# DERRICK BRENT, THE SCHOOLMASTER DETECTIVE, IS INSIDE

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ONE PENNY.

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MR. MANDERS' GUESTS GET A "GRATE" SURPRISE!

## MR. MANDERS' TEA-PARTY!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Mr. Manders is Very Kind.

Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth at Rookwood put a grinning face into Jimmy Silver's study on the Classical side.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at home. It was a fine, frosty afternoon, and it was much against their will that the

had no choice in the matter. There were lines to be done, and Jimmy and Lovell, Raby and Newcome were grinding at a great rate through their impositions, in order to get away to the football-ground.

Having not a moment to spare, they were naturally not at all pleased by an interruption, especially from a Modern fellow.

Four pens pointed at once to the Fistical Four were at home. But they | door as Tommy Dodd came in.

"Buzz!" said Jimmy laconically.

"Get!" said Lovell.

"Take your face away!" snapped Raby.

"And bury it!" added Newcome. Tomy Dodd did not seem at all perturbed by that inhospitable reception. Neither did he depart. He stood and regarded Jimmy Silver & Co. with a grinning face.

"Busy?" he asked, quite cheer-

"Of course we're busy!" growled Jimmy Silver. "All the fault of your blessed old Manders, bless him!"

"And we shall be late for the footer," grunted Lovell-" late enough without wasting time on a Modern worm! Buzz off!"

"But Manders hasn't given you lines?" said Tommy Dodd, puzzled.

"A Modern master can't give Classicals lines."

"Reported us to Bootles!" snapped Jimmy. "It was quite by accident my footer buzzed on him in the quad. I really didn't see him coming. But he was bound to march us in to Bootles and report us. And here we are-two hundred lines of Virgil each, and a footer match waiting!"

"Why don't you Modern chaps lynch Manders?" demanded Lovell. "We'd scrag him if we had him on this side! Unsympathetic beast! We actually told him we'd got a footer match on this afternoon, and it didn't make any difference. He was determined to get us detained."

"Awful rotter!" groaned Raby. "Better fill up the team with Modern chaps," suggested Tommy Dodd,

"Rats!"

"I'll captain the side, if you like!"

"More rats!" "The footer match is going to wait till we've done this impot," said Lovell. "We sha'n't be long, if you'll leave off jawing, Tommy Dodd! Have the Latcham fellows come

yet?" "Not yet," said Tommy cheerily. "Well, you can see 'em when they come, and ask 'em to wait a bit,' said Jimmy Silver. "Tell 'em we've got a detention task for hiffing a

footer at a Hun, and ask 'em nicely." "Can't be did!" said Tommy Dodd. "You'd better leave the match in my hands, as vice-captain, Jimmy. Honest Injun, you can't play. Look here!"

Tommy Dodd tossed an envelope on

the table. "What the dickens is that?" asked

Jimmy, in surprise. "It's from Manders."

"Manders!" ejaculated the Fistical Four in chorus. "Yes; he's just sent me over with

it," said the Modern junior. "I'm really sorry, you chaps, but you're booked, unless you choose to decline Manders' invitation."

"Invitation!" yelled Raby.
"Look at it!"

Jimmy Silver yanked the envelope open. Four cards fell out on the table. The Classical juniors stared

at them. They were invitations!

Mr. Manders, the senior master on the Modern side at Rookwood, was a very precise gentleman, as well as a very tart and sharp-tempered one.

It was supposed to be an honour and a pleasure to have tea with a master in his study, and fellows who were invited generally put on their cleanest collars and neatest ties, and went meekly.

As a matter of fact, tea with Mr. Manders, though it might be an honour, was scarcely a pleasure.

Mr. Manders' invitations were generally extended to fellows on the Modern side, naturally; and certainly Jimmy Silver & Co. had never expected to be asked to tea by him.

The Modern master disliked them cordially; and on this especial afternoon, too, he had demanded their punishment at the hands of Mr. Bootles, their Form-master, owing to a sad accident with a football in the

So it was with blank faces that Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at the

Other masters when they asked a fellow to tea would do it by word of mouth, or by a hasty note dashed off by a pencil, as a rule. But Mr. Manders was very precise. Perhaps, also, he was a little given to "side." He used engraved invitation cards for the purpose. Perhaps he desired to impress upon the minds of the recipients that the honour done them was very great indeed.

Mr. Manders' cards were quite wel! known at Rookwood. They ran:

(Continued on the next page.)



Published

company is requested to tea in Mr. Manders' study, ...... o'clock."

The blanks were filled in with pen and ink with the names of the fellows, and with the hour appointed.

In the present instance the hour read "Four o'clock," and the names of Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome were written in. They were not written in Mr. Manders' own hand. The Moderna master generally called in a fag to perform those little tasks for him.

Tommy Dodd grinned at the expression on the faces of the Fistical Four. They regarded one another blankly.

"My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Blow him!" "Cheek!"

"Asking us to tea, just after getting us detained!" yelled Raby. "What does the old donkey mean?"

"Awfully kind of him, isn't it?" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "Perhaps he means it to make up for the detention."

Jimmy Silver snorted.

"The mean Hun!" he growled. "I] know what he means. He's not satisfied with what Bootles gave us, and he's giving us this to make us

sit up." "having!" said Lovell. "Weak tea | would be sure to tell him." and bread-and-scrape, and a smell of | "It's up to us!" grunted Jimmy jam He's too jolly mean to stand | Silver. "It's the first time he's ever a cake. But I suppose he can't intend as red us, and we're not certain it's a Hork again. But wirk that cafter-Like'seni

"He does!" howled Jimmy Silver. He knows we can't refuse, and he knows we've got a footer match on!"

月程"O拼", on at We can't finish the match by nfour-we're detained, and can't begin early!" hooted the captain of the Fourth. "That's his game!"

Oh, draw it mild!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "Manders is rather a Hun but he wouldn't be undignified enough to play a trick like that on

"What has he asked us for, then?" howled Jimmy. "He's never asked | The Fistical Four grasped him on He never asks any Classicals, except that swanking ass | ing, was swept off his feet. Smythe of the Shell, and Mornington and Townsend, and that lot sometimes. He knew we'd got a footer match on-Lovell told him!"

Tommy Dodd whistled. "Itis a trick!" said Raby furiously. "Heknows we can't refuse a maste 's invitation, and that we're keen on the

footer."

The Fistical Four exchanged furious looks. Almost incredible as it seemed that a master should so forget his dignity as to trick juniors in this manner, they had no doubt.

Mr. Manders disliked them-they had had many rubs. But a Modern master had no authority over Classicals, and Jimmy Silver & Co. generally managed to give Mr. Manders a wide berth. The Modern master had been palpably discontented with the punishment Mr. Ramblers had arrived.

"The pleasure of Master ............'s | Bootles had inflicted on the four for the accident with the football.

> He was aware that they were playing a visiting team that afternoon, and that they were keen footballers. The Fistical Four hadn't the slightest doubt that he had sent those invitations for the especial purpose of "dishing" them.

"By gad, it does look like it!" said Tommy Dodd. "Of course, you can refuse the invitations if you like."

"Go and tell him we can't como, and he can go and eat coke!" growled Lovell.

Tommy Dodd grinned. He was not likely to take a message like that to the Modern master.

"Does Manders want an answer?"

asked Jimmy. "Oh, no! He didn't say so. He takes it for granted you'll go, of course," said Tommy Dodd. "You can leave the footer to me, you

know." "I suppose we shall have to." growled Jimmy Silver. "After all, it isn't a very hard match-not like the St. Jim's or Greyfriars. If it were one of those, I'd refuse Manders and chance it."

"Let's refuse it, anyway," said Lovell savagely. "I know it's a trick. I'm pretty certain it is."

"But-but-"

"Bootles would be ratty when he Well, his feed isn't worth heard," said Newcome. "Manders

it as a punishment, though that's what | trick. It would look jolly un gracious

not to go." "It will be all right about the footer," said Tommy Dodd encouragingly. "I'll put four Moderns in your places, so the match will be

rather more of a sure thing than it was. Yarooooh!" Tommy Dodd broke off with a wild yell as the Fistical Four seized him. They were exasperated enough to

have ragged Mr. Manders, if that had been feasible. As it wasn't, the Modern junior served their turn. He was a Modern, anyway, and he had brought the unwelcome invitations.

all sides, and Tommy Dodd, roar-Bump!

"Yooop!" yelled the unfortunate Modern.

"Kick him out!" roared Lovell. "Yow-ow! You silly asses! Yaroooh! Oh, my hat!"

Tommy Dodd fled wildly down the passage, with four boots helping him on his way as far as the stairs. He Newcome. went down the stairs in a dishevelled state like lightning. And the Fististate like lightning. And the Fistical Four returned to the end study somewhat comforted.

