Great Day! Amazing Announcement Inside!

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

63, Vol. XV. New Series. 7 [Week Ending January 22nd, 1916.



JIMMY SILVER DISCOVERS THE SCHOOLBOY SPY ROOKWOOD!

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

CONQUEST.

e gave in—as he always did in the ring run.

It was not only that Heinrich floots was a young Hun. He had roved himself also a meak and a rounder; but as Jimmy said with unlicial calm, that was really all that ould be expected of a Hun. Jimmy pucted the text which declares that me cannot gather grapes from horns, nor figs frem thisties. How, then, could one expect to gather a document chap from the land ruled over by the Kaiser?



THE HUN!

sur precious Hun pal!" snorted.

"I wender what dirty trick sen up to new?"
thing, perhaps," said Jimmy, chaps are down on him because Hun. But they're not going my Hun!"
ts! He's neeked again, or ang. I'll bet my hat!"

tudy door flew open, and the Fourth rushed in, his some with exertion, his collar this hair mutidy, imcome Flym and Oswaid minor, and a crowd of the Fourth, do jabers!" shouted "Collar the spalpeen!"

Ach!" the cod!"

Gott!"

Silver numeral in front of

silver jumped in front of a junior, who stood pant-waved back the excited

"What's he been doing?" de-anded Raby.
"Sires, it's a cowardly hound he

gum!"
"Black and blue!" howled Flynn.
"And sure I'm going to give him the

And sure I'm going to give him the aine."

Jimmy Silver looked worried.

"Is young Flynn hurt?" he asked.

"Sure the basic twisted his rums," roared Flynn, whose beautidacent became more pronounced hen he was excited. "Sure he's rit him intoirely, and bate him the astump on the muscles, bedad!"

"A rotten bullying trick!" howled nes. "Even Knowles doesn't do at, though he's a beastly bully."

"Held on! Let the chap speak for isself," said Jimmy Silver. "Cloots, a utter ass, what have you been lying a fag for?"

loots panted.

"Ja, ja, ja! He was cheeky!"
"He got him into a quiet corner in
itile Quad, and licked him!" howled
ones. "We heard the kid yelling.
ie's a worse bully than Knowles—
d he in the Fourth, too. Let's get
him."

"Let him stand up to me, then."
"Look here, Jimmy Silver," bellowed Lovell, "you can stand up for that cad if you like, but I'm not going to. I think he ought to be jolly well scragged. You can leave me out of this."

Same here," said Raby.

Me, too!" said Newcome.

Now, Jimmy Silver—"

You sha'n't rag him," said
my. "As for fighting you,
mn, he doesn't know how to, and,
a funk, anyway, and then he's a
tking owl and can't see without his
nacles. He can't fight."

shouted Townsend from

are an' 'ount's !"
redoubled his yells. Mr,
the master of the Fourth,
ig the passage with his gown
and a stern frown upon his

at is this dreadful uproar!
what!" he exclaimed. "How
u! Silver-ah-abem! What
outter? Why are you sitting
r? Let him get up at once!
what is the matter with

besting Clootz with that

yan?"

ter," sid Flynn sturdily.

lare yot, Flynn?"

he assed for it, sorr!"

my soul!" Mr. Bootles

be usacquainted with that

resaid. "Do you seriously

n, that Cloots requested

miniter castigation with

n instument?"

tile juniors chuckled

y.

Bootles. "Flynn, I your extraordinary

I dida mane____"
did you ask Flynn to

nein!" yelled Clootz, that Clootz had pro-said Oswald. Was that your

you assulted Flyni

"Let him take his chance!" rowled Lovell. "Is this study sing to back up a dirty, cowardly

"Let him tank" "Is this same growled Lovell. "Is this same growled Lovell. "Is this same growled to back up a dirty, covarilly builty" Jimmy Silver wrinkled his brows. "Tain't an easy position," he remarked.

"Easy enough, if you don't go round looking for trouble!" snapped. Newcome. "The Modern cads have nicknamed this study Potsdam already!" "Blow the Modern cade!" Potsdam already!" "Blow the Modern cade!" "Blow the Modern cade!" "Blow the Modern cade!" "Blow the Modern cade!" "Not a feet the fifthy peace-at-any-price roptiles who back up the Germans!" "Never mund what we're called, so long as it isn't true," said Jimmy Silver. "My idea was to give the poor beast a chance. But, of course, there's a limit. I dare say this lesson will do him' good, and there won't be any more bullying small boys!" "Once a German, always a German!" hooted Lovell. "In their own precious country, don't they all bully one another? Didn't I see an officer knock an old man off the pavement when I had a vacation there before the war? The brutes are all bullies and sneaks, and they can't help it," "Well, if they can't help it, what's the good of being down on them for it?"

