

5,000 PRIZES! NEW COMPETITION STARTS TO-DAY! 5,000 PRIZES!

# The BOYS' FRIEND

No. 731, Vol. XV, New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending June 12th, 1915.]



## A Son of the Sea

THE FIRST INSTALMENT of a GRAND NEW SERIAL STORY, specially written for THE BOYS' FRIEND by BEVERLY KENT, in collaboration with VICTOR DARING, R.N., who has supplied many interesting details dealing with life on His Majesty's Navy while on active service.

**The 1st Chapter.**  
Fighting the Storm:

The small boat lay becalmed four knots off the coast of Norfolk, and in it a well-set-up lad was seated at the tiller. His face was tanned, his close-cropped hair showed clearly a well-formed head poised on a muscular neck, and his eyes had that contracted and unflinching gaze that only a sea life can give.

For one so young his face had developed great strength, and some lines of suffering. He was staring across the waste of water at the land where a few stunted trees partly hid from view the facade of a long, rambling mansion set about three hundred yards from the shore.

"My home!" he said cynically. "You talk to me of my home, Grace. And I have no friend in the world but you and Phil, and—"

A girl of about his own age, resting in the bow, dropped the book she held,

and turned on him a pair of pleading eyes.

"Bob, can you never forget?" she urged.

"Forget disgrace?" he asked. "It will never forget me, never! It will dog my footsteps through life. When I am forty years of age men will point at me as the ex-midshipman whose services his Majesty dispensed with. I sometimes almost feel I would like to end it all. Oh, you needn't start! I don't intend to. I'm not a coward."

"I know you're not," she said. "You are as brave as you are honourable."

"That's not what the world thinks," he remarked bitterly. "Neither is it what they think at home. My home!" And he shook his fist at the weather-beaten mansion. "You don't know half what they say, Grace, for they know that you and I have been pals ever since we were kids, and that you

wouldn't stand any slander against me. But sometimes I feel inclined to—"

He laughed shortly, and his face had grown very hard.

"What is it you would like to do?" she asked.

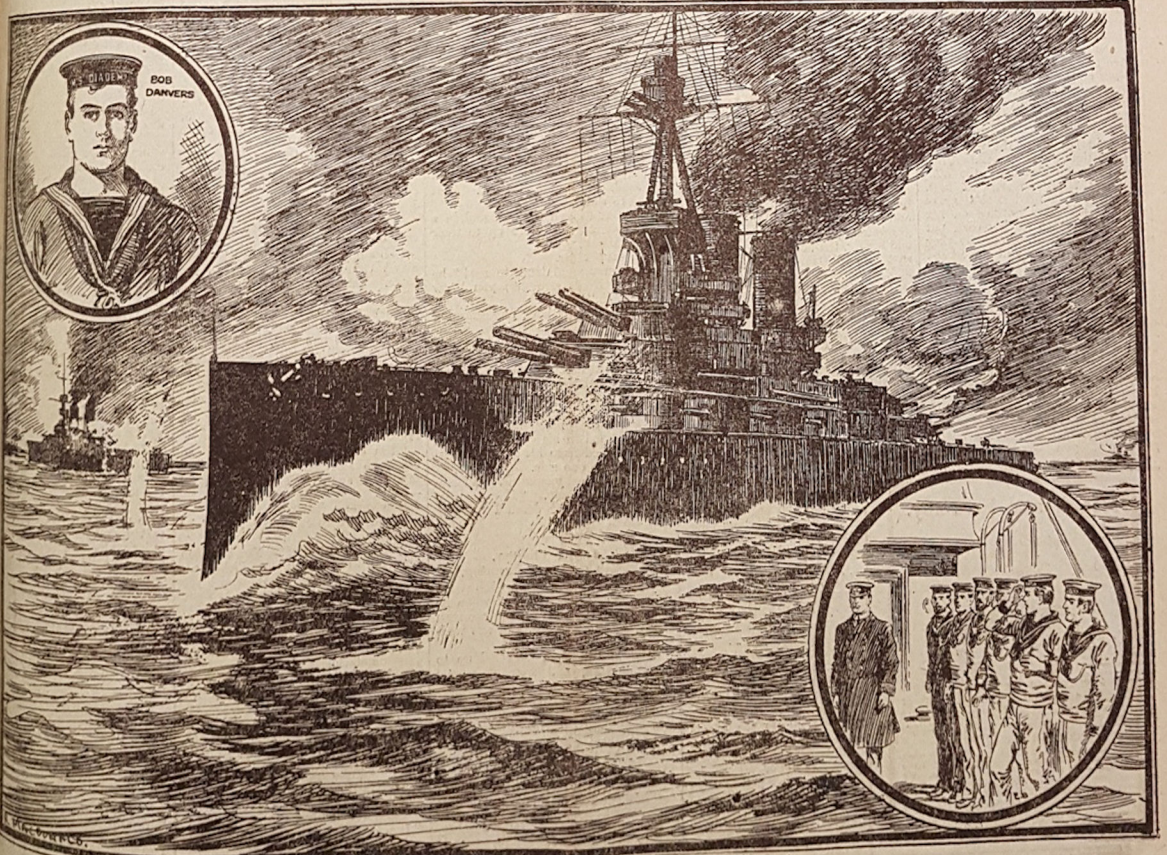
"I'd like to lay out that lubber Stephen Grefton, though he's six years older than I am, and weighs over a stone more," he replied.

