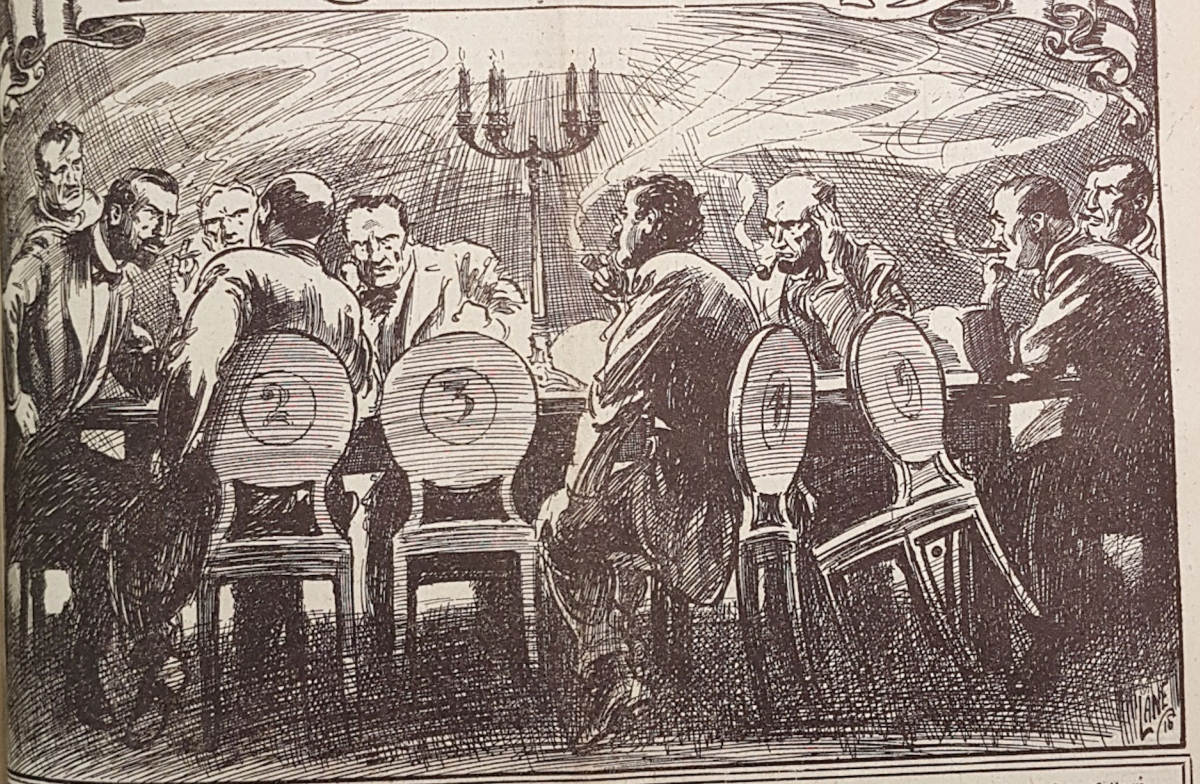
AN AMAZING DETECTIVE STORY! (SEE BELOW.)

The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

No. 729, Vol. XV. New Series.] ONE PENNY. [Week Ending May 29th, 1915.

THE CIRCLE OF "13"



Harvey Keene, the world-famous detective, has pledged himself to track down every member of the Circle of 13. Up to date he has brought four of them to justice. There are nine left! Who is to be next?

THE . . .

CIRCLE OF 13.

An Amazing Detective Story,
introducing
HARVEY KEENE & HIS BOY ASSISTANT.

This Week:

THE CASE OF THE FORGED BANKNOTES.

By W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

The 1st Chapter.

The Photograph Clue.

It has been stated that the capture of Larry Fenton, after he and Leila had been brought down in the air in their aeroplane, and the end of this beautiful adventuress on the mysterious yacht that had been touring near by, had left Harvey Keene again without any clue that might put him on the scent of the Circle of 13.

Such was not literally the case, however. There had been found in the possession of Larry Fenton, who was the fourth member of the band to be caught by the clever detective, some letters and papers, and a small three-quarter length photograph of a well-dressed man of middle age, with a heavy moustache, a high forehead, and a chin that showed strength of character. It appeared to be the work of an amateur. Its dimensions were about three inches by two, and it had been pasted on to a piece of cardboard that had been roughly cut from the lid of a box.

HARVEY KEENE, DETECTIVE.

The letters and papers proved to be of no importance whatever as far as tracing the gang of criminals was concerned. The photograph, which was that of an utter stranger to Keene, vaguely interested him. But it conveyed nothing to him.

He stowed it away in a drawer of his desk, where it lay forgotten for three or four days. And then, his thoughts recurring to it again, he slipped it into his pocket, and went off to Scotland Yard.

He was absent for more than an hour, and when he returned to his flat in Princes Street there was a rather puzzled expression on his face.

"Any luck?" asked his boy Oliver, looking up from a book he was reading.

"Yes, in a way," Harvey Keene replied, as he tossed the photograph on the table. "They've identified the man at the Yard. They have a likeness of him, without a moustache, in their collection of criminals. Inspector Drake was sure of him, and it was obvious to me, from the forehead and the chin, that it was a photograph of the same individual."

"Who is he, guv'nor?"

"An American, Raymond Burke by name. He was sent to penal

(Continued on the next page.)

THE MODERNS' MISTAKE!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of School Life dealing with the Adventures of

THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.
Very Mysterious.

Jimmy Silver looked suspicious.

He had suspicious

Jimmy Silver had strolled down to the tuckshop in the corner of Big Quad at Rookwood. His object was to purchase supplies for the afternoon afternoon being a half-holiday, and Jimmy Silver & Co. having planned an excursion and a picnic for the half-holiday.

Three juniors were gathered together outside the tuckshop, conversing in eager tones. They were Tommy Dodd and Cook and Doyle, chums of the Modern side, and, perhaps, the deadly rivals and foes of Jimmy Silver & Co. They were so deeply interested in their discussion that they did not observe Jimmy Silver approaching. Hence the surprises that were awakened in the breast of the Classical junior.

What could Tommy Dodd & Co. find to discuss with such absorbing interest, if not some scheme that was against their rivals of the Classical side?

"It's the chance of a giddy lifetime," Tommy Dodd was saying.

"Rats on!" said Cook.

"Yes, it will make those Classical mugwumps turn green and yellow!" chuckled Doyle.

And were the remarks that Jimmy Silver heard as he bore down upon them. Then they caught sight of him, and Tommy Dodd muttered hastily.

"Wait cads!"

The Modern trio moved off quickly. Jimmy Silver stopped outside the tuckshop. He forgot all about supplies and tuck and half-holidays. If Tommy Dodd & Co. were on the warpath, it was necessary to keep an eye on Tommy Dodd & Co.

The three Moderns sauntered away toward the clock-tower towards Little Quad. They disappeared from view, and Jimmy Silver wrinkled his brows in thought. He was still wrinkling his brows and thinking when his chums joined him.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked at him in surprised inquiry.

"Is this the stuff?" said Lovell.

"Where's the tuck?" demanded Raby.

"Tuck?"

"Are you dreaming?" said Newcome.

"Gone to sleep standing up like a horse. Wake him up!"

"Come on!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, as his three chums seized him and shook him. "Chuck it, you asses!"

"Well, what's the matter with you?" demanded Lovell, when Jimmy had been reduced to a breathless, gasping condition. "What are you dancing about like a boiled lobster, instead of getting the tuck?"

"Tuck!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Tuck is something on!"

"Tuck will be on soon, ass, and we're going to start immediately after we're going to picnic on the picnic! Those Modern cads are up to something," said Jimmy Silver. "I found 'em here talking, and they sneaked off. They're up to something that's going to turn us green and yellow."

