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18. 731, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

「Week Ending June 12th, 1915.



NEW SERIAL STORY, pecially written for THE BOYS' FRIEND by BEVERLEY KENT, in collaboration with VICTOR DARING, R.N., who has supplied many interesting details dealing with life

Majesty's Navy while on active service.

The 1st Chapter.

Fighting the Storm!

Fighting the Storm;

Fighting the Storm;

The small boat lay becalmed four knots off the coast of Norfolk, and in it a well-set-up lad was seated at the tiller. His face was tanned, his close-cropped hair showed clearly a well-formed head poised on a muscular neck, and his eyes had that contracted and unfinehing gaze that only a sea life can give.

For one so young his face had developed great strength, and some lines of suffering. He was staring across the waste of water at the land where a few stunted trees partly hid from view the facade of a long, rambling mansion set about three hundred yards from the shore,

"My home!" he said cynically.

"You talk to me of my home, Grace. And I have no friend in the world but you and Phil, and—"

A girl of about his own age, resting in the bow, dropped the book she held,

and turned on him a pair of pleading "Bob, can you never forget?" she

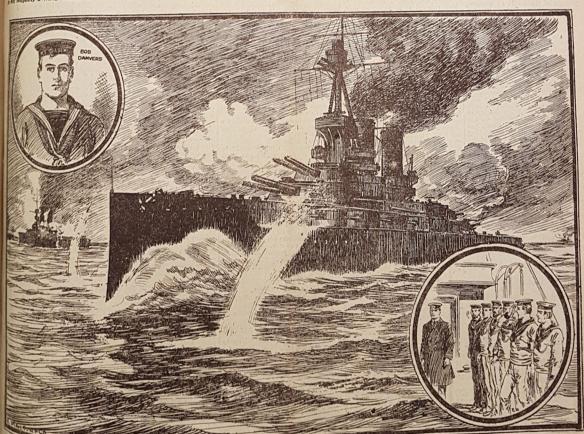
"Nob, can you never forget?" she under the conget disgrace?" he asked.
"It will never forget me, never! It will dog my footsteps through life. When I am forty years of ago men will point at me as the ex-midshipman whose services his Majesty dispensed with. I sometimes almost feel I would like to end it all. Oh, you needn't start! I don't intend to. I'm not a coward."
"I know you're not," she said. "You are as brave as you are honourable."
"That's not what the world

ourable."
"That's not what the world thinks," he remarked bitterly. "Neither is it what they think at home. My home!" And he shook his fist at the weather-beaten mansion. "You don't know half what they say, Grace, for they know that you and I have been pals ever since we were kids, and that you

wouldn't stand any slander against me. But sometimes I feel inclined

wouldn't stand any slander against
me. But sometimes I feel inclined
to—"
He laughed shortly, and his face
had grown very hard.
"What is it you would like to do?"
she asked.
"I'd like to lay out that lubber
Stephen Grefton, though he's six
years older than I am, and weighs
over a stone more," he replied.
She laughed, and despite his wrath,
his eyes twinkled. He could read her
every thought with each alteration in
her expression.
"You're too charitable to say you
hate him, but you do, in spite of all
the attention he pays you," he went
on. "And to think that my mother
married a second time to his father,
and that some day all that should
come to me will go to him. Is it
any wonder if—"
"Oh, Bob, that could never
(Continued on the next page.)

(Continued on the next page.)



Bob Danvers, a true British boy and the hero of our story.

HE BIG PICTURE SHOWS ADMIRAL JELLICOE'S FLACSHIP—THE IRON DUKE—IN ACTION.

The 1st Chapter. Under Detention.

STERM CHASE!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of School Life dealing with the Adventures of

THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.



"I will not let you off, you bad, sheeky poys!" said Herr Kinkel. "In Chermany de poys do not sheek deir masters—dey tremble at deir frown." "Must be a spoony lot!" murmured Newcome.

In this is what Jimmy Silver & Co.

largepone. It could be a seen as a s

the test state issand.

Yatrally, Herr Kinkel tried over
the main, and his deep voice boomed
at the expressive words; and the
final Four came along in the quad,
at lead that booming proceeding
the window of the German
metr's study—like unso the roar of

Vu schiert uns Russe und Franzos? Store, Fir lieben sie nicht, wir hassen sie

Tr schutzen Weichsel und Wasgen-

Pas, haben nur einen einzigen Hass. Feind!"

by so forth, ad lib. On the word line, the expressive German and for "enemy." Herr Kinkel as with setual fercoity. And as when means "Hate," came as in in a his of wrath. He was a limit in the fery sensation of said on the first sensation of said on forting in these days, and should be sense to the first sense of th

med that it was like his variety was, trainly was, trainly was, trainly was, the property of the property of the metre, so that Herr it vocal efforts, with Jimmy it was accepted to the property of the metre, so that Herr it vocal efforts, with Jimmy it was accepted to the property of t

lieben vereint, wir hassen Feind, nur ein

nur einen einzigen

SQUEAK!

SQUEAK!

SQUEAK! "Durch die Wasser getrennt, die sind dicker als Blut." SQUEAK!

could see fellows reading "Chuckles" under the old becches.

And they were detained.

They were down on their luck.
Half-holiday-cricket, rowing, cycling, ragging the Moderns, or looking for a row with the juniors of Bagshot School.

They ground over the lines Mr.

Bosking for a row with the jumes? of Bagshot School.

They groaned over the lines Mr. Bootles had given them to do. And they looked from the windows. They felt inclined to sing a Hymn of Hate with Herr Kinkel as its object.

"Why don't they send him into a concentration camp?" sighed Lovell.
"All Germans ought to be incentration camps, you know, are concentration camps to the sight of the sig

It's all the fault of those caddish Moderns!"

"Oth, it's rotten!" groaned Raby.
"Think of a walk over the downs now, and tea at the old farm!"

"Or a run down to the soa, and a bathe!" grunted Newcome.
"Oh, don't!" growled Jimmy Silver. "You make me want to go for Kinkel with a ruler! I'd give him Hymns of Hate, the old duffer! Wir haben nur einne ningen Feindand that's Kinkel!"
"Wir haben nur einen einigen Heindand that's Kinkel!"

Kinkel!" said Lovell, with a feeble attempt at humour. "Let's book it!" said Jimmy Silver

desperately.

