"WILL HAY AT BENDOVER!" Starts in this Issue!

Wo. 75. work h Work Ending

1927.

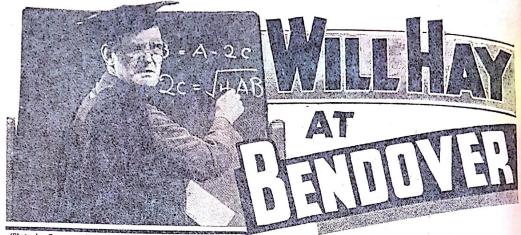
EVERY PRIDAY

## PERSONARY 1308.



GRAND NEW SERIES BEGINS THIS WEEK

LL HAY



(Photo by Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures, whose latest film starring Will Hay as a school-master — "GOOD MORNING BOYS" — will shortly be showing at your local cinema.)

ODDLEBURY! Doddlebury! Change "ere for Bendover College!"

The window of a first-class compartment went down with a bang, and the head and shoulders of a solitary passenger popped through the aperture.
"Is this Doddlebury?" show

shouted

passenger, looking up and down the platform in short-sighted perplexity. He clipped a pair of glasses on to the end of his nose as he asked the question, and then, very gradually, there dawned in his staring eyes an expression of almost painful bewilderment; for in that moment he caught sight of a spectacle which caused his forehead to crinkle like a miniature sheet of corrugated iron.

Drawn up on the wooden platform of the country station was a line of boys—boys wearing Eton jackets, school caps, and the most innocent expressions in the world.

It was these innocent expressions on their faces which caused the first-class passenger to blink through his nose-nippers. He knew blink through his nose-nippers. He knew schoolboys of old, and this parade of virtuous youth was, he felt, too good to be true. He pecked at his pursed lips with finger and thumb, then, catching sight of the solitary porter, he let out another stentorian hail.

"Hi, stationmaster!" he shouted.

An untidy, shockheaded young porter, with a vacant expression in his gooseberry eyes, came ambling along the platform, and stared,

came ambling along the platform, and stared, mouth ajar, at the passenger.

"Did I hear you say that this is Doddlebury?" asked the latter cheerily.

"Couldn't tell you, mister!" answered the porter, "'Ow should I know if you 'eard? All I know is I shouted 'Doddlebury! till I got 'oarse in the froat!"

"Wazzat!" snapped the passenger, frowning. "'Orse in the froat! I've heard of frog in the froat, but 'orse in the—Listen to me, Turnip-face! Do I alight here for Bendover College?"

"Please yerself!" answered the porter, without any sign of enthusiasm. "You can

answered the porter, enthusiasm. "You can "Please yersell!" answered the porter, without any sign of enthusiasm. "You can set yerself alight if yer like, but it's just as quick to get out in the ordinary way!"

The passenger lowered his head, screwed up his nose, and squinted at the porter over

the top of his steel-framed nose-nippers.
"That remark is not funny!" he said severely.

"But it will be if you don't get out in half a tick!" said the porter. "She's just on the move !"

Swinging open the door of the carriage, the passenger flung out a bulging suitease and took a flying leap on to the platform; then, with a start, he caught sight again of that line of boys, their inquiring, curious eyes

whon him.
"Hi, superintendent!" he shouted, as the shock-headed porter went ambling off along

The porter turned back and waited, mouth ajar, for the stranger to open the proceed-

"Pray he so good as to satisfy my curiosity!" said the latter, waving a hand towards the row of boys. "Tell me, in strict confidence, what is the idea of the waxworks?"

No scoper was the question out of his

dence, what is the idea of the waxworks?"

No sooner was the question out of his mouth than something soft, cold, and clammy smote him in the back of the neck, clinging there like a poultice with pips in.

"Bless my soul!" he cried, clawing the overtipe tomato from its moorings and staring down at the mess in wide-eyed bewilderment.

## THE LAUGH OF THE YEAR!

You've heard him on the radio. You've seen him on the films. Now Will Hay, the world-famous "schoolmaster"-comedian, makes another "mirthquake" in this special "PILOT" story!

Will's the sort of schoolmaster you'd be tickled to death to have at your school. Meet him in this super yarn.

