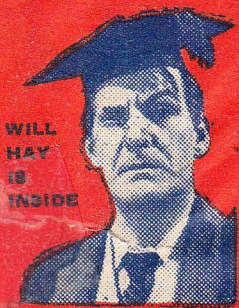


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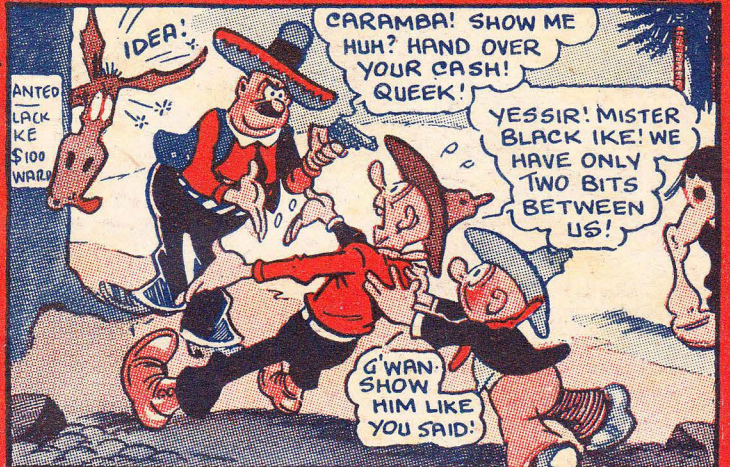
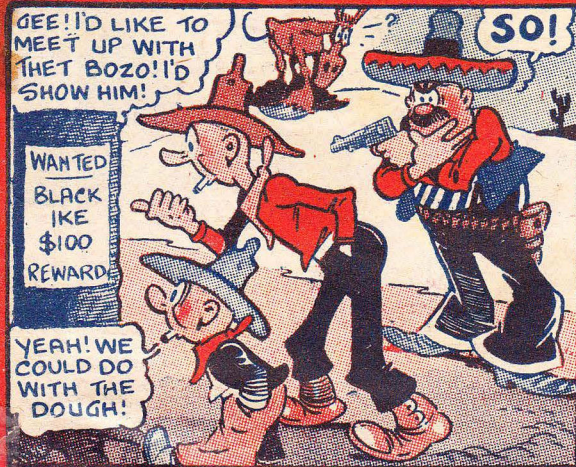
WILL HAY IS INSIDE