She laughed, and despite his wrath, his eyes twinkled. He could read her every thought with each alteration in her expression.

"You're too charitable to say you hate him, but you do, in spite of all the attention he pays you," he went on. "And to think that my mother married a second time to his father, and that some day all that should come to me will go to him. Is it any wonder if—"

"Oh, Bob, that could never

(Continued on the next page.)



Bob Danvers, a true British boy and the hero of our story. Inset picture bottom right-hand corner } Bob Danvers comes face to face with the villain of our story.

THE BIG PICTURE SHOWS ADMIRAL JELlicOE'S FLAGSHIP—THE IRON DUKE—IN ACTION.



# A STERN CHASE!

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

## THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

### The 1st Chapter.

**Under Detention.**  
Jimmy Silver & Co. were down on their hands and knees, scrubbing the floor. It was really Jimmy Silver's fault. Nature had endowed Jimmy Silver with a plentiful gift of humour. Nature had been extremely niggardly in that respect with Herr Kinkel, the German master at Rookwood. Hence the first punishment.

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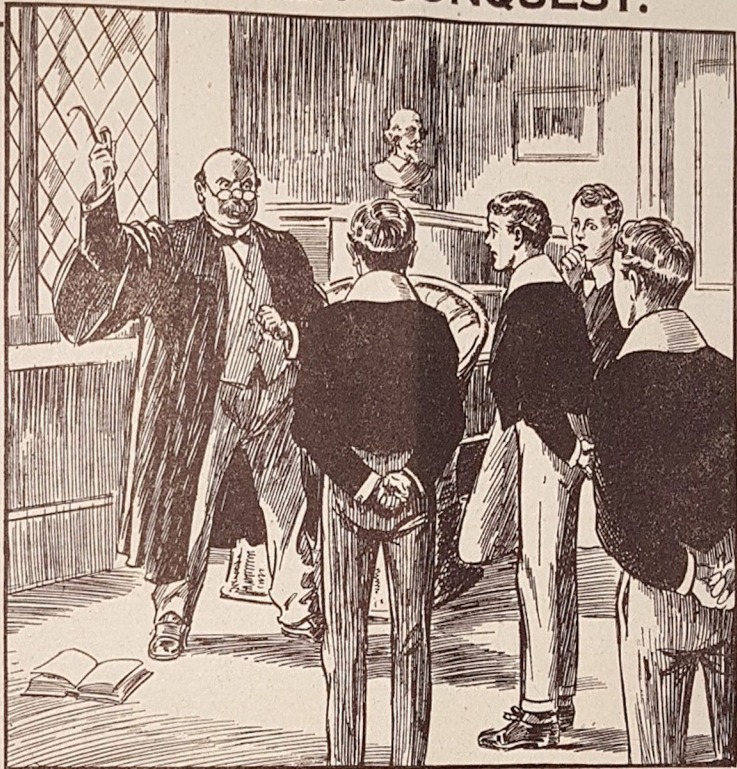
Naturally, Herr Kinkel tried over and over again to get the Fistical Four to sing, and his deep voice boomed as he repeated the words; and the Fistical Four came along in the quad, and heard that booming proceeding from the window of the German master's study-like unto the roar of a megaphone.

It certainly wasn't in good taste for Herr Kinkel to try and get the Fistical Four to sing in an English school. Herr Kinkel had been putting on end of feeling for them-just as if he shared the feelings of the author-as he doubtless did.

