

Mr Tom Asker

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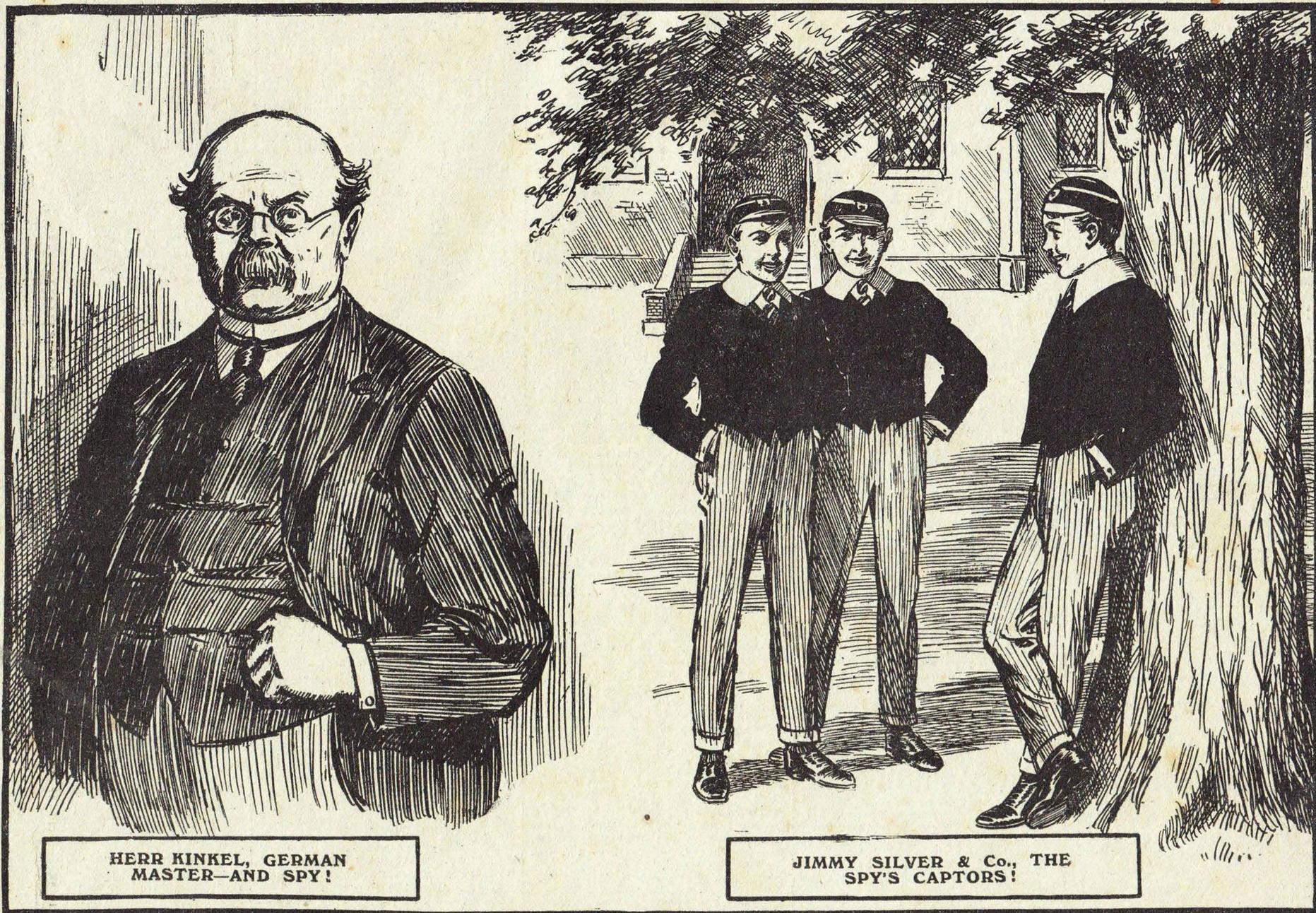
The BOYS' FRIEND Id.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 741, Vol. XV, New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending August 21st, 1915.]



HERR KINKEL, GERMAN MASTER-AND SPY!

JIMMY SILVER & Co., THE SPY'S CAPTORS!

RENOUNCED BY ROOKWOOD!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Story, introducing JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

The Moral Reformers.

Tommy Dodd of the Fourth Form wore an expression of preternatural gravity.

His chums, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, regarded him with inquiry and surprise. They wondered what that unusual gravity might portend.

For the three Tommies were generally three of the cheeriest juniors at Rookwood, and Tommy Dodd was the cheeriest of the three.

Now he sat on the corner of the

table, in his study on the Modern side at Rookwood, and looked as serious as an owl—as a boiled owl, in fact.

Having regarded him with astonished inquiry for about a minute and a half, Cook and Doyle burst into questions.

"What are you scowling about?" Cook wanted to know.

"Faith, and what's the matter, intirely?" demanded Doyle.

Tommy Dodd did not reply. He seemed plunged in thought.

"Anything the matter?" exclaimed Cook, in growing astonishment.

"Has Manders been down on you?"

"Has the spalpeen Kinkel been giving you German lines?" inquired Doyle.

Tommy Dodd shook his head without speaking. It was evidently something more serious than that.

"More trouble with Jimmy Silver & Co.?"

Another shake of the head.

Tommy Cook glanced round the study, and picked up a cricket-stump. Questioning seemed to have no effect upon Tommy Dodd, but Cook thought that a cricket-stump might be more efficacious. He approached his study-leader, and flourished the

stump within an inch of his nose. Tommy Dodd started back.

"Mind my napper, you silly ass!" he roared.

"I give you two seconds," said Cook.

"Put that stump down, fathead! I've been thinking," said Tommy Dodd seriously. "It's up to us."

"Eh? What's up to us?"

"We are the leaders of the Modern side, and the Modern side is top side at Rookwood. It's our duty—and pleasure—to keep the Classical duffers in their place, and give them the kybosh when they get their ears up. It's our business to see that Jimmy Silver & Co. are brought up in the way they should go. But there's another side to the question—a more serious side."

"Phwat the holy Moses is he drivin' at?" ejaculated Doyle, appealing to space.

"It's a new line," said Tommy Dodd firmly—"a new wheeze! You chaps have heard of Georgie?"

"Georgie!" repeated Tommy Dodd's chums, in amazement.

"Yes. The Little Boy who was

Good, and set a Good Example to his Dear Schoolfellows," explained Tommy Dodd.

"He's potty!" said Cook, with conviction.

"We are going to understudy Little Georgie. That's the new line. We are going to start as Moral Reformers."

"Great Scott!"

"It's up to us," said Tommy Dodd. "We are going to give them a stitch in time. We are going to snatch them like brands from the burning. We are going to rescue them from the downward path, and yank them back into the straight and narrow way, and make them good little boys, like—like us!"

"Them! Who?" shrieked Cook.

"Those Classical bounders—Jimmy Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome—the Fistical Four. They are going to the dogs. They are on the downward path—the giddy road to ruin. We are going to snatch them, like brands from the—"

"Fathead!" roared Cook. "What are you getting at? They're cheeky!"

(Continued on the next page.)



RENOUNCED BY

(Continued
from
the
previous
page.)

ROOKWOOD!

Classical bounders, but they're all right. What do you mean?"

"They're on the downward path."

"Rot!"

"They're beginning to get up to the same tricks as Smythe & Co. the Giddy Goats and smart blades."

"Gammon!"

"I thought it was gammon at first," said Tommy Dodd. "But it isn't. I've received information. The Fistical Four break bounds every night."

"Rot!"

"It's a fact. I was shocked when I heard of it—horried, in fact. It's a thing we never, never do!"

"Oh, come off!" said Cook. "If they get out of their dorm, it's only for a lark; I know that."

