

MEET NELSON LEE, DETECTIVE, in a Great THRILLER Inside!

# THE NELSON LEE

LIBRARY

2½



## THE PIRATE SUBMARINE

New Series No. 125.

OUT ON WEDNESDAY.

June 11th, 1932

# The PIRATE



## CHAPTER 1.

### In Mid-Channel!

**T**HE Durban Princess, homeward bound from South Africa, ploughed her way steadily up the English Channel.

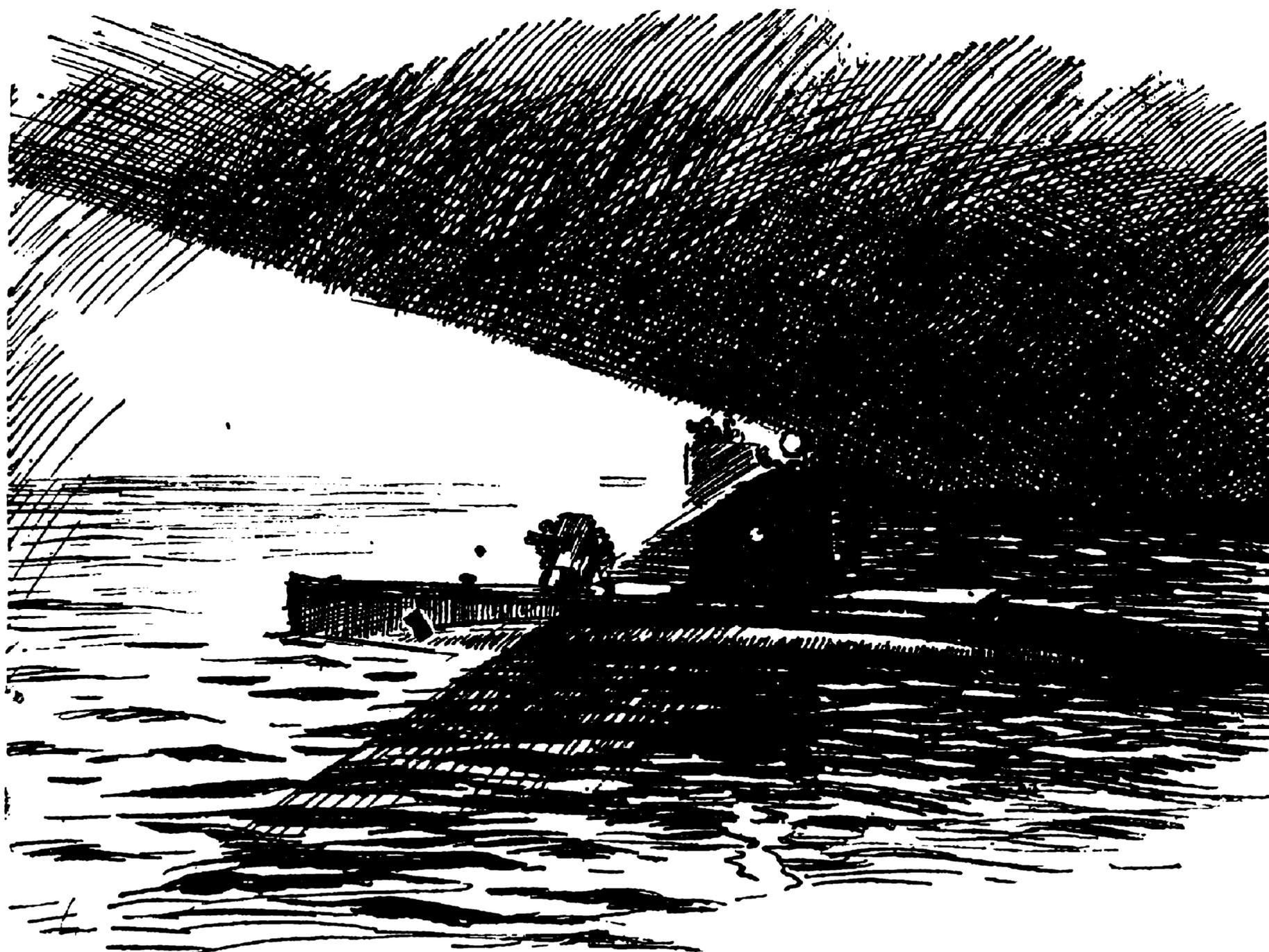
It was a fine night, clear and starlit, and the sea was very calm. The liner's many

lights gleamed and twinkled; and the vessel, as she moved along, made an entrancing picture.

The Durban Princess was not one of the big liners; she was comfortable and steady. Making no pretence at speed, she was nevertheless one of the most reliable boats in the service.

—Sensational Long Detective-Thriller Starring Nelson Lee and Nipper!

# SUBMARINE!



**Professor Zingrave, brilliant scientist and ruthless master-crook, has long cherished the staggering ambition of one day becoming ruler of the world. And the day comes at last when he sees himself within an ace of realising his dreams. But he reckons without Nelson Lee, the famous detective, who has vowed to break Zingrave's terrible organisation and bring him to justice.**

A ripple appeared on the surface of the dark water, half a mile away from the Durban Princess, on the starboard side. The ripple became a thin streak of creamy foam. And presently a squat, greyish object was in full sight, keeping pace with the liner, and drawing gradually nearer.

A submarine!

Not a light did she show, and she might have been a ghost vessel. Then, suddenly, dramatically, a searchlight blazed out from the submarine's deck; it hovered, swung round, and then concentrated its beam upon the liner's bridge.

"What on earth's that?" ejaculated Captain Ross, who was in the chart-room.

"Looks like a searchlight, sir," said the man at the wheel.

"I can see it's a searchlight, Felson, but where's it coming from?" asked the skipper, peering through the weather-glass. "They're uncomfortably close, whoever they are——"

He broke off suddenly and walked out upon the open bridge, so that he could obtain a clearer view. A youngish man in uniform came scrambling frantically up the bridge ladder.

"It's that pirate, sir!" he exclaimed, breathing hard.

"Pirate!"

"Yes, sir; that sub——"

"But, good heavens, Mr. Warrington, I can't believe it!" said the captain aghast. "Here, in mid-Channel——"

He broke off, staring at the searchlight. Since nearing English waters he had been twice warned, by the Admiralty wireless, that a privately-owned American submarine had been stolen, and was in the hands of a criminal gang, who were using the vessel for the purpose of piracy. It had sounded like a fantastic fairy tale, and Captain Ross had not really given it any serious consideration.

"They've been wirelessly us, sir," said Mr. Warrington, the first officer.

"What!"

"They've ordered us to heave to."

"Of all the infernal impudence!" fumed the captain, with sudden anger. "I've never heard of such nonsense——"

"They say they've got a gun, sir, and that unless we obey they'll fire a shell at our water-line, amidships," continued Mr. Warrington. "It looks mighty ugly to me."

The captain's first consideration was for the safety of his ship and his passengers. His personal inclination was to tell the pirates to go to the devil; but the risk was too great. "Sparks"—the wireless operator—reported that the curt orders from the submarine had been repeated, and the mysterious pirates had now set a time-limit. Unless the Durban Princess stopped her engines within five minutes, the shot would be fired.

Swallowing his fury, Captain Ross gave the necessary orders. The liner, her engines still, glided smoothly through the water. Fortunately, the bulk of her passengers were asleep in their cabins, and there was no alarm.

The submarine, creeping nearer and nearer, and running parallel, looked an insignificant cockleshell compared with the bulk of the liner.

But Captain Ross and his anxious officers did not fail to see the wicked-looking gun. They saw, too, the numbers of men who were ready on the submarine's deck. Two vicious-looking machine-guns were now trained on the larger vessel.

"Ahoy!" came a hail. "Stand by! We are boarding you!"

"Submarine, ahoy!" boomed the captain. "Who are you? What is the meaning of this outrage?"

"Obey orders, and you'll come to no harm," continued the voice from the submarine. "But if any of our men are molested, or even hampered, these two machine guns will pour a raking fire through the port-holes of your passenger cabins. Don't treat this lightly. We're in earnest."

And presently, when the Durban Princess had no more way on her, the submarine drew close in. Men sprang up the accommodation ladder. And every man was heavily masked—every man dressed in a black, tight-fitting costume rather like a boiler-maker's union suit. Each man, too, carried a grim-looking automatic pistol.

The men swarmed up with only one mishap—when one of their number slipped, and fell with a mighty splash back into the sea.

"Which man here is the captain?" asked the leader of the raiders.

"I am!" said Captain Ross angrily. "And if you think I'm frightened by this theatrical nonsense——"

"Let me assure you, captain, that there is nothing theatrical about what you see," interrupted the leader. "My men are fully armed, and if you try any monkey-business with us we shall shoot—and shoot to kill. Let that be thoroughly understood."

"What do you want?"

"And after we have gone below, please do not think that any effort to trick us will serve you," continued the raider. "Twelve of us have come aboard—and twelve of us will leave." He pointed down to the submarine, which had now sheered off. "You see those machine-guns? They are ready for action unless you obey all orders instantly and without question."

It was a tense moment. Captain Ross and his officers, amazed though they were, did not fail to recognise the deadly earnestness of the man who had been speaking. And the very appearance of these raiders, too, with their weapons, and in their masks, was menacing.

The Durban Princess was helpless—at the mercy of these modern pirates.

## CHAPTER 2.

### A Rich Haul

THERE was something very businesslike, too, about these masked men. They were not ordinary ruffians, by any means. The leader was cool, insolent, and serenely confident.

"Better take it on the chin, captain," he said mockingly. "You've got to think of your passengers, haven't you? There'll be quite a panic if you force us to start any gun-play. And that would be such a pity!"

"You—you smooth-tongued rogue——"

"Save your breath!" cut in the other curtly. "Where's your purser? We want to be taken straight to the strong-room."

Captain Ross blanched.

"No!" he ejaculated hoarsely. "By heaven! I'll never——"

"You'll take us to the strong-room—and you'll take us there right now!" jerked the

leader of the raiders, thrusting his gun into the captain's side. "Now, sir! You know what's coming to you if you kick! Give the orders!"

There was nothing else for it but to obey, although the strong-room contained a large consignment of diamonds from the South African mines. It was an unusually large shipment, and of fabulous value.

The old skipper was helpless in his rage; for it was perfectly true that if these pirates started any gunplay, there would be a panic amongst the passengers. Furthermore, there was no doubt that some of those passengers would be killed or injured. Captain Ross could not take the chance.

Thus, whilst six masked men remained on deck, the other six accompanied the purser and the first officer below.

The strong-room was cleared.

Not only were the diamonds taken, but a considerable sum of cash and large quantities of valuables which had been deposited by the passengers.

"You are a sensible man, captain," said the raiders' leader, when he again appeared on deck, his companions loaded with the spoils. "A lesser man would have resisted us, and that would have meant bloodshed. And we should have gained our object just the same in the end. Good-night, captain! Many thanks!"

He spoke in that same mocking voice—a voice which had a silky note in it. In an orderly fashion, the pirates descended the ladder, the submarine now having come alongside again.

The machine-guns were trained upwards towards the liner's decks. Officers and men were leaning over, breathless with the excitement of it all. A few straggling passengers, having come out to inquire the cause of the stoppage, were interested spectators, too, although they did not fully understand.

From first to last, the raid had been conducted with quiet orderliness.

No sooner had the pirates gained their own vessel than it slid silently away. The searchlight was immediately switched off, and those aboard the Durban Princess saw nothing but the squat hull of the submarine and the thin wake of creamy foam.

"The rogues—the villains!" muttered Captain Ross. "Never, in my forty years at sea, have I experienced anything like it!"

"Look, sir! They're submerging," said Mr. Warrington, pointing.

"What else could I have done?" muttered the captain. "If I had offered resistance——"

"You were helpless, sir," said the first officer earnestly. "It's just like the war days, when the German U boats used to hold us up."

"We were armed then," growled the captain.

"Not at the beginning of the war, sir,"

said Mr. Warrington. "And we were just as helpless as we are now; unless we obeyed orders, we were blown out of the water."

By this time the mysterious submarine had completely vanished. She had submerged rapidly after leaving the liner's side, and now there was not even a trace of foam on the smooth sea.

But the Durban Princess' wireless had not been idle, and now, from the blackness of the night, came the inquiring beams of two searchlights. A naval destroyer was approaching, and she was soon in communication with Captain Ross.

But she had arrived too late.

The pirate submarine had gone, and a dozen destroyers could not have located her.

For sheer, colossal daring that raid would have required a lot of beating.

It was all the more daring because the submarine itself was stolen property. She belonged to a wealthy American inventor named Russ Freemantle, and she was known as the Ossipee.

It was Mr. Freemantle's boast that his submersible craft was so far ahead of every other type of under-water vessel that they were obsolete. The Ossipee was unsinkable; she was fast, handy, and so designed that she could dive at an incredible speed with perfect safety. She could descend, too, to a greater depth than any other known type of submarine.

Mr. Freemantle had such supreme confidence in his craft that he had been on a world tour, displaying her wonders to all and sundry. She was not a warship. Mr. Freemantle was an out-and-out pacifist, and his submarine was designed, first and last, as a commercial proposition.

It was for this reason that he had been making a world tour. He had faith in the Ossipee, claiming that she had endless advantage over the more ordinary surface vessels.

And then, like a bolt from the blue, while the Ossipee had been lying in the quiet harbour of Caistowe Bay, on the south coast, she had been seized by mysterious raiders; and since then she had vanished, except on the two occasions when she had dramatically reappeared to commit acts of flagrant piracy.

Small wonder that the affair was a world sensation!

### CHAPTER 3.

#### The Pirates' Lair!

PROFESSOR CYRUS ZINGRAVE, Chief of the infamous League of the Green Triangle, laughed contentedly.

"Quite a rich haul, Kemp," he observed. "I think our little venture was well worth while."

"The stuff we've got is worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, Chief," said Kemp, in a gloating voice.

"Worth it, perhaps, but not to us," replied the professor. "The diamonds will be difficult to get rid of, and I am afraid we shall have to dispose of them for a quarter of their actual value. But I know of certain channels. The other stuff will need careful handling, too. This night's work will mean big money for all of you."

"The boys are mightily pleased, Chief," said Kemp, nodding.

They were standing in a surprisingly comfortable cabin, and the air was filled with the gentle "throb-throb" of the submarine's motors.

She was on the surface now, but ready to dive at the first sign of danger. She was avoiding all other shipping, and her course was a secret one.

Zingrave, having divested himself of the black "union suit," sat down in a comfortable chair and helped himself to a cigar.

"After this, Kemp, I think I shall place you in sole charge of the raids," he said. "I do not altogether care for this kind of thing myself. I prefer my comforts, and it is my business to direct. It will mean a more generous percentage for you, of course."

All those men on the pirate submarine were flushed with triumph. Each man would take his generous share. Zingrave paid handsomely for efficient service.

Kemp, who was a marine engineer by profession, was the submarine's "captain," and he was a valuable man. All those other crooks, too, had been specially selected for this work.

"How long will it take us to reach our base?" asked Zingrave leisurely.

"Roughly, two hours."

"That means we can get in before dawn," said Zingrave. "That's good. You'd better go back to your duty, Kemp. After a short smoke, I shall take a quiet nap."

"You're a cool one, Chief!" said Kemp admiringly.

"Cool?" murmured Zingrave. "In what way? The excitement of the night is over, and there is certainly nothing else for me to do. I know nothing about submarines, and don't want to. Every man to his own job, Kemp."

"Well, I *do* know something about submarines, Chief," said Kemp, "and I can tell you that this craft is a little wonder! She's fairly amazed me! Everything that Freemantle claimed of her is true. She's as easy to handle as a motor-boat."

The professor yawned.

"I'm glad to hear that, for, between you and me, Kemp, I'm not fond of submarines," he said. "I particularly dislike them when they dive under the surface.

I have a dread fear that they will never be able to get up again. I feel imprisoned, and you will agree, Kemp, that that is an awful feeling?"

Kemp grinned.

"I get you, Chief," he said, as he went out.

Zingrave was an escaped convict. He had served some years of a life term, and he was a wanted man. His hatred of imprisonment could be understood, for he was not the hardened type of man who can suffer penal servitude with stolid indifference.

He was a brilliant scientist, a man of refinement, and but for that criminal kink which had made him a man of evil, he would have attained fame and fortune in the scientific world.

At one time the League of the Green Triangle had been an immense organisation—a confederation of criminals with a membership running into thousands. That infamous organisation has been shattered, years ago, mainly owing to the efforts of Nelson Lee, the world-famous detective.

The present league was a mere private concern in comparison with the other. Professor Zingrave had twenty or thirty men immediately about him—every one a tried and trusted old-timer. He had other agents in London, in Southampton, Cardiff, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham. His men, in fact, were scattered widely in all directions. But, when all was said and done, this new league was small. Zingrave dreamed of gaining his old power; and his present campaign, in fact, was designed mainly to obtain ample funds. With funds he could do anything. He could startle the world with a greater confederation than he had ever controlled.

Power!

Day and night, the thought of power was in the mind of this remarkable man. He dreamed of ruling England—Europe—even the whole world. But for the present he was going slowly—bent only upon building up.

He slept peacefully as a child as the Ossipee glided, unseen, up the Channel, creeping nearer and nearer to the south coast.

