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

Wo. 75. work h Work Ending

1927.

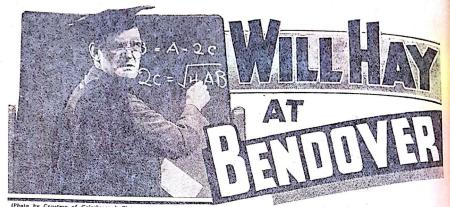
EVERY PRIDAY

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 pas-

senger popped through the aperture.
"Is this Doddlebury?" should shouted "Is this Doddiebury; should the 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 ocent 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 schoolboys of old, and this parade of virtuous sence of the sence

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

mouth ajar, at the passenger.

"Did I hear you say that this is Doddle-bury?" asked the latter cheerily.

"Couldn't tell you, mister!" answered the porter. "Ow should I know if you 'ceard'.

All I know is I shouted 'Doddlebury! Doddlebury! till I got 'oarse in the froat!" "Wazzat!" snapped the passenger, frowning. "Orse in the froat I 'ree heard of frog in the froat but 'orse in the—Listen to me, Turnip-face! Do I alight here for Bendover College?" "Please yersel!" answered the porter, "Please yersel!" answered the porter, without any sign of cuthusiasm. "You can

answered the porter, enthusiasm. "You can "Please yerself!" 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-uppers.

"That remark is not funny!" he said strength.

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 took a flying leap on to the platform; then, with a start, he caught sight again of that line of boys, their inquiring curious passenger flung out a bulging suitcase upon him.
"Hi, superintendent!" he shouted, as the

shock-headed porter went ambling off along the platform.

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

"Pray he so good as to satisfy my curio-sity!" said the latter, waving a hand towards the row of boys. "Tell me, in strict confi-dence, what is the idea of the waxworks?" No sooner was the question out of his

No sooner was the question out of his mouth than something soft, cold, and clammy snote him in the back of the neck, clinging

snote him in the back of the neck, coinging there like a poultice with pips in. "Bless my soul!" he cried, clawing the over-ripe tomato from its moorings and staring down at the mess in wide-cyed 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"

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 angelic faces.

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-er---". He looked round Wei, go on—answer my question! What s the idea of the—er—" He looked round sharply, and was just in time to see one of the boys hastily studling back a tomato into his trousers pocket. "I mean." he ran on, fixing the tomato merchant with a gimlet glare,

ing the tomato merchant with a gunder gure, "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 siter master wet's due to day. "E was supposed to come by the morning

train, but it looks as though 'e's gorn and lost 'imself.

"Really!" said the stranger, with a frigid "Really! Said the stranger, with a ingle grin. "You don't say! Now, I'm going to tell you something, my lad! If I have any tell you someting, my lad! It I have any more lip from you, you'll think the London express has hit you in the pants! I am the new master, and I haven't gone and let

myself !"

inyself!"

Beaming toothily, he turned his back root he porter and strond across to the deputation. "Well, boys!" he cried jovially. "Welcose to Bendover College! That is, I am glad to welcome myself to Bendover College! and say I am deeply touched by the kindly and the say I am deeply touched by the kindly are to the say I am deeply touched the same and the same and

the end of the row.

There was an explosive snigger, but the new master was not quick enough to catch the cal prit. 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 nosenippers.

Sammy Straw, sir!

"Sammy Straw, eh?" cchoed the reseaster. "Sammy Straw! I'm Will Har! master. Straw-Hay-you sound like a relation!

Straw—Hay—you sound like a relation."
Screwing up his nose, he squinted hard at
the junior, suspicion in his stare.
"Are you quite sure your name is Sarasy
Straw?" he demanded severely.
"I didn't say it was, sirv, any
"I didn't say it was, sirv, any
might he, and I said Will, smiling as therefore, and I said Will, smiling as therefore, and I said will, smiling as therefore, and the said will, smiling as therefore, and the said will, smiling as the said will be said wil

Carrying on down the line, he came to a halt in front of another boy, whose super-

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

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

what's your name?"
"Izy Comming, sir!"
"Haven't I just told you that I don't keep if he's coming!" shouted the new master if he's coming!" shouted the new master if he's coming, sir!" he mocked, in towe of coming, sir!" he mocked, in towe of coming, sir!" he mocked, in towe of coming, sir!"