"Extraordinary! Inexplicable! Now: how did it happen?"

Then, as though struck by a bright idea, he swung round upon his heel and stared hard at the row of boys. He was plainly suspicious -but no sign of guilt showed upon those

—but no sign or summariant pushing his hat angelic faces.

"Strange!" he muttered, pushing his hat over his eyes. "Must be one of those forced tomatoes!" Then, turning to the porter:

"Well, go on—answer my question! What's the idea of the—cr——". Ito looked round the idea of the—cr——". sharply, and was just in time to see one of the boys hastily stuffing back a tomato into his trousers pocket. "I mean." he ran on fix-ing the tomato merchant with a gimlet glare, why the deputation, or reception committee,

why the deputation, or reception committee, or whatever it is?"

"These young gents are from the college, mister," explained the porter. "They're 'ere to welcome a new master we's due to-day. "E was supposed to come by the morning

train, but it looks as though 'e's gorn and lost 'imself. All schoolmasters is nutry!"
"Really!'s said the stranger, with a frigid grin. "You don't say! Now, The going to tell you something, my lad! If I have ary more lip from you, you'll think the London express has hit you in the pants! I am the mew master, and I haven't gone and lest myself!"

Inysert?

Beaming toothily, he turned his back tree
the porter and strode across to the deputation.

"Well, bloys!" he cried joinally. "Welone
to Bendover College! That is, I am ghat to
welcome myself to Bendover College! And I
must say I am deeply touched by the kindly
thought, which brings were been by

thought which brings you here this morning.

I repeat, boys, I am touched??

"You look it!" came in an undertone from

the end of the row.

There was an explosive snigger, but the new master was not quick enough to catch the calprit. Getting on with his inspection, he paused in front of the tomato-thrower and regarded him fixedly.

"And what might your name be, young man?" he asked, peering over his note-

nippers.

Sammy Straw, sir !"

"Sammy Straw, eh?" echoed the new

"Sammy Straw, eh?" ceheed the remaster. "Sammy Straw! Tim Will Ha! Straw—Hay—you sound like a relation." Screwing up his nose, he squinted lard at the junior, suspicion in his stare.
"Are you quite sure your name is Sarmy Straw?" he demanded severely.
"I didn't say it was, sir," answered the junior. "You asked me what my ning the, and I said Sammy Straw." Quite so!" agreed Will, smiling as therefore the same of the same and the same and the same and the same and the same he described the same and the same he described the same and the same he came he c Carrying on down the line, he came to a

halt in front of another boy, whose super-innocent expression attracted him. what is "And what might-er-I mean, what is "And what might-er-I mean, what is "And saved smiling."

"And remember that I don't want any funny stuff this time!" he added darkly.

"1zzy Cumming, sir!" piped the boy. "Is who coming?" demanded Will explosively. "And how should I know if he was coming? I ask you a sensible question, and I expect a sensible answer! Now, there what's your name?"

"Haven't I just told you that I don't know if he's coming !" shouted the new master. "What's the idea of pestering me with a darned silly question like that; law coming, sir?" he mocked, in tones of disgret.

"That's right, sir " piped the junior. disgust.

All rights reserved, and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden.

mean-'That's right '?"

mean—That's right '?"

divol Hay.

What Will right, sir!'

than you are, my lad!'

dabbing his moist brow

dabbing his moist brow

dabbing his moist brow

law will skerchief.

law his skerchief.

by har along the line, he paused before who follows some sense by way of a way and encouragingly. "What's have he boy, sir!" answered the reduction in the boy is in the same to have a boy in the boy

and any must you be going, my lad?" and any must you be going, my lad?"

Ind coains, re not! You're staying right

In no you are my lad!" declared Will Hay.

Of you are tell you that I've had just about

the me this nonsense! Let's push off up

the sheel!"

There ine, sir!"

