



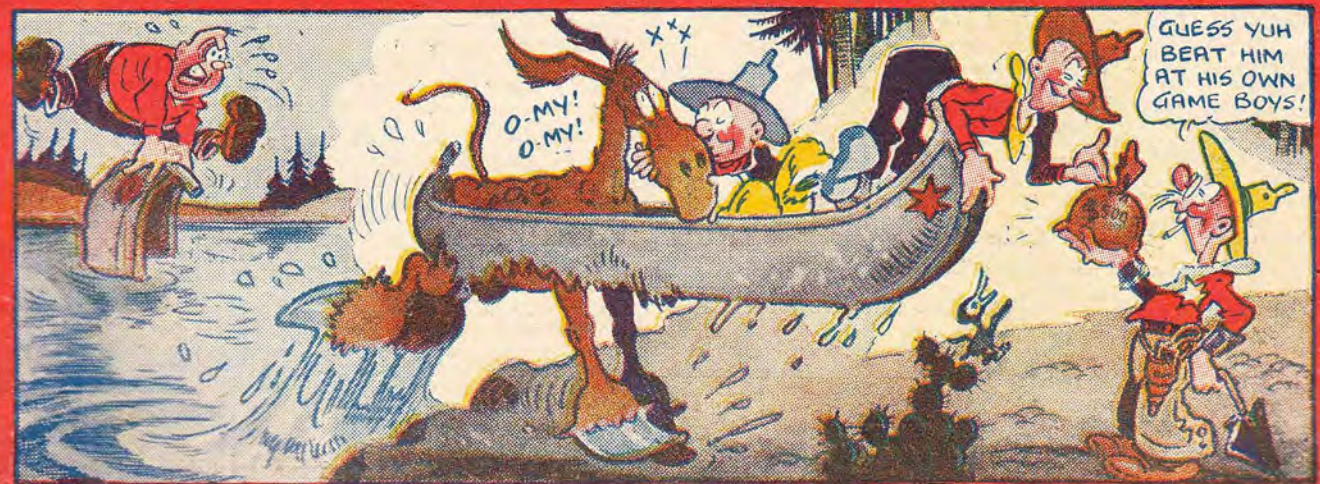
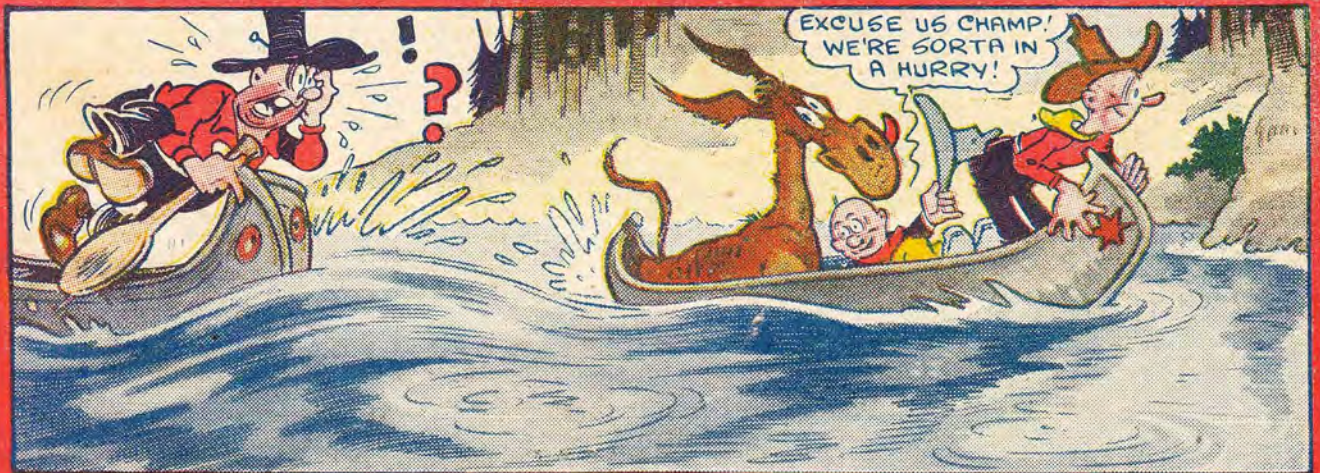
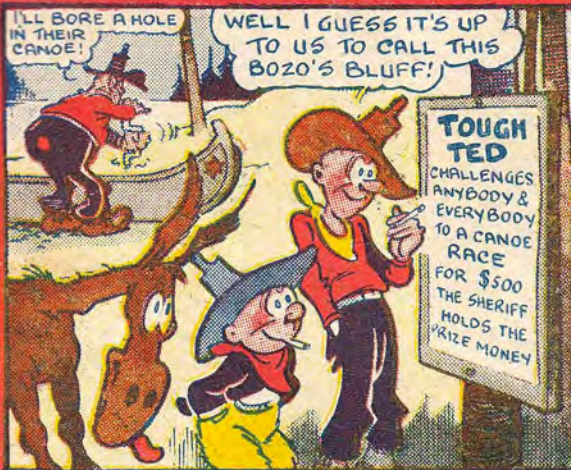
WILL HAY IS INSIDE

