

WILL HAY • LEONARD HENRY • STAINLESS STEPHEN • ARTHUR PRINCE • SEXTON BLAKE • KEN MAYNARD ETC. —INSIDE.



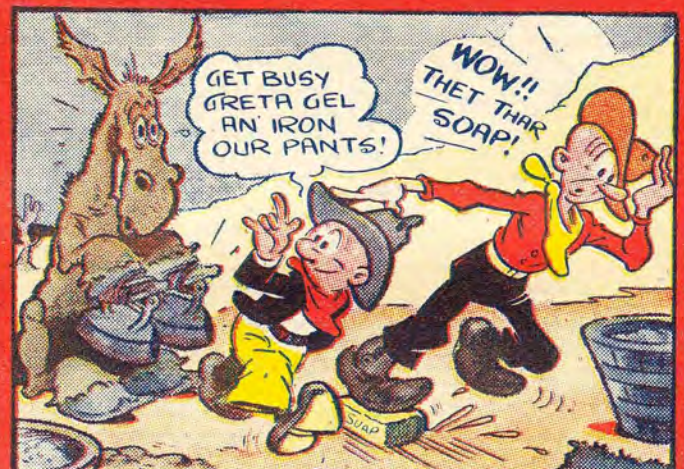
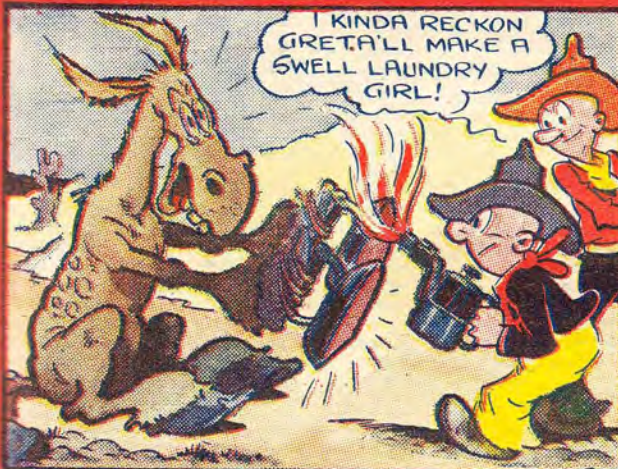
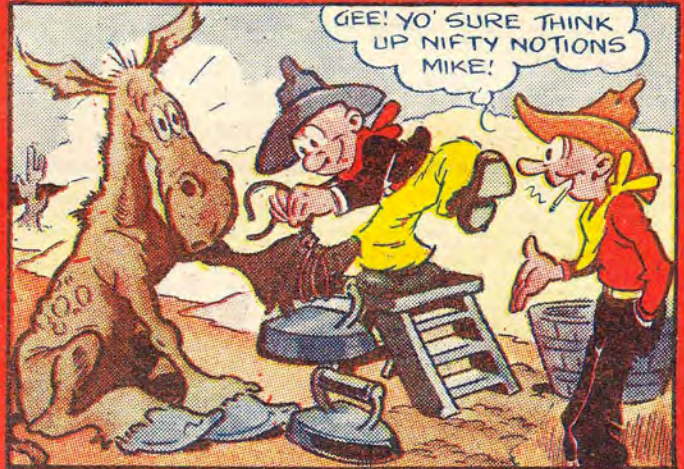
WILL HAY is inside

The PILOT

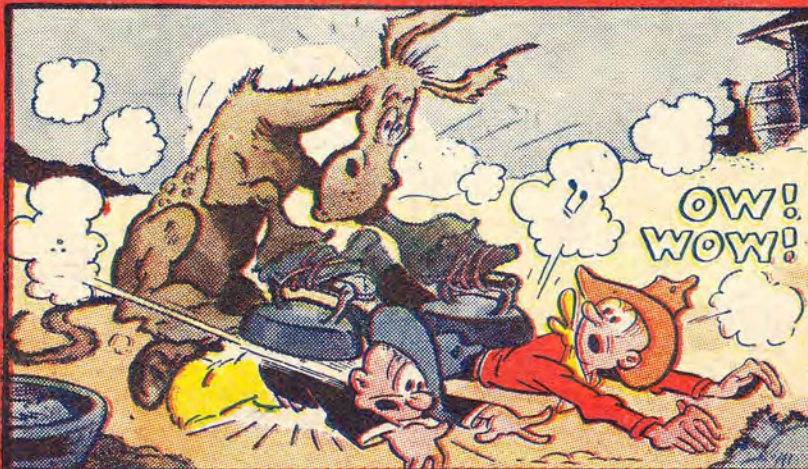
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No. 91. Vol. 6. Week ending June 26th, 1937.

