THE GREAT SATURDAY SPORTS PAPER!

Boyskalmi

WRECKED MID'AIR!



THRILLING THRILLING

Jack Noble's Pages. A STORY WILL LIKE. A Rattling Complete Tale of Jack Noble & Co. A Rattling Complete Ta visit from Bob Russell, the mechanical genius of Felham College.

"What-ho, my doughty sleuthhourd!" naid Russell mountfully: "your chance has come at last. A crime has been committed. You seem to think a lot of gourself as a 'tre. Suppose my prize moderat discovering who has stolen. "Your pribe motor?" said Poddles cager's. "But thith ath very exthiring." "He folded his arms across his massive check, and struck a would-be stern attitude. "Did the mithereast leave any check behind him?"

"Clues?" replied the other scornfully. "Well, I can ted you this much. There's not a "whole the struck of the him for the struck of the stru would be made to look ridiculous in the eyes of the whole school.

So that it is no wonder that he lay awake, revolving the matter in his mind; recking for clues where clues were not; trying to think what Sexton Blake would have done in the same situation.

No, a deterive's life was not a happy one. That was the fact that seemed to crystallise in his brain to the exclusion of every other thought.

The school clock chimed out the hour of mid-

loth)"
"No," responded Ruscell, "not yet. But, of course, I shall—"
"Then you can get thomeone eith to find the mithereant," interrupted Poddles sternly, "You've come to me for help. If you want me to find the thick, you mutht let me do it my own

ret ist CHAPTER.

Lord of Challenge.

Lord of ig Mac drily. "When's the contest to come of":

"Next' Saturday," replied Clifford. "To-dr's Monday, so we shall have a week for retire. Young Fender is going to cox us. The state of the contest of the state of the contest of the c

to find the thicf, you muth let me do it my own way."
Russell whistled in amazement.
Probles seemed very much in earnest.
"Here." said the inventor, "you haven't pinched the thing yourself, by any chance, have, you? You speak as though you knew a good deal about it." I haven't pinched it." said Poddles indignantly. "But it ien't likely Pm going to tell you if I've got any suspicious as to who did. Great detectives don't do those thort of things. They keep their mouths thut, pile up all the clueth they can, and, when the time cometri, they their forward and collar the criminal. That'th what I want to do."

and collar the criminal. That'th what I want to the state of the state

be habit of running any risks. Dye specifically intrivantly?

What can be do?' said Jack carclessly.

What can be do?' said Jack carclessly.

Bet quite capable of half-sawing through our as, and that sort of thing; but he must know weren't born yesterday. No; I believe he see to it that he doesn't—he and his person to the see to it that he doesn't—he and his person has been been to be seen to the see that the doesn't—it is not be seen to the seen to the seen that the seen t

"Then come to my study at once," said the other eagerly, "and seo if you can spot anything."
Poddles followed his guide.
It was immense the way in which the young disciple of Sexton Blake set to work. He cravice with the Blake set to work. He cravice with the magnifying glass, made magnifying glass, in made mysterious measurements, with a tape-measure, ransacked cupboards, examined every corner of the study, the while Russell gaped at his anties, At length Poddles, who had discovered absolutely nothing to help him in his task, rose to his feet, and folded his arms across his chest, in Everything points to the fact, "he should have been supported by the study of the study o

THE 3rd CHAPTER

dies CHAPTER.

Page "That's why tney spinio of the work,"

All the more honour and glory if we win,"

that dack. "What d'ye say to a trial spin
that distroon, Mac? We'll be able to see how
that "The work of the work of the work."

ha hae CHAPTER.

House as Ostoctive.

For HE Householder as Poddles, was postering to be become a first him to describ yearings to become a frest observed to the himself of the first himself of the

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step year to far as to write out a number step year to far as to write out a number sonie, and acade, which he sent round to the far acade, which he sent found to the far acade, which he sent round to the far acade, which he far to the far acade, which he far acade, which he far acade with the far

nd, flort; as a reproduction of the state of

ould be made to look ridiculous in the eyes of

YOU

ught.

The school clock chimed out the hour of midht. The moon flooded the dormitory with

tt. Peddles groaned miserably. The next
ment he was even more wide awake than

ever.
His heart began to beat fiercely against his

moment he was even more wide awake than ever.

His heart began to beat fierrely against his ribs.

