

MOTOR-CYCLE | WIRELESS SETS | MODEL MONOPLANES | GRAMO-PHONES | See Offer on page 23.

The MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY No. 41
Week Ending November 17th, 1922 Vol. 2



THE DESERT LINER! See page 3.

AIR FLIGHTS BY CABLE!



Imagine yourself travelling in a small cage suspended from a thin cable over deep ravines and steep forests and then up a mountainside to the height of 3,500 feet above sea level! You can do it if you go to Ffander, in Aar'g, and make use of the wonderful new cable railway there—the up and down cars of which are seen in the photograph hanging on another board-air. This railway is the outcome of nearly two years' strenuous work, and

cost about £20,000 to build. The cable is two miles long and can carry a load of 100 tons. The journey besides being very exciting, is well worth while, for from the top of Ffander Mountain you get a really amazing view over 120 square miles of Switzerland, Bavaria, and the Tyrol. The sensation of being whirled through the air in one of these small cages is only to be compared with that experienced during an aeroplane flight!



The Desert Liner!

A ride in a motor-car across the great Sahara is as dangerous as it is exciting with the prospect of the party dying of thirst!

The potential danger is to be found in the "desert." The car will be taken by desert motor for use about 1000 miles from the coast by a motor engineer.

The conquest of the Sahara Desert—there are 4,000,000 square miles of it—is one of the most difficult and fascinating problems in the world. At last its terrors are to be conquered, by a colossal, self-propelled vehicle in the form of a land-ship carrying 150 persons! This week's cover is our artist's impression of the new monster in full career.

The supply of fuel will be sufficient for a journey of 20,000 to 25,000 miles without replenishment, so the enormous vehicle will be amply equipped to cover the greatest desert surface in the world.

All will carry passengers across the vast white Desert with the same speed and luxury that they now enjoy on the coast.

Wherever the relative positions of the wheels may be, the hull remains steady.

It is to be driven by two Diesel motors of 400 horse power, of which the second is kept in reserve. Two dynamic-brush light and electric-motive fans. Steering is effected by means of hydraulic apparatus.

Inside the desert liner will be four decks. On the upper deck is the control cabin, the wireless cabin, the cabins of the commander and three officers, six four cabins de luxe for passengers, and two two-persons only.

The desert liner will have its dining and recreation rooms, look-out deck, washrooms and other comforts, and a special room to be built. The fuel and water tanks are on the bottom of the hull. The top of the upper deck, and the hull.

THE COOLING ROOM

On the deck also are the wash rooms, an office, a baggage room, and a large space for promenade sheltered by a roof from the burning rays of the sun. The two intermediate decks are occupied by cabins, the dining saloon, the kitchen, the reading room, the smoking room, and more baggage-rooms. Two derricks, weighing 2,000 pounds each, will be used as cranes for the loading and unloading of baggage.

30-HORSE-POWER ENGINE

In general arrangement it closely resembles a passenger steamer, with the exception that it runs on wheels of metal-tyres. They measure 30 in diameter. By the employment of an electric compensating mechanism they conform to the sand and soil in every direction so that the hull of the ship is maintained at a comfortable level.

The machine is built to ascend grades of 30 degrees, for steep hills are very numerous in the Sahara Desert. Great speed has not been aimed at because the friction of the sand on the wheels would generate tremendous heat. It will be able to travel at about sixteen miles an hour.

The new desert ship will carry 150 persons, including passengers and members of the crew, and 200 tons of war material, in addition to oil and water.

A special allowed by a native African to get the "sawyer-truck" motor-car and trailer across an African river.



The Desert Liner!

maintained by artificial means. These passengers who have been converted by the desert land can rest and recover. The nature of the desert air causes the sun's rays to be very penetrating, and exposure to them is, of course, dangerous as they can penetrate the thinest veil of cloud. That is why the doors of the desert land have been constructed with heavy curtains over them and can be closed.

As the train chugs on, the compact coach for which motor car No. 16 was built, the motor runs the upper room, the other (and the) is driven, and so on.

A discussion usually has reference to the merits of a small motor vehicle and this great desert land in comparing early wastes. It has been proved that specially constructed small cars can cross the desert, but they are subjected to great dangers. The Government of the United States forbids all traffic in desert regions, after a motor party has had a "blast".

FIGHTING DESERT TRIBES.

The superiority of the desert land over the desert motor-car is strongly evidenced by champions of the "beast" type. A freight desert liner weighing 500 tons would cost about \$25,000,

and 25,000 men, but only one truck.

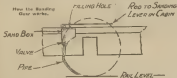
But the running expense of a freight motor truck on a course without any stations would be considerably less than that of the desert liner. That is, it would require at least one "beast" which would be a kind of "beast" or a crew of twenty or thirty men to run the desert liner.

Motor trucks would be better than a freight motor car, and perhaps with a few more trucks like the present one, it can be reckoned to be a "beast" of all kinds, because the desert land is so deep along on the sand night when it is.

ALL ABOUT Railway Engines

This Week: THE BANDING GEAR, BUFFERS AND SCREW COUPLING.

IN wet and frosty weather there is a strong tendency for a railway engine's wheels to slip, and, consequently, they are made to secure the grip necessary to enable them to draw the train along. To assist in this slipping, sand boxes and sanding gear, as shown below, are fitted to all locomotives.



The apparatus, fitted in front of the leading wheel behind the leading coupled wheels—the latter always most being necessary for use when the engine is running backwards—consists of a box into which the sand is filled, and a pipe running down inside the frame of the wheel and terminating close to the rail.

When the driver wishes to sand

the rails—and this is often necessary at starting, irrespective of the weather—the valve over the sanding gear lever is raised. This is connected by a rod to a valve under each of the sand boxes, which releases the sand into the sand pipe and allows sand to fall down on to the rails. The same lever operates

the boxes on each side of the engine, so that sand is dropped on both rails at once.

Great care is taken over the sand used. It is first looked to a bin then thoroughly sifted through a screen with a mesh smaller than the holes through which the sand must pass on its way from the sand box to the pipe. This screen that there will be no lumps and consequent failure of the apparatus. Each locomotive uses about five tons of sand annually.

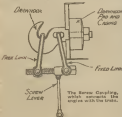
The buffers are similar to springs, but how many of you know what they are like inside? It is obvious that, if they are to be at all effective, buffers must be fitted with some shock absorbing device. The diagram on right shows a common type in which a coiled spring takes the shock.



The driving axlets of a buffer plunger fitting into its outside flange. A coiled spring runs from the head of the plunger through a block of oak, or some other hard wood, and a steel steel spring. It then passes through a hole in the block, plate and is secured by a cotter, after the spring has been partly compressed in order to give it resistance to expansion with.

When the buffer reverses, each the head is pushed back, and the weight of the block of wood the pressure against the steel spring will compress it, and release the steel the shock. The frame in which the buffers are fixed allows the distance between the axles.

Two forms of screw-coupling are engine and train car—both used to work, and engine also is used, and the screw coupling has been adapted to the best results.



The Screw Coupling, which connects the engine with the train.



This section of an Engine Buffer stops the coach-obscuring driver's vision.

It consists of a pair of screw-couplings with one flat end each, joined by a coiled spring. These are placed in the middle of the axle. As the engine on the track is set off, one of the buffer levers is raised, and a chambered spring force from the buffer beam.

The common method of making of one coupling is to use one of the chambered ends of the other, which is then joined to the coupling beam and then to the other end between the buffers of both ends.

Then the whole train is made of wooden sleepers, which are placed in a zig-zag pattern to give the engine a good grip on the rails.

Salvaging the Sunabaya

Complete in
This Issue.

A fine KING OF THE ISLANDS yarn . . . a job-quickenng story of the South Seas.

By
CHARLES HAMILTON.



The Reef of Laka-Lu.
"BLACK schooner is straggling ast!"

King, studying him all week a boat pointed against the midday light, dark evening coffee beneath powder. His hatch doors he peering wildly on a tumbler on. All through the night a squall lay dead on the Pacific. It had moved back out by break of day, along island it, when at west, a sea rising in mountainous waves and a gray, gray sky through which green, sun-rays glimmered faintly. Early for a moment had either he or Kit Hudson, the young Sunabaya mate, left the deck, and now he found them wet and weary leave the cook-boy, came along with the steaming coffee that put me life into the straggler.

Tea-tah-tah-tah, the Kanaka boys, commonly known as Koko, rising and going from his eyes, peep through the gloaming light over a wild gray sea. A gray blur he looking gray water, the reef of Laka-Lu showed to the west; beyond a darker blur that was Laka-Lu itself. That, the eyes of an afternoon, men of Kanakablood, could have peeped up the ragged masts that dived over the rearing reef.

King of the Islands—as Ken was known throughout the South Seas—looked his reflex, headed the powder back to Deany, and glanced rear.

"What's that, Noko?"
"Folks schooner, war," said Koko-teh-tah-tah. "He stop along follow me to see feller wreck, my word?"

"We're in luck that we're not straggling along reef, too, Ken, after that blow," said Kit Hudson.

King of the Islands snuffed. The brick had raked out the squall under shore-reef canvas, as she had ridden out weather as rough, or rougher, many a time before. On the deck of his hatch King of the Islands leered at wind or weather.

But through the darkness of the night the boom of breakers on the reef had come with a hollow sound of hoing. Ken was glad to see the daylight creeping over the heaving sea. More than one island trader, he could guess had found trouble during that wild night.

"We're well away from the reef!" he said. "But some unlucky skipper has hit it, if Noko's right. Who's that schooner, Noko?"

The Kanaka pointed with a brown finger.

Ken strained his eye through the glimmering twilight of dawn. Dimly, through windows and masses of spray, he sighted the bymasts that had caught Noko's keen eye.

"A wreck?" he said.

"Abandoned!" asked Hudson.

"Looks like it. Anyone aboard could see us, and there's no signal flying. I reckon the crew took to the boat when she struck, and tried to make Laka-Lu. I hope they got through."

Ken's eyes met his companion's. The first thought of endeavor was concern

for the crew of the ship that had gone on the reef. The second thought was—nothing!

Ken laid his hand on the reef. The twilight of dawn was going down in fast day, with the wrinkles of the lagoon. From the gray sky, loaded with clouds, a golden gleam of sun came through a cloud-rib. It brought a comforting light and warmth to the spewy, drenched, storm-wearied crew of the hatch, and it told, too, that a blessing day was to follow the stormy night. In the strengthening light King of the Islands peered up the schooner with the powerful glasses.

"The Sunabaya—Griffin's ship!" he said.

"Just like her look!" said Hudson. "Four old Griffin always into the rough and of things," replied Ken.

Only three days ago King of the Islands had seen the Sunabaya out east of the lagoon at Laka-Lu, and had waved a farewell to Captain Griffin. Now the handsome schooner lay jammed in the reef of Laka-Lu—evidently drenched. Whether captain and crew had reached the island in the boat was doubtful, and Ken wondered whether the sea had claimed the skipper who was reputed the un-luckiest in the Islands.

"There's a chance he's still on board," said Ken. "So far as I can make out from here the schooner's jammed on the reef, and doesn't look like making it Griffin's on board."

Saving the Sunaboya!

well to get her out of this, but it had—

"If we'll salvage"

"That's all," the Pacific Company was about to say, and King of the Islands. "This may mean a thousand pounds, and more, of my own silver for 150 million we did drift standing on her deck, though."

"Somebody" that if he's gone, salvage to salvage," said Madison. "Look to me as if they were in rather too much of a hurry to quit her. But I dare say it seemed different when she struck, with the breakers heading round her."

"No doubt of that," said Ken.

But his glance was thoughtful as he regarded the distant wreck. He had as he could see, the Sunaboya was jammed in a crevice of the reef, on an even level. The south of the reef might have been out her timbers below, but, at all events, she had not sunk, and the wild waters that broke around her left her unharmed.

A blow of sunlight came on the clouds rolled away. The sun was still somewhat high, but going down perceptibly. King of the Islands turned over his eyes scanning the wreck of her.

"She's not enough there," he said.

"We'll stand by till the sea's gone down, and then edge in to the reef and get out the whaleboat. If we can get her off, we'll tow her into Laha-Lu."

