

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George  
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust  
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy  
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius  
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates  
Brentano Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow  
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil  
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus  
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus Moltke  
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo  
Nestroy Marie de France Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht  
Nietzsche Nansen Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz  
Marx vom Stein Lawrence Irving  
von Ossietzky May Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka  
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Liebermann Korolenko  
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# **Two Daring Young Patriots or, Outwitting the Huns**

W. P. Shervill

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**LIKE A WHIRLWIND THEY FLUNG THEMSELVES UPON  
THE HATED FOE**



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## **Illustrations**

Like a whirlwind they flung themselves upon the hated foe

Both lads began to hurl the great stones upon the German soldiery

A cloth was clapped over the soldier's nose and mouth

"It's all right; we're friends"

The two watchers gave a loud full-throated British cheer



## TWO DARING YOUNG PATRIOTS

### Or, Outwitting the Huns

#### CHAPTER I

##### Trouble in the Crew

"Here come Benson's!"

The speaker leaned over the edge of the tow-path and watched an eight-oared boat swing swiftly round a bend in the river a hundred yards away and come racing up to the landing-stage.

"Eee—sy all—I!" came in a sing-song from the coxswain, perched, for better sight, half upon the rear canvas, and eight oars instantly feathered the water as their boat slanted swiftly in towards the shore.

"Hold her, Seven."

With almost provoking sloth, after the smartly executed movements already described, Number Seven dug his oar deeply into the water, making up somewhat for his tardiness by the fierceness of the movement. The nose of the boat turned outwards almost with a jerk, and the craft slid in close to and parallel with the landing-stage.

"Seven's got the sulks again, Jones," commented the watcher on shore, a middle schoolboy named Walters, as he eyed the proceedings critically. "His time's bad. It's just as well they get to work tomorrow."

"Yes," assented his companion. "But, you know, it beats me why they didn't put Montgomery at stroke instead of seven. He's a far better oar than Durend—the best in the school—and it would have upset nobody."

"His style may be better," admitted Walters a little reluctantly, "but he hasn't got that tremendous shove off the stretcher that makes the other so useful a man to follow. Besides, he has too much temper to be able to nurse and humour the lame ducks and bring them on as Durend has done."

"Maybe—his temper certainly doesn't look sweet at the moment," replied Jones, gazing with a grim sort of amusement at Montgomery as the latter released his oar from the rowlock and stepped out of the boat, his handsome clean-cut face sadly marred by an undeniably ugly scowl.

"Durend's work isn't showy, but I hear that Benson thinks a lot of it," Walters went on. "It's a pity Monty takes it so badly, for the crew has come along immensely and with ordinary luck ought to make a cert of it."

"Riggers!" the stroke of the crew sang out, and the crew leaned out from the landing-stage and grasped the boat. "Lift!" and the boat was lifted clear of the water and up the slope to the boat-house hard by.

From bow to stern the faces of the crew were smiling and cheerful, albeit streaming with perspiration, as they passed through the admiring knot of their school-fellows assembled to watch them in. All, that is, save Seven, aforesaid, and Stroke, who looked downcast, and whose lips were set firmly as though he found his task no very pleasant one, but had nevertheless made up his mind to see it through.

In the dressing-room Montgomery vented his ill-humour somewhat pettishly, flinging his scarf and sweater anyhow into his locker and his dirty rowing boots violently after them. "I don't care a fig whether we win or lose," he growled. "I'm sick of being hectored by a coach who never was an oar, and a stroke who knows about as much about rowing as my grandmother."

"Shut up, Monty!" replied another member of the crew good-naturedly. "Another week and it will be all over, and we shall be at the Head of the River for the first time—what?"

The thought of Benson's first victory in its history seemed, if anything, to incense Montgomery still more, for he glared angrily at Durend's set face and went on: "It's always *my* time or *my* swing that's wrong, too, when everyone used to say that I was the best oar in the school. Bah! it's to cover up his own faults that he's always blaming me. For two pins I'd resign, Durend; and I will, too, if you're not a deal more careful."

"You needn't," replied Durend shortly, but with a significance that was not lost upon those present.

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Montgomery.

"You're no longer in the crew."

"What! *You* turn me out? I'll take that from Benson, and from no one else, my boy!"

"Mr. Benson has left it to me, and I say you're no longer in the crew," replied Durend coldly, and with no hint of triumph in his voice. He knew, in fact, that his action was probably the death-knell of all the hopes of his crew.