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



mean That's right '!"

i'x⁰¹lay, sir!" are, my lad!"

while it is than you his moist brow

dabbing his moist brow

oungster.

have some sense by way of a lave encouragingly. "What's said Bush roungster.
Bush roungster.
Bush said thate enec he have sir!" answered the red

and most you be going, my lad?"

""" do most you be going, my lad?"

""" do most you're staying right
to you're not declared Will Hay.

""" to my Jad." declared Will Hay.

""" to my Jad." Let's push off up
""" to my Jad." Let's push off up

form me sir! with a pear-shaped face, form skinny boy with a pear-shaped face, her a kinny boy with a pear-shaped face, her a minim and an outsize in horn-ing cranium, who bowed politely to the new and do you want?" demanded Will

and myself and myself and myself mighal chariot awaits without, sir," youngster, "and myself and my illegians would deem it an honour if colories would deem it an honour if well permit us in hall you up to the well a conquering hero; the second permit us in the second permit us in his permit us in his permit us in his permit us the colories. "Let's fisch at the chariot."

look at the chatter.

I look at the platform in a bunch,

Arming alreadhous passed the control of the chatter. or ming on the platform in a bunch, set and schoolboys passed through the tiny or and schoolings passed already the thry silve office and made their way to the silve office and there, standing alone, in a vard. with and there, standing alone, in the standing alone, in the standing alone, was an old-fashioned open must specified by the standing alone in the final standing through holes in the cushions was alone and in place of shofts. of were askew, and in place of shafts were

Jungins of stout rope.

We'll

Jungins of stout rope.

We'll

Jungins of stout rope.

We'll

Jungins of stout rope. Thank you!" Will Hay tossed his suit-se and the wreck, and climbed in after it. Be go easy, mind! No monkey tricks!

h was to a shrill cheer that the score of grabbed the ropes and set off at a ring pace, the chariot skidding in alarming wiling pace, the charlot shipsing in arathming blane as it sped down the greasy incline carbiel to the village high street. Blood-ading yells and Red Indian war-whoops bagis villagers running to their doors and rabors, and Will Hay, lolling back like a ask liked his ancient topper, and beamed and at the populace.

the clear of the village, the boys put on a intropert and rushed the hill beyond, and, he caught his first glimpse of Bendover

A rambling greystone building with four trets, the school was coldly impressive in the rdt morning 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 hasive gates of the school, which stood

heat cry came from the leader of the at the ropes, the ancient carriage was bd forward. Gathering speed, it went orward. Cathering speed, it the mail made madly down the steep incline, the carracing shead as fast as they could go. They was bumped about like a dried an lay was bumped about like a division lay was bumped about like a division lay pad, and when at last the vehicle through the gates of the school, the the boys headed it off the gravel drive to the lawn. Next instant, they had been the ropes and bolted aside from the

kahing across the lawn, it tore through a settled and headed straight for the orna-tial lake, and it was with closed eyes and thed teeth that Will Hay nerved himself the final plunge.

This 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.

new master came to ugar.

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

"Dear me! Bless my soul! And pray what

"Dear me; Bless my sout; And pray want 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 was a white-haired, shocked-looking old gentleman was a white-haired, shocked-looking old gentleman was a white-haired, shocked-looking old sentences with the school."

"I am Dr. Shrubb, headmaster of this school 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 cpeedily alter at this school, I'm afraid we shall have to hand over the reins to a younger man."
Dr. Erasmus Shrubb fidgeted uncomfortably.