"So I thought at first," agreed Tommy Dodd. "I should have thought it was for a jape on little us. Those Classical duffers think they can jape us, you know. But it isn't. They break bounds every night regularly as the clock. They kept it dark at first. But fellows began to spot them. Townsend woke up one night and found they were out. Topham spotted it another night—Flynn another. All the Classical Four know it now. And now we know it. I've heard it from several sources. And now I think of it, I've noticed 'em looking jolly sleepy in class of a morning."

"Begad, I've noticed that!" said Doyle.

"Same here," assented Cook. "That's a fact! Lovell went off to sleep yesterday, and old Bootles had to wake him up with a pointer."

"That's proof positive," said Tommy Dodd. "Now, as leaders of the top side of Rookwood, it's our duty to look after those innocent kids."

"Bow-wow!"

"We can't have them going to the dogs like this. They'll get spotted some time, and sacked from the school. Of course, Rookwood would be better off if all the Classics were sacked. Still, we don't want them to get it in the neck. We're going to save them from themselves, like Little Georgie."

"You silly ass!"

"You know what Little Georgie would do. He would take them by the hand, and, with tears in his eyes, implore them to reconsider themselves. Moved by his appeal, and reminded of the ivy-clad cottage where their early and innocent days were passed, they would burst into tears, and vow to reform, and would become nice little prigs like Georgie himself. Well, that's our little game. Only instead of taking them by the hand with tears in our eyes, I think it would work better if we took them by the neck."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"With cricket-stumps in our hands, I believe such an appeal would be more likely to move their feelings."

"But—"

"Ergo—that's Latin—and means therefore—ergo, we're going to break bounds—ourselves to-night, with Towle and one or two more, and lie in wait for them. When they come sneaking out of their dormitory, we are going to make our appeal to their feelings. Each of us will take a cricket-stump, and we'll give them such a larruping that they will vow to reform, and become—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"—nice little boys like us. If they don't, we'll wait for 'em again, and give 'em another larruping, till their reform is complete. Of course, it's a bit risky getting out of the dorm at night, especially as that cad Knowles is so keen, but a fellow is bound to run some risk when he starts a career as a Moral Reformer. We're not going to let those reckless goats get the sack if we can help it. It's up to us, as the top side at Rookwood."

"Hear, hear! What a lark!" chuckled Cook.

Tommy Dodd gave his follower a severe look.

"This isn't a laughing matter,

young Cook. We're not entering on this as a joke. I'm not thinking simply of japing those Classical duffers. It's a question of Moral Reform."

"Bow-wow! Sure, we'll wallop 'em, and duck 'em in the fountain," said Doyle, chuckling. "We'll tache 'em to sneak out of the dorm of a night, the young spalpeens!"

"We'll teach them not to, you mean," said Tommy Dodd, slipping off the table. "Now we'll tell the fellows. We'll have Towle and Lacy and Williams—better have enough chaps with us, in case they cut up rusty. The reckless young reprobates may want a lot of persuading, and it's going to be a case of Moral Reform, not a dog-fight! Come on!"

Tommy Dodd looked quite serious, but Cook and Doyle were chuckling as they quitted the study. And the other fellows who were taken into Tommy Dodd's confidence on the subject chuckled too.

The Modern juniors were not, as a rule, distinguished for any extraordinary goodness. But it was remarkable to see with what zest they were prepared to start in business as Moral Reformers—when the persons to be reformed were Classics. If Jimmy Silver & Co. broke bounds that night, they were certainly booked for a high old time, though whether it would have the effect of reforming them was another matter.

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They looked grimly at the visitor. German being a subject taught only on the Modern side at Rookwood, the Classical fellows had nothing to do with Herr Kinkel; or would have had nothing to do with him but for the meddling proclivities of the German master. As a matter of fact, they had had many rubs with him, and there was no love lost on either side.

They could not help wondering what had brought him there. Herr Kinkel proceeded to explain.

"I gum in to speak to you, mein poys," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver.

"You look sleepy, isn't it?" The German master's little, keen, piggy eyes were scanning their faces.

"It's a warm day, sir," said Lovell diplomatically.

The German master's thick lips closed tightly.

"I tink it is not tat make you sleepy mit yourselves," he said. "I tink perhaps you have not had enough sleep in der night, isn't it? I tink tat perhaps you preak pounds."

"Really, sir!" said Jimmy Silver politely.

"Ja wohl! Listen to me! Sometimes ven I gannot sleep I goes out, I tink I see some chuniors who dodge me and run away."

Herr Kinkel was watching the juniors like a cat as he talked. But the Fistical Four were on their guard now, and their faces told him nothing.

"Since den, I have observe tat you poys look sleepy many times in der day-time," went on Herr Kinkel. "I tink perhaps you are the chuniors tat preak pounds, nicht war? I gum here to varn you."

"That's very kind of you, sir," said Jimmy Silver, with great politeness.

Herr Kinkel's eyes glinted.

"I varn you tat I keeps te eye open," he said. "If I finds you out of pounds, I reports you to te Head, and you are expelled from te school. I do not vish to be hard on you. I giffs you a chance. But let dere be no more of it."

"This is very kind of you, sir," said Jimmy Silver, with undiminished politeness. "Most of the Modern masters only look after their own boys, and leave us to the Classical masters. It's really kind of you to take a personal interest in us like this."

Lovell and Raby and Newcome turned a chuckle into a cough just in time. The fat cheeks of the German master reddened.

"I did not gum here for impertinence, Silver. I giffs you a varning. And I tells you, if I finds you out, I haf no mercy on you."

Herr Kinkel quitted the study without another word, and shut the door after him with a slam. The Fistical Four looked at one another.

"He's on to the little game," murmured Raby. "He guesses it was us who spotted him in the clock-tower the other night."

"And knows that we're on the watch," said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver's face set grimly.

"He was bound to tumble in the long run," he said. "But it doesn't make any difference. We know that he was in the clock-tower making signals with an electric lamp. We know that he could only have been doing it for one reason—because he's a rotten German spy. And he's as good as admitted it by coming here. If he hadn't anything to fear, he'd have given us away to the Head at once for breaking bounds at night. But he doesn't want us to tell our yarn to the Head."

"We couldn't prove it, Jimmy."

"Quite so; but he doesn't want any talk, if it can be helped. A spy can't be too careful, and the less attention he attracts the better for him. If all Rookwood knew what we know, it would make things harder for him, though we couldn't prove it. He's given us a hint to let him alone, or he'll make things warm for us. That means that he's a spy, and he knows we know it, whether we could prove it or not."

"But—but if he caught us out, and marched us in to the Head—"

"We've got to chance that."

"If we don't chuck it after he's warned us, Jimmy, he'd take the first chance of getting us into trouble with the Head—taking the bull by the horns, you know."

"Let him!"

"Then we're going on?"

"You bet!" said Jimmy Silver tersely.

The 3rd Chapter.

A Mistake in the Dark.

"Quiet!" whispered Tommy Dodd. Darkness lay upon the ancient pile of Rookwood, broken only by a faint

gleam of moonlight through the clouds. The old quadrangle was dark and silent. Above the old beeches the clock-tower rose high in the dusky shadows.

But the quad, though dark and silent. Above the old beeches the past midnight—it should have been untenanted by a single soul. But there were eight shadowy forms lurking in the gloom when the last stroke of twelve boomed out dully from the clock-tower.

Tommy Dodd & Co. were on the warpath.

What might be the motive of Jimmy Silver & Co. in breaking bounds at night the three Tommies could not guess. Smythe and the other "Giddy Goats" might have been suspected of "pub-haunting," but that kind of thing was hardly in Jimmy Silver's line. It was hard to believe that the Fistical Four were really on the downward path, as Tommy Dodd had expressed it.

Yet it was hard to see what other motive they could have had for stealing out of bed in the middle of the night, and leaving their house. The Moderns were divided in opinion on the subject. Either the Fistical Four were going to the dogs, or they were running great risks for no apparent motive. In any case, the Moderns were quite agreed that it was up to them to give the Classics a lesson.

"Not a word!" murmured Tommy Dodd, as he peered from under the shadows of the old beeches. "They'll be along soon!"