# The PILOT

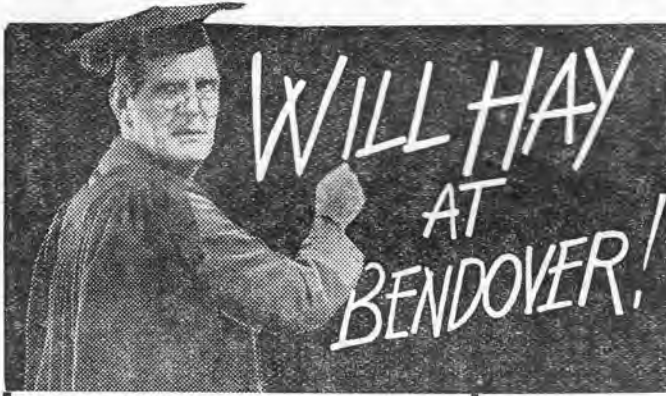
EVERY FRIDAY

2¢

No. 109. Vol. 5. Week ending October 30th, 1937.



MIKE. SPIKE & GRETA THE ALMOST-HUMAN HORSE, IN ANOTHER “ KRAZY.”



You've seen him on the screen; you've heard him on the wireless. Now he's here in print, to give you the best tonic laugh of the week! **The PILOT** for "scoops."

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)



WE'LL SMEAR THE COVERS OF HIS BOOK WITH BLUE CHALK. HE'LL NEVER SPOT IT.

HA! HA! I GET THE IDEA. HE'LL ROB IT ALL OVER HIMSELF.

**B**END—over!" Schoolmaster Will Hay was not, as might be supposed, proclaiming the name of the famous school to which he belonged, but merely instructing the Fourth in gymnastic exercises.

It was his latest idea, and the Fourth didn't think a lot of it. Not to put too fine a point on it, the Fourth thought it was rotten. When Will said "bend," they all bent, and aching backs were the order of the day. Drill was all very well in its place, but even drill can be overdone.

"It's all my fault, too!" groaned Jerry Smart, as he touched his toes. "If I hadn't shown the old chump that magazine article, he wouldn't have started this rot. How was I to know he'd take it seriously?"

Will Hay wished his cane suggestively. "Somebody's talking!" he rapped out. "Just because I can't see your faces, you needn't think that I'm deaf!"

The Fourth, as viewed at the moment, was a depressing spectacle. The juniors had their backs to Will, and as they were all bending over, all he could see was a large assortment of trousers. He sighed as he gripped his cane a little harder. The temptation was almost more than he could stand.

"One—two—three—up!" he commanded hastily. "Attention! Right about face! Grubb, what's the idea of turning in a different way from everybody else? When I say 'right about face' I mean right about face!"

"Yes, sir," said Grubb. "I did right about face. It was all the others who were wrong."

"What!" Will Hay started. "H'm! Perhaps you're right! Carboy, take your hands out of your pockets!" he added warmly. "A fine thing! Here am I trying to improve your physique, and you stand there looking like

a lamp-post support! Attention, all of you! Get ready for the next exercise!"