"Oh!"

"Bootles gone out; he'll never know. Let's chance it!"
Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked serious. Breaking detention was a serious matter. But the blue sky, dotted with drifting clouds, the sot, whisper of the wind from the sea, seemed to call to them. They thought of the open, breezy downs, and looked round the dusty old classroom, and made up their minds.

"I'm game!" said Lovell.
"If there's a row, there's a row!"

"If there's a row, there's a row!" said Jimmy Silver recklessly. "I don't care! I mean, I do care, but not enough to stick in here. It's wicked to stay indoors on a day like this!"

"Hear, hear! Come on!"

"Hear, hear! Come on?"
Lovell hurled his Virgil across the room. Raby pitched his pen on the floor, and jumped on it. The Fistical Four made a rush for the Form-room door, resolved to make a bid for liberty, and chance the results. They came out into the deserted passage with a rush. They could have whooped with glee at the prospect of freedom.

But just as they reached the end

But just as they reached the end of the passage a bulky form loomed up before them, and two little spiteful light eyes blinked at them over an enormous pair of spectacles.

"Was denn? Where you go?"

The Fistical Four halted in blank ismay. Herr Kinkel stood before dismay. them.

The 2nd Chapter.

Keeping Watch.

Herr Kinkel blinked at the

The juniors blinked at Herr Kinkel.

Kinkel.

For a moment there was a desporate thought in their minds of rushing the German master, bumping him down in the passage, and escaping over his breathless body. But they checked that wild impulse. The consequences would have been too dreadfully serious.

"You preak pounds, isn't it?" said.

Somin have been too dreadfully serious.

You preak pounds, isn't it?" said Herr Kinkel, with a disagreeable andle. "I tinks tat Mr. Pootles, he ose to stay in till six o clock!"

"You so stay in till six o clock!"

"You so stay in till six o clock!"

"And now is "sixted Jimmy Silver."

"And now is "sixted Jimmy Silver."

"And now is a clock."

"I tink you know tat Mr. Pootles is gone out mit himself, and you tink tat you preak pounds, nicht war. But I tink of tat meinself, and I keeps open mein eye. You goes pack to your detention!"

Jimmy Silver clenched his fists. He would have given a whole term's pocket-money to "land" Herr Kinkel one on his Frussian nose. Instead of which, he had to go back to the Formroom.

room.

In the lowest possible spirits, the Fistical Four returned to their detention. They sat down at their desks with glum faces.

Herr Kinkel followed them as far as the doorway, and blinked in at them.

Herr Ainkel followed them as far as the doorway, and blinked in at them.

"You keeps here," he said. "I tinks I keeps an eye open, hein. I smokes men pipe at te end of to passage, and if you gum out vunce more, I see you, nicht war. Den I dakes you to der Head mit you." And Herr Kinkel waddled away. Jimmy Silver and his comrades looked at one another with feelings almost too deep for words.
"Did you ever?" gasped Jimmy. "Hardly ever?" grasped Jimmy. "Hardly ever?" grasped Jimmy. "Hardly ever?" groaned Lovell. "The fat Hun has been spying on us in case we cleared."
"I believe all Germans are spies," growled Raby. "They take to it the same as they take to suasages and sauer kraut."
"And now he's sitting by the passage window, smoking his beastly pipe, and keeping his beastly German newspapers, with their beastly lies about victories that don't come off," said Newcome.
"Oh, dear!"
With their spirits at zero, the Fistical Four settled down to do lines. But after a quarter of an hour, Jimmy Silver jumped up. He could hear the cheery shouts from the cricket-field. It was simply impossible to do lines that afternoon!"
"Chuck that ros," said Jimmy Silver. "I've got a wheece."

It was simply impossible to do lines that afternoon!

"Chuck that rot," said Jimmy Silver. "Ive got a wherea."

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked that the little game!"

"End Germans have some human feelings," said Jimmy Silver. "Old Kinkel must have a heart tacked away somewhere under the layers of fat. Let's go and speak nicely to him. We'll kelle him we're sorry we squeaked—we are sorry an't we? I've never been sorrier for anything in my natural."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's against the law to kill him, so let's ry soft sawder. He must have some human feelings somewhere, "argued Jimmy Silver.

"Well, he may have—appearances."

dicker als Blut."

SQUEAK!

Lovell and Raby and Newcome howled with laughter. A crowd of fellows gathered round in great merriment. Even Tommy Dodd & Co., of the Modern side, who were generally up against Jimmy Silver & Co., pioned heartily in the squeaking, and in the roars of laughter which accompanied it.

Her Kinkel's song ceased suddenly He "wont off song" as he realised that there was a merry demonstration under his study window.

He leaned out of the window, his fat face crimson with rage, and shook a fat fist at the juniors.

"Ach! You sheek me, mit you! I reports tat to your Form-master, Silber!"

Which he promptly did; and Mr. Bootles, with a lack of humour which lowered him considerably in the estimation of his pupils, sentenced Jimmy Silver & Co. to detention for the afternoon.

It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and a glorious day.

All Rookwood was out of doors.

From the windows of the Form-room the Fistical Four could see their old rivals, Tommy Dodd & Co., njoying themselves on the cricket-ground. They could see a cheery good refreshing themselves with ginger-beer at the school shop. They OUR COMPANION THE MACRET LIBRARY—Id. | THE CEM LIBRARY—Id. | "THE BOYS' FRIEND "3d. | THE PENNY POPULAR. | Every Mednesday. | Every Wednesday. | COMPLETE LIBRARY. | THE PENNY POPULAR. | Every Friday. | Every Friday. | Every Saturday. Every Monday.



STERN >

Published Every Monday

page.)

HASE!

are deceptive," agreed Lovell. "Let's try"
Four hopeful youths quitted the Form-room, and walked down the passage Just round the corner was a big window, with a deep window, seat, and there Herr Kinkel sat smoking his German pipe, and reading his German paper. He blinked up severely at the sight of the Fistical Form.

Four.

"I tinks tat it is not six o'clock," he said sarcastically.
"No, sir" said Jimmy Silver, with deep respect. "We only want to speak to you, sir. We-we should like to hear you sing that nice song, sir, if you would.
"At!"

"It's a ripping song, sir, and shows what nico people the Germans are," said Jimmy Silver. "We're very— ahem—sorry to hear that a lot of them have been chopped up lately." "Pov!"

nave been cnopped up lately.

