THINGS BEGIN TO MOVE! SEE INSIDE!

"THE DREADNOUGHT.") WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

No. 762, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending January 15th, 1916.



WHACKING THE CERM-HUN SCHOOLBOY!

SEE OUR SCHOOL TALE!

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

BY CONQUEST. OWEN

The 1st Chapter.

Not to be Stood. Shame!"
use was a roar of voices in the
or common-room on the Classical
as Rockwood.
Restor in

We won't stand it !"

Classical juniors of Rookwood

Fellows of the Shell, the Fourtil, and the Third were swarming in the common-room. All were moved by the same feeling. For once, Smyther the Shell was in complete concord with Lorent West for Fourth—West of the Third was hellowed by the Third was hellowing like paused in great astonishment as the paused in great astonishment as the indignant roar fell upon bis ears.

"It's too rotten!"

"The Head oughth't to allow it."

"It's a disgrace to Rockwood."

"Shame!"
"We'll go to the Head about it,"
shouted Lovell. "You hear me—"
"Tm goin't owrite to my people,"
shouted Augustus Smythe. "I'm
not goin to sent to by gad!"
strength in the rearge him!" yelled Wegg
of the Tider ag, him baldbeaded!"
"We'll 'ag, him baldbeaded!"
which ag, him baldbeaded!"
"We'll 'ag, him baldbeaded!"
which ag, him baldbeaded!"
"We'll 'ag, him baldbeaded!"
which ag, him baldbeaded!"
"We'll 'ag, him baldbeaded!"
who ag, him baldbeaded!"
"We'll 'ag, him baldbeaded!"
"He'll 'ag

Classicals were not to be trifled with just then.

"Gentlemen!" roared Lovell, stamping on the table. "Are we see that it?"

"Shame!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, coming into the rooten. "What's the merry row about! Have all you chaps gone off your rockers?"

"Haven't you heard?" bellowed Lovell.

"My dear chap, you could be heard half-way to Coombe, at any rate."

"I don't mean that, ass. Haven't you heard the news?"

"Which!"

"About the news beast."

"About the new beast."

"About the new beast."

"About the new beast."

"He's coming today!" roared
Raby.
"We won't have him!"
"We'll boot him out on our own."
"We'll scalp him."
Jimmy Silver whistled. Why the
coming of the new kid should excite
the Classical juniors in this way was a.
(Continued on the next page.)



deep mystery. They had all been new kids themselves once, for the matter of that.

"What on earth are you driving at?" exclained Jimmy. "A new killing on this side—"

"Well, why shouldn't he come?" asked Jimmy.

"We won't have him!"
"It's a disgrace to the school,"
"Shame!"
"Is there anything, wrose with the

"Shame!"
"Is there anything wrong with the chap!" asked Jimmy Silver, in astonishment. "Is he some giddy escaped convict?"
"Worse than that," howled Lovell, "Eb? Is he a pickpocket, a burgiar, or a garotter?"
"Worse—a thousand times worse," "Oh, crumbs!" said the astounded Jimmy, "What on earth is he, then?"

"OB, crumes;" said the astounded Jimmy. "What on earth is he, then?"
"He's a Hun!"
"A German!"
"Great Scott!"
"A Prussian!" roared Smythe. "A filthy Hun! And they've got the awful check to send him to Rookwood. And the Head's ass enough to let him in."
"Better let the Head hear you calling him an ass, Smythey!" grinned Jimmy Silver.
"But, I say, "We're not going to stand it. What's Rookwood coming to?"
"But, I say, if the Head lets him come..."

"But, I say, if the Head lets him come—"
"Don't you start backing him up, Jimmy Silver. Wasn't your own cousin nearly murdered by their poison gas!"
"Yes; but."
"Yes; but."
"Then cheese it! We're not going to Gentlemen!" roared Lovell, from his commanding position on the table. "Are we taking this lying down?"
"Never!"
"Who'll back me up in going to the Head about it?"
"Hurray!"
It was a roar of approval from nearly all present.
Jimmy Silver whistled softly. He saw trouble looming ahead.

The 2nd Chapter. Jimmy Silver Takes a Hand.

Jimmy Silver was surprised. He was a little indignant, and exasper-ated himself. But he kept his head. A German chap coming to Rock-

(A)

wood.

It was really rather thick.

Considering that Germany had let loose a fearful war upon the whole world, that every nation endowed with honour and courage had taken up arms against the brigand nation, and that during the course of the war

the Germans had been guilty of every conceivable kind of foul play, it was hardly to be expected that a German would be welcome at Rookwood.

That there might be a few decent individuals in a nation of treaty-breakers, traitors, and spies, was possible. But the chances were great that any given German belonged to the rascally majority rather than to the very small decent minority.

And the feelings with which the Rookwooders regarded the possible advent of a German into their school were very plain.

They were wild with indignation.

As a rule, Jimmy Silver took the lead in anything that was going on, on the Classical side, among the juniors. But Jimmy was sleen now Arther Edward Lovell had the vaxed under the control of the contro

"Gentlemen—"
"Hear, hear!"
"We respect the Head. As a rule, we shouldn't think of backing up against Dr. Chisholm. But there's a limit. What the Head means by it I don't know, and I don't pretend to know. A soft head—"
"Hear, hear!"
"But we can't be expected to put up with a disgrace like this. What are we at war with the Germans for?"
A voice: "To lick 'em!"

Navy?"
"Hear, hear!"

Navy?"
"Hear, hear!"
"I don't hold with hating anybody. Hatred init British. But you have to detest a cowardly, sneaking, lying skunk if you're decent yourself. Is a German fit to associate with?"
"No! No! No!"
"If they're fit to associate with, what are we killing them for? We re calling out for every man with the calling out for every man that the call the ca

"They're outside civilisation. Who invented poison-gas? Look at Jimmy Silver's cousin in the Work of the Hold got a bayonet in out have been fair play. But in out have a decent chap be expected to associate with them?" "Right as rain!"
"Brave, Lovel!" "Brave, Lovel!" "Gettin' quite eloquent, ain't he?" said Smythe.
"So we're not going to stand it.! I propose going to the Head in a body and telling him so."
"Of course, we'll put it a bit more politely than that. But that's the point. We're not going to stand it, and the Head's going to know. Arthur Edward Lovell jumped off the table.
There was a general surge towards the door.
Smythe & Co., the nuts of Rockwood, held back. They were indig-

the door.
Smythe & Co., the nuts of Rookwood, held back. They were indignant, but they did not exactly like the idea of penetrating into the dreaded apartment of the Head and meeting his cold and severe gaze. But the bolder spirits thronged after Lovell. They felt that they were wronged, and it was said of old that Britons never should be slaves.

