

The
MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY.
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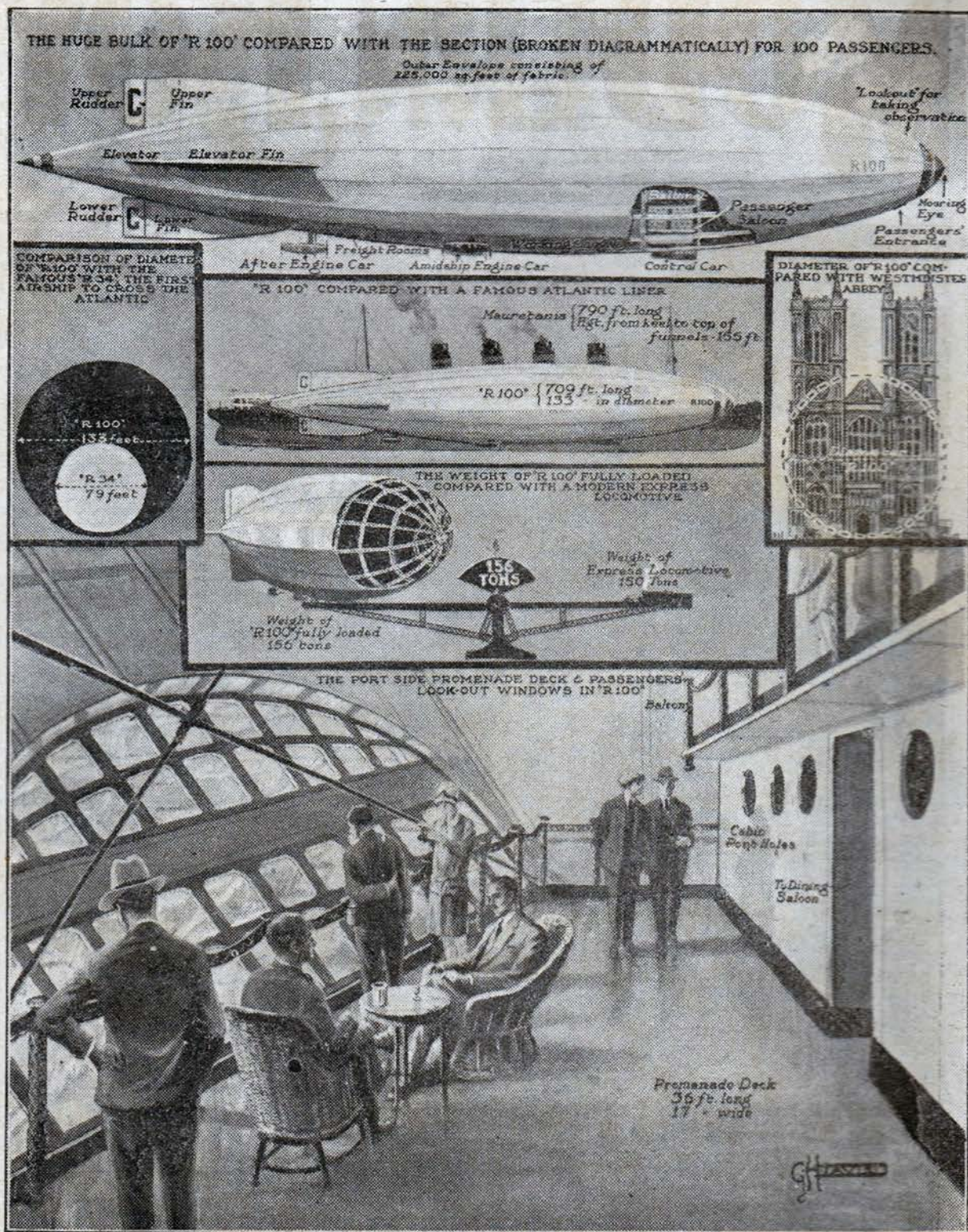


New York Non-Stop!
R100-WORLD'S GREATEST AIRSHIP
*Soon to Commence
Transatlantic Service*
(See Page 5.)

S. DRIGIN

Read SIR ALAN COBHAM'S Thrilling Story Within!

A CHAR-A-BANC OF THE SKY!



One hundred passengers and a crew of fifty will be carried by this enormous airship—the R100—which is now nearing completion in the Howden (Yorkshire) works where it is being built for the Air Ministry. It will be ready for its home trial flights in April. Then a demonstration flight to North America will be undertaken and plans made for a regular Transatlantic airship

service between London and New York. The R100 will probably do that trip in about forty-eight hours and the fare, it is suggested, will be about £120. Should the R100 prove the success it is expected to be, five other airships will be built on similar lines, to operate on alternate days between England and North America. (See article on page 5.)

The Modern Boy's World of Pen and Pictures

By "WAYFARER."

THE REDSKIN'S CANDY!

A GREAT pal of mine, when I lived in Florida, was a Seminole Indian chief. I first met him when he came to a little country store on the Gulf Coast to do some shopping, and I was struck by the fact that his purchases were cartridges, chewing-tobacco, and candy! He bought a great deal of candy, and the storekeeper said that all the Indians wanted sugar-sticks and syrup.

The horned person in our photograph is not my friend the Seminole. He is Chief Calf-Robe, of Montana, where he lives on the Glacier Park Reservation. But by the look of ecstasy on his face he is clearly just as fond of sugar-stick as was my Seminole!

When an Indian of the Southern States cannot get sweets he chews sugar-cane. All the little negro piccaninnies love sugar-cane, and it is chewing this hard and stringy cane that makes their teeth so white and shiny!

STILT SKATING.

Some people like to do things differently from anyone else. That well-known war correspondent, the late Mr. Frederic Villiers, who was a great friend of mine, was very fond of bicycling, but disliked the ordinary bicycle because, as he said, he could not see over the hedges as he rode along!

So he had a special bicycle built, a sort of two-story affair, of which the saddle was a good four feet from the ground, and on this he used to ride all over England.

It looked very unsafe, yet he rarely took a tumble, and he must have ridden it thousands of miles.

It may be the same sort of idea that has induced Mr. Syd. Charlton, the well-known fancy skater, to wear these queer stilt skates. Most of us, however, would most certainly think twice before risking limbs and neck in such a fashion!

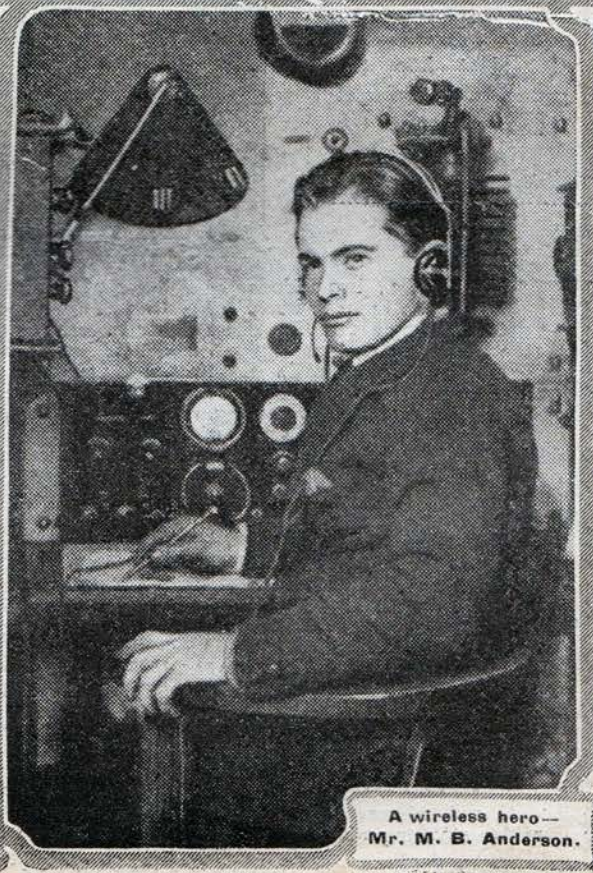
(Continued overleaf.)



A fancy skater, risking limbs and neck!



Chief Calf-Robe enjoys a stick of candy!



A wireless hero—
Mr. M. B. Anderson.

The Modern Boy's World—(Continued).

LIMPING HOME!

Hammered by the most terrific gales she had known in all her thirty years of battling with hurricanes and huge seas, main and mizzen masts gone, sails in flapping ribbons, her chief officer killed by falling rigging, there limped the other day into the quiet sanctuary of West India Dock, London, a gallant old windjammer.

She was five months late on her trip from Adelaide, Australia. With her cargo of wheat, the E. R. Stirling had been storm-driven time and again miles out of her course. She had covered nearly 25,000 nightmare miles all told, being in such an unmanageable state at one time that for 4,000 miles she had to be towed!

HATS OFF!

Heroics become commonplace in circumstances like that—so the crew think. But perhaps we must award the palm for sheer heroism on that old windjammer to the young wireless operator, Mr. M. B. Anderson, who clambered aloft in one of those screaming hurricanes—with storm-drenched canvas, torn to ribbons, flying loose and threatening every moment to flay him alive—and on one of the cracking masts rigged up a makeshift aerial!

Calmly he clambered down again and commenced afresh to send out the S.O.S. signals which had been interrupted when the regulation aerial had, like the great main and mizzen masts, "gone by the board"!

I think Father Neptune himself must feel proud of that young fellow and his grim determination that wireless should still rule the waves!

BROADCASTING!

The good people of Walton-on-the-Naze now enjoy—or should I say listen to?—the wireless programmes by a very novel method. All that they have to do is to pay half-a-crown per week and turn on the loud-speaker whenever they choose—no set to install, nothing to go wrong, "no nothing"!

How is it done? Quite simply. An enterprising townsman, a Mr. W. R. Dockrell, for a charge of 2s. 6d. per week installs a loud-speaker and as much flex as required in each house. Then, from the receiver and amplifier in his own house he relays the programmes by means of land and overhead lines to the subscribers.

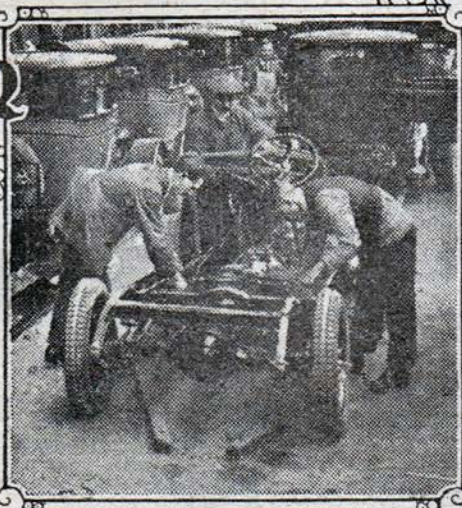
The set is always tuned in to 5 XX, Daventry, and it is possible for hundreds of people to listen to the one receiver.

And now, who is going to follow Mr. Dockrell's enterprising example?

CAREERS IN THE MAKING.

If You Want to be a MOTOR ENGINEER

Get right into the game! A general repair garage is the best school.



THERE are two kinds of workers in the world of motor-engineering. There is the man who designs engines, and the man who builds them from the drawings, or repairs the engines when they go wrong. Sometimes you will meet a fellow who can not only design a car, but can handle tools and build it as well. Such a man is comparatively rare.

Of course, the designer must know how a motor-engine is constructed, and it helps him a lot if he actually does go "through the shops." "Shops" is the term usually employed to indicate the workshops where motor-cars are constructed, and such practical knowledge is really invaluable.

Let's assume that you want to be a motor-engineer. You are fascinated by the sight of a powerful car roaring along the road at speed, and whenever you see a machine standing with its engine-

cover uplifted you like to take a look at the "box of tricks" underneath. Also, you like using tools, and it doesn't worry you an awful lot if you get a blob of lubricating oil on your hands. If you're this sort of chap, you've got the makings of a motor-engineer in you.

Now, do you want to be a man who designs engines, or to be a fellow who builds them—or both? Let's assume that you want to be both; you can choose your definite line later.

The designer must know about the theory of engines, about the strains and stresses that metals will stand—in short, he must have studied mechanics. He should also be something of a draughtsman, so that he can put his ideas down on paper, and he must have knowledge of mathematics—all of which sounds rather formidable, and brings us to the question of where one can learn these things.

They are not taught in ordinary

schools. You learn them when your normal school days are over. There are special schools where you can be instructed in both the theoretical and practical side of motor-engineering—if you are able to persuade the pater to pay the fees. Failing that, you can take a course at the local technical institute or the local polytechnic.

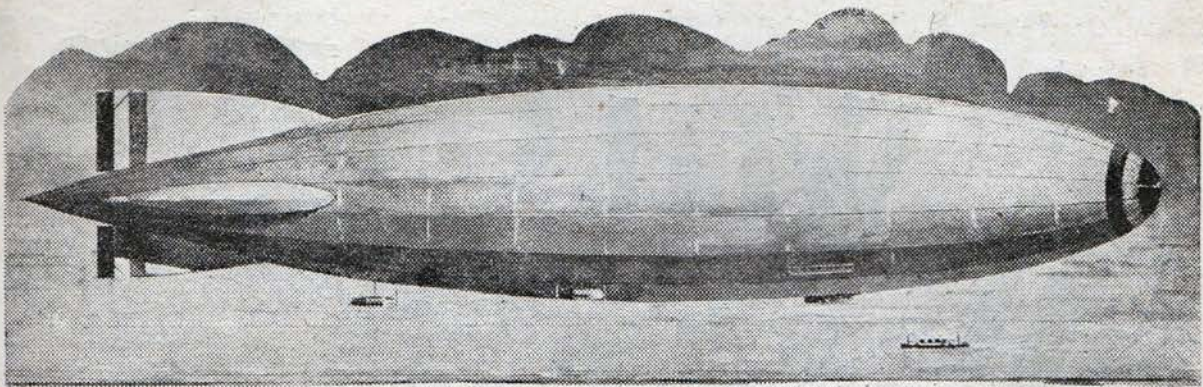
Absolutely the best way of setting about motor-engineering as a career—assuming that you can't go to a special school of motor-engineering, for some reason—is to get right into the game. Don't aim at a big motor-factory as a start, because the work there is very specialised.

Try to get a job in a decent-sized general repair-and-service garage, and there they will teach you your way about a car. In the evening you can study mechanics at the technical institute.

You are learning then to be a designer and picking up the practical side of the business at the same time. Evening study is essential if you are going to get anywhere, if you can't take a complete course at a special school of motoring. You'll progress like a house a-fire if you are keen, and you will also have the chance to decide just what branch in which you want to specialise—theory or practice.

If you start straight away in a big motor-works, you are liable to find yourself put on a milling machine, or given some particular job to do. You won't learn all the things you want to know. The time to go into a big motor-works is when you have gained a working knowledge of motor-engineering generally.

The big works will then give you a chance of using your knowledge, and you will be able to steer your career in just the direction you want. The openings in this branch of the world's work are absolutely unlimited.



NEW YORK NON-STOP!

**The World's Greatest Airship—British to the Backbone!
London to New York by Air in 48 Hours!**

HAVE you seen those luxurious new motor-coaches, with their dining-tables, lounges, shaded lamps, and white-suited stewards? "Liners of the road," some people are calling them, and they are the last word in comfortable travelling on the highway.

Can you imagine all the luxury of one of them transported to the air, with the addition of a dancing floor, reading-room, six-course dinners, lifts—and flying from England to America in 48 hours? You would travel with 99 other passengers, and you would have a crew of 50 to look after you. This aerial char-a-banc is called the R100, and is the biggest airship ever built—or will be when she leaves her shed at Howden, in Yorkshire, to take the clouds in April.

In length it is 709 feet. But you can get a better idea of its dimensions from the picture on page 2. Her mighty framework is built of duralumin, one of the strongest and lightest metals known. This framework is an absolute miracle of workmanship. It is a maze of girders, all shining with smooth varnish and, despite its apparent fragility, it yet gives an impression of terrific strength.

It may look flimsy, but it has been constructed on the same tubular girder principles that were used to fling the giant Forth Bridge through the air—and look what a great job the engineers made of that!