"Blow your uncle!" said Jimmy Silver, and he led the way on the track of the Modern trio. Raby and Lovell and Newcome followed him.

Tommy Dodd & Co. were spotted by Jimmy Silver in Little Quad. They were standing in a group, and Tommy had a newspaper open in his hand, and three heads were bent over the newspaper, and three pairs of eyes were reading the same paragraph. Tommy Dodd was talking.

"It's a cinch, you chaps! Those Classical duffers would never think of a thing like this! It's a real cinch!"

"What the dickens are they burblin' about?" murmured Lovell in amazement.

"Ware cads!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd once more.

He shoved the newspaper into his pocket, and the Modern trio strolled off.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another. The mysterious goings-on of the Modern trio roused their curiosity to burning-point.

"Look here, we've got to get on to this," said Jimmy Silver. "It must be something up against us. They said it was going to turn us green and yellow. Collar 'em, and make 'em own up!"

"They won't own up!" said Raby.

"They will if we duck their heads in the fountain."

"Good egg!"

The Classical four made a rush towards the Moderns. For once in a way, Tommy Dodd & Co. were not looking for a "scrap." Generally they were prepared to give the Fistical Four all the fisticuffs they wanted. On this occasion an unaccustomed peacefulness obtained. The Modern trio dodged away round the fountain and fled.

"After them!" howled Jimmy Silver.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome dashed after the three, and Jimmy Silver cut back to the stone arch that led into Big Quad to cut off the retreat of the Moderns. He reached the archway first, and blocked the way.

Dodd and Cook and Doyle came rushing down on him, with Lovell and Raby and Newcome hot on their track.

"Stop!" shouted Silver.

"Bow-wow!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Knock that ass over!"

Jimmy Silver faced the rush manfully. He was determined that the Modern trio should not get away without explaining their mysterious whisperings and mutterings, even if he had to hold their heads in the fountain till they were nearly drowned.

As the three Moderns rushed on him he tackled Tommy Dodd in Rugger style, and they came to the ground together and rolled over one another.

"Yow! Draggimoff!" yelled Tommy Dodd.

Cook and Doyle clutched hold of Jimmy Silver and dragged him off, bumping him heavily on the ground. Tommy Dodd leaped up and ran on with his comrades, and they vanished through the archway into Big Quad. Lovell and Raby and Newcome, coming on full tilt, rushed right into Jimmy Silver and sprawled over him. Four yelling Classicals were mixed up on the ground.

"Wharrer you at? Gerroff!" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"You thumping ass!"

"Yooooop!"

The Fistical Four sat up dazedly. The collision had been violent, and they were winded.

"You burbling chumps!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "What did you roll over me for—eh?"

"What did you spread yourself in the way for?" howled Lovell.

"You silly ass!"

"You dummy!"

"Oh, my nose!" groaned Raby. "What silly idiot jammed his silly elbow on my nose?"

"Wow-wow-wow-wow!" came from Newcome.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Yow-wo-ow! Some silly idiot jammed his silly head on my funny-bone! Ow-ow-ow!"

"Never mind!" said Jimmy Silver, staggering to his feet. "It's all in the day's work! Why, my hat, look here!"

He pounced upon a newspaper that lay upon the ground. Tommy Dodd had evidently dropped it in the struggle with Silver. Jimmy Silver grabbed it up at once, and his eye fell upon a paragraph marked round with red ink.

Then he gave a yell.

"Got it!"

The 2nd Chapter.
Surrender!

Lovell and Raby and Newcome picked themselves up, with the intention of collaring their leader and bumping him hard for giving them that unexpected tumble. But as Jimmy Silver waved the captured newspaper in their faces they held off. It was the newspaper Tommy Dodd & Co. had been studying with such deep attention, and the marked paragraph held the clue to the mystery.

"Well, what have you got?" growled Lovell.

Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"This is what those Modern asses were pow-wowing over. Listen to this!"

He read out the paragraph, and the Co. listened with deep attention.

"'The German waiter, Karl Schnitzel, who was recently arrested on a charge of espionage, and escaped from the police, is still at large. He has been traced to the neighbourhood of Coombe, and is supposed to be hiding among the quarries. A reward of ten pounds is offered for information leading to his arrest. The description furnished by the police is as follows:

"'Height, five feet four inches. Stout, florid complexion, reddish beard and moustache, reddish hair. Has a slight limp in the left leg. Speaks broken English. Dressed in shabby check suit, brown boots, and cloth cap.'

"This is the 'Coombe Advertiser,'" said Jimmy Silver. "The giddy German spy is mooching about in the quarries, only a couple of miles from here. And those Modern asses——Ha, ha, ha!"

"By gum!" said Lovell. "They've got the idea of going after him."

"You bet!"

"Cheeky cads!" said Raby. "They couldn't do it. We might."

"Look out—here they come!"

Tommy Dodd & Co. came tearing back from Big Quad. Evidently the great chief and leader of the Modern juniors had discovered the loss of his valuable newspaper.

"They've got it!" exclaimed Cook. "Reading it, the cads! Give us our newspaper."

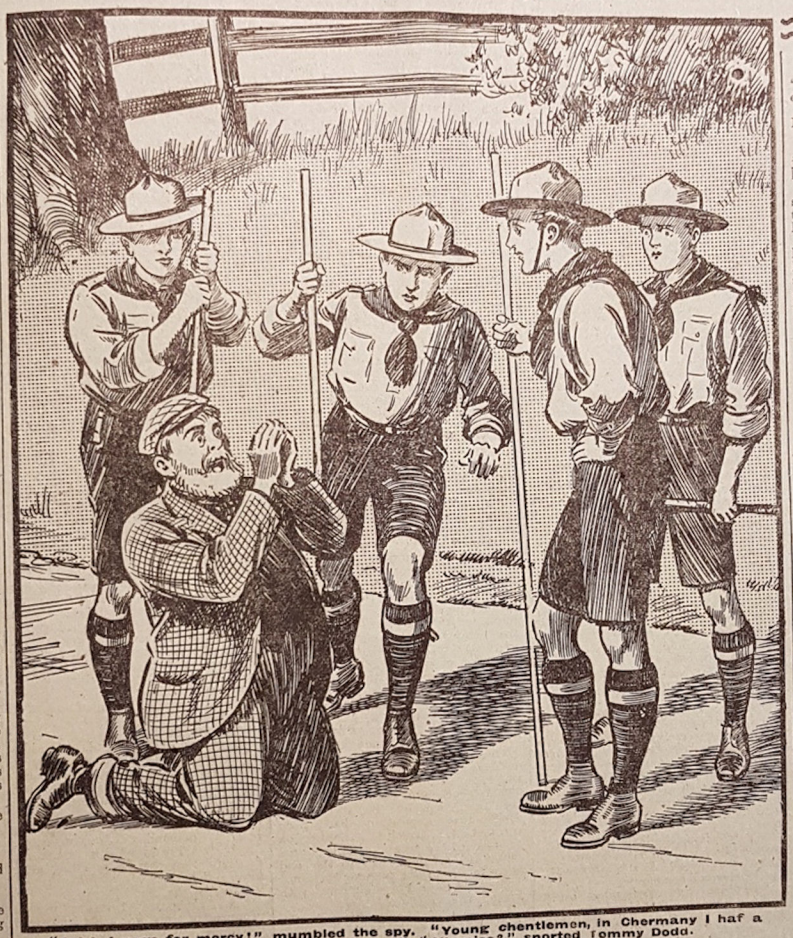
"Hand over that newspaper!" roared Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver grinned. Towle and Lacy and Webb and several more Modern juniors were following the three Tommies, and the Classical four were outnumbered. But Jimmy Silver held up his hand in sign of pax.