It was this that Jimmy Silver & Co. were treated to:  
"Wer schreit uns Russe und Franzos? Ich waser wider schuss, und Stoss um Stoss.  
Wir haben sie nicht, wir hassan sie nicht.  
Wir walschen Weichsel und Wasgen-see.  
Wir haben nur einen einzigen Haas. Wir haben nur einen einzigen Feind!"

Jimmy Silver chimed in, with a prolonged squeak at every one of the metre, so that Herr Kinkel's vocal efforts, with Jimmy Silver's assistance, sounded like this:

"SQUEAK!  
"I will not let you off, you bad, shooky boys!" said Herr Kinkel. "In Chermanny de boys do not sheek der masters-doy tremble at deir frown." "Must be a spoony lot!" murmured Newcome.



"I will not let you off, you bad, shooky boys!" said Herr Kinkel. "In Chermanny de boys do not sheek der masters-doy tremble at deir frown." "Must be a spoony lot!" murmured Newcome.

"Durch die Wasser getrennt, die sind dicker als Blut."  
SQUEAK!  
Lovell and Raby and Newcome howled with laughter. A crowd of fellows gathered round in great excitement. Even Tommy Dodd & Co., of the Modern side, who were generally up against Jimmy Silver & Co., joined heartily in the squeaking, and in the roars of laughter which accompanied it.

Herr Kinkel's song ceased suddenly. He "went off song" as he realised that there was a merry demonstration under his study window.

He leaned out of the window, his fat face crimson with rage, and shook a fat fist at the juniors.  
"Ach! You sheek me!" he howled. "You sheek me, mit you! I reports tat to your Form-master, Silber!"  
Which he promptly did; and Mr. Bootles, with a lack of humour which lowered him considerably in the estimation of his pupils, sentenced Jimmy Silver & Co. to detention for the afternoon.

It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and a glorious day.  
All Rookwood was out of doors. From the windows of the Form-rooms the Fistical Four could see their room the Fistical Four could see their old rivals, Tommy Dodd & Co., old rivals, themselves on the cricket-ground. They could see a cheery crowd refreshing themselves with ginger-beer at the school shop. They

could see fellows reading "Chuckles" under the old beeches.  
And they were detained.  
They were down on their luck. Half-holidays came only twice a week, and there were so many things to do on a half-holiday-cricket, rowing, cycling, ragging the Moderns, or looking for a row with the juniors of Bagshot School.

They groaned over the lines Mr. Bootles had given them to do. And they looked from the windows. They felt inclined to sing a Hymn of Hate with Herr Kinkel as his object.  
"Why don't they send him into a concentration camp?" sighed Lovell. "All Germans ought to be in concentration camps, you know. What are concentration camps for?" Jimmy Silver snorted.

"All because those Modern worms must bug us German instead of Latin," he said bitterly. "If there wasn't a Modern side at Rookwood there wouldn't be a German master. It's all the fault of those caddish Moderns!"

"Oh, it's rotten!" groaned Raby. "Think of a walk over the downs now, and tea at the old farm!"  
"Or a run down to the sea, and a bathe!" grunted Newcome.  
"Oh, don't!" growled Jimmy Silver. "You make me want to go for Kinkel with a ruler! I'd give him Hymns of Hate, the old duffer! Wir haben nur einen einzigen Feind-and that's Kinkel!"

"Wir haben nur einen einzigen Haas-and that's for that old haas Kinkel!" said Lovell, with a feeble attempt at humour.  
"Let's hook it!" said Jimmy Silver desperately.  
"Oh!"  
"Bootles gone out; he'll never know. Let's chance it!"  
Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked serious. Breaking detention was a serious matter. But the blue sky, dotted with drifting clouds, the soft whisper of the wind from the sea, seemed to call to them. They thought of the open, breezy downs, and looked round the dusty old classroom, and made up their minds.  
"I'm game!" said Lovell.  
"If there's a row, there's a row!" said Jimmy Silver recklessly. "I don't care! I mean, I do care, but not enough to stick in here. It's wicked to stay indoors on a day like this!"  
"Hear, hear! Come on!"  
Lovell hurried his Virgil across the room. Raby pitched his pen on the floor, and jumped on it. The Fistical Four made a rush for the Form-room door, resolved to make a bid for liberty, and chance the results. They came out into the deserted passage with a rush. They could have whooped with glee at the prospect of freedom.  
But just as they reached the end of the passage a bulky form loomed up before them, and two little spiteful light eyes blinked at them over an enormous pair of spectacles.

"Was denn? Where you go?"

Herr Kinkel followed them as far as the doorway, and blinked in at them.  
"You keeps here," he said. "I thinks I keeps an eye open, hein. I smokes mein pipe at te end of te passage, and if you gum out vumoo more, I see you, nicht war. Den I takes you to der Head mit you."

