

MOTOR-BIKE RACING STORY—Complete

The **MODERN BOY**

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120 M.P.H. BY HANGING TRAIN!—See Inside.

Holding on for dear life, Bunny was sweeping dizzily through the air on one of the sails of the windmill.

COMPLETE

They know him as the Daffer of the Family, young Bunny Hare. But—my hat!—he can look after himself, and others too! He has a dashed hard time of it, with villains all around him, in this long and exciting story.

Bunny to the Rescue!



In the Mill.

STANDING at the little cobwebby window of the room in which he was imprisoned, Bunny heard the creaking of the rickety old stair under the heavy tread of the fat man who was ascending.

Bunny's usually cheerful, chubby face was dismal. From the window he could see the blue of the Bay of Algeiras in the far distance, with a glimpse of the cork forest where he had been trapped by the braves. Somewhere beyond the forest to the south was the Rock of Gibraltar, out of Bunny's sight. Creaking in the wind from the sea, the sails of the mill turned slowly and heavily past the little high window, shutting out Bunny's view from time to time.

He had had a faint hope of escaping by the window, but it looked

over a sheer drop of sixty feet. The small, dirty, evil-smelling room had no other outlet, save the door—which was bolted on the outside. Bunny was a helpless prisoner. And perhaps for the first time since he had started seeing the world, Bunny wished he was back home at Wistaria Villa at Margate.

He turned from the window as he heard the heavy tread of the miller ascending. He looked round the room, in search of something that might serve as a weapon. The idea had come to him of knocking the miller on the head as he entered, stunning him, and so making his escape.

He picked up a stool, the only seat that the room contained. It was heavy and unwieldy, but there was no doubt that if Bunny succeeded in getting one crack on the miller's

head with it the miller would retire from active business for a time.

There was a jarring of rusty bolts withdrawn. Bunny placed himself behind the door, the heavy stool in his hand, a desperate gleam in his eyes. Then suddenly from outside he heard a familiar voice—the voice of Mr. Earle. The miller was not alone.

Bunny dropped the stool. One enemy he might have disposed of, with luck. But two made it hopeless. And there was a faint hope in Bunny's heart that perhaps the owner of the Albatross came as a friend, perhaps as a rescuer.

"Is he here?" Earle was asking. "In this den?"

"The boy—si, senor—yes, he is here!" said the miller, in his imperfect English. "Here he is safe! The door—you see he is strong. The

Bunny to the Rescue!

window—if he shall jump, he shall break him the neck!"

The door was thrown open. A tall, elegant figure stepped in, and Herbert Earle's eyeglass turned on Bunny. The fat miller remained outside the doorway on the stairs.

Mr. Earle looked at Bunny, and the boy returned his glance in silence, but with a reproach that brought the colour to the yachtsman's cheeks. The young man seemed to find it difficult to speak, and Bunny waited for him to break the silence.

"I'm sorry for this, Hare," said Mr. Earle at last awkwardly. "But you have only yourself to thank. If you had not heard Hall talking to me that time on the Albatross—"

"I never meant to."

"I know that, but you did!" said Earle irritably. "We've got to deal with facts. I would have trusted your word to keep the secret, but Hall would not. And—I may as well be frank—I can't take the risk of your babbling. I stand to net ten thousand pounds insurance on the Albatross—and not a shilling would be paid if the insurance company suspected that the yacht was not really lost at sea. The game will be difficult enough to play without the risk of your babbling. You've learned what does not concern you, and you must pay the piper!"

"I'm not staying here!" said Bunny.

"I think you are safe enough!" said Earle. "You cannot escape, Hare. And you had better not try. I did not intend to see you again, or to let you know that I had a hand in your kidnapping. But I came to make sure that you were alive and well. Hall would have had you killed, as you know. He is not the man for half-measures. But you shall not be hurt. I have made a bargain with these men. They will be paid so long as they keep you here safe. Later, when all is secure, you will be released. But you must not expect that for many months to come!"

Bunny breathed hard.

