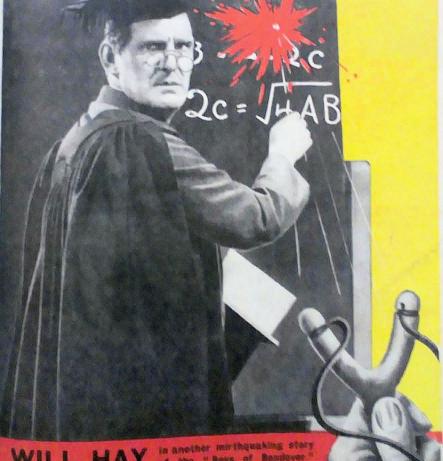
THE STARS - WILL STAINLESS ALEX LEONARD & SEXTON - ARE INSIDE!

Week Ending PERRUARY

EVERY FRIDAY.



WILL HAY is another merthquaking story of the "Boye of Bondover"



HE peaceful countryside about Bendover ollege was dozing in the warm morning sunshine.

So was Schoolmaster Will Hay.

The gentle buzzing of the bees mingled with Will's deep breathing, and all was at peace in the little world of Doddlebury. Will, opening one sleepy eye, settled himself more comfortably against the haystack and gazed up at the

ably against the haystack and gazed up at the blue, cloudless sky.

"Peace, perfect peace." he murmured poetically. "A day of sweet thoughts—"

"Listen to me, you little rat?" came a threatening voice from the other side of the haystack. "I want dough! I've waited long enough. And if I don't get it by to-morrow, I'm coming up to the school! You'll look a bit sick when that new master of yours—Will Hay's his name, ain't it's—gets to hear that one of his boys is gambling!"

There was an unplecant leer upon Mr.

There was an unpleasant leer upon Mr. Shadd's big moon of a face. In fact, everything about Mr. Samuel Shadd, bookmaker, was unpleasant. He towered over young Garnett, of the Fourth Form at Bendover.

Garnett, of the Fourth Form at Dengover. But, even so, young Garnett was not afraid. He faced up to the bookie with determination. "Look here, Shadd," he said quierly, "Last term I was fool enough to have a bet with you. I listened to that little reptile Reggie Deba who introduced up to you." Those drues Pyke, who introduced me to you. Those days I had more money than sense. But I don't back horses any more—see?"

had more money than sense. But I don't back horses any more—see?"
"I see," sneered the bookie. "You're going to tell me next that you've joined the Band of Hope. Listen! I want that ten quid you owe

"I paid you!" interrupted Garnett. "I paid you last term, and you know it! And I'm not paying you again see?"

bookmaker winked.

paying you again—see;

The bookmaker winked.

"Well, you'll find it hard to make your blooming master believe that you paid me, or that you don't back horses now. But you can take this from me, Mister Eric Garnett." said the bookmaker, "unless I get ten quid from you by twelve o'clock, I'm coming up to the school!"

"This is blackmail!" exclaimed young Garnett. "You think I'll pay you twice rather than risk a show-down at the college. Well, you're mistaken! You're not getting another en quid out of me, and that's find another ten quid out of me, and that's find. "You can spect me up at the school this afternoon. That big lallapalooza—Will Hay—will be interested. I've heard from Master Reggie Pyke that he's a sap!"

" If s as ap!"

"If s not such a sap as Reggie Pyke thinks,"
said Garnett. "Anyway, leave him out of it.

"Anyway, leave him out of it." said Garnett. "Anyway, leave him out of it. He's a master of Bendover, and entitled to respect." "Oh, yeah?" drawled Mr. Shadd. "Well,

we'll see. So-long, Master Garnett! You won't be wearing your old school tie this time to-morrow. You'll be fired. I—— Ocoooch!" He broke off with a wild yell and staggered back, clasping his jaw where young Garnett's fist had smitten it.

"If I'm going to be fired," exclaimed the youngster, "I'll at least know I've left you a keepsake, you dirty blackmailer! Hold that!" Smack!

Will Hay, now wide awake and vastly interwill Hay, now wide awake and vastly inter-ested, nodded brightly to himself as he heard a second thud and a gasp. He remembered that the lanky, raw-boned Garnett packed a lefty punch in each fist. "You young devil?" howled the flabby book-maker, staggering back, "That settles it! I'll be up at the school—you wait! I'll fix you?"

