The Playbox.

1939

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БИБЛИОТЕКА ИЗОБРАЗИТЕЛЬНЫХ ИСКУССТВ

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THE PLAYBOX 2p

FREE TOYS FOR ALL "PLAYBOX" READERS NEXT WEEK! SEE PAGE 3

PLAYBOX 2

SONNY SAVES THE SQUIRE JUST IN "TIME"!

1. Our chums popped in to see Mrs. Wiggs the other morning, and they were very surprised to find her crying. "Boo, hoo!" she sobbed. "I have no money to buy my dinner! I shall have to sell my dear old clock!" "Goodness me, how very sad!" exclaimed our Sonny Bear.

2. "Perhaps you'd like one of my bullseyes for dinner, Mrs. Wiggs?" said Micky. "They are very nice!" "No, thank you!" replied the poor old dame. "I must sell my clock. I'm afraid. Will you take it to the shop for me, boys?" "Certainly, ma'am!" said Sonny Bear.

3. Then our chums went off with the old grandfather-clock. Just as they were passing the pond in the park they heard a loud splash and a cry for help! "Gracious! The squire has fallen in the nasty wet water!" exclaimed Sonny. "The old folks are in trouble to-day, Micky!"

4. "Cheer up, sir!" yelled Micky. "We are coming to the rescue! Don't swallow too much water!" And then our clever chums pushed the grandfather-clock into the water and, using it as a boat, rowed towards the squire. "Oh, you brave boys!" he cried. "You deserve six medals!"

5. And when the old gentleman was safely in the "boat" he took out a lot of money and gave it to Sonny Bear. "This is your reward for saving me," said he. "Buy yourself something nice!" "O-oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed Sonny.

6. Soon afterwards the chums had a very exciting time buying all sorts of nice things to eat. They put them on the clock and carried them back to Mrs. Wiggs' cottage, and when the old lady saw the food and money she nearly danced for joy.

Государственная Республиканская Киевская библиотека №

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"We'll all come to school with you, Babs!" shrieked the Scrawly-Scrumps.

"I SAY, Dame Bumble, what lovely flowers! Have you grown them yourself?"

And our little favourite, Tommy Twinkle, pointed to a big bulb-bowl of fragrant pink and blue hyacinths, which was standing on the counter of Dame Bumble's well-stocked little tuck-shop. They really were a picture, and the old dame's face beamed with pride as she nodded towards them.

"Yes, Tommy, I have grown them," she replied. "And very proud of them I am, too. I have never before grown bulbs indoors; in fact, I doubted if I should get them to bloom. But I was wrong, you see."

"You certainly were," laughed our little boy. "I should think they would take a prize, Dame Bumble. It's great fun trying to grow things, isn't it? Do you know, I once knew a man who planted an orange-pip in the middle of the High Street!"

"Goodness me!" gasped Dame Bumble in astonishment. "You don't say so, Tommy! And what ever came up afterwards?"

"A policeman!" roared our merry little boy. "Ha, ha, ha! Caught you that time, didn't I, Dame Bumble? But do let me try you with a sum, please. I know you are good at arithmetic."

Tommy smiled winningly at the good dame, who, as you know, can never resist our jolly little boy.

"Well, what is it?" she smiled, stooping to enjoy the scent of her lovely hyacinths.

"Can you take one from six and leave nine?" asked our roguish little boy.

Dame Bumble gave a gasp of surprise.

"What ever are you talking about, Tommy Twinkle?" she exclaimed. "One from six leaves nine! Never! If this is one of your tricks, Tommy, I am afraid it will not work this time." And her eyes twinkled merrily as she shook her mob cap at our little boy.

"But I can prove it to you," chuckled Tommy, producing a scrap of paper and a pencil. "Look!" And in large capital letters he wrote down the letters:

S I X

"Now watch, please," he went on. "Take away one and that leaves nine!" And, quick as thought, he scratched out the letter S, which, as you will see, boys and girls, leaves the two Roman figures I X. And these, as everybody knows, stand for number nine!

Well, if only you could have seen Dame Bumble's face when she realised how cleverly Tommy had "caught" her. First, she gasped with surprise, then she pretended to frown, and then, because she could not help herself, she relapsed into hearty laughter.

And while she and Tommy were enjoying the joke a little girl poked her head in at the doorway, and then, strangely enough, popped back again and fled.

"Who was that?" cried Tommy, pausing in his merriment.

"Little Babs Roberts," returned Dame Bumble, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes. "She is a funny little girl, to be sure. Do you know, Tommy, she buys little else from me except coloured chalks. It is surprising how quickly she uses them up too. She must be very fond of playing schools, I should think."

Tommy listened to all this very quietly, but his mind was working fast. Coloured chalks! He thought of all the ugly scribbled figures and marks that were to be found all over the pavements, and on people's doors and walls in the neighbourhood lately. Even in the school playground and on the school door. In fact, Miss Merryfair had declared that if it did not cease she would take very severe measures to catch the naughty boy or girl who did it.

But nobody "owned up," and still the tiresome scribbling went on until it was fast becoming a real nuisance. Only that morning Tommy's granny, good Dame Kindly, had discovered her newly-cleaned front step simply covered with ugly chalk marks, and a comical figure marked "Funny Dame Kindly."

"Er—did you say Babs buys lots of chalks?" asked Tommy, a moment later.

"Indeed, yes," murmured the good lady, as she set about dusting her shelves and bottles. "I expect she will be back for some more when she finds my shop empty."

These words almost settled the doubt in Tommy's mind. It must be Babs who was doing all this stupid scribbling, otherwise why did she not come in and buy her chalks while he was talking to Dame Bumble? Hastily bidding the old lady "good-day," Tommy hurried from the shop and walked quickly after the little girl. He rightly guessed that she would turn to the right (the left only led to fields and woods) and, sure enough, after about seven minutes' walk, Tommy noticed something blue bobbing up and down inside the gateway of a house. Running swiftly, he arrived just in time to see Babs scrawling ugly figures all over the large, flat step in front of the house!

"Aha, caught you at last!" exclaimed our little favourite. "So you are the one who is doing all this scribbling!" And then, before Babs could reply, Tommy had softly stamped his right magic shoe and was wishing a comical wish. Instantly, his wish came true, and suddenly along the quiet roadway there came the clatter of dozens of feet, and the shrill chatter of excited voices!

"Goodness!" Tommy pretended to gasp, gazing up the road. "Just look here, Babs! All your friends have come to meet you. What a crowd! Ha, ha!"

Horror-stricken, Babs gazed at the oncoming throng, her eyes as wide as saucers. For hurrying towards her were dozens of Scribbly People—the very figures she had been scrawling all over pavements and doors for days past! By some dreadful means (she knew nothing of Tommy's magic shoes, you see) they had all come to life, and, worse still, had come to find *her!*

"Ah, here she is! Here is our dear little Babs!" shouted a dreadful-looking scribble-figure that looked more like a guy than anything else. "We have been hunting everywhere for you, Babs!"

"H-have you?" stammered the little girl, feeling herself go cold all over, as the comical people crowded round her. "W-why?"

"Why?" echoed they. "Because we are the Scrawly-Scrumps, and because we belong to you! You made us, you know, and so we have come to stay with you!"

Babs turned a distracted face to Tommy Twinkle, but, strange to say, our little boy was smiling serenely.

"Well, what are you going to do with us now?" inquired a tall, thin, spiky-looking lady whom (dreadful thought!) Babs had drawn and called: "Miss Merryfair!" "Where are you going next?"

"To—to school!" Babs managed to gasp out, wishing the ground would open and swallow her up.

"Then we'll all come to school!" shrieked the Scrawly-Scrumps in delight. And two of them caught Babs by the arms and marched her along the road towards Miss Merryfair's school. Oh, what horrid-looking things they were, thought Babs, trying vainly to get away from their thin, spiky hands. How she wished she had never drawn them!

And then, suddenly, they had reached the school door, and the Scrawly-Scrumps were pushing each other to get in. Babs, in despair, hid her face in her hands, and at that instant, Tommy quickly stamped his *left* magic shoe. This, as you will remember, causes all the enchantment to vanish, and, in a flash, the tiresome Scrawly-Scrumps had entirely disappeared!

"Why, Babs, what is wrong? Are you unwell, child?"

It was Miss Merryfair's kindly voice that caused the little girl to look up, and when she did she gasped with surprise and relief. Those dreadful creatures had gone!

"Come and sit down; you look pale," went on her kind teacher, leading Babs into school.

And from that very minute, Babs resolved never, *never* to scribble again.

(Look out for another jolly "Tommy Twinkle" adventure next week, boys and girls, in our Wonderful Free Gift Number!)

3 WONDERFUL TOYS for PLAYBOX READERS, FREE!

3 SPLENDID FREE GIFTS!

THE MAGIC FLOATING SWAN

THE JIG-SAW PUZZLE

THE MAGIC SLATE

All these lovely toys will be given free with every copy of next week's PLAYBOX, boys and girls. Order your copy at once.

Do not miss these grand gifts, and please tell all your chums about them. You can read more about these toys on the opposite page. On Sale next Friday.

THE PLAYBOX. *Price* ***2d.***

FLYING FREDDY

1. Torty was very proud of his new silver aeroplane. "Oh, I shouldn't want that!" laughed Freddy. "That's no good, Torty!"

2. "You might change your mind in a minute, Freddy!" Torty chuckled. "Then you had better show me how it works," Freddy told him.

3. "You just take off the silver-paper, and then you eat it!" said Torty. "Chocolate!" cried Freddy. "It is very good, Torty!"

HAPPY HOURS WITH MRS HIPPO

"Well I never! Those funny Baby Buntings have taken up flying!" laughed good Mrs. Hippo, as she opened her big picture book.

"Ha, ha! They have not taken it 'up' very far, have they?" chuckled Jackie, when he saw the strange-looking aeroplane that Master Chubb had built with Mrs. Bunting's furniture!

Two chairs and a form from the schoolroom made the wings and body of the plane and two pudding spoons made a splendid propeller! Chubb was a very good "pilot" and made his machine rock so excitingly that all the Buntings wanted a flight and did not mind paying twopence for it!

But Dinky, the pup, had the most thrilling time of all! He practised parachute jumping with an umbrella and made a perfect landing every time! He wasn't a bit afraid—because he was only a few inches above the ground! Ha, ha!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Boys and Girls,—As I promised you in my letter last week, I have some simply marvellous news for you all! I know that my boys and girls love having surprise presents, and so next week I am going to give you THREE each! Not one, mind you, but three!

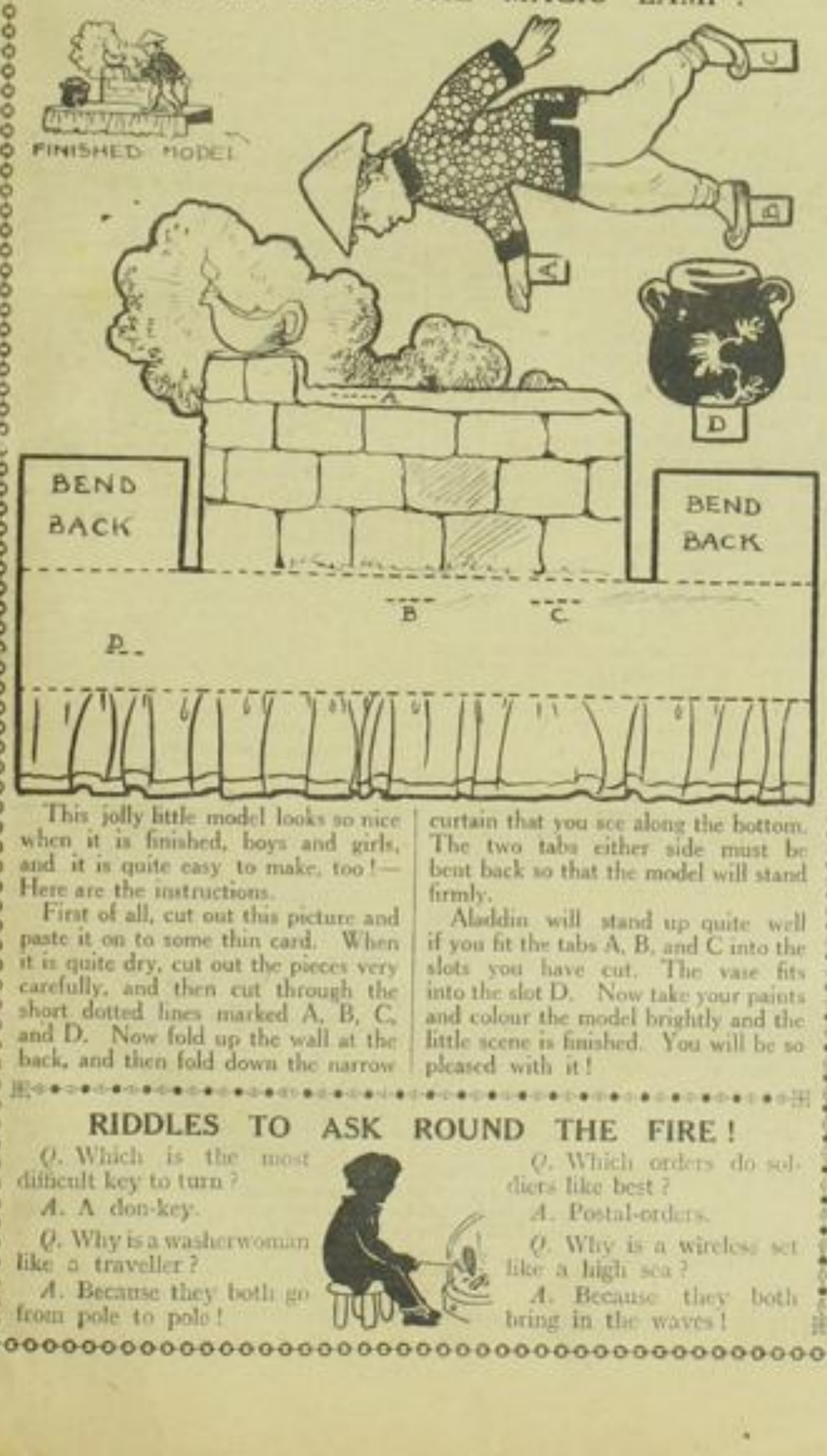
Every copy of next week's PLAYBOX will contain a beautifully coloured Jig-saw Puzzle, a Magic Slate, and a Magic Floating Swan! Every reader will receive these three lovely gifts which I am sure will keep you amused and delighted for hours! They are so cleverly made that I have no room to describe them to you here. You will find a special corner all about them at the bottom of this page.

Do tell all your chums about this wonderful gift packet, for I am sure they will be eager to have it. And order your PLAYBOX now to make sure you do not miss it!

Your sincere friend, MRS. HIPPO.

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been awarded to Desmond Carnelley, of Rotherham.

ALADDIN FINDS THE MAGIC LAMP!



This jolly little model looks so nice when it is finished, boys and girls, and it is quite easy to make, too!—Here are the instructions.

First of all, cut out this picture and paste it on to some thin card. When it is quite dry, cut out the pieces very carefully, and then cut through the short dotted lines marked A, B, C, and D. Now fold up the wall at the back, and then fold down the narrow curtain that you see along the bottom. The two tabs either side must be bent back so that the model will stand firmly.

Aladdin will stand up quite well if you fit the tabs A, B, and C into the slots you have cut. The vase fits into the slot D. Now take your paints and colour the model brightly and the little scene is finished. You will be so pleased with it!

"BLINDMAN'S ZOO." A Funny Party Game.

You must remember this game for your next tea-party, boys and girls. It causes great excitement! First you must prepare the game by pasting some pictures of animals on to card and cutting them out carefully. The shapes should appear as you see in the picture.

Now they are all mixed together in a box, and when you are ready to begin the game you must blindfold one of your chums and ask her to take the animals from the box one by one. She must try to guess what they are from the shape, and each correct guess counts as one point.

The player with the most points at the end of the game is the winner, and deserves a small prize.

SONNY MAKES MICKY A PRISONER!

1. "I say, Micky," said our clever Sonny. "Did you know that I could clasp your hands together like this so that you cannot go out of the room?" "Whatever do you mean?" said Micky. "I'm sure you can't!"

2. "Ha, ha! It is easy, my lad!" chuckled Sonny Bear, and then he took hold of Micky's hands and clasped them round the leg of the table! "There! You cannot get out of the room now, can you?" he laughed.

ALL ABOUT THE LOVELY GIFTS.

You will find them when you open your PLAYBOX next week.

The Jig-Saw Puzzle will be a favourite with you all, I am sure! It will be in one piece when you first receive it, but by turning it away from you and pressing it gently you can break it up into twelve pieces. Mix them up, and then put the puzzle together.

The Magic Slate is a marvellous toy that will make your eyes open wide with wonder! First of all write or draw on it with pencil and then take hold of the green string at the bottom. Pull this so that the centre part of the slate slides down. Then your drawing or writing will vanish. Write fairly heavily.

The Magic Floating Swan is attached to a metal float which must be bent so that the swan stands upright. A small piece of chemical is given with the toy and this must be wedged into the slot at the back of the float. Now put the swan into a bowl of clean water and you will then see it swim round and round! When it stops, change the water and it will begin to move again. When you have used up your chemical you can use a tiny piece of camphor. You can see pictures of these lovely toys on page 2.

RIDDLES TO ASK ROUND THE FIRE!

Q. Which is the most difficult key to turn?

A. A don-key.

Q. Why is a washerwoman like a traveller?

A. Because they both go from pole to pole!

Q. Which orders do soldiers like best?

A. Postal-orders.

Q. Why is a wireless set like a high sea?

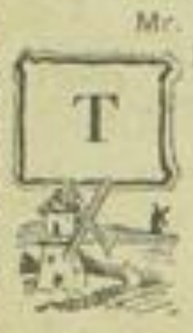
A. Because they both bring in the waves!

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

LITTLE MAN

THE "ANIMAL SCHOOL" AND A SCARE.

Mr. Baxter's Surprise.



THE Christmas holidays were coming to an end, but before little Tim Trotter and his chum, Michael, departed, Mr. Baxter had promised them both a "nice surprise."

What the surprise was to be they did not know, and you can picture the boys' excitement when, one afternoon, Mr. Baxter turned up in a fast car, and, still keeping his secret, bade the boys come with him.

But you can imagine, also, the chums' bewilderment when the car sped on and on for some distance, and they realised suddenly that they were upon a road they knew quite well.

"Michael!" gasped Tim in dismay. "Your daddy is taking us back to school."

"To school?" cried little Michael, paling. "But we haven't got any luggage, Tim. We haven't even got our school suits on. Daddy wouldn't do that, Tim," he said. "Why, we haven't even said good-bye to mummy and Jessie!"

Tim nodded rather grimly, though he was just as bewildered as Michael.

"I know," he said. "But this is the way back to Mulberry all right. That lake we've just passed is Melton Water where the Head goes fishing."

Exchanging puzzled and uneasy glances, the two boys sat back in the car which continued to race on in the gathering dusk. Mr. Baxter sat at the wheel in silence, and, as they travelled on, all kinds of unpleasant thoughts began to pass through little Tim's mind.

Why was Michael's daddy taking them back in this abrupt and unexpected way? Was it because he was cross with them, for some reason? Was it because he had not forgiven Tim for Jessie's accident upon the ice?

The boys grew excited when they read the banner.

The thought filled Tim with dismay, but a moment later he dismissed it. That couldn't be the case, for Mr. Baxter had been so cheery with them since. And he was still quite cheery, judging by appearances. Nor was he the sort of man to play an unkind trick upon them. Tim could not make it out at all.

Michael, too, was very puzzled, staring out of the car window in a rather startled way.

Then, as he, too, recognised a village that he knew, he could conceal his anxiety no longer.

"Daddy!" he called, leaning forward rather breathlessly. "*Daddy!*"

"Yes, say 'sir,'" said Mr. Baxter, at the wheel.

"Are—are we going back to school, daddy?" Michael faltered.

"Well," said Mr. Baxter with a smile, "we are going to a school—yes."

"To Mulberry School, daddy?" gasped Michael, paling with disappointment—and then his colour came back again.

"To Mulberry?" exclaimed Mr. Baxter. "Good gracious, no!" He laughed suddenly. "Not that one, Michael," he said.

Another swift and uneasy glance passed between the boys. They began to wonder, now, if Mr. Baxter had decided to take them away from Mulberry and send them to a different school altogether—a strange one.

"It's rather a queer sort of school, this one I'm taking you to, boys," Mr. Baxter said—and the chums listened breathlessly. "Not a bit like the one you're used to. Some of the pupils are monkeys."

"Monkeys?" gasped Tim.

"That's right," said Mr. Baxter, his smile broadening. "And clever little fellows they are, too. It's a queer sort of school, as I say. You should just see some of the cats they keep there. Huge ones," said Mr. Baxter, "which are so fierce they have to keep them in cages."

"Goodness!" gasped little Michael, wondering what sort of a school this could be. "Do they live on mice, daddy? The big cats, I mean?"

"No fear!" said Mr. Baxter. "Mice would never satisfy them. They have great big joints of meat."

He went on to tell them such strange and exciting things about the school that the two boys listened with wide-open eyes.

"And do they play any games there, Mr. Baxter?" asked Tim.

"Rather," he said, with a chuckle. "All sorts of games. Football, of course, is the chief one, but they don't play with a ball like you do. It's a huge one, nearly as tall as Michael. And there's always an elephant in goal."

"An elephant?" The boys burst out laughing at this, thinking, of course that Mr. Baxter was joking.

But, though he laughed, too, he declared quite solemnly that everything he said was true.

"The last time I was at this school," he said to them, "they had some pupils who were very clever at balancing things. Quite young, some of them were, but they all had moustaches."

"Moustaches!" gasped Tim.

"That's right. Real 'Old Bill' moustaches. And you would have laughed to see the master who taught them. Every now and again, when one of the boys made a noise, he'd pick up a fish and throw it at him. But you wait until we get there, boys. Then you'll see for yourselves."

Tim and Michael stared at one another. They had been prepared for a surprise, but not for such a complete one as this, and they sat upon the edge of the seat, peering ahead up the road, wondering what they were coming to.

They had not long, however, to wait now.

In a little while, they came to the outskirts of a town, and the car was compelled to slow down because of the people who thronged the street.

The crowd was moving in one direction, rather like people going to a football match, and a great many of them were boys and girls similar to Tim and Michael, talking eagerly to their parents as they hurried on.

"And are all these children going to the school, too, daddy?" gasped Michael.

"Yes, they're all making for it," Mr. Baxter said, with a chuckle. "And they seem to like the idea, don't they?"

It was a few minutes later that they came to a big gateway, opening into a huge meadow—a gate into which scores of other cars were turning, the owners parking them in rows inside.

Over the gate hung a big, coloured banner, and when the eyes of the boys lighted upon it they grew suddenly very bright.

"*Pirelli's Circus!*" Tim read out quickly—and then, as he and Michael leaned forward and saw, beyond, the roof of a huge marquee with bright flags fluttering from it, the truth dawned upon them.

"It's a CIRCUS!" cried little Tim, leaping from his seat. "Oh, Michael. So *this* is your daddy's surprise! He has brought us to a circus!"

The mystery was solved!

The Figure on the Roof.

You can imagine how delighted the boys were and with what excitement they filed, with Mr. Baxter, into the huge tent and took their places at the side of the gaily lighted ring.

"I was determined to bring you to a circus, boys," Michael's daddy said, with a smile, "but this was the only one anywhere around that I could get to hear about. That's why we've come such a long way to it."

"But you said it was a school, daddy," exclaimed Michael.

"So it is a school," Mr. Baxter said, laughing. "Every circus is a school—a school for animals to learn their tricks."

"I see," said Tim, beginning to smile broadly as he understood. "So that's why some of the pupils are monkeys? And I suppose, Mr. Baxter, there are elephants who play football. Is that it?"

"That's right. We're going to see them," Michael's father said.

"But what about the big cats that live in cages, daddy!" Michael asked.

"Lions, my boy," said Mr. Baxter, laughing. "Lions are big cats, aren't they?"

"Y-yes, I suppose they are," Tim had to admit. "But what about the boys with moustaches?"

"Sea-lions!" declared Mr. Baxter, with a twinkle. "Sea-lions, my lad—and the cleverest animals in the show. You just wait and see some of their juggling tricks and" he added with a chuckle "the way they swallow a fresh haddock when the trainer throws one. You're going to enjoy yourselves, I tell you."

And Mr. Baxter was quite right. School in their lives had the two boys enjoyed themselves so much as they did at that night's performance. All the queer things which Mr. Baxter had spoken of were there, as well as trapeze-artists who performed breathless feats in mid-air and two comical clowns with such a store of funny tricks and capers that Tim and Michael laughed until they cried.

Perhaps the most amusing thing of all, however, was when the old African elephant, Jumbo, walked round the ring, and, pausing right in front of Mr. Baxter and the boys, stretched out his trunk towards them.

"He wants a biscuit, Tim," whispered Michael. "Give him one!"

Tim, who had a bag of biscuits in his hand, put one into Jumbo's trunk and laughed as he transferred it promptly to his huge red mouth. But that was not enough for Jumbo's appetite. Quite suddenly, out came his trunk and before Tim was aware, and rather to his dismay, the whole bag had been whisked out of his hands, and down Jumbo's throat the biscuits went—bag as well.

The people round laughed heartily, and old Jumbo himself raised his trunk in salute and let out a trumpet of amusement. Then, as if by an afterthought, he did an amusing thing, for out went his trunk again to snatch up a large box of chocolates out of the tray of a chocolate-seller who was standing near by.

"O-ooh!" gasped Michael. "Look what he's done!" And then he gasped again, for, instead of swallowing the box, as Michael expected, he reached out and dropped it into Tim's lap.

"There you are," he seemed to say. "Take that! That's in return for the biscuits."

It was all so unexpected and amusing that everybody roared with laughter. Mr. Baxter, with a broad smile, turned to the girl and offered to pay for the chocolates, but she smiled and shook her head.

"Jumbo always does that, sir," she said. "That is a gift from him."

"Thank you very much, Jumbo!" Mr. Baxter called out—and then, as he turned to the boys—"That" he said to them "will be a nice present for Jessie."

That was a wonderful evening, and, when it was over and the car sped back homewards, they talked about it excitedly.

They talked about it, too, the next morning to little Jessie as they munched some of her chocolates, saying how much they wished she had been there.

But Jessie, who had been in the secret all the time, did not mind a bit.

"I don't like circuses very much," she said. "I went with Mrs. Baxter to the pictures, and we had a lovely time."

"I believe that's a robber on our school roof, Michael!" cried Tim.

Certainly they could not have had a better surprise or a happier end to their holiday, and it was with cheerful, smiling faces that they packed their bags at last and prepared for their journey the next day back to Mulberry School.

"What a lot there would be," Tim thought happily, "to tell all the other boys!"

There remained still, however, one more surprise in store for them. Instead of sending them by train, as they expected, Mr. Baxter announced his intention of taking them back by aeroplane, and, after bidding good-bye to Jessie and Mrs. Baxter, off they went to the aerodrome.

There was still snow upon the ground, and, in the bright morning sunlight, it gave them a rare thrill to feel themselves soaring once again high into the clouds and speeding back towards the school.

Far below them the snowy meadows and winding roads slipped away. And it seemed that they had been in the air only a few minutes when Mr. Baxter pointed ahead and began to descend.

"There we are, boys," he said cheerily. "There's the dear old school again. We'll drop down and circle round it once or twice just to let them know we're coming."

Round in a big wide sweep he came, circling above the tree-tops, with Tim and Michael peering down and getting ready to shout and wave to anyone they saw. The school grounds were empty and deserted, however, and it was not until the aeroplane swooped low over the school itself that Tim saw a figure.

And this was a figure which made his heart jump in sudden alarm. For there, clear and distinct against the white background of snow, Tim saw the figure of somebody crawling slowly up the roof, making for the small window of a skylight, some yards away.

"Michael!" he gasped pointing. "Look! Do you see that man. I believe it is a robber—trying to break into the school."

(Is this really a man trying to force an entry into Mulberry School? You will read all about him in next week's wonderful Free Gift Number!)

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy takes the place of the fairy rider in the circus, but when someone throws some flowers to her they knock the horse. He is scared and throws Wendy to the ground, where she remains quite still.

1. In a moment, Jack had leapt over the barrier and into the ring, and was bending over poor little Wendy. How he wished she would open her eyes; she was so still and pale.

2. There were even tears in the clown's eyes as he lifted Wendy gently and carried her out of the ring. "Poor little maid!" he murmured. "We must get her home quickly!"

3. A sleigh was soon found, and Wendy wa put on it, covered with furs. Then Jack and Ji pulled her home through the snow. "Perhap granny can make her well," said Jill.

4. But their granny looked very grave as she put Wendy to bed, and she was wondering what to do when Jack peeped in at the door. "A doctor has come to see Wendy!" he said.

5. The children knew little of this rather rough-looking man, and supposed he had been sent by the circus people. If ever they were ill, Master John sent them some herbs from his little shop.

6. How they did wish this doctor would make their little friend well again! They sat on the stairs, anxiously waiting for him to come down and bring them good news of little Wendy.

7. "He is coming now," whispered Jill, jumping up quickly, as she heard the doctor's heavy tread on the stairs. But he, too, looked serious, and said he could do nothing for their friend.

8. Next day, their granny told Jack and Jill to get ready to go to the village, and she gave Jack a paper, saying: "We will try some of Master John's medicine! Hurry to his house!"

9. It did not take them very long to reach the old man's shop, and he asked them kindly about Wendy. Jill could not keep back her tears, and she was sobbing when they left the shop.

10. Just at that moment a smart carriage turned the corner and a lady called to the driver to stop. It was Tony's mother. "Why are you so sad, children?" she asked, seeing Jill's tears. Jack told how Wendy had fallen from the circus horse.

11. "The doctor said he could do nothing for her," said Jack quietly, but Tony's mother smiled. "Do not worry," she said. "I will bring a clever doctor all the way from London to see her. We will do all we can to make Wendy well."

12. So Jack and Jill ran back to their cottage with the news, and that afternoon Tony's mother brought the doctor. Jack and Jill were watching anxiously for the great man, and when they saw his kindly face they somehow felt he could help them.

13. Just before he went up to Wendy's room little Jill caught his arm and looked into his face with pleading eyes. "Do please make Wendy better!" she whispered, and the doctor patted her hand. "I will do my best, my dear," he said.

(Will this doctor be able to make Wendy well again? Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment in our grand Free Gift Number of PLAYBOX.)

MRS. HIPPO

1. When the Hippo Girls made a see-saw in their garden they were sure Tilly would join in their game, but she surprised them by saying she was going to do sums. "She must feel ill!" cried Betty Bruin.

2. "I think she must have been making New Year Rhododendrons!" said Polly Parrot, and, of course, everyone laughed. "You mean 'resolutions'!" said Tilly. "Well, I will do all I'm told to-day!"

3. That gave the other girls an idea; they took their sums to Tilly and told her to work them. "Don't forget you must do all you are told," Jenny reminded Tilly. "We might want some sweets presently!"

DIBS AND DABS

1. Floppy and Dibs had been making mud pies, so Jane sent them up to have a bath. "You should make pies with flour like I do!" laughed Dabs.

2. "Oh, water is coming into the bath from that burst pipe!" cried Dibs, so Floppy said he was not going to sit under a cold shower all the time.

3. He surprised Dibs by bringing an umbrella into the bath-room. "Turn on the hot tap," cried Floppy. "We'll bath under an umbrella!"

4. It was Jane and Dabs who had the cold shower after all, when they opened the door, for the water splashed off the umbrella and drenched them both.

SAMBO

1. "Oh dear, I don't know if I'm here or there!" cried Ken Kangaroo. "Help me, Sambo!"

2. "Certainly! "Jump on my now, so I'll soo

4. "My li'l car can't swim, and I hab no water wings!" Sambo cried. "Don't worry," said Ken. "I'll carry you this time. Ride on to my tail!"

"What kind of nut would you expect to have a sore throat?"
"Oh, a horse (hoarse) chestnut, of course, Willy!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE WI

1. The Woollies had stopped to eat an extra lot of breakfast, and Mrs. Woolly was afraid they would be late for school. "We will hurry so much that we might get there yesterday!" said silly Willy.

2. They began to wonder if something like that had happened, for when they reached school, Dr. Woolly was not there. "Ha, ha! Now I can play some tricks with you, boys!" chuckled Tommy Trotter.

3. "I don't like Tommy's tricks!" said Reggie. "They hurt sometimes!" And he eyed Tommy's bow and arrow rather nervously. "No tricks to-day!" said Dicky Duckling. "I'm teacher!"

...'S SCHOOL

...4. "Ha, ha! Those girls do think I am silly!" chuckled Tilly, as she took their papers. But she was smiling happily when the girls raced into the school-room because they saw Mrs. Hippo coming.

5. Tilly gave them the sums she had done for them, but, dear me, Mrs. Hippo put a cross against every one. "Oh dear, Tilly is a silly girl!" cried Baby. But Tilly was the only girl who had her sum right!

6. So the others were kept in while Tilly had the see-saw all to herself, and Mrs. Hippo pushed her up and down. "That see-saw will be worn out by the time I get this horrid sum right!" sighed Polly.

SCORCHER

...cried Sambo. ...r! We're here ...ke you there!"

3. Ken quite enjoyed his ride, but Sambo had to stop suddenly when he came to a flooded road.

5. Then with the car on his tail, Ken gave one ...f his long leaps, right across the water. "Bravo, ...en!" cried Sambo. "We scorched ober dat flood!"

SAMMY SEAL

1. "Don't forget you are washing the clothes and not me!" cried Patsy, when Sammy splashed water over him on washing-day. Sammy laughed.

2. "Don't run away!" he said. "I want to show you a quick way to do the washing." While he fetched a plunger, Patsy put bellows in the tub.

3. "You see, this saves a lot of hard work!" said Sammy. "No rubbing or scrubbing!" He didn't notice the water was getting very bubbly.

4. The bellows were blowing, you see, and surprised Sammy. "It looks as if you're making bubbles instead of working!" chuckled Patsy.

...E WOOLLY BOYS

...4. "Ha, ha! Only ask us the things we know, ...Dicky!" laughed Percy Pink. "Then perhaps you ...ould give us a holiday for giving the right answers!" ...Tommy said he was Robin Hood and didn't do lessons!

5. He thought it would be fine fun to knock off Dicky's hat, but just as he aimed at it, the Woollies all jumped off the form together. Tommy's end of the form went down, and the "shooter" went up!

"What do you always find inside every apple pie, Percy?"
"Ha, ha! Apples of course, Bobby! Can't catch me!"

6. It knocked the light globe and broke it, so when Dr. Woolly came in he was cross with Tommy. "He has sums to do while we go to the pictures!" laughed Reggie. "Poor old 'Robin Hood.'"

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

THE LITTLE GREEN UMBRELLA.

"Oh, isn't it a dear little umbrella!" cried Dinah, as she opened her birthday present from mummy and daddy. "It is just like yours, mummy, only smaller, isn't it!"

This was Dinah's very first umbrella and she felt so proud of it. She loved the pretty handle which was formed like a duck's head, and the umbrella itself was green just like Dinah's little mac.

"I suppose I can only take it out when it is raining?" said Dinah, and mummy nodded.

"Yes, you don't want umbrellas when it is fine!" she said.

So the little green umbrella was hung up in the hall beside mummy's and daddy's.

Dinah didn't like rainy days, as a rule, when she couldn't go out to play, but now she kept wishing it would rain, so that she could use her present. There was another reason why she was looking forward to a rainy day, too, and it was this.

She had lots of other nice presents on her birthday, but from Uncle Jim, the jolly uncle who was always playing tricks, she had a funny surprise.

He had said his present would arrive later, and after her birthday, Uncle Jim said she would have his present on the first rainy day.

"What ever can it be?" the little girl said, puzzled. "I hope it isn't another umbrella, because I can't use two at once!"

She hoped it wouldn't be a mac, either, for she liked her own green one that matched the new umbrella.

"Well, we can't guess any more," said mummy, smiling. "We must just wait for that rainy day, Dinah!"

It seemed to Dinah then that the sun had never shone for so many days together, but although it meant lots of fun out of doors, Dinah still longed to use the new umbrella and also to know what Uncle Jim's present would be.

Then, one morning, mummy put her head

Little Dinah opens her umbrella.

round the door of the dining-room where Dinah was bathing her dollies, and said:

"Would you like to come shopping with me, Dinah? It is raining!"

Dinah jumped up so quickly that she nearly knocked poor Judy, her best dolly, into the bath.

"How lovely!" she cried. "Now I can use my present, and I ought to know what Uncle Jim is giving me to-day. Perhaps he is coming to see us!"

Dinah was so excited that she could hardly wait for mummy to put on her hat and mac.

At last mummy was ready, too, and she took down the two umbrellas.

"Let me open it all myself, please," said Dinah, and she pushed down the little catch with her thumb as mummy had shown her.

Up went the umbrella, and then Dinah gave a cry of surprise, for from each of the spokes dangled a little parcel.

"Look, mummy!" she cried. "Who ever tied these to my umbrella?"

"Well, here is a little note on one of them," said mummy. "It says: 'With love from Uncle James'!"

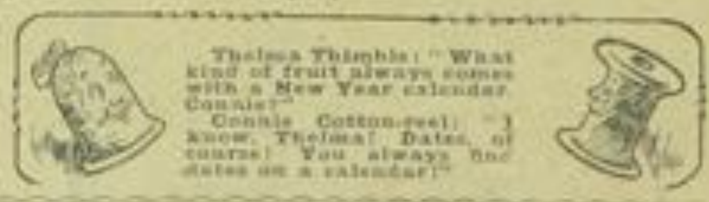
"Then these are my birthday presents!" cried Dinah. "He knew I would open my new umbrella on the first wet day and find them!"

It was some time before they went shopping, for Dinah had to open all the parcels, and what do you think she found inside? Brightly-coloured pieces of wood which, when fitted together, made a lovely dolly's rocking-chair.

"I shall not mind coming in from the rain now, mummy," she said, "because I can put the chair together and play with it!"

Wasn't it a jolly idea of Uncle Jim's, too, to hide his present like that!

(Read about Donald Donkey next week and get your 3 Free Gifts.)



1. "Eli stepped on my hat and now look at it!" sighed little Chic. "I can't even iron it!"

2. "Well, here is a new 'topper' for you!" said Snowdrop, and Chic was very pleased with it!

3. "Don't I look handsome!" he said, as he admired himself in the long mirror.

4. And then he went outside to show all the circus animals his new hat. "Don't you step on this, Eli!" he said.

5. So the elephant just said: "Pooof!" and away blew poor Chic's hat to where Willie Walrus lived.

6. Willie happened to peep over the fence just then so the hat came down on his head. How everyone laughed!

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. The Snow House.
2. Exercises and Tricks.
3. Helping Dame Grey.

THE CHUMS FIND A LOST ESKIMO IN THEIR SNOW HOUSE, AND TAKE HIM TO HIS PEOPLE.

FUNNY SCAMP IS MUCH BETTER AT PLAYING TRICKS THAN DOING EXERCISES.

CURLY HAS A CLEVER IDEA WHEN HE WANTS TO MAKE TEA AND THE WATER IS FROZEN.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

IN WOOMPAH CASTLE, PLANNING TO RESCUE TEDDY.

"ONCE you take a step over this line you will all become invisible. And then you won't ever see each other again!"

As the Woompah said this Paddy's playmates turned pale, but Paddy did not flinch. He stepped towards the line.

"I'm going across!" he said.

Paddy and his playmates had travelled to Woompah-land to rescue Teddy Bear, one of their chums. The Woompahs were funny invisible animals, something like bears with queer spiky hair.

By firing his magic pop-gun, Paddy had made one of them visible and this one, Wallace by name, had become quite friendly. He had offered to take them to Woompah-land, where they could rescue Teddy.

But they had just come to the Woompah-land line and they were told that once they took a step over that, they would become invisible like the Woompahs!

"Come along, playmates!" said Paddy. "There's no need to be scared. I have my magic pop-gun!"

The thought of the magic Paddy could work with that soon cheered up the playmates and over the line they went. And as they stepped across, each one disappeared from sight like the flame of a candle when you puff it out!

"Oo-oh dear! Where are you, Paddy?" said Golly's scared voice.

Suddenly, Paddy's pop-gun was heard to pop and instantly they all appeared once again! Paddy's magic had done the trick.

"Well, well," said the Woompah. "That was a clever piece of magic, but you'll have to work cleverer magic than that if you want to rescue your chum, Teddy. Follow me."

Soon they came to the door of the castle and upon this was a notice, which read:

WOOMPAH CASTLE.
If you have come to see anyone, you can't!

"You can't see anyone, because they are all invisible, you see," explained the Woompah, with a wink. "Follow me and mind the furniture, for that's invisible, too!"

Into the castle they went and almost at once, Golly fell over the umbrella stand, which could not be seen and yet made quite a crash as it tumbled over!

"Keep a look-out for any Woompahs—and Teddy!" said Buddy, but Paddy reminded him that Teddy, who had crossed the line, would also be invisible!

"This is going to be like a game of blindman's buff!" he said. "We shan't be able to see Teddy, but we can *feel* him!"

The Woompah leading the way, they walked along the passage and entered a large room. Here the Woompah bent down as if he were sitting on a chair, but this like everything in the castle, was not to be seen!

"Take a seat each," he said. "Then I'll have a feel in the pantry and find out if there is anything to eat."

The boys looked very, very funny, seemingly sitting on air, but they did not look half so curious as the Woompah, when he opened an invisible pantry door, took out an invisible cake, placed it on an invisible table, and began to cut it with an invisible knife!

He then handed round the pieces and it was quite nice cake, though Paddy said he would have enjoyed it more could he have seen it!

"M-m-m-m! I like to count the currants, don't you?" laughed Buddy.

"This is a queer place to live in," Paddy remarked to Wallace. "Don't you Woompahs keep bumping into each other?"

"We do!" agreed Wallace. "That's what makes us Woompahs wild. We'd be quite nice if we didn't bump into each other so much. Have another piece of cake."

"But where are all the Woompahs?" asked Golly suddenly. "I haven't seen—I mean, I haven't heard a sound from one of them yet."

Wallace smiled knowingly.

"They're here all right," he said. "But they're keeping low. They know you can work magic so they're keeping out of your way. But I expect they'll soon be hatching a plot to surprise you."

Paddy began to look a little doubtful for the first time.

"It seems we are going to have a job to rescue Teddy!" he said. "It's very difficult when all the Woompahs and Teddy are invisible. Would it be any good firing my pop-gun, do you think?"

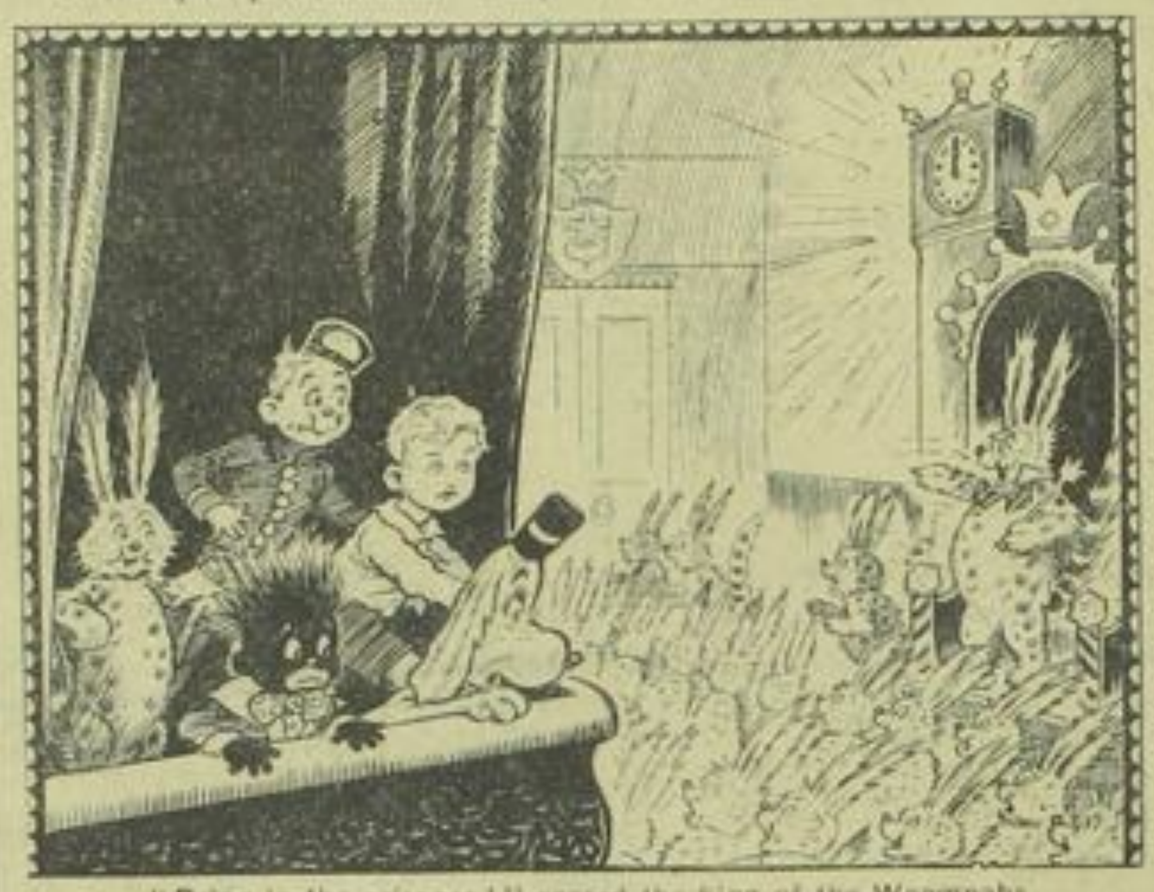
"No," said Wallace, shaking his head. "You'll be able to work some kinds of magic here, but the magic of the castle is too strong for you to make the Woompahs visible. But don't worry."

And stepping close to Paddy, he began to whisper.

"I'm speaking low in case any Woompahs are listening," he said. "Listen! At twelve o'clock to-night the Woompahs become visible for a short while. And then they will hold their nightly meeting in the old hall. We'll go there to-night and see if we can't help your chum, Teddy."

Paddy brightened up at this and whispered the good news to his chums.

"There's a good chance of rescuing Teddy," he said, "for he will be visible, too, for a while."



"Bring in the prisoner!" roared the king of the Woompahs.

It was decided that Golly, Buddy, and Timbo went with Paddy to the old hall.

"We'd better get some sleep first," said Wallace. "I'll take you to the bed-room. Follow me."

Soon they were all lying upon an invisible bed, but Paddy was unable to sleep. He was far too excited, and those few hours to twelve o'clock seemed endless.

At last the Woompah touched him on the shoulder.

"It's a quarter to twelve," he whispered. "Tell Timbo, Buddy, and Golly, it's time to go."

Paddy shook his sleeping chums and when they were awake, they all crept off towards the hall.

Poking his head in at the door, Wallace listened carefully.

"There's no one here as yet," he said. "Quick! Follow me."

There was a balcony all around the hall and a flight of stairs led up to it. Wallace led the way and they all settled themselves in a little alcove that was screened by a curtain.

"Now we have to wait!" said Wallace. "But remember. Not a sound! Just keep your ears open wide."

All was silent and then suddenly Golly gave a loud sneeze, making everyone jump.

"The Woompahs will hear you!" said Timbo. But Wallace said there was no one there yet.

"I couldn't help it!" said poor Golly, pinching his nose hard to try to stop any further sneezes. "Some dust tickled my nose!"

Five minutes passed—ten minutes—eleven minutes—and then the playmates became aware of a mumbling noise.

"What is it?" thought Paddy, and then he realised it was the sound of many voices. The hall was becoming filled with sound, but as yet there was no sign of anyone.

Wallace clutched Paddy by the arm excitedly.

"Shush!" he said, and pointed to a great clock at the end of the hall. The hand pointed to a minute to twelve.

Slowly the hand crept round and then—

Clang! The gong sounded, once, twice, twelve times.

Instantly, the hall became full of Woompahs! Large Woompahs, small Woompahs, and medium-sized Woompahs. Near the clock had appeared a large throne and upon this sat the king of the Woompahs, a very plump gentleman.

"Fellow Woompahs!" he cried, rising to his feet.

"Hurrah!" cried his subjects. "Bravo. Speech!"

Under cover of the cheering, Wallace managed to whisper: "That's the king, but of course, I can see, since I was able to look at myself in the glass, that he is not nearly as handsome as I am!"

At last there was silence again and up in their hiding place, Paddy, Timbo, and Golly craned forward, their eyes upon the king.

"Fellow Woompahs!" said the king once again. "We have gathered here to decide what shall be done in the matter of our prisoner."

Paddy looked at Timbo.

"That's Teddy!" he whispered.

The king flung out his hand towards two great doors at the end of the hall.

"Bring in the prisoner!" he cried.

And as the great doors began to open, Paddy and his chums waited anxiously for their little chum, Teddy, to appear. They had only a short time to rescue him, for they could only succeed while the Woompahs and Teddy remained visible.

Could they manage it?

(Isn't this exciting? Will Paddy beat the Woompahs and rescue Teddy Bear? Look out for his wonderful adventures in next week's lovely Free Gift Number!)

TOM SOON TURNS BETTY'S DOLLY INTO A DARKIE TO PLEASE HER

1. "I think Betty would like this dolly," said Dame Sunny when Tom went to buy Betty's birthday-present.

2. But when the little girl saw it, she cried: "I wanted a dolly with black face and hair like a nigger!"

3. Betty began to cry, and as Tom couldn't change the dolly he dipped the head and arms in the ink-pot!

4. So Betty had a black dolly, after all, and was happy. "That was a clever idea, Tom!" laughed Snip.

BRIGHTEYES

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes is to be the fairy queen in the pantomime. Sarah takes her fairy dress and hides it in Miss Barry's room. Brighteyes discovers the plot and goes with Lola to search for the frock. Then Miss Barry comes in, looking very cross.

Gipsy Meg makes a dramatic appearance at the pantomime.

1. Miss Barry gazed round the untidy room angrily, and then turned to poor Brighteyes who was feeling very scared. "What ever have you been doing in my room?" demanded the teacher in a stern voice. "What do you mean by turning it upside down like this? Is it a joke?"

2. Brighteyes managed to stammer out that she was searching for her frock which Sarah had hidden in the room, and looking rather puzzled, Miss Barry hurried across the room and began to look behind the chairs. "Is this it?" she asked, taking a big box from under an armchair.

3. "Why, yes!" exclaimed Brighteyes eagerly. "Sarah took my frock out of the theatre and hid it here so that I would not be able to be in the pantomime!" "Indeed!" said Miss Barry grimly. "That was very mean! I will go and speak to Sarah. Clear up the room, please."

4. It did not take the chums very long to put things straight, and they hurried out of the room feeling very relieved that everything had turned out so well. At the end of the corridor they saw Miss Barry talking sternly to Sarah. "It is only what she deserves," murmured Lola.

5. A few nights later there was great excitement in the dormitory, for the following day was to see the first performance of the pantomime! Miss Barry had sent the girls to bed early so they would be bright and alert for their dancing. "Oh, I am excited!" cried Brighteyes.

6. The next morning the girls were up early and hurried downstairs for the last dancing practice before going on the stage. Miss Barry was very pleased with them, and when they set off for the theatre that afternoon they felt quite sure that the show was going to be a real success.

7. "I am so glad you are the fairy queen again this year, Brighteyes," Lola was saying as they turned into the theatre, but suddenly she stopped and pointed to the queue of people waiting to book seats. "Just look who is here, Brighteyes," she exclaimed. "It is Gipsy Meg!"

8. It came as a great shock to our little girl to find her enemy so near, and, turning very pale, she hurried through the stage door and went straight to the dressing-room. "Don't worry, Brighteyes," murmured Lola soothingly. "She cannot do any harm! We will take care of you."

9. Our little girl soon forgot her troubles in the excitement behind the stage, and when at last the curtain rose she danced so gracefully that the audience began to clap her long before the opening number was ended. "Brave!" they cried, and soon the whole house was cheering.

10. Of course, Miss Barry's "fairies" had only been engaged for the first part of the pantomime, and when their little act was over there was a great storm of cheering and clapping. It went on for such a long time that Miss Barry was afraid the rest of the show would be delayed. "I think you had better go out and make abow, Brighteyes," she said to our little girl. "They keep on calling for you." "Yes, go on, Brighteyes," urged Joan.

11. Feeling very proud and happy, little Brighteyes slipped through the curtains and stood smiling in the dazzling limelight. The clapping and cheering grew louder than ever when she appeared, and though she bowed many times, the applause still went on. Suddenly a dark, shabby figure ran down the gangway, and stopping in front of the orchestra, cried: "That girl belongs to me!" Brighteyes went cold with fear—for it was Gipsy Meg!

(The gipsy means to have Brighteyes back, no matter what it costs! Will she succeed? Do not miss this exciting story in next week's wonderful Free Gift Number!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—After saying farewell to their chum, Jean, who lives on an island with her daddy, Joe and Effie set off in the Flying Fish with Captain Scott. That night, at bed-time, Effie sees a strange figure in her bed!

1. Feeling rather frightened, Effie stared at the figure which lay beneath the blankets on her bed. "Who can it be, Joe?" she murmured. "Is it a stowaway?" "I don't know," replied Joe, in a grim voice. "But I'll find out." The next minute he drew back the blankets.

2. For a few moments the twins gazed down at the bed in silent astonishment. Joe had uncovered a huge rubber dolly which was almost as big as Effie. "Oh! What a lovely doll!" exclaimed Joe. "It is like a real little girl!" "But where did it come from?" cried Effie

3. She lifted the dolly out of the bed and gazed at it with delighted eyes. "I've never seen such a beauty!" she cried. "Why—of course! It must be a present for me from Jean! She hid it in my bed before we took off from the island." "It was jolly nice of her," declared Joe.

4. Little Effie was so overjoyed with her gift that she would not be parted from it. "You are going to stay in my bed to-night and keep me company, Annabelle," she smiled. "There is plenty of room for us both." "Good-night, Effie, good-night Annabelle," smiled Joe.

5. The twins slept very soundly that night for they had had a long and exciting day. Early the next morning, however, Joe awoke suddenly and sat up. "Did I hear someone shouting, or was I dreaming?" he muttered. He listened hard and a moment later heard a faint cry.

6. In a few seconds he was out of bed and dressed. Without waking Effie he rushed out of the cabin and scrambled up the ladder into the control room. "Did you call, captain?" he said. The next minute his eyes opened wide with wonder, for the driving seat was empty.

7. The machine was beginning to lurch violently and Joe ran to the controls and set the engine so that it flew on an even keel. Then he rushed down the stairs to search the ship, but came to a standstill in front of the main door which was wide open. Then he knew what had happened.

8. The captain must have opened the door to cool the inside of the ship, which had been flying all night, and an unlucky lurch must have hurled him overboard. Joe leaned out and scanned the water. "Yes! I can see him!" he cried, as he spied a small figure below.

9. Hardly knowing what to do, he turned back towards the control-room, nearly colliding with his little sister who was carrying her big rubber dolly. "What is wrong, Joe?" asked Effie sleepily. "Why are you so scared?" "The captain has fallen overboard!" exclaimed Joe.

10. He was almost beside himself with despair, for he knew that the poor captain must be almost stunned by his fall and unable to keep above the water for very long. "We'll never get down in time to save him!" he gasped, then he stopped and took the doll from Effie's arms. "Quick! Lend me this!" he cried, in a more hopeful voice. "And now go up into the control room and try to bring the machine down. You know what to do."

11. Brave little Effie knew that this was no time to ask questions, and she vanished up the steps at once. In the meantime, Joe clutched Annabelle under his arm and climbed out on to the side of the machine. Then he flung the doll down towards the captain and shouted out: "Hold on to this, captain! It will keep you afloat till we bring the machine down." He watched the doll anxiously. Would the captain manage to reach it?

Will all the chums be in time to rescue the poor captain? Do not miss this fine story in next week's Grand Free Gift Number! Order your copy now!)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. Saturday, January 25th, 1930.

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

FREE! THREE SPLENDID TOYS INSIDE THIS NUMBER.

PLAYBOX 2d.

SONNY AND MICKY HAVE A FINE FEAST AT THE ZOO!

1. "Hip, hip, hurrah! We're off to the zoo to-day!" cheered our Sonny Bear merrily. "I do feel happy, don't you, Micky?" "Rather!" chuckled the little monkey. "And I shall feel happier still when I've eaten some of that tuck you are carrying! Isn't it time to have dinner?"

2. But when they got inside the zoo they forgot all about eating because the funny Ooglywoogly Bird was doing his tricks. The chums simply had to stop and watch him standing on his head. It was the funniest thing they had seen for a long time. "I can do that!" said Micky.

3. Alas! While they were laughing at that funny bird, Gerald Giraffe popped his head over the wall and made a fine feast of the lunch that Sonny was carrying on his head. "O-oh!" cried Sonny a little later. "Our lunch has vanished, Micky!" Then Micky found an empty cage.

4. "Did you say there was nothing left for us to eat, Sonny?" he exclaimed. "Dear me! We must do something about this!" And then our clever chums had a grand idea. "I think this notice wants altering a little bit!" chuckled Sonny. "See if you can open that cage!"

5. And then our clever Sonny added a few more words to the notice. "Now we'll pop into the cage!" he chuckled. Soon a big crowd gathered round, and when they read what Sonny had written they began to feed our chums!

6. "My word! We like this zoo!" laughed Micky, when the crowd had gone. "We have got enough to eat for a fortnight, Sonny!" "Mmmmm!" mumbled Sonny. "Don't disturb me! I've got fifty chocolates to eat!"

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"Now we can play, Tommy!" said Tony, pointing to his animals.

THIS WEEK:

JUNGLE MAGIC.

"WHY, Tony, what ever are you supposed to be doing? Playing circuses, or something of the sort?"

And our little Tommy Twinkle, who happened to be passing Tony's house and recalled that the other boy had many times invited him to "come in" and see his toys, walked up the garden-path and caught sight of Tony playing a very mysterious-looking game!

A round, rustic-looking summer-house stood in the centre of the garden, and all round this Tony had arranged as many toy animals as he could find. There was a very bedraggled-looking toy Leo, a worn Teddy Bear, a cardboard picture of a fierce tiger, a toy Noddy, and a stuffed doggie with one ear.

"Hallo, Tommy!" exclaimed the little boy gaily. "I am so glad you have come! You can play, too, now. Ha, ha! Circus indeed! No, this is going to be something far more exciting than a circus!"

"Really?" said Tommy Twinkle, perching himself on a low seat just inside the summer-house. "But I say, Tony, before you tell me any more, I want to ask you something. What animal is it that has four legs, growls, sometimes dances, and can jump as high as St. Paul's?"

It is not surprising that Tony stared in amazement at this strange statement, is it, boys and girls? (I expect you yourselves are wondering whatever animal it is that Tommy is talking about! I am sure I am!)

"It—it sounds as though you are talking of a bear," replied Tony in a puzzled voice. "Is it a bear, Tommy?"

"Quite right," chuckled our ogrish little boy.

"B—but a bear cannot jump at all, at least, not as high as that," added Tony.

"Neither can St. Paul's!" laughed Tommy Twinkle. "Who ever heard of a cathedral jumping? Ha, ha, ha! Caught you that time, didn't I, Tony?"

How Tony did laugh, to be sure, although he was rather cross with himself for not "seeing through" Tommy's little joke. Then suddenly he remembered something.

"I say, talking of jumping, do you know I can jump over a house, Tommy?" he cried merrily.

"Really?" chuckled our little boy. "I believe I can do so, too!"

"Jump over a house?" echoed Tony in a crestfallen voice. "Let me see you do it, then."

And running to the gravel path, Tommy hastily scratched the words "A house" on the ground, and then simply jumped over them!

"There you are! Quite simple, isn't it?" he laughed. "Sorry, Tony! And now tell me what sort of game you are supposed to be playing: you haven't told me yet, you know."

Tony's face brightened with eagerness.

"Ah yes! Well, this is all supposed to be an African jungle," he said, indicating the surrounding garden, "and these are all the wild animals prowling round in it."

Tommy nodded.

"I see," he smiled. "And you are a white hunter?"

"Er—well, not exactly," murmured Tony. "I'd better tell you from the beginning, I think. You see, my Uncle Ted has just come home from a trip through Africa, and when he was there he visited the National Game Reserve. That is a sort of big park cut out from the jungle, you know where all the animals are still wild, and hunters may not shoot them."

"I say, I wish I could go there," laughed Tommy Twinkle.

"So do I!" broke in Tony. "People usually travel through the Game Reserve in motor-cars, and there are rest-camps where they can spend the night. Lots of little round huts called 'rondevals' as Uncle Ted says. And this is where my game comes in, Tommy!"

"How do you mean?" queried Tommy, as Tony chuckled gleefully.

"I am pretending to be in the African jungle, and this is my rondeval," said Tony, darting back into the little circular summer-house. "Come on in, Tommy! Pretend it's night-time, and—and those are all the wild animals coming out of the jungle!"

Always ready for fun, Tommy obeyed, and Tony pretended to slam and bolt the imaginary door of the summer-house. And suddenly, our little favourite had a brilliant idea. As usual, he was wearing his wonderful magic shoes, which, when he stamps his right foot, grant him whatever he may wish.

"I'll wish that Tony's game may come true, that's what I'll do!" thought Tommy to himself. And softly he lightly tapped his right magic shoe and wished. In the twinkling of an eye, his wish came to pass.

A strange change came over the whole scene, and Tony rubbed his eyes in bewilderment. Whatever was happening to his usually quiet little garden, and—and his animals too?

The trees were growing taller and denser; great clumps of jungle grass waved higher even than the summer-house. Summer-house! Goodness—it wasn't a summer-house now, but a closed-in little sort of hut with small windows!

"L-look there!" gasped Tony, pointing out, and clutching Tommy with his other hand. For his toy animals had grown, oh, ever so much bigger, and what was stranger still, they seemed to be alive!

Several of them slunk into the shadow of the jungle, all except Leo, now a full-grown, fierce live lion, who lashed his tail angrily, and, lowering his great maned head, let out a deep, thunderous roar.

"Oh-oh, what has happened to er-everything?" panted Tony, pale with surprise. "It—it all looks different."

"It strikes me it is different," chuckled Tommy Twinkle, peering out. "Do you know, Tony, it seems to me that your game has come true. We are in the African jungle, and this hut is one of those rondy-valleys—rondy—rondy—what do you call them?"

"Rondevals," corrected Tony, with a fleeting smile. "I—I say, Tommy, I believe you are right. Look up that tree over there! What ever are those things?"

"Baboons!" said Tommy, following Tony's pointing finger. "Dozens of them, and don't they make a noise too! Whew! It's hot, too, isn't it?"

It certainly was hot, although sometimes Tony went cold with fright as he watched the wild jungle animals creeping nearer to the boys' stronghold.

"I don't think I like it here much," muttered Tony at last, as another lion, bolder and larger than the rest, ran across the clearing within a few feet of the wall of their hut. Then, startlingly, the great mane fell back to disclose the face of an *African native!* But it was a grinning, friendly face under the lion-skin disguise.

"I, witch-doctor, white boys' friend!" the boys heard him say. "Take magic aeroplane! Fly home—through roof!" He raised one arm, and a second later a spear landed thud! It stuck, quivering, in the wall of the hut a few inches to the left of the window. Quickly, Tommy pushed open the window, dragged out the spear, and pulled it inside. Attached to it was a little roughly-made wooden aeroplane such as the natives might make in their Zulu kraals.

"How can we fly in that?" whispered Tony. "Oh, I wish we could."

As he spoke, the aeroplane seemed to grow, and the propeller swung slowly round. Looking up, Tommy espied a large sort of trapdoor in the roof.

Climbing on Tony's shoulders, our little boy thrust open the flap. The baboons in the nearby tree gave a chorus of screeches.

"Quick, Tony! Hand up the plane, and then I'll hoist you up afterwards."

The boys scrambled through the roof to the plane.

Trembling with excitement, Tony obeyed, and would you believe it—by the time the climbs had climbed through the rondeval roof the aeroplane was big enough to carry them both. Into the cockpit they scrambled, and instantly the machine lifted and the boys found themselves flying high in the air. Over jungle-land and swamps they flew—over sparkling, sun-lit seas——

"This is certainly witch-doctor's magic, isn't it, Tommy?" said Tony.

"A jolly good game of yours, anyway," chuckled Tommy. And, with a quiet grin, he tapped his *left* magic shoe, which, as you will remember, causes all the enchantment to vanish. On the instant, the aeroplane suddenly dived and with a gasp, Tony shut his eyes. How long he kept them closed he does not know, till he heard Tommy's laughing voice.

"Ha! Have you gone to sleep?"

Tony flicked open his eyes and good news! He was in his own garden again with all his old toys dotted around the summer-house! Of the witch-doctor's aeroplane there was not a sign.

(Look out for another exciting adventure of Tommy Twinkle and his magic shoes next week.)

FLYING FREDDY

1. "Ha, ha! Stanley Stork can't fly as fast as my plane, so Torty will never race me!" chuckled Freddy. "I'll scorch now!"

2. Torty was telling Stanley to "gee up," and soon Freddy saw Stanley's beak coming over the top of his head. He was surprised.

3. And then Torty climbed to the end of Stanley's beak. "I'm in front of you now, Freddy!" Torty cried. "I've won this race!"

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HAPPY HOURS WITH MRS. HIPPO

"Goodness me! The funny Baby Buntings have found some bargains this week!" laughed good Mrs. Hippo, as she opened her big picture book! "They are having a sale at their 'shop'!"

"Ha, ha! I don't think I fancy any of those clothes!" chuckled Jackie. "I'm afraid they would make me look like a scarecrow!"

Babs was having a very busy time with her customers, for her stock of clothes was going at bargain prices. She sold Mrs. Bunting's best hat to Trixie for a penny! Meanwhile, Peterkin was trying on Mr. Bunting's frock-coat. Chubs, the "tailor," said it was just a wee bit too long—but he soon shortened it with the scissors.

Then, alas, Mrs. Bunting came into the shop and it had to close down very quickly! There were no more bargains for the Baby Buntings that day!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Boys and Girls,—At last you have the three wonderful toys that I promised you last week! How I would love to see your faces when you find these splendid gifts tucked away in the middle of your favourite paper! I am sure your chums will be eager to have them, too, so don't forget to tell your little friends about them before they are too late, will you?

The Jig-Saw Puzzle will keep you amused for a long time, and the Magic Slate will give you a big surprise when you write on it and then pull the little green string, for your writing will vanish!

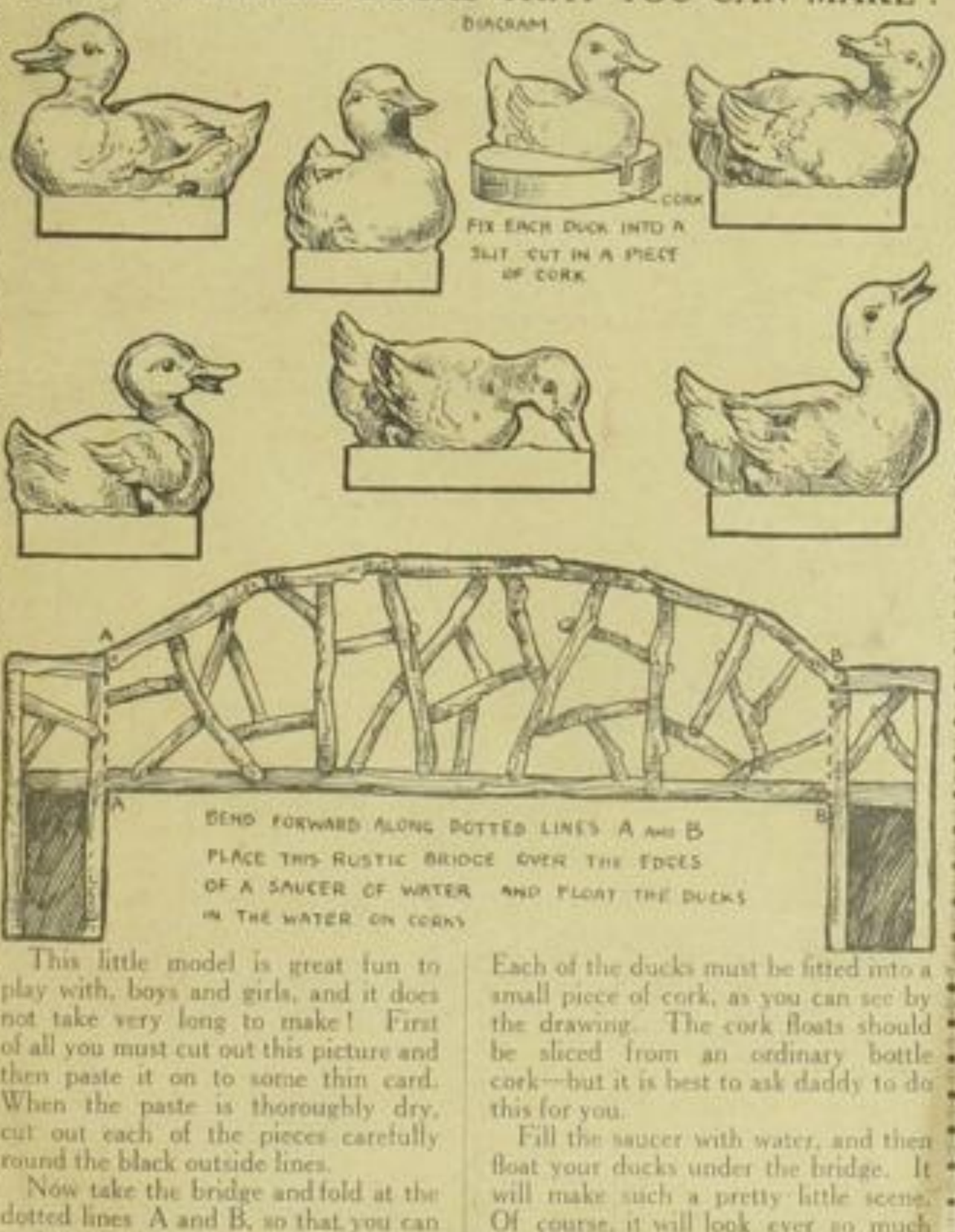
The Magic Floating Swan, too, is great fun to play with, and if your chum has one as well you can have a jolly race together! The full instructions for our jolly toys appeared on this page last week.

Before I close I want to write a few words of greeting to those boys and girls who have brought PLAYBOX for the first time this week. Welcome to our happy family, new readers! May you stay with us for a long time!

Your sincere friend, MRS. HIPPO.

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Jessie Hill, of Chryston, near Glasgow.

JOLLY SWIMMING DUCKS THAT YOU CAN MAKE!



This little model is great fun to play with, boys and girls, and it does not take very long to make! First of all you must cut out this picture and then paste it on to some thin card. When the paste is thoroughly dry, cut out each of the pieces carefully round the black outside lines.

Now take the bridge and fold at the dotted lines A and B, so that you can wedge it over the edges of a saucer. Each of the ducks must be fitted into a small piece of cork, as you can see by the drawing. The cork floats should be sliced from an ordinary bottle cork—but it is best to ask daddy to do this for you.

Fill the saucer with water, and then float your ducks under the bridge. It will make such a pretty little scene. Of course, it will look ever so much better if it is coloured brightly.

ASK YOUR CHUMS THESE!

Q. If a baker weighs ten stone, what does a butcher weigh?

A. Meat!

Q. Which is the best ship of all?

A. Friendship.

Q. Why is the letter W like a bad temper?

A. Because it makes "ill" "will"!

Q. Why is a tailor seldom found at home?

A. Because he is nearly always cutting "out"!

A NEAT ALBUM FOR YOUR "PLAYBOX" STAMPS.

Many PLAYBOX readers make a hobby of collecting the little stamps that appear at the top of the front page every week, so I am sure they will be eager to make this jolly little stamp album, which is really made from a small exercise book.

The front cover should be decorated with scraps cut from our paper, the title being pasted right across the top as you can see here. The inside pages should be squared off with a pencil so that you can stick your stamps neatly in line.

You will soon have a fine collection if you remember to cut them out from the front page heading every week! They will look so pretty.

TIGER TILLY'S CLEVER CATCH!

1. "I say, Jenny," said artful Tiger Tilly, one morning, "I can put something into your left hand that you cannot put into your right." "What do you mean, Tilly?" exclaimed Jenny. "You can't do that."

2. "Oh, yes, I can!" chuckled Tilly, as she took hold of Jenny's right wrist and put it into her left hand. "There! Now you cannot put your right wrist into your right hand, can you? Ha, ha, ha!"

TWO FUNNY DARKY BOYS!

"What am you looking for, Pete? Hab you lost anything?"

"Yes, Uncle Sambo. I dropped a penny in Coconut Lane."

"But dis am Banana Street!"

"Yes, but de light am better here."

"You silly nig, you'll never find your money here. You ought to look inside the dictionary."

"Why?"

"Well, you can always find 'money' dere, can't you? Hee, hee!"

"Oh dat am bery clever, Uncle Sambo. Now perhaps you can tell me why a small coin am like de moon?"

"No, I can't tell you dat, Pete. What am de answer?"

"Well, dey am both farthings, aren't dey? Ho, ho!"

"Ah! I see. Now supposing I came home on a cold, dark night and found dat I had only one match in my pocket. Which would I light first? De fire, or de gas?"

"De fire I should say, Uncle Sambo!"

"Wrong. I should light de match first! Dat little catch was a 'match' for you, wasn't it, Pete? Hee, hee! Good-bye!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

A MISTAKE AND STRANGE SUSPICIONS.

Back to School.

"I SAY, Michael. Look! Do you see that man on the roof. I believe it is a robber, trying to break into the school."

The voice of little Tim Trotter was tense with excitement as he leaned out of the aeroplane in which they were returning to school, after the holidays, and pointed below.

Little Michael caught his breath and nodded.

"Goodness, Tim," he gasped, as he, too, saw the man below. "So it is!"

The aeroplane, piloted by Michael's daddy, swooped down over the tall school chimneys and, describing a long, graceful sweep, alighted gently upon the snowy school field.

The chums had had no time to tell Mr. Baxter what they had seen. They knew better than to talk to a pilot when he was engaged in making a rather difficult landing.

Now, however, as the plane taxied to a standstill and Mr. Baxter looked round with a smile, he saw alarm in the two boys' faces.

"Daddy! Did you see a man on the school roof?" Michael gasped.

"A man?" Mr. Baxter shook his head. "No, I didn't see him. What was he doing?"

"He was crawling up the roof, Mr. Baxter," Tim said breathlessly, "towards the skylight. It looked like somebody trying to get into the school. Let's go up and see if we can see him."

Mr. Baxter smiled.

"I don't see how a man could get up on to the roof without a ladder," he said, "unless he dropped out of an aeroplane. And robbers don't usually carry long ladders about. They're a bit difficult to run away with," he added with a chuckle.

"But he might be a 'cat burglar, daddy," Michael pointed out. "You know—one of those men who climb up pipes and things of that sort and get into windows."

"H'm!" said Mr. Baxter, reaching for the bags with a grin. "I didn't think of that."

The boys' bags were lowered out of the plane and they trudged off eagerly, across the meadow and up the snowy slope towards the school.

There was no sign of any other boys, except a few faces at the windows. It was a cold day and those who had returned were all safely inside.

The chums could see no sign of the man on the roof, but Michael paused and pointed upwards.

"That's where he was, daddy," he said. "And I can't see any ladder. Shall we shout out and ask him what he's up to?"

"That wouldn't be any use," said Tim. "He wouldn't be likely to answer, if we did. Here, I know what we'll do. I've got the very idea," he cried.

Looking very excited, Tim dropped his bag and, stooping, began to gather a handful of snow, rolling it up tightly.

"What are you going to do?" gasped Michael.

"Snowball him," cried Tim. "That will make him come down. Come on, Michael. We know really where he is, even if we can't see him. Let's give him a surprise."

With bright eyes, the two boys began to roll up snowballs quickly, hurling them with all their strength, high on to the roof. One after another, like small white bombs, they flew over the gutter while Mr. Baxter looked on with a broad smile of amusement.

Upon the roof, a man kneeling by the skylight, heard something whiz past his head.

He turned with a frown.

"Eh, what's this 'ere," he grunted.

He had hardly done so when a snowball struck him in the ear and then another, striking his cap, almost knocked it off. With a grunt, he put down the hammer which he held in his hand.

"Snowballs, eh!" he muttered angrily. "That's a fine thing, that is!" and he began to crawl along to a ledge from which he could look down over the gutter.

A hail of snowballs whizzed about him as he did so. Below, Tim and Michael were busily rolling some more, when a shout from above made them turn quickly.

"Hey, that's enough o' that!"

Peering up, they saw a man with snow all over one ear staring down at them, shaking his fist.

"What d'ye think you're playing at," he shouted. "I'll give you snowballs if I come down to 'ee."

Tim and Michael fell back rather sheepishly, and they looked still more confused when, at that moment, the matron appeared out of the door.

"Why, boys!" she exclaimed. "What ever are you doing?"

Tim reddened and turned to find Mr. Baxter, but Michael's father had walked round the far side of the school.

"We—er—we were throwing snowballs at—at that man on the roof, matron!" Tim faltered.

"Snowballs. Good gracious me. Do you want the poor man to fall and break his neck? What are you throwing snowballs at him for?"

"We—we thought he was a robber, matron," Michael put in, turning very red also. "We saw him on the roof when we came over in daddy's aeroplane and we—we thought he was trying to get into the school."

Then the matron burst out laughing.

"Good gracious me!" she cried. "He's not trying to get in, Michael. What he's doing is trying to prevent the *rain* from getting in. That's Mr. Quimple!"

"Mr. Pimple?" echoed Michael, staring.

"No, no, no. Mr. Quimple, my dear. Don't you know Mr. Quimple, the plumber. You boys had better come in quickly before he comes down after you. He is not a very good-tempered man. Where is your father, Michael?"

"Here I am, matron!" came a voice from near by—and they turned to see Mr. Baxter smiling and striding up with the two bags. "I think I'd better come in, too, before Mr. Simple——"

"Skimpole, daddy," Michael corrected him.

"No, no, Michael. Didn't you hear. His name is Quimple," said Tim.

"We were throwing snowballs at that man," faltered Tim.

And, all of them laughing heartily, they trooped with their luggage into the school.

The New Boy.

Although our two chums had thoroughly enjoyed their long holiday, they were, in many ways, glad to get back to Mulberry School.

It was so nice to see all their friends again, especially "Porky" Perrin, with his broad, good-natured smile, and Don Chapman with his quick smile of welcome. And even their old enemy, Cyril Badger, favoured them both with a grin and deigned to say "Hallo!" which, for him, was an especial show of friendliness.

There was so much to tell, too, about all their holiday adventures and so much to laugh about that the tongues of the boys wagged steadily almost until bedtime. And when that night little Tim lay in his neat white bed in the dormitory with Michael's bed next to him, he thought of their chum, Jessie, at home, and wished that she, too, had been a boy so that she could have come back to school with them and enjoyed all the fun.

It was on the following morning when the boys were gathered in the Common-room waiting eagerly for the breakfast-bell, that the head-master thrust his head into the room.

"Good-morning, boys," he said. "I suppose you have seen nothing of a newcomer, have you?"

"A newcomer, sir?" echoed Tim, rather puzzled.

"Yes. I am expecting a new boy some time to-day," Dr. Crabtree said, "and I want you to be sure and make him as welcome as possible, as this will be his first experience of an English school. He is coming from abroad."

The boys looked over at the Head with sudden interest and excitement.

"Abroad, sir?" piped "Porky" Perrin. "Can he speak English?"

"Oh, yes," said the Head, with a smile. "He can speak English all right. It is just that he will be likely to find his surroundings here a little strange after what he has been used to. And, of course, you may find him rather strange, also. It is because of that that I want you to do your very best, boys, to make him feel at home."

The boys promised Dr. Crabtree that they would and, during breakfast, they talked eagerly about the newcomer who was expected.

What was his name, they wondered, and what country did he come from? Were his parents rich?

"If so," said "Porky" eagerly, "he may get a lot of tuck sent to him."

School began at nine o'clock and Tim and his chums were too busy with their lessons to think much, after that, about the boy from abroad.

But, at intervals during the day they peered out of the school windows, half expecting to see a car come whizzing up the drive with a lot of luggage upon it, or maybe a boy trudging towards the school carrying a heavy bag.

"If he's somebody very important," said Don Chapman, "like 'Porky' thinks he is, he might arrive in a big Rolls-Royce with a black chauffeur. Rich people from abroad often bring native servants to England, don't they, Michael?"

And Michael, who didn't know, nodded with a smile and said he supposed they did.

Throughout the dinner-time break, however, and during the remainder of that afternoon, there came no sign of any new boy. Indeed, tea was over and our chums with several others in the Day-room, had almost ceased to think any more about it, when there came what sounded like a rather timid knock upon the door.

Tim and Michael turned in surprise, for nobody ever troubled to knock on *that* door, not even the school maids.

"Come in!" chirped Tim—and then, to their amazement, the door opened and round the side of it came a round, shiny face just as black as a top-hat, and a pair of large eyes which blinked at them all shyly through a very large pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Please you done 'scuse me, sahs," said the stranger, in an apologetic way, "but am dis Raspberry Skule."

Tim and his companions were so astonished for a moment that they could hardly answer. Then the fat boy moved forward quickly.

"This isn't 'Raspberry School,'" he said. "It's Mulberry School."

"Oh yes, dat am de name," said the black boy, entering shyly. "I knowed it was something dat you eat, but I couldn't figure jus' what. Is you de boys dat live at dis skule, please?"

He rolled his eyes as he looked up at them inquiringly, and put down upon the floor a bag on which there were a number of foreign-looking labels.

"Yes," said Michael. "We are pupils here. Who are you, please?"

"I'se de new boy, I guess, and I done come all de way from de Congo," the black boy told them, his white teeth flashing in a grin. "Prince Napoleon Jones—dat's what my name is. My father am de Big Chief Slongaaa."

You can imagine how excited the boys were now, and with what eagerness they

"I doesn't eat plates!" said the new boy.

eyed the newcomer up and down. Monty Green, with a gasp of excitement, slipped out through the door and dashed off in search of his friend, Cyril Badger.

"Quick, Cyril, he's come," he gasped. "The new boy, I mean. He's as black as ink and his father is an African Chief. He looks as if he's got tons of money. We ought to be able to get some tuck out of him."

Cyril and Monty hastened back to the day-room where Napoleon Jones from the Congo seemed to have made himself very friendly and at home. He was sitting on his bag, munching away at some biscuits which "Porky" had given him and declaring that it was very cold in England, and that the cold weather made him terribly hungry.

"Oh dear," exclaimed Cyril. "You mustn't be hungry, Napoleon. I've got a seed cake in my locker. I'll give you a slice."

Cyril fetched the cake and the new boy devoured it with a broad grin, following that up by some biscuits from Monty. Then, very anxious to keep in with him, "Porky" offered him a scone upon a plate.

"Dat's all right. I doesn't eat plates," said Napoleon, handing it back to Tim, and they all laughed merrily.

But the next moment, when the black boy was still munching and Cyril and his chums were looking on hopefully, Tim turned to Michael and drew him quickly aside, pointing to the plate.

Upon it were several black and smudgy finger marks, obviously left by Napoleon's fingers.

"Do you see those," whispered Tim. "If he were *really* black the black wouldn't come off. There's something funny about this, Michael. I don't believe he's *real*."

"Not real!" said Michael in amazement. "I've never seen anything that wasn't real eat like that!"

Tim could not help laughing, for certainly this darkie seemed to have a wonderful appetite.

"I know!" Tim chuckled. "But I mean, I don't think he is a *real* darkie!"

Tim then pointed out the black marks left by Napoleon's fingers. This seemed to be the time for a little detective work on the chums' part.

(Who is Napoleon Jones? Another thrilling and amusing instalment of this lively story next week.)

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy takes the place of a fairy rider in a circus, and is thrown from the horse, hurting herself badly. A friend brings a clever doctor from London, and Jack and Jill wait anxiously to know if he can make their little friend better

1. The great doctor from London went upstairs to Wendy's room and bent over the little girl. "She has not opened her eyes since they brought her home from the circus!" granny sighed sadly.

2. Meanwhile Jack and Jill waited anxiously below. At last it began to get dark, so Jill lit the lamp, then she turned quickly to the door, hearing steps on the stairs. Would it be bad news?

3. But the doctor was smiling, and had good news for them. "Take great care of your little friend, and she will soon be well again!" he said. "She wants to see you, Jill!"

4. Jill spent many hours in Wendy's room, looking after her, and reading to her when she was a little better, and at last Wendy was well enough to sit up in bed and talk. They were so glad

5. It was a happy day for them all when Wendy came downstairs again and sat round the fire with them. "I feel ever so much better!" she said. "I shall soon be able to go out!"

6. Now, Wendy had been worrying about her magic carpet that she had hidden in the wood, so she asked Jack to try to find it. "The carpet is safe," he said, bringing it in one day.

7. And so, when Wendy was quite well again, she felt she must be off on another adventure. "I have only to brush my magic carpet like this and see, it will carry me into the air!" she said.

8. Jack and Jill watched in wonder, and they looked rather sad as they waved good-bye to little Wendy. "Perhaps I shall see you again some day!" Wendy cried, as she floated away.

9. She seemed to be flying through the air for a long time, and then at last her carpet started coming down near a little station. "It is called 'Dolls' House Town,'" exclaimed Wendy.

10. She felt quite excited as she floated over the little town and saw the quaint trees, and pretty red and green-roofed houses. To her delight her carpet stopped right in front of one of these houses. "This means I must knock at the door!" she said.

11. Dainty little curtains hung at the windows, and Wendy noticed how clean and fresh everything looked. "I shall only just be able to step through the door," she murmured as she knocked. "The people who live here must be smaller than I am!"

12. With a feeling of excitement, Wendy heard little feet pattering to the door, and then it was opened by a pretty doll. Her fair curls were tied with a blue ribbon that matched her frock, and her name was Jane. "You seem to know me!" Wendy said, smiling.

13. "Oh, yes, I have read all about you in PLAYBOX!" laughed Jane in a tiny little voice. "Do come inside!" Wendy stepped into a dear little hall, but as Jane pushed open an inner door a cross voice cried: "I don't want to see that strange girl!"

(Who is this not wanting to be friends with Wendy? You will have some surprises next week, so don't miss the fine instalment.)

Государственная Республиканская ... библиотека РСФСР
№

MRS. HIPPO

1. Mrs. Stork was a great friend of the Hippo Girls, so Tilly and Baby were quite ready to carry the washing to her house. "We are coming, too!" said Betty. "We want to taste Mrs. Stork's cakes and jellies!"

2. As they trotted along with the basket Tilly and Baby were talking about Mrs. Stork and how she always made them laugh with her jolly tales. Meanwhile, Pearl Porky thought she would have a ride.

3. She climbed from the wall on to the basket and sat there enjoying her sweets. But before long the other poor girls felt the extra weight. "I am so hot and tired!" sighed Tilly, staggering along.

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Two pounds of potatoes, please," said Dibs, and he was disappointed when he could not buy them mashed. Meanwhile, Floppy took a big one.

2. On the way home he told Dibs and Dabs he was going to make a funny man out of it to surprise Jane. "Hurry before she comes back!" said Dabs.

3. Carrots made legs and a funny hat, and small potatoes on sticks made arms. "I wouldn't like to meet him in the dark!" laughed Floppy.

4. Jane didn't like the look of the potato man in the daylight, and she dropped the cakes and milk in fright. "No lunch to-day for us!" Dibs sighed.

SAMBO

1. Sambo said he would take all the nigs to the football match, but they said his car was too small.

2. "Jus' yo' behind de car!" still they said the

4. Then he moved on a little farther and out came the second trailer leaving the third one still empty. "Now yo' can all find room!" laughed Sambo merrily.

"What is always taken from you before you get it, Willy!"
"Give it up, Reggie!"
"Ha, ha! Your photograph!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE WE

1. "Hey, Big Chief Simple Simon, can we join your tribe of Redskins?" cried Bobby Black, but Simon felt very proud of himself in his "war-paint." "I don't think you are smart enough for me!" he said.

2. "Oh, he is proud of himself just because he has got three feathers sticking out of his hair!" said Willy. "We'll show him how smart we look in our cowboy hats. Will you be my bronco, Dicky Duckling?"

3. But Dicky said he'd be squashed if Willy sat on him, and he wanted to be a cowboy, too. "Now to conquer the Redskins!" cried Reggie. "I will lasso the silly chief's wigwam with the clothes-line!"

S SCHOOL

4. "Let's have a rest; we're nearly there!" said Baby. "My arms feel like jellies!" And when they put down the basket there was Pearl on the top, eating sweets. "No wonder it was heavy!" cried Tilly.

5. They thought it was time they tricked Pearl as she had tricked them, so they picked up the top sheet and shook her into the air. "Up she goes!" laughed Tilly. And down came all Pearl's sweets, too!

6. The other girls came along just in time to help scramble for those sweets, and Pearl was very upset. "You had a free ride, so we'll have some free toffees!" chuckled Baby. "They are very good, Pearl!"

SCORCHER

in de trailer Sambo. But s no room.

3. Then Sambo moved his car a little bit forward and out came one trailer, leaving another empty one.

And what a jolly crowd he drove to the football h. "Dis am fine!" cried the nigs. "We didn't you had an elastic car like dis, Sambo!"

SAMMY SEAL

1. "I don't like walking the plank, anyway, but I'd rather not try to walk one that isn't there!" said Patsy, when their ship had drifted away.

2. "I don't want to stop here all night without any supper, either!" said Sammy. "I can smell those sausages scorching! We'll make a bridge!"

3. So they glued lots of boxes together until they reached the ship. "There's a fine bridge!" cried Sammy. "We shall soon be home to supper!"

4. "I hope the boxes will like us, or they won't be able to bear us!" said Patsy, as they crawled along them. But they were soon safely home!

WOOLLY BOYS

. No one thought Reggie would really be able to do nd they all cheered when the noose slid over the wam. "We'll show Simon how smart we are!" ckled Bobby. "We'll ink our prisoner's nose!

5. Bobby quickly dipped a brush in the ink and turned to dab it on Simon's nose, but he did have a surprise, for Bobby Bear was inside that wigwam. "Goodness! Simon's a bear now!" Percy cried.

6. Now, Bobby Bear's keeper had been searching all over the town for him, and he was pleased to find him. "Here's ten shillings for you, boys!" he said, and Simple Simon agreed they were very smart boys!

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

FRIENDS FOR DONALD DONKEY.

Donald was a dear little baby donkey with a soft, grey, curly coat, and he lived in a nice big field with lots of thistles and a gate.

First of all his mother was always in the field with Donald, but when he grew older she used to go out pulling a little cart all day.

"I do wish I could do that!" said Donald, and his mummy said:

"So you shall when you get a big donkey like me, Donald!"

She always had such lots of tales to tell the little donkey when she came home in the evening and Donald used to watch for her over the gate.

Then as soon as she had had a nice tea, she would tell him all she had been doing.

Sometimes she went into very busy roads where funny things whizzed past her on wheels, and said "Honk, honk!" if she did not hurry up or get out of their way, and sometimes she trotted for miles along country lanes. That was what she liked best.

"I do love to hear your tales, mummy!" Donald said. "But it is so lonely without you all day!"

Then one day Donald found he was not alone in the field, a little girl and boy had come in to play ball. But when they saw Donald they wanted to play with him instead, and, of course, Donald didn't mind, for they were very kind to him. He liked having his fur rubbed and his nose stroked, and pieces of sugar popped into his mouth.

That evening, when his mummy came home, the little donkey had quite a lot to tell her.

"I have had some visitors to-day, mummy!" he cried. "And what do you think they gave me—some pieces of cake and some sugar! To-morrow they said they would bring me some carrots!"

Of course, Donald was looking forward to the next day.

"I hope they won't forget to come," he said, as he watched over the gate next afternoon.

Donald saw two little figures coming towards him.

But soon his two little friends appeared with an armful of juicy carrots, and how Donald did enjoy them.

Now, when the little boy and girl went away they left the gate open a little way, and Donald said: "I'll go and meet mummy! It is nearly dark so she will soon be along this road!"

Donald managed to pull the gate open wide enough to get out and trotted down the lane.

"I can't miss mummy," he said. "She always comes this way."

But before very long Donald came to a spot where he found two roads in front of him, and he didn't know which road to take. Unluckily, he chose the wrong road.

"If only I could find mummy," he said, for he was quite sure that he was lost.

It was almost dark now, and then, suddenly, Donald saw two figures coming towards him.

"It is our little donkey," said a voice. "He must be lost."

Then Donald gave a happy little "Hee-haw!" for he found this was the little boy and girl who had brought him carrots.

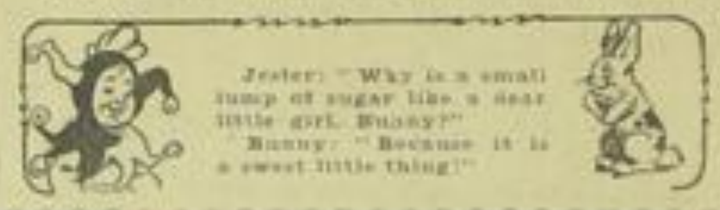
They knew the field where Donald lived and so they soon took him home.

"I'm glad we found you, Donald," whispered the little girl, "because we shall want you specially to-morrow!"

Donald was so pleased to see his mummy, and what a lot he had to tell her.

Well, next day, Donald had a lovely surprise. The little boy and girl came to the gate with a dear little cart, and Donald was harnessed to it and was allowed to pull them along. He did feel a proud little donkey then.

(A jolly story about Cake-Tin Town next week.)



1. Snowdrop was just going to give Benjy his bath when the little bear trotted quickly away.

2. He ran to the pole in the middle of the bear pit. "Oh, he thinks I can't get him!" said Chic.

3. Soon Chic was back with Snowdrop and a big box. "I've some fine cakes!" he said.

4. They told Benjy he could have a pink cake and a white cake in his bath. "Oh, I'm coming!" he cried.

5. He did jump into the water quickly, but he yelled when Chic handed him cakes made of soap!

6. But later the little clown came in with some goodies, and they all had a feast—real cakes this time!

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. A Lucky Shot.
2. A Box and a Punch.
3. Beryl's Basket Pram.

TESS BREAKS REDWING'S BOW, BUT THE SHOT SHE SENT SAVES A TRAPPER WHO REWARDS HER

SCAMP FINDS AN EMPTY BOX WITH PLENTY IN IT AND HAS A FIGHT WITH A TICKET

BERYL HAS SO MANY DOLLS THAT CURLY MAKES A BIG PRAM FOR THEM ALL.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

PADDY AND HIS CHUMS DISCOVER SECRETS IN WOOMPAH CASTLE.

"BRING in the prisoner."

And as the Woompah King spoke the great doors of the hall began to open. Who was the unlucky prisoner of these queer Woompahs?

The Woompahs were a band of strange animals with spiky hair and were usually invisible. But at twelve o'clock every night they became visible for a time and held a meeting in the great hall of their castle.

They had captured Teddy Bear, one of Paddy's playmates, but Paddy and his other chums meant to rescue him. At this very moment, Paddy, Timbo, Buddy, Golly, and a friendly Woompah named Wallace were hiding up in a balcony during the midnight meeting.

"Look!" whispered Paddy suddenly. "Here comes Teddy."

As the doors swung open wide two Woompahs marched in and between them walked Teddy—a little pale, it is true, but with head up and a brave look in his eyes. Paddy's heart went out to his gallant little chum at that moment!

"We must save him somehow," he whispered to his chums.

"Hush!" said Wallace.

The King of the Woompahs had taken a sheet of paper and, by craning his head, Paddy saw that it was a piece of music.

"Are you ready?" said the king. "Before we hold the trial, we shall as usual sing our Woompah song. And, remember, sing it in tune. Last time some of you were a little flat. One-two-three—go!"

Softly at first, and then rising to a noise like thunder, the voices of the Woompahs chanted the Woompah song. And it went like this:

"Woompahs short and Woompahs tall,
Thin and fat, yes, Woompahs all,
Sing the Woompah song to-night,
Sing the words and sing them right,
Shout your loudest, drown the band,
For to be a Woompah's grand!"

Wallace shook his head sadly as the song ended.

"Yes, our life was grand once," he said. "But ever since we were made invisible we——"

Paddy and his chums, though, were not listening, for the two guards had marched Teddy to the prisoner's box and popped him inside.

The King of the Woompahs then spoke.

"Prisoner in the box!" he said. "We're going to find you guilty of playing tricks upon us. What have you to say?"

Meanwhile, up in the balcony, Paddy had thought of a plan! High above Teddy was a great chandelier that hung from a rafter. The rope that held it ran over a little pulley wheel and along the rafter, and was fixed to a handle near Paddy. By turning the handle one could raise or lower the chandelier!

Softly, Paddy spoke to Timbo, Golly, and Buddy.

"I'm going to rescue Teddy before he's locked in an invisible dungeon!" he said. "When I'm on the chandelier, lower it as quickly as you can."

Then, putting his finger to his lips, Paddy climbed on to the balcony rail. By reaching out, he could just manage to grasp the chandelier and pull himself upon it.

"Now's the time," came a whisper from the alcove where his chums were hidden, and then Paddy began to drop through the air to the hall below.

It was so sudden that it almost took his breath away!

The Woompahs could hardly believe their eyes when the chandelier came down among them, to stop and hover just above their prisoner! Before their startled gaze, Paddy leaned down, seized Teddy and swung him out of the box. And the next moment the chandelier went whisking up to the ceiling again, as Timbo and the others worked furiously at the handle!

"Wurroo!" shrieked the Woompahs, finding their voices at last. "Stop him! The prisoner is escaping!"

At that very moment the great clock in the hall chimed the quarter past—and then an amazing thing happened.

Every Woompah just vanished from sight. The short time when they were visible had gone and they were invisible again until the next night.

The chandelier vanished like a flash, too, for everything in the castle was made invisible. You may be sure that Paddy and Teddy looked very quaint seemingly floating in the air!

Paddy was feeling a little anxious now. He could not see the Woompahs and so could not tell what tricks they might be getting up to. The only safe thing to do was to leave the castle just as soon as they could!

As soon as he and Teddy were up by the balcony again, eager hands helped them off the chandelier and then they began to look for a way of escape.

"We daren't go down the stairs!" Paddy hissed. "We shall run into all the Woompahs if we do that. Oh, surely there is another way out."

Wallace, the friendly Woompah, gripped his hand.

"There is!" he whispered. "This way, please." And he pulled Paddy to the wall, where he pressed upon a panel. This sprang open as though worked by a spring. It was a secret door and all the chums followed the Woompah as he crept through.

They were now in a passage which became pitch dark when the Woompah carefully closed the panel.

"This is a place I discovered some time ago," he said. "None of the other Woompahs know about it, so we shall be safe here."

"Well, I hope our other chums are safe, too," said Paddy, thinking of Dolly Daydream and the rest, who were somewhere in the house.

They stumbled along for a time in the dark, and then the Woompah stopped and the chums heard him strike a match.

A tiny light glimmered and this was followed by a brighter light.

The Woompah had lighted a lantern which made it bright enough for the chums to see they were in a small room, which at first seemed to be quite empty. But this was only because the furniture, like everything in the castle, was invisible. To make it seem more like home, Paddy fired his magic pop-gun and instantly the room looked quite cosy. There was a table in the centre, a few chairs, a small cupboard, which proved to be Wallace's secret pantry, and an old brass-bound chest.

The chums sat down upon the chairs and Wallace brought out a frugal but welcome meal, for they were all very hungry.

"Yes, it was lucky I found this secret room!" said Wallace, as he nibbled some bread and cheese. "We can hide in here until we have a chance to escape.

"I was quite excited when I first found this place," he added, and he pointed to the chest.

"See that? I thought at first it was a treasure chest—but, alas, it is quite empty! What a pity. Just think of all the lollipops I could have bought if it had been full of gold."

With a smile, Paddy went to the chest and threw back the lid.

"It's a queer old chest," he said. "Look at all the wonderful carving inside."

Timbo nodded.

"Yes, here is a lion's head carved in the corner," he said. "I—oh!" He gave a start as he pressed it, for there was a sudden funny whirring noise.

At the same moment a kind of drawer shot out from the side of the chest, giving Paddy a sharp rap on the ankle and almost knocking him over.

"What's that?" he cried.

"This place is full of secrets!" cried the Woompah. "It's a secret drawer—and look—there is a book inside it."

Paddy took out the book—an old leather one with brass corners.

"It looks very old," he said. "I wonder what it is about."

"Perhaps it's a fairy story," said Golly. "Do read it, Paddy."

The book was covered with dust and Paddy blew it clean with a big puff of breath. Now he was able to see that there were some words upon the cover. Slowly he read them out.

"The Book of the Woompahs!" he said. "How bad luck befell them and they all became invisible."

Wallace gave an excited shout.

"It's the book we Woompahs have been looking for these many years," he cried. "Quick! Open it, Paddy! Read out what is inside."

(Why is Wallace so excited about this old book? What amazing secrets does it contain? Look out for some more thrills next week, boys and girls.)

"Look! There's a book in the secret drawer!" cried the Woompah.

BETTY HEARS HUMMING IN TOM'S BEE-HIVE AND THEN HAS A JOLLY SURPRISE.

1. "I've a beehive, Betty!" said Tom, and smiling, he added: "Come nearer to it and listen to the humming!"

2. Betty was puzzled when she heard that noise. "I thought bees only hummed in summer!" she said. "How strange!"

3. "Well, I can't think of anything else that hums!" said funny Snip. Then Tom lifted the hive and smiled.

4. "Oh, you hid a humming-top under there!" laughed Betty. "What a good catch that was, Tom! Ha, ha!"

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BRIGHTEYES

A frightening discovery in the empty theatre!

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes is a great success as the fairy queen in the pantomime. But when she has finished her dance and is bowing to the audience Gipsy Meg stands up in front of the stage and shouts angrily at our little girl.

1. There was a sudden shocked silence in the theatre as the tall figure of Gipsy Meg appeared at the orchestra rail. She shook her fist at Brighteyes angrily and cried: "You are coming straight back to my caravan, my girl! You have been dodging me quite long enough!"

2. She was so angry that she hardly knew what she was saying, but the next moment the strong hand of Ben, the doorman, closed on her shoulder and Gipsy Meg found herself being pushed gently towards the exit. "You can't make that noise in here," muttered Ben grimly.

3. In the meantime, our little girl disappeared behind the curtain, feeling very frightened and shaky. Her chums were waiting for her on the stage, and Lola cried: "It's all right, Brighteyes! She was only trying to scare you." "Off the stage, please!" cried Miss Barry.

4. The teacher was very much upset by the disturbance and hurried off to talk to the manager, while Brighteyes and her friends ran to the dressing-room to change. "Goodness me! That was a thrilling moment!" said Lola, as she helped Brighteyes on with her overcoat.

5. The chums were just putting on their shoes when Miss Barry returned. "Come along, girls," she said. "There is some supper waiting for you back at school." "All right," cried Lola. "We are not quite ready. You go on with the others. We will catch you up!"

6. A few moments after the others had left the theatre Lola strolled out of the dressing-room, meaning to wait for her chum outside the stage entrance. But as she went down the steps the dark figure of Gipsy Meg shuffled forward! "Is Brighteyes coming?" she said.

7. Lola was a quick-witted little girl. Without a word, she turned and fled back into the theatre, knowing that the first thing to do was to warn Brighteyes of the danger! "Go back!" she cried as she met her chum in the passage. "Gipsy Meg is waiting to catch you!"

8. Seizing our little girl by the hand, Lola dragged her back to the empty stage, where they stood breathlessly for a few moments. "How can we get out of the theatre now, Lola?" said Brighteyes in a trembling voice. "All the other doors are locked." "I know!" cried Lola.

9. With a knowing smile she skipped away to the back of the stage and pointed to an iron lever in the wall. "You remember that?" she laughed. And Brighteyes nodded. "Of course!" she cried. "We can go under the stage. Then we can get out through the yard door!"

10. Feeling very excited at this new plan of escape, the two chums stood on the trapdoor, and soon found themselves in the gloomy cellar underneath the big stage. "Come on quickly!" murmured Lola. "We must get out and away before Meg gets suspicious. Follow me, Brighteyes!" "Oh, you are a brick, Lola!" murmured our little girl, as they hurried through the passage. "I don't know what I should have done without you."

11. "Goodness me!" laughed Lola. "I wasn't going to leave you in the theatre to be caught by that horrid old gipsy. It was jolly lucky I saw her first and was able to warn you!" Suddenly she stopped and stared at the end of the passage where two heavy doors barred the way. "O-oh!" exclaimed poor Brighteyes in a frightened tone. "The doors have been locked for the night! What ever shall we do now?"

(The chums are prisoners in the empty theatre! Little do they dream of the exciting adventure in store for them! Don't miss it next week!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—Joe and his sister Effie go on a trip in the Flying Fish with Captain Scott. One day the captain falls overboard into the sea, and to keep him afloat Joe throws him Effie's big rubber doll.

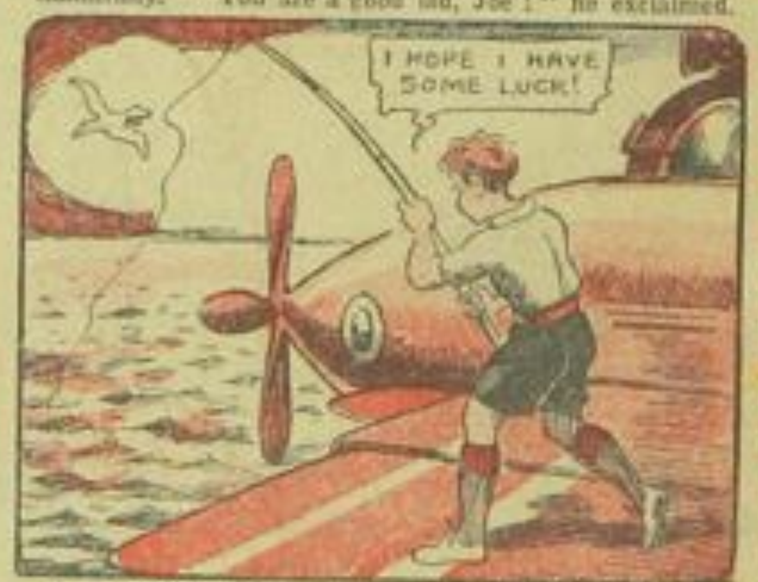
1. Down, down dropped the big rubber doll, while little Joe clung on to the side of the Flying Fish and watched it with anxious eyes. Would Captain Scott manage to reach it! At last the little boy gave a huge sigh of relief, for the doll struck the water quite close to the captain.

2. Poor Captain Scott had struggled bravely to keep afloat, but the shock of his terrible fall from the plane had made him weak and faint. He was just giving up hope of being saved when Effie's rubber dolly splashed into the water a few yards away. The captain seized it gratefully.

3. If it had not been for the big floating doll he would never have been able to stay on the surface of the water until the Flying Fish landed, and when at last the great machine drew alongside him he held out his hand to Joe thankfully. "You are a good lad, Joe!" he exclaimed.

4. It was not long before the captain had changed into dry clothes and was drinking a cup of hot tea. "Ah! That is better," he cried. "I am feeling quite fit again now—thanks to your dolly, Effie!" Effie laughed merrily. "She is the best dolly in the world," she cried.

5. The captain put his cup down and looked across at the cabin clock. "My word! It is nearly tea time!" he exclaimed. "No wonder I am feeling hungry!" "Yes! I'd like something to eat, too!" cried Joe. "I know—I'll try to catch some nice fish for tea!"



6. He fetched out his fishing rod and fixed it together, then, baiting the hook with some bread, he climbed out on to the wing and cast his line far out over the water. "The sea is fairly calm to-day," he murmured to himself. "I ought to catch something." And he settled down to wait.

7. He did not have to wait very long, however, for a few moments later the line tightened with such a jerk that little Joe was almost thrown off his balance. "Goodness! I've got a bite already!" he exclaimed. "It feels like a big fish, too!" And he began to wind his line in quickly.

8. But the next minute he had a tremendous shock, for instead of being able to haul in the line, it began to spin through his hands at a great speed! "Effie! Come and help me!" he yelled breathlessly. "I've caught a giant fish!" Soon the two of them were hauling at the rod.

9. For a long time they struggled with the rod which bent almost double under the strain, then suddenly it snapped clean in half, flinging the twins off their feet! "O-oh!" exclaimed Effie disappointedly. "Now we have lost it, Joe!" The little boy gazed at his broken fishing-rod.

10. Then he scrambled to his feet and peered out across the water. "I wonder what kind of a fish it was, Effie," he muttered. "It might have been a whale." At this moment Captain Scott put his head out of the cabin window and stared at the water, which was beginning to swirl round in a sort of whirlpool. "Joe," he said quietly, "I don't believe it was a fish at all!" "What ever do you mean, captain?" exclaimed Joe.

11. The captain did not reply for a moment or two. He climbed out on to the wing and stood behind the children, who were still staring at the water. "You will see what I mean in a minute," he murmured. Then suddenly the water foamed and broke round the black conning-tower of a submarine which was rising slowly to the surface. "There! I thought so!" exclaimed the captain. "Is it Uncle Paul's submarine?" cried Effie.

(Is Uncle Paul chasing the twins again? There will be a very exciting adventure in the next part of this grand picture story! Look out for it!)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, February 4th, 1939.

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

ARE YOU READING "LITTLE MAN"? IT IS A LOVELY STORY See Page 4.

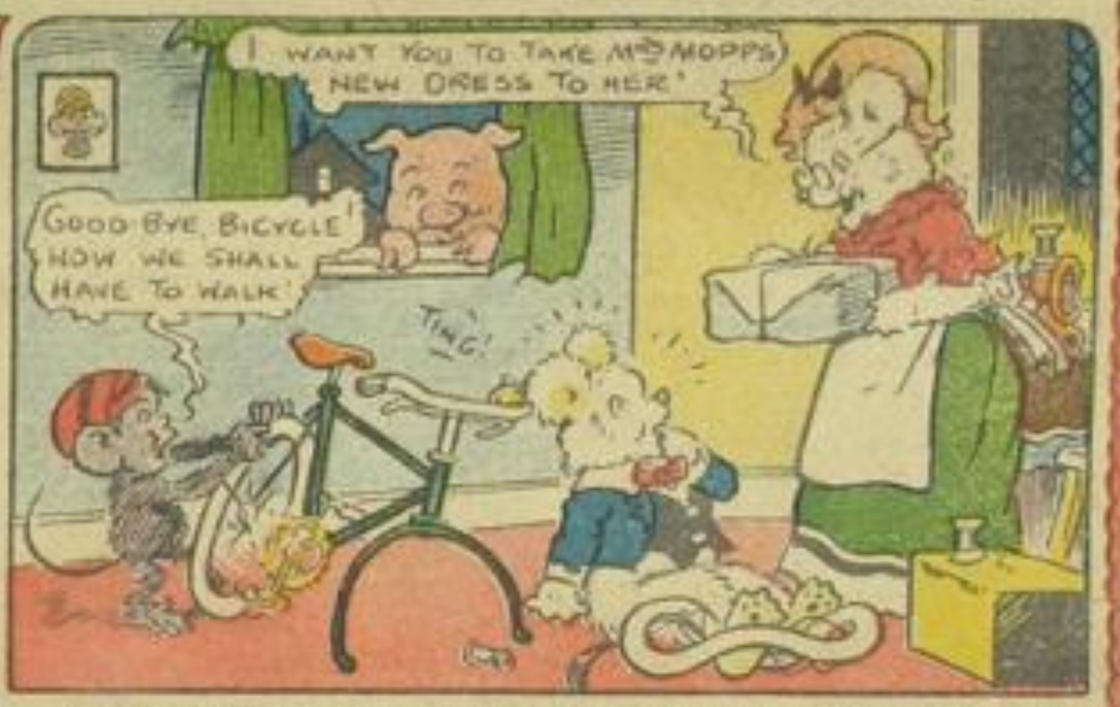
PLAYBOX 2

SONNY AND MICKY HAVE AN EXCITING RIDE!

1. Our little chums had such a lovely surprise the other day! Their kind Uncle Bob sent them a beautiful bicycle. "Isn't it marvellous!" cried Micky. "It has got two wheels and everything!" "My word! We'll have some fun with this!" chuckled our Sonny as he took it indoors.

2. And a few minutes later they were riding round and round the parlour. "This is thrilling!" cried Micky. "I'm beginning to feel quite giddy!" "Hold tight!" laughed Sonny. "We are going to take a trip into the next room. Won't mummy be surprised when she sees our bicycle!"

3. But it was the chums who had the surprise, for Sonny rode straight into Mrs. Bear's work-box and the next minute both those bad boys tumbled off the bicycle. "I do feel upset!" groaned Micky. "What is this, boys?" asked Mrs. Bear. "Are you playing a new sort of game?"



4. And while our chums were pulling themselves together, Mrs. Bear fetched a big box, and said: "I want you to take this to Mrs. Mopps, boys. She is waiting for it!" "Oh dear! We can't go on our bicycle!" wailed Micky. "The front wheel is like a bent sausage! What a shame!"

5. Sonny did not give up hope. He took the bicycle Peter Piggy was waiting for them. "Can I help said. "Oh, yes, please, Peter!" cried our while I fit our bicycle on to your back!"

6. And Sonny's idea worked splendidly! Soon our chums were spinning along merrily on their "piggy-cycle," and they reached Mrs. Mopps' house in no time—or even quicker! "Here is your parcel, Mrs. Mopps!" laughed Micky merrily.

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THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

The old dame told Tommy the queer tales.

THIS WEEK:

MYSTERY COTTAGE.

"AH, so you have not yet gone out, Tommy! I expected you to be out when I returned."

And good Dame Kindly looked somewhat surprised as, on coming back from a little shopping expedition, she met our little favourite just leaving their cottage.

"I am afraid I was too interested in my book, granny," grinned Tommy, holding back the door to allow the old dame to enter. "Anyway, I have finished it now, so I will go for a walk till tea-time."

"I see," nodded Dame Kindly, setting down her basket and loosening the strings of her bonnet. "Well, if you have nothing else to do, Tommy, you would do well to stroll down to old Mrs. Maybell's cottage. She has just been telling me of the strangest things that have been happening there lately. In my opinion that cottage is bewitched."

Our little boy's eyes opened wide in astonishment at this curious remark. Bewitched? That sounded interesting, thought Tommy, wondering what Dame Kindly would say if she knew that he himself was wearing at that very moment, a pair of magic shoes! (As you will remember, an old fairy woman gave them to him ever so long ago, in return for a kindness he rendered her, and whenever Tommy stamps his right foot and wishes hard, instantly his wish comes true.)

But Tommy is very careful to keep his magic shoes a deep secret, so that although his friends are often amazed at the wonderful adventures they sometimes have when they are with him, nobody ever guesses that it is all because of the bright, buckled shoes Tommy always wears!

"Bewitched? How do you mean—bewitched?" smiled our little favourite, echoing Dame Kindly's words.

"Well, ever since the beginning of last week, Dame Maybell says that little things keep vanishing almost under her very eyes. To-day, she made a cup of tea and left it on the table while she went to get herself a biscuit. When she returned, she found the teaspoon had vanished and some of the tea had been spilt—yet she is sure nobody could have entered the room in her absence!"

"Strange," murmured our little boy, looking interested.

"Yes, indeed," returned the good lady. "Every day it is something, so Mrs. Maybell declares. Spoons, trinkets, yesterday it was a half-written letter she had left on her table, and one of her slippers vanished, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed our little boy. "It certainly does sound like a mischievous elf, doesn't it? Poor Dame Maybell! I think I had better go and see if I can help her at all, hadn't I?"

"Ah, I wish you would, Tommy," replied Dame Kindly, with a sigh of relief. "I feel quite sorry for her. I will go and rest: I am tired after my shopping."

In a very short while, therefore, our little Tommy Twinkle found himself outside Dame Maybell's little ivy-covered cottage. It looked quite an ordinary little cottage—not at all mysterious or "enchanted," and Tommy smiled to himself, for he knew full well, that with the help of his own fairy shoes, he would very quickly get to the bottom of the strange happenings Dame Kindly had told him about.

"Why, if it isn't Tommy Twinkle himself!" exclaimed the good lady, when she came to the door a few seconds later. "Do come in, Tommy: I am so glad to see you."

She ushered Tommy into her cosy sitting-room, with its bright fire, and it was not many minutes before our little boy was, once more, hearing the queer tales of how things were whisked out of sight as soon as the old dame's back was turned.

"It sounds as though——" began Tommy with a smile, when suddenly a shrill little shriek sounded somewhere out in the garden. "Wh-whatever was that?" cried Tommy. But Dame Maybell laughed softly. "It is Mopsy, the pet monkey, next door," she explained. "She is a dear little thing and quite harmless."

"B-but isn't it likely that it may be the monkey that comes and helps herself to your belongings?" cried Tommy.

"Oh, no, Tommy," replied the old dame. "Mopsy is securely fastened by a chain and a thick ring round her waist. Come and see." They crossed to the window, and there, in the next-door garden, Tommy saw a roguish-looking little brown monkey sitting on top of her ram in the bright spring sunshine. She leapt up excitedly at sight of them, but sure enough she was securely chained and did not look as though she could possibly escape.

"Anyway, I am going to make you some tea and find you one or two of my freshly-baked sugar-buns," said Dame Maybell, hurrying out of the room and into her little kitchen. "Do sit down, Tommy."

But Tommy had come to solve the mystery, and, although Mopsy looked so innocent, our little boy was not at all sure that she was not the culprit. Softly he stamped his right magic shoe, wishing at the same time, that he might discover the truth.

Stepping behind one of the heavy curtains by the window, Tommy stood motionless and watched. He noticed Mopsy, the monkey, watching the window, too, then suddenly she did a queer, twisty sort of wriggle, and lo, she was free of the thick metal ring that usually encircled her middle! Like a silent, brown streak she leaped at Dame Maybell's window, squeezed through the tiny opening at the top, and a second later had landed ploomp! on the floor.

"Aha! Caught you this time, Mopsy!" cried Tommy Twinkle merrily. And, jumping on to a chair, he quickly closed the window so that Mopsy was a prisoner. "Dame Maybell! Come here, quickly!"

"Caught you this time, Mopsy!" cried Tommy.

And when the good lady came hurrying in, why—she could scarcely believe her eyes.

"Oh, you naughty Mopsy!" she exclaimed. "So it is you all the time!"

The mischievous little monkey sat on the floor chattering softly and looking from one to the other so pitifully that both Tommy and the old dame burst into laughter.

"Well, I will forgive you this time," said Dame Maybell. "And now we will take you home. Are you afraid to pick her up, Tommy?"

"Not at all," laughed our fearless little boy, stooping and gently but firmly sweeping Mopsy up into his arms. So they carried Mopsy back to her owner, who was astounded at Mopsy's latest, and it must be admitted, very clever trick. The little monkey had learned the art of wriggling out of her ring, and then afterwards of slipping back into it again.

"I will see that it does not happen again," he assured Dame Maybell. "I will find other means of fastening her, I promise you."

So back to the cottage went Dame Maybell and Tommy, both laughing heartily at the way the merry little monkey had tricked them all.

"I am very grateful to you, Tommy," said the old dame, "and now we will have tea."

But there was another surprise in store for the old dame. Tommy had stamped his magic shoe a second time, and when they entered the finest sitting-room again, what do you think had happened during their absence?

A delicious "surprise" tea had been laid all ready for them. There were all kinds of delicious cakes and pastries, a dish of rose-red jelly all a-glistening and a-wobbling, and the tea was already made in the teapot.

"G-goodness! H-how did all this happen?" gasped Dame Maybell, wondering whatever else was going to happen to her on this strangest of all strange days.

"This does look as though there is magic about, doesn't it?" chuckled Tommy, seating himself. "Come and pour out the tea, Dame Maybell; look, it is all made!"

Amazed and delighted, the good lady obeyed, and oh, how delicious those cakes and goodies were, to be sure! Magic ones always are, you know!

"By the way, Dame Maybell, which hand do you stir your tea with?" grinned Tommy presently.

"Er—my right hand, Tommy," replied the old dame, smiling.

"Ha, ha! What a strange thing!" laughed Tommy roguishly. "Most people stir their tea with a spoon, don't they? Ha, ha! Caught you, didn't I?"

Oh, how the good dame did laugh, to be sure. In fact, later, when Tommy rose to go, she declared she had never spent a jollier afternoon, or a more exciting one. And I can well believe it, can't you, boys and girls?

Dame Kindly was very interested when Tommy told her about the monkey, but she still thinks the cottage was bewitched, especially when she heard about the tea that suddenly appeared.

(Next week's "Tommy Twinkle" adventure will be even more exciting than this one! Order your PLAYBOX *to be saved for you.)*

FLYING FREDDY

1. Torty had been playing truant, so Freddy decided to take him to school in the plane. "I'd like to hide in a cloud," Torty said.

2. As they drew near the school Torty saw they were also very near a kite. "Now for a nice slide," he said, clutching the string.

3. An
"I'm
Bobb

HAPPY HOURS WITH MRS. HIPPO

"Ha, ha, ha! The funny Baby Buntings are having some very good 'fishing' this week!" laughed Mrs. Hippo, as she opened her big picture-book. "Wouldn't you like to join them, Jackie?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Jackie. "That is just the sort of fishing I like!"

As you can see, those Buntings were really fishing for cakes from the baker's tray, and they had plenty of luck, too. Peterkin caught a lovely big jam tart, but unluckily it hit Mr. Jolliboy in the face and made him all jammy! Then he trotted round the corner and told Mrs. Bunting all about those naughty "fishermen"! So they had to put all their "fish" back again, and go straight up to bed!

But they will be up to mischief again next week, as usual!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Boys and Girls,—The other day when I came into my office I found Polly Parrot standing in the corner and counting as fast as she could!

"What ever are you doing, Polly?" I asked.

"Eighty-eight, eighty-nine, ninety," said Polly. "Don't stop me, Mrs. Hippo! I've got thousands to count yet!"

Of course, I was quite mystified until I heard that Tiger Tilly had told Polly that it was sixty-one days to Easter, and Polly, being very anxious for some more holidays, had decided to work out how many *seconds* she would have to wait!

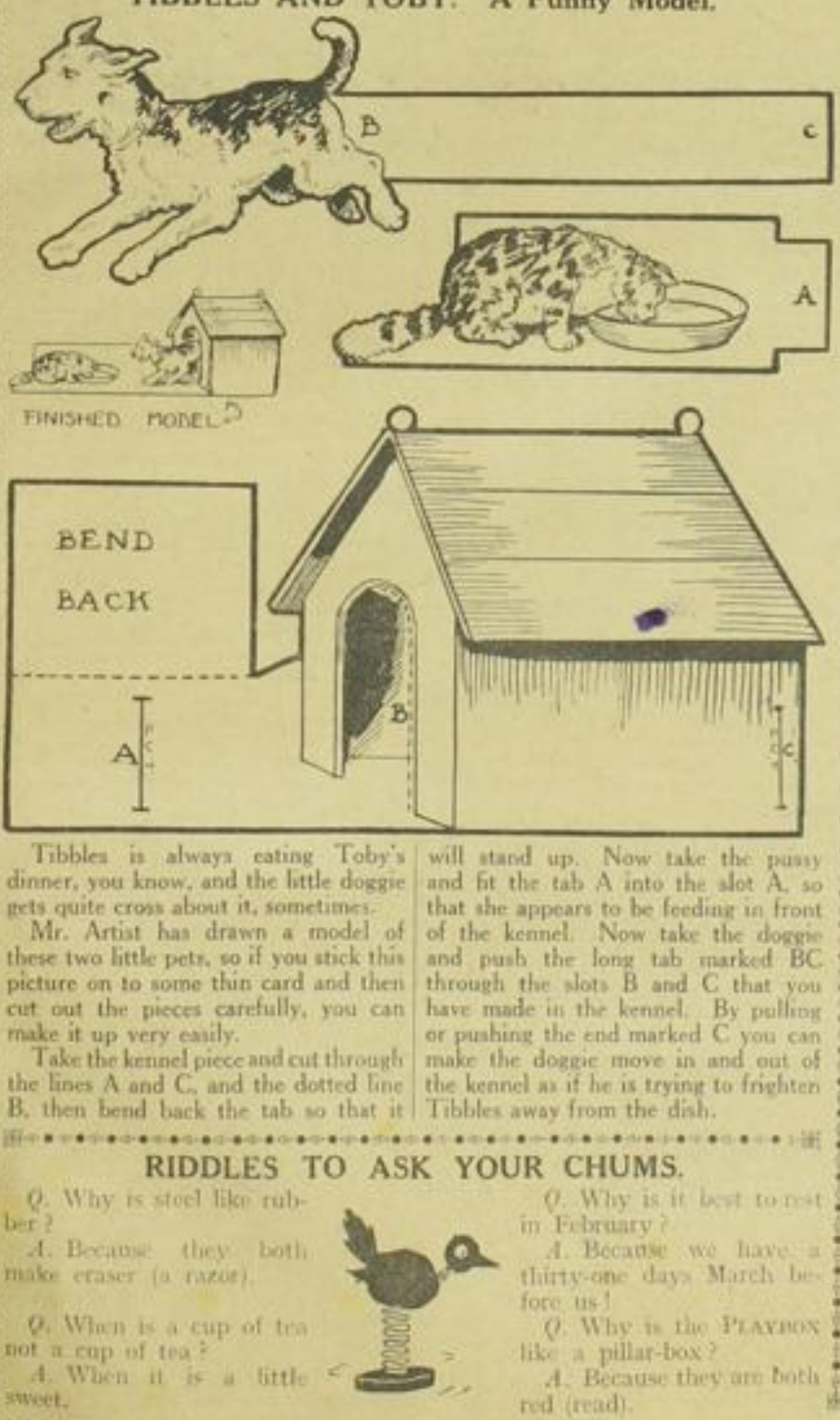
Goodness me! Polly has set herself a big sum! If she goes on counting like that she will not stop until next Christmas! However, I think I will let her go on for a little while, for it keeps her out of mischief!

I expect you would all like some more holidays, too, boys and girls, but lessons must be done, mustn't they? Never mind, you still have the good old PLAYBOX every Friday!

Your sincere friend, MRS. HIPPO.

P.S. This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Vera Reeve, of Camberwell, S.E.5.

TIBBLES AND TOBY. A Funny Model.



Tibbles is always eating Toby's dinner, you know, and the little doggie gets quite cross about it, sometimes.

Mr. Artist has drawn a model of these two little pets, so if you stick this picture on to some thin card and then cut out the pieces carefully, you can make it up very easily.

Take the kennel piece and cut through the lines A and C, and the dotted line B, then bend back the tab so that it will stand up. Now take the pussy and fit the tab A into the slot A, so that she appears to be feeding in front of the kennel. Now take the doggie and push the long tab marked BC through the slots B and C that you have made in the kennel. By pulling or pushing the end marked C you can make the doggie move in and out of the kennel as if he is trying to frighten Tibbles away from the dish.

BEAN HUNT. An Exciting Indoor Game.

This little game is just the thing for your next party! Before your little guests arrive take about half a pound of haricot beans and hide them away in various rooms and passages of the house. It is best not to hide them too thoroughly. Just place them in corners, under cushions, behind ornaments, etc.

Now when your guests arrive, set them to work on looking for the beans. After ten minutes call a halt to the game, and ask the players to bring in their beans. The player who has the most beans is the winner, and should be given a small prize.

If the game is played in one room the beans must be hidden more thoroughly.

SAMMY SEAL'S WONDERFUL BOOKS!

1. "Here's a puzzle for you, Patsy!" chuckled Sammy, as he placed two books on the table. "Can you put the lower book on top without moving it at all?" "Goodness! Of course I can't," gasped Patsy.

2. "Ha, ha! It is easy!" laughed Sammy, and then he took up the top book and held it under the table. "There you are!" he chuckled. "The underneath book is on top of the other one now, isn't it?"

RIDDLES TO ASK YOUR CHUMS.

Q. Why is steel like rubber?

A. Because they both make eraser (a razor).

Q. When is a cup of tea not a cup of tea?

A. When it is a little sweet.

Q. Why is it best to rest in February?

A. Because we have a thirty-one days March before us!

Q. Why is the PLAYBOX like a pillar-box?

A. Because they are both red (read).

THE "INDIAN" TWINS!

"Hallo, Pete! Hab you got an Indian dress, too? Where did you get it?"

"My Uncle Dusky gave it to me because I was a good boy, Joe."

"My word! What did you do?"

"I polished his goldfish!"

"Goodness! Poor old goldfish! By de way, what am your Indian name, Pete?"

"I'se big chief Pudding Spoon, Joe!"

"Ha, ha! Den I expect you cause a stir!"

"And what am your name, Pete?"

"I'se called Tomato!"

"Why?"

"Because I'm a redskin! Hee, hee! Hab you done any hunting lately?"

"No. I haven't lost anything."

"I don't mean dat. I mean hab you caught anything?"

"Oh, yes, I hab, Pete!"

"What hab you caught?"

"A cold!"

"Now tell me dis. Supposing I had twelve apples, and I gave ten away. What would dat be?"

"A very silly thing to do, Pete! Ha, ha!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

LITTLE MAN

A NEW BOY AND MISSING PLANS.

The New Boy.

"LOOK, Michael! Do you see? There's a face at the window!"

In a low, breathless voice, little Tim Trotter whispered the warning to his chum as they stood, close together, in the shadows.

It was bedtime at Mulberry School and, with the other boys filing up to the dormitory, Tim and Michael had paused to steal into the class-room to fetch some chocolate which was in Michael's desk.

Now this strange thing had happened, and Michael caught his breath as he turned quickly, his eyes fixed upon the window.

What Tim said was quite true. There, half flattened against the dark pane, he saw the dim, mysterious outline of a face and two eyes, peering intently into the room.

"Who is it?" he whispered tensely.

"I don't know. It may be somebody trying to get in. Don't make a noise." Tim's voice was low and excited and his hand shook a little as he gripped his chum's arm. "Wait!" he whispered. "Let's watch!"

They stood there in silence, half expecting to see a man spring on to the sill and reach to open the window. It did not happen. Instead, the mysterious face drew back and, the next moment, it was gone.

Michael turned to Tim breathlessly. He was not easily frightened, but this was so strange and startling that he started trembling.

"What shall we do? Shall we go and tell the Head?" he whispered.

Tim paused, frowning.

"Is this Mulberry School, please?" asked the stranger.

"We'd better not do that. It may be one of the boys out there trying to get in."

"But it looked like a man, Tim!"

"I know. But we couldn't see very clearly. Look, Michael!" he said suddenly, as they turned towards the door. "You wait here."

"But what are you going to do, Tim?" Michael gasped.

"I've got an idea. I'm going to steal downstairs and out by the back door. Then I'll creep round quietly to the front of the school and see who it is prowling about."

"But supposing it isn't one of the boys? Supposing it's a man and he catches you?"

"I'm not worrying about that," said Tim boldly. "I want to catch him."

Tim was gliding out into the hall when Michael ran after him quickly. He did not like the idea of Tim's doing this by himself.

"I'll come, too," he gasped.

Together, their faces pale with excitement, the two boys moved across the hall towards the basement stairs. All was very quiet except for a murmur from the other boys upstairs in the dormitory.

Suddenly there came a sharp knocking upon the front door—so loud and so unexpected that the two chums shrank back in alarms.

"Rat-tat-tat!" went the knocker. "Rat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat!"

Michael caught his breath and almost jumped out of his skin.

After that queer face at the window this sudden hammering upon the school door was rather terrifying. Tim paused, mustering his courage, and then moved to the door.

He drew the bolt and chain and, with a deep breath, drew the door inwards.

"Who's there?" he gasped.

Michael, just behind him, gasped also—but it was a gasp of relief. He had half expected to see a man there with a black mask on. Instead, he saw a boy of about their own age, peering in at them from keen, dark eyes, a heavy suitcase on the step beside him.

"Is this Mulberry School, please?" he asked, in what sounded like a rather foreign accent.

"Y-yes," faltered Tim, looking relieved also. "Whom do you want?"

"I want the Headmaster to see, please," the strange boy said, with a frown. "The train is late to arrive and so I do not come till now."

"Oh, yes. Will you come in?" said Tim, stepping back, and the stranger strode through into the hall, dropping his bag on the floor, gazing about him with a frown. "Is the Headmaster expecting you?"

"Yes," said the strange boy, eyeing them both up and down in a cool way. "The Herr Professor know that I come. My father write so to say."

"Oh, I see!" Tim gazed at the stranger wonderingly, for there was something about his dress which was unusual. Instead of an ordinary boy's cap, he wore a queer, close-fitting beret of some dark fur material, as if he had come from a cold climate. His coat, too, had a fur collar, and he wore thick fur gloves. "I'll go and tell the Head," Tim said. "What name shall I tell him."

"The Herr Professor know the name," the strange boy said, removing his gloves and stuffing them into the pocket of his heavy overcoat. "He expect me to come. It is Hans Osterman."

"Hans Osterman!"

It was rather a strange name, and Tim repeated it slowly. Then he smiled.

"Will you wait here a moment. I'll go to Dr. Crabtree and tell him," he said.

The headmaster was still in his study. Tim hurried up the stairs and tapped upon the door, entering at the master's bidding.

"There is somebody to see you, sir," Tim gasped. "A boy, sir, who says you are expecting him. His name is—is—oh dear, I'm afraid I have forgotten. A rather long name, sir."

"Hans Osterman! Is that it?" asked the Head.

"Yes, sir. He says you were expecting him."

"That's right. He is the new boy I told you about. He comes from abroad and has been sent by his parents to be educated at an English school. I was expecting him this afternoon. Why is he so late, do you know, Trotter?"

"He said the train was late, sir," Tim explained.

"I see. Maybe it was. He must be tired after his long journey. Show him up, Trotter!"

Tim felt rather excited now, as he hurried down the stairs, bidding the new boy follow him back to the study. A few moments later, smiling at their fears, Tim and Michael were hurrying up to the dormitory with the news.

"The new boy's here," Tim told them all breathlessly. "With a fur coat and cap—just like a Russian. He's in with the Head, now."

"A Russian, eh?" The other boys looked over curiously. "Are you sure he comes from Russia?"

"No," said Tim. "But he comes from somewhere abroad. You can tell that by the way he talks."

"Can't he speak English, then?" asked Don Chapman.

"Oh, yes. He speaks it very well," said Tim, with a smile. "But he gets some of his words mixed up in rather a queer way. And he calls the headmaster the 'Herr Professor.'"

A laugh went up at that in which Cyril Badger joined loudly. He was a boy who always saw, in a new pupil, the chance of some good sport.

"I say, what a lark!" he cried. "What's his name—Upthepolesky?"

"It's rather a long name," said Tim. "I should ask him yourself."

All very curious, the boys got into bed, waiting eagerly for the arrival of the new boy. They knew that he would sleep in the same dormitory for the bed in the corner was already prepared.

For some little time they waited. Then they heard footsteps in the corridor and a boy with a bag appeared, a very stiff and erect sort of boy who stood to attention while the matron opened the door.

"This is the dormitory, Hans," the matron said. "The boys will show you your bed and locker. I hope you will be quite comfortable. Good-night."

All eyes were turned towards the door, which opened and closed. The new boy had entered and stood there, peering at the rows of white beds and their occupants.

Most boys would have been rather shy, but not Hans Osterman. He looked as cool and as self-possessed as anybody in the room. Cyril Badger chuckled.

"Good-evening, Mr. Upthepolesky," he chirped. "Come in!"

Then, to everyone's amazement, the new boy clicked his heels together and stood sharply to attention, raising his hand in salute.

"I wish you good-evenings," he said. And he strode into the room.

The Missing Plans.

A request had been made by the Head for the boys of Mulberry School to be nice to the new boy and to make him feel as much at home as possible.

"He comes from abroad, remember," Dr. Crabtree said, "and it is your duty as English boys to make him welcome in your country. He will probably feel rather strange in his new surroundings—and a little shy. I want you all to be as friendly and as helpful to him as you can."

It soon became quite plain, however, that there was very little need for any particular show of friendliness upon the part of Tim Trotter and his chums.

Hans Osterman showed not the least signs of shyness, nor did he appear to be nervous in his new surroundings.

Instead, he strode about the school with the air of a senior boy who had been there for years, not failing to remark upon anything he did not like and ignoring the smaller boys when they ventured to speak to him or to ask him a question about his native land.

You can imagine, therefore, that he was not very popular, and he became still less so when, being invited by Michael and some others to join them in a game of football, he shook his head severely.

"Where I live," he said, in a very superior way, "we do not play at the ball. That is no good. We learn to march and be soldiers."

After that Michael and Tim did not invite him again.

"If he doesn't want to join in let him amuse himself in any way he likes," said Tim. "Perhaps if he did play and got a kick on the shin he wouldn't think football was such a babies' game, after all."

Michael agreed, and they both felt rather puzzled about Hans.

"Anyway, we've done our best to make him feel at home and be friendly!" Michael said.

It was not that Hans Osterman was altogether unfriendly, however. Often he would talk to the other boys and show great interest in what they said, especially when they talked about aeroplanes and any matters of that sort in which he seemed very interested.

When he learned that Michael's daddy, for instance, flew his own machine and was a well-known aeroplane designer, Hans followed him about for the greater part of one afternoon, asking him at what aerodrome Mr. Baxter was stationed, what

"Don't let me forget that case, Michael!" said Mr. Baxter.

sort of machines he designed, and whether Michael had any pictures of his aeroplanes.

A fortnight passed and the boys had become used to Hans' presence at the school when, one afternoon, Mr. Baxter paid the chums a surprise visit. Swooping down on to the school field in his trim, small monoplane, he came forward with a smile to greet Michael and Tim, who, naturally, were very pleased and proud.

"I was passing over the school, boys," Mr. Baxter said, "and I just thought I'd drop down and see how you were. I've got an hour to spare. What about a nice tea in the village cafe, at my expense?"

With bright eyes Michael raced away to get the Head's permission. Then, with Tim and Don and several others, including the new boy, they all set out for the village.

Michael had not intended asking him at first, but the boy seemed so excited at the idea of meeting Mr. Baxter and almost refused to leave his side. Michael felt he could not leave him out of the invitation.

Arriving at the cafe, Mr. Baxter ordered tea and bread-and-butter and a huge plate of cakes and pastries, placing the leather case which he carried upon a near-by chair.

"Don't let me forget that, Michael, whatever you do," he said. "Those are the designs of a new plane, and very important."

It was a happy party, more enjoyable, perhaps, because of the expense. At last, the meal over, Mr. Baxter glanced at his watch and rose, saying that he must be off.

"Come along, boys," he said. "Come back and wave me away. It's nearly five o'clock and, unless I get away, I shall not be back at the aerodrome until——"

He stopped suddenly, his hat in his hand, the smile gone from his face. His eyes were upon the chair where he had put his bag, and he was frowning in alarm.

"Michael!" he said sharply. "Where is my bag? Has anybody moved it?"

Michael shook his head, and so did Tim and the others. They, too, were staring in blank astonishment at the vacant chair. For the bag containing Mr. Baxter's plans had mysteriously vanished. What had become of it they could not think.

(Who has taken the plans? Does Hans Osterman know something about it? Another thrilling instalment of this lovely story in the PLAYBOX *next week.)*

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy is staying in Dolls' House Town with two dolls called Jane and Gretchen. Jane goes shopping one day, and when Wendy goes out to look for her she hears her calling from a shed.

1. Wendy knew Jane's voice at once, when she called for help from the shed, but she could not think who had locked the poor dolly in. "Some boys played this trick!" sobbed Jane.

2. The door was quite a strong one and Wendy could see that she could never force it open by herself, so she was delighted to see some soldier boys coming along the road with a big gun.

3. "We will help you, missie," said one of the soldiers. "Tell your little friend to stand back, and we will run our gun into the door. That will soon knock it down for you and free her!"

4. So when they were sure that Jane was safely in a corner the soldiers raced forward with their gun. There was a loud creaking noise, and Wendy wanted to cheer when the door fell.

5. "Oh, thank you!" she cried, as they all helped Jane out of the hut. "I'm so glad you heard me when I called!" said Jane, as they hurried away. "We shall be late for dinner!"

6. They were all hungry, and how they did enjoy the meal that Wendy and Gretchen had prepared earlier. Just as they had finished, Wendy saw an old man stumble outside.

7. "Poor old man! He has dropped all his parcels!" she cried, and she hurried out to see if she could help him. "Dear me! I was so loaded, and then I tripped!" said the stranger.

8. Wendy soon picked up the parcels and she could see that the old man would never manage them alone. "I will carry some of them to your house!" she said. "I'd like a little walk."

9. Her new friend seemed to be known to everyone as Old Tim, the Toy Maker, and after a while he pointed to a quaint little hut in the woods. "That's where I work!" he said.

10. "I expect you love toys like all the other girls and boys," he said to Wendy, as he opened the door. The little girl gave a cry of delight when she entered and saw those toys. "Did you make them all?" she asked, and the old man nodded and smiled.

11. "I have a little dolls' house here that I am just finishing," he said. "Would you like to watch me work for a while?" Wendy was delighted, and so interested. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. "I don't often have callers!" said Tim.

12. When the old man opened the door he found a messenger from the king standing there. "The king refuses to keep these toys, and will not buy from you again unless you put them right before to-morrow!" said the messenger, and turned away quickly.

13. The poor old man looked very puzzled until he opened the box, and then he saw that all the heads of the toys were wrong. "This is one of my nephew Johnnie's tricks. I cannot get the toys right by to-morrow!" he sighed. "It will take a long time!"

(Don't you feel sorry for poor old Tim! Perhaps Wendy can help him. You will enjoy next week's fine instalment.)

MRS. HIPP

1. "I don't like the sound of these robbers that are hiding in the village," said Polly Parrot. "I hope they don't come here for my bag of toffees!" But Tilly and Baby were not worried, and felt quite brave.

2. They dressed up in saucepan lids and when there was a heavy knocking on the door they said they were ready to meet a whole army of robbers. "Leave them to us, girls!" said Tilly. "We'll scare them!"

3. The others hid while Baby opened the doo and Jenny whispered: "Look, it is a man, with sack to put the treasure in." "Gr-r-r! Be off! Baby growled in the deepest voice she could find.

DIBS AND DABS

1. Dibs saw some lovely cakes on a high shelf. "I'm glad I found this hat box, too," he chuckled. "I'll have a feast before Dabs and Floppy come!"

2. But they came in to lessons just as Dibs was standing on the box and reaching down the cakes. "Don't forget we're hungry, too!" cried Floppy.

3. Suddenly there was a cracking and a crunching, and before Dibs could stop himself he fell through the lid of the box and left the cakes behind.

4. "Ha, ha! You don't look as nice as a chocolate in a box!" laughed Dabs. Dibs couldn't eat any cakes, either, so he had a dunce's cap instead.

SAMBO

1. Sambo was enjoying a ride in his car when he met an old man carrying a ladder. He did look tired.

2. "Oh put dis lad sighed. The

4. "Ah, I'se going to put dis wheel on de end de ladder, and de ladder on de back ob de ca chuckled Sambo. Nibs and Nobs wanted a ride t

"Why is a fat monarch slimmer when he is solving a puzzle, Willy?"
"Because then he is a-thinking (a thin king), Reggie!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. "Isn't Tommy proud of his silly old home-made cart," said Bobby. "Anyone would think it was a Moles Mice Car!" The Woollies agreed, and Percy suddenly said: "We could make one like that!"

2. So when they reached home they found some wheels and sawed the legs off an old table. "Now we will nail the wheels to the top and turn it upside-down!" said Bobby. "We're clever, too, boys!"

3. And as the cart was bigger than Tommy's held the boys and Dicky, and moved much fast "Ha, ha! We can scorch on this like Sambo scorch on his little car!" laughed Bobby merrily.

O'S SCHOOL

4. The poor man didn't want to be told twice, when Tilly and Baby waved a stick and a shovel at him, and he raced towards the lamp-post. "We shall be rewarded for trapping him!" Tilly cried.

5. "Don't you dare to come down until a policeman comes!" shouted Baby, as they kept guard. But just then Mrs. Hippo came along. "Oh, that is the grocer's boy with my vegetables!" she cried, in surprise.

6. Tilly and Baby did feel silly, and, of course, the other girls roared with laughter at them. "Ha, ha! You both seem to be 'caught' instead of catching a robber!" laughed Jenny. "Cheer up!"

E SCORCHER

r, I wish I could in my pocket," he mbo said he'd help.

3. He took off the spare wheel of the car and the old man said "How is dat going to help me?"

5. So Sambo told them to sit on the ladder, and they did enjoy it. "Your car am as big as a charabanc now!" they chuckled. "Dis am a fine ride!"

SAMMY SEAL

1. "I ought to join a circus as a clown," said Sammy, as he balanced a broom. "Could you do that, Patsy?" "Let's hope so!" said Patsy.

2. He ought to have said: "The *soap's* so near!" But anyway, Sammy soon found that out, for he slid on it and dropped the broom overboard.

3. "It's all right. It is waiting for me to catch it!" cried Sammy, and springing up quickly, he made a grab over the side at the long hairs.

4. But, oh dear, they were the hairs on a darkie's head and the darkie was not pleased about having his hair pulled. "Jus' yo' stop!" he cried.

EE WOOLLY BOYS

4. It certainly seemed unlucky at first, but the boys scorched round a corner and into a river they had forgotten was there. Now, as the boys fell in, Mother Hubbard's little dog was struggling to get out.

5. So it was really a lucky splash for the boys, for they were able to help doggie out of that deep water. "Oh, what brave boys!" cried Mother Hubbard. "Thank you! And you did not even have a lifebelt!"

6. Well, those boys said they'd rather have a car than a medal for being brave, so Mother Hubbard bought them a real car that they could pedal along. "We'll let you look at it, Tommy!" laughed Reggie.

"What part of a tree reminds you of a curtsy, Percy?"

"I know, Bobby! The bough (bow), of course!"

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

THE BROKEN CUP.

"Now, Fairy Dimple, some special guests are coming to tea to-day, and I want the little pink cups put on the table," said the Fairy Queen one day. "I want you to get them out of the cabinet, because you are always so careful!"

Fairy Dimple felt very proud because the queen had chosen her to handle the lovely little cups and saucers of shell-like china, and she flew off happily to the cabinet where they were kept.

Very carefully she lifted them out and put them on a table near by, standing one inside the other, ready to carry into another room for tea.

Now, the window was open wide and there was a little twittering, then Ronnie, a baby robin, flew in to talk to Fairy Dimple. (He was always very fond of her, because one snowy day, when he was quite tiny and fell out of his nest, this kind little fairy picked him up and flew with him back to his mummy.)

"Good-morning, Fairy Dimple," he chirruped, flying across the room. "I've just come——"

Crash! As Ronnie flew over the table, one little foot touched the top of a cup and knocked it off the table.

"Oh, one of the precious cups is broken!" cried poor Fairy Dimple. "What ever will the queen say?"

Ronnie blinked his bright eyes in dismay, especially when Dimple began to cry, for he did not like to see her sad.

"That was my fault," he whispered. "My foot caught it! Can I do——" But at that moment they heard the Fairy Queen's voice, and Dimple hurried the little robin out of the window, not wanting him to get into trouble.

She picked up the broken pieces and looked at them sadly. There were too many to try to stick them together.

When the queen saw the broken cup she was very cross and the little fairy was shut in the tower with only bread and water for dinner.

She had not been there very long, however,

Ronnie's foot knocked the cup to the ground.

when she heard a little chirrup and again Ronnie came through the window.

"I've seen a cup just like the one I broke," he said, and Fairy Dimple jumped up eagerly.

"Where?" she cried.

"Come with me," said Ronnie, "and I will show you the house!"

Out of the window he flew with Fairy Dimple, and he stopped at last beside a broken dolls' house that was waiting for the dustman to take it away. One or two things had been left inside, and among them was the tiny pink cup, just like the broken one.

"How lovely!" cried Fairy Dimple. "I suppose it was the last cup left from the little girl's dolly's tea-set, and she did not want it. Now we can take it to the Fairy Queen. But I think," she added, "that we ought to leave the little girl a present!"

She untwisted a string of sparkling beads from her neck, and giving it to Ronnie, she said:

"Please leave this necklace in the little girl's room!"

Then Ronnie flew to the big house with the beads, and left them in the little girl's room.

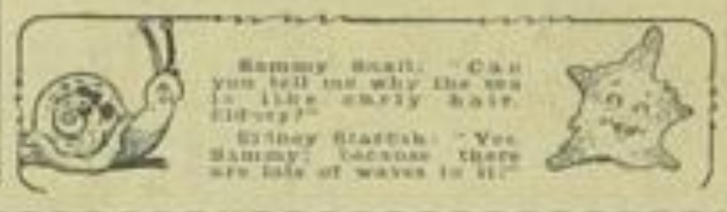
So everything ended happily. Fairy Dimple was forgiven when Ronnie flew back with her, and told the queen about the broken cup.

"Please don't be cross any more, Fairy Queen," he said, "because we have found another cup just like it!"

And the little girl who had thrown away that cup was delighted with the sparkling beads she found on her table, and she wore Fairy Dimple's necklace as a bracelet.

She never guessed the gift was left because the Fairy Queen was using the cup she had thrown away.

(A jolly Pancake story next week.)



1. "Oh, I'm glad I decided to have a birthday to-day," said Chic, when he saw all the cakes.

2. Snowdrop told him he could ask friends, so Chic asked Percy, hoping he would not eat much.

3. "I'm afraid you will only be able to have one mouthful!" Chic said, eyeing Percy's beak.

4. Snowdrop looked surprised when Chic came back with only one friend. "Where are the others?" she said.

5. But then Percy opened his beak, and out came two baby pelicans. Poor Chic did have a surprise then!

6. They all had a very jolly tea-party, and lots of cakes. "The peli-CAN play good jokes!" laughed Chic.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. The Tree Bridge.
2. Scamp is Smart Again.
3. A Treat for Granny.

TESS AND REDWING HAVE A THRILLING RACE WITH A FOREST FIRE AND MAKE A CLEVER ESCAPE

WHY THE DOGGIES LEFT THE DINNER TABLE, AND HOW SCAMP TOOK FOUR CUPS.

CURLY'S CLEVER IDEA HELPS TO MAKE THE JELLY A PRETTY SHAPE FOR GRANNY.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.
THE BROKEN SPELL, HANDY AND PANDY, AND BARON GRIM.

"WELL, little boy. What is my age?"

Wazoo the Wizard smiled, folded his arms, and gazed down upon Paddy, who stood before him, looking very nervous.

Paddy and his chums had visited the home of Wazoo to learn how to break a spell. Many years ago Wazoo had worked this spell upon the Woompahs, a band of queer little animals.

He had made them all invisible, grumpy folk whom nobody liked, but Paddy and his playmates had learned that the spell could be broken if someone guessed the wizard's age. The playmates had guessed in turn and guessed wrongly. Now it was Paddy's turn.

If he guessed rightly, the spell would be broken. If he guessed wrongly, he and all his chums would become servants of the wizard.

"Oh, don't make a mistake, Paddy!" whispered Wallace.

Wallace was one of the Woompahs, whom Paddy had made visible by means of his magic pop-gun. But the spell of Wazoo was so great he might at any moment become invisible again!

Paddy took a deep breath. Then he cried:

"You are as old as your tongue, Wazoo, and a little older than your teeth!"

Wazoo gave a shout of anger and jumped up and down in a rage.

"Someone told you!" he yelled. "Someone told you!"

How the playmates cheered!

"You have made the right guess, Paddy!" they shouted.

But Wazoo was very cross.

"You have broken the spell and now Woompah Castle is magicked no longer!" he muttered.

With another angry shout, he stamped upon the ground and the chums gasped with amazement as a hole appeared, down which Wazoo shot. And before they could look down to see where he had gone, the hole closed again.

"Well, it's no use staying here now," said Paddy. "Let's hurry out before Wazoo puts a spell on *us!*"

Outside the cave, Wallace thanked Paddy for all he had done, and then set off for Woompah Castle.

"Good-bye," he said, "and don't forget, if you ever come to see us, we shall have some great big medals to pin on your chests for this!"

"Good-bye!" replied the playmates, waving their hands, and then they set off in a different direction, wondering what surprises the Wonderful Island had in store for them. What would be their next adventure?

They were feeling hungry now, and they set off at a brisk pace, hoping soon to come out of the dry desert land. And at last they saw trees ahead.

"It's a wood!" said Timbo, the dog detective, in delight. "Hurrah! We may find some fruit to eat here."

As they wandered beneath the shady greenery of the trees they were able to pluck some lovely fruit that hung down so temptingly.

After this, they all lay down upon the grass giving sighs of content.

"Isn't it glorious!" said Golly. "I should say that the Wonderful Island is the happiest place in the world, and——"

"Hush!" whispered Paddy. "What was that?

The playmates listened in silence. Even the birds of the woods seemed to be listening, for they all stopped their chattering and whistling.

"There! Did you hear it?" Paddy cried, and the playmates nodded.

From close at hand had come the sound of sobbing.

"It's someone crying!" Paddy said. "Who can be in trouble in this happy place? Come, playmates, we must see what is wrong."

Jumping to his feet, he strode through the bushes and came into a little glade. Here, lying on a grass tuffet, clasped in each other's arms and sobbing, were two small children, a boy and a girl.

"Hallo, children!" said Paddy. "This won't do. Fancy crying on a lovely day like this. What ever is wrong?"

The little boy and girl looked up in a startled way, but they tried to smile when they saw Paddy and the playmates.

"I have need of minstrels in my castle!" said the stranger, barring the way.

"Oh dear!" they sighed. "We have no home!"

"No home?" echoed Paddy. "That is sad!"

The little boy nodded gloomily.

"We had a home once," he said. "Our home was a lovely big castle, where we lived with our daddy. And we were happy until Uncle Grim came along with his soldiers."

"And what did Uncle Grim do?" asked Paddy, sitting between the children and putting his arms about them.

"He locked poor daddy in a dungeon and drove us away!" said the little boy. "Oh dear! If only we had some soldiers to fight Uncle Grim!"

Golly stood smartly to attention.

"We will be your soldiers," he said. "We will drive away your horrid uncle."

Handy and Pandy—for they were the names of the little boy and girl—shook their heads.

"Uncle's soldiers are big and strong," they sighed. "You will never beat them!"

Paddy had been standing silently, thinking deeply.

"We should never be able to fight our way into a strong castle!" he said at last. "No, we must get in by a trick, if we can.

"It will be best if only a few of us go first to spy out the land," he went on. "Timbo and Teddy shall come with me, while the others look after Handy and Pandy. But we must leave you all in a safe place, where Uncle Grim's soldiers won't find you!"

After a search, the chums found a good place. It was a cave, the mouth of which they covered with branches and creepers until no one would have thought a cave was there.

Seeing everyone was snug and comfy, Paddy then called Timbo and Teddy, and set off through the wood.

Of course, they were feeling just a little nervous at the thought of meeting Uncle Grim, or any of his soldiers, so to cheer the others up Paddy cut a piece of bamboo, which he fashioned into a kind of flute.

Then he led the way through the trees, playing a lively tune, while Timbo and Teddy followed, making up some jolly verses, which they sang to the tune.

And they were enjoying themselves very much until all of a sudden the bushes ahead of them parted, and there rode into view a very fat man upon a horse. Behind him, sitting upon two donkeys, were two men who seemed to be servants.

The fat man frowned down upon the three playmates.

"Ha! You play the flute very well, methinks!" he said. "And never have I heard a merrier marching song."

"Thank you, sir," said Paddy, and he tried to walk on, but the big fat man moved his horse and barred the way.

"Not so fast," he said. "I have need of some minstrels in my castle. Sometimes my two servants, Lank and Glump, who you see here, sing songs for me, but their voices are rather rusty."

"We do our best, Baron Grim!" mumbled the two servants sullenly.

Paddy's eyes popped.

So this was Uncle Grim, who had stolen the castle from Handy and Pandy. Here was a good chance to enter the castle without a battle!

"We are but humble minstrels, but we shall try to please you, sire!" said Paddy. "And we need little pay."

"Aha! Don't worry!" cackled Grim. "You will get little. Follow me to the castle."

Lank noticed Paddy's happy face and grunted.

"Ay, smile while you can, boy!" he whispered. "You won't smile in the castle. The baron is a cruel master."

"Well, we shall leave if we don't like it!" said Timbo.

Glump tittered.

"Leave, eh?" he said. "You'll never leave the castle, let me tell you that. No one ever leaves the castle once they have entered it, the baron sees to that!"

Timbo and Teddy looked at Paddy doubtfully, but the little boy smiled and patted his jersey. Hidden underneath that was the magic pop-gun. Would that keep them safe from danger?

(Soon Paddy and his chums will be in the castle! What will happen? Can they beat Uncle Grim? More of this lovely story next week.)

BABY LIKES HIS BATH WHEN CLEVER TOM TURNS IT INTO A SWING.

1. Tom was trying to keep baby quiet while Mrs. Cheery went shopping. "He doesn't like that story," said Snip.

2. "Well, I know how to make him laugh!" said Tom, and lifted down the bath. Baby yelled louder then!

3. "We are not going to put you in water," said Snip, and he and Tom hung the bath high up on a big hook.

4. Then they tied baby in and pushed the bath to and fro. "Isn't that a lovely swing for you?" cried Snip.

BRIGHTEYES

The search in the cellar and a mysterious parcel!

FOR NEW READERS.—A black box has been taken from Brighteyes' locker and she is sure that Amy Vincent knows something about it. She lies awake in the dormitory waiting for Amy to return, and at last sees her creeping through the doorway.

1. Never for a moment dreaming that she was being watched, Amy Vincent crept down the dormitory towards her bed which was nearly at the end. Then Brighteyes sat up and said in a challenging voice: "Where have you been, Amy?" Amy gave a cry and jumped round.

2. She was quite taken off her guard, but she quickly recovered herself and glared at our little girl fiercely. Brighteyes faced her boldly and said: "Did you take my little black box, Amy? It is missing from my locker." "No, of course, I didn't!" snapped Amy, going to her bed.

3. But still our little girl was not satisfied. She knew that Amy was not to be trusted. "Why were you out so late then?" she went on. "What were you doing?" Amy stared at her. "That's nothing to do with you!" she said. "Go back to bed and don't ask questions!"

4. Brighteyes could see that it was hopeless to talk to Amy any more that night, and with a heavy heart she went back to bed and at last fell into a deep sleep. She was still dreaming about the missing black box when the cheerful voice of Miss Barry roused her the next morning.

5. Our little girl washed and dressed quickly and then beckoned to Lola. "Amy would not tell me anything last night," she whispered. "Shall we ask her again now?" Lola shook her head and pointed to Amy's bed, where the ill-tempered girl was still lying fast asleep.

6. "No wonder she's tired," chuckled Lola. "She had a late night last night." The next minute she stooped and picked up one of Amy's shoes. "I say, look at this, Brighteyes!" she murmured. "Her shoes are all over coal-dust!" "Goodness!" gasped Brighteyes.

7. The two chums stared at each other for a moment, as the same thought dawned upon them. "Could she have taken my box and hidden it down in the cellar?" whispered our little girl excitedly. "Yes! That must be it, Brighteyes!" cried Lola. "I am sure you are right!"

8. The thought that she might get her precious box back again made all the difference to our little girl, and she seized Lola by the hand, dragging her towards the stairs. "Come on, Lola, let's go down and search the cellar!" she exclaimed. "There is time before breakfast!"

9. Always eager for an adventure, Lola fetched her electric torch, and a few moments later the two chums were creeping into the dark, cobwebby cellar under the kitchen. Lola flashed her lamp round the walls, and on the big pile of coal, but there was no sign of the box.

10. Our little girl's heart began to sink again. "Perhaps she has hidden it underneath the coal heap, Lola?" she whispered. "It will take a long time to dig that away!" "Wait a minute," replied Lola quietly. "We will have a good look round first!" The beam of her flashlamp travelled slowly over the rough walls and suddenly came to a stop. "I say, look!" exclaimed Lola excitedly. "These bricks are loose, Brighteyes!"

11. Brighteyes stared at clever Lola bewilderedly. "What do you mean, Lola?" she asked. "Don't you see?" cried her chum, running to the wall. "Someone has purposely loosened these bricks! Help me take them out, Brighteyes! We might find something!" One by one they removed the bricks and then Lola shone her light into the cavity behind. "Look, Brighteyes!" she whispered. "There is a big parcel!"

(Will the chums open this mysterious parcel? Brighteyes will have another exciting adventure in the next part of this story!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—A submarine officer boards the Flying Fish 500, by a trick, steals a treasure map. Joe discovers the theft later, and they go in search of the submarine. Joe catches sight of it and rushes to tell the captain.

1. As soon as he had sighted the submarine brave Joe scrambled down into the control room where the captain was waiting impatiently. "Any luck, Joe?" he asked. "Yes!" cried Joe breathlessly. "The submarine is lying just below us, cap'n! I saw it quite plainly!"

2. Having at last tracked down the enemy submarien, the friends were now faced with the problem of getting the map which the officer had stolen. Suddenly the captain jumped up and went to the stairs, beckoning Joe to follow. "Come with me, Joe," he said. "I have a plan!"

3. His heart beating excitedly, little Joe followed the captain down to the big store cupboard. "This is going to be a risky adventure for you, Joe!" murmured Captain Scott, as he dragged a heavy wooden chest from the cupboard. "But I am afraid it is the only thing we can do."

4. He quickly painted the word GOLD on the outside of the chest, and then told Joe to get into it. "I'm going to shut you in and then drop you overboard," said the captain. "I see the idea!" cried Joe. "The submarine will pick up the chest, not knowing that I am inside!"

5. The little boy knew that he was going into great danger, but he did not flinch. The captain clasped his hand warmly. "You can open the chest from the inside, Joe," he explained. "Search for the map as soon as you get a chance, but don't get caught. We shall follow you."

6. Joe nodded, and with a brave smile at Ellie he crouched down and then slammed the lid of the chest, locking himself in. With a grim, set face Captain Scott dragged the chest to the open door and pitched it out into space. "Good-bye, Joe!" he murmured quietly. "And good luck."

7. The chest hurtled through the air and hit the water with a tremendous splash. Some time later the submarine rose to the surface and Uncle Paul and the officer appeared in the conning-tower. "That looks like something valuable," murmured the officer, peering at the chest.

8. Uncle Paul's sharp eyes soon picked out the word "GOLD," which was painted in big letters on the front of the box, and he scrambled to the side of the submarine and reached out greedily. "It's a box of treasure, Carl!" he exclaimed. "Then haul it aboard!" cried the officer.

9. Hardly able to contain their excitement, the two men dragged the heavy box below, never dreaming that it really contained a little boy. The officer shook the lid impatiently. "It's locked, Paul!" he muttered. "Don't worry," said Uncle Paul. "We'll soon find a key to fit it!"

10. The two men hurried out together to collect all the keys they could find, and for a few moments the cabin was empty. Peeping through the keyhole of the chest, Joe could see that it would be safe to get out and, slipping back the catch, he opened the lid quietly. "Now I must search for that map," he muttered. "I wonder where they have put it? There is a cupboard in the next cabin. I will search for it in there."

11. As quietly as a mouse he crept towards the opening which led to the next cabin, but suddenly his heart almost stopped beating, for he could hear heavy footsteps approaching and then the sound of a gruff voice! "O-oh!" he murmured. "They are coming back!" He looked about him with frightened eyes. In another moment his enemies would be in the cabin! There was no time to get back into the chest! What could he do? *(Brave Joe is in great danger now! Will he be caught? Do not miss this wonderful picture-story in next week's PLAYBOX).*

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Saturday, February 18th, 1939.

БИБЛИОТЕКА

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

"BRIGHTEYES"—A LOVELY PICTURE STORY START READING IT ON PAGE 11.

PLAYBOX 2

SONNY AND MICKY HAVE A LUCKY PANCAKE DAY!

1. "I am so sorry, boys," said poor Mrs. Bear on Pancake Day. "I haven't enough pennies for pancakes this year. Isn't it a shame!" "Oh, that's all right, mummy," said our Sonny. "I don't feel very hungry to-day." (He had just had six doughnuts for breakfast!)

2. And then our chums started playing soldiers with Pudge and Podge, the two playful pups. "Fall in, boys!" cried our Sonny. "We are going for a march!" "All right, general," chuckled Micky Monk. "Here we come!" And Sonny's brave army marched down the street.

3. Sonny was so proud of them that he forgot to look where he was going, and the next minute he went BUMP into Mr. Button and knocked off his nice top hat. "O-oh dear!" exclaimed General Sonny, feeling quite bewildered. "Who is this holding up my army? Friend or foe?"

4. Poor Mr. Button was much too worried to reply, though, because his beautiful silk hat had bounced right up on to the roof of a house. "Oh dearie me!" he sighed. "It was a new one yesterday, too! I shall have to wear a saucepan now!" "We'll get it, sir!" said Micky.

5. And then Micky sat on Sonny's shoulders and Pudge and Podge sat on Micky's. Of course, they reached the hat quite easily, and Mr. Button was so pleased that he did a dance all by himself. "Well done, lads!" he cried. "You deserve a reward!"

6. Our chums were simply delighted when kindly Mr. Button took them to the big pancake shop down the road. "All my money was in my hat," said he. "Thanks for saving it. Order as many pancakes as you like!" And they all had six each.

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES.

"Bring that parcel in to be stamped!" cried the brownie.

THIS WEEK:

A COMICAL PARCEL.

"OH, Tommy, are you passing the dairy on your way to meet Ned?"

And good Dame Kindly popped her head round the door just as Tommy Twinkle was buttoning up his great-coat before going out one half-holiday.

"Yes, I am," replied our little boy good-naturedly. "Why, do you want something there, granny?"

"Well, I would be glad if you would ask Mr. Cheeseman to please send me another half-pound of fresh butter with my order," smiled the good lady. "I am afraid I shall need more than I thought."

"I see," grinned Tommy merrily. "But you know, you need never worry about being short of butter with old Billy Goat tethered up in the field yonder."

"Why, what ever do you mean?" asked Dame Kindly, her eyes opening wide in surprise. "What has he got to do with it, pray?"

"Well, just coax him over to see us and we shall be sure of a good butter (butt-er), shan't we? Ha, ha, ha! Do you see, granny?"

Dame Kindly certainly *did* see, and how she did laugh, to be sure. It was a good take-in, wasn't it, boys and girls? And before the old lady had recovered from that one our mischievous little friend added merrily:

"Oh, and another thing I meant to tell you. I heard to-day that Farmer Greenley is going to try some magic on old Billy Goat!"

"Magic? Whatever are you talking about, Tommy!" exclaimed Dame Kindly scornfully.

"Well," chuckled Tommy, edging towards the door, "the farmer is going to turn old Billy Goat *into a clover field!* There! Isn't that magic? Ha, ha, ha! Caught again, granny! Oh, ho, ha!"

And with this our mischievous little boy waved "good-bye" to the speechless old dame, and ran laughing down the garden path.

"Hee, hee! I must try that one on old Ned when I see him," he chuckled to himself. "What is the time, I wonder?" Tommy glanced up at a near-by clock and saw that he was much too early for his meeting with his chum. So he eased up his steps and decided to go the longest way round to meet Ned.

A few moments later he passed an old-fashioned cottage, and there, taking leave of an old lady named Dame Milberry, was one of Tommy's school-fellows named Robin. The old dame was handing the boy a brown paper parcel, and even in the quick glance he had of him Tommy could see that Master Robin seemed very delighted with himself.

"Hallo, Tommy," he cried, a few seconds later, catching up with our little boy. "I say, aren't I lucky? Old Mother Milberry wants me to post this parcel for her, and she's given me twopence for myself as well! Hee, hee! I posted one for her last week, and I got twopence then, too!"

"Very kind of her," replied Tommy Twinkle, who, truth to tell, did not greatly care for Robin.

Just then the two boys passed a sweet-shop, and although Robin gazed longingly in at the window, and had hard work to tear himself away, he refrained from going in and buying any because he knew he would have to share his sweets with Tommy if he did. He would buy some on the way back, he told himself, when he would have parted from our little friend.

"I wonder what is in this parcel?" Robin mused, turning it over in his hands. "Hee, hee! I opened one end of the last parcel and found there were cakes in it. They were jolly nice, too."

"You don't mean to say you took some of them?" cried Tommy Twinkle.

"Why not? I only took two," laughed naughty Robin. "And nobody would ever know, because I took care to do up the parcel neatly again before I posted it. Hee, hee! I think I will just have a peep in this one, too!"

Tommy was speechless with indignation for a second or two, but only for a very short space of time. Then he turned sharply on Master Robin.

"Well! Of all the mean tricks!" he exclaimed. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Robin! After Dame Milberry giving you the twopence, too! What ever would she say if she knew you tampered with the parcels?"

"Ah, but she won't know!" grinned Robin, pausing and lodging the parcel on a low wall. "See, I can just pull the string off this end. It isn't very tight. I hope there are more cakes! Hee, hee! I could just do with a couple of nice, tasty home-made cakes——"

Now, Tommy Twinkle knew that if he were to do any good he would have to act quickly, for Master Robin was already tearing and pulling at the string around Dame Milberry's parcel. So what do you think our little boy did? I expect you can guess, can't you? I thought so! Yes, tap, tap went his right magic shoe on the ground, very softly so that Robin should not notice, and in the same instant our little favourite wished the most comical wish you could imagine. And before you could say PLAYBOX, it had come true.

A queer puff of smoke seemed to envelop Robin, and when it had cleared away, goodness me!—what a curious thing had happened to that greedy boy! Except for his head and legs and arms, he himself appeared to have turned into a brown paper parcel! Yes, a parcel sure enough, tied round with string and with a white label hanging at the side!

"Wh-what is all this?" he gasped, gazing down at himself in blank amazement. "Br-brown paper? Where are my clothes?"

It was some minutes before Tommy Twinkle could stop laughing sufficiently to answer Robin's questions. Oh, he did look comical, to be sure!

"Don't stand there laughing!" snapped Robin in alarm. "I——"

But before Robin could say any more a host of excited brownies came running up, dressed like postmen, each one carrying a postman's bag.

"Here it is! Here's the missing parcel!" they shouted, catching sight of Robin. "Oh, what a good thing we've found it!"

"Hi! Let go!" cried Robin indignantly, as the brownies closed in on him. "I'm not a parcel——" And then suddenly he stopped, for, oh dear, he *did* seem to be a parcel.

"Ha, ha! He says he's not a parcel!" cried the foremost brownie. "Let me tell you that you *are* a parcel, and what is more you are addressed to Giant Grim-face! Here it is on the label!" And the brownie twisted the label round so that the bewildered little boy read, "To Giant Grim-face, Gloomy Castle, Giant-land."

"Yes, it is the giant's birthday to-day, and he has been complaining that he is a parcel short!" giggled another brownie. "We'd better take you to him at once!"

"No, no!" yelled Robin, struggling to free himself. "I won't go to the giant's castle! I tell you I won't!"

Just at that moment, however, he noticed a queer, turreted building near by, with "Post Office Palace" printed over the doorway. A portly brownie, looking very important with a wide hat and a massive gold chain round his neck, and postage stamps poking out of all his pockets, appeared in the doorway.

"Is that the giant's missing parcel?" he shouted. "If so, bring it in here at once to be stamped."

Paying no heed to Robin's protests, the brownie postmen hustled him into the queer building, where the comical postmaster dabbed a stamping machine against Robin's waist (or where his waist *should* have been had he not been a parcel!). Outside again, the brownies hurried the little boy up a winding road to where Gloomy Castle towered at the top.

And at this moment, Tommy Twinkle decided that his chum had been punished enough, and so tap, tap went his left magic shoe. As you all know, this takes away all the enchantment.

Well, suddenly, a brisk wind sprang up; in fact, it soon turned into quite a dust-storm, for clouds of dust came rolling down the hill smothering the brownies and causing them to cough and sneeze and finally release the struggling little boy.

"Cheer up, Robin! You are all right now," laughed our little favourite.

Robin wiped his face and looked round. Wonder of wonders! He was a parcel no longer, but a little boy again, and in his hand he still held Dame Milberry's little package! He will never tamper with another parcel!

(Look out for another exciting adventure next week, boys and girls.)

TIGER TIM'S FINE FREE GIFT.

Here is a small picture of the wonderful Toy Theatre given away with every copy of *Tiger Tim's Weekly*, on sale Wednesday, 22nd February. Price 2d.
ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.

FLYING FREDDY

1. When Freddy and Torty were flying to school one day Freddy couldn't stop the plane. "You'll knock over the school!" Torty cried.

2. Bump! went the plane into the wall, and the chums wondered what would happen to them. Luckily the window near by was open.

3. And the boys turned a neat somersault into their desk just as teacher came in. "You are good boys to-day!" he said, smiling.

HAPPY HOURS WITH MRS HIPPO

"O-oh! I would love to be with the Buntings this week!" exclaimed Dolly, as Mrs. Hippo opened her famous picture-book. "There must be a lovely smell of toffee in Mrs. Bunting's kitchen!"

"Yes, and there will be a smell of burning, too, if Chubs doesn't watch that toffee!" chuckled Jackie.

As you can see, those merry Babies were very busy making toffee apples. Chubs was very happy stirring the toffee, although he spilled a great deal. However, it didn't matter, because Dinky was waiting to catch it—and I think that artful little pup had more toffee than anybody!

Soon the Buntings had got so much toffee on to their clothes that they all stuck together, so you can just guess what happened when Mrs. Bunting came back from her shopping! They had to be put into a bath to soak! Ha, ha!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4

Dear Boys and Girls,—I am sure you have all heard of that jolly children's paper, "Tiger Tim's Weekly." Next Wednesday Tiger Tim is giving away a lovely Model Theatre with every copy of his paper! This marvellous coloured toy is stoutly made, with a real back scene and stage, and includes eleven actors with which you can act the whole exciting story of Cinderella! It is just the toy you have been longing for!

Sonny Bear is most excited about this splendid gift, for he is very fond of acting! Only this morning he came hopping into my room dressed in a fluffy dancing frock, and before I could stop him he had jumped right into the middle of my desk!