The PILOT

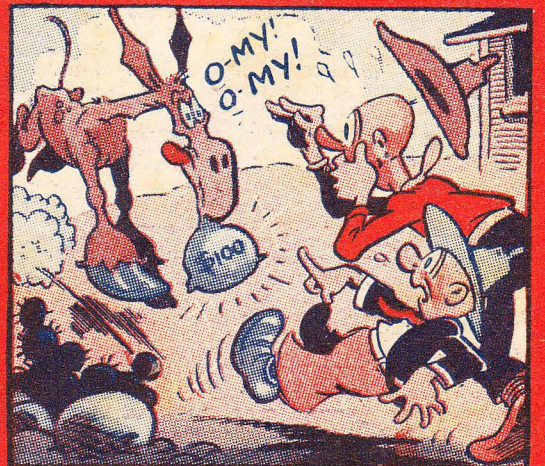
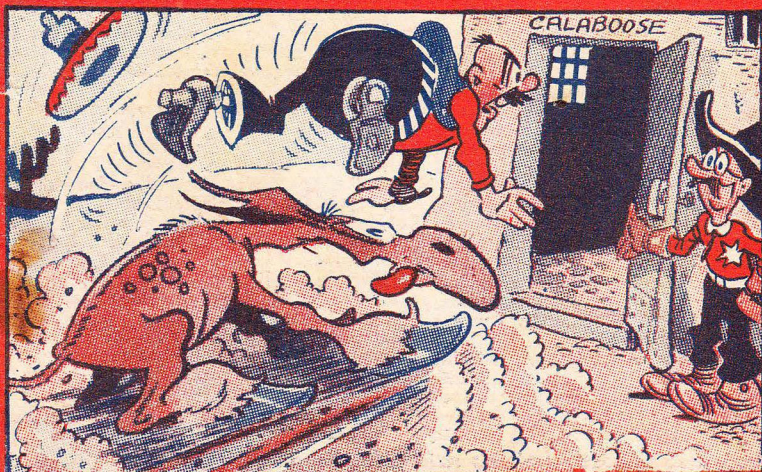
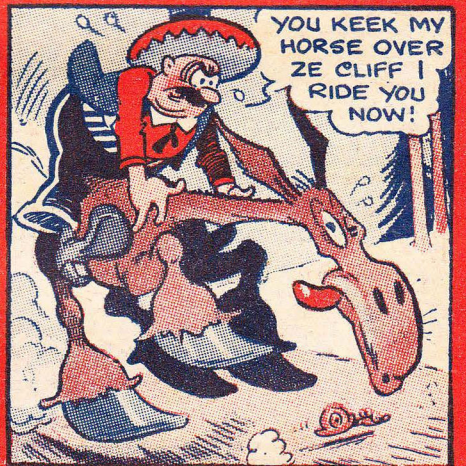
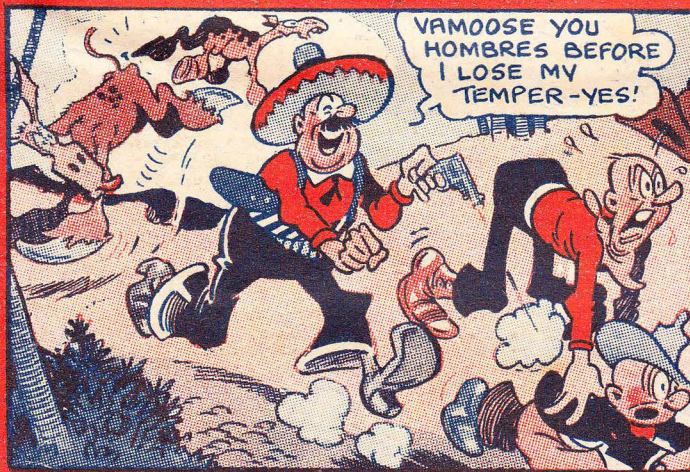
EVERY FRIDAY

2^D

No. 122. Vol. 5. Week ending January 29th, 1938.



MIKE,
SPIKE
& GRETA
—OUR
KRAZY GANG
IN—
G-MAN
GRETA.





By courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.

BANG!
 "Ow!" roared Will Hay. The master of the Bendover Fourth jumped clear of the earth. His ancient mortar-board flew off, sent spinning by the hard and heavy object that had crashed on his head.

"The young ticks!" gasped Will. "The benighted young warts! If I don't make them sit up for this, I'll— Ow! Wow! My napper! Ow!"
 Will had been taken quite by surprise. Generally he was very wary. Since he had become master of the Fourth Form at Bendover he had learned to be wary. But this was really utterly unexpected.

Will had taken a walk after dinner; now he was coming back by the footpath over the meadow, and had nearly reached the road that ran by the gates of Bendover School. He heard, without heeding, a patter of running feet on the road. Somebody was going along, on the other side of the hedge, at a rapid pace. Then, suddenly, without the slightest warning, that heavy object sailed over the hedge and crashed on Will Hay's upper crust. It fell at his feet, after crashing, a black tin box! The running patter died away down the road in a few moments. Whoever had thrown that tin box over the hedge was gone, long before Will had a chance of getting after him.

"The little blighters!" gasped Will. He rubbed and rubbed at his damaged cranium. "Might have knocked my brains out! Bird, I suppose—or Carboy—ow!"

Patter, patter, patter! came again from the road. Somebody else was dashing along the hedge.

But Will was not interested. His interest was centred on a bump on his head, which he rubbed with great tenderness. Again the



patter of running feet died away. Will stood in the field, caressing that bump.

He fielded his mortar-board at last, and replaced it on the bump. Then he looked at the object that had banged on his head. He frowned darkly as he did so. It was, really, altogether too bad! Chucking a snowball at a beak was bad enough—or even a tennis-ball—but this was past the limit!

Will turned the tin box over with his foot. It was quite heavy. Packed with something to give it weight, no doubt! Frowning, Will took a kick at the box, and it sailed through the air again, splashed into a deep puddle on the inner side of the hedge, and disappeared from sight. Nobody was going to use that tin box as a missile again!

