

THREE CHEERS FOR MONDAY - IT'S COMET DAY!

COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 203 June 7, 1952

SHORTY

The
DEPUTY SHERIFF

GEE! SIX GUN SID!
I'LL PUT ON MY
DISGUISES AND
FOLLOW HIM!

UN?

WHAT ARE
YOU FOLLOWING
ME FOR, SHORTY?

SHUCKS!
I'VE BEEN
SPOTTED!

HO! HO! ANYONE CAN SEE THROUGH
YOUR DISGUISES! LET ME SHOW YOU
ONE THAT'LL FOOL EVERYBODY!

OO! YES
PLEASE!

WELL, FIRST OF ALL
I PICK YOU UP LIKE
THIS, AND...

YES!

THERE!

HA! HA! NOW EVEN
YOUR GRANNY WON'T
KNOW YOU!

RAGE

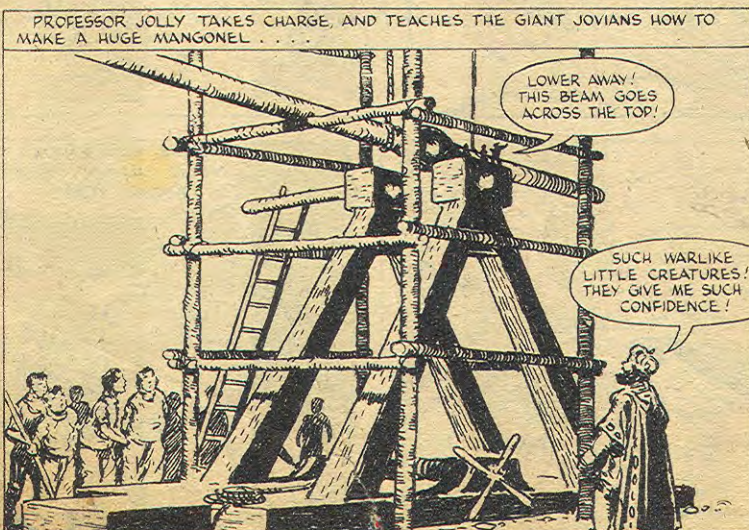
Our three space-travellers find new adventures on the biggest planet of all!

JOURNEY TO JUPITER

FLYING THROUGH SPACE TO JUPITER IN THE 'ROCKET SHIP' ANN, PETER AND THEIR UNCLE, PROFESSOR JOLLY, LAND AMONG A RACE OF CHEERY, FRIENDLY GIANTS. WHILST THEY ARE TRYING TO TELL THE KING WHERE THEY CAME FROM, AN ARROW, WITH A MESSAGE TIED TO IT, HURTLES THROUGH THE WINDOW AND BURIES ITSELF INTO THE TABLE.



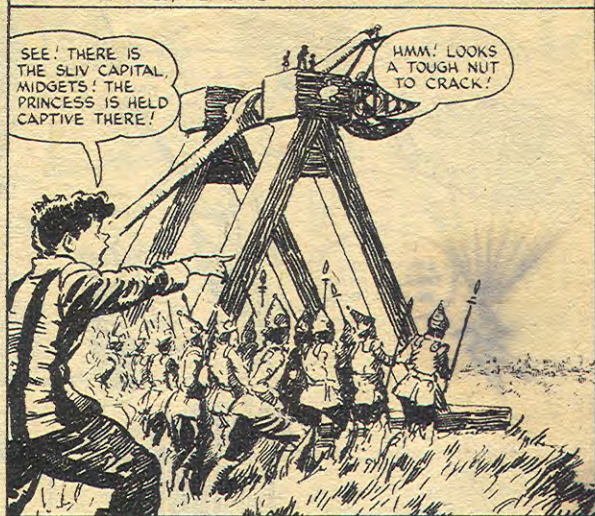
IN THE DAYS OF EXCITEMENT THAT FOLLOW, THE EARTH FOLK FIND TIME TO LEARN THE EASY JOVIAN LANGUAGE... IT SOON BECOMES CLEAR THAT THE JOVIANS AREN'T VERY GOOD AT MAKING WAR, AS THE DAYS PASS, THE KING'S HOPES OF RESCUING HIS DAUGHTER SEEM TO GROW LESS AND LESS.



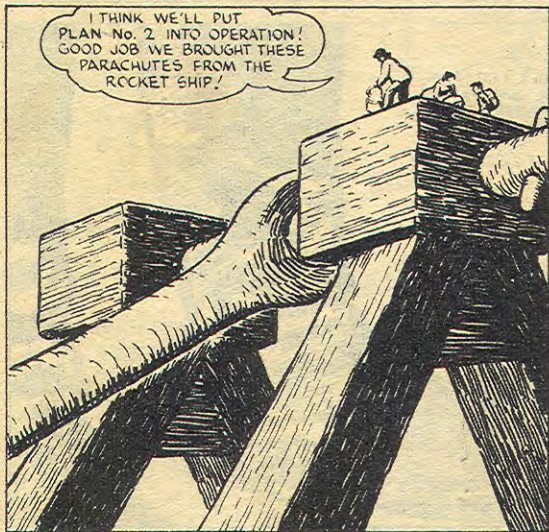
THE NEW ARMY SETS OFF THROUGH THE CITY GATES, THROUGH CHEERING CROWDS!



AFTER MANY MILES, THEY COME IN SIGHT OF A DARK TOWERED CITY!



I THINK WE'LL PUT PLAN NO. 2 INTO OPERATION! GOOD JOB WE BROUGHT THESE PARACHUTES FROM THE ROCKET SHIP!

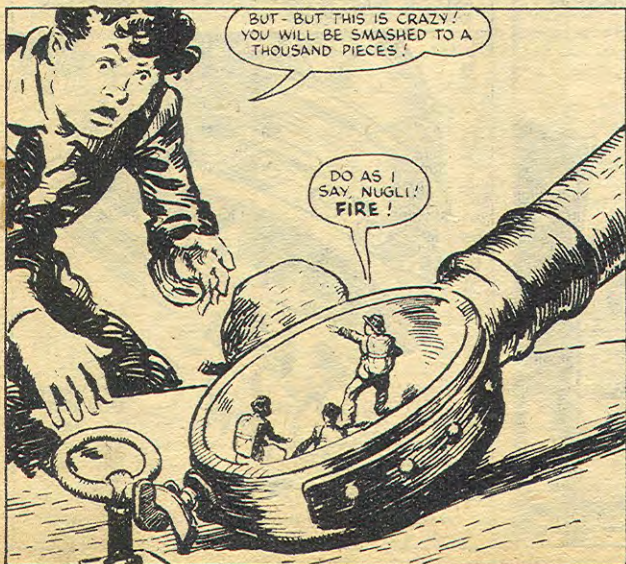


WE ARE READY TO FIRE THE FIRST ROCK, MIDGET!

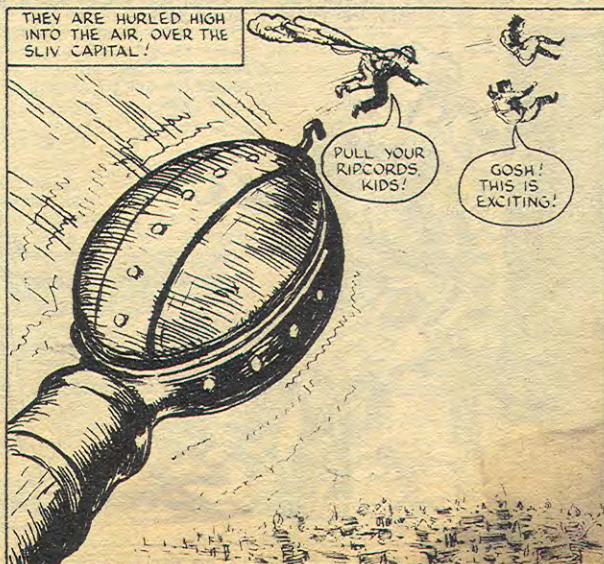


BUT - BUT THIS IS CRAZY! YOU WILL BE SMASHED TO A THOUSAND PIECES!

DO AS I SAY, NUGLI! FIRE!



THEY ARE HURLED HIGH INTO THE AIR, OVER THE SLIV CAPITAL!



THEN, AS THEY FLOAT DOWN TOWARDS THE SLIV KING'S CASTLE

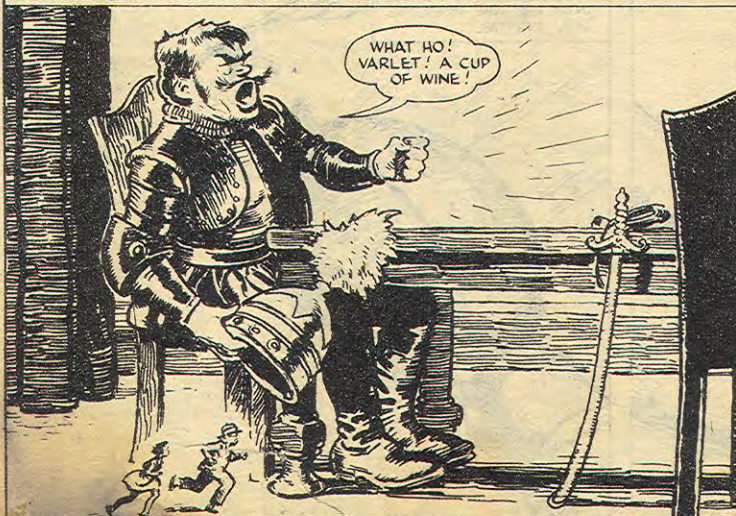


A GIANT HAND GRASPS PETER, AND HE IS DRAWN INTO THE ROOM

THE PROFESSOR AND ANN TEAR OFF THEIR PARACHUTES AS THEY LAND



THE SLIV KING THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE CHAIR, AND ROARS FOR A SERVANT AS HE REMOVES HIS HELMET AND DROPS IT AT HIS SIDE!

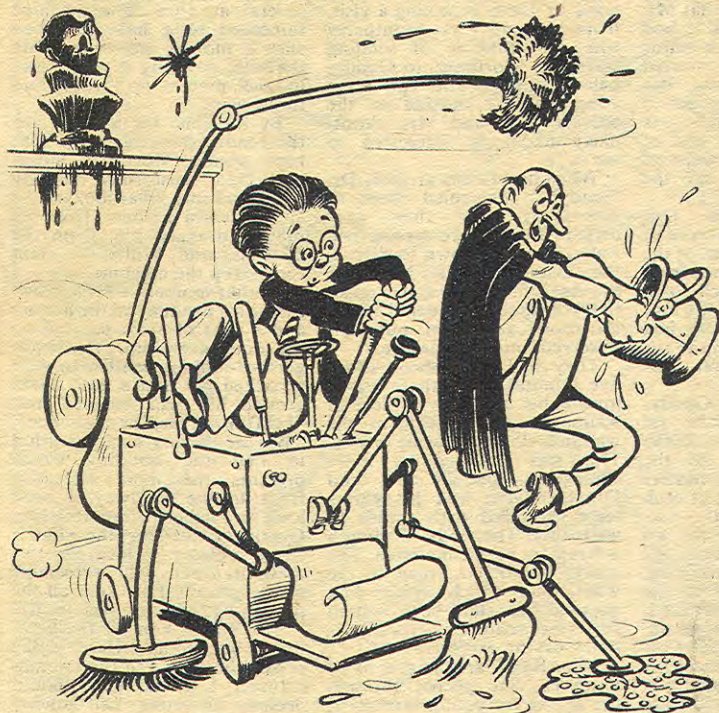


AND THE HUGE HELMET FALLS CLEAN OVER ANN AND THE PROFESSOR!



