

THINGS BEGIN TO MOVE! SEE INSIDE!!

# The BOYS' FRIEND Id.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

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

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending January 15th, 1916.



WHACKING THE GERM-HUN SCHOOLBOY!

SEE OUR SCHOOL TALE!

## JUST LIKE JIMMY!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.  
Not to be Stood.

"Shame!"  
There was a roar of voices in the junior common-room on the Classical side at Rookwood.  
"Listen!"  
"We won't stand it!"  
"Never!"  
"Shame!"  
The Classical juniors of Rookwood were evidently excited.

Fellows of the Shell, the Fourth, and the Third were swarming in the common-room. All were moved by the same feeling. For once, Smythe of the Shell was in complete concert with Lovell of the Fourth—Weg of the Third was fraternising with little Snooks of the Second.  
Evidently something had happened. Jimmy Silver, captain of the Fourth, came sauntering in, and he paused in great astonishment as the indignant roar fell upon his ears.

"My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy. He stood in the doorway and surveyed the scene.  
His three chums, Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome, were there—Lovell was mounted on the table apparently to make a speech, and Raby and Newcome were backing him up. Smythe of the Shell was talking excitedly—Weg of the Third was howling like a young and strenuous bull. Every fellow was talking at once.  
"It's too rotten!"

"The Head oughtn't to allow it."  
"It's a disgrace to Rookwood."  
"Shame!"  
"We'll go to the Head about it," shouted Lovell. "You hear me—"  
"I'm goin' to write to my people," shouted Augustus Smythe. "I'm not goin' to stand this, by gad!"  
"We'll scrag him!" yelled Weg of the Third.  
"We'll rag him baldheaded!" shrieked little Snooks.  
"Why can't they shove him on the Modern side if he must come to Rookwood at all?" went on Lovell. "But he oughtn't to come at all. Even the Modern side is too good for him."  
"Hear, hear!"  
"We wouldn't have him!" grined Tommy Dodd, of the Modern Fourth. "But he's just about your mark, on this side."  
"Shut up!"  
"Kick that Modern cad out!"  
There was a roar and a scuffle, and Tommy Dodd disappeared amid a sea of feet, yelling. Evidently the

Classicals were not to be trifled with just then.  
"Gentlemen!" roared Lovell, stamping on the table. "Are you going to stand it?"  
"Never!"  
"Shame!"  
"Great Kitchener!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, coming into the room. "What's the merry row about? Have all you chaps gone off your rockers?"  
"Haven't you heard?" belloved 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 new beast."  
"Ho's coming to-day!" roared Raby.  
"We won't have him!"  
"We'll boot him out on our own."  
"We'll scap 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.)









JUST LIKE

(Continued from the previous page.)

JIMMY!

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."

"How is it different?"

"Because Britain is our greatest and worst enemy, and the British Fleet is treacherously starving 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!"

"Our Kaiser is the greatest of kings! He will dictate peace to the whole world! Jealous enemies have attacked him, and of them England is the worst! To attack our Kaiser is treacherous!"

"Any lunatics in your family?" asked Jimmy.

"The German boy looked surprised. 'Lunatics! No!'"

"Then are all Germans as dotty as you are?"

"Ach!"

"I've heard before that it's no good talking to a German," said Jimmy. "They think that whatever anybody does is wrong. It's a sort of national idiosyncrasy. But let me give you a tip. The chaps here don't like Germans—they've heard too much about poison-gas, and spies, and murdering women and children. You can hate this country as much as you like, but you'd better keep your head shut about it. See?"

"I see!"

"Don't talk all that rot to anybody

"I suppose you haven't had your tea?" remarked Jimmy, changing the subject. After that glimpse into Clootz's mind he would no more have argued with him than he would have argued with old Mack's dog Toby.

"No, Herr Bootles said that those boys would take me in to tea. But they called me names and left me."

"Stick to me!" said Jimmy. "I'll get you some tea."

"You are very kind, though you are an Englisher."

"Bow-wow! Come on!"

He walked with Jimmy down the passage. Jimmy did not feel particularly proud of his company. But he was determined to be kind to the foolish and lonely lad. In spite of his ill-concealed hatred for the land he lived in and all its inhabitants, Heinrich Clootz was evidently glad to have somebody to speak to.