"Yes; don't jaw!" said Towle.

Tommy Dodd glared at Towle in the gloom.

"What did you say, Towle, you ass?"

"I said don't jaw!" replied Towle.

"Do you want a thick ear?"

"Shurrup!" whispered Cook. "I can hear something."

The Modern juniors relapsed into silence, listening intently. The breeze from the sea stirred the branches and leaves of the beech-trees, and there was a faint rustling. It was strange and eerie in the dark old quad at that hour of the night, and the Modern juniors were thrilling with suppressed excitement.

"Somebody's coming!" breathed Tommy Dodd, at last.

"There they are!"

Four shadowy figures had detached themselves from the School House, and were crossing quickly towards the trees. Tommy Dodd & Co. were a little puzzled as they watched them.

They had no doubt that the shadowy figures were the Classical Four. But the four were not making for the school wall. They were making for the Modern side.

They passed quite close to the hidden juniors, and kept on towards the high clock-tower.

"My hat!" murmured Tommy Dodd. "What on earth's the little game? They're not going out after all!"

"They've gone over to our side," muttered Doyle breathlessly. "Sure, it must be a jape on us they're thinkin' of intoirley."

"Come on!"

Tommy Dodd led the way in pursuit. Through the shadows the Modern party tracked the four to the clock-tower. What on earth Jimmy Silver could want in the clock-tower in the middle of the night was a deep mystery. Evidently the Fistical Four were not going out of school bounds, though they had come out of their dormitory. Apparently there was no occasion after all for a course of Moral Reform. But the Moderns were as keen as ever. Perhaps they had not really been thinking so much of Moral Reform as of japing their old rivals.

The four had disappeared.

They were lurking somewhere in the deep shadow of the clock-tower, that was certain. Tommy Dodd & Co. proceeded to scout for them, separating for that purpose. The hoot of an owl—the signal of the scout patrol led by Tommy Dodd—was to be the signal for gathering again when the quartette were run down.

It was Tommy Dodd who had the luck—or perhaps the ill-luck—to run them down. He ran fairly into the arms of a lurking figure in the shadow of the tower.

"Oh!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd.

"You German rotter!" hissed a voice.

Tommy Dodd was seized by four pairs of hands, and bumped down hard on the ground. He gave a sharp yelp instead of the scout signal to his comrades.

"Yow-ow!"

There was a pattering of footsteps, and four dark figures disappeared into the night. Tommy Dodd lay and gaped.

"Grooh! Oh, crumbs! Oh, my hat!"

Cook came running round the clock-tower.

"Found 'em?" he panted. "Oh, yah!" He stumbled over the sprawling Modern junior, and landed on the ground with a bump.

"Yow! Gerroff!" groaned Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, scissors!"

Tommy Dodd staggered to his feet. "Yow! I found 'em!" he gasped.

"What are you mumbling about, Cook?"

"Yoop! I've hurt my napper on your silly boot!" groaned Cook.

"Why can't you see where you put your hoofs? Ow!"

"Don't make a row, fathead!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"I ran 'em down!" panted Tommy Dodd. "That ass Silver—I knew his voice. He called me a German rotter. He must be dotty!"

"Perhaps he means a clumsy rotter!" moaned Cook. "That's what you are, you know."

"Oh, dry up!"

Tommy Dodd gave the owl signal, and the Moderns gathered in the shadow of the tower. They were breathing hard with excitement. But the Fistical Four had vanished.

"Where are they?" panted Towle.

"Gone!" growled Tommy Dodd.

"What are they up to?"

"Blasted if I know! Must be potty, I should think. They've got out of their dorm simply to wander about the quad, it seems," said Tommy, puzzled and perplexed. "I can't make it out. But we'll find 'em and wallop 'em all the same."

"Yes, rather!"

"Shush!" whispered Doyle.

"Look!"

He caught Tommy Dodd's shoulder with one hand and pointed with the other. The eyes of all the Modern juniors were fixed upon a dim figure that appeared for a moment as a gleam of moonlight filtered through the clouds. The gleam was only momentary; the next instant the figure was unseen, but the juniors had noted that it was coming on directly towards the clock-tower.

"Quiet!" whispered Tommy Dodd.

"That's one of the rotters, and he's coming straight for us. Wait till



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(Continued
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ROOKWOOD!

masters, and the worst-tempered master in Rookwood at that.

They were almost frozen with horror.

But they had presence of mind enough left to bolt before the struggling and panting German could discover whom they were.

Herr Kinkel was suddenly released, and the juniors sped away into the darkness. They had no further thought for japing Jimmy Silver & Co. They had only one thought—to get as far away as possible from Herr Kinkel, and to get back to bed before they could be spotted.

Herr Kinkel rolled and gasped on the ground, uttering lurid expressions in his own expressive language, while the heroes of the Modern Fourth vanished into the night. They reached their House in record time. They bolted into a lower window like rabbits into a burrow, and in a minute more they were in the dormitory, bolting into bed.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Tommy Dodd, as he drew the bedclothes over him. "Oh, my sainted Aunt Sally! Kinkel! Fancy walloping Kinkel!"

"Serve him right! What was he doing out of bed?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shurrup! If we're spotted this means the sack. Thank goodness he never recognised us! Go to sleep, for mercy's sake!"

But it was not so easy for the excited juniors to go to sleep. Herr Kinkel certainly could not have recognised them in the darkness, but their fears were not quite at rest, and they waited in trepidation, half expecting to hear the dormitory door open and to see the infuriated German master stride in.

But the door did not open, and Herr Kinkel did not appear, and they took comfort at last.

"Safe as houses!" said Tommy Dodd. "But what a giddy narrow escape!"

And the Modern heroes went to sleep with their minds relieved. They had had enough adventures for that night.

The 4th Chapter. A Startling Discovery.

"Oh, what larks!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Shurrup!"

Gurgle! Gurgle! Gurgles!

The Fistical Four endeavoured to suppress their merriment. They stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths and almost choked, and rocked with mirth. They were in cover in the shadow of the clock-tower, and from the darkness of the quad they could hear the rumbling, guttural voice of the German master.

They had heard each loud and heavy whack Tommy Dodd had bestowed upon the German master. They had wondered what it meant, till the sudden flight of the Moderns and the infuriated voice of Herr Kinkel had enlightened them. Then they very nearly betrayed their presence by the expression of their joy.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Jimmy Silver. "The young asses must have taken him for one of us in the dark. They must have come out for us, the Modern rotters!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And it's Kinkel, and they've walloped him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Listen to his dulcet tones!"

The Classical four choked with merriment. Herr Kinkel's tones were far from dulcet. In his rage the German master seemed to have forgotten all prudence and that his absence from his room was a dead secret which it behoved him carefully to keep.

But his savage exclamations died away suddenly. It dawned upon Jimmy Silver & Co. that he had heard their ejaculations, suppressed as they had been.

There was a sound of hurried footsteps in the gloom, and the footsteps were coming directly towards the hidden four.

"Hook it!" muttered Jimmy Silver.

The four juniors ran.

They heard a savage exclamation in German behind them, and knew that Herr Kinkel had narrowly missed them. There was no doubt that he was still hunting for them.

But it was not easy to run down nimble juniors in the dark. The Fistical Four scudded off, and paused at last under the trees.

"Dished!" said Jimmy Silver, in a whisper. "But he knows we're out. I dare say he'll think we walloped him, and not the Moderns."

"Better get back to the dorm," said Lovell. "No more watching to-night. He won't be making any of his giddy light-signals after this."

"He may go to the dorm and spot that we're not there," muttered Raby uneasily.

have done to be caught out of bounds. For, much as they knew against the spy, they had no proof, and they had only too much reason to believe that the Head would have pooh-poohed their accusation if they had made it. Yet if they had been taken before the Head, they would have had no choice in the matter.

The light was fading again. The moon was gliding behind the fleecy clouds, and dimness fell once more upon the old quad. Jimmy Silver & Co. dodged round the quad and came round behind the clock-tower again. Heavy footsteps were still following them.