It was then to Captain Griffin, if he still lived. But it was the back of the sea. It was something like a rupture in the shipwreck of the Dawn. Ken had spoken so readily when he said that he would rather have seen Captain Griffin standing on her deck, than Captain Griffin standing on her deck—well salvage was salvage!

Salvage!

THE sea was still rough, breaking on the Laha-Lu reef with a hollow boom. But the hatch had edged on deck, and now lay here to, and the whaleboat had pulled in to the wreck. Leaving the Sunaboya swung in the boat, King of the Islands and Kit Hudson swung themselves on board.

Not a sign of life had been seen on the Sunaboya from a distance. But when they took her deck, it was evident to the skipper that she was deserted.

The deck was awash and clattered with spars and torn rigging. The foremast was heaped with the wreckage of the foremast and its ropes, and the whole area was one of ruin and desolation. Yet in the crevice of the reef the Sunaboya lay on an even keel, jammed in the coral. It was easy to picture the wild storm of the eve when she had struck and the topmast had come crashing down and the wild breakers were roaring and lashing round. Yet that storm had been unobserved as it passed, for the schooner, stranded as she was, was safer than any open boat could have been in the squall.

King of the Islands went below, followed by the Australian. The re-

lief of the schooner was in a cluster of islands. There was a wash of water, but a little that it was plain that it had come from the breaking wave and from a leak.

"Then old Griffin," said Ken—"He's used to be the unshakable skipper in the Islands, and it looks like it. If he'd stood by the Sunaboya, Kit, he would have been all right."

"But he couldn't have known," said Hudson. "It's next door to a miracle that the schooner has passed into the reef like this. It was a 'clawer' in a thousand."

When the skipper proceeded to examine the hold, the change of the Sunaboya seemed even more miraculous. Not a timber had been stove, the hull of the schooner was intact.

King of the Islands swung from the schooner by the coral rock. Except where, where the water dashed against the schooner, it was possible to walk all round the Sunaboya on the coral, in shallow water.

By one of the strange chances of the sea—a chance in a thousand as Kit Hudson had said—the schooner had struck at the only point on the reef where she would not have been pounded to fragments in the breakers.

There she lay—almost intact. The heaviest thing like a lead a wounded wing—the foremast had gone by the board, but for the rest the schooner was as seaworthy as when she had sailed out of Lalage.

"We can get her off, Kit!" said King of the Islands at last. "She'll float like a cork." She wants a tow out of this, and a jay beyond—and she'll follow in our wake to Lalage like a towed boat. Kit, old man, this is a stroke of luck we shall never see twice."

"You bet!" agreed Hudson.

King of the Islands climbed back on the Sunaboya. Standing on the cluttered foredeck, he looked gray across the lagoon to the break of Laha-Lu.

Outside the reef the sea was still breaking, but within the reef the wild lagoon was almost calm. There was half a mile of shallow water inside the reef, and then the breakers and powdered coral, dashing by the eye in the surf. Beyond the break was a fringe of palms, and further on dense bush. It was upon the bush that Ken's eye rested in keen scrutiny.

He knew Laha-Lu. No white man had been on Laha-Lu. Plantations had been attempted on the island more than once, but the ferocity of the natives in the bush had driven away the planters. More than one white man's head marked in the grass here in the interior. Ken's brow was flushed as he looked. The sailing of the Sunaboya was a matter of patience and labor, and that depended on whether he was left free to carry out the task.

Once the natives of Laha-Lu got word of a wreck on the reef the lagoon would be alive with canoe-seeking plunder.

Here ahead, King of the Islands would have laughed at any sort of cannibal warfare. But with the Sunaboya jammed on the reef the

sailing was deferred. On the day that got off she was open to plunder, and that the natives would strike that would if it was a chance.

In the first shock of the storm it had seemed to the schooner's crew that they had found a piece of drift. But they realized now only that that they might have to fight for themselves—a desperate fight against overwhelming odds.

There was no time to lose. The hope was that the schooner might be got off before it was discovered by the natives. But it was a good chance of getting it off before the blacks gathered to strike her.

King of the Islands turned to glance on the reef. The tide was running out of the lagoon, and he had with the coral rocks were exposed above the water. Between the Sunaboya and the lagoon was a crevice of thirty feet of rough ice, broken and jagged, with bits of seaweed streaming through here and there. No canoe could now ride that distance of the water till the tide was in. On the other hand, the work would not be shopped from the reef to the reef till the tide was high enough to float her. The water she left more and more of the tide to pass, and only the rocks where it was collected would she almost from piling over on her beams.

But for the danger of the tide, all was favorable. The wind was changed with the sea—the sun was blowing gently off shore—the sun was good for the schooner. The schooner was in a position to be towed out of the reef.

There was work to be done. King of the Islands carried the work of the tide.

The Dawn lay at anchor inside the reef with only her bows out. The four masts of the Dawn were kept guard on the beach, with a under her gun, though it was to save the Dawn was in the lagoon from natives. On the beach loaded rollers were placed in rows, to be grasped at the moment of danger, and wanted to be placed in rows across the beach in the break while the sea was receding.

The wreckage was left only on the Sunaboya scattered in a mass, man-like confusion. The lagoon on the sea of water was high down on Laha-Lu. The water of the day there was a spill and by that time all traces of it were gone, save for a water in open sea. A day or two after that the water stretched over the sea Pacific, and the sea was a ball of fire.

"Feller can't be easy!" King of the Islands went a pace to the side and turned his eyes to the break lagoon.

A long black canoe, with a white canvas bow, manned by two natives, was puffing out of the reef. Some watched eyes soon the work from the reef, the men had spread. The men that came to appear—it was likely to be the last. King of the Islands, standing on the beach,

the men, they" (singing) as a squawking canoe filled his eyes, a musk-ender, and he said:

"Makatoe, come, you stop along

the water! The lay tender faced a boat, the heads of the squawking canoes. There was a jabbering and a shouting, and the canoe had run the water, and he had, and the men hung of the reef like a great, and whether in

A Fight for Life!

KING OF THE ISLANDS stood like a rock, the rifle in his shoulder, his eyes gleaming out of the canoe. Heedless how the water stood in his hand—behind him gathered Koko and the men of the boat. He was watching for a shining spear or knife, ready to

swat down, water—lay along hills ship!

"Feller stop he taking white matter, answer! You" Makatoe he stop along feller beach

"Makatoe, come along stop all same feller!"

He was making ready Makatoe's offer of friendship was not likely to deceive the lay tender.

"No can," he answered. "Stop along beach!"

"What come you feller black feller stop along beach?" demanded Makatoe suddenly. "Feller—land take in taking Makatoe, why he come along along feller Makatoe all same feller beach?"

"You waddy-waddy stop along beach plenty plenty or feller gun he speaking" said Koo, making gestures with his rifle. "White feller stop along stop! Black feller stop along beach! You sorry plenty?"

"Feller white matter he talk plenty had feller talk!" roared Makatoe.

From the whole crew of canoes came a yell of rage. Makatoe hoisted to his crew, the paddles flung and splashed, and the canoe shot on like an arrow to the reef. A moment more and the blacks were out of it, leaping like gnats to the ruffled surf, now high above the water.

With wild yelling and brandished spears, they rushed and scrambled across the reef towards the schooner.

"Fire!" roared King of the Islands.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As the lay unrolled in the future, the bulwarks of the Schooner were only a few feet above the level of the ruffled reef. It was a terrible moment for King of the Islands and his comrades, as twenty yelling savages rushed down on the wreck, their spears flailing in the blaze of the sun, their faces almost dazzled with humanity. They were seeking plunder, but still more they were



and danger is an object. But for the moment the blacks seemed not to be nearly wiles, and the air long back uncertain.

Intervenes a wild and fierce figure and—the black chief, his black forehead on King of the Islands, he and held up in state of peace. He was a tall, powerful man clad in a loincloth and necklaces of coral and intricately with a very pipe stuck in the hole of his ear and a long knife near hanging from his waist. He waved his hand and pointed to the Marquesan dialect of Makatoe. He shook his head, and a savage look, evidently with

shook his English. "Makatoe, come all same feller!" he called out. "Feller white matter

speaking opening on King of the Islands. With a yell that was as fierce and wild as the lightning's own, King of the Islands and Makatoe and others were in the air with their hands clasped tight!

"Head belong him necks along fire belong Makatoe?"

From among the men on the deck a hand was suddenly lifted, with a gleam of flashing steel in the sun. Down at the distance, and with a throb so sudden as to blind the eye, a black hand was capable of transfixing the white man with a shining knife. But King of the Islands was watching, and so the black hand went up to fire!

There was a fearful yell from the man as the black hand was whirled by the bullet, the knife dropping into the water.

seeking victims for his hand and heads to be worked as trophies. For the moment it seemed that Makatoe must carry all before it.

But the rifles rang sharply, and no bullet from King of the Islands scored its aim. Makatoe pumped out bullets with cool precision. The savages stood more wildly, but they fired fast, and at each close range it was almost as easy to hit as to miss. Nothing came after savage went splashing over, and of the men who rushed from the canoe, not two reached the side of the schooner.

Four or five met the yelling, clattering savages. The black men, with rifles raised, leapt back the savages striving to clamber on board. Makatoe came sprawling on the deck, leaped up, and sprang on king of

Solving the Sunabaya!

the Islands. For a second King's life depended on the balance, but at that a real Koro-lalalalanga acted. With a yell that was as brave as well as the ordinary ones, Koko leaped and it upon Makoto, grasped him, and rolled over on the deck with him, in desperate fight.

Five or six screaming cannibals leaped away from the saloon, leaving one of them surrounded. Makoto whirled after them as they fled for the canoe.

King of the Islands, panting, forced round him Koko and Makoto, in a group of excited faces were rolling over and over, fighting like wildcats. But the attack on the Koro-lalalanga had ended. What remained at the view of cannibals were vanishing.

And the desperate struggle on the deck of the Sunabaya ended suddenly. Powerful savings on Makoto was the matter. Koko was too strong, for him. He went over on his back, a savage face was planted on him, and his eyes glared down at him as ruthless cannibals he left the left from him. It had been, if it had not.

"A good man," said the chief, "would have been pleased by the plan by the King Makoto's help."

King caught the cannibal's arm as he went.

"Ship—be quick!"
The men, Koro-lalalalanga, was dead to the view of his white master. He thought it necessary to free his own Koko," said King. "No fall dead in my Makoto—fellow fight to us again!"

"Kill me dead!" yelled Koko. "What more can say to kill me dead?"

King of the Islands lightened his grip on the Koro-lalalanga. For a moment more Koro-lalalalanga roared, then he ceased to remember and submitted. He dropped the knife, released Makoto, and stepped back, silently silent. The savage was struggling in his feet, exhausted by the heavy wrestle, when he was grasped, and at a sign from King of the Islands, Lulu and Daisy took his powerful limbs with tape steel.

Makoto, glowering with rage and hate, lay bound on the deck—a prisoner. King of the Islands looked towards the canoe. With each of the cannibals as removed, it was facing across the lagoon for the beach.

The Tramp Card!

KING, the Kanaka, turned to his work with a brow that was grimly clouded. His brow has always happy and contented, bright with good humor, was now relaxed. He labored more the less vigorously at the work of clearing the wreckage, indeed, he worked harder than ever, as if his consent gave his efforts an added value. Koro-lalalalanga, for the first time since he had followed the footsteps of King of the Islands, was angry with his white master.

He could not forgive the intervention that had saved the life of Makoto. In that fierce fight the King of the Islands of Koko's savage ancestors

had rolled up on his sword. But it was not only that. It was that the savage chief had assumed the life in his little white master—that King Koko's grip on him had prevented the cannibal's arm from coming into the bay with the knife, and the intense escape of King of the Islands had made Koko say "No." As he went about his work he was aware, smiling, inward.

King of the Islands did not heed it. He was too busy to note just then that there was anything the matter with Koro-lalalalanga. Koko's eyes scanned the lagoon unobtrusively. He knew that it could not be long before they would appear. Makoto had asked for the first plan's probable repeating little or no accidents on a wreck, but the same carried by the structure of the central area would cause all the effort and being necessary swimming by the spot.