EVERY FRIDAY



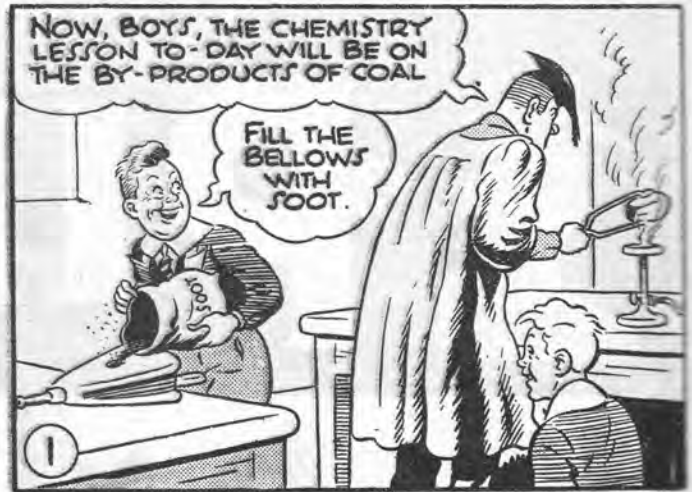
MIKE,
SPIKE &
GRETA,
OUR KRAZY GANG,
in:
A Pressing
Engagement



GRETA
CUT ME OUT AN' PASTE
ME IN YA POCKET-BOOK
-OR TEACHERS HAT!



Where there's a "Will there's a Hay," and where Will Hay is there's always plenty of fun and laughter. Here he is again in another bright, breezy yarn of Bendover College.



(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)

"QUIET!" whispered Dicky Bird. "Old Hay's somewhere in the garden." Will Hay grinned with all his teeth.

The master of the Bendover Fourth was in the Head's garden, as Dicky stated; but Dicky did not know quite how near he was.

Will was leaning on the wall. The whispering voice came from the other side of the wall. The two parties were invisible to one another, but Richard Bird's whisper came quite distinctly over the top, from the quad.

"What's the game?" The second voice was that of Reggie Pyke. Will heard a subdued chuckle.

"Old Stump's had the hose in the garden. He's left it where he was going to use it, on the path by the summer-house. Suppose a fellow nipped in and bagged it—and gave old Hay a shower-bath?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Reggie. "And suppose he spotted us, and walked us in to Dr. Shrubbs for a flogging?"

"We stick inside the summer-house with the hose and wait till he walks by! He's trotting round the garden. I've spotted him two or three times. When he gets it in the neck he won't see who did it."

"I'm on!" chuckled Reggie. "Wait a tick, though, while I scout round and see whether the Head's in the offing."

Will Hay, on the inner side of the wall, winked at a passing sparrow. Then he got a rapid move on. Those two members of his Form seemed to think it rather funny to give him a shower-bath from the gardener's hose. Sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander!

Will Hay was going to be first in the field, and the laugh was going to be on the other side.

Swiftly the master of the Fourth reached the summer-house, surrounded by thick shrubberies and shaded by trees. On the path in front of it trailed the garden hose, just as it had been left by Stump, the Bendover gardener, when he had been called away. It was turned off at the nozzle-valve, but a thin trickle of water oozed from the nozzle, showing it was still on at the tap.

Will picked up that nozzle and retreated into the summer-house. Keeping well back out of sight, he trained the nozzle to the rustic doorway, with his thumb ready to turn it on at the sound of a footstep. When Richard Bird and Reginald Pyke arrived they were going to meet with a surprise. Will chuckled silently as he waited.

Quite unaware that they had been forestalled by their Form-master, the two Fourth Formers moved along the wall to the gate, and Dicky Bird was about to open the same when Reggie clutched him suddenly by the arm.

"Look out!" he breathed. "The Head!"

"Oh, crikey!" murmured Bird.

He stopped, just in time, and leaned on the gate, as if merely stopping there for a rest, as Dr. Shrubbs, the headmaster of Bendover, came along from the House. The Head glanced at the two juniors, and Dicky Bird politely opened the gate for him to pass through. Dr. Shrubbs went into the garden and the gate closed behind him—and Bird and Pyke exchanged a look.

"Sold!" murmured Dicky.

"Bother him!" grunted Reggie, as he moved off. "He would butt in and spoil it."

Will Hay, in the summer-house, was waiting. He heard the click of the gate at the distance, and suppressed a chuckle! Somebody was coming! Will had no doubt who it was. He listened for the sound of footsteps. That sound soon came to his ears—footsteps grinding on the gravel of the path that ran in front of the little building.

"I think," murmured Will Hay, "that those little ticks will be sorry for themselves—about ten seconds! I rather fancy that they will get tired of japing their beak—at least with a garden-hose!"

Closer and closer came the footsteps, and Will Hay grinned more and more expansively over the nozzle of the hose. The footsteps had almost reached the doorway when he stepped quickly forward and let fly, swinging the nozzle round to meet the newcomer as he came.

