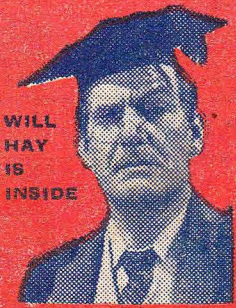


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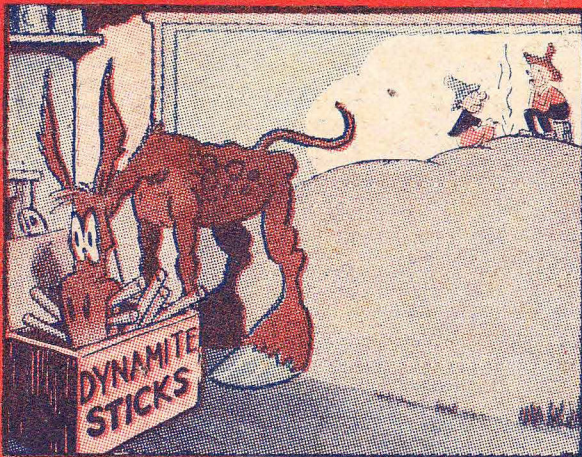
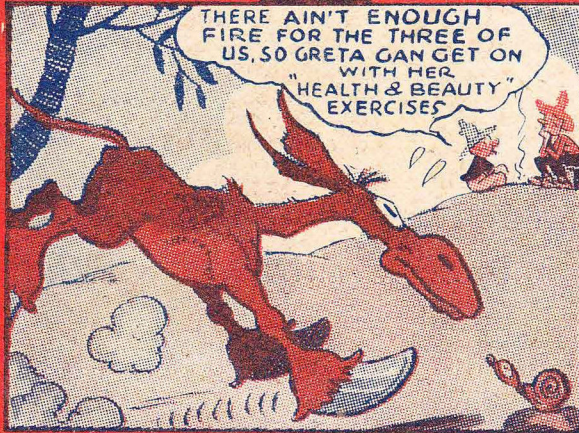
WILL
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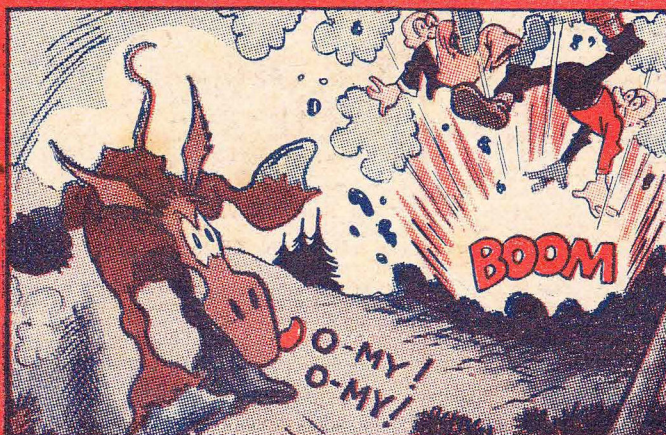
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No. 115. Vol. 5. Week ending December 11th, 1937



MIKE,
SPIKE
& GRETA
OUR KRAZY GANG
in
"THE
LAST
LAUGH"

(Watch for Greta every week)



CONTENTS:

- Will Hay
- Tarzan
- "Bluey" Wilkinson
- Guy Fawkes
- Leonard Henry
- The "Buccaneer"
- Houdini—The Boy Wizard
- etc.

Prizes offered to readers.



By courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.

"COPPED!" grinned Will Hay. "Oh crikey!" ejaculated Fruity Snell.

He stared round at his Form-master in dismay.

Fruity was just putting his leg over his bike, when Will happened. Fruity had wheeled his bike out, very cautiously, after class, to cut down the hill to Didham. Didham was out of bounds for Fruity, since the last time he had been caught fetching in cigarettes from the Three Feathers. So he had to be cautious. He had not the faintest idea that Will's eye was on him.

Neither was it, except by chance. Will Hay had a very watchful eye on one member of his Form—Koo, the Kanaka boy, who was in danger of kidnapers. But he had forgotten all about Fruity and his shady ways. It just happened that Will was going down to Didham himself, and he came out just as Fruity was about to start.