"Oh, you'd talk the hind leg off a male!" said Lovell, in diagust.

the good of being down on them for it!"

"Oh, you'd talk the hind leg off a mule!" said Lovell, in diagust.
"They can help it, if they re joily well kicked into being decent!"

Jimmy Silver sighed. It was his kind, chivalrous heart which had led him to protect the wretched German junior. If the fellow had shown any decency, Jimmy would have been more than justified in his attitude, unpopular as it was.

But Clootz had first proved himself a sneak and tell-tale, and then a cowardly bully. It was a httle hard to defend him after that.

And if Jimmy stuck to his unpalatable task, it was certain that he would not got any backing in his own study. The way of the transgressor was hard, but the way of a self-constituted champion of the oppressed recemed harder.

tions were beyond the grasp of his intellect.

But for Jimmy Silver the process of kicking decency into Clootz would have been adopted in the end study. But Jimmy was a sticker; and he still hoped, though faintly, that milder measures might be successful.

He controlled his feelings, and modded to Clootz as he came in.

Clootz sat down at the table.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome had naturally a strong objection to breaking bread with a Hun. But that could not be helped.

"Ripping sausages," said Jimmy

be helped. Ripping sausages," said Jimmy er, exerting himself to be civil to German. "You'll like those,

Clootz!"
Grunt! from Lovell.
"Ja wohl!" said Clootz. "They are good! Not so good as we have in Chermany, but good! It is very surprising that you have so much good food in this country."
"Surprising!" said Jimmy, puzzled.
"My dear chap, there's always plonty

Cloots burst into a las "Ach! That is god "It is natural to attacted endenceless, because it your friends do not do sthey are afraid of the I Jimmy Silver drew a "And why do you master recipies, you?"!

does any

"Is it not so?" said C

The 2nd Chapter. Rauging a Rascal!

"Do be reasonable!" urged Jimmy Stiyer. "You know he's a German, and the savagest kind of German—a Prassian. What the thunder do you expect him to be?" "Oh, cheese it!" shouted Oswald. "We're not going for him because he's a Hun. But because he's a Hun. But because he's acted like a Hun."
"We'll, what's he done?"
"He's been bullying Flynn miner of the Second," roared Jonea. Whacking him with a stick, by uum!" Cloots had caught up the poker.

But he was grasped immediately, and the weapon wrenched from his hand, and then he struggled in the grasp of the angry Classical juniors.

"Help!" he shricked. "Mein Gott! Help!"

"Scrag him!"

"Reag him!"

"Scalp him!"

"Scalp him!"

Cloots, his fat face pale with terror, his eyes almost starting through his spectacles, struggled wildly.

But his struggled wildly.

But his struggles were unavailing. There was not a fellow in the crowd who could not have licked him easily, and there were six or seven of them.

"Hould him!" soid Flynn. "Sare, I'll give him the same he gave me young brother! Hould the baste!"

"We've got him!" grunned Oswald. "Go it!"

Clootz shrieked as Flynn seized his wrist and twisted his arm.

"Flynn!" yelled Junny Silver.

"Oh, shut up, ye gossoon!"

"Don't be a cad!"

"Don't be a cad!"

Don't be a cad!" Sure, that's what he's done to

Micky!"
"He's a German, and you're not.
Don't be a cad!"
Flynn hesitated, and released the

"Well, he's going to have the rest, syway, bedad!" he said savagely. "Here you are!"
"Now, thin, bould the spalpeen, what's wheel; Whack! Whack! Wheel; wheel

chair in Whack! Whack! while wildly

all l

Mr. ileed? Mr. Bootles
is. He was bound to
ragging, but in his
not find it possible to
ry juniors. He congled
"However, this scene
stifable—quite! You
ve taken the law into
rids. Every boy conwill 'ake-ahong!—an

a care an expressive grant.
I do baten him well," he
he "What did Boodles want
in for! He don't like the
more than we do!"
Plynn shook a set of knuckles
inning Silver's note.

departed with the rest

ny Silver frowned, and the Co.

ourth.

wow !" said Raby. "You're
g to stand up for that cad any
Flynn's right, and you know

at him."

Jimmy Silver felt "done."