He had heard a sound proceeding from the Fourth-Form dormitory. He decided to investigate. He got out of bed, huddled into his considered to the dore the state of the dore of the Fourth-Formers dormitory an inch or two, making never a sound. He saw that Clifford was sitting up in hed, was looking cautiously round the dormitory, was assuring himself that everyone was asleen. Poddles watched his enemy. He saw Clifford reach out a careful arm and give Marker a shake, saw Marker sit up and perform the veryone was assuring himself that everyone was asleen. Poddles watched his enemy. He saw Clifford reach out a careful arm and give Marker a shake, saw Marker sit up and perform the very cautiously the trio crept out of their beds, and set to work to arrange their pillows to stimulate the appearance of boys lapsed in slumber. The "detectives" pulses thrilled. They would not have done this had they not meant to leave the dormitory.

They were off, on some clandestine quest. What game were they up to? Why were they not taking all the rest they could in view of Poddles hid himself behind an oaken chest in the corridor. Even as he did so the trio stole to the door of the dormitory, and slipped out into the corridor. They had huddled into their coats and trougers.

Poddles watched the three shadowy forms disappear at the end of the long corridor.

Then the young detective stole after his unsuperting quarry. The latter had gone down subjective was a French window in the headmaster's study. What on serth could they want there? Poddles ask himself. He soon discovered the meaning of the maneuvre.

There was a French window in the headmaster's study that opened on to a strip of lawn. The trio had gone through this. Poddles here were were well, led to the river.

They went forward swiftly, without looking back to see if they were being followed, though

even had they done so it is to be doubted whether they would have seen the stealthy figure of their pursuer, who took good care to take advantage of every bit of shadow, nover to allow himself to appear in the full light of

to allow himself to appear on the bank of the moon.

At the end of the lane, on the bank of the river, was the school boathouse. Undoubtedly the objective of the three boys was the latter

there, was the school boathouse. Undoubteup the property of the three boys was the latter. What could live, want there? Boddlics asked himself the question again and again as he stole after them. The race between the rival fours was to take place early to-morrow, or rather to-day, for it was past midnight. Could it be that Clifford had some law down scheme for queering Jack Noble's pitch? Knowing Clifford as he did. Poddles felt assured that that undesirable gentleman was perfectly. "He'll have to retrook with Becket Relvay," muttered the young detective to himself, as he drew forth an imaginary recolver from his hippocket, and braced himself up for battle.

Not that he intended being seen. No, the odds were too much against him for that. And besides, he day yet telearn why it was that Clifford and his cronics had taken this midglet exerction.

Clifferd and his cronies had taken this midnight excursion.

Sanzk, the school porter, who looked after
the racing-boats, had deemed it advisable to
leave the two in the water for the night. One
of them showed a tendency to leak. "It'll
do 'em good to let 'em swell up a bit," the
boatman had said. ""I'll leave 'em in the
leing a roomy structure the lower boathouse
with the river by means of a pair of swing
wooden gates, with a staging all round its interior to allow entry to the boats. A door,
always kept locked, gave entrance to the boathouse on one side.

always kept locked, gave the bouse on one side.

Worming his way forward Peddles was enabled to see Clifford take a key from the pocket of his trousers, and open the door of the lower beathouse. The three conspirators slipped inside the wooden building. Peddles

ped inside the wooden building. Poddles elenched his teeth.

"They do mean to do thomething to Jack's boat," he said to himself. "Courage, Becket, my thon, the honour of the Third lieth in your handth."

Little did Clifford, Marker, and Bayne suspect the truth. They hid no inkling of the fact that there was a witness to their night's work, that a pair of exceedingly sharp ears listened to their low-woiced confabilation, that work the said of their labours, learnt enough to tell him all he wanted to know, and then sped away on noiseless feet so as to reach the school before they did.

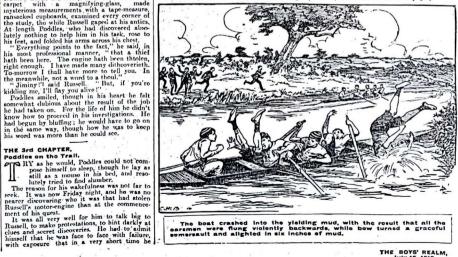
And when they did come back to the school—when they did creep back to their bods, it was to find their domintory-mates still lapsed in the soundest slumber. Everything was evidently O.K.
But Poddles, in the adjoining dormitory, was

dently O.K.

But Poddles, in the adjoining dormitory, was
not asleep. He had too much to think of for
that. Everything rested in his hands now.
He meant to bring off the coup single-handed.

THE 4th CHAPTER.
Clifford Gota Nasty Jar.

ODDLES' first visitor on Saturday morning was lieb Russell, in a very morning was lieb Russell, in a very cathful of unind, obviously thirsting for the result of the res



The boat crashed into the yielding mud, with the result that all the earsmen were flung violently backwards, while bow turned a graceful somersault and alighted in six inches of mud.