Montgomery's face blazed with passion, and he sprang violently upon Durend and struck fiercely at him. The two boys nearest grasped him and dragged him back, though not before he had left his mark in an angry-looking blotch upon the left cheek of his former chief. Through it all Durend said no word. He merely defended himself, looking, indeed, as though only half his mind were present, his interest in the matter being far out-weighed by concern for the threatened destruction of his beloved crew, the object of his deepest thoughts and hopes for a period of six crowded weeks.

The incident closed, for, Montgomery's first anger over, he saw the foolishness of making so much of losing a seat he had all along affected to despise. The crew dispersed, and soon the affair was the talk of the whole school. Benson's—the favourites—crippled by the loss of their Seven on the very eve of the race! Stroke and Seven at blows! Stroke licked, and no doubt spoiled for the race! The news, soon distorted out of all recognition, provided Hawkesley with matter for gossip such as it had not enjoyed for many a long day.

## CHAPTER II

### The Races

"Well, Stroke?" asked the Benson's cox, as the two slowly made their way from the boat-house towards the school. "What's to do now? I'm afraid we're done for. Mind," he went on in another tone, "I'm not blaming you. Any other fellow with a spark of spirit in him would have jibbed. But have you counted the cost?"

"Yes, Dale, I've counted the cost, and know what I'm going to do."

"So?"

"Three must come down to Seven and Franklin must come into the boat at Three. If only we had a week of practice before us I should not fear for the result, but to-morrow — —"

Stroke's voice died away as he dug his hands deeply into his trousers pockets and walked moodily on. Suddenly he turned to his companion: "After all," he said, "we may stand a chance. If not on the first day or two of the races, then on the last. Rout out Franklin for me, Dale, and tell him what's afoot, and that we row at seven this evening with him at Three. Then tell the others. There'll be no hard work, only a paddle to help Franklin find the swing. One thing—he's fit enough."

"Yes, and I must say we have you to thank for that, old boy. Those runs before breakfast that used to make Monty so savage have done us a good turn by keeping Franklin fit, not to mention the occasional tubbing we have given him."

"Aye, he's not bad; and if the rest of the crew buck up well we may yet do things. Now good-bye, Dale, until seven o'clock! See that every man is ready stripped sharp to time for me, for I must now see Benson, and tell him all my plans."

The further news that Benson's were going out again with their spare man at Three, coming upon the sensational story of the quarrel between Stroke and Seven, spread like wildfire through the school. Every boy who was at all interested in the Eights—and who was not?—made a note of the matter, and promised himself that he would be there and see the fun for himself.

When seven o'clock arrived, therefore, the tow-path in front of Benson's boat-house was thronged with boys; some there in a spirit of foreboding, to see how their own crew shaped after its heavy misfortune, some to rejoice at the evidence they expected to see of the impending discomfiture of a redoubtable foe, some to jeer generally, and others—a few, but the more noisy—in out-and-out hostility to the crew which had turned out from among its number their favourite, Montgomery. So great was the crowd that the crew had almost to push its way through the press, at close quarters with a medley of cheers and groans that did not do the nerves of some of them much good.

The outing was a short one. Mr. Benson, who had coached the crew himself so far as his time permitted, did not put in an appearance, and Durend had the field to himself. All he did was to set an easy stroke, and to leave Dale, as cox, to keep a sharp watch upon the time and swing of Three and Seven. The change naturally upset the rhythm of the crew a little, but not so much as was generally expected. In fact, on the return to the boat-house, cheers predominated, as though others besides themselves had been agreeably surprised.

The Eights week at Hawkesley always stood out prominently from the rest of the year as a kind of landmark. It marked the highest point of the constant struggle between the several Houses into which the school was divided, and all energies were therefore concentrated upon it for weeks in advance. As may have been surmised, the Eights races were not direct contests, with heats, semi-finals, and finals, but bumping races, for the little River Suir would hardly permit of anything else. For a short stretch or two, perhaps, a couple of boats might have raced abreast, but it would not have been possible to have found a reasonably full course for a race to be decided in that way. Consequently the boats were anchored to the shore four boat-lengths behind one another, and by the rules of the game they were required to give chase to one another, and to touch or bump the boat in front to score a win.