Then, with his eyes gleaming over his nose-nippers, Will walked back to the school. He was going to look into this at once and hand over dire punishment to the offender. As he came in at the gates, he spotted three members of his Form—Dickie Bird, Jimmy Carboy, and Tubby Green. They were standing in a group, laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" reached his ears as he billowed in.

His gleaming eye turned on the trio. He hardly needed telling the cause of their merriment!

"The old ass!" chuckled Dickie Bird. "Did you hear him yell?"

"Must have damaged his napper!" grinned Tubby Green. "Might have knocked his brains out!"

"Couldn't be done—he hasn't any!"

Will Hay bore down on the three. He heard every word, and did not need to ask questions. He glared at Dickie Bird & Co.

"Bird! Carboy! Green! Follow me to my study!" he hooted.

The three stared round at him.

"Oh! Is that you, sir? Anything the matter, sir?" asked Dickie Bird.

"What?" roared Will. "Yes, I fancy so—just a trifle! A bang on a Form-master's napper, Bird, may seem frightfully funny to the banger, but it is quite a different matter to the bangee! You get me?"

"Yes, sir; but—"
 "Follow me at once!" thundered Will, and he billowed away to the House, and the three, with dismayed looks, followed him to his study.

In that apartment Will selected his stoutest cane.

"I—I say, what are you going to cane us for, sir?" bleated Tubby Green.

"Guess!" grinned Will. "You first, Bird! You were fearfully amused a few minutes ago! You don't seem to be enjoying the joke now! Bend over that chair! Thanks!"

Whack, whack, whack!
 "You next, Carboy!"

Whack, whack, whack!
 "Now, Green, if you will oblige me—"

"But I—I say—" stuttered Tubby. "I—I couldn't help laughing at an old ass—"

"What?" roared Will. "I will give you a few extra for that, Green! Suffering snails! If I ever heard of such impertinence! Bend over!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!

Three wriggling juniors glared at Will Hay! Will waved his cane at them warningly.

"Let that be a warning to you!" he said severely. "A box on the ear is bad enough, but a box on the napper is too bad! Next time you think of heaving a box at your Form-master's head, I advise you to chuck it—I mean, not to chuck it! See?"

Will removed his mortar-board, and rubbed his bump tenderly, while the three blinked at him in amazement.

"Who heaved a box at your head?" yelled the trio in chorus. "We never knew—"





Will Hay blinked at them. He set his slanting nose-nippers straight and blinked again. The three juniors wriggled and glared.

"Mean to say—" gasped Will. "Why, I heard you as I came in at the gates—talking it over and laughing."

"Well, you'd have laughed if you'd seen old Kelly step on the slide, and go over, and tap his napper!" yelled Dick indignantly. "Why shouldn't we laugh, I'd like to know?"

"Wha-a-a-t?" stuttered Will Hay. "Did—did—the porter slide on a step—I mean, step on a slide, and—and— Suffering cats! Was that what you were talking about? Oh, my only hat and sunshade! Look here, didn't you box a bung—I mean, bung a box—at my head, over the hedge?"

"We haven't been out of gates!" howled Jimmy Carboy. "We were laughing at old Kelly tumbling over on the slide—"

"Great pip! I mean, bless my soul!" gasped Will Hay. "Have I caned you for nothing? A totally useless expenditure of energy! It has made me quite breathless, and all for nothing! It's really too bad! It's trouble enough caning you young ticks when you deserve it, without exerting myself to cane you when you don't deserve it."

Will rubbed his nose thoughtfully. "Fair play's a jewel!" he said. "You've had a whopping for nothing. I'll let you off next time. Remind me next time you deserve a whopping, and I'll let you off. Probably it won't be long! Now, mizzle—I mean, you may leave my study."

And Dicky Bird & Co. left it, wriggling like eels!

"WHAT larks!" breathed Dicky Bird. "Chance of a lifetime!" murmured Jimmy Carboy. "Old Hay's a man of his word!" giggled Tubby Green. "He said he would let us off next time."

"Right as rain!" Will Hay glanced round with a frown. He heard whispering in his class. The Bendover Fourth were in their Form-room, and Will was asking them questions. He frowned at Dicky Bird & Co., who grinned back at him cheerfully.

