

The Great Day! Amazing Announcement Inside!

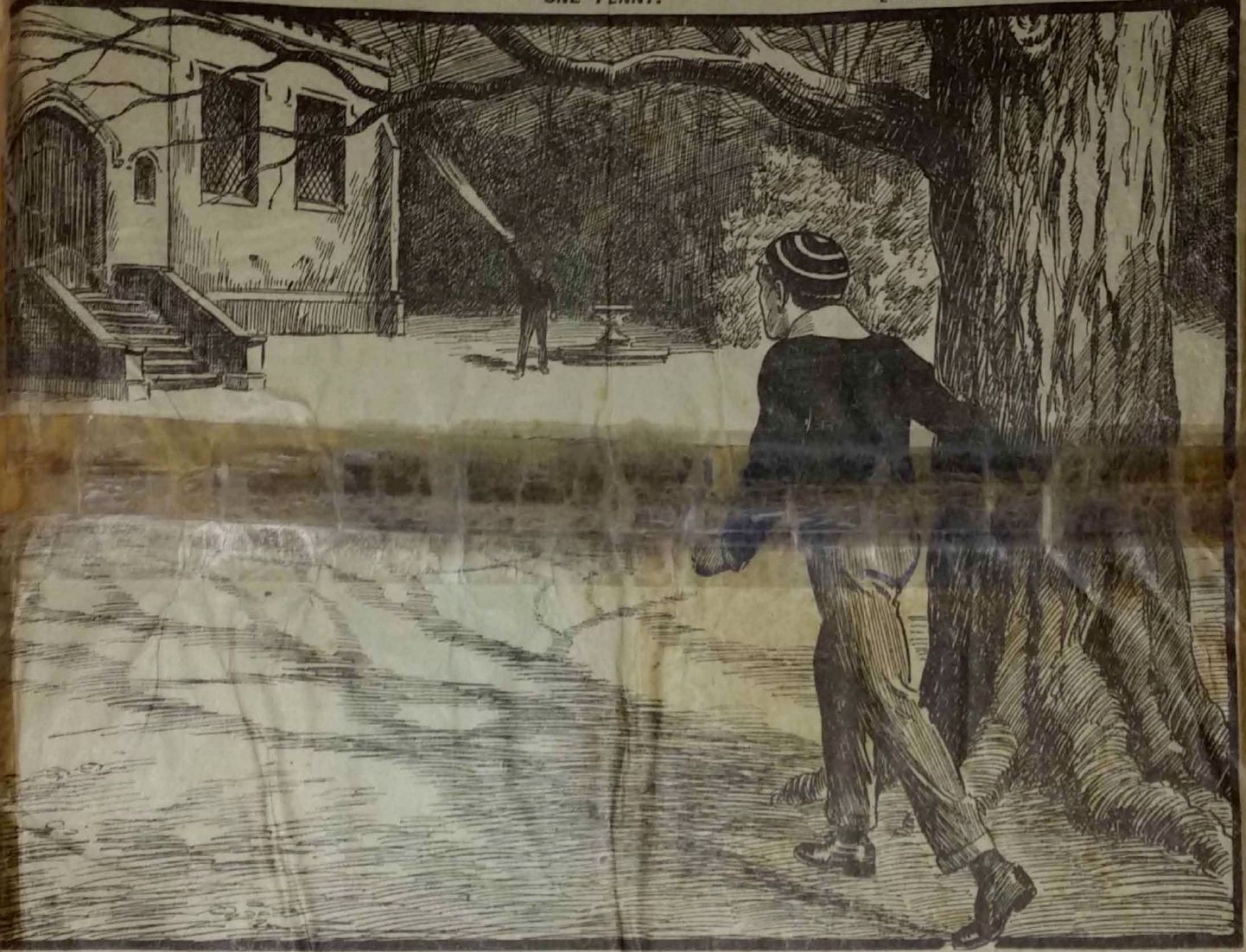
The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

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ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending January 22nd, 1916.



