

WILL : KEN : LÉONARD : ARTHUR : STAINLESS : SEXTON : ETC. — INSIDE.
 RAY : MAYNARD : HENRY : PRINCE : STEPHEN : BLAKE,



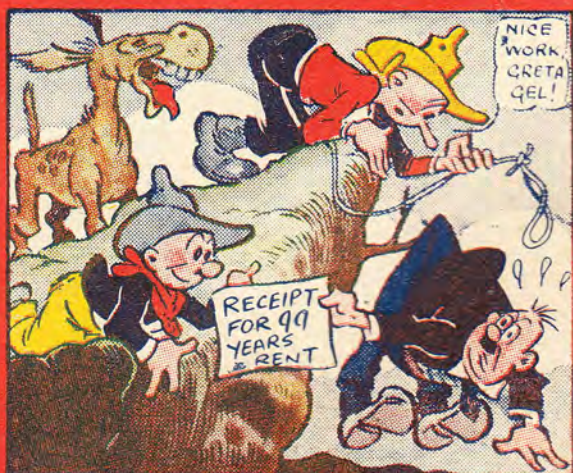
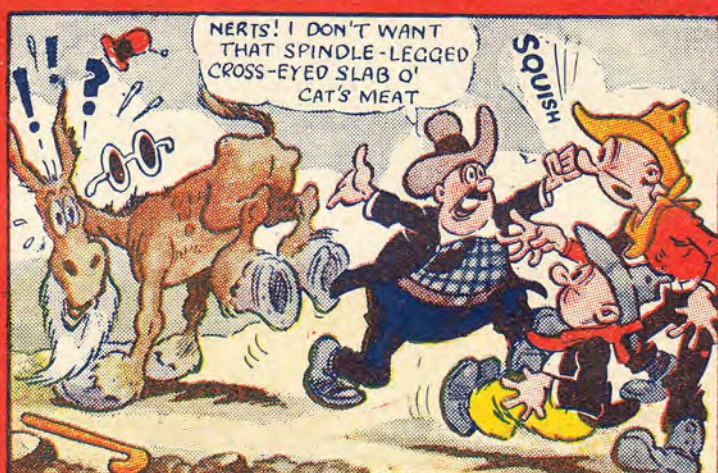
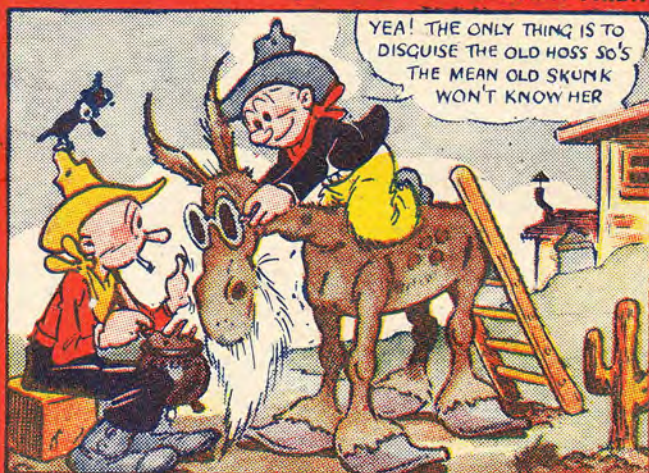
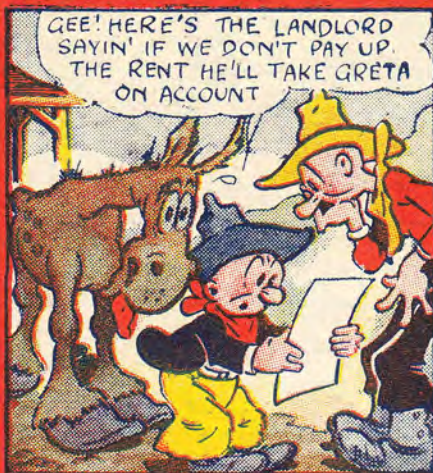
The PILOT

