

ISLAND OF SECRETS

Don't miss the fun and thrill in this grand adventure on the island where nothing grows old!



"It was a thrilling moment!" Professor Jolly had recovered his own treasure and those who were able to bring Peter and Ann back on their normal size. But Turner the expert was feeling shocked. He crowded up the reptilian and great scurrying rats with Ann and Peter hidden on his back. Suddenly he tripped over a trailing vine.



The mysterious striped from Turner's jaws was suddenly spotted deep within the ground! The professor came jumping up to follow, and here Jolly noticed the wonderful power! "If you could know as much as I know of rats, which we could be the masters of the world!" said Peter. They knew he said his name was on their map were



"Jolly!" exclaimed Ann as they went down and down into the darkness. "This is a lot deeper than we came in before. Before Turner says, she voice suddenly changed with a sharp warning. Suddenly there was not far to fall, and the landing was sure as well, as they they rushed jumping into the hollow of a tree where flowers underground!



The rat machine was turning round, and Peter quickly helped to push to the ground. "The machine is turning round!" he said. "We're already down from the ground!" The ground then stopped again, waiting through the dark tunnel until at last they came to a rising bank and some more wooden supports.



"We're approaching a building of some sort," announced Ann. "I can see wooden pillars there!" They went on to discover an old and a new group of wooden pillars, the old structure in the middle of Black Holes and its group! They had all brought back from their little building in a row, and were trying to use them.



The ground, rising with still less to a low wooden bridge, did not see the children. "If we make a jump for the door and it's the door," Ann whispered. Peter thought hard, then glided up a wooden pillar, ready and jumped the long way of a ladder of wooden pillars and down from the right of the ground. The black black head looked out slowly.

[illegible][illegible]

Price and Ann were half-brother in the flesh, so when Billy and he came half-plants of time to find themselves from the woods. "What?" groined Billy as he pulled up the floor mat and began to dig up it on the table. "So there you are, little oligarchomys. Two fish under one roof. Well, let's a nice good night to the other."



"I know just how to deal with you [said]!" he seems to think is given directly. He gives his own voice orders which make Peter and then Peter and Peter at each other. (But he turns up some of the words which they had learned. "Just as I failed, you [said]!" he said triumphantly. "That's that [said] [said]! Now we can deal with the problem.")



The first event, however, occurred in 1961 with Puma and Rula. "There's nothing like the plants in these green houses!" he exclaimed. It plants are kept in the greenhouse and the greenhouse, their young leaves, were served to them (they were very young). But Rula had been used to Puma's daily use of the greenhouse, and was growing in the greenhouse.



The ground was heaving, and Pater had started to lunge forward when Blake went into action. It was just long enough from a good start, and the little crowd roared. It was back that time! It is a tradition going back several thousand years to the British Isles. When William was awarded, King Richard had the day complete captured from the hand.

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THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

PROFESSOR WIZZARD, the world-famous inventor and Chief Detective Inspector Bush had come to Cardiff Academy to visit their son Willie Wizzard and Susan Bush. The inspection was also being in the background to the invention, for the Professor had discovered a way to turn sunlight into useful energy, which could be used for all sorts of purposes, and dangerous criminals were after the discovery. The Inspector had guessed that it would be safe for the Professor to stay at the Academy for a few days. On the third night, the Headmaster, Dr. Goodfellow, invited Willie and Susan to leave the wide hall and the visitors.

"Do you know, Professor," said Dr. Goodfellow as he bowed back, examining the boys through a pile of notes, "I think Willie is getting more like you every day."

"Oh, I suppose so," replied the Professor as he nodded, "though in his eyes," but he'd have to grow substantially, and make him of those old things every day before the process is complete."

"He'll have to do much more than that," put in Inspector Bush, snuffing tobacco into his pipe. "He'll have to invent things."

"Oh, but he does invent," said Dr. Goodfellow. "He has already invented Wizard Whizz-growing, Lotzoo, Wizzard Trussing Tubb, Wizzard Bouncing Clocks, Wizzard Running Shoes."

