rs sags my AMAZING WESTERN STORY OF BUFFALO BILL INSIDE!

PRIDAY 19a 127 Vol. 5. Week ending March 5th, 1938.



新菜店

SPIRE

ON KRAZY

sant in

TALL STOREY













By courtesy of Gainsborough pictures.

TILL HAY was chatting with Mossoo Bong, under the Bendover beeches, when Dicky Bird of the Fourth shot by. Dicky eame at such a rush that there was very nearly a collision on the line. there was very nearly a collision on the line. Luckily, there was just room to pass between Will and the French master, and Richard Bird shot through the narrow space, merely banging Will Hay with one cllow, and Monsicur le Bon with the other. Really, it was very lucky, for Dicky did not see them till have a controlled the property of the part of of the p he was right upon them, and he might have crashed into either or both.

crashed into either or noth.

As it was, Dicky Bird scraped by and hartled onward. And both Will Hay and Mossoo Bong stared after him, in wrathful surprise. Juniors at Bendover School were not supposed to rush past masters in this wild and rooklass. reckless way.

"Suffering snails!" ejaculated Will Hay.
"Suffering snails!" ejaculated Will Hay.
"The checky little wart!"
"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Mossoo Bong,
pressing a fat hand to an extensive and wellfilled waistooat. "Ce garcon—"
It was then that Stuckey of the Sixth
happened!

Had Will or Mossoo had time to reflect, they might have realised that Dicky Bird's frantic flight indicated pursuit in the rear. But they had no time to guess that one. But they had no time to guess that one. Standing there, staring after the fleeing Dicky, they were right in the path of Stuckey of the Sixth, as he came careering at top speed. This

Sixth, as he came careering at top speed. This time there was a crash!

To Will Hay, it seemed like a runaway lorry catching him on his southern aspect. Mossoo Bong had a wild impression of air raids. Both of them went spinning. Will Hay crashed to the right, Mossoo Bong crashed to the left, and between them crashed Stuckey of the Sixth, spluttering; and then all three sat up, blinking divid at one another. dizzily at one another.





"Oh erumbs!" gasped Stuckey. "Sorry, sir! That kid-he got me with a pea-shooter!

"You-you-you blithering idiot!" gurgled
Will, struggling to his feet, wildly tangled
in his gown. "You-you-you benighted burbler-

Stuckey staggered to his feet. He was dizzy from the shock. So was Will Hay. But Mossoo Bong had suffered most. Mossoo was winded. Mossoo was stout. It was years since Mossoo Bong had seen his knees. The rim of his extensive equator had smitten the earth when he fell. He sat and moaned and mogod. mooed.
"Lend me a hand with him!" gasped Will

Hay. "Urrgh! Yes, sir! Urrgh!" gasped

Stuckey. Stuckey.

They grabbed Mossoo Bong by his plump arms. They raised him, slowly and with effort to his feet. Still meaning and mooing, Mossoo Bong stood unsteadily, holding on to both of them. They supported his weight manfully. For several long minutes, Adolphe le Bon continued to moo like a sad and mourned long the still the still be supported by the preserver began to set in the ful cow. Then recovery began to set in. He ceased at last to moo. He recovered his voice. He proceeded to address Stuckey of the Sixth

The proceeded to address Stuckey of the Sixin in cloide French.

"Imbecile! Niais! Sot! Bete! Mille fois mais! Mille, mille fois imbecile!"

"And then some!" said Will Hay encouragingly. "Carry on, Mossoo! You're expression ing my feelings exactly and saving my breath! Go it!"
"Mille, mille, mille fois sot et bete!" splut-

tred Mosso, getting more and more eloquent, as his breath came hack. "Is it zat you zink zat I. Adolphe le Bon, shall be one vat you call skettle—"
"Skittle?" murmured Will Hay.

"Zat you zink me one ninety-pin-





"Ninepin!" murmured Will.

