

Boys'Realm-1º



Number 13

A Tale of Harry Atkinson The Famous Aviator

Vol. 1X.7

EVERY SATURDAY_ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending June 4, 1910.

PELHAM CARPENTEI

Pelham Funny Complete

Carpentry Lesson and a Coal-cellar.

B ANG! Bang! Bang! Carpentry lesson at Pelham School was in full swing, and the big workshop resounded to the thud of hammers and the hum of voices.

mers and the hum of voices.

Mr. Spriggs, the master carpenter, a stout, red-faced man, blessed with a short temper and a total disregard for "his" in their proper place, who journeyed every day from the village of Charbury to initiate the juniors of Felham into the art of joiners, and so forth, strolled around the workshop with the property of the

"Old Spriggs looks as if he's on the war-path." whispered Bob Russell to Jack Noble, the captain of the Third Form at Pelham.

"Confounded old rotter!" growled Jack, driving a nail home with vicious emphasis. "He's just threatened to report me to Slaney for lack of attention. Hang carpentry, I say!"

Mr. Spriggs, his little eyes darting all over the room, strolled round to examine the work and the manner in which it had been carried out, preparatory to his leaving. He stopped by Jack Noble's bench, and picked up the article upon which the lad had been engaged.

There was nothing really the matter with it as far as workmanship was concerned, but the carpentry master cherished a keen dislike of the sturdy little captain of the junior eleven, and utilised every chance of fault-finding. "Wot dyer call this?" he roared, holding the wooden article up in front of his nose, and glaring from it to Jack. "Wot dyer call this, young Noble? Don't you know how to drive a nail in properly yet? Bust me buttons, you're about the limit, you are! Laxy young 'ound! 'Ere, give us yer hammer!"

Mr. Springs, with an angry ecowl, removed his hard felt hat, banged it down on the beach before him, and grabbed up a hammer.

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

in the workshop could hear him. "Watch me, an' I'll show you 'ow do rive a nail in proper like!"

Raising the heavy hammer, Mr. Spriggs brought it down with what was meant to be least if a carracy and well-judged force. At the same moment Jack Noble, a gleam of deadly mischel in his eye, slightly jogged the bench with his foot. The result was instantaneous and laughab heasd of the nail as he had intended to do, Mr. Spriggs brought the lammer down on his thumb with a third, and his yell of anguish brought a titter of laughter from the assembled pupils. "Ow—ow!" yelled the carpenier, 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; "but if you don't mind I think I profer yown was."

"Ow—ow was."

"The control of the control of the workshop at his biodlying a negative was in keeping with his bullying august that caught Jack on the side of the bead and sent him recling backwards.

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, and grinned malicious!".

Just behind Jack stood Bo Russell's bench. Bob was one of Jack's staunchest pals, and Sprigg's treatment of his chum almost made his blood boil, you rotten cad!" he murmured. "I'll pay you out for that!"

"You confounded young evel!"

Bob was one of Jack's staunchest pais, and Sprigg's treatment of his chuns almost made has blood boil. You rotten cad!" he murming. "I'll pay you out for that!"

"You confounded young scut!" snarled the carpenter, aiming another wild blow at Jack. "You did that on purpose. I're had enough of your himperdence, an I shall report you to Dr. 'Illingford before I leave 'ers today!"

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 mail and a hammer, he leant the master-carpenter's bowler hat to main the hubbub that was going on, and Mr. Spriggs continued his tirade.

"I'll 'ave you hexpelled, you young scorpion!" he mumbled, still sucking at his damaged thumb. "You ain't eafe, you ain't. Host I workshop was upon him as he granded as rending lear, a burst of irre-greather laughter, and Mr. Spriggs extegered hack, the brim grasped in his hand, asgreed back, the brim grasped in his hand, agreed back, the master carpenter had been anny. Printed and published weekly by the Proprietors at 23.

before, he was furious now. His beady little eyes almost started out of his head, and his face turned frem pink to red, from red to magenta, and magenta to purple as he gasped for breath and stross to speak as he gasped for breath and stross to speak. It say?" he thundered at last, bringing his fist down with a hang on the bench before him. "By jingo, let him step out an 'I'll wing his neck for 'im'! Who did it? Hanewer me at once!"

