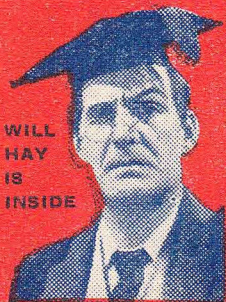


WILL HAY, FORM-MASTER, HANDS OUT MORE LAUGHS THIS WEEK!



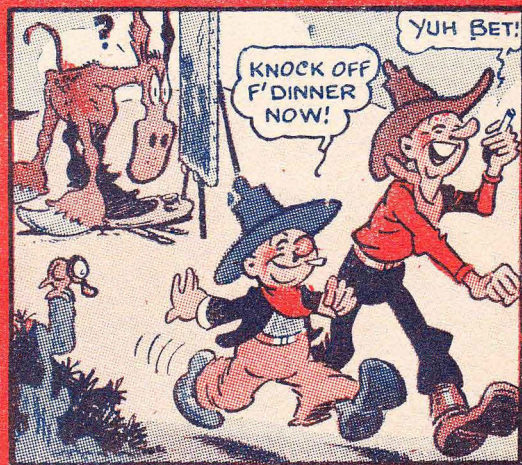
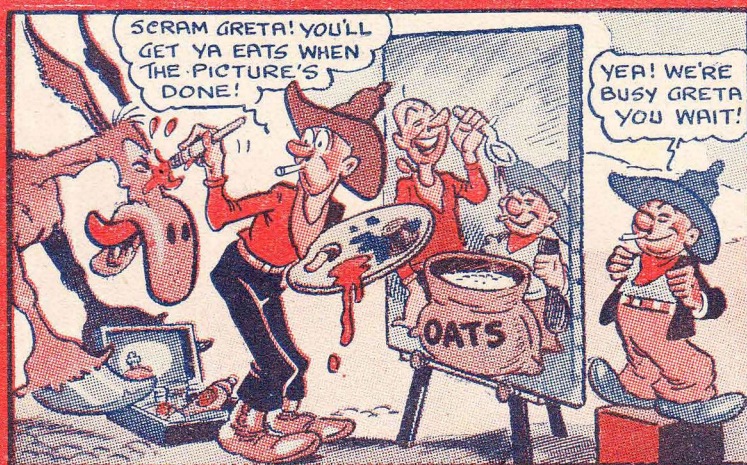
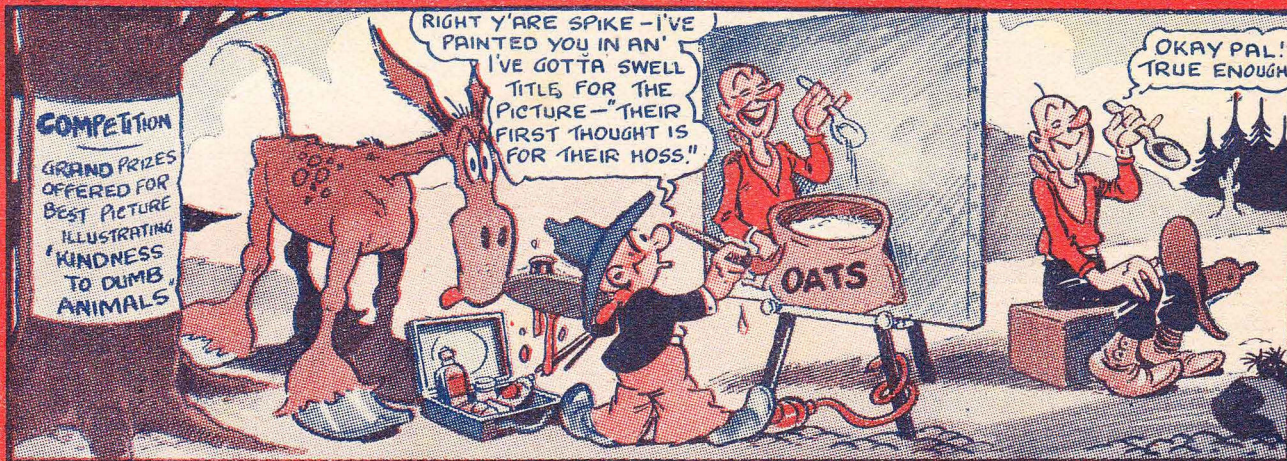
WILL HAY IS INSIDE

