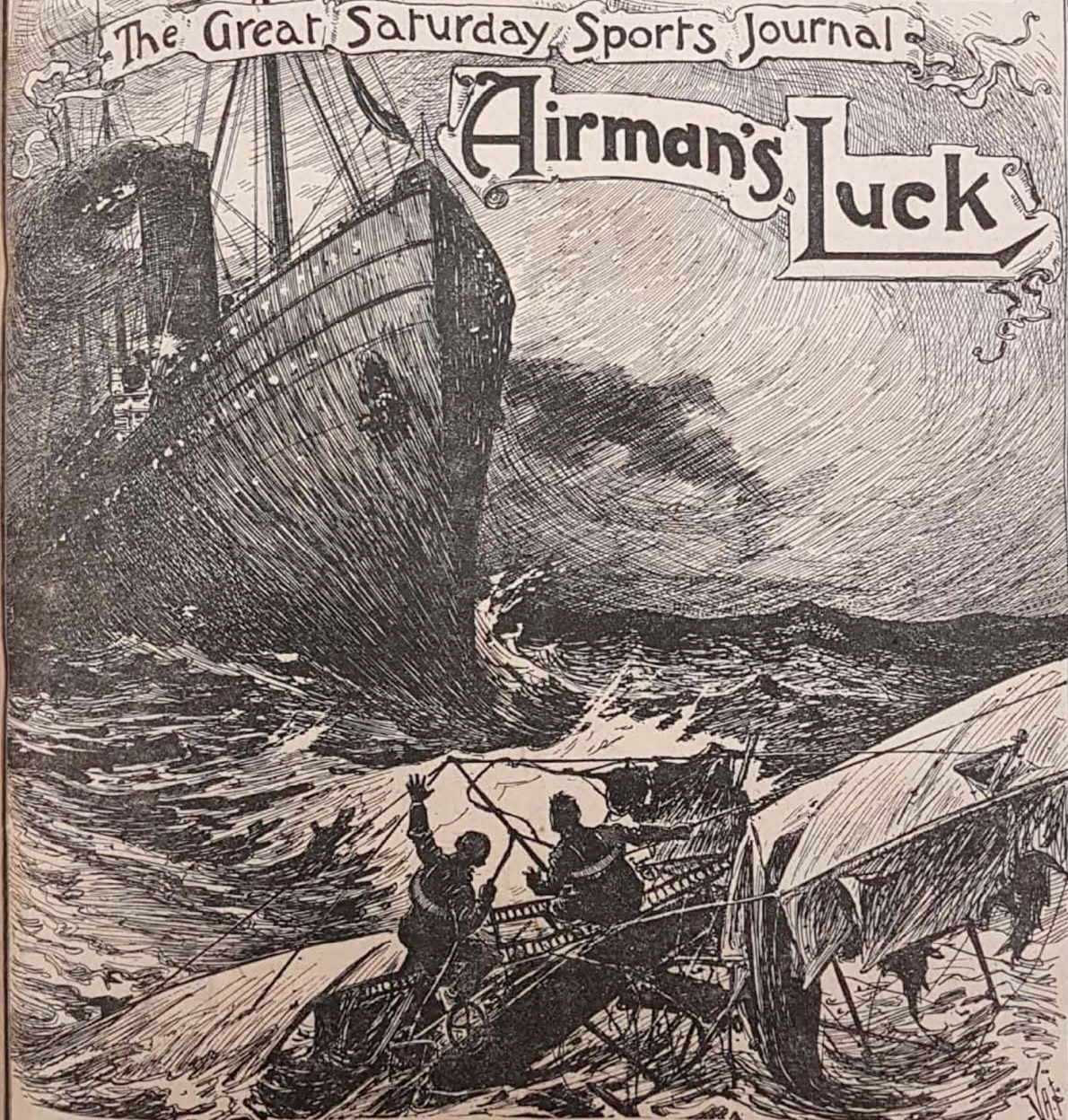


STARTLING OFFER TO JUNIOR FOOTBALLERS. (See inside.)

The Boys' Realm 19

The Great Saturday Sports Journal

Airman's Luck



A Thrilling, Complete Tale of Harry Atkinson, the Famous Aviator. By A. S. HARDY.

CAPTAIN THUNDERCLOUD



THE 1st CHAPTER. Noble and Co. to the Rescue.

"By jingo," shouted Jack Noble, breaking into a run, "there's some poor chap in difficulties! Come on, you chaps! Pelham to the rescue!"

"In with you, laddie!" roared Fighting Mac, Drake, Bob Russell, and Valence tore after the other two.

The five boys had gone for a walk together after morning school, the reason for their ramble being, as much as for anything else, a discussion concerning Clifford, their arch-enemy, and his numerous delinquencies.

Master Cliff had been exceedingly rampant of late, and Nulle and his chums were resolved upon taking immediate steps for "keeping Cliffy in his place," as they put it.

But now, with that strident call for help ringing in their ears, the burning question of the moment was for the time forgotten.

They rounded a bend of the road. Against an oak tree that bordered one side of the way, with his back to the corrugated stem, stood a stout, elderly man, clad in the garb of a merchant skipper.