"Bad lad!" said Will, shaking his forefinger at the dismayed Fruity. "You will take a hundred lines, Snell! Take that jigger in! No—stay!" Will grinned with all his teeth. "As you've got it here, I'll borrow it! Do me the favour of putting up the saddle as far as it will go, or a little further!"

"Look here, you're not taking my bike—" objected Fruity.

"Did I say a hundred lines? I meant two!" said Will.

"It's my bike—"

"Three hundred lines," said Will genially.

"Look here, it's my bike, and—"

"Four hundred lines!" grinned Will. "Go on, my good Snell—keep it up! I will keep it up as long as you do."

But Fruity raised no further objections! Four hundred lines seemed enough for him.



With an expression on his face resembling that of a demon in a pantomime, he opened the tool-bag, to get busy shifting the saddle.

Will Hay smiled cheerily. It looked like rain; and Will was rather glad to borrow a bike, to get his trip down to Didham over before it started. He cocked his eye at the sky, over which clouds were rolling. He might have acted more wisely in keeping it on Fruity! That artful and unscrupulous youth was busy, not only with the saddle. Unobserved by Will, Fruity gave a twist or two to the nuts on the brake-rods, loosening them, to leave the brakes without a grip. A fellow needed his brakes, on Didham Hill. If Will Hay borrowed that bike, he was going to do that trip in uncommonly quick time.

"Here you are, sir!" muttered Fruity.

"Thank you, my excellent Snell! You may go in and do your lines, and remember how very, very naughty it is to break bounds!" said Will; and he put a leg over Fruity's bike, mounted, and glided away.

Fruity grinned after him, and was still grinning as he went in. He had an idea that it would not be long before his Form-master was sorry that he had borrowed that bike.

He was right! A quarter of a mile from Bendover School, the hill steeped, and Will began to whiz. He jammed on a brake! He still whizzed!

"Suffering sardines!" ejaculated Will. "That brake's out of order! Lucky there's two on a bike!"

He jammed on the other brake! He still whizzed! Will gave a yelp of dismay. Neither brake acted! The bike flew faster and faster. On an old-fashioned bike he could have back-pedalled. But he couldn't back-pedal on a free wheel! There was only one way of stopping that bike—falling off it! That way did not appeal to Will at all. He did not like that idea! In fact he hated it.

"Oh, my single sainted aunt!" gasped Will, as he flew down the hill, his hair blowing out in the whistling wind. "That young idiot—I've saved him from a bad accident by bagging his bike—but who's going to save me? Oh, humming haddocks and scented sardines!"

Didham came in sight in an incredibly short space of time. Will Hay could only hope that the High Street was clear of traffic. He did not want to slaughter anyone. Still less did he want to slaughter himself. How many m.p.h. he was doing on that awful hill he did not know; but at a rough guess, he would have put it down at a couple of hundred. He held on for his life and whizzed.

Coming into Didham, he shaved a market cart by a foot. He shaved a lorry by three inches. He shaved an old gentleman crossing the street by a quarter of an inch. Without any training as a barber, Will was doing some very close shaving. Wild yells followed him. Will did not even hear them. The wind whistled wildly in his ears as he flew. Squatting on the saddle, grasping the handbars in a desperate grip, staring straight before him, Will shot through Didham High Street like an arrow from a bow.

"Hi! hi! hi!" came a roar from all Didham. "Hi! Stop! Stop him! Hi!"

Gladly would Will have stopped! He would have asked nothing better. He longed to stop. He yearned to stop! But he flew! He was through Didham almost in the twinkling of an eye—leaving a roar behind him.

Beyond Didham, the lane sloped downward for three miles or more. Will flew down the lane. He was for it now! There was no help for it! Unless he pitched off, he had to keep on! Gathering speed all the time, he liked less and less the idea of pitching off. Hedges and tress flashed by him like a rapid panorama. Perspiration bedewed his brow. He whizzed and whizzed, and whizzed! The whizzability,





so to speak, was good. But Will was wondering dizzily whether he would get through this alive.

Rapid as his progress was—really hardly more than a matter of minutes from start to finish—it seemed an age, if not an aeon, to Will, before the road levelled out, and that bike, at last, began to lose momentum. Ahead of him, still at a distance, was the village of Claybank-by-Mudford, and Will did not want to shoot into it like Death on a Pale Horse. But, as it happened, he never reached Claybank on that bike. By the side of the lane, he sighted a furniture van, halted. There was plenty of room to pass—had it not been blocked by a motor-car coming up the road. Between them there was no space available.

