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THE *Nelson Lee*

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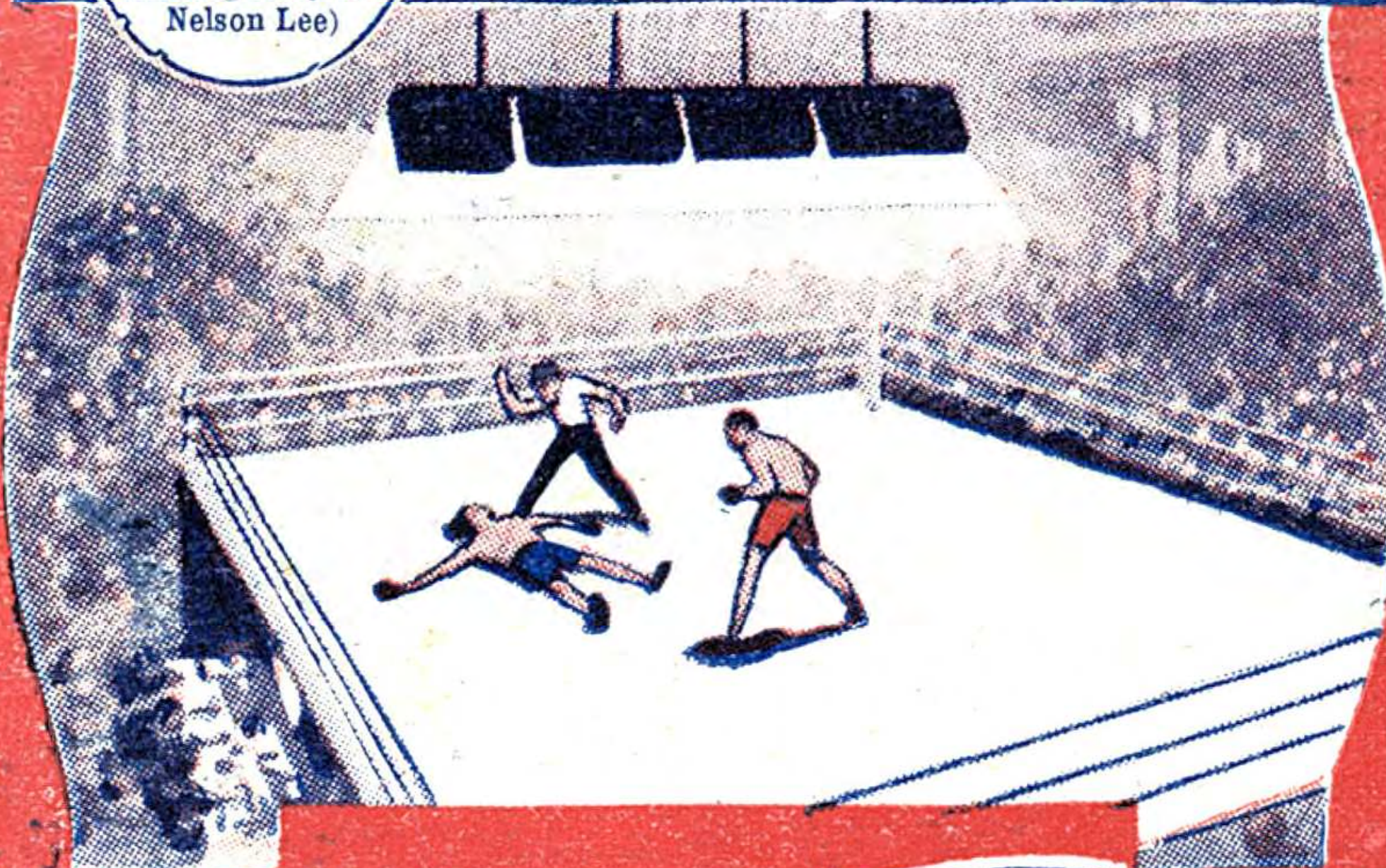
And St. Frank's
Magazine

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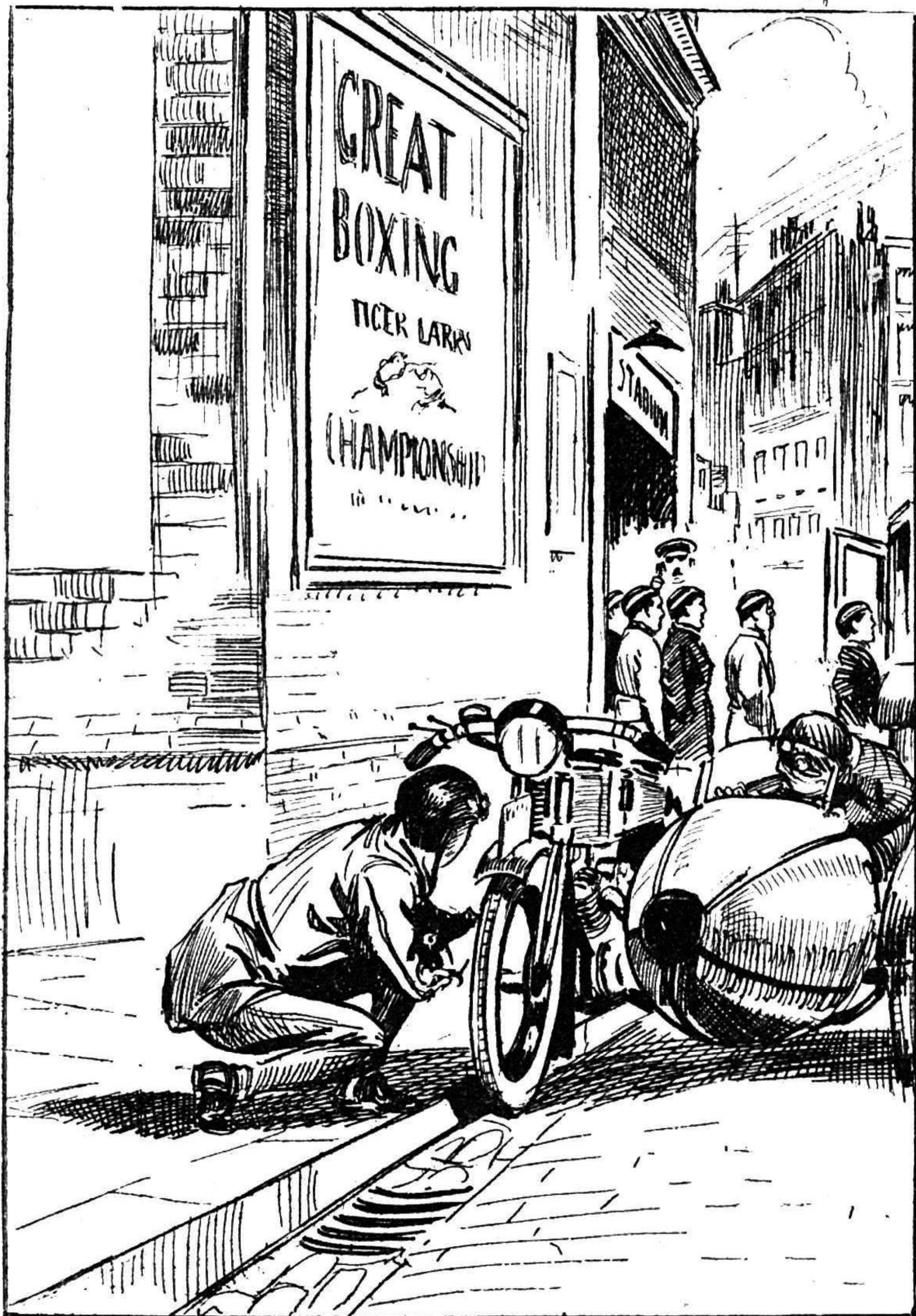
The
rescue of Jim
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The GREEN FLASH—

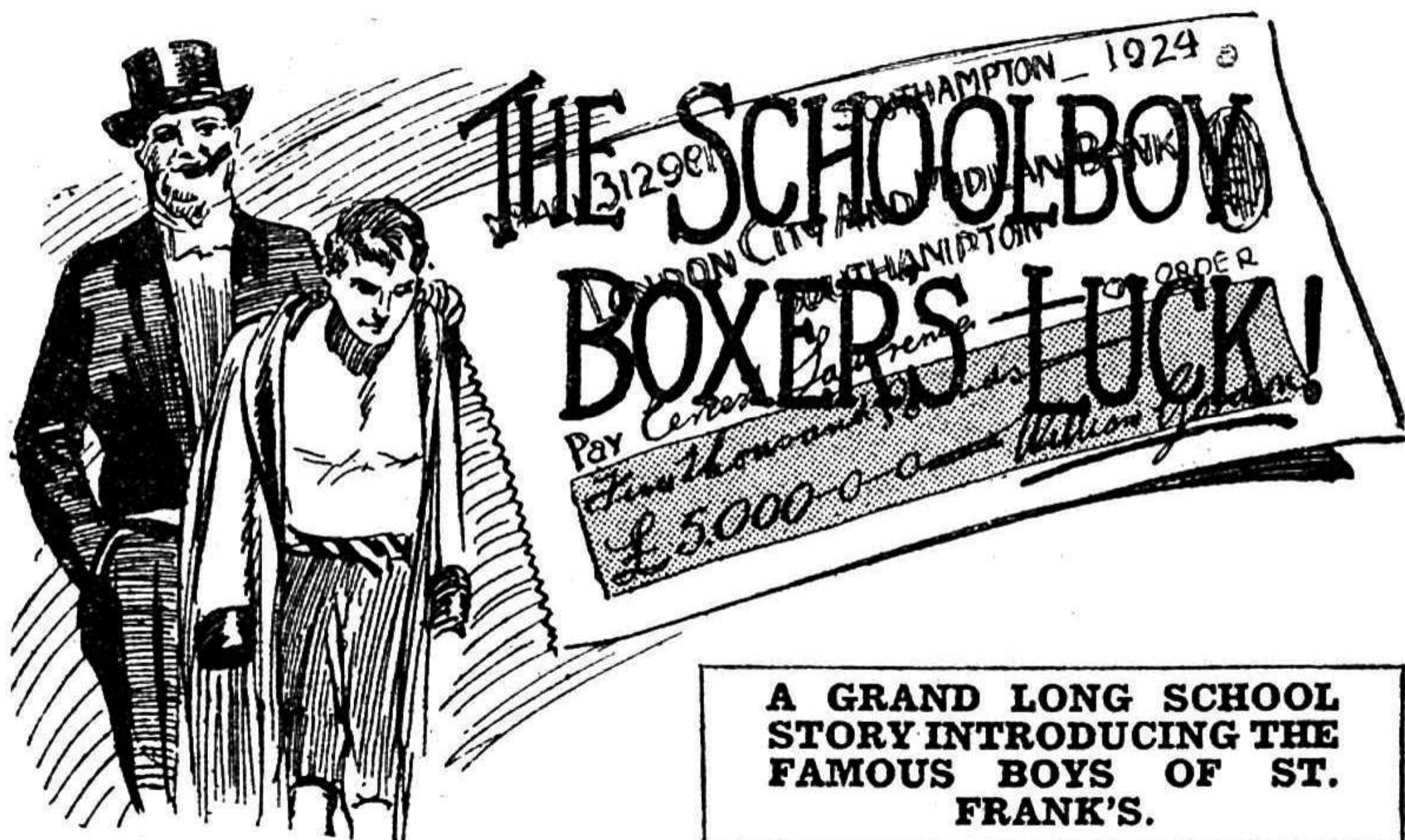


THE SCHOOLBOY BOXER'S LUCK.

A Rousing Story of the Ring and
the Boys of St. Frank's, featuring
Ernest Lawrence, the wonder
schoolboy boxer.



Fullwood himself dodged behind the windscreen, and Carter at once pretended to be making some adjustment to the motor.



**A GRAND LONG SCHOOL
STORY INTRODUCING THE
FAMOUS BOYS OF ST.
FRANK'S.**

Intense interest prevails at St. Frank's in the result of the coming fight between Ernest Lawrence, the brilliant young boxer of the Fourth, and Buddy Sloane, the professional. Should Lawrence defeat his opponent, he will win a purse of £50, and this, in addition to any subsequent sums he may earn in the ring, he has promised to pay over to the school, which is threatened with financial disaster, following upon a grave public scandal that has depleted the school of a large number of boys. The fate of St. Frank's is in the balance, and victory for Lawrence may turn the scales. This week's story contains a full account of the great boxing contest, and I can safely say that it is one of the finest stories of the ring Mr. Brooks has yet given us.

THE EDITOR.

By E. SEARLES BROOKS

CHAPTER I.

THE SCHOOLBOY TRAINING CAMP.

"**H**I! Look out!" Ernest Lawrence, of the Fourth Form at St. Frank's, glanced round with a startled expression as he was descending the Modern House steps. He slipped, lost his balance, and fell heavily.

"Great Scott!" gasped Buster Boots, rushing up in alarm.

A number of other juniors hurried round, anxious and concerned. Lawrence sat up, indignant. He found half-a-dozen fellows gently assisting him, and he glared at them with some heat.

"What's the silly idea?" he asked tartly.

"That was Handforth's fault!" said Chris-

tine anxiously. "Just like him to shout 'Hi!' because he happens to kick a football sky high! He might have crippled you!"

Lawrence was bewildered.

"But the ball didn't come anywhere near me!" he exclaimed.

"No—but you fell down the steps!" said Boots breathlessly. "Are you hurt, old man? Have you bruised anything? Is there any danger of a sprain or something?"

"You lunatics!" howled Lawrence. "Do I usually get bruised if I slip down? I'm not hurt at all! What's the idea of all this idiotic fuss? Have you gone dotty, or what?"

"It's Tuesday night—and you've got to go over to Southampton to-morrow after-

noon, to report to Smiling Bill," said Christine. "Think how awful it would be if you developed a sprained knee, or a twisted ankle, or something. You wouldn't be able to enter for the big fight then!"

A flood of light dawned upon the school-boy boxer.

"Oh, so that's why you're all anxious!" he grinned. "You chumps! If I fell off the roof I might break my neck! If I slid down the stairs, I might crack my ribs! What's the good of all these 'if's'? There's just a possibility that the train will run off the rails to-morrow!"

The other juniors accepted Lawrence's sarcasm calmly. They were all relieved to find that he was unhurt. For the past three or four days they had looked after him with the loving care that a mother bestows upon her child.

For Ernest Lawrence, of the Fourth, was an important person just now.

At any other time he might have fallen down the Modern House steps from top to bottom, and nobody would have taken the slightest notice—except to grin, or make some facetious remark concerning his balance.

But just now a fall of any sort might mean a sprain—and a sprain is no good to a boxer who is due to enter the ring for an important match within three or four days.

The facts were not generally known.

Only a chosen few in the Fourth were in the secret. Lawrence had become acquainted with Mr. William Gordon, the celebrated boxing promoter—known throughout Europe and America as Smiling Bill. Indeed, Lawrence had visited Mr. Gordon's stadium, in Southampton, on the previous Saturday. And he had convincingly beaten his opponent in an unimportant match. At least, it was unimportant to the onlookers.

But to Lawrence it was just the opposite—for in winning, he had qualified for the big match on the following Saturday. He was booked to meet Buddy Sloane, of Portsmouth. Buddy was a well-known local pugilist, and he had quite a reputation as a light-weight.

Lawrence had won fifteen pounds over that first fight—but stood to win fifty pounds over the second. And he was as keen as mustard on the money, because he urgently needed it—not for himself, but for the school.

For St. Frank's was in a bad way.

Ever since that dreadful scandal on the first night of term the famous school had fallen into sad disrepute. The great name of the College, so highly honoured and unsullied, was now scorned and sneered at. The boys themselves were the object of continuous sneers and jibes wherever they went.

Even the ordinary football fixtures had

been cancelled by other schools—for St. Frank's had a bad name, and nobody would have anything to do with her. It was hardly a nice situation.

And all this because of a few utter cads!

A handful of well-known rotters—Kenmore, Grayson, Fullwood, and such-like fellows—had indulged in a champagne party to celebrate the end of the holidays. In the middle of it a Fifth-Former had died—heart failure—and nothing to do with the orgy.

But the newspapers had got hold of the story with deadly results.

Everybody had obtained the impression that St. Frank's was rotten to the core. And once a story of that sort got about, it was practically impossible to kill it. It only takes a few hours for a rumour to float on its destructive course—but it takes weeks and months to recover the lost ground.

Half the Fifth and Sixth had gone, and St. Frank's was deserted. Only the Fourth remained intact. Under the virile leadership of Reginald Pitt, the famous Junior Form had kept the colours flying.

But for how long?

There was more than a chance that the school would close down at the end of the term. For parents disliked their sons being made the butt of everybody's contempt and scorn. Once home, it was a moral certainty that scores of fellows would be sent to other schools. And that would mean the end of St. Frank's. The great College, with all its fine traditions, would cease to exist.

And this thought spurred the Fourth on to make big efforts. Pitt had made the fellows see that no other school could be as good as this, and he had instilled in the Fourth a desire to remain at St. Frank's.

And so a kind of effort was being made all round to get money together. Anything, in fact, to help the school over the stile—to save it from being toppled over the brink. Perhaps these efforts were insignificant, but they were a wonderful indication of the fine spirit which prevailed.

St. Frank's was worth the fight—and the Fourth, at least, was grimly determined to restore the school to its old proud position. Ernest Lawrence was one of the most loyal.

And he had decided upon these boxing contests because it opened up an avenue for making money quickly. The sum of sixty-five pounds was not to be sneezed at. And he was looking forward to this Saturday fight with eager anticipation.

And so was the rest of the Fourth. A private training camp had been prepared at the old mill, on the edge of Bannington Moor. And there, day after day, Lawrence had been hard at it.

He was as fit as a fiddle, and confident of victory.

CHAPTER II.

A TRIP TO HEADQUARTERS.



ARCHIE GLENTHORNE looked at Phipps with languid interest.

"Say on, laddie—say on!" he observed. "You wish to shove an idea before the young master?"

"A mere suggestion, sir," said Phipps modestly.

They were in Archie's luxurious den—Study P, in the Fourth-Form passage of the Ancient House. Since the beginning of the new term the junior studies had been changed a bit—Archie's now being Study P. And in the Modern House they were numbered instead of lettered.

"Carry on, Phipps—proceed to warble forth the brilliant wheeze!" said Archie. "Without wishing to make you conceited, laddie, I regard you as a dashed brainy cove. I mean to say, when you speak, you absolutely allow words of wisdom to flow in absolute regiments!"

"Thank you, sir," said Phipps. "It concerns your journey?"

"Journey?" repeated Archie. "What journey?"

"This afternoon, sir—to Southampton." Archie started.

"Dash it all!" he protested. "This thing is a most priceless secret, and here you are chattering about it like anything! I mean to say, Phipps, who gave you the old tip?"

Phipps remained unperturbed.

"You may remember, sir, that you were discussing the matter with me this morning," he replied smoothly. "You suggested a certain train, and I ventured to propose a later one."

"Good gad!" muttered Archie. "That's right! Of course, you're in the know, aren't you, Phipps? I thought the good old cat was out of the bag, you know! In fact, I got quite a dithery feeling down the old spine. Spasms shot hither and thither in the most fearful way."

"I was about to suggest, sir, that you went by motor-car."

"Motor-car?" repeated Archie blankly. "Oh, you mean one of those—one of those motor-cars? Absolutely, Phipps! Now, why couldn't I think of that? What has happened to the old brain department?"

"The afternoon is somewhat windy, sir, but I imagine that will make little difference," said Phipps. "I can order the car from the Bannington garage, and it will be ready to take you all on the journey."

"Oh, you mean the whole bunch of us, what?"

"Precisely, sir," said Phipps. "Less likelihood of inquisitive people following. I have heard a whisper, sir, that certain young gentlemen mean to board the train the

same time as yourselves, for the purpose of discovering your destination."

"Oddslife!" ejaculated Archie. "What a perfectly foul scheme! Of course, you mean Fullwood, or Carter, or one of those awful outsiders!"

"I would prefer to mention no names, sir," said Phipps diplomatically.

But Archie knew well enough that Phipps had actually meant the juniors he had named. And so the motor-car was decided upon. It was nearly dinner-time already, and the party had decided to take the two o'clock train.

Archie sallied forth, and seized Reginald Pitt by the coat, in the passage. The captain of the Fourth listened smilingly while Archie proposed the idea.

"It's first-rate," said Pitt. "But what about the expense?"

"Kindly refrain from mentioning such bally horrible details!" said Archie stiffly. "I shall provide the car, dear old door-knob, and there the matter ends! As far as you are concerned, the exes are non-existent."

Reggie Pitt chuckled.

"Wise words, O my youth of much elegance!" he grinned. "Thanks muchly, in sundry positions. I accept on behalf of the whole party. You have my permission to trickle back to the old couch to obtain a further supply of the old brain-reviver."

Archie beamed.

"That's a dashed good way of putting it, what?" he mused. "I mean to say—brain-reviver! Sleep, when you come to think of it, not only revives the tissues, but the good old grey matter as well. I shall take your advice, laddie, and flow to the old couch."

Pitt was delighted at the prospect. Money was none too plentiful in Study E at the moment, and both Reggie and Jack Grey would be grateful for the saving of fares. In fact, tea now became a distinct certainty, instead of a mere possibility.