#### The 2nd Chapter. Not Nice for Jimmy Silver!

Jimmy Silver & Co. ground away at their lines with savage faces.

As they ground on, they heard voices in the quadrangle, which announced that the Latcham

But it was no use going down. There was no football for the chums of the end study that afternoon.

In any case, the match would have had to be postponed for half an hour, as they had strict orders to get their impositions done and taken in to Mr. Bootles before they left the house.

It was getting towards three now, so even if the match had been started at once it could not have been finished by four o'clock. And it could not be started at once.

Had it been one of the great matches of the season—such as those with St. Jim's, or Greyfriars, or Bagshot - Jimmy Silver would have "chanced" it, and refused Mr. Manders' kind invitation to tea.

But it was not so serious as all that. Tommy Dodd could raise a team quite good enough to beat Latcham, even with the Fistical Four left out. The Rookwood colours were in no serious danger. The Fistical Four admitted that.

But it was bitterly exasperating to have to slack about for an hour or so, and then be cooped up in a study over a meagre tea with a grim master-a master they cordially disliked, and who disliked them-instead of playing the great winter game. And they could not help suspecting that Mr. Manders had timed the invitation to cause them the maximum of inconvenience. That he could really have any desire for their company at his tea-table was not to be thought of.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were in a decidedly bad temper.

They threw the invitation-cards on the floor and jumped on them, by way of solace, and then settled down to grind at Virgil.

Oswald of the Fourth looked in. "Not finished?" he asked. 'Shall I ask Latcham to wait?"

"No good! We're asked to tea by old Manders, and I suppose we've got to go!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Hard cheese!" "Tommy Dodd will captain the team," said Jimmy. "It can't be helped. May as well get on with the match now. We'll give you a look in presently. Tell Doddy."

And he ran off. Jimmy Silver settled down to moon was fated to be interrupted.

"Right-oh!" said Oswald.

and Smythe of the Shell grinned in at the detained juniors. Tracy, his chum, grinned in over his shoulder. The nuts of the Shell were evidently highly amused.

"By gad, I hear you're in for it!" chuckled Adolphus Smythe. "Goin' over to tea with Manders instead of playin' footer, what?"

"Oh, buzz off!" growled Lovell. "I'll tell you what I'll do, if you like," said Adolphus condescend- Modern side. ingly. "I'll take the match off

your hands, Silver." "Bow-wow!"

to see!" chuckled Tracy. "I've works.

sampled it!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"And it needs a microscope to see the butter on the bread!" chortled Adolphus. "But the bread's as thick as your head, Silver." "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Buzz off, you cackling asses!" roared Jimmy Silver, seizing a ruler and jumping up.

Smythe and Tracy departed, chuckling, and the Fistical Four could hear their merry chortles dying away down the passage. The detained juniors looked at one another in exasperation.

"I suppose it's awfully funny!" snorted Lovell. "Blow Smythe, and out to his victims." blow old Manders, and blow everybody!"

> Four again. Then came | them over the footer." rig, with coats and | wouldn't." Cook

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Faith, and you can congratulate yourselves," grinned Doyle. "You're winning the match for us, Jimmy Silver, by staying in here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Old Manders must have planned this, to make sure of a win for Rook-

wood!" declared Tommy Cook. "Ha, ha, ha!" And then the three Tommies departed hurriedly, just in time to escape a furious charge from the end | footer-ground. The coast's clear."

study. "Everybody seems to think it funny but us!" groaned Raby. "What I want to know is, why don't the Huns drop a bomb on Manders?

Bungling idiots, those Huns!" Scratch, scratch, scratch went four desperate pens again. The impositions were finished at last, while the shouting from the distant footer ground told that the match was in progress.

The Fistical Four were glad enough to get out of the study. They proceeded to Mr. Bootles' quarters and handed in their lines.

"Very good!" said Mr. Bootles. "These lines seem to have been somewhat hastily written-ahem!but I shall look over that, as it is a half-holiday."

The Fistical Four were glad to hear it. There were certainly signs of haste in the sheets they had handed in to their Form-master.

"Mr. Manders has mentioned to me that he has asked you to tea with him this afternoon." went on the Fourth-Form master benignantly. "I trust, Silver, that you fully appreciate Mr. Manders' kindness, after the very unfortunate occurrence to-

"Oh, yes, sir!" mumbled Jimmy. "I trust you will have a very pleasant hour with Mr. Manders,' added the Form-master.

"Thank you, sir!" mumbled the

They left the study feeling Hunnish. In spite of the attractions of footer, they were glad that they had not refused Mr. Manders' kind invitation. The Modern master had mentioned it to Mr. Bootles, who, in the simplicity of his heart, took it as a sign of kindness and forgiveness on his part. He would certainly have been very much annoyed if the juniors had refused his kindness and forgiveness, as it were, back into his teeth.

get jawed if we did. Bother him!"

The Fistical Four, free at last, left the School House. They passed Mornington & Co. in the porch. The | sage. nuts grinned at them as they passed, but the chums hardly noticed them. | body's come along." They were keen to get down to the

They found the footer match going out. Rookwood Juniors were strong. getting the better of Latcham "Well, I wish you joy with Ramblers, and Pons, the Canadian, Manders. He has tea too weak to had already taken a goal. Jimmy come out of the pot. I've sampled Silver & Co. joined heartily in the Work I think. Most hkely cheering, and for a time they were he'll keep you waitin'," grinned "And jam you need a microscope able to forget Mr. Manders and all his Mornington. "He'; with the Head

#### The 3rd Chapter. Friendly Preparations!

"Go it, Morny!" "Yaas, pile in!" said Smythe of the Shell. "What's the scheme? If it's anythin' for takin' a rise out of those cheeky cads, I'm on!"

"Same here!" said Townsend. "They're goin' to tea with Manders," said Mornington. "Manders is with the Head now. I understand it's for four o'clock, the merry tea-party. Leggett told me so. He filled in the cards for Manders. You know Manders has silly cards he sends

"Ha, ha!" "Well, you know how much pens | Manders likes those chaps. My belief scratched a way is that he's asked them simply to dish

footsteps in the "Looks like it, by gad!" chuckled passage, and three Townsend. "Fancy a master playin' youths in footer such a kid's trick! Bootles

"But what's the game?" asked study. Topham. "You said you had a wheeze--

"I'm comin' to that. Doyle, the three knows they don't want to come, and "Tommies" of the | that they'll be ratty, though they have | to keep civil. Well, suppose the "We're just merry tea-party is mucked up somegoing to begin," how-through somebody japin' in his He's bound to think they Suppose there's ink in the chaps can look out jam, and fireworks in the fire-"

the window | "But-but there won't be!" ejacu-

enough. He'd know Manders would know he did it," said Townsend.

"Quite so. And if we do it, Manders will know Jimmy Silver did

"Oh, my hat!"

"That's the idea," grinned Mornington. "I told Jimmy Silver he'd be sorry for leavin' me out of the eleven. Come on! I've seen Manders go into the Head's House, and all the Modern kids are on the

"Ha, ha, ha!" In great glee the nuts of Rookwood followed Mornington across to Mr. Manders' house. As Morny had said, the coast was clear. There was a First Eleven match going on, on Big Side, as well as the junior match on Little Side. Most of the fellows who were not playing were watching the play. The nuts did not meet a soul as they entered Mr. Manders'

"Tracy," said Mornington. "Whistle if you see old Manders in the offing."

"You bet!" grinned Tracy. 1877. Mornington and Townsend, Topham and Smythe, entered the Modern master's study. The dandy of the Fourth closed the door.

"Now get busy," he remarked.

The merry japers were quickly busy. Smythe and Townsend devoted their attention to the table. There were the articles for the tea party. The table was already set. A small pot of jam was there-supposed to be enough for four juniors-quite enough, from Mr. Manders' point of view. Smythe mixed ink and gum with it with a workmanlike hand.

A paper "spill" was twisted into the spout of the teapot, with a liberal allowance of gum to keep it there. Ink was soaked into the extremely small cake, and gum added to the milk. Bent pins were placed in readiness on all the chairs in the room.

Meanwhile, Mornington was busy. The fire was laid in the study, but not lighted. As the weather was very cold, it was pretty certain that it would be lighted when the tea-party came. In the midst of the sticks and coal Morny arranged a number of "jumping" crackers, left over from the Fifth of November. Topham poured water into the clock, which promptly ceased to tick, and discon-Mr. Manders' invitation, and thrown nected the electric bell-push, so that the bell would not ring when the button was pressed.