He had defended the German junior from many troubles on account of his nationality. But how could be defend an act of brutal bullying?

"Well, what have you got to say, Jimmy Silver!" morted Lovel.

"Are you going to stand up for the cad now!" "Oh, my only Uncle Peter!" "But, faith, he's going to have grouned Jimmy. "Cloots, you fat-

If you want the BEST, buy Your Editor's Papers. They contain the BEST reading matter for boys that can be obtained.



The 4th Chapter, ek, but Not Comety!

k, bit Not Comery:
What's that row?"
Dodd of the Modern side
question. Dodd and Doyla
, the "three Tommies,"
mg along the junior passage
assical side—on tiptoe, very

and the Modern juniora and the Modern juniora and the Modern juniora e expected to find the end unty. They intended to have surprise waiting for the Fistir when they came in, in the (a booby-trap fixed put over dy door. Tommy Dodd had fully brought a bag of soot m.

Modern trio had forgotten
Jimmy Silver & Co. were at
thall ground; but football did
eal to Heinrich Clootz. Jimmy
ored a dozen times to teach
e game, offers which Clootz
lined with a shrug of this fat
fs.

Tommy Dodd and Tommy and Tommy Cook approached d study, they heard the sound Dodd politely described as a

shiel, Dodd politely described as a row.

It was a voice raised in song.

"That German cad! unumured teamy Gook. "He's in the study!" Phwat's besinging intoirely?" sked Doyle.

"Listen to him!" Tommy Dodd gowned grimly. The booby-trap eldently could not be rigged up hile Clootz was in the study. But was not that disappointment which was rothing out in his guittural voice. Most of the Classical juniors well as to the Classical juniors well of study German. But German was subject on the Modern side at Rookpod. Tommy Dodd knew what that one many properties of the classical juniors well as the control of the

"Was schiert uns Russe und Franzes? schass wieder Schuss, und Stees um Stees. Wir lieben sie nicht, Wir schutzen Weichsel und Wasgenpasse!
Wir haben nur einen einzigen Hass, Wir haben nur einen einzigen Feind.
England!"

It was the "Hass-Gesang"—the sum of Hate! Clootz was singing with great enjoyment in the scali-an of the study. When he came to as word "England," he hissed it ith all the venom of a serpent. "What does the rot mean?" asked sole.

What does the rot mean?" asked cook.

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

"The awful retter!"

"But phwat does it mane?"

"Don't you know German, Tommy loyle?" said Tommy Dodd severely. It means that they don't care two-tense for the Russians and the french; they have only one hate, and and, one enemy—England! Little at the control of the care two-tense for the Russians and the french; they have only one hate, and and at the care that the control of the care that the control of the Russians and the french; they have only one hate, and and the care that the control of the Russians and the french; they have only one hate, and the care that the control of the Russians and the french; they have only one hate, and the care that th

Silly asses!" said Cook. "But it's a his thumping cheek to sing that he here. I wonder what would pen to an English chap who ted singing hymns of hate in Gerny just now!"

Something lingering, boiling in it, expect, "grinned Tommy Dodd, one on, we'll talk to that Hun!" onmy Dodd kicked open the door the end study.

amy Dodd kieken op-nend study, oeiz's singing auddenly ceased, io, it!" said Tommy Dodd. n't stop for us!" oots blinked in alarm at the business. "he began,

Ananias and the Kaiser are nothing to him. You see, Clootz, we happen to know something of that horse's hate us with a first-class, gift-deged, and with a first-class, gift-deged, "Ja!" said Clootz savagely. "Ja, "You ought to get out of it before you turn on that hate fortissimo," said Tootga, with a shake of the head. "You're liable to be foreagged, you know. You are liable to get a bag of soot spread over your to have one handy. Savyy?" "Well, I warned you. There's the lot, and you can have the bag on your beater that the continue of the head. "You are liable to get a bag of soot spread over your to have one handy. Savyy?" "Well, I warned you. There's the lot, and you can have the bag on your beater that the Zeppelins come!" he said. "Perhaps they will pass over

The raiders were surrounded.

The Medern trio put up a terrific fight. But the edds 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? Ch, my hat! Ha. ha, ha!" roared the Classicals, as Cloote's sooty and furious facadawned upon them.

"Ach! Look at me!" shrieked Cloots.

"Yell, below "

dawned upon them.

"Ach! Dook at me!" shricked Clootz.

"We're looking (" chuckled Raby.

"You're funny! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow! Gerroff my neck!" mumbled Tommy Dodd.