Facing him were three other men, also garbed as seamen, young fellows all, one of them being armed with a stout bludgeon, evidently intended as a weapon of offence against the man at bay.

Jack Noble gave vent to a mighty yell. Fighting Mac shouted out an incoherent stream of Scotch abuse. The other three also gave tongue in no uncertain fashion.

The man with the bludgeon dropped the head he had just raised preparatory to delivering a swinging blow on the defenceless hand of his would-be victim, and uttered a slight cry of fear.

Instantly the man against the tree darted at him, and smote him to the ground with a well-directed blow of the fist. The bludgeon clattered to the earth. The aggressor instantly pounced on it.

"Now," he said grimly, "I'm ready for the lot on ye!"

But the other assailants were not built of the stuff that makes heroes. On the advent of the boys upon the scene they had at once realised that the tables had been turned. They took to their heels, with Jack Noble, Fighting Mac, and Valence in pursuit.

However, the trio did not continue the chase long.

"Let the cowards go!" panted Noble. "They ain't got any kick in 'em, that's flat." In the meanwhile the solitary survivor of the attacking party had been dragged to his feet by the old seaman.

"What'll I do with the dago?" he growled. Then he grinned at Bob Russell and Drake. "Eckon you young gentles come up just at the right moment," he said, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to ye all!"

"That's all right, captain!" said Jack Noble, who had come back upon the scene with Fighting Mac and Valence. "What does it all mean?"

"Just you hook it, you scum!" said the old salt to the wretched man, whose collar he still held. "And remember, if ever I see any of you and your pals again, I'll have you all clapped in jod!"

He gave the fellow a push. The man took the hint, and galloped off after his cowardly companions.

"Let me interduce myself!" then said the old salt. "I'm Cap'n Hawtrey, of the schooner Ocean Swell, a linn' at this moment in the harbour of Bridmouth, a matter of seven miles from here. Them three dagoes as you seed just now were my crew. One were a Dutchman, and the others—well, I dunno where they come from. We had words, and I giva 'em the push. I was comin' inland to find a noo crew. I knows of three young chaps as is sailors a-lookin' for a ship. They must ha' followed me from Bridmouth, an', as I say, if it hadn't bin for you young fellers, it'd have gone pretty hard w' me. I'm grateful to ye, and if there's anythin' as I could do to show my gratitude, you've just got to name it."

"Oh, that's all right, cap'n!" said Jack Noble. "We're only jolly glad we ha' bened to come up when we did. We don't want any blessed reward."

"Bide a wee!" said Fighting Mac unexpectedly. "I'm no' so sure that Captain Hawtrey can't give us somethin' to show his gratitude. I've ben thinking a wee bittin, and I've got the germ of an idea that may pan out grand the noo. Ye say it's seven miles from here to Bridmouth, is it?"

"Yes," replied the captain, with a grin; "but not seven Scotch miles, young gentleman; I shall be in Bridmouth a matter of ten days. We sail next Saturday week, with a cargo o' salt for London."

"That couldn't be better!" said Fighting Mac, excitedly. "But there, it's only the germ of an idea, as I've said. It'll want some talking over. I suppose a note to schooner Ocean Swell, Bridmouth, 'll find ye all right!"

"That's so," replied Hawtrey, with a grin. "But you here young sirs, today is Thursday. Would you all like to come over to Bridmouth on Saturday next?"

"That'll be a half-holiday, won't it? I can give you tea aboard the schooner, and maybe I can get the loan of a boat for a bit o' sailin' and fishin'; and then, if you've got anythin' more to say to me, you can do so then."

"Ripping!" said Jack Noble. "All!"

"I'm 'chorussed Valence, Russell, and Drake. It's the vera thing!"

"I'll be glad to see you, Fighting Mac jocularly. But mum's the word, my laddies! We don't want news of this to get about for, if my idea's to come off, we must work with secrecy—ye ken? I've got the germ of a glorious notion."

"If you own bikes," said the captain, "you can pop over to Bridmouth in under the hour. I'll expect you sometime about three. We'll have an hour or so on the sea, and then we'll have tea aboard. D'ye want me to come and see your head-master to get leave for ye?"

"No, thank you, captain!" said Jack Noble. "We'll manage that all right. We must get back to the school now. And we're awfully grateful to you."

"The shock on the other foot there!" answered the skipper. "If you hadn't come up when you did that while back, those three dagoes might have done me down. The curse! I sha'n't be troubled with them any more, I'm thinking. When I go back to Bridmouth it'll be with Bill Marley and Fred Farr and young Harry Bird. That'll be enough to settle a score o' lily-livered dagoes, I'm thinking!"

So for the time being the boys bade adieu to their new-made friend. As soon as he was out of earshot and eyesight Mac remarked: "I wonder if we shall be able to pull it off? If so, it'll be the score of our lifetime, me laddies!"

"What's the caper?" asked Jack Noble. "First of all, it's Clifford we want to do in the eye, isn't it?" said Mac. "Well, I've got a notion that'll simply mean— Well, I don't know what it will mean. Only we'll have to go cautious. The captain'll have to help us."