"Bat it, before I rock you again!" snapped Garnett. "And don't be sure you can fool Mr. Hay; he's not such a sap as he looks!" Mr. Shadd did not wait to hear more. He

Mr. Shadd did not wait to near more. He shallded fil, muttering dire threats. A moment later Garmett came moodily round the other side of the haystack. Despite his brave words, he thought he could expect little else but expulsion if Shadd carried out his threat and pulsion II Shadd carried out his threat and care up to the work of the came up to the work. There was a worried expression on his dease as he monched round the stack, his had ease he monched in the stack his had been as the content of the work of

"Yes, it's Garnett, sir," said the junior, turning back. "Extraordinary!" murmured Will, with a

"Extraordinary!" murmured Will, with a slow shake of his head. "An amazing coincidence! Dyou know, Garnett." he went on confidentially, "you'll never believe it, but I'vo been dreaming about you!" "Really, sir?" "Positively!" declared Will, closing one eye

EXCLUSIVE TO "PILOT"

You'll get the best laugh of the week out of this peppy yarn, starring Will Hay, the one-and-only schoolmaster of screen, stage, and radio fame. He's the sort of schoolmaster you'd like to have at your school-yessir!

Trire

and squinting at tarnet over the by of k
noso-nippers. "Believe it or not, I draw
noso-nippers, "Believe it or not, I draw
that a low-down-cr-a pai of four eame a sap and a lallapalooza of four eame a sap and a lallapalooza of four
any sleep over that," he went of deal
any sleep over that, "he went of deal
putting an assuring land on Garnett state
until an Shadd is a tricky customs. Be
the demandary and wants a severe land a blackmailer, and wants a severe lesson h tween us, Garnett, my lad, we'll give him to

Garnett's eyes brightened.

"Then you know everything, sir," he to hopefully. "You heard us talking, of core. hopefully, "You heard us talking of ever. The man pestered me to meet him two. It called it my last clance. Sometimes thick was put up to blackmailing me—"
"You, mean by that limit war-aben-less our mutual friend Reggie Pyke et m lad?" asked Will Hay shreadly; and always to be considered to give an answer to be considered.

Carnett refused to give an answer to the question, the master of the Fourth knew he had Question, the master of the Found keen be that the right nail on the lead. He ent eas if speaking to himself: "Regard his it bad egg. I lear. By the time he set up a smell like a Chinaman's breakfast." Alord addled: "So you've seen to file if you ways, have you, Garnett? You don't bad the recogney now?"

geo-gees now?"
"No, sir. On my word, sir! I just had fir one bet with Shadd last term, like a fool and when I had paid him I swore I wouldn't bed

horses again!"
"You are wise, my lad. I remember backet: er-however, may had. I reincuner sus-er-however, may be we can teach this Sholl person where he gets off-er-that is to we we can teach him a lesson; prove to him to our own original fashion, that blackand doesn't pay. Garnett, I've get an idea!"

'Have you, sir?" piped up Garnett.
'I have. Lend me your ears, as Olive

YOOD AFTERNOON, boys! "Good-afternoon, sir," cried Wall "Here we are again," cried who seemed in high spirits.

who seemed in high sprits.
Without exercising his customary causes at down on his high-backed chair is but the Form Room. He did not know it the but the case of t but the seat of that chair and the back in had been smeared liberally with a patent had been smeared liberally with a patest will flag was beaming cheerfully a better been over his non-impers and prospect to the roll. That task done, he roll desk for silence. As he loan legister between the roll of the chair had been for his cown had base. for his gown held fast.

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he hegan, clearing his throat, "we he began, clearing his throat, "we will commence that is, we will commence that is, we will commence the second and the second

"Good of the murmared suddenly. I have knowly go along to my study. I have specifically an wearing the wrong gown; and the substance of the Fourth c.1

nat you

one gown;

one of the Fourth fell alarmingly,

including the skipper of the Form and

the same the skipper of the same and

the same the same the same area of the same area. berifed, for a said with glue, a added Will Hay, slipping with standing without standing

Made Smart," added Will Hay, slipping of the gown without standing up, "take of the gown by the Doctor, with my goan along to the Doctor, with my

in spice of the mow

apologies. "Very well, sir," said Smart, colouring to very sof his hair, and he snatched at the roots free was a rending sound, which will hay round with a jerk. Then a small placed round the corners of his from the Hall result with a jerk. Then a some smalle played round the corners of his small. For the gown had split in two. One half of it was in Smart's hands; the other half

remained glued to the chair. "How interesting! How quaint!" murmured at Hay. "Dr. Shyubb will be pleased, I'm will line. "Dr. Shvindo will be pleased, I'm see That gown will cost you anything up to rea smackers. Smart. Really, you know, you had be more careful and less smart, Smart." he watched the discomfitted Smart make his

ray out of the Form-room, and, hiding a grin behind his hand, Will Hay addressed the Form. "Let me see. I was saying—is there any question requiring an answer or clucida-