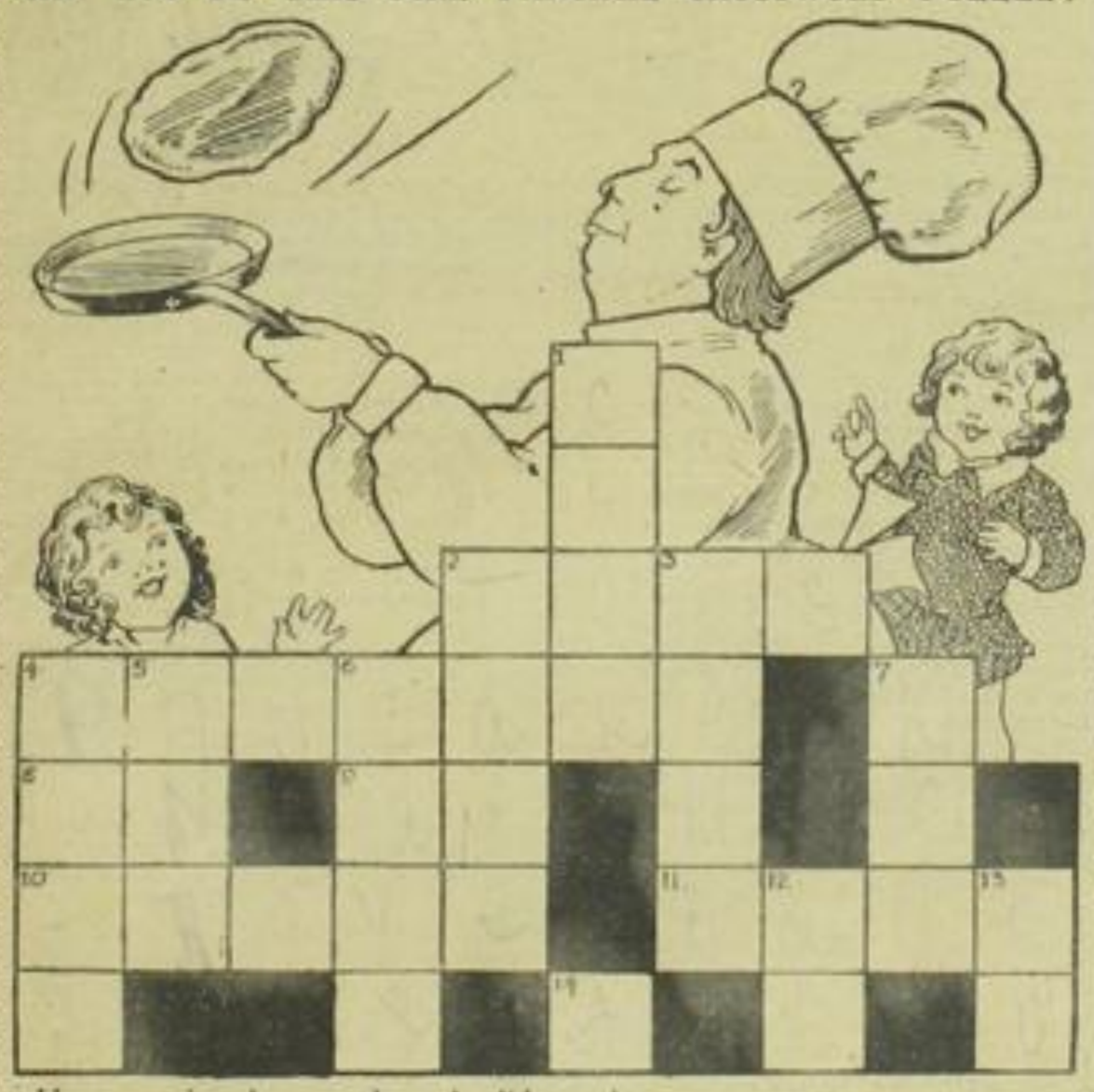
"I am Brighteyes, Mrs. Hippo," he said proudly. "Don't you think I dance beautifully?"

Then he did a few "dainty" steps and promptly fell into the waste-paper basket! Ha, ha! I don't think he makes a very good Brighteyes! I like him much better as Sonny Bear, don't you?

Your sincere friend, MRS. HIPPO.

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Marsali Scoullen, of Glasgow.

CAN YOU DO THIS FINE PANCAKE CROSSWORD PUZZLE!



Here are the clues to the splendid puzzle.

DOWN.

1. The man tossing the pancake.
2. Not wild.
3. To despatch.
4. To go by.
5. An insect.
6. A hollow place in the earth.
7. Opens a lock.
12. Close to.
13. Thus.

ACROSS.

2. To throw.
4. A cake that is tossed.
8. Pan, beheaded.
9. Jam, beheaded.
10. Used for cooking.
11. There are seven in a week.
14. First letter in the alphabet.

This puzzle is not a competition. You will find the solution on page 10.

A MODEL MOVING-VAN. Something You Can Make.

This splendid little moving-van will do splendidly for moving dolly's furniture, for it is really quite big! The body of the van is made from a breakfast-food box. You must make sure that the flaps at either end are not torn, or it will spoil the model.

Gum a square piece of card on to one end of the box so that there is room for the bonnet and driving seat. The bonnet is made from two match-boxes stuck on top of each other and covered with paper. The wheels, which are cut from thick card are fastened on with wire or pins. The front flap is raised to make a roof for the driving-cabin, and the back flaps are opened whenever you wish to put furniture in the van. Colour the model, or cover it with dark paper, and it is finished. You will be pleased with it!

MICKY'S WONDERFUL CONJURING TRICK.

1. "Here's a marvellous trick, Sonny!" cried Micky. "When I have finished eating that apple I will make it go under that cap!" "But you can't do that if you eat the apple, Micky!" exclaimed Sonny Bear.

2. Micky gave an artful chuckle and finished the apple. When he had done so he picked up the cap and put it on his head. "There you are," he laughed. "The apple is under the cap, isn't it? Ha, ha!"

MORE RIDDLES FOR YOU!

Q. When is a party frock like a chair?

A. When it is satin (sat in.)

Q. Why is a riddle like a knock at the door?

A. Because they both require an answer!

Q. Why is the letter H like fire?

A. Because we cannot make "heat" without it!

FREDDY FROG AND FRANKIE FISH.

"Good-morning, Frankie Fish. You seem very interested in that paper! What is it?"

"'Tiger Tim's Weekly,' Freddy. It is a wonderful paper, you know! I think it is just like an empty match-box!"

"Goodness! Why?"

"Because it is 'matchless'! Ha, ha! By the way, don't forget to order next Wednesday's copy, will you? Tim is giving away a Model Theatre! It is a grand gift!"

"Oh, no! I shan't forget that, Frankie. I have a very good memory!"

"No, you haven't, Freddy! Your mummy sent you to buy some butter yesterday and you forgot all about it!"

"Oh, yes, Frankie. It slipped out of my mind, you see! Now, if it had been glue it would have stuck in my memory! Ha, ha!"

"Ah! Now that reminds me of a riddle, Freddy! Do you know why a forgetful boy is like a greedy one?"

"No."

"Because he is always for-getting, see? Hee, hee! No more riddles please, I want to finish this story!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

THE NEW BOY BEHAVES STRANGELY.

The Missing Plans.

I came as a lovely surprise to some of the boys of Mulberry School when Michael Baxter's daddy, who was a well-known designer of aeroplanes, paid them all an unexpected visit in his aeroplane one afternoon.

"You and your friends shall come and have some tea with me down in the village," Mr. Baxter said with a smile, and when, a little later, the boys were taking their places at a large table in the village cafe, Michael's daddy pointed to a leather bag which he was carrying.

"Those are the plans of a new secret plane we are busy on, Michael," he said. "Whatever you do, don't let me go off and forget them. They are very important."

Michael, of course, promised that he would not, and during the next half-hour the boys all enjoyed themselves, munching away at all sorts of nice things, while Michael's daddy chatted away merrily, telling them exciting stories of adventure he had met with in the air.

Nobody listened with greater interest to Mr. Baxter's stories than Hans Osterman, the new boy from abroad who had only lately come as a pupil to Mulberry School. And, as for Michael's chum, Tim Trotter, he hung upon Mr. Baxter's every word, begging him to tell them something else almost before he had finished the story he was telling them.

"Oh, Mr. Baxter, don't go—please," he pleaded, when Michael's daddy rose, at last, from the table. "What about that time when you were up in a plane and the landing gear jammed and you weren't able to come down. Tell us about that!"

"What cheek!" muttered Tim, when they saw Hans with the open case.

Mr. Baxter shook his head and reached for his hat.

"I'm afraid that will have to wait till next time, Tim," he said. "I can't sit here yarning all day, you know. I must get back and away. I've got a long way to go, you know. Just on a hundred miles."

"But that will only take you half an hour, daddy," said Michael, "at the rate you go in your monoplane."

"Maybe it will," Mr. Baxter said. "But I've got to get back to the school first, haven't I, before I can get away? And by the time I reach the aerodrome I—I—hallo! Where's my case?"

Mr. Baxter was stooping over the chair upon which he had left his case, when he stopped short and stared in some surprise.

When he turned to Michael the smile had vanished from his face.

"Michael," he asked, rather sharply, "have you had my bag?"

"No, daddy," said Michael quickly. "You put it down on the chair when we came in!"

"Are you sure of that?" Mr. Baxter asked, frowning.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Baxter," a number of boys said, all together. "We saw you do it. You said there were important papers in it and you told Michael to be sure and not let you go without it."

"That's right. Of course I did," Mr. Baxter said, his frown deepening. "But the bag isn't here, boys. Where can it be? Are any of you playing a joke?" he added.

Tim and the others gazed in bewilderment at one another. Michael and two friends were searching under the chair and table, wondering if the missing bag had fallen there.

"Where can it be?" gasped Tim. "Who can have taken it?"

The search for the missing bag went on, but all in vain, and dismay grew among Michael and his friends. As for Mr. Baxter, his surprise was becoming something like alarm and he turned on the boys sharply.

"Look here, you boys," he said. "If this is meant for a joke, then it is a very poor one. In my attache-case are important documents I must not lose. Secret documents of very great value. The bag was here on the chair and it cannot have gone without hands. Are we all here? I mean, is there any boy missing now who was here a few minutes ago?"

"No, daddy," said Michael. "We're all here still. We've all been sitting at the table listening to—to——"

"But, Michael. We're *not* all here. Where's Osterman?" cried Tim, and immediately the other boys stared about them in amazement.

"Why, yes," cried somebody else. "He's not here. Where's Osterman?"

"Who is Osterman?" asked Mr. Baxter, frowning.

"The new boy, daddy. The one from abroad," said Michael, "who asked you about the anti-aircraft guns. Hans, his name is. He was here just now. I can't think where he has gone."

Mr. Baxter frowned. He, too, had noticed how interested the new boy was in all he said and how, when he asked a question, he spoke with a foreign accent. It seemed strange that this boy should have vanished and the plans of his new aeroplane vanished at the same time.

Mr. Baxter strode to the door of the cafe and peered up and down the street. Then he turned back and spoke to the lady who stood behind the counter.

"Did you see a boy leave the cafe just now with a bag?" he asked her.

"No, sir," she said, shaking her head. "What sort of a boy?"

"One of the boys from Mulberry School who has just been having tea with us. We were wondering," said Mr. Baxter, "if he had left and had taken my bag by—er—um, by mistake."

The lady behind the counter shook her head. She was quite sure that no boy had left, otherwise she would have seen him.

"But he is not here," said Mr. Baxter, "We can't think what can have become of him."

Extremely puzzled, Michael and his daddy returned to the table. It almost seemed as if Hans and the bag had been spirited away by some strange magic.

Then, suddenly, Michael heard a whisper and turned round to see Tim beckoning him eagerly. He was standing by a curtain which screened off a small alcove at the end of the cafe. They saw Tim peep through a chink of the curtain and then turn and beckon eagerly.

"Quick, daddy, he wants us. Perhaps he has found the bag," Michael whispered eagerly, and hurried to Tim's side.

"Look in there," whispered Tim, drawing the curtain back very slightly—and then Michael gave a gasp.

For there, at a small table in the alcove, stood the new boy, Hans Osterman, with Mr. Baxter's own leather bag open before him. And Hans, himself, had taken out some of the papers inside and was peering at them with such interest that, for the time being, he had quite forgotten that his absence and the absence of the bag might have been discovered.

Tim had never liked Hans very much, and the airs which he had given himself in the last week had not made him any more likeable. Now, however, Tim flushed indignantly.

"How about that for a piece of cheek, Michael," Tim whispered. "Do you see what he has done. He has opened your daddy's bag, and now he's——"

Tim stopped short. Mr. Baxter had thrust the curtain aside, and with one stride, stood behind the boy at the table.

"Put that down! What are you doing?" he rapped out in a loud, sharp voice.

The new boy was so startled that he almost jumped in the air. The papers fell from his hand and the bag fell from the table as he spun round. When he saw Michael's father, his cheeks went white.

"What are you doing with that bag, young man?" Mr. Baxter demanded angrily. "How dare you pry into property that does not belong to you?"

Hans' white cheeks changed colour gradually, a deep flush coming to his face. He looked guilty and awkward and did not seem to know quite what to say.

"I am sorry," he mumbled at last. "I do not into your bag wish to look. I just keep him so that you forget him not to take."

"And, if you do not wish me to forget my bag," said Mr. Baxter sharply, "is that any reason why you should open it and look at my papers without my permission? Is that the way you have been taught to treat other people's property?"

Hans flushed.

"No," he mumbled. "I am sorry. I do not to look in your bag mean. I think in there to find a nice picture of an aeroplane to see. I your pardon beg. I do not to be rude mean if you please. No-no!"

Michael's daddy stooped and picked up his bag, returning the papers to it, turning the key in the lock and placing the key in his pocket.

In silence he paid the bill, and it was not until he and Michael and Tim, with the other boys trotting in the rear, were half way to the school that he referred to what had happened.

"That boy who calls himself Hans Osterman! Who is he, Tim?" Mr. Baxter asked. "Where does he come from?"

"We don't know exactly, Mr. Baxter," Tim said. "He comes from some place abroad. That is all he will tell us."

"H'm!" Mr. Baxter pursed his lips. "Then if I were you I should keep an eye on him. There is something about Master Hans I do not trust."

And Tim and Michael agreed, for they were of the same opinion.

Another Mystery.

Amid loud cheers and the waving of many hands, Mr. Baxter rose in his aeroplane from the school field and, circling gracefully over the school itself, sped off into the distance.

Hans Osterman was not there to wish him good-bye. He had stolen back, rather guiltily, to the school, and in a rather sheepish way, did his best to avoid Michael and Tim during the remainder of the evening.

The chums, however, had not forgotten what had happened, and they did not intend to let the new boy escape without telling him something, at least, of what they thought.

"Your daddy is right, Michael," Tim said, with a frown, as they talked about it just before they went to bed. "There's something queer about Hans and he's not to be trusted. Why is he always so interested in aeroplanes and guns and things like that? I believe he's collecting all the information that he can and sending it home."

"Do you think that is why he was looking in daddy's bag, Tim?"

"Of course. He heard your daddy say there were important plans in it of a new machine. He expected to find a picture, I suppose, or something of that sort. And he was disappointed. I'm going to have a word with him to-night, Michael, and give him a scare. I think it will do him good."

Tim was as good as his word. That same night he leaned over the new boy's bed and said something very quietly that made him turn very pale.

"Scotland Yard?" gasped Hans. "What mean you to say—Scotland Yard."

"The police!" whispered Tim grimly.

"The new boy has gone, Tim!" whispered Michael.

"You know what happens to spies, don't you? You'd better be careful."

The last Tim saw of Hans that night was a pair of very scared eyes peering over the sheet at him, and in the morning the new boy looked far from happy. It was something which happened by chance the following day, however, which seemed to startle Hans Osterman most of all.

A policeman called at the school and asked to see the headmaster. It was only over the matter of a stray dog which one of the boys found, but Hans was very frightened.

"What for the police call?" he asked another boy anxiously. "I do not your policeman like to see."

The constable left, in due course, for the village, but Hans still seemed worried. During the remainder of the evening he was hardly seen at all, and once when Tim saw him in the corridor, he was peering anxiously out of the window.

"I think we've given old Hans a scare all right about policemen," Tim said later to Michael. "He does seem scared of them!"

"Then he must have been doing something wrong!" said Michael wisely. "Daddy was right—we must watch Hans closely!"

Tim agreed, and then Michael added:

"You know, you're a good detective, Tim. I guess he won't trick you for long!"

That night, Hans was one of the first to be in bed, and he lay curled up under the clothes, not speaking to a soul.

"He's scared!" thought Tim, but it was not until some hours later, in the dead of the night, that the real shock came.

Tim, himself, was fast asleep. Michael, waking with a dry throat, slipped out of bed to fetch the water-bottle from the stand and pour out a drink. Passing the bed in the corner, he stopped with a gasp and stared, the bottle almost falling from his hand. Then, breathlessly, he sprang across the dormitory, shaking his sleeping chum.

"Tim," he whispered. "Tim. Wake up!" And when Tim sat up with a start, Michael gasped out something that amazed him. "The new boy has gone," he whispered. "Hans Osterman has run away!"

(What has happened to this strange boy? More of this thrilling story next week.)

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy visits at Tim, the Toy-maker, whose nephew has tricked him by putting wrong heads on toys sent to the palace. They are returned, and the king threatens never to buy toys from Tim again unless they are put right by the next day.

1. The poor toy man was upset when he found that his nephew had put the wrong heads on the toys. "I cannot send them back to-morrow," he sighed. "I'll help!" Wendy told him.

2. She worked so quickly that the toys were finished that evening, and the kind little girl promised to return the next day and take the toys to the palace. Old Tim was so pleased.

3. Next morning she arrived early at the toy-shop and Tim placed the big box of toys on a truck he had made. "You will soon come to the palace if you follow the river," he said.

4. "I am so glad I can help you!" Wendy said, as she set off with all the toys. She felt quite excited at the thought of taking them to the palace, and she soon found the river.

5. She followed it until at last she saw a path leading to an old castle. She reached the door and knocked upon it, but she could not help thinking how quiet and deserted it all seemed.

6. Presently she heard shuffling footsteps and then the door was opened by an old man. "Ah, if it is the King of Hearts you want you must take the train to Card Palace, my dear!" he said.

7. Wendy felt quite disappointed. "Shall I get there to-day?" she asked, and the old man nodded. So once more she set off with the toys, and soon she saw the railway station ahead.

8. She found a quaint little toy train and she thought it would be a good idea to unpack the toys and put them in one of the trucks, as the box was much too heavy for her to lift alone.

9. Then she began looking round for the driver of the train and asked an old man who was standing near by. "Everyone drives their own train in Dolls' House Town, my dear!" he said.

10. This was a big surprise for Wendy, for she had never driven a train before, but she was a brave little girl and decided to try. "It looks much easier than a real train," she said. "I am sure I can manage it, if the dollies can! It will be fun to try!"

11. She jumped into the little driving cabin, and turned the little handle where it said "Start." "Oh, hurrah! It is moving!" cried Wendy, feeling very thrilled as the little train puffed merrily out of the toy station. "It is quite easy to work, after all!"

12. Away it sped, quickly gathering speed, and Wendy was thinking she would soon reach the new palace at this rate. Then she caught sight of a notice warning her of danger ahead. "The rails slope here," she murmured. "I must put on the brakes at once!"

13. But alas! poor Wendy could not stop the train. Faster and faster it flew down the slope, and she could only cling on to save herself from being thrown out on to the lines. "I can't do anything!" she panted. "We shall crash at the bottom of the slope!"

(Aren't you longing to know what happens to Wendy? Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment. Order your PLAYBOX now.)

MRS. HIPPO

1. "Would you like us to tidy up the pantry for you while you are out, Mrs. Hippo?" asked Tilly. The good lady smiled, and said: "Ah, I have locked that door. Find something useful to do, please."

2. Well, the girls thought it was so kind of Mrs. Hippo not to leave them any lessons to do that they wanted to give her a surprise. "We'll wash up!" said Jenny, but Tilly and Baby had another plan.

3. "They said they were going to make something!" Olive whispered. "I hope it will be good to eat: I'm hungry!" "So am I!" said little Polly Parrot. "Can you smell chocolates cooking?"

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Come and play a game instead of the piano," whispered Floppy, and Dibs and Dabs were quite ready to leave their practising.

2. So Floppy took them upstairs and showed them a new catapult he had fixed to the banisters. "This wet sponge would be fine to shoot!" said Dibs.

3. "Ha, ha! That's as good a shot as Robin Hood ever sent with his bow and arrow!" said Floppy. But it flew through the open window.

4. And it hit Pa who was gardening. "Oh, I think I'd better come and play something on the piano," said Floppy. "Pa must not guess!"

SAMBO

1. Sambo was miles away from anywhere when his little car stopped and refused to move another wheel.

2. And then u man Sambo had wants petrol!"

4. Poor Sambo thought at first he had met a giant who wanted to take him home for dinner, but he soon found out it was the strong man from the circus

"When would you enjoy rain on toast, Willy?"

"When it is 'dripping' from a shop, Reggie!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE WE

1. The Little Man opened a little shop the other day, so he told the Woollies he didn't want his little gun. "You keep it, boys, till I am tired of shop-keeping!" he said. "It keeps getting in the way!"

2. Something else was rather in the way in that little shop, and that was the Little Man's hat; it was too tall and knocked the shelf holding sultanas and currants. Down fell the currants into the gun.

3. But, of course, the Woollies didn't know about that, and hurried home to show the gun to Mrs. Woolly. "I hope you will like my surprise, boys," she said. "I'm sorry the pudding had to be plain."

S SCHOOL

4. Presently Tilly and Baby carried out a dish of funny-looking stuff, and as the other girls saw apples in it they decided it must be an apple-pie. "It will look all right when it is cooked!" said Baby.

5. But that pie never got as far as the oven. Baby slipped on a piece of the pastry and up went the contents of the bowl into the air. They came down Flop! on her and Tilly, and how the others laughed.

6. "Ha, ha! The bowl has stuck to Tilly's head!" chuckled Polly. "We'd better do some more washing up!" "Yes, you can wash these two naughty girls," said Mrs. Hippo. "Then you may eat the apples!"

SCORCHER

me the biggest
r sern. "Dis
lso explained.

3. "Ah, jus' yo' let me be de petrol and carry yo' along, Sambo!" said the big man, picking up the car.

5. "Dis am as good as scorching!" cried Sambo they flew along. "It am almost as good as being an aeroplane!" Mammy and the nigs did laugh.

SAMMY SEAL

1. "Fancy thinking I couldn't knock off your hat with this whizzer, Sammy!" cried Patsy. "Stand still, and I'll send it right up to the moon."

2. Patsy blew hard, thinking how silly Sammy was, for he was sure the hat would fall into the sea. Well, whiz! went the whizzer, but the hat remained.

3. "You've stuck the hat to your head!" cried Patsy, but when he pulled he found it was tied on with elastic. "Let it go!" exclaimed Sammy.

4. Patsy did, and back flew the hat, right over Sammy's nose. "Ha, ha! You've got a new sort of gas mask on now, Sammy!" chuckled Patsy.

WOOLLY BOYS

"Why is a picture with lots of people in it like your sum book, Percy?"

"They're both full of figures, Bobby!"

4. "Oh, we like any sort of puddings!" said Percy. "We will soon make that disappear, Mrs. Woolly!" "Yes," agreed Willy. "But you must hear us fire our gun first, and make a big bang. Are you ready?"

5. "I'll hide behind the pudding!" cried Mrs Woolly, who was not very fond of guns and bangs. Well, when the boys fired the gun, out came all the currants and went right into that big plain pudding.

6. "Ha, ha! It is plain that the pudding isn't plain any longer!" chuckled Bobby. "It is a real curranty one and lovely, Mrs. Woolly." "Yes, the Little Man's gun brought us luck!" said Reggie.

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

THE PANCAKE THAT STOOD UP.

"Now, children, don't play hide-and-seek on the way home from school to-day because it is——"

Mrs. Mouse did not say the last two words because the little mice said them first—"Pancake Day!"

"Oh, may we have all pancakes for dinner?" said Miggy.

But Mrs. Mouse said they would never grow into big mice if they did not eat their cheese cutlets and cabbage.

Miggy loved pancakes so much that he was wondering if it might not be worth while staying a little mouse and living on pancakes. But just then the school-bell was heard tinkling across the fields, and Miggy, Monty, and Maisie raced away.

They did not want to be late on Pancake Day, for then they would be kept in, and that would be very sad, for they would not have time to eat so many pancakes.

Most of the children were chatting about dinner-time while they waited for Miss Longtail, their teacher.

The only boy who was not excited because it was Pancake Day was Micky Mole.

"I can have them whenever I like," he said to Miggy, and he tossed his head into the air. "Wouldn't it be funny if you were kept in and were too late to eat your pancakes when you got home! Your mummy would have to give them to someone else!"

And then Micky hid his head inside his desk for a moment, so that no one should see him chuckling.

"That will be a fine trick to play!" he said to himself. "I will hurry off before the others if I can manage it!"

Aren't you wondering what trick Micky was planning?

Well, just then Miss Longtail came in with sum books, and everyone had to forget pancakes for a while.

But at last school was over and the little mice went away to their homes.

"There's a big pancake!" cried Maisie.

Suddenly Maisie pointed to the hedge.

"Look! A pancake!" she cried.

"And what a lovely big one, too!" cried Monty. "Don't you think we'd better eat it?"

It seemed silly to leave that lovely looking pancake there, so they jumped over the ditch to get nearer to it. And then—well, that pancake began to move.

"Oh, it is standing up!" cried Miggy. "I—it is getting bigger, too. Oh, oh, oh!"

The poor little mice were so scared that they tumbled back and fell into the muddy ditch.

Now, I expect you have guessed this was part of Micky Mole's trick. He was on the other side of the hedge, blowing up what was really a big yellow balloon. He knew it would look just like a pancake when it was flat on the ground, and as soon as he saw those little mice tumble into the ditch, he ran off to their house.

"They won't be home for a long time, for that ditch is ever so muddy!" he chuckled. "I shall have time to eat a lot of their pancakes!"

When he told Mrs. Mouse that the three little mice would not be home yet she, of course, thought they had been kept in at school, and she was just going to offer the pancakes to Micky Mole when she saw three muddy little mice coming along in Dr Greywhisker's car. Then Micky raced away, but not before Miggy saw a yellow balloon hanging out of his pocket.

"Micky tricked us!" he cried. "I hope he hasn't eaten our pancakes!"

Luckily the doctor had found the mice struggling out of the ditch and he had helped them and brought them home, so after a good wash they were quite ready for pancakes.

(Read about the Spoon family next week.)

Harry Humming-Top: "What is most like a pancake, Jack?"

Jack-in-the-Box: "Another pancake, of course, Harry! Ha, ha!"

1. Snowdrop took a lovely cake from the oven. "I have made you a sponge cake, boys," she said.

2. Teddy Bear thought that sounded very nice, and he watched Snowdrop place it by the window.

3. Presently he ran off with that cake. "I'll show them I know what to do with it!" he said.

4. Snowdrop and Chic were soon after him. He was too quick for them, however, and they heard a door bang.

5. "Singing is coming from the bathroom," said Chic. "He must be in there, eating your cake, Snow-drop."

6. But Teddy was squeezing water out of that cake! "You bath with a cake of soap and a sponge!" he cried.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. A Shelter from Rain.
2. More Fun with Scamp.
3. Useful Scooters.

REDWING'S FOLDING CANOE IS A GREAT SUCCESS, EVEN WHEN IT IS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

SCAMP DOES NOT LIKE THE BONE FROM THE SOAP-DISH, AND PUTS ON THREE COATS WHEN PAINTING.

CURLY AND BERYL FIND THEIR SCOOTERS USEFUL FOR CARRYING HOME THE FIREWOOD TO GRANNY.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

THE CHUMS DISCOVER SPIES IN BARON GRIM'S CASTLE.

"AY, no one ever escapes from the castle, my lads, remember that."

And Lank and Glump, the two servants of Baron Grim, chuckled, making Paddy and his chums feel quite nervous.

Paddy had made friends with two little children named Handy and Pandy, who had told them their daddy was a prisoner in the castle of horrid Baron Grim.

Paddy, Timbo, and Teddy had set off, leaving the children in the care of the rest of the playmates. And who should they meet in the forest but Uncle Grim himself and his two servants.

Paddy had been playing a home-made flute while Timbo and Teddy had been singing, so it was not surprising that Uncle Grim mistook them for minstrels.

"You must come and play your tunes in my castle," he said. "Follow me."

It was not long before they came within sight of the castle. All around it was a high wall and a deep moat of water. Paddy had to agree it would be very hard for anyone to escape from there!

"What-ho, within!" Glump rode his donkey up to the closed drawbridge and shouted.

"What-ho, without!" came a reply, and a soldier appeared at a small window above the drawbridge.

When he saw who waited outside the castle he shouted orders to someone in the castle, and with a squeaking and creaking of rusty chains, the great drawbridge was lowered until the baron, Glump, and Lanky and our chums could cross.

Once they had passed into the castle the drawbridge rose behind them and shut with a clang.

Lank and Glump tittered, as if to say: "Well, what do you think of that? You are prisoners now."

At that moment a page came racing up and bowed before the baron.

"S-sire!" he stammered. "The prisoner has escaped!"

Paddy and his chums gazed excitedly at each other. This was no doubt Handy's and Pandy's daddy, whom they had come to rescue.

As for Uncle Grim, he gave a roar of anger.

"What? Escaped from the castle?" he yelled. "Impossible!"

"Not from the castle, sire," stammered the page. "But from his dungeon. He must still be within the castle walls."

"Then find him! Don't dilly-dally! Rouse the soldiers! Rouse every soldier in the place and find him!"

The page bowed again and hastened off, followed by Lank and Glump. The baron stood for a moment, frowning at the ground and stamping his foot. Then he spotted Paddy, Timbo, and Teddy.

"Bah! Don't stand idling there!" he said. "There are many jobs for you in the castle besides playing tunes. Hustle thyselves down to yo kitchens. The cook will find work for idle hands."

The baron then stamped off, his hands behind him and Paddy and his chums had no one to ask where the kitchens were. But luckily, the cook was baking some blackcurrant tarts that day and the boys made their way to the kitchen by the smell!

The cook was a very small, round man, who had a sharp way of talking, but was really quite kindly.

"So you have come to help me, eh?" he said to the playmates. "Well, look ye here! I'll make a bargain with you. I simply hate peeling potatoes. So, if you peel the potatoes I'll bake you some cookies."

"Who are you?" cried Paddy, as a head poked through the wall.

Paddy and his chums quickly agreed to this and in return for peeling the potatoes the kindly cook baked them each a gingerbread man with currant eyes and sultana buttons on his coat.

The cook never guessed why they had been so quick in peeling the potatoes, for he did not know of Paddy's magic pop-gun the little boy had hidden under his coat!

When the cook was busy in the scullery, Paddy had fired his magic pop-gun. Bang! And lo! The potatoes were already peeled!

All this time there was quite a noise going on in the castle as soldiers hurried here and there with swords and spurs clanking. Now and then the cook popped his head out of the door and then returned to tell the playmates that the search for the prisoner was still going on.

"I hope they don't find poor Baron Merryheart," he said. "Handy and Pandy's daddy was always a kind master to me when he owned this castle."

Paddy had a good mind to tell Cookie they had come to help Merryheart, but he decided to keep it a secret until he was quite sure Cookie was really a friend and not a spy.

Towards evening, Paddy and his chums were looking quite tired. Cookie was there with them most of the time and they really had to wash the plates and not magic them clean!

"Aha!" You are getting tired, my lads!" said Cookie, with a smile. "It is time you went to bed."

The chums' bedroom was a little stone place like a cell in one of the towers and their resting place was a hard uncomfortable old bed. But they were so tired that they were quickly asleep.

And no doubt they would have slept till morning had not they been awakened by a tapping noise.

"What's that?"

Paddy awoke and sat up in the bed.

Tap-tap-tap!

Timbo and Teddy sat up as well, listening and looking rather scared.

"It's someone knocking!" whispered Timbo. "Is it anyone at the door?"

Paddy shook his head.

"The noise doesn't come from the door," he whispered. "It comes from that wall over there."

The chums gazed at the stone wall.

Tap-tap-tap!

"Look!" hissed Timbo.

One of the large stones of the wall was moving. Slowly but surely it was being pushed out of the wall into the room. Out it came and then—bang!—it toppled to the floor, leaving a hole in the wall.

"Who's there?"

A husky voice came from the cavity. Then an arm holding a lighted lantern appeared, followed by the head of a man.

"Who are you?" cried Paddy.

The stranger looked keenly at the chums.

"Are you enemies of mine? Are you friends of my half stepbrother, Grim, too? But, nay, I can see you are kind little people."

"Indeed, we are not friends of Baron Grim!" Paddy replied. "Are you——"

"Ay, I am the escaped prisoner," came the reply. "I found a secret passage that led from my cell to this one!"

Merryheart clambered through the hole in the wall and dropped to the floor.

Paddy felt so sorry for poor Handy's and Pandy's father. His clothes were dusty and torn and he sank down upon a bench as though tired out.

"Who are you!" he muttered.

"Friends," replied Paddy. "We have come from Handy and Pandy!"

"Handy and Pandy!" Merryheart sprang up from his seat excitedly. "Where are they?"

"Safe," said Paddy. "We have come to rescue you and take you to them."

Merryheart sighed and shook his head.

"Alas, that will be very hard!" he said. "For who could escape from this castle? The walls are many feet high and sentries watch from every tower. Even now the castle is being searched for me, and——"

"What's that?" Paddy made a warning sign and pointed to the door. "Someone is there," he said softly.

Then, putting his fingers to his lips, he crept to the door and bent down to peep through the keyhole.

He was now looking into the passage and his heart sank when he saw a figure slinking away.

"Glump!" he said. "He has been at the keyhole, listening to every word. And now he is off to tell the baron!"

"Then 'tis all over," said Merryheart wearily. "I shall be captured, and, what is worse, I have brought trouble to you."

Paddy looked grim.

"Don't worry," he said. "We'll beat old Grim yet!"

(Isn't this thrilling? Look out for Paddy's and his chums' exciting adventures in the castle next week.)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 3.

DOWN.

1. Cook. 2. Tame. 3. Send. 4. Pass. 5. Ant. 6. Cave. 7. Key. 12. At 13. So.

ACROSS.

2. Tom. 4. Pancake. 8. An. 9. Ann. 10. Stave. 11. Days. 14. A.

TOM THINKS OF A FINE GAME TO PLAY IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM ON A WET AFTERNOON.

1. "You can't go out to play today, children; it is raining," said Dr. Goosegog. "We'll do lessons!"

2. They were rather glad when their teacher fell asleep. "We'll play with teacher's umbrella!" said Tom.

3. "What sort of game can we play with an umbrella?" asked Snip. "Why, sail our boats!" laughed Betty.

4. They soon had a fine pond and had such fun racing their little boats round it. They didn't mind the rain!

BRIGHTEYES

As adventure in the cellar and a fright for Amy.

FOR NEW READERS.—Someone has stolen a box from Brighteyes' locker. The little girl suspects Amy Vincent, and, finding that she has been down in the cellar, Brighteyes goes there with her chum, Lola. They find a parcel hidden in the wall!

1. Trembling with excitement, little Lola reached into the hole in the wall and dragged out the mysterious parcel. "Oh! It's heavy, Brighteyes!" she murmured, and then her eyes began to sparkle as she felt the parcel. "Why," she exclaimed, "I believe I can feel your box!"

2. "O-oh, can you really?" cried our little girl eagerly. "Quick! Let's open it and see!" She shone the light on the floor while Lola knelt down and untied the thick string that bound the parcel. The next minute the paper fell back, revealing the lost box wrapped in some clothes!

3. Lola examined them carefully, and in the bright light little Brighteyes recognised Amy Vincent's green blazer! "They belong to Amy!" she said. "That shows it must have been she who took my box!" "Yes. And she must have been planning to run away!" cried Lola.

4. The mystery grew deeper and deeper, but the chums had no more time to examine the parcel, for they heard footsteps coming down the stairs. "Listen! Who is that?" whispered Lola, swinging round in alarm. "We'd better hide the parcel," murmured Brighteyes.

5. Having stowed the parcel away in its hiding-place, the two girls switched out the light, and then crept behind the door, pulling it wide open against them, so that they were hidden. The next instant a thin, shadowy figure entered the cellar. "It is Amy!" whispered Brighteyes.

6. Without hesitating, Amy went straight across the cellar to the secret place in the wall where the parcel was hidden. "Shall we challenge her?" whispered Brighteyes. "No," replied Lola, "Miss Barry might catch us here, and there would be trouble! We'll wait outside."

7. Brighteyes followed her little chum out of the cellar, feeling rather bewildered. "But we cannot leave Amy with my box, Lola!" she cried. "I must get it back somehow!" "Don't worry. We'll catch her all right," murmured Lola, and for a few moments she was silent.

8. Suddenly she gave a merry chuckle and seized Brighteyes by the hand. "Come up to the dormitory, Brighteyes," she whispered. "I have a grand idea!" "But—but what is it?" gasped our little girl, as they rushed off. "We must not leave the cellar for long."

9. In the meantime, Amy had taken the parcel from the wall, little dreaming that only a few moments before it had been opened by Lola and Brighteyes. "Now I can take Brighteyes' box back to Gipsy Meg," she muttered to herself. "Then I will run away from this school!"

10. All the other girls were at breakfast, and feeling quite certain that she would not be seen, Amy went softly up the cellar stairs, meaning to go to the cloak-room for her hat and coat; but as soon as she reached the long, rather gloomy corridor she came to a sudden stop. Two tall sheeted figures were moving silently towards her, and turning very pale Amy took a step backwards. "Who are you?" she cried in a trembling voice.

11. For a few moments there was no answer, then one of the figures raised an arm slowly and said in a low voice: "Open that parcel!" But Amy was no longer frightened, for she had caught sight of Lola's face peeping out of one of the sheets! "You can't frighten me!" she shouted defiantly. "I know who you are!" "Oh, Brighteyes!" whispered little Lola in alarm, "Amy has recognised our voices. What ever shall we do now?"

(Will the chums get the box, after all? Or will Amy escape with it? There will be another exciting adventure in this grand story next week!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—By means of a trick Joe hides himself aboard Uncle Paul's submarine to try to find a stolen treasure map. He is just about to search for it when he hears his enemies coming.

1. No sooner had Joe escaped from the chest than he heard his enemies returning! There was no time to get back into the box, and turning quickly he rushed to the other end of the cabin and hid behind some drums. He was not a moment too soon. The next minute Uncle Paul came in.

2. He and the officer had been to search for a key to fit the chest which they thought was locked. Imagine their astonishment when they found it wide open! "W-w-what does it mean?" stammered the officer. "I am sure it was locked when I tried to open it just now."

3. But another shock awaited them when they looked into the chest, for, of course, it was quite empty! "I don't understand this!" gasped Uncle Paul. "When we lifted the chest out of the water it was as heavy as lead!" "Yes! I am sure there was something in it!" cried the officer.

4. The two men gazed at each other with rather scared eyes, and then picked up the chest and hurried towards the ladder that led to the conning-tower. "We'll get rid of this thing right away," murmured Uncle Paul in a low, trembling voice. "There's something queer about it!"

5. Joe knew that this time the men would be gone some time, for they would have to unbar the trap that led into the tower, and then drag the chest through. Seizing his chance, the little boy ran from his hiding-place, and set to work to open the big steel cupboard which was built into the wall.

6. The doors were locked, but with the help of his stout clasp-knife he was able to force them apart so that they sprang open. Almost the first thing he saw was the map which the officer had stolen from the Flying Fish, and he snatched it up eagerly. "Got it at last!" he cried.

7. Suddenly he heard Uncle Paul and the officer hurrying towards the cabin from which there was no escape! But the little boy was not beaten yet. Clutching the precious map, he dashed towards some oil drums and crouched behind them. "I must not get caught now!" he said.

8. He had not time to close the cupboard doors, and when the two men returned they stared at each other in amazement! "Here, what's this?" cried Uncle Paul angrily. "Have you been at that cupboard, Carl? I always keep it locked!" "No, I haven't touched it," replied the officer.

9. But Uncle Paul did not believe him. He rushed to the cupboard and searched the shelves anxiously. "The map!" he shouted. "It is not here! You'll be sorry for this trick, Carl!" "But I tell you I haven't touched it!" repeated the officer, flushing angrily.

10. So many mysterious things had happened on board the submarine that the two men began to feel quite frightened. "If you haven't been to this cupboard—then the ship must be haunted!" cried Paul, his face going suddenly pale. The next moment, however, the officer caught sight of Joe's knife, which lay on the floor near the oil drums! "Wait! There's a knife here!" he exclaimed excitedly. "It was not there before!"

11. As soon as he had picked it up, Uncle Paul snatched it away from him and looked at it closely. "Somebody must have dropped this here only a few minutes ago, Carl," he murmured slowly. "That means that there must be a stranger hiding on board somewhere!" "Yes, of course!" exclaimed the officer. "He must have come aboard in that chest! We'll make a search at once!" Joe listened with sinking heart.

(What will happen now? Will Joe be found by his enemies? Do not miss this thrilling picture-story in next week's PLAYBOY.)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, February 27th, 1909.

БИБЛИОТЕКА

JUST LIKE AN EASTER EGG! FULL OF JOLLY SURPRISES.

THE PLAYBOX 2d

EASTER HOLIDAY NUMBER

PLAYBOX 2

SONNY AND MICKY HAVE A THRILLING TIME AT THE FAIR.

1. "Oh, isn't Tommy Treacle lucky?" sighed Sonny. "He has got a shilling to spend at the fair." "Never mind," said Micky. "We will have some fun on our swing! It will soon be finished now."

2. Our chums did not mean to be sad at Easter-time, so they soon made a jolly swing of their own and took it along to the fair. Wasn't that a good idea?

3. "Ha, ha! Tommy Treacle is quite jealous!" they chuckled as they climbed into their swing. But that bad boy was having a talk with Jerry Jumbo. "Don't forget what I told you, Jerry," he said.

4. And just as our chums were having a jolly swing-high, swing-low, along came Jerry and gave them such a big push that the swing flew right off the posts! "Ha, ha! That's the idea, Jerry!" chuckled that bad Tommy. "Help! Catch us, somebody!" wailed poor Sonny Bear.

5. Then they sailed right over the hedge right into the field next to the fair ground—where, strange to say, poor little Nell, the farmer's daughter, was being chased by a big bad bull! "D-d-dear me! I'm afraid we're going to land on the bull's back," said Sonny. "I don't speak to bulls."

6. But, luckily, the basket that Sonny was holding fell right over the bull's face, so he could not see to chase little Nell any more! And wasn't Farmer Turnip pleased, too! "Ha, ha! All's well that ends well, Nell!" chuckled our Sonny merrily.

7. And he was quite right, too! For kind Farmer Turnip gave them a shilling each to spend at the fair, and they did have a grand time, too. "Here we go round the mulberry bush!" sang Sonny as they whizzed round on the roundabout.

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

Tommy handed his sweets to the twins.

THIS WEEK:

THE ENCHANTED BUSH.

"OH-H-H! What a lovely smell, granny! Cakes! My word, they do smell nice and spicy! Are they for tea?"

And our little Tommy Twinkle smiled in a coaxing manner at good Dame Kindly as she popped her head out of the kitchen one day just before Easter.

"No, I'm afraid they are not, Tommy," replied the dame. "As a matter of fact, I am baking our hot cross buns, which are not to be eaten till to-morrow. But do not despair. I am baking a nice big ginger cake, as well, so do not be late for tea!"

"I certainly will not!" cried Tommy, with a whoop of delight. "I am just going down to Dame Bumble's shop to choose an Easter egg for Maisie. I have got the shilling you gave me, granny. Don't forget the ginger cake, will you? Ha, ha!"

"I will not!" promised Dame Kindly, laughing as she disappeared once more. "Good-bye, Tommy!"

Whistling light-heartedly, our little boy left the cottage in the bright spring sunshine, feeling just as cheery as a bird.

He soon reached Dame Bumble's little tuckshop, with its grand array of Easter eggs and novelties of all kinds displayed in the bow window. It really was a fine show, and just inside the shop, so that it could be seen from the doorway, the clever old dame had arranged an Easter "farmyard"—a square of green straw fenced in, and with a model henroop surrounded by toy chicks of all kinds, and lying dotted about in the straw were dozens of jolly Easter eggs!

There were usually several boys and girls gathered round the existing little shop, deep in admiration of Dame Bumble's novel display, but to-day, as Tommy arrived, there were only two, a small boy and a girl, twins, named Peggy and Pat. Tommy knew them quite well by sight and he smiled cheerily at them as he hurried into the tuckshop.

"Good-day, Dame Bumble! And how is the farmyard to-day?"

"Very flourishing, Master Tommy," replied the good lady. "You would be surprised at the number of eggs I sell from it, too. I do nothing but constantly replace the eggs there—and the chickens, too."

"Good!" said our little favourite. "Well, I want a nice shilling Easter egg for Maisie, please. There is one in the window I rather like—a little basket filled with chocolate baby bunnies and a big bunny at the side. Shall I show you?"

Going to the window, Tommy pointed out his choice, and Dame Bumble willingly took it out for him. Peggy and Pat, standing outside, gazed wide-eyed at the performance, and there was something very wistful about them, too.

"Poor little mites. I am afraid there will be very few Easter eggs for them this year," murmured the old dame as she proceeded to wrap up Tommy's purchase. "Their daddy has no work and their mother has been taken very ill. They come here every day to look at my window. I often let them come in and look at the farmyard over there."

"May they come in now for a few minutes?" asked Tommy quickly. "And I will have two pennyworth of mixed sweets, please."

Dame Bumble readily agreed to the first part of Tommy's remark and our little boy smilingly beckoned to the twins to "come in." Didn't they run in quickly, too!

And when Tommy gave them the bag of sweets to share between them Peggy and Pat clapped their hands for joy.

"Oh-h, thank you!" they murmured gratefully, afterwards making for the farmyard.

"Poor kiddies," murmured kind-hearted Dame Bumble. "That was very generous of you, too, Tommy. And now, here is your egg, and in case I do not see you again before Easter I wish you a very happy one indeed."

"Thank you very much!" grinned Tommy. "I am sure I shall. Granny is baking the hot cross buns at this very moment! By the way, Dame Bumble, do you know why a baker is a very clever man?"

"Well, no, I cannot say that I do know," smiled the good lady. "Why?"

"Because he can make ten go into one—ten currants into one hot cross bun! Ha, ha, ha! Caught you that time, dame! I know you like take-ins, don't you?"

And our merry little favourite roared with merriment. Then suddenly he added:

"And since we are talking about eggs, a man I know gets eight eggs a day and yet he does not keep chickens. How does he get them?"

Well, this was certainly a poser for Dame Bumble, and Peggy and Pat could not think of the answer, either. At last they "gave it up."

"Because he kept *ducks*, of course!" Tommy told them laughingly. "And now I must go."

"We will come a little way with you!" cried the twins. And bidding "good-day" to the old dame they left the shop. Outside, a flower seller stood with a great basket of golden daffodils, and Peggy cried:

"Oh, how lovely! Don't you wish we could grow those in our garden, Pat?"

"Have you a garden?" asked Tommy pleasantly, at which the twins half shook their heads.

"Only a little piece of backyard," they replied. "Nothing will grow there."

Tommy glanced down at the two little curly heads and again remembered what Dame Bumble had told him. Then he made a resolve. Peggy and Pat should have their Easter eggs, and they should have something very jolly growing in their garden, too.

Quick as thought, Tommy stamped his right magic shoe, wishing something as he did so, and before you could say PLAYBOX a funny little brownie man had popped up from somewhere and was offering the twins a small flower-seed packet.

"Here! Take this!" he chuckled. "And when you get home plant the contents in your garden and water it. Then look out for some fun! Happy Easter! Good-bye!" And he gave one spring into the air and was gone!

"W-well!" gasped Peggy and Pat blankly. But our little favourite would not allow them to wonder. He laughingly hurried them off home to plant the "magic" seeds.

Once in the twins' back garden they opened the packet, and to Peggy and Pat's surprise it only contained one little black seedling about the size of a pea.

"Quick! Let us plant it!" said Tommy Twinkle. "Pat, you get some water!"

In less than five minutes the strange little seed was sown and watered. The children stood back, and sure enough, as they watched, a tiny shoot appeared from the ground, then a little stalk. In a few minutes it was taller than the children, and what was more, as they gazed at it curious little "buds" seemed to be forming on the branches!

Our little Tommy Twinkle knew very well what was about to happen, but when these strange little buds grew into Easter eggs the twins were delighted.

"Oh-h! Real Easter Eggs! Look, Pat!" cried Peggy, dancing round the enchanted bush. "Chocolate ones!"

Pat's eyes were fixed on two of the eggs which had grown bigger than the rest—as big as two footballs they were.

"There is a name written on the outside of each one, I believe," smiled Tommy, going closer. "Yes, this one has 'PEGGY' on it and the other 'PAT'!"

You can perhaps imagine the delight of the children as they carefully lifted down their wonderful eggs. And when they opened them, Peggy found a lovely little miniature dolly's tea-set in hers, complete with tray. Pat's egg contained six little toy soldiers mounted on prancing horses.

"I wish we could find the brownie, then we could go and thank him," said Peggy suddenly. Then came the click of the garden gate and the children turned to see the figure of their daddy coming in.

"Look, Pat! Real Easter eggs!" cried Peggy.

"Daddy, daddy! Come and see!" they cried, running to meet him. Both talking at once, they poured out the exciting story, but while their backs were turned Tommy tapped his *left* magic shoe! So that when Peggy and Pat and their daddy arrived the Easter egg bush had gone.

"Never mind, we have our own lovely eggs!" cried Peggy sensibly. "Aren't they fine, daddy?"

"They certainly are!" replied their father, looking very happy. "And it sounds to me as though our young friend here, Tommy, has had a hand in things, although I do not quite know how. And now I have some good news, chicks!"

Peggy and Pat turned to him with eager eyes, and saw he looked happier.

"I think your Easter-egg brownie must have brought me luck, too," smiled their daddy. "I have found work and am to start to-morrow. Mummy will soon get better now!"

And you can imagine how pleased Tommy felt as he wended his way back home!

(Look out for another jolly adventure in your PLAYBOX *next week.)*

HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Just look at those lucky Babies," laughed Chic, when he opened the big picture-book. "The sweet-shop man has given them a lot of Easter eggs! I wish I could have some!"

"Why don't you go and try your luck at their 'Egg Shy,' then?" chuckled Paddy. "Hurry, though! There won't be many left soon!"

Babs meant to win as many Easter eggs as she could with her toy cannon, and Trixie came along with a big woolly ball to throw! Of course, everybody won a prize, but, oh dear! They did have a surprise when they opened those eggs! They were full of sawdust! No wonder Mr. Shopman wanted to get rid of them! But he gave them some chocolate ones later on! Then they were happy! Ha, ha!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Everybody,—At last the jolly Easter holidays are here! (About time, too, says Sonny Bear!) And I can just imagine you all dancing for joy as you come out of school on breaking-up day! Baby Jumbo, I am sure, is more delighted than any of you, for the other day Mrs. Hippo asked her how she liked school, and Baby replied promptly: "Shut!" So she has got her wish at last. Ha, ha!

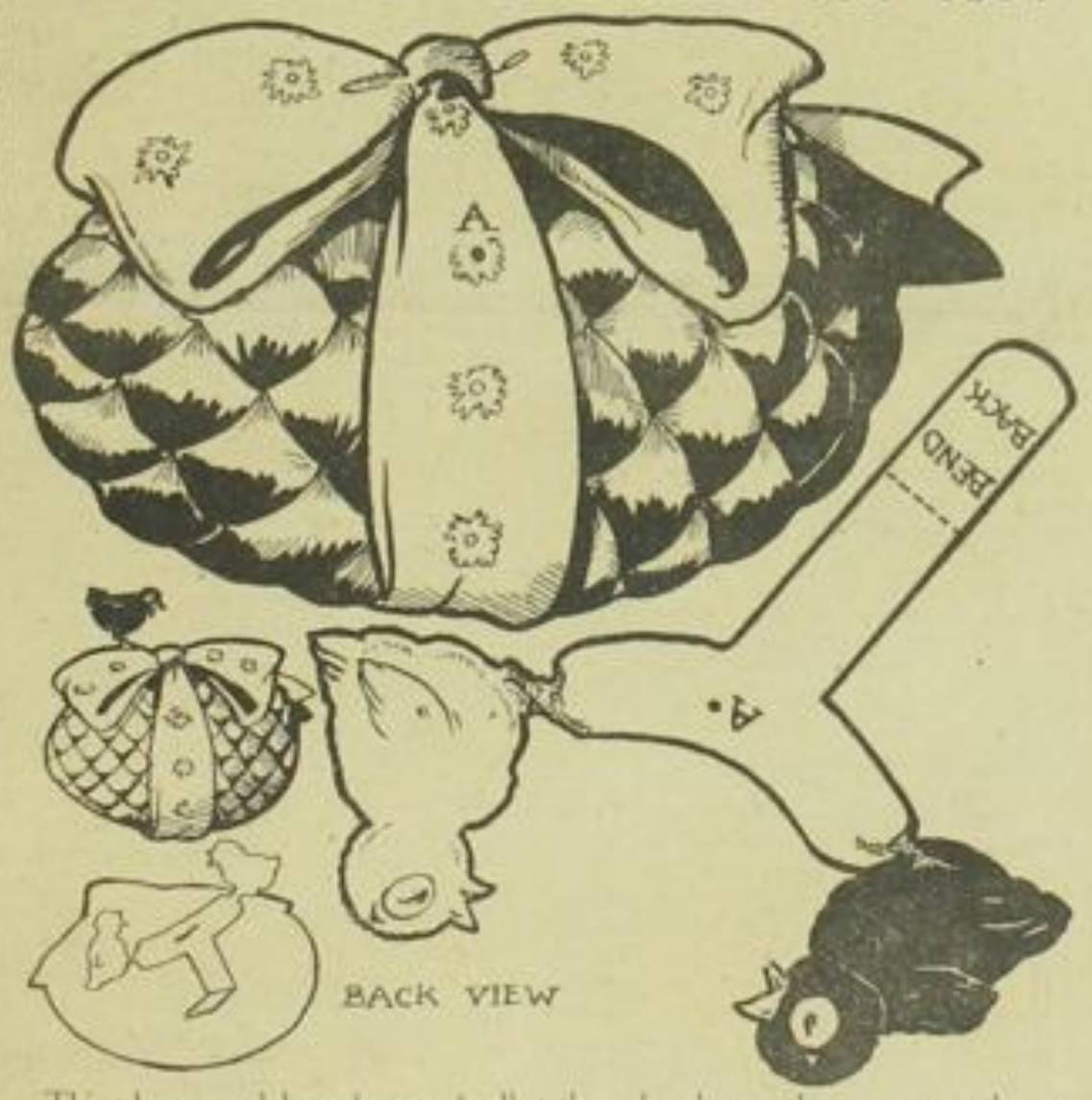
Have you had any Easter surprises yet? I have had a lovely one from Biddy Lawrence, of Sutton. When I opened her letter this morning I found that she had sent me a postal order for six kisses! Goodness me! I was pleased! Of course, it was only a toy postal order, but, all the same, I am very proud of it, and am going to pin it on the wall next to my desk. Nigger, my pussy-cat, is quite jealous, and declares that she is going to send me a postal order for six saucers of milk as soon as she has time. Ha, ha! Can you imagine your Uncle Ben having six saucers of milk for tea!

I was very glad to have Biddy's letter, though, and am awarding her a lovely prize of half a crown for it!

Happy times to you all (and heaps of Easter eggs!)

Your jolly friend, UNCLE BEN.

A JOLLY EASTER EGG MODEL FOR YOU!



This clever model works very well, boys and girls, and is ever so easy to make. First of all paste this picture on to some thin card, and when it is quite dry, cut out the two pieces carefully.

Now place them together so that the birds are behind the Easter egg, and then make a hole right through both of them at the point A. Fix them together with a paper fastener, and then bend up the narrow tab, as marked.

Hold the egg at the edge between the finger and thumb, and then move the tab backwards and forwards with the other hand. This will cause the little birds to pop up out of the Easter Egg in a very funny way. Of course, your little model will look much nicer if you colour it brightly with your paints or crayons.

FIVE STONES. A Fine Game for the Holidays.

This is a splendid game for two players, and is really quite exciting! First of all you must chalk a small ring on the ground, and then place five small stones in it.

The two players then stand either side of the ring, so that they are facing each other, and then they begin to bounce the ball to one another. At each bounce the ball must land in the ring, and the game is to try to knock the stones out one by one. Each stone knocked out gains a point for the player bouncing the ball, and should his opponent fail to catch the ball, yet another point is won by the first player.

The scores are added up when all the stones are gone, and the player with the most is the winner.

BOBBY BLACK'S "HIGH" JUMP!

1. "Watch me jump over that clothes line, boys!" said Bobby Black. "I'm jolly good at jumping, you know!" "Goodness! You will never do that, Bobby!" gasped Willie. "It is much too high!"

2. "Ha, ha! It's easy as eating ice-cream!" chuckled that artful Bobby, as he took down the clothes line and coiled it on the ground. "Now I can jump over it, boys!" Weren't his chums cross!

ASK YOUR CHUMS THESE!

Q. Why is an Easter egg like the letter G?

A. Because it makes a "lad" "glad"!

Q. How deep is the sea?

A. A stone's throw.

Q. Why is a fairy-tale book like a tall building?

A. Because they both contain many stories.

Q. Which is the jolliest ship?

A. Friendship.

EASTER FUN!

"Good morning, Dicky Bird! You look very surprised! What is the matter?"

"Someone has just broken into my house with a spoon, Bumpty! I shall never be able to mend it now!"

"Ha, ha! I shouldn't try, if I were you, Dicky! Remember what happened to my brother Humpty Dumpty—all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't mend him, you know! So I should pop out and build yourself a nice warm nest!"

"Yes, I'll do that, Bumpty! Which is the best tree for a cosy nest?"

"The fir (fur) tree, I should say. Ha, ha!"

"Oh, no, that would not do, Bumpty. It would be too high up for me!"

"No, it wouldn't, Dicky. It would only be one flight from the ground. Hee, hee! By the way, I saw something yesterday with four legs and feathers, and yet it could not fly!"

"Could not fly?"

"No. It was a bed! Ha, ha! Good-bye, Dicky! A merry Easter!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

A LONELY HOLIDAY SPOT FOR THE CHUMS.

Jessie Brings Exciting News.

"I BELIEVE we are all going to have a wonderful surprise, though exactly what it is I don't know. When I know I'll come to Buttercup Farm and tell you."

That was the letter which little Tim and his chum, Michael, received from their little friend, Jessie, who had been ill with the measles—a letter, which, as you may imagine, they talked over with great eagerness.

What could this "big surprise" be, they wondered, and they grew so puzzled and eager about it and worked themselves up into such a state of curiosity that when, one morning, they heard a shout and saw a little girl approaching them across the meadow, the two boys almost jumped into the air from sheer excitement.

"It's Jessie!" they cried together, and off they raced to meet her, running so quickly that their feet hardly seemed to touch the grass.

Jessie, too, was hurrying to meet them with a radiant face, laughing as Tim threw his arms about her neck and hugged her tightly.

"Be careful, Tim," she gasped, with a laugh. "Mind you don't catch the measles!"

"Oh-h!" gasped Tim, in sudden alarm, as he released her quickly—and Jessie laughed merrily.

"That's all right, Tim, it was only my fun," she said. "I'm quite better now. How are you, Michael," she cried, as she smiled towards him happily.

"I'm fine," said Michael eagerly—and then he frowned as he saw how pale she was. "You don't look very well, Jessie. Are you sure you're better?"

She assured them that she was, though the doctor had advised a change of air to bring back the rosy colour to her cheeks.

"I didn't like having to stay in one room for so long!" she declared. "But it wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't known that you were both quite near at Buttercup Farm. You just don't know how I longed to be here with you," she said, with a sigh.

"And we've been wishing all the time that you could have been here, too," Tim told her. "Who do you think called here one day?" he asked.

"Who?" asked Jessie.

"Mrs. Blandy," said Tim, with a wry smile—and Jessie's face filled with alarm.

"Oh, Tim! That horrid old woman again. What did she want? How did she know that you were here?"

"I don't know," said Tim. "She seems to get to know all sorts of things in some queer way."

He told her, then, how Mrs. Blandy had disguised herself as an old gipsy, pretending to tell fortunes, and they all laughed heartily when Tim related how he had let Sally, the cow, out of the stable and how Mrs. Blandy had fled for her life.

"I think I should have run away, too," said Jessie. "I'm ever so scared of cows. There aren't any about, now, are there?" she added uneasily, as she looked around her quickly.

"Plenty," said Michael, with a grin, "but they're all in the next field." Then he gasped out the question which he had been bubbling over to ask since the first moment of their meeting. "Jessie!" he whispered. "What is the big surprise we're going to have? Have you found out?"

"Well," said Jessie, with bright eyes, "I've found out something about it, although some of it is still a mystery. You know I told you that the doctor said I must have a change of air."

"Yes," said the boys eagerly.

"Well, I'm going to have it and so are you, too. We're all going away to the sea."

"To the *sea*!" cried the boys, their faces lighting up. "Oh, Jessie, how lovely!" cried Tim. "Where are we going?"

"I don't know. Mr. Baxter is keeping it a secret. But it's a long way, I know. Hundreds of miles! And ever so lonely and quiet. Your mummy said, Michael, that we shall be the only people there."

The two boys thrilled as they gazed at one another.

"It isn't a desert island or anything like that, is it?" asked Michael.

"I don't know," said Jessie, "but there's a place they call 'Big Bear's Cave' and—what else do you think there are?" She paused as they waited breathlessly for her to tell them. "Seals," she said.

"*Seals!*" gasped the boys in thrilled amazement. "But, Jessie," cried Tim, "you—you don't mean we're going to the North Pole or somewhere like that."

Jessie laughed and shook her head. The North Pole was not the sort of place, she said, where children were sent to get over the measles, so it couldn't possibly be there.

"All I know," she said, "is what I've told you. But you'll hear all about it, I expect, when Michael's daddy comes. He's coming to fetch you both this morning."

"This morning, Jessie?" they gasped eagerly.

"Yes, if he can manage it. He had to go to the aerodrome first to attend to some business and, after that, he's coming here. I persuaded him to let me come on ahead," she added, with a smile, "so that I could tell you both the news. I'm terribly excited," she added happily. "You can't just think how lovely it is to be out again after being cooped up in just one small room for weeks and—and—what's that?"

"In you get! North Pole ahoy!" laughed Mr. Baxter.

Jessie broke off and spun round quickly, her attention drawn by the loud hooting of a motor horn some distance away. Then, through a gap in the hedge, the boys saw the bright bonnet of a car gleaming in the sunshine and the figure of a man waving vigorously.

"A-hoy!" came the sound of a shout, across the meadow. "A-hoy-y!" And in the same instant, Michael let out a gasp and was off like a streak, racing across the field.

"It's daddy—he's come!" he cried breathlessly, and, seizing Jessie by the hand, Tim sped after his chum as fast as they could run.

The House by the Sea.

There was a merry twinkle in the eyes of Mr. Baxter when he greeted the boys and he seemed in very gay spirits as he drove them up to the farm and bade them pack their bags, while he chatted to Mrs. Dewbury.

"Seals!" he said to the boys, in answer to their question when, after thanking Mrs. Dewbury for her kindness, they entered the car to drive home. "Why, yes. There are seals, all right. And big sea-birds, too, that dive for fish."

"I know, daddy, you mean penguins," cried Michael, and then, as Mr. Baxter laughed and shook his head: "Jessie says there are polar-bears, daddy. Are there?"

Mr. Baxter laughed again.

"Well!" he said, "I don't know about that. But there's a Big Bear's Cave, by all accounts. Anyway, you wait and see what it's like when you get there. I've promised you all a big surprise so you mustn't be too curious to begin with."

You can imagine how excited the boys became, then, and how eagerly they talked together when Mr. Baxter spoke about a certain "queer hut by the water's edge," and referred to a person who lived there and who would help to look after them whom he called "Old Tomblo."

Tim was certain then that, even if they were not going so far as the North Pole, they were bound for Lapland, or some such place as that.

"We're going to live in an igloo!" he said, and Jessie looked bewildered.

"What is an igloo?" she asked.

"It's a little house built of snow in which Eskimos live!" said Tim.

"And is Old Tomblo an Eskimo?" asked Michael, eagerly.

"I should imagine so. I can't see what else he can be with a name like that," said Tim.

"But won't it be awfully cold, Tim?" Jessie asked.

"I expect so," Tim said. "But it will be jolly exciting, too. Just fancy going out over the ice and fishing through holes and that sort of thing. We'll have some wonderful stories to tell the boys when we get back to school, Michael," he added breathlessly. "It will be grand!"

During the rest of that day, at home, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter both seemed vastly amused by the questions that the children asked them, although they kept their secret, saying that the surprise in store for them would be one of the big thrills of their holiday.

"You children will all go on with your daddy," Mrs. Baxter said to Michael, "and I shall follow on a little later. Daddy, too, will have to come back for a few days to attend to urgent business."

"And shall we stay with Old Tomblo, Mrs. Baxter?" asked Jessie.

"Yes, dear. You and the boys will stay with Old Tomblo," Mrs. Baxter told her.

The boys and Jessie then grew more thrilled than ever. During the packing, that day, and in their beds at night, they wondered how they would be travelling to this distant outpost in the far north where they were to spend so strange a holiday. Would they have to go by train and steamer? If so, it would take a very long time. And, if they were going to a region of ice and snow, and seals and Eskimos, why did not Mrs. Baxter pack them up a lot of very warm clothes?

For Eskimos, Tim said, wore bearskins suits and rubbed themselves all over with oil to keep the cold out.

That part of the mystery, however, was solved quite soon the next morning when, after a hearty breakfast and when they had bade farewell to Michael's mummy, they were driven by Mr. Baxter straight to the aerodrome and up to a waiting monoplane.

"Oh!" cried Tim. "Are we going to fly there?"

"Rather," cried Mr. Baxter gaily. "All Polar explorers travel in aeroplanes, these days. In you get, my hearties. North Pole ahoy!"

Not so long as they live will the boys and little Jessie forget the thrill of that long journey by air. On and on they sped, mile after mile, with the sea gleaming beneath them and the coast winding along like a dark line, fringed with a rim of white surf.

They travelled on, over towns and fishing villages, rocks, cliffs, and marshlands, but the boys looked in vain for any sign of ice or snow or that bleak expanse of frozen waste which they had pictured in their minds.

At last, where the coast swept round to form a sandy bay, Mr. Baxter pointed and the plane swooped round and began to descend.

"Here we are, children," he cried. "Here's Silverstrand." And then he frowned as he peered over the edge of the fuselage. "My goodness," he muttered. "There's not a lot of room for landing. I must have made a mistake about low water."

Swooping down over the rocks which fringed the south end of the bay, Mr. Baxter brought the plane to rest upon a stretch of hard, silvery sand. Leaping down he helped the boys and Jessie out, shooting an anxious glance seawards as he handed out their bags and luggage.

Tim could see why he was anxious. The tide was running in rapidly and in a few minutes it seemed the landing wheels of the monoplane would be under water.

"This is unfortunate, boys," he said, with a frown. "I thought we should find it—

"Have we got to stay there?" cried Tim.

sea right out. If I'm to get off again, I'll have to be away at once."

"But, daddy. Where is the ice and snow?" gasped Michael.

"Bless the child," cried Mr. Baxter, laughing. "You didn't really think you were going to a place like that, did you? You'll find it quite exciting enough without that, I'll warrant. Look! That's where you are staying," he added, pointing. "You take your bags and trudge along up to that hut, and you'll be as right as rain. I must be off before it is too late."

There was no time to waste. Already the sea was only a few yards away and it was only by skilful handling, when he had restarted his engine, that Mr. Baxter got the plane into the air again, waving good-bye as he soared upwards.

"I shall be back in a few days," he called to the little group. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, daddy!" Michael called back, trying to appear happy and waving with Jessie and Tim.

But the three chums could not help feeling rather lost as they stood alone in this strange place, gazing after Mr. Baxter's plane.

In a little while the monoplane had vanished in the distance and, feeling puzzled and excited, the boys and Jessie picked up their bags and trudged across the silvery sand.

It was a beautiful but lonely place to which they had come. They could see nothing but sea and sand-dunes, and it was between two of these high dunes that they saw the outline of a solitary house. A queer, low-built wooden house that seemed so silent and deserted that Jessie glanced at the boys uneasily as they hurried towards it.

"Goodness! Have we got to stay there?" cried Tim in dismay.

Was this the "hut" which was to be their home? And who was the queer old man they called "Old Tomblo"? That was a mystery which remained still to be solved.

(Strange adventures await the boys and Jessie in this queer house by the sea. Do not miss next week's thrilling instalment of this exciting story.)

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy is taking gold to a poor little boy and girl when she loses her way. She shelters in the cottage of the old woman of the woods. Later the old woman says she will vanish in smoke, and Wendy is left alone in the strange underground room.

1. Wendy was still desperately shaking the handle of the door, hoping that she might be able to get out of this weird room, when the old woman came through a door in the rough wall.

2. "You need not be frightened, my dear," she said. "I vanished through this secret door, under cover of the smoke. It was not really magic, and I do hope I haven't frightened you!"

3. After that the old woman showed Wendy other things she had made, and then led her back through the picture. "I do hope I can take my gold to my little friends to-morrow!" Wendy said

4. "And so you shall," said the dame kindly. Then she took Wendy to a little room and pointed to a soft couch. "Rest there until the morning and then I will show you the way!" she said.

5. Wendy soon fell asleep, and when she awoke the next morning the sun was streaming into the room. "I have an Easter egg for you, my dear," said the good dame, awaking Wendy.

6. You can imagine Wendy's delight when she found a huge egg, tied with a pink satin ribbon, and standing on four little wheels. "You will find it very useful!" said the old dame, smiling.

7. Eagerly Wendy untied the ribbon and when she opened the egg she found it formed a dear little cart. "You can ride into the village in that," said the dame. "My pony will take you!"

8. She fetched her dear little pony from his stable at the back of the house, and when he was tied to the cart, she brought out two pretty eggs. "These are for the poor children," she said.

9. Wendy hardly knew how to thank this kind friend for all she had done, and she rode off so happily in the pretty little cart. "Come and see me again one day!" cried the old lady.

10. The little pony seemed to be enjoying himself as much as Wendy, and he trotted happily through the woods. They looked so pretty in the sunlight that Wendy wondered why she had felt so frightened the night before when she had lost her way in the darkness.

11. At last she saw a few cottages in the distance, and knew she was nearing the village. Then suddenly out from the trees darted Eric and Jean, the little boy and girl whom she had promised to help. "We are so pleased to see you again, Wendy!" cried Eric.

12. They could not take their eyes off the beautiful little cart in which Wendy was riding, and they proudly took the pony's reins between them and led him to their tiny cottage. "I have brought this bag of gold to help you," Wendy said when she met their mother.

13. The lady's sweet face lit up with a smile, for things would be much happier for the little family now that they had money to buy food and pay for their cottage. But when Wendy brought the eggs from the old dame, the mother cried: "Don't touch them!"

(Why is this good lady so frightened of the old woman of the woods? Another exciting instalment of this story next week.)

MRS. HIPPO

1. "Mrs. Hippo, don't you think it would be kind to the poor fair if we took some pennies to it?" said Baby Jumbo. Wasn't it an artful way of asking for pennies to spend? But those girls didn't get any.

2. "You can't have pennies as well as Easter eggs," said Mrs. Hippo. The girls found some eggs in the hall and Baby took the largest. "Let's sell them at the fair," said Tilly. "They might be valuable!"

3. "Ha, ha! I shall get the most pounds for mine," chuckled Baby Jumbo, leading the way. Then suddenly a fierce-looking figure with a popgun and a cap hiding his eyes cried: "Hands up, girls!"

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Oh dear, we'd much rather go to the fair than look after a yelling baby!" cried Floppy. But Jane said they must play nicely in the garden.

2. Dibs and Dabs were feeling disappointed when Floppy pushed the pram towards a big tree. "Now then, who would like a nice swing?" he cried.

3. "We would, but we can't go to the fair to find the swings," said Dibs. That didn't seem to worry Floppy; he was busy roping the pram to the tree.

4. And you can see what a fine swingboat it made. Baby stopped crying and everyone was happy. "Floppy's idea was clever!" said Dabs.

SAMBO

1. "I can eat lots of hot cross buns, so please fill de back ob my car wid dem, baker," said Sambo.

2. Sambo was those lovely buns in time when he

4. Luckily those buns fell in a line between Sambo and the steam-engine, just like a buffer. "Ha, ha! Dey makes a nice soft cushion to bump!" he chuckled.

"I say, Willy, which is the best day to have bacon for breakfast?"
"Give it up, Reggie!"
"Ha, ha! Friday (fry-day)!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE W

1. Dr. Woolly had given the Woollies sixpence each to spend at the fair. "We must hurry," said Bobby, "or there won't be any hoop-la things or coconuts to win!" "We must run all the way," said Reggie.

2. But the boys soon began to feel puffed and wished a bus would come along to give them a lift. Then they had a wonderful find. "Why, here is the Magic Broomstick!" cried Bobby. "We are lucky to-day!"

3. They all felt so excited as they climbed on to the handle, and then up they went, ever so high into the sky. "It's better than an aeroplane, boys," laughed Willy. "I hope it stops at the fair!"

S SCHOOL

4. "I want those Easter eggs!" he grunted, and took Baby's first because it was the biggest. "Oo-oh! I d-don't l-like robbers!" shivered Polly. "I wish we could borrow Paddy's popgun for a moment!"

5. But Baby's Easter egg proved as useful as the popgun, for when it was opened, up shot a golliwog on a spring and knocked off the "robber's" cap. "Oo-oh! It is Cousin Hippo!" cried the girls.

6. And just then along came Mrs. Hippo to march Harry home. "You deserve some pennies for catching Harry, girls," she said. So the girls had a lovely time at the fair and won lots of coconuts!

SCORCHER

inking about did not brake steam-roller.

3. "I can't stop!" he cried, and when he tried to brake, his car jerked, tipping out the buns.

. But the bump flattened those buns so much that y looked like pancakes. "Never mind. I s'pects will taste just as nice flat!" Sambo said.

SAMMY SEAL

1. "Ah, what a nice little seat," said Sammy, as he was wandering round the deck. "I will sit down here for a while and admire the view!"

2. A moment later, along came Patsy with a lovely plate of fruit. "Oh, is this for me?" cried Sammy. "No, for Tommy Turtle," Patsy said.

3. Of course, Sammy felt quite disappointed, and while Patsy was looking round for Tommy he thought he would taste some of that nice fruit.

4. But Tommy had seen the fruit and moved forward, and as Sammy was really sitting on him he was very *upset*, and tipped up. Patsy did laugh!

E WOOLLY BOYS

"Why would a watch be useful if you were very thirsty, Percy?"
"I know, Bobby! Because it has a 'spring' in it!"

4. Suddenly Reggie cried: "Help! The fair is p in the sky now!" But really, the broomstick ad looped the loop and as they had no glue, the oys couldn't stick to it. They fell over the circus tent.

5. And, a few seconds later, they fell through that tent, zripppp! "Well, we seem to have fallen on a nice soft fur rug, anyway!" Reggie was saying, when there were loud cheers. They'd fallen on a lion.

6. That just stopped Lionel's little games, and the manager was able to lead him back to his cage. "Take these eggs and a front seat for the circus, boys!" he said. They did have a jolly time.

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

SPECKLE SAYS "THANK YOU!"

Jack and Jane were so happy, because they were going down to Uncle John's farm for the Easter holidays with their mummy and daddy.

"Won't it be fun!" cried Jane. "We shall be able to help feed the chickens and gather the eggs!"

"Yes, they will be real Easter eggs, won't they!" said Jack. "And mummy says uncle might have some pretty little chicks to show us!"

Well, at last the great day arrived and the little family set out for the farm. Uncle was at the station to meet them, and he had a fine surprise. He had brought two little ponies with him.

"It is rather a long walk from the station for your little legs, kiddies," he said, "so I have brought Pip and Pop for you to ride home!"

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Jack, and they felt so happy as they rode along in the sunshine on either side of Uncle John.

Aunty Kath was waiting for them with a fine tea of home-made bread and butter, honey, jam, plum cake, and gingerbread, and, of course, hot cross buns.

"If you don't eat too long you will have time to come with me to put the animals to bed!" said uncle, and as you can guess, Jack and Jane were ready as soon as uncle.

What fun they had! They laughed when the piggies grunted at them, and they held open the gate for the cows to come home from the fields. Then they saw the pretty yellow chicks, and Jane was so thrilled when uncle put one into her hands. It felt so warm and soft.

Uncle left them in this corner of the farm, watching the chicks and their mother, Speckle.

"I have to go into the hay-loft, kiddies," uncle said. "I shall not be long."

But uncle had not been gone long when something happened which frightened poor Jack and Jane as well as the chicks.

A big cat had crept through the farm gate

Jack and Jane have a lovely surprise.

and the children turned just in time to see the half wild thing ready to spring at the chicks.

"Go away!" cried Jack.

But the animal did not mean to be sent away so easily. He darted round the other side of the children and was ready to spring again.

"I know how to frighten you away!" cried Jack, and before the cat moved, he seized a bucket of water and threw it over him.

"Ha, ha! That has soon sent him away, and the chicks are safe!" said Jane.

And just then, Uncle John came along and wanted to know what had happened, so they had to tell him all about the wild cat.

"Well, I am sure Speckle is very grateful to you for looking after her babies. I should not be surprised if she finds a special way of thanking you!" uncle said.

Jack and Jane wondered whatever Speckle could do, but anyway, they forgot all about it until Easter morning.

They found some lovely chocolate eggs waiting for them on the breakfast table, and presently uncle said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"Have you had enough eggs, or would you like to come and help me search for them as usual this morning?"

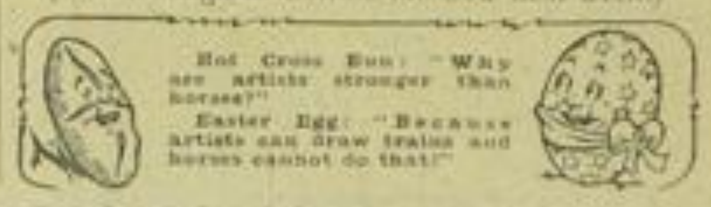
"We're coming, uncle!" cried Jack and Jane.

Then when they were outside, uncle said: "Would you go and look in Speckle's nest first!" So away they ran.

Soon there were cries of delight coming from that corner of the farmyard, for what do you think Jack and Jane found in Speckle's nest? Two big eggs covered with silver paper.

"Ah, I told you Speckle would find some way of thanking you!" laughed Uncle John. (Wasn't it kind of him to hide them in Speckle's nest for the children.)

(You'll laugh at Connie the Cow next week.)



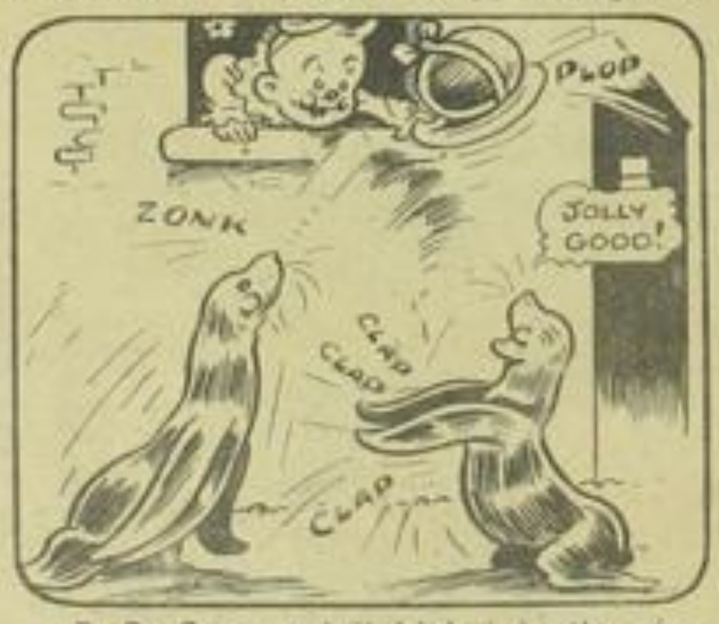
AT SNOWDROP'S ZOO

1. Snowdrop had made a jelly Easter egg. "It is for tea to-day," she said to Chic.

2. But as Chic was carrying it in to the table, he slipped, and jerked the egg through the window.

3. Outside were the two seals; the egg fell on Sam's nose, and he tossed it to Sid.

4. Then Sid tossed it back again, and clever Chic leaned out of the window. "Up here, Sam!" he cried.



5. So Sam sent it high into the air to Chic. "Caught it on the plate!" Chic cried, and the seals clapped.

6. "It's lucky you had the egg and not the hot cross buns!" laughed Snowdrop. "Call everyone to tea!"

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. Redwing's Gift.
2. Greedy Scamp is Caught.
3. "Home" to the Fair.

REDWING MAKES A DANGEROUS CLIMB TO GET A LOVELY EASTER EGG FOR TESS.

SCAMP WON'T PART WITH ANY APPLES, AND WISHES HE HAD NOT RUNG THE BELL.

CURLY AND BERYL FIND THE LITTLE LOST CLOWN, AND HAVE SOME FUN AT THE CIRCUS.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

GRIM PLAYS ANOTHER TRICK ON THE PLAYMATES.

"LOOK what I have found!" Timbo, the dog detective, was very excited. He and Paddy and all the other playmates had helped Merryheart to regain his castle from horrid Baron Grim. But they knew that Grim was still in the castle, for he had stolen all the gold from the treasure-room, as well as pineapple tarts from the kitchen.

Timbo, being a detective, had set out on the trail and tracked Grim's footsteps along a passage. Above was a trapdoor, and when Timbo poked his head through into an attic he gave a cry and showed them something he had found.

It was a golden coin!

"Goodness! Timbo has found a gold-mine!" cried Golly, one of the playmates, but Timbo shook his head.

"It isn't a gold-mine," he replied. "But it proves I am on the right trail. You see, this is the way old Grim brought the treasure. I expect we shall find it up here."

Timbo scrambled up into the attic and Paddy and Sailor Sam quickly followed him. They found themselves in a small gabled room, packed with dusty and broken furniture. In one corner were a number of boxes and Paddy lifted up the lid of one. It was full of gold!

"The others are full of gold, too!" gasped Sailor Sam as he opened them. "Hurrah! We have discovered the stolen treasure!"

Paddy nodded in delight, but then he grew serious.

"Yes, but where is old Grim?" he said. "Has he escaped us again?"

Timbo pointed above, where there was a skylight. It was open and on the ledge they saw a dusty handprint.

"That's the way he went!" the doggie cried. "Quick! Perhaps we can catch sight of him on the roof."

The three playmates wriggled through the skylight and found themselves upon the roof of the castle.

"Look!" Sailor Sam gave a shout and pointed to where three figures could be seen hurrying along, hopping round the chimney-pots and over the gables.

"Why!" Paddy exclaimed. "It's Grim and his two servants, Lank and Glump."

With a cry of tally-ho, the playmates gave chase, but the three rogues had a good start. Looking round at the playmates in alarm, Grim, Glump, and Lank scuttled along until they came to a gable that sloped almost to the ground. Down this they shot, as if they were tobogganing, into the gutter. From here, a short drainpipe went to the ground and the three shot down this so quickly that they all tumbled in a heap upon the ground.

"Don't let them escape!" cried Timbo. "Stop them!"

But a number of soldiers had been working the drawbridge and it lay open. Before it could be raised Grim and his two servants fled across the moat and raced for the forest.

Before they disappeared among the trees they turned to shake their fists, as if to say, "Just you wait. We are not beaten yet."

"Well, that is the end of them, I hope!" said Timbo, stopping to wipe his forehead. "Now let's go and tell Merryheart we have discovered his treasure."

You may be sure that Merryheart was pleased.

"I am a rich man again," he told his children, Handy and Pandy. "We ought to celebrate our good fortune. What shall we have. A party?"

Handy and Pandy danced gleefully.

"Everyone ought to share in our good fortune," they said. "We know, daddy. Let's have a real Easter Fair in the castle courtyard and let everyone come in free."

"That is a good idea," said Merryheart. "You mean lollipop stalls, Aunt Sallies, roundabouts and swings, eh?"

"That's right," said Handy. "It will be great fun."

Those few days before Easter were packed with excitement. The fair slowly grew in the great courtyard. Big tents rose to the sky, helter-skelters were made, sweet stalls erected, and everything prepared for all the fun of the fair.

The night before Easter everyone went to bed very excited—almost too thrilled to sleep. Golly kept popping out of his bed to peep through the window to see if it were raining.

"No rain yet," he said. "I am sure it is going to be a grand day for the fair."

It was. The next day dawned warm and sunny, and as soon as possible the playmates hurried out. The castle grounds were now full of people, who had journeyed from near and far to enjoy the fair. The ginger-bread man was shouting his wares, the lollipop man was asking folks to taste a lollipop free, while the man on the helter-skelter was crying that anyone could have as many goes as they liked for nothing!

The playmates simply did not know which to try first. Golly and Sailor Sam voted for a go on the roundabout, while some of the others preferred the helter-skelter. Soon they had all split up into small groups.

Paddy, Timbo and Dolly Daydream went off together and, after trying the coconut shy, wandered away across the fairground.

"Look, boys!" said Timbo. "There's a jolly roundabout."

It certainly was. Instead of sitting in a boat, you sat instead in a little aeroplane. And the faster the plane went round the higher it rose into the air. At that moment no one was using it.

"Roll up! Roll up! Try our magic aeroplanes!" cried the gentleman in charge, who was a tall thin, person with long whiskers, dressed in a black robe. "Roll up."

"It looks very jolly!" said Timbo. "Is it quite safe?"

"Safe as houses," said the thin man, rubbing his hands and bowing. "If anything happens while you are in the aeroplane, just press the button that you will find in front and then you will be safe, quite safe."

"That sounds all right, boys," said Paddy smiling at his chums. "Shall we try it?"

"Yes, rather," said Timbo and Dolly Daydream. "It will be fun."

The aeroplane roundabout, like everything in the fair, was quite free, and the three playmates clambered into one of the little planes.

"Hold tight!" said a voice, and the playmates saw a plumpish man in the middle of the roundabout. He was sitting by the steam-engine that worked the roundabout, and he had his hand on the starting-lever.

His face was very grimy from the oil and steam.

"Are you ready?" he grunted.

Paddy and Dolly Daydream nodded. Timbo did not nod. He frowned as he looked at the engine-man's face.

"I seem to know that voice," he said. "And I think I know that face, too. If it were a little cleaner I am sure I should know who it was."

"Off you go!" said the engine-man at that moment, and the roundabout started to go round.

Round went the three playmates, rising higher and higher into the air. Paddy and Dolly hung on, laughing. Timbo, though, was still frowning.

"I am *sure* I know him," he was saying.

At that moment something dreadful happened. The little plane suddenly began to fly in quite a different direction. Yes, it had come off its hook and the playmates found themselves shooting straight through the air.

"Help!" screamed Dolly Daydream. "We shall be wrecked. Help!"

In a flash, Paddy remembered what the man had said about pressing the button.

"That will save us," he said, as he pressed it.

Almost at once, the propeller at the front of the plane began to spin round, and now the little plane was flying beautifully.

"Now I ought to be able to bring it down safely!" said Paddy, much relieved. "There's a big field, we'll go that way!" But he could not alter the course of the plane!

On it went, across the island and out to sea—and poor Paddy tried again and again to turn the rudder, but could not.

They were going straight away from the island and they could not turn back!

"Oh, what ever shall we do?" Dolly cried, and at that moment Timbo gave a shout.

"I know now!" he cried.

"Know what?" asked Paddy breathlessly.

"Who that roundabout driver was," said Timbo. "It was old Grim in disguise, and he and some wizard friend of his have played a trick on us. *Now* what are we to do?"

(What an amazing adventure! What will happen to Paddy and his chums? Have they left the Wonderful Island for ever? More excitement next week!)

"We shall be wrecked!" cried Dolly as they shot through the air.

TOM AND BETTY HAVE A SURPRISE WHEN THEY SEE WHO IS KNOCKING AT THEIR DOOR

1. "Oh, someone is in a hurry to come in, Betty!" said Tom, at breakfast. "They won't stop knocking!"

2. But when they opened the door there was no sign of anyone. "Someone is playing tricks on us!" said Snip.

3. "Then we'll catch them!" said Tom, and led the way round the corner of the house, to keep watch.

4. "Knock, knock!" came again. "It is Mr. Woodpecker!" laughed Betty. "He hid over the door!"

BRIGHTEYES

A box of rabbits—and a strange old house!

FOR NEW READERS—Brighteyes and her chums are going to Lola's house for Easter. During the train-ride home an old gentleman jumps out of the carriage, leaving a box behind. The chums examine it, and Brighteyes hears something moving inside!

1. Breathless with excitement, little Brighteyes threw open the lid of the box, and the next moment three fluffy little bunnies popped out! "Oh, Brighteyes! What sweet little things!" exclaimed Lola delightedly. "I do wish we could keep them! Let me pick one up!"

2. But the little bunnies were very nimble, and as soon as the chums went near them they hopped off the seat on to the floor! "O-oh, goodness!" exclaimed Joan, in alarm. "Don't let them get away, Lola!" "Ha, ha! Don't worry!" chuckled Lola. "I will soon catch them!"

3. But it was easier said than done, for those naughty little bunnies scrambled under the seat and stayed there! "Well, I never! Aren't they artful!" laughed Lola. "Come here, bunnies! You cannot stop under there!" She managed to catch one, but the other two dodged away!

4. At last, after a very exciting hunt under the seats, the three bad bunnies were captured again, and with a huge sigh of relief, our little girl shut them in the box. The next minute the guard opened the door of the carriage. "All change here!" he cried, smiling at the chums.

5. At first the girls were going to leave the bunnies at the station office, but Brighteyes was afraid that they might go hungry. "There is no one there to feed the poor little things, Joan," she said. "I think it would be kinder to take them home and return them later on, don't you?"

6. Joan and Lola agreed willingly, and it was not long before they had arrived at the big white house where they were to spend the holidays. Lola's mummy opened the door and gave the girls a bright smile of welcome. "Come along in," she said. "I have got tea all ready!"

7. But before they sat down to their meal they made a cosy little place for the bunnies in the garden, and the little creatures seemed very happy there. The next day, however, the girls put them back in their box. "We must take them to the old gentleman now," said Lola.

8. The village of Mayfield was not very far away, and the address on the box took them to a very large, rather gloomy house at the end of a lane. "Yes! This is right," said our little girl. "There doesn't seem to be anyone about." "What a lonely place!" cried Lola.

9. They went into the big shady porch and knocked at the door. There was no answer, however, and although they knocked several times, no one came. "They must be out," said Brighteyes. "What shall we do now?" exclaimed Joan. "We cannot leave the bunnies out here."

10. "No, we certainly cannot do that," agreed our little girl. "Some stray dog might come along and frighten them!" The three chums stood thinking for a moment, and then Lola cried: "Well, there is only one thing to do! We must find a way into the house, and then leave the bunnies inside!" It was rather a daring plan, but it seemed the only thing to do. A few minutes later Lola found a window open at the back of the house.

11. She slipped in quietly, beckoning the girls to follow her. Feeling a wee bit nervous, Brighteyes and Joan climbed in after her. Inside it was all very gloomy and silent, but suddenly Brighteyes looked up and cried: "Did you hear that noise upstairs, Lola? It sounded like somebody crying!" "B-but it can't be anybody," stammered Joan in a scared voice. "Do let's go now, Brighteyes! I'm getting frightened of this place."

(What is this strange noise that our little girl has heard? Do not miss the thrilling adventure in this lovely story next week!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—Joe, Effie, and the captain are camping on a big rock. Joe keeps guard, and during the night he hears a strange noise near by. He goes to see what it is and discovers a little black girl sobbing bitterly.

1. Brave Joe stared at the little black girl in astonishment. Where had she come from? What was she doing on this lonely rock? Suddenly she looked up, startled by the blaze of the torch. Gently, Joe asked her why she was crying. "I hab lost my dolly, sir," she murmured sadly.

2. "Then I don't think you need cry any more," smiled Joe, as he took her hand. "My little sister found a dolly on the rock this afternoon." "O-oh! Then perhaps it is mine?" exclaimed the little girl joyfully. "Please show it to me." "Come this way then," said Joe.

3. Joe led the way back to the tent where little Effie was sleeping. She held the doll tightly in her arms, and when the little black girl saw it she gave a cry of delight. "Why, yes! Dat am my dolly!" she exclaimed. "Not so loud!" said Joe, but Effie was already stirring.

4. She sat up quickly, blinking her eyes painfully at the flaming torch. Then she caught sight of the little black girl, and gave a gasp of surprise. "Goodness! Who are you?" she cried. "Where did you come from?" "Me name Koko," replied the little stranger, with a smile.

5. Dawn was breaking and it was not long before the early morning sun was flooding the sky. Koko beckoned to the chums to follow her on to the sandy shore beyond the rock. "Dis am really a little island, you know," she explained. "Me get shipwrecked here long time ago."

6. It seemed to be a morning of surprises for the chums, for a few moments later Koko led them to a neat little mud hut which stood in the shade of some palm trees. "Me live here," she said. "You like to come in?" "Oh, what a funny little house!" laughed Effie delightedly.

7. Surrounding the hut was a pretty little garden where Koko had planted many flowers and vegetables. "Well I never! You are growing potatoes!" chuckled Joe. "Yes! They very nice, too!" said Koko proudly. And it was then that Joe remembered that he had had no breakfast.

8. Koko had very quick eyes, and she noticed at once that the twins were looking rather hungry. "Me make you something nice to eat, yes?" she said, as she gathered a pile of sticks together for a fire. "Thanks ever so much, Koko," said Joe gratefully. "Can we help you?"

9. The little black girl nodded laughingly and told Effie that she could go and pull some potatoes out of the garden. "Me cook you a nice fish, too!" she said. "I catch it only yesterday." "Hurrah!" cheered Joe merrily. "Fish and chips! That is my favourite meal!"

10. In the meantime, Effie rooted up a big potato plant and gathered up the potatoes eagerly. Suddenly she stopped and gazed down at a small, rather bright stone that she had picked up. "Goodness! This can't be a potato!" she exclaimed. "Oh, no," replied Koko. "That only old stone. Me find lots here, Effie. Throw it away—it no good." But Effie hesitated for a moment. "I'd like to keep it," she said. "It is very pretty."

11. As she turned the stone round in her fingers, it began to gleam brilliantly in the sunlight. The next moment Joe ran across to her and took the stone eagerly. He stared at it closely for a few moments and then looked at his little sister excitedly. "Effie!" he cried. "We must not throw this away. Do you know what it is?" "No," replied the little girl bewilderedly. "It is a diamond!" cried Joe. "I am sure of it!"

(What an amazing find. Are there any more diamonds on this little island? Do not miss this thrilling story next week.)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, April 15th, 1939. 10

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WENDY IS HAVING A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE ON PAGE 5.

THE PLAYBOX 2P.

PLAYBOX 2P

SONNY AND MICKY MAKE A SMART CAPTURE.

1. "I say, Micky, just look at this!" cried our Sonny. "Mr. Bun wants two smart boys to help him!" "How lucky we came along," said Micky merrily.

2. And when Mr. Bun saw our two bright boys he was very pleased. "Yes, I think you will do nicely," said he. "Can you make cakes?" "Oh, yes, sir!" said our Sonny.

3. Their first job was to mix the dough, and soon they were hard at work. "Can we have some currants to eat—I mean to put in the dough, sir?" asked Micky.

4. "Certainly, boys," said Mr. Bun as he went out, but the next minute he came flying back again. "Goodness! What's wrong?" cried Sonny. "Are you having a race with somebody?" "N-n-no!" stammered the baker. "There is a cross-looking tiger outside! He looks hungry, too!"

5. "D-d-d-dear m-m-m-me!" stammered Micky. "Don't you think we'd better be going, Sonny? I don't get on very well with tigers." "Ha, ha! I'm not frightened," said our brave little bear. "Help me throw some of this dough out of the window! We will soon catch him, Micky!"

6. And our Sonny was quite right, for Mr. Tiger had to come to a full stop when he trod on that dough. "Ha, ha! That is where you get stuck, my lad!" laughed Sonny. And then the two keepers from the zoo came along with a big cage.

7. They were so pleased that they gave Sonny ten shillings to spend! "Hurrah!" he cheered. "Bring us fifty tarts each, please, Mr. Bun!" "And I'll have three birthday cakes," added Micky. It was a lucky day for our chums!

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

Freddy splashed into the pond among the ducks.

THIS WEEK:

THE DUCKS' REVENGE.

"I SAY, Ned, you see this paper, don't you?"

And our merry little Tommy Twinkle held up a scrap of white paper in front of his chum's eyes one day as they wended their way to school.

"I think so," grinned Ned, hoisting his school-bag higher up on to his shoulder. "Why? What about it?"

"Well, it is rather curious," went on Tommy solemnly. "By waving it three times in the air I can cause it to be in two places at once!"

Ned stared in some surprise, as well he might.

"In two places at once? Well, that will be a clever feat, Tommy!"

"It is clever. Very clever! Watch carefully now," said Tommy, holding up the piece of paper in mid-air. Then, with a quick movement, he tore it into two, and held one piece in each hand!

"There you are!" he cried, breaking into amused laughter. "Just as I promised you, Ned. The paper is now in two places at once, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha!"

Of course, Tommy was right, wasn't he? He had said nothing about its being in one piece, if you notice. And what could Ned do but agree that he had been very nicely "caught" once more.

"Jolly good!" he said, grinning. "But, by the way, Tommy, I have a take-in ready for *you*. You see this pencil, don't you? It will write *yellow* with my right hand, and *blue* with my left hand!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tommy, pretending not to know the trick.

"Indeed I do," cried Ned triumphantly. "I'll show you how to do it."

"Let me try first," said Tommy, holding out his hand.

Rather abashed, Ned obeyed and handed over the pencil, whereupon our clever little favourite proceeded to write the word "YELLOW" with the pencil in his right hand. Then, passing it over to his left hand, Tommy simply wrote the word "BLUE"!

"That's the way you do it, isn't it?" he laughed roguishly, giving Ned back his pencil. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Swallowing his disappointment at not having the pleasure of "catching" Tommy Twinkle, Ned laughed, too, although he secretly wondered how it was that his chum always knew the answers.

"I say, look at that wild duck flying over," cried Tommy a second later, pointing above their heads. "Don't ducks look unwieldy flying in the air?"

Ned nodded.

"And that reminds me," he said. "I saw that new boy, Freddy Fenton, flinging stones at the ducklings on the Long Pond yesterday. I soon stopped him; the poor ducks were as scared as could be. I don't like that boy, Tommy."

Before our little favourite could reply the chums found themselves at the school door; as a matter of fact, they were only just in time before Miss Merryfair called the register.

Immediately after roll-call their teacher asked for her pupils' homework books, and they were all handed up—all, that is, with the exception of Freddy's.

"I hope you have not forgotten it again?" asked Miss Merryfair, with a stern look at the careless boy.

But it was only too true. Freddy had not only forgotten his book, but did not seem at all worried about the matter, either. In fact, he just shrugged his shoulders and stood looking at Miss Merryfair.

"Go straight home and fetch it!" declared the good lady in a vexed tone. "And hurry. I shall expect you back in ten minutes!"

With a sidelong grin, naughty Freddy slid out of his place and sped off, and lessons proceeded. Fifteen minutes—half an hour passed, and then three-quarters, and Miss Merryfair, with tightly-pressed lips, called Tommy to her desk and asked him to go and find Freddy and hurry him back to school.

Now, Freddy lived very near the Long Pond, and our little favourite half anticipated where he would find the naughty boy. Sure enough, as Tommy approached it, he heard a chorus of frantic quackings and squawkings. So Master Freddy was at his old tricks again. Teasing the duck and ducklings!

Running through the trees down to the edge of the water, Tommy was just in time to see Freddy pick up a large jagged stone and hurl it in the midst of the terrified, scurrying ducks.

"Stop it, Freddy!" shouted our little friend indignantly. But, with a gleeful laugh, the naughty boy snatched up another stone ready to fling.

But so quick was our little Tommy Twinkle with a swift tap, tap of his right magic shoe that the stone never left Master Freddy's hand. Like a flash, Tommy wished a wish, and in another flash it had come true.

As Freddy hurled the stone, or at least, put out his hand to throw it, he felt himself going with it, out over the water, until suddenly he fell splash, right in the pond!

Tommy's merry laughter came to his ears from the bank, and then nothing else but loud quackings and splashings as he found himself floundering in the shallow water.

Spluttering and gasping, the naughty boy at last scrambled to his feet, but goodness! He found himself surrounded by angry ducks, all grown very much bigger! In fact, they seemed nearly as big as Freddy himself!

"Ha! This is what we have been waiting for!" quacked two big white ducks, grasping Freddy on either side with their strong wings. "Now it is your turn, young man!"

"Wh-what are you going to do?" wailed Freddy, who was a big coward at heart. "Let me go! Let me go, I say!"

"Not until we have taken you to see the King of the Duckpond!" quacked one of the ducks. "He'll know what to do with you! Aha, that he will!"

And so, splashing and floundering, but still firmly held by the enchanted ducks, Freddy was taken to where some thick, overhanging bushes grew by the edge of the pond.

"This way!" cried the ducks, giving him a push. And the next moment Freddy found himself in a sort of puddley, mushy cave, with the King of the Ducks sitting dozing on a heap of rushes. The king was a magnificent snow-white duck, with a bright golden beak and a jewelled golden crown perched jauntily on his head.

"Well?" he quacked, in none too pleased a tone at being roused from his "forty winks."

"Here he is, your majesty!" quacked the ducks in chorus. "This is the boy who has been chasing and throwing stones at us all the week!"

The King of the Ducks yawned, and half-rising, ruffled his snowy plumage, so that he began to look really fierce, too.

"Oho! It is, is it?" he quacked in a low, threatening voice. "Five of my subjects injured, and all the ducklings, bless their little hearts, scared out of their wits! What have you to say, young man?"

Freddy, who was trembling in every limb, tried to find his voice.

"I—I—I—please, I'm sorry, sir—I mean your duckship," he began.

"*Majesty!*" roared all the ducks behind him in correction.

"I have a very good mind to turn you into a tadpole!" quacked King Duck.

"Oh, no, no!" yelled Freddy, dancing in fright. "I don't like tadpoles!"

"And we don't like being chased and stoned!" shouted the ducks angrily. "What shall we do with him, your Majesty? Let us——"

"I have decided!" announced the King of the Ducks, settling himself once more on his comfy bed of rushes and closing one eye. The other eye he fixed piercingly on Freddy. "Ducks! You may frogmarch—no, better still, *duck*-march him twice all round the pond!"

With a chorus of quack-y cheers the ducks took Freddy out of the cave.

"So you have injured my subjects!" said the duck king.

Round the edge of the pond, just where the water lapped the shelving bank, the ducks marched Freddy. Oh, what a muddy state he was in, too, before many minutes had passed. For every now and then, the two ducks who held him would bob down into the water, and, of course, the hapless little boy would bob down with them—into the muddy water again!

After a few minutes of this, however, Tommy Twinkle decided that Freddy had learned his lesson, and tap, tap went his *left* magic shoe. With loud quacks of laughter all the ducks suddenly turned tail and swam away, leaving Freddy to scramble up the bank as best he could.

"I say, you are in a pretty pickle!" grinned Tommy, who knew that Freddy was not a bit hurt really. "You had better run home and dry yourself. I'll tell Miss Merryfair you have fallen down! Don't forget your homework book!"

Freddy didn't, either. In fact, he is a much more obedient little boy nowadays since that dreadful adventure in the duckpond.

(Do not miss next week's jolly story of Tommy and his Wonderful Shoes.)

HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Ha, ha, ha! Those Baby Buntings are having a busy time trying to dodge the rain!" chuckled Chris, as he opened the big picture-book. "They don't know that it is coming out of a water-can!"

"That naughty Peterkin seems to be enjoying the joke, too!" laughed Paddy. "But just wait till the others find out!"

In the meantime the poor babies were all trying to crowd under one umbrella, so it was no wonder that some of them got very wet! Soon, however, the rain stopped just as suddenly as it started, and then the babies spotted Peterkin with the water-can. Ha, ha! They chased him all over the house, and when they caught him they gave him an "April shower," too! I think it served him right, don't you?

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Boys and Girls,—This morning I had a very jolly letter from a little reader named Elsie, who lives at Salford. Like many of you, she is very fond of our brave little Wendy, and she has ended her letter like this:

In my little bed at night
I often dream of Wendy's flight;
On her magic carpet rare,
Flying swiftly through the air.

Don't you think that is a clever little rhyme? I am sending Elsie a lovely pride of half-a-crown for it. Tiger Tilly and her chums have read Elsie's letter, too, and now they have become quite "poetic"! Just now, they all came in singing:

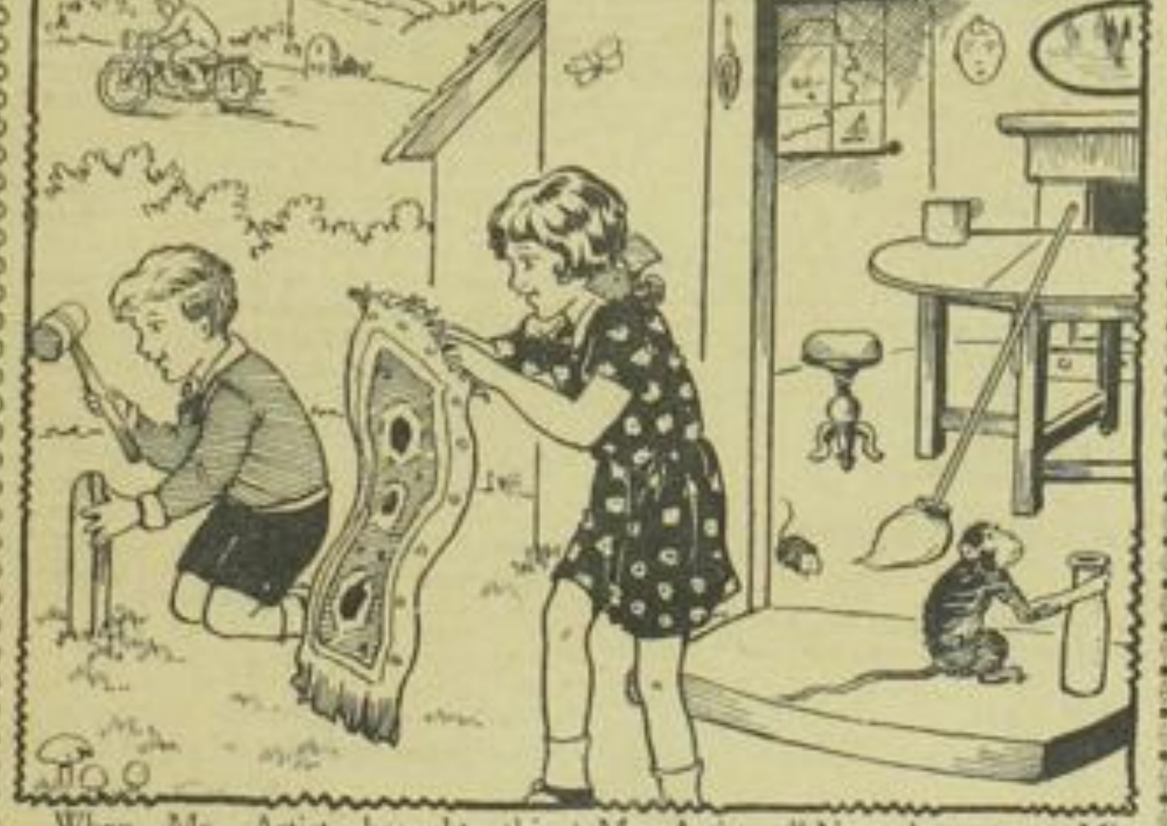
"You are a nice man, Uncle Benny,
We're sure you'll give us all a penny!"

Ha, ha! I really could not help laughing when I heard them singing this funny song, so I gave them a penny each. Now they say that they are coming to sing to me every day! O-oh dear! I must speak to Mrs. Hippo about that!

Mrs. Hippo often calls in to see me, and she never forgets to ask me to give you her love.

Your jolly friend, UNCLE BEN.

HOW MANY "M's" CAN YOU SEE IN THIS PICTURE?



When Mr. Artist brought this picture into the PLAYBOX Office Uncle Ben thought there was something strange about it.

"It's a very nice picture, Mr. Artist," he said. "But it seems rather funny to me. Why, I know what it is! Nearly everything in it begins with the letter M."

"Ha, ha! I was wondering when you would notice that," chuckled Mr. Artist. "Now, how many M's can you see?"

Uncle Ben stared at the picture for a long time, and at last announced that he had found twenty-six M's altogether.

"Hurrah! That's the top-score!" chuckled Mr. Artist. "Now we will put the picture in the PLAYBOX and see how many M's our readers can find!"

So set to work, boys and girls! See if you can find twenty-six things beginning with the letter M.

A JOLLY LITTLE CRADLE.

Now that Easter is over I expect many of you are wondering what to do with your empty Easter eggs! Here is a little idea that will please dolly ever so much!

All you need to do is to fix one half of your egg into the other, as you see in the picture, and it will make a very neat little cradle! The pillow and bedclothes are made from any odd scraps of cloth, and if you are very clever you could make a tiny little frill and fix it round the canopy and edge of the cradle with a little glue. Dolly will be so cosy in her new bed.

TIGER TILLY'S CLEVER TRICK.

1. The other day, when the Hippo Girls were playing in the garden, Tilly came along with her new ball. "Listen, Jenny," she said. "I can put my ball down on the ground so that you won't be able to touch it with your hoop. Shall I show you?"

2. Jenny laughed merrily because she thought Tilly was joking. But that artful girl put the ball in a corner of the wall, and no matter how Jenny tried, she simply could not touch it with her hoop! Tilly did laugh! "You'll never do it!" she cried.

MORE RIDDLES FOR YOU.

Q. What has four faces and only one leg?

A. A lamp-post.

Q. Why is a river like a watch?

A. Because it never runs long without winding.

Q. Why do sailors know there is a man in the moon?

A. Because they have been to see (sea).

Q. What has ten fingers but no arms?

A. A pair of gloves.

OFF FOR A PICNIC.

"Hurry up, Nancy, or we shall miss the picnic train!"

"Oh dear! I can't hurry with his bag, Mary. Perhaps the train will be late. How are they running to-day?"

"On wheels, of course. Ha, ha! By the way, you'd better not go to sleep in the train, Nancy. It is dangerous!"

"Why, Mary?"

"Well, trains run over sleepers!"

"Goodness me! You are sharp to-day! Where do you get all your riddles, Mary?"

"Out of a box."

"A box! What sort of box?"

"The PLAYBOX, of course! Ha, ha! Do you know why a riddle is like a lock, Nancy?"

"Goodness, no!"

"Because there is a catch in both of them."

"Well! I never thought of that! Your riddles are just like train tickets, Mary!"

"Train tickets? Why?"

"Because people have to give them up! Ha, ha! I caught you that time."

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

OLD TOMBLO'S HOUSE PUZZLES THE CHUMS.

The Deserted House.

"O H, Tim! What a funny house!" exclaimed little Jessie, in rather a scared tone.

"It looks like a dwarf's house!" gasped Michael Baxter as he, too, stood upon the sand gazing with wondering eyes.

"And doesn't it look lonely and deserted," put in Tim Trotter, with a frown.

All three stood close together, feeling that this was a still stranger end to what had been a strange, though exciting adventure. For it was the Easter holiday and Michael's daddy, who had brought them in his aeroplane many miles along the coast, had flown off again almost at once, because of the incoming tide, leaving them just like three explorers in some foreign land—all alone.

During the journey, Mr. Baxter had talked about there being seals at the place where they were going, so that their thoughts jumped at once to some frozen spot in the Far North, where there were polar bears and ice and snow. He had mentioned, too, an old man whom he called "Old Tomblo," and Tim had whispered promptly: "He must be an Eskimo!"

But this place where they had landed was not cold at all, but warm and sunny, and not at all the sort of place where they would expect to find seals and penguins and Eskimo people who wore skins and who rubbed themselves over with whale-blubber to keep out the frost.

You can imagine, therefore, how very puzzled and curious the two boys and Jessie were as they stood there upon a stretch of hard, yellow sand which seemed to stretch away for miles and miles and which, except for a few sea-birds, was completely deserted.

You can guess how the chums' hearts quickened when, after gazing about them curiously, they picked up their bags and trudged up a slope of softer sand towards

The door opened when Tim pulled the string.

the queer, silent, low-built little house that nestled snugly between two high, yellow dunes.

This was the house in which they were to live—so Mr. Baxter had said—the place he had called "Old Tomblo's Hut."

"He can't be an Eskimo," thought Michael. And yet, he asked himself, what sort of old man *could* he be to have a name like that, which was obviously not English.

"Perhaps he's a dwarf!" gasped Jessie, who seemed to read his thoughts. "It *does* look like a dwarfs' house, doesn't it."

Tim nodded as they moved on slowly, their feet sinking almost ankle-deep into the soft, fine sand. For the house which they approached seemed to be not very much taller than a man, the windows being set so low in the wooden walls that the sills were barely a foot above the level of the sand.

"It might be all right for us," said Michael, as he paused to gaze at it, "but how will daddy and mummy get on when they arrive? They'll be bumping their heads on the ceiling."

"And what about Old Tomblo," put in Tim. "He must be a dwarf or else he couldn't live here."

All they could see, at present, was the front of the hut with its two small windows. But when, a few moments later, they came to a little path of flat stones and walked round to the back, they all laughed and realised at once how the front view of the house had deceived them.

For here, strange to say, the wall of the cottage was of a normal height, as was the front door which stood behind a small, latticed porch.

"But why is it taller at the back than at the front. It doesn't look lop-sided to me," said Michael.

"It's because, at the front, the sand has drifted up until it has almost reached the window-sills," said Tim, who realised the truth. "I suppose," he added shrewdly, "that's how the dunes are formed."

For a few moments they paused, gazing at this new aspect of the cottage. In the rear was a stretch of levelled sand and, upon a line that ran between two stout posts, a fisherman's net hung out to dry.

The sight, and that of a few crab and lobster pots, was rather comforting, making them feel less lonely.

"They must belong to Old Tomblo," said Tim. "I wonder if he's at home. Let's knock and see."

There was a quaint knocker upon the door in the shape of a man's head, and Tim reached for it promptly.

Rat-tat-tat! he knocked. Bang-bang-*bang!* and then they all waited, rather breathlessly, for a sound of foot-steps inside.

Jessie, looking rather scared, stood back a few paces from the boys, wondering what she would see when the door opened. She had only a hazy idea of what an Eskimo looked like, and she half expected to see a queer, furry figure, rather like a bear or a gorilla.

The door did not open, however, nor did they hear any sound from within the house. Tim knocked again, with the same result.

"That's queer," he said, with a frown. "There's nobody at home. I say," he gasped, "what will happen to us if we can't get in?"

Growing more puzzled than ever, the boys walked round the hut, peering into the windows, but they could see nothing because dark curtains had been drawn across them.

"Tomblo!" they called, tapping upon the panes. "*Old Tomblo!*"—but the only answer was the rather startling screech of a seagull that flapped up from some hollow in the dunes.

Tim and Michael rejoined Jessie by the porch and they all began to look rather worried. Jessie wondered if Old Tomblo was an old man like a hedgehog who went to sleep in the autumn and did not wake up again until the spring.

And Tim began to wonder if they would all have to sleep on the sands, and what they would do for food, of which they had brought none at all.

"We'll have to get in, somehow," he said grimly—and then Jessie noticed a short length of stout string, with a knot at the end, which hung from what appeared to be a hole, bored in the doorpost.

"There's a bell!" she cried. "Ring the bell, Tim!"

Tim reached for the string, though not very hopefully.

"If they couldn't hear me knocking," he said, giving the string a tug, "I don't think they'll hear a bell. We'll either have to break a window or—er—*coo-er!*" he exclaimed in alarm. "Goodness! Look at that!"

There was good cause for his surprise, and for the amazement which sprang to the faces of Michael and Jessie. For, as if by some strange magic, the door suddenly opened inwards.

"Well, I never!" cried Jessie, when they had recovered from their surprise. "How did that happen?"

"The string must have pulled the latch," said Tim, with a smile. "It's the way, I suppose, that Old Tomblo lets himself in without a key. But, I say," he cried, as he walked in boldly, "*this* isn't too bad! What a cosy little place!"

Michael's drooping spirits soared suddenly as he followed his chums inside. They found themselves inside a cosy living room where, in a little fireplace, fuel of wood and cork was already set for a fire.

And when Jessie drew the curtains and let in the sunshine, they saw that the place was all as clean as a new pin and that a nice white cloth had been laid on the wooden table, as if in readiness for a meal.

Around the table they saw three stools and a stout wooden chair, and a cry of excitement came from Jessie as she saw that each seat had been labelled with a name.

"Why, look!" she cried. "Here's *my* name—'Jessie.' This is *my* stool!"

"And this is *mine!*" cried Tim—and that's Michael's over there. We *were* expected, after all."

"But whose is the chair?" asked Michael. "There's a name on that, too."

The name was not very distinct, but they guessed it at once.

"Tomblo!" cried Tim eagerly. "That is Old Tomblo's chair. But where is he? Why isn't he here? He must have known we were coming. What has become of him?"

But, as he gazed at Jessie and Michael, they shook their heads in bewilderment. That was a question they could not answer—a mystery which was still to be solved.

The Midnight Visitor!

What had become of the mysterious person who was to be their host during the holidays, the boys and Jessie did not know. But, as Tim said promptly, there was no sense in their worrying about it.

"We're here," he said, "and what we've got to do now is to make ourselves comfortable. Let's have a look round and see where we are to sleep."

They proceeded, then, to inspect the cottage, and they were surprised to find it much larger than it had appeared from the outside. The living-room was quite airy and spacious, an old canvas hammock being hung in a curtained recess opposite the fireplace.

And, out of the living-room, three doors opened into three small, snug bedrooms, in one of which were two beds labelled "Tim" and "Michael," while the bed in the room next door bore Jessie's name.

The third door was locked and they could not open it, although, through a chink in the door, Tim could catch a glimpse of a somewhat larger bedroom, fitted with a wardrobe.

"Perhaps that will be for your daddy and mummy, Michael," he said, "when they arrive. I think we're going to like it, here," he added, with a smile. "What about lighting a fire, Jessie."

"Yes, and what about some food, if there *is* any!" exclaimed Michael. "I'm as hungry as a hunter."

With bright eyes they returned to the living-room and, in a very few moments, the fire was lighted, the bright flames leaping up about the sides of an old iron kettle which hung over it, suspended by an iron chain.

Meanwhile, with a shout of relief and delight, Jessie had found a larder so well stocked with stores of every sort that her face glowed happily.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "Here's simply everything!"—and so there was, for there, upon the shelves, the boys saw tea and sugar, butter, and two large loaves, not to mention a bottle of fresh milk and a large dish containing new-laid eggs and nice fresh rashers of bacon.

"Eggs and bacon!" cried Tim delightedly. "And tea and bread-and-butter. We couldn't wish for anything better than that. Who's going to cook it?"

"I shall, of course," said Jessie. "Old Tomblo knows what's good to eat, if he *is* only an Eskimo. Here you are, Tim!" she cried, handing him a loaf. "Help me lay the table. And Michael can be cutting some bread-and-butter while I do the cooking. I shall want a frying-pan, though. Ah, here we are—a real beauty!"—and she laughed happily as she stooped and picked one up from the larder floor.

Not for a long, long time will the chums forget the delicious meal which Jessie prepared for them that evening. Even if they had to spend their holidays all alone, Tim said, they could enjoy themselves at a place like this—and when the meal was over, and they had all helped to wash up the dishes and replace them on the little dresser, they went out on to the sands again

"Did you hear a noise?" whispered Tim.

to make, what Tim called, "a tour of inspection."

The tour, however, revealed no signs of Old Tomblo nor of any other living person. For all they could see of any signs of human life, they might have been cast up on some desert island.

There was no time, however, to explore very far that day. In a little while, dusk fell and, after sitting for some time and chatting round the fire, they all began to yawn and decided that they were tired and that it was time for bed.

With happy faces, though still feeling very strange and mystified in their odd surroundings, the two boys bade Jessie good-night; and in a very little while after they were in bed they both fell sound asleep.

How long they slept Tim did not know. All he knew was that he awakened with a sudden start, in the dead of the night. What had disturbed him he hardly knew. He sat up in the darkness becoming aware, as he did so, that his chum was awake also.

"Michael!" he whispered. "Did you hear a noise?"

"Yes," said Michael tensely. "It sounded like somebody trying to get in. Somebody at the front door!" he gasped. "I—I—— What's that?" he whispered.

For a minute they sat very still, listening intently. The door of the cottage, which they had bolted before they retired, was shaking violently—as if somebody outside were trying to force it open.

Then, suddenly, their hearts stood still, as a loud, terrifying clamour filled the cottage.

Bang-bang-bang! went the knocker upon the door. *Thud—thud—thud!* Then, from the outer darkness, a voice came, making their hearts stand still—a queer, harsh voice that woke Jessie, in the next room, with a cry of alarm.

"Who's in 'here?" the voice thundered. "Open this door!"

And Tim turned very cold as he saw Michael's white, frightened face looking towards him through the darkness.

Who was this midnight visitor? What did he want?

(Another thrilling instalment of this lovely story in the PLAYBOX *next week.)*

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS—Wendy brings a bag of gold to poor little Eric and Jean, then she hands them the Easter eggs sent by the old woman of the woods; but their mother looks frightened and warns them not to open them.

1. Eric and Jean looked so disappointed when their mother stopped them from opening the eggs, saying the woman was a witch. "She makes clever things, but not magic," Wendy said.

2. And then she told them how kind the old dame had been to her, so that they were no longer afraid. And what jolly toys the children found. "She is indeed clever!" said their mother.

3. Thanks to the money Wendy had brought, the little family now had plenty of food, and how they enjoyed the meal their mother prepared. "It is nice not to be hungry!" said Eric.

4. Later as they sat round the fire, little Jean spoke of her daddy. "Ah, I don't know when you will see him again, child," sighed her mother. "I fear he will never escape from that island!"

5. Wendy felt so sorry, and how she wished she could help them. Just then the door opened and in bounded Eric, calling to Wendy. "Someone is waiting to see you," he said, surprising Wendy.

6. She hurried to the door, and to her delight found it was Gretchen, the Dutch doll who had grown so fond of her at the Dolls' House. "How nice of you to come, Gretchen!" Wendy cried.

7. Then Gretchen pointed to a little cart and said: "I came to bring you your magic carpet, Wendy! You left it in our house, and I thought you might be wanting it!" Wendy was delighted.

8. She hardly knew how to thank the kind little Dutch doll for bringing back her wonderful magic carpet, and as Wendy carried it into the house, a sudden exciting thought came to her.

9. "That dolly brought back my magic carpet," she said, to Jean and Eric, "and now I believe it will help me to find your daddy! I will set off in search of him to-morrow, on my carpet!"

10. Eric and Jean were so excited when Wendy told them all about her magic carpet. "Won't it be lovely if you really can find our daddy and bring him back safely to us!" cried Jean. Next day they watched eagerly as Wendy brushed the carpet to make it rise.

11. "Oh, isn't it wonderful!" cried Eric as the carpet floated slowly up into the air and carried Wendy out of their little garden. "Good-bye!" Wendy called to them. "Next time I see you I hope I shall have your daddy with me! I'll try hard to find him!"

12. It seemed to Wendy that she was flying through the air a long time; then at last she reached the sea and saw an island looming out of it. "I believe my carpet is making for that island!" she said. "They told me their daddy was a prisoner on an island!"

13. The carpet gently landed Wendy on the stretch of golden sand, and she thought how lovely it all looked in the sunshine; then a black man suddenly appeared from the bushes, scaring Wendy. "What does white girl want here?" he said, raising his spear.

(Don't miss next week's exciting instalment. The magic carpet will give you a special surprise. Order your copy of PLAYBOX now.)

MRS. HIPPO

1. The girls were peeling potatoes for Mrs. Hippo when Tilly started some juggling tricks. "Now, isn't that clever!" cried Baby Jumbo, as the potatoes flew through the air. "I wish I could do that trick!"

2. "Oh, Tilly's not the only clever girl in the school!" cried Pearl Porky, rushing into the room with two skewers, and she quickly caught a potato on the end of each of the points, spoiling the trick.

3. "Stop!" cried Tilly. "We want those for dinner, Pearl!" "Ah, I want to borrow them first," said naughty Pearl. "You can have them back when I've finished with them, if they're not broken!"

DIBS AND DABS

1. When Dibs peeped out of the trapdoor he thought the roof looked dirty. "We could soon clean it after that nice April shower," he cried.

2. "I'll lend it a piece of my bath-soap," said Floppy. But Dibs thought brushing and mopping would do, and sent the water through the trapdoor.

3. But if the roof were getting drier, the landing was getting wetter, and so was Jane when she stood under the trapdoor. "What is this?" she cried.

4. And when she climbed up to see she had Floppy's mop in her face. "Jane doesn't look pleased!" cried Dabs. And Jane was not!

SAMBO

1. "Dis clock, it strike six instead ob ten," said mammy. "Take it to be mended, Sambo."

2. It was fu Sambo's little Snowball thoug

4. "Help! I've lost de clock!" cried Sambo as it fell into the water. And poor Snowball thought he was lost, too. "I want a lifebelt!" he cried.

"Why is a ship on a rough sea like a baker's shop in the morning, Willy?"

"Because it has plenty of 'rolls,' Reggie!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE WOOLLIES

1. "How does your garden grow, Mary?" asked the Woollies when they called on Mary Quite Contrary. "Not very well," said Mary, and the boys thought those poor flowers looked very thirsty.

2. "Mary wouldn't like it if she didn't have her nice cup of tea in the morning," said Reggie, and they began filling the water-can to give the flowers a drink. "This water will make them grow!" said Willy.

3. Then they held up the can and poured the water over the flowers Mary had stood on the window ledge. "If I catch a few drips I might grow into a giant duckling!" said Dicky, holding up his head.

S SCHOOL

4. And then she began making a terrible noise by banging on the tray, boom, bonk, bang! "Fancy using potatoes for drumsticks!" cried Baby Jumbo. "I'd much rather eat mine; I love potatoes!"

5. "But I wouldn't like to eat those when Pearl has finished with them!" cried Tilly. But before Pearl could do any more banging she began to sneeze. Mrs. Hippo had upset some pepper on that tray!

6. "Oh dear, I—ah-tishoo—can't stop!" cried poor Pearl. So Mrs. Hippo thought it was time she had some medicine for sneezing. "Ha, ha! She won't want any more potatoes!" laughed Fifi.

SCORCHER

the back of
and young
'd ride inside.

3. All was well, until Sambo climbed over the bridge. Then the clock tipped over the wall.

5. As soon as Sambo saw he was in the clock he threw him a rope and that clock made a fine boat. "I'se saving time, Sambo!" laughed Snowball.

SAMMY SEAL

1. Sammy wanted Patsy to fight a duel for fun, but artful left Patsy the sword without a handle. "You don't fight with that end!" Sammy said.

2. "H'm, I'm not sure about that," muttered Patsy, and, asking Sammy to wait for him, he went inside and began tying a big magnet to the sword.

3. "Ah, ready at last, shipmate?" cried Sammy when Patsy came out, sword behind him. "I shall win as easily as if I were fighting with myself!"

4. Patsy held up his sword and the magnet drew Sammy's out of his hand. "You haven't really won!" cried Sammy. "That was a *draw!*"

E WOOLLY BOYS

4. A moment later those boys gave an excited cry. "Look! The flowers are coming up already!" cried Willy. "Call Mary!" "Goodness! That pump must hold magic water!" Bobby exclaimed.

5. But they soon saw there was not much magic about it, for under the flowers appeared a face, and Mary cried: "Oh, you've watered mummy's hat!" "Doesn't Mrs. Contrary look cross!" shivered Dicky.

6. Those boys thought it would be a good idea to run off as fast as they could. "W-we won't stop to do any more gardening for you to-day, Mary!" cried Percy. "We're going to hide for a little while!"

"Hallo, Percy! Why is the small letter 't' like a busy road?"
"Ha, ha! Because people have to cross it, Bobby!"

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

A RIDE ON THE ROUNDABOUT

"I would like a ride on the roundabout!" Connie Cow sighed as she said this, and stood looking over the hedge that shut off her field from the fair.

She loved the "oompom-pom twiddle dee" of the music. When she was quite certain no one was looking she would do a little dance to it, waggling her soft brown ears and waving her long tail as she skipped round and round.

"It must be lovely," she murmured, "to ride round and round and up and down to that 'oompom-pom twiddle dee' sound."

Well, that evening when she went back to the farm, she told all the animals about this jolly thing that had been put into the field next to hers.

"Oh, I'd like a ride on that!" grunted Peter Pig.

"And so would I!" said Georgie Goat, and several of the others.

"Doesn't it look pretty with all the lights on it!" said Connie, stretching up her neck to peep over the farmyard wall. They could still hear the music very faintly.

Suddenly she had a very bright idea.

"We shall know when all the people have gone home, because the lights will go out and the music will stop!" she said.

"Yes," said Georgie, "but what difference——"

"Don't you see," said Connie. "When all the people who visit the fair have gone to bed we could go and have some fun there. No one would see us then!"

Everyone thought that would be a fine idea, if only they could keep awake.

"Oo-ow! I'm sl-sleepy now!" yawned Peter Pig. "I can't keep awake much longer!"

"Don't worry. *I* shall not go to sleep! I'm too excited!" said Connie. "I will call you all when it is time to set out!"

After a while there were lots of grunts and snorts and snores, and Connie knew that most of the farmyard was asleep.

Connie Cow was enjoying herself.

But Connie didn't even shut one eye. She watched all the lights go out over on the fair ground, and then she gave a soft "Moo-oo!"

In a moment, everyone was awake.

"You lead the way, Connie, because you know the road you take every morning to the field," said Peter. "Shall we be able to get in easily?"

"Yes, just jump over the hedge," said Connie.

Peter looked rather doubtful about this.

"Don't worry, Peter. We'll find a hole and you can crawl through that!" said Connie.

Away they trotted, one behind the other, Connie, Peter, Georgie, chickens, ducks and geese, all wanting a ride on the roundabout.

Luckily it was moonlight so they soon found their way and climbed into the jolly little cars.

"I'll set it going! I've heard how you do it!" said Connie.

She felt so excited as she set the cars moving, and quickly she jumped into one.

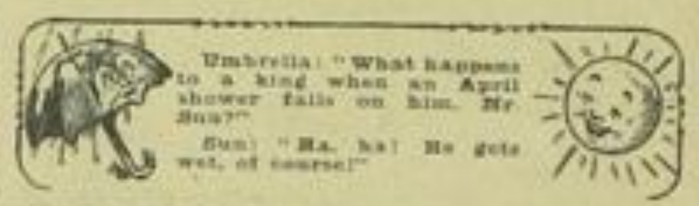
How lovely it was to fly round and round like this. Faster and faster they went until Connie wondered if the wind might blow off her lovely long eyelashes.

Then something happened which scared everyone. There was a sudden click and that "oompom-pom twiddle dee" noise started.

"Oh, everyone will know we are using the roundabout now!" cried Connie.

It was Gertie Goose who saved them all. She flew out of the little motor in which she was riding and managed to stop the roundabout.

In a few seconds the animals had scrambled off and were racing home, and next morning Connie wondered if it had all been a dream. Do you think it had?



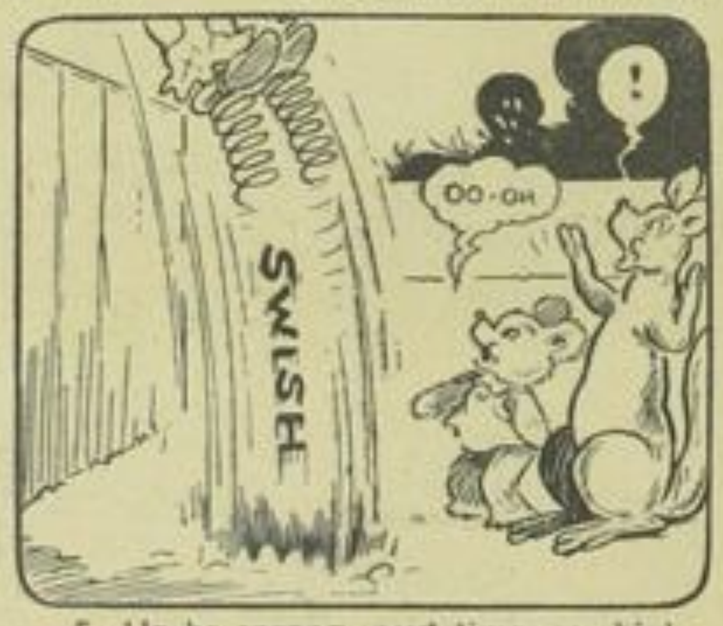
AT SNOWDROP'S ZOO

1. "Ha, ha! It is spring-time! Watch Ken spring into the air, Chic!" laughed Teddy Bear.

2. Chic wanted to do that when he skipped, so he found some springs and tied them to his feet.

3. Then he hurried to find Ken and Baby Bear. "I'll spring a surprise on you!" he laughed.

4. "Oo-oh! He can jump as high as you now, Ken!" said Baby Bear. Then Chic promised to jump higher.



5. Up he sprang next time, so high that he went right over the fence. "Oh dear, he has gone!" cried Ken.

6. How they laughed when they saw Chic had fallen into the trousers Snowdrop was hanging on the line!

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

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1. Husky and the Lasso.
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THE SCHOOL OF FISH PLAYS TRUANT AND SCAMP STANDS ON AN EGG.

THE ALARM CLOCK RINGS WHEN IT IS LOST, AND SO TELLS CURLY WHO HAS TAKEN IT.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.
ESCAPE BY PARACHUTE AND THE FRIENDLY ROBBERS.

"Oh dear! Now we are in a pickle. That horrid Baron Grim has played a trick upon us."

No wonder Paddy, Dolly Daydream, and Timbo were alarmed. They had made friends with Merryheart and his two children, Handy and Pandy, who lived in a castle upon the Wonderful Island. But Baron Grim was a great enemy of theirs.

At Easter time, there had been a wonderful fair in the castle grounds, and Paddy and two of his playmates, Timbo and Dolly Daydream, had taken a ride in an aeroplane roundabout.

Alas! the driver of that roundabout was Grim in disguise, and he had a horrid magician to help him. No sooner had the chums started their trip than the little aeroplane shot off its hook and whizzed away. Soon it was carrying the chums out of sight of the Wonderful Island—and they could not make the plane turn back!

"Oh dear! We shall never see our chums again!" sobbed poor Dolly Daydream. "What shall we do?"

Timbo shook his head gloomily.

"We may see our chums again in years to come," he said. "For if the plane goes straight on, we shall go round the world and come back to where we started!"

Dolly Daydream was not to be comforted.

"How can we go *round* the world if we go *straight*?" she asked. "Oh dear! Oh dear!"

But Paddy had not given up hope. He held up something that had often got them out of scrapes—his magic pop-gun!

"Don't despair!" he said. "Old Grim thinks he has got rid of us, but we are not beaten yet. I mean to see what my magic pop-gun will do."

Hastily, for every moment the little plane was taking them farther away from the Wonderful Island, Paddy took a coloured kerchief from his pocket and tied a piece of cotton to each corner.

At last Timbo saw what he was doing.

"It's a parachute!" he said. "But what is the use of that to us? It is only a toy!"

"I hope it won't be a toy for long!" Paddy replied, and pointing his magic pop-gun at it, he fired.

POP!

Instantly, the little parachute began to grow large and it quickly changed into a real one!

"Hold on to it!" gasped Paddy, for the wind began to blow the parachute over the side of the plane. "Don't let it fly away!"

Timbo and Dolly hung on and the next moment a great gust of wind tore the parachute away from the plane. Away it went—and the three playmates went with it!

"Goodness! We're off!" panted Timbo. "Oh dear! I do hope we don't fall into the sea."

Paddy shook his head, pointing to the distant Wonderful Island, that was rapidly growing nearer.

"The wind is taking us towards the island," he said. "I am sure we shall come down safely upon dry land."

It certainly seemed that Paddy was right, for, after a while, the playmates found themselves drifting across the beach and then soaring low over a forest.

"We are coming down, I believe," said Timbo excitedly. "Can you see the castle, Paddy?"

"No," replied Paddy. "I am afraid we have come rather a long way from there, Timbo. But cheer up. We shall get back to save our chums from Grim, never fear."

"Hurrah! We are down again!" shouted Timbo, not seeing the robbers.

Down, down came the parachute, until the playmates found themselves descending into a clearing in the forest.

"Get ready for the bump!" cried Paddy, but they came down quite gently and rolled over upon the ground without hurting themselves.

"Hurrah! We are down again!" shouted Timbo. "Now we can go back to the castle!"

Suddenly a deep voice spoke.

"Not so fast, my little ones. There is no hurry."

The playmates blinked their eyes, for the clearing had become full of men! They stood in a ring round our chums, twenty roughly dressed men in green. The leader, the biggest man, and he who had spoken, looked down at the playmates with twinkling eyes.

"Well, well, who are you?" he asked.

"I am Paddy," said our chum, "and these are my friends, Dolly and Timbo. And who are you?"

"We are the robbers of the wood," was the grim reply. "I am Hal Goodfellow, and these are my lusty lads."

"Ay, that is so, Hal!" chorused all the rough men.

"But don't be alarmed, my dears," said Hal, bending down and giving Dolly's cheek a gentle tweek. "We shall not harm you, for we only fight bad barons. But come along and join in our feast. We are just going to have it."

A very plump robber appeared with a tray of pasties, followed by a very thin robber with a barrel of ginger pop, and soon everyone was sitting on the grass and enjoying the feast.

When he had a chance to ask a question, Paddy remarked:

"So you fight bad barons. Do you know Baron Grim?"

Hal laughed and slapped his leg.

"I should say I do," he replied. "He is the worst of the lot and we are always fighting him. Why, that reminds me," he added, turning to the plump robber, "When did we fight old Grim last, Tuckey?"

"Quite a week ago, Hal!" said the plump one, speaking in a muffled voice, for his mouth was full of pasty.

"You are right," said Hal, with another laugh. "Then it is time to fight the rogue again. We will fight him this very day."

Timbo jumped to his feet and danced for joy. Paddy was pleased, too, and he told the robbers what had happened at the castle.

"Tried to spoil the Easter fair, eh?" said Hal. "That's just like old Grim. Well, we will set off and spoil his Easter holiday, too. We—Hark!" Hal held up his finger. "Footsteps! Do you hear them?"

The robbers melted away among the trees and the playmates went with them. From their hiding-places they watched until a small figure came panting into the clearing.

"Golly!" cried Paddy.

Yes, it was Golly, poor lad, looking very hot and tearful, but he gave a shout and laughed for joy when Paddy ran out.

"Golly!" cried Paddy. "What is the matter? Why are you running?"

While the robbers all gathered round, Golly began his sorry story.

"That rogue Grim!" he cried. "He was disguised as the roundabout driver!"

"I know," said Paddy. "Well, what happened?"

"And all the other fair-men were his soldiers in disguise," panted Golly. "Suddenly they all threw off their disguises and we were all taken by surprise. Merryheart, Handy, and Pandy, and our playmates were beaten back and at last hid in the great tower.

"Oh dear! If only you had been there with your magic pop-gun, Paddy. I heard old Grim laughing about the trick he had played upon you, and I came out to see if I could find you all. Hurry, Paddy! Come to the castle before all our chums are captured."

A roar went up from the robbers.

"Bad old Grim again, eh?" said Hal, seizing his longbow. "Come, men!"

With a cheer the playmates started off, Paddy and Hal leading the way and at last they caught a glimpse of the castle through the trees.

"What flag flies at the tall tower?" cried Hal. "Is it Merryheart's?"

"Nay, Hal!" came Tuckey's voice. "'Tis no flag at all. I fear the castle has fallen."

Grimly the robbers hurried forward to the lowered drawbridge.

"Charge, men!" cried Hal, and they all raced into the courtyard.

Here they stopped and stared round.

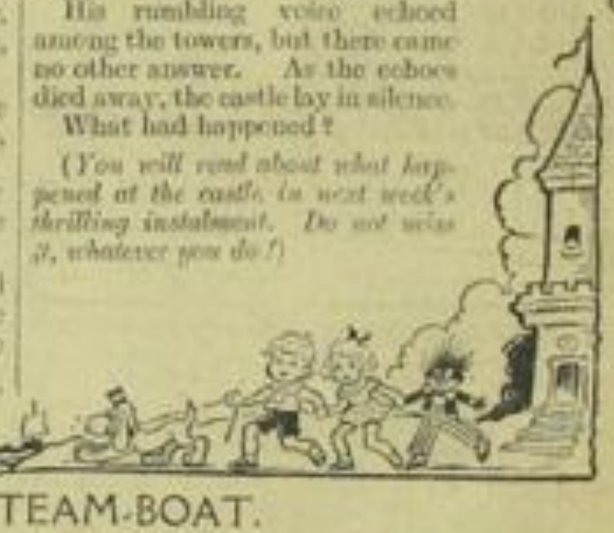
There was the fair, just as Paddy had left it, but the swings and the roundabouts were empty, no one looked after the sweet-stall, and, in fact, there was no one there at all to meet them!

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted Hal, in a great voice. "Anyone at home?"

His rumbling voice echoed among the towers, but there came no other answer. As the echoes died away, the castle lay in silence.

What had happened?

(You will read about what happened at the castle in next week's thrilling instalment. Do not miss it, whatever you do!)



TOM'S TOY AEROPLANE SOON BRINGS BACK BETTY'S STEAM-BOAT.

1. Betty's steam-boat had stopped in the middle of the pond. "How can I get it back, Tom?" she cried.

2. "Well, it's lucky I have my aeroplane with me!" said Tom. "I'll send it to fetch your boat!"

3. Off flew the plane, swooping towards the middle of the pond. "Run to the other side!" Tom cried.

4. "Hurrah!" cried Betty when she saw the plane pushing along her boat. "Isn't it clever!" Snip said.

BRIGHTEYES

A good deed, and a wonderful surprise!

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes and her chums find some rabbits in a box. Reading the address on the label, they take the box to an old house. There is no one in, so they climb through the window. Then Brighteyes hears a strange noise upstairs!

1. "Oh, Brighteyes! Do let's go!" exclaimed Joan in a frightened voice. "I don't like this old house!" "But I am sure I heard someone crying!" replied our little girl boldly. "I must see who it is. I am not afraid!" And the next moment she ran quickly up the stairs.

2. "Come on, Joan," murmured Lola, seizing her chum by the hand. "We cannot let Brighteyes go up there alone!" They rushed up after our little girl and were just in time to see her burst into a small room, where a boy lay sobbing on the bed. "Goodness!" cried Lola.

3. The little chap was very startled at the sound of their voices, and sat up quickly, dashing the tears from his eyes. "Who are you?" he gasped. "And what are you doing in my house?" "Don't be frightened, little boy," said Brighteyes. "We heard you crying. Can we help?"

4. For a moment or two the little boy stared at them bewilderedly, and then burst into a fresh storm of tears. "No!" he sobbed. "I don't think anyone can help me. You see, my grandpa was going to bring me some bunnies for an Easter present—but he left them in the train!"

5. The three girls looked at each other and smiled, and then Brighteyes ran to the little fellow and lifted him up gently. "Ha, ha! All your troubles are over now!" she cried. "We found your bunnies in the train and have brought them for you! They are downstairs now!"

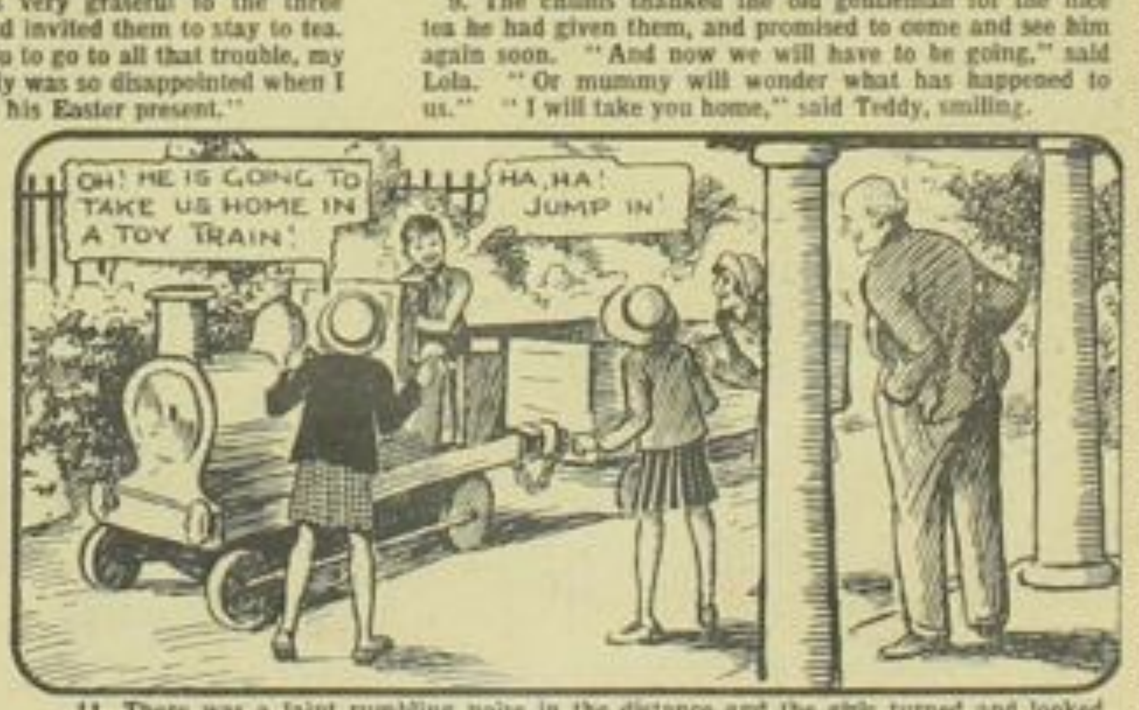
6. What a change came over the boy when he heard the good news! He had been looking forward to his present so much, and when he saw the dear little bunnies hopping about on the floor he gave a cry of joy. "Oh! What a lovely surprise!" he cried. "You are kind little girls!"

7. He gathered the bunnies in his arms and took them to a neat little hutch in the garden. "Their home is already made for them," he laughed. "I did it myself, you know." Then the old gentleman appeared, and Teddy told him all that had happened. "I'm happy now, grandpa," he said.

8. The old gentleman was very grateful to the three chums for their kind deed, and invited them to stay to tea. "It was very, very kind of you to go to all that trouble, my dears," he said. "Poor Teddy was so disappointed when I came home yesterday without his Easter present."

9. The chums thanked the old gentleman for the nice tea he had given them, and promised to come and see him again soon. "And now we will have to be going," said Lola. "Or mummy will wonder what has happened to us." "I will take you home," said Teddy, smiling.

10. Wondering what the little boy could mean, the three chums followed him out, but when they reached the wide drive they found to their surprise that he had vanished. "Where ever has he gone?" exclaimed Joan, in a puzzled tone. The old gentleman appeared in the porch and smiled at the chums knowingly. "He will not be very long, my dears," he said. "I think he has got a surprise for you. I can hear him coming."



11. There was a faint rumbling noise in the distance and the girls turned and looked down the drive in astonishment! A big red engine drawing a truck appeared round the corner of the house and rattled quickly towards the chums. Sitting in the driving seat was little Teddy himself. "Jump in!" he cried. "There is room for you all!" "Goodness me!" laughed Lola delightedly. "We are going home in a toy train, Brighteyes."

(This is a lovely surprise, but our little girl does not dream of the thrilling adventure that is in store for her soon! Do not miss it next week.)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—Joe, Effie, and the captain are camping on a small island. The twins meet a little black girl named Koko, and later they find a strange glittering stone in her garden. Joe declares it is a diamond!

1. Breathless with excitement, Joe stared at the strange glittering stone that Effie had dug up in the garden. Little Koko looked on, smiling. "That is no good, Joe," she cried. "It is only a stone! Throw it away." "Oh, no," replied Joe firmly. "I'm sure this is a diamond!"

2. The little black girl did not know what a "diamond" was, but by the look on Joe's face she knew that it must be something very valuable. "Have you dug up any more of these stones, Koko?" he asked. "Why, yes!" replied Koko, nodding her head. "Come with me."

3. A huge surprise was in store for the twins! The little black girl led them round to the back of the hut and pointed to a small pile of stones that gleamed in the sunlight. "There you are!" she said. "I dig them all up in my garden!" "Goodness!" Joe exclaimed.

4. He knew now that they had made a wonderful discovery, and taking a handful of the diamonds, he asked Koko to wait while they showed the captain their find. "It seems too good to be true, Effie!" he cried, as they ran to the shore. "Captain Scott will be surprised!"

5. And Joe was quite right. The captain could hardly believe his eyes when Joe showed him the precious stones. "Did you really find them here, Joe?" he asked. "Yes," replied the little boy, "the little black girl named Koko lives over there. She found a lot of them in her garden."

6. At that moment, Koko came up, but the captain was so interested in the diamonds that he quite forgot to be surprised at her appearance. He was very anxious to see the rest of the diamonds, and the chums at once took him to see them. "This is amazing, Joe!" he exclaimed.

7. In the meantime, little Koko had fetched a small bag which she had made out of rushes, and, kneeling quickly, she filled it with diamonds. "You like pretty stones?" she said to Joe. "Very well—you take them away with you." "Oh, thank you, Koko!" cried Joe.

8. When Captain Scott heard how Koko had been wrecked on the little island and had had to live there all by herself for many months, he felt very sorry for her. "Now it is my turn to help you," he said, taking her hand. "I will take you back to your people."

9. By this time it was high tide, and the Flying Fish was floating almost free of the rock. It needed only a good, hard push from the captain and Joe to send it back into the water again. "Thank goodness for that Joe," gasped Captain Scott. "Now we can get on our journey!"

10. At first the little black girl was very frightened of the huge machine, and when the engine started up with a roar she shrank back and clung to Effie in terror. "It's all right, Koko!" laughed Effie, patting her hand. "There is nothing to be scared of. This is a flying machine, you know." Feeling a little calmer, Koko gazed about her with wide eyes. "It is like a magic bird," she murmured. "It must be very strong."

11. The machine glided swiftly across the lagoon towards the open sea, but just as it came abreast of a narrow point of rock Joe gave a gasp of fear and pointed to a huge, fierce-looking head that reared above the top of the rock. "Oh, Effie, what ever is that?" he exclaimed in a trembling voice. "It looks like a sea serpent." Then, to their surprise, Koko began to laugh merrily. "I am not frightened!" she cried.

(What does this mean? Is there no danger, after all? There will be more wonderful surprises in this grand story next week, boys and girls!)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, April 22nd, 1939. LC

БИБЛИОТЕКА Иностранной литературы

THE PLAYBOX 2p

EFFIE VANISHES FROM THE "FLYING FISH"

READ ABOUT THIS EXCITING ADVENTURE ON PAGE 12.

PLAYBOX 2

SONNY BEAR DOES A CLEVER HAT TRICK!

1. "Good-morning, sergeant," said our Sonny. "We have come to join your army. Have you any room for two smart lads?" "Oh, yes," chuckled the sergeant.

2. Of course, our little bear thought he was going to be made a general straight away, but he had a big shock when the sergeant said: "You can clean all those hats, boys!"

3. It was not quite what they had expected, but they set to work at once and soon made those pussy-cat hats look beautiful. "Now we must put them away, Sonny," said Micky.

4. They had just finished standing the hats on a long table when the jolly soldier boys came in. They did look hungry, too! "What! No tea?" they gasped, as they looked at the table. "We don't think much of this army!" "We'll make you smile soon," laughed our chums.

5. But the soldier boys were feeling too hungry to smile. "We want our tea and cake!" they said crossly. "It's not fair!" "Ah! Naughty temper!" said Sonny, winking at Micky. "What would the sergeant say? Now, be good boys and take your seats at the table, please!"

6. And when the soldiers were sitting down, Sonny shouted: "Company! Eyes front! On the word—LIFT HATS!" And what a lovely surprise those soldier boys had when they lifted up their hats and found their tea and cake underneath!

7. They were so pleased that they invited our chums to have tea, too! "Have two pieces of cake, boys!" they laughed. "You deserve it!" "Oh, thank you, kind sirs," chuckled our little bear. "We like your army!" Ha, ha!

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"Don't turn Mr. Chissel out, sir!" pleaded Tommy.

THIS WEEK:

THE DUMMY HAT.

"WELL, children, and have you enjoyed it all? You look as though you have, at any rate!"

And good Dame Kindly glanced smilingly at Tommy Twinkle and his little Cousin Maisie, as they came into her cottage early on May Day afternoon.

"Oh, it was lovely—lovely!" exclaimed Maisie happily. "The May Queen looked beautiful, especially when she was crowned, and we danced all the dances without one mistake, didn't we, Tommy?"

"You may have done, Maisie," grinned our little favourite (who dances just about as gracefully as an old rhino, boys and girls!). "I'm sure I trod on lots of people's toes, though! I nearly tripped up poor Rosie in the Maypole dance. Ha, ha!"

"Shame on you, Tommy!" laughed Dame Kindly. "Still, you sound as though you have both had a very jolly time. It reminds me of the days when I was young; I remember one year, *I* was chosen May Queen, and——"

"Were you, Dame Kindly?" exclaimed Maisie, with interest.

"Indeed I was," nodded the old dame, with a gentle smile. "What a wonderful day it was, too, and my greatest friend was my chief Maid of Honour—which reminds me. Dearie me, how unfortunate! To-morrow is my old friend Helen's birthday and until now I had forgotten all about it!"

And good Dame Kindly looked so disgusted and crestfallen that Tommy put in merrily:

"Cheer up, granny! You still have time to write to her. It isn't till to-morrow, you say?"

"That is right," murmured the old lady thoughtfully. "But—but I always like to send her a little gift, and—oh dear, the time is short, and I do not know what to get; she has most things, I think."

"That reminds me of something," chuckled our merry little boy, unable to resist the opportunity. "What is it that a poor man always owns and a rich man always wants?"

Now, this really does sound a "teaser," doesn't it, boys and girls? Dame Kindly and Maisie found it so, too; in fact, before very long they each "gave it up."

"Hurry up and tell us the answer, please, Tommy?" cried Maisie at last.

"The answer is: 'Nothing'!" cried Tommy Twinkle, with a roguish grin.

Just at this moment, in the midst of their merriment, Dame Kindly noticed the figure of an old man walking slowly along the road in front of her cottage.

"Poor old Mr. Chissel has hurt his hand, by the look of it," she remarked pityingly. "He looks ill, too, doesn't he?"

"Mr. Chissel! That has given me an idea for Dame Helen's present!" exclaimed Tommy suddenly. "Why not send her one of those little hand-carved egg-stands or cruet-stands he makes so cleverly? Like the one you have, granny?"

A dawning smile appeared on Dame Kindly's face.

"Why, yes, Tommy! That is a good idea! I am sure Helen would like that. I wonder if Mr. Chissel happens to have any just now?"

"We'll go and ask him, won't we, Maisie?" cried Tommy, springing up. "Perhaps I can persuade him to show you some of the wonderful animals and birds and ships and things he has carved. He has made a little workshop at the back of his cottage, you know. Shall we bring an egg-stand, granny, then, if he has one?"

"Yes, pray do," replied the old dame, opening her purse. "And take this five shillings with which to pay for it."

So that is how it came about that Tommy and Maisie found themselves hurrying along after old Mr. Chissel that sunny May Day, and how, soon after having met him, they heard a very sad story indeed. No wonder the old wood-carver looked ill and unhappy.

It appeared that several months before he had badly injured one of his hands. This meant no wood-carving, and poor Mr. Chissel had no other means of earning money to pay the rent of his little cottage.

"And so Mr. Stiggins, the landlord, has told me he is going to sell the cottage and that I am to get out in three days' time," ended the old man hopelessly. "I have begged him to wait. My hand is nearly well now, and I will work night and day to pay him the few weeks' rent I owe him."

"And has he refused?" asked Tommy quickly.

Mr. Chissel bowed his head, while Maisie murmured quickly:

"Somebody is coming over to us now, Mr. Chissel!"

The old man raised his head.

"It—it's Mr. Stiggins!" he stammered.

A big, blustering man strode over to the little group.

"Well, Chissel, I am a man of my word!" he snapped. "I am just going to the estate agents' to put up your cottage for sale. See that you vacate it in three days' time!"

"B-b-but, Mr. Stiggins!" pleaded the little wood-carver.

The hard-hearted landlord brushed him aside, however, and strode on; but with a re-assuring glance at Mr. Chissel, Tommy hurried on after Stiggins.

"Won't you please give him a little longer, sir?" begged our little boy. "He'll soon be able to work again and pay you. We are buying something from him to-day."

"Kindly mind your own business, young man!" snapped Mr. Stiggins. "If I do not have that old Chissel out, lock, stock and barrel, within three days, my name is not Stiggins!"

It was hopeless; nothing would move the granite-hearted landlord, until suddenly Tommy, chancing to look up, saw that they were about to pass beneath an amusing shop-sign—a big "dummy" hat, hung outside a hatter's shop.

"*Now*, Mr. Stiggins!" murmured our little boy roguishly, as he swiftly stamped his right magic shoe! As always, Tommy has only to do this and wish, and instantly his wish comes true. Well, this is just what happened now. You see, Tommy had wished that the big "dummy" hat might grow bigger and BIGGER, and then come down plomp! right over Mr. Stiggins' head.

And sure enough, just as the pompous landlord passed beneath it, all unaware of the strange happening that was about to befall him, the magic began to work.

Whizz-z-zz! Down came the hat, off the long rod that had held it, down—right over the head and shoulders of the amazed landlord. And what was more, try as he would, the giant hat would not come off.

In fact, Mr. Stiggins was completely hidden under it, from the waist upwards! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I wish you could have seen him, boys and girls. You would have laughed from now till next Pancake Day.

"Mm-mm-mmm-m! Grr-mmph!" came in muffled tones from beneath the dreadful hat. Meanwhile, what could still be seen of Mr. Stiggins went dancing wildly up and down the strip of pavement.

"He does not seem to be able to get out of that hat!" cried Maisie, laughing.

And then, to make matters worse for Mr. Stiggins, the keeper of the hat-shop, hearing the commotion going on outside, came to the doorway. Seeing the strange figure before him, he stammered:

"Err-r, did you want a hat, sir?"

The remarks that came from Mr. Stiggins in answer to this question, may perhaps be imagined! He stamped and fumed louder than ever, until at last, Tommy, feeling that the right moment had come, stepped up to him, and stooping and shouting at the top of his voice, cried:

"Perhaps if you re-considered your decision about poor old Mr. Chissel the hat would come off on its own, sir?"

Tommy winked cheerily and tugged at the hat.

Mr. Stiggins, hearing Tommy's voice, and feeling exhausted, sat on the pavement.

"Will you consent to let Mr. Chissel stay in his cottage?" repeated Tommy. "And not worry him till he can pay rent?"

"Y-yes! Yes! Anything!" came Mr. Stiggins' muffled voice. "I promise!"

With a cheery wink and nod to the old wood-carver, who had come up to watch the fun, Tommy took hold of the hat with both hands and tugged. And at the same time, he softly tapped the ground with his *left* magic shoe. Instantly, off shot the magic hat—up, up into the air, and when the startled bystanders looked up, why, there it was, hanging on its hook once more, back to its original size!

But Mr. Stiggins did not remain there to go into any more details, either about the dreadful hat, or Mr. Chissel's rent.

Well, anyway, from that day to this, old Mr. Chissel has heard no more about having to leave his comfortable little cottage. And as he has now been able to pay off his rent he feels ever so much happier.

(Do not miss next week's jolly "Tommy Twinkle" adventure. It will be merrier and more exciting than ever, till your chums. Order your PLAYBOX *to be saved for you.)*

HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"My word! Those Baby Buntings are having some fun this week!" chuckled Chic, as he opened the PLAYBOX picture-book. "I should like to have a ride on that ferry, wouldn't you, Jackie?"

"Rather!" laughed Jackie. "It's a jolly quick way of crossing the river."

And it was a quick way of falling into the water, too, as poor Peterkin found out! Chubs took up rather a lot of room, and when Peterkin tried to move up, he moved OUT, instead! Ha, ha!

However, I'm afraid the wonderful ferry had to close down when Mrs. Bunting came to fetch her umbrellas! They were all bent and torn, and so it was no wonder that the babies spent the rest of the day in bed!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—This week I must begin by thanking you for the jolly letters you have been writing to me lately. I have had so many that I have asked Flips to come and open them, and I must say she is very good company!

This morning she handed me an envelope and said: "Here is a surprise packet for you, Uncle Ben."

"But there is nothing in it, Flips," said I.

"No! That is the surprise," chuckled that naughty pussy. Oh, isn't she silly!

Many of you are anxious to know more about our jolly PLAYBOX folk, and one little boy named Charlie wants to know where Tommy Twinkle bought his magic shoes, and how much they cost! Ha, ha! I don't think you can buy magic shoes at ordinary shops, Charlie. Another little girl named Elsie Jones asks me if the Wee Woolly Boys are really made of wool! No, Elsie, they just wear woolly clothes to keep them nice and cosy. Elsie's letter did make me laugh, though. Mrs. Hippo says that it deserves our weekly prize of half-a-crown!

Why not write to me when you have time? You may be lucky, too!

Your jolly friend, UNCLE BEN.

CAN YOU FIND THE MAY QUEEN'S LITTLE FRIENDS?

Little Rosie was so happy! She had been chosen as the May Queen at her school, and on the night before May Day she could hardly sleep for excitement! But when at last she did close her eyes she had the most wonderful dream!

She found herself dressed in a lovely silk gown, and then a little fairy flew up and placed a crown on her head. Soon a little pixie appeared with a big box of chocolates for her, and then she heard a lot of cheering! She looked up to see all her school-friends gathered round waving to her merrily! It was such a lovely dream that Rosie was quite sorry to wake up!

Now, I wonder if you can see her little friends in this picture? There are eight of them hidden away in different places, and if you look at the picture closely, turning it all ways, you will soon find them. Why not colour this picture with your paints?

A LITTLE FIREPLACE.

This little fireplace will look so nice in dolly's best sitting-room. It is very easily and quickly made from a match-box. First of all ask daddy to cut out a small square from the front of the box, leaving a narrow strip loose, so that you can bend it out and make the canopy over the fire, as you see here.

Now cover it with white paper and paint it in any colour or pattern you like, and in the grate place a small piece of red paper or tinfoil cut in the shape of a fire. It is best to glue it against the wall of your doll's house, or it may tumble over.

Something for your Doll's House.

DIBS DOES SOME WONDERFUL WRITING.

1. "This pencil will give you a surprise, Dabs," said artful Dibs, one morning. "It will write any colour you like to name." "All right! Make it write red, blue, yellow, and green," chuckled little Dabs.

2. "Certainly," replied Dibs. "It is quite easy." And taking his pencil he wrote the words "red," "blue," "yellow," and "green." "There you are," he laughed. "Would you like any other colours, Dabs?"

RIDDLES TO ASK YOUR CHUMS.

Q. Why is E an important letter?

A. Because it is the beginning of "everything."

Q. The more you eat it the longer it grows. What is it?

A. A new tooth.

Q. What is a hundred times larger than a football and yet anyone can catch it?

A. A bus.

Q. Which is the quickest way to cover a chair-seat?

A. Sit on it.

Q. Why is the sea restless?

A. Because there are so many rocks in its bed.

Q. When is a door nice to eat?

A. When it is jammed.

Q. Why does not a clock strike thirteen?

A. Because it has not the "face" to do so.

Q. What is always needed and yet often turned out?

A. Gas.

CIRCUS FUN!

"Hi! Don't start your tricks yet, Mr. Clown. I want to watch you!"

"Hurry up then, Denny Duck. We have got a lot of work to do this morning, haven't we, Tiny Tree?"

"Why do you call your doggie Tiny Tree?"

"Because he has only got a little bark! Ha, ha!"

"Very smart, Mr. Clown. Now let us see your tricks. Can your doggie jump?"

"Oh, yes! He can jump as high as the moon!"

"I'm sure he can't!"

"Oh, yes, he can! Because the moon can't jump at all. Hee, hee! Now Tiny, jump through the hoop like a good dog! Houp-la! There, wasn't that clever, Denny?"

"Yes! I can't think how a little dog like that can jump so high!"

"He goes like clockwork, Denny."

"Clockwork? Whatever do you mean?"

"Well, he moves by 'springs,' of course! Ha, ha!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

LITTLE MAN

CLEVER JOCK GIVES THE ALARM.

Who'll Take Jock?

LITTLE Tim and his chums were enjoying a happy holiday by the sea, and it came as a great thrill to them all when, one day, they found a little dog adrift in an open boat.

Poor little Jock—for that was the name they gave him—was so weak and exhausted after his long hours of exposure that they feared at first for his life.

He soon showed signs of recovery, however, and grew so lively towards bed-time that Tim and Michael and little Jessie were delighted.

Imagine their dismay the next morning, therefore, when they found that little Jock had disappeared. And imagine their joy when, after a long and fruitless search, they returned to the house to find that the little Scotch terrier had not vanished, after all.

"Come quick!" Tim cried to Jessie and Michael, as he beckoned from the doorway. "I've a surprise for you. Mrs. Baxter!" he called eagerly. "Just come and see!"

And then they all burst out laughing, for there was little Jock, sitting up at the table with his black, shaggy paws upon it, wagging his stumpy tail as he looked round at them from very bright eyes.

"I'm ready," he seemed to say to them. "Can I have my breakfast, please? I'm hungry!"

With tears of joy and relief in her eyes Jessie sprang forward and hugged him affectionately.

"Oh, Jock!" she cried. "What a fright you've given us! We thought you'd run away from us and that we'd never see you again. You won't do that, Jock, will you?"

"Of course he won't," said Tim, with a grin. "He belongs to us now, don't you, Jock?" He turned to Michael's daddy, who had come in with a smile. "What is it you call things that are washed up, Mr. Baxter?" he asked.

"Cyril is right for once!" said the matron.

"Flotsam is the name," said Mr. Baxter, laughing, "and I suppose, being flotsam, we're entitled to keep him like we do the other things that we find upon the beach. We'll have to ask Tom Blow about it," he added. "Maybe, when he returns that boat—if he ever finds the owner—he'll make inquiries."

So during the remainder of the holiday little Jock stopped with them, becoming in a very short time so much a member of the family that they all quite dreaded the thought that they might have to part with him.

It came, therefore, as a great relief to them when, after a trip across the bay, Tom Blow, the fisherman, returned with the news that Jock was theirs for keeps.

"It didn't take me long to find out who you boat belonged to," he said. "It belongs to a boatman by the name o' Joe Bates and he told me as it must have broken adrift when he'd left 'un tied up to the jetty."

"And does Jock belong to him, too?" asked Jessie anxiously.

"Ay. He be one of four little 'uns," said Tom, "as Mrs. Bates' terrier, Bess, had in a litter a few months back, and the little feller must have been sleeping in the boat or summat when it broke adrift. Joe Bates were so pleased at getting his boat back," added Tom, "that he said you could keep the puppy and welcome. So now," he said, with his broad smile, "I reckon you needn't worry."

"Everyone, then, was quite delighted, as you can well imagine, and during the days of the holiday that still remained little Jock became a firmer favourite than ever.

Jock, himself, too, seemed attached to all of them, and for that reason a problem arose when the day drew near for the family to return home and for the boys to go back to Mulberry School.

Who was to have Jock? That was the question. Michael begged that he and Tim might be allowed to take him with them back to the school, but Tim could see by Jessie's face how upset she would be to part with him.

Not that she asked for Jock to go back home with *her*. She was far too unselfish for that.

"I think it would be nice for the boys to have him, Mr. Baxter," she said, though there was a hint of tears in her eyes. "It would be such company for him and for them, as well."

"And what about you, my dear?" said Mr. Baxter, with a wry smile. "You'd like him, I'm sure. Ah, well! I'm afraid we can't divide him, like an apple, can we? What do you suggest, mummy?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Baxter.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Mrs. Baxter with a smile. "Perhaps we ought to spin a coin and let that decide it. It seems the fairest way."

So amid great excitement the coin was spun—heads for Jessie and tails for the boys. Little Jock wagged his tail and looked on, not seeming to care which way it fell.

The penny fell—and Mr. Baxter smiled.

"It's a tail," he said. "That means Jock goes to Mulberry. I'm sorry, Jessie," he said.

Tim, too, looked rather worried.

"Are you sure you can spare him, Jessie?" he said.

Jessie nodded laughingly. She was far too good a sportsman to let them see that she was disappointed. And little Jock could not be divided into two, as Mr. Baxter had reminded them. She ran forward and gave the boys a hug before she hugged Jock, too.

"Of course!" she cried. "I don't mind a bit. Besides, you'll bring him back with you when you come home for the holidays, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, rather!" cried the boys together. "We'll promise to bring him then. We can share him amongst us, can't we, and he'll belong to us all."

And so it was decided.

Back to School.

Though the boys and little Jock returned with Mr. Baxter in his aeroplane, they did not travel by air all the way.

Having urgent business to attend to, he landed in the aerodrome which was his own headquarters and, with their luggage and the little terrier, Tim and Michael were transferred to a train, completing their journey to Mulberry by rail.

They did not often travel by train and it was a trip which they both enjoyed immensely. At various stations, as they drew near their destination, other Mulberry boys got in, and in a little while their carriage was full of an excited party, all talking about the holidays and about the fun which lay in store for them in the coming term.

The other boys made a great fuss of Jock, of course, although there was one boy who scowled at him and who seemed to resent his presence. That was Cyril Badger.

"Have you got permission to bring him?" he asked in his gruff way.

"Of course not," said Tim. "Whose permission would we need?"

"The Head's permission!" retorted Cyril. "Don't you know the school rules, both of you? If you don't, it's about time you did. Pets aren't allowed!"

There arose, then, a rather heated argument. Tim and his friends declared that a dog could not be described as a "pet" at all.

"Dogs and cats are useful!" said Tim. "They guard houses and catch mice and all that sort of thing. White mice and guinea pigs and animals like that are different. They're just curios."

Cyril gave a sniff. It was not that he objected to dogs but that he disliked Tim and Michael and was jealous of them now that they owned Jock.

"Then I'm telling you that you know nothing about it. Dogs and cats are pets," he said, "and if you take that dog to school you'll jolly well have to send him home again. If you don't believe what I say, wait till you get to the school and go and ask Dr. Crabtree for yourselves. *He'll* soon tell you," said Cyril, with a grin. "What do you think would happen," he added, with a sniff, "if we all took it into our heads to bring a terrier? Why, Mulberry wouldn't be a school at all. It would be just like a dogs' home!"

Tim and Michael just laughed, saying that Cyril Badger knew nothing about it.

In their hearts, however, they felt rather worried, and when they arrived at the school, with little Jock under Michael's arm, they wondered what they should do.

"Let's take him upstairs and shut him in the attic with some biscuits and water," suggested Tim. "He'll be quite snug there for a little while. Then we'll go down and see the matron and ask *her* advice. *She'll* know all about it, I'm sure."

Michael did as Tim suggested. In a little while Jock was cosily stowed away and the chums sought out Mrs. Bramble hopefully, telling her all about it.

To their dismay the old lady shook her head.

"I'm sorry, boys," she said, "I'm afraid Cyril is right, for once in his life. No pets are allowed. The headmaster made a special rule about it two terms ago."

"But a dog isn't a pet, surely!" Michael cried.

"I'm afraid he is, boys. Dogs and cats and rabbits and pigeons and everything. And now that the school has been thoroughly spring cleaned after the floods I don't think Dr. Crabtree would change his mind for a moment. What have you done with this little dog of yours?"

"He's upstairs in the box-room, Mrs. Bramble. He's only a little chap and he's ever so good," Tim said earnestly. "Really he is!"

The matron pulled a wry face. She, too, would have liked a little dog at the school, but she was afraid it was no use.

"I'm sorry, boys. I'm afraid he'll have to go. Look, now, leave it to me and I'll have a word with the headmaster after tea. If there is any possible chance of my persuading him to let Jock stay I promise you I will do so."

The chums felt happier then and much more hopeful, and their hopes increased when, later on that evening, they received word that Dr. Crabtree wished to see them in his study. Almost at his first words, however, their hopes sank again.

"Boys," he said, "Mrs. Bramble tells me you have brought a terrier back with you. That is against school rules. Aren't you aware of that?"

Tim told the Head little Jock's history, begging that he be allowed to remain. He was such a well-behaved little dog, he said, and so intelligent. Dr. Crabtree shook his head.

"I am afraid he can't remain here," he said. "School rules are made to be observed. You will either have to send him back home or arrange for him to stay in some house outside the school. I do not wish to be hard, however. Just for to-night he can remain. To-morrow, you must make some other arrangements."

You can imagine how doleful poor Tim and Michael felt at that and the broad, spiteful smile which spread upon Cyril Badger's face when he heard what had happened. Mrs. Bramble, almost as sorry as the boys, especially when she had seen little Jock for herself, brought a nice basket with a cushion in it and set it before the kitchen fire.

"He shall be nice and comfortable during his one night here, anyway," she said.

"Something's burning, sir!" exclaimed Tim.

Tim's heart was heavy when he went to bed, and so was Michael's. They could not bear the thought of little Jock going to strangers. He must go home to Jessie.

It was in the middle of the night that the boys were awakened by sharp, faint barking.

"It's Jock. Something's the matter. I'm sure of it!" gasped Tim. "Quick, Michael! Let's go and see!"

They threw on their dressing-gowns and hurried out. In the lower corridor they met the headmaster, coming out of his bed-room, looking very cross at having been disturbed.

"I thought you told me that dog of yours was well behaved?" he snapped. "It has been making a perfect nuisance of itself." He grunted angrily as he led the way below. "If that is the sort of animal you wish to keep at the school," he snapped, "then I—er—I—why, what's this fog? Where is it coming from?"

He had stopped short near the foot of the stairs, gazing in alarm at what looked like a bank of mist rolling out through the class-room doorway. Tim felt his eyes burn suddenly.

"But it's not a fog, sir. It's smoke!"

"Smoke?" gasped the Head.

"Yes, sir. Can't you smell it? Something's burning, sir. Oh, look, sir! There, in the class-room!" Tim's voice was shrill with alarm as he pointed to a queer, bright glow like that of something alight. "It's a fire, sir. The school's on fire!" he cried.

