## HERE, I SAY! - -DON'T MISS THIS!

## Boys'Realm-12

· The Great Saturday Sports Journal ·



BUCKING UP" of STESMONDS

PATTLING NEW SCHOOL STORY . BY S.S. GORDON

Laugh.

CMAPTER.

Figures UP.

Figures

He talks as the morning sun-prossibilitering in the morning sun-grass bilitering in the moved away reast, four-oared boat moved away reast, stage. It was heading up-landing stage. It was heading up-landing stage. It was heading up-landing stage. The bow thwart

histories state. It was heading uphistories and histories was at a stand by a large and histories was at a so when and public the stroke of with the histories and histories and dash that he put histories are histories and hi

severous supply or earthing and a severous supply or earthing and the long sumbination of long

committeed that he had "caught a crab," altered the sheerest needingence. Billerest, Valence, with a shrill yelp and larg bars, set down on the planking. At year general his our sild gently away, and ye haing down the stream.

the ad Bob backed with a will. The move-ters effective. Lawson was soon enabled the car, while Russell, bending over the sade, caught hold of the sandwich

who tee:

"ye all have to tip it down all the same,
say sail have to tip it down all the same,
say so'l. That's only sair. You were
say so that's only sair. You were
say so the trouble—you and your giddy
standing. And I'm not fancying any wet
say." Net much! What do you say,

a don a reced loudly. It was only right, being that Velence should lunch on wet had be, "Panishment for his clumsiness." It was a proper to the skipper, "if you'll hold was been and the skipper, "if you'll hold was been and the skipper, "if you'll hold had been and the skipper, between the skipper, between the skipper, between the skipper in the ski

as to Third Form code, they backed up the to Third Form code, they backed up the the rip with all their pith, and let her rip

Authority Like a scene on a bioscope-tal priority Like a scene on a bioscope-a and polard willows that fringed the a large-tal and willows the first of the a large-tal and the scene of the coras.

il to

Jack with a man in the chord

the said is said in our s

ALENCE THE MUTINEER A Screamingly Funny Complete Tale of Pelham School.

however, was jammed so tightly that it kept on an even keel.

The rowers disentangled themselves carefully, but they were not so careful about the remarks they made. These were very vivid, and all directed at the luckless Lawson. Mac and the skipper were the first to cool down.

"Vell, we're stuck," said Macalpine, "and that is all there is about it. There's one thing, though, it gives us a fine chance of admiring the scenery.

"You ought to have kept well over to the

"You ought to have kept well over to the other side of the river, old chap," said Noble to the cox; "it's all shoul water this side."

Lawson muttered disgustedly. He was understood to say that it wasn't a river at all, but would make a middling good cycling road if it hadn't been for the ruts and the puddles.

"But what's to be done?" asked Russell.

"Wall" "will "will be the control of the c

"But what's to be done?" asked Russell. "Said Noble, "we can't pull her off if we stay inside, that's certain, so there's nothing for it but to get outside and push her off! "Hum!" rer.arked Macalpine. "We came out for a day on the river, and it seems we're coin' to spend it in the river. Ah, well, it's a day, anyway! Good job it's not rainin'. Come on, Bob! Off wi' your boots, ma manie! You an' me's gaun' paddin'!"
To the usual Third-Form style, the chums

the usual Third-Form style, the chums soon treating the matter as a luge joke, ping off shoes and socks, and tucking up trousers, all five stepped into the shallow In the usual

"All together!" was the word, and they acted upon it like one man. They pushed and tugged like trojans, but it seemed to be a clear case of "no go." The boat, which had been travelling at a fair speed when it grounded, was stuck hard and fast.

However, as Bob Russell put it, it was not the way of Telham Third-Formers to give best to any combination of a silly old boat and a sand-bank. The bear of the same they didn't know where the perspiration left off and the river water began. No one of the five was putting more genuine "beef" into the job than the bow oarsman.