Yes, sir!" cried Piper, a chubby-faced boy rith spun-gold hair and china-blue eyes. "I am in doubt about a sentence I found in a book of travel." book of travel.

back of travel."
"What d'you mean—you're in doubt about a stetect."
demanded Will, looking a shade weay, "You mean. I take it, that you're in doubt about the particular language?"
"Yes, sir" nodded Piper, "That's right, sir! If you would kindly write the sentence more the blockback kindly write the sentence

across to the board and posing expectantly, thalk in hand. "Pay attention, everyone! sense to the board and posing expectantly, dalk in hand. "Pay attention, everyone! Perhaps this is where you're going to learn smething; you never know! What's the state, Piper?" Yez Siam anaz !' "

Will nodded and chalked on the blackboard: Yez Siam anaz.

What language is that, sir?" asked Piper. Will gave a short, amused laugh; there was bitying look upon his countenance as he leved round at his eager-faced scholars.

"You don't know a little thing like that?"
he soffed lightly. "Why, that's Siamese, of touse! Any fool can see that! Siamese."

"But But what exactly does it mean, sir?"
Exactly angel-faced Piper.

Fixetty what it says, you idiot!" rasped Will. "Vez Siam anaz! Yez Siam anaz! Yes Siam anaz! Yes I may no self-such a summary of the self-summary ist into flames!

Ille stabled a glance to his left, and found telly, the school porter, standing in the

Well, what is it, Smelly?" he asked

"Really.

There's a gent by the name of Shadd to seyou, sir, returned the porter, grinning a target suite, for he didn't enjoy being addressed smelly. "He says he's got an important beyon," and the suite statement of the suite s

"Son don't say!" beamed Will, with a facting side-glance at Carnett. "Interesting, tary! Send this man Shadd up."

"The man Shadd is up!" shouted the bookie, The man Snadd is up: should the bookie, pushing his way past the porter and strolling into the room. At the same time, he shot a swift glance round the class, and Will saw him swite grants rooms the crass, and Will saw him exchange the suspicion of a wink with Reggie Pyke. "I've got something important to tell you, teacher," said the flashily dressed little bookie, turning to Will. "My name is Shadd, "My name is Shadd, just in case you don't know.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Shadd!" beamed Will. "What's biting you? Er—that is, I understand that you have business with one of

"You bet I 'ave!" nodded the bookie, look-Not bet I ave: nounced the bookie, looking ugly. "Young Garnett owes me a tenner over a bet, and 'e won't cough up the dough! I told him I'd come up if he didn't pay, and 'ere I am. 'Ow about it?"
"Quite!" nodded Will. "A debt of honour

gine: noticed with. A deep of normal is a debt of honour. Carnett, I am shocked! Stand up! Backing horses at your time of life! Disgraceful! By the way, Shadd," went on Will Hay, lowering his voice, "if I should fancy anything for the three o'clock at

Epsom-".
"You're on," grinned the bookie. about this tenner-

"Of course!" beamed Will. "How forgetful

"Of course," beamed Will, "How forgetful of me! Are you in a position, to settle this debt of honour, Garnett."
"Yes, sir," answered Garnett, catching the meaning gleam in Will's eye. "I've some money up in the dormitors."
Mr. Shadd blinked. He hadn't expected is the state of the work of the w this. No

"Nip upstairs and get it!" ordered Will, glancing at his watch and nodding his head. Don't be all day about it!'

Will noted with satisfaction that the time

was now two minutes past three.

Garnett was back in very good time, even though he had paused long enough to put a telephone call through to the village to inquire

Quick work!" said Will, as the junior handed over a thin wad of notes. One—two three—" he counted, his eyes upon a slip of paper, which read: "Willie the Weeper three—" he counted, his eyes upon a slip of apper, which read: "Willie the Weeper—20 to 1." A note which told him that Willie had won the three o'clock at a very nice price. "The amount's right—but only just!" he beamed, palming the slip and handing the money to the amazed bookie. "That makes everything square between you and Garnett?

sterying square hericen you and German I will deal with the hoy mayelf."

"Sure!" nodded Shadd, winking at Reggie Pyko. "Y'knoy, teacher, it's true that a ming is horn every minute!"

"So I've heard!" nodded Will, squinting

over his nose-nippers at the foxy face of Reggie Pyke. "But a fellow would have to Reggie Pyke.

But a fellow would have be to get up early to catch you!"