And then, as he was moving forward, there came a queer scamper of feet in the mist of smoke and a quick, breathless barking. They saw a small, black, shaggy figure leaping up at them feverishly.

"It's Jock, sir!" gasped Michael, and his heart gave a jump of pride as he realised the truth. "It's little Jock. And he has given the alarm!"

(Will the headmaster be grateful to little Jock for warning him of the fire? If so, will he allow the boys' chum to stay on with them at the school? Another thrilling instalment of this exciting story in PLAYBOX *next week.)*

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—When Wendy is searching for her little friends' daddy a parrot flies towards her with a torn cuff. Wendy, certain it belongs to a white man's coat, follows the parrot and sees the bird pull a rope which opens a door in a big tree.

1. Wendy felt so excited when she saw a little door open in the tree. "That clever parrot knows that hiding-place," she murmured as the parrot flew inside. "I'll follow and see what is there!"

2. So the brave little girl went through the door, hesitating a moment before she went down the rough steps between the tree roots, for it all looked so gloomy. Then she followed the parrot.

3. She soon found herself in a cave-like tunnel, lit by big flares, and she ran quickly, trying to keep the parrot in sight. Then, to her dismay, the tunnel divided and the parrot had disappeared.

4. "Oh dear, I did not see which way he went," Wendy sighed; then she darted forward with a pleased cry, for she had found the cuff. "He must have flown into this passage!" she said.

5. She hurried on and at last she came to a heavy door with a grille in which the parrot had perched. Wendy felt her heart jump excitedly. "Perhaps the person who lost the cuff is there," she said.

6. Would it be her little friends' lost daddy? she wondered, but when she peeped through the grille she saw a little boy. "Cheer up!" she called to him. "I will help you to escape!"

7. He looked up in amazement for no one had spoken so kindly to him for many days. "The black men locked me in here!" he explained. "The parrot was my friend! Did he bring you?"

8. Wendy nodded, and she felt so sorry for the poor little prisoner. The door seemed too strong for them to break down, and she was wondering what to do, when her sharp eyes saw a key.

9. Eagerly she lifted it down from its hook on the rocky wall and fitted it into the lock. With a click it turned, and Dicky, the prisoner, was free. But he still seemed to fear the black men.

10. Then Wendy told him the whole wonderful story of how her magic carpet had chased the black men from the island. "Oh, it is lovely to be free again!" sighed Dicky, as he stepped out of the tree. "Come, Wendy! Let us find some fruit and nuts to eat!"

11. Dicky knew just the right berries that were best for food and while they were gathering them they passed close to a native hut. "Listen, Dicky!" whispered Wendy suddenly. "That sounds just like a baby crying. It must be in that little hut!"

12. They listened again, and then crept over to the hut and peeped inside. Sitting up in a rough basket on the ground was a chubby little black baby. "Oh, what a dear little mite!" cried Wendy, and lifted the crying baby gently in her arms to soothe him.

13. "Poor baby! You did not like being left alone!" said Wendy, and soon the child stopped crying. Dicky and Wendy were so interested in a golden key on the baby's wrist that they did not notice a woman creeping towards them through the trees.

(This woman thinks the chums have stolen her baby. What will happen now? Lots of excitement in next week's instalment.)

MRS. HIPPO

1. Tilly, Baby Jumbo, and Jenny were very excited when Mrs. Stork sent them an invitation to a tea and dance. "I hope there is more tea than dancing," said Baby. "I'm glad we three were asked."

2. "Well, I think it's a shame to leave us behind," said Gertie. "Mrs. Stork can't know how well I can dance the Highland Fling!" Meanwhile, the others were looking for some smart clothes to wear.

3. They chose Mrs. Hippo's best cloak becaus they could all wear that at once, and they felt s important as they swept down the stairs in it. "No all we want is a gold coach to ride in," said Jenny

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Children, you are very naughty to put soot in the pepper-pot!" cried Jane. "Go into the garden and perhaps you will keep out of mischief."

2. Well, the first thing Dibs, Dabs, and Floppy found was a big pile of stones. "How kind of Pa to buy them for us to play with," cried Floppy.

3. And the chums at once started to build a house. "We might be able to sell it to someone who wouldn't mind living in one room," said Dabs.

4. But just as they had finished it Pa came along with the gardener. "Those stones are for my rockery, not a one-roomed cottage!" Pa exclaimed.

SAMBO

1. Massa Dusky asked Sambo to take a log to the sawmill. "I'll scorch wid dat!" cried Sambo.

2. And terrific sp cried Sam

4. No one could do that, and Sambo was s when he saw a river ahead. "It's such a wet m he cried. Then, bump! The log hit his c

"What bird always flies at the end of a string, Willy?"
"I can't guess, Reggie."
"A kite, of course!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. Tommy Trout called to see the Woollies at a very good time—lunch-time—and on a day when they were having a specially nice lunch, too. "I've brought my little car and a big appetite!" he cried.

2. Well, the kind little Woollies were quite ready to share their lunch with Tommy, but they never expected him to eat the lot. "He is so fat now that he is wedged in the chair!" cried Willy White.

3. And then that greedy, fat little boy fell fast asle "It looks as if he might be here to tea and suppe we don't move him," said Reggie. So they set work and fixed casters to his chair while he slept.

O'S SCHOOL

4. But it was the other girls who had the ride—on the back of the cloak. "Ha, ha! I like riding on 'trains,'" chuckled Polly, as they bumped downstairs. "I hope this is a non-stop to the party!"

5. Their weight was too much for that "train," however, and suddenly there was a loud rippp! as the cloak tore in half. "You naughty girls!" cried Mrs. Hippo. "You have ruined that beautiful cloak!"

6. The good lady would not allow the three girls to go to the party after that, so they all had to stay home. "You shall do some hard sums, while I go and visit Mrs. Stork!" exclaimed Mrs. Hippo.

E SCORCHER

e hill he went at a
"Dis am fine!"
njoying himself.

3. But he did not feel so happy going downhill. "Some one stop dis log from chasing me!" he yelled.

5. It sent it into the air and then Sambo found himself on top of the log, floating across the river. "Ha, ha! Dat was a lucky bump!" he chuckled.

SAMMY SEAL

1. "I'd love to see that film of Freddy Frypan's Performing Sausages," sighed Patsy. "I'd like a Punch and Judy Show!" said Sammy.

2. "Would you really?" cried Patsy, jumping up. "Then wait a minute. Something exciting is going to happen!" Sammy was surprised

3. And his eyes popped open ever so wide when Patsy sprang into the big air-funnel near by. "Ho, ho! Spring is in the air to-day!" Sammy cried.

4. Soon, up popped Punch and Judy, and Patsy made them give a fine show. "I'll give you some money to go to the pictures!" laughed Cap'n.

EE WOOLLY BOYS

"When is it impossible to write with a pencil, Percy?"
"Ha, ha! When you've only got a pen, Bobby! Can't catch me!"

4. "Now I'm going to be like Sambo and do a little scorching!" cried Bobby, as he climbed into Tommy's car. "Climb in, boys, and tie Tommy to the back, like Sambo tied his log of wood! Ha, ha!"

5. Off they went and they soon reached Tommy's home. Of course, they had to tell Dame Trout why Tommy looked so fat and sleepy. "Goodness me!" cried the good dame. "He won't want this lunch!"

6. It was one of Tommy's favourite pies, but the greedy boy was too sleepy to eat it, so Dame Trout gave it to the Woollies. "Thank you, dame," said Bobby. "We are all feeling very hungry to-day!"

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

THE MAY QUEEN'S DRESS.

"Would you like to come in and see my dress?" said Betty to her little chums as they reached her gate, on the way home from school.

"Oh, yes," said Joan and Ann together. For this was no ordinary dress Betty wanted to show them. No, not even a party frock. It was the dress she was going to wear next day as the May Queen. Even little Jim and Frank wanted to see it, for they were to be the two little pages, to carry the May Queen's crown and her train.

So the four little chums followed Betty into the house.

"Mummy only finished it last night," said Betty. "There it is, on the sofa!"

Everyone thought the frock looked lovely, and then Betty said with a smile:

"Do you know what mummy made it from? She cut up some old net curtains!"

"Then she is very clever, for it looks ever so pretty," said Ann, touching the soft folds of the long white frock.

Betty had been chosen to be queen by her school friends, but perhaps, if Betty's mummy had not been so clever in making the frock, the little girl would not have had the chance of being May Queen, for mummy could not afford to buy her a new white frock. Mummy, too, had painted a pair of Betty's shoes in silver, and they stood ready beside the frock.

"Aren't you longing for to-morrow?" said Joan as they said good-bye to Betty. And Betty nodded excitedly.

"I do hope it won't rain like this, though," she said as she opened the door. "We want a nice sunny day, don't we!"

It was a long time before Betty went to sleep that night, for she kept thinking of May Day, and the lovely crown that had been made for her that afternoon at school.

When she opened her eyes next morning she saw the sun was shining, and she ran downstairs at once to peep at her frock again.

The doggie jumped up with muddy paws.

She wanted to make quite sure it was still safe.

"Don't put it on until after breakfast," her mother said. "It would never do to spill anything on it. You couldn't be May Queen then!"

Well, at last Betty was ready.

"Joan and Ann said they'd call for me," she said. "I'll run out to see if they are coming!"

She soon saw her two little friends hurrying down the road, and she was standing waiting for them when a big dog came round the corner. Before Betty had noticed him he raced through a puddle towards her and jumped up.

"Oh, naughty dog!" cried Betty, pushing him away. And then she looked down at her frock in dismay. There were muddy paw-marks down the front of it, and the dog's paw had caught in the net, ripping it badly.

Poor Betty burst into tears, just as Joan and Ann came running up.

"Now I can't be May Queen!" Betty sobbed. "Look at my frock!"

Joan and Ann didn't know what to say, for they could see it was quite spoilt.

Just then a lady came along, and, seeing the paw-marks on Betty's dress, she said:

"I am so sorry. I am afraid my doggie did that. I think you are the little girl who untangled his foot from the wire yesterday."

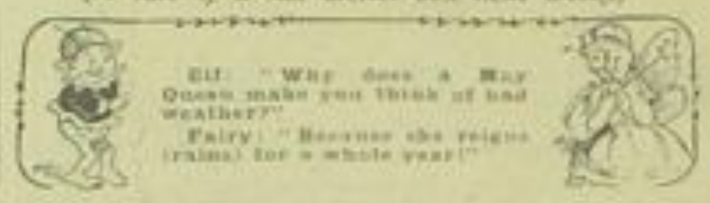
Betty nodded, through her tears, and said:

"I suppose that is why he was so pleased to see me! But now I can't be the May Queen!"

"Oh, don't worry! We will soon find you another frock!" said the lady. "Wait one moment while I get out my car and we will go into the town right away and buy a new one!"

Betty's new frock was a lovely one of soft white silk, so she was May Queen after all.

(A tale of a sad Letter-box next week.)



1. Chic found Mac the Scottie scratching at a garden gate. "I'll let you in!" he said, kindly.

2. The little doggie raced inside, wagging his tail happily, so Chic felt happy, too, as he walked on!

3. But a moment later he heard such a yapping, spitting, and hissing from that garden.

4. And then over the gate sprang lots of pussies. "Oh! Mac must be chasing them out!" cried Chic.

5. "How dare you open my gate?" cried an angry voice to Chic, and he saw Mr. Grumpy was chasing Mac.

6. "He is coming after me now!" cried Chic, and joined the pussies and dog. Snowdrop and her pets did laugh.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. A Surprise for Tess.
2. Quick Work and Prizes.
3. The Flower Frock.

REDWING SENDS TESS AWAY, BUT ONLY WHILE HE PREPARES HER BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

SCAMP DOES SOME QUICK COOKING, AND EXPLAINS HOW HIS BROTHER TOOK ALL THE PRIZES.

CURLY DECORATES BERYL'S TORN FROCK WITH FLOWERS, AND SHE WINS THE COMPETITION.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

TWO CHUMS IN DANGER IN GRIM'S HIDING PLACE.

"PADDY! We mustn't let Grim have that pop-gun, for I think I know where he has hidden our chums."

Standing in the gloomy forest at midnight, Paddy and Timbo looked excitedly at each other. Once more they were having an adventure upon the Wonderful Island, the marvellous place to which Paddy had journeyed with his toys.

Grim, a bad baron, had captured Reggie Rabbit, Jimmy Jumbo, Buddy Buttons and Spick, and had hidden them in his secret hiding-place. He had sent Paddy a message, saying that unless Paddy put his magic pop-gun into the hollow oak before midnight the little boy would never see his chums again.

Paddy had gone off alone to place the pop-gun in the tree and was returning to the castle where he was staying, when he met Timbo.

"Look!" Timbo held up the red bamboo arrow that a mysterious bowman had shot into the castle. To this had been tied the message from Baron Grim. "It's a red bamboo arrow," the dog detective cried. "And I know where the red bamboo grows. If we go to the spot I am sure we shall find Grim's secret hiding-place there."

Paddy gave his chum a pat.

"What a clever detective you are," he said. "Come on, Timbo, and we shall rescue our chums, but quick, we must get that pop-gun back first!"

"What? Is it in the tree?" Timbo cried.

"Yes, but we can soon get it back," replied Paddy. "Come on, Timbo. Follow me."

Timbo toddled eagerly and the two chums scampered through the trees until they came to the hollow oak. With a smile, Paddy thrust his hand into the hole, but then his face grew very long.

"Gone!" he cried. "Someone has taken it."

"One of Grim's men for sure," said Timbo. "So Grim has it now and he will be able to work magic upon us!"

Paddy set his mouth firmly.

"But that won't stop our going to the rescue of our chums, Timbo!" he said. "Come along. We are not afraid of Grim!"

Side by side, Paddy and his faithful doggie set off for the river, and at long last came to the place where the bamboos grew. Now they walked carefully in case any of Grim's men were about, but the place seemed deserted.

At least, Timbo thought it was until something brushed his face and made him jump backwards.

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo!" came a cry.

"Only an owl!" whispered Timbo, with a sigh. "What a start it gave me."

Paddy laughed.

"That gives me an idea," he said. "Listen, Timbo, if we go in different directions we shall have twice as much chance of finding the secret hiding-place."

"But how shall we find each other again?" asked Timbo.

"Easily," Paddy replied. "Whoever finds the hiding-place first must hoot like an owl three times."

"A good idea," said Timbo. "Then farewell, Paddy, and good luck."

The chums gave each other a hug, and then set off in different directions, quickly melting into the gloom.

Paddy strode on carefully, keeping his eyes and ears open, but not a sign of anyone did he see.

An hour passed and still he seemed no nearer to the secret hiding-place.

"What a couple of weaklings! Lift it!" cried the soldiers.

"I wonder how Timbo is getting on," he said. "I——"

"Tu-whit-tu-whoo!" came a cry.

Paddy listened breathlessly. Was it an owl or Timbo? If there were three hoots in succession he knew it would be Timbo.

"Tu-whit-tu-whoo! Tu-whit-tu-whoo!" came two more cries, and Paddy's heart beat fast.

"It is! Timbo has found the secret hiding-place!" he cried. "Hurrah!"

The little boy began to creep along in the direction of the hoots, hoping that Timbo would signal again to guide him.

Good! There were the hoots again, three of them, telling Paddy to hurry! It was now almost dawn, but still rather dark, so Paddy had to be careful not to trip over the twisted roots.

He looked anxiously ahead for Timbo, but could not see him, and at last he came to a halt, wondering what to do next.

"I wonder where Timbo is?" he said. "It seemed——"

Something was suddenly thrust over his mouth, and he was pulled to the ground by a dusky figure. For a moment Paddy fought desperately, but then a voice whispered:

"Don't struggle, Paddy! It's only me! I put my paw over your mouth so that you wouldn't cry out, for we are near to the secret hiding-place, I feel sure."

It was Timbo!

"Timbo!" breathed Paddy. "Where is it, then?"

For answer, Timbo took Paddy's hand and drew him through a thick clump of trees.

"Come and see what I have seen," he said.

After a while, Timbo made a sign of caution and stopped. Then he pointed through the trees into a clearing.

"Look!" he said.

Paddy stared, his heart beating fast.

He could see some figures in the clearing. Three of them were Grim's soldiers. The other two were Jimmy Jumbo and Buddy Buttons. They were holding axes, for they had just been cutting some trees.

"Don't laze about, slaves!" cried one of the soldiers roughly. "Those logs have got to be taken down to our caves, so set to work."

Sadly, Jimmy and Buddy lifted up one log and marched off with it, soon disappearing among the trees.

All this time, Paddy and Timbo were creeping nearer and nearer until they crouched only a few feet from the soldiers.

Timbo pointed to the log that was waiting to be carried away. It was a big hollow one.

"As soon as those soldiers turn their backs," he whispered, "let's pop into that log. Then we shall be carried into Grim's hiding-place."

"Bravo, Timbo!" cried Paddy.

The two soldiers began to march up and down while they were waiting for Jimmy and Buddy to return, and as they turned their backs, the two chums darted forward and crawled into the log.

Crack! Paddy's shoe snapped a twig, and one of the soldiers spun round.

"What was that?" he cried.

"Oh, only a squirrel, I warrant," said the other. "Huh! Where are those lazy slaves of ours?"

Jimmy and Buddy came along then.

"Hey! Hurry up!" he cried. "That log has to be taken down now."

The two playmates did their best, but they could not manage to lift the heavy log, made heavier by Paddy's and Timbo's weight.

"Huh! You are a couple of weaklings!" said the soldiers. "Lift it!"

Still Buddy and Jimmy were unable to raise the log and, at last, grumbling, the three soldiers helped them. How nervous Paddy and Timbo felt as they were carried along!

At last they came to a large stone sunk in the ground and the soldiers stood upon this, holding the log. Then one of them stamped his foot and the stone began to descend into the ground like a lift! It was the secret way into Grim's hiding-place!

Jimmy and Buddy and the soldiers dropped slowly into a large cavern and, when they came to rest upon the floor, they shouldered the log and marched off through a kind of door.

"Down with it!" panted one of the soldiers at last, and the log was dropped into a corner. Marching feet then told Paddy and Timbo that their chums and the soldiers had left them!

Now was their chance to come out! Paddy popped out his head and popped it back again. For, only a few yards away, was Grim! He sat upon a stool in front of the bright fire, for it was cold in the cave.

"Look!" whispered Paddy.

Grim had something in his hands that he was turning over and over. It was Paddy's magic pop-gun!

Old Grim chuckled to himself.

"I've got the better of young Paddy at last," he cried. "Now I have his pop-gun, I can play magic on him for a change!"

As he spoke, the log on the fire tumbled into red dust, and the flames began to die down. Grim shivered.

"Hey, someone!" he called out. "Come along and make up my fire! Hey! I want that big log on it to keep me warm!"

And he pointed at the log in which Paddy and Timbo were hiding!

(Oh dear! Will Paddy and Timbo be discovered now? Look out for their adventures in this lovely story next week!)

SNIP HELPS TOM TO WATER THE FLOWERS WITH A SIPHON OF LEMONADE

1. When Tom was syringing the flowers Snip said: "I can help! There's a squirter in the kitchen!"

2. The "squirter" Snip meant happened to be a siphon, but Snip didn't think that mattered at all.

3. Tom heard a hissing and looked round quickly to find that funny Snip was watering the flowers with lemonade.

4. "Oh, don't waste that lovely drink, Snip!" he cried. Snip hopes that lemonade will aid a lemon to grow!

BRIGHTEYES

A race to school ends in trouble!

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes is called back to school before the end of the holidays, and when she arrives an old woman locks her in the garden shed. Looking out of the window, Brighteyes sees that the "old woman" is Amy Vincent.

1. Poor Brighteyes was a prisoner. The mean trick that Amy Vincent had played on her had succeeded, and now she was locked in the garden shed! She looked out of the window at the fast-vanishing figure of Amy. "Has she gone to fetch Gipsy Meg?" cried Brighteyes.

2. At first she felt so helpless that she did not even attempt to escape, but then she caught sight of a large toolbox underneath one of the shelves. "Why, here is a screw-driver!" she exclaimed excitedly. "I could easily unscrew the lock from the door. Then it will open!"

3. She set to work eagerly, and to her great delight she discovered that the lock had become quite loose with constant use, and the screws slipped out easily. As soon as the lock fell off, the door swung open and our little girl dashed out into the sunshine happily. She was free again!

4. She did not dare to sleep in the school that night, for she knew that Amy Vincent would try to catch her again. Then she remembered the little camp that Jackie had set up on the island. "Why! I can stay there for to-night!" she cried. "I could not wish for a safer place!"

5. Once on the island she breathed a deep sigh of relief, for she knew that neither Amy Vincent nor Gipsy Meg could reach her there. "How nice it will be to see Joan and Lola to-morrow," she murmured to herself as she snuggled into bed. "I'll get up early and meet them."

6. She awoke the next morning to find the sun streaming into the tent, and singing happily to herself she dressed quickly and rowed across to the mainland. It was a good distance to the station and as she ran towards it she saw two familiar figures. "Joan! Lola!" she cried.

7. How pleased the chums were to be together again. In a breathless voice, Brighteyes told them about her exciting adventures, and when she had finished, Lola cried: "I have some splendid news! Mummy has given me some money, and I am going to share it among us!"

8. On the way to the school they passed a big toy-shop and Lola gave a cry of delight. "Oh, look!" she exclaimed. "They have got some skates here. Shall we buy a pair each?" "What a grand idea!" cried Joan. "We will be able to have a race. Let us buy them now."

9. The skates fitted them very well, and it was not long before they were spinning down the road merrily. "Oh, isn't it splendid fun!" laughed our little girl. "Thank you for such a lovely present, Lola!" "Never mind about that!" cried Lola. "What about having a race?"

10. The chums set off down the road eagerly, with Lola in front. They could not skate very well, but the slope of the road helped them and they were soon rattling along at a great speed. They reached the school in no time, and it was only by luck that they managed to swerve through the gate without tumbling over. On they went down the drive towards the door and Lola cried breathlessly: "O-oh dear! I don't know how to stop!"

11. Brighteyes and Joan were in the same plight. They knew that if they hit the steps they would have a very bad fall, so when they reached the school entrance, they jumped with all their might, clearing the steps easily. But their troubles were not over yet. On they went with a great clatter and burst into the dancing-room where Miss Barry was just about to take a class. "What is the meaning of this?" she demanded sternly.

(What will happen to the chums now? Will they be punished? Do not miss the next part of this grand story, boys and girls!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS—Having found some diamonds on a small island, Captain Scott hides them in a Noah's Ark and asks Effie to put them in a cupboard in the kitchen of the Flying Fish. By mistake Effie puts them through a porthole

1. With a cry of dismay, Joe dashed to the porthole and stared out. "What have you done, Effie?" he cried. "You have thrown the diamonds into the water! We shall never get them back now!" "I—I'm very sorry," stammered Effie. "I thought that little door was a cupboard."

2. Joe turned back to the door looking very grave. "I'm afraid the captain must know about this," he murmured. "I had better go and tell him." "But I couldn't help it, Joe!" burst out poor Effie. "I was busy getting the tea and did not notice that I had opened the wrong door."

3. The little boy went to the driving cabin with a heavy heart. He tried to explain everything to the captain as gently as he could, but as soon as Captain Scott knew that the jewels were lost he jumped up and dashed into the kitchen. "How could you make such a mistake, Effie?" he cried.

4. Poor Effie did not know what to say. She could see that the captain was very angry with her for losing the diamonds, and although she said that she was very sorry the captain hardly listened to her. "You should be more careful," he exclaimed. "The diamonds are lost now."

5. He beckoned to Joe to follow him out of the room, and when the door closed on them poor little Effie sank down on to a stool and began to sob bitterly. "Oh, what ever shall I do now?" she cried, in a tearful voice. "The captain was quite right. I am a very careless girl."

6. For a long time she sat there, quite forgetting about the tea. Then she rose slowly and went across to the open porthole. Far below was the sea, and she knew that somewhere down there was the Noah's Ark containing the diamonds. "If only I could get them back!" she sighed.

7. Leaning out of the porthole, she stared vainly down at the water for several minutes, then suddenly she gave a gasp of excitement. Far away, on the rippling water she could see a small black speck rising and falling on the waves! "I do believe that is the Noah's Ark!" she said.

8. In the meantime, Joe and the captain were becoming impatient for their tea. "Effie is a long time in the kitchen, Joe," murmured the captain. "Go and ask her to bring in the tea, will you? I'm getting thirsty." Joe jumped up at once and hurried down the ladder to the kitchen.

9. He was feeling very sorry for his little sister, for he knew that she must be miserable. "I will try to cheer her up," he said to himself, as he opened the kitchen door. But to his surprise, the little room was empty! "Effie! Are you hiding?" he called. But there was no answer.

10. Seeing no sign of her in the kitchen, he dashed out again and searched the sleeping cabin and the store-room, but in vain. His little sister was not there! Feeling very frightened and bewildered, he came slowly back to the kitchen. It was only then that he noticed a letter lying on the stool. "What does it mean?" he gasped, tearing it open quickly. He was just about to read it when the captain came hurrying in from the control-room.

11. "What's wrong, Joe? Where is Effie?" he asked. Joe looked up from the letter with a pale, scared face. "I—I don't know, captain," he murmured in a faint voice. "She has left a note for me saying that she has gone to look for the diamonds." "But she could not have done that!" cried the captain in astonishment. "They are in the sea!" "Effie is not on board, captain," replied Joe gravely. "I've searched everywhere."

(Where is little Effie? Has she jumped overboard? There will be a very exciting adventure in this lovely story next week!)

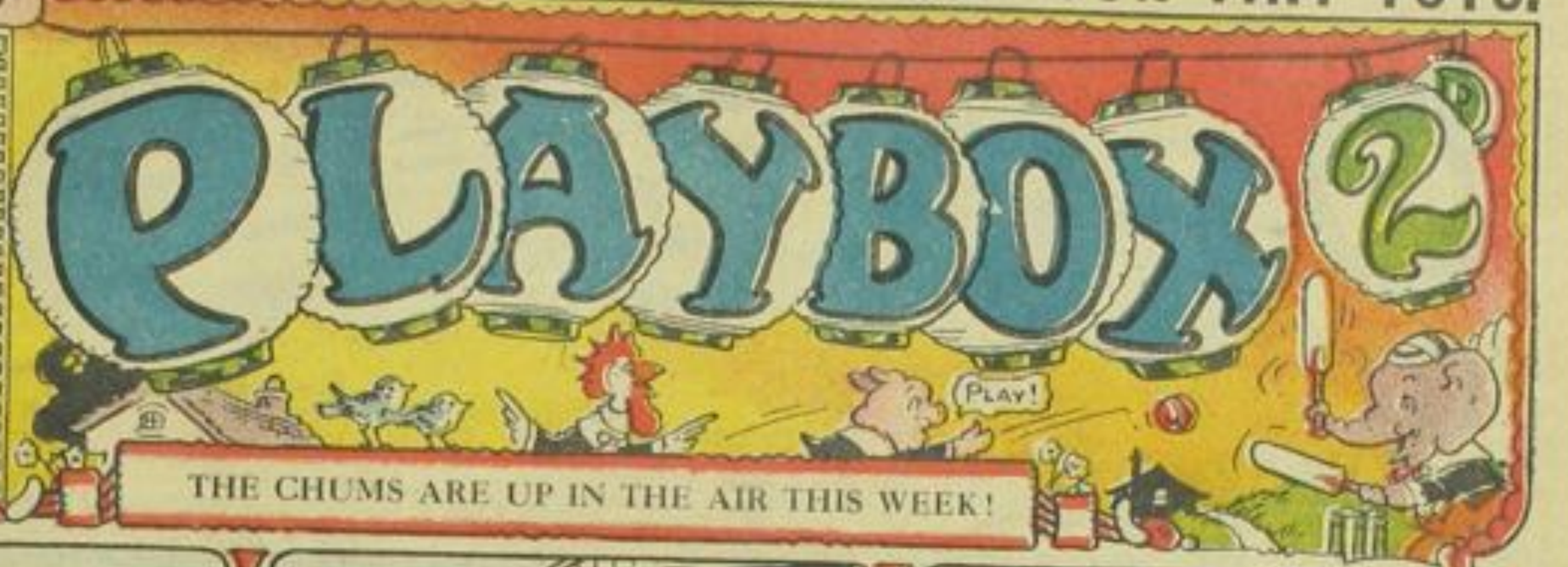
Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, May 6th, 1939.

Национална Библиотека Ивана Вазова

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

THE JOLLIEST PICTURE PAPER FOR TINY TOTS.

PLAYBOX 2d



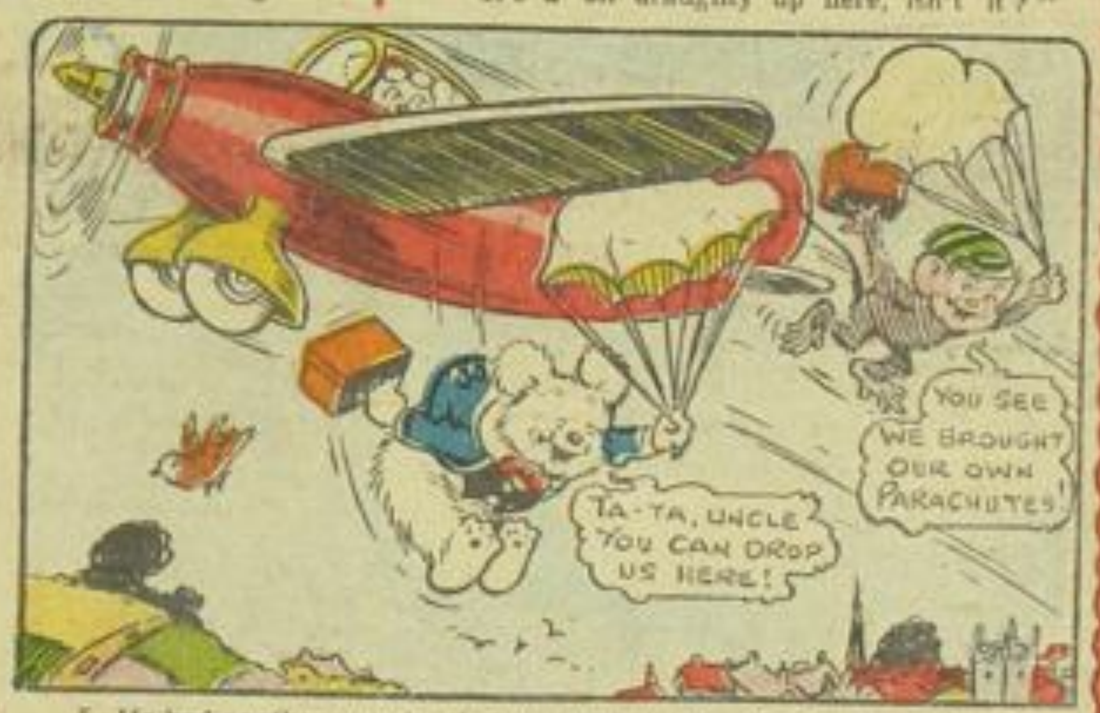
THE CHUMS ARE UP IN THE AIR THIS WEEK!

1. Sonny's Uncle Bob is a very daring airman, and our chums went to see him at the aerodrome the other day. "Look! There is his aeroplane!" cried Sonny Bear.

2. Uncle was just off for a flight, and Sonny and Micky decided to go with him. "Don't let him see us, or there will be trouble!" said Sonny. "Jump on the wing!"

3. And what a surprise Uncle Bob had when he looked out and saw our chums. "Good morning, uncle," chuckled Sonny. "It's a bit draughty up here, isn't it?"

4. "You'd better hold tight, my lads," said uncle, with an artful smile. "I'm going to loop the loop." "O-oh! How exciting!" chuckled our chums, as they opened their little bags. "We have never done that before!" And uncle was very surprised, for they were not a bit afraid!



5. He had another surprise the next minute, too, for as soon as the plane started to loop, our clever little friends took out two parachutes and jumped off. "Good-bye!" laughed Sonny. "We get out here!" "Don't trouble to come with us," chuckled Micky. "We know the way down."

6. But, goodness me! They did look scared when they found that they were dropping straight into the mouth of a big chimney! "Hi! Put the brake on, Micky!" gasped Sonny Bear. "I don't want to go down there!"

7. And the next minute they fell right into the fireplace of Teacher Tippit's school! "You are very late, boys," said teacher. "But never mind! You can start lessons now!" "Our work is never done!" sighed Micky sadly.

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"Molly will be late for school!" said Ned.

"AH, and before I forget, Tommy, here is a good take-in I want to try on you. It will surprise me if even *you* can answer it. Ha, ha!"

"Very well! Fire away then, Ned," chuckled our little favourite, as he and his chum were sauntering along on their way to school one morning.

"If you will stand still, I will tell you something that you never have seen, never can see, and never will see," said Ned gleefully.

"Right!" grinned Tommy, coming to a halt. Then, before Ned had time to say anything else, our little boy added merrily: "But I think I know what it is all the same!"

Ned gave a little gasp.

"You do? Then what is it?" he asked.

"I never have seen, never can see, and never will see, the little finger of your hand as long as the one next to it!" cried Tommy, laughing heartily.

For one second, Ned's face dropped in disappointment, but Tommy Twinkle's merry, infectious laugh soon chased away the frown from Ned's forehead, and there were the two chums laughing merrily.

"Here is a good one, too, Ned!" cried Tommy suddenly. "Which tree most resembles a schoolboy?"

Now, as you can imagine, boys and girls, Ned tried his very hardest to guess the answer. But do you think he could? *No*; and in the end he had to "give it up."

"The tree most *resembling* a schoolboy is yew (you), of course!" cried our merry little favourite. "Do you see, Ned? It is so, isn't it? Ha, ha!"

Just at this moment the chums heard the ringing of the school-bell, and they both hastened their steps. And as they hurried along, they were surprised to see a little girl, one of their school-fellows, run out of a cottage just ahead, breathlessly shake a large mop, and turn to run indoors again.

"It's Molly!" remarked Ned. "She will be late if she is not careful."

"Poor Molly, she always seems to be working, doesn't she?" said Tommy, as they watched the little girl disappear hurriedly.

"I have heard my mother say it is a shame," said Ned. "Mrs. Meen, who is supposed to be Molly's aunt, makes her do almost all the work at home, before and after school."

As Ned spoke, the boys passed the cottage, and the sound of a shrill, grumbling voice reached their ears.

"You are a lazy little good-for-nothing! Get along off to school with you, and remember, you are to sweep this room when you come home. Off with you!"

A meaning look passed between the boys as they hurried on. They both felt sorry for little Molly, especially when, just two minutes before lessons commenced, she came hurrying into the school-room breathless and worried-looking.

But Miss Merryfair—who perhaps knew something of the little girl's home-life—just glanced at her, and going back over the register, called Molly's name again.

Lessons began, and after history-books had been put away, an hour later their teacher announced that they were to do drill. Happily, the boys and girls marched into the hall, but hardly had they started exercises than, with a half-sob Molly broke out of her file and sank on to the floor. Anxiously, Miss Merryfair hurried to the little girl, and with Tommy's help, got her to a chair.

"Molly, are you ill?" asked the teacher, looking into the child's face.

"I—I don't know, M-Miss Merryfair," murmured Molly. "I feel so—so hungry and sinking. And my head aches!"

"I do not suppose you had any breakfast, Molly, did you?" asked Tommy, remembering what he and Ned had seen and heard. "You were hard at work when Ned and I passed your house this morning."

"Is this true, Molly?" asked their teacher earnestly. And Molly nodded her head wearily; the poor little girl looked, and felt, thoroughly worn out.

"You see, Mrs. Meen—I mean my aunty, is spring cleaning, and—and I have to help her," she murmured.

"Sit still, Molly," said Miss Merryfair, rising. And in a few seconds she returned with a package of sandwiches, her own lunch, which she ordered Molly to eat. "You remain here with Molly, Tommy," she went on, after instructing the other children to march back into the school-room.

"Oh dear, my aunt will be so cross. It is silly of me to behave like this," said Molly wanly, when Miss Merryfair had gone up to her room.

"Cheer up, Molly. We will all look after you," said Tommy soothingly. "Eat your sandwiches; they look nice and tasty."

Molly smiled slightly, and oh, how she did enjoy her repast, to be sure!

In less than five minutes, Miss Merryfair had returned with a letter.

"I have written a note to Mrs. Meen," she said, "telling her that Molly is far from well and that she must be carefully looked after. Please take Molly home, Tommy, and give this letter to her aunt, and tell her I shall call and see her this evening. You need not hurry now."

Molly, who looked much better now, smiled at their kind teacher, and accompanied Tommy back to her aunt's cottage, strangely comforted. But no sooner did Mrs. Meen appear at the door and catch sight of Molly, than ignoring Miss Merryfair's letter, she cried harshly:

"Not well, eh? Well, you are just in time to help me scrub these shelves, my girl!"

Instantly, without a word, Tommy Twinkle stamped his right Magic Shoe, and *wished*. He wished that unkind Dame Meen might be taught a lesson she would not readily forget, and in a flash his wish came true. The brooms and the brushes, yes, and the bucket of water, as well as a large bar of soap, sprang up from the corner where they were placed—all arms and legs and fierce, angry little faces!

"Listen to us, Mrs. Meen!" they shouted in chorus, making a dash at the astonished woman and surrounding her. "We are tired of seeing you treat little Molly like this, and we're going to put a stop to it. Do you hear?"

The startled dame staggered back in fright as the long-handled mop and the broom shook their tight little fists before her face.

"Yes, we know how unkindly you treat her!" trilled a big scrubbing-brush, standing upright and tugging hard at Mrs. Meen's skirts. "It is 'Molly, sweep this floor!' 'Molly, clean these windows and wash these dishes!' from morning till night!"

"B-b-but——" wailed the scared dame, trying to shake off the enchanted brooms and brushes.

"There is no 'but' about it!" cried the bucket, stamping its funny little feet so fiercely that he jerked the soapy water all over Mrs. Meen's feet. "You must be kinder to Molly!"

"Oh dear!" whispered Molly behind Tommy. "That will make aunty cross!"

"She is too frightened to be cross," Tommy whispered back. "Look what they are doing now. Ha, ha, ha!"

And indeed, Molly could not help laughing quietly a moment later for, in a body, the magic spring cleaning things started to chase Dame Meen round and round her own kitchen. Bertie Broom, laughing shrilly, flung himself down head foremost, and walking along on his hands pretended to "sweep" Dame Meen round the floor!

"G-go away! Oh, stop it, all of you!" panted Dame Meen tearfully as, lastly, the enchanted brooms and brushes linked hands and started dancing merrily round her.

"Do you promise faithfully to be kinder to Molly then!" cried Max the Mop.

"Yes—oh, yes, I promise! Really I do!" cried Mrs. Meen desperately.

"You must be kinder to Molly!" cried the bucket.

"Very well, then," muttered Bertie Broom. "And remember, we shall be here to see that you keep your promise!"

And just as he said the last word, Tommy swiftly stamped his *left* Magic Shoe, and goodness! Dame Meen just stood and rubbed her eyes and stared, for there were all her brushes and brooms and things standing in the corner just where she had left them!

"Can Molly lie down and rest, please?" asked Tommy Twinkle. "She is very tired, and Miss Merryfair is coming to see you later."

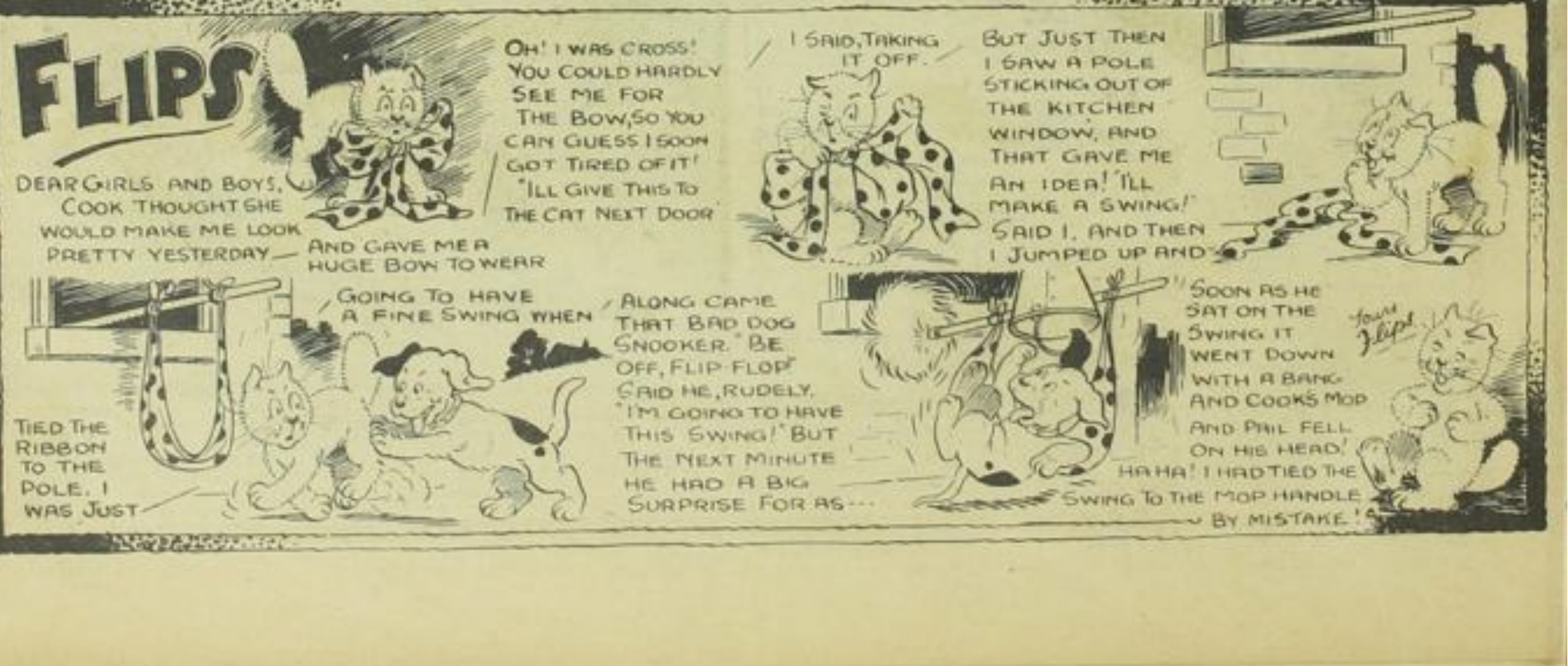
"Y-yes, yes, of course!" murmured Mrs. Meen in a much meeker voice.

And from that day, little Molly led a much easier life, although later, Miss Merryfair, finding out that Mrs. Meen was not really the little girl's aunt, arranged that she should leave the cottage and go to live with a kind farmer and his wife living nearby. And now Molly is very happy.

(Next week Tommy Twinkle will have another exciting adventure with his Wonderful Magic Shoes, so be sure not to miss it, whatever you do! Order your PLAYBOX *to be saved for you at Mr. Newsagent's shop.)*

THIS WEEK:

MOLLY'S FRIENDS'



HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Mrs. Bunting will have a surprise when she sees her garden," chuckled Chic, as he opened the big PLAYBOX picture-book. "The Babies are working very hard, aren't they?"

"But I thought the gardener was doing it?" said Paddy.

"Yes, but the Buntings are finishing it off for him," chuckled Chic.

And he was quite right! Those babies were "finishing it off" properly! Peterkin dug up all the flowers to see how the roots were getting on, and Dinky, the doggie, planted one of his special bones, hoping to grow a "bone-tree"!

Chubs started making a fish-pond and dug such a deep hole that he could not get out. And then the gardener came back! Strange to say, he did not seem at all pleased with the Buntings' hard "work." Ha, ha! More fun next week!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—Are you fond of collecting? Many of my little readers, I know, have fine collections of stamps, picture cards, scraps, and all sorts of interesting things; and Mrs. Hippo tells me that Pearl Porky is very fond of collecting cakes! But I wonder how many of you are collecting the jolly PLAYBOX stamps that appear on our front page each week? They look very pretty stuck in an exercise book, you know, and you can have grand fun exchanging them with your chums.

Talking of stamps, Polly Parrot popped in just now and said:

"I say, Uncle Ben, I know where you can buy thirteen stamps for a shilling!"

"Where?" I asked.

"At the Post Office, of course," chuckled Polly. "You can get eleven penny ones and two halfpenny ones for a shilling! Ha, ha!"

By the way, how many "Wendys" have I among my readers? This morning I had a letter from a little girl named Wendy Shepherd, of Tunbridge Wells, who says that she is just like our own PLAYBOX Wendy, only she had not got a magic carpet. Could I send her one? she asks. No, I am afraid I could not do that, Wendy, but I am sending you a nice half-crown for your letter instead!

Happy times to you all. Your jolly friend, UNCLE BEN.

CAN YOU SEE WHO IS WATCHING THE CHUMS?

"Oh, look, boys!" laughed Tommy, as he came home with his chums, Gerald and Bob. "Farmer Hickory has got a new scarecrow! Isn't he a funny old chap!"

"Ha, ha! I'll knock his hat off!" chuckled Gerald, as he shot a stone across the field with his catapult. Just then a stern voice said:

"Hey, young man! Leave my scarecrow alone!"

And the chums looked up to see Farmer Hickory coming towards them! Now, I wonder if you can see him, too? Cut out this picture and then fold it so that the dotted line A meets the line B. Then turn it upside down and you will see the farmer quite plainly.

Luckily, he was not cross with the boys, for they were helping to scare the birds away; but they did not shoot at the scarecrow again!

LEAF SNAP. A Jolly Game for the Garden!

This little game is very exciting to play with your chums! First of all you must collect about thirty leaves of five or six different sorts, and they must be mixed up and dealt round to the players. The leaves must be kept in the lap, and each player takes it in turn to put a leaf on the table. If two of the leaves happen to be of the same sort, any player may cry "Snap," and the first one to do so may take the leaves for himself.

This game can go on for a long time, so it is best to play it for ten minutes or so, and then count up the leaves at the end. The player with the greatest number is the winner. Doesn't it sound jolly!

BOBBY BLACK DOES A CLEVER TRICK.

1. Bobby Black was feeling very smart the other day. He wrote down ten O's and put the word "trick" underneath. "Now, Willie," he said, "can you add six lines to those O's and make a sentence?"

2. Willie had to give it up. But, as you can see, the answer was very easy. He added six strokes, and made "Good dog do a trick"! "Ha, ha! You didn't think of that, did you, Willie?" he chuckled merrily.

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?

Q. Can you spell candy in two letters?

A. Yes. C and Y!

Q. Why is a salt herring like a macintosh?

A. Because it keeps you "dry"!

Q. What odd number will become even by taking off its head? *A.* Seven!

Q. Why is a clock very shy?

A. Because it always keeps its hands before its face!

FUN UP IN THE AIR!

"Goodness, Billy Bear, I did not expect to meet you up here!"

"No—and I didn't expect to be up here either, Sidney Seagull! My kite was so big that it pulled me up."

"Ha, ha! You looked quite carried away, Billy, but it is nice to see you! Do come along to my nest and have some tea!"

"Oh, n-n-no, thanks, Sidney. I had a bad pain after my tea yesterday!"

"Ah, that was because you had too much cake, I expect!"

"No, it was not. It was because there was not enough *me!* Oh dear, I do hope I don't come down in that water."

"Why?"

"Because I shall get wet, you goose."

"I'm not a goose, I'm a seagull."

"That is where you are wrong! Are you the head of a goose?"

"No, of course, not."

"Are you the tail of a goose?"

"No!"

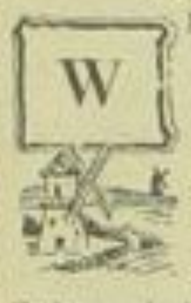
"Then you must be no end of a goose! Ha, ha! Good-bye, Sidney!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

A GALLANT HERO IN DISGRACE.

Jock the Fireman.



WHEN little Tim Trotter and his chum, Michael Baxter, returned to Mulberry School —taking with them a jolly little Aberdeen terrier called "Jock," they were terribly disappointed to learn that "Pets were not allowed."

"I will permit him to stay to-night," said Dr. Crabtree, the headmaster, "but, to-morrow I am afraid he will have to go."

Little Jock's presence in the school that night, however, proved a lucky thing for all of them. In the small hours, the boys were disturbed by the sound of furious barking, and when, with the headmaster, they went below to find out what was wrong, a dense cloud of smoke told its own alarming story.

"It's a fire, sir!" gasped Tim. "The class-room's full of smoke." He peered down with smarting eyes at a little black, shaggy figure which had come leaping towards them, out of the dense, choking mist. "The school's on fire, sir, and Jock has given the alarm."

Dr. Crabtree let out a low cry of dismay as he realised the truth of what Tim said. The smoke, growing denser at every moment, was rolling out through the open door of the room near by and drifting over the hall and up the staircase.

"This is serious," he cried. "Ring the fire-bell, quickly, Tim, and give the alarm. We must get everyone outside as soon as possible. You, Michael," he added, turning round on him breathlessly, "go upstairs and warn the servants. They must all dress at once, tell them, and come below."

Michael turned promptly to obey, dashing back up the broad staircase with little Jock barking at his heels. Tim, in his turn, groped his way across the hall where there hung from the wall the big brass bell which was kept there as a fire-alarm.

Clang-clang-clang!

In a few moments the clamour of the bell

The boys pushed the burning desk out of the window.

was penetrating to every quarter of the school and, within a few moments, a stream of scared people came flocking down the stairs.

Some of them had paused only to put on warm coats and slippers. Mrs. Bramble, the matron, clad in a dressing-gown, appeared with a number of maids from the top floor where they had been startled out of a deep sleep and who, now, looked very frightened.

Dr. Crabtree told off one of the masters to shepherd them all to a safe place. Then he ordered those boys who were members of the School Fire Squad to assemble in the hall.

"It may be possible for us to put the fire out ourselves," he said. "We will see what we can do before we summon the brigade!"

By this time little Jock had begun to bark again and to leap up at Tim excitedly. Every now and then he would turn and dash into the smoke-filled room, returning a moment later and barking in a husky way.

"Come with me," he seemed to be saying. "I'll show you where the fire is."

With his coat drawn over his head to protect his eyes and mouth from the smoke the headmaster plunged into the room. The boys could hear him, inside, throwing up one of the windows to admit the air. As he came out again, breathlessly, the breeze swept the dense cloud in a sudden gust through the door.

"It seems to be coming from one of the desks," he cried huskily. "If we can get it outside, into the open, there should be no more danger. I must have some assistance. Who will help me!"

"I will, sir!" cried Tim.

"And I will, sir," gasped Michael and several others.

Little Jock had vanished again into the smoke and they could hear him barking hoarsely, as if urging them to waste no time. Dr. Crabtree led the way again into the room and the chums sprang after him.

"There it is," cried the Head, pointing. "Help me lift it—quickly!"

For a moment the smoke had cleared sufficiently to see the desk he was pointing to. It stood in a corner, near to the open window.

"It's Edison's, sir," cried Michael. "I mean, it's Binks' desk."

"Never mind whose it is. Help me to lift it," cried the Head, springing towards it. "Careful, now. If we can, we'll get it out of the window."

The boys were not lacking in courage. A number of willing hands were eager and ready to help them. From the inside of the desk, as they raised it between them, there poured volumes of smoke so horrid that it almost choked them. They staggered forward with their burden, hoisting it with a big effort. They got the side of it upon the window-sill.

"Now," panted Dr. Crabtree. "Wait for it! Are you ready? One—two—OVER!"

The boys pushed the desk through the open window and it fell with a loud crash on to the stone paving of the school quadrangle, six feet beneath.

Almost in the same moment there arose what sounded like a small explosion and the desk burst into flames. It lighted up the front of the school just like a bonfire.

"Good gracious me!" panted the Head. "Just look at that. We were only just in time. Quick, boys. Run for the fire buckets."

There was little danger now that the burning desk was safely out in the open. In a few minutes, however, after the boys had attacked it with buckets of sand and water, the flames were put out.

Dr. Crabtree looked down at the charred desk grimly.

"Thank goodness for that," he said, in a tone of deep relief. "Now I think we can return to our beds in safety."

The smoke had almost cleared, now, from inside the school. Mrs. Bramble, with her usual thoughtfulness, had hurried below to make a huge jug of steaming hot cocoa, and boys, servants, and masters all assembled in the kitchen together, sipping their cups gratefully. The matron said that it would prevent them catching cold.

"But how did the fire start? That's what I'd like to know," Mrs. Bramble said. "What was the cause of it?"

"That is an inquiry," said Dr. Crabtree sternly, "that I shall have to make in the morning. It is a great mercy that little dog was sleeping in the school. By the way," he exclaimed suddenly, "where is he?"

A gasp broke from Tim. In the excitement he had only just realised that Jock was missing.

"Where is he, Michael?" he gasped. "I haven't seen him for a long time. We must go and find him."

They dashed back up the stairs with other boys at their heels. It didn't seem right that they should be enjoying a nice hot drink and that the gallant little terrier, who had done more than any of them, should be having nothing at all.

"Jock!" they cried. "Jock, Jock, Jock! Where are you, Jock!"

It was only by chance that they found him. He was lying in a corner of the class-room still so dazed and overcome by smoke that he hadn't the strength left even to bark.

"Poor little chap!" cried Michael, lifting him in his arms. "And to think we didn't know."

They took him outside for a few minutes to give him some fresh air. Then they carried him below and, when he had had a drink and a biscuit, they were all relieved to see him grow quite pert again.

Dr. Crabtree stooped with a smile and patted his shaggy head. Jock was a fine little fellow, he said, and they all had much to thank him for. But for the prompt alarm that he had raised, the school might have been burned down.

Jock wagged his stumpy tail and Tim, with a proud smile, looked over at Cyril Badger, who was munching a biscuit rather sheepishly.

"What about our little dog now, Cyril?" he asked. "Do you still think he's a nuisance?"

And Cyril, turning his head quickly, blushed to his ears and made no answer.

The Head's Reward.

The next morning, directly after breakfast, the boys of Mulberry School were all assembled in the big hall and Dr. Crabtree, looking very severe, began a stern inquiry into the cause of the fire.

The inquiry did not take very long. It was already known, of course, that the fire had started in the desk belonging to Cuthbert Binks, Cuthbert being a boy with a rather pale face and large, horn-rimmed spectacles who, because he was always inventing things and going in for odd experiments, was known by the nickname of "Edison."

Now, looking very sorry and frightened, "Edison" admitted that the fire was his fault. He had brought back to school with him, he said, some special chemicals, it being his intention, later on, to try to produce some "home-made fireworks" and sell them to the other boys.

He had not realised that some of the chemicals were dangerous and, if they were not treated with great care, likely to catch fire. And this, it seemed, was what had happened.

"I'd got a tin full of special stuff, sir," he faltered, "to make a sort of smoke-bomb in case of air-raids. I think it must have caught alight."

"H'm!" said the Head. "Then let this be a warning to you not to dabble with things you don't properly understand. You meant no harm, I'm quite sure of that, Binks. But, if ever you bring chemicals to the school again without my permission, I shall punish you severely."

Dr. Crabtree told the boys then that they ought all to feel very grateful for their escape and that he hoped they, too, would learn a lesson from what had taken place.

"And before you all go to your lessons," said the Head, "I have an announcement to make which I think will be of some interest. There is a school rule, as you know, forbidding pets of any kind, and I do not intend to cancel it. There is no convenience here for the housing of animals, and they cannot be encouraged. I have decided, however, in view of the great service he has rendered us, to make an exception in the case of the little terrier which Trotter and Baxter brought here yesterday. Jock," said the Head, "is to remain at Mulberry."

You can imagine how delighted the chums were to hear this, and the prompt cheer that went up showed that almost every other boy, with the exception of Cyril Badger, welcomed the announcement.

"Hurrah!" they cried. "Bravo, Jock!" and after that, the little terrier was made such an enormous fuss of, and there was so much competition to take him out for a run, that his own masters hardly saw anything of him at all.

Everybody wanted to buy him bones and biscuits, and Cyril Badger grew more and more jealous and annoyed, especially when Jock, having several nice bones to spare, tried to bury some of them in Cyril's drawer, along with his best suit.

As a special reward for Jock, however, a number of the boys resolved to make him a kennel, collecting the money amongst themselves for the materials and working for most of their spare time until the kennel was completed.

When, at the end of a week, the kennel was finished, Don Chapman, who had been the "chief carpenter," went to see the headmaster and persuaded him to consent to present the kennel in public.

"At morning prayers would be a nice time, sir," said Don. "Perhaps you would make a little speech, sir. Then, if you wouldn't mind, I'd take a photograph of

"Jock! What have you done?" cried Tim.

Jock in the kennel. It would be rather nice, sir."

Dr. Crabtree, rather amused, promised that he would do so, and the news having travelled all round, it was a crowd of eager, smiling boys who gathered in the hall next morning to witness the presentation. There, on the table, was the bright new kennel, and when the headmaster came in the only absentee appeared to be the little terrier himself.

Immediately there arose a hue and cry to look for him.

"Jock!" the boys cried. "Where's Jock. He's got to receive his kennel."

For over a quarter of an hour the search went on but all in vain. Up and down the staircase, in and out of rooms and cupboards they all went, seeking the little terrier.

"Oh dear, I do hope he hasn't wandered outside and got lost!" said Michael. But Jim felt certain the little dog was only hiding somewhere.

Even the headmaster himself joined in the search, and it was while he and some of the boys were passing his own bed-room that they heard a suspicious sound.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Head, with a frown, as he threw open the door. "Surely he wouldn't have—er—er—why, what's this?" he exclaimed, with a frown. "Good gracious me! Look here! Here he is, hiding in *my bed*! And just look at my clean sheets."

Tim and Michael had sprung forward in eager surprise. Now, however, they stopped short, staring down. It was quite true. There, snuggled down in Dr. Crabtree's bed was the missing Jock and his shaggy coat was so smothered in mud that he looked as if he had been rolling in a ditch.

And now, apparently, he had been rolling in the bed, the sheets of which were almost as black as he was.

Tim's face had turned quite pale with dismay. He did not know what to say or do and felt so uncomfortable.

"Oh, Jock!" he cried. "What ever have you done?"

(Will Dr. Crabtree be cross with Jock and have him sent away after all? Another exciting instalment of this lovely story in The Playbox *next week.)*

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy promises Eric and Jean she will find their daddy, who is a prisoner on an island. Her magic carpet chases away the black men on this island and Wendy rescues Dicky. Later they find a dark baby. The mother thinks they mean to steal it away.

1. Wendy was so surprised when the black girl darted from the trees like a wild tiger. "I come back for my baby! You no take him!" she cried. "Oh, I'm glad!" Wendy said.

2. And then the black girl realised that Wendy had only been taking care of her child and handed our little girl the key from the baby's wrist. "You kind, so take key to secret!" she said.

3. Then she hurried back to her canoe and climbed into it while Wendy and Dicky watched from the bank. "Temple yonder hold big secret to please white folk!" cried the black girl.

4. "I wonder what the secret is!" said Wendy, as they turned in the direction of the temple. When Dicky said a white man was on the island, Wendy wondered if it were her friends' daddy.

5. It was not long before they discovered this strange-looking temple, almost hidden by trees. Wendy felt her heart beating excitedly as she wondered what secret the key would unfold.

6. Eagerly they stepped out of the blazing sun into the cool porch, but here they could find no doors. A strange idol faced them, seated against the wall, and with one arm outstretched.

7. "I wonder why his arm is stretched out like that?" said Dicky, and suddenly he seized that arm, pretending to shake hands. Then the idol moved forward, showing a doorway.

8. So at last they found themselves in the old crumbling temple, and they moved forward slowly in the gloom. Wendy pointed to something moving ahead, and they saw a foot disappearing.

9. The two brave children hurried forward, bent on finding this stranger, but as they peered into an inner temple it appeared to be empty. "I'm sure he came this way," Wendy murmured.

10. Suddenly Wendy saw two rough pieces of wood lying on the floor with letters carved upon them. "Look, Dicky!" she cried. "The names of my little friends are carved on this wood. Their daddy must be here! If only he knew we've come to help him!"

11. As she said this, a tall figure slid from behind one of the pillars, and he said to Wendy: "Do you know my little Eric and Jean? You seem to know their names well!" "Oh yes," cried Wendy. "I promised them I would find you and bring you back."

12. The thought of his home was too much for the old man, and he sank on to the ground in despair. "You cannot get out of the door through which you entered," he cried. "The way out is unknown!" "Perhaps this key holds the secret!" Wendy cried.

13. "There is a golden casket over there," said Dicky. "Perhaps the key will unlock it and we shall find directions inside on how to get out of here!" They gathered round while Wendy tried the key. It fitted, but as she turned it they felt the floor sinking.

(Such exciting things are going to happen next week, so don't miss this lovely story. Tell all your friends about it.)

MRS. HIPP

1. "Well, girls, did you enjoy your sweets?" asked Mrs. Hippo, but her girls looked puzzled. "We enjoyed those we had last week!" said Baby, and then they learned Pearl had tricked them again.

2. "Isn't she a greedy girl to keep sixpennyworth of sweets to herself," said Tilly. "She must be eating them in the sweet-shop!" So off they went to the shop, hoping to find Pearl and a few sweets.

3. But there was no sign of her in Mr. Lollipop's shop. "If only she had left the sweets behind," said Polly. "We don't like losing those!" ... Then Mr. Lollipop asked them to take home a barrel!

DIBS AND DABS

1. "I don't want to stop out in all this rain!" cried Floppy. "I might shrink up to a little toy rabbit!" "Shelter in that barn!" cried Dibs.

2. But they had not been there many minutes, when a funny noise came from the inner barn. "Oh, is that a lion neighing?" shivered Floppy.

3. "W-we won't stop to see!" cried Dabs, and out they dashed again. They were so pleased to see Jane coming, and they told her about the noise.

4. How Jane laughed when a calf put its head out of the door. "Silly children," she cried. "Fancy being afraid of that, and lions don't neigh or moo!"

SAMBO

1. "I wants dis dough to go to de bakehouse, Sambo," said Massa Puff. "Will you take it please?"

2. "Rath dicky will l away he sc

4. That jerked the car, and up went the d over Sambo's head and into the road. And into dough ran the nigs: they couldn't brake like the

"What flowers ought to grow in the sky, Willy?

"Ha, ha! Sunflowers, of course, Reggie!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. When Tommy Treacle told the Woollies Mr. Woolly wanted them they thought she only wanted to give them new sums. "We will help you put up that bracket, Tommy," they said artfully.

2. They ran indoors with Tommy's tool-box and were soon boring a hole in the wall. "We're the right boys for a job like this," said Bobby. "Quite!" said Tommy. "I don't like work, so carry on!"

3. Those boys might not have felt so pleased wi themselves if they could have seen what was on t other side of the wall. It is not a very good plan make holes in a barrel of nice ginger pop, is it

O'S SCHOOL

4. "We'll soon get that home by rolling it along," said Tilly, and they quickly tipped it over on its side and kicked it off. "I wish that barrel were full of toffees and chocs!" said Baby Jumbo, "I'm hungry!"

5. And then as they kicked the barrel along, Jenny cried: "Well, it seems to be full of something that is making a noise!" "It's Pearl!" cried Tilly, and Polly chimed in: "And she has the sweets, too!"

6. Pearl was far too giddy to bother about sweets when she arrived home, so the girls said they would eat them for her. "That serves you right for hiding in the barrel, you greedy girl!" said Mrs. Hippo.

SCORCHER

ed Sambo. "De lough!" And with the load

3. Now, just as he reached the crossing some nigs started to run over, and Sambo had to pull up!

5. "Dat's good work, Sambo!" cried Professor lackboard. "I'll take de boys back to school, ough and all!" He gave Sambo a fat reward, too.

SAMMY SEAL

1. "We want a new rung to our ladder," said Patsy one day. "I'll make one from this piece of elastic. Doesn't a step in time save nine?"

2. Patsy had just finished this little job when along came Sammy. He was looking very pleased with himself. "Race you up the ladder!" he said.

3. And before Patsy had time to say "Yes," Sammy was beginning the climb. "See! You can't even start as soon as I do!" he said, chuckling.

4. But when Sammy trod on the elastic step he slipped to the bottom, and Patsy climbed over his head. "I've won this time!" Patsy laughed.

E WOOLLY BOYS

4. Well, suddenly, whizz! those boys had a shock. "Goodness! It's raining through that hole!" ried Dicky Duckling. "M'm, Tommy would be he best person to finish the job!" said Willy.

5. So they left Tommy and ran to find Mrs. Woolly. "We didn't know you had some ginger-pop!" cried Bobby, wishing they had come sooner. "Well, you shall have this jug full!" said kind Mrs. Woolly.

6. But the boys had to have it empty, for no ginger-pop came out of the barrel—it had all squirted through the hole they had made, into the next room. "Ha, ha! I caught some!" Tommy laughed.

"What dance do chickens dislike, Percy?"
"Give it up, Bobby!"
"The fox-trot!"

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

THE SAD LETTER-BOX.

"Oh dear, I am tired of standing all day at the corner of this street!"

Laurie Letter-box gave a big sigh and Len Lamp-post, who stood near by, bent down to look at his chum and to make sure that the sigh came from him. Laurie was usually such a merry fellow, although he did not look as cheery as the letter-boxes you are used to seeing, because in this town the letter-boxes were painted grey instead of red.

"Cheer up!" said Len. "You'll get quite thin if you give many more of those sighs, and who ever heard of a thin letter-box!"

"Then they'd have to turn me into a lamp-post like you, Len," said Laurie. "You know I often wish I were a bit taller. Think of the fun you have sometimes when you look over that garden wall and see the school children playing."

"Oh, I like it here; it is nice and quiet," said Len. "You'd like to stand in the town square all day, I know!"

Laurie nodded, and before long he began to smile.

"Look! Here comes Tinklo, the concertina-man and his monkey, Tiny!" he cried.

The lamp-post and the letter-box did enjoy it when Tinklo came along to play. The little man always stood at their corner and his monkey sat on top of the letter-box.

"Hallo, Tiny! I'm so glad you've come to-day!" said Laurie, as Tiny jumped on top of him. "I was feeling so dumpy! Have you heard any exciting news?"

"Oh, yes," said Tiny. "The circus is coming into the town to-morrow and some of the animals are going to perform in the square!"

"I'd love to see them," Laurie sighed, and, do you know, two big teats rolled down his cheeks. The little monkey felt so sorry for Laurie, and he said:

"Why don't you walk into the square and see the circus?"

"I don't know the way," said Laurie. "And anyway, it would never do for people to see me walking along. They'd send me out of town!"

Laurie hurried off with Tiny to the Square.

But Tiny had a plan. He promised to come along early the next morning, before anyone was about, and show Laurie the way.

So very early the next morning Tiny ran towards Laurie. Then he perched himself on Laurie's head and they hurried to the square.

Laurie was not used to hurrying and he got so hot. His poor face grew redder and redder, and when at last they reached the square, Tiny told him he looked like a beetroot.

"Never mind," said Tiny. "Stay this side at the top of these steps. You'll have a fine view of the square from here!" Then he added: "I'll come back and see the circus with you!"

When one or two people passed and did not notice him, Laurie began to feel happier, but later he had a shock; a postman was coming.

"Bless me!" cried the postman. "I never knew there was a letter-box here before. I wonder who moved it!"

Well, the postman asked the postmaster, and the postmaster asked the town clerk, and the town clerk asked the mayor.

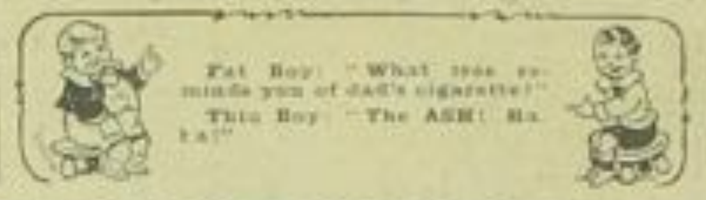
"I hear it is a red post-box too, your worship!" said the town clerk. And the mayor was so interested he came out to see.

"Never mind who put it there," he said. "It looks very well, and it's a good place to have a letter-box. Leave it there and paint all the letter-boxes red to match it!"

You can guess how excited Laurie felt when he heard he was going to be allowed to stay in that jolly square, and he told Tiny the good news as soon as he came along.

How they did enjoy the circus, too!

(A cheeky kitten will make you laugh next week.)



1. "We can't walk as fast as you, Snowdrop, so we'll go by boat to the picnic to-day," said Chic.

2. But no ferry-boats were out that day. "Snowdrop will eat all the lunch!" sighed Teddy Bear.

3. Then up popped Sid and Sam Sea-lion, and Chic cried: "Ah, they will help us, boys!"

4. "Ha, ha! They are holding the plank for us!" cried Pop, the panda. "I like walking on planks. It is fun!"

5. So Pop, Chic, Teddy, and Migs had such a jolly ride over the water! "We're nearly ashore!" cried Teddy.

6. "Bravo, boys!" cried Snowdrop. "Sid and Sam must join us!" "We didn't sink once!" cried Migs.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. Lifebelt Hoops.
2. Tricks and Cricket.
3. Sweets by 'Plane.

REDWING CUTS HOOPS FROM A HOLLOW TREE, AND THEY MAKE A LIFEBELT FOR TESS.

SCAMP TRICKS HIS TEACHER, AND THEN "CATCHES" HIS CHUM WHEN CAUGHT OUT AT CRICKET.

CURLY'S TOY AEROPLANE FLIES OVER THE STREAM, AND BRINGS BACK SWEETS TO THE CHUMS.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

GOOD-BYE TO GRIM AND NEWS OF PITPAT.

"H

I, there! I'm getting cold! Br-r-r-r! I'm shivering! Hey, someone, come and put that log on my fire!"

It was Baron Grim who was shivering down in his cool, secret cave, but it was not long before Paddy and Timbo, the dog detective, were shivering, too! You see, they were hiding in that hollow log!

"Oh dear!" wuffled Timbo into Paddy's ear. "Now we shall be caught. Oh dear! And I did think we might rescue our chums."

Paddy and Timbo had entered Grim's caves, hidden in the log, to try to rescue four of their playmates—Reggie Rabbit, Soldier Boy, Buddy Buttons, and Jimmy Jumbo. Three of the friends they had made on the Wonderful Island were there, too. Merryheart and his two children, Handy and Pandy. Paddy and Timbo had remained in the log to keep a watch on Grim.

A moment after Grim had spoken, one of his soldiers hurried into the cave and walked towards the log.

"Now we shall be caught!" sighed Paddy. "Oh dear, if only I had my magic popgun!"

Alas! The magic popgun that had got Paddy and his chums out of so many scrapes was in the hands of Grim!

"Hurry up!" growled Grim, shivering by the dying fire.

The soldier bent down, and with a heave, tipped the log up on its end, so that it stood upright. Then, giving his hands a rub and taking a deep breath, he prepared to lift it on his back.

But it was then that a strange thing happened. That log seemed to give a wriggle and move away!

"G-goodness!" said the soldier. "Surely I imagined that!"

The next moment he gave a jump, as the log gave another wriggle and bobbed up and down.

"It's alive!" yelled the soldier, and at this, Grim spun round from the fire.

"Alive?" jeered Baron Grim. "Nonsense! You are dreaming. Ha, ha!"

With a great laugh, he swaggered towards the log and gave it a prod with his toe.

"Ho, ho! Alive, eh?" he chuckled. "Ha, ha! Ha-a-a-a-a! Oh, IT IS ALIVE!"

For that log made a sudden hop towards him, so quickly that Grim stumbled and sat on the ground.

"Oh dear! Keep it off!" he gasped.

A queer, muffled voice suddenly came from the hollow tree. It was Paddy speaking, but his voice sounded very strange in the hollow log.

"Beware, O Grim! I am the magic oak of the forest, and you have dared to cut me down for firewood. Now I shall put a spell upon you."

Grim suddenly fell to his knees.

"Spare me, O magic oak!" he wailed. "I didn't mean it. Don't put a spell upon me!"

Again the tree spoke.

"There is only one thing you can do to save yourself. Carry me back to my home in the forest, and mayhap I shall spare thee."

"Gladly, gladly!" groaned Grim. "Hey, soldiers, carry this log back——"

"NO!" The magic oak gave such a shout that Grim's hair almost stood on end. "You are to carry me yourself, Grim! And no one is to help you."

Pale with fright, Grim stuck the magic popgun into his belt and took hold of the log.

"This is grand!" cried Paddy as everyone feasted and sang.

Heave! Slowly he raised it on to his back, and began to stagger towards the entrance of the cave. Little did he guess who was inside it!

"Puff! Puff! 'Tis hard work!" he panted. "But it is better than having a spell put upon me." And puffing and blowing, he made for the lift that carried him out of the caves and up into the open air. Here he staggered along until he could go no farther.

"Oh, is that far enough, magic tree?" he gasped, dropping the log at last.

"Ay, 'tis far enough, O Grim!" said that strange voice, and with a sigh, the baron dropped to a tuffet to mop his brow with a hanky.

"Coo!" he said. "I shan't have a spell put upon me now."

But behind him, two figures were wriggling out of the hollow tree! With a finger to his lips, Paddy crept up behind Grim, and then, like a flash, snatched the popgun from the baron's belt.

"What's that?" gasped Grim turning. "Oh—PADDY!"

"Yes, I'm Paddy!" said our chum sternly, as he held the popgun ready. "And now, unless you do as I tell you, I shall magic you with my magic popgun."

"Mercy!" wailed Grim, wobbling like a jelly once more. "D-don't do that, dear, kind Paddy, and I will do anything you ask!"

"Then set all my friends free," commanded Paddy, "or I shall change you into a squirrel."

"Oh, not a squirrel!" gasped Grim, who simply could not bear eating nuts. "Not a squirrel, kind Paddy!"

"Then go below and set our chums free!" Paddy replied, and Grim ran off, his legs going like clockwork. Soon he disappeared into the caves, and after a moment or so had passed—seven figures emerged!

With a cry of joy, Paddy and Timbo recognised their playmates, and also Merryheart and Handy and Pandy.

"Hurrah!" cried Timbo, and they were soon hugging each other.

"I knew you would rescue us, Paddy!" cried Jimmy Jumbo. "But let's hurry away now, before Grim gets up to any more tricks."

So the chums set off, and at last came to the castle, where they were met by the rest of the playmates and Hal Goodfellow and his merry robbers.

"Odds bodkins!" cried Tuckey, the fat robber. "What a moment for merry-making, my lads! Ay, this deserves a right royal banquet in our glade!"

The playmates' shining eyes told how they would enjoy that, and so plans were soon made for the feast.

As darkness began to fall, a great bonfire was lit in the robbers' glade, while lanterns were hung from the trees. A great oak table stood there, piled high with goodies.

No wonder the playmates had a wonderful time! They all sat round the fire and ate the tuck, while Hal Goodfellow told them many an exciting tale. After that, Tuneful Tom, one of the robbers, played some jolly tunes on his fiddle and Tuckey sang some songs.

"This is grand!" laughed Paddy. "I don't think I have ever enjoyed myself so much, have you, Dolly?"

But Dolly Daydream, one of his playmates, had a far-away look in her eyes and did not answer for a moment.

"Why, I do believe you are sad!" said Paddy. "What is wrong?"

Dolly sighed.

"I was thinking of Little Pitpat," she replied.

Paddy started.

Why, he had almost forgotten the little maiden, who was a prisoner of some pirates upon the Wonderful Island and whom they had vowed to rescue.

"We are so happy," said Dolly softly, "while poor Little Pitpat is still a prisoner. I do wish we could rescue her."

Hal, who was sitting on the grass near by, suddenly leaned towards Paddy.

"Did I hear you mention someone called Pitpat?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said Paddy eagerly. "Do you know her?"

"No," said Hal, and Paddy's heart sank; but then he grew excited again, when Hal added: "But I know someone who does."

"Who?" asked Paddy.

"Master Chip!" Hal replied.

"Master Chip?" echoed Paddy. "I have never heard of him. Who is he? Where does he live?"

"He is a wood-carver and he makes wooden toys," was the reply. "I passed near his cottage once and peeped in at the window. There he sat by his fire, carving a wooden toy and, while he carved, he was muttering to himself, 'This is for Pitpat, bless her'!"

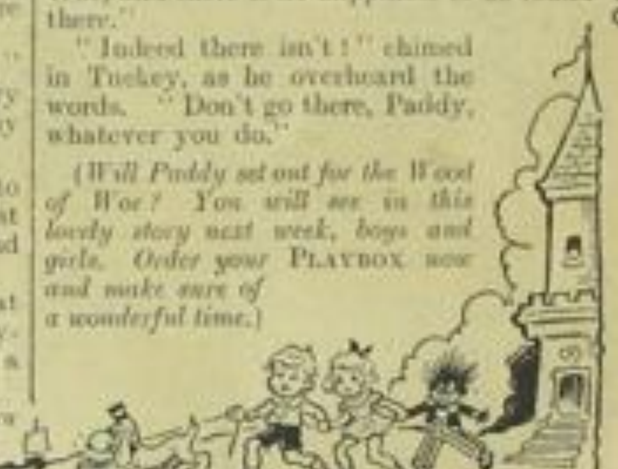
"Hurrah!" cried Paddy. "What luck! How do we find Mr. Chip?"

Hal looked at Paddy very solemnly.

"If you try to find him, you will be very sorry," he said. "He lives in the Wood of Woe, and there is no happiness to be found there."

"Indeed there isn't!" chimed in Tuckey, as he overheard the words. "Don't go there, Paddy, whatever you do."

(Will Paddy set out for the Wood of Woe? You will see in this lovely story next week, boys and girls. Order your PLAYBOX *now and make sure of a wonderful time.)*



SNIP HIDES IN THE POST-BAG AND IS BROUGHT HOME WITH THE LETTERS.

1. "I'll hide in here," said Snip, jumping into the post-bag while Tom and Betty talked to the postman.

2. The chums were surprised when they couldn't find Snip. "He must have gone home!" exclaimed Betty.

3. But later, Mr. Postman found them looking sad. "Snip isn't here, and we did love him!" Betty said.

4. "I'm glad to hear that!" cried saucy Snip, jumping out of the bag. "I was too lazy to walk, you see!"

BRIGHTEYES

A race for the doctor, and more trouble!

FOR NEW READERS.—Lola shares her pocket-money with Brighteyes and Joan, and they buy a pair of skates each. They have a race to school, but are unable to stop, and burst into the dancing-room just as Miss Barry is beginning a class!

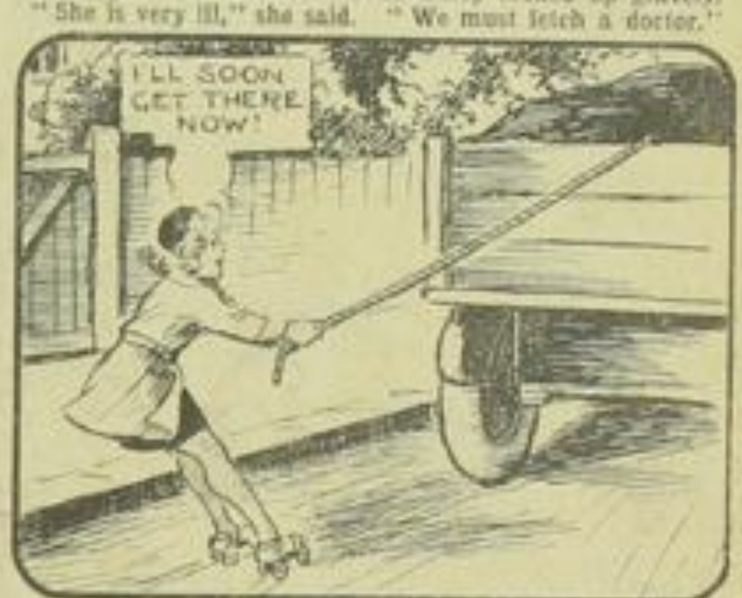
1. An angry frown darkened Miss Barry's face as she stared at the three chums. "What is the meaning of this?" she demanded sternly. "How dare you come clattering into school on skates!" "We—we could not help it, Miss Barry," stammered Brighteyes, feeling scared.

2. But before the teacher could go on there was a loud bump behind them, and they looked round to find little Lola lying face downwards on the floor. "Oh goodness! Is Lola ill?" exclaimed Joan, in alarm. "She must have hurt her head when she fell over!" cried our little girl.

3. In a moment Miss Barry had forgotten her anger and was kneeling at Lola's side. "Lola dear, what is the matter?" she said gently. But there was no reply. The little girl had fainted! Miss Barry looked up gravely. "She is very ill," she said. "We must fetch a doctor."

4. Brighteyes jumped up at once and skated across to the door. "Where are you going?" asked the teacher quickly. "To fetch the doctor," replied our little girl firmly. "I can reach his house in five minutes if I go on my skates! It is the best thing to do, Miss Barry."

5. Our little girl could not skate very well, but she was ready to do anything to help her poor little chum, and in a few seconds she was whirling down the road at a tremendous speed! Suddenly a lorry rumbled past and Brighteyes skated after it. "I'll hang on to that," she said.



6. The lorry was going even faster than she could skate, and she knew that if only she could go along with it she would be at the doctor's in no time! Luckily there was a long rope hanging from the back, and Brighteyes managed to grasp it as it swung past. "Hurrah!" she cried.

7. It was a very thrilling ride, and Brighteyes felt almost sorry when she reached the doctor's house, and had to stop. But it was for her little chum's sake that she had made the daring journey, and she was soon telling the doctor what had happened. "I'll come right away," he said.

8. His car was being repaired at the moment and so he dashed round to the back of the house and fetched his bicycle. "I'll soon make your chum better!" he called to Brighteyes, as he rode away. "Don't worry now!" "I will see you at the school," called out Brighteyes.

9. She set off after the doctor, and was just swinging round a corner when a burly figure in blue appeared! It was a policeman! He looked at our little girl very sternly, and, raising his hand, said in a gruff voice: "Just a minute! Skating on the pavement is not allowed!"

10. She stopped at once, hoping that the policeman would let her go. "I will take off my skates and walk the rest of the way, sir," she said, but the policeman shook his head. "You stay where you are," he said. "I want your name and address, please. We can't have children causing trouble like this!" Our little girl went very pale as the officer took out his note-book. "Are you going to lock me up?" she asked faintly.

11. Before the policeman could reply, Brighteyes felt a strong hand gripping her arm, and she looked up to see the dark face of Gipsy Meg glaring down at her! "Ah! So the policeman has caught you at last, you bad girl!" she muttered artfully. "It is a good thing, too! You deserve to be locked up!" "Why—what ever are you saying, Gipsy Meg?" exclaimed our little girl hotly. "I have not done anything wrong!"

(Poor Brighteyes is in great trouble now! Who will take her? The policeman or Gipsy Meg? Read more of this thrilling story next week.)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—Effie loses some diamonds which were hidden in a Noah's Ark. The captain is very cross with her, and later she vanishes from the Flying Fish. Joe finds a note saying that she has gone to get the diamonds.

1. Captain Scott stared at the letter, reading it over and over again, as if he could not believe his eyes. "But Effie could not have gone to find the diamonds, Joe!" he exclaimed. "They are in the sea!" "I don't know where she is," muttered Joe. "She is not on board!"

2. A sudden dreadful feeling of fear swept over him, and he dashed cross to the porthole and peered out. The next instant he gave a cry of alarm and pointed excitedly into the distance. "Oh—come and look!" he exclaimed in a quivering voice. "She has jumped overboard!"

3. The captain went very pale and rushed to Joe's side, peering out at the blue sky beyond. Far away in the distance was a tiny figure floating gently downwards beneath a parachute. It was Effie! "She will be in the sea soon," cried Joe. "Quick, captain! We must rescue her!"

4. The captain rushed to the controls and swung the machine round in Effie's direction. In the meantime the little girl was floating down to the water, but she was not afraid, for there was a stout lifebelt round her waist. Then she gave a cry of delight. She had seen the Noah's Ark!

5. Her daring flight had not been in vain! Soon she would have the precious diamonds back again, and the captain would no longer be cross with her. In a few seconds she had plunged into the water, and kicking out strongly, she managed to reach the Noah's Ark.

6. All this time Joe and the captain had been watching her from the Flying Fish, and as soon as she reached the water they brought the machine down close to her. Joe rushed out on to the float, and, dragged her aboard joyfully. "Oh, Effie, you are a brave girl!" he exclaimed.

7. Tears of happiness filled the little girl's eyes as she rushed into the Flying Fish and handed the Noah's Ark to Captain Scott. "I—I got the diamonds back, after all, captain," she said. "Thank goodness you are safe!" exclaimed the captain. "I'm so sorry I was cross."

8. Once more the three friends were happy again, and singing merrily, Effie ran into her cabin and changed into dry clothes, while Joe made her some hot tea. Some hours later, when she and Joe were sitting on the float, they saw a big ball in the water. "What is it?" cried Effie.

9. Joe looked at the ball with a puzzled stare, and then, seizing a boat-hook, he dragged it towards them. "Where can it have come from?" he murmured. "Oh, never mind about that, Joe," laughed Effie; "pull it aboard, and we can have a game with it. It looks like a football!"

10. Feeling rather excited, Joe fished the ball out of the water and lifted it up. It was much heavier than he had expected and he stared at his sister in surprise. "I say! It is made of iron!" he gasped. "And just look! There is a chain fixed to it!" "But—but what is it for?" murmured Effie bewilderedly. The next moment Captain Scott came out of the cabin. "Let me have a look at that, Joe," he said quietly.

11. He took the ball from the little boy and stared at it. "This looks like a sort of float," he murmured. "It must have been left here by someone to mark a special place in the water!" "Then that means there is something down below!" added Joe, excitedly. "Oh—come on, captain, let's pull it up and see what it is!" The captain smiled at Joe and took hold of the chain. "All right," he said. "Help me pull, Joe."

(What will the chums find on the end of the chain? There will be a very exciting adventure next week! Do not miss it!)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates—Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, May 13th, 1939. 69

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

COME AND MAKE FRIENDS WITH UNCLE BEN

READ HIS JOLLY LETTER ON PAGE 3.

PLAYBOX 2

THE CHUMS HAVE SOME FUN AT THE ZOO!

1. Sonny and Micky did have a surprise when they went to the zoo, for they found that the Jumbos had drunk up the pond. "Now we can't sail our boats!" cried Micky.

2. "Don't worry, boys!" said a squeaky voice. "I have got a nice pond for you!" And the chums looked round to see funny Baby Hippo. "Hallo, Babykins!" said they.

3. Now, Baby was feeling naughty, and he took the chums up into the bath-room and turned on the tap. "I don't want a bath to-day," said he. "We'll sail our boats!"

4. But, alas! Poor Baby was so excited about his great idea that he slid off the edge of the bath and fell into the water with a SPLASH! "O-oh d-dear!" he cried as he spilled the water all over the floor. "I'm having a bath, after all!" "I think we'd better be going!" said Micky.

5. The tap was still running and quite soon the bath-room was flooded. "Dear me, I don't like this wet water a bit!" muttered Sonny. "We only wanted a little pond, Baby, not a river!" Just then Georgie Giraffe appeared at the window. "Quick! Climb down my neck, boys!" said he.

6. Georgie rescued them just in time, and when they climbed down his neck they found that water was pouring into the room below. "Goodness! It's roaring with pain—I mean pouring with rain in there!" cried Sonny. "That's just what we want!"

7. The water was just nice for sailing their boats, and our little friends were soon having a lovely time! "Hi, you can't do that!" said the zoo man. "Oh, yes, we can!" chuckled Sonny. "It is easy! We will come out in time for tea! Ha, ha!"

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"Put back that nest!" commanded the scarecrow.

THIS WEEK: ROB, THE SCARECROW.

"WHAT time did Frank say he was coming, Tommy? We've been here twenty minutes already."

And Ned, who, with our little favourite, Tommy Twinkle, was sitting on the grass one sunny half-holiday, turned impatiently on his elbow to scan the lane that skirted the field.

"We all arranged to be here at the same time, half-past two," replied Tommy. "I feel sure he will come, Ned. It isn't like Frank to go back on his word; besides, he has the stumps and ball."

Ned nodded, although a frown still creased his forehead. After all, it was rather annoying. The three chums had arranged to come to the field to have a practice game, and here were Tommy and Ned "cooling their heels" and waiting for Frank to turn up.

"I've just thought of something, Ned," said Tommy Twinkle, with something like a chuckle. "Just add this up for me, will you? Two bags of sawdust at tenpence a bag. Have you got that in your head?" he added quickly.

"Yes," nodded Ned, absent-mindedly chewing a grass stalk.

Whereupon, our merry little boy burst into peals of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! So you have, have you?" he cried, digging his chum in the ribs. "No wonder you are so wooden-headed sometimes, Ned! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, didn't I catch you beautifully that time? Hee, hee!"

And as you can perhaps guess, boys and girls, the next few moments were spent in a rough-and-tumble romp, which ended in Ned sitting astride Tommy's prostrate body on the grass.

"Now then, you stay there till you answer my question, Tommy, my lad!" laughed Ned. "I heard this one yesterday: "What strange creature is it that has four legs and only one foot?"

Between breathless pants and giggles it was some moments before our little favourite could recover his breath sufficiently to answer.

"I—I know!" he panted at last, mirthfully.

"Well, you stay there till you answer correctly," grinned Ned. "What is it that has four legs and one foot?"

"A bedstead, of course!" exclaimed Tommy Twinkle, laughing again.

"Right!" cried Ned, jumping up off his chum. "And—I say, Tommy!" he added quickly. "Here they come! Frank has another boy with him!"

Tommy leapt to his feet. Sure enough, hurrying across the field came Frank, accompanied by his young cousin, Rob.

Apologising for being late, Frank explained that Rob and his parents had just arrived at his house, and that he hoped the chums would not mind Rob joining them.

"Of course not," said Tommy genially. "Let's start right away. You bat first, Frank, and I'll bowl. Ned, you can be wicket-keeper, and Rob can field. Come on!"

Up went the stumps, and for fully half an hour the boys had a really jolly game. Rob, who turned out to be rather a spoilt boy, demanded to go in next to bat, so Tommy Twinkle gave way and allowed him to take the bat.

But, unluckily, Rob was caught out the very first ball, and—oh, you should have seen his face! With a frown as black as a thunder-cloud, he flung the bat on the grass and slouched off across the field.

"Leave him alone!" grinned Frank. "He'll get over it. Come on, Tommy, you bat next!"

So the three chums carried on their game, forgetting all about Master Rob and his unsporting display of temper. And it was not until fully twenty minutes later, when they decided to have a rest, that Frank cried:

"Why, where is young Rob?"

The boys looked around, and almost instantly, from the branches of a large tree fringing the field, a bird flew out, frenziedly beating its wings and uttering queer, shrill cries.

It was a thrush, and speechless, the chums watched it circle several times round the tree and then alight on the arm of an old scarecrow on the other side of the fence.

"I warrant Rob is up that tree," cried Frank sharply. "He is mad on bird-nesting!"

"Oh, is he?" cried Tommy Twinkle, running off across to the tree, the other two following him.

"Rob, where are you?" he called, as they neared the tree.

"Hee, hee! Up here!" came Rob's voice from among the branches. "See this fine nest I've got! Four fine eggs in it, too! Hee, hee! I'll bring it down!"

"You just put it back!" cried Tommy, in a commanding voice.

"No fear!" giggled Rob.

Tommy Twinkle, remembering the terrified mother thrush, gazed round, wondering quite what to do. He noticed the old scarecrow, and instantly—tap, tap went his right magic shoe—that wonderful shoe that has the power of granting all his wishes. And in a twinkling, his wish came true.

As if it were the most natural thing in the world, the scarecrow came stalking across the field, making right for the big tree!

Ned and Frank fairly gasped, but Sammy Scarecrow gave a wink at Tommy, and then, halting under the tree, called up in a cracked voice:

"Hey there, you young fellow-me-lad! I know what you are up to; poor Sissy Thrush has just told me. Just you put that nest back where you found it, or you will regret it. Do you hear?"

Rob, who had been clambering down the tree, with the nest in his hand, peered down and nearly tumbled out of the branches when he saw the tattered figure standing below.

"Y-yes, all—all right," he stammered, pretending to mount the tree again. But in reality, he had not replaced the stolen nest; the artful boy had hidden it beneath his coat. Down he climbed again.

"Have ye put it back?" croaked Sammy Scarecrow, as Rob jumped lightly to the ground and made as if to run off. But Sammy was too quick for him, and the next second Rob felt a vice-like, skinny grip on his arm.

"No, you haven't!" went on the enchanted scarecrow. "You've got it underneath your coat. Now, just go back and do as I say, or—or my name's not Samuel Scarecrow! Back you go!"

Really scared of the scarecrow, Rob turned a shade paler, and with Sammy digging him in the ribs, the naughty boy sped up the tree again and this time replaced the nest in its exact spot.

Wishing himself miles away from the dreadful tree, and the more dreadful scarecrow, Rob slid to the ground. And, goodness! What do you think had happened when he arrived there? Sammy Scarecrow stood before him dressed up in his clothes, cap, suit, and knee-length socks, all complete, while he himself was attired in the scarecrow's clothes!

As for Tommy and Ned, they could not speak for laughing.

"And how do *I* look, pray?" broke in Sammy Scarecrow, strutting round in a circle, as proud as a peacock in his nice blue suit and cap!

"You—you've g-got my clothes on!" panted Rob.

"Well, you have mine, so that makes it quite fair!" croaked Sammy. "My word, I do look smart, don't I, boys? I think I'll go for a little walk. You can be a scarecrow now, Rob, and take up my perch in the field. Hee, hee!"

And with a comical bow, the strange figure stalked off across the field.

"Hi! Stop him! M-make him come back!" yelled Rob, suddenly realising what was happening. "I'm not going to be a s-scarecrow! Hi, come *back*!"

The terrified little boy started to run after Sammy Scarecrow, but, oh dear, the dreadfully ragged trousers and the ill-fitting boots that he wore hampered him so much that before he had gone many steps, plomp!—down fell Rob on to the grass.

"You've got my clothes on!" panted Rob.

It was at this moment that our little Tommy Twinkle, knowing that the time had come for the magic to cease, softly stamped his *left* magic shoe. As you will remember, when he does this all the enchantment vanishes, and this is just what happened now.

"Here! Come along, Rob! Get up!" laughed Ned, as he and Tommy ran up to the other boy. "What ever are you doing there?"

"I—my clothes—the s-scarecrow!" gasped Rob, trying to collect his scattered wits, and gazing wildly round. His eyes fell suddenly on the figure of Sammy Scarecrow, once more back on his perch, his ragged clothes fluttering in the breeze. Rob hastily glanced down at his own, and—oh, joy—he found he was once more wearing his own suit! Never again will he go bird's-nesting.

(Have you enjoyed this jolly "Tommy Twinkle" story? There will be another exciting adventure, full of fun and magic, in your PLAYBOX *next week.)*

HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Goodness me! These Baby Buntings must be feeling hungry!" laughed Chic, as he opened the big PLAYBOX picture-book. "Just look at them racing down to breakfast!"

"Ha, ha! It looks an exciting race, too!" chuckled Paddy. "I wish I could join in!"

As you can see, the babies did not mean to waste any time, and Peterkin led the way by sliding down the banisters on a cushion! Then came Dinky in a basin, followed by Babs on a mat! After them came Chubs and Dot on teatrays. It was a very thrilling race, but the end was even more thrilling, for they all tumbled in a heap at the bottom of the stairs!

They made such a clatter that Mrs. Bunting made them go all the way up again and come down quietly! So they did not save any time, after all! Ha, ha!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates, By this time I expect you are all enjoying your jolly summer games. When I was a little boy I used to love crienics and picket—I mean picnics and cricket, although, now I come to think of it, I liked the picnics best of all. I was not greedy, you know, but I liked a lot! Ha, ha!

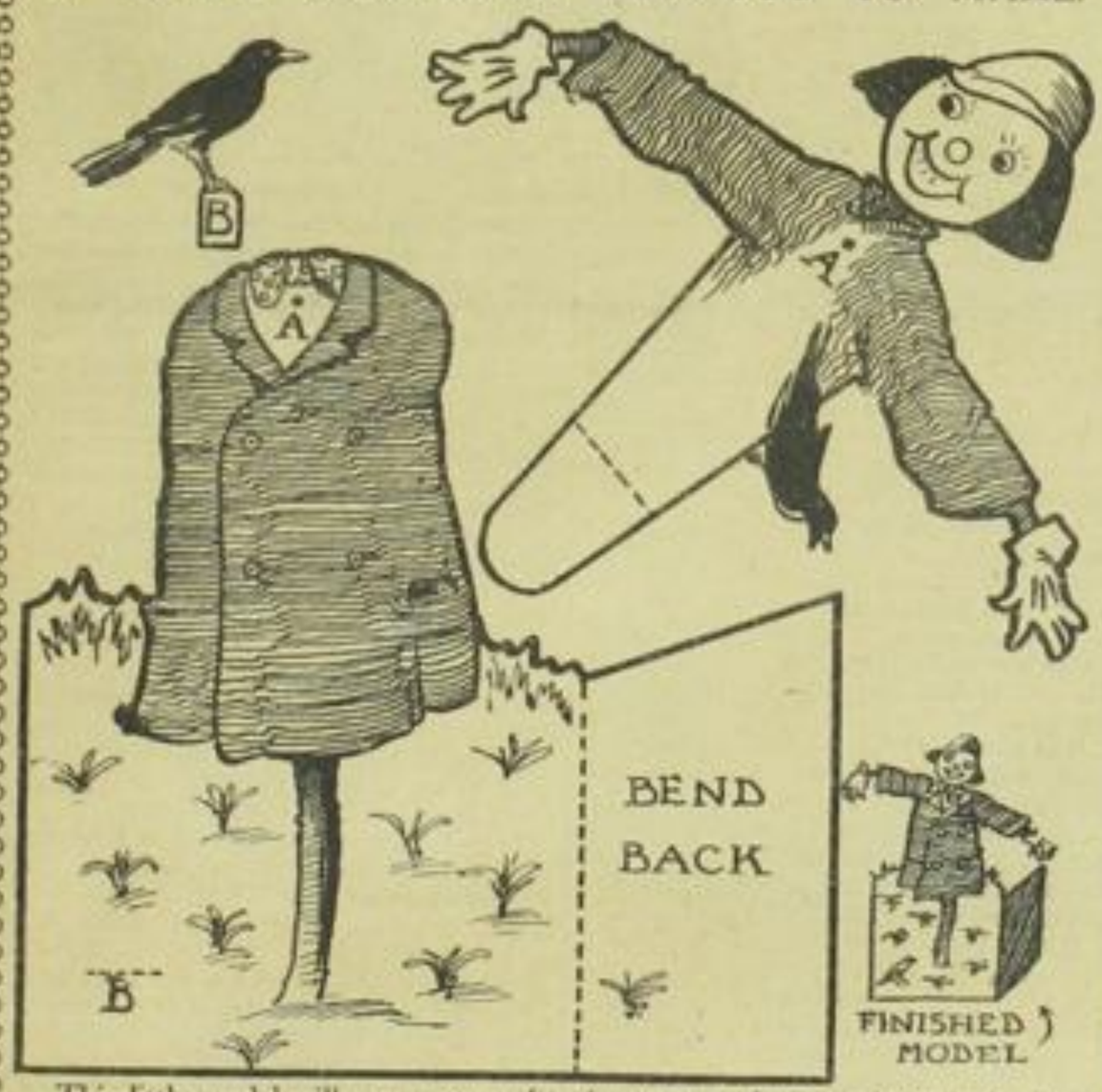
Did you know that Tiger Tilly has just formed a PLAYBOX cricket team? She is the captain, of course, and I have just heard that Polly Parrot is to be the umpire! Ha, ha! I don't think the team will see much of her, for she will be lost in the long grass! The Wee Woolly Boys are to be the star batsmen, and they want me to be the wicket-keeper and stand in front of the wicket instead of behind it!

"No one will be able to hit the wicket with you standing in front of it, Uncle Ben," said artful Bobby Black. No, but they would be able to hit me, Bobby, and I would not like that! I do not think I will join that team, after all; it sounds too exciting.

Your jolly friend,
UNCLE BEN.

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Heather Cotton, of Ipswich.

A FUNNY SCARECROW FOR YOU TO MAKE.



This little model will cause roars of laughter, boys and girls, so hurry up and make it! First of all cut out this picture, and paste it on to some thin card. When it is quite dry, cut out the three pieces carefully.

Take the head and arms and bend back the narrow end at the dotted line, then place it behind the larger piece so that the two points marked A are together. Fasten these by passing a pin or paper fastener through the two points. Cut through the short dotted line B, and then bend back the large tab as marked, so that your model will stand firmly. Now fix the bird into the slot B.

Your model is now finished, and when you move the tab backward and forward the scarecrow will seem to shake his head and wave his arms. You will laugh at his funny tricks!

A GIFT FOR DADDY. Something You Can Make.

Many of my little readers make paper spills for their daddies, and I am sure they will be eager to make this funny little spill holder. You need an empty shaving-stick tin, a round piece of card or cork mat, some plain paper and your paints.

Now, first of all glue the paper round the tin, and wait until it is quite dry. Then carefully copy the funny little figure that you see here, and colour it with your paints. Now stick the holder on to the round piece of card so that it will stand up firmly, and then fill it with spills. Your daddy will be ever so pleased with it!

SONNY CATCHES MICKY WITH STRING.

1. "Look, Micky!" cried Sonny Bear, "I have two pieces of string here. Can you turn them into ten without cutting them?" "Goodness, no!" exclaimed Micky Monk. "And I am sure you can't, either, Sonny!"

2. "Oh, yes, I can!" chuckled that artful little bear. And the next minute he arranged those pieces of string so that they formed the figure ten. "I have made them into ten haven't I?" he laughed. "Caught you."

RIDDLES TO REMEMBER!

Q. Which pet is often trodden underfoot?
A. The car-pet!

Q. Why is a slippery step like the letter F?
A. Because it makes "all" "fall"!

Q. Why is a prince like a cloudy day?
A. Because he is likely to reign (rain).

Q. When is a tree as soft as a bed?
A. When it is down!

A BOOT AND A BOAT!

"Hallo, Sammy! That is a funny boat! Where did you find it?"

"Ha, ha! It is a little drinking cup, Eddie Elf. It floats beautifully, doesn't it?"

"Rather! But don't go to sea in it, Sammy. It will play tricks on you!"

"Why?"

"Because the sea is always full of 'craft'! Ha, ha!"

"Oh, very smart, Eddie! You look very cosy in that big boot. Is that your new home?"

"Yes! It is the quietest place in the world, you know."

"Why is that?"

"Because it keeps a still 'tongue' you see. Hee, hee! By the way, do you know why boots never stay in shops very long?"

"No."

"Because they are 'soled' before they are made, you see!"

"That was clever, Eddie. Well now, I must get along home. We have got a piece of boot for tea to-day."

"A piece of boot for tea! You cannot mean that, Sammy."

"Yes, a fried sole! Ha, ha! Good-bye, Eddie!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

PUNISHMENT AND A DARING PLAN.

Jock in Disgrace.

WHEN little Tim Trotter and his chum, Michael Baxter, took their little Scotch terrier, Jock, back with them to Mulberry School, he became a great favourite with all the boys.

Indeed, after Jock had proved his worth by giving the alarm, one night, when fire broke out in the school, several boys insisted upon making him a very nice kennel as a reward for what he had done.

But whether or no little Jock had seen the kennel and did not care for it, he was found to be missing on the morning when the new abode was to be presented, and, after a long search, where should they find the truant but curled up in the headmaster's bed.

At first Dr. Crabtree was inclined to be amused. Then, when he saw the state that Jock and his bed were in, he was not amused at all.

"Good gracious me!" he cried. "Just look at him! He has been rolling in a ditch or something and now he has been rolling in my bed. You bad dog!" he exclaimed crossly. "How dare you, sir!"

Little Jock, as if not realising what he had done, sat up perkily and let out a little bark of greeting. But his ears dropped a little, and so did his stumpy tail, when Tim stepped forward with a grunt and wagged a stern finger very close to his nose.

"I'm ashamed of you, Jock," said Tim. "How dare you come into the headmaster's bedroom and behave like this. Just look at you, you bad dog! And look what you've done to those sheets!"

Although it was rather serious, it was also rather comical, and one or two of the boys in the doorway, including Johnny Trundle, were almost bursting with silent laughter. For the little terrier was not just ordinarily dirty. He was simply plastered with horrid black mud.

"They sound worried about Johnnie," whispered Tim.

Michael, who had looked down at the soiled sheets in dismay, turned to the master ruefully.

"It's that green drake down in the village, sir," he said. "He's the cause of it, I'm sure!"

"The green drake?" exclaimed the Head, staring. "How do you mean?"

"He always flaps and quacks when he sees Jock, sir," explained Michael, "and Jock doesn't like it. I know exactly what happened, sir. Jock was out for his morning run and passing the duck-pond, sir, and that old drake started bullying him again."

"And Jock went in the pond after him, sir," put in Tim, anxious to make all the excuses he could for their little chum. "Look, sir," he added, pointing to what looked like a patch of green paint on Jock's muddy back. "There's the chick-weed all over him."

"And over my bed, too," said the Head, staring at the sheets with a frown, "if my eyes do not deceive me. Chickweed is a nice sort of thing to find in one's bed, I must say."

By this time, seeming to realise that he was in disgrace, Jock had sprung down from the bed, not improving matters when he gave himself such a hard shake that he sent a fine spray of mud and chick-weed flying towards Dr. Crabtree's nice blue serge trousers.

"Good gracious! What is he up to now!" he exclaimed angrily. "Trotter! Take him below at once and see that he is properly bathed. At the moment he is not fit for decent society."

Jock was still in no condition to be lifted and carried—especially by a boy with his best school suit on—and Tim, looking rather worried, slipped a handkerchief through his collar and led him out and down the stairs.

And while he was busily removing all traces of the duck-pond from the little terrier, in the small yard at the back of the school, Dr. Crabtree, who had ordered the new kennel to be taken outside, delivered a rather stern lecture.

"I am afraid I have allowed you all to make too much fuss of the dog," he said. "Animals are like children and are inclined to be spoiled if you pay them too much attention. We cannot blame Jock, perhaps, if you have all become rather too dog-minded, but it isn't good for him. In the future, if he is to be allowed to remain here, he must have less liberty and be kept more in his place."

He went on to say that it was time the boys thought less about Jock and more about their lessons. When, half an hour later, Tim came back to the classroom where the other boys were hard at work, Dr. Crabtree frowned at him over his spectacles.

"Well, Trotter, and have you separated Jock from the duck-pond?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. He is quite clean now," said Tim, with a smile.

"And where is the dog now?" the Head asked.

"I've tied him up, sir, and he's curled up," said Tim, "in his new kennel."

"I see. Has the maid removed the soiled linen from my bed do you know?"

"Yes, sir," said Tim. "The matron is sending the dirty sheets to the laundry this morning."

"Thank you," said the headmaster in a dry way. "I will see that the bill is passed on to you and Baxter, so that you pay the account out of your pocket money. People who own dogs and fail to keep them in order must be responsible for the damage they do."

Dr. Crabtree glanced up at the clock on the wall as the look of dismay in Tim's face was reflected in the face of his chum. This was no joke at all.

"I notice, Trotter," said the Head, "that you have been half an hour away from your lessons. You had better remain for half an hour after school and make up the lost time. I think, perhaps, Baxter," he added to Michael, "that, as you are the joint-owner of the dog, it would be only fair for you to stay also and keep Trotter company. Do you understand?"

And, as Michael said "Yes, sir," looking rather crestfallen, Tim moved gloomily between the desks to take his seat in the class.

Three weeks or more had passed and the Summer Term at Mulberry School was now in full swing.

To the relief of his masters, little Jock, except for one or two quite minor scrapes, had behaved himself very well and, although he was not allowed quite so much liberty about the school as he had enjoyed before, he remained a firm favourite with all the boys, except perhaps for Cyril Badger, and there was always quite a lot of competition for the honour of taking him for a run over the fields, or for a swim in the river. The duck-pond, of course, was strictly "out of bounds."

Bad News About Johnny.

Life at the school, indeed, had been going on in a very smooth and happy way with so little happening of any note that it caused quite a small flutter at the breakfast table one morning when Johnny Trundle did not appear, and when word travelled round that he was ill.

The news which came later that Johnny had been removed to the hospital, in the left wing of the school, gave rise to some excitement.

"Perhaps it's something catching," said "Porky" Perrin eagerly. "I say, boys, what a lark if it turns out to be measles! That means we shall be all sent home."

As it happened, however, Johnny's illness did not prove to be any sort of joke for Johnny. After the doctor had called the following morning, Mrs. Bramble, the matron, came downstairs looking very worried.

"I am afraid it is much more serious than measles, boys," she said. "Poor Johnny is very ill indeed."

How ill he was the boys began to realise when, later that morning, the doctor called again bringing with him a nurse in uniform who had been specially engaged to look after the patient.

For the remainder of that morning everyone looked very grave and worried. At dinner, neither Dr. Crabtree or the matron were present at the table. When the meal was over the news that poor Johnny was worse put all thoughts of cricket from the minds of the other boys, although it was a half holiday.

Tim and Michael, who looked upon Johnny as one of their best friends, grew very worried. Through the partly open door of Dr. Crabtree's study they heard the headmaster in anxious talk with the doctor and the matron.

"Has the boy any parents?" they heard the doctor ask. "If so, it is most important that they be sent for without any delay."

The chums exchanged glances and Tim whispered: "They sound worried about Johnny, don't they?"

The doctor went on to say that Johnny's condition was serious and that he would feel very relieved if his father and mother could come to the school that afternoon.

"But I'm afraid that is impossible, doctor," Mrs. Bramble said. "Johnny's parents live at Winchwood, which is two hundred miles or more away. Even if I telephoned or wired immediately, I am afraid they could not get here until to-morrow morning."

The doctor frowned and looked very grave, saying something to the head-master which the boys outside the door could not hear.

Then, as a sudden idea came to him, Michael sprang into the room.

"Dr. Crabtree, Excuse me, sir," he gasped. "We've just heard what you said about sending for Johnny's parents. What about an aeroplane? They could get here ever so quickly if they came by aeroplane."

The headmaster turned in surprise, as did the doctor.

"What do you know about it, young fellow?" the doctor asked.

"My daddy is an aeroplane designer, sir," gasped Michael, "and he flies his own aeroplane. Tim and I often travel in it. Couldn't Mr. and Mrs. Trundle come by aeroplane?"

It was an idea which had not occurred to either the doctor or the headmaster. But the suggestion was one which, they realised at once, would solve the problem.

"But where can we get an aeroplane, Michael?" Dr. Crabtree asked.

"From the Flying Club at Ailsford, sir," Michael said promptly. "There's always a pilot and a few planes there."

"That's right, sir. There's a pilot we know well named Captain Dellow, and he has a plane that would carry several passengers. He would go to Winchwood and bring back Johnny's parents if we asked him to. I'm sure of it. Shall we go and ask him, sir. We'd soon get there," Tim added breathlessly, "upon our bicycles."

For a few minutes the headmaster hesitated. Then, after a brief talk with the doctor, he turned to the boys.

"I think we'll take your advice, boys," he said. "Wait! I'll give you a note to give to Captain Dellow."

In a few minutes the note was written and, with the letter in Tim's pocket, he and Michael ran for their bicycles and went pedalling away. The flying ground at Ailsford was only two miles distant and in ten minutes they were there, hurrying towards the small club-house which stood beside the hangars.

"I'm going to fly this plane," Michael said.

Then came a sad disappointment. The club-house was shut up and there was nobody there, though the aeroplane which Captain Dellow flew stood out upon the broad, flat meadow like a big, white bird.

Worried and puzzled, the two boys hurried towards it, thinking perhaps that their friend, the captain, might be inside it. Alas! the plane, also, was deserted, though the petrol gauge showed the tank to be full and the machine had the appearance of being all ready for a journey.

Not knowing what to do for the best, Tim stared about him, but he could see nobody at all. Michael, who had been used to aeroplanes for a long as he could remember, clambered into the cockpit, gazing at the dash-board and controls. The machine was one of standard type, such as he, himself, with his daddy, had often travelled in.

Indeed, it was in just such a machine as this that Michael, himself, had received lessons in flying from his father—steering it for a long time, all by himself. Suddenly, as he sat there, Michael's heart quickened. A swift, daring idea had seized him, and he turned to Tim, telling him to get inside. Tim climbed in beside him, wondering why Michael looked so flushed and excited. Michael was in the pilot's seat, testing the controls.

"But, Michael!" Tim gasped. "We mustn't waste time here. We must go and find Captain Dellow."

"There isn't time. He may not be back for hours," Michael said breathlessly. Then Tim's heart leapt as Michael turned to him in a grim way.

"Tim," he said, "are you game to come to Winchwood? Would you risk it?"

"To Winchwood?" Tim stared at him in blank amazement. "But I don't understand, Michael!" he cried. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm going to fly this plane myself," Michael said. "I can manage it easily, I'm sure. What do you say, Tim?"

And, as Michael sat there grimly, Tim looked at him with bated breath.

(Will Michael really fly the aeroplane to Winchwood all by himself? Another thrilling instalment of this exciting story in the PLAYBOX *next week.)*

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy and Dicky find Master Quince in an old temple. They are looking for a way out when Wendy remembers a golden key that a grateful black girl gave her. When she tries to open a casket with it part of the floor begins to sink.

1. Wendy and Dicky were rather frightened as they felt themselves going down with part of the floor of that queer old temple, but Master Quince seemed sure it was the secret way out.

2. "Did not the black girl tell you that the golden key would show you a secret?" he said, as the stone stopped in a kind of cave, and they stepped off it. It all seemed so queer!

3. The moment they had all stepped off the stone, they noticed that it began to rise again. "What ever shall we do if we cannot get out of these caves?" said Dicky. "Let's hurry!"

4. It was very dark and cold down there, and they almost had to feel their way along; and then Dicky suddenly pointed ahead to a light. "'Tis no flare, but daylight," said Master Quince.

5. At last they found themselves mounting some steps towards what seemed to be a small doorway, and they felt so excited. "Oh, I shall be glad to get out of this place!" exclaimed Wendy.

6. And then, to her surprise, she found it was the door in the tree, which she had entered when she freed Dicky from his prison. "How lovely it is to see the sky again!" Master Quince said.

7. By this time they were all hungry, and the old man suggested they should spear some fish from the stream with a sharp stick. "I will soon catch your supper for you!" he said.

8. So the children left him to catch the fish while they collected sticks for a fire. "How quickly it gets dark here," Wendy said. "We shall need the fire for light, too, Dicky!"

9. While they were cooking their supper Dicky began telling how he came to be captured by the natives. "When uncle's boat was wrecked they took me and the box of treasure," he said.

10. How they did enjoy that jolly meal, and later when they began to feel tired, they collected some soft bracken and put it on the floor of one of the caves near by to make a bed for Wendy. She could not sleep for a long time, for thinking of Dicky's lost treasure.

11. Next day the three friends began making plans to start on their journey home, and the old man said they must fashion a rough boat from trees. "This will take us to a spot where we can pick up a big boat for home!" he said, as he worked on the craft.

12. Now, Wendy was eager to help as well as Dicky, so she offered to go off and find some more wood. After a while she heard such a strange chattering, and peeping through the trees she saw some monkeys swinging happily to and fro between the branches.

13. They seemed quite friendly, so Wendy drew nearer to them, fascinated by the clever way they swung themselves from tree to tree. Suddenly she gave a cry of surprise as something sparkled on one monkey's neck. "A diamond necklace!" Wendy cried.

(Where did this monkey find such a wonderful necklace? Aren't you longing to see next week's exciting instalment!)

MRS. HIPPO

1. "Hurrah! Spring is here!" cried Baby Jumbo, and she was enjoying herself bouncing up and down in the armchair. "Yes, and we're off to get the spring hats Mrs. Hippo promised us!" said Tilly.

2. "Oh, I suppose they think they will pick out the prettiest hats and leave the funny ones for me!" said Baby. "I'll show them I can be smart sometimes!" And she pulled springs from the chair.

3. These she tied to her feet and she hopped along so quickly that she passed the other girls. "Oh dear, now she'll take that pink hat with the green feather that I wanted!" sighed Polly Parrot.

DIBS AND DABS

1. "We don't want any singing lessons from Professor Squeaker to-day!" said Dibs. "Ma is out so we will all dress up as bold, bad men.

2. Soon there was a ring at the bell, and they dashed to the door, thinking it was their mother. "I'm sure she'll be frightened of me!" said Floppy.

3. They looked very fierce as they dashed out, but—oh dear!—they ran right into Professor Squeaker. "Swords away and music out!" he said.

4. He was not a bit scared of the "pirates," and made them sing "Three Jolly Sailor Boys." "I'd feel jollier if I were on the sea!" wailed Floppy.

SAMBO

1. "I'se going to hab my supper now," said Sambo to his chums. "I'll gib yo' a ride to-morrow!"

2. Well, ... nigs in Blac... Sambo the...

4. So the nigs followed him and when they reach... the river Sambo hooked a boat on to the back of ... car. "Jus' yo' all jump into 'Polly'!" he chuckl...

"What word can you say faster by adding two letters, Willy!"
"Give it up, Reggie!"
"The word 'fast' of course."

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. Little Man was having a busy day bill-posting, for he wanted some soldiers to help him push his little gun about. "We'll join!" said Bobby, but Little Man said he wanted good trumpeters.

2. "That's easy," said Willy, when Little Man had gone. "All you have to do is to say 'Tan-tan-tarrah' and 'Oom bom pom'!" They cut paper trumpets and made those noises to Little Man's men.

3. But Little Man's men only threw their soldier hats at the poor boys. "We want a real band!" they cried. "We couldn't march to that noise!" "P'r'aps they want a *hut-band* now!" said Reggie.

...'S SCHOOL

4. Baby bounced straight into the shop where Mrs. Hippo was choosing the girls' hats. "I think the prettiest girl should have the prettiest hat, Mrs. Hippo," said Baby, "so I came first to get it!"

5. "Well, it is in that box under your feet, Baby," said Mrs. Hippo, and Baby groaned when she saw how she had flattened that box by jumping on it. "It will look like a concertina!" laughed Polly.

6. And how they laughed when Baby put that squashed hat on her head. "Ha, ha! It looks like the latest dustbin model!" giggled Jenny Jacko. Baby didn't feel quite so spring-like after that!

SCORCHER

...morning all the ...wn came to tell ...anted a ride.

3. He felt worried. "Dis only a li'l car!" he said. "But I hab a big idea! Come dis way!"

5. There was plenty of room for them and when they were all aboard Sambo began scorching. "I likes life on de ocean waves!" cried little Snowball.

SAMMY SEAL

1. "Oo-oh! I have caught a baby whale!" cried Sammy. "I caught it!" said Patsy. "It's mine!" And they began to quarrel about it.

2. So Sammy suggested racing for it. That might have been a good idea, but Patsy didn't think it was fair to give Sammy a yard start.

3. Then he had an idea. "Stand still until I say 'Go' then, Sammy!" Patsy said, and then that artful penguin tipped glue round Sammy's tootsies.

4. "Go!" Patsy cried then, and raced forward, passing Sammy, who was glued to the deck. "You had a yard's start!" Patsy cried. "It's my fish!"

...E WOOLLY BOYS

"Do you know the kind of shoes that last longest, Percy?"
"Yes, house-shoes, Bobby. You never wear them out!"

4. Not long after that the boys heard Little Man telling his men to get dressed for a parade. "Ha, ha! That means they will want their hats," chuckled Bobby. "And they've given them to us!"

5. Then the Woollies marched to the door and Percy said: "We will sell you our hats at sixpence each, sirs! You can't parade without hats!" "Someone buy my trumpet for a hat!" sighed Dicky Duckling.

6. Well, of course, the soldiers had to buy back the hats, so the Woollies were able to buy all they wanted to make a real band. "Come along, boys!" said Little Man. "You will cheer up my army!"

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

MR. TOMKINS HIDES.

Mr. Tomkins sounds like a rather stern old gentleman, doesn't he, but he is not. He is a black and white kitten—and a very cheeky little kitten, too.

Of course, his mother just calls him "Tom," but the little girl in the house, who says he is her very own kitten, always calls him "Mr. Tomkins."

Now, Mr. Tomkins had three favourite playthings. One was an empty cotton reel, another was a little ping-pong ball, and the third was his mother's tail.

He was playing with this long, fluffy tail one morning, as his mother sat swishing it to and fro, and then suddenly she gave Tom such a flick in the face with it that he jumped backwards, and nearly turned head over heels.

"I will not have you playing with my tail, Tom," she said. "Go and find something else to play with!"

So away strolled Tom to look for his cotton reel and his ping-pong ball.

"I think I knocked my ball underneath the cupboard in the hall yesterday," said Mr. Tomkins thoughtfully. And then he remembered that he had tried to get it out again, but he had eaten so much dinner that he could not squeeze far enough under the cupboard to pat it out with his paw.

"I'll try again," said Mr. Tomkins, stretching himself, and feeling quite certain that he was slimmer to-day.

But, oh dear, the ball had gone.

"I suppose Jane found it this morning when she was mopping the hall," sighed Tom. "She will be cross if I run after her now and cry for it!" And so he thought he would hunt for the cotton reel.

"I was playing with it last night in the dining-room," said Mr. Tomkins. "I hope it is still there!" And he felt rather guilty, for his mummy was always telling him to put his toys away every night.

Mr. Tomkins hurried into the dining-room, and saw Jane throwing his reel on to the fire.

The wet kitten struggled out of the vase.

He tried to play with his own tail for a little while, but it was not quite long enough yet, and poor Mr. Tomkins got quite a stiff neck, turning round to look for his little tail.

Back he went into the hall, and as he passed a low chair there was such a nice smell of fish. Mr. Tomkins lifted up his head, and wrinkled up his little black nose, making his white whiskers waggle.

In a few moments he had patted the parcel with his paw until it fell on to the floor, and it did not take him long to pull out the fish.

What a lovely feast he had, but somehow, all the time he felt his mummy might be cross if she knew he had taken it off the chair. So when he heard footsteps he thought he had better hide.

Luckily there was a fairly wide-necked vase standing near by, and Mr. Tomkins jumped on to the top of it and disappeared inside.

"One of those naughty cats has been eating this fish!" he heard Jane say, and he shivered.

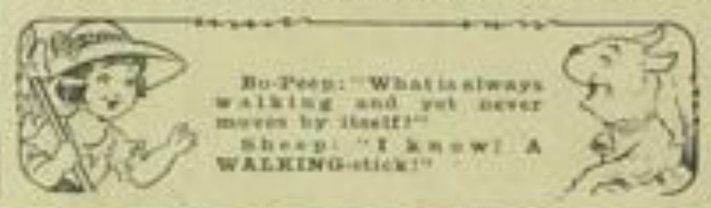
"She sounds rather cross," said Mr. Tomkins. "I'm glad I hid in here."

But the next moment he was jerked to one side, for Jane picked up the vase and carried it into the kitchen.

Mr. Tomkins didn't move until, oh dear, Jane began filling the vase with water. Then he managed to struggle out.

Of course, Jane nearly dropped the vase in her fright. Now she knew who had eaten the fish. But later when she found Mr. Tomkins shivering in a corner she thought his shower bath had punished him enough.

(*Read about two greedy caterpillars next week.*)



1. Chic was going off to do some wall-papering, when Big Bear told him he felt a nasty draught!

2. "Don't get a cold," said Chic. "I'll find that breeze!" Then Big Bear saw the wall-paper.

3. He pulled it out of Chic's bag, and then began to hang it round his draughty cage.

4. Chic did not miss the paper, and hurried off to tell Snowdrop about the draught. "Poor bear!" she said.

5. "Give him a night-light to keep him warm," said silly Chic. Then Snowdrop cried: "He's not there!"

6. Ha, ha! Big Bear was hidden behind the paper. "I'm nice and cosy now, Chic!" he said, peeping out.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

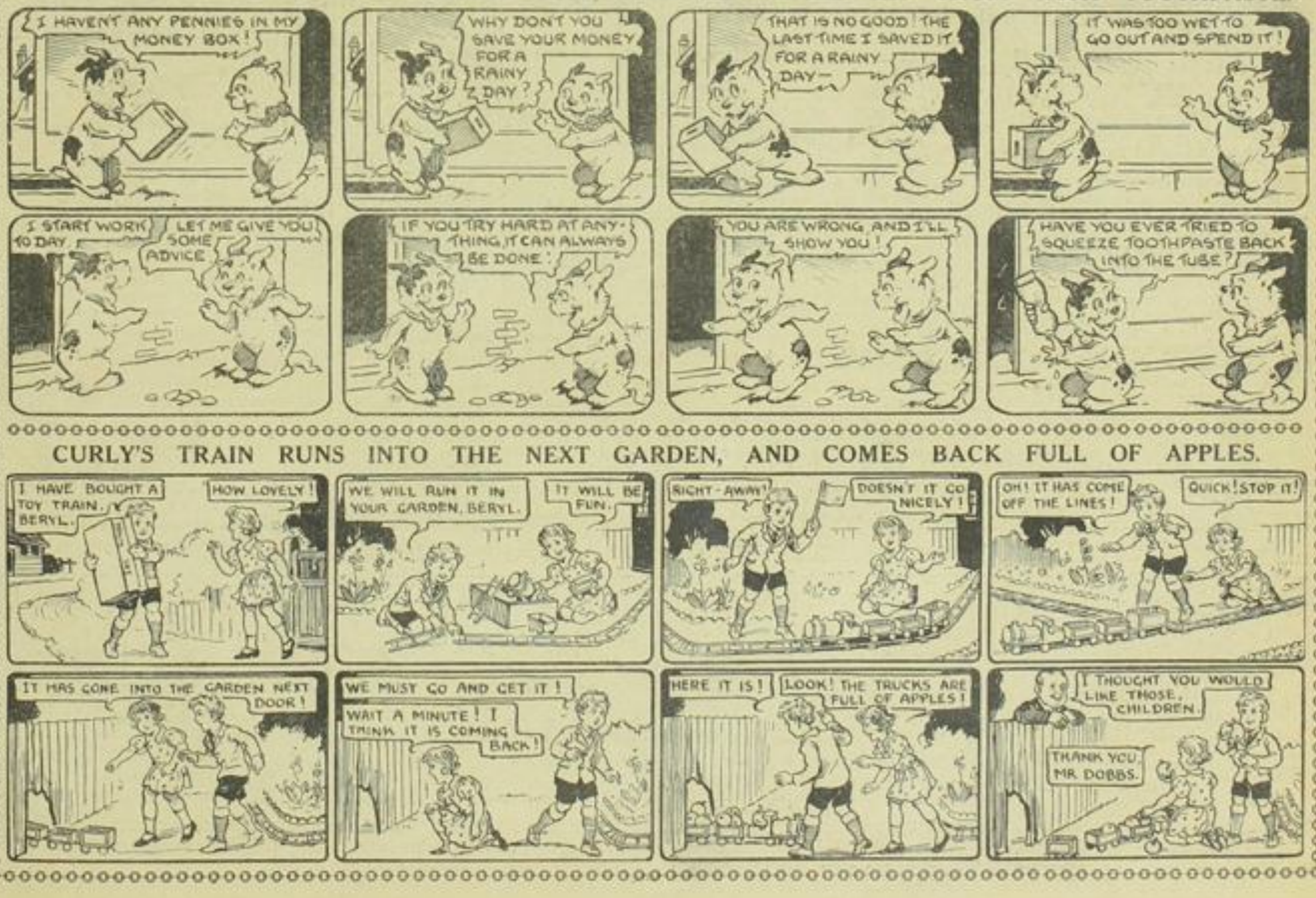
THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. The Lucky Bunny.
2. Pennies and Hard Work.
3. Apples by Toy Train.

TESS LOSES HER BANGLE, BUT WITH HUSKY'S HELP FINDS IT ROUND A BUNNY'S NECK.

SCAMP WON'T SAVE FOR A RAINY DAY, AND HE TRICKS HIS CHUM WITH TOOTHPASTE.



CURLY'S TRAIN RUNS INTO THE NEXT GARDEN, AND COMES BACK FULL OF APPLES.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

THE PLAYMATES MEET CRACKER IN THE WOOD OF WOE

"AY, Mr. Chip lives in the Wood of Woe, but I shouldn't go there if I were you, Paddy! There is no happiness to be found there!"

So said Hal Goodfellow, the captain of the robbers of the wood, and he looked very grave as he spoke.

Paddy and his playmates had discovered a wonderful island upon which they had had many adventures. They had also heard of a poor little girl named Pitpat, who was held prisoner, and they meant to rescue her.

You can guess how excited Paddy was when, during a great feast in the forest, Hal told him he had heard of the little girl. Many days ago the robber had been in the wood and had peeped into a hut among the trees.

Inside was Mr. Chip, a wood-carver, and Hal had heard him talking about Pitpat.

"So, if you find Mr. Chip, maybe you will find Pitpat, too!" said Hal. "But I tell you it is dangerous to go in that wood!"

"Where is the Wood of Woe, and where is Mr. Chip's cottage?" Paddy asked eagerly.

"I can tell you how to get to the wood," replied Hal, "but not where the cottage is. You see, it is a magic wood and it is very easy to lose your direction in it. After we had seen that cottage, Tuckey and I wandered about for days and we were very lucky to find a way out."

"Besides that," chimed in Tuckey, the plump member of the robber band, "there are queer voices in the wood."

"Voices?" said Paddy. "Didn't you see anyone?"

"Not a sign," said Tuckey in a whisper. "But at night we heard those voices and, worse still, in the morning all our food had gone! Ay, the bad fairies of the wood had it, you may be sure!"

But Paddy was not to be alarmed, and when he told his playmates the news they were as eager to go as he was.

"We are not afraid, Paddy," they said. "Your magic popgun will protect us in the Wood of Woe!"

"Then we shall start to-morrow morning," Paddy replied.

Soon after that the party in the wood ended. Hal and his men went off to their caves, promising to call for Paddy early in the morning, and Paddy and his playmates went to the castle, where they were staying with Merryheart and his children, Handy and Pandy.

The next morning was the time to say good-bye and you may be sure that Paddy and his playmates were sorry to leave their new friends.

"Come back soon," said Handy and Pandy. "We have had fine adventures together."

"And we shall have some more, never fear!" laughed Paddy.

At that moment there came a loud halloo from outside the castle, to tell the chums that the robbers were waiting for them. They had come to guide the playmates part of the way to the wood.

A little later, they all set off, a little sad at first, but soon happy to think that this time they might really rescue Pitpat from her enemies on the island.

"I wish we could come all the way to the wood with you, Paddy!" said Hal, as they swung along the path through the trees. "But we must stay behind and keep an eye on old Baron Grim, or he will be making an attack on Merryheart's castle again."

"Ah, we shall be all right, Hal!" laughed Timbo. "Look after Handy and Pandy until we return."

At last they came to a rushing river that gurgled and frothed its way over boulders and falls.

"This is where we say good-bye," said Hal. "All you must do now is to follow the river and it will bring you to the wood. That is the Wood of Woe and when you get there you must find Chip's cottage yourselves. The best of luck to you."

The robber band melted away like shadows and Paddy and his playmates were left alone. There was not a sound to be heard except for the gurgling of the river and the playmates felt a little nervous at first.

"Come on, lads," said Paddy cheerily. "Follow me."

And singing merrily, to show they feared no foe, the playmates tramped on, following the river as it twisted and turned. And, just as it was growing dark, they came to a dark and gloomy wood.

"The Wood of Woe!" whispered Golly. "Isn't it dark, eh?"

"Who's afraid of the big, black wood!" chanted Paddy merrily, and on he went, the playmates following behind.

But in another quarter of an hour it became too dark to see and Paddy decided to camp in a glade for the night.

Making a fire, they sat round it to eat their supper and afterwards they lay down on the grass to sleep.

"It must be late," muttered Golly sleepily. "What is the time, Paddy?"

"Half-past quarter to fifteen," came the answer, and Golly stared. It was such a queer answer that he thought that Paddy must be talking in his sleep.

"What did you say, Paddy?" he asked.

"Greedy thing! Be off!" cried Paddy, when he saw the parrot.

"I didn't say anything," Paddy replied. "I thought it was Timbo."

"It wasn't me!" came Timbo's voice. "I didn't speak. But who did?"

"Ah, who did?" came another voice from near by.

"Not I!" chimed in a third voice, and the playmates looked at each other in alarm.

The voices were near at hand—but there was not a soul to be seen. Bravely, Paddy jumped up to search among the trees, and the others followed him, but the wood seemed deserted.

"They are the voices Hal spoke about!" Timbo whispered. "The bad fairies of the wood are about, Paddy."

However, the voices did not speak again that night and the playmates fell asleep. Early in the morning Timbo, the dog detective, had a good look round for "clues" and soon he came back, looking very excited.

"Look, Paddy," he said, "I have a clue." And he held up a bright scarlet feather.

"I rather fancy that those voices we heard were parrots' voices. Parrots sometimes talk, you know," Timbo went on.

"I do believe you are right, Timbo!" said Paddy. "Perhaps I can scare them out of their hiding-places."

Holding his gun he pulled the trigger.

The next moment there came a chattering of wings and dozens of brightly-coloured parrots flew out of the trees.

"No wonder Hal didn't guess what the voices were!" laughed Paddy.

The crowd of parrots, uttering loud squawks, flew off, and the two chums returned to the others, to tell the news.

The camp-fire had gone out in the night and Timbo and Golly began to build another so they could cook some breakfast. Paddy and the rest of the playmates hurried off to a stream to have their morning wash.

Paddy was the first back to camp, and he grinned as he came through the trees. There was Timbo puffing away at the smoking fire, while Golly looked on.

"I think you ought to do this!" grumbled Timbo, as his face grew black with smoke. "You are so black you won't show the soot like I do."

"But you are such a good blower, you really are, Timbo!" said Golly artfully.

"Puff! Puff!" blew Timbo into the fire, and Paddy was about to join his chums when he noticed something surprising.

Behind the two playmates was a pile of tuck for breakfast and there, pecking away at the food, Paddy saw a parrot.

"The greedy thing!" Paddy cried. "Hi! Be off!"

The parrot did not seem afraid of the boys.

"No harm meant, cap'n!" he croaked. "Cracker feels peckish."

Cracker the parrot was quite friendly and stayed while the playmates had breakfast, gobbling up all the crumbs thrown to him.

All the time he chattered away in his queer "old-man's voice," and then burst into a song, that went something like this:

"I'm Chipperty Chip
And I chip, chip, chip
At the wood to earn my bread.
I work, work, work,
Never skirk, shirk, shirk
From dawn till time for bed."

Paddy listened to the song, in surprise.

"Chip!" he cried. "The woodcarver!"

"Chip, Chip!" screamed the parrot, fluttering off. "Time to get up, Chip!"

Paddy jumped to his feet.

"Come on, boys," he whispered. "Let's follow Cracker. I am sure he will lead us to Chip, the wood-carver!"

(The boys are really on the trail now! Look out for their thrilling adventures in this lovely story next week.)

TOM'S JOLLY JOKE MAKES SNIP GROWL AT HIMSELF OVER HIS BONE

1. Snip was fast asleep beside his bone, so Tom said to Betty: "I will prop up this looking-glass in front of him!"

2. Now, when Snip woke up he saw himself in the glass, but he growled: "Gr-r-r! Here's a dog after my bone!"

3. Of course, when he rushed forward, the other doggie rushed forward, too, and Tom and Betty did laugh at him.

4. "The dog has gone now!" wuffed Snip, as the mirror fell over, and then Tom told him it was only himself.

BRIGHTEYES

Escape—and a daring climb to see her chum!

FOR NEW READERS.—While skating on the pavement Brighteyes is stopped by a policeman. Gipsy Meg appears and tells the policeman that Brighteyes is a naughty girl.

1. The policeman looked at Gipsy Meg sharply, and then put his pocket-book away. "Does this little girl belong to you, ma'am?" he asked. "Yes, she does!" declared the gipsy, with an artful smile. "I've been looking for her for a long time, and now I have got her at last!"

2. "Well," said the policeman, leaving go of Brighteyes' hand. "You had better take her home at once and see that she does not get into any more trouble." "Oh, yes, sir! I will, sir!" cried the gipsy. "Let me go!" cried Brighteyes. "I don't want to go with you."

3. But her skates prevented her from struggling very hard. Meg took her by the wrist and pulled her along roughly, and whether she liked it or not, she had to go. "Hee, hee!" chuckled Meg. "I'm glad you were wearing those skates. It makes it easy to pull you along."

4. It was a long journey to the caravan, and by the time they reached it, our little girl was almost in tears. "How dare you treat me like this!" she sobbed, as she sank down on the grass. "It's not fair!" "Take off those skates and be quiet!" snapped the gipsy roughly.

5. Thinking sadly of her chums back at Miss Barry's school, poor Brighteyes slowly unstrapped the skates and handed them to the gipsy who was resting against the wheel of the caravan. "I don't want them, child," she murmured sleepily. "I'm going to sell them!"

6. Brighteyes noticed that the skates were just about Meg's size, and then a daring idea occurred to her. The gipsy was feeling sleepy after her long walk from the town, and while she was dozing, Brighteyes fixed the skates to her feet. "Now I can get away!" she whispered.

7. She knew that Gipsy Meg was not quite asleep, but she was no longer afraid of being caught, for this time it was the gipsy who was wearing the skates. As soon as our little girl ran into the road, Gipsy Meg scrambled up and began to stagger about. How Brighteyes laughed.

8. By the time Gipsy Meg had managed to take off the skates, our little girl was halfway back to the school. Once more she had escaped from her old enemy. Just as she reached the school door, Miss Barry came out looking very grave. "I am afraid Lola is very ill," she said.

9. Brighteyes pleaded very hard to see her chum, but the teacher declared that little Lola was much too ill to see anybody. Turning away sadly, Brighteyes ran to find her chum Joan, who was waiting in the playground. "Oh, Brighteyes, I do wish we could see Lola!" she cried.

10. "Never mind, Joan," said Brighteyes, putting her arm round her chum. "I expect she will be better to-morrow, then we can go and see her as often as we like." "But it does not seem right to leave her in that room all alone!" exclaimed Joan worriedly. "Miss Barry told Sarah to look after her, but she is sitting in the kitchen drinking tea." "Then I will go and see Lola!" declared Brighteyes, as she scrambled up a drain-pipe.

11. When she heard that Sarah was supposed to be taking care of her little chum she began to feel really worried, for she knew that the ill-natured servant was very lazy. Taking a firm grip of the pipe she climbed nimbly to the window of Lola's room. As soon as she reached it she heard a husky voice calling from the bed: "Brighteyes! Brighteyes!" "I'm coming, Lola dear!" cried our little girl. "Is anything the matter?"

(Poor Lola seems to be very ill! Will our little girl help to make her better? More of this lovely story next week.)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—While sitting on the boat of the Flying Fish Joe and Effie see a ball floating in the water. They pick it up and find that there is a chain fixed to it. Joe and the captain decide to pull it in.

1. Feeling very excited, Joe and the captain heaved with all their might at the heavy chain. It came up a little way, but then stopped with such a jerk that the two friends were nearly thrown into the water. "It will not move another inch, captain!" exclaimed little Joe breathlessly.

2. It was no use to pull any more, and the captain let the chain slide back into the water. "I can't make it out!" he muttered to himself. "There must be something down there—but what can it be?" "I'm going to find out!" declared Joe, dashing into the cabin.

3. A few moments later he returned with the special diving suit that Captain Scott had invented, and Effie stared at him in alarm as he began to pull it on. "Joe! You are not going under the water?" she cried. "Yes, I am," replied Joe stoutly. "I'll be all right, Effie!"

4. He buckled the tunic tightly round his neck, and then fitted the thick glass globe over his head. "Hold the chain tightly, cap'n," he said in a muffled voice. "I'm going to climb down it!" And then, taking a grip of it himself, he plunged into the water and was lost to sight.

5. Very slowly and carefully he lowered himself down the chain into the dim, green-lit water, and then, as he neared the sea-bed, he saw a very strange sight! A huge iron ball with two great glass eyes was lying beneath him. "What is it?" he gasped, his heart beating quickly.

6. The other end of the chain was fixed to a stout ring on top of the ball, and rather than risk touching it, Joe dropped to the bed of the sea and stood staring at the strange monster! Suddenly two blinding rays of light flashed out of the glass windows, and Joe staggered back, amazed!

7. Before he had got over his surprise the great ball began to roll towards him with a slow, lurching movement, and as quick as lightning Joe sprang up through the water and grasped the chain so that he could pull himself to the top. "It is coming after me!" he thought in dismay.

8. Hand over hand he pulled himself up the chain, fearing every moment that the strange thing would catch up with him! By the time he reached the Flying Fish he was panting as if he had run a mile, and the captain dashed forward to help him. "What's the matter?" he cried.

9. Poor Joe was so out of breath that for a few moments he could not answer, but at last he managed to wrench off the glass helmet and then pointed down into the water. "I saw a strange monster down there, cap'n," he gasped. "And it came after me! We'd better get away at once!"

10. "Whatever do you mean, Joe?" asked the captain, looking rather puzzled. "Do you mean you saw a big fish?" Joe shook his head at once. "No—it wasn't a fish," he replied in a frightened voice. "It was a——" He stopped suddenly, for little Effie had given a cry of alarm and was pointing down at a strange whirlpool which had appeared in the water. "I do believe it is coming up now, Joe!" she cried.

11. Joe caught the captain by the arm and pushed him towards the open door of the cabin, but at that very moment the water began to swirl and splash and the next instant the huge iron ball burst through the surface and began to bob towards the Flying Fish! "Oh, captain, let's get away at once!" exclaimed Joe, but Captain Scott stood staring at the strange thing as if he could not believe his eyes. "Whatever can it be?" he cried.

(What is the answer to this strange mystery? There will be another very exciting adventure in this grand story next week! Do not miss it!)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, May 20th, 1939. 10

Библиотека Иностранной Литературы

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

FUNNY PICTURES AND EXCITING STORIES THAT THE LITTLE ONES CAN READ.

PLAYBOX 2d

A BIG SURPRISE AT THE MAYOR'S PARTY.

1. "Dear us! You look busy, Mr. Bunn," said our chums, when they trotted into the baker's kitchen one day. "Won't you let us help you make that cake?"

2. "Thank you," replied Mr. Bunn. "It is for the mayor's birthday, so be careful!" "Oh, yes!" said Micky. "We won't pick out more than ten currants each."

3. But while the little monk was looking for a nice fat currant our Sonny rushed in with the icing sugar—and slid over on a piece of peel! "O-oh!" he gasped.

4. And I am sorry to say that he spilt the icing sugar all over Micky! But Micky was not a bit sorry! He looked very sweet covered with sugar, and so Sonny decided to leave him on top of the cake. Wasn't the mayor pleased when he saw it, too. "Bring it in, Sonny!" he said merrily.

5. Now, Mr. Mayor was a very kind man, and he had invited ever so many children to his birthday party. While he was talking to them that greedy boy Tommy Toddles crept in through the back door and made straight for the cake! "I'll have a nice big taste of this!" he chuckled.

6. But, as you can see, our Micky was on guard, and he gave Tommy a taste of his spoon instead! Ha, ha! "Go away, Thomas," said he. "This cake is not for greedy boys!" "Hurrah! Good old Micky!" cheered Sonny.

7. And the kind gentleman was so pleased with our chums that he gave them two huge slices! "This is the sort of party we like, Mr. Mayor!" chuckled Sonny. But naughty Tommy Toddles was sent home without any cake at all!

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

The shock-headed boy took aim at the tulip.

"I SAY, Tommy, what lovely bluebells. Have you just gathered them?"

And Jill, one of Tommy Twinkle's school friends, paused to admire the large armful our little boy carried.

"Yes, I've been to the woods for them," he smiled, separating a good handful and handing them to the delighted little girl. "My granny is so fond of bluebells, you know."

"Oh, this is kind of you, Tommy!" exclaimed Jill. Then suddenly she added: "Oh-h, but I am on my way to old Mr. Tipps'; daddy has asked me to take a message to him. May I leave the bluebells in this shady corner of your garden till I come back? They will fade if I carry them all the way there and back, won't they?"

"Give them to me. I'll put them in water for you till you come back," said Tommy, taking back the flowers. "If you like, Jill, I'll walk up to Mr. Tipps' house with you; I've nothing else to do this afternoon."

Jill was delighted with the idea of having company. In fact, the afternoon that had promised to be rather dull and uninteresting now looked as though it would be full of fun, for Tommy Twinkle is always good company, as Jill knew very well.

Indeed, the children had scarcely set out on their walk when our little favourite chuckled:

"I say, Jill, I have heard you are a clever little girl. See if you can guess this: Two fathers and two sons were crossing a bridge over a lake. They paused and looked over into the still water. How many reflections would they see?"

"Two fathers and two sons? Why, that would be four altogether," cried Jill merrily. "Four reflections, Tommy! That is the answer."

THIS WEEK:

TERRY THE TORTOISE.

But our little favourite slowly shook his head.

"Wrong!" he laughed. "There were only three people. A grandfather, his son, and his grandson. Two fathers and two sons. Do you see? Ha, ha, ha!"

Slowly it dawned on Jill how cleverly she had been "caught," and she, too, laughed.

"Do try me with another, Tommy?" she begged. "I love take-ins and tricks. Can you think of another, do you think?"

"Yes—er—do you know, Jill, I always feel so very sorry for tortoises, don't you?"

The little girl opened her eyes wide in surprise at this rather strange question.

"Tortoises? Why, Tommy?" she inquired, beginning to smile.

"Well, I feel very sorry for them," repeated Tommy. "You see, theirs is such a hard case. Ha, ha, ha!"

And it was not until Jill recalled the queer-looking shape of a tortoise, and especially the very hard shell in which it lived, that she realised the joke.

"Tommy, it is hopeless trying to guess your take-ins," laughed the little girl. "And do you know, talking of tortoises, old Mr. Tipps has a tame one in his garden. I wonder if we shall see it to-day?"

"I hope we do. I think tortoises are rather fun," smiled Tommy. "Ah, this is the house, isn't it?"

"Yes! Isn't the garden lovely!" murmured Jill, as they approached the low green gate. "Why, there is Mr. Tipps himself! We must ask him about Terry the Tortoise, mustn't we?"

Hearing the chums' voices, the old gentleman looked over, a deep frown on his usually good-natured face. He was rather short-sighted, so that at first he did not recognise the children.

"Hi! Are you the young scamps who are always breaking down my flowers?" he cried, hurrying towards them.

Jill looked at Tommy in dismay and retreated a few steps. Indeed, old Mr. Tipps looked and sounded so angry that Tommy halted, too.

"No, sir, we have not broken your flowers," he replied politely, raising his cap. "This is Jill, who has come with a message for you, and I'm Tommy Twinkle."

Old Mr. Tipps, now quite near the chums, took out his handkerchief, mopped his agitated face, and beckoned the children inside.

"I am sorry, my dears," he muttered. "But at first I thought you were that wretched boy who comes and shoots at my choicest blooms with a pea-shooter. Look! These are the ones he broke yesterday. Six lovely late-flowering tulips. And look at these wallflowers! Oh, if only I could catch him!"

"Oh, what a shame!" exclaimed Jill and Tommy in one breath, as they gazed at the havoc Mr. Tipps pointed out to them. Sure enough, all along the tulip border, the pride of the old gentleman's heart, were bedraggled patches where the stately blooms had been snapped off the stalks.

"I——" began Mr. Tipps again, when suddenly the sound of loud whistling could be heard.

"This is the boy, I am sure!" added the old man, urgently. "I've heard him whistling before, the hard-hearted young scamp!"

"I know a way to scare him!" whispered Tommy. "Quick! Let us hide behind this potting-shed here! Come along, Mr. Tipps!"

Rather mystified, the old gentleman and Jill obeyed, and sure enough, as they stood there almost holding their breath, a shock-headed lad of about Tommy's age came into view. With a leer he leaned over the fence, gave a quick look towards the house, and then raised his pea-shooter to his lips.

"Hee, hee! I'll see how many more I can pot!" he giggled. "That big orange tulip over there first! Here goes!"

But as he spoke something moved in the grass near by. It was Terry the Tortoise taking a slow stroll in the sunshine. The naughty boy's first shot fell wide, and emboldened he opened the gate and came inside. Mr. Tipps made as though to go out to him, but Tommy restrained him, at the same moment stamping softly with his right magic shoe. Of course, he wished a wish, too, and in the fraction of a second his wish came true. You see, Tommy had seen the tortoise, and resolved that Terry should play his part in ridding poor old Mr. Tipps of an unwelcome visitor.

Before you could say "Rainbow," the tortoise had grown and grown and grown.

"Oh-h!" murmured Mr. Tipps and Jill in dazed tones, wondering if they were seeing aright. But their surprise was nothing compared to that of the shock-headed lad with the pea-shooter. Ha, ha! I wish you could have seen his face, boys and girls!

He was too terrified to move, while all the time Terry the Tortoise ambled slowly towards him. By the time Larry (that was the boy's name) realised what was happening it was too late for him to escape by the gate, so, uttering a yell of fright, he started running round and round the garden.

Terry, who now that he had grown so big, seemed to get along much faster, stretched out his long, funny neck and hurried after Larry.

"Help! Help!" yelled the boy, his red hair standing up straighter than ever. "He—he'll eat me up! Boo-hoo! Help!"

By this time the three friends behind the potting-shed were convulsed with merriment at the comical scene, especially when Larry, as the giant tortoise gained on him, gave one frantic yell and scrambled up a ladder that was propped against the wall of the potting-shed.

Terry the Tortoise halted beneath the ladder, swaying his funny head as though wondering if he, too, should attempt to climb it. But luckily for Larry, he decided to settle down and wait for the naughty boy to come down.

At this moment Larry caught sight of Tommy and the others.

"Boo-hoo! Take him away! Take him away!" he shouted. "I—I want to go h-home! Boo-o!"

"You should have thought of that before you came and ruined Mr. Tipps' flowers," retorted Tommy Twinkle, stepping out and looking up at the scared boy. "Anyway, it looks as though you'll have to stay up there for some time now. Old Terry is settling down to wait for you. Look!"

"You should not have ruined the flowers!" cried Tommy to the scared boy.

Sure enough the enchanted tortoise, half drawing its head and legs into its great shell, remained motionless, except that its eyes lifted and stared unblinkingly up at the trembling Larry.

"Ohoo-h! Take him away, please?" he wailed. "I'm sorry I broke the flowers, really I am. And I'll never come here again, never!"

No sooner had Larry said all this than Tommy softly stamped his left magic shoe, and at the same instant, oh dear, Larry felt himself slowly slipping down off the sloping roof. He had no time to try to regain the ladder, and the next thing he knew he had slid down on to the grass, while Terry the Tortoise, now quite small again, dozed peacefully in the sunshine at the other end of the garden! The naughty boy gave a deep gasp of relief, sprang to his feet, and raced out of the garden.

(Next week's "Tommy Twinkle" adventure will be a jolly Whitsun Holiday story. Don't miss it, whatever you do.)

FLIPS!

HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Ha, ha!" laughed little Chic, as he opened the big PLAYBOX picture book. "Those jolly Baby Buntings have thought of a grand new game! I think I will try that at Snowdrop's too!"

"You had better ask Snowdrop first," chuckled Paddy. "I think she would agree, though!"

Peterkin had invented the game, which was called "Apple-catch." And by putting the apples on a gramophone, he made them spin off splendidly! As you can see, all the Buntings stood round trying to catch a prize. However, the first one went through the window and the second fell into the milk-jug! Ha, ha!

Poor Babs "caught" one on the head, too! Then Chubs came in with a big saucepan and caught all the apples! He was followed by Mrs. Bunting who caught all the babies, so the wonderful game came to a sudden stop. Ha, ha!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—Have you b-b-been s-s-swimming yet? I had my first d-d-dip this morning and I am s-s-still s-s-shivering! I d-don't think I like c-c-cold water v-v-very m-m-much!

Ah! That is better. I have just had a nice hot cup of toffee, I mean coffee, and now I feel quite warm again. The next time I go swimming I think I will take a hot-water bottle with me! Ha, ha! I have had ever so many letters from my little readers telling me that they have made up their minds to learn to swim this year, and Pearl Porky says that she will be pleased to teach you all for six doughnuts per lesson! Goodness me! Isn't she a greedy girl! Mrs. Hippo says that you must not take any notice of her because, to tell you the truth, Pearl Porky swims like a brick! Straight to the bottom! But never mind. I am sure you will all be swimming like fishes soon!

By the way, boys and girls, next week's PLAYBOX will be our grand Whitsun Holiday Number! It will be full of jolly holiday fun, so make sure of it by ordering it to-day!

Your jolly friend,

UNCLE BEN.

P.S.—This week's letter prize of half-a-crown has been won by Lilian Robinson, of Cleethorpes.

THE PIXIES GO FOR A JOLLY VOYAGE.

The pixie boys were so excited! They had just found two lovely boats tied to a tree at the side of the stream, and, of course, they decided to go for a trip!

"Hold tight!" chuckled Pipkin. "Or we shall fall into the water and have a cold bath!"

They did not know that the boats were really toy ones, and they did not dream that the owner, a little boy, was watching them from behind a tree! Can you see him!

If you cut out this picture and fold it so that the dotted line A meets the line B, and then fold again so that the line C meets the line D, you will see the little boy's face quite plainly. Make sure that the dotted lines meet exactly when folded.

RHYMING ACTIONS. A Funny Game for School.

Any number of players may join in this little game, in fact, the more the merrier! First, the players must divide into two sides, and then one side gathers together and secretly decides upon a word that they wish the other side to act. Now, let us say the secret word is "leap." The leader of the first side announces to the second side that they have chosen a word that rhymes with "sheep" and then the second side try to guess the word by acting all the words they can think of that rhyme with "sheep." Of course, you can guess that this causes great fun—especially when they fall into a "heap" or drop off to "sleep"!

However, when at last they have guessed "leap," it is their turn to think of a word, and so the game goes on. Isn't it jolly?

TILLY'S STICK TRICK.

1. "I have twelve little sticks here, girls," said Tilly. "And I have made two squares with eight of them. Now can you add the other four and make seven squares altogether?" "O-oh! That is hard!" gasped Polly and Jenny together.

2. "It is as easy as drinking ginger-pop!" chuckled Tilly, as she took the four sticks and made a square over the corners of the other two. "There! Now you can see seven squares girls!" she chuckled. "Quite simple, isn't it!"

MORE RIDDLES FOR YOU!

Q. Which is the ugliest tree?

A. The plane (plain).

Q. And which is the most beautiful tree?

A. Yew!

Q. What relation is a door-mat to a door-step?

A. A step-farther!

Q. When is an idea like a clock?

A. When it strikes one!

TWO FUNNY CHUMS!

"Goodness me! You are a lucky chap, Mr. Lobster. Where did you find that ginger-pop?"

"Ha, ha! It was floating in the sea, Percy Penguin, so I thought I would rescue it!"

"Well, that was a jolly lucky rescue! You always remind me of a loaf floating in the water, you know!"

"Why?"

"Because you are 'bred' in the sea! See!"

"Ha, ha! Very good, Percy! But I'm not very fond of bread you know! It always reminds me of a singing lesson!"

"Goodness, why?"

"Because they both begin with dough (doh)!"

"Ha, ha! I didn't think of that, Mr. Lobster. It is funny you should be such a jolly old fellow! I used to feel very sorry for you!"

"Sorry for me?"

"Yes, yours is such a hard 'case'!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

A DARING FLIGHT AND FEARS FOR JOHNNY.

Michael, the Air Pilot.

THERE was great anxiety at Mulberry School!

Little Johnny Trundle was taken suddenly ill, so ill indeed that the doctor said that his parents ought to be sent for at once, although they lived at a place called Winchwood, nearly two hundred miles from the school.

At the suggestion of our chums, Tim and Michael, the headmaster sent them to a nearby aerodrome. They had a friend there, Captain Dellow, whom, they were sure, would make the journey.

But, though the captain's plane stood on the flying-field, the pilot himself was missing and, as Michael climbed into the machine, a daring idea came to him. Several times, in the past, he had received lessons in flying from his daddy—and in a machine exactly the same as this one. He understood the controls perfectly.

"Tim," he cried eagerly, "there is no time to waste. What about our borrowing the plane and going by ourselves. I know how to manage it and there's plenty of fuel in the tank. Shall we chance it, Tim?"

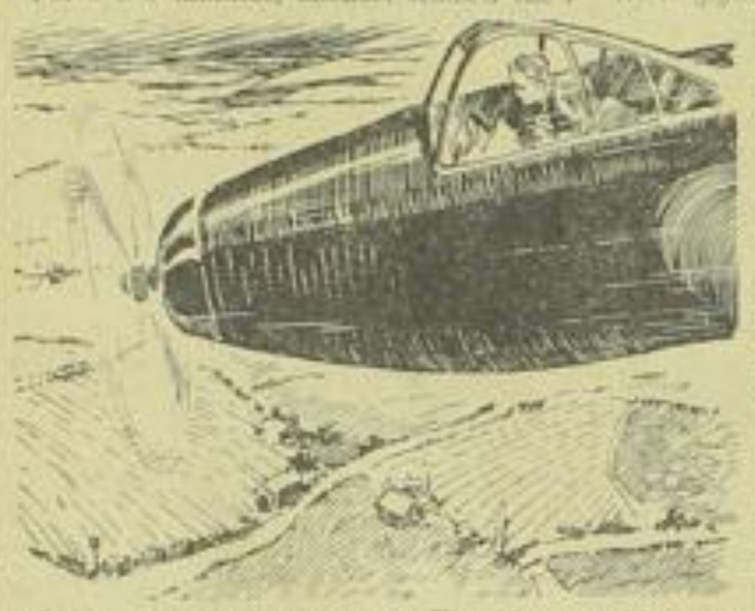
Tim's face paled with excitement. He, too, was used to flying and not in the least afraid. And he was quite confident that Michael could manage such a flight without mishap.

"But, Michael," he gasped, "Winchwood is a long way off and we'd never find our way there."

"I think we could," said Michael. "Look! Here is a map. Let's find it on the map first. It should be easy."

Michael drew from a small cupboard under the dashboard a section map like that used by air-pilots, and which he had often studied, when he was travelling with his daddy, peering first at the map and then over the side of the fuselage, picking out the places as they passed over them.

For a few minutes, Michael studied the



"I can't think where we are, Tim!" cried Michael.

map intently, turning presently with bright, excited eyes.

"Here it is, Tim," he cried, with one finger on the sheet. "Here's Winchwood. It's almost due north, and we follow the main road, nearly all the way. Look, Tim! It's quite easy. When we get over Brancaster, which has three steeples, we bear to the west and follow the river to Winchwood. And the aerodrome is on the north side of a reservoir. We shall see that all right, shan't we?"

Tim nodded eagerly, realising that the trip might not be so difficult after all. He loved an adventure, especially one like this with a spice of danger in it, and his heart had begun to beat quickly.

"But what about starting the engine up, Michael?"

"That's easy. This plane is fitted with a self-starter. Here's the button, Tim. Come on!" Michael urged him eagerly. "Jump in! Let's take the chance!"

Breathlessly, little Tim turned and gazed towards the hangars and club-house, across the field. They were still deserted, and it seemed as if Captain Dellow would not be back for some considerable time. And, with poor Johnny lying so ill, every moment was precious.

"All right, Michael. Come on, then. Off we go!" he gasped, and he scrambled into the seat beside his chum.

Michael placed the map upon Tim's lap, saying that he could be the navigator.

"There's the compass, Tim," he said, pointing it out. "We've got to fly by that needle and keep a course almost due north. Now—are you ready. Go!"

Tim thrilled as Michael touched the starter-button and the engine roared into sudden life, the propeller whirling round. Michael was calm now, and very intent as he took a glance at the stocking wind-gauge at the top of the mast by the club-house, and, with a slight pressure on the accelerator, sent the machine taxi-ing across the level field.

He was thinking of the advice his daddy had so often given him that the real difficulty in flying was in landing and in taking-off. Once in the air, with a good machine and fair weather, it was simple.

They ran to the far end of the flying field, and, with a pull on the rudder-bar, Michael brought the machine round into the wind.

"Now, Tim," he said. "We're really going, now. Hold tight!"

BRRRRR! The roar of the engine became suddenly deafening, and the aeroplane gathered sudden pace. The next moment Michael gave a gentle pull upon the joy-stick and the bumping ceased. In its place, Tim became aware of a gentle swaying and rocking like that of a ship at sea. He caught his breath as he saw the roof of the club-house passing swiftly under them.

"We're up!" he cried excitedly. "We're *flying*, Michael!"

"That's right," Michael shouted back, with bright, excited eyes. "Didn't I tell you it was easy. Now we're climbing."

Of the few people who saw the aeroplane rise from the flying field at Railsford, and, after wheeling round in a wide graceful sweep, set off at a fast pace towards the north, nobody suspected that the only people in it were two boys from Mulberry School.

Up and up they went, with the school vanishing behind them, and the country stretching out below, so that they could see fields and clustered villages and the gleam of the river as it shone in the sunshine.

"And how fast are we going?" Tim shouted in Michael's ear.

Michael's smiling answer was to point to the needle of another dial, and Tim's heart gave a jump of excitement.

"A hundred and twenty miles an hour!" he gasped. "It's going up. It's a hundred and forty. That's fine," he cried. "How long will it take us to get there?"

"We shall go faster than this," Michael said, with a grin. "We ought to be in Winchwood in about an hour and a half."

Not so long as they live will the two chums forget the thrill and excitement of that flight, all by themselves. The day was a fine one with a steady, following wind, and the machine sped forward upon an even keel.

"She's a beauty," cried Michael happily. "She almost flies by herself."

On and on they went for a long time. Below, like a white ribbon winding over the hills and down the dales, the road travelled, guiding them on their way. At last, however, as Tim peered downwards, there came a sudden doubt in his mind.

For, on the far side of a wood, the road forked, one branch travelling away to the left and another to the right. Tim peered at the map but could not make up his mind.

"Which way, Tim?" Michael shouted.

"To the left" cried Tim, hoping that he was right.

But it seemed that he was mistaken. According to the map, they should have been passing over a busy town, but no town appeared. The road forked again and took a sharp turn towards the east, and Michael paled in some dismay.

"We've gone wrong, Tim," he cried. "I can't think where we are."

A new anxiety seized them as they raced on. Places which they hoped would guide them did not appear. Here and there, in the valleys, a bank of rolling mist made it more difficult.

"We're lost, Tim!" Michael cried, almost in despair. "We'll never get to Winchwood this way. We'll have to come down."

Tim turned very pale. It was easy enough to say "We must come down!" but not so easy when they were in strange country and could not find an aerodrome.

Tim turned to peer behind him, and, as he did so, his heart quickened. A big monoplane had appeared astern of them, a machine which moved down out of the white, fleecy clouds and sped towards them.

It swooped near them, almost as a fighter-plane might which was about to attack a bomber.

"There's someone coming after us," Jim cried.

Michael turned quickly and caught his breath. The pursuing machine raced up and then slowed, flying abreast of them. They saw the figure of the pilot, and he was waving to them madly.

"It's Captain Dellow!" cried Tim. "He's come after us, Michael!" He was almost dancing with excitement as the other machine drew ahead and sped onwards. They saw the pilot rise in his seat and wave his arm again. "He's beckoning us, Michael," he cried hoarsely. "He wants us to follow him!" He laughed with joy and relief. "Follow him, Michael!" he shouted. "He's going to show us the way."

Awakened at Midnight.

How Captain Dellow had managed to trail them so accurately the two chums did not know, though they learned afterwards that a telephone message from the school had given him the clue.

He knew that Michael had been taking flying lessons, and, arriving in a larger plane to find that his own machine was missing, he guessed that the boys had set out for Winchwood by themselves, and so had set off in hot pursuit.

Even so, it was a very lucky thing that he had picked them up, for they were well off their route, though not so far that, within half an hour or so, they found themselves following Captain Dellow over Brancaster, and, a little later, preparing to make a wary descent, on to the large aerodrome beside the Winchwood reservoir.

Signalling Michael to fly round while he showed the way, the captain landed first. Then, with his heart in his mouth, Tim sat beside his chum, gripping the side of the fuselage, as Michael, descending steadily, banked round into the wind and, coming dangerously close to the mast, landed safely with nothing worse than a few rather heavy bumps.

The captain's face as he strode towards them was very stern and grave, although they could see that he admired the skill and pluck which Michael had shown.

"Boys," he said sternly. "This was a mad excursion. I suppose you know there would be serious trouble if it were known that you took my plane up on your own."

"But we were thinking of Johnny Trundle, sir," Michael said. "He is so ill, and the doctor wants his parents to come quickly. We couldn't find you at the aerodrome, and we didn't want to delay."

"H'm!" muttered the captain, with a frown. "All right. You'd better keep still tongues and tuck yourselves away inside my plane, out of sight. I'll get a car quickly and go for Mr. and Mrs. Trundle. I was given the address by your headmaster. Wait for me here!"

He hurried away across the field, and, a few minutes later the boys saw a car draw out of the gate and speed away.

Captain Dellow was not long away. He returned, presently, with Johnny's father and mother, carrying two small cases and both of them looking very worried.

In the captain's big plane, happily, there was room for them all, and Mr. and Mrs. Trundle clambered in beside the boys.

"These are the young dare-devils who flew my machine," the captain told them, with a grim smile, as he introduced the chums. "It's a wonder they didn't break their necks."

The machine in which the captain had pursued them was a twin-engined monoplane, and a very fast one. The journey back to Mulberry was made in record time,

"I want you, boys!" whispered the matron.

and the captain, so that there should be no delay, brought the big machine down skilfully, and, almost grazing the school chimney-pots, landed with hardly a bump upon the broad, level surface of the cricket-field.

Dr. Crabtree, followed by a crowd of eager boys, came hurrying towards them. Johnny's parents, after a brief talk, were taken to his bedside, and the chums, making their way to the school, found themselves the centre of an eager, excited throng, asking all sorts of questions.

The doctor was still at the school, and, with the news reaching the boys that poor Johnny was still very, very ill, everyone grew very silent and anxious. It was not until the evening that Dr. Crabtree summoned Tim and Michael to his study.

"Boys," he said, "I very much admire your courage, but you have done a very reckless, foolish thing. We are all too worried to discuss the matter at the moment, and I will talk to you again to-morrow. Now go to bed and be thankful you did not break your necks."

With mixed feelings, the two boys did as they were bidden, thinking of their strange and thrilling excursion as they lay in bed. There would be trouble for them, they knew, but they had no regrets. Johnny's parents were here, and his mummy, now, was at his bedside.

With a sigh of relief, Tim fell asleep, and Michael followed quickly. How long they slept they did not know. But it was some hours later, in the dead of the night, that they were quietly awakened. They sat up with a start to see the matron bending over them, a candle in her hand. Her face was very pale and anxious.

"I want you, boys," she whispered. "Put on your dressing-gowns and come with me!"

And, as they leapt from their beds to obey, a scared glance passed between them. Why were they wanted and by whom? What could be the matter?

(Will little Johnny get better? What is the reason for this strange midnight call? Do not miss next week's thrilling instalment of this exciting story.)

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Brave little Wendy has saved Dicky and her friendly daddy, Master Quince, from their island prison, and now they are making a boat to set sail for home. While searching for wood, Wendy finds some monkeys, and is surprised to see one wearing a diamond necklace.

1. The monkeys were quite friendly towards Wendy, and seemed to want her to play. "I'd like to know where you found that necklace!" Wendy said, and the monkey threw it to her.

2. "Thank you," Wendy said with a smile, and she hurried off to show it to Dicky. He had said that the natives had taken his uncle's treasure, and Wendy wondered if this were a clue to it.

3. How the lovely stones glittered and flashed in the sunlight, making Wendy certain that it was a valuable necklace. "Oh, Wendy, where did you find that?" cried Dicky when he saw it.

4. Wendy then told him how she had seen it round a monkey's neck and Dicky examined it eagerly. "It's like one in uncle's box!" he cried. "I wonder where the monkeys found it!"

5. "Well, let's go back to the grove where I saw them playing," said Wendy. "We might find some more diamonds!" Luckily she remembered the way, but the monkeys had gone.

6. Dicky looked so disappointed, and the children were searching for some place where the monkeys might live when one darted into a cave. "That might be their home!" Dicky said.

7. Very quietly he and Wendy crept over to the mouth of the cave, and peeping inside they saw an amazing sight. Monkeys were sitting round a big box from which they were pulling diamonds.

8. Dicky knew his uncle's box at once, and ran forward with joy to rescue it. Most of the monkeys darted off, but a few watched glumly as Dicky and Wendy carried away the treasure.

9. "Poor monkeys! I don't suppose they do want to part with those pretty things!" said Wendy. "But I am glad you've found the treasure!" And they hurried to Master Quince.

10. The old man was delighted when he saw they had found the treasure, and after that they all worked hard at the boat. How excited they felt on the day Master Quince announced it was ready to sail away. "It should carry us to the nearest port," he said.

11. Eagerly the children lifted Dicky's precious box into the home-made boat, while Master Quince went off to see that they would have enough food for their journey. The children did not see lots of bright eyes watching the box being put into the boat!

12. This done, Master Quince called to Dicky to help him pack up the food they were to take with them, and the boat was left unattended. "This fruit will keep us from starving for several days. We'll pack it in the bottom of the boat, Dicky," said the old man.

13. But later when they went out to the boat they had a shock, for the treasure box had gone. "Wendy has gone, too!" said the old man, and Dicky could not help seeing his meaning. "B-but surely she would never run away with my box!" he cried.

(It is strange that Wendy and the box are both missing. Look out for next week's exciting instalment of this lovely story.)

MRS. HIPPO

1. The Hippo Girls all wished they were Tilly when Mrs. Hippo asked her to help make doughnuts. "Oh dear, we 'dough nut' want to be left out of that nice feast!" said funny Polly Parrot. "I'm hungry!"

2. "Mrs. Hippo didn't even say we could help eat them," said Baby. "But I know how we can make sure of a few!" And those naughty girls began polishing the floor where Tilly would pass.

3. "Sh-sh! Here she comes!" whispered Jenny. "This is where we want her to slip with those doughnuts, girls!" "Yes, I hope six will fall into my mouth all at once when she slides!" said Baby.

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Oh dear, here comes Jane with last night's homework," said Floppy. "I'm afraid she won't be pleased with mine!" So he hid in the basket.

2. Jane certainly was cross about Floppy's sums, and threw them all into the basket on top of him. "But where is Floppy?" asked Dibs.

3. And then up popped all Floppy's wrong sums Jane had thrown away, and, of course, Floppy popped up after them. "Here I am!" he cried.

4. "As you like pretending to be waste paper you may stay in the basket," said Jane, turning it upside down. "He's in a cage!" laughed Dabs.

SAMBO

1. "Stop scorching. You'se making for dat ladder!" cried the nigs, for Sambo wasn't looking.

2. Their s however, and ladder, like

4. And Sambo's car went on and on until it can to the roof. "Golly! I don't like riding among chimney pots!" Sambo cried. "Dis car won't stop!

"Why is iron like a bad shilling, Willy?"

"I know, Reggie! Because it is 'forged'?"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. Our little friends looked more like "Muddy Boys" than "Woolly Boys" when they came home the other day, but when they saw Mrs. Woolly preparing their bath they hurried away to the Zoo.

2. "I don't think they have baths there, so we shall be safe," said Bobby. "Anyway, I've never seen any!" But when they reached the Zoo a big notice outside told them it was closed that day.

3. Even that did not stop those boys, for they started climbing over the fence. "Dear me, I don't like visitors on washing day!" grumbled Hetty Hippo, who was busy bathing some of the animals.

S SCHOOL

4. But Tilly's slide didn't end where the girls had spected, and instead of falling into Baby's mouth ose doughnuts were jerked out of the open window. Don't throw them away!" cried Polly, anxiously.

5. The girls did feel silly when Mrs. Hippo asked them if they had eaten their lunch. "Oo-oh! Did you mean all those doughnuts for us?" cried Baby. "T-they're out in the road now!"

6. But when the girls looked out of the window they saw that most of the feast was in Bobby Rhino's big mouth. "M'm! These are good!" he said as he munched. "I'm glad I was passing this way."

SCORCHER

me too late, went up the on its lines.

3. Up he went, scaring old Bones who was carrying it. "I'll stand still till you stops!" he cried.

. It did stop when it came to the top of the roof, ugh, and Sambo was glad to climb out and come n the ladder. "No more rides to-day!" cried Pops.

SAMMY SEAL

1. "Now, boys, I want you to smarten up for our visitors," said the captain to Sammy and Patsy. "Make them think you are bright lads!"

2. "We've no time to get the latest Paris fashions," said Patsy, "but I need a new scarf! This one is a bit faded, like your tie, Sammy!"

3. So they both thought it would be a good idea to cut up the old tablecloth. "It will suit our complexions," said Sammy, fixing his tie.

4. They decorated their hats, too. "Bless my telescope! You look like maypoles!" cried the cap'n. He was not so pleased about the cloth.

WOOLLY BOYS

So she quickly pushed the bath along and ght those boys as they dropped from the fence. his feels very much like a bath to me!" groaned y Pink. "We were running away from one."

5. "Well, anyway, it looks as if this is the best place for you, boys!" said Hetty. "I can hardly see you for mud!" "That's right, Hetty," cried the keeper. "You give them all a good scrubbing."

6. "Well, if this is what they do at the Zoo, I'm not staying to tea!" said Reggie. "Neither am I!" cried Dicky. "Hetty scrubbed me as if I had an elephant's skin!" Mrs. Woolly did laugh at them!

"What sort of people can never wear big hats, Percy?"
"I don't know, Bobby!"
"People with small heads!"

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

FAT CATERPILLARS.

"What a lovely sunny morning it is!" said the fairy queen. "I think I will go shopping. Order my coach for me, Fairy Puffball!"

"Yes, your majesty," said the little fairy, holding out the pretty skirts of her fluffy frock as she bowed. Then away she floated through the air, like a piece of thistle-down.

Then she called the queen's head coachman, and said:

"Her majesty will drive in the silver coach to-day, drawn by Charlie and Colin Caterpillar and driven by Bertie Buzzfly."

Puffball knew that the queen liked Charlie and Colin to draw her coach, for, although they were rather slow, they moved along so smoothly. And this morning the queen was in no hurry; she would enjoy looking out of the window.

Very soon the coach was gliding through the pretty lanes of Fairyland, and Puffball was feeling very pleased that the queen had allowed her to ride in the coach, too.

"We will stop at Brownie Glitter's glass shop," said her majesty. "I want to buy some of those dishes he makes from dewdrops."

Charlie and Colin were so pleased when they heard this.

"There is a nice spot near that shop where some lovely leaves grow," said Charlie. "We can have a good feast while the queen is talking to Brownie Glitter."