Dr. Erasmus Shrubb fidgeted uncomfortably. "The school is falling into disrepute," ex-claimed 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. "Ye the best credentials, we have them! not so, Dr. Shrubb?" "You want

"Er-yes!" yes!" agreed the Head. "Mr. Hay 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, coloned," he stated convincingly.
"Why, I ballled the examiners, years ago, by
setting them a little problem they couldn't
answer. Perhaps you'd cate to have a shot at 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.

your word for a moment," he put in massing, "For instance," breezed on Will Hay, as though he hadn't heard, "as you may he 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 unmbers. It is not possible, in brief, to give a definition both intelligible and comprehensive, but some idea of the nederm score of the sub-

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 as my own."
"Oh, that's nothing, colonel!" breezed Will

on, mat's nothing, colonel?" breezed Will Hay happily. "I haven't really started yet. Try a basinful of this: We will begin again with ordinary arithmetical relationships, ex-hibiting their gradual growth by extension into algebraic analysis."

into algebraic analysis."
"Thank you, sir, thank you!" said the colonel. "I assure you I an—ahem!—entirely satisfied on this point. But to turn to another matter I had in mind. The Form of which matter 1 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, sir. They need strong handling."

"Leave that to me, sir ?"

That's what we intend to do, Mr. Hay !"

"That's what we intend to go, Mr. That's what we intend to go may have a support of the colonel, recovering somewhat now 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 deak as Smythe litted the ild, catching the Fourth-Former full in the face. The booby-trap which the Bendover lapers had planned for Will Hay 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,
"Ah, there I have you, sir! There I have
out! I'm an old soldier, sir—I know my
story. Allow mo to tell you neither Nelson
or Wellington were present at the battle of
hammagner." history

nor Weinington were present at into another Champaine.

Will llay smiled happily,

"Good for yon, colonel;" he breezed.

"I thought I couldn't each you on history. However, let us he up and loing. If it's all the rame to you, I would like to meet the young bloods of my Form. I am eager to get down

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

fellow me.

E'S a bald-headed old buffer!"

That was Jerry Smart's loudly voiced opinion of the new master of the Fourth. And as Jerry was captain of the Form, and the prime mover in all its mightly his continuous extension as raided was all the state.

captain of the Form, and the prime mover in all its mischiel, 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 wen 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 parents alike.

"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 !"

by heart now."

And the Fourth got busy and did their stuff.

"Cave!" Skittles, who was posted at the
door of the Form-room, suddenly hissed a
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, boys,"
"Good-morning, sir!"
"We seem to be having quite a lot of
weather lately!" went on Will, his gown
ballooning behind him as he strode across the banconing beaning him as he strong across the Fourth Form class-room to his desk. 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 sitting down.

sitting down.

"Let me see," he murmured, straightening himself up and stroking his chin with a reflective finger and thumb. "If'm! Yes! Of course!" Lowering his head, he studied his class over the top of his stell-rimmed glasses, "Er-Smart" he called, his whimseld 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

In leisurely style he strolled across the class-room 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 car alone, my boy!" Still grinning, Jerry Smart strolled round 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 elevator!"
"You're not trying to pull my leg, sir?" demanded the Form captain, will gave a vigorous header of kinker of kinker.

emanded the Form captain.
Will gave a vigorous shake of his head.
"Not yet," he returned; "there's plenty of
me! But about this lift! Demonstrate what time! happens when it ascends-er-goes up, that

"That's easy!" scoffed Smart, stretching out his right hand and raising it ceilingwards.

"That's how it goes!"
"Exactly!" agreed Will, as though a great load had been taken off his mind. "And what happens when it descends-er-comes down, that

"Why, it goes like this!" grinned Smart, weeping 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

bradawl.

Even Reggie Pyke and "Fruity" Snell, the two real eads of the Form, who usually adopted an attitude of perpetual horedom, joined in the tornado of cheers and merriment which resulted from this experiment. Indeed, Jerry Swart himself was the only one who did not Smart himself was the only one who did not

pmart numed, was the only one who did not join in the high-spirited jubilation. "Right Smart—or not-so-Smart, shall we say?—vo may now resume your seat!" beamed Will Hay. "That is, unless you prefer

to stand.