"Oh crumbs!" The gym resounded with doleful moans, and Will Hay grinned. He wondered why he hadn't thought of the physical exercise class before. It enabled him to put the little blighters through it to his heart's content. That magazine article had been an attempt at alleged humour, describing all sorts of idiotic exercises, and Will Hay had taken it seriously. Hence the Fourth's grouch.

"Now, this next exercise is a bit of a twister," said Will happily. "Quite simple, really, but a bit complicated. When I say 'twist,' keep your feet firmly on the floor and imitate a lot of corkscrews—Straw, what's that sticking out of your jacket pocket?" Samny Straw looked very innocent.

"Only a banana, sir." "What do you mean—only a banana?" retorted Will. "What are you doing with bananas in your pocket, anyway?"

"Well, I thought I might get faint." "Oh, you did, did you?" said Will Hay, striding forward and confiscating the offending article of fruit. "You weren't planning, by any chance, to throw the skin under my feet?" he added darkly. "I wouldn't trust you little warts as far as my eyebrows! H'm! Not a bad-looking banana at that!"

He peeled it cautiously, and found, rather to his surprise, that it was a perfectly genuine banana. Having peeled it, he didn't quite know what to do with it.

"Well it's a pity to waste it," he said, as a bright thought struck him, and he took a large bite. "Mmmmm! Norrbaddertall!"

Samny Straw watched his banana disappear in indignant silence, and his only comfort was that Will absent-mindedly dropped the skin at his own feet.

"Good! Now we'll get on with the business!" said Will, smacking his lips and dabbing them with a corner of his gown. "Don't forget, for this exercise, you're a lot of twisters!" He grinned, giving the Fourth a first-class view of his teeth. "Twisters is right! Now, then—get ready!"

He drew himself up smartly, and the Fourth did the same. Will did not notice that he had shifted his position slightly, and that one of his feet had come down fairly and squarely on the banana skin.

"Twist!" he commanded. "Like this!" If the juniors had tried a thousand times, they could not have twisted with the perfection that Will Hay displayed. He put a lot of effort into that performance, and the banana skin did noble work, too. Will Hay spun round like a ballet dancer.

For a few tense seconds he was just a blur, and everything might have been all right if his legs had not suddenly shot from under him. He hit the floor with a thud that shook the whole building, and then skidded about twenty feet on his left ear, scattering the juniors to right and to left like hay before an automatic mower.

"Grrrrrrrrrr—owoooooop!" Will sat up, dazed and dizzy. He blinked. "Jolly good, sir!" chortled Jerry Smart. "But you don't want us to do it, do you? I mean—"

"You silly young fathead!" gasped Will. "I'm hurt! Ow! Lend me a hand!" He was certainly hurt. And the lamentable feature of the whole business was that he could not swish anybody—since it was he himself who had dropped the banana skin on the floor. The Fourth was very satisfied, for physical exercises were over for the day.

And, judging by the way in which Will Hay staggered out of the gym, they were over for some time to come.



AHEM! WELL, WE HAVE THE BLACK SKIN, THE YELLOW SKIN AND THE BROWN SKIN. NOW, WHAT SKIN HAVE WE LEFT?

THE BLUE SKIN, SIR.

YOU'RE RAVING, BOY. THERE'S NO SUCH SKIN. NOW, WHAT COLOUR IS MY SKIN?

A DIRTY BLUE, SIR.



I'LL GO BLUE IN THE FACE TRYING TO EDUCATE YOU YOUNG HALF-WITS!..... HULLO! WHAT'S THIS ON MY HANDS?

HO! HO! HE'S GONE NEARLY PURPLE NOW.



**D**URING the next two or three days, Will's control of the Fourth became decidedly feeble. His main trouble was that he couldn't swish anybody. At least, he swished, but they seemed to like it and come up for more. That fall on the hard floor of the gym had done something to Will's swishing arm. His first impression was that he had lost it altogether; then he had an idea that it was in about six pieces. Actually, it was bruised and strained. He could use his arm for all ordinary purposes, but when it came to the laying on of a really hearty swishing, there was nothing doing. Jerry Smart & Co. soon discovered that a caning from Will Hay these days was just a joke.