"Mrepin: marmared with.
"If zat is vat you zink, you, Stuckey, I go to make you zink somezing ozzer. Je vous

frappe—comme ca—"

"Wow!" roared Stuckey, as a fat hand smote. "I say—"

smote. "I say—"
Mossoo had been grasping Stuckey's shoulder
for support. Now he changed his grap to
Stuckey's collar. With the other hand he
smote. Along with his wind, he seemed to
have recovered his energy. He used up quite
a lot in smacking Stuckey's head.
Smack smack smack smack is

Smack, smack, smack!

It was quite unheard of at Bendover for Sixth Form prefect's head to be smacked. Still, it was very unusual for a Sixth Form

Still, it was very unusual for a Sixth Form prefect to rush into a couple of masters like a mad bull, and up-end them.
"That," said Will, "is a good idea, Messo.! One of your best! You keep on with that ear, and I'll begin on the other!"
"Swidt, worsh, mask!

and 11 begin on the other!"
Smack, smack, smack!
"Oh! Ow! Wow! Chuck it!" roared the
hapless Stuckey, struggling frantically as
simultaneous smacks landed on both cars. "I
say— Varoooh! Look here—yeo-hoop!
Will you leave off?"
Strolley

Will you leave off?"
Stuckey of the Sixth felt as if both his ears
were being knocked inward, and would meet in
the middle of his head. He gave a terrife
wrench and tore away, leaving his collar in
Mossoo's grasp. Once loose, he shot off like a
stemp from a catantia.

"Hold on!" gasped Will. "We haven't finished yet!"

Stuckey was not likely to hold on, or to come back. He disappeared at 50 m.p.h.

ICKY BIRD stepped quietly into his Form-master's study and closed the door after him. There was a vengeful gleam in Dicky's eyes—and a box of drawing-pins in his pocket! Dicky, like



AND "HAY'LL" MAKE YOU JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS, TOO, IN ANOTHER BENDOVER MIRTHQUAKE. 535



the rest of the Bendover Fourth, liked Will the rest of the Dendover Potential Red Will Hey, but just at the moment he liked him less Hey, must. Dicky was wriggling painfully as les, but Josephin and Minds and Mind

something like a record. Deky is needed quite amusing to Dicky to get I had seemed quite amusing to Dicky to get I had seemed quite amusing when that prefect spotted seemed less amusing when that prefect spotted seemed less amusing upon after him. Dicky's semed less amusing when that prefect spotted him in the act, and got after him. Dicky's expe had been only temporary. He had hepd that, given time, Stuckey's temper hepd that, given time, Stuckey's temper of the stuckey, with his head ringing and singing from innumerable smacks, had been in the worst temper ever. Having run Dicky down that in the iunior day-room, he had almost at last, in the junior day-room, he had almost all his cane on Dicky's trousers. Which was had enough; but more was to come—in the shape of "six" from the master of the Fourth. will it was true, did not lay it on hard; but fire that whopping from Stuckey, the lightest liking was extremely uncomfortable. And so Dicky had been glad to see Will Hay breeze out at the gates. leaving his study untenanted,

and safe for a visit with a view to vengeance.

It was rather dark in the study, but Dicky did not venture to turn on a light. There was on not venture to turn on a light. There was the light enough for his purpose, which was to arrange a set of drawing-pins, business end upward, in Will Hay's armchair. It was very probable that when Will came back from his talk to Didnam, he would plump in that armchir for a ret. chair for a rest.

chair for a rest.

Dicky, while he wriggled, grinned as he arranged the drawing-pins. He had arranged talf a dozen; but he had a dozen in the box, and he was going, generously, to let his Formmaster have the lot. But he stopped suddenly. As wiftly as a rabbit bolting into its burrow, Dicky Bird shot behind the armchair and creached there, breathless. It was the wand of the door handle turning that cause ound of the door handle turning that caused the sudden jump for cover.