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

"The suspicious rotter!" he muttered. "How

"The suspicious rotter!" he muttered. "How the dickens could be have known that I put the drawing-pin on his chair?" Will Hay, raping 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, ha!" he cluckled to himself. "A shade subtle, I trow me! Perhaps you are ton dull-witted to follow me, We will call the roll instead.
"You there"—pointing at Smythe, who was

CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE

"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."
"Td sooner not, sir," replied Smythe.
"I've no doubt, my boy, I've no doubt," sniled Hay breezily; "but when your Formmaster gives you an order, he expects it to be obeyed."

obeyed."
Slowly, ever so slowly, Smythe went to the Forin-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, a coiled spring, which had been kept in place, was suddenly released. At the end of the spring was a bottle of ink.

The contents of the bottle shot upwards and outwards in a daykening, messy

Swoooooh! The contents of the bottle shot upwards and outwards in a dwkening, messy shower, and although Smythe Liew of that trap, he could not altogether the He staggered back, his face deluged in ink, "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Will Hay, "Yery smart! Very smart, indeed!" "Groooooouth!" gurgled Smythe, dripping an inky trail as he staggered away.

Will Hay returned to the attack, He batted

Will Hay returned to the stack. He bessed as bony finger at Smythe's half Haven.
A bony finger at Smythe's half Haven.
A You, boy, kindly pass no the return.
Gingerly Havers took out the best set.
A who, no! he bessed the new master and half of the can call out the names just as well as too.
Out the register and begin at well as too.
Out the manner of the control of the control of the register and he had been as the control of the contro pepper flow upwant from the opened both had been entimingly concealed both had been cutningly concealed both had been cutningly concealed both the control of the control o

Will Hay made thery boy stand up to tare his name. His eyes dwelt curiously of Reginald Pyko as that youngster's name to

called.
"So you're Pyke, my lad?" he said goal,
taking off his nose-pinchers and studying to
taking rather crafty face of the cad of the Ferri
"Any relation to Mr. Dunkley Pyke?"

Any relation to Mr. Dunkley Pyke?"
Reggic Pyke started.
"He's my father!" he admitted.
"He's also a schoolmaster, I believe!" told Will Hay.

Will Hay.

"Why shouldn't he be?" demanded Pia resentfully. "Do you know him?"

"I have heard of him," returned Ingravely. "I have heard of him," returned Ingravely. "I have heard of him," have heard him breath he added: "So that's the him breath he added: "So that's the limit have heard of the thin faller's just itching to become Head of this seed a place of old Shrubb. There's some diffy red going on here."

"The valletall continued."

The roll-call continued.

The roll-call continued. At its end, Will Hay beamed upon his than "Now, what's the first lesson?" be impired. "Latin, sir!" volunteered derry Same, to had now recovered and bore no make. "Latin, sir!" volunteered derry Same, to had now recovered and bore no make. "Latin! H'm!" Will Hay's derre arched. "It think you might terr well by that for yourselves. Carry on, my lake at I will discover what you know." Having set the class to work, the are master scated himself at his dekt.

He opened a morning paper and beams immersed in the important events of the day. and he was weighing up the chances of Bright Knight, a horse which was down to ran in the 3.30 at Epsom, when he lifted his head he a red setter and began to sniff; gently, tending the first state of the first a red setter and began to sain; general retively at first, then making a noise lise to rasping of sandpaper.

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

Blinking rapidly, he peered ever his as-nippers and surveyed his industrious feed and it was not until his questing sare reconthe far left-hand corner of the class room but

From that quarter a haze of blue snote said drifting gently upon the still air; and for further investigation, Will Hay discovered the reason.

Lolling back in his seat, thumbs tucked in Lolling back in his seat, thunds taked the armholes of his waisteon, Begge Pit one of the cads of the Form, such that smoking a cigarette. Fruity fastant was also indulging in findlenging fastant was also indulging in the control of the control o in their eyes as they puffed away in interpretenced fashion.

Pyke had little beads of morture upon by short upper lip, and Fruity Soul was start fixedly into space, like a frog in a track.

