

Nature's Oddities

THE GUILLEMOT

The eggs of the guillemot are pointed in shape, as shown. This is to ensure that they don't roll off the steep cliffs. If knocked, they just move round and round in a small circle.

THE PORCUPINE

This creature can shoot sharp spines out of its body with considerable force when it is attacked!



SECRETARY BIRD

A bird of prey, which spends most of its time walking. It kills snakes by stamping on them. So named because the trailing black feathers behind its head are like the quill pens stuck behind the ears of clerks 150 years ago.









KNOCKOUT ANNUAL 1960

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This BOOK Belongs To:

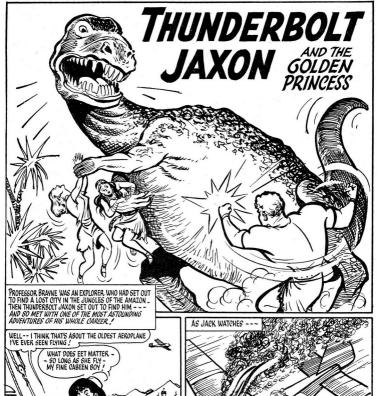


The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



WHOOSH! MAKE WAY FOR JOHNNIE WINGCO-HE'S IN A HURRY!

John Wingate-Cole, commander in the Fleet Air Arm and known better as Johnnie Wingco, is the sort of flyer you just can't keep down! The splendid colour-plate on the opposite page shows one of his typical dare-devil moments, taken from breathless adventure of the last war. The thrills of this story will make you tingle with real excitement—it is published in full in this Annual, starting on page 33.























THUNDERBOLT HAD AN IDEA THAT QUIRO WAS BEHIND ALL THE TROUBLE. AND WITH THE AID OF THE PRO-FESSOR'S POWDERS HE BEGAN TO PROVE IT. ALL THE UPSET CHILDREN WERE BROUGHT TO HIM. AND AFTER OUICK DOSE OF THE SOOTHING POWDERS THEY **BEGAN** TO FEEL MUCH BETTER AGAIN!



Hidden inside the torch held by a mighty stone figure, Quiro watched with his eyes glittering with hatred. His scheme had gone all wrong, but he was still mad with the desire for power!



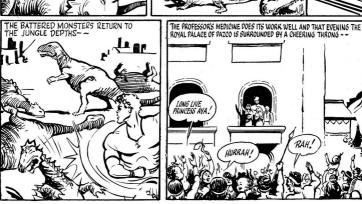
































SYDNEY GETS A BIG HAND (in a boxing-glove) FROM HIS OLD PAL! I SAY, SPORTY, TIGER TEAREM, THE BOXER, HAS GIVEN ME TWO TICKETS FOR HIS FIGHT TONIGHT. WANT TO COME? Reg Wootton I'D LOVE TO, SYDNEY.





















The Attack On Sir Stephen

" S that Inspector Coutts of Scotland Yard? Please come at once—something terrible has happened to Sir Stephen Doyle!"

Coutts listened to the agitated voice at the other end of the phone and spoke quietly in reply.

"I'll be over right away," he said.

He was as good as his word, arriving at Sir Stephen's house within ten minutes. He was admitted by an excited manservant, who took him into the library where Sir Stephen lay on a settee. A doctor was bending over him.

"What's happened?" Coutts asked. The servant shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't quite know, sir," he said. "Bu

maybe Mr. Ronald can explain."

He indicated a young, well-dressed man, who was entering the room, straightening his tie. Coutts eyed him closely.

"Can you tell me what happened, Mr----?"

he began.

"My name is Cartwright," the young man replied. "I am Sir Stephen's nephew. It was I who phoned you, and I was rather excited at the time, because I was very naturally alarmed to flom my uncle lying on the floor, knocked senseless by a heavy blow."

"Where was he lying when you found him?" Coutts asked, and Cartwright pointed to the

carpet in front of the fireplace.

lighted but had gone out almost at once.

"He was sprawled out just there," he said. Coutts went to the spot, looking closely at the floor and picked up a long cigar, which had been

"This must be Sir Stephen's cigar," he remarked. "Now, what exactly happened, to the best of your knowledge, Mr. Cartwright?"

"I came here today to discuss some business affairs with my uncle," the nephew replied. "You see, he was going to start me off in my own business, and he had about £3,000 in cash with him. When I arrived he gave me a cigar. We lit up, then got down to business."

"And after that?" prompted Coutts.

"Then I remembered that I had left a certain paper to do with the business in my overcoat pocket," Cartwright went on. "I left the room to get it and was gone about three minutes. When I came back, I found uncle on the floor and the money gone!"

"So someone attacked him while you were out

of the room, eh?" Coutes murmured.

"Whoever it is, he must have got in through the window, sir," the servant chipped in. "It was wide open when I came hurrying in, in reply to a shout from Mr. Ronald."

"Quite so," nodded Coutts, and glanced at a nearby table. On it was an ash-tray, with about

half an inch of cigar in it.

"Is that your cigar-end?" he asked Cartwright.
"Yes, it is," Cartwright agreed. "Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," said Coutt's offhandedly, and went across to the doctor, who had just finished attending to the injured man. "How is he, doc?" he asked.

now is ne, doc ! ne asked.

"He'll recover in about an hour," the doctor said.

Coutts nodded and turned to Cartwright.

"How long were you and your uncle talking before you left the room to fetch that paper?" he demanded.

"About half an hour," answered Cartwright.

"Then you're under arrest!" snapped Coutts.
"You attacked your own uncle. You left this room under a pretext, crept back, and struck down Sir Stephen while his back was turned. You did it to get the £3,000, knowing that if Sir Stephen thought he had been robbed, he would naturally provide you with another £3,000. But you made one mistake!"

What was Ronald Cartwright's mistake?

He said find to and Sit Spelphin to that little it (egrors, the same time, and that he said sit Set the pept. Sit Stephen to this Cigar was moved down the succession of the sit Set of Cartwright's was moked down to the least foll-inch. This proved Cartwright had struck down his uncle immediately the sit Sigar. Then he to bedde him, hid the money, and phoned for lapped to the sit Sit Spelphin sit Sit Spelphin sit Sit Spelphin sit S

NOITUJOS

BUS BUSSER The Fattest on Schoolbory on Earth



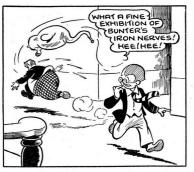


































OUR ERNIE

MRS.
ENTWHISTLE'S

LITTLE LAD!



The other night, instead of sleep, At a story Lad did peep——
The sort of tale he liked the best, All about the chaps out West.



He went to sleep, but in his dreams He started toddling, so it seems. Our Ernie saw a stage-coach racing, With lots of yelling Injuns chasing!



The coach was carting lots of mail, And as it sped along the trail, Our Ernie upped and hopped aboard—— With plan to beat the Redskin horde!



The driver drove straight in the drink.
"That's done the Injuns," Lad did think.
But that's where clever kid was wrong—
For Injuns simply splashed along.



Those Injuns still were close behind! And though Chuck thought they'd get away, It just was not their lucky day!



A hefty boulder made of rock, Gave both of them a horrid shock. It smashed the stage-coach good and neat, And left them flying on the seat!



And now it looked like they would fail To get through with the morning mail. "Our Ernie said. "This makes me mad—I feel quite red!"



Our Lad had gone and lost his cap, Which peeved the little Wigan chap. But he found it in a minute—— With an arrow stuck right in it!



To yank it out the Lad did try, And biffed old Chiefy in the eye. And 'twas so lucky that he did, For Chiefy meant to scalp the kid!



And when the Redskin's eye turned dark, He'd had enough of that there lark, He told his braves to pack it in, And off they went back to their din!



Was that he hadn't lost the post. He patted Ernie on the back, Which knocked him flat upon the track.



So Ernie woke up—on the floor !-As mother came in at the door, To call him for his breakfast meal, And tell him 'twasn't really real!

KO



SEXTON BLAKE

in the Case of THE HERMIT'S TREASURE!

It was a telegram asking for help which sent Sexton Blake and Tinker on a long car journey from London to a rather desolate spot on the rugged coastline of the West country.



AT THE APPOINTED TIME, SEXTON BLAKE, TINKER AND PEDRO THE BLOODHOUND REACHED THE WITCH'S WATCH-TOWER. NO THE CLIFT-TOP OF THAT LONELY STRETCH OF COAST-LINE, ANNA TREMAYNE WAS WAITING FOR THEM—

GOOD-AFTERNOON, MISS TREMAYNE. I COULD SEE YOU FROM ME BLAKE — JUST NOTING THAT YOU WOULD COME !

THE GIRL TOOK THEM DOWN A GAP IN THE CLIFFS TO THE BEACH, SPEAKING RAPIPLY TO SEXTON BLAKE ~~

TTS ABOUT MY
HE DI WACE KEUBEN.
HE DI WACE KEUBEN.
HE DI WACE KEUBEN.
HE DI WACE KEUBEN.
AND CHE SE DI WACE KEUBEN.
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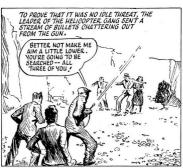












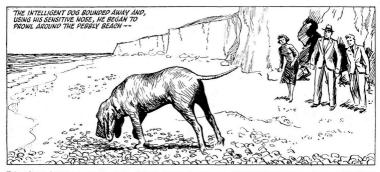


















LONG COMPLETE

MAGIC at St. CLEMENT'S

Jimmy Topper and his Chums—and the Mystery Boy!



The Magic of Ram Cupal

F COURSE, Tom Tuffen and Paddy O'Toole reckoned they were honoured when Dr. Pelham, the Head—known to all as the Plum—walked into their study with a new boy and hoped they wouldn't mind sharing their study with him.

The honour was all the greater when they realised that the new boy looked rather as if he were made of milk chocolate. At least, his skin was that colour. His hair was jet black and crisp. His eyes were dark and piercing. He was slight of build, but he looked wiry.

"I'll bet he can play cricket," said Tom, the moment he set eyes on Ram Cupal.

The Plum smiled and said: "I know you will make Ram Cupal feel at Lome here."

"Begorra, we'll do our best," promised Paddy O'Toole.

The Plum left the study and closed the door. Ram Cupal stood there, very still, watching them. Tom grinned at him in a friendly fashion.

"Take no notice of Paddy here," he said. "He's Irish, therefore he's crazy.

To which Paddy added: "And he's English, so he

must be off his head entirely."

"And I am Boanese, Ram's smile broadened. and people in Asia maybe regard us as peculiar." Tom chuckled.

"It's just a joke amongst ourselves. But sit down

and tell us about yourself."

"You may call me Ram," said the new boy. "I come from Nepal almost in the shadow of Mount Everest---"

Then Jimmy Topper turned up with Dick Loring, Jack Lee, Bill Drake and Peter Glynn-just to meet the new chum. They were all introduced. Ram Cupal shook hands with them all and bowed from the waist.

The chums told him about St. Clement's-all the things they thought he ought to know. And while they talked Ram Cupal sat on the table.

He said: "I have travelled far this day. I am

tired." For the first time they noticed that he had taken

off his shoes and socks. He sat cross-legged on the table, very much as a tailor sits on his bench. It was a queer position that made the chums stare.

The impulsive Dick Loring blurted out: "How on earth do you get like that?"

Ram said quietly: "It is the Yogi way of resting.

You should try it some time. It is good to be able to relax.' Tom Tuffen was on the floor already trying to sit

as Ram sat-but he just could not get his feet like Ram's, however much he tried. And even when he got near it he felt decidedly uncomfortable.

"I've heard about Yogi," said Jack Lee. "Aren't they the holy men of your country?"

"That description is as good as any other," agreed Ram.

Jimmy Topper and Peter Glynn carried on the conversation for a time, but Ram didn't seem to be They were explaining the rules a member of the Fourth would have to observe.

"Now Jimmy here is captain of the Fourth." Peter was saying. "That means-

"He isn't listening," said Bill Drake. The chums stared. Ram Cupal had relaxed. His legs were still doubled up, with the soles of his feet uppermost. But, now, his head was sunk on his chest. His eyes were open, but there was no life in them. He stared down at the floor, with not so much as a blink.

"Isn't there a new boy here?" came a voice from the doorway.

It was the first the chums knew of anybody else being around. In the doorway stood Rupert Hetherington, a Sixth Form prefect.

He said: "I heard there was an Indian boy here, and my people used to live out there. Hope you don't mind me calling to have a word with him."

The chums all had their backs turned to the table on which Ram sat. Hetherington faced them, but he hadn't a clear view of the table.

Tom Tuffen stepped aside. "Not at all, Hetherington," he said. "Here he is-

"Where?" asked Hetherington.

The blank expression on the prefect's face caused the chums to turn and gape at the table.

Ram Cupal had gone-completely and utterly-

Hetherington swung his whippy cane and glared "Who's trying to make a monkey out of at them. me?" he snapped.



Ram Cupal sat cross-legged on the table, with his head sunk on his chest.

"But-he was here!" gasped Tom Tuffen. "Dash it, I was talking to him-

"Human beings, whatever the colour of their skin, don't fade into thin air," snapped Hetherington testily. "And you can't play tricks on a prefect and expect to get away with it. Bend over, Tuffen!"

"What d'you mean?" cried Tom. nothing!"

"You said that Indian was in here-and he wasn't."

"But he was, Hetherington," declared Jack Lee. "I saw him!"

"Are you telling me he just vanished as I came in?" asked the prefect pointedly.

"Well, yes," said Jack. "That's right. how it happened!" Hetherington grasped his cane more tightly.

"If this is your idea of a joke-" he began. "I said bend over. Tuffen!"

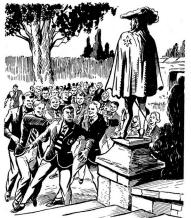
"But, hang it all, Hetherington, he was here-Tom's voice trailed away into amazed silence. The door behind Hetherington creaked slightly. prefect half-turned-and there stood Ram Cupal. His feet were still bare. There was a polite, quiet smile on his face.

"I am sorry to have left you so unexpectedly," he said, in his perfect English. "There was something

I wanted to see-so I went-

He stopped talking. He had got a good look at Hetherington. The pair stared at each other. Ram Cupal's smile faded. His dusky face was set like a mask. His eyes flashed fire.

And Hetherington was suddenly afraid. colour ebbed from his cheeks. His lips quivered. Without a word he turned and walked out of the study.



The Fifth Formers grabbed Ram Cupal and dragged him before the statue.

Jimmy Topper said: "Have you met Hetherington before?'

Ram Cupal shook his head. "No-never," he said quietly.

All the fierce animosity had gone from him. He was once again the quiet, unassuming Ram Cupal. He walked forward and put on his socks and shoes.

Somehow, the Topperites felt afraid of something they could not understand. For how had Ram Cupal vanished off that table-and come walking in through the doorway?

It was so unexpected, so absolutely startlingthat they felt too awkward and afraid to question Ram Cupal about it. They felt it was not their affair, and that it was better to let some things alone!

Mystery!

THERE certainly was mystery in the air. The way Hetherington and Ram Cupal eyed one another was evidence enough of that. But nobody dared question Ram about it. And, of course, Ram said not a word.

His rather precise way of speaking and his proud

air annoved many boys and girls.

Jack Lee said: "He doesn't mean it. He just can't help it. We think he's being snooty, but I'm sure he isn't."

All the same, Ram's confident ways did offend many people—and among them was Kate Hetherington of the Fourth-the young sister of Rupert, the prefect. She took a dislike to Ram Cupal from the

"Who does he think he is?" she said, to her

She said it in the little hall—and the voice of Ram Cupal reached the ears of them all as he talked with Jimmy Topper. He was saying: "My ancestors lived in the Himalaya Mountains when the world was young and there were only savages here. Many white men have visited our country-and not all of them were good-"

He seemed to be looking across the little hall at Kate Hetherington. Their eyes met. She shivered and turned away. "Let's go out to the fields," she said. She was afraid and looked it.

The sudden glare that had come into Eam Cupal's eyes vanished again. Only Jack Lee noticed it that time.

But, in the Quad, Kate Hetherington was talking angrily. "Why come to this country if white people aren't as good as he is?" she was saying. "He wants taking down a peg or two!" And not only the boys and girls thought that. Mr.

James Jardine, the history master, took a dim view of Ram Cupal. Mr. Jardine regarded himself as an authority on Asiatic history. He was saying in class, in order to explain a point-"Genghis Khan conquered all Boa. He came through the mountain passes here-He was pointing to a map on the wall. But Ram

Cupal quietly rose and said: "Excuse me, sir. That part of Asia has never been conquered, and there are no passes in the mountains there!'

Mr. Jardine's eyes fairly bulged. He was unwise

enough to blurt out. "How do you know?" "I live there, sir," said Ram Cupal. "My ancestors have ruled there for a thousand years. We trace our line back two thousand years."

Mr. Jardine had a mean-looking face. His thin lips came together in a straight line. "People on the spot," he said, "usually know less of what is going on than those who study these things from afar. Sit down, boy!"

He snapped the last word scornfully.

Ram said: "You will find I am right, sir. I will

show you books to prove my words.

Mr. Jardine fixed him with a steely glint in his eyes. He said: "Write five hundred lines: 'I must not be impudent.' And sit down, or I'll make it a thousand! It was Tom Tuffen who grasped hold of Ram's

blazer from behind and pulled him down on to his

Mr. Jardine was in a horrible temper after that, He glared at Ram Cupal from time to time, but he said no more to him.

After the lesson, Tom said: "Don't do that again, Ram. Old Jardine thinks he knows everything about Asia, and he doesn't like being proved wrong."

He led the way across the Quad to the studies. But they never got that far, for a crowd of Fifth Formers darted out from the Cloisters and sur-rounded them. Third Form kids came running to see the fun. The Fourth gathered round, not sure whether to interfere or not.

For it was obvious what was to happen. By the stone balustrade that ran beside the steps leading to the massive main doors of the school was a statue of King Charles the Second-one of the old-time patrons of St. Clement's.

And Peters grabbed hold of Ram Cupal and dragged him before the statue. "All new boys have to go through this," he was saying gleefully. "Not much of an ordeal, but we've all had to do it. What we call an initiation ceremony. You simply bow to the statue, twenty-seven times."

Ram Cupal was very calm. "Why twenty-seven times?" he asked.

"Because," chuckled Peters, "there are twentyseven of us in the Fifth." He did not add that when Ram Cupal bowed he would be kicked twenty-seven times by the twenty-seven Fifth Formers.

But Ram Cupal was no fool. He said: "I shall not do it!" and called for help. Half a dozen big Fifth Formers

He turned to walk away, but Peters grabbed him

seized him and held him securely. On the ground was a coiled rope left there by workmen who had been busy renovating the clock tower, and who had dismantled the scaffolding only

Ram Cupal stood there, his dusky face like a mask. Peters faced him, saving: "You'll do as you're told.