The PILOT

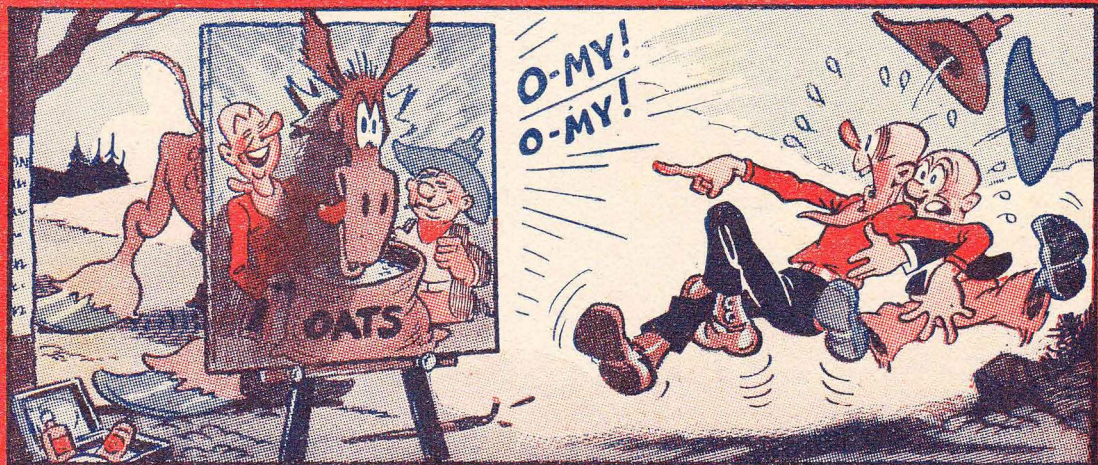
EVERY FRIDAY

2^D

No. 120. Vol. 5. Week ending January 15th, 1938



MIKE,
SPIKE
&
GRETA
—OUR KRAZY
CANG—IN
"THAT'S
TORN
IT!"





By courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.

"CAN you let us have some scent, sir?" Will Hay was groaning when Dicky Bird tapped at his study door and stepped in with a big bag in his hand. It sounded as if the master of the Bendover Fourth had the toothache. But it was worse than that.

On Will's study table lay a pile of manuscript. It was written in the scholarly but indecipherable hand of Dr. Shrubbs, the Head of Bendover School. Will had looked at it a dozen times since his venerable chief had sent it to his study. Every time he looked at it he groaned.

It contained, at a guess, about seventy thousand words—most of them of more than three syllables. Dr. Shrubbs had sent it to Will Hay—for Will to read! Of the seventy thousand words, Will had read, so far, half a dozen, which constituted the title: "The Philosophical Aspects of Practical Pedagogy."

Will was satisfied—more than satisfied—with those six words. The prospect of perusing the remaining sixty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-four dismayed him. But a request from his chief amounted to a command!

Dr. Shrubbs wanted to hear his opinion on that great work! Or, at least, he thought that he did! Had Will stated his real genuine, sincere opinion on the subject, probably Dr. Shrubbs would have sacked him on the spot.

Having groaned for the dozenth time, Will glanced round at Dicky Bird as that cheery member of his Form presented himself, bag in hand. Will was unaware, at the moment, that the Bendover Fourth were planning a paper-chase for that afternoon, for which large quantities of "scent" were required. In the Junior Day-room a dozen fellows were tearing up old exercises, newspapers snaffled from Masters' Common-room, and volumes from the school library.



"Scent!" repeated Will. "Did you say scent, Bird?"

"Yes, sir!" said Dicky. "If you could let us have some scent—"

"I never use it!" snapped Will.

"Eh? No! I don't suppose you do, sir!" Dicky grinned. "But we want some, sir—all we can get—"

"Nonsense!" said Will decisively. "The use of scent, Bird, is effeminate. Bendover boys should be manly! Scent, indeed! You will be wanting lipstick next, I suppose!"

"Oh!" gasped Dicky. "I mean—"

"Do you take my study for a chemist's shop, or what?" yapped Will.

"I don't mean scent, sir—I mean scent!" gasped Dicky Bird.

"What?"

"Not niffy scent, sir—paper scent! Paper to tear up for a paper-chase," explained Dicky Bird. "Any old newspapers, or exercises, or— or Latin dictionaries or Greek lexicons would do—any old rubbish, sir."

"Oh!" said Will. "I see!"

"We were wondering, sir, if you would join us in our run!" said Dicky. "We should like you to be the hare, sir! We think you'd make a jolly good hare, sir!" Dicky did not add that he was referring to a March hare!