"Cut into the tower!" muttered Jimmy Silver.

"But—"

"Come on, quick!"

Jimmy led the way into the clock-tower. The four juniors crowded in the darkness, and Jimmy pushed the oaken door shut and shot the bolt. They were secure from capture now, at all events.

A couple of minutes later they heard the door tried from without. There was a mutter in German, and then silence.

"He knows we're here," murmured Newcome.

"Blow him!"

The juniors listened tensely. There was no further sound from outside. Was the German master gone, or was he waiting without to

the wall—a man in a long dark cloak, with a dark cap pulled low over his brows. His sharp, clear-cut face was turned towards them, and his eyes glittered.

Jimmy Silver held up the light, streaming on the stranger's face. The man was a stranger to Rookwood.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver coolly. "What a happy meeting! Don't try to get away, my giddy burglar; you're nailed!"

The 5th Chapter.

Herr Kinkel Takes the Bull by the Horns.

The stranger emerged from the corner into which he had crouched. Concealment was useless now, and he came forward. The four juniors stood ready to pounce upon him if he showed a sign of hostility. They concluded very naturally that it was a burglar whom they had so strangely discovered in the clock-tower, though why a burglar should be in that part of the school was a mystery.

"Who are you?" the man muttered, in quick, sharp tones, his eyes glittering upon the four juniors.

"We're Rookwood chaps," said Jimmy Silver. "I should think you might guess that. We didn't come out to look for burglars, but as we've found one we're not letting

he was a burglar, they had no doubt that he was an accomplice of the German spy at Rookwood. In either case it was their duty to seize him, and they meant to do it.

Jimmy's light had gone out, and the struggle went on in the dark. The unknown was a powerful man, and he gave the juniors trouble. He did not utter a sound, save for his panting breath, as he resisted—proof enough that he wished his presence there to be kept a secret.

"Hold him!" gasped Jimmy Silver, as the struggling man tore loose from his grasp.

He made a clutch in the dark, and caught something. It was a pair of shoulders. He gripped those shoulders with all his strength, and a grasp was laid upon him in return, and the two of them rolled on the floor.

There was a sound of a bolt shooting back, and Jimmy released his hold on his opponent. He realised that he must have seized one of his chums, by mistake, and that the enemy was getting away.

"Stop him!" panted Jimmy.

"Why, Jimmy, you ass—" came Lovell's panting voice.

"Leggo, fathead!"

Jimmy tore out his torch and switched on the light. The door was wide open, and the stranger had gone. Jimmy gritted his teeth.

"Scooted!" he yelled.

He rushed into the quadrangle.

But there were thick clouds over the moon again, and all was darkness. The unknown had vanished.

"What rotten luck!" growled Jimmy Silver. "Lovell, you silly ass, what did you collar me for?"

"What did you collar me for, you silly idiot?" howled Lovell.

"Well, he's gone," said Raby, "and Kinkel's gone, too. What a night!"

Jimmy Silver breathed hard.

"Our luck's out!" he growled.

"Listen!"

There was a sound from the direction of the school wall and a light thud from the road. It was evidently the stranger making his escape from the precincts of the school.

"Well, what's the programme?" asked Lovell, after several minutes of grim silence.

"Back to the dorm," growled Jimmy Silver crossly. "There's nothing doing here, that's a cert."

"Ten to one we'll find Kinkel there waiting for us."

"Can't be helped."

The Fistical Four, considerably disappointed by the result of their night's vigil, made their way to the back of the School House and entered by the window they had left unfastened.

They made their way cautiously up to the Fourth Form dormitory.

As they came into the dormitory passage, they found that the door of the dormitory was open, and that the light was on.

They needed no telling that Herr Kinkel had preceded them there, and that he was waiting for them to come in.

But it could not be helped. They had to go in. They kept on grimly towards the dormitory.

"Now for it!" murmured Lovell.

The Fistical Four entered the dormitory. All the Classical Fourth were awake, and wondering, most of them sitting up in bed. Herr Kinkel was there, sitting on one of the unoccupied beds.

He rose to his feet as the four juniors came in.

"Ach!" His little savage eyes blinked at the juniors. "So you have come pack mit yourselves?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

"I reports tat to te Head in te morning."

"Thank you, sir!"

"You will go pack to ped now. In der morning you will be called before the Head," said Herr Kinkel, his eyes glittering.

"And we shall have something to tell him," said Lovell.

"You will tell him vat you like," said Herr Kinkel, with a bitter sneer.

"I tink tat if you tell him some silly story te Head believe nothing. Ve sall see. Go pack to ped mit you!"

The Fistical Four turned in. Herr Kinkel extinguished the light and left the dormitory.

Then there was a chorus of inquiry from the Classical Fourth.

"Where have you been?"

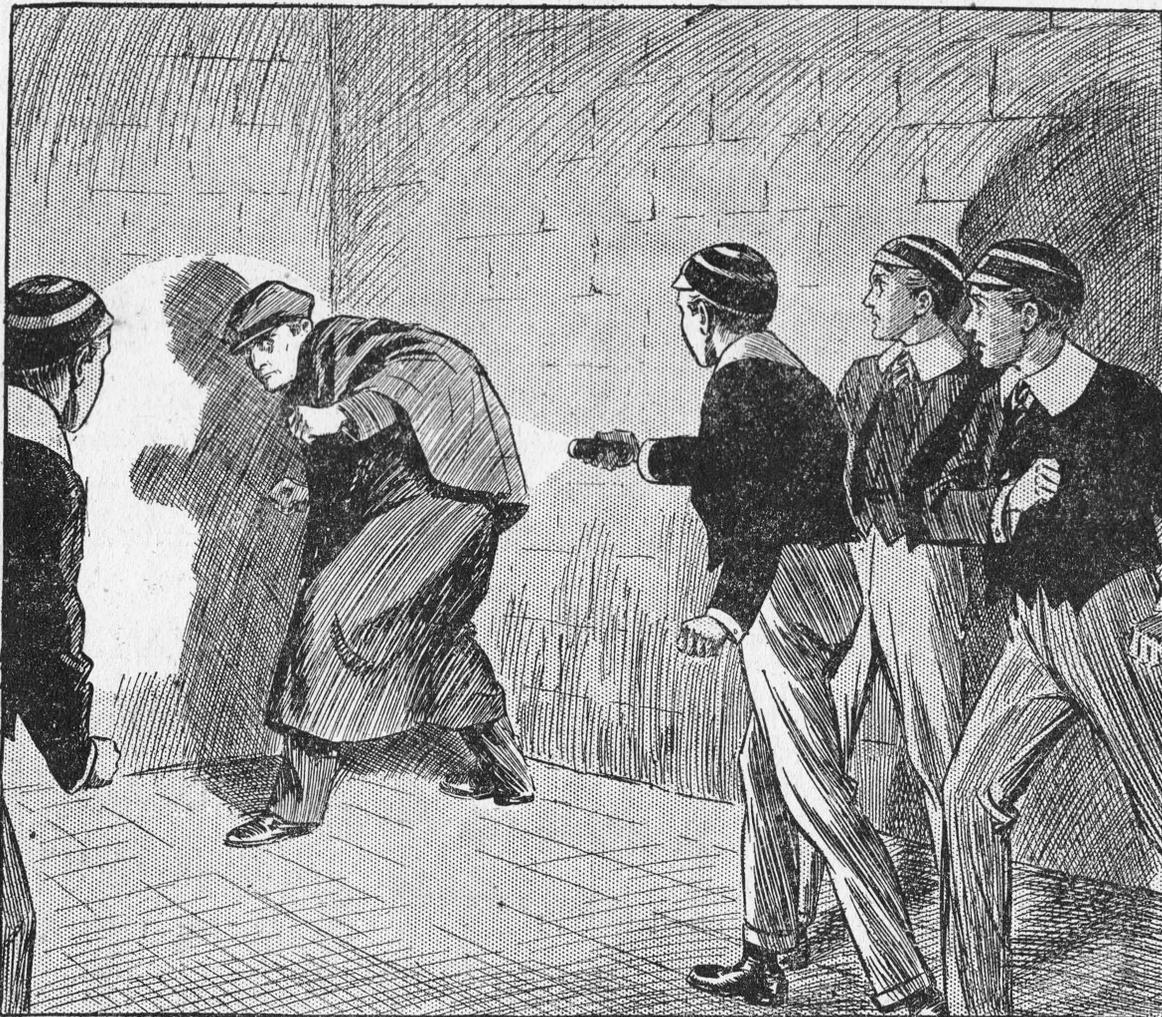
"What have you been up to?"