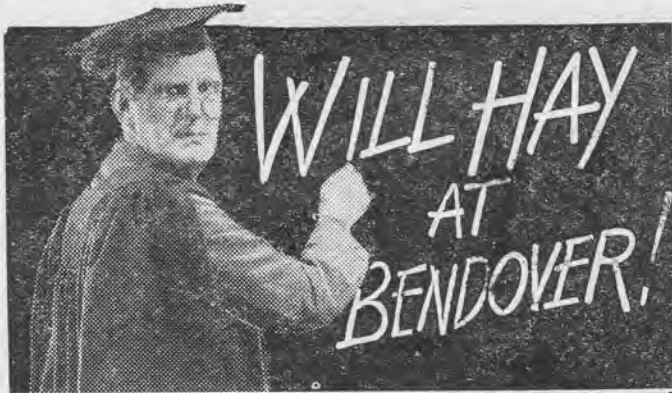
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No. 89. Vol. 4. Week ending June 12th, 1937.

EVERY FRIDAY

OUR KRAZY
 TRIO :
 MIKE,
 SPIKE
 AND
 GRETA
 IN
 "Paying the
 Landlord."





SPECIAL TO "The PILOT."...WILL HAY, the world's funniest Form-master, in another side-splitting duel of japes with the bright sparks of Bendover.



(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)

THAT old ass Hay! Ha, ha!" Will Hay, master of the Fourth Form at Bendover, started so suddenly that his nose-nippers slipped down his nose. He grabbed them, and glared round over his Form.

"Who spoke?" roared Will. Will Hay had more than a suspicion that he was regarded, in the Bendover Fourth, as an ass. But he had not expected to be told so in the Form-room during class!

Every face in the Form wore a grin. Reggie Pyke was the widest because his mouth was the most extensive in the Fourth. The Bendover Fourth as a whole seemed in quite a merry mood that morning.

Will Hay searched face after face—in vain! He could not pick out the speaker. His eyes fixed on Reggie.

"Did you speak, Pyke?" "Oh, no, sir!" answered Reggie cheerfully. "Did you speak, Bird? Did you venture to speak of your Form-master as an old ass?" thundered Will Hay.

"Oh, no, sir!" answered Dicky Bird. "I'm much too respectful to tell a Form-master what I think of him, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Silence!" roared Will Hay. "I order the boy who spoke to stand up."

Nobody stood up. There was a long pause, and then Will had to give it up. He turned again to the blackboard, over which a large-scale map was hung—the lesson being geography. Geography was resumed in the Fourth Form Room—but the grinning anticipation in every face showed that the juniors were interested in something quite other than geography, and Will kept a wary eye on them.

"Silly old ass! Ha, ha!" came a shrill yell. "Old Hay's a duffer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bendover Fourth, as Will Hay jumped clear of the floor in his surprise.

Will, with a wary eye open, could have sworn that nobody in the Fourth had spoken. But there was nobody in the Form-room excepting himself and his Form. But somebody, somewhere, was calling Will Hay an ass and a duffer; and Will had no use for these painful truths. With a gleaming eye and a gripped pointer, he hunted for the unseen one—in vain!

"Here comes Hay—silly old ass!" came a yell, and Will Hay jumped, while his Form roared.

"Ha!" exclaimed Will. "Gottin!" He had traced the voice this time. It came from the Form-room cupboard—a high wall-cupboard, in which maps and easels and such things were kept. Will Hay billowed across to that cupboard. It was generally kept locked, the key in the door. It was locked now, but the key was gone. Will struck on the panels with his pointer. Rap, rap, rap!

"Come out!" he howled. "You hear me? Emerge! Show up! Show a leg! Come out of it."

Silence from the cupboard! The door did not open. Will grasped the handle, and wrenched. But he could not wrench open a locked door. He put his beef into it, but the door remained fast. He banged again with his pointer!

Bang, bang, bang! There was a rustling movement inside the cupboard, as if the banging had disturbed the occupant. But that was all.

Will breathed wrath. Evidently—so far as

he could see—some fellow had locked himself in that cupboard, to slang the master of the Fourth during class. It was really amazing.