"Twig old Valence," whispered Bob to

"Twig old Valence," whispered Bob to Macalpino. "He's nearly as moist as his own sandwiches. Ha, ha!"

"Weel, he's workin' at last," said the Scot; but, maybe, he'll be wantin' to sit down presently."

presently."
"Ho, ho!" chuckled Bob. "He wouldn't be much wetter if he did. Hallo!"
There was reason for Bob's ery of surprise. The boat had suddenly yielded to the persuasions of the crew, who were all taken very much by surprise, with the single exception of the bow carsman.
The fact was that the wilv Valence had been ret faint down the stream.

Decressia was on the alert. In the footer five Lisson innor mado a grand attempt you. But his outstretched hand just missed apage or by half on inch.

De n Macalpine said, a "faur waur" is resecting happened. In recovering him-dife consum knocked overheard one of the first heavy handlorp to overtake the oar.

The sate!" ried Noble. "Back water! feet also had?"

Ret of the had-only a "".

The fact was, that the wily Valence had been working for this moment, and looking forward to it angerly. When it came, he was quick to take advantage of it.

Off! Hooray!" he yelled. "Now you'll

As the boat suddenly slipped off the obstruc-tion, he launched himself bodily over the storn, thus giving the craft additional way.

mus giving the craft additional way.

Before the others could realise, what was happening the boat was yards away. They was tanding forlorn like a lot of ship-worked mariners in a very few inches of water, and on a bank of which not one of them knew the exact extent.

They were affectively of source in the country of th

the exact extent.

They were safe enough, of course, so long as they remained exactly where they were. However, that was not what the abandoned ones were worrying about.

"What's the juggins up to now?"

"Come on! Hurry back, you griffin!"

"Lively there, Valence, It's damp work standing here!"

standing here!"

The queer thing was that Valonce seemed in no special hurry to come to their relief. In fact, he seemed to be using all his efforts to Reep the boat well out of the way. For this purpose he stood erect, and had seuzed an oar, which he was wielding in a weird fashion of his own.

his own.

"Look at him!" growled Russell. "The image! The wry-necked raccoon! Grinning like a guldy gorilla! And I believe he's singing, too! What's it all about?"

too! What's it all about?"

Valence was really making a shot at the well-known ditty, "We parted on the shore." But it is only fair to say that it was a very long shot indeed.

What in the world's the matter with him?"

THE 2nd CHAPTER. Shoal Water and a Moneter.

OME back!" relled the stranded ones.
"Not just yet," was the mutineer's reply; "perhaps not at all. It depends. I want to know just how I

stand?"
"How ye stand?" said Macalpine. "For a'
the world like a frost-bitton cabbage-stalk!"
"I mean, I want to know where I am?" continued Valence genially.

United valence gentally.

"Oh, that's a very easy one," quoth Russell.

"You're up the pole!"

Valence smiled, and even at the long range his smile had a very irritating effect.

"Well," he said, "I'd rather be up the pole than on the mud. Much more comfy. Ah-h-h-h!"

than on the mud. Much more coulty. Alb-h-h !! "
The mutineer had missed his footing, and for one wild incoment the stranded ones thought that he was a specific to the stranded ones thought that he was a specific to the stranded ones thought that he was a specific to the stranded ones to see a specific to the stranded ones to see a specific to the stranded ones had been superior to the stranded one. "Am I to have wet sandwiches for lunch, or am I not? If you say 'yes,' then I've made up my mind to sail away all by myself; and eat all the tucker all by myself; all except the wet sandwiches. If you say 'no,' and it's pax, then I'll being the boat over, and let you come in out of the wet. What have you got to say? I tseemed that three of the stranded ones had a good deal to say. But as they said it all at once, the effect was not very clear. The exception was Jack Noblow the river than his custom did. It estood quietly, awaiting developments. He had not to wait very long either. "Now them," shouted Valence, "burry up, there! I can't wait about all day. It's nearly lunch-time, I think. I'm master of the situation, you know, and here you see me paddling my own cance. There's nothing for you chaps but to cave in. I don't want any arguing, but a plain yeas or no. Besides, I've got all your shees and socks here, as well as the lunn," but what he really did say was "ultimatum," but what he really did say was "ultimated to see the say was "ultimated to see the say was "ultimated to see the say was "ultimated to say was "ultimated to see the say was "ultimated to say was "ultimated to say was "ultimated to say was "ultimated to say wa