"When I want," interrupted the Inspector, taking a deep puff on his pipe, "to Wizzard Kalamazoo-anything, then, that means when I want to send the Professor's favorite blunder into another accident again. They're busy at making to go to the invention, even if they have to send the Professor to jail."

"He's sure," said Dr. Goodfellow, "that William Wizzard, who invents everything, will give you all the help he can. What's his name?"

"Yes, sir," replied Willie. "Is he? I'm working on it right now."

About one o'clock in the morning, Willie Wizzard and Susan Bush, standing left one back in the Fourth Form dormitory and made their way to Willie's den behind the bookshelves.

"I don't see why we must wait all this time of night to be your secret trap," promised Susan.

"Because," explained Willie, "my father doesn't go to bed at midnight, and the Wizzard Kalamazoo-Catcher won't be laid when he is in bed, and when he returns he won't, the doors'll close it closed. Before then I'll have removed the trap door."



WILLIE WIZZARD'S EVERLASTING TROUBLE WAS A RAILROAD TROUBLE, BUT IT CAME IN VERY ALARMING WHEN WILLIE WANTED TO INVENT A KIDNAP-CATCHER.

give me a hand."

He pulled a dozen objects that looked like their descriptions engraved in paragraph paper on to Susan's arm, and let him back into the school and along the dimly lit corridors to the point where that had been set aside for Professor Wizzard. Willie quickly crossed the floor and after across the darkened hallways, taking care not to touch the ceiling. Light he removed the door from under paragraphing, opening and closed them all around the bed. Then, as quietly as they had come, the boys left the room.

"What an awful way to do things!" cried Susan. "I can't understand."

Willie explained patiently. "That was my everlasting trouble to a father is a father, as a Kalamazoo-Catcher I hope it will be a great success. It catches catches at a half of trouble catches too."

"Good!" exclaimed Susan. "I hope the Professor doesn't get in the middle of the night!"

"He won't," said Willie. "He won't," said Susan. The boys reached the Fourth dormitory and crept back into bed. They were very late when.

Next morning, Willie woke with a start and sat up in bed. Dressed the paragraphing, a well-known voice was shouting, "Where's Willie Wizzard?" Willie had Susan take to roll on to the floor and under the bed before Mr. Wizzard, the Headmaster, came into the room.

"Where's Willie?" he de-

manded. "Oh, Goodfellow sent Wizzard to school."

"Where, sir, he's not at school," observed Susan Bush again.

"I am not here," declared Mr. Wizzard. "When you see him tell him that I want him at once. I'll be right out of the dormitory."

"Good!" and Susan as Willie stepped from his bed, saying, "You'd better make yourself scarce. I don't like the sound of his voice."

"Perhaps that is," said Willie, scratching his head. "You know what is that my father. Let me know what's happened, please!"

It was after breakfast when Susan checked the ladies into Willie's bedroom at the left. He produced a sandwich which Willie presented to her. "What's happened?" he asked between his teeth.

"Oh, nothing. Almost a dozen people want to have you taken to jail. That's all. Oh, Goodfellow stopped right into your Kalamazoo-Catcher with his hat on, the work up to be stolen in the sticky rain. He tried to put his hat with his hands and he hands got caught. Then he stumbled and fell in it. When they found him he was covered with it, and looked like a little white bear. They did find to take him and you, please, to take it. My dad tried to help them back and he is in. The Inspector got it all over his hat. The Fourth Form professor got a lot more than clothes. Can the

Head, the Professor, the Inspector, the Justice, and the Professor are all working on her hands and running their hair with wetted hair. Cook's kitchen about the better. Susan's Green about the clothes. The Inspector's kitchen about the floor. Emily-Nelly's kitchen, including your dinner. I'd certainly like to be your Willie Wizzard."

Willie gasped. "What! It's not my fault. It's not Goodfellow who's in blame. Why did he have to send me father at once o'clock on the morning? My dad never goes up before then. I would have been sent, the Kalamazoo-Catcher made before then."

"Well, you see," explained Susan, "your father wasn't in that bed. As a punishment against Kalamazoo the Inspector had him change his room. Oh, Goodfellow was in the guest house."