"Pax, my infants! Here's your giddy newspaper!"

Tommy Dodd grabbed the newspaper.

(Continued on the next page.)



"Ach! I pegs for mercy!" mumbled the spy. "Young chentlemen, in Chermany I haf a wife and seventeen little children!" "All spies?" snorted Tommy Dodd.

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

THE MODERNS' MISTAKE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

"You've read it?" he demanded.

"We have! We has!"

"You've read that paragraph—about the German spy."

"You bet."

"Don't let 'em get away," said Tommy Dodd, signing to his numerous followers to surround the Classical four. "We've got to have this out. The rotters have got on to the bizney, but we're not having any rivals in the field. I suppose you worms have guessed that we're going after that Hun this afternoon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?"

"Tommy Dodd!"

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Tommy Dodd crossly. "We're going to have this settled. Mind you, that's our Hun."

"Huns are common property."

"Not this Hun! We spotted it in the paper, and we're going after him. We're going to bag him if we can, and collar that ten quid. Not that we want the money," said Tommy Dodd loftily. "That's nothing. We intend to send half of it to the Prince of Wales's Fund. Of course, we're entitled to stand ourselves a feed if we capture a German spy."

"If!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.

"I dare say we can pull it off, if there's no silly Classicals nosing about and spoiling the show. I know those quarries like a book, and if he's there, we'll rout him out," said Tommy Dodd confidently. "But you're dead in this act—see? We're not having you on the scene. This is a Modern wheeze, and Classicals are barred."

"You want us to turn green and yellow when you capture the Hun?"

"Exactly."

"And sing small, and hide our diminished heads——"

"Just so."

"Nothing doing!" said Jimmy Silver, with a shake of the head. "You Moderns will make a muck of it, you know. Better leave it alone, and we'll see about it."

Tommy Dodd snorted.

"I expected something of that kind," he said. "I knew if you silly asses got on to this, you'd think you could bag that Hun. Well, I want you to understand that that's our Hun, and we're going to get hold of him. You four duffers have got to give your word, honour bright, not to go after our Hun."

"Catch us!" said Lovell disdainfully.

"We'll soon settle that," said Tommy Dodd truculently. "Collar the cads!"

The Moderns closed in. Lovell and Raby and Newcome put up their fists, but Jimmy Silver put his hands in his pockets.

"No go, dear boys," he said, "they're two to one—and, besides, Tommy Dodd is such a mighty man of war that he makes me tremble to look at him. I surrender."

"Surrender!" roared Lovell. "Why, you ass——"

"Surrender!" said Jimmy Silver firmly. "Give in at once! Besides, you know it's naughty to fight. Mr. Bootles told us so yesterday, and he's our Form-master."

Jimmy Silver's comrades stared at him blankly. For Jimmy Silver, the most fistical member of the Fistical Four, to surrender in this way because his Form-master had told him that it was naughty to fight was simply astonishing. The Moderns were as astonished as the Classical Co. They were two to one, but they had expected a mighty battle before the Fistical Four were brought to terms.

"Blessed funks," said Towle. "Duck 'em!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome dropped their hands. Jimmy Silver was leader, and they could only surmise that he had some object in view, at present unknown to them.

"March 'em to the fountain," said Tommy Dodd victoriously.

The four Classicals were marched unresistingly to the fountain.

"Now," said Tommy Dodd, "you see that water?"

"I see it," said Jimmy Silver meekly; "it's wet."

"Unless you give your word, honour bright, not to go after our Hun, you're going into that water neck and crop."

"Neck and crop!" repeated all the Moderns, in a kind of chorus.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome grew restive. But Jimmy Silver was quite serene.

"You won't let us off?" he demanded.

"No fear."

"This is awfully high-handed, you know," remonstrated Silver.

"We have to be high-handed with you Classical cads," said Tommy Dodd loftily. "You have to be kept in your places. Like your cheek to think of bagging our Hun. Didn't we spot it in the paper?"

"There goes the dinner-bell," said Towle. "Shove 'em in!"

"Now, what is it to be?" demanded Tommy Dodd. "Yes or no?"

"No!" roared Lovell and Raby and Newcome, with one voice.

"In you go, then!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "We give in! We promise."

"We don't!" yelled Lovell.

"We do — we does! It's awfully wet in the water," urged Jimmy Silver. "I don't like to bathe with my clothes on. Give in, and let's be peaceable. Mr. Bootles told us yesterday that we ought to be peaceable."

"Blow Mr. Bootles!"

"Shush! How can you speak of your kind teacher like that, Lovell?" said Silver, in a shocked tone. "I'm surprised at you. I tell you we give in. Honour bright, we won't go after the Hun."

"What about you others?" said Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, I'll keep 'em in order!" said Jimmy Silver. "I promise for them. Now, do be reasonable, you chaps! Take your uncle's advice, and be peaceable."

"Are you a rotten funk, Jimmy Silver?" roared Lovell.

"Any old thing. Do satisfy these dear schoolfellows, and let's get in to dinner. I'm hungry," said Jimmy Silver plaintively.

"Well?" said Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, we promise!" said Lovell sulkily. "Go and eat coke!"

"Done!" said Tommy Dodd. "But I tell you what—if we bag the Hun we'll let you come to the feed. We shall have a celebration with the reward. Come on, you chaps—Manders will scalp us if we're late for dinner."

The Modern crowd rushed off. Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked at Jimmy Silver as if they would eat him.

"Now, what's the little game?" demanded Lovell. "What did you want us to give in for? Is it a wheeze?"

"Dinner-bell's gone——"

"Explain, you thumping ass!" roared Lovell. "Where are you going?"

"Dinner," said Jimmy Silver calmly.

He started off at a run. With a whoop of wrath his chums rushed after him. But Jimmy Silver was fleet-footed, and he streaked away to the house at top speed, and the Co. panted after him in vain.

Jimmy Silver gave his chums a sweet smile as they dropped into their seats at the Fourth-Form table, in the Classical dining-hall. But Lovell and Raby and Newcome did not smile. They were feeling perfectly slaughterous.

The 3rd Chapter.
Rebellion in the Ranks.

During dinner Jimmy Silver persisted in smiling cheerfully, as if he were specially pleased with himself and things generally.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked daggers at him across the table, and mentally resolved to make him "wriggle" when they were no longer restrained by the awesome presence of Mr. Bootles.

Dinner was over at last, and Mr. Bootles rose, and gave the Classical Fourth the sign to clear; and they cleared. Jimmy Silver walked cheerily out of the dining-room, with his three chums after him, looking sulphurous. In the hall, the Fistical Four found themselves the centre of attraction for the Classical juniors. The scene in Little Quad had evidently been spotted, and the other fellows knew about it already.

"Yah, funks!" said Smythe of the Shell. Smythe of the Shell was a lofty youth, but he condescended to come down off his high perch to chip the Fistical Four. "Blessed funks, by gad!"

"Yaas," remarked Townsend of the Fourth. "I saw 'em! The Modern cads were threatening to duck 'em, and they crawled—simply crawled."

"Rotten!" remarked Tracy of the Shell. "And they're the fellows who talk about keeping up our end against the Moderns. Call us slackers! Blessed funks."

"If you saw us, why didn't you come to the rescue, dear boy?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"It's too rotten," said Adolphus Smythe. "The young cads keep all their cheek for this side. When the Moderns go for 'em, they crawl."

Lovell, utterly exasperated, made a rush at Smythe of the Shell. Mr. Bootles, who was chatting in the hall with Monsieur Monceau, the French master, looked round and frowned, and snapped out:

"Lovell!"

Lovell stopped quite suddenly.