"Deep old Hun!" growled Lovell. | "By gad," said Mornington, look-An eyeglass gleamed in at the door, | "He mentioned it to Bootles so that i ing round, "I rather think we have we can't possibly refuse-or we'd done enough to make them happy! We'd better clear." "Ha, ha, ha!"

The nuts joined Tracy in the pas-

"All serene," said Tracy. "No-

Mornington & Co. strolled out of footer-ground and see as much of the the house. Four o'clock was just match as possible before duty called striking from the clock-tower, and them to Mr. Manders' study on the Jimmy Silver & Co. came into the porch just as the nuts were going

"Hallo, goin' in to tea?" said Mornington, with a grin.

Jimmy Silver nodded. "Is Manders at home?" he asked.

"What are you chaps doing here?"

asked Lovell. "Oh, strollin' round! How's the match goin' on?"

"One up for Rookwood in the first half. They're beginning the second now. Chance for you to see some footer if you can leave the smokes alone for a bit," suggested Lovell sarcastically.

"Oh, go an' eat coke !" Mornington & Co. strolled away, greatly elated, and the Fistical Four went into Mr. Manders' House. Jimmy Silver tapped at the door of

the Modern master's study. There was no reply from within. He tapped again, and then opened

the door and looked in. The room was untenanted. "Just like the old hunks to keep us

waiting," grunted Lovell. "Shall we wait here, or inside, Jimmy?" "Well, I suppose we're entitled to

sit down while we wait!" growled Raby. Jimmy hesitated.

"Better wait outside," he said. "Manders' mightn't like us sticking in his study while he's not there.

Blow him!" The juniors had the pleasure of cooling their heels in the passage.

Mr. Manders was not in a hurry. But he came along at last. Jimmy Silver & Co., who were getting tired of waiting, were glad for once to see the thin, sharp face of the Modern master.

Mr. Manders looked at them grimly.

He had asked them to tea, for "But Jimmy Silver wouldn't be ass I reasons best known to himself, but he

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and lated Tracy. "There will." our goals!"

to waste upon them. "Ah! You are here!" he said. "Waiting for you, sir," said Jimmy Silver as cheerfully as he could. "Very kind of you to ask us to tea,

"I trust you are able to appreciate kindness, Silver?"

"I trust so, sir," said Jimmy calmly.

Mr. Manders gave a little grunt, and opened the study door. The juniors followed him in, feeling more as if they were going to execution than as if they were going to a teaparty.

The meagre preparations for their tea did not delight their eyes. After watching the footer in the keen winter air they were hungry. Another tea would be wanted in the end study after tea with Mr. Manders. That stingy gentleman expended very little upon the entertainment of fellows he invited to tea.

Indeed, Tommy Dodd had declared that old Manders asked fellows to tea from a Hunnish delight in watching their sufferings. Perhaps Tommy Dodd exaggerated a little. But certainly Mr. Manders' guests were generally glad to get away.

"You may light the fire, Silver,"

said Mr. Manders. "Certainly, sir !"

Mr. Manders sat down in his armchair.

He reposed gracefully in that armchair for about the hundredth part of a second. Then he leaped to his feet with a wild yell.

"Yaroooop!" Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at him. They had never expected to see the crusty Modern master go through gymnastics like this.

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Manders.

"My hat!" gasped Lovell. "Anything wrong, sir?"

"Yarooh! Oh! Ah! Oocoop! Dear me! What villain has placed a pin in my chair?" shrieked Mr. Manders.

"Oh, crumbs!" The Fistical Four blinked at Mr. Manders. That gentleman regarded them with an almost purple face. He caught up a cane.

"Silver! Was it you?"

#### The 4th Chapter. A Very Happy Party!

"Nunno, sir!" stuttered Jimmy

Silver. "Someone has placed a pin in my chair! I am considerably hurt!" roared Mr. Manders. "Who was

"Blessed if I know, sir! We haven't been in the study. We waited for you outside," said Jimmy.

Mr. Manders writhed painfully. He regarded the Fistical Four with great suspicion. He knew exactly how much they wanted to come to tea with him, so he had reason for suspecting them.

However, he put down the cane. Even Mr. Manders felt that it would not be quite the thing to cane his guests on suspicion.

"Very well," he snapped, "I accept your assurance, Silver! Butow, ow !- I mean, you may light the

"Yes, sir." "By Jove," said Lovell, "there's some more pins here! Look here!"

As the Classical juniors had not played that trick, they easily guessed that some practical joker had been making preparations for the tea-party. And Lovell looked at the other chairs. He picked up a bent pin from each of them.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Manders. "I will find out the author of that wicked trick, and punish him! Dear me!"

The Modern master looked very carefully over his chair before he sat | you came." down again.

their faces turned away. They could had prepared that little surprise for lashing furiously with the cane. guess now why Mornington and his | them; but they did not feel inclined friends had been in Mr. Manders' to tell Mr. Manders so. They house. It was not difficult to surmise who was the author of that trick | Fourth all sorts of things later. in the study.

to the fire. The paper flared up, and here! You have dared to play this the blaze spread, and then-

FIZZZZ! Crack-ack ! Bang, bang!

BANG! Manders.

the grate, with his hair singed.

from the grate came ceaseless detona- | repent it!" tions of crackers and fizzing of squibs. Fizzzzzzzzzzzzz!

Bang, bang!

"Great Scott!" chair as sparks fell round him in hand!"

did not seem to have much cordiality | showers, and backed round the table. "What - what - what -- " he stuttered.

> Bang, bang, bang! A jumping cracker spun out of the fire, exploded, and landed at the at all! You will go; but before you master's feet, and exploded again. He jumped wildly into the air as the cracker jumped, and it banged again between his knees. He dashed wildly across the study, but the cracker, as if endowed with the spirit of mischief, jumped in the same direction, banging again and again.

"Take it away!" shrieked Mr. Manders. "Oh, dear! You young scoundrels! Oh-oh!"

Bang, bang, bang! "Oh, my hat!" gasped Jimmy

The explosions ceased at last. The hearthrug was littered with scattered | you like. Mr. Bootles will believe | Mr. Manders gasped. It dawned | sticks, fragments of coal, burnt paper, our word." and dead crackers and squibs. Mr. Manders' face was like the face of a | deceiving Mr. Bootles," said the | He hurried back to the room, and | tragic. Hunnish Hun.

He made a jump at Jimmy Silver, and grasped him by the collar, and shook him till his teeth chattered. "Yow-ow!" roared Jimmy, in sur-

prise and indignation. "Leggo!" "You infamous young rascal!" "Yarooh! Leggo!"

"How dare you play such tricks!" raved Mr. Manders. "You ungrateful young rascal!"

sir. I thought we came to tea." tea, Silver! I decline to allow such | not appear. rascally young hooligans in my study go I shall punish you severely for these infamous tricks!"

"But we—we——"
"Hold out your hand!"

"We did nothing!" howled Lovell. | below. "Silence! Will you hold out your hand, Silver? Your turn is coming, Lovell!"

Jimmy put his hands behind him, his eyes blazing.

"No, I won't!" he shouted.

"Silver! You dare-" "You've no right to cane Classicals," said Jimmy savagely. "You said Jane sulkily, "which the cook can complain to our own master if | will tell you the same thing, sir."

Hold out your hand at once! I take | connection severed. your punishment into my own hands."

Jimmy Silver did not move. He was standing upon his rights, and Mr. Manders was exceeding his authority. | lighted the fire. Then she flounced "Will you obey me, Silver?"

"No, sir."

"We didn't come here to be caned, To Mr. Manders' rage, there was no answer to his ring. He pressed the "I refuse to allow you to stay to bell again and again, but the maid did

> "Scandalous!" hooted Mr. Manders. And he rushed out of the study and bawled down the lower stairs: "Jane, Jane! Jane!"

"Yes, sir?" came the voice of the astonished Jane from the regions

"Why did you not come when I happy?"

rang, Jane?" bellowed Mr. Manders. "You did not ring, sir."

"What-what?" "The bell hasn't rung, sir."

"Nonsense!" roared Mr. Manders. "I have rung a dozen times at least!" "Well, the bell hasn't rung, sir,"

upon him that the bell in his study "I dare say you could succeed in | had probably been tampered with. Modern master bitterly. "But you | examined the bell-push. His feelings | will not be allowed the opportunity. were indescribable when he found the

> "Infamous young rascals!" hooted Mr. Manders.

> Jane came up, and, with a sulky face, cleared the debris away and away.