Next week: Ann and her uncle are chased by a giant rat! Don't miss this thrilling picture-story!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



Mr. Halfspun puts his foot in it when he tries to stop Willie's Paper-Pasting machine!

DR. GANDYBAR GETS A PASTING!

MR. HALFSPUN screwed up his eyes and peered at the Fourth Formers' exercise books which lay open on his desk. "Can anyone tell me," he asked coldly, "why you have all done your prep in glaring, purple ink? I find it most unpleasant."

"Please, Sir!" Jimmy Bash held up his hand. "It's one of Wizzard's inventions."

"I might have known it," the form master sniffed. "Wizzard, stand up and explain why you should choose to inflict me with eyestrain."

Willie Wizzard, the schoolboy inventor, rose from his seat. The son of a world-famous scientist, he had a bulging forehead and huge round spectacles like motor-car headlamps. He blinked owlishly through these at Mr. Halfspun and spoke in a mournful croak. "It's because of the shortage of blotch—I mean blotting paper," he explained.

"I am aware that blotting paper is in short supply," Mr. Halfspun retorted. "But I fail to see how that accounts for the Fourth Form's prep being written in what looks like savages' war-paint."

"It's quite simple, sir, really," Willie went on patiently. "As there wasn't any blotting paper in the school, I added one of my special powders to the ink to

make it dry quickly. It worked. But unfortunately," he added, "it also turned the ink purple."

"Hrmf!" Mr. Halfspun snorted. "Let's hope that's all that it did. Knowing you and your inventions, Wizzard, I should think that's most unlikely."

It was. Most unlikely indeed. At that moment Mr. Halfspun's fears were proved right. He was suddenly thrown backwards from his desk by a series of violent explosions. Foul-smelling, purple smoke billowed from the pages of the exercise books, accompanied by rapid bangs. The prep was blowing up!

Mr. Halfspun had fallen to the floor by the blackboard. His mortar-board was tilted over his eyes and his face was covered with blackish-purple streaks. After popping off like a battery of machine-guns, the exercise books had settled into a charred and smouldering heap, and the room was full of smoke.

"Open the windows!" gasped Mr. Halfspun from beneath his desk. "Call the Fire Brigade! Send for the Police! Call out the Marines!"

The boys took no notice of his last three orders, but they did open the windows and gradually the smoke cleared. When it was possible to see across the room again, Willie Wizzard could be observed, gazing sadly at the burned remains of the exercise books. "Oh, dear, oh, dear," he said. "I forgot that the

powder explodes after it has been mixed with ink for eighteen hours."

"You forgot..."

Mr. Halfspun was almost speechless. He was just drawing breath to tell Willie Wizzard what he really thought of him when the door opened and in stalked Dr. Gandybar, the headmaster of Gandybar Academy.

"Good gracious!" he coughed, with his handkerchief to his face. "What in the world has been going on here?" Mr. Halfspun tried to tell him, but the headmaster cut him short. "I was coming round in any case, to tell you that I have decided to have a school spring-cleaning," he announced.

He looked round at the smoke-grimed walls and the ash-covered floor. "This room certainly needs it badly," he added. "The boys of Gandybar Academy are to re-decorate their own

form rooms next Saturday afternoon!"

"But, Sir!" Jimmy Bash wailed. "That's a half-holiday!"

Dr. Gandybar looked at him over the top of his glasses. "Surely you didn't expect to do it during class-time, Bash?" he asked grimly.

"Yes, sir, I mean no, sir," Jimmy faltered.

When the lesson was over the Fourth Formers gathered round Willie Wizzard. "It's all your fault!" they jeered. "If your rotten old ink hadn't blown up, we shouldn't have to stay in on Saturday to spring-clean the form-room. Now you can jolly well think of a way to get us out of it!"

"Don't worry," Willie croaked. "I'll soon think of something." And he went off to his den behind the boilerhouse to work out the details of a Wizzard Spring-Cleaning Machine.

As Saturday approached, the Fourth Formers were getting worried about their half holiday. They kept asking Willie what he was going to do to save them the job of re-decorating their class-room, but all he would do was to look mysterious and murmur: "Wait and see."

But on Saturday morning he told them that he was ready. They gathered around the door to his den and Willie went inside. After a moment there was a great snorting and pant-

ing, and a cumbersome wheeled contraption rolled slowly out, with Willie perched on a seat at the controls high above.

There was a large roll of wallpaper behind Willie's seat, and the paper passed through a tank of paste to the front of the machine, where a brush on a hinged arm hovered, ready to slap it on to the nearest wall. Also at the front, but down at the bottom, was a bucket of soapy water and two mechanical arms holding a scrubbing brush and a floor cloth. And sticking out of the middle of the contraption was a feather duster on another metal arm.

"I can control all the gadgets with these levers," Willie told them. "One person can spring-clean and re-decorate a whole room in a matter of moments." And with these words he steered the machine across the quad to the Fourth Form class room.

The Wizzard Spring-Cleaning Machine worked very well. While the rest of the boys moved the desks and chairs out of the way, Willie drove it back and forth across the floor, scrubbing and wiping the boards, and occasionally making the feather duster flick out to brush a ledge.

Then he set to work papering the walls. The paper whirled through the tank of paste and the brush flattened it against the wall. Then a sharp knife flashed out and cut the piece off neatly at the bottom. Willie had done three of the walls and was finishing the fourth. He was so fascinated with working his invention that he forgot to look where he was going, and after slicing off one piece of wallpaper he moved level with the door.

Jimmy was about to shout a warning that Willie was going to paper the door, when it opened. Mr. Halfspun had decided to come along to see how his boys were getting on with their spring-cleaning, and he was just in time to receive a strip of wallpaper, sodden with white, sticky paste, right in the face.

The paper not only stuck to his face; it clung to his whole length, from head to foot. Mr. Halfspun staggered about blindly, his eyes and mouth clogged with paste, shouting for help. With the paper covering him, he couldn't see where he was going and he put his foot in the bucket of soapy water. His arms waved like windmill sails; he lurched, and toppled, and fell into Willie's lap, his foot still wedged in the bucket and his hands grabbing wildly at the controls of the machine.

Unfortunately, he pulled the full-speed-ahead lever down as far as it would go. The machine sprang forward with a jolt which threw Willie and Mr. Halfspun down amidst the

(Continued on page 6)

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Continued from page 5)

levers in a tangle of arms, legs, paste and papers, and chuffed out of the open door.

It gathered speed as it rolled down the corridor, and its two helpless passengers clung on for dear life as it swept round a corner on two wheels. Then Mr. Halfspun sat up and tore the sticky wallpaper from his face. When he had rubbed the paste out of his eyes he looked ahead—and shouted in alarm at what he saw. Willie peered cautiously in front of him and then held his head in his hands. With ever-increasing speed, the machine was trundling towards a stout oaken door—the door of Dr. Gandybar's study!

There was a mighty crash and the door flew open. The invention clattered on until it came to rest with a sudden smack against the headmaster's desk. Willie and Mr. Halfspun just had time to be thankful that Dr. Gandybar was not in, when they were thrown forward against the controls.

The feather duster shot out of the side of the invention and buried its head in the doctor's inkwell. Then it darted about the room, busily "dusting" ink all over Dr. Gandybar's walls and furniture, over his books and papers, and so covering the bust of Shakespeare on the mantelpiece with ink that he looked like a bearded nigger-minstrel.

"Stop it, Wizzard, stop it!" cried Mr. Halfspun. "The headmaster's study will be ruined. Oh, dear! Whatever will Dr. Gandybar say?"

Willie reached out for the feather duster control, but Mr. Halfspun was too impatient. Pushing Willie aside, he decided to take things into his own hands, and jumped off the machine to try and grab the duster before it could do any more damage.

In the excitement Mr. Halfspun had forgotten that his foot was jammed in the bucket, but he soon remembered when he tried to chase that duster. He danced about on one leg, tugging

at the bucket with his hands, and ducking from time to time as the inky duster swooped over his head.

Meanwhile, the push that Mr. Halfspun had given Willie had thrown the schoolboy inventor against the lever which started the papering mechanism. But instead of sticking wallpaper to the walls, the machine was plastering them with a pile of essays which had been swept off the headmaster's desk into the paste tank.

Mr. Halfspun chose that moment to step on to a cake of soap which had fallen out of the bucket. Both his legs shot from under him with so much force that the bucket flew off his foot and sailed out of the door—just as Dr. Gandybar, coming to see what the din was about, was walking in.

The bucket struck Dr. Gandybar on the chest and he sat down very suddenly. Willie grabbed the controls of the machine, and as the two masters sat on the floor, staring at each other in amazement, the ink-sodden duster came to rest on top of Dr. Gandybar's head.

There was a long, tense silence. Then Dr. Gandybar lifted the bucket from his lap and put it slowly to one side. He stood up, took one look at the state of his study, winced, and closed his eyes. "Wizzard," he said in a strangled voice, "You will clear up this disgraceful mess. Halfspun, you had better come with me and explain." Followed by Mr. Halfspun, Dr. Gandybar marched out, with ink dripping from the end of his nose.

Left alone with his invention, Willie was able to make a good, quick job of putting the study to rights. He couldn't get the essays off the wall, though, as the paste had stuck fast. So, for good measure, he repapered the room as well, using a paper with a tasteful pattern of roses climbing up trellis-work.

When Dr. Gandybar returned after washing himself and changing his clothes, he was so

delighted with the result that he forgot to talk to Willie about the earlier upheaval. "Excellent, Wizzard," he said. "Run along now, as I am expecting a visit, from Mr. and Mrs. Stoutparty who are thinking of sending their son, Mortimer, to Gandybar Academy. You can leave your machine outside in the passage; Mr. and Mrs. Stoutparty might be interested to see it."

When his visitors arrived, Dr. Gandybar welcomed them to his study, and they were delighted with its rose-patterned walls. They sat down to discuss the school, while Mortimer Stoutparty, a tubby and inquisitive youngster, wandered about the room and went out, unobserved, into the passage.

They had been there about five minutes when there was a loud bang, and a large piece of wallpaper was torn from the wall in a cloud of purple smoke. This was followed by more explosions from all sides, and Dr. Gandybar and his guests were showered with shreds of wallpaper. The study filled with a familiar, purplish smoke. The essays which had stuck to the walls, and which Willie had papered over, had been written with the schoolboy inventor's quick-drying explosive ink!