JIMMY SILVER DISCOVERS THE SCHOOLBOY SPY AT ROOKWOOD!

THE HATE OF THE HUN!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

1st Chapter.
Hunting a Hun.
"Trouble!" groaned Jimmy Silver & Co. were in the getting tea. The "piece" on the table was a of sausages, which Jimmy had laid in specially to gratify a German junior.

Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome, his study-mates, had sniffed, but assented. They did not see any reason for gratifying Clootz. They considered that they were doing all that could be reasonably expected of them in putting up with Clootz in the study.
It wasn't every fellow at Rookwood who would have had a Hun in his study if he could have helped it.

Indeed, nobody at Rookwood wanted the Hun at all.

But, as he was there, he had to have a study, and Jimmy Silver, with his well-known generosity, had come to the rescue. Jimmy, of course, did not like Huns. But he told his chums severely that there was such a thing as noblesse oblige. Lovell said that noblesse oblige could be blown, but

he gave in—as he always did in the long run.

It was not only that Heinrich Clootz was a young Hun. He had proved himself also a sneak and a bounder; but, as Jimmy said with judicial calm, that was really all that could be expected of a Hun. Jimmy quoted the text which declares that one cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. How, then, could one expect to gather a decent chap from the land ruled over by the Kaiser?

This was unanswerable.

Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome didn't trouble to answer it. They would only snort in reply to Jimmy's logical arguments.

But they stood the Hun.

Jimmy Silver not only stood Heinrich Clootz, after planting him on his long-suffering study-mates. He made it a point to be agreeable to him. He felt some compassion for a lonely

youth stranded amid fellows who could not help feeling detestation and scorn for the country he came from.

Clootz, in his way, was grateful. He concealed as far as possible, in Jimmy's presence, his truly Teutonic hatred for the country that sheltered him. Only occasionally he was seen chuckling over reports of Zeppelin murders—which was certainly rather trying to Jimmy's feelings.

Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome, held their tempers—and their hands—and let Clootz rip. But Jimmy, Silver's courteous politeness to the fellow had an exasperating effect on them. But they stood it. It was just, like Jimmy; and they had learned to be tolerant towards the manners and customs of their Uncle James.

Tea was ready in the end study, when a sudden uproar in the Fourth-Form passage caused Jimmy Silver

(Continued on the next page.)



THE HATE OF

(Continued from the previous page.)

THE HUN!

The 4th Chapter.

Black, but Not Comely!

"Hallo! What's that row?" Tommy Dodd of the Modern side asked that question. Dodd and Doyle and Cook, the "three Tommies," were coming along the junior passage on the Classical side—on tiptoe, very cautiously.

The three Tommies were on the warpath.

The Classical juniors were at footer practice, and the Modern juniors therefore expected to find the end study empty. They intended to have a little surprise waiting for the Fistical Four when they came in, in the shape of a booby-trap fixed up over the study door. Tommy Dodd had thoughtfully brought a bag of soot with him.

The Modern trio had forgotten Clootz. Jimmy Silver & Co. were at the football ground; but football did not appeal to Heinrich Clootz. Jimmy had offered a dozen times to teach him the game, offers which Clootz had declined with a shrug of his fat shoulders.

As Tommy Dodd and Tommy Doyle and Tommy Cook approached the end study, they heard the sound which Dodd politely described as a "row."

It was a voice raised in song.

"That German cad!" murmured Tommy Cook. "He's in the study!"

"Phwat's he singing intirely?" asked Doyle.

"Listen to him!" Tommy Dodd frowned grimly. The booby-trap evidently could not be rigged up while Clootz was in the study. But it was not that disappointment which caused Tommy Dodd to frown so grimly. It was the song which Clootz was crooning out in his guttural voice.

Most of the Classical juniors would have passed it unheeded, as they did not study German. But German was a subject on the Modern side at Rookwood. Tommy Dodd knew what that song meant.