Let's skinny boy with a pear-shaped face, faces skinny boy and an outsize in horn-take cranium, who bowed politely to the new shaped glasses.

what do you want?" demanded Will and myself and my self and my self and my self and my soungster, and deem it an honour if the ollegians would deem it an honour if the ollegians would deem it an honour if and my collegians would deem it an honour if sould permit us to haul you up to the sould permit us to haul you up to the like a conquering hero!" beamed Will hat's very nice of you!" beamed Will hat's very nice of you!" Let's surjoing to the chariot!"

look at the charlot. serrand schoolboys passed through the tiny and made their way to the large vard. And there, standing alone, in splendour, was an old-fashioned open anon yard. which appeared to be in the final which decreptitude. Horsehair stuffing was wing through holes in the cushions, the bels were askew, and in place of shafts were Jump up, sir!" shouted the boys.

"Thank you," Will Hay tossed his suit-Thank you. Will Hay tossed his suitwe not the wreck, and climbed in after it.
But go easy, mind! No monkey tricks!
We go!"

It was to a shrill cheer that the score of grabbed the ropes and set off at a ring pace, the chariot skidding in alarming ring pace, the charlot stated in in a rather fallon as it sped down the greasy incline which led to the village high street. Blooderding yells and Red Indian war-whoops burnt villagers running to their doors and sindows and Will Hay, lolling back like a sub lifted his ancient topper, and beamed at the populace.

Once clear of the village, the boys put on a that clear of the vinage, the boys put, and, into spurt and rushed the hill beyond, and, are tearing the crest of the steep incline, Will Far caught his first glimpse of Bendover

A rambling greystone building with four met the school was coldly impressive in the clumoning light. The grounds looked and peaceful; the rays of the sun redupon the surface of the ornamental

At the foot of the hill, the road ran through massive gates of the school, which stood

Now! Let her go, chaps!" at the ropes, the ancient carriage was add forward. Gathering speed, it went arging madly down the steep incline, the or, racing ahead as fast as they could go. Ilay was bumped about like a dried a in its pod, and when at last the vehicle through the gates of the school, the before boys headed it off the gravel drive to the lawn. Next instant, they had another ropes and bolted aside from the

basing across the lawn, it tore through a tashing across the lawn, it tore through and headed straight for the ornatial lake, and it was with closed eyes and the final plant.

Taking a header like a young elephant, the

dived for the bottom, and several seconds ticked away before the surface of the lake parted, and the head and shoulders of the new master came to light.

His sparsely covered pate streaming like the back of an otter, he blinked round in his short-sighted way.

"Dear me! Bloss my soul! And pray what is the meaning of this extraordinary exhibition, sir?" inquired a voice from the edge of the lake. It was a white-haired, shocked-looking old gentleman who asked the question, "I'am Dr. Shrubb, headmaster of this school!" Smiling genially, the new master hooked his

Smiling genially, the new master hooked his nippers on to the end of his nose, and gave a

friendly nod.

I am Will Hay, sir," he beamed. "I'm the new master reporting for duty! How do you

70U understand, Dr. Shrubb "-Colonel Chatterton's voice was vibrant with meaning — "unless things very peedily alter at this school, I'm afraid we shall have to hand over the reins to a younger man."

a younger man."
Dr. Erasmus Shrubb fidgeted uncomfortably.
"The school is falling into disrepute," exclaimed the colonel. "As chairman of the governing board, it is my duty to warn you that this is your last chance. Take for example the Fourth Form. They are notorious. How many Fourth Form masters have come and gone this term, Shrubb?"

"Five, Colonel Chatterton!" was the tired answer. "The boys are just high-spirited, that's all. There is no real vice in them. Up to now I have not been successful in securing the services of the right man to handle them. But a new master has just arrived. I think

he will be able to manage them."
"Umph!" growled the colonel. "I've heard that story before. Who is this man—this—ahem!—boy-tamer? Send for him!"

Dr. Shrubb pressed the bell on his desk and dispatched the page boy to summon Will Hay.

The new master arrived, newly swept and garnished, so to speak. He had changed his clothes, and he had changed his opinion about the young japers of Bendover. He knew he was in for a high old time.

"This is the new master, colonel-" began

the Head.

The colonel did not appear to be very impressed. Are his credentials in order?" he asked.

EVERY FRIDAY.

"Oh, yes!" smiled Mr. Hay. "You want the best credentials, we have them! Is that not so, Dr. Shrubb?" "Er-yes!" agreed the Head. "Mr. Hay

has the reputation of knowing how to handle

difficult boys."