"Yes, I'm hungry," said Colin. "They took me away from my breakfast to pull this coach to-day."

So while the queen was shopping and Bertie Buzzfly was reading "Fairyland Frolics," Charlie and Colin munched and crunched and crunched and munched. And they grew fatter and fatter.

They were quite sorry when they had to move on again.

Next the queen wanted to go to Fairy Cobweb's to see her new ball dresses, and when the coach pulled up at the shop Charlie winked at Colin.

The big caterpillars scared the pirate wasps.

"More leaves," he said, looking at the juicy leaves that were hanging low near their heads. And so the caterpillars munched and crunched and crunched and munched, and they grew fatter and fatter. Bertie Buzzfly's story grew more exciting, too.

At last the queen came out of the shop and told Bertie to drive into the woods.

"Then I will leave the coach and walk down to the glen," said the queen.

At last they stopped and the queen left the coach.

Here were lots and lots of nice juicy leaves, so you know what the caterpillars did. Yes, they munched and crunched and crunched and munched.

Well, when the queen came back she gave a cry of dismay, for she found two of the fattest caterpillars you have ever seen, fast asleep.

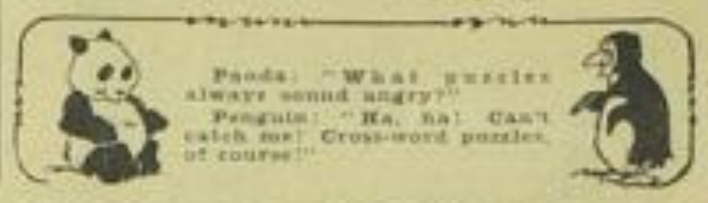
"They shall be punished when they get home!" said the queen angrily. "And so shall you, Bertie Buzzfly, for not watching them."

Bertie hung his head, certain he'd never be able to wake the sleeping caterpillars. He had been too interested in that story about pirates. And suddenly he thought he must still be reading it, or dreaming, for racing towards them was a band of pirates. Fierce, angry wasps they were, sent by the bad magician.

"Don't worry, your majesty," said Bertie bravely. "I know how to fight pirates! I've been reading about it!"

But all the cries awoke the caterpillars, and when they stood up the pirates were so scared of these great creatures that they fled.

Well, that certainly saved the queen, for Bertie couldn't have fought them all. So she forgave the caterpillars for eating so much, and they will never be so naughty again.



1. Chic, the clown, did some clever tricks with lots of balls at Snowdrop's circus one day.

2. "Bravo, Chic!" cried everybody, and then a little girl gave Chic some flowers.

3. "Oh, thank you!" said Chic, blushing nicely, and handed them to Jumbo.

4. "I must give them some more smiles and bows," Chic said. And out walked Jumbo with the flowers.

5. Chic followed a moment later, and looked for his gift. "Oo-oh! What are you eating, Jumbo?" he cried.

6. Yes, naughty Jumbo had eaten all those pretty flowers. "I think he enjoyed them," laughed Snowdrop.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

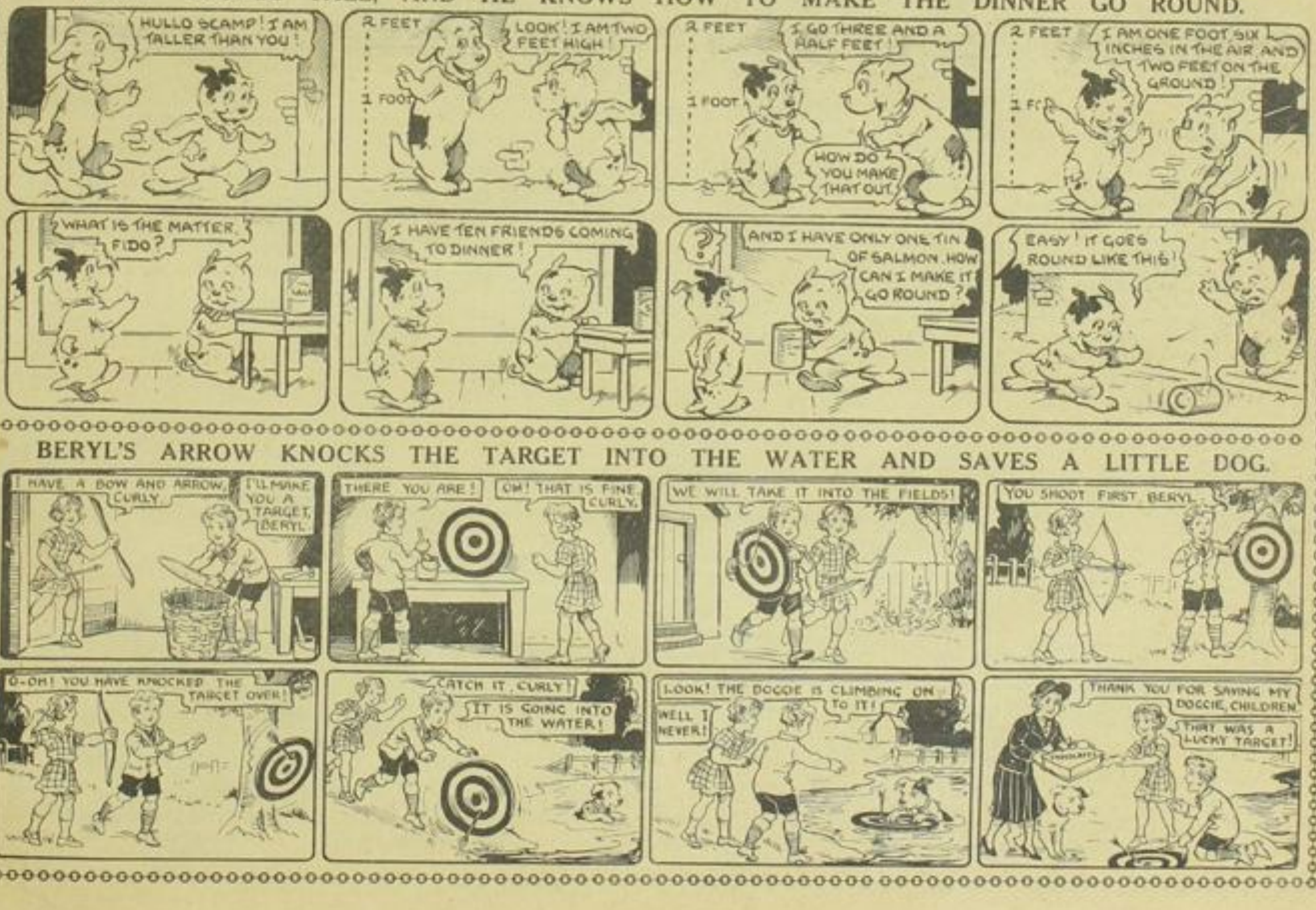
THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. The Hat Nest.
2. Tall and Smart.
3. The Target Raft.

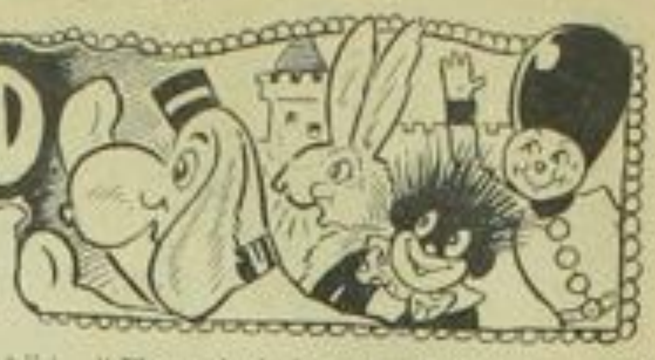
WHEN MOVING A TREE REDWING DISTURBS A NEST, SO TESS LENDS THE BIRDS HER HAT.

SCAMP SOUNDS TALL, AND HE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE THE DINNER GO ROUND.



BERYL'S ARROW KNOCKS THE TARGET INTO THE WATER AND SAVES A LITTLE DOG.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND



An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

THE CHUMS BEGIN TO FEEL THE SPELL OF THE WOOD OF WOE

"IT is Mr. Chip's parrot, I am sure. If we follow him he is bound to lead us to the cottage."

Paddy and his playmates were in a magic wood upon the Wonderful Island, where they were searching for a toy-maker named Mr. Chip. It was said that he knew Pitpat, a little girl who was a prisoner on the island.

Paddy had resolved to rescue her and they had entered a wood where they made friends with Cracker, a talking parrot. And when Cracker flew off, calling out: "Mr. Chip! Mr. Chip!" the playmates decided to follow him.

"Come on, boys," said Timbo. "We are on the trail right enough now, and perhaps we shall really rescue Pitpat at last."

The playmates had a great task in keeping up with Cracker, who flew through the trees at over such a rate, but they managed to keep him in sight, until they came to a clearing in the wood.

Here, Cracker settled on the ground, scratched his top-knot with one claw and looked around in surprise.

"It's gone again!" he cried. "Magic! Magic! Magic!"

The playmates looked at Paddy in surprise.

"He hasn't brought us to the cottage after all," wailed Teddy Bear. "What a shame!"

"Magic! Magic!" shrieked Cracker, hopping about. "Where is the cottage? Oh, where and oh where has it gone?"

Paddy looked very puzzled.

"It seems to me that Cracker thought he would find the cottage here," he murmured. "That's funny! Mr. Chip could hardly carry it away with him, could he?"

"Well, this is a magic wood," replied Dolly Daydream, "so I suppose anything could happen."

"Magic! Of course!" murmured Paddy. "Why, perhaps that cottage has been made invisible. I will fire my magic pop-gun and see what happens."

Paddy always carries with him a wonderful pop-gun that works magic for him.

"One-two-three-GO!" he cried, and pulled the trigger. POP!

The next moment there was a flash and now the clearing was no longer empty. A little cottage stood there.

"You see, it *had* been made invisible!" said Paddy. "That is why Cracker was surprised not to find it here. I expect Mr. Chip doesn't like strangers and so he made his cottage invisible."

Paddy pulled the bell and there came a musical tinkle from inside, but that was all. The cottage seemed to be deserted.

"Let's go inside!" said Timbo bravely. "Perhaps no one lives here now."

The door was on the latch and, feeling rather nervous, the playmates crowded in. In the kitchen a kettle sang on the hob, but the house seemed to be empty.

"Mr. Chip! Mr. Chip!" cried Cracker, but there came no answer.

"Well, this must be his cottage, right enough," said Paddy. "Let's make ourselves at home until he comes."

It was a comfy little cottage and the playmates soon felt quite at home. There was a tiny room in the attic under the eaves that made a pretty bedroom for Dolly Daydream, while there was quite enough room for the boys downstairs.

All that day they waited for Mr. Chip, but he did not appear, so they decided to stay there until the next day.

"I want to know who played this trick on me!" cried the sooty Buddy.

"Well I think we had better go to bed, playmates," said Paddy, as the wood grew dark. "Perhaps Mr. Chip will come to-morrow."

"Good-night, boys!" beamed Dolly Daydream, and she trotted up the stairs to her little room.

In the morning, Timbo was in the kitchen kneeling by the hot fire to make toast, when Dolly came down.

"Hallo, Dolly!" he said, turning a pink face towards her. "Did you sleep well?"

To his surprise, Dolly did not answer. She frowned, tossed her head, and walked out of the back door!

"What! Why, what is the matter with Dolly?" Timbo exclaimed. "That is most unlike her. She is usually so sweet! Hi, Dolly!" he cried, but all he could hear was the sound of running feet.

The next moment, Paddy entered the room.

"Who were you calling, Timbo?" he asked.

"Dolly!" said Timbo. "She seems very strange this morning, Paddy. She wouldn't speak to me!"

"Wouldn't speak?" gasped Paddy. "Why, is she ill?"

"No, she didn't look ill!" said Timbo, shaking his head. "But she seemed very annoyed about something."

While the two chums were talking, most of the other playmates entered the kitchen and listened to Timbo's strange tale.

"It's the magic working, that's what it is!" cried Golly, nodding his head wisely.

"Yes, that's right," replied Timbo. "They call this the Wood of Woe, and they say there is no happiness here. The magic has begun to work on Dolly and now she won't speak to us. Oh, Paddy, what shall we do?"

"We must run after her!" said Paddy. "Come along!"

Out of the cottage they ran and along the path. Timbo led the way, for he was a clever detective and could follow the trail.

"This is the way she went," he cried, pointing to a footprint here and a broken twig there. "We shall soon catch her up."

"Yes, there she is!" cried Paddy, and he pointed ahead to where their little girl chum was sitting on a fallen tree. She was wiping her eyes with her hanky and sobbing.

The playmates ran up to her and gathered round, looking down at her with troubled faces.

Paddy sat on the log beside Dolly and put his arm round her.

"Please don't be cross, Dolly," he said gently. "Tell us what has happened. Why are you angry?"

"Because of the horrid tricks you played upon me last night," Dolly replied. "First of all I found that someone had made me an apple-pie bed and I couldn't get into it. Then, this morning, I had to search for my shoes—and where do you think I found them? Why, pushed up the chimney!"

"How funny!" exclaimed Paddy.

Dolly tossed her curly hair.

"I don't think it is at all funny," she said. "I think it was very mean of you."

The playmates stared for a moment at each other and then they all shook their heads.

"I didn't do it!" each one of them said.

Dolly grew pink.

"What! D-do you mean it—oh-h! Wasn't it you, after all?"

"No, really, it wasn't!" said the playmates, and so the little girl hugged them all in turn and gave them each a big kiss. Then she noticed that Buddy Buttons was not there.

"Could it have been Buddy?" she said.

Paddy shook his head.

"Buddy wouldn't play silly tricks like that!" he said. "And, anyway, my bed was on the floor and right against the door last night, and anyone going out would have awakened me. No, it wasn't one of us, Dolly. There is magic working at the cottage I am afraid."

"Then we shall find out who is working it!" cried Timbo. "Come along, playmates!"

Very grim, the playmates set off for the cottage and just as they came in sight of it, a figure ran from the door. But it was such a queer figure that the chums stopped and stared.

"What is it?" gasped Teddy. "Why, it is Buddy Buttons."

Yes, indeed, it was Buddy, but he was covered from head to foot in soot and how cross he looked!

Running up to the boys, he stood before them, rubbed a sooty tear from his eye and then clenched his hands.

"Own up!" he cried.

"Own up?" Timbo stammered. "W-what do you mean?"

"I want to know who played this trick on me!" Buddy cried. "And then I'm going to fight him, so there!"

The rest of the playmates stared at Buddy and then looked at each other in amazement. What did it mean?

(The Wood of Woe is not bringing the playmates much happiness, is it? What will happen now? Look out for more mysteries in this exciting story next week.)

SNIP RUNS AWAY FROM HIS BATH BUT CLEVER TOM CATCHES HIM IN HIS KENNEL

1. "You are muddy, Snip!" cried Betty. "Come and have a bath at once!" But naughty Snip ran away.

2. "I guess he will make for that hole in the fence!" said Tom. "I know how to catch him when he comes back!"

3. And he picked up the kennel and held it over the hole. "Ha, ha! He is running into it!" laughed Betty.

4. She was soon scrubbing him and Snip looked so nice afterwards that he was really quite proud of himself!

BRIGHTEYES

An exciting moment in Lola's room!

FOR NEW READERS—Lola is ill and is not allowed to see anybody. Brighteyes cannot bear being away from her and climbs into her room through the window. She is just in time to hear Lola calling in a low voice: "Brighteyes!"

1. Brighteyes jumped lightly through the window and ran across to the bed where her little chum was lying. "Lola," she whispered, "I heard you calling me. Is anything the matter?" Then Lola sat up eagerly. "Oh, Brighteyes! It is lovely to see you!" she cried.

2. For a few moments Brighteyes was too surprised to speak, for she had been told that Lola was too ill to see anyone. "Miss Barry said I was to rest quietly for a few days," murmured Lola gloomily. "But I feel miserable without anyone to talk to, and I am ever so hungry, too!"

3. "That must be Sarah's fault!" declared Brighteyes angrily. "Miss Barry left her to look after you, you know, and I expect she has forgotten all about you. I will ask Joan to bring you some fruit. I am sure it would not hurt you!" "I'd like that!" cried Lola happily.

4. Faithful Joan was still waiting under the window where Brighteyes had left her, and our little girl called down in a low voice: "Joan! Will you go to my locker and fetch a basket of apples? You will find them on the bottom shelf!" "Yes! I'll hurry!" replied Joan.

5. True to her word, she was back again in a few minutes with a small basket of rosy apples, and Brighteyes leaned out of the window and lowered her belt so that Joan could tie the basket to it. "Lola is ever so much better, Joan," whispered our little girl. "I'll give her your love."

6. Lola's eyes sparkled when she saw the lovely rosy apples that Brighteyes had brought her. "Oh! Just what I want!" she exclaimed. "You are a brick!" "Don't make such a noise," laughed our little girl. "Someone might come in. Then there would be trouble."

7. But alas! Her warning came too late. They were just about to begin the apples when there came a hurried step outside, and Brighteyes stared at Lola in alarm. "Who is that?" she gasped. "Quick, hide!" exclaimed Lola. "Miss Barry said I was not to have any visitors."

8. Our little girl knew that it would be useless to try to escape by the window, for she would certainly be seen. The next best thing was to hide under the bed, and in another second she had dropped to the floor. "Take the apples, too!" whispered Lola, handing her the basket.

9. Brighteyes scrambled under the bed and lay there breathing quickly. She was not a moment too soon, for the next instant the door opened and in marched Sarah, carrying a bottle of medicine on a tray. "Take your medicine, girl," she said grumpily. "And hurry!"

10. Lola took the medicine and drank it down as quickly as she could, hoping to get rid of Sarah at once. But the sharp-eyed servant had noticed something lying on the foot of the bed—something that both the chums had forgotten. It was Brighteyes' little red hat, which in the excitement of the moment she had left behind. A crafty look came into Sarah's eyes as she stared at it. "Hallo! Whose is this?" she muttered.

11. Before Lola could reply she had snatched it up and was looking at the name written on the white tab in the lining. For a few minutes she was silent, then she turned slowly, staring at Lola challengingly. "How did this get here?" she asked. "It belongs to Brighteyes. Is she hiding in here somewhere?" Poor Lola was too frightened to answer, and in the meantime Brighteyes lay under the bed wondering what was going to happen.

(Will Sarah search the bed-room and find our little girl? You will know in the next part of this lovely story. Tell your chums about it.)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—While exploring under water Joe comes upon a huge iron ball which seems to chase him! He comes to the surface quickly and boards the Flying Fish, but a few moments later the iron ball follows him!

1. As the strange iron "monster" floated nearer to the Flying Fish, Joe turned very pale and tried to push the captain back into the cabin. "Don't wait here any longer, cap'n!" he exclaimed. "It's dangerous!" "But there's nothing to be scared of!" cried the captain.

2. But Joe was not so sure. He had already had a very frightening adventure under water, where the huge iron ball had seemed to chase after him, and he did not wish to take any more chances. However, suddenly the top of the ball opened and a man looked out, smiling cheerily.

3. "I'm afraid we gave you a bit of a scare down there, sonny," he said, as he climbed on to the side of the ball. "But you frightened us, too, you know! We thought you were a giant fish!" Joe stared at the man in astonishment. "What are you doing in there?" he cried.

4. His question was answered by the appearance of a merry-faced boy who held up a small film camera. "We were only taking pictures of the fishes and rocks!" he laughed. "This is what they call a diving-sphere, you know!" "O-oh!" murmured little Joe. "I see!"

5. The man stepped on to the float of the Flying Fish and held out his hand to Joe. "Would you like to come down with us, old chap?" he asked. "We have only a few more hours before our ship comes to fetch us!" "I'd love to!" replied Joe, climbing aboard excitedly.

6. The inside of the sphere was very much like a submarine, and as soon as the lid was closed, the little boy's father sat down and pulled down a lever. "We are going under now, Joe," explained the boy, whose name was Peter. "And you can take some pictures soon!"

7. A few moments later the sphere came to rest on the bottom of the sea and Peter ran to the thick glass window and peered out into the deep green water. "All right, Peter!" cried his daddy. "You can start taking pictures now! Get the camera ready. I'll switch on the light."

8. The light shining into the water showed up everything very clearly, and Joe stared out of the window with wondering eyes. "It looks like fairyland!" he murmured. Suddenly a huge black shadow swam into the light, and Peter jumped back shouting: "Look out! It is a whale."

9. But his warning shout was in vain, for there was no time to raise the sphere from the sea-bed before the giant fish hit it! There was a great crash, and the iron ball flew up through the water, jerking the chain so hard that it snapped like cotton! "We're adrift!" shouted Peter.

10. In the meantime Captain Scott and Effie were waiting anxiously on the Flying Fish. An hour had passed and there was still no sign of the sphere coming to the surface. "Joe promised he would not stay down long," muttered Captain Scott, as he peered down into the water. "It is time we started on our journey again. I do wish he would hurry." "I'll try to signal to them with the chain!" said Effie, picking it up.

11. She dragged at the chain, trying to pull it tight, but to her astonishment it came up loosely in her hand! A few moments later the broken end appeared out of the water, and the captain seized it quickly. "Look at that, Effie!" he exclaimed in a trembling voice. "The sphere must have broken away from the chain! They must be adrift under the water!" "O-oh! What ever has become of them?" cried Effie.

(Will little Effie ever see her brother again? Do not miss the next exciting adventure in this lovely story in our Grand Whitsun Number.)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, May 27th, 1939.

БИБЛИОТЕКА Иностранной Литературы

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

LITTLE WENDY IS HAVING MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES SEE PAGE 5

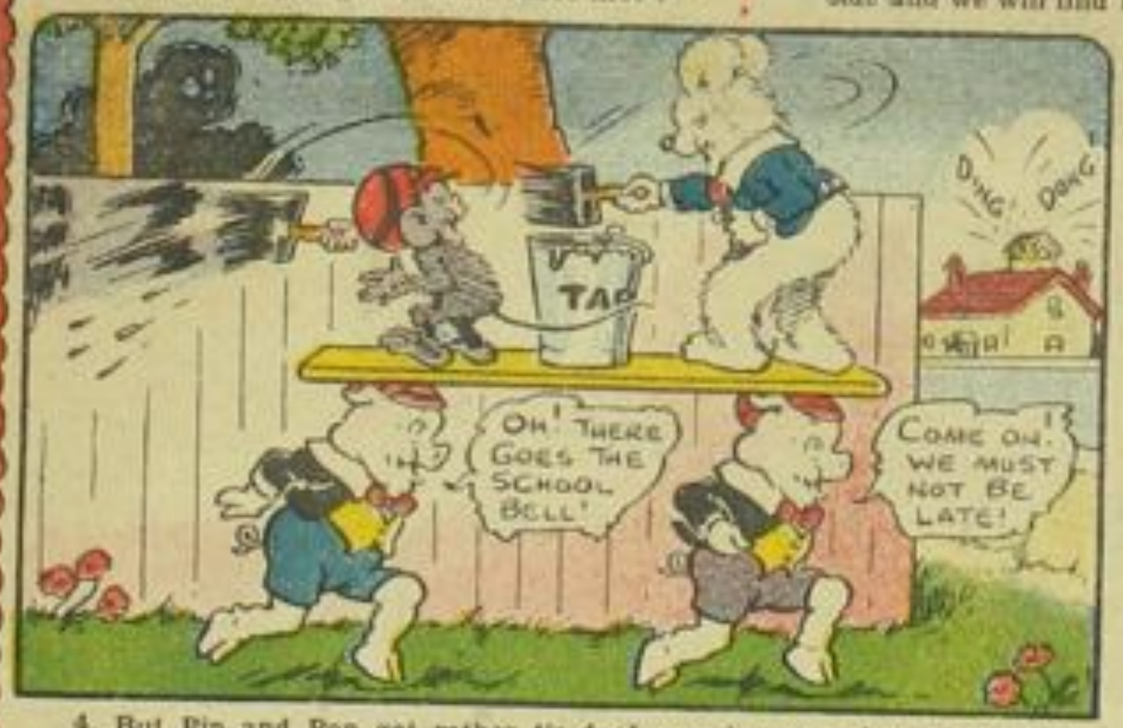
PLAYBOX 2

SONNY BEAR GIVES HIS CHUMS A HOLIDAY!

1. "Hurry up, boys!" said Pip and Pop, the piggy twins. "It is school-time, you know!" "We shan't be long," said Sonny. "We are just going to tar the fence first!"

2. "O-oo! That does sound fun!" said Pip. "Can we have a go, too?" "Certainly!" chuckled Sonny. "Come outside and we will find a useful job for you!"

3. But instead of letting the piggies tar the fence our chums put a board across their heads and jumped on to it! "Now we can start work!" they cried.



4. But Pip and Pop got rather tired of carrying our chums and they were quite glad when they heard the school-bell ringing! "I think I'd rather do lessons than this!" muttered Pip. "Come on, Pop!" And the next minute they dashed off to school, taking our friends with them!

5. The piggies ran like lightning, and before our chums knew what had happened they found that they were painting the blackboard instead of the fence! "Goodness me! The scenery has changed!" exclaimed Sonny Bear in surprise. "Has anyone got a magic wand round here?"

6. The next minute Teacher Tippit came in. Of course, he did not notice the tar on that blackboard—until he began to write! "I cannot write lessons on this!" he exclaimed. "It is as sticky as toffee!" "What a shame!" chuckled Sonny.

7. And as Teacher Tippit could not give his boys any lessons he had to give them a holiday instead! "Hurrah! This way to the cricket field!" laughed Sonny. "Don't wait up for us, teacher!" chuckled Micky. "We shan't be back to-day! Tar-tar!"

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"Look! Zulus are coming, Ned!" cried Tommy.

THIS WEEK:

THE ZULU SHIELD.

"YOU look very thoughtful, Uncle Bob! What is the matter? You have done nothing but frown over your pipe ever since you came out into the garden."

And Ned, our little Tommy Twinkle's special pal, left Chum, the terrier, with whom the boys were having a fine game, to skip over to where his uncle was sitting.

The chums had come to spend a week-end with Ned's aunt and uncle, who lived in the pretty little gardener's cottage near a fine large house named Milton Hall. Uncle Bob was head gardener to the squire and usually one of the jolliest men in the world, so it was little wonder that Ned was surprised to find him looking so straight.

But at the boy's question Bob, the gardener, lifted his head and gave vent to a merry laugh.

"Did I look thoughtful, Ned? Well, perhaps I was. I'll tell you why. I've been wondering if I can ask the squire to let me take you two boys over his private museum while you are here. He has some wonderful exhibits—wild animals that he has killed himself in the African jungle, novelties and trophies brought from the far ends of the earth, and I don't know what else. What do you say to that, Ned and Tommy?"

The answer was a wild whoop of delight from the chums, as you may well imagine, boys and girls.

"Oh-h! Jolly fine, uncle! Do—do you think he would allow us to see them?" asked Ned eagerly.

"It would be splendid if he would," broke in Tommy Twinkle.

"I'll ask him this afternoon," announced Uncle Bob, rising from the rustic seat outside the cottage. "I must be getting back now. Maybe, if Squire Milton says 'Yes,' I'll be back for you boys in an hour or two, so don't get going far away."

Chuckling with delight at the prospect, the boys waved him off and then turned to fling themselves underneath the shady boughs of a fine old apple-tree near by.

"I say, Tommy, I do hope we can go!" cried Ned. "Uncle Bob's told me lots about the museum. Do you know, there's a Chinese mandarin's coat there, hundreds of years old, and native weapons and Red Indian head-dresses. And there are some old English muskets found in the dungeons of Milton Hall years and years ago."

"Mm-m! It all sounds exciting!" laughed Tommy merrily. "I shall be quite disappointed if the squire says 'No.' By the way, Ned," he added mischievously, "talking of coats and suchlike things, what time would it be if an old man passed this cottage with nineteen holes in his coat?"

Ned glanced round at his chum in puzzled surprise.

"Nineteen holes?" he grinned. "My word! That would be a pretty ancient coat, wouldn't it?"

"Quite true," nodded Tommy. "But what time would it be?"

Ned sighed and rolled over on his back. "Goodness knows!" he laughed. "I give it up, Tommy."

"*Time he had a new one!*" roared our merry little favourite, giving Ned a playful poke in the ribs. "Ha, ha, ha! Fancy not guessing an easy trick like that! But here is a very easy one for you." Then quite suddenly Tommy paused.

"Well, out with it?" laughed Ned. But to his surprise Tommy cried in a startled tone:

"Gracious! It's terrible!"

"What is terrible?" exclaimed Ned in amazement.

"The letters T E R R I B L E, of course!" cried our roguish little favourite, jumping to his feet with a peal of laughter. "Ha, ha, ha! Caught again, Ned! Hee, hee!"

Tommy ran off down the garden, with Ned in hot pursuit, till suddenly they both collided, one after the other, with a figure coming to meet them. It was Uncle Bob, with the glad tidings that the squire had given him permission to take the chums to see the museum that very afternoon—now, in fact!

How delighted the boys were, to be sure, and even more so as Uncle Bob, entering by a side door, conducted them through the great house until they came to a long, low gallery in which Squire Milton had set out all his treasures.

"I—I say!" gasped Tommy, wide-eyed. The boys stared, full of interest, at the hundred and one objects that lined the walls and covered the floor of the museum. As Uncle Bob had said, there were dozens of life-size animals, including a full-maned lion and a gorilla, many native weapons and trophies, suits of armour, and heaps of other exciting things.

Uncle Bob, who was a very trusted servant of the squire, knew the history of every one of the exhibits, and kept the boys spellbound with his exciting stories.

"You see that Zulu shield," he said presently, indicating a splendid specimen hanging just above the boys' heads. "To my mind, this is the most interesting of them all. It was given to the squire by an African witch doctor, against the wishes of his tribe, and it is said to be full of *magic!*"

"M-magic?" queried Ned breathlessly. "How do you mean, Uncle Bob."

Uncle Bob laughed and rubbed his head.

"Well, I don't rightly know, but the Zulus declared that one day they would get it back for the tribe. I don't think it is very likely now, though, do you? It has been hanging here for over twenty years and I haven't seen any Zulus prowling round here yet. Hee, hee!"

Just at this moment, however, a maid-servant entered to say that a load of new plants had just arrived, and would Bob go and attend to them? So, warning the chums not to touch anything and promising to return soon, he departed.

"I say, Tommy! That Zulu shield! Let's have a closer look at it," murmured Ned. "Isn't it wonderful! I—I say, what a lark if a party of Zulus did come here to steal it back again? I only hope they come while we're here, anyway. I'd love to see a real live Zulu, wouldn't you?"

Tommy Twinkle nodded, but a roguish twinkle appeared in his eyes. And in a flash tap, tap went his right magic shoe on the soft rush matting underneath his feet. He was wishing that Ned's wish might come true!

Suddenly he gripped Ned's arm and pointed.

"L-look! Through that window?" he cried. "Zulus are coming! Keep quiet! Don't make a noise!"

Ned looked, and what he saw nearly caused him to tumble backwards in amazement. Running silently, bent half double, along a low hedge towards the house were half a dozen dusky Zulus, in full native dress, most of them carrying spears and shields! Oh, how fearsome they did look, to be sure!

Ned tried to speak, but his tongue seemed stuck to the roof of his mouth. He flattened himself back against the wall, however.

"They've come to try to get the Zulu shield, I expect," whispered Tommy Twinkle in his chum's ear.

With an effort Ned found his tongue.

"What—what can we do?" he gasped, his eyes fixed on the fast-approaching Zulus. "L-let's run and call the squire!"

"We can't do that," Tommy murmured. "It's too late. They'd see us as we crossed the gallery, the windows are so low. Quick! I know! Let's hide behind this curtain and keep quite still."

Indeed, the boys only just had time to slip behind the thick velvet folds before the sound of soft, guttural voices could be heard, and silently as shadows two stalwart Zulus, one in the full dress of a chief, pushed up one of the low windows and stepped into the museum gallery.

Swift as panthers they swung round, eagerly looking for the Zulu tribal shield Bob had mentioned. Eagerly they took a step towards it, but as they did so Tommy again stamped his right Magic Shoe. And when the warriors were within a few yards of their prize, something startling happened. A suit of armour in the corner slowly commenced to walk towards them, its right arm raised threateningly!

A suit of armour walked slowly towards the Zulus.

Goodness! You should have seen those Zulus, boys and girls? Terror stricken, and thinking this to be some of the "white man's magic," they turned and noiselessly bounded across the gallery to the window, from which their comrades had already fled in fright.

Laughing silently to themselves, Ned and Tommy leaned out to watch them. In less time than it takes to tell you the Zulus had vanished as though they had never been, and when the chums turned to look at the suit of armour again, why—it was back in its corner once more, just where it had stood for years and years! Tommy had stamped his left shoe, you see.

"W-well!" gasped Ned with a long-drawn-out breath. "I've never spent such an exciting afternoon!"

(*Look out for another jolly adventure in your* PLAYBOX *next week. Order your copy to be saved for you. Mr. Newsagent will be delighted to do this.*)

HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Ha, ha! The Baby Buntings have formed their own army this week!" laughed little Chic. "Don't they make funny soldiers?"

"Yes! But I don't think I will join that army," chuckled Paddy. "They will be getting into trouble soon, I'm afraid."

And he was quite right! Those bad Babies had helped themselves to some of Mrs. Buntings' things so that they could make their "uniforms," and they did look funny, too!

Dinky, the pup, was the sergeant-major, and he made them march up and down the playground until they were tired out! Peterkin nearly fell over, and banged his jam-pot hat against Babs' tea-pot hat—and, of course, they both broke in pieces! Then Mrs. Bunting came along—and the Babies' army decided to retreat! Ha, ha!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—Goodness me! I feel ever so hot to-day! I have just been mowing the lawn in my garden and now I feel as if I am going to melt away like a pound of butter!

Tiger Tilly does not seem very sorry for me, though! She says it serves me right because it is cruel to cut grass!

"But why is it cruel?" I asked.

"Because you can hear it moan (mown)!" chuckled that naughty girl. Just wait till I catch you, Tilly!

Mrs. Hippo tells me that nearly all our little PLAYBOX readers are fond of helping their daddies in the garden, so I expect you are kept very busy at the moment! Strange to say, Pearl Porky is anxious to have a garden of her own, too! I was quite surprised until I heard her asking Mrs. Hippo if she could plant a toffee-apple tree and a cake bush. Ha, ha! No wonder she wanted her own garden! She really thought that toffee and cake grow on trees! I wish they did, don't you? Ha, ha!

Your jolly friend,
UNCLE BEN.

P.S.—Ruth Tatt, of Lyminge, Kent, wins this week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown.

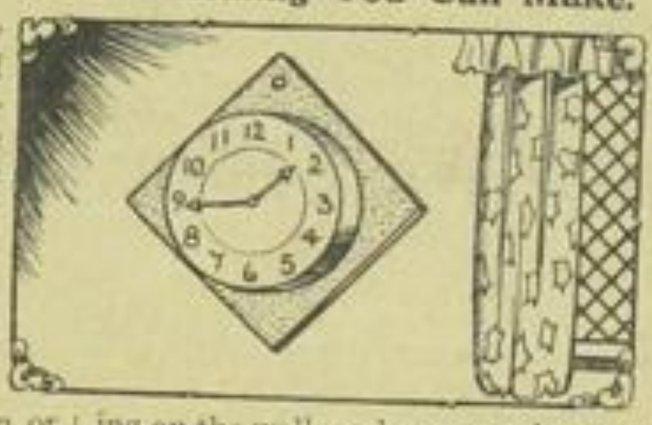
PRINCESS PAT AND HER PRETTY CLOTHES.

Princess Pat is a very lucky little girl! She has some lovely dresses of velvet and satin, and, as you can guess, she is never tired of trying them on! Would you like to dress her in her latest gowns? First of all, cut out the little princess and paste her on to some thin card. Now take the dresses and paste them on ordinary plain paper.

When they are dry, cut them out carefully and then colour the princess and her dresses with your paints or crayons. The little girl will stand up nicely if you bend the left-hand tab back and the right-hand tab forward, as marked.

Now you will find that it is quite easy to dress her by pressing the tabs of the gowns over her shoulders, arms, and legs. She will look pretty!

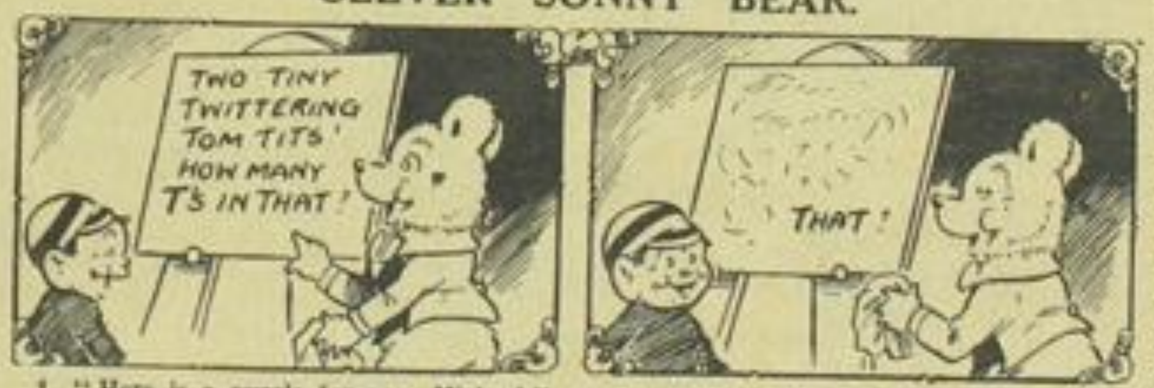
A CLOCK FOR DOLLY. Something You Can Make.



This neat little clock is very easily made from a square of card and a tin lid from a meat-paste pot. First of all cover the lid with a circle of plain white paper, and then mark in the numbers and clock hands as you see here.

Now fix it to the card with some strong glue, and then paint the card a bright colour to tone with dolly's dining-room or kitchen. It will look very smart hanging on the wall, and you may be sure dolly will be ever so pleased with it.

CLEVER SONNY BEAR.



1. "Here is a puzzle for you, Micky!" chuckled Sonny. "Two tiny twittering tom-tits. How many t's in that?" "Easy!" laughed Micky, as he counted the letters. "There are eight t's there, Sonny."

2. "Wrong!" cried Sonny Bear. "I said how many t's in that, didn't I? And there are only two t's in 'that,' you see. Ha, ha!" Micky was cross. Remember to try this jolly trick on your chums.

MORE RIDDLES FOR YOU!

Q. Why is a pillar-box like a book?

A. Because they are both red (read).

Q. When is a cup of tea like an acid drop?

A. When it is a little sweet!

Q. What is always in fashion yet out of date?

A. The letter F.

Q. What is the difference between the North and South poles?

A. All the difference in the world!

CHEERY CHATTER.

"Hallo, Sidney Seagull, you look very hungry to-day!"

"Yes! I am trying to find a nice fish for my dinner, Billy Bear."

"Why don't you go to the fishmonger's, then?"

"Oh no! I don't like fishmongers. They are too mean!"

"How is that?"

"Well, their business makes them selfish (sell fish), you see!"

"Ha, ha! That was good, Sidney! Now can you tell me a fish beginning with T and ending with O?"

"No! What is it?"

"Timbuctoo!"

"But that is not a fish."

"Well, it is a plaice (place), isn't it? Ha, ha! Now I must go and have my dinner. Mummy is cooking a piece of boot to-day."

"But you can't eat that for dinner!"

"Oh, yes, I can! It is a 'sole,' you see! Ha, ha!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

LITTLE MAN

THRILLS FOR THE YOUNG AEROPLANE MODELLERS.

The Flying Master.

"I AM of the opinion," said Dr. Crabtree, as he addressed the boys of Mulberry School, "that every boy ought to be brought up to have some knowledge of flying and of aeroplanes."

The hush of surprise which fell after this remark was followed by a sudden murmur of excitement. The eyes of little Tim Trotter and of Michael Baxter were especially bright, and they listened eagerly as the headmaster went on.

"For that reason, boys," he said, "I have arranged for a new master to come to Mulberry School whose task it will be to tell you all about flying. I will not tell you his name at the moment," Dr. Crabtree smiled. "All I will say is that when you see him some of you here will be very surprised and delighted."

With a twinkle in his eyes, Dr. Crabtree picked up a bundle of papers and moved to the door, bidding the boys disperse to their several class-rooms and get on with their morning lessons.

But, as you may well imagine, they were all far too curious and far too excited at this unexpected news to pay much attention to their work.

"Do you think the Head was serious?" one boy asked Tim eagerly. "Are we *really* going to have a 'Flying Master'?"

"Of course," said Tim, with a smile. "He wouldn't have said so, would he, if it wasn't true?"

"That means the school will have to have an aeroplane!" another boy said. "Isn't it exciting?"

"I hope it's a big one, anyway," said Porky Perrin thoughtfully. "I shan't go up in it unless it is. I say, Tim," he added eagerly, "have you any idea who the new flying master is going to be? What did the Head mean when he said we should all be surprised and pleased? Did he mean it would be somebody we *know*?"

"The new master is in that plane!" cried Porky Perrin.

"He must have done, I suppose," said Michael. "But I can't think who it could be. I'm going to ask the matron," he said quickly. "Perhaps *she* knows."

For once in a while, however, Mrs. Bramble did not seem to be in the secret, and could tell them nothing about it. On the other hand, she seemed rather shocked at the news and shook her head in a worried way, saying that all flying machines were nasty, dangerous things, and that she didn't believe in them a bit.

"I hope to goodness Dr. Crabtree doesn't do any such thing!" she exclaimed. "Flying machines indeed! You wouldn't catch me up in one, not for a thousand pounds!"

During the next few days the school was full of rumours, one of the most surprising of which was that the new flying master was to be Michael's father, Mr. Baxter.

When Michael heard it his eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"My daddy!" he gasped. "Going to be a master? But if that were true he would have written to tell me so. How could it be my daddy?"

"Well," said Don, "he's a fine pilot, isn't he? And he's a friend of the headmaster."

"And he taught you to fly, Michael," the fat boy pointed out, "so why not *he*?"

"But my daddy's too busy to do anything like that," said Michael, though his heart was beating excitedly. "He's too busy designing new aeroplanes for the Government and testing them out. He'd never have the time to come down here and teach us all. I'm sure of it!"

Tim shared his chum's opinion, though he confessed himself puzzled and curious.

"It doesn't seem much good to go on guessing," he said, with a smile. "We'll just have to wait until Monday when the new master arrives. Then we shall know."

So the week-end passed without any further clue to the mystery, and on Monday morning the boys assembled as usual in their classes and there was still no sign of the new master.

"I don't believe he's coming at all," whispered Don to Tim over his desk. And then—Brrrrh!—there came a loud, droning sound from outside, and all the boys stopped work instantly and peered towards the window.

They had not long to wait. The loud droning overhead swelled into a roar and, unable to curb their curiosity any longer, several of the boys sprang to their feet and darted to the window in the same moment as something like a huge bird swept down over the roof of the school.

"It's a monoplane! It's coming down in the cricket field!" gasped Don.

"It's the new master!" gasped Porky Perrin. "He's arrived!"

"Boys!" exclaimed Dr. Crabtree sternly. "Who told you to leave your places? Return to your seats at once!"

Although his voice was sharp, there was a hint of amusement in his eyes as he strode to the door of the class-room and passed out. The boys, craning their necks eagerly, peered out of the window and saw the descending aeroplane bank in expert fashion and, wheeling about, alight on the far side of the cricket pitch as lightly and gently as a gull.

"It *is* your daddy, Michael!" somebody gasped. "Look! There's the Head hurrying to meet him!"

The monoplane had passed now behind the cricket pavilion, and though Tim ventured again to the window and peeped out, he could not see the pilot.

But a few minutes later the boys heard voices outside the school, and then, after an exciting interval, the headmaster reappeared in the class-room with a broad smile.

"Attention, boys!" he said. "Here is your new flying master—Captain Dellow."

Captain Dellow! Little Tim caught his breath and his heart jumped with excitement as a tall, familiar figure followed Dr. Crabtree into the class-room, smiling a cheery greeting at the assembled boys.

So the new master was not Michael's daddy, after all, but somebody almost as nice. It was Captain Dellow, from the local flying club—the pilot whose machine Tim and Michael had borrowed on that never-to-be-forgotten morning when they had flown away all by themselves to fetch Johnny Trundle's parents to his sick-bed.

Captain Dellow had always been a favourite with Tim and Michael. Since that occasion he had become almost a hero to them also.

Now Michael's face was beaming, his eyes bright with such excitement that he sprang to his feet.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "Bravo! Three cheers for the new 'Flying Master'! Three cheers for Captain Dellow!"

And Dr. Crabtree and the captain smiled broadly as the boys, jumping to their feet, greeted their new master with three hearty cheers.

The Model Aeroplane.

Over a fortnight had passed, and Captain Dellow, with his tanned face and bright, cheery smile, had become established at Mulberry as one of the most popular masters who had ever come to the school.

One great disappointment had followed his arrival, and that was when the headmaster had announced that the monoplane in which the new master had arrived was not to be used for practical instruction.

"For one thing," said the Head, "I am afraid the schoolfield is not large enough to be used as a landing ground, and, for another, the school is not yet in a position to afford the luxury of an aeroplane of its own. Moreover, it will be some time yet before the majority of you would be far enough advanced to take practical lessons in the art of flying. Captain Dellow's task, therefore, will be to instruct you in the theory of flying and to make you all familiar with the various parts of an aeroplane, so that presently you will know exactly how to build one. You will be like a motorist," he explained, "who is taught all about the engine and bodywork of a car before he learns to drive it."

It was an announcement, as you may guess, which was received with some dismay, especially by Tim and Michael. They feared that Captain Dellow's new lessons were going to be very dry.

But they were mistaken. Following a few lectures with drawings and diagrams upon the blackboard, Captain Dellow announced one morning that one of the big sheds behind the school was to be fitted out as a workshop, where the boys would be given the chance to test out their skill and knowledge in the making of model aeroplanes which, in every respect except the engine, would be exactly like a *real* machine.

"My suggestion is, boys," he said, "that you should divide into groups of three, and that each group will work upon its own particular model. I shall help you all in turn, of course, and I shall give you all a month to complete your model. Then there will be a grand flying display in the school field, or, in other words, a test flight for each model. And as a reward to the three boys whose model proves the best I will promise a trip in a real monoplane of over a hundred miles."

You can imagine what excitement there was then and with what eagerness the boys set about their tasks.

Tim and Michael and Don Chapman were grouped together, and during the days that followed almost every spare hour they had was spent in the workshop in the construction of their model monoplane.

Nor was it an easy task, as they soon discovered. In the first place, a number of drawings had to be made, all done carefully to scale; and after that, with Captain Dellow to assist and instruct them, the various parts were fashioned—wings and struts and rudder and fuselage all being made to scale with the greatest care and fitted together very precisely.

For, as the new flying master said to them, each part had to be quite perfect if the machine were to be successful in its trials.

It proved great fun, especially to Tim and Michael, and they had never before had a school task which fascinated them so much. Even cricket and swimming were forgotten in their eagerness to get their model completed, and when at the end of three weeks the model plane was ready to take the air the three chums felt as proud and excited as if the machine had been a real one about to fly across the Atlantic Ocean.

None of the other models were so far advanced and a full week remained before the day of the trials. But Tim's eagerness was such that he could not wait, neither could Don or Michael.

"Let's have a secret trial of our own!" Tim whispered eagerly. "Let's get up very early in the morning and take it down to the long field. We shall know then how it flies and what chance we shall stand of winning the prize."

Michael and Don agreed excitedly, and in a few moments their plans were made.

"It will be light soon after four. We'll get up then!" said Michael breathlessly. "I'll give you chaps a call."

There was no need for that. The excitement of the other boys was such that they were already awake as dawn broke. In a few minutes they had dressed silently and, unobserved, had stolen out of the dormitory and down the stairs.

It was a matter of minutes only to fetch their model from the workshop and a few minutes more to hasten with it over the dew-wet grass to what they called the Long Meadow.

"It's off!" cried Don, watching the toy plane proudly.

"It's just the right sort of morning for it," said Tim, his eyes shining with pride. "There's not too much wind, so it ought to take the air beautifully!"

"Yes, I'm just longing to see it fly off!" said Michael.

Feeling like three secret inventors, breathless with excitement they stood at the end of the long field and wound up the powerful strand of elastic that was to drive the propeller. Tim held the plane above his head upon an even keel, while Michael gripped the propeller, waiting to release it.

"Are you ready?" he cried breathlessly. "The launch of the Rocket Plane! One—two—three—*off!*"

In the moment that he released the propeller and sprang aside Tim gave the model a firm push upwards into the air.

"It's *off!*" cried Don, almost dancing with excitement. "Oh, look! It's going beautifully!"

He was quite right. Swiftly and gracefully as a bird the model rose high into the air and then, flattening out, sped on rapidly, for all the world like a real aeroplane. Almost in raptures, the three boys watched it speeding farther and farther away, gliding over a clump of trees at the end of the field. At last, with a graceful sweep, they saw it begin to descend beyond the distant hedge.

"My word, but it's grand!" cried Tim, beginning to run. "It's come down in the road. Quick, let's fetch it! It may get run over by a car!"

Breathlessly they sped away, jumping the gate which led out into the road, racing down to the spot beyond the trees where they had seen their model descend.

And then, stopping short, Tim stared about him in dismay, while the other boys turned pale. The road was silent and deserted!

"It's gone!" cried Tim. "Oh, Michael, it isn't here!"

Their model plane had mysteriously vanished and was nowhere to be seen!

(What can have become of the boys' fine new model aeroplane? You will read all about a mystery and how the boys solved it in next week's exciting instalment of this thrilling story.)

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy, Dicky, and Master Quince are escaping from an island in their home-made boat when a big ship causes them to overturn in the mist. They are taken aboard by the captain, but Dicky's treasure box is lost. Bimbo dives for it, but is chased by a great fish.

1. "Goodness! That looks like a shark chasing poor Bimbo!" cried Wendy, and while Dicky balanced the box on the side of the ship, Wendy threw a keg towards the gaping mouth.

2. Just as the fish's jaws were about to snap dangerously near Bimbo, the keg fell between them, giving Bimbo the chance he needed to scramble up the rope to safety, thanks to Wendy.

3. Dicky hardly knew how to thank the brave little black boy for diving to the bottom of the sea for his treasure box. "I will give you some diamonds, Bimbo," Dicky said gratefully.

4. Not long after that a wind rose and filled the sails, so the captain ordered the men to pull in the anchor and away they went. "I'm glad we're not in our home-made boat," Wendy said.

5. They were very happy with the jolly captain and crew, and Bimbo was always making them laugh. One day they found him in the kitchen making a pudding. "Dis for dinner!" he said.

6. And later on he looked very proud when he carried the big pudding in to the table where the chums were seated with the captain. "I didn't know you could cook!" laughed the captain.

7. "Ah, I watch Cookie," said Bimbo. "I think dis pudding look very good, anyway!" Everyone agreed and the little black boy served them plentifully. "I am hungry!" Wendy said.

8. But when they had tasted that pudding they did not look so pleased, and began to pull faces. "Ugh! I don't want any more of this!" groaned Dicky. "It does taste horrid, Bimbo!"

9. "I put in de best currants and eggs!" cried Bimbo, "and I take de flour from dis keg!" Then the captain jumped up in dismay. "That is gunpowder!" he exclaimed.

10. Poor Bimbo hung his head, and everyone forgot the nasty taste in their mouth and began to laugh at his mistake. Suddenly a sailor rushed into the cabin, panting: "Pirates, sir! They are coming after us. They'll fire when they're within range!"

11. The captain went on deck at once and commenced to give orders. Wendy and Dicky were gazing rather fearfully towards the pirate ship when Bimbo leapt to the side of them, and poised himself ready for a dive. "I'll stop dem firing at us," he murmured.

12. Then, with a plunge and a shower of spray, he disappeared into the water. A few seconds later he was swimming with strong, steady strokes towards the pirate ship, and the chums watched him, rather puzzled. "He has some daring plan in mind," said Dicky.

13. They did not take their eyes off the bobbing black head, and at last they saw a figure climbing up the side of the pirate ship. Luckily the pirates had not seen Bimbo in the water. "Dey all on deck and not see me climb through dis porthole," he chuckled.

(What is Bimbo's daring plan and will it save his own ship from the pirates? A very exciting instalment next week! Don't miss it.)

MRS. HIPPO

1. "Oh, Tilly, we hear you stopped a runaway horse?" cried Polly Parrot. "Was it a toy one on wheels!" "No, of course not!" cried Tilly. "That's why I've been given this big box of sweets!"

2. Now, while the brave little girl was showing her prize to Mrs. Hippo her school chums were getting ready to play a joke on her. They ran out into the garden with a big bundle, some sticks, and some gloves.

3. They were busy at the pond for a little while and then they began shrieking to Tilly for help. Tilly saw some arms sticking out of the water, and running up, cried: "Goodness! They can't swim!"

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Here's a boathouse!" said Floppy while the chums were out exploring. "Let's *hire* a boat and *lower* it on to the water!" Isn't he funny!

2. No one seemed to be looking after the boats, so the chums decided to choose their own. "We'll have the one on the end of this rope!" Dibs said.

3. So they cried "Heave-ho!" and pulled with all their might. "Goodness! This boat is growling!" cried Dabs. "Oh! It is a dog!"

4. Doggie was cross, and his growls brought his master, who cried: "Be off!" "Yes! We're not fishing, so we don't want a bite!" cried Floppy.

SAMBO

1. Sambo did laugh when Solly Snowflake came along on his donkey and said he'd race him.

2. "Your like dis car!" gave Solly a

4. Sambo was getting along fine when he came to a fallen tree. "Oh, dat big tree jus' blocks de way!" he cried. "I wants a tank to get ober dat

"When is a horse like a nut, Willy?"
"Give it up, Reggie!"
"Ha, ha! When it's a 'cob'!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. The Woollies were just finishing their breakfast when Robinson Crusoe's parrot flew into the room with a letter for them. "Hurrah! Robinson has invited us to his island!" cried Bobby Black.

2. They felt quite excited about it, and didn't even stop for their sixth pieces of toast and marmalade. They were rather disappointed when they landed on the island and couldn't *see* Robinson, though.

3. "P'raps he has moved to another island!" said Willy. But when the boys went into his hut they could see he still lived there. "He has put out all the things ready to make a cake!" Reggie cries

'S SCHOOL

4. Into the water she dived and, of course, those girls simply roared with water. "Ha, ha! You will be surprised when you see what you have rescued, Tilly!" giggled Baby Jumbo. "You are silly!"

5. Tilly certainly did feel rather foolish when she found she had saved a bundle of washing. But then the other girls had a surprise, for when Mrs. Hippo saw it she cried: "You've saved my money, Tilly!"

6. The good lady's purse had been in that bundle, you see, and how those girls stared when she opened it and gave Tilly a sixpence! "Oh, I think I'm going to start being brave!" sighed Betty. "I'd like sixpence!"

SCORCHER

key can't scorch
ed Sambo, and he
of twenty yards.

3. Off went Sambo and Solly didn't look so pleased when he saw him. "You'se quick!" he cried.

5. "Ha, ha! My donkey can do it!" laughed Solly, and with a cheeky little hee-haw, the donkey leapt over the tree, leaving poor Sambo far behind.

SAMMY SEAL

1. Patsy had been scrubbing the deck, and had used the big key to turn on the water. "Oh, I can hang the captain's coat on that!" he exclaimed.

2. Now, when Sammy came along he thought Patsy had fixed up a scarecrow. "Ha, ha! I guess he meant to scare me with that!" chuckled Sammy.

3. And then he thought it would be rather fun to try to knock it down, so he picked up the big brush and threw at the coat. He hit it, too!

4. But, of course, that turned the key, and up spouted the water, right into Sammy's face. "It did scare you, after all!" laughed Patsy.

LE WOOLLY BOYS

"Do you know what bird we have at dinner every day, Percy?"
"Yes, I can guess that! A swallow,' Bobby!"

4. "Then let's make it for him!" cried Bobby. So they tipped everything into the big trough that seemed to be standing ready for the mixing. "This is better than a basin anyway!" Bobby chuckled.

5. Then, who should pop out of all the flour and currants but Man Friday. "How dare you tip all dat stuff on my bed while I was habing twenty winks!" he grumbled, just as Robinson came in.

6. Everyone began to laugh then, and Friday was soon happy again when the boys had washed him black after his flour bath. "Now I'll make you all a roly-poly pudding for dinner!" Robinson promised.

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

THE RED BALLOON

Prince Hal was a very cross little prince. He had lots of lovely toys, but every time he saw a new toy he wanted it. If the king and queen didn't buy it for him he screamed and kicked, and they felt so ashamed of him that they bought him the new toy, just to stop him kicking and screaming.

Now, the prince's godmother knew no one would like him when he grew up if he always had what he wanted, and she thought of a good plan to cure him. Sometimes she worked magic, so watch for some fun.

One day the prince was looking out of one of the palace windows, and he saw an old woman with a big red balloon.

"I want that!" he cried, for he had never seen anything like it before.

The old woman (I expect you have guessed that it was his godmother) smiled up at the prince, but he did not know her in the old clothes.

"You may have it, my dear," she said to the prince's surprise.

Then she let go the string and the balloon floated right up to the prince as he leaned from the window.

He caught the string and pulled it inside, and he was so pleased with his new toy that he didn't even say "thank you" to the old woman who had given it to him. She didn't seem to mind, though, and walked away, still smiling and chuckling to herself.

Now, that night the little prince was sitting up in bed, still playing with the pretty balloon when in came the queen to kiss him good-night.

She was going to an extra-special banquet with the king that evening and she was all ready to set out, wearing a very pretty sparkling dress and a lovely crown.

"I want that crown to play with!" said little Hal, and the queen looked very worried. If Hal began to scream nothing would stop him, and yet how could she go to the banquet without her crown.

"I'll buy you one to-morrow!" she said,

"Stop!" cried Hal when the balloons tossed him.

but, to her dismay, Hal began to kick and scream.

He was still holding on to the string of the balloon, and then what do you think happened? The balloon floated towards the window, pulling Hal with it before he realised what was happening. In a second he was floating over the palace gardens and over hills and rivers, far, far away.

He was too frightened to scream any more, and he just had to hold on to the string of the balloon or he would have gone bumpity bump to the ground. Soon he began to shiver, for it is rather cold floating through the air in pyjamas. Then he felt the balloon falling.

"Here he is, boys!" said a voice above Hal, and he was surprised to see that his big red balloon now had a face and little arms and legs. When Hal looked down he saw lots of other balloons, too, with faces, and arms, and legs.

"Ah, so this is the boy who screams when he can't have what he wants," said a large purple balloon. "Well, we'll soon cure him. What shall we do with him!"

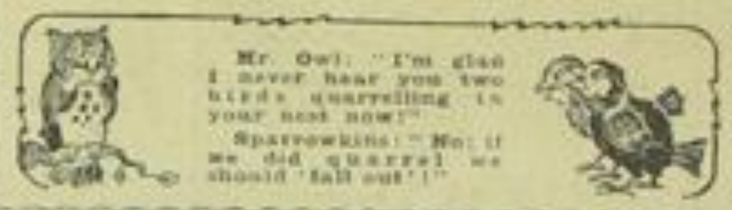
"Let's toss him!" said a little yellow balloon, hopping about excitedly. And all the other balloons cried: "Yes, lets!"

Hal was too scared to say anything, and in a moment he found himself on the heads of the balloons. Then they all jumped together, and he was shot up into the air. Down he came again bouncing on top of them and they sent him up into the air again until Hal felt dizzy.

"Stop! I won't scream again!" he managed to cry. Then they stopped and he found himself at home in his own little bed.

He never kicked and screamed after that!

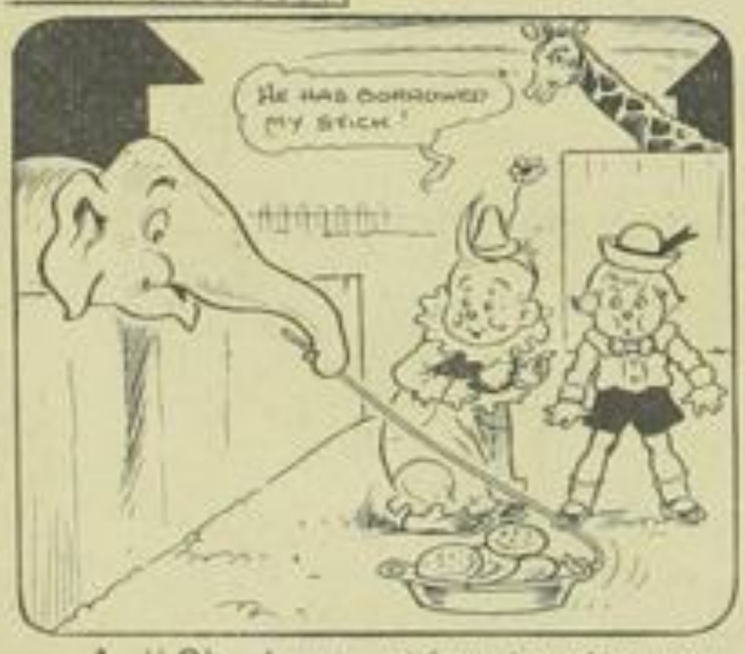
(Next week: The Pixies' New House.)



1. "I'll watch Master Willie," said Chic, "and see that he does give those buns to Jumbo!"

2. Well, Willie put them down in front of Jumbo, but too far away from the fence for him to reach.

3. "You are a bad lad, Willie," said Chic. Meanwhile Jumbo took Chic's little stick.



4. "Oh, I was going to give you that stick, Willie," said Chic. "Now Jumbo has it." Willie looked worried.

5. Clever Jumbo hooked the stick into the dish handle and tipped up the buns. "I'll eat those later," he said.

6. And then he gave Willie back the dish, smack on top of his hat. "No buns for you, Willie!" laughed Chic.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. The Honey Thief.
2. A Taste of Toffee-Apple.
3. Message by Balloon.

TESS AND REDWING FOLLOW FOOT-PRINTS AND FIND OUT WHY THERE WAS NO HONEY FOR TEA.

SCAMP IS TRICKED BY HIS CHUM THIS TIME, SO HAS TO SHARE HIS TOFFEE-APPLE.

WHEN CURLY AND BERYL ARE LOCKED IN THE MILL THEIR BALLOON BRINGS HELP.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.
FALLING INTO TUMBLE-DOWN VALLEY, and the VANISHING ISLAND.

"OH, Paddy! What shall we do? We are in a fix now!"

Paddy and his playmates certainly were in a fix—they were fixed, in fact, in a very queer canoe!

Ever since they had landed upon their Wonderful Island, they had been searching for a little girl named Pitpat, who was a prisoner there. They felt sure that a toy-maker, named Mr. Chip, knew where she was, and one night they followed him through the Wood of Woe.

They saw him jump into a canoe and paddle off down the river, and seeing another canoe handy they hopped into that to follow. But, goodness! This was a magic canoe, for it climbed out of the water upon queer little legs and began to hurry off over the land!

What was worse, the playmates could not escape, for they found themselves fixed firmly in their seats. What to do they did not know; where they were going they could not guess; but they knew they were in a dreadful fix!

So alarmed was Paddy, that it was not until they had travelled some way in their queer boat that he remembered his magic pop-gun. This had often saved him from harm, for whenever he fired it some magic always happened!

"Oh dear! I wish we could escape from this canoe!" he cried, and as he spoke he fired his magic pop-gun.

Pop! The pop-gun certainly did its best for the playmates, but it was very unlucky that Paddy wished at that moment. The magic worked, and the playmates found they could rise off the seats, just as the canoe came to the edge of a steep cliff.

Here the canoe tripped over a fallen tree and tipped up. Unable to save themselves, the playmates shot out, and looping the loop in the air they shot over the edge of the cliff and then began to drop down, down, down! Paddy was first, Timbo followed, holding on to Paddy's coat, Golly followed holding on to Timbo's tail, and the others all travelled behind as though they were playing at a new kind of follow my leader game!

"Help!" gasped Golly. "Where are we going?"

They were falling into a very deep valley that was surrounded by tall, steep cliffs. Far below, so far that it made them dizzy to look, was the ground.

"Save us, Paddy!" cried Timbo in alarm. "Fire your magic pop-gun again or we shall bump so hard on the ground!"

Alas! In the excitement, Paddy had let go of the magic pop-gun, and it was now far below them, dropping at a great rate into the valley.

"I've dropped it, Timbo!" cried our chum. "Oh dear! What will happen to us now?"

Down, down they tumbled, the ground below seeming to rush up at them at a dreadful rate.

Paddy closed his eyes, waiting for the bump—and then they all fell into something soft like a hammock that tossed them up into the air once more! Down they came again into that soft bed, and this time they stayed there, held safely in the branches of a strange kind of tree.

It was a queer kind of rubber tree that had broken their fall!

"Well, that was a narrow escape!" Timbo puffed. "I made sure we were in for a dreadful bump."

When they had all dropped to the ground the playmates stared around the valley, wondering how they were going to get out again, for they could see that the cliffs were much too steep to climb!

"If only we had your magic pop-gun, we might get out again, Paddy!" sighed Timbo. "Did you see where it fell?"

Paddy shook his head, for he had shut his eyes tightly while he was falling!

"We must search for it," he replied. "Hunt around, playmates!"

But they had no luck. Though Timbo prided himself upon being first class at "hunt the thimble," even he could not find that pop-gun, and at last they all gave up the search in despair.

Paddy sat down on a boulder and sighed.

"Well, we shall have plenty of time to search for that pop-gun," he said, "for it seems to me that we shall be here for a long, long time. We shall never climb those steep cliffs."

For a moment the playmates stared gloomily at each other, but our little chums could not be glum for long. Deciding to make the best of it, they jumped to their feet and started to make a search of their new home.

"We will call it Tumble-down Valley," said Paddy. "For this is where we tumbled down—see? Come on, lads. Quick march!"

It was when they had marched for some time that Timbo suddenly spied something through the trees, and he stopped, his tail waving excitedly to and fro.

"What have you seen?" whispered Paddy.

"A log cabin!" Timbo replied, and he pointed through the trees. Paddy then saw the cabin, too. It was small and very tumble-down and creepers and wild flowers grew all over it.

Paddy was delighted when he found fishing lines and hooks.

The windows were all broken, weeds were growing through the doorstep, and the front door was hanging half off its hinges. Birds and butterflies fluttered in and out through the broken windows as if they had made it their home for a long time.

"Let's go inside," said Paddy, and the playmates crept in, to look at the old, broken, and dusty furniture inside.

"Who ever lived here left many years ago!" remarked Timbo, pointing to the thick dust on the floor. "And that's good news, Paddy, for it proves there must be a way out of the valley, if only we can find it."

Paddy nodded excitedly.

"Why, yes, I hadn't thought of that, Timbo," he said. "And if there is a way out, we *will* find it!"

The playmates soon decided they would stay at the little old log cabin, and they set to work to tidy it up.

In a cupboard Golly found some old tools; a saw, an axe or two, and some hammers, and though they were rusty he said they would be useful to repair the cabin.

"Well, let's start right away," Timbo said, and the playmates rolled up their sleeves. Soon the valley was echoing to the hammering, chopping, and sawing as the busy playmates fixed up the door, mended the windows, and fitted new planks to the cabin. Quite a number of the birds and monkeys who lived in the valley came to watch, nodding their heads wisely as the playmates worked on.

By the afternoon it looked a different place, and Paddy and his chums felt very proud of their work.

"I don't think I shall mind staying here until we find the magic pop-gun," Paddy remarked.

While this work was going on Dolly Daydream had been busy inside dusting the rooms, and it was not long before she called Paddy in to see a box she had found. Upon opening it, Paddy gave a cry of delight, for he had found some fishing lines and hooks in it.

"That means there is some water down here in the valley!" he said. "Hurrah! Now we shall be able to catch some fish for supper and make tea, too. Shall we go and look for it now, Golly?"

Golly nodded eagerly, and he, Paddy, and Jimmy Jumbo set off with the fishing lines, telling the others they would not be long.

It was not long before they found the lake and here they threw in their lines, hoping to make a good catch.

The others caught several fishes, but Jimmy grew impatient and trotted along the water's edge, soon to disappear behind some big rocks. Here he stopped with a cry of excitement. Not far out was a small island, and leading to it across the water were a number of stepping-stones.

"I'll go out there," he thought. "It looks a good place to fish."

Hopping from one stone to another, he made his way until he was able to give a last hop and land upon the island—*plop!*

It was at that moment that Paddy and Golly, still quietly fishing, heard a yell.

"That was Jimmy!" Golly gasped. "What can be wrong? Jimmy! Where are you?"

There came no answer and, dropping their lines, the two chums raced along, round the rocks and up to the stepping-stones.

Jimmy had gone! There was no sign of him and neither was there any sign of that little island. That had gone, too! What queer magic was this? What had happened to Jimmy?

(Look out for more thrilling adventures in this splendid story next week, boys and girls.)

TOM'S CLOCK-WORK WINDMILL SOON SENDS BETTY'S BOAT OVER THE WATER.

1. Betty had some money to spend on her birthday, so she bought a fine boat and a dolly at the toy-shop.

2. But down at the pond Betty couldn't sail her boat. "We must all try and blow it along," said Snip.

3. "I've got a better idea than that!" laughed Tom, and he fixed his clock-work windmill on to the boat.

4. "Hurrah! That has turned it into a motor-boat!" cried Betty. It took her dolly for a lovely sail, too.

BRIGHTEYES

A daring escape—and a shock!

FOR NEW READERS.—While making a film for Jackie, Brighteyes and her two chums fall into the water. Lola loses her purse and Jackie dives in for it. A few moments later he comes to the surface saying that he has found a bicycle under the water!

1. The three little girls gazed at Jackie in surprise as he scrambled out of the river dragging a bicycle after him! "Isn't it a wonderful find?" he exclaimed. "And I have got your purse, too, Lola?" "Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed. "This must be your lucky day!"

2. The chums changed their clothes and half-an-hour later Jackie was rowing them back to the mainland. The bicycle was stowed away at the end of the boat, and Jackie gazed at it curiously. "I wonder who it belongs to?" he murmured. "Perhaps it was stolen?" said Lola.

3. When they reached the road that ran alongside the river Jackie pulled the machine out of the boat and handed it to Brighteyes. "You had better take it back to the school for the time being," he said. "Miss Barry may be able to find the owner." Brighteyes agreed eagerly.

4. To tell the truth she had been longing to ride the bicycle ever since Jackie had found it, and singing gaily, she jumped on to the saddle and set off towards the school. When she reached the gate the thin figure of Amy appeared. "That is my bicycle!" she cried. "Give it to me please."

5. Knowing that Amy was full of artful tricks, Brighteyes refused to give up the bicycle until she had seen Miss Barry. The next moment the teacher appeared, and Amy ran to her crying: "Look, Miss Barry! Brighteyes has got my bicycle! It was stolen from the shed yesterday!"

6. This was the first Brighteyes had heard of the theft, and for the moment she was so surprised that she could not say anything. Miss Barry gazed at her sternly and exclaimed: "This is very serious, Brighteyes! Go straight to the punishment room and wait for me there!"

7. Everything had happened so suddenly that our little girl had no chance of explaining what had happened. She had to obey her teacher's orders, and for the rest of the day she lay on the bed in the grim, dark punishment room at the top of the school. How miserable she felt!

8. The hours dragged slowly by but still Miss Barry did not come to see her, and at last she realised that she was to be locked in the room all night! "O-oh! I can't stay here any more!" she cried. "They think I am a thief! I'll run away! It's not fair to treat me like this!"

9. By placing a chair on the bed she was able to reach the small skylight in the roof. Luckily, it was only fastened with a bolt, and a moment later she was crawling across the tiles. By this time it was quite dark, so there was no danger of her escape being discovered!

10. She had no idea where she could go after she had left the school, but she was so miserable about the unfair punishment that she had suffered that she made up her mind to go away and never come back! Her first plan had been to scramble down a drainpipe, and escape through the playground, but she had hardly descended more than a few feet, when the pipe began to wobble dangerously! "I must get in this window," she gasped.

11. It was lucky that the window she had reached was open, for her weight seemed to be pulling the pipe right away from the wall! Thinking that the room would be empty at that late hour, she pulled the curtain aside and climbed over the sill; then, to her dismay, she found Miss Barry working at her desk at the end of the room! The teacher looked up quickly and exclaimed in a startled voice: "Who is there?"

(What can our little girl say to Miss Barry now? She will be having more exciting adventures in this lovely story next week!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS—A submarine visits the Flying Fish to fetch Peter and his daddy. When it has gone Joe and Effie go to the stern-room—and discover a bearded sailor hiding there!

1. Hearing the chums' footsteps the bearded stranger leapt up and faced them angrily, but brave Joe was ready for him. "What are you doing on our ship?" he demanded. "Why didn't you go back on the submarine?" "And that is our map, too!" exclaimed Effie, snatching it away.

2. Everything had happened so suddenly that the man was quite taken by surprise, but recovering himself quickly he took a step towards Effie. "Give me that map at once," he demanded, "or it will be the worse for you!" Effie backed away quickly, but the man followed her to the door.

3. There was an angry light gleaming in his eye, and poor Effie began to feel frightened. She held out the paper with a trembling hand, and the man snatched it away with a harsh laugh. "I thought you'd think better of it, young lady," he said. "Now I'll have to be going!"

4. Before the chums could warn the captain the man had dashed out of the door and plunged into the water. The next moment he was swimming strongly towards the distant submarine. "I am sure he is Uncle Paul in disguise, Joe!" whispered Effie. "I knew his voice!"

5. But poor Joe was too miserable to answer. "It doesn't matter much who he was, Effie," he murmured gloomily. "He has taken our precious treasure map!" "He has not!" laughed Effie, pulling out the map from under her jersey. "I gave that man a plain piece of paper!"

6. Joe was simply delighted at Effie's cleverness, and taking the map from her he dashed up to the captain to tell him what had happened. "That was a smart piece of work, Effie!" said Captain Scott proudly. "Now we can start on our journey. Bring me the map, please, Joe."

7. The next morning, as they were flying across the sunlit sea a very strange thing happened. Just as they had passed over a small desert island there was a sudden loud squawk from the front of the machine, and the captain jumped up hastily. "I say! We've hit a bird!" he cried.

8. The creature still clung to the machine as it soared over the water, and brave Joe climbed out of the window and crawled along the wing. "Look! It is a parrot captain!" he cried, pointing to the little feathered visitor whose scarlet wings gleamed brightly in the sunlight.

9. The little bird seemed none the worse for her adventure, and Effie was delighted when Joe brought her into the cabin. "Oh, isn't she sweet!" cried the little girl. "I am going to call her Pansy, and she can sleep in my dolly's cot!" "Nighty-night," said Pansy in a squeaky voice.

10. Joe and Effie could hardly sleep that night for talking about Pansy, and the next morning they got up very early and rushed into the cabin to see their new friend. But a disappointment awaited them, for the little cot was empty! "Where has she gone, Joe?" exclaimed poor Effie, in a tearful voice. "Do you think she has flown away?" "We'd better search the cabin," replied Joe, trying to look cheerful.

11. But they found no sign of Pansy in the cabin, and with sinking hearts the chums ran out and searched the other cabin hurriedly. But it was all in vain, and feeling sad they wandered back to the play-room very near to tears. "She would have been such a jolly playmate," sighed Effie, "I wish——" But she got no further. The next instant the dolls' house flew open and Pansy looked out shouting: "Good-morning, all!"

(The chums will be having some fun with Pansy in this jolly story next week! Do not miss it!)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, June 17th, 1939.

Государственная Центральная Библиотека

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

"BRAVE JOE" IS HAVING A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE ON PAGE 12.

PLAYBOX 2d

SONNY AND MICKY JOIN THE FIRE BRIGADE!

1. "Good-morning, Mrs. Suds!" said our chums, when they popped into the laundry. "Is mummy's washing ready?" "Yes, here it is, boys," smiled the kind lady.

2. Then off they went with the washing and put it in their "car," which was a soap box on wheels. "Home, James!" chuckled Micky. "We shan't be long now, Sonny!"

3. But just as they went round the corner they saw a big crowd round a burning house! "Fire, fire!" yelled Micky in alarm. "Poor little Nell's house is burning!"

4. And then the little girl herself looked out of the window. "Save me!" she cried. "It is getting so hot up here." "We shan't be long, Nellie!" said our chums, as they took out some of the clean clothes and began to tie them together. "Keep cool and we'll soon rescue you!"

5. They tied the handkerchiefs, shirts, and dusters together and made a nice big sheet. Two kind gentlemen and two funny pups helped them to hold it out under the window. "Come on, Nellie!" yelled Sonny. "Shut your eyes and jump!" The next minute Nell came sailing down.

6. And when the firemen arrived she told them what brave boys our chums were! "Bravo, boys!" they said. "What would you like for a reward?" "Oh, sir, could we have a helmet each? We'd love to be firemen!" cried Sonny.

7. The kind firemen agreed at once, and a few minutes later our little friends arrived home looking ever so smart in their lovely brass hats. "We got these for being brave boys, mummy!" cried Sonny. "And we've brought Nell to tea!"

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TWINKLE WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"Look at that great cloud!" said Edna crossly.

"SO here you are at last, Edna! I thought you were never coming! Did something happen?"

And our good-natured little Tommy Twinkle managed to smile at the rather straight-faced little girl who approached him one bright February afternoon. As a matter of fact, Tommy had been waiting for Edna quite half-an-hour, despite her promise to be punctual. She had very much wanted our little boy to show her the spot where the very earliest snowdrops grew, and so Tommy had said they would go this half-holiday.

But I am afraid he had hardly expected to be kept standing for a whole thirty minutes before Edna answered. And now that she *had* arrived she did not look over-pleased.

"Yes, something did happen!" she said, in response to Tommy's query. "Just as I put on this new hat of mine, several big, dark clouds rolled up, and so I had to take it off again. Then, when I got outside the house, the sun came out, so, of course, I had to go back and put it on."

"Oh, why?" grinned our merry little boy. "I should have thought it would be safer to wear an old hat; we are only going into the woods, and I do not suppose the snowdrops will mind whether you are wearing your new hat or not."

But Edna was in no mood for Tommy's teasing remarks, and tossed her head, adorned as it was with a very pretty new cream hat trimmed with rosebuds.

"It's all the fault of those stupid clouds over there," she cried, as they set off down the lane. Then she turned suddenly as Tommy Twinkle gave vent to a deep, deep sigh.

"What ever is the matter with you?" she asked in surprise.

This Week: THE INDIGNANT CLOUDS.

"Dear me, it is very sad," murmured our little friend, shaking his head.

"What is sad?" queried Edna sharply.

"The letters S A D, of course!" laughed our mischievous little boy. "Ha, ha, ha! Don't you agree, Edna? Ha, ha, ha! Oh, didn't I catch you beautifully that time?"

Now, what "with the clouds, and her anxiety over her beautiful new hat, Edna did not feel very much like smiling, but really, the sight of Tommy's merry face was too much for her, and she laughed, too.

"Ah, that is better," cried Tommy. "And now, here is something else. Can you tell me what it is that has a mouth but never eats, runs but has no legs?"

Now, as it happened, Edna had just caught sight of the river-bank in the distance, and I dare say this gave her the clue to Tommy's question.

"I know the answer to that," she cried, looking pleased. "It is 'a river.'"

"Splendid! Quite right, Edna? Bravo!" exclaimed our little boy. "And now, we just turn to the right here, down this foot-path, and into the woods beyond. Then we shall find the snowdrops."

Sure enough, Tommy was right, and in a few minutes the children were gazing down at hundreds and hundreds of the lovely little snowy blossoms, nodding their tiny graceful heads in the wind.

"Be careful how you pluck them," warned Tommy, "they are very fragile."

Edna nodded, and soon the chance had nearly filled their little basket.

Edna was laughing happily, and Tommy was just thinking how pleasant she looked when she was not worrying about her tiresome hat when, oh dear, the little girl chanced to look up. There above them hovered a grey cloud!

"Oh-h dear, I am sure it is going to rain!" she exclaimed in dire dismay. "Look at that great cloud, Tommy! I am positive it will pour with rain at any minute."

Tommy looked up, and then shook his head.

"I don't think it will," he murmured. "The wind is blowing it over to the north."

But hardly had he said this than another cloud came sailing along, even bigger and greyer-looking than the other!

"I know it is going to rain! I am sure it is! And all over my lovely hat!" wailed Edna, picking up the basket of snowdrops and starting to leave the woods.

"But surely a few drops of rain will not hurt it," put in Tommy, as he hurried after her. "My cap gets wet dozens of times, and it's all right."

He laughed, but for Edna that laugh was the last straw.

"The rain *will* hurt it!" she exclaimed tearfully. "And it's all the fault of those stupid old clouds, bother them! Why must there be clouds, I should like to know? I only wish they would come down here, then I could just tell them what I think about them."

Now, I am afraid our little favourite was growing rather tired of Edna and her hat, and no sooner had she uttered this wish than our merry little boy made up his mind that *her wish should come true.* Tap, tap went his right magic shoe on the soft mosses of the woodland, and oh, how he smiled to himself as he wished that comical wish.

And just as the children left the shadow of the woods and came out on the meadow footpath again Edna saw coming towards her two of the strangest creatures she had ever seen!

They were roundish, and —and fluffy, almost like big puffs of pinky-grey cotton wool and they had plump, contented-looking faces and thin arms and legs!

"Who—who are you?" gasped the little girl, taking two steps backwards, and nearly dropping the basket of snowdrops.

"My name is Clarence Cloud, and this is my sister Caroline," replied the puffiest of the two clouds—for that is exactly what they were. Edna had wished for the clouds to come down, and, well—here they were.

"Cl-clouds?" echoed Edna in a whisper. "Bless me, she does not even seem pleased to see us now we are here!" broke in Caroline Cloud, giving herself a floating sort of shake. "There is no satisfying some people!"

Edna, remembering her rather unkind remarks about clouds a few moments before, flushed and then turned pale.

"Er—er—I am sorry. I—I did not recognise you at first!" she stammered. "And although you do not *appear* to like us," went on Caroline, with a scornful glance at the creation on Edna's head, "we must remind you that you would be in a very poor plight were it not for us."

"Indeed, yes," put in Clarence Cloud loftily. "What would you do without rain, and how could you have rain without clouds? Answer me that, young lady?"

Edna was too scared to reply, but she did begin to see that she had been rather foolish. Perhaps the cloud folk saw this, for Caroline Cloud said in a kinder voice: "Come inside and sit down."

Edna looked round in surprise, for there, a few feet away, resting on a low-floating cloud was a lovely sort of house. It looked to be fashioned of stars and moons and "Milky Ways," all linked up together, and, speechless with amazement, Edna followed the cloud folk inside. Caroline Cloud pointed to a low puffy-looking seat.

"Do sit down," she said to Edna. "Perhaps you would like some tea! It will not take me long to prepare!"

Edna could not help wondering whatever sort of tea the clouds would have, and then, unthinkingly, she sat down.

But, oh dear (how you would have laughed had you been there, boys and girls!) the little girl found herself falling right through the seat somehow; which was not surprising when you come to reason it out, for it was a *cloud seat!*

Down, down—down she fell, ever so softly and gently, until, at last she landed with a gentle bump against something or somebody.

"Hallo, be careful, Edna!" came Tommy's merry voice. "Have you tripped over a rabbit's burrow or something?"

Tommy's arms were gripping her shoulders, and when Edna looked round, why, they were still on the field-path, and Caroline and Clarence Cloud had vanished into—yes, vanished into thin air up above in the sky. There they were sailing along gently far above the children (Tommy Twinkle had stamped his *left* magic shoe, you see).

"Oh, they've gone!" exclaimed Edna, looking round in surprise. "They were rather nice after all, weren't they, Tommy. But I don't like their chairs!"

Tommy had to laugh at the thought of the cloud chair.

"Well, anyway, you won't mind seeing the clouds up in the sky, will you, Edna!" he said.

The little girl shook her head.

"No," she said, and then, smiling, she added: "But I shall always wonder what they have for tea!"

And I am sure you will be pleased to hear that it did *not* rain that afternoon; no, not even one spot!

"Come in and sit down!" said the cloud to Edna.

(Order your PLAYBOX *to be saved for you every week, boys and girls! Then you will be sure of getting it, won't you?)*

FLYING FREDDY

1. Freddy was scared when he heard squeaks coming from his plane. "It is breaking, Torty!" he cried. "We must jump!

2. Well, Freddy made use of his parachute, but he was surprised to see Torty climb to the wheel to bring down that squeaky plane.

3. When Torty landed later he saw the reason for the squeaking—two little piggies. "They squeaked with fright!" Torty laughed.

HAPPY HOURS WITH MRS. HIPPO

"Ha, ha! The Baby Buntings have decided to go to school in comfort in future," laughed Mrs. Hippo, as she opened her big picture-book. "They have made their very own motor-bus!"

"They need not worry about exceeding the speed limit," chuckled Jackie. "I don't think that bus will go very fast, do you, Dolly?"

But the funny Buntings were very proud of their bus, all the same. Chubs and Trixie who were inside the bus were very comfortable, but the passengers on top had rather a wobbly time, because the outside deck simply would not keep still! Nibs made it worse by climbing up the wrong way, and the top part wobbled so much that a few minutes later it collapsed on top of the other passengers!

"All change!" cried the conductor as the passengers fell out. And that was the end of the Buntings' bus.

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4

Dear Boys and Girls,—Goodness me! I have been nearly "snowed under" with letters from my little readers this week! Mr. Postman has made three visits to my office already, and he says he is coming again this afternoon, so now I must say "thank you" to you all for saying "thank you" to me for the lovely gifts which were given away with PLAYBOX last week.

You have said so many nice things about our paper in your letters that I really feel quite proud. Many new readers ask me how they may become members of our happy PLAYBOX band. Well, the answer is very simple. Give your newsagent a regular order for our paper, and you will at once become a jolly PLAYBOX boy or girl!

Polly Parrot says it is always wise to make sure of getting your PLAYBOX every week, because you might miss seeing her beautiful face, and that would be a dreadful shame. Ha, ha! Isn't she funny!

Your sincere friend, MRS. HIPPO.

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been awarded to Beryl Saunders, of Lowestoft.

A JOLLY DRESSING-UP DOLLY FOR YOU.

Little Patsy is very proud of her new winter coat and rubber boots! They are all made to match and she looks very nice in them, as you will agree when you have made this model.

First paste this picture on to some thin card and then cut out the pieces very carefully. Now take Patsy and bend the left tab back and the right tab forward so that she will stand up firmly, then cut through the dotted lines A, B, C and D near her legs. Cut through the dotted lines on the hat and umbrella, and then put on Patsy's boots by pressing the tabs A, B, C and D into the slots you have made.

The coat will fit on if you fold down the tabs on her shoulders and waist, and the hat will fit over her head neatly. The top of the hat slips into the slot in the umbrella and you can make Patsy hold it by folding her hand round the handle.

DOLL MAKING A New Indoor Game.

This is a good game to remember when you have some of your little chums to tea. First of all each player must be given an ordinary clothes-peg, like the one you see in the picture, two small pieces of crepe paper of different colours, and a few elastic bands.

At the word "GO" the players must begin to dress the clothes-peg in the coloured paper, using the elastic bands to hold the "dress" in place. It is possible to make quite pretty dresses if the game is not hurried, so it is best to give a time limit of about twenty minutes, after which the dolls must be handed to mummy or daddy to judge. The player who makes the winning doll is given a small prize.

BOBBY BLACK HAS A "SWEET" IDEA.

1. "Look, boys," said Bobby Black. "I have got five sweets here. Now, if you can put them in two rows with the same number in each row, you can have them!" "Oh! Let me try!" cried Willie White.

2. But they could not do it, so Bobby arranged the sweets as you see here. "There you are," he chuckled. "I have made two rows of three, haven't I, boys? I have won the sweets myself. Ha, ha!"

BERTIE BUNNY AND MR. MOO

"Hallo, Mr. Moo, where did you come from? I did not notice you here just now!"

"I have just jumped over the moon, Bertie! It was ever so exciting."

"Why didn't you land on it, Mr. Moo? You could have done some exploring, you know!"

"Oh, no! There was no room for me, Bertie. It was a 'full' moon, you see! Ha, ha!"

"I see. Then it wasn't as heavy as a half-moon."

"What ever do you mean?"

"Well, a full moon is a good deal 'lighter,' isn't it? Ha, ha!"

"Very clever, Bertie. Have you had a spanking to-day?"

"A spanking? No, of course not! I have been a very good boy! Why do you ask me that, Mr. Moo?"

"Well, someone has been making you 'smart'! Hee, hee! By the way, do you know why the moon is like a pair of slippers?"

"No, do tell me!"

"Because there is a B in 'both'! See? Ha, ha! I caught you there, didn't I, Bertie?"

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?

Q. What is the difference between a motor-car and a pencil?

A. One is driven and the other is lead (led).

Q. Why is it difficult to steal a pair of gloves?

A. Because one of them is always "left."

Q. What is the difference between a bird and a plumber?

A. One pipes a lay and the other lays a pipe.

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

LITTLE MAN

BLACK WASHING AND PLENTY OF FUN.

Napoleon Jones.

THERE was great excitement amongst the boys of Mulberry School.

The headmaster had announced that a new boy from abroad was expected at the school, adding that he hoped all the boys would give him a nice welcome and see that he was made to feel at home.

Even then, however, it came as an unexpected thrill when a boy appeared whose face was just as black as soot, who told them that his name was Napoleon Jones and that his father was a famous African chief from the Congo, in West Africa.

Believing the new boy to be rich, with plenty of money, Cyril Badger and his friend, Monty Green, made a rare fuss of him, bringing Napoleon bottles of lemonade and plying him with sweets and biscuits.

Even our chums, Tim and Michael, thought the black boy very important until Napoleon, with a broad smile, said: "Thank you, sah!" to Cyril. "Dat am very good!" and handed back the plate upon which there had been a large scone, given to him by "Porky" Perrin, the fat boy.

It was then and not till then that Tim Trotter noticed something rather strange and, seizing the plate, drew his chum, Michael Baxter, quietly aside.

"I say, Michael," he whispered, "there's something funny about Napoleon Jones. I don't believe he's real."

"Not real!" exclaimed Michael with a laugh. "Do you think he goes by clockwork, then?"

Tim laughed, too.

"No, not that. But I don't believe he's a real negro," said Tim shrewdly. "Look at those dirty finger marks." He produced the plate for Michael to see.

"You're looking cleaner already!" laughed Tim to the black boy.

"When people are really black, the black doesn't come off on a plate."

"But his fingers might be dirty," Michael pointed out.

"I know. But not as dirty as that. Look, Michael. This is soot, or burnt cork or something. Look how it comes off on my finger." He rubbed the plate to prove it and looked up with a twinkle in his eyes. "I believe it's all a joke, Michael. It's somebody pulling our legs."

Michael stared in some bewilderment, for he, too, had been completely deceived.

"But if it isn't a real negro, Tim, who could it be? It couldn't be one of the boys. We should recognise him."

Tim shook his head.

"I don't it," he said. "A black face makes all the difference."

"But which one could it be, then?"

"That's just what I'm wondering," said Tim thoughtfully. "It's not Cyril Badger or Monty Green, because they are inside there talking to him. And it's not Porky, because he's just given Napoleon a scone. Let's think who isn't in there."

They set themselves to consider the problem, running through the names of likely boys of whom there were quite a number. Then, suddenly, Tim gave a grunt.

"I know—I've got it," he cried. "It's Johnny Trundle."

"Johnny Trundle?" gasped Michael.

"Yes, I'm sure of it. Just think of his face, Michael, with black all over it. It would be exactly the same. And Johnny's a jolly good actor, too, especially when he's dressed up. Look how good he was in the school pantomime, last year."

Michael drew a long, deep breath, and then nodded eagerly.

"You're right, Tim. Johnny's father is an actor. He sometimes plays in films." Then he burst out laughing as he thought of Cyril and Monty plying the new boy with sweets and biscuits and the broad smile with which the grateful "Napoleon" had devoured them. "But, I say, Tim, what a lovely joke."

"I know," said Tim, with a chuckle. "But don't forget that he has pulled our legs as well. You gave him some sweets, didn't you, and so did I? What are we going to do about it?"

"What about rubbing his face with a sponge?" said Michael, smiling, but Tim shook his head.

"There's a better way than that," he said. "It's our turn to have a joke now, Michael. Let me think what we can do."

For a little while, chuckling at intervals, the boys talked things over quietly. Then, with a broad smile, Tim hit upon a scheme.

"That will be fine, Michael," he said. "The best joke of the year. We'll give Napoleon Jones sweets and biscuits. Wait a moment while I get a bell. Then we'll go and get the towels."

On the master's desk in the small class-room there stood a small hand-bell, which Tim Trotter promptly borrowed. Then, darting upstairs to the bath rooms, they came down with towels slung over their shoulders.

"Now you pop down below and get the other things," whispered Tim, "and we'll be all prepared."

Michael hurried below to the lower regions, returning with a brush, a tin of shoe polish and a large polishing cloth. The door of the Day Room stood ajar as they stole up to it and they grinned broadly as they peeped inside.

They had good cause to be amused. Napoleon Jones from the Congo was standing in the middle of an admiring circle of boys, waving his black hands and showing his white teeth in an enormous smile as he told them all what a big chief his father was and what an important person he was in his own land.

Cyril Badger, particularly, was drinking in all that the black boy said, evidently in the hope that Napoleon would reward him handsomely for the sweets he had given him.

"Is your father very rich, Napoleon?" he asked.

"Rich!" exclaimed Napoleon, with a proud smile. "He'm de richest chief on de West Coast and he's got fifty wives."

"Fifty wives?" gasped Tubby. "Oh-h dear! But has he any money?"

"He am de owner ob gold mines and diamonds jus' as big as coconuts," declared Napoleon.

"And—er—do you think he will send you a lot of money to spend?" inquired Monty Green hopefully.

"Not much, I'se afraid," Napoleon shook his head ruefully. "He say dat I done got to make do with five pound a week and dat's all."

"Five pounds a week!" Tubby almost shrieked.

"And what about tuck?" put in Cyril, eagerly.

"Ah, I guess dat dere will be plenty ob dat dere," said Napoleon, smiling again. "My mother say when I get to England she done send me six cases ob pineapples ebery week and four crates ob bananas."

Tubby gasped again, and Cyril and Monty were exchanging delighted glances when there came the sudden, loud tinkle of a bell and in marched Tim and Michael, in a brisk manner, with towels slung over their shoulders.

"Is the new boy here?" cried Tim. "Ah, there you are, Napoleon. You are to come with us."

"Me, sah?" exclaimed the black boy, staring.

"That's right," chirped Michael. "Headmaster's orders. You've got to come up for a wash before you go to bed. That's the school routine."

The face of the new boy seemed to pale under his black and the smile vanished from his face. He began to look very worried.

"B-but I'se clean all right. I—I done don't want no wash," he protested.

"What!" exclaimed Tim, pretending to be shocked. "Don't want a wash after your long journey. Why, of course you do. Come along, Napoleon." He took him by the arm and drew him to the door. "Come on, you fellows. We're going to scrub Napoleon as black as a bit of coal."

And they hustled the "new boy" through the Day Room door.

The Defeat of Napoleon.

Rather puzzled, not suspecting that they had been deceived, Cyril and his friends followed the black boy up the stairs.

But he was no longer the cheerful, smiling young negro who had talked so airily, below, about crates of pineapples and bananas.

He had become very worried and put out, declaring that he was quite all right and that he didn't want a wash, and that he mustn't use soap on his face because it was very tender and soap made his skin sore.

"But we're not going to let you use soap and water," declared Tim, as they led him into the dormitory. "That's no good for African princes like you. You've got to have a black shampoo."

"You don't clean shoes with soap and water, do you?" put in Michael.

"B-but wh-what am a black shampoo?" gasped Napoleon, looking very nervous.

"Something to clean you up and make you shine like a kitchen stove," said Tim, with a grin. "Bring that chair over, Michael."

Michael fetched a chair and Napoleon, looking very uneasy, sat in it. Then, in the manner like manner of a barber, Tim produced a black apron which he tied up under Napoleon's neck.

"Gracious. But you are in need of a clean," Tim said with a chuckle. "You've gone quite nasty and white just under the collar. Where's that brush and polish, Michael?"

Michael produced them and Tim dipped the brush in the black boot polish. The other boys were looking on in some bewilderment.

"Here," gasped Napoleon. "What you'se going to do?"

"Polish you up, of course, and make you nice and clean to go to bed," grinned Tim.

The black boy looked about him despairingly for some way of escape, but there was none. Then, with various grunts and wry faces, he allowed Tim to smear his face with blacking and rub it in briskly with the soft brush.

"Oo-oh," he spluttered. "Stop it! Ugh!"

"That's all right. You're looking cleaner already!" said Tim with a smile, as he picked up the cloth. "By the way, Napoleon, do you know any other boys at Mulberry School?"

"N-n-noo!" the black boy almost wailed, as the cloth travelled over his face as if it were a pair of Wellington boots.

"Don't you know a boy called Johnny Trundle, whose father is an actor?"

"Eh!" gasped Johnny—for there was no doubt of it now. "N-n-ooo!"

"Goodness!" exclaimed Tim. "That's queer. I felt sure you would know Johnny. He plays in the school pantomimes and is a terrible one for jokes, isn't he, Michael?"

"Rather," said Michael. "Do you want some more polish, Tim?"

Johnny Trundle, so-called "Napoleon Jones," saw that he was recognised and struggled to get up. But Tim Trotter held him fast, while he gave a few more hard rubs with the cloth.

"That's fine," he said at last. "You're

"Look, Michael! There's someone at the window!" whispered Tim.

all right, Napoleon. Now you're all nice and clean and ready for bed."

But the black boy was not ready for anything now, except a bath. He had boot polish in his ears and some more in his mouth, and his skin was smarting so much that he fought his way to his feet and made pell-mell for the door.

"All right, Tim Trotter," he cried. "I'll pay you back for this!" And, with the rest of the boys staring after him in astonishment, he plunged into the bathroom.

Even now Cyril and Monty were bewildered, not knowing quite what to make of it, although the truth came home to them with a shock when, presently, out of the bathroom there came a boy who was no longer black and wearing a rather wry smile. It was, of course, Johnny Trundle.

There were roars of laughter, then, in which Johnny joined as heartily as anyone, though Cyril and Monty were furious.

"All right, Trundle," they muttered, thinking of their cake and biscuits. "You think you're very clever, don't you? We'll have our own back for this. You wait!"

It was at this moment that the bell went for Prayers and they all hurried below.

"But who is the new boy?" Porky whispered. "That's what I'd like to know. When is he coming and what is he like."

It was a question nobody could answer. All the boys could find out was that the newcomer really did come from abroad and that he had been due to arrive that evening and had not turned up.

One by one the boys filed upstairs. Tim and Michael, feeling hungry, slipped into the class room to get some chocolate that was in Michael's desk. Suddenly, as Michael turned, Tim gave a gasp and took him by the arm, dragging him back into the shadows.

"Look, Michael. There's someone at the window. Do you see?" he whispered.

And, as Michael turned and looked, his heart stood still. For there, pressed closely against the pane, they saw a face peering in at them.

(Who is the mysterious person peering into the school? Another thrilling instalment of this lively story in the PLAYBOX *next week.)*

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. The Beaver Watchers.
2. Meat and Fruit.
3. The Bath Boat.

REDWING AND TESS PRETEND THEY ARE TREES SO THAT THEY CAN WATCH THE BEAVERS.

SCAMP'S CHUM IS HUNGRY, BUT HE CANNOT EAT THE CHOP OR CURRANTS SCAMP MENTIONS.

DURING THE FLOODS CURLY MAKES A FINE BOAT FROM A BATH AND A KITE AND GOES SHOPPING.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.
THE CHUMS TRY TO FREE THE WOOMPAHS FROM WAZOO'S SPELL.

"IT'S the book of the Woompahs! It will tell us why they were made invisible."

Paddy held up the old volume that he had found in a secret room of Woompah Castle, a mysterious place on the Wonderful Island.

He and his chums had ventured there to rescue Teddy, one of the playmates who had been captured by the Woompahs, a band of queer invisible animals.

Paddy had made friends with one of the Woompahs, named Wallace, whom he had made visible by working some magic with his wonderful magic pop-gun. The chums had rescued Teddy after a very exciting time and they were hiding in a secret room, ready to make their escape, when they discovered this queer old book in a chest.

Wallace was very excited.

"It's the book we Woompahs have been searching for these many years!" he said. "Once, you know, the Woompahs were all visible, like you, but now they are invisible, grumpy creatures that everyone is afraid of. Quick, Paddy! Do read out what it says in the book."

Opening the book, Paddy began to read out what was written inside. And eagerly the playmates and Wallace listened as Paddy told them how the Woompahs had been made invisible.

"'One day,'" he read out, "'a Woompah named Wamp met Wazoo the Wizard, and being a cheeky little Woompah, he said: "Yoo-hoo! I can see a silly old grumpy old man. Tee-hee!"

"'At this Wazoo grew very cross and he waved his magic wand.

"'Maybe you can see a silly old grumpy old man!' he said. 'But henceforth no one shall see a Woompah! I now make them all invisible.'

"And," added Paddy, "he magicked Woompah Castle and all the Woompahs became invisible, grumpy people, whom nobody liked."

"Ahem," put in Wallace anxiously. "Does it say how the spell can be undone?"

"Yes," replied Paddy. "It says here: 'Find Wazoo the Wizard, and if you can guess his age the spell will be broken and all the Woompahs will become happy little people you can see once again.'"

Wallace sighed.

"I've never heard of Wazoo," he said. "And even if we find him we shall never guess his age. Why, he must be hundreds of years old."

Paddy patted Wallace.

"Cheer up," he said. "I have a feeling we shall meet Wazoo yet and then if one of us cannot guess his age I shall be very surprised.

"In any case," he added, "surely I can make you all visible with my magic pop-gun if I like."

Wallace nodded sadly.

"You can make us visible for a time," he said. "But the wizard's magic will soon begin to work again. Yes, one of these moments I shall suddenly fall under the spell and disappear before your very eyes. So if ever you see me when I'm not here, if you know what I mean, I shall be here though you can't see me."

"I see," said Paddy. "Now we shan't be surprised."

A little later Wallace took a peep at Paddy's watch and said that it was the time that all the invisible Woompahs were at their invisible breakfast.

"Now is our chance to escape," he said. "Come along."

Without making a sound the chums left the secret room and made for that part of the castle where they had left the rest of the playmates. There was much rejoicing and hugging when it was seen that Teddy was among them!

"I am so glad you are saved, Teddy," said Dolly Daydream, giving him a kiss. "I was so afraid you might be magicked and turned into a Woompah yourself."

Wallace was looking rather jumpy now.

"We ought to be off, you know," he said. "The Woompahs will have finished breakfast soon and they'll be trooping out of the dining room. We don't want to meet them."

So Paddy and his playmates crept along to the gate of Woompah Castle and crept silently out.

"What do we do now?" asked Tinsko.

"Go back to Poppa-kettle-on-the-Hob?" (This was a village on the Wonderful Island.)

Paddy shook his head.

"I want to help Wallace and his fellow Woompahs!" he said. "If only we could find this Wizard Wazoo, I'm sure we could guess his age."

Tinsko pointed to Paddy's pop-gun.

"Try that!" he said. "You've worked all kinds of magic with it, Paddy, and surely it will tell us where Wazoo lives."

"A good idea!" said Paddy with a nod, and he held his pop-gun ready while he chanted:

"Show us, magic pop-gun, where Wazoo the Wizard lives."

Pop! He fired the gun and then a queer thing happened.

Smoke began to pour out of the barrel of the pop-gun, smoke which whirled round the playmates and grew thicker and thicker until it was like a real pea-soup London fog.

Before many moments had passed the playmates had lost sight of each other in the smoke: they couldn't even see their own noses!

"Your magic pop-gun has gone wrong, Paddy!" spluttered Golly. "What are we to do?"

"Don't worry!" cried Paddy. "My pop-gun hasn't failed us yet. I'm sure everything is all right."

And almost as he spoke the mist began to clear away. It swirled away until there wasn't a sign of it left—and now, the playmates found themselves in quite a different place. They had been spirited to where it was rocky and sandy and great cactus plants grew everywhere. In front of them was the mouth of a cave and upon this was a notice:

WAZOO'S CAVE.

Wallace looked alarmed, for this was the home of the horrid old wizard who had put a spell on his people.

"Shall we run?" he asked.

"No," said Paddy. "We will pop in and try to guess the wizard's age."

"Oo-oh-oh!" cried the playmates, but when Paddy bravely marched into the opening of the cave they followed.

They soon found themselves in pitch darkness, through which they had to grope their way. On they went until a bright light blinded them. They were now walking through a crystal cave.

After this they went through a lovely mother-of-pearl cave, a ruby cave that was as red as fire, a cave of ice, which froze them, and a cave made of gingerbread.

"Don't touch or eat anything!" whispered Paddy. "It may put a spell on you."

"Ho, ho! Well spoken!" cried a loud voice that echoed round the cave. "And why have you come to see me, pray?"

Just like a jack-in-the-box, a tall, thin figure had popped out through a hole.

It was Wazoo, wearing a tall hat, a robe with queer drawings upon it, and pointed shoes. He carried a sparkling wand.

"We've come to break the Woompah spell!" said Paddy bravely. "We've come to guess your age."

Wazoo looked startled then laughed.

"So ho!" he said. "Well, guess away. But remember, if you fail to guess my age, you will all become servants of Wazoo and will live down here with me for always."

Then he pointed to Wallace.

"Guess, little Woompah!" he said. "Ho, ho! How old am I?"

"You must be ever so old," Wallace stammered. "A hundred and five."

"*Wrong!*" cheered the wizard, dancing with glee. "You'll soon be a servant of mine. Now you guess," he added, pointing to Golly.

"Two hundred!" muttered Golly.

"*Wrong!*" yelled the wizard. "Next guess, please."

In turn everyone guessed—and guessed wrongly—until only Paddy was left. Only Paddy could break the spell now and stop his chums from becoming servants of the wizard.

"Well," said Wazoo with a smile.

And all the playmates gazed anxiously at Paddy. Would he guess right?

(Mustn't Paddy be nervous! What would YOU say was Wazoo's age? Look out for this grand story next week, boys and girls.)

Wazoo the Wizard popped out of a hole in the ground.

TOM IS TOO TIRED TO TAKE SNIP FOR A WALK, SO THAT DOGGIE RUNS OFF WITH HIM

1. "Wuff, I do want a walk!" begged Snip. But Tom said he wanted to go to sleep instead of going out.

2. He was afraid Snip might get lost if he went out alone, so he tied his lead to the leg of the sofa.

3. Then, leaving the door open so that he would feel a breeze, he dozed. "Have a bone, Snip?" said Betty.

4. Of course, Snip wanted that bone and he ran after it, pulling the sofa with him. So Tom had a fine ride!

BRIGHTEYES

The missing box and a breathless moment in the dormitory!

FOR NEW READERS—After the performance Lola warns Brighteyes that Gipsy Meg is waiting for her outside the theatre. The other decide to escape through the door under the stage, but to their great dismay find that it is locked!

1. For a few moments Brighteyes and Lola stared at each other in utter dismay. They had been so sure of escaping from Gipsy Meg, but now they found themselves locked in the theatre with no hope of escape. "There is no other way out, Brighteyes!" cried Lola.

2. She looked at the stout doors hopelessly. There was no chance of forcing them open, for they were barred and locked with a strong padlock. She walked back along the passage in despair, and suddenly she trod on something hard. "Why, look! It is a key!" she cried.

3. She stooped and snatched it up and then dashed to the padlock. "Yes! It fits the lock, Brighteyes!" she exclaimed happily. "Oh, what wonderful luck! Now we can escape!" She turned the key and the next instant the lock snapped open. They were prisoners no longer!

4. They opened the big doors very quietly, for they were afraid of attracting the attention of Gipsy Meg, who was waiting round the corner at the stage door. To their great relief there was no sign of her when they stepped outside, and holding hands tightly they hurried back to school.

5. They had remained in the theatre quite a long time after Miss Barry had left with the other girls, and when at last they reached the dancing school they found it in darkness. "Are we locked out?" whispered Lola. "No, the door is open!" said our little girl.

6. Walking on tip-toe they crept in as quietly as mice. Everyone was asleep when they reached the dormitory and Lola looked at Brighteyes and smiled. "Better late than never," she whispered. "This has been a thrilling evening for you, Brighteyes! You must be ever so tired."

7. Brighteyes nodded sleepily. So much had happened that evening that it really seemed ages since they had started out for the theatre that afternoon. Then she had a shock. Going to the side of her bed she found that her locker had been opened and everything was turned out!

8. "I say! Who has done this?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Someone has been at my things, Lola." She knelt down hurriedly and peered inside the little locker then suddenly her face went pale. "Lola!" she gasped. "My little black box. Someone has taken it!"

9. She had always treasured the little box, for although she had never been able to open it she was quite sure that it contained a wonderful secret about herself. The next minute Lola pointed to Amy's bed. It was empty. "Ah! Perhaps she knows about my box!" said Brighteyes.

10. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised," agreed Lola, as they undressed and slipped quietly into bed. "She is always up to some mischief or other. What ever is she doing out at this time of night?" "Perhaps it is something to do with Gipsy Meg," murmured Brighteyes. "She has always wanted to get that box away from me! She might have asked Amy to get it. Anyway, I am going to stay awake until Amy comes back again."

11. For a long time the two chums lay in the dark silence of the dormitory, and our little girl became so drowsy and warm that she all but fell asleep. Suddenly, however, she heard a soft step out in the corridor, and she sat up quickly. "Is that someone coming?" she whispered. "Yes!" murmured Lola. "Keep still, Brighteyes!" And a moment later the door opened, and the thin figure of Amy Vincent crept into the room.

(What will our little girl do now? Will she speak to Amy about the box? Do not miss this lovely picture story in next week's PLAYBOX!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS—While boating from the wing of the Flying Fish, Joe's line becomes entangled in something below the surface. A few moments later a strange submarine rises to the surface. Effie is afraid that it belongs to Uncle Paul.

1. Hardly knowing what to expect, the three friends watched the strange submarine rise to the surface. The next minute a man in a dark blue uniform appeared in the tower and hailed them with raised arm. Effie breathed a sigh of relief: "It is not Uncle Paul," she whispered.

2. "Ahoy, there!" shouted the officer. "Can you let us have some oil? We have nearly run out!" "Yes! We've got plenty!" shouted back Captain Scott. "Bring your craft nearer. We can spare you about three drums!" A few moments later the two ships were side by side.

3. Twirling his long black moustache, the officer stepped aboard the Flying Fish and saluted the captain smartly. "It's mighty good of you to help us out, sir," he said, as he took some money from the pocket of his gold-braided jacket. "I'll pay for this and get it hauled aboard."

4. While the submarine crew were dragging the heavy drums away from the Flying Fish the officer stared round at the inside of the ship with admiring eyes. "My word! This is a beautiful craft!" he exclaimed. "I've never seen anything like it! Can I have a look at the engines?"

5. Captain Scott agreed at once, for he was very proud of his invention, and the officer climbed the ladder briskly and vanished into the control-room. A few moments later he reappeared again. "A marvellous ship, captain!" he cried. "I'd like to take a trip with you one day!"

6. With a few more words of praise for the captain's invention, the man took his leave, bowing to Effie politely. Joe watched him with suspicious eyes. "I don't like that chap, Effie," he whispered. "He talks too much!" "Don't be silly, Joe," laughed Effie. "He is very nice."

7. When the man had gone, the captain closed the doors and turned back to the control-room, beckoning to Joe. "Come along, my lad," he cried briskly. "We've delayed here quite long enough. We must make a start." "All right," said Joe. "I'll take first turn at the controls."

8. He followed Captain Scott into the control-room and was just about to take his seat at the wheel when he caught sight of a drawer which had evidently been forced open. "Look at that, captain!" he cried, in alarm. "Why! Our treasure map has been stolen!" said the captain.

9. The three friends stared at each other in dismay. Without the map they could never find their way back to Lost Island. "You were right, Joe!" exclaimed little Effie, running to the window. "That man must have taken it." "Yes, he was a spy!" muttered Joe.

10. "Well, there's only one thing to do now," exclaimed the captain, running to the controls and starting up the engine. "We've got to trace that submarine and get the map back somehow!" "Yes! We're helpless without it!" agreed Joe. "If I'm not very much mistaken, that officer was a friend of Uncle Paul. He pretended to be out of oil so that he could get aboard our craft. Come on, Effie! We'll go aloft!"

11. With its powerful engines thundering, the Flying Fish skimmed across the water and then rose into the air like a giant bird. The captain kept it fairly low so that the twins in the observation tower could keep a good watch on the sea below. For a long time they cruised about in various directions, and at last Joe seized Effie's arm excitedly. "Look! There it is!" he cried, pointing down at a long black shape lying beneath the surface.

(The clues after the missing map is the beginning of an amazing adventure for Brave Joe! Read more of this lovely story next week.)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, February 11th, 1939. LG

THE PLAYBOX 2p.

BOOK YOUR SEAT FOR THE PLAYBOX CINEMA THREE FINE FILMS ARE SHOWING ON PAGE 9.

PLAYBOX 2d

MICKY GIVES THE PIGGIES A SURPRISE!

1. "Have you heard the news, boys?" asked Piggy and Peggy excitedly. "It is Dolly Daydream's birthday!" "How lovely!" cried Sonny. "We must go and see her!"

2. Our chums had not got many pennies, so they decided to make a present for Dolly. "I'll make a nice pram for her," said Sonny. "And you can be the little dolly, Micky!"

3. And Dolly was ever so pleased with her present, too! "What a lovely pram!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "And what a pretty little dolly! Oh, thank you, Sonny!"

4. But while she was taking our little bear to see her mummy those naughty piggies started their mischief! "Dolly will not want all these presents, Peggy!" chuckled Piggy. "Let's take them home in the pram!", "O-oh, yes!" said Peggy. "And don't forget the chocs! I'm hungry!

5. Of course, they did not know that the dolly was really Micky, and he was soon nearly covered with presents! "Come on, Piggy!" chuckled Peggy. "We cannot carry any more! Let's take them home and have a jolly game!" "Dear me!" muttered Micky. "Dolly will be upset!"

6. But the next moment Piggy and Peggy were "upset," for our brave little monk popped out of the pram and knocked them down with a big BUMP! "Ha, ha! Saved in the nick of time!" he laughed. "You nearly lost your presents, Dolly!"

7. "Oh Micky! What a brave boy you are!" cried the little girl. "You deserve three medals!" "I'd rather have three slices of cake, if you don't mind!" laughed Micky. In the meantime, naughty Piggy and Peggy were sent home.

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"Look at this funny old tree!" Tommy said.

THIS WEEK: TREASURE TROVE.

"I BELIEVE I can hear somebody crying! Yes, I can! She seems to be coming this way, too!"

And our little Tommy Twinkle slowed his steps somewhat as the sound of breathless sobbing came nearer and nearer. A few seconds later the distracted figure of a little girl, hatless, and with her face reddened with tears, came running round the corner.

"Oh-h, please! Please, Tommy, have you seen my little dog, Spot?" she panted. "I've—I've lost him! Oh, what shall I do if I cannot find him?"

"Cheer up, Marie!" grinned our little boy. "I am sure you will find him safely. I'll come and help you, shall I?"

"Oh, Tommy, if you would!" cried the little girl gratefully. "He is a dear little white dog with a black patch over one eye. And——"

Tommy crinkled his forehead thoughtfully.

"I believe I saw a little dog like that run past me as I left the woods back there," he murmured. "Yes, I did see him, Marie! He was having a fine frolic with a scrap of old rope he had found somewhere."

Marie clasped her hands hopefully.

"Yes, that would be Spot!" she cried. "I—I once took him for a walk in the woods, and, oh, didn't he have a game chasing the fallen leaves!"

Tommy laughed as he fell into step beside his companion.

"I expect he has remembered that and thinks he will go off for a little game on his own!" he chuckled. "Poor Spot doesn't know this is the wrong time of year for fallen leaves, though, does he?"

"No," replied Marie, smiling a little now that there was some hope of recovering her much-loved Spot. "It's a lovely wood, isn't it, Tommy? Do you think there is any truth in the saying that Robin Hood had hiding-places in it?"

"I should not be at all surprised," returned Tommy merrily. "Although he and his men lived in Sherwood Forest mostly, didn't they? That's some little distance away."

"I have been reading a story about Robin Hood," said Marie. "Oh, it was exciting."

During their chattering, neither of the children relaxed in their search for Spot. To right and left, far and near their eyes went as they hurried along, while every now and then Marie halted and called out Spot's name in a shrill, commanding tone. But whether or no the mischievous little doggie heard it, she could not tell.

Suddenly, however, a faint, delighted bark rang out and Marie's face lit up.

"That is Spot!" she cried. "He—he sounds as though he *is* in the woods, doesn't he?"

"He also sounds as though he has found something jolly to play with!" added Tommy. "By the way, Marie, can you tell me why Spot's tail is like the very centre of a tree trunk?"

Marie turned with wide-open eyes.

"No, I am sure I cannot, Tommy!" she laughed. "Is it a take-in, or something?"

Our little boy nodded merrily and in the end Marie had to "give it up."

"Because it is farthest from the *bark!*" explained Tommy.

Laughingly, the little girl agreed, then suddenly she tried to turn the tables on our little favourite. Saying the words "New Door," Marie challenged him to make one word out of these.

"Let me think, now," grinned Tommy thinking hard.

But a disappointment was in store for Marie, for our clever little boy thought of the answer in a trice.

"I know!" he cried, a second later. "It is quite easy to make one word out of them. You just rearrange the letters to make 'One Word,' don't you? 'New Door—One Word!' Ha, ha! That is right, isn't it?"

"Quite right!" replied the little girl, astonished at Tommy's cleverness. "I only hope you are as clever at finding lost doggies, Tommy," she added with a smile.

"Listen. I heard him barking again!" exclaimed Tommy, halting. "Come on, Marie! I am sure we shall find him in the wood, the little pickle!"

Taking fresh heart, the little girl hurried on beside Tommy till at last they came to the leafy wood. And after a very short time the children came upon that mischievous Spot rolling over and over on his back on a lovely soft bed of moss, a ragged piece of rope almost torn to shreds between his paws.

"Oh, you naughty little Spot!" cried Marie, darting forward and picking him up in her arms. Whereupon the roguish little doggie turned and greeted her with joy, licking her face and hands as if to say: "I wondered wherever you had got to!"

Tommy watched them in amusement, then suddenly he noticed a giant oak tree, hundreds of years old, its great gnarled trunk almost split in two at the base.

"I say, Marie, look at this funny tree!" he exclaimed. "Struck by lightning sometime, I should think. Look at all these trailing creepers over it, too!"

Holding Spot firmly, despite his wriggles, Marie followed Tommy to the strange tree. She gave an excited gasp.

"Just the sort of tree Robin Hood used to hide in, eh, Tommy?"

Our little boy nodded, pulling the creepers apart with his hands. Then a mad, merry idea darted into his mind. As always, he was wearing his magic shoes, which, as you all know, grant him anything he may wish, providing he stamps sharply with his right foot. Well, he did this now, and then peered down into the tree.

"Marie! I do believe there is something strange about it!" he cried. "You have a look! It seems to me that it goes down, right into the earth!"

"What wonderful jars and jewels!" cried Marie.

Handing Spot to Tommy, the little girl eagerly obeyed.

"You are right, Tommy!" she cried excitedly. "I think I can see a wooden step, leading down!"

"Quick! Let's tie Spot securely to this other tree with this piece of coarse string!" cried Tommy, pulling a length from his pocket. "Then we'll explore the tree. I've got a torch here."

Much against his will, Spot was firmly tied up, then Tommy, clambering into the great tree trunk, flashed his torch downwards. It revealed a flight of ancient wooden steps!

"It leads down into a passage, or something," whispered our little boy, half turning to Marie. "Shall—shall we go down and see?"

"Oh, rather!" gasped Marie fearlessly. "It might—it might be a Robin Hood hiding-place, mightn't it? Be careful, Tommy!"

Cautiously the chums crept down, step by step, until they found themselves in a sort of arched tunnel. Clutching Tommy's hand, Marie followed, and a gentle inrush of air told them that there must be another opening to the tunnel not so very far distant. But something happened the next moment that caused the chums to forget all about the other end of the passage. For, a few yards further on, the tunnel widened out to the right of them in a sort of circular bay, and strewn about on the earthy floor were boxes and cases.

"G-goodness!" gasped Marie. "Wh-what are these, Tommy?"

"Treasure trove, I expect!" laughed Tommy, flashing his torch over them. "Let's see if we can open any."

Several of the old boxes were firmly locked and bolted, but at last Tommy managed to force open the lid of one. The children peered in, under the torchlight, and Marie gave a cry of delight.

"What wonderful old silver jars and jewels!" she cried.

Another box, smaller and bound with brass, stood near by, and Tommy, chuckling gaily, knelt to try to open this. It was locked, but at the other side the hinge had rusted, and under Tommy's hands this suddenly gave way. Inside lay a mass of gold coins, dull and dusty with age!

"Tommy! This must be some of the treasure Robin Hood stole from the rich to give to the poor!" gasped Marie. "Oh, aren't we lucky? Let us take some of it home!"

With a half smile, Tommy watched Marie fill her pockets. Then, going to the other treasure trunk, she picked out a lovely jewelled headdress and some heavily chased silver bangles and a belt. Marie did not notice that Tommy did not take any.

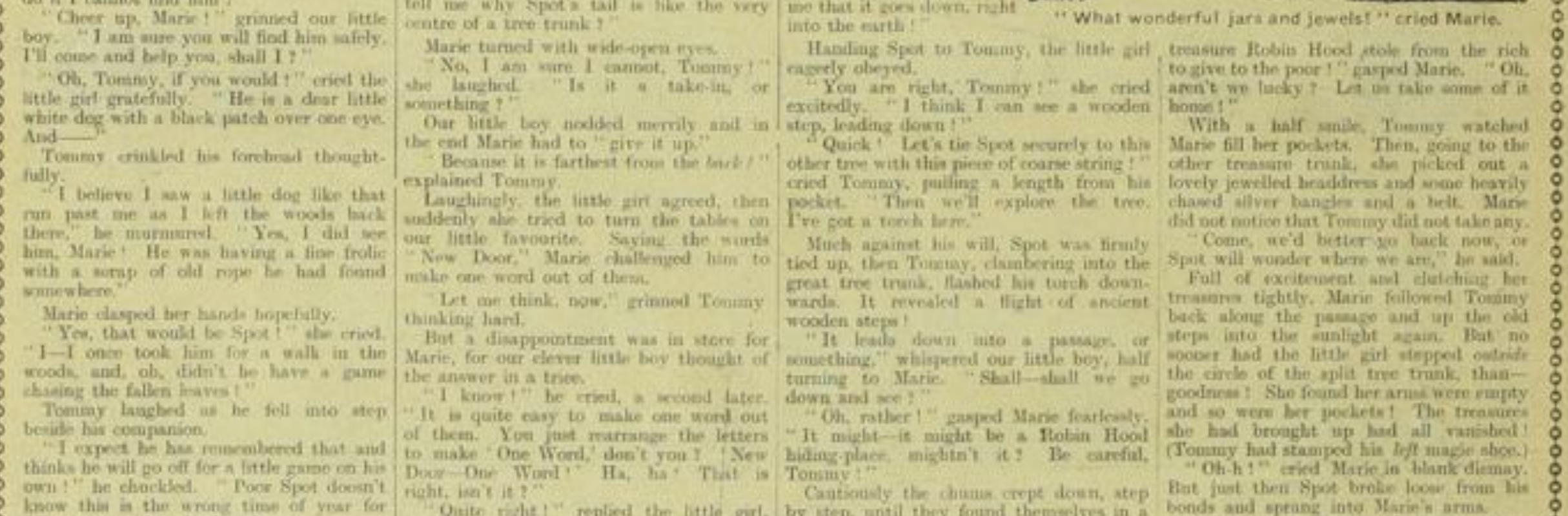
"Come, we'd better go back now, or Spot will wonder where we are," he said.

Full of excitement and clutching her treasures tightly, Marie followed Tommy back along the passage and up the old steps into the sunlight again. But no sooner had the little girl stepped *outside* the circle of the split tree trunk, than—goodness! She found her arms were empty and so were her pockets! The treasures she had brought up had all vanished! (Tommy had stamped his *left* magic shoe.)

"Oh-h!" cried Marie in blank dismay. But just then Spot broke loose from his bonds and sprang into Marie's arms.

"Never mind, Marie! You've found one treasure, at any rate!" laughed Tommy.

(Look out for another exciting adventure of Tommy Twinkle next week.)



HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"My word! The Baby Buntings are having a thrilling cricket-match this week!" chuckled Chic, as he opened the big PLAYBOX picture-book. "I wish I could join in, don't you, Paddy? It looks such an exciting game!"

"Well, I don't know!" laughed Paddy. "I'm afraid there will be trouble when Mrs. Bunting comes in."

And no wonder Paddy was doubtful! Already Chubs had broken one of Mrs. Bunting's best plates, and smashed the electric-light shade, too! For it was a "kitchen" cricket match, you see! Four spoons made a fine wicket, and Chubs found the frying-pan a splendid bat! It was so big that he hit the ball every time!

At last Trixie caught it in the washing-up bowl—and then there was more broken china! The noise brought Mrs. Bunting on the scene, and then, as you can guess, the whole cricket team was "out"! Ha, ha!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—Isn't it exciting when you have an invitation to a party? At this time of the year birthday parties are extra jolly, because they are often held in the garden, and then it is like having a lovely picnic as well! A little reader named Jean has just written to tell me that she has won a prize in a riddle competition at one of these "picnic parties!" (She had remembered all her riddles from the PLAYBOX you see! Bravo, Jean!)

Mrs. Hippo asked me to tea with her yesterday, too! Now I always like to look nice and smart when I go out to tea, so after I had blacked my face and washed my boots—I mean the other way round—I said to Nigger, my pussy-cat:

"Now Nigger, I am going to have a hair-cut."

"But the barbers are not cutting hair any longer," said Nigger.

"Not cutting hair any longer?" I exclaimed.

"No. They are cutting it shorter," chuckled that naughty cat.

Ha, ha! I could not help laughing at Nigger's little joke. He really is a "little nigger," isn't he?

Your jolly friend,

Uncle Ben

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Valerie Clark, of Leicester.

TONY HAS A SURPRISE "CATCH"!

Tony and Tom simply loved fishing, so you can guess how excited they were when their daddy gave them a fine new fishing-rod!

"Come on, Tom!" cried Tony. "Let's go down to the stream and see who can catch the most fish!"

Both boys seemed to be in luck that day, for in the first half hour Tony caught three and Tom four.

"Now it is my turn to have the rod!" cried Tony, as Tom landed his fourth fish. "I'll beat you yet!"

Tony soon had a bite! He pulled and tugged at the rod as hard as he could, but nothing happened. Thinking that he must have caught a whale, he gave a tremendous pull at the line—and pulled himself into the water! To tell the truth, his line had caught on a tree root! Tom soon rescued his brother, and they decided to give up fishing for that day. Can you see the fishes they caught? They are hidden away in this picture. Don't forget to turn it all ways.

A TOY NAVY. Made from Picture Cards.

Many boys and girls have been collecting picture cards of battleships and cruisers, and with a very little trouble these can be turned into a proper floating navy of your own.

Each ship must be cut out very carefully from the card and then fitted into a slot made in a small cork disk. These disks can be cut from a little medicine-bottle cork. They act as floats for your little ships and should be placed in the centre.

You can make any number of these neat little ships, and as you can guess, they make a splendid display when all floating together on a bowl of water. Isn't it a good idea?

MICKY, THE STRONG MAN.

1. "I am ever so strong, Sonny!" said Micky Monk as he placed his fists one on top of the other. "If you can knock my fists apart I will give you a penny!" "Ha, ha! It is easy!" chuckled Sonny Bear.

2. But it was not a bit easy. Try as he would, he could not part Micky's fists. Then the little monk chuckled artfully: "No wonder you could not do it, Sonny. I was holding my thumb, you see! Ha, ha!"

IN A HURRY!

"Be quick with my luggage, Billy Bird! My train will be coming in soon. Have you got the tickets?"

"Yes, Mr. Rhino. I have just bought two."

"But I only need one!"

"Oh, no! You take up enough room for two, you know! Ha, ha! Here are the tickets, sir! Change at Popcorn Junction."

"No, thanks! I'll have the change now, if you don't mind. By the way, how are the trains running to-day, Billy?"

"On wheels, of course."

"Yes, I know. But how long will mine be?"

"About fifty yards, I expect!"

"Dear me! You are smart to-day. Has your teacher been giving you the cane?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, that makes you 'smart,' doesn't it? Ha, ha! Hallo! Here comes my train. Give me the bags."

"Here you are, sir. And see that the inspector makes a hole in your ticket, won't you?"

"Why?"

"To let you through, of course!"

RIDDLES TO ASK YOUR CHUMS.

Q. Why is there very little honey in Britain?

A. Because there is only one bee (B) in Britain.

Q. When is a cup cross?

A. When you're teasin' it (your tea's in it.)

Q. The more you cut it the longer it gets. What is it?

A. A new tooth.

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

CYRIL BADGER PLAYS A MEAN TRICK.

The Day of the Race.

"WHO will win the model-aeroplane race?"

That was the question which, for some time, had been exciting all the boys of Mulberry School, and, as the day of the big race drew near, the whole school buzzed with eager chatter.

Almost every boy had an interest in one model or another and it was natural for every boy to hope that he would win. But there were favourites, of course, and the machine which was thought by many to have the finest chance was the one built by little Michael Baxter, and his chums, Tim and Don.

As for Tim and Michael, they, too, felt hopeful and confident, looking back with a little pride at the lovely, silver-and-grey monoplane which stood with twenty others on the floor of the spare class-room—a room in which the machines were to be stored in safety until the afternoon of the display.

The three chums did not know that their machine had aroused the bitter jealousy of their two school enemies, Cyril Badger and Monty Green.

And, when Michael and Tim lay fast asleep that night in bed, they did not dream for an instant that Cyril and Monty had risen quietly and, like two burglars, had forced an entry into the room where the models were stored.

Entering through the window, Cyril had closed it quietly behind him and, by the light of a torch, he proceeded to pick his way through the lines of trim models which stood in rows upon the class-room floor.

Cyril Badger, however, knew well enough which model he was searching for and his eyes gleamed spitefully as they fell upon it.

There, in the narrow beam of the torch, stood the lovely little monoplane, the silver and white of its wings shining like the wings of a gull.

Upon every tiny strut and strand of that model the fingers of Michael and Tim had lingered lovingly, while Don had painted it with greater care and patience than he ever gave to a drawing or a painting in school.

The Silver Streak did not rise into the air.

Cyril seemed to realise this as he bent and peered at it, eyeing the beauty of its lines with jealous eyes. His own fingers and those of the boy with him, were not clever or deft enough to make a thing half so perfect—and perhaps it was this knowledge that annoyed him.

"Here, Monty!" he muttered. "Hold this torch a minute. This is the one. Perhaps, after to-morrow, Baxter and Trotter won't have so much to brag about."

Monty Green took the torch and screened the beam while Cyril Badger picked up the model and peered at it closely. The body work, as well as the wings and stays, was perfectly done. There, just as in a real plane, was the stream-lined fuselage, the joy-stick and rudder bar, the little dashboard with little painted instruments.

Cyril groped for something in his pocket and for some few minutes he busied himself with the model. At last, with a grunt of satisfaction, Cyril replaced the trim machine upon the floor.

"Is it all right now?" whispered Monty.

"No," retorted Cyril, with a grin. "It's all wrong."

"But—but will it fly at all, do you think?" asked Monty.

"Fly?" whispered Cyril, with a broad grin. "I should think it will. It'll fly straight into the ground and burrow just like a rabbit. You wait and see!"

With a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes, Cyril Badger took the torch from his chum and put it out. Then, moving back to the window, he followed Monty out cautiously, closing the window after him.

"I suppose nobody will ever know we've been here. I—I mean," whispered Monty Green nervously, "there—there would be an awful row if we were found out."

"Don't be silly!" muttered Cyril. "Of course, nobody will know. How can they?"

There was, perhaps, some reason for Cyril's confidence. With the door of the class-room securely locked, nobody would ever suspect that someone might enter through a window. And later, when Cyril and Monty had returned stealthily to their beds and lay back upon their pillows, they had good reason to be satisfied with their night's work.

When the other boys awoke next morning none of them knew that Monty and Cyril had left their beds. And, almost as soon as eyes were open, the buzz of chatter began about the big race that afternoon.

At the breakfast table it was the same, and already, the Silver Streak, as Michael and Tim had christened their monoplane, had become a firm favourite.

"Porky and I have got a good one," said Johnny Trundle, "but it's not so good as Michael's. You can see the Streak will be fast by the very look of it. The shape of the wings, I mean, and the tail and all that! Just like one of the new 'fighters.' Ours won't be so bad, I don't think, but it won't touch the Streak—I'm sure of it."

That was the opinion of several others, also, but it became very plain during the course of the morning that Cyril Badger did not share it.

"Don't you believe it," he sneered. "That model of Baxter's isn't any good. It might look all right, but that's nothing to go by. If you ask me, it's a dud!"

"Then what model do you think will win the race?" another boy asked him.

"I don't know, and I don't care very much," said Cyril airily. "But I know which one will lose the race—and that's the Silver Streak. If it flies at all, I shall be surprised," he added with a chuckle. "You just mark my words."

It was not in the nature of Cyril, nor of Monty, to keep their views to themselves. To the indignation of Don Chapman, they walked about the school, sneering at the Silver Streak, and telling everybody it was useless.

"I'm just about tired of it," said Don angrily, at last. "If they don't stop making nasty remarks about our model I'll get hold of theirs and tread on it."

But Michael and Tim just smiled, not worried in the least.

"That's all right, Don," they said. "Don't worry. This afternoon—we shall see!"

They would not have been so happy or so confident if they could have known what was in store for them, later on that day.

The Plane that Would Not Fly.

It was after dinner that day that the excitement of the boys at Mulberry School reached fever pitch.

With flushed and eager faces, they watched the headmaster unlock the door of the spare class-room and, with bright eyes, they all trooped in to claim their models.

Cyril and Monty, with broad grins upon their faces, picked up the rather crude and clumsy affair which was the best that they could do. Michael, hurrying forward to claim the Silver Streak, paused with a frown.

"I say, Tim," he said quickly, "who has been interfering with our monoplane?"

"Nobody, Michael! How could they, when all the models have been locked up!" said Tim. He stooped to inspect it closely, but he could see nothing amiss. "It seems quite all right to me, Michael."

Michael nodded, though he looked a trifle puzzled.

"But I left it facing the other way round," he said, "with the propeller towards the window. Perhaps," he added, as a sudden idea came, "the Head has been here to look at them, or Captain Dellow."

So the various models were claimed and carried off to the big school field where the display was to take place. Captain Dellow, the "Flying Master," who seemed as eager as any of the boys, had run a wind-gauge, like a large stocking, to the top of the flagstaff so that the field looked almost like a real aerodrome.

And with the sun shining and just the lightest summer breeze blowing, Dr. Crabtree walked about declaring that the conditions for flying were perfect and that there ought to be some first-rate performances.

In a little while all the models, with their owners, stood in line, ready to wind up the propellers and set their aeroplanes in motion. Captain Dellow stepped forward to address them.

"First of all, boys," he said "we will have what I call a 'preliminary trial.' Machines will make a standing start, with the wings set for flying, and we will see which ones take off the best and the smartest. You will then be able to see how your models behave and you will be able to make any small adjustments you think necessary before the big race. Now, are you ready?"

A murmur of excitement went through all the boys as they turned to their machines.

"I think," said Captain Dellow, "we will take a few at a time. That will give me a better chance to watch each machine and judge its quality. We'll take," he added, with a wave of the hand, "these four models first."

There began then a busy winding of elastic and all eyes were turned upon the models as Captain Dellow gave the signal. Then, suddenly, off they went, skimming along the grass and, a moment later, rising gracefully and climbing quite high into the air.

The show was certainly a credit to the owners, although there arose a loud laugh when the model which had been made by Cyril Badger and Monty Green, swerved suddenly in the air and then crashed in a nasty nose-dive.

Cyril, however, did not seem to mind in the least. With a broad grin, he watched while the next batch was called upon, muttering something to Monty as he saw Michael winding up the neat propeller of his monoplane.

"Are you ready?" cried Captain Dellow. "Off!"

Again there was a buzz of propellers and once again the little machines skimmed over the turf and began to rise. But to the amazement and dismay of Michael and his chums, the Silver Streak just ran on and, except for one or two queer hops, did not rise at all.

"But, Michael," cried Don Chapman, feeling very foolish, "what's the matter with it?"

Michael shook his head while Tim frowned deeply.

"I can't make it out at all," he said, in a worried tone.

Tim and Michael, with flushed, unhappy faces, hurried forward to claim their lame machine. Some of the boys, egged on by Cyril Badger, were laughing and making rude remarks. Captain Dellow and the headmaster, though they made no comment, looked over at the chums in a way which hurt them most of all.

As the chums took up their positions again, Cyril Badger came strolling towards them with a grin from ear to ear.

"What's the matter with the Flying Flatiron, Baxter?" he called out—and then he turned to some of the boys near by and offered to wager them that the Silver Streak would come in last.

"Who'll have a wager?" he cried. "I'll offer a twopenny bar of chocolate to a shilling bar that the Silver Streak comes in last."

One or two boys, still having faith in the chums' model, accepted Cyril's wager. But Tim and Don felt too miserable, as they followed Michael to the starting point, to take much notice of any chance remarks. Everybody had been talking about the Silver Streak, and saying what a fine machine it was—and now, even in the first trials, it had proved a complete failure.

"Our plane is nose-heavy!" cried Michael in dismay.

Michael, even more upset than Tim, bent over the model intently.

"I just can't understand it!" he muttered miserably. "It simply wouldn't leave the ground."

"And it seemed all bottom-heavy, as if it had got no balance," put in Don. "That was one of the things we were most particular about."

"Perhaps you were not holding it at quite the right angle when you sent it off," suggested Don. "That does make a difference!"

"Well, I'll try it again," Michael said, and once more he sent the plane into the air. But it refused to stay up there.

"Oh, whatever can be wrong?" cried Tim.

Michael looked grave, proceeding to inspect every portion of the model with an expert eye. He could see nothing amiss. Finally, to test the balance, he let it rest upon his finger, at the spot where according to the design, the exact point of balance ought to be.

And then, as the model tipped forward and almost fell, Michael gave a grunt of concern.

"I say," he said. "There's something wrong here, Tim. She's not bottom-heavy, as you say, but she's nose-heavy. There's no reason why she should be. I can't make it out at—at——"

Michael, who had been peering into the neat streamlined fuselage, stopped abruptly. His face had become suddenly pale and intent and, as he looked up at Tim and Don, there was a look in his eyes which startled them.

"I say," he gasped. "Didn't I tell you that somebody had been interfering with our machine. No wonder the Silver Streak refused to fly. Quick, Tim! Quick, Don! Just look at *this*!"

And the other boys pressed forward breathless, wondering what Michael had discovered.

(What artful means has Cyril employed to cripple the Silver Streak? Will the chums be able to repair the damage and go on to win the race? Another thrilling instalment of this exciting story next week.)

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy, Dicky, and Master Quince have escaped from robbers with Dicky's treasure-box. They are resting at Dame Trinder's cottage on the way to their homes when a man calls, asking the dame if she has seen a man and boy carrying a box.

1. Poor Dicky could not help trembling as the good dame went to answer the caller. "It must be the robber," he whispered. "I do hope Dame Trinder will not let him know we are here!"

2. But Dame Trinder had no liking for the look of this man; she answered him cleverly and truthfully. "Yes, I saw a man and boy with a box, making for the village!" she said.

3. And with that the rogue hastened in that direction, and the good dame went back smiling to the chums. "Oh, thank you for answering him so cleverly, Dame Trinder!" Dicky said.

4. Later, the three friends set off, refreshed after their rest, and by sending them through the woods, Dame Trinder told them they would miss the village and not meet again with the robber.

5. And so at last they came safely within sight of the house where Dicky had always lived with his uncle. How excited the little boy was to see his home again, and he ran ahead, leaving his friends.

6. But he was dismayed when he noticed how the garden was overgrown with weeds. Peering through the windows he saw the rooms were empty. "Uncle has gone!" he cried, in surprise.

7. Poor Dicky! He was without a home now, and Wendy found him later with his head sunk on his arms. "Cheer up, Dicky," she said gently. "I know Master Quince will help you!"

8. She led the little boy back to kind Master Quince, who, as soon as he heard Dicky had no home, invited him to come to his own house. "My boy and girl will welcome you," he said.

9. So Dicky was soon smiling again, and at last they reached Master Quince's home. "Little Eric and Jean have seen us!" cried Wendy excitedly, as the children rushed out of the cottage.

10. What an exciting moment that was when they greeted their daddy and then called their mother. "We have Wendy to thank for all this happiness," said Master Quince, "for she rescued Dicky and me!" "You must all share my treasure," Dicky told them.

11. Wendy stayed with the happy little family for a few days and then she took her carpet, explaining that she must be away on another adventure. "See, it will carry me into the air when I brush it," she said to Eric and Jean as they watched in wonder.

12. "Oh, how lovely it must be to have a magic carpet like that!" cried little Jean as Wendy floated up into the air on her treasure. They all came to wave good-bye to her, and as the carpet flew over the fields Wendy wondered where it would take her.

13. After a while she came in sight of a beautiful castle, and as she drew nearer she saw a queen walking in the lovely grounds with her attendants. But she looked sad, and on seeing Wendy, one of her courtiers said: "Surely that little maid could help us!"

(What can the queen want Wendy to do, and will the little girl be able to help? More of this fine story next week.)

MRS. HIPP

1. "They must have tied a giant baby panda up with this washing," said Tilly. "It is heavy!" "Yes, it is too much like hard work for frail little girls like me," said funny Baby Jumbo.

2. They thought at first it would be a good idea to play football with it, and get it home that way, but when Tilly saw Pearl's car outside a shop she said: "Pearl can pull it home behind her car!"

3. It was soon tied to the back of the car, and away rode Pearl, not knowing she was pulling the bundle after her. "Ah, I'm quite sorry I didn't think of sitting on top of the bundle," said Polly

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Well, if you won't let me polish your nose, Dibs, I'll polish that knocker," said Floppy. "Ha, ha! You can't reach it!" Dabs teased him.

2. But Dibs made a fine ladder, and Floppy stood on his shoulders. "My word, it is dirty!" he said, rubbing away—and bump! went the knocker.

3. "Dear me," said Jane. "Who ever is knocking at the door so impatiently? They'll have it down in a minute!" And she hurried to open it.

4. She had heard Floppy cleaning the knocker, and when she opened the door, Floppy and Dibs fell in. "We were helping, too," groaned Dibs.

SAMBO

1. Sambo was scorching and came to a hill leading down to the sea. "I can't stop!" he cried.

2. Down h the slip-way, wouldn't take

4. Sambo was too worried to notice Bob, but did notice that he seemed to be in the middle of water, and not wet. "Is I on an island?" he cr

"Why is the letter 'T' like an island, Willy?"
"Because it is surrounded by waTer, Reggie!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. The Woollies were very shocked when Goldylocks interrupted their circus to tell them it was bath-time. "We're juggling with apples," said Bobby, "and we can't come until we have eaten them!"

2. Then, suddenly, Reggie threw his clown's hat on to Goldy's head, and all the other boys did the same trick. "You will look tall when you are wearing all these hats! Aren't we clever!" laughed Willy.

3. "Tee, hee! Now we've turned Goldy into clown!" chuckled Percy. "Doesn't she look funny "I know a funny trick, too!" said Goldy, smili "Come outside and I'll show you, boys!"

...'S SCHOOL

4. Now, Pearl's car is not exactly the latest model, and when she stopped outside Hippo House the pipe at the back of the car puffed out lots of black smoke on to the clothes in the torn bundle.

5. "Oh, Pearl, you've spoilt the clean clothes!" cried Tilly, when the girls came round the corner. Pearl looked as surprised as they were. "What a silly thing to do with them!" she exclaimed.

6. Mrs. Hippo agreed with her, and she made those girls wash all the clothes again until they were quite clean. "They've got jam-tarts and doughnuts for tea, and we're missing them all!" sighed Polly.

SCORCHER

...d, right on to ...till the brakes ...tice of Sambo.

3. "Throw me a lifeboat, someone!" cried poor Sambo. Then Bob Ball dived off the slip-way.

5. "Golly, de island am moving!" cried Sambo. ...a, ha! He had rolled on to Bob's broad back and ...s being carried ashore. "You is kind!" he said.

SAMMY SEAL

1. "Ay, ay, sir!" cried Sammy and Patsy when the captain wanted them to draw off some ginger-pop. "We're the boys for that tasty job!"

2. But how they pulled and puffed when they tried to get out the cork! "Oh, I could drink ten barrels of ginger-pop now!" panted Sammy.

3. Mr. Jumbo had been watching their struggles, and he just put his trunk over the side of the ship and grabbed the corkscrew, pleasing the chums.

4. Out flew the cork in no time, but Patsy and Sammy were not so pleased when the pop fizzed up into Jumbo's mouth. "Stop!" yelled Sammy.

...E WOOLLY BOYS

4. Goldy was holding a paper hoop in the doorway, ...nd she asked the boys if they could jump through it. "Of course we can," said Bobby. "Just like little ...ircus fairies!" And they dashed forward.

5. Crr-e-a-k! went the paper, and splash! went the boys—for they found they had dived right into the big bath. "Hi! This was only a trick to get us into the bath!" cried Percy. "It's dry, though!"

"I say, Percy, can you spell 'barrel' in three letters?"
"Of course not, Bobby!"
"I can! 'T-u-b.' Ha, ha!"

6. The boys were not dry for long, however, for Goldy soon pushed them under the pump and down came the cold water over their heads. "We don't like that sort of circus trick!" spluttered Willy.

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

A GAME OF 'SCHOOLS.'

"Now, Teddy, do sit still and learn your 'one times' table, and, Golliwog, don't pull Trixie's curls, or I shall keep you in."

Joan was playing "Schools" with her toys, and they were all seated on a long form with books propped up in their hands. But some of them would not even sit up nicely.

There was Podgy, the little fat dog who always seemed to topple off the end of the form the moment Joan's back was turned; then Rita, the stuffed doll, either flopped forward, or turned head over heels off the form.

Joan was finding it very hard to make them do their lessons properly.

"Oh dear, you are naughty children this morning!" she sighed, as she walked round the class and found that Teddy and Podgy had not touched the sums she had set them.

Just at that moment there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Joan, trying to sound quite grown-up.

The door opened very slowly, but no one came in. Then a deep voice said:

"Please may I come to your school?"

Joan wondered whoever it could be, and then she peeped round the door and saw Uncle Reg standing outside.

"You'll have to be very good if you want to come to my school!" she said, trying to keep a straight face. "And you must not make the others laugh!"

"Oh, I won't do that," said uncle seriously. "Can I sit on the floor beside Podgy? He could lean on me then and wouldn't keep tumbling off the form!"

Joan wanted to laugh, for uncle really did look funny, sitting on the floor beside the form full of toys. But she managed to keep a straight face, and said:

"Now we will have a spelling lesson. Will you please spell 'cat,'" she said to the new pupil.

"We'll have a spelling lesson!" said Joan.

"Er, yes; d-o-g," was the reply, and Joan looked very shocked.

"D-o-g doesn't spell 'cat'!" she cried. "I'll give you one more chance, and if you are wrong again you will have to stay in all the afternoon and write it!"

"Ah, I remember now," said the new pupil. "It is p-u-s-s-y!"

"That spells 'pussy,' not 'cat,'" cried Joan. "You really are a dunce!"

"But a pussy is a cat!" said uncle. "I don't think you ought to keep me in for that!"

"Oh, yes, I shall," said Joan firmly. "I will give you some sums to do as well!"

Uncle groaned.

"Oh, I do think you are a strict teacher," he said. "Perhaps you will let me off if I tell you a secret. I wanted to go up to town this afternoon, and have tea at that big shop where they have lovely cakes and ices, and I wanted to take a little girl with me called Joan!"

Joan forgot she was the teacher then.

"Oh, do you really, uncle," she cried, running forward, and hugging Uncle Reg. "That will be lovely!"

"Yes, but we can't go out if I've got to stay here all the afternoon writing about pussy-cats and doing sums!" uncle said teasingly.

"Ah, I'm not going to keep you in now!" said Joan, smiling.

Uncle Reg gave her a big kiss and then he said:

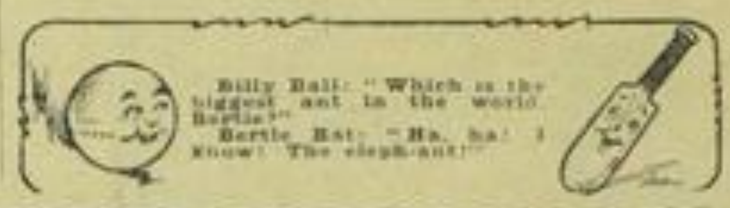
"Then I suppose I am forgiven?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Joan. "I'm going to give everyone a half-holiday this afternoon!"

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Uncle Reg.

And what a jolly half-holiday that was. Joan did enjoy herself, and she hopes Uncle Reg will come to her "School" another day, even if he did say that 'p-u-s-s-y' spelt 'cat'!

(Next week's story is about Waffums the Doggie.)



1. "I'm not going to bed yet," said Peter Panda, and to show he wasn't tired he ran away.

2. "Chic and Snowdrop must not find me," he said. "Shall I hide in that big basket?"

3. He was sure Chic would look for him there, though. Then he saw a big picture-frame.

4. Well, when Chic and Snowdrop came along at last they couldn't find Peter. "How funny!" said Snowdrop.

5. "He must have eaten some vanishing cream," said Chic. "He will have to miss that nice supper!"

6. That soon brought Peter out of the picture-frame, dressed in hat and cape. "I want my supper!" he cried.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut as dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. A Big Splash.
2. Darts and Apples.
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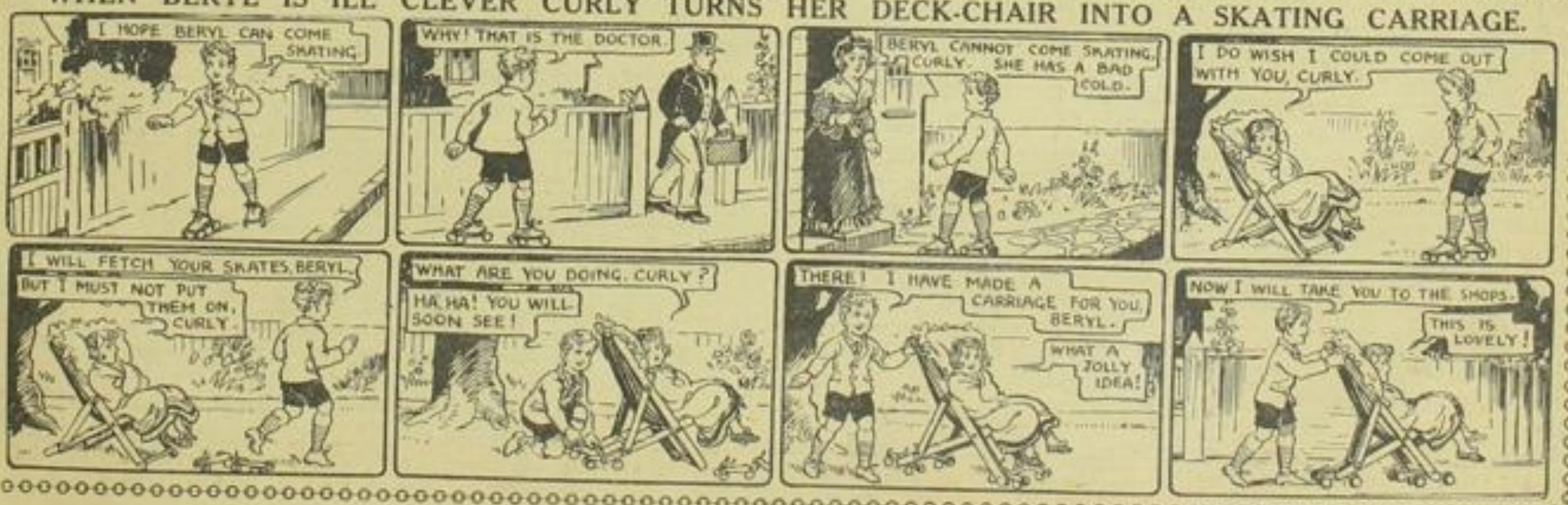
THE NEW PADDLING POOL TRAPS TWO BAD INDIANS WHEN THEY TRY TO CATCH TESS AT THE HUT.

SCAMP PLAYS DARTS WITH TEACHER'S PEN, AND ENJOYS STANDING IN THE CORNER.

WHEN BERYL IS ILL CLEVER CURLY TURNS HER DECK-CHAIR INTO A SKATING CARRIAGE.



THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

THE CHUMS MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE STRANGE STRIPEY SPANDA.

"JUST you wait a moment and I will show you my treasure! I found it only the other day."

And Pete, the Panda, thrust his paw into the hole in the floor of his "palace," while Paddy, Timbo, Golly, and Teddy watched eagerly.

Paddy and his chums were having another exciting adventure on their Wonderful Island. The little boy had lost his magic pop-gun and he and three of his playmates had followed the trail of a "bear" whom they thought had stolen it. You can imagine their surprise when they found it was a Panda!

Taking them to his hole, which he called "Panda Palace," the funny animal told them of his treasure, and the boys were quite excited.

"Here it is," said Pete, and he brought to view—yes, it was indeed the pop-gun!

Paddy's eyes glimmered and he almost shouted out "That is mine!" but he decided it was safer not to, in case Pete would not give it up.

"Findings are keepings, you know," said Pete. "Don't you think I have a lovely treasure?"

Paddy pretended not to be greatly excited.

"H'm! I expect you would rather have some jars of honey than that silly old thing, wouldn't you?" he asked.

Pete licked his lips and rolled his eyes.

"Yes, rather," he said. "But jars of honey don't grow on trees, do they? And there aren't any shops here, either! I suppose you haven't a few jars you don't want?" he added hopefully.

"I could get some for you!" replied Paddy. "Look, I wouldn't mind that pop-gun, Pete. You give it to me and I will give you some jars of nice honey!"

Pete clapped his paws together, rolled over on to his back, and then stood on his head for joy.

"That is a bargain!" he replied. "Here is the pop-gun. Now where is that honey?"

Paddy took his pop-gun, trying not to look delighted!

"Close your eyes for a moment," he replied, and Pete shut his black-ringed eyes tightly.

"Hurry up," he cried, "or I shall take a peep!"

Little did he guess what Paddy was doing! The pop-gun was magic and Paddy had only to fire it to work the magic spell!

Pop! went the gun and—hey presto!—three jars of lovely honey appeared on the floor just in front of Pete, who, of course, opened his eyes at the noise.

"What happened? I—why, hurrah!" he cheered as he saw the honey. "Three cheers!"

"You mean three jars!" giggled Teddy, and they all laughed merrily.

Pete was simply delighted, and so, of course, was Paddy, who was now eager to return to his other chums to tell them the good news.

"We must be going now, Pete!" he said. "But I expect we shall soon come and see you again."

"Do! Do!" said the Panda, winking his eye. "And if you have any honey you don't want, don't forget me."

"We shan't!" laughed Timbo. "Good-bye!"

And the four playmates hurried back to the cabin, where they found their chums getting breakfast.

How excited they were when they heard that Paddy had his magic pop-gun again, and they were thrilled, too, when they heard of the Panda.

"We really must go to see him!" said Dolly Daydream. "I'm going to take him some honey."

For the next few days the cuddly Panda had a wonderful time, for the playmates often went to see him, taking pots of honey!

The only one who did not go was Teddy Bear, and as he watched all that honey being taken to the Panda he grew more and more envious.

"They never give me pots of honey!" he muttered one day, as he saw his chums off once more. "It isn't fair. I have a good mind to run away and—ah, yes! That's a fine idea. I must think about it."

Some time later Paddy and his chums returned to the cabin.

"Teddy didn't come with us!" Dolly remarked. "Perhaps he stayed behind to get the dinner ready. Halloo-oo there, Teddy! Where are you?"

There came no answer from the cabin and when the playmates went inside they found it deserted. But on the table was a letter.

"*Dear Paddy and Playmates,*" it said. "*I have gone off to find my fortune. Good-bye for ever.—Your little chum,* TEDDY."

As Paddy read it out there came a chorus of gasps from the playmates.

Teddy had run away and left them! It did not seem possible. Surely it was only a dream! But no! It was only too true!

Tears came to Dolly Daydream's eyes, for Teddy had always been a great favourite of hers.

"There's something mysterious about that Spanda!" said Paddy.

"Oh d-dear! We shall never see him again!" she wailed. "Oh, Paddy! I believe he was sad because we made a fuss of the Panda. Perhaps he thought he was not wanted any more!"

Paddy tried to cheer her up.

"Never mind, Dolly!" he said. "We will find him again. We will start out to-morrow!"

And so, the next morning, the playmates were up early, and when they had packed some sandwiches they set off in search of their runaway playmate. Timbo, being a detective, led the way and kept a sharp lookout for clues.

Not a sign of Teddy did they see, though, and Golly was saying that he must have left the valley, when Timbo cried:

"Look!"

He pointed to a tree and the boys stared in surprise when they saw a notice there which said:

NOTICE.—This way to the Stripey Spanda's house. Don't miss him! Much better looking than the Panda and loves honey, too! Roll up! Step this way—and bring some pots of honey.

The playmates stared and stared in surprise.

"The Stripey Spanda! What can that be?" said Paddy. "I haven't seen that notice before."

"Shall we go and see, Paddy?" said Jimmy Jumbo excitedly.

Paddy clutched his magic pop-gun and nodded. Then off he strode, the playmates following and talking excitedly.

Soon they came to a big tree that had a hole in the side, and outside was a notice:

Home of the Stripey Spanda.
Please Knock.

Paddy knocked gently and the very next moment something popped out of the tree. It was quite small and looked a little like a bear wearing a striped bathing costume. Round its body were red and white stripes, while its face was covered with blue spots!

"How do you do?" said Paddy. "Are you the Stripey Spanda?"

"Pip-pip!" said the strange little creature, and held out his hand.

"What a sweet little thing," said Dolly, and then a tear came to her eye. The Stripey Spanda reminded her so much of the little Teddy Bear she had lost.

"Let's take Stripey home with us, Paddy," Dolly said.

She took the little creature's paw in hers and then they all began to troop back to the cabin. All the way the Spanda kept squeaking "pip-pip" quite eagerly.

When they arrived at the cabin they hurried into the kitchen, and Paddy lifted Stripey on to a stool while Golly brought out some honey from the pantry.

"Here you are!" he cried. "Here's the honey and a spoon. Eat it up."

Stripey was soon gobbling away and that tin of honey was quickly finished. Paddy stood by laughing as he began on a second helping, but suddenly the little boy took Dolly's hand and drew her silently from the room.

"What is the matter, Paddy?" she asked, as she saw he was looking puzzled.

Paddy crept behind the kitchen door and held out his hand for Dolly to see.

"It's paint!" she said.

Paddy smiled grimly and said: "I believe it came off that Stripey Spanda when I lifted him on to the stool. There is something mysterious about that Spanda and I'm going to find out what it is!"

(What is the mystery of the Stripey Spanda? Look out for the adventures of Paddy and his playmates in next week's PLAYBOX.)

THE WIND AND THE WASHING HELP TO SCARE THE BIRDS FROM MABEL'S SEEDS.

1. "Oh, Tom, look at those naughty birds eating the seeds!" cried Mabel. "We shall not get any flowers!"

2. "I'll tie one end of the clothes' line to this tree," said Tom, "and then we will hang out the clothes to dry!"

3. "Oh, yes, they will dangle over the seeds now!" cried Mabel. "What a good idea it was to move the line!"

4. Then the wind blew the clothes about, and soon scared the birds away. "Tom's a clever boy!" laughed Snip.

BRIGHTEYES

An exciting discovery and a plot!

FOR NEW READERS—A tree is struck by lightning in the school playground, and after it has been cut down, Brighteyes climbs up on to the stump and begins to dance. The next instant, to her chums' astonishment, she disappears!

1. Little Brighteyes had vanished! One moment she had been standing on the tree-stump laughing gaily, and the next she had disappeared as if by magic! But then, as Joan passed behind the tree-stump she made a strange discovery. "Why!" she cried. "It is hollow!"

2. So at last the mystery was solved. "Brighteyes must have lost her balance and tumbled down this hole!" exclaimed Joan. "Oh! I wonder if she is hurt!" "We'll go down and find her!" replied Lola, and a moment later she had fetched the clothes-line from the kitchen.

3. Knotting the rope tightly round the hole of the tree, Lola threw the end into the hole. In a few seconds, both the chums were down in the dark underground cavern beneath the tree-stump, and with cries of delight they greeted Brighteyes, who was waiting for them unharmed!

4. "Oh, I am glad to see you!" she exclaimed happily. "I was quite frightened when I fell into this queer place." "Is this a secret passage?" asked Joan breathlessly. "Yes!" cried our little girl. "It is part of the passage that leads from the school kitchen to the old ruins!"

5. Brave little Brighteyes had already explored the passage, which, of course, she knew quite well from previous adventures. "This is a new entrance into the tunnel," she explained to her chums. "It must have been hidden for years!" "We'll keep it secret," declared Lola.

6. It was now late afternoon, and knowing that the tea-bell would soon be ringing, the chums decided to go back. Brighteyes climbed up the rope first, and she was just about to scramble out of the hollow tree-stump when she caught sight of Sarah and Amy talking quietly in the playground!

7. Brighteyes knew at once that trouble was brewing for her, for her two enemies never whispered together like this unless they were plotting against her! "Did you make that cake for Brighteyes, Sarah?" she heard Amy say. "Yes! It's down in the kitchen," whispered Sarah.

8. In her hiding-place, Brighteyes listened bewilderedly. Why should Sarah take the trouble to make a cake for her? She soon understood when Amy said: "That's good! It will send her to sleep as soon as she has eaten it!" "Then back she goes to Gipsy Meg!" chuckled Sarah.

9. Brighteyes' heart missed a beat, and then she dropped back into the underground cavern her face as white as paper. "What ever is the matter, Brighteyes?" asked Joan. "Why have you come back?" "I've just heard Sarah and Amy plotting against me!" replied our little girl.

10. In a few words she explained the plot to her chums, who listened with frightened faces. "Oh, don't look so scared, Joan!" laughed our little girl bravely. "Now that I have heard the plot I can be on my guard. Come on! Let's go down the passage and through the secret panel into the school kitchen! Then we shall not meet Sarah and Amy in the playground." "I say! That's a good idea!" declared Joan excitedly.

11. It was a long time since they had come into the school through the secret panel, but luckily it still worked smoothly, and a few moments later they were in the deserted kitchen. Suddenly Lola pointed to the table. "Oh! What a lovely cake!" she cried. "I expect it is for our tea. Do you think we could taste it?" "Don't touch it!" cried our little girl, gazing at it in alarm. "That is the cake that Sarah made for me!"

(Brighteyes has discovered Sarah's plot in the nick of time! Another thrilling adventure awaits her in this grand story next week!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—Joe and Effie find a parrot, which they call Pansy. Later, when Captain Scott is taking the Flying Fish to a small island for repairs, the parrot begins to get very frightened and shouts for help!

1. Pansy began to scream even louder as the Flying Fish drew nearer to the lonely island, but brave Joe was too excited to take any notice of her! He had caught sight of a small house behind a hill. "Look, Effie!" he cried. "Someone lives here? I wonder who it can be?"

2. Effie did not have time to reply, for Pansy by this time was so frightened that she flew straight down into the driving-cabin! "Come back, Pansy!" cried Effie, as she dashed after her. "What is the matter with you?" "Help!" squealed Pansy, diving into the kitchen!

3. The little girl was very fond of the funny parrot, and was quite upset to find her so frightened. Fearing that she might come to harm, Effie followed her into the kitchen and found her hiding in a saucepan! "Put the lid on!" she squeaked. "I'm not at home to-day!"

4. Effie coaxed her with a few knobs of sugar, and at last managed to persuade her to come back into the control-cabin where the captain was talking to Joe. "This will be a good place to anchor while I repair the engine, Joe," he said. "Good! Then we can go ashore!" cried Joe.

5. There was always something thrilling about exploring these lonely, unknown islands, and little Joe felt quite excited as he dragged the folding boat from its locker. Pansy, however, was not at all anxious to go, and tried to fly back into the ship. "I'll stay behind!" said she.

6. But, remembering what had happened the last time Pansy had been alone with Captain Scott, Effie shook her head firmly and took the parrot into the small boat. "You'll get into mischief if we leave you aboard, Pansy," said the little girl. "You must come with us."

7. Pansy was still muttering to herself when they reached the shore, but made no further attempt to escape, for Effie was holding her very tightly. "Now we'll have a look at that old house, first of all," said Joe, as he dragged the boat up the beach. "Can you see anyone Effie?"

8. But there was no sign of life on the little island, as they made their way up the winding path towards the little shack, and Joe began to think that it was deserted. But he soon changed his mind when he saw a bright fire in the grate! "Someone does live here!" he cried.

9. The little place was so bright and clean inside that Effie was quite charmed. "What a lovely tiger-skin rug, Joe!" she exclaimed. "Shall we sit on it?" But before the children had a chance to move, they heard a strange noise, and the next minute the rug rose slowly into the air!

10. It looked for all the world as if the rug had suddenly come to life, and with one accord the children turned and fled from the house, their faces pale with fear! "Oh, Joe! Don't let's go back there!" gasped Effie breathlessly. "I'm scared!" "I told you so—I told you so!" squawked Pansy. "I want to go home!" "That's a jolly good idea, Pansy!" agreed Joe. "I don't like this place, either! We'll go back to the ship!"

11. But a fresh shock awaited them when they reached the shore. The small boat, which Joe had left high and dry upon the sands, had vanished! For a moment or two the chums were too astonished to speak. They never dreamed that this could happen, for Joe was always careful to leave the boat out of reach of the tide! "Has it been washed away, Joe?" asked Effie. "No," replied Joe, in a grim tone. "Someone has taken it!"

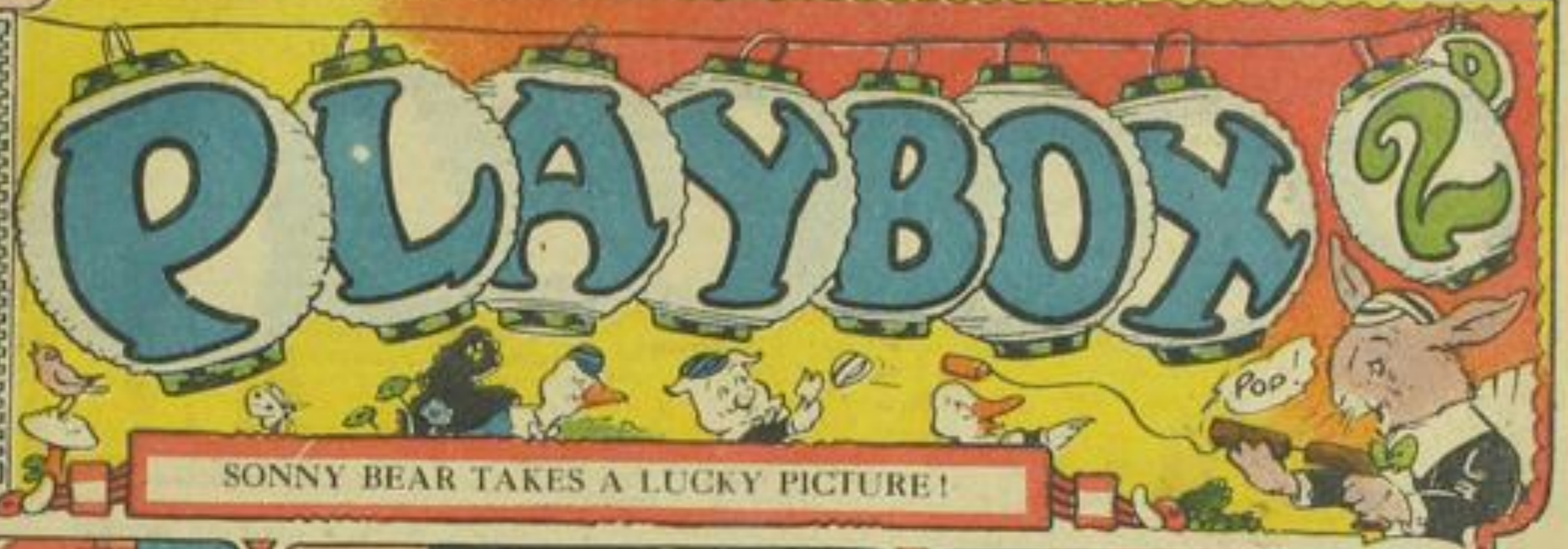
(What does this mean? Who can have taken the boat? Look out for more adventures on this mysterious island next week.)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, July 15th, 1939. 10

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

BRAVE JOE MAKES AN EXCITING DISCOVERY!

SEE PAGE 12



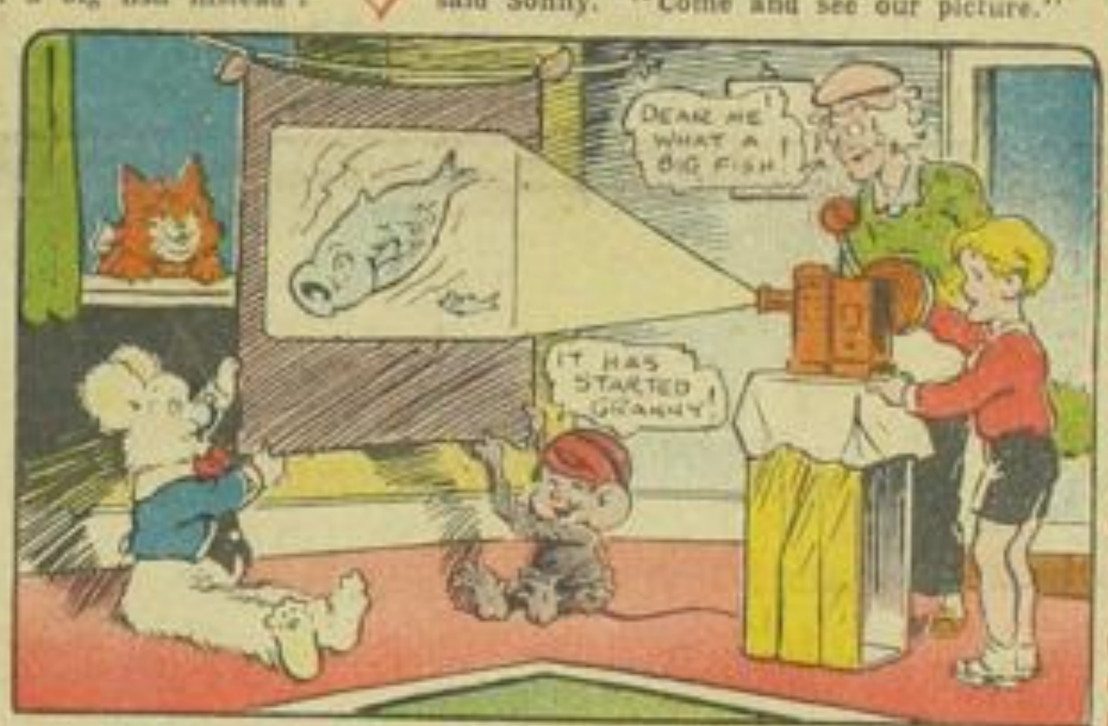
SONNY BEAR TAKES A LUCKY PICTURE!

1. "Would you like to borrow my movie camera, Sonny?" said Tommy. "It takes beautiful pictures." "Oh, thank you!" said our little bear. "We love pictures!"

2. Micky wanted his picture taken, because he was sure he would make a lovely film-star. But Sonny did not want to break the camera. He took a big fish instead!

3. When they had finished taking the picture they met poor Granny Green who was looking for her pussy. "Cheer up," said Sonny. "Come and see our picture."

4. "But I really ought to look for Tibbles," sighed granny. "Oh, never mind about Tibbles," said Micky, as they went into Tommy's house. "We have got a lovely picture to show you! It is even prettier than I am!" "Dear me! It must be beautiful!" chuckled Tommy merrily.



5. He fixed the screen up in front of the window and then began to show the film. "Oh! What a lovely fish!" cried granny. "I must have some herrings for breakfast to-morrow." In the meantime, Tibbles had come back and was looking through the window at that big fish!

6. "Ah! That reminds me," he muttered. "I haven't had any dinner since dinner-time. I'll just have a taste of that fish, then I'll be off!" The next minute he jumped right through the screen! "Hi! What has happened to our fish?" cried Micky in alarm.

7. "Never mind about your fish, boys!" laughed granny happily. "I have got my Tibbles back, and now I am going to give you all a treat!" And soon they were all going to a real picture show to see Cowboy Joe! O-oh! It was thrilling, too!

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"Be off with you!" cried the angry farmer.

THIS WEEK: ANGRY APPLE TREES.

"HURRAH! Here comes Ned. It is unusual for him to be late, especially for a picnic!"

And our little favourite, Tommy Twinkle, jumped down from the stile on which he had been sitting, and waved eagerly to his chum, whose figure could be seen hurrying along the lane.

A few seconds later Ned reached the other two, very warm and breathless, and full of apologies for being late.

"I—I couldn't help it!" he panted. "Our—our kitchen clock had stopped, an—and nobody noticed it till about half-an-hour later! Daddy forgot to wind it up last night. Phew! Oh-h, how I have rushed!"

"Poor old Ned," laughed Tommy. "Here! You had better sit down for a few moments and get your breath."

Thankfully, Ned obeyed, and the other two children dropped down beside him.

"I see you have not forgotten your picnic sandwiches, Ned," laughed Maisie, pointing to Ned's bulging pocket.

"No," laughed Ned. "I remembered those all right, Maisie. Do you know, had it not been for hearing the whistle, blown on the building estate near our house—you know, the whistle telling the men to commence work again after their dinner—I might have been sitting at home now, waiting for the clock-hands to get round to half-past-one!"

"Well, we have something to thank the whistle for, haven't we?" laughed Maisie, as the chums all scrambled to their feet again and prepared to set off down the lane.