Jimmy thought of the end study, where Lovell and Raby and Newcome were frying sausages at that moment. But he felt that he could not take Clootz there. The end study was hospitable; but there was a limit—and a Boche was the limit. The politeness of the Co. could not be relied upon to that extent.

So the captain of the Fourth headed for hall with his protegee. There were a dozen fellows at the junior table in hall, and they broke into a

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

"Have you been put into a study yet?" 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," said Jimmy.

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

Jones hung 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.

"This way," said Jimmy Silver. He led the German junior to the big staircase. Mr. Bootles was coming to blink benignly at the captain of the Fourth.

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

"Yes, sir!"

"Pray look after Clootz a little, and see if you can make him comfortable, Silver."

"Certainly, 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."

"Oh, yes, 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 drawing voice. "Chummin' with the Boche, I see! Like poisoners?"

"Like spies?" jeered Tracy.

"Oh, shut up!" said Jimmy uncomfortably. "Can't you keep a civil tongue in your silly heads?"

His dull glance came into the German junior's cheeks. But he did not speak. Jimmy piloted him along the passage.

He stopped at the door of No. 9, which was the last study but one. There was a howl as he opened the door.

"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, bodad!" 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 Biles says so."

"I am sorry to come where I am not wanted," said Clootz. "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. "Tain't playing the game to be down on a chap! Give him a chance!"

"Rats!"

"Rot!"

"Oh, come in, Clootz!" said Oswald. "Make yourself at home!"

"I intend to do so!" said Clootz coolly. "This is my study, is it not? It is no pleasure to me to live among Englishers. I have no choice."

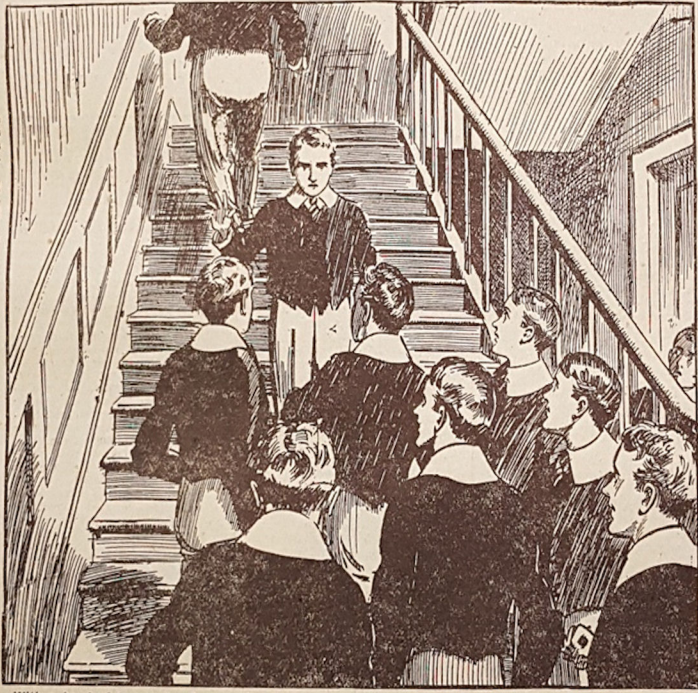
"Well, I'm not an Englisher!" growled Flynn. "I'm an Irishman! I've got an uncle a prisoner in Germany, and the dirty rascals tried to make him desert the Old Flag."

"You are Irish?" said Clootz. "Then you should hate the English as much as I do!"

"You dirty spalpeen! Listen to him!"

"When England is conquered, Ireland will be made independent, with a German prince as king."

"Begorra, I'm not standin' him, I tell you!" roared Flynn. "I'm gon' to rub his head in the coal-licker!"



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

Jimmy spoke determinedly. His heart was touched.

The new boy was standing in the Lower Hall looking about him. His big spectacles. He looked very forlorn.

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

"Hun!" said Townsend.

"Boche!" said Topham.

And they sauntered away, leaving the German blinking.

So it was that Jimmy Silver came upon him and found him all forlorn. The fellow was undoubtedly a Hun. But Jimmy couldn't bear to see him 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.

Heinrich Clootz blinked at him.

"Bootles done with you?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes."

"I hear you're coming into the Fourth."

"Ja wohl—I mean, yes!"

"A bit strange here at first," said Jimmy.

"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 Clootz, extending his fat hand.

Jimmy had an inward struggle. He had a natural repugnance to shaking a German's hand. But he could not wound the feelings of a fellow who would not offend him, and who was possibly harmless enough.