"That old chump Hay!" came a chuckling voice from the cupboard. "Ha, ha! Here comes that old fooler Hay!"

"My only plus fours!" gasped Will Hay. "Wait till I get you out of that, my pippin! Won't I dust your pants! Won't I hock you till you howl—I mean, whack you till you howl!"

Laying down the pointer, Will grasped the door-handle with both hands, braced his feet for a tug, and tugged. The lock on the cupboard was not specially strong, and he hoped that a tug would do it. He put every ounce of beef into that tremendous tug, his nose-nippers slipping down his nose, and his mortar-board down the back of his head, unregarded. The juniors, all on their feet now, gazed at him with breathless interest.

"Ah!" gurgled Will. "It's giving—" It gave! But it was not the lock—it was the door-knob that gave! The terrific tug had done it—it came off, in Will Hay's grasp.

The door remained as it was! Will Hay didn't! Will Hay shot over in a backward somersault, with the door-knob in his hands. He landed on the back of his head, with a shock that almost shook the Form-room.

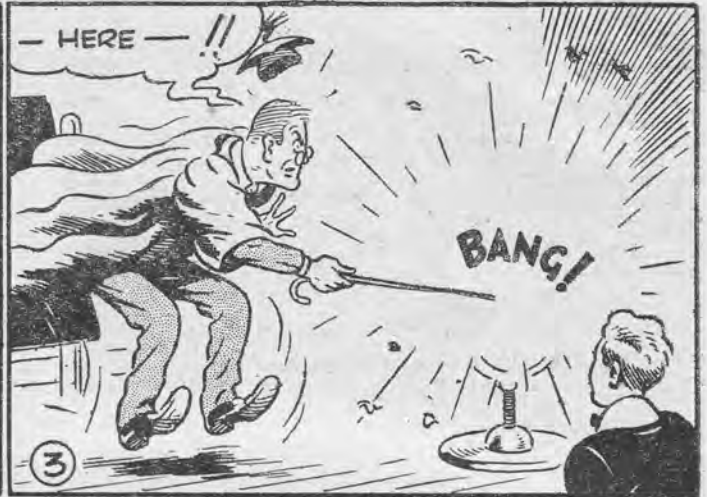
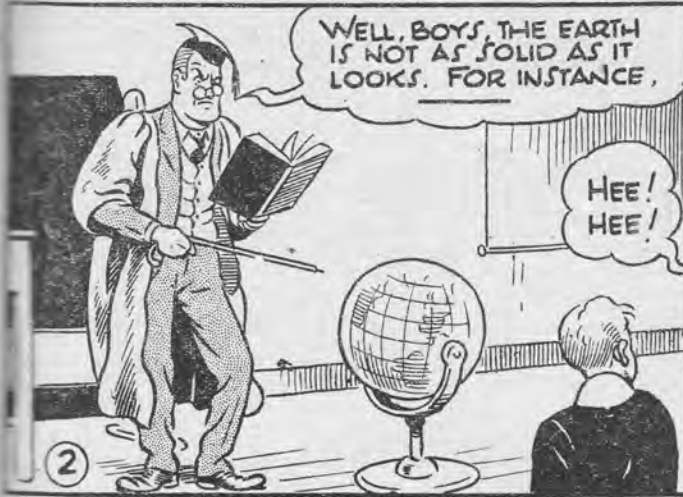
"Whooooooop!" roared Will Hay. "Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Fourth.

Will Hay rubbed the back of his head. Will's head was hard—but the old oak panels of Bendover were harder. There was no doubt that Will's head had had the worst of the collision! He clambered slowly to his feet, glared at his almost hysterical Form, and then at the cupboard door.

"For the last time, will you come out!" he roared.

"Ha, ha! Will you come out!" repeated





hidden voice. "Old ass Hay! Silly old rascal! Ha, ha!"

"That does it!" gasped Will Hay. "Listen to me, you young rascal! I am going to fetch the Head. You will be missed from your room. Your identity will be revealed! Got that? Now, hadn't you better come out?"

No answer from the cupboard. Will Hay turned, and strode to the Form-room door.