Dicky hardly breathed. As the door opened without a knock, he could only suppose that it was Will Hay coming in—apparently having turned back from his walk! It was fearfully unfortunate for Dicky, who had supposed that he had what of time to get on with the good. he had plenty of time to get on with the good work.

But. the next moment, he knew that it was But, the next moment, he knew that it was not Will. The door had opened quite stealthily—it had shut just as stealthily—and no light was turned on. It dawned on Dicky that the newcomer was, like himself, a surrepritious visitor to the study! If it was Jimmy Carboy, or Koo, or Jerry Smart, or some other japer of the Fourth, there was no need for Dicky to keep in cover. He peered round the armchair cautiously, and jumped as he heard a muttering voice.

"Where does the old ass park it?"

It was the voice of Stuckey of the Sixth! He was rooting round the study, apparently in search of something. A glimmer from the window fell on his face, as Dicky peered round the armchair. Richard Bird popped back the armchair. Richard Bird popped back quickly. He did not want to be spotted there a pretect—especially after his recent experiences with that particular prefect! He only hoped that, whatever Billy Stuckey was looking for, he would not look behind the armediair for it!

arinchair for it!
"Oh! Here it is!" came the mutter again, in tones of relief. There was a rustling sound.
Once more the amazed Dicky ventured to peer. Stuckey of the Sixth was taking down

peer. Stuckey of the Sixth was taking down Will Hav's gown, which was hanging on a Will Hav's gown, which was hanging on a hook inside the door! What a prefect of the Sixth could possibly want with a Formmaster's gown was an utter mystery to Bird of the Fourth. No doubt Stuckey felt sore over that smacking of his head; and Stuckey was rather a malicious fellow, too—but a prank of this sort was miles below the dignity of the Sixth!





Stuckey folded up the gown, to make it as small as possible, and picked up Will's mortar-board, which the Fourth-form master had left on the table. Then, with both under his arm, quitted the study as stealthily as he had entered it!

"Well, my only summer hat!" breathed Dicky Bird; relieved to hear the door close, but lost in astonishment.

The coast being clear now, Richard emerged from cover, and proceeded to distribute the rest of the drawing-pins in the seat of the arm-Five minutes later, he was safe back in the junior day-room; and the armchair in Will's study was all ready for the master of the Bendover Fourth to take a rest when no came in-which was likely to prove a little unrestful!

ON cher 'Ay!" squeaked Mossoo

Bong.
Lights were gleaming from the windows of the House; but it was deeply dusky in the old quadrangle of Bendover-duskier still under the wide branches of the ancient Bendover beeches. Monsieur le Bon, taking his usual trot before supper, squeaked amicably at the dim figure in and gown, dimly visible under the branches. He could not see the face, but he fancied he knew that gown, and the rakish slant of the mortar-board. Changing his course, tho French master boro down on the dim figure which, as he approached, slipped, and sat down, with a splash, in a puddle left by recent dovrain.
"'Ay!

'Ay !" Mon pauvre exclaimed Mossoo, and he accelerated, to lend his dear Hay a hand up.

In the deep dusk, he bent over the slanting

mortar-board. That mortar-board suddenly rose—so suddenly and swiftly, that the head in it butted Mossoo in the waistcoat before he knew what was happening.



THE PILOT No. 127-5/3/33.

Mossco went backwards, with a gurgling squeak-winded for the second time that day! He staggered, gasping, and sat, with a bump that almost shook the quad.

Smack! Smack!

Right and left came smacks on Mossoo's Mossoo reeled to the right, then to the left—then to the right again, then to the left again, under those hefty smacks which

banged on his ears in turn.

"Elp!" shricked Mossoo, as the figure turned and fled. "An secours! I am attack—I am smack—I am keel—je suis assome—au secours—'elp!'

Then, realising that his assailant was gone,

Mossoo Bong tottered dizzily to his feet, and leaned on an ancient beech, to gasp for He gasped, and he gurgled,

treath. He gasped, and he gurgled, and rubbled his burning ears, wondering whether all this was a fearful dream.