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," said Clootz simply. "I think the other fellows do not like me because I am German."

"Ahem!"

"I suppose it is natural, as there is war."

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

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

"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 common-sense or a sense of fair play from such a being.

buzz as Jimmy Silver came in with Clootz. Neville, of the Sixth, a prefect, was at the head of the table, Mr. Bootles not being present to tea.

"Ho's chummin' with the Boche!" said Townsend.

"Rotter!" said Topham.

"Let that outsider alone, Jimmy Silver!" said Jones minor.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Jimmy.

"Can't you be civil?"

"Not to a Hun!"

"Not to a Boche!"

"Silence, there!" said Neville, frowning. "You've already been spoken to on that subject, you young sweep! 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 ostentatiously left a couple of chairs vacant at Clootz's side. Nobody wanted to sit near the Boche.

Clootz's eyes burned as he noted it. But he made a good tea. 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





JUST LIKE

(Continued from the previous page.)

JIMMY!

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

"Don't mind him, Flynn, you see. All Germans are cranky, you know. Clootz, you born idiot, what kind of a life do you expect to live here if you can't keep your silly tongue quiet?"

Clootz shrugged his shoulders. He was evidently surprised by the effect of his remarks upon Flynn. He had his full share of Teutonic obtuseness and tactlessness.

"I did not mean to offend," he said. "I will say no more!"

"You've said a rotten enough, ye spalpeen! It's a more'n shame for Bootles to stick his nose in here!"

"Well, he had to have a study," said Jimmy Silver.

"Take him into your own, if you're so fond of Boche's."

"We're four in the end study now," said Jimmy Silver.

"Well, there you are," said Jimmy Silver.

"Then you'll put up're hands," said Flynn.

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

"Oh, the dickens! It's away wid ye!" growled Flynn.

"Let him alone, Flynn," said Oswald.

Flynn advanced upon the German with his hands up.

"Let him alone, Flynn," said Oswald.

Flynn paused.

"Well, that's throo intirely! Let him take them off!"

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

"Oh, the dickens! It's away wid ye!" growled Flynn.

"Let him alone, Flynn," said Oswald.

Flynn advanced upon the German with his hands up.

come," said Clootz, with a laugh.

"Are you fool enough to believe that London is really like that when the baby-killers come?"

"Or, at least, lock it up in your box. It won't make you popular here."

Jimmy retired from the study and slammed the door.

The others preserved a stony silence towards the Boche.

"Good-night!" said Clootz.

"If there's any disturbance here to-night, I shall come along!"

"Good-night!" said Clootz.

"If you're not here, I shall come along!"

"Good-night!" said Clootz.

"If you're not here, I shall come along!"

"Good-night!" said Clootz.

"If you're not here, I shall come along!"

"Good-night!" said Clootz.

"If you're not here, I shall come along!"

"Good-night!" said Clootz.

"If you're not here, I shall come along!"

"Good-night!" said Clootz.

"If you're not here, I shall come along!"

"Good-night!" said Clootz.

"If you're not here, I shall come along!"

"Good-night!" said Clootz.

"If you're not here, I shall come along!"

"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 quad.

When the bell rang Clootz came into the Fourth Form-room with the rest.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

Mr. Bootles was very attentive to Clootz, who seemed an apt pupil.

formation concerning your Form-fellow!"

"Yes, sir," said Clootz, his jaw dropping a little.

"Very well, Clootz. I will proceed to enlighten your mind upon this subject," said Mr. Bootles.

"Perhaps you regarded it as your duty to speak, Clootz?"

Clootz collapsed on his form rather than sat down.

He was evidently in a state of the greatest astonishment.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

Clootz, with a howl of terror, fled. He bolted up the staircase, and with a whoop, the juniors rushed after him.

"Rats! Get aside, or we'll smother you!" roared Topham.

"You're not going to handle that scared rabbit!" roared Jimmy.

"Give him a chance, anyway," said Oswald.

"He's a sneak!" roared the Classics.

"Well, most Germans are sneaks, ain't they?"

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

Jimmy Silver had his way once more, and the Boche, who was quailing in his study, was relieved of his terrors.

A LONDON HAIR SPECIALIST'S GREAT SUCCESS.

A GUARANTEE OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR TO EVERY READER.

A Supply of Everything Necessary to Grow Luxurious Hair Sent Free on Receipt of Form Below.