"Hold on!" called out Jimmy Silver.

Silv

"Rats!"

"Shut up, Jimmy!"
"Gentlemen, I claim a hearing,
You've heard our respected friend
Lovell, now give me a chance."
"Are you backing us up?"
demanded Oswald.

"I'm going to speak a few words," said Jimmy diplomatically. "Gentle-men, in the name of British fair play, I claim a hearing! Don't be Prussians!"

phy, I claim a hearing! Don't be Prassians!"
Lovell paused.
"Well back up!" he said. "We'll hear what you've got to say."
"Go it, Jimmy "Jimmy Silver jumped on the table and surveyed the excited crowd. Jimmy Silver was going to utter words of wisdom, and the Rookwood jumiors did not seem in a mood to listen to words of wisdom. It was necessary to be diplomatic.
"Gentlemen, I agree with all Lovell has said concerning the Huns. They are a race of savages. Prussia is a blot on the earth. All Germans ought to be kicked out of the British Empire, and kept out. Even after the war it will be an act of treachery to civilisation to let Germans into the country."
"Hear, hear!"

the war it will be an act of the country.

The war will not have been fought for nothing, if afterwards we can breathe our own free British air uncentaminated by filthy Germans.

"Bravo!"

"Well on the sail right," said Lovell. "Better tell that to our messly politicians. They won't keep the Germans out unless they're kicked into doing it."

"But—" went on Jimmy Silver.

"But," said Jimmy.
"But," said Jimmy.
"But," said Jimmy.
"But," said sires.

"Bravo is a said silver tell that to our messly politicians. They won't keep the Germans out unless they're kicked into doing it."

"But," said Jimmy. Calmly, "there is a but in this could and nysilfies; sing like a puppy, and the free.

"Blow your buts!"

"But," said Jimmy. Calmly, "there is a but in this could and nysilfies; sing like a puppy, and the free high they will be a but in the said that is coming here. The Hun that is coming here. The Hun that is coming here will be a but in this could be a but in

BLUSHING. Famous Doctor's Recipe for this most distressing complaint, fed. P.O. Never fails. Hundreds of Testimonials.—Mr. ORORGE 61 STRODE ROAD, CLEVEDON. eyy or a priconer. I don't say that anybody ought exactly to associate with him; that's rather thick, I admit, "I should jolly well say so!" "But there's no reason why a chap shouldn't be duit to a cub Hun." "Rate!" "Both!" "You see," reau med Jimmy "You see," reau med Jimmy solve, "the kid's in England. He must go to school somewhere. The lead must have his reasons for letting him into Rookwood, The Head's older than

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toe good to be true, be and gain a Free Watch. You will be Colonial Orders 1s. WILLIAMS & LLOYD, Wholesale Jewellers, Dept. 16, 89, Cornwallis Read, London, N., England. "If the kid were a Dutchman or a Yankee we should stand him. Well, if we can estand a measly neutral, we can stand a Hun at a pinch. Lots of goople think that however rotten a German may be, he's one degree better than a crawling neutral," "Something in that," admitted Raby.

"Something in these,"

"Moreover", "speaked Silver firmly, "it stands to reason that there must be a decent German or two-perhaps three—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And this new kid may be one of them."

"Ha, ha, ha's
"And this new kid may be one of
them."
"Not likely!"
"Not likely!"
"Not, admitted
likely. It's possible."
"Oh, rot!
"Lovell, old man, your remarke are
more emphatic than polite."
"Oh, cheese it."
"Moreover.
"We've had that!"
"Moreover.
"We've had that!"
"Moreover.
"If you go lo the Head you'll
only get a licking. The Head doesn't,
as a rule, consult the Fourth Form
in running the school."
"Sure, he doesn't! grinned Flynn.
"If the Head says the cub Hun is
to come, the cub Hun will come. No
good running your silly heads against
a brick wall."
"But I've got a good idea to suggest—"
"But I've got a good idea to suggest—"
"You're a jolly long time coming

gest_____, You're a jolly long time coming

"You're a Jony lone
to it!"
"That's because I'm interrupted by
eilly asses. My idea is, let the cub
Hun come, and deal with him personally."
"Well, that's not a bad wheeze,"
said Lovell thoughtfully. "We can
rag and shours off again."
"It don't mean that.
"Yell, I mean that, anyway!"
"Let me finish, you duffer!"
"I wish you would, by gum!"
"Listen to me. This cub Hun is
a stranger in a strange land. It's upto us to be civil to a foreigner. Theopor beast will feel rather rottee,
here, anyway. Give him a chance.
"Give him a ragging, you mean!"
reared Lovell.
"No, I often English—"
"British" bawled Flynn.
"British bawled Flyn

The 3rd Chapter. The Boche.

That afternoon the Hun arrived.
Some of the fellows saw him come in with Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, who had fetched him from the station.
His name was Heinrich Clootz.
He was about fifteen, considerably fat and very blonde, with pale blue eyes that were very keen, a large mouth like a gash, and tallow-

coloured hair. He looked on point of bursting out of his E. Evidently he believed, like most mans, in good living.

It was learned that his father interned in Lantham concentrate camp, a few miles from Rookway He had been brought up in Rock and spoke English with only a sign accent.

He had been observed in England and spoke English with only a slight accent.

"He docan't look like a spy or poisoner, does he?" Jimmy Sliver so marked to his chums, as the new by followed Mr. Bootles into his stady. Lovell shorted.

"They for all bootles into his stady. Lovell shorted.

"They for all stady." "Like his creek to come here, anyway?" said Raby.

"Looks ashify too."

"Just and Raby.

"Jooks and the cats twice as must as he meds!" grunted Newcore as he meds!" grunted Newcore as he meds!" he will be supported to the stady. "Just and Jimmy Sliver tolerand; "Just and Jimmy Sliver tolerand; "Well, they're brought up he will be supported to the stady." "Him?"