And as soon as dinner was over, a magnificent seven-seater touring car glided noiselessly into the Triangle, to be instantly surrounded by an envious crowd. The party consisted of Lawrence, Boots, and Christine, of the Modern House, and Pitt, Grey, Handforth, and Archie, of the Ancient House.

They all managed to squash into the car with a certain degree of comfort. Handforth regarded his chums with a superior air.

"Sorry you fellows can't come—but there's no room!" he said.

"That's all right!" replied Church. "We shan't worry."

"Quite a pleasure!" declared McClure. "We shall have a glorious time this afternoon. We're going on a picnic with your sister, Ena, and Irene and Co."

"What?" said Handforth, with a start.

"Fact!" Church assured him. "We fixed it up yesterday—happened to meet Miss Irene in the lane. De Valerie and Burton

and one or two others are coming, too. We're having the picnic on Willard's Island."

"Why wasn't I told about this?" demanded Handforth.

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Church. "Yesterday you told us you were going on this trip, and said that we should have to fend for ourselves. In fact, you told us that we could do as we liked."

Handforth was torn. He couldn't think of Lawrence going to Smiling Bill Gordon's headquarters without him; neither could he think of Church and McClure going on a picnic with Irene and Co. without him. But the matter was decided without Handforth's participation.

For the car rolled out of the Triangle, and the die was cast.

CHAPTER III.

CARTER, THE CURIOUS.



CLAUDE CARTER'S eyes glittered.

"Hallo! Look at this!" he exclaimed.

"I'm hanged if those beasts aren't going off in a car! Of all the infernal nerve!"

Carter, who shared Study J with Armstrong and Griffith, had strolled into Study A—for he was on much better terms with Fullwood and Co. Being several kinds of a cad, he would be.

"What do you mean—a car?" asked Ralph Leslie Fullwood, looking round.

"Come and squint for yourself," said Claude.

Fullwood and Co. went to the window, and saw the packed motor-car about to depart—with Handforth arguing with Church and McClure. And the Nuts were considerably flustered.

"This has spoilt our plan!" said Gulliver quickly.

"Yes, we were goin' to nip to the station an' get in the same train," said Fullwood, scowling. "An' now we shan't be able to know where the rotters are goin' to! All our scheme spoilt!"

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," said Bell. "We can't run behind a motor-car, can we? An' I don't suppose the silly fools are up to anythin' shady. They're too goody-goody—that crowd!"

Carter looked thoughtful.

"I don't know!" he replied. "I'm jolly curious about this—and I don't mind admitting it. Don't forget that Town Hall affair, when we messed up the minstrel show."

"I'm not likely to forget it!" grunted Fullwood. "We got the worst of it in the end. I think we'd better drop this business."

"Not likely!" declared Carter firmly. "These chaps are trying to earn money for the school—you've heard about the mad idea. Well, I want to find out what the

game is this time. And, what's more, I will!"

"How?" asked Ralph Leslie sarcastically. "Will you smuggle yourself in the tool-box of the car, or ride on the luggage grid at the back?"

"I shan't do either, you funny ass!" retorted Carter. "But you seem to have forgotten my motor-bike."

"By gad! So I had!"

"There's a side-car on it, too—so we can both go," said Carter. "She's capable of fifty on any road, and if we can't keep that beastly car in sight I'll chew up my Latin grammar! Well, what about it? Are you game? We shall have to decide on the spot—they're just going!"

"I'm game!" replied Fullwood promptly.

"Good—then let's make a move."

"What about us?" demanded Bell indignantly. "What about Gulliver an' me? Ain't we in this?"

"Sorry—no room," said Carter briefly.

He hustled out, and left Fullwood and Co. to argue it out between themselves. Carter arrived in the Triangle just in time to see the car gliding out of the gateway. So he put on a hustle as he hurried to the cycle-shed. There was no time to be lost.

The new boy in the Fourth was not only a young rascal, but he was cursed with an almost uncontrollable curiosity. It wasn't the same kind of curiosity that Teddy Long possessed. Long wanted to know every trifle of tittle-tattle that went about.

But Carter only interested himself in certain things. And if there was any possibility of discovering something so that he could get another fellow into trouble—in that case he was happy.

And he really did believe that Pitt and his chums were now engaged upon some questionable task—some scheme which would place him on the carpet if the Head got to know about it. So Claude whisked out his motor-bike in double-quick time.

It was a good machine—and one of those racy-looking torpedo side-cars was fitted to it. Carter gave the kick-starter a plunge, and the engine roared. Fullwood came along, and leapt on board.

"Let her go!" he said briskly.

Carter did so, and they careered across the Triangle, and shot out of the gateway at a speed which was reckless in the extreme. They turned into the lane with the side-car wheel in the air, and Fullwood nearly had heart failure.

"I say—go easy!" he gasped.

"Oh, don't be nervous—that was nothing!" said Carter calmly. "I'm an expert on this bus. If I liked, I could ride along all the time with that wheel off the ground."

"But what about me?" roared Fullwood. "You'll pitch me out!"

However, no such happy event as this occurred, and by the time the village was reached no sign of the car remained. In fact, the shadows hadn't even caught sight of their quarry yet. But just near the

cross-roads, at the end of the village, they spotted Dr. Brett, in his own little two-seater.

"Which way did that car go, doctor?" sang out Carter cheerily. "The one crowded with chaps? They've forgotten something!"

"Caistowe!" yelled the doctor.

"Thanks!" said Claude, waving his hand.

He opened the throttle, and they roared away along the Caistowe Road.

"Easy!" grinned Carter, glancing down at Fullwood.

"Yes—an' it's easy to go in the ditch!" snapped Fullwood. "Why the deuce can't you attend to your drivin', you ass!"

Long before they reached Caistowe they overtook the motor-car—which was not travelling at any high speed. But there was little fear of the shadows being seen. For the big car had its hood up, and there was no panel window in the back. Unless one of the motorists leaned right out and looked back, they couldn't know.

In any case, Fullwood and Co. were unrecognisable on the motor-bike at a distance. And Carter took great care to remain quite a long way behind. He didn't worry if he only caught sight of the car occasionally.

For, after passing Caistowe, it was clearly obvious that Pitt and his party were bound for Southampton.

"We'll soon find out the secret now!" said Claude Carter with relish.

CHAPTER IV.

SMILING BILL'S VERDICT.



SMILING BILL GORDON gripped Lawrence firmly by the hand.

"Boy, you're looking fine!" he said heartily. "Firm muscles, eh? Good! Clear complexion—springy tread!

You'll do, my lad!"

"I'm feeling in the pink, sir," said Lawrence.

"And what about all these—your friends, eh?" said Mr. Gordon. "All right—they can come in! Make yourselves at home, boys! There's never any formality about Smiling Bill!"

"Thanks awfully, sir," said Pitt.

They had arrived at the boxing stadium in Southampton, and Mr. Gordon was as breezy and genial as ever. The juniors couldn't help liking him. He was such a fine sportsman.

And they knew him by reputation, too. He was one of the most famous promoters in the world—if not the most famous of all. And he had succeeded in lifting the manly sport of self-defence to a higher plane than it had ever hitherto attained.

Smiling Bill Gordon was a man who kept faith with the public. He never attempted to "work" a fight. He could always be

relied upon to give a square deal. And, with such a reputation, he was solid and firm with the public. They regarded him as a rock of honesty.

And this was true, too. Mr. Gordon was a gentleman by nature, if not by upbringing. Hale, hearty and bluff, he always wore a smile on his features, and he was seldom seen without a cigar.

The juniors were at the back of the stadium, and they trooped down the corridors until they arrived in a big, airy gymnasium. Lawrence had only come over this afternoon to report, and to give a display of his prowess before the promoter.

Pitt and the other juniors took up their positions round the walls, and waited. Lawrence had gone off to a dressing-room to get prepared for the ring. There was one in the gymnasium, and it was now occupied by two men, who were sparring energetically.

"Know who that is?" whispered Boots, indicating one of the boxers.

"Yes—Gunner Moole, of course," said Pitt.

He was right. The men were famous—Gunner Moole and his trainer, Jim Whitby. The juniors watched the sparring with interest, and listened amusedly while Smiling Bill made all sorts of comments.

The man whom Lawrence was to meet on Saturday was, of course, not present. He belonged to another camp. Buddy Sloane was probably in Portsmouth, busy with his own trainer.

"Of course, we shall see the big fight on Saturday—after Lawrence has whacked Sloane," said Reggie.

"You're taking it for granted that Lawrence will do the whacking!" grinned Buster Boots.

"I don't look upon failure—I expect success!" replied Pitt. "My hat! If you haven't got faith in Lawrence, I have! He's one of the most marvellous boxers the sport's ever produced."

"So he is!" agreed Handforth. "But, of course, his fight with Sloane is only a mere preliminary—just to open the evenin's fun. The great event will be the international match between Battling Dawson and Gunner Moole."

"Rather!"

"It'll be a terrific fight!"

"Everybody says that Battling Dawson will win."

The juniors discussed the matter animatedly. Saturday would see the big contest which the whole of England and America was waiting for. It was to decide the lightweight championship of the world, and was considered the most important fight of the season.

The purse alone was huge—no less than five thousand pounds. Four thousand would go to the winner, and one thousand to the loser. It seemed a tremendous affair, in comparison to the preliminary fight which Ernest Lawrence would take part in.

So the juniors watched Gunner Moole with interest. He was a small man—no bigger than Lawrence himself, and probably a pound or two lighter. But he was a born boxer, and his work was fine.

While the juniors were looking on Lawrence appeared, and now they could see his form as it really was. Attired for the ring, he presented a magnificent appearance. His physique was perfect, with muscles rippling powerfully beneath the fair skin.

"Now then, Larry, my boy—let's have a look at you!" said Smiling Bill. "Do you mind taking him on for a few minutes, Jim? I'd like to have your opinion."

the Gunner chappie?" whispered Archie. "I mean to say, if not better, what?"

"He is better!" said Reggie Pitt grimly. "But we can't judge anything by that—I don't suppose for a moment the Gunner was revealing his best form. He's reserving that for Saturday."

The Gunner himself was looking on with keen appreciation. And Smiling Bill Gordon fairly danced about in his excitement. He puffed at his cigar furiously—a favourite sign of approval.

"Boy, you're too good to be true!" he burst out.

"I'm hanged if you're not right, boss!"

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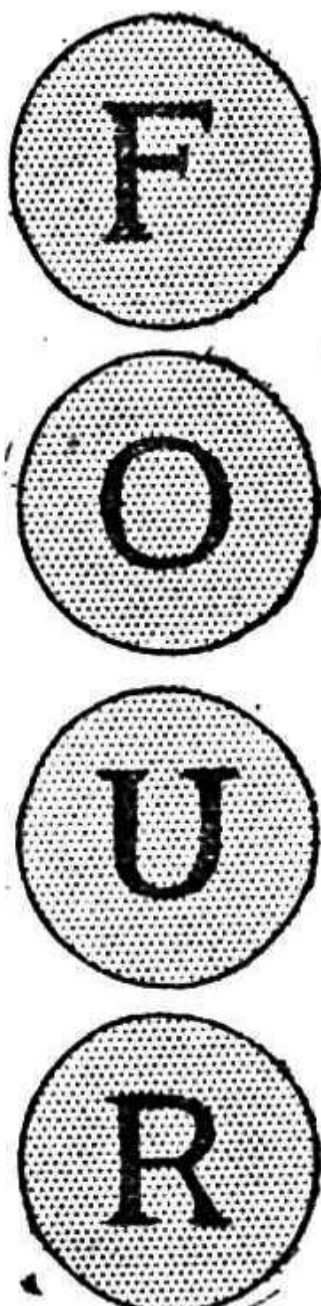
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"Sure enough!" said Jim Whitby. "I'll put him through a few paces."

Lawrence already had the gloves on, and he stepped lightly into the ring and faced the trainer. He was being billed as "Tiger Larry," so that nobody could possibly tell from the announcements that he was really a junior from St. Frank's College.

He soon settled down to some brisk, active sparring.

He was cool, confident, and fit. And if ever a man was surprised, Jim Whitby was. He tried again and again to get past Lawrence's guard, but failed. The junior gave a wonderful display.

"Dash it all, he's absolutely as good as

said Jim Whitby, dropping his hands. "The kid's a marvel!"

"Not so bad!" said Gunner Moole condescendingly.

"Not so bad!" roared Smiling Bill. "I tell you, this boy's got the making of a world's champion in him! Why, good glory, if you fail to meet Battling Dawson, I've a good mind to fix up a match for this boy—some time in the spring."

"I don't think my pater would allow it, sir," smiled Lawrence.

"Well, it's not likely to happen, so we needn't discuss it," grinned Mr. Gordon. "But I'm pleased—I'm delighted! If you

show this form on Saturday, my boy, you'll beat Buddy Sloane with ease."

"I'll try to beat him, sir," said Lawrence quietly. "I'll be a stiff fight, but it means a lot to me—and to the school!" he added, under his breath.

CHAPTER V.

GETTING AT THE TRUTH.



"WELL, I'm hanged!" said Ralph Leslie Fullwood blankly.

"The Stadium!" said Claude Carter. "Now, what, in the name of all that's mysterious, does it mean? They've all gone into the back of the Stadium—and there's no match on this afternoon!"

The pair were sitting in their motor-cycle and side-car a short distance down a quiet street near the Stadium. The big car was standing some distance away, and all the juniors had vanished into the enormous building.

Fullwood and Carter were frankly puzzled.

"Anyhow, it's somethin' fishy!" declared Fullwood unpleasantly. "These chaps who are supposed to be such harmless innocents, too! Comin' to a prize-fight show—an' goin' in at the back!"

"Why not walk up, and ask a few questions," suggested Claude.

"Better not; they might come out any minute, and we don't want to be spotted," warned Fullwood. "The best thing we can do is to wait, an' then make a few inquiries afterwards."

This was certainly good advice, and Carter agreed with it. So the pair waited out there, wondering what could be in the wind. The minutes passed, and still there was no sign of the juniors emerging.

"They're takin' their time!" growled Fullwood. "What does it say on that bill? You know, I've a good mind to come over here one day—they have some fine contests here. We might have a few bets, too. For example, I'll guarantee that Battlin' Dawson wins Saturday's fight!"

"Oh, it's a cert," agreed Claude.

He strolled over, and examined one of the bills. It was a neat, well-printed announcement, and gave all details concerning the great International Fight between Battling Dawson of Chicago, and Gunner Moole of London.

Further down the bill there was an announcement of a preliminary match—a local affair, it seemed—between Buddy Sloane of Portsmouth, and Tiger Larry of some unknown abode.

The names meant nothing to Claude Carter, and he strolled back to Fullwood without having discovered the truth. And the pair were in for a further long wait before they received any reward.



Fullwood and Co. went to the window and saw the packed motor-car about to depart.

And then, suddenly, Fullwood grabbed Carter's arm.

"Quick—bob down!" he whispered. "Here they come!"

Fullwood himself dodged down behind the wind-screen, and Carter at once pretended to be making some adjustment to the motor. Pitt & Co. and Lawrence and the others didn't even glance at the motor-bike and side-car which stood some way up the road.

The big car rolled off, the doorkeeper having a few last words with Lawrence before the latter took his place. And as soon as the car was gone, Claude Carter hurried down the road, with a gleam in his eye.

He caught hold of the doorkeeper just before he entered.

"Do you know that chap who you were speaking to just now?" he asked.

"Know him?" said the doorkeeper. "I ought to!"

"How do you mean?"

"He's Tiger Larry, of course!"

"Oh, yes; that's so!" said Carter, with fine composure. "Rather a decent-looking chap, isn't he? It ought to be a good fight on Saturday."

"It will be," said the doorkeeper, nodding. He passed inside, and Claude Carter went back to Fullwood. He was looking eager and excited.

"What fools!" he exclaimed softly.

"Eh?"

"I said, what fools!"

"Who?"

"We are!" said Claude.

"Look here, you ass——"

"Why on earth didn't we think of it before?" went on Carter. "I just spoke to the doorkeeper, and I've made a discovery. Our dear friend, Ernest Lawrence, is Tiger Larry!"

"What!" gasped Fullwood.

"The two are one and the same!" grinned Carter. "Well, wasn't it worth coming? Lawrence, of the Modern House, going in for professional boxing! By gad! This'll cause a sensation when we tell the school!"

Fullwood caught his breath in.

"It'll not only cause a sensation, but it'll get Lawrence the sack!" he chuckled. "An' there's somethin' else, too! How is this goin' to affect St. Frank's? The school's tryin' to live down the scandal. But what will the public say when they find out that a St. Frank's junior is appearin' in a rotten boxin' contest? It'll do the scandal a bit of good—and St. Frank's a bit of no good!"

"Rather!" chuckled Carter. "Just what we wanted!"

"But I don't know, though," went on Fullwood thoughtfully.

"Don't know what?"

"Of course, it's a jolly nice thought—this one about gettin' Lawrence the sack, an' makin' the name of St. Frank's stink even more than it does now," said Fullwood. "But there's somethin' else. Why shouldn't we turn this information to account?"

"That's an idea!" said Claude Carter, nodding. "We'll talk it over, and see if we can arrive at some sort of understanding. Yes, there are possibilities. Anyhow, we've got those cads in our hands!"

Ralph Leslie Fullwood nodded.

"Rather!" he agreed softly. "We've got them where we want them!"

CHAPTER VI.

FULLWOOD & CO.'S TERMS.



REGGIE PITT looked thoughtful as he entered Study E in the Fourth Form passage.

He was followed by Jack Grey and Buster Boots and Ernest Lawrence—the latter having been invited to tea.

They had got back to St. Frank's rather later than the usual tea-time, but that didn't matter. They were all hungry, and quite ready for a feed.

"We shall have to be pretty careful," said Pitt.

"What about?" asked Lawrence.

"About this boxing business," replied Reggie. "We all know it's perfectly honourable and decent. But what about the public? There'd be a bit of a row if the truth came out."

Lawrence looked uncomfortable.

"I say, I hope I'm not doing wrong," he said slowly. "After all, it's for the school—I don't want any of this money for myself. Who could say much after they've heard the truth?"

"That's just it," said Reggie grimly. "Would the truth come out? Haven't we got the terrible example of this scandal in front of us? If everybody knew the truth of that affair, St. Frank's wouldn't be in danger of closing down."

"That's right enough," admitted Lawrence.

"So, all round, it's better to keep it dark," said Pitt. "We know it's a harmless secret, so our consciences are clear. And, after all, that's all that matters."

"I can't see what the argument's about," exclaimed Buster Boots. "Haven't we arranged to keep it dark all the time? Nobody has suggested anything else. The truth can come out later——"

The door opened, and Handforth marched in.

"Any tea going in here?" asked Edward Oswald gruffly. "There's not a giddy thing in my study—and Church and McClure are still out. When those rotters come back, I'm going to biff 'em!"

"What for—because they've been out?"

"It's like their nerve!" snorted Handforth. "Clearing off on a picnic with my sister and the other girls, and leaving me in the lurch! They haven't even had the decency to prepare tea for me!"

The other juniors grinned with appreciation.

"Scandalous!" said Boots indignantly. "Those two chaps go out on a picnic, and you come on a motor trip to Southampton, and they're so thoughtless that they don't get back in time to prepare grub for their lord and master! Something ought to be done!"

"Look here, you ass——"

"You ought to get your pater to ask a question in Parliament!" said Boots firmly. "And, if necessary, Parliament ought to pass a new law prohibiting Church and McClure from going out and leaving you without your tea! This sort of thing is beyond all reason!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Handforth closed the door, and pushed up his sleeves.

"Do you want a fight, Buster Boots?" he demanded warmly.

"I wouldn't dream of it," grinned Buster. "Don't forget you've got a sprained wrist, and I wouldn't like to undo all the work of

Dr. Brett. Keep calm, you ass! I'm pulling your leg!"

"For two pins, I'll pull your nose!" roared Handforth.

But this disaster didn't happen, for a tap sounded on the study door.

"Come in!" sang out Pitt. "My hat! If we have any more visitors, we shall have to go and rake up some more grub—— Oh!"

He broke off with an exclamation as he looked at the two newcomers. They were Ralph Leslie Fullwood and Claude Carter. And the two young rascals were quite calm and collected.

"May we come in?" asked Fullwood genially.

"With pleasure!" said Handforth. "But if you do come in, you'll go out quicker! I was going to biff Buster, but you'll do better!"

When Handforth was in a biffing mood he didn't care who received the biffs. And Fullwood & Co. were generally his first favourites when it came to a question of sloshing. He always considered they deserved it more than anybody else.

"Pax!" protested Fullwood. "Look here, Pitt, this is your study! Are you going to allow Handforth to boss it? We've got something private to say to you—and you'd better hear it!"

"Better let them come in," suggested Grey. "I'll bet they've got some rotten scheme in their minds—they never come to us unless they have."

Fullwood and Carter entered, and closed the door. For the sake of general harmony, Boots and Lawrence and Grey edged Handforth across to the other side of the room.

"Now, my sons, what's the business?" asked Pitt briskly. "Be brief, and choke it up! Life's short!"

"We'll be brief enough, if you like," said Claude Carter. "I suppose you think nobody knows about your little trip this afternoon?"

"Everybody knows about it," replied Pitt. "Can't we go for a motor-car ride without you making insinuations——"

"But what about going to Southampton?" put in Fullwood pleasantly.