Understand? You can't escape!"

Ram Cupal said not a word. He shook himself free from the hands that gripped him and slowly raised his dusky hands.

And the rope began to uncoil. It was rising

straight up in the air, tense and taut, The Fifth Formers just stood gaping at it. The Third kids and the Fourth Formers stared in utter amazement. Up and up went the rope until only the very end

of it touched the asphalt. The rest reared up in the air.

Ram Cupal went to the rope. He started to climb. When he was a few feet above Peters' head, he paused. "You are wrong," he said. "I can escape!" He went on climbing. Up and up he went, right

to the top getting smaller and smaller and smaller. . .

Everybody was staring up into the sky, with mouth



Every drawer was wide open. Papers and books were scattered everywhere.

wide open. There was the rope. But where was Ram Cupal?

Suddenly a window squeaked open-a study window. The head of the enraged Mr. Jardine suddenly appeared.

"I've been robbed!" he shouted. "Who's been in my study? Who's got my book on Indian gems? It's gone! It's valuable! I've been robbed." he blinked at the rope. It reared up in the air about twelve feet from his window. He spluttered: "What's that-?"

And suddenly the rope went limp and fell-on top of the gaping Peters, festooning around him and causing him to sit down violently on the asphalt, A Third

Form kid turned-gasped-pointed towards the far side of the Quad. "Look!" he cried hoarsely. No need to say anything else. For there was Ram

Cupal quietly walking away towards the playing fields with a bulky-looking book under his arm!

The Book

THERE was suddenly a wild stampede, headed by Tom Tuffen and the Topperites. After all, Ram Cupal belonged to them, in a way. He shared Tom's study and he was a Fourth Former, therefore they reckoned they should look after him.

Ram Cupal was bombarded with questions.

"I say, how's it done?"

"Did you really climb the rope?"

Ram Cupal smiled around quietly, and asked: "What did you see?"

"We saw you climb the rope," blurted Tom Tuffen. "We watched you go up to the top-then you got smaller and smaller-and then you weren't there."



Ram Cupal went sailing towards the ceiling—but he didn't come down again!

"That is what happened," said Ram Cupal in his very precise English.

"Now, look here," blustered a thick-set Fifth Former. "There's a trick in it somewhere."

"Of course," agreed Ram Cupal, "but it is for you to find out where the trick is, not for me to tell you. And now, please, may I go? I want to read my book."

And then everybody remembered Mr. Jardine.
"Sure it is your book?" asked Peters suspiciously.
He was very disgruntled at being made to look

silly by a Fourth Former.

"It is my book," repeated Ram Cupal.

And then Mr. Jardine arrived, bursting through
the throng of boys and girls, thrusting them aside

He faced Ram Cupal with suspicious rage on his face, his eyes glaring,

"It is not your book!" he raved. "It's mine! I'd know it anywhere—the rare book on Indian gems. It vanished from my study not ten minutes ago."

Ram Cupal's face was like a mask. His eyes glittered. He just said again: "It is my book." Then he added: "See for yourself, sir."

He opened the book and held it for all to see.

A Third kid began to snigger. The Topperites, gasped in astonishment. Mr. Jardine took one look, and the angry colour ebbed from his cheeks. For the book was certainly not his. It was not

For the book was certainly not his. It was not even in English! The printing was in characters—in fact, in Hindi—which nobody except Ram Cupal could read.

Mr. Jardine blurted out: "Then where is my book? I left it in my study!"

There was a strange look on Ram Cupal's face—a queer, faraway look in his eyes, which were half-closed. He said dreamily "Your book, sir, is in the library where you left it!"

Mr. Jardine was very still and quiet. He was watching Ram Cupal as if fascinated.

There was a vicious anger in his eyes as he

turned on his heel and walked away swiftly across the Quad.

He never hesitated. He entered the school house and went up the stairs to the school library.

He remembered he had sat there earlier that day studying books on Indian history.

And there, on a small table by the window, was

the big volume entitled "Indian Gems" which he had left there.

He stood staring at it. How had Ram Cupal known it was there? Was Ram Cupal also interested in "Indian Gems"? Because, if he were, then Ram Cupal was in real danger. There was a savage glint in Mr. Jardine's eyes.

He snatched up the book and bore it away to his study. He locked the door. He went to the window and saw that Ram Cupal and the boys and girls were away over on the other side of the Quad.

Mr. Jardine closed the window and latched it. He felt safer after that. Even so, he kept glancing nervously over his shoulder as he opened a cupboard and put the book well back on a shelf closed the door and locked it, and pocketed the key. He was running no risks!

He sat down at the table and drew another book towards him. It was pretty old, and the title on the cover was "The Life and Times of General Galton."

Mr. Jardine opened the book and pored over the ancient type. He read that "General John Galton travelled much in Asia and brought home many jewels and gems and other valuables. He bought an estate near Brookville in the County of Dorset, and there built himself a tower which is seen to this day on Brookville Common. Rumour has it that the general kept his fortune of Asiatic gems in the tower, but although a search has been made, nobody has ever found anything."

There was a lot more, but it all amounted to the same thing. General Galton had lived about the time of Charles the Second, one of the early patrons

of St. Clement's.

There was a greedy glint in Mr. Jardine's eyes. He felt sure he was on to something.

Ram Cupal had apparently forgotten the history master. The boys and girl were still bothering him about the rope trick.

Dick Loring was saying: "I reckon we didn't see you climb the rope. We only thought we did." "Now—be sensible, Ram." pleaded Bill Drake.

"Did you, or did you not, actually climb that rope?"
"In any case, how on earth did you make the rope stand straight up in the air?" asked Grace Fuller.
Ram Cupal smiled knowingly. He said: "If a magician tells how he does things, then he is a

magician tells how he does things, then he is a magician no longer."
"You admit there's a trick in it?" broke in Jimmy

Topper.
Ram Cupal shrugged. "You must think what you like." he said.

"I'm going over to the nets," Jack Lee cried out suddenly. "Who's coming? Do you play cricket, Ram?" Suddenly Ram Cupal dropped the bat, walked out of the nets and picked up his book. He had seen somebody going down the drive. It was Mr. Jardine!

Jack said: "Try bowling, Ram."
"Thank you—some other day," replied Ram, dreamily, not even looking at Jack. "Just now I have important business to attend to——"

He walked away abruptly. The chums stood there gaping after him.

"How can he have important business?" growled Tom Tuffen.

"He saw somebody," said Peter Glynn. "So did I."
"Who was it?"

"Jardine," replied Peter Glynn,

The chums were suddenly silent.

There was a mystery here. Ram must have seen Mr. Jardine and had gone after him. What for? Why?



He floated out through the window and hovered in the air over the Quad.

The eager light in Ram Cupal's eyes was all the answer he needed.

"Well, this way! You can bat first."

Ram Cupal followed the chums to the nets for batting and bowling practice. He set his book down and accepted a bat. Jack Lee bowled to him, but could not get past him

could not get past him, Ram Cupal had an eye like a hawk, and the strength in his slender wrists was surprising.

Dick Loring exclaimed: "You're booked for the Fourth cricket team—isn't he, Jimmy?"

Jimmy said: "Let me have a go, Jack."

But not only Jimmy had a go. Anybody with any sort of fame as a bowler tested Ram Cupal and failed to take his wicket or to catch him out.

The Tower

Ram Cupal followed Mr. Jardine along the drive and down to the big gates. Obviously, Mr. Jardine was in a hurry, and he wasn't very keen on being seen. He took a path that led through the woods.

Ram Cupal followed noiselessly, like a shadow. The path was fairly long and it came out on the common.

And there, towering up into the air, was the well-known Galton Memorial Tower. It was brick-built and round, like a great chimney. But on the very top—about a hundred feet or more from the ground—was a sort of pagoda with open windows.

(Continued on Page 58).

SPORTY TAKES A BACK SEAT—BUT NOT FOR VERY LONG!





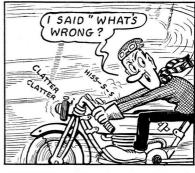












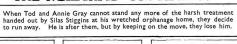
















































































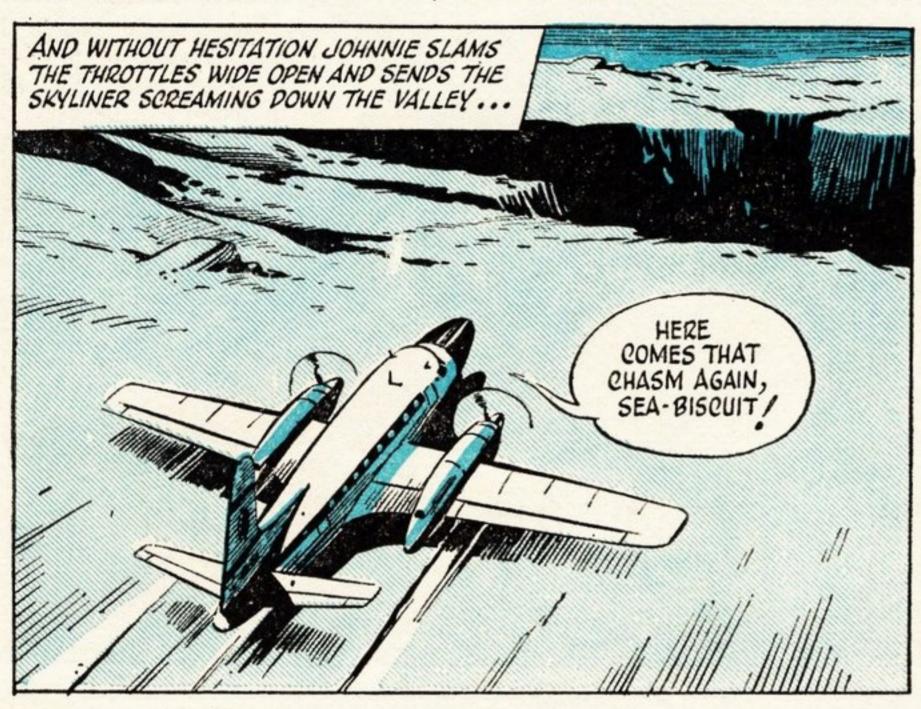


























*Some Hours Later 1 was taken to a field by a French Friend Where Just before Dawn an aircraft arrived overhead. Like You, the Frenchman began to Signal With His Torch..."

























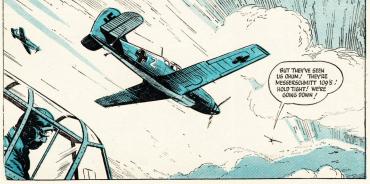




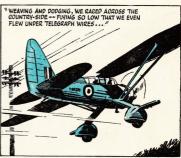










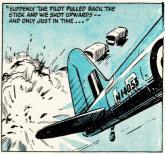










































"I THOUGHT I COULD SHIFT, BUT THAT PILOT WAS AT THE CONTROLS IN NO











































D

SPORTY WON'T TRY ANY MORE GOOD DEEDS ON OLD SYDNEY!













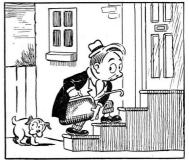












TOO ONG ANNIE THE RUNAWAY ORPHANS.

Still being chased by Silas Stiggins, who is determined to drag them back to his orphanage home, Tod and Annie have to be on the look-out for the old miser all the time.

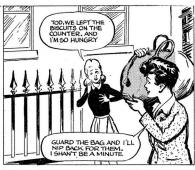














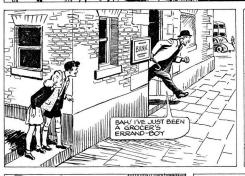


















The Cinema Robbery

"PLEASE do your utmost to recover my wallet, inspector! It contained over two hundred pounds in five-pound notes. I can't afford to lose all that!"

Peter Weldon, a prosperous-looking businessman, seemed very agitated as he leaned across Inspector Coutts' desk. In contrast, the stolidlooking inspector remained quite calm.

"How and when did you lose it?" he asked.

"I'm sure I had my pocket picked in the cinema," Weldon explained. "I know I had the money when I went in, because I checked it just to make sure it was safe. When I came out at the end of the programme the wallet had gone! I came out at seven o'clock."

Coutts frowned slightly.

"You've set me a ticklish problem," he said. "Anyone in the cinema might have stolen it. I don't suppose you saw the people sitting next to you, did you?"

"Yes, I did," Weldon nodded. "At least, I saw the man on my left. He was wearing a highneck blue sweater and had a freckled face. His nose was very noticeable, too. It seemed to be pushed over to one side a bit."

"You seem to have seen a lot of him in a dark cinema," Coutts remarked.

"I saw all that when the attendant shone a torch along our row," said Weldon. "This chap was well lighted by the glare, and I couldn't help noticing him."

Coutts nodded as if satisfied.

"I'm glad you told me that," he said. "From your description I should think that the man next to you was a well-known pickpocket named Jerry Crown. I'll get on to him at once."

He checked in the address files, then left Scotland Yard and drove to London's East End. There he went to the address he was looking for, and a freckle-faced man opened the door.

"Hello, Crown," Coutts greeted him. "didn't know you were a film fan."

"What do you mean, inspector?" asked Jerry Crown.

"Well, I have proof that you were at the Palace cinema yesterday afternoon," Coutts replied.

"What of it?" Crown shrugged. "I went there, I admit, but I didn't stay for long. In fact I only saw the end of one big film and the beginning of another. I remembered an engagement I had to keep."

"Really?" Coutts seemed very interested.
Then you must have left the cinema round about six o'clock."

"That was about the time," Crown admitted. But what's this all about? I've done nothing wrong."

Coutts half-turned away, then hesitated.

"By the way," he said, "do you remember what was happening on the screen just as you left?"

Jerry Crown thought deeply.

"Well—er——," he mumbled. "Ah yes, I know what it was! It was all about the recent train accident—in the news-reel!"

Coutts gave a little smile of triumph.

"All right, Crown, you're under arrest," he snapped. "You stayed in the cinema to rob the man sitting next to you. No doubt a search will bring the stolen wallet to light."

And a search resulted exactly as Inspector Coutts had forecast.

How did he know Jerry Crown was guilty?

Crown said he had only seen "the end of one big if mand the beginning of another" yet he said he had left the cinema during the news-reel. How could he have done that if he had seen only the first part of have econd film? His story was swiftly proved to have been false!

SOLUTION

OUR ERNIE

MRS.

ENTWHISTLE'S LITTLE LAD!





Our little lad was perched up high To see the soldiers marching by. Along the street they came with band, And Ernie thought it proper grand! But grumpy Mister Crustyface
Thought Lad had gone and pinched his place,
So leaning out from upstairs room,
He pushed the boy off with a broom.



Down the oompah he did float, Till bandsman blew a big, deep note With noise like Channel-steamer's hooter, And shoved Our Ernie on the fluter!



The poor old fluter felt quite sat on And could hardly keep his hat on, Till his trombone-puffing mate Removed Our Ernest's heavy weight!



But more trouble was to come. Ernie landed on big drum, Coming down with such a slap That sudden jerk broke drummer's strap!





Then lots more onward rolled the drum, Together with our little chum, Until against a fence it stopped, And o'er the top Our Ernie flopped!



Goat butted in to do his stuff, And did it well with all his puff! Through the fence Our Ernie went And once again the drum got bent!



By gum, it were a noisy journey, With drummer beating poor young Ernie. His yells fair filled the Wigan street, As drummer bloke kept on the beat!



They found the drum but not our Lad This made young Ernie very glad—— But regimental goat soon spied-out Artful Ernie's clever hide-out!



Ernie's head and feet stuck out, But then the band-boss gave a shout. He said they'd stayed there long enough. 'Twas time again to do their stuff.



Round the gasworks and the houses—— Knocking dust from Ernie's trousis! But when they'd finished music spree, They took him safely home to tea!

MAGIC at St. CLEMENT'S

(Continued from page 27.)

Ram Cupal crouched behind a gorse bush while Mr. Jardine rummaged round the base of the tower, and then, after a while, went off back towards the school, by no means satisfied with things. Now and again he kept looking back at the tower and up at the pagoda on the top.

When he had gone into the wood Ram Cupal left his hiding-place and approached the tower, but what he thought about it could not be guessed from the

impassive look on his dusky face.

After returning to the school, Ram Cupal went up to his study with Tom Tuffen and Bill Drake. The cupboard was open and the contents were on the floor. Every drawer was wide open. Papers and books were scattered everywhere.

"What the heck!" spluttered Tom Tuffen. "If I find out who did this I'll take him to pieces to see

what makes him tick."

"Never mind what you'd do!" cried Bill Drake. "Who did it—and why?"

Ram Cupal said quietly: "My books!"

For the first time the chums noticed them—set out on the table. One of them was open. The raider had found them in Ram's box, which as yet he had not opened. The box had been forced open, and so the books had been found. "So whoever did this was after something belonging to you," said Bill Drake.

"That older boy," said Ram Cupal. "He came here before—"

"Hetherington!" exclaimed Tom Tuffen. "But he's a Sixth Form prefect."

"Nevertheless," declared Ram. "I will go and ask this Hetherington if he did this! Where do I find him?"
"Two floors above this," said Bill. "His study is

"Two floors above this," said Bill. "His study is right above this one, only two floors up. But you can't go up there."

"I will," retorted Ram Cupal firmly.

"You can't," cried Tom. "You've got to pass the Fifth quarters, and they'll scrag you if they see you." But Ram Cupal had gone. Tom and Bill darted to the door and watched him go along the corridor and up the stairs.

Meanwhile, Ram Cupal had reached the Fifth Form corridor, and immediately pandemonium broke out. Someone bawled: "Fourth kid! Scrag him!"

Burly Fifth Formers came running from every doorway. Rough hands selzed hold of Ram Cupal and held him. Peters cried: "Don't let go of him, then if he vanishes again we'll vanish with him. Fetch a blanket, somebody. We'll toss him till he won't know where he is!"

The Fifth laughed and cheered. The blanket was soon forthcoming, and Ram Cupal was flung into it. "Ah—up!" The Fifth heaved on the blanket. Ram Cupal went sailing up towards the ceiling—

But he didn't come down again! He was lying there in a horizontal position, his hands by his sides —just floating in the air out of reach of the Fifth.



Hetherington's feet left the ground-and he just couldn't get them down again !

They stood there holding the blanket, gazing up at the Indian boy. Peters began to shiver with fear. He said: "I don't believe it! It can't be--"

Somebody said: "Does anybody else see what I see, or am I dreaming?"

Then the horizontal form of Ram Cupal began to move through the air towards a window. And the

window was wide open! Too late Peters saw the danger. He couldn't reach it, he knew. He bawled: "Shut that window, some-

body. Quick!"