"Was schiert uns Russen und Franzosen? Schuss wieder Schuss, und Stoos um Stoos."

"Wir lieben sie nicht, Wir hassen sie nicht, Wir schutzen Weichsel und Wasgen-passe!"

"Wir haben nur einzigen Haas, Wir haben nur einen einzigen Feind, England!"

It was the "Hass-Gesang"—the Hymn of Hate! Clootz was singing it with great enjoyment in the seclusion of the study. When he came to the word "England," he hissed it with all the venom of a serpent.

"What does the rot mean?" asked Cook.

"It's the giddy Hymn of Hate—that's how the beast feels towards the chaps who've taken him into their study," said Tommy Dodd.

"The awful rotter!"

"But phwat does it mane?"

"Don't you know German, Tommy Doyle?" said Tommy Dodd severely.

"It means that they don't care twosome for the Russians and the French; they have only one hate, and only one enemy—England! Little me!"

"Silly asses!" said Cook. "But it's like his thumping cheek to sing that piffle here. I wonder what would happen to an English chap who started singing hymns of hate in Germany just now!"

"Something lingering, boiling in it, I expect," grinned Tommy Dodd. "Come on, we'll talk to that Hun!"

Tommy Dodd kicked open the door of the end study.

Clootz's singing suddenly ceased.

"Go it!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Don't stop for us!"

Clootz blinked in alarm at the Modern juniors.

"I have not sung—" he began.

Tommy Dodd's lip curled.

"We heard you."

"It was a Volklied—a folk-song of our own country—"

"Can't he roll 'em out?" said Tommy Dodd admiringly. "Why,

Ananias and the Kaiser are nothing to him. You see, Clootz, we happen to know something of that horse's language you call a language. So you lingo us with a first-class, gilt-edged, double-barrelled batrod—what!"

"Ja!" said Clootz savagely. "Ja, wohll! Wir hassen England!"

"You ought to get out of it before you turn on that hate fortissimo," said Tommy Dodd, with a shake of the head. "You're liable to be scragged, you know. You are liable to get a bag of soot spread over your Deutsch ehvivy, if a fellow happens to have one handy. Savvy?"

Clootz scowled savagely.

"Wait till the Zeppelins come!" he said. "Perhaps they will pass over

"Acht! Let me go—" Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle pinned the German junior by his arm, and they were collared and dragged into the end study.

"You've been talking about our skulking in the dark," grinned Tommy Dodd. "Well, now you're going to do some skulking in the dark—the darkness being provided for the occasion by this bag of soot."

"Acht! I will tell Mr. Pootles!"

"We'll give you something interesting to tell him, then. Hold the wriggling beast, you chaps, or I shall get this soot over my clothes. Give me that hairbrush to put it on with."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver's hairbrush came in use. Clootz wriggled and yelled as the soot was ladled on his fat face.

"They can find him like this when they come in," grinned Tommy Dodd. "My hat! This is better than the booby-trap. If you wriggle like that, you young Hun, you'll get some in your mouth—"

"Gorrrrrrr!"

"Well, I warned you. There's the lot, and you can have the bag on your head," said Tommy Dodd generously.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Acht! Mein Gott!"

"There's a picture for you!" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "Give my kind regards to Jimmy Silver when

The raiders were surrounded. The Modern trio put up a terrific fight. But the odds were too great, and they were collared and dragged into the end study.

"Captured, by gum!" ejaculated Lovell. "What have the bounders been doing here? Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Classical, as Clootz's sooty and furious face dawned upon them.

"Acht! Look at me!" shrieked Clootz.

"We're looking!" chuckled Raby. "You're funny! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"You're Gerroff my neck!" mumbled Tommy Dodd.

Clootz glared at the Classical, as furious with them as with the Moderns. Jimmy Silver checked his merriment at last.