"Wwvish! Swoooosh! Splash! "Urrrrggh!" came a wild gasp.

"Ha, ha!" roared Will Hay, emerging from the summer-house and still playing the hose at full force. "Ha, ha! Caught you—what Snuffed you this time, have I? Feeling wet? A bit damp! I— Oh! What—who—gaw-jumping Jupiter!"

Will jumped almost clear of the ground as he saw the drenched and staggering figure in front of him.

It was not Richard Bird! It was not Reginald Pyke! It was Dr. Erasmus Shrubbs, headmaster of Bendover!

Will's eyes nearly popped from his face in amazement and horror. After what he had heard, over the garden wall, he had naturally expected Bird and Pyke—one, or both of them—to arrive at the summer-house! But it was



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Dr. Shrubbs who had arrived—and it was into Dr. Shrubbs's majestic face that the stream of water had poured with terrific force.

Drenched, soaked, smothered, blinded by water, Dr. Shrubbs staggered, and gasped, and gurgled frantically.

Overcome with horror, Will stood transfixed—so utterly horrified that he did not even think of turning off the hose!

He stood with the nozzle in his paralysed hand, the water still streaming full force over the headmaster.

"Ooooooooh! Groooooooh! Woooooooh! Urrrrggghh!" spluttered Dr. Shrubbs. He lost his footing and sat down on the wet gravel, with a bump, in a pool of water. "Urrgh! Who—what—help! Yaroooooh!"

"My only hat and umbrella!" gasped Will Hay. "How the thump—what the deuce—why the dickens—oh, holy smoke!"

He shut off the hose at last. He pitched it down and rushed to the Head's assistance. Will Hay had made one or two mistakes since he had been on Dr. Shrubbs's staff at Bendover School; but never, never had he made so dreadful a mistake as this!

DICKY BIRD yelled.

"Oh, crumbs! Look!"

"Oh, scissors!" gasped Reggie Pyke.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Nearly every eye at Bendover turned on two figures that came towards the House—Dr. Shrubbs, tottering and gasping, leaning on the arm of Will Hay, who piloted him with dutiful care. There was a rush from all the fellows in the quad. Mr. Choot and Mr. Shandy came running up, and Monsieur le Bon popped out of the House, waving both hands in startled gesticulations.

"What has happened?" gasped Mr. Choot.

"Mon Dieu! Mais c'est affreux," squeaked

Monsieur le Bon. "Ze Head is vet—vet all over viz himself!"

"Urrrrgh!" gasped Dr. Shrubbs. "I have been drenched—soaked—by the garden hose—oooooh! Some miscreant turned it on me—oooooh—"

"But who?" gasped Mr. Shandy. "Who dared—"

"I do not know. The water dashed full in my face, and I could see nothing," gurgled the Head. "Some dastardly miscreant was hiding in the summer-house—oooh! Mr. Hay came at once to my assistance! You did not see that scoundrel, Mr. Hay?"

"I—I—I don't remember seeing any scoundrels about, sir!" stammered Will. "Not—not that I remember!"

"Help me in, Mr. Hay!" moaned the Head. "I am catching a cold—a bad cold! Thank goodness you were on the spot, my dear Hay!"

"Oh! Yes! That—that's something to be thankful for, isn't it?" groaned Will, and he piloted the Head into the House.

The quadrangle was left in a buzz of excitement. From the Sixth Form to the Second, every fellow at Bendover was discussing that awful happening to the Head! Who had done it was a deep mystery. Nobody could even begin to guess who had done it! The Head, blinded by drenching water, had not seen the miscreant—and Will Hay, though he seemed to have been quite near the spot, had stated explicitly that he had seen no miscreants! Stuckey of the Sixth, and two or three other prefects, made an immediate search in the Head's garden—but nobody was discovered there!

Everybody—or nearly everybody—was sorry for the Head. Dicky Bird had planned to give his Form-master a shower-bath; but he would never have dreamed of drenching the Head. Neither would Reggie Pyke; but now that it had happened, the artful Reggie began

to see possibilities in the occurrence. When it was learned that Dr. Shrubbs had gone to bed, the shock of it having badly upset his nerves, and that the school doctor had been phoned to come at once, Reggie's extensive mouth emitted a sound like cracking nuts—which was his way of chortling. And Pyke of the Fourth made his way to the Head's study, now deserted, shut the door, and sat down at the telephone.

He rang up Mr. Dunkley Pyke at home.

"I say, tremendous news, pater!" cackled Reggie. "Looks like coming off at last! Dr. Shrubbs's laid up! He's got the doctor, so even if he was going to get well before, he won't now! I say, he will be laid up for weeks—right on his beam-ends. What about that?"

Mr. Dunkley Pyke's rusty voice came crackling back!