"Keep your places!" he hooted. "I am going to lock this door so that that young miscreant cannot escape during my absence! Keep your places."

Will Hay billowed out of the Form-room, closed the door after him, and locked it on the outside. The Fourth Form howled.

"Ha, ha! He's gone to fetch the Head!" gurgled Reggie Pyke. "Oh, my hat! What an old Shrubbs say, when he finds Mrs. Mumble's parrot in that cupboard!"

"He jolly well isn't going to find him!" chuckled Dicky Bird.

Richard Bird jumped up, and drew a key from his pocket. He cut across to the cupboard and unlocked the door. Within, on a shelf, was perched a green parrot.

Will Hay had not been long at Bendover, and if he had heard of the house-dame's parrot, he knew nothing of that frolicsome bird's trick of immediately repeating anything that was said in its presence. Still less did he dream that Richard Bird, of the Fourth, had extracted Peter the parrot from his cage and locked him in the Form-room cupboard before class.

"Out you come, Peter, old bean!" grinned Dicky. He grabbed the parrot, jerked him across to the Form-room window, and dropped him out. Peter flew.

Dicky rushed back to the cupboard, shut and locked it again, slipped the key into his pocket, and resumed his place in the Form.

And with grinning faces, the Bendover Fourth waited for Will Hay to arrive with the Head.

"EXTRAORDINARY!" exclaimed Dr. Shrubbs.

"And then some, sir!" bleated Will Hay.

The Form-room door opened. The Head entered, with Will billowing after him. The Fourth subdued their merriment as well as they could. Headmaster and Form-master walked across to the cupboard.

"Amazing, Mr. Hay!" said the Head. "No boy is missing from his Form. It cannot be a Bendover boy. Some stranger—some extraneous person—must have penetrated into these precincts—"

"Whoever he is, sir, he is still there," said Will grimly, "and I will deal with him when he comes out. He cannot have escaped, as I locked the Form-room when I came to fetch you—"

"Quite so, Mr. Hay. It is quite extraordinary. But we shall soon ascertain the identity of this impertinent rascal." Dr. Shrubbs rapped on the cupboard door. "Come out at once! Do you hear? It is Dr. Shrubbs speaking. Come out!"

Silence from the cupboard. The door was still locked; the key, Will Hay naturally supposed, on the inside. Nobody could have locked himself in the cupboard without taking the key inside.

"Will you answer me?" exclaimed the headmaster, his voice rising with anger. "Upon my word! I will give you into custody as a trespasser if you do not instantly come out of that cupboard!"

"Oh crumbs!" breathed Dicky Bird.

"Lucky for Peter that I let him out—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" boomed the Head. "This is no

laughing matter! Mr. Hay, you are absolutely certain. I suppose, that the young rascal is in that cupboard?"

"I heard him, sir, with my own ears—"

"I do not suppose for one moment, Mr. Hay, that you heard him with anyone else's," said the Head testily. "No doubt the miserable trickster is afraid to speak. Now I stand here he has taken fright—a sudden fright, Mr. Hay—"

"You think so, sir? He cannot see your face through the door—"

"What?"

"I mean, sir, that as he cannot see you, I do not quite see how your features can have produced such an effect—"

"You are a fool, Mr. Hay!" hooted the Head.

"I've heard that one before, sir!" sighed Will Hay.

"Bah! If the miscreant will not open the door, it must be forced." Dr. Shrubbs glanced round at the Fourth. "Smart, go and fetch Kelly here at once, and tell him to bring his tools for forcing a door."

"Yes, sir," gurgled Jerry Smart, and he scuttled out.

It was several minutes before he came back with Kelly, the Bendover porter. During those minutes Dr. Shrubbs rapped again and again on the cupboard and commanded the occupant to open the door and emerge. Dead silence reigned in the cupboard, however. There was not even a whisper. Peter, the parrot, was enjoying his unaccustomed liberty in the quad, far from the scene of his late activities. Kelly came tramping in at last, with hammer and chisel in his hands and surprise in his face.