"I am sorry, as I said," repeated Earle. "But it cannot be helped. You have only yourself to blame! Do not give the miller trouble. He is a rough fellow, and would use his knife as soon as not. I am sorry, my boy, for I really like you. You are such a fool that one cannot help liking you."

"Oh!" said Bunny.

"If we could have trusted you!" muttered Earle. "If you would have joined in the scheme for a share of the loot. Hall suggested that, but I would not think of it, Hare. You had better remain a fool than become a rogue. I will have no hand in making a rascal of you!"

"I couldn't have joined in that rotten scheme, sir!" said Bunny quietly. "It's dishonest, sir. And my uncle at Margate says that honesty is the best policy!"

Mr. Earle smiled faintly.

"I regret that I never had the

advantage of your uncle's instruction, Hare," he said. "But you cannot do better than act on it yourself. I did not intend to see you here, boy. But I had to satisfy myself that you were well and safe. The Albatross will leave Gibraltar to-morrow. I shall never see you again. Remember me as kindly as you can." He turned to the door.

"I shall always remember your kindness, sir," said Bunny. "And I know that this is Hall's doing, not yours. I don't owe you any grudge, sir. But I'm not going to stop here longer than I can help!"

Mr. Earle gave an impatient shrug.

"If you try to escape, Hare, you may be stabbed by one of these ruffians. I warn you!"

"I'll chance it, sir!"

"Oh, you are a fool!" snapped Earle. "But if you will be a fool, you must fare according to your folly!"

"Hold on a minute, sir!" said Bunny, as the young man was stepping out through the doorway.

"What is it?" Earle asked. "Cut it short!"

"I want to warn you to be on your guard, sir, till you get back to the Albatross," said Bunny. "That Spaniard, Ruy Pinto—the man with the gold ear-rings—followed us from Gib, and you kicked him, sir, when he was pitching into me at the Alameda. If he gets a chance of sticking a knife into you, you will never get back to Gib alive!"

Earle stared at Bunny.

"You young ass!" he said. "Are you concerned about my safety?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" answered Bunny.

"You were very kind to me on the yacht, and you fished me out of the Bay of Biscay. And though you're rather a beast now, I don't bear any malice. I believe that villain Pinto is after you, sir, and I'd be jolly glad to know you were safe back on the yacht!"

"Would you like me to send you word—in your prison here?" asked Mr. Earle sarcastically. "Good heavens! I made a mistake in having you shut up in this lonely mill, Hare. I should have found a home for idiots for you!"

With that the yachtsman walked out of the room and descended the creaking stairs. The grinning miller placed a large jar of water and a loaf on a wooden platter on the floor, then withdrew, closing the door and shooting the bolts behind him.

"Oh crumbs!" said Bunny.

The Voice!

A GAIN Bunny looked from the little window. His heart was heavy. He saw the tall, elegant figure of Mr. Earle walking slowly along a path that led to the cork wood.

Several times the yachtsman looked back at the mill and paused, as if undecided. It was easy for Bunny to guess the doubt and remorse that were in the young man's mind. He had been a reckless spendthrift, and

had wasted a fortune in gambling. Ruin stared him in the face, and desperation had driven him into evil associations, with a crime in prospect. But he had been a decent man, and his decency was not dead. He had tricked the trusting Bunny into a trap and left him a prisoner in lawless hands. And it weighed heavily on his mind.

Bunny felt no bitterness towards him. It was rather compassion that was in his heart as he watched the tall figure dwindling in the distance. More than once he hoped that Mr. Earle was about to turn back, giving rein to the scruples of conscience that evidently were troubling him. But though he paused often he kept on, and disappeared at last in the dusky shades of the cork wood.

Bunny continued to watch from the window as the sun sank lower, gleaming red on the shining waters of the Bay of Algeiras.

A little later he saw the miller emerge, and heard the creak of a rusty lock. The miller rolled away, and Bunny guessed that he was going to join his friends at the fonda, where there was drink and company. There was no sound in the mill after he was gone. The prisoner in the little high garret was the only tenant of the building now.