Enormous interest has been created by a most wonderful development in the new "Beautiful Hair Campaign" of a great London specialist.

It is Mr. Edwards who is taking this sensational step—the discoverer of the world-famous "Harlene Hair Dressing."

In brief, he gives to every reader of this journal definite assurance that they may gain a beautiful, healthy, and abundantly growing head of hair—quite easily and without expense.

What—what! It was you, Clootz—You! Come here, instantly! It's "Nein, nein! It was not I, sir."

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

"I know who it was, sir."

"What—what!"

"It was Flynn, sir."

"There was a buzz in the Classical Fourth."

"For the moment the juniors could scarcely believe 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 graces.

"Sneak!" howled Lovell.

"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, Topham!"

"Lovell growled."

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

"Yes, sir."



Fill in, cut out, and send the coupon below, together with 4d. in stamps for postage of your Free Gift, to Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-28, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C., and the full trial outfit will be sent at once.

Further supplies can always be obtained in the ordinary way from chemists: "Harlene" at 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. and 2s. 6d.; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. per box of 7 Shampoos (2d. per single packet), or direct, post free, from Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-28, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

POST THIS FREE-GIFT COUPON To Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-28, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs—Please send your free "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 4d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted).

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

Boys' Friend, 15/1/16.





JUST LIKE

(Continued from the previous page.)

JIMMY!

"sneaking" about Flynn in the Form-room that morning was not expected. Flynn's idea was that he would try to change out. Whether he did or not, Flynn was determined upon one thing—that not even a flogging from the Head should induce him to keep the Boche in No. 9. And in he came, smiling in a deprecating manner.

Flynn laid down his eggspoon and fixed a deadly glare upon Clootz.

Jones minor rose to his feet. Oswald shrugged his shoulders. After the sneaking in the Form-room Oswald had given him up. Whatever his study-mates chose to do, Oswald was prepared to back them up.

"So you've come back!" said Flynn.

"Ja wohl! Why should I not come to my study?"

"Ye dirty sneak!"

"Get out!" roared Jones minor.

Flynn jumped up.

"Gimme a cricket-stump!" he shouted.

Clootz backed to the door, his face pale.

"If you touch me I will go directly to Mr. Bootles," he exclaimed.

"Faith, if ye're going to sneak we'll give ye something to sneak about, ye thafe of the world."

"Ach! Mein Gott!" stammered Clootz, as the Irish junior grasped him by the shoulder and swung him half across the study. "Let me go!"

"Take off yer barmicles, 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 thafe!"

"I will not fight you."

"Ye're bigger than I am, intirely, and older, too. And sure, I'll use only one hand to ye."

"Ach! I will not—ich will nicht—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.

"Yaroo! Ow, ow! He's scratching me!" yelled Jones.

"Pin the bastle! I'll give him scratchin'!"

"Help!" yelled Clootz. "Help!"

"Bump! The Boche came down across the armchair, yelling, and the infuriated Jones held him pinned there face downwards. Then Flynn started operations with the cricket-stump.

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Ach! Help! Yoop! Help! Ach!"

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Yaroo!"

"That's for sneaking!" roared Flynn. "And that's for scratching like a cat, ye spalpeen! And that's for being a Boche!"

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"And that's for being a Hun! And that's for being a filthy Prussian! And that's for not washin' in the morning! And that's for sneoring!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whack! Whack! Whack!"

"Ach! Help! Ach, I hate you! I hate you! Wait till the Germans are 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, Flynn, you ass!" roared 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," he roared.

"That's enough, fathead! He won't sneak again."

"I will tell Herr Bootles!" shrieked Clootz.

"He wants some more!" roared Flynn.

"Rats! Chuck it!"

"Chuck him out!" said Jones minor.

Oswald opened the door. Flynn pointed to it with the stump.

"Clear out, ye spalpeen. And remember, every time ye show yere Prussian chivvy in this study, ye'll get the same!"

Clootz turned a face white with rage and hatred upon the Irish junior. He shook his fat fist at the whole study.

"I will have revenge for this!"

"Oh, ring off! Sure ye make me 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—"

"But he should be punished," said Clootz. "I should like to see him flogged till the blood ran—"

"Oh, cheese it!" 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 expect him to like a sneak. If you have it up against you that you're a German. But dirty Boche tricks will get you no end of ragings. Look here, make up your mind to play the game, and forget that you're a Hun. Flynn won't have you in his study now—it can't be expected. Come into mine!"