Bet your life, teacher!" agreed the bookie.

There are no fles on Sammy Shadd! Do you still want to have a bit on the three oclock?"

Thanks for reminding me!" beamed Will.

"Thanks for remnding me!" beamen who.
"Very nice of you, I'm sure! I'll have a
pound on Willie the Weeper!"
The bookie regarded him with pitying eyes.

The bookie regarded him with pitying eyes.
"It's still true about a mug being born
every minute." he said. "That animal
doesn't stand a dog's chance."
"I don't suppose it does," returned Will.
Willie's a raccharse, not a whippet. Allow
me to see you off the premises, Mr. Shadd!
Maybe we can find out the result of the race
before we part."
They were:

They were pearing the porter's lodge when they heard a paper-boy approach.

"Three o'clock result—pa-aper!"
"I'll get you the result, teacher," smirked
Mr. Shadd. "Here, boy—"
Ht teal."

He took the newspaper, squinted casually at it, then blinked—and blinked—and blinked—what it the the blinked below the blinked blinked in the blinked blinked in the blinked blinked in the blinked blinked in the blinked bli

ance. "Bad news?" all it:" snorted Shadd, waving the newspaper under Will's nose. "Willie the Weeper remped 'one at twenty

to one!"
"Ah, then you owe me twenty pounds,"
Will reminded him, "and you can pay up
now! A debt of honour is a debt of honour,
as we've agreed!"
"I'll pay up!" growled the bookie. "But
you'll 'ave to give me a receipt for the
dough!" he added artfully.
"Delighted, my dear fellow!" declared Will,
not realising with the bookie wanted his signature. "Anything to oblige
Having carefulance mon one of the bookie's

Having carefully checked the wall of holokie's he serawled his name upon one of the bookie's billheads; then, still beaming, he squinted over the top of his nose-glasses and gave a vigorous-nod-of his head. "Yes, you were certainly



"If I'm going to be fired," exclaimed young Carnett, "I'll at least know I've left you a keep-sake! Hold that I'' Smack! Will Hay, realing on the other side of the haystack, chuckled approvingly, as Carnett's clenched fist caught the rascally bookie a wallop under the chin.

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right!" he declared, stuffing his winnings into his hip pocket. "Indubitably!" "What d'you mean by that?" snarled Sam

Shadd suspiciously.

"You were right when you said a mug is born every minute!" explained Will. "You follow me?"

R EGGIE PYKE was out early next morning—so early, in fact, that at seven o'clock he was ringing the bell of the Railway Hotel in Doddlebury.

"I want to see Mr. Shadd!" he said to the

tousle-haired, sleepy-eyed boy who opened the door to him. "I'll go up!"

door to him. "I'll go up!"

He ran up the stairs, crept along the first-floor landing, and burst into a fied-room with-

out troubling to knock at the door.

The occupant of the bed sat up like an infuristed jack in the box, his greasy hair standing on end.

standing on end.
"What the back are you doing 'ere at this hour, you little lugworm?" demanded Sam Shadd, with a torrent of abuse. "What's the

big idea?"
"I thought you'd be pleased to see me, you dirty crook!" sneered Reggie Pyke. "Why didn't you meet me last night, as arranged? I've come for my half of the tenner we bluffed out of Garnett. I knew he'd pay up. Fork out. Shadd, or I'll blow the gaff."
"Oh, yeal!" drawled the bookie, with a

grin.

"Oh, yeah!" mocked Pyke. "Cough up my

"Oh, yeah!" mocked Pyke. Cough up as fiver!"

"I haven't got a fiver in the world, you little shug!" snarled Sam Shadd. "Willie the Weeper came 'ome at twenty to one, so I had to 'and over Garnett's tenner to Will 'Ay, and another one with it! Twenty beautiful quid! Now 'op it, you little rat, before I turn nasty.

"Listen, Sam!" cut in Pyke, a gleam of ceitement in his cunning eyes. "You're not ving to hluff me, are you? I mean, Will excitement in his cunning eyes. "You're not trying to bluff me, are you? I mean, Will Hay did actually win twenty pounds on Willie the Ward?" Weeper ?

the Weeper?"

"'Course 'e did!" growled the bookie. "I can prove it! I made 'im give me a receipt

for the dough—"
"Oh, good egg!" cried Pyke, in evil glee. "Oh, good egg!" cried Pyke, in evil glee, "We've got the rotter just where we want him, old man! You don't like him much, do you!" "Like 'im!" snorted the bookie. "You bet I do! I always love any mug who, knocks me up a catcher for twenty smackers! Like 'im!"