"Open that cupboard, Kelly!" said the Head. "Mr. Hay, stand ready to stop the rascal if he should attempt to bolt."



"He won't get far, sir," assured Will Hay. Headmaster and Form-master placed themselves in readiness to stop a rush. Kelly's hammer banged on Kelly's chisel with a terrific din.

Bang, bang, bang! Clang! Bang! The Bendover Fourth gazed on in great joy. The aspect of the two masters warily watching for nobody to bolt from an empty cupboard was almost too much for them.

Clang! Clang! Clang! went hammer and chisel; then a sudden fiendish yell from Kelly. "Wow! Yurrooop! Ooooh!" Kelly seemed to have missed the chisel and got his thumb. He jammed it into his mouth and roared.

"You are wasting time, Kelly!" snapped the Head. "Proceed at once!"

"Wooooh!" roared Kelly. "I've 'ammered my thumb! Woocoooh!"

"That is immaterial!" snapped Dr. Shrub. "You are wasting time! Hurry up!"

"Woo-hoo-hoop!" roared Kelly, which sounded as if he did mind his thumb—in fact, it hinted that he minded it very much indeed. The hammer went to the floor with a bang, and the porter sucked his thumb and howled wildly.

"Pah!" exclaimed Dr. Shrub. "Mr. Hay, take that hammer—"

Will Hay grabbed up the hammer. The chisel was sticking in and only required driving home. Will did not hold the chisel with his left hand; he was rather particular about his thumb. He took the hammer with both hands and swung it round for a bang. It was far from being Will's intention to catch Dr. Shrub on the ear with it; he did that unintentionally.

"Yow-woooop!" roared Dr. Shrub, bounding away like a very active kangaroo. "Bless my—yaroooh!—soul! Mr. Hay—whoop!—keep that hammer away— Yowwup!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bendover Fourth ecstatically.

"Silence! Mr. Hay, proceed—and keep that hammer away from my head!" roared Dr. Shrub.

"Please keep your head away from my hammer, sir!" gasped Will, as he got going.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!
The chisel was driven in. Will Hay grasped

it and wrenched. There was a loud crack as the lock gave. The door opened.

"Watch for him, sir!" gasped Will. "Baffle him as he snorts—I mean, snaffle him as he bolts! Ready, sir? Ready, Kelly? All hands on deck! Grab him! Bag him! Pinch him! Why, what—where—how— Why, where—where—where is he?"

He gazed into an empty cupboard! Dr. Shrub gazed into an empty cupboard! Kelly gazed into an empty cupboard! They all gazed—but gazing could not make that cupboard anything but empty. Will Hay took off his nose-nippers, wiped them, and carefully clamped them on his nose again. But even that had no effect. The cupboard was still empty. There was a rolled map, there was a box of chalks; but living inhabitant, none!

"Do I sleep, do I dream, do I wonder and doubt?" babbled Will Hay. "Are things what they seem, or are visions about? Dr. Shrub, is this school haunted?"

Dr. Shrub turned a petrifying glare on him.

"Yes, Mr. Hay," he snorted. "It is haunted by a fool, an ass, a chump—who fancies that he hears voices from empty cupboards! Pah!"

He swept out of the Form-room, snorting. Kelly grinned as he picked up hammer and chisel.

"I'd give it up, sir!" he whispered. "You ain't got the 'ead for it, Mr. Hay! Teetotalism's your mark, sir, if you'll take a tip!" And the Bendover porter went out grinning.

Will Hay blinked dizzily after him. Evidently Kelly supposed that he had been drinking. Perhaps the Head did also! Will almost wondered whether he had. He had heard a voice from that cupboard, and yet nobody was there. Slowly at last he turned to his Form and gazed at them.

The expression on his face was too much for the Fourth. They roared, they shrieked, they howled.

Will blinked at them. "Funny, isn't it?" he hooted. "Frightfully funny and all that, and then some, and a few over—what? How have you worked this, you collection of pernicious warts?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" roared Will. "The next boy who sniggers will get the pointer! Were you sniggering, Pyke?"