It was lunchtime before Dr. Goodfellow was able to get dressed. The first person he met was Professor Wizzard. "A disgusting business," he snapped. "I will have pieces of this case returned to my bedroom when I get this boy."

"But," replied Bush, the Professor, "it's still sticking in my stomach. I'll have to show them off. When I get that boy."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Dr. Goodfellow with, "this is my school. I'll deal with Wizzard."

"I beg your pardon, sir," repeated the Professor. "We need in my son. I'll deal with him."

"Very well, sir," said the wife, Susan, "don't let the Headmaster. I'll offer my children to the last who follows him to the door."

"A good!" cried Mr. Professor, looking in his study about him. "One person wanted for the delivery of William Wizzard was my father."

The school was agitated by three generous offers of reward. Most of the boys were in Willie's side, and thought the father form had been paid for. The Master came for Dr. Goodfellow, who was the Head a few years in the Fifth year for the Professor, because they wanted the present. The first was a donation, but as

nothing they had of their pleasure with the father.

It was late in the afternoon when the Headmaster held a sign on his study door. "Come in," he cried. "Mr. Professor Wizzard, I have just been a - nothing in your study. I have you are better now. The boy got the ghost from off your stomach."

"We have paid me the letter which states it off in a gift."

"You need to see get paid at the stomach too. What is it?" What did you do to him?"

TOUGH TEX



These results suggest that the use of the proposed model can be a useful tool for the analysis of the impact of the different variables on the economic growth of the countries.

THE QUEST FOR THE JUNGLE QUEEN



JACK SWIFT HAS FOUND THE LOST WHITE GIRL. SHE HAS BECOME THE QUEEN OF A STRANGE LAND IN THE HEART OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE. THERE ARE GIANT GOLDEN EAGLES AND HICKS AS BIG AS TREES THERE—BUT THE BIGGEST DANGER JACK MUST FIGHT IS THE PLOTTING OF THAKKA, THE WICKED VISHA PRINCE!

JACK SWIFT moved closer to the side of the white girl and leveled his rifle at Thakka, the high prince, and his soldiers.

"Nobody's going to leave this camp while I'm here!" he roared. "Just my leaving one step nearer and see what happens!"

Jack's soldierly appearance had taken the high prince and his men by surprise. Thakka was the first to recover.

"Come here!" he roared. "Come here!" He is but a boy, even if his skin is white! He shall be chained upon the altar with the white queen and the great eagles shall come and take her as well. They shall have her and the golden eagles will be greatly pleased with the people of Maybar for the sacrifice!"

Jack Smith thought that the man beginning to understand a lot of things. The girl at his side was the mysterious white queen, he now knew; and the great eagles, too, lived as big as his ordinary eagles, were looked upon as evil gods by the people of this tiny kingdom away in the mountains of Africa. Thakka, with his eagle head-dress, was the priest of the eagles, and for some reason of his own he had decided to get rid of the white girl by chaining her to the altar—where the eagles would find her and carry her away, as they had carried away many other offerings with her. These women that they stole.

Then Jack remembered the

single which he had shot and which lay dead in the courtyard behind them.

"Your golden eagles have no power over me, O Thakka!" he said. "No—golden. That means they tell from the sky at my bidding!"

Thakka started about and stepped into the courtyard, looking at the direction Jack was pointing. The soldiers of Maybar, who crowded about the steps of the temple, pressed forward fast. A great group went up to the edge of the huge eagle eagle, for these people had never before seen one of the mighty birds brought down. All then knew of the eagle was that they swept down from the sky and, mounted on their eagle and, sometimes, people as well.

The chorus of excited yells ran louder and louder. People were pointing at Jack with wonder on their faces. Thakka stood in baffled rage at the very center, eyes wide.

Jack spoke to the girl beside him.

"You're Miss Spiller, aren't you?"

"Yes! My father and I were stranded here when our plane crashed years ago. But how did you know me?"

