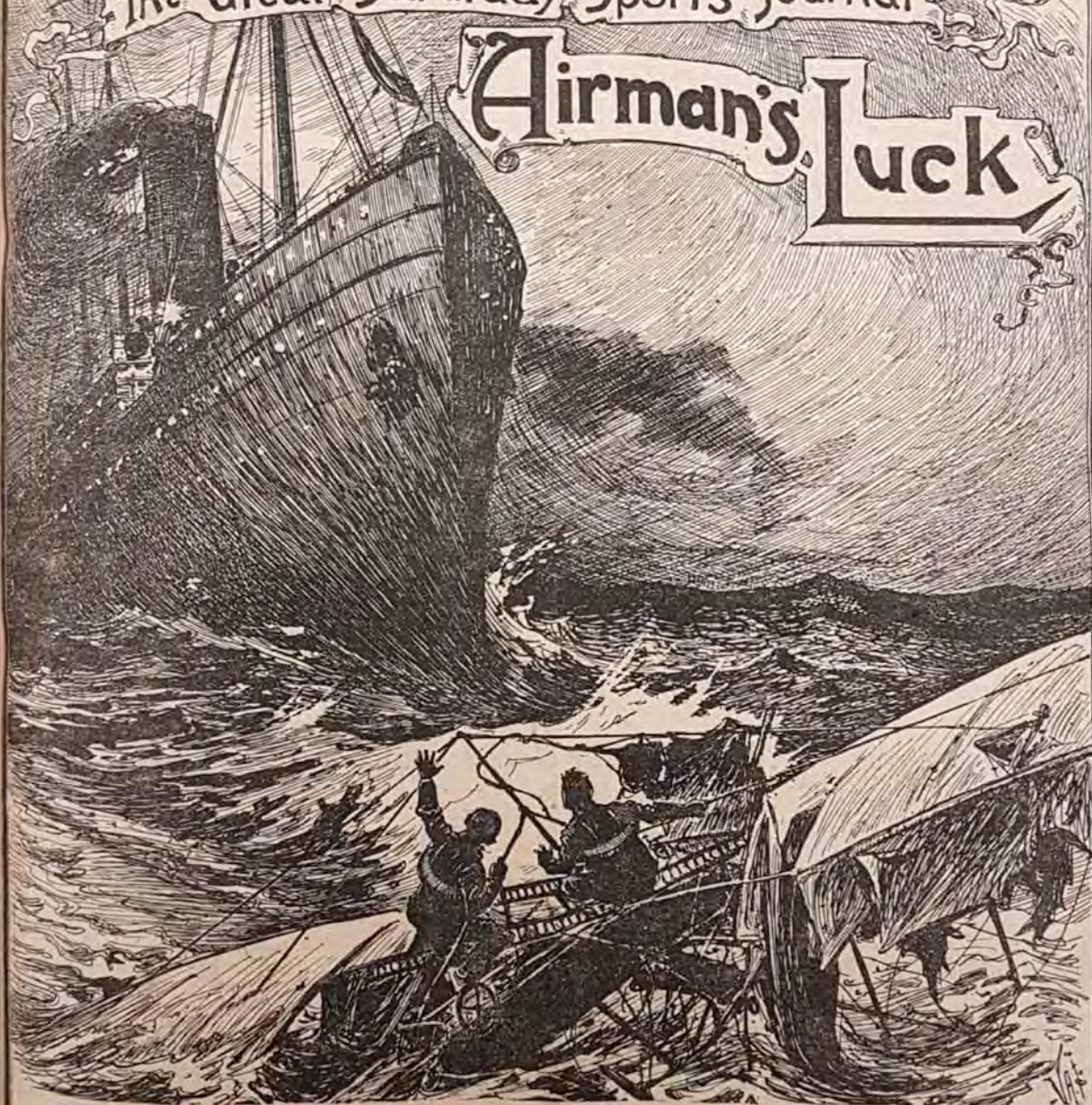


STARTLING OFFER TO JUNIOR FOOTBALLERS. (See inside.)