Why Will Hay had attacked him in that extraordinary manner, he could not begin to guess—but he was almost sure that it was Will! Anyhow, it was one of the Bendover staff, from the cap and gown; and proof would be forthcoming, for that gown would be muddy from the puddle!

And Mossoo, at last, tottered away to the House, to lay his grievance before Dr. Shrubb. Stuckey of the Sixth watched him come in-

with a smiling face!

Billy Stuckey had replaced cap and gown in Will Hay's study, while Mossoo was gasping and spluttering under the beeches. Billy Stuckey smiled—he felt that he had reason to

BOTHER!" said Will Hay. B He wickided the clothes-brush with a vigorous hand. How he had got that mud on his gown. Will did not know-but he supposed that he must have

done so somehow, as it was there! He had not noticed it before he went out-but he noticed it when he came in, and slipped on the gown and mortar-board.

Having spotted it, he sorted out the clothes-brush, and started brushing. The mud. still damp, did not brush off easily. Will brushed, and brushed, getting more and more irritated. He wanted to rest, after his walk, before seeing the Fourth in to prep; but brushing that mud kept him busy, and he had not had a

minute to sit down, so far.

Tap! His study door opened.

"Oh, suffering haddocks, don't come bothering now, blow you!" exclaimed Will, testily, "Oh! Ah! I did not see that it was you, sir-pray come in, Dr. Shrubb-such a pleasure to see you, sir-do come in!"

Dr. Shrubb sailed majestically into the study. There was a severe frown on his majestic countenance. He gave a start, as he saw how Will was engaged with the clothes-

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "Are you-are you brushing mud off your gown, Mr. Hay?"

"Just that, sir-"

"Then it was you!" gasped the Head.

"I have visited each member of my staff in turn, after hearing Monsieur le Bon's com-plaint!" thundered the Head. "And I find ou brushing mud-fresh mud, too-from your

gown! No other master's gown was muddy!"
"Really, sir!" exclaimed Will, in astonishment. "I fail to follow you! I don't quite recall how my gown got so muddy, but surely, sir, it is not a matter for your personal in-spection and intervention,"

"Do not bandy words with me, Mr. Hay! It was you-obviously, you! I repeat that yours is the only muddy gown at Bendover—

SHOW THIS TO DAD

Tell him you can get a filty 'Home' Billiard
Table—a real Billiard Table, not a toy-for
Bit DOWN. The blance is paid monthly
white to-day for playing and enjoying accept
given. Write to-day for Tree
given. Write to-day for Tree

E. J. RILEY, Ltd.,

Maple Works,

ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 51,

QF 147, Aldergate St., London, E.C.1.

and Monsieur le Bon distinctly stated that the man who attacked him fell in a puddle-"Wha-a-t?" stuttered Will Hay.

"It was you! Are you out of your senses, Hay? For what reason did you smack Mon-sieur le Bon's head?" thundered Dr. Shrubb. Is that, sir, conduct worthy of a member of

"But I-1-I didn't!" gasped Will, in be-wilderment. "I should be very sorry to smack Mossoo Bong's head, sir! He's a friend of mine! What makes you think—"

"You can have nothing to say in your defence, Hay!" said Dr. Shrubb sternly. "Still, I will hear you!"
And Dr. Shrubb sat down in the study

armchair, prepared to give Will a hearing. The Head of Bendover reposed in that armchair for about the millionth part of a second! Then he bounded!

There was a roar in Will Hay's study, as if the celebrated Bull of Bashan had got loose

"My dear sir—" gasped Will. "What——"
"Oh! Ah! Ooogh! Woogh!" yelled Dr.
Shrubb, wriggling frantically. "I am punctured—ooogh!"