Will's brain swam for a moment. Luckily the bike had lost speed by this time. It was still going fast—but Will had to chance it! He turned it towards the greasy bank beside the road where the pantechmicon stood.

What happened next was never quite clear to the master of the Bendover Fourth. All he remembered was that he seemed to be turned into a catherine-wheel. There was a clanging, clinking sound that came from the bike. There was a yelling, howling sound that came from Will Hay. When the universe had sorted itself out again, Will found that he was sitting in the road, staring up at the driver of the furniture van, who was staring down at him.

"Great pip!" gasped Will Hay.

"You said it!" agreed the driver of the furniture van.

DR. SHRUBB, the venerable Head of Bendover, glanced at a card that had been brought in by Toots, the page. It bore a name quite unknown to Dr. Shrub.

Cyrus X. Shook,
Shook's Stores,
Ululo.

Dr. Shrub's knowledge was vast: but he had never heard of Ululo, before Koo came to Bendover. Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la came from the island in the far Pacific, where there were pearls, and cannibals, coral reefs and sharks and palm-trees: and where his father reigned over a brown-skinned, tattooed tribe. So Dr. Shrub had added Ululo to his geographical knowledge.

But certainly he had never expected a visitor from that far island. However, he bade Toots show him in.

Cyrus X. Shook entered with a heavy tread. The South Sea trader was a long, loose-jointed man, with a sharp nose that jutted like a nail, and a large jaw planned on the lines of a lantern.

"Mr.—er—Shake—" said Dr. Shrub.

"Shook, sir!" answered the visitor, his voice coming a little muffled through his long nose. "Cyrus Xerxes Shook, sir! Shook's Stores, Ululo—"

"Yes yes, but what—"

"Business in this country, sir, in connection with a noo steamer I aim to get out to Ululo!" said Mr. Shook. "Old Man Ka-a spilled a message for his boy, and I guess I'm here to deliver it. Young Koo."

"Oh, quite!" said Dr. Shrub. "Pray be seated, Mr. Shake—I mean Shook—that is to say, Shook, and I will send for Koo at once. I am sure he will be delighted to receive a message from his father."

Toots was dispatched to call Koo of the Fourth. Mr. Shook sat down, stretching out a pair of very long legs.

"Mebbe, sir, the kid would like me to give him a run in the auto," remarked Mr. Shook. "I've left it at the gate."

"You are very kind, Mr. Shake, but at present Koo is not allowed out of gates," said Dr. Shrub. "There has been an attempt to kidnap him, by a rascally American gangster—"

"Eh?"

"A ruffianly scoundrel," said Dr. Shrub, "who had the audacity to penetrate to this very study, sir, and threaten me with a revolver."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mr. Shook. "I guess you'd know that gangster agin, if you saw him, sir?"

"He was masked," said Dr. Shrub. "All I know is that he was an American, as he spoke that language. Needless to say, the police are now on the watch for him, and he will hardly venture to repeat such an attempt. Nevertheless, I am bound to take the greatest care of the boy."

"Oh, sure!" agreed Mr. Shook. "But I guess he would be safe with me, sir. I'll tell a man."

"It is now past lock-up, Mr. Shook. Bendover boys are not allowed out of the school after dark, in any case."

"You're the doctor!" said Mr. Shook, giving up the point.

There was a tap at the door, and a brown-skinned junior, with blue tattoo marks on his brown cheeks, entered the study. Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la looked inquiringly at his headmaster. Cyrus X. Shook rose swiftly, crossed to the door, and put his long, lean back to it. Koo's dark eyes turned on him, and he started.

"Feller Shook!" he exclaimed.

"Koo-kalangle—I mean, Koo-keloodle—that is to say, Koo, this gentleman from Ululo has a message from your father," said Dr. Shrub.

"No tinkee, sar!" said Koo, watching the lean American trader like a cat. "Me savvy that feller Shook, sar! Him bad feller altogether too much."

"Wha-a-t!" ejaculated Dr. Shrub.



"Park it, bo!" said Mr. Shook, his hand coming out from under his coat-tails with a revolver in it. "Don't you spill anything, Brer Schoolmaster. You let out a yawp, and I guess it will be your last musical effort this side of Jordan. You get me?"

Dr. Shrubbs gazed at him in horror. Koo's dark eyes dilated. The South Sea trader grinned over the gun.

