

**KEN MAYNARD** Joins our Team of Celebrities—MEET HIM INSIDE!

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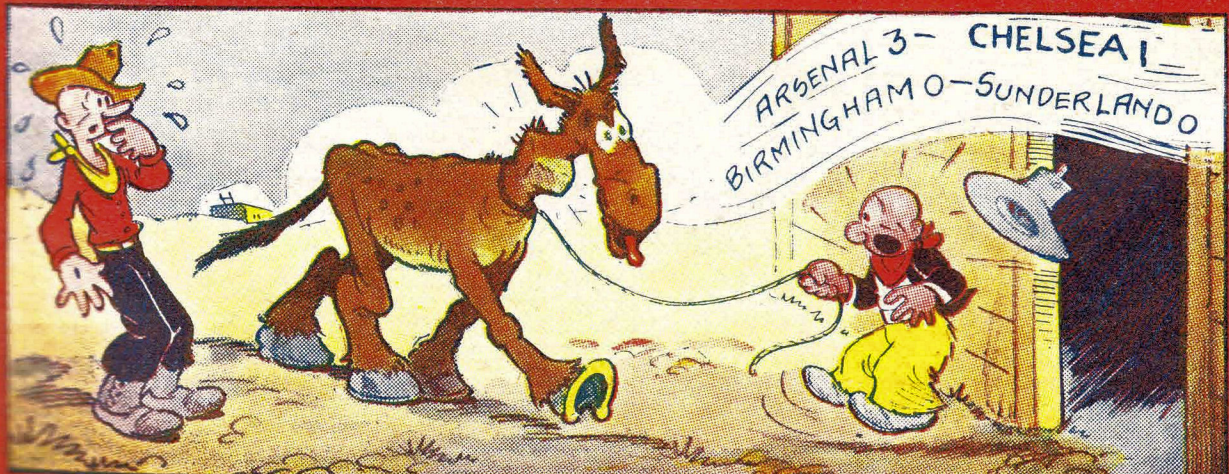
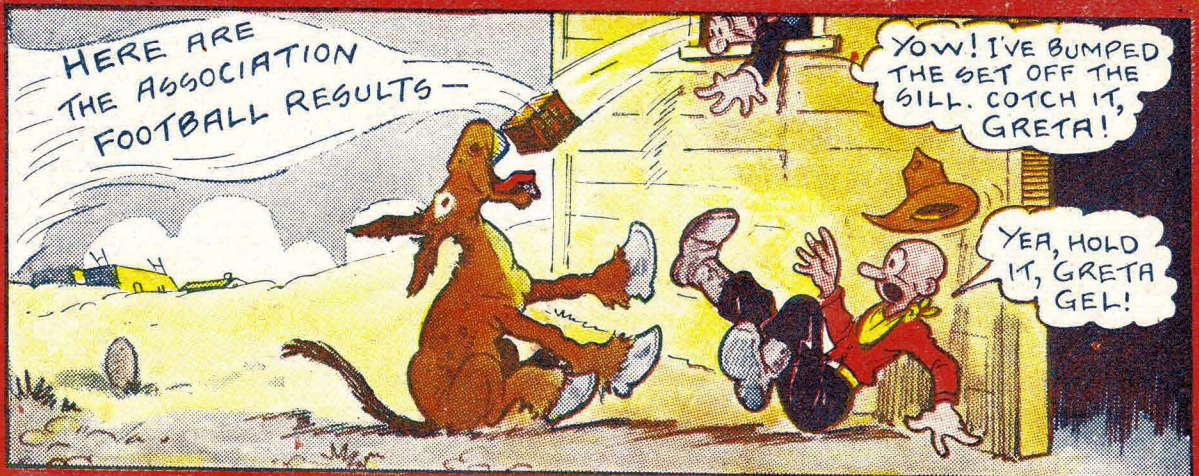
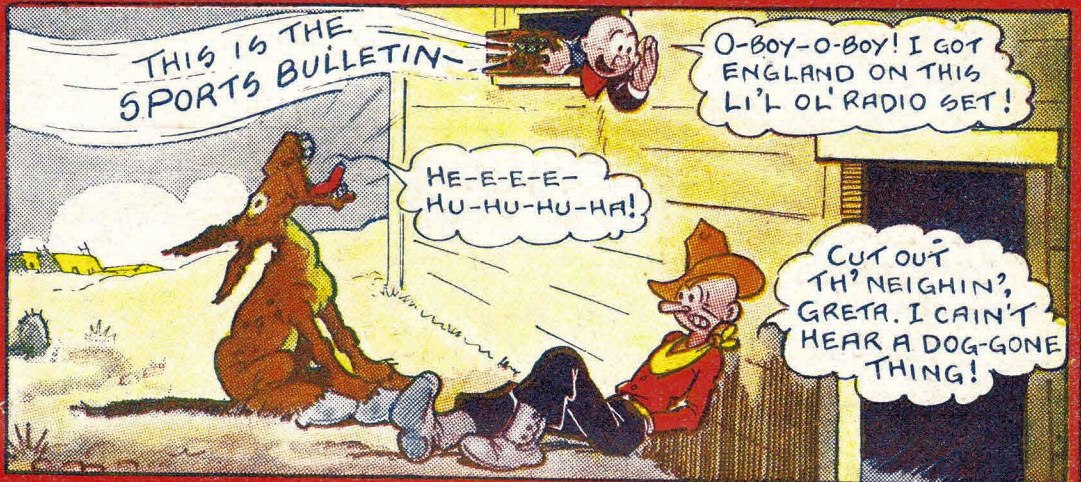
# The PILOT 2<sup>D</sup>