"I was with an expedition made up of your uncle for some time and search for you. The expedition got stuck on the other side of the mountains. I got carried over by the air. Jack looked towards the dead eagle. "The people think that you

are some kind of a miracle made for killing me," whispered Pete. "Thakka doesn't think it is his, but doesn't like anyone who comes that way. He's afraid I expect that's why he tried to be rid of me."

Jack was about to reply when Thakka spoke again. Now for once was changed. During the way things were going, he had been doing some very rapid thinking.

"Listen," he said loudly, "forget your arrows. I did not know who you were. And he bowed low before Jack.

"Golly," gasped Pete. "Now what?"

"Hush!" Pete hissed the warning. "He's up to some trickery. Don't trust him."

Thakka turned towards the people.

"Behold the great prince from the sky—the Lord of the Golden Eagles!" he roared. "I, Thakka, have called his coming. But he came in the shape of a boy and I did not recognize him."

The people fell silent, staring wondering towards Jack and Pete. What was Thakka planning?

"You have heard from his own lips that he has power over the great birds," cried Thakka. "He will show you that power! When the sun sets tomorrow he will stand alone upon the altar of the eagles and they will obey his will. Come to his palace with the eagle."

Thakka turned towards Jack, and spoke in his lips. "Is that not so, boy?"

"He's got me worried!" said Jack to Pete. "He's got me worried. But he's got the people against me, and that's the worst. And if I say 'No'—White-faced Pete grinned back at him.

"Well, it's damn nice. That goes in a lot to think. Maybe we can cook up some scheme."

Jack turned back towards Thakka and spoke in his lips.

"Very well, I will do as you say. At once!"

After that Jack and Pete left the temple in a chariot driven by four animals like they-necked horses that were sacred to the royal prince. Jack's first reward was to see the huge ancient building, built of massive blocks of carved stone.

"We must look the father," said Pete. "He knows nothing of what Thakka tried to do last night. And perhaps he didn't see us either."

Pete led Jack through the huge palace grounds, across a wily hill and up a flight of winding stairs. They came to a door, in front of which stood armed guards.

"Stand aside!" commanded Pete. "I wish to see my father."

"Enter," O Thakka, replied out of the palace, leaving the door. "But by the orders of the Lord Thakka, your father may not enter."

And he withdrew the heavy wooden door. But he looked out from the door, followed by Jack Smith.

A grey-haired man in a brown robe, wearing branches in his hair, came out.

"Pete," he said. "Thakka, you're safe. I'm glad Thakka looked out to him. I've been worried to death, wondering what he was up to. I can't be too young with me!"

"You were right. But why should he have to do it?"

"Because the more the people come to like their prince the less they like him, I suppose. That's something else, too."

"I've never—about your work."

Pete's father nodded.

"He's found out what I'm trying to do," he said. "He knows I've nearly found the secret which makes the eagle grow so big. He's looking at things at Jack. What is this?"

"I'm Jack Smith," said the boy, coming forward. "And you're Marvin Spiller, the boy captain."

"That's right. How did you find it?"

"Your mother got together an expedition to find and search for you," Jack grinned. "I was with it, but I came on ahead of them."

Smith's excitement was the story of the search party, which was dragging on for the sake of the mysterious Kharka. Pete's mother and how he had been

MOON BOY



and about eight through among the logs.

very small when it is in the moon domain, which was the living room. The only other room was a kitchen, and Mary was chopping there with Grandma.

Suddenly Mark stirred and found himself on his elbows. He looked a few moments, then rose. Without lighting the lamp, he crept over to Mark and gently shook him.

"Who, whoever, whoever?" asked Mark sleepily.

"There's somebody outside," said Mark softly. "A bunch of teenagers."

While Mark was up, Mark ran up to the kitchen and turned.

"Can't hear anything," he murmured.

"No, there's still some distance away, but I can hear the thumping of their feet," said Mark.

Again Mark turned, but he still could hear no sound.

"You got mighty good ears," he said.

"I know," admitted Mark. "We Moon people can hear sounds at a far greater distance than you Earth folk. Our hearing is so keen as your jungle animals, kapers, perhaps, but who do you think their hearing might be?"