But it was no use. Before anyone could reach the window the floating form of Ram Cupal noiselessly sailed through it into the open air, hovered for a moment high above the Quad, then rose sharply out of sight of the watching Fifth.

"Oh, my godfathers!" moaned Peters.

where has he gone?"

The Partners

Peters and his cronies of the Fifth just stood there and gaped in horror. They had tossed juniors in

a blanket before, but they had always come down. The Fifth Form domain was on the third floor! To fall to the asphalt of the Quad from that height must surely mean death.

They all dashed to the window. But Ram Cupal was not there. He had floated upwards out of sight. Peters was leaning out over the sill craning his neck to look upwards. Ram Cupal had vanished.

As a matter of fact, Hetherington's study was immediately above that Fifth Form window. Ram Cupal had known that from the start. He had merely floated up to the Sixth Form storey-and there was the window of Hetherington's study, wide open. Ram Cupal floated in-still in the horizontal

position.

Hetherington, relaxed in his easy-chair, was suddenly aware of the light from the window being shut out. He shifted in his seat and screwed his head round to see what was happening-and gasped in utter, horrified amazement,

Ram Cupal was floating into the room. In fact, by the time Rupert Hetherington got to his feet,

Ram Cupal was in the room.

"W-what the dickens!" spluttered Hetherington.

"What d'you think you're playing at?"

Ram Cupal was very calm. He said: "Excuse me, please, Hetherington! But did you ransack my

Hetherington scowled at him.

"Ransack your study?" he echoed. "What d'you mean?" "Someone was searching for something in my

study," explained Ram Cupal in his very precise English. "Was it you?"

Hetherington was angry. "Look here," he said curtly. "I am a member of the Sixth Form, and a prefect. You have no right to speak to me like that! In other words, you Fourth Form brat, you're asking for a caning, and you'll get it!"

"You will answer me," snapped Ram Cupal.

"I will not."

"I will search your study!"

"You dare!" spluttered Hetherington. d'you think I'll be doing while you search my study?" "You will be in mid-air outside the window," said

Ram Cupal quietly.

Hetherington stared at him. He stiffened. He

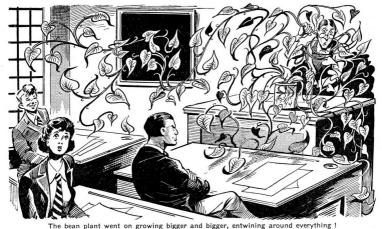


Ram Cupal calmly stepped off the window-sill and dropped into space.

blurted out: "No! Y-you can't! You mustn't-Ram Cupal kept on staring at him fixedly. Hetherington went as stiff as a ramrod. Then his feet left the ground, and before he knew what was

happening he was floating in the air in a horizontal position. He went sailing gently out through the open window and hovered there over the Quadfour floors high!

Hetherington was terrified, but there was nothing at all he could do about it. He was quite conscious, but he could make no sound and move not a muscle. He just floated there quite motionless and completely helpless. Ram Cupal got busy searching Hetherington's study. If he had missed anything



from his belongings he had not told the Topperites. He was not at all sure that Hetherington was the culprit.

So Ram Cupal searched for evidence-but didn't

find a thing!

Meanwhile, down in the Quad, there was utter consternation. Boys and girls stood there staring up at a prefect who floated on nothing and in nothing! The babel of voices reached the ears of the Fifth. Peters looked out of his window and gasped. "Oh, my hat!" he cried. "There's Hetherington doing it now!"

Someone shouted from the Quad: "Come down.

Hetherington, you silly chump!"

But the prefect couldn't do a thing. Teachers, masters, prefects, were dashing up the stairs and along the Sixth Form corridor. Cecil Browne, the captain of the school, burst into Hetherington's study and stopped dead, gaping at Ram Cupal.

Other Sixth Formers crowded in the doorway behind Browne, half-scared, half-angry,

Browne said: "What are you doing here, Cupal?" Ram Cupal faced Browne calmly. "I came to speak with Hetherington on a private matter. He was pleased to be rude to me-to threaten me with a cane. Unable to obtain satisfaction, I placed him outside while I searched for the evidence I require." Browne was out of his depth. "I don't know what

you're talking about," he said, "but if you're responsible for Hetherington being out there, please get him in here at once.

"Under the circumstances." Ram Cupal nodded. "Hetherington can return.

He half-turned. Hetherington sailed into the study through the open window, straightened up and found himself on his own hearthrug. He was wild-eyed and trembling.

"That," said Ram Cupal, "will teach you that when I ask questions of you, Hetherington, I expect an answer!'

The Sixth Form gasped. Somebody exclaimed: "The cheeky sweep! Give him six of the best-"You can't talk to a prefect like that," snapped

Browne. "Bend over, Cupal!" Ram Cupal drew himself up to his full height.

"Never!" Then he strode to the window.

Browne's eyes widened. Ram Cupal was climbing up on to the window-sill. He stood there defiantly. "You idiot! Browne cried: Don't do it! Don't-

But Ram Cupal stepped off the sill into empty air-and dropped down out of sight.

Browne and the other prefects rushed to the window. The boys and girls in the Quad were aghast. Some of the girls had covered their faces with their hands.

They couldn't see him at first. Then somebody exclaimed: "Look! There he is!" He was calmly walking across the Quad as if

nothing had happened.

"Ram Cupal does not yet fully appreciate our customs and rules," spoke out Browne. "He has powers, too, that we can't understand. I will get the Head to talk to him. And I suggest we take no action over this affair."

It was wise, but the Sixth didn't like it very much, They separated glumly, muttering angrily. Hetherington went on down to the prefect's Common-room. He felt safer there. And in walked Mr. Jardine, the history master. "I'd like a word with you in private." he said.

Hetherington followed him to the master's study. "I will not beat about the bush, Hetherington," said Mr. Jardine. "I have heard what has happenedand, indeed, saw what happened. I don't like Ram Cupal."

Hetherington's face was as black as a thundercloud. "I hate him!" he said. "I wish he had never come to St. Clement's."

"Why not?" asked the master.

Hetherington hesitated. He had seen too much. "Sorry, sir," he said. "It is a private, family matter——"

Mr. Jardine's eyes glittered, and he grinned evilly. "Help me." he said in a husky whisper. "Just watch Ram Cupal and report to me everything he does. It will be well worth your while. I promise. I'll pay you well. Will you do it?"

Hetherington drew a deep breath of satisfaction. "Yes—yes! I'll stick at nothing to get even with that fakir!"

The Bean!

Ram Cupal soon became aware that wherever he went Hetherington was never far away.

Meanwhile, Ram Cupal was wondering what Mr. Jardine was up to. He sat in class and saw the history master wandering about aimlessly on the playing fields.

Chalky White, the master of the Fourth, frowned darkly. "Pay attention to me, Cupal!" he said.

"Stop staring out of the window!"

Chalky turned to the blackboard and went on talking—and talking! He was a good teacher, but it was hot—and Ram Cupal's gaze again wandered away to Mr. Jardine out there on the playing fields. Chalky's brows came down over his flashing eves.

"Detention this afternoon, Cupal! Since you are so keen on looking through the window you can go on doing it all the afternoon while the rest enjoy a half-holiday!"

Ram Cupal frowned. Chalky stared at him—and there was just a hint of uncertainty in his eyes as if wondering what the dusky boy would do. The Fourth wondered, too. But Ram Cupal bowed his head. "The punishment is deserved, sir," he said.

Chalky heaved a sigh of relief, and his respect for

Ram Cupal shot up considerably.

The lesson ended and the break arrived. Ram Cupal went running away to the playing fields, but by that time Mr. Jardine had gone and there was nothing to show what he had been doing.

So that afternoon Ram Cupal went to detention. In charge of the room on this afternoon was the girl's mistress, Miss Lucy Loveday, usually known as

the Battleaxe.

On the desk before her was a glass jar. Across the top was a hatpin and midway along the hatpin was skewered a bean. The jar was three-quarters full of water. The bean had thrown out roots down to the water and had thrown up a shoot that now bore a couple of tiny leaves.

The Battleaxe told the detention class: "I want you to write an essay on what you observe here. I will tell you all I have done so far in this

experiment."

The detention class yawned. The Battleaxe was indignant. "Kindly show a little interest," she

snapped.

The class was yawning again. They didn't care how long the bean took to grow. Ram Cupal was utterly bored. He sat there staring at the bean, and he wanted to be outside, following Mr. Jardine, or enjoying himself with the Topperites.

The Battleaxe went on and on: "We never stop



ruby on a white satin cushion.

learning from simple things. This bean will grow and grow, slowly, steadily——"

And her voice tailed away into horrified silence. Ram Cupal just sat there, his elbow on the desk, his chin cupped in his hand. And his glittering eyes were focused on that bean.

And the bean was growing!

The class began to gasp. The Battleaxe was staring as if her eyes would pop out of her head. The roots grew thicker and thicker and filled the jar. The top growth shot up and up. Leaves sprouted and uncolled themselves.

And the bean went on growing bigger and bigger up to the ceiling, along the ceiling, entwining around

anything and everything.

The Battleaxe shrieked as a vine came shooting out and coiled round her neck. She tore it from her and then she fled from the class-room, dashing to the Head's study. A boy turned to Ram Cupal. "This is your work,

isn't it?" he asked.

And Ram Cupal suddenly smiled. "I did not mean to do it," he said.

And as he spoke they heard the voice of the Head. "This is preposterous. It's got to stop!"

He was coming to investigate, and Ram Cupal was saying: "I think we shall all be freed from detention very soon."

The Banded Box

 $B^{\rm x}$ the time the Head appeared in the doorway of the class-room the gigantic bean was dead. Ram Cupal sat there at his desk wreathed with bean-stalks. The other boys and girl were festooned with beanstalks. There were runner-beans everywhere, but now they were dead and dried. The whole plant was absolutely dead.

Dr. Pelham tore at the limp vines to get into the room. His stern gaze was focused on Ram Cupal.

"This is your doing, Cupal," he snapped. Ram Cupal tried to stand up. It wasn't easy with dead beanstalks all over him.

"Sir," he said, "I did not mean it. I forgot where I was. I just wished the bean would grow-that is all. Maybe I was impatient to be finished with

"I can well imagine that," broke in the Plum. "Sir, I meant no harm. I pray you forgive-

"Clear this dead vegetation out of this room. Detention is over," announced the Plum. "At least,



As Hetherington watched, Ram Cupal floated right up to the top of the tower.

after the room is clear. As for you, Ram Cupal, kindly accompany me to my study.'

"Sir, you honour me," murmured Ram Cupal. Any other boy would have had the wind up, being invited along to the Head's study, for that usually meant punishment, and the Plum was a champion

with a swishy cane.

Ram Cupal may have guessed he was due for trouble, but his face did not betray the slightest

anxiety.

The Plum strode along with purposeful strides, very pompous and erect. He was in a rage-and he was puzzled. He just didn't know how to deal with this problem of a magical schoolboy. In the study, the door shut, the Plum sat down

behind his desk, while Ram Cupal stood before him

politely.

The Plum shook his head. "I don't know what to do about you, Cupal," he said. "I have already had complaints of your behaviour. You somehow obtained access to a prefect's study—and that is forbidden to a Fourth Former, as you know."

"Your pardon, sir," observed Ram Cupal, "I did

not fully understand the position."

"Look here, Cupal," went on the Plum. "We can't have these things here. I know you can do things which we Westerners cannot do. But you must not upset the routine and the discipline of St. Clement's. I will not have it! You understand?" Ram Cupal looked distressed. "Far be it for me,

sir, to cause you distress or bring sorrow to the brow

of Chalky Sahib---"

"Call him Mr. White," said the Plum.

"Mr. White!" echoed Ram Cupal. "But there is much at stake, sir. As for the bean-I am very sorry about that. I ought not to have done it. I was just thinking how nice it would be for the bean to grow, and then we could all leave the class-room-" "Yes, yes," broke in the Plum. "But you say there is much at stake. That suggests to me that you came to St. Clement's for a definite reason. Mind you, we are proud to have you here-the representative of such an ancient and honourable family. But why are you here, Cupal? Don't you think I ought to know?"

Ram Cupal thoughtfully stroked his chin, and his dark eyes glinted.

"Sir," he said, "if I tell you, I know you will not betray the confidence."

"I shall respect such confidence," said the Plum. "It may be I can help you."

Ram Cupal seemed to relax. He wasn't looking at the Plum-he wasn't looking at anything in particular. He raised one hand-slowly. A corner of the study was suddenly dark. Then a light appeared there. It came from an enormous ruby that rested on a white satin cushion. The red light from the great gem glowed there in the dark corner. Ram Cupal said: "The Star of Amnurpal. You see it, sir?"

"Of course," replied the Plum. "But-

"You see it as I dream about it, sir. Hundreds of years ago it was stolen from our place by a white

man. His name was General Galton!"
Ram Cupal waved his hand, and the vision in

the corner vanished.

"Galton?" exclaimed the Plum. "One of the founders of St. Clement's. And you think he brought it to these parts?"

"I hope to find the Star of Amnurpal, sir. Maybe it is hidden here at St. Clement's."



Snakes were coming from all directions, slithering over the ground towards the box.

"I hope you find the Star of Amnurpal," said the Plum. "But, please, Cupal, no more magic in class, and please do not upset the discipline of the school by such things, or I shall have to put a stop to them. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir. I will do my best not to disturb life at St. Clement's."

Ram Cupal left, and soon came across Jimmy "All right," that worthy said. heard about it-you and your bean! Gosh, I wish I had been there to see it!"

"I should not have done it," said Ram Cupal. "But tell me-you followed Mr. Jardine?"

By that time Tom Tuffen and Dick Loring arrived on the scene. "We did-as far as we could," said Dick. "Then

he got in his car." 'We tried to follow on our bikes, but he went too

fast for us," said Tom Tuffen.

"Which way did he go?" asked Ram Cupal.

Jimmy Topper said: "To Brookville-and that's all we know. So sorry, Ram, but we did try!"

"It was not your fault," said Ram,

He went off, looking very thoughtful, his head bowed low. He got his bike and rode away down the drive and out through the big gates. Bill Drake saw him go and called the chums

together. "There's something working up, I reckon," he said. "I think we ought to stick close to old Ram.'

So they all grabbed their bikes and followed. But

Ram Cupal had a good start.

The Indian boy was heading for Brookville Common-the rather lonely unfrequented part where Galton's Tower reared its ugly head. It towered a hundred feet or more in the air, and on the very top was the stone pagoda.

Ram Cupal stood there at the foot of the thing. gazing up at the pagoda high above him. Then he took a look all round at the common, but could see no signs of life anywhere.

But he was by no means alone. Behind a thick gorse bush crouched Rupert Hetherington.

Suddenly Ram Cupal calmly sat on the grass, then stretched himself out flat on his back.

"Now what's the chump up to?" Hetherington.

Then he gasped. Ram Cupal was slowly and steadily rising up straight from the ground, still in the horizontal position. He stood up behind the gorse bush, watching,

Ram Cupal floated right up to the top of the column, Hetherington blinked-and the next instant there was Ram Cupal calmly standing beside the stone

pagoda at the top of the column.

Hetherington knew nothing about the Star of Amnurpal. But he guessed that this was something which Mr. Jardine would want to know about. And he knew where to find Mr. Jardine-poking around in the ruins of the Grange!

On his bike it took Hetherington less than five minutes to reach the ruined Grange and find Mr. Jardine—and report.

Mr. Jardine spluttered in his rage. He took his car and drove along the road to the nearest point. then ran over the common to the Galton Memorial Tower.

Meanwhile, Ram Cupal was in the stone pagoda, ankle deep in the dust of ages. And inside the pagoda was an ancient-looking wooden box, measuring roughly two feet by a foot wide and standing about a foot high.

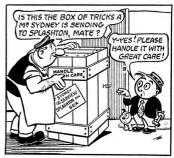
Ram opened the box. Inside was a parchment (Continued on page 103).

A CRATE IDEA—BUT THINGS END UP UPSIDE-DOWN FOR SYDNEY!











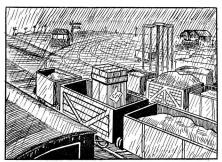














E





CHARLEY

BILLY BUNGER The Fattest Schoolboy on Schoolboy on Earth





































CHIEF SWIFT RIVER WISHED TO KEEP PEACE WITH THE

SUB-CHIEF, DECLARED WAR AND WAS RAVAGING THE LAND. FEARING FOR THE LAND, FEARING FOR THE SAFETY OF THE FOLK OF HORSESHOE BEND, THE COMMANDER AT FORT SHAYNE SENT A TROOP OF CAVALRY TO PROTECT THE LITTLE THE TROOPS WAS TROOPER BARNEY O'DARE, THE BIG, TOUGH, FIGHTING IRISHMAN ~~ H Summer

Lucky Logan

The Fighting Sheriff































SUFFERING SNAKES, THE FIGHTING IRISHMAN !

WHAT'S HE BEEN UP TO NOW ?







































THE INDIANS HAD FLED, BUT LUCKY AND BARNEY O'DARE SUPPENLY FOUND THEMSELVES IN A GREATER PERL AT THE HAMIS OF THE MAN WHOM THEY HAD RISKED ALL TO RESCUE. WHILST HIS RESCUERS HAD BEEN FIGHTING, CAPTAIN CROCKER SHATCHED UP ONE OF THE BIFLES --



SUDDENLY A LOOK OF FEAR CAME
OVER THE WRETCHED CAPTAIN'S
EYES, AND HE STARED BEYOND
O'DARE AND LUCKY TOWARDS
THE TOP OF THE RIDGE ~~

HEAVENS ~~ THEY'RE

















IT SEEMS SYDNEY SHOULD HAVE SAVED UP FOR AN UMBRELLA!





















Smash-and-Grab

RAYTON STREET was well known for the jewellers' shops which lined both its sides. Yet at three o'clock in the morning it was empty and deserted, hardly looking like a street lined with wealth.

Presently, a car cruised quietly into the street and paused outside one of the shops. A man leapt out, flung a brick through the glass window, grabbed a handful of jewellery, then raced back to the car, which roared into life and screamed away!

Less than fifteen minutes later, Inspector Coutts of Scotland Yard was on the scene of the slick smash-and-grab raid. There was not much to be noticed except the smashed window and the hefty brick which broke it! Coutts turned to a policeman.

"You say you heard the smashing glass and came running into the street just in time to see the raiding car turn the corner?" he asked.

"That's right, sir," the policeman said. "I just managed to get a glimpse of it—a small dark saloon."

" Anything else ? "

"Only this, sir," the constable replied, holding up a handkerchief. "I found it on the pavement in front of the shop. Looks like it was folded to go into the top pocket of a man's jacket. The crook might have dropped it."

Coutts took the handkerchief and examined it. In one corner were the initials W. J. He smiled.