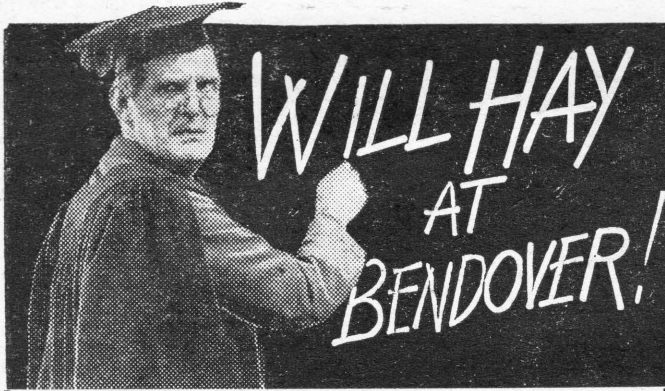
EVERY  
FRIDAY

Here they are—

**MIKE,  
SPIKE,  
&  
GRETA**

—The 3 Gooks.





**"The PILOT" presents another unique combined picture-strip and story featuring WILL HAY, the greatest laughter raiser of the age.**

(By courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures, whose latest film starring Will Hay will shortly be shown at your local cinema.)

"OH!" gasped Will Hay. He slid!

The master of the Fourth Form at Bendover was late for class. He was five minutes late. It was not Will Hay's fault. Dr. Shrub had kept him talking in the corridor. Still, he was late; and for five minutes the Bendover Fourth had been waiting for their Form-master. Will Hay breezed in at last, in a hurry. Then it happened.

Had Will not been in such a hurry, he might have noticed that every face in his Form wore a grin of anticipation. He might even have noticed that there was an unusual glistening on the old oak floor of the Fourth Form Room, just within the doorway. As it was, he noticed nothing till his feet suddenly flew, and he found himself skating across the Form-room.

He whizzed! Reggie Pyke of the Fourth grinned with glee. This was better than he had expected. Having rubbed a whole pound of lard on the old oak planks, Reggie naturally expected Will to slip when he came in. But Will, coming in at a run, did not slip—he skated. Quite amazed, with his mortar-board falling on one side, his pince-nez slipping down his nose, his arms thrown out wildly, his gown billowing behind him, Will Hay shot like an arrow.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled all the Bendover Fourth. "Oh!" spluttered Will Hay. "Oh! Ah! Oooh!"

He came at his Form like a projectile. Reggie Pyke fairly gurgled. But his gurgling was suddenly cut short. Will Hay, shooting across the greasy floor, unable to stop, in fact,

hardly aware of what was happening, cannoned into the nearest desk. It was Reggie Pyke's! Will hit the desk with his third waistcoat button, and folded over it. The top of his head came into violent contact with a little sharp nose.

Reggie's gurgle of glee was changed, quite suddenly, into a howl of anguish. That little sharp nose felt as if it had been driven through his head like a nail.

"Ow!" yelled Reggie. "Ow! Oh!" "Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Fourth. This was better than ever!

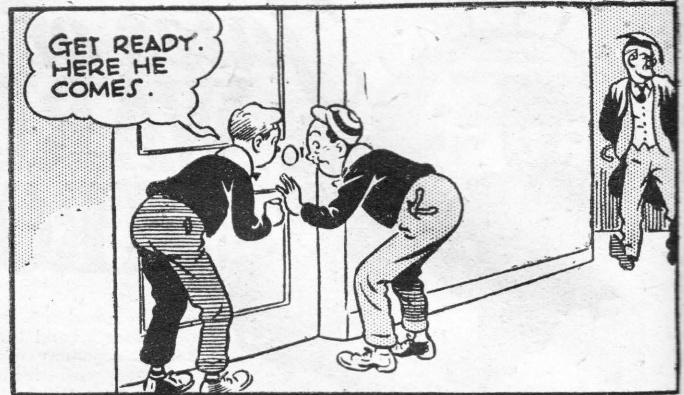
"What—what—what—" stuttered Will Hay.

He sprawled across the desk, blinking over his glasses. Reggie Pyke bounded up, clasping both hands to his nose. He yelled and howled. He rubbed his nose frantically, to make sure it was still there. It felt as if it wasn't.

Will Hay detached himself from the desk. He stood gasping. He looked at his yelling Form—and he looked at the floor over which he had slid. Then the glistening grease dawned on him, and he understood. Generally, Will was wide to the little pleasantries with which the Bendover Fourth made life exciting for their beak. But this time he had been caught.

"Who did this?" thundered Will Hay. Will did not really expect to get an answer to that one! He set his glasses straight, and glared at face after face. His gaze became fixed on Reggie Pyke. He grinned. Reggie's face was glistening, evidently from grease that had come off his hands as he rubbed his damaged nose.

"Aha!" ejaculated Will Hay. "Pyke!" "Ow!" moaned Reggie. "Wow! Oh, my nose! Ow, my boko! Oooh!"



1. "Hey! Hey!" chuckled Stringy Stevens to Ginger Japes, his partner in trickery. "Here comes old Nose Nippers! Now let's pretend to peep through this keyhole." And those Fourth Form funsters laffed and laffed and laffed up their elbows as they bent to the keyhole and waited for Will Hay to catch them at it.

"Pyke, give me your attention!"