Bunny went to the door and groped over it. It was thick and strong, and secured by the iron bolts outside. There was no chance of beating a way through with the stool. Indeed, Bunny knew that if there had been any chance of escape he would not have been left alone in the mill.

His quarters were dingy enough, and the food and drink anything but luxurious. But Bunny was not worrying about such trifles. He was a prisoner, and he wanted his freedom. He had no doubt that Mr. Earle's warning had been given in earnest, and that his captors would not hesitate to use their knives if they found him escaping. All the same, his thoughts concentrated on escape.

The miller and the other bravoes were away now—doubtless drinking at the fonda on the edge of the cork wood. If Bunny could have got out he had hopes of finding his way back to Gibraltar, and once within the British lines he would have been safe. If he was to escape, it must be while he was left alone in the mill.

He looked down from the window, and shivered. There was neither handhold nor foothold for a climber, and a fall was instant death. Likely enough, his enemies would not be displeased if he made the hopeless attempt and perished.

"I've got to get out!" said Bunny between his teeth. "Where there's a will there's a way, as my uncle at Margate says. But what's the way?"

The wind was freshening from the sea, and the great sails rolled past the little window. Bunny watched them idly. But slowly, as he watched, an idea came into his mind and a gleam into his eyes. He watched a

sail pass by the little window, descending slowly as it turned, and approaching the ground.

"By gum!" said Bunny. He breathed hard and quick. He felt his heart beating unpleasantly fast. But determination was growing in his face.

It was possible to clamber out of the window and catch a whirling sail as it swept round. If he caught a secure hold, he would be carried over as it turned and carried down to within a jump of the ground. If he missed a secure hold—

Bunny knew the chances were against him. He was not, perhaps, very bright, but he had a solid fund of calm common sense. And he could calculate chances. He knew that if he trusted himself to the sails of the windmill there was perhaps one chance that he would land on his feet to a hundred that he would be dashed to pieces.

What other chance was there? His idea of stunning the miller with the stool when he came in was a desperate one—most likely to end in a thrust of a long knife, and the end of all things for Jack Hare. As for remaining quietly a prisoner, Bunny refused even to contemplate that. Any risk to life and limb was better than submission to his fate.

His mind was made up at last. He crawled out of the little window and lodged himself on the narrow sill. Bunny was a good climber, with a steady head. He owed that to a boyhood by the Margate cliffs. But he carefully avoided looking down into the dizzy depth below.

The billowing sail went past Bunny, brushing him. From his precarious position he watched it with a steady eye, letting it pass. Fear had been left out of Bunny's composition, and it was with a steady eye and a cool, calculating brain that he watched the great sail whirling on earthward.

In another minute now he would be taking his chance—and in a few seconds after that he would either be free or dashed to death. And he did not hesitate.

Slowly the great sail revolved up and over, and at precisely the right moment Bunny clutched—and held. Had his heart failed him then, Bunny would have been lost. He was clutching, holding on for his life, and sweeping dizzily through the air.

Earth and sky swam round him. Down swept the sail, carrying Bunny with it. If he had miscalculated—if the jump was too great when the sail was at its lowest—That thought flashed in his mind, but it did not shake his nerve. He was for it now, live or die! He had taken the chance, and there was no retreat. He had to jump to safety or death. It was only a matter of seconds, yet it seemed ages to Bunny before the long arm of the windmill pointed to the earth and he let go his hold.

Over him the sails of the windmill whirled on.

"Ow!" gasped Bunny. "Wow!

Oh crumbs!" He felt, for the moment, as if he had dropped into a wasps' nest. There was a straggling bush into which he had fallen. And there were thorns in the bush. He struggled out painfully.

"Oh crumbs!" he panted.

He was scratched by the thorns, but he realised that it was fortunate for him that the bush had been there. The drop had shaken him a good deal, but he was not otherwise hurt—except for the scratches. He rubbed the scratches ruefully, but his heart was throbbing with relief and delight.