"You've done very well, officer," he told the policeman, who beamed. "If my guess is right, this belongs to a 'gentleman' crook by the name of William Jowett. I think I'll pay him a visit."

A phone-call to the Yard gave him the crook's address, for Jowett made no attempts to keep his movements secret. For a long time the police

had been watching him, hoping for him to make a mistake, but the clever crook was always too careful.

Had he made a mistake at last ?

Coutts wondered that as he rang the bell. Jowett himself answered the door. He was clad in pyjamas with a dressing-gown wrapped around him.

"An early visit, inspector," he said with a yawn. "I was in bed!"

"Were you?" Coutts murmured. "Or did you come back here quickly after the smash-and-grab raid and change into your pyjamas, hoping to establish an alibi?"

Jowett frowned.

"Smash - and - grab?" he exclaimed. "Where?"

"It doesn't matter where," Coutts told him.
"The important thing is that we found your fingerprints on the missile that was thrown through the shop window!"

Jowett laughed.

"Really, inspector, you do talk utter rubbish!" he chuckled. "Assuming I had been in that raid, it's just not possible for fingerprints to be found on the rough surface of a brick!"

"Perhaps you're right," said Coutts sharply.

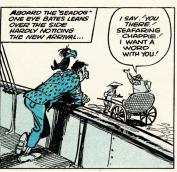
"Anyway, you're under arrest! You took part in that raid all right!"

What made Inspector Coutts so sure he had got his man?

Courts fold never mentioned that it had been or bridge which might have been one of a bridge, which might have been one of a mudded brings! Jowest knew it was a brick, so it was devinest to Courts that he knew more about the rail that he was a brick, as it was a brick, as it was a brick, as it was a bridge jumple of the pretended!

SOLUTION













AND WHEN THE COLONEL

REPEATS HIS REQUEST

SPIKE MARUNS FACE































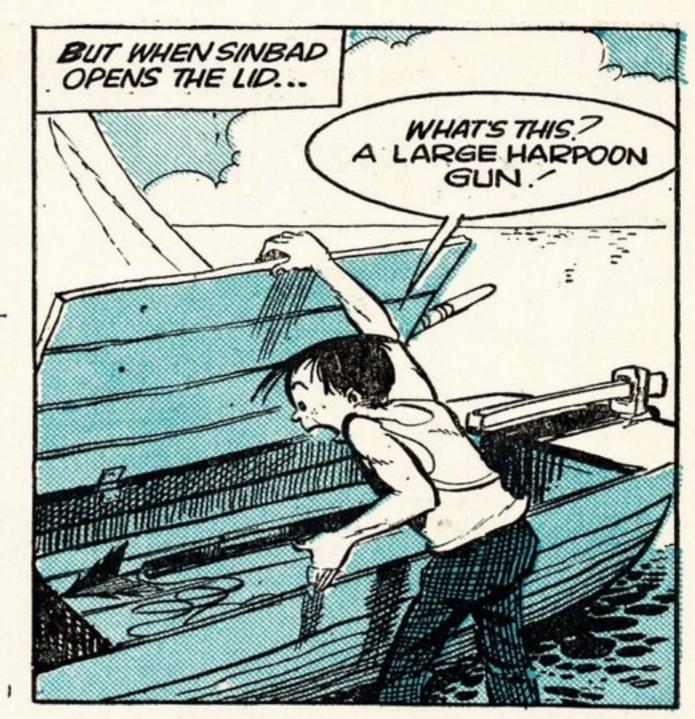






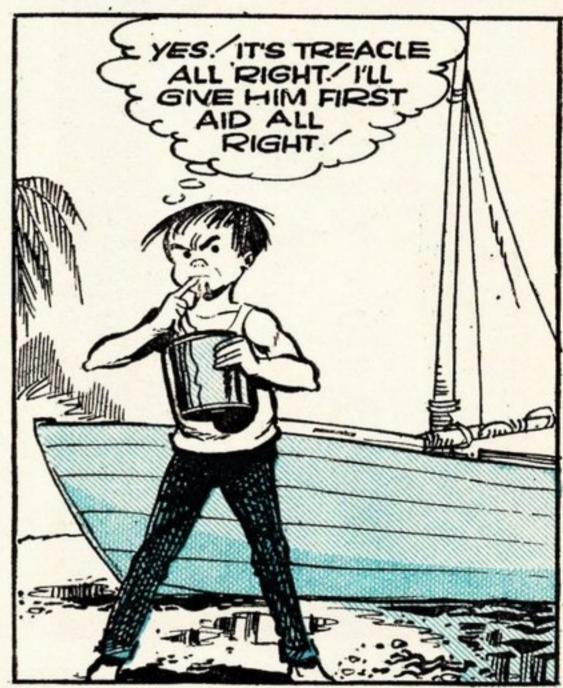










































JASPER?























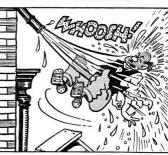
















G



SEXTON BLAKE

in the Case of THE FLYING SECRETS!

As Sexton Blake and his assistant Tinker were being shown into the office of Sir John Chesworth, a high official at the Ministry of Supply, they passed a tall, thin man, who seemed most upset about something...







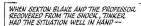














ON BOTH MEN WERE FOUND SHEETS OF THICK. PAPER CONTAINING DRAWINGS AND OTHER, SECRET DETAILS ~~



















THERE'S TOO MUCH OF SYDNEY AND NOT ENOUGH SUIT!



GRAND BALL
TICKETS 15/EVENING DRESS









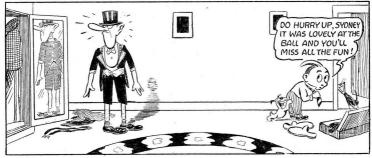














The Man Who Sneezed!

R. WESFORD of Wesford's Manufacturing Company was very upset when he met Inspector Coutts at the door of his office.

"Come in, inspector," he said urgently.

Coutts smilingly obeyed, and gave a sniff as he entered the large room.

"Have you been doing a little painting in here?" he remarked.

"Yes, I've had that small table over there varnished," Wesford nodded. "It's still a little tacky, so be careful. And now I'll tell you why I asked you to come here."

He sat down in his big desk chair.

"This morning, my chief cashier, who usually arrives before anyone else, was attacked in this office by an unknown man who took his keys, opened the safe and stole the entire contents!" he stated bluntly.

"That's a cool robbery, first thing in the morning." Coutts commented. "I'd like to have a talk with your cashier, if he's well enough by now."

Wesford pressed a buzzer, and a man came in from an outer office. His head was bandaged, and his face was rather pale. His story, when he stammered it out, was exactly the same as Wesford's.

"Not much to work on there," said Coutts, when he had finished. "Now——"

He broke off as the door opened, and a well-dressed young man entered with a breezy air. Ignoring the others, he spoke to Wesford.

"How do, Mr. Wesford?" he said cheerily.
"I hope I'm not intruding, but I'm due here today for my monthly sales report."

"This is Collins, one of my outside salesmen," Wesford explained to Coutts. "But perhaps it might be better if he waited outside."

"I'd like to ask him something first," Coutts said, making a movement as though to place his bowler hat on the table pear him.

Collins hurriedly put out a hand.

"Don't do that—you'll ruin your hat!" he cried. "That's wet!"

Coutts smiled a trifle sheepishly.

"Silly of me," he confessed. "I should have known better. Now, Mr. Collins, do you often visit this office?"

"Only once a month to make a sales report,"
Collins answered. "I—er, excuse me!"

He suddenly sneezed three times and fumbled for a handkerchief.

"As I was saying," he went on in a thick sort of voice that showed he had a cold, "I come down to head office once a month, and that's why I'm here now. But is something the matter?"

"Only that the office safe has been robbed," Coutts remarked. "What train did you travel by today?"

"The eight fifteen," replied Collins. "I arrived ten minutes ago."

"I'm afraid I don't believe your story!" declared Inspector Coutts. "I suspected you when you first came in because of a small varnish mark on your coat. It probably came from this table. You came here early today, attacked the cashier and robbed the safe. Then you went away and hid the money, later coming back and pretending you had just arrived. You're under arrest!"

Coutts had got the right man, of course—but how did he know?

Collins for dwarned inspector Coutst about the newlyvarnished toble. How did he know it had been newlyvarnished till he had artived only of kew moments belore? He also had a very bad cold, so he could not prove detected in foliar stanks when he entered. His slip thus proved he had already been in the office and had found and that had a pleasen in the office and had found and the or service.

NOITUJOS

BUS BUSIES The Fattest School Barth





































With Silas Stiggins fairly close on their heels, Tod and Annie can never relax for very long in case he catches up with them. The last thing they want is to get into his clutches and go back to his awful orphanage home...





























MAGIC at St. CLEMENT'S

(Continued from page 63.)

scroll. He took it out and had to handle it carefully, for it tore very easily because of its age. He saw at once what it was—a plan of the Grange—a plan that would be invaluable to anyone searching the ruins.

Ram gazed down from the top of the column and saw Mr. Jardine and Hetherington running across the common towards the column. He smiled to himself and carefully stowed the plans away in his pocket.

Then, with the box in his arms, he stood on the edge of the top of the column, in full view, and

stepped off into space.

Mr. Jardine came to a sudden stop, gasping. But Hetherington had seen Ram Cupal do that before—from the window of his study. He blinked—and there was Ram Cupal on the grass at the foot of the common with the ancient, banded box!

The Ruins

MR. JARDINE was furious. He shouted as he ran: You hear me! That's my box! Give it to me!"

Ram Cupal just gazed at him, and said: "The

box belongs to he who can find it!"

"Is that so?" sneered Mr. Jardine. "In that case, we'll see if you can keep it!"

He carried a stick and waved it, threateningly.

But Ram Cupal squatted on the grass with the banded box in front of him. He opened the lid, which swung back on its hinges.

Ram Cupal produced a sort of bamboo whistle from his breast pocket and began to play. The instrument emitted shrill, whistling notes, very high pitched.

"Stop that row," snapped Mr. Jardine.

But Ram Cupal went on playing his bamboo whistle.

And suddenly Hetherington yelped and backed away. A snake had come slithering out of a clump of long grass. It was followed by another—and another. They were coming from all directions!

Hetherington stopped backing away. There seemed to be snakes all round him and Mr. Jardine. They were all slithering over the ground towards the banded box. They were crawling over the side into the box—dozens of them.

Mr. Jardine and Hetherington just gaped at the sight of the open box and the swaying snakes' heads

rising above the wooden sides.

And suddenly Ram Cupal stopped playing. Calmly he stowed the bamboo whistle away in his pocket and rose to his feet. He bowed low, and said: "If Mr. Jardine desires the box—it is there for him to take!"

Mr. Jardine brandished his stick savagely. "You tricky fakir!" he cried. "For two pins—"

But at that moment the Topperites appeared on their bikes, and Mr. Jardine thought better of it.

Ram Cupal took not the slightest notice. He walked past the history master, picked up his bike and joined his chums.

Mr. Jardine watched Ram Cupal go cycling away back to the school with the Topperites. He wanted to get hold of that box, for there was no telling what secret it contained.



"Dog, am I?" Mr. Jardine struck Ram Cupal on the cheek with his open hand.

So Mr. Jardine had to stay there until the snakes, no longer hypnotised by the music of the bamboo whistle, decided to crawl out of the box and go home. Not until the last one had gone could Mr. Jardine approach the box and examine it.

And it was empty!

Soon Ram Cupal was in his study with Tom Tuffen and the Topperites, with the old plan spread out on the table. He was saying: "I must tell you why I am here, because you are my friends. I have come to find the Star of Amnurpal. Look! I will show you!"

And as he had shown the Plum, so he showed his chums. The corner became dark, and then there was the red glow of the enormous ruby, resting on

its white satin cushion.

He told them how it was believed that General 3alton had actually stolen the big ruby and brought it home. Ram Cupal said he hoped to find it maybe in the ruined Grange.

"I must memorise the plan as far as I can," he said. "Then you, Tom, will keep the plan for me—

keep it safe."

Tom carefully folded the plan and stowed it away in his breast pocket. "Well," he said, "nobody will get that off me in a hurry. I promise you that." "What's the next move?" asked Jimmy Topper.

"What's the next move?" asked Jimmy Topper.
"I shall visit the ruined Grange," said Ram Cupal,
"but I do not yet know when that will be." And

that was all he would say.

That night, when the chums and everybody else in St. Clement's were asleep, Ram Cupal got out of bed, dressed as noiselessly as a shadow, and slipped away out of the school.

He hastened away through the night to the ruined Grange—a ghostly place in the moonlight.

He showed no fear, however. He stood there under the stars with the gaunt, broken towers all round him, the rustling ivy shivering in the night wind.

He stood very still—waiting and listening.

And then, one by one, dark figures of burly men

emerged from the shadows all round him.

He was surrounded!

Just a Mouse!

Ram Cupal stood as still as a statue while the dark figures closed in on him. It was an eerie scene—the ruined walls, gaunt and sharp where the moon shone upon them—dark and mysterious in the dense shadows. And the men—coming nearer and nearer.

Ram knew at once what they wanted-the plans

of the Grange.

Mr. Jardine knew he had got them, but he did not know that Tom Tuffen was now looking after

Suddenly the rasping voice of Mr. Jardine sounded out of the shadows.

Jul of the shadows.

"Get hold of him, you idiots!"
Ram Cupal still made no move. There was a swift
rush. Two men dived at him, one on either side,
and clutched hold of his arms.

Jardine came striding through the ring of men to glare angrily into the face of Ram Cupal.

"Listen, you!" he rasped. "You got papers out of the box you brought down off the memorial tower. I want them! Where are they?"

"So sorry, sir," smiled Ram Cupal. "I have not

brought them with me."

"Where are they?" cried Jardine. "You'll tell me where those papers are or I'll make you talk!"



Mr. Jardine was left with Ram's blazer—and a mouse went scampering across the dusty floor!

"I shall never tell you," said Ram Cupal. "Call up your curs, you dog, and do your worst!"

"Dog, am I?" raved Jardine, and struck Ram Cupal on the cheek with his open hand—a blow that sounded like the crack of a pistol shot.

It wasn't very brave, seeing that Ram Cupal was held by two big men. But Jardine's temper got the better of him. Actually, it was just what Ram Cupal wanted him

to do. He just went limp and hung in the grip of the two men.

One man said: "Crumbs, guy'nor—you must have

One man said: "Crumbs, guv'nor—you must have hit him a wallop——"

"But—it's impossible—just a blow on the

Jardine was gaping at Ram Cupal, who sagged before him helplessly. The men released their hold of his arms and the Indian boy slumped to the ground like a heap of old clothes, and lay very still. One of the men stooped over him—lifted one

hand and let it drop again. It fell limply. He lifted Ram Cupal's head and peered into his face. Ram Cupal's eyes were wide open but they were sightless. The man let the Indian boy's head drop to the

ground, and it rolled slightly. Jardine was staring, scared out of his wits. The man said huskily: "D'you know what you've done, guv'nor?"

Jardine was white to the lips. "But it's impossible!" he exclaimed. "I didn't hit as hard as all that. It was only on his cheek."

"Can't help it, guv'nor. I reckon his heart must have been bad. Take a look yourself."

Mr. Jardine drew nearer and bent over Ram Cupal.

The boy was utterly inert and appeared lifeless. It seemed impossible, but it was a fact.

The history master was scared, but there was no undoing what he had done, "Nobody will know-if we keep our mouths shut," he said thickly. "We're all in this together. And if we find that ruby we'll be rich-

"You haven't found it yet," growled one man.

"I'll find the plans, anyway," said Jardine callously.

He turned Ram Cupal over and went through all his pockets. When he straightened there was a baffled look on his face.

"He didn't bring them with him," he said. "Memorised 'em, I'll bet," said one man.

them behind-Jardine turned on the men. "Look-I'll go back

to the school. You stay here-

"What? With that-?" The men-and Jardine-all realised they had their backs towards Ram Cupal. At that moment, they turned instinctively-and there was Ram Cupal, upright on his feet, smiling at them blandly,

Jardine cried out: "Then he wasn't-dead! was foxing-

He made a frantic dive at Ram Cupal and grabbed at the sleeve of his blazer.

It was a mistake. What happened was too quick for anybody to see. Ram Cupal just vanished. Jardine stood there with a St. Clement's blazer, held by the sleeve, dangling from one hand,

And a mouse went scampering over the dusty,

moonlit floor of the ruined Grange!

A man gasped: "Did he t-turn himself-into a mouse?'

"Catch it!" yelled Jardine.

But nobody had a chance. The mouse dived into a hole under one of the ruined walls and vanished. Jardine scowled at his hired toughs. "Look for

him! He can't have gone far!" The men hunted high and low. Jardine helped.

But it was of no avail. Ram Cupal had vanished completely and utterly.

Actually, if they had raised their heads and gazed up at the highest point of the ruined walls they would have seen Ram Cupal standing there in the moonlight, watching them and chuckling.

Mr. Jardine and the men eventually went off,

puzzled and scared.

Ram Cupal got busy. He had the ruins to himself. He was edging along the top of one ruined wall to another, where a crumbling old chimney piece reared its gaunt head. He came to the fireplace of what, at one time, had been an upstairs room.

He got right inside that fireplace. He could look straight up the chimney. He also stepped sideways into a sort of ingle-nook-and the floor beneath his feet just gave way. He felt himself falling into black

space and let himself go limp.

He bumped himself considerably in that fall into utter darkness, but no bones were broken. He slithered down a sort of chute until he came to an abrupt and jarring stop. How far he had fallen it was difficult to say.

Getting to his feet, he felt around. He was in a small chamber of some sort-and he found a door and a passage. He couldn't climb up the chute in the darkness, and he wasn't the sort to be content to stay where he was. Maybe, with his Eastern magic he could have got himself out of that black hole-but he wanted to find out where that passage went.



Hetherington sat on the chair, tied to it-and gagged !

There was no doubt about it in his mind, that he had indeed discovered a secret passage. So he went fumbling his way along it as best he could. It went down and down-he came to steps, and if he had not been proceeding cautiously, feeling ahead with each foot before each step, he would have gone hurtling head first down them.

At the bottom of the steps the passage continued -on and on. The place was fusty and musty. Rats scuttled away from him as he advanced. But there was no thought of going back. The length of the passage surprised him. It seemed to go on and

Then, at length, he came to steps leading upwards and they went up for some time-quite a long flight of steps.

At the top of those steps there was an abrupt end-just a wall. At least, it felt like that, at first. But by dint of feeling about, Ram Cupal came upon a queer knob which he grasped. It turned when he tried it. Part of the wall slid back and Ram Cupal found himself gazing down into a room-a room he recognised!

The Blazer

MR. JARDINE got rid of his henchmen. returned to St. Clement's alone. Nobody heard him and nobody saw him. He went to his study and flung Ram Cupal's blazer on the back of a chair.