Mr. Manders, when he was a little Mr. Manders said no more. He calmer, sat down to his solitary tea, "I didn't!" yelled Jimmy. "Leg- made a jump at the captain of the and made a series of agreeable dis-



"By gad, I hear you're in for it!" chuckled Adolphus Smythe. "Goin' over to tea with Manderswhat! You know, Silver, his bread's as thick as your head!" "Buzz off, you cackling asses!" roared Jimmy Silver, seizing a ruler and jumping up.

go! Oh, my hat! Do you think I'd | Fourth, the cane lashing down.

"We-we didn't know anything about it, sir!" stuttered Lovell. "Then who played this infamous

trick?" roared Mr. Manders. "We haven't been in the study till | little too warm for them.

The Classical juniors could guess Lovell & Co. grinned a little, with | easily enough that Mornington & Co. mentally promised the dandy of the

"I do not believe you!" thundered | ing away for all he was worth. Jimmy Silver was applying matches | Mr. Manders. "No one else has been infamous trick in my study!"

"We didn't know anything about it!" howled Jimmy Silver. "It is false!"

"It isn't false, and you ought to Jimmy Silver jumped back from Mr. Manders'.

"Do not dare to argue with me, Sparks were shooting out in clouds, | Silver! You have dared to play such sticks were scattered on all sides, and | practical jokes upon me! You shall |

Mr. Manders jumped for his cane. "Hold out your hand, Silver!" "What!"

"I am going to cane you!" shouted Mr. Manders leaped out of his Mr. Manders. "Hold out your

blow my own eyelashes off if I could | came over Jimmy's shoulders with | was plugged up, that there was ink terrific force.

Jimmy Silver yelled, and dodged Newcome fled at the same time. Mr. Manders' quarters were growing a

The door was yanked open, and the Fistical Four fled. After them came Mr. Manders, still

Quite forgetful of his dignity as the senior master on the Modern side at Rookwood, Mr. Manders pursued the fleeing juniors down the passage, lash-

Lash, lash, lash, lash, lash! "Yarooh! Run for it!"

"Oh, my hat!" "Yah!"

But they escaped into the quadway, glaring after them.

maid to come up and clear the debris | terrific a castigation. out of the room. The explosion in | Mornington & Co. were on Little | ously out of the study. the grate had scattered firewood and Side, and they greeted the Fistical Mr. Bootles made a gesture of dis-

It | coveries—that the spout of the teapot and gum in the jam, ink in the cake, and gum in the milk. In a state of for the door. Lovell and Raby and mind that was more than Hunnish, Mr. Manders yelled for Jane to clear the table, and whisked away to the Classical side, to lay a furious complaint before Mr. Bootles, feeling that the Classical chums had not had enough yet. Indeed, from Mr. Manders' point of view, boiling in oil would have been too good for Jimmy Silver & Co.

#### The 5th Chapter. A Roland for an Oliver!

"Goal!"

There was a roar of cheering on Little Side, as the Fistical Four came The Fistical Four hardly knew how | limping on the football-ground. they got out of Mr. Manders' house. Tommy Dodd had just kicked the Mr. Bootles rose to his feet. winning goal for Rookwood, and "It appears, Mr. Manders, that you "Good heavens!" yelled Mr. take my word!" snorted Jimmy, rangle at last, yelling with pain, and Latcham Ramblers were safely have already punished these juniors. whose temper was suffering as well as | the Modern master halted in the door- | beaten. The footballers came off the | Nor is there any evidence to connect field amid loud cheers. them with what happened in your

hard. The suspicious man was quite like cheering. They felt furious. notice of the matter!" sure that the Classical Four had The lashing of Mr. Manders' cane had "They are lying," hissed Mr. played those tricks in his study, but | told upon them, and they were hurt. | Manders-"lying unscrupulously !! I he felt that they had answered for it. | Never in their career had the regard them as the worst boys in the He pressed the bell angrily for the | Classical chums experienced so | school! Pah!"

coal and charred paper far and wide. Four with cheery grins. I missal, and the Fistical Four

"Had tea with Manders already?" asked Mornington.

"Yow-ow-ow!" "Fallen foul of the old bird?"

grinned Townsend.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the nuts. "Hallo! You merchants look awfully chippy!" said Tommy Dodd, coming off the field. "You've won the match for us by standing out. Jimmy. Is that why you look so

The Fistical Four groaned in chorus.

"What on earth's happened?" asked Pons, the Canadian junior. "Had a row with Manders?"

asked Oswald.

Jimmy Silver explained. The Fistical Four expected sympathy. To miss a footer-match to go to tea with Mr. Manders was bad enough. But to have the thrashing of their lives, instead of the tea, was

But, to their wrath and indignation, the other fellows did not seem to be sympathetic; they seemed to see something humorous in the occurrence. They yelled with laughter.

"Oh, my only Aunt Matilda!" shrieked Tommy Dodd. "You'll be the death of me, Jimmy Silver! You shouldn't play tricks on a chap who asks you to tea-especially Mandy?"

"I didn't!" roared Jimmy. "Somebody sneaked in and did it all ready for us. And I know who it was, too! We met Mornington coming out as we went in."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You rotten cad!" roared Lovell, shaking his fist under Mornington's

Mornington chortled.

Manders.

"No law against playin' a jape on a Modern master, that I know of. Why, you've done it yourselves lots of times!" "You did it to get us in a row

with Manders!" growled Raby. Mornington shrugged his shoulders. "That was your bad luck," he said "Of course, we were just

"Yaas, you bet!" grinned Towns-

Weren't we.

"Merely that, and nothin' more," chortled Topham. "Hard luck on you to go to tea with him afterwards. Silver! Some fellows do have bad

"Ha, ha, hal" The whole crowd were yelling with merriment.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were greatly inclined to wipe up the footer-ground with the nuts of the Fourth. But they had to admit that there was no law against "japing" Mr. Manders. The jape had been timed unluckily for them, that was all.

Jobson of the Fifth came along. and called to Jimmy Silver. no!

"You're wanted, Silver, and you others. Mr. Bootles' study." "Oh, crumbs!" groaned Jimmy

Silver. "Haven't we had enough?" The Fistical Four made their way dolorously to the School House. followed by a howl of laughters from half Rookwood. Their luck was out; and the Rookwooders persisted in seeing something funny in their misfortunes.

Mr. Manders was in the Fourth Form-master's study, simmering with wrath. Mr. Bootles was looking very stern.

"Silver, I am surprised at yousurprised and shocked! After Mr. Manders' kindness to you, it seems that you have played a series of extraordinary tricks in his study."

"We didn't, sir," groaned Jimmy. "Mr. Manders assures me-" "Silver is speaking falsely!"

snorted the Modern master. "I'm not speaking falsely!" flamed out Jimmy Silver. "Mr. Bootles. we never entered the room till Mr. Manders came! Some other fellows had done what was done before we got there. I give you my word, sir!"

Mr. Bootles looked worried. "Mr. Manders, I cannot believe that Silver is speaking falsely," he said. "I know him to be an honourable lad. Someone else-

"And Mr. Manders has been licking us already!" burst out Lovell. "We're marked all over with his CURES confounded cane!" 1 V19 / "Lovell!"

"Well, it's true, sir!"

He returned to his study, breathing | Jimmy Silver & Co. did not feel | study. I decline to take any further

And Mr. Manders whisked fim-

#### MR. MANDERS' TEA-PARTY! By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued from the previous page.)

-us, you know! And he didn't think we've been licked enough! Jimmy Silver, you fathead, if you don't get on to a wheeze for making old Manders sit up and howl, you're not leader of this study any longer! | You're sacked!"

"We're going for Manders!" he Dodd didn't know.

"And that cad, Mornington! I'll scalp him!"

ington will keep. Manders is our game now."

"And those cackling Modern

Silver.

The Fistical Four rubbed their severely. They could hear a cackle of | don't want to get Manders down on fellow in the Fourth was chortling afterwards." over the unhappy outcome of tea | And Tommy Dodd & Co., not in a with Mr. Manders.

Never had the prestige of the end little excursion till after three study been at so low an ebb.

It was one of Mr. Manders' invita- | Shell, who were airing themselves tion-cards, which the chums had there. danced upon that afternoon. "By gum!" said Jimmy Silver.

Well? grunted Lovell. Look at that card!"

"Blow it! Only one of Manders' silly cards!" bedal've got it!"

"Got what?" Jimmy Silver triumphantly. "The merry wheeze, for making Manders sit up, and Tommy Dodd sit up, and

Mornington sit up! Ha, ha!" "What the dickens has that card got to do with it?"

"Everything! Look at it." We've seen it before, ass."

"Manders makes a fag fill in these cards for him," said Jimmy. "That leaks like Leggett's fist. But any "fist would do."

What the thunder are you driving

Tall Easy enough to get some of these Jimmy Silver.

them for?"