"Ye-es, sir."

"I have already spoken to you about horse-play in the passages, Lovell. You will take a hundred lines, and go and write them out immediately!"

"Oh! Yes, sir," mumbled Lovell.

Smythe of the Shell smiled serenely, and Smythe's friends smiled, as Lovell walked away, choking with rage. Raby and Newcome went with him, to console him and help him do the lines. Jimmy Silver had gone up to the end study. In the Form-room Lovell looked at his comrades, almost stuttering with wrath.

"What do you think of him?" he gasped. "He's made the whole side think we're funks, giving in to the Modern cads like that! We followed his lead. My hat! Why, we'll squash him for this!"

"Boil him in oil," agreed Raby. "Slap goes our picnic! Hundred lines to whack out, and not even one in the eye for that cad Smythe!"

"Equal shares," said Newcome. "Bootles won't notice."

The three juniors sat down at a desk to do the hundred lines. By whacking them out they were got through quite quickly. But they were fuming with wrath. They felt that the honour of the end study was irredeemably smirched by their weak following of Jimmy Silver's lead in submitting tamely to the Moderns.

Even slackers like Smythe and Townsend were calling them funks. They were yearning to get to close quarters with Jimmy Silver, and show him what they thought of him.

The lines were done, but Lovell did not take them in immediately to Mr. Bootles. Mr. Bootles was not a suspicious gentleman, but he might have been surprised by the speed with which that imposition had been knocked off. Lovell left the lines on his desk for the present, and the three chums made their way to the end study in the junior passage upstairs.

They were simply bursting with wrath.

The sight of Jimmy Silver in the study did not pacify them. Jimmy Silver was seated in the armchair, with his feet on the table, and grinning hugely, as if greatly amused by thoughts that were passing in his mind.

He nodded affably to the three as they came in glaring.

"I've been waiting for you," he remarked.

"Collar him!" yelled Lovell.

"Order! I—— Hold on!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Don't play the giddy ox! Leggo, I tell you! You fatheads! Yaroooph!"

But the exasperated three were not in a mood to listen to argument.

They grasped Jimmy Silver, and yanked him out of the armchair, and he came down on the hearthrug with a resounding bump.

"Oh, crumbs! Oh, you lunatics! Yoooop!"

"Give him another!"

"Stoppit! Chuckit! Yoooooop!"

Bump!

"There!" gasped Lovell. "That'll be a lesson to you, you howling ass! You silly cuckoo! You've made the fellows call us funks, and made the Modern cads chortle at us, and got us a hundred lines! Give him another!"

"I tell you—— Ow—ow! Ooop!"

Bump!

Jimmy Silver sat breathlessly on the hearthrug when his chums had done with him.

Somewhat solaced, Lovell and Raby and Newcome felt a little less sulphurous. It was Jimmy Silver who felt sulphurous now.

He gasped for breath, and glared at his chums, as he sat on the hearthrug, with five or six distinct aches and pains in various parts of his person.

"You burbling jabberwocks!" stuttered Jimmy Silver. "You—you dangerous lunatics! Have you gone off your silly rockers?"

"The picnic's mucked up now!" growled Raby.

"Blow the picnic! That was off, anyway!" groaned Jimmy Silver, as he picked himself up. "Oh, you duffers! Blessed if I'll ever lay a scheme to dish the Moderns again, if this is the way I'm backed up in my own study! Ow!"

"You'd better not!" snorted Lovell.

"I thought it was a wheeze, or I wouldn't have followed your lead!"

"Well, it was a wheeze, fathead!"

"I don't see it!" growled Lovell.

"Naturally, you wouldn't, unless it was pointed out to you, and explained in words of one syllable!" snapped Silver.

"I know the Modern cads thought we were funking!"

"And so do Smythe & Co.!" hooted Raby.

"I know that," said Jimmy Silver. "And I don't care a button. It's the wheeze of the season, you frightful duffers! I've a jolly good mind not to tell you now. You don't deserve to be let into it. Blessed if I won't barge in on my own, and leave you fatheads out in the cold!"

"Well, if it's a wheeze, it's a different matter," said Lovell, relenting. "But I don't see it. We can't go after that Hun, now we've promised not to. We might have caught him, and bagged the ten quid. Those Modern duffers can't do it!"

"Ass! Did you see the date of that paper of Tommy Dodd's?"

"The date? No. What does the date matter?"

"It was yesterday morning's paper."

"What about it?"

"Oh, you wouldn't guess in a month of Sundays!" said Jimmy Silver despairingly. "Have you seen the 'Daily Mail' this morning?"

"No!" roared Lovell, exasperated by all these questions. "What the dickens are you driving at?"

"Well, I did. I always look into old Bootles' 'Daily Mail' for the latest war news. There was a paragraph in it about that escaped spy."

"Oh! He's been seen again?"

"Ass! He's been captured!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome gasped together.

"Captured?"

"Yes, fatheads. He was roped in last night."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Classical Co. roared. The idea of Tommy Dodd & Co. spending an afternoon among the quarries hunting for an escaped spy who had already been recaptured struck them as funny.

"Do you see now, you burbling asses?" demanded Jimmy Silver sourly. "That's why it struck me as comic that they were going after him——"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"And that's why I was willing to promise not to go after him ourselves——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Only it wouldn't have done to tell 'em. If they want to spend an afternoon hunting for a lost Hun, it would be unfeeling to spoil their pleasure!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Lovell. "Ha, ha, ha! Poor old Tommy Dodd! We'll tell him when they come back!"

"They won't get that ten quid after all!" chuckled Raby. "Ha, ha, ha! There won't be any German spies captured by the Moderns this afternoon! Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's all you know," said Jimmy Silver. "Didn't I tell you there was a wheeze, you duffers? Tommy Dodd's gone to scout after a Hun. The Hun's been caught. But it would be a shame to let him waste his time. My idea is that, as kind schoolfellows, we ought to help him!"

"Help him?"

"Certainly. One Hun's as good as another, I suppose. We've got fifteen-and-six we were going to spend on the picnic——"

"That we are going to spend on it, you mean!"

"That we were going to spend on it!" howled Jimmy Silver. "I know what I mean! Instead of spending it on a silly picnic, we're going to spend it like nice boys and kind school-fellows, providing innocent and harmless pleasure for our beloved schoolmates. That's what Ezekiel would say. We're going down to Coombe, and that fifteen-and-six——"

"But—but——"

"And instead of going to the tuck-shop we're going to Horrocks'——"

"Horrocks'?" said Newcome.

"Yes."

"I suppose you don't want a shave?" said Raby sarcastically.

"The Prussian-headed duffer! Do you see the wheeze?"

"Blessed if I do!"

Jimmy Silver made a gesture of despair.

"Lend me your ears," he said. "I'll try to make you understand. Horrocks is the barber supplies things for the local theatricals, and hires out things on hire for amateur theatricals."

"Well?"

"And makes people up for private theatricals."

"Well?"

"Don't you see now?"

"No."

"Then I sha'n't try to explain," said Jimmy Silver. "You come down with me to Horrocks', and you'll see for yourselves."

"Look here——"

"Oh, come on! Those Modern kids have been gone nearly an hour, and I don't want 'em to give up the hunt before we get on the spot. Come on, I tell you!"

And Jimmy Silver obstinately refused to say another word, and his chums, in great wonder, walked down to the village with him, in a state of what undecided frame of mind.

They were doubtful whether to follow Jimmy Silver's lead, or to collar him and give him the bumping of his life. Fortunately, they decided to follow his lead.

The 4th Chapter.
Jimmy Silver's Little Joke.

"By Jove, there they go!"