"It's too bad," he exclaimed. "Shut up, you asses—there's really nothing to chuckle at."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

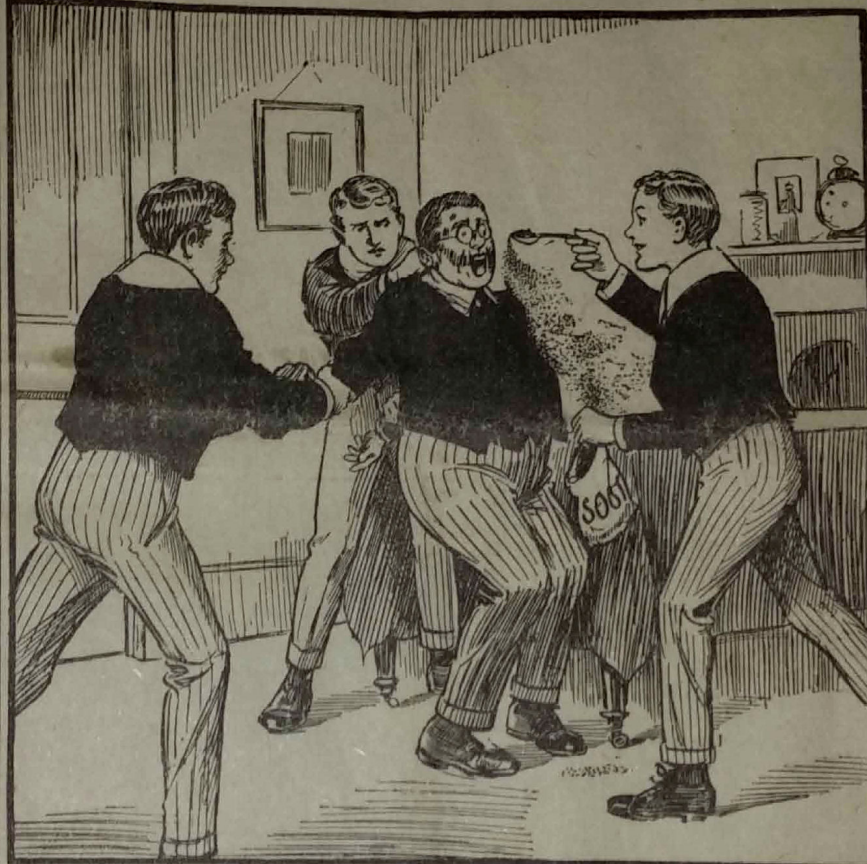
Clootz, old son, it's hard cheese. But we've captured the enemy, and you can give them some of the same.

"That's fair play."

"Good egg!" said the Co. "Go it, Clootz!"

The German junior's eyes glittered.

"Acht! Das ist gut! I will punish them!"



Clootz wriggled and yelled as the soot was ladled on his fat face. "They can find him like this when they come in," grinned Tommy Dodd. "If you wriggle like that, you young Hun, you'll get some in your mouth."

he comes in, and tell him we've got some more soot if he'd like to come over for it."

"Grogg!"

"Time we were getting off," remarked the Modern leader. "Those Classical bounders will be coming in to tea soon. Oh, my only hat!" he ejaculated, in dismay, as there was a tramping of feet in the passage.

"Nabbed!" gasped Cook.

"Rush 'em as they come in!" muttered Tommy Dodd.

The study door was thrown open. The Fistical Four appeared on the threshold, and the three Tommies made a desperate rush.

"Modern cads!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Collar 'em!"

"Biff! Biff! Crash! Bump! Bump!"

Tommy Dodd and Doyle got through, but Cook was grasped and downed, and the two Moderns turned back to his rescue. Oswald and Jones minor came dashing along the passage, followed by several more of the Classical Fourth.

And the Fistical Four said with one voice:

"Go it!"

The 5th Chapter. The Last Straw.

Tommy Dodd & Co. were sprawling on the floor, pinned down by the Classical.

Luck had gone against them, and they expected a ragging, after being caught redhanded in a raid. They prepared to go through it as philosophically as they could.