Inside her envelope the R100 carries fifteen balloonettes—and a hotel which is complete with a dancing floor, smoking-room, lounge, restaurant, promenades, service lift, electric cooking stoves, and a whole heap of other luxuries!

This "hotel"

stands three stories high, with stairs leading from one floor to the other. There are baths and sleeping cabins which are as big as those on cross-Channel steamers. Fifty people can sit down in the restaurant at the same time and will be able to eat their way through a five-course meal in comfort.

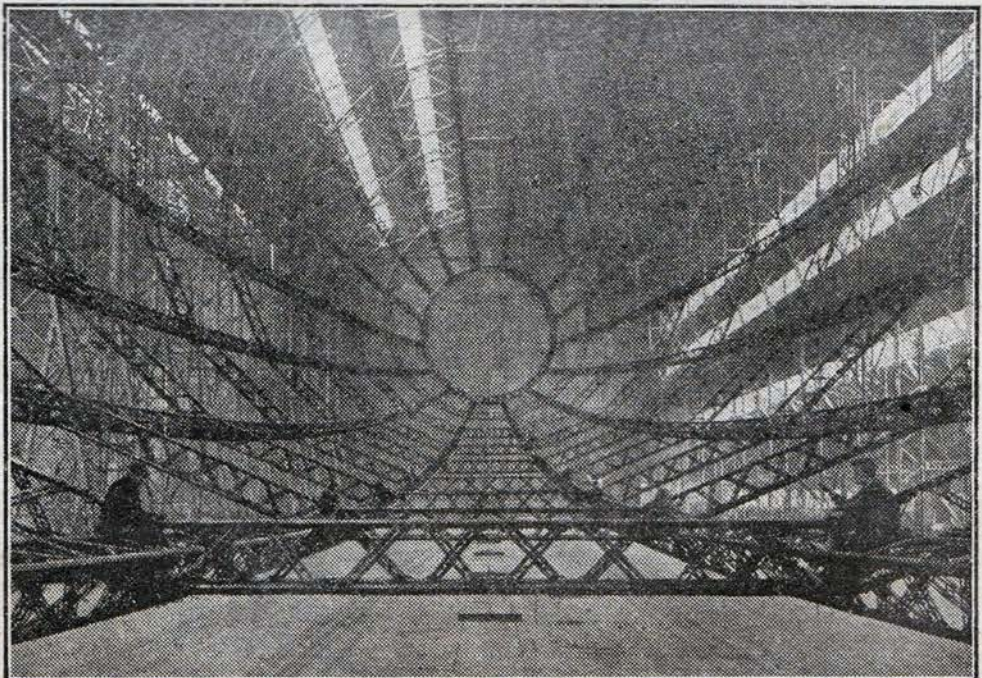
If you travel on the R100 they'll let you carry rather more than a toothbrush and your pocket-money for luggage. You can take with you spare collars, ties, socks and so forth up to a hundredweight. If you and your ninety-nine fellow-passengers took that amount of luggage each, the giant would still have room left to carry ten tons of mails!

As you can imagine, it needs a pretty big shed in which to construct an airship like this. The one in which the R100 is being built is actually a double shed, but

they're only using half of it—the other half is there all ready for anybody who wants another 5,000,000 cubic-feet capacity aerial liner built!

The shed has the largest single roof in the British Isles, and the doors to it are so huge that they have to be run on railway lines. You could get twenty-five full-sized football pitches on the floor of it.

Three hundred and fifty people have been employed in building this leviathan, and it has cost over £1,000 a week in wages. You can guess that the airship itself is costing a lot; if you could save £10 every day, and if you lived to be a hundred years old, saving all the time, you'd have just enough at the end of it to buy yourself another R100; you would also have a pound or two to get petrol and oil with, but you wouldn't be able to buy much!



Part of the framework of the air mammoth in the making. Note the comparative size of the men working on the enormous girders!



Young Sparrow, in his thoroughly determined Search for Fame, decides to become—a Film Star! You'll thoroughly enjoy this really funny yarn!

Complete in this Issue.

THE attraction wasn't in the money, not it, although £1,500 a week was not to be sneezed at. Nor had this £1,500 actually started to find its way into Sparrow's pocket every week, although he had every reason to feel that it would. But it wasn't that which was leading him on.

Was it for pelf that he had hunted brigands to their lair; that he had braved sharks; that he had smuggled out of Egypt a venerable, if disappointing, mummy; that he had snapped his fingers in the face of the law by driving a taxicab without a licence? No, a more sublime spur had driven him forward.

It was just after his bad luck with the spick-and-span taxi that he ran down to Castlegate School to see his friend Willett and lead him out for a feed at the Castlegate. And when presently they were taking their case in that spacious hotel (which everyone who knows Castlegate knows inside out), he inquired of Willett:

"Do you remember, or don't you, what I said to old Eggett when they superannuated me last term?"

Sparrow's guest had done himself well, and looked rather sleepy.

"Do I?" he rejoined, in a different tone. Then he pulled himself together. "Sparrow," said he, "have you got such a thing as five bob to lend to a chap?"

"There is seven-and-fivepence you owe me from last term!" sighed

Sparrow, whose memory in such matters was like a machine.

The lightning calculator beside him beamed blithely.

"Then five and seven will make a round number," he breathed.

Sparrow counted out five shillings and seven pennies.

"That is thirteen bob," he remarked. "An unlucky number."

"Beastly unlucky!" said Willett, with singular candour. "What were you going to mumble about the old Egg?"

"You remember I swore to him that I'd soar like an eagle?"

"I sort of remember. He said your wings were too moulty."

"He didn't!" rapped Sparrow. "He called them pinions, not wings. Well, I've spread them once or twice, but they've let me down rather. Still, if at first you don't succeed—you know old Bruce?"

"The drawing master?" said Willett, searching his memory.

"No! The king who kept spiders, you ass!" cried Sparrow indignantly.

Willett growled.

"No, I don't know him. I'd rather keep silkworms."

"That isn't the point. The point is—what I told Eggett. Any suggestion how I can make that good?"

The oracle pondered awhile.

"Look here," he pronounced, "you know that thirteen bob that you tipped me just now?"

"I didn't tip you thirteen bob," countered Sparrow.

"Of course you did. And I'll give you a tip in return. I'll tip you an

introduction to my jolly old uncle. He's a bit of a stinger, but you go to his office and tell him we're pals and I bet you that he puts you bang on the road."

"On the road, or into it?" Sparrow said faintly.

"Anyhow, you try the old boulder," pressed Willett.

So Sparrow returned to London and called on Willett's uncle, who didn't look particularly "jolly" or "old." He had a good square jowl and hard, watchful features, with that glint in his eyes which could be observed in his nephew's when the latter was feeling his experienced way to a loan. Indeed, it seemed to Sparrow that something was wrong when instead of beginning their interview with "Have you got such a thing as five bob to lend to a chap?" Willett's uncle shot out a businesslike:

"Well?"

"My name," said his visitor, helping himself to a chair, "is Sparrow. My initials are T. W. S. Sir, I was at Castlegate with your nephew."

"H'mph!" grunted Mr. Jowis. "Birds of a feather!"

This did not sound encouraging. Still, one never knew. No doubt Willett was really his uncle's favourite nephew—stranger things had happened; though not many, perhaps.

So Sparrow stuck to his task.

"Here goes!" he said to himself bravely. Aloud he went on: "I've just come from seeing your nephew, sir. He sends you his love, and he says he's awfully sorry he hasn't

written, but he's so hard at work for the history medal. He's specialising in King Bruce, sir, and those times. He's working frightfully hard, sir—frightfully hard."

"The change will do him good!" observed Mr. Jowis.

"Yes—I mean, I wouldn't say that, sir, entirely. You've no idea how hard-working Willett can be."

"I haven't. I never could have!" snapped Mr. Jowis.

"Oh, sir! He hides his industry under a bushel."

"There isn't a bushel small enough!" growled Mr. Jowis.

Sparrow thought again. The virtues of his friend Willett did not seem the happiest card to play. He must shuffle the pack, so to speak, and try a fresh deal.

"Willett told me, sir," he began, "how generous you are."

"Yes!" rejoined Mr. Jowis, in a new tone.

"How generous and jolly, sir! And he said only yesterday that you were the one man in England who could give me a hand."

"Ah!" remarked Willett's uncle, smoothing his chin.

"Yes, sir. He says that you know everyone who is worth knowing."

The hard-featured man leaned back and regarded his visitor. This ingenuous, innocent face, with its slight tinge of melancholy, was hardly the face of one who would come to play tricks on him, or try to get round him by flattery. No, he reflected. He liked, too, his caller's well-cut clothes, his smart shoes, his head, which was brushed so precisely, his amiable air.

"Just so!" he replied. "I know everyone. What can I do for you?"

"Well, it's this way, sir," sparkled Sparrow. "But before I begin. You've heard, of course, of Alexander the Great?"

"The Roman Emperor! Of course!" declared Mr. Jowis.

"Yes, sir!" said Sparrow, unsmiling. "Well, then you remember, sir, that Alexander the Great was famous before he was nineteen?"

"Yes, I remember perfectly," frowned the good man.

Sparrow fixed him with a penetrating bright eye.

"Sir, I'll have a jolly good stab at being famous before then, for we've moved on a bit since Alexander's days, haven't we?"

"Undoubtably. Then you haven't got to nineteen yet?"

"I've three more years to go, sir."

"Oh, plenty of time!"

Sparrow's heart bounded.

"That's just what I've always felt, sir. But I don't want to let the grass grow under my feet."

"Well, I've never

heard of grass that grew in the air. But what have you come to me for?"

"A hand, sir," said Sparrow.

"A hand to what?"

"To Fame, sir," Sparrow said hopefully.

"I see!" nodded Willett's uncle. "Because I know everyone, you feel that I can put you upon the right track." He considered a moment.

"Well, what do you think of the stage?"

"Not much, sir," said Sparrow.

"I mean, have you had any experience of the stage?"

"We were always doing theatricals, sir, at Castlegate."

"Capital! And you took part, I suppose?"

Sparrow inclined his head gracefully.

"Yes, sir," he owned. "And I often kept the play going off my own bat."

"Did you! Did you, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Jowis. "Then you must be quite good!"

"Yes, sir. I was prompter," sighed Sparrow.

Willett's uncle looked him well up and down, then selected and carefully lighted a very big cigar. When he had got this drawing to his full satisfaction, he announced:

"Now let me see how you carry yourself. Go out of the room, and come in again at a brisk pace. Hold your hand out as you come in, and

shake my hand cordially. Cordially, mind. I shall be a dear old friend whom you've not seen for years, and I shall—er—assume great pleasure to meet you. Go ahead!"

The "old friend" had spoken more truly than he supposed, for the pleasure certainly needed a lot of assumption. Sparrow went through the pantomime with such heart and soul that the hand stretched to meet his writhed and crunched in his grip, and the cigar dropped and started to burn a hole in the carpet. He picked it up sedately.

"Like that, sir?" he asked, and looked disappointed when Willett's uncle only groaned.

"Sir, shall I try again?" he volunteered eagerly.

(Continued on the next page.)



The monster 'plane swooped lower and nearer. Sparrow gathered his legs for a spring and shot into the air!

Well on Top!

(Continued from previous page.)

"You shall not!" replied Mr. Jowis, with a fierce shout.

Then he massaged his fingers. "But to give you your due," he went on, "you have qualities that may carry you far on the films. You certainly register cordiality strongly."

"Sir, I did my best," Sparrow said modestly.

"Well, what do you say to the films?"

"As a star, sir?" chirped Sparrow.

"As a shooting star—"

"You mean, I'd shoot on and off, sir?"

"If they fired you, yes," Mr. Jowis assented. "Well, how would fifteen hundred pounds a week suit you?"

"It's the fame that I'm after, sir!"

"You'll get that as well. They tell me Tom Mix gets fifteen hundred a week. That, and the celebrity of being a star—"

"Will suit me down to the ground, sir!" Sparrow completed.

"But, of course, you can't rush it. You've got to start at the bottom."

"Corks soon rise to the top, sir! I'm like a cork!"

"Just so. And eagles soar. Or so I have heard," Willett's uncle added, with a queer smile. "I understand from our mutual friend Mr. Eggett—"

"We were talking," Sparrow interposed firmly, "of films."

"Yes. Now I've seen how much you are capable of," agreed Mr. Jowis, gloomily eyeing his carpet, "would you like me to give you an introduction?"

"To the people who make films?"

"To a first-class firm—yes."

Sparrow said:

"Thank you, sir!"

Mr Jowis said:

"Then that's that. I possess a good deal of influence in the film world, and all of it is entirely at your disposal." With which assurance he rose and bade Sparrow good-morning.

So there it was! It was plain as a pikestaff to Sparrow, sitting in his rooms and thinking it out, that the quickest way to fame was via the films. Film stars were not made; they were born—he knew that. Just like poets, he reminded himself, somewhat classically. Either you were a poet or you weren't a poet; and either you were a film star or you were not. There were any amount of film stars walking about, only they hadn't the gumption to know they were film stars, just as there were any amount of poets, although they never put their poems down on paper.

"Sheer logic!" purred Sparrow.

He could view the immediate future, then, with assurance. After a brief apprenticeship of some sort, he would be singled out to play a small part, in which he would sweep the directors clean off their feet. That would be this time next month, say, or six weeks. Another three months and he would be playing a

lead. And the rest would be plain sailing—to his own company. "The Famous Sparrow Players"—yes, that's what he'd call them!

He closed his eyes and leaned back, seeing it all. Deliciously, the vision flooded his being. In every picture palace throughout the world he saw the lights diminish, the curtain recede, the audience—packed—holding its breath, the chocolate girls hushed, the pageboys who walked about with squirts struck motionless, the organ breaking into its most solemn tune, while majestic capitals blazed on the screen:

"WHEN ROME WAS IN ASHES!"

THOMAS WHITCOMBE S.
SPARROW'S LATEST AND
GREATEST TRIUMPH!"

Which slowly faded out to make way for this:

"Featuring—
THOMAS WHITCOMBE S.
SPARROW
and
MARY PICKFORD."

And this, in turn, gave way to something like this:

"Written by T. W. S. Sparrow Produced by T. W. S. Sparrow

Titles by T. W. S. Sparrow Art Direction by T. W. S. Sparrow

Camera T. W. S. Sparrow Interiors by T. W. S. Sparrow

Sub-titles
E. Willett."

Yes, it would only be fair to give Willett a look in.

And Willett's uncle, by Jove! They mustn't leave him out. Assistant Camera: John Henry Jowis. How would that do?

"It couldn't be bettered!" Sparrow answered himself.

So there it was! All plain sailing. Fame at a leap! He wondered why it had never struck him before. Of course, he conceded, it meant a slight grind to start with; when he reported to-morrow, for instance, at the studio to which Mr. Jowis had introduced him, they would keep him waiting about for a day or two probably just to get the hang of the thing and the atmosphere, and then they'd put him on, perhaps, to turning the handle when the camera-man was having his grub or something. But they'd pretty soon spot that he had the real star-stuff in him, and, of course, he'd explain how stars are born and not made.

Before he turned in he wrote a letter to Willett explaining what a trump his uncle had been. And he dropped another line to an admiring friend who owned and drove a certain spick-and-span taxi.

"Please come for me with your cab at nine a.m. sharp," this line ran.

He thought he had better arrive at the studio in style.

It was certainly as well that he'd turned up in style, for his reception was very nearly fit for a prince. The moment his taxi reached the gates of the studio, which stood in the company's own park, and before the driver could jump down and ring the lodge bell, a commissioner, whose chest was smothered with medals, had darted forth, had opened the door of the cab, had helped him out, had relieved him of his attache-case—in which he had thoughtfully packed some egg and cress sandwiches—and, swinging aside the magnificent wrought-iron gates, bowed him through and conducted him up the avenue.

This reception rather astonished Sparrow at first, until he remembered how grandly film people do things, and remembered as well what fine credentials he brought! It was only natural that they would wish to pay every attention to a friend of Mr. Jowis.