She submerged again, and in the dark hour before the dawn, she came abreast of a little rocky islet which stood some distance from the mainland opposite Langdon Bay, and not a great many miles from Caistowe.

It was known as Surf Island, and for years had been uninhabited.

But of recent months a gentleman of astronomical leanings had built a bungalow on Surf Island. Dr. Enoch Catling lived entirely alone, except for his manservant, Bates.

And, needless to say, both Catling and Bates were in Zingrave's pay—and Surf Island was one of those secret retreats which Zingrave had shrewdly prepared for himself in various parts of the country.



The great slab of stone fell crashing to the floor of the dungeon and before the imprisoned schoolboys yawned a black cavity. "Hurrah!" yelled Handforth. "There's our way to freedom at last!"

Surf Island was something more now—it was the lair of the modern pirates.

Creeping cautiously towards the rock cliffs, and remaining submerged, the *Ossipee* slid through a rock channel under the surface. And having passed through this, she rose to the surface again in a deep seawater pool, almost in the centre of the island.

A safe harbour—a secret hiding-place which was hidden from all prying eyes.

#### CHAPTER 4.

##### The Prisoners in the Cavern!

**T**HIS rock pool, in the centre of Surf Island, was, in its way, unique.

It was a basin of deep water surrounded by sheer crags. Any stranger, walking across the grassy downs of the little island, would have been taken completely by surprise. Reaching the higher ground, he would suddenly come upon a sheer drop—a gash. And there, far below, lay the pool. A wild, desolate spot, with rock ledges and black, mysterious caverns.

When Surf Island had been uninhabited, and during the summer months, picnic parties had frequently come across from the mainland. The boys of St. Frank's College had often paid visits, and they had done a good deal of exploring.

But Surf Island was now strictly private property, and visitors were not encouraged. Dr. Catling was a man of studious habits, and he loved solitude. He enjoyed solitude, too, to all intents and purposes; for not a soul except Dr. Catling himself and his servant had ever been seen on Surf Island. All those other men who were there remained out of sight.

Professor Zingrave enjoyed the full amenities of Catling's bungalow; he had been living very comfortably in that picturesque dwelling for quite a number of weeks. The other Green Triangle men had only come after the *Ossipee* had been seized. And Dr. Catling, for one, was not in the best of spirits over the change.

Dawn was beginning to lighten the eastern sky as the submarine, safe in her harbour, edged cautiously towards one of the rock ledges which bordered the deep seawater pool.

Her hatchways were already open, and soon some of the men were ashore, hawsers were fixed, and a gangway was placed in position.

"Take the stuff straight to the cavern," ordered Zingrave. "I will remain here and overlook the work. Move smartly now, men. Daylight will be here soon, and there is not a minute to waste!"

The loot was taken into a long rock tunnel. The island was fairly honeycombed with these tunnels, for, centuries earlier, it had been the headquarters of many a smuggling gang. But that rock pool had never before been used as it was being used now. That was Professor Zingrave's own secret.

There was one cavern with a specially-constructed door—a door which was made of the solid rock. Zingrave possessed the only key.

The door was opened, and the spoils of the night carried in. There was a good deal of treasure, here already—many cases of silver, in bullion, which had been looted from another ship.

Not far away, down another tunnel, there were more of these rock caverns. One of them had an age-blackened oak door, with heavy outside bolts.

And behind that door three prisoners languished.

They were schoolboys, in fact—none others than the celebrated Edward Handforth, of the *Remove* at St. Frank's, and his sturdy chums, Church and McClure. They had been in captivity for some days, and they were growing more or less desperate.

Night and day were all the same to them; for the blessed daylight never penetrated to their prison. Food was brought to them regularly, and they ate with hearty appetites. They slept, too. But by now they had lost count of the days, and their watches having stopped through inattention, they never knew what the hour was. For the first day of their imprisonment they had been chained to the wall. Now, however, they had been released of that.

It seemed to them that they had been imprisoned for weeks.

They owed their capture to an unlucky sea mist. Having gone out fishing one fine evening, they had got lost in the mist, and had accidentally stumbled upon Surf Island. Here they had run across some of Zingrave's men—and after that their fate was more or less sealed. For the crooks could not allow these boys to get away, to talk of what they had seen.

At first, Zingrave had planned to drown them, making it appear that they had met with a lamentable accident. But that had been too risky. Zingrave had contented himself with taking the boys' boat out into the Channel, with some of their clothing. This had been found, and it was generally believed that Handforth & Co. were drowned.

At the dawn of this particular day, Handforth aroused his listless chums.

"There's something doing, you chaps," he said, in a low voice. "Listen? I can hear people moving about along tunnels."

"That blighting Zingrave and his men!" grunted Church.

"It might be Mr. Lee—come to keep his promise," muttered Handforth feverishly.

"By George, it's about time, isn't it?"

"Something must have happened," came McClure's voice. "I don't believe Mr. Lee will ever come now. It was weeks ago when he promised us that we should only be kept here for a day or two. Anyhow, it seems like weeks. I'm beginning to lose hope."

"Rats!" said Handforth, whose spirit could never be quenched. "Mr. Lee will come—and very likely he's here now."

"What an optimist you are, old man," said Church enviously.

They heard footsteps, and they held their breath. The footsteps grew nearer, and then they halted.

"This is where the boys are kept, isn't it?" came Zingrave's voice, through the oak door.

"They're quite all right, I suppose?"

"Bates looks after 'em, Chief," said another voice. "I think they're keeping healthy. Do you want to have a look at them?"

"Not now," replied Zingrave. "They are probably asleep, anyhow. I wouldn't disturb them for the world."

The footsteps passed on.

"What a kind and considerate man," grunted Handforth ferociously. "By George! Just wait until I get out of here! There's one thing in the world that I want to do more than any other—and that is to get one good swing-punch at Zingrave's face!"

"Blow Zingrave!" muttered Church. "I shall be glad enough to get out of this Black Hole of Calcutta. Crumbs! What wouldn't I give for just one sight of our mouldy old Form-room at St. Frank's!"

## CHAPTER 5.

### The Professor at Home!

ZINGRAVE, unconscious of Handforth's pugilistic designs upon his face, continued his way up the rock tunnel.

The other men had now left him—for there were all sorts of burrows where they had their quarters.

From the last ship the Green Triangle men had raided a considerable quantity of stores, and food was plentiful on Surf Island.

Zingrave, flashing an electric torch in front of him, mounted an apparently endless flight of worn stone steps. They cut clean through the rocks, and, at last, the professor operated a lever. A great slab of rock tilted above his head, and now, when he emerged, he found

himself in the modern, spic and span kitchen of Dr. Catling's bungalow.

The solid-looking cooking-range, on its glazed tiles, had tilted, and now it went back into place, leaving no trace of the secret opening.

Passing out of the kitchen, Zingrave went across a well-furnished hall and entered the living-room.

Two men were there, one reading by the light of a friendly oil-lamp, and the other sleeping in the chair before the fire.

"Wake up, Bates," said Catling, giving Bates a kick. "The Chief's home."

Zingrave dropped into an easy chair.

"You fellows are having the best of it," he commented. "Everything been quiet, Catling? Oh, you're awake, Bates? What about that hot coffee?"

"Why, yes, Chief—sure!" exclaimed Bates, in some confusion. "It's all made—and simmering. I'll bring it straight in."

He hurried away, and Dr. Catling looked at Zingrave curiously. There was nothing of the crook about Catling. He was a tall, elderly man, and he had a general appearance of benevolent respectability.

"Successful?" he asked bluntly.

"Very."

"Another haul, eh?" said Catling. "It seems a fearful risky business to me, Chief. You know what you're doing, of course; but every ship you hold up will be more dangerous than the last. Think of the chances you're taking. They've got the Navy out——"

"My dear Catling, it isn't at all necessary for you to give me this interesting information—which I already know," interrupted Zingrave. "I quite agree with you, however, that as time goes on we must become more and more cautious. But we are in no hurry. We are comfortably situated here, and I propose to lie low for quite a little time now."

"You're banking on the submarine remaining hidden, aren't you?" asked Catling. "But what if Surf Island comes under suspicion? You know as well as I do that we couldn't last a minute if there was a really intensive search."

"I am afraid you're selfish, Catling," said Zingrave gently. "Before I started this little game you were very comfortable, weren't you? Living here in luxury with Bates to look after you, and getting an extraordinarily handsome salary. But you've got to take the rough with the smooth. I may have to shift my quarters soon; and, if that happens, you'll be left in peace again. You needn't be afraid of the particular kind of trouble you have suggested. I am taking every precaution, and I don't care that for the authorities."

He snapped his fingers contemptuously; and just then Bates came in with steaming-hot coffee.

"Oh, I nearly forgot," said Catling suddenly. "There's a message for you, Chief. One of our men came especially over in a motor-boat, to deliver it."

Zingrave broke open the envelope as he sipped his coffee.

The letter was a very harmless one, apparently, and it was actually addressed to Dr. Catling, and dealt with matters which appeared to be purely astronomical.

As a matter of fact, that message was in code, and it had been sent from London by one of Zingrave's spies.

"H'm! I don't think so," said the professor, shaking his head. "It would have been all right if we hadn't pulled to-night's affair. But the Atlantis is one of the biggest liners afloat."

"Am I allowed to be on this?" asked Catling.

"It seems that cool million is being shipped aboard the Atlantis, which sails for New York next week," said Zingrave. "Think of it, Catling! Gold bullion—a little matter of national repayment from the British Government to the United States Government. It's tempting enough, in all conscience!"

"A million," muttered Catling greedily. "And with that submarine—— But you wouldn't dare, Chief! You couldn't hold up the Atlantis! After what's happened, she's certain to have a crowd of armed detectives aboard."

"That's just it," said Zingrave, nodding. "A million in gold!" He sipped his coffee again. "A common crook, Catling, would fall for this temptation. But I'm not a common crook. I'd like that gold, certainly, but the dangers would be too enormous. The Atlantis is a floating city, with a population numbering thousands. Oh, no! It couldn't be done. I'm sticking to my original plan—and that is to lie low. The Atlantis can keep her gold—and her armed detectives, too. I'm not falling into that trap!"

But as he lay back in his chair there was an expression of sombre regret on his face. A million in gold! His agent had meant well in supplying him with that information; but it was just one of those things which couldn't be done.

Professor Cyrus Zingrave was the most daring criminal known to the police; but he never allowed his judgment to be swayed by his greed. Therein lay his strength.

## CHAPTER 6.

### Nelson Lee's Vow!

THIS latest exploit of the pirates aroused a veritable storm.

The London evening papers produced special editions, giving the startling news. Another liner held up by the

submarine pirates and looted! And again the stolen *Ossipee* had appeared as though from nowhere, and had vanished without leaving a trace.

The newspapers were full of big talk. What was the matter with the Government? Why didn't it act drastically? How much longer was British shipping to be subjected to this infamous piracy? Conditions were becoming more lawless than in Chicago itself!

Nelson Lee, at St. Frank's, heard the news without turning a hair. He wasn't a bit surprised. He had been fully expecting that Zingrave would bring off another coup. For Nelson Lee was fully aware that Professor Zingrave was behind this daring business. He had the advantage of the world at large, for in this exploit Zingrave had maintained an unusual secrecy; he was making no elaborate display of the sign of the green triangle.

Mr. Russ Freemantle, who still remained in Caistowe, rang Lee up during the morning.

"You're the only man who has given me hope, Mr. Lee," he said. "Some days ago you promised me that the *Ossipee* would be restored to me 'within a few days'; and you told me not to worry."

"You sound as if you are worrying very much, Mr. Freemantle."

"Man alive! Do you blame me?" asked the American inventor. "My vessel raids a liner last night—and to-day she has disappeared again. Where can those crooks be keeping her? She can't be far off."

"That's obvious," commented Lee.

"But where?" insisted Mr. Freemantle. "Where are these hoodlums hiding out? Your navy is awake at last, and destroyers are searching everywhere up and down the Channel. But it doesn't seem to be any good."

"If you will have a little more patience, Mr. Freemantle, your worries will soon be over," said Lee calmly. "Let me repeat my promise. You shall have your submarine back very soon."

"But if you know something, Mr. Lee, why don't you act now?"

"I shall act just as soon as I can," was Nelson Lee's vague reply.

"Yes, I do know something. But not much. And I want you to remember, Mr. Freemantle, that this is in strict confidence."

And with that the submarine owner had to be content.

It was after morning lessons that Nipper, the genial *Remove* captain, paid a visit to the headmaster's study. He was looking eager as he came into Nelson Lee's presence.

"Well, guv'nor, what do you make of it?" he asked breathlessly.

"It's rather a trying time, Nipper," replied Lee. "I'm sorry that Zingrave raided the *Durban Princess* last night; he

obtained a rich haul. And it may put him off another prize."

"What do you mean, guv'nor?"

"The Treasury has allowed it to 'leak out' that a consignment of gold is being sent to America aboard the liner *Atlantis*," replied Nelson Lee. "I think the authorities are hoping that Zingrave will be tempted to hold up that ship."

"You mean, the gold isn't going aboard the *Atlantis* at all?" asked Nipper shrewdly.

"That seems to be the plan."

"The gold isn't going at all—it's just a blind?"

"I think the gold is going—it has to be delivered, by the conditions of a treaty, by a certain date," replied Lee. "But nobody knows how it will be sent. And it doesn't really matter, Nipper. If these Green Triangle people will raid the *Atlantis* we might nab them. The point is—will Zingrave be tempted?"

"When does she sail, sir?"

"Early next week."

"Oh, crumbs! Have we got to wait until then?" asked Nipper, in dismay. "We know more than anybody else, guv'nor—we know that the submarine is being kept at Surf Island. By Jingo! I shan't forget that night trip of ours earlier this week! We made some big discoveries, then, didn't we?"

"Including the finding of Handforth and his chums in the dungeons," nodded the great detective. "Rather rough on those boys, young 'un. But if we had rescued them, Zingrave would have taken alarm—and that would have prevented me from making the big haul. I don't think they're in any danger. If I did think so, I would abandon all else and fetch them away."

"Couldn't we go on another trip to the island, sir?" asked Nipper eagerly. "We might be able to discover something fresh. And we could see those chaps, and——"

"No," interrupted Nelson Lee. "Handforth and his chums must be patient. It would be far too dangerous for us to make another lone raid on Surf Island. I am biding my time, Nipper—but when I do move I shall move to some purpose."

"You'll let me be in on it, sir?"

"I think I shall find it difficult to keep you out of it," said Lee dryly. "And remember, Handforth and his chums are doing their bit—and doing it pluckily. It is generally believed that they perished in the Channel, but their parents, at all events, know the truth. I gave them the information to relieve them of anxiety and I also obtained their permission to leave the boys where they are so that our scheme will not fail. It will all come out right soon, Nipper—and I am hoping that this time Zingrave and his whole organisation will be shattered."

CHAPTER 7.

An Exciting Discovery!

“ANOTHER day!” said Handforth, in a grim, hard voice.

The three prisoners had just finished a meal—a plain, homely meal of bread, cold beef, and tea. The menu did not vary much; there was generally bread and hot tea, and the other item varied between cold beef, cheese, cooked sausage and canned fish.

But at least, Zingrave was giving his prisoners plenty to eat, and he had even provided them with an assortment of ancient magazines and books, so that they could kill some of the time.

Their prison was a deep, rocky cavern. There was no possible escape, for they were bolted in, and that oak door was stout enough to withstand the onslaught of a battering-ram.

As their own clothing had been taken away from them, they were wearing an odd assortment of men's garments. They had been provided with mattresses and blankets, so their sleep was less uncomfortable than it might have been. Some empty cases had been brought in, too, and these served as tables. They were allowed to have as many candles as they liked, and these were welcome.

“I think you must have got a bit mixed up, Handy,” said Church, shaking his head. “We couldn't have been here all those days.”

Handforth was making a long scratch on the side of the cavern, using a loose piece of rock for the purpose. He had just added a seventh scratch.

“Rats!” he said. “I've counted the days, haven't I?”

“It seems like a week—but I don't think we've been here more than three days,” went on Church. “It might be only two. It's so jolly difficult to keep any account of the time. Our meals are all the same, so we don't know the difference between breakfast, dinner, and supper.”

“And still Mr. Lee doesn't come!” growled Handforth. “Why? I thought he would have nabbed these crooks long ago——”

“Well, you needn't talk so loudly,” interrupted McClure. “You silly ass! How do you know that some of those men aren't out in the tunnel? For goodness sake be careful.”

“Oh, let's do something!” grunted Handforth. “Let's continue our exploring.”

“Might as well,” said his chums. “Anything to pass the time.”

For some days—two days, at least—they had been making a systematic exploration of their prison. It had been Handforth's idea, and Church and McClure had agreed because it served to keep him quiet. And these three boys were really suffering acutely. They were active, healthy youngsters, and this close confinement was very akin to torture.

It would not have been so bad if they had had daylight. But in this grim smugglers' cave, deep in the rocks, they lived in perpetual darkness. The candle-light was only a poor substitute for the glorious light of day.

Commencing at the door, the prisoners had gone over every inch of the rock wall, down one side of the cavern. They had tested every projection, they had explored every crevice. Handforth seemed to have an idea that there might be some other exit. He was always full of wild hopes.