And Herr Kinkel waddled away. Jimmy Silver and his comrades looked at one another with feelings almost too deep for words.  
"Did you ever?" gasped Jimmy.  
"Hardly ever!" groaned Lovell.  
"The fat hun has been spying on us in case we cleared."

"I believe all Germans are spies," growled Raby. "They take to it the same as they take to sausages and sauer kraut."  
"And now he's sitting by the passage window, smoking his beastly pipe, and keeping his beastly eye open, and reading his beastly German newspapers, with their beastly lies about victories that don't come off," said Newcome.  
"Oh, dear!"  
With their spirits at zero, the Fistical Four settled down to do lines. But after a quarter of an hour, Jimmy Silver jumped up.

"It was simply impossible to do lines that afternoon!"  
"Chuck that rot," said Jimmy Silver. "I've got a wheeze."  
Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked up hopefully.  
"Even Germans have some human feelings," said Jimmy Silver. "Old Kinkel must have a heart tucked away somewhere under the layers of fat. Let's go and speak nicely to him. We'll tell him we're sorry we squeaked-we're sorry, ain't we? I've never been sorer for anything in my natural."  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"It's agn't the law to kill him, so let's try soft sawder. He must have some human feelings somewhere," argued Jimmy Silver.  
"Well, he may have-appearance"

The Fistical Four halted in blank dismay. Herr Kinkel stood before them.

### The 2nd Chapter. Keeping Watch.

Herr Kinkel blinked at the juniors.  
The juniors blinked at Herr Kinkel.

For a moment there was a desperate thought in their minds of rushing the German master, bumping him down in the passage, and escaping over his breathless body. But they checked that wild impulse. The consequences would have been too dreadfully serious.

"You proak pounds, ain't it?" said Herr Kinkel, with a disagreeable smile. "I thinks tat Mr. Pootles, he order you to stay in till six o'clock!" "Ye-es!" growled Jimmy Silver. "And now it is tree o'clock."

"Ahn!" said Lovell. "I think you know tat Mr. Pootles is gone out mit himself, and you tink tat you proak pounds, nicht war. But I tink of tat meinself, and I keeps open mein eye. You goes pack to your detention!"  
Jimmy Silver clenched his fists. He would have given a whole term's pocket-money to "land" Herr Kinkel one on his Prussian nose. Instead of which, he had to go back to the Form-room.

In the lowest possible spirits, the Fistical Four returned to their detention. They sat down at their desks with glum faces.  
Herr Kinkel followed them as far as the doorway, and blinked in at them.

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"Well, he may have-appearance"







Pankley, "we haven't broken detention; and if we did, it's not your business!"

"Vat!"

"You thumping old chump!" yelled Poole. "You come near me again, that's all! You come here if you want jam-jar on your silly napper, you Prussian pig!"

"Vat! You speaks to me like tat! I know not your voice!" Herr Kinkel blinked at the juniors through his spectacles, for the first time a doubt coming into his mind. "Mein Gott! You are not Silber! You are not Lovell! Who are you?"

"We belong to Bagshot, you shrieking, old chump!" roared Pankley. "Did you think we were Rookwood fellows, you idiot? We wouldn't be found dead in Rookwood! Ow! My back! We'll jolly well tell your headmaster about this, and Dr. Chisholm will hear of it, I can tell you!"

"Mein Gott! Dey are not to poys!" gasped Herr Kinkel dazedly.

"Now tat I see dem, I see tat dey are not to poys! Vy for you shall not tell me tat you are not dose poys for vich I hum, isn't it?"

"You silly old jesser, how should we know you were looking for them?" hooted Pankley. "How dare you lay hands on us, you dunder-headed Prussian Hun!"

Pankley did not measure his words. "Mein Gott!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a wild yell from outside the window.

Herr Kinkel spun round, and blinked at the window. Four grinning faces were framed in it.

"Ach! Dere are dose poys—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The 5th Chapter.  
Very Wet.

"No rest for the wicked!" sighed Jimmy Silver, as the Fistical Four ran.

They were laughing almost too much to run. The Co. understood at last that deep and deadly scheme of their astute leader, and they could have hugged Jimmy Silver.

"Will you stop mit you?" roared Herr Kinkel.

The gasping juniors looked back. The German master came raging out of the farmhouse, brandishing his cane. His fat face was crimson. Never had Herr Kinkel looked so much like a wild and woolly Hun.