"Silence in the class!" rapped Will. "Will you give your attention to geography? Smart, where is the capital of Wales?"

"Is there one, sir?"

"Blessed if I know—I mean, pass on to the next question. Name a well-known historical character who lived in Wales."

"Jonah, sir!"

"Jonah!" repeated Will Hay. "You young ass I am talking about Wales, not whales! Straw, where is the capital of—of Prussia?"

"On the Spree, sir!"

"What? Some of the inhabitants, no doubt, may be on the spree, Straw, but hardly the whole city."

"I mean the River Spree, sir."

"Oh, do you?" said Will Hay, who had never heard of it. "Quite! Exactly! Precisely! Very good! Smart, where is the capital of England?"

"In the Civil Service, sir."

"What?" roared Will Hay. "What the dickens do you mean, Smart, by saying that the capital of England is in the Civil Service?"

"I thought it was mostly paid out in salaries to officials, sir," answered Jerry Smart innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What? What? You young ass, when I say capital, I mean capital, not capital! Capital!" hooted Will Hay.

"Thank you, sir!"

"What the thump are you thanking me for, Smart?"

"Didn't you say 'capital,' sir?" asked Jerry. "I thought that meant that you were pleased, sir."

"My only hat and umbrella! I will show you whether I am pleased directly, Smart! Now, what can you tell me about the Crimea?"

"I don't know anything about it, sir! I didn't know anybody had committed a crime here."

"A—a—a crime here!" stuttered Will Hay. "Bust my buttons—that is to say, bless my soul! Bird, you are whispering again! Carboy—Green, you are whispering! What are you doing with that apple, Bird?" roared Will Hay, as Dicky Bird rose to his feet with an apple in his hand.

"Chucking it at your head, sir!" answered Dicky.

"Wha-a-t?"

Whiz! Squash! It was a ripe apple—a very ripe apple. It had been kept in storage a long time, and it was soft and scented. It smote Will Hay fairly on the nose, and bowled him over. Will sat down suddenly, with apple all over his face, mixed with an expression of amazement. There was a wild yell from the Form.

"Why, I—I—I'll—groogh!—ooch!—I'll—wooooooch!" spluttered Will Hay, struggling to his feet, grabbing at the squashed apple.

Three juniors shot across the Form-room to the door. Dicky Bird grabbed out the key, stuck it in outside, and turned it as he slammed the door. Will Hay shot doorward, and found it locked. He wrenched at the handle and roared.

The Bendover Fourth stared. Larks in the Fourth Form were not uncommon, but this was absolutely unheard-of. Nobody envied Dicky Bird & Co. what was going to happen when Will Hay got hold of them. Will clawed apple from his features and raved.

"Bird, you young villain, what do you mean by locking your Form-master in?"

"Pulling your leg, old bean!" came Dicky's cheerful voice from the other side. "We're going to your study now."



"By gum! I'll give you six—I mean, sixty—"

"Bow-wow!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from the passage, and the three truants scuttled away, leaving Will raging.

Will blinked at the door through squashed apple. He gripped his cane and rushed to the window. He had to get after those three young rascals, and get after them at once.

Will Hay disappeared from the window. He cut round the House, his mortar-board on the back of his head, his nose-nippers slanting at a dangerous angle. He burst into the House, and careered along to his study. He hurled himself into the study like a thunder-bolt.

But Dicky Bird & Co. were already gone. That they had been there was clear, for the study table was up-ended, the carpet draped over its legs, the inkpot upside down in the middle of the mantelpiece, streaming into the fender, books and papers hurled right and left. And on the looking-glass, written by a finger dipped in ink, was an inscription:

"WILL HAY IS AN OLD ASS!"

Will gazed at the scene! He gazed dumb-founded! His feelings were indescribable. Dicky Bird & Co. had been—and gone! For a long minute Will stood dumbfounded. Then he charged out of the study, and billowed back to the Form-room to see whether the young rascals were there.

They were! The key was in the lock again; the Form-room door stood wide open, and Dicky Bird, Jimmy Carboy, and Tubby Green were sitting in their places, with calm and demure looks. Will Hay thundered in.

