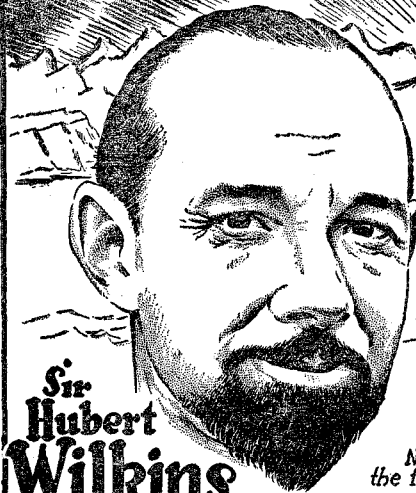


MEN OF DARING

by STOKES ALLEN



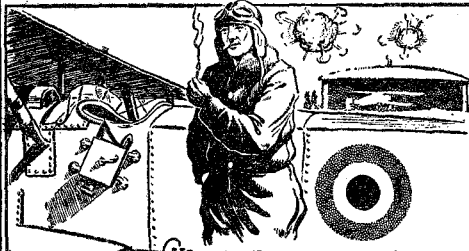
**Sir
Hubert
Wilkins**

FROM HIS YOUTH HE HAS FREQUENTED THE DANGEROUS SPOTS OF THE EARTH. ALTHOUGH BORN IN AUSTRALIA AND KNIGHTED BY THE KING OF ENGLAND, AMERICA HAS A RIGHT TO CLAIM HIM BECAUSE HE LIVES IN THE U.S.A. WHEN NOT EXPLORING OR FIGHTING.

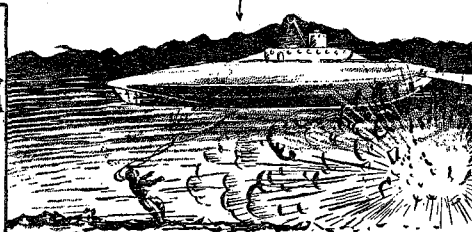


THE WORLD HAS BEEN HIS OYSTER

Sir Hubert has opened endless ice to man's gaze. Not content with venturing over and above the ice pack of the frozen Arctic, he was the first man to venture UNDER the wastes of the polar sea. In his submarine, the Nautilus he did one of the most hazardous feats ever attempted.



HE RECEIVED THE BRITISH MILITARY CROSS FOR BRAVERY IN THE WORLD WAR. AS A PHOTOGRAPHER HE TOOK PART IN MORE BATTLES THAN ANY AUSTRALIAN OFFICER. HE ALSO SERVED IN THE BALKAN WAR.



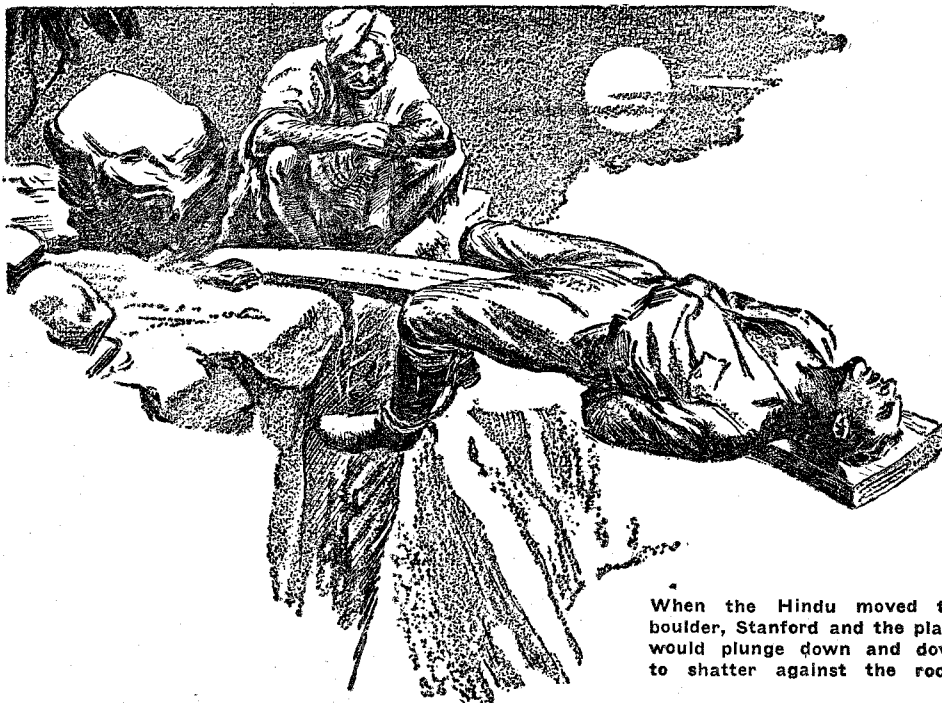
ONCE, WHILE UNDER 17 FEET OF ICE, AN OBSTRUCTION HAD THE SUB TRAPPED. FRANK GRILLEY, THE EXPEDITION'S DIVER, DESCENDED TO THE BOTTOM AND PLACED A BOMB UNDER THE BARRIER AND BLEW IT WELL TOWARD THE OTHER POLE. THEY WERE SAVED.

HE CAME OUT OF THE WORLD WAR AN EXPERT FLYER WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE SUCCESS OF HIS AMAZING POLAR FLIGHTS.

ODDLY ENOUGH HIS CLOSEST CALL WITH DEATH CAME IN HIS OWN AUSTRALIA AMONG THE ABORIGINES, STRANGEST OF ALL HUMANS. ONLY HIS COOLNESS AND IRON NERVE SAVED HIM.



A True Story in Pictures Every Week



When the Hindu moved the boulder, Stanford and the plank would plunge down and down to shatter against the rocks

The Cup of Satan

By GARNETT RADCLIFFE

Author of "The Magic Monkeys," "The Beast of Allah," etc.

The man on the plank was tied hand and foot with the great abyss yawning below; only his brain was not bound, and only his brain could save him

CAPTAIN STANFORD of the Baluchistan Police opened his eyes. Immediately he closed them again with a groan. Pain like the hot stab of a dagger had shot through his head. What a hangover, was his first hazy thought. What a devilish variety and inordinate quantity of strong liquors he must have imbibed to have made him feel like this!

Then he made other discoveries that didn't seem to accord with the hangover theory. He was lying on his back on a narrow plank. His arms were tied behind him. His legs hung one on each side of

the plank and were tied to it and also bound together loosely at the ankles. He was excessively cold, there was a taste like blood and glue in his mouth. And he felt—

He couldn't define his last sensation. He had never felt anything quite like it before. A feeling of dizziness—of—of swinging in space. An unstable, giddy feeling as if he were hanging precariously at the end of a rope. A rocking, swaying feeling as if the world had dropped away leaving him floating on this plank among the stars.

There was a multitude of stars. When he opened his eyes again he could see myriads all around, twinkling in the vast black bowl of sky in which he hung. But what the devil? His tent, his mosquito curtain? He'd gone to bed the night before in his forty-pounder with the curtain lowered