So they'd told their commissioner to be on the look-out for him, and not keep him waiting, but bring him along at once.

His convictions were confirmed when they came to the studio—where, intrepid as ever, he tipped the commissioner—by the fervour with which a gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, with a silk hat on the back of his head and a few diamond rings, sprang forward and took his hand in a brotherly clasp. Then a pursy man, who was reading aloud from a manuscript to a number of ladies who didn't appear to be listening, crumpled up the script, and came bustling across to seize his other hand and shake it effusively. This, he discovered, was Mr. Whomp, the author, and the other in the silk hat was the producer.

"There's nothing stiff and starchy about them," thought Sparrow.

There was not. He was next surrounded by the leading lady, Miss Gladdie Slice, and the whole company, all registering their delight to make his acquaintance. They were all one happy family, Sparrow could see that, and eager to let him feel he was one of themselves.

Suddenly the hum of voices was broken by a single voice which said in low tones:

"Well, the scene is set now, if you are ready?"

Sparrow wondered whose voice it was, until he detected that it came from his friend of the shirt-sleeves and the silk hat, who was standing by the door in an inviting attitude, together with three pimply-ish men with three cameras.

Good! He was going to see a scene done! This was topping! But how decent of them to do a scene specially for him.

"I say," he whispered to Mr. Whomp, "what scene is it?"

"Your scene, laddie!" Mr. Whomp replied heartily.

BUT this was too entrancing for words. It was staggering! Not only had they welcomed him like a prince and given him the run of their wonderful studio, but actually they had found him a part as well! Of course, he knew it was

all for Mr. Jowis' sake—but, even then, how perfectly gorgeous of them. It wasn't many producers who'd be so generous or many authors who'd stick in a part for a novice! Sparrow could have thrown his arms round Mr. Whomp. By jingo, he'd not let them down—he'd show them his metal!

"Come along! Your scene is set. Are you ready?"

"You bet I am!" cried Sparrow, darting at Tuke—as one of them had told him the producer was called—who led the way through the park, the whole company following, to a wide and noble expanse where the trees had been cleared, and where Sparrow was struck at once by a towering steel structure which rose up and up till it seemed to end in the clouds. The day was matchless, the light brilliant in the extreme; but had there been clouds, he felt positive that tower's top would be lost in them.

"Like the Eiffel Tower!" he uttered.

"But higher," smiled Whomp.

A vicious humming sounded now overhead, and Sparrow perceived an aeroplane of the bombing type, the largest he'd ever seen, come cleaving

the sky. In its wake a balloon was floating, attracting him vastly, so gracefully it hung between heaven and earth. Then out of the distance a smaller aeroplane darted, and began to loop the loop and jiggle about.

"What a splendid sight!" exclaimed Sparrow. "I say! How ripping!"

"Good!" replied Mr. Tuke. "I'm glad that you're pleased with it. We've spared no expense or trouble to get it all right for you."

"Jolly good of you!" said Sparrow.

"Merely business," shrugged Tuke.

A curious little hush now fell on the company. Sparrow noticed that the three camera men had split up and stationed themselves at different points of the ground, with the noses of their instruments tilted considerably. Then he saw a group of mechanics in brown dungarees whose gazes were glued on himself with peculiar intentness. And in the background he saw something which looked like an ambulance.

Then Mr. Tuke touched his shoulder.

"We're ready, if you are?"

"Yes," Sparrow said in a loud tone. "What do I do?"

"You shin up that tower, hand over hand, by the ironwork——"

"To the top?" put in Sparrow, less loudly.

"Yes, right to the top. Then the aeroplane begins bombing you——"

"Bombing me—yes. The aeroplane begins bombing me."

"And you stand there with the bombs bursting all around you and the tower rocking——"

"Yes, the tower rocking?" sighed Sparrow.

"And then you see that the heroine's on board the aeroplane, and she waves to you and you know that they're carrying her off. So, vowing to rescue her if it costs you your life——"

Sparrow could easily fancy it doing that!

"You catch one of their bombs and throw it back hard——"

"I always was a pretty good catch," agreed Sparrow.

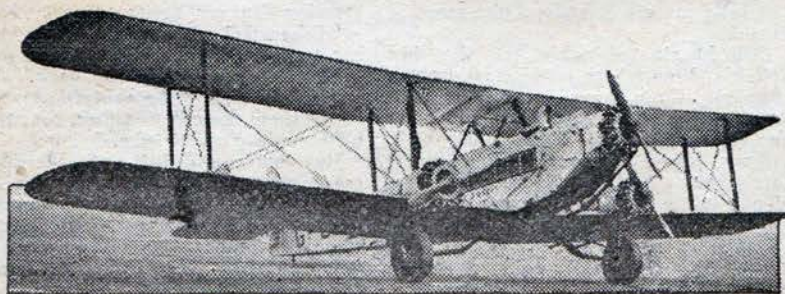
"And then, when the bomber comes close to finish you off, you make a leap and alight on one of its wings."

"Does it matter on which wing?"

Sparrow said faintly.

"Not a bit. So long as you're

(Continued on page 10.)



A Day in the Life of an IMPERIAL AIRWAYS PILOT.

Across the Channel in an Air Liner!

CROYDON AERODROME, a fine morning, and the huge Handley-Page air-liner is waiting like some giant bird, ready to take the air on its swift journey to Paris. Passengers are aboard, sitting in their comfortable cushioned seats, and forward, in a special compartment known as the cockpit, are the mechanic and engineer. Behind them is the pilot in his driving seat, his hand on the throttle lever, waiting for the signal from the control tower which tells him that he may start. For the Continental planes start to the minute, just like railway expresses.

The signal is given, and the pilot taxis his machine out across the aerodrome, bringing it up facing the wind, and at another signal he moves the throttle lever. The big twin 450 h.p. engines roar, the plane gathers speed, rises! The great adventure has begun!

The ground slips away as the pilot puts the machine into a steady climb and heads for the Channel. As he flies upwards, he unreeals a 200-foot wire, weighted at the end, which trails below the machine. This is his wireless aerial, and with it he can send and receive wireless telephone messages to and from Croydon and other planes which he passes en route. Thus he is enabled to keep check on his position, and on the weather to be expected ahead.

Far below is the winding track which is the Southern Railway, and this is followed as far as Ashford, keeping, according to the accepted rules of the air, to the right of the railway.

On the way are passed the powerful signal lights, visible for about thirty miles at night, of Titsey and Cranbrook, these being of anything from 60,000 to 90,000 candle-power. Each signal light

is different, and can easily be distinguished by pilots at night.

On the plane rushes at over 100 miles an hour, almost flying itself, so perfectly does it work. The pilot is, however, constantly watching his instruments which tell him his speed, and whether his engines are properly cooled and oiled.

Passing the coast near Folkestone, the Handley-Page heads out across the Channel, the pilot sending a wireless-telephone message to Croydon telling them exactly where he left the coast, and where he expects to cross the French coastline.

Tiny black specks with little white tails appear 3,000 feet below. They are ships, and the white tails are their wake in the water. They are passed in a flash, and a few minutes after leaving England the coast of France is passed, and a message to that effect telephoned to Croydon. Towns and villages, valleys and hills are passed in succession, and at last the famous Eiffel Tower is seen pointing to the sky, and it is then that the pilot knows his journey is nearly over.

A minute later the hangars of Le Bourget, France's "Croydon," can be seen dotted below. The pilot closes the throttle, turns his control wheel, and puts the great plane into a thrilling earth glide. Down, down, down! The ground rushes up to meet the machine, there is a slight bump, a skim along the ground, and then—all is bustle. Porters, motor-cars, Customs! But the pilot climbs from his seat, quite satisfied with his achievement at having flown 225 miles in 2½ hours!

Well on Top!

(Continued from previous page.)

well in the range of the camera in that smaller plane which will be shooting you—"

"Shooting me! Oh, I see—taking the film."

"That's it. So you'll stand up on your hind legs and register heroic determination—"

"I'll need it," Sparrow murmured under his breath.

"Before you crawl round the wing and into the bomber's cockpit, where you pull the gag from the heroine's mouth and untie her feet, and then start in on the villain who's piloting the machine, which begins to side-slip and nose-dive—"

"I see," quivered Sparrow.

"But you overpower the villain and seize the controls, when— Do you see that balloon?"

"Yes," said Sparrow, devoutly wishing that he was inside it.

"Well, it comes alongside just as you've overpowered the villain, and it grapples your plane, so you know that it carries the pirates."

"The pirates! Are there many of them?" chattered Sparrow.

The hearty voice of Mr. Whomp butted in.

"Yes," he said proudly. "The 'Pirates of the Sky,' laddie. Clipping title—what? And a clipping chance for you. You see, when the pirates grapple your rocking plane, you've got them nicely—"

"Yes, I've got them nicely," groaned Sparrow.

"So you pick the fainting heroine up with one arm and twine the other in the rigging of the balloon. They get the plane, old son, but you've got the heroine, and you parachute down with her and there you are, laddie."

"I suppose she'll like it?" said Sparrow, after a pause.

"Who'll like it?"

"The heroine."

"Oh, she'll be a dummy. You wouldn't expect us to risk Miss Slice's neck, would you?"

"No," said Sparrow majestically; "certainly not." To himself he said: "I'd rather they risked hers than mine." He gazed at the aeroplanes, he gazed at the sky, he gazed at the terrible tower, and his soul shuddered.

Mr. Tuke had rushed across to the camera men. From them he shouted to Sparrow:

"Stand by while you memorise!"

Smiling a pinched, wintry smile, Sparrow shouted back:

"Thank you!"

Take it or leave it! He perfectly understood that. And what a compliment they were paying him—gosh! He bet they didn't give many novices such a try-out! And look at the tremendous cost they had gone to—that vast, dizzy tower, those aeroplanes, the balloon—all in order to oblige Mr. Jowis. For he didn't flatter himself that they did it for him. They were frightfully decent, but this was for Willett's uncle; he was perhaps the biggest shareholder in the concern.

Thus Sparrow reflected, and

shivered, and went hot and cold, and heard the camera men making ready behind him.

Now or never! Take it or leave it! Good heavens!

"Are you ready?" shrieked Tuke.

With the sweat bursting out on his forehead Sparrow sighed:

"Yes."

Then he flung off his hat and coat, and, before his heart failed him, he dashed like a fury at that terrible tower, to the accompaniment of a rapturous shout from the crowd.

"Splendid!" Mr. Tuke was exclaiming excitedly.

"Magnificent!" roared Whomp.

"Superb!" cried Miss Slice; while the cameras were clicking away for their lives.

But Sparrow heard nothing. His feet were among the ironwork; he was shinning up higher and higher, hand over fist—up and up! One story, two stories were passed. Ah, here was the third! Dare he stop for a breather? He dared not.

Whang! Bang! Noises burst all around him. The bombs were beginning.

"Hope there isn't a live one among them," thought Sparrow.

Then he shot a glance down, just one—while his head whirled. Hundreds of miles below he could make out some dark specks—flies were they, or his dear old friends, Tuke and the rest?

Off he started again, all the skin off his shins where he'd scraped them against these horrible girders and cross-stays. Fortunately, they'd built a few reasonable hand-holds. Oh, mercy, how the tower was beginning to taper! And how it rocked! Mr. Tuke had said it would rock, but you didn't expect it to sway about like a tree in a gale!

"Well, anyhow," said Sparrow, "I'm well on top."

Here came the aeroplane. And, hallo! here came one of the bombs by itself.

"Oh, well caught! Well held, sir!"

He fancied himself on the cricket ground, and hurled his catch back, like Jessop or Hobbs when they threw down the wicket from cover.

It hit the aeroplane's pilot full on the head. Mr. Tuke, who was watching it all through his field-glasses below, articulated "Wonderful!" to Mr. Whomp. But the airman himself did not seem so delighted.

And now the monster plane swooped lower and nearer. Its slanting wings whizzed through the ether, churned it into eddies, with a noise like myriads and myriads of birds rushing past.

Sparrow gathered his legs for a spring and shot into the air.

WHEN he came to himself he was in the great machine's cockpit.

"Yes," said the pilot, who was bringing him round, "you missed the wings all right, but you didn't miss me." He felt at his neck. "You nearly broke it!" he growled.

"Well, now I start in bashing you, don't I?" said Sparrow.

"You don't, you fool!" shrieked

the airman. "The cameras have stopped."

"Something gone wrong?"

"It's only the balloon," said the airman. "It's bust!"

And so it had. It was floating down in bits, but not at the fine pace the balloonist was making, dropping like a stone at the tail of his parachute.

"Well, we'd better follow," the airman announced; and, to Sparrow's relief, they nosed down.

It was Mr. Tuke who helped him out of the aeroplane and wrung his hand effusively, while Miss Slice embraced him.

"You've surpassed yourself! You've never done anything finer! We'll film the rest to-morrow," said Tuke, in a breath.

"I wonder," Sparrow said to himself rather bleakly, as a piece of the burned balloon came to rest at his feet.

Up rushed Mr. Whomp, bursting over with joy.

"You may well call yourself the Boneless Wonder!" he cried. "The Boneless Wonder! By James! What an acrobat! I'm glad we engaged you!"

"I beg your pardon?" Sparrow replied, with a start.

"I'm glad, I say, that I persuaded friend Tuke to engage the Boneless Wonder for my great scene."

"I heard," uttered Sparrow, looking round. "But where is he?"

Mr. Whomp patted his back.

"Funny dog!" he exclaimed; and all of them seemed to think, too, that he'd made a good joke.

But Sparrow didn't. He couldn't see where it came in. He objected also to being called a boneless wonder. He was just about to tell them so rather strongly when a telegraph-boy came running across the grass.

"For you, sir," he said, as he handed his envelope to Tuke.

Mr. Tuke ripped it open, read it, and gaped. He looked at Sparrow with a horrified stare.

"Whomp, listen to this," he said; and read out the telegram:

"Sorry could not be with you at ten o'clock this morning, as promised. Not taking any."

"ALF CRICK,

"The Boneless Wonder."

When they came out of the stupor into which this message had plunged them, Tuke whispered to Whomp:

"Have you ever set eyes on the Wonder?"

"Never," said Whomp. "I took this fellow for him!"

"And so did I. And so did all of us, naturally."

Tuke turned on Sparrow.

"Who the dickens are you?" he gasped.

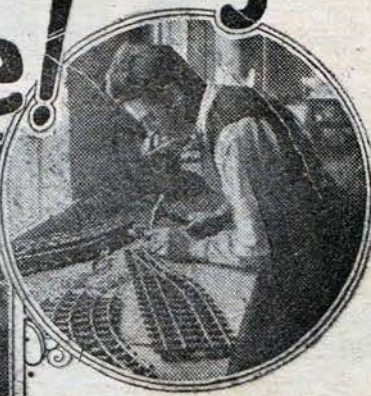
"My name," said the novice politely, "is Sparrow—T. W. S. And with your permission, if you don't mind, Mr. Tuke, we will not film the rest of the scene to-morrow. Good-morning!"

(Sparrow turns explorer in next week's ripping story! Don't miss it—order your MODERN BOY to-day!)

How Model Railways Are Made!



Above: Assembling a model steam locomotive.
Right: Testing clockwork mechanisms.



Laying model railway points.

HOW many boys, I wonder, who have gazed admiringly in at shop windows at the model locomotives, coaches, and accessories displayed have given a thought as to how they are made?

It is a very fascinating subject and one which should prove interesting to young and old alike. Your Editor has asked me to give you some little insight into the life history of a model railway in as few words as possible, so space will not permit of my going into too much detail.

First of all, the basis of nearly all the everyday model locomotives and coaches you see is tinned steel plate, large sheets of which are cut out and pressed into shape by powerful presses. The making of the press tools to cut out these flat parts accurately is a long and expensive business. When once the tools are completed and the machines started running, large quantities of models have to be made to cover the first cost of tool making; that is why a big variety cannot be obtained when the models are not hand-made throughout.