He stepped away from the mill and looked round him cautiously. There was no one in sight. The windmill was in a lonely spot. Bunny grinned, thinking of the surprise and rage of the miller when he returned and found that the bird had flown.

from a thicket. If he came on the enemy before he found his way back to Gibraltar, Bunny did not intend to be dealt with easily. He felt better with a thick cudgel in his hand.

He tramped on by the winding path in the wood. He hoped to find his way to the road that led back to Gibraltar, but his first care was to place a good distance between himself and the mill. It was certain that he would be pursued as soon as he was missed, and he could not tell how soon that might be.

Bunny kept his eyes well about him and listened intently as he



As the long knife flashed up, Bunny leaped from the thicket with his cudgel.

But it was necessary to get clear of the place before the miller or his friends came back. If they came on him, he would be either murdered or recaptured.

Bunny started at a run in the direction he had seen Mr. Earle take, towards the cork wood. Once he was in the gloomy shades of the cork forest, he had no doubt of being able to dodge possible pursuit. He covered the ground very quickly, and panted with relief when he found himself within the wood.

He stopped there to open his pocket-knife and cut a stout cudgel

threaded his way among the great trees. It was probable that he was not very far behind Mr. Earle, and Bunny would rather have fallen in with any of the bravoes than with the owner of the Albatross.

Suddenly from the silence of the forest came a sound that made him start. It was a rustling, scuffling sound as of a struggle, and to Bunny's ears came the panting of hurried breath.

Bunny stood quite still for some moments. A desperate struggle was going on at a short distance, screened from his sight by the trees and

Bunny to the Rescue!

interlacing underwoods. Prudence warned Bunny to keep clear of it. But as he stood hesitating, a voice came to his ears—a panting voice that Bunny knew. Not for a second longer did he hesitate. With the cudgel gripped hard in his hand, Bunny plunged through the thickets in the direction of the struggle.

From the Thickets!

HERBERT EARLE leaned on the trunk of a massive tree, selected a cigar from his case, lighted it, and smoked slowly, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, moody eyes fixed on the ground. His brow was black and troubled.

Many times, since leaving Bunny in the mill, Earle had been strongly tempted to turn back and release the boy from his imprisonment, at any risk to himself and to his plot. And though he kept to his purpose, his brow grew darker and more troubled. He strove in vain to dismiss the boy's reproachful face from his mind.

The sun was setting beyond the hills of Spain, but the cork wood was shimmering with heat, though the shadows were deepening. Earle was tired, and sorely disturbed in mind. He had to return to the fonda where the horses had been left and ride back to Gibraltar. But though he had made up his mind doggedly, he hesitated to take the

final step which would leave the boy in the long and dismal imprisonment to which he had been condemned.

Long he stood there, leaning on the tree in deep and troubled thought. His cigar burned out, and he threw away the stump. He did not hear a faint rustling in the thickets, and did not know that a pair of keen, glinting black eyes watched him intently.

Had he been on the alert he might have been warned by that faint rustle—might have discerned the gleam of gold ear-rings in the shadows of the underwood. But he was not thinking of danger. He had forgotten Ruy Pinto, the Spaniard who had attacked Bunny in the Alameda Gardens at Gibraltar, and whom he had kicked contemptuously away. Bunny's warning had made no impression on his mind.

From his cover in the thickets Ruy Pinto watched him, with gloating vengeance in his black eyes. Ruffian and thief as Pinto was, he had all the lofty pride of a Spaniard. The humiliation of a kicking could only be wiped out in blood. And Pinto had followed the yachtman from Gibraltar with savage vengeance in his heart. Of what Earle's business was at the lonely inn and in the cork wood Pinto knew nothing and cared nothing. All he cared for was the fact that he had tracked his enemy to a solitary place, where his vengeance could be satisfied.

For long minutes he watched the yachtman, grinning as he noted how

deeply Earle was buried in thought, how utterly he was off his guard, and unsuspecting of danger. But Pinto did not show himself. It was more likely than not that the yachtman had a revolver about him, and it was not Ruy Pinto's intention to pit his knife against the Englishman's revolver. It was his game to take his enemy by surprise, without giving him a chance.