I have thelved the thing. In a

no longer. I have tholved the thing. In a short time the world will be ringing with the fame of my exploit.

"Come off the grass," was the scornful reply.

"Tim fed up with your silly mug's game. It going to punch your head, by way of a start, old son, and then I'm going to Lecky, and tell him everythme. I wish I'd gone to him first of all. I don't suppose I shall ever find my senine acrain now."

all. I don't suppose engine again now. II.

"I these you will," said Poddles dramatic-aily, raising his right hand aloft. "I theer by Thaint dupter, Thaint Napoleon, and Lord Kitchener that I have tholved the mythery. Ere the clock strikes twelve to-day the motor could be those.

all be thine."
At that moment Murphy thrust his head into

At that uses the study, "If ut's takin' part in the great race ye're after enterrely, Bob, darlint, ye'd betther be makin' thracks for the boats," he yelled, "Come on, Poddler, ye spalpeen. This is Cliffy's day out I'm afther thinkin."

Russell bolted like the wind, Murphy hard

at his heels. "By Jove, and I muthit thee Noble!" splut-tered Poddles, "before the race starths." Half an hour later, Jack Noble, Fighting Mac Drake, and Russell were making the best of their way towards the basis when they were somewhat surprised by hearing Poddles gaspones.

somewhat surprised by hearing Poddles gaspeut:

"I thay, Noble, I want a word with you. I muthit tell you thomething. The thratths going to be from the landing-thage, ithn't it!"

"Yes," said Jack, in some surprise. "But what's up, Poddles? You seem jolly excited about something."

"So'l you be if you knew what I do," replied Poddles. "That'th what I'm here for. I bet you'll open your eyeth a bit wide when you know everything. Let the otherth walk on, and lithen to me very carefully pleathe."

The story that Poddles had to tell left Jack Noble speechless with amazement and indignation.

nation.

"Well, if that don't beat everything," he muttered fiercely. "I gave Cliffy credit for being a preity average blackguard, but this last scheme of his fairly takes the biscuit. So that was why he was so keen we should start from the landing-stage, and that one of his own gang should shove us off. This is your show, Poddles, my son. You've been a brick over it, and I sha'n't forget it. You're sure you haven't unde any mistake, and that thinge'll pan out as you think?"

"Thure, ouite thertain thure," responded.

on out as you think?"
"Thure, quite thertain thure," responded
Poddles. "It'll be a fine wipe in the eye for
dear Cliffy."
"Well, num's the word then," said Jack
grimly. "It'll be a smack for Master Cliffy
with a vengeance."

grimly. "I'll be a smack for Master Cliffy with a vengeance."

The boys reached the boathouse to find a goodly company waiting their arrival.

Clifford and his crew had already taken their place in their bost. Noble's craft lay alongside the landing-stage, while Lawson minor was in his place on the convawin's each Jackson, one of Clifford's friends, stood beside the

Hallo, Cliffy!" cried Noble. "So you're

ready?"
"Yes," replied Clifford, with a grin. "Take your places, you chape; Jackson'll shore you off."

off."
"Thanks," replied Noble coolly, "Poddles'll do that for us." He noted with satisfaction that Clifford looked rather glum at this. However, Mac quietly pushed Jackson to one side, Noble peeled, and took his place at stroke, Fighting Mac went three, Drake two, and Russell bow.

Placeting Make went three, Drake two, and Russell bow.
Poddles bent down, and thrust his hand below the boat. A very faint whirring sound followed his bound to the property of the boat had see," whisered Juck.
A couple of stake boats had been stationed in the river, occupied by two boys, whose duty it was to hold the stern of each craft preparatory to the starting of the race.
Clifford and his men were already in position, and the spectators were somewhat surprised to notice that Noble's boat evinced an altogether inexplicable desire to move forward of its own accord, so much so that Poodles, whose business it was to hold the stern of the raft, was nearly dragged out of his vessel,

when he did manage to catch hold of the racing four.
"Current must be blethed strong,"
gasped, "Thith jolly old thip wants to

"That's all right," said Jack, with a grin.
"Hold on to her, kid. We sha'n't be long

ow."
Are you chaps ready?" cried the starter.
"Yes," said Noble. Clifford nodded.
"Come forward all. Are you ready

"Come forward all. Are you ready. Row!" The two beats leapt forward like greyhounds released from the leash, Clifford striking off at a tremendous rate of speed, though Noble took things much more leisurely.