unen. Eve given you my uil—"
What Valence intended to say was "ultimatum," but what he really did say was "ultimothell". Tve given you my ultimoth!"—"Tve given you my ultimoth!" he "oogh!" part of it was jerked out of him very suddenly as he went sprawling headlong over the thwarts. With the exception of Jack Noble, the onlookers were greatly surprised.

the thwarts. With the exception of Jack Noble, the onlookers were greatly surprised.

But Jack had noticed that the mudbank on which they were standing stretched out slantwise into the stream for some considerable distance. Valence had given all his attention to keeping a respectful distance between himself and his chums. He had never bothered to look if the water on which he was floating was deep or shallow, and so the moment Noble had been waiting for arrived.

Tump 1.

Bump

The boat grounded suddenly on the farther sart of the shoal, and the master of the situation was sent sprawling.

Noble at once made towards him. Beveral times the water was well above his knees, but he still held on. However, he could not move very quickly as the footing was treacherous, and he did not want to get a sousing unawares. The munimer, meanwhile, did not remain title. Before the skipper could reach the forevery well as crambied to his feet. The munimer means the second and all. That, he fett, must be avoided at all hazards. His lovely jape must not be allowed to end so ingloriously.

As Jack came aplashing towards him, widdly cheered by the other three, the mutiner grabbed an oar; and stuck it over the side. He brought all his weight to bear upon it in a desperate effort to clear the hoat. He would get off that bank, or jolly well peter out in the

off that bank, or jolly well peter out in th

desperate effort to clear the boat. He would get off that bank, or jolly well peter out in the attempt.

"Ugh! Ugh!"
Noble was dangerously near.
The others were yelling like savages.
One last one.

"Ugh! Ah!"
The nutineer grunted with relief as the boat shot clear and into deep green water. Noble was baffled. In the excitement of the pursuit, he felt inclined to plungs in and sent of allow yeed. He may be sent to the sound of the

wash!"
Thud!
There was a wild cry from the mulineer, and a ringing laugh from Jack Noble. Under the circumstances, the skippet "saily could not help it.
Valence to the skippet "saily could not help it.
Valence to the skippet "saily could not help it.
In steering the boat for the opposite bank, the mulineer had lorgotten that there might be other sandbanks about. There was one at all events, the outermost one, and it let him know of its existence rather bluffly.
For a couple of seconds there was a soft seethings sound from beneath the keel, and then the boat stopped abruptly. The oar Valence had been brandshing clattered down on the themself, and the valiant Valence himself, caught in a rather ticklish position, was thrown out of the boat altogether.
Whinck! Splash: We not in the shallow water out of the boat altogether.
Whinck! Splash: We not in the shallow water on the sail of the

(Continued on the next page.)



The Third-Formers charged down the bank with a rush, and Jim Gridley went bowling over as Mac's bullet head caught him full in the chest.

"What in the world's the matter with him?"
There was no one able to reply. The fact was the standing we have the s

Vack Noble & Co. Appear Every The "B.R." Football and Sports Library—2d. Every Thursday. The Boys' REALM.

"Ha, ha! How's that for a fancy dive?"
"Good old Valence! You're a better acrobat than mutineer."
"I say, how many legs has he got? Looks like a giddy centipede."
"Giddy's right, my son. Makes me giddy to look at him."
"That's the way, baby. Kick about like a good little man. Have its nice bath, and then it shall have its nice baread and water, bless it."
But the merriment of the Third-Formers was seen changed to grim earnest. Not one of

changed to grim carnest. Not on saw the danger until the damage soon thanged to grim carness. Not one of them saw the danger until the damage had been done. "You ass!" yelled Jack Noble. "Now you've done it."

you've done it."