Lovel let him keep his distant from us, anyway!"

"Him?"

Lovel glared at his chum. It thought he could guess what as working in Jimmy Sliver's mind.

"Look here, Jimmy, we're ze having it."

"Which?" asked Jimmy innocent, "You're thinking of taking up the poisson.

"Which?" asked Jimmy innocently,
"You're thinking of taking up the
lthy Boche!"

filthy Boche!"

won't make many friese, there, said Jimmy, "Might speak civil worder two to him."

You silly ass—"
"You silly ass—"
chause!" demanded Jimmy, "You have!" growled Lovell,
"You have!" growled Lovell,
"Well, if you want to be a Pransia.

"If you want a thick car "Choese it!" said Raby. "Here's Bulkeley!"
The captain of Rookwood best down on the Fistical Four. Bulkely was looking rather serious. "I suppose you kids have heard that Clootz is going into your Form?" be asked

that Clootz is going into your Form? he asked,
"Our Form!" growled Lovell. "I hoped he might be put in the Third or the Shell."
"Rotten to have him in the Fourth!" said Raby.
Bulkeloy frowned a little.
"That's what I want to speak about." he said. "Now, I undestand that nobody here likes Germans."

stand that nobody here likes termans

"There would be something wrong
with a chap who liked German, I
should say!" growled Lovell.
"Perhaps so," admitted Bulkele,
"But what I want to point out is the
that there's got to be order, and so
raggings, or anything of that kind. I
shall be keeping an eye on Closty,
it's my duty to protect him from anything like that. But I'd rather appeal
to your good feelings. The kid can't
help being a German, and he's dow
no harm, so far as we know."
"I suppose his father's a spy!"
"If he is, this kid can't help it.
His father's interned at Lantham, asd
the Head has allowed the kid to cons
here. He expects him to be treated
decently."
"Boches don't understand de
cent."
""Boches don't understand de
cent."
""H", Now, you four young ras-

"Boches don't undersease, cency!"
"H'm! Now, you four young ratcals are generally leaders in your
Form. I should like you to set an
example to the rest. Treat the kid
decently. If he turns out a rotter,
that's different. But give him a
chance. I leave it to you as decest
kids."
Bulkeley walked away.

Rids."
Bulkeley walked away.
"Bulkeley's a rather sensible chap,"
remarked Jimmy Silver.
"I don't see it."
"I mean, he agrees with all I've

"Fathead! I suppose we can let the fat beast alone," said Lorell "But I'm not going to speak to him, I know that."

I know that." said Raby promply.
"Same here!" said Raby promply.
"Me, too!" grinned Newcome.
"What about you, Jimmy?" amanded Lovell, as the captain of the Fourth did not speak.
"I don't know."
"I don't know," you' dummy!
Then I'll tell you! If you speak to him we'll give you a study licking!"
"You see—"

"You see..."
"Rats! I know all you're going to jaw about—same as you did when the Form were down on old Oswald

"Well, wasn't I right? Isn't Oswald one of the best?"
"Yes, that's so; but Oswald wasn't a Hun. You're not going to speak to that Boche. And you can make up your mind to that."
"Bow-wow!"

Bow-wow!" Then we'll jolly well give you s

No. 9 THE CREYFRIARS HERALD 2d.

Edited by the Chums of Greyfriars School

NOW ON SALE!

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hat hat had

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Here's d bors

n the

speak under

is this and no ind. I

lp it come cated

your et an e kid otter,

nap.

11. russia



"Here, chuck it! Hands off, you

duffers!"
"Bump him!"

"Bamp him!"
"I say, I.Mr. Bootles' study door opened.
"What-what," said Mr. Bootles"what is the meaning of this unseemly disturbance in the proximity
of my study."
"I wan suddenly relead. He grinned, and Lovell and
Raby and Newcome stuttered.
"Abem!" "Abem!"

"Abem!"
"Kindly go away, and confine your
more suitable horseplay to a more suitable quarter!" said Mr. Bootles majestic ally.

And the juniors meekly departed.

The 4th Chapter, Jimmy Silver Plays the Game, "Blessed if I don't!" said Jimmy

Silver.

Jimmy spoke determinedly.

His heart was touched.

The new boy was standing in the Lower Hall looking about him. His pale blue eyes blinked through his big spectacles. He looked very for-

big spectacles. He looked very forlorn.

Mr. Bootles had kindly introduced
him to a couple of the Fourth Formwho happened to be Townsend and
Topham, the nuts of the Fourth.
Towny and Toppy prided themselves
upon their poished manners, which,
according to Towny and Toppy,
weren't anything like the rough-andready manners of the end study. But
as soon as Mr. Bootles had gone back
into his study and the door was
closed. Towny and Toppy stared
criently at the German boy, and spoke
one word each emphatically.

"Hun!" said Townsend.

"Boche!" said Toynsend.

And they saintered away, leaving
the description of the said town
the said the said town
the sai

blinking about pathetically like a lost sheep.

He knew that the fellows would be down on him if he made friends with a Boche. He knew that, excepting in very exceptional circumstances, a Boche wasn't fit to make friends with. But the old British spirit of fair play was strong within Jimmy's youthful breast. Every dog ought to be given a chance—and a German was nearly as good as a dog, So Jimmy Silver bore down upon him. It was just like Jimmy.

"Hallo, kid!" he began.

"Bootles done with you?" asked Jimmy.

"I hear you're coming into the

"Ja wohl—I mean, yes!"
"A bit strange here at first," said

"A bit strang,"
"Ja wohl! I am lonely."
"You don't know anybody here?"
"Nein."
"Well, I'm Jimmy Silver. I'm in
the Fourth."
"I am glad to meet you!" said

the Fourth."

I am glad to meet you!" said Clootz, extending his fat hand.

Jimmy had an inward struggle. He had no bargained for that. He had a natural repugnance to shaking a German's hand. But he could not wound the feelings of a fellow who had not offended him, and who was possibly harmless enough.

He took the fat hand in a gingerly manner, and dropped it as quickly as he could.

He took the fat hand in a gingerly manner, and dropped it as quickly as he could.