After these parts are cut they pass into the assembling department. Here they meet together with all the small metal parts, such as cylinders, wheels, domes, funnels, valves, etc., that have been made in other parts of the works by lathes, milling machines, and other tools operated by skilled workers. The putting together of these parts to make the finished model is the work of skilled model makers who from their youth have been trained in this work, which requires patience as well as skill.

The model has then to go to be tested, and whether it is electric, steam, or

By **W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE,**
M.Inst.Loco.E.,
Whose Model Railways Are
Famous The World Over.

clockwork, it is put under a severe test. No model is ever allowed to leave the works until it has passed this thorough examination. In the case of the clockwork and electric models, the mechanism is tested before it is put into the finished and painted body; but in the case of the steam model, the whole locomotive has to be finished and tested under steam before it is finally painted.

The painting, you would think, is a tedious process. So it would be if a brush was employed, and it would take hours to complete one engine, but in the modern works the paint is applied by means of a spraying apparatus. The spray is held in one hand, while the locomotive is held in the other, and the paint is sprayed on to the body of the engine, so that a nice even surface is obtained every time. The lines, etc., are put on by hand afterwards. This is the work of girls, who are thoroughly skilled in the art and absolutely accurate—in fact, they are artists at this kind of handiwork.

After a final varnishing the models pass into a gas-heated stove, which hardens and dries the enamel and varnish. When thoroughly dry, they

are boxed and labelled and put away ready for selling.

Accessories for model railways—coaches, signals, track, etc.—all pass through similar processes before they are turned out as finished scale models.

So when you next pass by a shop window and stop to gaze at the display of gorgeous models inside—a whole model railway outfit set out to advantage against a picturesque background—you will have some little idea of what an enormous amount of detail is involved in the making, from the time when it was first designed on the draughtsman's table, and on its travels through the various departments—the press shop, the assembling department, the paint shop, the testing shop, the stove, and finally into its own individual box, packed complete ready for sending out, with all instructions for use, which, if the engine is to be a success, must be carried out.



A model train undergoing its final test in the workshops before being passed as fit to be sold.

King of the



Peril Afloat, on Land, and in the Air—a Yarn Without Equal!
By SIR ALAN COBHAM and C. HAMILTON.

IN THE HANDS OF THE DEVIL-DOCTOR!

KING OF THE ISLANDS ceased to struggle. A razor-like edge—the edge of a shark's-tooth knife—touched his throat in the darkness. Five or six brawny Melaneseans were grasping him, but, powerful savages as they were, they did not find it easy to hold the boy skipper of the Dawn. But at the touch of the shark's-tooth knife he ceased to resist. While there was life there was hope.

In the blackness of the high bush he could not see the men who bore him onward to the Place of Skulls, save for a glimmer of rolling eyes, a flashing of white teeth.

Their bare feet were soundless on the bush path; only a faint mutter of voices and the hard breathing of the blacks broke the silence as they tramped on with their prisoner.

From the high bush they came into a grove of banyan-trees—the grove that was the den of the devil-doctors of Faloo.

Overhead, strange and horrible in the darkness, grinned the human face

that Ken and Koko had seen at a distance, and which had petrified Kaio-lalulalonga with terror.

King of the Islands was flung to the ground almost underneath the eerie object that swung from a banyan branch.

The blacks still grasped him, while cords of tapa were wound about his limbs and knotted with cruel tightness.

It was futile to resist—and the shark's-tooth knife was still close at hand. In a few minutes Ken was lying helpless on the earth, bound hand and foot, and the blacks stood about him in a muttering group.

Then they vanished into the night, leaving Ken alone under the big banyan.

Ken listened intently.

From the silence of the night came

a distant sound of rustling and crashing in the tangled bush.

He could guess that Koko was in flight in the high bush, probably with the savages of Faloo on his track.

The boy trader lay staring about him, peering through the heavy gloom under the banyan.

An acrid smell of wood-smoke came to his nostrils, and every now and then he saw a flicker of flame.

A fire, thickly covered, was burning at a little distance, dense smoke rising from it and floating away through the banyan branches.

Ken started as he discerned that he was not, as he had supposed, alone. A black figure, clad in a dirty loin-cloth, sat by the covered fire, tending it, and turning in his hands something that was suspended from a branch above, in the smoke.

Ken did not need telling what was the object that swung in the smoke—he knew the customs of the Melanesean savages.

It was a human head—now in the process of being smoke-cured, for preservation as a trophy.

Like all the Melaneseans, the

KEN KING, known as King of the Islands, trading in the South Seas in his ketch, the Dawn, rescues Kit Hudson, an Australian boy, from a rascally skipper known as Bully Samson, who is trying to wrest a secret from him. Ken takes him aboard as mate and friend, and the two sail to the island of Lalinge. Here they learn of a secret hoard of gold in the Place of Skulls on the island of Faloo. Ken decides to have a shot at getting it, although to be caught means death, and they sail straight away. Making the island, the ketch drops anchor and, at dead of night, accompanied by Koko, a native, Ken sets out on his search. They see a weird phosphorescent light shining in the trees and Koko funks going forward. Ken goes on and is captured by natives. (Now read on.)

Islands!

**SIR ALAN COBHAM'S
Great Story!**

**You Can Start
Reading it NOW!**



Ken's eyes turned on the black man who crouched over the fire.

share of the treasure would be enough for the beachcomber. As for his conscience, if ever he had had one, that had long been sapped away by alcohol.

It was futile to think of it now; but Ken would have been glad to be within kicking distance of the drunken waster who had sent him to Faloo with his story of Mafoo's buried sack of sovereigns.

The figure by the fire stirred.

The flame leaped up again, and Ken's eyes turned on the black man, who crouched, looking down at him with an evil, grinning face.

Ken had seen the man before, on the occasion of a trading visit to the island, in the village by the lagoon in old Mafoo's time. It was Tokaloo, the chief devil-doctor of Faloo, a man so aged that his skin was shrunk like parchment over his old bones, and his bony face looked more like a skull than a human countenance. A white beard descended over his tattooed breast, but there was nothing venerable in his looks—his dried, withered face was that of a little old, withered gnome. He grinned down at Ken, evidently recognising him.

"Feller King of the Islands," he muttered, in a dry, croaking voice in the beche-de-mer English which was the only tongue he knew beside his own Melanesian dialect. "Feller white master come look for Papalagi gold with eye belong him." He chuckled, a chuckle like the rattle of dry bones. "Tokaloo know—Tokaloo savvy all things. You wantee see head belong Mafoo?"

He pointed with a shrivelled finger at the phosphorescent head that swung above the prisoner.

"Mafoo!" he grinned.

Ken shuddered.

"Ta'a'ava chief now," said the old devil-doctor. "Ta'a'ava come bimeby, feller King of the Islands makee long-pig um feast, head belong him smoke in fire, hang in canoe-house along many head. Little Papalagi comee Faloo makee long-pig."

And the shrivelled old wretch returned to the fire, squatting beside it, and turning the head that swung over it in his withered hands, muttering and crooning to himself.

FIGHTING THE CANNIBALS!

KIT HUDSON paced up and down the little deck of the Dawn, and every moment his eyes turned to the dark, shadowy rocks that shut in the inlet.

His face was sharp with anxiety.

Hours had passed since King of the Islands and Kaio-lalulalonga had gone ashore. The night was growing old.

(Continued on page 16.)

Faloo savages were head-hunters, and the canoe-houses in Ta'a'ava's village by the lagoon contained scores of such grisly relics.

A red tongue of flame leaped from the fire, and lighted up the space under the spreading banyan to the eyes of the prisoner.

Ken shuddered.

The ground about him was trampled hard, carpeted with the ashes of ancient fires. Bleached bones glimmered round him on all sides. Innumerable human sacrifices had taken place on that dreadful spot, from old days before a white man's foot had trodden the coral isles of the Pacific.

The gleam died down, and all was blackness again.

Ken's eyes fixed on the glimmering, phosphorescent object that swung over him, shining eerily through the night.

He knew now what it was.

It was a head, suspended from a branch, and the greenish glimmer was caused by the phosphorus in which it had been rubbed by the devil-doctor.

It had startled Ken when seen from a distance, and terrified Koko, the Kanaka, almost into stupefaction. But King of the Islands knew now that it was a mere piece of trickery, one of the dodges by which the Faloo priests scared their wretched dupes into submission.

The Place of Dead Men's Heads was "taboo," and that hideous grinning, glimmering, phosphorescent face was calculated to strike terror

into any Faloo tribesman who was reckless enough to venture near the spot in spite of the taboo.

Ken listened again.

The sounds in the high bush had died away, and he could only hope, from the bottom of his heart, that Koko had got clear and escaped back to the anchorage of the ketch.

But for himself there was little hope in Ken's heart now.

That Kit Hudson, as soon as he heard of his disaster, would make an attempt to save him, he knew. But he scarcely wished him to do so, for it could scarcely end in anything but the Cornstalk joining him in the hands of the savages. It was clear now that Ta'a'ava and his savage crew were on the alert for some attempt on the part of white men to seek the hidden treasure of Mafoo.

Ken could guess now that the ketch had been seen off the island—that she had been watched creeping in to her anchorage in the inlet by keen eyes of savages hidden in the bush. King of the Islands had hoped to locate Mafoo's treasure in the tabooed grove, and to return later to lift it. Instead of that, he had found the savages on the watch, and fallen into their hands.

He wondered whether Donlan, the beachcomber who had told him the story of the treasure, had known that Ta'a'ava was on the alert and watching. It was likely enough that the wretched wreck of a man had known that he was sending King of the Islands to almost certain death. The barest chance of obtaining a

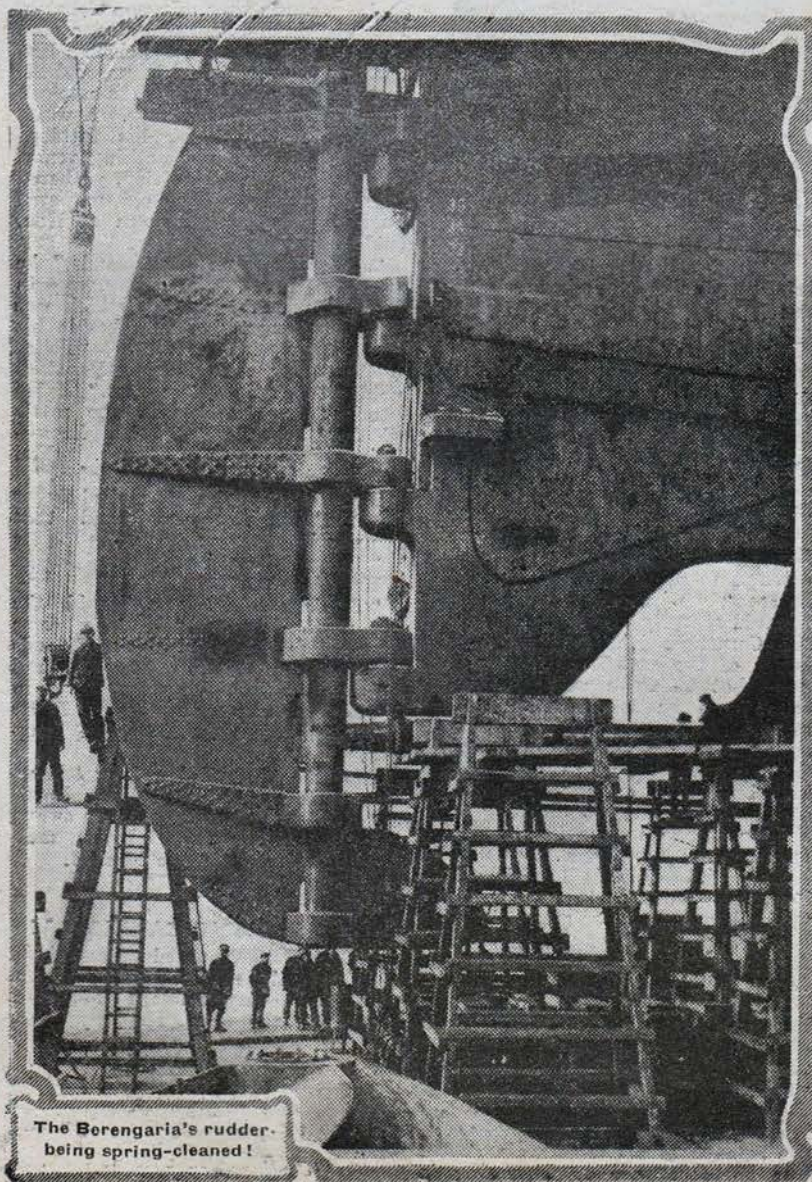
THE TAIL OF A GIANT LINER.

Third Largest Ship in the World.

THE Berengaria, 52,000 tons, the third largest ship in the world, has recently been in dock at Southampton getting her annual overhaul. It took a thousand men, working hard for a month, to do the job!

Our picture shows the great rudder which controls her as she plunges across the Atlantic. A fair idea of its massive proportions is got by comparing it with the men on the scaffolding.

We have come to take that mighty marvel—the modern liner—very much for granted. There are so many things to wonder at, really, in one of these floating towns—not the least of which is this tremendous rudder (tremendous not only in proportions but in importance also), merely to gaze at which makes one feel as small and insignificant as some no-account insect!



The Berengaria's rudder—being spring-cleaned!

We smile at the tiny ships of Columbus' time—what will the generations to come think of ours?

THE "BRIDGE FLIES."

Cast-Steel Nerves!

THAT is what they call the men who build modern bridges, and it is no use trying to get one of these highly paid jobs unless you have nerves like cast steel. See them standing upon those great cables against the sky, as happy and easy as you or I would be on firm ground!

One of these "bridge flies" working on the new Peace Bridge lately made across the St. Lawrence waited until the job was so nearly finished that a plank was laid between the two ends of the mighty arches of steel.

Then he ran out on this swaying plank, 150 feet above the swirling river, stood on his head in the middle and clapped his feet together! The bridge in our photograph is the new one across the Tyne at Newcastle.



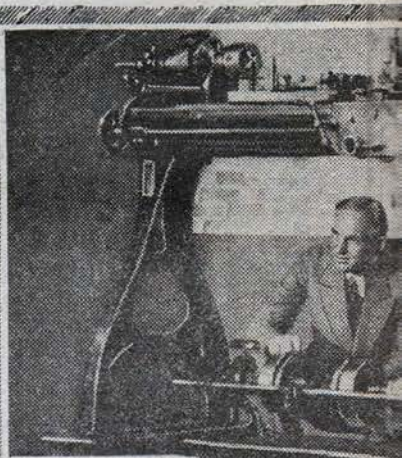
OUR PICTORIAL

THE WEALTHIEST MAN

A Memento of

MOTORS have made Henry Ford the wealthiest man in the world to day. He is richer even than the great oil-king, Rockefeller, and Rockefeller's income, they say, is £38 a minute. During the busy season for Ford cars he makes £110,000 a day, and is said to be worth £444,000,000!

Below is the lathe which founded his fortune. He bought it in 1894, and on it made parts for the first Ford car. The



Mr. Henry Ford and his first lathe.

L NEWS PAGES.

MAN IN THE WORLD!

Early Struggles.

Ford Company was not formed until 1903, so the rate at which Ford has made his fortune is also a record.

Here you see Henry Ford and his son, Edsel Ford, at the famous lathe, which Mr. Ford has kept as a wonderful memento of his early struggles.

So vast is the Ford organisation that recently an Auto Exhibition was held, at which only Ford products were shown! At that exhibition this photo was taken.



Steel-nerved bridge builders!



WONDERFUL WINGED SHIPS.

The Safety Air-Chair.

EVERY year sees growth in the size of aircraft. The cabin pictured below belongs to one of the new Short flying-boats which are being built for the Empire airway between England and India.

They will be truly winged ships, each with vast Bristol-Jupiter engines of 1,500 horse-power, and with accommodation for eighteen passengers besides the crew—with feeding arrangements all complete.

These air-liners are modelled on the Singapore, Sir Alan Cobham's plane, and are fitted out with a refreshment buffet complete with ice-chests and cooking-stove! A steward is carried as one of the crew.