He was wishing now that he had left the blazer in the ruins for somebody else to find. He might find it awkward to explain how he came to have it in his possession.

Then his crafty brain began to work, and he thought it might be worthwhile, after all, to have the blazer! He might be able to fix something on Ram Cupal and produce the blazer as evidence. Still thinking about the missing papers and Ram Cupal, Mr. Jardine went to bed.

When morning came there was sensation in St. Clement's because Ram Cupal was missing. His bed was empty. His clothes were not there. pyjamas lay in a crumpled heap on the floor.

Jimmy Topper said: "I'll have to report it. Why didn't the chump let us know what he was going

to do?"

"We dare not let anybody know what we know," argued Jack Lee. "Maybe he'll turn up during the

morning."

But he didn't. Chalky White, the master of the Fourth, was worried out of his life. Dr. Pelham, the Head, couldn't be sure whether to communicate with the police, or not. After all, Ram Cupal was no ordinary schoolboy!

But the most worried person in St. Clement's that morning was Mr. Jardine.

He badly wanted to know where Ram Cupal was and what he was doing. He also badly wanted those plans.

Rupert Hetherington tapped on Mr. Jardine's door, and the history master was glad enough to see him. Hetherington asked: "Where is Ram Cupal, sir?

Do you know?' 'No!" snapped Jardine. "I don't. I'd feel easier in my mind if I knew-not that I care if he never

comes back." Hetherington looked a trifle dazed,

Mr. Jardine said: "Never mind Ram Cupal. He'll turn up again like a bad penny. He's got papersout of the brass-banded box. He hasn't got them with him, wherever he is."



"You rotten thief!" roared Tom Tuffen. "Give me back those papers ! "

"How do you know that, sir?" asked Hetherington, "That's my business!" snapped Mr. Jardine.

"Those papers are in the school somewhere. They're not in his locker, nor in his study. And don't bother to ask me how I know. I do know-that's all! Maybe his pals have got them. D'you think you could find out?"

"I'll try," said Hetherington dubiously. Mr. Jardine produced a ten-shilling note.

Hetherington bucked up at that.

"I'll do my best, sir," he said, pocketing the note.

Morning classes passed by. At break, Tom Tuffen went direct to his study and the Topperites trooped after him.

"Now, look," he said. "I reckon this is serious. I reckon old Ram went to the ruined Grange last night. Where else would he go?" 'What if he did?" asked Peter Glvnn.

"I vote at mid-day lunch we break bounds and go snooping round the ruins. We might find him." "All right," said Jack Lee. "Maybe you're right.

But let's have a look at those plans, Tom."

Tom Tuffen had them folded up and stuffed in the breast pocket of his blazer. He produced them carefully, unfolded them gently, in case he might tear them. He spread the age-old paper out on the study

They crowded round, studying the lay-out of the old Grange-discussing it-when the door opened and in walked Hetherington.

"What are all you kids doing here?" he snapped. The Topperites swung round and faced him-and somehow they all got between him and the tableall except Tom Tuffen, who was carefully, yet quickly, folding the plan behind their backs.

Jimmy said: "Just talking, old chap, that's all,

You see, the football season is on us. Got to fix

the teams to-day."
"The Plum isn't keen on you kids not getting

exercise at break," Hetherington said.
"We'll be down in ten minutes," said Jimmy.

"We'll be down in ten minutes," said Jimmy. "See that you are," snapped Hetherington.

He went—and fairly ran to Mr. Jardine's study, bursting in on him. "They've got it, sir," he panted. "I saw it. Tuffen's got it in his pocket. They're in the study, now."

Jardine drew a deep breath and a cruel glint came into his eyes. "Right. But stay here, in this room, Hetherington. See that blazer on the back of that chair? It's Ram Cupal's blazer. Don't let that vanish—that's all I ask. I'll be back in two minutes."

He went dashing away and found the Topperites at the head of the stairs, about to go down to the Quad. Mr. Jardine noted how Tuffen's breast pocket bulged.

"Tuffen," he snapped. "Come here!"

"Yes, sir!" said Tom.

"Yes, sir!" said Tom.
"How much do you know about the disappearance of Ram Cupal?"

The unexpected challenge took Tom aback. "Me,

sir?" he faltered. "Why—nothing——"
"Don't lie to me, boy! I suggest Ram Cupal has reasons for disappearing—that he was going round,

last night, stealing things from the studies."

"He never did!" cried Tom Tuffen, his face blazing. "Ram Cupal wouldn't steal and I'll——"

plazing. "Ram Cupal wouldn't steal and I'll—"
"Address me as 'sir'," snapped Jardine.

"Nobody calls my chum a thief and gets away with it," growled Tom defiantly.

"You want proof, I suppose?" sneered Jardine. "Come to my study. I'll show you."

He took Tom by the arm and they walked away to the study, leaving the other Topperites behind. Mr. Jardine was saying: "I have Ram Cupal's blazer, and---"

He whipped open his study door, and came to a sudden halt, his eyes buiging. For Ram Cupal's blazer was no longer hanging on the back of the chair. And Rupert Hetherington sat on the chairtied to it—a gag over his mouth—so that he could not move or cry out!

Surprise For The School!

Tom Tuffen wasn't scared, but he was certainly astounded. Mr. Jardine was both scared and mystified. The last he had seen of Ram Cupal was in the ruins of the Grange, when the hired toughs had seized hold of the Indian lad, only for him to crumple to nothing and vanish, leaving his blazer behind in their hands.

Mr. Jardine untied the handkerchief that gagged Hetherington.

"What happened?" he snapped.

"It—it wasn't my fault," faltered Hetherington.
"He came from behind me. I never heard him. I never saw him——"

"It must have been Ram Cupal," rasped Mr. Jardine.

"Then how did you get in here?" asked Hetherington. "It happened behind me—I couldn't see——"

"Good old Ram," chuckled Tom.

Mr. Jardine had a cunning glint in his eyes. He wasn't going to tackle the problem of how Ram Cupal got into the study and got out again without passing through the doorway or the window. That could wait

could wait.

In Tom Tuffen's breast pocket were the all-important plans of the ruined Galton Grange. If he could get hold of them—

He said: "Help me to release him, Tuffen!"



The whole school was suddenly in an uproar, as a blazer walked into the Hall I

The order was sharp and incisive, Tom obeyed, just as he would have obeyed any master at St. Clement's. But all the time he was chuckling over the idea of Ram Cupal, of the Fourth, trussing up a Sixth Form prefect. He'd have given his right hand to have actually seen it happening.

But Mr. Jardine was behind his back as Tom loosed the tie that secured Hetherington's ankles to the legs of the chair. Mr. Jardine was making signs to Hetherington, who, at first, thought the history master had terrible pains somewhere-and then

realised what the gestures really meant. Hetherington rose awkwardly to his feet, chafing

his numbed limbs. He stamped on the floor and flexed his legs. Somehow, he got behind Tom and with a quick deft movement flung his arms round the Fourth Former and hung on like grim death.

"Got you!" he hissed triumphantly.

Jardine was grinning with satisfaction. "Hold him!" he cried.

Tom was wriggling and squirming like an eel. He kicked backwards and his hard heels cracked Hetherington's shins several times, bringing gasps of pain from the Sixth Former. But Mr. Jardine wasted no time. Tom Tuffen's

arms were held firmly by the big prefect. And the history master thrust his hand into Tom's breast pocket and drew out the plans of the ruined Galton Grange.

"Mine!" he cried gleefully. "They're mine at

"You rotter! You cowardly rotter!" exclaimed Tom. He completely forgot for the moment he was talking to a master. He only knew that Ram Cupal had entrusted him with those important papers and now he had lost them!

He fought savagely, and suddenly with a burst of angry strength, broke away from Hetherington's grip and launched himself at Mr. Jardine

"You rotten thief!" he roared. "Give me those

Mr. Jardine backed away, holding the papers at arm's-length over his head, just out of Tom's

"You forget yourself, Tuffen!" he snapped. "How

dare vou-"You stole those papers! They're not mine

really!" began Tom. And then he stopped-all the fight gone out of him. For he saw a blazer-a St. Clement's blazerright behind Mr. Jardine. It seemed to be in midair.

And suddenly those papers were snatched out of Mr. Jardine's hand!

It all happened so quickly. Hetherington went back against the desk, trembling in every limb. Mr. Jardine spun round-and gaped.

The blazer was going out through the door which opened before it. And all that anybody could see was the blazer-and the papers swinging by the side of it, and lower-as if i.eld in the hand on the end of the arm that protruded from the sleeve of the blazer. They could even see the dark finger on the white paper-or rather, they couldn't see the paper where the finger held it!

In other words, Ram Cupal was wearing the blazer and holding the papers in his hand—but nobody could see anything at all except the blazer and the papers.

Ram Cupal was up to his Eastern magic tricks again-and no doubt he had very good reasons for



Mr. Jardine found himself high up on the wall of the ruined Galton Grange.

it, too! Or else he had made himself invisible in order to tackle Hetherington and had forgotten to make the blazer invisible after he had put it on. And he went out of the study and along the

corridor. Mr. Jardine pulled himself together. "It's a trick —just a trick—that's all," he spluttered. "I won't

be robbed---" "I like that!" cried Tom Tuffen. "You stole the papers---'

But Mr. Jardine wasn't listening. He hurried out into the corridor on the trail of Ram Cupal,

Mr. Jardine had an idea that Ram Cupal would head for his own study but he was quite wrong,

(Continued on Page 154).

IUCKY LOGAN The Fighting Sheriff

DAN WHEELER, THE TELEGRAPH LINESMAN FROM HORSESHOE BEND, WAS ALWAYS BUSY REEPING THE LINES IN REPAIR . USUALLY IT WAS A STORM THAT CAUSED THE DAMAGE, OR SOMETIMES A BAND OF MARAUDING INDIANS. BUT WHEN DAN SAW THE HAVOC WROUGHT ALONG THE LINE ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM THE TOWN, HE KNEW THAT NEITHER THE WEATHER NOR THE INDIANS WERE TO BLAME. THE SIGHT OF THE SPLINTERED AND BROKEN POLES. AND THE CRATERS IN THE GROUND ABOUT THEM, HAD DAN

COMPLETELY BAFFLED --



























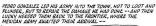




















Tod and Annie THE RUNAWAY ORPHANS.

Although they know that Silas Stiggins is still hot on their trail, Tod and Annie don't intend to be caught-or to miss their chance of a few happy moments, when they find themselves beside the seaside at Southend-on-Sea . . .







OD AND ANNIE STOPPED TO ADMIRE THE VIEW OF

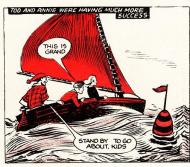


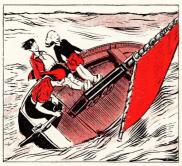






















SYDNEY CATCHES THE POST-AND HIMSELF AS WELL!























A LITTLE LATER, JACK DRIVES HIS TRUCK OVER A -- AND IN ANOTHER MINUTE, JACK'S FEELING IS PROVED TRUE --





HORRIFIED AND HELPLESS, THE CIRCUS FOLK HEAR THE TIMBERS OF THE BRIDGE RENDING APART, AND SEE THE WAGGON SLIPPING BACK, AND BACK.



So Jack swiftly buckled on the wonderful belt inscribed with the words:

"When this beit is on you tight, Fight for Right with all your Might!" And instantly, he became THUNDERBOLT









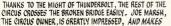


SAFE ON SOLID EARTH AGAIN. CAROL, THE GIRL IN THE CARAVAN. THANKS THUNDERBOLT _



BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAVINE 16 COLLOSSO, THE STRONG MAN, WHO 15 NOT PLEASED AT WHAT HAS HAPPENED.







AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, COLLOSSO IS VOICING HIS



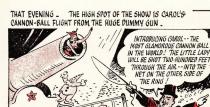


AND CAROL FLOUNCES AWAY ~~ LEAVING COLLOSSO SEETHING WITH RAGE AND JEALOUSY -



AND SO, JUST BEFORE THE EVENING SHOW IS DUE TO START, AND THE GREAT CIRCUS TENT IS DESERTED -





A BREATHLESS HUSH SETTLES ON THE PACKED AUDIENCE AS CAROL'S SLIM FIGURE VANISHES INTO THE GAPING















































À GIANT JUNGLE GORILLA, ROAMING THE COUNTRYSTOE UNCHERED! THERE IS NO END TO THE DAMAGE HE MAY DO! THUNDERSOLT KNOWS THAT HE ALONE CAN AVERT THE DISASTER AND TRAGEDY THAT THEREATENS. UP INTO THE AIR. HE FLASHES TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING AND THE AIR HE FLASHES TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING























BULL BULLER The Fatter Schoolbory















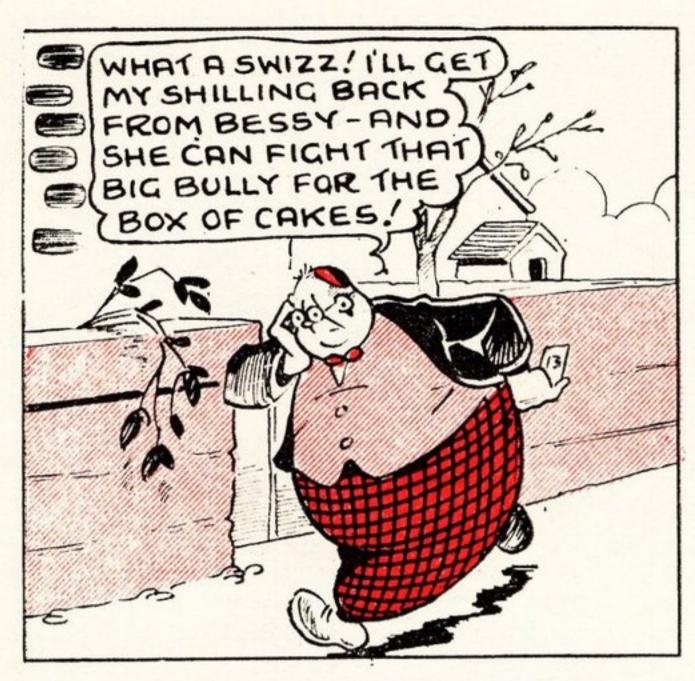








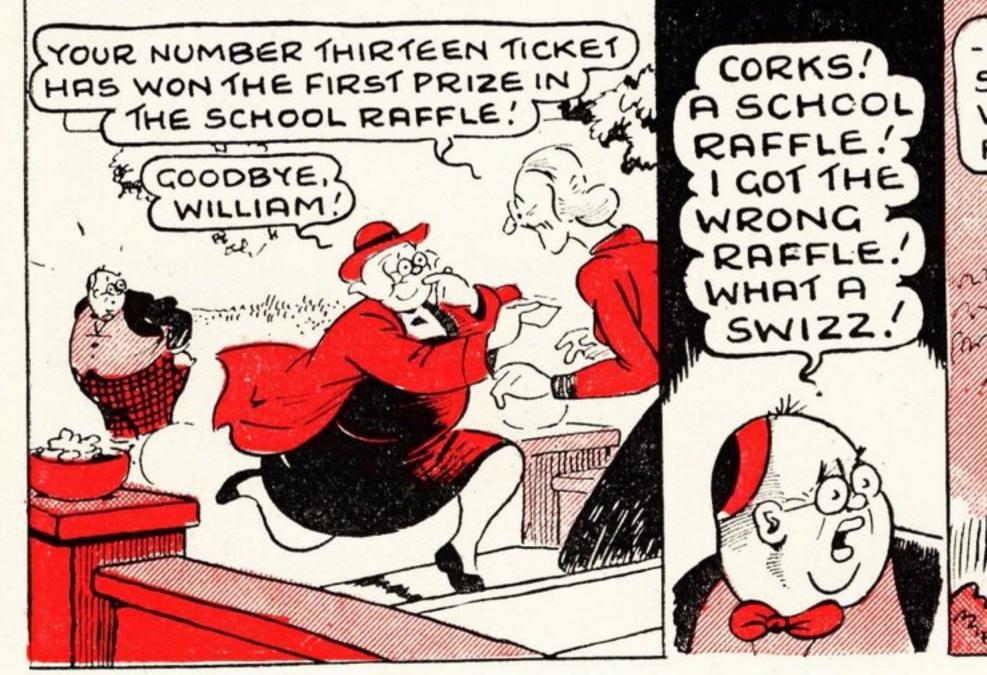






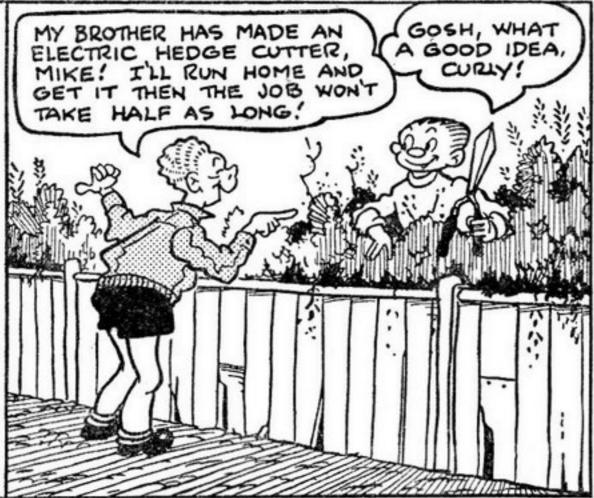




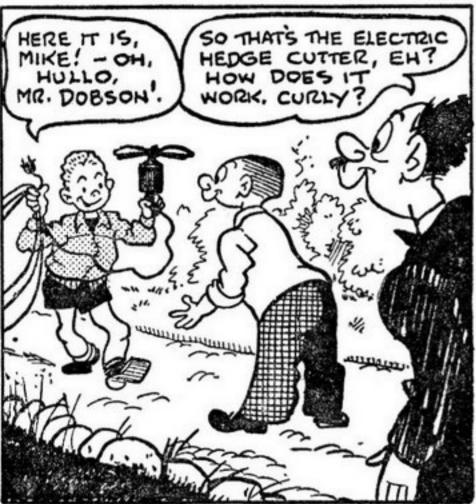




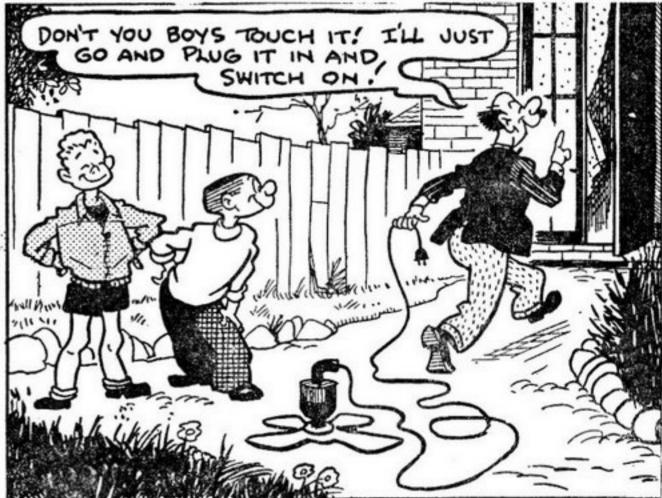




















OUR ERNIE

MRS.