Will smiled! Then, catching sight of the Head's formidable manuscript again, he groaned.

"I should be delighted, Bird!" he answered. "The Hays have always been considered good at running. But I shall be busy this afternoon—terribly busy—horribly busy, in fact!"

And Will glanced again at the "Philosophical Aspects of Practical Pedagogy" and moaned. Dicky Bird glanced at it, too, with interest—the interest of a fellow who wanted scent for a paper-chase!

"Is that any good, sir?" he asked.

"Good?" said Will bitterly. "Hardly! Scarcely! Thoroughly bad, my boy! Utter rot from beginning to end, and then some!"



Will groaned again. He would have enjoyed nothing better than a run across country that bright, frosty afternoon. Instead of which he had to sit and read the "Philosophical Aspects of Practical Pedagogy"! The prospect was awful! It was fearful! He waved Dicky Bird away, and turned to the window, looking out drearily and dispiritedly into the quadrangle.

Dicky eyed his Form-master's back as he stood at the window, then he eyed that pile of manuscript again with a hungry eye. If it was no good, Dicky did not see why he should not have it.

"I say, sir—" Dicky began again.

"Don't bother!" yapped Will over his shoulder.

"But this heap of paper, sir! Do you want it?"

"How could anybody want it? Don't be a young ass!" hooted Will. "Do you think I went out collecting that stack of unspeakable balderdash? It's not there because I want it—it's there because it's *scent*!"

"It's scent? Oh, thank you, sir!" said Dicky.

He whipped the pile of manuscript into his bag and left the study, gleeful. Will, staring dismally from the window into the sunny quad, did not notice his action or his departure. He continued to stare gloomily from the window.

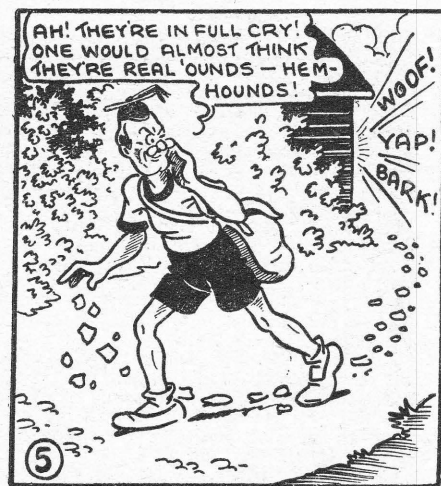
Ten minutes later there was a tap at the door, and he turned from the window to behold the plump face of Dr. Shrubbs smiling into the study. Will summoned up an anguished smile in response.

"Ah! My dear Hay, you have looked at the manuscript I sent you," beamed the Head—"what?"

"I—I've looked at it—quite a lot, sir!" moaned Will. "I—I've read the—the beginning, sir! Masterly, sir! Quite—er—masterly!"

"I value your opinion very highly, my dear Hay!" said Dr. Shrubbs. "And if there is any superficially obscure passage that I may be





able to elucidate by personal exposition—But where is the manuscript?”

“There, sir—on the table— Why—what the— Great pip! I mean, bless my soul!” Will stared at the vacant spot where the manuscript had lain. “Suffering sardines and sorrowful snails, what has become of it?”

“Dr. Shrubbed jumped. “Mr. Hay, if anything has happened to my manuscript—the work, sir, of years—years of study and erudition—”

“What can have happened to it?” gasped Will, in bewilderment. “I left it lying on the table—no one has been to the study, excepting Bird of my Form; he can hardly have borrowed it for perusal! Can he have taken it by mistake?”

“Where is Bird?” shrieked the Head. “Probably in the day-room, sir; I think the boys are tearing up paper for scent in a paper-chase—”

Will rushed out of the study. After him rushed the agitated Head! They burst together into the junior room. A dozen juniors sat there, tearing paper and cramming a bag with the fragments.

“Jolly decent of old Hay to let you have that stack, Dicky!” Tubby Green was saying. “I say, it looks rather like the Head’s fist! Any more?”

“No; we’ve torn up the lot!” said Dicky. “Bird,” roared Will Hay, as he billowed in, “did you—did you take a pile of manuscript from my table— Oh humming haddocks!”

Will stared in horror at the open top of the bag, where torn fragments revealed traces of the Head’s handwriting. “How—why—”

“You said I might have it, sir!” gasped Dicky, in alarm. “Was it any good, sir? You said it was scent.”