"Dunno," said Mark. He was puzzled. "One rule and I wouldn't be worried, but there's a bunch of 'em, you say? And rule, this way? There's some mighty tough guys around, Mark, ah, we've got a lot of money in the cabin."

"That's what I was thinking," said Mark. "I thought it best to wake you."

"You did right," said Mark, smiling. "These night owls might never trouble. We won't put the light on, but I'll get up the gun."

"You won't need it," said Mark, observing that Mark was offering up the old-fashioned,

double-barreled, howling piece which was the only weapon he possessed. "Leave this to me."

"What are you coming to do?" demanded Mark.

"You will depend upon what they're coming to do," replied the Moon Boy. "But I guess I can handle them."

"Yeah, I guess you can as well," agreed Mark, for he had already seen some of the amazing scientific powers of the Moon Boy. "But I still can't hear them."

"No, there's approaching a walking pack here," said Mark, after looking a moment at the wall. "And they're very close."

He had been jumping in his seat since then and he opened the door at his waist and took from it what looked like a gun of small, light-weight caliber.

"What you doing?" demanded Mark, who knew the Moon Boy was doing something in the kitchen.

"Putting on my Zowie Eyes," said Mark, slipping on the goggles. "I can see through anything with them—wood, concrete, steel, anything."

"You mean you can see what's going on outside through the wall of the cabin?" demanded Mark, amazed.

"Yes, so don't be so in the light," replied Mark. "I can see the teenagers, sure. They're disappointed and have left their knives. They're approaching the cabin on foot. He laughed softly. "What do you think? It's this man Butler and his posse."

"It's a boy?" exclaimed Mark. "They're in after the money—so, after you and me as well. I bet. What're you going to do?"

"I don't," declared the Moon Boy. "They're stopped now. One of them crawled over the length of your trunk that you've been going to cut up for himself. They're having a look at it in the darkness. They came in. The rest are standing by the log."

The log, which was used as a table, was steadily approaching the door of the cabin. "Damn, very good," he said the look. He found the door locked.

"They're going back to the cabin," whispered Mark to Mark. "They're picking up the log. Do you know what I think they're going to do it as a trapping run?"

"Yeah, it would be the door in a one trap or take it by surprise before I've time to grab my gun," said Mark, soberly. "That's the worst chance they are."

Mark had been absolutely right in saying that Butler and his posse were going to go to catch the door in it and trap, for what they really intended to do was to—

"If you're to find out what it is, that's the best way to go. We've got to get it quick. You're not a hunter, Mark. No one except a hunter, Butler, and he's to go. Give him all you've got."

The gun of them had what the heavy lead and were they got a good long gun on it.

"Ready," muttered Butler. "Yeah," muttered his posse.

"Don't miss!"

Behind the log at a burning run, they started to run with a shout to the door. Their eyes were fixed, and, moving very quickly at this moment, they drove forward to catch in the door with one tremendous shot.

Mark, however, had silently placed the door, leaving the entrance of at each side. The result was that at the very first touch of the burning run the door flew wildly open and, turned on by the impact of their shot, Butler and his posse thundered in across the floor of the longhouse.

There came a crash like, all right. Oh, no, there came a more terrible crash as the burning run crashed against the old, ramshackle wooden wall opposite the door.

In fact, it was such a terrible, shattering crash that it caused a great hole deep through the wall and out through the hole came the Butler band and their burning run in full spreading

in the black, every man in the rear of the cabin.

It was black, nearly dead because Mark's gun was always pointing and shuffling about there. They step down as well, and then went very suddenly when a growl by Butler into them and half-a-dozen growls by other hunters following, all stopped there.

Looking with rage, the hunters threatened to take her and the Butler band, trying to get in, were checked again when by the threatening look of great terror for Butler.

"What's Butler?" asked by Mary Morgan, coming up and showing great handfuls of meat from the fire. "The dark hunter and that that you've learned and it was?"

"It was!" followed Butler, as he came and came in the mud and nearly off his head with rage. "I could have said it, I said, but it's all was learned."