"Ow! My nose—"

"Blow your nose!" snapped Will Hay. "I mean, bother your nose! If Swinburne could see you now, Pyke, he would take you for the schoolboy with the shining morning face mentioned in his plays."

"Oh crickey!" ejaculated Jerry Smart.

"Was it Swinburne, sir, or Shakespeare?"

"Shakespeare, my boy; Shakespeare!" said Will Hay at once.

"Very good, Smart; very good! I am glad to see you so well up in Shakespeare. You may write me a hundred lines from the play in which the line occurs. Smart. I am sure it will be a pleasure to you. Now, Pyke—"

"Ow!" said Reggie. "Wow!"

"Your face is greasy, Pyke! Your hands are greasy! I deduce, my dear Pyke, that you rubbed the grease on the floor! Am I right?"

"Wow!"

"In this Form-room," said Will Hay, "our classical studies often deal with ancient Greece. But modern grease is barred! Is your nose sore, Pyke?"

"Ow! Yes! Wow!"

"A sore nose," said Will, "may be relieved by rubbing it with grease. Luckily there is plenty at hand. I will assist you."

He grabbed Reggie Pyke by the back of the collar, and whirled him over. Reggie gave a yell as his features approached the floor.

"I—I say—leggo— Oh crickey! Ooogh!"

Reggie spluttered wildly as his nose was rubbed in the grease. Rubbing with grease was undoubtedly a good thing for a sore nose. But this rub did not seem to do Reggie Pyke any good. He struggled and kicked and yelled and howled.

"Ow! Leggo! Will you leggo, you beast! Urrgh! My nose is coming off! Ow! Leggo. I'll write to my father about this! Wurrgh!"

"Is your nose any better, Pyke?"



4. But, not panting for that pasting, Stringy and Ginger had done a scam, bursting their sides. So Will vowed to put Wally Wallop on the mat. But Wally wasn't panting for a pasting, either. Said 'twas an accident. Sez he!



5. And though Will was now oily, he was also wiley. He wasn't beaten for a brain-wave to get his own back. Wally didn't turn a sausage when Will—hiding a grin behind his nose-nippers—tootled the lad along to assist in a first-class room demonstration of a wheeze from Will's cunning conk.



2. Whew! Was Will wild when he spotted those jokers getting an eyeful they shouldn't? I'll say he was! And he promptly landed Stringy one on the bazooker. Then Will decided he'd better take a look—see himself, just to make sure the ladlets hadn't seen nuffin that they shouldn't, and—



3. "Swoosh!" And—"Yowp! Glug! Glug!" yelled Will, as he fell into the boys' trap and got an eyeful of elbow grease. Then Will cleared his dial for action with his nose-blower and brandished his pant-whacker. In fact, he made ready to use a lashing of his own elbow grease to paste the pants of those pesky lads.

"Ow! No! Worse!" shrieked Reggie. "I will keep on till it is better—"  
 "Wow! I mean, it's better—it's all right! Fine! Leggo!"  
 "Very good!" said Will Hay, releasing Reggie Pyke's collar. "I am glad to have been able to render first-aid, Pyke! Presence of mind, my boy, presence of mind! You may now take a duster, Pyke and clean up every particle of grease from the floor! If a spot is left, your nose will be used to remove it. Get busy, Pyke, get busy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Fourth. Reggie Pyke, with a grubby, greasy face, and fury in his looks, got busy. Never had Reggie wished so deeply that his father, Mr. Dunkley Pyke, would succeed in ousting Dr. Shrub from the headmastership of Bendover. He would have given a term's pocket-money to see Will Hay turfed out. Not usually careful with his work, Reggie was now very careful indeed not to leave a spot of grease—to be removed with his nose! He was quite used when he had finished.

**H**E drinks!"  
 Dr. Shrub started. The headmaster of Bendover was seated at his study window when that remark floated in from the quad. Reggie Pyke and his pal, Fruity Snell, were standing by, not looking towards the Head's window, and not, apparently, aware that he was there. It was Pyke who spoke.  
 "Hay does?" exclaimed Fruity.  
 "Like a fish!" said Reggie. "Didn't you see him in the Form-room this afternoon—staggering about—falling over a fellow's desk! Drunk as a lord! I wonder if the Head knows?"  
 They passed on and turned a corner, leaving Dr. Shrub blinking from his window.  
 "Gracious goodness!" murmured the Head of Bendover.

It was a shock to him. He did not, and could not, believe it. He liked Will Hay. He trusted him. He could not quite make up his mind whether Will was a remarkably clever fellow, or a very lucky ass. In either case, there was no doubt that Will had, more than once, beaten Mr. Dunkley Pyke, and frustrated his cunning tricks. The kind, simple-hearted old Head was no match for his rival, who had the chairman of the board of governors in his pocket. Will Hay had helped him out of several tight corners. But—

Dr. Shrub left his study. If this kind of talk was going on in Mr. Hay's Form, he had to look into the matter at once. He hurried to Will Hay's study, where he expected to find him after class.

There was no answer to his tap, and he opened the door and stepped in. Will was not there. He was in the next study, chatting with Mr. Choot, the Fifth Form master. Dr. Shrub was about to step out again, when he stopped, started, and stared at an object on the table. It was a half-empty bottle of whisky! Beside it was a tumbler!

"Gig-gig-gig-gracious goodness!" gasped Dr. Shrub.

He gazed at the bottle in horror. He had never dreamed of this—never suspected anything of the kind. He had often noticed that Will Hay had good spirits. He had never imagined that Will obtained his spirits from a bottle! This would not do for Bendover! Much as he liked Will, much as he had trusted him, if he was this kind of man, he had to go.