“What?” stuttered Will. “I said it was sent—”

“Yes, sir, scent!” “Sent!” shrieked Will. “I meant that it was sent for me—”

“Oh crikey!” gasped Dicky. “I thought you meant it was scent for me!”

“My manuscript!” gasped Dr. Shrubbed. “My philosophical works! Mr. Hay, you will never be able to read it now!”

“So glad, sir—I mean, so sorry, so fearfully sorry!” gasped Will. “I—I was looking forward to such a happy afternoon, sir! If there is one thing that I like more than anything else it’s the ‘Philosophical Aspects of Practical Peddling’—”

“Pedagogy, my dear Hay. I leave the punishment of this boy in your hands, Hay. Such a ridiculous mistake—the work of laborious years! You will deal with that boy as he deserves, Hay!”

“Leave it to me, sir!” said Will. Dr. Shrubbed almost tottered away. Will watched him go, with a sympathetic eye. He was quite sorry for Dr. Shrubbed. On the other hand, he was fearfully bucked on his own account. He glanced at the apprehensive Dicky over his nose-nippers.

“Bird!” he thundered. “Follow me to my study!”

“Oh crikey! Yes, sir!” groaned Dicky. He followed Will to his study. Will picked up a cane from the table. He pointed with it to a tin box on a shelf.

“Do you see that tin of toffees, Bird?” he demanded.

“Yes, sir.” “Take it and go!”

Dicky Bird gave him one astonished blink—and took it and went! And Will, having, as the Head had requested, dealt with Dicky Bird as he deserved, smiled happily.

“Do you see that tin of toffees, Bird?” he demanded.

“Yes, sir.” “Take it and go!”

Dicky Bird gave him one astonished blink—and took it and went! And Will, having, as the Head had requested, dealt with Dicky Bird as he deserved, smiled happily.

“JUMPING Jehoshafat!” gasped Cyrus X. Shook.

He crouched behind the hedge and peered through. The sound of shouting voices, and the ring of a bugle, warned the Yankee kidnapper to get out of sight.

On that cold, frosty half-holiday, the Yankee

trader from the South Seas was hanging about, in sight of Bendover School, in the hope of catching sight of Koo-kalinga-lalululo-la, the Kanaka junior. He wanted to see Koo—but he did not want to see a whole mob of Bendoverians—and it was a whole mob that was coming across the next field.

Peering through the hedge, Cyrus beheld a remarkable figure streaking ahead of the following mob. For a moment he fancied that it was one of the farmer’s scarecrows that had somehow got loose. But appearances were deceptive! Actually, it was Will Hay, master of the Bendover Fourth, in running garb.

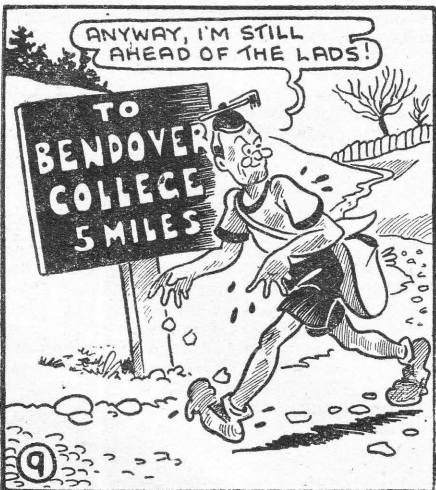
Will was running hard. He was bounding like a kangaroo. From the bag slung over his shoulder, he scattered scent as he bounded. Cyrus blinked at him through the hedge. He did not realise that Will was hare, and the crowd of schoolboys, in the distance, hounds. He just blinked.

“That guy Hay!” breathed Cyrus. “It’s sure that guy Hay! The galoot that got Ebenezer Washington toted off to the can! Them boys are arter him, it looks like! I sure hope they’ll get him and make potato-scrappings of him!”

Will was making straight for the hedge. He had been sighted by the pack, and Jimmy Carboy blew on the bugle to announce the fact. But Will was not going to be caught thus early in the run, if he could help it. There was no gap in the hedge, and Cyrus, watching him through the twigs, guessed that he would cut along to the gate farther along. But Will turned neither to the right nor the left. He came on at a burst of speed, and leaped to clear the hedge.

Will did not know, of course, that a Yankee kidnapper was crouching on the farther side. Cyrus did not know he was going to jump—till he jumped! So both of them were taken by surprise when Will landed.

He landed with both feet on Cyrus.



"What—who—how—" stuttered Will dizzily.

"Moooooooooooooh!" came in faint, anguished accents from Cyrus X Shook.