They fully anticipated a dose of soot, scraped from the study chimney, which was Jimmy Silver's intention.

But it was not Clootz's intention.

The Hun junior was not thinking of so mild a vengeance.

He seized a heavy ruler from the table, and ran at Tommy Dodd, who was pinned down under the weight of Lovell and Oswald, who sat on his back and his legs. His shoulders were exposed, and down across his

shoulders came the heavy ruler with a terrific smite.

Tommy Dodd uttered a fenshish yell.

"Yow-ow! Help!"

Crash came the ruler again, before the Classical could realize what Clootz was doing.

But the German had no time for a third blow.

Lovell leaped up, hitting out as he leaped, and his clenched fist caught Clootz under the chin, and hurled him across the study.

Crash!

Clootz collapsed into a corner, with a gurgling gasp. The ruler crashed on the floor.

"You rotter cad!" yelled Jimmy Silver, forgetting all his forbearance for the moment. "Get up, and I'll smash you!"

"Acht! Acht!" groaned Clootz.

"You beastly German worm!" roared Lovell. "Get up and have some more."

"Mein Gott! You told me that I might punish him," panted Clootz.

Jimmy Silver gave him a look of unutterable scorn.

"Yes, but not like a cowardly hooligan," he exclaimed. "Haven't you a ray of decency, you savage beast? I'm sorry, Dodd."

Tommy Dodd suppressed a groan.

The lashes of the heavy ruler across his shoulders had marked him black and blue, and he was in great pain.

Raby and Newcome helped him up.

The three Tommies were at once released. What had happened put an end to the "rag."

"Ow-wow!" said Tommy Dodd. "Oh, my hat! Is that chap a wild beast? Piling into a fellow with a ruler when he's down. By gad!"

"He's only a German, and doesn't know any better," said Jimmy Silver.

"I meant him to scot you as you did him. You know, of course, I didn't understand what the beast wanted to do."

Tommy Dodd grinned faintly.

"Of course, I know that, fathead! It's all right. I recommend you to keep a chain on that wild animal."

Grook! Let's get out, you chaps. I want somebody to rub my back with Elliman's."

The three Tommies, with expressive looks at Clootz, departed, Tommy Dodd leaning heavily on Cook. The Modern leader was more severely hurt than he cared to admit.

Clootz staggered to his feet.

Lovell had hit hard, and there was a big bruise coming on his high, lined chin. The Classical juniors gathered round him with vengeful looks.

"You worm!"

"You cad!"

"You German!"

"You Hun!"

"Scrag him!"

"Let him alone!" said Jimmy Silver contemptuously. "He really doesn't understand what a cowardly beast he is! He's had enough—let him alone. You'd better go and get a wash, Clootz."

Clootz staggered to the door. He turned back, his eyes gleaming from the black on his face.

"I will revenge this!" he said, gritting his teeth. "I hate you all! Englishers—doe! I will revenge this, mein Gott!"

"Oh, don't talk out of your neck! Go and get washed!"

"Acht! The time will come—"

"Clear off, you black beast!" growled Lovell. "I don't know how to keep my hands off you!"

"The time will come!" shrieked Clootz. "Wait till the Zeppelins are here—"

"Blow the Zeppelins! Get out!" roared Jimmy Silver.

He clenched his hand, and Clootz got out without saying more. Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"That's the awful rotter you've planted on this study, Jimmy Silver," said Lovell savagely. "Do you understand just the kind of silly idiot you are?"

Jimmy Silver looked sombre.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But how was I to know he was such an utter savage? I thought there might be something decent in him."

"Rats!"

"Well, I hoped there might be."

"You might have known there wasn't, you ass! We knew."

"Well, I suppose it's no go," said Jimmy Silver. "If the Head knew the kind of animal he is, he wouldn't let him stay at Rookwood."

"He ought to know!" hooted Lovell.