"That is very sad news, Reginald—"

"Eh!"

"I am, of course, very sorry indeed to hear it!" said Mr. Pyke. "At the same time, I think it may be a good thing for my old school. I have long been of opinion, as you know, that it is high time that Dr. Shrubbs retired and made room for an abler man. If the circumstances are as you state, a temporary headmaster must be appointed—and there can be no doubt that the post will be offered to me."

"What-ho!" chuckled Reggie. "We get there this time, pater."

"I shall communicate at once with Colonel Chatterton—I have his support on the Governing Board! This is very, very sad news, Reginald—but every cloud has a silver lining."

"He, he, he!" chortled Reggie.

He went out of the study, grinning. All Mr. Dunkley Pyke's schemes for stepping into Dr. Shrubbs's shoes at Bendover School had



failed, so far. Now a happy chance had played into his hands. Mr. Pyke was the man to make the most of it! Reggie of the Fourth saw good times ahead!

He grinned more widely, as he passed the door of Will Hay's study. That door was open, and he saw his Form-master within.

Will was not looking his usual cheery self. He was overwhelmed with dismay at that disaster to his chief. Already the doctor was making arrangements for Dr. Shrubbs's removal to a nursing-home at Didham. The Head was going to be absent for a time—perhaps for some weeks. Will was walking about his study in a state of great agitation, his gown billowing behind him, his nose-nippers slanting unheeded down one side of his nose, his mortar-board over one ear. Reggie grinned at him joyfully.

Will Hay glanced round, and spotted the grinning face at the doorway. He frowned so fiercely that his nose-nippers fell off, and he grabbed them just in time.

"You iniquitous little tick!" exclaimed Will wrathfully. "Is this a laughing matter? Step into my study, Pyke, and I will give you immediate reason to change your opinion on that point."

He grabbed Reggie by a large ear and hooked him into the study. Reggie roared. Will grasped a cane with his other hand.

"Leggo!" howled Reggie. "I'll jolly well hack your shins, you old ass!"

"Wha-a-t?" gasped Will. He stared at Pyke in amazement. This was extraordinary language from a Fourth Former to his Form-master!

"Think I'm afraid of you?" howled Reggie. "My pater will be headmaster here to-morrow, see? Think you're jolly well going to lick me any more? Yah! You'll jolly well get the sack if you don't mind your p's and q's. Leggo, I tell you!"

"My only umbrella and sunshade!" ejaculated Will Hay. He had forgotten all about Mr. Dunkley Pyke and his scheming. Then he smiled. "But it was rather unfortunate for you, Pyke, that he is not headmaster to-day. If he were here now, he might object to your getting what you have just asked me for, Pyke! As the matter stands, you will get it! Bend over that chair, Pyke!"

"Shan't!" retorted Reggie. He dodged round the study table, as his Form-master billowed towards him. Will glared at him across the table, brandishing the cane.

"Will you bend over that chair?" roared Will.

"No jolly fear!" answered Reggie defiantly. "Your game's up here! You touch me, you beast, and I'll ask my pater to sack you to-morrow! Yah!"

Will Hay billowed round the table. Reggie dodged round the other side again. Twice, thrice, they circumnavigated the study table. Reggie, banking on Headmaster Dunkley Pyke on the morrow, was recklessly defiant. As he circled the table a third time, he grabbed up a Latin dictionary, and hurled it. It crashed on his Form-master's third waistcoat button.

"Oooh!" gasped Will Hay. He staggered, nearly doubled up. Reggie Pyke shot to the door. Will, with both hands pressed to that waistcoat button, was hors de combat for the moment, and Reggie flew.

"Mon cher 'Ay!" Monsieur le Bon looked in at the doorway. "Zis is verree bad news zat ve hear viz ourselves—to me it is vun great shock! Oh, zousand zunders!"

Mossoo Bang hardly knew what hit him. Reggie Pyke was coming through the study doorway like a cannon-ball. There was a terrific crash, and mossoo went over backwards in the passage, and Reggie sprawled headlong over him.

"Mon Dieu! Name of a name of one dog!" gasped Mossoo Bong. "Vat zen—ooooh! I am knock over—I am bang in ze basket of ze bread—Wooooch!"

Reggie Pyke staggered up dizzily. Will Hay leaped and clutched. Reggie went back into the study, with a grip on the back of his collar.

"Will you oblige me by bending over that chair, Pyke?" grinned Will, twisting the howling Reggie over. "I thought you would, if I asked you nicely! Now for a little healthy exercise! If this is going to be your last licking, Pyke, I am sure you would like me to make it a really good one! What?"

Will Hay made it a good one! The dust rose from Reggie's trousers, and by the time he got out of that study he was wishing from the bottom of his heart that he had not counted his chickens quite so early!