"Bib-bub-bless my soul!" gasped Dr. Shrubbs. "Is—is—is it possible that—that you—you—you are the—the—the kidnapper?"

"Guessed it in once!" said Mr. Shook genially. "I'll tell a man, I sure do want to handle old Ka'a's pearls, and I calculate he'll make a trade for his bonnie brown boy, when I've got a cinch on him!"

"Villain! Wretch! I—I—" stuttered the Head of Bendover.

"That'll be enough from you!" said Mr. Shook. "I guess I should hate to spill your juice, Brer Schoolmaster, but you don't want to give me any trouble. I— Yaroo! Great snakes! Yoo-hoop!"

Dr. Shrubbs grasped a thick ebony ruler from his desk, and hurled it. It landed on Mr. Shook's nose, and sent him staggering. The headmaster rushed to the door, and dragged it open.

"Help!" he shouted. "Help! Kidnappers! Help!"

"Ware snakes!" gasped the gangster.

His foot shot out, catching Dr. Shrubbs on the tail of his gown. The Head of Bendover shot out of the doorway.

There was a bump in the passage, followed by the slam of the door. Cyrus X. Shook turned the key, and spun round towards Koo. Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la was jumping towards the window. A lean hand grabbed him by the back of the neck as he reached it.

Outside the study door there was a roar of startled voices. Cyrus had no time to lose. He packed his gun, and, holding Koo by the neck with his left hand, threw open the window with his right. Another moment, and he was outside, with the Kanaka junior in his grasp. Koo was struggling wildly. But the lean hand swung him off his feet, and the gangster's long legs fairly whisked as he scuttled for the gates. After lock-up, and the fall of darkness, there was no one about in the quad. Only Kelly, the porter, stood in the gates, which he had opened for the visitor. Kelly stared blankly at the sight of the long, lean gangster, with the struggling junior in his grip.

"Here, what—" began the porter.

That was all Kelly said. The next moment he was sitting in the gateway, holding his jaw with both hands, and gurgling. Cyrus X. Shook passed him, with a rush, and hurled Koo bodily into the car that stood outside.

"You plenty too much bad feller!" roared Koo, as he crashed on the floor of the car.

"Pack it up, big boy!" said Mr. Shook. He whipped a cord round the Kanaka junior, and knotted it, jammed a gag into his mouth, and threw a rug over him. Then he jumped to the wheel. A roar of excitement from the Bendover quad, as a crowd came rushing out of the House, was answered by a roar from the engine. The car shot away down Didham Hill faster than even Will Hay had covered the same ground a couple of hours ago.

"There he goes!" yelled Dicky Bird of the Fourth, the first to reach the gates. A red tail-light winked away in the distance, and vanished.

"The kidnapper's got Koo!" gasped Jimmy Carboy.

Dr. Shrubbs rushed back to his study, to the telephone. The kidnapper had got Koo—but the car could be described—Kelly had noted the number—it was heading for Didham. Dr. Shrubbs had lots of information to gasp out over the wires to Inspector Plummy. In fact, five minutes after the car had shot through Didham, the Didham police were on the look-out for it!

"Oh, what a bit of luck!" murmured Will Hay.

Will, for the last hour or two, had not been enjoying life. His wild ride on Fruity's bike had landed him, bumping, within a couple of yards of the halted furniture-van on the Didham road. Will was damaged. So was the bike.

That bike was no longer a going concern. Will wheeled it on to Claybank, and left it there, and started to walk back. Four miles uphill, with innumerable aches sprinkled all over him, did not attract Will Hay—it dismayed him. But there was no other way of getting back to Didham, the nearest place where he could hope to get a lift to the school.

Wearily the master of the Bendover Fourth tramped. The prospect of whopping Fruity, when he got in, was only a slight consolation. He dragged one weary leg after the other, and the other after the one. Then the sound of a running engine caught his ear, as he neared the spot where he had passed the furniture-van.

Will had quite forgotten that van. He remembered it as he saw it again—still on the spot where he had seen it before. Why it had halted in that lonely lane for so long, Will did not know, or care! But he knew that he was glad to see it still there. It meant a lift to Didham.

As the driver had started the engine, it looked as if he was about to go on, whatever had been the reason of his long halt. The van faced towards Didham, evidently its destination, as the uphill road led nowhere else. Coming up from Claybank, Will sighted the rear first—the doors at the back of the van standing wide open, revealing a number of packing-cases and some heaps of sacking inside. Passing the van, Will stopped to speak to the driver.