"Southampton?" echoed Handforth. "How did you know? I mean——"

"You'll probably be startled when I tell you that we saw you go into the Stadium," said Carter. "And we know that Lawrence is booked to appear on Saturday under the name of Tiger Larry. How's that? A bolt from the blue, eh? Knocked you a bit flat, my lads, hasn't it?"

Carter and Fullwood were very self-possessed. And there was a great deal of truth in what Carter had said. The knowledge that these cads knew the whole truth was, indeed, a bolt from the blue.

"You spying rotters!" roared Handforth. "You followed us!"

"Exactly!" nodded Fullwood. "Good old Trackett Grim!"

"You leave Trackett Grim alone!" hooted Handforth.

"What's the idea of this visit, Fullwood?" asked Pitt steadily. "Since you know all about Lawrence, there isn't much to discuss. What are you going to do—tell everybody?"

"Well, hardly," said Fullwood. "Carter and I have been havin' a little chat, an' we think you chaps would rather like to have the thing kept quiet. Is that so?"

"Whether it's so or not, there's not much chance now!" retorted Pitt.

"Just as much chance as ever," put in Carter coolly. "We simply want ten quid each out of the giddy purse, an' we'll keep as mum as oysters!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE INFORMERS.



ERNEST LAWRENCE went rather pale.

"You contemp-cads!" he shouted thickly.

"Oh, cut that out!" growled Fullwood. "It won't do any good to abuse us. We know the truth—and you know our terms. If you win that fight you click fifty quid. We only want ten each."

"And if I lose, and gain twenty-five pounds, I suppose I've got to be satisfied with a fiver for myself?" asked Lawrence furiously.

"Oh, if you lose, we'll drop our price by half," said Carter. "We're not unreasonable. Well, what about it? Is it a go, or shall we walk out, and stroll into the Head's study?"

Pitt regarded the pair with absolute contempt.

"You rotten blackmailers!" he said witheringly.

"Blackmailers!" snorted Fullwood.

"What else is it but blackmail?" demanded Pitt, his eyes gleaming with absolute scorn. "You think you've got us in your hands—but if I know anything of Lawrence he'll deal with this situation in only one way."

"I'll fight the pair of 'em!" shouted Lawrence hotly.

"You won't!" said Fullwood, his hand on the door. "If you try to touch us we'll yell for help—and then we'll tell everybody the truth."

"By George!" breathed Handforth. "Why don't we slaughter them?"

"Be reasonable!" said Carter. "You've only got to agree to this little proposition, and we won't say a word. If you refuse, the fight won't be allowed to take place, and you won't even get a penny. So, whichever way you look at it, you can't do better than knuckle under."

"You miserable curs!" exclaimed Law-

rence hotly. "I need that money for the school—not for myself. I only want it because all the decent chaps in the Fourth are trying to help St. Frank's over the stile."

Fullwood and Carter laughed.

"A fine story!" sneered Fullwood. "Do you think we believe that idiotic yarn? You'll need to invent somethin' a bit more reasonable——"

"I've stood enough of this!" interrupted Lawrence. "I don't care whether the fight comes off or not! I'm not going to stand these curs a minute longer! We'll sling them out!"

"Hear, hear!" roared Handforth.

Fullwood and Carter tried to escape—but, unfortunately, the door stuck, and wouldn't open at the first pull. Pitt had known this from the start, and had reckoned on the delay.

Before Fullwood and Co. could tear out, they were seized and held. And both the cads were completely startled. They had entered, confident and cool. Never for a moment had they believed that their demands would be refused. They fairly panted with alarm.

"If you touch us, we'll tell everybody!" gasped Claude.

"All right—tell everybody!" snapped Lawrence. "Come on—out with 'em!"

The door was opened, and Ralph Leslie Fullwood and Claude Carter emerged much quicker than they had entered. They were literally hurled forth. They shot across the passage, one after the other. They hit the opposite wall with a resounding thud, and sank into limp heaps on the floor. And the door of Study E. closed with a slam.

"By gad!" breathed Fullwood, sitting up dazedly.

But he had enough sense to scramble to his feet, and stagger down the passage to his own study. He sank into a chair, and tenderly nursed his bruises. Carter came in a moment later, his face black with rage.

"What are we going to do?" he snarled savagely.

"We'll tell the Head!" snapped Fullwood. "We'll go straight to the Head, and have this rotten fight stopped! We'll get even! Those beasts are not goin' to crow over us!"

The pair were so disappointed that their only thought was for vengeance. After all their planning—after all their careful calculations! They had counted upon the money as a dead certainty—and had even mapped out exactly how they would spend it!

Under the circumstances, the very thought of keeping silent was ludicrous. They paused for a moment or two to tidy themselves up, and then rushed out. They went straight to the Head's house, and rapped on the door.

To their surprise Phipps came.

"We want to see the Head——" began Carter.

"Then I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. Master Carter," said Phipps. "Dr. Stafford happens to be away."

"Away!" repeated the juniors blankly.

"Dr. Stafford left this afternoon," said Phipps.

He silently closed the door, and Fullwood and Carter looked at one another.

"Stokes!" said Fullwood harshly.

They hurried back into the Ancient House and went to the Housemaster's study. After all, he would do practically as well as the Head. And he was in. He was sitting in an easy chair, with his feet on the desk. And he grinned cheerily as the juniors entered.

"Come in—don't mind me!" said Mr. Stokes in his usual breezy manner. "I don't like your looks much, but what's the trouble?"

Fullwood acted as spokesman, and he poured out his story in a flood—his rage tending to make him rather long-winded. He explained everything about Lawrence being billed as Tiger Larry, and told Mr. Stokes about the fight arranged for Saturday evening. But Fullwood failed to mention that he and Carter had offered to keep quiet for the sum of ten pounds each.

Fullwood finished at last, and he and his companion watched Mr. Stokes eagerly and intently. For some reason the Housemaster didn't seem very shocked. He sat there, looking very thoughtful. Then he lowered his feet from the desk, removed his pipe, and smiled.

"Well, what's the trouble?" he asked blandly. "What have you come to me about? Is there anything particularly bad about boxing?"

"But—but you don't approve of this match, do you, sir?" gasped Fullwood.

"Of course I approve of it!" replied Mr. Stokes calmly.

CHAPTER VIII.

TELLING THE WORLD.



FULLWOOD and Carter stared in blank surprise.

"It seems to me, young men, that you came here with the object of making trouble!" went on Mr. Stokes, changing his tone. "You thought you'd bring the official wrath down upon Lawrence's head, eh? A pretty mean sort of trick! You'll oblige me by writing five hundred lines each!"

Fullwood and Carter turned a sickly kind of colour.

"But—but it's rotten!" said Fullwood feebly.

"Of course it's rotten!" nodded Mr. Stokes. "If I had to write five hundred lines I should think it rotten. But that's not the point. I've given you this punishment, and you've got to——"

"I don't mean about the lines, sir," interrupted Fullwood.

"No?" said the Housemaster. "You like doing lines?"

Fullwood nearly burst a blood-vessel.

"I mean about that boxing match!" he shouted. "It's rotten, sir! It's a disgrace to the school! Hasn't St. Frank's been talked of enough, without this disgraceful business?"

Mr. Beverley Stokes sat back in his chair.

"I rather think," he said thoughtfully, "that I ought to make that a thousand lines, instead of five hundred. It isn't nice for you to come here and shout at me like this. I don't think I quite like it. Yes, it'll have to be a thousand lines, Fullwood."

"It's not fair, sir!" said Fullwood thickly. "Here am I, comin' to you with the honour of St. Frank's at heart—"

"Good heavens!" interrupted Mr. Stokes. "That's quite enough of that, Fullwood! You're nothing but a contemptible young hypocrite! Take my advice, and leave this study while I'm still sitting down! If I get up I shall reach my cane—and then you'll know a great deal more than you know at present."

"But—but Fullwood's right, sir!" said Carter obstinately. "What's the Head going to say when he finds that you agree with this boxing affair?"

"My dear chap, how can I tell what the Head's going to say?" asked Mr. Stokes. "Why stand there and ask me riddles? Here's a young chap, bursting with energy and good intentions, decides to take part in a boxing match. What's wrong with it? Why shouldn't he? I'm not one of those poor creatures who look upon a boxing match as a kind of bull fight!"

Fullwood and Carter were so completely "done" that they hardly had another word to say. They had been turned down by Lawrence, and now they had the bitter experience of hearing Mr. Stokes give the scheme his approval! It was too exasperating for words.

They crawled out of the study, fairly shaking with rage. Fullwood had to write a thousand lines, and Carter five hundred! Upon the whole they couldn't exactly congratulate themselves upon the success of their plot.

But there was one slight satisfaction left.

They went all over the school, broadcasting the story. But even this was devoid of any joy. For everybody heard the news with excited satisfaction, and before long St. Frank's was buzzing.

Dozens of fellows came up to Lawrence in the Triangle, asking him if it was true. And even the seniors approached him. And, finally, Mr. Stokes himself.

Lawrence's heart sank. He felt quite certain that the official ban was now going to be placed on the fight. But Mr. Stokes didn't seem very angry. Certainly, he wasn't Lawrence's Housemaster, but in a matter of this sort, it made no difference.

"Hallo, Tiger Larry!" said Mr. Stokes cheerfully. "Good luck, old son! Congratulations!"

"Th-thank you, sir!" stammered Lawrence, with a gasp.

"I wish you every success on Saturday evening," said the Housemaster, clapping the junior on the back. "Hang it all, I'd like to come along and see you—and perhaps I shall! Go in and win, Lawrence! There's nothing like the noble art of self-defence!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Larry!"

A crowd had gathered, and they started cheering. Mr. Stokes chuckled as he heard his nick-name.

"You needn't worry about the Head!" he said confidentially. "As a matter of fact, he's away—and I don't suppose he'll be back until Sunday. But if he is—just leave it to me—I'll square him."

"Yes, sir!" panted Lawrence. "Thanks awfully, sir!"

As for Fullwood and Co., they were completely discomfited. Everything had gone exactly the opposite to what they had expected. They had made the mistake of confusing Mr. Gordon's Stadium with a common boxing-booth. They had believed that the masters would naturally disapprove of Lawrence engaging in any fight. Even Pitt and Co. had been doubtful on this point.

But Mr. Stokes was making no mistake.

Instead of being a disgrace for a St. Frank's boy to fight in the Stadium, it was really an honour. And before long the whole of St. Frank's was talking with animated interest about the forthcoming match.

Mr. Stokes was convinced that the Head would do nothing to stop the fight—especially after it had gone so far. And the whole position was made much more satisfactory. For Lawrence could carry on with his training in the open, without being compelled to maintain the secret as though it were some guilty and disgraceful pursuit.

Everybody was taking an interest in his progress, and a great crowd of fellows decided that they would be in the Stadium on the big night. Applications for tickets were sent through the post—but a lot of the fellows were doomed to disappointment.

For the seats were very expensive, many of them running up to a guinea and two guineas—and quite a large number indeed to as much as five and ten guineas.

Only the very distant seats were priced at five-and-nine or twelve shillings—and most of these were gone. With a purse of five thousand pounds, and all other expenses to defray, such high prices were necessary, or the whole affair would be a financial fiasco.

Nevertheless, a considerable number of fellows succeeded in getting seats. And as no announcement was made that the

Stadium was placed out of bounds, the scheme apparently had official sanction.

It seemed that Saturday would prove an exciting day.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT DAY.



“EVERYBODY ready?” asked Handforth briskly.

It was Saturday afternoon, and a cold, chilly October day. A high wind was blowing, and the leaves from the elms and chestnuts were being whisked across the Triangle in great clouds. The sky was overcast, and threatening, but no rain was falling.

A number of juniors were waiting about in overcoats, and there was a large char-a-banc in readiness. This time an ordinary touring car wouldn't do! Fellows had clubbed together, and the char-a-banc was the result.

Everybody was in high spirits. For Lawrence was as fit as a fiddle, and determined to do his very best. There was no secret about the fight now. Not only the school knew it, but even Southampton was talking freely on the subject, and it was generally known that Tiger Larry was a St. Frank's junior schoolboy.

It was quite an amusing affair for the public. Contrary to expectations, there were no signs of condemnation. In a way, the affair seemed to put St. Frank's on a slightly better footing. For any boy who could box in Mr. Gordon's Stadium was obviously a clean, decent fellow.

It only proved how contrary the public view may be when the very opposite is expected. The fourth-Form fellows were more than delighted at the turn events had taken during the past few days.

“There's plenty of time yet,” said Church, as Handforth paced up and down with impatience. “We don't want to get there too soon. The fight doesn't come on until half-past seven.”

“But it's past four already!” argued Handforth.

“What about it? It doesn't take more than an hour to get to Southampton,” said McClure. “We shall have time to look round the town, and get some tea. Thank goodness we shan't be hooted. They're more open-minded in Southampton than in Bannington!”

“Rather!”

Lawrence appeared, and he was given a cheer. And a few minutes later all the juniors took their seats, and the char-a-banc started out. It contained no less than thirty enthusiastic supporters of Lawrence.

Southampton was reached without incident, and then there was a certain amount of time occupied in obtaining tea. Fortunately, Handforth and Co. had plenty of

cash in hand—mostly Edward Oswald's. But as he always regarded his money as a kind of mutual fund, everything was all right.”

They had booked three twelve-shilling seats—a present, in fact, from Sir Edward Handforth. For Edward Oswald had sent an urgent letter home at the beginning of the week, asking for special funds—with successful results.

Reggie Pitt and Jack Grey were also in the same section, and Boots and Co. were near by.

Other juniors, less affluent, had to be content with the five-and-nine seats. But they considered themselves lucky to get in at all. For the Stadium, although holding ten thousand people, promised to be packed to suffocation. The big fight was no ordinary occasion.

It was a special affair which was being attended by the highest in the land. And there would also be numbers of American millionaires and other overseas visitors. Southampton was agog with the excitement of it.

Handforth and Co. entered the Stadium well before commencing time. They made their way to their seats, and found that they were situated on one of the upper tiers, three rows from the front. And they could obtain a splendid view of the ring without any obstructions.

“This is jolly fine!” declared Handforth. “We shall be able to see rippingly. Let's hope Lawrence wins! If he doesn't, we shall have to crawl out and hide our giddy faces!”

“We can't expect this clear view all the time,” said Church, shaking his head. “These seats in front are empty at present, but they won't be empty for long.”

“Rats!” said Handforth. “If anybody gets in my way, I'll give him a piece of my mind.”

“I shouldn't!” said McClure.

“Why not?”

“You need it all for yourself! You can't spare any of it. Don't forget the Trackett Grim stories.”

“Can't you leave Trackett Grim alone?” roared Handforth. “By George! I've just remembered! I thought of a ripping plot for the next Trackett Grim story, and now I've forgotten it.”

“Impossible!” said Church.

“I tell you—”

“How can you have forgotten it if you've just remembered it?” demanded Church. “It won't go, old man. If you've remembered it—then you can't have forgotten it! That's only logic!”

“Who's talking about logic?” hooted Handforth. “I tell you I've forgotten all about it! Every word! It was a ripping plot, too—all about a chap who comes into the boxing-ring in an iron mask! And every time his opponent hits him he gets his gloves shredded to pieces!”

Church and McClure grinned.

“I thought you'd forgotten every word?” asked Church. “If you haven't, you'd bet-

ter! You can't write a story like that, old man! Boxers don't come into the ring wearing iron masks——"

"They do in my story!" interrupted Handforth coldly. "You seem to forget that I take no notice of custom! If I want a desert in the middle of the New Forest, I put it there! It not only makes the stories more novel——"

"But easier to write?" suggested McClure. Handforth was about to continue the argument when his attention was distracted by movements in the ring below. They were getting ready for business. And Trackett Grim—to the heartfelt satisfaction of Church and McClure—was forgotten.

CHAPTER X.

EASY MONEY.



"THERE he is!"
"Good old Lawrence!"
"Make a good fight of it, old son!"
"St. Frank's for ever!"
"Hurrah!"

It was nearly time for the first contest to begin, and Ernest Lawrence had appeared under the brilliant glare of the electric lights in the ring. And the St. Frank's contingent gave him a rousing reception.

Not that he was ignored by the rest of the great audience. He came in for a good round of applause. The sporting element of this event appealed to the crowd. There was something fine in the idea of this junior schoolboy battling against a professional.

Handforth and Co. were still able to obtain a clear view. The people in front of them were fortunately small, and so there was no trouble. The rest of the St. Frank's fellows were watching with lively interest.

The Stadium was not full.

People would be coming in continuously until the Big Fight itself was due to commence. This preliminary bout was not considered to be of much importance. Nevertheless, the Stadium was well over three parts full.

So Lawrence was delighted. With an audience of at least eight thousand, he had nothing much to grumble at. It was a fact that his fight was looked upon as a mere entertainment to pass the time, but there would be plenty of interest in it, notwithstanding.

"Buddy! There he is! Good old Buddy!"

"Now then, Portsmouth!"

Buddy Sloane, of Portsmouth, had entered the ring. He proved to be a well-built man, with a smallish, bullet head. He was slightly bow-legged, and when it came to a matter of physique, he compared very unfavourably with his youthful opponent.

Portsmouth had no particular reason to be proud of this boxer, for he had no great reputation. As a matter of fact, he didn't belong to Portsmouth at all, but had come from quite another part of the kingdom.

"Seconds out!"

The great audience stirred at that sound, and a complete silence fell. The fight was about to begin.

"Time!"

The gong had sounded, and the two boxers left their corners, and advanced.

Buddy Sloane reached Lawrence with outstretched glove. But no sooner had he touched his opponent than he quickly sidestepped, and punched with the strength of a steam-hammer.

It was a quick, unexpected blow—unexpected, that is, by the audience. But Lawrence had been on the look-out—he was quick to observe that Sloane was out for swift victory.

And Lawrence dodged the blow without any trouble. And Sloane's swing having missed, carried him forward, and he stumbled slightly. But he was brought up short by Lawrence's glove.

The junior delivered a beautiful straight punch between the eyes, and Buddy went back with an audible gasp.

"Oh, good!" yelled Handforth. "Follow it up."

Lawrence was doing this without any advice from the leader of Study D. Lawrence was pressing the attack, and he was fighting with an easy, delightful confidence that pleased everybody.

And his footwork was so good that he was already receiving a good deal of applause. Sloane clinched, and the referee was obliged to break the boxers apart.

This happened again and again, until Sloane was warned for holding. The man appeared to be getting savage—possibly because he was disappointed at not having more of the fight. He had fully expected to win the match just when the fancy pleased him.

The gong sounded for the end of the first round, and the boxers returned to their corners. Sloane could be seen arguing with his seconds. Lawrence was cool and smiling, and scarcely needed any attention.

"Great!" said Reggie Pitt delightedly. "If he goes on like that, he'll do fine. But I'm afraid Sloane's going to play dirty. I don't like him losing his temper."

"You needn't worry—Lawrence will be on his guard," said Buster Boots. "He's not a chicken at this game! Don't forget, he's fought against absolute hooligans—and knows all these tricks. If Sloane starts any monkey business, he'll regret it!"

"Time!"

The second round commenced. Sloane dashed in with a great show of vim. But during the first ten seconds he clinched again, and deliberately delivered a foul blow. But he committed the offence in

such a way that the referee was blind to it.

"Foul!"

"That chap's playing dirty!" roared Handforth.

But if the referee didn't know it, Lawrence did. And a glint of anger came into his eyes. It was very seldom that he allowed himself to display temper in the ring. But it seemed a dirty trick to him that this professional should find it necessary to foul a mere amateur.

And Lawrence was finding his opponent much easier than he had been led to believe. He stepped back now, and clenched his teeth. Buddy Sloane misunderstood the movement, and plunged forward.

It was a rash thing to do. For Lawrence swept the blows aside without difficulty, and his right slipped under Buddy's guard, and the man received an upper-cut which brought him up with a jerk.

It was a superbly-timed blow, so swift that half the audience didn't even see it. Sloane reeled, sagged at the knees, and sank to the boards. He rolled over, and lay there.

"One—two—three—" counted the referee.

"He's out!" muttered Pitt, rather dazed.

"Impossible!" gasped Boots. "It's only the second round!"

"Eight—nine—out!" exclaimed the referee impassively.

Ernest Lawrence had won in the second round!

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNEXPECTED.



LAWRENCE could hardly believe it.

But he was brought to his senses when he heard the audience clapping him with whole-hearted enthusiasm. His victory was a

popular one. The fight had been brief, but during those two rounds Lawrence had shown himself to be a veritable boxing marvel.

His performance had been splendid in every way. The St. Frank's fellows cheered, but only half-heartedly. They felt, somehow, that they had been swindled. Lawrence had beaten his man in the second round!

"This is a giddy frost!" said Handforth indignantly. "Why, we haven't seen more than three minutes of fighting! It's not fair!"

"Better go and ask Mr. Gordon to put 'em in the ring again!" said Church sarcastically. "Or would you like Lawrence to fight Battling Dawson?"

"If you're trying to be funny, Walter Church—"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Church crossly.

All the juniors were feeling irritable. Of course, it would be interesting to see the big fight, but they had really come to see Lawrence. And he was out of the ring already, and preparations were being made for the great event of the evening.

Lawrence himself was pleased, but even he felt a pang of disappointment. He hadn't meant to deliver the knock-out by that blow. Sloane's collapse had taken him completely by surprise. The junior's strength and skill were even greater than he knew of.

But he thrilled a little when he remembered the reception he had received. There had been no doubt about the audience's opinion. And Mr. Gordon was enthusiastic, too.