"We can't sneak about him, Lovell, worm as he is. We've got to stand him. Sooner or later the Head will tumble, and then we shall be rid of him. Till then—"



THE HATE OF

(Continued from the previous page.)

THE HUN!

"Good heavens! I saw the light. But Bulkeley did not finish. He grasped the German junior, and his junior was like iron. Jimmy Silver dragged himself away, and staggered to his feet. 'I've got a lamp, Bulkeley!' said Bulkeley, and his lamp, as you perceive young scoundrel! 'What a stupor! He must be mad! I just that the villains above did not see the light! Ah!' 'Crash! A deafening, rending explosion interrupted the Form-master. It was followed by the crashing of breaking windows. The Zeppelin was at work!

Bulkeley, tell me how you found that young scoundrel! 'I saw a light from the window, sir, and ran out. But the light was out before I could quite spot where it was. Then I heard Silver shouting, put his light on!' 'The light went out when he banged me on the head with the lamp,' said Jimmy Silver. 'I stopped him from lighting it again.' 'Are you hurt, Silver?' 'Only a cut on the head, sir,' said Jimmy cheerfully, 'and a bump! It doesn't matter!'

"Bulkeley, bring that boy to the Head's study!" said Mr. Bootles, in a subdued tone. "I doubt whether he is quite sane. Certainly he will not remain at this school another hour! Silver, I thank you for what you have done! You have probably saved many lives!" "Good old Jimmy!" said Lovell. And there was a cheer in the dark-wood hall for Jimmy Silver of the Fourth as Clootz was led away in the grip of the captain of Rookwood.

The following morning the Rookwood fellows were able to see the damage the Zeppelin had wrought in that wild night. A great gap had been torn in the quadrangle, and nearly every window in the old schoolhouse had been shattered by the shock. But that was the extent of the damage—no lives had been lost, thanks to Jimmy Silver. Had the schoolboy traitor shown his light a few minutes longer, there was no doubt of what would have followed. With the morning came news of the air raid, of the track of murder and mutilation left by the cowardly assassins of the air. But Rookwood had escaped, and that day Jimmy Silver was the hero of the school—and

TALES TO TELL!



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

NOT GUILTY!

The school inspector faced the class, and commenced to question the boys on various subjects. "Who wrote 'Hamlet'?" he asked of one little fellow in the corner. The boy seemed dumfounded. It was doubtful whether he had ever heard of "Hamlet," let alone the author. For quite a minute he sat staring blankly before him. At last he managed to open his mouth, and blurted: "Please sir, it wasn't me!" That same night the inspector

gave it up in despair. But he had a ready answer, all the same. "All the water you don't see there, sort," he replied knowingly.—Sent in by Miss A. Silverman, Bathurst Green, E.

NOT HIS FAULT.

"Get a move on there, can't you!" raged the indignant foreman to a somewhat datory workman. "All right, sir," replied the workman, in a tone full of disgust. "We're getting on as fast as we can. You must remember that Rome wasn't built in a day." "Perhaps not," said the foreman, "but I wasn't foreman on that job."—Sent in by E. Gouldson, Sheffield.

THE SCOTSMAN'S LAMENT.

Two old Scotsmen sat by the roadside, talking and puffing away merrily at their pipes. "There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald. "How dae ye mak' that out?" questioned Sandy. "Well," said Donald, "yer see, if ye're smokin' yer ain bacca ye're thinkin' o' the awfu' expense, an' if ye're smokin' someone else's yer pipe's ramin' so light it winna draw."—Sent in by Miss I. Linguard, Hull.

A TALE OF LETTERS.

Which letters are the hardest workers? The bees (B's). Which are the most extensive letters? The seas (C's). Which letters are most fond of comfort? The case (E's). Which letters see most? The eyes (I's).

Which are the noisiest letters? The jaws (J's). Which are the poorest letters? The oves (O's).

Which are the most sensible letters? The wise (Y's).—Sent in by B. Chambers, Leeds.

VERY CUTE.

