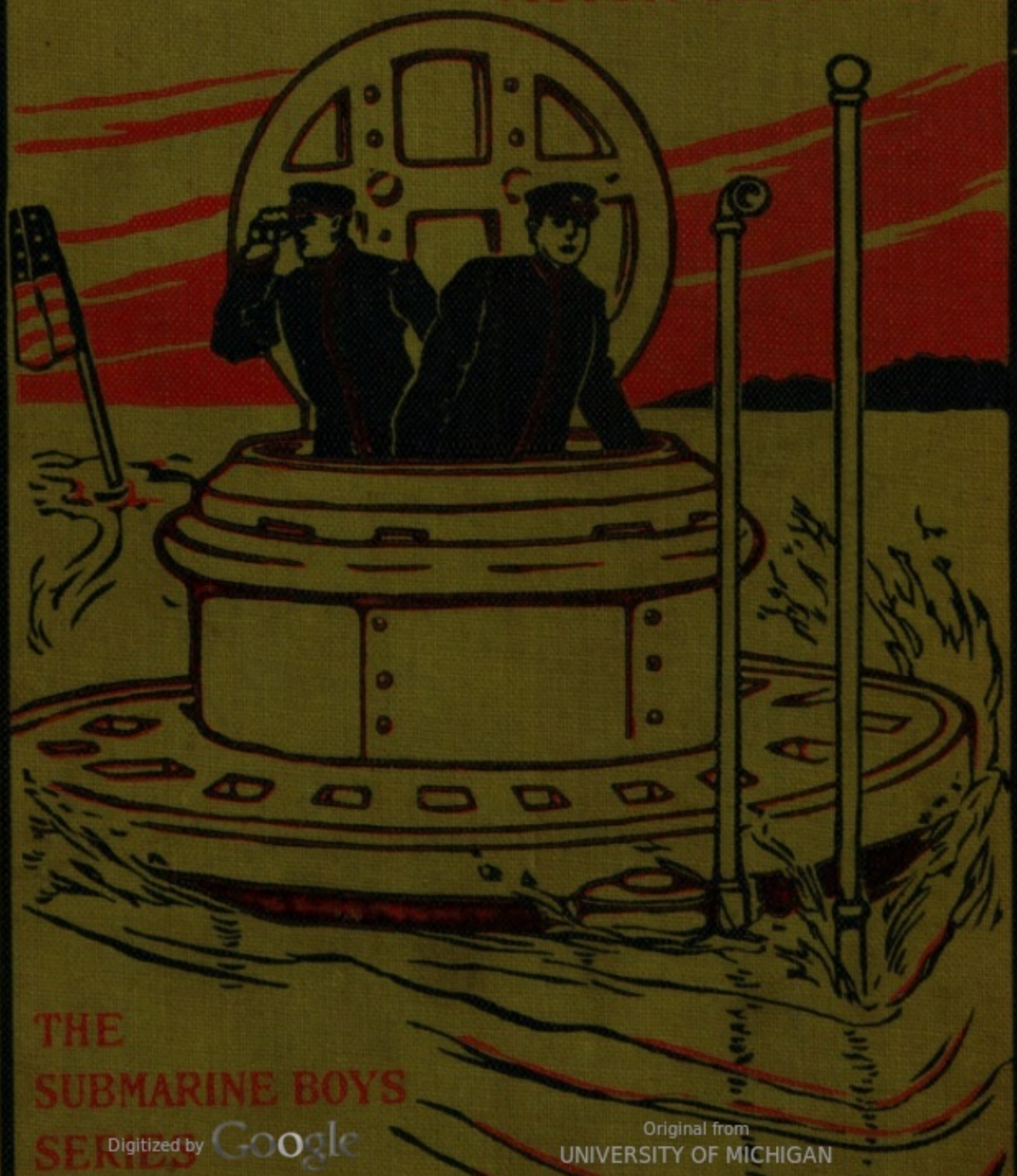
The SUBMARINE·BOYS FOR·THE·FLAG

VICTOR G. DURHAM



THE SUBMARINE BOYS SERIES

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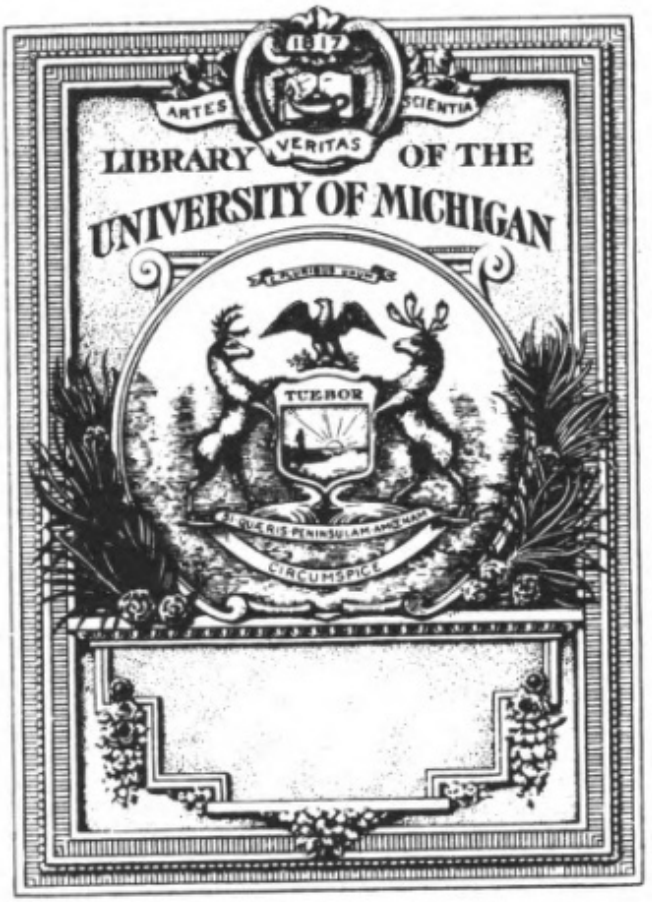

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"We Are Going to Take You Into the German Navy!"

Frontispiece.

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The Submarine Boys for the Flag

OR

Deeding Their Lives to Uncle Sam

By

VICTOR G. DURHAM

Author of The Submarine Boys on Duty, The Submarine Boys' Trial Trip, The Submarine Boys and the Middies, The Submarine Boys and the Spies, The Submarine Boys' Lightning Cruise, Etc., Etc.

Illustrated

PHILADELPHIA

HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

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The Submarine Boys for the Flag

CHAPTER I

"DO YOU SPEAK GERMAN?"

"HEY, there, Mister!" called out Jabez Holt, from one of the two office windows in the little hotel at Dunhaven.

As there was only one other man in the office, that other man guessed that he might be the one addressed.

With a slight German accent the stranger, who was well-dressed, and looked like a prosperous as well as an educated man, turned and demanded:

"You are calling me?"

"I reckon," nodded Jabez.

"Then my name is Herr Professor——"

"Hair professor?" repeated Jabez Holt, a bit of astonishment showing in his wrinkled old face. "Hair professor? Barber, eh? Why, I thought you was a traveler. But hurry up over here—do you hear me?"

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"My good man," began the German, stiffly, drawing himself up to his full six-foot-one, "it is not often I am affronted by being addressed so——"

"There! He'll be outer sight in another minnit, while you are arguin' about your dignity!" muttered Holt. "And that's the feller you said you wanted to see—Jack Benson."

"Benson?" cried the German, forgetting his outraged dignity and springing forward. "Benson?"

"That's him—almost up to the corner," nodded Landlord Jabez Holt.

"Run out and bring him back with you," directed Herr Professor Radberg. "Be quick!"

"Waal, I guess you're spryer'n I be," returned old Jabez, with a shrewd look at his guest. "Besides, it's you that wants the boy."

Running back and snatching up his hat, Professor Radberg made for the street without further argument.

Moving along hastily, the German soon came in sight of young Captain Jack Benson, of the Pollard Submarine Torpedo Boat Company.

"Ach, there! Herr Benson!" shouted the Professor.

Hearing the hail, Jack Benson turned, then halted.

"You are Herr Benson, are you not?" de-

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