"Suppose"—Jimmy's eyes gleamed -"suppose a lot of fellows got invitations from Manders to tea on Saturday afternoon, at different times -say, every quarter of an hour from three to five-invitations that didn't come

from Manders at all-" 5 Eh8" feel worried-"

Toer worried—"

"I dare say he would." And some of them would get what

for asgape\_\_\_"
"But-\_" 183" I could disguise my fist a bit to fill in the names on the cards, and get | a fag to take them round-"

Lu WMonhat!" ""And Manders would have guests | "Oh, it's rotten! I don't want to | in the Form-room this afternoon and | pick of afternoon when he's

Dusy :: "

something-Mornington & Co., say. As Morny says himself, no harm in rupted." janing Manders, and if he has the bad lick to go there to tea when Manders is ratty, that's his look-outsame as it was ours. Ha! ha, ha!"

Oswald looked into the study,

grinning. Hallo! You can see the joke get back by four. Better not be late Dodd, when they were at a safe dis- He had no doubt that the practical feet and yelled. "You seem quite cheery." "It's | "the joke of the season. Ha, ha, ha!"

#### The 6th Chapter. Many Invitations.

Bit Wegg of the Third had looked | cake?"

followed. They went to the end study | and tossed three envelopes on the in a state of furious indignation. | table. And in the envelopes were "The awful rotter!" said Lovell, three cards which the juniors knew between his teeth. "Calling us liars | well. Tommy Dodd grunted discontentedly as he glanced at his card. It ran:

"The pleasure of Master Dodd's company is requested to tea in Mr. Manders' study at three o'clock."

The card was engraved, only the name and the hour being filled in Jimmy Silver looked grim. | name and the hour being filled in with ink in a handwriting Tommy

"Three o'clock!" said Tommy Cook. "Fancy having tea at three!" "It's odd," said Tommy Doyle. "Never mind Mornington. Morn- | "Manders is doing exam papers this afternoon, I know that. I thought he'd be busy."

"He's always ratty if he's interrupted when he's on exam papers," "Blow the Moderns! I'm going to said Tommy Dodd, in wonder. have a big think!" said Jimmy | "Fancy asking us to tea just at that time! It's jolly queer."

"Wants to get tea over early, shoulders and arms, where Mr. | perhaps, before he piles in," grunted Manders' lashing cane had fallen. | Cook. "I suppose we've got to go." They were hurt, and they felt it | "Of course we have, fathead. We

laughter along the passage. Every us. We can go down to Latcham very good humour, postponed their

o'clock. Jimmy Silver, as he sat with Meanwhile, Wegg of the Third wrinkled brow, thinking, gave a sauntered across the quadrangle, and sudden start, and stooped to pick up stopped to speak to Adolphus a card that lay on the floor. | Smythe, Tracy, and Howard of the

"Something for you chaps," said

Wegg. And he handed them an envelope

each, and walked off. "Oh, gad!" said Adolphus Smythe, taking a card from his envelope. "Old Manders is askin' me to tea!"

"Us, too," said Tracy. "Half-The wheeze, my son!" said past three! What a queer time for "Jolly good mind not to go,"

grunted Howard. "This knocks on the head our little run down to the Bird in-Hand." "Must go!" snorted Adolphus.

"We can get out for a bit and come in by half-past three. I don't want to offend Manders."

Wegg of the Third was not finished yet. He came into the School House, cane. "How dare you interrupt my and up to No. 4 Study. Mornington of the Fourth was adjusting his necktie before the glass in the study, | trary?" and Townsend and Topham were cards from Manders' study," said | waiting for him. The nuts of the Fourth also had a little excursion what the dickens do you want planned for that afternoon.

"Hallo! What do you want?" asked Townsend.

"Something for you chaps," grinned Wegg. "I was told to bring you these—they're invitations, I believe."

table, and departed, whistling shrilly. | rupted him on his busiest afternoon | "Suppose they arrived, one after | "That looks like invitations from | they had come to tea! It was enough | the other, all the afternoon. I rather | Manders. He plays these silly tricks. | to anger a more patient man than fancy that Manders would begin to | Can't send a pencil note like any | Mr. Manders.

"Is the old fool askin' us to tea?"

"At four o'clock," said Morning- Manders. ton, glancing at the card. "I sup- "We-we-" gasped Tommy pose we've got to go. It means | Cook. trouble if you refuse a master's in- | "Leave my study at once! Take vitation."

arriving all the afternoon. We'll go," growled Topham. "I thought write them out!" thundered Mr. the old donkey was busy this after- | Manders. "Go!" noon, too. I heard Jimmy Silver | Tommy Dodd felt as if his head | themselves up like pocket-knives, askin' Towle somethin' about him, was turning round. And after he's got fed-up with it, an' Towle said Manders was on exam | "But-but-but-" he stuttered limped away across the quadrangle." The Fistical Four gasped for breath. The Fistical Four gasped for breath. orders that he's not to be inter- Mr. Manders strode round the "It's working!" murmured Jimmy

> ton. "We want to keep in with the they dodged out of the study. Mr. | you go to tea!" old bounder!" | Manders slammed the door after | "Ha, ha, ha!"

"We can get down to the his work. Feathers for a game of billiards, an' "My hat!" breathed Tommy Manders was deep in his work again. word or two for Jimmy Silver over | Hun? Asking us to tea and then | worry him that afternoon, but he | The suspicion as to Mr. Manders' tea-make him a bit more down on giving us lines and detention. Did fancied that the example he had made sanity was dispelled that evening that rotter."

"Yaas, that's so." the passage to the end study. He | dear!"

"Jolly queer!" said Tommy Dodd. | "Well?" said Jimmy Silver, as the | their way to the Form-room. It was Saturday afternoon. The grinning fag came into the study. "Had tea already?" asked Jimmy there Tommies had intended to "All serene," said Wegg. "I've Silver cheerily.

Wegg's reward for his valuable ser-

BOYS' FRIEND

vices. word, you know."

"You bet!" grinned Wegg. grinning.

going to be a success," murmured | tentedly in the quadrangle. They Jimmy Silver. "Lots of the fellows | were sauntering outside Mr. think it's funny to get a licking when | Manders' house when Smythe and you're asked to tea. They can share | Howard and Tracy came hurrying in in the fun-such as it is-what?"

"What-ho!" chuckled the Co. "Tommy Dodd & Co. arrive at three, Smythe & Co. at half-past, and | into Mr. Manders' house. Morny and his gang at four," remarked Jimmy Silver; "and, as Manders doesn't know they've been asked, I fancy there will be some trouble."

"Ha, ha!" "Manders should really keep those nobby cards of his locked up," smiled Jimmy Silver. "They're liable to be | come up to expectations. burgled. Still, I left twopence in Mr. Manders gave a snort like a Manders' study at four, and they his desk to pay for the nine of 'em I borrowed. And it's lazy of him to make a fag fill in the merry cardsafter this, he may fill 'em in in his own fist. Towle says he's busy with exam papers this afternoon-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell and Raby and Newcome. The Fistical Four strolled out into the quadrangle in great spirits.

#### The 7th Chapter. Quite a Tea-fight!

Mr. Manders gave an irritable snort.

He was hard at work in his study, with all his attention fixed on the examination papers he was preparing. He had given strict orders that he was not to be interrupted on any pretext whatever. Yet, as three o'clock sounded from the clocktower, that tap came at his door.

"Come in!" snarled Mr. Manders. He supposed that it must be something extremely important for his orders to be disregarded in this He stared blankly when Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle presented themselves, with their best smiles on.

"What do you want?" he snapped. The three Tommies looked surprised, as well they might. This was hardly the way to greet fellows who had been invited to tea.

We-we've come, sir!" fallered Tommy Dodd, not at all liking the look in Mr. Manders' eye.

"I can see that you have come," said Mr. Manders, reaching for a work, when you are quite aware that I have given strict orders to the con-

"But-but we've come to tea, sir!" ejaculated Tommy, growing very red. He wondered whether the Modernmaster had forgotten sending the invitation.

Mr. Manders jumped up. He could in anguish. scarcely believe his ears.

As he knew nothing whatever of the sending of the famous invitationcards, his angry astonishment was He tossed the envelopes on the natural. Three juniors had inter-"Oh, gad!" groaned Townsend. with the cool announcement that pointed to the doorway with his cane.

other man."

Mornington frowned.

"You have—have come to tea!"

he shouted.

"Yes, sir," gasped Tommy; "wewe got; I fancy. He would take it he inquired.
"I suppose so. Look!" "How dare you!" thundered Mr.

five hundred lines each, and remain

you ever?"