"What's the little game?"

"Oh, you'll know all about it tomorrow!" grunted Jimmy Silver.

"I'm going to sleep!"

"Dash it all, we want to know now!" exclaimed Hooker. "Have



"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver coolly, eyeing the stranger up and down. "What a happy meeting! Don't try to get away, my giddy burglar—you're nailed!"

"There's the blessed moon!" growled Jimmy Silver.

As if to cut off the retreat of the Fistical Four, the moon emerged from behind a bank of clouds, and silver light streamed down into the quadrangle of Rookwood.

It showed up the old buildings and the Modern wing and the clock-tower and the gym and the stately beeches as clearly as the sun at noonday.

The four juniors retreated further into the shadow of the trees.

They could not cross the lighted quad without being instantly seen, and they knew that the German master was watching for them.

There was nothing for it but to wait for the clouds to pass over the moon again, and they waited.

A fat, heavy form loomed up in the moonlight. Herr Kinkel was making for the beeches, and the juniors saw him clearly in the light. He evidently guessed that they were there.

The Fistical Four retreated through the trees. They had observed that the German master had a thick stick in his hand, and they knew for what purpose it would be used if he came upon them.

But apart from that, it would not

catch them as they left the tower? As yet they knew that he could not have recognised them, even if he had caught glimpses of them. But if he suspected them, he could go to their dormitory and discover there indubitable proof that they were out of bounds. But that could not be helped.

The juniors waited. Still silence from the quadrangle. But Jimmy Silver gave a sudden start. There was a sound in the little room that formed the ground floor of the clock-tower.

The juniors, in their excitement, had not noticed it at first. But they noticed it now—a sound of hurried breathing that did not proceed from themselves.

"Somebody's here!" muttered Jimmy Silver, in startled tones.

"My hat!"

The Classical chums stared round in the dense gloom. Jimmy Silver fumbled in his pocket and drew out a little electric torch. He flashed the light on and cast it round him.

"Look out!" muttered Lovell breathlessly, and the juniors instinctively placed themselves in a defensive attitude.

In the furthest corner of the room a man was crouched back against

him get away. We're four to one, and you're a prisoner, my pippin."

The man laughed slightly.

"I am not a burglar," he said.

"Then what are you doing here?"

"Business which must be kept a secret. Listen to me! I have seen and heard what has happened here to-night. What are you boys doing out of bed at this hour?"

"That's our business," said Lovell gruffly, "and if you're not a burglar, you've got to jolly well explain what you're doing here."

"No, he isn't a burglar, when I come to think of it," said Jimmy Silver very quietly. "He's an accomplice. He's here to help the other spy."

"By Jove!"

The stranger started.

"The spy!" he repeated.

"Oh, you know all about it!" said Jimmy Silver disdainfully. "You couldn't have any other reason for being in this tower. Collar him, you chaps!"

The Fistical Four advanced upon the stranger. He backed away, holding up his hand.

"Stop!"

"Rats! Collar him!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. piled on the man without further words. Unless



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you been japing old Kinkel in the middle of the night, you duffers?"

"Oh, rats!"
"You'll get a flogging for this," said Townsend. "It was bound to come out sooner or later about your breaking bounds. This is about the sixth or seventh time you've done it."

"Br-r-r-r!" said Jimmy Silver. "But what did you do it for?" howled Topham.

"Br-r-r-r!"
No reply could be elicited from the Fistical Four, and the Classical juniors settled down to sleep at last.

But it was long before Jimmy Silver slept.

He knew that the German master would keep his word, and in the morning the chums of the Fourth had to face the Head and explain their conduct. They could only do that by explaining their suspicions of the German. What would the Head say and do?

Jimmy Silver felt that he was in a bad scrape.

That the Head would pooh-pooh the accusation was practically certain. The German master knew how little risk there was of such a wild story being believed. Otherwise, he would certainly not have risked spotting and reporting the juniors.

For the sake of keeping his nefarious work a dead secret, he would have preferred to let them alone—if they had not watched him. But finding that his warning had been uttered in vain, and that the chums were still on the watch for the spy, Herr Kinkel had evidently resolved to crush them at a blow. Their punishment would be severe enough to keep them from watching him in the future, and then he would be safe to make his light-signals from the top of the tower as soon as the affair had blown over.

Yet, though their accusation would not be believed, the juniors would have to make it. Otherwise they had no explanation to offer of having been out of bounds at midnight, and the Head would draw the worst conclusions from their silence. In that case, it would be the "sack" instead of a flogging.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had enough food for thought to keep them awake till a late hour. But they slept at last.

When the rising-bell clanged out in the morning, and the juniors turned out, the Fistical Four were looking very heavy and sleepy, and they were not in their usual high spirits. That morning the chopper was to come down, and it worried them. Jimmy Silver's motto was "Keep smiling!" But even Jimmy Silver found it difficult to keep smiling that morning.

The 6th Chapter. The Chopper Comes Down.

"Silver, Raby, Lovell, Newcome!"

"Yes, Bulkeley?"

"You are wanted in the Head's study."

"Yes, Bulkeley."

The captain of Rookwood looked very hard at the Classical four, but he asked them no questions. Jimmy Silver & Co. moved off to Dr. Chisholm's study, feeling far from cheerful. They had to go through with it now.

Jimmy tapped at the Head's door, and the four juniors filed in. Dr. Chisholm was seated at his desk, with a stern frown upon his brow. Herr Kinkel was standing by the window, his fat face hard and grim. It was an anxious time for the German as well as for the juniors, for although he had resolved to rid himself of the danger from the juniors by getting them severely punished, the spy knew that there was a shadow of peril in it for himself.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, was also in the study. He was looking very worried.

Dr. Chisholm fixed his eyes sternly upon the four juniors.

"Silver, Raby, Newcome, Lovell, you were absent from your dormitory last night later than midnight?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver, speaking for the rest.

"You admit it?"

"Yes, sir. It's true."

"Herr Kinkel discovered your absence, and very properly reported the matter to me," said the Head. "Your Form-master has had no suspicion whatever of this conduct on your part."

"None whatever," said Mr. Bootles, looking very much distressed. "I am surprised and shocked. I have always had a good opinion of these boys."

"They have deceived you, Herr Bootles," said the German master. "I tink tat dis conduct haf been going on for some time."

"I see no reason to think so, Herr Kinkel," said the master of the Fourth somewhat tartly.

"Have you not noticed tat dey seem ferry sleepy in der daytime, sir?"

Mr Bootles started.

"Yes—yes; now I come to think of it, undoubtedly!" he ejaculated, looking very flustered. "I—I must admit that that is the case for—for some days past."

"I shall inquire deeply into this," said the Head, in a grinding voice. "Silver, have you and your friends absented yourself from your dormitory on previous occasions?"

"Yes, sir."

"On what occasions, pray?"

"Every night for a week past, sir."

"If this is candour, Silver, I commend it; but it appears to me very much like effrontery," said the Head, frowning. "You do not appear in the least ashamed of your rascally conduct."

"We have done nothing to be ashamed of, sir."

Dr. Chisholm raised his eyebrows.

"Nothing to be ashamed of in leaving your dormitory at midnight! Our views differ upon that point, Silver. Upon what low and blackguardly business have you absented yourself while your schoolfellows were sleeping?"