"I hope you will be my friend, as you have so kindly spoken to me," and Clootz simply. "I think the others do not like me because I am German."

'I suppose it is natural, as there is

"British people don't get liked in Germany just now, I suppose," hinted Jimay. It was almost as if he were making excuses for the Rookwood atliaude on the subject.

JUST LIKE

Clootz laughed.

"Nein, nein! A British boy in a German school now would be-what you call ragged-kicked, beaten, perhaps torn in pieces. But then that is different,"

"Because Britain is our greatest and worst enemy, and the British Fleet is treacherously staving our people!" said Clootz, his pale eyes blazing behind his glasses.

Jimmy Silver jumped. It startled him to hear the German junior talking in that strain. Even if he believed what he said, common prudence should have caused him to hold his tongue in a British school.

But it was with Clootz as with most

"It is true!" said Clootz, with a nod of satisfaction.
"Well, then, if you starved out Paris, why shouldn't we starve out Germany?"
"It is different! We are in the right!"
"Oh! "See the search of kings! He still dictate peace to the whole world! Jealous enemies have attacked him, and of them England it see therous!"
"Any lunatics in your family!" "Any lunatics in your family!" "The German boy looked surprised. "Lunatics! No!"
"Then are all Germans as dotty as you are 'el' wait Jimmy. "They think that whatever Germany does is right, and whatever Garmany does is right, and whatever Garmans—they've heard to much about poison-gas, and spies, and murdering women and children. You can hat this country as much as you like, but you'd better keep your head shut about it. See?"
"I suppose you haven't had your tea?" I suppose you haven't had your tea?" remarked Jimmy, changing the a?" is supper into Gloot's mind he would no more have to color with the wool of Mack's dog Toby. "No. Her Booltes aid that boe boys would take me in to tea. But You are very kind, though you are very kind, the we called many of you are very kind, though you are very kind, though you are very kind, the many of you are very kind, the we called many of you are very kind, the many of you are very kind, the wait of you are very kind, the we call you a

new boy, who would have been utterly friendless otherwise. But he could not like him, and it badd fair to cause trouble with fellows he did like.

Have you been put into a study vet? "he asked him." "Yes; Mr. Bootles told me I should be in No. 9."

"That's with Oswald, Flynn, and Jones minor. I'll take you there," and Jimmy.

"My study!" said Jones minor, with a deep breath of wrath.

Jones hurried out of hall.

Jimmy waited about ten minutes longer for the German to finish his tea—which was not till he had eaten so much that he could eat no more. Then they left the hall together.

The 5th Chapter. Not Welcome.

Not Welcome.

"This way!" said Jimmy Silver.

He led the German junior to the big staircase. Mr. Bootles was coming along the passage, and he paused to blink benignly at the captain of the Fourth.

"Ah! I am pleased tossee this!" said Mr. Bootles benevolently. "I see that you have made a friend, Cloott!"

Clootz!"
"Yes, sir!"
"Yes, sir!"
"Pray look after Clootz a little, and see if you can make him comfortable, Silver."
"Certainly, sir!"
"Cartainly, sir!"
"I am sure, Silver, that you will not allow yourself to be influenced by—ahem!—racial prejudices," said Mr. Bootles. "I am sure you will be kind to a foreign lad alone in a strange country."

be kind to a foreign lad alone in a strange country."

"Oh, ves, sir!"

And Mr. Bootles passed on.

The Form-master's appeal was not without its effect upon Jimmy. He conducted the new junior up the big staircase to the Fourth-Form passage. Adolphus Smythe and his friends were chatting on the landing, and they all looked at the pair.

"Congratulations, dear boy!" said Adolphus, in his drawling voice. "Chummin" with the Boche, I see! Like poisoners?"

"Chummin' with the Boche, I see! Like poisoners?" jeered Tracy.
"Like spies?" jeered Tracy.
"Oh, shut up!" said Jimmy uncomfortably. "Can't you keep a civil tongue in your silly heads?"
A dull glow came into the German junior's cheeks. But he did not speak. Jimmy piloted him along the passage.

passage.

He stopped at the door of No. 9, which was the last study but one.
There was a howl as he opened the "Here's the Boche!"

"Here's the Boche!"
Oswald and Flynn and Jones minor were all there. Oswald was looking undecided and uncomfortable. Jones minor and Flynn were full of wrath.

"Mr. Bootles has put the new kid into this study," said Jimmy.

"We won't have him, bedad!" roared Flynn. "Take the haythen beast away!"

"We don't want any poison-gassers here!" howled Jones minor. Oswald was silent.

"Well, what do you say, Dicky!" asked the captain of the Fourth.
Oswald hesitated.
"Let him come in," he said. "I'm willing to be civil to him, Jimmy. Anyway, he's got to come in if Bootles says so."

"I am sorry to come where I am not wanted," said Clotz. "But I have no choice. Herr Bootles says I must be in this study."

"Herr Bootles!" mimicked Flynn.
"Can't you call him' Mr. Bootles!"
"I am sorry. I meant Mr. Bootles."

"Do be civil!" urged Jimmy. Silver, with a worried look. "Taint's

Bootles."

"Do be civil!" urged Jimmy,
Silver, with a worried look, "Tain't
playing the game to be down on a
chap! Give him a chance!"
"Rats!"
"Rot!"
"Oh

"Rot."
"Oh, come in, Clootz!" said
Oswald. "Make yourself at bome!"
"I intend to do so!" said Clootz
codly. "This is my study, is it not?
It is no pleasure to me to live among,
Englanders. I have no choice."
"Well, I'm not an Englander!"
growled Flynn. "Tim an Irelander!
I've got an uncle a prisoner in Germany, and the dirthy rescals tried to
make him desert the Old Flag."
"You are I rish!" said Clootz.
"Then you should hate the English
as much as I do!"
"You dirthy spalpeen! Listen to
him!"



With a howl of terror the German boy fled. He boited up the staircase, and with a whoop the juniors rushed after him. Jimmy Silver sprang on the stairs in the way. "Halt!" he cried.

Germans—even regard for his own safety could not make him wholly disguise his bitter, burning hatred for the country that fed and sheltered him.

for the country that fed and sheltered him.