"Well done, boy!" he exclaimed heartily. "I was ready to give you five rounds, at least. Sloane was off colour—he's never given such a poor exhibition before. Hurt at all?"

"Not even touched, sir," said Lawrence. "I didn't get one punch!"

Smiling Bill nodded.

"You've earned that fifty pounds mighty easily, young man," he chuckled. "Well, good luck to you! But I can't stop now—too busy. I'll come and see you again if there's half a chance."

Mr. Gordon bustled out of the dressing-room, and Lawrence prepared to attire himself in his Etons. But he stood for a moment or two thinking. He could hardly realise that he had been in the ring at all.

It seemed only a minute or two since he had left the ring; and here he was, still as fresh as paint, without the slightest mark on him to show that he had ever entered the ring.

And for this he was to receive fifty pounds!

Lawrence was rather uncomfortable. He didn't like it. He felt that he was getting the money for nothing. But this, of course, was sheer nonsense. He had won the fight by clean and honest methods, and the lion's share of the purse was unquestionably his property.

He was just about to remove his ring attire when he paused. He could hear voices outside. People were hurrying up and down all the time, for there was a great deal of bustle before the great event.

"Where's the Gunner?" Lawrence heard somebody say. "Tell him to hurry! The ring's waiting!"

"All right—coming!" came the voice of Gunner Moole.

Lawrence looked slightly regretful. Gunner was the star, and the junior could imagine the reception Moole would receive when he entered the ring. The whole audience would rise to cheer him. Lawrence thrilled at the thought. He turned to his undressing eagerly for he wanted to get into the auditorium as quickly as possible to see the great contest.

He heard a slither, a sudden shout of alarm, and a crashing thud.

"What the——"

ANSWERS
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Lawrence broke off, and ran to the door. It sounded to him as though somebody had fallen—and fallen heavily. He remembered a flight of stone stairs leading upwards just opposite his own dressing-room doorway.

Lawrence hurried out, and then paused, staring.

A figure was on the ground, in a heap, groaning. And one glance at the figure was enough for Lawrence. The man was attired in a long dressing-gown, and a bare leg could be seen protruding from the folds. The man was Gunner Moole!

"Good heavens!" muttered Lawrence, aghast.

He ran across quickly, and knelt down.

"I say, are you hurt?" he asked anxiously. "Help! Mr. Gordon! I say—quick! Help!"

Moole looked up, his face twisted with pain.

"That's right, boss!" he muttered. "I was in a hurry—my foot caught against some infernal——"

"Good glory!" ejaculated Mr. Gordon. "Are you mad, Gunner? They're waiting for you! The crowd's getting impatient!"

"Can't help it—I'm finished!" groaned the boxer.

"Nonsense!" shouted Smiling Bill, dropping on his knees and helping Moole up-right. "I expect you'll be all right in a few minutes—— What on earth——"

He broke off, for the Gunner had uttered an agonising cry.

"It's no good, boss," he panted hoarsely. "My arm's broken!"



Fullwood and Carter shot across the passage one after the other. They hit the opposite wall with a resounding thud, and sank into limp heaps on the floor.

One glance at the Gunner's face assured him that the man was hurt. And this on the very eve of the fight! An audience of ten thousand was waiting for Gunner Moole to appear! And here he was, groaning under the effect of a fall from the top of the stairs to the bottom!

Smiling Bill came running up the passage, accompanied by two other alarmed-looking gentlemen in sweaters. Mr. Gordon came to an abrupt halt as he caught sight of the figure on the ground. His face went putty-coloured.

"What's happened?" he asked harshly.

"I don't know—I heard a thud, and I found him here!" panted Lawrence. "I think he fell downstairs—must have tripped at the top!"

CHAPTER XII.

SMILING BILL'S DILEMMA.



"BROKEN!" exclaimed the promoter, aghast.

"It's broken!" repeated Gunner Moole hoarsely. "Man alive! Don't you think I know? I can't move my right side at all——"

Don't! For Heaven's sake, keep still! The pain——"

He broke off with a sharp cry; and Smiling Bill, lifting the man's right arm for a moment, went paler still. That one touch was enough. The arm was shattered!

"How did you do it?" asked Lawrence,

feeling that he had to say something. Mr. Gordon's sudden silence was tragic.

"I fell head downwards, and caught my arm underneath me," muttered the Gunner. "Can't you get me out of this? Curse it! Why couldn't this have happened after the fight? I'm done, boss—I'm done!"

Mr. Gordon looked at the boxer strangely.

"Yes, Gunner, you're done," he repeated slowly; "and I'm just thinking I'm done, too. But it's no good crying over spilt milk—or broken arms. You'll mend, and let's hope you make a fine recovery. I'm infernally sorry, Moole. I can't tell you how much I regret this."

The injured man was gently lifted, and carried away to a dressing-room. And Mr. Gordon, in his distraction, strode up and down, and even went into Lawrence's room, where the schoolboy boxer was still in his ring attire.

"What's going to be done?" muttered Smiling Bill, more to himself than to the junior. "This affair is more than I can deal with! That audience—ten thousand! And they're waiting—waiting!"

Lawrence felt alarmed and anxious. The promoter's distraction was almost pitiful to see. Smiling Bill was absolutely haggard. His face had gone drawn and almost aged.

And small wonder!

Out there, an audience of ten thousand people waited for the big fight to commence—the big fight which had been advertised for weeks! And the majority of the people had paid anything over a guinea. What would be the result when the announcement was made that Gunner Moole couldn't appear?

Smiling Bill almost shuddered to think of it.

The audience was a high-class one, no doubt, but even a high-class audience is inclined to kick when it finds itself so overwhelmingly disappointed. The only possible thing, of course, was to return the money. And the thought of this nearly caused Mr. Gordon's heart to stop beating.

It wasn't only the loss of the sum, but the stupendous nature of the task. Ten thousand people to be satisfied! The thing was impossible; if the Stadium attempted to return the money, there would be a riot. A great boxing crowd like this, disappointed of its sport, would positively be unmanageable. And it was no good thinking in any other way.

A substitute!

Mr. Gordon halted in his tracks as the suggestion flashed through his mind. But what was the use? There wasn't a substitute—there wasn't another man in the whole of Southampton who could take on this fight. Moole was in a class to himself, and, quite apart from this, the audience wouldn't tolerate any paltry substitute.

"Can I do anything, sir?"

Smiling Bill turned and looked at Lawrence dazedly. He actually hadn't known the boy

was there until he spoke. He hadn't even known that he, himself, was in the dressing-room. And Lawrence, after attempting to do so several times, had at last managed to get out the question.

"Do something?" repeated Smiling Bill. "Do something? Don't bother me, boy—I'm worried! Ten thousand people waiting, and Moole with a broken arm! Glory be to the saints! Was ever a man in such a predicament?"

It was the dramatic unexpectedness of the disaster that had knocked Mr. Gordon in a heap. One of the most capable of men, this present crisis was almost too much for him.

"I thought I might be able to do something, sir," ventured Lawrence.

"What, in the name of wonder, can you do?"

"I'll tackle Battling Dawson, if you like, sir—"

"Don't be a young fool!" snapped the promoter harshly.

Lawrence flushed.

"I'm sorry, sir," he muttered. "I thought—"

"You!" shouted Smiling Bill fiercely. "You! A mere schoolboy, suggesting that you should take the place of a man like Gunner Moole! Are you mad, boy? Do you want to drive me out of my mind, too?"

Lawrence almost winced under the fierce assault.

"Yes, I'm mad, I suppose, sir," he muttered. "But the audience rather liked me, I thought, and— Well in a rotten hole like this— But I'll clear out sir, and leave you alone."

Smiling Bill paced up and down, halted, and took out a cigar. He stuck it in his mouth, and stood there chewing it furiously. He struck a match and lit the cigar. Then he took it out of his mouth, and hurled it away.

"Good glory!" he ejaculated.

He came across to Lawrence, and swung him round by the shoulder.

"Would you do it, boy?" he asked tensely.

Lawrence's heart-leapt.

"You—you mean—"

"Would you go into the ring and stand up against Battling Dawson?" demanded Smiling Bill, his voice harsh with inward excitement.

"Answer me; and remember what it'll mean!"

"I'm game, sir—I'll face Dawson!" choked Lawrence.

"You'll be knocked out in the first round—half-killed!"

"I don't mind—I'll chance it, sir," said Lawrence eagerly. "And if we can only keep the audience from getting up a riot—"

"That's the idea!" snapped Mr. Gordon. "You'll be beaten—you'll be smashed to pulp! Because Dawson's a killer! I oughtn't to do it—I oughtn't to let you risk it! But remember—you get the thousand!"

"The—the thousand!" gasped Lawrence, staggering.

"Boy, don't be a fool!" rapped out Smiling Bill. "If you enter this fight you get your share of the purse! And it means a thousand pounds! Wait here—I've got to get this thing clear!"

He dashed out of the dressing-room like a hare, his mind made up. And Ernest Lawrence clutched at anything he could grab hold of. The whole room seemed to swim before his eyes.

"A thousand pounds!" he muttered. "Help!"

CHAPTER XIII.

LAWRENCE'S GREAT CHANCE.



A THOUSAND pounds! Lawrence had thought his prize money of a mere sixty-five pounds to be a great sum, but this sudden knowledge that he was in for a thousand fairly took him off his feet.

When he had offered to help in this crisis, he hadn't given a thought to cash at all. His suggestion had been made because he couldn't bear to see Mr. Gordon's distress. As a matter of fact, he hadn't believed for an instant that Smiling Bill would take any notice of it.

And yet the promoter had gone off—to prepare the way! Lawrence shook himself, and came to the conclusion that he was going off his head. It was all rubbish, of course. Some hitch would occur, and he wouldn't enter the fight at all. But for a thousand pounds he was prepared to go through any punishment.

Such a sum would be a tremendous gift for St. Frank's indeed! It would enable the old school to carry on for quite a time! Lawrence found himself dreaming in a feverish kind of way.

In the meantime, Mr. Gordon had entered the ring. There was a hush as the famous promoter appeared. And the fact that Gunner Moole wasn't with him seemed significant. The audience felt that some sensation was to follow. They had been kept waiting, and were impatient.

Smiling Bill was looking himself again, to a certain extent—and nobody knew what an effort it cost him to compose himself in that way. He hadn't planned his speech. He didn't even know how it would develop. But he felt it would be better for the words to come spontaneously.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to inform you that Gunner Moole has met with a serious accident," shouted Smiling Bill, in a voice that carried to the furthest corner of the great Stadium.

He had to pause, for a murmur sounded, which swelled to a great roar. The significance of the words sank in rapidly. And the

audience knew, at once, that the big fight was not to take place.

"Accident!" ejaculated Pitt. "That's terrible!"

"I don't believe it—there must be some trickery!" snorted Handforth. "No boxer would have an accident just before a big fight!"

"You fathead! Nobody can help an accident!" muttered Church.

"But we're dished!" Handforth growled. "What about getting our money's worth? I don't mind losing it if——"

His voice was drowned in the roar which had developed. Mr. Gordon stood there, waiting for the tumult to die down. He had expected it. He had even expected the jeers and hoots which broke out in certain quarters.

"I think, ladies and gentlemen, that my reputation is such that my word of honour can be accepted," went on Smiling Bill. "Gunner Moole in descending the stairs from his dressing-room, fell, and smashed his right arm. As you will admit, it will be impossible for him to fight Battling Dawson to-night."

Another roar of excitement arose. And it increased when Gunner Moole himself appeared, assisted by two of his seconds. There was also a straight, elderly gentleman, who proved to be a doctor. The doctor lost no time in explaining the nature of the injury, and reporting that Moole was utterly helpless.

"It's rotten luck, people, but I'm not grumbling," shouted Moole bravely. "Don't give old Smiling Bill more trouble than you can help. He's the best sportsman in the game—so treat him right!"

"Hurrah!"
"Bravo, Gunner!"
"Good old Smiler!"

The tone of the audience changed at once. There was no question as to the Gunner's condition. His pale, drawn face proved that he was in pain. And there could be no disbelieving the accumulated evidence.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I've got a proposition to make," went on Mr. Gordon, feeling more himself. "You've all got a right to expect your money back—and if you turn down my suggestion, I'll see that you get it. I've always kept faith with the public, and I won't fail you now."

"Hurrah!"
"You entered this Stadium expecting to see the fight between Gunner Moole and Battling Dawson," continued Smiling Bill. "You paid your money for that purpose, and as the fight can't take place, I am in honour bound to return every penny of your admission money. As I said before, you shall have it—but before we finally decide on that, I'd like to make a sporting offer!"

"Let's have it, Bill!"
"We know you'll give us a straight deal!"
"I think we're all sportsmen here to-night,

and I've got an idea that you'll agree to my proposal," went on the promoter. "The championship fight is off, but there's no reason why you should be completely disappointed. Our young friend, Tiger Larry, has offered, of his own free will, to enter this ring and fight Battling Dawson here and now!"

A perfect roar went up.

It was a roar of excitement, incredulity, and laughter. The very thought of the junior schoolboy meeting the Chicago killer was ludicrous. And the audience could scarcely believe their ears. The St. Frank's fellows themselves were absolutely staggered.

"It's impossible!" gasped Boots. "Lawrence! Lawrence going to fight Dawson! He'll kill him!"

But Handforth was of a different opinion.

"Good old Lawrence!" he roared. "Let him come out! He'll smash Dawson to pulp! St. Frank's for ever!"

The tumult died down after a while.

"Needless to say, Battling Dawson has agreed to the contest," continued Mr. Gordon. "Now, I don't want you to think that this is just a try-on—a mere sparring bout to serve as a kind of balm for your disappointment. Nothing of the kind. I don't do things in that way!"

"What's the game, Bill?"

"It's this!" shouted Smiling Bill. "And this is where the sporting nature of my offer comes in. These two will fight for a knock-out!"

"Oh!"

"For a knock-out!" repeated Mr. Gordon grimly. "If Tiger Larry is sent to the boards for the count before the end of the third round, I'll return everybody's money without question. But if Tiger Larry lasts out the first three rounds and goes into the fourth—then, in that case, you've got to consider yourselves satisfied. What's the verdict?"

CHAPTER XIV.

IN GRIM EARNEST.



THE audience was fairly throbbing with excitement and talk.

The offer was sporting, indeed. Nobody doubted it. It was, in cold truth, very much like getting something for nothing. For if Lawrence and Battling Dawson fought for a knock-out, there wasn't one chance in a thousand the schoolboy would last beyond the first round.

And the audience would get its money back even if he lasted nearly three rounds. So there was hardly any question as to what the verdict would be. And if this schoolboy actually did enter the fourth round—well, in that case, nobody could have the slightest grumble. For they would have received their money's worth.

Mr. Gordon requested the audience to signal its approval by a raising of hands. And a veritable sea of arms rose upwards. The die was cast. Ernest Lawrence was booked to appear in the ring against Battling Dawson.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your great help in this difficult position," shouted Smiling Bill, in conclusion. "I can assure you that Tiger Larry will do his utmost. And you are going to see a real fight—a fight with unique possibilities. For it is up to both men to settle this matter as quickly as possible. There is no trickery of any kind."

"We can trust you for that, Smiling Bill!"

"You will readily understand that Battling Dawson will use every effort to settle this fight at once, if only for the sake of his reputation," went on Mr. Gordon. "And young Larry will have just as much incentive to last beyond the three rounds as far as he can possibly go. Let me assure you, again, that you are now going to see a fight to the finish—and not a farce. Needless to say, the purse of five thousand pounds remains precisely the same."

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Bill—always on the square!"

Mr. Gordon hurried away to the dressing-rooms, and found Ernest Lawrence waiting in a fever of excitement. Mr. Gordon himself was anxious—so anxious that when he spoke his voice was husky.

"Boy, there's a chance for you!" he exclaimed, gripping the junior's shoulder. "I want you to go into the ring, and fight against Battling Dawson—and fight as you've never fought before!"

"You mean it, sir?" gasped Lawrence eagerly.

"I mean it!" replied Smiling Bill quietly. "But I want to make this thing clear to you. I have offered the audience a sporting chance, and they've accepted. Now it's up to you to do the same."

"I'm game for anything, sir," replied Lawrence quickly.

"If you take the count in the first round, you'll get your thousand pounds losing money," went on Mr. Gordon. "That's certain. But look here, boy. The audience gets its money back if you get knocked out at any moment in the first three rounds."

"I hope I'll last three, sir," said Lawrence fervently.

"Good glory! So do I!" said Smiling Bill, with equal fervour. "That's just where it comes in. The audience has agreed that if you're still on your feet at the commencement of the fourth round they'll accept the deal."

Lawrence's eyes gleamed with sudden understanding.

"You—you mean, if I go into the fourth round you don't return any money?" he asked breathlessly.

"That's exactly what I mean," replied Mr. Gordon. "So, you see, it's clearly up to you to do your utmost."

"If—if I enter the fourth round, sir, I shall save you a pile of money!"

"Anything between twelve and twenty thousand pounds," said Smiling Bill quietly.

Lawrence clenched his fists and squared his shoulders.

"I'll try it, sir—I'll fight with all my strength and knowledge!" he said tensely.

"Oh! If only I could go into the fourth!"

"If you do, there'll be another thousand pounds on the top of your prize money," said the promoter. "That's a promise, boy."

"You—you'll give me two thousand pounds, sir?" asked Lawrence, his mind reeling again.

"By Peter! Won't it be worth it?" demanded Smiling Bill. "And perhaps it'll give you a bit of incentive—though I don't think you need it. Go to it, boy, and fight for your life! Battling Dawson will do his best to smash you up, but I wouldn't agree to this thing unless I had faith in you. Go into the ring, and save me from ruin! Because, upon my soul and honour, if I pay this purse and lose all the admission money, I'm finished!"

Ernest Lawrence could hardly get a grasp of the whole situation. But two facts alone stood out amid the confusion. He had to fight into the fourth round! He had to save Mr. Gordon from ruin! And in the background there lurked the thought that a thousand pounds was certain, and two thousand possible. It was indeed a fight with fateful possibilities.

One minute later Ernest Lawrence had entered the ring—to be greeted by a perfect storm of cheering. The audience realised to the full how plucky this youngster was to take on such an utterly hopeless proposition.

The preliminaries were soon over, and then a hush fell on the enormous throng as the order came for the seconds to leave the ring. The St. Frank's fellows were tense and anxious—and filled with apprehension for their chum.

"Time!"

There wasn't one among the whole-crowd who believed that Lawrence would last for more than a minute. Many people, indeed, were wondering how they would proceed to get their money back.

The two men faced one another. Battling Dawson was a shade over Lawrence's weight, and possibly had a slightly longer reach. He was no beauty, and he had a great reputation as a hard fighter. And at the moment he had one idea in mind—to knock this impudent schoolboy out of the ring.

But, to everybody's surprise, it was Lawrence himself who landed the first blow of the fight. And in this he proved his cleverness. Knowing that Dawson would press

the attack from the first, Lawrence plunged in—experience having taught him that the best form of defence is to attack.

Crash!

The blow was as swift as lightning, and totally unexpected by Battling Dawson. Lawrence's glove went against Dawson's neck with tremendous force, and had any amount of sting behind it.

Battling Dawson fell back—and the fight was now a grim reality.

CHAPTER XV.

BEYOND ALL UNDERSTANDING.



BATTLING DAWSON gathered himself together, and called himself a fool for having allowed the fight to even have a beginning. And for him to have received the

first blow was a deep humiliation which had to be avenged.

He bunched himself up and charged in furiously. His one idea was to avenge that blow and finish the fight. But, somehow, he couldn't find his mark. With all his skill, this infernal schoolboy was like a will-o'-the-wisp. He was never there when he was wanted!

The audience watched, spellbound.

Expecting to see Lawrence eaten up, they were startled by his supreme footwork and skill. And there was something about him which inspired confidence. He was cool, resolute, and determined.

And Lawrence possessed that vague, indefinable magnetism which is the greatest asset a boxer can have. He looked unbeatable; he regarded his opponent with a cool, deadly calculation that even had an effect upon Battling Dawson.

It was so ridiculous. This boy—this schoolkid! Taking everything so coolly! Dawson felt irritated, and was intensely annoyed by the futility of his favourite thrusts.

And the great audience, spellbound at first, gradually began to realise that Lawrence was going to put up a fight—that this schoolboy was really and truly determined to provide them with something worth seeing.

Every one of Battling Dawson's hooks and swings were guarded—and guarded with such an ease and coolness that Lawrence had an air of impudence about him. The situation was exactly the opposite to what it ought to have been. Instead of the schoolboy being like a frightened rabbit, he was daring to face the attack with confident assurance.

Again Dawson tried to force the battle. He rushed in with a fierce attack, but his youthful opponent didn't turn a hair. His guard was cast-iron, and he faced the on-

slaught with a sang-froid that simply made the spectators sit in their seats and stare.

"Time!"

The first round was over, and a storm of cheering went up. Battling Dawson scowled. Those cheers weren't for him—but for the amateur! And the professional had never heard cheering that he disliked more.

"He's got through the first round!" gasped Handforth joyously. "I knew he would! What did I tell you?"

"Good old Lawrence!"

"Stick it, old man!"

"Good old Fourth!"

The entire St. Frank's contingent shouted itself hoarse. They had expected Lawrence to do well, but he had confounded all the prophets. His performance in the opening round had been a staggerer.

"Time!"

The second round commenced, and there was something in Lawrence's springy step as he came forward that made everybody feel that their admission money had gone for good. He inspired confidence by his very appearance.

