruler of Bolivia were as black as a night-storm. His brows were bent, and there was an ominous silence—like the calm when the storm is to burst. Then Prince Charles rose to his feet, and an expression of astonishment crept into his eyes.

"My brother!" he cried, in amazement. "What is the meaning of this? The man you have there is not my brother! There is some resemblance, but that is all."

Blake smiled grimly, and stepped forward. "He is Paul Katona, described as an Austrian actor, your Highness," he said. "I have had a suspicion that your brother was being impersonated since I took a copy of Count von Dreschler's despatch. You will remember that the last sentence read, 'Paul Katona plays his part well, and so far none suspect the truth.'"

"But what was the object of the impersonation?" asked the bewildered prince.

"It was carried out because your brother repented his action in declaring war upon you," said Blake. "He turned to the now trembling actor."

"I should advise you to make a clean breast of everything, Katona," he added coldly. "Your record is well known to my friends here who is a high official of New Scotland Yard."

"I will!" the actor said eagerly. "I was dragged into this business by Count von Dreschler. He has a hold over me. Count von Dreschler and Anne Borselli, with whom I used to act, persuaded the Prince of Mauravia to declare war on his brother in order to find money for their extravaganzas."

"After he had signed the declaration of war," Prince Carlos repeated his action, said Dreschler, seeing in this the downfall of

his plans, had him trussed up and then sent to Vienna for him to impersonate him, and so hoodwink the people. The real prince is a prisoner at the palace."

Prince Charles had listened in astonishment to the surprising story. He cut short the actor's story for the moment.

"Take him to the civil prison," he said curtly. "I place his punishment in the hands of Detective-Inspector Rollings. The man is evidently wanted by the English police."

"He's named as 'Bliss,' as prisoner and escorted reached the door. "Where is Count von Dreschler?"

"At the palace," said Katona sullenly. "He's got your brat, Tinker, in his power. The lad was dug out of the debris and taken prisoner after having up the river bank. Dreschler managed to escape by swimming the flood on horseback."

Blake turned white for a moment, then an expression of joy crossed his worn features. Rollings was beaming all over his rufous face.

"Is he badly injured?" asked Blake. "No; but he soon will be if you don't get him out of Dreschler's hands," Katona said ominously.

"I will see you don't lose anything by this, Katona," Blake said quietly. "He tried to kill your Highness. 'I should like the fastest car you have pinned at my disposal, please,' he added. 'I am going to Mauravia to get Tinker and your brother out of Count von Dreschler's power.'"

In a few minutes the detective was at the wheel of a powerful car, Rollings beside him. They found the Mauravian capital in a state of wild disorder. The few troops who had been lucky enough to escape through the flood were swarming like a cloud of locusts over the city, pillaging and committing wild acts of incendiarism.

They were going to teach a lesson, they said, to those who had exploited their patriotism for personal gain, and who had brought such ignominious defeat upon them. When Prince Charles saw the flames of his burning palace—saw tongues of fire licking the dark sky—when he saw his spendthrift ministers stab before his eyes, then he would know the lesson they had to teach.

At the palace gates they found a clamorous horde of soldiers and peasants. They scattered like ninetails as Blake drove through their ranks and right up to the palace entrance.

A party of Civil Guards were defending the palace behind barricades of sandbags, but a single shot from the officer in charge gained them admittance.

Together they raced through the corridors. Somewhere in the palace a shot rang out, followed by a woman's scream.

"Gosh, who's that?" Rollings said breathlessly.

"Probably Anne Borselli," was Blake's grim spoken reply. "The people regard her, and rightly, too, as the root of their troubles. She would receive scant mercy at their hands."

A long row of doors faced them. In which room was Tinker imprisoned?

"We'd better divide now," Blake said.

"You take the passage on the right. There isn't a door lost. Dreschler, by now, must realise that the game is up, his nature is such that he would try to exact vengeance on the lad before attempting to escape."