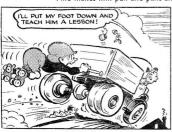
ENTWHISTLE'S LITTLE LAD!



Roller-skates are just the drill For going DOWNWARDS on a hill. It's UP that gets young Ernie down And makes him puff and pant and frown.



Well, t'other day, when in this plight, A motor-lorry whizzed in sight, So Ernie grabbed it at the back And swiftly followed in its track.



It was a soppy thing to chance,
'Cos driver gave a backwards glance,
And didn't like this boyish pick-up,
So very swiftly turned the wick up!



Round the corner he did zip, And Ernie went and lost his grip. And Charlie wished for Ernie's sake, That skates were fitted with a brake!



But roller-skates of brakes have nil, So Ernie went on speeding still. And poor old Mister Steeple-Thwack Got a sudden piggy-back!



Ernie tried and tried to stop, But sped towards a Wigan shop. It was a lovely great big store, And in went Ernie through the door!



Now things got bent when boy on skates Went through a pile of china-plates. By gum, the little lad did shift—Straight towards the waiting lift!



Now flying without wings is bad. And things looked glum for Ernie Lad, Till he landed nice and jolly On the wires that run the trolley!



And when the bus reached end of journey, 'Twas the lot for Little Ernie. For, since the wires came to an end, He had no choice but to descend!



But liftman wasn't one who feels There's room for cheeky kids on wheels, And when the lift reached topmost floor, Refused to take him any more!



A trolley-bus arrived below, And Lad once more was on the go. 'Twas one of those occasions where A ride was had without paid-fare!



Back home from this most strange of trips, He found for tea some fish and chips—— And quite by chance found on his plate, A double whack of nice fried skate!

POOR OLD SYDNEY GETS SOME OF THE BOUNCE KNOCKED OUT OF HIM!





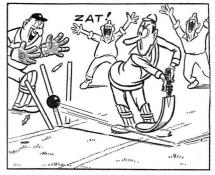




















DAGO FRONTIER























































































































































































































































The Registered Envelope

T was about half-past nine in the morning when Inspector Coutts of Scotland Yard entered the office of Gregory Dawson, a director of the Northern Loan Bank. He shook hands and sat down.

"Now what's the trouble?" he asked.

"It's this," Dawson replied. "In this bank we handle a large amount of very confidential business, which makes it necessary to send bundles of notes to clients through the post. Several of these letters have been opened and robbed before reaching the people they were addressed to. I want you to find the crook who does it."

"Not an easy task," Coutts shrugged. "Who handles these letters, and who posts them?"

- "I actually fill the letters and stick them down," Dawson explained. "You see, it's so extremely confidential that I handle it all myself. I then give the letters to my chief clerk, Mr. Ambrose, who posts them."
 - "Where can I find him?" asked Coutts.
- "He's in the third office along the corridor," said Dawson. "Shall I come?"
- "No thanks—I'll manage on my own," said Coutts.
- Ambrose was in the office when Inspector Coutts entered and introduced himself.
- "Mr. Dawson has asked me to investigate an unusual affair," he explained. "Apparently someone is interfering with the letters which Mr. Dawson gives you to post."

Ambrose looked surprised.

- "But why?" he asked.
- "That's beside the point," said Coutts. "Tell me, are the letters sent by registered post?"
- " Always!" Ambrose replied. " Mr. Dawson gives them to me already sealed in registered-post envelopes—the kind with blue lines printed across the back and front. I then take them to the post office."
 - "I see," Coutts murmured, and his eyes

dropped to an open drawer in Ambrose's desk.
"I notice you have some similar envelopes in this drawer."

"Yes, of course!" Ambrose exclaimed hurriedly. "I send off a lot of registered letters myself."

"That's interesting," observed the inspector.
"You wouldn't by any chance open the letters given to you by Mr. Dawson, take out the contents, then type out fresh addresses on other registered envelopes, would you?"

"Certainly not!" snapped Ambrose indignantly. "I wouldn't think of such a thing! Besides, even if I did steal banknotes from the letters, it would be very foolish, for I'd very soon be found out!"

"Most decidedly you would," said Coutts.
"Perhaps you're saving them up, or disposing
of them in such a way as not to arouse suspicion.
Or maybe I'm wrong in suspecting you. I'll go
back and see Mr. Dawson."

He returned to the director.

"I'd like to ask you two questions, sir," he said. "Have you at any time ever told anyone what kind of business you transact with these confidential clients? Does your chief clerk know anything about it?"

"Nothing at all," said Dawson definitely. "All my clerk does is to post the letters."

Coutts nodded, and without another word, went straight back and arrested Ambrose!

Why did he do that ?

What mistake had Ambrose made which gave him away ?

Ambrose knew nothing about the confidential business, which meant that Mt. Dawson had never told him what was their bulky registered letters. People often send outher things than money by registered letters and outher things than money by registered post—important papers and things of that nature!

SOLUTION

























Sexton Blake

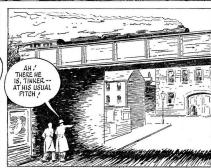
in the Case of ROCCO FLINT!

"£50,000 JEWEL-THIEF STILL NOT TRACED:
Police Search Goes On"

While London's evening newspapers printed front-page headlines of the cleverest jewel-robbery for years, Sexton Blake and Tinker attended a conference in the Commissioner's office at Scotland Yard.





















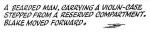




Tinker did not ask questions. He knew that his famous detective chief was not giving to making wild deductions or rash He and Sexton Blake were aboard the night-plane which left London airport for

















OUR ERNIE

MRS.

ENTWHISTLE'S LITTLE LAD!



One happy day, the summer sun Gave Little Ernie lots of fun By making shadow on the wall, Long and thin and very tall!



Ernie made it dance and hop And kept it moving without stop, Till the shadow got most tough. It had, it said, had quite enough!



Till then, of course, the shadow had Been most obedient to the Lad. But now it suddenly decided That fun should not be all one-sided!



And so the shadow left his place, With artful grin upon his face, And knocked the helmet off a copper. Ee, that did it—good and proper!



The cop turned round and shadow did A quick swift nip behind our kid. So naturally the copper guessed That Little Ernie was the pest!



Ernie tried hard to explain, But, alas, 'twas all in vain. Then things once more went out of gear, As shadow pushed him from the rear!



The poor old bobby sat right down With a thump that shook the town, And shadow scooted on his way, A few more artful tricks to play!



Then taking hold of Ernie's mitt, The artful shadow did a flit. But hadn't scooted very far, When came upon a tub of tar!



And when the greenhouse-owner came, Our Ernie tried to dodge the blame. But sun behind a cloud was hid, So no shadow showed to save the kid!



The aim of Ernie's shadow double Was to get The Lad in trouble, A fact which he made very plain, By smashing greenhouse window-pane!



In the tar the shadow jumped, And in it, too, The Lad got dumped. So shadow disappeared from view, But Ernie stayed—and all black, too!



When Ernie got home for his tea, His Ma gave gasp and shouted: "Ee! Just take a look, Pa, at our laddo—— He's worn away to quite a shadow!"

MAGIC at St. CLEMENT'S

(Continued from page 108.)

Ram Cupal went straight to the main stairs and descended them-just a blazer and a swinging handful of papers-that was all anybody could see!

The whole school was assembled in the Hall for call-over. The Head was even then on the platform. He looked anxious and worried.

He was saying: "If any boy or girl can throw any light whatsoever on the strange disappearance of Ram Cupal-

And that was as far as he got. The whole school was suddenly in an uproar. The usually orderly ranks broke. Boys and girls just edged away from the centre, crowding together-gasping in horrified amazement-as a blazer walked into the Hall-and the papers went with it, swinging from an unseen hand

The Topperites gasped like the rest of the school, but they weren't scared. They knew it was Ram Besides, Tom Tuffen was coming along behind that walking blazer, half grinning.

Mr. Jardine did not come into the Hall. Neither did Hetherington. They just stood watching. listening.

The

walking blazer went straight down the crowded Hall and up the steps to the platform. The masters watched.

The blazer stopped in front of the Head and stood still. The unseen hand held out the papers to the Plum and the Head took them. The voice of Ram Cupal said: "If you please, sir, place these valuable papers in the school safe. A thousand pardons for trouble caused. I will be in the class as usual, sir."

The Plum looked stern.

"Now, look here, Ram Cupal," he said curtlyand laid his hand on the shoulder of that blazer.

The garment suddenly went limp and the Head stood there holding it in his hand. Ram Cupal had vanished-just gone-and nobody saw him go. Maybe he was still in the Hall. Nobody knew!

The Head tossed the blazer on to the back of a chair, then he strode into his study. The whole school assembled in the big Hall heard the rattling of his keys-heard the creaking of the heavy door of the big safe. They heard the safe door shut and the keys rattle as it was locked again.

The Plum reappeared and mounted the platform. "We will now proceed with call-over," he announced terselv. The incident had ended for the time

being. The ceremony finished, the various classes marched from the Hall and went to their classrooms. The Plum picked up the blazer and tossed

it to Jimmy Topper. "Give it to Ram Cupal when you see him," he said. "Yes, sir," said Jimmy,

They went to the Fourth Form class-room. They all sat down at their desks. But one desk was empty.

Chalky White, the master of the Fourth, entered and went to his desk. He turned and faced the class.

And Ram Cupal sat there at his desk-only he wasn't wearing a blazer. That, of course, was an offence-to turn up in class not fully dressed.



Hetherington brought down the book on Mr. Jardine's head with a wallop.

Chalky White blinked. He said: "Topper, give Cupal his blazer!"

Jimmy obeyed. Ram Cupal smiled, flashing his flawless teeth.

The Indian boy put on the blazer and said: "A thousand thanks, sir."

Chalky just inclined his head to show he had heard. To be quite truthful, he was out of his depth. He just didn't know how to deal with a scholar who vanished whenever he wanted to, floated

up to the ceiling—and generally performed miracles. He faced the class and said: "Normally, this would have been a history lesson, but I am informed that Mr. Jardine is not feeling very well. We shall take English instead."

And Ram Cupal grinned at the news, which didn't surprise him a little bit!

The Unexpected!

THERE was nothing actually wrong with Mr. Jardine, except that he didn't want to waste time trying to knock history into the Fourth. So he had feigned illness.

He went to his study and closed the door. He realised that if he could hope to ever lay his hands on the big ruby he would have to work fast and locate it, or Ram Cupal would beat him to it!

He looked round his study. Ram Cupal had got into the room with Hetherington seated looking at the door. Ram Cupal had not entered through the doorway or the window. Then how the dickens had he got into the study?

Mr. Jardine stood there, struggling with the problem, leaning on the mantelpiece. And his eyes began to bulge-because there was a dusty footprint

on the mantelpiece.

He got a chair and climbed up. Over the mantelpiece was a large mirror built into the wall. He examined it closely. He felt round the frame of the mirror. His fingers must have touched a spring for, without any warning, the mirror swung on a swivel-and there was the entrance to the secret passage!

Ram Cupal's mystery was solved. But what about the other end of the passage? Mr. Jardine felt he just had to find out where Ram Cupal had started from, so he wriggled his way into the dark passage,

having first armed himself with a torch.

It was some time later that he found himself in the fireplace, high up on the ruined wall of Galton Grange. How Ram Cupal had got from ground level to that lofty fireplace was a mystery, but he didn't bother to find the answer to it just then. There were men below, hunting around in the crumbling brickwork of the ruined walls and the dust of ages that littered the floor. Mr. Jardine knew who they were-the men he was

paying to help him-hoping to find the big jewel. He guessed that if they found it he could whistle for his

share of its value.

He began to climb down the wall. It was fairly easy, because of the broken brickwork. The men heard him coming and stopped their hunt to stare at him. They crowded round him as he clambered down, but he only told them part of the truth about how he had got there. What he did tell them was that the plans were in the school safe.

One man said: "I haven't seen a safe I couldn't open-if it was worth my while."

"We'll share and share alike," promised Mr. Jardine. "We ought to do the job to-night."



Mr. Jardine hesitated. Then, with the key in his hand, he went over to the Head's safe.

"Right, guv'nor. At midnight we burgle St. Clement's."

Meanwhile, Ram Cupal sat in his study with Tom Tuffen, Jimmy Topper, Jack Lee, and the rest of the famous pals.

Jack, the brainy one, was doing the arguing. "You say the plans do not give the whereabouts of the ruby?" "That is so," declared Ram Cupal, "I thought

they might. I now know I was wrong.

"Then how can you find the jewel?" asked Dick Loring. "Sounds as if you are stumped."

But Ram Cupal shook his head. "In Mr. Jardine's study I saw a book on the shelf-the Diary of General Galton. The secret may be there-in a

code, perhaps. I must take a look at that book-"You can't go there again. Old Jardine will be expecting something like that. They say he is out, but I bet he's having his study watched."

"I cannot go," argued Ram Cupal. "None of you

can go, for you would be immediately suspected. But Hetherington-he will not be suspected. He will go for me and bring me that book!" "What! A Sixth Form prefect!" cried Bill Drake.

His voice tailed away to silence. The chums were just staring at Ram Cupal, who sat cross-legged in the big basket-chair and looked as if he had gone into a trance, his chin sunk on his chest, "What's happened to him?" gasped Jimmy Topper.

looking puzzled.

"Quiet," hissed Tom. "Ram is doing his mystic stuff again and-listen!"

They heard footsteps in the corridor. The study door opened and Hetherington walked in. But his eyes were glassy, wide open, staring straight before him. He stopped right in front of Ram Cupal, who did not so much as raise his head.



The alarm bell was ringing-but whoever was pulling it was invisible!

Ram Cupal said: "You will go to Jardine's study. You will take the first book on the second shelf. You will bring it to me here. Now—go!"

You will bring it to me here. Now—go!"

Hetherington said nothing. He just turned and
went—and the study door closed behind him.

The chums looked at one another, then dashed to the door and whisked it open. They saw Hetherington disappearing down the corridor. They followed him at a distance, saw him mount the stairs and go to Mr. Jardine's study, open the door and vanish inside.

Tom Tuffen looked at his chums with bewilderment.

"He's done it!" he said hollowly. "Now we'll wait and see Hetherington come out with the book."

But Ram Cupal had not bergained for what happened inside the study. Mr. Jardine had returned from the ruined Grange by the way he went—via the secret passage. And he reached the big mirror over his mantelpiece just in time to see Hetherington there by the bookshelves, reaching up for the book—the first book on the second shelf.

It was totally unexpected for Mr. Jardine to see that—and it seemed as if Ram Cupal's plans would be utterly ruined!

Sixth Former Hits Out

MR. Jardine knew what that book was—the private diary of General Galton himself.
"Hetherington! How dare you——"

But the prefect took not the slightest notice, although he must have heard.

Mr. Jardine cried out again.
"Hetherington! What d'you think you're doing?"
Hetherington took down the book and turned.

Mr. Jardine began to guess the truth. Hetherington was in some sort of trance, and it was easy to know who was responsible. There was only one person at St. Clement's who could do anything like this, and that was Ram Cupal! And Mr. Jardine knew why he wanted to do it—to get hold of that book. That book was important in the hunt for the big ruby—the Star of Annurpal!

Mr. Jardine stepped out on to his own mantelpiece and leapt down to the hearthrug. The mirror slid back into place of its own accord.

Hetherington was heading for the door. Mr Jardine seized hold of his arm and held him.

Jardine seized hold of his arm and held him.
"Where do you think you're going?" he cried.

"That's my book!"

But Hetherington knew nothing except that the influence of Ram Cupal was summoning him back

to Tom Tuffen's study, with the book. He could not resist it. He kept on towards the door. Mr. Jardine stepped in front of him, barring the way. "Oh, no, you don't!" growled Mr. Jardine. "That books mine. Workship to the state of the state

book's mine. You shan't give it—to him——"
Hetherington still with that closer look in his

Hetherington, still with that glassy look in his eyes, tried to brush Mr. Jardine aside, and the history master took a dim view of it.

"How dare you use force—to a master!" he cried. But Hetherington was frantic to get away, and fought and kicked and punched. He brought down the book on Mr. Jardine's head with a wailop that rattled the history master's brains and caused him to sit down with a thump on the floor.

Hetherington stepped over him, but Mr. Jardine seized hold of one leg. There was a furious struggle until Hetherington wrenched his leg free and went lurching forward. He hit the door, which burst open, and he went hurtling out into the corridor—where Tom Tuffen, Jack Lee, Jimmy Topper and Bill Drake were listening to the sounds of battle and wondering if they dare intervene.

Hetherington scattered the group. It was Bill Drake who steadied him, gripped his arm, saying:

"Hey, look where you're going-"

Then he remembered he was addressing a Sixth Form prefect and checked himself. But he need not have bothered. Hetherington still had that queer, glassy look in his eyes. He turned and went striding away towards the head of the stairs.

Inside the study, Mr. Jardine was rolling about on the floor, badly shaken, bruised and in a furious temper. He came to his feet and charged after Hetherington, shouting at the top of his voice.

"Come back, Hetherington! Come back, I say!" Hetherington took not the slightest notice but continued on his way. And Mr. Jardine guessed where he was going and set off in hot pursuit. He ran down the corridor to the end of the stairs.

By that time Hetherington was half-way down the stairs, and still going strong.

stairs, and still going strong.

Mr. Jardine shouted at him, loud enough to disturb
the whole school.

"Stop, thief! That's my book! Stop-"

And then he saw Ram Cupal at the foot of the stairs gazing up at him, with a strange gleam in his eyes.

Mr. Jardine was suddenly cold and afraid.

Ram Cupal said curtly: "Be quiet!"

That was all. There were plenty of boys and girls to hear him. He just said "Be quiet;" to a master—and in an instant that master was quiet.

Mr. Jardine stood there at the head of the stairs, opening his mouth, trying to yell and shout—but not a sound came from him!

Hetherington, the big Sixth Form prefect, calmly



Chalky White even looked through the keyhole —an undignified thing for a master to do.

turned and went up the stairs again. He brushed past Mr. Jardine as if the master just wasn't there! He went on up the next flight of stairs and so back to the Sixth Form domain and his own study.

Ram Cupal turned on his heel and went into the study he shared with Tom Tuffen, the all-important

book under his arm.