Three figures in Boy Scout uniform appeared on the moor as the Fistical Four came near the little town of Coombe. They were Tommy Dodd and Tommy Doyle and Tommy Cox. The three Tommies were on the track.

They did not even see the Classical Four, who halted to observe them from the lane.

The three scouts were at work among the old quarries looking for "sign."

A shrill call came from the distance, and Towle appeared on a rock waving his scout staff. The three Tommies hurried off towards him at once, and disappeared among the bracken.

"Towle's on the track!" grunted Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The four juniors walked on towards Coombe, grinning. Towle had evidently discovered some sign, and the Modern heroes were hot on the track of the Hun who had so unfortunately been recaptured by the police on the previous evening—unknown, of course, to Tommy Dodd & Co.

Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived at Mr. Horrocks' establishment. It was a little, old-fashioned shop in the High Street of Coombe, with a wooden head with a flowing head of hair in the window.

Mr. Horrocks was sitting idly in an armchair in the doorway smoking a pipe and enjoying the spring sunshine. He did not appear to be enjoying a rush of custom that afternoon.

"Arternoon, young gentlemen," said Mr. Horrocks, as the four Rookwood fellows stopped.

"Good-afternoon!" said Jimmy Silver. "Busy?"

"Not werry. Anything I can do for you young gents? Air-gun?"

"Not to-day," grinned Jimmy Silver. "Something more important than that. We're getting up an amateur theatricals to amuse the dear chaps we're very fond of at Rookwood, and we want professional assistance."

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked blankly at their chums. They began to doubt whether Jimmy Silver was wandering in his mind.

"You've come to the right shop," said Mr. Horrocks, rising from his chair. "I does all the business for the Theatre Royal. Wot is it the play?"

"You can make us up, Mr. Horrocks?"

"I'd make you up as Lord Kitchener or the Kaiser if you like, Master Silver."

Will you do Your Editor a good turn by asking a non-reader of THE BOYS' FRIEND to read Owen Conquest's magnificent school story—"The Modern's Mistake!"

THE MODERNS' MISTAKE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

"I want to be made up as a German."

"They are winking."

"Is a German!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Yes. Height about five feet five," said Jimmy Silver. "I think I could pass so far as height goes. But I've got to be stout."

"That's only a matter of padding," said Mr. Horrocks.

"Reddish beard and moustache," said Jimmy Silver.

"I've got a 'cap to select from."

"Reddish hair."

"Any number of wigs 'ere, Master Jimmy."

"Shabby check suit, brown boots, and cloth cap," continued Jimmy Silver.

"Is that all?"

"And a pair of large spectacles."

"That's orlright," said Mr. Horrocks. "You'll want plain glass in them, or you won't be able to see anyways, if your eyes is all right. I've got plenty.

"How long will it take?"

"Have you fixed in 'aff an 'our?" said Mr. Horrocks.

"Good! Lovell, old man, you cut off and order the station cab to be here in half an hour. I can't walk through the streets in that rig."

But Lovell was not in a fit state to go and order a cab just then. Jimmy Silver's tremendous wheeze had descended on him at last, and it took his breath away. He leaned on Mr. Horrocks' counter and gurgled.

"Jimmy—oh, Jimmy! You can't do it! Ha, ha, ha!"

"There'll spot you!" gasped Raby.

"Oh, what a wheeze!"

Newcome was cackling like a hen.

Mr. Horrocks looked a little surprised. He did not see why Jimmy Silver's scheme of amateur theatricals should cause such an explosion from his chums.

"You buzz off and order that cab," said Jimmy Silver. "Pile in, Mr. Horrocks. We're in rather a hurry; the other fellows are really waiting to see us."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Horrocks, though considerably puzzled, lost no time. Lovell scooted off to order the cab, gurgling as he went. Raby and Newcome sank down into chairs and chuckled.

Lovell returned in a few minutes, and then the three Classical juniors watched the transformation of Jimmy Silver in Mr. Horrocks' private room under Mr. Horrocks' skilful hands.

From his ample supplies Mr. Horrocks produced a shabby check suit, which Jimmy Silver donned over his own clothes, and which was then turned out to the required extent. Brown boots, equally shabby, were forthcoming. Indeed, it was fortunate that the articles were required to be shabby, or Mr. Horrocks' stock might not have fulfilled the requirements.

Jimmy Silver's boyish head and face over the body of a fat man made his chums chuckle. But his face was now changed. Mr. Horrocks started to work with his grease-paints.

Jimmy's complexion was soon as dark as could be desired, and reddish beard and moustache and wig were added. Then a large pair of spectacles, with plain glass, adorned his nose, giving him quite an owl-like aspect.

Lovell & Co. gazed at him in wonder. If the transformation had not taken place under their own eyes they could never have believed that it was Jimmy Silver who was standing before them.

Silver looked in the glass when he was completed, and gave a jump.

"My hat! Is—is that me?" he stuttered.

"You do look a bit changed, Master Silver," smiled Mr. Horrocks. "I dressed up my Aunt Sempronia so I know me now!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Give me the cap. Now I want a limp in the left leg; I can provide that myself."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What dem?" said Jimmy, looking at his chums and blinking through the big spectacles. "You laff at me, isn't it, pecause I am a Cherman?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co.

"Ach! Silence mit you at vunce, pefore. Tank you, Herr Horrocks. I tinks tat tat will do ferry gootly."

Mr. Horrocks grinned. Silver was imitating the beautiful accent of Herr Kinkel, the German master at Rookwood.

"Is dot cab retty mit itself, mein poy?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha! It's outside!" gurgled Lovell.

"I vill redurn dese tings to you later, Herr Horrocks, and den pay der bill," said Jimmy Silver. "You drusts me, isn't it?"

"He, he, he! Yes," said Mr. Horrocks.

The ancient cab was waiting outside, with the almost equally ancient horse half asleep.

Lovell hurried out and opened the door, and then Jimmy Silver cut across the pavement and dodged into the cab. His chums followed him in, Lovell directing the driver to take the lane towards Pooley.

The cab rolled away, leaving Mr. Horrocks grinning in his doorway. In the cab Lovell and Raby and Newcome were suffering from paroxysms of merriment, but Jimmy Silver was quite serious.

"You drops me on der moor," he remarked, "den you goes pack to Rookvood, and you vaits till I gum."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The cab was stopped in a solitary lane that crossed the moor. The juniors looked out very cautiously, and, like Moses of old, they looked this way and that way, and there was no man.

Jimmy Silver descended, and plunged into the bracken on the moor and vanished. The cab rolled back to Coombe with a puzzled driver and three shrieking juniors.

The 5th Chapter.
On the Track!

"We're not giving in!"

Thus Tommy Dodd

The four scouts had gathered together on the moor to consult. They had been hard at work for a couple of hours on the lonely uplands looking for a sign. In and out among the old quarries they had sought and searched, but although they had come upon a good deal of "sign," they had not discovered the hidden Hun.

That was not really surprising, considering that Karl Schnitzel was already reposing safely in the county gaol. But Tommy Dodd & Co. were quite unaware of that important fact.

Towle had proposed an adjournment to the bun-shop in Coombe for tea. Towle declared that tea would buck them up, and after tea they would renew the hunt with no end of energy. But Tommy Dodd shook his head decidedly.

"We're here to track down that Hun," he said, "and that's what we're jolly well going to do. The police are awful asses, you know; they'll never get him. And, being so near the coast, he may get away and carry all sorts of valuable information to the other beasts in Berlin. 'Tain't the rotten reward we want. What we want is to——"

"To score over the Classicals," remarked Cook.

"To do our duty as patriots!" thundered Tommy Dodd.

"Oh!"

"We've found lots of sign," continued Tommy Dodd. "That last set of hoof-prints—they must have been a German's, they were so jolly big. I believe we're pretty close on the track. Besides, he can't be far away. The paper said he was hiding among the quarries."