"None, sir," said Jimmy Silver steadily.

"Tell me at once how you were engaged last night, and on the previous occasions when you have broken bounds at night."

"Very well, sir," Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. "One night a week ago, sir, we happened to be out of the dorm, and we found that Herr Kinkel was not in the House."

"How could you find that out—not that it matters."

"We went to his room, sir."

"You went to Herr Kinkel's room at night!" exclaimed the Head.

"For what reason?"

"To—to ink him, sir."

"Ink him!" ejaculated the Head, in utter astonishment.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver, as boldly as he could. "Herr Kinkel had been bullying a Classical chap, and, as he's only a Modern master, we—"

"This is astounding, Silver! But I will not go into this now. It has nothing to do with the matter in hand."

"But it has, sir. We found that Herr Kinkel was out. Then we saw somebody making signals with an electric light from the top of the clock-tower."

"Silver!"

"We knew that light-signals from the tower could be seen out at sea, sir, and so we knew it must be a German spy who was doing it."

"A—a—a German spy!" gasped the Head.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, faltering a little, in spite of himself, at the look of angry disbelief on the Head's face. "So we went out to collar him. He got away from us, but we knew it was Herr Kinkel."

"Bless my soul!"

"I know tat to Herr Doctor vill not believe all tat nonsense," said Herr

Kinkel, with an anxious glance at the Head, however.

"That is scarcely likely, Herr Kinkel."

"I tink you, Herr Doctor! I tink you know tat I am an honourable man."

"I am quite assured of that, Herr Kinkel. I have answered for you to the authorities. Silver, are you aware that your amazing statement is practically an accusation against Herr Kinkel of being a spy in this country?"

"Yes, sir."

"What! You deliberately make such an accusation against a master of Rookwood!" stuttered the Head.

"It's true, sir!" ventured Lovell.

"We're sure of it, sir!" faltered Raby.

"We knew it was Herr Kinkel, and that he was a spy, sir, making signals to the other scoundrels on the coast," said Jimmy Silver sturdily.

"So every night since then we've been up to keep watch."

"This is incredible. If you believed such an utterly absurd thing about Herr Kinkel, it was your duty to acquaint your master with it at once."

"We should have told you, sir, but—but—"

"But what?"

"We hadn't any proof, sir. We didn't catch him in the act, and we couldn't swear that we recognised him in the dark. We were quite sure of it ourselves, but we thought you mightn't believe it."

"Indeed! You may be quite sure I shall not believe any nonsense!" said the Head angrily.

"Let Herr Kinkel say what he was doing out of doors at night, sir," said Newcome.

"That is no business of yours, Newcome; but Herr Kinkel has already explained to me that he is troubled sometimes by insomnia, and on such occasions he takes a walk in the quadrangle. It was thus that he was able to discover your proceedings last night. He informs me that he found you there, and that you assaulted him with a cricket-stump or some such weapon."

"We didn't do that, sir."

"I vas held down and peaten!"

said Herr Kinkel. "Peaten like a tog!"

"Which of you was guilty of that?" thundered the Head.

"None of us, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "Herr Kinkel must have run into another party. We didn't touch him."

"You mean that there were other boys out of bounds also?"

Jimmy Silver was silent.

"I shall inquire further into this," said the Head. "As for your infamous accusation against Herr Kinkel—"

"Infamous, sir!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"There is no other word to describe it, Silver. Herr Kinkel is a worthy and respectable gentleman, and is, moreover, a guest in this country. The fact that Britain is at war with his nation is only a reason for treating him with additional courtesy."

"Yes, if he were honest, sir!"

"How dare you, Silver?"

"But he is a spy, sir!"

"Silence!"

"Let him explain what he was doing, making light-signals from the clock-tower, sir!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver desperately.

"I will not ask Herr Kinkel such a ridiculous question. I am quite assured that he was doing nothing of kind!"

"Neffter, sir—neffer! I am an honourable man!"

"Yes; about as honourable as most Germans!" broke out Jimmy Silver fiercely. "That isn't saying much."

"I peg you to protect me from insolence, Herr Doctor!"

"You need have no fear, Herr Kinkel," said the Head. "This boy's astounding insolence shall be adequately punished!"

"But we saw the lights on the tower, sir," exclaimed Lovell, "and the next day there was a Zeppelin raid on the coast. It was in the papers."

"You fancied you saw the lights, you foolish and stupid boy! I suppose you had been reading lurid and exciting newspaper accounts of such things!" the Head exclaimed angrily.

"We did see them, sir," said Jimmy Silver.

"I do not believe a single word of it! I am willing to believe that you are not uttering deliberate falsehoods. I assume that your foolish imagination led you to believe that you had seen the lights," said the Head, with withering scorn, "and upon this utter nonsense you base an infamous accusation against a Rookwood master!"

"My dear Silver," murmured Mr. Bootles, in a feeble voice, "you—you really must not say such things, you know."

Jimmy Silver gritted his teeth. He had not expected the Head to believe the story without proof, but even he had not anticipated anything quite like this.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked at him helplessly.

They would have done better, after all, to take the German master's warning, and leave the spy alone. Patriotism and common honesty had made that impossible; they had been bound to attempt to baffle the scoundrel who was attempting to betray the country that sheltered him.

But their luck had not been good. They had found no proof, and their tale, as they told it, sounded incredible. The clearest proof would have been needed to convince the Head that a Rookwood master could be guilty of such baseness. And they had no proof to offer; even what they had actually seen—the light-signal on the tower—was not believed.

Herr Kinkel's eyes were glittering now. He had had to take the risk of their story coming out; it had come out, and it glanced from him as innocuously as an arrow from an armour of proof.

The four juniors stood silent. They had done their best, and they had been utterly defeated by the cunning German. What was to happen now?

"I hardly know in what words to characterise your conduct," the Head went on. "Without an atom of proof, you make an infamous accusation against Herr Kinkel, whose unfortunate position as a resident in an enemy country should have protected him from you!"

"He is a spy, sir!" said Jimmy Silver steadily. "More than that. Last night, in the clock-tower, we found another man skulking—an accomplice, I suppose!"

Herr Kinkel started violently. The red faded out of his fat cheeks. He made a rapid stride towards Jimmy Silver.

BOYS!! GERMANY BARRED!

BRITISH BOYS! PLEDGE YOURSELVES TO-DAY AGAINST THE HUNS!!!

WE in Britain have at last realised what an unclean and unholy individual the Prussian is. To call him a brute beast is to be almost polite. He is the viper of Europe and an eyesore to every decent race on the earth.

The atrocities wrought in hapless little Belgium, the brutal murder of women and young children, the torture inflicted on captured British soldiers, show up the Pigs of Prussia in their true light. Until the Huns are effectively

CORNERED, CLINCHED, AND CRUSHED,

the world will be a world of unrest.

One fact is clear. During the war, and more particularly after the war, Germans and German goods must be boycotted. The punishment of the baby-killers must be ample and effective. It is of no use for Britain to beat them in battle, and then say: "Look here. We've had our scrap. Now you can go ahead in commerce and everything else, and make preparations, if you like, for another tussle in ten years' time." That sort of thing won't do. The British are in the habit of turning the other cheek too often; but the time has come when we must close our eyes to the quality of mercy. Mercy, indeed! What mercy have these unutterable fiends shown to the women and children of Belgium? What mercy would they have shown our own mothers and little ones had

they been permitted to gain a footing on British soil? None whatever. And we, in turn, must show no mercy to them.

It is the TELL-THE-TRUTH PAPERS who declare that Prussianism must be stamped out at all costs. I have great respect for these papers. Their powerful voice never errs in international questions. The unclean thing of Europe must be destroyed, and

BRITISH BOYS CAN HELP!

I am going to ask every single reader of THE BOYS' FRIEND to affix his signature to the form at the foot of this page, AND TO GET HIS CHUM TO DO LIKEWISE! I want every patriotic British youngster to pledge that he will buy nothing German, and that he will discourage German trade. If you will all do this, then you will be playing a good and worthy part in this great crisis.