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Reggie. "Your mistake, Pyke! That sound like filing a saw was unmistakable; it was your merry trill! Take that!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Reggie as he took it. "You seem amused, Bird; possibly that will add to your amusement—"

"Whoop!" roared Dicky Bird.

"Ah! I see that the effect is subtraction, not addition," beamed Will. "You seem much less amused, Bird. Any other member of the Form who is disposed to cackle may get on with it at once, while I have the pointer in my hand."

But the sounds of merriment died away—till the pointer was laid down. But it was really hard for the Bendover Fourth to keep serious that morning. Every time Will Hay cast a puzzled glance at the mysterious cupboard, there was a gurgle in the Form. And when Will at last dismissed them, the Bendover Fourth went out into the quad yelling.

"YES, yes, yes!" said Dr. Shrub soothingly. He waved both hands in soothing gestures. "Yes, yes, yes! Quite, Mrs. Mumble—quite! Yes!"

But Mrs. Mumble was not to be soothed. The Bendover House-matron was generally calm—in fact, as placid as she was plump. But there were two things that could excite Mrs. Mumble—anything that happened to Thomas, her cat; and anything that happened to Peter, her parrot. Of the two, she feared most for Peter when he got loose; for if Peter in his career of freedom met Thomas, he was liable to disappear inside Thomas. In that case, Mrs. Mumble, of course, would still have been the happy owner of Peter so long as she owned Thomas—but she wanted him outside Thomas.

"Some wicked boy opened the cage and let him out!" wailed Mrs. Mumble. "He has been loose all day. I shall never see my d-d-dear Pip-pip-Peter again! Such a clever bird! The way he talks! Only yesterday he said 'Tubby old Shrub,' which he had heard from some boy—"

"What?" roared Dr. Shrub. "Some bad boy may have been teaching him bad words!" moaned Mrs. Mumble. "He picks up everything at once. You remember when you stumbled over the mat, sir, he repeated what you said, and it was a long, long time before I could stop him."

"Yes, yes, yes! Pray go! I will see to the matter at once! Will you kindly leave my study, Mrs. Mumble?"

But Mrs. Mumble, on the subject of Peter, was inexhaustible, and was obviously going to remain inexhaustible, so long as Peter was on the missing list. Dr. Shrub rolled out of his study and hurried to Will Hay's.

Will, after class, was taking a rest in his study. He was seated in a chair, with his feet on the window-sill, in an attitude of un-studied grace, the chair tilted back at a dangerous angle. In that rather precarious position it was inadvisable for Will to be suddenly startled. He gave a jump as the Head breezed in.

"Mr. Hay!" exclaimed the Head. "I—Bless my soul! What are you doing, Mr. Hay?"

Will did not explain what he was doing. He did it! That jump tilted his chair back a little over the odds, and Will sat on the floor on his neck, with his feet reaching skyward. Dr. Shrub gazed at him in astonishment.

"Is that Swedish drill, Mr. Hay?" he asked. "I regret interrupting your physical jerks, but will you kindly give me your attention?"

Will Hay collected himself, thankful to find that he was still in one piece, and resumed the perpendicular.

"Carry on!" he gasped. "Don't mind me! The centre of gravity appears to have got mis-laid, and the law of gravitation took me un-awares. Fire away, sir!"

"Oblige me, Mr. Hay, by making a search for Mrs. Mumble's parrot, which is missing. Request the other masters; order all the boys. Mrs. Mumble will give me no peace of mind till that wretched bird is found!"

A Duel between Two Master-Minds!



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are fortunate, sir. She has given me of her mind already," said Will—"a piece. Peter has begun to Paul, sir—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Will Hay. "It is to me, sir! I will borrow Mr. Butterfly-net, and if the fowl is still Bendover, and outside Thomas, he shall be!"

A few minutes later, Will was busy, armed with a butterfly-net of the largest size, borrowed from Mr. Shandy, the master of the house who was given to bug-hunting. Dozens of boys willingly joined in the search. Monsieur le Bon, the French master, Mr. Snell, and Mr. Coot joined up. A yell from Sammy Straw announced that the parrot had been spotted, sitting on a branch of an old garden beech. A crowd gathered under the beech. Peter was just beyond the reach of the butterfly-net, and he blinked down with solemn eyes at the excited crowd below. He chuckled cheerfully, and suddenly he

"Silly old ass Hay! Ha, ha! Here comes that old duffer Hay!"