"Then, listen!" ordered Pyke, dropping his voice to a confidential note. "Give me that receipt, and I'll have him booted out of Bend-How do you like that?"
"Grand!" grated the bookie vindictively.

How do you like that?"
"Grand" grated the bookie vindictively.
"But what 'ave you got against this Will
'Ay?"
"Lots!" There was an ugly glint in Pyke's
mean little eoo as he snarled the word. "flind
and old Shrubb! I hate 'en both! Will and our Shrubb! I hate 'en both! Will Hay's always making me look a sap in front of the class, and old Shrubb is doing my father out of a job as Head! With that receipt, Sam, I'll have 'em both botted out of Bendover before the day's out!"

"And bow to receive."

of Bendover before the day's out!"
"And how are you going to do that?"
"Leave it to me, old man!" lecred Pyke,
tapping the side of his snub nose. "Stand on

tle Reggie!" "O.K.!" gri grinned Shadd, reaching for his "O.K.!" grinned Shadd, reaching for his trousers, which were flung across a chair by the bedside. "The receipt's yours. I only made the sap sign for his dough so that I could 'old it over him later on."

Reggie Pyke winked.

Reggie Pyke winked.

"You leave that to me, Once I've got this mug Hay sacked, I'll give you your twenty quid—or my father will repleasure!"

"It's a deal!" grinned Shadd, and the receipt changed hands.

Reggie Pyke's fat face was wearing a Reggie Pyke's fat face was wearing a deal of the state of the sack models in was badd to the

Reggie Pyke's lat face was wearing a cuming smirk as he made his way back to the school, and that smirk was still well in evidence when Will Hay breezed into the classtoom for norning school.

"Good-morning, boys!"

"Good-morning, sir!"

"And a very nice morning, too!" declared Will, his gown billowing as he strode to his

desk and seated himself. "Most of you are lie-abeds, hugging the sheets until the last moment; but we're not like that, are we, Pyke?"

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Pyke?"

Screwing up one gindet orb, he squinted over his nose-nippers and watched. Reggie's plump checks turn a deep shade of red. "I don't know what you're getting at!" growled Pyke, his smirk giving place to an

ugly scowl.
"Then I will enlighten you, my lad,"
beamed Will. "Like myself, you were abroad
at an early hour this morn, before the fields

at on early hour this morn, before the Belds were properly aired, and the scarecrows yawning in the sunrise!" "Oh!" gasped Reggie. "I didn't see you." "Not! I'm not surprised, my lad," remarked Will Hay. "But I saw you, and I saw you enter a pub—er—that is, a low-down tayern. Do I have to remind you, Reginald Pyke, that a public-house is out of bounds to a Bendover boy?"

Reggie Pyke gasped.

Reggie Pyke gasped.

"I don't think you have taken to looking on the wine when it is red," went on the Formaster reprovingly. "I rather fancy you called to see a certain gentleman who thinks

called to see a certain gentleman who thinks that a mug is born every minute. Do I make myself clear?"
"I-I-I-" stuttered Reggie.
"Before the morning is over, Reginald Pyke, I propose to dust the seat of your pants with this"—Will Hay held up a cane. "Kindly report to, me after last lesson."

"Who said time ' hangs heavy on the hands '?"

Licking his lips in apprehension, Reggie Pyke sat down, and lessons proceeded. But throughout the morning Will Hay kept ask-

ing himself a question:
"What was the little wart up to? What game has he got on with our mutual friend Mr. Slimy Shadd?"

He was soon to know.

ENTLEMEN," said Colonel Chatter-ton, later in the morning, "I have

ton, later in the morning, "I have a being lead at the you!"

A meeting of great of great importance to put to you!"

A meeting of governors was being held at Bendover and the colonel, in his capacity as Claimann of the Board, was addressing his colleague. Chatterton was a tall, lean individual with a beaky nose and an egg-shaped head, and when he talked he made a rasp of a file. An iron-willed martinet, he was the bitter enemy of penny sweepstakes and gambling of all descriptions; any master or bey found having a shilling on any master or boy found having a shilling on

any master or boy found having a shilling on a horse was as good as expelled.

"My suggestion," Chatterton went on in his sour man of speech, "concerns Doctor Shrubb and to be speech, "concerns Doctor Shrubb and to be speech, "concerns Making to the speech of the found from the speech of the speech speech of the speech of

Hay is little better than a home of the fellow who gives his boys far too meet the who told you that the home the strength of the fellow that the fellow that

demanded Silas Heather, the Salas Doddlebury Grange, A the Secondary of the Secondary of the Secondary of the Point, "Don't listen to a lot of the Secondary of isn't tittle-tattle !!