The three in the rear, when they saw what had happened, groaned in chorus. It was indeed a tragedy, but like many other tragedies, it had been brought about very

Valence had owed his upset to the unstable position he had been standing in, rather than to the force of the shock. On the outer bank the water was deeper than on the others, thus the boat had merely felt the sand, and was not the boat had merely left the said, and was not-really aground. As the mutineer struggled to his feet, he stumbled, and went lurching against the stem-post. The blow was sufficient to send the lightly-poised craft sliding off into the deep water again.

to send the lightly-poised craft sliding off into the deep water again.

Valence scarcely heard Jack Noble's yell.

We saglaring as if fascinated at the boat, which had swung away from the bank, well out of reach. Soon the current caupht it, and bore it majestically along the deep channel between the two sandbanks. It passed between the skipper and the mutiner, both of whom were quite powerless. Even if he had wished to, Valence could do nothing now; and with all the will in the world, Jack Noble could do no more.

the will in the world, Jack Noble could do no more.

On went the boat, bearing with it the shoes and socks of the hapless Third-Formers. And their luncheon also. Ah, that tucker! Alasz they might one and all be glad of even wet sandwiches before the discussion of the standwiches before the discussion of the heals, and its speed increased as the main tream current caught it. Soon a quick bend of the river took it from sight altogether.

The skipper and the mutineer were left glaring at one another across the channel. Needless to say there was not much of an entente cordiale between them just then.

"You buffishead!" shouted Jack Noble grimly. "You chump! You colossal idiot! You were going to keep the boat until we cave in, eh? Well, now that you haven't got the boat to keep, what are you going to do about it? Don't know, ch? Well, then, I'll tell you. You're jolly well going to stay where you are, like a blessed damp Robinson Crusoc, until we find the boat and come back for you. I'll likely be a long job, and we may be some time away. But there's mobody else to pick you up, so you'll just have to have patience. And if you get tired standing, you can sit down, and fauey you're having a slipper bath. And when we get back well give you wet sandwiches—and beans. So long!"

Noble turned, and splashed away back to his chums.

"Come on, you chaps," he said briskly.

chums.

Noble-turned, and splashed away back to his chums.

"Come on, you chaps," he said briskly.

"We'll have to clamber up on to the bank. Then we'll hurry down-stream, and try to pick up the blessed boat. Come on; follow your Uncle Noble!"

Under Jack's guidance the passage through the shoal water to the bank was safely managed. Shaking themselves like so many retrievers, the Pelhamites started off down-stream, keeping as close to the bank as they conveniently could. Barefooted as they were, their progress was a good deal more painful and less speedy than they would have liked. But they stuck to it like the young toughs they were, being one and all resolved to suffer anything rather than be bested by such a muddling mujineer as Valence lackproved himself to be.
"No sign of the boat yet," grunted Russell, as they trotted in gingerly fashion along a

rutty path, from which at intervals they could see the wide sweep of the river. "P'raps we've passed it," puffed Lawson dolefully.

"I are we've passed 'H," puffed Lawson dolefully,
"Harf a meenit, lads," said Macalpine.
"Here's a bonnie bit tree. It'll mebbe save time if I jist gang up it, and tak' a craw's-eye view o' the countrystde."
"That's the ticket, Mac. Scodand for ever!" Macalpine's muscular arms and bandy legs took him up the tall trunk with the sureness and agility of a squirrel. He only remained aloft a few seconds, and when he slid down again, his eyes were twinkling humorously.
"Well!" said the other three cacerly.
"Captured!" said Mac laconically.
"What's captured!?"
"The boat!"

"What's captured?"
"The boat!"
"Who's got it?"
"Weel," returned the Scot, with provoking calmness; "I canna jist richtly say who or what's got it. But it looks vera like some kind o' a river monster. It's aboot six feet long, and it's got the real Rule Britannia colours—red, white, and blue!"