He brandished his cane at the three.

"Bird! Carboy! Green! Come out before the Form!" he roared. "I'm going to skin you alive! I'm going to tan you pink and blue! Stand out!"

"Yes, sir!"

The three juniors came out before the class. Amazing to relate, after their extraordinary performances they did not look alarmed! They smiled at their exasperated Form-master.

"Now!" roared Will Hay. "Bend over! I'm going to give you a couple of hundred each! I'm going—"

"Oh, no, sir!" said Dicky Bird. "You're going to let us off, sir, as you promised."

"Wha-a-t?"

Will Hay looked at them! He blinked at them! They had him! Slowly he lowered the cane!

They had him—there was no doubt about that! Will Hay was the slave of his word—and he had promised! Certainly he had never foreseen a wild outbreak like this! Dicky Bird & Co. had evidently meant to make the most of this glorious chance! It was not a thing that could happen twice—so they had their money's worth, as it were!

"You—you—you—" stuttered Will. He breathed hard and he breathed deep. Then he grinned—a ghastly grin. "You—you—you may go to your places!"

And they went—grinning!

"NONSENSE!" roared Dr. Shrub. "Rubbish!"

It surprised Will Hay. He was about to step into the Head's study, to make some remarks to him. Had he done so there would have been nothing surprising in Dr. Shrub's exclaiming "Nonsense!" and "Rubbish!" Will had often heard such opinions expressed on his observations!

But he was not in the study yet—and had said nothing! Dr. Shrub was alone there, and was certainly not talking to Will.

Prof. Barnacle Offers Prizes



FOR GOOD
JOKES

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:

Gent: "If I cut through the field will I catch the nine-thirty?"

Farmer: "Yes, zur. But if my bull zees you, you'll catch the eight-thirty!"

This week's prize of a 576-page book of adventure stories has been won by: Peter Marsh, 8, Mill Street, Wells, Somerset.

Visiting Captain: "What a pitch! There's not a single blade of grass on it!"
Home Skipper: "What about it? You came here to play football, not to graze!"

A prize of 2s. 6d. is on its way to: L. Read, "Read's Book Exchange," 47, Best Street, N. Fitzroy, Melbourne, Australia.

Apparently he was talking to himself! So it surprised the master of the Fourth.

"Scandalous!" roared Dr. Shrub. "Disgraceful! I can scarcely believe my ears! Upon my word! Outrageous! I must have my deeds! I cannot do without my deeds! Where are my deeds?"

"Suffering snails!" murmured Will. He raised his hand to tap at the door—but dropped it again.

He hesitated. It was amazing to hear the Head blowing off steam at this rate, when Will knew that he was alone in the study—and it sounded to Will like a spot of insanity. Surely any man, in his right senses, ought to have known all about his own deeds! Unless he was wandering in his mind, he should have known the locality of his deeds, whether good deeds or bad deeds! Will was a little alarmed.

"How can I do anything without deeds!" roared the Head. "I can do nothing without deeds! Nothing!"

"Bats in the belfry!" breathed Will. "Rats in the loft! A crack in the crust! Poor old Shrub! Of course he can't do anything without deeds—anything he does is a deed, poor old chap! I wonder how long this has been coming on?"

"Nonsense!" came the Head's roar again. "I repeat, nonsense! I have been waiting for my deeds! They should be here! They are not here! What am I to do without deeds? Bah!"

Will heard the sound of a chair pushed back, and then an agitated pacing of feet in the study. He stood undecided.

Dr. Shrub was pacing to and fro in his study, obviously in a state of great agitation. Will heard him grunt and growl and snort. To enter the study of a headmaster who had gone cracked required some nerve; but Will made up his mind to it. Dr. Shrub had been a kind and considerate chief to him, and Will was going to do all he could in this dreadful emergency.

But he did not tap! If Dr. Shrub had suddenly gone off his rocker it was evidently wiser to cut in quickly and get between him and the study poker before beginning soothing operations. Will had one bump on his head already, and did not want another to match.

He drew a deep breath, screwed up his courage to the sticking-point, and hurled the door open suddenly and rushed in.