There was a step in the passage. Will Hay breezed in. He grinned cheerily at the headmaster.

"I thought I heard you pass, sir," he remarked. "Honoured to receive you in my study, sir! But what—what—" Will Hay broke off, as he spotted the horror in the Head's face.

Speechless, Dr. Shrub lifted his hand and pointed to the bottle. Will Hay glanced at it, smiled, and shook his head.

"Dr. Shrub," he said, "I thank you! This is kindness itself! Thoughtful of you—very thoughtful indeed! But I cannot accept your present, sir. I thank you sincerely, but I never touch the stuff."

"Wha-a-at?" stammered Dr. Shrub. "I appreciate your intended kindness, sir, but I cannot—"

"Do you think that I brought that bottle here?" gasped Dr. Shrub.

"Eh! Didn't you?" asked Will Hay blankly.

"Certainly not!" boomed the Head. "Is this subterfuge, Mr. Hay? I have heard, by chance, some talk among the junior boys, and I came here to speak to you about it, and I find—what do I find, Mr. Hay? A bottle of whisky—a tumbler. Explain this immediately, sir."

Will Hay looked bewildered. Dr. Shrub's brow grew sterner and sterner.

"Have I been deceived in you, Mr. Hay?" he thundered. "Dunkley Pyke has represented to the board of governors that you are an unfit person to hold a post at Bendover. I have stood by you. Must I confess that Mr. Pyke is right—must I admit—"

"Back pedal a moment, sir!" gasped Will Hay. "Brake, sir—brake! Don't for the moment stamp on the gas! I have never seen that bottle before. The tumbler, I admit, I use, for the harmless and necessary milk. If you did not convey that bottle here, sir, who did?"

"Do you suggest that it walked here, Mr. Hay?" hooted the Head.

"N-n-no! Highly improbable, I should say. Most walkers, naturally, can walk—but that particular Walker, I believe, cannot. No, sir! We may," said Will Hay, "totally eliminate the



4. Oh, ice say! Sez you! What's Wally in for? If the laddie only guessed what that artful old artful had got behind his schnozzle, he'd wipe the grin off his chinpiece. "I'll show you, you little pest!" murmured Will to himself as he bonked the button.



7. And—whoops!—up sprang the pesky joker, whether he liked it or not. That button released a spring that put Wally where Will wanted him. No. Will's no nitwit as you'll see when you read his latest mirthquake, which starts in column one on the previous page.

theory that it walked here, Dr. Shrub! It was conveyed! By whom, Dr. Shrub—by whom?"

Dr. Shrub stood silent, gazing at him. Will Hay pressed his hand to his forehead, apparently to set his intellect going. It went!

"Aha!" exclaimed Will Hay. "The name of the junior boy whose talk on this bibulous subject you heard by chance, sir?"

"Pyke!"

"I thought so!" said Will Hay grimly. "This, sir, is another move in the game. Let us send for the little wart—ahem!—I mean the excellent Pyke."

Will touched a bell, and the house-page appeared. He was dispatched to collect Pyke of the Fourth. Reggie arrived in a few minutes—quite cool, with a lurking grin of impudence on his ill-favoured countenance.

"You sent for me, sir," said Pyke.

"Your property, I think, Pyke," said Will Hay, with a wave of the hand towards the whisky bottle. "I leave it to Dr. Shrub to deal with you, for having such an article in your possession."

"I've never seen it before, sir."

"You did not convey it to this study?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said Reggie meekly. "I've never touched it. Of course, I've heard about your drinking, sir—"

"That will do, Pyke," said Will Hay. "Now, if you have never touched that bottle, my lad, obviously the label cannot retain your finger-prints. Press your hand to this paper!"

Will Hay drew a sheet of paper from the table drawer, spread it out, and signed to Pyke to approach. Reggie did not move. He gaped at his Form-master in terror.

"Gracious goodness!" ejaculated Dr. Shrub. "Is it possible? I should not have thought of that, Mr. Hay! Boy, press your hand on that paper at once!"

"I—I—I—" babbled Reggie. "I—I—I— It was only a joke, sir! I—I bagged that bottle from the porter's lodge, sir, to—to make old Kelly hunt for it! It was only a j-j-j-joke! Oh crikey!"

"Mr. Hay, I beg your pardon!" gasped Dr. Shrub. "Pray lend me your cane! Pyke, you will bend over that chair! Upon my word!"

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

Reggie yelled. Fellows in the quad stared towards the window of Will Hay's study; they wondered whether the master of the Fourth was killing a pig there.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"Oh! Ow! Yooo-hoooo!" roared Reggie.

"Ow! Oh lor! Wow!"

"You may go, Pyke!" thundered the Head. "If you should ever dare to play such a trick again—"

Reggie Pyke tottered, moaning, from the study. Dr. Shrub laid down the cane, breathing rather hard. He had exerted himself considerably.

"My dear Hay," he exclaimed, "I apolo-



Tough Guy: "Wot's the idea of this 'ere insult? Last time I was full poster size!"

gise! I should have known you better! But how, my dear fellow, did you detect the finger-prints on the label, which are quite invisible to me?"

"That's an easy one, sir! I didn't!"

"You—you did not!" gasped Dr. Shrub. "Then what would have been the use of taking Pyke's prints on that sheet of paper?"