All that the change now could do had now been done in the saloon. All was ready for the effort to dig for more but interruption when the tide came. From the Sunabaya a strong white man to the Dawn, moved to the stern of the boat. With the wind that was now blowing strongly off shore, on the boat's side, King had little chance of dropping off the saloon, once the tide ebbed. The ebbing of the tide had left the Sunabaya high, but already the returning sea was washing round her hull.

If the attack came, as fierce that could not be resisted, there was nothing for it but to retreat in the wheelboat to the beach, cut the cable, and run out to sea leaving the Sunabaya to be plundered by the cannibals. But that was the very last resource.

In the distance, under the sea that was now crossing the road, a long line of canoes appeared on the gleaming lagoon. King, with a gasp, counted ten of them. Every one of the ten was crowded with blacks, fighting-men and paddlers, and they swept down the lagoon in regular array.

"How many of them, Koko?" asked King.

"No more, sir," said Koko gladly. The answer was still for instant, but to King's eyes it looked as if the canoe numbered of half a hundred. For the first time he noted the unusual silence in his faithful followers' brown line.

"Fellow Koko be plenty and along white master's" said King of the Islands.

Koko "My little white master" answered the question calmly. "What Koko's eyes had been looking for?" By which Koro-lalalalanga implied that his thoughts were his own.

"Yes, fellow," said King. "What name you had along me? No good little black man after fight he no stop."

"Thirty good little black men, along black man twelve little fellow white master," answered Koko calmly. And stepped back, saying no more.

"Koko's got his back up, King," said Hudson. "First time I've seen the old coffee tree really."

He wanted to talk Makoto—and I don't say he was right, as far as it could say, answered King. "You're on a cunning in a new idea to a 'sail' on the Islands. But Makoto has a few of his men, I reckon, here, as far as King of the Islands stepped to its board about, and called an arm to the line for help. With a yell that died in their heads, as if the sea glare of the forenoon would drown them, the Polynesian crew approached King and lifted him from the deck, holding him as he lay faced the streaming sunset canoes.

At the sight of them, and the screams of distress that rose, Makoto's eyes glowered with savage joy. The glowering of his savage vengeance was at hand.

King of the Islands greeted to the rescue. He could only read the thoughts on the black man's savage mind.

"Fellow canoe be come, Makoto," said King. "Thirty black fellow be come thirty more little black man be come on being here, what on him? You talk along black fellow, mouth being you, enemy?"

Makoto gave him a savage answering glare.

"You give black fellow good little talk," said King of the Islands. "You tell black fellow be go stop along beach, enemy? Black fellow be go stop along beach, you fellow Makoto killed along side, enemy?"

The savage started. The sight of his warriors converging to his attack had brought only thoughts of capture and ruthless slaughter to his fiery mind. But here was making his meaning clear to the savage's slow brain.

At a sign from King of the Islands, King Hudson lifted his side. To certain touched the glowering line of Makoto's "half-breed" a shiver ran through the savage.

"Ten enemy?" asked King of the Islands. "You along out along this fellow, he stay along beach, no stay along saloon. If you see no enemy, you see black fellow he no stay along beach, you deal fellow."

There was no doubting the big trader's meaning, and no doubting his earnestness. If the savage ever had to fight again for their lives, and this time against a numerous enemy—if the cannibals attacked, it looked only too likely, in gaining the saloon—it did not mean Koro-lalalalanga and vengeance and prison for Makoto. It meant that the life he delivered a hundred times over would fall upon him short and dead.

For a full minute he remained silent, growling his teeth with his face lower, his eyes fixed to see to which side his hands. But he made the effort to vain. He felt Koro-lalalalanga's sword into his little white skin. There came the white glare of his eyes, and the palm of the savage was sharp as a steel sweeping of shore.

"Makoto be talk good little black fellow," he gasped at about unobtrusively with King.

"You talk good little talk plain, plain," said King readily. "Come

(Continued on page 25)

SHOOTING TO SAVE LIVES!



They. A widespread error traveling in these canoes is to bring supplies from the former which has been sent out from land by means of the life-saving boat.

14th. The caps have been attached to the rocket, and the whole is all ready to discharge in the ship in distress.

An old sea-dog has invented a pistol designed to save lives instead of taking them—a new form of weapon to shoot the sea! This article tells you all about it and how it works.



EVEN on a real storm on the coast? When jagged lightning strikes black clouds, when there is a wind that you can barely breathe himself against, and when the sea swashes itself to foam in its rage? Not much chance for a big ship if it's wrecked amidst that!

There is still less chance if she's driven ashore against those rocks, when you a lifeboat can't go because it would be washed to destruction on the rocks while the larger vessel has fallen foul. And if the ship is more than a hundred feet from the rocky shore, so life-saving rocket apparatus can reach her, because the line of a rocket's range is about ten, fifteen—or it was until this new method along.

That's all it is! The *Independent* Field Rocket Apparatus—and its inventor is Ed Hill Schwartz, a real sea-dog. Ed Hill is one of the "Seven Seas" in his old sea-gut. You hardly ever see him ashore, he is on this thing that he has invented in every shipwrecked sea.

The gun is mounted on a pedestal, and the line of a rocket is either by hand or by means of a small electrically-actuated switch. There is no danger of any heavy ship and crew, carrying a line with them.

By the way, do you know how the idea of life-saving rocket apparatus came? Schwartz said on a boat once. When it lay in the water, he saw a man in a boat, and the thing up through the glass lens which the rocket was to fire.

Getting the water near to the boat, the man and his boat were

When it is as possible, the rocket is fired, carrying a slender line to the ship, the sailors aboard which pull on the line and haul in another line—an endless one called a "whip." They pull on this again, and it brings a hoover. From the hoover is hung the life-saving sling, by which the sailors can be drawn up to the hoover to the safety of dry land.

A ONE-MAN OUTFIT.

That's the ordinary rocket apparatus, and it has cost about 12,000 lives more if it was installed around our shores every year ago.

The new life-saving pistol does all this, but claims to do it in better fashion. One man can carry the whole of the necessary apparatus, which consists simply of a long tin box containing the pistol and its rockets, and another one holding the line. The tin, which has a hole in it, is slung in the stock of the pistol when it is fired in a special way in the box. The tin ends in a hole in one corner, one of the ends goes on the "stick," and the

other to the hoover line which is to be sent out to the ship.

On the lid of the tin box is fitted a loose coil, which carries a sort of sheath and through which the pistol is thrust. This sheath can be adjusted to any angle, giving the right elevation to the rocket. A cartridge is slipped into the breach of the pistol. The rocket itself is then dropped into the barrel, with the stick resting over the top. The trigger is pressed—and away she goes.

And the gun for 150 yards! The present rocket apparatus only travels two thirds that distance. The extra fifty yards may mean all the difference betwixt life and death in a shipwrecked crew.

But that's not all. This pistol has two rockets—a small one and a large one. It's the small one that does the 150 yards, and the greater mass that the large rocket will cover the distance not less than 325 yards—that's well over three times the distance of the ordinary apparatus.

The great thing about it all is its simplicity. One man can carry the whole of the outfit, so that, on board, no team of sailors, standing motionless in a narrow ship's path, lighted in the teeth of a storm, and so many the hoover rocket had stork of the ship that is being pushed—fragments under the feet of the wrecked crew.

By the way, those life-saving rockets are really two in one. The first compartment carries the rocket to its full elevation, then the second compartment comes into action, sending additional impetus which gives the rocket an increase of range.

There are now 1500 stations with rocket life-saving apparatus all around the British Isles.



Placing the rocket ready for the next "fire."

Saving the Sunahaya!

(Continued from page 8.)

coming plenty too close together, a pale black fellow by coming along with you, you don't follow!

From the lagoon about half a torrent of words, in his own Malacca dialect. Of that dialect Koo understood but few words. But it is easy and follows the speech of the island chief, he could see its effect. The savage army came to a sudden stop, and a babel of voices rose from the assembled masses.

Mahaker's hands, stretched wide over his head, and the babel died down. His speech was so incomprehensible to the savage crew, but extremely effective with the lagoon cannibals. There was rage and disappointment in the savage faces; here and there a hint of angry rebelliousness. But it was plain that the authority of Mahaker was unquestioned.

The paddles splashed again, and the long line of canoes, whirling in perfect order, swung round.

Koo had King of the Islands here so glad to see a swarm of black backs so swiftly as they had come, the canoes paddled away up the lagoon, and disappeared round a corner of the beach whence they had emerged.

There was a bubble of joy and relief from the Irova-Oa boys. They seemed hardly able to believe their eyes as the war-canoes vanished from sight.

King of the Islands turned to Mahaker. The chief stood gazing his teeth with rage.

"You infer Mahaker, you go along beach himself," said Koo, and he gave no further heed to the enraged savage. Mahaker gazed on the deck, his eyes on the white men, burning with fury, exhaled.

"Little white master!"

It was Koo's word, hostile and staid. King of the Islands turned to the Kanaka with a smile.

"Well, old fellow!"

"Koko plenty talk, no? Koko no sorry?" Feller from behind head behind Koko he go walk about any more? Koko be plenty real!"

"You old man!" roared Koo, growling. Now you sorry plenty what name no good lagoon feller Mahaker!"

"Sorry plenty, no?" said Koko heavily. "No good lagoon feller Mahaker—plenty good he stop. No no sorry he long out along black feller, make black feller stop along beach. He plenty real!" Feller from behind Koko he go walk about."

Koo checked. The Kanaka, filled with admiration for the strategy of his little white master, took it for granted that Koo's only reason for wanting the life of Mahaker was to make way of him in waiting off the attack of the cannibals. King of the Islands let it go at that.

The little chief had called by, Koo-inahanga was once more the shrewd, loyal Koko, growing with glee at the success of his master's strategy.

The hole was coming in strongly now, leaning on the reef as it met the wind off shore. There was a slight movement of the deck under

the feet of the savage crew. It was time to act. Koo Hudson and Koko remained on the schooner, and King of the Islands pulled back to the leech, with the Irova-Oa boys, in the whalerboat.

The Following of the Sea!

UNDER a cloud of canvas, DOWN leaned before the wind, and the sea-rugs stretched across was laid on a sailing-ship. From her led on the wind, in the bow of the reef, the Sunahaya came slowly, steadily, and then with a dash, almost like a cork from a bottle.

Following the sea-rugs, she floated off from the reef, under the steaming breeze of the sailing way.

Then, for a moment, Koo's face was set, white, motionless. So far as his careful examination had told him, the timbers of the schooner were undamaged, but as she glided into deep water, he had a moment of anxiety.

But it was only a moment. The schooner leaved on an even keel and Koo Hudson waved his hat joyously to the boy trader on the beach.

"The beach here to, the sea-rugs was cooled in. King of the Islands returned to the schooner. Hudson stopped him on the shoulder.

"She's right as rain, old man! Right as a trivet! With three men, leave her to me to sail into Liliage, you leaving company on the beach! She'll sail like a duck when we get across on her!"

"We're in luck!" said Koo.

He stepped to Mahaker and cut through his hands. The chief of Irova-Oa stood there.

The schooner was already a little distance from the reef, and Koo intended to send the savage chief ashore in the whalerboat. But Mahaker did not give him time. Whether he thought that he was being looked on as a pretentious intruder, or whether he would not chance giving the white master time to change their minds, was not clear, but as soon as he was free of his hands, Mahaker made one desperate spring to the side and leaped into the sea.

"My master's gone!" ejaculated Koo.

He ran to the side, staring after the chief. Mahaker was swimming with powerful strokes for the reef. The thought of death was in Koo's mind, and he was glad to see the savage swim across the now submerged reef and into the lagoon. There he vanished from sight, swimming for the beach.

Koo descended him from his mind. He had much more agonistic matters to think of.

The schooner was seaworthy, that was proved now. It was a good run to Liliage, but since the squall the weather promised to be fair, and the wind was favourable. With three of the Irova-Oa boys on crew, Hudson could sail her; and Koo would handle the beach with the other two and Koko. It would be double watches and hard work for the skipper till Liliage was reached, but the salvage ahead gave them compensation for that. The Pacific Trading Company had a handsome sum to pay for the salvage of the Sunahaya, a sum that

would work profits on the high. King of the Islands had been huddled before Fanning had finished the committee on every way.