Don't delay, but sign the form and send it in TO-DAY!

This form—and any form which you can get your chums to fill up—should be sent to: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. They will be carefully filed and entered up in a register. If this crusade against the Germans is properly supported by thousands of British boys, Your Editor will make another important announcement in these pages in the near future.

DOWN WITH GERMANY!

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" ANTI-GERMAN LEAGUE.

REGISTRATION FORM.

(To be signed by every British boy!)

I,....., living at.....

do hereby solemnly pledge that I will on no account trade with, or encourage, the common enemy. I will purchase no goods whatsoever bearing the trade-mark, "Made in Germany," and I will do my utmost to persuade my friends to register their names also.



RENOUNCED BY

(Continued
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previous
page.)

ROOKWOOD!

"You found vat?" he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice. "Vat do you say, Silber? You say tat you found—"

"That will do, Herr Kinkel!" said the Head. "Don't believe for a single instant that I place any faith in this absurd story. Silver, what you have done is past pardon! For your escapade, if it had been simply an escapade, I should have flogged you. But you have accused Herr Kinkel of an act of villainy beyond description. I must in justice leave your punishment in Herr Kinkel's hands. Whatever he demands I shall inflict!"

The Classical chums were stricken dumb. Well enough they knew what Herr Kinkel would demand. When they were gone from Rookwood, the rascally German would be able to carry on his treachery untrammelled. They knew what he would ask. It did not need the spiteful glitter in the German's piggy eyes to tell them.

"I thank you, Herr Doctor!" said Herr Kinkel. "I demand tat dose chunions shall be expelled from the school!"

"Perhaps a flogging—" murmured Mr. Bootles mildly.

Dr. Chisholm raised his hand, and the little Form-master's voice trailed away.

"I accede to your request, Herr Kinkel," he said. "Silver, you have brought this upon yourself. This morning you—"

Knock!

The 7th Chapter.
The Arrest.

Knock!

It was a sound, sharp knock on the door of the study, and Dr. Chisholm glanced at it angrily. He did not say "Come in!" but the door opened all the same, and a man of powerful frame stepped in.

"The man!" breathed Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four stared blankly at the new-comer. It was the man they had seized in the clock-tower the previous night. But he was in uniform now—the uniform of an inspector of police.

There was a glimmer of blue in the passage behind him. There were constables there—two or three of them.

Herr Kinkel stared at the new arrival, his jaw dropping. The malicious satisfaction died out of his face. His little, piggy eyes dilated.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Dr. Chisholm sharply. "Who are you, sir?"

"I am Inspector Keene, sir," said the stranger coolly. "I have a warrant for the arrest of Franz Eitel Kinkel, German-master in this school."

"What!" said the Head faintly. "Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Bootles.

Herr Kinkel staggered back. His fat hand rested on the Head's writing-table for support; his fat knees were knocking together.

"I—I— This is amazing!" stammered the Head, pulling himself together. "Upon what charge, pray?"

"Espionage." "But—but Herr Kinkel—I assure you—"

"Mein Gott!" muttered the German master.

"Here is the warrant, sir," said Inspector Keene calmly. "This man, I take it, is Herr Kinkel?"

"Yes, yes, certainly. But—" The Head gasped for breath. "There must be some mistake. Herr Kinkel is a respectable man, and has been German master in Rookwood School for many years. The charge, you say—"

"Espionage, and communicating information to the enemy," said Inspector Keene. "He has been under observation for some time."

"A blessed detective!" whispered Jimmy Silver to his chums. "And we thought he was a giddy accomplice! Oh, my hat!"

Lovell squeezed his arm ecstatically. He saw light ahead now.

"Franz Eitel Kinkel, you are my prisoner," said the inspector. "I warn you to be careful what you say, as it will be my duty to take it down to be used as evidence at your trial." "Mein Gott!"

"But—but there is some mistake," cried the Head.

"There is no mistake, sir. I am sorry this should have happened here, and I will take the man away as quietly as possible. There is no mistake—I have been keeping the fellow under observation for some time. Lights have been seen flashing out to sea from the summit of the school

"He is a German!" said the inspector drily.

"Your visit is very timely, inspector. It will surprise you, no doubt, to learn that these boys have discovered that man's true occupation, and you have come just in time to prevent an act of great injustice. They had accused Herr Kinkel of being a spy, and I—I discredited it, and—and I was about to expel them from this school—"

"Certainly that would have been an act of great injustice," said the inspector, with a curious glance at the juniors. "They seem to be very sharp lads, I must say. They were certainly right; the man is a spy, and a particularly cunning and dangerous one." There was a clink of metal.

"Franz Kinkel, I will trouble you for your hands. Ah! Would you?"

The German, with a desperate look on his face, sprang back as the inspector advanced upon him. His hand was in his coat—it flashed out, and there was a glimmer of steel.

"Back!" hissed the German. "Back, or— Ach!"

Crash!

Jimmy Silver had caught up a hassock as he saw the gleam of the revolver. The hassock whizzed through the air, and crashed full in the fat face of the German. Herr Kinkel staggered back blindly, the

And the Head shook hands with Jimmy Silver, quite cordially and genially, and the Fistical Four were dismissed.

They simply danced down the passage.

They chortled—they felt that they were entitled to chortle now. They found a crowd of amazed fellows eager to know what had happened in the Head's study. The Rookwood fellows had seen Herr Kinkel led away in handcuffs, and it had taken their breath away.

"What's happened?" yelled Tommy Dodd and twenty others, rushing to surround the Fistical Four as they appeared.

"We have!" said Jimmy Silver affably. "They've locked up one of your Modern masters—pity they don't take the lot."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what's he done?" shrieked Tommy Cook.

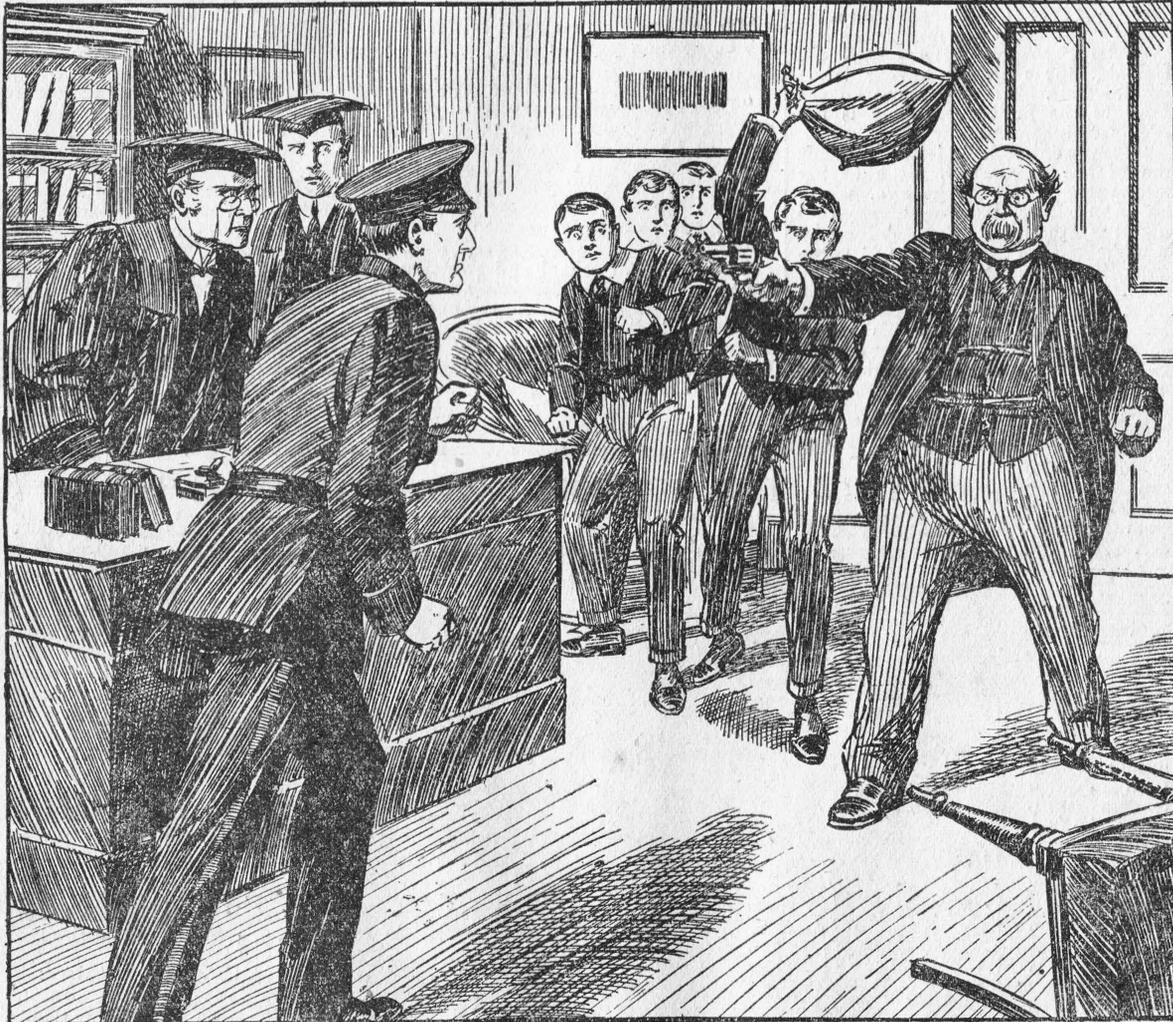
"He's a spy."