"But let's hear more!" cried the others. "Come back to the study," said Fighting Mac. "I'd rather get it off the chest there than here. There's a good deal of detail to be arranged. Oh, but it's great—great, canny idea!"

And he chuckled to himself, until Jack Noble dug him in the ribs good-humouredly.

"Come off the grass, you blithering old Highlander! Though, mind you, we're in it with both feet, all of us. You know that?"

"Ay," said Fighting Mac cheerfully, "I ken that well!"

THE 2nd CHAPTER. Noble's Crowd Visits Bridmouth.

Jack Noble and his chums had duly asked for and obtained leave to take Saturday afternoon off for the purpose of a bicycle excursion. For sundry reasons, chiefly because they had no desire that

Clifford and his cronies should get any inkling of whether the boys were broad, he specified the exact time of their departure. Secrecy is our watchword. Fighting Mac had said, "I've got a notion that'll simply mean— Well, I don't know what it will mean. Only we'll have to go cautious. The captain'll have to help us."

It was a glorious day. The wind was of good condition, and the quest took place along towards the destination. The boys had remarked Jack's sea was, "I've got a hill, and saw below from as late as the horizon. "Why didn't we visit 'em before?"

"Dunno," said Bob Russell; "but the reason we shouldn't think of it for the first time is that the masts of shipping and the presence of the sea that they had reached the little station of Bridmouth."

Against a wall, with a short cry upon the corner of his mouth, jumped a gray-haired mailman. Jack Noble jumped to his feet. "Good-afternoon, admiral!"

"Can you direct me and my pals to the Swell?"

"If it's the pub, you're askin' after the turn of the old seaman gruffly. I'll be in 'em ye. Boys like you ought to be drinking tea still; though I'll be admittin' 'em to tea this afternoon, and I'd not mind no to a wee nip."

"He winked, and the boys grinned. "We may like that, but you're, boys, boys! And he handed the old fellow two silver coins were transferred into the capacious breeches-pocket of the old salt."

"Ocean Swell, schooner, tea, and a barrel of salt in the dock, master!"

"I'll be in 'em ye. Boys like you ought to be drinking tea still; though I'll be admittin' 'em to tea this afternoon, and I'd not mind no to a wee nip."

"The old image thinks we want to run over to sea," muttered Valence.

"And ain't he a prize liar?" whispered Drake.

"How many times did ye say ye'd ben wrecked?" asked Fighting Mac.

"Seven hundred and fifteen times!" turned the old salt without a blink.

"Two hundred odd more since we've ben talking to you!" answered Mac dryly. "You won the medal, old sport. Here you see, never give less."

"That'll do for a thimbleful o' rum, as the mariner reflectively, not a bit offended. I once bought a barrel full o' pearls with a right farthing from an African chief, who was supposed to be a genuine article, but I found them to be no more than he expected. Got the barrel about and would have made millions out o' them pearls, if Sennacherib, our tame crocodile, hadn't eaten the lot for breakfast, and then come outside by jumping overboard. He was slain by a shark. A year later the shark was slain by a fishing-boat, and the pearls were inside him. That fellow was an unfair wale!"

"Made his pile. Well, he was an unfair wale," Noble, while the others roared with laughter.

"But, see here," went on Jack, "we've got to be in it with both feet, all of us. You know that?"

"Ay," said Fighting Mac cheerfully, "I ken that well!"

"We'll keep along the quay till we see the Ocean Swell," replied the old seaman.

A few minutes later Captain Hawtrey was smoking a pipe aboard his vessel, answering the hail of the boys.

(Continued on the next page)

YOUR EDITOR'S MAMMOTH OFFER TO JUNIOR FOOTBALL LEAGUES

Solid Silver Cups, Silver Medals, and Hundreds of Match Footballs to be Given Away!

The Editor of THE BOYS' REALM is prepared to present Twenty Solid Silver Challenge Cups to Twenty bona-fide Junior Football Leagues throughout the country. Secretaries of Leagues desirous to possess one of these handsome Trophies should make application now. Form of application will be found below.

- The following are the Conditions under which the Cups and Medals will be given:
 - The League must play the game according to the Rules laid down by the Football Association.
 - Each League must be a properly constituted League in which the clubs engage in a genuine competition.
 - Each form of entry must be accompanied by full particulars of the competition, which must be of one season's standing, or if formed this season must be accompanied by indisputable proof that it is a genuine competition.
 - In cases where Leagues already possess a trophy, but are desirous of securing silver medals for the winning team, this should be stated when application is being made.

THIS FORM TO BE CAREFULLY FILLED IN!

Name of League _____

Year of Formation _____

Number of Clubs in League _____

Secretary's Name and Address _____

This form, together with full particulars of the League, to be addressed to the Secretary, THE BOYS' REALM League, 23-29, Bouverie St., Fleet St., London, E.C.

The Editor of THE BOYS' REALM will himself select the Leagues to be recipients of the Cups and Medals from the applications sent

SOMETHING TO TALK TO YOUR CHUMS ABOUT!