The special interest of our picture is the chair, which is not only amazingly light and beautifully comfortable, but is also fitted as a life-buoy, and in case of any unforeseen disaster would keep a person afloat for hours.

MOTORING ON THE HOUSE-TOP.

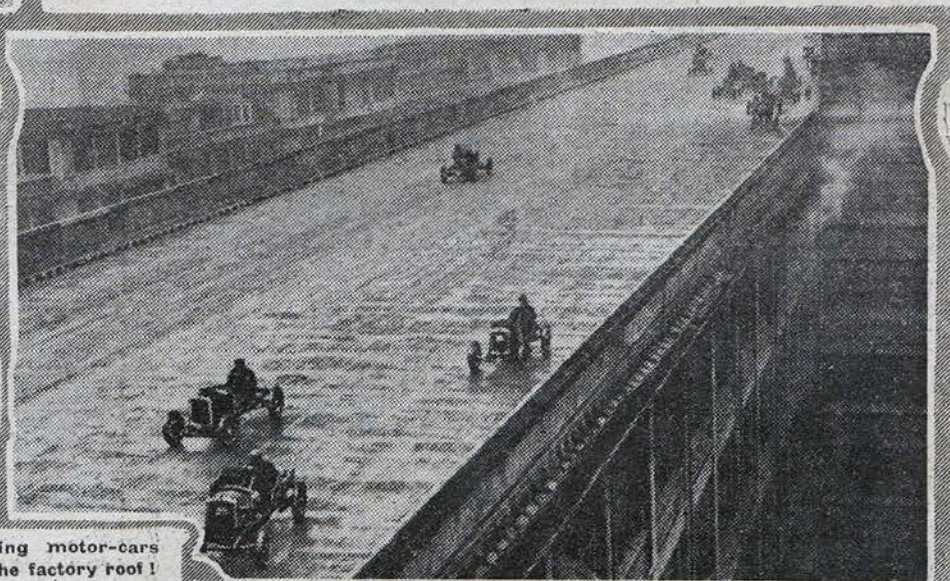
Two Hundred Feet Above Street Level!

HOW would you like the job of driving a motor-car upstairs? You would have to do something like that to get her on the track pictured on this page, which runs all along the top of a mighty car factory, nearly two hundred feet above street level.

Only it is not stairs you drive up, but a steep spiral track which winds up to the great speedway on the housetops.

The place where this wonderful track has been built is the Birmingham of Italy, the fine city of Turin. The picture gives a fine idea of the great width and length of the track. Cars can be driven there at eighty miles an hour, and the beauty of it is that secret trials can be held which no one could watch except from an aeroplane!

The cars in the photograph were made by the famous Italian firm of Fiat, and are being tested prior to being fitted with bodies.



Testing motor-cars on the factory roof!



Life-buoy seat in one of the new air liners.

King of the Islands!

(Continued from page 13.)

Hudson had not thought of sleep.

The Hiva-Oa crew could have been trusted to keep watch, but his anxiety for his comrade was too keen for him to think of closing his eyes.

Had all gone well with King of the Islands, Hudson knew that he would have returned ere this.

Ken had intended to see how the land lay, and to discover, if he could, the location of Mafoo's treasure; but his absence should have been for only a few hours at most.

Once in the night Hudson had heard a sound in the high bush at a distance which seemed to approach the inlet, but it had ceased; and he wondered whether his comrade had been in flight for the Dawn and had been cut off by the savages.

Long he had listened, but there had come no other sound save the sigh of the breeze in the bush and the trees, and the boom of the surf on the coral reef outside.

If the savages of Faloo had been on the watch, it was likely enough that King of the Islands had fallen into a trap. It was likely enough that Ta'a'ava had guessed why the beachcomber had left the island and gone to Lalinge and had been prepared for the coming of white men seeking Mafoo's treasure. What had happened to King of the Islands?

A rifle stood ready to Kit's hand by the rail. Rifles had been served out to the crew, and lay beside them on the deck as they slept. Every moment Kit Hudson expected to see an enemy on the shore of the inlet—yet there was no sound, no sign. But if the Faloo savages had watched the coming of the ketch as he now suspected, and had trapped King of the Islands in the high bush, surely their next step would be to attack the little craft in the inlet.

Hudson called to Lompo at last. The brown-skinned Polynesian came up, yawning.

"What you tinkee come along King of the Islands?" asked Hudson. "Tinkee King of the Islands him kill dead," he said.

"To kill" in South Sea English simply means to hurt. To "kill dead" is actually to kill. Hudson understood that.

"What name you tinkee King of the Islands kill dead?" he asked.

"No come back um ketch."

"You tinkee black feller got um?"

"Yes, sar."

"But if the niggers had got him, they'd try to get the ketch," argued Hudson.

"More day he come, black feller come," explained Lompo. "In Faloo plenty flaid of dark. Some island black feller him fight um dark—no Faloo. Plenty aitoo um dark Faloo."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hudson.

He knew that in many of the Pacific Islands the natives will never fight between sunset and sunrise, whatsoever might be the advantages of a night attack. Superstition governs the native at all times; and Faloo, it seemed, was one of the islands where the blacks would not

fight till "day he come." Trapping King of the Islands in the high bush was one matter: an attack on the ketch was another.

"You tinkee black feller he come day he come?" asked Hudson. "Stand ready, then. Call the others."

A faint flush of light was already visible over the sea to the east. The new day was at hand. And, when it came, it would come suddenly, as always in the tropics. Hudson had been debating in his mind whether to go ashore and seek his comrade; but he realised now that the shore was probably crowded by Faloo blacks.

The ketch's crew were all awakened, and they stood ready with their rifles. Under a white man's leadership, the Polynesians were prepared to give a good account of themselves, but not to be compared to the black Melanesians as fighting-men. Hudson wondered whether it would not be wiser to get the ketch out to sea at the first glimpse of dawn, as the only way of saving it from Ta'a'ava. But to leave the island, with Ken King still on shore, his fate unknown, seemed impossible. For the Cornstalk's mind was fully made up on one point: he was going to save King of the Islands, or perish

with him at the hands of the Faloo cannibals.

"More day he come!" said Danny, the cook.

The sun leaped above the sea. Day shone on the Pacific. A thousand voices of wild birds greeted the sun with a chorus from the bush and the woods. And almost at the same moment the rocky shores of the inlet, where not a sign of life had been seen, became alive with savages. From their hiding-place behind a great bulging cliff five canoes paddled out into the sunlit water of the inlet, crammed with fighting-men. There were fifty men in the canoes and as many more crowding the shore, already hurling spears at the ketch.

Kit Hudson dropped the stock-whip he carried under his arm and seized his Winchester.

"Shoot!" he roared.

Kit Hudson, with a set, savage face, fired into the leading canoe, pumping out lead from the repeating rifle. The Hiva-Oa men fired almost as fast, and bullets rained into the savages.

Hudson was glad enough that the superstitious blacks had left the attack till daylight. In the sunlight every shot told, and black man after black man dropped his paddle and rolled over, shrieking.

But the tide was setting out of the inlet to the sea, and the canoes came on with the current. One of them drifted helplessly, with half the paddlers dead or disabled. Four came rushing on, packed with yelling cannibals, eager for heads and plunder.

Hudson grasped a spare rifle, and, still shooting, shouted an order to Lompo. The firing from the ketch was checking the attack, but obviously could not stop it; the numbers were too great. Lompo, at the Cornstalk's order, dropped his rifle and seized an axe from the rack at the foot of the mainmast and slashed at the cable. There was no time even to think of lifting the anchor; little time even to cut it free. Lompokono slashed and slashed again with the axe, and the stout coir cable parted. One end flashed through the hawser hole to join the abandoned anchor at the bottom of the sea, sixty feet down.

Bang, bang, bang!

Another canoe drifted broadside on the tide, rocking helplessly, the crew in confusion from the rapid firing. There were dead and wounded in the others, but they were closing on the ketch, and only the cutting of the cable saved the Dawn from a swarm of boarders over the low rail. As the ketch drifted, Lompo leaped to the tiller, and Hudson, still firing fast, yelled to the Hiva-Oa men to shake out the foresail. There was a heavy bump, and the ketch shivered from stem to stern as she drifted on a coral shelf; but the light craft bumped herself off and floated on. The wind was off the shore, and the first spread of canvas caught it and steadied the Dawn.

Lompo, standing like a bronze image at the tiller, with spears falling round him, steered for the opening of the reef and the open sea.

JUST A MINUTE!

"YOU never know how far you can go till you start travelling!"

Someone once puzzled me tremendously by jerking out that bit of sheer wisdom. He wasn't a traveller, in the sense of getting about the world. But he most certainly *was* a traveller in the sense of "getting on." It was not until I suddenly discovered his own particular meaning of that phrase that my puzzlement ended.

It's worth acting on. Make the right start, and if you've got anything at all in you, you are bound to keep travelling towards whatever it is you have made your objective.

I am reminded of this by the way in which the MODERN BOY is piling up readers. We have made the right start, and are travelling swiftly into record circulation figures!

No, I'm not blowing the Editorial trumpet. Thousands of you, my readers, are doing that for me by passing on the great news about the MODERN BOY to your chums. Thank you! But I thought you would all just like to hear how the new paper is responding to your enthusiasm.

Of course, the more you do for the paper the more the MODERN BOY can do for you all. There are some *very* big schemes up the Editorial sleeve. Lend a hand and the schemes will materialise all the quicker!

And let me remind you again: If you want advice or hints on any hobby or other matter, just drop me a line. I'm always at your service. My address is:

The Editor, The MODERN BOY,
Fleetway House, Farringdon St.,
London, E.C.4.

Like lightning, the Faloo paddles flashed in pursuit.

Two of the canoes were helpless, but three came speeding on like sharks after their prey.

Hudson set his teeth.

The ketch was in flight, but once outside the reef she had plenty of seaway and could play with the Faloo craft. The Cornstalk threw aside his rifle—it was not needed now—and gave all his attention to the sailing of the Dawn. The Hiva-Oa men stood by sheet and halyard, prompt to obey his orders. The Dawn swung round outside the reef, and, to the amazement of the Faloo savages, headed back at the canoes. Before the fuzzy-headed blacks understood the manoeuvre the ketch's bows were crashing on the leading canoe, and the frail craft went to matchwood under the crash, leaving her crew struggling in the water.

The Hiva-Oa men yelled with glee.

From the remaining two canoes came yells of affright. The cannibals understood at last that the white man had turned on them, and that in the present contest they had not a dog's chance.

Both canoes fled back to the inlet.

But after them rushed the ketch, sailing three fathoms to the paddlers' one, and in a few moments a canoe was crumpling again under the crash of the copper-sheathed bows.

Another yell of glee from the Hiva-Oa men, and a howl of terror from the blacks in the sole remaining canoe outside the reef, as they paddled frantically to escape.

But there was no escape.

Behind the fleeing canoe loomed the high bows of the Dawn, crashing down on them, splitting the canoe into halves.

From the rocks of the inlet came wild yells from a swarming mob of savages, watching with fury the destruction of their tribesmen.

Hudson gritted his teeth.

The attack had cost the cannibals fearfully dear. But it was impossible for the ketch to return to her anchorage. The inlet was swarming with blacks. The Dawn stood off and on for a time, Hudson hoping that more canoes would emerge beyond the reef and give him a chance for another blow. But the Faloo blacks had learned their lesson. They yelled and screamed and brandished their spears, but showed no sign of seeking to come to close quarters again.

"And now—" muttered Hudson.

He had beaten off the attack and saved King of the Islands' ship. But he had been driven out to sea, and King of the Islands was still on shore—dead—or in the hands of the cannibals. He was sure of that now. His head, perhaps, already smoking in the fire of futu-wood, to be hung in the canoe-house of Ta'a'ava as a trophy—or a prisoner, doomed to the cooking-ovens, and his comrade could not save him.

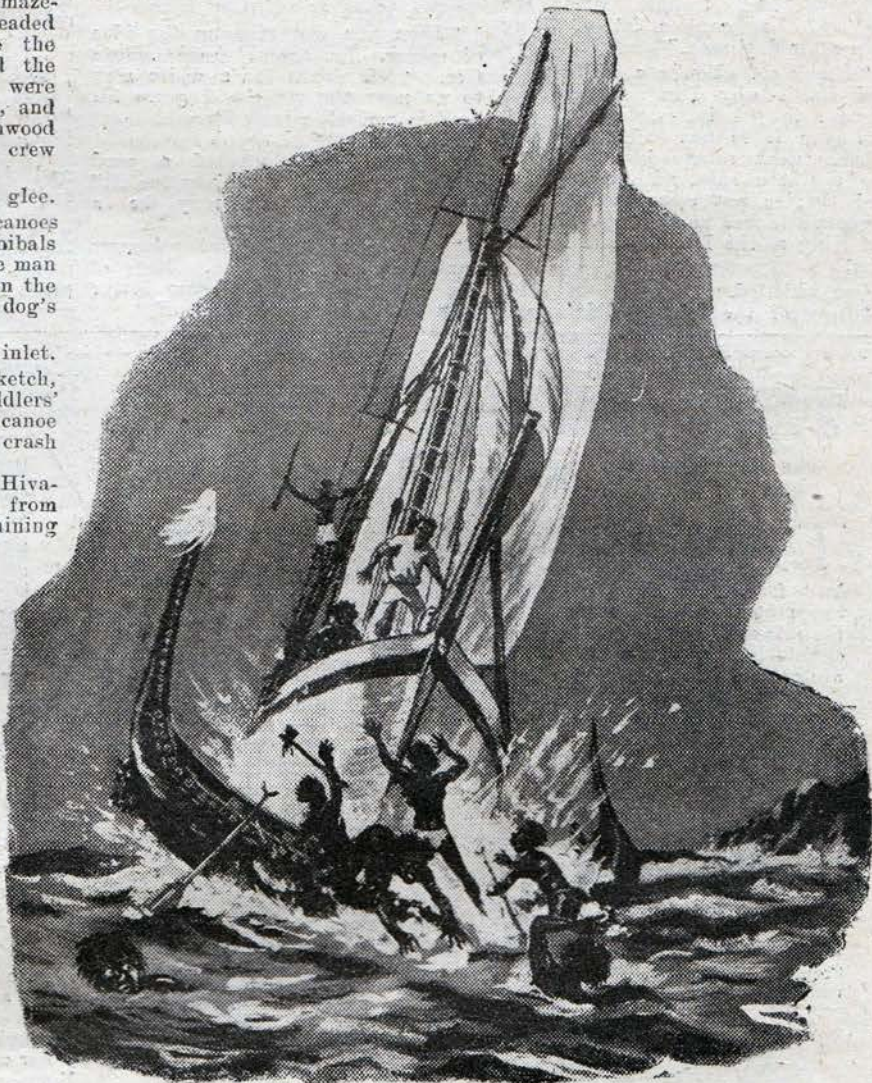
THE LAST CHANCE!

GIDEON GEE, the trader of Faloo, looked out from the shuttered window of his bungalow in the morning sunshine.

The only white resident of Faloo had not closed his eyes during the night. There was devil's work, as he termed it, going on among the niggers, and at such times Gideon Gee trembled for his house, his copra warehouses, and his yellow skin.

Glad was Gideon Gee to see a sail in the channel through the big

grass houses sprawled along the white beach of the lagoon—was alive with blacks, all staring across the water at the ketch. Their excited jabbering reached the ears of Gideon Gee as his fowers pulled at the oars. Looking back, he saw Ta'a'ava, the chief, come out of the council house—a tall, brawny savage in tapa loin-cloth, with a large brass curtain-ring in his nose, and strings of spent cartridge-clips hanging from his ears. Ta'a'ava's black face showed his astonishment at the sight of the Dawn—astonishment which the



Behind the fleeing canoe loomed the high bows of the Dawn, crashing down on them, splitting the canoes into halves!

reef outside the lagoon. It was a white man's ship, and Gee knew it at a glance—the well-known ketch sailed by King of the Islands. It was a line of retreat for the trader if the natives got too much out of hand.