Will Hay staggered to his feet.

He gave the fallen man one blink. He did not know who it was. Cyrus' face was buried, and Will did not know the back of his head by sight. All he knew was that somebody had been squatting under the hedge, and that he had jumped on his head.

"Oh, sorry!" gasped Will. "Can't stop! I'd like to stop and ask if you're hurt! Still, I've no doubt you are! Ta-ta!"

Will tore on. Scattering scent, he cantered across the field, leaving Cyrus X. Shook wriggling like an eel, and painfully extracting his face from the mud.

"This way!" yelled Dicky Bird's voice. "Old Hay jumped it! After me!"

Cyrus was about to totter up. But he never did it! Dicky Bird came flying over the hedge, and he landed where Will had landed. Cyrus was squashed down again, gurgling, and Dicky, taken by surprise, rolled over him.

"I say, I've dropped on old Hay!" gasped Dicky. "No, it ain't old Hay—it's somebody else! Silly ass to be sticking there! Come on!"

Dicky Bird careered onward, on the track of torn paper. Jimmy Carboy cleared the hedge, and both his feet landed in the middle of Cyrus' back. He heard, without heeding, a gasp of agony, and cut after Dicky Bird. Jerry Smart came next, and then Sammy Straw. What followed seemed to Cyrus X. Shook like some ghastly nightmare.

Not a fellow balked at the leap. The hounds had to follow where the hare led—and they followed. One after another they leaped the hedge, and crashed on the sprawling Cyrus.

Cyrus was long and lean, and there was room on him for several fellows to land at a time—and several fellows did. Some landed on his back, some on his head, some on his long legs. There was hardly a section of Cyrus that was not stamped on. Winded, breathless, and dizzy, Cyrus could only moan, while the human avalanche passed over him.

"Who the dickens is that?"

"Come on!"

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!" chortled Koo. "Plenty too much mud stop along that feller!"

They raced on. Will Hay was in the next field, and the pack streamed after him. Cyrus X. Shook wriggled, and moaned, and gurgled, and sat up at last. He grabbed mud out of his eyes and stared dizzily after the disappearing pack.

"Aw! Carry me home to die!" moaned Cyrus. "I'll say this is fierce! Aw, my bones—my pesky bones!"

Cyrus tottered to his feet. How many bumps and bruises were distributed over his lean, lank person he could not have counted without going into very high figures. He tottered, and staggered, and gurgled, and gasped. For several long minutes Cyrus understudied the young man of Hythe, who was shaved with a scythe, and did nothing but wriggle and writhe!

But Cyrus was a stickler! He had heard Koo's voice, and he knew that the boy from the South Seas was in the pack vanishing across the field. He was feeling as if he had been under a lorry. But he tottered on the trail of the Bendover pack. They were out of sight now, but the trampling of many feet, and the scattered fragments of the "Philosophical Aspects of Practical Pedagogy," were an easy guide. If there was a chance of snaffling the son of the wealthy South Sea chief, on that cross-country run, Cyrus was not going to lose it.



"Hallo, Tomkins, I thought I recognised you! Remember we were at school together!"

"SUFFERING snails!" gasped Will Hay. He came to a sudden halt.

Will was rather winded by that run. He had dropped into a gentle trot, and puffed and blew as he trotted. But he was feeling bucked. He was sure that he had beaten the pack. Once they had nearly had him; but now it was an hour since he had seen or heard anything of them.

Those cheeky little warts had fancied that it would be pie to get their Form-master to run as a hare. They had been going to catch him in next to no time! And here was Will, out of sight and sound of them. He chuckled as he puffed and blew.

He was unaware that the wintry wind had scattered the paper trail, and that the pack were at a loss. At a distance, the Bendover pack had scattered, far and wide, to hunt for the trail.

In happy ignorance of that circumstance, Will attributed his success to his powers as a sprinter, and was accordingly bucked. But he ceased to feel bucked, all of a sudden, in the middle of a wide field, over which he was puffing and blowing. From a fringe of willows a figure emerged, with a deep and terrifying bellow.

Will Hay had heard of Farmer Jenkins' black bull. But he had quite forgotten the existence of that interesting animal. He was reminded of it now quite suddenly.

He stood rooted, gazing at the bull—realising, rather late, that he had barged into the field which was that bull's private preserve. He had jumped a gate in—and he would have given a year's salary, as master of the Bendover Fourth, to have been near enough to that gate to jump out. But he was half-across the field when he saw the bull—and the bull saw him!