"Yes," chuckled Ned. Then, with a quick glance at Tommy Twinkle's mischievous smiling face, he added: "Why? What is the matter with you, Tommy?"

"Nothing," grinned our little favourite. "Only I was just wondering if either of you had heard the story of the wooden whistle?"

"The wooden whistle?" echoed Maisie and Ned, surprised. "No. What about it?"

"Well—er—it wooden (wouldn't) whistle!" exclaimed our roguish little boy, breaking into peals of merriment at the little take-in he had tried out so successfully. "Ha, ha, ha! That was a good one, wasn't it?"

"Rather!" laughed Maisie and Ned. "Try us with another one, please, Tommy," added Ned eagerly.

Tommy looked thoughtful, and then he said:

"This is a very tricky one, so be careful! What has four legs and flies?"

You can perhaps imagine the gasps of surprise that followed this, and I am afraid Tommy's chums found this take-in as difficult to fathom as the previous one had been. Determined not to give in, Maisie and Ned tried their hardest to think of the answer, but it was no use. In the end they had to beg Tommy to tell them.

"Look!" grinned our merry little boy, pointing to the sky, where two wild birds were winging their way across the blue. "There is the answer! Four legs and flies! Two pigeons! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, if only you could see your faces just now. Ha, ha!"

"It's no use! We shall never get the better of Tommy," laughed Maisie a few moments later, when they all paused to get their breath again.

"By the way, where are we going to have our picnic?" asked Ned, in the midst of the merriment. "In old Farmer Cherry's orchard like we did last time?"

"Yes, I think so," said Tommy Twinkle. "He has allowed us to go there twice before, hasn't he? We'll go to the farmhouse and ask, of course."

"It is lovely in that orchard," murmured Maisie happily, as they went on. "The grass is so green and long, and the trees hang so low. Just like an enchanted wood."

Well, in a very short time the chums arrived at Cherry Farm, but although they knocked hard and long on the farmhouse door not a soul came to answer.

"I vote we go and have our picnic like we always do," said Ned. "Old Farmer Cherry never minds. We shall do no harm."

So this is what the chums did, making their way to the sunlit orchard.

Maisie, who had brought a small white cloth and some little cardboard plates, suggested that they should have their feast right away, and so they sat down under a wide-spreading apple-tree.

But oh dear, what an unpleasant surprise was in store, for no sooner had they set out all their goodies in tempting array than a loud, angry shouting fell on their ears, and coming through the orchard-gate, which the chums had been careful to shut after them, came a thick-set man waving a stick.

"Now then, you young rascals! Get out of my orchard at once!" he stormed. "Who gave you permission to come in here, pray? Out you go, or——"

"B—but please, sir, Farmer Cherry always lets us come here!" said Tommy, jumping to his feet. "And we knocked at the farmhouse door to ask his permission again, but——"

"Farmer Cherry is no longer master here. *I've* bought the farm!" shouted the newcomer, advancing threateningly. "And what is more, I do not intend to have a parcel of mischievous children in my orchard! So out you all go, neck and crop! Be off with you!"

Maisie gave a little cry of alarm as the uncouth farmer lifted his stick aloft, while Tommy and Ned, crestfallen and inwardly raging, stooped to bundle up their picnic things together. But the unkind farmer would not even allow them to do this.

"Leave those things there!" he stormed, giving Ned a heavy push on the shoulder. "If you are not out of here in two seconds I'll call my dog to you!"

But ill-tempered old Farmer Spikes reckoned without Tommy Twinkle's wonderful magic shoes! As always, our little boy was wearing them this afternoon, and suddenly, wishing something as he did so, he softly stamped his right foot. And oh, I wish you could have seen what happened the next moment, boys and girls!

As the angry farmer tried to hustle the children out of the orchard every one of his apple-trees jumped out of the ground and started to run off towards the orchard-gate in company with Tommy and his friends! Maisie and Ned nearly tumbled over with amazement, for the enchanted trees had great waving branches for arms and cross-looking faces carved on their trunks!

Weren't they cross with the farmer, too!

"If you send these children out, we go too!" roared one very big, gnarled apple-tree that had stood in the orchard for years and years.

"Yes, indeed! And mark you, Farmer Spikes, once we have gone we don't come back!" cried another tree, waving its big twisty fingers in the amazed man's face. "Remember! We are your prize apples, too! The ones you want to send to the County Show. Hee, hee!"

"H-here! Hi! Come back! Come back!" cried Farmer Spikes, dropping his stick in alarm, and dancing amidst the trees in a most comical fashion.

"Why should we, when you are so unkind to these children?" snapped another enchanted apple-tree, pulling at the farmer's coat-tails. "They were not doing any harm, and never have done any harm to the trees. Old Farmer Cherry always allowed them to picnic here."

"Anyway! We are going!" snapped the first tree. "We do not like you, and nobody else on the farm does, either! Good-day, Farmer Spikes!"

"No, no, no!" shouted the contrite farmer, seeing where his folly and ill-temper had led him. "D-don't go! Please don't go, all of you! I—I promise to be better—I'll let the children picnic here! I—I won't interfere with them!"

"Is that really a promise?" demanded the apple-trees, halting and turning to the scared man with stormy frowns.

"We're not staying here!" snapped the old apple-trees.

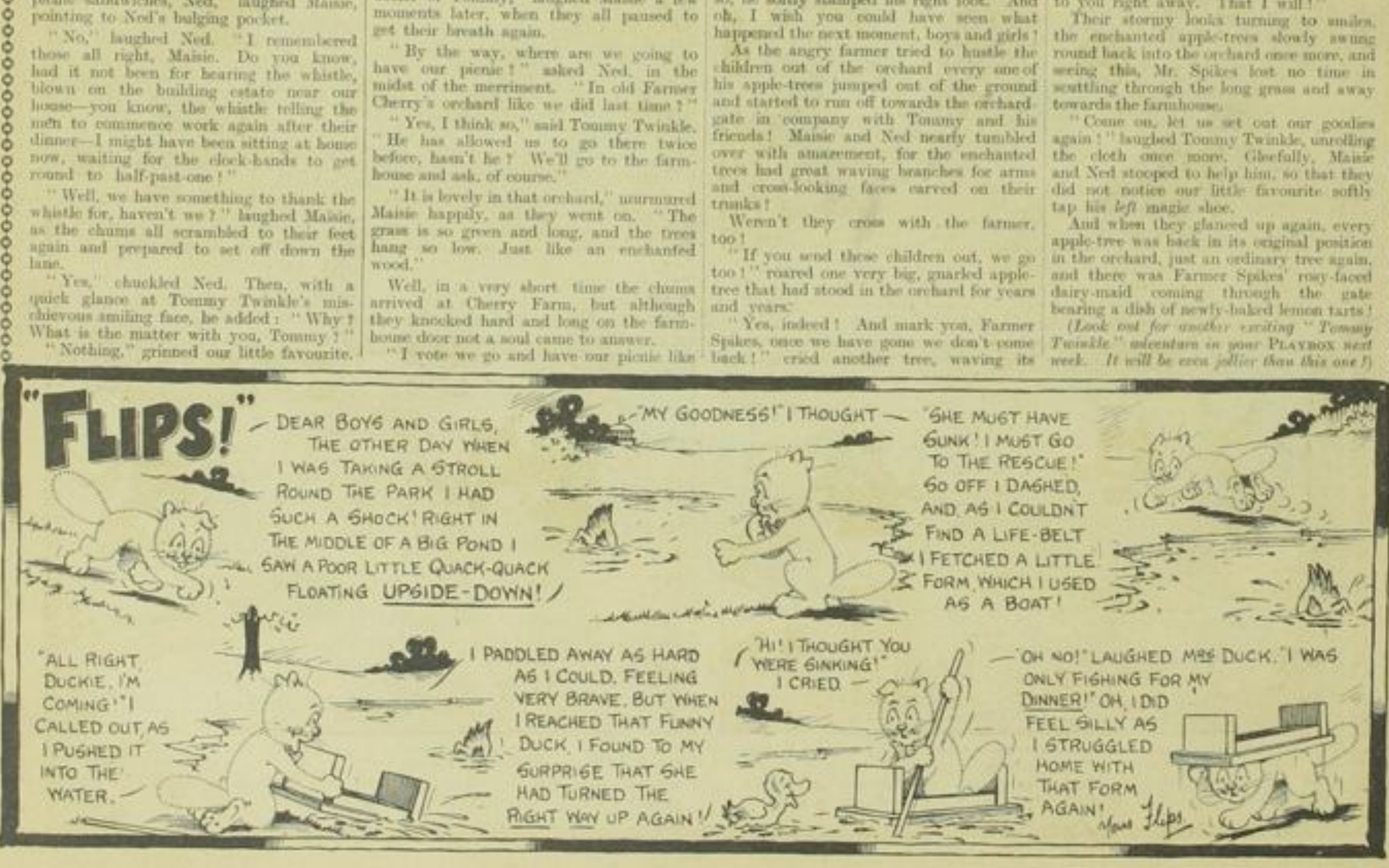
"Yes, yes!" stuttered Farmer Spikes, speaking to Tommy and his chums. "You—you can stay and have your picnic here and w-welcome, my dears. And—and I'll go up to the farmhouse and have some nice lemon-curd tarts sent down to you right away. That I will!"

Their stormy looks turning to smiles, the enchanted apple-trees slowly swung round back into the orchard once more, and seeing this, Mr. Spikes lost no time in scuttling through the long grass and away towards the farmhouse.

"Come on, let us set out our goodies again!" laughed Tommy Twinkle, unrolling the cloth once more. Gleefully, Maisie and Ned stooped to help him, so that they did not notice our little favourite softly tap his *left* magic shoe.

And when they glanced up again, every apple-tree was back in its original position in the orchard, just an ordinary tree again, and there was Farmer Spikes' rosy-faced dairy-maid coming through the gate bearing a dish of newly-baked lemon tarts!

(Look out for another exciting "Tommy Twinkle" adventure in your PLAYBOX *next week. It will be even jollier than this one!)*



HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Oo-oh! Look at Big Chief Chubs!" cried Chic, as he opened the big PLAYBOX picture-book. "Doesn't he make a fierce Indian? I—I don't think I will go to tea with the Buntings this week!"

As you can see, those funny babies were having a very exciting game of Red Indians, and with the tent that they had made out of Mrs. Bunting's table-cloth, they really felt like prairie warriors! To tell the truth, they looked more "Red" than Indian, because they had coloured their faces with red ink!

Then they went on the war-path and captured Cowboy Nibs. They were just going to turn him into an Indian, too, when Mrs. Bunting came to the rescue. And those brave Indians spent the rest of the day in the bath! Ha, ha! Mrs. Bunting used three bars of soap to get the ink off their faces.

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—I felt so excited when I looked at the calendar this morning!

"Goodness me!" I said. "Quite soon the jolly summer holidays will be here, and we shall all be down at the seaside!"

And I felt so happy that I did a little dance and upset the waste-paper basket (with Nigger in it! Ha, ha!)

Have you started saving up for the holidays yet? Mrs. Hippo tells me that Tiger Tilly and her chums are going to have a "jumble sale" in aid of their holiday fund, and they are going to sell anything from old lesson-books to dolls' prams!

That reminds me! I missed my umbrella this morning, and my cricket bat, and my toffee tin. I do believe those bad girls have taken them for their "shop"! Now I shall have to go and buy them back again. Oh dear!

Did I tell you about the redskin I saw yesterday? Yes, it was on a tomato! Ha, ha! Caught you that time!

Your jolly friend,

Uncle Ben

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Joyce Wright, of Leeds.

THE PICNIC SURPRISE. A Fine Puzzle Picture.

"Oh dear! I do miss daddy!" sighed Sheila, as she spread out the picnic cloth under the trees. "He promised he would come home in time for our picnic. I wonder why he did not come?"

"Perhaps he missed his train?" said Roger. "He had to come an awful long way, you know!"

"Perhaps he has forgotten all about us?" put in Barry, gloomily.

But the next minute they were all looking up in the sky, for an aeroplane was coming down into the field! Leaning out of the seat was the merry brown-faced figure of daddy! He had not forgotten, after all, and had come straight to the picnic by aeroplane! Wasn't that exciting?

Now if you cut out this picture and fold it so that the dotted lines A and B meet, and then fold again, bringing together the lines C and D, you will see daddy's face quite clearly.

"FLOWER HUNT." A Jolly Outdoor Game.

This is a game you must remember when you next go for a picnic, for it is really quite an exciting "hunt"!

First of all the players agree on a time limit of five or ten minutes for the game, and then they must all go off to different parts of the fields or woods, and gather as many different kinds of wild flowers as they can find. Of course, you may not know their names, but that does not matter so long as you bring in the flowers themselves.

When the time limit is up you all bring back your bunches and place them in front of you, and if mumm yor daddy can be persuaded to be the "judge" they will soon discover which player has found the greatest number of wild flowers. This player, of course, is the winner. It is a good idea to award a small prize for this game.

TILLY'S FUNNY FIGURE TRICK.

1. "Here is a teaser for you, Jenny!" chuckled Tiger Tilly, as she wrote the figures 1, 2, 3 on the board. "Can you write those figures in one line without raising the pencil at all?" "Oh, no!" exclaimed Jenny.

2. "Ha, ha! It is quite easy when you know how!" chuckled Tilly, as she wrote the figures one on top of the other. "They can be joined together quite easily this way, you see! Caught you again, Jenny!"

CAN YOU GUESS THESE?

Q.: Which bird is present at every meal?

A.: The swallow.

Q.: What is it we often give but seldom take?

A.: Advice.

Q.: When is a cup of tea like an acid drop?

A.: When it is a little "sweet"!

Q.: Why is a horse kind?

A.: Because it stops at the sound of woe (whoa!)

TOPSY TURVY.

"Ha, ha! You do look funny standing upside down, Piggy! Why are you doing that?"

"Well, it is a change from standing downside up, isn't it? Ha, ha! Besides, I am going into a circus soon, so I must practise my tricks!"

"Ah! I see! Now here is a trick for you, Piggy! Can you jump higher than the moon?"

"Of course not!"

"It is easy! Anyone can jump higher than the moon, because the moon cannot jump at all!"

"Very clever, Ducky! Now here is one for you! Can you stay under water for half an hour?"

"Goodness! No one can do that?"

"Wrong, Ducky. Just put a bucket of water on your head and you can stay under water as long as you like!"

"Dear me! I did not think of that."

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

A THRILLING RACE AND A MIDNIGHT SEARCH.

Victory.

IT was the day of the model aeroplane race at Mulberry School and there was a scene of great excitement as the boys all assembled with their models, to put them through their paces.

The Silver Streak was, perhaps, the favourite for the race, and a number of rather envious eyes had been turned upon the lovely little silver and white machine which had been made by the joint efforts of Michael Baxter, Tim Trotter, and Don Chapman.

Then something had happened which filled everyone with surprise. In the "First Trials," the graceful little model of which Tim and his chums were so proud, had behaved strangely, running along the grass and refusing to leave the ground.

Everyone was amazed and disappointed, for they couldn't make it out. As for Cyril Badger and Monty Green, they laughed out loud, making all kinds of jeering and unpleasant remarks.

It was a little later, when preparations for the big race of the day were going forward, that little Michael made a startling discovery.

"Tim!" he gasped. "Don! No wonder the Silver Streak refused to fly! Just look at this."

Tim and Don sprang forward, while Michael groped with two slim fingers inside the neat, streamlined fuselage. He drew out what appeared to be a thin strip of cardboard.

"Look at that," he said grimly. "Do you expect any model to fly with *that* inside it."

"But why not, Michael?" gasped Tim. "That wouldn't make any difference, surely. It isn't heavy enough."

"Not heavy enough, eh?" echoed Michael grimly. "Just feel it, then, and see!"

Tim took what he thought to be the strip of cardboard. Then he let out a gasp of astonishment.

"Our plane is going to win!" cried Monty.

"Goodness," he cried. "It's as heavy as lead. Why's that?"

"Because," said Michael grimly, "it is lead. I knew there was something wrong inside as soon as I tried the balance. Do you see, Don?" He turned to his other chum, and began to scrape at the thin slab with his thumbnail. "It's a little strip of lead with white paper pasted on it to make it look like cardboard. It's one of the neatest tricks I've seen!"

Michael turned as he spoke to see if any other boys were watching them. At the moment, however, to his great relief, the other competitors in the race were listening to a little speech which was being made by Captain Dellow, the flying master.

"In this race," he was saying "propellers must be wound up and the starter of each plane will be allowed to hold it at arm's length and give it a good push off. Rudders and wings must be set so as to keep the machine, as far as possible, upon a straight course."

"And will the machine that travels farthest win the prize, sir?" a boy called out.

"Not entirely," said Captain Dellow. "Marks will be given for distance and for pace. I shall also give marks for other points such as good appearance and balance in the air. Now, boys! Get ready to line up and we will see what your aeroplanes can do!"

Once again there was a buzz of chatter and excitement as the boys lined up across the field and began to wind up the elastic of their propellers.

Michael, with the Silver Streak in his hand and with Tim and Don beside him, took his place with the rest.

Cyril Badger looked up from his own rather clumsy machine with a grin.

"Surely you're not going to fly that old tub again, are you?" he sneered. "Why, it can't even leave the ground."

"You might just as well tie a piece of elastic round an old boot," mocked Monty Green.

Michael smiled.

"Even an old boot will fly if you throw it hard enough," he said. "I'll tell you what, Badger. What will you give me if our machine flies farther than yours?"

"Give you?" cried Cyril, with a grin. "I'll give you a sixpenny bar of chocolate. And so will Monty, too," he added confidently. "Won't you, Monty?"

"Rather," said Monty confidently. "But wait a minute. What will you give us, if ours goes farther?"

"I'll give you a shilling bar," said Michael quietly, "and willingly. Stand by, Tim!" he exclaimed with sudden eagerness. "Here comes Captain Dellow with the starting flag."

Excitement had grown to fever pitch as the flying master stepped out in front of the line, a small white flag held in his hand. One boy from each group had been elected to hold up the model and give it a start. Now, over a dozen trim little aeroplanes were held aloft, waiting the signal to go.

"Now," cried Captain Dellow, waving the flag. "Are you ready? The great model air race of nineteen-thirty-nine! One—two—OFF!"

A tense silence was broken by a little buzzing of small propellers as the model aeroplanes swooped away. One or two came to grief almost at once, but others kept on their way stoutly, including the rather clumsy article which was the work of Cyril and Monty.

Monty clapped his hands in surprised delight at the way it went into the air.

"Look at it, Cyril," he cried. "It's going fine. It's going to win." Then he turned quickly. "I say," he gasped. "What's happened to the Silver Streak? Has it crashed yet?"

"No," gasped Cyril Badger, in a tone of surprise and dismay. "It's still in the air!"

"What?" Monty almost shouted. "Still in the air? With all that lead in it?" he added, in a whisper. "It can't be!"

"I—I tell you it is. And it's going all right. Look!" Cyril Badger almost wailed.

His face had paled with a jealous anger as he pointed and, in the same moment, Monty Green scowled furiously. For there, high in the air and travelling along with the ease and grace of a real machine, they saw the model they had tried to cripple, the night before, ahead of all the others.

It was perhaps a good thing for the two plotters that none of the other boys saw their scowling faces or heard the remarks which they made to one another.

All eyes, in those exciting moments, were turned upon the machines still in the air. The model built by Cyril and Monty, after carrying on in a surprising way for some distance, suddenly fluttered and crashed into a tree, amid loud laughter.

And, one by one, the other machines swooped down, with the Silver Streak now only a tiny speck in the distance, still speeding along upon an even keel.

The headmaster was smiling and nodding as he peered after it through a pair of field-glasses. Captain Dellow was doing the same.

"It's down," he cried. "Down at last, and with a perfect landing. Well, all you young aeronauts," he cried, as he lowered his glasses and turned to the boys gathered about him, "I'll put the question to you all. Which do you think is the winning aeroplane?"

"The Silver Streak, sir," a dozen boys cried. "There was no other machine to touch it. The Streak's the winner."

Captain Dellow laughed.

"You're right," he said "The Streak wins easily. Now, boys—three cheers for the makers. Hip-hip-hip—HURRAH!"

But, as the cheers went up and Tim and Don stood with flushed, happy faces, Michael just grinned and hardly seemed to notice them. Instead, he slipped forward towards the place where Cyril and Monty were scowling, close together.

"Two sixpenny bars of chocolate, please," he whispered, with a chuckle. "Or else we'll have the money!"

And Monty and Cyril, looking sulkier than ever, had to pay up.

Who Were the Wreckers?

Never before, since they had been at Mulberry School, had Tim and his chums spent a happier afternoon.

No victory could have been more popular amongst most of the boys than that of the Silver Streak, and the excitement was such that all three boys were hoisted shoulder high and carried back to the school.

There, in the school hall, the headmaster displayed the winning model with great pride, handing each of the boys five shillings as his reward for the victory.

Then, amid more cheers, Captain Dellow rose and made a short speech also, pointing out the good points of the model and congratulating Michael, especially, upon the excellent performance of the machine.

"I can't understand," he said, "why the model behaved so badly in the standing start test. It seems quite a mystery."

"Yes," said Michael, very quietly to himself. "But it's a mystery which I'm going to try to solve. Somebody put that lead in the model and I've got a very good idea who it was."

It was a mystery which did not worry Don Chapman very much.

"We've won the race, so why worry," he said with a chuckle. "And whoever it was who tried to wreck the Silver Streak will know, now, that he has failed, and feel jolly wild about it. What do you say, Tim?"

"I agree," said Tim with a grin. "And when he sees us go off with Captain Dellow for a trip in a real aeroplane he'll be more furious than ever. I say, Michael," he added excitedly, "I wonder where the captain will take us!"

"It all depends on the weather," said Michael, "but we shall be in the air some hours. He's promised me that. And he's going to do some stunts, too, just so that we shall feel what they are like. Loops and side-slips and tail-spins and things of that sort," Michael added eagerly. "It will be grand!"

Tim smiled, though rather wryly. He had been upon a number of long trips by plane and he was quite fearless in the air. But he was not quite so sure about loops and tail-spins.

"I think," he said to Don Chapman with a laugh, "I'd rather stop the right side up."

That evening, feeling very well-to-do, the three chums paid a visit to the village tuckshop, treating themselves to a little feed at the expense—as Michael said—of the Silver Streak.

And later, after "prep" and unnoticed by his chums, Michael made his way to the laboratory on the second floor and, bending over one of the sinks, he carefully damped and peeled off the piece of white paper which he had found pasted about the strip of lead in the model that afternoon.

A grunt of interest and satisfaction broke from Michael when he peered at the piece of paper closely. It was a square piece of a plain exercise book upon which were written a few figures.

"I believe," he muttered to himself, "I've got a clue."

Michael was a boy who, at times, kept his own counsel and did not even confide in his own friends. At bed-time, he said nothing to Tim or Don. Nor did Tim, when he lay back on his pillow, have the least idea of the plan which his chum had formed.

"What are you looking for?" gasped Tim.

In the ordinary way Tim was a boy who fell asleep very quickly and who slept as sound as a log. To-night, perhaps because of all the excitements of the day, he lay awake, thinking of the Silver Streak and the way that she had won.

An hour passed by, and then another, and Tim was still awake. He was thinking, now, of that trip with Captain Dellow, when they were to climb to nearly twenty thousand feet, perhaps, and descend in a series of loops.

Suddenly Tim held his breath. He had heard a movement from the bed nearby, and saw the shadowy figure of a boy steal along the dormitory and let himself out of the room. Tim slipped out of bed himself, and peered through the darkness. His chum's bed was empty.

"It was Michael," he muttered. "Where has he gone?"

He thrust his feet into a pair of slippers and stole silently out through the door and along the passage. Peering over the banisters, he saw the gleam of a light. It was coming from the class-room.

Quickly and softly, Tim made his way down the stairs. At the half open door of the class-room he paused, peeping inside. He saw his chum with a torch in his hand, and he was stooping over an open desk. Cyril Badger's desk.

"Michael!" Tim gasped, entering quickly. "What are you looking for?"

Michael spun round and, for a moment, looked pale and startled. Then he smiled quickly and beckoned Tim forward.

"I thought you were asleep," he whispered. "I'm looking for the person who tried to wreck the Silver Streak. I've got a clue, Tim," he added breathlessly. "Do you see this?"

Michael displayed the folded square of paper for Tim to see.

"You remember that piece of lead I found in the Streak, don't you, Tim? Well, this is what was pasted round it. It's a piece of paper torn out of an exercise book, and I'm looking for that book now. If I can find the owner of that book," he added grimly, "I shall have found the boy we're looking for!"

(Will Michael and Tim solve the mystery and bring the truth home to Cyril Badger? Another thrilling instalment of this exciting story next week.)

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy's magic carpet has carried her to the grounds of a castle where the queen is waiting, looking very sad. Seeing Wendy, a courtier suggests she might be able to help the queen.

1. Wendy could not help feeling excited when her carpet carried her down into the palace grounds. A courtier stepped up to her saying: "Her majesty would speak with you!"

2. Our little girl left her carpet and dropped a little curtsy to the queen. "What can I do to please your majesty?" she said shyly. And she wondered why the queen looked sad.

3. Then that royal lady drew Wendy towards her, and raised one hand on which glittered a beautiful ring. "There is another ring like this, and I would find the owner," she said.

4. "I should be able to discover that by the aid of my magic carpet, your majesty," said Wendy. And she hastened towards it, brushing it with a branch from a tree to make it rise.

5. As she floated along, Wendy could not help wondering where she would find this ring. "An ogre might own it, and then how can I persuade him to come to the palace," she said.

6. As it grew dark the carpet started to come down near an old farm. Wendy stood gazing at the windows for some time, but as she could see no light she did not like to disturb anyone.

7. Not far from the house she noticed a big hay rick, with a ladder beside it. A corner had been cut out of the hay, and Wendy thought what a cosy place it would be to spend the night.

8. She had reached this little nook and was going to pull her carpet over her and go to sleep when she saw two men running towards the rick. "I wonder if they saw me climb up," she said.

9. But she was soon quite sure that the men did not know she was there, for they began to talk. "Could we but get the queen's ring from Lady Ann our nephew would be king," said one.

10. Wendy still felt rather puzzled but very excited. "So it is the Lady Ann I must find," she murmured. "She evidently possesses the ring which the queen is so anxious to trace." And determined to seek the Lady Ann in the morning, she fell asleep.

11. She awoke with a tickling nose and discovered that someone was throwing hay on top of the rick. "Oh, please stop!" she cried, sitting up. It was the farmer's boy, and at sight of Wendy his eyes opened wider than ever. "Oh, be you a pixie?" he gasped.

12. Wendy lost no time in scrambling down the ladder, but when she had reached the ground the boy had got over his surprise sufficiently to chase her with his pitchfork. "Be off, pixie!" he cried. "We don't want you casting spells on Lady Ann's land."

13. Wendy was soon out in the road, and here she saw a wagon. Seated in front of it were the two men who had spoken of the ring, evidently noblemen in disguise. "Here is my chance to follow them!" Wendy thought, flinging herself into the cart.

(What discoveries will Wendy make now? Aren't you longing to read next week's exciting instalment.)

MRS. HIPP

1. When Baby Jumbo struggled into the room with a hamper she found Tilly dressed as a queen. "Oo-oh! I should look lovely in a robe and crown like that!" said Baby, and the others grinned.

2. "Then let us make you queen, dear Baby," said Tilly, handing the crown to the little fat girl, and thinking what a fine, big hamper Baby had with her. Then Tilly found a hammer and nails.

3. "The end of your robe wants 'tacking,' Baby," she cried, but when Baby tried to walk she found Tilly had used tin-tacks to nail the robe to the floor. "We'll take the hamper!" laughed Jenny.

DIBS AND DABS

1. "I do wish mud were clean!" sighed Dabs. "We are dirty after making mud-pies!" So they hid in a hamper when they heard Jane.

2. Just then there was a ring at the bell, and in came the man for the laundry. "This is the hamper," said Jane. "There is not much to-day!"

3. But the poor laundry man went puffing and blowing to his van. "If this isn't *much*, I couldn't lift it when it was full!" he said rather crossly.

4. He had to laugh when he found the chums in the basket later, though. "My word, you certainly want washing, mangling and ironing!" he cried.

SAMBO

1. Sambo thought he would have to pick up his car and carry it home, when Snowy offered his boat.

2. "Ah, dat cried Sambo. de car and we

4. But he felt rather worried the next moment when he found the car was climbing a tree. "Oh dear, and I can't get to de steering wheel!" he yelled.

"When is a boat like a shop, Willy?"

"That's easy, Reggie: When it has a sail (sale)!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE W

1. Tibbles, the Woollies' pet pussycat, was missing, and they all felt very sad—especially Mrs. Woolly. "Let's tell the Playbox Broadcasting Company," said Reggie. "Or call Timbo, the detective!"

2. "Well, we will have a look first ourselves when we've filled our pail," said Percy. "Perhaps if we could make a noise like a mouse Tibbles would come out of his hiding-place to us! We'll try!"

3. Now, just as they were going to let down their pail into the well along came Johnny Green with a bag. "I want to see if it is safe to put a bag down that well!" he said. "Is it very wet?"

SCHOOL

4. Baby knew then why they had been so anxious make her queen, and the naughty girls carried e hamper into the garden and spread a cloth under e tree. "We'll have a royal feast!" giggled Tilly.

5. But when they threw back the lid of the hamper, up popped Hetty Hedgehog. "Did you say there was going to be a feast?" cried Hetty. "Let me join in!" "There won't be one now!" cried Jenny.

6. Hetty's prickles looked so prickly that the girls thought they were safer in the tree, and how the "queen" and Mrs. Hippo laughed at them. "You were a horrid hamper, Hetty!" said Polly.

SCORCHER

d idea!"

3. The wind soon filled those sails; so Sambo was able to scorch along crying: "Dis am fine!"

e boat in
de boat!"

Luckily the car was stuck in the tree, but the went into the pond, and Sambo went with it. bye! I'se off for another sail!" he chuckled.

SAMMY SEAL

1. "Dear me, I can't move this telegram—er, scope!" said Sammy. "I did want to count the spots on that giraffe over there. See him, Patsy?"

2. Sammy was working hard at the telescope, and suddenly it shot out. Patsy's hat shot off, too, when it hit it; but that did not trouble Sammy.

3. "Don't worry about a silly little thing like your hat, Patsy!" he said. "The telephone—er, scope works now!" This time it hit the giraffe.

4. "Don't you punch my nose!" said Georgie, an I pushed it back; so Sammy had a black eye. Spotting Georgie caused a spot of bother!

WOOLLY BOYS

Well, just then that bag began to jump, and the let go of the well handle in alarm, so Johnny t to see and feel if it were very wet down there! m scared of that bag!" said Willy.

5. But suddenly a faint "miaow!" came from it, and Bobby plucked up courage to open it. "Why, it is Tibbles!" cried Percy in delight. "Ha, ha! Johnny has gone down the well instead of him!"

"Why is a herring as good as an umbrella, Percy?"

"Well, if you have one you will be dry, Bobby!"

6. When Johnny was pulled out of the well, he found Mrs. Woolly waiting to smack him. "Well, well! This is your unlucky day, Johnny," said Bobby. "And my lucky one!" said Tibbles.

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

WUFFUMS AND THE BONES.

"Ah, what a lovely bone," said Wuffums. "I must hide that!"

Wuffums was not a greedy doggie, and he was always ready to share a bone with a pal, but it always tasted nicer after he had raked in the garden for it. Perhaps that was because all the raking made him extra hungry.

Well, away trotted Wuffums with his bone to a quiet spot in the garden, and then he began to scrape a hole for it.

"I shall enjoy that when I come in to-night," he said when the bone was covered.

Just then a little bark sounded over the fence, and, looking up, Wuffums saw Boodle, his best doggie friend.

"Coming out for a run?" said Boodle. "I want to talk to you."

Wuffums looked surprised, wondering why Boodle sounded so stern, and wanted to talk to him specially. He felt something must be wrong, for Boodle was usually so cheery and called funny things over the fence to him. Sometimes Wuffums would even pretend to be cross at what he said, and the two would growl and scratch at each other with the fence in between.

Feeling rather puzzled, Wuffums pushed out of the hole at the end of the garden and met Boodle. Then away they trotted.

"Well?" said Wuffums.

"Well!" said Boodle. "It's like this! I was in the park this morning and I heard Rex, your little master, telling his pal that they couldn't keep you much longer. His daddy doesn't like the big holes you make in the garden."

"Oh!" Wuffums stood quite still, his tail hanging down sadly. "And I've just hidden another bone!" he said.

"Um! I was watching you!" said Boodle. "That's why I thought I'd better come and tell you what I had heard."

"I suppose they grew tired of punishing me!" sighed Wuffums. "Well, I must just dig one more hole to find that last bone and then I'll never do it again. Do you think they'll keep me then?"

Wuffums found something soft in the hole.

Boodle nodded, and then, to cheer themselves up, the two doggies began rolling over and over on the soft, cool grass, and playfully biting each other.

Soon it began to get dark, and Wuffums and Boodle were sure it was supper time. It felt as if it were, so they scampered off to their homes, hoping to find something nice to eat.

"Don't forget. No more digging after you've found this last bone," said Boodle, as they rubbed noses in good-bye. "I should be lonely if you were sent away!"

"I promise," said Wuffums. "No one will see me after dark, and I'll leave the corner tidy!"

As soon as he reached his garden he began scraping away the mould from where he thought he had hidden his bone, but it was not there.

"Someone must have raked it up!" he said, feeling hot and cross. "I expect it was that cat! I'll tell her—ah, what's this?"

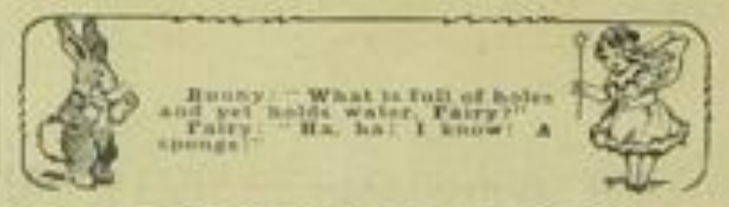
Wuffums dived his nose into the hole and came out with something flat and soft between his teeth. It certainly was not his bone. It was a note case, and sniffing it, Wuffums knew that it belonged to his big master, Rex's daddy.

When he ran into the house with the case everyone was looking for it, and Baby Janet was sobbing: "I forget where I hided it!" She had been making "mud pies" and seeing the case, thought it would be fun to hide it.

Well, when they saw Wuffums with it they didn't know how to make enough fuss of him. He had cushions to lie on, big plates of dinner and lots and lots of bones. He knew no one wanted to part with him now and he was happy.

Boodle was happy, too, and Wuffums never dug another hole in the garden.

(A jolly story about ice creams next week.)



AT SNOWDROP'S ZOO

1. "I'll find Olive Ostrich a cushion to sit on," said Jumbo. "She is sitting on eggs!"

2. "You are silly, Jumbo!" laughed Chic. "Olive wants to keep the eggs nice and warm!"

3. Now, Chic had a basket of eggs for to-morrow's breakfast, and asked Jumbo to mind them.

4. After a while Jumbo felt rather worried. "These eggs will get cold if Chic doesn't hurry up!" he said.

5. So he thought he'd better sit on them, and Chic and Snowdrop were just in time to hear a loud crack!

6. "I was only keeping them warm, like Olive," said Jumbo sadly, and the chums had to laugh! He was too heavy!

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING: THREE FINE FILMS

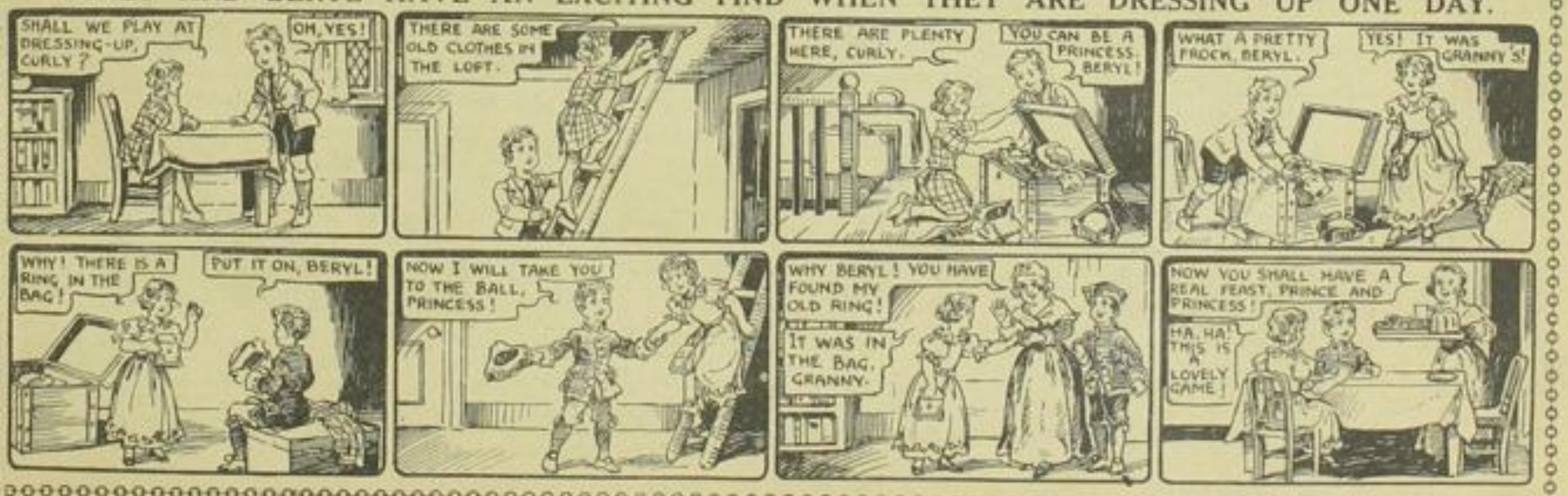
(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. Teacher Tess.
2. Sweets and a Leap.
3. Granny's Old Ring.

HUSKY HELPS REDWING WHEN TESS IS GIVING HER LITTLE CHUM A SPELLING LESSON.

SCAMP KEEPS THE BIGGEST SWEET AND SHOWS TOBY HOW HE CAN JUMP OVER ONE MILE!

CURLY AND BERYL HAVE AN EXCITING FIND WHEN THEY ARE DRESSING UP ONE DAY.



THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

GOLLY'S STRANGE WAYS PUZZLE THE PLAYMATES.

"THERE is something queer about that Stripey Spanda, Dolly. Just look at the paint on my hands!"

Paddy held out his hands for the little girl to see, and she nodded in a serious way.

The little boy and his playmates were living on a Wonderful Island, and one day they had made friends with a Panda! Teddy Bear, one of the playmates, had grown rather envious of all the fuss that was made over the Panda and had run away.

Then, later, the rest of the chums had discovered a funny little creature called a Stripey Spanda that was like a bear with red and white stripes and blue spots. This they had taken home to their cabin in the valley, and they were feeding it upon honey when Paddy drew his chum, Dolly, out of the kitchen and showed her his painty hands.

"You see those stripes are wet paint," he remarked. "It is not a Stripey Spanda at all."

"Then what else can it be?" Dolly cried, and Paddy had to admit that he had never seen such a queer animal before.

"Perhaps we should be able to recognise it if it were not for all those stripes and spots," he said. "I believe it is someone playing a trick on us—just to gobble up our honey."

"What shall we do?" said Dolly, as a burst of laughter came from the kitchen, and they heard Golly say: "Give Stripey another pot of honey, boys. He has finished up that one."

Paddy smiled grimly.

"You follow me and see some fun," he said, as he opened the kitchen door.

In the kitchen the Spanda had just finished another pot of honey, but before Sailor Sam could give him any more, Paddy said:

"Wait a minute, boys. I have something extra-special here for Stripey."

And he took down a big jar from the shelf. Lifting off the lid, he dipped in a big spoon and brought out some sticky brown stuff.

"Open your mouth, Stripey," he said. "Here is something you have never tasted before, I know."

"Pip-pip!" said the queer little animal, which was all he seemed to be able to say, and he opened his mouth wide.

Paddy popped in the spoon and——

"Coo! Ooo-oops! Whoo-co-osh! Glub! Glub!" The Spanda tumbled off the stool and began to hop all round the kitchen, while he held his tongue with both hands.

"Help! What was it?" he spluttered.

"Medicine!" cried Paddy, with a laugh. "It is special stuff for greedy fellows who eat too much. Here, have some more!"

Paddy dipped the spoon into the jar again, but the Spanda did not wait! With one bound, he hopped through the window and scampered out of sight among the trees.

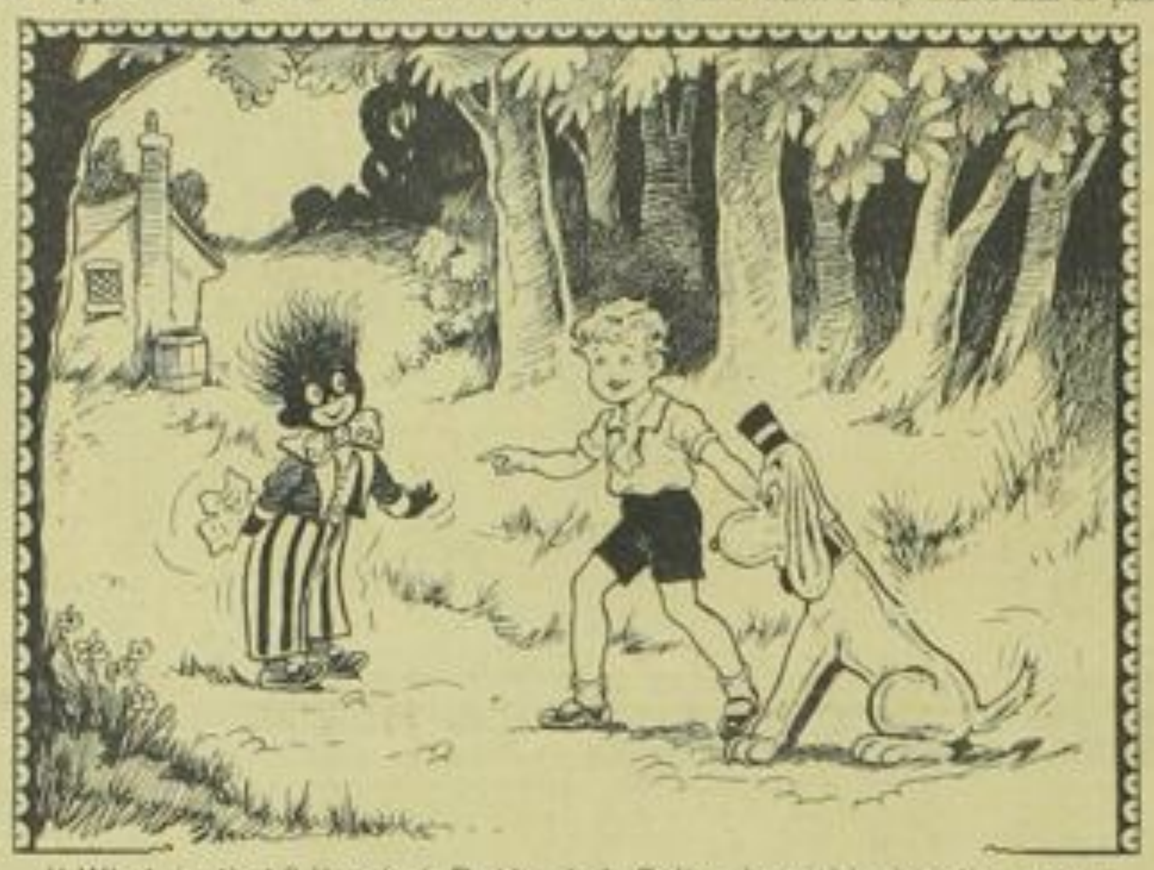
Paddy and his chums watched him go, and you may be sure the playmates were very surprised and puzzled.

"Why did you frighten him away, Paddy?" asked Golly, and Paddy showed him the paint on his hands.

"It was someone playing a trick on us," he said. "See, those stripes and spots were not real!"

"Goodness! Fancy that!" gasped Jimmy Jumbo. "I don't suppose we shall see him again."

The "Stripey Spanda" certainly did not appear during the next few days.



"What is that?" asked Paddy, but Golly sheepishly hid the paper.

Neither did Teddy Bear and the chums began to despair of ever seeing him again.

Dolly was still very sad, and so was Golly, who had been a special chum of Teddy.

One day, Paddy and Timbo were returning to the cabin through the trees when they saw Golly walking along, looking sadly at the ground.

"Poor Golly!" said Timbo. "He misses Teddy and—hallo! What's that?"

Golly had put his hand to his head as though something had hit him. Then he bent down to pick up something from the ground. It appeared to be a screwed-up ball of paper.

The little black boy had not noticed Paddy and Timbo, and he was unrolling the paper when they suddenly spoke to him.

"What is that, Golly?" they asked.

Golly hastily put the paper behind his back and looked sheepish.

"Oh—er—nothing!" he replied. "At least, nothing to worry about, you know—just nothing much, if you know what I mean."

Timbo caught a glimpse of the paper, which seemed to be a letter, but he and Paddy did not want to pry into Golly's secrets. If he did not want to show them the paper, well, they would not bother him.

But they could not help feeling curious.

"It is most unlike Golly to be secretive," Timbo said, as they returned to the cabin. "I wonder what that paper was—and who could have thrown it at Golly?"

"It is most mysterious!" Paddy replied.

During supper that night Golly was very strange. He seemed to be thinking of something else rather than his supper. Once he absentmindedly popped his serviette into his mouth instead of the bread, and when Dolly asked him to pass the salt, he held the pot upside down so that all the salt poured out upon the table.

"Are you feeling all right?" asked Paddy anxiously, and Golly looked more sheepish than ever.

"Oh, I—er—I'm all right!" he stammered. "I feel a little funny, that's all, so I—I think I'll go to bed."

With a far-away look on his face, he tucked his serviette and knife and fork into his pocket and went off, leaving the playmates staring in amazement.

"I do hope he isn't going to be unwell," Dolly exclaimed.

"I believe it is the colly-wobbles!" Sailor Sam said very seriously. "I behaved something like that when I had them."

Paddy was worried, and he decided to keep an eye on Golly. The little black boy was sleeping in a small room by himself and late that night Paddy roused Timbo.

"I'm going to take a peep at Golly now," he said.

"Then I will come, too," said Timbo, jumping up, and off they went.

Taking a peep into Golly's room, they had a big surprise, for their chum's bed was empty.

"Gone!" said Paddy. "That's queer."

Timbo raised a paw.

"Hark!" he said. "I heard a noise."

Yes, a faint sound came from the bathroom, and the two chums crept there, only to find it empty and the window open.

"That's where Golly went!" said Timbo. "Through the window. Ah, and look!" The dog detective pointed to the soap dish in the bath.

"How funny!" he said. "He has taken the soap and a scrubbing-brush with him. Goodness! He *must* be queer to do a thing like that."

"We had better go after him, Timbo!" Paddy muttered. "Poor Golly! He really must have the colly-wobbles."

The two chums climbed through the window to the ground and looked around the cabin. There was no sign of Golly, but there was a heavy dew on the grass, and Golly's footmarks were plainly to be seen.

"We will follow them!" said Paddy. "Come on, Timbo."

They started off at once, following the trail which led them to a clump of trees. Suddenly they heard a voice.

"Hark!" Timbo clutched Paddy's arm and the two chums stopped, holding their breath and listening.

"It's Golly's voice!" Paddy whispered.

It was Golly right enough, and what he was saying sounded very queer.

"It's no use! I've scrubbed and scrubbed, but they won't come off. I am afraid you will have to remain a Stripey Spanda for ever."

Timbo and Paddy looked at each other in amazement. What ever did this mean?

Silently they crept forward to peep through the trees and at last they came upon a queer sight.

Standing in a tub of water was the Stripey Spanda and Golly was scrubbing away with the soap and brush as if his life depended upon it.

"G-goodness!" hissed Timbo. "What are they trying to do?"

"Golly is trying to scrub away those stripes and spots!" said Paddy. "I told you they weren't real! So Golly knows who that Stripey Spanda really is! Let's watch and see what happens."

(Have you guessed who the Stripey Spanda is? Yes, I expect you have! Look out for some more grand adventures in this lovely story next week.)

TOM DOES SOME FISHING WITH MABEL'S CLOCK-WORK AEROPLANE

1. "I wanted to go fishing to-day," said Tom to Mabel, "but I forgot to bring my rod. My line is so short!"

2. Then he saw Mabel's toy plane. "I could tie my line to that," said he, and wound up the "engine."

3. "That looks a good idea," chuckled Snip. "I hope you get a good catch for our dinner, Tom!"

4. "Look! Here's a fine fish!" cried Mabel, when the plane came down on the other side of the pond.

BRIGHTEYES

A kind deed ends in trouble for Brighteyes.

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes hears Sarah and Amy planning to give her a cake that will send her to sleep. Later the chums get into the kitchen through a secret panel and find the cake on the table. Lola wants to taste it, but Brighteyes will not let her.

1. The cake looked so nice with its pretty pink icing that Lola was quite anxious to taste it, but Brighteyes snatched it up quickly, her face very grave. "You must not have any of this, Lola," she murmured. "Sarah has put something in it to make me sleep! I heard her tell Amy."

2. Remembering that Sarah and Amy were planning to get little Brighteyes back to Gipsy Meg, Lola snatched the cake from Brighteyes' hands, exclaiming: "Then we ought to throw it away at once!" "Yes!" chimed in Joan. "Then Sarah will not be able to give you any."

3. Our little girl agreed at once that it was the best thing to do, and the three chums hurried out of the back door and along the lane to the little river that wound its way through the woods. Standing on the bridge, Lola tossed the cake into the water, and the next moment it vanished.

4. Feeling very glad that they had been able to foil Sarah's plan so easily, the girls hurried back. "My word! I am hungry," began Lola, but the next moment she stopped as she caught sight of a tired, dusty figure sitting at the side of the road. "It is Mrs. Mills," said Brighteyes.

5. The old lady, who was a great favourite with the chums, was looking very pale and weary. "I wish I could skip about like you, my dears," she murmured, when she saw the little girls. "But my shoes are quite worn out, and I have no money to buy a new pair."

6. After chatting for a few moments, the old lady went off down the road, and the chums gazed after her sorrowfully. "If only we could do something for her," exclaimed our little girl. "She is such a dear. But we cannot give her any of our shoes. They would be too small."

7. Many times the old lady had given the chums apples and cakes when they passed her little cottage, and they were still trying to think how they could help her when our little girl exclaimed: "I know! Let's open a school shop. We might be able to make some money for her."

8. Her chums agreed that it was a splendid idea, and with a big trestle table and some trellis they soon fixed up a little shop in the playground. "But what are we going to sell?" asked Joan. "Ha, ha! I expect the girls will help us to get some things!" laughed Brighteyes.

9. The new shop caused great excitement among the other girls, and before the chums had finished building it, quite a large crowd had gathered round. "We are opening this shop to help Mrs. Mills," explained Brighteyes. "Will you bring us some things to sell, girls?"

10. The girls were only too glad to help and a few moments later they came pouring out of the school with all sorts of odds and ends for Brighteyes' "jumble sale." They soon had a fine stock of toys, dolls, books, and games, and the shop was nearly full when our little girl was astonished to see Amy Vincent hurry across the playground with a tennis racket. "Here you are, Brighteyes!" she cried. "You can have this for your shop!"

11. Thinking that at last Amy really wanted to be friends, Brighteyes took the racket gratefully and put it at the front of the shop where everyone could see it. The next minute the playground became suddenly hushed as Miss Barry came out of the school door. Her face looked very stern as she came across to the shop and pointed to the racket. "Where did you get that tennis racket, Brighteyes?" she cried angrily. "It is mine."

(Whatever will Brighteyes say now? Is this another of Amy's tricks? Read more of this exciting picture-story in next week's PLAYBOX.)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—While exploring an island Joe and Effie come to a hut. A tiger-skin which is lying on the floor moves suddenly and frightens them away. Then they find that their boat is missing.

1. Poor Joe was beginning to wish that they had never come to this mysterious island. They had been frightened out of the empty hut by a moving tiger-skin, and now they discovered that their little boat had vanished. "Now we can't get away at all, Effie!" cried Joe in dismay.

2. The only hope left was to call the captain to bring the Flying Fish to the shore of the island so that they could climb aboard—but that hope was quickly dashed. "I can't come in any closer, Joe!" shouted Captain Scott, in reply. "The rocks are much too dangerous!"

3. With sinking hearts the twins turned away and walked along the sands. "We must get away from here somehow, Joe," said Effie, while Pansy hopped about on her shoulder. "I—I don't like this place." "The only thing left is to build a raft," replied Joe. "Let's look for some wood."

4. They searched along the water's edge for a long time without result, and Joe was just giving it up when he came to a sudden stop and stared down at the sand with wide, wondering eyes. "Just look, Effie!" he gasped. "These are footprints! It means that someone is living here."

5. Until that moment they had thought the mysterious island deserted, but the discovery of the footprints proved that they had been mistaken. "This may explain a lot," muttered Joe, as he followed the deep prints up the sand towards the rocky cliffs. "We must find out who this is."

6. Joe was so intent on following the trail that he failed to notice a queer-looking head peering at him from the top of a rock, but Effie, who was gazing about her nervously, caught sight of it at once. "Oh! What is that, Joe?" she cried. "Don't be scared, Effie," said Joe.

7. He could see at once that there was nothing to be frightened of, for the face was only a chalk drawing on the bottom of an old oil-drum which was propped on top of a pole. "Who can have done this?" he muttered, as he pulled it down. "Someone is trying to scare us away."

8. At that moment, Pansy suddenly seemed to wake up, and the next instant she flapped her wings and flew away along a narrow passage between the rocks. "This way! This way!" she squawked. "Well!" exclaimed Effie, in amazement. "What ever has come over Pansy?"

9. The twins quite thought that the funny old parrot was up to her tricks again, but not wishing to lose her, they gave chase, and a few minutes later they came upon her perched on a huge iron ring which was embedded in the rock. "Give it a pull, Joe!" she screeched.

10. Joe and Effie gazed at each other doubtfully. "What ever does she mean?" murmured Effie. "I just can't guess!" laughed Joe, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But I think I'll give that ring a tug, all the same. It can't do any harm!" He took hold of the great iron link in both hands and pulled with all his strength. Suddenly there was a loud grating noise and a huge square of the rock swung outwards like a door.

11. The opening was so unexpected that the twins could scarcely believe their eyes. Behind the rock was a great black hole, and Joe stared into it eagerly. "It strikes me Pansy knows more about this island than we think, Effie!" he murmured. "I can see a flight of steps leading down into the rock. Shall we go down and explore?" The little girl turned pale and shook her head quickly. "I'm scared, Joe!" she whispered.

(Will the twins explore this mysterious place? Do not miss the wonderful adventure in this grand story next week.)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, July 22nd, 1939. LG

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

THE FUNNY BABY PANDA IS AT SNOWDROP'S ZOO!

SEE PAGE 8

PLAYBOX 2

SONNY BEAR TO THE RESCUE!

1. "Good-bye, mummy!" said our Sonny. "We are going to have our tea in the woods to-day." "Don't eat too much!" said Mrs. Bear, as she looked at that big basket!

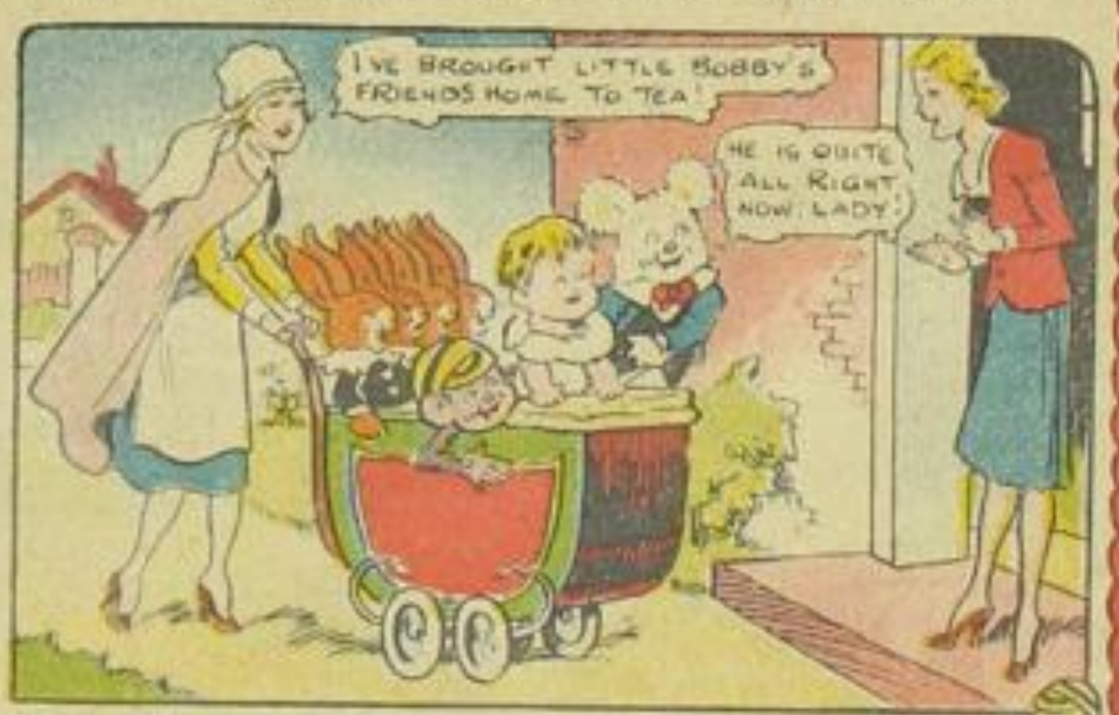
2. On the way our chums met the four Bunny Boys, who were looking very sad. "Boo-hoo!" they sobbed. "We want to go for a picnic, too!" "Come along with us!" said Sonny.

3. And the Bunnies were so pleased that they carried the basket all the way to the woods. "Good lads!" laughed our little bear. "Now we can have our tea! I hope you are hungry!"

4. "Don't forget! Mummy said we were not to eat too much!" said Micky, as they started their picnic. "Oh, no!" said Sonny. "I'm only going to have ten buns and three jellies." Suddenly he stopped eating and cried: "Baby Bobby has fallen into the river! We must save him!"

5. Quite forgetting the buns and jellies, our brave little bear jumped up and tied a big loop in the table-cloth. "Empty the basket, boys!" he cried. "I'm going to the rescue!" "Be careful, Sonny!" exclaimed Micky. "That water looks a bit wet." But our Sonny did not care!

6. Using the basket for a lifeboat, he paddled out into the river and was just in time to throw the table-cloth over Baby Bobby's head. "You'll soon be safe!" he chuckled. "Hold tight! We are going back now!" And how the others cheered!



7. And nursie was so grateful to our chums that she invited them all home to tea! "Hurrah! Two teas in one day!" cheered Micky. "I hope it isn't a dream!" But he knew it was true when he tasted the strawberries and cream!

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

The tiresome boy ran off with the clockwork car.

"MANY happy returns of the day, Andrew! Hope you have a jolly day!"

Our little Tommy Twinkle called out this merry greeting to a younger boy, as the children trooped out of school one sunny day. As a matter of fact, everybody was feeling very merry, for the summer holidays would soon commence, and breaking up day was very near.

Andrew turned to Tommy, his round face wreathed in smiles.

"Thank you, Tommy! I am having a lovely day, too! I had lots of fine presents this morning—lots of clockwork models, too! Just what I wanted!"

"Splendid!" responded our little favourite, smiling at the excited little boy. "By the way, Andrew, do you know where everybody goes on their ninth birthday?"

"N-no. Where?" queried Andrew, in some surprise. "I don't think I am going anywhere particular to-day," he laughed.

"Oh, yes you are," chuckled Tommy Twinkle, half-turning to glance at another boy who had joined them. "You are going into your tenth year, aren't you? Ha, ha, ha! Caught, Andrew!"

"I don't think much of that as a joke," grunted the newcomer, shrugging his shoulders.

Andrew flashed a scornful glance at the other boy, whose name was Jack.

"Well, I do!" he retorted. "I think it's a jolly good catch, Tommy! Can you think of any more?"

"Yes, I think so," smiled Tommy, wisely ignoring Jack's rather rude remark. "If a man were journeying along a road and took the wrong turning, what would be the best thing to offer him?"

Andrew suggested all sorts of things, all of which were wrong, and even Jack, for all his cleverness, could not think of the answer.

"Oh, we shall never guess," laughed Andrew at last. "Give it up, Tommy!"

"Well, I should think the best thing to do would be to give the man a lead pencil and make him write (right)!" cried our merry little favourite, breaking into merry laughter. "Ha, ha, ha!"

How Andrew did laugh at this merry "take-in," and Jack went so far as to admit that it was "not bad."

"Well, perhaps you can think of a better one!" Andrew challenged him sharply.

"I dare say I could if I put my mind to it," grinned the other boy. Then, changing his tone, he added quickly: "Did I hear you say you had some new clockwork toys for your birthday, Andrew? I am very keen on those."

"Yes," said Andrew, all smiles again. "Six altogether. Will you come and see them, Tommy?" And he turned eagerly to our little boy.

"Rather," responded Tommy. "When would you like me to come?"

"Now, if you like," said Andrew.

"Very well," smiled our little favourite. For it was half-holiday from school that afternoon, and there was therefore no desperate hurry.

So the boys made their way to Andrew's house, and Jack, although he had not been invited, accompanied them, even into the little glass-walled play-room that Andrew's daddy had built him in the garden.

Andrew, leading the way into the jolly little room, felt half-inclined to ask Jack to go home, but he was really a kind-hearted little fellow and had not the heart to tell the other boy he was not wanted.

"My word, what a collection!" grinned Tommy, gazing down at the array of clockwork toys on the floor. There was a fine toy tramcar, two motor-cars, an aeroplane, several funny little figures, including a clown that turned somersaults when you wound him up! Then there was a big green froggie that hopped along, and a funny clockwork tortoise that moved its legs and swayed its queer little head!

Didn't Andrew and his companions enjoy themselves, too! Suddenly, however, Jack cried:

"I tell you what we ought to do! Take them all out and set them off running down the hill outside this house, Andrew. Hee, hee! It would be fun to see them all going down, wouldn't it?"

"No, I am not to take them out of here," replied Andrew firmly. "Besides, they might run away down the hill into the main road at the bottom, and get broken!"

"Nonsense! Of course they wouldn't!" scoffed Jack, jumping up. "Come on! Don't be a baby! Let's try this motor-car, anyway!" And in a flash the tiresome boy had run out with the clockwork car before Andrew or Tommy could stop him.

"He has taken it!" gulped Andrew indignantly.

"Hi, Jack! Come back!" shouted Tommy, jumping to his feet. But Jack only laughed mockingly as he scampered up the garden-path.

"Come on after him!" exclaimed Tommy, dashing out, and suddenly a merry idea flashed into our little boy's mind. Tap, tap, went his right Magic Shoe, and he wished that something very strange might happen to Master Jack the very instant he set foot outside the garden gate. And it did happen, too, for suddenly Jack halted on the pavement and stood as still as a rock!

"W-why, what has happened to him?" gasped Andrew, passing through the gate with Tommy. "And — and where are we?"

Andrew might well ask, for the three boys suddenly found themselves in the strangest place you ever saw. Everything went by clockwork—little brightly-coloured trams and buses were running up and down the road. Comic little men and women, all looking very shining and "tin-ny," strutted along by clockwork. Even the doggies and pussy-cats went by clockwork too, and had little keys poking out of their sides, ready to be wound up at a minute's notice.

A tall clockwork soldier came strutting by, and seeing Andrew, saluted him stiffly.

"I suppose you haven't found it, young sir?" he asked.

"Er—found what, please?" stammered Andrew, while Jack still stood as stiff as a poker.

"The king's key," said the clockwork soldier. "He lost it this morning, and now we can't wind him up. Everybody in Clockwork Town is looking for it. By the way," he added, pointing to Jack, "you'd better wind *him* up. He's run down!"

With a gasp, Andrew turned, and suddenly realised that Jack had turned into a clockwork boy. That was why he was standing so stiff.

The next moment, Andrew broke into a peal of laughter, while Tommy Twinkle stooped merrily and turned the little key which was poking out at the side of Jack's shoe! Instantly, the clockwork boy started to strut along just as the soldier had done, very stiff and straight.

"I—I don't like it here!" he said tonelessly. "I feel so silly."

It was just on the tip of Andrew's tongue to say that Jack *looked* silly, but he refrained.

Suddenly, a commotion could be heard in the distance, and round a corner came a group of other clockwork folk, all looking for the Clockwork King's lost key. A very pompous-looking gentleman, seeing the boys, came hurrying up, lifting his cocked hat with one hand and mopping his forehead with the other.

"Ah, a stranger to Clockwork Town!" he cried, eyeing Jack with suspicion. "It looks very much to me as though you know something about the lost key. I'll have you arrested at once and taken to the king's palace. Ho, there! Call the guard!"

Somebody blew a tin whistle, and in the distance came the measured tread of a company of clockwork soldiers.

"I—I haven't seen the key!" wailed Jack, turning and attempting to strut off the way he had come. But the mayor hurried forward and caught him in a firm grip.

"Oh, no you don't!" he cried. "I——"

At this moment, however, Tommy Twinkle drew something from his own pocket. It was a small, shining key, and he handed it to the amazed mayor of Clockwork Town.

"You'd better wind him up!" said the soldier.

"I think you will find this is the right key, sir," smiled our little boy. "And now, please may we take our friend along with us?"

"Y-yes, yes, to be sure!" stuttered the delighted mayor, thankful to have found the missing key, and hurrying off.

"We'll go, too!" said Tommy, turning, and at the same moment stamping his *left* Magic Shoe.

Andrew and Jack turned round also, and—goodness! They found themselves walking back through the gate of Andrew's garden, and the strange town of clockwork people had vanished! Jack was just an ordinary little boy again, carrying Andrew's clockwork motor in his arms.

"Here! T-take this!" he gasped, thrusting it into Andrew's arms. "I'm off! I've had enough of clockwork things!"

And how Tommy and Andrew did laugh as they watched him racing off for home as fast as his legs could carry him!

(Look out for a very exciting "Tommy Twinkle" adventure in your PLAYBOX *next week, boys and girls.)*

"FLIPS"

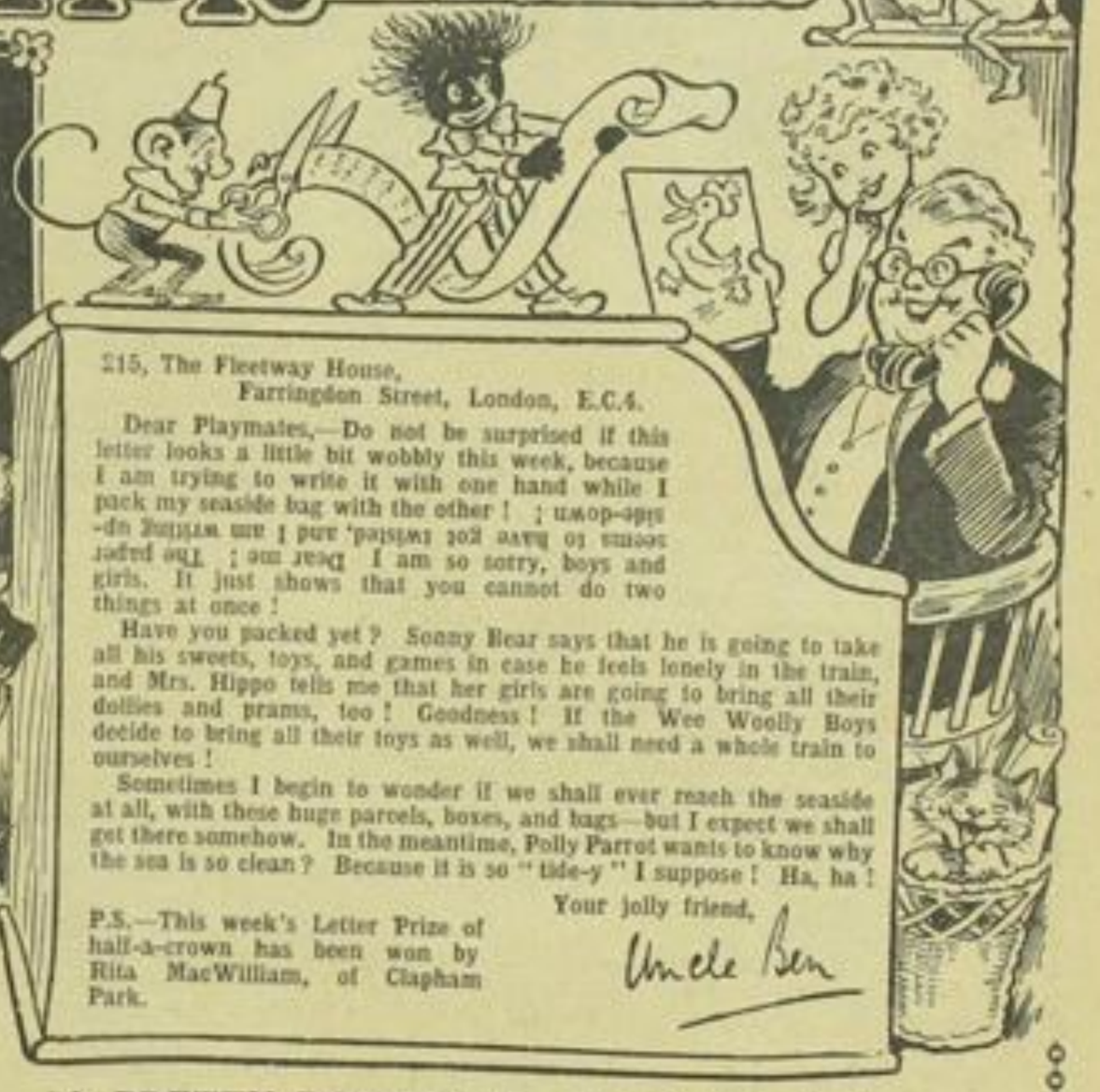
HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Ha, ha! The Baby Buntings are giving the ice-cream man a 'warm' welcome!" chuckled Chic, as he opened the PLAYBOX picture-book. "They seem very pleased to see him!"

"Yes! But I don't think he is very pleased to see them!" chuckled Paddy. "His ice-cream seems to be going rather quickly!"

Like all boys and girls, the Baby Buntings simply love ice-cream, and they thought it would be nice if they could have it for breakfast, lunch, and tea, so they decided to "hold up" the ice-cream man and capture his barrow!

But while Chubs was leading his gallant men, he tumbled right into the ice-cream and got much more than he wanted! The noise they were making brought Mrs. Bunting out and those naughty "pirates" were sent straight to bed! Ha, ha!



215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—Do not be surprised if this letter looks a little bit wobbly this week, because I am trying to write it with one hand while I pack my seaside bag with the other! ; uwop-əpis-up writing I am ,'pəsiwt ɹoɟ ɹǝʌǝ uo ǝɯoɔ sɐǝɹ Dear me; I am so sorry, boys and girls. It just shows that you cannot do two things at once!

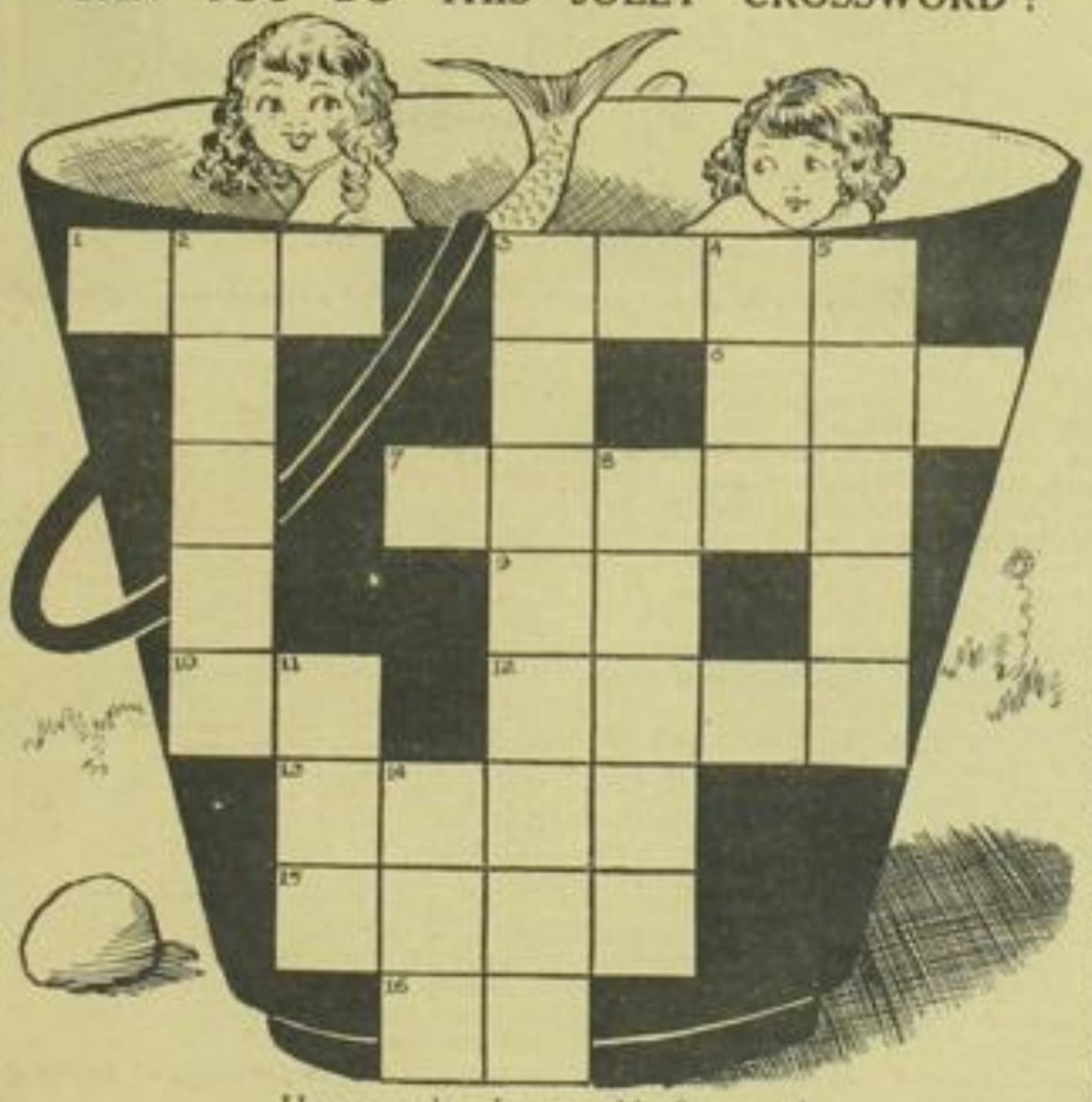
Have you packed yet? Sonny Bear says that he is going to take all his sweets, toys, and games in case he feels lonely in the train, and Mrs. Hippo tells me that her girls are going to bring all their dollies and prams, too! Goodness! If the Wee Woolly Boys decide to bring all their toys as well, we shall need a whole train to ourselves!

Sometimes I begin to wonder if we shall ever reach the seaside at all, with these huge parcels, boxes, and bags—but I expect we shall get there somehow. In the meantime, Polly Parrot wants to know why the sea is so clean? Because it is so "tide-y" I suppose! Ha, ha!

Your jolly friend,
Uncle Ben

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Rita MacWilliam, of Clapham Park.

CAN YOU DO THIS JOLLY CROSSWORD?



Here are the clues to this fine puzzle.

ACROSS:

1. A donkey.
3. Oceans.
6. A small, flat-fish.
7. A nobleman.
9. Thus.
10. Sammy Seal's initials.
12. Worn on the head.
13. Red Riding ——?
15. What you hear with.
16. Red, without a tail.

DOWN.

2. Boats.
3. The coast.
4. Bustle, bother.
5. Where you dig at the seaside.
8. Highways.
11. Opposite of "he."
14. Used for rowing a boat.

This puzzle is not a competition. You will find the solution on page 4.

A PRETTY DOVECOTE. For Dolly's Garden.

This neat little model is very easily made from two cotton-reels and a thin wooden skewer. As you can see, a reel is placed on each end of the skewer and fixed with a tiny spot of glue. It is best to use a slightly heavier reel for the base, otherwise your little dovecote may tumble over.

The roof is made from a cone of fairly stout paper. This can be made by cutting a section from a circle of paper and then joining the edges together as you can see in the little picture.

It is then glued on to the top of the dovecote. Paint the roof red and the rest of the model white. The little doors can be marked in black paint. It will look so pretty!

DABS DOES SOME QUICK WORK.

1. "Look at my nice little cart, Dabs!" said Dibs proudly. "It has only taken me half an hour to make!" "Goodness! Aren't you slow!" laughed Dabs. "I can make a bookstand in half a second!"

2. With an artful smile, she fetched a book from the next room, and then stood it up on the table. "There you are!" she cried. "I have made a book stand, haven't I? Ha, ha! I caught you that time, Dibs!"

MORE RIDDLES FOR YOU!

Q. Which ladder can never be climbed?

A. A ladder in your stocking.

Q. Why is a tap like a good sportsman?

A. Because they both run!

Q. What is always needed yet often turned out?

A. The gas.

Q. What comes after a mouse?

A. His tail.

A JOLLY DANCE!

"Ha, ha! Play up, Percy! I am enjoying this dance!"

"All right, Billy. What would you like—a quick-step or a door-step?"

"I think I will have a piggy-trot to start with, Percy! My little porker is very fond of that!"

"Because he has some nice little 'trotters' I suppose! Ha, ha! That reminds me, Billy: do you know why a piggy's tail is like the letter k?"

"No. Tell me."

"Because you find it at the end of pork, you see!"

"Oh very smart, Percy! Now here is one for you. Which makes the most noise? A band or a cook?"

"A band, of course, Percy! You are making an awful noise with your one-man band!"

"Oh no, you are quite wrong, Billy! A band makes a din—but a cook makes a dinner, you see!"

"I saw a man with a band on his head the other day."

"Did you really?"

"Yes—a hat band! Ha, ha!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

LOCKED IN WHILE TRACKING THE CULPRIT.

Michael Follows a Clue.

ALTHOUGH very few people knew it, there had been a mystery in the Model Aeroplane Race at Mulberry School.

Hidden away in the trim little monoplane which Michael Baxter and his chums called The Silver Streak, they found a piece of lead, artfully wrapped round with paper—a piece of lead so heavy that, but for the good luck of finding it, must have turned the model into a complete failure.

Who was responsible for this mean trick, the chums did not know. But Michael, determined to find out, happened upon a clue which, in the darkness and silence of the class-room that night, he showed grimly to little Tim Trotter.

"It's the piece of paper that was wrapped about that bit of lead, Tim," he whispered. "I soaked it off with water and unfolded it—and it has given me a clue. It's a piece torn out of somebody's exercise book. Wait while I shine this torch on it," he added eagerly, "and you can see for yourself."

Michael had spread the piece of torn paper out upon one of the desks, and now, as he shone the narrow beam of a small torch upon it, Tim's eyes narrowed and he examined it with special interest.

"It must have been a sum book, Michael," he said, as he peered down intently. "I can see the outline of faint figures!"

"That's what I thought," put in Michael. "There is a six and a five. I must have nearly washed them away when I soaked the lead in water."

"That's right," muttered Tim, still gazing fixedly. "A six and a five—and, I say, Michael," he added, looking up quickly, "I wonder whose book this piece was torn out of!"

"H'm!" muttered Michael, with a grim sort of a smile. "I wonder! That's what I've come down here to find out. I've got an idea, Tim," he said, even more grimly, "that whoever it was who tore out that piece of paper is the person who put the lead inside our monoplane. I think I'll start at the warmest place first and save time."

Tim looked a bit puzzled.

"But what is the warmest place?" he asked, with a laugh.

"This desk here," said Michael promptly, pointing to the one at his left hand. "Cyril Badger's!"

"Badger's?" gasped Tim. "Do you think he was the culprit then?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. It was the very thing he and Monty Green might have been expected to do," muttered Michael.

"But you haven't found anything yet have you?" said Tim, and Michael shook his head.

"No," he said. "I was just going to make a search when I heard you come in. You gave me a shock, for I thought I'd get into trouble if it were the Head; it would look rather bad if he'd found me prying into someone else's desk. Now you can help me, Tim! I'm glad you came down!"

Michael shone the torch into Cyril's desk, revealing a rather untidy assortment of books and pens and stationery.

The light revealed, also, a brand-new tin of toffees which brought a rather wistful light into the eyes of the two boys. But, having no right, of course, to help themselves to another boy's property, they resisted the temptation and were content to sort over Cyril's exercise books and bring them out for inspection.

"Now we shan't be long," said Tim, with a chuckle, as he proceeded to examine them. "English! That's not the one," he said as he tossed it back. "History! Neither is that. Geography—I say, Michael," he gasped, with sudden eagerness "I believe you're on the right scent. Do you see this figure five. It's got the top running away, just like that five on the piece of paper. We're getting warmer," he said with a grin, as he peered into the desk again. "I wonder where his sum book is."

For some minutes they searched in vain, wondering where Cyril's missing exercise book could be.

"He must have had one," muttered Tim. "I'm sure he had one. I remember, the other day, the Head saying how untidy his work was and—and——" Tim stopped for a moment with a puzzled look and then a sudden memory brought a light into his eyes. "I know!" he cried. "I know why the book isn't here in his desk. It's in the master's desk."

"In the master's?" gasped Michael, staring.

"Yes. The master took it away from him. Don't you remember. He said he was going through it to see what Cyril had been doing during the last few weeks."

It was one of those minor happenings of school life which both boys had forgotten until this moment. Now, with new hope, they made their way to the master's desk which, by a piece of good luck, happened to be unlocked.

A few moments' search revealed the book they were looking for.

"Here it is," cried Michael excitedly, as he began to turn the pages. "'C. Badger, Arithmetic.' Did you ever see such a mess? No wonder the master made nasty remarks about it. I wonder Badger didn't—er—hallo! Here we are!" His voice grew suddenly excited. "Here's the page, Tim. I'm sure of it!"

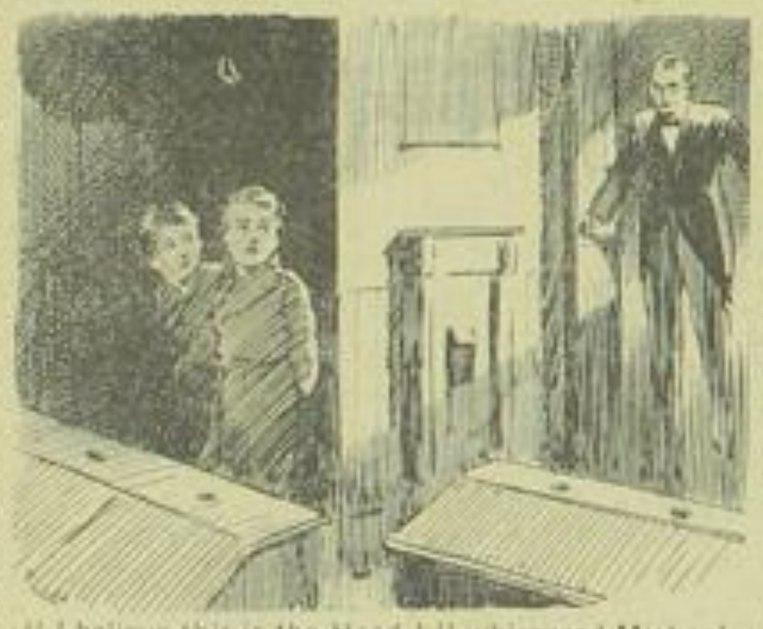
Tim bent over him with bright eyes. Near the beginning of the book a page had been ripped out, leaving a jagged strip behind. And just a moment's comparison of that strip with the torn piece of paper in Michael's hand was enough to prove where the piece had come from.

"There you are! Didn't I tell you I was right!" cried Michael excitedly. "The two pieces fit exactly. It was Cyril Badger who tore out this page and it was he who wrapped this paper round that piece of lead and dropped it inside The Silver Streak."

"But how did he do it? How could he have done it. All the models were shut up in the class-room."

"I know," said Michael grimly. "But not in the Upper Class-room, where we are now. They were in the Lower Class-room," he pointed out, "where anybody could climb in through the window."

"And do you think that's what he did?" gasped Tim.



"I believe this is the Head!" whispered Michael.

"I'm sure of it. How else could the lead have got there? And don't you remember, Tim," he added, "how we found the model facing the wrong way round. I said, then, that somebody had touched it."

Tim nodded, remembering it well. He, too, felt convinced that Cyril Badger was the boy who had done his level best to spoil their chances.

"What do you think we ought to do about it, Michael?" he asked.

"Tackle him right out," replied Michael promptly. "Tackle him to his face, Tim, and—and—— What's that?"

Michael spun round upon his chum as there came a sound of footsteps in the corridor outside. In an instant he had switched out the torch and, catching Tim by the arm, drew him quickly and quietly into a deep recess by the cupboard.

"Sh-h! Quiet, Tim," he whispered. "I believe it is the Head."

And Michael was quite right. The next moment the door of the class-room opened and a man's head was thrust inside. It was Dr. Crabtree, peering sternly into the room, gazing straight at the two boys.

"Who's there?" he demanded sharply.

Prisoners!

For a few moments the two boys were too startled to reply.

Quite sure that they were seen, Tim's lips became suddenly so dry that, although he tried to speak, he was unable to utter a sound.

That it was very lucky he had not spoken he realised a moment later when the headmaster strode into the room and stared in the opposite direction.

"That's queer," they heard him mutter. "I could have been quite sure I saw a light in here. Is anybody here?" he demanded again—and this time, deciding that it might be wiser to say nothing, the boys remained silent and unmoving.

For, even though their intentions were quite all right, it would not have done for Dr. Crabtree to know that they had been ransacking the master's desk as well as that of Cyril Badger.

So, to the chums' relief, the headmaster passed out of the class-room again, without seeing them, although, a moment later, the sound of a sharp click in the lock swiftly changed their relief into dismay.

"Michael!" gasped Tim. "He has locked the door. We're prisoners. What can we do?"

Michael's face turned a shade paler as he moved to the class-room door and tried the handle. It had been locked by the headmaster upon the outside and they were prisoners, as Tim had said.

"Well I never," he said, in his grim, grown-up way. "This is a fine kettle of fish, I must say."

Michael was smiling a little at the strange way in which fortune had turned against them, though the smile faded as he gazed with wrinkled brows about the room.

"What about that bunch of keys you found just now?" whispered Tim. "Perhaps one of those will open the door!"

Michael shook his head, gazing at the bunch.

"They're all too small," he muttered. "Miles too small. There's only one way out, so far as I can see, Tim. That's by the window."

"By the window?" gasped Tim. "But how, Michael. It's too high to jump and we haven't a rope or a sheet or anything. I don't see how we could get out by the window."

Michael, however, was a boy with an inventive mind who was seldom at a loss to find a way out of a difficulty, especially a difficulty of this sort.

First of all he opened the dormitory window and peered out and down into the quadrangle below, making quite sure that it was too far to risk a jump. Then, satisfied that it would be folly to do so, he turned back into the room and peered about him, looking for some safe means of lowering himself and Tim to the ground.

All Michael could find in the shape of a rope was a short length of cord, but this was enough to give him an idea.

"I know," he cried suddenly. "What about a chute!"

"A chute?" exclaimed Tim in astonishment. "What sort of a chute?"

"A sort of dry water-chute," said Michael with a chuckle. "Made of one of the forms. Something to slide down. I mean, like you slide down into a swimming-pool. Here, Tim," he added eagerly, "give me a hand and I'll show you!"

Looking rather excited by his new invention, little Michael moved to one of the longest forms and, looping the piece of cord about the legs at one end, made it fast with several knots.

"Now, Tim," he said. "Give me a hand with this. We've got to push it through the window."

"Good gracious!" gasped Tim. "But what are we going to do with it then?"

"Make a chute, of course. A sort of slipway, like boats go down when they are being launched. And we're going to launch ourselves in the quadrangle," said Michael, with a laugh. "I'll show you. Just help me lift up the form."

It was not an easy task, as you can imagine, to lower the long and heavy form out of the dormitory window. Nor, when they had managed to do so, with a big effort, did the new escape chute prove quite so successful as Michael had hoped. For the form was just too short and, with the bottom end resting on the paving of the quadrangle, the top end rested on the wall, unfortunately, too far below the level of the sill to make escape anything but dangerous.

"Try one of those keys in the lock!" said Tim.

Michael stared down at the form with a grim, set face.

"I believe I could just reach it if I hung down from the sill with my hands, Tim!" he muttered. "Then I could go and fetch a ladder from the shed and you could get down easily!"

With a frightened gasp, Tim drew his chum away from the window.

"Don't be silly, Mike," he murmured. "Even if you *could* reach the form like that you would overbalance the moment you left go of the sill!"

With a sigh of disappointment, Michael had to confess that his idea was not workable and, with a still greater effort, he and Tim hauled the form back into the room again.

"It seems to me," muttered Michael, who was beginning to look very tired, "that there's only one thing for it. That is to stay here and sleep on the floor. I think we'd better toss up, Tim, who sleeps on the rug and—and—— What's the matter? What are you doing?" he asked eagerly.

Tim did not answer for a moment. He had crossed to the door of the dormitory and, on one knee, was peering intently at the keyhole and at the bottom of the door. Then, suddenly, he sprang to his feet, his face flushed with excitement.

"Michael," he cried, "what sillies we are never to have thought of it. I know what to do. We can get out easily."

"How?" gasped Michael, staring.

"Through the door, here," said Tim, with a broad smile, as he beckoned to him eagerly. "You come here and I'll show you a trick—one of the oldest tricks in the world!"

(What is Tim's sudden, bright idea? Do not miss next week's exciting instalment of this lovely story.)

Here is the solution to the Cross-word Puzzle on page 3.

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy is searching for the owner of a ring like the queen's. She hears two men plotting to take a ring belonging to the queen from Lady Ann. This gives Wendy a clue, and later, discovering these men driving a cart to Lady Ann's house, Wendy leaps into it.

1. Wendy managed to swing herself safely over the back of the moving cart, and then to her delight she found a chest addressed to Lady Ann. "I can hide in here!" she murmured.

2. It certainly seemed a simple way to get into the house of this lady for whom Wendy was searching. She felt excited when the cart stopped and the men spoke of carrying in the chest.

3. "Bless me, it's heavy!" cried one of the men as they were carrying it over the drawbridge. "Perhaps I'm feeling more tired than when we set out. We'll leave it in the hall!"

4. Poor Wendy grew tired of waiting in that dark chest, and she could not get out if she wished, for the men had pressed down the clasp. Presently she heard steps and the lid was lifted.

5. Now, Wendy had never thought that her plan might scare the owner of the chest, but this happened to be a little girl of her own age. "Are you Lady Ann?" Wendy asked, but scared her.

6. Servants soon rushed into the hall, hearing their little mistress' cries, and while they were trying to console Lady Ann Wendy crept from the chest, in order to hide somewhere else.

7. She was afraid if the servants found her she would be sent away at once, so she made for a stairway. "How strange! There is no one there!" cried Lady Ann, gazing into the chest!

8. All day Wendy tried to see Lady Ann alone to speak about the ring. It was growing dark when she wandered into a bed-room and she thought how nice it would be to rest on that great bed.

9. "I've never slept on a big bed like that," she murmured. "I'll lie down just for a few moments!" But she fell asleep. Later Lady Ann came in with her maid; this was her room,

10. The murmur of their soft voices awoke Wendy and she saw in dismay that it was too late for her to escape now. But from the shadows she watched excitedly as Lady Ann picked a beautiful ring from its case and stood admiring it, and touching it fondly.

11. Wendy longed for the chance to examine it more closely, for she felt certain it was exactly like the queen's ring. "I will hide under the bed," she murmured excitedly, "and when Lady Ann is asleep, I can creep out and look into that jewel case!"

12. At last the candles were put out and Wendy thought she could hear the little girl sobbing for a while, but then all was quiet, and Wendy crept from her hiding-place. "I don't want to frighten her again," Wendy thought as she tiptoed across the room.

13. The light from the moon fell on the ring as it lay in the open case, but as Wendy moved towards it a hand was stretched behind the curtain and she heard someone whisper: "The ring is in this case." Wendy gasped, remembering the plot she had heard.

(Isn't this story getting exciting? You must not miss next week's thrilling instalment. Order your PLAYBOX now.)

MRS. HIPP

1. "No picnic for you, Pearl, until you have done your lessons," said Tiger Tilly, and Pearl walked off looking rather cross. "Ah, I'm glad I got up early to learn my one times table," said Polly.

2. They spread their cloth under a nice, shady tree, but they didn't notice Pearl scrambling up into that tree with a rope. "I'm not going to miss the picnic or do any lessons," she chuckled. "I've a fine idea!"

3. Now, Mrs. Hippo had given the girls a lovel big pot of honey. "I'm going to pretend I'm panda, then I can eat a lot!" said Betty Brun Pearl was pretending to be a cowboy with a lass

DIBS AND DABS

1. Ma had a friend to tea, so she sent Dibs, Dabs and Floppy into the garden. "I hope Mr. Loudmew doesn't eat all the cakes," said Floppy.

2. They were quite happy playing with their toy aeroplane until it flew towards the open window. "It has invited itself to tea with ma!" Dabs cried.

3. "We must see that it is safe," said Dibs, as they followed it. But it was the tea that was not safe, for the plane dived right on to the table!

4. The chums had to clear up then. "We don't mind eating cakes that are broken or have been on the floor," said Dabs. But they were unlucky!

SAMBO

1. Sambo scorched down to the sea one day. "I wants to take my car for a boat trip!" he said.

2. But he the boat leav he bumped

4. Now, those boards fixed themselves to his somehow, like wings, and Sambo floated over water. "I hab turned into a plane!" he cri

"Why is a baker's shop like a garden, Willy?"
"Because there are lots of different 'flours' (flowers) in it!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE W

1. Mrs. Thumb was very worried because she could not find Tom, so she gave the Woollies a shilling to go and look for him. "Oh, we'd find two Tom Thumbs for all that money!" cried Percy in delight.

2. "Well, I think it would be a good idea to look in the toy-shop first," said Willy. Of course, they really wanted to see the toys, and they were pleased when the toy-man offered them a fine pop-gun.

3. They forgot to look for Tom for a long whi after that, but at last they found him sitting under tree. "Let's pop our gun and make Tom jum into the air. Then we'll catch him!" said Reggie

S SCHOOL

4. Betty saw the rope first. "Goodness! Is this a big spider dropping us a line?" she cried. But suddenly there was a loud crack! The branch on which Pearl was lying broke, and she came down.

5. But, oh dear! She fell right into the honey! "Poor old Pearl! She wanted the honey and now she has got more of it than she wants!" cried Baby. "We shall never get her out, because it sticks!"

6. They managed to free Pearl at last, but all she could say was "M-m-oomph!"—for her mouth was stuck together. "You want a bath!" said Mrs. Hippo. "Then you will be ready for lessons!"

SCORCHER

n time to see shore. Then ndwich-man.

3. "Help! Is I going into a tunnel?" cried Sambo, as he drove under the two boards.

5. He didn't fly far, though, but dropped gracefully to the boat. "We hab caught yo' instead of ' catching de boat, Sambo!" said the captain.

SAMMY SEAL

1. When Sammy and Patsy went to explore an island they were welcomed by Mr. Ostrich. "I hope you see me well, thank you!" said Sammy.

2. Now, Patsy thought it would be fun to have an ostrich ride. "I'm sorry we can't find another one for you, Sammy," he said. "Cheer up!"

3. Sammy was rather disappointed, but he cheerfully fetched a nice pail of water for thirsty Mr. Ostrich. Patsy nearly slid down his neck then.

4. But when he told the ostrich to hold up his head, up came the pail, and Patsy had a shower-bath. "I wouldn't change places!" said Sammy.

E WOOLLY BOYS

4. So Bobby crept up to the tree and fired the gun. Off it went with a loud pop, and Tom jumped; but he was ready to run away. Now Bobby did not see a bird's nest in that tree. He had hit it with the gun.

5. Just as Tom was running off, the nest fell on to his head, and the eggs smashed all over Tom. "Ha, ha! You look like a batter-pudding now!" laughed Reggie. "But you can't see to run away from us."

"What goes all round a town, yet is only a few feet long, Percy?"
"I know Bobby! A motor-car!"

6. They soon took Tom home to his mummy, and she was so pleased with them for finding him quickly that she asked them to stay to tea. "You shall have jam and cream," she said. Those boys did cheer!

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

POOR ICE-CREAMS.

It was a very, very hot day, and the only people who were really cold were the ones who lived in Ice-Cream Cottage. And they liked being really cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Ice-Cream Tub and their little boy Tommy lived downstairs, and the Bricklet family lived upstairs.

Now, Tommy Tub and Ivy Ice-Brick were very great friends and always played together. On this day they had planned to go into the park and play cricket. But Mrs. Tub said:

"I really think it is too hot for you children to go out to-day. You might melt if you leave this nice cool house."

"Oh dear, I did want to go to the park!" sighed Tommy, and he went to find Ivy.

"Never mind," said Ivy. "I expect your mummy is right, and it would be dreadful if we melted, you know. Let's play cricket in our big top room!"

Tommy cheered up at that and ran downstairs to fetch the bat and ball. He had to leave the stumps, for he did not think Mrs. Ice-Brick would be very pleased if he tried to knock cricket stumps into her floor.

Well, Ivy and Tommy were happy for a while, until Tommy hit the ball bang—right through the open window!

"I'll soon get it," said Tommy, running to the window. "Can you see where it went, Ivy?"

The little girl shook her head as they both peered up and down the road, but no ball could they see.

Now, there was a coal-cart standing outside a house on the other side of the road. Tommy suddenly stared at it, and there, on top of a sack of coal, was the red cricket ball.

"There it is!" he cried. "I will run downstairs and get it!"

"I'll come, too!" said Ivy, following him.

Out into the hot road they ran, but, alas! the cart had already moved off, and they saw their ball being carried farther and farther away from them.

"Hi! Stop!" shouted Tommy.

"I don't feel very well!" said Ivy Ice-Brick.

But the coalman did not take any notice, so Tommy and Ivy started running after him.

Tommy was so fat that he could not run very fast, and before long the running and the hot sun made those two poor little ice-creams feel very strange.

At last they could run no more and sank down on the pavement, limp and leaning upon each other. They did look sad!

"Oh dear, I don't think I feel very well!" sighed Ivy, great drops running down her hot face.

"Neither do I!" said Tommy. "I—I believe we are melting!"

You can guess what might have happened to those poor little ice-creams, sitting there in the hot sun, if an ice-cream doctor had not come along at that moment in his car.

"Poor little things!" he said, lifting Tommy and Ivy in beside him. "I can see you are not feeling very well, but I will make you better. I've got a lovely cold room in my house that will soon cheer you up."

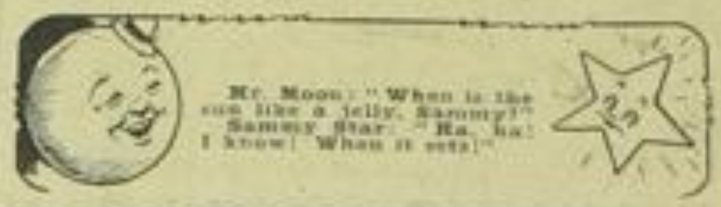
The ice-cream doctor called that room by a long name, and all Tommy and Ivy could remember of it was "fridge."

How lovely it was to lie quite still in that little white room, and after a while Tommy and Ivy began to feel better. They were jumping about and playing touch quite happily when the doctor opened the door.

"Ah, I can see you are better!" he said.

When he heard about the lost cricket ball he bought them a new one, but he made them promise never to go out into the sun again, except in the ice-cream bus. Have you ever seen the ice-cream man wheeling it along? Well, Tommy and Ivy are sure to be inside!

(Look out for a story of Inky-Pinky next week.)



AT SNOWDROP'S ZOO

1. Peter wanted to be a helpful little panda, so he offered to post Snowdrop's letters.

2. "Well, that is kind of you," said Snowdrop, and Peter trotted off feeling very proud.

3. But he couldn't reach the hole in the big pillar-box. That didn't worry him.

4. He came back without the letters, and said: "I'm glad they put pillar-boxes for little boys!"

5. "What does he mean?" cried Chic. "We'd better go and see what he has done with your letters!"

6. And then the funny little panda pointed to the drain. "That's where I posted them!" he cried.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. Saved from the Rapids.
2. Two Funny Tricks.
3. Dr. Curly!

REDWING BORROWS A GREAT BIRD'S NEST FOR A BOAT AND SAVES TESS FROM THE RAPIDS.

A TOPLESS TOPPER SPOILS AN EGG, AND SCAMP KEEPS DRY FEET WHILE STANDING IN WATER.

BERYL'S DOLLY LOOKS VERY ILL, BUT DR. CURLY SOON MAKES HER WELL AGAIN.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

PUNISHING THE "SPANDA" AND A TRIP TO THE SEASIDE.

"HUSH, Paddy! Very soon now we shall know who the 'Stripey Spanda' really is!" whispered Timbo, the dog detective, and Paddy nodded breathlessly.

The "Stripey Spanda" had appeared on the Wonderful Island shortly after Teddy Bear, one of the playmates, had run away, and Paddy felt sure there was some mystery about it! You see, after petting the "Spanda," Paddy found some paint upon his hands, and he soon guessed that its stripes and spots were only painted on!

Later on, Golly left the shanty in mysterious fashion one night, and Paddy and Timbo followed him. How surprised they were when they came upon Golly among the trees. He was scrubbing with a brush and soap at the "Stripey Spanda," who sat in a tub of water!

"It's no use," he was saying. "I have scrubbed and scrubbed, but these spots and stripes won't come off. I am afraid you will haveto stay a 'Stripey Spanda' for ever."

At this the "Spanda" began to weep.

"Oh dear! I shan't dare to come back to Paddy now," he sighed.

Hidden in the trees, Paddy gripped Timbo's paw.

"Do you know who it is now?" he hissed, and Timbo nodded.

"It's Teddy Bear!" he cried. "He was jealous of the Panda we made friends with and this was his way of getting some honey, too!"

The mystery was solved and Paddy could not help feeling amused, although it was really very wrong of Teddy to cheat them like this.

"Come along, Timbo," he said, and he stepped out into the clearing.

As the two chums appeared, Golly and Teddy gave squeaks of alarm. Teddy was so scared in fact, that he ducked down below the water. But he had to come up again, puffing for breath and red in the face.

"Oho, so it was you, Teddy!" said Paddy, pointing his finger at the little playmate. "I am very surprised at you and I think it serves you right if you have to walk about for ever all striped and spotty!"

Teddy looked very woeful.

"Please forgive me, Paddy!" he said. "I didn't mean to be bad and look—I am being paid out. I couldn't get the paint off myself, so I wrote a letter to Golly asking him to come and help me. But he can't, either. Oh dear! What shall I do?"

Luckily, Paddy had his pop-gun with him, and he decided to magic Teddy clean—for, of course, the pop-gun will work all kinds of magic.

"One—two—three—FIRE!" he cried, and as the pop-gun popped, Teddy became as clean as a new pin and very pleased, too!

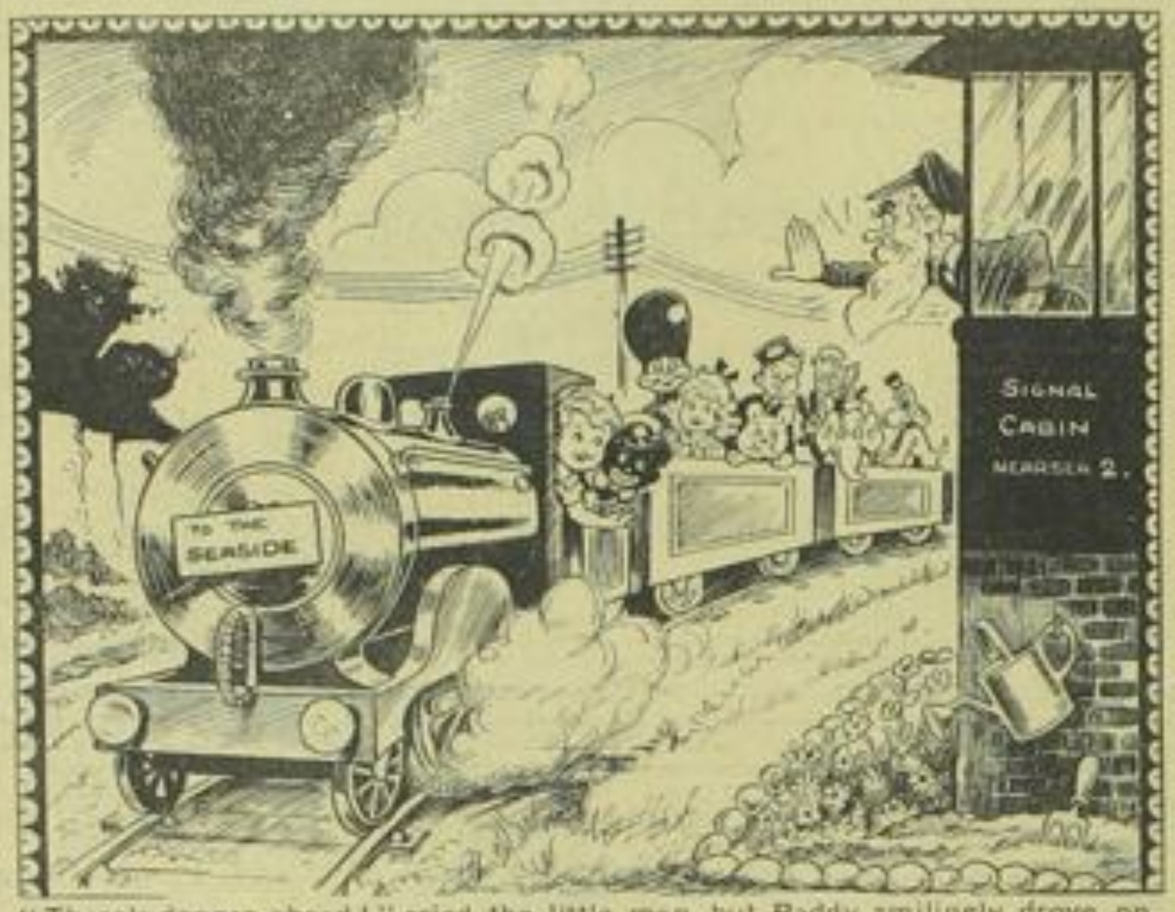
"Hurrah!" he cried, as he danced about. "Thank you, Paddy."

But Paddy decided that the greedy little fellow must be punished.

"As you like honey so much," he said severely, as they returned home, "you shall have it for breakfast, dinner, and supper every day for a week."

That hardly seemed like a punishment, but Teddy groaned all the same. You see, he had eaten so much honey when he was a "Spanda" that he did not want to even see it again!

"Oh dear! I shall be glad when the week is over," he said.



"There's danger ahead!" cried the little man, but Paddy smilingly drove on.

And so they returned to the cabin, where they quickly went to sleep.

In the morning, the other playmates were pleased to see Teddy back again, and they smiled when they saw him eating honey.

"I suppose that is a very special treat as you are back with us again—eh, Teddy?" said Sailor Sam. "My word, you are lucky."

But Teddy only groaned.

During the next few days the chums became tired of the valley and at last decided to leave it.

"Where shall we go now?" Golly asked, as they made their way to the hollow tree, below which ran a passage that would lead them out of the valley.

"I wish we could go to the seaside," Dolly Daydream murmured. "It *is* nearly holiday time, isn't it?"

"Why, so it is," replied Paddy. "Oh dear! I am afraid we are rather a long way from the sea, playmates. Of course, we could go paddling in the river, but that isn't the same as the sea, is it?"

"We could pour some salt into the water," mused Timbo. "But even then there aren't any crabs in the river."

The playmates began to grow a little gloomy as they hurried along the secret passage, but Paddy soon cheered them up.

"All kinds of things happen on our Wonderful Island," he said. "Just you wait. I am sure an exciting adventure will happen to us."

Soon they came to some steps that led up and up until they came out into the open air—in the Wood of Woe once more.

This was a gloomy wood where all kinds of misfortune happened, so theplaymates hurried along to leave it as soon as possible.

"I hope we don't meet any more trouble in here," Golly was saying, when suddenly Paddy stopped and held up his hand.

"Hark!" he said.

The playmates stopped to "hark," and they all heard a strange hissing noise.

"What a strange sound!" said Jimmy Jumbo. "What can it be?"

"It's an animal of some kind, I think!" said Dolly Daydream. "Oh dear! Let's run the other way, Paddy. It may be a fierce one!"

But Paddy shook his head and gripped the magic pop-gun more tightly.

"I told you we should be having another adventure before long," he replied. "Come along, don't be scared, and we shall see what that noise is."

Feeling rather nervous, the playmates followed behind Paddy until they came out of the wood. Here the hissing sound grew louder and the playmates were about to run, when Paddy cried:

"Look! There it is!"

Before them, resting upon two gleaming rails that wound off through pretty trees and bushes, was a little train. The trucks were painted cream and blue, and the neat little engine was silver and red. Steam was pouring from the funnel, and this was the noise the chums had heard.

"It's a train!" gasped Buddy. "And look where it is going."

On the front of the engine was a notice which said "To the Seaside."

Buddy Buttons clapped his hands.

"Why, that is where we want to go!" he cried.

Full of curiosity they all gathered round the engine, looking at the shiny handles that would start it skimming along the rails—to who knows what adventures!

"It doesn't seem to belong to anyone, Paddy?" whispered Golly. "Perhaps it is waiting for us. Shall we go to the seaside?"

Hopefully, the playmates looked at the little boy, and cheered when he nodded!

"Come along, then," he said. "All aboard!"

Paddy stepped into the cabin of the engine, Golly put on a cap and waved a flag he had found in the last truck, the playmates jumped aboard and then:

"Right away!" yelled Golly, and Paddy pulled a red handle.

It was a most exciting trip! Over little bridges they tore, round hairpin bends, into dark and mysterious tunnels.

"Pheep!" screamed the whistle, as Paddy pulled the cord and "pheep" answered an echo.

"Can you see the sea yet?" yelled Buddy, but at that moment Paddy saw a signal-box beside the line not far ahead. Near it stood a signal, and set to *danger!*

"Stop, Paddy!" yelled the playmates, and the little boy seized the brake. What was wrong?

As they pulled up beside the signal-box a face popped out through the window. It was the face of a little man with long whiskers.

"Danger on the line!" he roared.

"What kind of danger?" roared Paddy.

"All kinds!" replied that queer man. "You can't pass."

But Paddy smiled grimly and pulled the starting lever.

"Come back!" yelled the funny little man, as the train steamed past.

The playmates gazed at Paddy in amazement.

"We aren't afraid of any dangers," he said. "We're going to the seaside somehow, lads."

And the little train raced on!

(What dangers have the playmates to face? Look out for their wonderful adventures in this lovely story next week.)

AN OLD BRIM AND A SAND-PIE MAKE A VERY FUNNY HAT FOR TOM.

1. "I've found the brim from an old hat," cried Tom when he was playing on the sands with Mabel and Snip.

2. "You said your head was hot," said Mabel. "Put it on!" "It won't keep me cool!" Tom said.

3. "It will when I have finished with it," said Mabel, smiling. Then she filled her little bucket with sand.

4. And she made a sand-pie on top of Tom's head. "Ha, ha! That is a funny hat!" laughed little Snip.

BRIGHTEYES

A surprise visit, and a surprise gift!

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes opens a shop to help a poor old lady. Her chums help her to stock it, and Amy Vincent gives her a tennis racket. Later, when Miss Barry comes to the shop, she declares that the racket belongs to her!

1. Poor little Brighteyes flushed deeply as she handed the racket back to Miss Barry. When Amy had given it to her she never dreamed that it really belonged to the teacher, but it was too late for explanations now. "And why have you opened this shop, pray?" asked Miss Barry.

2. In a halting tone, our little girl explained that she was trying to collect some money for poor old Mrs. Mills. The next moment the teacher's expression changed to a kindly smile, and taking out her purse she handed Brighteyes five shillings. "This is for my tennis racket!" she said.

3. Her kind deed came as such a surprise to our little girl that for a few moments she could not speak at all, and when at last she found her tongue the teacher had gone. "Isn't she a brick!" exclaimed Lola. "She guessed that Amy had something to do with that racket."

4. By this time a great crowd had gathered round the shop, and following Miss Barry's kind example, all the girls began to buy things from little Brighteyes. For quite half an hour the chums were kept busy behind the counter, then they had to "close down" for they were sold out.

5. When the crowd had drifted away, Joan who had been taking all the money, emptied a big bowl of coins on to the counter. "We have done well!" she laughed. "Just look at all the shillings and sixpences." "How pleased Mrs. Mills will be!" said our little girl.

6. The next day was Saturday and, being a holiday, the chums were able to go to the village and spend a happy morning buying some nice things for poor Mrs. Mills. A few hours later three rather breathless little girls arrived at the old lady's cottage carrying paper bags and parcels.

7. They pushed open the door gently and went into the little parlour, where Mrs. Mills was working busily at her sewing-machine. She looked up in surprise, but before she could say anything Brighteyes said: "Here are some nice things for you, and some money for some new shoes."

8. The visit from her three little friends was so unexpected that the old lady stared at them in bewilderment for a few moments, and then, seeing the gifts, her face seemed to light up happily. "Oh! What good little souls you are!" she exclaimed, as she looked eagerly into the basket.

9. For a moment or two she seemed very near to tears, for she was a very lonely old lady, who had no one to look after her. "I shall never forget your kind deed, my dears," she murmured, as she went across to a cupboard at the end of the room. "Now I must give you something!"

10. She opened the cupboard doors wide and pulled out a huge cardboard box. The three chums watched her with wide-open eyes as she took off the lid and lifted out a beautiful frock made of pale blue satin, with a pretty frilled skirt. "Why!" exclaimed Brighteyes breathlessly. "That is a real dancing frock!" "Yes!" smiled Mrs. Mills. "I make them, my dear. I have three of these pretty frocks. Would you like them?"

11. The old lady went on to explain that she made her living by dressmaking. "I made these three frocks nearly a year ago," she said, "but the lady who ordered them had to go away, so I have had them in the cupboard ever since. Take them, my dears. I am sure they will fit you!" The chums thanked the old lady happily and slipped on the frocks which fitted so well. "Listen!" cried Brighteyes. "I have a wonderful idea."

(Our little girl has thought of a very exciting plan. You will know what it is in the next part of this lovely story!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—Joe and Effie are exploring a lonely island. After many exciting adventures Pansy, their pet parrot, leads them to the door of a secret passage. Joe is very anxious to explore it, but Effie is frightened.

1. Little Effie was rather scared when she saw the steep flight of stairs leading down into the rock, but Joe was so excited that he did not think about the danger. "Come on, Effie!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand. "This looks like a treasure cave!" "Mind the step!" squeaked Pansy.

2. The twins could see their way quite easily at first, for the daylight from above lit up the steps for some distance, but a few yards farther the steps ended, and Joe found himself staring down at a dark, slippery slope! "Mind how you go here, Effie," he said. "It's dangerous!"

3. The floor of the passage was covered with dark, wet seaweed, and Joe knew at once that at high tide it must be quite flooded. "This leads down to the sea, Effie!" he murmured. "We must hurry, or we might be cut off!" "Look!" cried the little girl. "I can see daylight!"

4. The next minute they came out into the dazzling sunshine once more, and, blinking painfully, Joe shaded his eyes and gazed round the tiny cove. "This must be a secret bay, Effie," he began, and then he stopped suddenly, his face going pale. "Look! Is that a pirate!" he cried.

5. Beyond the rocks he had caught sight of a short, sturdy figure dressed in red trousers, a blue coat, and a three-cornered hat! The man was digging furiously in the sand, and as he stopped to mop his brow he muttered to himself: "Those people must be after my box of treasure!"

6. Not daring to move the twins crouched behind the rock and watched the pirate. "He must have sighted us when we came ashore, Effie!" whispered Joe. "He is the one who has been trying to frighten us away." In the meantime, the man was dragging a box towards the hole.

7. Pansy, who had been keeping very quiet for some time, suddenly hopped on to the top of the rock and began to dance excitedly. "Belay there, Charlie!" she shouted. The pirate dropped the box in astonishment and stared round. "Who's there?" he cried. "Who's calling me?"

8. Feeling very frightened, the two children tried to run back into the cave, but they were too late. Pansy had already given them away, and the next moment the pirate came round the rock and glared at them. "Oh, so I've got visitors, eh?" he cried. "I suppose you are spies?"

9. Joe tried to explain that they had not meant any harm, but the pirate would not listen. He had caught sight of Pansy, and, plunging after her, he shouted: "Ho! So you've come back, have you, my beauty?" "Goodness!" whispered Effie. "This island must be Pansy's home!"

10. The pirate seemed very anxious to catch the parrot, but Pansy seemed determined not to be caught! She flew round the rock, with the pirate panting after her, and suddenly she wheeled round and fluttered straight at the pirate's face. "Go away!" she squawked. "I don't speak to pirates!" Charlie staggered back in astonishment, trying to avoid Pansy's flapping wings. "I d-didn't mean it, Pansy!" he stammered.

11. Pansy, however, seemed very cross at the way Charlie had chased her, and, fluttering her wings still faster, she forced him back towards the deep hole that he had dug in the sand! "O-oh, goodness!" cried Charlie. "Go away, there's a good bird! I won't chase you any more, really I won't!" The next instant his foot struck the edge of the hole, and with a wild cry he flung out his arms and disappeared into it!

(Pansy has proved herself a match for the pirate! The children will be having more exciting adventures next week! Look out for them!)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, July 25th, 1959.

БИБЛИОТЕКА

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

ARE YOU GOING AWAY?

THIS IS THE JOLLY PAPER TO TAKE WITH YOU, CHILDREN!

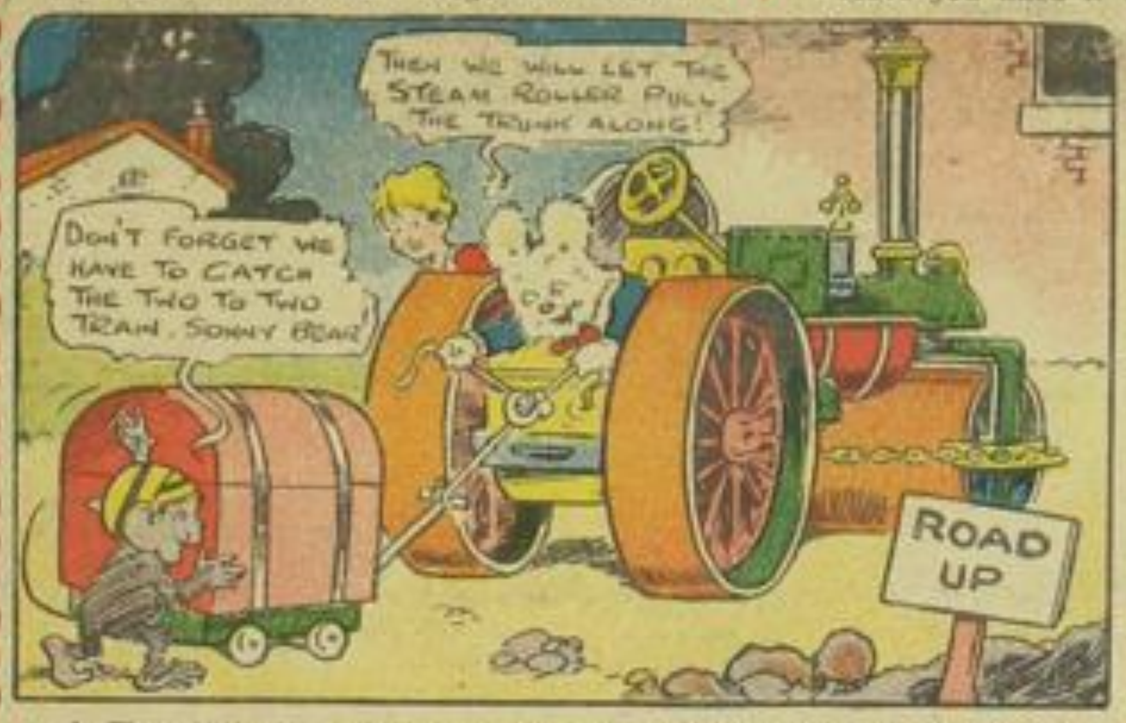
PLAYBOX 2

SONNY MAKES A BAD START FOR THE SEASIDE!

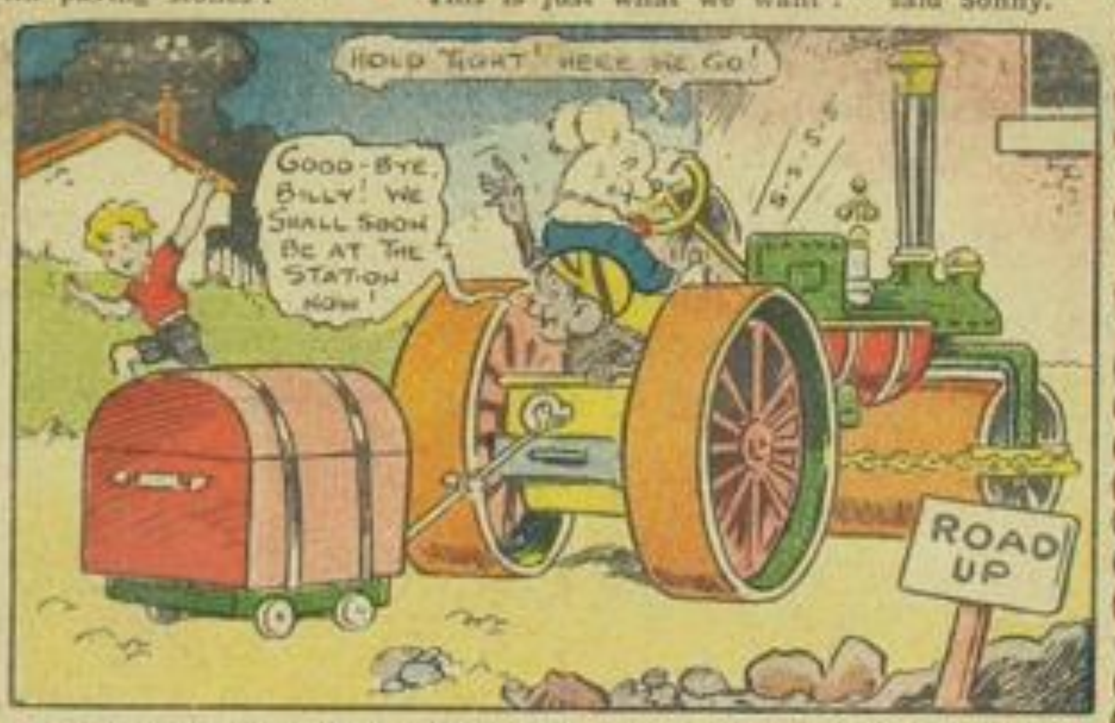
1. "Three cheers for everybody!" shouted Micky. "We are going away to-day!" "I will meet you at the station, boys," said Mrs. Bear. "And don't forget the trunk!"

2. Micky did not feel so happy later on, when he tried to help Sonny carry that trunk. "O-oh! It's heavy, Sonny!" he groaned. "Have you filled it with paving stones?"

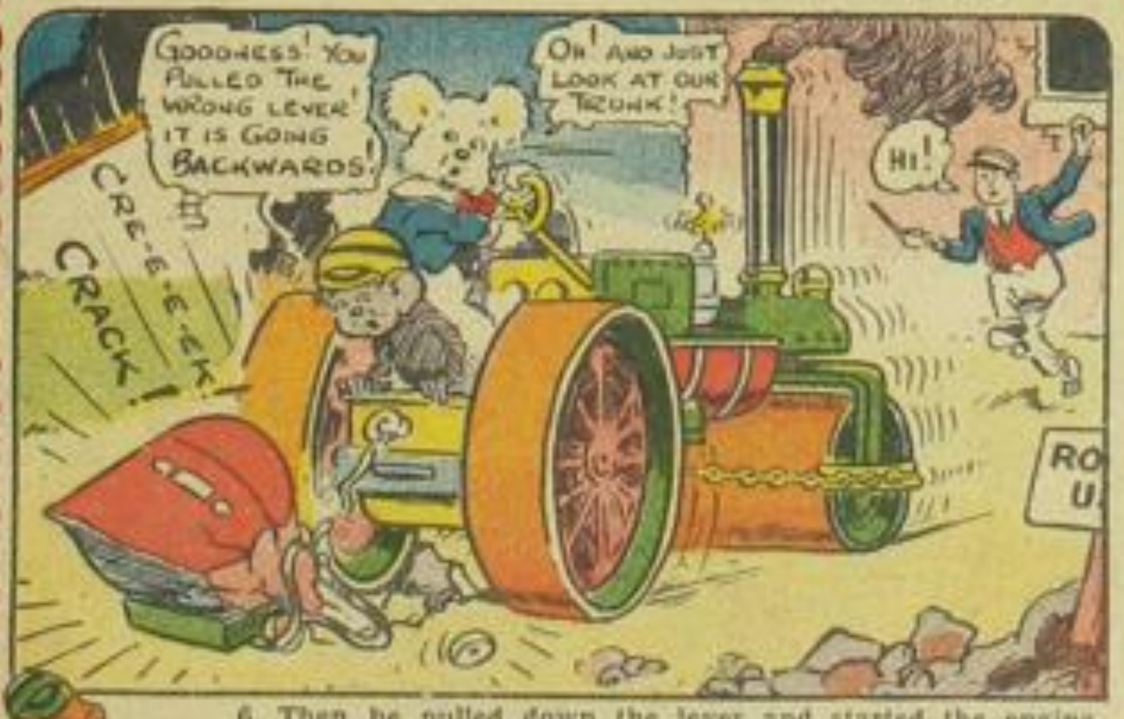
3. Just then they met Billy Button. "Here is sixpence for your little cart, Billy," he said. "You can keep the change!" "Hurrah! This is just what we want!" said Sonny.



4. They had not pulled the trunk far before they saw a steam-roller. "Ah! We want that, too!" said Sonny. "It will be nice to drive to the station in style!" "Yes, and it is getting late, too!" exclaimed Micky. "If we do not catch our train we shall miss it. Hurry up!"



5. And when our chums had tied the trunk to the back of the steam-roller, they jumped on to the driving-seat, feeling ever so excited! "Right-away, guard!" chuckled Micky. "And mind you don't hit anything, or it will get bent!" "Hold tight!" laughed Sonny. "We're off now!"



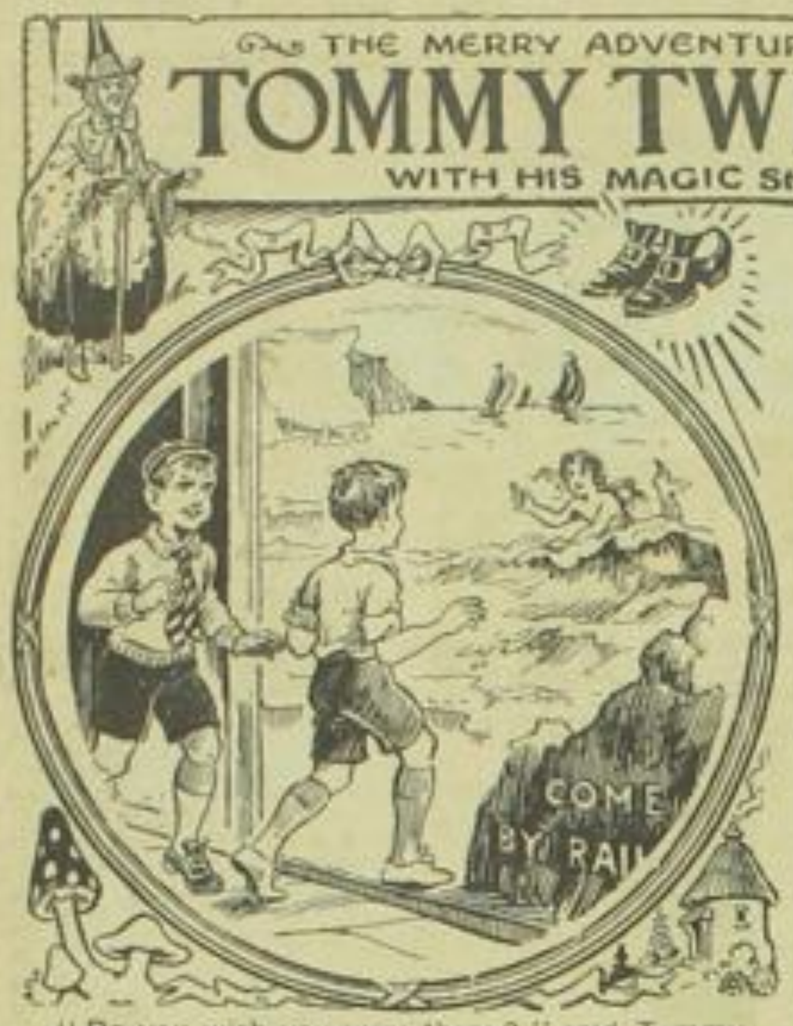
6. Then he pulled down the lever and started the engine. "Hi! Stop!" shrieked Micky, the next minute. "We're bunning rackwards—I mean running backwards. Put the brake on!" The next minute they crashed over the trunk!

7. "Dear me! This is a very sad 'case,' isn't it?" said Micky, as they picked up the pieces. "It's not the trunk it used to be!" When they reached the station, Mrs. Bear was cross. "You shall travel in the guard's van!" said she.

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES



"Do you wish you were there?" said Tommy.

THIS WEEK: LADDIE'S TREAT.

"NOW then, Tommy, here is the money for the tickets. I have put it into this little purse; take great care not to lose it, won't you?"

And good Dame Kindly handed our little Tommy Twinkle a small leather purse, which he smilingly put into an inner pocket.

"I promise to take great care of it, granny," he replied. "Now tell me exactly what I have to ask for, please?"

Dame Kindly smiled at the excited little shrug of the shoulders Tommy gave himself as he thought of the jolly errand on which he was going.

"One and a half tickets to Shellsea Bay," she told him. "And be sure to tell the man they are for to-morrow, not to-day. And also tell him you wish to book two seats on the afternoon train, *facing* the engine. Is that clear, Tommy?"

"Yes, quite clear," laughed our little boy merrily. "I will not forget. Oh, isn't it lovely to think we are almost starting on our holidays, granny! I shall run all the way to the station."

"Well, take care you do not drop the ticket-money on the way," smiled the good lady cautiously.

"Oh, that reminds me!" chuckled Tommy, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "Can you tell me of something that runs all through the thickest wood, and yet it hasn't any legs?"

"Another take-in?" murmured Dame Kindly, with an amused shake of her head. "Ah, I must give that up!"

"A *streamlet* runs through a wood without legs!" cried our merry little boy, breaking into peals of laughter. "Ha, ha, ha! Isn't that right?"

And what could Dame Kindly do but agree? She was still laughing, when Tommy suddenly added: "Why is the fourth of July?"

Chuckling merrily, Tommy ran off, keeping one hand on the precious purse that contained the money for their fares to the seaside on the following day. He soon reached the station.

Remembering all Dame Kindly's instructions, he hurried to the ticket-office and got the tickets, as well as arranging for two seats to be booked on the morrow for Shellsea Bay.

Then, carefully putting away the tickets in the purse, he tucked it away in his pocket before starting off for home. But just as he was about to leave the noise and bustle of the station, the figure of a forlorn-looking little boy caught his eye. The little lad was standing gazing wistfully at a huge coloured picture-poster of a stretch of lovely golden sand, with the white-capped waves coming tumbling in and a jolly-faced little mermaid riding on the topmost crest of all, waving her hand in greeting.

"What a wonderful place!" Laddie was murmuring to himself as Tommy came up softly behind him. "It must be jolly to go there for a holiday."

"Do you wish you were there?" said our little boy with a friendly smile.

Laddie turned with a start, and then, seeing Tommy's kindly grin, he replied eagerly:

"Oh, I do! But I—I am not going to the seaside this year. My daddy cannot afford it because my little sister has been very ill."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Tommy, feeling a twinge of pity for Laddie, and remembering his own good fortune in having the tickets in his pocket. "But cheer up. You may go, after all."

Laddie shook his head and turned quickly away so that Tommy should not see the tears that sprang to his eyes. But our little boy did see, and there and then decided that Laddie should at least have one taste of the seaside that summer. As you know, Tommy Twinkle wears a wonderful pair of magic shoes that have the power of granting whatever he may wish, providing he stamps his right foot as he wishes. Well, he did this now, and in a flash his wish came true.

While Laddie gazed at the seaside picture with misty eyes, goodness gracious! What ever do you think happened to it? It came alive and began to move. The sea heaved and glistened in the sunlight, and the mermaid swam closer to the boys, as Laddie, entranced, took a few steps forward.

"Come along, Laddie!" called the mermaid softly, beckoning with one uplifted arm.

Laddie took another step forward, and why—he found he was walking on the warm, soft sands, with the sharp, salty tang of the sea in his nostrils! He was at the seaside!

With a cry of joy the little boy turned to Tommy, who was just behind him.

"I told you it might happen, didn't I?" laughed our little favourite.

"B-but how did I come here?" gasped Laddie, gazing round in delight at the tumbling waves, and the distant ships, and the cliffs towering up not far off.

"There must be some magic at work, I should think, wouldn't you?" chuckled Tommy truthfully. "Anyhow, now you are here, Laddie, how about a little paddle or making a giant sand-castle?"

Laddie jumped for joy, and then bumped down on the sands and tore off his shoes and socks. The next moment he was nearly up to his knees in the water. Oh, it was lovely!

"Come on in, Tommy!" he called, but our little favourite replied that he would start on the sand-castle with a piece of old planking he had found.

"I'll pretend this is a spade!" he laughed.

"I wish we had a real one," replied Laddie, splashing happily in the sunlit water. "I—— Why, look here! Here is a spade!" He stooped suddenly and lifted something from the water. It was a fine big wooden spade that had been washed up by a big incoming wave!

"More magic, Tommy!" he cried excitedly. "It must be a present from the mermaid, mustn't it? Ha, ha! By the way, where is she, I wonder?"

"Gone for a swim, I expect!" laughed Tommy Twinkle, busy with the sand-castle. "Come along then, Laddie, with that fine spade of yours. Let's see how quickly we can build a big castle. The biggest ever seen!"

Joyfully, Laddie obeyed, and soon the sand-castle was as high as the boys themselves.

"Phew! I am hot!" panted Laddie at last. "I think I'd like a rest, Tommy!"

"How about a little ride along the beach?" came a queer, little croaky voice from behind him. "The donkeys aren't here yet, but I can assure you crab-riding is great fun. Care to try it?"

Laddie swung round and then gasped in sheer amazement. There was the biggest crab he had ever seen, almost as big as an opened umbrella!

Laddie watched our little favourite lightly spring upon the crab's broad back, and then, plucking up his own courage, he took his place behind Tommy.

Instantly, the enchanted crab began to move off, slowly but surely, and oh, didn't Laddie enjoy that ride, too! Right along the edge of the sea they went.

Suddenly, almost in the crab's path, Laddie saw a beautiful, glistening seashell, gleaming with a thousand colours. It was so close, that the little boy felt sure he could easily reach it by simply stretching down his arm as they passed. Eagerly, he did so—he felt his fingers close upon the shell, and then, oo-oo-oop! Somehow or other, Laddie lost his balance and tumbled over on to the sand.

Swiftly, Tommy sprang off the crab's

Laddie watched Tommy spring on to the crab's back.

back, too, and lightly stamped his *left* magic shoe; the one that takes away all the enchantment, you remember, boys and girls?

Breathlessly, Laddie sprang to his feet, rubbing the sand from his eyes, but when he looked round, oh dear! He was back in the station once more, with the picture of the seashore and the laughing mermaid staring him in the face!

"Oh-h! We-we've come back!" he said in dismay. And then he suddenly realised he was still holding the wonderful shell, only it did not look *quite* so wonderful now. It was very pretty, though, all the same.

"I'm going to keep it for ever and ever," he told Tommy.

"That is right," laughed our cheery little boy. "Perhaps it will bring you luck, Laddie. Another trip to the seaside, maybe."

And, curiously enough, later on this is just what did happen. Laddie spent an unexpected fortnight at the seaside, but I am afraid he did not see a mermaid there, or an enchanted crab, either!

(Look out for another jolly holiday adventure of Tommy Twinkle in the special Summer Holiday number of PLAYBOX *next week, boys and girls.)*

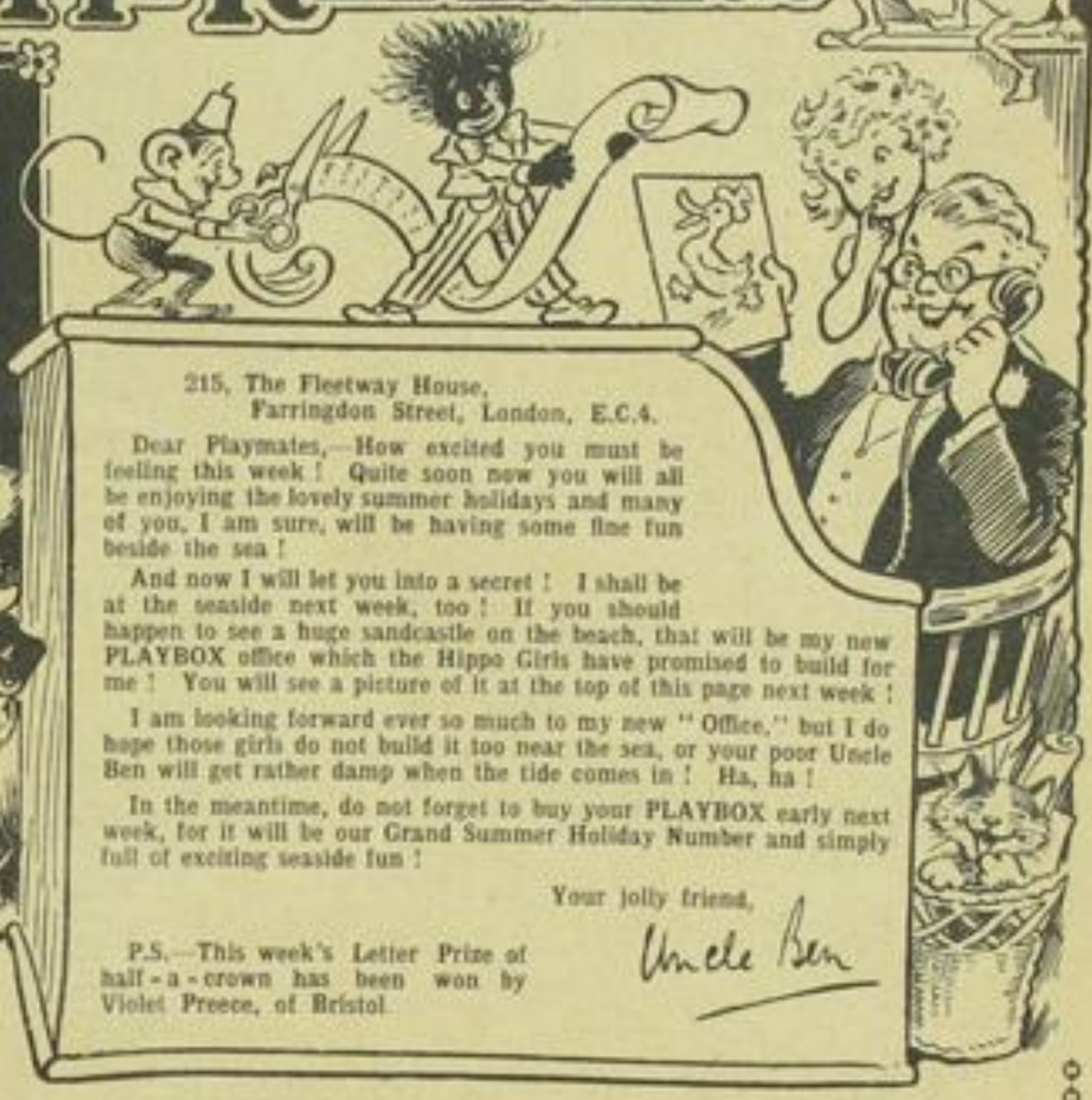
HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Goodness me! The Baby Buntings are busy this week!" exclaimed Chic, as he opened the big PLAYBOX picture-book. "They are washing all their toys!"

"Yes! They want to take them to the seaside!" chuckled Paddy, "and teddy-bears and Jumbos must not have dirty faces, must they?"

Chubs was very anxious to make his Jumbo nice and smart, and so he gave him a bath. Poor old Jumbo! As soon as he was put into the water his colours began to run, and by the time Chubs had finished with him he looked like a rainbow elephant! Ha, ha!

Peterkin had a fine idea and started to use the hose on his toys—but he was not a very good shot, and quite soon everybody was soaked through! Now they are all in bed with colds! Let us hope they get better in time to go to the seaside!



215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—How excited you must be feeling this week! Quite soon now you will all be enjoying the lovely summer holidays and many of you, I am sure, will be having some fine fun beside the sea!

And now I will let you into a secret! I shall be at the seaside next week, too! If you should happen to see a huge sandcastle on the beach, that will be my new PLAYBOX office which the Hippo Girls have promised to build for me! You will see a picture of it at the top of this page next week!

I am looking forward ever so much to my new "Office," but I do hope those girls do not build it too near the sea, or your poor Uncle Ben will get rather damp when the tide comes in! Ha, ha!

In the meantime, do not forget to buy your PLAYBOX early next week, for it will be our Grand Summer Holiday Number and simply full of exciting seaside fun!

Your jolly friend,

Uncle Ben

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Violet Preece, of Bristol.

CAN YOU READ THIS PICTURE-PUZZLE STORY?

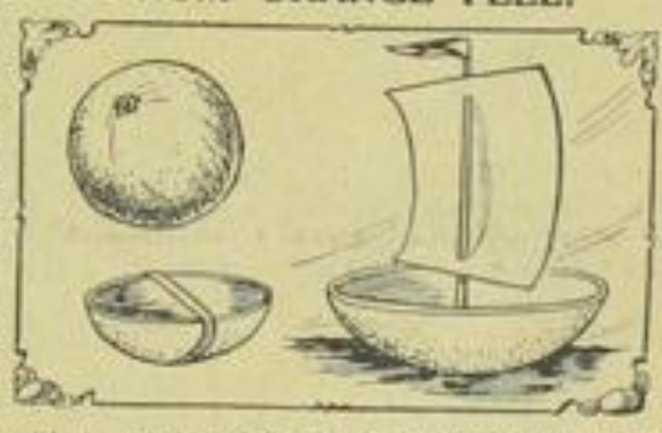
Perhaps you will feel a little bit puzzled when you first see this puzzle, for it does not look a bit like a story, does it? But if you look at it closely you will see that it is made up of six lines of pictures and letters, and each little group forms a word in the story. You start from the top left hand corner and read along the lines just as you do an ordinary story.

Just to give you a start, I will tell you the first line, and as soon as I have done that I am sure you will understand how to read the rest of the story.

The first line is "Archie saw a tiny dog." As you can see, the picture of the arch makes part of the word "Archie," and so you will find you can read the story quite easily.

The solution appears on page 4. This puzzle is not a competition.

A JOLLY BOAT MADE FROM ORANGE PEEL.



The next time you have an orange, cut it in half and eat it like a grapefruit, scooping the fruit from the centre, so that you have two little orange-skin boats left. Put an elastic band round the centre of each half so that it is squeezed into a boat shape, then place it in the oven to dry.

When it is quite hard, take it out and fix a small mast in the centre with the aid of sealing wax. A paper sail and flag will complete your little boat. If you find it refuses to stay upright in the water, stick a little knob of plasticine underneath to act as a keel. Isn't it a good idea?

BOBBY BLACK'S "HARD" CATCH.

1. "Rock is very heavy stuff, isn't it, boys?" chuckled Bobby Black, as he wrote the word on the board. "Now, can you change the letters round so that it makes something very light?" "Goodness, no!" cried Willie. "It can't be done, Bobby."

2. "Oh! There is nothing hard about that!" laughed clever Bobby, as he changed the order of the letters so that they made the word CORK. The other boys did look surprised. Remember this one for your chums. It will catch them beautifully!

RIDDLES TO ASK YOUR CHUMS.

Q. When can you eat water?

A. When it is dripping.

Q. Why is a clever boy like a knife?

A. Because they are both sharp.

Q. Why do rivers run under bridges?

A. Because they cannot run over them.

Q. What letters are often found in a vegetable dish?

A. Peas. (P's.)

TWO SMART SAILORS.

"Good morning, Mr. Stout, the sea is very rough to-day."

"Ay. I should not like to be out there in that boat, would you, Mr. Thin?"

"Well, I should not like to be out there without a boat! Ha, ha! By the way, can you tell me why the sea is so restless?"

"No!"

"Because there are so many rocks in its bed!"

"Oh, very good, Mr. Thin. You are a clever sailor man!"

"Oh, yes, I know for certain that there is a man in the moon!"

"But how do you know?"

"Because I have been to see (sea). Hee, hee!"

"Perhaps you can tell me why a riddle is like a fisherman's net, Mr. Thin?"

"Goodness! I am afraid I can't."

"Because there is nearly always a catch in it! Ha, ha!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

TIM'S TRICK AND AN UNPLEASANT MEETING.

Escape.

IN the model aeroplane race at Mulberry School, an attempt had been made to cripple the winning machine, "The Silver Streak," and Tim Trotter and Michael Baxter, its builders, were almost certain that the boy who had done this was Cyril Badger.

But in a midnight visit to the classroom they found a clue which was clear proof of Cyril's guilt.

Then something happened which they had not bargained for. Who should appear in the classroom but the Head, who, failing to observe the boys, passed out and locked the door behind him, not knowing the chums were there.

Here was a fix, indeed, and Michael, at a loss to know what to do, made a vain attempt to escape by the window. Then, just when they were making up their minds to sleep upon the floor, Tim had a bright idea.

"I know!" he cried suddenly, moving towards the door and peering down at the lock. "We can get out easily. What sillies we are never to have thought of it!"

"But what do you mean?" exclaimed Michael. "How can we get out?"

"Through the door, of course. It's as simple as ABC. In fact," he added, with a chuckle, "I must be simple, myself, not to have thought of it in the first place. Lend me your penknife, Michael, and I'll show you a conjuring trick."

Michael produced a penknife, still very bewildered, and handed it to his chum.

"You're surely not going to try to cut a hole in the door, are you?" he said.

"Good gracious, no! That wouldn't be a conjuring trick," said Tim with a smile. "Now," he added, as he looked about him, "I want a newspaper. I wonder if we can find one."

They searched for some minutes in

"What a neat idea!" cried Michael, seeing the key.

vain. Presently, however, Tim found the sheet of an old newspaper on a shelf in the cupboard and waved it cheerfully.

"Here we are," he said gaily. "Now come and watch the magician. First of all," he went on, as he stooped, "we spread this paper on the floor—so."

"But what's the idea of that?" asked Michael.

"Don't be impatient," said Tim with a chuckle. "Now," he added, pressing the sheet out flat, "we slide it under the door—so!" He looked up with a grin as he thrust the sheet under the chink of the door, out into the passage beyond. "Can you guess the trick now?" he asked.

Michael shook his head, still at a loss, and Tim, with his smile broadening, opened the blade of the penknife.

"Watch how the magic's done," said Tim, with a chuckle, "and then you'll be able to do it all yourself. All we do now is to take the blade of the knife and give the end of the key a little push. This end," he said, pointing, "which is poking out of the keyhole. There it goes," he added with a chuckle as he thrust it forward. Now listen for the rattle. *There!*"

The falling key tinkled on the floor of the passage, on the other side of the locked door, and Tim chuckled gleefully. But Michael was still baffled.

"I can't see it, now," he declared, a bit impatiently. "Where does the trick come in?"

"Take this knife back and I'll show you. It's a trick," chirped Tim, "that ought to be known by all good conjurers and boys in detention rooms. Here, you see," he said, as he dropped upon one knee, "the edge of the newspaper, which you can grip thus, between the thumb and forefinger. Now, with a steady movement of the wrist and forearm, you draw the newspaper back, under the door—thus. And what do we see upon it?" he asked, as he rose with a broad smile of triumph. "Eh, my little man?" he repeated, as he pointed downwards. "What do we SEE?"

"The key!" cried Michael, in sudden delight, as he bent and snatched it up. "You've pulled it under the door. I say, but what a neat idea. How did you think of it, Tim?"

Both the boys were laughing now, delighted at the success of Tim's simple plan.

"I didn't think of it," said Tim. "Somebody else thought of it, years ago, and I've just remembered it. And to think," he added, "that we went to all that trouble before I did so. Give me that key, Michael. It's about time we got back to bed."

It was a matter of moments only to unlock the classroom door from the inside. Passing out quietly, the boys relocked it from the outside and stole back up the stairs, creeping very cautiously past the door of the headmaster's bed-room.

By the light at the end of the corridor, they examined, once again, the piece of paper which had been wrapped round the strip of lead they had found so artfully stowed inside "The Silver Streak."

The torn fragment fitted exactly the torn page in Cyril Badger's exercise book which they had found in the master's desk, and which they had brought with them for closer examination. And on both pieces of paper were figures in Cyril's hand-writing.

"I thought we would find proofs if we looked for them," said Michael grimly, "and here they are!"

"What do you think we ought to do about it—report him to the Head? He'd catch it hot if we did," said Tim.

Michael shook his head, for he was a boy who hated tale-telling.

"I don't think we'll do that, Tim," he whispered. "The best way is to deal with him ourselves."

"But how, Michael? What can we do?"

"We'll have to think that out," said Michael, with a grim smile. "Quiet, Tim, in case somebody's awake. Come on!"

And, thrusting open the door of the dormitory, they stole noiselessly inside and tiptoed through the darkness to their beds.

When they awoke, next morning, Tim and Michael decided that there would be little time left to them, that term, to find some means of making the artful Cyril pay for his mean trick.

Breaking Up.

Already excitement had begun to grow at the approaching summer holidays, and the chums, themselves, were far too excited, and eager, to worry about Badger.

But, in order that Cyril should have some cause for uneasiness during the coming holiday, Tim tackled him at breakfast the next morning, and gave him more than a hint that he had been found out.

"I say, Badger," he asked, in a casual way, "You know something about sailing, don't you? What sort of ballast do they use in a racing yacht?"

"Ballast?" said Cyril, with a grin. "They don't use any ballast. A sailing yacht depends upon its keel to keep it steady. It has a lead keel sometimes—a very heavy one."

"Lead, eh?" exclaimed Tim, innocently. "Fancy that, now. I wonder if they ever use lead to balance an aeroplane."

"An aeroplane?" exclaimed a boy, opposite, with a laugh. "Don't be so silly. An aeroplane has got to be as light as they can possibly make it."

"I'm not so sure about that," put in Michael, looking over at Cyril steadily. "I know a machine once that had lead in it. And it flew beautifully and won a race. You've heard of machines like that, Badger," he added, "haven't you?"

Cyril did not answer. He had been drinking his tea and now, for a reason which none suspected except Tim and Michael, he choked violently, spilling his tea all over the tablecloth.

"Badger!" exclaimed the Head sharply, as he scowled down the table. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir!" choked Cyril, as he puffed and panted over the table. "Some of my tea went down the wrong way, sir, and—er—poof!"

Once more he exploded, shooting some tea over the head of the boy next to him, and the headmaster, who was very particular about good manners at the table, sprang up angrily.

"How dare you, Badger?" he cried. "Leave the table at once!"

"B-but I've only j-just started my breakfast, sir?" panted Cyril.

"I can't help that. Leave the table at once. It will teach you to behave yourself at meal-times!" Dr. Crabtree grated. "I am half a mind to make you pay for a clean cloth."

Looking very sorry for himself, and glowering over his shoulder at Tim in a resentful way, Cyril Badger had no option but to do as he was told.

But, although he looked very sorry for himself, Tim and Michael did not share his feelings. As they ate their own meal with relish, they chatted eagerly about the holidays and "break-up" day, which would soon be upon them.

And never before had holidays been looked forward to with greater joy. It had been a glorious summer up till now, but the heat at times had been rather trying, and what with the sun and lessons, the boys began to feel a little jaded and in need of a rest.

So, during the days that followed, the boys talked continually, in the school and out of it, conjuring up all kinds of happy visions.

Johnny Trundle was going with his parents to Switzerland and, one evening, he held them all spellbound by his stories of the wonderful feats of mountain climbing he was going to perform.

Porky Perrin was going to a farm—which did not seem very exciting, although it seemed to suit the fat boy down to the ground.

"You should just see the Devonshire Splits they give us for tea," he said, almost smacking his lips at the thought of them. "All hot from the oven, with a lovely big slab of cream inside, and raspberry jam. Talk about cream buns," said Porky scornfully. "They're not in it."

For Tim and Michael, it was a little disappointing that they, too, could not enlarge upon the details of their coming holiday. They could not do so for the simple reason that only a brief letter, as yet, had arrived from Mrs. Baxter, and that letter had given them no hint of their holiday, except to say that they would all be "going to the seaside."

"Perhaps mummy will tell us all about it when she writes again," said Michael, but when, on the morning of "Break Up" Day, a second letter arrived, it only served to increase their curiosity.

For the note was just a brief one, saying that everything was ready and arranged, and enclosing two tickets for a place called Brimport, which they had never before heard of.

"If you catch the nine-thirty train from Mulberry and change at Meston Junction," Mrs. Baxter wrote, "you can then pick up the train which will bring you straight on here. Whatever you do, don't lose it, as the trains are very infrequent."

You can imagine, however, that the boys took no risks of that sort. In great haste, and bubbling over with good spirits, they completed their packing and bade good-bye to the Headmaster, and to the

"You're coming with me, Tim!" said Mrs. Blandy.

matron and all the other boys.

Porky Perrin, who was not leaving until noon, fetched his bicycle and wheeled their bags to the station.

"Good-bye," he chirped. "Have a nice time." He grinned as he glanced at his watch. "You're all right," he said. "You've got ten minutes to spare."

Tim thanked the good-natured fat boy and pressed a bar of chocolate into his hand as a reward for his kindness.

"Come on, Michael," he said, blithely. "We'll get up at the end of the train. Then we'll get a better view—oh-h!"

Michael almost collided with him as his chum stopped suddenly. Tim's face had paled and one of the bags fell out of his hand as he stared, in blank dismay, at a lean, sour-looking woman who stood in the station doorway, barring his way inside.

"So I've caught you, have I?" she said in a harsh voice, and with a thin-lipped smile. "I was hoping somehow that I might. Where do you think you're off to?"

For a few moments Tim stood there without answering, too startled and dismayed to speak. The woman who had stopped him was the one woman whom he dreaded most in the world—the woman with whom he and little Jesse had once lived—Mrs. Blandy.

"I—I'm going away for my holidays—with—with Michael," he managed to falter, at last.

And Mrs. Blandy's unpleasant grin broadened as she shook her head.

"Oh no, you're not," she said. "You're coming home with me!"

(Will Mrs. Blandy take little Tim away with her? Another exciting instalment of this lovely story in the special Holiday Number of Playbox *next week.)*

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE-STORY ON PAGE 3.

Archie saw a tiny dog with a bad foot. He carried it into the house where he soon washed and bound the foot up. The dog was greatly pleased and licked Archie's hand with delight.

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—With the help of her magic carpet Wendy is searching for the owner of a ring like Queen Ida's. Some clues lead her to Lady Ann's home. Wendy is about to examine this little girl's ring one night when a hand comes through the open window, feeling for the case.

1. Wendy had a shock when she saw a hand steal round the curtain near the ring case, but then she remembered hearing two men plotting to get this ring away from Lady Ann.

2. While the hand was groping for the case, Wendy snatched the jewel and knocked down the lid. "Now they only have an empty case," she murmured. Suddenly Lady Ann awoke.

3. She thought at once of her precious ring and sprang out of bed; then she saw the case had gone, but Wendy held out the treasure. "Oh, so you saved it for me!" cried Lady Ann.

4. Wendy explained then how she had come from the queen who wanted to find the owner of this ring. "I will help you dress," said Wendy, "and we will set out for the palace."

5. Lady Ann was trembling as they crept down the stairs. "I live with my unkind uncle who says I have no father or mother," she whispered. "I would never part with that ring!"

6. "Perhaps it is going to bring you good fortune," said Wendy. "I hope no one sees us leaving!" But someone must have seen them, for when they reached the drawbridge it rose!

7. "They'll stop us from getting away!" cried Lady Ann, almost in tears now, but brave little Wendy urged her to jump. "It looks a long way," she shuddered, but jumped bravely.

8. "We can get horses from the stables," said Lady Ann, and soon they were cantering away from the house. As they passed the farm, Wendy stopped for her magic carpet.

9. "I hid my carpet on that haystack when I came to find you," Wendy told Lady Ann. "I must not lose it, for it is magic!" As they neared the palace, Lady Ann felt puzzled.

10. What a wonderful surprise awaited her! When the queen saw the ring, she caught Lady Ann in her arms, and said to the king: "We have found our long-lost daughter at last. See! Her ring is like my own!" And they both turned to thank little Wendy.

11. "How lovely it is to see them so happy," thought our little girl as she turned away. She felt a little bit lonely in spite of her magic carpet; then suddenly she saw a big door in the wall marked HOLIDAY TIME, and she wondered where it would lead.

12. "I will open it and see," she said to herself, and she carefully lifted the latch. Sounds of cheering greeted her, and it seemed as if she had stepped into another country. In a square stood a coach full of happy children, ready to start for a trip to the seaside.

13. It seemed very quiet when they had driven away, and Wendy was sure she could hear sobbing, so she stepped farther into this village. Soon she saw a little girl sobbing at an upper window. "I did want to go to the seaside!" Wendy heard her cry.

(Will Wendy help this poor little girl? A very exciting instalment next week in the Grand Holiday Number. Order it at once.)

MRS. HIPP

1. The girls were such a long time finding their spades and pails on the morning they were going away that Mrs. Hippo went on to the station without them. "Don't be long, girls!" she said, hurrying off.

2. At last they were ready, but as they were hurrying along the road they saw a big bag of sand. "Hurrah! We've reached some of the seaside before we've started!" cried funny little Polly. "How jolly!"

3. Baby suggested they made a sand castle in road then. "Oh, yes, it would be a good idea to g little practice at it before we play on the real sand said Tilly. "Tip it out for us, Baby!"

DIBS AND DABS

1. "This looks like holidays," said Floppy when a big new trunk arrived. "It will soon be going away, so don't bother to bring it in," said Dibs.

2. "All the things are ready in our bed-room, so we'll just throw them through the window and into the trunk!" said Dabs. "That won't take long!"

3. So they ran upstairs, leaving the trunk open below their window. Jane was puzzled when she saw it. "This ought to be inside for packing!"

4. Suddenly it began to rain clothes on top of Jane, for the chums had started their job. "I'll 'pack' you off to bed for this!" cried Jane.

SAMBO

1. "You'll hab to sleep on de tiles wid de pussies," everyone told Sambo at the seaside hotels.

2. Sambo

4. And in the morning Sambo's car was in w "Golly! I wish dis li'l car could swim," he c "I'm trapped!" "Don't worry!" said Tim T

"What titled person will you expect to find at the seaside, Willy?"
"Ha, ha! A peer (pier) of course, Reggie!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. "As you are going to see King Cole, will you take this parcel, boys?" said the postman to the Woollies. "Yes, but I'm sorry it's not for us," said Bobby. "P'raps King Cole will share it!"

2. When the boys reached home they were already tired of carrying it. "We'd better not leave it behind," said Willy. "There might be something nice for tea in it!" So they tied rope round it.

3. Then they were able to pull the parcel along road, so they were not a bit tired when they reac the castle. "I hope King Cole hasn't gone to prac paddling in the pond," said Reggie anxiously.

S SCHOOL

4. Well, they built a splendid castle, right in front of the watchman's hut. "I think we deserve first prize for this, girls," said Tilly. "Yes, can't we find someone to give us one!" said Fifi.

5. "I'll give you something!" said a voice behind them, but it didn't sound as if it would be anything very nice. It was the watchman, and he was so cross when he saw the girls had taken his sand.

6. He made them shovel it all back into the sack, and as that took rather a long time, they were late at the station. "The train has gone, so you will lose one day at the seaside," said Mrs. Hippo.

SCORCHER

tired to do in his little ind a cave.

3. It made a fine garage, and Sambo slept in the car. But while he snored, up crept the tide!

5. He told Sambo to ride on to his broad back, and en he carried him safely to dry land again. "I'll y you an ice-wafer now, Tim!" laughed Sambo.

SAMMY SEAL

1. "Who's afraid of a big bad crocodile?" Sammy cried, when Patsy pointed one out to him. "I'm not, anyway!" But Patsy was not so sure!

2. "I'm not afraid of him when he is in the water and I'm on deck," he said, "but suppose he came aboard?" "I don't care," said Sammy.

3. "I'll soon see how brave Sammy is," chuckled Patsy, and he soon found two saws and a candle. "Now for some fun with shadows," he chuckled.

4. Sammy didn't think it was funny, though, when he saw the shadow of a crocodile on the wall. "I'm off!" he cried, before he saw the saws.

E WOOLLY BOYS

4. Now they were so busy rat-tat-tatting at the door that they did not notice part of the army coming round the corner. Tramp, tramp, tramp, they went, right over the big parcel the boys had brought.

5. The boys were so pleased when King Cole himself opened the door, and they bowed so low that they nearly bumped their noses. Then Bobby said: "We have a parcel for you, king, but it's a bit beat!"

6. And so was the king's crown that was inside. "I can't wear that," cried King Cole. "Everyone will think I'm the Crooked Man!" "You hoped he'd share it," said Dicky. "I'd like 'half-a-crown'!"

"When is a bunny like Mrs. Woo y's kn tting with a stitch dropped, Percy?"

"When he 'runs into a hole,' Bobby!"

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

INKY-PINKY BUYS A TRUNK.

Do you remember Inky-Pinky, the little black boy who is always making funny mistakes? You will laugh at him this week!

His mammy said to him one day:

"Inky-Pinky, we are going to the seaside like all the other boys and girls, and I want you to go into the town and get me a trunk!"

"Oh, why do we want a trunk, mammy?" asked Inky-Pinky, who had never been away before.

"We want a trunk to pack all our clothes in," said mammy. "Just you hurry off and get one, like a good little piccaninny. Here is some money!"

Mammy wrapped the money in a piece of paper and gave it to Inky-Pinky, and he was just running off when she called him back and said:

"You'd better take your little cart, Inky-Pinky, for you can pull the trunk home on that!"

"Yes, mammy," said Inky-Pinky, and a little later he was walking down the road, pulling his little cart behind him.

"Mammy didn't tell me where to go for the trunk!" he said. "But I can ask in the market!"

But no one seemed to have any trunks, and poor little Inky-Pinky grew hot and tired, pushing his way through the crowds to the different stalls and saying: "Please have you got a trunk?"

"Oh dear, I 'spose we can't go to the seaside if I don't buy a trunk," he said, and he brushed away the tears that sprang into his eyes.

Then suddenly he heard a voice say: "See what a fine trunk he has!"

"'A fine trunk!' That's just what I want!" cried Inky-Pinky, and he pushed his way through the people to the man who was standing on a box. Beside the man stood an elephant he was trying to sell.

"I'll buy that, please!" said Inky-Pinky. "Here is the money!"

"Here is the trunk, mammy!" cried Inky-Pinky.

He didn't even ask how much it was, but when the man opened the paper, he frowned.

"This won't buy an elephant!" he cried. "It would only just about pay for his trunk!"

"Well, t-that's all I want, really!" said Inky-Pinky.

Everyone laughed then, and the man said: "Well, we can't cut off his trunk. You must take the elephant with it. Tell me where you live and I'll call for the extra money!"

Inky-Pinky looked happier then, and he felt quite excited as he led Jumbo away.

When Inky-Pinky reached home he cried: "Here is the trunk, mammy, but I had to bring the elephant with it!"

Mammy's eyes popped open wide in surprise. "Oh, you silly little piccanin!" she cried. "I didn't want an elephant's trunk. I wanted a trunk like a box! What silly mistakes you do make! And however shall we pay for an elephant? We shall not be able to have any holidays at all, now!"

Just then the man came along for the extra money, and mammy had to empty her own money-box and Inky-Pinky's as well.

"You'll be pleased with Jumbo," said the man. "He'll carry you wherever you want to go!"

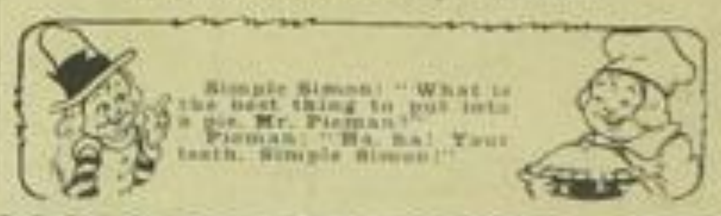
When he had gone Inky-Pinky suddenly said:

"Mammy, Jumbo could carry us to the seaside, clothes and all, so we shouldn't have to buy a trunk or tickets for the train!"

Mammy stood and stared at Inky-Pinky, and then she gave him a big smile.

"My! Inky-Pinky, but you have some fine ideas, sometimes!"

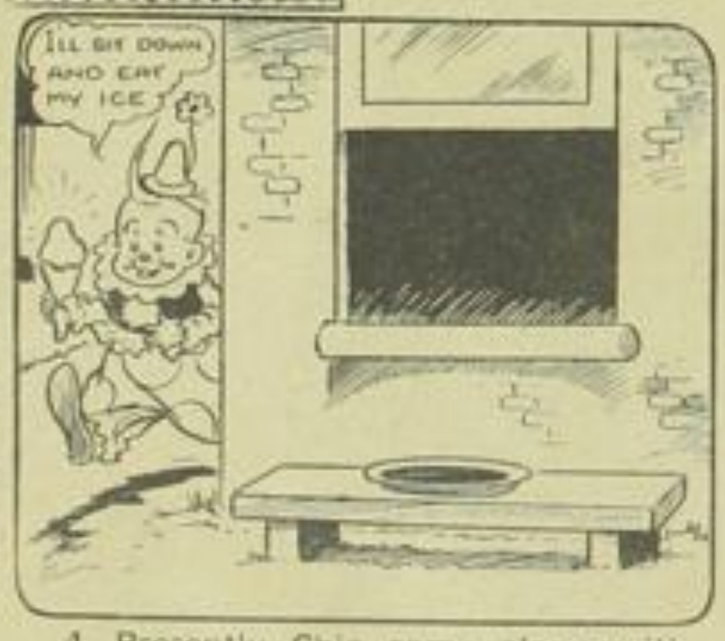
(Read about a fine sand-castle in next week's lovely Summer Holiday Number.)



1. Teddy and Snowdrop were busy making toffee. "It makes me feel hungry!" said Teddy.

2. "Well, it is too hot to eat yet," said Snowdrop. "Ah, it will cool in that old tin tray!"

3. And because it was warm in the kitchen they put it to cool on the seat outside the window.



4. Presently Chic came along with a big ice-cornet. "I'll sit on that seat and enjoy my ice," he said.

5. "M-m-m! That was lovely!" he said. Snowdrop and Teddy thought he was talking about their toffee.

6. The form was empty, too, when Chic stood up, so they were sure he'd eaten it. But they found it later!

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines and pull strips through.)

1. Keeping Cool.
2. Tricking the Traveller.
3. Brave Spot!

REDWING MAKES A FINE SUN-SHELTER FOR TESS, AND THEY HAVE A JOLLY TEA-PARTY.

SCAMP KEEPS A "GLOBE-TROTTER" IN HIS HOUSE, AND AN UMBRELLA WITH A "BONE HANDLE."

SPOT BRINGS THE TICKETS, SO HE IS NOT LEFT BEHIND WHEN THE CHUMS GO ON HOLIDAY.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

THE SEASIDE TRAIN CARRIES OFF PRINCESS PAULAPOOKAPINKY.

PHEEP! Pheep!

What a joyous sound that was! The little engine gave a cheery and shrill whistle as it carried Paddy and his excited playmates to the seaside on the Wonderful Island.

Paddy was driving the little silver and red engine, and all the playmates rode in the brightly-painted trucks behind. How very thrilled they were as they skimmed along the shining railway track.

"Hurrah for the seaside, boys!" laughed Paddy, waving to his chums. "We do not care if there are dangers ahead, do we?"

"Hurrah! No!" cried the playmates with a cheer.

They had discovered this wonderful little train standing deserted on the lines, and had all jumped aboard to ride down to the sea. On the way, a signalman had warned them of dangers on the line, but they did not care. It was summer time—the time for seaside holidays, and they were longing to see the blue sky and the yellow sands again.

"Duck your heads!" cried Paddy suddenly, as a low dark tunnel appeared ahead.

Pheep! The whistle sounded shrilly once again and whoo-oosh! The little train dived into inky blackness with a roar.

Bompetty-bomp! Bompetty-bomp! Bompetty-bomp! The wheels beat a jolly tune upon the railway lines—a tune that Paddy began to whistle to.

"We shall soon be out again, playmates!" he shouted, as he saw a pinprick of light ahead.

The circle of brightness grew larger and larger, until whoo-osh! Out came the engine into sunlight again.

With a smile, Paddy turned round, and then his eyes opened wide. All the carriages and his chums had vanished. All he could see was the mouth of the tunnel behind him!

"Goodness!" Paddy felt alarmed as he remembered the signalman's warning: "There is danger on the line!"

"Playmates!" he shouted. "What has happened? Are you all right?"

There came no answer, so, reversing the engine, Paddy sent it running backwards into the tunnel, switching on a big lamp so that he could see.

Suddenly he caught sight of something. What was it?

"Hi! Hi!" he shouted. "Is that you, playmates?"

"Yes, it's us!" came Golly's voice, and then Paddy caught sight of the playmates coming along the tunnel, pulling the trucks behind them.

"We came unhooked in the tunnel!" Buddy Buttons cried. "Oh dear! We are glad you came back for us, Paddy!"

Paddy burst into laughter when he could see his chums more clearly, for their faces were all black from the smoke in the tunnel.

"Ha, ha! You look like a band of nigger minstrels!" he cried. "You must have a wash."

"Need we wash?" asked Jimmy Jumbo, who didn't like washing more than once a day. "After all, if we look like nigger minstrels, we shall look just right beside the sea."

"No, I can't travel with such grubby boys!" said Paddy, and once they had left the tunnel, they all washed themselves in a near-by stream.

"G-goodness!" cried Dolly admiringly. "It is a real cowboy!"

And it was while they were doing this that there came a clatter of hoofs which made them turn round and stare.

"G-goodness!" cried Dolly admiringly. "It's a real cowboy."

A small boy about Paddy's age and dressed as a cowboy, had galloped up on a pony.

"Howdy, folk!" he cried, which in cowboy talk means "How do you do, people."

"Mucbee wellee, thankee, mister," replied Golly, who was not quite sure how you should talk the cowboy language.

"Gee whizz!" said the little cowboy, staring at Golly. "You're a funny fellow and you talk funny, too. You're a stranger in these parts, aren't you?"

"We all are," said Paddy, smiling. "We didn't know there were any cowboys on the Wonderful Island."

"That's because you haven't come to the west part of the island before, chum!" said the cowboy. "Didn't you know that cowboys live in the wild and woolly west—and Injuns, too!"

"Injuns?" said Buddy, turning pale. "D-do you mean Redskins?"

"Sure!" said the boy, who said his name was Puncher Pete. "They sure are fierce out on the prairie, so look out for them. Well, good-bye!"

Waving his big hat, Pete galloped off in a cloud of dust raised by his pony's flying hoofs, leaving the chums staring at each other.

"I—I suppose it's all right to go on," said Dolly Daydream. "I didn't know there were Redskins upon the Wonderful Island, did you?"

"That's what makes it a wonderful island!" said Paddy. "It seems to have a new surprise for us every day. Well, come on, playmates. I'm not scared of any Redskins. I want to go to the seaside."

"If you aren't scared, neither are we, Paddy!" cheered the playmates, jumping into the train and once more off they went.

They did not see a sign of anyone for half an hour as they raced through the countryside, but suddenly they heard a queer noise that went like this:

"Olly-olly-olly-olly!"

"What ever's that?" cried Buddy.

Golly said that it was someone calling to a little boy, whose name was "Olly" but Paddy shook his head.

"It's a war-cry!" he said. "It's the sound a Redskin makes when he is on the warpath."

"Goodness!" gasped Teddy. "I hope that path isn't anywhere near us. Oh! Look out, Paddy!"

The little boat was pointing ahead to where two trees stood one on each side of the line. From one to the other stretched a rope.

"It's a Redskin trap, Paddy!" yelled Golly. "Drive faster."

Paddy sent the little train simply hurtling along and bump! They went into the rope. Swish! The trees bent, and the rope stretched but they did not break, and the little train was pulled to a standstill.

"Olly-olly-olly!" The next moment a crowd of small gaily-dressed boys and girls came racing out from behind some rocks and trees.

"Redskins!" gasped Golly. "We are surrounded."

Before they could escape, the playmates were pulled out of the train by the Redskin folk, who began to dance around them.

Happily though, the Redskin folk did not seem at all fierce. They seemed ever so interested in the train, and were prodding it with their fingers and saying "Big fire-hoese him go much fast," when there suddenly appeared a little Redskin girl.

She was dressed in even finer clothes than the others, who bowed before her.

"Welcome, Princess Paulapookapinky!" they cried.

This name in the Redskin language meant "little-girl-who-likes-lollipops," but when they knew her better, the playmates called her Paula.

The little maid clapped her hands when she saw the train.

"For me?" she asked Paddy.

"For you?" said Paddy, rather puzzled. "Oh, you mean is it a present for you? W-well, you s-see——"

"Oh, thank you!" said Paula, dancing with glee. And the next moment she jumped into the engine.

"Nice! Nice!" she cried, pulling at a cord.

It was the whistle cord and the next moment there was a shriek. Instantly all the Redskins threw themselves upon the ground.

"Magic. Heap big magic!" they cried.

"Nice! Nice!" cried Paula, and she pulled a handle.

Whoo-oosh! The little train shot forward along the line and raced away, taking Paula with it. In a flash, it was out of sight!

The Redskin folk stood staring in alarm.

Then, looking very angry they seized the playmates and began to march them off.

"You capture our princess!" cried one. "Now you be locked up in the dark caves and never come out again."