'Sorrowful snails!" gasped Will. "What the dickens-Ow! Wow! I am injured-in

"Oh! Ow! Wow! I am injured—in several places. Pins, or needles, or something! Oow! Bless my soul! Wooogh!"
"But what—what—— Oh, crikey!" gasped Will, as he rushed towards the armchair and spotted the drawing-pins sticking in the

"Oh, humming haddocks! Head's gown. Some young villain must have placed them there for me. How fortunate that you sat down first, sir-'

"I—I mean, how unfortunate—how very unfortunate! I—I mean——" babbled Will.
"Did you know that those drawing-pins there, Mr. Hay?" thundered Dr. b. "Have you seen them before?"

Shrubb. "Have you seen them before:
"No; I've only seen them behind—on your
"No; I've only seen them myself, gown, sir! I should have sat on them myself, had I not been busy brushing mud from my gown! How very fortunate—that is to say, unfortunate-

"I will waste no more time—wow!—time ore, Mr. Hay! Ow! Wow! You have here, Mr. Hay! Ow! Wow! You I been guilty of a-wow!-unprovoked rullianly attack upon unother member of my movel ow!—staff! You're dismissed, Mr. Hay! Do you hear me? Dismissed from Bendover!"

"But—but I haven't——"

Snort! Dr. Shrubb stalked out study, wriggling as he stalked. Will Hay study, wriggling as no stalked. Will Hay blinked after him, over his slanting nosonippers, dumbfounded. Dr. Shrubb went wriggling down the passage. Ho wriggled, and wriggled. Bendover fellows gazed at their headmaster in amazement as they saw him on his way back to his study. He seemed to be understudying a contortionist. Wriggling, he reached his study, and sank into a chair there—and then bounded up, as if the seat of that chair had been red-hot.
"Ow!" was heard from the Head's study.
"Wow!"

After that he was heard walking about, for quite a considerable time.

"S ACKED!"
"Old I 'Old Hay?"

"Great pip !" "What's he done?" "Smacked Mossoo's head-

It was all over Bendover School before the

fellows went in to prep.

Will Hay, master of the Fourth was sacked! The Bendover Fourth heard it with consternation! They did little prep in the Fourth Form studies. They discussed this construction: They did not been in the Fourth Form studies. They discussed this startling news instead—bad news for the Fourth! They did not want to lose Will Hay! He added so much to the gaiety of existence

at Bendover!

"Poor old Hay!" said Dicky Bird, in Study

"Poor old Hay!" said Dicky Bird, in Study No. 3, for the umpteenth time. "Poor old ass! Sacked, you know! What on earth did he want to smack Mossoo's head for? I've wanted to smack it often enough, but why should old Hay?'

In view of this disaster, Dicky was quite sorry that he had planted those drawing pins in Will's study armehair. His only contolation was that Dr. Shrubb had sat on them,

instead of Will!

"Must be oil his crumpet!" said Tuby
Green. "I've heard that he smacked
Stuckey's head this afterneon; how he's
smacked Mossoo's! He's making a habit of

it!"
"I can't make it out!" said Dicky. "I hear "I can't make it out: said Dicky. "I heer that old Hay says he never did it. That old goat Mossoo Bong may have made at take! He's not a cat, to see in the dark. anyhow! Look here, if old Hay says he never did! Bet you there. Bet you there's a mistake somewhere."

After prep, Dicky Bird cut down to his Form-master's study. Will Hay greeted him

with a frosty smile.

"Ah! I was going to send for you, Bird. "Ah! I was going to send irr you, Bird to ask you whether you knew anything about some—hem!—drawing-pins," he remarked.
"But never mind! Never mind! I will not leave you a whopping to remember me by,

You're not really going, sir?" exclaimed Dicky.

Dicky.

"Going-going-nearly gone!" answered
Will sadly. "I shall make one more appeal
to Dr. Shrubb before I leave, but I'm giving him time to recover from the effect of the-hem!—drawing-pins! They seem to have had a deleterious effect on his usually sunay temper! He was in far from a bonn mood when I last saw him!"