Big, and black, and fierce, the bull glared at Will, emitted another deep bellow, and then lowered a formidable head and rushed.

Will gave a wild glance round. He was too far from either side of the field to hope to reach either gate. He had heard of people who, attacked by bulls, took the bull by the horns and tipped him over. But he had a deep doubt whether he could handle Farmer Jenkins' bull in that manner. He decided not to try.

As the bull rushed, he slipped away. He did not want to be found, like Moses, in the bull rushes! He flew! There was a tree in the field—a big and ancient beech. It was Will's only hope! An arrow from a bow had nothing on Will as he shot for that tree.

Bellow! Bellow! Will Hay had bellows to mend; but there was nothing wrong with the bull's bellows! They roared just behind him as he gasped and flew. Every moment Will had a shuddering anticipation of getting a lift. He gasped, and panted, and steamed, and raced. It was only a minute before he reached the beech—but it was the longest

minute Will Hay had ever experienced. Hours of horror were packed into it.

But he reached the tree, and bounded up. He caught a branch, and swung off the earth. Something brushed against his feet as he swung up! It was the bull's head!

"Ooooooh!" gasped Will.

He got a leg over the branch. He hooked himself up. He grabbed a higher branch, and then a still higher one. Will's knowledge of natural history was not, perhaps, profound; but he knew that bulls could not climb trees. Nevertheless, he had a strong desire to get right up that tree—just as high as he could go. He clambered and clambered.

Bellow! came from below. Will stopped at last, sitting astride a high branch, and peered down over the nippers that were nearly sliding off his nose. The bull glared up at him, plainly annoyed. For several minutes, the bull paraded under the branches, glaring up, bellowing! But at last, to Will's infinite relief, he gave it up as a bad job, and trundled away. Will watched him go with palpitating heart. Several times the bull looked back, as if nourishing a faint hope that Will might oblige him by dropping from the tree. Finally he disappeared under the willows, and was lost to Will's anxious sight.

Will wiped his perspiring forehead.

"Humming haddocks!" he groaned. "What a go! Getting on so nicely—and now left on the beech! Oh dear!"

The willows were at a distance. The bull was hidden from sight. But Will had a horrid conviction that the brute was watching—ready to show up if he descended from the tree. If he did, he would reach Will long before Will could reach the gate! Will dared not descend. On the other hand, he could scarcely remain permanently where he was! It was quite a problem!

Then a sudden alarming thought shot into his mind! The pack, following the trail, would come careering into that field—and run right into the bull! That had to be stopped somehow.

Will stared from the top of the tree, back the way he had come. To his relief, he saw nothing of the Bendover pack. It looked as if they had lost the trail—as, in fact, they had! Then, suddenly, he gave a start at the sight of a small, lithe figure cutting along in the distance. The brown face with its blue tattoo-marks told who it was.

"Koo-kalangle-woodle!" ejaculated Will. "The reckless young rascal! I warned him specially to keep with the rest—why—what—who— Oh, my only purple pyjamas!"

Another figure shot into view behind the running Kanaka. It was a long, lean figure, with a mud-spattered face. From the mud on the face, a long sharp nose projected. Will Hay knew that long sharp nose! It was Cyrus X. Shook!

Will gazed in consternation. He guessed now that the pack had scattered, and that the kidnapper had spotted Koo on his own! Koo was racing for the gate by which Will had entered the bull's field. Will would have shouted a warning, but the long, lean Cyrus was close behind Koo, and to stop meant falling into the kidnapper's clutches! Before Will could decide what to do, Koo-kalinga-lalulululo-la leaped the gate into the field. Hardly a second behind him, Cyrus' long legs flashed over the gate.

"Say, you hold in, you pesky little piecan!" yelled Cyrus. "I got you—I sure got you! I'm telling you I got you, you coffee-coloured geek!"

Koo gave a wild glance back. Cyrus was hardly three yards behind him, his long legs going like machinery, his long, bony fingers outstretched to clutch. The Kanaka junior suddenly changed his direction, and cut across to the beech, from the branches of which Will Hay was watching spellbound.

"Oh, good!" gasped Will.

He saw the idea—Koo was going to climb the tree—he could climb like a monkey! But Koo had no chance to climb that tree! Cyrus saw the idea, as well as Will Hay, and he had no hunch to pursue an active Kanaka up

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a tree on dizzy branches. He put on a spurt, and, even as Koo reached the beech, Cyrus reached Koo, and grabbed him.