"Poy!"

"And if you would kindly forgive us, sir, we will never squeak any more when you are singing so beautifully, sir," said Raby.

"And—and we've got something special on this afternoon, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "We've ordered tea in advance at the Downside Farm, and we shall have to pay for it even if we don't go."

and we shall have to pay
we don't go."
"So if you'd let us off, sir—"
"I vill do nozzing of te kind, you
bad, sheeky poys. In Chermany te
poys do not sheek deir masters—dey

poys do not sheek deir massers tremble at den frown "
"Must be a spoony lot!" murmured

"Y-t1"
"I-I mean, sir, we—we don't mind trembling at your frown, sir, if—if you like."
"Go pack mit you!" thundered Herr Kinkel.
"But, sir.—"
"Go pack, or I boxes you mit te cars!"

Oh, crumbs!"

Soft sawder was evidently wasted upon Herr Kinkel. As sweet words seemed to be useless, Jimmy Silver comforted himself with some of the

seemed to be useless, Jimmy Silver comforted himself with some of the other kind.

Any news in the paper, sir?" he advanced to be useless, Jimmy Silver obting the total paper, sir?" he advanced to the kind.

Any news in the paper, sir?" he advanced to the total paper, sir?" he advanced to the total paper of the tota

in. He gave users a smile.

"Oh, I say, Bulkeley, he a good chap and get us off," said Jimmy Silver. "We didn't do anything—only polled a Prussian leg."

"Think of being shut up till six on

a day like this," said Lovell beseech-

Bulkeley grinned.

Bulkeley grinned.

"I saw you outside Kinkel's window," he said, "You young rascals!"

"Well, ought a blessed Hun to sing his blessed Hymns of Hate here?"
demanded Raby,
"Never mind that. Mr. Bootles spoke to me before he went out—"

"Eh?"
"And stal!

"Eh?"

"And told me to come in at half-past three and tell you you could go."

"Oh, my hat!"

"If you've done a hundred lines

"Hurray!"
"He thinks that will be sufficient,"
said Bulkeley. "How much have you

said Bulkeley. "How mucn naveled one?"
"Well, we-we've done some," said Jimmy Silver, wishing that he had been more industrious.
"Well, make it up to a hundred each, and clear," said Bulkeley.
And with a nod, the kind-hearted captain of Rookwood left the Form-room. Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged ecestatic glances,
"Isn't he a brick?" murnured be not in a

ecstatic glances,
"Isn't he a brick?" murmured
Jimmy Silver. "I know he put in a
word for us to Bootles, though he
doesn't say so. He knows it was like
Kinkel's cheek to be howling his
Hymns of Hate here. Bulkeley's ggt
us off, my sons. I'l always back up
Bulkeley through thick and thim—and
down with the Modern cads! Buck
up with those rotten lines!

Four pens worked at a feverish
rate over the impot paper. Never was
Latin written at so terrific a speed
before.

Latin written at so terrific a speed before.

At the end of the hundredth line, Jimmy Silver lesped up with a whoop, threw his pen in one direction, and his Virgil in another, and chirruped.

"Free! Free as giddy birdlets in the sky! Buck up, you slackers. Now we'll walk past Kinkel and smile at him! He will turn pink; he will turn green; he will turn purple and blue! Hurray!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The 3rd Chapter Herr Kinkel on the Track.

Herr Kinkel on the Track,
Jimmy Silver paused in the doorway of the Form-room, and dragged
his chums to a hat.
Hold on!
"Hold on! It lell you! Kinkel's
still watching there-you can see his
smoke curling round the corner."
"Well, what about it?"
"That shows that he doesn't know
we're let oft."

"That shows that he doesn't know we're let off."
"Well, Bulkeley wouldn't mention it to him—he doesn't like Kinkel," said Lovell. "He doesn't know the old oyster is spying on us, either. Why should he tell him?"
"No reason why he should—and he hash't," said Jimmy Silver. "Kinkel, still thinks we're detained up to six o'clock."

ham't," said Jimmy Silver. "Kinkel still thinks we're detained up to six o'clock."
"He'll stop us as we go by, and we can tell him."
"That's what I'm coming to We're not going to tell him!"
"Then he won't let us pass."
"We'll sneak down to the corner on tiptoe, and make a sudden rush, and get past before the beast can stop us," whispered Jimmy Silver. "He'll hink we're breaking bounds—see? He'll report us to Bootles later—to set us a licking—and then he can find out that we were entitled to scoot—see? Let the old josser put his foot in it."
"And it will be ripping to hear him rave when we scoot. He'll call us back, but as he's only a rotten Modern master, we needn't take any notice. He can't give orders on this side. Now Bootles has let us off, we can snap our fingers at him, can on a word, mind!"
The chums of the Fourth grinning gleefully, crept on tiptoe down to the corner of the passage. Jimmy Silver peered round the corner. Herr Kinkel was reading his German newspaper, but he was keeping an eye open. He spotted Jimmy at one.
"Silber! You—"

"Run for it!" shouted Jimmy. The Fistical Four came round the

"Run for it!" shouted Jimmy,
The Fistical Four came round the
corners like hares.
Herr Kinkel jumped up, dropping
his pipe and his newspaper, But he
was not quick enough for the young
cascals of the Fourth.
They were past before he could
make a grab at them, and they disappeared down the passage as if on
the einder-path.
"Stop mit you!" shouted Herr
Kinkel. "Young rasgals tat you are!
You gum pack!"
But the jumiers did not "gum
pack."
They kept on at top speed and
vanished, and came out into the quadrangle, gasping and grinning. They
had only paused in the hall on saatch
up their caps, but no even to
put them on. They put them on in
the quad and trotted on towards the
gates.

gates.

Bulkoley was there now, and he will be sufficiently a stating against Knowless's bowling. He will be sufficiently a stating against Knowless's bowling rejated. Four turned towards the cricket-ground, but only for a moment. Herr Kinkel came raging out of the School House, and the Classical four ran on to the gates. "Ston!"

"Stop!" The Fistical Four turned a deaf ear. The Fistical Four turned a deaf car. They were quickly out of the gates of Rookwood, and in the lane they slackened down and burst into a "Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver. "The old ruffian may come after us! That would be the giddy lid on! Cover."

The Classical for

Cover!"