There was a moment's silence, and then Clifford stepped forward.
"Russell, Mr. Sprigss," he piped.
"Shame! Cad!"
"Rotter! Sneak!"

A wave of indignation ran round the workshop, and, frightened at the unexpected burst of anger he had aroused, Clifford shrank back in alarm.

shop, and, frightened at the unexpected burshof anger he had aroused, Clifford shrank back in alarm.

"Oh, Russell did if, did he?" stormed Mr. Spriggs furiously. And, springing forward, he grasped Bob roughly by the neck, and shook him as he would have done a cat. "So you did it, did you, you little 'ound'? By thunder, I'll take it hout of you!, Hoff you come to the 'Ead-master with ne!"

The moment Mr. Spriggs had disappeared, Jack Noble turned with flashing eyes, and, springing across the workshop, flung himself "You rotten sneak!" he cried indignantly. "That's right, Jack, give the cad socks!"

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"When the floor with the brate!"

"When the floor with the brate!"

"Ow—wow! Let me alone, Noble, you bully!" wailed Clifford. "I didn't mean to eneak; it was quite an accident! Help, Bayne, Marker; Hescaphain of the Shell's Bayne and Marker, the captain of the Shell's assistance, but the "Third-Fermers were strongly in the majority, and before either of the two knew where they were they had been grasped by a dozen hands, and cast out into the quadrangle, and the door bolted in their faces.

"What shall we do with this rotter,"

faces, "What shall we do with this rotter, chappies?" cried Jack, tripping Clifford up, and effectively holding him down by sitting on his chest.
"Frog's-march him!"

on his chest.
"Frog's-march him!"
"Make him run the gauntlet!"
Sneaking was one of the greatest recognisable crimes at Pelham, and many and varied were the punishments suggested by the irate boys. One even went so far as to braudish a saw in a most bloodthirsty manner,

raugner, the teats streaming down their checks.

"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 nainted in enormous letters the words:

"Clifford, the sneak! Please do not touch, as it is moulting!"

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

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

"Outside with him!" cried Poddles,
"Chuck him out in
the quad.!"

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 creek. Clifford could not see an inch in front

eyes, Clifford could not see an men in iron-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-bouse to be.

which almost Irightened Clifford out of his life, and proposed sawing his ears off.

"You leave him to me, laddies," grinned Fichting 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 rear of laughter threatened to bring the roof down about their or Mac!"

"Ha, ha, ha! That's the sign Mac!"

"Go away! Go about their or Mac!"

"Go away! Go about their or Mac!"

"Go away! Go about their or Mac!"

"Go away! Ha the side of the sides and so are go, you be side of the side of t

seemed to drop away to the seemed to drop away to below.

Luckily, he landed on a picture of the seemed of pump in a land Clifford descended pump in a land to five minutes there is a striving to collect his where on earth he was.

A striving to collect his was a land to see the seemed of the see

of the staircase leading down to be lesisurely descended.

It was very dark down in the six custom had long since taught the star his way to the beer-barrel. Meaning hand turned the tap, and it was the the sound of footsteps, that the mist clifford raised himself from the resisting.

position. "Ow!

position.

"Ow! Help!" he groand, endesperately in the narrow confine of he "Help!" For Heaven's sake, help.

At the unexpected sound of a human Snark turned as though he had beside faint ray of light from the opense filtered down on the weird formed he former, with his shaving-coated bad. Clifford gave another groan. Sun's three feet in the air, and belied yut stairs as though a thousand feeds were beecls.

heels "Help help! Ow! Help! 5

"Help—nelp: www.ginostes!"

Mr. Buggins above, hearing his findle rushed to his assistance with a brow equalled in the annals of British bross. Ho descended the stairs three bestime.

ruched to his assistance with a dequalled in the annais of British are
Ho descended the stairs there by:
Snark's hurry was of a more agriculation of the stairs for some agriculation of the stairs of the sta

THE END. (See this week's "E.R." Football and Special another grand long, complete tale of Polymers



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