"GOOD-MORNING, boys!" groaned Will Hay. "Good-morning, sir?" grinned the Bendover Fourth.

It was not a "good" morning from any point of view—unless from Reggie Pyke's. There was a great change at Bendover School that morning. Dr. Shrubbs was in the nursing-home at Didham, and Bendover knew him no more. In his place at Bendover School reigned a new temporary headmaster—Mr. Dunkley

"Good-morning, sir!" bleated Will politely. "So kind of you to give me a look-in! I was afraid you would find the time—I mean—"

"I am far from satisfied, Mr. Hay, with what I have heard of this Form!" barked Mr. Pyke. "I shall take the Fourth in this lesson, and ascertain for myself what progress they have made under your instructions. Very little, I fear."

"My dear sir—"

"Kindly do not waste time in idle talk, Mr. Hay! Give me that book!" Mr. Pyke almost grabbed the volume from the hand of the master of the Fourth, and strode towards the Form-master's desk.

Reggie Pyke jumped up in alarm. His pater was about to sit down!

"I—I say, pater—" he gasped. "Silence!" thundered Will Hay. "How dare you talk in class, Pyke, when your headmaster is present!"

"I say, look out!" yelled Reggie desperately. "I say—Yaroooooh!" He wound up with a yell as Will grasped him by the collar and slammed him back into his seat.

Mr. Dunkley Pyke was sitting down! He sat down heavily. The Fourth Form gasped. For about a millionth part of a second Mr. Dunkley Pyke sat on the drawing-pin. Then he bounded off the chair as if he found it red-hot. A fiendish yell woke all the echoes of the Form-room, and most of those of Bendover School.

"Yarooooop!"

"What the merry dickens—" gasped Will Hay, staring blankly at his new chief, in great astonishment.

He had not expected to be entertained by a song and dance, when Mr. Pyke blew into his Form-room. But that was how the new headmaster was entertaining him and his Form.

With both hands pressed behind his gown, Mr. Pyke was dancing frantically. He yelled wildly as he danced.

"Yoo-hoop! Ow! Yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Bendover Fourth—all but Reggie, who gazed at his pater in horror and dismay. That drawing-pin had been planted on the chair for Will Hay! The new headmaster had sat on it! Reggie had made a catch—but not according to plan!

"Oh! Ow! Ah! Oh! Ooooooh!" roared Mr. Dunkley Pyke, still frantically dancing. "What villain—what scoundrel—what miscreant—Yarooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Dicky Bird. "Some catch, Reggie!"

"Whoo-hoo-whoop!" raved Mr. Pyke. He wriggled in anguish. "Ow! Ooooooh! Urrrrgh!"

"Is anything the matter, sir?" gasped Will Hay.

"Fool! Idiot! I have sat on—on something sharp—a pin, or something!" yelled Mr. Pyke. "Oh! Ow! Woooh! Oh! Ow! Wow!"

"Oh!" gasped Will. "I get you, sir. Does it hurt?"

"D-d-does it hurt?" spluttered Mr. Pyke. "Idiot! Fool! Do you think that I can sit on a drawing-pin without getting hurt? Imbecile! Ooooooh! Woooooh! I shall not take your class this morning—wooooh! Ow!"

Mr. Pyke, still with his hands pressed in anguish to his gown, wriggled doorwards. At the door he glared back. "What! Are you laughing, Mr. Hay?"

"Oh, no!" gasped Will. "Only—only my usual pleasant and agreeable smile, sir! Ha, ha!"

"Fool! Ow! Idiot! Wow! What young scoundrel placed that drawing-pin on the chair? Mr. Hay, if you do not discover that detestable young rascal, and punish him severely, you are dismissed from your post! Woooooh!"

Mr. Pyke wriggled out of the Form-room, almost doubled up, and the door slammed after him. Will Hay grinned at his Form. The Fourth were rocking with merriment.

"Pyke!" said Will genially. "Pyke, stand up!"

"Oh lor!" groaned Reggie. He stood up. "You heard what your headmaster said—he left us?" smiled Will. "I think you know something about that drawing-pin, Pyke."

Prof. Barnacle Offers Prizes!



Every week I am giving away a 576-page book of adventure stories to the PILOT reader who sends me the best joke, and 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:

Sergeant: "Take this rifle and watch."

Sentry: "O.K., but where's the watch?"

This week's prize—a 576-page book of adventure stories—goes to: F. Gallup, Mountfield Lodge, Uckfield, Sussex.

Tommy was being interviewed for a job as office boy, and, to test his intelligence, the manager asked:

"Now, my lad, what would you do with one hundred pounds?"

"I dunno, sir," replied Tommy, after a moment's hesitation. "I didn't expect so much for a start!"

This week's special prize of half-a-crown goes to: D. A. Finlayson, Thaba Nchu, O.F.S., South Africa.