Even then it was remarked that Noble's beat forced rapidly ahead. In the first few strukes the Third champions took the lead. The spectators yelled with delight. "Go it. Cliffy, you cripple!" "Why don't you do some work, you owls!" "This is a race, not a blessed procession!" Clifford and his men bent with frenzy to their work, making their frail craft simply race through the water, though it must be admitted that there was a good deal of eplash about their strokes. their strokes.

the time the race was half over Noble's



How to Hold a Struggling Person in the Water. (See "The Importance of Submining" on page 116.)

crew was at least ten lengths ahead, and, despite Clifford's most frenzied endeasours, the gap between the two boats only increased with every stroke. And the extraordinary thing about the whole affair was that Noble and his nem were merely paddling. Their craft ehot forward at a prodigious rate without any undue exertion from the oarsmen.

"The beat's bewitched," purred Fighting Mac, "I believe she'd go if we were to stop rowing altogether."

"Let's try, laughed Noble.

Ile lifted his blade from the water. The rest followed suit. The boat shot gaily forward, notwithstanding.

"Let's try, laughed Noble.

Ile lifted his blade from the water. The rest followed suit. The boat shot gaily forward, notwithstanding.

"What," Sankee, and Clifford later on," said Jack. "Sankee, and Clifford later on," and trying to make holes in the bank they're not trying to make holes in the bank they're not trying to make holes in the bank they're in the direction of the rearmost boat. Clifford had speedly realised that his schemes for winning the race had gone very much awry.

Despite his most frantic efforts, to say

schemes for my limits the race had gone very much away.

Despite his most frantic efforts, to say nothing of the work put in by the rost of the most frantic efforts and further and further and latit way down the course to do so in such a manner as would make it to do so in such a manner as would make it.

appear that the battle had been lost through no fault of his own.

As he came forward for one of his strokes he hissed to young Fender in the coxewain's

he hissed to young Fender in the coxewain's earlisteer for the side! Pull your right string!" And Fender, at a loss to understand the meaning of the command, yet well aware of the evil consequences that might follow his moncompliance with the order, obeyed.

There could, of course, be only one result for such a mancurer. The beat sped for the bank at full speed. A mement later it had crashed into the yielding mud, with the result that all the oarsnen were flung violently backward, while bow turned a graceful somereault, and alighted in six inches of muddy fluid. Clifford, being more or less propared for the shock, was the first to recover in the first that to do that for? You've lost us the race. Just as middle young a special power of the course of the shock, was the first to recover in the first to do that for? You've lost us the race. Just as middle you and chick the whole show way. We've you to thank for this, Steer! Why, you've no more idea of steering a racing-ship than you have of working an aeroplane! I'll flay you for this when we get back, see if I don't!"

ship than you have of working an aeropiane. I'll flay you for this when we get back, see if I don't."

"But you told me to do it, Clifford!" expostulated the indignant cox. "You told me to pull my right string!"

"Told you to do it—told you to do it!" howed Clifford, apparently in a perfect paroxysm of indignant wrath. "Great Casar's glost, listen to the silly young as ! Did you hear what he said you fellow in to actually a how he will be a so that the said you fellow in to a citally a how he will be a so that the will be a citally a so he shink we're in a bath the said! You have the said you fellow in to a citally a same the said you fellow in the catally a same that you have the said you fellow in the said you had you were gaining on the seeney, entoirely!" came from Murphy.

"Take your licking like a sportsman, Cliffy!" shouted another.

How clambered back into his seat, dripping and dirty. The boat was backed out of the bank, and the defeated crew made the best of its way back to the boathouse.

Noble's crew had won kandsomely. There was no doubt about that. Neither could Clifford congratulate himself that he had heard the last of the business yet. The day of reckoning was still to come. It was indeed a discomfitted and rueful quartette that made the best of its way back to the school.

THE 5th CHAPTER

THE 5th CHAPTER.
CHfford Pays the Piper.

"OME in!" said Clifford sulkily.
The door of the study was pushed open; there entered Jack Noble, Fighting Mac, Russell, Valence, Murphy, Pake, and last, but not least, Poddles.