With the light and graceful motion of an elephant or a rhinoceros, Herr Kinkel came thundering on the track of the Fistical Four.

They did not stop.

Herr Kinkel did not look safe at close quarters. But they did not exert themselves to keep at a safe distance from the fat and unwieldy German. They slackened down to encourage him. They were willing to give him as long a run as he liked.

"Gum pack mit you!" roared Herr Kinkel. "I preaks efery pone in your poddy, isn't it."

"Not good enough," murmured Jimmy Silver. "Do you chaps want efery pone in your poddies proken?"

"Ha, ha! No."

"Ach, you young rasgals! Vill you gum pack mit you?" panted Herr Kinkel.

He laboured on after the elusive juniors.

The Fistical Four kept ahead. They

Herr Kinkel had been about to abandon the hopeless chase. But as the juniors slackened down, his hopes were renewed. He fancied they were that level of the water went down when Herr Kinkel's mouth was filled. But that was an exaggeration. Herr Kinkel swallowed enough, however, to cause him to emit wild gasps and gurgles. He scrambled up, streaming with water, uttering spattering noises and fiery German words, for which a dictionary would have been searched in vain.

"Oh, my hat!" moaned Lovell. "What a day for Kinkell! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Gurrrrrrr! Mein Gott! Gurrrrrrrrr!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yurrrrr! Gurrrrrrrrr!"

"Oh, come on!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "I shall have a fit if I stay here and look at him. I've got a pain in my ribs already."

Herr Kinkel was scrambling out of the brook on the near side, still uttering wild and whirling words. The Fistical Four trotted on. They felt that they were done with Herr Kinkel, but they were not. But they were mistaken! Herr Kinkel was a stickler.

"Oh, give him a chance!"

Silver bent over the plank, and pulled it towards him. He pulled it, till the other end rested only by a fraction on the stone. His chums gasped with admiration as they watched him. As soon as a foot was set on the plank now, it would slide infallibly from the stone—with disastrous results to the person standing on it.

"My only hat!"

Jimmy Silver uttered that ejaculation in surprise, as he looked back when the four had crossed a field. From the wood behind them a dripping figure had emerged still running. He was soaked with water. He squelched out water and mud at every step. But, like Charley's celebrated aunt, he was still running. Instead of heading for Rookwood to get a change of clothes, which he needed badly, he was heading for the Fistical Four.

"Blessed if he isn't sticking it out!" exclaimed Lovell admiringly. "Never thought he had so much grit. These Germans are obstinate beggars."

The Fistical Four quickened their pace. They had dropped into a saunter. But it was evidently not safe to saunter.

They were heading for Coombe, to quench their thirst with ginger-pop at Mrs. Wick's little shop in the village. They broke into a trot, and after them came the infuriated German-master, squelching.

"Must be off his dot," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "If I were in that state, I should head for home and a rub down. But let him rip."

Herr Kinkel brandished his cane in the air as he saw the juniors looking back.

"Stop mit you!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"This way," said Jimmy Silver.

He cut across the field towards a haystack, and his chums followed. On one side part of the hay had recently been removed, and it was easy to climb the rick.

"I say, he'll corner us here," said Lovell, in alarm.

"Let him corner us," said Jimmy Silver, cheerily. "Follow your uncle."

Jimmy Silver clambered up, and his chums followed him. They sat on the top of the rick, and looked back at the German. Herr Kinkel's wet and crimson face lighted up with ferocious satisfaction as he saw them halted at last. He came gasping up to the hayrick, and shook his stick at the four juniors.

"Gum down!" he bellowed.

Jimmy Silver raised his cap politely.

"Good-afternoon, Herr Kinkel!"

"Gum down!"

"You look wet, sir," said Jimmy Silver, with friendly solicitude. "I hope you have not been falling into any water."

"Mein Gott! I preaks efery pone in your poys!"

"Nice afternoon, sir!"

"Will you gum down mit you?"

"Isn't it jolly lucky that the Prussians can't get over here, sir?"

"Yes, yes," said Jimmy Silver amiably. "They'd muck all this up the same as they have in Belgium. Isn't it jolly lucky that our chaps are stopping them. Don't you think so, sir?"

"Vicked poy! I preaks efery pone when I vunce gets hold of you. I gums up and fetches you, in't it?"

And the fat German essayed to climb the rick. It was not so easy for him as for the active juniors. He had more weight to carry, and he was not much of a climber. But he slowly degressed he came up, panting and perspiring.

"Time we slid," murmured Jimmy Silver.