"But why do they think you smacked Mossoo Bong's head, sir, if you didn't?"

asked the anxious Dicky. Will sighed

"The evidence, my boy, is complete," he iswered. "Some member of the staff answered smacked Mossoo's head-someone, apparently, who had no objection to contact with hair cil It seems that he got mud on his gown at the time. By a remarkable and unfortunate coincidence, my gown was muddy, Bird! No other master's gown at Bendover shows such traces! And yet, my good Bird, I never smacked Mossoo's head-though, in the circumstances. I think I shall smack it before I go! If I am to be sacked for smacking his head, it seems rather hard to go without having handed over the smack!"

"Your—your gown, sir!" stuttered Dicky.

Bark into his head came what he had seen in

"Your-your gown, sir: states are Back into his head came what he had seen in that study, peering round the armchair. "Is that all, sir? Mossoo doesn't say he saw that all, sir?

"No; even that pernicious devourer of frogs does not claim to have recognised my classic features in the dark, Bird. But-"Oh crikey!" gasped Dicky Bird.

He shot out of Will Hay's study, leaving

Will blinking.

Will rose sadly to his feet. He was going to have one last interview with Dr. Shrubb and endeavour to convince him that he was not the head-smacker! But he had little hope! Slowly and sadly Will trailed away to Dr. Shrubb's study, hoping that he had, by this time, recovered from the drawing-pins.

Meanwhile, Dicky Bird, with a wildy excited face, was hurtling into the Sixth. He hurled open Stuckey's door, and hurtled in without knocking. Stuckey of the Sixth stard round at him. Stuckey had been smiling cheerly. He had killed two birds with one stone—Mossoo stucked, and Will Hay sacked! But he ceased to smile as Dicky Bird hurtled in, and grabbed up his cane. in, and grabbed up his cane.

"You cheeky little tick!" he roared. "Have you come here for another whopping? All right—bend over that chair!"
"You rotter!" roared back Dicky, shaking his list the the

his list in the face of the astonished prefect

Stuckey gazed at him. "You skunk!" howled Dicky. "I saw y bag old Hav's gown from his study while he was gone to Didham! Hear that? I saw you rottan! I saw you you gone to Didham! Hear that? I saw you notice! I jolly well know who smacked Mossoo's head, in the dark—and made old llay's gown muddy to stick it on him! I saw you—" "You-you saw-" gasped Stuckey. He

THE PILOT No. 127-5/3/38.

designed the ashplant, staring at Dicky Bird distended eyes "You-you-you saw—subdistended eyes "You-you-you saw—leave to start I saw you! And was behind to the Head! Hear that, you is selected to the Head! Hear that, you is selected to the Head! Hear that, you is selected to get old Hay seed to the Head was you do—and you can take your choice, was you do—and you can take your choice, we will be subdisted by the Head that! Come on, you can tell the Head that! Come on, at the him!" yelled Dicky Bird, and he will be subdisted by the down on the him!" howeld Stuckey, "I'll wo you hear mo—I'll go!"

"Hold on! Stop!" howled Stuckey, "I'll "And Stuckey of the Sixth went—and Dicky Bird witched him go.

nird watched him go. Say no more, Mr. Hay!"

"But, my dear sir-" pleaded
will.

Will. Enough!"

Pr. Shrubb was adamant! Will Hay blinked bin over his nose-nippers! Dr. Shrubb bin over him deen talking thin over his hose-happers: Dr. Shrubb aved a plump hand. Will had been talking to him for whole minutes. His eloquence had thin for whole minutes. His cloquence had reduced no more effect on Dr. Shrubb than rater on a duck. The Head had recovered from the drawing-pins. He was calm again. He admitted that he was sorry to part with Mr. Hay! But such an outrageous action could not be overlooked. The fact that Will is that done it made no difference. All the effecte was that he had done it! And that we that!