“These old caves

were once used by the smugglers,” he argued. “I'm not saying that there is another way out of this cave, but why shouldn't there be?”

And so they had carried on with their exploring. They had already completed one side of their prison, and the end, and were now half way back along the other side. And even Handforth's hopes, which had never been very high, were beginning to flag.

“This is where we left off,” he said, as they came to the spot. “Hold the candle, Churchy. I remember saying that these rocks looked rather more promising than those on the other side. And don't forget—if somebody comes, make out that we're having some sort of game. No need to let those blighters know that we're doing this.”

Church and McClure did not see how it would make any difference, but they did not argue. They held the candles for their leader, and Handforth, squatting on the dusty, sandy floor, pulled and tugged at the projections of rock—which were certainly rough and jagged just here.

This went on for an hour—with the same result as before. The rocks were quite immovable. Church took a turn, then, and he was in the middle of his spell when

---

## “PLUNDER, LTD. !”

*A Remarkable Extra - Long  
Complete Detective - Thriller  
which appears in next week's  
issue!*

A sinister confederation headed by a mysterious master-crook whose ruthless cunning has marked him down as the most dangerous menace to society the police has ever had to deal with—and Nelson Lee fighting against overwhelming odds. That is the theme of next Wednesday's Thrill-packed story, and one you'll all vote a winner!

---

footsteps sounded, and another meal arrived. It was a welcome break.

Afterwards, McClure took his turn. And curiously enough, almost the first projection of rock he touched quivered slightly. He did not feel it immediately, for it seemed as solid as the rest. But when he tugged hard he suddenly experienced a thrill. The others had seen no movement.

This piece of rock was a sort of slab—a huge formation which seemed to be an integral part of the cavern wall. Yet there were edges to it, where it projected. And McClure, pulling at these edges, felt the quiver.

"Funny!" he said, in a strange voice.

"What's funny?" asked Handforth.

"This bit of wall seems to give a bit when I pull on it," said Mac. "I don't think we can do anything——"

"By George! Let's have a look!"

Handforth's voice was husky with excitement. He tugged too, and distinctly felt the quiver. Then Church added his own strength. All three pulling together, there was no mistake about the looseness of that rock slab. It wasn't a part of the wall, as they had believed—but a separate section.

"I say! Hold on!" ejaculated Church suddenly. "No wonder we can't move it! Look here!"

He held his candle close to the floor, and Handforth and McClure understood. The rock could not move because it descended below the level of the actual floor of the cave—and that floor was not solid rock, but tightly packed sand.

## CHAPTER 8.

### A Secret of the Old Smugglers!

"IT'S a frost!" said Handforth disappointedly.

"Wait a minute!" muttered Church, a new light in his eyes. "Look at this floor, you chaps! There's the dust and sand of centuries here—trodden in. It must have been accumulating for hundreds of years, and, naturally, it's risen inch by inch in the course of time."

"What are you getting at?" asked Handforth.

"Why, centuries ago, the level of this floor was lower," explained Church. "If we can only get this floor away, we might be able to move the rock. I don't suppose it'll be any good if we do—there'll only be solid rock behind it. But why not try?"

They tried. They worked hard. Their only tools were scraps of loose rock which they managed to detach from other parts of the cavern. That trodden sand and dust seemed as hard as concrete at first; but once they had gained a start, they made more rapid progress.

If this work served no other purpose, it certainly passed the time rapidly. For another meal came round almost before they knew it—the hours had slipped by like lightning. Their guards suspected nothing, for the boys were always warned well in advance before anybody could enter.

And they were found reading, or apparently sleeping. This latest meal was supper, evidently, for after it had been cleared away Bates bade them a gruff "Good-night." But they weren't sleepy. And when all had become quiet, they continued their efforts.

"This is jolly good!" muttered Handforth breathlessly. "We've been left for the night, you chaps—and that means that we shan't be disturbed for seven or eight hours. Come on! Where are those bits of loose rock?"

Now and again, as they worked, they tested the great slab, and they were thrilled when it shifted perceptibly. It had only been held by the packed sand of the floor.

At last they had made a satisfactory clearance, and Handforth was all impatient to make the big test.

"Come on!" he panted. "Let's all heave together. Something might happen."

"Better go easy," warned Mac. "We don't want the giddy rock to shift too suddenly—or it might dislodge half the wall."

They exerted their efforts, gaining a firm grip, and pulling with all their strength. With a sudden scraping and splintering, the great slab came bodily outwards—and, curiously enough, one edge of it remained against the wall of the cave, as though on a pivot.

"My only sainted aunt! We've done it!" breathed Handforth. "Well, there'll be nothing behind here—but it'll be something, anyhow, to have made sure."

"Look!" gurgled Church in a hoarse whisper.

He was holding a candle behind the slab, which now stood at right-angles to the wall. And there, dark and mysterious, yawned a narrow, deep, tunnel-like opening.

"Hurrah!" cried Handy. "Our way to freedom!"

He was incapable of further words at the moment. They had hoped against hope that there might be something like this. It seemed too good to be true. An opening—a tunnel! It might lead to freedom!

"Wait a minute, you chaps," said Handforth unsteadily. "Don't let's fool ourselves—it may not be a tunnel at all, but just a sort of crevice. Let's have that candie, Mac."

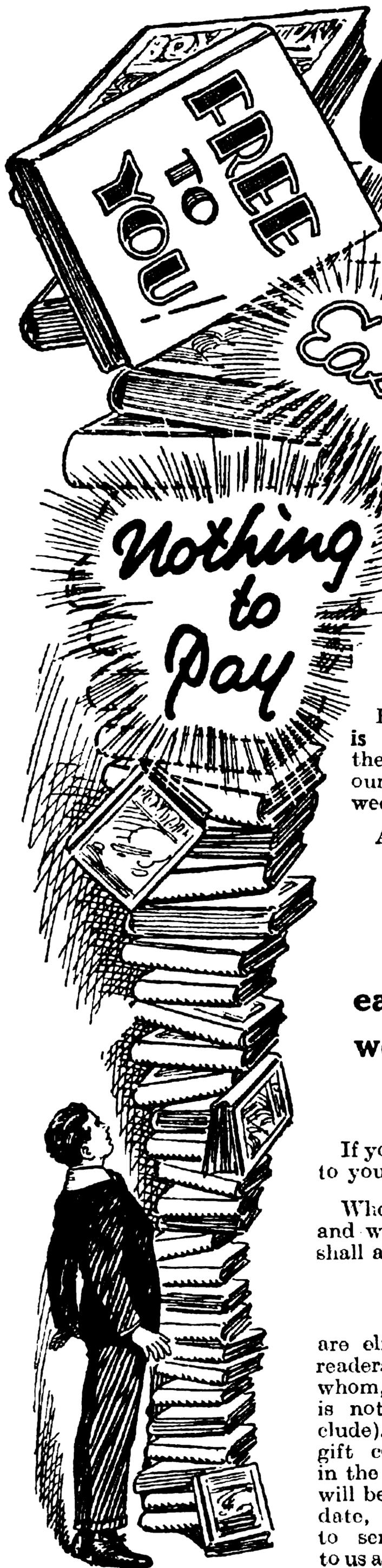
He took it with a trembling hand, and, worming his way into the opening, he held the candle well in front of him.

To his joy, the tunnel penetrated deeply, and no end of it was in sight.

"Well?" came an excited whisper from behind.

"You chaps follow me!" came Handforth's voice. "I'm going to crawl through. But go easy! If the tunnel comes to a sudden

*(Continued on page 14.)*



Our

10,000

Start Now

GIFT PLAN

Nothing to Pay

**10,000 FINE GIFT BOOKS OFFERED TO READERS**

**Y**OU must hurry up if you want to be in the running for one of the wonderful gift books offered here. This is the fifth week of the offer, but you can start collecting the coupons now, which is all you have to do to try for one of these magnificent prizes. Every coupon is worth so many points—10, 25, 50 and so on, and they are appearing in NELSON LEE and other famous boys' papers. The highest totals of points collected will win.

Below you will find a coupon for 25 points, while on page 19 is another 25-point coupon; cut them both out and keep them with the others you have already collected. Then watch our next issue for further coupons. You've still three more weeks in which to make your total a real "big noise."

And let me tell you some good news—

This week's issues of **RANGER** and **BULLSEYE** each contain a **Special Bonus Coupon** worth **250 points**, in addition to their usual weekly point-coupons.

If you buy both these books you will be able to add 600 points to your total! Look out for other splendid bonus offers, too!

When the final week's coupons appear we shall tell you how and where to send in all the coupons you have collected, and shall also ask you which book you would prefer if you win.

**OVERSEAS READERS**

are eligible to enter this great scheme (with the exception of readers in New Zealand, whom, unfortunately, it is not possible to include). Collect all the gift coupons you can, in the same way. There will be a special closing date, to give you time to send your coupons to us after the final week.



## The PIRATE SUBMARINE!

(Continued from page 12.)

dead end, we shall have to crawl out backwards—and that won't be so jolly easy! There's not room enough to turn."

"Never mind—go ahead!" said Church. "Let's take a chance. What's the air like up there?"

Handforth suddenly gave a startled gulp.

"What's the matter?" asked Church.

"What you just said!" panted Handforth.

"I hadn't noticed it before—but this candle is flickering. There's a draught coming down this tunnel—and that means that it must lead somewhere."

He was now wildly excited, and he crawled on. Church followed, with McClure bringing up the rear. In places they found it difficult to squeeze through, for the tunnel narrowed alarmingly. In places, too, it was so low that they could not even crawl, but were obliged to squirm.

But the tunnel kept on.

Handforth could feel the air becoming fresher and fresher, and this was a plain indication that there was an outlet not far ahead, leading into the open air. During a brief rest, where the tunnel was wider, he turned his head, whispering to his chums to halt.

"Better go jolly easy now," he breathed.

"I believe we're coming out somewhere."

"You're the one to go easy," came Church's voice.

"No; I mean, don't talk," said Handforth. "There may be men on guard, or something. Mum's the word!"

They moved on again, and at an abrupt bend in the tunnel Handforth nearly betrayed himself into uttering a yell of surprise.

For he saw, ahead of him, a number of twinkling stars—and they were apparently on the floor of a great cavern.

Then he realised the truth. He had come out upon a ledge, and the cavern "floor" was actually the placid surface of the great pool reflecting the stars.

### CHAPTER 9.

#### Liberty!

**A** MINUTE later all three boys were standing on the ledge. It was glorious to be on their feet, and to feel the night air fanning their flushed cheeks; it was ten times more glorious to see the winking stars overhead.

"Well, we've done it!" murmured Handforth exultantly.

His chums were too excited to make any comment at the moment. They had an impression that they would soon wake up. For this was one of the things they had dreamed of—and dreams do not really come true.

Not a sound disturbed the stillness. Apparently Handforth & Co. had the place to themselves. Of the submarine there was no sign. Even when the boys stared upwards at the crags they could see no sentinel figures

on guard. At dead of night this rock gully, with the sea-water making a slow and insidious movement, was an eerie kind of place.

Handforth suddenly shivered.

"Well, what are we going to do?" he whispered, looking at his chums with burning eyes.

"That's what we've got to decide," murmured Church. "We've got our liberty—but what's the good of it to us? We can't swim to the mainland, can we? And there's not a chance in a thousand that we shall be able to find a boat."

"Still, we're out of that cavern," said Handforth doggedly.

He was all in favour of climbing the rocks, getting out of this gully, and making some move against the crooks. He did not quite know what. Anything would do.

"You're wrong, old man," said McClure quietly.

"But, dash it, after we've gained our freedom——"

"We haven't," interrupted the Scottish junior. "It's only a partial freedom. Let's be satisfied. It would be absolute madness to go any further now. We don't even know what the time is—it might be near dawn."

"You're not suggesting that we should go back to the cavern?"

"Yes, I am."

"You're potty!"

"I'm sensible," retorted Mac bluntly.

"We're all tired out, Handy——"

"I'm not tired, ass!"

"Yes, you are—it's only your excitement which is making you feel fresh," said McClure. "We've had no sleep at all—we've been working like niggers. We're in no condition to chance a swim to the mainland, or to have a scrap with those crooks if we come across them."

"Mac's right," said Church, who was suddenly feeling weary. "We've made this discovery, Handy, so let's be satisfied with it. It's a jolly good idea to get back—and to make our real break for liberty at a more favourable time. Things will be different in the cavern now; we shan't feel bottled up any more. Don't you see? We've got the advantage."

"I believe you're right," admitted Handforth reluctantly. "It would be different if we knew what the time is. At least, we can climb these rocks and have a general look round."

"There's no sense——"

Church broke off abruptly. From somewhere on the other side of the pool, where the darkness was impenetrable, a voice sounded. The effect was extraordinary, for although the voice was low, the words came across with the utmost clarity. It was no doubt due to some acoustic property of the rock basin. The three juniors stood stock-still. In the blackness they saw the glow of a cigarette.

"—— swear I heard something, Matt," came the voice. "Like a sort of whispering."

"Must have been your imagination," came another voice. "I hate this blamed place at night. Full of funny echoes."

"Couldn't have been those kids, I suppose?"

"If they yelled at the top of their voices, we should hardly hear 'em," said the other. "It's as still as ever to-night. I'd like to see a good old high wind, and a rough sea. This stillness gets me down."

"It's useful, though," said the other voice. "As long as the sea remains calm, we can operate."

"That's what I mean. The Chief might be tempted to take the sub. out again, and it's my opinion that we'd better lie low for a week or two. We shan't have anybody nosing about if the sea gets rough."

The voices dwindled away, and Handforth & Co. breathed little sighs of relief. So their whisperings had been heard—and it was only by luck that the men had not investigated.

"Come on!" breathed Handforth.

He led the way into the tunnel, for he had no further desire to do any exploring. And now that he had made up his mind, he was feeling dog-tired.

They got back into their prison after an arduous journey—and by now their hands and knees were aching with soreness.

The rock slab went back into place without any trouble, and it was a simple matter to smooth the floor.

"By George! We're back—and nobody but us knows of this rear exit," said Handforth, as he sprawled gratefully on his mattress. "You chaps were right—we'd better have some sleep. We can make our plans to-morrow."

"The candle—quick!" hissed McClure.

He had heard footsteps, and Handforth made as if to pinch the flame out. Then he checked himself.

"No!" he whispered. "They'd smell it, and know that we were trying a trick. Better leave it burning."

Hastily, they covered themselves with their blankets, and as they did so they heard the bolts being gently pulled back.

Two men locked in.

"I told you not to be a fool, Matt!" said one of the men. "The kids are sound asleep. Left the candle burning, too. Poor little dears! Afraid of the dark, I suppose?"

They went out again, satisfied, and the bolts were once again shot back into position.

## CHAPTER 10.

### Secret Information!

ON the afternoon of the next day, Bates made one of his periodic visits into Caistowe, using Dr. Catling's handy little motor-boat.

Bates was well known in the town; he did all his shopping there, and paid cash, too. He dallied awhile, listening to the general gossip.

The exploits of the pirate submarine formed the main topic of conversation; and as far as Bates could find out, not a soul even thought of Surf Island as being even remotely connected with the mystery. Dr. Enoch Catling and his remote observatory were now recognised features of the neighbourhood.

As Bates was on the waterfront, ready for his return, he was accosted by a smartly-dressed man who asked him for a match. Bates promptly obliged.

He knew the man. He was one of Zingrave's London agents. And Bates was not surprised with the "stranger" in passing the matchbox back, included a neatly-folded note with it.

"For the Chief—urgent," he said, in a low voice. "I've been waiting here since noon—knew you were coming in to-day."

He nodded casually, and walked on. Anybody witnessing that chance meeting could not have guessed what had actually taken place.

Professor Zingrave was taking his ease in the living-room of Catling's bungalow when Bates returned.

"Saw Harper in the town, Chief," said Bates. "He gave me this. Said it was important."

"Harper?" repeated Zingrave, taking the folded note. "A most reliable fellow, Harper; he wouldn't come in person unless he had something of the utmost importance to report."

"That's what I thought," said Bates. "I couldn't speak to him, of course."

"Where did you meet?" asked Zingrave sharply. "One false move, no matter how trivial—"

But Bates interrupted him, describing how casual the meeting had been; and Zingrave was satisfied.

When Catling came in, ten minutes later—having spent most of the day in the observatory—he found Zingrave looking flushed. And it was such an unusual thing for the professor to display any kind of emotion that Catling stared.

"Bad news, Chief?" he asked, seeing the letter.

"Oh, no, my good Catling—not bad news," said Zingrave. "Good news. Wonderful news. Marvellous news. This message is in the same code as that other one, which told me of the Atlantis plan. It is from Harper. And Harper, who is a very excellent fellow, has managed to get hold of some vital information."

"You mean, about that gold?"

"It appears, Catling, that the Treasury authorities are thoroughly alarmed," continued Zingrave gently. "Our little piracy stunts have, to express it vulgarly, put the wind up them. And although they are making an almost public display of the fact that a million in bullion is being sent aboard the Atlantis, that gold is actually being sent in another ship."

"Yes, but you daren't risk—"

"A small cargo steamer, Catling—a paltry, insignificant tramp known as the Melrose. She has already left the London Docks, and she is bound for Boston with a general cargo. And this makes a difference, Catling."