In spite of himself—in spite of prudence, in spite of the natural Teutonic desire to be cunning and treacherous—that hatted would break out in words and looks.

"Now, look here," said Jimmy, recovering himself, "that won't do, Clootz! Of course, as you're a German, you want the Germans to win in the war—you'd be a cad if you didn't! That's all right! A chap backs his own dog in a dog-fight. But there's a limit. I'll try to be reasonable with you. You just used a jolly unpleasant word. What is there treacherous in our Fleet blockading your country!" It is to starve our people!"

"It is to starve our people!"

"The last time you made war on France you besieged Paris—"
"Ach! That was glorious!"

"And in Paris they were starved

"Serve them right!"

"They fed on dogs and cats and rats they caught in the sewers— we've had it in our history class—and the kids died like flies—"

else. You'll get ragged. Nobody made you come to England, you know. I'm sure England didn't want you. But while you're eating English bread and salt it's only decent to keep civil."

"I am sorry! I meant to be more cautious."

cautious." Zuimmy Silver sniffed.
"Just be decent, and show some proper feeling, and that'll be enough. You've just said that the fellow don't like you because you're a German." man

"Yes; it is unjust!"

"Yet you admit that you hate the English. What the dickens do you expect, then?"

"It is different. That is just."

Jimmy Silver looked curiously at the new boy. Clootz was evidently in earnest. That proper lack of reasoning faculty, so strongly marked in the German character, was very plain in Heinrich Clootz. It came into Jimmy Silver's mind that he, like his countrymen, belonging to a lower race not fully developed mentally, required to be treated with the consideration one would show to a dog or any other animal. It was useless to expect commoni-sense or a sense of fair play from such a being. "It is different. That is just."

"Not to a Hun!"

"Not to a Boche! "

"Not to a Boohe!"

"Silence, there!" said Neville, frowning. "You've already been spoken to on that subject, you young sweeps! Don't let me hear anything of this again!"

The Classical juniors relapsed into sullen silence. Jimmy Silver sat down with Clootz at the tea-table. The other fellows estentatiously left a couple of chairs vacant at Clootz's side. Nobody wanted to sit near the Boche.

Clootz's eyes burned as he noted.

Boche.

Clootz's eyes burned as he noted it. But he made a good tex. He helped himself again and again, and satisfied a most tremendous appetite, Jimmy Silver did not enjoy his tea so much as usual. He was worried a little about Clootz. His kind heart had prompted him to befriend the



Jimmy Silver rushed between just in time, and pushed the excited Irish junior back.

"Don't may be a supported to the control of the control

even for a German, I should think, intoricy! "
"I am sorry, but I must stay!"
"Then ye'll put up ye're hands," said Flynn. "Your precious friends have been starving my uncle, and thrying to make him go back on his Flag. Put them up!"

Elynn advanced upon the German with his hands up. Cloot's fat and puffy face changed colour, and he dodged round the table.
"Let him alone, Flynn," said Oswald. "He can't fight in his glasses. You can't hit a chap with glasses!"

Flynn paused.

Flynn paused.

Flynn paused.

"Well, that's thrue intoirely! Let him take them off!"

"I—I cannot see well if I take them off!" said Clootz.

"Oh, the dickens fly away wid ye!" growled Flynn; but he ceased his hostile demonstrations. The German was fat and unfit, and evidently a funk, and, glasses or no glasses, he would not have been of much use in a "scrap" with the sturdy Irish junior.

Cloots sat down.

If he had been thin-skinned, his reception at Rookwood would undoubtedly have made him wish to get out of the school as quickly as possible. But he was not sensitive. So long as he was not cuffed or kicked, he was content.

he was contest.

Flynn and Jones minor left the study, and Oswald, after a heeitating glance at Clootz, followed them. Oswald was kindhearted, but he could not overcome his repurpance.

About half an hour later Jimmy Silver looked in. He had been through a warm argument in his own study, and he was looking worried. "Getting on all right here?" he asked.

Clootz was reading.

Clootz was reading, and he looked

asked.
Clootz was reading, and he looked up with a fat smile.
"Ja wohl. It is all right!"
"Working?"
"No; I am reading. I have a good book here." Clootz held out the book for the captain of the Fourth to see.
Jimmy Silver glanced at it. It was in German, a language Jimmy dook thou know. But there were pictures. One represented a city wrapped in gloom, with a Zeppelin hovering overhead, and terror-stricken crowds fleeing and trampling over one another in the rush to escape.
"What on earth is that?" asked Jimmy, in astonishment.
"London when the Zeppelins

come," said Clootz, with a laugh.
"It is a good picture, nicht war? See how the cowards are running!"
Jimmy Silver's face became very

Jimmy Silver's face became very grim.

"Are you fool enough to believe that London is really like that when the baby-killers come?" he exclaimed. Cloots gave a shrug.

"The best thing you can do with that rubbish is to put it in the fire?" said Jimmy Silver angrily. "Or, at least, look it up in your bex. It won't Jimmy retired from the study and sammed the door. The utter stupidity of the fellow got on his nervee. Clootz laughed and returned to his book.

The 6th Chapter,

The 6th Chapter,
The Sneak,
"Good-night, Clootz!"
Jimmy Silver was the only fellow
in the Classical Fourth dormitory who
said that.
The others preserved a stony silence
towards the Boehe.
"Good-night!" said Clootz.
He turned in guite cheerfully.
Bulkeley of the Sixth came to put
the lights out. He glanced at the
Classical juniors with a somewhat
stern brow.

the lights out. He glanced at the Classical juniors with a somewhat stern brow.

"If there's any disturbance here tonight, I shall come along," he said, in a tone of warning. "I shall bring a cane with me. Good-night!"

The prefect retired, leaving the dormitory in darkness. But there was no intention of a ragging. Jimmy Silver would have chipped in at once, for one thing; and the Co. would have backed him up loyally, though disapprovingly. But the Classicals were not thinking of ragging the Hum. He was so fat and unfit and defenceless that it was agreed that it would be "rotten" to touch him. He could not have stood up in a "scrap" with the smallest member of the Fourth. Form. Besides, Jimmy Silver's appeal to give the chap a chance had its effect. He couldn't help being a Boche, but when he began to act like a Boche it would be time to rag him. Whatever his inward nature was like, he had had no opportunity of showing it so far. When the rest. He was still sleeping and snoring. Jimmy Silver shook him by the Jimmy Silver shook him by the

in the morning, Clootz did not turn out with the rest. He was still sleeping and snoring.