"Ha! Good!" boomed the colonel. "But that's not enough. Is he clever? How about mathematics, for instance?"

mathematics, for instance:
Will Hay beamed.
"Mathematics are my strong suit—I mean,
my forte, colonel," he stated convincingly.
"Why, I baffled the examiners, years ago, by
setting them a little problem they couldn't
answer. Perhaps you'd care to have a shot at
it colonel?"

it, colonel?"

The colonel crimsoned. Mathematics was not

his strong subject.
"Oh, no, my dear fellow! I don't doubt your word for a moment," he put in hastily.

"For instance," breezed on Will Hay, as though he hadn't heard, "as you may be aware, mathematics, in its simpler developments, may be defined as the science which deals by approved logical methods with the relation of magnitudes, quantities, and numbers. It is not possible, in brief, to give a definition both intelligible and comprehensive. but some idea of the modern scope of the sub-

pect may be gained by an enumeration of "Enough, sir! Enough!" broke in Colonel Chatterton pleadingly. "I do not doubt your knowledge of the subject is almost as complete

"Oh, that's nothing, colonel!" breezed Will Hay happily. "I haven't really started yet. Try a basinful of this: We will begin again

Try a basinful of this: We will begin again with ordinary arithmetical relationships, exhibiting their gradual growth by extension into algebraic analysis."

"Thank you, sir, thank you!" said the colonel. "I assure you I am—ahem!—entirely satisfied on this point. But to turn to another matter I had in mind. The Form of which you have been placed in charge is thoroughly out of hand. It is even rumoured that some of the misguided young rips go in for gambling.

out of hand. It is even rumonted that some of the misguided young rips go in for gambling, sir. They need strong handling."

"Leave that to me, sir!"

"That's what we intend to do, Mr. Hay!" snapped the colonel, recovering somewhat now he felt sure of his ground. "I am told your he felt sure of his ground. "I am told your methods are somewhat unusual, but we shall

expect happy results, nevertheless."
"Leave it to me, sir, as Nelson said to Wellington at the battle of Champagne."



Swoosh! A stream of ink shot from the desk as Smythe lifted the lid, catching the Fourth-Former full in the face. The booby-trap which the Bendover Japers had planned for Will Hay Former full in the face. The booby-trap which the Bendover Japers had Japers himself worked perfectly—but the new master had seen that it was the leader of the japers himself who got the full benefit of it!

## " The PILOT "

The colonel fixed him with a military eye. The colone axed and with a minute of the Ah, there I have you, sir! There I have you if I'm an old soldier, sir-I know my history. Allow me to tell you neither Nelson nor Wellington were present at the battle of

Champagne."
Will Hay smiled happily.
"Good for you, colonel?" he breezed. "I
thought I couldn't catch you on history. However, let us be up and doing. If it's all the
same to you, I would like to meet the young
bloods of my Form. I am eager to get down
to work."

"I will escort you to the Form-room myself," smiled Dr. Shrubb. "Be good enough to follow me."

follow me.

That was Jerry Smart's loudly voiced opinion of the new master of

the Fourth. And as Jerry was the Fourth and the prime mover in all its mischief, his opinion carried weight. The Fourth grinned. They were assembled in their Form-room, awaiting the arrival of their new master. Zealously they clump to the reputation they had won of never "standing" a new master for more than a fortnight. They were tough in every sense of the word, the despair of the average master and of their narents alike.

parents anke.

"Let's get ready for him!" sang out Jerry, his blue eyes aglow with mischief. "Do your stuff, you fellows! You all ought to know it by heart now!"

y heart now!"
And the Fourth got busy and did their stuff.
"Cave!" Skittles, who was posted at the
"Cave!" of the Form-room, suddenly hissed a
arming. In a second the Fourth had dropped warning. In a second the Fourth had dropped into their places. On every face was an angelic expression as the door opened to admit their new master. "Good-morning, boys!"