He rose to his feet, and paced up and down.

"Yes, Harper is a good fellow," he went on. "He gives me the approximate route of the Melrose, and I can calculate just when she will be in such-and-such a part of the Channel at such-and-such a time. It's only a matter of calculation."

"I don't like it!" said Catling uneasily. "You can't make another raid so quickly——"

"But, my dear fellow, a cargo steamer!" said Zingrave. "Can't you see the cunning of it? They are expecting us to wait for the Atlantis. The gold has been sent in this tramp steamer so many days earlier because the Melrose is a much slower boat—and the gold must be in America by a certain date. It's a plan to get the stuff away in secret—so that there cannot be any possible chance of us getting our hands on it."

The professor suddenly turned to Bates.

"Go down the tunnel and fetch Kemp," he ordered. "Bring Mason and Stoltz, too."

Bates hurried away.

"You're not going after that cargo boat, are you?" asked Catling uneasily. "The Channel's full of destroyers, and they'll be more active than ever to-night. You can be certain that the gold will be heavily guarded. They might have guns, too."

"That's just the point," said Zingrave smoothly. "They think their plans are secret, and all the armed men and the guns will be aboard the Atlantis. We've nothing to fear from the Melrose."

"But that boat will have wireless—and before you can clear the stuff out of the strong-room there'll be two or three destroyers on the scene——"

"Harper is one of my best men," interrupted Zingrave dreamily, as he looked at the message again. "He has brains, Catling. He took the precaution to get some of our men aboard the Melrose before she sailed. I don't think the captain will be in a position to send out any wireless S O S when the big moment comes. The Treasury people think that they are smart—and so I shall make it my business to take them down a peg or two."

## CHAPTER 11.

### An Unexpected Adventure!

**C**HURCH and McClure spent a very trying day—and an even more trying evening.

Handforth was practically unmanagable.

Having slept soundly, and having recovered his normal energy, he was full of wild and fantastic ideas of escape. This impatience was characteristic of him. He would have ruined everything by precipitate action

—and more than once his chums were compelled to hold him back by sheer force.

They slept again after breakfast—they slept until midday. Handforth argued that none of Zingrave's men dare show themselves on the island during the day-time—therefore it was the safest period for an escape. And there was a good chance, too, that they would get hold of a boat. For Dr. Catling, at least, lived openly upon Surf Island, and it was quite on the cards that he would have a boat on the beach.

It seemed a sound argument—until Church and McClure tore it to shreds.

"It would be all right, Handy, if we could come out on the beach itself," said Church. "But you know as well as I do that the only exit from this cavern leads to the rock pool. And that's a secret kind of place—and Zingrave's men can show themselves as much as they like. No, we daren't move until dark."

"And then we shall be in the same mess as last night," growled Handforth.

"But we shall be fresher, and we shall have the advantage of our previous experience," said Church. "Do bottle it up, Handy! Let's be sensible over this."

They managed to keep him quiet—and to-day they rewound their watches, and kept a careful record of the time. It had been easy enough to casually ask Bates, on one of his visits, what the time was, and Bates had given it to them with a grin.

"What does it matter to you kids?" he asked. "You're not going anywhere!"

"That's all he knows!" murmured Handforth, after the man had gone.

Their last meal was brought, they found, at eight o'clock. At nine Bates came again, and after that they were left to themselves for the night. Handforth was again on tenterhooks to be off; but his chums, by dint of hard work, managed to keep him inactive until eleven.

And then he flatly defied them. Their plan was to wait until two o'clock in the morning, when there was a good chance that Zingrave's men would be sleeping.

But Handforth would have none of it. At eleven he pulled the rock slab back and commenced to crawl to the exit. His chums could do nothing but follow.

It was easy to understand why this "back door" had never been suspected. It was true that the exit, on the ledge, was quite open. But if any of Zingrave's men had explored that narrow tunnel they would have come to a dead end, and would have thought not more about it. There was no indication, from the tunnel side, that it led into the cavern.

When the boys emerged they were startled to see the submarine lying in full view in the pool. And in this confined space she looked enormously big. There was a gangway in position, and the hatches were open. But no lights showed. Neither was there any sign of a man. The vessel was deserted.

"What do you make of it?" breathed Handforth excitedly.

He crept nearer. It was starlight, and after the blackness of the tunnel the gloom seemed fairly bright. Handforth and his chums could see quite distinctly.

As a matter of fact, at that very moment the entire submarine crew was in the bungalow—and Professor Zingrave was giving his final instructions. Thus it came about that the *Ossipee* was left without even a guard. After all, a guard was quite unnecessary.

"I'll tell you what," whispered Handforth eagerly. "There's nobody here. Why not sink the giddy submarine?"

Perhaps we'd better not interfere with the submarine at all. Anyhow, the coast seems to be clear, so we can find these rocks, and——"

"Look out! They're coming!" gasped McClure.

Voices could be heard—and, more alarming still, bright lights from powerful vapour lanterns showed themselves. Men were coming out of a wide cavern some distance along the ledge.

The boys, who were opposite the gangway of the submarine, turned hurriedly back.



As Handy & Co. approached the submarine, there came a sudden clatter, and a number of Zingrave's men burst into view. "We're cut off!" gasped Handforth. "Quick! Our only chance is to hide inside the submarine!"

"You silly ass——"

"We could do it easily," went on Handforth. "I was reading all about submarines some weeks ago. You've only got to pull certain levers, and they sink. We can leave the hatches open——"

"And go down with her, I suppose?" asked McClure tartly.

"Eh?"

"A good way of committing suicide."

"But we could get out in time—submarines don't sink in a minute," argued Handforth. "And think of the blow that we should deal at Mr. Freemantle," said Church. "You hopeless chump! Do you think Mr. Freemantle wants his boat sunk? That would be doing him a bad turn, wouldn't it?"

"I hadn't thought of that," admitted Handforth. "H'm! It's a bit of a snag.

Then they checked. Men with lights were appearing from that direction, too!

"We're cut off!" gasped Handforth. "Our only chance is to hide inside the submarine!"

There was not a second to waste. If they retreated towards their "back exit" they would inevitably be seen; if they advanced in the other direction the results would be the same.

Handforth, for once, kept his head. There was only one thing to do—and he did it. He dashed aboard the submarine, reached an open hatchway, and slithered down the iron ladder.

Church and McClure, following him, vanished from sight even after the men had come right out upon the ledge—but the glare of the lights prevented the men from seeing far beyond. Thus the boys escaped notice.

But it was certainly a case of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire!

Better, perhaps, to have waited until two in the morning—as Church and McClure had suggested. For by then the Ossipee would have been out on its grim work, and Surf Island would indeed have been deserted.

As it was, Handforth & Co. were trapped within the very bowels of the submarine—and its crew came tumbling aboard in full strength.

## CHAPTER 12.

### Aboard the Pirate Ship!

THOSE first few moments were fraught with wild anxiety.

Handforth, too, felt terribly guilty; for it was owing to his foolhardiness that he and his chums were obliged to seek refuge on the submarine. It was he who had ventured near, making a retreat impossible.

And now, as they went down that iron ladder, they half-expected to be challenged. There would be men down here, and if it came to a scrap—

"Great Scott! It's as dark as pitch!" gasped Handforth.

He did not know where he was, but Church and McClure were beside him. The air felt warm and seemed a bit stuffy. There was a peculiar odour of machinery—oil, fumes.

"They didn't see us, you chaps," breathed Handforth.

"But they will soon!" said Church. "Oh, you chump! They're coming aboard, and as soon as the lights are switched on we shall be found. We can't even move in this darkness. We might blunder through a trap, or something. Submarines are funny things!"

They held their breath as they heard the tramping of feet on the metal plates overhead. Then, to their consternation, they heard voices quite near at hand. Suddenly lights blazed out—but Handforth & Co. remained in gloom.

They understood in a flash.

Some men had descended another hatchway, for'ard, and they were in one of the vessel's compartments next to this one. A bulkhead door stood open, and the light was streaming through it. The boys could now see that they were actually in the control-room. There was a great, gleaming wheel, pipes everywhere, twisting fantastically; levers, turncocks, and an endless array of dials.

A voice sounded immediately above. Staring upwards, Handforth & Co. saw some feet. A man was descending into the control-room. Discovery was now inevitable

"Quick!" hissed Mac.

He had spotted another bulkhead door on the other side. Leaping to it, he found that it opened readily. Like lightning he and his chums slipped through, and Church, who was

the last, pulled the door to. And there they crouched, breathless, motionless.

In the nick of time they had got out of sight. Kemp, the submarine's commander, was in the control-room, and the lights had now been switched on. Kemp, fully occupied with his great responsibilities, wasted no time in looking round. He was giving crisp, concise orders.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" gurgled Handforth. "That was a narrow squeak!"

"But it can't last," said Church. "Some of those men are certain to come in here soon. Where are we? It's so dark, and we daren't open that door—"

He was feeling along the cold metal wall nearby as he spoke, and his fingers came in contact with something which sent a thrill through him.

A switch!

He pressed it down, taking a chance, and instantly two electric lights gleamed in the low metal ceiling just overhead. The boys stared about them in bewilderment.

For instead of seeing machinery, as they had expected, they saw a small but luxuriously-furnished saloon. It was panelled in rosewood, and there were soft, plush chairs and little bookcases and side tables. But there wasn't an inch of space in which the boys could hide.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" muttered Handforth. "I didn't know submarines had cabins like this!"

"Ordinary submarines don't—but this is a private boat," exclaimed Church. "Somebody might come in at any minute, although it's not certain. This is about the best place we could have hit on."

"I say, isn't that a cupboard over there?" asked McClure breathlessly.

He pointed. At first the others thought that it was merely an extra large panel in the wall of the saloon; but when they examined it they found a neat door-knob. It turned easily, and, beyond there was a narrow store cupboard—in fact, a sort of pantry. For there were shelves and china and glasses in neatly-constructed racks. On the floor, too, in little slots, were bottles of wines and spirits.

Better still, at the end of the pantry there was a small metal door.

"Come on—in here!" said Handforth exultantly.

They crowded in, closing the door after them. Church had spotted a switch just before the door was closed. He turned it, and a little light gleamed overhead.

"We ought to be safe in here," murmured Handforth. "I say, we didn't switch off those other lights!"

"Too risky to go out now," said Church. "I don't suppose they'll notice anything wrong. I'm not so sure about this place being safe, either. Look at all this whisky and stuff! Somebody's certain to come in here to fetch drinks."

"There's something else at the end," said Handforth, looking at the metal door. "Just

a small cupboard, I suppose, too small to hold us."

But he opened the door, and then caught his breath in with satisfaction.

It was a cupboard certainly—an inner store cupboard. But it was empty, and it was quite large enough to accommodate the three boys. In the ceiling, too, there was a grating, which was obviously a ventilator.

"It'll be a tight squeeze, but we shall have to chance it," said Handforth. "I'll tell you what. We can stay in here—it's airier—until somebody comes into the saloon. Then, if necessary, we can dodge into the inner compartment."

As he spoke he switched off the light—and then his chums understood. For in the door there was a tiny ventilation-hole, and when Handforth applied his eye to it he could see into the saloon with ease. The door, on this inner side, was of enamelled metal; but on the other side it was of exquisite rose-wood, and the ventilation-hole was concealed by an ornamentation.

"By Jove, we're lucky!" said Church, his brow wet with perspiration. "By all the laws of chance we ought to have been colared five or six times!"

"And here we are, my sons, aboard the giddy pirate ship, and none of these crooks know it!" said Handforth. "We're hidden in here—and if it comes to an emergency we can dodge into that back cupboard. Why, we're as safe as houses!"

He was glowing with excitement—and, to tell the truth, he was glorying in this perilous adventure.

### CHAPTER 13.

#### Off on the Secret Mission!

**C**HURCH and McClure, being every bit as human as Handforth, were thrilled, too. They were not so reckless as their leader, and nothing could have induced them to deliberately come on this submarine on their own. But now that they were on they were sharing Handforth's excitement.

"These men may not be aboard long," murmured Handforth. "We shall soon know, because we can hear their footsteps on the plates over us. As soon as they've cleared off we can—Hullo, what's that?"

Throb, throb! Throb, throb, throb! Throb, throb!

It was a gentle, rhythmic quivering, and only noticeable because it had commenced so suddenly. As soon as the boys got used to it they were hardly aware of it.

"By George! The engines!" muttered Handforth aghast.

"Well, you're not surprised, are you?" asked McClure tartly. "Hadn't you guessed that the submarine was being taken out on a trip? Why do you suppose all those men came aboard? We're going out on a pirate stunt."

"My only sainted aunt!"

Handforth was always slow in seeing the obvious. He was more excited than ever now. The vessel was in motion. In addition to the gentle throbbing, there now sounded a curiously muffled roaring noise, and the boys could feel their ears drumming.

"We're submerging," whispered Church.

There wasn't a doubt of it. The *Ossipee* was being taken out through the rock channel and into the open sea. Her unlawful owners were finding that she was very easy to control.

To the three boys, the suspense was more than tiresome. Even Handforth's excitement soon passed off.

For the time passed—an hour—two hours.

It was tiring work, standing at that spy-hole, watching the saloon. Not a soul had come into it ever since the voyage had commenced. And by now the gentle throbbing had ceased, and in its stead there was the regular, "Thud, thud, thud!" of engines. The

*Ossipee*, too, was rolling occasionally.

This proved that she was cruising along the surface; her electric motors were no longer in operation; she was being propelled by her other engines. There was more noise, and the very sides of the pantry were quivering constantly.

It was getting very stuffy for Handforth & Co., but it was impossible for them to venture out. They wondered how long the trip would take—what it would lead to.

"One thing's jolly certain, you chaps," said Church soberly. "If we're found here it'll mean death."

"Don't be an ass!" growled Handforth.

"But it will!" insisted Church. "I've been thinking it over. Don't forget that these blighters tried to drown us once. They'll seize their chance and chuck us overboard. We must be in mid-Channel by now."

"Shush!" warned Handforth quickly. "There's somebody in the saloon!"

His eye was to the spy-hole, and he was thrilled. Two men had entered—one of them being Kemp, the commander. They were both dressed in black union suits, which looked strange.

"Better see about those guns right away," said Kemp, pointing, as it seemed, straight to Handforth. "We can't tell when we shall come up with that old tramp, but it might be any time now. And we've got to be all set. Make sure that the guns are in perfect order."

## CUT THIS OUT!

Here Is Another Coupon To Add To Your Collection!



*Ossipee*, too, was rolling occasionally.

"Leave it to me," said the other man.

He commenced moving across the saloon, and Handforth hissed a warning. For it was clear enough that this man was coming to the pantry! The boys scuttled through the inner doorway, and closed the door after them. Just in time! They heard the man in the little pantry, and they would have been very astonished if they could have seen what he was doing.

For from a top shelf he took a dozen long-barrelled automatic pistols. He examined them carefully, one by one, making sure that they were fully loaded. As he finished with them he laid them upon a lower shelf in a row.

Having done this, he opened a little locker, and from this space he produced compact, but vicious-looking, machine-guns. They were of the type used by American gangsters—machine-guns which can be held in the hand and operated like rifles.

These, too, were examined, and placed on a shelf.

"All set!" grunted the man. "You'll do, my pretties!"

With greasy hands he went back into the saloon, and passed out into the control-room to report to Kemp.

Handforth & Co. ventured to open the inner door, and they were relieved to find the pantry empty—and the light gleaming.

"Phew! It's good to get a breather!" said Handforth. "That blighter was a long time in getting drinks—Great Scott! What the dickens—Look here!"

In a half-strangled voice he pointed to the deadly array of weapons.

## CHAPTER 14.

### Handforth's Brain-wave!

"**R**EVOLVERS!" ejaculated Handforth, startled.

"They're not revolvers—they're automatics," said Church.

"What's the difference?"

"A lot—but it doesn't matter," said Church. "You know what this means, don't you? That man was getting these weapons ready. It's getting near the time for the raid!"

This was perfectly true. Kemp, in the control-room, heard the man's report.

"All right—you can get back to your job," he said. "When the right moment comes, you'll pass those guns round."

"Can't I pass them round now?"

"No; not until the last minute," replied Kemp. "Chief's orders."

Professor Zingrave, in fact, was very strict on that point. He allowed none of his underlings to carry guns; such weapons were only supplied on the very eve of a desperate mission. It was a wise policy, for any man, falling under suspicion, is instantly arrested if he is found carrying a gun. The first thing the police do is to search a man for weapons.

That rule did not apply now, aboard the submarine, but Zingrave did not vary his policy. His crooks were not armed until it was necessary for them to be armed.

In the pantry, Handforth was looking at the automatics with gleaming eyes; he turned his attention to the machine-guns.

"Think of it, you chaps!" he muttered. "These very weapons are going to be used—and perhaps they'll kill lots of helpless men! If there was a porthole here I'd chuck the whole lot overboard!"

"Another example of your brilliance," said McClure sarcastically.

"What do you mean, fathead?"

"Why, if we took those guns away, there'd be a search—and we should be collared."

"That's true," admitted Handforth. "They'd look in that inner compartment, wouldn't they?"

He suddenly flushed, and he breathed so hard that Church and McClure looked at him in alarm.