Jimmy Silver shook him by the shoulder, and Clootz blinked at him.

"Time to turn out!" said Jimmy.
Clootz yawned.
"Ja wohl!"

He turned out, still yawning. To the aurprise of the juniors, he proceeded directly to dress himself, without bothering about his washstand. Soap and water apparently did not appeal to him. He dressed, even to his cellar and the, before he began to the cellar and the, before he began to wash. Perhaps his short sight prevented him from noting the glances of distants and disgust on all sides. His wash extended from his forehead to his chin. Then he was finished.

He was the first down. Lovell snorted as he went.

"Nice clean beast, an't he?" he remarked.

"Well, they don't wash much on the Continent," said Jimmy Silver.
"Perhaps hell pick up our ways in time!"

"Oh, blow your perhapses!"

"Perhaps he'll pick up our ways in time!"

"Oh, blow your perhapses!"

At breakfast Clootz showed his usual prowess as a trencherman. Most of the Rookwood juniors had good, healthy appetites, but they left off eating when their hunger was satisfied. Clootz didn't. His object seemed to be to cram as much food into his interior as it would hold. It seemed to hold a great deal, too. He was wheozing almost asthmatically as he came out after breakfast.

"Come and have a run with the footer before lessons," said Jimmy Silver, tapping him on the shoulder. "Nein, nein!"

"You don't like footer?"

"Nein "We'll teach you, if you like."

"I do not want to learn. I don't like English games."
"Oh, rats!" said Jimmy. And he rushed away after the football his chums were punting about in the

"Oh, rats!" said Jimmy. And he rushed away after the football his chums were punting about in the quad.

When the bell rang Clootz came into the Fourth Formroom with the rest. The Modern Fourth were there for first lesson, and Tommy Doedt & Formroom with the rest. The Modern General were there for first lesson, and Tommy Doedt & Formroom of the form of

The dandy of the Fourth gave a yell.

nose.

The dandy of the Fourth gave a yell.

Ink splashed over his face and spotted his immaculate collar.

"Yarooh!" roared Townsend.

Mr. Bootles spun round.

"What—what—what is that? Townsend, how dare you ink your face! You dirty boy, come out here!" And Mr. Bootles picked up his cane angrily.

"Groogh!" said Townsend, dabbing furiously at the ink. "It wasn't me, sir. Some beast—I—I mean, some fellow buzeed it at me, sir."

"Oh! That alters the case, Townsend. You may remain in your place." Mr. Bootles' angry glance swept the class. "Which boy threw that disgusting pellet at Townsend? I command him to come out before the Form at once!"

Nobody moved. Flynn sat staring at his desk, apparently deeply interested in the scars and gashes on the old oak. The Classical Fourth sat silent as oysters. Nobody, of course, had any idea of giving Flynn away. Even Townsend, who had been inked, had no intention of sneaking. Clootz rose in his place.

"If you please, sir—"

"What—what! It was you, Clootz—you? Come here, instantly!"

"Nein, noin! It was not I, sir."

"Then why have you risen, Clootz." exclaimed Mr. Bootles, angrily.

"It was Flynn" in! It was not I, sir."

"Then why have you risen, Clootz." exclaimed Mr. Bootles, angrily.

"It was Flow the did the caredy be lieve their ears.

That any fellow should deliberately, without provocation, get up and sneak about another fellow was unheard-of.

Evidently it was Clootz's method of getting into his Form-master's good grace.

"Sneak!" howled Lovell.

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, in a voice of thunder. "How dare

Sneak Cad!"

good graces.

"Sneak!" howled Lovell.

"Cad!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, in a voice of thunder. "How dare you shout in the class-room! Lovell, take a hundred lines! Take a hundred lines! Take a hundred lines. Topham!"

Lovell growled.

"Clootz. did you see Flynn's action?" demanded Mr. Bootles.

"Yes, sir."

"Sure, it's thrue, sir." said Flynn.
"I chucked it. And the spalpeen is a filthy sneak, sir!"

"Silence, Flynn! How dare you make such remarks!"

"It's thrue, sir."

"Silence."

Mr. Bootles fixed his eyes upon the German. There was a hush in the class. The Form-master had not called upon Flynn to step out and be caned. And there was no mistaking the contempt in the glance he fixed upon Heinrich Clootz.

"Clootz," said Mr. Bootles, in a deep voice, "doubless you intended to oblige me by giving me this in-

rmation concerning your Form

formation concerning your Form Glore?"

Yes, sir," said Clootz, his jaw dropping as little. Apparently she form-matter was not pleased, and to Clootz's obtuse German brain that fact was simply incomprehensible. "Perhaps you regarded it as your duty to speak, Clootz!"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, Clootz. I will proceed to enlighten your mind upon that subject," said Mr. Bootles. I have no desire whatever to lighten my duties in this school by encouraging boys to betray one amore. Such methods are unberglish. Kindly may sit down."

Clootz collapsed on his form rather. He was even when the future. You than at down. He was subject, which have been subject to the subject with the future. You was to subject that it mind in the future. You have a constant the subject with the subject with the future of the proceeded. Mr. Bootles apparently forgetting to call Flynn to account. Many expressive glances were cast upon Clootz while the lesson lasted, but it was not till they were outside the Form-room that the juniors were able to rive expression to their feelings. Then there was a rush for "Sheak!"

"Botch!"

"Botch!"

"God!"

"Boche!"

"Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled.

Hooled up the staircase, and, with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him. Jimmy Silver sprang on the

Lovell. "Halt!"

15/1/16

"Rats! Get aside, or we'll you!" roared Topham.
"You're not going to that scared rabbit," said J. "Haven't you agreed to give

that scared rabbit, and Jines that scared rabbit, and Jines that chance?"

"He's a sneak!" roared to give him chance?"

"He's a sneak!" roared to give him chance?

"He's a sneak!" roared for the chance in the chance in the chance in the chance and the chance in the chance and the chance in the c

The 7th Chapter, Just Like Jimmy.