He tried swishing the juniors with his left hand, but soon gave it up. About five strokes out of every six missed their mark altogether and finished up on Will's own leg. So, in addition to an aching arm, he now developed a limp.

And it wasn't good enough. Something, decided Will Hay, had to be done, and done jolly quickly.

The idea came when he happened to go into one of the upper box-rooms, and spotted an ancient treadle sewing-machine which had been discarded by Mrs. Mumble. That evening, sitting in his study, Will thought of the old sewing-machine, and various other ideas came into his head—inspired, possibly, by some comic pictures he had chanced to look at.

Suddenly, he sat forward in his chair, and a flush suffused his face.

"Why not?" he demanded. "I'll show those little warts where they get off!"

Will spent a couple of restless hours in bed that night before he went to sleep; and the next day the Fourth had the time of its life. In classes, Will was absent-minded, and

did not even pretend to swish anyone. At all other hours of the day he mysteriously vanished. There were rumours that he had been seen smuggling strange parcels through a back door, but nobody took much notice. All the juniors knew was that Will locked himself in his study, and was deaf to all callers.

The Fourth grew accustomed to seeing Will dashing about with a strained, intent look on his face. Fellows cheered him, and he took not the slightest notice. He distributed lines broadcast, and forgot all about them. And then, on the evening of the second day, Dicky Bird happened to meet Will in the corridor.

"Hi, there, buddy!" cried Dicky, with a cheery salute.

He grinned as he passed. All day long the juniors had been saying this to Will whenever they happened to pass him, and he had taken no notice whatever. Dicky Bird wasn't to know that Will was suddenly and mysteriously his old self again, although one look at Will's beaming face should have told him.

"Just a minute, my little squirt!" said Will, the beam vanishing from his face as he reached out a long arm and pulled Dicky back. "Come again with that crack!"

"Cuk-crack, sir?" stammered the startled Dicky.

"What's the idea of calling me 'buddy'?" demanded Will indignantly. "Haven't you any more respect for your Form-master than that? Buddy, indeed! Come to my study at once!"

"Yes, sir," faltered Dicky. "Are—are you quite well, sir? I mean, I hope your arm's better—"

"You don't hope anything of the sort, you little pimple!" interrupted Will. "You'd like to see me going about without any arms

at all. Well, I'm going to show you that I don't need any arms. And are you going to get a swishing?"

"Am I, sir?" asked Dicky, in dismay.

"And how!" retorted Will genially.

They had just arrived at his study, and Will flung open the door, and invited Dicky Bird to enter. His invitation took the form of a heavy shove from the rear, and Dicky sprawled into the room, and heard the door closing with an ominous click.

"Take a look at it!" said Will Hay proudly.

"It" was a fearsome-looking contraption which stood in a corner of the room. The treadle and stand of the old sewing machine had been fitted with various additions. There was a sort of leaning plank on trestles, and the plank was provided with straps. There was a hump in the middle of this plank, and, hovering threateningly over the hump, was a weird-looking device with canes sticking out of it. Bicycle cranks were also employed, to say nothing of an old pram wheel which did duty as a pulley.

"What—what is it, sir?" gasped Dicky.

"This," said Will Hay, throwing out his chest, "is my patent mechanical swisher. And you're going to be the first to sample it, my lad!"

As he spoke, he seized Dicky, swung him on to the plank, and buckled the straps.

"Your pants look as if they need a good dusting," he said, as he sat down at the treadle of the sewing machine. "Bird, my little warbler, this is going to be good. You'll notice that I don't need any arms for this job—or you would notice, if you could look round. All set? Right!"

He commenced operating the treadle, and the other mechanism sprang immediately into life. With deadly accuracy the canes came swishing downwards, one after the



other, striking Dicky's pants with devastating effect.

"Swish, swish, swish! Swish, swish, swish! 'Yow!' hooted Dicky, squirming helplessly. 'Yaroooh!'"

Will pedalled away enthusiastically. On his face there was an expression of sublime contentment. In fact, he was so carried away with the success of his invention that he dusted Dicky Bird a great deal more severely than he had intended.

"H'm! That ought to do as a trial trip," he said, at length, as he unstrapped the squirming junior. "If there's a fault with the mechanical swisher, it's too efficient. You can buzz off now, kid!"

