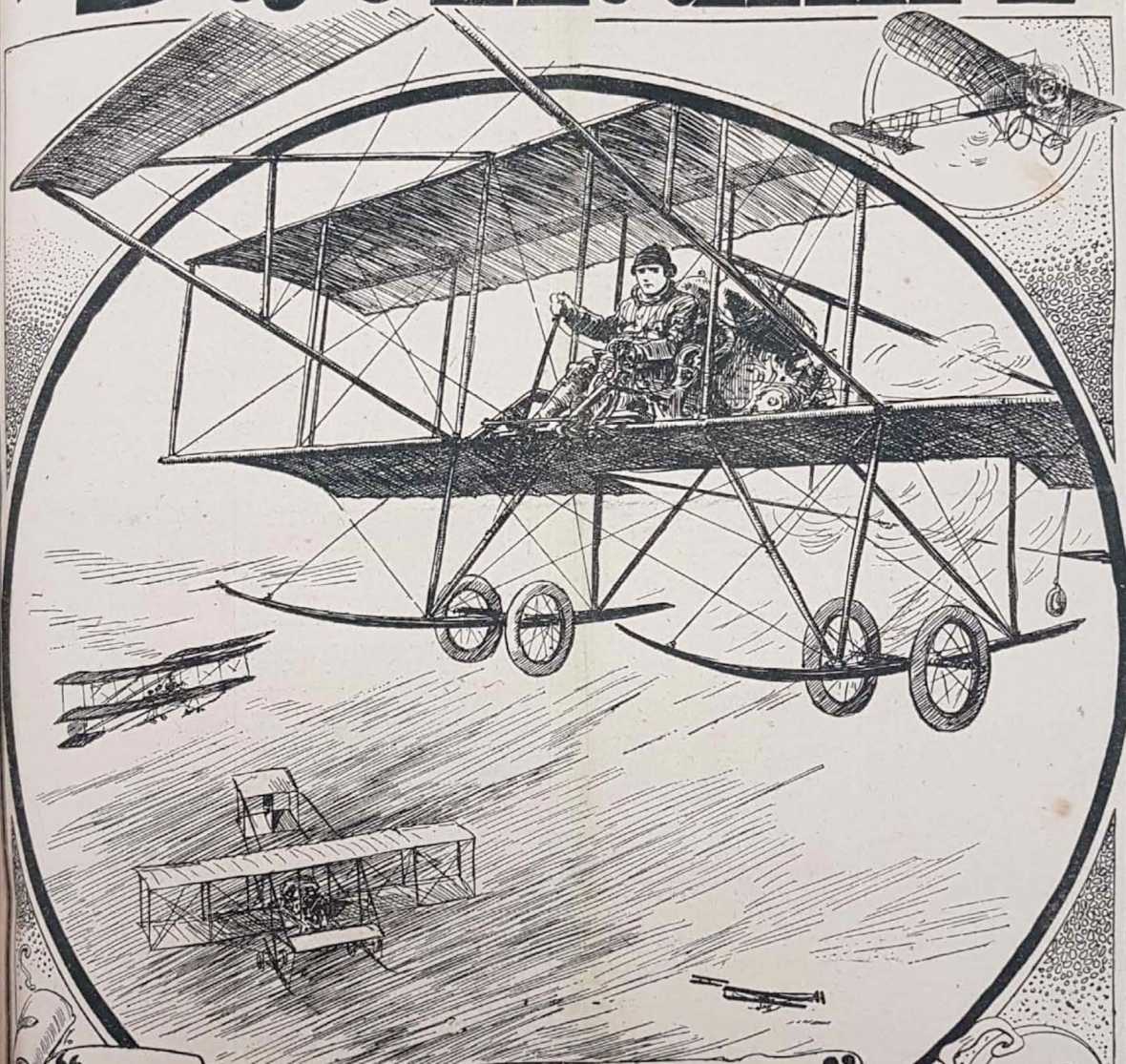


FIRST GRAND AVIATION NUMBER.

# The Boys' Realm 1<sup>d</sup>



## Number 13

A Tale of Harry Atkinson <sup>The</sup> Famous Aviator



THE PELHAM CARPENTERS.

A Screamingly Funny Complete Tale of Pelham School.

Carpentry Lesson and a Coal-cellar.

BANG! Bang! Bang! Carpenters at Pelham School were in full swing...

Mr. Spriggs, the master carpenter, a stout, red-faced man, blessed with a short temper...

"Old Spriggs looks as if he's on the war-path," whispered Bob Russell to Jack Noble...

"Confounded old rotter!" growled Jack, driving a nail home with vicious emphasis...

Mr. Spriggs, his little eyes darting all over the room, strolled round to examine the work...

There was nothing really the matter with it as far as workmanship was concerned...

"Wipe the floor with the brute!" "Ow—ow!" Let me alone, Noble, you bully...

"Now watch me!" he yelled, so that all in the workshop could hear him. "Watch me, an' I'll show you 'ow to drive a nail in proper like."

"Raising the heavy hammer, Mr. Spriggs brought it down with what was meant to be beautiful accuracy and well-judged force...

"Instead of smiting the head of the nail as he had intended to do, Mr. Spriggs brought the hammer down on his thumb with a thud...

"Ow—ow!" yelled the carpenter, dancing about on one leg, and sucking at his damaged member. "Ow—ow! Help! Confound it!"

"Thank you very much for showing me how to drive a nail, Mr. Spriggs," said Jack sweetly...