As Rollings disappeared down the branch corridor, Blake darted into a room facing him. Some muffled sound from within, a gasp eloquent of fear, had attracted his attention. He paused on the threshold, a look of horror in his grey eyes.

Standing over the recumbent figure of his bound assistant was Count von Dreschler.

The new world mad, and in his eyes was a look which once seen is never forgotten, the inhuman glare of the lust to kill. His stubby hair was on end, his bloodshot eyes glaring fury, and every now and then he bellowed like a wounded bull.

A sword was in his hand, and his tunic was rent from shoulder to flank, exposing the play of his great muscles. He was bleeding from a cut on the forehead, and the blood, trickling down his face, mingled with the foam on his lips, and dropped sleggly on his hairy chest.



## "SEXTON BLAKE'S OWN PAPER"

It was evident he had been badly handled by the mob, and that the reverse of his plans had disordered his brain.

Hearing the sound of Blake's presence, he swung round with a beast-like snarl, and his eyes dilated with a fresh access of passion.

Across the room they swayed, locked in a desperate embrace. The madman hooked his knee round the detective's thigh, clutched his throat in a great, hairy hand, and slowly forced him backwards across a table. As far as strength went, Blake was the equal of the Tonton in brute force, but with the fighting education of a pugilist, and in a personal encounter between two men of equal courage, science tells.

And science, though it cannot give strength, gives coolness.

Tinker struggled desperately at his bonds in an attempt to get free, and lend his master a hand, but they did not yield an inch.

To the inexperienced eye, it would appear

that the frenzied madman, helped by the strength born of his insanity, gripping the throat of the man beneath him, must rise from the struggle an easy victor.

The fierce pressure of those hairy hands about his throat had caused Blake to lose his sight, owing to the increased blood-pressure in his head, and although he pressed with all the might of his muscles, striving to resist the leverage which the Tonton was applying in order to break his back on the edge of the table, he might as well have pushed against a stone wall.

With his eyes protruding, and every sinew strained to its uttermost, he was slowly forced backwards, and he felt the German relax his grip in order to draw back and aim at him an effectual blow with the sword.

Disengaging his left hand, Blake suddenly allowed himself to sink, and then, drawing up his right knee, struck the madman beneath the jaw.

As the close-cropped head was jerked backwards by the blow, the detective straightened himself, and dashed his fist into the braveny throat.

Count von Dreschler staggered back, and the sword clattered to the floor. Then, with a mighty rush, a party of the mob entered the apartment. With a howl of rage they made for the German, who, snatching up his sword, sprang to the wall and placed his back against it.

"Back, men!" cried Blake sternly. "What madness is this? Leave Count von Dreschler in my hands. I will see that he meets his just deserts."

But the detective's words were unheeded, and there began another Homeric struggle — this time of one man against twenty, and it was none the less heroic because the Ajax was a traitor and the Trojans rebel soldiers.

(Continued overleaf.)

# GREAT FOOTBALL COMPETITION

## £8,500 ALREADY AWARDED THIS SEASON.

Only TEN Matches.  
No Goals Required.

**£500**  
MUST BE WON!

Scottish and Irish  
Readers May Enter.

Below you will find a coupon giving TEN matches to be played on SATURDAY, JANUARY 20th. We offer the sum of £500 for a correct or nearest forecast of the results of all these matches.

All that competitors have to do is to strike out, IN INK, the names of the teams they think will lose. If, in the opinion of the competitor, any match, or matches, will be drawn, the names of both teams should be left untouched.

Coupons, which must NOT be enclosed in envelopes containing efforts for other competitions, must be addressed to:

### FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 14.

Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4.

and must reach that address not later than the FIRST POST on FRIDAY, JANUARY 19th.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Answers," "All Sports," "Sports Budget," "Answers Library," "Family Journal," "Home Companion," "Woman's World," "Boys' Realm," "Pictorial Magazine," "The Champion," "Fluck," and "Football Favourite."

