

thing, but at last he agreed, and took Terhune to a place where he could make the necessary alterations to his appearance.

Terhune had learned that the simpler the disguise, the better it was. Elaborate disguises were a waste of time. The main thing was to reverse the chief characteristics of the person being disguised.

He was fairly short, so something must be added to his height. His skin was sun-bronzed and swarthy; it must be lightened and given a paler hue.

His eyes were clear and un-winking. A few drops of a liquid known to him would make his eyes contract and become watery.

In the course of an hour he achieved a miracle. Even Staunton did not recognise him.

The watery-eyed, pale-faced, cringing, grimy individual might have been found at any street corner selling matches or bootlaces.

He looked as though he had not washed for a month. His voice was whining and typically Mid-Western.

Louis Cyrano, the new circus owner, knew just what to do. Five minutes later he took Terhune to the menagerie tent, and pushed him in at the entrance of the lean-to tent where the staff were playing cards around an oil lamp.

"Here's someone to take Huck's place! See he gets some grub," he growled, and stalked off again.

It was an ordeal for Terhune to stand there under the baleful regard of a dozen circus roughs, but he shuffled his feet and grinned amicably as he whined, "How do? My name's Mike Anstey, from St Louis. Anyone here ever been to St Louis?"

There was no reply. They were not a talkative crowd to strangers. They looked him up and down, through and through, then went on with their cards.

Only one man waved a hand towards a large dixie which still held some steaming stew.

"Help yehself!" he growled.

Terhune shuffled over and helped himself to a mixture of greasy gravy and vegetables. It was not very appetising, but he ate noisily and with apparent gusto, playing the part of a down-and-out to perfection.

But all the time he was looking round for Ellis Uttley. The keeper of Chako and the other

big apes was not there. He wondered if he had begun his vigil too late.

Had the man already slipped away, frightened by recent inquiries?

From time to time loud roars and gruntings would break out from the cages within the inner tent. Once it sounded as though half a dozen wolves were tearing each other to pieces.

One of the men put down his cards, picked up a spiked pole, and disappeared in the direction

over the scene, and the men spoke in whispers. They literally cowered under the shadow of Chako's keeper.

Uttley calmly read his paper from end to end, a short pipe stuck in his mouth all the time, then he raised his head and looked straight at Terhune. His lips drew back from his teeth—he raised his foot and pointed.

"Who's that?" he demanded.

"A new hand the boss

Uttley's "Joke"

TERHUNE'S first job was to clean out the lion-cage. He had seen and done many strange things in his time, but this was as strange as any.

He had watched the others begin their work, and knew he had to drive the occupants into one compartment, and there shut them in, while he broomed and washed-out the other. The position would then be changed.

As a matter of fact, it was not difficult, for the lions were so accustomed to this procedure that when they saw him approaching with pole, broom, and bucket, they retired to the inner section of the cage.

Terhune untied the cord that held up the sliding-door, and it dropped into place, closing the lions in. It was now safe for him to enter the main cage.

He whistled to himself as he worked, but kept his eyes open. Apparently believing the new man knew his job, the others did not bother him.

Scrub-scrub-scrub! he went, then suddenly realised he had heard a slithering noise behind him.

Something made him turn. To his horror the door to the inner compartment was now open, and a big, black-maned lion was in the act of coming out!

Paul Terhune stood as though paralysed. For once in his life he was really scared. He had no firearms, and had had no experience with lions.

The cage was no more than fifteen feet by twenty-five. What chance had he of dodging?

He backed to the farther end, and realised that meant he was farther than ever from the exit door. A second lion appeared from within, and a young lioness. They all fixed their eyes on the intruder with the bucket.

Terhune realised this was no accident. The sliding-door could not have been opened by the lions. Someone had deliberately hauled on the cord and tied it in place. Uttley had been the only one near enough to do that.

Better proof was obtained when a low chuckle caused Terhune to glance to one side. Uttley was sitting on top of a

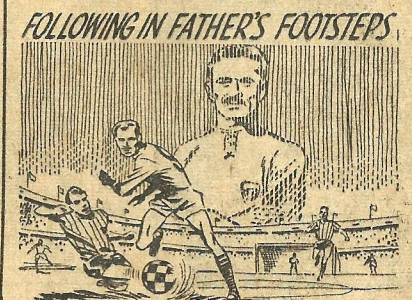
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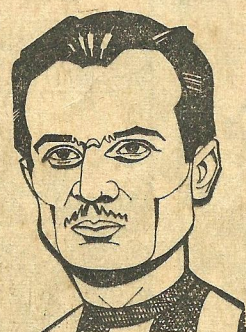
THE HORNET GALLERY OF WORLD CUP STARS

SANDRINO MAZZOLA (ITALY)

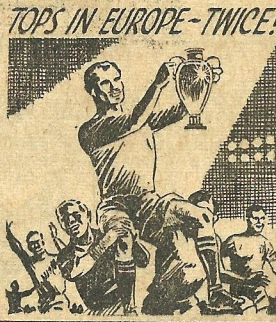
THE man Italian football fans will be hoping to see in goal-scoring mood in the World Cup is Sandrino Mazzola, rated by many as the finest centre-forward in the world today. Twenty-three-year-old Sandrino is the son of Valentin Mazzola, the famous Italian international centre-forward, who was killed in an air crash in 1947.



Sandrino made his international debut against Brazil, the world champions, and scored from a penalty. Since then, he has been an ever-present in the Italian team. Although better known as a centre-forward, Sandrino played inside-right in Inter's team which won the European Cup twice in succession. But no matter where he plays, one thing is sure, Sandrino Mazzola will be amongst the goals!



Although his father had played for Torino, Sandrino signed for Inter-Milan. Soon he was a regular in the Inter team and challenging for a place in the international side.



of the uproar. For a few moments the noise was redoubled, then all was silent.

It was nearly an hour later when Uttley appeared in the doorway, an evening newspaper in his hand, his shoulders glistening wet from the rain which had recently come on.

They made way for him around the heater as he seated himself on an upturned box. It was evident to Terhune that everyone was scared of him.

A tenseness had come down

brought over to replace Huck," explained someone. "Name o' Anstey, from St Louis."

Terhune stood the intent regard with a pale grin trembling on his lips. He knew that once he had undergone his scrutiny, he would be safe enough.

"Know anythin' about apes?" rumbled Uttley at last. "No-n-no," stammered the new man. "I've never worked with apes. C-c-cats is my speciality."