The 6th Chapter.  
Run Down.

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"Ha, ha, ha!" came a wild yell from outside. Herr Kinkel spun round, and blinked at the window. Four grinning faces were framed in it. "Ach!" gasped the German master. "Dere are dose poys!"

Herr Kinkel made a wild rush for the door, gripping his cane. Pankley caught him with a tart on the ear as he rushed out. But Herr Kinkel did not even heed. He did not say a word to apologize for his mistake, which the damage done was the knowledge that flashed into their minds that the astute Jimmy Silver had planted this already on the run.

In the farmhouse parlour Pankley and Poole groaned in chorus. They were feeling hurt. But worse than the damage done was the knowledge that flashed into their minds that the astute Jimmy Silver had planted this already on the run.

"Oh, that deep beast!" groaned Pankley. "Oh, Ow! He knew that blind old owl was after him, and knew the silly old cuckoo wouldn't stop to talk! The awful rotter! Ow! this on us! The awful rotter! Ow! I hope that Prussian pig catches him — how he skins him alive! — yow! — and Wow!"

plunged cheerfully across a ploughed field, and the fat German laboured after them, breathing like a grampus, and streaming with perspiration.

"I say," murmured Roby, "we shall get into a row with Booties, you know — chaps are supposed to stop when they're told—"

"We're afraid," said Jimmy Silver.

"Eh?"

"After what happened at the farmhouse, we are in a state of terror, and dare not come near Herr Kinkel."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "You will do for Booties."

"We fear that he is intoxicated, or has gone mad—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver looked back. Herr Kinkel was slacking down. He was not in much condition for a stern chase.

"Encourage does it," said Jimmy Silver. "You say a bit. Don't shake him off. This way, my infants, and easy does it."

"Come on!" said Jimmy. They did not run now. They took cover in the trees, and watched. Through the trees on the other side of the brook, Herr Kinkel came in sight at last, puffing and panting. He did not pause at the plank. He had crossed that plank before, and he had no doubts about it. He came on the plank at a run.

The juniors held their breath. Splash!

"Ach, Gott!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

The heavy foot of the German clumping on the plank drove it from the stone, and it slipped into the water. Herr Kinkel made a wild bound as the plank slid under his feet. He came down into the water in a sitting posture. The water was shallow; it rose only to Herr Kinkel's neck as he sat in it. But it was very wet.

The Fistical Four hugged themselves with glee.

Wild and weird sounds came from

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Special for Next Monday! The first grand long opening instalment of our thrilling new adventure serial entitled "Mystery Island." Tell your chums about this coming treat!





# A STERN CHASE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

He sid across the rick, and held on by his hands, and dropped lightly into the field on the other side. It was rather a long drop, but he alighted safely, and his chums followed him one after another.

They sauntered cheerfully away from the rick. At a distance of about fifty yards they looked back. On top of the hayrick, outlined against the blue sky, was a fat and furious figure, brandishing a stick.

"Poor old Kinkel—always getting left in the lurch!" sighed Jimmy Silver. "These Germans ain't up to our form, you know. They're too slow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Herr Kinkel, in overpowering wrath and disappointment, brandished his stick madly on top of the haystack.

Jimmy Silver & Co. broke into a trot. They were fed up with Herr Kinkel, and they wanted some ginger-bread. They disappeared from the field at a pace that gave the German master no chance, if he took up the chase again.

The first halt was in the tuckshop in Coombe. There they called for ginger-pop, and quenched their thirst, and cheerfully drank confusion to Herr Kinkel, and the Kaiser, and all sorts and conditions of Huns. But they kept one eye on the street.

It was about half an hour later that Herr Kinkel heard in sight. He was proceeding at a walk now. He hadn't a run left in him.

Jimmy Silver threw a shilling on the counter.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Wicks! If a fat German inquires after us, give him our love!"

The Fistical Four trotted out of the tuckshop. Herr Kinkel gave a bellow of wrath at the sight of them, and broke into a feeble run. The Classical Four dodged him round the railway station, and trotted away into the lane towards Rookwood. It was time to get within gates.

Jimmy Silver looked back in the lane.

Herr Kinkel came lumbering out of the village. After him came about a dozen village urchins, yelling. The herd had forgotten his plight when he ventured into the village, but the sight of a fat German, hatless, squelching with water, and daubed with mud, with wet hair plastered round his bald crown, had naturally excited the village youths to risibility.

"Here's another guy!" booted the urchins of Coombe, as they followed on the track of the excited German.