"Yours!" said Clootz.

"Yes," said Jimmy, with a deep breath.

"But—but your study-mates—"

"They'll do as I ask."

Clootz nodded. He did not understand the sacrifice Jimmy Silver was making. Probably he regarded his own company as an honour to any study.

Jimmy led him to the end study. Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome stared at them blankly as they came in together.

"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

**TALES TO TELL!**

Our weekly prize-winning. Look out for YOUR winning story-tote.

**GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.**

"Sixtane shillings a day did they charge me for my room at the hotel in Lunnun!" cried Sandy indignantly, on his return to Crobrough 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 sights."

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

"Say, boss," he said, "you'll have to get a new watchman. I can't stand the job any longer."

"Why?" exclaimed the boss.

"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.

**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 fight for their King and Country.

A policeman had stratted 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 here!"

—Sent in by Miss M. Ruston, Wolverhampton.

**SUCCESSFULLY DONE.**

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

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

**BEST FOR THE DUKE.**

Tourist (at an ancient hostelry, coming down to breakfast with a baggard, tired appearance): "Last night, madam, you informed me the great Duke of Wellington once stayed at this hotel. Is it a fact?"

Lady: "It is, sir; a solemn fact. He slept in the werry room you occupied last night."

Tourist: "Was it the same then as it is now?"

Lady: "Just the werry same."

Tourist: "Same bed in it?"

Lady: "The werry identical bed."

Tourist: "And the Duke of Wellington slept in it? He actually slept in it?"

Lady: "Am't that what I'm telling yer? The Duke o' Wellington actly 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.**

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 suffocation.

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 seat 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.

"I can," he answered smartly. "Well, change places."—Sent in by L. Pawsey, Market Harborough.

**SAD FOR SISTER SUSIE.**

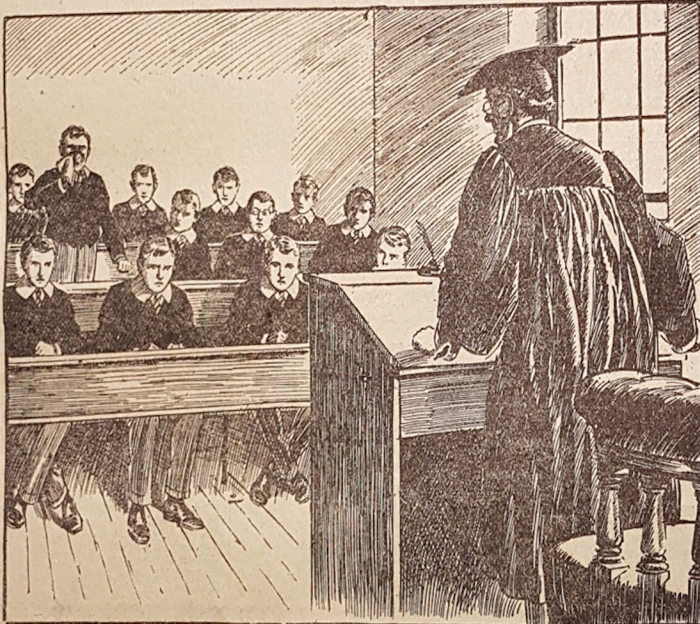
Two old ladies were sitting round a cosy fire, conversing on the war and sundry other subjects. The first old lady drew forth a letter and commenced to read.

"This is a letter from my son at the front," she said, lifting her head.

"He says that they're giving the Germans socks."

The second old lady dropped a pair of socks also 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-Warfedale.



"Townsend, how dare you ink your face!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "You dirty boy! Come out here!"

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

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

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

"Bump!"

"Ach! Ow! Ow!"

"Hallo, hallo! 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 panted.

"Go, and be blamed!" growled Flynn, and he slammed the study door.

Jimmy Silver caught Clootz'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-a-ai!"

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 idio—

"Thanks!"

"And a cheeky ass!"

"Good!"

"And a burbling dummy!"

"Hear, hear!"

"But we'll try it," said Lovell. "Bring the worn in, and we'll give him a chance."

"Done!"

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 of it!"—Sent in by E. Ford, Peckham, S.E.

**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 scratched 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 WATCHMAN.**

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

**MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!**

Readers are invited to send postcard stories or short interesting paragraphs for this feature. For every contribution 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.