### RULES WHICH MUST BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO.

1. All forecasts must be made on coupons taken from this journal, or from any of the issues of the above journals which contain the announcement of the competition.

2. Any alteration or mutilation of the coupon will disqualify the effort.

3. If any match, or matches, on the coupon should be abandoned, or full time is not played for any reason, such match, or matches, will not be taken into consideration in the adjudication.

4. In the event of ties, the prize will be divided.

5. No correspondence may be enclosed with the coupon, and none will be entered into. Neither will interviews be granted.

6. When more than one effort is submitted, coupons must not be pinned or in any way fastened together.

7. Competitors are entitled to enclose under the same cover coupons taken from any of the journals taking part in the contest.

8. No competitor will be awarded more than one share of the prize.

9. The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any coupon for what, in his opinion, is good and sufficient reason, and it is a distinct condition of entry that the Editor's decision shall be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning the competition.

10. All entries received after the first post on FRIDAY, JANUARY 19th, will be disqualified. No responsibility can be accepted for any effort, or efforts, lost, mislaid, or delayed. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. Unstamped or insufficiently stamped efforts will be refused. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

U. J.

## Football Competition No. 14

Date of Matches, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20th.

Closing Date, FRIDAY, JANUARY 19th.

ARSENAL	v. MANCHESTER CITY
CHELSEA	v. NEWCASTLE UNITED
OLDHAM ATHLETIC	v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR
DERBY COUNTY	v. FULHAM
PORT VALE	v. WEST HAM UNITED
SOUTHAMPTON	v. CRYSTAL PALACE
WOLVERHAMPTON W.	v. CLAPTON ORIENT
CHARLTON ATHLETIC	v. BRENTFORD
QUEEN'S PK. RANGERS	v. MILLWALL
SOUTHEND UNITED	v. WATFORD

I enter Football Competition No. 14 in accordance with the Rules and Conditions announced above, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Name .....

Address .....

14 .....

# Hobbies

## FRETWORK FOR BOYS

You will be delighted with the things you can turn out in Fretwork. Real useful things of which you may be proud. You can buy the tools and start right away. Be sure and get Hobbies to secure the best. A free design is given weekly with the little journal, "Hobbies," which your newsagent can supply.

### COMPLETE OUTFITS from 4/- to 60/-

#### A 184-Page Catalogue—

Just out. Over 500 designs and 15 delightful pictures. A free Cool Cabinet design with each copy. Get yours now—9d., or 1/- post free.

### HOBBIES, LIMITED, DEREHAM

Branches and Agents in all Towns.



Shaking in his mad strength his assailants to the floor as easily as a wild boar shakes off the dogs that cluster upon his briefly sides, the madman whirled the sword about his head, and strove to keep them at bay.

Each time an assailant came within reach of that gleaming blade his powerful body quivered with rage. At one moment lungeing with clinging adversaries—his arms, legs, and shoulders a hanging mass of human bodies—at the next, free, desperate, alone in the midst of his foes, his frothing lips grinning like a demon's, the count was a spectacle to slumber at.

"So you're here, Blake. I—"  
"Rollings, who had just entered, paused on the threshold and stared upon that grim scene from wondering eyes.

Quick as a flash he drew a heavy military pistol from his pocket, and sent it hurtling through the air. True to its aim, it sped, striking the count between the eyes. Without a groan the madman crashed to the floor.

"Blake rushed forward, and, snatching up the pistol, stood over the inert body.  
"Back, I tell you," he cried sternly. "Are you mad? I have a stronger story for your ears. Your prince has been impregnated. His was not the hand responsible for the war. He has merely been the tool of others."  
"Cease this useless campaign of pillage

and incendiarism. In the future Prince Charles of Bolivia will see that your country enjoys a more free and prosperous rule than it has known for years, and your sons and comrades will not have given their lives in vain. You have exacted your vengeance against those who have brought this trouble upon you. Now go!"  
And solemnly they went.