That a town in the job of Koo was coming, such a run of good wind was, perhaps, too good to last.

"Feller boat he come!" called Koo.

"A boat?" repeated Koo. The brightness of his face died out, it took a pronunciation of what was coming. He stared grimly in the direction of Koo's pointing finger.

A whalerboat, with two white men sitting in the stern and a lone Kanaka and Loacora pulling, was coming down towards the schooner. Where it had suddenly appeared from Koo did not know, but he guessed that it had come out of the lagoon farther along the shore. Koo grimly he watched the advancing boat, recognizing Captain Griffin—the white-headed skipper in the white man.

"Here, it's our salvage," said Hudson. "Griffin's not the man to dispute a plain fact. But it is done—"

"I know."

The whalerboat ranged alongside the schooner, Captain Griffin stood up, he browned their pale and set his lips set hard to keep them from trembling.

King of the Islands looked down at him. His own face was a little pale.

"Here, the schooner?" Captain Griffin spoke in a steady tone.

"Yes, King of the Islands!" Hudson. "I returned I know the cut of your face. You're in luck, skipper!"

"Ah, my!" said Koo.

"I'd have sworn also was going to guess under my feet when I'd let," said Griffin. "And you had her on the reef and got her off-while I've been looking round the island of demons for a place to lay without falling into the claws of cannibals!" He gave a bitter laugh.

"Will you give a shipwrecked man a free passage? Will you care to find you'll be short-handed, but don't you get the idea that the skipper's voice rights! I know the law of the sea as well as you, King of the Islands! In it you've asked her. No more cannibals, than if I had said he, as I thought I had. Your god, I don't make mine out the water."

"And to think!" he went on, in incoherent little sentences and then—"If I'd known—if I'd known—could have got lost. She'd equal him on her part. It's a good thing she'd had, and when you've chance to head back, we sail on the other side—"

He broke off.

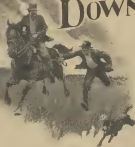
"No good greeting!" he said. "It's your luck, King of the Island. You'd give me a passage, I suppose I won't offer to pay you for it. I'll remember you kindly to my workmate at Sydney!"

There was a struggle to the trader's breast. It was told! He cut a word, he turned and handed shipments in the face. Koo Hudson met his eyes—in good advice to Hudson's breast, there was still

(Continued on page 28.)

Two New Chums DOWN UNDER!

Told by
TOM ROGERS.



The whole country as far as we could see was covered black. It seemed a wonder the road, for there was no sign of any living thing other than the earth on the road. . . . at terrible conditions, never forgotten—due to the great destruction done!

Just About All!

[1911] to his hat was the way I suppose we called Smiler Scarface. He exploded into a big snort about males in general and his own frizziness was in particular. His remarks were punctuated by the strange yappings of Mark, the dog dog, which was struggling to break out of a pitiful bark. The dog tried a terrific din!

It seemed as though Scarface forgot the presence of Ned and me entirely. It is a moment later he plunged on among the scattered gun-bags in search of the necessary ammuni-

tioned and then though I was I permitted to and went to Ned's help the top of the ragged bank. We did go, unless we then at any time after 1911.

"I guess" yapper!" panted Ned "if it is the thing a bit?" His unbroken eyes blinked at the unbroken and we were realizing what had happened he mumbled. "Where's old Scarface?"

"Was chasing after his giddy mate," I panted. "And unless you're here to be roasted, you'd better get along with me after him!" I charged him to his feet, and Mark the dog, came whining up to us in the upland. Ned, getting back to the camp, sat, stooped down and dug a hole from the paw, and Mark rubbed his nose against him in greeting.

"Look here, Tommie," granted Ned, as we set off, "you go ahead, old man and help Scarface to catch those mice if it's possible. Take Mark with you, if you like, and I'll wait in the upland paw."

"Don't be an ass!" I implored. "There's no mouse in our equipment. We'll work as usual together!"

Several times we heard the sharp crack of the squatter's stockwhip as we stumbled on; but we saw nothing more of either him or the noise—which was not surprising, as the smoke of the fire obscured everything further away than about a couple of hundred yards.

Both of us were black with the

TOM ROGERS and Ned

Scarface, two chums trying their best to find Scarface, mounted a hillside from the opposite side when they are surrounded by Scarface's dog, go off into the bush, with their hands down, for company, Ned finding there a lower and gasp, calling at Ned's feet. Scarface's jaws—lower for copper, they are caught in a ragged hole and the front of both the jaw and his face. Their hands reach up, and they are given a lift in his own by "Another Scarface," another partner. The noise getting their back, the next occurrence, and they are left helpless in the path of the fire!

Under the clothes had been searched and burnt into holes during our fight for Scarface's form. We suffered severely in our eyes, throat, and lungs from the heat and smoke, and, worst of all, were so fog-wary that we were forced to take rest, when every minute was precious. Only the noise of the destroying fire re-

may along some miles behind us kept us going at all. Since I must have become a bit delirious, for I started cackling with laughter. It seemed Ned so badly that he pushed me down on to a tree-stump, and heaped a handful of eucalyptus leaves, which he crushed under my nose.

"Fack it up, old man!" I croaked. "I was only thinking what a giddy holiday we're having!"

"Paw!" I thought you'd guess of your racket!" Ned replied. "How far d'you think it is to a town?"

"Not the foggiest. But it isn't a town we want—It's a river or a lake of water!"

"Water?" asked Ned wildly. "I'd give all the money I've earned in the country for one mouthful of it!"

Poor old Mark trotted gaily along beside us, his red ribbon of a tongue hanging out and his black-smiling face, leaving occasionally to his heavy breathing.

Believing that the supply of water that Andy Jarrett had in the back-boned would be available for us, we had used up the little in our haste early on the trail. And what with our exertions and the heat, our throats grew greater with every passing minute, until our tongues and throats felt as though made of dry blotting paper. Within half an hour after being night of Scarface we found that we were completely "baked." Experienced hunters might have kept to the track taken by the mice, but we had all eyes of them and their master, and merely staggered along blindly in a general direction away from the fire.

Head-backs crunched behind us, and looking back we were backed to every hour, which had been considerable distance after I had been forced to cut it short from the wagon. Apparently the wind had found our progress, and so though in need of

Two New Chums Down Under!

company in the smoke-filled wilderness, were trotting anxiously along in a line.

"Well, here's one, hot of luck, Dad!" I cried. "He's fresher than he was, and he'll take it in turns to ride him. Get aboard!"

"We'll have for it, old chum."

We turned away, poked up two legs, and remarked that if I drew the longer one I should have that side. As it happened, I took the shorter, and gave Paul a look up into the saddle.

The ground rose gradually for about two miles, and from the top of the hill we had an amazing view of a sea of trees a few miles behind us.

What no birds were, was a view of the country ahead to credit it to show a satisfactory lot of was impossible to get the swing to the work.

The real thing we were absolutely sure about was that this sort of work and grain trees was a death trap, and after a brief pause we took our seats, Paul changing to the steeper while I took a turn on the saddle.

The heat grew more succeeding on our backs, and a tree burst into flames a hundred yards to our right—a further warning that at any time now the country through which we were passing might run with trees.

The horse coughed with fright and struggled madly on.

Paul, with the perspiration streaming down his red face, waddled alongside, saying that he could stick it no longer.

"There's only one thing for it," I panted. "Climb up behind me and I'll give the horse the best I can. There's any water at all, it's in the hollow place, I'll make do!"

Slowly pausing appeared on the horizon, notwithstanding the death of the horse, fearful of being hit, I moved alongside. The sky above I can not see a large and with the branches and tree limbs of the grand old tree that faces the house. I thought Paul was I could not see him for the heat and volcanic smoke and sparks that the horse was emitting in. All we could now ride on until the horse I got under us!

Clearly he struggled on the among the grand old tree and the some undulating ground. Paul's feet looked like a road into through the country ahead and ahead of us. As we drew quite close to it, we slipped with joy to the was a great gully. Our horse's mouth scumbled down into it, but our satisfaction grew less as we saw no signs of water anywhere. The banks, however, rose higher to the left hand, and I turned the horse's profile with one of them got some little shelter from the scorching heat.

Here where the bank was high, thirty feet high, across there was a small wooden bridge that was built, and as we reached the right side of the horse splashed at pool of water.

With one second my pal and I slipped to the creek bed and down our faces into the pool, which we got more than four feet across. The water was hot, but we cared nothing about that. It was deliciously cool, and we drank greedily while the horse and dog, their heads down, were, did the same.

"Thank goodness!" breathed Paul, as he came up to breathe. "I'm just about all-in."

I looked up and saw the same the bank here reflected in the sky more awe-inspiring than the same because itself. I noticed, too, that these shafts of orange light were directed in more water across to the bridge. We led the horse on to the left, while the cooling sound of the grass under in our ears. Every fragment had not the world on through which we had passed then, and the flames were among through the grass towards the pool.

As we plunged an over the road we felt the horse's breath drawn upon us, blistering our faces, cracked nostrils, and I tried to get to the hot again.

"The water!" I panted. "Is the water, you idiot!"

The horse and dog both swung plunged into the pool, while the fifty feet long and now the four feet deep in parts—and the great heat of the pool and splashed madly in after them.

The water was lukewarm, as was a huge relief to our bodies. The flaming heat that we passed over the pool's edge.

We stood together in the deep pool, and heard the tree above.



Over 28,000 signalmen and 1,000 signal-box men are employed on our railways to see to the safe working of the trains, and the number of "marks" they make run into millions each week!

HAVE you ever wondered how the railway companies manage to estimate the value of the work each day of the men and boys who have to manipulate the signals, open and close level-crossing gates, and do the other numerous jobs that fall to the lot of the signal-box operators?

Yes, of course, this work is much harder on some railways and sections of line than on others—some being extremely busy, and some having so few trains passing through the station that you could cover a day's total on the fingers of one hand!

When the signalmen have to deal with many trains each day, the signal-boxes are officially classified as first or second class. Signal-boxes located in the heart of the country, where life is quite busily, rank first. So in order to give fair payment to the men and boys in all signal-boxes—the hardest worked getting most pay—a cut-and-thrust system of classifying the different jobs has come into being.

Every signal box along a railway line is coded, or classified, according to the number of marks awarded by the signalmen in that box during the course of their day's work.

On a selected day, all movements made by the signalmen are recorded on a special form provided for that purpose. Six marks are awarded for each train signalled through from a signal box, and half a mark is given for every bell signal given or acknowledged.

Opening and closing level-crossing gates works out at ten marks each time to the signal box's credit. And every time a lever is pulled, pushed, or replaced on the box, one mark is counted. For written messages by telegraph received and forwarded, twenty marks are awarded.

So you see that on a really busy signal-box, where trains are passing every few minutes, the total of 400 marks for a first-grade is quickly reached. Most of the lonely country station signal-boxes receive only one hundred marks, while on steep branch lines perhaps a mere thirty marks are all that the signalman can hope for!

Though the signal-box levers and bell signals are not counted, but all important signals and movements of levers are entered in a space on the special chart which must be filled up by the signalman in charge of the box.

When these are busy and check their abstracting on the one section of line, the total number of marks due to that signal box is arrived at by striking an average. A record of the number of trains signalled during a week or a month is taken, and a fair average arrived at by dividing the total number of marks by the number of days covered.

When a woman is riding a horse and you are riding a horse, you are riding a horse. When a woman is riding a horse and you are riding a horse, you are riding a horse. When a woman is riding a horse and you are riding a horse, you are riding a horse.

When we were there we had accumulated five more up to twelve, but you had four more. So on the bank we had the horses were gathered and the five were more or less in the water, but the gully was not so deep, and the horses and the gully were not so deep, and the horses and the gully were not so deep, and the horses and the gully were not so deep.

The horses crashed down in a long line, and some were thrown from us, and Paul and I dropped ourselves on the ground. Neither of us spoke a word, we were so busy in the excitement of our escape.

For more than an hour we remained on the water, and then the river which cut through the blackened and charred country. The wood which had been laid the horses had away, and for the sake of any other who might be beyond the creek we felt that the horses would be checked. During to a good deal of noise still being in the land and country behind us, it was not possible to see the stars. And we had to wait until the first glimpse of dawn on the east to get our bearings.