"I'm getting hungry," remarked Towle casually.

"Well, go and feed and be blowed!" said Tommy Dodd, with withering scorn. "Haven't you heard that England expects every man to do his duty?"

"Must be disappointed jolly often if she does," said Towle.

"Oh, don't be funny! This isn't a laughing matter. Why, at this very minute the villain may be skulking within sound of our voices!"

"Not likely!"

"At this very instant," said Tommy Dodd impressively, "he may have a Browning automatic pistol levelled at us!"

"Ow!"

"What's the matter, Towle?"

"I—I think we'd better go and have tea!" said Towle. "I—I feel quite faint!"

"If you're funky of his automatic pistol, Towle——"

"Well, what would our sticks be against an automatic pistol?" demanded Towel warmly. "He could pot us one after another like blessed pigeons. The paper didn't say anything about his automatic pistol in the description."

"Well, perhaps he hasn't got one," said Tommy Dodd, relenting. "They supply Prussian prisoners with everything they want, but I think they draw the line at automatic pistols. He's been captured once, you know, and they're bound to have taken his pistols off him. Not that I'd care—I'm going after him, if he had a whole battery of machine-guns in his trouser's-pocket!"

"I don't see how he could have——"

"Oh, don't keep on arguing, Towel! Let's get on the track. Think of the Classic cads turning green and yellow if we rope him in."

"They'd be green with envy!" grinned Cook.

"And yellow with jealousy!" said Tommy Dodd.

"P'r'aps he's been captured already," suggested Towle.

"If you're going to keep on arguing like a silly idiot, Towle, you'd better clear off!" said Tommy Dodd crossly. "While you're gassing, he may be sneaking away all the time. We may spot him any minute now——"

Tommy Dodd paused suddenly.

From a thicket near at hand, on the slope of the ridge, there had come a sudden soft rustle.

The four scouts whirled round, and stared at the thicket.

It was a dozen paces from them. Their hearts beat hard as they stared at it.

"W-w-w-was that the wind?" mumbled Towle.

"There's n-n-no wind stirring," whispered Cook breathlessly.

"A b-b-bird, perhaps——"

Rustle, rustle!

Tommy Dodd caught Cook's arm, with a sudden grip that made him yelp.

"Look!" he panted.

For a moment, among the leafy twigs, a cap was seen, and a glimpse of a shoulder that was covered with shabby check cloth. It vanished.

The four juniors looked at one another, hardly breathing.

"You—you saw that?" breathed Tommy Dodd.

"By gum! It's—it's——"

"Come on!"

"I—I—s-s-say," stammered Towle, "s-s-suppose he's g-g-got an automatic pistol——"

"Oh, rats!"

Tommy Dodd, brave as a lion, made a rush for the thicket. Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle followed him up valorously. They had hunted down the Hun, and they weren't going to funk a meeting now that he was spotted. Towle followed them a little more slowly. The thought of that improbable but possible automatic pistol worried him.

There was a howl of alarm as Tommy Dodd rushed into the thicket, prodding before him with his Scout's staff.

"Ach! Mein Gott!"

"He's here!" yelled Tommy Dodd.

A figure in shabby grey check leaped out of the thicket and fled.

Up the ridge he went bounding, very actively for a fat man. The four Modern juniors gave a wild whoop. There was no doubt now. In the clear spring sunshine they had a full view of the fugitive. In every detail he fitted the description in the paper.

"After him!" shrieked Tommy Dodd, in wild excitement.

Encouraged by the fact that the fugitive was running, the Modern juniors dashed in fierce pursuit.

The German, though active, was gained upon—he was too stout to run a race with the nimble Fourth-Formers of Rookwood.

Tommy Dodd gained on him fast, and his staff poked the fugitive in the back, and there was a loud yell.

"Mein Gott!"

The German spun round, and his right hand came up to a level. Something dark and circular was levelled at the pursuing juniors, and they came to sudden halt. The florid, bearded, moustached face glared threateningly at them behind the levelled weapon.

"Pack mit you!" yelled the German. "Pack, I say! If you gum vun step more, I shoots you dett mit mein pistol, isn't it?"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Towle.

"P-p-put that pistol down, you Prussian villain!" stammered Tommy Dodd. "We've got you!"

"Pack mit you!" shouted the "spy," taking off his spectacles and slipping them into his pocket.

The levelled weapon made a threatening movement. In spite of themselves, the four juniors backed away. There was no arguing with an automatic pistol. Towle made a jump for cover behind the nearest tree. The tree was a young sapling, and only two or three inches thick, and it did not afford Towle much cover. But he felt safer there.

"Kuk-kuk-kuk-cover!" stuttered Towle.

"Now you haf found me, isn't it?" hissed the German. "You know denn dot I am Karl Schnitzel, pefore?"

"Yes; we know you, you rotter!" said Tommy Dodd undauntedly. "And we're jolly well going to nail you, you filthy Prussian spy!"

"Mein Gott! I shoots you all dett mit you!"

Tommy Dodd clenched his hand on his staff. To rush the German, in the face of a levelled pistol, was a big order. Tommy Dodd had no doubt that the desperado would fire. But to leave him uncaptured, after running him down, was not to be thought of. It was a thrilling moment, and an awkward one.

The tension of the situation was broken by a sudden yell from Cook. Cook had very sharp eyes.

"'Tain't a pistol at all! It's only a stick!"

"Wha-a-at!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

It was true—as he could see now. It was a short stick that the German spy was levelling at them. The Prussian was only bluffing. Of course he hadn't an automatic pistol!

"The spoofing rotter!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "Collar him!"

No longer daunted by the levelled weapon, the four juniors rushed forward. The German spy dropped the sham weapon now—evidently only a stick—and took to his heels. With wonderful agility for so fat a man, he dashed away along the ridge, with the four juniors panting and whooping after him.

(Continued on the next page.)

"Well, what is your name?" said Mr. Bootles. "Jimmy Silver!" exclaimed the "spy." "Wha-a-at!" gasped the juniors, utterly dumfounded.

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THE MODERNS' MISTAKE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

The 6th Chapter.
Caught!

Tommy Dodd & Co. were good runners. But they had to exert all their powers on that thrilling occasion. Fat as he was, the German ran like a hare. He did not seem to seek cover—he kept to the open, and hardly for a moment the pursuers lost sight of him.

Up and down, over ridge and hollow he went, with the Rookwood juniors racing on his track.

Towle fell behind in that gruelling race, but the three Tommies kept almost level, Tommy Dodd a little in advance.

The German was only a dozen yards ahead of them now, but try as they would, the pursuers could not decrease that distance.

More than one stumble and fall occurred in that hot pursuit, for the fleeing German was quite reckless, and he seemed to take a fiendish delight in leading the juniors over the roughest ground.

Tommy Dodd was anxious lest he should bolt into some of the old disused quarries, and throw them off the track. But he did not. The quarries were left behind, and Tommy Dodd was relieved. They were racing across fields now, always in the direction of Rookwood. Farm-labourers suspended their work to stare after them, as they rushed on over field and meadow.

"We've got him all right!" panted Tommy Dodd. "He's a good runner, but he can't keep it up much longer. We're gaining!"

"The blessed ass seems to be making for Rookwood!" gasped Cook. "I suppose he doesn't know the country. Once we're near the school there will be plenty of fellows about to head him off."

Rookwood was in sight now, the grey old buildings and the tower rising above the trees. The German plunged through a gap in a hedge, and came out stumbling into the lane that led to the school. On the side, a little further on, a countryman was resting, and Tommy Dodd yelled to him:

"Stop him!"

The countryman stared.

"German spy!" shrieked Tommy Dodd. "Stop him!"