Tinker, happily unharmed, was released from his bonds, and they commenced a search for Prince Carlos.

In an adjoining room they found him, a cowering on his chin, pale and dishevelled, but there was a newly found manliness in his bearing as he thanked the detective and stood out on the balcony and addressed his people who looked into the courtyard below.

And his speech, following Blake's commendatory advice and carrying the ring of sincerity, stemmed the revolution.

Leaving the balcony they made their way back into the royal suite. The mad Tinker, who had fallen, and the red blood trickled down his gross face from a wound on the left temple.

Blake forced some brandy between his lips, and when the count opened his eyes that insane glare had left them. He glanced about him in a dazed fashion for some mo-

ments, then, shuddering violently, looked from face to face of those beading over him.  
"Count von Drescher," snapped Rollings, "I am charged with the duty of complying in the theft of several locomotives stolen from England. There will be other charges preferred against you later."

Then, very gravely, Blake acquainted the young ruler of the late of Anna Borgsill.  
"Let us go to her," he said, in a low voice. In her boudoir they found her. She was dead.

The young prince carried her to her bed. "Let us go to my brother," he said. "I place myself and my country entirely in his hands."

A few hours later they stood in the presence of Prince Charles of Bolivia.  
"It was all my fault, my brother," said Carlos. "I pray God and you to forgive me."  
Just that and no more.

"Carlos," said his brother, and his voice was as soft as a woman's. "Thank God also that you have come to the end of your folly."  
"Come," Blake whispered to his companions.

And the three stole silently from the room, leaving the two brothers alone.

THE END.

**DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!**

Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken bone. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you, wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business, always absolutely on the square, and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember we use no salves, no ointments, and no jakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1876A), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

**ARE YOU HAPPY**

Bright and Cheerful? It is impossible to be so if you suffer from Nervous Fears, Awkwardness in Company, Nervous Depression, Blushing, Timidity, Sleeplessness, Lack of Will-Power, or Mind Concentration. You can absolutely overcome all nervous troubles if you use the Meato-Nerve Strengthening Treatment, GUARANTEED CURE OR MONEY REFUNDED. Send 3 penny stamps immediately for particulars. GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, LTD., 543, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

**FITS** can be cured, quickly and permanently, by a reliable home-made remedy. Avoid expensive patent medicines. Full particulars free from **WHITBY & CO., Desk U.J., Winsford, Cheshire.**

**FREE FUN!** Our Penny Novelties, causing roars of laughter, FREE to all sending 94 stamps. Includes 25 Concluding Tricks, 12 Jolly Joke Tricks, 6 Curly Coin Tricks, 5 Cunning Card Tricks, 5 Funny Magic Tricks, 100 Riddles, 16 Games, 10 Funny Readings, 25 Funny Riddles, 21 Humorous, 21 Health Secrets, Easy Ventriquoism Secrets, and 1,001 Stupendous Attractions. Thousands delighted! Great Fun—**3 PENCE, 15, Wood St., Edgubas, Birmingham.**

**50 WAR & ARMISTICE STAMPS** Free to applicants—11 vols. Mention UJ 28. B.L. COYEN, Wave Crest, Whitehall, Kent.

**MAGIC TRICKS.** etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriquoist's Patent Instrument. Invaluable. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4/1.—T.W. Harrison, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

**DON'T BE BULLIED!** Learn the Wonderful Japanese Art of Self-Defence without Weapons. For small boys and men. **Send NOW** Four Penny Stamps for Splendid ILLUSTRATED SAMPLE LESSONS, or 3/6 for Large Portion of Course.—Dept U.J., SCHOOL OF JUJITSU, 31, Golden Sq., Regent St., London, W.1. Personal Tuition also given.