On the stairs Mr. Jardine was in a flap! His mouth opened and shut like the beak of a hungry fledgling—and then, all of a sudden, sound came forth. It wasn't exactly a word, Mr. Jardine just howled like a dog: "Oo—OW!"

And was his face red! He hadn't meant to let out a yell like that. He had simply been trying to shout and the ability to produce sound, and his voice had suddenly come back to him before he realised it.

Down in the little hall at the foot of the stairs were many boys and girls of both the Fourth and Third—and they regarded him strangely as if he had gone clean off his head.

So Mr. Jardine turned away from the stairs and went along the corridor and down the other stairs

to the main hall and the Head's study.

He had an idea! He was going to lodge an official complaint against Ram Cupal and against Hetherington. After all, he had very good reasons for doing so, and he knew that his book was in Ram Cupal's study at that very moment. If he accused these two of theft, Dr. Pelham could go straight to Ram Cupal's study and catch him with the look.

It was a chance too good to miss. Mr. Jardine didn't rush unduly. He went with dignified tread, down the stairs and along to the Head's study, which opened off the Big Hall, close to the dais.

He tapped on the door and listened. He thought he heard a quiet voice telling him to enter, but he wasn't sure. Anyway, he opened the door and went inside.

But the Plum was not there, and there was nothing to show where he was. The window was wide open, and no doubt the voice Mr. Jardine thought he had heard had come from the distant Quad.

And then he saw the keys lying on the desk—a bunch of assorted keys and one, a flattish-looking

key, lying all by itself.

Mr. Jardine eyed that lonely key and knew what it was—the key of the big safe in the corner—and he knew that in that safe were the plans of the ruined Galton Grange, found by Ram Cupal.

Mr. Jardine hesitated, then, with the key in his hand, went over to the safe. It was locked. He raised the key to insert it in the lock when he suddenly heard approaching footsteps in the corridor coming into the Big Hall.

He whipped away from the safe and stood again in the centre of the study. The key was slipped into his pocket out of sight. He went to the door just as somebody rapped politely on the panels.

Mr. Jardine opened it. Cecil Browne, the senior prefect and captain of the school, stood there, looking very worried.

Mr. Jardine said: "The Head is not here, Browne. I came to find him myself. I have just looked in—but he's not here."

"It's a pity, sir," said Browne. "But I was looking for you, too. I've heard about the things that happened—on the stairs—with Ram Cupal and Hetherington—and we can't let this go on, sir. Prefects and masters just won't be able to do a thing if the Fourth kids get the whip hand over us."

Mr. Jardine smiled loftily.

"How heartily I agree with you, Browne," he said. "Something must be done-and done quickly. But you can leave it to me. I will explain to the Headand I'll see, personally, that Ram Cupal is severely dealt with."

"Very good, sir," said Browne, and turning on his heel, went back the way he had come.

Who Pulled The Rope?

RAM CUPAL sat in his study, poring over the Diary of General Galton. Tom Tuffen looked over one shoulder, Jack Lee looked over the other. Jimmy Topper, Dick Loring and the others crowded round as best they could.

They bent over, craning their necks, to read the

entry pointed out by Ram Cupal.

General Galton, who had lived in the reign of Charles the Second, had written: "I brought much wealth home from the Indies, in which were rare gems, notably a large ruby. I was much troubled in my mind how to protect these gems from rascals and thieves. Therefore, I devised hiding-places in the Grange, surrounding myself with plaster and stone and giving out that I was studying sculpture. Indeed, I am no mean sculptor, and did produce a life-size statue of our Sovereign Liege, Charles the Second, which shall stand at the school of Saint Clement's."

The chums stared at one another. They all knew that statue; it stood on its plinth by the steps lead-

ing up to the main door of the school. Jimmy Topper said: "Some of the gemsperhaps the big ruby-might be hidden inside that

"It doesn't say argued Tom obstinately.

"No," observed Ram Cupal quietly, "it does not say so, but it might very well be so. I must read this diary carefully-if Jardine does not get it back from me-"

"He's bound to come after it," said Bill Drake.

But he was wrong. Mr. Jardine did not bother about the book just then. Instead, it was Hetherington who came bursting into the study. He looked savage, too. He had heard all that had happened in Mr. Jardine's study and on the stairs. He had been seen obeying the orders of a Fourth Form kidand he was a prefect—a Sixth Former—

"Hey, you!" he bellowed, brandishing his swishy cane at Ram Cupal. "Bend over!"

That was a threat Hetherington could carry out,

but Ram Cupal's face was set like a mask. "You will not, Hetherington. For why should

you make trouble for your best friend and help your worst friend?"

"What on earth are you burbling about?" asked Hetherington thickly.

"Your father was once in my country. He had to leave hurriedly because he became mixed up in bribery and corruption and smuggling-

"You sneak!" hissed Hetherington. "That was not my fault. Why throw that in my face? In any case. I don't believe my father was guilty. Some crook used his name-but dad couldn't prove it-

"No, Hetherington! Your father was unable to prove his innocence. But just before I left my country, a smuggler was caught and confessed that he worked for a Britisher who forged your father's name on certain documents. Your father's name was



"Look out!" cried someone, as the King Charles statue started to topple over.

cleared of all blame. The other Britisher-the scoundrel-escaped, came back to his country, and changed his name-to JARDINE!"

There was a tense silence in the study for a

moment or two.

Hetherington gasped, then blurted: "Are you

sure---?" "I will write it down and sign it as evidence," said Ram Cupal. "You may inform your excellent father. But, please, do not tell Jardine that we know thisnot until I have dealt with him. For I come seeking the Star of Amnurpal, which was stolen from my country by General Galton. I think you will help

me. Hetherington." Ram Cupal held out his hand, and Hetherington

grasped it gladly.

Then the bell went for classes. Ram Cupal kept that book with him for safety's sake. But nobody could do anything about the Star of Amnurpal for the rest of the day, and Mr. Jardine went missing

So night came, and St. Clement's was very quiet. All the boys were asleep in their dormitories—except one boy. Ram Cupal's bed was empty. For he remembered the papers in the safe. He remembered that Jardine still thought the hiding-place of the ruby could be found on those ancient plans, so that he was likely to try stealing them from the safe in the Head's study.

And, sure enough, there were burglars at St. Clement's that night. The alarm-bell suddenly shattered the peace of the night. Masters and boys came dashing down the stairs to the Little Hall. There was the rope that rang the bell being pulled taut and released again.

But whoever was pulling it was invisible!

The Shadow!

GETTING hold of the key of the safe had been a stroke of luck which Mr. Jardine had not anticipated. He had, as a matter of fact, made all necessary plans for the burglary, and one of the men he had hired declared there wasn't a safe in the country he couldn't open, supposing somebody made it worth his while!

Mr. Jardine promised to make it worth his while, and everything was all set for that night. And then, by sheer chance, he was in the Head's study-alone -and there was the safe key on the desk!

He would have opened the safe there and then, but Cecil Browne, the captain of the school, happened to come along and disturbed him. So, Mr. Jardine decided to wait until after dark. And if he could open that safe before the burglars arrived. then he would get the plans, maybe find the big ruby and get well away-and the hired men could whistle for their money.

But the Head missed that key! That was bound to happen, of course. Mr. Jardine was in the Master's Common-room when the Head arrived in

great agitation.

"Gentlemen," he said, as they all rose politely to their feet, "I am sorry to disturb you-but I have lost the key to the safe! Has any one of you seen

Naturally, nobody had seen it, except Mr. Jardine,

and he wasn't saying anything.

"Of course, I don't want this noised abroad," said the Plum. "I think we should hunt for it, without letting it be known in the school, you understand?" They all understood, and the hunt was on. Mr. Jardine helped to look for it. The Head's study was thoroughly searched. The Hall, the library, the Plum's private residence—they hunted high and low. but the key could not be found.

Chalky White, the master of the Fourth, asked the question that should have been asked at the

beginning.

"When did you last see it, sir?" he asked. The Head stared at him, thinking hard, and sighed heavily. "I just can't remember. I know it

was on my desk this afternoon, during break."
"Did anyone go to your study? But you wouldn't know---'

"Naturally, I wasn't there," said the Head.

"We will make discreet inquiries," said Chalky

The Head shrugged his shoulders. "I dare say it will turn up. Fortunately, there is nothing of much value in the safe at the moment. Please, do not broadcast this matter through the school. I feel sure it will turn up-

But it didn't, and the Plum was worried. He remembered, too, the papers Ram Cupal had given into his safe custody!

So many strange things had happened since Ram Cupal had come to St. Clement's-and it was all mixed up with things relating to the East.

And Mr. Jardine, the history master, had spent some years in India. He had fallen foul of Ram

Cupal from the very first! The Plum was distinctly uneasy, but he said nothing, simply making up his mind to keep an eye on Mr. Jardine. But that wasn't easy, because Mr. Jardine locked himself in his study and left it by way of the secret passage which brought him out on the ruined walls of Galton Grange, three miles from the school!

Mr. Jardine was under suspicion, but he meant to

open that safe, come what may!

Ram Cupal was puzzled, for he had started the bother by putting Hetherington, the big prefect, into a trance, and making him fetch the diary of General Galton from Mr. Jardine's study. The book was important and Ram Cupal had already learnt much from it-especially that the general had taken up sculpture in order to make cunning hiding-places for the gems he had brought home from India.

And the statue of Charles the Second, by the main door of the school, was definitely mentioned!

Ram Cupal expected Mr. Jardine to try to get the book back-but he didn't. He was too interested in

the papers in the safe. So when he ought to have been at prep that evening, Ram Cupal went snooping around Mr. Jardine's

study. The door was locked! Ram Cupal was trying the door when he heard

steps in the corridor. He went back into a dark corner and just faded from view. It was a handy trick of his.

The Plum came along with Chalky White. They, too, tried the door and found it locked. Chalky White even looked through the keyhole-an undignified thing for a master to do. Then he straightened, and said: "He isn't there, sir."

"Ah, well," sighed the Head, "we may be barking up the wrong tree. After all, we're only guessing. I dare say I'll find the safe key somewhere before

the morning!"

They passed on their way. Ram Cupal came back into view, and he was very thoughtful. He knew what the missing key meant. In some way the Plum connected Mr. Jardine with the missing key. And that meant the papers were in danger.

Not that Ram Cupal cared very much. He had already been over those plans carefully, and didn't think for a moment that the secret of the ruby's hiding-place was to be found there. But he had kept the papers locked up in order to fool Mr. Jardine!

Ram Cupal felt sure that things would happen after dark-and, sure enough, they did!

For one thing, when the Fourth Form was sound asleep, Ram Cupal left his bed. The strange thing was that although he wasn't there the bed looked exactly as if he was!

Ram Cupal had sort of evaporated into the air. He had gone floating out through an open window and descended gently to the ground outside. Here he was visible again. He wore his grey flannel bags and blazer.

He went silently across the Quad and over by the shrubberies where the window of the Plum's study looked out. He reached up, gripped the edge of the window-sill and drew himself up until he could see

Mr. Jardine had already arrived. He was in his pyjamas. He stood there before the safe, the key in his hand.

Ram Cupal dropped again to the ground. Then he floated up to the sill. He had a pocket-knife in his hand-the blade open. He inserted the blade between

the window sashes and slipped back the catch. He raised the lower sash. Mr. Jardine swung round in alarm-but he was too late. Ram Cupal was in the room, barely a couple of vards from him, look-

ing him squarely in the eyes.

Mr. Jardine just stood there, the safe key still in his hand. Ram Cupal saw that wearing pyjamas was only a blind. Beneath them Mr. Jardine was fully dressed for a quick get-away.

Only he wasn't getting away. He couldn't move hand or foot. He could not utter a sound. Ram Cupal was staring into his eyes with a strange, fixed look-the same sort of look that had sent Hetherington into a trance.

Ram Cupal stepped back to the window. He whispered: "Stay there, Jardine. The police must find you."

Mr. Jardine gazed back at Ram Cupal, his eyes fixed in a strange, glazed stare. But, although his eves were blank, his mind was active, and his thoughts were full of panic. "Ram Cupal," he "He's cast one of his infernal spells on thought. me. But how did he know that I would be here? I must get away before the police come."

But that was easier said than done. Try as he might, Mr. Jardine found that he could not move a muscle. It was like being in some horrible nightmare, and not being able to stir hand or foot. the master could manage was a gentle rocking motion backwards and forwards. Ram Cupal stood

watching him, a slight smile on his dusky features. It was in his mind to arouse the Plum there and then-but he heard the sound of a car in the distance. The car stopped. Maybe that wasn't unusual-and yet it struck Ram Cupal that he ought to investigate before he did anything. could not forget that Mr. Jardine had had men working for him, and surely they were not very far away at the moment!

So he left by way of the window, gently lowering

the open sash, and went flitting away through the shrubberies towards the big gates.

The car was standing in dense shadow under an overhanging bush a little way down the lane. Three dark figures of burly men were advancing furtively on the big gate.

One whispered: "Do we climb over?"

"Jardine should have thought of this, the fool," said another man. "He knew we were coming, why didn't he leave the gate on the latch?"

Behind the cover of the bushes, Ram Cupal smiled quietly as he listened to their arguments. Ram Cupal could see that the gate was locked, but he did not want the men to go away without entering the school. Ram Cupal looked hard at one of the ruffians, his dark eves glittering in the darkness. The man shook his head and spoke and Ram Cupal grinned in satisfaction.

"What are we standing here arguing for?" said the man. "For all we know, Jardine has left it ajar." "Don't talk rot," said the first man. "Any fool with half an eye can see that the gate's locked.

Look!" The foremost man put out his hand to grasp the

iron of the gate when it opened! The men gasped. They could see nobody-but the

gate opened for them!

They stopped dead, gaping in superstitious awe. "What's it mean?" muttered one man.

opened-"Shut up your row!" hissed another. "The thing wasn't fastened properly-that's all. The wind blew a bit-what are we waiting for?"

But when the gate opened, Ram Cupal had gone out. He was invisible again. He had gone running down to the cross roads-to the telephone-box, and he had phoned the police at Brookville. It hadn't

taken him more than a few minutes, He was soon back. He thrust the gate open and sidled inside. He went running after the men-and nearly bumped into them. They were in the shadows under the trees and bushes. They were advancing cautiously towards the school house. Their feet made swishing noises-very softly-as they moved through the longish grass, and reached the wall below the window of the Plum's study. It was simple for them to climb up to the sill. There was a

husky whisper. "Dead easy! It ain't latched." The lower sash was raised-they were in! They saw Mr. Jardine standing there before the safe with the key in his hand!

One man exclaimed: "It's a double-cross!"

Mr. Jardine said not a word. He couldn't. Neither could he move.

"Look-he's got the key, and all! He was going to get them papers and make a bunk with the gems!" They grabbed Mr. Jardine by the arm, but he was

still and motionless. There was a glassy look in his eyes.

"What's happened to him?" asked one man. "Take the key!"

One man tried, but Mr. Jardine's fingers were tight round that key. And even while they tried they heard a car coming at a terrific speed along the

And things happened. Ram Cupal had run for the school house door. He had heard that car coming. He was chuckling with glee. He reached the Little Hall where the rope of the alarm-bell hung. He began to pull it.

The bell jangled, arousing all the echoes in the old school house. Masters and boys came running from their bedrooms and dormitories, tearing down the stairs, two at a time, to the Little Hall.

Chalky gaped at the bell-rope. He could see where hands grasped the rope. Below the rope was loose. But he could not see anybody there.

Tom Tuffen realised the truth. He cried: "It's Ram Cupal! What's happening, Ram?"

The voice of Ram Cupal sounded. He said:

"Quick, go to the study of the Head."

Chalky led the charge to the Head's study.

But the police had arrived. They had seen that open window, and naturally made a bee-line for it. The crooks heard them and saw them. That way of escape was barred. They turned to the door, whipped it open, and came dashing out into the Big Hall and down the corridor to the big main doors. Clable White the critical way.

Chalky White and the boys saw them, and a great cry went up.

"There they go! After them, boys!"

The row was terrific—an untold number of boys clumping down the stairs, leaping and vaulting over banisters—giving chase like a pack of hounds after foxes.

The three crooks just fled. They came to the big doors. Ram Cupal had entered that way and left them ajar. The men were through and were running desperately down the broad steps.

Tom Tuffen, Bill Drake and Dick Loring led the charge through the doors, closely followed by Paddy O'Toole, Jimmy Topper and Jack Lee. The rest of the Fourth were there behind them.

Tom gave a flying leap down the steps. He landed squarely on the back of one of the crooks. They were locked together in a fighting embrace, staggering sideways across the steps to crash against the statute of King Charles the Second.

Dick Loring downed another man. Jimmy Topper and Bill Drake got the third. The police were galloping round the corner of the school house—and they yelled a warning. "Look out! The statue!"

The thing toppled wildly to and fro, Chalky White rushed down the steps, hoping to grab hold of the thing and steady it. But he was too late.

It fell with a crash and smashed on the asphalt. The head broke away and went rolling for several yards. Something rolled from it—something that glowed with an egic red light!

glowed with an eerie, red light!

Everybody stopped, staring at it. Then it was picked up—and held on the palm of somebody's hand

-somebody who could not be seen.

Tom Tuffen exclaimed: "For crying out loud,

Ram—let's take a look at you!"

Ram Cupal was suddenly standing there with the big ruby in his hand. "The Star of Amnurpal," he said. "My quest is ended!"

The Plum appeared on the top of the steps. He said: "Ram Cupal, we want to move Mr. Jardine away from the safe in my study."

Ram Cupal laughed and made a strange pass with one hand in front of his face. "Sir," he said, "Jardine has come to life again."

It was true. The police were there, and he was

soon handcuffed.

Ram Cupal entered the study. He said: "His name is not really Jardine. It is Forster—Simon Forster. He is wanted in my country for smuggling and other illegal practices. There is a warrant out for his arrest."



The statue smashed to pieces—and out rolled the glittering red ruby!

Jardine glared at Ram Cupal with hate in his eyes. "If it hadn't been for you, I would have got clean away."

Jardine and his burglars were taken away. The big ruby was locked up in the safe, and the Plum took charge of the key.

"Well," said the Plum, clearing his throat importantly. "I am very glad this unfortunate episode has been cleared up. And I believe it was due entirely to you, Ram Cupal. On behalf of the board of this school, I should like to thank you."

Ram Cupal bowed gravely. "I am glad that I have been of service, sir," he said. "But I am afraid that you will have to get a new statue." "And a new history master!" shouted someone.

and there was a roar of laughter.
"Enough!" cried the Plum. "Back to bed at once,

everyone. Masters, please take charge."

The boys were sent back to bed, and the

Topperites were rather sorry the excitement was all over.

Tom Tuffen settled himself back in bed with his hands behind his head and stared at the ceiling. "Well, this has been the end of a perfect day," he leclared. "Crooks, missing rubles and a good fight in the middle of the night."