There was a yell from Koo as the long, bony fingers grasped. He struggled wildly.

"You plenty too much bad feller altogether!" he yelled. "You let go this feller Koo, hand belong you."

Cyrus chuckled breathlessly.

"I guess I got you! I'll tell a man I sure got you! I'll say Old Man Ka'a, along at Ululo, will sure have to cough up them pearls when he gets the news! I should smile! I sure got you, Koo, and I'll say—Yarooop!"

Will Hay happened suddenly.

WILL HAY, staring down from the branches of the beech, forgot all about the black bull parked under the willows. He did not know that a big, shaggy head was lifted, and a pair of fierce red eyes stared in the direction of the beech. A member of his Form, the Bendover Fourth, was in the grasp of a kidnapper—and that was enough for Will. Physically, he was no match for the long-limbed South Sea trader; and he knew, too, that Cyrus packed a gun! But he did not hesitate. He had the advantage, at least, of taking Cyrus by surprise. He slithered down the branches, swung, and dropped—right on Cyrus' head, and the long, lean Yankee, with a startled roar, folded up under him.

"Yarooop!" roared Cyrus, as he crumpled. "What the thunder—"

Koo gave a squeal of astonishment. His black eyes opened wide at Will. This was his first intimation that his Form-master was on the spot.

"Ole feller Hay!" gasped Koo.

"Precisely—that identical old feller!" agreed Will. "Hook it!" He scrambled off Cyrus. A distant bellow reminded him of the bull. "Cook it, Hoo—I mean, hook it, Koo—Buzz! Bunk! Whiz!"

He grabbed Koo and ran. The bull was coming! Will did not waste time looking round—he knew! But he had no doubt that the bull would stop a few moments, at least, for Cyrus. The black bull wanted a victim, but he was not particular who it was, and it was reasonable to suppose that he would select the nearest.

He flew, and Koo flew. Cyrus X. Shook staggered to his feet. He limped as he started in pursuit. Shutting up like a pocket-knife under Will Hay's weight had damaged Cyrus. He limped as he ran. Will and Koo were streaking for the gate, and Cyrus realised that he would never get them, with that limping leg! He whipped a revolver from the back pocket of his trousers.

"Say, you!" he roared. "You hold in, or I guess I'll fill you so full of holes that you could be used for colanders! You Hay, you're getting yours if you don't stop instant!"

"Oh, suffering centipedes!" gasped Will Hay.

Cyrus glared at him over the gun! He gave no attention to the rear! Having no eyes in the back of his head, Cyrus remained in happy ignorance of the fact that a big black bull, with fiery red eyes glaring from a lowered head, was coming at his back like a runaway locomotive. Cyrus knew nothing about that field being the private reserve of Farmer Jenkins' black bull! He was about to learn!

"You hear me toot!" he roared. "I'll sure shoot you up! I'm telling you, I want that Koo, and if you don't stop, I'll sure—"

Cyrus flew into the air before he could finish that speech.

Something—he did not know what, and could not guess, crashed on the seat of his trousers! It lifted his long legs from the ground, and he flew, the revolver leaving his hand and circling in the air! Earth and sky spun round the astonished gangster.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!" yelled Koo.

Will Hay grinned with all his teeth.

"This," he remarked, "is where we smile! But I think we had better get over that gate first!"

They got!

Crash! sounded behind them. Cyrus X. Shook had gone up—now he came down! He hit the earth, and hit it hard.

"What the great horned toad—" gasped Cyrus. Then he saw the bull, and bounded.

The black bull rushed in again as he bounded. Up went Cyrus again. He spun in the air, and came down with a bump.

"Great snakes!" gasped the hapless gangster. "I guess— Oh, jumping Jupiter!"

He barely dodged another rush, and tore away. After him roared the bull. Cyrus did not heed in what direction he was going—he just went!

He faded away across the field towards a high, thorny hedge. Will Hay watched his flight with keen interest. He doubted whether Cyrus could jump that hedge, if he got to it. But, as it happened, Cyrus received assistance in getting over.

The bull reached him as he reached the hedge. The lowered head and horns caught Cyrus, and up he went! There was a momentary view of the gangster's long legs thrashing the air as he flew over the hedge.



Leonard Henry at the "Mike"

Watch your waist-coat buttons, boys! Leonard is on top form again this week so be prepared for another merry mirth-quake.

NOW, now, now! Come, come, come! Silence in class! I've got a touch of Hay fever this week—Will Hay, y'know—and I've come over all schoolmasterishified. So I'm going to examine you and find out what you know, you know, don't you know.