That magnetic personality of his was obvious to all. And Battling Dawson was more aware of the handicap than anybody.

He could deal with men who forced the pace, and he knew exactly how to face a boxer who blustered. But this agile schoolboy was different from anybody the American had ever been up against.

He was calm, confident, and didn't seem to care. He had an air of equanimity with a trace of relentlessness in his expression.

Battling Dawson came to the conclusion that it wasn't any good commencing in-fighting tactics. The only way was to go for the spectacular stuff, and finish this boy off at once.

So, with a burst, he started off with a series of swift lunges and hooks, leaping in and out in order to confuse his opponent. Lawrence was driven back, and a shout went up.

The schoolboy went nearly to the ropes, and only his perfect guard saved him from destruction. Even as it was, Battling Dawson got in several terrific blows which sent the youngster tottering and reeling.

But he recovered with startling speed. There was a cut over his eye, and blood trickled down his cheek. His mouth was gashed, too, and he was beginning to look the worse for wear. And then Dawson leapt in with a straight left which would have sent Lawrence completely to sleep if it had arrived home.

The St. Frank's juniors gasped with relief as Lawrence dodged the thrust with all his old coolness. And then he gave a sideways leap, crouching low. Battling Dawson's arm swept over him. But at the same second Lawrence delivered a return hook with staggering force behind it.

The schoolboy's glove struck the American's jaw. The force of that blow

was stunning, and Dawson reeled backwards and sideways with a gurgling cry of pain.

"Go it, young 'un!" roared somebody.

"You've got him beat, boy!"

The audience rose in its excitement. It only remembered that this boy was British, and that his opponent was an American professional. There was something fine in the battle this youngster was putting up.

And he didn't wait a second. He followed up that hook on the flash. For a moment Battling Dawson was sluggish with bewilderment.

Smash! Crash!

Two powerful body punches struck the American in quick succession. He went back, reeling again. He seemed dizzy and dazed, and was, indeed, so thoroughly surprised by this forcing of the pace that he fell right back until he was on the ropes.

Clang!

It was the gong, and the second round was over—with Lawrence not only fighting well, but actually the proved better of the two!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VICTOR.



"HURRAH!"

"He's lasting—he'll go three rounds!"

The audience was humming and buzzing with excitement. Pitt and Co. and the Modern House fellows could hardly contain themselves. But, at the ringside, Smiling Bill Gordon was tense. Two rounds! Only one more and he would be saved from ruin! Was the boy capable of it? This rest would put Dawson on his feet again, and he would profit by his blunders in the second round.

In all probability, the promoter had never spent such an anxious few minutes in all his life before.

"Seconds out!"

The fateful third round commenced. But it didn't prove very exciting to begin with. Again the audience was surprised. Battling Dawson, instead of rushing in to take his revenge, was fighting with caution. But after a brief while he suddenly leapt like a tiger, and his right swept out with shattering force. That blow would have felled Lawrence like an ox. But the schoolboy was waiting for it—he had anticipated the American's game from the very outset. He avoided the powerful blow and countered. His brain was quite cool, and he was just waiting for the opportunity he desired.

But it didn't come. Battling Dawson resorted to in-fighting, and more than once the referee was compelled to break the combatants loose. And in the midst of one of these clinches the gong sounded.

"Hurrah!" yelled Handforth deliriously.

"He's done it!" roared Boots. "He's lasted the three rounds!"

"Bravo, young 'un"

"Well done, boy—well done!"

The audience forgot all about its admission money, and cheered itself hoarse. For Lawrence was certainly giving them full value—and they were overjoyed. And Smiling Bill Gordon sat back in his seat and quietly mopped his brow.

"Good glory!" he murmured. "That boy's a miracle!"

Once again he was Smiling Bill. The haggard expression vanished as though by

dramatic change. Battling Dawson at last decided to force the speed. He crashed in, fighting with both gloves. And he suddenly made a cat-like spring with the intention of a following attack.

But Lawrence didn't give way. Instead, he met the full force of that terrific charge, and he smashed down the hail of blows. And in return he attacked on his own account.

His right crashed home—a staggering blow on Dawson's face which brought the American up with a nasty jar. And before he could recover Lawrence landed again—



"Good glory!" ejaculated Mr. Gordon. "Are you mad, Gunner? They're waiting for you! The crowd's getting impatient!"

"Can't help it—I'm finished!" groaned the boxer.

magic, for the suspense was over. The fourth round was about to commence. And the situation was saved. The promoter, indeed, was beginning to take an interest in this fight that he had never deemed possible. For it actually was a fight—without a trace of one-sidedness.

Clang!

Again the gong, and once more the pair were at it. But the fourth round proved to be quiet. Lawrence made no attempt to force the pace, and Battling Dawson was surprisingly mild. Perhaps it was the reaction after the tense third round.

But in the fifth round a thrill ran through the audience as the situation took on a

two swift, staggering blows on the body. The next few moments were dramatic in the extreme.

Lawrence had an opportunity—and he seized it.

Inspired with a kind of superhuman skill, the schoolboy boxer smashed into Battling Dawson time after time, forcing him, bewildered, round the ring. The thud of the blows was sharp and distinct.

The pace was tremendous, and couldn't last for long. It didn't. Lawrence was not like a human being at all, but a machine. He delivered an attack which was literally a hurricane.

The schoolboy fainted with his right, causing the flustered Dawson to jerk round. And then, gathering together every atom of his strength, the junior brought round his left with the power of a steam-hammer.

It was a devastating blow—straight to the point of the American's jaw. The audience simply rose to its feet as one. Dawson took that blow badly, for his knees sagged, and he collapsed backwards. He rolled over, attempted to rise, and fell on his back.

And he lay there while the referee deliberately counted. He gave no sign of movement—no indication that he was further interested in the battle.

"Out!" announced the referee, in a shout of astonishment.

The uproar which followed was little short of pandemonium. Lawrence didn't remem-

ber much about it afterwards. He was dazed, bruised, and sadly in need of rest.

But there was one thought that filled his mind. He had proved worthy of Mr. Gordon's trust!

And, later, he learned that the bulk of the purse was his, with that added thousand on the top of it. Five thousand pounds! It was a sum that caused Lawrence's brain to reel. And it was all for St. Frank's!

Lawrence found himself surrounded by his chums, by Handforth, by Pitt, and the rest. But it was all a kind of dream. He was still in this trance-like state as he was carried in triumph back to St. Frank's—not only the hero of St. Frank's, but the hero of all Britain!

Was this the turning point in the trials of the old school?

THE END.

By Your Editor:



My dear Readers,

Don't forget to write to Mr. Brooks and let him know what you think of the present arrangement of the St. Frank's story, the Nelson Lee story, and the Mag. Some of you may prefer a longer detective story and fewer pages given to the Mag., or others may favour a longer St. Frank's story without the Mag. or the Nelson Lee story. It is important that Mr. Brooks should know what the majority of his readers want. So don't leave it to the other fellow to decide for you. Get down to it, and write a letter or postcard to Mr. Brooks yourself.

NEXT WEEK'S STORY.

In the splendid schoolboy boxing story you have just read, Lawrence has covered himself with glory, and has been able to present the School with a substantial sum of money. The other fellows of the Fourth are now more than ever anxious to do something to raise money for the School. Their chance comes in next week's rousing story: "THE SCHOOLBOY STOKERS; or, Salved from the Sea!"

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

Result of Mystery Picture Competition No. 8.

In this competition the First Prize of One Guinea for the best inscription to the picture has been awarded to:

ALFRED WOOD, 28, HEELIS ST., ROCHDALE ROAD, MANCHESTER.

for the following:

Four thousand feet—three thousand—a mere thousand

"She'll crash right on top of us!" yelled Handforth frantically.

THE TWELVE CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to:

J. Bailey, 20, Gresswell Street, Fulham, S.W.6.

Elsie Sykes, Wilberlee, Slaithwaite, near Huddersfield, Yorks.

A. Windiate, The Avenue, Fleet, Hants.
W. Pickles, 277, Southfield Lane, Gt. Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

James Bury, 26, India Street, Darwen.

C. Hingott, 47, Avondale Road, Gelli Ystrad, S. Wales.

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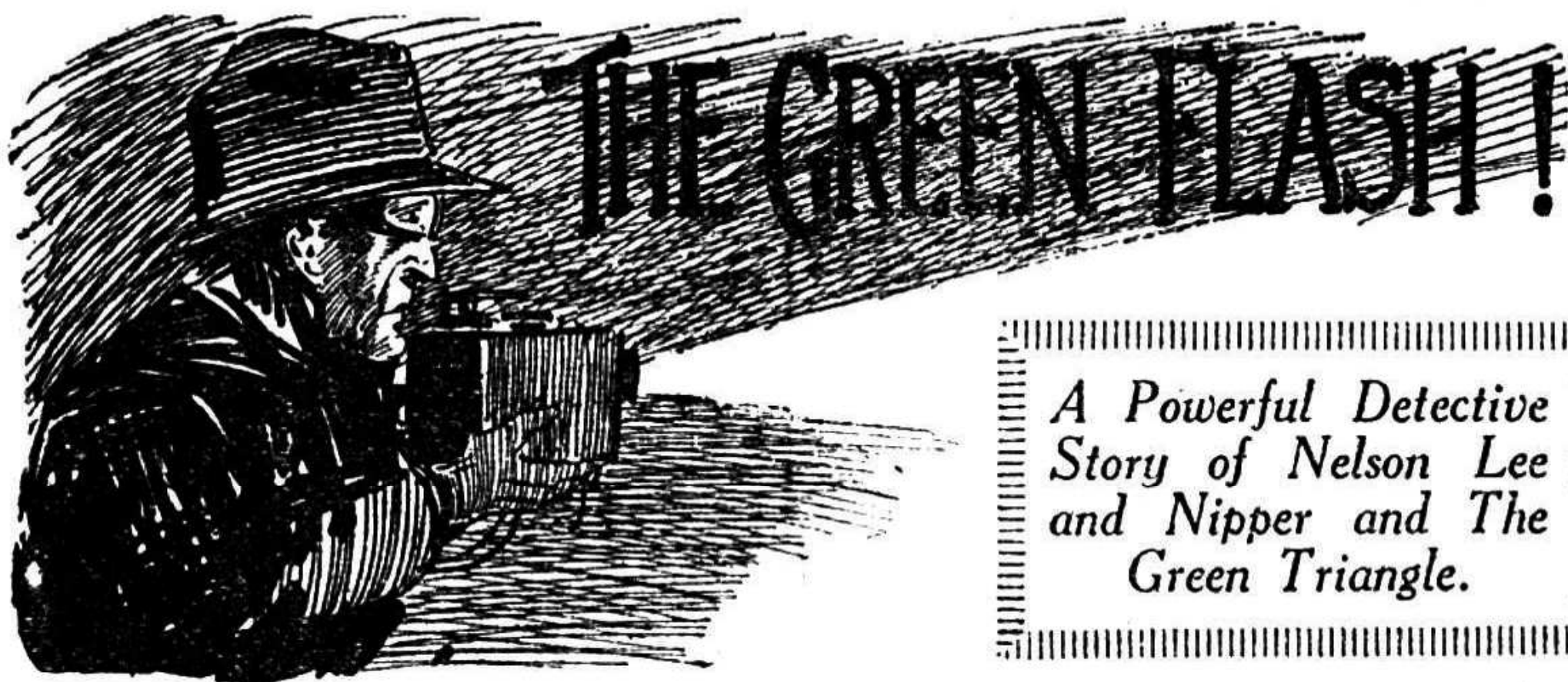
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*A Powerful Detective
Story of Nelson Lee
and Nipper and The
Green Triangle.*

Nelson Lee and Nipper are shadowing the notorious leader of the Green Triangle, Professor Zingrave. They have tracked him to his secret headquarters on Turtle Island, near the mouth of the Thames. The Professor has planned the release of JIM THE PENMAN, the forger, from Portmoor Prison, and how this daring scheme is accomplished is told in the exciting narrative below.

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE SECRET OF THE CAVERN.

THE tunnel was narrow and low, and Nelson Lee was obliged to assume a crouching attitude as he slowly and silently progressed. Nipper, in the rear, knew that his master was with him only by sense of touch.

For the detective was moving like a shadow. He made no noise as he penetrated further and further into the mysterious recesses of the underground labyrinth.

The famous detective was on a hot trail.

To be exact, he and Nipper were in one of the strongholds of the League of the Green Triangle. Turtle Island was a mere rocky, uninhabited speck just off the Essex coast.

Most of the islands in this region were flat and marshy, but Turtle Island was different—a rock, jutting out from the sea in the shape of a cone—the launt of gulls and other sea-birds. Bare and barren, the tiny island was quite uninhabited.

At least, so it appeared.

In grim reality, this desolate spot was the Green Triangle's most important retreat. For the rock was hollow, honeycombed with passages and caverns. These could only be reached at low tide, when various cave-mouths were exposed by the falling water.

On this very same night Nelson Lee had captured one of the Green Triangle's most important members—a fellow named Woodhouse, who had been on the point of delivering some valuable booty. And even now a motor-boat was hovering off the island in the darkness—waiting for Lee and Nipper to return.

But the celebrated pair were determined to make some investigations before they left this most interesting place. Professor Cyrus Zingrave, the Chief of the League, had departed from the island in a small submarine—Nelson Lee having witnessed the professor's departure.

And now the detective was taking advantage of the unexpected opportunity. He meant to satisfy himself upon the exact purpose of this stronghold. The secret of Turtle Island was about to be laid bare.

The investigation was a perilous one.

Although Zingrave had gone, there was every chance that the caverns were occupied by other members of the Green Triangle. And if these men could lay their hands upon the detective, they would hold him at all costs. Once before Nelson Lee had been a prisoner in the grasp of the League. He had escaped. He would not be allowed to escape a second time.

"Anything doing, gov'nor?" whispered Nipper, after his master had paused for several tense seconds.

"Hush! No speaking, young 'un," breathed Nelson Lee, in reply. "Even the merest breath may echo down these passages."

Lee had paused because there was a bend in the tunnel—and just beyond he could see a faint reflection of light. It was only a dim radiance, but it clearly indicated that a lighted cavern lay ahead. And light hinted at human presence. It was necessary to be even more cautious than before.

If it came to a fight, both Lee and Nipper were well armed, and quite capable of taking care of themselves. But Lee had no desire for an encounter at this early

stage of his investigations. He was very anxious to avoid contact with the Green Triangle men. His one and only desire was to obtain information.

Progressing slowly, he and Nipper turned the bend of the passage, and found that it widened out beyond—a perfect maze of tunnels leading off in various directions. The faint glow was coming from the nearest tunnel on Lee's right hand.

Before progressing another foot, the detective mentally photographed the position. In the event of a sudden dash for liberty, he wanted to be certain of his path. At the present condition of the tide, an exit could be easily made.

Later, when the tide rose, there was no possible escape for anybody in these natural catacombs. For at high tide the caves were concealed, and the inmates were captives until the ebb.

Roughly, Lee and Nipper had about an hour at their disposal—for the detective was determined to get out of this place before the tide trapped him. Professor Zingrave was provided with a submarine—and was thus independent of the state of the tide. Nelson Lee had no such convenience.

And his object in coming here was not to make a capture, but to obtain evidence. Action would come later. At the right moment, armed with the data he required, the detective would be able to pounce, and make a clean sweep of the entire organisation.

As it happened, neither he nor Nipper need have displayed such caution.

For after another ten minutes of noiseless progress, they entered the lighted cavern, to find it completely empty. And it wasn't long before they satisfied themselves that no other human being was present.

"My hat! What a swindle!" murmured Nipper disgustedly. "All that creeping and crawling for nothing! We've got the entire place to ourselves, sir."

"For the moment I believe we have," agreed Lee. "But we cannot be too sure—and we must keep strictly on the alert. There is no telling when the enemy may return."

The cavern was a comparatively large one, but the roof was so low that in many places Lee found it impossible to stand upright. And the place resembled a cavern only in its natural formation. In every other respect it was an elaborately equipped workshop.

There was not only electric light, but lathes, furnaces, benches with glittering tools, and many machines which puzzled Nipper acutely.

But Nelson Lee was not so mystified. As he stood there, looking round, he pursed his lips and nodded slowly. There was one electric light glowing—shaded so effectively that the whole cavern was only dimly illuminated. There were many other lamps, but all were switched off.

"Phew! What's the meaning of all this,

guy'nor?" whispered Nipper. "It looks to me like an engineering plant!"

"It is a plant, no doubt—but I rather fancy that engineering is too ambitious for these gentry," murmured Lee. "No, Nipper. These furnaces and machines are designed for a very different purpose. We are looking upon a counterfeit equipment."

"For making false currency notes, sir?"

"Not merely currency notes, but Bank of England notes, and even base coins," replied Lee grimly. "As far as I can see, the outfit is complete in every detail—indeed, the most elaborate I have ever examined. Scotland Yard will be grateful to us for this discovery."

Nipper looked thoughtful.

"I don't seem to remember that there's been much trouble in that direction recently, sir," he said. "Mr. Lennard hasn't mentioned that dud notes are being shoved on the market."

"The chief inspector made no mention of the fact, because the Green Triangle has not yet commenced operations," replied Lee. "This machinery is being prepared for work now. We have made our discovery in good time. I rather fancy we shall be able to deliver a stunning blow against the wily Zingrave."

CHAPTER II.

THE NEXT MOVE.



PROFESSOR ZINGRAVE hung up the receiver with a steady hand.

"H'm!" he murmured silkily. "Awkward—very awkward! I am afraid our plans must be completely reorganised, Robson. A pity—but it is no use crying over spilt milk."

The professor looked at Robson thoughtfully. The pair were in the small, stuffy cabin of an old-fashioned wherry. The quaint craft was lying in a quiet stretch of the River Blackwater, with the Essex marshes stretching out bleakly on either hand.

It was a lonely spot, but easily reached by Zingrave's peculiar method of conveyance. His small submarine had nosed its way in from the sea without difficulty, and now lay alongside the wherry.

Zingrave had come because he sought information. And on this innocent-looking craft a secret telephone was installed—a wire that communicated with one of his numerous agents.

Robson was looking puzzled. He was one of his chief's confidential men, and he had instinctively known that something was amiss. He could tell very little from the professor's manner.

"What's the trouble, sir?" he asked hesitatingly.

"The trouble?" repeated Zingrave. "Briefly, Robson, our excellent friend

Woodhouse is in the hands of the police, together with the Heathbrook jewels. Our little scheme has failed."

"Phew! That's serious, sir," said Robson.

"A set-back, Robson, only makes me all the more determined," replied the Professor calmly. "There is something of a far more grave nature to report, however. The Crimson Eagle is a wreck. And our plans for to-morrow are, therefore, incapable of being put into execution."

Robson started.

"The Crimson Eagle a wreck!" he repeated huskily.

He was more surprised than he would have admitted. The League had relied upon that wonderful aircraft to assist them in their nefarious schemes, but the Eagle was now a total loss, and there was no possibility of obtaining a duplicate machine. The blow to the Green Triangle was incalculable. Yet Professor Zingrave had received the news with perfect calmness.

"This is terrible, chief!" burst out Robson, after a few minutes. "Without the Eagle we shan't be able to carry out the plan at all! And yet everything is waiting on the island—everything is ready for action as soon as ever we can get Sutcliffe on the scene."

Zingrave nodded.

"Sutcliffe will be with us to-morrow," he said grimly.

"But how, sir?" demanded the other. "Without the Eagle we can't possibly carry out the plan—"

"There are other ways," interrupted the Professor. "I do not place my faith in one method only, Robson. Sutcliffe shall be released from Portmoor Prison to-morrow, and our operations shall commence without a moment's unnecessary delay."

Robson looked mystified.

"How's it going to be done, sir?" he asked bluntly.

"There is the submarine," replied Zingrave, in his soft voice. "The task will be more difficult—indeed, far more risky. But we are not beaten, Robson. The loss of the Eagle is a serious blow, but I am prepared. Sutcliffe is absolutely essential to my programme. Without him we cannot flood the country with our base currency. All my agents are waiting—with full instructions. My machines are impatient for work. It but remains for Sutcliffe to perform his own part."

Apparently, the Green Triangle had decided upon a daring, ambitious scheme. Professor Zingrave spoke of Sutcliffe as though he were easily accessible—and yet, as a matter of fact, the man was a convict in the great Portmoor Prison.

Sutcliffe! Douglas James Sutcliffe, the master forger known to the police of the entire world as "Jim the Penman!" For years this international crook had been as good as dead, for a convict in Portmoor

Prison is, to all intents and purposes, dead to the world.

Professor Zingrave slowly stroked his chin.

"Yes, I rather fancy that Jim the Penman will be only too anxious to throw in his lot with me," he declared. "He is the one man we need—and the Green Triangle will be able to protect him, and save him from re-capture. And I fancy that Sutcliffe has a few old scores to pay against Nelson Lee."

"I shouldn't be surprised, sir," agreed Robson. "Wasn't it Lee who brought about Jim the Penman's capture some years ago?"

"Yes," replied the professor. "Five years ago, at least. And Sutcliffe has not yet served half his sentence. Liberty will be sweet to him. And to-morrow, Robson, Sutcliffe will be in our charge—working for us—the latest member of the League."

Zingrave's plan was a simple one, after all. He had prepared his machinery in readiness. And he would rescue the master forger from prison, and set him to work at his own particular line of business. As a forger, Jim the Penman had no equal in the world.