Mrs. Stoutparty had a fit of hysterics. She peered through the smoke for young Mortimer, and not being able to see him, started howling: "Help! We're being attacked by bandits and Mortimer has been kidnapped!" She rushed out into the passage, followed by her husband and Dr. Gandybar. They were in time to see young Mortimer, sitting at the controls of the Wizzard Spring-Cleaner, driving happily out of the front door.

They all shouted to him to stop, and chased after him. But Mortimer was enjoying himself much too much to stop. He went full steam ahead across the quad and out of the gates, turned the steering wheel and rattled along the pavement by the school walls, scattering old

ladies and gentlemen, out for walks with their dogs.

Then he thought he'd try another lever. In fact, he pulled several at once. The machine screeched to a halt and then started moving sideways along the wall, covering it with paper in the pattern of roses and trellis-work.

By the time his parents and the headmaster caught up with him, young Mortimer Stoutparty had transformed the ugly brick wall into what looked like an old-world garden. Then his mother dragged him from the controls, and Willie was sent for to stop the machine.

At that moment a large black car with a pennant on the bonnet and a coat of arms painted on the door drew up. A distinguished-looking gentleman with a cocked hat and a gold chain around his neck stepped out. "I am the Mayor," he announced. "We are having a competition to find the building which presents the most attractive front to the roadway. I need look no further before declaring Gandybar Academy the winner. It was a charming idea, Doctor, to decorate your wall to resemble a rose garden. I am sure all the passers-by will appreciate it."

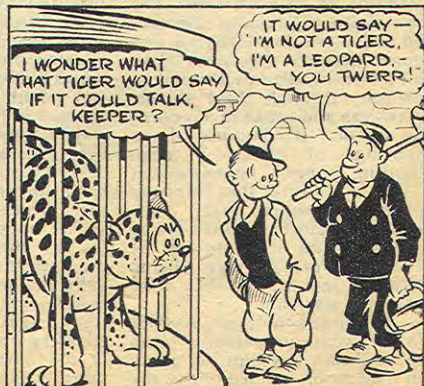
The Mayor handed Dr. Gandybar a cheque. "Here is the prize," he said. "In the circumstances, I think you should declare an extra half-holiday for your pupils."

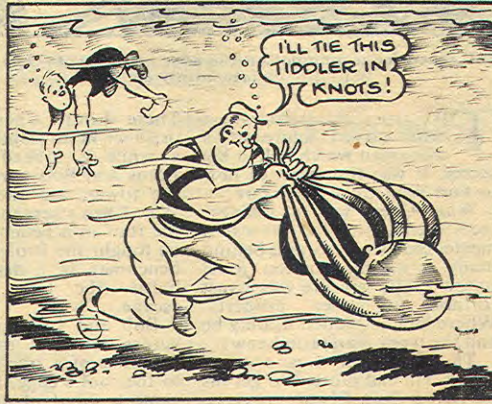
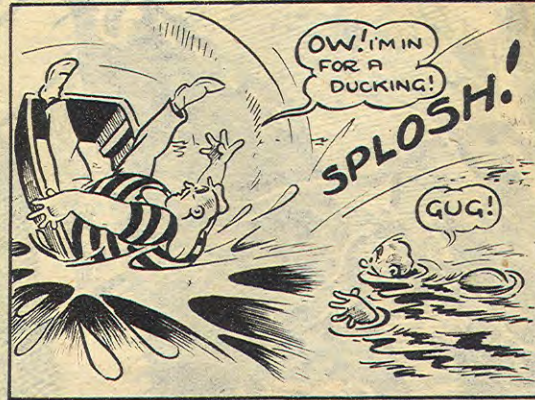
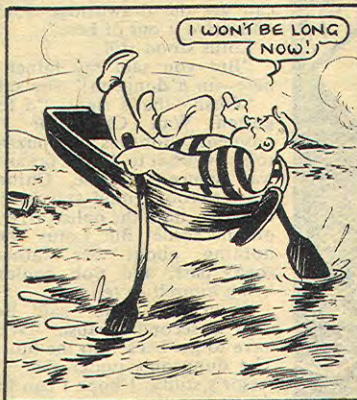
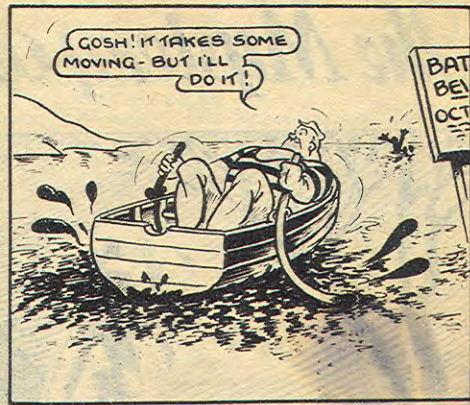
Later that day Dr. Gandybar was addressing the school. "In accordance with the wishes of the Mayor," he said, "there will be an extra half-holiday on Monday." There were loud cheers, but he held up his hand. "Except for William Wizzard," he went on, "who will stay in to spring-clean and re-decorate my study." He glared at Willie. "He will do it entirely by hand!" he added.

And there was nothing that Willie could invent to get him out of that!

Next week Willie invents a wood-magnetiser! There are high jinks on the cricket field!

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!





Watch for the chuckles next week when Tex goes for a peaceful country walk!

The Mystery of the Ivory Mandarin



Bob stood for a moment on the edge of the roof—then he leapt out into empty air!

THE ivory mandarin was a little carved figure of a chinaman which held a big secret. It was the secret of how to find Wan Chen's treasure!

Wan Chen was a Chinese ivory merchant, who was also a master crook—the brains behind many a daring London jewel robbery. His treasure was a vast fortune in stolen property. Where he had hidden it, only he and the ivory mandarin knew!

The Professor was another crook. He had plotted to get his hands on Wan Chen's treasure, and had succeeded in getting hold of the ivory mandarin. He had also kidnapped Lotus, Wan Chen's schoolgirl daughter, and held her as a hostage.

Bob Harley, son of Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard, had trailed the Professor when he made his getaway from London to his hideout at Dreadlock Grange. Bob was on the spot when the Professor almost succeeded in working out the puzzle of the ivory mandarin.

Then Wan Chen appeared, in time to stop the Professor learning the whole secret. But the Chinaman was trapped, when the Professor made a trap-door fall open under his feet, and he fell into a dungeon below.

Bob Harley grabbed the ivory mandarin and fled to the Old Keep of Dreadlock Grange.

There Lotus Chen was held prisoner in an upper room. For a while it looked as though Lotus and Bob were trapped in the tower, but then Ah Foo, Wan Chen's servant, landed on the roof in a helicopter, and as he fought the Professor and his henchman in a desperate gun-battle, the two made their escape.

Bob and Lotus ran for it—across the roof to where the branches of a tree spread close to the roof's edge. Behind them came a shout of anger, as the Professor saw that they had escaped from the tower. They heard the bang of his gun, and a bullet whistled over their heads.

"He daren't chase after us!" panted Bob. "Your Dad's pal from the helicopter will get him if he comes out of cover!" They reached the edge of the roof. "We'll have to jump for it. Are you game, Lotus?"

The Chinese girl nodded. Bob wasted no more time, but took a flying leap towards the branches that spread out below him, just a few feet from the wall. His outstretched hands grabbed at a branch, and his feet skidded across a lower one. Twigs scratched at his face—but he was safe!

He turned around and looked up. Lotus jumped as he did so. Bob grabbed her arm as she

dropped towards him, and a second later she was beside him on the spreading branch.

"Down to the ground—quickly!" said Bob, and led the way. Above them the gun battle on the roof raged on. Ah Foo's deadly shooting was keeping the Professor and Chuck under cover.

"We can make a getaway while they're still scrapping," Bob said as his feet touched the ground. "The Professor's car is round the front of the house. While he's busy up there, we can get the drawbridge down, and drive it out of here."

Lotus stood still.

"But you said my father is here—in a dungeon!" she said.

"Gosh—that's right! I'd forgotten Wan Chen for the moment," Bob was a bit puzzled to know what to do. As far as he was concerned, the Chinese master-crook could stay in the dungeon, until the police arrived on the scene. But Lotus knew nothing about her father's shady past, and Bob couldn't bring himself to tell her.

"Come on then," said Bob after a second's pause. "We'll have to get back into the house. The dungeon's under the Professor's study. I hope I can find the gadget that works the trap-door."

Bob led the way round the house until they came to the smashed window through which he had entered earlier in the day. They clambered in, and made their way across the damp, dark room within to the great hall that lay beyond.

"That's the Professor's study," Bob pointed as they crossed the hall to where a gleam of light showed through the partly open door. The Professor had left an oil-lamp burning there.

"Now I'll have to search round for the lever, or whatever it is that works the trap," Bob told Lotus, as they stood inside the doorway. "Come over by the table. That's where the Professor was standing when it opened before. I reckon he must have worked it with his foot—he'd got his hand's up." Bob was down on his hands and knees by this time, going over the floor plank by plank.

Luckily he knew almost the exact spot where the Professor had stood, and it wasn't long before he found what he sought. It was a narrow gap between two of the boards, close beside the carved foot of the table. Through this gap stuck the end of a blackened iron lever.

"This'll be it!" cried Bob. "Stay close to me—I'm going to open the trap." So saying he pushed the lever as far as it would go along the slot, and heard the creak and clatter of the trap-door dropping open once more.

"Father!" called Lotus.

"Unworthy father prisoner below! Most happy to hear voice of beloved daughter—But where is villainous Professor?"

"He's up on the roof, Father. Bob Harley and I will help you out of there—we'll have to hurry before the Professor comes down!"

Bob had picked up a heavy carved chair, with a high back. He carried it across to the hole in the floor, and lowered it down towards Wan Chen, some ten feet below him.

"Stand on this for a start," said Bob. "We'll haul you up the rest of the way with one of these curtains for a rope."

"Most excellent plan." Wan Chen was just able to reach up to take the heavy chair from Bob, as he dangled it as far as he could. "This person hears sound of gunfire from above. Please to tell what is happening?"

Bob lowered one of the heavy hangings from the study walls into the dungeon, and braced himself as he felt Wan Chen grasp it. Lotus caught hold of Bob's waist, and hauled back.

"The Professor and his man are fighting Ah Foo—he landed on the roof in a helicopter," said Lotus.

"So!" Wan Chen had stepped onto the chair seat, and then by dint of throwing part of his weight onto the curtain-rope, was able to use the chair back as a sort of ladder. His arm reached over the trap edge, and a moment later he scrambled up into the room. "So—Professor engaged in battle of guns with faithful Ah Foo. Must go to aid, and so make way to helicopter for speedy escape. But first—Where is the ivory mandarin?"

"Choo Chin Charley's quite safe—Bob's got him!" smiled Lotus. "Don't worry about the ivory mandarin!"

Wan Chen held out his hand. "Please to give ivory mandarin to the rightful owner," he said, smiling blandly. But for all his smile, there was a threatening note in his voice.

Bob faced the plump Chinaman, and shook his head.