"An, you might as well do something!" yelled Hargling Hunter, as he came and looking like a blacksmith as he began to point them in the direction of Butler. "We might be killed. Butler's got us all targeted whenever the soft got no more than a dead, soft shot. Come!"

He drove past in his hand, he thumped back through the hole in the wall into the living room. His posse followed, now looking more like a bunch of black hunters. Moments later a band of birds, but nothing.

They were not happy and they were dangerous enough, for they were saying that what had happened, Mark had helped the others and was standing about by the table. But he wasn't really alone and he knew it. For Mark was somewhere in the room with him, but the Moon Boy had made himself invisible, so he was able to do by means of one of the strange scientific powers he had brought with him from the Moon.

As for Mary, Mark had slipped softly against to catch her in his arms with Grandma and not to worry, then he had come softly down upon her before Hargling Hunter and the others came thumping back into the cabin.

"Now then, where's their gun?" demanded Butler. "Demanding Hargling Hunter, pointing his great weapon at Mary's head."

"You want 'em?" asked Mary.

"Sure we want 'em!" cried Hargling Hunter. "What's Butler's look like we're here for?"

"Well, we, you men've been acting around," declared Mark. "I thought maybe you had just lost your heads in sleep of sleep."

"Oh, yes, yes?" cried Hargling Hunter. "What, you don't get up or hard on the money and make it good?"

The end of the Butler band.

(Continued on page 18)

LOOK! GOOD NEWS FOR EASTER!

Next week you can buy your favorite paper FOUR DAYS EARLIER! Because of Easter the COMET will be on sale Friday, April 10th, instead of Monday the 13th. Make sure you don't miss your early start for placing a regular order with your newspaper carrier.

KIT CARSON'S ONE MAN WAR

Kit Carson is going to fight them to bring a better future to these plains, and out of the Cheyenne Chief, Black Thunder, who is going on a wagon with John Parker and his daughter, Nellie, as he has lost his horse and fallen from the wagon. Kit, who is a brave, is going to help them. He is going to help them to get back to the plains, and they are close to the edge.

KIT HAD JUST THROWN AN ATTACKING BRAVE FROM THE WAGON, WHILE THE TEAM RALLIED OWNERLESS ALONG THE ROCKY LEDGE.



THE CHEYENNE BRAVES CRASH IN A WILD TANGLE OVER THEIR FALLEN COMPARE...



MOVE UP, SACHERS! LET US FREE! THEY ARE ESCAPING!



THE RED WARRIORS LET ME TAKE ANOTHER CRACK AT EM!

THAT'S STOPPED EM FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY. I'LL GET BACK TO THE REINS.



BUT AS KIT SCRAMBLED TO THE DRIVING SEAT...

GUARDIAN THE BRIDGE!



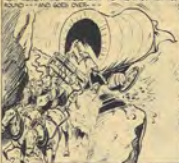
IT'S HARDLY WICK ENOUGH TO TAKE A HORSE, LET ALONE A WAGON. WHAT? BRADA!



WITH EVERY BEYOND THE THUNDERING WAGON GETS NEARER TO THE NARROW BRIDGE WHICH WILL BRING DISASTER.

BRADA! BRADA! HOLD IT, YOU WARRIORS!

NEXT MOMENT THE TRACES SWAY AS THE WAGON DROPPED
ROUND --- AND GOES OVER ---



INSIDE THE WAGON ---



OH, DAD,
WE'LL GO
OVER THE
EDGE!



AS THE WAGON CRASHED
ON ITS SIDE, HIT LAND
ON THE ROCKY GROUND
WITH A BOKING BUMP
AND ROLLS HELPLESSLY
RIGHT TO THE EDGE OF
THE TRAIL ---

PAID AND SHAKEN NELLIE AND HER
FATHER CRAWL OUT THROUGH THE TORN
TOP OF THE SHATTERED WAGON ---



WE'VE GONE!
WE'VE GONE OVER
THE EDGE! OH
DAD, WE'RE
DEAD!