(Goodness! What will happen to the playmates now? Look out for their exciting adventures in next week's Grand Seaside Holiday number!)

TOM AND MABEL PRETEND THAT SLEEPY SNIP IS A LION IN A CAGE.

1. "Isn't that lion lovely!" said Mabel, when she went to the Zoo with Tom. Snip was feeling tired.

2. And when they got home he curled up under the dinner-wagon to sleep. "Keep him there!" said Tom.

3. He tiptoed out to fetch some rope, and then he began to wind it round the wagon, making Snip a prisoner.

4. "Your lion in a cage, Mabel!" laughed Tom. Snip had a bone at Mabel's house for being good.

BRIGHTEYES

Off for the holidays, and bad news!

FOR NEW READERS:—To help a poor old lady Brighteyes and her chums open a little shop and make quite a lot of money. They take her some nice things and in return the old lady gives them some pretty frocks. Then Brighteyes has a wonderful idea!

1. Brighteyes and her little chums were so excited and happy when old Mrs. Mills said that they could keep the dresses. "Listen!" exclaimed our little girl eagerly. "Shall we do a concert at the school and wear our new dresses?" "Oh yes!" chorused Lola and Joan.

2. The dresses were so pretty that the chums felt quite sad when they had to take them off, but the time had passed quickly and tea would soon be ready at school. "Good-bye, Mrs. Mills," cried Brighteyes, as they left the little cottage. "And thank you ever so much for the dresses."

3. After tea, the chums talked over the concert in secret and worked out a programme of songs and dances. The next problem was to fix up a platform in the garden, but Lola's brother Jackie soon solved the difficulty by offering to build it himself. "It won't take long," he said.

4. By the next afternoon everything was ready. The neat little stage that Jackie had fixed up in the garden caused great excitement among the other girls, and the news soon crept round that Brighteyes and her chums were to give a special concert before the school broke up for the holidays. Long before it was due to begin, the girls hurried across from the school and took their seats in front of the big red curtains that hid the platform.

5. At last little Brighteyes called softly to Jackie to come behind the curtain and start playing the piano. "We are ready to begin now, Jackie," she whispered. "We will start with the Daffodil Dance!" Jackie nodded quietly, and drawing back the curtains smartly, he sat at the piano and began a merry little tune. How the audience clapped and cheered when they saw our little friends dancing gaily across the stage together!

6. The concert was voted a tremendous success by Miss Barry and the rest of the girls, the only regret being that it could not be performed again owing to the holidays. "Never mind!" laughed little Brighteyes, as they went to bed that night. "We shall soon be down at the seaside."

7. Already, Lola had invited Brighteyes and Joan to come down to the seaside cottage, where she was to stay with Jackie and her mummy and daddy. "I say! What a merry party we shall be!" declared Jackie, when he met them the next morning. "We are going to have some fun!"

8. Miss Barry knew that the chums were anxious to get down to the sea as soon as possible, so she gave them special permission to leave directly after breakfast so that they could catch an early train. "I do hope you have a nice time," she smiled. "Write to me, won't you, girls?"

9. Brighteyes promised faithfully to write a postcard to her teacher as soon as she reached the seaside and then, chattering gaily, the chums dashed down the school drive and out into the road. "We will just be in time to catch the ten o'clock train if we hurry!" exclaimed Jackie. "Come on, girls." The next moment, however, a voice called them, and the postman hurried across the road with a letter. "It's for Miss Lola," he said.

10. Lola took the letter quickly and tore it open, while Jackie watched her impatiently. "Don't stop to read it now, Lola!" he exclaimed. "Or we shall never catch the train." But Lola was not listening. While Jackie was talking she had glanced through the letter quickly, and now she looked up at her chums in deep dismay. "Jackie, Brighteyes, Joan!" she exclaimed. "We cannot go for our holiday after all. Oh, what shall we do?"

(Lola has received bad news! What can it be? More of this lovely picture-story in next week's exciting Summer Holiday Number!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—While exploring a lonely island Joe and Ellie see a "pirate" digging a hole in the sand. He tries to catch them, but their parrot frightens the man and makes him fall into the hole.

1. The funny old pirate was so alarmed by Pansy's fluttering wings that he staggered backwards across the sands, and the next moment tumbled into the hole he had been digging! "Avast there!" he yelled. "Won't you help an old shipmate?" "All right!" chuckled Joe.

2. The twins had a rare struggle to get the old fellow out again, for he was no mean weight, but at last they managed to pull him over the edge of the hole, and he looked up at them gratefully. "Thankee, shipmates!" he gasped. "I should never have got out but for your help."

3. Looking very red and breathless, he sat down on the chest and mopped his face. By this time the twins were not a bit frightened of him, and Joe said: "You seem much too kind for a real pirate!" "Oh, I'm no pirate," replied Charlie. "I found these funny clothes in an old chest."

4. The twins were very thankful to hear this, for at first they had feared that the "pirate" might take them prisoner! "I'm a castaway, ye see," explained Charlie. "And when I saw your boat I thought you had come for treasure!" "We would not do that!" laughed Joe.

5. Seeing that the twins meant him no harm, the old fellow cheered up at once, and putting his arms round their shoulders he led them back into the cave. "Come up to my little house and we'll have a nice cup of tea and some fruit," he said. "I dare say you're feeling hungry, eh?"

6. Half-way up the secret stairway, Charlie took the children aside and raised a wooden trap in the rocky roof. This opened into his little cottage beneath the tiger-skin, and thus one more mystery was solved for the twins. "So that is how the skin moved," murmured Joe, smiling.

7. Since his ship had been wrecked, Charlie had spent a very lonely time on the island, and he was really quite delighted to have the twins with him. "It was funny you catching my old parrot like that!" he chuckled. "She's a naughty bird—but I think she has brought me luck now!"

8. During the lovely meal that Charlie gave them the twins told him all about their wonderful adventures on the Flying Fish. "My word! You have had some exciting times!" exclaimed the old chap. "I'd like to see this ship of yours." "Then come along with us!" said Joe.

9. It was not until they reached the seashore that Joe remembered that their boat had been taken, but before he could say anything, Charlie gave an artful smile and led them to a rock, where the boat was safely moored. "I hid it here, you see," he said. "Forgive me, shipmates!"

10. Joe could not help laughing at Charlie, who seemed very sorry for all the trouble he had caused the twins. "Oh, that is all right, Charlie!" he said. "We understand!" A few moments later they were speeding out across the bay towards the Flying Fish, which was anchored some distance from the shore. Charlie stood up in the front of the boat and stared at it with wondering eyes. "Sink me!" he gasped. "What ever is that?"

11. As they drew nearer, his rosy face went quite pale, and the next minute he turned round and dived headlong into the water! "I'm not going near that thing!" he yelled. "It is a giant bird! It will bite me!" Joe stared after him in astonishment. "Come back, Charlie!" he exclaimed. "There is nothing to be frightened of! It is only our ship!" But Charlie would not listen. Shaking his head, he swam away quickly!

(Charlie seems very frightened of the Flying Fish! Will the twins bring him back again? Do not miss this lovely story in next week's grand Summer Number!)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, August 5th, 1939. LG

БИБЛИОТЕКА

GRAND HOLIDAY NUMBER

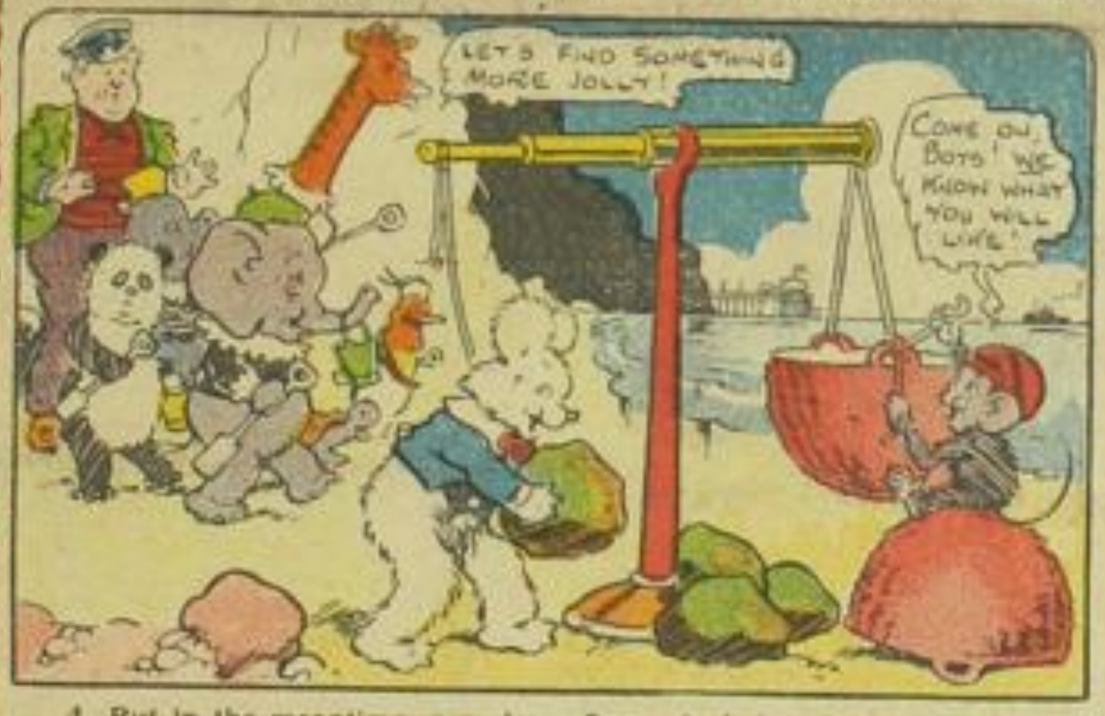
PLAYBOX

SONNY AND MICKY HAVE SOME FUN BESIDE THE SEASIDE!

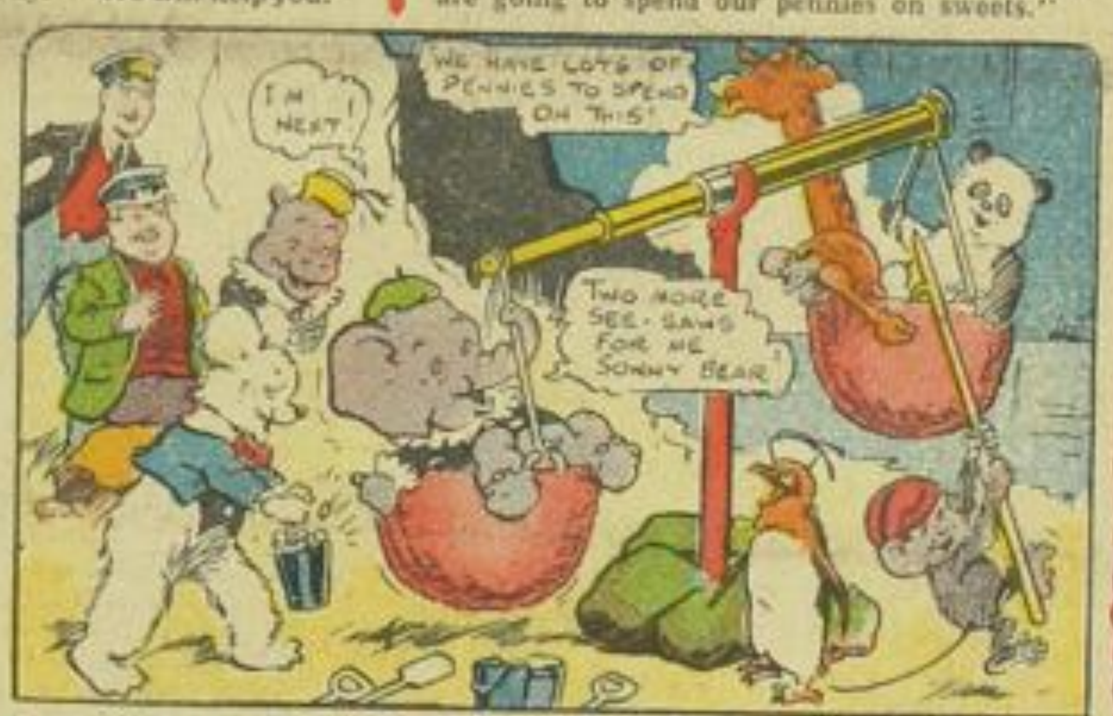
1. "Hurrah! There is old Ben Barnacle!" cheered our little chums as they dashed down to the sea. "Can we look through your telescope?" "Certainly, boys!" said Ben.

2. The old sailor was looking rather sad, though. "Trade is very bad, boys," he said gloomily. "You are the only customers I have had to-day." "It's a shame," said Micky. "We will help you."

3. And the kind little monk tried to get some customers for Ben—but it was no good. "Not to-day, thank you," said Ernie Elephant. "We are going to spend our pennies on sweets."



4. But in the meantime, our clever Sonny had thought of a wonderful idea! "Don't go away, boys!" said he. "Come down on to the beach with us and we will give you a lovely surprise!" "Oo-oh! What is it, Sonny?" said they. "Ha, ha! It is a see-saw, see?" chuckled Micky.



5. With two big baskets, Sonny made Ben's telescope into a lovely big see-saw, and soon Ernie and his chums were having a fine time in it! "Come along, everybody!" chuckled our little bear. "It is only a penny a go!" "This is fine, Sonny!" they cheered "It is worth sixpence!"

6. And it was not long before our kind-hearted chums had collected a whole pailful of pennies for good old Ben! "Here you are, Ben!" chuckled Sonny. "You can buy yourself some shrimps for tea now!" "Thank you, boys!" chuckled the old sailor. "Now go and enjoy yourselves!" And as you can see, our chums had a simply grand time with Pop the Panda and the rest! "A happy holiday, everybody!" they cheered.

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

Sammy was simply delighted with his prize.

"ARE you coming down to the sands this morning, granny?"

And our little Tommy Twinkle halted in the doorway as he was about to leave the breakfast-room of the house where he and Dame Kindly were staying for their summer holiday.

The good lady looked up from the morning paper she was reading, and smilingly shook her head.

"No, I do not think so, Tommy," she replied. "I have a fancy to walk along the High Street and take a good look at the shops this morning. I may come down to the beach later. I suppose you will be somewhere near the cliffs, as usual?"

Our little boy grinned merrily, picking up his spade from the corner where it stood.

"Yes, I expect so, granny. I promised to meet Sammy there to-day. He's a jolly little chap; I am quite glad I met him. We had a fine game of cricket on the sands yesterday, you know."

"Good," returned Dame Kindly, nodding. "Well, you run off, Tommy, and if I do not come down to the beach I shall see you here at dinner-time."

"Right!" said Tommy. "Good-bye, granny." Then, suddenly turning back, he said, with a twinkle in his eyes: "Did you see that acrobat on the beach yesterday, by the way?"

"No," said Dame Kindly, with an interested look. "What did he do?"

"Oh, heaps of clever things," laughed Tommy. "*One* marvellous trick he did was to write with his eyebrows!"

Dame Kindly stared.

"With his eyebrows?" she gasped.

Tommy Twinkle nodded.

"Yes, and it was quite simple, too," he chuckled. "You see, he just took a scrap of driftwood that had been washed up by the tide, and on the sands wrote 'With his eyebrows.' Ha, ha, ha! You see, he just wrote those three words! Ha, ha! Do you see, granny?"

Dame Kindly *did* see, and she sank back in her chair helpless with laughter.

"Tommy, what a trick, to be sure! Be off with you," added the good lady merrily, shooing our little boy off with her newspaper. "I refuse to be 'caught' any more this morning!"

So off went Tommy, highly delighted with himself at having "taken-in" Dame Kindly again.

"I must think of a few more to try on Sammy when I see him," he murmured as he skipped along the wide, tree-lined road that led to the sea. "I wonder if he has won anything in that concert-party competition he went in for?" he murmured, as he neared the promenade. "He should be told this morning, if he has. Hallo, here he is!"

Sure enough, dashing wildly along the promenade towards our little boy was Sammy himself, his face alight with excitement.

The next instant he answered the very question Tommy had been asking himself a few moments earlier.

"I have won a prize!" cried Sammy. "Second prize! And I have to call at the office along the promenade here at ten o'clock for it. Oh, Tommy, I wonder what it will be?"

Tommy's eyes twinkled.

"A sugar-stick, perhaps?"

"Nonsense!" cried Sammy indignantly. "They give jolly good prizes. One boy told me he had a mechanical aeroplane, and—and a little girl had a life-size doll that really *walked*."

And from that moment until they reached the concert party box-office the chums debated as to what the prize should be! They named almost everything, from a box of toy soldiers (which Sammy said he wanted most of all) to a big balloon! Strangely enough, too, the prize was something to do with soldiers. It was a fine plumed officer's helmet, and a little belt and shining sword in a scabbard, and, oh joy, the helmet just fitted Sammy when he tried it on! Oh, how delighted he was with his prize; in fact, he donned it all there and then and went marching along the promenade in it!

There was only one thing to spoil Sammy's morning, and that was two slightly older, bully sort of boys who had followed the chums from the office. First, they had jeered at Sammy and his prize, and then had plotted in whispers. Tommy rightly guessed that they intended trying to get hold of Sammy's fine soldier's set at the very first opportunity. But those two boys were all unaware that our little Tommy Twinkle wore a pair of magic shoes! They followed the chums closely right to the beach, and suddenly, looking on to the sands, Tommy saw quite two dozen sand "pies" left there by some energetic little boy or girl who had perhaps gone home.

"I—I say, Tommy," stammered Sammy, as they jumped down from the edge of the promenade. "I'm scared of those two boys. I——"

Sure enough, just at that moment one of the bully boys shouted:

"Hi, give us that helmet and sword! If you don't we'll come and punch you."

Sammy turned pale and clutched his precious "prize" with both hands. The discarded sand "pies" were not six yards away, and as the two horrid boys made for Sammy our little Tommy Twinkle stamped lightly with his right magic shoe, wishing something as he did so. And, as always happens, in the twinkling of an eyelid his wish came true.

Without the slightest warning the sand "pies" suddenly jumped up out of the sand and let out a terrific yell! Up they all rose on funny little legs, and their little hands grasped queer-looking weapons that looked something like swords and something like spades without handles. Each magic sandpie wore a comical little helmet, fashioned from a cockleshell, and oh, you should have seen the fierce expressions on their sandy faces! I am not surprised the two bully boys fell back in blank amazement and fear.

"Oh-h-h! O-oo-oo-o!" they wailed, bumping back into each other. "Wh-where—wh-what——"

"Hee, hee, hee! After them, boys! We'll teach them to worry Sammy and Tommy! Charge into the enemy!"

Just like a little army the enchanted sand "pies" made a rush at those two boys, who, for several seconds, were too terrified to move.

"Go along, Sammy! Lead your men!" chuckled Tommy Twinkle, giving his chum a gentle prod. "You are the officer, you know!"

A delighted gleam sprang into Sammy's eyes, and, grasping his fine, glistening sword, he ran in front of the sprightly little sand "soldiers." This was a fine game, he thought, and Tommy, who, of course, knew just what was going to happen, stepped back and leaned against a near-by breakwater to watch the fun.

"Oh! Leave us alone!" yelled the naughty boys.

"Ow-ow! Boo-hoo! Let us go!" roared the bigger of the bully boys, as one of the sand-boys gave him a little prod with his comical weapon.

"Not until we have taught you a lesson you will not forget!" chuckled the sand-boys merrily. "Quick! Tickle their toes, boys! Hee, hee!"

Flinging down their weapons the sand "soldiers" made another rush at the scared boys and, with yells of delight, tried to tickle their bare feet.

This, of course, made Jim and John dance and caper more than ever, and Sammy and Tommy roared with laughter at the funny sight.

"C-come on, Jim!" gasped one of the bully boys in desperation. "Run into the sea, and—and try and get away l-like that!"

So, hopping and yelling and jumping, they made a dash for the water, the merry little sand-boys after them. But, of course, as soon as the waves dashed over Sammy's gallant little "army," why—well, they just melted away and vanished. (Tommy Twinkle had quietly stamped his *left* magic shoe, too, you know.)

But the two bully boys were not at all sure that their "enemies" would not return, and so they did not wait one moment. They dashed away down the beach when the sand-boys had disappeared, and you may be sure they did not mean to come back and interfere with the two chums' games again.

"They will not stop running till they get home, I'll be bound," laughed Tommy, as he and Sammy watched the bully boys tearing off as though a thousand crabs were after their bare toes!

"There is one thing I *would* like to know," murmured Sammy, a little later, as the boys were sitting enjoying ice-creams on the sands. "And that is, how those sand-pies turned into *real* little sand soldiers. Wouldn't you, Tommy?"

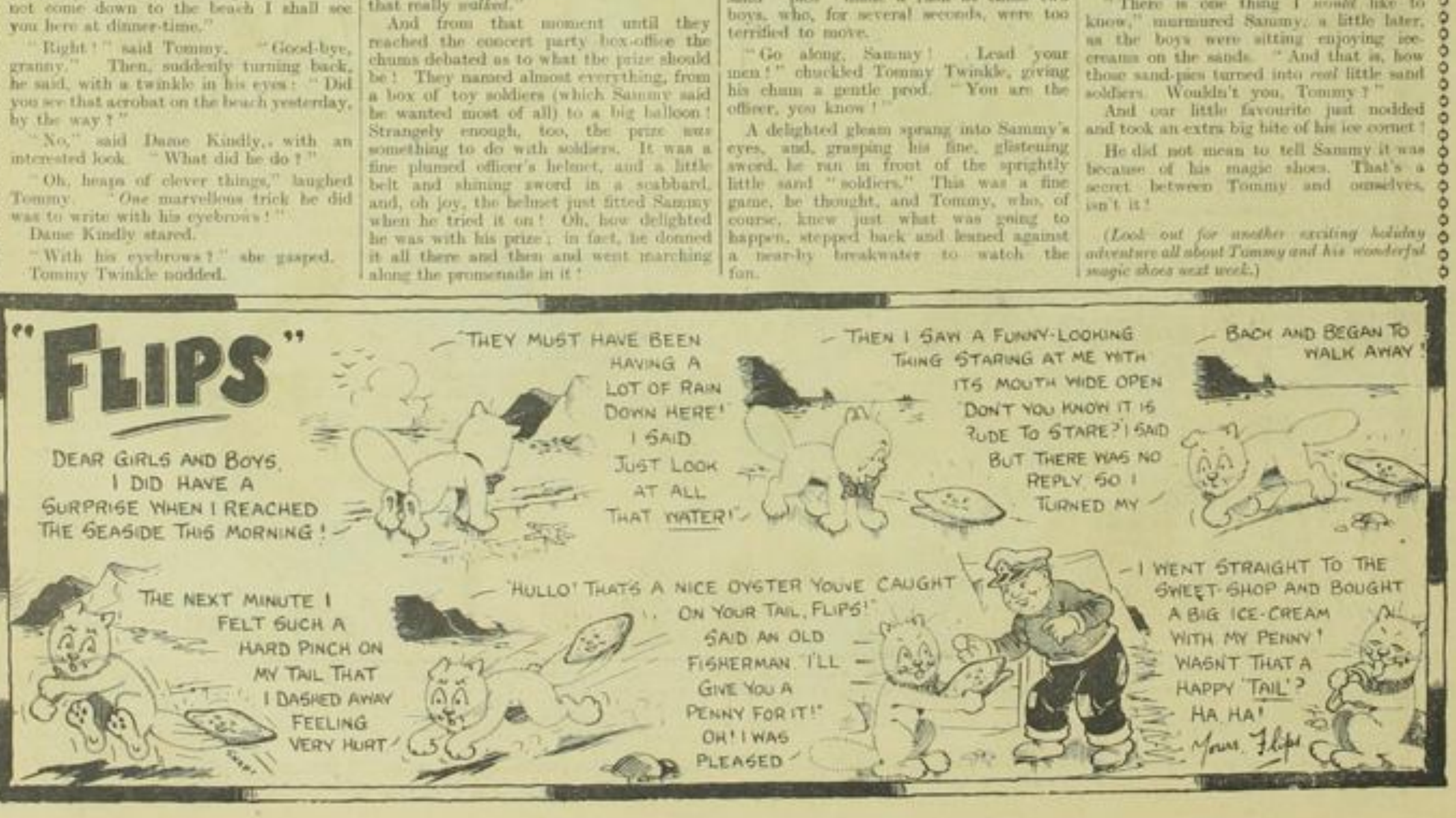
And our little favourite just nodded and took an extra big bite of his ice cornet!

He did not mean to tell Sammy it was because of his magic shoes. That's a secret between Tommy and ourselves, isn't it?

(Look out for another exciting holiday adventure all about Tommy and his wonderful magic shoes next week.)

THIS WEEK:

SAMMY'S SOLDIERS.

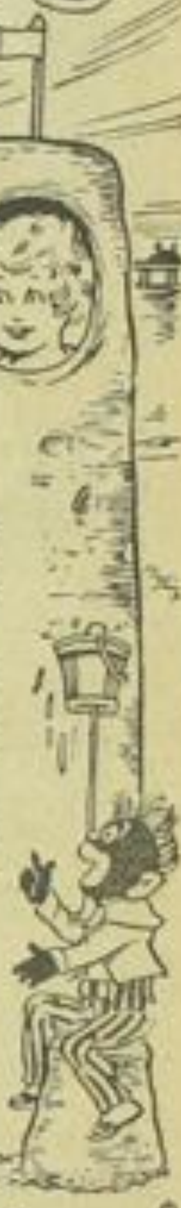


Happy Holiday Hours with my Readers

As soon as the funny Baby Buntings saw Uncle Ben's big sand-castle they decided to build one for themselves! They made a lovely one, too! But when it was finished Curly and Peterkin "captured" it, and Peterkin made himself the king, while Curly acted as his faithful guard!

Of course, the others tried to drive them out with big crabs and jellyfish, and poor little Dinky, who had been shut in the castle by mistake, dug his way out feeling very alarmed! He says crabs always bite his tail.

Alas! He made such a big hole in the wall that the castle began to wobble badly, and quite suddenly it tumbled down and buried the "king" and his guard! Ha, ha! How the other Buntings laughed at them! And I think it served them right, don't you?



315, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—Hurrah! Oh, I do feel happy to-day! I have just arrived at the seaside with all the merry PLAYBOX folk, and everything looks so jolly that I really feel like dancing round my new sand-castle "office"! Can you see me peeping out of the window at the top? Ha, ha! I can see you!

Sonny Bear and all the others are having some fine fun on the beach! From where I am sitting I can see Polly Parrot in a new pink bathing costume—looking just like a strawberry ice! The Wee Woolly Boys are trying to "teach" her to swim, while Mrs. Hippo looks on rather anxiously. I expect she will be doing some "rescuing" soon!

Many of my little readers have written to tell me that they are having a lovely time at the seaside, too, and one little girl named Gladys says that she has ordered her PLAYBOX every week while she is away. She declares that her holiday would not be half so happy without her favourite paper. Ha, ha! Thank you, Gladys!

Your jolly friend,

Uncle Ben

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Pamela Williams, of Cambridge.

FUN ON THE ROCKS. A Seaside Puzzle Picture.

Tony, Ted, and Topsy were having a very exciting time at the seaside! At low tide ever so many big rocks appeared out of the water, and you can guess that they had a fine time climbing them!

"Ha, ha! I'm the best climber!" shouted Tony. "Watch me jump across to that rock over there!"

But it was just a wee bit too far, and instead of landing on the rock, Tony tumbled into the water! Ted and Topsy roared with laughter and then they were joined by more merry voices. Six other boys and girls had seen Tony's fall and came scrambling over the rocks to help him out.

Can you see them in the picture? They are hidden in all sorts of unexpected places, so look very closely.

"BUCKET CATCH." A Jolly Beach Game.

Here is an exciting game to remember for the sands, boys and girls! Any number of players may join in—the more the merrier! Now, before the game begins, each player must turn his bucket upside down in the sand. The buckets should be some distance apart.

Now one of the players is chosen to be the chaser, and at the word GO he must run after the other players and try to touch them. Any player who reaches a bucket and stands on it cannot be caught at all, and the chaser must either run after someone else or wait until the player jumps or falls off the bucket. It is not an easy task to balance on an upturned bucket for very long, so you can guess that the game becomes very exciting. Any player who is caught becomes the chaser, and so the game goes on.

SONNY, THE STRONG MAN!

1. "I am feeling very strong this morning, Micky!" said our Sonny Bear, as he picked up a huge stone from the beach. "I can throw this stone right out of sight!" "You can't do that!" laughed Micky.

2. "Oh, yes, I can, my lad!" chuckled artful Sonny Bear. "Watch me!" And taking the stone down the sands, he just dropped it in the water. "There you are! I have thrown it out of sight," he laughed.

HOLIDAY RIDDLES TO ASK YOUR PALS.

Q. Why is a sand-pie like a cat in a pantry?

A. Because they both have to be "turned out."

Q. Which pets are always found at the seaside?

A. Lim-pets!

Q. Why is a cricketer like a fisherman?

A. Because they are both out for a catch!

Q. Which part of a fish weighs the most?

A. The scales!

HAPPY HOLIDAY CHUMS.

"Hallo, Laurie Lobster! The tide seems very slow in coming up this morning!"

"Yes, Percy! It was out late last night, you see! Ha, ha! By the way, did you see the sea-plane this morning?"

"No, did you?"

"Oh, yes! I just looked out of my window and saw the sea plain!"

"You are very full of fun to-day, Laurie! You remind me of the sun!"

"Why, Percy?"

"Because you make 'light' of everything! I can never guess your riddles, they are just like train tickets!"

"Goodness! Why is that?"

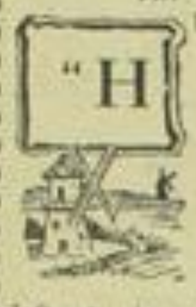
"Because I always have to 'give them up'! Caught you that time!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

LITTLE MAN

ESCAPE—AND A SEASIDE SURPRISE!

An Awkward Moment.



"HURRAH for the holidays!"

Little Tim Trotter and his chum, Michael Baxter, cheered gaily as they bade good-bye to all their friends at Mulberry School and set off with their bags for the railway station.

The train for Brimport, which was their destination, left at nine o'clock, and their eyes were bright with excitement as they hurried towards the station.

And then suddenly little Tim turned very pale and stopped abruptly—for there, standing in the station doorway smiling across at him in her unpleasant, thin-lipped way, was Mrs. Blandy, the crafty and ill-natured old woman who had once been the guardian of him and his chum, Jessie, and from whom, a long time ago, he and Jessie had run away.

"And where do you think you're off to?" Mrs. Blandy snapped, and when Tim said in a faltering tone that he was off for his holidays with Michael, "Oh, are you?" she said sharply. "No, you're not—you're coming home with *me!*"

It was all so sudden and so unexpected that Tim drew back in alarm, not knowing what to say. But Michael stepped forward boldly, facing her with steady eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but Tim *is* coming with me. My daddy invited him to our house at the sea, and it is all arranged."

"Oh, indeed!" snapped Mrs. Blandy sharply. "Then I like your impudence, young man. What right has Tim to accept any such invitation without asking me?"

"But why *should* he ask you?" Michael challenged her boldly. "He doesn't belong to you. It has all been arranged for Tim to come with me," he said stoutly, "and he's got to come. Will you let us pass?"

Mrs. Blandy's face hardened and her eyes kindled angrily.

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" she snapped. "You can come past if you like, but Tim Trotter stays where he is. Or," she added sharply, "you can both stay there until the train goes. It's all the same to me. What I'm telling you, young Mr. Impudence," she grated, shaking a finger in Michael's face, "is that Tim comes home with me!"

As she said this Mrs. Blandy spread her arms across the doorway so that the boys could not pass her, and Tim turned and looked at Michael in rather a despairing way. They drew back together, gazing up the line, wondering what to do. If they lost this train to Brimport, there was not another one all day.

"Tim, you've got to come. We *must* catch it!" Michael whispered. "What about climbing the fence on to the platform?"

Tim shook his head, picking up his bag and moving out of the way as there came a hoot from the station bus which was just about to leave.

"Sorry we can't stop, Mrs. Blandy," cried Tim.

"That's no good, Michael. She'd come on to the platform and get me. Oh dear, I never dreamed that she would be here waiting for me! If I'd had any idea, I would have—have—what's the matter, Michael?"

Tim let out a little gasp as his chum grabbed him suddenly by the arm.

"Quick, Tim!" he gasped breathlessly. "That bus! Come on!"

Almost before Tim was aware he had been thrust with his bag on to the platform of the moving bus. Michael sprang on behind him, and Tim caught his breath as he saw Mrs. Blandy running towards them.

She could not keep up with the gathering speed of the bus, however, and it was with great relief that Tim saw her angry figure fading out of sight round the bend. But he was worried and bewildered, for he felt certain now that the train was lost.

"But, Michael," he gasped, "this is no good. We'll never get to Brimport this way."

"Yes, we shall!" cried Michael happily. "At least, we shall if we have a bit of luck."

"But how? Are we going there on the bus?" gasped Tim.

"As far as Rodwell," said Michael gaily. "That's the next station and, if we're lucky, we'll be in time to catch the train from there. The idea came all of a sudden," he added, with a grin. "Don't you think it was a good one?"

Tim nodded delightedly, thinking it was a real brain-wave. But he was still a little worried about the train, for Rodwell was over two miles away, and the road was narrow and winding. He leaned forward and spoke to the conductor.

"We want to catch the nine-seven from Rodwell, please," he said, guessing that would be about the time the train was due. "Shall we be in time, please?"

"Hay? Nine-seven from Rodwell. This y'ere be a station bus, my son, and not a hairyplane. What do 'ee want to catch 'un at Rodwell for? Why didn't 'ee catch 'un back at Mulberry?"

"That old lady wouldn't let us!" said Michael breathlessly. "She's horrid and we don't like her, and she wanted my friend to go home with her instead of coming with me. Do you think the driver could go faster, please?" he begged. "If we miss the train I don't know what we shall do!"

The conductor seemed amused, and chuckled loudly.

"H'm!" he said. "So you don't want to go home with that old lady, eh? Well, I don't blame ye, not judging by the looks on her. Wait a minute. I'll just have a word with Joe to see if he can step on the gas a bit."

With a grin, he moved down the bus and tapped on the glass behind the driver.

"I say, Joe," he called out, "these young gen'lemen from the school wants to catch the nine-seven from Rodwell. Will the old tank do it, do 'ee reckon?"

"Ay, she'll do it all right," said the driver, smiling over his shoulder, "provided we don't run into a flock of sheep, or owt. If we do, then we're beat. We'll have a go at it, anyway."

He was a good-natured man, and as he urged the bus forward at a merry pace the two boys peered anxiously ahead. It was a common thing, they knew, upon that country road for a vehicle to overtake a flock of sheep or a herd of cows dawdling towards the farm. And that meant, perhaps, a delay which would lose them the train.

To their relief, however, the road was clear. On and on they went—rattle-rattle, bump-bump!—with overhanging brambles in the hedgerow swishing against the side of the swiftly-moving bus. Suddenly, as they swayed round a bend, they saw the quiet little station right ahead of them.

"There it is! We shall do it!" cried Michael, leaping to his feet.

"Ay, and there's the train, too, if I bain't be mistook," said the conductor as Tim snatched up his bag. "It'll be a race for it even yet!"

With a last bump the bus swerved into the yard and came to a stop just as the train came steaming into the station. With a gasp of thanks, Michael took a flying leap on to the ground and rushed into the booking hall.

"Two singles to Brimport, please!" he gasped to the booking clerk as he put down the money, and then, snatching up the tickets, he raced for the platform, with Tim panting at his heels.

To their delight, they were just in time. The guard had blown his whistle and the train had begun to move as the boys, flinging open one of the doors, hurled their bags inside and then hurled themselves in after them.

The door was slammed behind them, and they stood together by the window, beaming happily.

"Done it!" gasped Michael. "If that bus hadn't have hurried, we—"

"Look!" cried Tim hoarsely as he pointed. "*Look!*"

A hired motor-car had come racing up to the station, pulling up with a loud squeal of its brakes. In the same moment that it stopped the figure of an old woman appeared—an old woman whose thin face was red with anger as she watched the train drawing slowly out.

Michael snatched off his cap and waved it violently, and so did Tim. They were both rocking with laughter.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Blandy!" they cried shrilly. "Hope you have a nice holiday!"

"Good-bye, Mrs. Blandy!" cried Tim, waving both his hands. "So sorry we can't stop!"

They continued to wave mockingly as Mrs. Blandy glowered after them.

"You wait!" she cried. "I'll find out where you are. Then you'd better look out!"

But Tim and Michael were not looking out any more. They had sunk down on to the seat and were laughing until the tears ran down their cheeks.

Once again Mrs. Blandy had tried to trap them, and once again they had outwitted her!

A Big Surprise.

The journey to Brimport from Mulberry was rather a long one, but Tim and Michael were in such good spirits that they enjoyed every minute of it.

At one o'clock they were still only half way, and they had time to eat the sandwiches which the matron had packed up for them before they changed into another train which, stopping at almost every station, crawled on slowly and steadily towards the coast.

The thrilling way in which the boys had shaken off the unwelcome attentions of Mrs. Blandy provided them with plenty to talk about for several hours.

"Won't Jessie be thrilled when we tell her?" said Tim, with a chuckle. "And won't she laugh? Oh, Michael, if only we'd had a camera so that we could have taken a picture of her as she stood there glaring after us! I'll never forget her face as long as I live."

"And won't daddy laugh, too?" said Michael, with a chuckle. "I say, Tim," he added earnestly, "I wonder what sort of a place Brimport is? And I wonder what sort of a house we shall be staying at?"

"We shall have it all to ourselves, Michael," said Tim, "because your mummy said so in her letter. And she said, too that when we arrived we should have a big surprise. I wonder what she meant?"

Michael smiled and shook his head.

"That's what *I'm* wondering," he said. "I hope it's something thrilling, Tim! We'll have to wait and see."

In Mrs. Baxter's last letter she had told the boys that they would need to take a cab from the station because of their bags, and when at long last the train steamed into Brimport the boys could feel the fresh sea air in their faces as they walked down the platform.

The station stood at the top of the hill, and Tim let out a little gasp of delight as he and his chum passed out. For they found themselves looking out over the clustered houses of the town to the broad sweep of a bay where a number of vessels lay at anchor and the evening sun gleamed upon the white sails of yachts and fishing smacks.

"I say, but what a lovely place!" he cried. "There's a cab, Michael!" he added eagerly. "We'd better take that one. Hi, there! Cab, please!" he cried.

The driver of the cab came up with a grin, and lifted their bags on to the box.

"Where be for, young masters?" he asked in his broad brogue. And when Michael said "Viking House" he stroked his chin thoughtfully and then grinned all over his rather grizzled face.

"Don't you get a-pulling my leg, young master," he said. "This y'ere be a cab and not a motor-boat. Jump in and I'll take 'ee down."

The two boys were puzzled, but they leapt inside, gazing about them delightedly at the steep, narrow streets which the cab

"That's the place you want," said the old man.

descended. Their eyes grew brighter still when the cab paused at the side of a quay, where some steps ran down to the water.

"Here 'ee be!" said the old cabman, descending stiffly and reaching down their bags. "That'll be two shillings, please."

Michael paid him the money, while Tim stared about him in bewilderment. Michael, too, was very puzzled.

"But I said Viking House," said Michael. "I—I can't see any house. Why have you brought us here?"

"Because this y'ere boss can't swim," said the old man, with a chuckle. "That's the reason, I reckon. It aren't Viking House as you want, young gen'lemen, because there bain't no such place. Leastways, not in Brimport. The place you want is The Viking."

"The Viking!" gasped Michael in amazement. "But what's that?"

"The name of the ship where you be a-making for. Can't 'ee see it?" asked the old man, with a grin, as he pointed out to sea. "That old timber hulk out in the bay yonder. That's the place you want—and you've got to travel the rest o' the way by boat. Didn't ye know that, sonny?"

But Michael did not answer, nor did Tim. They were standing on the quay, staring with flushed and astonished faces out across the bay.

Was *this* the surprise that Mrs. Baxter had mentioned? Were they going to spend their holidays upon a ship?

(Thrilling times are in store for Tim and Michael! Another thrilling instalment of this lovely story in the PLAYBOX *next week.)*

IF YOU ARE AT THE SEASIDE

Or in the country do not forget to ask the nearest newsagent to save you a copy of

THE PLAYBOX

every week. Then you will not miss our lovely pictures and stories!

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy comes to a pretty little town and sees all the folks going off to the seaside. When they have all gone, she sees a little girl sobbing at a cottage window. "They have left me behind!" she cries.

1. The poor little girl was sobbing so bitterly that Wendy began to feel quite sad herself. "I can take you to the seaside," she said. "But I am locked in!" was the reply.

2. Wendy smiled to herself as she spread her magic carpet on the ground. "I do not think you need worry about that, little girl," she murmured, as she brushed it briskly.

3. The little girl's eyes opened wide with astonishment as the wonderful carpet rose into the air and floated right up to her window. "Come and sit beside me!" laughed Wendy.

4. A few moments later the two little girls were soaring away over the countryside towards the distant blue of the sea! Polly clasped her hands and murmured: "Am I dreaming?"

5. But when the magic carpet flew down to the golden sand, Polly knew that it was all quite true! "Oh, thank you, Wendy!" she cried. "This is my first visit to the seaside!"

6. From that moment everything seemed to go well with the two little chums. Polly found a little wooden spade that had been washed up and she declared she would make a sand-castle!

7. "I'll start with a big heap of sand first!" she exclaimed, as she began to dig busily, "and then——" Suddenly she came to a stop and stared down. She had uncovered an old casket!

8. "O-oh! Just look what I've found, Wendy!" she gasped, as she dragged the box out. "Do help me open it! Perhaps it is full of treasure!" They tugged at the lid.

9. "Let's give one good hard tug!" whispered Wendy excitedly—and the next minute the lid flew back. At first it seemed empty, but at the bottom Wendy found a letter!

10. "It has got some writing on it, Polly!" she exclaimed, as she snatched it out quickly. "It is very faint, but I think I can read it!" And after studying the paper for a few moments she read: "Bring box to cave and wait for treasure to-night."

11. At first the chums were very puzzled by the message. It did not seem to mean anything until little Polly exclaimed: "Why, I know, Wendy, that message must have been meant for pirates!" "Then we'll put it back and watch in the cave!" said Wendy.

12. There was a huge cave in the rocks near by, and Wendy was quite sure it must be the one mentioned in the note. She hurried in eagerly, and suddenly tumbled down a huge black hole! Polly, who was lingering in the entrance, did not know of this.

13. When at last she did pluck up courage to enter the cave, she found no sign of little Wendy anywhere! "O-oh dear! Where has she gone?" she exclaimed in dismay. Then she heard the echo of heavy footsteps in the distance. A pirate was coming!

(What has happened to little Wendy? Do not miss this lovely picture-story in next week's PLAYBOX! Order your copy now!)

MRS. HIPP

1. "Come on, Baby!" cried Tiger Tilly. "We are going to have some fun on the sands to-day!" "I'm tired of making sandcastles!" sighed Baby. "I would like to have a go on a big helter-skelter!"

2. "What an ungrateful girl you are!" declared Jenny Jacko. "Fancy grumbling while you are at the seaside!" But Baby did not reply! She had found her helter-skelter on the side of the steps!

3. The next minute she was sliding down the ste parapet merrily! "Ha, ha! Don't you wish y were up here?" she laughed. "Goodness! Y will spoil your pretty frock, Baby!" cried Tilly

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Three cheers for the seaside!" cried Dibs. "Shall we go on the jetty?" "Oh yes!" laughed Dabs. "We might catch some fish!"

2. But when they reached the end of the jetty they found a big tub floating in the water. "Ha, ha! Now we can go for a sail!" cried Dibs.

3. Then they all jumped into the tub, feeling very happy—but the next minute they felt very wet, because the bottom of the tub gave way, as you see.

4. Luckily mummy came along just in time to rescue them, and she made them march home inside the tub! They did not enjoy that swim very much!

SAMBO

1. "Now for a lubly dive," said Pompey, the big nig. "Dere is going to be a big splash soon!"

2. And be Pompey simp and knocked

4. And then he tied the other end of the rope to motor-car. "Hold tight, please!" he chuckled, drove up the sands, pulling the house after him.

"What is full of holes and yet will hold water, Willy?"
"Goodness! I don't know!"
"Ha, ha! A sponge of course!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. "Oh, look, boys!" exclaimed Willie, when the Woollies arrived at the seaside. "There is a fair on the beach to-day!" "We must get some pennies for that," said Percy. "I know what to do!"

2. Then they met Dr. Foster, who was painting a pretty picture. "May we have some pennies, sir?" they asked. "No, but you can have some paint," said he, dabbing them on the nose. "Ha, ha!"

3. Now the boys had brought Freddy Frog w them just for a treat, and the next minute he jump out of the box, scaring the doctor so much that bumped his top-hat on the picture. "Oo!" he cri

S SCHOOL

4. "I don't care!" chuckled Baby. "This is much better fun than making sandcastles. I'm going to have another go in a minute." But she did not notice Tiger Tilly coming along with the pram!

5. The next instant Baby reached the end of the slide and fell right into the pram! "Ha, ha! This is the right place for babies!" laughed Tilly, merrily. "Now you must come on to the sands with us!"

6. Baby was getting a very big girl, and she was squeezed into the pram so tightly that she could not get out! "I will take you for a walk until you decide to be a good girl, Baby," said Mrs. Hippo.

SCORCHER

quite right! ped the pier house over.

3. "Golly! Dose poor little nigs will get berry wet!" said our little nig. "Catch dis rope!"

5. Luckily, he pulled it on to a big boat trolly! Ha, ha! Don't get out yet, Nigs!" he chuckled. I am going to take you for a jolly trip!"

SAMMY SEAL

1. "Boo, hoo! I do feel sad!" sobbed Patsy Penguin. "The captain won't let us go to the fair!" "Have a coconut!" said Sammy.

2. "Coconuts, did you say?" exclaimed Patsy. "Why! That gives me a bright idea! Wait there, old shipmate!" And he ran into the cabin.

3. The next minute he popped out again with a tray of big wooden egg-cups. "What are they for?" gasped Sammy. "It is not breakfast-time, Patsy!"

4. But clever Patsy made a grand coconut-shy with those egg-cups, and soon they were having a fine game. "Good old Patsy!" laughed Sammy.

E WOOLLY BOYS

"Why do bridges make you bad-tempered?"
"Tell me, Bobby."
"Because they are put over rivers to make you cross!"

4. The picture stuck to the top of his hat, and when he jumped up he had a huge surprise. "Golliwogs!" he gasped. "Where is my picture? Five shillings for the one who finds it!" How the boys laughed!

5. "Ha, ha! That is easy, sir," laughed the Woolhes. "It is stuck to your hat!" "Well I never! So it is," gasped the doctor. "You deserve your reward for being such smart boys."

6. And with a shilling each to spend, Dicky Duckling and the boys had a wonderful time at the fair. They won heaps of coconuts and prizes and had a grand feast, too. Aren't they lucky boys?

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

A LOVELY SAND-CASTLE.

Tony and Joyce had been talking about their holidays for such a long time, and now, at last, here they were down by the sea once more.

"We'll have a little paddle first," said Joyce, "and then let's build the biggest and best sand-castle we've ever made, Tony!"

"Oh, yes!" said Tony. "We shall have plenty of time to do it, too, for mummy said she would bring lunch and tea down on the sands so that we need not go home till bed-time."

"We will make a sort of fairy-tale castle, with turrets and a drawbridge, shall we?" said Joyce. "Like the pictures in our story books showing where the fairy princesses live."

They felt so excited about it, and were soon digging away, piling up the sand and patting it into shape.

They were working so hard that they did not notice daddy standing watching them, and they jumped when he first spoke.

"That's beginning to look fine, kiddies," he said. "I think the builders deserve an ice-cream each!" And Joyce and Tony turned to see daddy holding out two big ice-cornets to them.

"Oh, thank you, daddy!" they cried. And then daddy told them some news.

"Uncle Jack is coming down this afternoon, so he will be able to see this fine castle," daddy said. "I suppose it will be finished to-day?" he added with a teasing smile.

"Rather!" said Tony. "We mean to work hard on it until it is finished, don't we, Joyce?"

The little girl nodded, and having eaten their ices, they both started work again.

Such fine battlements and turrets they made that Joyce said if you half-closed your eyes you could almost see the archers shooting over the top of the castle.

Tony moulded a fine door, too, and they found a stiff piece of cardboard on which to

The doggie jumped right on to the sand-castle.

build a drawbridge, so that the water could flow right underneath it.

At last it was finished and they stood back to admire their work.

"I wonder what uncle will say to it?" said Tony. "We've never built such a fine castle before!"

"We must hurry up and finish the moat before he comes," said Joyce. "But it won't take us long to fill it!"

To and fro they trotted with their buckets, down to the water's edge and back again. Once a big dog bounded up to little Joyce and nearly knocked her over.

"Isn't he excited?" said Tony. "You'd better wait and come down to the water with me each time, Joyce. He won't knock us both over if we are holding hands!"

They never thought that he might knock down their castle, though, and suddenly it happened. The big dog meant to jump right over it, and fell in the middle of it.

Poor Tony and Joyce stared at the tumble-down castle in dismay, tears in their eyes.

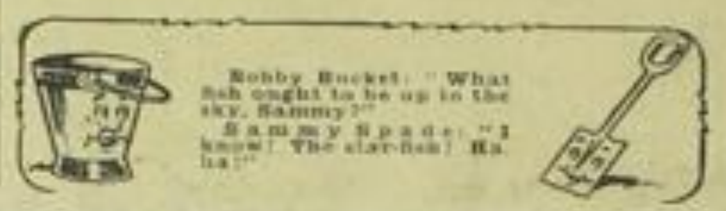
"Now uncle won't see it!" Joyce managed to say.

"Oh, yes, I saw it from the top of the cliff, and it's one of the best castles I've ever seen!" said a voice, and there stood Uncle Jack.

"Cheer up, kiddies," he said. "I want to buy you one of those jolly little paddle-boats each! Come along! I'll soon help you build another castle when we get back!"

Tony and Joyce were too happy with their boats after that to think any more about the castle, but next time they build one they will guard it more carefully.

(Another jolly holiday story next week about some brave little mice.)



AT SNOWDROP'S ZOO

1. "No bathing here!" said the beach inspector to Snowdrop and her chums. They were sad!

2. Then the wind blew the man's cap off. "That's what you get for being grumpy!" said Chic.

3. The cap fell into the sea, but our chums couldn't get it as they weren't allowed to bathe.

4. "You can have sixpence if you get my cap!" cried the inspector. "Ah! That's different!" said Chic.

5. The next minute they were all bathing merrily. "Fancy getting six-pence for this!" laughed Snowdrop.

6. They did have a lovely swim, too! "Good-bye, inspector!" laughed Chic. "Don't lose your hat again, will you?"

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

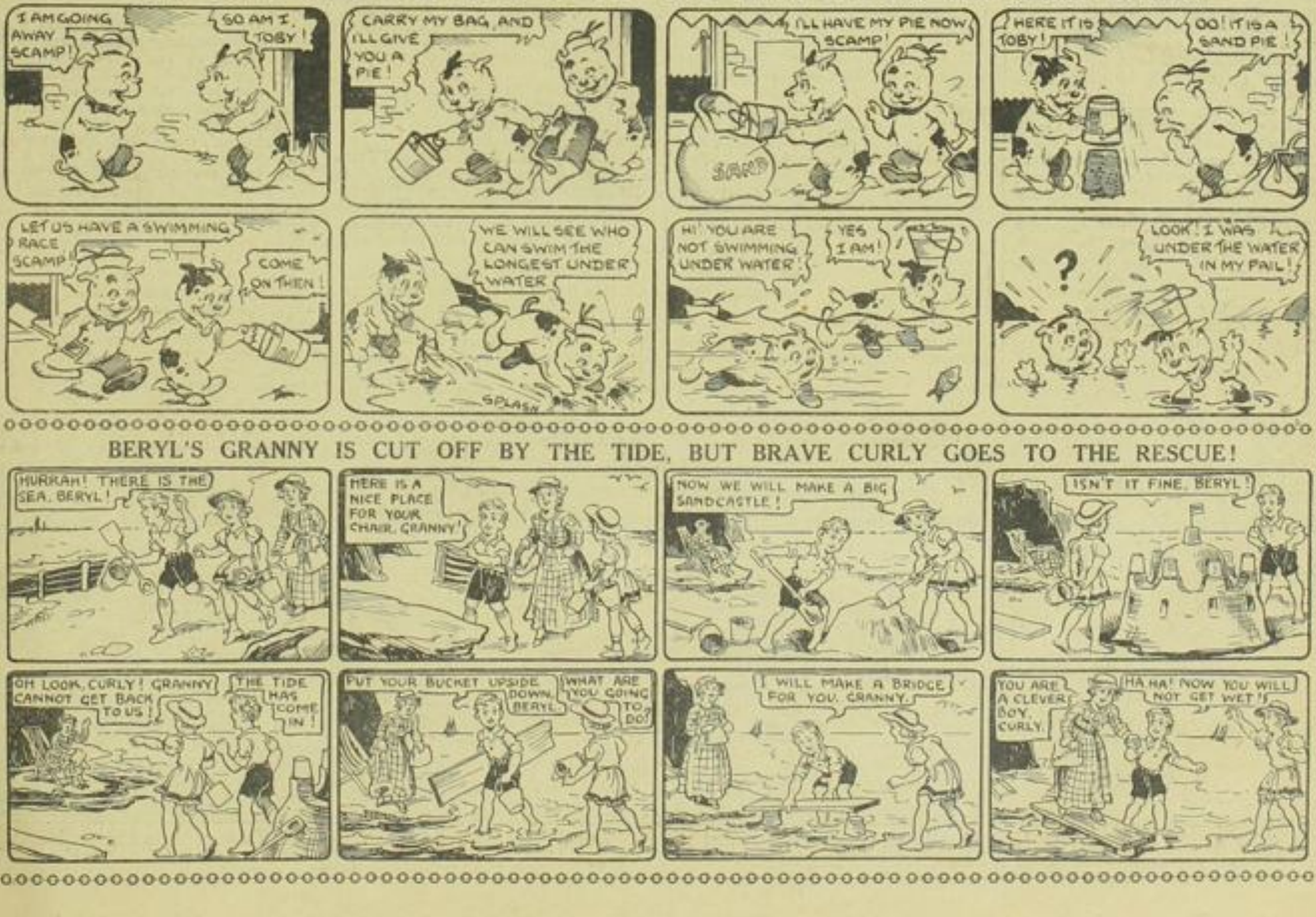
THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. Stolen Jam
2. A Wonderful Swim
3. Saving Granny.

REDWING AND TESS FIND A FUNNY LITTLE TREE BEAR AND SOLVE A MYSTERY.

FUNNY SCAMP MAKES HIS CHUM A "PIE" AND SWIMS A LONG WAY UNDER WATER!



BERYL'S GRANNY IS CUT OFF BY THE TIDE, BUT BRAVE CURLY GOES TO THE RESCUE!

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

A THRILLING TIME AT THE SEASIDE WITH PAULAPOOKAPINKY

"YOU have magicked away our princess. Now you go to the Dark Caves and never come out any more."

The Redskins of the Wonderful Island really thought that Paddy and his playmates had whisked away their Princess Paulapookapinky.

You see, the playmates had been journeying down to the seaside in a neat little railway train, when a tribe of small Indian boys had held them up. They seemed quite friendly at first, but unluckily, their princess had jumped into the engine and started it off. Before anyone could do anything about it, the train had carried her from sight.

"We didn't do it, honest Injun!" said Golly in alarm.

"Big magic puffpuff take her away. You work magic!" cried one of the little boys, whose name was Leaping Stag. "Now you our prisoners."

Anxiously the playmates looked at Paddy. Could he save them with his magic popgun that so often before had got them out of scrapes?

Paddy had only just time to fire it before he was grasped by three of the Red boys!

POP!

At the noise the Redskins all stopped still.

"What that?" they cried. "Is it heap more magic?"

It was! The magic popgun had begun to work once more. Paddy could never be quite sure what the popgun was going to do, but it always managed some kind of magic. This time, it worked in quite a funny way!

All the Red boys were feathered headdresses and something queer began to happen to these. They began to move about, and the playmates saw that they were changing into funny birds!

Leaping Stag's head-dress changed first, and it suddenly flew away, just as he grabbed hastily at his head.

"Heap big magic!" he cried. "My feathers—all gone!"

No wonder he was dismayed, for a Redskin without his war feathers is hardly a Redskin at all!

The other boys were in a state of alarm, too, for one by one their feathers turned into birds and fluttered away through the trees!

"Catch them! Stop them!" they cried and they began to dart off in pursuit, leaving the playmates smiling all over their faces.

"Ha, ha! It will take them a long time to catch those!" laughed Golly. "Hurrah! Now we can run away."

Paddy shook his head.

"No, we must not forget poor little Paulapooka-whatever her name is," he said. "She is in that train. We must save her somehow, boys."

"Of course we must!" agreed Timbo, as he looked down the railway line. "But, oh dear! We shall never catch that train, Paddy."

"We must try!" said Paddy grimly, and he set off along the track, the playmates following.

On went the track winding through valleys and over little streams until at last, as they mounted a hill, Buddy cried:

"I can see the sea."

Yes, he was right. Away in the distance the sun was shining upon blue sea and white topped waves. What a wonderful sight it was!

"All right Paula! We are coming!" shouted Paddy bravely.

No wonder the playmates raised a cheer and set off once more, walking faster than before.

On the way they kept a look out for the train, but not a sign of it could they see.

"I do hope it didn't run straight into the sea!" Paddy muttered. "We—goodness. What is that?"

As they were walking through a cutting, something whizzed down from above and knocked off Buddy's hat. It was a little golden arrow.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a tinkling laugh from above, and, looking up quickly, they caught sight of a merry face looking from some trees.

"It's Paula!" Paddy cried.

The little Redskin girl rose from her hiding-place and came leaping lightly down towards them, her dark pigtails flowing behind.

"Hail, little Palefaces!" she cried. "I raced you here."

"Why, there you are," said Paddy. "We wondered what had happened to you. How did you manage to stop the train?"

"I no stop big puffpuff!" replied Paula, as she stood before them. "It stop. Big puffpuff lose breath."

And she pointed to the train that stood not far away.

"Oh, she means that the steam ran out," said Golly.

The playmates and Paula were soon the best of friends and they all sat down under a shady tree to have a picnic.

"We shall have to take you back to your people later on, Paula," said Paddy, and she nodded sadly.

She had taken quite a fancy to the playmates and did not want to leave them. But she would have left them had she not seen the sea.

When, later on, she walked up a little hill with Paddy, she caught sight of it in the distance.

"What that?" she asked.

"Big water," said Paddy, doing his best to explain, for Paula had not seen the sea before.

The little princess jumped up and down in delight.

"Paulapookapinky come with you and paleface braves," she cried. "She come to big water, too. Wagh! I have spoken."

"But you ought to go back home," said Paddy.

"Wagh! Paulapookapinky has spoken!" came the reply and so Paddy gave it up.

A little later they all tumbled into the little train and Paddy stoked up the engine again. They were soon bowling along merrily and reached the sea in a quarter of an hour.

And how delighted Paula was with it all. She hunted for shells on the sands, paddled in the water, and made sand pies. But she was a real princess, and though she was very nice, she was rather spoilt. She made the boys fetch and carry for her as though they were braves of her tribe.

"Bring that shell. Paula want that seaweed," she would say, and the boys, always ready to please, rushed to do her bidding.

As night came on she said to Paddy.

"Paulapookapinky a great princess. She sleep in big wigwam. You go make her a wigwam."

Looking rather puzzled Paddy went to tell his playmates.

"Goodness! How can we make a wigwam?" Golly said, ruffling his hair in a worried way.

Timbo thought deeply.

"I know," he said. "I have an idea. Let's make Paula a big sand-castle to sleep in. I don't suppose she has ever seen a sandcastle before and she will be so excited."

"The very idea!" said Golly.

The playmates set to work at once upon the sands and at last the grand sand-castle began to appear before Paula's shining eyes.

She said she had never seen a finer wigwam and declared she would be quite comfy there.

"We have made the walls nice and thick so that you will not be in a draught, Princess," said Golly, who was very anxious to please the little girl, "and I think you will find the bed very comfortable. This is the way in."

"Good-night," she said, and the playmates went off to sleep in a cave they had found.

Here they made themselves quite comfortable, and no doubt they would have slept till the morning, had they not been awakened by a scream.

Paddy leapt from his grass couch, followed by the playmates, and they all raced to the mouth of the cave.

"What is it, Paddy?" gasped Golly, and Paddy pointed to the sands.

"Look!" he cried. "We forgot the tide."

And the playmates turned pale as they saw that the sea had come up the beach and was washing all round the sand-castle, slowly breaking it to pieces. And sitting on the top, looking very scared, was Paula!

The playmates scurried down to the beach and Timbo jumped into the water.

"Jump on to my back, Paddy!" he cried.

The little boy did so and then Timbo began to battle his way out against the waves, while the playmates watched, too excited to speak.

"All right, Paula! We are coming!" shouted Paddy, bravely.

The sand-castle was almost washed away now and poor Paula was in great danger. Could they rescue the little princess in time?

(The playmates have a most exciting time next week. Do not miss their adventures, will you?)

NAUGHTY NED SPOILS TINY TOM'S CASTLE, BUT WISHES HE HAD NOT!

1. "Oh dear! Naughty Ned is going to spoil our sand-castle!" cried Tiny Tom. "It is not fair."

2. I'll soon have this over!" chuckled Ned. "One bang with my spade and it will tumble down!"

3. And then he hit that tall castle hard with his spade! "O-oh!" he cried, and Tom began to smile.

4. There was a stout post inside that castle, and Ned had broken his spade on it! Tom and Snip did laugh!

BRIGHTEYES

A great idea, and an accident.

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes and Joan are going to the seaside to stay with Lola and Jackie and their parents. Just as they leave school Lola receives a letter which contains bad news. She reads it and says that they cannot go away after all!

1. Lola stared at her chums with tear-filled eyes, and then pointed to the letter that she had just read. "It is from mummy," she explained in a husky voice. "She says that my sister has caught measles!" "O-oh!" murmured Jackie. "Then they will not be going away!"

2. For many weeks the chums had been talking eagerly about the coming holiday, and now at the very last moment it seemed that they would be spending it at the school! "Wait a minute!" exclaimed our little girl. "I have got a wonderful idea! We must catch that train!"

3. "But—but we can't go to the seaside, Brighteyes!" exclaimed Lola bewilderedly. "We have nowhere to stay—and we have no money to pay for lodgings!" "Never mind about that now!" laughed Brighteyes excitedly. "I will tell you about my plan later!"

4. Luckily, they had bought their tickets for Sandysea the day before, and soon four very excited little chums were speeding towards the seaside. "Now listen!" explained our little girl. "We can form a concert party when we get down there—and earn plenty of money!"

5. "Oh, Brighteyes, what a marvellous idea!" gasped Lola, her eyes shining happily. "How ever did you think of it?" "Well, I knew that we had packed our dancing frocks," replied our little girl. "And that is what gave me the idea!" An hour later they reached Sandysea.

6. It was a beautiful day, and the golden sands were quite crowded with holiday-makers. "We have got to get some money at once, Jackie!" whispered Brighteyes. "So we had better do our show!" "All right!" replied the little boy. "Change in that tent!"

7. Chattering excitedly, the little girls hurried into a large bathing tent and changed into the pretty silk frocks that Mrs. Mills had given them. "O-oh dear," murmured Joan, "I—I'm beginning to feel nervous, Brighteyes! I do hope it goes off all right!" "Why, of course it will!" laughed our little girl. "You have not forgotten your dancing, have you? And look, Jackie has made us a lovely notice-board, too! That is fine!"

8. Joan need not have worried. As soon as the three dainty little figures tripped across the firm sand and began to dance to the merry tune of Jackie's concertina a huge crowd gathered. Boys and girls, mummies and daddies, grandmas and grandpas watched them eagerly, and clapped and cheered for more. "Just listen to them, Joan!" whispered Brighteyes happily. "I never dreamed that they would like our dancing so much!"

9. When the dancing was over Brighteyes and Joan had a rest while Lola sang a pretty song in her sweet little voice, and then clever Jackie entertained with his concertina. They finished up with a gay little chorus, and then Brighteyes went round and collected the pennies and sixpences which the people were waiting to give her; and later, when they were counting it, they found they had collected quite a lot!

10. The chums were so busy counting the money that they did not notice a little boy skipping along the jetty. He really wanted to help the chums by fetching their notice-board for them, but suddenly he caught his foot on the edge of a stone block and the next moment fell headlong into the deep water! "Oh, look!" gasped Joan, her face going pale. "He cannot swim!" "All right, I'll save him!" cried our little girl.

(Will Brighteyes manage to get the boy out of the water safely? There will be more exciting adventures in this grand story next week!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS—While exploring a lonely island, Joe and Effie meet an old sailor. They take him back to the Flying Fish, but as soon as he sees it he gets frightened and dives into the water.

1. Charlie, who had lived on the lonely island by himself for many years, was quite sure that the Flying Fish was a giant bird, and plunging into the water he swam back towards the island as hard as he could go! "Don't be frightened, Charlie!" called Joe. "That is only our ship."

2. It was some time before the twins could catch him up in their boat, but at last they managed to persuade the old fellow that the "giant bird" was really only a flying boat. "Boats don't fly!" muttered Charlie, as he gazed at the craft suspiciously. "I don't like the look of it."

3. However, the twins at last managed to laugh him out of his fears, pointing out that if they were not afraid of the flying boat then there certainly could be no harm in it. A few moments later they reached the Flying Fish, and Captain Scott welcomed the chums and their new friend.

4. Joe explained to the captain that Charlie was not really a pirate, although he was dressed like one, and very soon the two men were the best of friends. The twins were about to follow them into the cabin when Effie cried: "Why Joe, Pansy is not with us! Where can she be?"

5. There was no sign of the funny parrot anywhere on the ship, and at last Joe decided that they must have left her on the island! "Poor old Pansy!" he laughed. "She must feel lonely. We will go and find her." By this time the tide was very low, so they waded ashore

6. Anxious to find their lost pet, they dashed up the sandy beach calling her name, and suddenly Effie stopped, listening eagerly. "Did you hear that cry, Joe?" she asked excitedly. "I am sure that was Pansy!" "It came from the other side of the hill!" exclaimed Joe.

7. They scrambled up the cliff path quickly, and when they reached the top they saw Charlie's funny little house only a little way ahead. "I think Pansy must be in there, Effie!" exclaimed Joe, sprinting on in front. "I can hear her quite plainly now! I do hope she is all right."

8. Flushed and breathless, the twins burst into the cosy little parlour and were surprised and delighted to find their funny pet hopping about on the table screeching at the top of her voice! "Goodness! No wonder she is alarmed!" laughed Joe. "She has caught her foot in a big key!"

9. It was the work of a moment to free Pansy's claw from the heavy key, and muttering to herself she fluttered across to Effie and settled on her shoulder. In the meantime, Joe was examining the key excitedly. "I say, Effie!" he cried. "This must be the key to Charlie's treasure chest."

10. Joe remembered that when they had first met Charlie he was busy digging a huge hole in the sand, in which he meant to bury a big brass-bound chest, but as soon as he had found that the twins were friendly, he had given up the idea. "I would love to see what is inside it!" murmured Joe. "It would not do any harm to have a little peep, would it, Effie?" "Oh, no!" laughed the little girl. "Charlie would not mind."

11. Remembering the way into the secret passage through the trapdoor in the floor, the twins were soon down in the treasure cove. The big chest stood just as they had left it, and, rushing forward eagerly, Joe slipped the key into the lock and threw back the lid. The next instant he gave a gasp of amazement and stared inside. "Goodness! What ever is this?" he cried "Oh, Joe! What have you found?" exclaimed Effie.

(What has Joe found in the mysterious box? Do not miss this exciting picture-story in next week's PLAYBOX! Order your copy now!)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, August 12th, 1939.

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THE PLAYBOX 2d.

FULL OF HOLIDAY FUN FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

PLAYBOX 2

SONNY BEAR CAPTURES THE BOLD PIRATE!

1. "A shilling is rather a lot to pay for a trip to Winkle Bay," said our Sonny. "Shall we pop in through the porthole, Micky?" "That is a very good idea," chuckled Micky.

2. But it was rather stuffy down below, so they popped up on deck through a trapdoor, giving Olly, the officer, such a bang! "O-oh! What was that?" cried he. "A pirate, I know!"

3. The next minute he caught sight of our chums, and then an exciting chase started. "Dear me! He does not seem to like us!" said Sonny. "We must be off, Micky!"

4. "I'll soon catch those bad lads!" muttered Olly, as he dashed round the ship. "They have not paid their fares, and that's not fair!" "Peeka-boo, I see you!" chuckled Sonny Bear, as he hid behind a pile of life-belts. "Look out! He will catch you, Sonny!" exclaimed Micky.

5. But our Sonny Bear did not mean to be caught! Oh, no! He just gave those lifebelts a gentle push as Olly came along. "Ha, ha! Lifebelts save you on deck as well as in water!" chuckled Micky. "Olly-olly!" laughed our little bear. "Stand clear of lifebelts, please!"

6. But Sonny's warning came too late! The life belts knocked poor Olly flat on the deck—and then they all had a huge surprise. "For hidden inside the belts was bold bad Popeye, the pirate! "We want you, Pop-eye!" said Olly.

7. And the sailor-boys were so pleased with Sonny's smart capture that they made him captain for the day. "Hurrah! Now we can have as many trips as we like, Micky!" he laughed. "Go and ask cook to put the kettle on, please!"

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"Maybe I can help you!" said the dragon.

THIS WEEK: THE SEASIDE DRAGON.

"OH, Tommy, isn't it lovely on the beach when most of the people have gone home? Look! Only two people to be seen, and they will be out of sight in a few minutes!"

Our little Tommy Twinkle turned lazily and grinned as he looked in the direction of Effie's pointing finger. He and the little girl had brought sandwiches, and intended having a jolly picnic on their own on the sands.

"Let's wait till everybody has gone, then we can pretend we have been wrecked on a desert island, can't we?" laughed our little boy merrily.

Effie nodded happily.

"I wonder what the time is?" she murmured. And almost as she spoke there came the faint ding-dong of the town hall clock striking one o'clock.

"By the way, Effie, have I ever told you the funny story of my granny's old clock?" chuckled Tommy, a twinkle appearing in his eye.

"No," responded the little girl, settling herself more comfily in the big sand seat she had made, and reaching out for her packet of sandwiches.

"Well, it was a big grandfather clock," continued our little favourite, "and it always stood at the top of the stairs, on the landing. One day, however, it did the strangest thing. Can you guess what?"

"No, Tommy," said Effie, growing excitement in her voice. "What did it do?"

"It struck two o'clock, standing there on the top of the stairs, and *then ran down!*" said Tommy merrily. "Ha, ha, ha! Caught you beautifully that time, didn't I, Effie?"

"Oh, what a trick, Tommy?" laughed the little girl. "I no! ... known there was a ... somewhere. Now I ha' ...

The little girl puzzled and thought and pondered, first suggesting a sun-dial, then mentioning Big Ben, but no, they were both wrong answers.

"Oh, tell me quickly then, please, Tommy," she cried at last. "I give it up."

"Well, I should say the best time-keeper is a good stout watch-chain, wouldn't you?" cried Tommy roguishly, watching Effie's face. "Ha, ha, ha! That was a real trick, wasn't it?"

Whereupon, Tommy's companion declared that some fairy sprite must be whispering all these teasers and answers in our little boy's ear, and announced that she had had quite enough take-ins for one day!

"Right!" laughed Tommy agreeably. "I know! Let's hurry up and finish our sandwiches and cakes, and then go exploring as far as the jagged cliff over there, shall we? We might find some treasure trove amongst the rocks."

"Oh, yes, rather," cried Effie eagerly. Then as another idea struck her, she cried: "Oh, Tommy! Let us try to walk round to the bay on the other side of the cliff. It will be quite safe; the tide is going out!"

"Are you sure?" replied our little boy, gazing intently at the rolling waves.

"Yes; positive!" Effie nodded her head firmly. "Old Pete, the fisherman, told me it would be out this afternoon. Oh, do let's go, Tommy! I have heard that Orlando, the man who models such clever figures in sand, has been working there this morning too. Do let's go!"

So our little boy agreed, although he was not *too* sure about the tide. However, if they did get cut off, he would have his wonderful magic shoes with him! With these, he knew that it would only be necessary to wish and stamp his right foot, and by some magic means they would quite easily get back to their own bay!

So, having finished their picnic, and handed their buckets and spades to Tommy's old friend, Jake, the ice-cream man, who promised to mind them until the chums returned, Tommy and Effie set off along the firm sand towards the "jagged cliff" as they called it.

In less than half-an-hour they had rounded the cliff, and to Effie's delight, the bay in which they now found themselves was almost deserted, too. It was smaller than the other, and with no outlet to the cliffs above; unless a very steep and perilous way up the cliff-face could be called a path.

"Look!" cried the little girl, catching Tommy's arm and pointing. "Orlando has been here! See, he has made a figure in the sand! I wonder what it is!"

The chums ran over and discovered that the clever sand-sculptor had modelled a life-size dragon in the sand! What a fearsome creature it looked, too, with its curved claws and great, gaping mouth!

Effie gave a little shiver.

"Oooh! I'm glad it isn't real! But isn't it wonderful? Let's see if we can copy it, Tommy! Ha, ha!"

Merrily, the children became busy, and so intent were they that not until it was too late did they discover that the sea had crept in, touching the cliffs at either side of the bay. They were caught!

"Oh dear!" wailed Effie in dismay. "I made a mistake, Tommy! The tide was coming in! Oh, what shall we do?"

Tommy looked up at the almost sheer cliff-face. He might be able to climb it, but quite certainly Effie could not. Frowning thoughtfully, Tommy took his magic shoes from his pocket and slipped them on. Then he saw the dragon again, and in a flash, an idea leapt into his mind. Tap, tap went his right foot, and at the same instant he wished an exciting wish. The very next moment it came true, too, and Effie gave a little cry of alarm as a low, purring growl came from the sand-dragon, and it actually began to move and stretch itself! It seemed to be awakening from sleep!

"Ah-h-um-m! Ah-h-h!" yawned the great creature, rolling over on to its feet. "*Well*, well! How do you do, my dears! I've had a very pleasant nap. But you both look very scared! What is wrong?"

Effie gasped in sheer amazement, but Tommy Twinkle just smiled and replied: "As a matter of fact, sir, we are cut off by the tide, and it does not look as though we can get back very easily!"

The enchanted dragon, who, I must say, looked very pleased at being called "Sir," nodded his great head in sympathy.

"Very trying, to be sure! Very trying!" he agreed in deep, rumbling tones very like the sound of distant thunder. "Maybe I can help you, though."

"Oh-h, do—do you think so?" breathed Effie, clasping her hands, and beginning to lose her first fear of the monster.

The dragon continued to nod his great horny head as though thinking.

"It is a very good thing that Orlando decided to make a sand model of me to-day, and not one of a horse or a camel, as he sometimes does," he remarked. "You see, I can both fly and swim, and if need be, I dare say I could scale that cliff. That is the best of being a dragon!"

Tommy and Effie politely agreed.

"Well, we had better make a start, I suppose," went on the obliging dragon, giving himself a shake and blowing two jets of crimson fire from his nostrils, just as the best dragons do, you know. "Which would you prefer," he added, turning to the children. "Shall we fly, or would you like me to swim with you?"

Tommy turned to Effie, and the little girl stammered:

"Er—er—please, dear Mr. Dragon, I—I think I would rather fly!"

The dragon rose into the air like a bird.

Bowing his great head in assent, the kind-hearted dragon then instructed the children to climb on to his broad back.

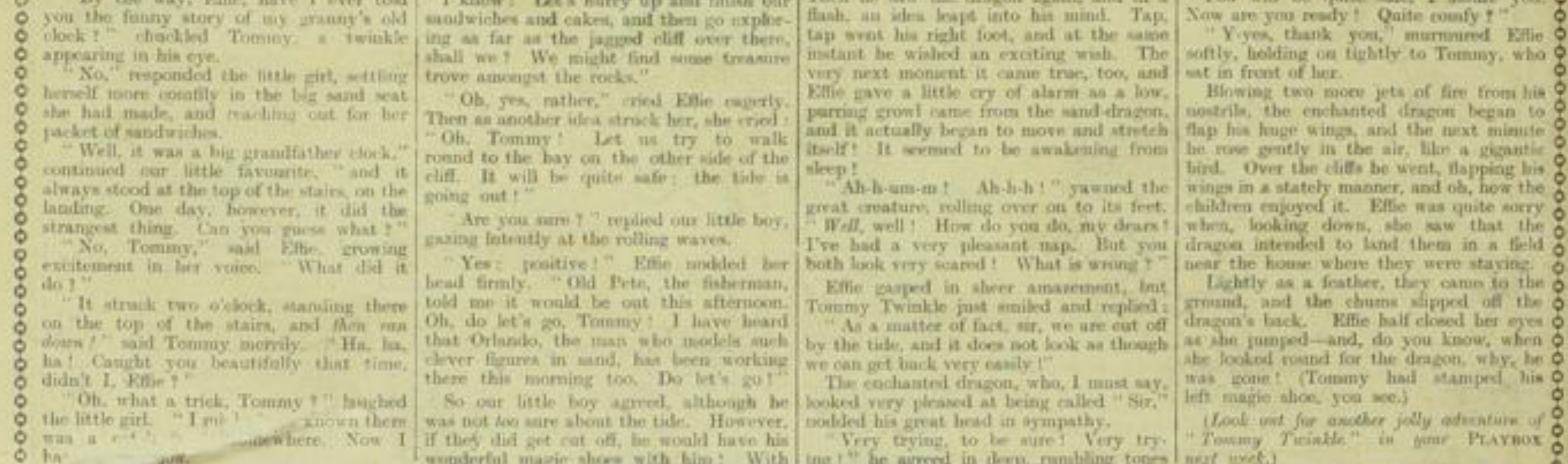
"Don't be at all alarmed," he added. "You will be quite safe, I assure you. Now are you ready? Quite comfy?"

"Y-yes, thank you," murmured Effie softly, holding on tightly to Tommy, who sat in front of her.

Blowing two more jets of fire from his nostrils, the enchanted dragon began to flap his huge wings, and the next minute he rose gently in the air, like a gigantic bird. Over the cliffs he went, flapping his wings in a stately manner, and oh, how the children enjoyed it. Effie was quite sorry when, looking down, she saw that the dragon intended to land them in a field near the house where they were staying.

Lightly as a feather, they came to the ground, and the chums slipped off the dragon's back. Effie half closed her eyes as she jumped—and, do you know, when she looked round for the dragon, why, he was gone! (Tommy had stamped his left magic shoe, you see.)

(Look out for another jolly adventure of "Tommy Twinkle" in your PLAYBOX *next week.)*



Happy Holiday Hours with my Readers

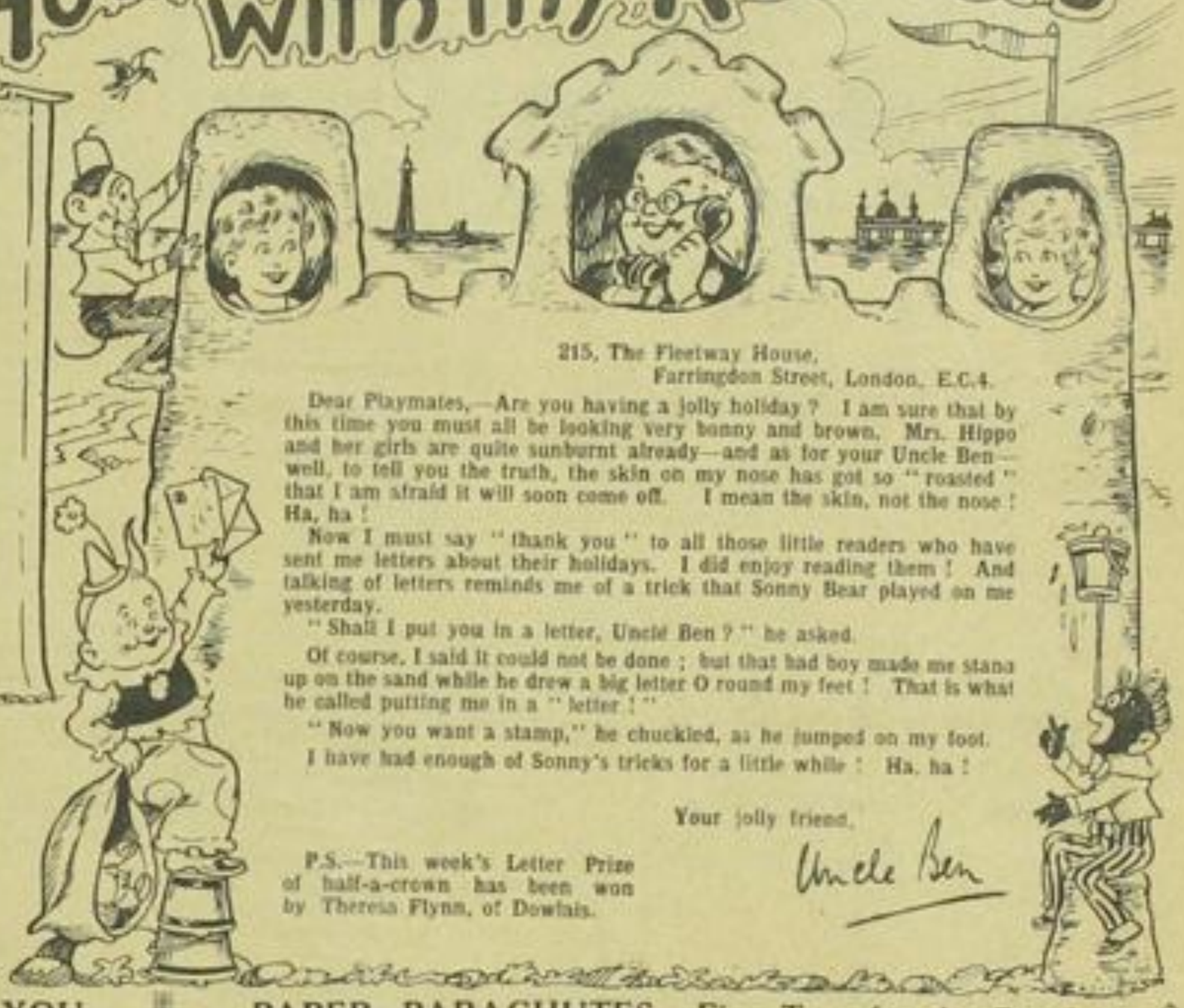
The Baby Buntings had to stop making their sand-castles when the tide came in, and so they decided to try their luck at fishing instead.

"I will give a cake to the one who catches the biggest fish!" said Babs.

"Hurrah! That will be me!" Peterkin. Then he had a "bite" and pulled up an empty salmon tin!

"Hee, hee! The salmon is not at home to-day!" chuckled Chubs. But he soon stopped laughing when he slid off the cliff into the sea! He made such a splash that he must have frightened all the fish away! Babs caught an old boot, and Nibs had a bite—from a big crab, but that was all the luck they had that day!

Nobody won the cake, so Babs ate it all herself! Ha, ha!



215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—Are you having a jolly holiday? I am sure that by this time you must all be looking very bonny and brown. Mrs. Hippo and her girls are quite sunburnt already—and as for your Uncle Ben—well, to tell you the truth, the skin on my nose has got so "roasted" that I am afraid it will soon come off. I mean the skin, not the nose! Ha, ha!

Now I must say "thank you" to all those little readers who have sent me letters about their holidays. I did enjoy reading them! And talking of letters reminds me of a trick that Sonny Bear played on me yesterday.

"Shall I put you in a letter, Uncle Ben?" he asked.

Of course, I said it could not be done; but that bad boy made me stand up on the sand while he drew a big letter O round my feet! That is what he called putting me in a "letter!"

"Now you want a stamp," he chuckled, as he jumped on my foot.

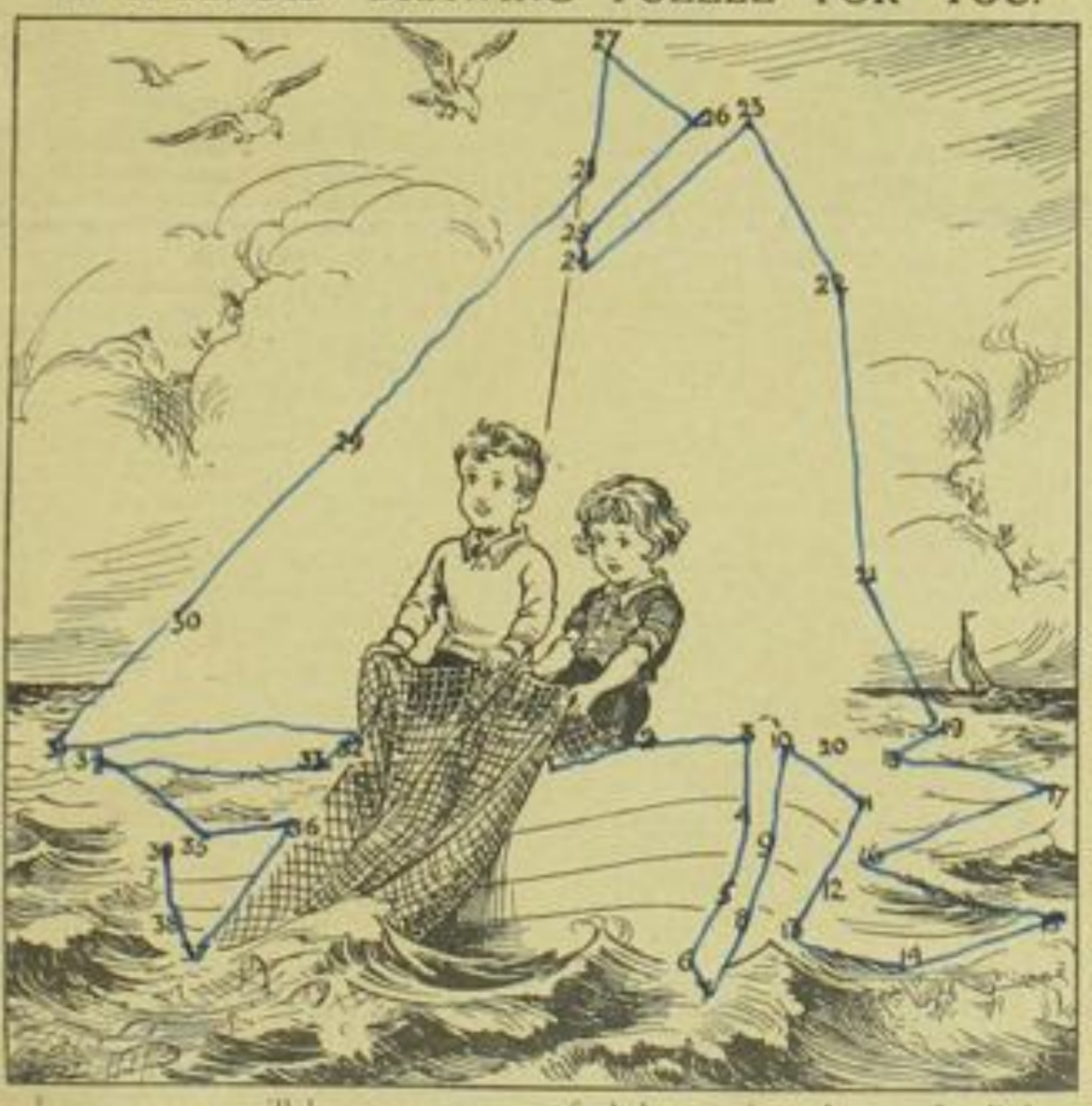
I have had enough of Sonny's tricks for a little while! Ha, ha!

Your jolly friend,

Uncle Ben

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Theresa Flynn, of Dowhals.

A SPLENDID DRAWING PUZZLE FOR YOU.



I am sure you will be ever so surprised when you look at this picture, for little Betty and Bob seem to be standing on the water miles out at sea! But you can soon make them look quite safe if you take your pencil and draw a straight line from figure 1 to 2, and from 2 to 3, and so on until you reach figure 39. Then you will find that you have drawn a fine little—well, just finish it and see!

And here is another surprise for you. The children are not alone really. With them are three sturdy old fishermen, but they are hidden away in different parts of this picture. Turn it all ways and look at it very closely and you will soon find them!

PAPER PARACHUTES. Fine Toys for the Beach.

You can have such fun with these little parachutes, boys and girls, and if you make them with thin tissue paper you will find that they float gently through the air just like real ones!

Now, first of all you must buy a few sheets of tissue from the paper shop. A large piece, about eighteen inches square, makes the best sort of parachute; from each corner tie a piece of stout thread, then gather the four loose ends together and tie them round a long stone. Do not choose a round one, or the thread will slip off.

Fold the paper lightly round the stone, and then throw it high into the air. Then it will open out and float down gracefully to earth again.

TILLY'S MAGIC CROSS.

1. "Have you seen this wonderful cross, girls?" said Tiger Tilly as she drew one on the sands. "By adding one to it I can make it into four." "Goodness! How do you do it?" exclaimed Betty Bruin in surprise.

2. "Ha, ha! It is easy!" chuckled Tilly, adding another line to the cross and turning it into the figure four. "You did not think of that, did you?" Remember to try this trick on your chums, boys and girls!

MORE JOLLY SEASIDE RIDDLES.

Q. When is a sailor an acrobat?

A. When he sits on his chest and smokes his pipe.

Q. Why is a crab like a cold morning?

A. Because it is "nippy."

Q. What is the difference between a bathing tent and a mirror?

A. In one you face the sea, and in the other you see the face.

UP IN THE AIR.

"Hallo, Frankie Frog! You are having a nice time on that balloon. Where did you get it?"

"I found it at the fair, Bertie. So I thought I'd come to dinner with you. Is it ready?"

"Oh, yes! We have got cherries and gooseberries to-day! Farmer Brown grows such nice ones!"

"I say, Bertie, do you know what children grow in Timbuctoo?"

"No, what?"

"Bigger."

"Ha, ha! That was a good one, Frankie. Now here is one for you. Do you know what they do with banana skins in Africa?"

"No."

"Throw them away!"

"Bravo, Bertie! You deserve your dinner now. Why don't you fly down to the water and have a feast?"

"But there is nothing to eat down there."

"Oh, yes, there is! The sea is very chop-py to-day. Aren't you fond of chops? Ha, ha!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

LITTLE MAN

THRILLS AT SEA FOR TIM AND MICHAEL.

Lost in the Mist.

"WE want 'Viking House,' please," said little Michael Baxter, to the old cabman, at Brimport Station, where he and his little chum, Tim Trotter, had arrived to spend their summer holidays, with Michael's parents.

For 'Viking House' was the address to which Michael understood they were going.

And you can just imagine the bewilderment of both the boys when the old cabman descended the hill and pulled up his horse on the edge of the quay.

"There baint no 'Viking House' in Brimport, not so far as I've ever heared on, young master," the old man said, with a grin. "It be 'The Viking' as you'm bound for, I reckon, and, as this 'ere old hoss o' mine can't swim, I can't take 'ee no farther."

The two boys, standing on the quay with their bags, stared at the old man rather blankly.

"'The—The Viking?'" Tim echoed. "But what is that?"

The old man laughed.

"What," he cried. "Do 'ee mean to say you've never heared o' 'The Viking'? One of the best known ships in the tea trade, she were at one time, and now, she'm just tied up to moorings and pensioned off, the same as me and my old Dobbin ought to be. That be 'The Viking,' young master," the old man said, with a grin, as he pointed out to sea. "Out there in the bay."

You can just picture the look of startled surprise in the faces of the two chums as they stared out across the water. They thought the old man must be mistaken until he said:

"There be a gentleman living there at the moment by the name o' Baxter. Summat to do with hairyplanes, he be, by all accounts, and a right nice gentleman, too. Do 'ee know him, boys?"

Did they know him? The chums smiled broadly, a sudden light of excitement spinning into their eyes, as the truth dawned upon them. So this was the big surprise which their chum, Jessie, had hinted at in her letter to them. This was the secret which Mrs. Baxter and her husband had kept from them, right till the last.

"Oh, Michael," cried Tim, almost dancing with delight, "we're going to live on a ship. Out there in the bay, just like old Sindbad the Sailor. Isn't that grand!"

Michael nodded, equally delighted, turning with an excited face to question the old cabman who was clambering back stiffly on to the box of his ancient cab.

"But, Mister Cabman!" he gasped. "How do we get out there?"

"By boat, o' course," said the old man, "unless you feel like swimming," he added, with a chuckle. "Any one o' the boatmen'll take 'ee out. If I were you I'd stand round for a bit until one o' them comes along."

With a grin and a wave of his whip, the old cabman started up his horse, and his cab rattled away again across the cobbles towards the station, in search of another fare.

The boys, picking up their bags, walked along the old stone jetty, looking about them for a boatman to take them out to their strange holiday home.

But, although the boys waited for some time, no boatman appeared and, when they spoke to a boy whom they saw hurrying along the jetty with a basket, he told them that they would probably have to wait for some time.

"We've just had word that there be a big school o' mackerel, out off the Pelican Buoy," the boy said to them, "and nigh every man in Brimport has gone off with the nets to catch 'un. The last time we got as many close inshore us landed nigh on two thousand fish."

The boy hurried on and little Tim and Michael stared at one another in some dismay. What could they do, they wondered, if there were no boatmen to take them out to "The Viking"? They were feeling hungry and a little tired, after their long journey to the coast, and did not much relish the prospect of waiting there for several hours.

Michael moved towards the flight of steep, stone steps which descended into the smooth water of the harbour.

"I say, Tim," he said, turning suddenly. "Why not go out there by ourselves? Why not borrow that boat there?"

"But, Michael," gasped Tim, "it doesn't belong to us."

"That doesn't matter. We can easily return it, later. We've got to get out, somehow," Michael said.

Tim pursed his lips, a little doubtfully. He was more cautious, in many ways, than Michael, and although he and his chum had rowed a boat many a time upon the river, near the school, they had not had much experience of boats at sea.

"There are tides and currents to consider, Michael," he said. "We might not be able to manage it."

"What?" cried Michael indignantly. "Don't be so silly, Tim. If we can manage an aeroplane without coming to any harm, surely we can manage a boat. Look here," he said, "I'll tell you what. If you don't like the idea, you stay here and mind the bags, and I'll row out on my own. Then I'll come back with daddy and fetch you, later."

Tim, however, would not listen to anything like that. He felt as if Michael was in doubt about his courage and, with a grunt, he turned and picked up his bag, moving towards the steps.

"Where are you going?" asked Michael, quickly.

"Out in that boat," said Tim doggedly. "If you're not afraid, then I'm not, either."

So, with bold tread, the boys descended the steps, tossing their bags into the small boat which was tied up there, and jumping in after them.

"I'll take the oars first," said Tim, as Michael cast off. "You can have a row afterwards, if I'm tired. You take the tiller."

Tim was not very expert with the oars, which were heavier and more clumsy than the sculls he had been used to at Mulberry, and once or twice he missed his stroke and amid a spiral of laughter, sent a shower of water over Michael, in the stern.

Also, when they passed out of the smooth water of the harbour, the boat rocked in the swell and made rowing much more difficult.

But, as Tim said with a grin, as he pulled on manfully, they would have a lot of rowing to do, during the next few weeks, and practice would make perfect.

"Are we getting any closer, Michael," he asked, presently, and Michael nodded, as he peered towards the still-distant vessel.

"Yes," he said, "we're getting on fine. Keep going and we'll be there in no time."

So they went on and on, although they did not make all the progress they had hoped for. The tide, it seemed, was running in across the bay, and it was hard work to get ahead against the current, and to keep the small boat on its proper course. As Tim had remarked, handling a boat at sea was very different from boating on a river.

At the end of half an hour, his arms aching with his efforts, Tim handed the oars over to his chum and took the tiller. But, although he pulled vigorously for some time, Michael's face clouded with disappointment when he glanced over his shoulder.

"But Tim," he gasped, "we don't seem to be getting any nearer. We seem to be f-farther away!"

"It's getting misty, that's why," said Tim. "Do you see, Michael? It seems to be rolling in just like a heat haze."

Michael did not need to look very hard to see it. In a few moments, to his dismay, and Tim's, a white sea-mist closed in upon them, shutting out all sight of the shore and, in a few minutes, concealing completely the anchored vessel they were making for.

From somewhere, out in the bay, the fog-siren of the lightship began to hoot, as a guide to ships near by. Resting upon his oars, little Michael gazed about him blankly, lost, now, to all sense of direction.

"Tim," he cried, "I don't know which way to go. What can we do?"

Tim remembered the direction of the lightship and the sound of the siren was their only guide.

"That's the way," he cried, pointing into the mist. "Keep on, Michael. We've got to keep going. It's our only chance."

But, although Michael rowed on grimly, with all his strength and Tim, guided by the sound of the siren, did his best to keep the small boat on her course, the two boys began to wish from the bottom of their hearts that they had never ventured upon this rather reckless journey.

For, if they ceased rowing and drifted with the tide, it would be, perhaps, to be carried on to the rocks at the far end of Brimport Bay. And, even if they managed to hold their course, they might not be able to see "The Viking" in the fog.

Suppose, Tim thought with a sinking heart, they slipped past the moored vessel without seeing her. Suppose they found themselves carried out to sea, with darkness coming on, adrift in a small open boat, at the mercy of wind and weather.

This was an adventure they had not bargained for!

The Ghost Ship.

For twenty minutes or more Michael pulled on and on, the mist all round them, like a white, damp shroud.

Then Tim took a hand at the oars again, handing the tiller over to his chum, both of them pausing, now and then, to peer with strained eyes, into the fog.

Michael, who was not easily dismayed, began to grow really worried.

"Tim," he gasped, "we must have come far enough now; I believe we've passed her. Do you think we'd better shout?"

Tim nodded grimly, drawing the oars inboard, screening his eyes as he peered this way and that. Then he made a signal to his chum, cupping both hands about his mouth.

"Come on, then," he said. "Both together. When I give the signal—AHOY!" they shouted together, at the tops of their voices. "A-HOY!"

The heavy mist seemed to muffle their voices like a blanket. Michael, on his feet in the stern of the boat, let out a grunt as something white and ghostly loomed up before them.

"What's that?" he gasped. "Look—there she is!" His voice had become almost a scream of excitement as he pointed. "'The Viking'!" he cried. "Hurrah!"

Tim's heart was thumping joyfully, too, as he saw the outline of an old, moored steamer take shape in the mist. Michael had seized the oars again, urging the small boat forward. They would see plainly, now, the rusted plates of the ship's side, and a blackened funnel, with long mooring ropes stretching out from the blunt bow and the stern. Michael's eyes danced as he saw a ladder descending obliquely from a gap in the starboard rail.

"Aboy, 'Viking'!" he cried shrilly. "Aboy, there, daddy! Here we are!"

Seldom had the boys felt so relieved and joyful as they urged the small boat along beside the platform and made the painter fast to an iron stanchion.

They were too breathless to shout any more, and Tim sprang on to the platform, taking one of the bags and carrying it up on to the deck while Michael, with a broad smile, followed with the other.

It was a smile which faded when they looked about them and saw the condition of the ship, the deck of which was begrimed with dirt.

"Someone's coming aboard!" whispered Tim.

"I say," he gasped, "but what a shabby old ship! Fancy daddy wanting to live on a dirty old hulk like this!"

Perhaps, he thought, it would be cleaner and nicer below and, taking up their bags, they moved aft and descended a ladder from the deck. But, below, the ship looked even shabbier and, as they wandered in and out of the deserted cabins and peered down at the rusted machinery of the engine-room, their spirits sank still lower.

"I say, I can't understand this," cried Michael, dismay and disappointment on his face. "Something must have gone wrong." Then suddenly he turned pale and clutched Tim's arm.

"Tim, p-perhaps they are all ill, and haven't been able to do anything in the way of cleaning the ship!"

Tim thought this over in his wise way before answering, and then he shook his head.

"I shouldn't start worrying about that, Michael," he said. "They would have sent some sort of message to us, I'm sure, and anyway, where could they be? We've been almost all over the boat."

It seemed very unlikely, too, Tim thought, that Mr. and Mrs. Baxter and Jessie should all be ill at once, and he did his best to cheer Michael.

"Well, I suppose it is no good staying down here," said Michael, and they slowly retraced their steps up the ladder to the deck.

For a few minutes they stood upon the deck, peering uneasily about them.

Then, suddenly:

"What's that?" whispered Tim, as there came a creak, like the creak of a ladder, from over the side. "Look!" he gasped, pointing. "There's somebody coming aboard. Who is it?"

And little Michael stood motionless, hardly daring to breathe, as a dim, ghostly figure appeared at the top of the ladder and stepped silently on to the deck.

(What mysterious ship is this the boys have come to and who is this strange visitor? Another thrilling instalment of this lovely story in the PLAYBOX *next week.)*

"There she is!" cried Michael, pointing to the ship.

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy finds Polly locked in a house by an unkind aunt, so takes her to the seaside. They dig up a box with a message saying it must be brought to the cave for treasure. They put it back and are exploring the cave when Wendy disappears.

1. Poor little Polly felt terrified in that big cave without Wendy, and then to her horror a pirate came stepping out of the shadows towards her. "I hope he hasn't seen me," she murmured.

2. Swiftly she darted behind some rocks, and, to her relief, she saw the pirate walk out of the cave. "If only I could find Wendy now," she thought. "I hope there are no more pirates!"

3. She moved off in the direction Wendy had taken, and before she knew what was happening she was sliding down a big hole. She clutched at the sides, but everything seemed to go dark.

4. Then she felt arms trying to catch her and break her fall, and she rolled gently over. "Are you hurt?" said a familiar voice, and Polly was delighted to find that it was Wendy who spoke.

5. "I fell through that hole! I believe it is a trap, but I think we can get out of here!" Wendy said, and when she was quite sure that Polly was unhurt she led her to some rough steps.

6. They soon found themselves in the big cave again, and now they felt quite excited, for they were just in time to see an old woman enter. "She has the box we dug up!" whispered Polly.

7. Keeping hidden they followed the old woman farther into the cave where she met the pirate. "I've brought the box for Mistress Gentle's jewels," she said. "Oh, it's my auntie!" cried Polly.

8. Now that the hood had fallen back Polly recognised her, and the chums climbed nearer to hear more of this plot. "Take the jewels and sell when you've the chance," the pirate said.

9. "Ah, how much better they look in this casket," grunted the old woman. "But it's not safe to take them out in the daylight!" Wendy and Polly watched excitedly as she hid them.

10. They waited eagerly for the two plotters to leave the cave, and then, when all was quiet, Polly kept watch while Wendy climbed up and lifted down the box. "Poor Mistress Gentle," said Wendy. "So they have stolen her diamonds! I know what to do!"

11. Polly's eyes sparkled with laughter as Wendy tipped the treasures on to a small piece of sacking and filled the box with stones. "Now we can return the jewels!" Polly cried happily. "I did not dream my auntie would give help to pirates!"

12. "And now I never want to go back and live with her," she confided to Wendy as they made their way out of the cave. At the entrance they had a shock, for the water was surging up and they found they were trapped by the tide. Luckily, Wendy saw a boat.

13. It was their only way of escape, so Wendy seized it, and Polly was pulling out from the rocks when the pirate leapt towards them. He soon had one foot on the boat and pointed to the bundle of jewels. "I want that!" he cried. "Hand it over!"

(It seems as if the brave little girls are caught this time, doesn't it? Order next week's PLAYBOX at once and make sure of reading the next exciting instalment.)

MRS. HIPP

1. "Ha, ha! Pearl thinks she can make sand-castles!" laughed Baby Jumbo. "Why—she could not even make a mud pie properly!" "Oh, couldn't I?" exclaimed Pearl. "Just wait, you rude girl."

2. Now, Pearl, as usual, was up to her tricks, and when she found a box on the sands it gave her a fine idea. "I can make a grand castle with this!" she chuckled, as she picked it up. "It'll be fit for a king!"

3. That naughty girl did not know that she had put it down over Polly Parrot, who was having a little sleep on the beach. Soon Pearl had covered the box with sand and had made it into a beautiful castle.

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Look at this funny bathing-van!" laughed Dibs. "Shall we push it into the sea and make it into a boat?" "Oh, yes!" said Floppy.

2. The van ran into the sea quite easily, and soon they were having a jolly sail. "A life on the ocean wave!" sang Dabs as they floated away.

3. But they soon had a shock, for their "boat" began to shoot through the water! "G-goodness! Someone is pulling us along!" cried Dibs.

4. They reached the jetty a few minutes later and found Boatman Bill there. "I pulled you along in my motor-boat," said he. "A penny each, please!"

SAMBO

1. "Help!" shouted our Sambo. "My car am sinking in de sand!" "I'se coming!" cried Binkie.

2. And ki... long pole un... "Hold tight,...

4. But he soon knew when Binkie landed on t... pole and shot the car into the air. "Hi! Dis... not an aeroplane!" gasped Sambo. "It am a ca...

"Why is the ocean like a nice cake, Willy?"
"Because it is full of currents, of course, Reggie! Ha, ha!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE W...

1. "Hee, hee! Won't Man Friday be surprised to see us," said the Wee Woollies as they rowed towards Crusoe Island. They were playing pirates, so, of course, they were feeling ever so brave that morning.

2. And when they reached the island they surrounded Man Friday and made him prisoner. "Hands up, Friday!" shouted Bobby. "We want those sweets! They are too good for donkeys!"

3. Friday had been giving Neddy a little feast ... toffees, but now that the pirate Woollies had captur... them Neddy had to go without. "Stay in our boa... Friday!" said Bobby. "And don't move!"

S SCHOOL

4. And it looked so nice and smart that Mrs. Hippo gave Pearl a huge ice-cream as a prize. "Oh, isn't she a lucky girl!" sighed Baby Jumbo. "I haven't had an ice-cream for at least five minutes! I'm hot, too!"

5. Then a very strange thing happened! That "sand-castle" began to run away on two legs! Soon all the sand had shaken off, showing the box underneath. "Oh, look! That's not fair!" cried Baby.

6. Then the box fell over, and funny Polly Parrot popped out. "Three cheers for Polly!" cried Tilly merrily. "You can have the ice now, girls," said Mrs. Hippo. "Pearl is a bad girl and shall do sums!"

SCORCHER

sie pushed a bo's little car. !" he said.

3. Then he rested the pole on a barrel and jumped into the air. "What am de idea?" asked Sambo.

5. But our little nig was in luck again, for his car fell to the big switchback. "Ha, ha! Down we go—de way for nothing!" laughed Sambo happily.

SAMMY SEAL

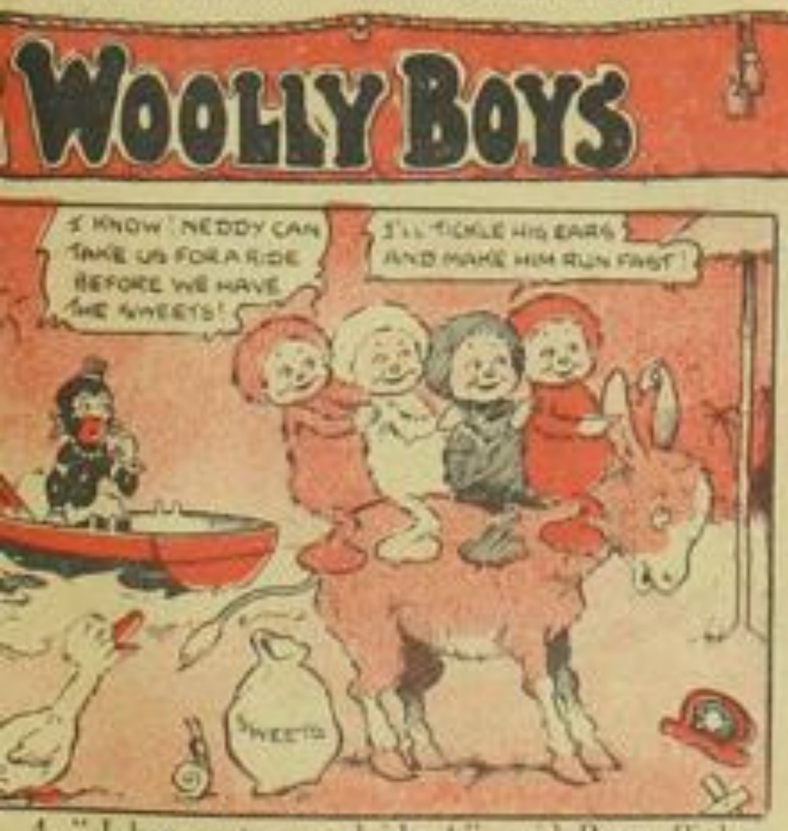
1. "Patsy has got my PLAYBOX!" muttered Sammy Seal crossly. "And I wanted to see what happened to Wendy. I'll give him a big surprise!"

2. Then he popped down below and lifted the glass roof on which Patsy was sitting. "Peep-bo, shipmate!" cried Sammy, as Patsy rolled off.

3. "Goodness me! What a bad lad he is!" murmured Patsy, scrambling up. "I'll surprise him now!" And he tied a sponge to the roof.

4. Soon Sammy lifted the roof again, and the sponge hit him on the nose with a splash! "Peep-bo, shipmate!" laughed Patsy. "Wet to-day, isn't it?"

WOOLLY BOYS



4. "I have got a good idea!" said Percy Pink. "Let's have a ride on Neddy before we have our sweets. It will give us an appetite!" "All right!" laughed Bobby Black. "There is just room for us."

5. But Neddy did not seem to like the Woollies very much, for as soon as they were on his back he gave a big kick, sending the boys on to the sand and the sweets out to Man Friday. He was pleased, too!

6. Then Robinson Crusoe came along. How he laughed at our boys, too! "Man Friday will be busy eating sweets to-day, boys," he said. "So you can do his work for him. I am sure you will like it!"

"Which fish are most useful to a shoemaker, Percy?"
"Tell me, Bobby?"
"Soles! Hee, hee!"

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

MILLIE GOES TO THE COUNTRY.

Little Millie Mouse was so excited because she was going to spend a holiday in the country with her cousin, Fifi Field-Mouse.

"I am glad you are going into the country, my dear," said Mrs. Mouse. "The fresh air will do you good after this stuffy town-house. But do be careful of Farmer Haystack's cat. I hear he is a big, angry creature, and I would not like you to meet him."

Millie had heard a lot about Long-whiskers, the farm cat, too, and it made her own fine little whiskers wobble with fright even to think about him.

Well, at last, Millie's case was packed and she was ready to catch the little low bus that went out to Cheesy-in-the-Fields, where Fifi lived. Millie was put in charge of the conductor and, as they turned a bend in the road and she waved her hanky to her mummy, Millie felt her holiday had really started.

The air began to smell all nice and scenty after a while, and Millie loved the pretty yellow fields, full of buttercups.

"I hope I shall be able to play Hide-and-Seek with Fifi in fields like that," she said to herself.

When the bus stopped at Cheesy-in-the-Fields Millie saw Fifi waiting for her and she was so excited that she almost fell out of the bus.

"Oh, it is lovely to be here," Millie said as she hugged Fifi.

Chattering eagerly, they made their way to where Fifi lived, and Millie clapped her paws in delight as she saw the pretty little nest house. It was so soft and cosy, and how different from the dark house in town where Millie lived.

A fine tea was waiting for them and Millie did enjoy it. There were special seeds and grain sandwiches, as well as pieces of biscuit soaked in milk and then some tasty cheese cakes.

"Mummy wants us to go up to the farm after tea to get some more cheese," said Fifi. "Will you come with me?"

Long-whiskers was lying outside the hole.

Millie opened her eyes wide and her whiskers started to wobble already.

"The farm!" she cried. "But what about Long-whiskers?"

"Oh, we don't worry about him," said Fifi. "I tweaked his tail the other day!"

Millie really thought Fifi was the bravest person she had ever met after that. She couldn't help wondering just what Long-whiskers looked like, so she promised to go.

They played "Touch" on the way, and Millie forgot to be frightened at the thought of meeting the farm cat.

"He is never home in the evenings, especially in the summer," said Fifi.

At last they were in the dairy and here Fifi found such a lovely piece of cheese.

"Mummy will be pleased with this," she said. "Let's hurry home and we can have some for supper!" And she slipped it into her pocket.

Fifi went first through the hole which led out of the farmhouse, but instead of running out, she turned to Millie and said:

"Can you jump and run?"

Millie nodded and then asked: "Why?"

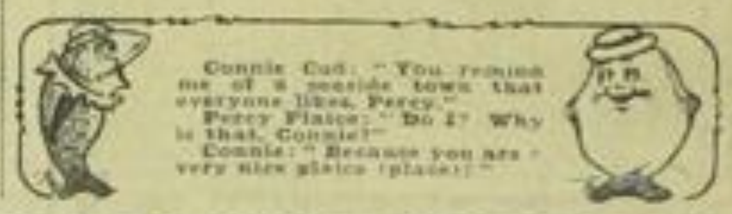
"It's Long-whiskers!" Fifi said. "He is lying outside this hole!"

Poor Millie! She was trembling from head to foot when she caught sight of the cat.

However, she bravely followed Fifi, but as she jumped, one little foot touched the great cat's whiskers. Then he was after them.

What a race that was! Luckily, the two little mice were able to dodge him in the grass, and you will be pleased to know they reached home quite safely. And weren't they glad of their nice cheese supper!

(Read about the Picnic People next week.)



AT SNOWDROP'S ZOO

1. "Isn't it lovely to be beside the seaside," said Chic. Now Snowdrop wanted to read.

2. So the chums left her with her story book while they went off to paddle. They were happy.

3. Before long there were cries from Teddy. "I can't get back!" he shouted.

4. "Oh dear, I wish my legs were not so short!" sighed Chic. It was lucky Mr. Giraffe was there.

5. He waded out to Teddy with the rubber tyre round his head, and it made a jolly swing for the bear!

6. "Don't wander away again," Snowdrop said as they had lunch. Teddy wouldn't leave those tarts!

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. The Flower Trail.
2. Seaside Tricks.
3. The Sand Boat.

WHEN TESS IS LOST HER FALLEN FLOWERS MAKE A TRAIL FOR REDWING WHO SOON FINDS HER.

SCAMP FINDS A NEW KIND OF LIGHTHOUSE, AND TRIES TO CATCH A DOG-FISH WITH A BONE.

THE 'PIRATES' IN THE SAND BOAT WIN A PRIZE WHEN THEIR PHOTOGRAPH IS TAKEN.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys.

THE MAGIC BROOCH SHOWS THE WAY IN THE SEARCH FOR BUDDY.

"BRAVO, Paddy! Gallant Timbo! Save poor Paula!"

They were the shouts that were ringing out upon the Wonderful Island where Paddy and his playmates were enjoying a holiday by the sea.

While they were there they had made friends with little Paula Pookapinky, a Redskin princess, and they had built her a sand-castle to live in. Unluckily, in the night the tide had come up and begun to knock the castle down. Hearing the princess calling for help, Paddy and Timbo went to the rescue, the dog detective swimming and the little boy riding on his back!

"On, Timbo!" cried Paddy, as once again poor Paula called for help, and although waves were washing into Timbo's face, he swam gallantly on.

"Glub! Glosh!" he spluttered. "My word, this water is salt, Paddy! Every time I open my mouth I swallow a pint. I wish I had learned to breathe through my ears."

Slowly they came to the castle, of which only one tower was left, and this was fast crumbling into the sea.

"Oh, hurry, hurry!" cried Paula, and just as the last of the castle fell Paddy and Timbo came alongside.

"I've got you!" cried Paddy, and he pulled the little girl safely upon Timbo's back.

Timbo turned and made for the beach, and at last they were scrambling up the sands, to be pulled to safety by the other playmates.

"My word! What a thrilling rescue!" cried Golly. "It was as good as a film."

When Paula had got her breath back she thanked Paddy and Timbo very prettily.

"You two heap brave braves," she said, and then she gave them a kiss each.

No wonder that Golly said that he would like to do the rescuing next time!

In the morning the playmates had more fun on the beach, and then they sat in a circle to eat some tuck that Paddy had magicked with his wonderful popgun.

"This is grand," said Buddy, as he gobbled up a jam-tart. "We——"

He stopped speaking and all the playmates sat listening, for away in the distance came a hooting noise.

"My braves!" cried Paula, and the playmates grew pale, for you see they had played a trick upon the little red boys when last they had met.

However, they need not have been scared, for the Redskins, who had trailed their princess to the seaside, had quite forgiven the playmates.

They joined in the feast and afterwards they gave Timbo and Paddy a fine head-dress each, and made them real chiefs for their bravery. Paddy they called Big Chief Paddywhack, while Timbo became Big Chief Bow-wow!

"We must go soon now," Paula told the chums, but before she went she gave Dolly Daydream a brooch with a big crystal in it that she pinned to the little girl's frock.

"That magic and bring you luck," she said. "It called the 'magic eye'!"

"Oh, thank you!" cried Dolly, and then all the chums gave three cheers for Paula. They were very sorry to say good-bye to the little Redskins, and they promised they would come and see them as soon as possible.

Then silently the braves padded off, taking Paula with them back to their wigwam homes.

Paddy noticed that his playmates were looking a little glum that afternoon for they did miss Paula, and so he said:

"Let's have a game this afternoon, playmates. I know, Timbo and I will choose sides and we will play a game of cricket. Who says 'yes'?"

"We all do, Paddy!" cheered the playmates. "Hurrah!"

Paddy chose Buddy, Teddy, Reggie Rabbit, and Dolly on his side, while on Timbo's side were Golly, Soldier Boy, Sailor Sam, and Jimmy Jumbo.

Paddy took the bat first and got ready for one of Timbo's curly throws!

"Don't miss the ball, Paddy!" begged those chums who were on his side, but the little boy could not manage to hit either of the first two! Luckily he hit the third ball, and off he went making two runs!

He managed to make ten before he was caught by Golly, and Buddy, Teddy, and Dolly did well, too. They made five, six, and four runs, which made their score twenty-five altogether. Reggie Rabbit did not score.

"Now it's our turn to bat!" cried Golly, as he rolled up his sleeves. "My word, we shall show you something! I shouldn't be surprised if you never get us out."

And for a time Golly seemed to be right. Timbo's side made twelve runs before anyone was out! But then Dolly caught Timbo, Golly, Soldier Boy, and Sailor Sam were out next, and still they needed two runs to equal Paddy's score.

"Ha, ha!" cried Buddy excitedly. "We are going to win now."

But there was still Jimmy Jumbo to be got out. He was the hope of his side now, and the grim way he held the bat with his trunk showed that he meant to do his very best.

Paddy threw the ball to him and Jimmy swished at it, but he only just managed to tip it. Up it went into the air towards Buddy!

"Catch it!" screamed the playmates, but Buddy could not quite reach the ball and it fell to the ground.

"Never mind!" laughed Paddy. "We will get Jimmy out soon."

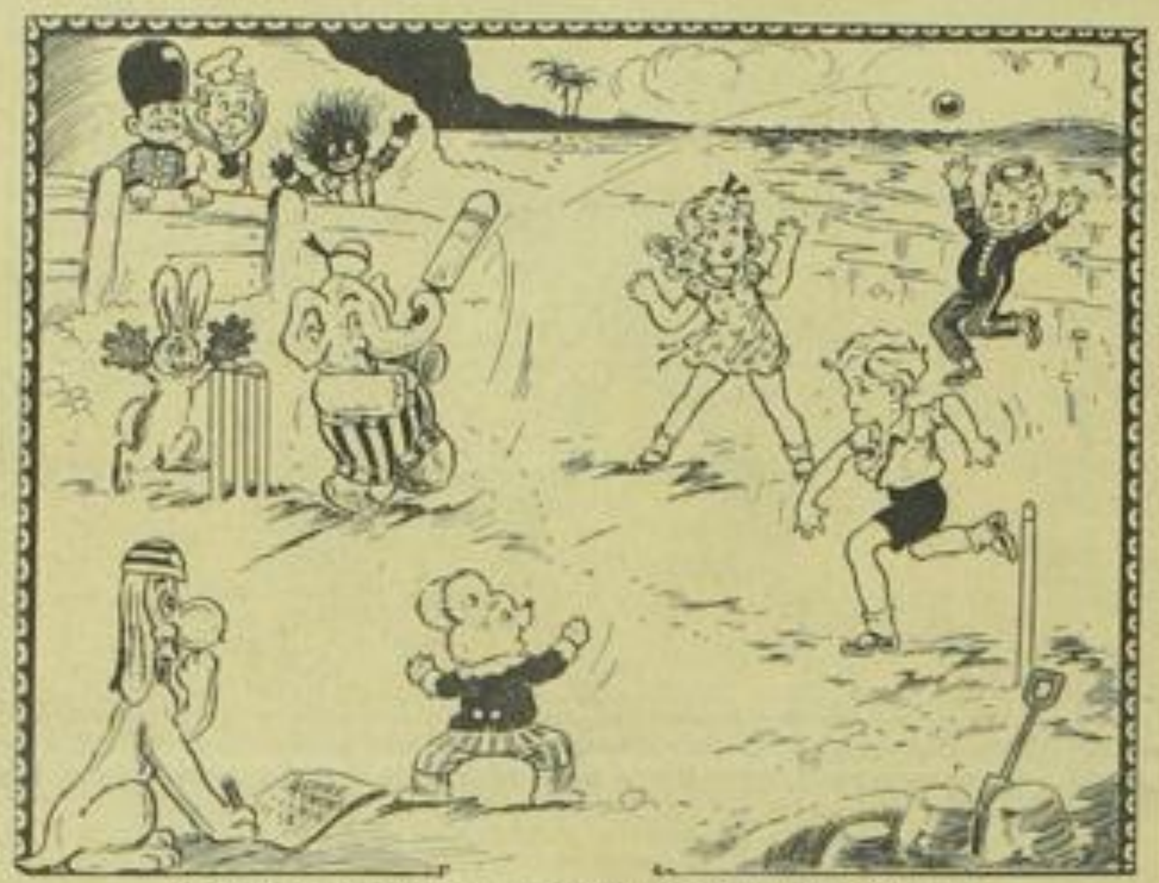
Again he bowled the ball and this time Jimmy managed to hit it. Away into the air it flew, and Jimmy began to run!

"Go it, Jimmy!" shouted his side in delight. "Don't stop!"

Jimmy's legs simply twinkled as he raced along. Would he make the two runs before Buddy could get the ball and throw it back?

Yes, up and down he flew and his side had won!

"Hurrah!" shouted Timbo, and then they all looked round at Buddy who was chasing the ball. To their surprise they saw that he was swimming out to a small rocky island not far from the shore.



"Catch it Buddy!" screamed the playmates excitedly.

"The ball fell on the island, boys!" he shouted back. "I'll soon get it."

Running to the beach they saw him climb upon the rocks and begin to search. Then suddenly, just like magic, he disappeared!

Paddy rubbed his eyes.

"Did you see that?" he cried. "Buddy has gone! Hi, Buddy! What has happened? What are you doing?"

There came no answer from the little island.

"What ever can have happened to him?" Golly cried in surprise.

"We had better go and see," Paddy replied. "Quick, playmates, let's make a raft!"

A rough raft was soon made from driftwood and creepers, and before very long they were poling their way out to the island.

"Here we are!" puffed Sailor Sam at last. "Can you see Buddy?"

But there was no sign of their chum on that seaweed covered island. It was quite a small place, and they could easily see that.

"How strange!" said Golly. "What do you think about it, Timbo?"

Timbo did not answer, and then it was seen that he was not there. He had vanished, too.

"Oh, Paddy!" cried Golly in alarm. "This place is spooky! Let's hurry back before someone else disappears."

But at that moment a heap of seaweed moved and Timbo's head appeared!

"There's a big hole down here!" he cried. "I almost fell down, but I held on to a rock. It goes down ever such a long way."

Scrambling out, he pulled aside the seaweed to reveal a dark passage that sloped down steeply into the darkness.

"Poor Buddy must have gone down there!" Paddy cried. "Ahoy there, Buddy! Are you there?"

There came no answer, and Paddy began to creep down followed by the playmates who were now very anxious about poor little Buddy. It was all so puzzling.

"Isn't it dark!" he said. "I wish we had a torch."

As he spoke the passage was filled with light, and then it was seen that Dolly's crystal brooch was glowing like a lamp!

"Paula said it was magic!" cried Paddy in amazement. "And she said it would bring us luck, too. Perhaps it will help us to find Buddy."

And with the wonderful brooch showing the way, they started off down the mysterious passage peering this way and that in search of their chum.

(Where will this passage take our chums, and will they find Buddy? More of this grand story next week, boys and girls.)

TOM SENDS BACK MABEL'S LOST DOLLY BY PARACHUTE FROM THE CLIFF-TOP.

1. "Poor Mabel is upset about her dolly," said Snip. "Yes, and here it is, up on the cliff," Tom cried.

2. He was just wondering how he could get it down to Mabel when a man came along selling parachutes.

3. "Oh, are you going to jump off the cliff?" asked Snip, when Tom bought one. "It won't hold you!"

4. But Tom had a better idea. He tied the parachute to the dolly and sent it sailing down to Mabel.

BRIGHTEYES

A brave deed leads to some very bad luck!

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes and her chums form a concert party and go down to the seaside. After their first show, a little boy falls off the jetty into the water, and our brave little Brighteyes rushes to save him.

1. The poor little boy struggled bravely against the waves that were washing him farther and farther away from the jetty. Brighteyes knew at once that he would never get back by himself, and, dashing to the edge of the jetty, she plunged in, crying: "All right! I'll save you!"

2. The tide was flowing strongly, and although our little girl reached the boy very quickly she found that she could hardly make any headway at all against the swift current. Then Jackie dashed out to the rescue and managed to drag them to safety. "Oh, thank goodness!" breathed Joan.

3. "That was a struggle!" gasped our little girl. "Thank you for helping us, Jackie. We should never have got out without you!" Then, turning to the little boy, she asked him where he lived. "At that little cottage at the top of the steps, miss," was the reply.

4. Jackie hurried off to collect their bags, while the three girls took the little boy back to his home. His mother was very alarmed to see him so wet, but when she heard the story of Brighteyes' brave rescue she was very grateful. "Do come inside, all of you!" she exclaimed.

5. Tommy's mother made Brighteyes go into the kitchen and dry her wet clothes at the big stove, and later on they all sat down to a lovely tea in the cottage parlour. "Joan tells me you are looking for a place to stay," said the lady. "Why not make this your home for awhile.

6. The chums accepted the offer eagerly, for it was a very cosy little cottage, and right on the sea-shore! "We could not have found a nicer place if we had searched all day!" declared Lola, as they went to bed. "Sleep well, girls!" said Jackie. "Don't be late to-morrow."

7. The three little girls lost no time in getting into bed, for they had had a long and tiring day. Soon all was quiet in the cottage, but suddenly Brighteyes sat up with a gasp of horror. "Oh!" she whispered. "I—I left our bag of money on the jetty! What ever shall I do?"

8. She had taken charge of all the money they had collected at their concert that day, and so her chums knew nothing of the loss. In the excitement of the rescue she had forgotten all about it! Dressing quickly in the dark, our little girl crept down the stairs and out of doors.

9. Hoping against hope that the money would still be where she had left it, she ran along to the sea wall. But suddenly all her hopes were dashed, for it was high tide now, and the stone jetty was under water. "Oh, goodness!" cried our little girl. "I'll never find it now!"

10. Her heart sinking, she returned to the cottage and sat on the little bench under the window. What ever could she do now? Without the money her chums would not be able to pay for their food and lodging at the seaside. The holiday that had begun so happily now seemed quite spoiled, and poor Brighteyes leaned her head against the wall and burst into a flood of tears. "Lola and Joan will never forgive me!" she sobbed.

11. Although it was late at night she could not face going back into the cottage, for she knew that she would stay awake all night wondering how she was to break the news to her chums. "Perhaps if I wait till the tide goes down I might find the bag," she murmured tearfully. The next moment the sturdy figure of a fisherman strode up to the cottage, and staring down at Brighteyes he cried: "What is the matter, little girl?"

(Will this fisherman be able to help poor Brighteyes? There will be another exciting adventure in this fine picture-story next week.)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—Joe and Effie meet an old sailor on a lonely island. After they have taken him to the Flying Fish they find his treasure chest, and Joe opens it. "Goodness! What ever is this?" he cries.

1. Brave Joe could hardly believe his eyes when he opened Charlie's big treasure box. He had quite expected to find bags of gold and silver—or a heap of rubies and diamonds; but the first thing he took out of the box was a funny home-made doll. "Just look!" he cried in surprise.

2. Little Effie gave a cry of delight and snatched the doll from Joe, who promptly began to rummage in the box again. It was full of all sorts of funny little wooden toys, from canoes to whistles, and soon the twins were laughing merrily. "This is what Charlie calls treasure!" chuckled Effie.

3. "We should not laugh at him, Effie," said Joe, as he packed the toys away and closed the chest. "I expect poor old Charlie was very lonely on this island and kept himself busy making toys and models. They are jolly cleverly made, too!" "Hear, hear!" squeaked Pansy.

4. Although the chest was so big, there was nothing in it that weighed very much, and the twins found it quite easy to carry it between them. "I think we had better take it to Charlie, don't you, Joe?" exclaimed Effie. "He might not come back to the island any more."

5. It was rather a struggle dragging the bulky chest up the rough stone steps of the secret passage, but at last they reached their boat and set out for the Flying Fish. "Hallo there, Charlie!" shouted Joe. "We have brought your treasure for you!" "That's very kind!" cried Charlie.

6. The old fellow was so pleased to see his box of "treasures" that he invited the children to come and look at them again. "You must be fond of toys, my dears," he said. "So I'll leave them here when I go. But first of all I want to show you a wonderful trick."

7. The next moment he took out a huge rubber bladder and handed it to Joe, saying mysteriously: "Now I want you to blow that up, my lad. In the meantime I'm going to change my clothes." "Goodness! This sounds a very exciting sort of trick, Charlie!" laughed Effie.

8. Joe found it very hard work blowing up the big ball, but he finished it at last, and then Charlie came hopping out of his cabin looking very funny in a pair of shorts. "Ah! That's a good lad!" cried he, as he took the ball from Joe. "Come outside and watch my trick, my dears."

9. The twins looked at each other and laughed as the funny old sailor skipped outside and placed the ball on the water. "This trick, ladies and gents," he announced, "has been mastered after years of practice!" Then he stepped on to the ball and spun it round with his feet.

10. It was quite clear that he had been practising for a long time for he kept his balance very well, and soon spun out across the water quite a long way from the Flying Fish. "Tra-la-la! I'm a little sunbeam," sang Charlie, waving his arms in the air. Pansy, who had been watching quietly, suddenly took up the song and then flew down towards the big ball. To the chums' surprise she jabbed at it with her beak and made a hole in it!

11. There was a loud hiss of air, as the ball began to go soft, and then poor Charlie started to wobble nervously. "O-oh d-d-dear!" he gasped. "I'm s-s-sinking! Quick—send out a lifeboat, Joe! I can't swim! Come and save me, somebody!" Effie began to look very alarmed, but to her great surprise Joe burst out laughing. "But there is nothing to laugh at, Joe!" cried the little girl. "Poor Charlie is in danger!"

(Joe seems to find Charlie's plight very funny. Why is he laughing? Do not miss the next part of this exciting picture-story!)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, August 19th, 1939. LG

Библиотека Иностранной Литературы

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

THE PAPER THAT MAKES HOLIDAYS HAPPY DAYS!

PLAYBOX 2d

SONNY AND MICKY MEET A 'DRAGON.'

1. Sonny and Micky were on their way to the carnival when they saw old Ben, the boatman. "We must ask him to tell us a story!" said Micky. "Hurry up, Sonny?"

2. Ben was just starting one about sea-serpents. "They're my favourite fish!" said Sonny, and Micky chuckled: "Who's afraid of a great green sea-serpent!"

3. "Ho, ho, ho! Not me!" boasted Ben. "When they see me they run!" Sonny looked surprised. "That one isn't running away behind you, Ben!" he cried. "Look!"

4. Ha, ha! It was Ben who ran away when he saw that strange creature. "T-that's a d-dragon, and they are dangerous!" he said. "I'm off!" Now, Micky and Sonny couldn't run as fast as Ben, so Micky seized Ben's lunch. "The dragon might not look so cross after a meal!" he said.

5. Inside Micky found some salt and pepper and he thought that would be more useful than the sandwiches. "Salt on his tail ought to catch that dragon!" he cried. "And I'll put pepper on his nose, just to be on the safe side!" said Sonny. "Don't jump when he sneezes, Micky!"

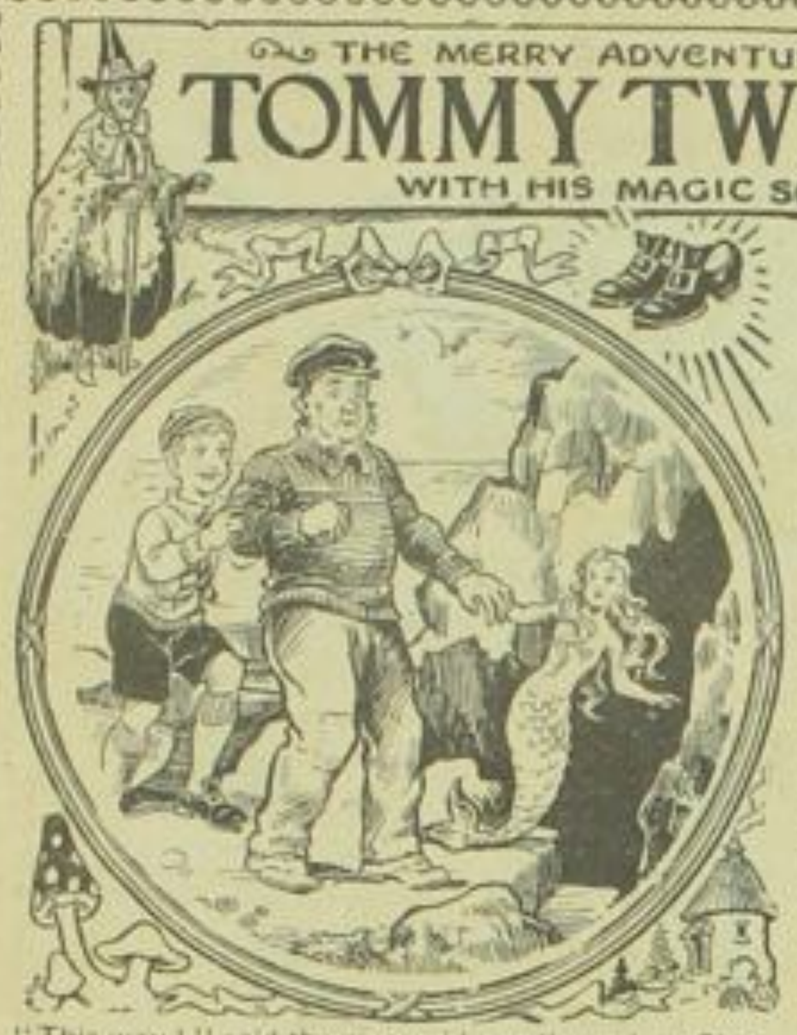
6. "Goodness! He has two different sneezes!" cried Micky, and then as the dragon's mouth flew open, Sonny roared with laughter, for it was the Tweeny Twins in the dragon skin! "Oh, ahtishoo! We're in fancy dress for the carnival!" they explained.

7. "Well, you managed to scare old Ben!" laughed Micky. Then he and Sonny jumped on the dragon's back and rode in the procession. "Please reward the two brave boys who captured a dragon!" cried Sonny. Didn't Ben look surprised to see them.

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES



"This way!" said the mermaid, gently pulling Clem.

THIS WEEK:

UNDER THE SEA

"ONLY two more days! Hey-ho! I wish it were two weeks!"

And our little Tommy Twinkle, who had walked along to a deserted stretch of the beach, seated himself on a boulder of rock and gazed out a trifle wistfully at the shining blue of the sea.

It is not often that our little favourite allows himself to grow mournful, as you know, boys and girls, but somehow to-day he could not help feeling sorrowful that the holiday was nearly over.

"The best holiday I have ever had," Tommy told Dame Kindly only that morning.

And now only two days were left. Tommy Twinkle almost wished he could turn himself into one of those old boats he could see pulled up on the sands some little distance away. "I should be sure of staying by the sea then," he told himself with a faint sigh.

Now, it was strange that Tommy should be thinking of boats at that moment, for who should come strolling round the cliff towards him but old Clem, the jolliest fisherman in those parts. He and Tommy were old friends, and many a long, interesting chat had they enjoyed, Clem spinning yarn after yarn all about his life at sea, and the adventures he had encountered.

The sight of old Clem's cheery, weather-beaten face cheered up our little boy instantly, and making a trumpet of his hands, Tommy let out a loud "Ahoy there, skipper!"

The old sea-salt took his pipe from his mouth and looked round in surprise. His keen eyes soon saw Tommy, and with a wave of his hand he came over to our little boy, walking with that peculiar, slow gait Tommy knew so well.

"Hey, my hearty, and what are you doing, sitting so doleful-like?" cried old Clem, perching himself on a near-by boulder and fixing Tommy with a questioning look. "'Tisn't often we see Tommy T. Winkle sitting all alone so solemn-looking!" (Old Clem always called him "Tommy T. Winkle"—just for fun!)

"You would be the same if you were going home in two days' time, Clem!" returned our little boy. "No more sands and sea after that till next year."

"Well, and what of it?" grinned the old fisherman, thrusting his short pipe back between his lips and puffing contentedly at it. "The sea'll still be here next time you come. Cheer up, Tommy T. Winkle, and let's have one of those teasers or catches you are so mighty fond of!"

Clem soon restored Tommy to his usual cheery self, and the next instant he was puzzling out a good hard take-in to try on the jolly old fisherman. It was not long before he thought of one, either.

"You see that high cliff over there, don't you, Clem!" chuckled Tommy suddenly, pointing to a fairly high rock towering above their heads. "Well, if you can kindly lend me a penny I will jump over it."

The old fisherman's eyes popped open wide at this remark.

"B-but—no, no Tommy!" he added, laughing. "I have seen a few wonderful feats in my time, but for you to jump over that rock—no, no, my lad!"

"If you lend me a penny, I promise you I'll jump over it," persisted Tommy, his eyes twinkling.

At last, Clem handed Tommy a penny, and what do you think our merry little favourite did then? Why, simply placed the penny flat on the sand and—*jumped over it!*

"Ha, ha, ha!" he roared, at the look on the old fisherman's face. "I've done what I said I would do, Clem. You cannot deny it! Ha, ha! Now you ask me a trick of some sort."

Old Clem puffed strongly at his pipe, then suddenly lifting his head he said: "When is a ship the cleverest acrobat in the world?"

"I know!" cried Tommy eagerly. "When she runs up her flag!"

"Clever lad! That's right!" chuckled the old sailor, nodding. "Ay, I thought I should catch you that time, Tommy, that I did!" Then after a moment's thought, he added: "Would you like to come for a sail in the boat with me, Tommy? I know you like a trip in the Saucy Sue?"

Tommy's face broke into beaming smiles.

"Now? Do you mean now, Clem?"

Clem nodded and swung himself to his feet.

"Come on, then," he said, "and I'll tell ye a tale of a mermaid I once saw riding on a sea-horse's back."

Tommy sprang up and ran alongside the old sea-salt. He loved Clem when the old man was in one of his tale-telling moods.

In a very short time then, Tommy was seated opposite the old fisherman and the Saucy Sue went swinging over the dancing waves.

"Let's go right out, Clem, shall we?" cried Tommy excitedly. "Hi! Did you see that big starfish clinging to your oar?"

"Ay, that I did!" nodded Clem. "I remember once——" And here followed a wonderful tale of a starfish the old man said he had seen, as large as the dome of St. Paul's! Moreover, Clem declared he had seen it dancing along on top of the waves. Performing the "Sailor's Hornpipe," in fact!

"It was in the South Seas as near as I can remember," went on Clem.

But Tommy was laughing merrily.

"My word, you are the best story-teller I have ever met," he chuckled.

"Ay," grinned Clem. "I warrant old King Neptune himself would smile at some of the sights I've seen!"

Suddenly a merry glint shone in Tommy's eyes, and softly he stamped his right magic shoe—the one that grants him all his wishes, you remember.

"I say, look behind you!" he cried, pointing over Clem's shoulder. The old sea-salt turned and what he saw nearly caused him to capsize the Saucy Sue. Seated on a huge rock jutting out of the sea was a real live mermaid beckoning eagerly to Clem and Tommy!

"Come quickly!" she called. "You are wanted in the Sea Palace. King Neptune is in a fearful temper. Can you come and tell him some stories?"

Old Clem, the boatman, gasped, but Tommy added: "Of course you can, Clem! Tell him that one about the starfish. He would laugh till he cried!"

And before the astonished fisherman realised what was happening he found himself landing on the rock, with Tommy gently pushing him, and the mermaid pulling him.

"This way," murmured the mermaid, tapping the rock with her tail. Instantly, a circular door opened in the rock, and a flight of steps led down, down, down, right down beneath the sea! And before he could say "Cockles and Cart-horses," old Clem found himself in the palace under the sea, decorated with pink coral and green seaweed hangings! Wonderful fishes and sea creatures were swimming past him, and the old fisherman was speechless with surprise when several more mermaids and some merry-faced sea-elves arrived to conduct him to His Majesty King Neptune.

"Do try and put him in a good humour," whispered one little mermaid in Clem's ear. "He's been in a shocking temper since he lost the second-best pearl out of his crown."

Hurriedly, the sea folk urged Clem forward, and the next minute he and Tommy found themselves in a cave-like throne-room where King Neptune himself was stamping in a frenzy of rage.

"Who is this—this creature?" roared King Neptune, catching sight of old Clem.

Tommy stepped forward and bowed low. "This is Clem, the fisherman, the finest story-teller ever known," explained Tommy.

"Sit down, then, and commence!" snapped King Neptune.

So old Clem sat on a seaweed-covered rock and began his wonderful tales—stories that made the king sit up and gasp, and then laugh, and then roar with laughter.

And all the mermaids and the sea-elves

King Neptune roared with laughter at Clem's stories.

laughed; even the crabs and the lobsters and the shrimps joined in the merriment. Old Clem, warmed up to his subject, reeled off tale after tale, until at last King Neptune declared he would make him Chief Story-teller to his court.

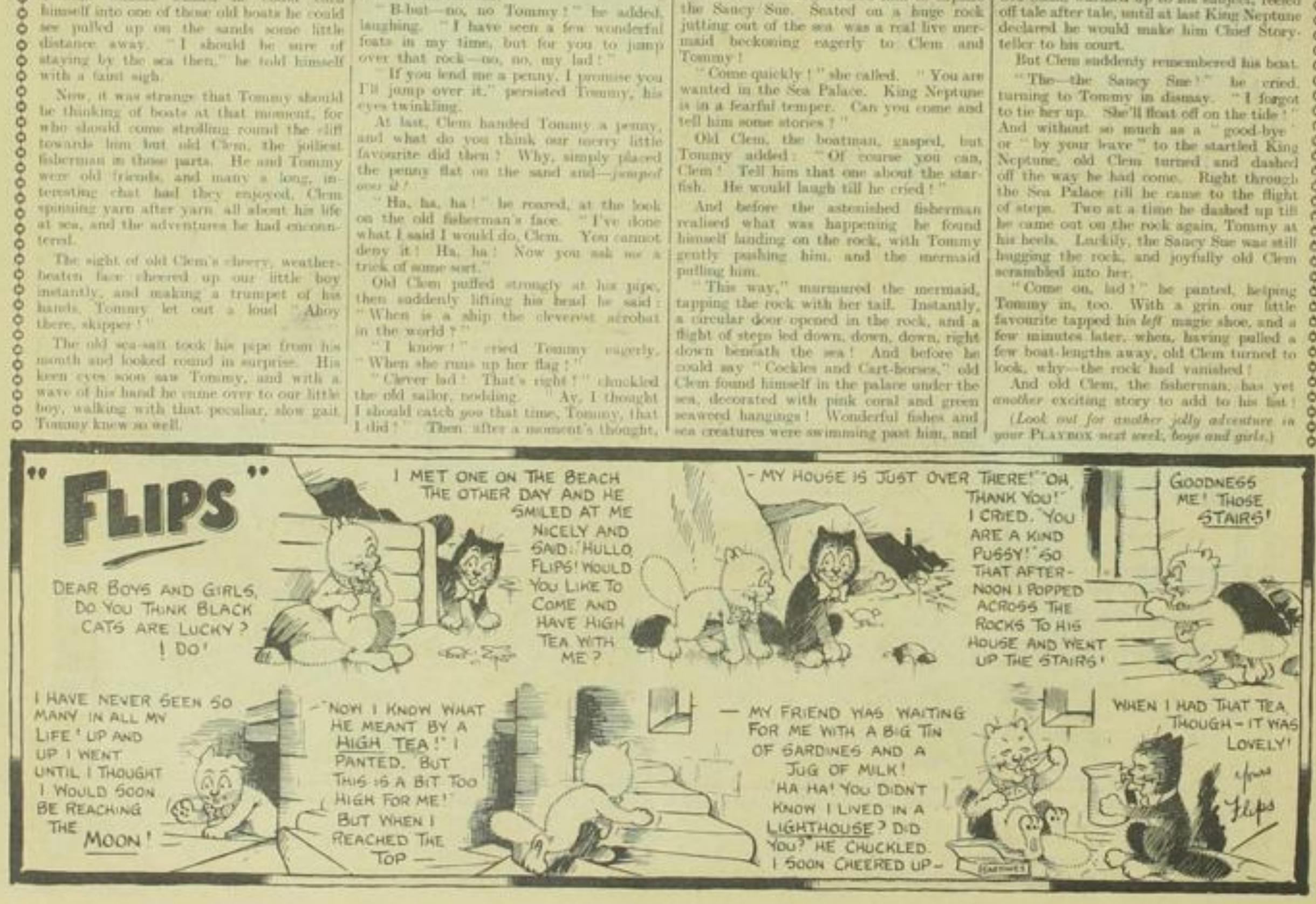
But Clem suddenly remembered his boat.

"The—the Saucy Sue!" he cried, turning to Tommy in dismay. "I forgot to tie her up. She'll float off on the tide!" And without so much as a "good-bye" or "by your leave" to the startled King Neptune, old Clem turned and dashed off the way he had come. Right through the Sea Palace till he came to the flight of steps. Two at a time he dashed up till he came out on the rock again, Tommy at his heels. Luckily, the Saucy Sue was still hugging the rock, and joyfully old Clem scrambled into her.

"Come on, lad!" he panted, helping Tommy in, too. With a grin our little favourite tapped his *left* magic shoe, and a few minutes later, when, having pulled a few boat-lengths away, old Clem turned to look, why—the rock had vanished!

And old Clem, the fisherman, has yet *another* exciting story to add to his list!

(Look out for another jolly adventure in your PLAYBOX *next week, boys and girls.)*



Happy Holiday Hours with my Readers

"Let's come and see the pierrots to-day," said Tots to some of the Baby Buntings. But when the show started they found it was Chubs and Curly dressed up.

"Our first dance will be a song, by me!" said Curly. "Chubs will play it on the spadolin!"

"Oo-o, it does sound funny!" said Dot. "Ha, ha! You are singing it upside-down!"

"Shoosh! I'll tickle him with this feather and then we shall have a laughing song!" said cheeky Tots.

Dinkie, the doggie, was supposed to be a pierrot, too, but his hat was too big and he soon found he was paddling, because he couldn't see that he had walked off the "stage." Ha, ha! That concert party didn't last very long!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—Goodness me! I do feel tired! We had our "sports" on the sands this morning, and by the time the races were over I was very glad to creep back into my Sand-castle Office and write this letter to you!

Sonny Bear and Tiger Tilly won all the prizes, although I am sure I should have won the Egg-and-Spoon Race if I had not tripped over a jellyfish and fallen on top of Baby Jumbo! I had some rather bad luck in the Piggy-Back Race, too! At first I was very pleased to find that Polly Parrot was my partner, for she is ever so light to carry. But you can just guess how dismayed I felt when I found that we had to change over half-way, and Polly had to carry ME! Needless to say, we did NOT win that race!

I wish Mrs. Hippo would arrange an Ice-cream Eating Race one day—I am very good at that! Ha, ha!

Happy times to you all! I hope you win ever so many prizes at your races!

Your jolly friend,

Uncle Ben

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Doreen Stewart, of Milton.

DONALD AND HIS DONKEY. A Fine Model.

Donald is a very lucky little boy, for, as you can see by this picture, he has a real donkey of his very own! He loves riding over the sands on it, you know, and one day Mr. Artist drew this model of him.

Now, if you cut out this picture and paste it on to thin card, you will be able to make up the model in a very short time. When the paste is dry, cut out the five pieces carefully and then fit the donkey's body into the slots at the top of the legs. When this is done, fold the legs back a little, otherwise they will be the wrong shape.

A slot must be cut at A on the donkey's back, and the tail fitted in. Then cut through the dotted line on Donald's trousers, and sit him on Neddy's back. Then colour your model.

BLIND SANDMAN. An Exciting Beach Game.

You will love playing this funny game on the beach with your chums, boys and girls. First of all, you must make a number of circles on the sand. This is very easily done by pressing the rim of your bucket down hard, and you will find you have made a perfect circle. You should make about a dozen circles altogether and they must not be too far apart.

Now one player is blindfolded, and at the word GO, he must try to pick his way through the circles without treading on any of them. Each circle he touches counts one point against him. The players take it in turn to be the "Blind Sandman," and the one with the smallest number of points at the end of the game is the winner.

DIBS DOES A CLEVER SUM.

1. "I say, Dabs!" cried Dibs, when they were playing on the sands one morning. "Did you know that two from five leaves four?" "Don't be silly," said Dabs. "Two from five leaves three! Everyone knows that! You can't catch me!"

2. But then Dibs gave an artful chuckle and rubbed out the two letters F and E from the word FIVE that he had written in the sand, leaving IV. "I've taken two from five, and the figure four is left!" he chuckled. Dabs was so surprised!

ASK YOUR CHUMS THESE.

Q. What can never be right?

A. Your left hand.

Q. What can go through a wood without moving?

A. A fence.

Q. Why is a king's palace very cheap?

A. Because it is built for a sovereign.

Q. How deep is the sea?

A. A stone's throw.

HOLIDAY FUN.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Seal. It is a very nice day for a row."

"No, thank you, Mr. Duck, I have just had some for my breakfast."

"What?"

"Roe. But I would like to hire a chair, please."

"Certainly, ma'am! I have got a lovely silk-covered one for you here."

"But that isn't silk, Mr. Duck!"

"Ah! But you cannot deny that it has been satin (sat-in). Ha, ha!"

"Dear me! You are very sharp to-day, Mr. Duck! Now would you like a bargain? I have something here that cost me threepence, but you can have it for a half-penny, if you like!"

"My word! That sounds cheap! Here is my half-penny, Mrs. Seal—now what is it?"

"A bus ticket! Ha, ha! You were not quite sharp enough that time! Now I will have my chair, Mr. Duck. A comfy one please!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

A JOLLY HOLIDAY AND A STRANGE "CATCH."

All Aboard.

ANCHORED out in the bay, off the little seaport town of Brimport, there lay an old ship called "The Viking" which, for a few weeks during the summer, Michael Baxter's daddy had taken as a "holiday home."

You can imagine the excitement of Michael and his chum, Tim, therefore, when they arrived from school and, being unable to find a boatman, borrowed a boat from the jetty-steps and rowed out themselves.

Their journey out into Brimport Bay, however, was not to be so easy as they thought. For, without warning, a heavy sea-mist came down and, when, after some anxiety, they found themselves alongside an anchored vessel and clambered aboard her, they discovered the ship not only dirty but deserted.

With some uneasiness and bewilderment the boys explored the dusty, neglected cabins. There was no sign of Michael's parents, nor of their little friend, Jessie, who, they knew, would be eagerly awaiting them.

Everywhere was so silent that the ship seemed hardly real.

"It seems like a ghost ship," whispered Michael—and then: "What's that?" gasped Tim, as they heard the creak of the ladder over the ship's side. "Look!" he whispered breathlessly, as he pointed. "There's somebody coming aboard!"

It was quite true. Standing in the shadows the boys saw a strange white figure appear over the ship's side and move silently away along the deck.

It was—or so it appeared to the boys—the figure of an old white-bearded sailor, which seemed to melt away into the white mist like a spook.

Michael turned to Tim and his face had gone quite pale.

"Tim," he whispered, "it *is* a ghost ship—and—and that man is a ghost!

The boys saw Jessie waving excitedly.

This funny old ship makes me feel quite—quite— Ooh-h!" he gasped. "What's that?"

Little Michael's eyes grew so bright with alarm as he spun round quickly that Tim could not resist a smile. For it seemed so odd that Michael, who thought nothing of flying an aeroplane and who, in most respects, was quite fearless, should be so scared of anything mysterious or what Tim called "spooky."

"Did you hear?" gasped Michael. "It was the ghost again. I heard him cough. It's nothing to smile at, Tim," he added indignantly. "I don't like this ship at all. I'm going back to the boat."

Michael might have done so, too, had not Tim caught him by the arm, holding him back.

"Don't be silly, Michael," he said with a chuckle. "Ghosts don't cough. At least—not that I've ever heard of. Come on!" he said cheerfully, leading Michael forward. "Let's go and have a look at him."

"At whom?" gasped Michael.

"That old man, whoever he is. I'd like to know what his name is," said Tim firmly, "and where he—he—— Hello! There he is. Look!"

Tim stopped short, still holding his chum's arm, as, in the bows of the anchored vessel, they saw the strange newcomer bending over a rope and coiling it neatly.

He seemed so occupied with his task that, when Tim spoke, he almost jumped overboard; he was so startled.

"I say!" challenged Tim in a loud, clear voice, and the old man wheeled about.

"Hey, there!" he demanded in a husky voice. "Who be you? What be you a-doing on my ship?"

He came towards them, peering intently from under shaggy brows and Michael realised, to his great relief, that it was a real man, after all. What gave him such a ghostly appearance was his white beard and yellow oilskin suit, whilst a pair of hemp-soled shoes were the reason for his silent tread upon the deck.

"Well, I'll be going astern!" the old sailor grunted, as he approached near enough to get a clear view of the chums. "Two schoolboys as ever was! What be 'ee a-doing here aboard this y'ar ship o' mine."

"If you'll excuse me," retorted Tim, boldly, "that's just what we were going to ask you. Weren't we, Michael?"

"Th-that's right," faltered Michael, recovering himself a little. "Wh-what are you doing on *our* ship?"

"Your ship?" echoed the old man, staring in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Michael. "At least—my daddy's ship. Are you one of the crew, please, or what?"

The old man, after staring from one to the other in a puzzled way, grinned and pushed back his sou-wester cap, scratching his head.

"Well, if that don't beat sea-serpints," he said. "And what, might I ask, is the name of this ship as you say your dad's the owner of?"

"'The Viking,'" said Tim promptly. "Michael's daddy has hired it for the holidays and Michael and I have just come down from school to—to——"

Tim got no further. His voice was drowned by a sudden loud laugh from the old man in the oilskins.

"'The Viking,' eh?" he echoed. "Mr. Baxter's ship! Well, I'll splinter my bowsprit! And who told you this was 'The Viking'?"

The boys stared at the old sailor and then, in sudden confusion, at one another. For the first time a swift suspicion of the truth dawned upon them.

"Y-you don't mean that—that this isn't 'The Viking'—do you?" faltered Michael.

"I should just think it aren't," said the old man, laughing again uproariously. "A tidy old soot-box this 'ud be for a decent family to live on, I must say. This here be 'The Flapjack.'"

"'The Flapjack'!" exclaimed Tim in amazement. "What's that?"

"An old hulk as has lain out here in the harbour for the last ten years or more and as is shortly going up to Middlebrough to be broken up for scrap," the old sailor said, with a chuckle. "It be my job to give an eye to her, now and then, just to see her cables are sound and she don't break adrift. How did you come aboard her, young gentlemen?"

Tim, feeling now much easier in his mind, told the old sailor how they had borrowed a boat to pull out, and had become lost in the mist.

"Our boat's tied up on the other side," he said. "That was why you didn't see it, I expect. Oh dear!" he added with a wry smile. "We wondered why the ship was all deserted and so dirty. We didn't like the look of her at all. Is 'The Viking' very far away, sir?"

"About a quarter of a mile, nor-nor-east," said the old bearded sailor with a grin. "And don't you get a-calling me 'sir,' young master, 'cause I aren't used to it. My name's Ben Bolton and, if ye call me Ben, like the rest on 'em in Brimport, us won't fall out. Would 'ee like me to take ye to 'The Viking'?"

"Oh, yes, please, Ben!" said Tim, while Michael nodded eagerly. "We're afraid Mr. and Mrs. Baxter will be getting anxious about us, especially as it's so misty."

"And Jessie, too," put in Michael.

"I reckon I know Miss Jessie," said the old man with a grin. "She be the one with the bright blue eyes and a merry laugh. Ah, well, young masters, you just give me time to light a pipe and we'll be away, fog or no fog. I reckon old Ben knows this harbour well enough to navigate it blindfold."

He took a short clay pipe from his pocket and filled it with strong tobacco from a small tin box. Then, with wisps of blue smoke puffing out of his beard, just as if it were afire, he led the boys down the steep ladder to his boat and pulled round the old hulk so that they could untie the other boat and take it in tow.

The fog was still too thick for them to see many yards about them and they wondered if the old sailor would consult a compass before he set his course. But, when Michael suggested it he laughed at the idea.

"I've got a nose that sniffs the North without looking at no compass," he declared. "That be where we'm got to make for!"—and, after a brief nod into the mist he bent to the oars and sent the boat swiftly forward, with long, powerful strokes, through the calm water.

That his was no idle boast was proved when, as he pointed presently, the boys saw the outline of a beautiful white vessel appear out of the mist. Upon the bow Tim saw in letters of gold—"The Viking." In swift excitement he sprang to his feet.

"Ahoy!" he cried at the top of his voice. "Ahoy, Viking. Here we are!"

"Ahoy!" a shrill, eager voice shouted back in reply—and the boys' hearts jumped joyfully as they saw the trim figure of Jessie waving excitedly. "Mr. Baxter! Quickly!" they heard her shout. "It's Michael and Tim, with old Ben Bolton. Here they are! Hurrah!"

And the faces of the boys beamed their delight as they stood up in the boat and waved with all their might. They had reached their floating home at last!

A Feast on "The Flapjack."

Two weeks had passed and both Tim and Michael declared them to be the best and most exciting weeks that they had ever spent.

After their first disappointment, when they had clambered aboard the old hulk, not far away, the boys were more than delighted with "The Viking."

And, as you can well imagine, there was so much to do that the time flew just like magic. And what with boating and bathing and sailing and fishing, not to mention trips ashore to do the shopping and sometimes a visit to the concert party on the sands, there was hardly an idle moment.

With old Ben Bolton the boys and Jessie became firm friends. He was an old sailor who, in his many voyages, had been to almost every portion of the globe, and there were times when he would keep them listening for hours in a fascinated way, to the many stories that he had to tell them.

It seemed a pity, after so many years, and now that he was too old to go to sea, that the old man should be so poor, eking out a bare existence on what he could get for the fish he caught. But, although the boys knew quite well that he was often hungry, he would never accept money from them, even if he took them fishing, and they never heard from him a word of complaint.

Thus it came about one day that Mr. Baxter and his wife became a little worried, observing that the children seemed to have very little appetite for dinner and tea.

"They must be getting seasick, surely," Mrs. Baxter said. "I've never known their appetites so poor before."

She did not know that, in accordance with a secret plan, the boys and Jessie had been saving up all the tastiest morsels they could gather, storing them away carefully in a hamper in the boys' cabin.

And, later on that day, they smuggled their hamper into the dinghy and off they went to "The Flapjack" where, after binding him to secrecy, they had promised Old Ben a party to celebrate his seventieth birthday.

Almost as delighted as the children, the old sailor welcomed them with open arms, hoisting the hamper aboard with a broad smile.

"That's grand!" he said. "Now we'll have a tuck-in, I reckon, and this'll be the first birthday party as Old Ben as ever had."

"I'm sure that 'fish' is valuable!" cried Tim.

"And it's going to be a real one, too, Ben," said Jessie, happily. "Look!" she added with a smile. "I've brought a pan to fry the fish in. Have you caught some for us?"

"Rather!" said the old sailor, with a chuckle. "More than we'll ever eat, I reckon." He pointed with a grin to a laden basket on the deck. "And do you know what I've done?" he added. "I've caught a fish as I didn't know was in the sea. I've landed a bottle-fish."

"A bottle-fish?" exclaimed the boys. "What's that?"

The old sailor laughed, saying that the "fish" must have been lying on the bottom, because he had hooked it up with his line.

"I aren't saying as it's a fish," he said with a chuckle, as he groped in the basket. "But I reckon it's a bottle o' some sort, or else one o' they vases ladies puts on the piano. There it is. Have 'ee ever seen a fish like that afore?"

With a broad smile he held up his queer catch, handing it to Tim to examine. Jessie laughed, for it looked rather like a very old-fashioned ornament, with a narrow neck and a handle on each side.

"Oh, Ben!" she cried. "But isn't it quaint? It looks as if it has been under the water for a hundred years."

"A hundred years!" Tim spun round with such excitement that they stared at him in astonishment. "A thousand years, more likely, Ben!" he cried. "This is the finest fish you've ever caught. It's an old vase like I've *seen* in museums, and I believe it's worth a lot of money!"

Ben stared at Tim as if he could not believe his ears, and Jessie and Michael were equally surprised. They felt certain Tim would not say such a thing to tease old Ben, who they knew was very poor, and yet it was hard to believe that the fisherman had had the good fortune to fish anything valuable out of the sea.

(Is this old vase really valuable that the old man has brought up from the sea-bed? Another thrilling holiday instalment of this lovely story in THE PLAYBOX *next week.)*

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy and Polly explore a cave and rescue some jewels that a pirate has stolen. They mean to return them to their rightful owner, and are setting off in a boat when the pirate sees them.

1. Wendy and Polly felt very frightened when the pirate scrambled over the rocks towards them and put one foot on their boat as he tried to snatch the bag. "They are not yours!" Wendy cried.

2. Quickly she snatched the bag up as he grabbed at it, at the same time urging Polly to pull away. That was a clever idea, for as Polly rowed off, the pirate's foot slipped and he fell!

3. "Ha, ha! That just serves you right!" chuckled Wendy, but a moment or two later she saw with dismay that the pirate was following them. "He'll catch us!" murmured Polly.

4. But Polly was a strong rower, too, for she had often handled a boat on a stream that ran near her home. "He has gone back!" Wendy cried presently, so they made for an island.

5. "We shall be safer here for a little while," said Polly, and as they landed on the farther side, the pirate did not see them. "Pull the boat up and we will have a little rest!" Wendy said.

6. They threw themselves down on the soft sand of the island and talked for a while, not noticing the heavy clouds that were rolling up. "Oh dear, I do feel sleepy!" Wendy yawned.

7. "So do I," agreed Polly, and before long the two little girls slept soundly. And while they slept great waves rose and carried off their little boat as a storm began to gather and break.

8. The heavy rain and the roar of the waves awoke Wendy first and seeing the high water she thought of the boat. "It's lost!" she cried, and dashed after it, but Polly called out in terror.

9. "I don't want you to be washed away, too," she cried as she clung to Wendy. And then as they crouched under some bushes they remembered the bundle of jewels had been left in the boat.

10. But there was no time to grieve over them just then, for they saw with dismay that the sea was gradually creeping up over the island. "I'm afraid we shall be swept away if we don't climb this tree, Polly!" said Wendy. "Do you think you can do it?"

11. Little Polly, however, was soon scrambling after Wendy and crouching beside her in the branches. "Oh, isn't this terrible," she gasped, as the rain lashed them and the wind shook the tree, making it sway dangerously. No wonder they felt frightened.

12. There seemed little chance of anyone's seeing them, or if they did they could not get a boat across in such high seas. Wendy was wondering whatever would happen to them when there was a terrific crack! The tree snapped and the chums fell with it.

13. A great wave caught the tree and sent it forward, but Wendy and Polly still managed to cling to it. But after a while Polly's arm became cramped and she began to slip into the water. "You must hold on!" cried Wendy, stretching out her hand to save her.

(Will Wendy be able to pull Polly back on to the tree? Whatever will happen to them both? You'll see in next week's PLAYBOX.)

MRS. HIPPO

1. Mrs. Hippo came out of a seaside shop loaded with parcels, and the girls were so pleased when she gave them one each. "We must be all having a birthday to-day," said Baby Jumbo. "How nice!"

2. Now, Baby felt sure it was something good to eat in those parcels, so she took the biggest one. "I should think this is a big packet of jellies here," she said. "Or it might be shrimps! It feels quite soft!"

3. Imagine how disappointed all the girls were when they unwrapped sun hats! "I've heard people say they'd eat their hats, but I wouldn't like to eat these!" said Betty. "Look at Baby's funny one!"

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Oh dear, it's going to rain," cried Dibs. "If we build a sandcastle the rain might wash it all away!" "And we shall get wet!" said Dabs.

2. Then Floppy had a fine idea. "Why not carry the sand to our bed-room!" he said. "Oh, yes, it is not far away!" said Dibs. "Fill the buckets!"

3. They made a fine castle, and then Floppy said it must have a moat so they carried up lots of sea and crabs. "Now we'll paddle!" Dabs cried.

4. Soon Jane came upstairs looking wet and cross. "Had a bathe?" asked Floppy. The water had gone through the ceiling so there was trouble.

"Why is a star like an attic window, Willie?"
"Because it is a skylight, Reggie!"

SAMBO

1. "Hi, Sambo! I'll gib yo' half dis catch if yo' help me pull!" cried Sooty, who was fishing.

2. "Dat will cried Sambo. line to de back

4. "Help! We is going into de water!" yelled Sooty. "I hope your li'l car can swim, Sambo!" "I'se afraid it will sink to de bottom!" sighed Sambo.

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE WO

1. The Woollies were staying with Sindbad, and one day he took them on his raft to a jolly little island for a picnic. "I've more sailing to do," said Sindbad, "but I'll be back by tea-time!"

2. The boys had some fine games, but soon they began to feel hungry, so they started to unpack the picnic basket. They were so busy at first that they did not see Skinny the Pirate peeping at them.

3. Then suddenly Skinny darted from behind the rocks and seized their lovely big jug of lemonade. "Help! A pirate!" cried Bobby. "I—I don't think we'd better stay to tea to-day, boys!"

SCHOOL

. "Ha, ha! You won't be able to see when you r that!" laughed Tilly. "It will come down to r nose!" "Yes, it reminds me of a shopping ket or a horse's hat!" chuckled Polly Parrot.

5. Baby wished she hadn't been so greedy then, but soon Mrs. Hippo came to the rescue. "Give me back my shopping basket, Baby," she said. "Here is your hat!" Baby was very pleased to change over.

6. And how the girls cheered when they saw that basket being filled up with fruit for them. "Fruit looks better in it than your head, Baby!" chuckled Jenny Jacko. "I'm hungry already, girls!"

SCORCHER

sy, Sooty!" e de fishing y li'l car!"

3. But instead of the car pulling the catch out of the water, the catch began to pull the car backwards!

. Just as the car fell, up came Wally Whale, and ght it on his broad back. "You can't catch me, rs," he said. "But I'll take you ashore!"

SAMMY SEAL

1. "Throw me a ball, Patsy, and I'll show you how hard I can hit it!" boasted Sammy. "Well, don't knock it into the water!" Patsy warned him.

2. But it was poor Patsy who had a hard hit, as well as the ball, for it flew back at him, whack! "I don't like that trick!" he said to himself.

3. But he pretended to laugh, and Sammy thought he was throwing the ball again when Patsy cried: "See if you can hit this, Mr. Cleversticks!"

4. Sammy did hit it, too, and as it happened to be an egg he looked rather funny when it broke over him. "Now you'll want a bath!" laughed Patsy.

WOOLLY BOYS

"When is a fire very cross, Percy?"
"Give it up, Bobby!"
"When it is 'put out'!"

4. "Oh dear, I wish I'd brought my wooden word!" sighed Willy. "We've only got a golliwog nd that won't frighten him away!" But clever eggie put a stone on the box and pushed the catch.

5. Up shot the big stone into the air and it bumped right into the jug of lemonade, tipping it over Skinny as he gobbled up their tea. "Bravo, boys!" cried Sindbad. "Skinny won't stay now."

6. Skinny didn't stay! He rushed off with the jug stuck to his head, and although the boys said it was a waste of lemonade, they were glad Skinny had left the best cakes and tarts behind for them.

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

THE PICNIC-BASKET TUMBLES.

Percy Picnic-Basket was standing in the hall, all ready to be strapped on to the back of the car. It was a lovely sunny day and like everyone else in the house, Percy felt very happy.

The car, of course, was carrying Percy, but Percy had lots of people to look after. There were all the sandwiches, plates, cups and saucers, spoons and forks; then there were the cakes, little jellies in cups, and the sausage rolls and apple pies.

"I don't like being shaken up and down in that car," said Katie Cup, "but I am sure Percy will see that we come to no harm."

"Yes, and it will be nice to see a bit of the country," said Freddy Fork. "I think it is fun sitting on a cloth spread on the ground. It's much better than a hard table, anyway."

Then Percy told them all to "Hush!" for he said someone was coming to put them in the car.

There were so many people going to the picnic that there was no room for Percy in the car, so he had to be strapped on the outside.

"I hope that basket is quite safe. We don't want to lose our lunch!" Percy heard someone say.

"*I* hope I am safe, too!" said Percy to himself, and he certainly felt rather shaky on this narrow little seat at the back of the car.

Sometimes, too, the road was rather bumpy, and Percy had to hold on tightly, for he felt the strap slipping that was holding him.

"Oh dear, I do wish they'd come and push me on," he said, trying to wriggle back.

He gave a funny little squeak, but everyone seemed to think it was the brakes, and they did not dream of turning round to see if Percy were all right.

"I shall fall in a minute, I—— Oh!"

The car turned round suddenly at the entrance to some woods, and the jolt broke the strap. Poor Percy was jerked off his little seat at the back. Up into the air he went and down he came with a bump.

The car went on, and no one knew that Percy

"Follow me, everyone!" said Percy.

was lying on the grass with all the picnic people strewn round him.

"I'm sorry, everybody," said Percy, "but I couldn't hold on any longer! That was a dreadful bump!"

"We know!" sighed Kathie Cake, rubbing the top of her head. "But no one seems to be really hurt. I suppose we must wait until they come and find us!"

"Let's go and find them!" said Percy. "Does everyone feel like a walk through the woods?"

Everyone agreed, and Percy led the way.

"Follow me, everyone," he said, and you can imagine how funny all those picnic people looked!

"I can see smoke. They must have made a fire to boil the kettle!" said Percy presently. "We'll soon find them!"

Then little Jenny Jelly saw something white on the ground, and she cried:

"Look! They have put out the cloth. Now we can just go along and sit on it!"

The picnic people hurried over to the spot and arranged themselves on it so nicely that no one ever found out their secret.

They had to laugh, though, at the cries they heard of: "Oh, who put out all the things from the basket?" "Someone has been kind to set everything out so nicely!"

These little people had certainly given everyone a surprise, and a nicer surprise than they had had themselves when they tumbled.

Of course, the broken strap was found later, and no one could imagine why it was that the lunch had not been lost.

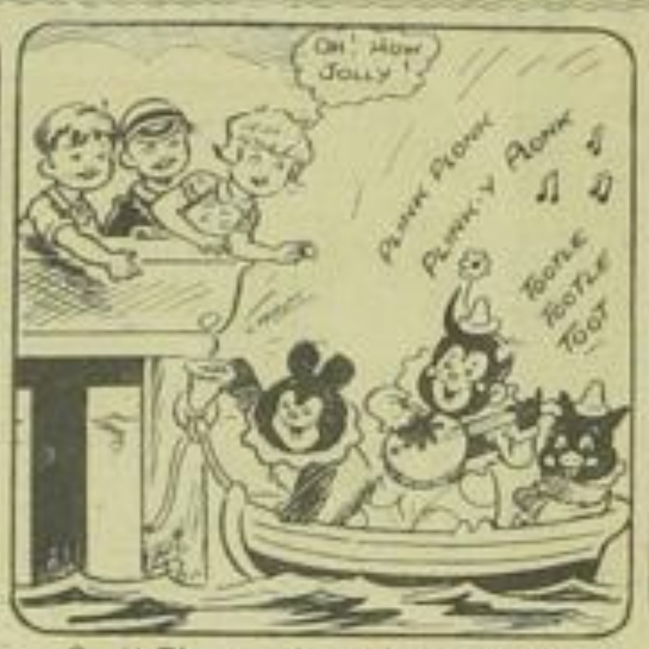
"Anyway, I don't think we shall tumble off again," said Percy.

And he was quite right. Whenever there was no room for him inside the car after that, he always felt quite happy outside, for a strong new strap kept him from falling off into the road.

(Read about the flying Pixie next week.)

AT SNOWDROP'S ZOO

1. Peter Panda, Chic, and Piggy had blacked their faces to give a Nigger Show at the pier.



2. "Please, the minstrels would like pennies for ice-cream," said Peter Panda, holding out his cap.

3. But they had not collected enough pennies when Snowdrop called them home to bed.

4. Just see what happened when the tide went out, though. "Help! Our boat is tipping up!" cried Chic.

5. And a second later they were all in the water. "Now paddle ashore. It is shallow!" laughed Snowdrop.

6. "You don't look much like niggers now!" she laughed, and Chic sighed: "I feel like a fish!"

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. The Creeping Canoe.
2. Seaside Fun.
3. The Prize Duck.

THE BAD WITCH DOCTOR IS SOON SCARED WHEN HE SEES REDWING'S STRANGE "CANOE ANIMAL."

SCAMP TRICKS HIS CHUM WITH HIS LITTLE SAND-CASTLE, AND COVERS BOB WITH PAINT.

BERYL'S NEW TOY DUCK IS CARRIED OUT TO SEA, BUT CURLY BORROWS A RAFT AND SAVES IT.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

An Exciting Story of a Little Boy's Adventures with his Toys. The Playmates Make a New Friend and are Found by an Old Enemy.

"LEAD on, Paddy! We shall soon find Buddy now."