He stirred at last and crept away among the underwood, approaching by a circuitous route the tree against which Earle leaned.

In spite of his cat-like caution, there was several times a rustle; but Earle did not hear or heed it. Softly, silently, like a snake in the grass, the man with the ear-rings drew himself from the thicket behind the tree within a few feet of his unguarded victim.

Now he had only to leap round the massive trunk, and he would be upon his enemy. One thrust of the long knife that was in his hand would wipe out the score.

With his white teeth set, his eyes glittering, Pinto leaped suddenly into view and hurled himself at the yachtman. The uplifted knife gleamed in a shaft of sunlight that filtered through the heavy branches above.

Earle, taken by surprise as he was by the sudden and unexpected attack, did not fall under the fierce blow as the ruffian anticipated. At the right moment he sprang away from the tree, and the blade missed by inches

"What—" ejaculated Earle. He leaped back again as Ruy Pinto followed him up, slashing with the knife. He twisted away from the slash, and the knife tore along his sleeve, grazing the skin and drawing blood from his arm. The next instant Earle had grasped the dusky wrist and was holding the knife off.

Ruy Pinto wrenched at his wrist to free it, but the yachtman held it in a grip of iron. They stood almost chest to chest, their eyes meeting.

"You!" panted Earle. He recognised the man with the ear-rings, whom he had kicked in the Alameda. "You scoundrel!"

Pinto wrenched at his knife-hand again. But Earle's grip on his wrist was like steel; his life depended on that grip. The ruffian's sinewy left arm grasped round him, and they struggled.

All Earle's moody listlessness had left him now. He was fighting for his life, and he put every ounce of strength into it. To and fro they rocked, breathing hard and quick, Pinto's knife-hand still held in a grip of steel that prevented him from using his weapon. With his hand free for a single instant, he would have ended the struggle with a deadly thrust, and Earle held on for his life. He was taller than the Spaniard, and muscular. But Pinto was a mass of muscle and sinew, fully his equal in a struggle. Twice, thrice, the keen blade grazed Earle as they rocked, though he held back the weapon from a stab.

A long minute passed—another and (Continued on page 28.)

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Bunny to the Rescue!

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another—and the struggle went on almost in silence. Each was exerting his strength to the utmost; but fortune favoured the Spaniard. Earle's foot caught in a trailing root. As he tripped, Pinto threw his weight upon him, and the Englishman went heavily to the ground, the Spaniard over him.

Still he held the dusky wrist, though he was on his back in the herbage, and he had no chance to rise. Pinto's left hand grasped his shoulder. Earle, with his left, struck again and again at the swarthy, gloating face above him, while with his right he still clung desperately to the ruffian's wrist. Ruy Pinto dragged up his knee, planted it on the fallen man, and dragged at his knife-hand to free it.

Earle was at a hopeless disadvantage, and it was only a matter of moments now. This was the end of his scheming; this was the punishment of his treachery. He had left the boy a prisoner at the mill to keep his miserable secret, only to find his death in the cork forest. In those gloomy shades he and his secret were to perish together. The man with the ear-rings grinned down at him.

"Now, senor—" chuckled Pinto. "Help!" The shout left Earle's lips involuntarily. But it was useless to call in the solitary depths of the cork wood, and especially to call

in English. The cry had left him almost unconsciously.

"Who will hear you in this forest, senor?" Pinto grinned. "You are sorry—yes—that you kick me, in the Alameda?"

"You dog!" panted Earle.

Ruy Pinto wrenched at his knife-hand, with his knee jammed on the fallen man. His hand came free from Earle's desperate grasp. The long knife flashed high. Earle looked up at the flashing blade and the gleaming black eyes of the Spaniard, and looked for death. It was the end!

Neither of them had heard, or heeded, in the tense struggle the sound of a rustle in the underwood. Neither dreamed that anyone was at hand. But as the long knife flashed up a stocky figure leaped from the thickets, and even as the blow descended Bunny struck with his cudgel, and the blow crashed on the descending arm.