Mr. Spriggs' answer was in keeping with his bullying nature, and took the shape of a swinging cuff that caught Jack on the side of the head...

A murmur of anger ran round the workshop at the cowardly blow; but Clifford, the captain of the Shell, and Jack Noble's deadly rival, rubbed his hands together in high glee...

"Just behind Jack stood Bob Russell's bench. Bob was one of Jack's staunchest pals, and Spriggs' treatment of his chum almost made his blood boil."

"All right, you rotten cad!" he murmured. "I'll pay you out for that!"

"You confounded young scound!" snarled the carpenter, aiming another wild blow at Jack. "You did that on purpose. I've had enough of your hippocrudence, an' I shall report you to Dr. Hillingford before I leave 'ere to-day."

Mr. Spriggs had his back turned to Bob Russell as he spoke, and the Third-Former was quick to seize the opportunity offered him. Grabbing up a nail and a hammer, he leant stealthily over, and with one quick tap nailed the master-carpenter's bowler hat to the bench.

The sound of the blows passed unnoticed in the hubbub that was going on, and Mr. Spriggs continued his tirade.

"I'll have you here, you young scorpion!" he mumbled, still sucking at his damaged thumb. "You ain't safe, you ain't! Hoff I goes to the 'Ead-master!"

He turned frantically on his heel, and every eye in the workshop was upon him as he grabbed at his hat.

There was a rending tear, a burst of irrepressible laughter, and Mr. Spriggs staggered back, the brain grappled in his hand, and the eyes in a moment securely affixed to the bench, where Bob had nailed it.

If the master carpenter had been angry before, he was furious now. His beady little eyes almost started out of his head...

which almost frightened Clifford out of his life, and proposed saving his ears off.

"You leave him to me, laddies," grinned Fighting Mac, the sturdy Scots lad. "I've got a gran' idea. We can't tar an' feather him, so we'll do the next best thing."

He ran across to the other side of the workshop, and returned the next instant with a huge armful of shavings and a big gluepot.

The other boys immediately caught on to his idea, and a roar of laughter threatened to bring the roof down about their ears.

"Ha, ha, ha! That's the style, Mac!" "Go away! Get out! Let me go, you beasts!" howled Clifford, realising his impending fate.

But, despite his kicks and Mac tipped half the contents of the gluepot over his tousled head. Then the Scots lad got to work with the shavings, and in ten seconds Clifford's humiliation was complete.

All around him clustered the delighted Third-Formers, holding their sides with laughter, the tears streaming down their cheeks.

"Bide a wee, laddies!" choked Mac. "I hevna finished wi' him yet!"

Snatching up a sack, he deftly cut a hole in the bottom, and then passed it over Clifford's shoulders, drawing it down tight, so that the lad's arms were pinned helplessly to his sides.

Evans put the finishing touches to the weird-looking apparition by pinning a large sheet of thick cardboard to his back, upon which he had painted in enormous letters the words:

"Clifford the weak! Please do not touch, as it is moultin'!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Third-Formers in high glee.

"Great Scott, what a freak! It ought to be stuffed!"

"Outside with him!" cried Poddles, Pelham's prize fat boy. "Chuck him out in the quad!"

Despite his wails and protestations, Clifford was hustled across to the door, and pushed vigorously out into the big quadrangle.

Helpless as he was, with his arms tightly held to his sides, and with the shavings with which his head was coated hanging over his eyes, Clifford could not see an inch in front of him.

But his only object was to escape from his tormentors, and, almost sobbing with rage and chagrin, the captain of the Shell waddled out into the centre of the quadrangle, steering in the direction in which he judged the school-house to be.



Straight into a group of Lower School Juniors Clifford blundered, and they scattered on all sides with shrieks of laughter as they caught sight of the weird spectacle.

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"I always said Cliff was a bit of a fool, an' now it's proved."

"Furious and raging, Clifford was hustled across to the door, and pushed vigorously out into the big quadrangle."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's the style, Mac!" "Go away! Get out! Let me go, you beasts!" howled Clifford...

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"Help—help! Ow! Help! Groghosts!"

Mr. Buggins above, hearing his friend's cries, rushed to his assistance with a broom, equalled in the annals of British comedy.

He descended the stairs three steps at a time.

Snark's hurry was of a more urgent nature. He ascended the stairs five steps at a time, but there were exactly sixteen steps to go...

The impact was terrific, and with simultaneous yells of fright the two men tumbled down to the bottom of the shaft.

At the same moment, to add a final touch to the misfortune, the door of the cloak-room opened, and the sound of the door slammed shut behind them.

The figure darkened the opening above, and a head, and then, with a rattle and a clatter, three feet of coat were emptied over the shoulders of the two men.

When the thick, choking cloud of coat had somewhat cleared away, Snark lifted his head, and struck a match, and a beam of light, blinking in the darkness, fell upon the two men.

"Master Clifford!" he gasped. "Snark!" cried Clifford.

Mr. Buggins spat out a mouthful of dust and said something else, raised from his knees, and with most of the shavings still hanging across the quadrangle, in the white coat-room.

Half-way across he withdrew, and a threatening fist up at the rear of his coat, where he was sitting, was the only thing that saved him from a more serious fate.

"If only I had a stick of dynamite," he muttered. But he hadn't.

THE END.

(See this week's "B.R." for more of the adventures of the boys of Pelham School, another grand long, complete tale of "The Boys' Realm".)