It was unfortunate that the Head, in his agitated pacing, was just passing the door as Will hurled it open. It caught Dr. Shrub a sounding bang, and sent him staggering across the room.

"Wha-a-t—" stuttered the Head! He lurched across the study, collided with his desk, and righted himself, and turned a petrifying glare on Will. "Hay! Is that you, Hay? What do you mean by hurling my study door open in that manner? Are you mad?"

"No, no!" gasped Will. "You are, sir! But it's all right—I'll look after you! Calmness, sir—calmness, I beg! You're all right—all right—but be calm—pray be calm—"

Will stood in front of the fender, waving soothing hands at Dr. Shrub. There was a big, heavy poker in that fender—and Will was anxious for it to remain there! In the hands of a lunatic it would have done tremendous damage.

"You must be mad, Hay!" roared Dr. Shrub.

"No, no! It is a common delusion of lunatics that other people are mad," said Will soothingly. "Sit down, sir—that nice arm-chair—while I telephone for the doctor! I will telephone at once—"

"You will do nothing of the sort!" shrieked Dr. Shrub. "Leave my study! If you are not out of your senses, this is unheard-of impertinence!"

"I cannot leave you in your present state, sir!" exclaimed Will. "Pray be calm—the doctor will give you something soothing—Look here, keep off—you're not going to get hold of that poker—"

Dr. Shrub, crimson with wrath, strode towards him. Will waved him off; but he was not to be waved away like a bluebottle, and Will had to give him a push. That push on his portly chest caused Dr. Shrub to stagger, the back of his knees caught on the edge of his armchair, and he sat down in the chair with a sudden bump that winded him.

"Uuuuuuuurrrrrgh!" gasped Dr. Shrub. "Yurrrrrgh!"

"Water!" gasped Will Hay. "Where the dickens is there any water—ah, here!" He grabbed a vase of flowers from the Head's desk, pitched the flowers on the carpet, and swamped the water into Dr. Shrub's face to bring him round. "Feel better, sir? A little cold water—nothing like it! Are you better, sir?"

"Gurrrrrgh!"

Dr. Shrub spluttered wildly. The water ran down his neck in streams. He made frantic gesticulations. He gurgled and gurgled.

"A little more water, sir—no, the jar is empty—the ink perhaps—I will try the ink—any fluid—"

Dr. Shrub found his voice.

"Keep that ink away! If you dare splash me with that ink—You dangerous lunatic, what do you mean by this? Go! Get out! You're sacked! Upon my word! Go!"

"Not until you are calm, sir!" said Will firmly. "Calmness, sir, I beg—try to be calm—"

Dr. Shrub showed no sign whatever of calmness. He glared with fury. There was a step in the doorway, and Mr. Choot, the master of the Fifth, looked in.

"Is anything the matter, sir?"

"Come in, Choot, come in at once!" gasped Dr. Shrub. "This man has gone insane—he has attacked me—knocked me over with the door, and thrown a jar of water in my face. Stand by me, Choot—"

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Mr. Choot. "My dear Hay, I am sorry for this! I have thought several times that I had seen signs of it—"

"Secure him, Choot—hold him—don't let him get hold of the poker!" gasped Dr. Shrub.

"Oh, my only hat and sunshade!" gasped Will. "It's all right, Choot, I'm trying to keep him away from the poker! It's Dr. Shrub who's gone mad, poor old chap! Help me take care of him."



"Hey, you chaps!"

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"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Choot. "What makes you think—"

"Oh, no doubt of it!" said Will. "Keep calm, sir—try to keep calm while I explain to Choot. I heard him shouting in the study, Choot—all by himself—fairly roaring—such words as 'Nonsense!'—and 'Scandalous!'—and 'Outrageous!'—and so on, and saying he could do nothing without deeds—of course he couldn't, poor old fellow! He said his deeds should be here—as if his deeds could be anywhere else, you know! Keep him in that chair while I telephone for the doctor, Choot—"

"You ass—you blockhead—you—you—you confounded dunderhead!" shrieked Dr. Shrub. "I was speaking on the telephone!"

"Eh?" Will blinked at him. "On the tut-tut-telephone! You don't usually shout 'Nonsense!' and 'Rubbish!' on the telephone, do you?"

"Fool! Idiot! Blockhead!"