The Classical four promptly took cover among the trees beside the road. They peeped out in the direction of the school gates.

tion of the school gates.

Out from the old stone gateway came a fat and ponderous form. Herr Kinkel stopped in the road, hatless, and breathing like a pair of very old bellows. He blinked up the road and he blinked down the road, and he snorted with rage as he failed to spot

"Aber ich weiss-ich weiss!" the Fourth-Formers heard him mutter; and he went back to the gates and disappeared.

disappeared.

"Was he gurgling, or saying something?" said Lovelt. "You never can tell the was saying. I know—I know!" said Jimya I know—I know!" said Jimya Siver. "Of course, we told him we were going to tea at Downside Farm. I rather fancy he's gone back for something, and is coming after us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"It will take him some time!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "We'll have had tea by the time he gets there. It doesn't seem to occur to the old duffer that we've got leave."

"Ha, ha, ha.!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Classical four started merrily across the fields. The thought of the fat German tramping a couple of many that the fat German tramping a couple of the fat German tramping a couple of the fat German tramping a couple of the fat German that the fat German tramping the fat German the fat German tramping to the fat German tramping tra

noon. How could a half-holiday be better

hoon.

How could a half-holiday be better spent?

Jimmy Silver & Co. breathed joyously in the fresh sunny air as they ware happy to be out of doors again.

About a mile on their way was a stile they had to cross, and on that stile three youths in Backhot caps were scated in a row. They were Pankley, Putter, and Poole of the Fourth Form at Bagshot School, who were in the habit of letting off their superabundance of youthful exuberance in rows and rags with the Rook, wood fellows. They made no movement to get off the stile as the Classical four came up.

"Hallo!" said Pankley affably. "Been falling down?" said, Jimmy. "No!"

"What's that on your face, then?"

o!"
What's that on your face, then?"
My face? There's nothing on it,

is there?"
"Yes, rather—right in the middle of it!" said Pankley, squinting at him. "Looks like a small saveley, "Why, what?" Jinmy Silver passed his hand over his face, but felt nothing out of two small saveley. "By Jove?" said Pankley, in astonishmont. "It's all right, Silver! My midake! Only your nose."
"Why, you silly ass."
"Why, you silly ass."
"Ha, ha, ha," roared the Bagshot

trio. "Only your nose, Silver!
Didn't recognise it at first as a nose!"
"Shift those silly asses!" said
Jimmy Silver. "Why, what are you
cackling at?" he added, glaring at his

cackling at?" he added, glaring at his comrades.

"Oh, nothing!" grinned Lovell.

"We'll soon shift 'ern!"

"Here, mind what you're at!" roared Pankley, as Jimmy Silver seized his ankles. "Leggo! Why, I'll.— Oh, my hat! Yow!"

Pankley slid over the stile and alighted gently on his head in a patch of mud. Poole and Putter joined him there.

of mad. Poole and Putter joined him there.

The Fistical Your vaulted over the stile and walked on, leaving the Bag-shot juniors to sort themselves out.

"Why, the cheeky bounders are after us!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, looking back from the other side of the field and seeing the three Bagshot juniors in hot pursuit.

"Let "em come up;" said Lovell. "We'll soon make 'em tired of chasing us!"

ing us!"
"Give 'em a run for it," said
Jimmy Silver. "Old Kinkel has
started already. No time to waste

Jimmy Silver. "Old kinkel has started already. No time to waste on them."

"Look here, I'm not going to run away from Bagshot bounders!"

"Bow.wow! Follow your leader; we can lick them any time."

"Bow.wow! Follow your leader; we can lick them any time."

Jimmy Silver started, and his comrades followed him, though reluctantly. They didn't like turning their backs on the enemy. But by this time Jimmy Silver, though comparatively a new boy at Rookwood, was the acknowledged leader of the Fistical Four.

"Yah! Stop! Funks!" shouted Pankley.

Even that did not move Jimmy Silver. He kept on at a steady run, and his conrades kept on with him.

The Bagshot juniors, much surprised to see four fellows running from three, chased them at top speed across the fields. But the Rookwooders kept well ahead, and reached Downside Farm fifty yards in front of their pursuers.

Jimmy Silver paused in the door-

Jimmy Silver paused in the door-way of the farmhouse to kiss his hand at the pursuers, and then the Fistical Four went in.

Fistical Four went in.

The 4th Chapter.

Mistaken Identity.

"This is something like!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

A quiet dusky room, with little diamond-paned windows looking out on a wide stretch of orchard and cornfield. A table covered with a spotless cloth, and the whites of bread, the freshest of eggs, the purest of butter, and the best of home-made jam. It was really something like!

The stout, good-tempered farmer's wife brought in the tea. Jimmy Silver's face wore an expression of great satisfaction. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were not looking so satisfied. They did not like having run away from the Bagshot bounders. Outside the farmhouse, Pankley & Co. hal come to a halt. They could not very well carry the war into the farmhouse.

"Everything you "want, youn gentlemen!" asked Mrs. Tootle.

"Yes, thanks!" said Jimmy Silver. This is something like. What are you fellows looking grumpy about?"

"What have we run away from those bounders for?" demanded Lovell.

"Three more cups, now I come to think of it, Mrs. Tootle," said Jimmy

"Three more cups, now I come to think of it, Mrs. Tootle," said Jimmy Silver, unheeding; and his comrades stared.
"Yes, Master Silver."

tared.
"Yes, Master Silver."
"What's the little game?" yelled

"What's the little game: yearleaf outside to tea."
"Ask 'em to tea!" said Lovell sulphurously
"Cert.inly!"
"What for?" howled Raby.
"Because Herr Kinkel is such a
short-sighted old chap."
"Eh?"
"What?"
"What?"
"Leave it to your Uncle Jimmy,"
"Leave it to your Uncle Jimmy,"

"Let us be precide a sant afternoon, the property of their near standy arms of their near and standy arms of their near their near

bounders.

The festive board was rea an additional cate and sancters a

"Oh, go it" and long glad—ahen see you at two board?" Pankley & Co, was 1 to The handsome and mbasses the farmhouse was bester an any day.

But they could not kee surprised at this handsome was bester an any day.

But they could not kee surprised at this handsome was bester and any day.