My old schoolmaster was a brute. Joo know, he once caned me because I was the only boy who could answer a question? 'Fact! He asked: "Who threw that tomato?" The old wound still troubles me on frosty mornings.

Hrrm! Well, boys, here you are, then, sturdy sons of the British Empire, born and bred in a great tradition, with a glowing future before you, and if you don't shut up making noises like a bath-room plug you'll have a glowing spot behind you when I get loose with the poker. I'll show you who's master in this here Form.

Now, 'shun! Before we start work (shudder!), is there any boy here who wants a clip over the earhole? I do love clipping earholes. My doctor says it's good for me. It loosens the muscles, circulates the blood, and promotes a general sense of well-being. One at a time, lads, one at a time!

I'm going to examine you, now, and, b'Jingo, you'd better know your oats, or you won't half cop out. Absolutely! Stop taking off your clothes—that's not the sort of examination I mean. Next boy who puts his tongue out gets a taste of the swisher. I'm not a doctor, you chumps! I'm me!

First of all—science. Now, science is a very remarkable science. It shows us that nothing's what it looks like, and everything's something else. And a very good job, too. Now, take an ordinary fly. You can have one of mine—I've got plenty. What makes that fly fly? What do you mean, because the spider spied 'er? Come out! Take that! Go back! Incident over! Let's resume.

How is it that a fly can walk upside-down on a ceiling? Come out the boy who said "Suckers!" Put them on the fire. I don't allow you to eat suckers in class. I hate boys who chew, don't chew?

Then he disappeared on the farther side. A bump and a yell floated back.

"An excellent performance!" said Will Hay heartily. "This is where we smile, Koo!"

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!" chuckled Koo.

"But I think," added Will thoughtfully, "that the sooner we trickle in at Bendover, the better! I do not want to meet Mr. Shook again. What is left of him will, I fear, be in a very bad temper!"

Will Hay was in his study, toasting his toes at the fire, when the pack came in. They had failed to pick up the paper trail, blown far and wide by the winter wind, and they gave it up at last. But Will was happily satisfied that he owed his success to his tremendous running powers!

Make hay while the sun shines is a saying, but WE have a Hay that always makes the sun shine. Don't be left in the cold but order your "PILOT" now and get another tonic of laughs from WILL HAY, next week.

Now, look at the matter of light. Take an ordinary mirror—it's an interesting subject for reflection. Now, if I look in a mirror, what do I see? Come out! Bend over! I'll give you Tarzan! Science shows that an ordinary sugar-cane sapling, wielded with a forty horsepower pressure, descending on a pair of worsted trousers containing a boy, will cause a yell loud enough to split the roof. Hold that one! Science is quite correct!

Geography next. You, boy, where are the Azores? What do you mean, you haven't got them? I shouldn't be surprised if they're in your pocket at this moment. Can you look me straight in the eye and deny that you touched them? Well, all right; but they've got to be found, if I search the whole Form.

Next boy. Who was Mrs. Sippi? She was the wife of Ol' Man River, and her daughter was named Miss Ouri. Good! Quite bright! Now, tell me—which is the greatest river in the world? Come, come—think! What do we find in Brazil? Come out the boy who said "Nuts!" in a nasty tone of voice. That's yours!

Natural history. Why is a worm? Come on—can't you answer a simple question? Now, why do you all look at that cad over there when I talk about worms? I want you to look at me. The next boy who giggles, gets it.

Hopeless, aren't choo? How many peas in a pepper-pod? Tut-tut! Can't you spell? Come out, and I'll give you beans! How many bees in a bluebell? Two, you chump? Why, there isn't room for one! Absolutely dumb, the whole lot of you. Stop talking, there!

Ordinary history. Who was Good Queen Bess? The horse Dick Turpin rode to York. Oh, well, I expect that's right, though if it isn't I'll give you a good welting for not knowing a simple thing like that. Where did King Wotsit burn the cakes? A neatherd's hut? How dare you give a silly answer like that? What's a neat? Have you ever seen a neat? What's that—you've felt one? Where? Oh, you feel a neat from the fire when I move away! Oh, yeah! Come out, and you'll feel a neat somewhere else!

What d'you mean, you ain't done nuffink? Where's your grammar? Oh, is she? Your grandpa there, too? Well, I hop it keeps fine for them.

Now, boys, there's the bell. Goo-byè for another week!

LEONARD HENRY