"It isn't tittle-tattle." Chatterton, purpling at such a display of the respect. I got my information from the father of one of Will Hay's least. "Boy, ch?" shorted old Heather, "Na.

"Boy, varplease i" answered the chairman, a sha "Pyke i" answered the chairman, a sha "Pyke i" answered the chairman, a sha "Pyke i" answered the chairman, a sha a very old friend of mine of Dackley Pyke "I'd give this young Pyke a lattice for a day and two on Sundays." deviate a say of the chairman of the ch

day and two on the standard of the Heather. "On what grounds do you make you we get rid of Will Hay? Is he had not word of a little cad who sneaks to his fully word of a little cad who sneaks to his fully winds." word of a fittle cad who shears to his fatter." It is only right that Reggie should be his father," snapped Colonel Chattering, his father, snapped Colonel Challerton of I am going to suggest that my friend Dall Pyke replaces Dr. Shrubb as headness.

"Oh, ho!" chortled old Heather rubbest hands together. "So that's the milk a his hands together. "So that's the milk the coconut! Well, Mister Chairman, renothing against the character of Hay."

He broke off as a faint rustling sound trus from behind him, and on looking round to saw that a slip of paper had been public under the door.

under the door.
"What's this?" he grouted, pashing to chair back and striding heavily arms the carpet. He picked up the paper and smodel it out, his shrewd eyes staring hard at read the inscription:

SAM SHADD,

Commission Agent.

Scrawled across the billhead was the feltering: Received of Sam Shadd the sum of the winnings on Willie the Weeper. [Signal WILL HAY.

At the bottom of the bill was another the ment, written in bold black letters: "Will Hay is a born gambler, a disgrate to the school. Sack him."

A thunder-cloud upon his brow, old Siles was about to slip the paper into his pocket when the rasping voice of Colonel Chatterton

"What have you got there, Heather!"
"Nothing much!" answered old Sia.
"Anyway, it isn't cricket to take any new of a sneaking skunk who doesn't sign ha

name!"

"As Chairman of the Beard I insist use seeing that note!" snapped Chaselse "Hand it to me at once!"

"There you are!" growled Sils. favile the receipt across the table, "We could be receipt across the table, "We could be seen that it with the contempt it deserves."

"I think differently," rasped Chatterton B having glanced at the paper, he thumbed to bell-push at his elbow. "I always suspect naving glaineed at the paper, he fundamental bell-push at his elbow. "I alway superior that this Hay person was a gamble, at therefore a bad influence! A backet of no therefore a bad influence! A backet of no colonel's lean frame. "A client of a colonel's lean frame. "A client of a colonel's lean frame." A naster at leader low-down bookmaker! A master at leader low-down bookmaker! A master at leader low-down bookmaker? I master at leader low-down bookmaker? I life a said feet has the low-down bookmaker? I life a said feet has the low-down bookmaker? I'll go said feet has the low-down bookmaker? I'll go said feet has the low-down bookmaker? I'll go said feet has the low-down book and the low-down

Ugh! Where's Dr. Shrubb-wite word is put in an appearance. I'll go said det his myself."
"Please do," said old Silas Heather these fully, and the mement the dependent had the room he picked up the topologies. The bookie's throaty voice came set is wire.

The bookers through with the bookers through with the water me-who is it?"
"This is the Board of Government of the word College." Mr. Heather the selection of the word of the water with the water with the word of the word of the water with the water water

"Yes, that's right, came the higher touched me for twenty nickets."
Silas Heather frowned.

(Continued on page 527.)

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with interest when Ellis returned with with interest when glosting died But something of the gloating died for Crunting's tone and manner when the continued page-boy corroborated in the continued page-boy corroborated

raisonent.

It says asks me, sir," volunteered the page,

It says asks me, sir," the assembled Form,

re parties can tell you what happened to

state of the started and blushed guiltily.

Jarvie What has he to do with it?"

"held are." What has he to do with it?"

""" Are. Crunting.

""" Are. Crunting.

""" Are. Crunting.

""" Are. Crunting.

""" Are and him sneak

""" are a something under his jacket when he

""" are and followed him to his own study."

""" and followed him to his own study."

and followed and to also own study,"

"oh," gasped Mr. Crunting, whilst his

"oh," cres rested accusingly on Dod Jarvie,

profile, "over to say, Jarvie," What have you to say, Jarvie?