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

"If's too bad," he exclaimed.

"Shut up, you asses—there's really nothing to eackle at."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"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.

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

lders came the heavy, ruler with a fin smite, mmy Dodd uttered a fiendish

Yow-ow! Help!"
rash came the ruler again, before
Classicals could realise whish
ot was doing.
of the German had no time for a
d bloor.

ow.

I leaped up, hitting out as he and his clenched flat caught under the chin, and hurled hin he study.

tz collapsed into a corner, with cling gasp. The ruler crashed

Clootz collapsed into a corner, with a gurging gash. The ruler crashed on the floor.

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

"Ach! Ach!" 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 unuterable scorn.

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

Tommy Dodd suppressed a grean. 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."

"On-wow!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, my hat! Is that chap a wild beast? Pilmg 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'm meant him to soot you as you did him. You know, of course, I didn't understand what the beast wanted to do."

I meant him to soot you as you did
him. You know, of course, I din'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.
Grooh! Let's get out, you chate. I
want somebody to rub my back with
Elliman's."

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

Cloots stangered to his feet.
Lovell had hit hard, and there was
big bruise comang too his bigs,
dened chin. The Chasenal jumisy
gathered round him with vengeful
looks.

"You worm!"

"You worm!"

"You worm!"

"You German!!"

"You German!!"

"You dea!"

"You dea!"

"You dea!"

"Sorag him!"

"Serag him!"

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

Clootz staggered to the door. He
furned there, his eyes gleaming from
the black on his face.

"I will revenge this!" he said.
Englanders—dogs! I will revenge
this, mein Gott!"

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

"Ach! The time will come—"

"Clear off, you black beast!"

"Ohe time will come—"

"Clear off, you black beast!"

"Ohe time will come—"

"The time will come—"

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

"Blow the Zeppelins! Get out!"

roared Jimmy Silver.

"He clenched his here."

"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 rofter you've planted on this study. Jimmy Silver," said Lovell savagely. "Da 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."

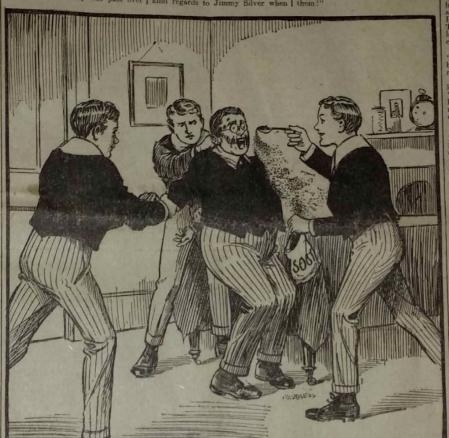
"Well, I hoped there might be."

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

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

"He ought to know!" hooted Lovell.

"We can't sneak about him, Levell, worm as he is We've got to stand him. Scener or laire the Head will tumble, and then we chall be rid of hum. Till then—"



Clootx wriggled and yelled as the soot was ladied 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."

shis school. Then I shall see you skulking in the dark, like rats—ha, ha!"
"Well, I suppose we sha'n't keep the lights going, to guide the baby-killers," remarked Tommy Dodd. "Besides, there are lots of German spies to do that, if it must be done—naturalised Britons by the dozen with their electric lamps all ready for business. There certainly won't be any lights in Rookwood when the Zepps come zepping."

come zepping."

The German junior's eyes gleamed behind the glasses.

"Das ist nicht gewiss," he mut-

"Das ist nicht gewies," he muttered.
Go it!" said Tommy Dodd.
Later on, my son, when our politicians have been kicked hard enough, she heard you.
Germany Dodd's lip curled,
We heard you.

I was a Volkelied—a folk-song of you county—"
lan't he roll 'em out?" said my Dodd admiringly. "Why,

with your happy anticipations—collar him!"

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

"Grooggh!"

"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 trampling of feet in the passage, "Nabbed!" gasped Cock.

"Rueh' '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!"
Buff! Biff! Crash! Bump!
Bump!
Tommy Dodd and Dovle got the study of a wild and the for comments of the study door was thrown open. The firsteal Four appeared to phically as the study of the st

"Modern cads!" reared Jahmy 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 Jonesminor came dashing along the passage, followed by several more of the Classical Fourth.

And the Fistical Four said with

The 5th Chapter. The Last Straw.

The Last Straw.

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

They had ceased to struggle.