Wegg of the Third strolled along Doyle. "Five hundred lines! Oh,

mend that half-holiday out of doors. | delivered the lot. Now, where's that | "We're detained!" gasped Tommy | It was scarcely credible that more | (Next Monday's long complete tale

The three Tommies did not laugh. Jimmy Silver & Co.'s adventures at "Here you are, kid. Mum's the tea with Mr. Manders had struck them as comical. But there seemed nothing comic in their own adven-And he departed with the cake, tures. They went dolorously into the Form-room.

"I rather think this little game is | The Fistical Four sauntered conat the gates close upon half-past three.

The nuts of the Shell disappeared

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged blissful glances. Smythe tapped at Mr. Manders'

door, and opened it. The three Shell fellows entered the study. They expected to be greeted by a

genial smile and nod from Mr. Manders. But their greeting did not

savage Hun, and jumped to his feet. "How dare you come here!" he thundered.

Smythe & Co. stared.

"By gad! We-we've come to tea, sir!" stammered Adolphus, utterly taken aback.

Mr. Manders' eyes gleamed. He could no longer doubt that there was a concerted practical joke arranged for that afternoon, to interrupt and worry him when he was busy. He had asked no one to tea, yet here was a second party of juniors arriving with the announcement that they had come to tea.

The look on Mr. Manders' face made Smythe & Co. back towards the door. They did not like it at all. Though, unless the Modern master had taken leave of his senses, they could not guess what was the matter with him.

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Manders. "I have never in all my career heard of such an example of unprincipled audacity. Do you suppose, you young rascals, that you can play these infamous tricks upon a busy man with impunity. How dare you! I repeat," roared Mr. Manders, "how dare you!"

"Wha-a-at!" "We-we-we-" stuttered Tracy helplessly.

Mr. Manders whisked round the table, cane in hand.

"Hold out your hand, Smythe!" Smythe held out his hand dazedly. I Mr. Manders was evidently not to be reasoned with.

Swish, swish, swish, swish! "Yow! Ow, ow, ow!" groaned Adolphus Smythe. "Now, Tracy!"

"B-b-b-b-but, sir-" babbled somewhat solaced.

hand!" thundered Mr. Manders. Swish! "Now the other!" Swish! "Now the other again!" Swish! "Now the other!" Swish! "Mummmmmm!" moaned Tracy,

"Now, Howard!" "If-if you pip-pip-pip-pip-please -" stammered Howard.

Swish, swish, swish! "Yarooh! Oh, jiminy!" Mr. Manders, trembling with anger,

"Go!" he thundered. Smythe & Co. were glad to go. | cane, and attacked them the moment They had had quite enough of Mr. | they appeared?

and the door slammed after them. They came out into the quadrangle | ing with anguish and terror. wriggling with anguish.

over already!" "Yow! Ow, ow!" "Manders cut up rusty?" giggled

"Wow, wow, wow!" With their hands under their arms, | Mornington. looking as if they were trying to shut Smythe and Howard and Tracy

table, grasping his cane. The three | Silver. "Oh dear, oh dear! Smythey "Well, I suppose it's rather com- Tommies departed quickly enough | doesn't seem to think now that it's plimentary to ask us," said Morning- then. They just escaped the cane as so jolly funny to get a licking when started on us with a cane! Oh dear!

"Yaas, but what about goin' out?" | them, and snorted, and returned to | The Fistical Four waited in great | Mornington & Co. limped away. anticipation for four o'clock. Mr. The Fistical Four threw themselves of Smythe & Co. would deter any when the facts were known to the "Never!" groaned Cook and other merry youths from following Rookwood juniors. There were their lead. But Mr. Manders was exactly nine fellows who couldn't see mistaken. For as four o'clock rang | anything funny in the matter, but found the Fistical Four there. The Fistical Four met them on out again there came a tap at his the rest laughed till they wept over study door.

The Modern master breathed hard through his nose.

But if they had come, Mr. Manders! miss it!) But if they had come, Mr. Manders! miss it!)

intended to make such an example of them that they would remember it for whole terms. He grasped his cane, and came round the table as he

said "Come in!" If any juniors entered that study stating that they had come to tea, something like an earthquake was going to happen.

The door opened, and Mornington, Townsend, and Topham walked in cheerily. Mr. Manders fixed an eye upon them like a basilisk.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" said Mornington pleasantly.

The nuts of the Fourth were somewhat surprised to see Mr. Manders on his feet, with a cane in his hand and fury in his face. That was not how they had expected to be greeted by a gentleman who had asked them-as they supposed—to tea.

They had come back from the little game of billiards at the Feathers just in time to present themselves in Mr. expected to find tea ready, and Mr. Manders smiling over the feative

board. Instead of which-"You!" said Mr. Manders, in a choking voice. "You-you have come here, interrupting me! 1-1 presume you have come to tea,

Mornington?" "Yaas, sir!" said Mornington, in

surprise. "I thought so," said Mr. Manders, with a gasp of rage—"I thought so, sir! I was quite prepared for it, sir! Oh, quite! Take that, and that, and

that, and that!" Mr. Manders rushed on the three astounded nuts, lashing out furiously with the cane. He did not tell them to hold out their hands-he hadn't any patience for that. And that wasn't severe enough. He was going to give them such a record thrashing that any other practical jokers would never dare to follow in their footsteps,

And he did! The cane lashed and crashed on the

three astounded juniors. "Take that," roared Mr. Manders, "and that, and that, and that!"

"Yarooh!" "Help!"

"Run for it!" shrieked Morning-"He's mad! Run for your lives!"

The three scared juniors bolted out of the study, with the cane lashing behind. Down the passage they went like scared rabbits, but behind them came the infuriated master, lashing and lashing and lashing. Wild yells rose from the unfortunate nuts as they fled into the quadrangle.

Mr. Manders, gasping for breath, whisked back to his study. He was angry and exasperated, but he felt

"I do not think there will be any further visitors here," he gasped, as he sat down. "I hardly think so. Scandalous!"

And Mr. Manders was right—there weren't. Mornington & Co. were the last on the list of invitations. That

was the reason. Mornington & Co. scuttled out of the house in wild alarm, fully convinced that Mr. Manders was mad. What else could explain the extraordinary conduct of a master who invited fellows to tea, and laid in wait for them in his study with a

Manders. They limped away down They did not stop till they were the passage, wringing their hands, half-way across the quadrangle, and then they halted, out of breath, gasp-

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Townsend. "Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver. "Tea | "I'm hurt all over! I-I say, he's mad-mad as a hatter! Oh, crumbs!"

ham. "Oh, oh, oh! Ow!"

"Yow! Ow, ow!" mumbled "Hallo! You chaps seem to have been enjoying yourselves," remarked Jimmy Silver, as the Fistical Four

"Mad as a hornet!" moaned Top-

sauntered up. "How did you get on with Manders?" "He's mad!" gasped Mornington. "The minute we got into the study he asked us if we'd come to tea, and Mad as a hatter! Yow! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" into the grass, and kicked up their

the story of Mr. Manders' Tea-Party.

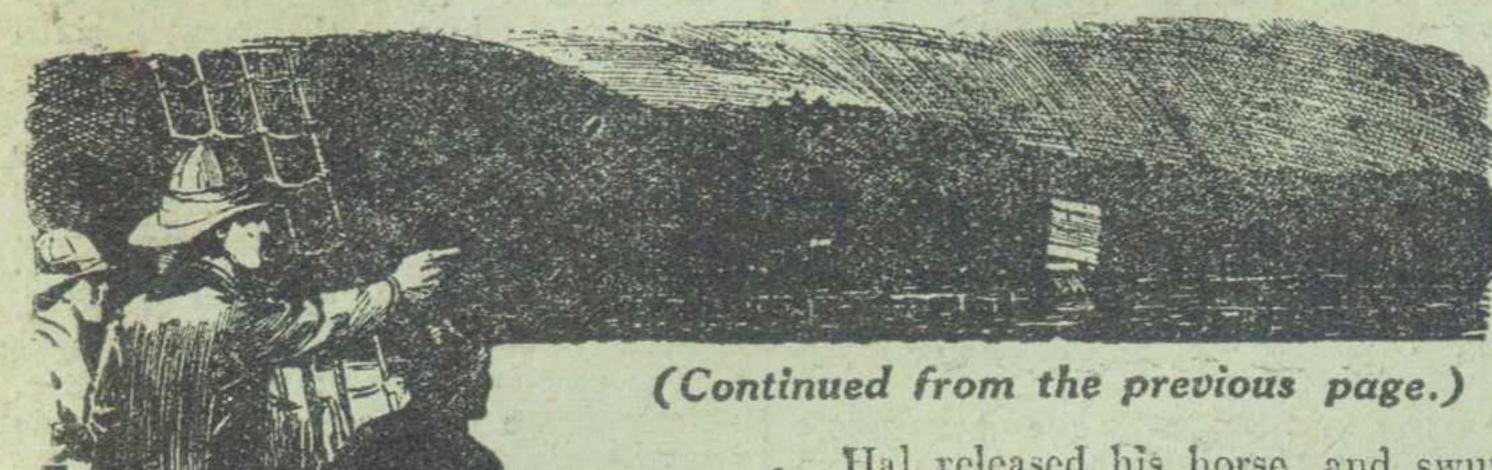
#### THE END.