Pyke. And Will Hay knew that Mr. Pyke was going to turn that temporary appointment into a permanent one, if he could! In the meantime, Will was booked for trouble—lots and lots of it!

Will was too worried that morning to be as observant as usual. He did not even notice a drawing-pin placed, business-end upwards, on the chair at his desk. Luckily, he was also too worried to sit down. His Form waited happily for him to do so. He billowed about the Form-room, with his book in his hand, when the lesson began. Twice he approached his desk, as if about to sit, and the Fourth watched him breathlessly. But each time he disappointed him by billowing on again.

There was a step in the corridor, and the door jerked open. A bony, angular man strode in. Mr. Dunkley Pyke glanced over the Form and fixed a cold, fish-like eye on Will Hay. Reggie winked at his pal, Fruity Snell. His respected pater was losing no time in beginning on Will Hay!

Your remarks, which I so fortunately interpreted, indicate as much! Step out from the Form, Pyke! I should be disposed, personally, to overlook this occurrence; but your headmaster insists upon severe punishment! I am sorry, Pyke, but I have no alternative but to carry out the orders of my superior. Hand over your desk! Thank you!"

"MR. HAY!"
"Sir!" said Will.
"I regret," said Mr. Dunkley Pyke, "that I have no further occasion for your services on my staff, Mr. Hay! I request you to resign."
Will shook his head.

"Resignation is not numbered in the list of my many virtues, sir!" he answered.

"If you refuse to resign, Mr. Hay—"
"You understand me perfectly, sir!" assented Will. "With your usual happy gift for touching the precise spot, you snaffle my exact meaning."

"Then," said Mr. Pyke grimly, "you are dismissed, Mr. Hay! Dr. Shrubbs may have been satisfied with you. I disagree entirely."

"You do," said Will, with a nod, "in every way! Never saw a more disagreeable blighter since I became a schoolmaster. You make an art of it, what?"

"Leave my study!" thundered the new headmaster of Bendover.

"A superfluous request, sir; I had no intention whatever of taking it with me," answered Will. And he breezed out of Dr. Shrubbs's study, where Dr. Shrubbs's successor now reigned supreme.

Will rubbed his nose thoughtfully as he walked into the quad. He had expected it as soon as Mr. Pyke was installed at Bendover. Now he had got it. A crowd of the Fourth met him with rather anxious faces. Only Reggie Pyke was grinning. Reggie knew why the master of the Fourth had been called on the carpet just before afternoon school, and he had spread the news. But if it was good news for Reggie, it did not seem good to the rest of the Form. Will was very popular in the Bendover Fourth. They often ragged him; but the more they ragged him, the better they seemed to like him.

"I say, sir, you're not going?" exclaimed Dicky Bird.

"He's sacked!" grinned Reggie. And he chuckled gleefully.

"Shut up, Pyke, you tick!" shouted a dozen fellows. "Boot him!"

Reggie ceased to chuckle, and yelled instead, as three or four boots landed on him at once. Mr. Pyke put his head out of his study window.

"Boys! Cease this disturbance immediately!" he barked. "Go into your Form-room at once, all of you! Mr. Hay is no longer your master, and I shall take the Fourth this afternoon! Go in at once!"

"The bell hasn't gone yet, sir!" said Bird.

"Take five hundred lines, Bird! Now go to!"

"I—I say, sir—" began Jerry Smart.

"Take five hundred lines, Smart!"

"Oh crikey!"

The Fourth Form went in. It was yet a quarter of an hour to class; and they went in peacefully and rebelliously; but they went. Evidently Mr. Pyke was going to deal with Will Hay's Form with a heavy hand. He did not seem pleased by the fact that Will was popular with the juniors.

"This looks," murmured Will, "as if my Form are going to miss me!"

There was no doubt about that. In the Fourth Form Room, there was excited discussion until the bell rang, and Mr. Dunkley Pyke strode into the Form-room. He gave the seniors a grim glare; and then, as his eyes fell on the blackboard, he jumped.

On the blackboard, somebody had chalked an inscription in large capital letters to meet his eyes when he came in.

"WE WANT WILL HAY!"

Mr. Pyke glared at that inscription. Then he glared at the Form again.

"Who wrote that?" he thundered.

(Continued on page 311.)