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 scot, 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 lable, and ran at Tommy Dodd, who was pinned down under the weight of Levell and Oswald, who sat on his back and hu legs. His shoulders were exposed, and down across his

JOIN OUR CREAT ANTI-CERMAN LEAGUE, AND PLEDGE YOURSELF ACAINST THE HUNS. CET YOUR CHUMS TO DO THE SAME. See Page 562.



Fublished Every Monday

snorted Lovell.

beer,
"Olt. rats!"
Under the circumstances, it was at easy to keep smiling, as Jimmy it casy to keep smiling, as Jimmy it casy to keep smiling, as Jimmy it has done with Closts.
A fellow whose breast was seething ith battered and revenge, and who id not the faintest notion of fair ar, or of playing the game, was at the too much, even for Jimmy iver.

The leader of the end study admitted that he had made a mietake, in was not ashamed of the mistake; t had been caused by a generous applies. But it was evidently a misake. Cloots was a Hun to the arrow of his bones, and he would ever understand. It was a disappointment to Jimmy dwe.

Silver.

From that time he took little notice of Clootz, and though the German juntor continued to share the end study. Jimury Silver spoke hardly a word to him. He simply could not. But, as it happened, the Hun of Bookwood was not destined to shadow the felicity of the end study much lenger. The climax was soming and it came suddenly and mexpectedly.

The 6th Chapter. The Zeppelins.

"The warning ran like wildfire through Rockwood School.

It was a week after the scene in the end study, and the winter evening last closed in. Most of the Rockwooders were in their studies or the flurgations at work on their preparations, the timeless darkened with

mrations, the finished dipartical wing surfaces.

The telephone-bell had been heard to buzz in the Head's study. The Head had been seen to hurry out, and exchange hasty words with Mr. Beetles and Mr. Manders,

Then the order went forth:

"Lights out!"

Prefests hurried along the passages, looking into the studies to see that the order was promptly carried out.

Rookwood was plunged into dark-

Hookwood was proog.

"Zeppelins!" was muttered, with bated breath, by the crowd of excited Rookwooders.

Balkeley, of the Sixth, threw open the door of the end study. Lovell was cooking bacon and kidneys at the fire, and Raby and Newcomewere gesting tea.

"Lights out!" rapped out:
Bulkeley.

"Zeppen"."

Bulkeley.
"Zeppa?"
"Perhaps." Bulkeley turned out
the gas as he spoks, and the study
was instantly in aboon, save for the
red glow of the fire. "You'd better
damp down that free—unless you
want a bamb to drop on your study."

"Oh, my hat!" said Levell. "My bacon and kidneys will be spoiled." "Bless your bacon and kidneys! Buck up!"
Lovell throw ashes quickly on the fire. After all, it was no monient to think of kidneys and bacon.

"All juniors are to go downstairs," said Bulkeley. "You'll find Mr. Bootles in the hall. "Where's the others—Silver and Clootz?"

"Jimmy's gone down to Coombe—he's got a pass out of gates from Mr. Bootles," said Raby.

"Oh, it can't be helped! Find Clootz if you can. Do you know where he is?"

"I never know where the beast is!" growled Lovell. "I don't bother about Hums. I suppose he is coming in to tea."

"He must come down with the others."

"I think he's in the quad," said

about Hums. I suppose he is coming in to tea."

"He must come down with the others."
"It think he's in the quad," said Raby. "He was going to look after his acetylene bike lamp, I think. Shall we go and look for lum?"

Bulkeley srinned a little.
The chams of the Fourth would rather have scampered about the quad than have remained penned up in a place of safety. As for the risk tee the distribution of the fourth would rather have scampered about the quad than have remained penned up in a place of safety. As for the risk from the bombs of the rumoured Zeppelin, they would have taken little account of it.

"No," said Bulkeley sharply. "You needn't look for him. Go down into Hall at once, and report yourselves to Mr. Bootles."
"Oh, all right!"
Bulkeley harried away.
"Well, it's the Zepps at last," said Lovel!. "Cloots will be pleased. Let's hope a bomb will drop on his napper, and then he'll have something to chortle about. Come on!"
The three gumass burried down into Hall Mr flootlet in a flurried state, was calling his flock together in the darkness. Strict injunctions had been received from the police station, and not a single glimmer of light was to be seen in all Rookwood. If the air-raider passed over the school, he would find impenstrable darkness below him, and nothing to guide his bombs. Willing as the assassine were to drop their fiendish explosives upon any human dwelling, they had no chance of discovering one in the dead darkness. But a single lamp burning in the school, he would find impenstrable darkness below him, and nothing to guide his bombs. Willing as the assassine were to drop their fiendish explosives upon any human dwelling, they had no chance of discovering one in the dead darkness. But a single lamp burning in the school would have been enough for them.
"Bootles' voice was agritated. "Answer to your names, please!"