He unbarred his door and called to his black servants to man his whaleboat. In a few minutes he was pulling out to the Dawn.

The sails were reefed, but the ketch had not anchored. But on the still waters of the lagoon she lay almost motionless.

The native village—a crowd of

trader did not understand. It was common enough for a white man's ship to steer into the lagoon, to trade with Gideon Gee or with the natives.

The whaleboat glided alongside the Dawn, and Gee stepped over the low teak rail on to the polished deck. Kit Hudson saluted him, and the trader eyed him curiously. The Hiva-Oa men stood about rifle in hand, and Kit Hudson was standing beside a long, brass six-pounder gun mounted amidships. Beside it was a cask filled to the brim with round bullets, buckshot, and fragments of old iron

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

—evidently intended for loading. Gee understood at once that the Dawn had not arrived in the lagoon on a peaceful errand.

"Where's the skipper?" he asked. "That's what I want to know," answered Hudson. "I was going to signal you when I saw you putting off. You're the Faloo trader?"

"I guess so," answered Gideon. "You've had trouble with the niggers? I heard a lot of firing soon after daybreak."

"That's so. You're a white man, and that's why I've run into the lagoon, to get information, if you can give it to me. King of the Islands went ashore last night on the northern side, with a Kanaka, and they've not come back. The niggers attacked us at dawn. They've got King of the Islands—and I want him."

Gee whistled.

"King of the Islands didn't land

for trade, as he didn't come to the lagoon," he said. Then he uttered a startled exclamation: "Por Dios! Is it old Mafoo's money that brought him here?"

Hudson nodded.

"I knew there'd be trouble when that beachcomber lit out for Lalinge," growled Gideon Gee. "I guessed he was nosing about after old Mafoo's sack of sovereigns, and Ta'a'ava would have made long-pig of him if he hadn't bribed a crew of niggers to paddle him over to Lalinge. Where did King of the Islands head for when he landed?"

"The Place of Skulls."

"Then you can give up the idea of seeing him again," said Gideon Gee. "It's death for a white man to go near the place. I guess his head is smoked already!"

Hudson's eyes glittered.

"If his head's smoked a good many Faloo heads shall pay for it," he said. "But he may be a prisoner."

"As like as not. But prisoners don't live long on Faloo. King of the Islands ought to know better than to break a native taboo."

"Hang their taboo!" Hudson tapped the brass six-pounder. "Captain Ken shipped this gun at Lalinge as cargo, to carry over to Thursday Island. I've rooted it out and mounted it here, and I fancy it will make the niggers open their eyes if it begins to talk. I want to get word with the chief."

Gee jerked his thumb towards the beach, now crowded with blacks, all jabbering and gesticulating.

"There's Ta'a'ava, that big buck nigger with the brass ring in his nose," said the trader. "I guess I'm on trading terms with him, and I'll carry him any message you want. What's the game?"

"Tell him," said Hudson, quietly, "that King of the Islands must be set free to come back to the ketch, and that if he is not on board in one hour I shall open fire on the village and blow every house in it to smithereens."

(Next week's MODERN BOY will contain a further instalment of this thrilling story by Sir Alan Cobham. Make sure of reading it by ordering your copy in advance.)

THE CAR X-RAYED.

The Secrets of the Motor-Car Revealed.

No. 6.—ENGINE COOLING.

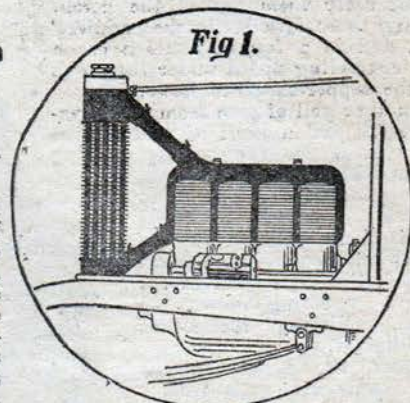
THERE are three distinct systems by which the cylinders of petrol-engines are kept from reaching too high a temperature—water cooling by thermo-siphon action or by pump circulation, and air cooling by means of a number of fins cast in the form of thin webs on the outside of the cylinders. Water cooling by thermo-siphon action is the most popular, and is arranged as shown in Figure 1.

To understand its principle, you must first of all bear in mind that hot water is less dense, and therefore lighter than cold. Put another way, the thermo-siphoning of the water is brought about by the hot water rising and flowing in at the top of the radiator and falling to the bottom as it is cooled by the cooling surface, i.e.,

the gilled tubes or honeycomb surface.

On looking at Figure 1 you will see that the tube from the top of the cylinder to the top of the radiator rises at an acute angle, while the one that goes from the bottom of the radiator to the bottom of the cylinder water-jacket slopes downwards. This is done so that the water does not fall below a certain temperature, and, for the same reason, the pipes are very large to allow the water to flow freely.

With pump circulation of the water it is of no consequence where the radiator is placed, or what is the diameter of the pipes. The water-pump is usually placed in the return circuit, and shaft-driven from the engine.



The most common method of water-cooling.

There are two distinct types of radiator, namely, gilled tube and honeycomb. The gilled tube is shown in Figure 2, and the usual form of honeycomb, of which there are a number of variations, in Figure 3. Notice that the water flows around the outside of the tubes, and that the air passes through the tubes.

Air cooling is only employed for light-car and motor-cycle engines, and consists of casting wide, thin fins around the cylinder through which the heat may flow. It is then quickly drawn off by the cool air flowing between and around the fins, as at Figure 4.

In nearly all cases, with thermo-siphon cooling an engine-driven fan is fitted behind the radiator to draw air through it at a definite rate, irrespective of the speed at which the car is travelling.

Next week I will explain the meaning of unit and separate unit construction of a motor-chassis, and open and enclosed cardan-shaft

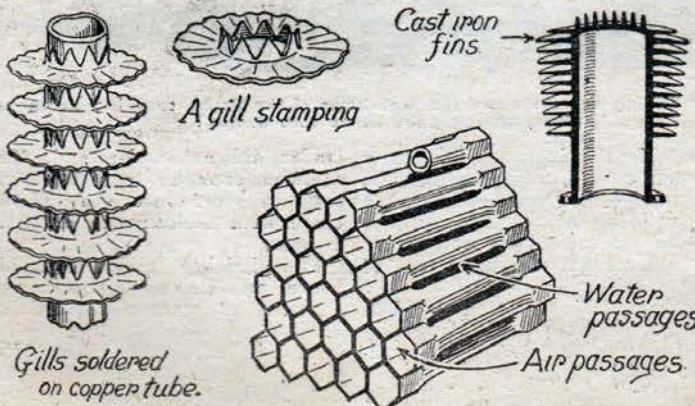
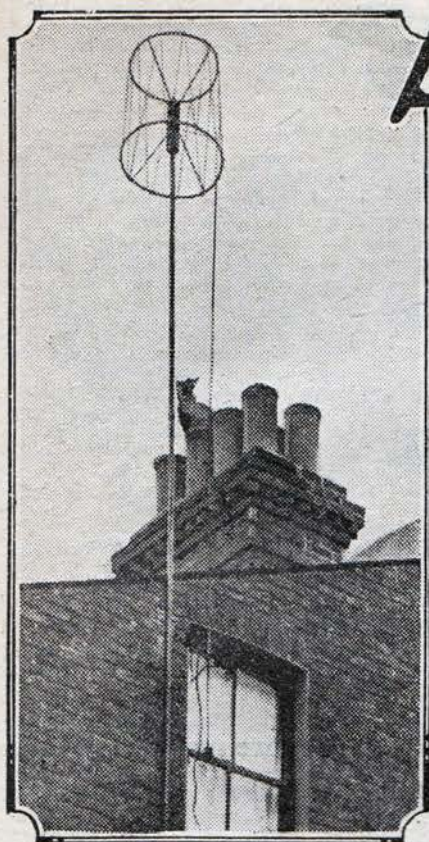


Fig. 2 (left). Gilled water tube. Fig. 3 (centre). Honeycomb radiator construction. Fig. 4 (right). Air-cooled cylinder.



A popular type of outdoor frame aerial.

AERIALS ~ INDOORS & OUT

Our Wireless Corner, Conducted by

NORMAN EDWARDS, M.I.R.E., etc.,

Editor of "Popular Wireless," etc.

Are you satisfied with the type of Aerial you are using, or would you like a change?

from the nearby station, and a wire connected to that frame may give you good results.

It is surprising, too, how efficient an indoor aerial can be. I do not mean a frame aerial. That is a different thing altogether. I mean the type of aerial that is put up in much the same way as an outdoor one. Generally it is fixed in the loft or attic, where a good length can usually be obtained. There is a chance, too, to space the wires well apart.

Experiments that I have conducted from time to time make me wonder whether an outdoor aerial in a thickly populated area is any better than an indoor one unless it reaches well above the roof. And an indoor aerial has nothing to fear from the weather. It is subject to no strain from rain and wind. I mention these advantages for the benefit of those who may think that an outdoor aerial is the only kind that will give good results.

An aerial of the outdoor type where space is limited, and which is particularly useful where the ordinary length of wire is out of the question will be found illustrated on this page. It consists of two hoops spaced some distance apart one above the other, with wire fixed zig-zag fashion between them. The aerial is mounted on a fairly long pole which will lift it above the roof.

This type is extremely popular, for not only does it give good results, but it is also neat in appearance and easy to fix.

In the wireless shops will be found a number of "portable" aerials which can be fixed up indoors at a moment's notice. Good results are claimed for many of these.

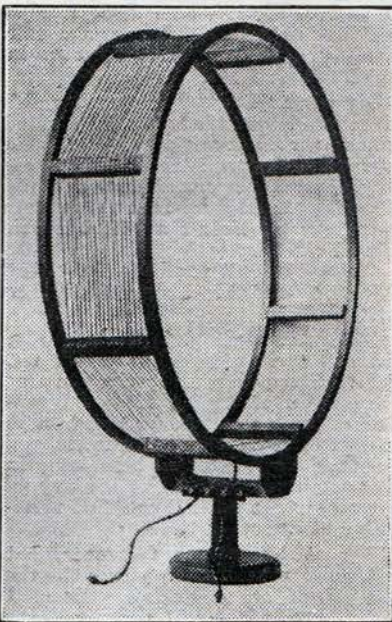
Mind you, in pointing out the advantages of indoor aerials I am not suggesting that they will give you better results than outdoor ones. Nothing is better in the way of an aerial for general reception than a 60-foot single length of wire slung at a good height and free from screening. But such an aerial is not always a possibility, and substitutes must be found.

I mentioned the frame aerial just now. The frame's great advantage

is that it is directional. But the frame aerial is not suitable for the ordinary circuit, and the energy picked up by it is very small.

The importance of the earth connection must not be overlooked in the case of indoor aerials. The most efficient indoor aerial will work badly on a poor earth connection.

In your experiments with indoor aerials don't pay too much attention to the text book. Many are the rules of radio that have been broken, and there is a certain joy in breaking one yourself—if you get the result you want! The crystal set is ideal for testing the efficiency of an aerial, and even if a valve set is going to be used it is a good idea to give a new aerial the "crystal" test. With a valve set, reaction can so make up for weak signals that the lack of



A frame aerial for use with multi-valve sets.

efficiency in an aerial might easily go unnoticed.

Remember that whatever type of aerial you use, stout wire is essential—wire with a very low resistance—and all your connections must be strong ones that let the energy received go nowhere but to your set.

CONSIDERING how important the aerial is, it is strange that no revolutionary discoveries have been made regarding it since the early days of broadcasting.

The usual aerial is still a length of copper wire slung between the house and a mast or tree.

But the radio listener who is content to stick to the ordinary kind of aerial is missing a lot of fun, for it isn't until you begin to experiment that you find out what queer things radio waves are.

For instance, have you ever tried to tune in the broadcasting using a spring mattress as an aerial? It sometimes works extraordinarily well. I found this out a year or two ago when a high wind neatly "folded up" my aerial mast on the lawn. I was just going to fix up an indoor aerial when I thought of the spring mattress. I connected a wire to one in a room upstairs, and promptly tuned in 2LO at wonderful strength.

One of the visitors was so struck by the success of the "aerial" that he experimented himself at home. He connected up a crystal set to the mattress of the bed, using, of course, a proper earth connection. He now goes to sleep with Savoy Band accompaniment!

The use of such an aerial for crystal sets is, of course, only possible a few miles from a broadcasting station, but it is surprising what strength of signals come through with such an arrangement.

I have heard of cases where the piano has been used to receive programmes. An iron-framed piano picks up a certain amount of energy

Round the World on HALF-A-CROWN!

by
Tom Rogers



"Gimme a cow's breakfast!" demanded the cowboy.

**Tom Rogers and his pal "Pud" try their hands at some more new jobs—
with vastly entertaining results!**

MOST Britishers who go to British Columbia find their way at some time or another into Kamloops, a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, which is known as the Inland Capital. Likewise, the place gets its share of the hoboes or "blanket stiffs"—otherwise tramps and down-and-outs—who form a fair floating population of their own in the Farthest West.

My chum "Pud" Drummond and I were well qualified to be counted among the down-and-outs as we made our way through the town again after Pud's brief experience with the Mexican knife-thrower at the Fun Fair, for we hadn't a cent between the pair of us.

"Why couldn't you have stuck that job with Huerta?" I grunted, rather bitterly.

"Because," retorted Pud briefly, "sooner or later he'd have stuck me. I notice you didn't exactly jump at the chance of having blessed bread-knives thrown at you for three bucks a day. Now, I think it's up to you to tackle a job of dish-washing in some eating-house, and we'll divvy up your earnings until I can find something else."

The situation was desperate, but after my previous experience in the pantry of an ocean-going liner, I didn't intend ever to wipe over another dish except as a last resource. But Pud, I might say, was quite within his right to suggest my divvying up, for we had agreed before setting out from Vancouver that we should share our joint earnings.

A card in the window of a soft goods store in Victoria Street caught my eye—"Experienced clerk wanted."

"That means a shop assistant," I

remarked. "Wait here, Pud, and I'll have a shot at that."

"Oh, rot!" Pud returned testily. "What experience have you ever had of socks and hats and things? There are bound to be other jobs more suitable than that."

I allowed myself to be persuaded, and presently in Second Avenue we saw a contractor's gang working in an excavation for a large building of some kind.

We stopped on the sidewalk. It was not yet three o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun, unusually hot, was beating down on the sweating workers. Pud, who loved seeing other people work, was wrapt in the sight, and I was just wondering whether I should ever get him away again, when a burly foreman drifted up.

"Say, do either o' you boys want a job?" he asked.

Young Tom Rogers, whose own unvarnished story this is, is an adventurous youngster who started out to see the world with but half-a-crown in his pocket. Beginning as a dish-washer on a liner, he quickly decides to try something more exciting. He leaves the ship at Vancouver, and in his search for work, chums up with "Pud" Drummond, another young adventurer. Neither wishing to stay in Vancouver, they "jump" a freight train en route for Kamloops, in British Columbia. Here Pud gets a job in a circus, as target to a Mexican knife-thrower, but quits after one performance, and they leave the Fun Fair—broke to the wide!

I replied:

"Yes—both of us, sir!"

The foreman smiled at this polite manner of address—later I discovered that foremen in the West are not used to being addressed as "sir," but usually as "Stumpy," "Hefty," or whatever their nickname happens to be.

"Well, I guess there's only one job going," the foreman answered. "I jest want a young lad to work that there elevator."

He jerked his thumb towards a wooden shaft erected in the excavation. Inside the shaft was a small lift. The earth and rocks taken out of the ground were trundled in a barrow into it and taken aloft. This, no doubt, saved a deal of time and labour.

"How d'you work it?" inquired Pud.

"Oh, you jest pull a rope," the foreman answered, "and you've gotter ride up in the elevator and dump the stuff out at the top."

It sounded easy enough, and Pud reckoned it was just the kind of job to suit his style. Yet he generously offered it to me; but I told him I would try for the clerk's job in the soft goods store.