Dicky streaked out of the room like a flash of lightning, and when the Fourth heard the news there was much dismay and gnashing of teeth. Not that the juniors, as a whole, believed in Dicky Bird's fantastic story. Complete belief came later when Jerry Smart & Co., at different times, and for various reasons, sampled the new mechanical swisher.

The remainder of that evening, and the whole of the next day, developed into a kind of waking nightmare for the Fourth. Will Hay, evidently, was bent on making up for lost time, and the mechanical swisher worked overtime.

"IT'S not good enough!"

This remark did not apply to the mechanical swisher, for that instrument of torture, in the view of the Fourth, was far too good. Jerry Smart was speaking, and round and about him was collected a number of gloomy-faced juniors. There were plenty of seats in the Common-room, but nobody seemed inclined to sit down.

"It's not good enough—not by a long chalk!" repeated Jerry fiercely. "If the old blighter thinks he can inflict this stunt on us much longer, he's got another think coming."

"How are we going to stop him using the beastly contraption, anyway?" asked Dicky Bird. "We can't complain to the Head. We can't sneak. Besides, the Head probably knows all about it already, and I expect the old fossil approves."

"My uncle—" began Jerry Smart.

"Blow your uncle!"

"My uncle Sir Rumbold—"

"Your uncle Sir Which?" asked Carboy, staring.

"My uncle Sir Rumbold Smart is going to write old Hay a letter, saying that I've complained to him about the mechanical swisher," continued the Fourth skipper coolly. "He's going to tell old Hay that he entirely approves of the swisher, and he's coming down to Bendover to have a look at the thing."

The juniors gave Jerry pitying looks.

"How the dickens do you know what your fatheaded Uncle Rumbold is going to do?" demanded Fragon tartyly. "I don't believe you have got any Uncle Rumbold!"

"Quite right! I haven't!" grinned Jerry Smart. "But does that prize chump Will Hay know it? When he gets a letter in the morning, signed 'Sir Rumbold Smart,' and saying he thinks that the mechanical swisher is so good that it ought to be put on the

market, he's going to turn cartwheels. He'll welcome me with open arms when I turn up in the evening—"

"Why the dickens should he welcome you?"

"Because I'm going to be Sir Rumbold, ass!" said Jerry Smart calmly. "It's easy! A few false whiskers, spectacles, and a topper, and the thing's done! Even if Will Hay spots a resemblance, it won't matter. He'll be half-expecting a resemblance."

"So what?" said Dicky Bird, staring. "You might have a bit of fun; but what good is it going to do?"

"My poor, dumb half-wit, do you know any easier leg to pull than old Hay's?" asked Jerry. "I'm going to rave about the swisher—say I'll market it by mass production, and I need the original model as a pattern."

"Go on!" said Carboy dreamily. "It begins to sound good!"

"I'll have the giddy thing dismantled and packed in boxes before you can say 'knife!'" promised Jerry Smart. "And that, my sons, will be the end of the mechanical swisher! What's the best place, by the way, for a nice big bonfire?"

**T**HE famous letter duly arrived on the following morning, and, as Jerry Smart had sneaked into the prefects' room to type it, Will Hay had no suspicion that it was a fake.

"Now, there's an uncle for you!" he murmured, as he gazed fondly at his brain-child in the study. "This cockeyed young blither yowls to his uncle that I've been half-killing him with my mechanical swisher, and the old boy has the good sense to write direct to me!"

He consulted the letter again.

"H'm! Sounds good!" he muttered. "Am convinced that such a device would have a ready sale, particularly in the United States of America! Splendid! I have the invention, and this old buster has the capital! In next to no time I shall be a rich man!"

He sailed out of his study, locked the door, and proceeded to the Fourth Form Room. On the way he came across Jerry Smart, and Jerry was looking so down in the mouth that Will arched an eyebrow and regarded him fixedly over the top of his nose-nippers.

"I know what's the matter with you, young Smart!" said Will severely. "You're not half so smart as you thought you were—eh? Ha, ha, ha! Not bad, that! Uncles don't always come up to the scratch, do they?"

Jerry Smart gave a violent start.