Mr. Bootles called the roll of the Fauth from memory. At the name of Clootz he stopped.

"Clootz! Clootz! Is not Clootz here?" He must be found." Mr. Bootles blinked round in th

"Neville, may I request you to bring Cloots here, if he is in the bioveleshed." Republished. The Form master went on with the rell, and stopped again at the name of Silver. "Is not Silver here?" He's in Coembe, sir," said Lovell.

"What—what! Ah. yes, I remember I gave him a pass out of gates, Cuite so. But he should have returned by this time. Dear, dear!"
The roll was finished, and no mere were missing. Neville, of the Sixth, came back as Mr. Beotles concluded. "Cloots is not there, sir."
"Bless my soul!"
"Funking in some corner, most likely," said a voice from the darkness.

"Hess my sour!
"Flanking in some corner, most likely," said a voice from the darkness.

"What—what! He cannot be searched for now. The Head has given strict orders that no one is to go out of doors," said Mr. Bootles.

"Pray be quiet, boys! The buzzing of voices is most distracting. Keep cool—pray keep cool! There is nothing whatever to be excited about?"

A chuckle was heard in the dark. Mr. Bootles himself was probably the most excited person present. His anxiety for the safety of the boys disturbed his nerves, while the Rookwood fellows themselves were rather taking the affair as a welcome break in the monoiony.

Yet the thought that an explosive bomb might come creahing down through the roof at any moment was thilling enough.

"T wish Jimmy were here!" muttered Lovell uneasily. "He ought to be back by this time. He may come in just when— My hat!

Boom! The deep, heavy sound echoed through Rookwood School, with a strange, ceric effect in the darkness. Boom, boom, boom!

"The guns!" whispered Raby.

It was the gram—heavy guns—booming away in the grim, winter darkness, aided by the circling of the searchlights.

The schoolibeys thrilled as they listened.

Then it was no false alarm! Zeppelins had been seen on the coast. Zeppelins were coming. The warning had flashed about on tolegapil and telephone and a country-side theried in darkness awaited them! and the ready guns and the ready gunners!

The Rookwood boys listened with throbbing licarts.

The 7th Chapter, The Signats!

The Signats:

Boom! Boom! Boom! Jimmy Silver heard the sound, too, and throbbed as he halted, panting, at the gates of Rookwood School.

Jimmy lad tramped home from the village in the evening darkness, without a thought of danger in his mind. He had esught the post-office before it closed, with a parcel for the Front. He was thinking of a late tea in the end study as he tramped back to the school.

Boom, boom, boom!

The anti-aircraft guns at Lantham were rearing. High overhead he saw the twinkling of the bursting shells.

Jimmy ran for the school.

There was deadly danger in the

open air more danger from falling fragments of shell than from the homba of the Prussian assassins. Jimmy arrived, panting, at the school gates.

fragments of shell than from bombs et the Prussian assassing. Jimmy arrived, panting, at the school gates.

Not a glimmer of light came from the porter's lodge; not a glimmer from the school buildings. All was blackness.

It was not much use ringing for old Mack to open the gates. But it was not necessary. Jimmy Silver clambered over the big gates, and dropped inside.

Boom, boom, boom!

He paused in the old quadrangle, to sean the sky. Overhead was mixy blackness, through which trailed the searchlights like long arms of glatening white. And what was that sound that came above the wind from the sea?

The junior's heart thrilled as he heard it. It was the throbbing of powerful engines, high above his head—the heavy murmur of the mechanical bird of prey. The smedieness of the winter sky, the monster floated—the gigantic aircraft, manned by savage ruffians, in whose hearts there, over his head in the blackness of the winter sky, the monster floated—the gigantic aircraft, manned by savage ruffians, in whose hearts there was neither merey nor truth; beatial barbarians, who recked not that their bombs fell children.

Jimmy Silver gritted his teeth, and shook his fist at the black sky. If the cowardly villaims had only been within reach of British hands! But, if that had been possible, they would not have dared to come. It was the safety of midnight murder of elaughter. If they could have skulked home, and stayed there, as their fleet skulked brome and stayed selections.

But the air-raiders would come, nd come again, and increase the tale i slaughter, till return raids upon heir own country should toach them etter.

of slaughter, till return raids upon their own country should teach them better.