The man jumped off the stile, and blocked the road. The German spy halted, panting. The countryman had a pitchfork with him, and he stood with the pitchfork at the charge.

There was no arguing with a pitchfork.

The German looked wildly to right and left. There was time for him to make a break through the hedge again, but he seemed overcome. He stood pumping in breath, and the three Tommies came panting up and collared him.

Tommy Dodd grasped his right arm, and Cook his left, and Doyle flourished his staff over the red head.

"Surrender, you villain!"

"Ach! I giffs in!"

"You'd better," gasped Tommy Dodd. "We'll jolly well brain you if you give us any trouble."

"Got him!" chortled Cook. "Got the beast! Got the rotten Hun! You're worth ten quid to us, my pippin."

"Mein Gott!"

"Thanks for stopping him, my man," said Tommy Dodd. "Here's half-a-crown for you."

With ten pounds reward in prospect, Tommy Dodd could afford to be generous.

"Thanky, sir," said the man with the pitchfork, blinking at the German spy. "I'd 'eard that he had been caught last night."

"Well, he wasn't you see. We've caught him," said Tommy Dodd. "Bring him along, you chaps. We'll take him into the school—that will be safest. It's a mile back to Coombe from here."

Towle came up panting, in at the death.

"Got him!" he exclaimed. "Hurray! My hat! Won't the fellows open their eyes."

"Hurray!"

The German spy was marched on towards Rookwood.

He seemed to be utterly overcome by his capture. About fifty yards from the school gates he halted.

"Come on!" shouted Tommy Dodd.

"Ach! Mercy!" whined the spy, falling on his knees. "Mercy, young chentlemen! I am but a poor spy."

The juniors looked down on him with utter disgust.

"Oh, get up!" said Tommy Dodd contemptuously. "Now you're caught, haven't you the pluck to face the music. Keep hold on him, Cook!"

"You bet!"

"Ach! I pegs for mercy!" mumbled the spy. "Young chentlemen, in Chermany I haf a vife and seventeen little children."

"All spies?" snorted Tommy Dodd.

"Mein leetle children vill veep if I do not go pack," said the German, passing his hand across his spectacles. "Young chentlemen, if you lets me go I giffs you a tousand marks."

"I'll jolly well give you some marks if you don't come along!" growled Tommy Dodd. "Did you ever see such a funking cad. I dare say he's been making signals to Zeppelins to chuck down bombs, too."

"Mercy!" sobbed the spy. "You see dot I veep."

"Blubbing, by gum!" said Towle. "My hat! Yank him along, and let all the fellows see him blub."

"Mercy!"

"Will you come along, you scoundrel?" roared Tommy Dodd. "Give him a prod with your staff, Towle."

"What-ho!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared the German, bounding to his feet.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now will you come?"

"Ach! I gums! Venn dot der Zeppelins gum, dey shall blow you up mit yourselves in ten tousand leetle bieces," hissed the German.

"We'll chance that," grinned Tommy Dodd. "Come on!"

In great triumph the juniors marched their prisoner on to the school. Old Mack, the porter, nearly fell down as they marched him in.

"Wot's that?" he ejaculated.

"Karl Schnitzel, the German spy, Mack," said Tommy Dodd airily; "we've caught him."

"My heye!"

"Bring him along!"

Forward went the party, the German spy in their midst, both his arms tightly gripped. There was a shout in the quadrangle, and fellows hurried up from all sides at the extraordinary sight.

"What have you got there?" demanded Lovell, as he came dashing up with Raby and Newcome.

"Karl Schnitzel."

"Gammon!"

"You can say gammon till you're black in the face," said Tommy Dodd disdainfully, "but we've got him all the same."

"Rats! Bet you that isn't Karl Schnitzel!"

"Look at him, you ass," said Tommy Dodd angrily. "Haven't you read the description in the paper?"

"We've got him—we've got him!" chortled Tommy Cook. "You Classical mugs can go and eat coke. You couldn't have done this in a month of Sundays."

"Sure, and it's jealous they are!" hooted Tommy Doyle. "Who's top side at Rookwood now, you spalpeens?"

"Well, we'll admit that you are, if you've really got Karl Schnitzel," said Lovell, with a shake of the head. "But—— Hallo, here's Bulkeley! Bulkeley, those kids say they have captured Karl Schnitzel, the German spy."

Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, had arrived on the scene. Half Rookwood was crowded round the four Moderns and their prisoner now in the quad.

Bulkeley stared at them in astonishment.

"What's that?" he exclaimed. "Who's that man?"

"Karl Schnitzel," chorused Tommy & Co.

"My hat!"

"We've captured him," said Tommy Dodd. "The paper said he was lurking in the old quarries. We ran him to ground in the old quarries. We ran him to ground in the old quarries. We jolly well collared him. Mind, it's the Modern side that's done this. Who's top side at Rookwood now, you grinning Classical jossers?"

"Hurray!" yelled all the Moderns in chorus. "Bravo, Tommy Dodd! Hip-pip-hurray!"

The 7th Chapter.
Mr. Bootles is Surprised.

Bulkeley stared hard at the captured German. The unfortunate Schnitzel was the cynosure of all eyes now. All the Modern juniors were rejoicing in this great triumph of their leader. They felt that Tommy Dodd's latest exploit had given the Classicals the kyboshed at last. Nothing that Jimmy Silver & Co. could do could ever equal this tremendous stroke.

"By gad!" said Smythe of the Shell, "they seem to have done it! By gad!"

"Well, my hat!" said Bulkeley. "This is rather a surprise. I read in the paper this morning that the man had been caught."

"Then he must have got away again," said Tommy Dodd, "for here he is! I've got the description here, if you'd like to read it."

"What is all this—what—what?" It was Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth now. "What is this great crowd collected for — what — what? Why—who—what is this?"

Mr. Bootles blinked over his glasses at the German spy in utter astonishment.

And the Modern juniors replied in triumphant chorus, a sort of paean of triumph:

"Karl Schnitzel, sir."

"The German spy, sir."

"Tommy Dodd's caught him, sir."

"We've bagged him, sir."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Bootles. "This is — is extraordinary! The newspapers state that the man was caught last night."

"Couldn't have been, sir," said Tommy Dodd.

"Read the description," said Cook.

Tommy Dodd fished the newspaper out of his pocket. The German spy covered his face with his hands and sobbed.

"Take your paws down, Schnitzel," said Tommy Dodd. "Let your ugly chivvy be seen. Give him a poke, Towle."

"Ow!"

"Do not be brutal," said Mr. Bootles chidingly; "even a spy must be treated with humanity. Though the baseness of such a character revolts us, he must be treated with common humanity. Please do not prod the unfortunate wretch any more, Towle. You may read out the description, Dodd. I trust no mistake has been made."

"I'm jolly well sure that isn't the spy," said Lovell obstinately.

"Oh, you'd say so, you Classical worm!" said Tommy Dodd disdainfully.

"Dodd!"

"Oh, sorry, sir! But those Classical rotters—ahem!—I—I mean, I'll read out the description. Height, five feet four inches."

"That's about right," admitted Lovell. "But——"

"Oh, dry up! Stout——"

"Well, he's stout enough," said Raby. "but——"

"Please do not interrupt Dodd, Raby," said Mr. Bootles, "and do not persist in laughing in that ridiculous manner, Lovell. There is nothing whatever to laugh at. This is a most serious matter. If this wretched man is indeed the notorious spy, Dodd has performed a very great service in securing him. If you laugh again, Lovell, I shall punish you. You may go on, Dodd."

"Florid complexion——" read out Tommy Dodd.

"Make him take his silly paws down——"

Cook jerked the German spy's "paws" away from his face, and it was seen that his complexion was florid—very.