"How—how did you know I've heard from my uncle this morning, sir?" he gasped.

Will waved an airy hand.

"Never mind!" he said vaguely. "But let it be a lesson to you, you young shrimp! Before you write to an uncle with a lot of tittle-tattle, make sure he's the right kind of uncle! This one seems to have Rumbold you!"

Laughing heartily at the pun—which had caused Jerry Smart to sag at the knees—Will Hay swept on, his gown billowing in a kind of triumphant cloud. A sort of yeasty exuberance bubbled within him, as befitted a man who would presently be rich. Will was so carried away, in fact, that when he happened to meet Dr. Shrubbs, he gazed upon the Head with a sort of pitying condescension.

"Well, my little man?" he said, beaming, and almost patting Dr. Shrubbs on the head.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Hay!"

Will jumped.

"Lovely morning, sir!" he said hastily.

"You think so?" said the Head, looking out at the rain.

"Well, it would be a lovely morning if it wasn't raining," Will hastened to add. "There is a possibility, my dear old headmaster, that I shall not be at Bendover much longer," he added, with a mysterious wink—"in fact, a distinct probability."

"I agree!" said Dr. Shrubbs tartly, giving Will Hay a straight look. "Oh, by the way, Mr. Hay, Colonel Digger, a new member of the governing board, is coming to have a look at the school later on in the day. I shall expect you to forgo a certain amount of your leisure in order to entertain the colonel."

"Certainly—certainly!" agreed Will largely. But he was so full of his own big thoughts that the Head's words only touched the surface of his brain cells. Within five minutes, that reference to Colonel Digger had completely gone out of his mind.

And in the Form-room, Jerry Smart was eagerly telling the juniors of his encounter with Will in the corridor.

"He's swallowed the bait, my sons—hook, line, and float—and the giddy rod as well!" chuckled Jerry. "And listen! If anybody cops a packet of the mechanical swisher to-day, don't forget to make out that the thing's creaking a bit, and tell the old chump that it'll soon fall to pieces."

"Brains!" said Dicky Bird, gazing at Jerry with awe. "It's a wonder they're not sticking out of your ears, trying to escape! If old Will Hay gets an idea that the swisher is conking out, he'll wrap it in cottonwool, so that it'll be in perfect order to demonstrate to Sir Rumbold."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A step sounded in the passage, and the door opened.

"Good-morning, boys!" said Will Hay brightly.

**H**E was in such high good humour that the morning passed without a single cross word. Perhaps he had come to the conclusion, independently of the juniors, that it would be as well to give the mechanical swisher a rest to-day. He couldn't take any chances with that demonstration!

The Fourth did practically as it liked—not only in the morning, but also during the afternoon. Will Hay sat in his chair, dreaming of the fortune that was coming his way.

He was dimly conscious of his absent-mindedness after school was over, and, as the rain had stopped, he went out for a walk to clear his brain. A vacuum-cleaner might have done the trick, but walking didn't. Without quite knowing how he had got there, he found himself in one of the meadows behind Little Side; he also found that he was squelching through several inches of mud, and this discovery cleared his brain better than anything. There was a gap within a few feet of him, which would take him into the Bendover playing fields.

It was a good gap in its way, but Will didn't much like the look of a few thorny projections. A great believer in safety first, he bent himself double and entered the gap backwards—a fatal move, as it turned out. He got half-way

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through, and then felt some resistance. He heaved with all his strength, and a fearful rending sound smote the air. Will got through the gap all right, but when he picked himself up he felt a strange sensation of draughtiness from behind.

"My only pants and vest!" he gurgled, clapping a hand to the seat of his trousers.

But the seat of his trousers, at the moment, was in the middle of the hedge. He made a grab at his gown, so that he could wrap it around his nakedness, only to discover that his gown was no longer with him. And at that moment his horrified eyes beheld Mrs. Mumble and one of the maids taking a short cut across Little Side!

"Whooop!" howled Will Hay desperately. Luck was with him. Not four feet away stood an empty barrel. It was ancient and it was smelly, but it afforded him cover. One moment Will was in full view, and the next moment he was entirely concealed in the barrel.

"Well, I'm safe for a bit," he breathed thankfully, as he scooped a snail out of his collar. "The trouble is—how the dickens am I going to get indoors?"