"What's up, old man?" asked Church. "Feeling bad?"

"I've thought of something!" ejaculated Handforth.

"Oh! Then you are feeling bad—it must be the strain."

"Is this a time to be funny?" hissed Handforth. "I've got a brainwave!"

"You're being funny now!" growled Church. "For goodness' sake don't trot out any of your brainwaves, Handy. Mac and I can't stand them. Things are bad enough —"

"But—but you don't understand!" said Handforth rapidly. "These revolvers—"

"Automatics."

"Don't quibble!" snapped Handforth, raising his voice. "Oh, my goodness! You might think we were in Study D! These automatics are all fully loaded—they're laying here ready, to be distributed. Why can't we take the cartridges out?"

"What!"

"Well, why not?" insisted Handforth. "I know how the things work—so do you. It won't take us long to empty the cartridges. And when those rotters go on their raid, the automatics will be about as useful as water-pistols!"

Church and McClure looked at him with glowing eyes.

"Well?"

"It certainly is a brainwave, Handy," said Church. "Good man! There's only one snag. Those automatics will be a lot lighter with the cartridges removed—"

"They won't notice it in the hurry," declared Handforth. "The guns will be passed round at the last minute, I expect. The men will be so jolly excited that they won't bother to look at the guns. They've been examined, anyhow. Come on—lend a hand."

It was a rash business. But the three school-boys had felt, more than once, that their trip on this submarine was an utter waste

(Continued on page 24.)

**The Best Fun-Mixture of the Week—Don't Miss YOUR Dose!**



# HANDFORTH'S Weekly

No. 58. Vol. 2.

## THE EDITOR'S CHINWAG

### EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief	E. O. Handforth
Editor	E. O. Handforth
Chief Sub-Editor	E. O. Handforth
Literary Editor	E. O. Handforth
Art Editor	E. O. Handforth
Rest of Staff	E. O. Handforth

June 11th, 1932.

How to do it by  
**VIVIAN TRAVERS.**

## HOW TO DODGE A LICKING

**S**INCE that villain Church has been trying to make out that he does all the work in this magazine, I am writing this myself for a change. By George! He's got a nerve. Apart from the fact that he doesn't know work when he sees it, all he ever writes for my WEEKLY is a few columns of school notes which anybody could do.

I admit, of course, that a fellow in my position doesn't get time to write the whole issue himself each week. Being the most popular chap in the school, I am much too busy for that. But that doesn't mean that I don't put in a lot of work on the paper. I do. By George, yes! Heaps!

F'rinstance, don't I write those fine Trackett Grim stories. And, talking about Trackett Grim, I got some odd letters about my famous detective. Some readers say he is nothing better than a scoundrel himself; others think it is time he was put in a home of some kind. Yet others say he is merely a burlesque.

The fact is, of course, that I have tried to write the highest type of detective story—that is, a story full of thrills and full of humour at the same time. I think you will admit that I have succeeded. Trackett Grim is a wonderful creation—a character who seems to *live*. As you read my stories, your hair stands on end—and yet I can make you laugh at the same time. If that isn't genius, dash it, I don't know what is.

Look out for a new Trackett Grim and Splinter story—a story that will make history. You said it!

Your affec. ed.,

E. O. HANDFORTH.

## ANOTHER GRACE

"When I go in," quoth Reggie Pitt,  
"Two hundred runs I'll score;  
I'll be another Grace." He was,  
With "dis" shoved on before.

JACK GREY.

**T**ALK! That is the secret. Talk and talk and talk, until your master forgets all about the licking and stops his ears with shaking fingers. Suppose you are caught taking a slight nap in history class. Crowell will start his tryant stuff.

"How dare you go to sleep in class, sir? Come out here and bend over that form. Sharp, now!"

You can then stand in your place and commence.

"One moment, sir. Before you commit an act of considerable injustice which, in your calmer moments, you will repent, may I draw your attention to one or two minor matters which it is desirable you should know? In the first place, it is a well-known physiological fact that when one's sense is being exerted to the full, others become less acute. Had I been using my sense of sight to its utmost capacity, my sense of hearing would have been slightly impaired. With a view to obviating this, I closed my eyes and concentrated my mental focus upon the valuable matters which you were imparting vocally, and in doing so, obtained a full and complete impression of the scenes conjured up by your remarks; an impression which would have been considerably dulled had I allowed your not extremely prepossessing countenance to impinge upon my retina."

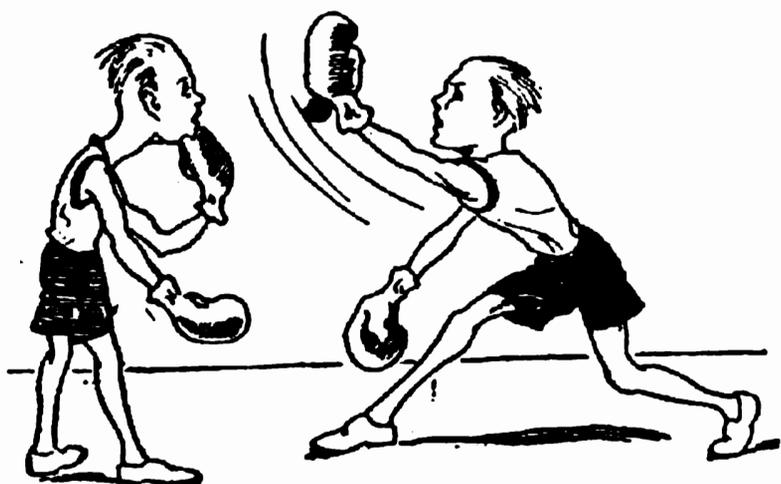
"Wha-a-at?"

"You will then perceive at once, sir, that punishing me can do you no manner of good, and would do me very considerable harm indeed. For what says the Bard of Avon, sir? 'He takes that which enriches not him, and leaves me poor indeed.' So I say in regard to punishment, sir. It will give you no satisfaction to torture me—indeed, it will waste your precious energy, sir; energy which might be used to much more noble purpose, to making the world happier instead of more miserable. In these circumstances, sir, it will——"

"Sit down and shut up!" Crowell will roar about this time, and you will sit down just in time to prevent his mind giving way.

# PERFECT GENTLEMEN

Report of a fight between Archie Glenthorne and Lord Pippinton.



**A**RCHIE and Pippy having had words over the subject of the immutability of the cosmos, Pippy sent a challenge to Archie to meet him in a five-round boxing match, and the challenge was immediately accepted. Each boxer having been awakened by his second, and placed in the ring, the contest commenced in the midst of rousing cheers from the audience.

**ROUND 1.** Pippy, with a low bow, apologised to Archie for being rough with him, but was afraid that he should feel obliged to tap Archie's boko. Archie said, "Don't mensh, old chappie. Let's get on with it—what?" They then shook hands, and Archie inquired after Pippy's mater, and was rejoiced to hear that she was in perfect health. Pippy then thought that, if Archie didn't mind, he would cuff him on the side of the head. He did so and apologised for the inconvenience. Time sounded at this point, and the boxers retired. Lord Pippinton's round.

**ROUND 2.** After shaking hands, Archie ripped over a perfect right and connected with the atmosphere. He fell over and measured his length on the floor. Breathless silence over the hall. Pippy picked him up and brushed him down, and apologised profoundly if he should have been the cause of the trouble. Archie said, "Not at all, not at all. My own fault, old dear, entirely—what!" They shook hands and bowed. Time. Round even.

**ROUND 3.** Archie asleep. Awakened by Phipps. He flashed over a quick left and took Phipps on the chin. Phipps fell back, but countered strongly as Archie pressed him. There was moderate in-fighting for a time, and then Phipps landed a right hook which put Archie on the boards again. He was picked up by Lord Pippinton, who sponged him down and said, "Go in and win, old chappie!" Archie staggered to his feet, after shaking hands and bowing. The call of "Time" relieved him. Phipps's round.

**ROUND 4.** Archie asleep once more. Awakened by the referee (Douglas Singleton). Shook hands with the ref., and immediately plastered a hot one on his boko. The ref took a count of six, and then rose and dotted Archie's eye.

Archie was picked up by Lord Pippinton, who urged him strongly to use his left. He aimed rather a wild blow at the roof, but Singleton, with a perfectly timed jab, put him down once more. The gong saved him, and he was rather spent as he staggered towards his corner. It was Singleton's round.

**ROUND 5 (AND LAST).** The two boxers shook hands and apologised, and Archie fell backwards through the ropes into the audience. Awakened and put into the ring by Alf Brent. Pippy, aiming a slight clout at Archie, connected with Brent's ear. Brent turned and put over a haymaker which stretched Pippy on the floor. Archie attacked his chum with his arms whirling like a windmill, but Brent gave him a shove which put him beside Pippy on the boards. Great cheering as time was called. Brent's round.

The referee declared that Lord Pippinton had won on points. Terrific cheering from the West House spectators. Booing from Ancient House men. Archie and Pippy shook hands and made speeches, saying how very much they had enjoyed the contest, and hoped that they had not injured each other severely with their terrible blows. After more cheering, they all went home.

## STRAY THOUGHTS

While taking a licking by C. de V.

He's got me firmly in his clutch!  
Ah! Now he's telling me the worst;  
"Bend over!" Yes, I thought as much;  
Oh, how I feel as if I'll burst!  
He's raising now  
The cane, and—OW!  
That was a stinger for the first.

Although I am in awful pain,  
He's making ready now to strike  
My shrinking, shivering form again—  
He's got some muscle, the old tyke!  
One thing I know,  
And that is—OH!  
That was a hot one, if you like!

If I had known the old Yahoo  
Was such a beastly acrobat,  
I never would have put that glue  
Inside the lining of his hat;  
I'd sooner do  
A short—YAROOOOH!  
By George! He put some beef in that!

Ah, now he's done! What's that he said?  
"You may sit down, my boy! No fear!"  
"I'd rather stand up, sir instead—  
In fact, I'll stand up all this year.  
When through the hoop  
You put—YAROOP!"  
I'd better go, I think! Hear, hear!

# BOOI

THE "F  
Telep  
Gene  
lished  
Telephone  
scribers.

This splen  
has just be  
recommendi  
less action,  
mysteries.  
characters in  
puzzling atif  
gets used to  
interest ofit  
valuable wo  
shows exact  
numbers it  
when making

Mystery  
One charac  
"mantua  
every reader  
to know wh  
grim and sin  
in a "scribe  
anything be  
will not giv  
you must rea  
yourself.

## OUR D

When Hand  
He nailed  
And smashes  
So doodle

## CRI

## U

How to an  
Bribe  
Bribe  
Bribe  
Bribe

## W(HA)

Put a LAV

## POI

"Makes P

## REVIEW.

"Bannington and District Telephone Directory," by the local Post Master. Published by the Bannington Service. Free to sub-

did and thrilling volume is issued, and we can tell to all who love breath-strict facts, and grim the amazing number of the book may be a little first, but the reader soon sit. In addition to the the narrative, this is a work of information, as it tells how many wrong is possible to get hold of a call.

bounds on every page. Her is described as a wholesale agent," and will be on tenterhooks at mantua is. Another sister person has his lair in the warehouse." Could more terrifying? We are away these secrets—had this thrilling book for

## AMAZING POET

ly nailed a picture up his finger, too; and a chair and broke a cup, and aoodle-oo.

## TICKET TIP

By  
J. S. ADAMS.

make a century:  
the umpire.  
the bowler.  
the fieldsmen.  
the scorer.

WACK!

W(HA)CK!

W(HA)CK!

GH in your LICKINGS  
with  
NGO PLASTER.  
ishment a Pleasure."  
(Advt.)

## CUTTINGS

SNIPPED OUT BY  
REGGIE PITT

"HE took a cold bath every morning regularly."—Freeze a jolly good fellow!

"What will be the end of everything?"—G.

"One short word, as it happened, was destined to alter the whole of my life."—We can guess the word. "Guilty!"

"You cur!" cried Roger furiously. "You hound! You dare to speak to me like that, you ignorant young puppy?"—He seems to have been a bit of a dirty dog, taken all round.

"Where should we be without the wireless?"—At prep.

"Some fiery spirit had made him reckless."—That's rum.

"How dare you write to me like that?" demanded Violet stormily. —He should have known that she needed only one letter to make her violent.

Dr. J. POTTS, M.D.,  
M.U.G., as

## OUR HOME DOCTOR

A. G. (Upper Tooting): "I have shooting stabbing pains in the back, kidney trouble, lumbago, vertigo, paralysis in the right arm, and double pneumonia in the left, an itching on the brain, and cholera. What do you suggest?"

I suggest, old bean, that you don't feel quite up to the mark. Am I right?

G.A. (Lower Hooting): "I can feel an attack of influenza coming on. What should I take?"

Precautions.

O. CRIGKEY (St. Algernon's College): "I have just been given six by a prefect. Can you suggest a mixture to do me good?"

Yes. Make up this prescription. Take one pint of ink, one pint of gum, eight ounces of soot and four fluid ounces of treacle. Mix well together, pour into a flat tin pan, and balance the pan on top of the door on the prefect's study. I fancy this will help you.

## PER-HAPS!

IN A.D. 1960

By

Vivian Travers

I ARRIVED at the palatial building and waited while a gorgeous commissionaire announced my name to the famous editor of the world's greatest magazine, HANDFORTH'S WEEKLY. Presently he came back to say that Mr. Handforth would see me, and he led me to a marble office with silk plush curtain, where I found the great man himself.

"Please, sir," said the commissionaire humbly, "the famous novelist, Caracta Studdy, wants to see you. He wants to plead with you to let him write for your magazine. He is the best writer in the world."

"Throw him down the lift-shaft!" snapped the Editor.

"Very good, sir. And the world-famous artist, Mr. Ashe Grey, would like to show you some of his best paintings."

"Push him under a 'bus."

"Certainly, sir."

The com, withdrew, and the great man, seizing a cigar, gave me an old-fashioned look.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"Please, Mr. Handforth, I used to write for you many years ago."

"When?"

"In your earliest numbers." I saw him wince, but I went on doggedly. "I'm down to my last bean now, and I want you to let me write for you again."

"Ha, ha!" Mr. Handforth roared. "Fade away! Scoot! I've no time for jokes now!"

I put a steely glitter into my eyes.

"Listen!" I hissed. "I still have a few copies of that old school WEEKLY which you edited. Suppose I was to publish them now, eh? Suppose I was to let the public see what sort of bilge you used to write, eh? Trackett Grim, eh? Ha, ha!"

He sagged at the knees.

"Ah, very well!" I snarled. "You know me, and you know I'd do it. I think you were going to offer me a job on your paper? A hundred pounds a week I think you said?"

He nodded brokenly.

"Certainly, old bean! Certainly! Certainly!" he gasped, and I went out, leaving him shaking like a jelly.

Har, har!

## The PIRATE SUBMARINE!

(Continued from page 20.)

of time. Now, perhaps, they could justify it—they could make themselves useful.

Working rapidly, they took pistol after pistol, and the chambers were emptied; the magazines were robbed of their deadly cartridges.

Meanwhile, the *Ossipee* was making steady progress. She had come within sight of many a squat old cargo steamer; and men, in the submarine's conning-tower, were keeping a keen look out.

This was the approximate position.

It was not likely that there would be any mistake. Crowded as the Channel is with shipping on any fine night such ships are generally widely distributed. At the present moment there was one smallish vessel in sight, steaming steadily. A cargo boat, by her cut. She was outward bound.

The submarine, so low in the water as to be almost invisible, and showing no lights, was like some lurking monster, waiting to come up with its prey.

Suddenly a tiny spot of light gleamed on the dark deck of the steamer, across the stretch of calm water. It went out, winked again—went out—winked once more.

"Gosh! A signal!" muttered the look-out man, on the submarine.

He recognised it at once. And he remembered, too, Zingrave's instructions. There was a Green Triangle man aboard the *Melrose*—perhaps several Green Triangle men. And those men, now watching—knowing what to see—had spotted the almost invisible submarine. And they were giving the signal!

Down in the saloon pantry, Handforth & Co. had completed their task—and they had done it thoroughly. For not only had they removed all the cartridges from the automatic pistols, but they had cunningly jammed the mechanism of the machine-guns. It was impossible to remove the cartridges from these weapons without their absence being immediately spotted. But those machine-guns were now useless.

"Well, if they find out, and collar us, who cares?" said Handforth breathlessly. "We've done it—and that's jolly good. What a shock for those blighters when they try to use these guns!"

Ten minutes later men came crowding into the saloon. Kemp was in charge. The pantry door was opened, the weapons were taken out and handed round. And not a man thought of examining those guns; they were pocketed without hesitation.

Grim, concise instructions from Kemp, and the men went out again. And by now the submarine was slowing down.

Handforth & Co., in their inner retreat, knew that the big moment was near at hand. And on the floor, at their feet, were scores of cartridges.

The Green Triangle raiders were armed—but they might just as well have been carrying popguns.

## CHAPTER 15.

### A Million in Gold!

**T**HE *Melrose*, her sombre old hull streaked with rust, ploughed steadily along. Her dour grizzled skipper stood on the bridge.

It was evident that he was more than usually alert—even anxious. In such fine weather as this, with no other shipping in sight, a keen look-out hardly seemed necessary.