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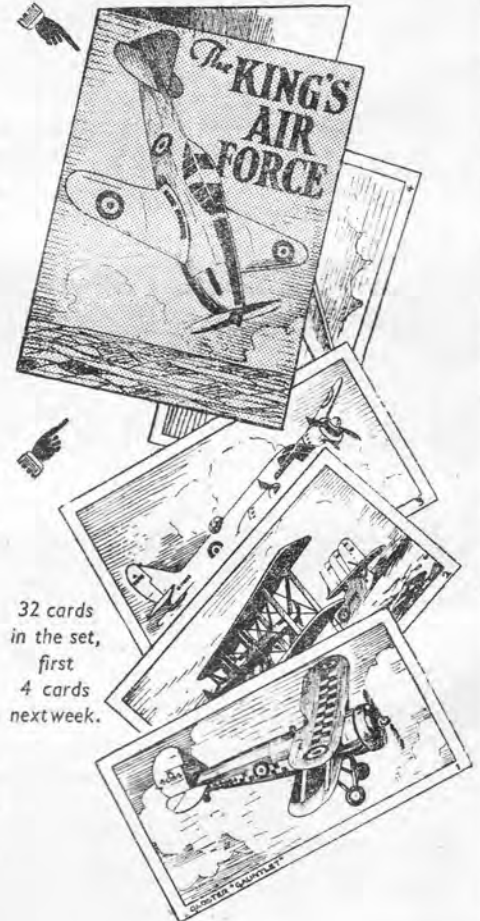
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THE LAUGHING BUCCANEER!

(Continued from page 293.)

"Keep your hair on, laddie!" the Buccaneer roared. "I'm not going to hurt you. I'm here to help you—and I think I'm beginning to understand what all this is about." "You're come to take me away?" Julian Stromberg almost babbled the words in an excited whisper. "We must be quick. Do you see?" "The Buccaneer," said the ex-outlaw calmly. "And you're Julian Stromberg, my twin brother," Julian croaked. "I supposed to be dead—to have been dead six months ago. I've been kept here all this time. I've never been in this room—because he's going to kill you see? He's got a scheme that's going to get him in two million pounds by forging his name on the biggest scale ever known. It will be found out—but he would have the money, and they would never catch him. He was going to shoot me, and I'd be dead."

"And," drawled the Buccaneer, "it would be a good idea that you were Marcus Stromberg, and committed suicide because you'd forged banknotes in order to save yourself from financial ruin. I get it—Marcus would in reality be away with all his loot—"

"I paused, as from downstairs a shout came, and the sound of footsteps racing up the stairs. Then the door was suddenly flung open. The Buccaneer caught a glimpse of Julian Stromberg, his face livid with fury, a revolver in his hand. And then he saw the open door sprang something that the Buccaneer hadn't bargained for—a full-blooded leopard!

KILL. Mays! Kill!" Stromberg snarled. Straight at the Buccaneer the leopard leapt, its green eyes glowing, its yellow fangs gleaming, but as it came towards the Buccaneer it veered back and to one side. As the leopard leapt past him in midair he whacked out with the iron bar, and there was a snarl from the brute.

The wallop gave the Buccaneer the split second he wanted. As the leopard twisted to face him again, his hand flew to his hip, jerked out the stopper of the acid bottle, and flung the contents full into the leopard's face.

There came a bloodcurdling roar of furious protest from the leopard. It leapt almost to the door, clawing and spitting in a frenzy of agony. Simultaneously, Marcus Stromberg raised and levelled it at the Buccaneer. The Buccaneer dived forward as the gun fired. He felt the lick of a bullet against his cheek, and then the iron bar fell with a crash on Stromberg's head.

With a moan Stromberg dropped the gun and staggered forward, and as he did so the furious leopard clawed at him. The Buccaneer was blind with pain and fury, unaware that he was his master.

There was a furious, snarling sound, a bloodcurdling roar, as the leopard literally fell on the unconscious figure of Stromberg. The Buccaneer leapt across the room, grabbed up Stromberg's gun, and pulled the trigger, and the leopard dropped across the torn body of his master it had killed.

In the doorway, where he had been cowering in terror, the butler moaned dismally, and the Buccaneer lifted his gun and fired.

"Come in here, James!" he drawled. "Take Mr. Marcus Stromberg away, brush his hair, and make him look a little more presentable."

"But I'm Julian Stromberg!" Julian said hoarsely. "I'm not Marcus. Marcus is dead—dead!"

"Listen, brother!" the Buccaneer said firmly. "From now on you're Marcus Stromberg, the big financier. Get me? And you can do me a service. I want you to swear black's white that I was with you from eleven o'clock onwards, last evening. You'll say that I left the Hot Spot Club and joined you at the corner, where we got into your car and drove down here. Get that?"

"But why? Yes, I'll do it. I owe you my life—everything!"

"You'll see," the Buccaneer said, and smiled, a gay dare-devil brilliance in his eyes. "Don't forget, now. You're Marcus Stromberg, and you'll remain Marcus for the rest of your life. You've got enormous financial responsibilities, but you can sell out discreetly, and still have enough cash to live in luxury for the rest of your life. The trouble with your brother was the same that all these powerful birds get. He wanted more and more power, and didn't care how he got it."