"None whatever, especially as the paper would not have retained Pyke's finger-prints," answered Will cheerily. "There is a proverb, sir, that a bad conscience needs no accuser, and that the guilty flee when no man pursueth. Great and extensive as my knowledge is, sir, it does not extend to the identifying of finger-prints! Luckily, Pyke was not aware of that!"

"Oh!" gasped Dr. Shrub. "Oh! Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" echoed Will Hay.

Headmaster and Form-master parted on the best of terms—chuckling! But perhaps Will Hay would not have chuckled could he have seen a letter that Reggie Pyke wrote to his father that evening, in which occurred the following paragraph:

"I think I've got the brute this time. He has any amount of luck in squirming out of a scrape, but I know how to land him—with a whole cartload of evidence that he won't be able to wriggle out of. If you drop in on Wednesday afternoon, you will see the whole thing, and you can make sure that old Shrub doesn't hush it up."

But Will Hay, knowing nothing of that letter home, went cheerily and breezily on his way—fairly hooked and booked this time, unless there proved to be a slip betwixt cup and lip!

"BOTHER!" said Will Hay.

He had lifted the telephone receiver in his study to call up the bookshop at Duddlebury. Will Hay's telephone was on an "extension" line from the Head's. So, when Dr. Shrub was using the phone, Will couldn't. It often happened that, when Will wanted to phone, he found the line engaged by Dr. Shrub using the instrument in his study. On such occasions Will would remark "Bother!" or "Blow!"—not, of course, into the receiver—and wait till his chief had finished.

On the present occasion he remarked "Bother!" as he placed the receiver to his ear, and, hearing a voice, realised that the telephone in Dr. Shrub's study was being used.

He was about to replace the receiver, when two ideas struck him at the same time—like two peas from the same shooter! One was, that Dr. Shrub had gone out after class, and therefore, could not be telephoning in his study. The other was, that the voice he heard resembled a rusty saw being filed by a very jagged file; and was, in fact, the voice of Reginald Pyke, of the Fourth Form.

Whereat Will Hay grinned. Quite by accident, owing to his instrument being on the extension-line, he had spotted the bad hat of the Fourth borrowing the Head's phone in his absence. But suddenly he sat rigid, and fairly gasped with utter amazement. For these words, in Reggie's saw-like voice, came quite clearly:

"One dozen bottles of whisky, Mr. Gudge—"

Will Hay sat transfixed, the receiver glued to his ear. He gasped! Reggie of the Fourth was a bad hat—he smoked, he played cards for money, and was more than suspected of backing horses on the strict q.t. He was hand-in-glove with his plotting pater against his headmaster. He was altogether a very unpleasant specimen. But even the obnoxious Reggie had his limit! It was impossible to suppose that Pyke of the Fourth drank whisky—especially a dozen bottles at one fell swoop! Will wondered whether that wretched youth had gone off his rocker. Unless he had, why was he ordering a dozen bottles of whisky by telephone?

But he understood, as the voice sawed on:

"Hay—Will Hay—yes, that's right! Will Hay, Fourth Form-master, here! One dozen bottles of whisky, to be delivered to Mr. Hay, at Bendover—"

Will Hay sat and blinked! He was so startled, so dazed, that he just sat with the receiver glued to his ear! Most of the Bend-over Fourth were playing football that afternoon. Reggie Pyke wasn't! This was how Reggie was spending his half-holiday—ordering whisky by the dozen bottles in his Form-master's name! Sitting there, feeling quite dizzy, Will heard the saw-like voice going on, like a man in a dream.

"And one dozen of brandy! Eighteen-and-six a bottle—yes, that is all right! One dozen, please."

Will Hay, holding the receiver to his ear with his left hand, rubbed his nose with his right. He was getting interested! He was getting fearfully interested! Reggie was going strong! What Bendover School would think when whisky and brandy by the dozen were delivered for Mr. Hay, master of the Fourth Form, he could hardly imagine. And Reggie was not finished yet!

"And a dozen of rum—please deliver at the same time! They are required this afternoon, not later than four o'clock—you can manage that? Thank you! One dozen of whisky, one dozen of brandy, one dozen of rum!"

"This," murmured Will Hay, "makes me feel quite thirsty! Is that stout lad going to leave them anything to drink in Duddlebury, I wonder!"

Reggie's voice sawed on in the Head's study. "Not later than four o'clock, and please deliver personally to Mr. Hay! Instruct your carman to ask for Mr. Hay, and to wait for

(Continued on page 72.)

TWO MORE STARS for Our Celebrity Team!



Follow their exploits in a series of side-splitting cartoons, starting in "The PILOT" NEXT WEEK.

## WILL HAY AT BENDOVER!

(Continued from page 64.)

payment! You will send the bill with the goods. Thank you, Mr. Gudger. Good-bye!"

Reggie Pyke rang off in the Head's study, little dreaming that his orders to Gudger's Stores, at Duddlebury, had reached the ears of not only Mr. Gudger, but of Will Hay.

Will put up the receiver, and sat blinking over his nose-nippers. He winked at a pigeon whisking by his study window.

A telephone on an "extension" line had its disadvantages. But it certainly had, in certain circumstances, its advantages also.

"Bright!" murmured Will. "A very bright youth! Brilliant, in fact! Whisky and brandy and rum, ordered by the dozen—on a half-holiday for all the school to witness the delivery—personally to Mr. Hay! My single, solitary chapeau! My unique winter toque! Can you beat it?"

Will Hay stepped to his study window and looked meditatively out. He had forgotten all about telephoning to the bookshop now! That tremendous order for spirituous liquors gave him plenty to think about. He grinned as he saw Reggie Pyke lounge out of the House and join his pal Fruity in the quad. Both of them were grinning as they loafed away! So was Will Hay!