Pud's job was certainly a cushy one, and after watching him work the elevator a few times I returned to Victoria Street and entered the soft goods store. The proprietor, Doug Connell, who went about coatless, wore black sleeve protectors, and constantly chewed gum, demanded to know my previous experience in hosiery and hats. Quite honestly, I told him that about all I knew was the difference between a "bowler"

and a "boater." To my surprise, he had heard of neither.

"Well, boy," decided Doug, "I'll give you a start at twelve dollars a week. But, mind you, you've got to learn quick or you go quick."

For the rest of that afternoon I was learning something about the soft goods trade, and, having drawn a dollar of my pay on account, I sought out Pud, and we put up at the Western Hotel for the night.

Next day, while Pud was back in the excavation, I was allowed to serve behind the counter, but by dinner-time it was plain that Doug was a bit fed-up explaining things to me. "Gosh, you're slow, boy!" he kept saying, with more exasperation creeping into his tone.

Early in the afternoon came the climax. A cowboy from some neighbouring ranch entered the store and addressed himself to me.

"See here, Buddy," he said, "I'm going down to the coast wi' some cattle, and I want to look right smart in town. Gimme a cow's breakfast!"

I gaped; but as Doug had told me I wasn't to let on if possible that I was "so blamed ignorant," I mumbled that we "carried a dandy line in those," and promptly sought out the boss in his little office for an explanation.

"What!" hooted Doug, in answer to my whispered question. "mean you're so dodgasted that you don't know what breakfast is?"

And, thoroughly out of temper, I flounced out of the store, and myself fitted the cowboy straw hat!

When the customer had gone, I paid me another dollar and I'd better seek a berth in some intellectual pursuit than the store clerk, and so I hit the si-

again, though not so entirely broke as on the day previous.

Naturally, I drifted round to the excavation to see how Pud was getting on. To my surprise, he was no longer riding up and down in the elevator, sitting on the loads of earth. The elevator—so I gathered from overhearing some of the foreman's pungent language—had gone wrong, and a mechanic had been sent for to put it right. In the meantime, Pud and several others were manhandling the stuff which, normally, would have been taken above ground in the elevator.

The foundations were too deep for the labourers to push the heavy iron barrows up planks, and a rough sort of windlass had been erected by which the loads of debris were dragged to the ground level.

Having assisted in the back-breaking, arm-tearing work of hauling these up, Pud then had to help wheel the barrows along narrow planks to a dump.

With a growing smile I watched my chum from the shelter of the contractor's hut. The perspiration was streaming down his red, fat face; every now and then he examined the blisters on his poor podgy hands; at times, as he straightened his back, an agonised expression came into his

the bricks. Three others—Pud among them—had to arrange themselves on the sidewalk to receive the bricks as they were thrown out; the remaining three men stood close behind the excavation to stack the bricks on the ground.

Pud caught the first two bricks thrown at him full on the chest, and went a reeler on to the pavement.

"Pick yourself up, me lad!" grinned the foreman. "What d'you mean by lyin' down there on the sidewalk when there's work to be done?"

My luckless chum staggered to his feet and savagely growled something to the effect that "he wasn't ready."

The work started in grim earnest, and for a time Pud, although he was the only one who was not wearing buckskin gloves—leathern gloves are almost invariably worn by labourers in the West—actually did a deal more of the "graft" than most of the others. This was owing to the fact that the fellow who was "feeding" him was the driver of the lorry. He evidently had a "date" to keep and was keen to get the load off and rush back to his garage.

Two bricks at a time came whirling out of the lorry into Pud's hands, and my luckless pal, with a mighty swing, heaved them on to one of the



Pud paused in his task of br



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and PENKNIVES.

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ALL good things must come to an end, and here we give you the Sixth and Final Set of pictures in the greatest thing "ever" in competitions. All the puzzles are the outlines of ordinary objects, and the fact that the artist has taken rather unusual views of some of the things makes your task the more amusing.

Write your answer to each of the puzzles IN INK in the space provided underneath, then sign and address the coupon IN INK and cut out the whole tablet. You will remember that in a previous issue we gave you a Full List of Names of objects, in which the answer to every puzzle in the competition can be found. All solutions MUST be taken from that list.

Now gather together your five previous puzzle-sets and pin all six sets (and the coupon) together so as to make one complete effort. Place in a properly stamped envelope and post to:

"WHAT IS IT?" Competition,
c/o "Modern Boy,"
Gough House, Gough Square,
London, E.C.4 (Comp.),

so as to reach that address
not later than **THURSDAY,**
MARCH 22nd, 1928.

Any efforts received after
that date will be disqualified.

REMEMBER: Each complete
effort must consist of the six
puzzle-sets (Nos. 1 to 6, inclusive),
with your Solutions filled in IN
INK and a properly signed coupon.

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The Two First Prizes of "James"
Cycles, complete, will be awarded
to the two boys whose solutions
of the six sets of pictures are
correct or most nearly correct, and
the other prizes in order of merit.
The Editor reserves the right to
divide the value of any of the prizes
if necessary, in the case of ties.

Any number of attempts may be
sent in, but every attempt must
be complete in itself—consisting,
that is, of the six sets of pictures
with the solutions properly written
in IN INK, and the coupon
attached to this final set.

The Editor's decision will be
final and binding, and acceptance
of this is a condition of entry.
Entries mutilated or bearing altera-
tions or alternative solutions will be
disqualified.

No one connected with the
MODERN BOY, or its proprietors,
may compete.

Try Making These

Something to make! Fun in the making—fun in the using!

A FIREPLACE SCREEN.



centre "plate" of silver paper is hung by chains.

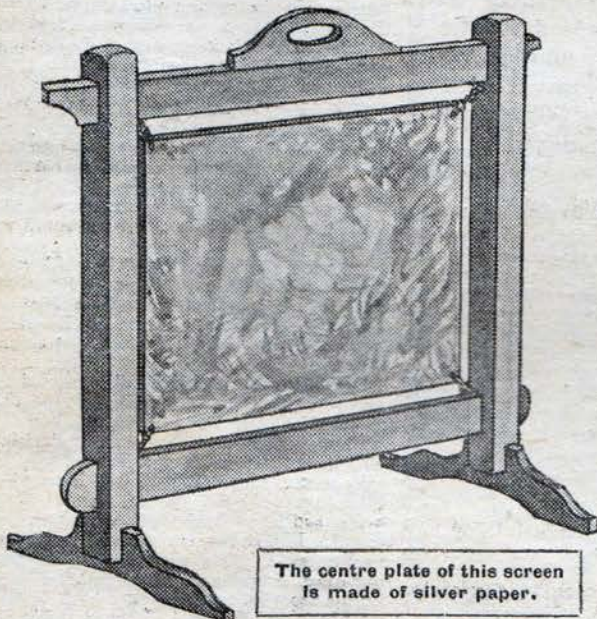
For the framework, two upright posts

HAVE you ever thought what an uncommon fireplace screen can be made by using silver paper instead of the ordinary material? The framework is simple, and the

attractive appearance is provided by it being crinkled roughly to look like rough-cast stone. Use as large sheets as possible and glue securely to the face. Then apply a coat of clear varnish to strengthen and make more durable.

The two feet are cut from $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. or $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. oak, with the fretsaw, to the shape shown. Let the upright posts into the slot provided and glue and screw firmly. The handle is cut in a similar manner and is glued and screwed down centrally on the top rail.

The centre board is hung in place by cord, or better still light brass chain, put through the corners with a split ring, and into the angles of the frame with small staples. The wood-work of the frame should be stained with dye and can be waxed or polished afterwards.



The centre plate of this screen is made of silver paper.

1 in. square and 2 ft. long are required. Oak is the most serviceable wood and can be obtained cut and planed. The cross struts are two pieces of $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. board 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, the lower one 2 in. wide and the top 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Fix them through the posts (using any simple joint)—the lower one 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the bottom and the upper one 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the top, as shown in the sketch. Both project through the uprights 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and are glued firmly in place.

For the centre board a piece of timber 12 in. wide and 15 in. long is required. Use a thin three-ply board and strengthen it behind with two 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $\frac{3}{16}$ in. struts of any wood. The board is covered with used silver paper glued all over it and turned over the edges on to the back. The paper need not be flat—a more

just get a few lumps them artistically to form, say, two sides of a ravine. Then pour ground rice over them (for the snow), allowing the coal to show through here and there, and the scene is made.

If you like, you can add some figures. This is done by drawing them on a white sheet of cardboard in the background, so that they seem to be standing on the "rocks."

Of course, you do not draw in details just a simple silhouette is sufficient.

When the scene is built to your liking, focus it on to the lens of your camera, and take a flashlight photograph of it. Working on these lines you will be able to make a surprising variety of pictures.

A WIRELESS SET IN A BOOK.



A NOVEL wireless "cabinet" that costs nothing should appeal to most fellows. Outwardly, this one looks like a book, but on being opened a set is disclosed.

To make it you will need an old well-bound book about 9 in. by 6 in. and at least 2 in. thick. Using a sharp knife start at the first page and cut out the centre, leaving a $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. margin all round. Do this for a depth of about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Then miss a $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. thickness of pages and continue right through.

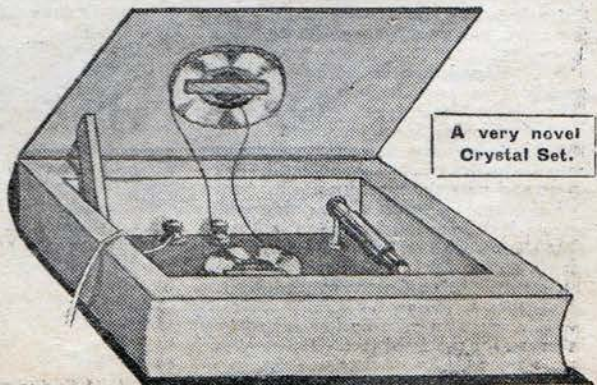
You will now need some shellac glue. Make it by dissolving shellac in methylated spirit until you get a syrupy liquid. With this, glue all the pages and margins together. But don't glue the margins to the partition or top cover, only to the bottom one. Now paste a sheet of black or brown paper to the top page of the partition, so as to cover the print, and place the book on one side to dry.

You can then mount the set. Reflex-coil tuning is the best to use owing to the restricted space. Mount one coil on the lid as shown, and the other on the baseboard or partition. Tuning is done by moving the lid. A small stay should be provided to hold it in position as required.

TABLE-TOP PHOTOGRAPHS.

HAVE you ever photographed an Alpine scene, or a view of a tropical forest without ever going near either? It is quite easily done if you have a wide-aperture lens in your camera or can fit a portrait attachment.

Take the Alpine scene for example. of coal, and arrange



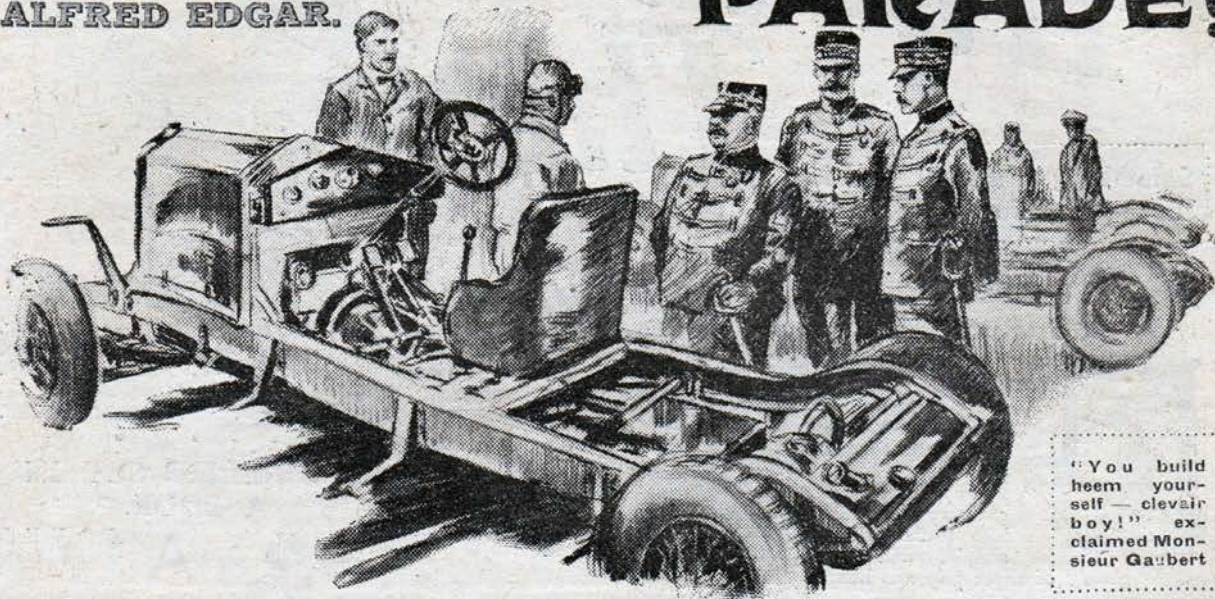
A very novel Crystal Set.

Complete in this Issue.

by

ALFRED EDGAR.

The HIGH-SPEED PARADE!



"You build
heem
your-
self—clevar
boy!" ex-
claimed Mon-
sieur Gaubert

WITH a flick of the duster, Bob Tennant wiped a speck of grit off the polished engine cover, and then stood back to admire the gleaming new chassis. It was one of twenty drawn up in a long line in the shed, and each was being given a last careful polish by its driver.

Never in all its history had the Knight Motor Works seen anything quite like this. Each of those chassis had been specially built to fulfil an important contract, and to-day they had to pass their final tests. The chassis were really motor-cars lacking only their bodies, and to each a little bucket seat had been clamped behind the steering-wheel.

Bob's eyes glistened as he glanced down the long line. Every machine had received very special attention in the way of finish, and all polishable parts had been well and truly polished. Each of the twenty drivers wore clean, white overalls, and each had a white racing-type cap, strapped on his head.

The concrete floor of the shed had been cleaned down, and reddish-coloured sand had been sprinkled evenly over the dull grey surface. Even the tyres of the chassis had received a coating of black tyre-paint, and not a single speck of mud or dirt showed anywhere.

"Look posh, don't they?" Jerry Grainger straightened up from his own machine as he glanced across to Bob. "It'll be a fine sight to see 'em all going down the road at seventy miles an hour!" he added.

Bob grinned a little. The high-speed parade was something that had been talked about for days. The cars had been built for a department of the French Army, and a French official was coming to the works that morning to inspect and pass the machines.

They had already been thoroughly tested, but he wanted to see for himself that they were fast enough for the work for which the French Army wanted them. Therefore, the cars were to dash by him at seventy miles an hour, and a stretch of road across a near-by heath had been reserved for the final test. If the official was satisfied, he would accept the cars—if he wasn't satisfied, he would refuse

**A job in a motor works
can be exciting enough, as
young Bob Tennant and
his pal Jerry Grainger
have discovered!**

them, and the Knight Works would lose a lot of money. Something approaching a sum of £20,000 was involved; that was why so much trouble was being taken.

Bob was broad across the shoulders, and he had keen-looking grey eyes. He had got into the Knight Motor Works because he liked cars, and because he didn't want to accept a stool in his father's office. Bob had made good already, and he had progressed from odd boy in the general repair shop to a position in the Knight Racing Shed.

Like his chum, Jerry, he had come out of the shed to-day in order to drive one of the chassis in the parade. Jerry Grainger was a lean, cheerful boy who honestly believed that, some day, Bob was going to prove the finest racing-car driver that ever trod on an accelerator pedal.

He had good reason for thinking so, because Bob had recently run a car in a race at Brooklands; and, moreover, had won the event.

"If the old Froggy ain't pleased with this little lot, then I hope he gets indigestion in his carburettor!" said Jerry, as he tucked his duster in a pocket of his overalls. He added: "I notice Perkins has got somebody to rub his chassis down for him; he's too proud to do a job like that, I s'pose!"