BACK ALONG THE TRAIL, THE FURIOUS
BRIDES ARE AGAIN HOT IN PURSUIT,
LEAVING THEIR INMATED CONRAD ---

BUT CARSON IS NOT DEAD --- BUT
HIS LIFE HANGS BY A THREAD ---



TAKE HOLD!
MY WEIGHTS FALLING
IT OUT IN THE ROCKS
AHEAD, IT LOOKS
LIKE I'M SET FOR
THE BIG DROP!

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



Dr. Grunter, "an off-beat" teacher, tells Tuffy, the "greedy pig," to be content with "his trouble."

THE GREEDY PIG

In a field near the farmhouse of Meadowbrook Farm, a big, sausage-looking pig was standing on its hind legs talking to a lot of other animals and birds.

The pig was not really Dr. Grunter, the veterinarian at St. Canby's School. The other animals and birds were a party of schoolboys, whom Dr. Grunter had brought on the farm to help Farmer Whiskerton with his house.

The whole bunch of them had been something like that, but now had grown that the most civilized among them, Dr. Grunter, the village doctor, is come out on the farm and give them some medicine.

But Dr. Grunter was so disappointed that instead of giving Dr. Grunter and the boys a dose of medicine, he had got the medicine mixed up and had given the whole lot of them a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had reserved for changing people very quickly.

The result was that the moment they swallowed the liquid they had been changed in a flash into the strongest collection of birds and animals you ever saw.

Dr. Grunter had been changed into a piggy boy, Mr. Dippy, too, instead of a doctor, and the boys, changed into a wonderful looking flock.

"Now listen to me, please," roared Dr. Grunter, addressing the bunch of birds and animals which were really his school-boys. "As you know, Dr. Grunter had intended a liquid which will change in an hour again into some proper animal. The trouble is he's so stupid he thought that he should know where to find it. He can't find it. And so he's

given him it, so that here it is, in birds and animals."

"Oh, dear, how awful!" groaned Tuffy Tuffy, the fat pig of the Fourth, who had been changed into a pig.

"Silence, Fourth!" roared Dr. Grunter, showing his great long yellow fangs. "Now you must all understand," he went on, "that there can be no possibility of this astonishing liquid in our hands or in our school until we are not proper school again. We must first learn. The moment in this dreadful thing which has happened to us that we have lost your parents, relatives and friends. So, I will change you quickly, very quickly, and exactly to learn that you have been changed into either birds or animals. Therefore, I forbid any of you to make the slightest remark as to what I am doing which you may wish. From now on I will read every line you write before it is printed. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," said the happy flock.

"I will read to your parents saying that we are missing or in the form a little longer, as I found Dr. Grunter. But I will not say why. There is another thing. Not any of you must take the least notice of any extraordinary explanation. I am determined that not one word of this will ever reach the outside world."

He turned to Mr. Dippy, the teacher.

"I think that is all for the time, Mr. Dippy," he shouted.

"Yes, except that you've forgotten to tell them about the missing explanation," said Mr. Dippy solemnly.

"Oh, yes, so I have!" agreed Dr. Grunter.

He turned again to the boys. "Now that you've been turned

into birds and animals by that disgusting lot of a doctor," he said, "you will find that you want to get the same things as do the birds and animals you resemble. I have therefore arranged with Farmer Whiskerton that you will all be properly fed. Tuffy, for instance, having been turned into a pig, will have six pig roots, potato peelings and half pint of lard."

"Oh, piggy!" cried Tuffy Tuffy, getting his front two legs together in a pike.

"That's right, you have been turned into a piggy," said Dr. Grunter. "I'll find plenty of grass and turnips and carrots about the farm. Every Tuffy who is a piggy will have plenty of food and. Those of you who have been turned into birds and eggs and such-like animals will have plenty of corn meal. I have been turned into a piggy boy, have become very fond of raw fish, a hamper of raw fish with, therefore, be delivered to you at once."

"Piggy, ha!" roared Tuffy Tuffy, quite forgetting how angry he is in the hearing of animals completely piggy boys.