"There's been so much trouble over the thing already that I'll have to give it to my father," he said. "The police will want it. You can have it back afterwards—if it's all right then."

"Give—it—to—me!"

Bob shook his head.

Lotus looked from one to the other in amazement. "But surely—it doesn't matter now—Bob can keep it till—" Lotus broke off and let out a little gasping scream.

A gun had suddenly appeared in her father's hand. It was pointed straight at Bob Harley. "Father—what are you doing?"

Wan Chen's face was hard and angry now.

"Is no time for playing. Give me ivory mandarin."

He was in deadly earnest. Bob looked at the black muzzle of the gun, and gulped. There was nothing for it but to hand over the little carved ivory figure.

"Thank you," Wan Chen snatched the mandarin from Bob's hand, and crossed towards the door in three rapid strides. He skirted the open trap. "Please to keep daughter Lotus out of harm's way," he snapped, and then he was gone, speeding across the great hall with swift gliding steps towards the stairs that would lead him upward towards the gun battle on the roof.

Lotus turned towards Bob. Her eyes were wet with tears.

"I've—I've never seen my father angry like that. I don't understand. He's always been so gentle—so kind." She gripped Bob's arm. "You said the mandarin held the secret of a hidden treasure—but why should that make my father act so strangely? Why couldn't he trust you to keep the mandarin? Why did he have to have it now?"

Bob couldn't tell Lotus the truth. There was a lump in his own throat now. He couldn't tell the girl that her father was a thief—that the hidden treasure was his loot—and that once the police found that hoard of stolen property, he would go to prison for many years.

From up above there came a new burst of shooting, and then the sound of shouts.

"Bob—what's happened?" "I don't know. But your Dad and Ah Foo will have the Professor and Chuck caught between them." Bob paused, and stood listening for a moment. "The shooting seems to have stopped now."

"Suppose it's the Professor who's—who's—won?"

"We'll be in a bit of a pickle again!" said Bob grimly. "We could barricade ourselves in here, I suppose. Help's bound to come sooner or later—my father will find the way here somehow. Bob had to admit to himself that he didn't quite see how, but he didn't tell the girl that.

"Listen!" Lotus raised a hand. Bob tensed. From the corridors above, he could hear the sound of feet. He peered out of the door, across the gloom of the hall towards the great stairway.

A moment later the Professor and Chuck appeared coming down the stair. But their hands were in the air—and behind them walked the two Chinamen, guns in their hands.

"Please to go into study," said Wan Chen. The Professor and Chuck came forward into the light, and made their way around the open hole of the trap. Wan Chen and Ah Foo followed close behind. "You now to be locked in own dungeon." Wan Chen went on, waving with his gun towards the hole. "Please to jump down, and hand up chair to us above. Do not worry—will not starve. Police soon

come—Wan Chen tell them where to find you."

"I'll tell 'em all I know about you!" snarled the Professor "If they get me—I'll see they get you, too!"

"Professor can tell all he likes! By time police come, Wan Chen miles away. Police never find Wan Chen!"

"But father!" Lotus was speaking. "You've got nothing to fear. Why are you going to run away?"

"I'll tell you why!" retorted the Professor "Your precious father won't face the police because he's the biggest crook of the lot of us! The police never got a line on him—he was too clever—"

"Silence!" Wan Chen screamed the word. "For that you die, Professor!" Wan Chen's gun swung upwards.

There came the roar of an explosion—but not from Wan Chen's gun.

Wan Chen let out a yelp of pain, as his gun flew from his hand. All eyes swung towards the doorway.

A man stood there, a smoking pistol in his hand. Behind him were two other men.

Ah Foo swung his gun away from the Professor to take a shot at the newcomers. But he fared no better than Wan Chen. He sank to the floor clutching a wounded hand.

"Slim!" The Professor gasped the name. Then he recovered himself. "My dear Slim! I was never more pleased to see you! And Lew—and Ginger! Welcome to Dreadlock Grange. You could not have come at a better time!"

"My dear Slim!" The tough-looking crook in the doorway mocked the Professor "You say that now. But you ditched us in London—didn't you? You put the cops onto us, didn't you?"

Slim and the others had been part of the gang which the Professor had got together in London. It was true that the Professor had "ditched" them. Once he had got his hands on the ivory mandarin, he had had no intention of sharing the treasure with them, and had thought himself safe from being found by them at Dreadlock Grange.

But he had certainly not put the police onto his ex-gangsters. "Slim—you're making a great mistake, my dear fellow!"

The Professor's brain was working fast. How had Slim found him at this secret place?

"I'm not making any mistakes!" grated Slim, his gun covering the Professor, Chuck, Bob, Lotus, and the two Chinamen. "When you left London, you said you were going to work out final plans for getting the treasure. Well—half an hour after you cleared out, the police turned up!"

"What!" "Yeah—and don't act so surprised! The only thing you've got to be surprised about is that I knew where to find you up here. You thought I didn't know

about this place, didn't you? Well—I took the trouble to check up on where you went a couple of months back, when you cleared out of London."

"You mean you followed me?" the Professor's voice was choking with rage.

"Yeah. That's how I knew where to look for you after I got away from the cops. I guessed you'd be here."

Slim was master of the situation.

"Now—I'll have the ivory mandarin!" said Slim. "Me and the boys here have decided we'll have the treasure. You ratted on us—now it's our turn!"

Nobody spoke.

"Search 'em all, Ginger," Slim told one of the men with him. "Start with the old Chink. He had the drop on the others when we showed up. He's most likely to have it."

Wan Chen's slanting eyes glittered with helpless rage, as Ginger stepped over to him, and ran his right hand over his robe. In Ginger's other hand was a gun.

Ginger gave a quick cry. "Got it, Slim!"

His hand dived into a pocket in Wan Chen's robe. It came out holding the ivory mandarin.

"Good! Now we'll lock this little bunch up, and scam out of here fast. We've got what we came for. Find some rope, Ginger. You'd better help him tie them up, Lew. I'll keep them covered."

Lew and Ginger, the two

toughs who had come with Slim pocketed their guns. Ginger produced a coil of thin, strong sash-cord from a deep inner pocket.

Slim leaned back against the door-frame, waving his gun around the room.

"Don't get between my gun and those mugs, either of you," he warned his two pals. "Don't give any of them a chance to try anything!"

Slim's face had a broad, pleased grin upon it. He was enjoying himself.

Suddenly the grin faded, and Slim's face went pale.

A gun was now pressing into his ribs—from behind him!

"Drop that gun, Slim—and don't move—anybody!" said a quiet voice.

Two big, neatly-dressed men swept swiftly into the room leaped across the trap-door hole, and rapidly disarmed Ginger and Lew.

"Dad!" cried Bob.

The police had arrived!

Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard came into view behind Slim.

"Are you all right, old son?"

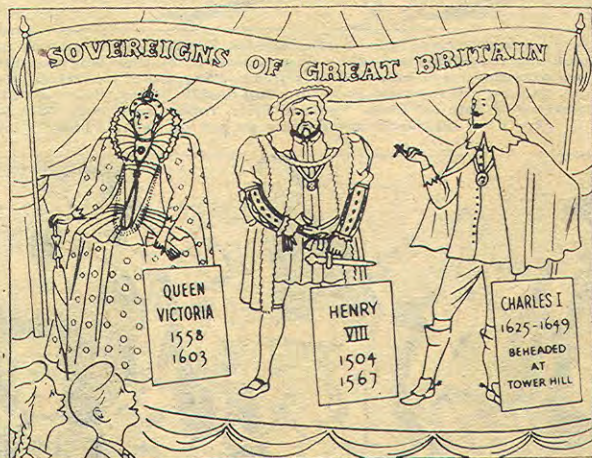
"Sure, Dad." Bob crossed the room towards his Dad, and picked up by the barrel the gun which Slim had dropped. He wrapped a handkerchief around it to preserve the finger-prints of Slim upon it, and slipped it into his pocket. Bob was a cadet from the police college, and he knew well that Slim's prints upon a loaded gun would be

(Continued on page 18)

CADBURYS PUZZLE CORNER No. 11

Something was wrong at the Waxworks!

How good is your history? Study this picture carefully and see if you can spot the deliberate mistakes our artist has made. There are at least six—which you can check by turning this page upside down.



When it comes to cocoa and chocolate, you'll make no mistake when you say 'Please

I want Cadburys!

THE MISTAKES—1 The first statue is of Queen Elizabeth 2 She would not carry an umbrella—they were not invented then 3 Henry VIII reigned from 1509-1547 4 He would not have worn a Restoration wig 5 Charles I was beheaded at Whitehall 6 Cigarettes were not smoked in the 17th Century

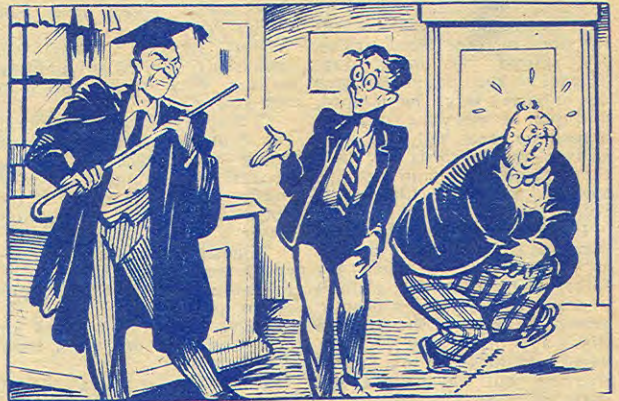
This is not a competition and no prizes are offered—it's for your amusement only

THE FAT OWL THINKS HE'S IN FOR A DOUBLE TREAT—

BILLY BUNTER



In one of the Remove studies, Billy Bunter and Fisher T. Fish, the American, were running a jumble sale. Fish was always thinking up wheezes for making money and this was his latest. "Roll up, roll up!" he shouted. "Real bargains for a few pence." "Come on, you chaps!" squeaked Billy. "Buy this rotten—I mean—splendid record. It's only slightly cracked, but it's lovely music!"



But at that moment Mr. Quelch appeared. "What is the meaning of this?" he roared. "Fish and Bunter, you will accompany me to my study." "Oh lor!" moaned Billy. "P-P-P-Please, sir, I haven't made any money yet—I mean—that is to say—" "Silence, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch. "I will not have the school turned into a market!" So they both got six of the best.



Fish was not to be outdone by Mr. Quelch. So Billy and he took all the junk into the village and sold it at a local shop. On their way back Fish saw something that made his eyes gleam. "Say, Billy!" he cried. "I've got an idea! How would you like a big feed?" "I say, that's awfully sporting of you, old chap," gasped Billy, rather surprised. "But we can't buy much with the shilling we got for that old junk!"



"Not now, you fat chump!" said Fish. Fish went up to a man who was nearly as fat as Billy. The man was eating a giant pie. "Say," said Fish, "how would you like to enter in an eating contest?" "Why, young sir," said the rustic farmhand, "oi should like that very much." Fish rubbed his hands and pointed to Billy. "Your rival will be Mr. Bunter of Greyfriars. Come along to the school at six tonight!"



