

in its cage now?" he demanded.

"What?" Uttley spoke so loudly that his voice rang across the clearing. "What are you talkin' about? Of course Chako's in his cage, I've got the key here."

He produced it and waved it before their eyes. Staunton shrugged his shoulders.

"The gorilla isn't there. We've just come through the tent not five minutes ago, and the cage was empty."

With a startled grunt the man turned and darted into the menagerie tent.

They followed close on his heels and heard him growl with relief.

"You liars!" he said bluntly. "What's the good of givin' me a scare like that? Is this some new third-degree trick?"

It was their turn to goggle, for the gorilla was lolling back on the straw-covered shelf.

Paul Terhune tightened his lips. It was obvious the man did not believe their story.

"Is there any other key that fits that cage besides the one you've got?" he demanded.

"Not that I've ever seen. It's one o' the oldest cages in the show, an' all but this one key have been lost fer years. What have we at this circus got to do with your murder?"

"Murders!" corrected Staunton harshly. "There's been another committed, and of the same kind, at the other end of the town."

"And I suppose Chako is supposed to have done that?" jeered the burly circus attendant. "No wonder there's so much crime in this city if they rely on nitwits like you!"

Again his voice rose sharply, and this time the door of a big, cream-coloured caravan opened. A stout figure in flowered dressing-gown appeared.

"Who's that? What's goin' on? I'll fire the men who are makin' that noise in the middle o' the night!"

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"The boss!" muttered Uttley and they realised they had roused Jules Cyrano, the owner of the circus.

They could not keep their presence a secret after that. They moved across to the foot of the steps leading to his door, and made their identity known. He glowered, then asked the detectives to come in.

"Some o' my men in trouble? There always are some bad eggs around a circus."

"No, it's not any of your

told them. "I got it cheap from a big research hospital in New York State.

"The doctors, or whatever they're called in that sort o' place, had been experimenting on it. It looked thin and cowed, but mighty human in some ways."

Terhune was leaning forward and following the man's words with great intentness.

"From a research hospital, eh? Do you remember the name of the place? There are

His neck had been just level with the open window and the knife must have been hurled in there from close outside.

Even as they noticed this they heard heavy footsteps running away from the caravan.

"After him!" gasped Terhune, supporting the dying man.

He need not have troubled to speak. Lieutenant Staunton was already at the door, his revolver in his hand.

He went down the steps in one jump and ran swiftly to the right, where several big tents gave cover to the fugitive.

On the grass it was not possible to hear footsteps at any considerable distance. A few moments later Dick Staunton realised he had lost his man.

The Knife-Thrower

HE met Paul Terhune coming down the steps of the caravan.

"He's dead," Terhune announced. "The knife severed the spine. There must have been terrific force behind it. You saw nobody?"

"I heard someone run in that direction, but did not have a hope of catching up with him," confessed the American.

"We'll have to get a doctor and other help. This is the quickest way to rouse the camp—"

He raised his revolver in the air and fired three times. The echoes of the shots had barely died away before men came pouring from tents, caravans, canvas shelters, and various other resting-places.

Lieutenant Staunton held up a hand for silence and snapped, "A circus this size should have a doctor. Is there one here?"

A short, stout man in trousers and shirt stepped forward.

"Yes, I'm the doctor—Kennedy by name."

"Then go to Mr Cyrano and do what you can for him," ordered the detective. "You others stay where you are and listen to me."

"Mr Cyrano has been knifed as he was talking to us in his caravan. The knife was thrown through the window. Who in this circus can throw knives straight?"

Everyone turned to look at a tall, handsome Chinese of

(Continued on Page 19.)

STARS OF THE WORLD CUP (BRAZIL) PELE



UNDOUBTEDLY the biggest attraction in the World Cup Finals to be held in England this year will be Edison Arantes do Nascimento, better known to millions of football fans all over the world as Pele, the brilliant Brazilian inside-forward.

THE FOOTBALL PROPHET



Pele was first spotted as a star prospect by Santos F.C. at the tender age of 10. He signed on at 15, was a member of their championship winning side at 16 and a full international at 17!

A GOAL-SCORING MACHINE



But Pele really won world-wide fame in the World Cup Final in Sweden in 1958. Still only 17, he scored two goals in Brazil's 5-2 win over the host country. Pele — his nickname is derived from "pelanda" the Brazilian word for a kick-about game — has now scored over 700 goals in first-class soccer! It is said he could become president of Brazil if he wished, but Pele is content to remain the world's most famous footballer and it is mainly due to his fantastic ability and skill that Brazil are favourites to retain the World Cup!

men, but that gorilla that is many such in New York worrying us," Staunton told him.

"It was loose this afternoon, and we've reason to think that was not the first or last time."

The fat, prosperous-looking circus owner pursed his lips. "That durn gorilla has got a knack o' gettin' out of anywhere, but it never does any damage. The four years I've had it, it's never hurt anyone."

"Where did you get it, Mr Cyrano?" asked Terhune, as their host opened another of the side windows to improve the ventilation. "It's a remarkable-looking beast. I wonder you don't put it in the arena as 'The Educated Gorilla'."

"Too dangerous. It's not been used to crowds," Cyrano

many such in New York State."

Cyrano raised a hand to his forehead and half-closed his eyes, at the same time leaning his broad back against the panelling under the open window.

"Ye-es, I think I can remember. It was not far from—"

Thud! Even those sitting round heard the thud of something sinking into soft flesh.

A scream cut short the man's sentence and he swayed forward, clutching at Terhune to steady himself.

As he came away from the wall his visitors noticed he had a short-handled knife protruding from the base of his neck.