Jimmy, as he tramped across the quadrangle, heard clearly the throbbing of the engines, deep in the sky. The unseen raider was over Rookwood—almost upon the school.

The cld buildings, some of which had stood from the reign of Henry I, were at the mercy of the Hun—if he could have seen rhim. But there was not a gleant of light to guide the harderous boath.

Jimmy had almost reached the School House when he stopped, his lieart jumping, his face transfixed. Up through the darkness leaped a sudden light.

It dazeled his eyes for a moment. What fool—what madman was showing a light at that fearful moment, drawing doath and destruction upon the defenceless school?

Jimmy gritted his teeth.

The light was waving to and fro in the centre of the quadrangle, by the fountain.

Jimmy could not see who was helding it. All he could see was a blaze of white, intense light, flacking to and fro upon the dark sky from the ground.

What fool—what madman—

It was no fool, no madman. It was planned. Someone—someone was there, in the lark of the sky.

It was a deliberate signal to the Huns—a signal intended to reveal the presence of the buildings in the darkness—to draw down the explosive bombs on the old school.

He heard the scratch of a flame spottered out. Clootz, kneeling on the groof the foundain, was accepted the lamp. "You hound!" panted Ji He grasped the German a Clootz came down with a chair we juniors rolled on the together. "Ach! Ach!"

lights—the signal which was to despection upon the school, proupon the school prosaid to the street of the school proupon the school proto the school promadman.

He struggled savagely, is and kicking and biting like a beast, and Jimmy shouted for as he fought him.

"Help! Levell! Raby! Rescue!"

His brain was whichers.

"Help! Lovell! Raby! Resoue!
"His brain was whirling; ther wet blood in his eyes from the wet blood in his eyes from the head. Jimmy Silver we disadvantage, But he fought fit to keep the traiter down.

Londer and louder the through the engines, sounding through the only beautiful blooming of the distant to "Help! Help!"

There were running feet quadrangle. Bulkeley of the loomed up in the gloom.
"Is that you, Silver? What."
"Help! It's Clootz—eignall the Huns!"

(Continued on the next you

PARE YOU SHORT?



HE "LITTLE SPITFIRE" AIR RIFLE.



80 MAGIC TRICKS, Illusions, etc., with structions. Also 40 Tricks with Gards. The lot post fees 1/2-T. W. HARRISON, 229, PENTONVILLE ROAD, LONDON, N.



WILLIAMS & LLOYD, Wholesale Jewellers,



Asthur Selly Graffertis Elin Noblets Edu Selly for geters Handith

A REAL School Story!

Isn't that glorious nows? For there's no story like a school story, and this one is a ripping County School tale. It's a tale of real life, full of pathos and fun, and you'll find all these girls and boys are up to every sort of mischief imaginable. It's just the story you shouldn't miss on any account. Start is to-day. You'll find it in

Every Wednesday

One Halfeeney



THE HUND

Good beavens! I saw the light.

effeed heavens! I saw the light.

But Bulkeley did not finish. He espect the German purior, and his earn was ike iron.

Jumny Silver deagged himself say, and stargered to his feet.

"I've got him, and his lamp, "I've got him, and his lamp," "Come a coi pecetons young secundrel!"

John sayongled finreely, his he is an infant in the powerful grasp of the captain of Rockwood.

Bulkeley dragged him to the man of the finish of the finish

as flashing his bike-lantern to the spelin!"

there was a shout of wrath from derkness within.

Keep back, beys! You must not at the the cilians above did not read! I still the cilians above did not read!

A deafening, rending explosion inrapted the Form-master. It was lowed by the crashing of breaking adove.

The Zeppelin was at work!

The 8th Chapter, The Last of the Hun,

The Last of the Hun, Jimmy Silver dalbind the blood an his forehead with his handker-lef. Has head was aching terribly, early the Last of the Last of

Hold your tongue, you silly young it growled Bulkeley. "No one is trembling, you German wild at"

the is trembling, you German wild said?

In the deadly silence that followed a crash of the explosion the Rook-sed follows could almost hear their arts heat. Then the heavy booms of the guns was heard again.

In the assassing in the airship of the guns was no ertain, and a mb had been dropped, guided by Would it be followed by another? ere was no glimmer now to guide murderous hand. Had the assun stopped, or was be gliding on sugle the winter night to seek ser victims?

The moments passed, seeming like

The moments passed, seeming like

the victims? The moments passed, seeming like sits.