Dodd. "Five hundred lines each! practical jokers were coming, after of the Rookwood chums is entitled into their study while they were Jimmy Silver took a cake out of Manders has gone mad! Br-r-r-r." | what had happened to Smythe & Co. | "Scorned by the Fags!" Don't

#### OF THE RISING SUN!

Published

Every Monday



returned quickly. "Where is he?

He's gone!" fulness. They dashed the sleep from | trees and bushes towards the temple |

vanished!" he said. "What can unless--"

He stopped short, and all three slung over his shoulder. stared into one another's faces, a similar thought in the brains of all.

the idol!" Tom said, his young face grave.

not take us because of the danger." He started towards his horse.

bringing up the rear.

because Mr. Brent realised the awful rounding gloom of the long hall. need it at this moment."

Hal released his horse, and swung into the saddle, and Tom was not far behind him in mounting his steed. Teddy was already astride his, a very grim expression on his boyish face.

They neither spoke nor paused until the temple was in sight through the trees. Then Teddy gave the word to dismount, and leave the animals tethered.

their eyes and jumped to their feet. within a couple of minutes, and soon "Phew!" Teddy whistled. "He has | they saw one of the priests approachling the temple door, bundles of some have made him leave us like this, description of herbs, that were probably intended to be used as incense,

Tom took a big risk then, and, darting forward whilst the man had "He's gone back to the temple for his back turned, he gained a spot within a few feet of the temple door, dropping into the foliage just in the "Depend upon it, that's what he's | very nick of time, as the door swung done!" Teddy exclaimed. "He would open in response to the priest's summons,

The sight the lad saw then turned "What are you going to do?" Hal him momentarily sick with horror. asked, running by his side, with Tom | A mass of dancing flames in a brazierlike vessel, standing before the altar, I "Get towards the temple at once!" | threw the great Buddha and its victim Teddy returned resolutely. "It was into startling relief amid the sur-

peril he would run that he went! Tom saw the knife whirling, schoolmaster detective was in.

that would have won him any long- the schoolmaster detective worked. turned with a gasp of surprise as he for came to pass. heard Tom land behind him. There was a grinding and jarring

back, and he had hardly fallen when | mechanism manipulating the fiendish Tom was at the throat of a second | device, the hand that clutched Derrick | priest, who had opened the temple | Brent loosened, and the detective door for his fellow-worshipper. The lad's dash and courage were marvellous.

He seized the priest by the throat before he could recover from his surprise, and dashed his head hard against one of the pillars in the entrance of the temple.

Hal were at the plucky Tom's back.

image they worshipped, were steps with their clubbed revolvers. scrambling to their knees; others, I Two of the priests crashed down still bowing to the ground.

through them like a whirlwind, and i was armed-barred their way with his | describe. sword-like knife upraised. But ere he could do any damage Hal's clubbed | scattering burning wood and devasrevolver had thudded down upon his temple, and rendered him unconscious.

Just then Derrick Brent's body was yet again jerked upwards by the ing his head so near the fearful knife | checking pursuit, and sending the for the Golden Idols in next Monsecretly and alone. I am going to be pendulum-like, to and fro, within a of the Buddha that the sweeping blade foremost stumbling over two whom day's issue of the Boys' FRIEND, ennear at hand in case he wants my few inches of his beloved friend's actually brushed his hair as it swung he had wounded. aid. Who knows? He may even head, and knew full well the peril the backwards and forwards.

not counting the consequences of his eyes fixed upon an aperture forming action, he dashed forward, took a leap | the socket in which the arm holding

jump contest amongst lads of his He thrust the barrel of his revolver weight and age, and flung both fists | into the hole, and poured all six shots to the point of the jaw of the priest | into the body of the image. Then, who had been entering, and who to his joy, the thing he had hoped

The man went down flat upon his sound as the bullets smashed the wrenched himself free, dropping to

the figure's knees. His fingers shot forward, and grabbed the fifth of the six gold idols appearing in the darkness. for which he had risked so much, and I whirled above slowly came to a stand-

stunned superior, and made a mur- | Sun. All was confusion in the temple. A | derous onslaught upon Tom, who, few of the priests, who had been together with Teddy, was keeping the to walk along the quayside, and the prostrating themselves before the rage-maddened Japs from the altar

who seemed deep in prayer, and un- under sledgehammer blows from aware of what was happening, were | Brent's left, as, velling "Run for it!" The three adventurous lads were to the steps, and dashed down them.

Just how the four intrepid advenrushing for the altar. The chief turers got through that clutching, priest-fortunately, the only one who | clawing horde, they can never really | is hidden!"

> Brent sent the brazier over, tating showers of sparks amongst them, and as they went madly for the door, Teddy turned as he ran, and emptied his revolver amongst them, firing low to avoid creating fatal

With a wild shout, Hal Murgatroyd | went, and Derrick Brent slammed it | disappointment.)

The lad bounded to his feet, and, | leapt on to one of the great knees, his | to. They went pelting for the spot where the horses were tethered. reached the animals just as the priests came tumbling from the temple's portals, and freed them quickly.

Then, a second or two later saw them astride their saddles, the schoolmaster detective behind Tom on his mount, and they were racing down the hill, the idol reposing in the detective's pocket, and all chances of capture rapidly dwindling away.

A man stood on Shinto Harbour, staring away to where the lights of the Bird of Paradise were slowly dis-

It was the night of the day upon as he swung round the knife that | which Derrick Brent and his companions had seen so many exciting moments in the temple away in the The man's body sagged down Bang! Hal dragged out a second hills, and the vessel was swiftly bearlimply, and collapsed in a huddled revolver, and fired just in time, as a ling the schoolmaster detective and his The twins were startled into wake- They were creeping through the heap, and by this time Teddy and priest snatched up the weapon of his prize from the Land of the Rising

The man who had watched began light of a swaying paper lantern just for a second revealed the dare-devil features of Captain Sundown.

"A plague upon the accident in the engine-room that made us arrive too he bounded from the knees of the god late!" the ex-bushranger snarled. "Brent's departure means that he has gained the fifth idol, and is now hastening to where the sixth and last

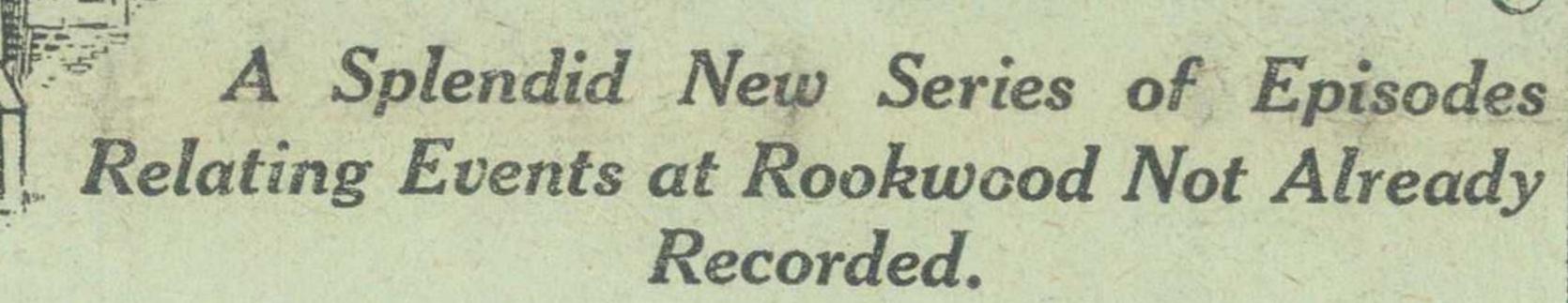
He shrugged savagely.

"Well, we are not beaten vet!" he muttered to himself. "We must follow, and win at the eleventh hour by fair means or foul!"

THE END.

(Another magnificent long commerciless hand that held him, bring- injuries, but for a moment or two plete tale of Derrick Brent's Quest titled "Diamond, Cut Diamond!" Out of the door the four of them | Order your copy in advance to avoid MANUSCON DE LA CONTRACTION DE





### WEEK: THE SCARE IN THE STUDY!

By HAROLD TOPHAM.

"Heard the news?"