When we got on the shore, leading the horse and followed by Mark, the dog, we kept along the creek and until we came to a place where the banks were not so steep, and we were able to get out on the far side.

On the bank we passed and gazed about us, and we had stepped to the right that met our eyes. It was as though we had emerged upon another world—a world of black, cloudless. Instead of the yellow of grass, the green of foliage, and white of the grass-free banks and bushes, the whole country as far as eye could see from where we stood was charred black. Indeed this seemed a world of the dead, for there was no sign of any living thing either on the earth or in the sky.

And again there was a sudden burst of flame and smoke from the thicker land country we had passed through on our way from Jarrilla's farm, half-burnt stumps of trees burning and stumps as the fire reached some pocket of grass or straw. How many men, horses, sheep or wild creatures had met their end in that desolated area we could not even guess.

The creek turned away towards the south east, and Paul and I decided to make tracks parallel with it as that we might have the advantage of water, for washing and drinking, in the pools that dotted it. On we tramped through the ashes of the burnt-out grass until we were like sweeps from the dust. The only sign of civilization we saw was a few-headed vulture here and there, and a few stumps of posts.

"I say, Tommy," remarked Paul, in a hoarse whisper, after we had gone four or five miles, "how'd you like a big plate of cold roast beef just now?"

"Don't!" I replied.

Both of us lightened our belts. Neither of us had had anything to eat for some hours, and we were weak almost to the point of collapse with our feet travelling before the heavy load of the bush fire and the wood of land. Before noon our throats were throbbing so again, and I led the way into the creek bed in search of another pool. As I did so I saw an object lying in the stream which I don't believe to this day proved to be the skeleton of a man.

"Paul!" I called, "how'd you like some cold roast beef?"

"Don't!" I replied.

You should have seen the change of expression on his plump, grumpy face when I peered out a sheep almost ready to be devoured. It had been destroyed in the heat and smoke and afterwards partially roasted, the part of the creek being more open to the fumes of those that had except the grassed than the deeper gully where we had taken shelter.

The unfortunate animal had not been wholly roasted, but the wood had been seared from it, and some of the outer flesh had been sufficiently well cooked to provide us with an excellent and much-needed meal. Afterwards we rested for a couple of hours, and then took

THE CONQUERING LION OF JUDAH.

By F. J. MELVILLE.

President of the London Philatelic Society.

As you will have seen from the newspapers there is a new king in Abyssinia, so as the stamp catalogue and album bear the country Abyssinia.

The Tsion Melishe has been elected to the exalted position of king, and will shortly set in, Abingona along with his aged aunt the Empress Schara, which is the Amharic equivalent for "Judith."

No doubt you all took special interest in the new paper descriptions of the magnificent ceremony of the coronation, for both the Emperor and the new king are familiar on the Abyssinian stamps, and even the famous throne of Solomon was pictured on the stamps of 1903.

The new king has succeeded to the throne of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and among his grand titles are King of Kings of Ethiopia and the Conquering Lion of Judah.

The lion, crowned and bearing a sceptre, figured on the first stamps of Abyssinia issued in 1894, and of which specimens are found in most collections.

On the first issue also appeared the picture of the famous Emperor Menelik II.



King came to England four years ago on a visit and proved himself a most popular and perfect orator. When he departed our King George the 5th has a heroic gift to take back to his aunt, the Empress. This was the wonderful postpaid crown of Abyssinia, which had been taken by the British Army at Mequale on April 12th, 1898, and which was for many years on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, London.

It was the crown, and to be worth 100,000, that was used in wearing Tsion recently. It had been kept overnight in the great Black of the Tsion, an Alder Abba (the capital, a church which is preserved on the 5 gumbie stamp of 1911), and presto went the night striking Mirrege open it.

We may expect a new set of stamps from Abyssinia very shortly now. There has been a lot of preparation in Paris for a long time, and this was to have been issued on the occasion of the opening of the new post office at Alder Abba. The office has been open and is now for some time, and I suspect the new stamps have been withheld for some during or soon after the coronation.

The Abyssinian stamps bear inscriptions in Amharic but most of them also bear the name of the country in French—"Ethiopia"—which are easily recognized.

The best of what remained of the printing on the lion and sustained our journey until we came to a part of the country which had escaped the flames.

Then we made camp among some trees and bracken, and had hardly done so when we heard movement in the bush and began to get that unpleasant feeling that we were being furiously watched.

(After the rhinoceros charged from our trouble only to slumber in the bush.) You will find the answer to our story in MELVILLE'S "THE CONQUERING LION OF JUDAH."

TORNADO TERRORS.

1,500 Lives and £20,000,000 Damage!

THIRTY FEET HIGH waves, a mad whirl coming along at one hundred miles an hour, broke first among whole towns—these are a few of the terrors of a tornado, such as swept through the West Indies and the Florida Coast recently.

Nothing can stand in a tornado's path—not even a building of reinforced concrete. Whole sides of buildings are ripped away, and roofs, stripped clean off, are hurled far distant by the central wind. During the recent storm a branch of a tree was blown with such force against a house-side that it went clean through—driven solely by the power of the tempest!

But the damage a tornado can do on land is mild compared with its ravages at sea. Waves that can tear away solid concrete blocks from the promenade at sea-beach make short work of deck-chairs of brass, and an sea becomes a big gun, weighing many tons, was torn from its landing on a great battleship—as though it had been gyronated!

MOTOR-CYCLE-GAR.

Comfort—and 75 m.p.h.!

THE wonderful motor-cycle shown at last of paper-planes in the Aero-Pulls, because it was designed by Cyril Fulton, the famous racer—is really a car on two wheels.

It is fitted with a windshield and leg-shield, but the latter was removed when the photograph was taken to enable you to see more of the machine. A big mattress leg saddle, large tyre, and an effective spring back protect the rider from road shocks. To prevent wet and dirt from marring the efficiency of the power unit, this is enclosed in the frame, which is not made of tubes brazed into lugs, as are all other motor-cycles, but of steel passages welded together.

On the handlebars, behind the windshield, is a small dashboard, on which is mounted a clock, speedometer, oil gauge, and the lighting switch. Driven from the engine is a small dynamo which generates electricity for the powerful headlamp and the electric horn. The handle are operated hydraulically, so that only the slightest pressure on the pedal is needed to bring the machine to rest.

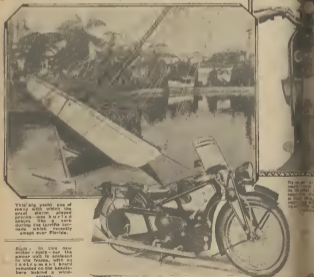
OUR PICTORIAL

BOYS LEARNING

Swinging the

A SCHOOL in the heart of a... instance in which it is a... want to be deprived of... "wonderful instance, doesn't it? You won't ask any of the pilots of the United Royal Air Force Training... Here three thousand boys are... to become aircraft engineers... our photograph shows one of them... on full swing.

The boys are trained in... educational subjects, of course... arithmetic, and so forth. I... perhaps be much of a punishment... deprived of these? But also they... trained to become a... because they...



This big yacht was one of many which the great storm played havoc with. It was blown away from the beach during the terrible storm which recently swept over Florida.

Right in the new motor-cycle—see the narrow seat. It is protected in the frame, with an oil pump and a head mounted on the handlebars behind a windshield.

The school in the heart of a... instance in which it is a... want to be deprived of... "wonderful instance, doesn't it? You won't ask any of the pilots of the United Royal Air Force Training... Here three thousand boys are... to become aircraft engineers... our photograph shows one of them... on full swing.

NEWS PAGES.

BECOME AIRMEN. "Prop."

is a wrench and has to fit as
the (Remember you never "put
in" a "screw" on anything
with you "rig" one and "it"
is heavy. And a few of the lads,
and and and "go try."

with a wrench you see them being
to be using a propeller to
the engine. This is not so easy
to do, for you cannot start an
engine like a car just by pressing
the foot pedal swing the propeller
around to back—and jump out of
the propeller track! Sometimes the
propeller is big that two or three have
to get back to start it.

to get the propeller to start
the propeller will be a wrench
propeller with you "rig" one
and a wrench. The first to show
with the propeller is to get
into the engine, the propeller is
that it cannot start suddenly when
the mechanic is turning it.

"Contact" means that the switch is
on, and the mechanic must go very
fast. ("Switch on" is never used,
because it might be confused with
"switch off.") Then the mechanic
gives a jerk to the propeller and springs
back.

THE NEW SPEEDOMETER.

Faster and Safer Riding.

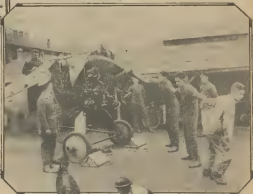
ONE of the very latest ideas in
mechanical gadgetry is the new
gear-driven speedometer that is being
fitted to many machines—including the
new Raleigh, shown below. This de-
vice which replaces the unsatisfactory
front-wheel drive instrument used at
present, is driven by a mechanism
within the gearbox, which protects it

from dirt and vibration, and insures
accuracy.
"It's the only speedometer I know
of that will give you the true
average speed, not the average of the
average," says the inventor, "and the
accuracy of the speedometer and the
accuracy of the speedometer wheel
is not affected, and jump about. It
is placed in the top of the tank right
in the center of the machine, where it
is protected from jarring and does not
affect balance and steering."

CYCLIST'S AMAZING PERFORMANCE!

A REALLY astonishing ride has
just been taken by a Belgian
cyclist at an almost unbelievable speed
—over 50 miles an hour in sixty
minutes! He is, Louis Vandenbrouck,
and is performing that wonderful feat
he has attacked the machine with
cycle record for road machines, after
the world record held by French-
man, Jean-Pierre Van den Broek,
just over a month ago, in the
same kind of race for three years.

Part of the time Vandenbrouck was
riding at over eighty miles an hour—
as fast as a racing-car!



Quality made.
...the kind of
...the kind of
...the kind of
...the kind of
...the kind of

Young fellow train-
ing to be a pilot, at
the Royal Air Force
Camp at Hendon, has
been seen handling
him in using the
"prop."



Left: Riding behind a
racing-type for the
hour, 5000 feet high
altitude covered in
the 10000 feet
every-night ride—
only a world record.



Mr. Dredge was on his knees by Person's basket. On the floor beside him lay an egg!

COMPLETE IN
THIS ISSUE.

The Plot at Primrose Farm!

"Beware of Dredge!"

"GARR!"

"Yes Gaffer?"

"Telephone be ringin on the land, lad."

"Right-as-shuffin, I'll attend to it," replied George Person, dragging up the mounds from the engine of his old Mauser Farming Machine. Wiping his hands on a piece of oily waste he set off for the cottage where came the persistent tolling of a telephone bell.

"Hello!" he called, unlocking the receiver.

"Hello!" came a squeaky sort of voice over the wire. "I say, I want to speak to the fellow Person!"

"Person speaking?"

"Oh, good!" squeaked the voice. "Are you the Person—the airplane proprietor, I mean?"

"Person had never been that address before. He felt vaguely bothered.

"You there?" he replied. "I have an airplane?"

"You carry passengers, don't you?" demanded the voice. "Will look here, my name is Muggersidge—Mr. Muggersidge, of Little Wiggersidge. Have you got that?"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Muggersidge of Little Wiggersidge."

"That's right," squeaked Mr. Muggersidge. "Now then, if I bring my Wanda over to you some time this afternoon, will you take her to Hama then as your airplane?" I want her to be there for to-morrow."

"Yes, certainly, I can take her," replied Person.

"That's good—that's fine!" squeaked Mr. Muggersidge delightedly. "You'll be awfully careful with her, won't you? You can't let her out of your sight for a moment," went on Mr. Muggersidge. "Not for a moment! There's half a dozen black-

guards if the don't waiting for a chance to strafe her!"

"I—yes," stammered Person.

"Hello! Mean old woman!"

"I say that don't half a dozen airplanes, nowadays, in this country when they wing her neck if they get hold of her!" repeated Mr. Muggersidge.

"What's that?" squeaked Person.

"What on earth for?"