Will jumped. He recognised the mysterious voice that had proceeded from the Form-room towards that morning.

"My only hat and sunshade!" gasped Will. "My only hat and sunshade!" repeated Peter brightly. "Silly old ass Hay! Tubby Shrub! Ha, ha! Silly old ass Hay!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd under the beech.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Monsieur le Bon.

"That is a verree cleclair bird! He know you by name, mon cher 'Ay!"

"Come down!" roared Will, brandishing the butterfly-net. "Sorry, Mossoo Bong! Was that your eye?"

"Nom d'un nom! Zat you bung me not in my eye!" roared Monsieur le Bon, jumping away. "Prenez garde—zat is my ear—mon Dieu!—zat is my nose—"

There was a general backing away to give Will a wide offing. Peter, taking the alarm, hattered off the branch and hopped away.

"Bag that bird!" roared Will Hay. "Pinch that parrot! After him!"

There was a rush in pursuit of Peter. Hopping and flying, Peter dodged actively. Will Hay rushed after him with net uplifted, ready to swoop. Monsieur le Bon darted in and grabbed. Will swiped with the net at the same moment.

Mossoo Bong barely missed Peter as he leaped. But Will Hay did not miss Mossoo Bong! Really it was not Will's fault, as Mossoo's head got in the way just as he swooped. Anyhow, he made a capture.

"Gottin!" gasped Will, jerking at the handle of the net.

"Urrgh!" spluttered Monsieur le Bon, as he was dragged off his feet. "Mais qu'est-que'est, cela?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Bendover fellows.

"Zat you pull not off my head!" shrieked Monsieur le Bon. "I am catch like one fish! Yoo-hoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Suffering sardines!" gasped Will Hay, as Mossoo Bong wrenched off the butterfly-net in sections. "Mr. Shandy, your net looks a little damaged. These excitable foreigners! Come on, my boys, after that bird!"

But Peter, in the excitement, had disappeared. Perhaps he had flown in at one of the open study windows. Perhaps he had taken refuge in another beech. Wherever he was, he was not to be seen. Up and down and round about went Will Hay, indefatigable. He was not going to give up the search unsuccessful. Most of the Fourth were enjoying the fun, but Reggie Pyke drew his pal, Fruity Snell, aside.

"Chance to give that old ass a jolt while he's playing the goat out here—what?" he whispered. And Fruity nodded and grinned, and they sneaked into the House.

There was no danger of the two bad hats of the Fourth being spotted. Everybody was in the quad, and not an eye saw them as they scuttled down the passage to Will Hay's study. In that study they got swiftly busy. Will's inkpot was turned over the papers on his table.

Shovels of soot from the chimney were scattered over floor and furniture. Chairs were upended, and the rug draped over them. Reggie Pyke chuckled explosively as he surveyed the scene of havoc.

"Bit of a surprise for that old fool Hay when he comes in, Fruity," he gurgled.

"Ha, ha!" giggled Fruity. "What about smashing the clock, Pyke?"

"Good egg!" chortled Reggie.

Smash went the clock in the grate. It was a terrific smash.

"Cut, for goodness' sake!" gasped Fruity Snell. "Somebody will hear that. I'm going, Reggie!"

And they cut. A few minutes later, and they were mingling in the crowd in the quad again, helping in the search for the elusive Peter.

But Peter, the parrot, was not found; and the Bendover fellows gave it up. And when Will Hay breezed away to his study for a well-earned rest, Reggie and Fruity watched him go, with grinning faces.



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: R. S. Izett, Malt House Cottages, Chart Road, Sutton Valence, Kent.

"HOWLING haddock!" gasped Will Hay.

He stood in his study, and stared. It looked as if a hurricane had struck it. While Will had been busy out of doors, somebody, evidently, had been busy indoors.

"Who—who—who—" gasped Will.