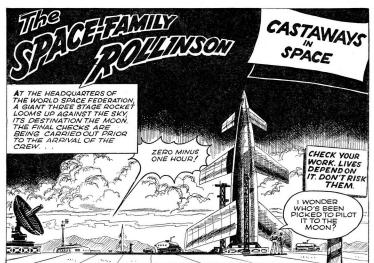
"Hear, hear!" said Dick Loring. "From now on, things will seem as dull as ditch water."

"I suppose you will leave us now, Ram," said Jack Lee.

But Ram Cupal laughed and shook his head.
"The Star of Amnurpal will go back to my country.
I stay here until my education is finished."

The Fourth Formers went wild. "Hurrah! Good old Ram! Three cheers for the Fakir of the Fourth!"

Then the voice of Chalky White sounded from the door. "Quiet, now! All of you. And—Ram Cupal—no more Eastern magic—please!"







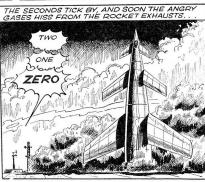










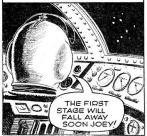


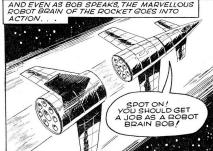
SLOWLY-THE HUGH MISSILE STAGGERS SKYWARD THE TREMENDOUS ACCELERATION CRUSHING BOB AND JOEY INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.





AS HUMAN REACTIONS ARE NOT FAST ENOUGH FOR THE SPLIT SECOND DECISIONS OF SPACE FLIGHT, THE HUGE ROCKET IS CONTROLLED BY PRE-SET TIME OPERATORS.





ANDTHE SECOND STAGE ROCKETS BLAST INTO LIFE, CARRYING THE BROTHERS FURTHER OUT ON THEIR JOURNEY INTO SPACE

SPACEMAN IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME JOEY, BUT LET'S SETTLE DOWN FOR NOW, WE'VE GOT A LOT TO DO! SOON THE SECOND STAGE FALLS AWAY TOO, LEAVING THE SMALL NOSE CONE OF THE ROCKET TO CONTINUE ITS FIVE DAY JOURNEYTHEN....



NEXT FOUR DAYS, JOEY

THREE DAYS HAVE PASSED. THE ROCKET IS NOW CLOSE TO THE MOON, AND THE ALIEN SHIPS. . . .







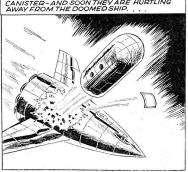


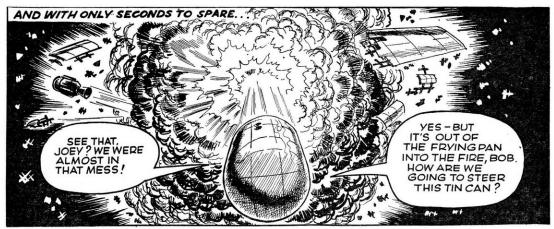


YES, THAT'LL BE IT! THAT'S WHY THE FIRE WARNING LIGHT

DIDN'T COME

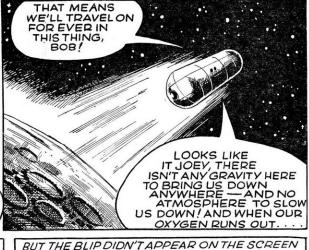






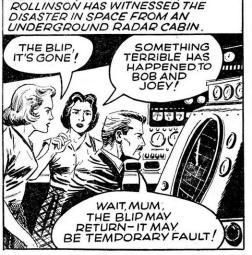


MEANWHILE, BACK ON EARTH, DAD



AGAIN, AND SOON THE ROLLINSONS ARE

SCRAMBLING TO THE SECOND MOONSHIP,

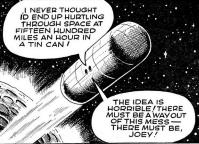


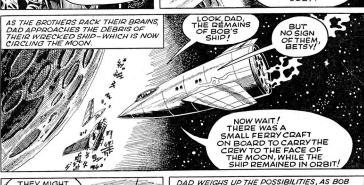




HIS WAY-

WE'DE FINISHED

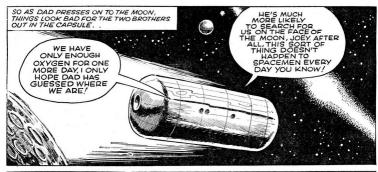






WE HAVE A CHOICE-TO LOOK FOR THEM ON THE MOON, OR SEARCH OUTER SPACE! SEARCHING
THE VASTNESS
OF SPACE IS AN
IMPOSSIBLE TASK
DAD, BESIDES, THE
CAN'T LIVE LONG
OUT THERE WITHOUT
OXYGEN!

YOU'RE RIGHT BETSY, PI'S MORE PROBABLE THAT THEY LANDED ON THE MOON, WE'LL SEARCHTHERE!



























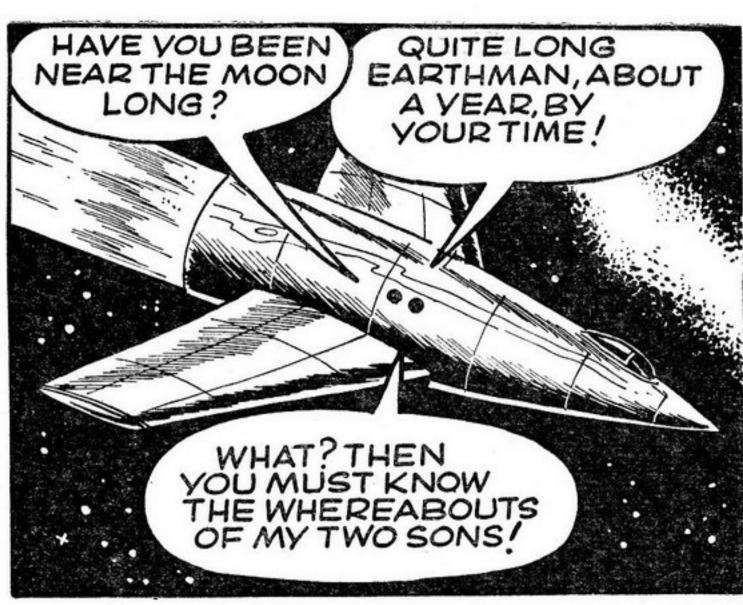






THE ALIEN SHIP SLOWS DOWN TO THE SAME SPEED, AND WHEN IT COMES ALONGSIDE,



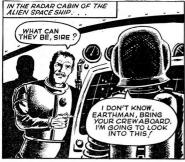










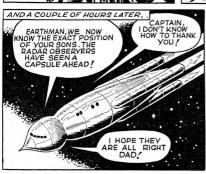






AS THE SHIP BLASTS OFF, AT LAST DAD KNOWS HE IS IN ON THE TRACK OF BOB AND JOEY, THE OXYGEN BOTTLES HURTLE ONWARDS UNDISTURBED, UNTIL THEY CRASH ON THE FACE OF THE MOON LIKE METEORITES...









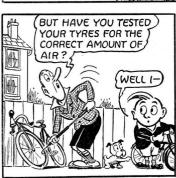


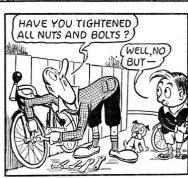


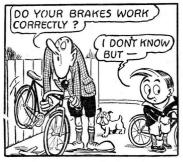






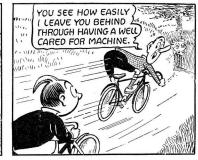


















OUR ERNIE

MRS. ENTWHISTLE'S LITTLE LAD!



There came a knock upon the door, And when he went, Our Ernie saw A funny man, who said he had A magic carpet from Bagdad!



"No thanks," said Ernie. "Not today! Ma's out just now, so go away." But when he tried the door to slam, The pedlar's foot its way did jam.



The salesman made our Ernie stare As magic carpet stood like stair. Though as he climbed it, Ernie found, He'd feel much safer on the ground.



The pedlar grinned and gave a wiggle, Producing lots more magic jiggle. The rug obeyed his waving paw, Dumping Ernie on the floor!



All this made Ernie very wild, He turned into a crosspatch child. But pedlar-man was very quick To demonstrate another trick!



And, on it, Ernie went up, too!
"By gum," he gasped. "I feel a goop!"
And then the carpet looped the loop!







Straight downwards little Ernie shot, Right towards the chimney-pot. Next moment down the flue he flew, And soppy carpet went down, too!



Next came a bit of magic, which Caused carpet then to shake and twitch, And as its sootiness grew less, The house got in a shocking mess!



This was indeed a clever trick, Which Ernie followed with a kick. So carpet and the Eastern guy Right into the street did fly!

Little Ernie's sooty face Was to come out through the grate, And there to find that Eastern gent With laughter almost double-bent!



By this time Ernie got real tough, And thought he'd try the magic stuff. At his command, the carpet went And wrapped around the Eastern gent.



Lad thought he'd settled it for all, But then there walked into the hall His dear old mum—with what she'd bought. The Carpet? Yes—just what you thought!

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The £1,000 Ring

 VEN busy inspectors sometimes have to take a holiday and Inspector Coutts felt that all the bustle and excitement of Scotland Yard was well away from him, as he strolled along the front at a South Coast seaside resort.

But he made a mistake in deciding to go along to the local police-station for a chat with a detective-inspector friend.

They enjoyed seeing each other and chatted for about an hour or so, until the phone rang. The local detective-inspector answered it, and after a short conversation, he replaced the receiver.

"That was from a big jeweller's in town," he said. "He reports the loss of a thousand-pound diamond ring!"

"Phew!" Coutts was instantly on the alert. "D'you mind if I come along?"

"I'd be pleased," his friend nodded.

They set off together, and at the jeweller's shop they soon heard all the story.

"The missing diamond ring was in a tray being shown to a woman customer," the jeweller told them. "She didn't like any in that tray, so another selection was brought to her, and she bought one of them. It was only after she had gone that we noticed that the £1,000 ring was missing!"

"And you naturally suspect her of stealing it," "But that isn't proof. Coutts murmured, Would you know the woman again?"

The jeweller pointed to one of the assistants.

"That young man thinks he recognised her as being a visitor staying at the Grand Hotel," he said. "But he's not absolutely certain!"

"I think we'll check up on that," suggested Coutts to his inspector chum, who nodded.

Soon afterwards they reached the hotel and were directed to the suspected woman's room. There they were admitted by another woman, who said she was the suspect's mother.

"I'm afraid Moira is out swimming at the moment," she said. "But she'll be back soon. Will you wait ? "

They sat down and ten minutes later, Moira came in. She was swinging a wet bathing costume and towel and seemed quite carefree, until Inspector Coutts explained the nature of their visit.

"But that's absurd!" she exclaimed. "How could I have robbed that shop? I've been sunbathing and swimming all the morning. Besides, I have quite enough rings already-I wouldn't want to steal one!

Coutts nodded. It certainly seemed odd that a smartly-dressed girl like Moira could be a jewel thief. She appeared to have plenty of money to spend on herself, for her golden hair was beautifully waved and her fair skin had not a single blemish-which was only possible by expensive beauty treatment.

"Perhaps the jeweller's assistant made a mistake," he said. "How long were you sunbathing on the beach?"

"At least two hours," Moira answered. "And before that I'd been swimming. I had another dip just before I came home, as you can see by my wet swim-suit."

"Yes, I noticed that," Coutts said, "but your story's false, and I shall have to arrest you!"

Why did Coutts arrest her ?

matter to wet the swim-suit and towel just before before showing herself at the hotel. It was a simple She actually stole the ring, then allowed time to pass when she came in. This proved her story was false. the wave, for she carried no bathing-cap with her she had been swimming, the water would have spoiled and her permanently-waved hair was perfect. bathing, yet her fair skin was unblemished by sun-tan, Moira said she had been swimming and sun-

SOLUTION

WHEN SYDNEY GIVES THE PHONE A KICK—HE ISN'T ACTING!



























SEXTON BLAKE in the Case of THE NIGHT SMUGGLER!

Sometimes odd things happen which cannot be explained. At times no one bothers to start to find an explanation, with the result that an item of great interest is often missed. This was not the case with Professor Brand, a man who liked to know the answers for everything that happened. One day at his home on the coast, he was greatly puzzled by the coast, he was greatly puzzled by the coast.



AYE, SIR --







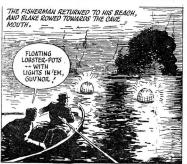


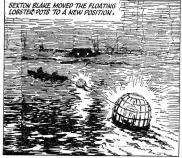




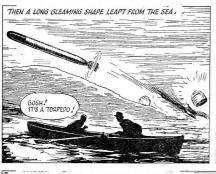
















SPORTY ASKS A SIMPLE QUESTION AND GETS A VERY STORMY ANSWER! HOPE-SNIFF-YOU I ALWAYS ENJOY MY ENJOY-SNIFF-SPORTY. THE GAME-SNIFFSYDNEY. SYDNEY.









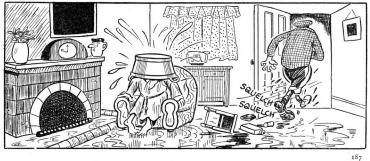














Plucky young Tod and Annie are dodging Silas Stiggins, and are around the Yorkshire moors. Something in the sky attracts Tod's attention, and he spots a swooping hawk pouncing upon another bird!































OUR ERNIE

MRS.

ENTWHISTLE'S LITTLE LAD!



Our Lad, who felt so full of fight, Thought he'd like to be a knight. So dressed in things that made a rattle, Off he set to do great battle.



His gallant heart fair thumped with joy, When he saw a girl and boy.

"A damsel in distress!" cried Lad.

The fat lad quickly did a bunk, But all was not as Ernie thunk ! The girl was mad because her brother Wouldn't go back home to mother!





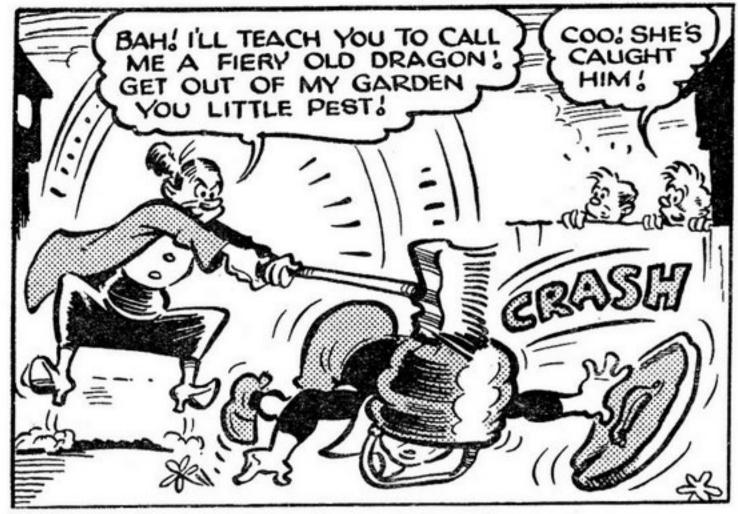
The ball had gone into the garden Of a certain Maggie Hardun. She was a dragon, and no error, A proper spiteful Wigan terror!



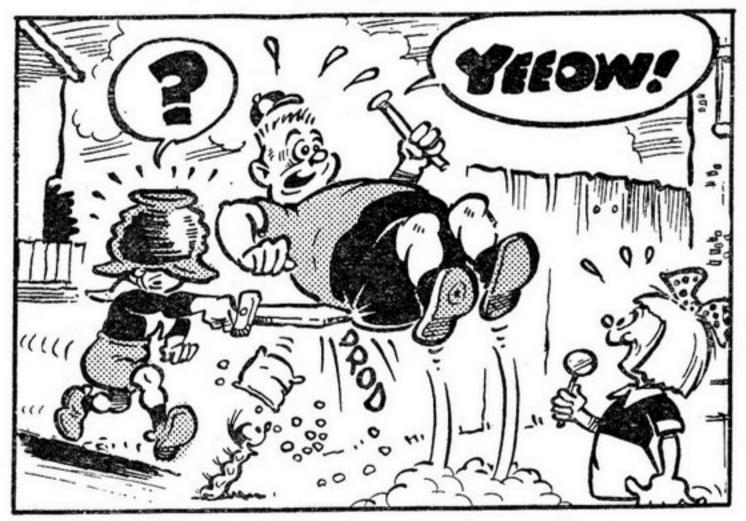
So waving wooden sword in air, He went to rescue damsel fair. And didn't he look really tough-Doing all this Knight-work stuff!



So Ernie went upon his way, And found a pair of kids at play, Who seemed to be in nasty scare. To get ball back they didn't dare !



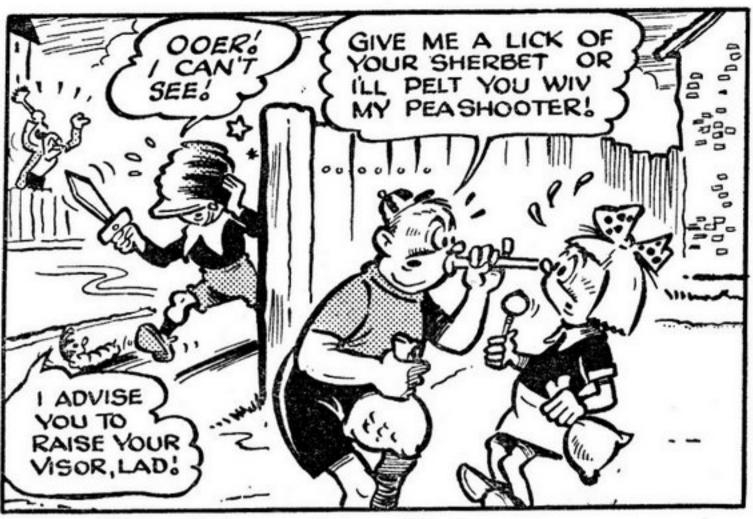
She clouted Ernie with her broom——
It sounded like the crack of doom ——
And drove his helmet down so tight,
That day was quickly turned to night!



Now one of Freddy's artful tricks
Was pinching people's sherbet licks.
But to the rescue Ernie roared,
Prodding bully with his sword!



Then Ernie's little rescued miss
Gave Lad a real wet sloppy kiss,
Which made his hair stand up so straight,
It shot the helmet off his pate!



Shut off from sight of light or sun, Ernie thought he'd better run, And came around the alley fence Towards a lad named Freddy Spence.



Fred turned round with angry sniff, And clouted Ernie such a biff!
He didn't see that hat of steel——
He found it by his sense of feel!



And feeling dreamy-like and dizzy, In a proper woozy tizzy, Lad went home, and strange to say, He didn't eat his tea that day!