"Just going on?" asked Will genially.

The driver, peering at him in the dark, apparently remembered him as the wild rider who had tumbled off the bike.

"You agin?" he grunted.

"Me agin!" agreed Will pleasantly. "What about a lift as far as Didham, as you're going on, what?"

"I ain't allowed to give no guy a lift in this van!" said the driver. "And I ain't starting yet, neither. Jest absquatulate."

"My dear fellow—" said Will, in honeyed tones. He was really keen on that lift, if obtainable.

The driver cast a keen look up the road towards Didham. Will judged that he was,

like Sister Anne, expecting to see someone coming. Nothing, however, appeared in sight; and the van-driver looked at Will again. He scowled at him. For some reason, unknown to Will, the man was anxious to be rid of him. Not, Will concluded, a man with a taste for really agreeable company. Not only did the van-driver scowl at Will—but he extended a large, knuckly fist, that looked rather like a leg of mutton. Will backed away a little. He disliked the look of that fist in proximity to his nose.

"See that, bo?" said the driver grimly. "Well, if I git down to you, you get that on your face! You get it hard! And I'm jest going to git down."

"Good-night!" said Will hastily; and he walked on. The van-driver grunted as he disappeared into the night.

But Will Hay did not disappear too far! Having disappeared from the driver's sight in the dark, Will halted, and stepped into the roadside hedge. His eyes gleamed over his nose-nippers. From behind, he could still hear the purring of the engine. The driver was not starting, but he was prepared to start at a moment's notice. And when he started he was going to give Will Hay a lift—willy-nilly! Will slipped through a gap in the hedge, and crept back along the road.

There was something unusual, he realised, about this furniture-van. Van-drivers with American accents were not common in that quarter. The van had been halted there quite a long time, for no obvious reason. Now the man had the engine running, ready to start—but was not starting. He seemed to be expecting somebody from the direction of Didham. And the doors at the back of the van were left wide open, which was quite unusual. Altogether, it was rather odd. That, however, did not worry Will very much—so long as he got a lift in that van!

Keeping on the safe side of the hedge, Will passed the halting-place, and emerged silently into the road behind the van. The bulk of the vehicle hid him from the driver, who, moreover, was staring eagerly up the road to Didham.

Softly, treading on tiptoe, Will approached the rear of the van. The interior was deeply dusky, and he groped carefully as he stepped lightly in.

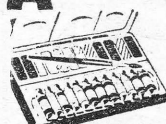
So far as he could make out, the van contained nothing but empty packing-cases and some sacking. One large packing-case lay on its side, with the top open. Cautiously, Will Hay crept into it. There was plenty of room for Will to squat inside, and he was quite safely hidden if that surly driver happened to look in the van. That was a very urgent point—for Will had no desire whatever to make closer acquaintance with the knuckly fist. The mere sight of it had been enough for Will.

He grinned cheerily as he sat inside the big packing-case in the van. He was getting that lift—for which he would willingly have stood the driver half-a-crown. The only difference was that the surly one would lose the half-crown!

The engine continued to throb. Every moment Will expected the van to heave into motion. But it did not!

Minute followed minute! Only the throbbing of the engine broke the silence. Fifteen minutes or more had passed, when there was a

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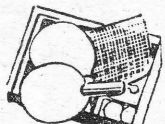


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sound of a car on the road, coming fast from the direction of Didham.

It passed the van, drew in to the roadside, and stopped just behind the van. Will wondered whether this car was what the driver had been waiting for.

Evidently it was, for the driver got down and came round the van, to join the man who had stepped from the car. Will heard his voice.

"You cinched him, Cyrus?"

"You said it, Ebenezer," answered another voice, that seemed vaguely familiar to Will Hay. "I guess I got him in the car, bo! And I'm telling you, Ebenezer Washington, that if Old Man Ka'a don't cough up them pearls of his'n at Ululo, he can bank on never seeing his bonnie brown boy agin!"

"I'll say this is a bonanza, Cyrus."

"And then some, Ebenezer! Lend me a hand to tote him out, and park him in the van! I guess they'll be looking for that car, and combing the roads for it with a small comb; but I'll tell a man, they won't be looking for no kidnapped Kanaka in a furniture-van! Nope!"

Will Hay almost fell out of the packing-case!

Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la wriggled as he was lifted from the car. His black eyes gleamed at the kidnapers. But he was helpless to resist—bound hand and foot, and with a gag tied in his mouth.

"Pronto!" breathed Cyrus X. Shook, casting a swift glance up and down the shadowy road.

"The door's open—shove him in!" answered the driver of the furniture-van.

Swiftly, the kidnapped Kanaka was swept across from the car to the back of the long van, where the doors stood open in readiness. He swung into the van, and bumped on the floor. There he lay, unable to move a limb.

Cyrus X. Shook grinned, a wide grin.

"I'll remark," he murmured, "that this is some stunt! And then a few! There'll be a police car coming down the road shortly, Ebenezer, I reckon! You figure they'll worry about a furniture-van—going into Didham? I'll say nope! You get out the other side of the burg, bo, with the search all coming after me this side! I guess I know where to pick you up again! Jump to it, Ebenezer!"

"And the car—"

"I guess I'm doing about fifty in that auto before I leave it for the British police to find," grinned Cyrus, "and that fifty will be on this side of Bendover, Ebenezer, while you're eating up the miles on t'other! I'll leave that car lying around little old London—mebbe the owner will be glad to see it again, after the British police rope it in. So-long, Ebenezer Washington!"

There was a slam as the rear doors of the pantehnicon shut. The driver went back to his seat in front.

Grinning, Cyrus X. Shook stepped into the car, and stepped on the gas. He shot away on the London road—leaving the furniture-van to roll on towards Didham. Grinning also, Ebenezer Washington drove on the van. He grinned still more widely when a car, with a couple of helmets showing in it, came whizzing down from Didham, and shot past the pantehnicon. While the artful Cyrus drew pursuit on the London road, Ebenezer Washington drove cheerfully through Didham, and the pantehnicon, with the kidnapped Kanaka inside, rolled on up the road past Bendover School!

"MY single, solitary, sainted Aunt Selina!" murmured Will Hay.

He did not murmur aloud. Will did not want to draw the attention of the driver of that van. The big, knucky fist had no attraction, and Will suspected that there might be a gun about Ebenezer Washington, too. Sitting in the packing-case, Will did some hard thinking as the pantehnicon rolled up the hill, and rolled through the town of Didham. Within six feet of him lay Koo—kidnapped, bound, and gagged.

Will Hay had been glad to bag that lift. He was gladder than ever now!

But he realised that he had to be careful.

He stirred at last, cautiously putting his head out of the packing-case, rather like that of a tortoise out of its shell. Ebenezer, unaware that there was a passenger in the van as well as Koo, gave all his attention to the road in front. It was densely dark in the van; but Will, as he peered round, caught a gleam from the eyes of the bound schoolboy. He bumped on a packing-case as he crawled towards Koo, but the van was making a good deal of noise as it rolled and rumbled on.

It was just as well, perhaps, that Cyrus had gagged Koo so carefully, or he might have expressed his surprise audibly, when he suddenly heard the voice of his Form-master. Whatever Koo was expecting to happen, now that he was in the clutches of the kidnapers, he certainly was not expecting Will Hay to happen!

Will groped for an ear, and whispered in it:

Prof. Barnacle Offers Prizes



HALF-CROWNS FOR WINNING JOKE AND BEST LETTERS!

Every week I am giving away a 576-page book of adventure stories to the PILOT reader who sends me the best joke. In addition, I am awarding a special prize of half-a-crown to the Overseas reader whose joke takes my fancy. All you have to do is to write your joke on a postcard and address it to: Professor Barnacle, The PILOT, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS ARE:

Teacher: "If I stand on my head the blood rushes to my head, yet if I stand on my feet the blood does not rush to my feet. Can anyone give me the reason?"

Jones Minor: "Maybe it's 'cause your feet ain't empty, miss!"

Eric Pinder, 1, Victoria Terrace, Salthaire, Yorks, wins this week's 576-page book of adventure stories for the above joke.

Mr. Smith (to neighbour): "Would you lend me your wireless set to-night?"

Neighbour: "Certainly. Giving a party?"

Mr. Smith: "No; we want a quiet evening."

This joke wins half-a-crown for George Lappers, 5, Camden Road, Deep River, Cape Town, S. Africa.

IF SENDING IN A JOKE DOESN'T APPEAL TO YOU, THEN TRY YOUR HAND AT WRITING A LETTER!