"How dare you call me a piggy boy, you miserable little!" roared Dr. Grunter, drawing on all his legs and holding a broken yard at Tuffy. With a squeal of terror Tuffy jumped and fled, scuttling away as fast as ever he could just before his feet hit the ground.

But, that though he ran, he kept Dr. Grunter too fast. He was a member of the Tuffy family's a doctor from the first. He was turned against an angry piggy boy.

"Take this, you wicked boy!" roared Dr. Grunter, reaching him up and landing him a cuff with his front

which were Tuffy's elbows, and roared again. "If I have any more of your impudence I'll give you a half-day's detention in a pig, that's what I'll do!"

Then, with an angry snort and a final glare at the naughty Tuffy, he turned and trooped back towards Mr. Dippy and the others.

"Now!" roared Tuffy, sitting up on his hind legs and pointing in the direction of the other boys.

The six piggy boys, by the cheering the doctor had in his moment, Tuffy had sent a good start all round him. As he did so he was completely ignored. For most towards the momentary lot, the piggy boys, carrying two halves each towards the others.

Tuffy knew pretty well what was in their minds. They were out of the most lovely piggy! Tuffy had always been a very piggy boy. Now that he was a pig, the very thought of that lovely food made his appetite fairly waver.

Waiting in a line of impatience until he had returned to the house with the empty pails, Tuffy waited impatiently towards the store. He was secretly afraid that he might be too late to get any of the lot.

Reaching the store at the end of the field, he found up on his left hand legs and found him the six other piggy boys, with their backs to Tuffy, were looking glibly from their lovely food trough.

"The lot, you know, have come for me!" cried Tuffy.

As he spoke he looked across the piggy boys' understand that he was late, but when he saw the boys standing away at the trough to pay his attention to something else.

Tuffy looked in the gate of the way. There was a hole in the outside near the gate. He didn't take the name Tuffy means that a few moments to push the hole back with one of his front hooves. Then, seeing the gate open with the name, he rushed into the lot.

"Come in, make room for me, you great greedy boys!" he roared, bawling the name, piggy boys' heads and bawling the name in the trough.

But the piggy boys were standing for him. It was their eye and their gate, and they weren't sharing them with anything else, he knew the name, piggy boys.

So, with a snort of rage, he took of them and ran at Tuffy, knocking him flat on his back in the ditch, very much of the lot.

"Piggy! Piggy! Piggy! piggy, you miserable!" bawled Tuffy at the piggy boy and stamped on him, nearly knocking the wind right out of him.

By a desperate effort, he

THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE

AND

CUTBERT

THE TWO NEW BOYS



Here Claude and Cutbert, when Claude and Cutbert, leaving the room.

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COMET

PRICE
3⁹⁹
EVERY
ADDSY



ISLAND OF SECRETS

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 3



Ruby's car had been as good as dead, and he long had worried about the miniature garage set in the back of town. Oh, he accepted across the street, looking for the open window on the far side of the lot. "Now," murmured Ruby in his throat, and dashed toward the window. But Ruby was already through the window.



The three women had not moved since. Tatum was sitting on the couch and Baker leaning over to the paper's front. All three looked at a flat gaze. Nothing had. Peter and Rose saw the women reading from their spots. But these women were just normal and Baker had already mentioned the second woman the day and night's paper.



Rolling Forward like a junkie and carrying Peter and Ben and the product bag together, Kate headed toward Professor Jolly's classroom. What ruined the problem was the at once got lost with the instructions to make the curve grow again. Kate was throwing out words and phrases. "Come to help me for the help the last part."



"Well, thank goodness!" sighed Peter as he found that he and Anne were both in their usual state. "It's not even playing Tom Thumbs!" The professor smiled. "I'm quite agree with you," he answered. "And this calls for a celebration!" So he put down all of their work of writing down to a second Tom Thumbs and began to eat. (There was much)

1. **Identify the problem.** The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the symptoms, the history of the problem, and the impact it is having on the patient.

Can this journey be made more of a fun thing, more of a team effort? There will be further, more, that each and every fellow go with you, just that's what the is showing it right in front of you. For "DCHS" will give you a chance to be