He realised at once that it was no use asking "who." That rag had been perpetrated while everybody—except the ragers—was out of the House. There was not the remotest clue. Will glared and rubbed his nose.

Dr. Shrub looked in at the doorway.

"Mr. Hay, Mrs. Mumble is worrying me again about that wretched parrot! If you could— Why, what—what has happened here? Who has done this?"

"That, sir," said Will, "is what I should like to know. I am quite curious about it. Look at my clock! It never would go; but it's gone now. Some indescribably, iniquitous tick has done this—while I was trailing that

foul fowl. Possibly Master Pyke could enlighten us. I seem to recognise his trade mark." Will stopped to the study window: "Pyke!"

"Yes, sir!" Reggie came up, with an innocent smile.

"Have you been in my study since class Pyke?" roared Will.

"Oh, no, sir! I've been helping you hunt for the parrot, sir," said Reggie blandly.

"I was with him all the time, sir," said Fruity Snell, with equal blandness. "Has anybody been in your study, sir?"

"Yes," said Will; "I conclude so. There are certain slight traces which indicate something of the sort."

"I hope you don't think we'd go into your study without leave, sir!" said Reggie meekly.

Will Hay gazed at them grimly. If they had done it, they had him. Dr. Shrub gazed at them, but they met the eyes of the headmaster and Form-master with meek calmness.

"Mr. Hay—" began the Head. He was suddenly interrupted.

"That old duffer Hay! Ha, ha! Here comes that old chump Hay! Ha, ha!"

The Head jumped; Will Hay bounded! Both of them stared up. On top of the curtain-pole, over the window, a greenish form was visible, and two round, red solemn eyes blinked down at them. The mystery of Peter's disappearance was explained. It was into the open study window that he had disappeared, and there he had sat perched on the curtain-pole, while the search for him went on in the quad. Catching the name of Hay had started him again.

"The—the parrot!" exclaimed Dr. Shrub. "Bless my soul! Mr. Hay, the parrot—"

Peter cackled:

"Silly old ass Hay! Ha, ha! Silly old chump! Ha, ha! Bit of a surprise! Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the crowd under the study window as they heard.

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Peter. "Bit of a surprise for that old fool Hay when he comes in, Fruity! Ha, ha! Good egg! Bit of a surprise! Ha, ha!"

Dr. Shrub gave another jump. Will, another bound! Fruity Snell, outside, ceased to grin, all of a sudden.

"Hear that, sir?" gasped Will Hay. "I hear!" said Dr. Shrub grimly.

"Ha, ha!" yelled Peter. "Silly old ass Hay! What about smashing the clock, Pyke! Ha, ha! Cut, for goodness' sake!"

Reggie Pyke's face lost its smile as suddenly as Fruity's. The precious pair stood dumb with dismay, but every other fellow howled.

"Ha, ha!" came an answering yell from Peter the parrot. "Silly old ass Hay! What about smashing the clock, Pyke? Cut, for goodness' sake! Somebody will hear that! I'm going, Reggie! Ha, ha!"

Reggie and Fruity gazed at one another, in horror. They had never dreamed that Peter was in that study, perched on the curtain-pole, when they got busy there. But Peter, evidently, had been, and he had heard their remarks, and stored up the same for repetition. Now he was repeating them.

"Oh crikey!" said Reggie faintly.

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Fruity.

Will Hay grinned with all his teeth from the window.

"Bird, kindly go to Mrs. Mumble, and tell her that her fowl is here, if she will come and coax it home. Pyke—Snell, come into my study."

Reggie and Fruity tottered in.

"The bill for damages," said Dr. Shrub, "will be sent equally to your parents. Now you will bend over that chair, in turn."

Wild and woeful sounds echoed from the study. Two hapless young rascals tottered away, wriggling like eels. A yell from Peter followed them:

"Ha, ha! Bit of a surprise! Good egg! Bit of a surprise! Ha, ha!"

A caring for Colonel Chatterton! That's the high spot in next week's Bendover game featuring WILL HAY, the world's funniest Form-master. Do not miss it!