Brook wood junion, who as pursued with sharphouse who surprised at this handsom who was the was pursued with sharphouse they were all the pursue of the state through new-lat as a multima and cake and pass muffine and cake and pass muffine and cake and pass who fellows were ket a influence.

He expressed a policy in the control of the control of

He expressed a poise in Panky wouldn't catch it the time he had one keep a window, and he did not fall fat and ponderous form the was nearly over, care in across the fields toward to house.

Herr Kinkel was string. His fat face was strong perspiration after his open was unany perspiration after his open was unany perspiration after his open was unany herrich and had been as the season of the season with rage. He had a wish hand, and every nor said wished it through the it. evident that when Her leaught those clause jumiah not be content with nendy their little teaparty, and the herrich had been the said the season was the season when the said th

here," said Jimm, afternoon, ma'am!
And the Fistical For the farmhouse by the "Now, you burbins what it's all about the farmhouse by the what it's all about the said that "Now, You have the Lovel. "You've rin Bagshot bounders, as frainished. Now ash finished. Now ash finished. Now ash finished. Sharp, before the work of the work of

Silver, "and same "What for, fatness" "Because Kinkel's of yards away!" "Well, we don't as

now!"
Oh. shurup, and forth "Yah! Funk!" baveled Putter.
"How would you like some tea!"
"Our treat!" said Jimmy Silver.
"Well, my hat!" said Pankley, in astonishment, "What's the little Hispanish was game!"

BEST.

If you want the BEST, buy Your Editor's papers. They contain the BEST reading matter for boys that

od a minute later ont-doorway, breathing The Classical Four-does and they could not breathing. They watched his angry,

his sick knocked loudly Mrs. Tootle came along through the house. The dy looked in surprise at propining German. She anied with the German-

are here, isn't it,
Herr Kinkel.
are some boys in my
i Mrs. Tootle, in
hey are having tea.

They are having master?"
master; and to make master, and to I am deir master, and to
the I have gum."

All strede into the house.
All down tightly on his.

Her Kinkel was on the
Brolled in at the open
to down the product of the
district of the control of the
ared at him. The Bagnew Herr Kinkel by

Den I find you!" shouted

in I find you." Shoulded that change from the compate to the shady parlour and Herr Kinkel, as rearked, was a very side gentleman. He hadn't so to the shad in the

giin of his chair.

sh! reared Pankley, who
is the property of the property of

a many to Rookwood.

In hat "gasped Lovell,
an many over in the raspberryman his delight. "You hear
Is hear? Ha, ha! You
we like it taken those Bagshot
man is us! Oh, my sainted

de seeky young rasgallaz wack, whack! Icase! Yah! Help! He's his ha!" shrieked the

ked. o've day,

, we

that still ley & them tohen ootle,

International the house to the robot. They peeped in. Itself had no eyes for the He pitched the roaring a sale, and seized the next East fellow was Poole. Itself had a state that the terman was a dought. His heavy graps and a sale of the terman was a dought. His heavy graps and part of the terman was a dought. His heavy graps and poole, and his cane

back, whack! ow, yow! He's mad!
shrieked Poole.
pad poy! I bunishes

tack, whack! akes me valk mit me ofer miles, nicht war! You Ah! Mein Gott! But

Lego!"

poy Silber? I see Herr Kinkel blinked y. "Vere is he?

What ever is it?"
Tootle, in the doorwer is happening?"
old idiot has pitched
skied Palled, almost
age, "Why, PII—I'll
Sting to stand it! A
You come near me
numan, and I'll brain
ongs ip", and I'll brain
(clutch-i).

Pankley, "we haven't broken deten-tion; and if we did, it's not your business!"
"Vat!"

tion; and if we did, it's not your "Vat!"

"You thumping old chunp!"

"yelled Poole. "You come near me again, that's all! You come near me again, that's all! You come here if you want a jam-jar on your silly napper, you Prussan pig!"

"Yat! You speaks to me like tat! I know not your voice!" Herr Kinkel blinked at the juniors through his spectacles, for the first time a doubt coming into his mind. "Mein Got!! You are not Silber! You are not Lovel!! Who are you?"

"We belong to Bagshot, you shricking, old chump!" roared Pankey. "Did you think we were Rookwood fellows, you idiot? We wouldn't be found dead in Rookwood! Ow! My back! We'll jolly well tell your headmaster about this, and Dr. Chisholm will hear of it, I can tell you!"

"Mein Gott! Dey are not to poys!" gasped Herr Kinkel dazodly. "Now tat I see dem, I see tat dey are not to poys! Yy for you shall not tell me tat you are not dose poys for vich I gum, isn't it?"

"You silly old josser, how should we know you were looking for them?" hoted Pankley. "How dare you lay hands on us, you dunder-headed Prussian Hun!"

Pankley did not measure his words. "Mein Gott!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a wild yell from outside the window.

Herr Kinkel spun round, and blinked at the window. Four grinning faces were framed in it.

"Ach! Dere are dose poys—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The 5th Chapter.

Very Wet.

"No rest for the wicked!" sighed
Jimmy Silver, as the Fistical Four

Then yeere laughing almost too much to run. The Co. understood at last that deep and deadly scheme of their astute leader, and they could have hugged Jimmy Silver.

"Vill you stop mit you?" roared Herr Kinkel.
The gasping juniors looked back. The German master came raging out of the farmhouse, brandishing his cane. His fat face was crimson. Never had Herr Kinkel looked so much like a wild and woolly Hun.
With the light and graceful motion of an elephant or a rhinoceros, Herr Kinkel came thundering on the track of the Fistical Four.

consect came thundering on the track of the Fistical Four.

They did not stop.

Herr Kinkel did not look safe at close quarters. But they did not exert themselves. They did not need to exert themselves to keep at a safe distance from the fat and unwieldly German. They slacked down to encourage him. They were willing to give him as long a run as he liked. "Gum pack mit you!" roared Herr Kinkel. "I preaks efery pone in your poddy, isn't it."

"Not good enough," murmured Jimmy Silver. "Do you chaps want efery pone in your podies proken?"

"Ha, ha! No."

"Ach, you young rasgals! Vill you gum, pack mit you!" panted

"Ach, you young rasgals! Vill you gum pack mit you?" panted Herr Kinkel.