He nodded to where pimply-faced Bert Perkins stood at the end of the line. Perkins was the head tester in the works, a swanking, bullying fellow who had a grudge against Bob and Jerry. He hated Bob still more since he had won the Brooklands race.

Perkins was standing apart, straightening his overalls, while a mechanic finished off his machine, and they saw a

sudden, ingratiating smile light up his face as a grim-looking man stepped into the shed. The newcomer was Foreman Turner, who was in charge of the racing cars, and was responsible for the performance of these new chassis.

He paused by Perkins' machine and inspected it swiftly. The chums saw him turn to the head tester and speak quickly and curtly. Perkins jumped to correct some fault that had been found, then the foreman moved on along the line, looking at each machine until he came to Jerry's.

"Your outfit's all right," he said, and a faint smile curved his lips. "But why you can't keep oil off your face, I don't know!" And he pointed to a black smear down Jerry's cheek. "Come here!"

The foreman wiped the oil away, then moved on to Bob. He walked round the machine, and stopped beside the boy.

"Very nice job," he said. "Perkins will lead the parade, but I want you to take second place. It'll be best if you—Morning, sir!"

He suddenly broke off as he turned round. Mr. Lucas, the general manager, had entered. He wore a silk hat and morning dress, and his iron-hard face bore a worried look.

"Morning, Turner! Is everything all right?—I shall be mighty glad when the whole thing is over! If we don't please this Frenchman, he's got the power to turn all the cars down—and he'll do it, too!"

"It must be a funny sort of contract, sir," said the foreman.

"It is, Turner. These cars are for the French Army, and they really ought to have French-made machines. But ours were better, and they got selected. They've passed the most stringent tests, but they must receive the approval of Monsieur Gaubert. If he says he doesn't like the shape of the radiator cap, for instance, he can turn the whole lot down!"

The two moved on. Bob glanced at Jerry, but neither said anything. Presently Mr. Lucas went out to the front of the shed.

"Now, you fellows, you all know exactly what you're to do, I think. After Monsieur Gaubert has inspected the chassis in here, you'll go out on to the heath. You're to drive past him at intervals of about thirty yards, each car to pass him at seventy miles an hour. And for Heaven's sake drive carefully, because the road is muddy and wet! If one man gets into a skid it may spoil everything. It's—"

He stopped as a hoarse voice suddenly hissed from the doorway:

"Mr. Lucas—he's here!"

A GESTURE from Foreman Turner sent every driver to the side of his machine, standing level with the steering-wheel. Mr. Lucas hurried to the door; and Bob saw him remove his silk hat with a sweeping gesture as the French official entered the shed.

"Stone me, look at 'im!" gasped Jerry beneath his breath, as Monsieur Gaubert appeared, and Bob's own eyes widened.

He had expected this important Minister of the French Army to be a tall, imposing, soldierly man. He wasn't. He was a very short, very fat fellow, who strutted in like a fiery little bantam.

He wore a uniform of horizon-blue, and a cap, the peak of which was heavy with golden laurel-leaves. There were massive epaulettes on his shoulders, and his cuffs were weighted with braid. From the polished belt at his waist hung a sword, the tip of the scabbard clanking against the concrete with every step.

Behind him came several men in the uniform of the French Army, all of them big, fine men, who moved with a martial air. With them, hats in hands, appeared important members of the Knight works.

Monsieur Gaubert stalked around each chassis in turn, coming down the line and finally pausing in front of Bob.

"You build heem yourself—clevair boy!" he observed. "I offair my felicitations."

He smiled as he spoke; and Bob was surprised to find that he had very kindly, twinkling, dark eyes. Oddly enough, he reminded Bob of a little terrier that wanted to be friendly, and it was plain that he didn't know much about cars if he thought Bob had built the chassis by himself.

"Exceedin' clevair!" Monsieur Gaubert added. "Most—most decent clean—parfait!" And he passed on.

In a minute or so he reached the end of the line; then left the shed with those who had followed him in. Immediately the tension in the building relaxed.

"Took a likin' to you?" Jerry grinned across to Bob. "Funny little bloke. wasn't he? Looked like he was scared stiff! I bet he knows as much about cars as I do about zoology!"

"Get 'em out now, lads; start 'em up!" Foreman Turner's voice boomed through the shed.

As he started his machine Perkins turned in his bucket seat and glared at Bob.

"Fancy crawlin' to a silly old fool like that Frenchie!" he snarled in his unpleasant way. "You ought to be ashamed o' yerself!"

Bob grinned cheerfully. He guessed that Perkins was upset because the Frenchman hadn't taken any notice of him. The head tester went on:

"Wait till we get on the speed parade—I'll show 'im a bit o' real drivin'!"

A mile or so out on the heath Monsieur Gaubert had taken up his position with his companions, just beside the road. Planks had been laid for them to stand on and keep clear

What Car Was That?

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10-30 horse-power, four cylinders, Italian make.

Recognising cars is a fascinating pastime. This feature will help you to know the different makes by the radiator.

of the mud; behind them stood a phalanx of gleaming, polished limousines in which the party had arrived.

The chassis drove past at a sedate speed; then, about a mile and a half beyond, they turned in a big curve and stopped, ready to go forward for the test run.

"Seventy miles an hour, Perkins!" Foreman Turner called. "Are you all ready?"

He moved out to the front, with a flag in his hand, to start them off.

"Keep thirty yards behind Perkins!" Bob reminded himself, as he slipped into gear. He guessed that it would be a very impressive sight to see the long line of cars go by at seventy miles an hour. He rather wished he was watching instead of taking part.

The flag dropped suddenly.

With a roar Perkins shot off, Bob after him. The head tester revved his engine to its limit before he changed gear. There wasn't any need to do that, because they had plenty of room in which to get up speed.

Bob lost a little distance, and they were still half a mile away from the group when he found that Perkins was leading him at not far short of eighty miles an hour. Bob gave his engine full throttle, because it would look bad if Perkins got away from him.

At eighty miles an hour they roared down. Back of Bob came the rest of the line—a long trail of thundering, gleaming machines, each with its white-clad, white-capped driver intent behind the wheel.

Bob saw the little figure of Monsieur Gaubert standing out in front of the rest, right at the edge of the planks. He moved as though he would have stepped back, when Perkins smashed towards him; but he remembered his dignity and stopped where he was; it wouldn't do to show that he was a little scared of the roaring monsters.

They were twenty yards from the group when, from the rear wheels of Perkins' machine there suddenly sprayed a fount of mud as he hit a pothole in the road. The car bumped out of it, slithering a little to one side.

The fraction of a second later, and the hurtling machine was in an eighty-miles an hour skid!

It went almost broadside on, rear wheels slithering off the road into the soft earth before the planks.

They flung out a solid slash of slimy black mud, plastering the Frenchman and those behind him from head to feet as Perkins snatched the car straight, got back to the road, and hurtled on.

As Bob went steadily by, he saw Monsieur Gaubert gouging mud out of his eyes with one hand, while he all but danced with sudden rage, as he shook his fist after Perkins and roared angrily at the machines still storming past him.

"I THINK you've just about done it!" Foreman Turner was white as he addressed Perkins, where the man stood by the shed at the works. All the chassis had been brought in, and now the drivers were standing in a group, listening.

"The old fool shouldn't ha' stood so near with all that mud about!" Perkins grunted. "I couldn't 'elp the skid, could I?"

"Seventy you were told to do, but you did eighty!" the foreman exclaimed. "You'll get—"

"Perkins!" Mr. Lucas, the general manager, suddenly appeared. His clothes were splashed with mud, and there was a great blob of it on his silk hat. "Perkins, you'll be glad to know that Monsieur Gaubert absolutely refuses to take delivery of these cars

The High-Speed Parade!

(Continued from previous page.)

under any circumstances—thanks to what you've done. I'll deal with you later!"

"I couldn't help it, sir!" Perkins gasped. "I didn't mean to—"

But the general manager had walked away, and as he went Bob saw that he was just as white as the foreman.

"Gosh!" gasped Jerry. "There won't half be a row over this! Perkins is a fool! He was tryin' to show us how to drive, I s'pose, by the way he started off. He might ha' known he was liable to skid in the mud, especially after bein' warned about it!"

Bob and Jerry remained standing there. Some of the drivers drifted off. Perkins went into the shed, and soon the two were standing alone, both realising that the Knight Works had lost a large sum of money through Perkins' effort to swank.

It was while the two were standing there that a telegraph messenger came around the corner of the shed.

"Got anybody named Gaubert round here?" he asked. "Wire for him. They told me at the gate to find Mr. Lucas, said he'd come up this way."

"Gaubert?" asked Bob.

"Yes. It's urgent, too!" the boy answered. "Missis Gaubert's been hurt in an accident in London, an' he's got to go at once. They told me that at the office so's I wouldn't hang about on the way."

"Accident!" Bob stared at him. The wire could be only for the French Army official.

An idea came to Bob like a flash of light. Monsieur Gaubert would want to get to London quickly. Suppose they took a fast car and found him, delivered the telegram, and then offered to drive him to London. After all, he was a nice old chap, and he was certain to be anxious, and if they did him a good turn he might look a little more kindly on Knight machines.

"Jerry"—Bob grasped his chum's arm, then told him of his sudden idea, while he took the telegram from the boy—"we could use the chassis I've just driven, and there's a sports saloon body back of the shed. We'll get some of the fellows to put it on—it only wants eight bolts to hold it. Never mind about the lighting wires. Monsieur Gaubert will be at his hotel in the town—I know it. Come on! All right, I'll deliver this wire, leave it to me!" he yelled to the telegraph-boy, and went racing into the shed.

LESS than fifteen minutes later Bob pulled up outside the hotel in the town with a smart saloon body hastily clamped to the chassis he had driven in the high-speed parade. The other drivers had helped willingly, not because they knew what was afoot, but because they liked Bob.

Bob jumped from the car and raced into the hotel.

"Keep the engine running!" he called to Jerry as he went.

Inside the hall he saw Monsieur Gaubert.

"Telegram for you, sir," said Bob. "It's most urgent!"

Monsieur Gaubert slit the envelope, and the expression on his face changed as he read the wire.

"Mon Dieu—pauvre Celeste!" he gasped, and the colour drained slowly from his features. "Il me fait partit tout de suite!"

"I've got a car outside, sir," Bob

stepped forward as he spoke. "I'll guarantee to get you to London as quick as—"

"A car—waiting!" Monsieur Gaubert jumped forward. "Pardonnez-moi, messieurs!" and he bowed stiffly to the French officers, then scurried behind Bob down to the waiting machine.

Jerry opened the rear door as they appeared. He helped the little Frenchman inside, then the two boys dived into the front seats, and Bob sent the car away. It went off with a rush and a roar, slid out of the hotel courtyard, and, almost before Monsieur Gaubert was aware of it, the machine was roaring along the road to London.

Bob's teeth were gritted, and he never took his gaze off the road ahead. He never lost a single second, and he drove as though he was a part of the machine he controlled. They ripped into the London traffic, and, by luck, they did not get held up anywhere. Finally, Bob swung the car between big iron gates, and brought it to a stop outside the entrance to the hospital building.

"You wait for me, please!" Monsieur Gaubert called the words as Jerry was helping him out of the car. "I thank you ver' much—excusez-moi in a moment, and he vanished into the hospital.

They waited there for three-quarters of an hour. At the end of that time Monsieur Gaubert reappeared. The colour had come back to his face and he was smiling as he approached them.

"All right—not bad," he told them. "Ze leg, you unnerstan'? Hurt a leetle. They let madame return to ze hotel—ce soir. Confirmez? I am obliged. You are too good, and ze car—good also."

"It's one of the chassis that you saw this afternoon, sir," said Bob. "We put a body on it, so that we could fetch you when we heard the news."

"Chassis, hein? Not the one that sprinkle ze mud?" he laughed a little. "I lose my temper for that. But now I feel different. I present my apologies, unnerstan'? That is good. We will have them—all of them!"

Bob's heart jumped a little. He was saying that he'd take the twenty Knight machines that he had turned down.

"You inform M'sieu' Lucas," he said. "Tell heem all right. Now, I thank you again," and he held out his hand to Bob. "You are true sport—British sport. I say I won't have ze cars, yet you come to help my trouble—tres sport! I see you later, send you some things—leetle present!"

He shook hands with both of them again, then returned to the hospital.

Bob drove off, and as the car rolled into the street, Jerry said:

"What next? Go back to the works?"

"We'll ring up Lucas first," Bob said, "and let him know that everything's all right. Decent old chap, that Frenchman. Glad he's going to take the cars. Old Turner won't half be pleased!"

"Old Turner" was pleased, and so was the general manager and everybody else concerned. On the Saturday, Bob and Jerry discovered that their pay envelopes were abnormally fat; that was because each contained an extra month's pay, by way of bonus for what they had done.

But each found something better than that when they got home. Small, registered packets awaited them. Each contained a gold watch from Monsieur Gaubert, and on the inside each watch was inscribed: "Tres sport."

(Next week's story of Bob and Jerry is entitled: "The Record Smasher!" You'll find it full of thrills!)

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Round the World on Half-a-Crown!

(Continued from page 21.)

laughing that I was glad of the contractor's hut to lean against. For the first time I was really glad for having been fired out of the soft goods store, otherwise I should have missed this treat altogether.

Half an hour before knocking-off time, I returned to the hotel and sat in a wicker chair in the lounge with my feet on the window-ledge, watching the passers-by.

Presently a plump, melancholy figure hove into view. It was Pud.

His back looked as if it had taken a permanent bend; the palms of his fat hands were badly bruised and cut from contact with the rough edges of the flying bricks; his knees sagged, and from the look on his face he seemed years older than when he had set out so gaily that morning to ride in the elevator.

Just before he crossed the road to the hotel, he straightened himself by a heroic effort. His chest came up into the place where Nature had intended it to be, his back stiffened, his footsteps became more firm, and he twisted his lips into what was meant to be a cheery smile.

"Hallo, Pud!" I greeted him, as he came through the swing-doors of the hotel. "How have you been sticking it?"

"Fine! Fine and dandy!" grinned Pud. "Really, though, I feel beastly selfish enjoying myself all day

NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL FEATURES!

Another humorous complete yarn by GUNBY HADATH.

A further exciting instalment of "KING OF THE ISLANDS!" by Sir ALAN COBHAM.

A thrilling complete story of Bob and Jerry, the chums of the big motor works, by ALFRED EDGAR.

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ALL ABOARD FOR THE MOON! About one of the most thrilling adventures ever planned by man!

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while you've been standing behind a rotten counter dishing out socks and what-nots." He paused, and with an air of great generosity added: "Look here, old man, we'll trade jobs if we can wangle it!"

I grinned.

"Thanks, Pud; you always were a generous chap. As a matter of fact, though, I've been fired. I'll just have a quiet stroll around the town to-morrow and look for something else while you go back to your little job in the excavation."

The haggard look crept into Pud's face again.

"Er—er—I haven't felt well in this place, somehow!" he stammered. "Perhaps it's the dry climate that doesn't suit me. Tommy, my boy, we're going to beat it farther up-country and try our luck nearer the Rockies."

My smile broadened.

"Right, Pud!" I agreed. "I'm game! But perhaps before we go we might make a few more bucks here. I see there's a freight train in a siding at the depot waiting to be unloaded."

"Oh?" mumbled Pud, without much interest. "What's it loaded with?"

To which I answered sily:

"Bricks—thousands and thousands of 'em. Might keep us employed for a week!"

But, with a choking gurgle, Pud was making for the hotel stairs to seek his room, and a bed for his aching limbs!

(Tom and Pud continue their lively travels in next week's MODERN BOY. Don't forget to order your copy in advance!)

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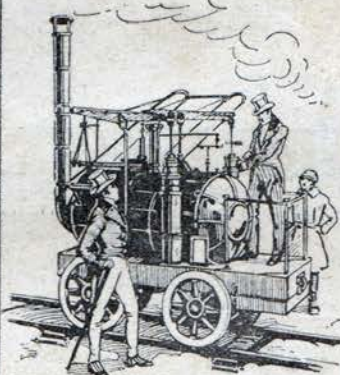
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