The bung of the barrel was missing, and this provided Will with an excellent spyhole. The women passed successfully, and then everything seemed quiet. Will gently raised himself and trotted towards the shrubbery, his barrel only just clear of the ground. It was getting dusky now, and once he reached the shrubbery he knew that he could make a quick dash across the quad.

Voices again brought him to a standstill, and he crouched down.

"You'll spoil the whole jape if you fool about in the passage," came Jerry Smart's impatient voice. "Even a crackpot like old Hay will smell a rat if he hears a lot of fellows outside while he's talking to the supposed Sir Rumbold."

"What was that?" asked Dicky Bird suddenly. "Didn't you hear a kind of gasp from somewhere just then?"

It was Will who had uttered the gasp, and now he stiffened. His first impulse, on hearing Jerry's words, had been to descend upon the juniors in his wrath and smite them. But he remembered his semi-clad condition in the nick of time. No need to give the young blighters a laugh free of charge.

"Don't be an ass!" said Jerry Smart. "Who could be gasping out here? We'd better be getting indoors, anyway. It's time I fished out the false whiskers and made myself up as Sir Rumbold. Fancy old Will being spoofed by that phoney letter! It's going to be as easy as pie, kidding him—"

The voices died away, and Schoolmaster Will Hay brought his jaws together with a snap.

"So the young warts thought they'd fooled me, did they?" he muttered darkly. "Just as if I didn't know all along—ahem!—that the letter was a fake!"

**W**HEN he prowled about the quad, later, he bore a distinct resemblance to a man-eating tiger searching for its prey.

"Wait until that young Smart turns up, disguised as his dashed Uncle Rumbold!" muttered Will fiercely. "I'll give him a demonstration of the mechanical swisher. We'll see who'll get the last laugh! Ah!"

A long sigh of intense satisfaction escaped Will as he beheld a two-seater car swinging into the quad. The lights from the school windows fell upon the single occupant, and Will Hay had great difficulty in suppressing a loud war-cry. The very appearance of the figure behind that wheel was enough, for he was a smallish, whiskered bird of fiery aspect.

Colonel Digger—for the new arrival was none other than the new member of the governing board—had expected a warm welcome at the school, but he was rather bowled over by the thing that actually happened. Before he could get half-way across the quad, a figure in mortar-board and gown came bounding up to him, and practically dragged him out of the car.

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Will Hay exuberantly. "Delighted to welcome you to

Bendover! Come in, Sir Rumbold! I have been expecting you. Everything is ready."

"Indeed!" said the colonel, most of the breath knocked out of him by the hearty slap which Will had delivered between his shoulder blades. "Really, sir, I think you must be under a misapprehension. My name—"

"Tut-tut!" interrupted Will, linking his arm into the colonel's, and leading him indoors. "What's in a name, after all? None of us can help our names, can we?"

"No, I suppose not; but I must confess I don't see what the deuce you're driving at!" said Colonel Digger. "If you will be good enough to release my arm—"

"I'll be good enough to do all sorts of things soon—as you will jolly well find out!" said Will genially. "Inside, Whiskers!"

They had arrived at Will's study, and the shocked and startled colonel found himself propelled into the room with a shove that brought him up, with a jolt, against the desk. He heard the door slam, and he beheld Will Hay

## Prof. Barnacle Offers Prizes



FOR GOOD  
JOKES

Every week I am giving away a 578-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:

**Golf Pro.:** "Now, one important thing I have to tell you, is always keep your eye on your ball!"

**New Member:** "So that's the sort of club I've joined, is it?"

**This joke wins a 578-page book of adventure stories for:** A. Wright, 267, Oldfield Lane, Greenford, Middlesex.

**Customs Officer (to Chinese immigrant):** "What is your name?"

**Chinese:** "Sneeze!"

**"Is that your name?"**

**"No. Me translate it into velly good English."**

**"Well, what is your native name?"**

**"Ah Choo!"**

**Lionel Smeier, 118a, Staib Street, Doornfontein, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, wins this week's special prize of half-a-crown for his funny effort.**

descending upon him like some avenging spirit.