The knife flew through the air, dropping a couple of yards away, and the Spaniard gave a yell of rage and agony as his numbed arm dropped to his side.

Fast Asleep!

UP went Bunny's cudgel again, as the enraged Spaniard, hissing with rage, spun round towards this new enemy. It came down with a crash on Pinto's dusky head, and the man with the ear-rings reeled from the blow.

He rolled off his victim, and

sprawled for a moment in the grass. Earle sat up dazedly, dizzy from his unhopèd-for escape, amazed by the sight of the boy whom he had left a prisoner in the mill.

Bunny did not heed him for the moment. He leaped after Pinto, who was scrambling towards his knife. He struck again with the cudgel, and the Spaniard squirmed frantically out of his way and leaped to his feet.

"You rotter!" panted Bunny.

Earle staggered up. His hand slid into his hip pocket, and Pinto, as he saw the movement, gave up on the instant the thought of recovering his knife and continuing the affray. He leaped away into the underwood as Earle's hand came out with a revolver in it.

Crack! Earle fired instantly, but his hand was shaking from the desperate struggle, and the Spaniard's movements were swift. The bullet missed Pinto by a yard or more as he leaped away. The next moment the underwood had swallowed the Spaniard from sight.

Twice again Earle fired into the wood in the direction of the fleeing Spaniard, though with little hope of hitting him. The rustling of the Spaniard's flight died away in the depths of the cork wood.

"He's gone, sir!" said Bunny.

Earle returned the revolver to his pocket. He was panting, exhausted by the struggle. The perspiration ran thickly down his face. He stared at Bunny as he might have stared at a ghost, but did not speak. He leaned back on a tree, gasping for breath.

Bunny eyed him rather warily. He had come to the rescue without thinking of himself. But now that the man with the ear-rings was gone Bunny wondered what was going to happen. He was not going to be taken back to the mill, that was certain. And he watched Earle, prepared to dodge away into the wood at the first hostile movement.

Earle broke his silence at last.

"You've saved my life, boy!" he said huskily.

"Yes, sir," said Bunny cheerfully. "That was the man I warned you about! Wasn't it lucky I got here in time?"

"You got out of the mill?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it, sir?" grinned Bunny. "I told you I shouldn't stay there!"

"But how?" Earle eyed him strangely.

Bunny explained how he had made his escape.

"You might have been dashed to pieces!" Earle muttered. "It's a miracle you were not—"

"It was rather touch and go, sir," agreed Bunny. "But it was a case of neck or nothing. You see, I wasn't going to stay there. If you're all right now I'll clear off. I've got to get back to Gib somehow."

"Stay!"

"I—I hope you're not thinking of getting me back to the mill, sir," said Bunny anxiously, "because I'm not going!"

Earle smiled faintly.

"You young ass, do you think I would harm you—after what you've

(Continued on the next page.)

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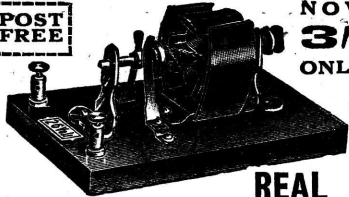
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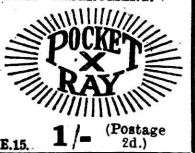
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Bunny to the Rescue!

(Continued from previous page.)

done? You are going back to Gibraltar with me."

"Do you mean that, sir?" "Of course I mean it! I've treated you badly, but do you think I'm an ungrateful hound?" muttered Earle.

"Oh, no!" said Bunny. "Of course I trust you, sir."

"Well, you shall show your trust," said Earle. "Come—we will go back to the inn, and take the horses to ride to Gibraltar."

He started at a rapid walk through the cork wood. Bunny followed him. Perhaps, for a moment, there was a faint misgiving in Bunny's breast. They were going to the fonda—where he would be in the power of the bravoes again if Earle broke faith with him. But Bunny had a trusting nature, and there was something in Earle's conscience-stricken face that told him that he had no cause to doubt.