Herr Kinkel turned furiously, and shook his stick at them.

"Yah! Look at 'im! Laff at 'im!"

"Here's a guy!"

"Haw, haw, haw!"

The enraged German charged back at the crowd of young rascals, laying about him with his stick. They scattered, yelling, but they did not go far. They gathered at a safe distance, and a shower of stones rattled upon Herr Kinkel.

Breathing wrath and vengeance, the German beat a retreat, and then the hoating crowd followed on his track again. They accompanied him all the way to Rookwood, with yells and jeers, and occasional volleys of stones and turf.

"Oh, what a day out for Kinkel!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Let's get out of this! I'm not going home along with that disreputable old ruffian and his gang of hooligans!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fistical Four put on speed and vanished. But Herr Kinkel couldn't put on speed; he had no speed left.

He lumbered, gasping, along the lane, to an accompaniment of hoots and yells, with pebbles clinking on him, snorting with fury.

Not till they reached the gates of Rookwood did the cheery urchins leave him, and then they gave him a final yell before they departed. Old Mack, the porter, came out in a state of great astonishment, and he almost fell down at the sight of Herr Kinkel.

"My heve!" said old Mack. "Wharrer marrer with you, sir? 'Ad a haccident—a bad haccident?"

"Dose poys!" hissed Herr Kinkel wildly. "The porter backed away. Herr Kinkel's look was wild, and his eyes were gleaming. Old Mack did not like his looks.

"Yes, yes, sir; it's all right," he said soothingly. "They will do it, young man, when a gentleman 'as 'ad a drop too much. Better go in quietly, sir, afore the 'Ead sees you!"

Herr Kinkel raved. It was too much, after all his sufferings, to be supposed to be intoxicated by this idiotic porter.

"Dummkopf!" he roared. "Fool of a man! I have nothing trinkin!"

"For goodness' sake, sir, be calm!" urged old Mack, in alarm. "You'll 'ave a crow round, and the 'Ead—Oh, my eye!"

Old Mack dodged into his lodge, and slammed the door and locked it. Herr Kinkel looked distinctly dangerous.

Herr Kinkel shook a fat and muddy fist at the locked door, and stamped on towards the School House, with curious eyes turning on him from all sides.

Outside the School House, the Fistical Four were chatting cheerfully with Hooker and Jones member of the Fourth. The German master gave a furious grunt as he caught sight of them, and rushed at them.

The junior turned in alarm. Hooker and Jones simply bobbed. Herr Kinkel looked like a dangerous lunatic at that moment.

The Fistical Four rushed into the house. Herr Kinkel stamped in after them.

"Stop mit you! Now I bunnish you!" he roared.

"Whither, O King?" murmured Raby. "The study?"

"No, Herr Bootles' study," whispered Jimmy Silver.

"Bootles!" gasped his chums. "Yes, we've got to go through it." "Yes, we've got to go through it," murmured Jimmy. "And if Bootles sees the old Hun in that state, he won't be surprised that we ran away from him, and led him a giddy dance." "Ha, ha, ha!"

The Co. rejoiced in the sagacity of their chief. They made a run for their Form-master's study. Herr Kinkel was close behind now, brandishing his stick. Without even stopping to knock, Jimmy Silver hurried open the door of Mr. Bootles' study, and the Classical Four rushed in.

Mr. Bootles leaped up from his table in startled amazement. "What—what—what—" he exclaimed.

"Save us, sir!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver dramatically.

"What—what!"

"Save us!" yelled the Fistical Four, in chorus.

"And they dodged behind Mr. Bootles as the pursuer, who had run there to earth at last, came thundering in at the study doorway.

The 7th Chapter. Mr. Bootles Protects the Innocent. Mr. Bootles stared at Herr Kinkel, his eyes almost starting through his spectacles.

Never had so fearsome an object burst into Mr. Bootles' study.

With wet and tangled hair and muddy beard, smothered with mud and dust, crimson with rage, panting for breath, dripping with water from head to foot, Herr Kinkel presented an extraordinary appearance.

"What—what?" said Mr. Bootles feebly. "Here are dry?"

"Herr Kinkel! Is—is that you, Herr Kinkel?"

"Ach! Ja, ja! Dose poys—I bunnish dem, ja!"

"Save us, sir!" shrieked Jimmy Silver, with a terrified accent, which showed that he was a born actor, as the German master strode forward.

"He's mad, sir! Save our lives!"

"Help!" shrieked Lovell. "Spore our lives!" screamed Raby. "Silence!" wailed Nowcome.