Nevertheless, he realised that it would not have been a grinning matter had he not heard that order given over the telephone. Mr. Gudger, at Gudger's Stores, took that order in good faith, as why should he not? He would deliver the goods that afternoon, nothing doubting that they had been ordered by Mr. Hay! A huge bill would have to be paid by somebody! The carman would ask for Mr. Hay, as requested; and all Bendover School, from the Sixth Form to the Second, would see and hear!

Will gazed from his study window—meditating! In about an hour the delivery van would come along from Duddlebury—with whisky and brandy and rum for Mr. Hay! Absolutely nothing to prove that they had not been ordered by the master whose name had been given over the telephone! Bendover School would ring with it—Mr. Dunkley Pyke would rejoice in the news, and see that it did not fail to reach the board of governors! Will chuckled! Forewarned was forearmed, and there was ample time to ring up Gudger's and cancel that order—and then—

The portly figure of Dr. Shrubbs rolled in at the gates. He did not come alone. With him was a bony-featured man with a jaw like a

Will's eyes danced. It was Mr. Dunkley Pyke! Will felt that he might have guessed that one! Of course, Dunkley Pyke was going to be on the scene—it was his game that the merry Reggie was playing! Dunkley Pyke was going to witness that tremendous delivery of spirituous liquors for the master of the Fourth, and tell the world! Will Hay gurgled with enjoyment! He was not going to cancel that order!

He sat down at the telephone.

Nobody was using the instrument in the Head's study now, and all was clear. Will rang up Gudger's Stores at Duddlebury.

"Mr. Gudger? Speaking from Bendover School! You have an order for delivery here this afternoon—a dozen each of whisky, brandy, and rum! Precisely so! A mistake was made on the name—please rectify it! The correct name is Pyke—P-Y-K-E, Pyke—Mr. Pyke! Sorry for the mistake—the order was given by a foolish boy who got the name wrong. Luckily I heard him, and can set it right! You are sure you have it correct now—Mr. Pyke—personal delivery to Mr. Pyke this afternoon! Thank you, Mr. Gudger!"

Will Hay grinned over the phone as he rang

off. The "mistake" in the name was rectified—delivery to Mr. Pyke faithfully promised!

After which Will strode out into the quad to enjoy the sunshine and the balmy breeze, till the goods arrived from Duddlebury!

In the quad Will spotted Mr. Dunkley Pyke, in conversation with his hopeful son! Reggie was grinning—and Mr. Pyke's bony features were contorted in a sour, sarcastic smile. Will Hay smiled also—though his smile was not sour—it was quite a happy smile. And he surprised Kelly, the school porter, by winking at him!

"THIS way!" said Will Hay genially.

Reggie Pyke stared. Fifty other Bendover fellows stared. But Reggie stared hardest. A whole crowd of fellows had seen Gudger's motor-van halt at the gate, and a hefty carman lift therefrom a large and heavy case. That carman was a hefty man, and he needed to be to carry a case containing three dozen bottles of assorted liquids. Nobody who saw it doubted what that case contained; and it gave colour to the



"Arf a mo, Bill. I've forgotten me lunch!"

whispers that had been set afloat about the master of the Fourth! But everybody was surprised to see Will Hay step out to speak to the carman and guide him in. Reggie was the most surprised of all.

He expected Will to disclaim all knowledge of that big order, and an argument with the carman to ensue—with Mr. Pyke on the spot to take the carman's side, to hold up his hands in horror at the overwhelming evidence of the Fourth Form-master's dreadful drinking habits, and to cast contemptuous scorn on Will's denial of having given the order!

Instead of which, there was Will Hay, bright and breezy, leading the carman in, just as if he had expected him and his goods! It made Reggie feel quite dizzy.

"What is all this? What is this?" Mr. Dunkley Pyke's voice, sharp and acid, broke

through the buzz of whispering among the Bendover crowd. "My man! What is it you are bringing into the school?"

"Bless my soul!" Dr. Shrubbs came up. "What ever—what ever is this? Some mistake must have been made."

"No mistake, sir!" said Gudger's carman, "I got 'em 'ere, sir—one dozen of whisky—"

"Wha-a-at!"

"One dozen of brandy—"

"Gracious goodness!"

"And one dozen of rum, ordered by telephone by a gentleman 'ere, sir. Personal delivery was my instructions, sir, if you'll tell me where the gentleman is," said the carman. "This 'ere case is 'eavy."

"Here is Mr. Hay," piped Reggie officiously. "It's Mr. Hay who spoke to you."

"Eh? I don't want no Mr. Hay!" said Gudger's carman. "I want the gentleman what ordered this 'ere. I got a bill for 'im. Where's Mr. Pyke? This 'ere lot is for Mr. Pyke."

Reggie almost fell down.

"I am Mr. Pyke!" snapped the owner of that name. "What do you mean? You have nothing for me—"

"If you're Mr. Pyke, I got this 'ere lot for you, sir," said Gudger's carman. He deposited the case on the ground, in front of Mr. Dunkley Pyke. Then he fumbled in his pocket. "I got the invoice 'ere, sir."

"Are you mad, or drunk?" shrieked Mr. Pyke. "I have ordered nothing. I am simply a visitor here. I dropped in quite by chance this afternoon to see my son. I am a teetotaler—a strict teetotaler. How dare you say that you have a case of intoxicating liquors for me?"