Back at school, Fisher T. Fish explained his plan to the members of the Remove who had gathered round to hear what his latest idea was. "Say, you guys," he drawled, "Billy is competing in an eating contest with Mr. Hick of Friardale tonight." "What's the catch?" asked Bob Cherry. "No catch at all," said Fish. "Of course, there will be a small charge to watch—the money will be given to the winner!"



"Come on," said Bob to Harry Wharton. "I've an idea." Bob explained his idea to Harry and, chuckling, they went over to the tuckshop. Bob Cherry bought a big box full of food and just as they were leaving Bunter came ambling in sight. They told Billy to come along for a big feed they'd got for him in Bob Cherry's study. "I say, that's jolly ripping of you chaps," said Billy, beaming.

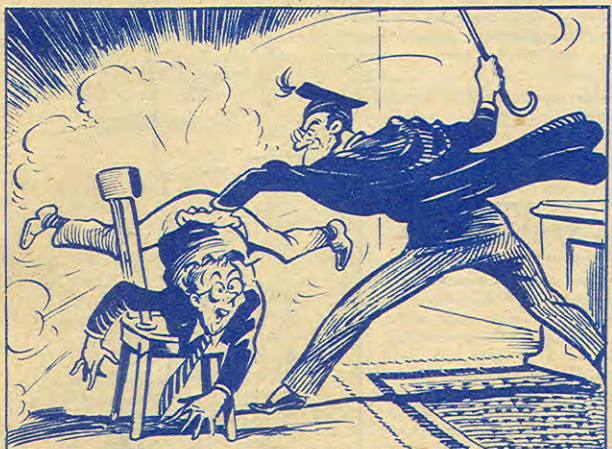
BUT HE FINDS HIMSELF DOUBLED UP INSTEAD!



"It's nothing," said Bob trying not to grin. "We feel we owe you one."
 "Yes, I suppose you do," said Billy. "I must have bought you some large feeds in the past."
 "Of course you have," chuckled Harry. "No end of them." When Billy saw the food spread out before him, he dived into a chair and began stuffing the food down as fast as he could.



"Only a few more," shouted Fish, collecting the shillings. When the study was full, Fish announced that the contest would begin as soon as Billy Bunter was present. When Billy arrived he was not looking so happy. He sat opposite Mr. Hick and started. Mr. Hick had devoured a whole blackberry and apple pie before Billy had eaten his first slice.



To Fish's dismay, Mr. Hick won. Of course, Fish's whole idea had been for Billy to win—then they would have shared the prize. And just as he was handing over the money, who should appear on the scene but Mr. Quelch. "Wretched boy!" he cried. "I have warned you before. Go to my study at once—I shall give you a severe caning!"

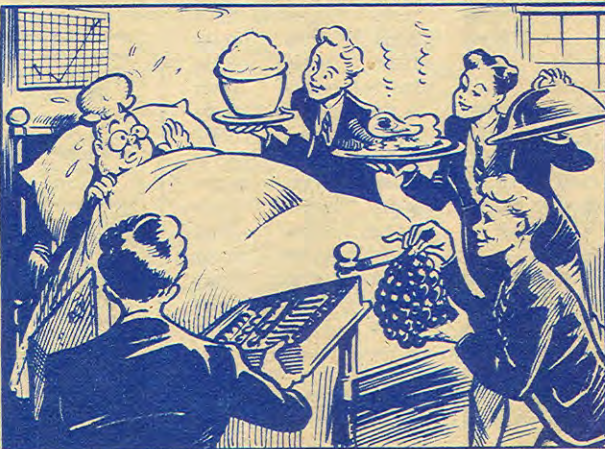
Don't miss the chuckles in our new picture-serial, "Billy Bunter's Birthday Party" next week!



With half the Remove giving him all he could eat, he was soon full up. Billy sat back at last and looked at the empty plates in front of him, "I say, you fellows," he gasped, "that was some feed!" "Come on, Billy," said Harry, "Fishy has another feed waiting for you. Hurry up!" At Fish's study a steady stream of boys were going in.

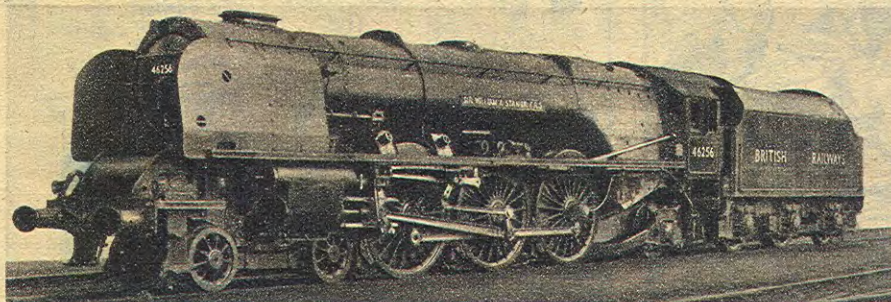


Poor old Billy had eaten so much in Bob Cherry's study that he was unable to even eat another cake. "What's up with you, you fat ass?" yelled Fish. "Hick's eaten nearly half the grub already." "Oh crumbs!" moaned Billy. "Take it away. I can't eat a bit more." "WHAT!" yelled Fish. "You fat owl—" "Really, Fishy," gasped Billy feebly.



The yells that came from Mr. Quelch's study told that Fish was not getting off as lightly as last time. As for Billy, he felt so ill that he was taken to the sick bay. "Grooh—beasts—lemme alone," he moaned as some of the chaps offered him some grub. "Take the beastly grub away." It must have been the first time Billy Bunter didn't want to eat!

The Story of the "ROYAL SCOT"



This week we are going on a train journey! So all aboard the famous "Royal Scot"!

The "Royal Scot" leaves Euston Station, in London, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Glasgow at 6.25 in the afternoon. It covers the distance of over four hundred miles with only one stop—near Carlisle—to change driver and fireman. On the right of this page is our special map, drawn by Alan Anderson, which shows the first half of the journey north and the points of interest on the way. Above, is one of the mighty Princess Coronation-class engines—the "Sir William Stanier"—which pulls the train. This particular engine was named after the famous engineer who designed it.

OUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

More Presents for Club Members!

ONE HUNDRED free presents every week! That's what our grand club has to offer. And maybe it's your turn this week! Look at the list of numbers below, then at the number on the back of your Club Album. If it's the same as any of the numbers here don't waste any time. Send up right away for your present—you choose it yourself!

36,779	15,828	199,143	162,684	40,725
47,374	137,373	166,774	23,570	154,352
102,259	75,671	81,481	46,673	186,687
183,774	21,911	51,257	166,466	46,346
81,319	142,154	114,879	171,776	13,174
156,677	170,449	3,770	145,764	71,678
11,265	79,951	127,579	71,042	107,666
40,796	46,281	132,365	11,539	155,436
166,248	156,458	57,572	151,655	31,542
200,783	173,957	6,370	172,681	68,873
1,309	70,276	43,883	89,881	115,446
41,689	28,124	105,675	123,248	139,741
172,457	51,863	134,381	99,671	184,238
195,793	126,987	21,793	118,166	87,639
4,418	197,001	101,455	166,956	33,442
11,152	2,561	168,361	61,729	131,257
41,771	118,900	79,388	139,263	153,664
105,203	102,586	52,967	49,122	32,535
146,045	66,376	111,464	12,587	156,736
95,949	83,485	123,789	162,470	2,172

Seen your number? That's great, because you can now claim any one of these grand presents:

A Water Pistol, Wrist Compass, Ball-point Pen, Jack-knife, Autograph Album, Box Game, Cowboy Belt and Holster, or a Charm Bracelet.

Well, which would you like? When you've made up your mind write down your choice in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use." Then get a piece of paper and write on it the name of the story, picture-story or character you like best in COMET—and add a few words telling us why. Finally, make sure you have filled in your name and full address on the membership page of the Album, then put it and the piece of paper in an envelope and send it to:

COMET E.S. Club,
5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.),
to arrive not later than **Friday, June 13.**

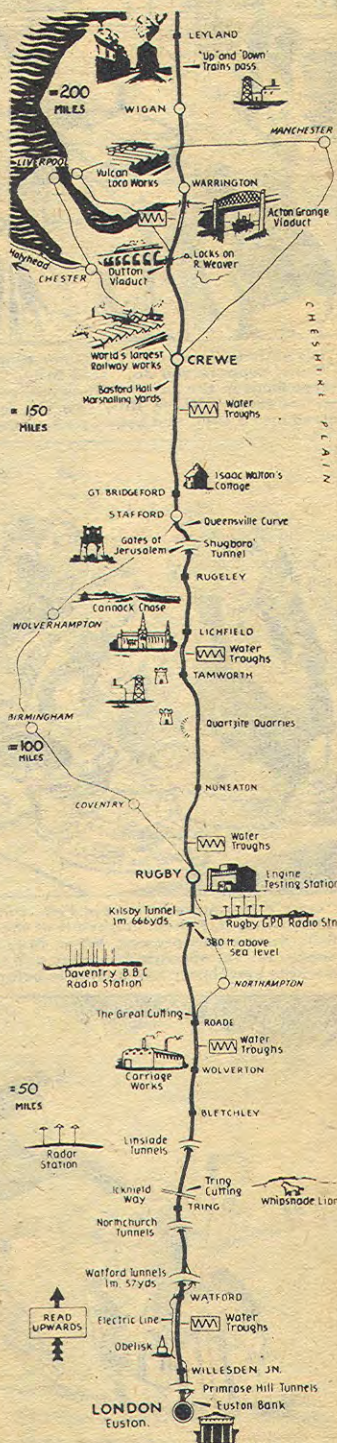
As soon as we receive it, we'll check your claim, and if it's correct you'll receive your present very soon—post free. You'll also get your Album back at the same time!

We're sorry, but unless we receive your Album by June 13 we cannot accept your claim for a present—so don't delay. Claims for wrong numbers or without the whole Album enclosed cannot be recognised, either.

ARE YOU A NEW READER?

Then Here's How to join the C.E.S.C.

If you have not yet joined our grand new Club, all you have to do is write to us on a piece of paper saying, "Please make me a member of the C.E.S.C.," adding your full name and address. Then pin two 2½d. stamps to the paper and enclose it in an envelope and post to the Club address (given above). The Engine Spotters' Album with your Club Number printed on it and lots of interesting things inside will then be sent to you post free. Once you're a member, you too can watch our Club Corner and, of course, watch for your number to appear.



There will be more about the "Royal Scot" in next week's COMET. This story is based on Alan Anderson's new book on this famous train.

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



A crocodile with toothache! The dentist's in for a headache!

THE CROCODILE DENTIST

"THIS is most annoying!" snapped Dr. Grunter, the polar bear.

"Yes, isn't it?" agreed Mr. Dripp, the turtle.

Dr. Grunter hadn't always been a polar bear. Neither had Mr. Dripp always been a turtle. Not so very long ago they had been a couple of masters in charge of a party of schoolboys who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest. But one morning the whole bunch of them felt ill. So Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had come to give them all a dose of medicine. Dr. Dozey, however, was so absent-minded, he had got his bottles mixed up. Instead of giving the two masters and the boys a dose of medicine he had given them a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into birds and animals.