In the falling dusk they threaded the paths of the cork forest swiftly. A light was glimmering from the fonda when they came in sight of it. Earle strode into the courtyard with Bunny at his heels. Valdez, the innkeeper, came towards him, staring in blank astonishment at Bunny. He broke into a torrent of Spanish, and Earle interrupted him curtly.

"Horses!" he snapped. "Los caballos! Pronto!" "Si, senor!" gasped the amazed innkeeper.

The horses were brought out of the lean-to stable. Bunny drew a quick breath as the fat figure of the miller appeared in the doorway of the inn. The man stared at him with starting eyes, and continued to stare blankly as Bunny clambered into the saddle. And as the horses clattered away the innkeeper and the miller stood together at the gate staring after them in astonishment, joined by three or four other swarthy fellows who stared also, and talked together in wondering tones. Earle's change of programme had evidently astounded the rascally crew who had been hired to do his rascally work.

Earle rode at a gallop on the rutty road, and Bunny kept pace with him. They reached the open road that ran through La Linea to the fortress, and rode on to Gibraltar.

The sound of the evening gunfire from the fortress had died away. In the velvety gloom of the night they galloped on. Bunny was aware that the gates of the fortress were shut at night, and he wondered whether they were likely to be shut out of Gibraltar. But a gate was open when they reached the Neutral Ground, and they rode into the town under the stars.

The horses were put up at the livery stable where they had been hired, and Earle made Bunny a sign to follow him. They reached the landing-steps, and Earle called for a boat.

Bunny sighed. He was safe back in Gibraltar now! And the time had come to part. In spite of all that had

(Continued on the next page.)

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Bunny to the Rescue!

(Continued from previous page.)

happened Bunny was sorry. Mr. Earle turned round to him and smiled faintly at his clouded face.

"You are safe now, Hare, and free to do as you like," he said.

"Yes, sir," answered Bunny.

"If you choose to remain in Gibraltar you may remain, and I will provide you with money to see you through," said Mr. Earle quietly. "I will trust to your promise to keep my secret!"

"You can trust me, sir!" said Bunny.

"Then you will stay here?"

Bunny was silent.

"If you choose to come back on the Albatross I shall be glad," went on Earle. "If—after what's happened—you feel disposed to trust me, Hare, come back with me to the ship."

Bunny's clouded face cleared.

"I'll be jolly glad, sir!" he answered cheerfully. "I don't want to part with you. You see, I like you."

"You young ass!" said Earle.

He stepped into the boat, and Bunny followed. The Spanish boatmen pulled for the yacht. In a few minutes they were alongside, and the ladder was let down for Mr. Earle. Hall, the mate, met him as he stepped on deck, with an eager look.

"You're late!" he said. "I expected you back earlier, Mr. Earle. But—all's well, I hope?"

Earle smiled sarcastically.

"Quite!" he answered. "Come up, Hare!"

The mate gave a start.

"The boy—here?" he muttered. "What—"

His eyes gleamed at Bunny as he

came on deck. His hard, tanned face was convulsed with rage. He stepped closer to Mr. Earle, glaring at him, unheeding the wondering looks of three or four seamen.

"What does this mean?" he snarled.

"What—"

"That will do, Hall!"

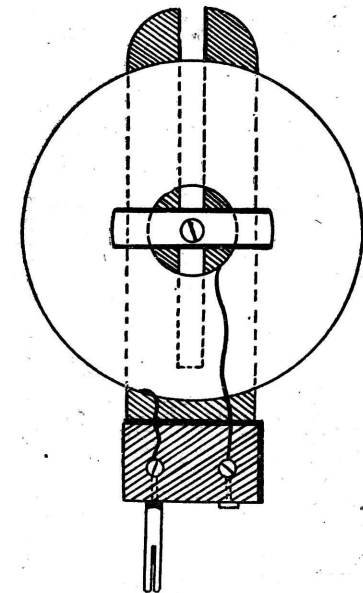
"I tell you—"

"Hold your tongue!"

Mr. Earle signed to Bunny to follow him below. Hall was left on deck, staring, and muttering under his breath.