"I wish you well, Mr. Hay," said the Head,

"another sphere—" wailed Will.
"Come, come, Mr. Hay! That is to say, go, "in another spine."
"But I never

Tap! The door of the Head's study opened and a scared face looked in. Stuckey of the Sixth almost crawled into the study. Dr. "What is it, Stuckey? What—"
"I-I-I—" babbled Stuckey.
"What?"

"I-I-I-I-" Stuckey seemed unable to

get further. "What do you mean, Stuckey!" exclaimed b. Shrubb. "I can gather no meaning whatever from a constant repetition of the first personal pronoun."

"I-I-I-I've come to—to—to—I-I've come

"I-I-I-I ve come to
to-"
"I am aware that you have come, too,
Stuckey! Mr. Hay has come, and you have
come, too! But why have you come?"
"I-I-I've come to-to-to own up, sir!"
suped Stuckey. "I-I-I'm awfully sorry,
ur, but-but I felt that-that I ought to-to
can up, now-now Mr. Hay's sacked, sir-I
I did it, sir!"
"Whan-a-t?"

"Ma-a-a-t;"

I-1-I bib-hub-borrowed Mr. Hay's gown, and and did it, because Mossoo Bong macked my head to-day, sir-and-and-and Fue come to own up, sir!"

Blees my soul!" gasped Dr. Shrubb.

Sented sardines!" exclaimed Will Hay.

That is to any of course bless my soul! My

That is to say, of course, bless my soul! My

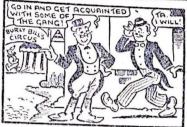
Dicky Bird was in the passage when Will his ame billowing along, showing all his his a happy grin. One look at Will was 0.K., sir? he gasped.
Dicky Bird rushed will.

Deky Brinned Will.

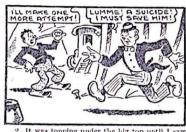
wis the ylad news. In the Bendover Fourth
was the ylad news. In the Bendover Fourth
was happy satisfaction. It was not
Stard by Stuckey of the Sixth! Having
Snek y in that frank and manly way,
br. Strubb had finished with the cane, Billy
was almost wished that he had sacked him

Will Hay is certainly the limit, but there is no half to the laughs in his further funny had large. Meet this merry master again, of week, in master had been grant natives. Meet this merry master of the seek, in another bright and breezy yarn of Bendover College.

FAMOUS RADIO STAR



1. Hallo, lads! Stainless doing his stuff again! To ther day I got a semi-holiday, so under the circs. I went to the circus. The bess was an old pal of mine and told me to make myself at home, etc., and such like.



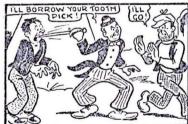
2. It was topping under the big top until I saw a guy making a meal out of three feet of the best Sheffield steel. Now, thinks me, a fella must be fed up with life to feed himself with a sword, so I dashed to the rescue.



3. Then, pardon my binshes, but this bloke turned out to be the professional sword-swallower. I had heard summat about one swallow don't make a summer, but this chappie made a living out of his swallows. I was on edge for muthin'.



4. Seeing that I didn't seem to swallow his story, he showed me how it was done and how to do it, and he certainly could take it. Then into the picture stepped the villain of the piece and told us to hand over our hard-carned.



5. At this, Sam the sword-swallower went "garde-glug!" which was saying a mouthful, as he had a mouthful of sword at the time. But I tugged it from his tonsils and said: "Lend me your toothpick and I'll tickle up this tough egg!"



6. See my point? The bad lad did, and beat it while I came after him like an electric-light bill—sorry, I mean the charge of the light brigade. But soon I had bellows to mend, so I bellowed: "Come back, you worm!"



7. But he wasn't the kind of worm that turns.

Kossirs! He soon outpaced me and 1 was lets wiping the perspir—perspir—dash R!—sweat from my forthead. 1 gave him best, and also gave the horse a poke with Sam's Sunday joint.



8. Now Old Faithful didn't like that, and lashed out. Bonk! He beefed me in the radder and-oopsfadasy |-1 went seilling through the stratosphere and brought that flying footpad to a full stop myself now.