He stopped, as a violent ringing and banging at the front door sounded, and there came a voice that was as familiar to the Buccaneer as his own.

"Open this door—in the name of the law!"

Two minutes later Inspector Bugle was staring grimly at the butler as he opened the front door to the inspector.

"About time!" he granted. "There's a man here who's calling himself Gresham. I want to see him."

He stopped, then goggled over the butler's shoulder as he saw the tall, debonaire figure of the Buccaneer in the hall with a man whom he recognised instantly as Stromberg, the powerful financier.

"Oh, good-evening, Mr. Stromberg!" Bugle said respectfully; then added: "I have had information from a man who was found handcuffed to some area railings, that a man who admitted he was the Buccaneer was coming to see you. That man there—and he jabbed a finger towards the Buccaneer—"do you know who he is?"

"Yes," said Mr. Stromberg promptly. "He's a great friend of mine. Mr. Gresham—"

"All right, we'll skip that," Bugle said sourly. "Gresham or Buchan, he's still the Buccaneer, and I have a warrant for his arrest for assisting prisoners to escape—"

"What? Me? When?" said the Buccaneer innocently.

"Last night; half-past eleven," said Bugle, with triumph.

"This gentleman," Stromberg said steadily, "was with me last night. I met him outside the Hot Spot Club, and we came straight down here. I'm going away to-night, you see, inspector, and wanted to discuss—"

"I dunno what it's all about," Bugle muttered, and the Buccaneer grinned and linked his arm genially through the inspector's.

"No," he murmured. "Dear old Bugle-blast. You never do. Come on, and I'll buy you a drink." Patting a fat bulge in his breast-pocket, where twenty thousand pounds rustled comfortably, he added innocently: "I think I've just about got enough."

They're at it again . . . the Buccaneer and inspector Bugle! Look out for another high-speed thrill story telling of another great clash between the laughing law-breaker and the man who has sworn to "get him."

WILL HAY AT BENDOVER!

(Continued from page 293.)

No answer from the Fourth. "Reginald! Who wrote that?" demanded Mr. Pyke.

Reggie opened his lips. As he did so, a Latin grammar whizzed across the class and landed on his ear. Reggie yelled.

"Who threw that book?" shrieked Mr. Pyke.

"Find out!" came a voice from the back of the class.

Mr. Pyke gripped a cane and swished it in the air. The expression on his face was quite alarming.

"Very well!" he said between his compressed lips. "I shall cane the whole Form! This is the worst Form at Bendover—due, I have no doubt, to the influence of your late master. I shall establish discipline here! I shall cane every boy in the form, with one exception. You first, Bird! Stand out and bend over that hassock!"

Dicky Bird stood out. There was a rebellious gleam in Dicky's eyes. However, he bent over the hassock.

Up went the cane. Down it came with a terrific whop! Had it landed on Richard Bird, Richard would undoubtedly have felt hurt. But Richard whipped out of the way just in time, and the swiping cane missed. Meeting with no resistance, it swept on its way, and landed on Mr. Pyke's own shin.

The yell that came from Mr. Dunkley Pyke as he caught his own whop made the Form-room ring. He dropped the cane and hopped on one leg, clasping the other with both hands.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bendover Fourth. "Oh! Ah! Ow! Wow!" howled Mr. Pyke. "Bird, you young rascal—Ow! I will flog you—Wow! I will—yow-ow-ow-ow!"

The new headmaster of Bendover clutched up the cane again, and swiped round him, delivering whacks on all sides, and there was a chorus of yells and howls. A dictionary sailed through the air and caught him under the chin.

That was the signal for a volley! Books and inkpots flew in a shower, and crashed on Mr. Pyke right and left.

"Barge him out!" roared Jerry Smart. "You—you—you young rascals!" spluttered Mr. Pyke. "You—you—you—Oh! Ow!"

He backed away, holding up his hands to ward off the shower. But it came thicker and faster. All the Bendover Fourth were wild with excitement now, and every fellow in the Form, excepting Reggie, was joining in the riot. School books and inkpots rained on Mr. Pyke, and drove him to the door.

Spluttering and gasping, he backed into the corridor. Whizzing inkpots followed him out, till he slammed the door.

He stood tottering in the passage, spluttering for breath, and dabbing wildly at streaming ink. The door opened suddenly, and Reggie Pyke came hurtling out, driven by half a dozen boots. He crashed into Mr. Pyke, and sent him spinning.

The door slammed on Reggie. From within came a din of stamping feet and yelling voices:

"Hurrah! We want Will Hay! Hurrah!" Mr. Dunkley Pyke staggered to his feet. He made a step towards the Form-room door—but only one! Then he turned and tottered away.

A rebellion at Bendover . . . and WILL HAY is in the thick of it. That's something extra-special to look forward to in next week's bumper issue of the "PILOT."

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