Townsend came dashing breathlessly into Smythe's study, where Smythey, Mornington, Tracy and myself were seated.

"What news?" asked Mornington, looking up. "Jimmy Silver picked me to play against Greyfriars!" "No; it's not that," said Townsend. "Bootles has gone!"

"Bootles gone?" "Yes; you know he's just had an attack of the flu'?"

"Yes." "Well," said Townsend, "he's going away to recuperate, and a new master's coming in his place—a Mr. Rookham. There's a notice on the board downstairs." "When's the new chap coming?"

asked Mornington. "To-night." "Let's hope he loses his train," said Mornington, with a grin. "There'll be a chance for us to have a card-party without any fear of a

least you expect him." Adolphus Smythe. "I hope he loses I ing me such a question." his train-what?"

master popping his head in when

"Hear, hear!" said Tracy. make it a big affair. There'll be us five. I said was that I hoped that we should I and Howard, and Hallo, who's | prove the best of friends. I assure this?"

The door of the study suddenly respect due to a new master!" opened, and in walked a man who could not have been more than five feet in height, and whose face was exclaimed. "I'm Nippy Snip, known covered with a growth of beard. He on every racecourse in the world. looked at least fifty years of age.

He stood by the open door, and surveyed us all in a queer manner. I must say that I did not feel at all comfortable, for there was a peculiar look about the stranger's eyes.

"Well?" he said, staring straight. at Mornington. "Quite," answered Mornington

calmly. The stranger looked fixedly at Mornington.

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Mornington grinned. "You asked me if I was well," he said. "I'm quite well, thank you. Never felt fitter in my life, don't you know!"

"Dear, dear!" said the stranger. "You've had fits all your life. How shocking! And one so young, too!"

Mornington went red in the face. "I said I never felt fitter in all my life," he exclaimed.

"Boy," growled the stranger, "do you know who you're talking to? I'm your new master-Mr. Rook-

Mornington immediately vacated his chair, and offered it to Mr. Rook-

politely. "Won't you sit down? I must assure you how delighted we are to be honoured by your presence in this manner. It is not often that a master pays a visit to our study like this. I hope--"

"Soap!" exclaimed Mr. Rookham. "No, I have no soap to give you. Surely you have enough money to "Yaas, dear boy," exclaimed buy some yourself. The idea of ask-

Mornington looked amazed. "I'm sorry," he said apologetically. "Well," said Mornington, "let's "I said nothing about soap. All I you we shall always pay you that

Mr. Rookham's eyes dilated. "I'm not your new master," he Great Scott! Did you see me when I rode Blue-eyed Birdie at Ascot?" Mr. Rookham leaned on the table,

and stared straight at Smythe. "N-n-no," stammered Adolphus. "I'm afraid I don't remember. You

"No, I don't see," thundered Mr. Rookham. "I say that you do re-"B-b-but--" stuttered Smythe.

"Dear me, why do you keep on "What do you mean?" he de- | arguing? I say most emphatically | that you do remember!"

We all began to wonder what was I the matter with our new master. Was he intoxicated, or-

Thump! We almost jumped out of our | see that," said the man. "What do chairs as Mr. Rookham brought his fist down with all his might on the table.

Smythe fell back in his seat, and | grinned broadly. his monocle fell out of his eye from "Well," he replied, "I\_\_" sheer fright. Mr. Rookham leaned right over the table.

"Now, you little puppy!" he cried. "Will you answer me, or won't you? Do you remember?"

Mornington nudged Smythey. "Say yes," he said.

"Oh, y-y-yes, sir," stammered of fear. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said | Smythe, who seemed to be afraid of member!"

Mr. Rookham sat back in his chair. on his arm. "Whatever did you want to say you did. Now, look here, as your | boy!" new master-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Mornington roared with laughter. feel inclined to laugh. There seemed | March hare!" to be something wrong with the was going to do next. By the looks on Smythe's and Townsend's faces, I guessed that they shared my fears. much.

"You're very funny, sir," he said, quite composedly. "I suppose you like having your little joke?"

Blue Moon I used to keep all the boys | for all he was worth. in roars of laughter with my jokes. I was the life of the place. I, Nippy Snips, the finest jockey that ever rode a hoss!"

And Mr. Rookham thumped himself on the chest by way of emphasising his remarks. Mornington got be- back with more force than ever. hind the man's back and, looking at all of us, whispered:

while!"

We did not exactly feel in the mood to humour the man, but what could we do? I must admit I felt nervous | ington pluckily. "We've got to put of him, but Morny bucked me up a | a stop to this!" bit. He tapped the stranger on the Mornington rushed forward, and shoulder.

"Will you have some tea, sir?" he sent him headlong to the floor.

"Gracious me, I never touch tea selves on the man. whilst I'm in training. Bad stuff for the heart, you know!"

"Are you in training, then?" asked Mornington casually.

"Do you mean to tell me that you haven't heard that Nippy Snips is riding Sweet Cinnamon in the Summer Stakes next Wednesday?"

"N-n-no!" said Morny. And then, as he caught sight of the man's flashing eyes, he added: "Y-y-yes, I remember now!"

"Thought you would," said the man. "You know a good bit about ]

hosses, don't you?" "Oh, yes," answered Mornington. "Ah, you're a bright spark, I can be manacled.

you think of this hoss here?" The man pointed at Smythey. Smythe quivered, whilst Mornington

trod on grass," exclaimed the since!" stranger. "I'd bet a thousand to one I'd win on him every time. My, he's

a goer -- Er, what did you say?"

the man. "I r-r-really think I re- | round the course?" asked the man. Mornington laid a restraining hand

"Oh, it's all right," said the that you didn't remember for," he stranger. "I don't mind a bit. No. ton. said, "when all the time I knew that | trouble at all. Come here, my bonny |

seat, and looked at Mornington. "What are we going to do?" he I must honestly say that I did not | inquired. "The chap's as mad as a | uniform.

whilst you're gone!"

Townsend tore off like lightning.

Morny, however, was not troubled ington. "He thinks old Smythey's his duties to-morrow morning!" a horse an' he's going to ride him!" The man swung his legs over with the lunatic and his gaoler. Smythey's shoulders, and taking up

> "Get up, there!" he exclaimed. "None of that 'ere bucking!"

Smythe. "Gerroff my back, you lhoss! Down came the ruler on Smythe's Handle John madman!"

"I'll teach you to kick, you fiery monster!" roared the man. "Come "He's mad! Humour him for a on there, and show what you're made

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! "Come on, you chaps," said Morn-

dealt the man a blow in the face that

"Hold him down!" exclaimed "Tea!" ejaculated the man. | Mornington. And we all threw our-

> At that moment there was a rush of feet in the passage, and in a moment the door was flung open, and in strode the Head, with another man in uniform.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed the latter. "You can get up, boys!" We all jumped to our feet; and

the stranger gazed in a frightened manner at the man in uniform. "Come here, Snips, my boy," said

the latter patiently. "Time for bed, you know. You've been up too long now!"

Strange to say, the madman rose to his feet, and permitted his hands to

"I'm extremely sorry you fellows should have been frightened in this manner," said the man in uniform; "but this chap is Nippy Snips, an old jockey. The poor chap went out of his mind some years ago, and has "Why, he's the finest hoss that ever | been an inmate at the asylum ever

"But he told us he was our new master," said Mornington.

"Yes, Mornington," explained the "Oh, nothing," said Mornington, Head. "That's quite likely. You who was now beginning to show signs | see, the man escaped from the asylum this morning, and waylaid Mr. Rook-"Would you like to see me run him | ham on the road. He bound him with a rope he had, and forced him to tell him his name, and where he was bound for!"

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Morning-

"It's very strange how the man found his way to your study," con-Townsend jumped up from his | tinued the Head; "but I am thankful that he has done you no harm."

The Head turned to the man in "I suppose you would like to get

"Run along and fetch the Head or | your captive home," he said. "Very man's mind, and I wondered what he | Manders. We'll try and humour him | well, then, we will get along. Boys," he added, "you will be glad to learn that Mr. Rookham is quite well after "Great Scott!" exclaimed Morn- his experience, and will commence

With that the Head left the room

"Glad that's over!" said Smythe. a ruler from the table, which he "Hear, hear," said Mornington. "Of course I do," said the man, | evidently imagined to be a riding- |"But, I say, Smythey, but you're a "Why, when I was training at the | whip, commenced whacking Smythey | fine hoss, doncherknow! I guess-" "Oh, shut up!" growled Smythe.

But Smythey was constantly reminded, during the next few weeks, "Ow! Yow!" yelled Adolphus of the fact that he was a jolly good

(Next Monday: "Mornington's

Little Scheme!" by Dick Oswald. Don't miss it!