What have sir!" exclaimed Dod, in a panie, **Primitive, St. 1 Annual 2000, in a panie, didn't go near your study, sir. I know thing about James' impot, sir. If you think ghing about James' impot, sir. If you think to detroying rather too late that he was betraying

mself. Who said you destroyed it?" snapped Mr. snapped A

WILL HAY AT BENDOVER

(Continued from page 508.)

In the name of Colonel Chatterton, our daiman. I request your presence at the shoot while we investigate this dreadful

"What name did you say?" came a wild rell from Mr. Shadd. "Colonel Chatterton— ial lean bloke with a big beak? Strewth! The been waiting to see him for months. I'll be over-pronto.

e over-promo. Silas Heather replaced the receiver and stroked his chin.

stoked his chim.
"It would appear that there's a surprise for our esteemed chairman," he remarked. At that moment the door of the board-room

At that moment the door of the board-room opened and Colonel Chatterton, now accom-panied by Dr. Shrubb and Will Hay, entered. "Beautiful drop of morning!" observed Will "It's good to be alive, pon my word chattily. it is! Grand cricket weather! 'A bat in the hand is worth two in the belfry!' as the poet Enson St. Paneras put it! I—er—you were sying, colonel?" he broke off politely, squinting at the chairman over the top of his nose-

"I've not said a word yet!" rasped Chatter-

on. "Don't you ever stop talking?"
"No, sir!" answered Will, with a sad shake of his head. "As a baby, they fed me upon mixed diet of birds' seed and gramophone need es

"Silence, you-you-"Call me Will, sir!"

Colonel Chatterton breathed hard and deep. Listen, Mr. Hay!" commanded the colonel. I am about to bring a most serious charge assistate your leaving Bendover within an bor! As I say, a most serious charge!"

No leg-pulling, now!" laughed Will,

saking a playful finger under the chairman's baky nose. "If this is a practical joke-Joke! John J. Mr. His is a practical jone—
John J. J hashs of horse races? Think well before you have my question?

1 have a hamble bob on the gee-gees octhundered Chatterton, thumping the h a bony fist. "Betting upon racetable with a bony fist.

507 STAMPS FREE! GUEEN ASTRIB.

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in this publication should be addressed to the Advertise-ment Manager, The PILOT, The Fleetway House, Farring-don Street, London, E.C.4.

Crunting, glad to find a victim. "Who suggested that it has been destroyed?"

But before Jarvie could answer, the pageboy's piping voice split the silence.

boy's piping voice spin the silence.
"So that's what Master Jarvie was up to,
was it?" he shrilled. "I followed him to his
study and heard him lock the door."

The schemer of the Fourth shivered and his face blanched. He was sorry now that he had given young Merril such a disdainful glance on passing him in the passage. Evidently it

had drawn unnecessary attention to him. "I-I-I only did it for a joke, sir!" he oncluded. "I-I thought you'd make James rite it all out again. I-" His voice concluded. trailed off and his eyes dropped in shame as he felt Alex's grim, contemptuous glance turned

felt Alex's upon him.

"Jarvie, I am shocked at your rascality,"

"Jarvie, I am shocked at your rascality," "Jarvie, I am shocked at your rascality snapped Mr. Crimting. "But for the pag boy's testimony I might have been guilty of miscarriage of justice. James," added M Crunting, "you are completely exonerated."

"Thank you, sir," said Alex, with a breath

"Thank you, ", of relic!"
"As for you, Jarvie, you will be severely caned; you will write out double the imposthorses is the curse of the country! Betting is

norses is the curse of the country! Betting is a sin which should be punished by the law of the land! Yet you, a master at this great Public school, have the brazen impudence to

stand there and admit that you are a gambler!

back racehorses-

You have nerve enough to confess that you

back racenorses—
"I'd gladly have backed an elephant to put
one over on Mr. Slimy Shadd," announced
Will, though he realised he was in a tight
corner. "He tried to rough-house one of my

toller. He tried to rough-house one of my boys, colonel. He played the old soldier, colonel—er—that is he attempted to blackmail a poor lad, and he called me a lallapalooza," "There you are, gentlemen!" added Colonel

"There you are, gentlemen: added Commer Chatterton, his beady eyes glinting with a malicious light. "A self-confessed gambler, a disgrace to the school! I demand his resigna-tion." He broke off and his mouth gaped

open wide, for the door of the board-room had

suddenly opened and Sam Shadd appeared.
"Found yer, 'ave I, you old twister!"
shouted Shadd's husky voice from the doorway,

and he strode into the room. "Found yer, 'ave I?" he repeated, leering across the table at

Colonel Chatterton, who sat like a man turned to stone. "You a governor of this school, and I didn't know it! You've owed me a hundred

quid since last Derby Day, and if you don't

"Per-per-please, my dear fellow," stuttered the colonel, coming out of his trance, "it—it was quite an oversight on my part, I assure

"Yes, and forgot to pay me my hundred nickers!" leered the flashy little bookie.