"Good-morning, sir!?"
"Wo seem to be having quite a lot of weather lattel!" went on Will, his gown hallooning behind him as he strode across the Fourth Form classroom to his dock. His nippers perched rakishly upon the end of his nose, he slanted a glance at the wicked-looking drawing-pin upon the seat of his chair, which he had seen just as he was in the act of stiting down. sitting down.

sitting down.
"Let me see," he murmured, straightening himself up and stroking his chin with a reflective finger and thumb. "H'm! Yes! Of course!" Lowering his head, he studied his class over the top of his steel-rimmed glasses. "Er-Smart," he called, his whimsical gaze upon the captain of the Form, "would you be so amiable as to step this way?"

"Certainly, sir!" answered Smart sweetly, with a grin at the other fellows. "Anything to oblige!"

to oblige!"

In leasurely style he strolled across the classroom and faced Will across the desk.
"No, no!" said the new master.
"Come round here and stand beside me! What I have to say is for your shell-like ear alone, my boy!"
Still acrossing 12. Still grinning, Jerry Smart strolled round the desk and joined Will.

the desk and joined Will.
"Now." began the latter, lowering his voice
to a confidential whisper, "I suppose you know
what a lift is? You know, an clevator!"
"You're not trying to pull my leg, sir?"

demanded the Form captain.

"Not yet," he returned; "there's plenty of me! But about this lift! Demonstrate what happens when it ascends-er-goes up, that

"That's eav!" scoffed Smart, stretching out his right hand and raising it ceilingwards. "That's how it goes!"
"Exacty!" agreed Will, as though a great load had been taken off his mind. "And what when it descends—er-comes down, happens when it descends-er-comes down,

"Why, it goes like this!" grinned Smart, sweeping his hand downwards, "As I thought!" nodded Will. "It goes like this, as you say!"

Holding his right hand on high, he suddenly brought it down upon the top of Jerry Smart's head, which caused the unfortunate Jerry to sit down in the chair with a bump.

But that was not all.

In sitting down he drove the long point of In sitting down he drove the long point of the drawing-pin into the most sensitive part of his anatomy, and it was with a shrill screech that he leapt into the air, for all the world as though he had been impaled upon a red-hot head-well.

bradawl.

Even Reggie Pyke and "Fruity" Snell, the
two real eads of the Form, who usually adopted
an attitude of perpetual boredom, joined in
the ternado of cheers and merriment which
the ternado from this avanciment. Indeed, Jerry the ternado of cheers and merriment which resulted from this experiment. Indeed, Jerry Smart himself was the only one who did not join in the high-spirited jubilation.

"Right, Smart-or not-so-Smart, shall we say?—you may now resume your seat?" beamed Will Hay. "That is, unless you prefer teatura!"

beamed will may. Anatis, unless you prefer to stand."

Jerry Smart crept back to his place and sheepishly seated himself.

"The superious rotter!" he muttered. "How the dickens could he have known that I put the drawing pin on his chair?"

"Attention, piosel" called Will Hay, rapping his desk with a ruler. "We're a bit short of paper this morning, so I want you to write down everything you know about the French Revolution! Everything, mind you! Ha, he! he chuckled to himself. "A shade subtle, I trow me! Pethags you are too dull-witted to follow me. We will call the roll instead.

"You there"—pointing at Smythe, who was

... Section 11 Control

"Don't you get scared, walking along that tightrope?" 'Course not! Falling off's all that worries

scated in the front of the class-"kindly get my register out of the desk."

"I'd sooner not, sir," replied Smythe.
"I've no doubt, my boy, I've no doubt," smiled Hay breezily; "but when your Form-

master gives you an order, he expects it to be obeved

obeyed.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Smythe went to the Form-master's desk. He stood on one side as he opened the lid, but, even so, he did not escape what had been intended for the new master. As the lid of the desk was raised, as couled suring which hed been heavy in place. coiled spring, which had been kept in place, was suddenly released. At the end of the spring was a bottle of ink.

Swoooosh! The contents of the bottle shot Swoooooh!! The contents of the bottle shot upwards and outwards in a darkening, messy shower, and although Smythe knew of that trap, he could not altogether avoid it. He staggered back, his face deluged in ink. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Will Hay, "Very smart! Very snart; indeed!"

"Grooooooough!" gurgled Smythe, dripping an inky trail as he staggered away.

Will Hay returned to the attack. He pound Will Hay returned to the attack. He above from the standard of the standard of

Open the register and begin at once.