"A spy! Oh, crumbs!"

"And we've bowled him out," chuckled Lovell. "This is one up for the Classical side. We bowled him out, and we should have nailed him, too, only—only—"

"Only you didn't!" snorted Tommy Dodd.

"Well, the inspector really took it



The German, with a desperate look on his face, sprang back as the inspector advanced upon him. His hand was in his coat—it flashed out, and there was a glimmer of steel. "Back!" hissed the German. "Back, or— Ach!"

tower, and answered by flashes from a boat or a ship. As Mr. Kinkel is the only German here, naturally he was suspected. His correspondence has been carefully examined, and in letters he has written to a neutral country, writing in invisible ink has been found, giving valuable information to the enemy.

"Good heavens!"

"This discovery was only communicated to me this morning. Up to last night I was seeking to catch the light-signaller in the tower. I was there last night." The inspector smiled slightly as he glanced at the juniors. "I was seen there by these boys—"

"This is the man I spoke of, sir," said Jimmy Silver.

"I was afraid that there would be talk, and that the rascal would take the alarm," said the inspector. "I should have taken the risk of arresting him on suspicion to-day, for that reason. But his correspondence has given us a firmer ground. The ink he used was a very cunning contrivance, and has only lately been detected. I must ask you to place his room and all his belongings in my hands."

Dr. Chisholm drew a deep breath. "This is a great shock to me," he said. "I believed Herr Kinkel to be an honourable man."

weapon dropping from his hand with a thud on the study carpet.

In an instant the inspector was upon him, and the handcuffs clicked on the fat wrists.

Herr Kinkel was a prisoner. "Thank you, my lad!" said the inspector, with perfect coolness, glancing at Jimmy Silver. "You may have saved my life. Take him!" he added to the constables.

With a strong grasp on either arm the detected spy was marched away, his wrists handcuffed, his face white with fear and despair.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Bootles dazedly, as the men in blue disappeared with their prisoner. "Dr. Chisholm, I—I—I am quite upset! Who would have thought it? I—I must suggest that Silver deserves praise rather than blame, as matters have turned out."

"I fully agree with you, Mr. Bootles. Silver."

"Yes, sir," murmured Jimmy Silver.

"It appears that your suspicion was well founded. You have displayed a keenness beyond your years. Taking matters into your own hands as you did was unwarrantable, but I shall say nothing of that. Your prompt action of a few minutes ago has perhaps prevented bloodshed. You have done well, Silver. I thank you."

out of our hands," said Jimmy Silver. "But we should have nailed him in the long run—we've been watching him—"

"So that was your little game when you were breaking bounds of a night," exclaimed Tommy Dodd, understanding at last. "Why didn't you tell us, you fathead? We could have nailed him easily enough."

"Bow-wow!"

"Why, you Classical ass—"

"You Modern fathead—"

But the bell for classes interrupted the exchange of compliments. Jimmy Silver & Co. marched into the Form-room with their heads very high. They were feeling very well-satisfied with themselves.

There was no German that day at Rookwood. And all the fellows in the German class felt inclined to pass a special vote of thanks to Jimmy Silver. For although outside Rookwood, it was Inspector Keene who received the credit for the capture of the spy, inside Rookwood it was generally agreed to give the credit to the Fistical Four—who bore their blushing honours thick upon them with becoming modesty.

THE END.

("LAST MAN IN!" is the title of next Monday's magnificent long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. Don't miss it!)

TALES TO TELL!



Our weekly prize-winners. Look out for YOUR winning storyette.

SHORT, BUT—

Mike: "Say, Pat, ye spalpeen, did ye iver spake before a large audience?"

Pat: "Begorra, I should jest say I hev!"

Mike: "An' phwat did ye say, me bhoy?"

Pat: "Not guilty, yer honour!"—(Sent in by H. Blake, Crathie, Aberdeenshire.)

A GOOD CHARGER.

She was rather an old lady, and she was extremely fond of shopping. The other day she had been to at least a dozen shops in the town in which she was staying, when she sighted a grocer's shop in the distance. At once it occurred to her that she required some cheese, and therefore she made tracks for the grocer's.

"How much is your cheese a pound?" queried the old lady, who, by the way, always wanted the best value for her money.

"Two shillings," replied the grocer in a matter of fact tone.

"Two shillings!" ejaculated the old lady, in amazement. "My good man, you ought to be at the front!"

The grocer looked up questionably. "Why?" he questioned.

"Because your charges are so heavy," replied the old lady as she walked majestically out of the shop.—(Sent in by P. Eyrett, Norwich.)

THE WELSHMAN'S WIT.

An American was travelling through Wales in a brand-new up-to-date motor-car. "Some" car, he called it, and there was no doubt that it could travel at a great speed. Nevertheless, it was not proof against meeting with an accident. Something went wrong with the works when the car was about five miles from the nearest town. The American got down from his seat and endeavoured to find out what was wrong.

Before he met with success, however, a farmer strode up with a scythe in his hand which he was sharpening.

"What do yer call that?" he asked of the American, pointing to the broken-down car.

"Waal," drawled the American, "we Americans call it an automobile. But I say, I guess you can't tell me what is the name of that article you're trying to sharpen."

The farmer looked up intelligently. "I can," he said. "I call it an automohay, for the simple reason that it won't."—(Sent in by A. Allcoat, Coventry.)

HER GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

"You ought to have seen Mr. Marshall when he called upon Dolly the other night," remarked Dolly's brother Johnnie to the former's young man, who was taking tea with the family. "I tell you he looked fine sitting there alongside of her with his arm—"

"Johnnie," gasped his sister, her cheeks flushing, "how dare you! How—"

"Well, so he did!" persisted Johnnie. "He had his arm—"

"John!" exclaimed his mother in stern tones. "Whatever are you —"

"Why," whined the boy, "I was —"

"John," said his father, in commanding tones, "leave the room this instant!"

And Johnnie strode slowly from the room, piping his eye on the way.

"I was only going to say he had his Army clothes on!" muttered the boy miserably.—(Sent in by A. Butler, Gloucester.)

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED.

Readers are invited to send on postcards storyettes or short interesting paragraphs for this feature. For every contribution used the sender will receive a money prize. All postcards must be addressed: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND and "Gem" Library, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.