Will Have soul. Will Hay coughed importantly and raped

Will Hay coughed importantly
"Excuse me, boys," he said, very place.
"but may I draw your attending to that this is a class-room, at the said that the said as a class-room, at the said of the said o

shed! The pungent odour of the Socks.—"
"These smokes are best Tarking the Reggie Pyke hopefully werderity. "They see me over temerity. "They see me over the property." They can be a packet."
"Yery reasonable," commented to be a see that they are the see that they are the see that they are the are they are t

a packet."
"Very reasonable." commented real five deving his deek and joining the start downer. Are they strong "he start down at Pyko over the join and he real five deeply interested in the packet of the deeply interested in the packet of the deeply interested in the packet of the deeply interested in your e a but reasonable to the packet of the pac

ciry about mel's said Pyke.
Cool and
Co Mind you from the murmered, drawing the Hall hall I'll say that for some from the following the foll

mire Mind you, I'm warning mire pretty strong, even for a man re pretty You'll probably make ne of mine

like you! Free gave a sickly grin. "Th-thank programmed, taking the solitary from the case and lighting up re-

at its said knowingly. "Smoke up!" at its first to see a man enjoy a good of the stop of t

by index possible of the property of the property of the property specific property specific property of the p

or your thoughts!" offered Will

Margaringly, hiccoughed Reggie, his plump grance moist and shiny.

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

what didn't agree with you!" diagnosed master. "Make a good dinner, but belief pork..." "Make a startling or mention of dinner had a startling son Reggie. Leaping to his feet, he are the contract of the contract of the contract of the class reaching it just as the Head was get the Concorder."

to enter the class-room.

Wist the—— Oooooch!"
Eming the Head in the waistcoat, Reggie and into the corridor and went away like

betric hare.

Dar me! Bless my soul! What was the war with that extraordinary boy, Mr. ha! demanded the Head in his mild way.

has demanded the Head in his mild way, the face looked quite horrible—"
"I always does, sir!" out in Will, with a weather "As a matter of fact, sir, we were compared to the work of the sir of the si

chief his back and popping it between his provided him, caught!—I caught Pyke chief, My duty was clear. To wit: I oped—h'm, caught!—I caught Lyxe eshig! My duty was clear. To wit: I is to take his cigarette away from him! be "and here Will wagged a wise finger over the Head's note—"I was able to deal the situation in my own way. Having and young Pyke apart from his Turkish ettes. I gave him one of my own special and of cigars, so everything was all square! stietly between ourselves, sir, I've an a that Reggie will be a non-smoker for a

time to come! State was the ghost of a smile upon the state face as he looked up into Will's inkling eyes.

own special eigars are rather

lor own special cigars are say he suggested mildly. Say he suggested mildly. They should be, sir!" nodded Will, squint-teer his nose nippers. "I make 'en-teer his nose nippers. "I make 'en-teer het in the state of rubher heel, boot polish, soft soap, his and heave yearer and what could be hide and brown paper; and what could be

seer the names paper; and whose seemed at 12 mer. Tell the Mr. Hay "murmured the Head at 1 mer. It is the murmured the Head at 1 mer. It is the murmured the Head at 1 mer. It is a mer. It

"Mushe is crea better! Tell your pussad his secop—and tell your newsagent to be, bour copy of "PILOT" for you.
"My going to be a mighty ruch to read lay at Bendoer."

FAMOUS RADIO STAR



 Out doing a spot of fodder-providing t'other Out doing a spot of found-providing tother 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



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 hasket



5.—But instead of getting the can of cold beaus 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 het, 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 and with it I did a cowboy act with the home-made



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 (commal and soon this small edition of central heating was warning up nicely.



4.—Now, while I'd been doing my strong-arm stroff, 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 I laughed, and I laughed, but the tough laddie 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, dearle. Did I have him on of string then? I pulled the knot tight, and, presto! the naughty lad came to earth with bump on his chin! And that was that-chin-chin until next week!