He laboured on after the clusive inniers.

niors.
The Fistical Four kept ahead. They

Herr Kinkel had been about to abandon the hopeless chase. But as a bandon the hopeless chase. But as the pulsors slacked down, his hopes were largered. He fancied they were supported by the statement of the could help in the benegiance, if he could help in the benegiance, if he could help in the statement of the could help in the benegian and his grip closed more stightly and his heavy cane. If only he could get within hitting distance of the Fistical Four, he would show them what he thought of them, and of Englanders generally.

within hitting distance of the Fistical Four, he would show them what he thought of them, and of Englanders generally.

The running juniors disappeared the distance of trees Jimmy Silver leading two of the distance o

Herr Kinkel. His fat chin went under the water as he wriggled, and his mouth filled. It was a large mouth Jimmy Silver sad alterswared that the level of the water went down when Herr Kinkel's mouth was filled. The control of the water was an exageration. Herr to cause him eet encough, however to cause him eet encough however to cause him eet encough the water was an exageration with water, uttering sputtering noises and fiery German words, for which a dictionary would have been searched in vain.

"Oh, my hat!" meaned Lovell. What a day out for Kinkel! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! "Gurrrrrrgh! Mein Got! Gurrrrrrgh! Mein Got! Gurrrrrrgh!"

"Gurrrregh! Mein Got! Gurrrrerrel!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Yurrrerr! Gurrrrrreg!"
"Oh, come on!" gasped Jimmy
Silver. "I shall have a fit il I stay
here and look at him. I've got a
pain in my ribs already."
Herr Kinkel was scrambling out of
the brook on the near side, still
uttering wild and whiring words.
The Fistical Four trotted on. They
felt that they were done with Herr
Kinkel for that afternon. But they
were mistaken! Herr Kinkel was a
sticker.

The 6th Chapter, Run Down,

The 6th Chapter,
Run Down.

"My only hat!"
Jimmy Silver uttered that ejaculation in surprise, as he looked backwhen the four had crossed a field. From the wood behind them a dripping figure had emerged—still running. He was eoaked with water. He squelched out water and mud at every step. But, like Charley's celebrated aunt, he was still running. Intead of heading for Rockwood to get a change of clothes, which he needed badly, he was heading for the Fistical Four.

"Blessed if he isn't sticking it out!" exclaimed Lovell admiringly. "Never thought he had so much grit. These Germans are obstinate beggars. But it was evidently not after to saunter.

They were heading for Coombe, to quench their thirst with ginger-pop at Mrs. Wicks's little shop in the village. They broke into a trot, and after them came the infursiated German-master, squelching.

"Must be off his dot," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "If I were in that state, I should head for home and a rub down. But let him rip."

Herr Kinkel brandished his cane in the air as he saw the juniors looking back.

"On the same of the control of the control of the cut across the field towards a havstack, and his chums followed. On.

"This way," murmured Jimmy Silver. He cut across the field towards a haystack, and his chums followed. On, one side part of the hay had recently been removed, and it was easy to climb the rick.
"I say, he'll corner us here," said Lovell, in alarm.
"Let him corner us," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Follow your uncle."

"Jet him corner us," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Follow your uncle."

Jimmy Silver clambered up, and his chums followed him. They sat on the top of the rick, and looked back at the German. Herr Kinkel's wet and crimson face lighted up with ferocious satisfaction as he saw them halted at last. He came gasping up to the hayrick, and shook his stick at the four junors above.

"Gum down!" he bellowed. Jimmy Silver raised his cap politely.

"You look wet, sir," said Jimmy Silver, with friendly solicitude. "I hope you have not been falling into any water."

"Mein Gott I preaks efery pone in your pody!"

"Nile of the friendly solicitude. "I hope you have not been falling into any water."

"Mein Gott I preaks efery pone in your pody!"

"Nile afternoon, sir!"

"Vill you gum down mit you?"

"Int' it jolly lucky that the Prussians can't get over hamably. "They'd much all heligium. Isn't, it went on Jimmy samably. "They'd much all heligium. Isn't, it will you water heligium. Isn't, it will you water heligium. Isn't, it will you have not so easy for him as for the active juniors. Has had more weight to carry, and is how not much of a climber. But you had not much of a climber. But you isn't it?"

And the fat German essayed to climb the rick. It was not so easy for him as for the active juniors. Has had more weight to carry, and is how the weight to carry, and is how the weight to carry, and he had more weight to carry, and he weight to carry, and he was not much of a climber. But you have not much of a climber. But you had not much of a climber. But you have not much of a climber. But you had not not well as not you had not much of a climber. But you had not not you had not you have not you had not you had not you have not you had you had you had not you had not you had not you had you had yo



"Ha, ha, ha!" came a wild yell from outside. Herr Kinkel spun round, and blinked at window. Four grinning faces were framed in it. "Ach!" gasped the German master. "Dere are dose poys!"

Herr Kinkel made a wild rush for the door, gripping his cane. Pankley caught him with a tart on the ear as he rushed out, but Herr Kinkel did not even heed. He did not stay to apploguise for his mistake, which had had such painful results for the Bagshot juniors. He was only thinking of getting at Jimmy Silver & Co. But those metry youths were already on the run.

In the farmhouse pariour Pankley and Foole ground in chorus. They were feeling hurt. But worse than damage done was the knowledge that flashed into their minds that the astute Jimmy Silver had planted this on them.

"Oh, that deep beast!" greaned
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.
"That will do for Bootles." or has gone mad—"
"Ha, ha, ha!" some Jim Vanciated, or has gone mad—"
"Ha, ha, ha." "I wanciated, or has gone mad—"
"Ha, ha, ha, lu."
"Ha, ha, ha, lu."
"Ha, ha, ha, lu."

on the definition of the control of

Kinkel."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell,
"That will do for Bootles."

"We fear that he is intoxicated,
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That will do for Bootles."

"We fear that he is intoxicated,
"Ha, ha ha!"

Jimmy Silver looked back. Herr
Kinkel was slacking down. He was
not in much condition for a stern
chase.

"Easy does it." said Jimmy Silver.
"Enourage him a bit. Don't shake
him off. This way, my infants, and
easy does it."

"Come on!" said Jimmy.

They did not run now. They took cover in the trees, and watched. Through the trees on the other side of the brook, Herr Kinkel came sight at last, putfing and path 18 and the sight at last, putfing and path 18 and the side of the side

plank at a run.