"I am an officer and a gentleman, my good fellow!" cut in Chatterton, peeling off ten "tens" from a thick wad of money. "Take this—and good-day to you."

"The same to you—with spikes on!" grinned

Sam Shadd, pocketing the hundred.

cough up the dough right now-

I went abroad-

tion you destroyed, and you will be gated for

a mouth,"
"Oh, sic!" Ded Jarvie felt himself wobbling of the knees. He was conscious that the Form condemned him for that dirty trick and was fearful lest they should connect the burning of the impot with the burning of Mr. Cruntof the impot with the pariting of Mr. Cruba-ing's stamp album. But he had something else to think about when Mr. Crunting started in with the cane. The master of the Fourth else to mink amout when air, crossing from the fourth in with the cane. The master of the Fourth hald it on good and hearty, and such was Jarvie's misery and anguish that even James restrained his very natural impulse the cad of the Fourth a hiding. restrained his very natural inquine to give the cad of the Fourth a hiding. For the moment, Dod Jarvie had had enough; once again his evil plotting had recoiled upon his own head. Already the "thinking" fellows in own head. Mready the "thinking tenows in own head. Mready the "thinking to doubt whether, the Fourth were beginning to doubt whether, in panishing Mex James for the barring of collection, they had M. Cruning's stames for the burning of Mr. Cruning's stamp collection, they had punished the right fellow. Only time could prove. Yet already there was talk of lifting the sentence of Coventry.

Alex is slowly but surely getting his rights, but there is still a stiff fight ahead for him. Follow the adventures of this wizard footballer in another enthrolling yorn next

Friday.

he called, as Will, his shoulders shaking with merriment, strolled off towards the door Sir?" called Will, turning a purple face the warrior. "You look as though you're going to have

a fit!"
"I've just had it, sir!" The colonel, adjusting his monocle, stared hard at Will; and Will, squinting over the top of his nose-nippers, stared hard at the colonel.

"I should like to have a word in your car,
Mr. Hay!" said the latter, with a wintry
smile. Walking round the table, he took Will by the arm and led him into the corridor. by the arm and feel him into the cerridor. I need hardly impress upon you the need of absolute silence with regard to this business!" he said, lowering his voice. "The story must not get about! I have, I think, made myself quite clear upon the subject of betting! I loathe and detest it!"

the and detest it!"
So would I," returned Will, "if I'd lost a "So would I," returned Will, "if I'd lost a hundred quid on Derby Day! Come clean, colone!" he grinned, squinting into the warrior's purple countenance. "You know you like a little flutter as much as the next man! That was a nice win I had over Willie the Weeper, wash' it?"

the Weeper, wash the "A beauty!" agreed Chatterton, his eyes alight with enthusiasm. "Twenty to one, ch?

How did you manage to spot it?"
"Inspired information!" declared Will, with a knowing wink. "I knew it was a winner before I backed it! I get a good thing now and again !" Got anything for to-morrow?"

"It just happens that I have, colonel," answered Will, dropping his voice to a whisper and looking mysterious. "I'll let you into a stable secret, but you mustn't breathe a word to anyone else! You understand?"

"Yes, yes," whispered Chatterton, with an eager nod. "What is the animal?"

"Clothes-line," said Will, a finger to his lips. "You advise me to have a good bet on Clothes-line?

"Sure thing!" nodded Will. "Put your shirt on it!"

Look out-he's at it again! . . . Look out—ue's at a agair! Wal Hay will be back, next week, in another side-splitting school story. Have your pals met him yet? . . . If not, be a real pal and introduce them to Will Hay, the champion of mirth.



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"The meeting is closed, gentlemen," said Colonel Chatterton, trying to look calm and dignified. "As to this-er-regrettable incident, I trust there is no need to tell you that I know absolutely nothing about the Derby Day bet! The intrusion of that low-down bookmaker came as a complete surprise to me!"

maker came as a comparte surprise to me:

"I'll bet it did!" said Will.

"It is, of course," explained the colonel, "a
case of mistaken identity. But I paid the
hundred pounds, rather than the good name
of the school should be besmirched! Let us
of the school should be besmirched. Es Mr. Hav! forget the painful incident. Er. Mr. Hay!"

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