Gudger's carman blinked at him. The Bendover crowd stared. More and more fellows came running up. Nearly all Bendover was on the scene. Reggie Pyke seemed to find some difficulty in breathing. He had given Will Hay's name over the phone—he knew that he had. Yet Gudger's carman had arrived with the spirituous goods consigned to Mr. Pyke. Had he, in some moment of mental aberration, given his own name instead of Will Hay's? He was sure that he hadn't. But if he hadn't, what did this mean?

Dr. Shrubbs gazed at Gudger's carman as he sorted out his invoice. Then he turned his severe gaze on Dunkley Pyke.

"Mr. Pyke, this is—is amazing! It is scandalous!" he exclaimed. "I can understand that you may have desired some refreshment, some stimulant, but this vast quantity of liquor, sir—this enormous quantity—"

"I have nothing to do with it!" howled Mr. Pyke frantically. "The man has the name wrong. This liquor was ordered by someone here—"

"No mistake about that there name," said Gudger's carman, holding up his invoice.

Fifty heads were craned to look at it. Fifty pairs of eyes read the name of Pyke on it. Dunkley Pyke raved.

"I tell you, I know nothing of it! I gave no such order!"

"Is there another Mr. Pyke 'ere, sir?" asked Gudger's carman, addressing Dr. Shrubbs.

"No other; only Mr. Pyke's son—this boy!" gasped the Head of Bendover. "Pyke, do you know anything of this?"

"Oh, lor!" gasped Reggie. "N-n-no, sir! Oh crikey!"

"Well, I'm waiting to be paid," said Gudger's carman. "One dozen whisky, one dozen brandy, one dozen rum—twenty-five-pun-ten, sir."

"By gum!" came Jerry Smart's voice.

(Continued on next page.)

## STAMPS

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**WILL HAY AT BENDOVER! THE KID WITH A GOLD-MINE!**

(Continued from previous page.)

(Continued from page 53.)

"Pyke's governor must have been thirsty to order that lot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Teetotaller, too!" chortled Sammy Straw.

"Teetotaller—I don't think!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bendover crowd.

"I'm waiting to be paid, sir. I can't leave you them drinks without the money," said Gudge's carman.

"I will pay you nothing!" shrieked Dunkley Pyke. "I am not responsible! I gave no such order! I—Fool, you are drunk, or mad!—Go! Dr. Shrub, please order that man off the premises!"

"Mr. Pyke, it was shocking, scandalous, to order that quantity of intoxicating liquor to be delivered at this school!" exclaimed Dr. Shrub indignantly. "But, having done so, you must certainly pay—"

"I did not! I tell you I did not—"

"Come, come!" said Will Hay reprovingly. "You are surely responsible for an order given by your son, Mr. Pyke. Otherwise, Dr. Shrub will be driven to the conclusion that Pyke of the Fourth ordered these dreadful fluids for himself, in which case, he will have no choice but to expel him from Bendover."

"Mum-mum-my s-s-son!" stammered Mr. Pyke. "What do you mean, Mr. Hay? My—my s-s-son certainly did not—"

"Your son certainly did, Mr. Pyke," said Will Hay gravely. "For I myself heard him give the order, on the headmaster's telephone, from which there is an extension to my study."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Reggie.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Dr. Shrub.

"Pyke! Wretched boy! You have been punished for smoking, for card-playing, but this—this is almost beyond belief. Pyke, you are expelled!—Go and pack your box! Mr. Pyke, your son will leave Bendover with you! You will take him away—"

"One moment, sir!" said Will Hay. "If Mr. Pyke takes the responsibility—"

Dunkley Pyke gasped. His son expelled—turned out of Bendover! What an end to his scheming and plotting! For a long moment he gasped, speechless. Then he found his voice:

"I—I—I take the—the responsibility! I—I—I had forgotten. I—I—I authorised my son to—to—to give the order. It had slipped my memory. I—I—I will take the—the goods away in a taxi. I—I—I admit responsibility—"

"I'm waiting to be paid," said Gudge's carman.

"I—I—I will give you a cheque!" gasped Mr. Pyke. "May I step into your study to write a cheque, Dr. Shrub? And ring up a taxi? I—I—I—"

"Please come with me," said Dr. Shrub coldly.

Mr. Dunkley Pyke tottered after the Head to his study.

Will Hay winked after a taxi that turned out of the gates of Bendover, with a case of assorted liquors, and a very angry Mr. Pyke in it. Reggie Pyke scowled after it, rubbing his ears, which were crimson, and appeared to have been recently boxed.

"I wonder," murmured Will Hay, peering reflectively over his nose-nippers, "whether that woeful little wart will play tricks on the telephone again? Probably—at twenty-five pounds ten shillings a time—not! I should say, very probably not!"

THE END.

*Will Hay is all the rage as a fun-maker and he will be back in another riot of laughter next week. Tell your pals about "The PILOT'S" grand new feature of presenting this laughter-maker in a combined picture-strip and story.*

He didn't want to go, but I heaved him through the window. An hour later they came for me.

"Canyon City, Ken," they said. "Your last ride, hombre."

**I** HAD to laugh, 'cause I knew I was goin' to fool 'em. They saw the broken bar on the window, and figured that I hadn't been able to make an openin' big enough for me to get through. That was what I wanted them to think.

We rode all the afternoon—me tied up good an' tight on my old pal Tarzan. We got to Three Forks 'bout dark, and stopped at a wayside shack where they had grub. I had counted on them makin' a stop there for the night; but I sure could have done with some of the grub.