"But what—" gasped Mr. Choot.

"That ass—that dummy—that idiot—must have heard me speaking to my solicitor on the telephone, and fancied that I was talking to myself, Choot! I will explain! I rang Mr. Weazel up to-day, to send me the deeds of a property I intend to sell—"

"The—deeds!" gasped Will Hay. "Oh, fan me!"

"And Mr. Weazel rang me up, a few minutes ago, to tell me that the dispatch-box containing the deeds has been stolen!" gasped Dr. Shrub. "It was placed near an open window in his office, and some passing sneak-thief snatched it and bolted with it, no doubt supposing that it contained money! He was pursued by a policeman, who ran him down after he had covered some distance, and caught him a short distance past the gates of this school. But the dispatch-box was no longer in his possession—he had flung it away in his flight! Now my solicitor has rung me up to tell me that the deeds are lost!"

"I used some expressions of annoyance to Mr. Weazel on the telephone! And this fool—this idiot—this nincompoop—supposed—"

"Humming haddocks!" groaned Will Hay.

"Fool! Ass! Dolt! Go! You are dismissed—sacked—" roared Dr. Shrub.

Will Hay faded out of the Head's study!

"I'VE torn it this time!" groaned Will Hay, as he sat in his study, and rubbed the bump on his head.

Will Hay was feeling in low spirits. He did not feel that he was to blame—for really, what could any man have thought, hearing what he had heard at the Head's door? Could any man have guessed that Dr. Shrub was merely having a chat with his legal adviser over the telephone? Will felt that no man could have! But whether Will was to blame, or not, for that hapless mistake, there was no doubt that Dr. Shrub blamed him.

Will sighed! He rubbed the bump on his head! Then, suddenly, he gave a bound! "Jumping jabberwocks!" gasped Will. He leaped, from his chair. "That box—the blighter ran past Bendover, and threw it away somewhere, and they can't find it—that tin box—ha, ha! It wasn't one of those little ticks banged that tin box on my head, after all—it was—it was—"

Will leaped to the door. He tore it open, and dashed into the passage! He billowed out of the House, with his gown flying. He charged across the quad to the gates.

The ground flew under Will's feet. He bounded into the meadow. He flew to the puddle into which he had kicked the tin box that had banged on his head early that afternoon. He groped in that puddle, regardless of mud. A minute later, he was charging back into Bendover, with a muddy dispatch-box under his arm.

"You!" roared Dr. Shrub.

"Little me, sir!" said Will Hay meekly.

"Go! Have I not said that you are sacked? How dare you present yourself in my study again? This impertinence—"

"Your deeds—"

"What?"

Dr. Shrub jumped, as Will Hay laid a muddy tin box on the desk before him. He

stared at it! He blinked at it! He took out a bunch of keys and opened it. He gazed into it! Then he looked at Will Hay!

"This is my deed-box," he said. "These are my deeds! Hay, this box has been searched for ever since it was thrown away by the sneak-thief early this afternoon. The police had given it up as lost!"

He paused.

"Hay, forget my hasty words! I would not part with you for untold gold! Hay, how do you do these amazing things? The most difficult task seems simple to you! According to the policeman, the thief threw this box behind him as he fled—"



Leonard Henry at the "Mike"

Our merry, mike-merchant is in poetic strain this week, and he'll make you strain your sides with laughter.

SNO good, Chums! The Henry brainbox refuses to work. It's rusty, I think. Joo know, I've got about an acre of blank paper to fill up, and I simply don't know what to write. Izzunt-tit-orful? The only thing I can think of which would fill this page is a threepenny-bit and two penn'orth of chips.

I'd tell you a story, but the only one I can remember has just two lines in it! Fat lot of use that is. But wait! Keep quiet still! An idea has just struck me with a dull thud. Yes, it's good! I'm going to tell you this story as it would be told in various countries the world over, and even farther. Here goes!

First, the good old U.S.A. They believe in pep and snap. No waste of words for them. As thuswise—

Woman (in drug store): "Gimme a mousetrap, quick! I wanna catch a train."

Storekeeper: "Nix on it. They ain't no good f'r that."