But Captain Matthews was for ever peering through his powerful night-glasses, sweeping the sea to starboard, and then crossing the bridge and repeating the process to port.

"Well, sir?" asked the first officer, joining him. "Any sign of the pirates?"

"Pirates! The old man spat contemptuously overside. "Let 'em try to come aboard this ship! I'll show 'em something!"

The first officer chuckled.

"You sound a bit volcanic, sir," he remarked.

"I'm hoping they come, Mr. Alston," said the captain, in a changed tone. "We're ready—although they may not think so."

"There's just a chance they won't come near us," said the other.

"Think not?" grunted Captain Matthews. "A million pounds in bullion is worth lifting, eh? An old tub like this, without even an escort—"

"They might have given us a battleship and a couple of destroyers," said Mr. Alston dryly.

"The pirates wouldn't have come within ten miles of us," retorted the skipper. "I'm hoping it comes to a battle. After all the preparations we've made—"

He broke off, for he had been speaking with the night-glasses to his eyes. Now he held them steadily, and became rigid.

"See anything, sir?" asked the first officer eagerly.

"Yes—over there," replied Captain Matthews. "Nearer than I expected, too. They must have broken surface while we were talking, and they're drawing nearer rapidly."

"Funny they haven't got in touch with us by wireless."

"There may be a reason—they're expecting to catch us more by surprise," growled the captain. "Well, two can play at that game—"

A voice, clear and resolute, came out of the darkness.

"*Melrose*, ahoy! Heave to, or we'll put a shell into you!"

Captain Matthews leapt to the bridge-rail, seizing a megaphone.

"Who the thunder are you giving orders to?" he bellowed furiously. "Who are you? Where are your lights?"

"Here's one!" came the reply.

A searchlight suddenly blazed out, and by now the pirate submarine had drawn so close that it was hardly necessary for the two parties to use megaphones.

"Those durned pirates!" roared Captain Matthews. "Hey, Mr. Alston—you, too, Mr. Watkins! I've got orders for you—What? Who's that?"

A figure had come running along the deck below.

"Sparks, eh?" went on the captain. "Tell him to send out an S O S message——"

He was interrupted by the frantic shouting of the wireless operator.

"What's that!" boomed the skipper. "Somebody's been monkeying with the wireless, and you can't get any results! By thunder! Did you hear that, Mr. Alston? There must be crooks aboard my ship!"

The voice came from the submarine again.

"Better take it calmly, captain," it said mockingly. "We're smarter than you gave us credit for. Heave to, and stand ready for a boarding-party."

The grizzled old captain let out a mighty oath.

"I'm master of this ship, and I'm taking no orders from pirates!" he bellowed. "Hey, you there, at the wheel! Hard a port, durn you! Telegraph full speed ahead! We'll ram this skunk!"

"Yes, sir," gasped the man at the wheel.

"Stop!" came the sharp command from the submarine. "Carry out that order and we'll rake your decks with machine-gun fire!"

The steersman looked helplessly at Captain Matthews.

"All right—wait," growled the skipper.

He ran to the end of the bridge.

"You blamed sea cattle!" he shouted furiously. "I reckon you've got me beaten. I'm not going to have you mow down my men. What do you want?"

"That's better," came the voice. "Heave to—and then we'll talk."

The captain gave the necessary orders, intermingled with picturesque expletives. And the "thud-thud" of the tramp's wheezy engines died away. All sorts and conditions of men in nondescript garb were leaning over the rail breathless with excitement.

The Melrose, her wireless out of order—presumably tampered with by a Green Triangle man—was at the mercy of the modern pirates.

## CHAPTER 16.

### The Gun!

**K**EMP, on the Ossipee's deck, was glowing with triumph. The very fury of the cargo boat's skipper proved that the secret information had been accurate. That consignment of gold was aboard the Melrose! And the old tramp was at the mercy of the pirates.

"Now, men, this is going to be hot!" said Kemp, addressing the black-clothed, masked figures about him. "We're dealing with sea-dogs of the old-fashioned breed—and they won't knuckle under so easily. If there's any resistance—shoot! That'll knock some of the stubbornness out of them."

"They'll be easy," said one of the others contemptuously. "We've got them groggy already."

How much the man was mistaken was proved by the thing which immediately happened.

The Melrose, now almost motionless, was not a hundred yards away from the submarine, and the latter was gradually edging in. Without any warning a searchlight suddenly blazed out from the cargo boats' deck.

"Hey, what the——" began Kemp.

Then he broke off. For his own searchlight revealed something even more alarming. Several members of the tramp's crew, flying to obey a bellowed order from the skipper, trundled something to the Melrose's rail, amidships. A wicked-looking muzzle made its appearance from beneath a mass of tarpaulin; and that muzzle, swinging down, became pointed menacingly at the Ossipee.

"Shoot, durn you!" came a triumphant roar from Captain Matthews. "Loose off one of your machine-guns and we'll blow you out of the water!"

"Gosh!" gasped one of the men near Kemp.

Kemp, aghast, could only stare.

"Did ye think we'd carry a million in bullion without being ready for you sharks?" jeered the grizzled skipper. "My men have got orders to fire a shell into your hull at the first shot. And at this range we'll blow you wide open, and you'll sink like a stone!"

It was no idle boast. The gun was only a thirteen-pounder, but one shell, making a direct hit, would wipe the pirates out. And at such close quarters it was impossible to miss. The Melrose's searchlight showed up the squat submarine and her masked crew in every detail.

"Now I'll do the talking," went on Captain Matthews ominously. "Thought we were helpless, didn't you? Thought you'd come along and loot this ship like it was a baby's money-box!"

Kemp kept his head.

"Hold still, all of you!" he said in a low voice. "They've got the drop on us! This is ugly. If any man fires a shot it'll be the end of us all. That old man is in earnest!"

He put the megaphone to his mouth and raised his voice.

"You win!" he shouted. "We'll be moving on."

"Oh, no, you won't!" came a roar from Captain Matthews. "You'll do just as you're told, you scum!"

Then, at that moment, came another dramatic surprise.

There was a sudden rush of feet on the Melrose's deck; the sharp, staccato reports of automatic pistols; the screams and groans of men. It was all so unexpected that Kemp was bewildered. On the Melrose's bridge, Captain Matthews was leaning over the rail, staring down into the well of the vessel.

"What's that?" he barked. "What's going on down there?"

"The gun crew, sir—shot down!" gasped an officer. "These men sprang on them, and they've seized the gun—"

"What!" thundered the skipper

A big man, pistol in hand, leapt up the bridge ladder.

"Hands up, Captain Matthews!" he snapped. "One move from you and I'll ventilate you like a sieve!"

Another man was leaning over the deck-rail, signalling to the submarine.

"O.K., boys!" he shouted. "You've got nothing to fear from this gun. We're in charge now. Come aboard!"

"Good work!" shouted Kemp exultantly.

In a flash he knew the truth. Harper's code message had hinted that there would be some Green Triangle men aboard the Melrose; and those men, biding their time, had acted at the crucial moment. The tables were completely turned. The Melrose was at the mercy of the pirates. Her gun, with which the authorities had so thoughtfully provided her, was in the hands of Kemp's comrades.

There had been no fight at all—for the Green Triangle men, taking the gun crew by surprise, had apparently shot them down without even giving them a dog's chance. The captain and officers, in these grim circumstances, were helpless.

Captain Matthews was almost foaming at the mouth with rage, for he was a prisoner on his own bridge, and the command of his ship had been virtually taken out of his hands. Members of his crew, badly scared, were standing on the deck in fear of their lives. One or two had scuttled below.

And now the submarine, creeping nearer, was in no danger. She came alongside.

"Let down the ladder!" came an order from Kemp.

"I'll be durned if——" began the skipper.

"Cut that out!" snapped the man with the gun. "Give the orders!"

Captain Matthews gave them in a choking voice.

The ladder was let down, and after a brief delay Kemp and his men climbed aboard—and the Melrose was completely in the hands of the enemy.

An ominous-looking crowd! In their close-fitting black suits, and their masks, the raiders struck terror into the hearts of the Melrose's crew.

"That's what I call neat!" said a voice with a chuckle.

Kemp was facing a burly, unshaven, shabby man.

"Harper sent us aboard," said the unshaven man in the same cool voice. "Six of us. We've croaked the wireless, and I guess our time's our own."

"What about that gun?" asked Kemp sharply.

"Two of my men are standing by," said the other. "Those poor devils are dead, I believe. We had to do it. Couldn't take any chances."

Kemp nodded and turned.

"Bring the captain down here," he ordered. "Get all the other officers, and if any man resists, plug him!"

And Captain Matthews, haggard and sullen, was brought down from the bridge.

## CHAPTER 17.

### The Surprise!

FACE to face with the masked pirates, the grizzled old man drew himself to his full height, and his eyes were burning dangerously.

"Murderers! That's what ye are!" he said harshly. "Shootin' down them men without givin' 'em a fightin' chance! What kind of vermin do you call yourselves?"

"You'll do yourself no good by that line of talk," snapped Kemp.

"Why don't you shoot me down?" asked the old man contemptuously. "I'm helpless, ain't I? You've got my ship, you've tampered with the wireless so's it can't be used, an' your filthy spies, makin' out to be honest men, have spilt a deal of innocent blood. I reckon you're feelin' pleased with yourselves, eh?"

So biting were his words that Kemp lost his temper.

"You'll find it healthier to keep that line of talk to yourself!" he snarled. "We're pirates—and we're aboard this hooker for loot. Did you ever hear of pirates who were squeamish and tender-hearted? But there'll be no more killing if you do as you're told."

By this time Mr. Alston and Mr. Watkins and another officer had been rounded up; they were marshalled to the captain's side, and all were menaced by the automatics of the raiders.

"You'll stay on deck, here, keeping your eye on things in general," said Kemp, turning to the burly, unshaven man with the gun. "I'm taking my own men below."

"Suits me," said the unshaven one.

"And no monkey tricks, captain!" went on Kemp, turning to the skipper. "We've got two machine-guns on the deck of our submarine, and if anything happens to us while we're below those machine-guns will let Hades loose. Get me?"

Captain Matthews glared, but made no reply.

"Get a move on," went on Kemp. "You'll take us below—to your strong-room. We want that stuff."

"There's no strong-room aboard this hooker," growled the captain.

"Then where's the gold?"

"Better find it, hadn't ye?" retorted the old man sourly. "You're so a'mighty clever——"

"Now, see here!" broke in Kemp. "You'll talk—and you'll like it! We don't want any trouble with you, my friend. You'll either tell me where that bullion is stowed or I'll shoot you down as you stand—yes, and shoot every other officer until there's one with



“Look out!” whispered Church hoarsely. “Someone’s coming.” Suddenly a pair of legs appeared at the top of the ladder, and one of the crooks came slowly down into the submarine. Handy & Co. were trapped!

enough hoss-sense to know what’s healthy fun for him!”

“It’s no good, sir,” muttered Mr. Alston wretchedly. “No sense in committing suicide. These infernal pirates will get the stuff, anyway.”

“You said a jugful!” nodded Kemp. “Now, captain; are you going to spill it?”

“The gold’s in the saloon,” muttered Captain Matthews defiantly. “You durned cattle! I shall lose my ticket over this job——”

“Think yourself lucky you don’t lose your life,” interrupted Kemp. “Now—get on with it! And no tricks!”

The captain, breathing heavily, led the way through an iron doorway in the waist of

the ship, below the bridge. The other officers went with him, and behind came the pirates. Various members of the crew had been standing about, but they were passive. There was little likelihood of trouble from these men.

Engineers and stokers, greasy and grubby, had crowded the engine-room hatchway, watching breathlessly.

“There’ll be no kick coming from those fellows,” said Kemp. “They know what’s good for them—and the first man who starts any rough stuff will never live to be sorry for it.”

He and his fellow-crooks were satisfied—with plenty of reason—that the shooting down of the gun crew had provided an

object lesson which all the other men had taken to heart. That ruthless act had scotched resistance at the outset.

Captain Matthews, leading the way into the saloon, had no need to switch on the lights. They were already on, and a broad-shouldered, thick-set man was standing against the centre table.

"No good, Walters," said the skipper. "They've got us."

One of the thick-set man's hands moved towards his pocket—and Kemp leapt forward.

"No, you don't!" he snapped. "Up with 'em!"

He felt in Walters' pockets and grunted.

"No gun, eh?" he said. "I thought you were trying to pull one."

"Scared, aren't you?" asked the thick-set man, glaring. "I'm not a member of this boat's crew. I'm a British Government guard—"

"I don't care if you're the Shah of Persia," interrupted Kemp. "Watching over the bullion, eh? Huh! Those Treasury people do pick 'em, don't they. Now, where's that gold?"

"Under the table," said the captain.

Kemp looked at him suspiciously.

"If you're trying to be funny—" he began.

"You want the stuff—take it!" roared the skipper, with sudden anger. "Why should I try to fool you now? The sooner you dogs get off my ship, the better!"

Kemp looked under the table, and his eyes glittered. Stacked on the floor were a number of small, steel-bound cases.

"By thunder! Here it is—a million in bullion!" ejaculated Kemp. "Now, boys, this is going to be hard work. Four of you will keep your guns on these men, and the rest will get busy with the loot."

The pirates, gold-mad, were staring at those steel-bound cases. Their share of this prize would be substantial.

Kemp thought he heard a movement behind him, and he half turned—to find himself looking into the face of a square-jawed individual whom he had not previously seen; and there was something round and hard pressed into his back.

"Hands up—every mother's son of you!" rapped out Captain Matthews in a crisp, clear-cut voice—entirely different from his previously gruff tones. "We shan't start any shooting, but if you do there'll be plenty of blood spilt."

Kemp uttered a hoarse cry. His eyes nearly started out of his head; for from various doorways, as though by magic, hard-faced men had appeared. The pirates were surrounded—and Kemp was an old "lag," and he knew in a flash that these grim men were Scotland Yard detectives!

"Say—" he began.

And then his jaw dropped; for Captain Matthews had torn his grizzled beard away—his eyebrows, too. And now, wigless, his face had become somehow vaguely familiar.

The hard, steely light in his eyes was reminiscent—

And then Kemp knew. He was face to face with Nelson Lee!

## CHAPTER 18.

### Turning the Tables!

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS was Nelson Lee! Kemp's face went putty-coloured, and his limbs shook as though with ague. Zingrave had placed him in sole charge of this night's raid—and he had walked blindly into one of the cleverest traps that had ever been devised!

"Why, you—you—" he began thickly.

"Better take it on the chin!" said the man with the square jaw, pressing the round object harder into Kemp's back.

And Kemp recognised this man, too. He suddenly remembered. Chief-detective-inspector Lennard, of the C.I.D.!

Suddenly something seemed to snap in Kemp's brain.

"Make a break for it, boys!" he shouted hoarsely. "It means 'life' if we're put in the dock, and these busies won't fire!"

Click, click! Click, click, click! Click, click!

The pirates, mad with desperation, were pulling the triggers of their automatics. But nothing happened—nothing except harmless clicks. Kemp, with a scream, stared at his own gun.

"It's not loaded!" he shrieked. "None of our guns are loaded!"

It had been a tense moment. Nelson Lee and the Scotland Yard men, fully expecting a gun-fight, had known that in attempting this capture they had taken their lives in their hands. And now, as though by a miracle, not a shot had been fired—for the detectives had been ordered not to shoot unless the crooks opened fire first.

And the crooks could not open fire, for the simple reason that their weapons contained no cartridges! It was a stunning shock, following upon the heels of the big surprise. And it was as much a shock for the Scotland Yard men as for the crooks.

"I don't understand this, but we're in luck," said Nelson Lee crisply. "Now, my friends, we'll take this calmly, shall we?"

Kemp and his companions did not take it calmly—they were far too thunderstruck. One or two of them hurled their useless weapons at the detectives, and they showed fight, too. But they were quickly subdued. They were outnumbered.

Handcuffs were clicked over their wrists; there were some scuffles, to say nothing of a great deal of cursing. But at the end of three minutes all twelve Green Triangle men were lined up against one of the saloon walls. "Well, it's over, and nobody killed, thank goodness!" said Inspector Lennard, breathing hard. "A lot better than we expected, Mr. Lee."

Nelson Lee nodded.

"Thanks to the fact that these men had useless weapons," he said. "I don't even begin to understand what that can mean, but we may find out later."

"Think you're smart, don't you?" snarled Kemp. "Better not forget that there are some more of our men on this tub——"

"Twelve of you came aboard—and you are all here," interrupted Lee.

"He's thinking of those ruffians who shot down the gun crew," chuckled the chief inspector.

Something in his tone made Kemp stare at him. Kemp had been thinking of the submarine, lying alongside—and the other Green Triangle men who were aboard of her. He had been thinking, too, of the Green Triangle men on deck.

"Why, what—what do you mean?" he asked hoarsely.

"I don't as a rule, waste time on you rats, but I can't resist telling you that Mr. Lee worked one of the most brilliant dodges I've ever heard of," said Lennard cheerfully. "Yes, it was entirely his idea. We knew that you are Green Triangle men—and you thought that there were some other Green Triangle men aboard, didn't you? But they were pals, of ours."

"What!" panted Kemp, his voice almost a squeak.

"There wasn't any real shooting," continued Lennard. "The gun crew wasn't killed. That bit of play-acting was for your benefit—to induce you to come aboard and walk into this spider's parlour."