With an unhappy expression, Haven open the register. At the same moment a dead to the open of the register. the register. At the same moment a door open per flew upwards from the proper flew upwards from the register of the first per flew to the first per flew to the first per flew to the first per flew of the first per flew of the flew of the first per flew of the flew

cold. I will call the roll myself."

Will Hay made every boy stand up to many
his name. His eyes dwelt curroul?

Reginald Pyko as that youngster's name up.

called.

"So you're Pyke, my lad?" he said gener, taking off his nose-pinchers and stadying trather crafty face of the cad of the Port.

"Any relation to Mr. Dunkley Pyke?"

Any relation to Mr. Dunkier Kyker Reggie Pyke started.
"He's my father!" he admitted.
"He's also a schoolmaster, I believe?" that

"He's also a schoolmaster, I believe?" shad Will Hay.
"Why shouldn't he be?" demanded Pite resentfully. "Do you know him?"
"I have heard of him," returned Hy gravely. "I have heard of him." And unbis breath he added: "So that; it is like snipe I've to be careful of, eh? His falter is the like him to the company to have me Head of the state." just itching to become Head of this school in place of old Shrubb. There's some dirty work going on here."

going on here."

The roll-call continued.
At its end, Will Hay beamed upon his dua "Now, what's the first lesson!" he inquired. "Latin, sir!" volunteered Jerry Mant vib had now recovered and hore no malice. "Latin! H'm!" Will Hay's egters arched. "I think you might very well be that for yourselves. Carry cn, my lak us! I will discover what you know."
Having set the class to work, the new master seated himself at his desk.

He onened a morning paper and better.

He opened a morning paper and became immersed in the important events of the day and he was weighing up the chances of Brig's Knight, a horse which was down to run in be 3.30 at Epsom, when he lifted his head he a red setter and began to suiff; gently, term a red setter and began to suit; genaratively at first, then making a noise like trasping of sandpaper.

"Strange!" he muttered, crinking is brow. "Most mysterious!"

Blinking rapidly, he peered over his tose nippers and surveyed his industrious feet and it was not until his questing 5222 reached the far left-hand corner of the class-room dat

the mystery explained itself. From that quarter a haze of blue sucks sist drifting gently upon the still air; and further investigation, Will Hay discovered the

Teason.

Lolling back in his seat, thumbs toded the the armholes of his waistead, Reggi the armholes of his waistead, Reggi the condition of the form, was the condition of the form, was also indulging in the fragmatic was also indulging in the fragmatic that the condition of the fragmatic than their eyes as they puffed any in the inexperienced fashion.

Pyko had little beeds of moisture was short upper lip, and Fruity Syel as season fixedly into space, like a frog in a trace fixed with the condition of the will. They coughed importantly and the will have oughed importantly and the will have oughed importantly and the will will a classroom, not a hadder factor of the condition o Lolling back in his seat, thumbs tucked in

Socks—— Paugent output of the Three smokes are best Turking and the hopefully, wordering and own temerity. "They cost me oreast factors and a packet."

own temerity. "They cost me orease with the cost me or the c

about me!" said Pyke.

sciry smoke! Cool and

part a grand smoke! Suggested Will, snatch
to be a grand smoke and

part a gra he parameter is the murmured, drawing ball with bad! I'll say that for bad at the price! I bad at the price! I bad at the pringing a broke case out of his hip-pocket. Wind you, I'm warning that mire strong, even for a manual strong repretty strong, even for a manual strong repretty strong. re preus You'll probably make

pyke gave a sickly grin. "Th-thank pyke gave a sickly grin. "Th-thank murmured, taking the solitary the case and lighting "" of the case and lighting up re-

smiled knowingly. "Smoke up!" The Have smiled knowingly. Smoke up in the Have smiled to see a man enjoy a good more flow; she going?"

How, she going?"

How, she did not answer at once; he have on his mind

How she kning is to nee; he here to have something on his mind

Meer Pake did not among at once; he meet to have something on his mind.

The his friend Fruity Snell, he was staring the his space, and gradually his schoolinto space, but the school-

in provide

Perry for your thoughts!" offered Will Fresh his plump to short moist and shiny. "I-I don't greate moist and shiny.