The juniors held their breath.
Splash!
"Ach, Gott!"
"Oh, crumbs!"
The heavy foot of the German clumping on the plank dreve it from the stone, and it slipped into the water. Her Kinkel made a wild bound as the plank slid from under his feet. He came down into the water in a sitting posture. The water was shallow; it rose only to Herr Kinkel's neek as he sat in it. But it was very wek.

The Fistical Four hugged themselves with giee.
Wild and weird sounds came from Silve

Special for Next Monday! The first grand long opening instalment of our thrilling new adventure serial entitled; "Mystery Island." Tell your chums about this coming treat!

and unjustifiably now being a compared to the compared to the

But the ristical rout week the end study, where they have carpet and kicked up ther has

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, dar! Ei
ha!" yelled the Classeal bea
is a brick! Did you see Ke
face? Oh, dear!"

is a brick! Did you is to face? Oh deat?"

The wild yells from the else were heard along the pass, Youth-Formers came orders, hear what the dickess walkens "What's the matter with demanded Townsend. "What, ha, ha!"

"Have you been pelling his demanded Topham.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ye howling general hall about it, or sire well surproperly and the control of the pelling his demanded Topham.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ye howling general hall about it, or sire well surproperly and told the sale had whell the country of the pelling his demanded the hall had whell the country of the pelling his demanded that the cheep is a beautiful that the cheep is the country of the pelling has been always to the the sale of t



He slid across the rick, and held on by his hands, and dropped lightly into the field on the rick. It was rather a long drop, but he alignted slely, and his chums follows him one after another.

They sauntered cheerfully away from the rick. At a distance of the hayrick, outlined against the blue sky, was a fat and furious figure, brandishing a stick.

"Poor old Kinkel-always getting left in the lurch!" siphed Jimmy Silver. "These Germans aint up to our form, you know. They're too surface, he was a surface of the silver. "These Germans aint up to our form, you know. They're too surface, he was a surface of the silver. "They were fed up with Herr Kinkel, and they wanted some gingerbeer. They disappeared from the lield at a pace that gave the German master no chance, if he tuckshop. chase again.

The first halt was in the tuckshop in Coombe. There they called for ginger-pop, and quenched their thirst, and cheerfully drank confusion to Herr Kinkel, and the Kaiser, and all sorts and conditions of Huns. But they kept one eye on the street. It was about half an hour later that Herr Kinkel hove in sight. He was proceeding at a walk now. He hadn't a runleft in him. Jimmy Silver threw a shilling on the counter.

counter.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Wicks! If a fat
German inquires after us, give him
our love!"

our love."

The Fistical Four 'trotted out of the tuckshop. Herr Kinkel gave a bellow of wrath at the sight of them, and broke into a feeble run. The Classical broke into a feeble run. The Classical was also as a considerable of the control of the relief of the rel

Jimmy Silver looked back in the

lane.

Herr Kinkel came lumbering out of
the village. After him came about
a dozen village urchins, yelling. The
herr had forgotten his plight when
he ventured into the village, but the
sight of a fat German, hatless,
squelching with water, and daubed
with mud, with wet bair plastered
round his bald crown, had naturally
excited the village youths to risibility.

excited the village youths to risibility.
"'Ere's another guy!" hooted the urchins of Coombe, as they followed on the track of the excited German.
Herr Kinkel turned furiously, and shook his stick at them.
"Yah! Look at 'im! Laff at 'im!"

""Ero's a guy!"
"Haw, haw, haw!"
The enraged German charged back
at the crowd of young rascals, laying
about him with his stick. They scattered, yelling, but they did not go
far. They gathered at a safe dis-

tance, and a shower of stones rattled upon Herr Kinkel.
Breathing wrath and vengance, the German beat a retreat, and then to hotoing crowd followed in the track again. They accompand his track again. They accompand his all the way to Rookwood, with yells and jeers, and occasional volleys of stones and turf.

"Supplify Silver. "Let's get only in the property of the

of great astonishment, and no almost fell down at the sight of Herr Kinkel.

"My heye!" said old Mack. "Wharrer marrer with you, sir! 'Ad a haccident—a bad haccident."

"Dose poys!" hissed Herr Kinkel wildly. "Dose poys! Mein Got!"

The porter backed away. Herr Kinkel's look was wild, and his eyes were gleaming. Old Mack did not like his looks.

"Yes, yes, sir; it's all right," he said soothingly. "They will do it, the young himps, when a gentleman as all a drop too much. Better go in quietly, eir, alore the 'Ead sees yould not be the said soothingly."

in quietly, eir, afore the Eau sees you!"

Herr Kinkel raved. It was too much, after all his sufferings, to be supposed to be intoxicated by this idiotic porter.

"Dummkopt!" he roared. "Fool of a man! I have notting trinken!"

"For goodness' sake, sir, be calm!" urged old Mack, in alarm. "You'll "ave a crowd round, and the 'Ead—Oh, my eye!"

Old Mack dodged into his lodge, and slammed the door and locked it. Herr Kinkel looked distinctly danger-ous.

ous.

Herr Kinkel shook a fat and muddy fist at the locked door, and stamped on towards the School House, with curious eyes turning on him from all

Outside the School House, the Pistical Four were chatting cheerfully with Hooker and Jones minor of the Fourth. The German master gave a furious grunt as he caught sight of them, and rushed at them.

The juniors scattered in alarm. Hooker and Jones simply bolted. Herr Kinkel looked like a dangerous lungite at the moment.

lunatic at that moment.

The Fistical Four rushed into the house. Herr Kinkel stamped in after

house. Herr Kinger, them.

"Stop mit you! Now I bunish you!" he roared.

"Whither, O King?" murmured Raby, "The study?"

"No; Bootles' study," whispered.

"Bootles'?" gasped his chums.

"Yes; we've got to go through it,"
murmured Jimmy. "And if Bootles sees the old Hun in won't be surprised that we ran away from him, and led him a giddy dance!"

dance!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Co, rejoiced in the sagacity of The Co, rejoiced, made a run for their chief. They made a run for their Formasser's study. Herr Kinkel was close behind now, brandishing his sitck. Without even stopping to knock, Jimmy Silver hurled open the door of Mr. Bootles' study, and the Classical Four rushed in

in.

Mr. Bootles leaped up from his table in startled amazement.