"Silence!" cried Mr. Bootles. "Stand back, Herr Kinkel! Do you hear me, sir? Do you venture to use violence towards these boys in my study, Herr Kinkel?" thundered Mr. Bootles.

"Ach! I tink—"

"Stand back! Boys, there is nothing to fear. Calm yourselves. I will protect you. Pray calm yourselves!"

"He's dangerous, sir!" sobbed Jimmy Silver. "He's been chasing us all the afternoon, and we barely escaped with our lives!"

"Nonsense—nonsense, Silver! You are mistaken, I am sure!"

"He attacked some of the Bagshot boys violently, sir, and we heard them shrieking for help," moaned Jimmy Silver. "Keep him off, sir! Oh, keep him off! I know he means murder!"

"Herr Kinkel, stand back, or I will call for help!" shouted Mr. Bootles, confronting the German master with flashing eyes. "How dare you! I repeat, sir, how dare you? Have you taken leave of your senses?"

Herr Kinkel backed away, in spite of himself. He was in a towering rage, and he had sense enough left not to attack the Form-master. He was greatly inclined to hurl Mr. Bootles aside, but a remnant of common-sense withheld him.

"Now, tell me what this means, Herr Kinkel," said Mr. Bootles, who

was very angry himself. "What do you mean by chasing these boys into my study, and frightening them in this manner?"

"Ach! I follow dem all der afternoon—"

"Then Silver's statement is correct. The Head shall judge of this matter!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "I am shocked—astonished!"

"I repeat, have you taken leave of your senses, Herr Kinkel? Or have you been drinking—yes, sir, drinking?"

"Mein Gott!"

"Look at those boys," said Mr. Bootles. "They are trembling!"

The Fistical Four began to tremble violently. Whether they trembled with terror or with suppressed merriment we cannot undertake to say, but certainly they trembled. "How dare you, Herr Kinkel, throw these boys into such a state of terror?"

"Ach! I tells you, Mr. Bootles. Dey peak sheeky young rascals. Dey preak detention, and I goes after dem!"

"We didn't break detention, sir!" wailed Jimmy Silver. "We didn't go till Bulkeley came and told us, sir!"

"Ach—" "You appear to have made a mistake in the first place, Herr Kinkel," said Mr. Bootles severely. "These boys had permission to leave their Form-room when they had written a hundred lines each. Have you written your lines, my boys?"

"But—but—but—" gasped Herr Kinkel. "It was till six o'clock. Mit mein own ears I shall hear you tell dem—"

"That was rescinded, and I requested a prefect to tell them so. But if you repeat under the impression, Herr Kinkel, that these boys had broken detention, you could have mentioned the matter to me, and if they had been guilty I should have punished them. You had no right to take the matter into your own hands. You are a master on the Modern side at this school, sir, and have no authority whatever over Classical pupils. How dare you undertake to punish boys in my Form—to inflict corporal punishment with your own hands?"

"Indignantly!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles.

"Ach! I tink tat dey peak pounds, and I goes after dem to fetch dem back," said Herr Kinkel. "Den dey plays a trick on me. I finds ozzor poys in a room zat is all in shadow—I whacks dem in mistake!"

"A very reckless and foolish mistake," said Mr. Bootles. "Their headmaster will probably make a complaint to Dr. Chisholm on the subject. I should certainly do so in his place."

"Vy dey not stop venn I call to dem, hein?" roared Herr Kinkel. "I tink tat I am a master, and tat poys shall obey me!"

"How could we stop when he was chasing us with a big stick, sir?" sobbed Jimmy Silver, still trembling.

"We saw him assault the Bagshot boys, sir—and they hadn't done anything. They were sitting quietly having their tea when he rushed in and attacked them. After that we—"

"I see tat dose poys are rasgally young peasts—" roared Herr Kinkel.

"Moderate your language, sir, in this room, if you please!" rapped out Mr. Bootles. "I am not accustomed to listening to Prussian bullying, as you will find. In the first place, you made a ridiculous error, for these boys certainly did not break detention; they had my permission to go. In the

second place, you have no right to fall into my study, and frighten them in this manner. You are not in your right senses, and you will realise how silly you are, if you repeat under the impression, Herr Kinkel, that these boys had broken detention, you could have mentioned the matter to me, and if they had been guilty I should have punished them. You had no right to take the matter into your own hands. You are a master on the Modern side at this school, sir, and have no authority whatever over Classical pupils. How dare you undertake to punish boys in my Form—to inflict corporal punishment with your own hands?"

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