Bunny was fast asleep in his bunk when, next morning, the Albatross weighed anchor and stood away from Gibraltar across the rich blue Mediterranean!

(Bunny doesn't get much rest from Adventure, poor chap! He's hard at it again in next Monday's MODERN BOY, in another long complete yarn by Charles Hamilton.)

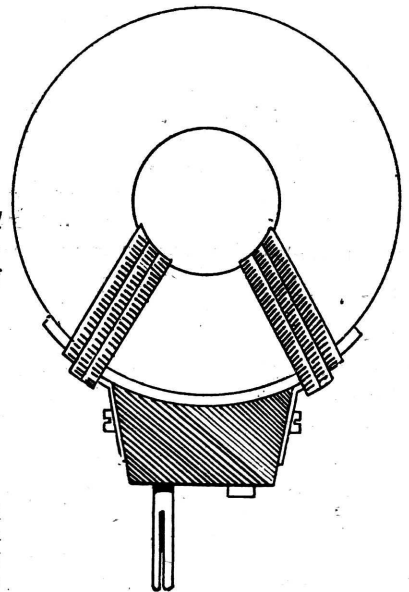


Plug-in Coils

Our Wireless Expert tells and shows you how to effect considerable saving by making your own Coils

Left.—A home-made Basket Coil mounted ready for use.

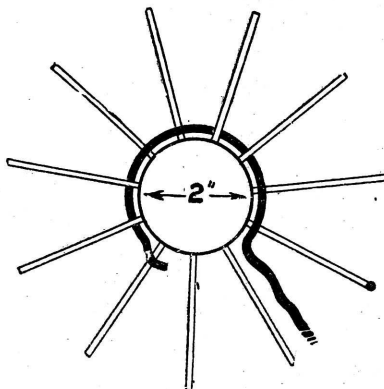
Right.—Method of securing a Honeycomb Coil to its mount by means of adhesive tape.



front of the next two, and so on until the necessary number of turns have been put on. Break off the wire, leaving sufficient for attachment to the mount, then brush a little melted paraffin wax over the coil. Allow the wax to dry, pull out the nails then, and the coil is ready for mounting.

HONEYCOMB COILS

Honeycomb coils are not so bulky as basket ones. Two formers of the same size and with the same number of nails as



The simple home-made Former on which Basket Coils are wound.

P LUG-IN coils for broadcasting work are of two kinds, basket and honeycomb, names which indicate their method of construction. Seven coils of either type will cover all broadcasting wave-lengths when tuned by a .0005 variable condenser, and they are very simple to make. All you need buy are some coil mounts and some No. 25 and No. 30 D.C.C. wire. The formers you make yourself out of odd pieces of wood and nails.

Coils are numbered 25, 35, 50, 75, 100, 150, and 200 respectively, the figures indicating the number of turns of wire in the coil. Thus, if you want to make a No. 25 coil, you have to put 25 complete turns of wire around the former.

READY FOR MOUNTING

The former for basket coils consists of a round piece of wood $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. thick, 2 in. in diameter. Eleven nails are driven into it at equal distances around the edge as shown in the lower diagram.

For all coils up to No. 100, No. 26 D.C.C. wire is used. One end of the wire is looped around one nail, then passed behind the next two nails, in

before are required, screwed together so that the nails in the front row lie exactly between those in the back row, the rows being $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. apart.

Loop the wire round a front row nail, take it across the former to the sixth nail in the back row to the right, pass it round two nails, then bring it back to the nail immediately to the right of the one from which you started. Again it passes round two nails, and across to the sixth nail on the right. Carry on until the required number of turns have been put on and finish off as before.

ADHESIVE TAPE FIXING

Tapped coils are made in exactly the same way. When you reach the turn in which the tap is to be placed, make a loop in the wire and then carry on with the winding.

When the coil is finished the insulation is scraped away from the free end of the tapping.

To hold the honeycomb coils rigid on the mount, cut a disc of stout cardboard of the same diameter as the coil and fix it to the outside of the coil and the mount with adhesive tape.