As the police knew to their cost, he was miraculously clever with the pen—and, moreover, he could engrave counterfeit notes with such startling accuracy that it was almost a matter of sheer impossibility to detect them without the aid of a powerful lens in the hands of an expert. No ordinary bank cashier could discover a single flaw.

Sutcliffe was a master craftsman, and it was hardly surprising that Professor Zingrave had decided to employ this man. The difficult task of rescuing him from Portmoor seemed to be a mere trifle, according to Zingrave's tone.

But Jim the Penman's rescue was not to be accomplished so easily. With the Crimson Eagle at Zingrave's disposal, the job would have been simplicity itself. But that wonderful aircraft was a wreck.

The Professor was as determined as ever, and he was now exercising his cunning brain on a fresh line of action.

CHAPTER III.

A WAITING GAME.



Z ZZZZZH!

The soft buzzing sound abruptly struck the ears of Nelson Lee and Nipper. They were both examining some of the intricate machinery in the cavern on Turtle Island. The buzz came dramatically.

"My hat!" breathed Nipper. "What the dickens—"

"This way!" interrupted Lee crisply.

With rapid strides, he crossed the low-roofed cavern and in a few moments reached a curious formation in the rock. At this point there was a deep recess, a kind of natural cleft, which ultimately resolved itself into a narrow tunnel.

"We will wait here, Nipper," whispered Lee. "I examined this spot earlier and there are no traces of recent footprints. I do not think there will be much fear of discovery. And we may see something that will give us an advantage. Our ears are useful, too."

They crouched there in complete concealment.

"But what about that buzz, sir?" breathed Nipper. "It sounded to me like a warning, or something of that sort."

"Your powers of deduction are wonderful," smiled Lee drily. "Of course it was a warning, Nipper. I take it that the entrance door is connected by means of a buzzer—just a little safety device in case of a surprise. It was certainly not designed to aid us, however."

Nelson Lee's surmise turned out to be correct. Within a few minutes Professor Zingrave appeared, followed by Robson and two other men. Apparently the whole organisation of the League was at sixes and sevens on this eventful night. So many things had gone wrong that this confusion was hardly to be wondered at.

"There is no time to waste," Zingrave was saying. "Portmoor is a long way from here, and the submarine will necessarily be slow. The start must be made within the hour."

"Are you coming with us, Chief?" asked Robson.

"No; I have other work to do," replied Zingrave. "If everything goes right, Jim the Penman will be here by to-morrow evening. He will be set to work at once—whether he likes it or not. I believe he will be reasonable. If he is not, I shall use force."

Nelson Lee felt a slight pressure on his arm from Nipper, and understood. For these few words had told them practically all they wanted to know. So all this elaborate forgery plant had been prepared for Sutcliffe, one of Nelson Lee's most formidable enemies of the past!

Jim the Penman was to be brought here from prison, and set to work on the task of engraving. There was little fear that the master forger would have lost any of his remarkable skill.

Nelson Lee shrewdly suspected other facts, too.

Zingrave was working practically single-handed. He had no Inner Council—no prominent co-conspirators of his own standing. His assistants were mostly of the lower orders—crooks all, who were only too willing

to act under the leadership of a master brain.

The League of the Green Triangle was no vast secret society now. This attempt of Professor Zingrave's to revive the League was rather pitiful in some respects. In comparison to its former glory, the Green Triangle was now a mere shadow.

Moreover, funds were low. This much was clear. The attempt to obtain the Heathbrook jewels had failed and, with the Crimson Eagle out of commission, desperate efforts were necessary. Zingrave was obliged to bring in the aid of Jim the Penman. And he was obviously relying upon a distribution of spurious currency to set the League on its feet.

Left to his own devices, Zingrave would probably succeed. But Nelson Lee was on the alert to stop any such activity. In spite of all Zingrave's plotting, the famous detective was as active as ever he had been.

Lee was unable to obtain much definite information. Although he and Nipper listened carefully, they failed to discover how Zingrave proposed to effect the convict's release.

"It matters little, young 'un," whispered Lee, when the opportunity occurred. "We can do nothing to stop this attempted rescue. In any case, I don't think I want to stop it."

"You want Jim the Penman set at liberty, sir?"

"He will not be at liberty for long," replied Lee grimly. "At the moment, Nipper, it is far better for us to play a waiting game. Nothing can be gained by hasty action. And I shall welcome this respite, in order to complete my plans for a successful raid."

"What's the programme, sir?" asked Nipper eagerly.

"Jim the Penman will be brought here to-morrow evening, if the rescue is successfully accomplished," said Lee. "We will leave this place as quickly as possible, consult with Scotland Yard, and pounce to-morrow evening at the right moment. If we have any ordinary luck, my lad, we ought to nab the whole crowd in one bunch—Zingrave and Sutcliffe included."

Nelson Lee's decision was a wise one.

He could, of course, communicate with the Portmoor authorities, and have Jim the Penman specially guarded, and so frustrate the Green Triangle's scheme. But this would only inform Zingrave that his plans were known, and that there was a leakage somewhere. It was far better to give Zingrave plenty of rope—let him go ahead with his plans unsuspecting.

Nelson Lee's investigations in the cavern had proved far more fruitful than he had anticipated, and he had every reason to congratulate himself. The escape was accomplished with surprising ease.

Zingrave and all his men were so busy in an inner cavern that Lee and Nipper had no difficulty in edging their way along the tunnel and reaching the cave outlet. They were only just in time, for the tide was flooding in rapidly. Ten minutes later, and they would have been trapped for hours.

They succeeded in negotiating the rocks, and were soon signalling to the waiting motor-boat, where Mr. Ridgewell was patiently keeping his vigil. The situation had now become interesting in the extreme.

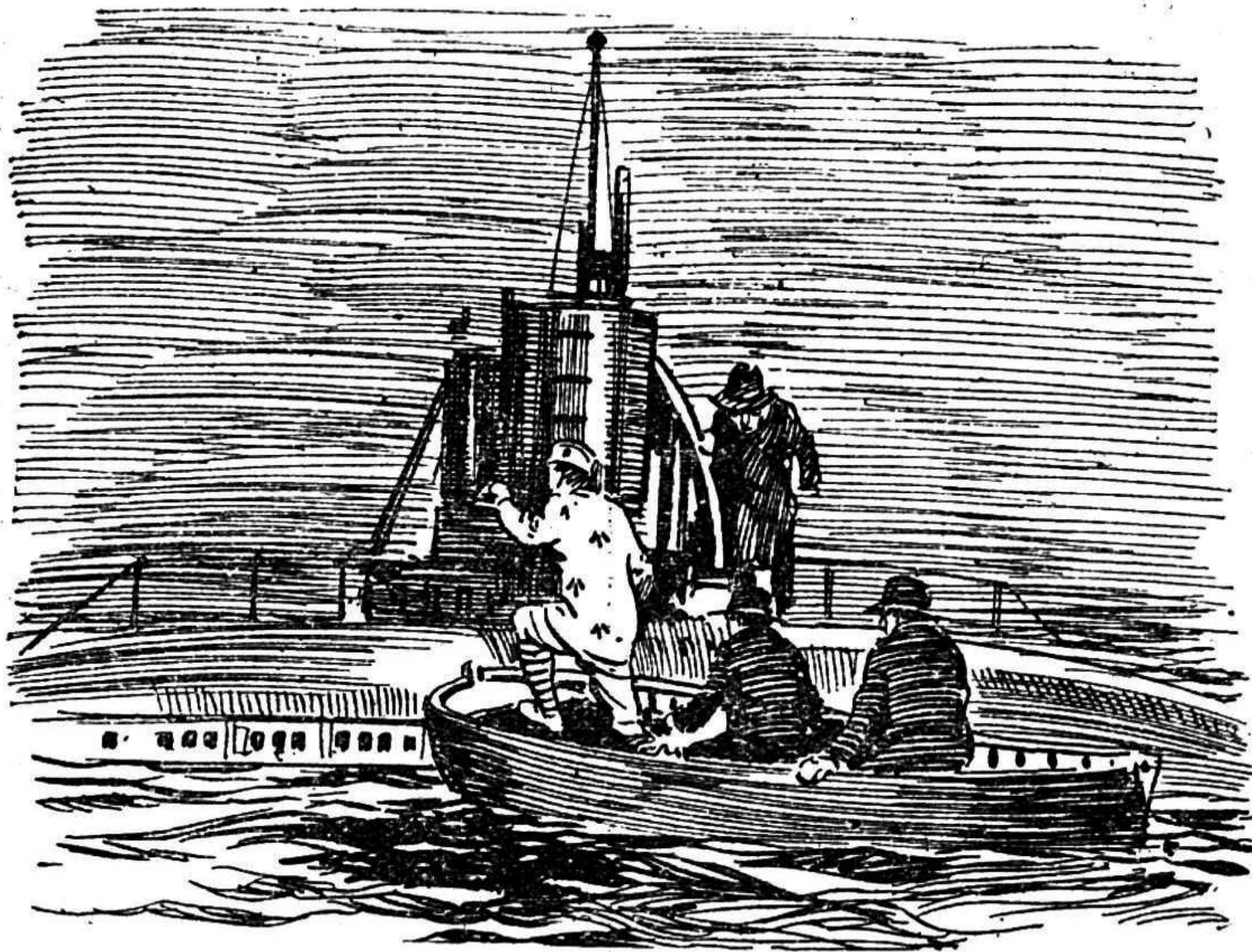
While Professor Zingrave carried on with his secret plans, Nelson Lee and Nipper were actively preparing to wreck the entire

glided into the bay, and halted near the shore. The black object increased in size, emerging from the ocean like some monster of the deep.

It was the Green Triangle's submarine.

The time was morning—about midway into the forenoon. In the quarries near the prison, gangs of convicts were working, guarded by armed warders. They were a hopeless, wretched crowd. Quarrying was hard enough at the best of times, but in this miserable weather the task seemed even more arduous.

One of those drably-clothed convicts was Douglas James Sutcliffe.



Slowly the submarine rose to the surface until her deck was just awash. Then Sutcliffe, the forger, better known as Jim the Penman, stepped aboard.

League before it actually got into its new stride.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREEN FLASH.



PORTMOOR PRISON stood gaunt and ugly on the great expanse of undulating moor. Quite near by the sea coast stretched rugged and bleak.

A mist hung over the coast, not thick, but just hazy enough to conceal the movements of a tiny black object which

He was a tall man, well-built, and in fine physical condition. His five years of captivity had told upon him slightly, but not to any appreciable extent. Jim the Penman was still a man in his prime, and he was only living for the day when he would obtain his release.

He little realised that friends were near at hand!

Once or twice, during the first year of his captivity, Sutcliffe had thought of escape. But this idle dream had been killed long since. He had grown to realise that no convict could successfully escape from this grim fortress. With assistance from outside

the task might easily be done. But, single-handed, no prisoner stood a dog's chance. And Jim the Penman had no friends of any kind, for Sutcliffe had always worked single-handed in his days of liberty.

So he was resigned, although he kept himself in constant practice. Secretly he would exercise his fingers to keep them supple and sensitive, and when the opportunity occurred he would practice his penmanship. Sutcliffe was as dangerous a forger to-day as ever he had been.

Three figures appeared on the beach. They had emerged from behind a pile of rocks. A little earlier they had come ashore in a small, collapsible boat. And out in the bay the submarine waited—now almost concealed again.

It seemed impossible that these three men could hope to rescue a convict from the armed warders with success. Even if it came to a fight, the would-be rescuers would stand no chance.

The trio were curious in aspect.

They were wearing ordinary lounge suits, but each man had enormous goggles over his eyes—goggles with a peculiar violet-tinted glass. And the foremost of the trio carried a leather-covered case slung over his shoulders—an object which looked suspiciously like a camera.

They approached the quarries, and they were closely watched by several of the guarding warders. The quarries were quite open, and there were no barriers to cross in order to reach them. But none of the convicts had ever attempted to escape. With so many armed warders about, death or grievous injury would have been a certain sequel.

"Halt!" commanded one of the warders as he approached the three strangers. "You can't come any further——"

The man suddenly fell senseless to the ground in the middle of his sentence. His collapse was dramatic and unexpected. From that camera-like object a flash had appeared—a queer flash of greenish light. And one touch of that deadly ray had been sufficient to fell the warder as he stood.

After that events moved rapidly.

Running past the prostrate body of the warder, the three men entered the quarry itself. The convicts were beginning to take an interest in the proceedings. And the warders were issuing sharp orders, and collecting their gangs into file.

"Sutcliffe!" shouted one of the strangers. "If you're here, raise your hand! We've come to get you away!"

Jim the Penman heard the words distinctly. He was bewildered—dazed by this sudden surprise. But in a moment he raised a hand aloft, to signal his whereabouts, and to acknowledge the shout.

"Move a step, Number 220, and you'll be shot!" snapped out the warder in charge. "What's your game, anyway? Step lively, all of you!"

A second later he collapsed—that green flash having caught him. Fully half-a-dozen convicts fell at the same moment—for they had been included in the sweep of the deadly ray.

Several of the other warders were now firing. They had taken alarm. At least three convicts were making a break for liberty—madly excited in the sudden confusion, and thinking only of liberty.

Flash! Flash!

The green ray put in some devastating work. Again and again the flash swept round, and men fell like ninepins. It was the warders who were aimed at, but convicts fell even more thickly. And Jim the Penman was now running—fully realising that he must seize this chance at once if it was to be seized at all.

"Take him to the boat—we'll follow!" rapped out the man with the apparatus. And hurry—every second is of value!"

Sutcliffe asked no questions. The time for that would come later. He fled, accompanied by one of his rescuers. And the green ray continued its work. This apparatus was one of Professor Zingrave's secret inventions. A skilled scientist, Zingrave had experimented for months before perfecting this terrible contrivance. There were other death rays in existence, but the professor's appliance was different. It caused temporary paralysis, but no fatal results.

Five minutes later the Green Triangle men had finished their work. Every warder and every convict in the quarry was struck down. It would be at least an hour before any one of them recovered.

And Jim the Penman was free!

CHAPTER V.

THE ESCAPE.



DOUGLAS JAMES SUTCLIFFE looked at his rescuers curiously.

"I'm infernally obliged, but I'd like to know who you happen to be, and why you've done this," he exclaimed. "I didn't think I had any friends who were interested in me to this extent."

"Get into that boat!" said one of the Green Triangle men.

They were on the beach, and the tiny boat was waiting, ready. Jim the Penman shrugged his shoulders, and entered. He couldn't very well argue with these mysterious strangers. They had rescued him from prison, and his gratitude was genuine.

Fortunately, the sea was calm, and the little boat pulled out into the bay steadily. But it was slow going, for she was overloaded.

"A bit costly, wasn't it?" asked Jim the Penman, after a few minutes. "You killed

the whole crowd, didn't you? I don't mind so much—they were only a bunch of miserable curs, anyhow."

"Nobody has been killed," said one of the others. "Within an hour they will all recover, and be none the worse. By that time we shall be far away."

Jim the Penman lifted his eyebrows.

"I'd like to believe you, but it's difficult," he said frankly. "We shall never get far away in this cockle-shell. We've only got to strike a few decent rollers and we shall——"

"Stand by, there!" snapped one of the others.

Without warning, a black object had appeared out of the sea. It was the conning tower of the submarine. Slowly the vessel rose to the surface until her tiny deck was awash.

"This is getting better and better," exclaimed Sutcliffe, as he stepped on board. "I don't pretend to know what the game is, but I hope there's no misunderstanding. I'm the man you want, I suppose?"

"You are Sutcliffe, the forger?"

"I have that honour."

"Then you are our man," said the Green Triangle agent. "As soon as we have started off I will explain the position. You have been rescued from Portmoor, but unless you agree to certain conditions you will be returned to the police within twenty-four hours."

Jim the Penman was recovering his composure.

"Any conditions will be preferable to those of the past five years," he replied calmly. "I'm not fool enough to imagine that my liberty is to cost me nothing. I'm game enough, and I'll agree to anything within reason."

Five minutes later the submarine sank below the surface again.

And Jim the Penman, below, found himself face to face with two grim looking men. The third one had gone on duty in another part of the vessel. The submarine was in motion.

"You have been rescued from Portmoor, Sutcliffe, because you are needed for some urgent work," said the leader of the Green Triangle men—who was none other than Robson. "If you are sensible, you will accept

the situation and enter into this thing with a good spirit."

"I am quite happy," said Jim the Penman. "Nothing could be worse than convict life. Who do you happen to be, anyway? I haven't had the honour of an introduction."

Robson looked at the forger steadily.

"You're in the hands of the League of the Green Triangle! You have been rescued by the orders of Professor Zingrave."

Sutcliffe whistled.

"The Green Triangle!" he said softly. "By Jove! So that's the lie of the land, is it? I'm delighted to meet you, gentlemen! I had no idea I was in such distinguished company."

"The chief requires you for some special work—and he is hoping that you will enter into the proposition willingly and freely," said Robson. "I may inform you that if you object——"

"I quite understand!" interrupted Jim. "Why bother to use any threats? My dear man, I'm overjoyed at the thought of working hand in hand with such a celebrated master as Professor Cyrus Zingrave. And my gratitude for your good services is beyond all expression."

Robson looked relieved.

"Good man!" he said. "I'm glad you've taken it well. But you've always worked alone, Sutcliffe, and we thought you might jib. Take my advice and work under the chief. He's one of the best."

Jim the Penman sat back dreamily.

"Free!" he murmured. "Free—after five years! You want me to practise some of my old arts, eh? You want to use my skill, and then reap the reward for yourselves? All right—I'm not grumbling. A man in my position can't afford to. I'm ready for anything."

Just before nightfall the submarine reached Turtle Island, and Jim the Penman was safely landed. In the meantime the whole of England was ringing with the startling news of the raid on Portmoor Prison.

But there was one man who read the reports with serene composure. That man was Nelson Lee. For the great detective held the trump card in this dramatic situation.

And within a few hours that card was to be played!

THE END.

The last round in the great duel between NELSON LEE and PROFESSOR ZINGRAVE will be described in next week's story:—

PROFESSOR ZINGRAVE'S LAST CARD!

OUR AUTHOR'S PAGE

Mr. EDWY SEARLES BROOKS

Chats With His Readers and Comments on Their Letters.

(NOTE.—If any readers care to write to me I shall be pleased to comment upon any remarks that are likely to interest the majority. If you have any grumbles—make them to me. If you have any suggestions—send them along. Remember, my aim is to please as many of you as I possibly can. All letters should be addressed to me personally, c/o, The Editor, THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. —E.S.B.)

Most of you know, I suppose that the Old Paper goes to press three or four weeks in advance of publication? So you mustn't be surprised that I am still without any letters at the time of writing these lines. So until they begin to roll in—as I hope they will—I shall have to confine my chat to general topics.

I hope you won't get too bored. If so, there's a perfectly simple remedy. Just skip this page and let it go at that.

By this time you will have read five of the "Green Triangle" stories, or, at least, you will have had the opportunity of reading them. I don't think I shall be giving any editorial secrets away if I mention that the series will be concluded next week. After that there will be some stories about "Jim the Penman," and still later on a series featuring Eileen Dare, the lady detective.

You see, I have had so many letters (addressed, of course, to "Edward Oswald Handforth") asking for further stories about Professor Zingrave, Jim the Penman, and Eileen Dare, that I thought it would be rather a good idea to revive these old favourites of the past. Each series will only be short, and I am relying on you to let me know which yarns you like the best.

Don't forget that I am as keen as mustard on giving you exactly what you like the best. Anything that the majority asks for will be supplied—within reason, and to the best of my ability. I want you all

to guide me, so that I shall write just the kind of stuff the bulk of you like.

What about the length of the stories? Just drop me a hint on this point. Would you like the detective yarn longer, and the school story shorter, for instance? Or the other way about? The more you tell me of your likes and dislikes, the better I shall be able to work. Especially the dislikes. If you are only frank enough and let me have your candid criticisms it will be better for the Old Paper all round.

After a while I shall be able to gauge your requirements—feel the pulse of all my readers, as it were. Then the Editor and I can put our heads together and decide upon our future policy. For example, if the bulk of you desire a big new Green Triangle series, you shall have it. If you would prefer a detective serial instead of the weekly complete stories, we shall give it to you. I only write the yarns, but you read them. So you are the final judges.

Pocket-money isn't any too plentiful nowadays, I know. So if some of you are passing through a lean period and can't spare the necessary cash for postage, three of you can club together and write jointly. And I'm sure a halfpenny each won't strain your resources to the breaking point. These remarks, of course, apply to the younger circle. You old-timers are bound to have plenty of cash.

The Editor tells me that some of you have written to him informing him of the new readers you have obtained. That's the style! That's the sort of loyalty that counts. Any reader who is enthusiastic enough to gather new friends into the fold deserves a Badge of Merit.

And, by jingo, that gives me an idea!

I'm not sure, but I believe it's going to be a Big Idea. At a moment's notice, I can't say anything further. But in my next week's chat I shall probably have something to say about the little scheme that has just taken shape in "the old gear-box," as Archie Glenthorne would put it.



St. Frank's Magazine.

No. 47. Vol. 2.

Edited by Pitt.

October 18, 1924.