A win meant that the victors and vanquished changed places, and the whole essence of the contest was that the stronger crews gradually fought their way forward into the van of the line of boats. There

were six Houses to the school, and the same number of crews competed, for the honour of their respective Houses. Six days were allotted to the task, and it was no wonder that the crews had to see to it that they were in first-rate condition, for racing for six days out of seven was bound to try them hard.

The legacy left the Benson crew by their comrades of the year before was the position No. 3 in the line. The position the year before that had been No. 5, so it was not surprising that the Bensonites had great hopes that this year would see them higher still. Cradock's was just in front of them, with Colson's at the Head. Both were strong crews, and so was Johnson's, just behind—too strong, indeed, for Durend to feel very comfortable with an unknown quantity at his back.

The race was timed to start at eleven, and a minute or two before the hour all the crews had taken up their position, stripped and made ready. The crews were too far apart for signals by word of mouth or by pistol to be effective, so a gun was fired from the bank—one discharge "Get ready!" two "Off!" and three—after a lapse of ten minutes—as the "Finish".

"Boom!" went the first gun, and men ceased trying their stretchers or signalling to their friends on shore. A few words of caution from the stroke, and then all was still in tense expectation. The mooring-ropes were slipped, and the boats left free to move slowly forward with the stream.

"Boom!" Simultaneously forty-eight oars dipped and churned the water into foam. Like hounds suddenly unleashed, the six boats leapt forward and began their desperate chase upon the waters of the Suir.

The strongest point of Benson's crew had been its lightning start, and Durend had always counted upon this giving him at least half a length's advantage at the outset. Striking the water at his usual rate, he hoped—almost against hope—that this advantage still remained to him. Less than half a dozen strokes, however, were sufficient to convince him that the hope was a vain one. The perfect swing of the boat was marred by a jar that became more pronounced with every stroke. He knew well enough what it was: it was the new half-

trained man, Franklin, vainly trying to keep up the pace of a trained crew.

It was a bitter disappointment, but Durend was not one to let such feelings cloud his judgment, and without a moment's hesitation he let his racing start fall away into a long, steady swing. Victory—for the moment, at any rate—must be left to others, while his crew were brought back once more to the swing and rhythm they had lost.

For some time Durend kept his stroke long and steady, and the boat travelled evenly and well, though at no great pace. By that time Cradock's, in front, were almost lost to sight, but Johnson's, behind, were very much within view, and coming up fast. The situation seemed so critical that Dale at last could contain himself no longer. For some minutes he had been nervously glancing back at the nose of the boat creeping up behind, and wondering when he must forsake his straight course for the forlorn hope of an attempt to elude the bump by a pull at the rudder line.

"Durend, they'll have us, if you don't draw away a little."

Durend nodded. He had not been unmindful of the boat creeping up behind, but he had a problem, and no easy one, to settle. Should he press his crew to the utmost, or should he hold his hand for another time? It was a terribly difficult thing to decide for the best, with Johnson's creeping up and every fibre in him revolting against surrender and calling out for a desperate spurt right up to the end.

Suddenly Durend quickened up. His men were waiting and longing for a spurt and caught it up at once. But again the swing was marred by Franklin's inability to support the terrific pace. After the first stroke or two the boat began to roll heavily, the form and time became ragged, and there was much splashing.

One glance at Dale's agonized face and Durend again allowed his stroke to drop back into its former steady swing, and doggedly, with sternly-set face, plugged away as before, refusing to look again at the crew drawing inexorably up behind. Twice the boats overlapped, but both times Dale managed, by skilful steering, to avoid a bump. The third time no trick of steering could avoid the issue, and

the nose of the Johnson boat grated triumphantly along the side of Benson's.

At the touch, both crews ceased rowing. The race for them was ended for that day at least, and they could watch and see how the other crews had fared. But the other races were also over, for the third and last "Boom" rang out within a few seconds of the termination of their own.

Defeat is always hard to bear, and the Benson crew were no exception to the rule. It was obvious to every one of them that they had not been allowed to have their full fling, and angry and discontented thoughts surged into the brains of the disappointed men as they leaned over their oars and tried not to hear the jubilant chatter of those insufferable Johnsonites. Why had Stroke set so wretchedly slow a stroke that defeat was certain? The members of the beaten crew were, for the most part, fresher far than the winning crew. Why had not Stroke given them the opportunity of rowing themselves right out instead of tamely surrendering thus?