## THE 3rd CHAPTER.

ABattle by the Boat.

HE three looked at one another as if they didn't believe their ears; they looked at Macalpine as if he had taken leave of his senses. But the canny Scot only

at Macalpine as if he had taken leave of his senses. But the canny Scot only grinned.

"Wheesht!" he whispered, in answer to their excited questions. "Ye'll see it a' for yourselves in half a meenit. It's only a wee bit further on. The boat's ashore, and we've only got to capture it back again. Come on, but come canny. Not a word!"

Led by Macalpine, the little group made its way stealthily along a winding path among closely-planted trees. They could hear a lot of shouting and laughter from somewhere alread, which made them tingle with cagerness to get upon the scene of action. It was a great relief when the Scot held up a warning hand. They found the selves on the edge of a clear space of grass. Two boats were drawn up on the case of the selves of the time being all their attention was being concentrated on a strange figure that was standing erect in the full blaze of the sunlight in the midst of the clearing. They could see now what Mac's queer remark about the river monster in Rule Britannia colours had meant.

The figure was that of a very heavily-built.

the river monster in Rule Britannia colours had meant.

The figure was that of a very heavily-built man, well over six feet in height. His face and his bare shoulders, arms, and legs were of the hue of a boiled lobster. So much for the red. As for the white and blue, they appeared in the broad stripes of the bathing costume which formed the gentleman's sole attire. He had been enjoying a swim when the Felham boat had drifted down upon him. He had promptly captured it, and drawn it ashore.

When the Third-Formers caught sight of him he was busy sampling the cargo. With his head bent well back, he was holding to his lips a bottle of ginger-pop, and letting the contents gurgle down into his roomy interior.

"Well, I'm blessed," muttered Noble; "it's Jim Gridey!" The others house of Edulariation and the same should be supported to the same should be supported by the same supported by the same should be supported by the same supported by the

Jim Gridkey!"

The others nodded ruefully. Gridley was one of the leading louts of Pelbam village, and it was not the first time that the Third-Formers had come into contact with him. His three companions, all fully dressed, were clustered round the Polliam boat. They were rummaging it thoroughly, and seemed to be highly pleased with what they were finding.

"Blue look out for our lunch," murmured

"Blue look out for our lunch," murmured Lawson.

"Never say die, man," returned Macalpine.
"They canna have done much harm yet. We mauna grudge Gridley that bottle o' pop. It'll spoil his wind, fit comes to a fight."

The last of the pop just then gurgled into the red, white, and blue abys. Gridley threw the bottle away with a scornful laugh.
"Poor stuff that," he roared. "Let's see what the solids are like."

One of his chums left the boat and came staggering forwards, holding before him a large

pie. Here's a poy," he gurgled, "and such a poy. I never did see such a poy." Crumbs!" groaned Lawson. "It's the steak and kidney!"

and kidney!"
"Ready for a rush, lads!" hissed Macalpine.
"Ready for a rush, lads!" hissed Macalpine.
"Well show them steak and kidney!"
"Rather!" said Noble. "Now then, all together. We'll rush the pic first, and then the

"Rather!" said Noble. Now then, all together. We'll rush the pie first, and then the losat."

Jim Gridley was smiling a genial welcome to the portly pie, when comething very like a thunderbulk struck him full and fair in the soft part of his portly white and blue. Over he went like a peppered bunny, his great wet limbs glistening in the sun. His overthrow was due to a terrific charge by the sturdy back of the Felham Third Eleven, but Gridley was too much surprised to notice that. Over he rolled, bellowing like a dozen bulls.

"Well tackled, Mac!" roared Russell.

Jack Noble promptly seized the pie from the other lout's grasp.

"Now for the boat!" he yelled. Keeping well together, the four juniors, with the skipper and the pie in the midst, ran down to the bank. The other two villagers, who were busy with the baskets and parcels, made an attempt at defence. But it was of no avail. Russell caught one of them a fair old pile-driver on the jaw, and knocked him on to his back in the water. Macalpine tackled the other, and sconconsiencel him to the same destination.