ADVENTURES OF E. O. HANDFORTH

:: GOLFING ::

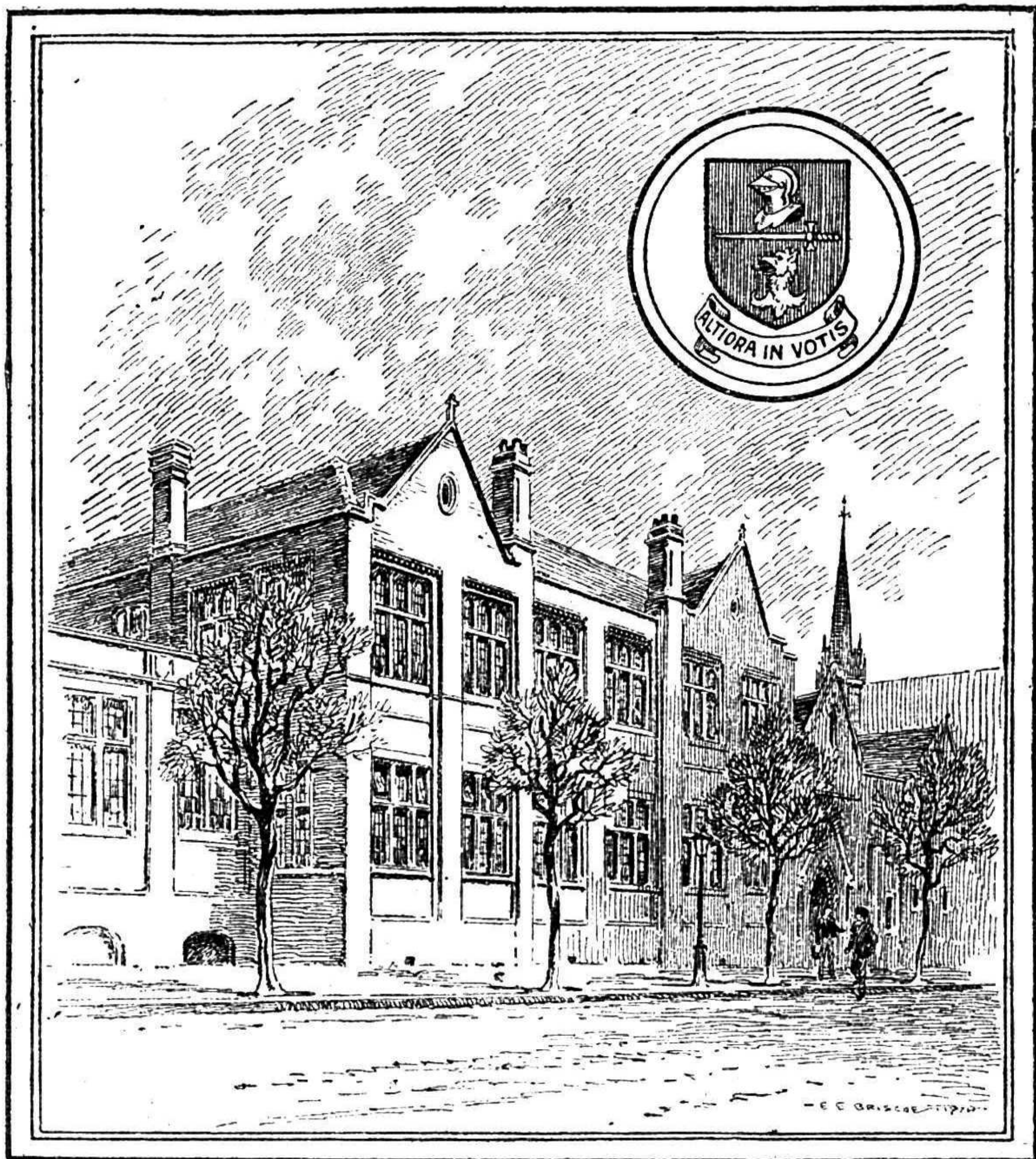
A Story Without Words



OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SPECIAL SERIES OF ART SKETCHES BY MR. E. E. BRISCOE.

No. 49.—HIGHGATE SCHOOL.

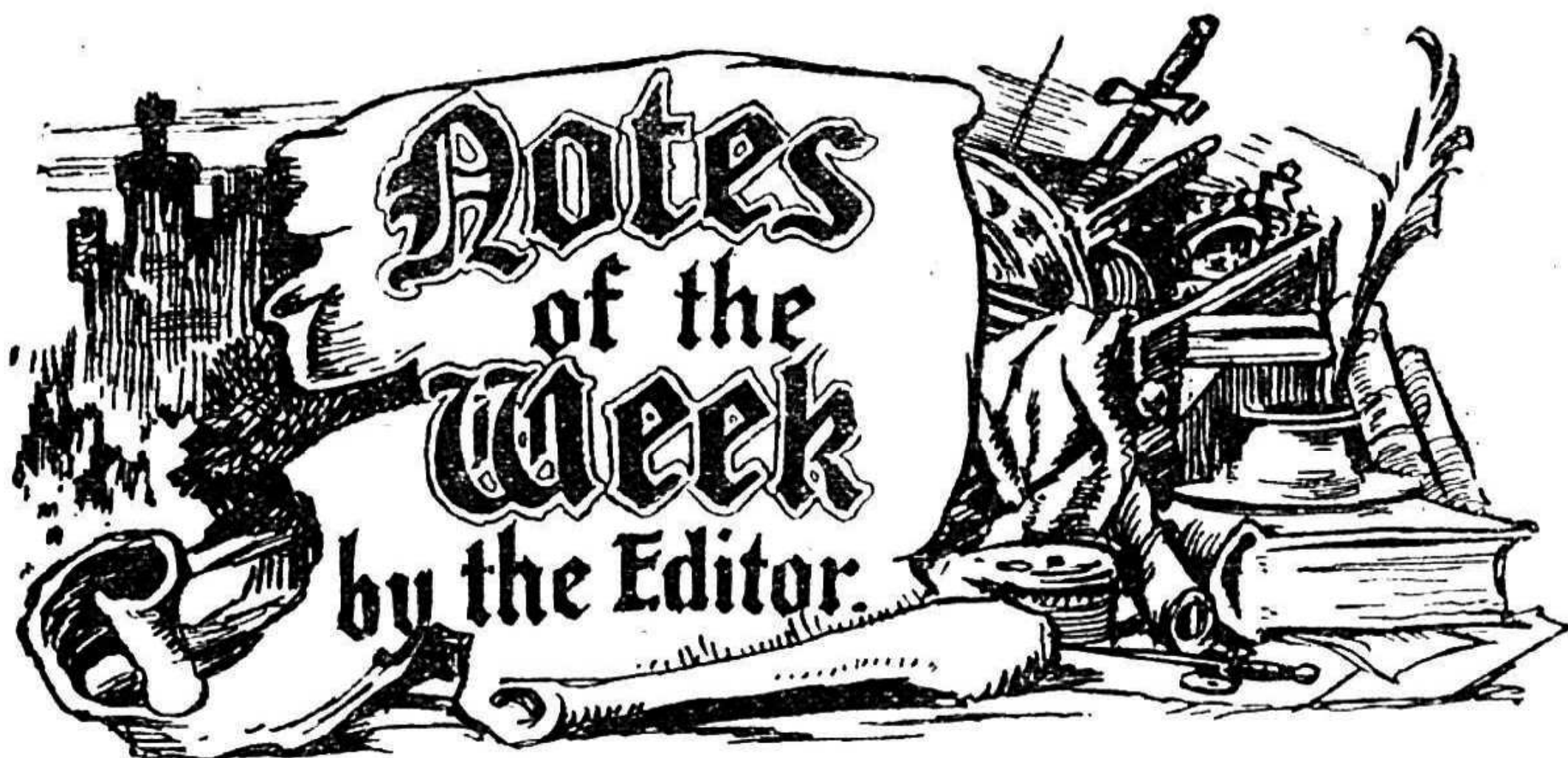


Highgate School was founded in 1565 by Sir Roger Cholmeley, Lord Chief Justice, and confirmed by Letters Patent of Queen Elizabeth in the same year. Archbishop Grindal, then Bishop of London, gave the original chapel. In 1876 the school was re-constituted under the Endowed Schools Acts.

The Senior School is divided into Classical, Modern, Science and Lower sides. There are 640 boys, of whom 260 are boarders. The day boys are grouped into six Houses,

each of which is under the supervision of a separate Housemaster.

The school buildings include a chapel, a group of class-rooms, the Great School and library, and a large block of new buildings added in 1899. In a detached block is the Science School, with lecture theatre and five science laboratories. The gymnasium and swimming bath are close to the playing fields, which extend to over 22 acres. Games played are cricket, Association football, fives, etc. The school supplies a contingent to the O.T.C.



Editorial Office,
Study E,
St. Frank's.

My dear Chums,

Those of you who have been patiently waiting for Handy's "Replies" to their letters will wonder why so little space was devoted to this popular feature in last week's issue, especially after reading Handy's paragraph, "I say! Just a Tick!" where he talked of letters "pouring in like the flood." I will try my best to explain. Handy was under the impression that he had supplied me with enough "Replies" to last a month. And when Handy gets an idea into his head, it takes a lot to drive it out. I warned him a week ago that I should need more copy. He promptly declared that I had left out a number of "Replies," and that he would not send another line until next week. Although in the past I have had to hold over "Replies" on account of limitations of space, they have eventually appeared, and with this week's number every letter answered by Handforth has now been published. My conscience is quite clear on this point, and it now remains for Handy to polish off the arrears of letters he has in hand.

GETTING A MOVE ON.

He has promised to do this in the course of the next two weeks. But it will mean condensing the "Replies" as much as possible. Anyway, Handy means to acknowledge every letter, even though he cannot vouchsafe an individual reply to each. I hope Handy's numerous correspondents will not be offended, and will appreciate the big task my colleague has to face.

THE NEW TRACKETT GRIM SERIAL.

What do you think of "THE SIGN OF THE SCARLET SHADOW"? While not exactly a new departure in Trackett Grim tales, it is quite a long time since Handy attempted these adventures in serial form. The title is worthy of a six-shilling novel,

and the first two instalments leave little to be desired in the matter of thrills and unfathomable mystery. Notice how the author at the end of each instalment has caught to perfection the art of the practised serial-writer in arousing our curiosity as to what will happen next week. Sometimes I rather suspect that even the author himself does not know what is going to happen until he sits down to write.

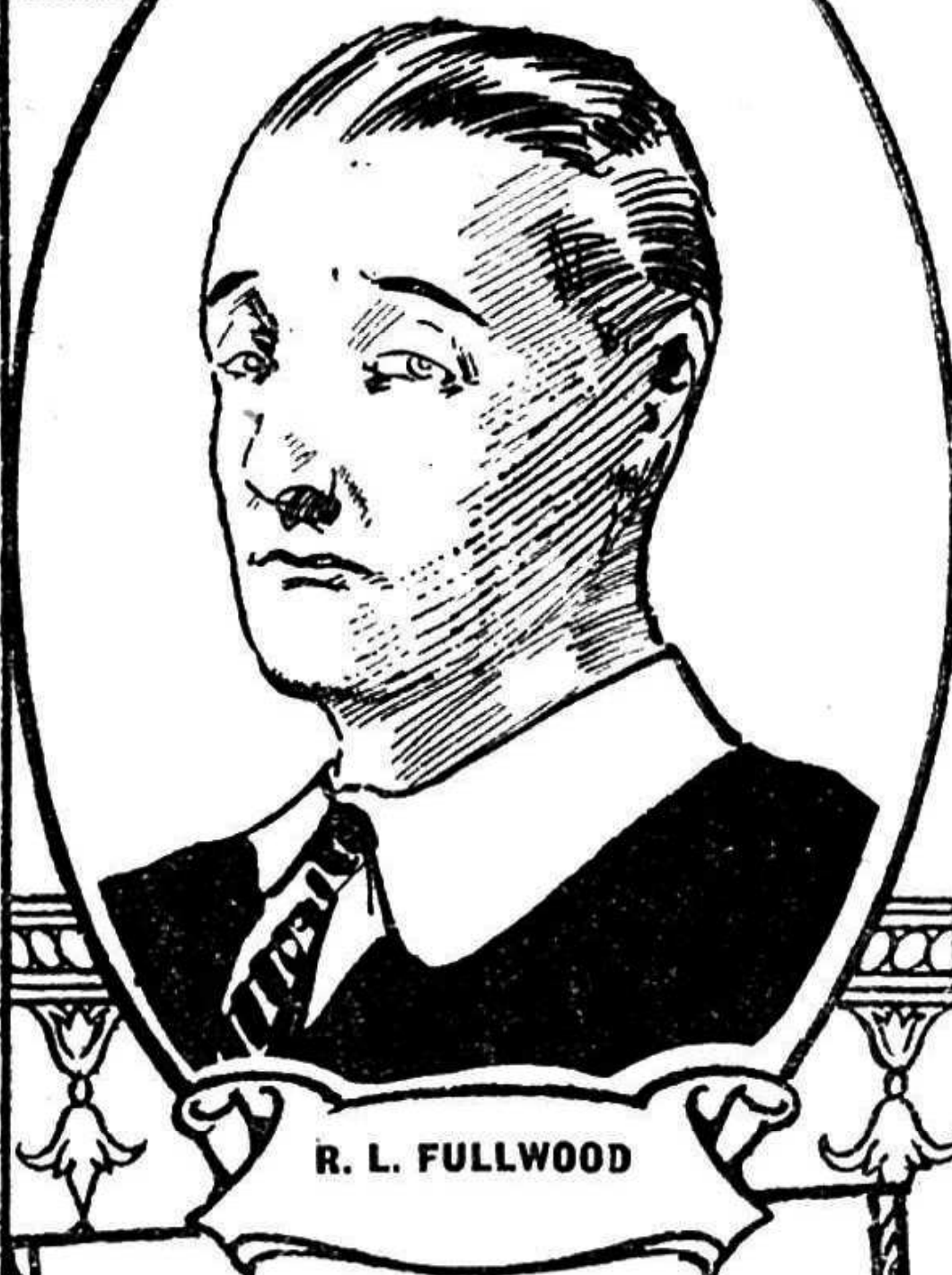
ERNEST LAWRENCE.

The most popular boy in the school just now is Ernest Lawrence, the hero of the fight last week against Talbot, of the Bannington Grammar School. At the time of writing he is off to Southampton to meet Buddy Sloane for a purse of £50. As most of you know, Lawrence is not taking up professional boxing to enrich himself. He could, no doubt, soon make a fortune were he to devote all his time and attention to the sport. But Lawrence did not come to St. Frank's for this purpose, and it is only on account of the disaster that has come upon the school, and his desire to come to the rescue, that he has decided to box for money. Fullwood and Co., whose scruples in money matters are too well known to inquire into, have tried their best to interfere with Lawrence's praiseworthy efforts to raise money for the school by complaining to the powers that be that it is disgraceful for a St. Frank's boy to take part in professional boxing. Failing to get an audience with the Head, the cads of Study A received little satisfaction for their trouble from Mr Stokes. It is a good thing that our Housemaster is a sportsman to the core, and we are all grateful for his support of Lawrence in his coming achievements in the Ring. As for Fullwood and Co., they had better keep away from Lawrence's fights if they value their safety.

Your sincere chum,

REGGIE PITT.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. And WHO'S WHO.



R. L. FULLWOOD

No. 13.—RALPH LESLIE FULLWOOD.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION:

Big and burly, but not obtrusively so; his dandified appearance disguising his bulk. Wears his hair glossily brilliantined and parted in middle. Sallow complexion, and thin, supercilious lips. Sneering expression. Eyes, pale blue. Hair, nearly black. Height 5 ft. 4 ins. Weight 9 st. 5 lb. Birthday, May 17th.

CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS:

A dandy, with a weakness for loud effects in his attire. Cool, calculating, and absolutely unscrupulous. Cruel and heartless, and a grim, unforgiving enemy. Possesses a biting, sarcastic tongue. He is, nevertheless, courageous, and can fight gamely. Vindictive by nature, with a scheming, active brain. A rotter and a bully.

SPORTS & RECREATIONS:

Holds manly sports in contempt. Enjoys betting, gambling, and smoking. Principal hobby—doing another fellow a bad turn and watching him suffer.



D. GOODWIN

No. 14.—DICK GOODWIN.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION:

A Lancashire lad, with all his native county's characteristic sturdiness. Wiry and active. Keen, intelligent features, rather freckled. Eyes, grey. Hair, auburn. Height, 4 ft. 10 ins. Weight, 9 st. 8 lb. Birthday, December 15th.

CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS:

Good-natured and cheerful, and difficult to arouse. Possesses an inventive mind, with a genius for mechanical things. Plucky and dogged, never forsaking a task once he has started. Patient and painstaking. A good friend and a genial companion.

SPORTS & RECREATIONS:

Fond of sports, but not prominent in any. Makes a hobby of any intricate machinery. Will take a watch to pieces for the pleasure of putting it together again. Always experimenting with mechanism, and producing minor inventions of his own.

THE FOURTH At ST. FRANK'S.



No. 15.—LEN CLAPSON.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION:

A thin, slightly-built fellow, with narrow shoulders and longish neck. Plain to a point of ugliness, with big ears, wide mouth, and high cheekbones. Has a pleasant grin which redeems all his facial shortcomings. Eyes, brown. Hair, chestnut. Height, 4 ft. 9 ins. Weight, 7 st. 12 lb. Birthday, June 11th.

CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS:

Mischievous by nature, continually playing minor practical jokes, and always ready for a House "jape." Will follow where others lead, but when thoroughly worked up can command a situation himself. Plenty of high spirits.

SPORTS & RECREATIONS:

Swims like a fish. A fine runner, with great endurance, in spite of his slight frame. Never brilliant at cricket or football, owing to slackness of practice. Hobbies: amateur photography and stamp collecting.



LEN CLAPSON.

No. 16.—PERCY BRAY.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION:

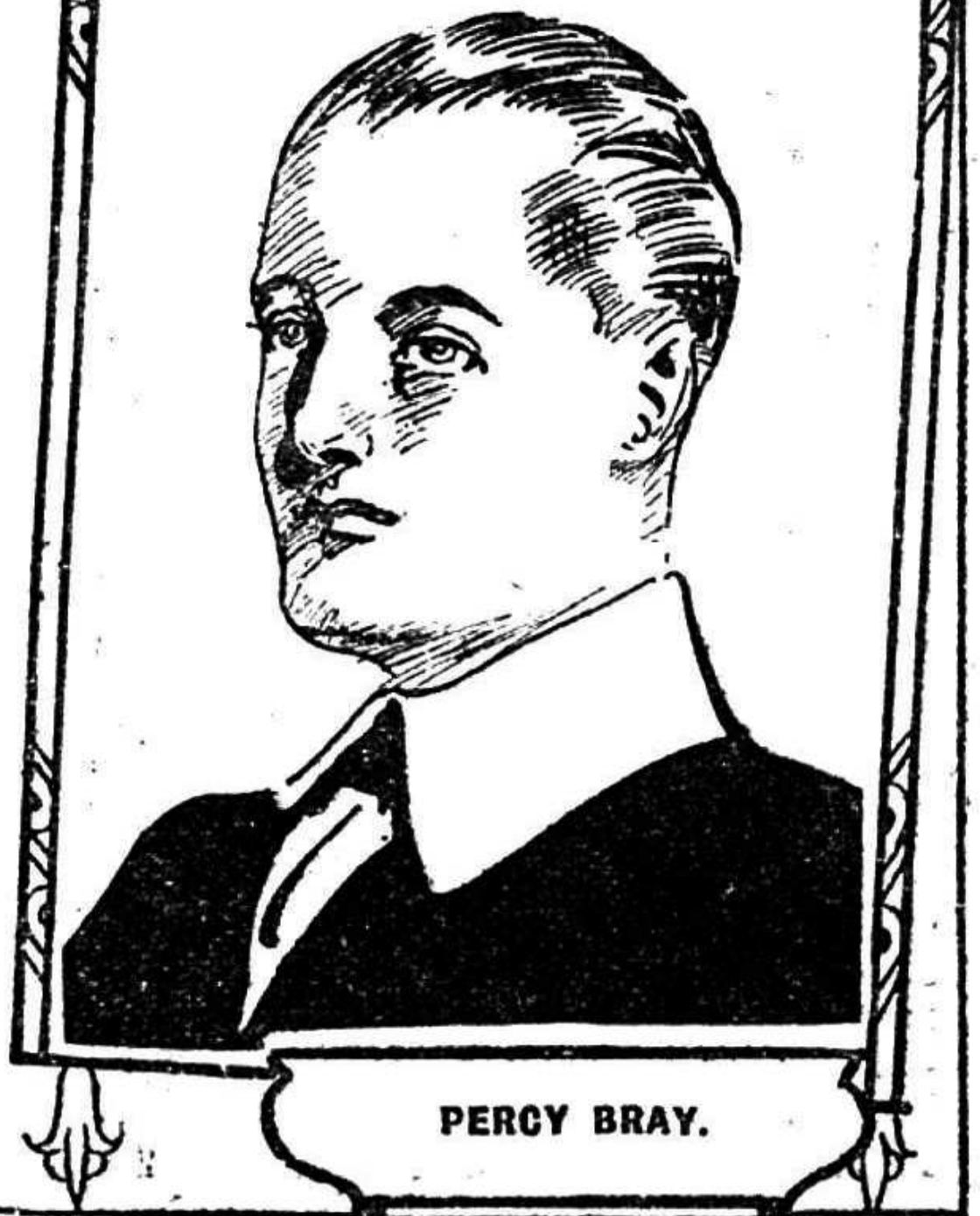
Angular and loose-jointed. Slightly pigeon-toed, and sensitive on this point. Handsome face, with dark, sleek hair, plastered straight back with no parting. Reveals his perfect teeth when smiling and talking. Eyes, deep grey. Hair, dark. Height, 5 ft. Weight, 8 st. 11 lb. Birthday, August 3rd.

CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS:

Rather cunning by nature, and among bad companions would soon fall into their ways. But decent enough when left alone. Weak willed, and easily swayed. Fond of good clothes, and dresses well. Quick-tempered and violent when angry, but never prolongs a quarrel. Quite a good sort in the main.

SPORTS & RECREATIONS:

A good footballer if forced to practise, but not fond of exertion. Always reading story books, and trying to concoct plays for amateur theatricals, but never succeeding. Chief cook of Study 6, with a special aptitude for making omelettes and inventing tasty dishes.



PERCY BRAY.

NOTE.—The ages of Fourth Form boys vary between 14 and 16, but, for obvious reasons, no more definite information on this point can be given.

THE MONARCH OF SPORTS

BY HUBERT JARROW

WELL, here we are, right in the thick of it again. This football, I mean. These chaps who play football are jolly brave, when you come to think of it.

What I mean is, it requires any amount of courage to get into those frightfully thin clothes and walk about in the wintry wind, and brave all sorts of complaints. I mean, it's no cinch.

Of course, that's an American word. Cinch. I don't quite know what it means, but I've heard Ulysses Adams saying it. These American fellows are jolly difficult to understand sometimes. When they get talking about boobs and boneheads and dumb-bells and crackerjacks and bucks and boosters. I mean, it's absolutely another language.

And, after all, why should we learn two or three languages? I'm all in favour of a fellow learning Portuguese or Greek, or even Chinese if he wants to. But why force us to learn Latin in the Fourth? Who cares about Latin? I think the Head ought to be told about it. How would he like to swot away like the dickens at something he doesn't want to learn?

Now, Dickens. A jolly wonderful sort of man, when you come to think of it. I was reading "Barnaby Rudge" only last week, and I've stuck it continuously for six days. I've got more than a third of the way through it already. I mean, when he wrote a book, he didn't do it by halves.

The halves are very important. Because, strictly speaking, the forward line absolutely depends upon the half-backs to feed it. After all, the forwards would never score at all unless they were fed.

Feeding is all very well in moderation. I can't understand Fatty Little. I think he must be abnormal somewhere—particularly just under the waistcoat.

Naturally a fellow can't wear a waistcoat while he's playing football. I mean, his watch would probably shoot out while he was dribbling, or while he was tackling one of the backs, or something. And tackling these backs is a beastly hard kind of job. I'm going to explain all the fine points of the game—

(Not this time, Hubert! You've used all my available space on gassing about Americans, and languages, and a Dickens of a lot of other things.—Ed.).

THE A.B.C. OF E.O.H.

By CLARENCE FELLOWE.

As soon as he's up, the trouble begins—
Biffing and punching of noses and chins!
Church and McClure, his unfortunate chums,

Deserving or not, come in for his "plums."

Edward the Mighty—the leader of "D,"
Finds this kind of game suits him to a "T."

"G adzooks and oddslife," as Archie once said,

"H andforth's a terror—unless he's in bed!"

In this simple statement, the Genial Ass
Just voiced the Old School's opinion en masse.

Keenness of brain, which evolved "Trackett Grim"—

Less said of those yarns the better for him!

Manly and open, and honest and blunt,

None fear or notice his disdainful grunt.
Often—when chaps come along for a loan,

Pound notes change hands with never a moan.

Quite frequently such transactions as these

Remain in abeyance—he's easy to please!
So you see that Handy is one of the best;

The large-hearted "sleuth" stands up to the test.

Untidy of hair, and careless of dress,
Volumes are needed, his ways to express.

When playing in goal he's chock full of verve,

Xerxes himself hadn't half Handy's nerve.

You'll have to excuse any more of this tosh,

Zealousness outdone is nothing but bosh!



*A Startling New Serial
of Mystery and Thrilling
Adventure, introducing
Trackett Grim and Splinter.*

By EDWARD OSWALD HANDFORTH

THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

Sir Makeham Quiver, the lord and master of Quiver Castle and the surrounding estates, is staggered to see his shadow turn red. This is the Curse of the Quivers, and Sir Makeham gets the wind up. Unless he dodges the Curse for seven days he'll go West. He 'phones Trackett Grim and Splinter, and they buzz down. But just as they enter the library they see something horrible, with lots of feelers and things, crouching back ready to spring at the petrified baronet, who stands there turned to stone with horror, and shaking like a half-set jelly. NOW READ THIS WEEK'S MAGNIFICENT INSTALMENT.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOUSE OF LURKING DANGERS.

TRACKETT GRIM didn't flinch a yard. He staggered back three or four feet with horror, and his face turned to the colour of dough. For the thing that was threatening to leap at Sir Makeham Quiver was an octopus!

"Too late, sir!" hissed Splinter.

"Too late be blowed!" roared Trackett Grim, recovering himself in a trice. "You don't think I'm scared of this giddy thing, I suppose? Just watch me, my son!"

He yanked out his revolver, and discovered that it was empty. Any ordinary detective would have despaired at this discovery. But Trackett Grim laughed, and shoved a couple of cartridges in the cylinder with one swift movement of his masterful hands.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Four times the revolver spat out fire and lead, and the octopus was done in. Four of

its feelers were cut clean off, and several others were badly bent. The fearsome creature rolled over on its back, gave one or two last kicks, and petered out.

"Mr. Grim," sobbed Sir Makeham, "you have saved my life!"

Trackett Grim waved his hand as he kicked the octopus into a corner.

"That's nothing!" he said lightly. "I'm always saving people's lives! I saved twenty-eight last week! Where the dickens did that octopus come from?"

"I'm jiggered if I know!" said Sir Makeham blankly. "It must have been chucked through the window by one of my enemies."

"Ah! Who are they?" demanded Grim speedily.

"How should I know?" said the other. "But I'm surrounded, Mr. Grim! I've got enemies all over the shop. In fact, I've got so many enemies that I can't even trust my own shadow. Even that's gone red!"

"These Bolshevik shadows are dangerous!" said Trackett Grim fiercely. "Place yourself entirely in my hands, Sir Makeham. I will protect you from your awful peril!"

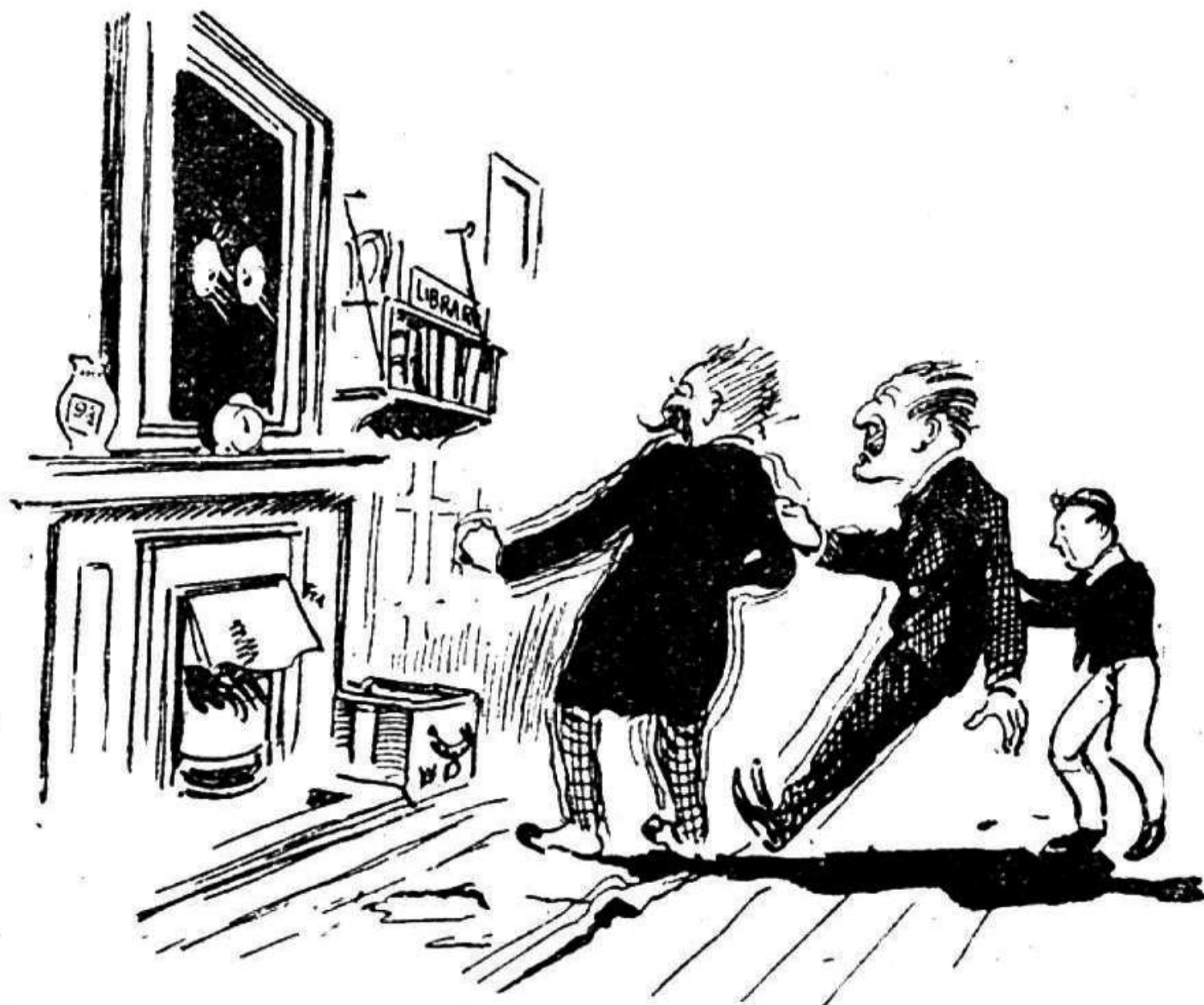
"Look, sir!" gasped Splinter.

He pointed a shaky finger at the door. Trackett Grim spun round, and stared. A horrible face was peering round the lintel, and Trackett Grim took aim with his revolver, and was about to pull the trigger, when Sir Makeham gave a yell.

"Look out, you ass—he's only the butler!" roared the baronet. "Don't shoot him, or we shan't get any dinner!"

Trackett Grim laughed.

"Of course it's the butler—I knew it all the time!" he snapped. "But I always make a habit of pointing my revolver at all the servants—just to try their nerve!"



A secret panel had sprung back, and there, in the opening, were two greenish eyes, staring down into the library.

The butler scowled, and vanished. Apparently he had only come to have a look at the visitors.

And then, at this tense moment, Trackett Grim's eyes leapt from his head and fixed themselves upon a picture over the fireplace. A secret panel had sprung back, and there, in the opening, were two greenish eyes, staring down into the library!

CHAPTER IV.

THE ALARM IN THE NIGHT.

BEFORE Trackett Grim could say "knife" the panel closed, and the green eyes vanished. The famous incriminator seized Sir Makeham, and spun him round.

"What lies beyond that wall?" he rapped out.

"The museum!" retorted the baronet nervously. "It's full of old relics—armour, skeletons, battle trophies, and all that sort of thing. The Quivers have done marvellous things in the past, and the museum is chock full of challenge cups and gold medals."

"This way, Splinter!" snapped Grim, in a great voice.

They dodged out of the library, sped down the passage like a couple of antelopes, and fairly burst into the museum. The great room was dark and gloomy. There was a

musty smell in the air, like stale cabbages. The moonlight was streaming through the window in floods, and every nook and cranny of the museum was clearly defined.

But the mystery of the green eyes remained unsolved.

Trackett Grim and Splinter searched the museum from end to end, and the only living thing they found was a rat up one of the corners. And this had been dead for two or three days — apparently killed by the mysterious enemies who haunted the old castle.

Grim decided to go to bed at once. Unless he had plenty of rest, he couldn't work properly. So he and Splinter occupied the room next to Sir Makeham's, and were soon fast asleep.

In the middle of the night Trackett Grim heard a wild howl. He was alert on the instant.

A man in a black hood had just grabbed Splinter out of bed. And before Trackett Grim could leap to the rescue, the hooded stranger picked Splinter up like a feather, and chucked him at the famous detective!

(Next week's hair-splitting instalment will describe how Trackett Grim rescues Splinter in mid-air, and how they both meet with a terrifying adventure in the secret passages beneath the moat. Without exception, this is the most astounding serial that has ever been written—so don't miss next week's dreadful dose.)

A TUSSLE WITH A WALRUS.

(Continued from page 10.)

An Eskimo now appeared, and the wounded walrus dashed at his boat, and shivered it into rags and splinters. The walrus tried to gore the Eskimo in the water, but missed him, and the plucky little fellow seized the brute's tusks and swung himself on to its neck. Both disappeared, but came up again in a few seconds, and the Eskimo was snatched by strong arms, for others had now come to the rescue.

The walrus continued to swim around, snorting and challenging. I managed to put another bullet into him and finish the job.

IN REPLY to YOURS



Correspondence Answered by
Edward Oswald Handforth

(NOTE.—Readers of THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY can write to me, and I will reply on this page. But don't expect an answer for several weeks—perhaps five or six. Address your letters or postcards to E. O. HANDFORTH, c/o the Editor, THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.—E.O.H.)

TEN COLONIAL READERS.—GEOFF CALLIGHAN (Sydney, N.S.W.), ERIC MORRIS (Melbourne), L. HILL (Victoria), E. R. HARRIS (York, Western Australia), A CANADIAN READER (Montreal), MORRIS ARNOLD (Toronto), A PRAIRIE MAID (Toronto), IRENE (South Africa), GLADYS (South Africa), JACK ROGERS (Cape Town): Don't be wild with me for goodness' sake. I'm absolutely choked up to my eyes in letters. This week I've got to shove you all together in groups. If I don't, I shall get completely drowned. Thanks awfully, you Colonial enthusiasts, for writing so many thousands of miles to me. I've read your letters with keen enjoyment, and they've been passed round the Fourth, too. The next time any of you write I'll give a really decent individual reply. Honest Injun!

TEN WELSH READERS.—ARTHUR R. WILLIAMS (Amlwcy, Anglesey), ONIONS (South Wales), KENNETH D. WILLIAMS (Cardiff), OWEN C. (Neath), DENNIS PERRY (Barry), D. H. ROBERTS (Mountain Ash), BILLY EVANS (Llandudno), M.J.H. (Cardiff), HARRY (Cardiff), THEODORA & GEORGINA (Swansea): Indeed to goodness, look you! How can I give you a proper answer, whatever, when I haven't got room? How's that for Welsh? Church says it's rotten, and the poor fathead is now dashing off to the bath-room. I've always said his

nose needs a plumber. As for your letters, they're jolly good. I didn't know you Welsh people could write English so jolly well. I always thought your words were a mile long each. The next time you write I shan't be so jolly busy and I'll have lots of room.

TEN IRISH READERS.—A BRAINY BOY (Baile Atha Cuath), BONZO (Dublin), AN IRISH FRIEND (Dublin), KATHLEEN (Cork), GEORGE JEVEN (Dublin), J. D. (Wexford), TRUAHR-NOYJT (Erin), KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN (Belfast), J. CLARKE (Shamrockland), N. CAVANAGH (Dublin): Arrah! And it's a queer lot you are, entirely! Especially that spalpeen with an unpronounceable name. I believe it's made up, anyhow. Begorra, to say nothing of bejabbers! You may be Irish, but I can talk your old lingo just as well as you can. I'd like to come over to Ireland better than anywhere. I've heard that you fight like the dickens over there, and I'd have a high old time. My hat! I've just remembered that I haven't replied to any of your letters. Sorry. No room now. Next time!

TEN SCOTTISH READERS.—EUGENE GIROT (Glasgow), GORDON (Edinburgh), IAN MAC (Wishaw), DERWENT DUFF (Dundee), ADA (Glasgow), IRENE'S RIVAL (Glasgow), JACK MIFFY (Fife), A. MAX (Glasgow), ROBERT MACK (Aberdeen), STRON-ACHLACHAN (Loch Lomond): Hoots! That last name nearly cracked my jaw when I tried to say it—and I nearly cracked McClure's when he laughed at me. Like his giddy nerve. Now, what about some Scotch? It's a braw bright moonlicht nicht the nicht, ye ken! That's a whopper, too, because it's raining like the dickens this evening, and as dark as pitch. You Scottish readers ought to be jolly pleased with me. One of our chaps said that you were too mean to give a bad penny to a beggar. But I stuck up for you—I said you'd even give away a bad shilling!

TEN LONDON READERS.—DOROTHY (Kilburn, N.W.6), EDWARD II (N.1), JACK BRIGGS (Kensington, W.10), T.G. & S. (Finchley, N.3), LESLIE SNOWDEN (Postmark smudged), REGULAR READER (Sydenham, S.E.), THREE READERS (Maida Vale), UMLOSI II (Acton), OLD WALRUS (Lewisham), G. REVELL (Thornton Heath): In case you don't know it, this idea of mine is a jolly good one. Lumping you together in tens, I mean. If I didn't do this you'd only get one line each—and that would be a fat lot of good, wouldn't it? By parcelling you together in bunches, you get a few well thought out sentences, anyhow. Don't tell everybody, but I'm clearing off a lot of arrears this week and next. After that we shall be able to go on as smooth as the birds in May.

TEN BIRMINGHAM READERS.—HILDA DRINKWATER (Sparkhill), LONELY LILLIAN, GEORGE F. BARRETT (Small Heath), BRUM-ITE, JOHN EVANS, X.Y.Z., ERNEST V. BLAKE-MAN, IRENE (Edgbaston), OLIVE, D. E. BARGE: I've got a cousin in Birmingham, so I'm going to give you Brummites a special concession. I'm going to answer all your letters in these few lines. You ought to think yourselves jolly lucky. I wouldn't do it if it wasn't for my cousin. I've read through your letters and they're ripping—especially that one of yours, Lily. I mean to take each one in turn, and say a few special words of thanks. Then you can't be jealous of one another. Great pip! I've got to the end of your space, so you can't have those replies, after all!

TEN LANCASHIRE READERS.—B.C. (Birkdale), CAPTAIN FREELANCE (Wigan), JACK ROGERS (Preston), E.H. (Bolton), BERT (St. Annes-on-Sea), WILLIAM RIGBY (Wigan), J. BURY (Darwen), REDSKIN ERN (Hale), U.S.A. (Blackpool), T. INGHAM (Burnley): Blessed 't I can make it out! I've shown Dick Goodwin all your letters, and he doesn't know one of you! He's from Lancashire, too, and if you're anything like him, you're my pals. Now, about your ripping letters. In the first place, you can't kid me with your bluff, U.S.A. And as for you, Captain Freelance, I haven't forgotten Deadwood Dick—and not likely to as long as you're alive. The rest of you must be satisfied to get your giddy names mentioned. I've got to shove these letters aside now, and get on with some Trackett Grim stuff. Best wishes, and tons of good luck.

TED.



TRAVEL TALES.

By An Old Boy

(Lord Dorrimore's Weekly Trifle)

No. 18.—A TUSSELE WITH A WALRUS.

THE walrus may be called the buffalo of the Arctic seas. And as the buffalo on land is the most fierce and dangerous of wild beasts, so the walrus may be said to be the most terrible of sea monsters. A bull walrus may weigh a ton.

My adventure with one of these fellows came about thus. I had taken the Wanderer to the edge of the Arctic circle, and there a noted walrus hunter, a captain who commanded his own ship, asked me if I would like to spend a day or two with him in walrus hunting. Ever ready for any kind of sport, especially a new kind, I jumped at the offer.

The second day we came upon a herd of walrus asleep on the ice floes. In a very few hours the hunters had accounted for nearly fifty animals, and the work of skinning them began. Hard work it was to turn over so huge a carcass, strip off the skin, and spread it out to let the heat escape before applying to it fifty pounds of salt, and then rolling it up.

Somehow, I got left in an omiak, an Eskimo skin boat, and I drifted about among the dead walruses. I discovered two alive—asleep—and I crept up and shot at one, and killed it. I turned to settle the other, but slipped, and so missed the vital spot. The walrus dived. But in a few seconds he came up, roaring and bellowing and spouting blood into the air. He came for my frail craft, butted it, sent his tusks through the bottom, and threw me six feet into the air, jerking my revolver out of my hand. As soon as I landed on my feet in the boat, I snatched up the revolver and fired at the walrus, hitting him in the eye.

(Continued on page 8.)

Reduce Household Expenses

"THE AMATEUR MECHANIC" is proving over and over again that expenses can be cut down, and that without any previous experience you can by its help start at once to make or repair any article in the household. The great point about this book is that it teaches you how to do each job properly and not in a handyman sort of way. Everything is so clearly explained that you will not have the slightest difficulty from first to last, no matter what job you tackle.

Over 165,000 Householders have bought "The Amateur Mechanic"

The following letters are typical of hundreds on our files:—

Mr. T. MOGGERIDGE, Blackpitts, writes:—"I am sure I saved over £20 doing up a cottage I bought cheaply by using the instructions in 'THE AMATEUR MECHANIC.' It is the greatest book I ever saw, because it tells you everything in a way that anyone could understand."

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