You must have had something at break-You must have had something at break-that didn't agree with you!" diagnosed at that master. "Make a good dinner.

he had didn't agree with you!" diagnosed in master. "Make a good dinner. he having boiled pork—"
he having boiled pork—"
he mention of dinner had a startling the mention of dinner had a startling the mention of dinner had a startling the mention of the had a startling the mention of the men carried a name to the coord, reaching it just as the Head was the coord, reaching it just as the Head was the class-room.

nating the Head in the waistcoat, Reggie med into the corridor and went away like "What the-

n electric hare Dear me! Bless my soul! What was the cuter with that extraordinary boy, Mr. Hav' demanded the Head in his mild way.

His face looked quite horrible—"
It always does, sir!" cut in Will, with a

densing this and that over a cigar—"
Good gracious, Mr. Hay, do my ears
beste me? Did I understand you to say—"
"My very words, sir," grinned Will, bringing the remains of his Turkish cigarette from in the remains of his Turkish cigarette from behind his back and popping it between his part of the first place. I copped—him, caught!—I caught Pyke weeking! My duty was clear. To wit: I had to take his cigarette away from him! his "-and here Will wagged a wise finger over the Head's nose—"I was able to deal the cituation in my own way. Having root young Pyke apart from his Turkish invertes, I gave him one of my own special and of cigars, so everything was all square! All swielly between ourselves, sir, I've an that Reggie will be a non-smoker for a that Reggie will be a non-smoker for a grume to come!"

Force was the ghost of a smile upon the buking face as he looked up into Will's Your own

own special

Your own special eigars are notices? he suggested mildly.
They should be, sir!" nodded Will, squint-stell: The nose-nippers. "I make 'em stell: The one I gave Pyke was a scientific deal of rubber heel, boot polish, soft soap, to be and brown paper; and what could be than that?"
Tell the, Mr. Hay!" murmured the Head.

Tell tae, Mr. Hay!" murmured the Head.
Am I right in thinking that you have no
badhas for Reginald Pyke?"
The about as fond of him as you are, sir,"
ball Will, lowering his tone, "and if
an element to me, I'll have him
as bendover within a month! There are
I's and means of doing everything, sir, and Therefore within a month! There are last means of doing everything, sir, and means of doing everything, sir, and maker to crack a monkey-nut! Get me?"

liell, boys, how did you like it—Hay? bromplions, team't il?—and next week's belighance is even better! Tell your pals belight this geometric team necessagent to Althquake is even better! Tell your pur-bout this scoop—and tell your newsagent to here your copy of "PILOT" for you. There's your copy of mighty rush to read lill flay at Bendover."





-Out doing a spot of fodder-providing t'other chilly morn, I bumped into a young pal of mine, and when the warm-hearted fellow spotted my shivery condition, he offered me his winter-warmer (full stop)



3.—But we're told there's many a slip etc., and suddenly the can flew through the air with the greatest of breeze and came to roost between a tin of beans and the Sunday joint in my errand



5.—But instead of getting the can of cold beans he expected, he got a flapper full of hot cinders, and so the would-be grub-biter was bit (full stop) It made my heart glow to see the way he dropped that winter-warmer!



7. This was not so hot, I thought, so I promptly shoved the famous Stephen wits into top gear. I had the string of the winter-warmer in my hand, and with it I did a cowboy act with the home-made lasso.



2.—Thanking the lad nicely, I began to get it going. You know the way, lads, swinging it "round-and-round" like the old song (comma) and soen this small edition of central heating was warming up nicely



4.—Now, while I'd been doing my strong-arm stuff, one of these tough sneak-thief fellers spotted my tuck and thought he'd do a spot of smash-and-grab. "A lucky dip!" he chortled, diving his fin into the basket.



6.—1 laughed, and 1 laughed, and 1 laughed, but the tough laddle who liked taking things couldn't take a joke. "I'll take the lot now!" he growled, thus banishing the Stainless smile from the Stainless dial.



8.—Whoops, dearie. Did I have him on a bit of string then? I pulled the knot tight, and, hey presto! the naughty lad came to earth with a hump on his clan! And that was that—so chin-chin until next week!