The Boys' Realm 1^o

The Great Saturday Sports Journal

Airman's Luck



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



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, Ivah Russell, and Valence tore after the other two.

The five boys had gone for a walk together after morning school, the reason for their rambling 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 Noble and his chums were resolved upon taking immediate steps for "keeping Clifford 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 ash-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 of hay.

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 an uncertain fashion.

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

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

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

Just 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.

"Look on you young gentles as 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 o' you and your pals again, I'll have you all clapped in jail!"

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-lyin' at this moment in the harbour o' Bridmouth, a matter o' seven mile 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 give 'em the push. I was comin' inland to find a noo crew. I knows of three young chaps as is sailors lookin' for a ship. They must ha' followed me from Bridmouth, an', as I say, if it hadn't be for you young fellers, it'd have gone pretty hard wi' me. I'm grateful to ye, and if there's anything 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' been to come up when we did. We don't want any blowed reward."

"Hide a wee!" said Fighting Mac unexpectedly. "I'm no' so sure that Captain Hawtrey can't give us something to show his gratitude. I've been thinking a wee bit, and I've got the germ of an idea that may pay 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."

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 bike," 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 shoe's 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, no 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 out 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 it. 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 notion of whether they were bound to go or not, specified the exact limit of their excursion.

It was a glorious day, and the weather was good condition, and the quiet beauty of the along towards the distant horizon.

"Didn't realise the sea was so close to the horizon," said Jack Noble, as at last they reached the horizon. "Why didn't we start a wee before?"

"Dunno," said Bob Russell; "but the reason we shouldn't think of it for a wee is that masts of shipping and the tops of the hills of rather insignificant-looking business that they had reached the little seaport town of Bridmouth."

Against a wall, with a short clay pipe in the corner of his mouth, stood a grizzled old sailor-maid, Jack Noble judged a crew of the

"Good afternoon, admiral!" he said. "Can you direct me and my pals to the town?"

"If it's the pub. you're askin' about, it's turned the old seaman gruffly. 'I don't know ye. Boys like you ought to be drinkin' the still; though I'll be admittin' it's a wee bit afternoon, and I'd not say no to a wee nip!"

He winked, and the boys grinned.

"We may take that as a wee hint, but I've asked Jack. Here you are, meemister! Coins were transferred from the pocket of the old salt."

Ocean Swell, schooner, to be loaded with unloading sail in the dock, master's hand on the door, he said gruffly. "Well, I would do it if I was a young fellow. It's a bad life; and besides, I'm not so sure as you say the advice of an old sailor who's been in the way ain't banished through chaps like you."

As you couldn't see no blessed sign of who's been shipwrecked, first handed on off the Ginny coal, who's his on a salt's a ferocious goat for three weeks. Sailing on all beer and skittles. You're back on your marmies, and say as how you've changed your mind."

The old image thinks we want to renege on a murrered Valence."

"And ain't he a prize fiar?" asked Drake.

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

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

"Two hundred odd more times we're talking to you!" answered Mac drily. "I've won the medal, old sport. Here you are, never give less."

And he pressed a letter into the seaman's horny hand.

"That'll do for a thimbleful o' rum for the mariner reflectively, not a bit offend!" once bought a barrel full of pearls with a farthing from an African chief, who was a common factor on the coast, and had more than he expected. Got the barrel about him and would have made millions out of the pearls, if Sennacherib, our tame ostrich, had eaten the lot for breakfast and then committed suicide by jumping overboard. He was slain by a shark. A year later the shark was met by a fishing-boat, and the pearls were inside him. That feller who can't swim made his pile."

And full of beautiful ink!" put in Noble, while the others roared with laughter.

"But, see here," went on Jack, "moment or two, we don't want to see Cap'n's sea, boss, ye."

So well kept along the quay till they met 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:

I. The League must play the game according to the Rules laid down by the Football Association.

II. Each League must be a properly constituted League in which the clubs engage in a genuine competition.

III. 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.

IV. 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, 22-29, Boulevard 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!

