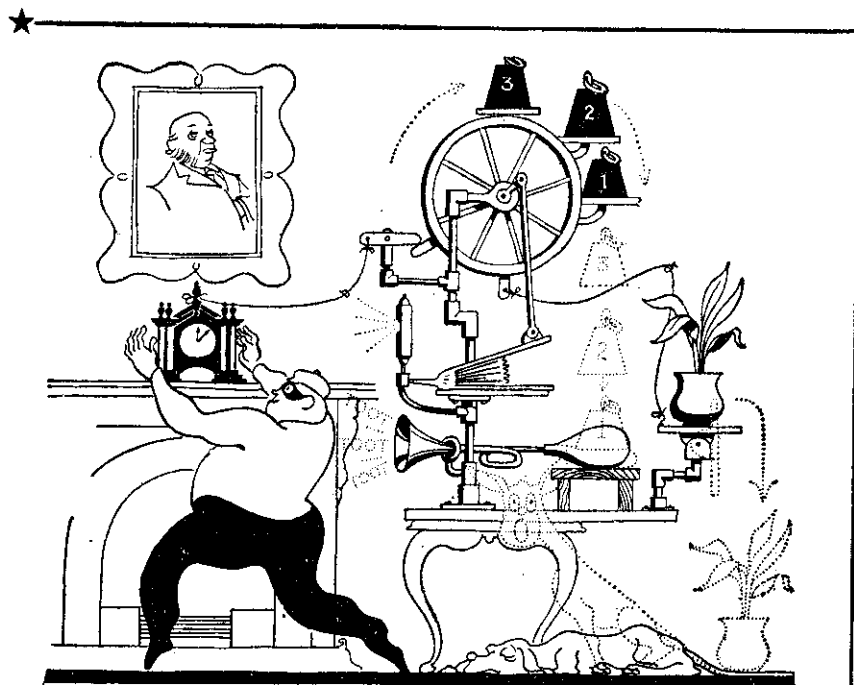




**For Active Service-**  
PROTECT YOUR SKIN WITH

**WRIGHT'S  
COAL TAR  
SOAP**

N.Z. Agents: S. A. SMITH & CO. LTD., Auckland



Heath Robinson's best effort may have been a feeble thing compared with the burglar-trap described in this story. But what about Russell Clark's best effort?

## ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS

[Reading-time: Two Minutes]

EASY TO WEAR BUT HARD TO WEAR OUT

**Enzide**  
Half Soles & Rubber Heels

For REAL HARD WEAR



PRODUCT OF  
THE LATEX RUBBER  
CO. LTD.,  
CHRISTCHURCH.

IT was the dead of night, as the sensation stories say, and sleep hung over everybody. I was asleep too. In fact there was no reason for being awake, for everywhere was peace and quiet. But out of the brooding silence flopped a sudden little noise, then six or seven other little noises, scrabbling, rattling, urgent little noises—and I was awake. "Bandits, robbers, assassins, thieves in the night" the air seemed to scream, till I leaped out of bed and clattered into a pile of shoes. I flopped to the window just in time to see, etched on the pathway, the long, thin shadow of a man, slipping round the corner of the house.

"There you are," the night air whispered round me, "right again."

A man! My heart beat like a cloistered maiden's but for a different reason. A man! Rattling the pegs in our clothes basket and sneaking round our back porch, perhaps all set to pick our lock and murder us in our beds. Or, almost as bad, was he after our coal? In cold terror I crept downstairs to my brother and shook him for a long time till he woke. (My brother would sleep through a cyclone without murmuring.) Then together we peeped through windows and out of doors till I heard footsteps crunching down the street in the distance.

"Good-night," said my brother, and went back to bed.

I went back to bed too, but the ominous weight of the night pressed heavily round me. The curtain of silence rolled ponderously back and I lay till morning straining my ears for the squeak of a skeleton key.

"To-night we'll set a burglar-trap," we decided in the morning.

THAT day my brother conceived a very clever idea for a trap. All we needed to do, he explained, was to fix a bucket in such a position that at the slightest touch it would slip and strike

(Continued on next page)