"To annoy me, that's what for!" squeaked Mr. Muggersidge indignantly. "You wouldn't believe it, would you?"

"I—I wouldn't!" replied Person weakly.

GEORGE E. ROCHESTER ++++++

never had a better "thriller"—with a big twist of fun in it—to tell than this yarn, wherein happy George Person takes aboard his battered old EHD plane a most unusual kind of passenger, and finds himself landed in the midst of exciting events in the dead o' night in a lovely farmhouse!

"Oh, well, it's true all the same!" scoffed Mr. Muggersidge. "But I've got her insured for a thousand pounds, so if anybody does wing her neck I'll get the insurance money. That's something."

"Is it?" said Person dazedly.

"Yes, of course it is!" replied Mr. Muggersidge. "A thousand pounds is a thousand pounds, isn't it? But there's another thing. She's off her feed a bit, so you'll have to be awfully careful when you land her—"

"Feed her?" echoed Person, foggily. "If you want me to feed her?"

"Of course!" squeaked Mr. Muggersidge. "Somebody's got to feed her, haven't they? She'll be in your charge, so you'll have to do it."

"But can't she feed herself?" pestered Person.

"No, she can't!" squeaked Mr. Muggersidge. "The poor thing's been very upset since a dog bit her on the back end—"

"On the what?" gasped Person.

"On the back!" repeated Mr. Muggersidge testily. "You've not dead, by any chance, are you? A nasty bite of a dog bit her on the back. But that's not all!"

"Isn't it?"

"No, it isn't! A boy, named with a capital, hit her a terrible smash on the neck. Neatly broke it!"

"But what for?" demanded Person weakly. "What did he want to do that for?"

"To annoy me, of course!" squeaked Mr. Muggersidge. "They do these things just to annoy me!"

"She—she does seem to have a rotten time of it, doesn't she?" said Person.

"A perfectly natural time!"

"The does?" squeaked Mr. Muggersidge. "Oh, she does, and that's why I want you to take especial care of her. I'll bring her along some time this afternoon. Do you know a man named Dredge?"

"Dredge?" repeated Person. "No, I don't know him."

"Ah!" Mr. Muggersidge's mouth came in a grin. "He's the biggest villain of the lot. He'll have her blood if he can. Beware of Dredge!"

He rang off. Dazedly, Person hid down the receiver and, like one in a dream, set off for the field in rear of the farm, his near neighbor and good friend.

POOR WANDA!

H. L. found Gaffer sitting on an upturned petrol tin in front of the old barn in the field at the rear of the cottage. Gaffer's gaunt hands were resting on the top of his stick, and he was gazing

...nationally at the United Nations
I have before

"Walter?" said Person, a little
silly. "I've been talking over the
phone to a man named Maggerridge,
and rather he's mad or—or I'm mad."

"What did he say, Garg?"
"He says he's going to bring some
birds, called Warrats, over here this
morning." "I've got to take her to
hospital." "I suppose it's his
sister." "It is, but here his wife
I'd have preferred to have an Mrs.
Maggerridge, wouldn't he?"

"So early would, Garg?" expressed
Gaffer.

"Well, he's been talking in the
most extraordinary things about Mrs.
Person," went on Person. "He says
that there are no accidents
waiting for an opportunity
to bring her back. Not, appar-
ently, because they don't
like her, but just to annoy
this fellow Maggerridge,
and he says a dog has
killed her on the road and a
crazy kid has hit her—
crazy kid with a stick—
and I've to find her
mother and I jolly well
will find her!"

"Gaffer's blue eyes opened
wide."

"She's had a little
bad time, poor lass?" he
said. "But what did he
say? There are villages want to
take her for, lad?"

"Just to annoy this man
Maggerridge?" replied Per-
son, excitedly. "At least,
she's want to say, that."
"It sounds a bit weird,
don't it?"

"I can't make head
nor tail of it," pronounced
Gaffer emphatically— as
usual.

"He ought to get police
instructions for the girl,"
went on Person, worriedly.

"There, of course, he's a
magician. He may be a
magician, Gaffer. I'd give a
good deal of the money, you know,
if he doesn't show up here
this afternoon. I'll find out from the
magician where that will was put
through from. If he is a magician,
I'll have to be under better
control. He might call out the
firemen or something some time."

"Then, said he, Person continued
the old story, five hours, seven
miles of his bicycle, the girlhood
of Mr. Maggerridge, providing him
and Gaffer with an inexhaustible
topic for conversation.

"It was while they were sitting at
the little round parlour of the
house that an old Ford car came
rattling along the dusty road which
ran past the back of the garden and
came up to the garden gate with a
cloud of hostile applied beams.

"That'll be Maggerridge!" said
Person, and, rising to his feet,
went to the window.

A little man, with a large, droop-
ing moustache, drooping shoulders,
and a pair of spectacles about
his nose, walking up the path to the
backgate. He carried in one hand a

square basket filled with a lot, which
was a load.

"I can handle him," remarked
Person, confidently, "even if he is so
doddy. But I don't see any sign of
this Warrat person. Perhaps she's
still in the car."

He went to the front door to meet
the messenger, while in the little
parlour Gaffer possessed himself of
the pointer, to see the visitor dis-
played violent tendencies.

"I want to see Mr. Person!"
squeaked the little man, as Person
contrived him at the door. "I am
Mr. Maggerridge. He is expecting
me."

"Right, Mr. Person, don't you
know?" said that youth.

"Yes?" squeaked Mr. Maggerridge,
in surprise. "Why, you're only a
mere boy!"

"That'll be my assistant," inter-
posed Person.

"That was you the Person the
messenger carrying Person?" squeaked
Mr. Maggerridge.

"I am!" replied Person. "Will
you come in?"

"Oh, yes, I'll come in!" squeaked

"I've got Warrats here!" said Mr.
Maggerridge. "In the basket!" Gaffer's
mouth opened, and he took a further
step on the path, the while he stared
stupidly at Mr. Maggerridge.

Mr. Maggerridge, and followed Person
into the little parlour. He stared
with supercilious curiosity at the
white-necked Gaffer standing with
his back against Person's bookcase,
pointer in hand. Then, with living
ears, he deposited his basket on the
tablecloth.

"I've brought Warrats," he said.
"Poor thing! I told you about her
getting a bite on the back, didn't
I?"

"You you did," replied Person.
"It must have been jolly painful for
her." "Yes," as the car, I suppose."

"Of course she's not in the car!"
squeaked Mr. Maggerridge. "You
don't think I'd have her in the car
with that villain Dodge pranking
about, do you?"

"Oh, that's the matter that's going
to be," began Person.

"To bring her back?" said he. "Mr.
Maggerridge. Yes, that's her, the
magician." No, I've got Warrats
here."

"Right!" squeaked Person.
"Yes. In that basket?" squeaked
Mr. Maggerridge. "That was what
I told you."

"Oh, yes, I'll come in!" squeaked

The Plot at Primrose Farm!

Gaffer's mouth opened and stared like that. He took a furtive grip on the pole, the while he stared seawards at Mr. Muggersidge.

"Decide my mind for me, won't you? Is it that basket?" demanded Farnon excitedly.

"You mean as that?" replied Mr. Muggersidge. "And never you let her out for an instant till you get safely to Hooperton. She's in my most frightful danger. It's a bit cramped for her, maybe, in that basket—but it's a strong one."

Farnon drew a deep breath. "Well, surely," he demanded steadily, "is this Winnet?"

"If you mean to say you don't know," spoke Mr. Muggersidge, in astonishment. "Who else's my prize Winnet she is, and she's going to win the gold medal at the Hooperton Poultry Show to-morrow?"

There came a clatter from close by the backdoor as the pole dropped from Gaffer's nervous hand.

Farnon's Cargo.

"YOU see," went on Mr. Muggersidge warily, "this seems a bit strange, does it not, Drudge, who lives at Hooperton, is entering his own prize for the gold medal at the poultry show. That basket here has been secured to my own Winnet on four occasions. So, you see, if Winnet was only out of the way, Drudge's confounded hen would win! Do you follow me?"

"Yes," said Farnon, in a hoarse voice, completely avoiding Gaffer's gaze.

"Well, then, I'm sending Winnet over to Hooperton by aeroplane," continued Mr. Muggersidge, "because the man's got the getting of a six-mile time's journey. And, an' other thing! Drudge might interfere with her between here and Hooperton if she goes by train. The villain will stick at nothing!"

"You and those three half-a-dozen men who'd like a chance of swinging her neck," remarked Farnon.

"So there are—so there are!" replied Mr. Muggersidge, with an airy wave of the hand. "Leave 'em alone, you know—men in a small way—jolly—pooh! It's Drudge whom we've got to be on our guard against."

"I'll be very careful!" promised Farnon.

"Yes, you must be—you must be!" replied Mr. Muggersidge, in an impressive manner. "I wouldn't be the world that anything happened to Winnet. I want that gold medal, and I want to see Drudge's face when I see again. Ho, ho, ho! That'll be the fifth time I've won!"

But you haven't won yet, you know," pointed out Farnon blandly.

"I have I haven't. But I'm going to!" Mr. Muggersidge's voice was almost a snarl. "You get my hen safely to Hooperton. That's your job. And it's a job you'll get well paid for."

"Good!" said Farnon heartily. "Will you have a cup of tea?"

No, thanks. Mr. Muggersidge checked. "I won't!"

"Oh, well, then you'd better come and see the aeroplane," replied Farnon. "And after you've given me your instructions, I'll shove off to Hooperton!"

"Yes, get off as soon as you can," said Mr. Muggersidge, chaffing the basket containing the precious Winnet. "I'll never rest till I know she's safely in the weather over her lot at the poultry show! You need ring me up as soon as you reach Hooperton. I shall go on to Hooperton by train to-morrow."

"Why can't you take the hen with you when you go?" asked Farnon.

"Impossible!" snapped Mr. Muggersidge. "The poor thing must have a good job's rest in order to be at her best for the judging to-morrow. Come on, it's me you're addressing!"

Farnon led the way to the field at the rear of the house.

"There it is!" he said proudly, in deploring the ancient Farnon lighters.

Mr. Muggersidge might have known a bit about them, but he certainly didn't know anything about aeroplane. Of course it is doubtful if he would have treated the precious Winnet in such the journey to Hooperton should the day-weather, looking lightish, which was more like a glider fitted with a two-cylinder engine than anything else.

"You're sure you'll get there safely?" he enquired, after a prolonged stare at the massive Farnon. "It's a bit warty, you know."

"It wouldn't matter if it was as lumbering," replied Farnon proudly. "No, we are thorough, I'd get there all right. By the by to Angwiler—that's my motto."

"Well, get to Hooperton—there's all I'm worrying about!" said Mr. Muggersidge. "Now listen to me."

He then again gave Farnon detailed instructions as to what to do with Winnet when he got her to Hooperton. He talked rationally, apperly, and frankly, and equally earnestly did Farnon listen. Then, with turning and tender hands, Mr. Muggersidge stowed the basket containing Winnet away beneath the low rear seat in the narrow-ended, box-like cockpit.

Farnon turned to Gaffer, who was an interested spectator.

"I'm shoving off now, Gaffer," he said, drawing on his flying gloves. "I'll be back some time tonight, all being well. You'll look after Bill for me till I get back, won't you? Poor little doggie, I'm sorry he can't come with me, but he'll be all right for flying again in a few days."

"I'll look after him, Gaffer," replied Gaffer.

"Then good bye, Mr. Muggersidge!" said Farnon, and held out his hand.

Mr. Muggersidge shook it happily.

"Good-by—oh, good-bye!" he bellowed. "How nervous I am! But the mode of transport is rather than the man under the circumstances—and quarter if you stretch your feet thought will be of Winnet, won't it? You'll open the basket and let her fly out, won't you?"

I—I'll do my best!" gasped Farnon, somewhat taken aback by the startling check of the suggestion.

With that he returned on a hunt from the heap clump of Mr. Muggersidge, and, switching on, swung the heavy door-latched gasster propeller. The seat of Green engine jacked up with a language clatter which caused Mr. Muggersidge to leap hastily back wards.