"Reddish beard and mouseaches——"

"Exactly!" said Lacy.

"Reddish hair——"

Cook jerked off the German's cap, and disclosed a thick mop of reddish hair. There was conviction in all faces now.

"Slight limp in left leg," said Tommy Dodd. "I haven't noticed that — he ran jolly well, I must say. Make him walk a bit and see."

Cook and Doyle marched the German half-a-dozen paces. Fifty pairs of eyes watched his left leg. There was a pronounced limp.

"Dot and carry one," grinned Doyle, "that fits him."

"Shabby check suit and brown boots and cloth cap," went on Tommy Dodd.

"Dear me! The description seems to be quite exact," said Mr. Bootles. "This is a most meritorious action, Dodd. Is there anything else?"

"Speaks broken English," said Dodd. "He's spoken broken English to us. Speak up, you Hun—speak broken English so that Mr. Bootles can hear you."

"Ach! I ask you dot you let me go!" said the German. "Ich bin nicht Deutsch—I be not Cherman——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ich sage, das ich bin nicht Deutsch."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There seems to be no doubt," said Mr. Bootles. "The report in this morning's paper must be incorrect. Certainly the description fits this man exactly. However, he shall speak for himself, before I telephone for the police. My man, you may as well admit the truth."

"Mein Gott!"

"You are a German?" said Mr. Bootles, in his most magisterial manner.

"Nein, nein!"

There was a cackle of laughter. It struck the Rookwood fellows as comic that the captured spy should deny that he was a German in German.

"It is useless to make denials," said Mr. Bootles. "You are undoubtedly the man whose recapture was incorrectly reported in this morning's paper. You are Karl Schnitzel?"

"Nein, nein!"

"Will you telephone to the police-station, sir?" said Tommy Dodd. "We'll take care of him until the police arrive. We should have taken him to the station at once, but he led us a long dance, and we only ran him down close to the school. It was just as if he was making for Rookwood on purpose."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Lovell.

"Silence, Lovell. I see nothing to cause laughter in Dodd's remark. I will telephone for the police, certainly. This rascal must be secured at once. There is no doubt as to his identity, though he refuses to acknowledge it."

"Herr Bootles——" whined the prisoner.

"Well, what have you to say?" said Mr. Bootles benevolently. Mr. Bootles was always benevolent, and his benevolence did not fail him even towards a German spy.

"Dere haf been mistake—I am not Cherman——"

"Doesn't sound like a German, does he?" grinned Tommy Dodd. "Chuck it, Karl Schnitzel. You're fairly in the cart, and you may as well own up."

"Mein name is nicht Schnitzel."

"Well, well, what is your name?" said Mr. Bootles.

"Jimmy Silver!"

"Wha-a-a-at!"

There was a general gasp. For the captured German had made that reply in quite a different voice, and without a trace of German accent. Cook and Doyle dropped their hands from him in sheer amazement. There was a wild yell from Lovell and Raby and Newcome. They could hold it no longer.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The 8th Chapter.
Not a Triumph.

"Jimmy Silver!"

"What!"

"Great Scott!"

"What—what—what——" stuttered Mr. Bootles. "I—I seem to recognise that voice! It certainly sounds like Silver's voice. Am I dreaming—what—what?"

Lovell held on to Raby and Newcome, and almost wept. Tommy Dodd stared at his prisoner blankly. His jaw dropped, he stared at the German spy as if mesmerised. How on earth did Karl Schnitzel, a German spy, come to possess the voice of Jimmy Silver of the Fourth?

"I'm awfully sorry to disappoint Tommy Dodd," went on the German spy cheerfully, "but my name isn't Schnitzel, and it's no good saying it is. I can't even speak Schnitzel—I mean German."

"I am dreaming!" [illegible] Bootles, with exasperation. [illegible] Bootles of the Sixth, [illegible] of the crowd, [illegible] chuckling. The wrath [illegible] upon him. Jimmy Silver [illegible] Bootles. The Moderns [illegible] at the German as if [illegible] him. The German [illegible] to remove his false [illegible] moustache, and he [illegible] of which Tommy Dodd [illegible] so triumphantly. Dodd [illegible] exceedingly fond [illegible] possible to regard [illegible] of the Fourth Form. [illegible] Silver!" he [illegible] with his mouth wide open.

"Sus-sus-sus-Silver!" [illegible]

"Ha, ha, ha!" [illegible] "Didn't I tell you it wasn't [illegible] Tommy?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"What does this mean?" [illegible] Mr. Bootles, with a [illegible] frown. "Yes, it is indeed [illegible] recognise you now [illegible] is the meaning of this [illegible]"

"Only a—a—a little joke [illegible] Moderns, sir," said Jimmy [illegible] meekly.

"Silver! This [illegible] masquerade. I shall punish [illegible] severely! How dare you [illegible] Bootles almost stuttered with [illegible] As he remembered his interview [illegible] photoing for the police, [illegible] the grinning faces round him [illegible]

"I—I'm sorry, sir! I didn't [illegible] you'd be brought into it, sir" [illegible] Jimmy Silver. "I—I wouldn't [illegible] taken you in for anything, [illegible] should have been afraid [illegible] would consider it disrespectful."

Jimmy Silver was as [illegible] soft answer that turneth away [illegible] Mr. Bootles' brow cleared [illegible]

"You see, sir, Tommy [illegible] so anxious to capture a German [illegible] and we knew that Schnitzel [illegible] captured already, so we thought [illegible] this," said Jimmy, still [illegible] meekness. "We—we thought [illegible] would amuse Dodd, sir. The [illegible] what we did it for; to [illegible] Tommy Dodd."

"It is most absurd," said [illegible] Bootles, his face breaking [illegible] involuntary smile, as he caught [illegible] expression on Tommy Dodd's [illegible] which showed how much Tommy [illegible] been amused. "Very absurd [illegible] I forbid you ever to do anything [illegible] the sort again, Silver. [illegible] you will take a hundred lines [illegible] remember that I forbid you to [illegible] such an absurd prank again."

And Mr. Bootles beat a retreat, striving hard to keep his [illegible] straight till he was in his study.

"A hundred lines," said Jimmy Silver blandly. "Well, I don't [illegible] considering that I've afforded Tommy Dodd a little harmless pleasure."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you——" Tommy Dodd's voice almost failed him. "[illegible]—you spoofing beast! You [illegible] swindler! You—you——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Classicals and Moderns were [illegible] with laughter. The unexpected [illegible] come of Tommy Dodd's great [illegible] made them simply shriek. The Moderns could not help it; [illegible] howled as loudly as the Classicals. Only the three Tommies and Dodd looked furious.

"I'm sorry about that [illegible] said Jimmy Silver. "Ten quid [illegible] it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Scrag him!" shrieked Tommy Dodd.

He made a wild rush at [illegible] Silver. But the Classicals [illegible] round the double of Karl Schnitzel, and he was borne away in triumph amid howls of laughter. In the study, Jimmy Silver stripped of his disguise, to be returned to Mr. [illegible] rocks, in the midst of a yelling [illegible]

But on the Modern side there was gnashing of teeth. That evening Tommy Dodd & Co. hardly dared show their faces in public. Not had the heroes of the Modern side had so awful a fall.

The next day it was not much better. Every fellow who met the three Tommies made it a point to inquire whether they had tracked down any German spies, till at last the exasperated Toms took to hiding [illegible] straight from the shoulder when they were questioned on that subject.

And for weeks afterwards, it only to drive Tommy Dodd & Co. [illegible] state of frenzy it was only necessary to whisper the word "Schnitzel."

THE END.

(" *Rookwood's Revenge!* " is the title of next Monday's long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. Don't miss it!)

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