"What—what—what—" he exclaimed:

"What—what—what claimed.
"Save us, sir!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver dramatically.
"What—what!"
"Save us!" yelled the Fistical Four,

"Save us!" yelled the I means in chorus.

And they dodged behind Mr. Bootles as the pursuer, who had run them to earth at last, came thundering in at the study doorway.

The 7th Chapter. Mr. Bootles Protects the Innocent.

Mr. Bootles stared at Herr Kinkel, is eyes almost starting through his

Mr. Bootles sustained through me spectacles.

Never had so fearsome an object burst into Mr. Bootles' study.

With wet and tangled hair and muddy beard, smothered with mud and dust, crimson with rage, panting for breath, dripping with water from head to foot. Herr Kinkel presented an extraordinary appearance.

"What—what!" said Mr. Bootles feebly.

an extraordinary appearance.

"What—what!" said Mr. Bootles feebly.

"Meht Vere are dey?"

"Horr Kinkel! Is—is that you, Horr Kinkel! Is—is that you, Herr Kinkel!"

"Ach! Ja, ja! Dose poys—I bunishes dem—"

"Save us, sir!" shricked Jimmy Silver, with a terrified accent, which showed that he was a born actor, as the German master strode forward.
"He's mad, sir! Save our lives!"
"Help!" shricked Lovell.
"Spare our lives!" screamed Raby.
"Morey!" wailed Newcome.

"Silence! Silence!" cried Mr. Bootles.
"Goodness gracious! Stand back, Herr Kinkel! Do you hear me, sir! Do you cruture to use wielence towards these boys in my study. Herr Kinkel!" thundered Mr. Ach! It links—"

"Stand back! Boys, there is nothing to fear. Calm yourseless. I will protect you. Pray calm yourselves!"

"He's dangerous, sir!" sobbed finny Silver. "He's been chassing.

1 will protect you. Pray calm your-selves!"

"He's dangerous, sir!" sobbed
Jimmy Silver. "He's been chasing
us all the afternoon, and we barely
escaped with our lives!"

escaped with our lives!"

Nonsense—nonsense, Silver! You are mistaken, I am sure!"

"He attacked some of the Bagshot boys violently, sir, and we heard them shricking for help!" meaned Jimmy Silver. "Keep him off, sir! Oh, keep him off, sir! Oh, with the sir of the

"Herr Kinkel, stand back, or I will call for help!" shouted Mr. Bootles, confronting the German master with flashing eyes. "How dare you? I repeat, sir, how dare you? Have you taken leave of your seness?" Herr Kinkel backed away, in spite of himself. He was in a towering rage, but he had sense enough left not to attack the Form-master. He was greatly inclined to hurl Mr. Bootles aside, but a remnant of common-sense withheld him.
"Now, tell me what this recor-

was very angry himself. "What do you mean by chasing these boys into my study, and frightening them in this manner?"

"Ach! I follow dem all der after.

noon—"
"Then Silver's statement is correct.
The Head shall judge of this matter?"
exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "I am
slocked—astonished! It is unheardof trepest, have you taken leave
have been drinking—yes, sir,
drinking;" been drinking—yes, sir,
drinking;"

of your senses, Herr Kinkel? Or have you been drinking—yes, sir, drinking?"
"Look at those boys," said Mr. Bootles. "They are trembling!"
The Fistical Four began to tremble violently. Whether they trembled with terror or with suppressed merriment we cannot undertake to say, but certainly they trembled. "How dare you, Herr Kinkel, throw these boys into such a state of terror!"
"Ach! I tells you, Mr. Bootles. Dey are sheeky young rasgals. Dey preaks detention, and I goes after dem!"
"We didn't break detention, sir!" wailed Jimmy Silver. "We didn't get all Bulkeley came and told us, sir!" "Ach!"
"You appear to have made a mistake in the first place, Herr Kinkel," "You appear to have made a mistake in the first place, Herr Kinkel, "These boys had permission to leave their Form-room when they had written a hundred lines each. Have you written your lines, my boys?"
"Yes, sir."
"But—but—but—" gasped Herr Kinkel, "It vas till six o'clock. Mit mein own cars I shall hear you told dom—"
"That was rescinded, and I re-

Hom your minds. You fee a way with the son and the son

Kinkel. "It vas till six o'clock. Mit mein own cars I shall hear you tell dem—"
"That was rescinded, and I requested a prefect to tell them so. But if you were under the impression, Herr Kinkel, that these boys had broken detention, you could have mentioned the matter to me, and if they had been guilty I should have punished them. You had no right to take the matter into your own hands. You are a master on the Modern side at this school, sir, and have no authority whatover over Classical pipils. How dare you undertake to punish boys in my Form—to inflict corporal punishment with your own hands?" exclaimed Mr. Bootles indignantly.

own hands?" exclaimed Mr. Bootles indignantly.
"Ach! I tink tat tey preak pounds, and I goes after dem to fetch dem back," said Herr Kinkel.
"Den dey plays a trick on me. I finds ozzer poys in a room zat is all in shadow—I whacks dem in mistake

in shadow—I whacks dem in mistake

""A very reckless and foolish mistake," said Mr. Bootles. "Their headmaster will probably make a complaint to Dr. Chisholm on the subject. I should certainly do so in his place."

"Vy dey not stop venn I call to dem, hein?" roared Herr Kinkel. "I tinks tat I am a master, and tat poys shall obey me!"

"How could we stop when he was chasing us with a big stick, sir?" sobbed Jimmy Silver, still trembling. "And we saw him assault the Bagsato boys, sir—and they hadn't done anything. They were sitting quietly having their tea when he rushed in and attacked them. After that we—"

we—"
"I see tat dose poys are rasgally
young peasts—" roared Herr young peasts— Kinkel.

repeat, sir, how dare you? Have you taken leave of your senses?"
Herr Kinkel backed away, in spite of himself. He was in a towering rage, but he had sense cnough left not to attack the Form-master. He was greatly inclined to hurl Mr. Bootles aside, but a remnant of common-sense withheld him.

"Now, tell me what this means, Herr Kinkel!" said Mr. Bootles, who

Fortunately, Mr. Be within hearing, so the with laughter to their hand it was many day Fistical Four ceased to the memory, of that stern the memory of the stern the stern that stern the ("The Bagshot Bounders next Monday's magniferal story of the Rockwood Chun reading it!)



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