The first bomb had dropped in the undrangle, the second might come rasing into the school, to rend limb seem limb the hundreds of boys waits in the grim darkness.

It was no wonder that hearts beat at and lard.

But save for the dull booming of sguns, growing fainter now, there is no sound from the night. Minute followed minute, and gradult the tense expectation died away, is rainer had passed on.

The silence was broken at last om the clock-tower the hour of nine somed out slowly.

"All serene now!" said Bulkeley at a "More than half an hour since banh dropped, Mr. Bootlea!" What! What! Yes; all is safe, I really think!" said Mr. siles. "However, it would be first to show no light until the lice telephone. Have you that stehed boy secure, Bulkeley!"

"Ye got my hands on him, sir?"

"Ye got my hands on him, sir?"

"Gend-very good! Clootz!"

There was a savage grunt from the man junior and a buzz from the rad of Rockwooders.

"Savag him!" shouted Lovell.
"Gillar him!"
"Hold on!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

Collac him!"
Smash the German villain!"
Hold on!" sheated Jimmy Silver.
here it, you duffers! Can't you
ye him to Mr. Bootles?"
Stand back!" exclaimed the
m master. "Stand back! Now.

Bulkeley, tell me how yen found that youing scolindrel?"

"I saw a light from the window, "I saw a light from the window, out briare I could quite spot where it was, Then I heard Silver shouting. He had puneled the young villam and put his light cut?"

"The light cut of the property of



THE SCOTSMAN'S LAMENT.
Two old Scotsman sat by the readside, talking and puffing away merrily
at their pipes.
"There's no muckle pleasure in

stor, taking and pulling away merrily at their pipes.

"There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald.

"How dae ye mak' that not?" questioned Sandy.

"Well," said Donald, "yer ase, if ye're smokin' yer am bacca ye'te thinkin' o' the awin' expense, an' if yer smokin' somoone elsee yer pipe's ramm'; es tight it winna draw."—Sent in by Miss I. Linguard, Hull.

Sent in by Miss I. Linguard, Hull.

A TALE OF LETTERS.
Which letters are the hardest workers? The boes (B's),
Which are the most extensive letters? The seas (C's),
Which letters are most fond of comfort? This case (E's).
Which letters eee most? The eyes (I's),
Which are the noisiest letters? The jays (J'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."

Canny Scot: "Na, na, ma mannie! I was only countin' ma silier before you give me gas!"—Sent in by Horaco F. Dodd, East Ham. E.

KNOWLEDGE MISPLACED.

KNOWLEDGE MISPLACED.

It was so large that he was compelled to call a roll at moal-times. One day he called the names as usual;

"'Erivert!"

"'Ere, pa!"

"Crice!"

"Ere, pa!"

"Ere, pa!"

"Abort!"

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

"Adsum, pa!"

The father looked up in amazement.

"What!" he oried "Variation of the studying Latin, and, wishing to air his knowledge.

ment.
"What!" he cried.
"You've 'ad
some, 'ave yer! Well, you just gre
down and make room for them as
ain't!"—Sent in by Miss MabelHurley, Westellff.

Unriey, Westeliff.

ONCE BIT, TWICE SMY.

Jones had joined the pelice force. He had not been a policeman leng 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.

"Dyer 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, wile man that he was, escaped by the backdoor.

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 unswer to the man's appeal, "you don't have me again! You wait outside. I'll get your amoke!"—Sent in by J. Brooks, Wembley.

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!



"I've caught him, sir," said Bulkeley, dragging the schoolboy traitor forward. "It was Cloots 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?"
"Clocts, what have you to say? Such wickedness is almost incredible!
Do you realise that, but for Silver having stopped you, you might have caused the death of hundreds of your schoolfellows—indeed, your own death as well?" oxclaimed Mr. Boetles,
"Ach! I am only sorry that I did not succeed!" hissed Cloctz. "But for Silver I should have succeeded!
Ach! 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 Englanders!"
"Nice boy!" murmured Jimmy silver.

"Nice boy!" murmured Jimmy

"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 three his own life into the balance in order to compass the destruction of the school.

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

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 haited 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?"
"Tin years, sorr," replied Pat,
"Ha! How many leads 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, yea," he answered. "Now, I
have a little problem for you. How
much water at this rate have you
hauled in all?"
Pat stratched his head in surprise.

hauled in all?"

Pat scratched his head in surpriso.

Pat had never studied arithmetic to any extent, and this problem was a bit too much for him. At last he