But in Brit we want to know the why and wherefore and what-not of things, and our jokes could be in book form. Suchwise—

Lady (entering village store in great haste and a fur coat, with one eye on the clock and the other on the assistant, having been born cross-eyed, and nothing to do about it): "Oh, young man, I require a mousetrap in a great hurry, as I want to catch a train."

Shop Assistant (who has won numerous scholarships at the Grammar school and is a little squirt in other ways, too): "I doubt, madam, whether a mousetrap would be entirely suitable for the purpose, having regard to the dimensions of a mouse's chassis compared with those of a train."

Lady (coming out of a faint): "Nerts to you, young man."

Shop Assistant: "And mud in your eye, madam. Good-morning!"

And so we come to the Mysterious and Inscrutable East. As so forth—

On the Feast of the Seven Sneezes,

In the city of Whiskeristan, Where barrows and cars stood along the bazaars,

By the Temple of Old Tin-Khan, Where fumes from the simmering sossij

Were mixed with the spices and fruits, Sat Ali the Squirt, in a kind of blue shirt,

With his toes hanging out of his boots. He shouted: "Buy mousetraps, by Allah!

They're tuppence, and all me own work!"

When down the bazaar came a soap-boks (or car)

Which was driven by Toothi the Turk.

"An error, sir—he threw it on ahead!" said Will. "That is how I was able to track it down, sir—because it was thrown on ahead!"

"It is really wonderful!" said Dr. Shrub. Will Hay did not add whose head the box had been thrown upon! That would have made Dr. Shrub think it was much less wonderful!

The Bendover Fourth are always trying to "sell a pup" to their master, and their latest attempt is with a couple of bulldogs. But it's not such a dog's life for WILL HAY after all, and you'll get the laugh of a lifetime with next week's merry exploits of the world's funniest Form-master.

"Now, peace be upon thee, O Ali, Thou son of a sweet-smelling beast!" And Toothi bowed low in salaam or kow-tow

With his nose pointed straight at the East. "And peace be on thee, O thou Camel, Thou sample of Turkish Delight!" Then Ali brought meat for the stranger to eat, And both settled down for the night.

When daylight was tinting the mountains, And all the sweet wine had been drunk, Said Ali: "Now, what can I serve thee, O Blot?"

Command me, thou child of a skunk!" And Toothi replied: "'Tis a mousetrap!

Bring hither in haste, O Old Bean, For I'll catch, if I can, the express caravan Which will leave at eleven-fifteen."

"Nay, nay, by the beard of the Prophet," Cried Ali, 'tis useless, Old Chap! They merely catch mice. If you take my advice,

You will purchase a caravan-trap!" Then up rose the figure of Toothi, Salaaming upon his divan, And wandered out far from the city bazaar And the Temple of Old Tin-Khan!

And in the Still-More-Mysterious East they are still more polite. F'rinstance—

In the honourable bazaar of Junk Dump, where the honourable flowering boot-tree spread its benign blossoms over the venerable stalls, dwelt a respected and never-too-highly-praised merchant of the name of Too Long Tung. His eyes were as stars, his honourable nose was even as the volcano upon a dark night, and his voice was as the dropping of peas upon a kettledrum. In short, he was some honourable nib.

A venerable traveller from afar entered his esteemed sheebang and spake many words of mellow wisdom. "May golden gooseberries grow on the grave of thy grandfather! Me wantee mousetrap, pletty darn quick. Going to catchee rickshaw."

Too Long Tung inclined his inscrutable beezzer with an inscrutable look in his eyes. "Can esteemed flypapers catch the honourable eagles?" he asked. "Neither can never-to-be-described mousetraps catch honourable rickshaws. I grovel at your most worthy and excellent feet, O Moon-like One."

"I kick you in the face, O Lumme!" replied the traveller.

Next day the traveller was found floating upside-down in the Pool of the Six Sacred Sardines. A knife was sticking out of his thorax. It is the way of the East.

And in Russia. Whoooooe! Komrade Koffmikstcha dashed into a mousetrap shop. "Gimme a mousetrapovitch! I want to catch a trainski!"

"Mousetrap no goodski! Here is za bomb!" Bang! Exit Komrade Koffmikstcha.

And Leonard Henry—for one more week! Cheerio, chums!

LEONARD HENRY.