Noble defty placed the pie in the boat, which he began to push alonat. The others beloed him lustily. But before they could get the craft clear, Jim Gridley came charging towards them, his big face like boiled beetroot. He expected to make very short work of the juniors who had interrupted his pienic, but he got up against something that proved a little too much very for him the first mention. That something was Macalpine, who seized

That something was Macalpine, who seized an oar from the boat, and stood on the defen-

"Keep back!" cried the Scot grimly.
"There's nacthin' o' yours here, my mannio!
Ye've had the pop, but that's a' you're goin' to
get the day!" o heed to the warning, and the
next moment the blade of the oar proxided him
briskly in the place where the ginger-pop had
gone.

briskly in the place where the ginger-pop had gone.
"Yow!" he yelled. Mae prodded him again, and again he yelled. The other louts seemed to think discretion the better part of valour. They left the red, white, and blue champion to fight it all out on the continuous of the prodded away with the oar as if he had been hoeing a garden bed. Beside himself with fury, Gridley tried to catch hold of the oar that was tickling him up so busily. Macalpine dodged asside.

That's the ticket!" yelled Jack Noble from ind. "There! Take that!" behind

behind. "There! Take that:"

Bloof!

Man thought a heavy shower of sleet was falling. Blinded and reeling, Jim Gridley staggered back and sat down suddenly on the grass. His eyes and nose and mouth were full of something soft and sticky and cold; his red face was covered with it, and hits of it were scattered generously all over his white and blue bathing-costume.

"Ha, ha! How's that for a bread-poultice!" It was the ploppy packet of wet sandwiches. Jack Noble had caught it up, and launched it with all his force at the critical moment of the fray. It burst in splendid style on Gridley's broad face; went off, in fact, like a grand setpice of Crystal Palace firworks.

"Ome on, Mac I" laughed Noble. "Get in, my buck! We'rs off!"
They were. The Scot clambered over the side, and in a couple of seconds the boat was well away from the bank. They settled to their places calmly, Lawson minor taking Valence's place at bow.

"Ha, ha! They're moving! They're getting their boat off! They're coming after us!

ALTITUDE—1st prize, £1,000: 2nd, £400:

Good!! It'll be a girlly fresh.
On the bank the better bester, time. Jim Griller bank for their bester, time. Jim Griller bank for their bank was bawling out bester bester. The bank for the bread pulling classic features. The bank of the six-footer took that was the six-footer took that white strike we givery of his read, white strike we givery of his read, white strike we will be then it was a stern class.

ANOW THEN! Said Notice and a long lads!"

It was a stern those and a long louts rowed like demons possess, and the louts rowed like demons possess, and the louts rowed like demons possess, and the louts rowed louts rowed like the louts rowed louts and put on a pure rowed louts rowed louts and put on a pure louts rowed louts rowed louts and put on a pure louts rowed louts and put on a pure louts rowed louts and put on a put louts rowed louts and put on the louts rowed louts and louts rowed louts and put on the louts rowed louts r

A swan. Valence felt rather part 3 heard some strange stories about some were sometimes very awkwand was some tackle. This one, which was sweet

were sometimes very activated was found tackle. This one, which him, create and majestically towards him, create as if it might be capable of anything. It circled round him, create more than the jetty-black create on its but be the jetty-black create on its but be thought it was manerering for an extension. So, as it awam roads it has water, he kept it swam roads it has water, he kept water, be greated to the create so, as it was more road, but the create the create so, as it was more roads of the create water, he kept will be face to it was more roads. "Great Scott!" he greaned. "It is up. I'll soon be dizzy for taug, no Shoo! The create so was so we want to be so with the create should be soon." I'll drop soon," ground for the create should be soon."

meant.
"I'll drop soon," groaned the mutineer, "and then it'll have it at way. Get out! Shoo, you brus! So

way. Get out! Shoo, you brust & Valence, aboy!"
I valence, aboy!"
I turned and saw the bost gldm;
him swiftly. As he answered Nebo's owen coared away towards the far he in a thrice the marconed mutiner was

in a three tre macrosses.