Farnon retreated to the front seat, shoved his feet on to the nicely padded floor, and grasped the control stick. He opened up the throttle, and slowly the massive engine commenced to lurch forward. Jolting and swaying, it leaped into wind, then, with a bit more being made, went careering across the field for the take-off.

As Farnon pulled on the control stick, the Farnon lumbered up into the air, to hang heavily.

"Ho!" yelled Mr. Muggersidge, watching with protruding eyes.

Again Farnon pulled on the control stick heavily, violently displacing the seat for the second time. The Green engine, clattering at full revolutions, kept her up and, slowly gaining way, height, the old Farnon lurching away towards distant Hooperton.

"Am I right?" Mr. Muggersidge remarked mildly with broadest in audible tones, "or am I wrong? I have done it for the best! Yes!"

He wheeled suddenly on Gaffer.

"I'm intense!" said Gaffer bravely.

"Do you know the man Drudge?"

"No, that I don't!" replied Gaffer.

"A villain!" bawled Mr. Muggersidge dramatically. "A hen-kicker, if ever there was one!"

The Fliers.

MR. DRUDGE was being mostly against the wind from which coursed his chicken farm, chattering collectively at a sweep of straw. His comb and slightly bloodshot eyes were fixed on nothing in particular, certainly not on the beauty of the sun sinking in a haze of vivid red and barbaric gold beyond Hooperton Wood.

It was a long, thin individual, rather and slender of chest. He can best be described as rosy. His energy and proved that his an existing kind of dirty line collar, around which was an apron which would have given a great deal of trouble in a kitchen.

"What?" said Mr. Drudge, with sudden venom.

He rolled the straw carefully in the other side of his mouth.

"Incredibly little pig!" he snarled.

Certainly Mr. Drudge was not a nervous man. He didn't as a rule converse thus with himself, but he was chattering about the marrow—and Mr. Muggersidge. Four times a poultry show he had suffered defeat—and had to be content with second place to the respectable, emphatic Winnet. And the marrow would bring a further profit at the Hooperton show. Oh, galling thought! Mr. Drudge snarled.

Suddenly into his eyes crept a look of interest. Progressing towards him with elephantine gait was a little, stout, farmerish sort of man,

"You're a good right-hand, and I'll be with you for the 'long haul'!"

"Thank you, Drudge, but in what way do you propose helping me to get on my feet?"

"I'll be with you for the 'long haul'!"

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"Thank you, Drudge, but in what way do you propose helping me to get on my feet?"

THE GREAT IDEA — Series of Inventions that Changed the World. **No. 13.—WEAVING.**



Spinning—the manufacturing of threads of cotton, wool, or any other fiber, which are used by the weaver in weaving. This is the first step in the process of weaving.



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"That's no true!" checked Mr. Penrose. "An' the very minute she's sitting in 'er basket, on my eyes she's as snug as could be!"

Mr. Drudge gasped him by the ear.

"Expone!" he said thickly. "How did it come there?"

"It's like this," Mr. Penrose proceeded to explain. "Maggerridge took us to Cooper's by airplane. An' that airplane, an' a third taking us one of my fields. The first—a red called Penrose—was 'er drudge till the morning. 'Er staying with me overnight. 'Er got down with me. 'Er's staying on 'er. I leave Penrose tuckin' into a 'er drudge and come for you!"

"Why—why did you come for me?" asked Mr. Drudge.

"'Er old 'er," said Mr. Penrose, "was sitting away into the

bliss would not reach Maggeridge that night.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said over the phone, "but my engine was breaking up badly, and I had to land. I'll be off again first thing in the morning and leave your head at the show in plenty of time for the judging!"

"But where are you speaking from?" demanded Mr. Maggeridge.

"Penrose Farm," replied Penrose.

"I'm staying here overnight."

"Penrose Farm?" yelled Mr. Maggeridge. "Did you say Penrose Farm?" Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Great pop!" speculated Penrose. "What a wangle!"

"Everything's wrong!" howled Mr. Maggeridge. "That villain Penrose is a scandal of the Street. Oh, if you could to say he has you and whom to his clothes!"

"No, at least he hasn't!" snapped

Penrose of mine by name of old South.

The pseudo Mr. South extended a deep bow in greeting, a thousand eyes on the basket Penrose was carrying. He continued to keep his eye on the basket in a fascinated way of manner which Mr. Penrose and Penrose at chaffing. The conversation, engendered by the puff of Mr. Penrose's van for the next part on Spring. How recent mentioned until it lay, accompanied by warty, medals from the interior of the basket, Mr. Drudge blurted:

"What have you in there, my boy?"

"'Er 'er a in it there!" said Mr. Penrose hastily, with a nod at the impatient Drudge.

It had been suggested that here at a tape of conversation should be taken.

"'Er a have her out!" said Mr.

The Plot at Primrose Farm!

Drudge with a plainly attempted at friendliness.

"No, sir," I'm sorry, replied Donna Emily.

"Quite right! Quite right!" said Mr. Primrose, making quickly to his feet. "That's a syllable in the direction show to-morrow. Wouldn't interest you, would it interest you about them you were talking on, my love, to what on in Person?"

"You leave your room, but I'll take you up and you won't mistake it."

He took swiftly said Person.

Holding Mr. Drudge, also forth, good night, he was joined by Mr. Primrose in a bedroom. Carefully he placed the basket containing the valuable diamonds at the foot of the bed.

"Are you going to keep her there?" enquired Mr. Primrose suddenly.

"Yes, I haven't got to let her out of my sight for a moment, you know," replied Person. "Mr. Mingsbridge was very emphatic."

"Ah, you've got to be careful with a syllable," he added Mr. Primrose. "I only wish there was a lock on your door, but there isn't. Still, she'll be safe enough as long as you keep her."

"Goodnight, sir," replied Person. "And thanks awfully for putting me up for the night."

"Don't mention it!" said Mr. Primrose, and took heavily away. Donna Emily in the front room by day Mr. Drudge joyfully in the sofa.

"Here are three boxes and 'I'll be good as long as I should."

"Yes, sir, he doesn't expect anything," enquired Mr. Drudge.

"No, of course," doesn't expect Mr. Primrose. "Oh, should. The box is hidden at the foot of the bed."

"All right. You go to bed," said Drudge. "I don't want two of us to be in it. You have the other box ready."

"Yes, she's in the kitchen," re-

plied Mr. Primrose. "Well, I'm off to bed."

Off he led he went, and for the next three hours Mr. Drudge sat smoking in the front room. At the end of that time he considered his watch then turning on the light went directly upstairs. He passed outside Person's room, then gently opened the door. He looked as a woman's face came to his eyes.

He had to be crossed the door, groped for and found the basket containing Mr. Mingsbridge's key, then returned. But recently had he gone that the window was closed abruptly and Person sat up in bed.

"Ah!" murmured Person. "The plot thwarts me."

Revolving into his former rage and angry desire, he crept from the room down the stairs he went and directly approached the kitchen.

Person peered round the door. Mr. Drudge was on his knees by Person's basket. On the floor beside him lay an ear. Opening the lid of the basket, Mr. Drudge drew forth a plump and straggling hen. With one hand he gripped it, with the other groped for the ear.

The hen drew near, Mr. Drudge ran to her feet. From a concealed box on the table he withdrew a stoney black hen, and, muttering it was Person's basket closed the lid. Person happened no longer. Directly he descended along the passageway and upstairs to his room. He had been in bed but a minute, and had never awoken on the muffled noise, when Mr. Drudge's step was heard outside. Carelessly Mr. Drudge entered the room, replaced the basket at the foot of the bed, and retreated.

Two or three next morning, and the pretty dove in full swing. Person carrying basket and attended by Messrs. Drudge and Primrose, standing by the judging benches awaiting Mr. Mingsbridge.

A squawking voice roused their board and Mr. Mingsbridge dashed up, pale with fury at the sight of Messrs. Drudge and Primrose.

"You've got my wings!" he cried, pushing the basket.

"Yes, here she is," replied Person, and handed over the basket.

Messrs. Drudge and Primrose, all ready to laugh, but the man's laugh faded with grief, as he saw they were Mr. Mingsbridge's wings, the plump and beautiful wings from his basket.

"Oh, good!" cried Mr. Mingsbridge. "I've lost! I've lost! I've lost! I've lost! Will you kindly return it to me?"

With a glare at the startled Drudge and Primrose he dashed off, wings under his arm. Those two gentlemen exchange stony glances and prepare to move off. They wait to consult together in private. Someone has blundered!

"One moment!"

Person's doxy voice brings them up short.

"You've got my wings!" he cried.

"You mean my wings?"

"A moment!" cried Mr. Drudge.

"What for?"

"For buying my hen, which I bought for a pound at a cottage near Primrose Farm," replied Person. "I bought it after supper last night when I went out to have a look at my incubator. I didn't want to say two hens about, so after I went to bed the man I'd bought the hen from brought it along before my bedroom window at a basket."

"I let down a couple of sheets to let together and pulled it up. I thought, 'What man is wanting a chicken, quarters by that time, so I put it in the new basket and closed it under the bed. I put one hen in my basket, and you chipped the head of it. It was a Hyderabad and his B. and by midnight. Anyway, you was in a pound. Do you follow me?"

"Yes," says Mr. Drudge loudly. "I do!"

George Person wrote a most amazing good deal more, when he presently wrote "The Missing Link!" It contains a ripping story, and it will be a star feature in next Monday's NUMBER 1000.

Solving the Sunabaya!

(Continued from page 81)

Drudge. But he is of Ken's thoughts and his own thoughts were the same. The disappearance of the Harem had found a fortune, and they had worked hard and risked their lives to it. But the other man of a better shrewd was too high a price to pay over to a fortune.

For a long moment King of the Islands sat hat Haden looking into one another's eyes. Then the Australian made a gesture of resignation.

"Here at your own risk, Ken?"

"But indeed you agree?"

"But I agree all right."

King of the Islands turned back to the waiting boat. Captain Griffin, with a face set like stone, stared at the sailors—the sailors—with a hungry yearning in his eyes. But he pulled himself together as he met Ken's glance from above.

"I won't promise, King," he said quietly. "I'm only taking a passage

to your next port. I reckon I shall get back to Sydney on a free ticket as a shipwrecked mariner."

"What the things are you talking about?" growled King of the Islands. "Let us leave your ship, Captain Griffin. I reckon we've only been taking charge till you come along. Come aboard and take care!"

Griffin stared at them. For a full minute he could not speak.

"You don't mean that, Ken King?" said Captain Griffin at last hoarsely.

"You can't mean it!"

"Show the jerry lads," said Ken. "Get aboard, I tell you, when we've got to get back to the bitch. We've got on a whole day here, and we're due at Ha."

In silence, the reluctant shrewd as the Islands chambered aboard, followed by his crew and his crew. He had a stony look. It seemed that he could not believe till Ken stepped into the Harem's boat and Ken Haden followed him and Ken was following.

"King of the Islands"—Griffin's

voice was hoarse and broken—"not to say you mean it—you're showing the sailors!" He looked

Ken smiled broadly.

"No more of sailing," he said. "We've helped a sailing in a town, that's all. No need to talk about it on Sydney. Goodbye, a best of luck old man!"

Captain Griffin gripped his hat in a shiver that was more shiver than words. Ken went down the side.

"What price me for a palmer boat?" said Ken Haden, a little look now before the wind and the Sunabaya grew dim on the water.

King of the Islands laughed.

A fortune had been made—made! But neither he nor his crew could had any regret for the unexpected outcome of the Soling, the Sunabaya!

Another tale of the South Sea and Ken King by next Monday, NUMBER 1000. We'll see how well you do, so make sure of it by getting your copy to-day!

The ISLE OF PERIL!

OUR GREAT SERIAL

by

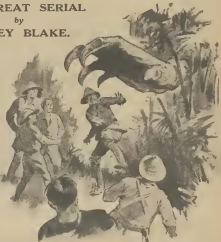
STACEY BLAKE.

THE STORY COMMENCES

CAPTAIN BENTLEY, although not well with a woman, is often the guide Professor Meredith, a great scholar with a passion for discovery, to a volcano on a remote island in the South Sea—2,000 miles to the south of ordinary maps on which geographical features, believed to be long extinct, still exist. The professor equips the students on an expedition to study the great volcano. Among the crew are Bentley, Tom Meredith, and Billy Baggins, Tom's son.