Paddy and his playmates had just begun a new adventure upon the Wonderful Island. Poor Buddy had tumbled down a deep and mysterious hole upon an islet and the other chums, led by Paddy, were now creeping down. It was a dark and gloomy place, and the playmates would soon have been quite lost had it not been for the magic crystal owned by Dolly Daydream.

This was now shining like a torch, and so the playmates were able to see their way quite easily.

On they went, deeper and deeper down into the earth, and at last they found themselves marching through numbers of caves—big caves, little caves, and caves of all sizes.

"Goodness! There doesn't seem to be any end to them!" panted Golly. "We shall be lucky if we ever find Buddy again, I am afraid."

But at that moment Paddy held up his hand, for he had heard the pattering of hurrying feet.

"Someone is coming along!" he muttered. "Perhaps it is Buddy."

"It might be someone else," warned Timbo. "Let's hide."

But they need not have hidden themselves behind some rocks, for it was Buddy himself who came racing along.

"Hurrah!" cried Paddy, as he jumped out of his hiding-place, giving Buddy quite a shock. "Here he is, playmates!"

"Oo-oh!" cried Buddy. "You gave me quite a turn, jumping out like that!"

Paddy laughed.

"We are glad to see you again, Buddy!" he said. "Where ever have you been?"

"Trying to find my way out, Paddy!" replied Buddy. "Oh dear! I should never have managed it in the dark, and I was getting so scared, especially when——" He turned and looked anxiously back over his shoulder.

"Why, what has happened, Buddy?" Paddy asked him. "What scared you?"

"A funny noise," said Buddy in a thrilling whisper. "It was back there, somewhere. A strange noise that sounded like 'awk-awk-awk'!"

The playmates looked at each other in alarm.

"G-goodness! Don't you think we had better go back, Paddy!" asked Jimmy Jumbo, but Paddy shook his head.

"No, I want to find out what that noise is!" he said. "Who is coming with me?"

All the playmates popped up their hands, and they all set off together, Paddy leading the way with the magic popgun in his hand.

Before long they came to a huge cave that was ever so pretty. Great pillars of crystal reached from the roof down to the floor, while the roof itself was of some wonderful blue stone studded with yellow stones and looked just like a starry sky.

"What a pretty place!" said Paddy, as the light from Dolly's magic crystal lighted up everywhere. "And—hark! What's that?"

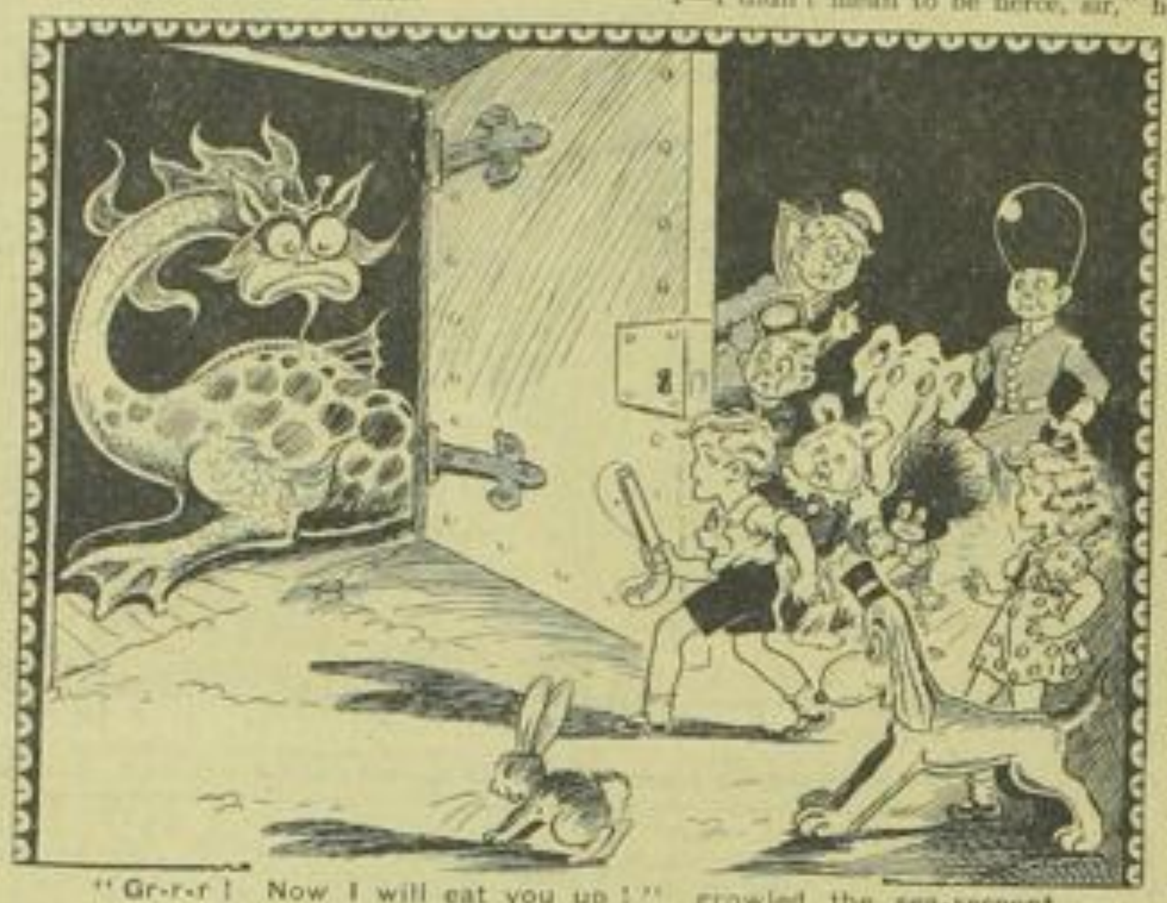
"Awk-awk-awk!"

From near at hand came a strange, muffled noise.

"There it is!" whispered Buddy. "That's what I heard before."

Paddy pointed to a corner of the cave and whispered:

"It comes from over there."



"Gr-r-r! Now I will eat you up!" growled the sea-serpent.

Creeping round a pillar he marched to the corner of the cave and then stopped, with a cry of excitement.

For there before him in the wall was a stout door fastened by a huge lock. From behind it came that queer noise.

The playmates wanted to run away at first, but when they saw Paddy holding his popgun ready they felt safer.

"Look!" he said. "The key is in the lock, and we can open it. Shall I?"

Creeping towards the door he turned the key in the lock and then opened the door.

"Awk-awk-awk!" came that noise, even louder now; but it suddenly stopped. And then Paddy gasped:

"Oh!"

For he was looking into a cell where lay a rather angry-looking sea-serpent. It had been asleep, and that noise the playmates had heard was its snoring. But now it had awakened, and it fixed its yellow eyes upon Paddy.

"Gr-r-r!" it growled. "Now I will eat you up!"

But Paddy was not scared. Just as the sea-serpent rose up he fired his magic popgun, and, as you know, when he does that some magic always happens!

Before that sea-serpent really knew what was happening to it it began to shrink and shrink. Very soon it was only as big as a donkey, and by the time it stopped getting smaller the sea-serpent was hardly any bigger than a lobster.

"Aha! Now you cannot eat me up!" laughed Paddy. "Just you be more polite, or perhaps I shall eat you up!"

The sea-serpent did not look at all fierce now. It even began to sob, and tears dripped off its whiskers.

"I—I didn't mean to be fierce, sir," he said sadly. "I thought at first you were the wizard!"

"The wizard?" asked Paddy. "Who is he?"

"The wizard who locked me up here years and years ago as a punishment," said the dragon. "You see, I accidentally nipped his toe when he was swimming in the sea, and this is what he did to me."

The playmates began to feel sorry for the poor creature, whom they now saw was quite a friendly thing, and they begged Paddy to make him grow again. And so the little boy fired off his magic popgun again and the dragon grew and grew until he was the right size once more.

How grateful he was to the playmates, and when he heard that they were holidaying by the sea, he said he would join them.

"We will have some fun!" he said. "You won't need a boat while I am here. I will take you for trips out to sea on my back."

How the playmates cheered.

"That will be fun!" they cried.

The sea-serpent, whose name was Sidney, kept his word. When they returned to the Wonderful Island he played at sand-castles with them on the beach, took them for rides on his back, and did not mind at all how much they splashed him in their games.

But at last Sidney lay down upon the beach and said that he was tired out and was in need of an afternoon's sleep.

"Coo! I'm hot!" he said. "I'm going to take a nap. You might cover me up with sand, for it is rather hot in the sun."

When he had stretched himself out the playmates covered him over with sand, leaving his head out so that he could breathe. But in case this part of him would be scorched by the sun they covered it over with seaweed, leaving him just a small hole to see through.

The playmates then lay down in the shelter of a big rock and it was not long before they were sleepy, too.

First of all Teddy's gentle snores told that he was fast asleep, then Golly followed him to dreamland. And after that the playmates dropped off one by one, until they were all asleep.

After a while the sun began to sink in the west, but still the playmates slept on. Another few moments passed and then came the sound of marching feet.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Nearer and nearer they came, and then a voice began to chant a pirate song. But the playmates still slept on.

A shadow fell upon the rock, and then another, and yet another! Suddenly the shadows stopped.

"Hush, lads!" said a gruff voice. "Who do I see behind that rock?"

There was no mistaking that voice. It was Captain Huff, the leader of the pirates on the Wonderful Island. He pointed to the playmates asleep by the rock and then winked at his three pirates.

"All asleep," he grunted. "We can capture the lot."

"Ay, ay, cap'n!" cried his men. "'Twill be easy."

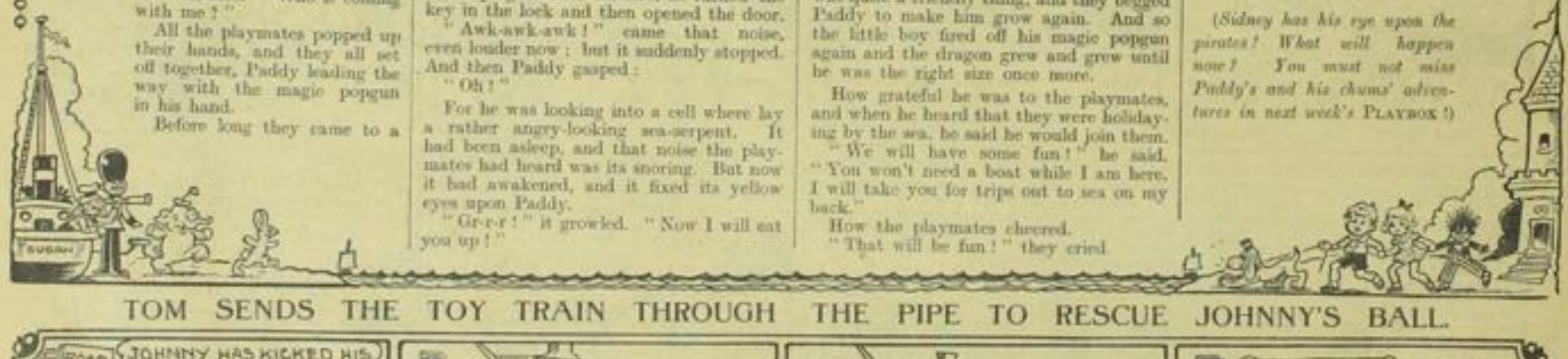
But near at hand a heap of seaweed stirred and a bright eye glowered out from underneath.

"Humph!" said Sidney, and Huff spun round.

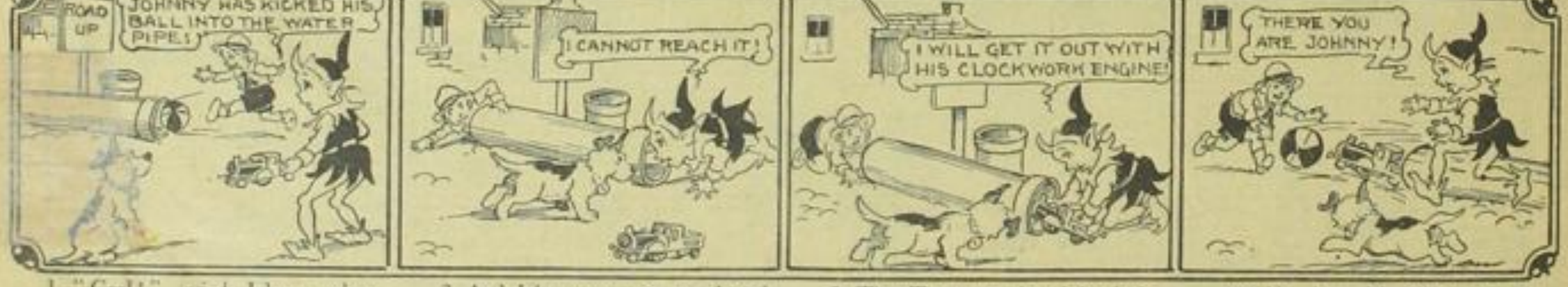
"Who said that?" he asked, and his pirates shook their heads and looked scared.

"Not us!" they said.

(Sidney has his eye upon the pirates! What will happen now? You must not miss Paddy's and his chums' adventures in next week's PLAYBOX*!)*



TOM SENDS THE TOY TRAIN THROUGH THE PIPE TO RESCUE JOHNNY'S BALL



1. "Goal!" cried Johnny when he kicked his ball into the water-pipe. Tom wondered how he'd get it back.

2. And Johnny was not so pleased when he found the ball had stuck, for he couldn't crawl up the pipe after it.

3. Then Tom remembered the clockwork engine. "This will push out the ball, Snap," he said to his doggie.

4. "Ha, ha! It's going into the tunnel!" cried Tom, and soon out it came, pushing the ball to Johnny.

BRIGHTEYES

A lucky find and a shock.

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes and her chums have started a seaside concert party. Late at night she remembers leaving her purse on the jetty when she dived in to save little Tommy. She cannot find it because high tide has almost covered the jetty.

1. The fisherman was surprised to find little Brighteyes sobbing outside his cottage, and he put a kindly hand on her shoulder saying: "Why are you crying, my dear?" Brighteyes looked up through her tears and told him then how she had lost her own and her friends' money.

2. "I only remembered to-night that I put it down on the jetty," she explained, "then when I went to look for it, the tide was right up!" The fisherman looked very sorry for her. Then suddenly he smiled. "Don't you worry about that," he said. "Perhaps I can help you."

3. Brighteyes wondered whatever he could do, and she watched him curiously as he opened a big chest and pulled out a pair of long seaboots. "I'll go for a little paddle down the jetty in these," he said, "and maybe I shall come across your purse. Where exactly did you put it?"

4. "I put it in that little hole at the side between two big stones," she said, and she felt her heart beating excitedly as the fisherman made his way down the jetty. "Oh, I should be so happy if he found it," she murmured. "But it might have been washed away by this high tide."

5. Eagerly she watched the fisherman stoop near the end of the jetty and fumble in the water. Yes, he had something in his hand now; she could see the moonlight shining on something bright. It was her purse. "Oh, thank you!" she cried, as he handed it to her. "I'm so happy now!"

6. Ah, so we have some little dancers staying at our cottage," he said as Brighteyes chattered to him on the way back. What a surprise he would have next day to hear that Brighteyes had rescued Tommy, his little boy, from the water only that afternoon. "Sleep well," he said.

7. Now that the purse was safe little Brighteyes crept into bed and slept soundly. Next morning she and her chums were up early so that they would be ready for the morning concert they were giving on the sands. "I wonder what Jackie's surprise will be," said Lola excitedly.

8. After breakfast they hurried down to their tent, but Jackie would say nothing about the surprise until they were dressed. Then he said: "We are going to have a competition to-day! Don't you think it is a good idea, girls! It should make us very popular with the holiday crowds!"

9. The chums were quite excited about it, especially when they saw the big box of chocs Jackie had bought for the prize. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," said Jackie presently. "We are sure some of you can sing better than we can. Do come up and try for our prize to-day, please."

10. Several boys and girls came forward rather shyly, but Jackie encouraged them with a smile. "That's right," he said. "I know you all want to win that box of chocs. Now, isn't there anyone else who would like to entertain us with a song?" "Yes, I would," croaked someone hoarsely from the back of the little crowd. At the sound of that voice poor little Brighteyes turned quite pale and wanted to run away and hide.

11. She felt quite sure she had not mistaken that gruff voice, and then the figure of Gipsy Meg came out of the crowd and stepped towards them. "Goodness! Is she going to sing?" murmured Joan, in surprise. But Brighteyes did not answer. She slipped behind Jackie in the hope that she would not be noticed by the old gipsy. "Oh Jackie, don't let Gipsy Meg take me away," she whispered in terror. "I'll never come back!"

(Has Gipsy Meg recognised Brighteyes? Perhaps she is already plotting to get her away. More of this exciting story next week.)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS—Charlie, a merry old sailer, is showing Joe and Effie how cleverly he can balance on a big rubber ball, when Pansy, the parrot, pecks at it. Charlie is in danger of falling into the water, but Joe laughs at him

1. As the air hissed out of the pecked ball poor Charlie began to wobble about, vainly trying to regain his balance, and still Effie could not understand why Joe made no attempt to go to his rescue. "Joe! Can't you do something?" she cried impatiently shaking Joe's arm.

2. Suddenly there was a loud splash and Charlie fell into the water with cries and shouts that he would drown as he could not swim. At this Joe laughed louder than ever. "Oh, if only I could swim strongly, I'd try to save him!" cried Effie, trembling and angry with Joe.

3. But suddenly she was surprised to see Charlie stand up. "See, the water is quite shallow there!" cried Joe. "I knew that, and that's why I didn't throw you a lifebelt, Charlie!" "Well, 'twas all Pansy's fault!" cried Charlie, shaking his fist at the parrot who was chuckling

4. Then he, too, joined in the laughter in his good-natured way and he was just saying he would show them another trick when Captain Scott appeared in the doorway. "Time to be going," he said, and then to everyone's surprise Charlie begged to be taken as part of the crew.

5. "I'm sure there's lots of things I could do for you on board, sir," Charlie said, "such as shaving the gooseberries and dusting the coal. I'm a handy man!" Captain Scott laughed, but he had taken a fancy to Charlie, and he said: "Come along to the kitchen then."

6. Charlie beamed all over his face at this, and soon he was putting on an apron and was ready to help Effie make a pie. "Let me see, do I put it through the mangle or roll it with a rolling-pin?" he asked. "You must mix the butter and flour before you roll it," Effie laughed.

7. But even with the mixing, poor old Charlie got in a muddle and soon he was flopping pieces of pastry all over the place. "I think you'd better sit down and let me do that, Charlie," said Effie kindly. And when a piece went in his eye Charlie readily agreed to hand it over.

8. "Ah, this suits me nicely to sit down and have a little smoke," he said. "I'll watch how you mix the pie and then I'll be able to do it some time next year, maybe!" He began to feel for his matches to light his pipe and remembered he had left them with his pirate's clothes.

9. At first he looked dismayed, disappointed that he would not be able to enjoy a smoke, after all, but then his eyes fell upon the kettle, singing on the stove. "I'll soon kindle a bit o' paper by that burner," he said, and pulling a piece from a drawer, he rolled it up.

10. Effie went calmly on with her pastry-making while Charlie was lighting his pipe, for she had not noticed what paper he had taken from the drawer. Then Joe came into the kitchen and he gave a cry of dismay when he saw the burning paper in Charlie's hand. "Put that out at once, Charlie!" he shouted, and Effie turned quickly to see what made little Joe speak so sharply. "I'm only lighting my pipe!" Charlie cried in surprise.

11. Charlie might have dropped his "pipe-lighter" in his alarm, had not Joe snatched it from his hand and brushed out the flames. "W-what have I done?" Charlie exclaimed, and Joe replied: "You've burnt our treasure map! What ever shall we do?" Effie stared at the scorched sheet as if she could hardly believe her eyes. "Oh, Charlie!" she cried. "We shall never find the treasure now! Why didn't you look?"

(What a bitter disappointment for the chums! What will Captain Scott say? More of this exciting story next week.)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, August 29th, 1959.

БИБЛИОТЕКА

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

THE JOLLIEST BOYS AND GIRLS SAY TO MR. NEWSAGENT: "'PLAYBOX,' PLEASE!"

PLAYBOX 2

POP PANDA 'SHIPWRECKS' THE CHUMS' BOATS.

1. "It's time all little boys were in bed," said Mrs. Bear. How Sonny and Micky wished they were big boys, for they wanted to stay out and play on the sands with Pop the Panda.

2. "Pop says his mummy is in China and doesn't mind what time he goes to bed," said Sonny. "Anyway, let's take this bath upstairs with us, Micky. I've got a good idea!"

3. Micky was afraid the idea was to put him in the bath at first, but Sonny soon explained. "This is going to be the sea," he chuckled. "We can sail our boats upstairs, my lad!"

4. So instead of getting into bed they put their boats on the water and an exciting race began. "Rough night, skipper!" cried Micky, as Sonny blew hard and the little boats rocked on the water. They made so much noise that Pop heard them and, feeling lonely, wanted to join in the fun.

5. But the boys were too busy to notice him at the window. "Hurrah! I've won!" shrieked Micky. "Now I'll be the wind this time, Sonny, and see if I can win again! No bed for us to-night!" Meanwhile, Pop had climbed on to the window-ledge, and then he jumped without looking!

6. Splash he went into the bath and Micky gave a yell. "Help! A storm has sprung up and we're being shipwrecked!" he cried. "Throw me a lifebelt, someone!" Just at that moment in came Mrs. Bear with a tray of goodies for supper.

7. She had brought them some cakes, honey, and lemonade, but alas! she only gave the chums dry bread when she saw what had happened. "Don't you 'drop in' like that again to play with us, Pop Panda!" said Sonny. "You've upset everything!"

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TWINKLE WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

Leo took Tommy to see the "borrowed" toys.

"I SAY, granny, you do look smart! I did not know you had a new hat."

And our little Tommy Twinkle looked up in surprise as good Dame Kindly entered the room wearing a very pretty new hat.

The good dame smiled in a pleased manner and patted the bows at her neck.

"No. I thought I would give you a surprise, Tommy," she said. "I bought it yesterday at the new hat shop in the town."

Our little Tommy Twinkle gave an exclamation of amazement and then added mischievously:

"Really? *I* know the shop, granny. They were two for a shilling there the other day, weren't they?"

Dame Kindly looked over in sharp surprise.

"Wh-what were, Tommy?" she exclaimed, her mind still on hats.

"Sixpences!" broke out our roguish little boy, laughing merrily. "Ha, ha, ha! Caught you nicely that time, didn't I, granny? Ha, ha, ha! You thought I was talking about hats, didn't you?"

Dearie me, Dame Kindly was amused at Tommy's take-in, then she tried to catch Tommy and said:

"Why does the Lord Mayor's coachman wear a cocked hat? Can you tell me *that*, pray?"

"I think I know why he wears a cocked hat, granny!" Tommy chuckled. "To cover his head! Isn't that right? Ha, ha! I thought it was!"

"Dear, dear! Shall I never be able to 'catch' you, Tommy?" cried Dame Kindly, shaking her head in pretended dismay. "Ah, well, I must be off and do my shopping! What are you going to do?"

THIS WEEK:

THE TOYS SPEAK OUT

Our little favourite gave a despondent shake of his head. As a matter of fact, it was only two days ago that he and Dame Kindly had returned from their holiday by the sea, and I am afraid things were a little flat for our little friend. School started in two more days' time, and Tommy told himself that, in some respects, he would be quite happy to go back.

"Why not walk down to the town with me?" suggested Dame Kindly, gathering up her bag and umbrella. "You may meet one of your school-friends. Ned, perhaps, or Bobby."

This seemed quite a good idea to Tommy, and so, with the good dame, he set off. Sure enough, Dame Kindly was right, for they had not been walking more than a few moments when a shrill whistle sounded behind them, and turning, Tommy saw one of his schoolfellows waving to him and beckoning him back.

"It's young Leo!" he cried. "Do you mind if I go and see him, granny? I believe he's got a model aeroplane in his hands."

Pleased that Tommy should have found a companion, Dame Kindly urged him to go, and a few seconds later our little favourite had joined Leo and was admiring the fine, large aeroplane the other boy carried.

"My word! This is a fine one, Leo!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know you had one like this. It's rather like Fred Fenton's, isn't it?"

A rather queer grin came over Leo's face and he said slowly:

"Well, I don't mind telling you, Tommy, that is *is* Fred's."

"Oh, did he lend it to you?" asked Tommy innocently.

"W-well, no—not exactly. Only, you see, my mummy promised Mrs. Fenton to keep an eye on the house till they came back, and we have the key. I've just borrowed a few of Fred's toys for a while. He's got too many toys. As a matter of fact," added Leo defiantly, "I've borrowed quite a lot, and I don't intend to give them back just yet, either. I've got them in our shed."

"But Fred will want them when he comes home," said Tommy seriously. "He may not like your taking them."

Leo sniggered.

"He won't know where they are. I shall not tell him I've got them, and I shan't expect you to tell, either, Tommy Twinkle!"

As you can imagine, this arrangement, ideal as it appeared to Leo, did not meet with Tommy's approval at all, and he tried to explain to the other boy that it was little short of stealing. But Leo would not listen and asked Tommy to come and see the toys. So Tommy followed, smiling, for he was thinking of his magic shoes.

Well, soon the boys were inside the shed, and imagine Tommy's surprise and, indeed, indignation, when he saw almost the whole of the floor covered with toys. Two aeroplanes, a big model yacht, a clockwork train, a tennis racket and ball, a teddy bear that walked when you wound him up, and about a dozen horse soldiers!

"I say, Leo, I do think it's rather mean to have taken all these!" cried Tommy. "These two soldiers are broken, too."

"I know," replied Leo, kicking them carelessly aside. "And the wing of this aeroplane is wobbly, but I don't care. I——"

He did not get any further, however, for swift as thought, our little Tommy Twinkle had stamped his right magic shoe and wished, and his wish had instantly come true. Leo gave a great gasp and fell back against the wall of the shed, for what do you think? The toys he had taken from Freddy had suddenly started to move and come to life!

The toy horses began to prance and jingle their harness, the little clockwork engine started to "Chuff! Chuff! Chuff!" as it slowly moved forward towards the open door of the shed. The teddy bear (without anyone having wound him up, either!) lumbered to his feet and began to walk across the floor, and the propellers of the model aeroplanes suddenly commenced to whir round and round.

"Wh-what—how——" gasped Leo in a voice hardly above a whisper, his hand clasped to his forehead. "Wh-where are they g-going?"

"I'll soon tell you that, young man!" growled the teddy bear fiercely, turning on Leo. "We are going where we belong, before we all get broken to bits!"

"Ay, indeed!" cried the officer of the horse soldiers, swinging his steed round almost on Leo's toes. "Look at our poor comrades there! Wait till Master Fred knows about this! Who gave you permission to take us?"

"Yes, who?" snapped the tennis racket, springing to its funny little feet and shaking two enraged fists in Leo's face.

"I don't believe he ever meant to give us back to Freddy!" cried the teddy bear, all his golden-brown fur standing up on end in anger.

"I know!" cried the tennis racket, who had just had an inspiration. "Let's all go down to the station and meet Freddy! His train will be in soon and then we can explain just what this Leo boy has been doing!"

All the enchanted toys (for that is what they were, isn't it, boys and girls?) grew wildly excited at this suggestion. The toy train started to puff along all the faster, the toy soldiers spurred up their horses, and the aeroplanes rose into the air.

But Leo, in a fright as to what would happen if Freddy found out the mean trick he had played on him, jumped forward and begged the strange toys to wait.

"D-don't go, please!" he wailed. "You mustn't go! I'll—I'll do anything you like, only don't tell Freddy!"

"Do you mean that?" snapped the toy officer, fixing Leo with piercing black eyes.

"Yes, yes!" cried Leo anxiously. "I'll take you all back now—this very minute!"

"What about the toys you've broken?" cried the teddy bear shortly.

Leo gave a frantic glance at the two soldiers he had broken, then he promised he would get his daddy, who was very clever at mending things, to repair them all ready for Freddy on the following day.

"Very well, then," announced the toys in chorus. "Hurry up and get the key, and take us back to Freddy's house!"

"Don't go, please!" Leo begged the toys.

Dashing past Tommy Twinkle, who was watching it all with an amused smile, Leo ran indoors and came out with the next-door key. But just before he entered the shed again Tommy stamped his *left* magic shoe, which, as you know, causes all the enchantment to vanish.

"Why—what has happened to them now?" gasped Leo, re-entering the shed. For, do you know, boys and girls, all the toys were still and lifeless once more, just as they had been when Leo had first "borrowed" them!

"If I were you, I should take them all back as fast as you can," grinned our little favourite. "Else they might start getting tiresome again. But haven't you noticed anything, Leo?"

Following the direction of Tommy's gaze, the other boy soon saw what our little friend meant. The two broken soldiers had, somehow or other, been made whole again, and the aeroplane wing had been fixed on, too! (That just shows you what magic shoes can do, boys and girls!)

Anyway, Leo won't try that trick again!

(Look out for another jolly adventure of Tommy Twinkle in PLAYBOX *next week!)*

"FLIPS"

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

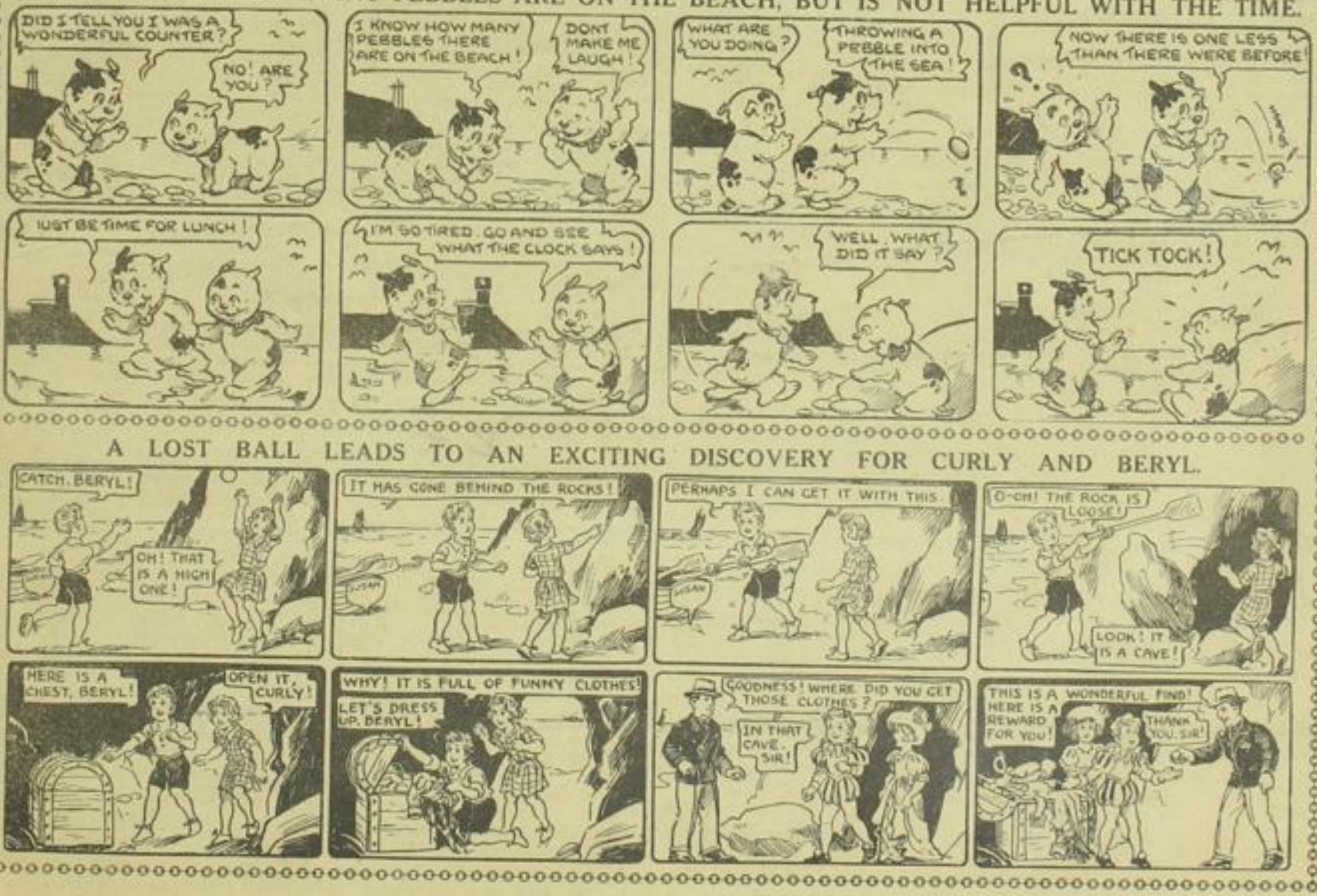
THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. The Sandman Redskin.
2. Counting and Clocks.
3. The Rock's Secret.

BAD INDIANS TRY TO GET TESS' GOLD, BUT REDWING BUILDS A BIG CHIEF IN SAND.

SCAMP KNOWS HOW MANY PEBBLES ARE ON THE BEACH, BUT IS NOT HELPFUL WITH THE TIME.



A LOST BALL LEADS TO AN EXCITING DISCOVERY FOR CURLY AND BERYL.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

Sidney, the Sea-Serpent, scares Huff and his Pirates, and Paddy and his Chums find a Clue to Pitpat.

"HUMPH!"

When Captain Huff, the pirate of the Wonderful Island, heard that queer noise, he gazed around in alarm, but all he could see were his three pirates and Paddy and his playmates fast asleep on the sands.

"Did any of you speak?" he asked, and the three pirates shook their heads.

"It must have been the sea swishing on the rocks!" replied one of them. "What shall we do with these children, cap'n?"

And he pointed to the sleeping playmates.

"Tie 'em up and make 'em prisoners!" laughed Huff. "We'll make 'em prisoners, one by one, and then they won't wake up until it is too late to get away."

Paddy and his chums slept on, quite unaware that their enemies were so near, but someone was awake and watching with big eyes.

This was Sidney, a friendly sea-serpent who had been playing with the chums. So that he should sleep comfortably without being scorched by the sun, the playmates had covered his body with sand and placed seaweed over his head.

Little did Huff and his men know that the lumps in the sand hid Sidney, the sea-serpent!

"Humph!" said Sidney, a little softer this time, so that the pirates should not hear him. "What are these fellows up to? I must watch."

After a while he began to think that the pirates were only playing a joke on the playmates, and he just settled down to watch them.

Meanwhile, the pirates became busy. First they carefully wound some rope round Timbo the dog detective, until he was quite tied up. Paddy was the next, Golly next, and so on, until every playmate was made a prisoner.

"Ha, ha! We've done it!" chuckled Huff in delight. "Ho, ho, ho!"

With a roar of laughter he sat down on a lump of sand, never dreaming this was Sidney's back. His pirates seated themselves on a clump of seaweed and roared with laughter, too. As for Sidney, he almost sneezed, for one of the pirates kept swinging his leg and tapping the sea-serpent upon the nose!

So loud were the roars of laughter that one by one the playmates began to awaken.

"Hi!" grumbled Timbo. "Who is sitting on me? I can't move. Get off my chest, who ever it is!"

The dog detective began to wriggle about, until he suddenly cried:

"Why, I'm tied up!"

"So are we!" came shouts from the other playmates. "Who has done it?"

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the pirates, as they rolled about on the hidden Sidney. "We did, of course! Ho, ho, ho!"

Paddy stared in dismay at the four pirates.

"Huff and his men!" he cried, and he felt for his magic pop-gun. Alas, the magic gun that could have helped him was out of reach!

Huff slapped his leg merrily.

"Now I have you at my mercy, my lads!" he said. "This time you won't escape me. I shall put you in a deep, dark dungeon, deep underground in the topmost turret of my castle. Hee, hee, hee!"

Sidney, the sea-serpent, blinked his eyes. He began to see now that these pirates were not playing a joke at all. They were enemies!

"Blub—glog!" gasped his men, as they floundered in the water.

Sidney soon plunged out again and waited on the beach for them. And as each pirate waded ashore, he picked them up to give them a good shaking—to shake them dry, as he said afterwards, with a grin.

Huff was the last one to be shaken, and no one noticed a folded piece of parchment slip from his pocket to the beach.

"There! Let that be a lesson to you!" grunted Sidney, and as the pirates raced away along the beach, he began to untie Paddy.

Paddy was greatly excited.

"We must stop them!" he cried. "They know where little Pitpat is hidden. Stop them!"

Pitpat was a little girl, who was a prisoner somewhere on the island, and whom Paddy had vowed to find. Only the pirates knew where she was.

Paddy's pop-gun works strange magic on Huff and his pirates.

"Humph!" he cried, and up he rose, jerking the sand and seaweed from him. The startled pirates really thought it was an earthquake!

"Help!" yelled Huff, hanging on to Sidney's ear. "Heave-ho! We're sunk, shipwrecked, and foundered. Shiver my timbers!"

The other three pirates found themselves astride Sidney's back, too scared to try to slip off.

"Help! Help!" they cried.

The playmates, of course, roared with laughter.

"Ha, ha!" they cried. "Old Sidney has come to the rescue!"

The sea-serpent was quite cross with the pirates for being unkind to his little chums, and he meant to give them a lesson.

Before they could scramble from his back, he made for the sea and splashed in, giving them a shocking!

"Help! Oo-oogle!" spluttered Huff.

The pirates were already some way off, and it was no use chasing them, but Paddy had his pop-gun! He never knew quite what kind of magic it would work, but it always managed to help him somehow!

Levelling it after the pirates, he pulled the trigger.

Pop!

Alas, it did not stop the pirates, but the playmates had to laugh at what happened. The pirates' suits suddenly shrank, as if they had been too long in the wash! Their coats and knickers became tight and tiny, as though meant for small boys, and their stockings slipped down their legs. Their hats and boots, though, became ever so large!

Huff's boots were so big that they tripped him up, but he managed to wriggle out of them and race on. His men, whose hats had slipped over their eyes so they could not see, bumped into each other, but at last they managed to sort themselves out and race out of sight.

"Ha, ha!" roared the playmates, who by now had been freed and were sitting on the beach unable to do anything but laugh. They couldn't have followed the pirates had they tried.

"Well, that has taught them a lesson," said Paddy at last. "But I do wish we could have stopped them. We might have found out where Pitpat was."

"Cheer up, Paddy!" said Golly. "We know they are near now, and I am sure Timbo will soon pick up their trail."

But Timbo pointed sadly at the sea. The tide was coming in and the waves were washing away the pirates' footprints.

"Too late!" he said. "I am afraid they have escaped."

The playmates hurried along the beach, trying to catch a glimpse of the pirates, but Huff and his men had vanished.

"Never mind, playmates!" said Paddy. "We will rescue Pitpat yet, never fear!"

It was now dark, and the playmates decided to spend the night in a cave. They picked some fruit from the trees for supper and made a fire at the entrance of the cave, for the sea-breezes were now quite cool. Then they sang a few camp songs to cheer themselves until they were tired and ready for sleep.

Timbo was the first awake in the morning.

"I'm going for a dip!" he said, and out he crept so that he would not wake his chums. Off he scampered down the beach, but suddenly he stopped some way from the water's edge.

"What's this?" he said, and he bent down to pick up a piece of folded parchment.

Opening it out, he gazed at it for some moments and then gave a cry.

"Paddy! Golly! Buddy! All of you!" he cried. "See what I've found!"

Racing back into the cave, he found the others just awakening.

"Look at this, Paddy," he said, and Paddy took the parchment.

"It's a plan!" said Paddy. "Look at this cross here. It is marked 'Ye hidden treasure of Captain Huff.'"

"Then he must have dropped it!" cried Timbo.

"And look at this," added Paddy, pointing to another cross.

"'Ye prisoner's dungeon.'"

"It's where Pitpat is hidden," cried Timbo. "Now we can rescue her."

(Look out for more of this thrilling story next week, boys and girls. Our chums' adventures will be even more exciting than ever!)

PERCY PELICAN KINDLY CATCHES THE APPLES AND HIDES THEM FOR TOM AND SNIP.

1. "Oh, you bad lad!" cried Tom when Frank kicked the basket and sent the apples out of the window.

2. "Ha, ha! Now I can pick them up from the pavement and eat them!" chuckled greedy Frank, hurrying out.

3. But he had a surprise, for all he could see was Percy Pelican. "He must have eaten them!" cried Snip.

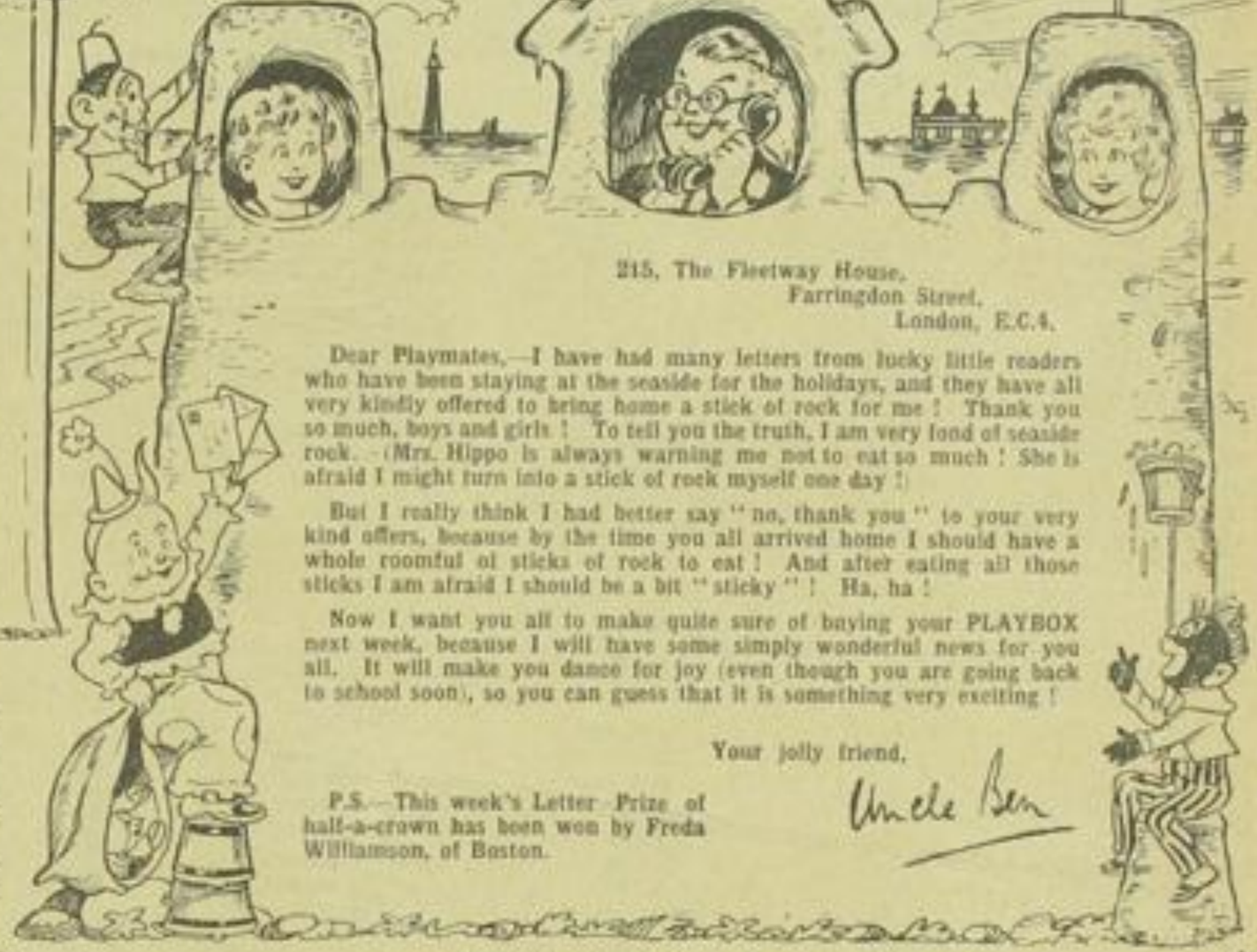
4. When Frank had gone, though, Percy opened his mouth to Tom and Snip and there were the apples.

Happy Holiday Hours with my Readers

It was the Baby Bunting's last day at the seaside, so they decided to do something really exciting. Chubs suggested diving off the top of the lighthouse, but that was just a little bit too exciting, so they found a long plank and made it into a water-chute by leaning it against Sailor Sam's fish-tub!

"Ha, ha! This is the quickest way down to the sea!" chuckled Peterkin as he slid into the water with a big splash.

Dinky, the doggie, went next, and I am sorry to say that he got his little nose stuck in the mud. Babs went to the rescue, though, and soon pulled him ashore. Before any more accidents could happen Sailor Sam came along and demanded his barrel, so the babies went for a nice swim instead. They will be home next week!



215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—I have had many letters from lucky little readers who have been staying at the seaside for the holidays, and they have all very kindly offered to bring home a stick of rock for me! Thank you so much, boys and girls! To tell you the truth, I am very fond of seaside rock. (Mrs. Hippo is always warning me not to eat so much! She is afraid I might turn into a stick of rock myself one day!)

But I really think I had better say "no, thank you" to your very kind offers, because by the time you all arrived home I should have a whole roomful of sticks of rock to eat! And after eating all those sticks I am afraid I should be a bit "sticky"! Ha, ha!

Now I want you all to make quite sure of buying your PLAYBOX next week, because I will have some simply wonderful news for you all. It will make you dance for joy (even though you are going back to school soon), so you can guess that it is something very exciting!

Your jolly friend,
Uncle Ben

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Freda Williamson, of Boston.

CAN YOU FIND BILLY'S CHUMS?

Billy felt very puzzled when he went down on to the sands one morning. There was no one to be seen there at all, and yet his four chums had promised faithfully to meet him and go for a row on the sea.

"Oh dear! I suppose I shall have to go by myself now!" sighed Billy, as he climbed into the boat. But the next minute there was a merry laugh, and four little figures scampered out of a cave in the cliff.

"Ha, ha! We were hiding from you, Billy!" they laughed.

Now if you take your pencil and draw a line from figure 1 to 2 and from 2 to 3, and so on until you reach figure 30, you will find you have drawn Billy's boat. Then look closely into the picture and you will find his four chums, too.

PIERROT CAPS. Made from Paper.

Would you like to have a little pierrot costume of your own? The cap is very easily made from a large half-circle of white paper, which must be rolled round to a point and glued along the edges.

Now, the pompons are made from black or coloured crepe paper which is cut into strips, and then snipped along the edges. These strips are next rolled into pompon shapes and then sewn to the front of the cap. A coloured paper frill round the neck and more pompons down the front of your coat completes this pretty costume. Isn't it a jolly idea?

BOBBY BLACK'S MAGIC BALL.

1. "Here is a trick for you, boys," said Bobby Black, as he placed a matchbox between a ball and a cotton-reel. "Can you get the ball into the middle without touching it at all?" "No, we can't!" gasped Willie.

2. "Ha, ha! It is as easy as eating apple-pie!" chuckled Bobby as he moved the cotton-reel on to the other side of the ball. "Now the ball is in the middle, isn't it? I have not touched it!" Wasn't that smart?

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?

Q. Which pets are always found at the seaside?

A. Limpets.

Q. When is a fisherman's net like a riddle?

A. When there is a catch in it!

Q. Why is an oyster lazy?

A. Because it spends all its life in a bed!

Q. How can a thin person get fat?

A. By buying it at the butcher's.

GOING HOME.

"Cheer up, Danny Duck! You will soon forget the seaside when you get home—then you will begin to smile again!"

"It's all very well for you, Charlie Crab, you live at the seaside all the year round. You never have to go home."

"Ah, yes! But the sea is very artful, you know!"

"Why?"

"Because it is often full of 'craft,' you see. Ha, ha! Are you going to school when you get home, Danny?"

"Yes, but I have forgotten all my sums. I don't even know what two and six make."

"I will tell you, Danny."

"Goodness! You are a clever boy!"

"Oh, yes, it is easy. Two and six make half-a-crown."

"You would not get many marks for that sum, Charlie. Now here is another one for you: If you had five apples to eat and I gave you five more, what would you have?"

"A pain, of course! Ha, ha!"

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

BEN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY AND A FINE SURPRISE.

Sea Treasure.

LITTLE Tim Trotter, along with little Jessie and his chum, Michael Baxter, were spending a wonderful summer holiday upon an old ship called "The Viking," out in Brimport Bay.

Almost as soon as they arrived the boys had made friends with a good-natured old sailor named Ben Bolton, and, one afternoon, the chums all arranged to take a nice hamperful of eatables and to celebrate old Ben's birthday, aboard an old coal-hulk, "The Flapjack," of which he was the caretaker.

Jessie and the boys thrilled with excitement as they made their small boat fast and carried their hamper up the ladder on to the deck of the hulk.

"Oh, look!" Jessie cried happily. "What a lovely lot of fish old Ben has caught!"

"Ay," said the old sailor, with a chuckle. "And I've catched summat as I've never hooked afore, my hearties—summat as I calls a 'bottle-fish.' What do ye think o' this?"

Smiling broadly, as it much amused, the old sailor produced from the basket something that looked like an old earthenware vase, with a narrow neck and a handle upon each side of it. But his smile went and he turned in sudden surprise when little Tim sprang forward with a sharp cry of excitement.

"Why, Ben," he cried. "If I'm not mistaken, that's the finest fish you've ever caught! It's an old Roman vase and it's worth a lot of money. Let me see it, Ben, quickly," he added breathlessly.

Ben Bolton grinned as he handed over the queer article which looked as if it had been on the bottom of the sea for a very long time.

"I believe it is a Roman urn," Tim muttered eagerly. "It's exactly like the picture of one in the headmaster's study at school."

"Here's luck to dear old Ben!" cried Tim.

"An urn do 'ee call 'un," said the old sailor, with a chuckle. "But you said just now that it were a vase, Tim."

"I know," said Tim. "It might be one or the other. There isn't a lot of difference."

"And why do you say it's worth a lot of money, Tim?" asked Jessie.

"Because old relics like this are very rare," Tim explained, "and people who collect things, and who own museums and that kind of thing, will pay ever so much to get one. There are some old Roman coins in the headmaster's cupboard at school that he thinks the world of. And he wouldn't part with them for—for—— Oh, goodness!" he gasped, as the old vessel slipped in his hands. "I've dropped it!"

With a little cry of dismay Jessie made a swift attempt to catch it, but in vain, and she, too, gave a gasp, expecting the old vase to fall and break upon the deck.

To her great relief and Tim's, however, it fell upon the basket of fish and the old sailor, who seemed the only one to be amused, rocked with laughter.

"Why, bless my bowsprit," he cried gaily, "what be all of 'ee a-looking so scared about. T'wouldn't have mattered much if it had broken, I don't reckon!"

He put the old, sea-worn vessel upon one side, as though it were of little value, and went on to say, in his good-humoured way, that this was his seventieth birthday and that it was the first one of its sort that he had ever had.

"A sailorman don't strike seventy every too often," he said, "and I can't see as how we wants to waste val'able time over some old pickle-jar. What have 'ee got in yon hamper, Jessie, my pretty?"

"We've got a lovely cake for you, Ben," said Jessie, with a smile, "and some jelly and fruit, and all sorts of things."

"And we've got some potatoes," put in Michael happily, "to fry up with the fish. And," he added, "a frying pan to cook them in."

"Bravo!" cried the old sailor. "Then we be going to have such a feed of fish that we'll all be growing gills and fins. Who's going to cook the fish, if I prepare it for the pan?"

"Jessie will," cried Tim promptly. "She's an expert."

"And what are we going to have to drink?" asked old Ben, with a chuckle. "We can't drink salt water!"

But Jessie, who could always be trusted to forget nothing at a picnic, had thought of that.

She had brought a kettle of fresh water, some tea and milk, and a big teapot to prepare it in.

"If you'll help us carry the things down to your cabin, Ben," she said, "we'll all set to work at once."

The small cab inin the stern of "The Flapjack," which was the old sailor's home for a good many weeks of the year, was tidy and well-scrubbed, being, in fact, the one really clean place aboard the shabby old hulk.

And, in a very short time, the freshly caught fish were sizzling gaily in the pan, over the little fire, and while Jessie browned the white fillets temptingly in the boiling fat, Tim and Michael set out all the other eatables upon the table and prepared to make the tea.

At last, the meal was ready and, with old Ben in the place of honour at the head of the table, the chums all set to work to do it justice.

"Well, boys and girls," said old Ben presently, rising to his feet and beaming down the table in his cheery way, as he raised his cup for a toast. "Here's to all of ye and may the rest of your holiday be as happy as the first part."

Jessie laughed and said that was quite impossible, for it had already been the loveliest holiday that they had ever spent.

Tim rose with a smile to return the toast, lifting his cup above his head.

"Here's all the best of luck to dear old Ben," he cried, "and may he find some hidden treasure."

"That's right," cried Michael, gaily, "Sea treasure! Here's to a fortune, Ben!" he shouted, as he raised his cup.

The old sailor smiled and thanked them gratefully.

"I'm afraid there aren't much chance o' that, boys," he said. "Anyways, a fortune aren't a lot o' use to old Ben at his age. If I could have a little motor-boat to earn a few shillin' with I'd be quite satisfied. But I'm afeared a man don't find that sort o' treasure, hard as he likes to look for 'un."

"Don't you believe it, Ben. You never know your luck," cried Michael gaily.

And Michael spoke more truly than he knew, for there was something in store for the kindly old sailor that, even in his most hopeful moments, he had never dreamed of.

Exciting News.

As is always the case, when boys and girls are enjoying themselves very much—not to mention a jolly old sailorman of seventy—the party that afternoon aboard "The Flapjack" was over all too quickly, and the time fled by at such a rate that the boys and Jessie could hardly believe their ears when old Ben, glancing at the face of his huge timepiece, told them that it was nigh upon "one bell," which, so the boys had discovered, meant that it was nearly half-past eight.

"Why, goodness me!" gasped Jessie in alarm. "We must be getting back to "The Viking," else Mrs. Baxter will wonder whatever has become of us. I promised we'd be back by seven," she added, with rather a troubled sigh. "I'm afraid she will be cross with us."

Jessie was quite right. Mrs. Baxter, worried by their long absence, scolded them all rather severely when, at last, they returned to their floating home.

"I was beginning to fear all sorts of things," she said sternly. "I am very glad your daddy wasn't here, Michael, else he would have been very, cross indeed. There will be no more visits to "The Flapjack" if this is the time you think fit to come back," she added, with a frown. "I think you had all better go straight to bed."

So, feeling rather forlorn and in disgrace after their happy adventure, Jessie and the boys made their way a little gloomily to their bunks, and Tim, because he was the eldest, felt very worried, wondering if Mrs. Baxter would put the blame on him.

She had been so much the soul of kindness to them all during their holiday, and had, till now, been so patient and good-tempered that it hurt Tim to think she was upset.

"If she is still cross with us in the morning," he muttered to himself, "I must go up to her and say it was all my fault and ask her to forgive me."

But Mrs. Baxter was not the sort of lady to bear the children any ill-will.

They had already paid the penalty for overstaying their time with old Ben Bolton and in the morning, when they all took their places at the breakfast table, she greeted them with a bright smile.

Mr. Baxter, who had been away on a visit to the town and who had returned home when they were all abed, was in the best of spirits. And that Mrs. Baxter had told him nothing about their lateness was soon plain by the jolly and cheerful way in which he asked them all about their party aboard "The Flapjack."

With bright smiles, the boys and Jessie told him all that had happened.

"And what do you think, daddy?" cried Michael. "Old Ben caught what he calls a 'bottle-fish.' But Tim said he thought it might be valuable. Do fetch it, Tim," he cried, "and let daddy see it."

They had almost forgotten the old earthenware vessel, that Ben had jokingly referred to as a "pickle-jar," and now Tim hurried below to fetch it, smiling as he placed it before Mr. Baxter upon the table.

But Michael's daddy did not smile. Almost as soon as he saw the jar his face became very intent and, after examining it carefully, he looked up at the boys with traces of real excitement.

"Tim," he said. "They may laugh at you, my boy, but I'm not at all sure you are not right. You take this ashore and let Professor Morley see it. He's an expert on this sort of thing. He is connected with a big museum in Bromingham."

"And does he live in Brimport, daddy?" Michael asked.

"Not on your life," said Mr. Baxter, with a laugh. "He's on holiday here, and I met him yesterday in the town. He's staying at the Grand Hotel. You children get old Ben to take you ashore, as soon as you've had your breakfast. I'd like to know what the old professor thinks of it."

As you can imagine, Jessie and the boys wasted no time. They, too, were filled now with excitement, although they said nothing to the old sailor about the cause of it as he rowed them to the jetty.

The old vase was wrapped in a parcel which old Ben did not recognise, and the boys did not tell him what was inside the brown paper.

"Supposing it was worth nothing, after all," said Michael. "It would be such a shame to raise his hopes and then disappoint him in the end." And Tim and Jessie heartily agreed.

Tied to a ring in the wall of the jetty, amongst some other boats, the boys saw a motor-boat, in bright and almost new condition. Upon it was pinned a notice: "For SALE. £50."

The boat had belonged to a local fisherman who had made a lot of money with it, and Tim smiled towards old Ben as they passed by.

"How would you like that one, Ben?" he asked, and the old sailor grinned and shook his head.

"Do you want to sell this vase?" asked the professor.

"I'd like it fine, Tim," he said, and then with a sigh he added: "But I aren't got fifty pence, let alone fifty pound. Ye might as well ask me if I'd loike the moon."

The two boys glanced at one another and hurried off to the hotel, with Jessie walking eagerly between them.

Professor Morley, they were told, was in his private room, and when word came for them to go up to him they ascended the stairs and tapped rather shyly on the door.

The professor was a very old man, with a rather wizened face, and with eyes that twinkled merrily when they explained whom they were and why they had come.

"Mr. Baxter, eh?" he said. "I know him well. What's this you've got to show me?" he asked, putting out a thin hand. "Something you fished up out of the sea." He turned the vase over slowly as he peered intently. "An old curio, you say. My word, though, but I think you're right." He looked up quickly, and they could see the eager gleam shining in his eyes. "Do you children want to sell this?" he asked, "because if you do, I'll make you an offer right away. I'll give you fifty pounds for it."

For a moment the boys were too excited even to speak.

"Fifty pounds?" gasped Tim at last. "Do you really—er—— Jessie!" he cried. "Jessie!"

To Tim's amazement and to Michael's little Jessie had waited for no more. In a moment she was out of the door and racing down the stairs. In a few moments more she was out of the hotel and racing to where old Ben Bolton stood, leaning against the quay wall.

"Ben," she cried. "Ben!" And the old man stared at her in amazement. "What do you think? It's true! It's true! You're going to have your new motor-boat, after all!"

Old Ben opened his eyes wide in surprise. "Wh—what boat?" he cried. "Is this one of your tricks, Jessie?"

"No, no! It's all true!" cried Jessie. "You can buy the boat we saw this morning!"

(Another thrilling instalment of this lovely story in The Playbox *next week.)*

BRIGHTEYES

The return of Gipsy Meg leads to trouble!

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes and her chums are running a concert party at the seaside. One day they arrange a singing competition, offering a box of chocolates for a prize. To their amazement Gipsy Meg enters for it!

1. Brighteyes and her chums could hardly believe their eyes as the old gipsy woman hobbled through the crowd, pulling a sheet of music from her apron pocket. "Jackie!" gasped Brighteyes in amazement. "Gipsy Meg is going to sing in our competition! Can't you send her away?"

2. But there seemed nothing that Jackie could do, for Meg was quite determined to take her place in the singing competition. She was just about to start her song when Jackie waved her back firmly. "This little boy was first, ma'am!" he said. "You must take your turn!"

3. The gipsy grunted angrily and stepped back, keeping her eyes glued to the music in her hand. She never seemed to notice our little girl, who was keeping close to Jackie for fear the gipsy might run away with her. "Perhaps she will not see me!" murmured Brighteyes.

4. For once in her life the gipsy did not seem to be looking for Brighteyes at all! Instead, she awaited her turn in the competition impatiently, and when at last the little boy had finished she rushed forward and began to sing in a shrill, cracked voice about a fairy queen!

5. She did not seem to be aware of the dreadful noise she was making, and it was only when some of the audience began to boo her that she stopped and glared round angrily. "Oh! So you don't like my singing, eh?" she exclaimed. "All right! I shan't sing another note! Good-bye!"

6. Amid roars of laughter the gipsy rushed away over the sands. But alas! The laughter did not last very long. On reaching the stone jetty the gipsy snatched at the big box of chocolates and went on her way chuckling. "Just look!" cried Lola. "She has taken our prize, Jackie!"

7. Jackie had promised the prize to the winner of the competition, and as soon as he saw the gipsy take it he dashed over the sands after her. "Come on! We'll soon catch her!" he shouted, beckoning to his chums. "She cannot run fast!" And then followed an exciting chase!

8. It was only a short distance into the village, and before the chums could catch up with the artful gipsy she had vanished down the narrow streets! "She cannot be far away!" exclaimed Jackie. Then Brighteyes stopped as she saw a dark figure vanish down an alley.

9. Feeling quite sure that it was Gipsy Meg, our little girl called to the others to follow her, but by this time they were a long way down the High Street! Brighteyes gazed about her nervously. If she should meet Meg now she might never see her chums again.

10. The narrow little street was very dark and silent and poor Brighteyes began to feel quite frightened now that she was alone. "I'll go and ask the others to come this way!" she murmured to herself. But the next instant a ray of sunlight shone into the alley and gleamed brightly on a white box which lay on the pavement in front of an open door! "Why," gasped our little girl delightedly, "it is our prize! I have found it!"

11. Hardly daring to breathe, she crept forward and picked it up. Then a dark, silent shadow swept out of the doorway, and in another moment little Brighteyes was a prisoner! A thin, brown hand was gripping her arm tightly and she found herself staring up into the cunning black eyes of Gipsy Meg! "Hee, hee!" chuckled the gipsy. "I thought that little plan would catch you! You belong to me now, young lady! Come in!"

(So Gipsy Meg's artful plot has succeeded! Will our little girl ever get away from her now? Do not miss this lovely story next week!)

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—Captain Scott has taken a merry old sailor, called Charlie Aboard the Flying Fish. While Effie is cooking, Charlie takes a paper from a drawer to light his pipe, and later Joe is horrified to find it is their treasure-map!

1. Poor old Charlie was very puzzled by the worried expression on the children's faces. "Bless me, what have I done now?" he exclaimed. "You've used our treasure map to light your pipe, Charlie," said Joe, as he quickly brushed out the flames from the precious paper.

2. "Bless my whiskers! What ever made me do such a silly thing," muttered Charlie. "I'm real sorry, that I am! W-won't you be able to find the treasure now?" Anxiously Joe unrolled the map, and Effie cried: "Oh, I believe it is only the edges that are burnt, after all."

3. "Well, anyway, I think you had better go to your cabin for a while, Charlie," Joe said sternly. "Effie and I will see what we can do to mend the map, and perhaps Captain Scott need not know anything about it!" And poor Charlie walked off in disgrace, looking very miserable.

4. When the door was closed, Joe turned once again to the paper, while Effie went back to the pudding she was making. "Charlie is such a dear that I'm sure he didn't mean to harm this map," said Joe. "I'm going to try to cut off this burnt part, Effie, and no one will know."

5. But just at that moment the door opened and Captain Scott walked in. "Hallo, have you two been trying to set light to the ship?" he said, sniffing the air. "I thought perhaps Effie had been burning some cakes, but it smells of burnt paper in here! What has been happening?"

6. "Everything is all right, sir," said Joe, but suddenly the captain's eyes fell upon the map which Joe had not had time to push back into the drawer. "Ah, you've burnt the treasure map!" he cried angrily. Joe tried to explain, but suddenly stopped in confusion, not knowing what to say.

7. They could not tell tales on poor old Charlie, and because they would not explain what had happened the captain was naturally more angry than ever. "It seems I cannot trust you now," he said. "I shall lock you in all day for this carelessness! Now go to your cabin!"

8. Feeling very miserable the children went out, followed by the angry captain. They heard the key turn in the lock as he closed the door behind them, and then poor Effie burst into tears. "It does seem a shame to blame us for burning the map when we didn't do it!" she sobbed.

9. "I know! But we couldn't spit on Charlie. I'm sure he didn't mean to do it," said Joe. Suddenly Pansy, the parrot, made them jump by shouting: "Ho there! Land ahoy!" And turning to see why she said that, the children were surprised to see a parcel by the porthole.

10. Effie could not help smiling through her tears at the funny parrot, and as the parcel remained there she and Joe pulled it in and unwrapped it. "Goodness! Here's a lovely big cake and some fruit!" cried Effie. "Whoever sent it, I wonder!" "Well, here's a letter," said Joe, picking up an envelope that had been tucked under the fruit. "Let's see who has written it, Effie. Someone must be feeling very sorry for us!"

11. Eagerly Joe tore open the envelope and pulled out the piece of paper inside. "Why, it's from Charlie!" he cried, looking at the name at the end of the message. "Good old Charlie!" squawked Pansy. "What's the news?" Effie danced round to Joe's side, smiling happily now. "Do read it quickly, Joe!" she begged. "I can't think what he can have to say to us, and why he has been so kind! It is all so mysterious!"

What has Charlie to say to little Joe and Effie? More of this exciting story next week.

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, September 2nd, 1939. LG

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

NOW ON SALE. "PLAYBOX ANNUAL." 3/6 THE JOLLIEST CHILDREN'S BOOK IN THE WORLD.

БИБЛИОТЕКА

PLAYBOX 2

SONNY HAS SOME FUN WITH MR. TOPPER'S TOPPERS!

1. "Good-morning, boys!" said Mr. Topper. "I wonder if you could give me a hand?" "Certainly," replied our Sonny. "We'll give you a foot, too, if you like!"

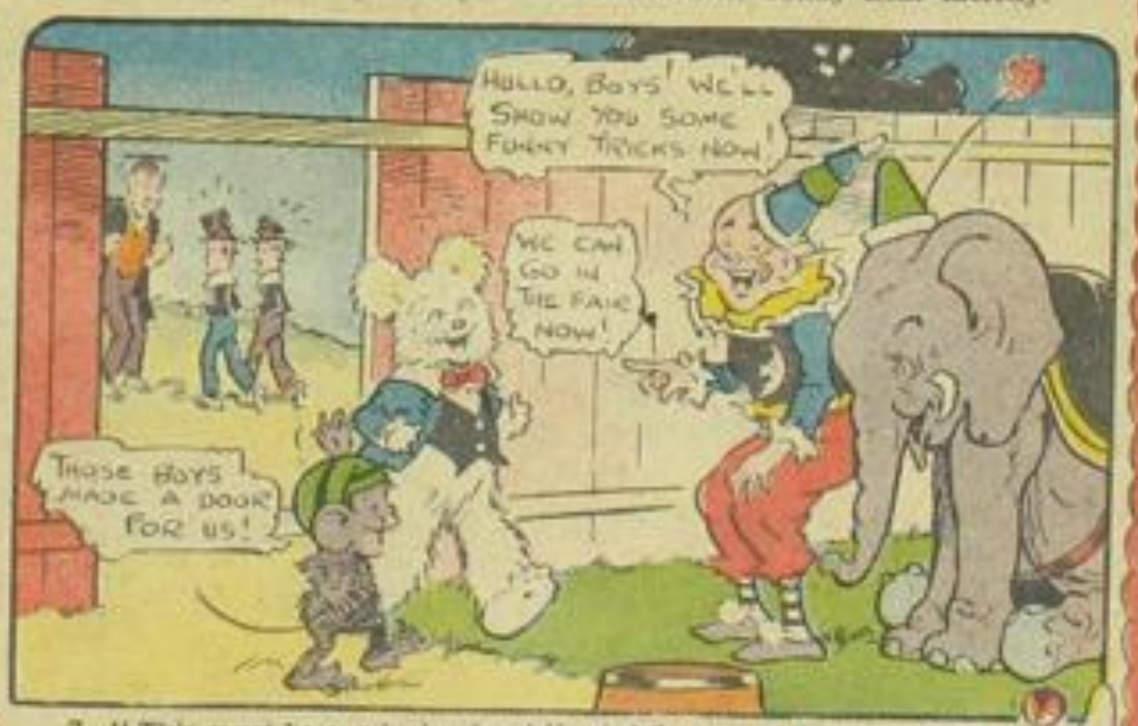
2. Then Mr. Topper came out with two hat-boxes. "I want you to take these to the Twinkie Twins, please, boys," he said. "Take great care of them. They are new hats!"

3. But on the way they passed a circus which was hidden behind a tall fence. "Now, if we stand on these boxes we can get a good view!" suggested Micky Monk. "Up we go, Sonny!"

4. "Hurrah! That is a fine idea!" exclaimed two young voices, and the next minute the Twinkie Twins themselves appeared. "We will stand on the boxes first, boys," said they. "You can wait for us!" "Hi! It was our idea!" cried Micky crossly. "Come down at once!"

5. And, sad to say, those twins came down sooner than they expected—for the boxes gave way suddenly, and they had to cling on to the fence. And then the fence gave way! "Hee, hee! And now we have got another surprise for you, boys!" chuckled little Sonny Bear merrily.

6. Then the poor twins discovered that their new toppers were inside the boxes. "G-goodness me! They are a bit bent!" gasped Tommy. "Never mind!" chuckled Micky Monk. "They will do very nicely for scarecrows! Try them on, boys!"



7. "This must be our lucky day!" cried Sonny, as they marched through the hole in the fence and met their old friend, Clarence, the Clown! "Come right in, boys!" laughed Clarence. "The circus is just beginning!" And they did have a lovely time, too!

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

The little clown began a funny dance.

"GOOD-DAY, Mr. Gaye. I want a penny piece of rubber, please."

And our little Tommy Twinkle smiled his usual cheery smile as he entered the little stationer's shop at the corner of the High Street. He liked old Mr. Gaye, who had kept the shop as long as he could remember; indeed, many a time the old man had allowed Tommy behind the counter and given him the exciting job of tidying the little drawers and shelves. Tommy had thoroughly enjoyed this, especially the corner that was devoted to small toys and boxes of games, etc.

"Ah, Tommy Twinkle! And how are you to-day?" murmured Mr. Gaye, peering at Tommy over his large-rimmed spectacles. "Rubber? Why, yes, of course. Here you are, Tommy, a nice large piece, and only a halfpenny? How will that do?"

Needless to say, our little favourite was delighted to hear this, because it meant he had an extra halfpenny ready for his next call at Dame Bumble's tuck-shop!

But our little boy was quick to notice that the old shopkeeper looked very, very worried, despite the cheerful tone he had tried to adopt when Tommy entered. Lines of worry furrowed Mr. Gaye's forehead, and the old man looked pale and tired.

"Thank you, sir," smiled Tommy, taking his purchase and his halfpenny change. "And are you quite well these days? I haven't seen you for some time, have I?"

"N-no," returned Mr. Gaye, suddenly seating himself on the low stool behind the counter. "I am very well, thank you, Tommy, but—er—well, I must confess I am rather worried just now. I—er——" And here he paused, maybe thinking that Tommy, being only a little boy, might not be very interested in his private affairs. But there he was wrong, for, as you all know, our kind-hearted little favourite is only too anxious to help any of his friends.

"Is there anything I can do?" asked Tommy quickly.

Mr. Gaye gave a deep sigh, and then unfolded his trouble. It appeared that his greatest friend, a boyhood chum, was very ill, and had sent word to Mr. Gaye begging to see him.

"I had the letter yesterday, but, of course, I cannot go. How can I?" said the old shopkeeper. "I cannot leave my shop for half a day, and that is what it would mean."

"Why cannot you?" cried Tommy Twinkle, a sudden plan flashing into his mind. "Let *me* come and mind the shop for you. It is our half-holiday this afternoon, and I will gladly come. Then you could go and see your friend to-day!"

The old man gazed at Tommy with a hopeful gleam in his eyes, and then it faded and he shook his head.

"It would be too much for you, lad," he murmured. "I——"

"Nonsense!" laughed Tommy. "I should thoroughly enjoy being shopkeeper. Do let me, Mr. Gaye! I promise to be ever so careful in giving the right change, and—and all that."

With Tommy's eager, cheery face before him, Mr. Gaye hesitated, and then, a second later, he agreed, and so it was all arranged.

Sharp at one-thirty that afternoon, Tommy presented himself at the shop once more, and after a few minutes' last instructions, Mr. Gaye hurried off to the station.

Tommy's first customer was a little boy he knew—Dickie. Dickie wanted a two-penny box of plasticine, and as he handed it to him our roguish little boy murmured:

"There you are, Dickie. And now can you tell me this. What is the difference between a plate of currant bread-and-butter and a box of plasticine?"

Dickie laughed and tried his hardest to puzzle out the answer, but to no purpose.

"What? You do not know the difference between currant bread-and-butter and plasticine?" cried Tommy mischievously. "Well, then, I hope you never invite me to a tea-party, Dick! Ha, ha, ha! Caught you that time!"

How Dickie laughed, too; in fact, he begged for another take-in right away.

"Here you are, then," chuckled Tommy. "Why is it a very difficult thing to drink a cup full of tea?"

Dick gasped.

"B-but surely that is quite easy?" he said.

Whereupon our little boy shook his head merrily.

"Quite the reverse," he laughed. "You see, it's much easier to drink the cup *empty*! Ha, ha!"

Now, Master Dick was enjoying himself so much that he was not at all anxious to go, not even when two more customers came in to be served. When they had gone he said to Tommy coaxingly:

"Can I stay here a bit with you, Tommy? I'll play with my plasticine on this corner of the counter. I'm sure Mr. Gaye won't mind."

"All right," grinned Tommy. "What are you going to make?"

"I'll try to model a funny old clown," giggled Dick, opening the box.

No more customers entered the little shop for some time, and between them, the boys fashioned quite a jolly little plasticine clown. Proudly Dick stood him up, and then a merry thought flashed into Tommy's mind. As usual, he was wearing his wonderful magic shoes, and suddenly he tapped lightly with his right foot and wished. And instantly, Charlie Clown commenced a funny dance on the counter, bowing and grinning at the boys just as though he were performing in a circus!

"Ooh!" gasped Dickie in wonderment, but before he could say anything else the comical clown sat down flat and burst into a flood of weeping!

"D-don't, please—you'll—you'll come all unstuck!" cried Dick.

"I—I can't help it!" roared Charlie Clown. "I wish you'd made me into a plasticine policeman! I've always wanted to be a policeman!"

"Very well. We will!" broke in Tommy merrily. "Keep still, Mr. Clown, please, and we'll make you into a nice little policeman!"

This time, it was Tommy alone who worked away on the little plasticine figure, and in two twos Charlie Clown was no more, and in his place stood a little policeman.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dickie. "He's funnier than the clown, isn't he? I——"

"Aha! So Mr. Thomas Twinkle is the shopkeeper now, is he? Very nice!"

Tommy and Dick looked up sharply as two scornful voices sounded in their ears. Standing just inside the shop door were two tall schoolboys, the bully boys from a neighbouring school, as Tommy soon realised.

"I am looking after the shop for Mr. Gaye till teatime. Is there anything I can get you?" said Tommy quietly, but with a glint in his eyes.

"No. We are going to get what we want ourselves," giggled the taller boy. "Get out, you two; we're going to help ourselves to one or two things!"

"Yes, come out from behind that counter, you little whipper-snapper!" grinned the second boy to Tommy. And he darted forward and stretched out a long arm to try to grab Tommy's ear.

But he did not know about Tommy's wonderful fairy shoes—dearie me, no.

Quick as thought, our little favourite stamped his right foot again, wishing another wish, and, as before, it came true in a twinkling. A big, burly figure suddenly pushed itself between Tommy and the bully boys, thrust out one great arm, and knocked up that of the aggressive schoolboy. It was the plasticine policeman, now grown life-size, and looking very fierce and powerful indeed!

"Just one moment, please! Just one moment!" cried the enchanted policeman. "And who gave you permission to come into this shop and take liberties with our young friends here, may I ask?"

By this time P.-c. Plasticine had each bully boy by the back of the neck and was giving them a little shake every few seconds.

"Come to the police station!" said the policeman.

Dickie darted behind the counter beside Tommy, and watched the strange proceedings with wide-open eyes and ears.

"Oh-h! Oh-h!" yelled the bully boys, trying hard to escape. But somehow or other, P.-c. Plasticine was very strong, considering he was only made of *putty*.

"I'll march you off to the police station!" he cried. "Come along, my lads!"

"No, no! Oh, please don't!" wailed the repentant boys. "We—we'll never come here again, we promise!"

"Very well, then," returned the plasticine policeman, marching them through the doorway. "I'll see you to the end of the road! Off you go!"

"Quick! Let's go and watch them, Dickie!" laughed Tommy, darting round the counter. But as he did so, he softly stamped his *left* magic shoe and well—when the two chums reached the shop door and looked out, P.-c. Plasticine and the two naughty boys had gone!

The strange thing about it all, however, was that a little later Dick discovered a little plasticine figure of a policeman on the counter.

(Do not miss next week's exciting story of Tommy and his magic shoes.)

HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Goodness me! The Baby Buntings are making a clean sweep this week!" chuckled Chic, as he opened the big PLAYBOX picture-book. "I wonder if Mrs. Bunting knows they are helping her?"

"I should not think so!" laughed Paddy. "I am sure she would not have given them that sweep's broom to play with! Just look at the soot flying all over the room!"

Peterkin and Chubs meant to make a good job of their chimney sweeping and pushed the broom so hard that it came out through the wall and smothered everyone with soot! It took them all the morning to clean the chimney and when they had finished, Mrs. Bunting made them spend the rest of the day cleaning up the room!

And then they had to go into the bath-room and clean themselves! No wonder they are feeling rather tired of cleaning! Ha, ha!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Boys and Girls,—I am feeling ever so jolly to-day because it is my "Australia Day"! That is the day on which Mr. Postman brings me a big bag of letters from my little readers who live in Australia and New Zealand. These little readers write me such long and interesting letters that I often feel quite sorry that they have not had a chance to go in for the fine competitions that appear from time to time in the PLAYBOX.

I know that my little overseas readers have been longing to win some of our lovely prizes, and now I am very happy to say that next week there will be a lovely new competition in this paper for everybody! Even little readers living in far-off Colonies and Dominions will have a chance of winning some really splendid prizes! Look on page 11 for more news of this grand competition, boys and girls. It will be the most exciting one we have ever had!

Your jolly friend,

Uncle Ben

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Melva Waddel, of Auckland, New Zealand.

CAN YOU DO THIS GRAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE?

Here are the clues to this fine puzzle:

ACROSS.

1. Not out.
4. Mat, beheaded.
5. Full of fun, merry
10. Little girls' toys.
11. A toy bear's name.
14. A toy that boys love.
16. Not off.

DOWN.

2. Opposite of yes.
3. Used in cricket.
6. What a little girl will be when she grows up.
7. First letter of the alphabet.
8. Not young.
9. Ourselves.
11. Tiger Tilly's initials.
12. Where a lion lives.
13. A metal.
15. To leave.

This puzzle is not a competition. The correct solution will appear in PLAYBOX next week.

A POSTCARD SCREEN. Something you can make.

I know that many of my little readers save the postcards that their chums send them from seaside places, so I am sure they will be eager to make this pretty little postcard screen for the doll's-house.

First of all choose four bright cards with the views printed upright. Paint a pretty border along the top and bottom of each card, and then place them edge to edge and sew them together with some bright-coloured silk or wool as you can see in the picture.

Do not pull the stitches too tightly, or the leaves of the screen will not open out easily. It will look so nice in dolly's bed-room or lounge.

TILLY SURPRISES HER CHUMS.

1. "I hope you have not forgotten all your sums during the holidays, girls!" laughed Tiger Tilly. Can you take nothing from nine and leave one?" "But nothing from nine leaves nine!" said Jenny.

2. "Not if you do it my way!" laughed artful Tiger Tilly. And then she made a little sum out of the words "nine" and "none." "You see—there is only one left, isn't there?" she chuckled merrily.

MORE RIDDLES FOR YOU.

Q. Why is a jersey like a banana skin?

A. Because it is easy to slip on.

Q. Why is it hard to get honey in Britain?

A. Because there is only one bee (B) in Britain.

Q. The more you take, the more you leave behind. What are they?

A. Footsteps.

HA, HA, HA!

"You are getting a big boy, Willie Wasp. The last time I saw you you were only a wisp. How do you manage it?"

"Oh, it was quite easy, Freddy Fly. I fell out of a window last week!"

"But what has that got to do with it?"

"Well, I came down 'plump,' you see! Ha, ha!"

"Very smart, Willie! But I do wish I could grow a bit bigger! Every time the wind blows it spins me round like a top!"

"I will tell you where you can get fat, Freddy."

"Where?"

"At the butcher's! Hee, hee!"

"Thank you, Willie! Now I will tell you where you can always find money!"

"Hurrah! Where?"

"In the dictionary, of course! And, talking of money, I dreamed that you gave me sixpence last night."

"Well, you have been a good boy lately, so you can keep it! Ha, ha!"

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

Paddy and his Playmates meet the Great Foozle and make some Important Discoveries about Captain Huff in the Dungeons.

"YES, you had better look out if you haven't any tickets, for the Great Foozle is looking for you!" said the turtle.

Paddy and his playmates were having a most thrilling adventure. While travelling in a little train in search of Pitpat, a poor girl who was a prisoner on the Wonderful Island, they had run into a tunnel.

In here the train had stopped at a station called Great Foozle's Castle, and a rather sleepy turtle dressed as a ticket collector had asked them for their tickets. As the playmates had found the train standing empty on the line and had driven it away, of course they had no tickets!

"This means trouble for you, I am afraid," said the turtle. "You had better come with me."

As he led the way out of the station Dolly Daydream, one of the playmates, looked very glum. A magic crystal brooch she wore and which foretold danger was now glowing red.

"Don't you think we had better run, Paddy?" she whispered. "I don't like this place. And who is the Great Foozle, do you think?"

Paddy shook his head.

"I have no idea," he said. "But don't be scared. I think this adventure is quite exciting."

By this time the turtle had come to a lift and they all marched inside. Then, as the doors closed, up they shot with a swish, until they stopped and the doors opened again. Paddy and his playmates looked at the turtle, only to find him asleep again. He always seemed to be dropping off!

"Wake up!" cried Paddy, and the turtle sprang up.

"Top floor!" he cried. "Look-out tower, sun parlour, and Great Foozle's study. All change."

The playmates followed the turtle out of the lift, to find themselves in a passage. Paddy managed to take a peep out of a window and told the playmates they were in the tower of a big castle.

Meanwhile, the turtle had stopped by a door, on which he knocked.

"Step in!" he whispered, and throwing open the door, he shouted: "Passengers without tickets, Great Foozle!"

Wondering who they were going to meet, the playmates stepped in and saw a gentleman rising from his seat at a desk. He wore a tall hat and a robe covered with lucky signs, black cats, and other strange things. "Good-day," said Paddy nervously.

The Great Foozle nodded and rubbed his hands.

"It is a good day, indeed!" he chuckled. "So I have caught you, eh? You are the people who ran off with my train—just when I was ready to set off to the seaside. Bah! I had to spend my holiday with my cross old Aunt Woozle instead, and it always rains where she lives."

Paddy looked dismayed.

"We are so sorry," he said.

"Aha! You will be sorrier yet!" chuckled the strange old fellow. "Let me tell you I am the Great Foozle, the greatest wizard on the Wonderful Island, and you will have to pay for travelling on my train. If you don't I shall put some magic spells upon you."

"We aren't afraid of your spells," Paddy thought, but then, to his dismay, he remembered he had left his magic popgun in the train and now he could not work any magic!

With another chuckle the wizard picked up his magic wand from his desk and tapped Golly's ears. Instantly those ears grew and grew until they were ever so large. Then the wizard tapped Timbo's tail, which began to grow and grow until it stretched across the room.

"Hi, stop it!" sniffed Timbo, and the wizard laughed loudly.

"That's just to show you what I can do with my wand and to teach you to obey me!" he said, as he tapped Timbo's tail and Golly's ears to make them small again.

Golly felt relieved to find his ears small once more and Timbo was glad, too. With a long tail like that everyone would certainly have been treading upon it all the time!

"Now," said the Great Foozle, "as you have travelled on my train without tickets, you will have to work for me. Ah, yes, I have a task for you all!"

"The Great Foozle must be rich!" said Paddy, fingering the treasure.

He pulled a rope that hung from the rafters and a bell clanged. A moment passed and the turtle appeared, rubbing his eyes.

"Oh dear!" he grumbled. "Just as I was having a nice sleep. What is the matter now?"

"Stop yawning!" cried the Foozle crossly. "You will start me yawning, too, in a minute. Just take these prisoners down to the dungeon and set them to polish up the treasure. It looked quite dusty when I saw it last, and we shall get into trouble about it if we aren't careful."

"Oo-oh, yes!" said the turtle, with another yawn. "This way."

Leading the way back to the lift, he and the playmates stepped inside and down they shot—down, down, down until the playmates thought they would never stop.

In fact, they might have gone on for ever if Paddy had not awakened the turtle, who had gone to sleep again!

"Aren't we there yet?" he asked.

The turtle awoke with a start.

"There?" he asked. "How can we be *there* when we are *here?*" And he peeped out at the passing floors.

"Goodness! We've gone past it!" he said. "We must go back again."

Back they shot, soon to come to a stop at a floor marked FIRST DUNGEON.

"This way," said the turtle, giving another tremendous yawn. "Oh dearie-dearie-dearie me this is tiring work. I'm always telling the Great Foozle to live in a flat. There are too many floors in this place."

Leading the way along a stone passage, he stopped before a heavy door and took a key from his pocket.

He unlocked the door, and walking inside, sank down upon a chest and went off to sleep again! Paddy gazed around him.

They were in a stone dungeon in which were a number of brass-bound chests.

"The treasure must be in those, Paddy!" whispered Golly. "Let's take a peep."

Paddy nodded and raised a lid.

"My word!" he said. For it was crammed with golden coins, wonderful rings, and silver ornaments.

"The Great Foozle must be very rich," he said, turning to the playmates.

As he did so he let slip the lid and it fell with a crash. Instantly the turtle awoke.

"Oo-oh!" he grunted, rubbing his eyes. "I never get any sleep in this place. I think I'd better be off."

"But what about us?" asked Golly, as the turtle turned to go.

"Oh, you!" said the turtle. "Yes, of course. You stay here and polish all those treasures. The Great Foozle said so."

And with a sleepy chuckle he slipped out of the door and it banged behind him. A second later the playmates heard a key turn in the lock.

"He's locked us in!" whispered Buddy, and Paddy nodded.

"Well, let's start polishing these treasures," he said. "The sooner we get it done the sooner will the Great Foozle set us free."

The playmates set to with a will and before long they had finished one of the chests.

"Phew! I think we've worked jolly hard," said Teddy. "My arms do ache!"

Timbo sighed too.

"I suppose we'd better go on, though," he said. "I don't want my tail mangled again!"

"Here's the next chest!" said Buddy and Golly, as they began to pull it into the middle of the room. "We——"

They stopped and stared at some writing upon the lid.

"Goodness! Look at this!" Golly cried, and the playmates gazed at the inscription.

"Ye property of Captain Huff!"

Paddy gave a cry and he took from his pocket the plan that Timbo had found upon the beach.

Upon it was marked two crosses, one a clue to "ye treasure of Captain Huff" and the other to "ye prisoner's dungeon."

"So this is the castle where Captain Huff's treasure is hidden!" he said.

Timbo clapped his paws together.

"Yes, and the prisoner's dungeon, too," he said. "Pitpat is here somewhere, Paddy. I wonder if we can rescue her?"

(Look out for more of Paddy and his playmates' thrilling adventures next week. Order your PLAYBOX *now!)*

TOM TIES HIS TWO FISHING LINES TO MABEL'S FLAG AND HAS A GOOD CATCH.

1. "I haven't enough money to buy a fishing-rod, so I'll have two lines," said Tom at the toy-shop.

2. "I hope you'll catch lots of fish, Tom," said Mabel, but Tom was still wishing he had a fishing-rod.

3. Now, Mabel had a very smart flag with two pointed ends. "I'll tie the lines on here!" Tom cried.

4. "Ha, ha! This is quick work!" he said, pulling out two fishes. "I'm longing for supper!" cried Snip.

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS. Wendy and Polly have saved Mistress Gentle's jewels from pirates and call at her house to return them with some eggs sent by the skipper's wife. A maid snatches the basket from Wendy, and Polly recognises her smiling aunt, who has been helping the pirates.

1. Poor Wendy and Polly stood staring helplessly as Polly's aunt hurried off with the eggs and jewels. "Mistress Gentle shall have the eggs, but I'll keep the diamonds," she muttered.

2. She turned to grin at the children and so was not looking where she was going. Suddenly the chums saw her trip. The bag of jewels fell from her hand and the eggs flew into the air.

3. And what a funny sight she looked as she sat in the middle of the hall, broken eggs on her cap and in her tap. The chums had to laugh, then came Mistress Gentle to see what had happened.

4. But once again Polly's unkind aunt was too sharp for them, and, pointing to the chums, cried: "See, I managed to get your jewels away from these children! They must have stolen them!"

5. Mistress Gentle threw up her hands in amazement, and, silencing Wendy, who tried to explain, told the manservant to take the children away. "They shall be punished," she said.

6. The chums were pushed into a dark little room with a high, barred window, and when they were alone, Polly seized the door-handle and shook it desperately in the hope of getting out.

7. "It does seem a shame!" she sighed. "We saved those jewels for Mistress Gentle, and my aunt has persuaded her that we were the thieves." Later someone brought their supper.

8. It was only dry bread and water, but the little girls were hungry. Now, while they were eating, a pigeon flew through the bars. "He must want some crumbs!" cried Wendy.

9. She threw some down on the floor, and as the pigeon pecked at them they saw a tiny anchor hanging from his neck. "The skipper ties anchors round his pigeons' necks!" cried Polly.

10. They both felt very excited, then, for they decided to send the pigeon to the skipper with a message. "He is sure to go back to-night," said Wendy, and taking the ribbon from her hair she printed a message on it with a piece of charred wood from the grate.

11. Then, tying the ribbon round the bird's neck, they sent him off. It was getting dusk when the bird reached the skipper's cottage, and the old people were resting outside when they saw the bird. "It brings a message!" cried the skipper's wife.

12. "'Locked in big house.—Wendy,'" read the skipper, and then he looked suddenly angry. "Why should they want to lock up two little girls," he muttered. Then his wife brought out an old plan. "This will help you to get into the big house," she said.

13. Meanwhile, Wendy and Polly sat shivering in the miserable little room, lit only by moonlight now. It seemed creepy to them, but they felt quite frightened when part of the floor began to rise, and Polly clutched Wendy, whispering: "W-who is coming?"

(Aren't you longing to know who is coming out of the floor? More of this exciting story next week. Tell your friends not to miss it.

MRS. HIPP

1. "Pearl says she would like her breakfast in bed this morning, Mrs. Hippo," said Tiger Tilly, but their teacher shook her head. "Tell Pearl to get up at once or she will have no breakfast," she said sternly.

2. "Ah, I know how to get her up," chuckled Tilly, and she ran to the hall where she found a hat with a wasp hatpin in it. "Oo-oh! Are you going to prick her?" asked Polly. But Tilly took off the wasp.

3. Then she tied it to a whip Baby had bought her wooden horse. "Come and make a 'buzz,' girls," she whispered, and she whirled the wasp round and round just inside Pearl Porky's bedroom window.

DIBS AND DABS

1. "I'll take you out when I've done my work," said Jane, so Dibs and Dabs wanted to help her shake the mats. Floppy picked up a small mat, too.

2. But he didn't mean to shake it; he carried it to the top of the stairs and came sliding down on it. Now, Jane carefully stood her pail by the last step.

3. And Floppy went flop! into the pail. "Oh dear, I never did like two baths in one day!" he spluttered. "I'm hot, too, and the water is hotter!"

4. "Now you can wipe it up," cried Jane, but as Dibs and Dabs pointed out, it saved her from washing the hall, so she forgave Floppy that time.

SAMBO

1. Sambo was scorching without looking again, and in front of him was a big pool of tar on the road.

2. He di warning in t tar. "My

4. And this time he bumped into poor Susie's flow stall, and for a while you couldn't see Sambo for p and flowers. "Yo' bad boy!" cried Susie.

"Why is a laundry like a bell in a tower, Willy?"

"Ha, ha! They both need a wringer, Reggie!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. "Goodness! That noise we heard was Tommy Tucker singing," cried Willy. "I thought it was a bicycle with squeaky wheels!" "Well, he is getting a pie for the noise, anyway!" said Bobby Black.

2. "I don't think he deserves it all," said Percy. "Let's make him share it with us!" So they climbed out of the window, meaning to take a short cut to Nursery Rhyme Lane where Tommy lived.

3. "Ah, I can see him coming down the road," whispered Reggie, later. "We've raced him!" "Yes, let's hide in this big box outside Mary Quite Contrary's house and make him jump!" said Willy.

...S SCHOOL

4. However, before long Mrs. Hippo saw them. "What nonsense is this?" she said. "Give that ...ick to me at once and go indoors!" Meanwhile, ...earl was getting something for that tiresome wasp!

5. It happened to be a jug of water, and throwing it out of the window she cried: "I'll give that wopsie a shower-bath and he'll soon go away!" Oh dear! It was poor Mrs. Hippo who had the shower-bath!

6. "You naughty girl!" she cried, hurrying into Pearl's room, but Pearl was already up. "She's soon up, but I don't think she'll get any breakfast!" laughed Jenny, as Mrs. Hippo chased Pearl with the stick!

SCORCHER

...old Jem's ...vent into the ..." he cried.

3. "Ha, ha! Yo' looks like a black beetle!" giggled some nigs, making Sambo look back.

However, Sambo drove up to the fete covered in ...ers and was just in time to win the first prize for ...orated cars. So he bought Susie an ice-cream!

SAMMY SEAL

1. Patsy was just going to do his morning exercises on two ropes when Sammy came along. "I'd like you to see how well I climb!" he boasted.

2. And then he said he would climb right to the top. "Well! I can do that!" thought Patsy. Aloud he said: "You'll never get there, Sammy!"

3. "Won't I!" cried Sammy, gripping the rope firmly. He forgot it was a pulley with a hook on the other end! Patsy fixed that into his jersey.

4. And as Sammy pulled down his end of the rope to climb, up went the hook end and he found he was pulling himself up, not as he had meant! Ha, ha!

WOOLLY BOYS

"When does a dressmaker strike people, Percy?"
"Give it up Bobby!"
"When she gives them 'cuffs'!"

4. Now, the boys didn't know it, but inside that box ...Mary had sown some seeds of the Giant Fluffy Plant, ...nd seeing the Woollies' backs she thought it was the ...lants coming up, and fetched some water for them.

5. Well, before those boys could make Tommy jump, Mary had made them jump out of the box by pouring water over them. "Help! Is this a thunder-storm?" cried Bobby. "Or have I fallen in a pond?"

6. They crawled home, dripping wet, so Mrs. Woolly knew they had been up to mischief. "Oh dear, I think Mrs. Woolly has a cane," whispered Willy. "You go first and see if it stings, Dicky!"

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

BLACKBERRY PIE.

"Hallo, Jackie! I can guess where you are going to-day! Blackberrying!" cried Doris, as she ran to catch up with her little friend. Jackie was hurrying down the lane, a basket over his arm.

He smiled and said "That's right!" And then he saw that Doris had a basket.

"It looks as if you are going blackberrying, too," he said.

"Yes," said Doris. "We saw you go past our cottage and mummy said I might borrow her old shopping basket and go with you!"

Jackie was pleased to have company, for it was much more fun with someone to talk to, and the little chums walked along, chattering merrily.

Suddenly Doris held up her arm and pointed to a silver bracelet she was wearing.

"Look what my aunty brought me yesterday," she said. "See, it has a little silver panda hanging from it!"

"It's nice, isn't it?" said Jackie. "I do like the panda."

Just then they turned into a field, where they saw lots of bushes.

"What lovely big berries!" cried Doris excitedly, and they both began filling their baskets as fast as they could.

There was no need to go any farther, for soon their baskets would not hold any more, and they hurried home as fast as they could.

Doris' mummy was surprised to see them back so soon.

"Why, I shall be able to make a blackberry pie for dinner," she said, and Jackie's eyes sparkled for a moment. Then he looked sad.

"Mummy says she is going to make jelly with ours," he said, as if he felt a wee bit disappointed about not having a pie.

So then Doris' mummy said, with a smile:

"Take your basketful home to your mummy, Jackie, and ask her if she will let you come back and have dinner with us to-day. Then you can have some blackberry pie!"

"Look what I have found!" cried Jackie.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Jackie, and he hurried off, smiling happily.

"May I help you, mummy?" asked Doris, so mummy let her pick any stalks that had been left on the berries and then pile them into the big piedish!

"Now I'll cover them over with the blanket to keep them warm!" mummy said laughingly, as she carefully put the pastry over the top.

"I can tell Jackie I helped to make the pie, now, can't I?" said Doris, as she washed her hands. And then she gave a cry of dismay.

"Mummy, my little silver panda! I've lost him!" she cried.

Well, they looked everywhere, but they could not find it, and poor Doris was still crying when Jackie came back at dinner-time.

"I suppose you lost it while we were blackberrying," he said. "What a shame!"

"Well, you must try to forget it now, dear," mummy said to Doris. "Think of that lovely pie you are going to have in a minute."

So Doris dried her eyes and tried to cheer up.

Then, at last, mummy carried in the pie and the children gave a big cheer.

"Isn't it lovely!" said Jackie, after a big spoonful. "It's the best——"

He stopped suddenly, staring down at his plate. Then cried: "Look what I've found!"

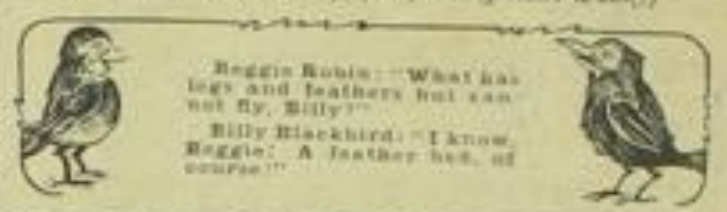
Doris sprang up from her chair, for Jackie looked so pleased about his find that she wondered what it could be.

"My silver panda!" she cried excitedly. "It must have come off and fallen into the pie while I was helping you to make it, mummy!"

"Bravo, Jackie, for finding it!" cried mummy. "You must have more pie!"

Doris was so happy now and she enjoyed the blackberry pie all the more.

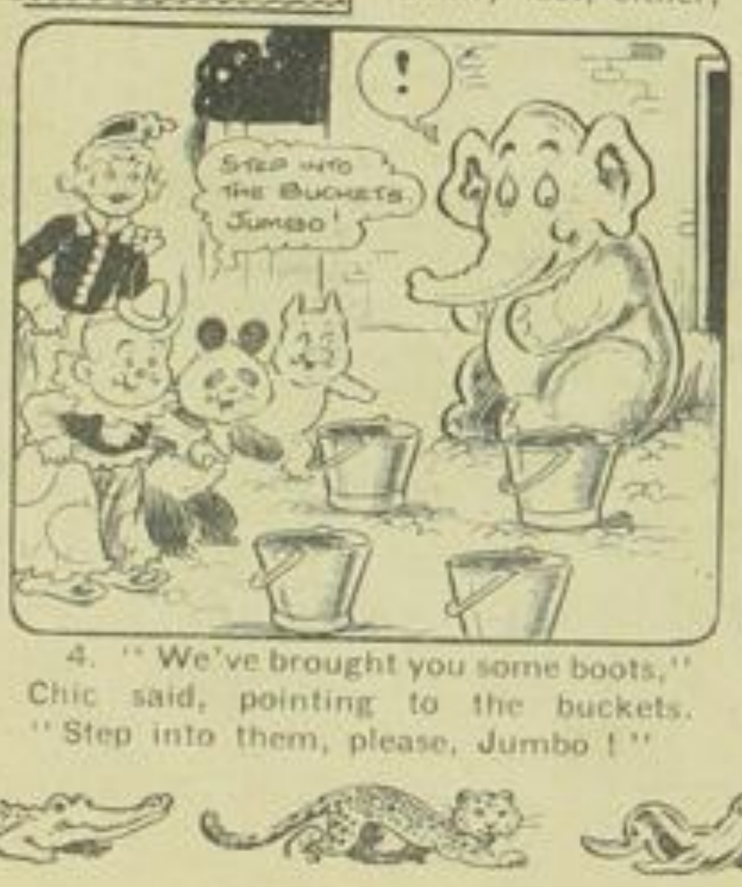
(Read about the Skipping King next week.)



1. Jumbo said the cobbles hurt his poor feet. "They're not very dainty feet, either," said Chic.

2. But he felt sorry for Jumbo, and putting down his buckets told him to sit still and wait for him.

3. Jumbo saw Chic, Peter Panda, and Piggy coming along with buckets, and he was puzzled.



4. "We've brought you some boots," Chic said, pointing to the buckets. "Step into them, please, Jumbo!"

5. "Ah, I see the idea," chuckled Jumbo, putting a foot into each. Then Piggy gave him a fine bucket hat!

6. And away tripped Jumbo in his new "boots"! "Ha, ha! Doesn't he look funny!" laughed Snowdrop.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. Blackwing's Prisoner.
2. More Fun with Scamp!
3. The Runaway Piggy.

BLACKWING CAPTURES TESS, BUT REDWING REACHES HER, HIDDEN IN A PILE OF DRIFTWOOD.

SCAMP CAN TELL WHEN AN APPLE IS GOOD, AND FINDS THERE IS NOTHING IN HIS CHUM'S JOKE.

CURLY AND BERYL CATCH THE FARMER'S PIGGY SO ARE ALLOWED TO PICK THE APPLES.

BRIGHTEYES

A CLEVER RESCUE, AND A VISITOR.

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes is a prisoner in Gipsy Meg's cottage. After nightfall she escapes from her bed-room window, and is just about to get away when the yard dog awakes and barks loudly at her. "Meg will catch me now!" she cries.

1. The dog strained at his rope and snarled and snapped so fiercely at our little girl that she dared not attempt to reach the gate for fear of being hurt. She crouched against the wall, hardly knowing what to do—and then the figure of Gipsy Meg appeared! How angry she was!

2. "I might have known you would try to escape!" she muttered, as she caught Brighteyes by the arm and pushed her roughly into the gloomy kitchen. "I'll see that you don't have another chance! You're going to stay in this room all night—and I will guard you!"

3. Poor Brighteyes sank back in the chair with a sigh, and closed her eyes. It seemed hopeless to try to escape from the cunning old woman now. For a few moments all was quiet, and then the silence was broken by a loud bang on the door! "Who can that be?" muttered Meg.

4. Pulling her shabby coat round her, she shuffled to the door and opened it a few inches. Then she started back with a gasp, as the grim figure of a policeman confronted her. "W-w-what d-do you w-want?" she stammered, turning very pale. "I haven't done anything wrong!"

5. "All right! Don't be frightened, ma'am," came the gruff reply. "I want to know if you have a little girl called Brighteyes living here?" "Y-y-yes, sir!" replied the gipsy in a frightened voice. "She is in here with me now." And our little girl came forward timidly.

6. The next moment the policeman seized her hand and dragged her out of the house without uttering a word. Gipsy Meg gazed after them in great alarm, exclaiming: "I haven't done her any harm, sir—don't lock me up, sir!" But the officer slammed the door quickly.

7. He marched up the road in silence, pulling our little girl after him, and it was not until they had reached the corner that he paused and took off his helmet, allowing Brighteyes to see his face. Our little girl stared at him blankly, and exclaimed: "G-goodness! It is Jackie!"

8. She blinked unbelievingly at the cheery face before her, and then turned away. It could not be true! Surely it was a dream? Then another surprising thing happened! Joan and Lois skipped round the corner joyfully. "Thank goodness we have found you!" they cried.

9. Our little girl almost shed tears of joy when she heard how her faithful little chums had been searching for her all day. "We were just giving up when we found our chocolate box outside Meg's cottage!" said Jackie. "Then I dressed up as a policeman—and saved you."

10. After that exciting adventure the chums kept a sharp look-out for the gipsy, but Jackie's clever id a seemed to have frightened her away, for they saw no sign of her during the rest of the holiday. The days passed very happily for them all, and they were very sorry when the time came for them to go back to school. "We have had a lovely time!" declared Joan, as they packed their bags. "I don't want to go back a bit!"

11. "Never mind," laughed our little girl; "we will have some exciting stories to tell the other girls! I do hope we can have another concert party next year, don't you?" "Rather!" exclaimed Lois. "I've enjoyed it more than anything——" She came to a sudden stop as the door opened and Mrs. Marsh came in. "There is a lady downstairs asking for you, Brighteyes," she said. "She says she wants to see you at once!"

(Who is this mysterious visitor? Can it be Gipsy Meg? There will be another exciting adventure in this lovely story next week!)

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

HOLIDAYS END IN ANXIETY AND A SIGNAL FOR HELP.

A Mean Trick.

N holiday at Brimport, little Tim Trotter, with his chums, Michael and Jessie, were on their way home with a lovely model yacht which they had won in a sand-castle competition, when they were stopped by a strange boy.

"I say," he said to them, "I'm sorry, but they've given you the wrong prize. Yours is a better prize than that! Give it to me," he said eagerly, "and I'll take it back and change it for you."

He looked so much in earnest that Michael would have handed the yacht over, had not Tim caught him by the arm. There was something about this shifty-looking boy which had made him suspicious.

"Don't give it up," Tim said. "If you do, we shall never see it again. It's just a trick and he's trying to steal it."

You can imagine how Michael and Jessie felt, then. Michael, although he was much smaller than this boy who had come up to them, handed the yacht to Jessie and turned in an indignant way.

"Is that true?" he demanded sharply. "Are you trying to cheat us?"

"N-n-no!" the boy managed to gasp out. "C-c-course I'm not. It—it's true! The—the gentleman sent me after you?"

"What gentleman?" asked Jessie.

"The one what gave you the prize," the boy blurted out. "He—he s-sent me to e-change it for you. Honest he did!"

Michael looked ever at Tim as if he were still in doubt and Jessie, too, began to wonder if Tim had been mistaken.

But Tim, glancing over his shoulder, had seen the figure of a policeman looming up not far away.

"Are you sure?" said Tim to the boy.

"Y-yes!" said the boy jerkily. "Truth an' honour!"

"All right!" said Tim calmly, as he took him by the arm. "We'll go and ask that policeman to come back with us. Then he'll be able to see fair play, won't he? Come on!" he urged, as he began to lead the strange boy along the pavement. "Let's go and tell him!"

As Tim had suspected, however, they had no need to ask for the advice of the constable. As soon as the boy saw him, he gave a squeal of alarm and, snatching himself free from Tim's grasp, he set off up the street as fast as his legs could carry him.

It was quite plain then, of course, that the boy was a cheat as Tim had suspected.

"Well I never!" gasped Michael, as they moved on towards the jetty. "And he seemed so honest about it all. Fancy you being so clever as to see through him. How did you do it?"

"I didn't like his eyes," said Tim, rather grimly. "He kept looking this way and that, all the time he was talking, and he never once looked you in the face. Hallo!" he cried. "There's old Ben Bolton! We'll get him to take us out to 'The Viking.'"

"The Viking," of course, was the name of the old yacht out in the harbour, which, for some weeks, had been the chums' holiday home, and now, as they moved forward to greet the old sailor who had been such a good friend to them, his tanned, weather-beaten face wrinkled in a broad smile as he saw the prize under Jessie's arm.

"That be a beauty and no mistake," he said. "Have 'ee got anywheres to sail 'un, when ye get back to school?"

"Only the river, I'm afraid, Ben," said Tim, "and that's not a very good place to sail a model in. It runs too fast, doesn't it, Michael?"

"Yes," said Michael. "Much too fast. I'm afraid we'll have to wait until next holiday, Ben!"

"Then you leave this y'ere model with me," said the old sailor, "and I'll amuse myself during the winter fitting a little engine to it. A real steam-engine," he said, "that works a small propeller. You leave 'un to me!"

"All right, Ben, we'll leave it," said Michael with a laugh. "But if a boy with red hair and freckles comes up to you and wants to borrow it you won't lend it to him, will you?"

"What!" cried the old sailor, staring. "You don't mean that young rascal they calls 'Ginger' Coates. Him, eh, the young scallaway? Why, I wouldn't trust him with a bit of groundbait, so don't you worry about that. Now, my lads, who's first for a trip to 'The Viking'? In you gets!"

And, with smiling faces, little Jessie and the boys bore their prize down the steps and jumped into the trim motor-boat which was waiting to take them out to their snug, floating home in Brimport Bay.

The End of the Holidays.

It was a favourite saying of Mr. Baxter that "All good things come to an end," and the boys and little Jessie began to realise the truth of this, with a sigh, as the last day of their holidays drew near.

For nearly six weeks they had lived aboard "The Viking" out in Brimport Bay. For nearly six weeks they had bathed and fished and boated and built castles upon the sands, not to mention thrilling rambles they had had across the rocks, and still more thrilling hours when they had explored the dark, mysterious depths of some of the big caves which ran for long distances into the heart of the cliff-side.

Yet, because the holiday had been such a lovely one, and because, during the whole of the time, there had hardly been a dull hour, the weeks fled by on magic wings and it came as quite a shock to them when one tea-time Michael's mummy said that the holiday would soon be over.

"Oh, mummy, but it can't be!" Michael cried. "We only just seem to have started! Don't we, Jessie?"

Mrs. Baxter laughed.

"We came to 'The Viking' early in August," she said, "and now we are in the middle of September. If that is only just starting, Michael, then I am afraid you aren't very good at your arithmetic."

Tim gave a little shiver then, and they all laughed heartily when he told them the reason.

"It was because you mentioned arithmetic, Mrs. Baxter," he said. "Ugh! Fancy starting lessons again! It makes me go all goosey."

Mr. Baxter, coming into the cabin at that moment, said with a laugh that it didn't matter if Tim felt like a goose now, so long as he didn't behave like a goose when he got back to school.

Little Jessie laughed and then sighed, thinking how terribly dull and lonely she would feel when the boys had gone back.

"When do Michael and Tim start for school, Mr. Baxter?" she asked him.

"On Wednesday, I'm afraid," said Mr. Baxter. "There is a good train at nine o'clock. I will arrange with old Ben to come in his motor-boat and take them and all the baggage to the shore. That will mean," he added, to the boys' dismay, "that you must start packing to-morrow!"

"Oh, daddy!" cried Michael. "But not until to-morrow evening."

"Well," said Mr. Baxter with a smile, "perhaps not until to-morrow evening. So you had better get busy and make the very best of what time remains to you."

As you can well imagine, the boys and Jessie required no urging to do that.

That evening they persuaded Mrs. Baxter, as a last treat, to take them to the pierrot party on the sands and, as a still further treat, to take them into the cafe after the show and buy them three large, delicious ice-creams.

It was after eleven o'clock that night before the chums got to bed—which Mrs. Baxter said was terribly late. They would be so sleepy the next morning, she said, that they would be good for nothing.

But, in a whisper to Michael, Tim scoffed at such an idea.

"I wouldn't care if I went to bed at eleven every night," he declared. "I shouldn't feel sleepy. Let's get up early to-morrow, Michael, shall we?"

"Rather," said Michael eagerly. "What time do you suggest, Tim?"

"Six o'clock," whispered Tim, with a yawn. "It's our last day, remember, and we've got to make the best of it."

The boys were as good as their resolve. They were up betimes the next morning, freshening themselves with a lovely bathe off the gangway steps. And as soon as breakfast was over, off they set in the dinghy to pay a last happy visit to Brimport Sands and to make the very most of the few hours that still remained.

Of all the days of their holiday, the boys declared afterwards, this last was the very best, for after a morning on the sands they carried their picnic basket along to the rocks and ate sandwiches and buns as they sat with their bare feet hidden in the soft, green weed of a lovely warm pool in a little hollow of the rocks.

As one more special treat, Mrs. Baxter had prepared for them a delicious supper of fried plaice and chips, and when it was over she helped them pack their bags all ready for the morning.

For the train back to Mulberry left Brimport Station at nine o'clock—which meant that they must leave "The Viking" soon after eight to be quite sure of catching it.

Something is Wrong.

It was with something of a heartache that Tim awoke the next morning but, with an effort, he put on a smile.

By eight o'clock sharp the boys had finished their breakfast and stood with their bags upon the deck, waiting for Ben Bolton to come out for them in his motor-boat.

Jessie stood beside them, trying to be cheerful, although her heart was heavy.

"I believe that is Ben's boat coming now," she said.

She was mistaken. The old sailor, usually so punctual, did not turn up, and the boys were growing anxious when Mr. Baxter came up on to the deck with a broad smile.

"What's that, boys?" he said. "Old Ben not here yet. Well," he added with a twinkle, "I can't say I'm surprised, because I didn't tell him to come."

"Didn't TELL him, daddy?" Michael gasped. "But why?"

"Because I've got a surprise for you, boys," Mr. Baxter said, with a chuckle. "You're not going back by train, lads. You're going back by seaplane!"

"Seaplane?" cried Tim and Jessie together.

"That's right," said Michael's daddy. "I arranged it yesterday by telephone. You've heard me speak of our young test pilot, Jack Mathieson. Well, he's testing out a machine this morning, and he's coming down here to Brimport. He'll be here sharp at eleven o'clock, he says, and land right alongside 'The Viking.' How do you fancy that?"

Little Michael, who loved aeroplanes, clapped his hands with delight.

"Oh, daddy, that will be lovely!" he cried. "But if it is a seaplane, where will he land us?"

"On the reservoir at Mulberry Hatch," said Mr. Baxter promptly. "And you can take a bus back to the school. Maybe, before he lands," he added with a smile, "he'll circle round the school a bit so that you can wave to some of the boys."

"I'm signalling for a motor-boat!" said Mr. Baxter.

Michael turned to Tim and Jessie with a radiant face. This, he thought, was far more thrilling than that long, tedious journey by the train, and a fitting end to a glorious holiday.

"Oh dear!" he laughed, dancing up and down impatiently. "I really WANT to go back now. How long must we wait?"

There were two hours, of course, which the boys spent playing with Jessie. And when the clock struck eleven it found them all standing eagerly upon the deck, gazing up into the sky for the machine.

Mr. Baxter glanced at his watch. He was quite sure that Jack Mathieson would not be late.

"You'll see him in a moment," he said. "Or, maybe, you'll hear him first."

But, once again, the boys were doomed to disappointment. The minutes passed and the expected seaplane did not appear.

Twelve o'clock! Mr. Baxter began to look worried, pacing up and down the deck pausing at intervals to search the sky through a pair of marine glasses.

Twelve-fifteen! Twelve-thirty! Then, with a worried face, Mr. Baxter sprang to the locker where the ship's flags were stowed, snatching some of them out and attaching them to the halyard which ran up to "The Viking's" masthead.

"What are you going to do, daddy?" Michael asked.

"I'm sending a signal ashore for a motor-boat," he said. "I want to send a telegram to the aerodrome. That seaplane should have been here two hours ago. I'm afraid," he added very grimly, "something must have happened!"

(Why has the seaplane not turned up? Has there been a crash? You will read all about it in next week's exciting instalment of this thrilling story.)

A LOVELY SURPRISE NEXT WEEK

A Wonderful Competition

There will be a grand treat for all boys and girls in next week's PLAYBOX, so make sure of getting your copy early.

Inside you will find a big competition, and Uncle Ben wants all PLAYBOX readers to go in for it—even the youngest—for it is going to be quite easy and, of course, the prizes are wonderful.

There will be ever so many lovely Fairycycles and Tricycles to be won, as well as thousands of other beautiful prizes, so don't miss your chance!

Six thousand prizes must be won and there is good news for readers overseas. They, too, can join in the fun, as there are special prizes for them!

Remember, this competition starts in next Friday's PLAYBOX, so order your copy at once. Crowds of children will be buying it and we want to make sure that there is a copy for everyone.

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—Joe and Effie are left alone aboard the Flying Fish. Later a man whom they think is Captain Scott comes aboard, but when the machine is in the air they discover that he is their old enemy, Uncle Paul!

1. Joe dashed up the steps in the control-room, his face pale with anger, but as he approached the driving seat Uncle Paul turned and smiled at him coolly. "It's no good getting excited, my boy," he said. "You will not be seeing Captain Scott any more. We have left him behind."

2. "But—but you can't take us away like this!" exclaimed Joe warmly. "This ship belongs to Captain Scott—you have no right to be here at all!" The smile quickly vanished from Uncle Paul's face as he leapt up and thrust Joe towards the stairs, crying: "Get down below!"

3. Seeing that it was useless to argue with the man any longer, Joe beckoned to his sister, and a few moments later they were sitting in the main cabin in gloomy silence. "The only thing to do," murmured Joe at last, "is to bring the machine down as soon as we can, Effie!"

4. "But you cannot do that, Joe!" cried Effie. "Uncle Paul will not let you get near the control panel!" "Ah," murmured Joe mysteriously, "there are other ways of bringing the machine down, you know!" Then he fetched a spanner and pliers and ran to the wall of the cabin.

5. Working very quickly he unbolted a steel plate from the wall, disclosing a shallow cavity behind it. Through this space ran a number of wires which were connected with the powerful engine that Uncle Paul was driving. "If I cut those, the engine will stop!" breathed Joe.

6. Slipping on a pair of thick rubber gloves, he opened the cutters as wide as they would go, and slashed boldly through the wires. There was a blinding flash and a smell of burning—and the next moment the wires parted! "There! It's done!" gasped the little boy excitedly.

7. Unable to believe that Joe's plan had really succeeded, Effie rushed up the ladder and peeped into the control-room where Uncle Paul was working desperately at the levers and switches. "What's gone wrong?" he muttered to himself angrily. "The engine has given out!"

8. Effie bobbed down quickly as the man sprang up and rushed towards the stairway. He was terribly afraid that the delay in his flight would mean capture, and he shouted at Joe hoarsely: "There's something wrong with this machine, boy! You'd better help me to see to it!"

9. Joe smiled to himself, for Uncle Paul was now at his mercy. He knew nothing about the wonderful engine that Captain Scott had invented, and Joe did not mean to help him. However, he pointed to a cupboard saying: "There are some tools in there. We shall need them!"

10. Uncle Paul grunted and dashed towards the cupboard, flinging the door wide open. He peered into the darkness for a moment, and then said angrily: "I don't see any tools here. You've made a mistake!" "Oh no, I am sure I have not, Uncle Paul!" replied Joe, creeping quietly towards the cupboard door. "I think you will find some in a box on the top shelf! Look again." Effie stood in silence, watching her brother breathlessly.

11. By this time she had guessed Joe's plan and it seemed so daring that she could hardly bring herself to watch it. Suddenly, the brave little boy sprang forward, hurling himself at the door so heavily that Uncle Paul was thrown straight into the cupboard! He had no chance to recover his balance, for he was taken quite by surprise. "Hurrah!" cheered Joe, as he slammed the stout metal door. "Uncle Paul is our prisoner now!"

(What is the next step in Joe's clever plan? There will be a very exciting adventure in this lovely picture-story next week.)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, September 16th, 1939.

Библиотека

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

THOUSANDS OF PRIZES TO BE WON!

SEE OUR WONDERFUL NEW COMPETITION ON PAGE 11.

PLAYBOX 2d

SONNY GOES ON A "PANDA HUNT"!

1. "Boo-hoo!" sobbed the poor zoo man. "Peter Panda has run away! The old place doesn't seem the same without him!" "We'll catch him, sir!" cried Sonny. "Don't worry!"

2. And off went our chums to search for Peter! It was not long before they saw him sitting up in Farmer John's apple-loft having a fine feast! "What a bad lad!" said Micky.

3. "Hee, hee! Can't catch me!" chuckled Peter, "I'm too high up for you!" "Just you wait until we have made this ladder, my lad!" muttered Sonny. "You won't laugh then."

4. As soon as it was made, they propped it up against the window. "Is this a present for me?" said Peter. "You are nice boys!" "Be quiet, Blackeyes," said Micky. "This is not a joke! We are coming up to catch you. You are a bad boy to run away from the zoo!"

5. "I don't care!" said naughty Peter. "I have had a lovely feast of apples! Now you can have your ladder back, boys!" And the next minute he pushed the ladder down so that it fell right over our little chums! "Hi! You can't do that!" cried Micky Monk. "It's not fair!"

6. But Peter just laughed naughtily and sat on the ladder. "You can take me home now, boys," said he, "I don't feel like walking to-day!" "Goodness me! You are an artful lad," exclaimed our Sonny. "You are nearly as bad as Micky!"

7. But the zoo man was so pleased to see Peter again that he let him invite our chums to a lovely tea-party. "I'm sorry I gave you all that trouble, boys," laughed Peter. "Have six cakes each!" "Certainly!" cried Micky. "We like you, Peter!"

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"Why didn't you wait for me?" sobbed Barbara.

THIS WEEK:

THE CRY BABY.

"BOO-HOO-O! Boo-hoo! Oo-ooh!"

It was just before nine o'clock one morning, and most of the boys and girls in Tommy Twinkle's class were already in their places, ready for the morning lessons to begin. Miss Merryfair was busy at her desk and had just opened the register to call out the names, when the sound of frantic weeping could be heard outside the door.

"Dear me! What ever can be the matter?" exclaimed the good lady, jumping up in some alarm. For the crying was very loud and piercing; indeed, most of the children were gazing at each other in genuine alarm.

"Sit still, children," said Miss Merryfair, as she hurried from the room.

A few moments later she discovered the cause of the uproar. A little girl named Barbara was standing at the school-door, weeping floods of tears because, as she explained, she had lost her hair-ribbon!

"Lost your ribbon?" gasped Miss Merryfair. "And do you mean to say you are standing there making all that noise just because you have lost a hair-ribbon, Barbara?"

"B-but—I c-can't find it!" sobbed the foolish little girl, her knuckles to her eyes.

Miss Merryfair took her firmly by the shoulders and walked her to the cloak-room, where she told her to cease making such a dreadful noise and take off her hat and coat at once.

"I am ashamed of you, Barbara, crying for such a foolish reason. Crocodile tears, that is all they are!"

Barbara, walking to the class-room in front of her teacher, gazed round in surprise.

"Wh-what did you say, Miss Merryfair?" she gasped, her tears gone.

But good Miss Merryfair was fast losing patience with "cry-baby" Barbara, for that was the best name for her. If the slightest thing went wrong, either at school or home, foolish Barbara would dissolve into tears.

Tommy and his schoolfellows gave one impatient glance at the little girl as she took her place in the class and then dismissed her from their thoughts. The afternoon passed quite pleasantly, and afterwards, on the way home, Tommy's chum, Ned, ran up alongside, all eager to try out a new take-in on our little favourite.

"I say, Tommy, here is a teaser for you!" he chuckled. "Do you know I nearly turned myself into a letter this morning?"

"A letter? grinned Tommy merrily. "Well, I am very glad you did not succeed, Ned! You would have looked very funny sitting in school this afternoon, wouldn't you? Ha, ha!"

"No, this is a take-in!" laughed his chum. "Can you guess how I did it?"

"Er—yes, I think so," replied clever Tommy slowly. "You went to the post-office and bought a stamp. Then, when the lady behind the counter handed it to you and you asked her to stick it on, she told you to stick it on *yourself*. Had you obeyed you would have been a letter, wouldn't you? Hee, hee!"

Ned gasped.

"W-well! And I did think I should puzzle you with that one!" he said. "Now ask me one, Tommy. Perhaps this time I shall be luckier. A good hard one, please."

Our little Tommy Twinkle nodded merrily and put on his "thinking-cap." In a trice he had thought of one.

"There were some ducks on a mill-pond," he explained. "Two ducks behind a duck, two ducks in front of a duck, and one duck in the middle. Can you tell me how many ducks altogether?"

Poor Ned pushed his cap on to the back of his head and clapped his hand to his forehead.

"Phew! Say it all again, please," he laughed. "It sounds as though the answer will be *hundreds* of ducks! Now then——"

Laughingly, Tommy repeated the phrase, but, oh dear, I am afraid Ned had to "give it up" in the end.

"Well, I'll tell you," Tommy chuckled. "There were just three ducks in a line. Two ducks behind a duck, two ducks in front of a duck, and one in the middle. That only makes three in all, doesn't it? Ha, ha! I—goodness! Did you hear that? What was it?"

Both boys halted and listened. Then they looked over at each other. It was "cry-baby" Barbara's voice they heard, at the top of its pitch. Sure enough, the next moment she came in sight, tears running down her face.

"W-why didn't you wait for me?" she sobbed. "You know I—I come this way, too, and I hate coming home alone. Boo-hoo-o!"

"Look here, Barbara, if you do not stop that dreadful noise we'll—we'll run right off and leave you!" cried Ned in an angry tone. "Miss Merryfair was quite right, you *are* a cry-baby, and your tears are crocodile tears!"

Barbara stopped right in the middle of a loud howl and stared at Ned, wondering whatever he meant.

"What are crocodile tears?" she asked breathlessly. "That is just what Miss Merryfair said, too——"

Now Tommy Twinkle, who had been standing a little apart, suddenly saw a wonderful chance of perhaps curing Barbara of her tiresome habit. As you know, boys and girls, our little boy always wears a marvellous pair of magic shoes, which, when he stamps his right foot, grants him whatever he may wish.

Well, at the mention of "crocodile tears," tap, tap went Tommy's right foot, and a second later, goodness! You would never believe what happened. Queer noises came from the bank of a near-by stream and when Barbara turned to look, there were half a dozen huge crocodiles coming crawling towards her, their huge mouths gaping wide, and rivulets of tears running down their ugly faces to the ground!

Ned, in alarm, sprang back to Tommy's side, but our little boy gripped his chum's arm and whispered:

"It's all right. They won't hurt. Stay here and watch!"

Tearful Barbara stood rooted to the ground, her eyes nearly popping out in amazement.

"Wh—who are you?" she gasped at length. "I—I—"

"Boo-hoo-o!" wept the crocodiles unhappily. "We're so miserable, and so we've c-come to see you, Barbara dear."

"Oh-h!" murmured Barbara blankly, forgetting to be afraid.

"Yes," wailed another of the crocodiles, crawling closer to the little girl. "We heard that you liked crying, so we thought we would come and stay with you. Oh, please excuse me, I am going to start crying again. Boo-hoo!"

The foolish crocodile opened its mouth and wept loudly, great tears splashing down all around it.

This set all the other creatures weeping again, and for several minutes it was such a dreadful din that Barbara clapped her hands to her ears, and begged them to stop.

But the crocodiles were roaring so much that they could not hear, and it was not till some little time later that they calmed down a little.

"Goodness! That was a shocking noise!" cried Barbara sharply. "You have made my head ache!"

"Oh, but you like crying, don't you?" said another crocodile, with a watery smile. "It is so nice to meet somebody who understands us. Where do you live, Barbara?"

"Over there. Down that lane," responded the little girl uncertainly. "I—I think I had better go home now. Good-bye."

"Oh, but we are coming with you," chorused the crocodiles tearfully. And they started to follow Barbara as she sidled away from them. "Then when we feel miserable, we can all have a good cry together! We love a good cry, you know! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

"We can all cry together!" sobbed the crocs.

And lifting up their heads, the crocodiles gave way once more to floods and floods of tears.

"But what are you crying for?" Barbara asked them, almost shouting the words to make them hear.

"We don't know!" wept the crowd of crocs. "We—we just cry! Boo-hoo-o!"

And, in a flash, Barbara understood what Miss Merryfair had meant when she accused the little girl of crying "crocodile tears." She saw too, how silly and babyish it was, and then and there she made up her mind to turn over a new leaf.

While the crocodiles were still weeping, Barbara turned, and before they looked round again, she was a tiny, scampering figure in the distance!

"W-well!" gasped Ned, following her with his eyes. Grinning, our little Tommy Twinkle stamped his *left* magic shoe, and when Ned turned his head again, the tearful crocodiles had completely vanished into thin air—or into the stream perhaps! Who knows?

(Look out for another exciting "Tommy Twinkle" adventure in your PLAYBOX *next week, boys and girls! Do not miss it.)*

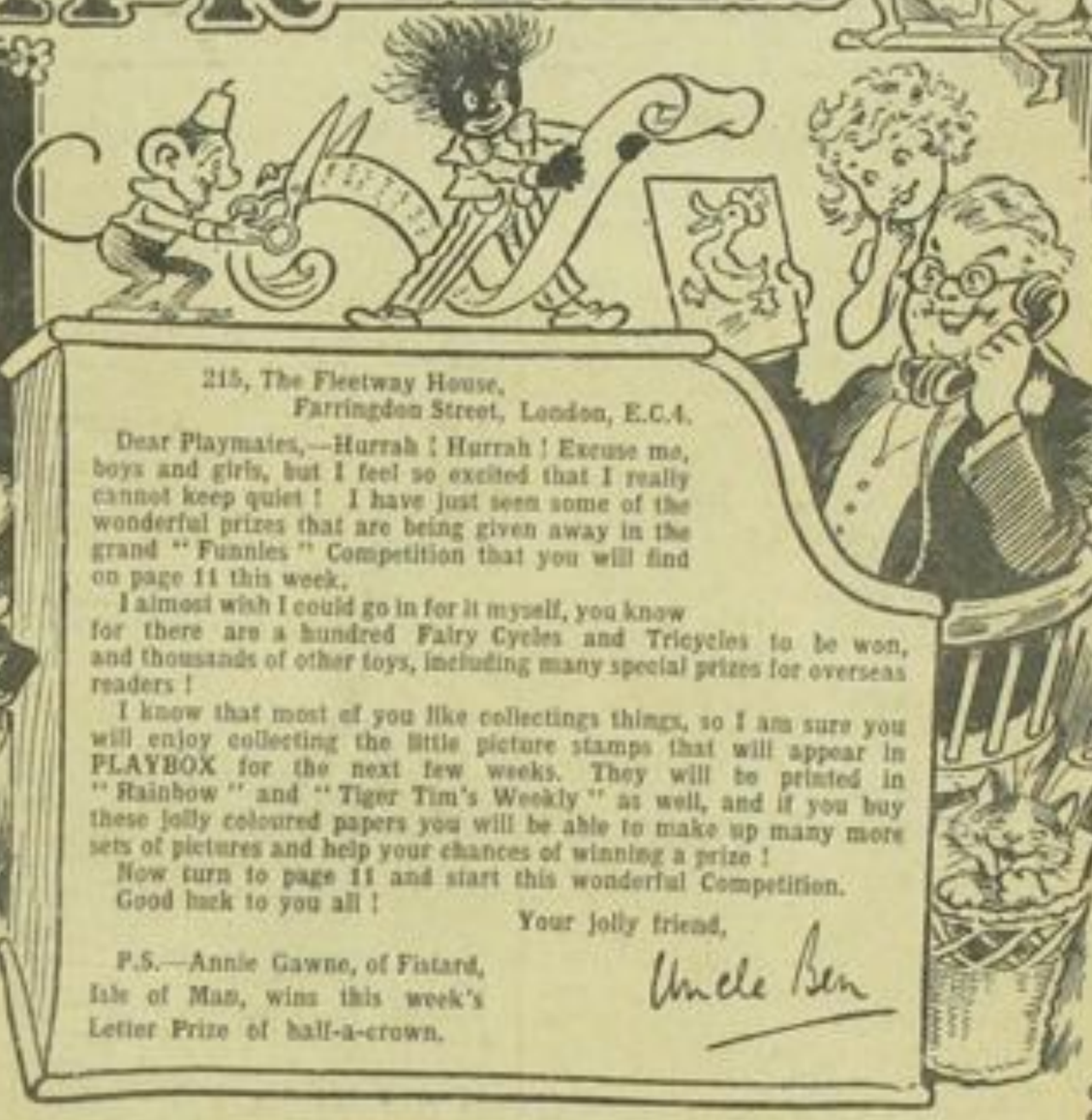
HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Ha, ha! The funny Baby Buntings are having some fun with the hats this week!" chuckled Chic, as he opened the big PLAYBOX picture-book. "Won't they look smart when they have all bought new ones!"

"If there are any left to buy!" laughed Paddy. "They seem to be spoiling them rather quickly, don't they?"

Chubs insisted on having a real top-hat, but they all seemed to be too small! Peterkin thought the best idea would be to bang it on his head and make it fit that way—but alas! The brim came off with a loud pop—so that was another hat gone!

Dinky, the doggie, thought he would look smart in a topper, too! But the silly chap put it on upside-down! Ha, ha! No wonder it would not stay on! The Babies thought it was fine fun trying on all those hats, but Mr. Hatter did not think so when he saw the damage they had done! They left that shop rather quickly, I'm afraid! Ha, ha! There will be no new hats for them!



215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—Hurrah! Hurrah! Excuse me, boys and girls, but I feel so excited that I really cannot keep quiet! I have just seen some of the wonderful prizes that are being given away in the grand "Funnies" Competition that you will find on page 11 this week.

I almost wish I could go in for it myself, you know for there are a hundred Fairy Cycles and Tricycles to be won, and thousands of other toys, including many special prizes for overseas readers!

I know that most of you like collectings things, so I am sure you will enjoy collecting the little picture stamps that will appear in PLAYBOX for the next few weeks. They will be printed in "Rainbow" and "Tiger Tim's Weekly" as well, and if you buy these jolly coloured papers you will be able to make up many more sets of pictures and help your chances of winning a prize!

Now turn to page 11 and start this wonderful Competition.

Good luck to you all!

Your jolly friend,

Uncle Ben

P.S.—Annie Gawne, of Fistard, Isle of Man, wins this week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown.

BETTY GOES SHOPPING. An Easy Model to Make.

Like many PLAYBOX boys and girls, little Betty always goes shopping for her mummy on Saturdays. Here is a model of her, with her good old doggie, Trust.

First of all, cut out this picture and then paste it on to some thin card. When it is quite dry, cut out the two pieces very carefully and remember to snip out the two slots marked C and D.

Stand the shop upright and fold forward the side tab D. Now fit slot D over C, and you will find that your model will stand up on its own. Betty will appear to be coming out of the shop with her basket full of things for her mummy. A piece of thread or thin string fixed at the point A on her hand and B on the doggie's collar will make a nice lead for Trust. Now colour your model and it is finished. It will look so jolly!

MUSICAL HOPS. A Funny Indoor Game.

This is a very jolly game for a party, but you must remember to clear the room as much as possible before you start it.

One player sits at the piano and plays a merry little dance tune while all the others must hop and dance about the room. But as soon as the music stops they must all fall flat on the floor and stop as still as they can. The last one to fall is out of the game.

Then the music starts again, and the game goes on as before. Each time the music stops a player leaves the game, unless there is a "tie," and the last player left in is the winner. It is great fun!

SAMMY SEAL'S CLEVER TRICK.

1. "Here is a teaser for you, Patsy!" chuckled Sammy Seal, as he held his arm out straight and balanced two matchboxes on the inside of his elbow. "Watch me turn my hand over without upsetting the boxes or taking them off!"

2. Patsy was quite sure it could not be done, but clever Sammy turned his hand over very slowly, and managed to keep the boxes from tumbling off. Try this trick on your chums, boys and girls! It will keep them busy for a long time!

ASK YOUR CHUMS THESE!

Q. Which is the best field for dancing?

A. A "hop" field.

Q. What can you see with your eyes shut?

A. A joke.

Q. Which is the best way to widen a road?

A. Add B to it and make it "broad"!

Q. Which is the best ship?

A. Friendship.

TWO FUNNY FRIENDS.

"Hallo, Mr. Towser! What are you waiting for?"

"Next Friday."

"Goodness! Why?"

"I want to get the PLAYBOX and collect some more pictures for the 'Funnies' Competition! How are you getting on, Danny?"

"Fine! I am going to try to win one of those model aeroplanes—then I can fly round in it myself!"

"But you can fly already, silly!"

"Ah! But it is not so much trouble in an aeroplane!"

"You lazy thing, Danny!"

"I am not so lazy as you, Towser! You are taller than I am!"

"What ever has that got to do with it?"

"Well, you lie 'longer' in bed than I do? Ha, ha!"

"Clever boy, Danny! I hope you will share your prize with me when you get it!"

"Certainly! You can have the box, if you like! Hee, hee! Good-bye, Mr. Towser, and good luck!"

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

The chums try to get back Paddy's pop-gun by tricking the short-sighted wizard, but he finds his "specs" too soon.

"COO, Paddy! Do you think little Fitpat is in the castle somewhere?"

Down in the treasure room of the Great Foozle's castle Paddy and his playmates were gathered round a treasure chest.

A magic train had brought them to the wizard's castle and he had made them work for him down in the dungeon, polishing up his treasures. You can imagine how excited they became when they saw one of the chests had Captain Huff's name upon it!

It was the hoard of their pirate enemy—the pirate who held a little girl named Fitpat prisoner. The playmates felt sure she was hidden in this castle, too!

"If only we could rescue her!" sighed Golly, and Paddy sighed, too.

"We could, if only we had the magic pop-gun!" he said. "That would soon beat the wizard's magic, but alas, I left it behind in the train and I expect the Great Foozle has it now."

While the playmates stood there talking the door of the dungeon opened and the turtle appeared again. The turtle was a servant of the Great Foozle and was always very sleepy.

"Oo-ho!" he sighed, giving a yawn. "It's time you went off to your sleeping dungeon now. I hope you have polished those treasures well. The Great Foozle is in a bad temper because he has mislaid his specs and he is rather short-sighted, you know. He will be very cross if you haven't worked hard."

Yawning again, the turtle led the way out of the dungeon and along a passage, jingling some keys as he went.

"Hist!" As they walked along, Paddy gave Timbo and Teddy Bear a nudge. "I have an idea, boys," he whispered. "But we must send the turtle to sleep somehow. Will you help me?"

Teddy and Timbo nodded excitedly and listened to what Paddy had to say as they went along. In a few moments they were in the dungeon where they were to sleep and the turtle was about to leave them, when Paddy called to him.

"I say, turtle," he said. "Have you ever heard the story about the magic bottle of pop?"

The turtle pushed his cap back upon his head and blinked.

"No," he said. "What is it? But hurry up, because I have to take the Great Foozle his supper soon."

Paddy winked at his chums and began.

"Well, once upon a time a giant was walking along a lane when he spied a bottle marked ginger pop for sale in a shop. Being a greedy giant, he snatched it up and, without paying for it, took a deep drink.

"'Ah-h! That was lovely!' he cried, smacking his lips. But then, oh dear, a strange look came over his face. The shop, you see, belonged to a magician, and the bottle was full of magic sleeping water."

"G-goodness," said the turtle. "What happened then?"

"Well," said Paddy, "the giant began to yawn like this." And Paddy, popping his hand over his mouth, gave such a big yawn. "Oo-oo-ah! AH!"

As Paddy did this, all the playmates opened their mouths at the same time and yawned, too.

"Oo-oo-ah!" they sighed.

The turtle blinked with watery eyes. Yawning is very "catching," as you know, and the turtle was a sleepy person, anyway!

"Oo-oh, ah!" he sighed, yawning and stretching himself.

"Oo—ah!" the playmates sighed again—and so did the turtle!

"Oo-oh! I declare I feel tired out," he said. "I'm sure I shall go to sleep in a minute if I'm not very careful." And sinking down into a corner of the cell, he shut his eyes and began to snore!

"Hurrah!" cheered Paddy softly. "We have managed it."

The playmates looked at him excitedly.

"What do we do now?" they whispered.

"Get my magic pop-gun back!" replied Paddy. "The wizard has it for sure, and I am going up to his room."

"But he will magic you with his wand if you go there, Paddy," said Dolly Daydream with big eyes.

Paddy smiled.

"Yes, but I have an idea," he replied. "The Great Foozle, you know, has mislaid his specs and he is very short-sighted. Well, my idea is that one of us, disguised as the turtle, shall take his supper up to the wizard. The wizard will never notice the difference and maybe we shall have a chance to look for my magic pop-gun."

"That's a good idea," said Timbo. "But it is going to be very hard disguising one of us as a turtle, Paddy."

The playmates began to look glum once more, but suddenly Teddy jumped up.

"I know what to do," he said. "I think I will make a good turtle. Come along to the kitchens, Paddy."

Leaving the turtle fast asleep, the playmates hurried off, and at last found the castle kitchens. Here they saw the wizard's supper already laid on a tray.

Teddy began to search about, and with a cry of triumph brought out a dish-cover from a cupboard.

"Tie this on to my back, Paddy!" he said.

The little bear had brought the turtle's cap with him and, with the dish-cover tied to his back, he began to look something like a turtle—that is if you did not look too hard!

"All will be well so long as the wizard does not find his specs," Paddy muttered. "Do you think you can manage it, Teddy?"

Teddy nodded.

"Trust me, Paddy," he said. "And if I see the pop-gun in the room I will snatch it up and race out."

"Bravo, Teddy!" said Paddy. "Then let's set to work."

Off went Teddy, carrying the tray of supper, and Paddy and Timbo went with him to help if it were necessary.

Popping into the lift, they went whistling up and up until they came to the topmost turret, and here they popped out.

Across the passage was the door of the wizard's room, and Teddy took a deep breath.

"K-keep near at hand in case my plan fails," he whispered to Paddy and Timbo.

Then, bending over to look as much like a turtle as possible, Teddy knocked at the door and walked in.

In a corner of the room the wizard was pouring a pink powder from one tube into another. He did not look round at Teddy.

"Is that you, turtle?" he asked. "Put my supper down on the table, will you?"

Teddy put the tray down, looking anxiously round for any sign of the pop-gun. Alas, he could not see it anywhere.

"Come here, turtle," the wizard cried suddenly, almost making the little Teddy jump out of the dish-cover with alarm. "I've mislaid my specs and I can't see as well as I should.

"You see, I'm making a powder that is going to turn that Timbo into a green dog. There never has been a green dog before, and if I succeed I shall make my fortune!"

Outside the room Timbo turned pink!

"Gr-r-r-r!" he growled. "The horrid old fellow. Turn me green, would he?"

"Hush!" whispered Paddy. "The wizard will hear you."

"Come here, turtle!" the wizard went on tartly. "What are you dawdling for? I want you to mix these powders."

Trembling all over, Teddy Bear walked towards the Great Foozle.

"Y-yes, Great Foozle," he said.

The wizard looked at him and then, bending over, took a closer look.

"What has happened to your face?" he asked. "It looks different to-day."

Teddy shook.

"Must be toothache," he mumbled.

"H'm! It isn't only your face," said the Great Foozle. "You look different altogether."

"Ah, that was the dreadful nightmare I had last night," stammered Teddy. "I haven't been the same turtle since."

"I wish I had my specs," the wizard grunted. "I cannot see without them and—ah! What is this?"

Feeling in his pocket, he brought out his spectacle case.

"I had them all the time," he laughed. "Now I shall be able to see properly."

And as he put them on his nose Teddy, inside the room, and Paddy, and Timbo, outside the room, all trembled in alarm.

(Is Teddy about to be discovered? And will Paddy get his magic pop-gun back? Look out for this lovely story next week, boys and girls.)

"You look different, turtle!" grunted the short-sighted wizard to Teddy.

TOM AND SNIP GO OUT TO DIG POTATOES AND THEIR FORKS MAKE FINE WICKETS.

1. "As you don't know what game to play this morning, why not dig potatoes for me?" said Dame Meg.

2. She gave Tom a big fork and Snip a little one. On their way they met Mabel and Jim with their cricket bat.

3. "We can't play; we've no wickets," said Jim. "We'll soon have some," said Tom, sticking in the forks.

4. And what a jolly game they had. "We'll dig the potatoes when we've won, Snip!" laughed Tom merrily.

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy and Polly are locked up in Mistress Gentle's house because her maid, Polly's unkind aunt, makes out they stole jewels. They send a message by pigeon to their friend, the skipper. Later they are horrified to see part of the floor rising.

1. Wendy and Polly were terrified when they saw a flap rising in the floor. "We can't run away because we are locked in," Polly said, shuddering. But brave Wendy had a daring plan.

2. Whispering to Polly to seize the long tongs, she herself picked up the poker, and creeping to the flap Wendy thought a growl might sound frightening. "Don't come in here!" she cried.

3. But whoever was coming was not a bit frightened. The little girls could see a man's hands, and to their surprise heard a jolly laugh. "I seem to know that laugh!" said Wendy.

4. And as the flap was pushed right up the two little girls ran forward with a glad cry, for there stood their friend, the skipper. "I came by way of a secret passage, my dears," he said.

5. Then he told them how the pigeon had brought the message they had written on Wendy's hair-ribbon. "So I came to rescue you," he said. "You will have a big surprise, too, very soon!"

6. He helped them down the steps and into a dark passage, and as they walked along he said he'd prove to Mistress Gentle that they did not steal her jewels. "She won't listen," said Wendy.

7. At last he led them up some steps and they came out into a little shrubbery. Next the skipper threw a small stick at a window. "Mistress Gentle sleeps in that room," he said.

8. Later the casement opened, and the good lady put her head out to see who was disturbing her at such a late hour. "Pirates are in your kitchen, madam," said the skipper.

9. Mistress Gentle turned pale at such news, but at the skipper's request she came downstairs and peeped into the kitchen. "Oh, and they are with my trusted maid," she murmured.

10. Swiftly she closed the door and turned the key so that the three should not escape, and then she listened to Polly and Wendy while they told her how they had seen the pirates in the cave with the jewels and rescued them. "And I punished you!" she cried.

11. She begged them to forgive her, and anxious to do something to make the little girls happy she took them to her room and showed them two beautiful frocks. "We will have a party to-morrow and you shall wear these fairy dresses, my dears," she said.

12. Wendy and Polly felt so excited about this party, and at last, dressed in the pretty frocks, they stood beside Mistress Gentle as she welcomed her guests. "Your maid and the pirates won't worry you again," murmured one guest. "They are imprisoned!"

13. Suddenly poor little Polly disappeared and at last Wendy caught sight of her in a dim corner. "Hallo, Polly, are you tired?" she asked, going towards her, but then Wendy heard low sobs, and found to her dismay that her little friend was crying.

(Why is Polly so unhappy? A big surprise for you all in next week's exciting instalment of this lovely story.)

MRS. HIPPO

1. The Hippo Girls were staying in an old house, but they still had to do lessons. "I want to see what our new class-room is like," said Tilly, but the others were thinking of the secret panel they had heard about.

2. So they went off with their candle to explore, while Tilly went upstairs. Suddenly Jenny touched a little button; there was a click and a panel opened. "Oh, let's climb through the hole!" cried Betty.

3. They felt so excited as they squeezed thr that opening. (Baby Jumbo nearly got stuck they all had to push hard!) Then they found stairs. "These must lead to treasure!" cried B

DIBS AND DABS

1. One wet day when the chums were wondering what to do, Floppy said: "Let's make an aeroplane!" "We'll use this box!" cried Dabs.

2. So they set to work and fitted wings, a tail, and a propeller to it. "Now we'll go for a flight," said Floppy, and hung the plane from a hook.

3. Then they all climbed up on the table and scrambled into their plane. "We're off to Australia!" cried Dibs, as Jane came in. "No lessons to-day!"

4. But, oh dear! There was a smash, for the bottom came out of the box. "Now you can't go to Australia," said Jane, "so you can learn about it."

"When do doors talk, Willy?"
"Give it up, Reggie!"
"When they need answering, Willy! Caught you that time!"

SAMBO

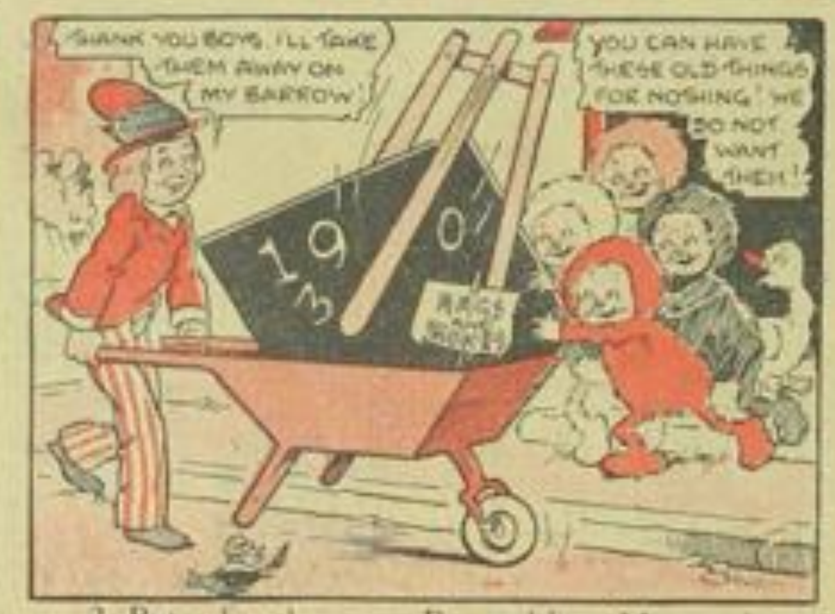
1. "I'll show you a smart bit of scorching," said Sambo to the nigs. "See me race dat lorry."

2. But t there was pass. "I

4. "Golly! I'se going right through de m ob dat roll!" cried Sambo. "It am lucky it ar a jam roll or I shou'd be a bery sticky little nig!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. The Woollies gave four big sighs (one each) when they read the list of lessons they were to do one morning. "We shall be in school until Christmas if we do all that," said Bobby crossly. "Let's leave!"



2. But, when they saw a Rag-and-bone Man coming, they thought it a good idea to give him the blackboard and easel. "We can't do lessons without those things," giggled Reggie. "Take them away, Tatters!"

3. Dr. Woolly certainly looked worried about when he arrived. "Perhaps you had better send u home, sir," said Bobby, trying to be helpful. "W wouldn't mind another month's holiday, you know.

'S SCHOOL

4. Those girls were quite certain they were going to find gold, when the stairs ended suddenly below a trap-door. "Think of all the chocolate buttons and bullseyes we can buy with the gold!" said Polly.

5. Swish! Back went the flap, but instead of the box of gold they found Mrs. Hippo and Tilly waiting for them. "Oh dear, I don't think secret panels ought to lead to lessons!" sighed Gertie in dismay.

6. "And little girls ought not to come to lessons through secret panels," said Mrs. Hippo. "You shall have six extra sums each for that trick." "Ha, ha! No sums for me!" cried Tilly, laughing at them.

SCORCHER

as so big that for Sambo to !" he cried.

3. Then he bumped over a stone and that shot him up so that he bumped into the roll of carpet.

5. That carpet formed a tunnel for Sambo's little r and he went right through it and dropped in front the lorry. "I've raced it!" Sambo chuckled.

SAMMY SEAL

1. Patsy was quite proud of his little catch, but Sammy only laughed at it. "It's not much bigger than a shrimp!" he cried. "Now watch me!"

2. He threw in his line and before very long a big fish snapped at it. "That's fine!" cried Sammy. "Now just see how well I land him!"

3. Sammy stood up and gave a great tug and then lost his balance. "I don't see much land about it," chuckled Patsy. "You're going into the sea."

4. As Sammy wasn't wearing his bathing-costume, he didn't enjoy his dip. "I've lost my fish!" he sighed, and was glad to share Patsy's tiny one.

E WOOLLY BOYS

4. There seemed nothing else to do, and the boys were just going home when in walked Simple Simon and his brother, wearing enormous school hats. "We've brought our hats to school," they said.

5. Dr. Woolly looked at those hats as the boys took them off and then he called back the Woollies. "Don't go for a moment, boys," he said. "I've a surprise for you!" "Sweets, I know!" whispered Percy.

6. But he was quite wrong. Dr. Woolly turned those school hats into blackboards, and those boys did feel blue about it. "You come to school without hats next time, silly Simon boys," said Reggie.

"Why is a clear mirror like a pretty little girl, Percy?"

"Ah, because it is a good-looking (g)lass, Bobby!"

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

THE SKIPPING KING.

King Podge was really very fat, and he didn't know what to do about it. You see, he loved cream buns and chocolates, and he would eat them. So he grew fatter and fatter.

"My dear," said the queen to him one day when he was getting ready for a horse ride, "if you get much fatter none of the horses will be able to carry you! You'll have to ride a camel or an elephant!"

"H'm, yes! That wouldn't do!" said the king thoughtfully.

He was very fond of his favourite white horse, and he felt he would look silly sitting astride a camel or an elephant.

He tugged at his coat to fasten it, and—pop!—off came another button.

"Oh dear, that's the sixth button I've sewn on for you to-day!" sighed the queen, getting out her work-box. "You really must do something to get thinner, Podge. I'm spending quite a lot of money on thread for your buttons! And think of that beautiful red velvet suit upstairs that you are too fat to wear!"

The king did think of it, and he looked very sad.

"Yes, I used to look so handsome in that!" he said. "I'd better—ah, I know, I'll offer a reward to anyone who can make me thin!"

The queen thought that was a very good idea, and helped the king to write lots of notices, which he sent all over the town, saying that he would reward anyone who could really make him thin again.

As you can guess, lots of people came to the palace after that. Some told him to stand on his head six times a day, but the king could not get there. Others said don't eat sweets and cakes, but Podge always forgot that at tea-time. Most of the advice he thought was silly, and someone actually wanted to roll him out with the garden-roller.

"I'll hear no more!" said the king crossly. And then a very wise old woman came forward, and said:

The king knocked off his crown while skipping.

"Why don't you try skipping, sire? Here is a skipping-rope."

To everyone's surprise, the king sat up with a start and said: "I certainly will!"

But he didn't look quite so pleased when the old woman told him that he must do all his skipping at meal times. (Perhaps that wise old woman knew he was eating too many goodies!)

Well, having said he would try it, the king started next morning.

He was not very good at it, and the first thing he did was to knock off his crown; then he tipped the end of his robe over his head and could not see.

Of course, when it was wet he did his skipping indoors, and then everyone wished he had never heard of the idea. The rope caught in the beautiful hanging lights and pulled them down, knocked things off tables and hit people in the face. And still the king went on.

"I believe that is a magic rope!" said the queen. "Anyway, the king is getting thinner."

Well, every day the king skipped more and more and got thinner and thinner. The queen tried to find the wise old woman, and grew very worried when no one knew where she was.

Then at last one day she came to the palace for her reward and to ask for the skipping-rope back.

"You shall have your reward for making the king thin," said the queen, "but I am afraid he will never part with the skipping-rope. He even sleeps with it in his hand!"

"Ah, change it for this one while he sleeps," said the old woman, "and all will be well."

So that is what the queen did, and you will be very pleased to hear that the king was cured.

"Now I can wear my red velvet suit," he said proudly. And very nice he looked in it, too!

(A funny story about Maggie the Mop, next week.)

1. "Hurrah! Chic is going to make his two Scottie doggies do tricks!" cried the boys and girls.

2. They watched eagerly as Chic threw his stick out of the ring. "Fetch it, lads!" he cried.

3. After it went the doggies. "Now I'll make them come back with the stick!" said Chic.

4. He gave a loud whistle, but he had his back to the "twins" and didn't know they were so near to him.

5. Ha, ha! The stick caught on Chic's legs and snapped, tipping him into the air. He did look surprised!

6. And he was quite cross with those two doggies. "We won't do that trick again!" he said. "Run away!"

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. The Floating Box.
2. Fishing, and a Big Tea.
3. The Missing Doll's Pram.

TESS AND REDWING PICK UP A FLOATING BOX AND ARE REWARDED FOR THE PUPPY FOUND INSIDE.

SCAMP TRICKS HIS CHUM OVER SLEEPY FISH, AND GIVES HIM A BIG TEA HE CANNOT EAT.

MR. DOBBS TAKES BERYL'S DOLL'S PRAM, BUT GIVES IT BACK WITH A BAG OF TOFFEES.

BRIGHTEYES

School again—and a naughty new girl!

FOR NEW READERS.—After escaping from Gipsy Meg, Brighteyes goes back to the seaside cottage with her chums. Later on she is told that there is a lady waiting to see her, and she thinks that the gipsy has come for her again!

1. Feeling rather frightened, little Brighteyes followed Mrs. Marsh down the stairs. Who was this mysterious lady? Why had she called to see our little girl? "Perhaps it is Gipsy Meg again?" she whispered. "If it is, I must get ready to run. I won't let her catch me!"

2. But the moment she entered the tiny parlour all her worries disappeared! Standing near the window was the tall, slim figure of Miss Barry, and the moment our little girl came in the teacher hurried over to her, saying: "Ha, ha! Aren't you surprised to see me, Brighteyes?"

3. Joan and Lola dashed down the stairs a few moments later, and after the first excited greetings were over, Miss Barry explained that she had come to fetch the girls back to school in her car. "I thought you would enjoy it more than the train!" she laughed. "Jump in, girls!"

4. The three little chums cheered happily as they climbed into the big, comfortable car. Jackie, who was staying on at the seaside for a few more days, waved goodbye rather sadly. He would miss them. "We have had such an exciting holiday, Miss Barry!" cried Lola.

5. The chums arrived back at school that night tired but happy, and at the breakfast table the next morning they began to tell their friends about the fun they had had. "One moment," interrupted Miss Barry. "A new girl is coming to-day. I want you afterwards, Brighteyes!"

6. When breakfast was over the teacher waited until all the girls had gone down to the dancing rooms, and then beckoned to Brighteyes. "I want you to meet this girl at the station," she said. "Be as nice as you can to her, for I think she will find school rather strange at first."

7. Miss Barry looked very serious as she spoke, and Brighteyes began to think that there must be something mysterious about the new girl, whose name was Nancy Drew. There was not very much time and as Brighteyes went on to the platform, the train came steaming in.

8. As soon as it came to a standstill and the carriage doors began to open, our little girl watched eagerly for Nancy. Suddenly there was a commotion at the end of the train, and the next minute Brighteyes saw a nicely-dressed little girl struggling to get away from her nurse!

9. "I won't go to school, so there!" she shrieked. "I'll run away!" The next minute she struggled free and fled out of the station exit. "Oh, Miss Nancy—come back at once!" exclaimed the nurse, dashing after her. "So that is the new girl!" murmured Brighteyes.

10. She followed the nurse into the booking-hall, expecting to find her holding the little girl again, but Nancy had been too quick for her. "What ever shall I do?" exclaimed the poor nurse as Brighteyes appeared. "She has been behaving like that all the way down in the train! She has made up her mind not to go to school! I really believe she means to run away!" "Don't worry!" exclaimed Brighteyes. "I'll catch her!"

11. She knew that the naughty little girl could not be very far away, and thinking that it would be an easy task to catch her, Brighteyes rushed out into the station yard. But here a shock awaited her. A large motor-car was just pulling away from the station, and clinging on to the luggage-grid at the back was Nancy Drew herself! "Ha, ha! You'll never catch me now!" she laughed, waving her hand. "Good-bye!"

(Will Brighteyes manage to stop naughty Nancy from running away? Read more of this lovely story in next week's PLAYBOX!)

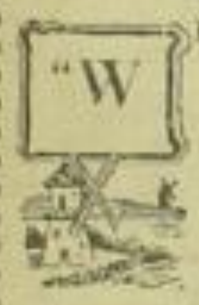
A THRILLING STORY YOU'LL ALL ENJOY.

"LITTLE MAN"

The Chums are Lost after an Exciting Seaplane Trip.

"We're all right, sir!" cried Michael. "Good-bye!"

Back by Air.



"WE'RE going back by air! A seaplane is coming to take us back to school!"

That was the exciting news which little Michael Baxter brought to his chum, Tim Trotter, and to little Jessie, their friend, one morning at the end of the summer holidays.

Tim and Jessie were sitting upon the deck of "The Viking"—an anchored yacht out in Brunport Bay, which had been their holiday home for over six happy and exciting weeks.

And now, when Michael brought this unexpected news, Tim was so surprised and delighted that all his gloomy feelings disappeared and he became almost anxious to return to school.

"Michael!" he cried, springing up from the bag he was sitting on. "It isn't true. You're joking."

"He's not," cried Jessie, wishing that she were going back to Mulberry School as well. "It's quite right. Mr. Baxter let me into the secret two days ago and told me not to tell you, so that you should both have a big surprise. There is a test pilot coming from uncle's aerodrome to try out a new machine and it's all been arranged for him to land here, beside 'The Viking,' and take you back."

You can just imagine how eager and excited the two boys were, after that, and with what impatience they awaited the arrival of Captain Jack Mathieson, which was the young test pilot's name.

And you can just picture their disappointment, also, when the time went on and on and the much-looked-for seaplane did not appear.

At first, Mr. Baxter was not worried, saying that perhaps there might have been a little delay in tuning up the new seaplane for its maiden flight. But he, too, began to look anxious when over two hours had gone and the boys and Jessie still waited on the deck, gazing up into an empty sky.

"I'll have to send a signal ashore," he said, "and get them to telegraph it from the signal station to the aerodrome, in case Mathieson has had some trouble!" And when he had done that, to the bitter disappointment of the boys, he declared it unwise to await the seaplane any longer.

"I'm afraid you'll have to travel by train after all, boys!" he said, glancing at his watch. "If we get away quickly, you can catch the two o'clock train. Come along, let's get your bags into the dinghy right away!" And he picked up the heaviest bag and bore it down the ladder to the small boat below.

Poor Michael glanced at Jessie, and was almost in tears, he was so disappointed. Tim felt the same although, in his usual cheery way, he tried hard to make the best of it.

"Never mind, Michael," he said. "It will be jolly nice in the train, anyway!" And, hugging Mrs. Baxter good-bye and thanking her for the lovely time she had given them, he, too, carried a bag down into the dinghy.

In order to cheer them up, Jessie said she would come with them as far as the station, and, as the boat put off, and the boys waved to Mrs. Baxter on the yacht, Jessie chatted merrily while Michael's daddy bent to the oars and sent the little boat skimming rapidly towards the harbour.

"I wish *I* was a boy," she said, and it was a wish that she had often expressed, "so that *I* could come back to Mulberry with you. It must be lovely to be at a big school with heaps of other boys and—and ——" she stopped abruptly. "What's that noise?" she asked. "Is that old Ben coming out to us in his motor boat?"

They looked eagerly towards the jetty in the distance, but the deep, humming sound which Jessie and the boys had heard did not come from a boat. It came from somewhere overhead and, as the droning grew louder and louder, Michael saw something that made him jump excitedly to his feet.

"It's an aeroplane! Look!" he cried, pointing.

"No, it isn't. It's a seaplane," cried Tim. "I can see the floats."

"And it's coming down!" Jessie almost shrieked, in her excitement. "It's Captain Mathieson! Isn't it, Mr. Baxter?"

"I believe it is, by Jove," cried Mr. Baxter, drawing in the oars and peering up as the machine began to swoop and wheel like some huge white bird. "It is Mathieson," he cried, waving his hand in sudden eagerness. "And he has seen us. Well, if that isn't just fine!"

A few moments passed before the approaching seaplane passed low over their heads, with a deafening roar, and the boys and Jessie all jumped up and waved so vigorously that they all but capsized the dinghy.

Then, with bright, fascinated eyes, they watched the seaplane bank and turn and, steered by an expert hand, skim the water with its floats and come taxi-ing towards them.

A few moments and the machine was riding gently on the water a few yards away, with Captain Mathieson smiling and waving as he stood up in the cockpit.

"Sorry I'm late, sir," he called out to Michael's daddy. "I had some trouble with the port engine and had to turn back for repairs. But we're all right, now, and she's running like a bird. Are the boys coming aboard?"

"Ay, ay, sir," cried Michael, amid loud laughter. "Here we—er—whoops!" And, with a gasp, he stumbled and would have tumbled backwards over the side had not his daddy caught him firmly by the arm and held him back.

"Steady there, young fellow," he said with a smile, and then he took the oars again and urged the dinghy up close to the seaplane, so that the bags could be passed up and stowed away, and Tim and Michael, after a last farewell to Jessie and Mr. Baxter, could clamber up nimbly and take their places in the cockpit beside the smiling pilot.

At a touch of the starting button the propeller began to whirl round again.

"How long do you think it will take you, Mathieson?" called out Mr. Baxter.

"What is the distance?" the young pilot shouted back. "About two hundred miles? Under the hour, I should think, sir, if she runs like she has been doing. But there's a bit of mist inshore and we may take longer. We'll be all right, though. Good-bye, sir. Good-bye, missie! Off we go!"

Little Jessie, with a mingled look of wistfulness and excitement, sat in the small boat, waving, as the propeller roared in a deafening way and the lovely seaplane began to skim along the smooth water of the bay.

She and Mr. Baxter saw it turn and, as it came speeding towards them, like a fast, winged motor-boat, it seemed impossible that anything so big and heavy could rise in the air.

But, just as it approached them, the floats of the seaplane left the water and she caught sight of the two boys waving delightedly as it rose swiftly and surely into the air.

A Queer Adventure.

With flushed, excited faces Tim and Michael watched the country, like a strange patchwork, speed from under them, and almost before they were aware Captain Mathieson shouted to them that they were approaching Mulberry and that their magic journey was almost over.

He would have liked, he said, to have swooped down and encircled the school, but because of the mist he made straight for the reservoir.

It was not an easy landing. In the hollow where the big reservoir lay the mist was thicker still, and it was only after a few moments of uneasiness that Captain Mathieson brought the machine down safely on the water and taxied towards a narrow neck of land which jutted out in a convenient way.

"Here we are, boys," he cried. "This is almost as good as a jetty. Now you can get ashore without wetting your feet."

With great skill he brought the machine close in until the starboard float almost touched the ground. And, in a few minutes, Tim and Michael had thrown their bags ashore and were scrambling after them.

"Will you be all right, now?" the pilot asked them.

"Yes. We're all right, sir," Michael called back. "We've only got to climb the fence and carry our bags to the road and we can get a bus right to the school gate. Thanks very much. Good-bye!"

They stood there smiling and waving as the seaplane turned and took off again, rising gracefully and vanishing over the tops of the poplar trees. Then, picking up their luggage, the boys trudged along and began to pick their way through the closely grown trees and bushes which fringed the reservoir. On and on they went, looking for the fence which they both knew so well. And then, suddenly, as they emerged from the trees and brambles, Michael stopped short with a cry of dismay. For, instead of a fence, he saw only water again—water which stretched away into the mist upon all sides.

Tim, too, had come to a sudden standstill, gazing in bewilderment, for he could not make it out.

"Michael," he cried. "Where are we?"

And Michael, realising the truth, turned to him with a pale, startled face.

"We—we've landed on an island," he gasped. "We're prisoners, Tim, and—and we can't get off!"

(Are the boys really on an island in the middle of the reservoir? If so, what will they do? Another thrilling instalment of this lovely story in the PLAYBOX *next week.)*

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

LOOK . . . Prizes for Over 6,000 Readers!

2,000 SECOND PRIZES — Scooters, Aeroplanes, "Meccano" Sets, Dancing Dolls, and Games.

4,000 THIRD PRIZES — Big Paint Boxes, Box Games, and Fine Gift Books.

HERE it is, boys and girls! The most wonderful prize list ever seen in PLAYBOX, and all these thousands and thousands of beautiful prizes *free*—FOR YOU!

And what prizes! Glittering New Fairycycles and Tricycles (the winners will be able to choose which) for a hundred of you . . . Lots and lots of lovely Scooters, Aeroplanes, Toys, and Games . . . and then Many Thousands of other prizes besides.

And all for collecting "Funnies," the funny little picture stamps you see here. We are going to print them every week, and there are four different kinds—Tiger Tim, Mrs. Bruin, Porky, and Jumbo.

You simply cut them out each week and put them together in sets.

Each set must contain the stamps Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. The boys and girls who have collected the most sets when we ask for them will win these marvellous prizes.

Just that . . . isn't it easy? Start now with these five "Funnies." You can make one complete set straight away, and there's one stamp ever towards your next set.

More stamps coming in next week's PLAYBOX—and here's a good tip: You will find still more "Funnies" in

TIGER TIM'S WEEKLY and RAINBOW.

Get those famous papers and watch your pile of "Funnies" grow. In some weeks Big Bumper Stamps worth six complete sets will be given, too—look out for them.

Remember, only "Funnies" count in this grand competition (no other pictures!), and the more sets you get the nearer you are to a lovely prize. Tell your friends about it; exchange stamps and help one another.

No stamps to be sent up yet. We'll soon tell you how and where—and then there will be the great prize-giving!

RULES: The 100 Fairycycles and Tricycles (the winners to have chosen) will be awarded to the readers who send in the most complete sets of "Funnies" stamps, the other prizes will be given for the next best totals. All stamps must be sent with the proper sets coupon (to be given later with coupling directions and closing dates). No one connected with this paper may enter, and no alterations can be made for wrong totals, or stamps lost in the post or otherwise. In case of ties, the Editor may amend or increase the prize list, and his decision will be final.

READERS OVERSEAS—all of you who live outside the British Isles can enjoy "Funnies" fun, too! No less than 500 Special Money and Other Prizes are being reserved for you. Look out for your special closing date.

For Saving "Funnies"

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—Uncle Paul has made off with the Flying Fish taking Joe and Effie as prisoners. Later Joe plays a trick on his uncle and manages to shut him in a tool-cupboard.

1. It was a daring plan of Joe's to shut Uncle Paul in the tool-cupboard, but it succeeded! The door was made of steel and stood up well to the kicks and blows that the angry man rained upon it. "Let me out!" he shouted. "Not till we get back!" laughed Joe.

2. But although their enemy was safely out of the way, their troubles were not over yet. First of all the engine, which Joe had purposely put out of action, had to be mended. Then they would have to start on their flight back to the port where they had left Captain Scott.

3. Joe was a clever lad, though, and knew every inch of the Flying Fish by this time. It was only a matter of moments before the engine was in running order again, and Joe rushed up the stairs and took his place at the controls. "Keep watch on the cupboard, Effie," he said.

4. Brave Joe dared not fly the machine too fast, for he was, he said, afraid of passing the island where they had left the captain. For many hours they cruised steadily through the clouds, and at last Effie decided to get some food. "Uncle must be feeling hungry, too!" she said.

5. There was no sound from the cupboard, and, thinking that the man must be asleep, Effie opened the door a few inches and peeped inside. A gasp of astonishment escaped her when she found that the cupboard was empty! "Why, where has Uncle Paul gone?" she exclaimed in alarm.

6. At first she thought she must be dreaming, for there was no way of escape from the cupboard other than the door, which had been kept locked all the time. But the next instant she noticed a gaping hole high up in the wall. "So he got out that way!" she whispered in dismay.

7. For the moment she hardly knew what to do next. Where was Uncle Paul now? Was he hiding in the machine somewhere, waiting to catch her? Dashing up the stairs wildly, she shouted to Joe: "Uncle Paul has escaped, Joe! He made a hole in the cupboard!"

8. Joe spun round, his face pale with fright. "What's that?" he gasped. "Uncle Paul has got free? Where is he now?" He got no further, for his question was answered by a grim figure peering in through the window of the control-room. "There he is!" cried Effie.

9. The twins gazed at each other in despair. "What can we do, Joe?" murmured Effie, staring out of the window with scared eyes. "It's all right," exclaimed Joe pluckily. "He cannot hurt us!" But the next minute the angry man smashed the window with his boot.

10. Thinking that all was lost, and that they would soon be their uncle's prisoners again, the chums backed away from the window. But the next moment their uncle's plan took a strange turn. He had kicked at the stout glass of the window with such force that he had thrown himself off his balance. Staggering for a moment on the edge of the wing, he gave a wild shout and plunged into space. "He has gone in the sea!" gasped Joe.

11. Staring below, they just managed to catch a glimpse of a tiny figure struggling in the waves. "We cannot leave him there, Effie!" exclaimed Joe, forgetting all his uncle's faults. "We must go down at once and rescue him!" And rushing to the controls, the little boy sent the Flying Fish rushing towards the grey water. Effie ran quickly to a cupboard and snatched out a lifebelt. "Be quick, Joe!" she gasped.

(Will the chums manage to save their old enemy? Do not miss the next exciting part of this grand picture-story.)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. —Saturday, September 23rd, 1939.

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

WOULD YOU LIKE A FAIRYCYCLE?

ENTER FOR OUR COMPETITION ON PAGE 11.

1. "Goodness! Look at the news, Micky!" cried Sonny. "The Ogly Woggly Bird has been lost!" "Never mind about that!" exclaimed Micky Monk. "I want my tea!"

2. "You will have to get your own tea to-day, boys," said Mrs. Bear. "I have some shopping to do." "Oh, certainly, mummy!" said our Sonny. "We don't mind a bit."

3. "Now, let me see," said Micky, when Ogly had opened the pantry. "Shall we start with cakes or jelly?" "Oh, let's start with everything," said Sonny. "It looks so nice."

4. He took out a lovely iced cake and popped it on the floor, but the next minute, who should come in but the big Ogly Woggly Bird! "Oh d-d-dear!" stammered Sonny. "S-someone else has come to tea, Micky! I d-don't think I'll have any, after all! I'm not hungry now."

5. And our little Bear was so frightened that he rushed into the pantry, knocking poor Micky right on to the Ogly Woggly Bird's head! PLOMP! He came down with such a bang that the big bird's beak was pushed right down into the cake. "Well, well! What a surprise!" gasped Micky.

6. Our chums were not frightened of that bird any more, because he could not even make funny faces at them! "Ho, ho! He can't bite us now, Micky!" chuckled Sonny. "Let's take him back to Professor Popp! Home you go, Horace!"

7. Professor Popp, who was a very nice old gentleman, was so pleased to have his bird back again that he gave our chums ten shillings each for a reward. "Hurrah! Now we can have six teas each, Micky!" cheered Sonny. What lucky boys they are!

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

The old man showed the chums a quaint Chinese mandarin.

"WAIT for me, Maisie, will you? Miss Merryfair wants to speak to me. I'll be out in a minute."

And so saying, our little Tommy Twinkle, who had been on the point of leaving the school-house with the other boys and girls, ran back to see why it was Miss Merryfair wanted him.

His teacher smilingly made her way to her desk, and from the drawer took out a box in which was a quaint little carved brass box.

"Oh, Tommy, I wonder if you would kindly take this along to old Mr. Trent for me?" she asked. "I think you pass his shop on your way home. He is very interested in antiques of all kinds, and is very anxious to see this old snuff-box. I promised to take it myself this evening, but I have to attend a meeting instead. I know I can trust you to deliver it safely; Mr. Trent wants it this evening to show to a friend of his."

Tommy Twinkle, with his usual cheeriness, declared he would take the greatest care of the snuff-box, and so, thanking him, good Miss Merryfair wrapped up the box once more and gave it into our little boy's hands.

Maisie, his cousin, was waiting outside the school for him, and was naturally eager to know what had happened.

Tommy, holding the precious box very tightly, explained the errand that had been entrusted to him, and together the chums hurried on.

Arriving at the house they mounted the old-fashioned steps and rang the bell, which they heard clanging through the house for several seconds before old Mr. Trent himself appeared. He was a twinkly-eyed old gentleman in a round, velvet skull cap, and when he heard they came from Miss Merryfair he begged the chums to "come inside."