Clifford, Bayne, Marker, and Prince, the occupants of the study, exchanged furtive

Cifford, Bayne, Marker, and Prince, the occupants of the study, exchanged furtive glances, "Italia!" said Clifford. "What do you chape want!" "We'll soon tell you, you skunk!" replied Jack acidly. "We want to know why you stole Russell's motor-engine." "What d'ye mean?" blustered Clifford. "Step for-tward, Poddles," said Fighting Mac drily, "and let's have your yarn!" "Russell came to me." said Poddles eagerly. "and told me he'd lost his motor-engine. I said I'd find it for him. Two nights ago I tracked Clifford, Marker, and Bayne down to the boathouse. I saw Clifford its the engine in the stern of Noble's boat. It is a jolly cute motor, an electric one, and very thilent. I heard Clifford thay he'd got the idea of fixing the motor into the boat. Russell had made the engine for a motor-boat, so it had a therew, and when the race was tharted reverthe the motor. Thith would mean that Noble and his therew would have to pull againth the motor. Jackthon wath to thart the motor with a little lever. But it didn't come off. I tharted the motor, and I thaw to it that it didn't reverthe. Thith meant that the motor wath helping Noble and his therew. That it why they went the quickly. They'd was also discussed. Just as every motor-car

have wen anyhow, and they did want that the true."
That'th the thue thiory, and Clifford that the true."
It all the coly did it for a lark, sailed the coly did it for a lark, sailed to the coly did it for a lark, sailed to the coly did it for a lark, sailed to the coly did it for a lark, sailed to the coly did it for a lark, sailed to the coly did it for a lark to

motor-engine. I don't a bette the stry and think out omething really a try and think out omething really a try and think out omething really a try and think the whole thing really a try and think the whole thing really a try and think the whole thing really a try and think the whole think the stry and t

Mac. "Water and you hadde", put in Fundament of a one, but our days of wit and you go me, but our days of wit and you go we me to coincide, and of anomenes of you never meaning to achieve you have the sauce to say of the you've done. But that you all early you look, and that can't play the non and I don't see why we should missed, or make a row to heeky, you can be you're going to have that ducking, whey you like it or no!"

Don't you think that Cliffy may be until you had be you're going to have that ducking, whey you like it or no!"

"You'd never date the warm in the you the you had be grinning on the wony do then you're going to have that you like it or no!"

"You'd never date that," you in like "How about your sneaking my netre und to Lucky for cowardica and ballying."

"Then are others who could do a but allow your phisog if you tried any sneaking my netre under you don't let me finish," interpeel ke will you phisog if you tried any sneaking my netre will your phisog if you tried any sneaking my netre will your phisog if you tried any sneaking my netre will your phisog if you tried any sneaking of the enough to hold Master Cliffs. What dyes laddle, shall we carry him there!

A chorue of approval greefed this say flow in the work of the playing field.

A fow minutes later the speciace of the playing field.

A fow minutes later the speciace of the playing field.

A fow minutes later the speciace of the playing field.

A fow minutes later the speciace of the playing field.

A fow minutes later the special set of the war without parallel in the him of the witness

THE END (Another spanking Jack Noble yarn nest week)

The Aerial Police.

Ancher spanking Jack Yook years and

The Aerial Police.

One thing is certain. Whater has to be framed to govern aircraft an sime, a will certainly arise the necessite of equipped force of aerial to the spanking of the spanking of the spanking of the sair. This is the one problem of the sair and so that years are the sair, and so the sair and so that years are the sair, and may be frained.

The Aero Club of France, it is more to note, has already defined that are the sair and the s

THE RULES OF THE AIR. Laws Which Airmen Will Have to Obey.

WEEK or two back there appeared in THE BOYS' KRAIM a complete flying carry, entitled "Smugglers of the Air," in which that clever author, conquest of the air was an accomplished fact, frontiers had been practically blosted out, and derivating the Customs officials. Failure to addreading the Customs officials of their just and reading the Customs officials of their just and registrating the customs officials.

and rightful due.

The powers that be have recognised the truth of this fact, and so, when an International Congress was held at least little while ago, the question of the profit agreal swaggling was one which occupied a great deal of attention. The result of the deliberations of the congress makes it almost certain that definite airweys between the different countries will have to be laid down, and that acroplanes crossing the frontiers of

Another importent question which arose at the conference in question was that of spying out the land. It is apparent to all that it will be dead easy for the occupants of acrial craft to hover about fortifications and the like and make datalised plans of the such strategatic positions. Therefore, air vessels must be forbidden to approach within a certain radius of such fortifications.

The question of the identification of aircraft

was also discussed. Just as every motor-car has a number attached to it, and every ship is given a name, and carries papers which prove who and what sho is, so all aerial craft will undoubtedly have to carry some distin-guishing mark or number, as well as docu-ments to make clear that she is all she appears to be.

to be.

Another important point which had to be discussed by the congress was that of the discussed by the congress was that of the discussed by the congress was that of the conversity of the air. How will a landowner who has been given definite rights concerning the air immediately above his territory force his ownership, and keep aircraft from trespassing? Has such an owner any right to say whether an aerial vessel shall or shell not fly above his land? These are matters which must surely be definitely settled.

It is quite a debatable point whether anyone.