They dragged me off Tarzan and threw me down on the porch. I was sure tied good and fast.

I waited till they were all dozin' off, and then I whistled very softly. I had to whistle several times, but by and by, old Tarzan came nosin' round. I sure had got him trained for just such a job as this, but it took him a while to get started. Then he began to bite the knots on the ropes I was tied with. He was sure clumsy, but he kept goin', and in five minutes I was free, and stretchin' myself.

I crept over, and got behind Mexico Pete. I hated that guy, and almost strangled him when I got my hands clamped on his throat; but I stopped in time, and contented myself by taking his guns out of their holsters.

"Now, yuh, guys," I barks at the others, aimin' Pete's two guns over his shoulders at 'em, "drop your guns one at a time!"

They dropped 'em all right. They were half-asleep, and they weren't properly awake when I'd got the lot of 'em tied up tighter than they had tied me. Then I hopped on Tarzan and scouted round until I heard a noise in the sagebrush.

"Yuh got away, Ken?"

It was Larry, excited as a colt, and I wrote out a note and gave it to him.

"Take one of these hosses and ride like smoke into Canyon City," I told him. "Give this note to the sheriff. He will come back here with some other guys. When he has collected that bunch o' crooks in that shack, he will give yuh a letter for me. I'll be waitin' at Cougar Crossin'. Be seein' yuh, Larry."

"What's it all about, Ken?" he asked.

"How d'yuh escape?"

"Tell yuh later, son. Obedience is the rule in this here family. Scram!"

I took a last look at the Graveyard Gulchers in the shack. Then I rode off.

It was early nex' mornin' when Larry came ridin' into Cougar Crossin' with a letter in his hand.

"I went back to Three Forks with the sheriff and his posse," he told me. "They were sure tickled to find those guys all tied up ready for 'em. Here's the letter."

I tore it open and pulled out four thousand-dollar bills.

"Gee! What's all that money?" Larry cried out.

"That, son," I told him, "is the sum total of the rewards offered for the arrest of those guys who thought they were goin' to collect mine."

"Gosh, Ken!" he chuckled. "That was a swell idea. What'll we do with all that money?"

"Send yuh to school," I said. "That was the only way I could see of gettin' it."

Yuh ought to have seen his face—it sure was a picture!

"Ken, yuh've double-crossed me," he cried. "Yuh know I don't want to go to school. If I'd had known, I wouldn't have ridden into Canyon City!"

A bit later, when he had calmed down, I spoke to him.

"Yuh know yuh're supposed to have a gold-mine somewhere in Nevada, Larry?"

"I don't want a gold-mine!" he said. "I don't want to go to school! I just want to ride with yuh!"

Now what can you do with a guy like that!

*Once again "The PILOT" has scored a big hit with this grand, new celebrity feature. Follow the further thrilling adventures of Ken Maynard and his young pal in another vivid picture-strip and story, next Friday.*

**ALEX JAMES' SCHOOLDAYS!**

(Continued from page 63.)

had got him beat. The other paper of the exam was on Football—and Alex had "walked through" it.

The clock on the wall was clicking the minutes away. At twelve, to the second, Mr. Crunting's duty was to collect the papers of the entrants whether they were completed or not.

Pounds, Tadpole, and Jarvie—Alex's three opponents in the exam, seemed to be fairly at home with the papers. Jarvie, in particular, working at a great rate. With a knowing smile on his crafty face, he completed the paper and handed it in to Mr. Crunting twenty minutes before the necessary time.

Alex watched him go, with a sinking feeling of the heart. His spirits drooped lower still when the Tadpole and Pounds also rose up from their places, handed in their papers, and departed.

Alex James was the only one left. He sat ill at ease, trying to concentrate, gnawing the handle of his pen. Fascinatedly, he watched the big hand of the clock creep up. Twenty to twelve—eighteen minutes to twelve—sixteen minutes to twelve—fifteen minutes to twelve—

It was like a nightmare to the wretched junior. But Alex was stuck—he just couldn't go no. His chances of winning—of staying on at Cragston—were trickling by.

Suddenly he heard a hissing sound from the window. Vacantly he saw Fatty Hunter's agitated face peering over the low sill. Next moment a rolled-up ball of paper fell in front of Alex, dexterously thrown there by Fatty Hunter.

Mr. Crunting, who was warming himself by the fire, did not see the action. He did not see Alex James gather up the rolled paper; did not see the white, strained look that took possession of Alex's rugged face. For, upon straightening out the paper, Alex read the following:

**"HERE ARE THE ANSWERS—WRITE THEM DOWN—YOU CAN'T GO WRONG!"**

Alex gave Fatty's disappearing face a blink of alarm, then he felt himself trembling violently. How Fatty came to be in possession of the questions and the answers never, at that moment, crossed his mind. He was tackling a far great problem than that; he was wrestling with temptation as no boy had ever wrestled before. If he copied down those answers, the Bannock Memorial Scholarship was as good as his—he knew his Football paper would earn him full marks.

Temptation—the mocking tick of the clock on the wall—his blood running hot and cold.

Twelve minutes to the hour—twelve more minutes to decide his fate.

A cold sweat broke out over Alex's troubled face; he felt himself weakening. He felt his honesty, his clean-mindedness, slipping away from him!

*Time is running short and Alex is faced with the greatest decision of his life . . . . I he or is he not to remain at Cragston? . . . . Do not miss next week's enthralling chapters telling of the further events in the life of this wizard footballer.*