The result was that, in a flash, the whole lot of them had been changed into the strangest collection of birds and animals that you ever saw. And birds and animals they would have to remain until Dr. Dozey could find a liquid to change them all back again to their proper selves.

"And now this stupid boy, Claude Corker, goes and gets toothache!" snarled Dr. Grunter, pacing up and down the floor of the hut which he shared with Mr. Dripp, the turtle. "What's more, he insists upon having the tooth out!"

"I can't say I blame him for that," mumbled Mr. Dripp, for Claude Corker had been

changed into a crocodile. "It must be pretty awful."

"That's just it!" snarled Dr. Grunter, who was in a fine old rage. "Being a crocodile, the wretched boy has such huge teeth that I'm hanged if I know who we can get to pull the bad one out for him."

"What about a vet?" suggested Mr. Dripp.

"Yes, a vet might do it," agreed Dr. Grunter grumpily. "But the whole thing is a confounded nuisance. As you know, I'm doing my best to keep secret the fact that we've been changed into birds and animals. If the vet happens to discover that Claude Corker, the crocodile, is really a schoolboy, he'll run round telling everybody! Anyway, go and bring him here!"

Mr. Dripp departed, waddling away on his hind flippers. He returned a little later accompanied by Claude Corker, the crocodile. And a more ridiculous sight than Claude you never saw. For he had what looked like half a bedsheet wound round and round his great, long, savage-looking jaws.

"Do you have to wear that stupid bandage?" snarled Dr. Grunter, glowering at him. "Isn't it any better?"

Claude shook his head violently.

"It's wurf—wurf!" he cried. "He says it's worse—worse!"

cried Mr. Dripp.

"Oh, is it?" grated Dr. Grunter. "Then you still insist upon having the wretched thing out, I suppose?"

Claude nodded eagerly.

"Very well, then!" snapped Dr. Grunter. "I'm going to send you to the vet at Market Gosling. Alf will take you there in a

cart, and he'll tell the vet that Farmer Whipstraw is keeping you for a gentleman who is starting a private zoo. That is so that the vet will think that you are a real crocodile. If you dare to utter one single word to that vet in a human voice, or to let him think for one moment that you're not a real crocodile, I'll keep you in detention in an empty stable for a fortnight, so understand that!"

A short time later Claude was on his way to the vet at Market Gosling in a cart driven by Alf, one of

the farm hands. Alf was a good sport, he was very friendly with all the boys—or animals, rather—and he had received the strictest instructions from Dr. Grunter that Claude was to be passed off as the property of a gentleman who was starting a private zoo.

"But what the vet'll say when he sees you, Master Corker, I'm flummoxed if I know!" confessed Alf. "I expect trouble!"

He was perfectly right. For when Mr. Snapper, the vet, saw Claude coming crawling along, he backed away in alarm.

"He won't hurt you, mister, honest he won't!" said Alf. "He's that tame and friendly, you wouldn't believe. He's got toothache, poor critter!"

He thereupon spun the vet the story Dr. Grunter had told him to tell.

"Who put that bandage round his jaws?" demanded Mr. Snapper.

"He did it himself—I mean, I did it for him," said Alf, hastily correcting himself. "I'll take it off and then mebbe you'll pull his bad tooth out!"

"Do you know which tooth it is?" demanded the vet, as Alf unwound the bandage.

"Yes, it's this one!" said Claude, pointing to one of his great teeth with a front claw.

Mr. Snapper got such a shock at hearing the crocodile speak that he started violently.

"Did you—did you hear that?" he gasped.

"I—I—it was only a little joke o' mine, mister!" said Alf desperately. "I'm one o' them chaps what can throw their voices."

"Oh, are you?" rapped Mr. Snapper angrily. "Then don't play your stupid tricks here.

You gave me the fright of my life. I could have sworn it was that crocodile that spoke!"

"Har, har, that's good, that is," cried Alf, trying his best to give a good hearty laugh. "Now what about getting the tooth out, mister?"

"I don't quite know how I'm going to do it," said Mr. Snapper doubtfully. "I've never pulled a crocodile's tooth before. What if he closes his jaws when I've got my arm inside?"

"He won't do that," promised Alf quickly.

He turned to Claude. "Open your jaws, Claude, old feller!" he ordered.

Claude obediently opened them as wide as he could.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Snapper. "I wouldn't have believed it. I'll give him a big dose of something in his gums to kill the pain!"

It's a good thing he did give Claude a big dose of something to kill the pain, because although he pulled and he pulled and he yanked and he yanked, he couldn't get the great tooth out.

"Pshaw, it's got me beat!" he exclaimed at length, wiping his brow. "It wants blowing out with gunpowder, I reckon!"

"Oh, does it?" snapped Claude. "You just try it, you silly twerp, and see what you'll get!"

"Don't do that!" yelled Mr. Snapper.

"Sorry, mister!" said Alf with a reproachful look at Claude. "I won't do it again, honest!"

"Well, see you don't!" snapped the vet. "Now I've got an idea. The only way to get that tooth out is for me to tie a piece of rope round it and to tie the other end of the rope to the back of my motor-car. Then I'll start the car up and, as it moves forward I'll yank the tooth out, see?"

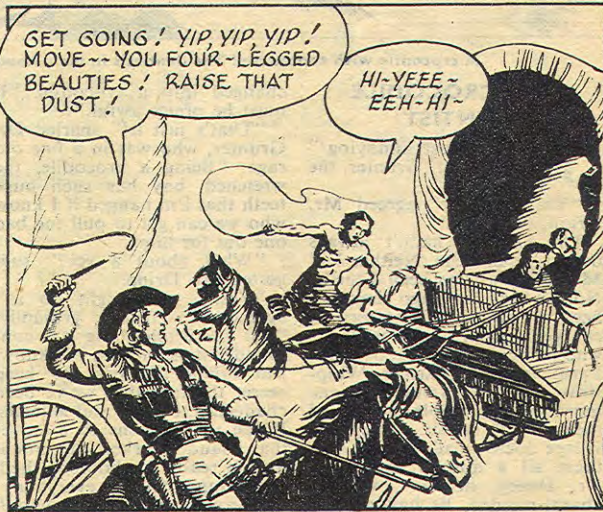
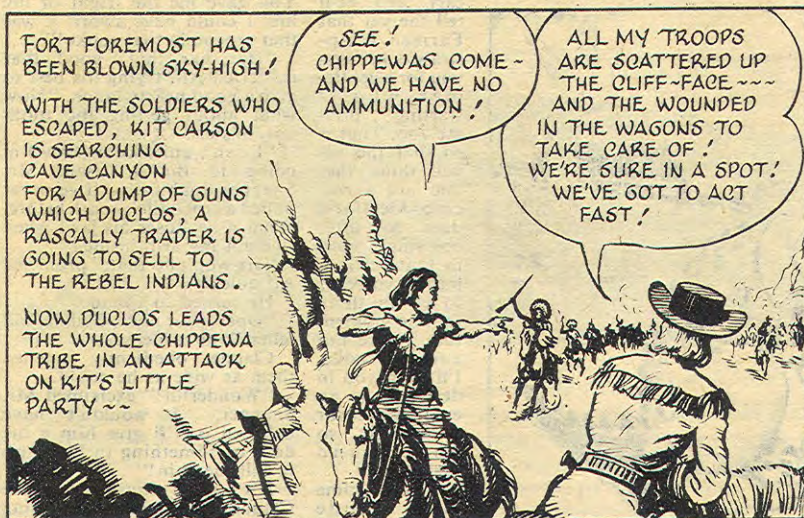
"Yes, I see," said Alf, with a scared glance at Claude.

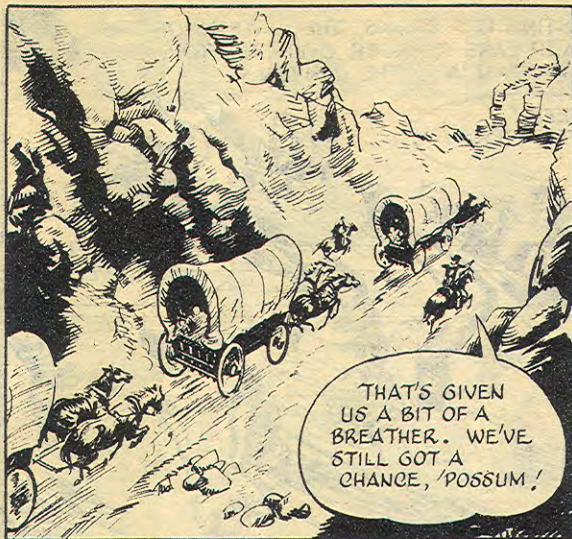
But Claude wanted his tooth out and he didn't care how it was done. So, at a word from Alf, he curled his great powerful tail round a post so as not to be dragged forward by the car. Then, when the rope had been tied to his tooth and to the back of the car, Mr. Snapper started up the engine. The car shot forward, there came a snort from Claude and, hey presto! the tooth was yanked clean out.

"Well, how did you get on?" demanded Dr. Grunter anxiously when Claude and Alf arrived back at the farm. "That vet fellow didn't discover that Corker is not a real crocodile, did he?"

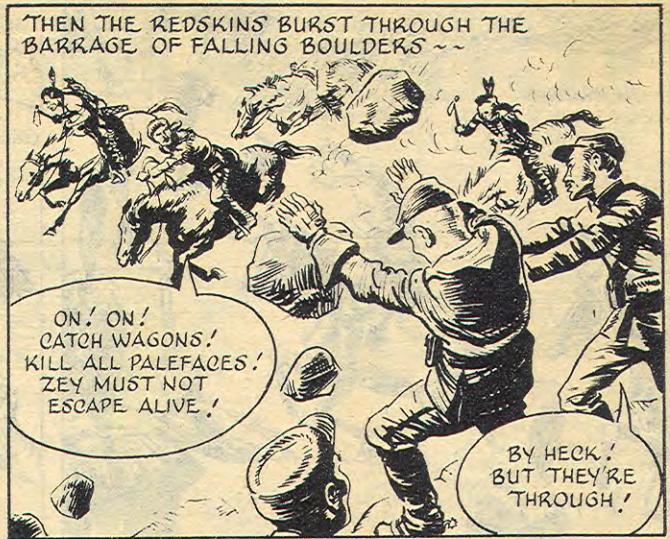
"No, sir, course he didn't," replied Alf with a wink at Claude. "Master Corker and me was far too clever for him!" Next week a schoolboy goat teaches a bully a lesson. Don't miss the fun!

KIT CARSON TAKES THE WAR PATH!





THAT'S GIVEN US A BIT OF A BREATHER. WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE, 'POSSUM!



ON! ON! CATCH WAGONS! KILL ALL PALEFACES! ZEY MUST NOT ESCAPE ALIVE!

BY HECK! BUT THEY'RE THROUGH!