The Green Triangle men were so confounded that they could not fully understand. Yet Nelson Lee's plan had been sound enough.

At first sight, one might have supposed that that play-acting prior to the pirates' boarding the ship had been unnecessary. But, no; it had been very important.

These crooks believed that the Melrose contained a million pounds in bullion—which, of course, it didn't. The whole affair, from first to last, had been engineered by Nelson Lee—with the consent of the authorities—in the hope of trapping the pirates red-handed.

And, believing that gold to be aboard, the crooks were naturally on the alert—and they would have been suspicious if there had been no sign of special precautions. Thus, when that firing had broken out, Kemp and his men had been completely deceived. Thinking the Melrose to be helpless, they had gone aboard, and the very men they had left on deck to keep guard were their enemies!

Most important of all, Nelson Lee had wished to avoid any fighting on deck—for that would have meant the alarm of the other Green Triangle men on the submarine. And Nelson Lee's work was only half done! His object was to make a clean sweep of these pirates—and to recover the Ossipee as well!

And if the men aboard the submarine grew in any way suspicious they would slam the hatches down and dive for safety.

As things were, they waited, believing their comrades to be in full charge.

The really subtle part of Nelson Lee's scheme had yet to be put into operation!

## CHAPTER 19.

### Aboard the Ossipee!

NELSON LEE could claim all the credit for this masterly trap.

For it was he who had recognised the Green Triangle spy, Harper. He had seen the man in Caistowe, and, acting on his own responsibility, he had pulled him in. That he had been justified was proved by the code message which had been found on the man.

Whether he had intended to deliver it in person, or to get it to Surf Island some other way, did not matter. Harper's arrest was kept quiet; and Nelson Lee, having taken a word-for-word copy of the code message, had impersonated Harper, and had delivered it.

That had been the first code message—the one which Zingrave had decided to ignore. An authentic document in every way.

But Lee had a copy; and for ten hours on a stretch he worked at that code, finally conquering it. Having read the message about the gold bullion on the Atlantis, Lee had conceived the idea of forging Harper's handwriting and concocting a second code message—and one which would lead Professor Zingrave into a trap.

Nelson Lee, although apparently "biding his time," had been working very hard indeed. It was he who, disguised as Harper, had run into Bates on the Caistowe waterfront. And Zingrave, getting that message, had decided to raid the Melrose. In a word, he had been tempted, and he had fallen.

But Nelson Lee was leaving nothing to chance. His impersonation of Captain Matthews had been simple, for the real Captain Matthews was a stout, middle-aged man; and Lee had made himself up according to his own fancy. For every member of the Melrose's crew knew the truth, and was in the game.

No wonder they had watched the proceedings with such breathless interest!

A transformation was taking place now in the saloon. The crooks were taken singly and divested of their black union suits and masks. And as each man was dealt with, so a Scotland Yard officer donned the mask and clothing.

Crook after crook was unhandcuffed and dealt with and then handcuffed again. Nelson Lee and Lennard were the last to don the grim raiment.

"I don't think we've been too long," said Lee. "But we must make all haste now. I'll go on deck at once, and prepare the others aboard the submarine."

"Think Zingrave is there?" asked Lennard.

"I doubt it," replied the detective. "He would have conducted this raid himself if he

had come with the submarine. No, I expect we shall find him on Surf Island."

Kemp and the other men listened in amazement. So Nelson Lee knew about Zingrave—and about Surf Island! The whole game was "blown." And here was Lee planning to nab the submarine and to even capture Zingrave himself—and Kemp could do nothing!

Lee, on deck, hurried to the rail.

"Hey, you, down there!" he shouted in a voice so like Kemp's that some of the men on the deck were startled. "Got those hatches open? We're bringing the stuff straight down."

"Have you got it?" came an eager query. "Everything all right aboard there?"

"Don't make me laugh!" retorted Lee contemptuously. "We've got these birds locked up in their own cabins. The boat's ours! And that gold is ours, too!"

And then the comedy-drama began. Masked men—no different from the masked men who had gone aboard the tramp—laboured down the ladder carrying small but enormously heavy boxes. Nelson Lee's only object was to delude the remaining crooks on the submarine. At any cost they had to be captured.

Lee himself was one of the first men to go down into the Ossipee. Others followed.

"Get the doors open!" ordered Lee curtly. "We'll take this stuff into the saloon."

Men hurried and opened the necessary doors. The supposed pirates carried their burdens into the saloon.

"Is that the lot?" asked one of the Green Triangle men eagerly.

"Half of it," replied Lee. "By the way, how many men are there aboard here now—not counting those who are with me in these masks?"

"Well, you ought to know," said the other. "There's Robson and Stoltz and Vallini—Six of us."

"Got any guns on you?" asked Lee.

"You know we haven't," said the man. "What do we want guns for? You're the raiding party—"

"In that case, my friend, we needn't keep up this pretence any longer," said Lee crisply. "Up on deck, you!"

"Why, what the—"

The man was staggered, as well he might be. There were two others there, and they were quickly seized and taken up on deck. Three more were rounded up in the submarine's engine-room. And all of them were forced up the Melrose's ladder and handcuffed on the deck. They were nearly fainting with terror and shock—for this thing had hit them like a blow between the eyes.

Nelson Lee and Lennard made a quick tour through the various compartments of the submarine, and no other prisoners were found. Lee left half a dozen men aboard, and then went up the ladder again.

"Now, Captain Matthews," he said, to the real skipper, who had made his appearance. "You know what to do, don't you? These prisoners are all handcuffed, and they'll give

you no trouble—they'll be guarded by Scotland Yard men, in any case. Make straight for Portsmouth Dockyard. Your wireless man will get a message through well in advance."

"And you, sir?" asked the captain.

"I'm taking charge of this submarine—there's more work to be done to-night," replied Lee grimly.

He had thrown off the mask and the union suit now—as had the other Scotland Yard men, since that deception was no longer necessary. The submarine was captured—and without even a fight. The men who were now placed aboard here were trained naval submarine officers and men.

The Melrose had contained many surprises. Nipper was one of them. Much to his disgust, Nipper had not been allowed to show himself until all possibility of gunplay was over. But now, as keen as mustard, he was ready to accompany his beloved gov'nor on the last lap of this great adventure.

"Before we go, Lee, Kemp wants to see you," said Inspector Lennard, coming up. "Kemp's the man who was in command of the submarine. I don't trust him an inch, but he says he wants to turn King's evidence—and he's willing to help."

"I'll see him," said Lee shortly.

"I mean it, sir!" panted the desperate man, when Lee faced him. "It means 'life' for me in the ordinary way. But if I can help you to get Zingrave it'll make a difference, won't it?"

"I'm not authorised to promise anything," replied Lee, looking at the man steadily. "If you think you can help, and if you think it will make any difference to your sentence, I won't interfere. But I'm not promising anything—I'm making no bargain. Understand that clearly."

"I'll take my chance, sir," muttered Kemp.

"How do you think you can help?"

"You're going to Surf Island, ain't you?" asked the prisoner. "Well, Zingrave's slippery—and unless the submarine gets back in the ordinary way he'll smell a rat, and he'll bolt. I can pilot that sub. through the underwater channel. I know just the tricks of it. You haven't got a man who can do that, and you know it. Give me this chance, sir, and I won't double-cross you. I know whose side I'm on now."

Nelson Lee turned to Inspector Lennard.

"Take these handcuffs off him, Lennard," he said briefly. "I'll take him along."

## CHAPTER 20.

### Back to Surf Island!

EDWARD OSWALD HANDFORTH, hot and perspiring, could hardly contain himself.

"What's happening?" he muttered, for the twentieth time. "What's all this delay about? We heard voices in the saloon not long ago, but there doesn't seem to be any



**There, on the very brink of the cliffs, Nelson Lee strained every muscle against the savage attack of Zingrave. Suddenly they lost their balance on the edge of the cliff and, locked in each other's arms, they went hurtling down into the blackness below.**

alarm. Nobody's been in here to look for those cartridges we bagged."

"Perhaps the blighters haven't found out yet," whispered Church.

"But they must have found out by this time," protested Handforth. "I wish something would happen! Anything's better than this."

"It'll happen quickly enough," said McClure quietly. "This cubby-hole has only to be searched, and we shall be found. And you fellows know what that means. Well, we've done the best we could."

Handforth and Church were silent. Ever since the masked raiders had gone, carrying those empty weapons, the three schoolboys had been expecting discovery. And they knew that they could not expect any mercy at the hands of the infuriated crooks.

At the first sound of voices, they had retreated into the inner store-room. And there, with bated breath, they had waited. But nothing had happened.

Another long silence had followed.

Now they heard voices once more. They ventured to open the inner door, and to emerge into the pantry. The voices were clearer—but, curiously enough, they were not

raised in anger. Men were speaking quietly. And now, too, the three boys felt the unmistakable "throb-throb" of the submarine's engines. She was getting on the move again. And that meant that the raid was over!

"I can't stand this!" muttered Handforth. "I'm going to have a squint through the ventilation hole."

"But it's dangerous," whispered Church. "The men might come in here at any moment—"

"I can't help it! I'm going to have a squint."

Handforth went to the door, and applied his eye to the little hole. He looked, he blinked, and then he thought that he was going mad. His heart leapt into his mouth, and he came within an ace of bursting a blood-vessel.

For standing in the luxurious little saloon, in full sight, were Nelson Lee, Nipper, and Chief Detective-Inspector Lennard! Of the crooks there wasn't a sign!

Handforth didn't believe it—he thought he was seeing things. He was positively paralysed—so much so that he couldn't move an inch.

"It is highly important, Lennard, that he should take the submarine back to Surf Island in the normal way," came Nelson Lee's voice, as though from a great distance. "Zingrave is there—and our only chance of getting him is to take him by surprise. We mustn't forget those three boys, too. Handforth and his chums have been plucky, and they have helped in no small degree in this capture. For, by consenting to remain prisoners—when they could have been rescued—they made the whole thing possible. Zingrave, in his mad fury, might even kill those courageous youngsters—"

"Hi!" yelled Handforth wildly.

He had suddenly recovered the use of his limbs—and of his vocal chords. Church and McClure thought he had suddenly gone mad—for he had flung open the pantry door and had burst out into the saloon. If it comes to that, Handforth thought he was mad, too. He wanted to make sure. He couldn't believe the evidence of his eyes and ears—

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Nelson Lee, aghast. "Handforth!"

"It's you, sir—it's you—you!" babbled Handforth dizzily. "Oh, great jumping corks! And—and Nipper, too! What's happened? Where are those crooks? I've never been so surprised—"

"Handy!" yelled Nipper. "Oh, my goodness! Look, sir! Church and McClure, too!"

Nipper leapt at them, so excited and amazed that he did not even smile at their unfamiliar garb.

"What is all this?" asked Inspector Lennard blankly.

"We're saved!" gasped Handforth wildly. "Do you hear, you chaps? Saved! And we thought— Oh, crumbs! I can't breathe properly!"

It was an absolute fact that for some moments Handforth & Co. were almost hysterical with joy and relief.

"I think I can understand something now—something which was puzzling me," said Nelson Lee keenly. "Handforth, do you know anything about some automatic pistols?"

Handforth gulped.

"You bet we do, sir!" he panted. "We took all the cartridges out!"

"Ye gods and little fishes!" ejaculated Lennard. "Do you mean to say that you boys— Well, I've got to hand it to them! They're smart kids!"

Nelson Lee was obliged to give a brief outline of what had happened before Handforth would say anything about the missing cartridges. The three Removites listened breathlessly, joyously, as they heard of the great capture.

"Of course, we hadn't any idea that you were on that ship, sir," said Handforth, after he had somewhat incoherently explained how he and his chums came to be aboard the submarine. "But when we saw all those guns we thought it would be a good idea to unload them."

"You took a big chance, Handforth—but I can tell you this," said Nelson Lee quietly. "Your action undoubtedly saved the lives of several men."

"Oh, no, sir; you can't really mean that?"

"But I do mean it," said Nelson Lee. "Those criminals were desperate—and they tried to fire their weapons. Mr. Lennard and his officers are all picked men; they all volunteered for this work, being full aware of the deadly risks they were taking. The authorities were determined to stamp out this piracy."

"Well, it's jolly good to know that we've been of some help, sir," said Handforth happily. "By George, just think of it! Perhaps we saved Mr. Lennard's life by doing what we did."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said the inspector dryly. "One of those infernal guns was pointing at me when it clicked—and I can give you my word I thought I was going to be cold meat!"

Thereafter Handforth & Co. were the heroes of the hour.

## CHAPTER 21.

### Friend or Foe?

NELSON LEE was looking very thoughtful when he had heard a fuller account of Handforth & Co.'s adventures.

"So you found a secret way out of that cavern?" he commented. "That's how you came to be aboard the submarine, eh? It's a grim business, boys. And your escape might make all the difference."

"How do you mean, sir?" asked Handforth anxiously. "Will it mess up any of your plans?"

"I don't think so—at least, I hope not," replied Lee. "But it occurs to me that Zingrave might have discovered your absence by this time."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"In that case there is a chance that he will have taken alarm," continued the detective. "But we can gain nothing by conjecturing. You didn't leave the cave until you had been locked up for the night, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Then there is every reason to hope that your escape has not been discovered," said Nelson Lee. "Zingrave, at least, will be far too occupied with thoughts of this submarine to bother his head about you. And I don't think Bates or Catling will care."

"What are we going to do, sir—exactly?" asked Nipper.

"If possible, we are going to take this vessel back through the rock passage—right into the pool," replied Nelson Lee. "In that way Zingrave will have no suspicions. It's no good capturing these underlings unless we nab the 'big boss' himself. It's Zingrave I'm after."

"But now that you've got the submarine back, sir, couldn't you get in touch with some destroyers, or something like that?" asked Handforth breathlessly. "By George, couldn't you make a tremendous raid on Surf Island, and do the thing in style?"

Nelson Lee could not help smiling.

"Have you ever tried to hold an eel, Handforth?" he asked.

"Why, yes, sir," said the bewildered Handforth.

"Did you hold it?"

"No; it was too slippery."

"Zingrave's an eel," said Lee grimly. "He's the slipperiest crook known to Scotland Yard. The instant he gets wind that all is not right, he'll make a bolt for it. Surf Island is honeycombed with all manner of tunnels. In my opinion, a big raid on the island would be futile; for Zingrave would get the warning well in advance, and I haven't a doubt that he has a bolt-hole ready."

"I see what you mean, sir," said Handforth eagerly.

"Our only chance of nabbing Zingrave is to take him completely by surprise," went on Nelson Lee. "When we get to Surf Island we shall have to act as though we were the crooks—returning after a successful raid. Once face to face with Zingrave, we can be sure of holding him. But not until then. So you see, boys, how important it is."

A man appeared in the saloon doorway, and although he stared in some bewilderment at Handforth & Co.—whom he had certainly not expected to see—he addressed himself to Nelson Lee.

"Getting near to the island, sir," he reported. "Lieutenant Freeman would like to have you with him, sir, in the control-room."

"I'll come," said Lee, nodding.

"Getting near to the island, eh?" panted Handforth. "Oh, my hat! It's just one excitement after another."

The chief inspector caught Nelson Lee by the arm.

"I don't like having any dealings with that fellow Kemp" he said, frowning. "I don't trust him an inch."

"Neither do I."

"Then why have any truck with him?" asked Lennard. "It was your idea to bring him aboard—"

"He can't do any mischief, old man," said Lee, smiling. "And don't forget there's a tricky underwater channel to be negotiated. Lieutenant Freeman is a clever submarine officer, but he knows absolutely nothing of the channel. Kemp does. He has piloted this craft in and out several times."

"Don't you think he'll try to pile us on the rocks, or something cheerful like that?"

"Kemp is as fond of living as the rest of us," replied Lee dryly. "He doesn't want to go to the bottom of the sea in a wrecked submarine. And you can be quite sure we shall keep a close watch on him."

"Well, I hope you're right—because I haven't any fancy to conclude my brilliant career in a flooded submarine," said Lennard. "And think of the loss to Scotland Yard!"

"If Kemp attempts any treachery we shall instantly know it," said Nelson Lee. "His offer to turn King's evidence, and to help us to the full extent of his power was a piece of luck. Getting through that rock channel was the one snag we were up against. You must remember, Lennard, that Kemp won't be allowed to take the controls. Well, you'd better remain here—with the boys. You can't help in this. Your job will come later. You can be getting into one of those pirate suits if you like—and don't forget the mask."

Other men got into those suits and masks, too. For the last act in this drama was about to be played.

## CHAPTER 22.

### Into the Rock Pool!

**K**EMP was on the level. Desperate though he was, he knew on which side his bread was buttered. And his loyalty to Professor Cyrus Zingrave was a feeble thing, now that matters had come to a climax.

If, by materially assisting in the capture of Zingrave, he could improve his own precarious position, he was ready enough to act. He could see twenty years' penal servitude ahead of him—but that sentence might be reduced to a mere seven if he helped the authorities.

Kemp was thinking only of his own skin.

"Mr. Lennard thinks I'm going to try to double-cross you, sir," panted the man, clutching earnestly at Nelson Lee's arm. "But I'm not! Gosh, I wouldn't be such a fool! Give me a chance, sir, and I'll take this sub. through that channel. I won't play no tricks."