Every week the Editor of PILOT awards half-a-crown for the best letter sent in by a PILOT reader. Write and tell him your opinion of the stories, and don't be nervous about saying what you think. Address your letters to: The Editor, "PILOT," Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

This week's prize of 2s. 6d. goes to:
E. Doidge, 103, Tavistock Place,
Plymouth, Devon.

"Keep your pecker up, Koo-kaloodle-winkle! I'm here!"

Koo gave a startled wriggle.

"Quiet, Koo-kalangle-wangle! If the gentleman in front spots us, it means trouble with a capital T. Keep still!"

Koo, after the first movement of surprise, remained still, his eyes gleaming in the dark. Will groped for a penknife, and cautiously

sawed through the cords Cyrus had knotted with such care, and the string that fastened the gag. Koo gasped.

"Ole feller Hay!" he breathed.

"That identical old feller!" agreed Will. "But quiet, my little pippin; the gentleman in front would be very nasty if he got wise to this. We are departing unobtrusively, without saying good-bye. A little unceremonious, perhaps, but Mr. Washington has a set of knuckles that I dislike extremely. I feel sure that he would be annoyed if he discovered that I had pinched a lift in his van."

Will groped over the rear door. There was a glimmer of starlight in the van as it flew open. Koo dropped into the road as lightly as an indiarubber ball. Will Hay dropped as lightly as a sack of coke! But they both dropped, and the van rolled on.

"Ow!" gasped Will. He sat on the road and blinked after the pantehnicon, rolling onward with the driver happily unconscious of the open door at the back. "Ah! Where are we? What?"

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!" chuckled Koo. "Stop near Bendover."

Will blinked round. He was sitting about fifty yards from the gates of Bendover School. He scrambled up.

"This," remarked Will, "is where we smile. Come alonger me, Koo-kalinka-woodle-winkle! Dr. Shrubbs will probably be glad to see you again."

The pantehnicon disappeared in the distance. Will Hay and Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la disappeared towards Bendover School.

"How come big feller schoolmaster belong pantehnicon?" asked Koo, as he trotted along by the side of Form-master Will Hay.

"Ah!" grunted Will, for he needed all his wind to keep up the pace the Kanaka boy had set.

"Him magic man!" grunted Koo. "Number one magic man!"

"You've said it!" jerked out Will, with a sly wink to himself. "Blexton Sake—I mean Sexton Blake and Sherlock Holmes rolled into one. Now shurrup!"

And still marvelling how it was that Will Hay came to be his deliverer when all had seemed lost, Koo "shurrup."

Dr. Shrubbs glared.

"Mr. Hay, so you have returned! What does this absence mean—while a boy of your Form, sir, is kidnapped—stolen away—disappeared—vanished? Are you aware, sir, that Koo-kalumpo-linge-langie has been kidnapped—kidnapped, Mr. Hay, while you have been absent for hours—hours, sir? Is this how you do your duty, Mr. Hay?"

Bendover was in an uproar when Will Hay arrived. Dr. Shrubbs opened fire at the sight of him. He glared; he gesticulated; he roared.

"My dear sir—" bleated Will.

"I repeat, sir," roared Dr. Shrubbs, "you are responsible for the boy! Is this how you do your duty, Mr. Hay?"

"Exactly!" assented Will. "Come in, Koo! Your headmaster is anxious to see you!"

Koo followed his Form-master in.

"Here's Koo! Old Hay's got him back!"

"Kik-kik-kik-Koo!" stuttered Dr. Shrubbs. "Mr. Hay, you have bib-bib-bib-brought the bub-bub-boy bib-bib-bib-back! It is Kik-kik-kik-Koo! It is really Kik-kik-kik-Koo! Bless my soul! Hay—my dear Hay—how—how did you do this?"

"The Hays, sir," said Will, "have always been in the van! I was in the van—hem!—and the natural result is, that the other fellow is left in the cart! Here, sir, is Koo!"

There, undoubtedly, was Koo! Bendover School, at that moment, admired Will Hay almost as much as Will Hay did!

THE END.

It's the "PILOT'S" Christmas number next week, lads, and there's a fine Christmas present in it for Will Hay from the merry boys of Bendover . . . and a Christmas surprise packet, too! Shop early, as the big Stores say, and get hold of your copy of "PILOT" before the newsagent says "sold out." That's a tip!