"Howly mother av Moses! Hen he comes!"
Flym uttered the exchamation is suppressed tones of fury. Xo. 9 Study were at tea.
That the Boche would have use to the continued on the next page, (Continued on the next page,)

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NAME.... ADDRESS.....

Boys' Friend, 15/1/16.



JUST LIKE

from page.

Oswald opened the door. Flynn pointed to it with the stump. "Clear out, ye spalpeen. And re-mimber, ivery time ye show yere Prussian chivvy in this study, ye'll cet the same."

get the same."

Clootz turned a face white with rage and hatred upon the Irish junior.

He shook his fat fist at the whole

tudy.
"I will have revenge for this!"
"Oh, ring off! Sure ye make me "Oh, ring off! Sure ye make line "ill."

"I hate you, and all Englanders. I long for the day when the Germans will land, to burn and destroy this hated country as Belgium has been served. I—"

"mesking" about Flynn in the form-room that morning was not espected. Flynn's idea was that he could try to change out. Whether he did or not, Flynn was determined upon one thing-that not even a feesing from the Head should induce him to keep the Boche in No. 9. And in he came, smiling in a depre-

to keep the Boche in No. vo. Man in he came, smiling in a depreman and the came, smiling in a depreman and the came, smiling in a depreman and the came, the came and th

up. So you've come back?" said "Ja wehl! Why should I not come to my study?"
"Ye dirthy sneak!"
"Get out!" roared Jones minor.
Flynn jumped up.
"Gimme a cricket-stump!" he

shouted. Clootz backed to the door, his face

Cloots backed to the door, his face pall you touch me I will go directly to Mr. Bootles," he exclaimed.
"Faith, if ye're going to swell give ye something to sneak we'll give ye something to sneak about, ye thate of the world."
"Ach! Mein Gott!" stuttered Clootz, as the Irish junior grasped him by the shoulder and swung him half across the study. "Let me go!"
"Take off yer barnacles, and put up yer hands!" said Flynn. "Sure, I'll only use one hand meself, to make all fair. You can tie up the other, Oswald. Is it a go, ye sneaking thate!"
"I-I will not fight you."
"Ye're bigger than I am, intoirely, and older, too. And sure, I'll use only one hand to ye."
"Then it's a licking ye're going."
"Then it's a licking ye're going."

-nicht-nicht!"

"Then it's a licking ye're going to have," said Flynn grimly. "Shove him across the armchair, Jones!"

"What-ho!" said Jones. "Clootz struggled desperately, and Jones minor gave a loud yell as sharp nails scored down his face, drawing red.

"Tarooh! Ow, ow! He's scratching me!" yelled Jones. "Pin the baste! I'll give him scratchin!"

scratchin'!"
"Help!" yelled Clootz. "Help!"
Bump! The Boche came down
across the armchair, yelling, and the
infuriated Jones held him pinnet
there face downwards. Then Flynt
started operations with the cricket

whack, whack, whack!
"Ach! Help! Yoop! Help!

Ach!"
Whack, whack, whack!
"Yarooh!"
"That's for sneaking!" roared
Finn. "And that's for scratching
like a cat, ye spalpeen! And that's
for being a Boche!"
Whack, whack, whack!

Whack, whack, whack!

"And that's for being a flun! And
that's for being a fifthy Prussian!
And that's for not weahin! in the
morning! And that's for anoring!"

"Ha, ha, ha!

"Ach! Help! Ach, I hate you!

I hate you! Wait till the Germans
as here, and your school is burned
over your heads! Ach! You shall
be beaten and shot like the Belgians.

"Ach! Help! Mein Gott!"

"That's enough, Fiynn, you ass!"

"That's enough, Fiynn, you ass!"

"That's enough. Flynn, you ass!"
and Oswald, laughing. "Don't break
the stump! Kick him out!"
Flynn panted.
"Sure, I wouldn't mind breakin'
the stump, on a sneak and a Hun,"
be said.
"That's a said.
"The start of the stump."

That's enough, fathead! He "I will tell Herr Bootles!" shrieked

"He wants some more!" roared

Rais! Chuck it!"
"Chuck him out!" said Jones

"But he should be punished," said Chotz. "I should like to see him flooged; till the blood ran ..." "Should like to see him flooged; till the blood ran ..." "Should like the said Jimmy Silver in disgust. "My hat! Can't you try to be a little bit decent? Flynn's a good chap, but you can't expoet him to like a sneak. If you play the game here, the fellows won't have it up against you that you're a German. But dirty Bochers, and German but dirty Bochers, and the said of th

"Yours!" said Clootz.
"Yes," said Jimmy, with a deep breath.

breath.
"But—but your study-mates—"
"They'll do as I ask."
(Glootz nodded. He did not understand the sacrifice Jimmy Silver was making. Probably he regarded his own company as an honour to any study.

study. Jimmy led him to the end study. Jimmy led him to the end study. Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome stared at them blankly, as they came in "Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows," said Jimmy Silver quietly, "I'm going to ask a favour. I want this chap to share our study, and I want

One Penny

TALES TO TELL!

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

GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

"Say, boss," he said, "you'll have to get a new watchman. I can't stand the job any longer."
"Why!" exclaimed the bosa. "What's the matter? I thought you liked the job."
"Oh, I did at first!" replied Bill. "But this street's got so noisy I can't sleep a wink at night now!"—Sent in by Miss S. Bennett, Camberwell.

Camberwell.

A LIKELY RECRUIT.

During the recent recruiting rally a big meeting was held on the common at a little country town. An eloquent speaker was standing on the improvised platform, urging young men to join up and light for their King and Country.

A policeman had strutted up in order to listen to the speaker. As he approached the edge of the crowd he caught sight of a brawny young fellow of some nineteen summers, and stopped in front of him.

"Say, young fellow," he said, "you ought to be at the Front."
Oh, it's all right!" replied the boy. "I can hear quite well enough the little standard of the said of the said," you or the said of the said of the said." You ought to be at the front."

WORTH.

"Sixtane shillings a day did they charge me for my room at the hotel in Lunnon!" cried Sandy indigmantly, on his return to Croburgh Burghs from a sight-seeing expedition to the great metropolis.