**STOP STAMMERING!** Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—FRANK E. RUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

**HOME CINEMATOGRAHERS.**—Machines from 7/6, with Take-up, from 12/6. Latest Stock in Film, 1/1. Post Free. Lists Free. Desk E. DEAN CINEMA CO., 54, Drayton Avenue, West Ealing, W.12.

**85 FOREIGN STAMPS.**—Montserrat, Cayman, Mauritius, French Guiana, Newfoundland, Guadalupe, etc. Price 4d. 80 Bermuda, 80 America, 6d., 25 Pacific, 6d.—Turner, 129, Villa St., Walworth, S.E.17.

**1/2-PRICE**



Price New Model American, 10 x 10 1/2 in. Piano-Finished, Metal-Bound 9-Fold Strong Bellows, 10 Keys, Etc. Grand Organ Case. Sent to Approved order, for 2/- Deposit and 1/3 Postage, and promise to send 2/- fortnightly till 12/- is all paid. 25 "YUFOB" 10/11 Cash Price, 12/6. Post Free (Colonial Dealers). Delight or Money Back. FREE—Grand Illustrations (Great Post Free) Big Bargains, 7/6 to 77/6. Cash or 1/- Wires. Accidents, 12/6 to 42/. Gramophones 10/6 to 27/6. Clocks 5/6 to 40/6. Jewellery, Novelties, Toys, Etc. **FRANK WILSON'S HOUSE, Dept. 9, A. HASTINGS.** (Established 35 Years.)

**FREE** 16-page Illustrated Radio Supplies Catalogue.

**Permit Crystal Detector**, as illustrated, 7/6 post paid. Always ready for increasing in value, setpoint. Wireless sets from **£3 10s.** complete. Write to-day—**British Radio Sales Co., Ltd., Stephen's Buildings, London Street, London.**

**STAMPS FREE! 1,000 SETS ONLY.** While the stock lasts I will give a complete set of 12 pictorial Ukraine (including high values), and also a set of 5 Bolshevik Ukraine, to every applicant who sends 1d. for postage and asks to see his Stock List.

**YOURS for**

This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch set upon receipt of 1/-! After approval send 1/- more, the balance may be paid by 6mo. hire instalments of 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain returned in full 12 months! Send 1/- now to Simpson's Ltd. (Dept. 0), 94, Queen Rd., Brighton, Sussex

**BE BIG.**—During the past ten years we have supplied our GIVAN 20,000 students. Less than 200 have written to say they have not enjoyed it. The result, 93 per cent. every week. It is your only achievement. Health and stamina grow. It is improved. It is improved. P.C. for particulars and our 4100 questionnaire to ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.P., 11, ST. JOHN'S GREEN ROAD, LONDON, S.4.

**FILMS, CHEAP!** 100-ft. Sample, 1/6. Post Free. Stamp for List.—"RADIO" FILMS, 34, CHURCH STREET, WEST HAM, E.7.

**WIRELESS SETS.**—The Simplest, Best, and Cheapest Sets and Desk E. DEAN TRADING CO., 34, Brazton Avenue, West Ealing, W.12.

**FREE!** Set of 25 Polaroid and Liberator's Stamps, FREE to those sending postage and asking to see Approval Sheet of Stamp.

**NERVOUS, SHY, BLUSHING.** Do YOU lack Self-Confidence? Do YOU Blush, Stammer, Tremble, Grow Confused when spoken to? Feel Nervous, Timid, Shy in Company? Write at once for free particulars of simple permanent home cure in 7 days. **U.J.D., 12, All Saints Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.**

**FUN FOR ALL!** Ventriquoist's Voice Instrument. Invaluable. Imitate Birds, Beasts, etc. 6d. each; 4 for 1/-. (Ventriquoist's Patent Instrument. Imitate Birds, Beasts, etc. 6d. each; 4 for 1/-. (Ventriquoist's Patent Instrument. Imitate Birds, Beasts, etc. 6d. each; 4 for 1/-.)