AS HE TOPS THE RISE, CARSON YELLS--



'POSSUM-- THE ARMS DUMP-- HERE IT IS-- RIGHT IN FRONT!

CHIPPEWAS COMING UP SLOPE BEHIND US-- FIND DUMP TOO LATE-- NO TIME TO USE NOW!



THERE'S ONE WAY OF USING IT!



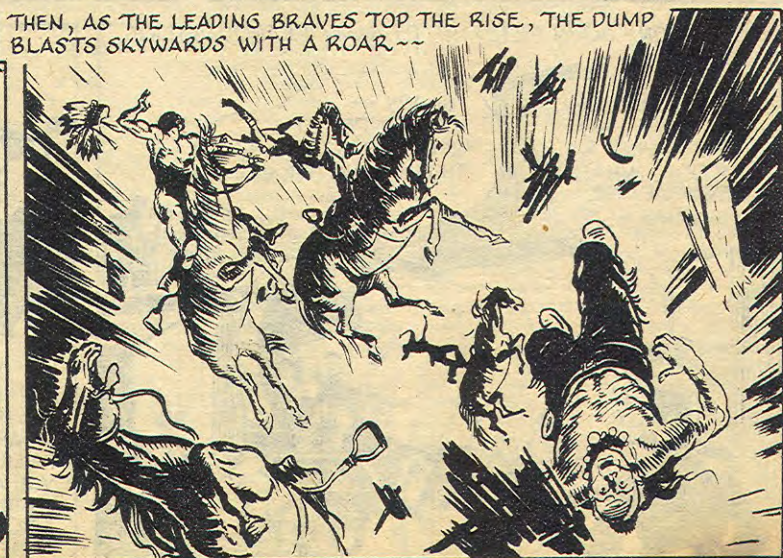
FLINGING BACK THE CANVAS COVER-- CARSON RIPS THE LID FROM A POWDER CRATE--

GET THOSE WAGONS CLEAR, 'POSSUM-- WHEN THIS LOT GOES UP, THERE'S GOING TO BE ONE BIG BANG!



TOO MANY WARRIORS! BIG BANG NOT STOP THEM ALL!

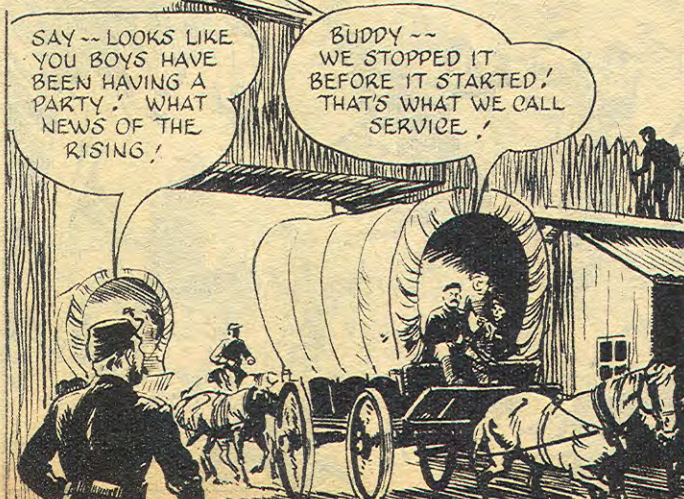
NO! BUT TAKE A LOOK AT THAT LAKE THERE!



THEN, AS THE LEADING BRAVES TOP THE RISE, THE DUMP BLASTS SKYWARDS WITH A ROAR--

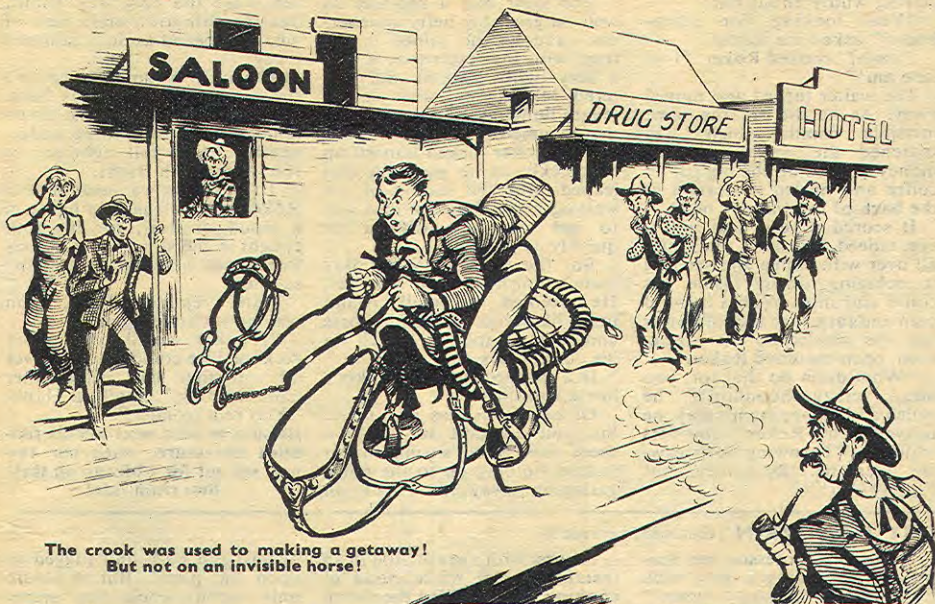


THE WAGON-TRAIN RETURNS TO ARMY HEADQUARTERS
IN TRIUMPH ~~



Next week: "Kit Carson and the Buffalo Bandits". A new story full of thrills and adventure!

MICK THE MOON BOY



The crook was used to making a getaway!
But not on an invisible horse!

SMALL TOWN SLICKER

MICK THE MOON BOY and his twelve-years-old pal, Hank Luckner, had arrived at the flourishing Western American township of Albasca. They had sold their horses and next morning they meant to catch a train east for Chicago.

"The first thing we've got to do, Hank, is to buy ourselves some decent clothes," said Mick. "We can hardly go to Chicago in these old shirts and pants we're wearing."

"That's so, Mick!" agreed Hank. His eyes sparkled with excitement. "It'll be something for me to have some nice clothes. I've never had any."

This was quite true. For until he had met Mick, Hank had been a ragged little hill-billy boy. The flying saucer in which Mick had arrived from the Moon had crashed near the lonely shack in the Arkansas hills where Hank had been living with his grown-up sister and grandma.

The two boys had chummed up and, before returning to the Moon, Mick wanted to see something of the countries, cities and peoples of the world. He was a slimy-built and very handsome boy of sixteen and looked exactly like an Earth boy except for his eyes, which were a strange green in colour.

No one but Hank knew that Mick was from the Moon. That was a secret which they kept very closely to themselves.

"Well, let's find a shop and buy the clothes," said Mick. "We've got plenty of money. What with the pay I got for acting as sheriff of Indian Bend and the cash we got for our horses."

"Say, maybe I can help you!" said a voice.

Mick and Hank turned. Standing smiling at them in a friendly manner was a man whose face somehow seemed familiar to Mick. Next moment Mick knew where he had seen him before. The man had been hanging about the stables where they had sold their horses.

"I heard you two kids say you want to buy some duds," went on the man, still smiling. "It's easy to see you're strangers to the town. I know the very shop where you'll get a square deal. You come with me!"

"No, that's all right, thanks!" said Mick, who didn't want the man's help in the first place and thought him rather a shifty-looking individual as well. "We'll find a place!"

"Yeah, and get robbed!" said the man. "There's a mighty lot of smart alecks in this town what'll jump at the chance of taking advantage of a couple kids like you. But they won't where I'll take you. Come on!"

He took Mick and Hank by an arm apiece and proceeded to walk them along the pavement.

"My name's Roker," he went on chattily. "Seth Roker. I've lived in this town all my life. What I don't know about the burg ain't worth knowing."

"Yes, but you don't have to worry about us, Mr. Roker," said Mick. "We can look after ourselves all right."

"That's what you think," grinned Roker. "But I'm not aiming to see you swindled. Here we are. This is the place!"

He marched them into a big and very swell-looking gents' outfitters and up to the counter.

"These kids are friends of

mine, they want some new duds," he said to the sales clerk behind the counter. "And they want the right stuff at the right price. You can fix 'em up, hey?"

"Sure!" said the clerk. He looked inquiringly at Mick and Hank. "Name it!" he said.

"We want some shirts and collars and ties," said Mick. "And socks and shoes and a new suit apiece."

"Quite an order," said the clerk, looking very pleased.

"Yes," said Mick. "And we'd better choose the suits first, then we can get the shirts and ties to match."

"Sure, that's the way to do it!" agreed the clerk and led the way to a choice assortment of boys' suits hanging on racks.

Roker went with them. Mick turned to him and said:

"Well, thanks very much. There's no need for you to wait."

"Oh, I'll wait!" said Roker. "I ain't got nothing else to do!"

And wait he did while Mick and Hank each chose a suit. He remained chatting with the clerk while the two boys went into a mirror-panelled cubicle to try on the suits for fit.

"Say, what's that guy's idea?" demanded Hank, as soon as he and Mick were alone. "He doesn't hafta trail around with us this-aways."

"I know he doesn't," said Mick, "and I don't like the look of him, either. He's not doing this out of kindness of heart, I'm certain. But whatever his game is he'll not get away with anything with us."

He had stripped off his old check shirt and pants and stood revealed in the tightly-fitting, one-piece, green suit of flexible

metal in which he had arrived from the Moon.

Only Hank knew that the Moon Boy always wore the strange skin-tight suit beneath his Earth clothes.

"Gee, I guess we're gonna look real swell!" cried Hank delightedly when he and Mick had put on their new suits and were surveying themselves in the full-length mirrors. "I've never had clothes like this afore, Mick—"

He broke off as the door of the cubicle was thrust open and in strolled Mr. Seth Roker.

"Say, you look fine!" cried Roker admiringly, edging forward. "Real dandy!"

Next instant his clenched fist whizzed up, catching Mick such a smack under the chin that it sent the Moon Boy reeling back against Hank. Before either of the boys could recover, Roker had snatched Mick's wallet from the hip-pocket of his discarded pants, hanging over a chair, and whirled and dashed from the cubicle.

"Hey, come back, all our money's in there!" yelled Hank, diving after the thief.

Mick said nothing. He was whipping off his new suit and stood revealed again in his tightly-fitting metal one on the chest of which was a little green metal box. He pressed a button on the box and, as he did so, he became completely invisible.

If Hank had seen this happen he wouldn't have been a bit surprised, for he knew that the power to make oneself invisible was a scientific secret discovered long ago by the Moon Men.

But Hank didn't see it happen, for he was in hot pursuit of the rascally Roker. Speeding from the cubicle, the invisible Mick caught Hank up near the main entrance.

"I'm here, Hank!" he cried. "Which way has he gone?"

"He turned left along the pavement!" panted Hank.

"Okay, leave him to me, you get back!" said Mick swiftly.

Next instant he was in pursuit of Roker.

It was the easiest thing in the world for Mick to overtake him, for the springy, steel-like strength in the legs of the Moon Boy enabled him, to run at an amazing, hounding speed.