"How dare you!" panted the unfortunate man. "Oh, my spine! Confound you, sir, don't you know that I've been a semi-cripple for years? Am I in a school or a lunatic asylum?"

He hadn't any doubt of the matter a second later, when Will Hay pushed a screen aside and exposed the mechanical swisher in all its glory. The unhappy Colonel Digger made a dive for the door, and it was the worst thing he could have done. Will, convinced that his companion was Jerry Smart in disguise, needed only that act to corroborate the conviction completely.

"No, you don't, my tricky little worm!" chortled Will, grinning happily as he grabbed the colonel and lifted him clear of the floor. "So you thought you'd fool me, did you? You want to see the mechanical swisher demonstrated, do you?"

He roared with laughter as he flung the now thoroughly frightened visitor on the plank of the swisher and strapped him down. The colonel was roaring in a different way, and

between them they made a fair racket. But this was nothing to the racket which immediately followed—when Will started the treadle.

Swish-swish-swish! Swish-swish-swish! "Yaroooooh! Help! Murder!" howled Colonel Digger wildly. "Fire! Police!"

"Go ahead!" sang out Will. "Yell your head off, my lad! I haven't half-finished yet!"

He treadled enthusiastically, and at that moment the door burst open. Jerry Smart & Co., knowing that something had gone wrong, and hearing the fearful noises coming from Will Hay's study, had thought it time to investigate. Jerry, with false whiskers and spectacles, was in the forefront.

Swish-swish-swish! "I'll give you Sir Rumbold!" laughed Will Hay. "I'll bet you won't play these funny tricks again—"

Jerry Smart dashed forward excitedly. "Stop it, sir!" he yelled. "You've made an awful bloomer!" He gave a frightened look at the red and infuriated victim. "My only sainted aunt! It's—it's Colonel Digger, one of the governors!"

"Wha-a-a-aa!" Will Hay stopped treadling, his jaw sagging until it seemed to be in danger of coming adrift. He made a grab at Jerry's whiskers, and they came away in his hand. Then he dashed at the mechanical swisher and grabbed the colonel's whiskers—which didn't come off. "Oh, Christopher Columbus!" gurgled Will faintly.

With shaky fingers he unfastened the straps, and the enraged colonel danced about the room like a Red Indian medicine man inciting the tribe to a massacre.

"Fool! Inbecile!" he hooted, shaking his fist in Will Hay's face. "I'll have you arrested for assault! I'll have you kicked out of the school!"

The unfortunate Will Hay goggled at him. "But—but I thought—"

"I don't care what the deuce you thought, sir!" raved the colonel, leaping a foot in the air. "I'd like to know what the deuce you mean by strapping me to that infernal contraption and— Good heavens!" He suddenly stopped dancing, and an expression of amazement overspread his perspiring face. "Great goodness! Upon my soul! Well I never!"

He walked up and down, jumped once or twice, and then looked at Will Hay with positive geniality.

"They're both dotty now!" murmured Dicky Bird, in wonder.

Colonel Digger grabbed Will's hand, and pumped it energetically.

"My dear sir!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "My dear sir! Do you know what you've done?"

"I thought I knew!" said Will faintly.

"Do you realise that I haven't jumped about like this for ten years?" shouted the colonel. "Why, dash it, sir, my spinal pains have all gone! This excellent device of yours has cured me of a complaint that had defied all the doctors! Dash it, sir, I'll buy the machine! How much do you want for it?"

"How about twenty quid?" gasped Will, with a feeling that he would soon wake up. "That is to say, thirty pounds—"

"Done!" yelled the colonel, whipping out his pocket-book. "Here's a tenner on account, by gad! Have the thing packed up, and I'm dashed if I don't take it away in my car to-night!"

He was as good as his word. The Fourth Form at Bendover saw the last of the mechanical swisher that night, and nobody minded because the jape had gone wrong, for the result was just the same.

But Schoolmaster Will Hay, thirty pounds the richer for his colossal blunder, came privately to the conclusion that the age of miracles had not passed.

**A new boy at Bendover—a "black" boy—and Will Hay as his Form-master! Sit tight for laughs and japes and first-class entertainment in next Friday's story of the boys of Bendover.**