"You'd better not, Kemp," retorted Lee. "You've done with tricks; they won't help you now."

"Don't I know it?" said Kemp feverishly. "It's a fair cop—and the whole game is busted. Well, I'm no croaker. I'll take what's coming to me. It was a darned big gamble, anyway, and we've lost. But it'll go all right with me if I help, won't it, sir? Zingrave wouldn't have showed me any mercy if he'd been in my position—so I don't see why I should show him any."

"You talk too much, Kemp," said Lee briefly. "Take the submarine through that channel—and then we'll see."

They were in the control-room, and Lieutenant Freeman, who could not say enough in praise of the Ossipee's wonders, had gone on deck. One of the sailors now came down the metal ladder and saluted.

"Island right ahead, sir," he said. "The lieutenant would be glad of your help, sir."

with satisfaction, the masked men going ashore from the *Ossipee*, labouring under small, but apparently heavy, loads. Those steel-bound cases were actually heavy, but not with gold. They were filled with lead.

Nelson Lee was going right through with the programme; acting just as he would have expected the Green Triangle men to act. Their first task would have been to carry the loot ashore. Lee was hoping that Zingrave would come; and once face to face there would be no escape for that arch criminal.

"Funny why those fellows are still wearing their masks," muttered Zingrave, as he approached. "They've never done it before. But Kemp may have a good reason."

He was getting nearer, but it cannot be

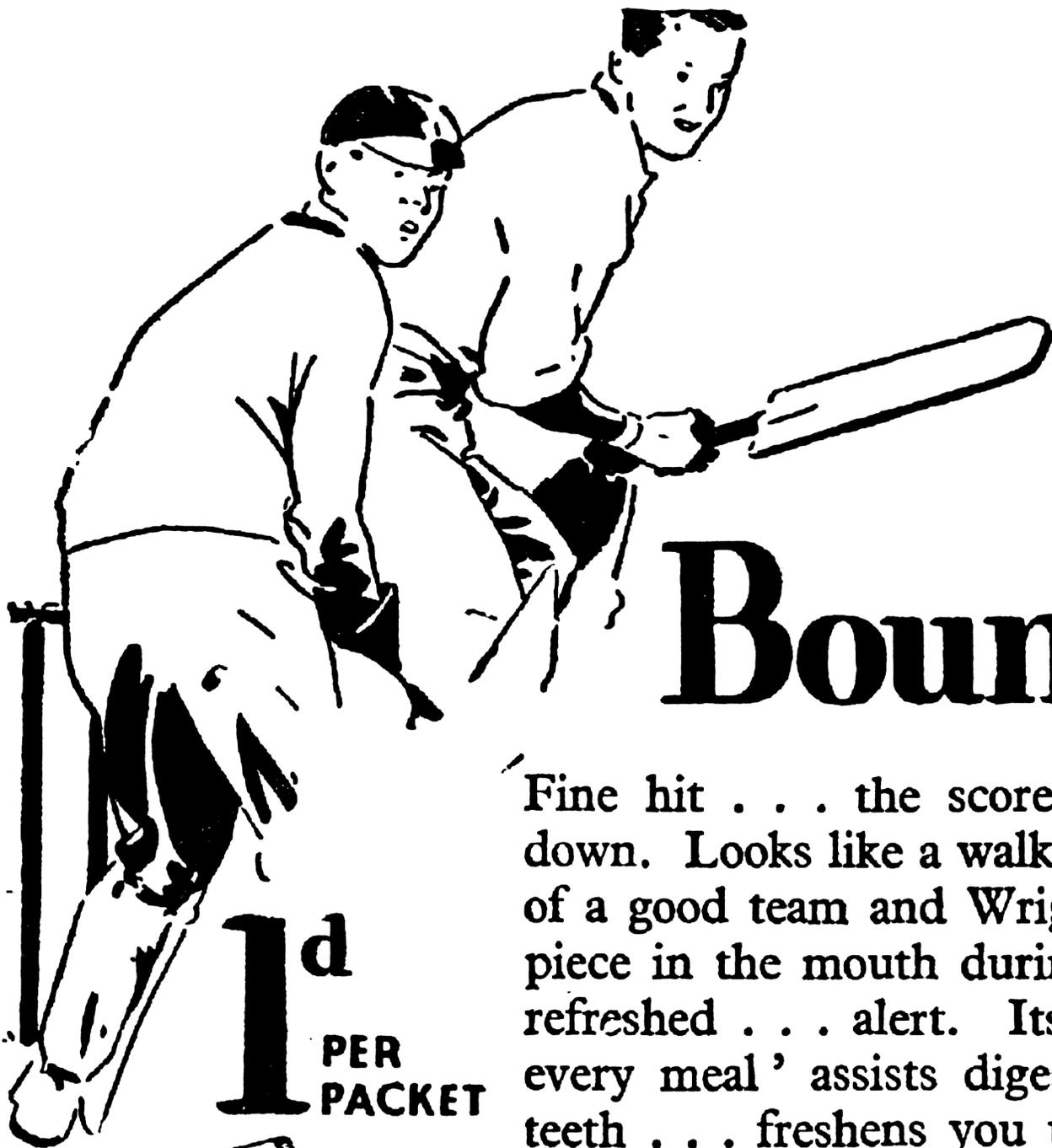
truthfully said that he had any suspicion. So cleverly had this thing been engineered that the wily professor, like all his underlings, was walking blindly into the trap.

"Hey, boys—hold it!" sang out Lee suddenly. "Here comes the Chief! Are we pleased with ourselves?"

He advanced up the rock path towards Zingrave, and two of the other masked figures lowered their burdens and followed.

"We've got it, Chief—the whole blamed lot!" gloated Lee. "A million in gold! There'll be some nice pickings for us, eh?"

They were within fifteen yards, and Professor Zingrave, intensely satisfied with the information, was eager to hear the full story. And it was at that moment that a porthole

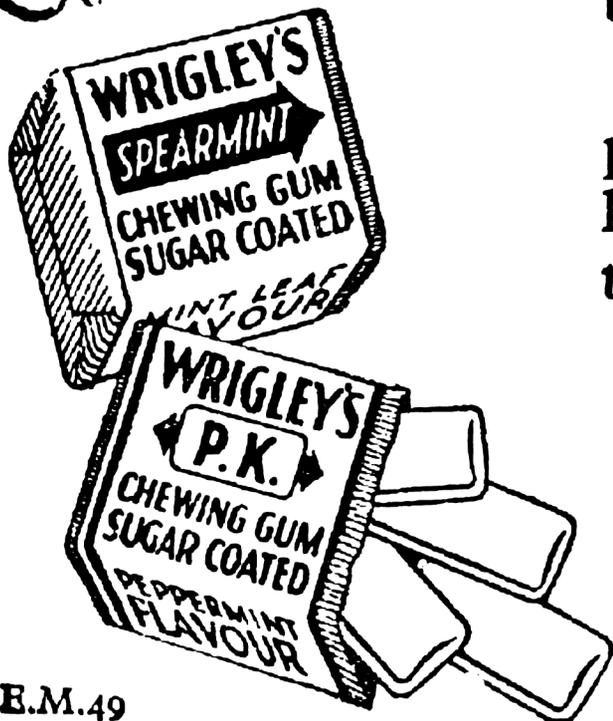


# Boundary!

Fine hit . . . the score is now 130 for three down. Looks like a walk-over. That's the value of a good team and Wrigley's for the team. A piece in the mouth during the game keeps you refreshed . . . alert. Its cooling flavour 'after every meal' assists digestion . . . cleanses the teeth . . . freshens you up.

In two flavours—P.K., pure double-distilled peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet, worth many times more for the good it does you.

**MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN.**



# WRIGLEY'S

**MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM**

of the submarine, above the waterline, suddenly swung back with a clang.

"Beat it, Chief!" gasped an urgent voice. "They're cops! The game's up, and it was Lee——"

The voice suddenly ceased, for men had grabbed Kemp from behind, and had dragged him back. In that last moment, Zingrave's right-hand man had sought to give his Chief a fighting chance of escape.

Zingrave himself had halted, and like a flash a hand flew to his gun.

"Put 'em up, Zingrave!" snapped a familiar voice. "We've got you covered."

"Lee!" breathed the professor.

Crack!

As he spoke he fired. Nelson Lee heard the angry buzz of the bullet as it droned past his ear—to hit one of the Scotland Yard men in the shoulder, and send him reeling.

Crack!

It was another pistol-shot—but this time Nelson Lee's own automatic belched fire and lead. A scream came from Zingrave as the bullet struck the very weapon in his hand as he was about to pull trigger again. It went spinning into the air—and Zingrave's arm, racked with agony, was momentarily paralysed.

"We'll do without the shooting, Zingrave!" said Lee grimly.

"You!" snarled the professor. "You—again!"

"I have a nasty habit of cropping up, haven't I?" retorted Lee. "And this time, Zingrave, you're finished. Be big enough to take your medicine without any fuss."

But Zingrave was running. Weaponless, he was racing back up that rock slope. And in his desperation he possessed the agility of a hunted animal. With amazing speed he ran, and his mind was benumbed. He only knew that all his elaborate schemes had crashed about his ears. Lee was here—and those other men were Scotland Yard detectives! Yet there was one tangible thought in the professor's mind. On the other side of the island there was a little cave—a racing motor-boat was hidden there——

Footsteps sounded immediately behind him, and although he dare not look back, he knew that Nelson Lee was gaining. Inspector Lennard and the other Yard men were right out of it; they had been left far behind in this grim race.

Zingrave fled on. At last, the top! He raced across the rocks, a chasm on one side of him, with the deep waters of the pool far below. A hand reached out, and clutched at his arm. He was pulled half round and jerked to an abrupt standstill.

"At last, professor!" said Nelson Lee ominously.

He had discarded his mask, and in the faint moonlight Zingrave saw the detective's familiar features. They stood, face to face—master detective and master crook. It was the moment of Nelson Lee's triumph.

## CHAPTER 24.

### The Last Fight!

"YOU clever devil!" panted Zingrave, his eyes burning with evil. "But you haven't got me yet, Lee!"

As he spoke he grappled with the detective. In a flash, Lee knew his object, for they were on the very brink of a chasm.

"Oh, no! You can't throw me into the pool so easily," said Lee. "Come, Zingrave, this is not dignified. And you have always been so level-headed——"

He could speak no further, for he was compelled to defend himself against Zingrave's maddened attack. The man was like a wild animal; he had abandoned all reserve, all veneer.

For Zingrave was kicking, hacking, clawing, gouging. He was more like an infuriated beast than a human being. For in that moment of defeat all Zingrave's burning hatred against Nelson Lee surged up in one tumultuous flood.

Clasped in one another's arms, the pair reeled on the very brink of the abyss. The men below stood watching, fascinated—even horrified. Nipper and Handforth and Church and McClure saw everything, too. They watched with bated breath.

A voice sounded near the struggling men—a voice hoarse with exertion.

"All right, Lee, I'll knock him on the head! By glory! He's like a jungle tiger!"

It was Chief Inspector Lennard, and although he was well-nigh exhausted from his long climb—he wasn't built for that sort of thing—he leapt into action.

But he leapt in vain.

For at that moment Zingrave, near the brink, stumbled. His foot slithered over the rock edge, and he lost his balance. A wild scream escaped him, and his clutching hands fastened like steel talons on Nelson Lee's body.

Locked together, they slipped over the brink, and went hurtling down.

"Guv'nor!" gasped Nipper.

Down—down——

Splash!

They struck the water violently, and it was fitting that Professor Zingrave should have been undermost. Thus he received the full shock of the contact.

Nelson Lee, dazed and bruised, found himself sinking down into the depths. Zingrave's clutching hands had released their hold; Lee, recovering rapidly, struck out for the surface. And when he reached it he was alone.

"There he is—get him!" came a bellow from above.

"It's all right," called Lee. "I beg of you not to start any shooting."

"Oh, thank goodness, it's the guv'nor!" yelled Nipper.

They were all astonished at Nelson Lee's calmness. Lee himself was swimming about, searching anxiously. He dived, groping here, there, and everywhere.

Then Lee's fingers came in contact with

(Continued on page 44.)

# The PIRATE SUBMARINE!

(Continued from page 36.)

something. He took hold, gripped, and fought his way back to the surface.

And his satisfaction was great when he found himself supporting the unconscious form of Professor Cyrus Zingrave. This time the master-crook had failed to cheat Justice.

**W**HEN Zingrave was pulled out of the water he was quite unconscious, but there appeared to be no bones broken. The fall had stunned him, and after that he had suffered semi-drowning. But Nelson Lee wanted a live prisoner, not a dead one.

He gave quick orders, and a number of men went straight to the bungalow. Dr. Catling and Bates, quite unaware of what had been happening, were taken by surprise—and they proved to be easy prisoners.

Lennard and some of his men made a tour of the island. Two more crooks were found—the men who had operated the signal lights on the cliff. And that completed the round-up.

At the bungalow, Lee was lucky enough to find a complete change of clothing—Catling's—and the fit was not too bad. Zingrave was stripped, too, and put to bed. Here, soon after dawn, he recovered. And when full daylight came he was so much better that Inspector Lennard dressed him, handcuffed him, and carried him off with the other prisoners to the mainland.

"Well, gov'nor, I didn't have much of a hand in this last stunt, but I saw plenty," said Nipper happily. "What a triumph!"  
 "Yes, I think we can call it a very big success," admitted Nelson Lee. "Our only

casualty is one man slightly wounded in the shoulder. And, considering the ruthless nature of the crooks, that's good going. We mustn't forget that your schoolfellows here are largely responsible for the light casualty list."

"We were only too jolly glad to do our bit, sir," said Handforth eagerly. "It wasn't anything to speak of, really."

"But you'll speak of it when we get back to St. Frank's, I'll bet," said Church. "You'll speak of it so much, in fact, that by the time you've told the story all round you'll be claiming all the credit for yourself."

Then came Mr. Russ Freemantle, flushed, excited, overjoyed. He fairly trembled when he saw his beloved submarine—intact and unharmed.

"You were right, Mr. Lee!" he declared, wringing the detective's hand. "You gave me your promise that you would restore the Ossipee to me—and here she is! Wonderful! I shall never forget this, sir! I am everlastingly in your debt."

But Nelson Lee gave little thought to the American inventor and his submarine. They were merely small items.

The main fact was that Professor Cyrus Zingrave was once again a prisoner in the hands of the law and his League of the Green Triangle was beaten for all time.

THE END.

(The Order of the Ring, a notorious confederation of crooks whose sinister plotting is paralysing society. Read how Nelson Lee and Nipper come up against this organisation and are whirled into the most amazing adventures of their lives, next week. The title of this gripping detective-thriller is: "Plunder, Ltd.")

**SPURPROOF TENTS. Model X.**



Made from lightweight proofed material. Complete with three-piece jointed poles, pegs, guy lines, and brown valise.

Weight 5 lbs. Size 6 ft. x 4 ft. 6 in. x 3 ft. 6 in. **10/6**

With 6 in. wall and 3 in. eave. Post 9d.

Accommodates three boys. Extra light weight in Egyptian Cotton. Weight 3½ lbs. 15/-

Send for beautiful Illustrated Camping List, post free.

**GEO. GROSE & CO., 8, New Bridge St., E.C.4.**

**MY GREAT OFFER**



Write for my free Bargain Lists of the best **A.L.L. BRITISH** cycles. **14 DAYS' APPROVAL. CARRIAGE PAID. Cash price £3 15s. or terms. All accessories FREE. Value 21/-.**

**2 WEEKLY**

**O'Brien** THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, 107 COVENTRY

**BE TALL** Your Height increased in 14 days or Money Back. Amazing Course. Write for Free Book, sent privately.—**STEBBING SYSTEM, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.**

**Blushing** Shyness, "Nerves," Self-consciousness cured or money back! Complete Treatment, 5/-, details, striking testimonials Free.—**L. A. STEBBING, 28, Dean Rd., LONDON, N.W.2.**

**STAMMERING.** Stuttering. New, remarkable. Certain Cure. Book let free, privately.—**SPECIALIST, Dept. A.P., 28, Dean Road, London, N.W.2.**

**BE TALLER!** Increased my own height to 6ft. 3½ins. Treatment **£2.2s.**—Details 2d. stamp.—**A. B. M. ROSS, Height Specialist, SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.**

**VENTRILOQUISM.** Throw voice, empty rooms, chimneys, etc. Imitate persons. Mystifying; great fun. Book containing full instructions, dialogues, 1/6, post paid. Money back if unsatisfied.—**NOVAL, 77, Grange Rd., Norwood, S.E.**

**300 STAMPS for 6d.** (Abroad 1/-), including Airpost, Barbados, Old India, Nigeria, New South Wales, Gold Coast, etc.—**W. A. WHITE, Engine Lane, LYE, Stourbridge.**

**MAN SIZE** My Two Illustrated Books show a simple, quick way to be **TALLER** and **STRONGER.** Write **TO-DAY** for **FREE COPIES.** **P. Carne Institute, Rhiwbina, Cardiff, S.W.**

All applications for Advertisement spaces in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Nelson Lee Library," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Be sure to mention **THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY** when communicating with advertisers.