So he very quickly closed up with the fleeing Roker. But deliberately he kept a pace or so behind him, for he intended to teach that gentleman a lesson which he wouldn't forget in a hurry.

Roker looked back over his shoulder. He saw no sign of Hank or the sales clerk and he certainly couldn't see the invisible Mick. So, satisfied that he had shaken off all pursuit, he slowed down from a run to a hurrying walk.

(Continued on page 18)

MICK THE MOON BOY (Continued from page 17)

He turned down a narrow side-street, then along another and, with Mick at his heels, he popped into a low-down, dingy-looking eating house. Seating himself at a table well away from the other customers, he called to the waiter for a coffee.

While the waiter was getting it for him, Roker took out Mick's wallet and proceeded gleefully to count the money in it. Mick, standing behind his chair, watched him.

"Gosh, what a haul!" muttered the man triumphantly. "He! He! He! Talk about a couple of suckers. It was as easy as taking candy off'n a baby—"

That was as far as he got when he received the shock of his life. For the money and wallet were plucked from him as though by an invisible hand and promptly vanished, as Mick thrust them into a thigh pocket of his suit.

"What the thunder!" gasped Roker and leapt to his feet, glaring wildly about him.

"Here's your cawfee!" said

the waiter, putting it down on the table.

The petrified Roker took no notice of him. He was still glaring wildly about him.

"You looking for somebody?" asked the waiter.

"Yeah!" choked Roker. "I—I sure am!"

The waiter turned and moved away. As he did so, the same invisible hand which had snatched the wallet and the money, picked up the big cup of coffee and hurled it straight at the back of the waiter's head.

It scored a very neat bull's-eye, indeed, splashing the waiter all over with coffee and sending it deluging down inside his collar and shirt. With a howl of pain and fury—for the coffee was hot—he whirled on the goggle-eyed, open-mouthed Roker.

"What didja do that for, you mean, crazy hoodlum?" he yelled and, dropping his tray, he drove in at Roker with fists whirling. "Throwing your cawfee over me. By hokey, but I'll pay you!"

He certainly did. He smashed his fist to the thief's mouth, sending him staggering back to crash heavily to the floor.

The joint had a bouncer as well—a great big hefty chucker-out—and he too joined in the fray, with the result that it was a very badly bruised and battered Mr. Roker, who was at length flung out on his ear on to the pavement.

Seth Roker picked himself up as quickly as he was able and leaped into the saddle of his waiting horse. His one idea was to get out of Albasca as quickly as possible.

But the invisible Moon Boy hadn't finished with him yet. He pointed a small round torch-like object at Seth's horse and pressed another switch on his control-box.

In a split second, Seth Roker's horse vanished!

Of course, it was still there, but you couldn't see it. And there was Seth, sitting in his saddle, holding on to the reins, galloping away like mad on

a horse that wasn't there!

The folks in Albasca still talk about this strange event. Most of them had turned out to see what the row was about, and they all got a plain view of what happened as Seth galloped away.

The only person who didn't see the horse vanish was Seth. And when he did look down and see a lot of nothing underneath him, he fell right out of the saddle with fright.

The last that was seen of Seth Roker was a struggling figure in a cloud of dust, for his foot caught in the stirrup and he was towed out of town by a flying saddle.

Hank rejoined Mick, who was now visible again.

"If that small-time crook reckoned he could put one over on you, then he's got another guess coming," chuckled Hank. "You're a wonder!"

Be sure to read next week's fun-filled adventure, when our two pals set out for Chicago on their first train ride!

THE MYSTERY OF THE IVORY MANDARIN (Continued from page 9)

quite enough evidence for a British court of Law to send Slim to prison for a long while.

One of the two plain-clothes detectives took the ivory mandarin from Ginger.

"Look after that thing, Cardew—it's very important!" said Bob's Dad.

Cardew stowed the little image carefully in his inside breast pocket.

"Get the handcuffs on 'em!" snapped Inspector Harley, as his men collected the last of the guns from the crooks.

"How did you get here Dad?" asked Bob.

"Followed Slim here," explained the inspector. "That's why we let him get away. I had a hunch he'd lead us somewhere!"

Slim's face was a study of baffled rage and fright.

"Hey!" Bob exclaimed suddenly. "Look at the Professor!"

But Inspector Harley had already seen.

"Careful—the old rogue's probably foxing!" he warned.

But if the Professor was foxing, he was doing it very well.

"My heart! It's—my—heart!" he gasped. He really did look to be very ill. His knees sagged, and his eyes rolled up till only the whites were showing. His breath came in rattling gasps.

Well though Inspector Harley knew the trickery of a crook like the Professor, he decided that this was a genuine heart attack.

The Professor's arms dropped limply. He was almost falling forward now.

Bob Harley took two quick steps towards him, hands outstretched to stop him falling. Then things happened fast.

Bob felt the Professor grasp him with a hand like a steel claw. In a second he was a human shield between the Professor and his father's gun!

He heard the Professor's snarling chuckle of triumph, and then felt his right arm sweep up over his head.

The Professor had hurled a round glass bomb at the floor!

It burst with a crash, and in an instant a great white cloud of choking tear gas filled the room.

The Professor shoved Bob fiercely away from him, and the boy staggered forward, to crash headfirst into one of the plain clothes men, who was making a dive towards the Professor.

Everybody in the room was choking and spluttering. The white gas burned the eyes, and everyone was blinded by streams of hot tears.

Of them all, the Professor was the only one who needed no sight to guide him in what he was doing. Dimly through his tears, Bob saw the master-crook leap towards the far wall of the study. He saw his Dad start after him.

But he was too late!

A black opening gaped in the wall as a secret panel slid open. Then the Professor dived through, and it slammed shut.

A bullet from the Inspector's gun tore into the woodwork close by. He threw himself

against the wall, and tugged to open the panel. But it would only open when the secret spring was pressed—and only the Professor knew where that was.

"Outside!" gasped the Inspector. There was no sense in staying to choke.

One after another they hurried past the open trap-door, and out into the clearer air of the hall.

Bob gulped down fresh air, and wiped his smarting eyes.

Then he let out a cry.

"Where's Wan Chen?"

Bob's Dad dived back towards the gas-filled room, but there was no sign of him there.

Then from the roof above came the roar of an engine.

"The helicopter!" gasped Bob. "He's got away!"

Wan Chen and the Professor were still free—but at least the police had the ivory mandarin.

Somehow Bob felt that the battle for the little carved image was far from over.

Next week: The robbery at Scotland Yard!

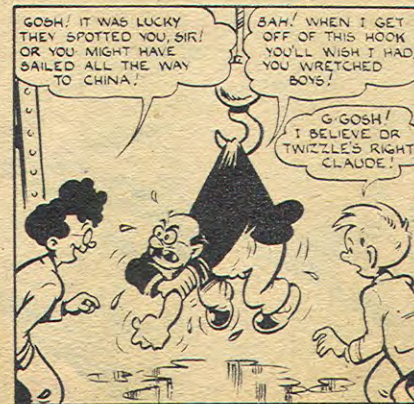
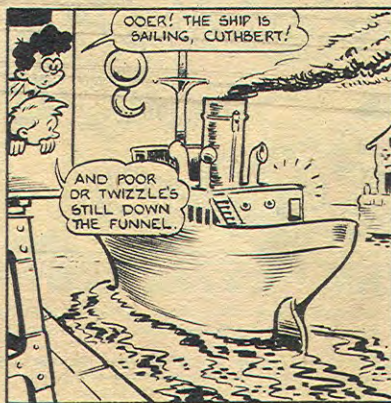
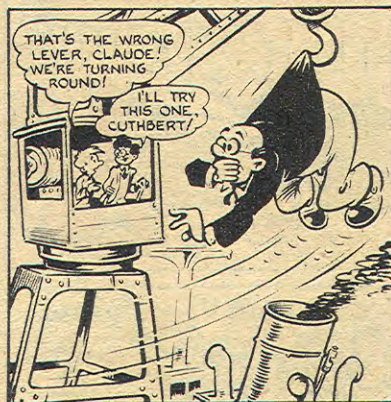
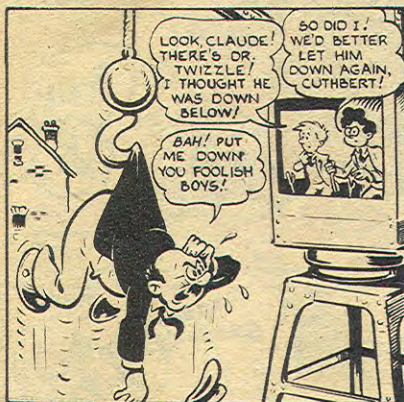
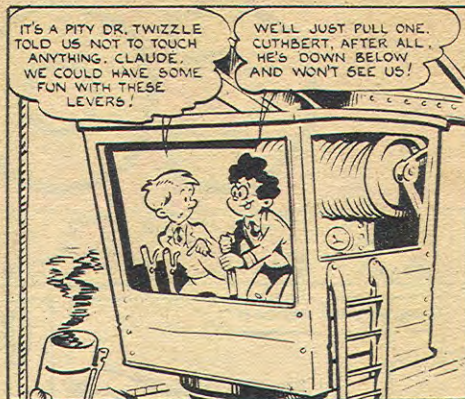
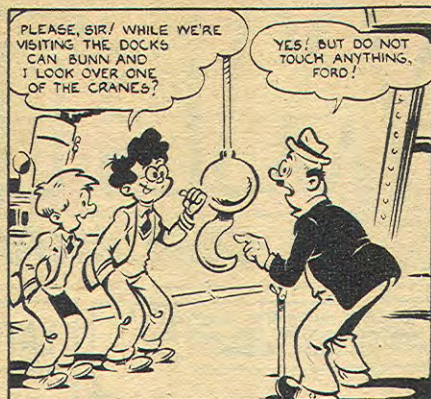
CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

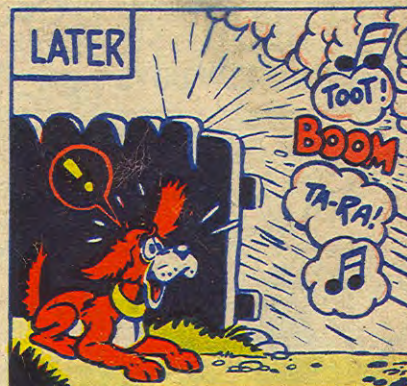
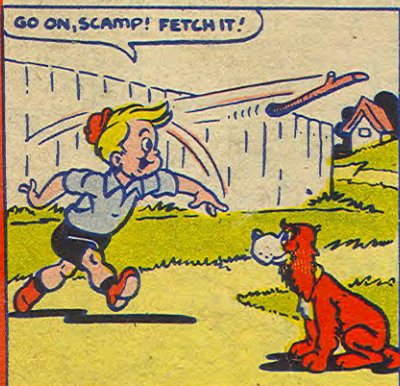


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Turn to page twelve for more about this crack express—and don't forget to look for your membership number in the list. There may be a present for you!