Dentist (to patient who is opening his purse): "Don't bother about that, sir. There is no necessity for you to pay in advance." Gangy Scot: "Na, na, ma mannie! I was only countin' ma shiller before you gi'e me gas!"—Sent in by Horace F. Dodd, East Ham, E.

KNOWLEDGE MISPLACED.

Jones had a large family. In fact, it was so large that he was compelled to call a roll at meal-times. One day he called the names as usual:

- "Ebert!" "Ere, pa!" "Orie!" "Ere, pa!" "Eney!" "Ere, pa!" "Albert!"

Now Albert had been studying Latin, and, wishing to air his knowledge, he answered:

"Adsum, pa!" The father looked up in amazement.

"What!" he cried. "You've 'ad some, 'ave yer? Well, you just get down and make room for them as ain't!"—Sent in by Miss Mabel Harley, Weshelf.

ONCE BIT, TWICE SHY.

Jones had joined the police force. He had not been a policeman long before he obtained his first capture. He marched his man in the direction of the police-station. Just as they were passing a tobacconist's the captive stopped.

"D'yer mind if I go and purchase a smoke?" he asked.

"Not a bit," said Jones, who was rather a simple sort of man. "I'll wait outside."

The prisoner darted into the shop, and, of course, with him that he was, escaped by the back-door.

Jones was in luck's way an hour or so later, however, for he again got his man into his clutches. They passed the same tobacconist's again, and the prisoner once more asked to be allowed to purchase something to smoke.

"No," said Jones, in answer to the man's appeal, "you don't have me again! You wait outside. I'll get your smoke!"—Sent in by J. Brooks, Wembley.

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!

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



"I've caught him, sir," said Bulkeley, dragging the schoolboy traitor forward. "It was Clootz flashing his bike lantern to the Zeppelin!" "Good Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles

"Oh, Jimmy!" murmured Lovell. "You caught him, then?" "Naturally!" chuckled Jimmy Silver. "Haven't I always told you to rely on your Uncle James?"

"Clootz, what have you to say? Such wickedness is almost incredible! Do you realize that, but for Silver having stopped you, you might have caused the death of hundreds of your schoolfellows—indeed, your own death as well?" exclaimed Mr. Bootles.

"Aah! I am only sorry that I did not succeed!" hissed Clootz. "But for Silver I should have succeeded! Aah! I hate him! My own life? Bah! I am ready to die for my country! If I had been killed I should have died gladly, knowing that I had brought death to hundreds of hated Englishers!"

"Nice boy!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

Some of the fellows shuddered at the savage malignity in the tones of the German. Coward they knew him to be, and so they could gauge the depths of the hate and wickedness that had led him to throw his own life into the balance in order to compass the destruction of the school.

he also had a terrible headache, which put to a severe test his determination to "keep smiling."

Clootz was not seen again by any fellow at Rookwood. Before dawn he had been sent away in charge of the police. Rookwood had looked its last upon the Hun, and the end study breathed more freely when relieved of his presence. And even the Modern fellows acknowledged cheerfully that it was the end study that had saved Rookwood from the hate of the Hun.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

THE SCOUTS OF THE SCHOOL!

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

related the incident at a dinner-party. It greatly interested the guests, especially one old gentleman, who sat back in his chair and simply roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he exclaimed. "I shouldn't wonder if the little beggar wrote it after all!"—Sent in by H. Moore, Southampton.

A PROBLEM FOR PAT.

One day, as Pat halted at the side of a river bank, a man stopped him and said:

"How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"

"Ten years, sorr," replied Pat. "Ha! How many loads do you take in a day?" pursued the stranger, "From tin to fifteen, sorr."

The stranger smiled. An idea had come into his head. He would see whether Pat had any ability at calculation.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "Now, I have a little problem for you. How much water at this rate have you hauled in all?"

Pat scratched his head in surprise. He had never studied arithmetic to any extent, and this problem was a bit too much for him. At last he