"Ou, ay, it wisna cheap," agreed his father. "But ye must 'a' had a fine time seeing the sichts."

"Seeing the sichts!" exclaimed Sandy. "I didna see a sicht a' the time I was in Lunnon. Mon, mon, ye dinna suppose I was going to be charged that much for a room an'

SUCCESSFULLY DONE.

Landlady: "I believe in letting coffee boil for thirty minutes. That's the only way to get the goodness out of it."

of it."

New Boarder (tasting his coffee and pushing it aside): "You have succeeded admirably, madam."—
Sent in by Robert B. Kelly, Belfast.

REST FOR THE DUKE.

REST FOR THE DUKE.

Tourist (at an ancient hostelry, coming own to breakfast with a laggard, and the state of the state of

Wellington slept in it? He actually slept in it?" Lady: "Ain't that what I'm telling yer? The Duke o' Wellington act'lly slept in the werry bed what you ad last night."

Tourist: "Great Scott! No wonder they called him the Iron Duke!"—Sent in by Cyril Stapleton, Newport Pagnell.

HE WOULD BE ABLE TO.

HE WOULD BE ABLE TO.

The Crumpleton Cinema Theatre was crowded. A special Charlie Chaplin film was being shown, and the whole town had turned out in force to see it. Not a vacant seat could be seen in the hall. The place was packed almost to suffication. One young fellow who was sitting in a seat some three or four rows from the front seemed to have great difficulty in witnessing what was being shown on, the screen. He touched the occupant of the each in front of him on the shoulder.

"Get your head out of the light!" he exclaimed, "I can't see through wood!"

The lad in front rose from his seat.

wood!"
The lad in front rose from his seat.
"I can," he answered smartly.
"We'll change places."—Sent in by
L. Pawsey, Market Harborough.

SAD FOR SISTER SUSIE.

SAD FOR SISTER SUSIE.

Two old ladies were sitting round a cosy fire, conversing on the war and sundry other subjects. The first old lady drew forth a letter and commenced reading it.

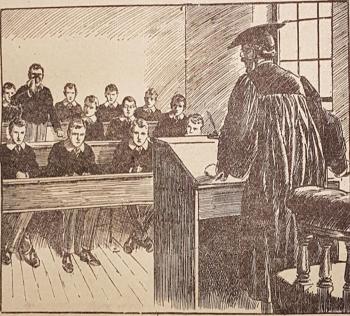
"This is a letter from my son at the Front," she said, lifting her head. "He says that they're giving the Germans socks."

Tha second old lady dropped a pair of socks she was knitting into her lap, and started back in surprise.

"What!" she exclaimed. "They're giving the Germans socks! Well, if that's the case, I shall refuse to knit another pair for them if they're giving them away. I'm not going to spend my time making socks for those Huns!"—Sent in by T. Farmer, Burley-in-Wharfedale.

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!

Readers are invited to send on postcards torpelled or short interesting purposed of the send on the send of the sen



"Townsend, how dare you ink your face!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "You dirty boy! Come out here!" "Grooh!" said Townsend, dabbing furiously at one ink. "It wasn't me, sir. Some beast-I-I-mean

Clostz had no time for more; Flynn was rushing at him.

He turned and fled through the doorway, and Flynn's boot, plainted behind him, helped him to go.

behind him, helped him to go.

Bump!

"Ach! Ow! Ow!! What's the merry
row!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver,
coming along the passage.

Clootz sat on the floor gasping.
Flynn shook his fist at the captain of
the Fourth.

"We've kicked him out!" he
roared. "We don't want sneaks and
Boches in this study. Take him into
ye're own, if ye like."

Clootz staggered to his feet.

"Ach! I go to Herr Bootles." he
Ach! I go to Herr Bootles." he

"Ach! I go to Herr Bootles," he panted.
"Go, and be blowed!" growled Flynn, and he slammed the study door.

door.

Jimmy Silver caught Cloots's arm.
The German looked at him furiously.

"Let me go!"

"Keep smiling!" urged Jimmy Silver. "Better not go to Bootles.
You've sneaked once already, and it's got you into this. Flynn wouldn't have lammed you if you hadn't sneaked."

you to be civil to him. I rely on my old pals to back me up."
"Wha-aat!"
"There was a long pause. Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome debated in their minds whether to hurl the Boche into the passage, and hurl their study-leader after him. But Jimmy Silver's face was very earnest. They paused, and Lovell spoke at last.
"Jimmy Silver, you're a silly idjet."

"Jimmy Suveridido."

Thanks!"
"And a cheeky ass!"
"And a cheeky ass!"
"And a burbling dummy!"
"Hear, hear!"
"But well try it," said Lovell.
"Bring the worm in, and we'll give him a chance."
"Done!"
"Done in the control of the contr

Once more Jimmy Silver had his way. The Co. loyally backed up Uncle James. His kindness to the Boche was exasperating, idiotic, fat-headed, and many other things, as they agreed; but they agreed also that it was just like Jimmy!

THE END.

(Next Monday's magnificent long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. is entitled "The Hate of the Hun!" Don't miss it.)

then not get the proper use o' it!"-Sent in by E. Ford, Peckham, S.E. MISUNDERSTOOD.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Silas Moneybags was a wealthy man. He kept his servants by the dozen—at least, he kept them as long as they would stay, which, as a rule, was not very long.

Moneybags was so particular about the class of servants which he kept that he always made a point of engaging them himself. He was now cross-examining a man who had applied in answer to his advertisement for a footman.

"Do you understand your new duties?" he inquired.

"Certainly, sir!" replied the applicant.

"And you know your way to announce?" continued Moneybags.

The applicant seratched his head.

"Well, sir," he answered, "I think I know my weight to a pound or so."

—Sent in by Miss E. Firth, Leeds.

THE WAIL OF THE WATCH-

Bill was a night watchman. He had just come off duty, and had approached the boss.

FOR NEXT THE HATE OF THE HUN! A TALE OF TWELVE CITIES! A RASCAL'S REVENCE!

MONDAY; By Owen Conquest. By Maurice Everard. By Arthur S. Hardy. MONDAY; By Owen Conquest.

THE TRAIL OF THE REDSKINS! THE MAN OF FIRE!
By Buncan Storm. By S. Clarke Hook.