No answers to these discontented queries were forthcoming. Durend could have spoken, but would not. Dale might have spoken; for though he knew not the plans of his chief, his position at the rudder enabled him to conjecture a great deal. But he, too, was dumb. So it was that the Benson crew could answer the questions of their distressed friends only by referring them with disparaging shrugs of the shoulders to their worthy Stroke.

Durend had never been a popular boy. He was respected for his steady persistence and his capacity for unlimited hard work, but popular he could not be said to be, even with his crew. He held himself rather aloof, and never really took them into his confidence. He seemed to think that if he did his best as Stroke, both in rowing and in generalship, he had done all that was necessary. His plans, his hopes, and his fears he kept strictly to himself. Why worry his men about them? he reasoned, and in the main, no doubt, he was right, though he carried it much too far. As a consequence the crew, with the possible exception of Dale, were left to conjecture his reasons for all that he did, and in most cases to put a wrong construction upon them.

But, though they growled, they were too sportsmanlike and too loyal to their House to do more, and 11 a.m. next day saw them at their places every bit as eager as before. This time, without a doubt, they told one another, Durend would set them a faster stroke and give them a chance to show the stuff they were made of.

Unhappily they were doomed to fresh disappointment. Twice, indeed, Durend quickened up his stroke, but almost immediately he felt the time and swing of the crew again becoming ragged. In his judgment it was useless to persist in hope of an improvement; so, with the decisiveness that was one of his chief characteristics, he promptly dropped his stroke back into his old rate of striking. His men fretted and fumed behind him, and one or two even went so far as to shout aloud for a spurt. A sharp reprimand was all they got for their trouble, and in high dudgeon they relapsed again into a savage silence. Fortunately, though they saw nothing of the crew ahead, they managed to keep a length of clear water between them and the weak Crawford crew travelling in their wake.

No cheers heralded their return. The doings of Benson's attracted little attention now, for all interest had centred upon the desperate struggles between the three leading boats, Cradock's, Colson's, and Johnson's—for the first two had now changed places. It is almost as hard to be ignored as to be scoffed at, and it was a very sore crew indeed that put their craft upon its rack that day and filed upstairs to the dressing-room of Benson's boat-house.

Self-contained and preoccupied though he was, Durend could not help noticing that his conduct of the races was being severely and adversely commented upon. But he only shrugged his shoulders, hurried on his clothes, and left the building perhaps a little more quickly than usual. Some strokes would have given explanations to their crews, but it never occurred to Durend to do so. Dale followed him from the room.

"See here, Max," he said, as he overtook him, "I think you should know that our fellows are tremendously sick at the poor show we are making. They feel that your stroking of the crew is not giving them a fair chance."

Durend stopped abruptly. "So long as I am stroke, Dale, I shall set the stroke I think proper. I am doing what I think is best for the crew, and shall follow it out until the last race is over—lost or won."

"I know, I know, old man," replied Dale hastily. "But what is your game really? You must know you can't win races with a funereal stroke like that, so what's the good of trying it?"

Durend opened his lips as though about to make an angry reply. Apparently he thought better of it, for he closed them again, and for some minutes walked on in silence. When he spoke it was in the quiet measured tones of one who has thought out his subject and has no doubts in his own mind of the wisdom of his conclusions.

"After six weeks' hard work, Dale, we've managed to get the crew into pretty good form—everybody says so. Is it all to be lightly thrown away? Can we really expect Franklin to keep up the pace of the rest of us without rushing his slide, bucketing, or something of the sort? Can we now?"

Dale, but half convinced, returned to the charge. "Well, I don't know. Something's got to be done. I heard three of the fellows just now whispering something about asking Benson to put Montgomery back in the boat."

"Where?"

Dale hesitated.

"I see. At stroke. Well, I may be prejudiced, but I don't think it would answer, old man. Anyhow, we'll leave all that to Benson, and those three fellows too. Come, Dale, I'm sick of thinking about this, so let's try and talk about something a little more cheerful."

Dale was a light-hearted, cheery fellow enough, and found no difficulty in turning the talk into other and more pleasant topics. The two, though so opposite in point of character and physique, were very good friends. Dale was a slim, lightly-built young fellow of eighteen, with a fair complexion and an open boyish face. He was a general favourite, and, though not athletically inclined, was always ready to assist in acting cox or kindred work. Max Durend was dark-complexioned, somewhat reserved, and of a more thoughtful disposition. He also was eighteen years of age, was of medium