"Oh, thank you," murmured Maisie eagerly, who had caught sight of all sorts of exciting-looking objects in the hall—a shiny wooden chair shaped like a dragon, a big glistening ball suspended from the ceiling, a giant-sized elephant's tusk of ivory, carved most beautifully from end to end.

"You must thank Miss Merryfair for the snuff-box when you see her in the morning," smiled Mr. Trent, taking the packet lovingly. "And now you may both like to look at my treasures; I know I can trust you not to touch them."

"Of course not, sir," responded Tommy, gazing round in wonderment. He had never seen such a collection of quaint and wonderful things in all his life.

"Oh-h-h, look there!" cried Maisie, in sudden fright, pointing. And Mr. Trent, following her gaze, laughed heartily. What at first appeared to be a ferocious tiger was glaring at them from a corner, but the antique-collector soon showed the chums that it was a tiger-skin rug hanging over the back of a chair.

"What do you think of this queer fish?" asked Mr. Trent, showing them a large glass case in which reposed a gold-coloured fish with a wide "frill" round its neck. "I caught this when I was fishing in the tropics some years ago."

"It looks as though it is wearing a lace collar, doesn't it?" laughed Maisie merrily.

Tommy smiled mischievously as he turned to the old gentleman. "By the way, sir, have you ever used a bone as bait when you've been fishing?"

"A bone?" cried Mr. Trent in amused surprise. "Goodness me, no; what ever kind of fish would you expect to catch with a bone, pray?"

"A dog-fish, perhaps!" chuckled our merry little favourite. "Ha, ha, ha! I caught you that time, didn't I?"

How Mr. Trent and Maisie did laugh, to be sure!

"Well, well! I must see if I cannot think of a take-in to try on you, Master Tommy," retorted the old gentleman, preparing to depart with the snuff-box. "Oh, I must just show you this figure of a Chinese mandarin, though." And he pointed to a quaint little china figure of a smiling Chinaman, whose head must have been fitted on a sort of little spring, for he constantly nodded his head in a wise, knowing fashion.

THIS WEEK:

THE NODDING MANDARIN.

Merryfair he begged the chums to "come inside."

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"You must thank Miss Merryfair for the snuff-box when you see her in the morning," smiled Mr. Trent, taking the packet lovingly. "And now you may both like to look at my treasures; I know I can trust you not to touch them."

"He is supposed to be a great conjurer, too. The fancy markings on his robe show that, also the curious stick he carries. Well, I'll just take Miss Merryfair's box into my office to examine," said Mr. Trent. And off he went.

Maisie and Tommy gazed round them in wonder, and then their eyes came back to the nodding mandarin. The more they looked the broader his smile seemed to grow!

"Isn't he jolly?" smiled Maisie. "A conjurer, too? I—I wish he could do a few tricks for us now, don't you, Tommy?"

Tommy gave a start, and then he grinned. his magic shoes should give Maisie her wish, and a second later tap, tap went his right magic shoe.

Now, whenever Tommy does this, and wishes hard enough, his wish comes true, and this is just what happened now. Broader and broader grew the smile on the face of the Chinese mandarin; in fact, he grew bigger and broader altogether, and then suddenly he withdrew his hands from the wide sleeves of his robe and clapped them sharply. This so startled the chums that they blinked, and when they looked again—why, the mandarin was life-size and was standing on the carpet before them, smiling as blandly as ever.

"You wishee me to do some conjuring tricks, yes?" he remarked softly in a sing-song voice. "Then pay attention, if you please. Watchee!"

Maisie and Tommy stood fascinated as the mandarin tapped his stick once, twice, and hey presto! he held a dear little white kitten in his hand!

"Oh-h, the darling!" exclaimed Maisie, as the kitty gambolled over to her.

Still smiling, the mandarin once more tapped his stick, waved his arms in the air and a whole bunch of coloured balloons came floating down for the chums to catch. What fun they had with them, too!

"How do you do it, please, sir?" asked Tommy Twinkle merrily.

The Chinese mandarin shook his head, still smiling.

"Aha, that is my secret, little ones," he said good-humouredly. "The secret of my ancestors, too. Look again! I conjure once more!"

Turning his narrow, almond eyes upon Maisie, he added gently:

"Hold out your hand!"

Excitedly, Maisie obeyed, and the mandarin lightly tapped her palm with the tip of his magic wand. Instantly, the little girl found within her fingers a lovely, full-blown rose of palest pink, Maisie's favourite colour.

She could only gasp with amazement and stammer her thanks to the wonderful conjurer.

"Now you, Tommy," smiled the mandarin, turning to our little boy, who stood waiting and thoroughly enjoying it all (even though he himself had brought it all about).

Once more the chinaman waved his arms aloft, and then requested Tommy to feel in his right-hand trousers pocket.

Grinning merrily our little friend did so, and the next instant pulled out—what do you think, boys and girls? A whole string of gaily-coloured handkerchiefs, all knotted together! Out they came, dozens and dozens of them, until both the children were convulsed with laughter.

"What a fine trick," cried Tommy.

At last they came to an end, and lay round Tommy's feet like a huge bunch of gaily-coloured blossoms. The mandarin, still nodding and smiling, replaced his hands within his big sleeves, but Maisie begged for "Just one more conjuring trick, please—please?"

"Well, just once, and then Chung Ling's magic must end," announced the enchanted Chinaman. Again the conjuring stick was waved in the air, and Maisie rubbed her eyes at the sight before her now. A lovely little Chinese princess was dancing before them like a large, brightly-hued butterfly. Oh, it was lovely to watch her, and Maisie sighed with regret when the mandarin lightly clapped his hands, and, hey presto! the little Chinese lady leaped lightly into the air, and was gone!

"What a fine trick!" cried Tommy, pulling out the handkies.

Maisie and Tommy lifted their eyes to watch her, and when they glanced down again all the evidence of Chung Ling's wonderful conjuring tricks had vanished, too. The white kitten, and Tommy's multi-coloured pile of handkerchiefs. Only Maisie's rose was left, still in her hand. (Tommy had stamped his left magic shoe, you see.)

"Oh-h, what a wonderful person!" breathed the little girl, gazing enraptured at the now-small figure of the mandarin, back on its shelf against the wall.

Slippered footfalls could be heard and Mr. Trent entered, looking pleased.

"The snuff-box is a most interesting specimen," he beamed. "And I hope you have enjoyed seeing all my treasures?"

"We have, indeed, we have!" breathed Maisie, with a longing glance at the gently-nodding figure of the Chinese mandarin.

(Look out for another exciting adventure of Tommy Twinkle in your PLAYBOX *next week, boys and girls.)*

HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Ha, ha! The Baby Buntings do not seem to mind going back to school very much!" chuckled Chic as he opened the big PLAYBOX picture-book. "In fact they seem quite pleased!"

"And so would I be pleased if we had lessons like that!" laughed Paddy.

These funny Babies certainly did not seem to be taking their "lessons" very seriously. Peterkin made himself teacher, and was soon enjoying a jolly pirate story while his "pupils" got on with their "work"! Babs and Chubs worked very hard on a see-saw they had made, and Trixie was very busy drawing a beautiful portrait.

They were all getting on very nicely until Mrs. Bunting came in and asked them to repeat their A B C. Of course, they had all forgotten it and had to start learning it all over again. They did not like that lesson very much. Ha, ha!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—How are you getting on with your picture collections? Have you got many sets of "Funnies" yet? I am sure you are all doing your very best to win one of the lovely prizes that are being awarded in our grand Competition!

Some more "Funnies" appear on page 11 this week, and there are others appearing in "Rainbow" and "Tiger Tim's Weekly," so you will have plenty to add to your collections!

Pearl Porky is quite sure that she is going to win a prize, you know! The other morning she brought her little camera into my office and took a "snap" of me.

"That is another picture to add to my 'Funnies' collection," she said. "It ought to be the funniest of them all, I'm sure!"

Well I never! What a naughty thing to say! But I am afraid my picture will not help Pearl to win a prize! She does not deserve one after that, does she? Ha, ha!

Your jolly friend.

Uncle Ben

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Nancy Kelly, of Blairgowrie, Perthshire.

A SLOW RIDE FOR THE PIXIES.

"Oh dear! I do wish this old snail would hurry, Pip!" said Pop, the little pixie. "Fairy Buttercup will be *so cross* if we are late for school!"

"Gee up, Sleepy!" said Pip, tugging at the reins, but it made no difference! The funny old snail simply would not hurry! It had been Pip's idea to ride to school on Sleepy, and now he was beginning to wish he had never thought of it! The other pixies thought it was very funny and pelted them with peas as they went along. They were nearly an hour late for school, but they looked so funny on the snail's back that Fairy Buttercup forgave them at once!

Now, if you take your pencil and draw round the numbers, beginning at 1, you will see Sleepy's picture. Fairy Buttercup is hidden in the picture, too. See if you can find her!

LETTER LISTS. A Game To Play With Your Chums.

This is a very jolly little game to play after you have been having a romp, and feel like something quiet!

Each player is given a pencil and paper, and then the leader chooses a letter of the alphabet. Let us say C. He announces this to the players, and for the next five minutes they must try to make a list of all the things beginning with the letter C that they can see in the room; carpets, chairs, curtains, etc., and at the end of five minutes the lists are added up. The longest list wins the game, of course. Then another letter of the alphabet is chosen and the game starts again. It is splendid practice for sharp eyes, and quite exciting, too!

DIBS MAKES A THREEPENNY CROSS!

1. "Here is a teaser for you, Dabs!" said little Dibs one morning. "I have got three pennies here. Can you make a cross with them?" Dabs tried hard for a long time, but at last had to give it up.

2. She was quite sure it could not be done, but Dibs gave an artful smile, and pickling up the pennies together, he used them to mark out a cross on a piece of paper. "It's easy!" he chuckled. "Cwaght you, Dabs!"

BEDTIME!

"Goodness! You do look tired, Jimmy Jumbo! What have you been doing all day?"

"Sleeping, Dicky!"

"Sleeping! Then why are you so tired now?"

"I dreamed I had been chopping wood all day, and I woke up feeling so tired that I decided to go straight to bed."

"Ha, ha! You funny chap! You are just like a river!"

"Why?"

"Because a river stops in a bed all its life! Ha, ha!"

"Ah! But I do rise sometimes, Dicky!"

"So does a river, after the rain! Hee, hee!"

"You must not laugh at me, Dicky! Do you know that for a whole year I could not walk at all?"

"Goodness me! How was that?"

"I was not old enough! Ha, ha! I am not too sleepy to catch you, my lad! Good-night!"

ASK YOUR CHUMS THESE!

Q. Why is a railway line like a bridesmaid?

A. Because they both carry the "train"!

Q. Which pets are eaten?

A. Crum-pets!

Q. Which is the jolliest tune of all?

A. Fortune.

Q. Which is the best land for cats?

A. Lapland.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

Paddy's Pop-gun will not Pop and the Chums are Prisoners, but the Wizard's Turtle Servant brings them a Surprise.

"AHA! Now I can see you better, my friend."

And the Great Foozle, who was a wizard on the Wonderful Island, fixed his specs upon the end of his nose and gazed at little Teddy Bear.

It was really a thrilling moment. You see, Paddy and his playmates were in the Great Foozle's castle and this horrid wizard had stolen Paddy's magic pop-gun!

It was Teddy Bear who had thought of the clever plan to get the pop-gun back. Fixing a dish-cover over his back, he disguised himself as a turtle, who was the wizard's servant. Then he carried a tray of supper into the wizard's room, hoping to be able to get the magic pop-gun back.

Paddy and Timbo kept watch at the door and were quite sure Teddy's plan would succeed, for the wizard was so short-sighted. But they were not so certain when the wizard fixed his spectacles on his nose!

"H'm! Ah! Why! Who are you?" thundered the Great Foozle, as he bent down to glare at poor, shivering Teddy. "You aren't my turtle! You are a fraud! Where is my magic wand? I will work some magic at once and change you into a—a—a—something very horrid. Just you wait."

As the Great Foozle thrust out his hand Teddy Bear dodged underneath it and darted away in alarm.

"Help!" he cried.

Outside the door, Timbo looked at Paddy in dismay.

"Oh dear! How can we help poor Teddy?" he whispered.

As he spoke, there came a sudden crash. In his haste to get away Teddy had bumped into a big vase and sent it crashing to the floor!

C-R-A-S-H!

Down it went, smashing into a thousand pieces, and Paddy grasped Timbo's paw excitedly. For amongst all the broken pieces lay the magic pop-gun! It had been hidden in the vase!

"Hurrah!" cried the little boy, and with Timbo at his heels, he raced into the room, picked up the pop-gun, and pointed it at the wizard.

"Leave our Teddy alone," he cried sternly, "or I shall work some magic upon you!"

For a moment the wizard looked amazed, but not for long. Soon he gave a great roar of laughter.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he cried. "Go on, then. Try to magic me."

Looking very grim, Paddy fired the pop-gun. Always before it had gone off POP and some magic had very soon happened, but this time no sound came!

"The pop-gun didn't go off pop, Paddy!" Timbo said nervously.

"Of course it didn't!" roared the wizard. "It hasn't got a pop any more. I took the pop away and now it cannot work any magic. Ho, ho! You can't get away from me now."

And looking very pleased with himself, the Great Foozle rang a bell. After a while the turtle appeared, just as sleepy as usual.

"Here, you lazy thing!" cried the Great Foozle. "Lock up all these people again, and woe betide you if you let them go."

Now that his pop-gun could not work any magic, Paddy had to obey the wizard, and he turned to follow the turtle. But before he went he cried:

"We shall beat you yet, wizard, and rescue little Pitpat, too."

For Pitpat was a little girl whom Paddy felt sure was a prisoner in the castle.

playmates feel more miserable. How they longed to be free again!

At last, as it grew dark, the little chums fell asleep and dreamed happy dreams of the time when they were playing among the flowers in the sunshine.

Timbo was the first to wake in the morning, and, looking from the window, he gave a shout and wakened the others. Together they looked from the window to see a coach rolling away from the castle.

"I'm sure Pitpat is in that coach!" said Paddy grimly. "But we shall rescue her yet!"

The playmates felt sure Pitpat was being taken away in the coach, but where was she going? Dolly Daydream sat down on a stone seat, her chin cupped in her hands.

"But how shall we ever rescue her, Paddy?" she asked. "We have to escape

"I'm sure Pitpat is in that coach," said Paddy, "but we'll rescue her yet!"

The wizard grinned.

"Oh, no, you won't!" he chuckled. "Anyway, Pitpat is leaving here to-morrow and you will never find out where she is going."

Sadly the three playmates turned and marched off, the turtle leading the way. They soon met all the other playmates, and to them Paddy told the sad news.

"My pop-gun won't work magic any more," he sighed, "and we are all going to be locked up in a dungeon."

It was an unhappy band of playmates who walked off to the dungeon, and the turtle wiped a tear from his eye as he locked them in.

"Dear, dear!" he sighed. "You make me feel quite sad, you really do. But cheer up and I will try to bring you some nice breakfast to-morrow."

It was a dreary little dungeon and the sight of the green trees and blue sky from the small barred window only made the

from here first, and even then—your pop-gun won't work magic any more."

Paddy sighed, but then he began to cheer up a little.

"I have an idea!" he said. "We must wait until the turtle comes with our breakfast."

Wondering what Paddy's idea was, the playmates waited anxiously until they heard lagging feet approaching the cell door. Then the turtle appeared at the small window, holding a piece of paper and a pencil.

"Orders for breakfast, please," he said, and the playmates beamed.

"Goodness! Can we have what we like?" Golly cried. "Then the Great Foozle isn't such a bad chap, after all. I'll have some hot porridge."

"I'll have treacle tart!" added Teddy.

"Bread and milk for me!" chimed in Buddy.

The turtle licked his pencil and began to write on the paper.

"Ten portions of dry bread and water," he said, and the playmates gasped.

"That's not what we ordered!" they cried.

"I know," said the turtle, nodding. "But it is what you will get. That's the wizard's joke, you see."

Paddy shook the bars angrily.

"The Great Foozle is a horrid old man," he said. "I wonder you work for him."

"I wonder I do!" sighed the turtle.

"Why don't you run away with us, turtle?" asked Paddy. "We could show you a jolly wood to live in, where you could sleep all night and all day, too."

The turtle opened his eyes wide.

"Really?" he asked, but then he frowned and shook his head.

"I daren't run away," he said. "The Great Foozle would get so mad, and I know he would work some magic upon me."

"He would never find you," answered Paddy. "And just think of that lovely sleep you could have."

The turtle looked at his toes, sighed again, and then walked off.

"No, I daren't listen," he said. "Wait here and I will bring your breakfast."

The playmates could not very well do anything but wait, locked up as they were in a dungeon!

"He wouldn't listen, Paddy!" sighed Golly. "We shall never escape from here."

At last the sound of footsteps told them the turtle was returning, and presently he appeared, carrying a tray with a silver cover over it.

Opening the little barred window in the door, he pushed the tray inside and then closed the door again.

"A special treat for breakfast!" he whispered, and before he ambled off he winked an eye.

"H'm! Yes, hard bread and water, I know," said Golly, seizing the cover.

But as he lifted it off the tray the playmates stared and stared, their breath taken quite away.

For there upon the tray was not what they expected to see. They did not see bread and water, or anything to eat, in fact!

"Goodness!" cried Golly. "It cannot be true!"

"But it is so!" cried Golly. "Oh, Paddy! What luck!"

(What is it the playmates have found upon the tray? Can you guess? Look out for more of Paddy's and his playmates' amazing adventures upon the Wonderful Island next week!)

TOM GIVES TEACHER THE STICK AND DUNCE'S CAP INSTEAD OF HER SUNSHADE

1. When teacher fell asleep one day Tom took the dunce's cap off Snip's head, saying: "Watch me!"

2. Then he fixed the cane inside the cap and had the sunshade that had been standing beside the desk.

3. "Oh dear, I must get a little fresh air!" teacher said. "I'll take my sunshade." Tom and Snip smiled.

4. "Come and see teacher open her 'sunshade'!" said Tom, and everyone laughed, for up went the dunce's cap!

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy and Polly save some jewels for Mistress Beattie that had been stolen by pirates with the help of Polly's wicked aunt. A party is given in the little girls' honour, and they learn that the pirates and aunt are now imprisoned. Later Wendy finds Polly in tears.

1. Wendy soon found Polly was crying because she felt she had no home now. "I'd never want to live with aunty again," she sobbed, so Wendy promised not to leave her alone.

2. That seemed to comfort Polly, for she had grown very fond of Wendy, and after that they both enjoyed the party. How everyone cheered the brave little girls for tricking the pirates.

3. Wendy and Polly danced among the guests until early next morning, and then after a rest and some breakfast they set off for the skipper's cottage on the cliff-top.

4. As they were walking along Wendy suddenly remembered that she had left her magic carpet behind some rocks. "That was the day you brought me to the sea-side!" exclaimed Polly.

5. "I do hope my carpet is still safe!" cried Wendy. "I wouldn't like to lose it!" They hurried down to the sands and there it was, tucked behind the rocks where she had left it.

6. She was delighted to find it again, and when they were walking up the cliff-path and saw the skipper outside his cottage she said to Polly: "Get under the carpet and we'll creep along."

7. At sight of this strange-looking thing crawling towards him the old skipper jumped up with a loud cry. "Bless me, am I dreaming?" he exclaimed. Then the carpet jumped up.

8. How he laughed when he saw Wendy and Polly, but he looked sad when he thought Wendy had brought the carpet to carry her away. "I shall not go until Polly finds a home," Wendy said.

9. Now, the skipper's wife had heard Wendy say this and a happy smile came over her face. She beckoned Polly into the cottage, saying: "I think I can make you happy, my dear!"

10. Wonderingly, Polly followed the old lady up the narrow stairs and stared in surprise when she flung open a door and said: "Would you like to live with us, Polly, and have this little room?" "Oh, how pretty!" cried Polly. "I'd be so happy with you!"

11. Skipping eagerly downstairs, she ran to tell Wendy the good news. "Now you will never feel unhappy or lonely," said Wendy, "and the skipper's wife won't be lonely when he is at sea." As her chum was happy Wendy brushed her carpet to make it rise.

12. She always felt an excited thrill as it rose into the air with her, for she never knew what her next adventure would be like and who she would meet. Over hill and dale, fields and rivers she flew, and after some time the wonderful carpet floated to earth.

13. It was carrying her towards such a funny little flat-roofed building called "Penny House," and for some reason Wendy felt with a name like that a penguin must live there. "Anyway, someone is calling for help!" she cried. "I must see who it is!"

(Aren't you longing to know more about this strange little house and whoever is inside? Don't miss next week's exciting instalment.)

MRS. HIPPO

1. Artful Baby Jumbo had been reading while the girls picked blackberries, but she wanted to help make the tart. "Oh, I think you've got to do the washing," said Tilly. "Mrs. Hippo wants it."

2. You see, the girls didn't really want Baby to help with the tart. "She tastes so many blackberries that there are only stems left," said Betty. "Hang them up on that hook, Tilly, until we are ready!"

3. But when Baby came along with the washing f Mrs. Hippo in a basket she looked up and saw th basket of berries. "I'd better taste a few to see they are ripe enough for a tart," she chuckled.

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Ah, Jane has taken down the picture of Uncle Mouser," said Dibs. "Everyone says I'm like him." And he decided to play a trick on Jane.

2. Dabs and Floppy were surprised when they saw Dibs take the picture out of its frame. "I'll show them some 'moving pictures,'" Dibs chuckled.

3. A little later Jane came in with some water. "That picture does look dirty!" she cried, and Floppy said: "Yes, you give it a good scrub!"

4. Dibs meant to leap out and make them jump, but he soon had a wet cloth in his face. "Help!" cried Jane, and Dabs and Floppy did laugh.

"What vegetable does no one like to find in a saucepan!"
"I know, Reggie! No one likes to find a leek (leak)!"

SAMBO

1. Two little nigs asked Sambo for a lift and he said: "I'se no room for yo' in dis li'l car!"

2. They l so Sambo t back and gav

4. "It am a pity your trumpets hab no wheels Sambo said. Then he had an idea. "We'll put d in dese little trucks. Den yo' climb inside," he cri

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. Scamp's two cousins, Wuff and Yap, came along just as the Woollies were making a cart, and they called it "a noise." "Don't go just yet, doggies," said Bobby. "We would like your help in a minute."

2. "Yes, would you like to be artists, doggies?" said Percy, and when Wuff and Yap wuffed and yapped, meaning: "Yes, please," those artful boys told them they could "draw" their cart. Ha, ha!

3. "What ever you do, don't stop!" cried Wil "Especially near our school." The doggies promis and away they went. "This is as good as Samb car!" cried Reggie. "Bye-bye, Dr. Woolly!"

S SCHOOL

4. And as it happened, the washing-basket came in seful, for Baby was able to stand on it to reach the erries. Just then Mrs. Hippo saw the towel she anted peeping out of the basket, and she pulled it.

5. Well, that rather upset things, including Baby, the basket and the blackberries. "Help! There's an earthquake under my feet," cried Baby, and down she fell, pulling the berries on top of her.

6. She did look funny covered in squashed fruit. "Ha, ha! You look like a big blackberry yourself!" chuckled Polly. "We must scrub you hard!" Luckily, there were enough berries left for the tart.

SCORCHER

disappointed rucks to the ide that way.

3. Presently they met Pete Puff and Bill Blow. "We want a ride, too, Sambo!" they sighed.

. The nigs were only very tiny, so he managed to eeze them into the car and so gave them all a ride ne. "Three cheers for Sambo!" piped Pete.

SAMMY SEAL

1. Patsy wanted Sammy to help wash the deck, but Sammy said he was too busy. "These quoits wouldn't like it if I didn't play with them" he said.

2. He wanted to throw them over Patsy's nose, but when Patsy said: "No," Sammy thought the mop handle would do. "Now watch me!" he cried.

3. "Do you think you can get it over that handle," Patsy said teasingly. "Of course! I'm a champion quoit player!" boasted Sammy, and threw one.

4. But something poked round the corner and caught that quoit. It was the captain's telescope. "Cap'n's at the other end of it, too," sighed Sammy.

WOOLLY BOYS

"Why is a baker always likely to be hungry, Percy?"

"Because he sells the bread he kneads (needs) himself, Bobby!"

4. "Hi, stop, boys! It is time for lessons!" cried their teacher, but the doggies went on, even when they came to a big hole in the road. "Those planks will just hold, doggies," said the workmen.

5. But, of course, the boys' cart fell in between the planks. "Oh, dear, now we are in a hole!" cried Willy, as he looked round and saw Dr. Woolly waiting for them. The doggies found Mother Hubbard.

6. They were so happy because she had a big bone each for them, but the Woollies were not quite sure what they were going to get. "Plenty of lessons, I know!" sighed Percy. "I hope the cane is lost."

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

MAGGIE THE MOP.

"Ah, I think it is safe to get up and play now!"

Maggie was the little mop who lived in the kitchen and helped with the washing-up. Of course, she was very quiet all day, but when everybody had gone to bed, she stood up and stretched and called to the brooms and pails and Susie Scrubbing-Brush, her special friend.

"Coo-ee-ee!" called Maggie, and listened.

There was a rumbling and rattling, and then, out of their corners came her chums. Maggie jumped down into the middle of the floor to meet them.

"Hallo, Maggie!" cried Percy Pail, making a clatter as he bumped into Daisy Dustpan. "Let's have a game of 'Ring-o'-Roses' first, shall we?"

"Oh, yes, I love that game!" said Bobby Brush. "Especially the 'all fall down' part."

Bertie Broom and Susie Scrubbing-Brush soon joined them, and the game began.

They did have some fun, and it was Bertie who made them laugh most—for every time he fell down he knocked his head on the cupboard.

"Ah, it doesn't hurt!" he laughed. "My head is just as hard as the cupboard, for it is wood, you see!"

The next game they played was "Hide-and-Seek."

"I'll shut my eyes and come and find you," said Maggie. "Call when you are ready!"

Now, before long, there was a little scream from Susie, and everybody came out of their hiding-places to see what was the matter.

They found Susie standing shivering under a chair and pointing to a little hole at the bottom of the wall.

"I—I saw two big eyes in that hole—I did really!" she cried.

Everyone took it in turns to peer into the hole, but, of course, the "eyes" had gone. You see, they belonged to Mr. Mouse, and when he heard feet trotting over to his hole, he drew back.

It was Percy who guessed it was Mr. Mouse, though.

The water swished into Mr. Mouse's face.

"He is after that nice piece of cheese I was saving for our supper!" he said. "He is sure to come back again when he thinks we have gone, and are busy with our games!"

"Well, I'll keep watch while you play," said Bobby. But everyone thought that would be very dull for Bobby, and they wanted him to join in the games.

"We're going to play leap-frog in a minute, and you know how good you are at that, Bobby," said Daisy Dustpan.

And then Maggie began to chuckle.

"I know how to give Mr. Mouse a surprise that will stop him from coming back again!" she said. "But you must all keep very quiet."

They promised and wondered what Maggie meant to do, and they were certainly very puzzled when Maggie turned on the tap and put her head under it. Then she hurried over to the hole.

"Don't stand too near me," she warned them.

So they waited quietly at a distance and before long Mr. Mouse again peeped from the hole.

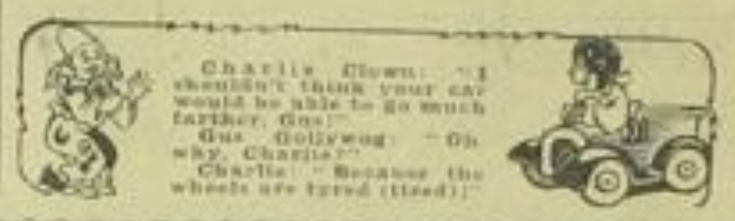
Everything was so quiet that he was bold enough to put his head right out, and then Maggie shook her head hard, near the hole.

Whoosh! the water swished off it into Mr. Mouse's face.

"Ha, ha! Isn't he having a fine shower-bath!" giggled Susie, and they all laughed.

As for Mr. Mouse, he flew off with a surprised gasp, much to the chums' delight, and he didn't worry them any more that evening.

How they did enjoy their cheese supper afterwards, and everyone gave three cheers for Maggie Mop for frightening the mouse away!



AT SNOWDROP'S ZOO

1. "Hallo, Snowdrop!" cried Migs and Piggy, proud of their new hats. But Chic frowned.

2. "You are very rude boys," he said. "You should have raised your hats to Snowdrop."

3. "Like this!" he added. With a little bow he raised his own hat and walked off.

4. "Chic need not have been so cross with us!" said Piggy. Later they put some sticky stuff in Chic's hat.

5. That afternoon, when they went for a walk, they met Snowdrop and Trixie. "Hats off, boys!" said Chic.

6. But his hat had stuck to his head! "Chic is not polite!" said Trixie, and smiled at Migs and Piggy.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. A Jolly Sale.
2. Salt and Song Catches.
3. Message by Glider.

THE CHUMS ARE ABLE TO BUY FINE NEW TOYS AFTER TESS TURNS OUT THE CABIN AND HAS A SALE.

SCAMP TRIES TO CATCH THE LITTLE BIRD WITH SALT, AND HIS CHUM WITH A BAND.

CURLY'S GLIDER FLIES INTO A HOUSE WHICH IS SHUT UP, AND BRINGS BACK A MESSAGE FOR HELP.

BRIGHTEYES

Nancy proves a match for Amy Vincent.

FOR NEW READERS.—Brighteyes goes to the station to meet a new girl named Nancy. She is a very wilful little girl, and, declaring that she will not go to school, jumps on to the back of a motor-car which is just moving away!

1. Our little girl gave a cry of dismay as she saw the big car drive off with Nancy Drew clinging to the back. There was no doubt that she meant to run away, and Brighteyes dashed down the road after her. "Nancy! Come back!" she cried. "You must come to school!"

2. But the naughty girl only laughed as she heard Brighteyes calling her. She felt quite sure that our little girl would soon give up the chase, and as the car swept round a bend in the road, Nancy leapt off and made a dash for a near-by barn. But Brighteyes had seen her!

3. By this time she was very tired and breathless with running—but it had been worth it! Now that Nancy had left the motor-car she could be caught easily! Creeping into the farmyard, Brighteyes gazed round at the barns and stables. "She must be hiding somewhere!" she cried.

4. At that moment a rather queer-looking figure in shabby overalls and a wide straw hat came shuffling out of the barn. Brighteyes turned eagerly and cried: "Oh, little boy! Have you seen a girl in your farmyard?" "No, miss, I haven't," came the rather gruff reply.

5. Thinking that there was something rather strange about the little boy, Brighteyes made a move towards him—but he dodged away. The next minute his hat was swept off by the branch of a tree, revealing a mass of golden curls! "It is Nancy!" cried Brighteyes.

6. She ran across to the little runaway and caught her arm tightly. "You have been a very naughty girl, Nancy!" she exclaimed sharply. "Now, you must come back to school with me at once!" "But I don't want to go to a stuffy old school!" exclaimed Nancy sulkily.

7. But whatever Nancy said, Brighteyes had been told to fetch her back to the school, and she meant to carry out Miss Barry's wishes. "But there is nothing to be frightened of, Nancy!" she murmured, feeling rather sorry for the little new girl. "You'll be quite happy!"

8. Seeing the kind look in our little girl's eyes, Nancy began to cheer up. She had always dreaded going to school, but little Brighteyes had made her forget her fears until they reached the school. There they met Amy Vincent, who roared with laughter at little Nancy.

9. "Goodness! Are you supposed to be the new girl!" she cried. "You look more like a scarecrow to me! Is that a sack you are wearing?" Nancy's hot temper flared up at once. She was not used to being laughed at, and snatching off her hat, she jammed it over Amy's eyes!

10. Amy was so taken by surprise that she had no idea how well she had been served until she tried to get the hat off. It was really much too small for her, and the crown gripped round her head like an iron band. "O-oh. Help! Get it off, please!" she gasped. "I—I can't see!" "Ha, ha, ha! Now who is a scarecrow?" laughed Nancy merrily. "Perhaps that will teach you not to call me names, you bad girl!"

11. Little Brighteyes could not help laughing at the unlucky Amy. She made a very funny picture as she danced round the playground trying to pull the old hat off her head; in fact, the two little girls laughed so much that they did not notice the arrival of Miss Barry until Amy suddenly staggered against her. "What is the meaning of this?" demanded the dancing teacher sternly. "Who has been playing tricks on you, Amy?"

(Will this mean more trouble for Nancy? You must not miss the next part of this exciting story, boys and girls! Order your PLAYBOX now!)

"LITTLE MAN"

The "Prisoners" on the Island have an Exciting Time.

A THRILLING STORY YOU'LL ALL ENJOY.

"This is a jolly fine supper!" said Tim.

"Robinson and Crusoe."

IT came as a great delight to little Tim Trotter and Michael Baxter, his chum, when they travelled back from the seaside at the end of the summer holidays in a seaplane. The pilot brought them down upon the smooth water of a reservoir, near to Mulberry School.

"Thank you very much. We'll be all right now, sir!" Michael cried, watching him glide off into the mist before they picked up their bags and trudged through the closely-grown trees and bushes that fringed the big, grey sheet of water.

In half an hour, they told themselves, they would be safe in the school, making all their school friends stare in envy as they told the story of their fine adventure.

You can just imagine what a shock it was to them, therefore, when they trudged out of the bushes to see before them, not the fence round the reservoir grounds which they had expected, but water stretching round them on all sides.

"Oh, Tim, we've landed on an island!" Michael gasped in dismay. "What shall we do?"

For a few moments Tim stared about him in an astonished way, hardly able to believe that it was true.

"An island?" he gasped. "B-but it can't be!" though, when he and his chum walked round close to the water's edge, they saw that it was true.

Still far away, across the misty surface of the water, they could see the wooded borders of the reservoir, and they heard, very faintly, the purr of a motor-car passing along the road beyond the belt of trees and bushes that divided the reservoir from the fence which enclosed it.

And away to the right, not more than a hundred yards, they could see another island just like this one that they were on.

Tim turned to his chum in astonishment, for this was a strange and rather alarming end to their exciting journey from the sea.

"But, Michael," he gasped, "I can't understand it! Why did Captain Mathieson put us ashore here?"

"I expect because he thought it was the mainland," said Michael, with a wry smile, "just the same as we did. I never thought for a moment this was an *island*."

"Nor did I," muttered Tim. "It must have been the mist that deceived us. And it's getting thicker," he added grimly as he pointed across the lake. "Here's a fine thing, I must say! Who would have dreamed this would happen?"

Michael nodded just as grimly, peering across the water towards the shore, which was gradually vanishing in the thickening mist which rolled down from the surrounding hills. Then, quite suddenly, he burst into a peal of such unexpected laughter that Tim gazed at him almost in alarm.

"What ever are you laughing at, Michael?" Tim gasped.

"I'm laughing because it's all so funny," said Michael. "Who ever heard of anyone being cast away on a desert island in a reservoir! Here we are," he cried, "half a mile from the school, and stranded just like old Robinson Crusoe." He laughed again merrily, despite the awkward situation. "I think that's what we'll have to call ourselves, Tim," he said. "Robinson and Crusoe."

Tim grinned in spite of himself.

"I reckon you're right, Michael," he said. "Robinson and Crusoe—and silly old men to do so. What are we going to do about it? We can't swim—it's too far."

"And too cold, if you ask me," said Michael. "I'd rather stay on dry land."

"But it won't be very dry if we've got to sleep under a bush all night," Tim pointed out. "And we can't build a nest like a pair of herons. Is there anyone in charge of this reservoir?"

"Yes," said Michael. "There's a man who looks after it. I've seen him out in a boat."

"Then I think we'd better shout until he hears us," said Tim as the cold mist began to wrap itself about them like a wet blanket. "I'm feeling chilly already."

Standing upon the edge of the lonely inlet, the boys cupped their hands about their mouths and shouted at the tops of their voices.

"Ahoy!" they yelled. "*Help!* Bring out a boat! We're stranded! *Ahoy!*"

But even if there had been a waterman near to help them the shouts of the two boys were muffled by the mist, and after a while, as there came no sight nor sound from the mainland, the boys realised that they could spare their voices, for shouting was in vain.

It began to be quite plain that there was little hope of rescue while the island and the reservoir were wrapped in thick, autumn mist. And Tim and Michael began to realise grimly that if the mist remained, as it was likely to, until the close of the day, they would be marooned indeed and have no option but to spend the night upon the island.

In vain the boys trudged round the island searching for a boat. There were not even a few logs with which to make a raft.

And, after his first amusement at the strangeness of this new adventure, it became Michael's turn to look glum and to become very worried. "The Head will be phoning daddy, and he'll think we've crashed!" he said.

But, as Tim pointed out, there they were, just like two castaways on a South Sea Island, and there didn't seem to be anything they could do except make the best of it.

"I know," said Michael. "But I don't fancy staying here all night very much. It wouldn't be so bad if we could make a fire and keep ourselves warm. But we haven't got any matches. All we've got to last us through the night is that flask of hot coffee mummy gave us to drink in the train."

Tim nodded. He himself did not much relish the idea of sleeping all night in the open. The only way to keep warm, he declared, was to burrow like a rabbit.

"I know what we'll do!" he said cheerfully as he turned through the trees. "We'll find a nice thick bush in the densest part of the island and make a big hole in it like a cave. Then when the times comes to sleep," he added as he thrust his way through the bushes, "we'll crawl into the cave like a couple of tortoises and—and—I say! *Look!*"

Michael jumped at his chum's sudden cry of surprise and paled a little, wondering what was the matter.

But the next moment his face grew bright with relief and joy as Tim pointed to a small hut half hidden in the trees.

"Do you see, Michael?" he cried, forging his way ahead delightedly. "There's a shack. A place to shelter for the night. And there's a chimney as well!" he gasped. "I say, Michael, here's a bit of luck! I wonder if we can get in? Let's go and see!"

And, with his heart thumping, Michael hurried after him as Tim charged eagerly through the bushes.

The Waterman's Hut.

Here was a lucky discovery, as the two chums admitted ever afterwards.

For not only was this quaint waterman's shack very snug and comfortable, with a mattress of dry bracken in the corner to sleep on, but here, too, was a cosy little grate already laid with dry sticks and with a box of dry matches standing upon the hob.

But inside the fender there was a heap of fresh, dry fuel, and—most delightful of all—in a small cupboard the boys found a little store of provisions, consisting of a loaf, fresh eggs, bacon, tea, and butter.

It was quite plain, of course, that the food belonged to the waterman who, on occasions, found it convenient to sleep on the island, and who, judging by the freshness of the butter and bacon, intended to visit the shack in the very near future.

"Perhaps this is a hut they use for fishing," Michael said. "There are some fine fish in the reservoir, I've heard."

But that did not concern the chums just then. With rising spirits they soon had a bright fire blazing as they proceeded to prepare themselves a delicious meal, and one which they needed very badly.

Never before had food tasted more delicious than the fried eggs and bacon and hot coffee and bread-and-butter to which they sat down that evening. Nor did they pause to consider that it was not their own food they were eating.

"We'll have to tell the waterman we've had it and pay him back, that's all," said Tim, with a grin. "It's a jolly fine supper, though! What about another rasher, Michael?"

But Michael, who declared that he wouldn't mind being a castaway as long as the food lasted, shook his head, saying that they had better save what was left for breakfast in the morning.

A stranger but a happier evening than that one upon the island the boys had never spent, and they forgot all about the damp mist outside as they sat and talked before the greenwood fire, and, growing sleepy at last, they lay down upon their bed of bracken and slept peacefully, with their suitcases for pillows.

In the morning they were up betimes, to see that the mist was gradually going before a bright sun. The fire was out, but there were plenty more matches and fuel.

"Come on, Tim, let's get the fire going!" Michael cried. "The smoke will be a good signal!"

"All right!" cried Tim, throwing on his clothes and hurrying out. "Let me go and see if the mist has cleared." His heart thumped eagerly as he pushed his way through the bushes towards the edge. "If it has, Michael," he shouted, "we ought to—I say, quick! Come and see—*come and see!*" he cried in breathless excitement.

And Michael, with his shoes still unlaced, sped out of the shack and charged through the bushes towards him. What Tim had seen, what new discovery he had made now he could not think!

(What is it that Tim has found? You will read all about it in next week's thrilling instalment of this lovely story. Do not miss it!)

THE BIGGEST PRIZE OFFER EVER IN *PLAYBOX*.

2,000 SECOND PRIZES — SCOOTERS, AEROPLANES, "MECCANO" SETS, DANCING DOLLS, AND GAMES

4,000 THIRD PRIZES — BIG PAINT BOXES, BOX GAMES, AND LOVELY GIFT BOOKS

For Saving "Funnies"

"FUNNIES" are giving fun and thrills to readers everywhere! All over the country boys and girls are joining in this great stamp-collecting race which has such a staggering prize-list.

Isn't it absolutely amazing? Fairycycles or Tricycles for a whole HUNDRED winners—then TWO Thousand Scooters, Aeroplanes, "Meccano" Sets, Toys, etc.—and still FOUR Thousand other Grand Prizes after that.

If you are not yet competing in this great game, start at once, because all you do is collect the "Funnies" picture stamps we are now giving each week and make them up into sets of four. The boys and girls who get most sets in the next few weeks will win the prizes.

There are four different stamps to look for—Tiger Tim, Mrs. Bruin, Porky, and Jumbo. You need 1, 2, 3, and 4 to make a set each time.

We give five more this week. Cut them out and put them with those you have saved already, and try to make them into sets.

And there's a Big Gift for you this week. A Special Bumper Stamp actually worth SIX whole sets of "Funnies." Cut that one out right away and add SIX to your total of sets.

More "Funnies" coming in next week's PLAYBOX, and you will find still more in "Tiger Tim's Weekly" and "Rainbow." Get these famous papers and watch your pile of "Funnies" grow.

Only "Funnies" count in this grand competition (no other pictures!), and the more sets you get the nearer you are to a lovely prize.

No stamps to be sent up yet. We'll soon tell you how and where. The rules of the offer were given last week, and will appear again later.

READERS OVERSEAS can enjoy "Funnies" fun, too! 500 Special Money and Other Prizes are being reserved for you. Look out for your special closing date.

BIG-VALUE STAMP.

More "Funnies" next week!

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS.—Uncle Paul catches the twins on board the Flying Fish. Later, by accident, he falls overboard, and Brave Joe at once goes in search of him.

1. Putting the nose of the Flying Fish towards the sea, Joe zoomed down to the water and skimmed lightly over the waves. "Can you see anything of Uncle Paul, Effie?" he cried anxiously. "No!" replied the little girl from the tower. "We must search somewhere else, Joe!"

2. On and on they flew in widening circles until at last Effie gave an excited cry. "There he is, Joe!" she exclaimed, pointing to a dark speck far away in the water. "Can you see him?" Joe rushed up with a pair of field glasses and peered through them eagerly.

3. The twins did not pause to think how badly their uncle had treated them in the past. They knew that he was in great danger now, and they did not hesitate to go to his aid. Bringing the ship to a standstill on the water, Joe dragged the folding boat from the hold and launched it.

4. Knowing that every moment was precious, he waved a hasty good-bye to Effie, and set the little engine going. The next minute the tiny craft was shooting over the water towards the struggling figure of Uncle Paul. "All right! You will soon be safe now, Uncle!" yelled Joe.

5. He was only just in time! Uncle Paul was a powerful man, but his long swim in the sea had tired him very much, and he was just about to sink beneath the waves when Joe arrived! Leaning over the side of the little boat, he caught his old enemy by the arm and dragged him aboard!

6. He lay in the boat gasping for breath as Joe sailed back to the Flying Fish, and it was all the twins could do to drag him aboard between them! How strange it seemed that this man, whom they dreaded so much, should be so helpless! "Get him to bed!" murmured Joe.

7. When they had dragged the man to their cabin, Effie rushed back to the kitchen and prepared a big bowl of hot soup for him. Meanwhile, Joe helped him out of his wet clothes, and wrapped him in warm blankets. "Thanks," he murmured. "I'll not trouble you any more."

8. Later, when Uncle Paul was fast asleep, the twins went quietly to the control cabin to start on the return journey. "Joe," whispered Effie softly, "I do believe Uncle Paul is sorry for the way he has treated us!" "Yes! I think he wants to be friends!" exclaimed Joe.

9. It was a long trip back to the island where they had left Captain Scott, and Joe had to drive very carefully for fear of missing it. But at last Effie gave an eager cry and pointed out of the cabin window! "We are here, Joe!" she exclaimed. "I can see the captain on the quay!"

10. Quickly Joe brought the ship down on to the smooth water of the bay, and then, without disturbing Uncle Paul, the twins jumped into the little boat and skimmed towards the shore. Captain Scott, who was waiting impatiently on the quayside, called out: "What ever happened to you, children?" "Something really exciting!" exclaimed Effie with a happy smile. "We have some very strange news for you, captain!"

11. Anchoring the boat hastily, they dashed up the steps to tell the captain about their adventure with Uncle Paul. "We saved him from the sea, captain!" exclaimed Effie. "And now he is going to be our friend——" The next instant a cry from Joe drowned her words. "Look!" he shouted, pointing over the water. "The Flying Fish is sinking! Uncle Paul has done this! He has cheated us again, captain!"

(Once again Uncle Paul has succeeded with his cunning! What will happen now? Read more of this lovely story in next week's PLAYBOX.)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. —Saturday, September 30th, 1939.

LG

THE PLAYBOX 2d.

WIN A PRIZE IN OUR WONDERFUL COMPETITION. SEE PAGE 11.

PLAYBOX 2d

SONNY TAKES HIS CHUMS FOR A "RIDE."

1. Our chums were trying to have a quiet read the other morning when Dicky and Dan came rushing in. "Ha, ha! We like playing in your house," they chuckled merrily.

2. "Well, I wish you would play somewhere else!" muttered Micky crossly. "I was just going to start doing my 'Funnies'! Let us go and read in the quiet kitchen, Sonny."

3. But there was to be no peace for our chums that day! "They are coming after us, Sonny!" wailed Micky. "Oh, are they?" muttered our clever little bear.

4. And when Dicky and Dan came in they found that Sonny had arranged the chairs in a row like a motor-bus! "Hurrah! We love playing at buses!" cheered Dicky. "Can I be the driver, Micky?" "Of course!" chuckled the little monk. "You can both drive, if you like!"

5. Then those two noisy boys began to climb into the front seat. "Hold very tight, please!" cried Sonny, who was the conductor. "Tickets! Any one want any tickets? All fresh this morning!" "Ha, ha! This is a jolly game!" laughed Dicky. "Where shall we go, Sonny?"

6. "You are going home, I think!" chuckled our little bear, as the boys sat down. And he was quite right, for the next minute their "seat" came to life! It was really Mrs. Bear, whom Sonny had covered with the tablecloth! Ha, ha!

7. The good lady had been having a nice sleep, and she was very cross with Dicky and Dan for wakening her. "Go straight home, boys!" she said. "That's right," chuckled Micky. "And don't come back till we have finished our nice stories!"

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF

TOMMY TWINKLE

WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

"These stones can be soldiers, Bob!" said Tommy.

THIS WEEK:

DEFENDING THE FORT.

"THERE! That is finished! I do hope Billy will like the pop-gun! It's rather a jolly one, isn't it, granny?"

And, giving a final pat to the brown-paper parcel he had just sealed and written on, our little Tommy Twinkle glanced over at Dame Kindly.

"Oh, I am sure he will like it, Tommy!" agreed the good lady. "Are you going to take it round to him this morning?"

Our little favourite nodded, re-reading the birthday message he had written on the jolly-looking little package: "TO BILLY. BEST BIRTHDAY WISHES FROM TOMMY TWINKLE," it ran.

"Yes, I think I'll take it now," he said, pencil still in hand. A scrap of white paper lay on the table before him, and suddenly a merry, mischievous idea leapt to Tommy's mind.

"I say, granny," he chuckled, pushing the pencil and paper over to the old lady, "will you please write a word on that paper—any word will do; but do not let me see what it is."

With a roguish grin, our little boy watched Dame Kindly write something, and then, when she had finished, he told her to put the folded paper on the floor and stand on it!

"*Stand* on it?" echoed the good lady, laughing. "Dearie me! What ever next, to be sure?"

Then, when Dame Kindly had firmly planted her foot on the paper, Tommy cried:

"Now I will tell you what is on that paper, granny!"

Dame Kindly stared at Tommy in amazement, for she was quite convinced that he could not possibly have seen what she had written.

"Tell me, then, Tommy," she said, with an unbelieving smile.

"Your *foot*!" exclaimed our merry little favourite, breaking into a peal of laughter. "Ha, ha! You cannot deny that it is on the paper, can you? Ha, ha, ha! I thought I should catch you with that one!"

"Tush!" laughed the good dame in pretended disgust. "And I thought you were going to tell me the word I had written. What a trick, to be sure. My foot, indeed!"

Just at that moment they heard the click of the garden-gate, and a little boy—a schoolfellow of Tommy Twinkle—came hurrying up the path.

"Oh, I nearly forgot! I promised to play with Bob this morning!" exclaimed our little boy. "Perhaps he will come round to Billy's house with me first, though. I'll ask him." And, picking up the birthday parcel and waving "good-bye" to Dame Kindly, Tommy ran out to meet Bob.

"Of course, I'll come!" cried his chum, when the suggestion was put to him. "And then I want you to come and play with my new toy fort, Tommy. You remember my telling you about it, don't you? I had it for my birthday. We'll pretend to be the garrison, guarding it against the foe. Hee, hee!"

"Rather!" laughed Tommy merrily. "And who is going to be the enemy, Bob?"

"Oh—er—we'll have to invent one, I'm afraid!" laughed his chum. "And now, please ask me a take-in, Tommy! You always know lots of good ones."

Grinning, our little boy wrinkled his forehead for a fraction of a second, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"Here is one for you, Bob! Why is it almost impossible for a thief to steal a pair of gloves?"

Bob stared.

"Impossible! B-but it can be done!" he cried.

"Well, it is very, very difficult," chuckled Tommy roguishly.

"Why?" asked Bob. "Why should it be difficult to steal a pair of gloves?"

"Because one of them is always *left*!" cried our mischievous little friend. "Ha, ha, ha! Caught, Bob!"

How these two boys did laugh, to be sure! I wish you could have heard them.

Tommy soon delivered his parcel and then they reached Bob's home, where Tommy had his first glimpse of the fine, big fort his chum possessed. It was a splendid fact, too; big and square enough for both boys to stand inside and peep over the battlements.

"I know! We'll take it up on the common over there, and pretend we are besieged, shall we?" cried Bob excitedly. "I'll take this peashooter, too. We'll have a fine game—eh, Tommy?"

Tommy, of course, was as excited as his chums, and between them they carried the toy fort to the spot Bob had chosen.

"Look! Here is a nice little hump in the ground! We'll plant the fort here," said Bob breathlessly. "We can pretend it is the North-West Frontier, shall we?"

"Yes, and guard it against hostile tribes," grinned our little friend merrily.

In less than five minutes the chums had fixed up the little fort, and Tommy had collected a dozen or so oblong pebbles and placed them on the battlements.

"These can be soldiers helping us to defend, Bob!" he said.

Chuckling gleefully, the chums jumped inside the toy fort and peered out.

"I wish a real enemy would appear!" laughed Bob. "This is a bit tame, isn't it, Tommy? I wish——"

Hardly had the words passed his lips than a peculiar sort of barking roar could be heard, and directly in front of the boys although several yards away, appeared—goodness, gracious, yes!—a large, chimpanzee monkey!

Tommy gasped, for he had not expected this.

"It—it's the escaped monkey! The one that escaped from Major Telson's private zoo yesterday, Bob!"

"Oh-bob!" cried Bob in alarm. "Is it d-dangerous? Oh-h! It's coming!"

"Up with your pea-shooter, Bob!" cried Tommy Twinkle, and at the same instant, he stamped sharply with his right magic shoe—that wonderful shoe that grants him whatever he may wish! He was wishing now, too—wishing that each little pebble he had merrily placed on the battlements of the fort should become enchanted and help to defend it in earnest. Sure enough, Tommy's wish came true, for to Bob's amazement, he suddenly saw his fort manned by a dozen or more comical brownie-men, each no higher than a corn-stalk!

"Wh-where did they come from?" gasped the little boy, clutching Tommy's arm and pointing.

Tommy shook his head, and then gleefully remarked on the jolly, little pea-shooters with which the brownies were armed.

"Hi! Don't waste time gazing at us!" exclaimed the brownie nearest the chums, lifting his peashooter ready for action. "Watch the enemy over there!"

"Rather!" trilled a brownie next to him, who wore his tall brownie-cap all awry. "If we're not careful we shall be overpowered and the fort taken!"

"Grrr—rr-rroor!" bellowed the big monkey, ambling towards the fort with long, cumbersome strides. As a matter of fact, Jingo (that was the monkey's name) was really quite tame and harmless, only, of course, the gallant defenders of the fort did not know this. They only knew that it was an escaped animal, and a very fierce-looking one, too. Jingo was really only rather curious to know what this funny-looking "house" was, and what all those funny queer-hatted little men were doing!

"He—he's coming nearer," panted Bob.

"Prepare to fire!" shouted the leader of the brownies. "One, two, three—go!"

"You'd better fire your peashooter, too," whispered Tommy in Bob's ear.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Poppity-pop! went all the little peashooters, and the brownies were excellent marksmen, for most of the dried peas landed somewhere on Jingo's big, furry body. But the funny part was that, apart from *tickling* the big monkey, he scarcely seemed to even feel them! At the first volley he paused, opened his mouth in astonishment, and then brushed the peas off as though they had been flies!

Pop! went all the pea-shooters at Jingo.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" roared Jingo, the next minute, which meant, if only the brownies and the boys could understand: "I'm coming closer to find out what all this means!"

But the brave little band inside the fort thought he was making a terrific onslaught on them, and the leader of the brownies, tucking his peashooter into his scarlet belt, shouted to his comrades:

"Over the battlements, my trusty men! Charge the enemy! GO!"

Jingo, however, had been quite unprepared for this sudden dash on the part of the funny little men, and deciding that his native tree-tops were perhaps safer he swung himself into the nearest tree and in a trice had vanished between the branches. Just then, Tommy softly stamped his *left* magic shoe, which as you will remember, causes all the enchantment to disappear.

"They—they've all gone!" murmured Bob. "But wasn't it exciting!"

And Tommy quite agreed.

(Look out for another exciting "Tommy Twinkle" adventure in your PLAYBOX *next week, boys and girls.)*

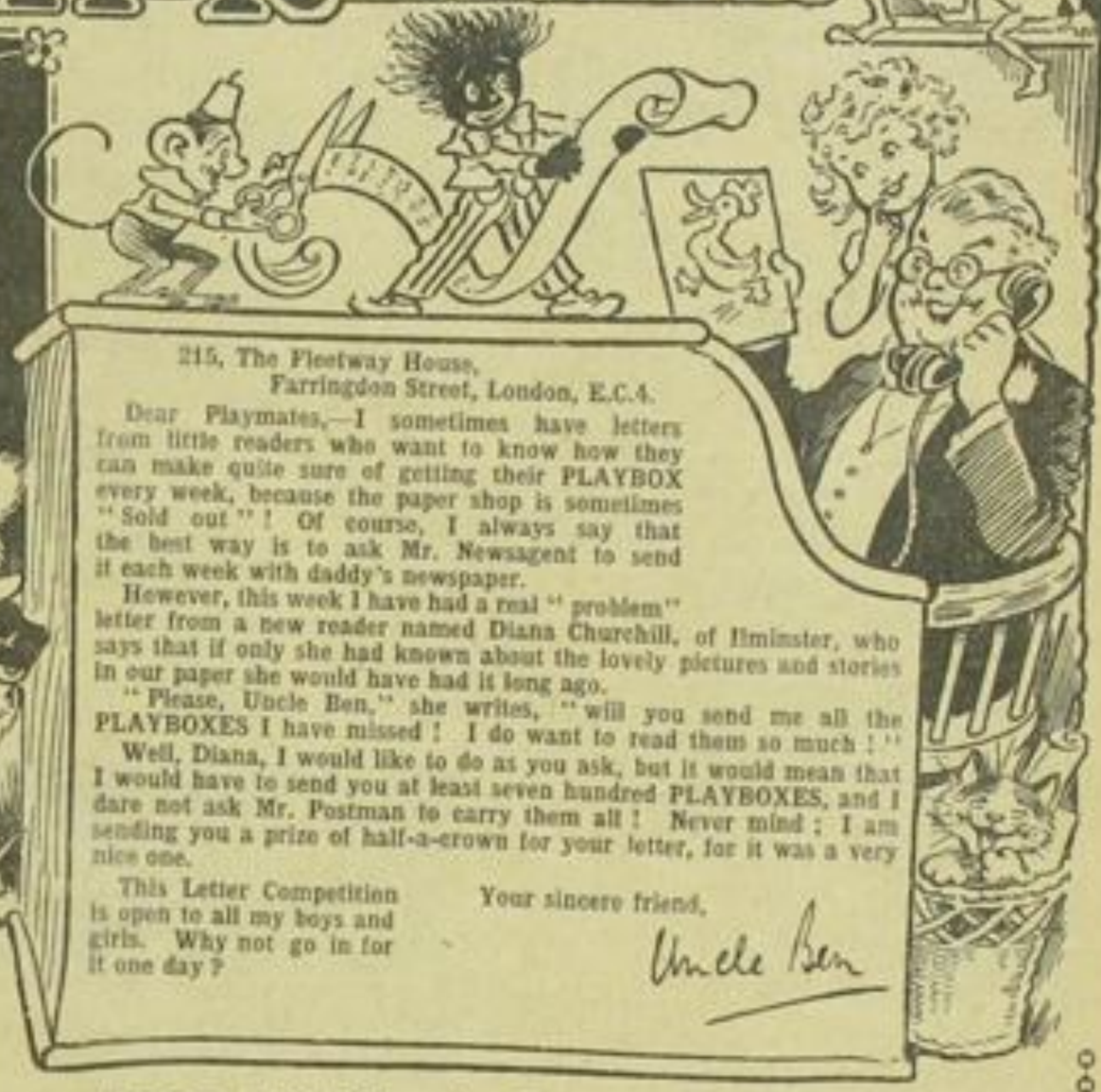
HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

"Well, I never!" chuckled Chic as he opened the big PLAYBOX picture-book. "Those funny Baby Buntings are learning to be fairies this week! I expect they will be flying to Fairyland soon!"

"They seem to be flying on to the floor at the moment," laughed Paddy, "and that does not look very fairy-like!"

Chubs was quite sure that his patent "wings" would help his little chums to fly, but as you can see, Peterkin fell on to the floor every time. Luckily, he had put a cushion down to save him from getting a big bump!

Dinky, the doggie, was the only one who managed to keep up in the air, but when Mrs. Bunting came in with the tea, he bumped right into her! So instead of going to Fairyland, the "fairies" went to bed! Ha, ha! Aren't they funny?



215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—I sometimes have letters from little readers who want to know how they can make quite sure of getting their PLAYBOX every week, because the paper shop is sometimes "Sold out"! Of course, I always say that the best way is to ask Mr. Newsagent to send it each week with daddy's newspaper.

However, this week I have had a real "problem" letter from a new reader named Diana Churchill, of Ilminster, who says that if only she had known about the lovely pictures and stories in our paper she would have had it long ago.

"Please, Uncle Ben," she writes, "will you send me all the PLAYBOXES I have missed! I do want to read them so much!"

Well, Diana, I would like to do as you ask, but it would mean that I would have to send you at least seven hundred PLAYBOXES, and I dare not ask Mr. Postman to carry them all! Never mind; I am sending you a prize of half-a-crown for your letter, for it was a very nice one.

This Letter Competition is open to all my boys and girls. Why not go in for it one day?

Your sincere friend,

Uncle Ben

A JOLLY MODEL FOR YOU TO MAKE.

This cosy little cabin in the pines will look so jolly when you have made it, and it is ever so easy, too!

First cut out this picture and paste it on to some thin card. When the paste is quite dry cut out the cabin carefully, then fold back the walls at the dotted lines and the roof pieces down so that they meet at an angle. The long tabs D and E should be folded down and pasted along the slanting front of the roof, and the tab C should be bent down slightly so that the opposite side of the roof can be stuck on to it.

Cut out the trees and bend the tabs A forward and the tabs B back, so that they will stand up firmly at either side of the cabin. Paint them a bright green and the cabin brown, and your model is finished. Stand the trees either side of the cabin door.

HOOP CHASE. An Exciting Outdoor Game.

Here is a very exciting game to play with your chums, boys and girls! Each player must have a hoop, and before the game begins a number of "obstacles" must be put on the ground in a wide circle.

Any small objects, such as books, caps, boxes, or even little heaps of stones will do. One player is the judge, and stays out of the game, while the others take their hoops and try to steer them in and out of the various obstacles without touching them. Any player either touching or passing one of the obstacles must be called out of the game by the judge. The player who manages to go round the ring the greatest number of times without touching anything is the winner of this exciting game.

CAN YOU DO BOBBY'S TRICK?

1. "Here is a teaser for you, Willie!" chuckled Bobby, handing his chum a pencil and paper. "Can you stand on your left leg, draw a big letter O from left to right, and swing your right leg round from right to left?"

2. Willie tried ever so many times, but as soon as he began to swing his right leg round, the pencil seemed to go the wrong way. And at last he had to give it up. Try this trick on your chums, boys and girls!

MORE RIDDLES FOR YOU.

Q. When is a horse very heavy?

A. When it is led (lead).

Q. Why is a fiddle like an arrow?

A. Because they both need a bow.

Q. Why is an empty purse always the same?

A. Because there is no change in it!

Q. Why is a sweep happy?

A. Because he is well suited (sooted).

MERRY MUSIC.

"Goodness me! You are making a noise, Mr. MacBruin! Why don't you go into the next street? I can hardly hear myself play!"

"But you are making more noise than I am, Peter Porcupine! With that big drum and those bells you sound just like a fire engine!"

"Ah, but I am a clever chap, you know! I can play very hard music!"

"It must be hard, Peter—it certainly is not soft! Why don't you learn a nice quiet tune like 'Hush-a-bye-baby'?"

"I did once!"

"Did you? And what happened?"

"I woke all the babies up for miles around!"

"Ha, ha! You ought to join a band, Peter. Then you could make as much noise as you liked!"

"But I've got my own band!"

"Have you?"

"Yes—a hat band! Ha, ha! Good-bye, Mac!"

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

The Sleepy Turtle Proves a Good Friend, but the Chums are Caught while looking for the "Pop" from Paddy's Gun.

"IT'S a key, Paddy! Oh, do you think it will unlock the dungeon door?"

Paddy and his playmates were very excited indeed. They were prisoners in the castle of the Great Foozle, a wizard on the Wonderful Island. Even Paddy's popgun could not help them, for the wizard had taken away its "pop" and it could not work magic any more!

The little boy had tried to make friends with a turtle, who was a servant of the wizard, and the turtle had brought them a tray with a dish-cover over it.

"Here is your breakfast," he said. "It's a great surprise." And then he went off with a wink.

You can imagine how thrilled the playmates were when they lifted off the cover and found a big key on the plate. Was it the key of their dungeon cell?

"We shall see," said Paddy in an excited whisper, and, creeping to the door, he slipped the key into the lock and turned it.

Creak! Creak!

Paddy turned his flushed face and smiled at the playmates.

"It has worked," he said. "The door is open!"

With happy shouts the playmates seized the door, thrust it open and surged out into the passage-way. They began to cheer until Paddy warned them to be silent.

"The Great Foozle will hear you," he said. "And then we shall soon be back in our dungeon. Don't forget we still have to find a way out of the castle. I wonder which is the way?"

"Look, Paddy!" Golly nudged the little boy and pointed to the ground. There, plainly to be seen, was a chalked arrow!

"Let's see what it means, Paddy!" he said, and off went the playmates, their hearts going pit-a-pat!

Before long they came to another arrow, which pointed down a side passage. This brought them to two more passages, down one of which pointed yet a third arrow.

On they hurried, passing arrow after arrow, until they came to a small iron door. And beside this stood the turtle, still a little sleepy, but smiling.

"Well, I have set you free," he said. "And this is the door that leads from the castle. But before I open it you must promise to take me to the Happy Wood where I can sleep all day and night. My word! What *could* I do with a nice long snooze!"

And, giving a great big yawn, the turtle leaned against the wall, and closed his eyes.

"Hi!" Paddy gave him a pinch to wake him up. "Don't go to sleep. We have not escaped yet!"

The turtle awoke, looking round nervously.

"No, we haven't!" he said. "Oh dear! I know the wizard will seek me out. I shall never really escape him."

Paddy stood thinking.

"We should have nothing to fear if only my pop-gun still had its pop," he said. "I wonder if I could get it back?"

"The wizard took it away, didn't he?" muttered Buddy Buttons. "I expect he has that pop locked away somewhere in his work-room."

The turtle nodded sleepily.

"To be sure," he said. "It's too bad, isn't it?"

"But couldn't we get it back, Turtle?" Paddy asked suddenly. "Couldn't you take us to the work-room when the wizard isn't there? We could have a search then?"

"What is all this?" cried the wizard, gazing at the jars one by one.

The turtle turned pale and looked as if he were going to faint!

"What? Go *there*!" he gasped. "G-goodness—but, why not? We *could* creep up there when the wizard has gone to bed, couldn't we? Yes, we will, too! To-night, we must visit the wizard's work-room."

So for yet another day, Paddy and his playmates had to be patient, hidden in a room beneath the castle, and when it grew dark once more you may be sure they were pleased! At last the castle clock struck twelve and the turtle appeared, sleepy-eyed.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," said the playmates.

"Good!" said the turtle. "Follow me, but be careful. The Great Foozle is a light sleeper."

Breathless, the playmates followed the turtle up some steps, then up more and more steps until they stopped outside a door. With finger to lips, the turtle turned the handle and stepped inside. The playmates followed him and found themselves in a room. On all sides were shelves, filled with every size of bottle that held every colour of powders and liquids.

"The wizard's work-room!" said the turtle. "Now to search for the missing pop."

Straight away, the playmates began to search every shelf, cupboard and drawer they could find. They were not quite sure what a pop would look like, but they meant to find it!

"My word! This is going to be a long job, I can see," muttered Paddy. "I wonder where that pop is?"

He suddenly stopped speaking and stood up, listening hard.

"I thought I heard something," he said.

"I believe I did, too," added Dolly Daydream. "Hark!"

All the playmates listened hard, and then——

Pad—pad—pad! It was the sound of someone coming along the passage in slippered feet!

"The Great Foozle," said Paddy, turning pale.

The playmates began to tremble and the turtle wiped his face with a spotted handkerchief.

"N-now we are caught," he said. "The Great Foozle must have got up."

Pad—pad—pad!

Desperately the playmates looked around, but there were simply no hiding places in the room. What could they do?

The turtle wrung his hands, then hurrying round the room, he began to peer at the bottles that lined the shelf.

"Ah, here it is!" he cried, taking down a bottle filled with a yellow powder. "Don't be afraid at what I am going to do. It is the only way I can save you."

Taking out a handful of powder, he threw it at the playmates and then they all had such a queer feeling. The room seemed to be growing bigger and bigger—and so did the turtle!

"Oh, what have you done to us?" Paddy cried, for you see, he and the playmates were really growing smaller.

"Don't be scared!" hissed the turtle, as the sound of footsteps came nearer and nearer. "I'll make you bigger afterwards. But now to pop you into your hiding places."

And one by one, he seized the playmates and popped them into the empty jars on the shelves. Hardly had he put on the lids than the door opened and in came the wizard.

"Ah, there you are, Turtle!" he cried testily. "I wondered where you had been all day. Sleeping again, I suppose. What are you doing here?"

The turtle coughed nervously.

"Just polishing up the bottles, sir," he mumbled. "They get so dusty, you know."

"True! So they do, so they do!" said the wizard, looking around. "I'm glad to see you are doing a little work. You're usually too busy yawning to do anything useful!"

"Well, I do like a little sleep, sir," said the turtle, hoping the wizard would keep looking at him. But he was disappointed. The wizard turned to the shelf.

And as he gazed at the jars, the playmates fairly trembled. Would he see them?

No, luckily, the Great Foozle was short-sighted, and the playmates breathed deeply in relief.

Jimmy Jumbo took a very deep breath and something tickled his throat. He closed his mouth and breathed through his nose instead.

"O-oh! Ugh-glosh!" he spluttered. "Oh—er—er——"

Poor Jimmy! He had been placed in a jar that still had a little magic sneezing powder in it. He wrinkled his nose and then——

"A-tish-oo!"

A sudden sneeze came from the jar and the wizard spun round.

"Who sneezed?" he cried.

"I—I——" began the alarmed turtle, but the wizard did not listen. With eyes almost popping from his head, he stepped towards the shelf and gazed at the jars one by one.

"Aha! What is all this?" he cried.

(Are the playmates discovered? You will see in this grand story next week, boys and girls.)

TOM AND MABEL FORGET TO PUT TAILS ON THEIR KITES SO TOM MAKES THEM FROM FERN LEAVES

1. "Let's fly our kites on the common, Mabel!" said Tom one windy day. "I'll come, too!" said Snip.

2. Suddenly Mabel noticed that the kites had no tails. "I'll make some!" Tom cried, picking fern leaves.

3. The long, feathery leaves made splendid tails, and it did not take Tom long to fix them to the kites.

4. "Bravo, Tom! They do look smart now!" laughed Snip. "Their tails are almost as nice as mine!"

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures

FOR NEW READERS.—Wendy's magic carpet carries her to a quaint little building called Penny House, which she thinks must belong to penguins. She is surprised to hear someone calling for help.

1. Cries for help were coming from this strange little house, and wondering what was wrong, Wendy hid her carpet in some bushes near by and ran towards the barred window.

2. She peeped through the bars and the sight she saw made her laugh. There sat a dear little penguin tangled in some bright-coloured wool. "P-please help me. I can't move!" he said.

3. "I would, dear penguin, but I'm too big to squeeze through these bars," Wendy cried. So she ran round the house, and at last found an open window through which she was able to climb.

4. Tears were still running down the penguin's cheeks when Wendy found him, but she soon began to disentangle the wool. "You were a naughty little penguin," Wendy said.

5. He was free at last, and then he put a soft little flapper on Wendy's arm and said: "Thank you for coming in to help me, Wendy. You are kind! Can't you stop and play with me?"

6. "I should like to stay for a little while," Wendy said, so her new friend took her hand and led her into another room where stood a padlocked chest. "Here are my toys!" he said.

7. He turned the key and the lid sprang back, and a strange little pixie man leapt up, trying to grab Percy, the penguin. "Don't let him touch me!" cried Percy, darting behind Wendy.

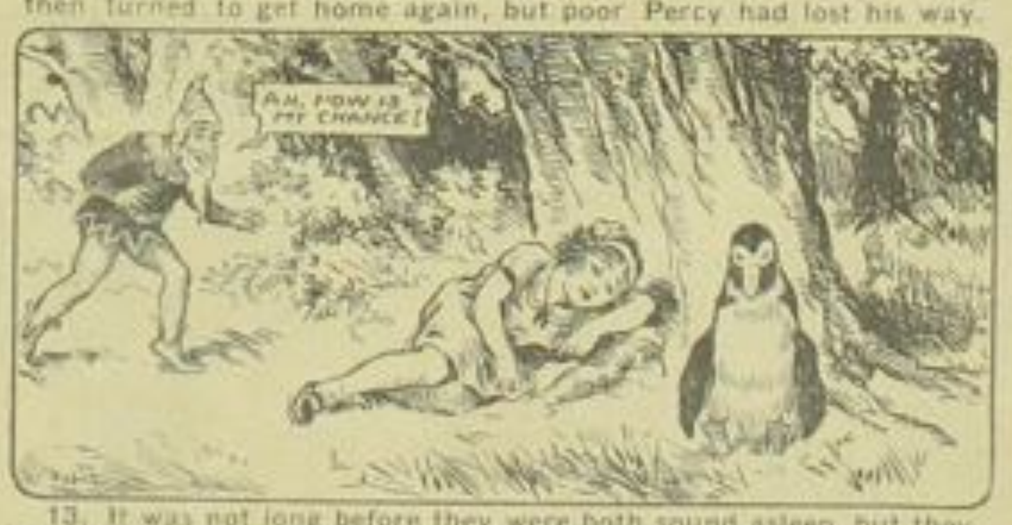
8. Quickly Wendy picked him up and flew out of the house from the pixie. When at last she set him on his feet, he told her how the little man had but to touch him to turn him into a cat.

9. The chase went on, and Wendy and Percy were getting very tired, so Wendy suggested they should hide behind a bush. "He has lost sight of us, so he is sure to run past," she said.

10. And that was exactly what the little pixie did do, so that Percy gave a sigh of relief. As the pixie passed by they heard him say: "The wizard would make me Pixie-in-Chief if I could turn that horrid little penguin into a pussy-cat. Where has he gone?"

11. "Oh, I'm not really horrid, am I, Wendy?" asked the little penguin, looking quite upset. "No, of course not! I think you are a dear!" said Wendy, stroking his soft little head. They then turned to get home again, but poor Percy had lost his way.

12. On and on they tramped through the winding paths in the wood, until at last Wendy sank down under a tree, too tired to walk any farther. "Let us have a little rest, Percy!" she said. "We might find our way better when we're not so tired."



13. It was not long before they were both sound asleep, but they had no idea that danger was so near. The little pixie had turned back and now had caught sight of them beneath the tree. "The very chance I need!" he cried. "He won't get away this time!"

(What is going to happen to poor little Percy, the penguin? Don't miss the thrilling instalment in next week's PLAYBOX.)

MRS. HIPP

1. "Look at Baby Jumbo with two brooms," cried Polly. "She is making out she is doing such a lot of work!" "Yes, we've finished sweeping, Baby!" cried Tilly. "Come and help polish the floor!"

2. "That's just what I'm going to do, girls," said Baby. "But I'm not going to do it your way. I'm going to make a game of it." And she asked Tilly to tie the two brushes to her feet and pull her up.

3. "Now, all you need do is to push me along a I'll do the polishing," chuckled Baby. "Isn't it bright idea?" "Rather!" cried Jenny. "T floor will be bright, too, when we've finished!

DIBS AND DABS

1. "Hallo, Floppy, have you been skinning giant sausages?" cried Dabs. "No," laughed Floppy. "We're going to play quoits with tyres!"

2. And then he pointed to the hooks on the back of the door. "See if you can throw your tyres over those hooks," he said. "Easy!" Dibs cried.

3. Well, they all threw together, but suddenly the door opened and in came Jane, in time to get all those tyres round her neck. She was cross!

4. "We didn't mean to play hoop-la with you, Jane," said Dibs, going up to bed. "Jane ought to go to bed," said Floppy. "She was tyred!"

SAMBO

1. "Oh dear, aren't elephants big," sighed Sambo, trying to pass one. "Dey want all de road!"

2. Well, he had bump and then ther

4. Sambo felt cross at first, but he cheered up wi he found Eli was going to There. "I'se habin nice rest and getting to There for nothing," he s

"Why is a silly joke like a pin in a pin-cushion, Willy?"
"Ha, ha! Because you cannot see the 'point,' Reggie!"

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE

1. Dr. Woolly said he'd like forty winks, and he had only had nineteen when the Woollies rushed in, saying they had a surprise. "Don't wake Dr. Woolly," said Mrs. Woolly, not looking at the surprise.

2. And then up it jumped out of the jar the boys had brought in. "It's Freddy Frog!" cried Willy. "Aren't you pleased to see him?" Poor Dr. and Mrs. Woolly jumped as well as Freddy, though.

3. "I won't have Freddy in my house; he is noisy I can't hear myself think!" cried Dr. Woolly "Put him out of the window at once." "Oh dea don't let me feel the 'pane,' boys!" cried Fredd

S SCHOOL

4. Of course, they didn't expect Mrs. Hippo to ome round the corner, and Baby couldn't stop with ll that pushing going on. She bumped right into Mrs. Hippo, upsetting a pile of basins on the tray.

5. Up went the basins into the air, and down went the girls. "I shall make you pay for any basins you break, you naughty girls!" cried Mrs. Hippo, and Betty sighed: "We shall be hard up after this."

6. But if those girls' heads don't help them do sums, they helped them to catch the basins and not one was broken. "How do you like our new china hats?" cried Polly. "All the latest Chinese models."

SCORCHER

e could pull the elephant, pot of bother.

3. "The safest place for you will be on my back!" cried Eli, and he picked up Sambo's car.

5. The nigs did laugh when they saw Sambo on e elephant, especially when he rode neatly over i's head and down his trunk to the road.

SAMMY SEAL

1. When Sammy heard the captain wanted the big roll of lino he just said: "Really! I wonder if he wants to play 'Noughts and Crosses' on it?"

2. But Patsy was wondering if Sammy would help him carry it. "Oh, I've a bone in my arm," said lazy Sammy. "I'm not strong enough!"

3. "You were telling me you were the strongest man in the world yesterday," grunted Patsy, and began struggling up the steps with the lino.

4. Suddenly the centre began to slip and out it came, bumping into Sammy and knocking him over just like a skittle. He wished he had helped.

E WOOLLY BOYS

"Why is a thoughtful person like a clown, Percy?"
"I know Bobby, because he is always a-musing!"

4. So the boys pushed up the window and told Freddy to jump. "That won't be 'pain'-ful!" chuckled Reggie. But just as Freddy was jumping, the boys saw notes being tossed along by the wind.

5. They were money notes, and that is why Uncle Woolly was chasing them. Luckily, Freddy Frog caught them all when he jumped. "What a clever frog!" cried Uncle Woolly. "I'll reward him!"

6. And he gave Freddy a whole pound note. "Thank you hundreds of times, sir!" cried Freddy and as the boys had sent him out of the window he said they must share the money. They enjoyed th t.

A PAGE FOR TINY TOTS

Tiny Tom's Tales and Pictures for very small boys and girls.

A USEFUL NECK.

Some of the birds of the forest were having a tea-party in the big tree by the stream, and you would have laughed if you had peeped at the visitors arriving.

There was Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel and Sammy; they scrambled up the tree very easily. So did Mr. and Mrs. Monkey and little Monty. But some of the visitors could not climb trees, so the birds had put a ladder there for them.

Terry Tortoise was one of the first to find the ladder.

"Ah, I'm glad the birds thought of this idea," he said when he arrived early in the morning. "I was wondering how I should get to the top of this tree." He started climbing at once, so that he was just in time for the afternoon party.

Then along came Ronnie Rabbit and Percy Piggy and close behind them was Freddy Frog and Tommy Toad.

"Ah, I am pleased to see you all!" cried Mrs. Bird as she stood chirruping on one of the boughs at the top of the steps.

And everyone seemed pleased to be there.

The only people who were not pleased were Felix and Ferdy Fox, for they had not been asked to the party.

When the guests had all arrived, these two stood grumbling at the foot of the tree.

"I think we ought to have been asked," said Felix. "I expect they are having a lovely tea now and I do feel so hungry!"

"So do I," said Ferdy. "I suppose they didn't want us because of that silly Hetty Hen who is there; they know she doesn't like us! How happy they sound, too, don't they!"

Suddenly Felix began to smile.

"As they seem so happy we will see how they'd like to stop up there all night," he chuckled. "Come along, Ferdy. Help me take this ladder away!"

Then as quietly as two mice they lifted the ladder between them and dropped it plop! into the stream.

"This is fun!" cried Tommy Toad.

"We'll come back presently and see the fun," whispered Felix as they scampered off.

As they were not very far away they soon knew when the "fun" as they called it, was starting, for they heard cries of: "Oh, someone has taken away the ladder!" "How ever can we get down?" and "We shall never get home to-night!"

"Ha, ha! They have just found out how nicely we have trapped them," said Ferdy. "Even if the birds fly off for help they'll never get everyone down without the ladder!"

And after having a good laugh, the unkind foxes scampered away, leaving all the tea-party people looking worried at the top of the tree.

The poor things would probably have had to stay up there for a long time, but luckily Kenneth Kangaroo happened to come along.

He heard some of them sobbing and crying for help so he came over to the tree.

"So you can't get down without a ladder," he said. "Well, I think I can help you! My long neck is very useful, you know!"

No one knew what he meant at first, but then Kenneth came close to the tree and explained.

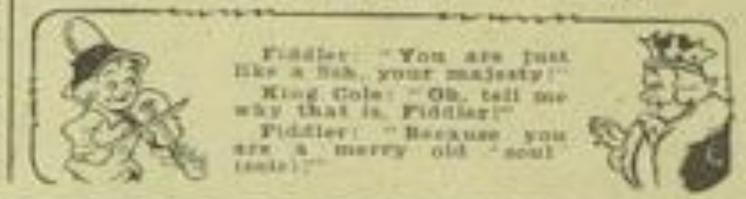
"You can all finish up the party with a grand slide," he said. "Now then, the first one! Climb on to my head, and slide down my neck!"

Well, Terry Tortoise had the first slide, and he declared he had never moved so fast in his life. Then came Freddy Frog and Ronnie Rabbit bouncing on to Kenneth's back and then grabbing his tail and swinging themselves to the ground with it.

"Oh, this is fun!" cried Tommy Toad. "I wish we would come down again!"

But by this time Kenneth's neck was rather sore, so everyone gave him a loud cheer for helping them and went home happily.

(Read "The Jolly Shop" next week.)



AT SNOWDROP'S ZOO

1. "Oh dear, the mayor's got toothache in his big toe and can't open our pool!" sighed Chic.

2. "Sammy Sea-lion has a moustache like the mayor. Let's dress him up!" said Pete Panda.

3. Well, Sammy looked splendid perched on the rock and declaring the new pool open.

4. Then kind Snowdrop, thinking Sammy was hiding in the pool, threw in some fish. The "mayor" stared!

5. "H'm, I want my tea now," he grunted. "Goodness! The mayor is diving into the pool," cried Snowdrop.

6. Then up he came with a fat fish in his mouth and Snowdrop saw the trick. "You deserve that," she said.

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

NOW SHOWING:

THREE FINE FILMS

(For Cinema Show paste sets into long strips. Cut at dotted lines, and pull strips through.)

1. The Plotters are Heard.
2. Tricks with Paint.
3. Two Train Rides.

A PAIL OF WATER SCARES THE BAD REDMEN AS THEY PLOT TO RAID THE PALEFACES.

SCAMP EXPLAINS WHY GIRAFFES NEED LITTLE FOOD AND SOON "PAINTS" IMPATIENT PETE.

CURLY HAS A SURPRISE WHEN HE FINDS HE HAS BEEN HELPING A CIRCUS CLOWN, AND IS REWARDED.

BRIGHTEYES

The naughty new girl is lost and found!

FOR NEW READERS.—Nancy Drew dresses as a farmer's boy to try to avoid going to school, but Brighteyes catches her. When they reach school Nancy has a quarrel with Amy, jamming her hat over Amy's eyes. Unable to see, Amy crashes into Miss Barry.

1. Brighteyes gave a gasp of horror as Amy Vincent bumped into Miss Barry. She was quite helpless with the hat jammed over her eyes, and the teacher pulled it off quickly. "Don't be cross with me, Miss Barry!" cried Amy, pointing at Nancy. "It was that girl's fault!"

2. The teacher gazed at Nancy sternly. The little girl was still dressed in the long overalls she had found at the farm, and at first Miss Barry began to wonder whether she were a girl or a boy. "I suppose you are Nancy Drew, the new girl?" she said at length. "Come in with me!"

3. And poor Nancy, who had dreaded coming to school, meekly followed the teacher into the hall. Brighteyes gazed after her sorrowfully, and turning to Joan, who came up at that moment, she said: "That is Nancy Drew, Joan. I am afraid she is going to cause some trouble here!"

4. The next day Nancy was very quiet and, hoping that she had at last decided to be good, Brighteyes spoke to her cheerfully. "It will be lovely to start dancing again!" she said as they changed into their practice frocks. "Miss Barry promised to teach us some new steps to-day."

5. A few moments later they were all lined up in the dancing hall ready to begin the practice, but Nancy, who had been looking very sulky, refused to join them. "Now, Nancy, you must take your place with the others," said Miss Barry sharply. "But I don't want to!" cried Nancy.

6. "Very well, then," replied the teacher, turning away from her coldly. "If you do not wish to learn, you must not hinder the others while they are practising. "Keep out of the way, please!" And pouting crossly, naughty Nancy turned her back on the girls.

7. Miss Barry had made up her mind to take Nancy in hand after the others had finished their dancing, but when the class came to an end there was no sign of the new girl anywhere! "Have you seen Nancy, Joan?" asked Miss Barry later on. "I have searched everywhere for her."

8. But the chums had not noticed the little girl after her display of bad temper. "She disappeared after we had started dancing," said Lola. "I thought she had gone up to the dormitory." Brighteyes looked at her chums anxiously, crying: "I think she has run away!"

9. Although Nancy was very quick-tempered and rather sulky at times, Brighteyes knew that she was not really a bad little girl. "We ought to look for her, Joan!" she murmured. The chums set off at once, and later came upon Sarah, who was trying to move a big basket.

10. In the usual way she was not a bit friendly towards the chums, but now that she needed their help she suddenly became very pleasant. "Do help me with this great basket, girls!" she said. "It's much too heavy for me!" Forgetting all the cunning tricks that Sarah had played on her, Brighteyes agreed at once. "Why, of course, Sarah!" she cried. "Take the other end, Lola." But the basket began to tip over!

11. "Put it down, Lola!" exclaimed our little girl in alarm. "You are upsetting it!" But her warning came too late. The next minute the huge basket crashed over on its side, and the lid burst open, hurling out the small, frightened figure of Nancy Drew! The chums stared down at her, hardly able to believe their eyes! "G-goodness! It is Nancy!" exclaimed Lola in astonishment. "What ever was she doing in there?"

(Was Nancy trying to run away from school? Read more of this exciting story in next week's PLAYBOX.)

A STORY THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL WILL LOVE.

"LITTLE MAN"

RESCUED AT LAST, AND A SURPRISE PARCEL.

Back to School.

A STRANGE adventure had befallen little Tim Trotter and his chum, Michael Baxter, when they returned, in a seaplane, to their school at Mulberry.

For, when the plane had landed upon a reservoir and the boys had scrambled ashore, it was to discover, after the pilot had departed, that they were not on the bank of the lake at all, but on an island, like Robinson Crusoe, from which they could not escape.

The mistake, however, did not prove quite so unpleasant as it might have been. Upon the island, much to their delight, the chums found a fisherman's hut in which they spent the night.

And, when Tim arose next morning, and went to see if the mist had gone, an excited cry broke from him.

"Quick, Michael!" he shouted. "Come and see!"

Breathlessly, and a little alarmed, Michael dashed out of the shack and thrust his way through the bushes. He saw Tim standing upon the water's edge, pointing eagerly across the lake, which now gleamed bright in the sunshine, clear of fog.

"It's a boat!" he gasped. "It's somebody coming to take us off. He must have seen the smoke of our fire. AHOY!" he shouted—and Michael shouted and waved, too.

The man in the boat made no answering signal. He just turned his head and stared in rather a forbidding way, not looking in their direction again until the prow of the boat grounded on the island. Tim's heart was thumping with excitement.

"Hallo, sir!" he said.

The man in the boat did not return the greeting. Instead, he rose rather stiffly, stepped ashore, and then glared at the two boys in an angry way.

"Don't you 'hallo' me, young fellow," he said sharply. "What are you doing here on my island, eh? Do you know this is private property?"

"Yes, sir," Tim confessed.

"Then what right have you to be here?"

Michael began to explain that they had come in a seaplane, and the waterman gave a grunt.

"Look here," he said. "Don't tell me any fairy-tales."

"But it isn't a fairy-tale. It's true, sir," Tim said. "My chum's father is a big aeroplane designer and he sent us back from our holiday in a seaplane. We live at Mulberry School!"

"And the only place where the pilot could land us near to the school was on the reservoir, here!" put in Michael.

"And instead of finding ourselves on the shore, we found ourselves on an island, so that we couldn't get off. We've been here all night, sir," Tim explained.

The stern look began to fade from the waterman's face, and an expression of astonishment took its place. He began to realise now that the two young castaways were in earnest, and telling him the truth.

"So you dropped out of an aeroplane, did ye?" he said. "And you belong to Mulberry School? Where have you been all night?"

"In a hut we found, through the bushes, there," said Tim. "And I'm afraid we've eaten some of the food, sir, too, because we were so hungry."

"Bread-and-butter, sir," put in Michael, "and eggs and bacon. If—if it belongs to you, sir, we'll have to pay you back."

The waterman, who was quite a kindly person at heart, laughed as he made his way with the boys back to the little shack. And he laughed more heartily when he saw how well and truly the boys had raided his larder.

"Ah, well, I'll have to bring out some more, that's all," he said, quite cheerfully. "I can't very well charge a couple of shipwrecked sailors for the rations they eat, can I? Or maybe I should say 'wrecked airmen.' You seem to have been pretty hungry. Is there anything left?" he added with a chuckle.

"There's some bacon, sir, and bread-and-butter and tea," said Tim eagerly. "Shall we make up the fire?"

"Maybe you'd better," said the waterman. "Then we can talk while we have a bite of breakfast."

He was a kindly man, despite his stern manner when they first met him, and he listened with great interest to the story of their holiday and to their description of their swift air-journey from the sea.

"Do you know," he said, with a grin, "I reckon I'd be scared out of my life if I went up in an aeroplane. I'd be that terrified of falling out. A boat is more my mark. Give me a boat and a fishing rod and I'm happy as a sandboy."

He was, of course, one of the men who looked after the reservoir and often, during the year, he came out to the island and lived for a few days like a hermit, in the little shack which the boys had found.

"It's grand, boys," he said. "And what fish I can't catch with my rod, old Tarka catches for me."

"Who is Tarka, Mr. Bilberry?" Michael asked, for they had discovered that was his name.

"He's an otter that lives here on the island and, though he wouldn't let you see him maybe, he's just as tame with me as a dog. Me and Tarka are rare pals," he told them, "and when I'm in need of a fish for breakfast he goes and catches it for me."

The boys listened with bright eyes, wishing that they could meet Mr. Bilberry's strange companion. But, he told them, although Tarka was probably near by, and watching them at that moment, he would not show himself to strangers.

"You'll have to come out with me and camp here, one day," Mr. Bilberry said, smiling. "And then I'll introduce you! But," he added, rising to his feet and draining his teacup, "aren't you young fellows due back at school?

"Yes, Mr. Bilberry. We were due back yesterday," said Tim. "And we're rather worried, in case the headmaster is getting anxious."

"That's what I was thinking," said the waterman. "Come along, then. Bring your bags and I'll put you straight ashore. Then maybe you'll be back at school in time for lessons. Come on, you young castaways!"

And, with a broad smile, he helped them carry their luggage to the boat.

"Now then, in you jump, my hearties!" Mr. Bilberry cried. "This way of getting along may not be quite so fast as your precious seaplanes, but it's the way I like best!"

"It's fine, sir!" said Tim, as they skimmed over the smooth water. "If you hadn't come along to our rescue we might have been stranded on that island for days, and we'd have been pretty hungry, too, for we've already eaten up most of your food supply."

"Yes, and you've eaten in a few hours what was meant to last me for a few days!" laughed the waterman. "Ah, well, I suppose I once had an appetite like that when I was a youngster."

"But don't forget you were relying on Tarka to bring you some fish," put in Michael. He peered across the now sparkling water and added almost wistfully: "I would love to see old Tarka!"

Suddenly Mr. Bilberry stopped rowing and the boys stared in surprise, until he pointed in the direction of the bank they had not long left.

"There he is," he said softly. "I told you he was probably hiding quite near us!"

The boys caught sight of a dark, sleek body for a moment, but the next second there was a splash and Tarka disappeared into the water.

"Well, you've had your wish!" laughed Mr. Bilberry, and went on towing them towards the shore.

The Return of the Wanderers.

It was a matter of a few minutes for the two chums, when they had thanked Mr. Bilberry and bidden him good-bye, to make their way to the road.

But an half an hour passed before the bus they were waiting for came along and when at last they alighted and came in sight of the clock on the old school tower they saw to their dismay that the hands stood at nearly ten o'clock.

"Never mind," said Tim, as he hurried forward. "We're a day late, already, so I suppose another hour doesn't matter much. Hallo!" he whispered, as he paused abruptly. "Look, Michael! They're all in class and Dr. Crabtree is teaching them!"

Michael nodded, a little uneasily. Through the schoolroom window they could see the boys listening attentively to what the master had to say. They saw their chum, Don Chapman, with little Geoffrey Cox beside him, and, in the rear, their old school-enemy, Cyril Badger, whispering to his crony, Monty Green.

"What shall we do?" asked Michael nervously. "Dare we go in?"

"Of course! We *must!*" Tim whispered back grimly. "Otherwise we'll have to wait till dinner-time."

It was rather an ordeal to walk in upon the headmaster and all the other boys, especially as they were late back to school.

"Lessons have started!" said Michael. "Dare we go in?"

But it was one which had got to be faced and after carrying their bags upstairs Tim led the way along the corridor to the class-room, pausing at the door.

Inside, they could hear Dr. Crabtree talking to the boys upon the subject of Nature study, which he was always very keen on. He had been explaining the notes of different birds, and he was now talking about the noises made by various animals.

"The horse, as you probably know, boys, neighs," he said. "The dog barks. The cat mews. Now, supposing I were to meet a pig and ask him how he was, what do you imagine he would say?"

"Good morning, sir!" came a voice from the door, as if in answer to Dr. Crabtree's question, and a roar of laughter, in which the headmaster had to join, greeted the unexpected appearance of Tim and Michael in the room.

"H'm!" exclaimed the Head, while the class still tittered. "That was amusing I confess!" Then his face became serious. "Where have you boys been?" he demanded. "Why are you so late returning to the school?"

"We've been on a desert island, sir," said Michael, with a smile, "playing Robinson Crusoe!"

Once again the other boys roared with laughter, though the headmaster frowned as he asked Michael to explain himself. But when the boys told the story of their strange adventure, Dr. Crabtree listened in amazement, as did all the others.

"We were afraid you would think we had crashed, sir," Tim said to the Head. "Did you know that we were coming home by seaplane?"

"No, I didn't, otherwise I should have been most worried," the master said. "What do you say, Michael?" he added. "Your father was going to telephone? Then I'm very glad he didn't! I suppose you boys are going to find school rather dull, after all these adventures, eh?"

"No, sir. We're looking forward to it," Tim said earnestly.

"Good!" replied the Head. "Then pop along to the dormitory and get into your school suits. Then you can come back here and take your places."

With bright smiles, and feeling very relieved that there had been no fuss, the chums made their way up the stairs to the dormitory, preparing to change their clothes.

Suddenly Michael sprang towards his bed and snatched up a large parcel from it, addressed to: "*Master Michael Baxter, Mulberry School.*"

"What is it?" Tim asked eagerly.

"It's for me. It looks like a present!" Michael gasped, and he began to fumble with eager fingers at the string. "It feels like something valuable," he said breathlessly. "I wonder what it can be!"

(Is there really a present for Michael in the parcel? If so, what can it be? Another exciting instalment of this lovely story in the PLAYBOX *next week.)*

The Competition with Over 6,000 Prizes...are You in it?

100 FAIRYCYCLES AND TRICYCLES

2,000 2nd Prizes. SCOOTERS, AEROPLANES, MECCANO SETS, BOOKS.

4,000 3rd Prizes. PAINT BOXES, GAMES, FINE GIFT BOOKS, Etc.

THINK of it! Over 6,000 Prizes waiting for readers collecting "Funnies," the funny picture-stamps you see here. All you do is save them and make them into sets—numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 make a set. The boys and girls who have made the most sets when we ask for them will win the prizes!

If you have not already started collecting, do so now. Note, too, that you will find still more "Funnies" in those other famous picture papers,

TIGER TIM'S WEEKLY and RAINBOW.

Make a point of getting "Tiger Tim's" (October 7th issue) because it includes a special BUMPER STAMP worth six whole sets, which will give you a big jump in your collection.

Get all the "Funnies" you can ... tell your friends about it and exchange with them. It's a great race for a great prize list!

(Rules have already appeared and we shall print them again in a few weeks' time.)

—MORE "FUNNIES" NEXT WEEK!—

BRAVE JOE

FOR NEW READERS—Joe and Effie rescue Uncle Paul from the sea and take him back to land in the Flying Fish. But the moment they step ashore the machine begins to sink!

1. The three friends stared at the Flying Fish speechless with amazement. It scarcely seemed possible that the great ship could sink so rapidly, and yet here it was disappearing into the water! Then Uncle Paul scrambled on to the quay mightily pleased with his artful trick!

2. But the chums had no time for him. The main thing was to try to save the great ship which was rapidly settling down in the sea. The next moment brave Joe dashed forward fearlessly and plunged headlong into the water. "I'm going to save her if I can, cap'n!" he yelled.

3. By this time he was quite certain that Uncle Paul had opened one of the draining holes in the bottom of the ship, otherwise it could not have sunk so quickly. Scrambling aboard, he dashed down into the hold and found the water flooding through an open trap. It was just as he thought.

4. Without thinking of the danger he was in, he flung his whole weight on to the round iron cap and forced it down over the gushing water! The next moment the flow was stopped, and the Flying Fish was saved. "Thank goodness! I was just in time!" muttered brave Joe.

5. The whole ship was flooded almost knee-deep in water, but there was not enough to make it sink. A few minutes later Captain Scott and Effie arrived in a small rowing boat, and Joe dashed to meet them eagerly. "It's all right!" he cried. "The ship won't sink now, cap'n!"

6. The captain was very grateful to Joe for his brave deed. "I shall never regret bringing you with me on this trip, my lad," he said, when all the water had been pumped away. "We shall be flying overland for a few days now. Go down into the main cabin and have a rest!"

7. But Joe could not remain idle for very long. As he lay on the bunk a splendid idea occurred to him, and jumping up, he ran to the cupboard and fetched some canes, a sheet of paper and some string. "Goodness! What are you going to make now, Joe?" asked Effie.

8. Joe smiled mysteriously and went on working. Lashing the canes together in the shape of a huge spear-head, he covered them with paper. "Well, I never! It is a kite!" exclaimed Effie delightedly. "How lovely!" "We shall have some fun flying it, Joe!"

9. "Yes," laughed Joe. "I have always wanted to make one and fly it from the tower. It ought to go splendidly!" "Rather!" agreed Effie. "Let's go up and try it now!" Laughing happily, the chums rushed up the steps into the tower and were soon flying the kite.

10. For a long time they soared over woods and fields, and Joe paid out more and more string until the kite was floating high above them. It was so stoutly made that Joe never dreamed anything could happen to it—until the Flying Fish suddenly zoomed round into the wind dragging the kite round at a sharp angle. This seemed to upset it completely, for the next moment it plunged down like a stone. "Save it, Joe!" cried Effie.

11. Joe tugged the string to and fro, trying desperately to bring the kite up again, but it was all in vain! Down, down it dropped, until it was right out of sight! "Quick! Wind in the string, Joe!" exclaimed Effie. "We might lose it!" Joe obeyed at once, pulling in the string quickly. "We'll soon have it back now," he muttered. But the next instant the string became taut and would not move. What had happened?

(There will be a big surprise in this exciting picture-story next week. Do not miss it!)

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—Saturday, October 7th, 1939.

Now on Sale. PLAYBOX ANNUAL 3/6 The Jolliest Picture and Story Book for Boys and Girls.

TUFF THE PUP AND HIS MAGIC TAIL

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TWINKLE WITH HIS MAGIC SHOES

THIS WEEK:

DICK AND THE DRAGONS.

"AH, I must not forget to take my letter to the post! I must buy some more stamps, too. I have stuck the last one on this envelope."

And Dame Kindly, our little Tommy Twinkle's grandma, who was all ready to go out, retraced her steps to the mantelpiece to pick up her letter.

Tommy had promised to remain indoors until she returned, for the good lady was expecting a parcel to be delivered from a near-by shop. As a matter of fact, our merry little boy was quite eager to see the parcel arrive, for he knew what it would contain. Goodies with which Dame Kindly intended making her Christmas puddings! Currants, raisins, lovely big pieces of candied peel, sweet-smelling almonds, brown, treacly sugar, and the rest! It made Tommy's mouth water to think of it all, for his granny always made a point of making her puddings early.

"By the way, granny, yesterday I saw a letter that reminded me of a circus," he chuckled.

"Indeed!" smiled the good lady in an amused tone. "How was that?"

"The envelope had a *seal* on it!" laughed Tommy merrily. "Ha, ha, ha! And here is something else for you to think out, granny. Why is it the hardest thing in the world to drink a cup full of tea?"

Dame Kindly opened her eyes wide at this remark, as you can imagine, boys and girls! And she instantly declared that she had always found it the easiest thing to drink a cup full of nice hot tea!

"Oh, no," chuckled Tommy, shaking his curly head. "You can drink it *empty*, but not full. Do you see? Ha, ha! But I caught you, didn't I? Ha, ha!"

Shaking her head laughingly at our little boy, Dame Kindly left the cottage and Tommy settled down to read his library book, a new one entitled "The Redskins' Revenge." Oh, it was an exciting one, too. So exciting that our little friend did not hear a light knock at the cottage door, and started up in surprise a few moments later as a merry, roguish face peered into the room. It was Dick, a little school-friend of Tommy, living opposite.

"I'm sorry to startle you, Tommy!" he cried. "But will you come over and play 'Draughts' with me? I'm tired of reading. Can you come?"

"I am afraid not, Dick," grinned Tommy. And he explained about the parcel he was expecting.

Dick's face fell, only to lighten again as our little boy suggested that Dick should come and play in Dame Kindly's cottage.

"I had better go and tell mummy!" cried the little boy. And in a flash he had departed, returning very soon with a handful of papers to show Tommy.

"What ever are these?" laughed our little friend. And when Dick spread them out before him, Tommy saw that they were drawings—nearly all of them drawings of *dragons!* All sorts and kinds of dragons, and then it was that Tommy remembered how fond Dick was of dragons. He had often told our little friend that his favourite story was "Dick, the Dragon-slayer," too.

"My word!" laughed Tommy. "You have enough dragons here to stock a hundred-thousand fairy books! Ha, ha! It's a good thing they are not *alive!*"

"Oh, I only wish they were!" Dick cried. "Not—not really fierce fight-y dragons, you know, but nice quiet, jolly dragons! I——"

But Dicky never finished his sentence, because our merry little Tommy Twinkle had softly stamped his right magic shoe, and in a flash Dick's curious wish had come true. The familiar walls of Dame Kindly's kitchen seemed to fade, and Dick found himself in a strange cave with two huge dragons! One wore a muslin cap tied over its head with a big bow under the chin, and was evidently a *Mrs.* Dragon, and the other was half-asleep in an old-fashioned armchair by the fire. This must have been Mr. Dragon, and just at his moment he opened his great green eyes.

"Bless my tail-scales!" he cried, starting up with something like a roar. "I didn't know we had visitors! Welcome to Dragon-land, my boys!"

Mrs. Dragon smiled at Tommy and Dick, and then busied herself stirring something over the fire.

"Why not take our young friends to meet the children from school?" she suggested. "They should be coming home soon."

"Of course! Of course, my dear!" cried Mr. Dragon, making for the entrance to the cave. "This way, boys! A very pleasant day if it does not rain, don't you think?"

Dick giggled and Tommy smiled, at which the friendly dragon smiled more broadly than ever. Over very rough, rocky ground they went until at last they came in sight of a huge cave mouth from which dozens of little dragons were running merrily. Several grown-up dragons were also waiting, and at last two jolly little fellows came running up to Mr. Dragon and the boys.

"Well, I hope you have been good boys," grinned their daddy, lashing his great tail playfully. "These are two friends of ours, Tommy and Dick. Shake paws nicely."

Trying not to laugh, Dick held out his hand and shook "paws" with the young dragons, Tommy doing likewise. Just at that moment, however, a loud roaring sounded behind them, and swinging round, Dick saw an amazing sight. Walking down a near-by hill came the biggest dragon he had ever seen, beside a lovely princess!

"Please stop a minute!" she cried, smiling. "It is not often we see strangers in Dragon-land!"

"B-but who are y-you?" stammered Dick, as he and Tommy greeted the princess.

"Do stop!" cried the princess. "We seldom see strangers in Dragon-land."

"I am looking after Donald Dragon in Cosy Cave under the hill," said the princess happily. "Dozens of princes have come to rescue me, but I have grown so fond of Donald that I do not want to leave him. Do come and see our cave. You can go on to the dragon family after!"

"By all means! By all means!" agreed Mr. Dragon amiably. "We'll go and help get the tea ready. See you later, boys!"

More and more amazed by this strange Land of Dragons, Dick turned to follow the princess and her escort, but he tripped up over a small boulder, and fell. Tommy was helping him up, and—goodness! They were back in Dame Kindly's kitchen, with the pictures of Dick's dragons strewn all over the floor! (Tommy had stamped his *left* magic shoe, you see!)

And, to this day, Dicky cannot make up his mind whether he really did go to Dragon-land, or whether it was all only a dream. He was always disappointed they did not return to the first cave, for he did want to know what dragons have for tea!

(Whatever you do, don't miss next week's PLAYBOX *with all its fun and jolly stories!)*

1. No wonder the chums look excited! Just see what is on at the pictures. "That's the programme for us!" cries Chic.

2. They think they are going in free, too, like college boys, but the door-keeper stops them. "Be off!" he snorts.

3. "Now, I wonder whatever makes him think I'm not a college boy!" says Chic. "I shall have to put a crease down my pantaloons, I suppose!"

4. Do you notice those boys are each carrying a striped ball? Well, they are rather surprised when Peter Panda starts cutting up those balls with his knife.

5. "See, they'll make caps, you chaps! What, what!" he says, with his best college accent. "Well, I call that a cap-ital idea!" chuckles Chic.

6. And this time they are waved polite into the cinema. "Just follow us, Miggs Minor," says Chic in a loud voice, and how they did enjoy the free show!

START READING THIS GRAND SERIAL STORY TO-DAY!

GERALD TRIES TO FORGET HIS TROUBLES AND MAKES A BRAVE RESCUE.

The Boy from the Big House.

POOR Gerald! One trouble seemed to follow on top of the other.

To the worry of the lost packet, which he had left behind in the house in London, was added a new, and even worse anxiety, for it seemed he might be unable to stop with his kind friends.

His mother had gone on a long journey across the sea, leaving her little boy safe and happy in the keeping of Mr. and Mrs. Long. And now the tall gentleman from the big house had said that he must go away.

"I cannot have more than two children in the place!" That is what he had said, and he had looked at Mr. Long very angrily as he went out.

"What can I do? Where can I go?" Gerald murmured the words to himself over and over again, and, as he did so, the tears came up into his round blue eyes.

Betty Long saw the tears, and it was as much as she could do to keep from crying, too. She came up to Gerald and put her arms around his neck.

"Don't cry, Gerald," she said lovingly, and then, without taking her arms away, she looked over his shoulder at Mr. Long, who was standing by with a look of pain and bewilderment on his face. "We won't let him go away, will we, daddy?"

Mr. Long glanced across at his wife, who came forward and patted Gerald's head.

"We won't let him go away if we can help it," she said. "Daddy is going to see Mr. Garfield, and perhaps he will be able to persuade him to change his mind—won't you, daddy?"

"I'll do my best," Mr. Long said, and then he added in an undertone. "I can't understand it, my dear. I told him before we came here that we had three little ones at home, and he said he did not mind in the least. And now——"

"Did you notice the way he started when you told him Gerald's name was Bartlett?" Mrs. Long said, looking over keenly at her husband.

"Yes, I did," Mr. Long said, half to himself. "It's very strange—very strange, indeed! Anyhow," he added, looking down at the children, and his face brightening up with the old pleasant smile, "perhaps it will all blow over."

But Gerald felt very unhappy and when the chance came he slipped out of the lodge and turned down the broad carriage-way which led up to the big house.

He had heard Mr. Long tell Tony that they mustn't go up and play where Mr. and Mrs. Garfield could see them, so presently Gerald turned down a narrow path which led across a broad, green lawn, by a big pond to the edge of a forest, which was known as Brackenhurst Wood.

Mr. Garfield must be very rich to own this great wood and all these lovely grounds—so thought Gerald—ever so much richer than his daddy, though he had often heard his mother say that his daddy, by rights, should have had much more money than he had got.

At that moment a regular "click, click!" and "creak, creak!" came to Gerald's ears, and, glancing up, he saw a little boy about his own age sitting in a swing that was suspended from the low bough of a big oak tree.

He was a thin, pale-faced little boy with dark hair and very dark eyes, and Gerald noticed that his clothes were ever so much grander looking than were Tony Long's. On the whole, there was something in the face of the little stranger on the swing that Gerald did not quite like, but you could not always tell by looks, so he strolled up towards the tree.

"Hallo!" said the boy sharply. "Who are you?"

"My name's Gerald—Gerald Bartlett."

The boy eyed him up and down as if he were comparing Gerald's clothes with his own.

"Gerald Bartlett," he said. "Where do you come from, then?"

"I come from the Firs in London," Gerald said. "But my daddy is missing and mummy has gone on a long journey—so I'm living for a little while at the lodge with Mrs. Long."

The black eyes of the boy on the swing opened wide.

"You living with Mrs. Long—eh?" he said. "Why, Long's our gardener! All this ground round about here and that big house belong to my father! Fancy you living with a gardener!"

Gerald didn't like the sneering tone of this boy at all.

"Mr. Long is a very nice gentleman," he said, "and I like living with him."

The boy climbed down off the swing and laughed.

"Long, a gentleman," he said. "He's not a gentleman. He's only a gardener!"

A light came into Gerald's blue eyes.

"Mr. Long is a gentleman," he said. "Perhaps he is more of a gentleman than your father is!"

The boy's black eyes gleamed angrily, and in a moment he raised his hand and struck Gerald a blow on the face.

"Take that!" he cried. "And now perhaps you'll keep out of our part of the grounds!"

And, so saying, he turned, and coward-like, ran as hard as he could back towards the big house.

Thin Ice.

Two or three days had passed—sad days for Gerald, for Mr. Long had been to see his master, and been told that Gerald would have to go before the end of the week.

Gerald was cheered one cold morning, though, when Betty rushed into the room clapping her hands and shouting excitedly.

"Quick, Gerald," she cried. "There is ice on the pond and it bears! Quick!"

Gerald threw down his paper and jumped up quickly.

"Ice?" he said. "What pond?"

"The one in the grounds," Betty cried.

She ran to the kitchen door and cried:

"Mummy, we want to go down and have a slide!"

Mrs. Long turned to her husband, who was busy sharpening a saw.

"Is the pond quite safe, dear?" she said.

"Yes, as safe as houses!" Mr. Long said. "I've been across it myself this morning. But tell the children not to go anywhere near the fallen tree—it might be treacherous there!"

So Mrs. Long made sure that the children were warmly wrapped up, and, after she had told them what Mr. Long had said, they set off merrily towards the pond.

It was a cold, dry morning—the kind of morning that makes your cheeks burn as you run along—and, for the first time for many days Gerald, forgot his troubles and felt almost happy.

So with flushed face and merry heart he and Betty ran down the carriage-way

and turned down the narrow path across the lawn till they came to the lake.

A little boy was already upon it, and Gerald saw that it was the master's son—the bad-tempered boy who had struck him on the face.

His name was Godfrey—so Betty whispered—and he glided about over the smooth surface of the pond on a lovely pair of skates.

Gerald and Betty had to be content with sliding, but even that was great fun, and they laughed merrily as they tumbled down time after time.

Presently, tired out, they sat down on the frozen bank and watched Godfrey as he whirled round the pond.

"I wish I had a pair of skates," Gerald said longingly, for it looked so lovely gliding over the ice like that.

Godfrey, overhearing what Gerald had said, glided up to them and condescended to speak for the first time.

"It wouldn't be any use your having skates," he said staring at Gerald out of his unpleasant black eyes. "If you could afford them you couldn't skate."

"I believe I could," Gerald said, for he had no idea how difficult it is to learn. "It looks ever so easy."

"All right, you're very clever, you try," and sitting down on the bank Godfrey took off his skates.

"Here," he said, "put up your foot. I'll put them on for you. Then you can try whether it is ever so easy."

Gerald put out first one foot and then the other, and in a few minutes the skates were firmly fixed to his feet. It felt so funny as he stood up, and he had great difficulty in keeping his balance, but he wouldn't let Godfrey see that he was afraid.

Plucking up courage he started off as he had seen Godfrey do, but somehow the skates slipped from under him, and he had all his work cut out to keep from falling heavily.

"There you are," Godfrey cried sneeringly as he got up. "I thought it was 'ever so easy'—eh? Go on, skate up," he said.

"I can't!" Gerald said, wincing for the skate was twisting his foot painfully. "It is harder than I thought!"

Then the unkind Godfrey put out his hand and gave Gerald a push, and laughed as he fell heavily on the ice.

"Come on," he said, "take them off! I knew how much you could skate!"

Gerald could not manage to regain his feet, so he crawled to the bank and Godfrey removed the skates and put them on again himself.

He was soon sweeping round in big, graceful circles that he was evidently proud of.

On these occasions Betty noticed that he went very near to the big fallen tree that jutted out into the water, and her face went a little pale.

"I shouldn't go too near that tree, Master Godfrey," she said. "Daddy says the ice is not safe there!"

"Not safe! Pooh!" Godfrey looked up. "What does your father know about it?"

And with those words he turned and wheeled round, skating right across by the drooping branches of the tree.

It was a foolish, wilful thing to do. The next moment an ugly cracking sound went up, followed by a sharp cry of terror from Godfrey. And as Gerald and Betty, with white faces, stared over towards him, they saw only his pale face and terror-stricken eyes protruding from the water, and, crying piteously, he was clinging to the edge of the ice to save himself from being drowned.

Betty stood rooted to the spot, unable to move. But Gerald realised in a moment that unless they could help the wilful Godfrey he would be drowned!

Gerald saw that there was no time to be lost in running off to fetch a plank to put over the ice, and yet he knew he dare not trust his weight to it. Even though he might crawl slowly along on hands and knees, the ice, quite thin at this spot, was likely to crack at any moment and then he too would be floundering in the water like Gerald.

"Hold on!" cried Gerald, and bent over to catch Godfrey's hand.

But how could he reach him?

Dashing up the bank he ran swiftly round the pond till he came to the fallen tree which ran out over the water. If he could climb out on to the farther bough of the tree he could, perhaps, reach the drowning boy and save him.

All his dislike for the boy was forgotten in a moment.

"All right, Godfrey," he cried. "Hold on! I'm coming!"

He climbed out along the trunk of the tree, and then, more slowly, made his way along the bough which gradually bent down with his weight towards the water.

Betty who was watching with pale face and anxious eyes could not help a warning cry escaping her lips.

"Gerald, do take care!" she called. "Suppose that bough should break!"

But Gerald felt sure it would hold him.

Farther and farther he edged along. The tips of the bough were now touching the water and Godfrey was able to clutch at them frantically.

"Hold on! Hold on!" Gerald cried excitedly. "Now can you pull yourself up?"

Godfrey made a great effort, but he was already weak from struggling in the cold water and now he sank back with a feeble cry.

"Wait a second. I'll give you a hand," cried Gerald, and he shifted his position on the bough so that he could hold on with one hand.

Then he bent down and caught Godfrey. But still he could not lift the exhausted boy from the water. Each time Godfrey sank back, almost pulling poor Gerald into the water as well. Desperate, he called to Betty.

"Quick, Betty!" he said. "Go and fetch someone! Godfrey is too heavy for me to pull him out!"

But even as Betty turned, a shout came from the wood, and Mr. Garfield, very white of face, rushed upon the scene. In a moment he had climbed along the tree and hoisted his boy out of the deep water. Then, with Gerald following, he made his way back to the bank.

Mr. Garfield was obviously very frightened, for Godfrey had had a narrow escape, and for some minutes he chafed his son's frozen legs and hands. Then, catching Godfrey up in his arms, he turned with an earnest expression to Gerald.

"And so you have saved my little boy's life," he said, patting Gerald's head. "Where do you live, little man?"

"I live at Mr. Long's," Gerald said.

"Mr. Long's?" Godfrey's father looked at him sharply.

"Yes," Gerald said. "But I shan't be able to live there after to-morrow, because you've told Mr. Long I must be sent away!"

(Is the stern Mr. Garfield likely to alter his decision about not keeping Gerald at the lodge? More of this fine story next week.)

BRAVE JOE

1. The picture in the crystal was so lifelike that the children were quite sure something had happened to the Flying Fish. "We must go back to Captain Scott!" yelled Joe, but as the chums moved towards the door, the wizard barred the way.

2. Thinking that he still meant to keep them prisoners, brave Joe squared up to him boldly and exclaimed: "You're not going to keep us here! We are going to Captain Scott, so get out of the way!" "There is no need for you to go!" was the reply.

3. Mystified by the wizard's words, the children halted for a moment and to their utter astonishment the tall stranger snatched off his beard and cap, showing himself to be Captain Scott himself. "What ever does it mean!" exclaimed little Effie, in amazement.

4. "It means that I have been teaching you a very stern lesson, my dears," replied the captain quietly. "You should not have gone exploring in these dangerous parts! You might never have come back!" "We're very sorry, sir," said Joe humbly.

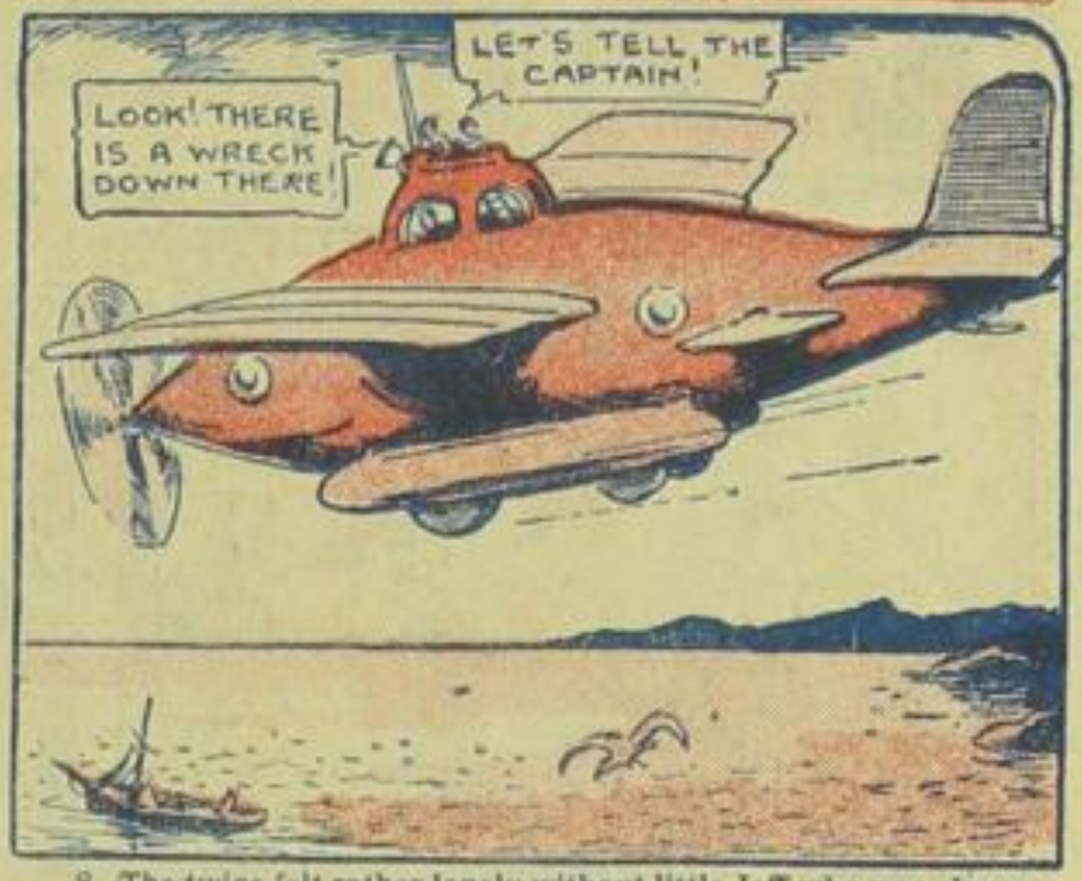
5. Another surprise awaited the children when the "bandits" came to wish them good-bye. They were all laughing merrily together, plainly enjoying the parts they had been acting for the captain. "So they were not robbers after all!" cried Joe.

6. It was something of a disappointment to the chums to find that their great adventure had only been make-believe, but, all the same, they had learnt their lesson. "I shan't want to go back to the farm after this, Joe!" murmured little Jeff gloomily.

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

While escaping from some bandits the chums meet a wizard. They look into his magic crystal and see a picture of the Flying Fish in flames!

7. However, he could not remain with the chums much longer, for the captain was anxious to start on his journey again. The machine landed at the farm a few moments later, and Jeff climbed out rather sadly. "Good-bye!" he said. "Come again soon."



8. The twins felt rather lonely without little Jeff who was always full of bright ideas, but they soon forgot their sadness when Joe sighted an old wreck floating in the sea below. "Look at that, Effie!" he exclaimed. "Run down and tell the captain!"

9. As soon as he heard the news of the wreck the captain brought the machine down, but when they reached the water the twins gazed at each other blankly. "Why! The wreck has vanished!" exclaimed Joe, in surprise. "It must have sunk."

10. "Then we will never be able to explore it, Joe!" sighed Effie. "What a shame!" But brave Joe had made up his mind to look over the old wreck, and pulling on his diving-suit he cried: "I'm going below to see if I can find it, Effie."

11. Little Effie always felt anxious when Joe went diving, for it seemed so dangerous to walk about on the bed of the sea. "Do be careful, Joe!" she muttered, as she held on to the rope that was knotted round his waist. "And come back soon."

12. But the little boy remained under the water for so long that Effie became anxious and began to haul in the rope. Suddenly she found a loose end in her hand. The rope had broken! What had happened to Joe? *(More of this lovely story next week.)*

HAPPY HOURS WITH MY READERS

The funny Baby Buntings have got tired of waiting for the snow to come, so they have started having sledge races down the stairs instead! Chubs and Trixie thought they were sure to win on their fine Fender Racer, but Peterkin soon left them behind on his little Tea Tray Flyer! Ha, ha! No wonder he looks pleased! He has won a big box of chocs for his fine race! Lucky little Peterkin!

215, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Playmates,—Goodness me! How time flies, to be sure! It will not be long before we shall be enjoying something beginning with C and ending with S Can you guess what it is? Yes! Right first time! CHRISTMAS! Whenever I think of it I want to jump right out of my chair and dance round the room for joy!

I would, too—if I had time! But at the moment I am very busy judging all the pretty pictures you have sent in for the grand Painting Competition that appeared on this page a few weeks ago. I hope to be printing the list of lucky prizewinners soon, so look out for it.

How do you like our lovely new picture-story "The Chums of Happy Ranch?" Isn't it getting exciting? Have you looked at page 23 yet? You will find some exciting news about our lovely Annuals there! Watch for them in the bookshops!

Your jolly friend,

Uncle Ben

P.S.—This week's Letter Prize of half-a-crown has been won by Mary Pate, of Market Drayton.

MOTHER GOOSE Tells Your Fortune!

★

BIRTHDAYS.

Every birthday month has a meaning, so watch this little corner for yours! We have already dealt with January, February, March, and April, so this week we are going to talk about—

MAY.

Many people say that the flower of the may tree is unlucky, so it is rather strange that the month of May should be such a lucky time! Boys and girls born in this month are well-known for their good luck and are always winning prizes or unexpected gifts!

Later on, if they should become travellers or explorers, their good luck will come in very useful! They are usually cheerful children, "happy-go-lucky" as the saying goes, and nothing seems to worry them very much! Although most days are lucky for them, the luckiest day of all is Wednesday, and their birthday plant is Iris.

And here is a little rhyme about children whose birthdays are in May.

For children who are born in May
Every day's a lucky day!
So if you would be lucky, too,
Follow them in all they do!

Next week: JUNE.

And now for two more names. The name STEPHEN means "wise," and boys with this name are usually very steady and level-headed. They are good scholars and splendid sportsmen, and, of course, make very loyal friends.

STELLA means "a star." These little girls are very bright and talkative. They are never shy, and get to know people very easily. They seem to prefer playing boys' games, and are often called "Tom-boys."

Two more names next week!

FEATHER RACE. A Funny Indoor Game.

You must remember to play this exciting game when you next have your chums to tea, for it causes roars of laughter!

First of all the players must line up at at the end of the room, or passage, and they are then each given a small feather which they must place on the palms of their hands.

At the word GO they must move as quickly as they can to the other end of the room without dropping the feather. The feathers must not be touched with the fingers or held on the hand in any way. It is a thrilling race!

SONNY'S FUNNY CARD CATCH!

1. "Here is a surprise for you, Micky!" chuckled Sonny, as he took out a big picture-card. "I can balance this on its edge quite easily!" "Goodness! I am sure you can't, you silly boy!" laughed Micky. "It would tumble over at once!"

2. "Ha, ha! Don't be too sure about that, my lad!" said our clever Sonny, folding the card down the centre. "Now it will stand on its edge quite easily, you see! You did not think of that, did you?" Try this one on your chums.

MR. TOOTLE-OO!

Mr. Tootle-oo used to toot on his flute beautifully; but every time he tootled on his tooter, a little blue bird used to sit on his boot and tootle, too! No, this isn't a tongue-twister, it is a story, and a very touching story, as I am sure you will agree later.

Mr. Tootle-oo was a very nice gentleman, but there was just one thing that he could not stand—and that was people singing out of tune! Now, Binkie Bird was only little, and as he had not learned to sing properly yet he used to practise while Mr. Tootle-oo tootled on his flute.

"Oh, goodness me!" exlcaimed Mr. Tootle-oo one morning, after Binkie had sung his fourth wrong note. "Why must you tootle here? Why don't you tootle off and tootle somewhere else?"

Poor Binkie looked very hurt, and stopped singing for a little while. In the meantime, Mr. Tootle-oo passed the hat round and gathered in twelve bright pennies, which wasn't bad for an hour's tootling. Then he went off to have his dinner and left Binkie all alone.

"I'm sure I could sing properly if only I had someone to teach me," he said sadly. "Mr. Tootle-oo is so touchy when I sing B flat instead of A sharp. The pity of it is I simply don't know the difference."

But all the same, he went off to his little nest and practised all the afternoon without stopping once, and by the time he had finished he found to his great delight that he could sing just like Mr. Tootle-oo's flute—only much nicer!

The next morning he flew down to the street corner to tell Mr. Tootle-oo the good news; but the poor gentleman was in no mood to talk to Binkie because he had got a very sore throat, and could not tootle on his flute at all—which meant no dinner that day!

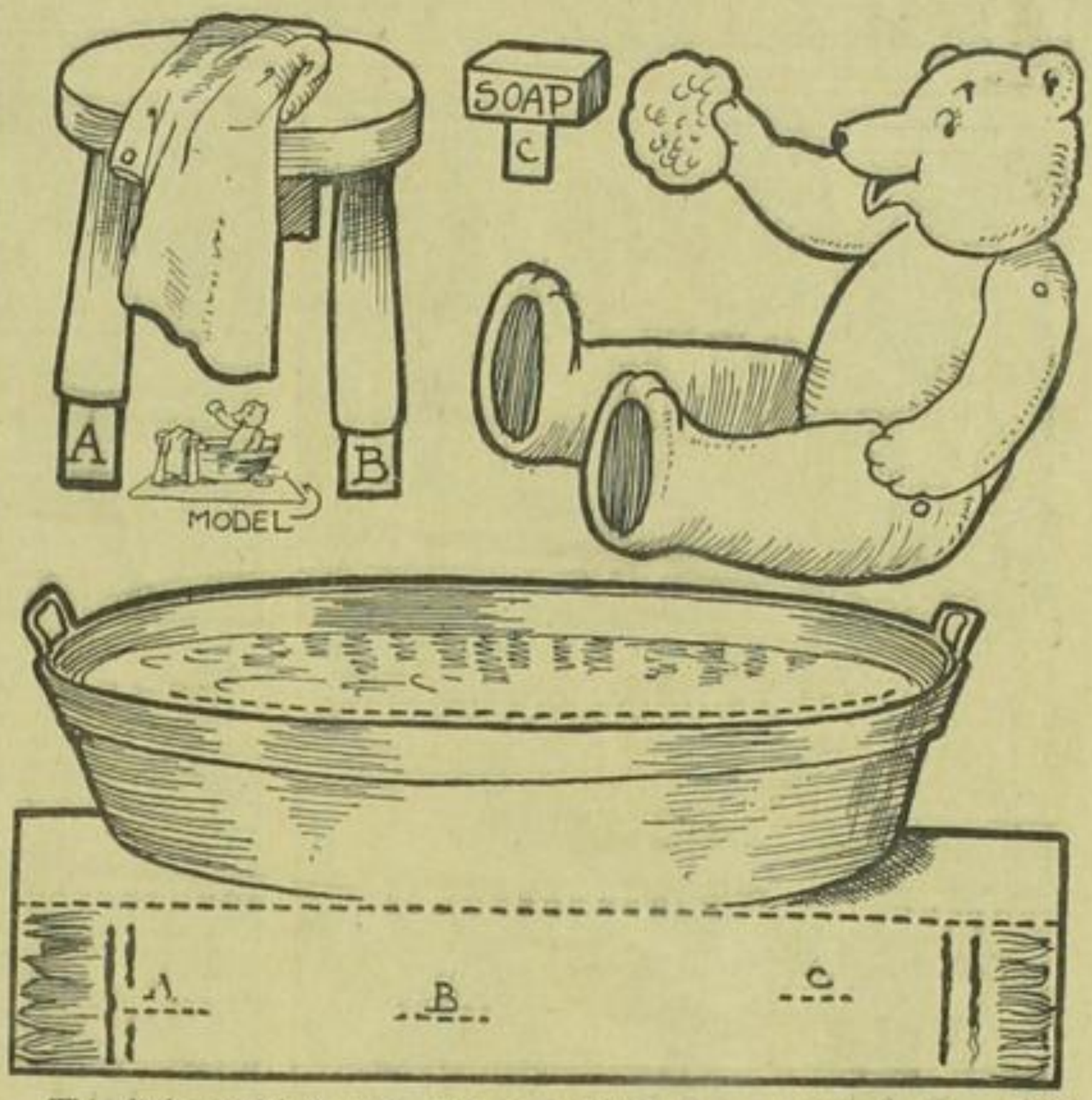
Then Binkie came to the rescue! He began to tootle at the top of his voice, and everybody thought it was Mr. Tootle-oo's tooter!

"What lovely music he is playing to-day!" they said, as they danced round merrily. And that morning there were *twenty-four* bright pennies in Mr. Tootle-oo's hat! He never grumbled at Binkie Bird after that! In fact, they were the best of friends!

THE END.

BATH NIGHT FOR TEDDY BEAR!

A Jolly Little Model That You Can Make.



This little model is very easy to make, and you will be so pleased with it when it is finished!

First of all stick the whole picture on to some thin card, and when it is quite dry, colour it with your paints or crayons and cut out each piece carefully.

You must cut right through the dotted line that you can see along the edge of the bath, and also the little dotted lines marked A, B, and C. Now fold sharply at the long dotted line so that the bath stands up firmly. Now you will find that you can fit Teddy into the long slot so that he seems to be sitting in the bath. The stool and soap will stand up if you slip the tabs into the slots A, B, and C, and then fold them flat.

Now your little model is finished. Doesn't it look lovely?

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?

Q. Why is a chimney-sweep very happy?

A. Because he is always well sooted (suited).

Q. Why is H a wonderful letter?

A. Because it can make CAT "CHAT!"

Q. Is there a word that contains all the vowels?

A. Unquestionably!

Q. What is it that we are all doing at the same time?

A. Breathing.

Q. How many sides has a tea pot?

A. Two. The inside and the outside!

Q. What letters are needed by a lazy boy?

A. N R G (energy)!

Q. Why is the letter A very lazy?

A. Because it is never in "time"!

Q. What must be taken from you before you can have it?

A. Your photograph!

BRIGHTEYES

FOR NEW READERS.—Mistaken for a gipsy, little Brighteyes tries to escape on horseback from a policeman! She is just getting away when Gipsy Meg rushes up, saying: "Take me with you! They'll lock me up!"

1. What was little Brighteyes to do? How could she help the mean old gipsy to escape after all the artful tricks she had played on her? Then little Sam, the gipsy boy, appeared out of the mist. "Please take me with you, Brighteyes!" he gasped. "They'll lock me up if they catch me here."

2. And our little girl made up her mind at once. She knew that poor Sam had only been unkind to her because he was afraid of Gipsy Meg. "All right, Sam! Jump up!" she cried, helping him on to the horse. "I won't let them hurt you." Meg glared angrily. "Come back!" she cried.

3. But once they were on the horse they no longer feared the scheming old woman, and the next instant they were galloping down the road at a fine speed. "Ha, ha! I think we managed that very well, Sam!" laughed our little girl. "Meg won't be able to catch us now, thank goodness!"

4. There were tears of gratitude in little Sam's eyes when they jumped off the horse outside Miss Barry's school. "Thank you ever so much for being so kind to me, Brighteyes!" he exclaimed. "I really didn't deserve it. Do forgive me for being so mean to you! It was all old Meg's fault."

5. "Why, of course!" laughed kind little Brighteyes. "I knew you were only obeying Gipsy Meg! But take care she does not catch you again or she'll never let you go!" Suddenly Sam gave a cry of horror. "Oh, look!" he cried. "Here comes the policeman on his bicycle. He is after us."

6. Brighteyes' heart nearly stopped beating when she saw the tall figure in blue riding swiftly towards them. "Meg must have told him where to find me!" she gasped, rushing into the school. Sam followed her quickly, his face as white as paper. "Let me come, too, Brighteyes!" he pleaded.

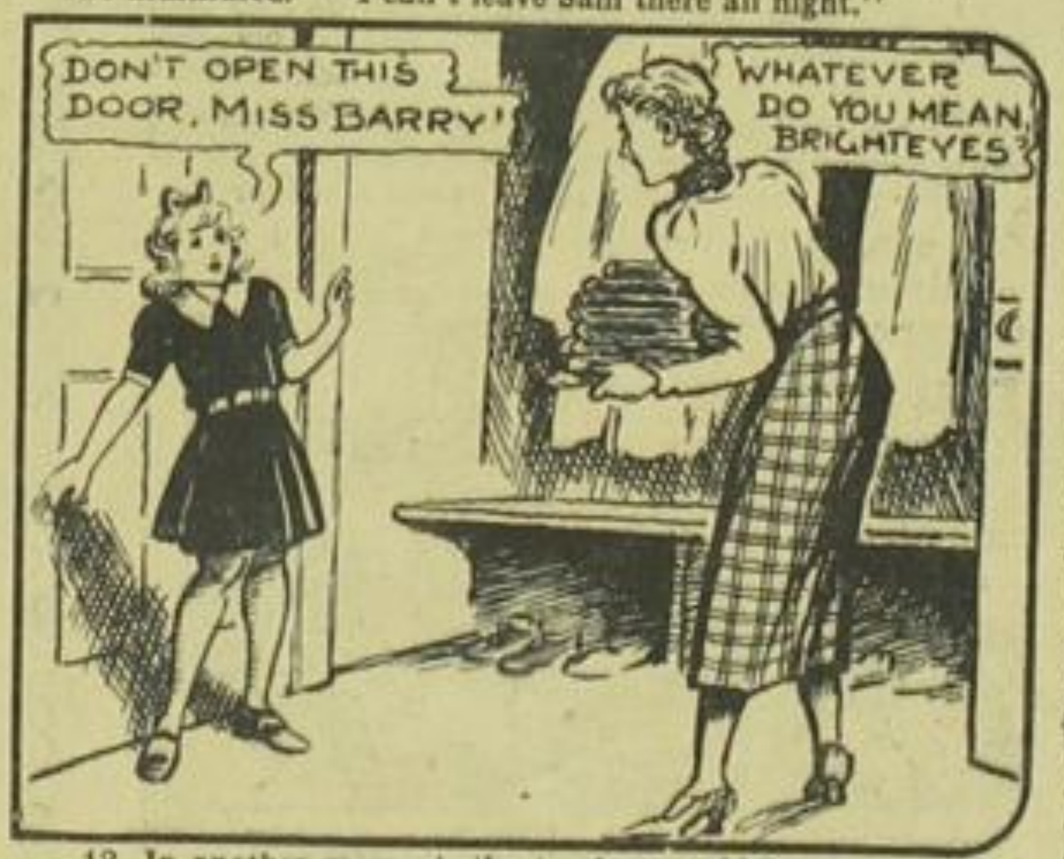
7. Now, of course, little Brighteyes knew that Miss Barry would be very cross if she brought a gipsy boy into the school—but before the little girl could say anything, Sam had rushed past her through the school door. "Come back, Sam!" cried Brighteyes. "You'll get into trouble if you are caught."

8. But Sam was so frightened that he took no notice of Brighteyes at all, and rushed straight into the school cloak-room. Terrified of what might happen if Miss Barry found him there, Brighteyes tried to send him away. "Oh, no!" he cried. "Let me stay! Hide me somewhere."

9. There was no time to lose. At any moment one of the girls might come in and discover the gipsy boy there—then Miss Barry would certainly be told. Rushing to the book-cupboard, Brighteyes flung open the door and pushed Sam inside. "Don't make a noise!" she whispered. "And don't try to get out."

10. Sam obeyed without a word, and the little girl closed the cupboard door with a sigh of relief. For the moment, the danger of discovery was past, and breathing more freely, Brighteyes took off her hat and coat. "What shall I do now?" she murmured. "I can't leave Sam there all night."

11. Suddenly she heard a familiar footstep outside and a moment later Miss Barry came in carrying a pile of heavy school books. "Why, hallo, Brighteyes," she said, with a smile. "I am just putting the music books away for the night."

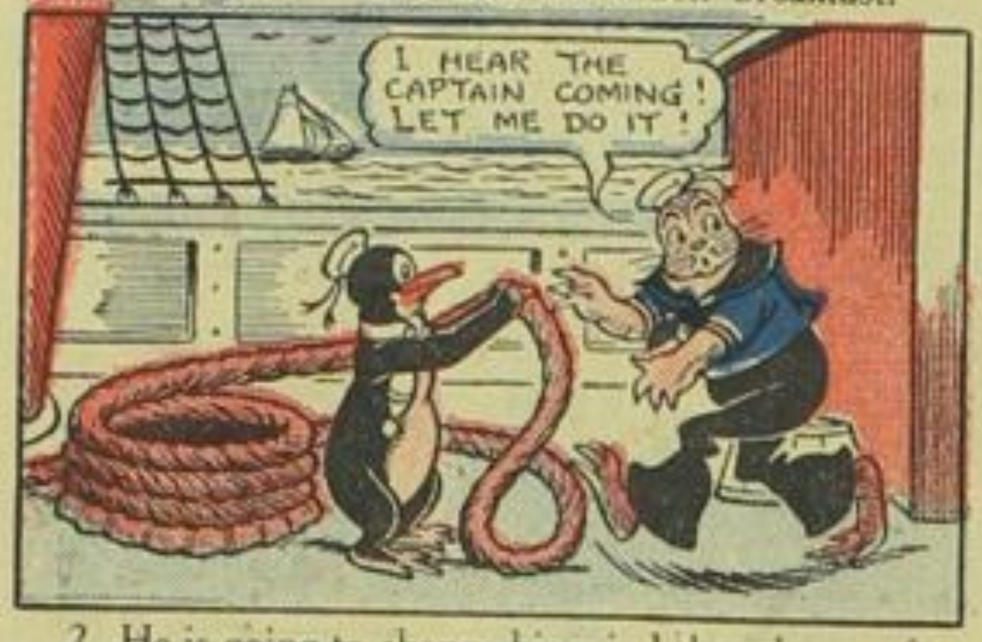


12. In another moment, the teacher would be opening the cupboard door. Feeling terribly frightened, Brighteyes rushed to the cupboard and put her back against the door. "What ever are you doing?" cried Miss Barry in amazement.

(Will Miss Barry discover Brighteyes' secret? There will be a big surprise in the next part of this exciting picture-story.)

SAMMY SEAL.

1. " I've coiled half this rope, Sammy. I think you ought to coil the other half," says Patsy. But Sammy sighs: " I've had too much breakfast."



2. He is going to change his mind though now, for he hears the captain coming. " I must let him see me doing something sometimes," Sammy says.

3. " All our own work, sir," he says, when the captain appears. " Very good, boys," cap'n cries. " You deserve some cakes! Come this way!"

4. But the rope goes that way instead of the chums —they've coiled it over Tommy Turtle. " This must be a tight-rope walker!" cries Patsy.

TILLY AND CO. DO THE

Aren't you glad Tilly is not washing your best clot for you, boys and girls! There seems to be some scorch and ripping going on in this new laundry of hers. " Go

THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THE W

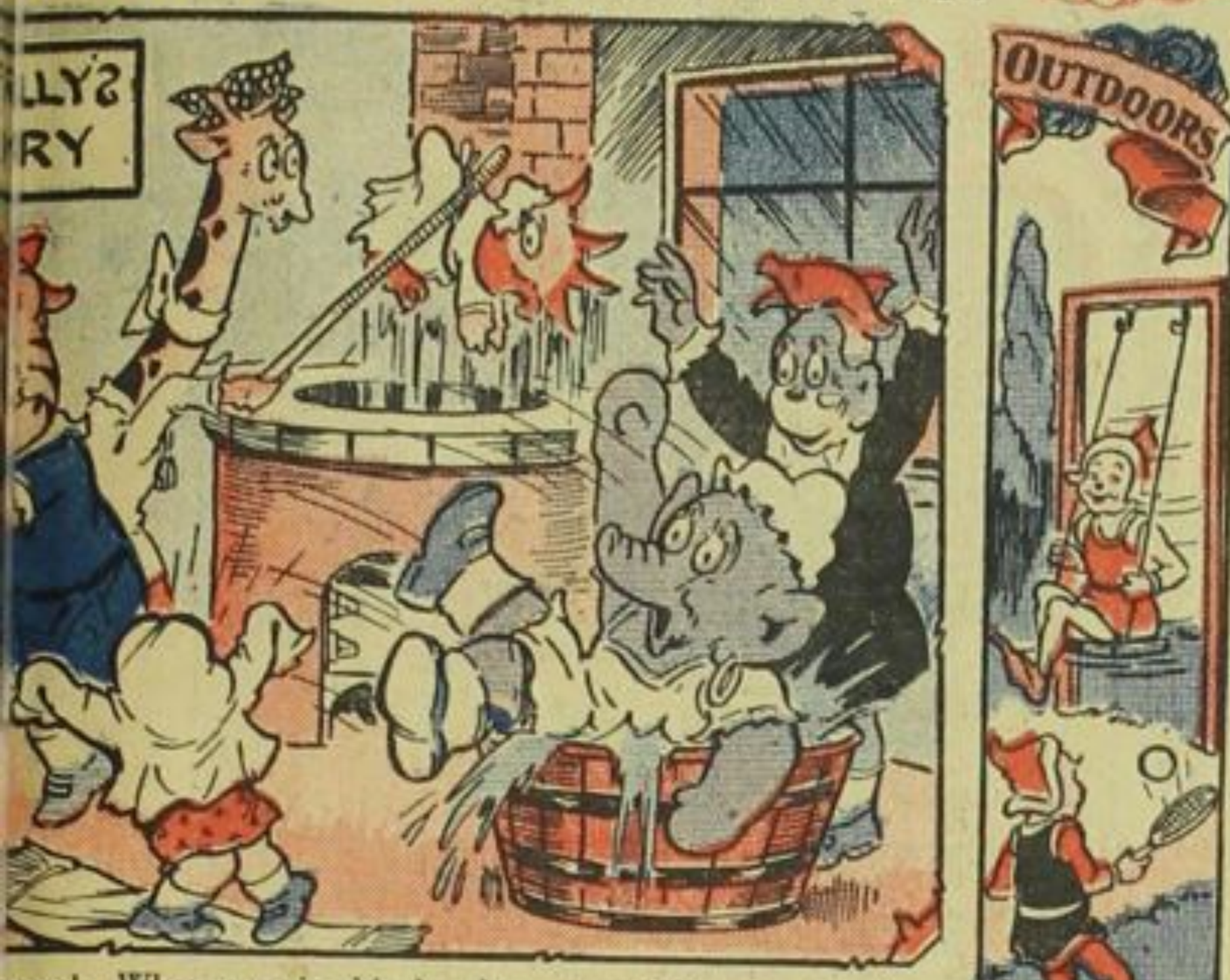
1. " I prefer a game of 'Snails and Alleys' instead of football," says Peter Potts with a sniff. " That ball might hurt my little tootsies!"

2. " It doesn't hu and to show Peter, he Peter's front door!

4. " He won't even look for our ball!" cries Willy, for Peter soon starts sticking up the Potts Pottery. " Be gone, boys!" he says sharply.

5. " But we can't where our ball has while they are search

ASHING FOR MRS. HIPPO.



ness! What ever is this in the copper?" cries Gertie. "I've never heard clothes yell before!" Ha, ha! It is Polly Parrot. Fifi seems to be playing Blind Man's Buff.

E WOOLLY BOYS

," cries Bobby Black. he ball a kick through It has broken a vase!

3. "Tut, tut, boys!" says Peter, and that meant he was really angry. "You've broken my best Potts Pottery vase! How could you?"

e before we find out " cries Reggie, and he vase is mended.

6. Ah, now the boys have found their ball, but they can't get it, for it is inside the stuck up vase. "Serves you right!" laughs Peter.

DIBS AND DABS.

1. "Let's borrow pa's golf clubs and try to find that 'tea' he is always talking about," says Dibs. They wouldn't like eating that "tee," would they!

2. Floppy feels quite pleased with himself when he hits the ball. "You have to get it into a hole," he says, "so a window will do just as well, won't it!"

3. Unluckily for Floppy, Jane is near that open window making a pie. The ball bumps into the bag, and—whoosh!—up comes the flour in her face.

4. "You do look pale," cry the chums when they see Jane's floured face. Jane is cross, too. "I shall not make you a pie after this, children!" she cries.

"WENDY" Tales of Her Wonderful Adventures.

1. "Oh, Don, that strange figure is coming towards us now!" cried Wendy, as the misty form seemed to float nearer to them. She had heard strange tales of such things near castles.

2. But Don noticed that it changed its shape as the wind blew and then fell back against the tree. Boldly he grabbed it and then he calmed Wendy's fears crying: "It is the princess' veil!"

3. "Oh, how wonderful!" cried Wendy. "I did not think we should so easily find where the princess had hidden it! Fancy hanging it up in a tree!" Then they set off for Penguin Land.

4. Don pushed the soft veil into his pocket and poor Wendy was weary with walking all night. It was beginning to get light when Don turned to see a coach coming along the road behind them.

5. But just as the children were rounding a bend where another road came out into the main road, they spied highwaymen. "We'd better hide here, Wendy," he whispered. "They'll stop that coach."

6. Don was quite right. The children just had time to creep behind some bushes when they heard the command ring out: "Stand and deliver!" "Now they'll rob everyone," shivered Wendy.

WENDY SCARES THE HIGHWAYMEN BUT DON IS KNOCKED DOWN BY THEIR HORSES.

FOR NEW READERS.—The penguins are keeping Wendy's magic carpet until she discovers how to turn Percy Penguin from a cat to a penguin. This she can only do with a princess' veil, which has been promised to her if she will search for it. In the palace grounds she and Don are scared by a white figure.

7. She and Don watched anxiously as the terrified driver held up his hands, and then the robbers went to the door of the coach. "Oh, they are going to rob that poor old gentleman!" Wendy said.

8. "If only we could do something," sighed Don. "But we can't fight those men with their pistols!" "We can scare them, though," said Wendy. "Quick, put this veil over my head!"

9. Meanwhile the robbers were counting the gold they had found in the old man's purse when a white figure moved towards them saying: "Give back that money!" The men dropped the gold in terror.

10. In that strange half-light they imagined it to be a spook and flung themselves on their horses and rode off eager to escape. They did not see Wendy fling back the veil and return the gold.

11. But in their mad flight those men had stopped at nothing. Poor Don had been in their path and had not stepped aside quickly enough; now he lay in the road. "Oh, Don!" cried Wendy.

12. Her face pale with fright she raced towards the still figure and bent over him, but he did not open his eyes when she called him, and the little girl was scared. "He won't speak!" she murmured.

(Is poor Don very badly hurt? What will happen now? More of this fine story next week.)

THE CHUMS OF HAPPY RANCH

1. Jack and Jenny gaze at the arrow, hardly able to believe their eyes! "Gee!" gasps Jack. "There's a note tied to it, too!" "Well, open it!" cries Jenny.

2. Jack unfolds the paper with trembling hands. "What's this?" he mutters: "It says: 'Come to the Red Canyon at midnight'! What does it mean?"

3. Always ready for an adventure, Jack flings on his coat and hat. "I'll soon find what this is all about!" he mutters. "Don't go!" cries Jenny. "I'm sure it is a trap!"

4. But it takes more than a letter to scare our Jack! And here he is striding out into the night to solve this strange mystery! "Be seeing you soon, Jenny!" he says.

5. It's a long ride, and a dark one, but Jack knows he is safe on Mustard, the wild little pony who has now become his friend! "We'll soon be there now," says our cowboy.

6. This is Red Canyon. It is a lonely place, even in the daytime, but at night it is very eerie and full of shadows! "Well, there doesn't seem to be anybody here," says Jack.

7. But he is not alone for long! Silently as shadows, two Red Indians creep out and face the boy fiercely. "Waugh!" mutters one, raising his hand. "Me Injun Joe."

8. "Pleased to meet you, I'm sure," says Jack easily. "And what can I do for you?" "You give us keys to old log cabin!" grunts Injun Joe, a fierce look crossing his face.

9. "Gee! What do you think I am?" says Jack. "They're my keys, and I'm sticking to them!" But the Redmen close with him, and the keys are taken from him.

10. Jack is a tough fighter, but the two Indians prove too strong for him, and a few minutes later he finds himself bound to a tree while his enemies gallop off into the night.

11. They think that our Jack is powerless to escape, but they have not reckoned with his good pal Mustard! "Come on, boy! Make a meal of these ropes!" says Jack.

12. And good old Mustard obeys! Soon Jack is free again and is galloping over the moonlit plain in pursuit of Injun Joe. *(More exciting adventures next week!)*

"FLIPS"

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

I HAD SUCH A LOVELY SURPRISE THE OTHER MORNING FOR I FOUND A LETTER LYING ON THE DOORMAT!"

"WELL I NEVER! THIS IS JOLLY!" I EXCLAIMED. "I HAVEN'T HAD A LETTER FOR A LONG TIME! I WONDER WHAT IT SAYS?" WHEN I OPENED IT I FOUND IT WAS AN INVITATION TO A PARTY! OH, I WAS AWFULLY EXCITED, I CAN TELL YOU!

I WENT STRAIGHT UPSTAIRS TO PUT ON MY BEST HAT,

AND THEN I SET OUT TO FIND THE PARTY, GIRLS AND BOYS! BUT, ALAS — IT WAS EVER SO FOGGY AND I BUMPED MY POOR OLD NOSE LOTS AND LOTS OF TIMES ON THE WAY!

BUMP!

BUT AT LAST I CAME TO A LITTLE HOUSE WHICH HAD THIS NOTICE ON THE DOOR: "PARTY TODAY. PLEASE WALK IN." SO I WALKED IN!

AND THEN I DID HAVE A SHOCK!

FOR THE ROOM WAS FULL OF DOGS! BIG DOGS, LITTLE DOGS, TALL DOGS, SHORT DOGS — IN FACT, ALL SORTS OF DOGS! AS SOON AS THEY SAW ME THEY SHOUTED: "CATS!" — AND THEN BEGAN TO CHASE ME!

OH DEAR! DIDN'T I RUN!

I DID NOT STOP UNTIL I REACHED MY HOUSE AGAIN. THEN I HAD ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT INVITATION AND FOUND THAT IT WAS FOR SNOOKER, THE DOG NEXT DOOR! DEAR ME, WHAT A SILLY PUSS I AM!

Yours, Flips

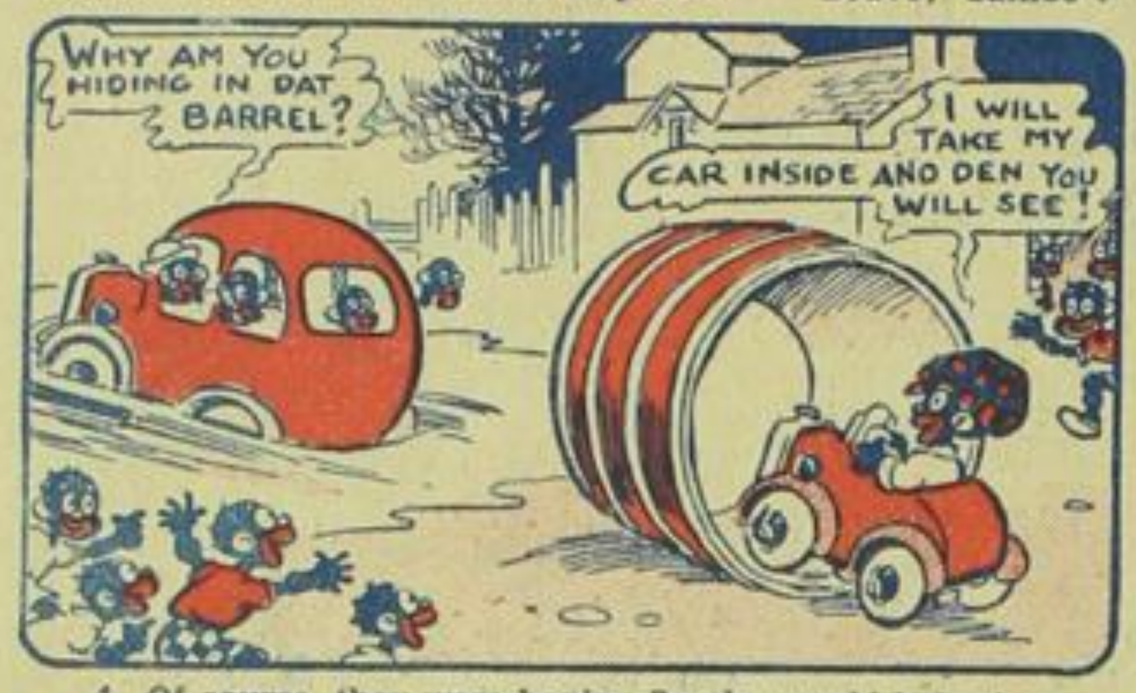
SNOOKER

SAMBO THE SCORCHER

1. "Golly, mister! Yo' wants a young train to pull dat barrel along!" cries Sambo. But he wants to help Jem.

2. So he puts the barrel in front of his little car and pushes it along. "Bravo, Sambo!" cry the nigs.

3. Goodness! Here's a little carful stuck in the mud. "I thought you was habing a mud bath!" says Sambo.



4. Of course, they were hoping Sambo would help them, and they look rather surprised when he suddenly rides his car into that big barrel. "Help!" they shout again.

5. "Don't be in a hurry. I'se coming," cries Sambo. "But I don't want my car wheels to stick in de mud like yours!" See, he is riding to them in the barrel.

6. He just fixes a rope to the big car, and because his car is so good at scorching Sambo soon pulls them out of the mud. "Come and have a pop," says the driver.

7. He makes Sambo's eyes sparkle when he orders six ginger-pops for him. Then he says: "Now I'll take your li'l bus home on top of mine and save your petrol."

Scrubbing the floor doesn't sound much fun for a wet day, does it, but Tom and his playmates soon make a fine slide.

SONNY BEAR AND MICKY

1. "Oo-oh! This is the very job we've been looking for, Micky!" cries Sonny, when the chums see a smart lad is wanted in the baker's shop. They like cakes.

2. But another "smart boy" has seen that notice, and that is Harry Hippo. "I know I'm smart because I had the cane, and that made me 'smart'!" he says.

3. Well, the baker says he will choose the boy when he sees who can make the best pudding. "I'll start," says Harry, taking the biggest basin and all the bags.

4. Of course, Harry soon has a fine pudding while all the chums have are empty bags. "We can't make puddings out of paper," grunts Micky. "You ought to unmake your pudding, Harry, and share those currants."

5. But Harry marches off proudly with his work held high on a big dish to match. "Tee-hee! He can't see for pudding," giggles Micky, placing a big box right in the doorway, and then he says: "Mind the step, Harry!"

6. He ought to have said: "Mind the pudding!" Harry steps over the box all right, but the top of the doorway catches the pudding, and as it falls, Sonny catches it on his plate. "Goal!" he cried, as it falls flop.

7. Of course, the baker stares at Harry's empty dish, and says no one would like to eat a pudding like that. "It's so small I can't even see it!" he says, and sends Harry off. "We've got the job!" chuckles Sonny.

"This tale is as good as my tail!"

THE LION CUBS' DAY OUT

You will be glad they didn't call on you when you read what happened.

"QUICK, Lucy, come over here! They haven't shut the door of our cage properly. We can get out!"

Leo and Lucy were two little lion cubs, as soft and cuddly as big pussies and just as mischievous. And now the chance they had been waiting for had come: it looked as though they would be able to get out of their cage and have a look round at the world.

Leo tapped at the bars with his paw.

"Pull, Lucy," he said, but he soon jumped up with a roar when his little sister pulled his tail.

"Not my tail, silly!" he said. "I want you to help me pull back this door!"

So Lucy put her paws through the bars, too, and pulled.

"H'm! It's not open wide enough yet," muttered Leo. "If we hadn't eaten those six extra chops for breakfast we might have got out, but now we are both too fat. Pull again, Lucy!"

Back came the door with a swing this time, sending both the cubs rolling head over heels, but they were up in a second and bounding out on to the smooth stretch of grass just ahead.

Here they played "Touch" for a minute or two, but Leo heard footsteps. "Someone's coming," he whispered. "We must hide, or they'll send us back into that cage before we've seen anything!"

So away they scampered into some bushes until the footsteps had gone by, and then they trotted off, side by side, into a little country lane.

"It's nice to be out here, isn't it," said Leo, sniffing the wintry air happily. "I was quite tired of sitting in that cage, with people coming along and staring at us!"

"Yes, I was tired of it, too, although mummy told us we were much better off in a cage, where we'd have plenty to eat," said Lucy. "But, do you know, yesterday, when you were trying to lick that little girl's hat, someone offered me a bun on the end of a stick. I suppose they thought I was an elephant, but I'm sure I'm much better looking!"

"You are," said Leo. "Everyone says you are like me!"

Lucy was just going to tell him he was getting a very conceited little cub when she caught sight of a beautiful country house, standing in its own grounds.

"Look, Leo, a house!" she cried. "I'd love to go inside!"

Leo was just as eager, so he said:

"We'll go and have a look at it!"

Up the drive they trotted and to their delight they found a low casement window open.

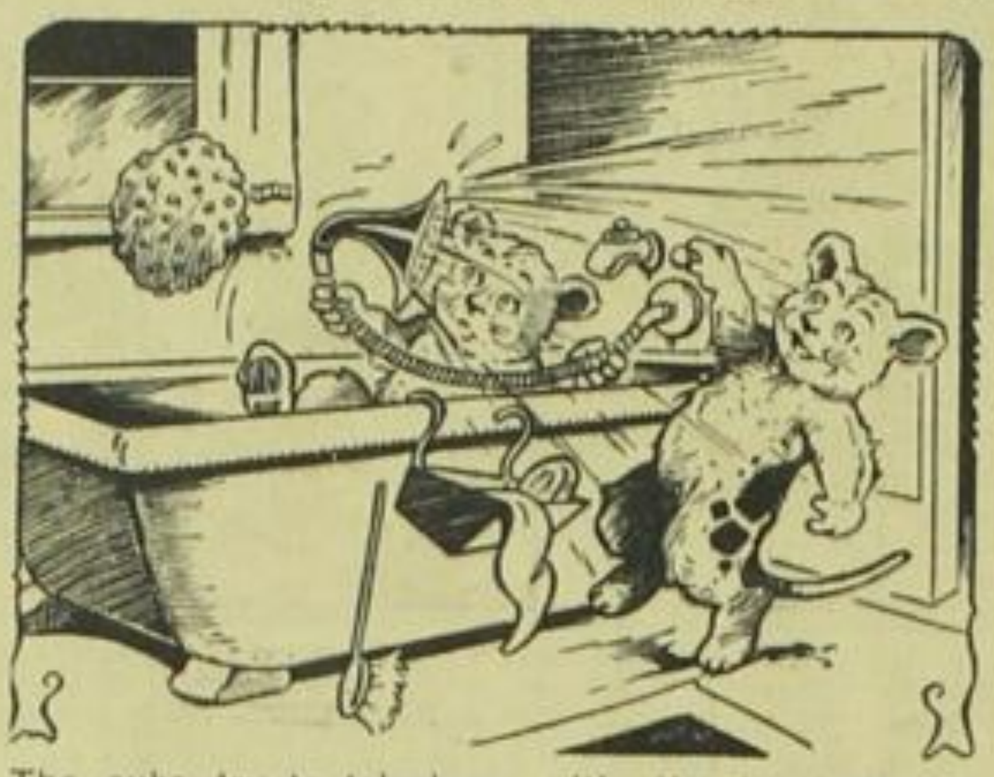
"Could you jump as high as that, Lucy?" said Leo.

"Of course," said Lucy, and before Leo had time to jump himself she had bounded through that window.

It was the first time they had ever been in a room and they thought it was great fun.

Lucy loved the feel of the soft carpet under her paws and Leo was already bouncing from one big armchair to another. Then Lucy seized a cushion. It was a big pink silk one and she was sure it must be good to eat, so she started biting it.

"Oh, give me a piece!" said Leo.



The cubs try to telephone with the hand-shower.

"No, I want it all!" said Lucy, so perhaps you can guess what happened.

Yes, Leo pulled one side and Lucy pulled the other; r-ripp! went the silk and up into the air puffed a cloud of feathers.

They thought it must be some sort of smoke and they both began to splutter and sneeze as the feathers tickled their noses.

"I don't like this room. Let's go!" said Lucy.

They scampered out of the door and into the next room, but here they had such a fright that their fur stood on end and they looked twice their ordinary size.

"Gr-r-r! There's a tiger in front of the fire!" growled Leo. "He is showing his teeth, too, Lucy! Oo-oh! I'll go for him!"

Leo was a brave little cub and he sprang at the tiger, but that tiger didn't move, much to Leo's surprise. It was a rug.

They didn't like that room very much, either, and then Lucy caught sight of the stairs.

"Let's go up all those steps!" she said, and Leo was soon bounding after her.

The first room they came to was the bathroom, and the cubs thoroughly enjoyed themselves sliding about in the lovely shiny bath.

Then suddenly Lucy cried:

"Oh, look, here's a lovely big telephone. I'm going to phone little Pat Panda and tell her what a lovely time we are having!"

Lucy picked up the shiny thing and put her ear to it, but nothing happened.

"I don't think there can be anyone at home!" she said.

"Silly!" said Leo. "You've got to turn this thing!"

Well, he did turn it, and the next second a shower of cold water swept over the cubs! They were actually trying to telephone with the hand-shower over the bath, and Leo had turned on one of the taps.

Down the stairs they scampered, but now they heard someone coming.

"Oh dear! We shall be caught now!" said Lucy. "They'll pick us up and perhaps lock us up! They won't be scared of us like they would be of mummy and daddy!"

That gave Leo the idea.

"I know! Come into that room and get under the rug; they'll think we're a tiger!" he said.

So under the rug scrambled the two cubs, and when the cook came out of the kitchen she gave one yell as she saw the tiger. Then she fled and the cubs jumped out of the window.

Later they sat down under a hedge to rest, but really and truly they were growing cold and hungry.

"We'd be having a lovely tea now," sighed Leo. "Shall we go home again?"

Lucy nodded. But then she said:

"I hope they won't be cross with us!"

The cubs had a lovely surprise, though, for someone had left a fine meal all ready for them, evidently hoping that would lure them back. That someone was watching, too, for the door was soon shut. Well, the cubs had enjoyed their day out, but they were glad to get home again.

(An exciting Redskin tale next week.)

THE PLAYBOX CINEMA

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1. Shoe Tricks by Scamp.
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BOBBY DOES NOT LIKE SCAMP'S FISH, AND SEES TEN FEET GO INTO ONE SHOE.

CURLY MAKES BERYL A KITE AND LATER IT BRINGS HIM TO HER RESCUE.

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND

The Chums catch Wiffle and make him tell them where Paddy is. Join in the search with them!

"OH dear! I am lost! What ever shall I do?"

Paddy looked round him in alarm, and no wonder! He was down under the ground in some secret passages and he really did not know which way he had to go to find his way out!

How had our little chum come to be in this strange place on the Wonderful Island? Well, he and his playmates had made friends with the tiny people of Tinytown and the king had invited them to a banquet. As the palace was too small for such big people, the feast had been held down the Giant's Well!

Paddy and his chums had descended in the bucket, to find themselves in a big cave, where they were soon enjoying the fun of the party. But when Paddy did some magic with his wonderful popgun a funny little man in a red coat and a blue top hat had grown jealous. This was the wise man of Tinytown, a kind of magician.

"Come with me and I will show you the secret of the Giant's Well," he said to Paddy, and very eagerly the little boy hurried off with the tiny man.

Alas! It was all a trick! When they had travelled through many twisting passages the little man had suddenly disappeared and left Paddy, who was now hopelessly lost. And what was worse, the little boy had left his magic popgun with Timbo, the dog detective, and he could not work any magic to save himself.

"What shall I do now?" he muttered. "The playmates will never guess I am here and will leave without me."

While this had been happening the party had come to an end and the chums were about to leave. Of course, they had noticed that Paddy was not there, but in the bustle and excitement they did not pay much attention to this.

"I expect he has gone on ahead," said Timbo, the dog detective. "I will look after the magic popgun."

And as he hurried along the passage to the bottom of the well he did not see Wiffle, the wise man, who had come back and was standing in a corner, grinning.

One by one the playmates sat in the pail of the well and were whisked to the surface. Then they said "thank you" and "good-bye" to King Diddledumpling and his daughter, Didi, and started off for their wooden house that was near by.

"Ahoy there, Paddy!" cried Sailor Sam, as they pushed open the door—but there was no answer, and for the first time the playmates began to look a little anxious.

"Paddy isn't here!" cried Dolly, as she darted into their home.

"That's queer!" gasped Golly. "I thought he had gone on ahead. He couldn't have done, after all."

Dolly Daydream, the little dolly, looked at her chums, her blue eyes opening wider than ever.

"Then he must still be down the well, boys," she said. "But why did he stay there? He must have known that we were all leaving."

Timbo, the dog detective, sat down to work things out.

"Let me think what happened at the party," he said. "When did we see Paddy last?"

"I know," said Dolly. "Paddy and I noticed a funny little man in a blue top-hat and a red coat sitting in a corner and looking glum, and Paddy went to speak to him and cheer him up. That was the last time I saw him."

Timbo nodded.

"That was Wiffle, the wise man," he said. "He must know something about Paddy. Who is coming back with me to find out?"

"I am! I am! I am!" cried every one of the playmates and Timbo smiled.

"Some of us must stay behind and look after the house in case Paddy comes back while we are away," he said. "I think Golly, Teddy Bear, Jimmy Jumbo, and I had better go. We shall soon be back with Paddy, you see."

And with a wave of the magic popgun he set off at the head of his little band.

"I never did trust that Wiffle," muttered Jimmy Jumbo, as they marched along towards Tinytown. "I fear he has been up to tricks."

"Hush!"

Jimmy suddenly dropped down behind a bush and his three playmates did the same. Then, peeping cautiously out, they saw a little man walking along a lane that led to Tinytown.

It was Wiffle and he was talking to himself.

"Ho, ho!" he squeaked. "Paddy thought he was a clever magician but I got the better of him. Ha, ha! He won't find his way out of that place, I know. Hee, hee, hee!"

"Wuff!" A deep growl came from Timbo, and he sprang out, much to Wiffle's dismay. But the little man was quick to recover from his surprise. Before Timbo could catch him the wise man raced to a rabbit hole and disappeared down it.

"Oh, Timbo, we have missed him!" cried Golly. "Now we shall never know where poor Paddy is."

Before Timbo could catch him the wise man raced to a rabbit hole and disappeared.

Timbo looked glum for a moment, but then he brightened up.

"Paddy's magic popgun will help us!" he said. "I will fire it down the rabbit's hole and see what happens."

And this the dog detective did. There was a dull pop—but for a moment or so nothing happened.

"What a shame. I don't believe it is going to work any magic for us," said Golly. "Perhaps it doesn't like us popping it, as it really belongs to Paddy!"

Timbo had his ear close to the rabbit-hole, but now he jumped back quickly, for there was a scuffling down below.

"Wait a minute," he whispered. "Something is moving!" And the scuffling grew louder.

"What is happening?" cried Teddy as he closed one eye and peeped down the hole.

"I cannot think!" muttered Jimmy. "Oh, look out, Teddy."

Teddy jumped back just in time, for a very well-dressed rabbit had appeared

out of the hole, holding the wriggling Wiffle in his arms.

"How dare you come into my home without an invitation?" he cried. "Off you go, you horrid little man. Don't try any of your gate-crashing tricks here!" And he gave Wiffle a push and then vanished down the hole.

Wiffle tried to race off, but this time Timbo made no mistake and picked him up.

"Now I have you!" he cried grimly. "Don't struggle. I won't hurt such a tiny man as you. Tell us where our chum Paddy is and I will let you go."

But Wiffle did not mean to part so easily with his secret.

"I—er—oh, I couldn't tell you that," he said innocently. "I last saw him at the party, you know!"

"Now, look here, Wiffle," said Timbo, squeezing the little man tighter. "We heard you say just now that Paddy wouldn't find his way out of 'that place' and we are not going to let you go until you tell us where 'that place' is!"

"Very well, I will tell!" squeaked Wiffle, who was very scared indeed. "I led him into the secret passages down the Giant's Well and he will never find his way out again."

"You are an unkind fellow to treat Paddy like that," said Timbo. "He helped all your people by chasing those mice away from your homes and this is how you repay him."

"I only did it because I was jealous," said Wiffle, looking shamefaced. "I was afraid all the people would think Paddy was a much cleverer magician than I am. I really won't do it again. Please don't tell the king about me."

"Very well," said Timbo, putting the little man gently upon the ground. "Now you be off and be a good little man in future, and we shan't tell King Diddledumpling about you."

Wiffle was only too pleased to hurry off and then Timbo and the others hastened to the top of the Giant's Well.

Down they shot in the pail, one after the other, and soon found themselves in the great cave once more. From here they started off along the passages, calling as they went:

"Paddy! Paddy! Where are you?"

But there came no reply, except for lots of queer echoes that answered back: "Paddy! Paddy!" as if to jeer at them.

But the four gallant chums did not give up. They marched along the twisting passages until they were lost—just like Paddy had been.

"I say, Timbo!" said Golly, looking about him nervously. "We shall never find our way back and the other playmates will soon think we are lost for ever the same as Paddy."

Timbo winked his eye and held up the magic popgun.

"I didn't mean to come without this," he said. "We cannot be lost while we have the popgun."

"Why, perhaps it will help us to find Paddy!" cried Golly. "Fire it, Timbo, and see what happens."

"Yes do, Timbo, do!" echoed Teddy and Jimmy, and so Timbo fired the gun——

POP!

Instantly the popgun began to blow bubbles—just like a bubble-pipe. Blue bubbles, green bubbles, red bubbles and all colours.

"How pretty!" cried Golly. "Look! They are all floating down the passage, Timbo."

Timbo nodded excitedly.

"Yes, and I think I know where they are going!" he cried. "Let's follow them, my lads, and I think we shall find our way to Paddy."

"Hurrah! I hope so!" cheered each of the others.

And they started to scamper along the passage after the pretty bubbles that went sailing ahead of them.

On they went, round corner after corner and down twisting passages until the playmates began to think they had run miles. Then suddenly Timbo stopped, raised his paw, and stood as if listening.

"What's that?" he whispered.

"What?" the others hissed, their hearts thumping. Then they heard the noise, too.

Scrape-rumble. Scrape-rumble!

The boys turned pale, all except Golly, who would have done if he could. But his face, as you know, is much too black!

"What a spooky noise!" said Teddy. "Hark! It's coming nearer."

Yes, the noise was much plainer now—it seemed to be in the very passage!

"Run!" gasped Golly, but just as they felt they must turn and flee, someone came round the corner.

"Paddy!" cried Timbo. "It's *you!*"

Yes, it was their chum and he was pulling a big wooden box after him.

"Yes, it's Paddy!" he laughed. "I'm glad to see you, boys! I thought I should never find my way out of here."

"We were beginning to think the same thing," said Timbo, "until we popped your magic pop-gun, Paddy, and followed the bubbles it sent out."

"But what made you think of looking for me down here?" asked Paddy. And they told him how they had caught the artful Wiffle and made him tell them where he had left Paddy.

The four playmates clustered round Paddy and looked at the box.

"What is that?" they asked. "What have you found?"

"Aha! It's a secret!" Paddy laughed, and he laughed still more when he saw Golly trying to peep through a crack in the box.

"What is in it?" asked the little black boy. "Gold or is it tuck?"

"Neither!" cried Paddy. "You must wait and see. But help me! I want to get it to our cottage."

And, feeling very excited, the playmates helped Paddy push it along. Scrape-rumble! Scrape-rumble!

What ever could be in it?

(Look out for this thrilling story in the PLAYBOX *next week! Have you ordered your* PLAYBOX *regularly? In this way you can make quite sure of never missing a single part of Paddy's adventures!)*

A REMINDER!

Have you given a regular order for your *PLAYBOX* yet? If you have not, you will find it very difficult to obtain a copy! Ask mummy or daddy to tell Mr. Newsagent to send your *PLAYBOX* every Friday with the morning newspaper, then you will be quite sure of it.

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Christmas will soon be here, boys and girls, and these lovely big books are three of the best gifts you could possibly choose for yourself or your chums.

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These wonderful books cost only 3/6 each, and you can get them at all booksellers. Hurry up and buy them before they are sold out.

It looks like rain, and Tim has no umbrella! Never mind! Simple Simon has one!

Silly Simon does not want to use his umbrella! Perhaps he likes getting wet?

However, Tim is the one who gets wet. And no wonder! Just look at the holes! Ha, ha!

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.
—Saturday, December 2nd, 1939.
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CURLY AND BERYL FIND THE LITTLE LOST CLOWN, AND HAVE SOME FUN AT THE CIRCUS.