A little later luncheen took plan lie was looking very deleful. But he tree up wonderfully when Nobe hands generous helping of steak and librity a. "Don't stare at it, old chap," safe per, "it's not wet sandwistes. I pu's away to Jim Gridley."

"I—you—what—Gridley—" prid!
ence.

"Lysia, "to Im 6.

"I—you—what—Gridley—"grame ence.
"Yes," grinned Noble, "to In Grand we owe you a vote of that ig thoughtfulness in writing the Very lucky it was. If they had be you wouldn't have spread so will, look by you will be not be to be a series of the world of

(Another splendid Jack Noble Yan at

## THE CONQUEST OF

More Interesting Facts About the Great Aviation Craze.

HE great topic of the hour is the conquest of the air. Even the weather has to play second fiddle nowadays, and the climatic conditions, they discuss the relative merits of the biplane and the monoplane, or talk of the latest startling events in the world of aeronautics.

of aeronautics.

A week or two back Mr. Grahame-White's famous Farman biplane was on view upon the broad, green lawns of Ranclagh, and during the afternoon a fashionable throng gathered round the wonderful machine. Upon Mr. Grahame-White's manager announcing that the famous airman would be willing to carry passengers for a five-minute flight for a fee of folk eager to avail themselves of the offer. Lady Aldy had the honour of booking the first place, and willingly paid the sum of twenty-live guiness for a fer-minute journey through the air.

It is officially announced that Mr. White will

It is officially announced that Mr. White will not only give exhibition flights throughout the summer at Ranelagh, but will also make fre-

quent ascents at the Crystal Palace, so that visitors to that popular place of amusement will have an opportunity of witnessing the famous aviator's aerial feats during the coming weeks. Bournemouth's Mammoth Programme,

Bournemouth's Mammoth Programme.

The official programme of the great intermational flying meeting to be held at Bournemouth from July 11th to July 15th has now been issued, and a most attractive one it in The contests number ten in all, and in addition, be a number of highly excling exhibition flights, which will be sufficient to the substitution of the substitut

ALTITUDE.—1st prize, £1,000; 2nd, £400; 3rd, £100; 4th, £50. Minimum height, 500 feet. WEIGHT-CARRYING.—1st prize, £550; 2nd, £150; 3rd, £50. Competitors will make one circuit of the aerodrome, carrying a minimum weight of 25 st.—pilot, passenger, and dead weight il necessary—in order to win the

prize.

STARTING.—Ist prize, £250: 2nd, £50; 3rd, £25; 4th, £25. The winner will be the airman who rises into the air after the shortest run along the ground.

ALIGHTING.—Ist prize, £250; 2nd, £50; 3rd, £25: 4th, £25. Competitors will fly over a line, stopping their engines as they do so. After a vol plane, or aernal dive, each airman will attempt to alight as near as possible to a landing-point marked on the aerodrome.

COMPETITORS' ASSISTANTS.—ist prize, £06; 2nd, £40. Awarded at the end of the meeting to the assistants of the two competitors who have covered the greatest number of complete circuits of the course.

SIAONEST CIRCUIT.—One prize of £100. Awarded to the airman completing one lap in the slowest time.

Awarded to the airman completing one lap in the slowest time.

GENERAL MERIT.—1st prize, £500; 2nd, £300; 3rd, £160; 4th, £50. These awards will be made at the end of the meeting to the airmen who have, in the opinion of the judges, achieved the best all-round performances.

SEA FLIGHT.—1st prize, £200; 2nd, £400; 3rd, £100. Competitors will make one circuit

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The Boys' of St. Basil's," by Henry St. John, is Just Starting in "The Boys' Herald." Denty Mist