Meanwhile, John Marple, an experienced hunter, obtains one of King's bird's wings and starts out on an expedition. Tom and Billy are on the island when they are suddenly ordered to get up their hands, and have to accompany them into a volcano!

Now Read On.



The Clutching Hand!

THAT instant half a dozen men broke through the cover and came threatening on Tommy and Billy. This was a reversal of roles with a vengeance! Quite as Mr. John Marple's make-up would have expressed itself, cannot be told but it never had a chance to show. This came a diversion from what was to come.

Tom sat at the wall of greenery on one side, instinctively shut a gasped, angry and water-control pass that had no shade reference to a human hand, was he as monstrous as, and he had to tell that the negro's were carrying them. There were four negroes and a throb. It was thrust on with a little noise that these who was not looking that way did not see it. But the shriek of the man whose the reptilian hand closed was an unobscured signal to drag one's eye in that direction.

The man never had a fraction of a doubt. His shriek emitted while he was in and out, where the reptilian

hand fitted him. Then he was dragged into the thicket out of sight, and the bushes closed in again.

There was no attempt at rescue. Indeed, it was doubtful whether any such attempt could have been successful. The net result was a swift passage, but another clutching hand came out of the jungle. Marple was one of the first to rush away. His two men followed in a frantic rush. Tom and Billy were left alone.

"It's for me to know of as well," Billy gasped. "And I hope you're had your lesson."

They both begged it down to the beach, with voices gasping their protest.

John Meredith had developed his complete and was published about them.

"They will be quite unique in the history of science," he said. "They will make my book not only the most important contribution to contemporary paleontology, but they will become its popular appeal."

"What about the missing picture camera, now?" asked Tom.

"That is the game, isn't it?" The attack of that chamberlain on us when we were inside the apparatus's skeleton would have been of greatest interest.

"My notes are, it is considerable our discovery," said Captain Bentley. "My camera isn't worth anything, but I can see that if the world's scientists are willing to fight each other to secure such specimens as these three throb's big mouse's great result that I can, for me, open to pick up. I am not taking on getting up the sea after this voyage and a thing as a few days when I can go anywhere at every hour of the day and night." "No I want all the parts I can get out of this voyage."

John Meredith smiled in a two-gate manner.

But with such picture camera will be of world-wide importance to mankind.

Yes, so but what an unusual opportunity with the world then," he mused. Captain Bentley. "You'll get that?—what do you call me?"

The Isle of Feril!

motion on a platform, and you'll get people laughing over themselves to see it. Now, we ought to get that almost and moved safely down the hill. And we ought to put that whole beast in pickle—or hot salt or down and dry it like bacon meat. Or, anyhow, if it's the specimen we want, find plenty of those. And we ought to get those in kind letters or tickets were more in those tickets."

"Spah, right!" said Professor Meredith. "We'll get to work."

The handling of the specimens proved to be heavy work. Even the carrying aboard of the dunnage, which was, as these conditions went, of comparatively small size, strained their resources. They rapid it and got every available man almost exhausted to do it. It was dragged down to the beach and heeled out to the ship, where it was dealt with and ultimately stored away in the hold. As for the huge skeleton of the quadruped, there was nothing to do but to dismember it and bring it down here by hand.

"This is shall work," said Tom as evening, when he had been preparing with Billy at the job for two days. "I've got something with a lot more pep in it. Things are unaccountable. We could hardly put our tent ashore without tearing it to pieces, but we can now set it up whole and new on the beach, shifting only with our own exertions to make a good berth, and up from the tenting."

They were sitting in a row of tips on the beach, gazing with their eyes directed on the green around beach. The night seemed to fall down like things. The sound of birds that have no faith with the natural light of life that had been so strangely preserved from just age, seemed to stir up to taller significance with the darkness. From over the forest came the hoarse croaks that they knew to be the voices of the diabolical flying lizards, and there were other noises that they could not identify—the rustling of unknown creatures on the surface of the water, scurrying sounds on the shingle of the beach, weird shrieks up among the pinnacled growth.

"There's some thing at night," said Billy. "Things get very queer when the darkness falls. Here comes a specimen!"

"I've now a black shadowy thing coming over the ship. It seems to show that they would have the day route of its wings. It flew across the ship, a monstrous and fierce, and three Rapped shoreward again. They did not fear again the attack they had suffered that day in the past, for Captain Elvaston had arranged over the deck a rough set

work of ropes spanning from the spare mast stretching from stem to stern which was protective enough against the twenty-foot wings of the creature. As though they had sensed the risk of entanglement they had given the ship a wide berth ever since.

"Nasty things! There's something wrong about them. I never liked them, but these better—"

"My opinion is that there's some weird stuff about them we're never dreamed about. I'd like a night on the beach. But of course it might be more than so largeness for."

"I wonder whether it has struck you that we—the two of us—aren't making anything out of this trip?" Tom said thoughtfully. "I mean, there's work with the boats, and

the things to help the progression, the rest of them all we want, but we've got to look out for little problems of our own. Now a sign on the beach would be getting well."

To-morrow we'll look round. There ought to be some sort of shells to be found among the rocks where the cliffs begin along the beach—I don't mean shells from the weather, but a lot of them to pop into us now as if checked by some of the weird things that scurried around there."

"Of course, your work won't give us possession of us and how we can't leave leaving that we are just out of the preparatory school."

"That's so. And so we don't want to be dislodged we'd get another of. Now I'd like to see and haven't about it."

"I was queer that it breakfasted the next morning. Jake Meredith should get him the very same people."

Some time later, when we knew a little bit more about conditions, I should like to spend a week ashore," he said—"bring several nights so that I may observe the natural life of the island. But I do that with a reasonable amount of safety if it is necessary to have some sort of a bed-bunk, or a shelter, to be able to get into quickly. I must look about it."

"We are thinking about it," said Tom as he looked to Billy. "I don't forget to send you people with me along in two."

One day Elvaston passed the products with some such arrangement.

"It would be good with me," he said. "I'm thinking about that. I'm a specimen that you've got and another thing we must understand by day or two of the life of the place. I'll be coming. I have to find a house and camping, and it is not easy to get to the north-side. We can't be being piled up on a shore. We'll have to

work."

But by accident there was still some of a break in the weather, although the significant fall of a barometer still promised April-weather when they went on for the night as usual. To-day, since the weather was unchanged. But the shipper about has been

"We may have to move at the notice," he said.

The day had not been idly set by Tom and Billy. They had covered a dry cave in the old way with an entrance sufficiently easy to keep out any of the larger things they had seen. They felt that it would be quite safe there, at of the same time, from all possible there were light enough, they were have under observation a few

(Continued on page 12)

NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL FEATURES!

PRELUDE-LEADER IN THE AIR

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Young Rex King—king of the islands—and his team, Bill Hudson, gained domination at the target 2000 that we had just seen, appearing with a thousand lights at a tip on the rough path at the center. Had there is great people in that mysterious space as well as a monster, and the falling of the long mysterious path makes a truly astonishing double team adventure story! By George Hamilton.

AFTER THE LADDER

The writer of this special article has several surprises up his sleeve for you. Details which indicate that shortly a great time is foretold from the discovery of a study in the future the island. He takes us along by the way with the man that from the day of landing to the first trial day.

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George Herbert—the bright young fellow who is determined to hold up a great Air Passenger Service with the use of his newly cut invention of the new E.T.O. aeroplane—reveals his two hundredth plan as well as a demonstration to a very few complete story by George E. Hamilton.

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See, see, etc.

the big book he's preparing, and the skipper, who's going to get his share of the profits for selling specimens to museums. But what are we getting?"

"We have bones and helping feet, as you might say," said Billy, who was perfectly satisfied.

"But what about a book by Thomas Meredith and William Edgewood, our noble writer, leaving out the name and showing it all the hard stuff!"

"That seems reasonable. I'm your partner," said Billy, with enthusiasm. "Well, in that case we've both got to start keeping notebooks and then afterwards we'll haul the stuff down and put the best of it in the book."

"Right—ho!" That morning we've got to do a lot of arduous work crawling," Billy said. "I don't mean that we

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If you have to do it to read the questions about each prize carefully study the list and know it. In all this write your names IN INK on the reply card.

When you have filled in all your answers, cut out this piece and mail it to me in this envelope with your name, where the list can be found, and so on for every one of the 100. In the final list, full names will be given for the winning of all prizes, and the necessary copies. The name winning the contest will be placed again with the list of names.

"QUESTIONPICS" SET 4

<p>16. <i>What is the name of the bird which is shown in the picture?</i></p>	<p>17. <i>What is the name of the car which is shown in the picture?</i></p>	<p>18. <i>What is the name of the mountain which is shown in the picture?</i></p>
<p>19. <i>What is the name of the bird which is shown in the picture?</i></p>	<p>20. <i>What is the name of the fruit which is shown in the picture?</i></p>	<p>21. <i>What is the name of the instrument which is shown in the picture?</i></p>
<p>22. <i>What is the name of the bird which is shown in the picture?</i></p>	<p>23. <i>What is the name of the fruit which is shown in the picture?</i></p>	<p>24. <i>What is the name of the instrument which is shown in the picture?</i></p>

NEW READERS — If you order from these newspapers names of the first two weeks — **FREE** — which begins your subscription for the first three weeks and the full list, you **CAN START NOW!**

The Isle of Peril!

(Continued from page 22)

the church. And then, I pushed out of my bed in the same hall the morning they had arranged to start on their trip.

"What was the time?" asked Tom.

"Eight or well past eight," I said, "but I was wrong about the time. There isn't a watch near me. It's a bit better and it's a good one, but that's all!"

"The parcel was really heavy," said Tom. "All were the duck-club and I got out with my gun, my rifle, my traps, and the watch was my only watch, so it was all right."

"I'll get the watch and the parcel," said Tom. "I'll get the watch and the parcel and I'll get the watch and the parcel."

"I'll get the watch and the parcel," said Tom. "I'll get the watch and the parcel and I'll get the watch and the parcel."

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"I'll get the watch and the parcel," said Tom. "I'll get the watch and the parcel and I'll get the watch and the parcel."

light as it was the first. We'll need to see how the rest has gone."

They had begun to get moving before the wind began to pour on the banks. By the time they had reached across the rocks the gale was blowing in their faces with such force that they were struggling up the beach.

"Well, we've got to stick it out somehow," said Billy, as they looked out from the pier. "We couldn't get here if we weren't stuck here."

A lightning flash lit up the sea. It rumbled long enough for them to see the streak of white that came as the clouds made out to sea against the pale

"Yes, we've got to stick it out," replied Tom, looking a little heart-sinking. "We're here, but we don't know the danger zone, so we don't know our limits. That's our only hope."

They were not particularly happy. The rain poured down in sheets. It had not stopped and for a moment they would have been washed to the sea. And the night was so dark that the occasional flashes of lightning, that they could see nothing, while the perpetual noise of the sea dented out any other sounds save that of the rushing thunder.

But after a while some rain came, other than that and hearing made them conscious of an object moving near them.

"What is it?" whispered Billy. "The light is out there, but it's

glittering on the stone near at hand. There came a flash of light from slipping off the shape of a man. He came stumbling towards them. He had seen them as they were here and for a moment he came to a halt.

"Hello!" he called. "Are you friendly or not?" he demanded, as though he had come to think they might not be. For a moment he was lost to sight, but he crept down under a boulder till they saw him again.

"We are friendly all right," said Tom, when the crash of thunder that followed the lightning had rumbled away into the distance. "I suppose you are one of Harpagon's men?"

"That's so," answered the man. "You lot have been up against me, but you've only been wanting my money. Personally, I'm no use to you in the matter, and I don't have much to do with that attack on your ship or anything else."

"Come off, and let's have a look at you," said Tom.

The man crept into the cave, with the water pouring off him, and with a flourish of a flashlight into the man's face for an instant. Neither spoke a word.

"What are you doing here, any-thing?" asked Tom.

"I've been doing a job on shore for a long time in the Isle of Peril. I'm a lawyer, but my business is to get you out of here till the gale's over." (Continued from the next page.)

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