

# MELTING MR MANDERS!



By OWEN CONQUEST

*When Mr. Manders "cut up rusty," Jimmy Silver & Co. hit on an amazing idea for melting his wrath. But the resultant wheeze, much to the alarm of the Rookwood juniors, had an unexpected outcome.*

## THE FIRST CHAPTER

MANDERS STOPS ONE!

"HERE they come!"

"Got enough snowballs?"

"Wait till they get past the lodge!"

"Then all let fly together!"

"Ssssh!"

There was an air of expectation at the back of the woodshed under the school wall at Rookwood. Several things combined to explain it. One was a pile of well-made snowballs standing in the recess between the shed and the wall. Another was the four pairs of hands belonging to Jimmy Silver & Co., which were within easy reach of them. A third was the approach of three cheery-looking juniors in the shape of Dodd and Doyle and Cook—the

Three Tommies of the Modern House.

It was really rather heartless of Jimmy Silver & Co. to lie in wait for their old rivals in this fashion, for the Three Tommies were actually keeping an appointment which Jimmy Silver himself had made. It was nearing the end of the Christmas term and, in preparation for the Breaking-up concert, Jimmy Silver had written a play called "Burglar Bill's Christmas," in which he had given the Three Tommies important parts. It was to get away from the crowd that he had chosen the woodshed for a rehearsal on this particular Saturday afternoon, and not to lay a trap for the Moderns; but the presence of the first snow of the season had proved irresistible. Hence, Jimmy Silver was lying in wait for

Tommy Dodd & Co. with the rest as keenly as he would have lain in wait had " Burglar Bill's Christmas " not existed !

In blissful ignorance of the reception awaiting them, Dodd & Co. tramped through the snow towards the woodshed. From their well-chosen hiding-place the Fistical Four heard the crunching sound of their rivals' unsuspecting approach and began gathering up supplies of ammunition.

" Up, guards, and at 'em ! "

The yell came from Jimmy Silver. An instant later, the Fistical Four had come out into the open and four snowballs propelled by four hefty arms were whizzing through the air.

Tommy Dodd & Co. were taken completely by surprise, and three yells of mingled discomfort and consternation went up as the Classical missiles found billets. But they were quick to recover.

" All right, you bounders ! " hooted Tommy Dodd. " First blood to you, but we'll soon get ours ! Up, the Moderns ! "

" What-ho ! "

" Faith, an' it's meself that'll paste the spalpeens ! "

The Three Tommies made a dive for the snow at their feet, and hurriedly prepared to give battle. Three snowballs whizzed back at the attackers, and another three in response to the Classics' second volley. In the space of a few seconds, a spirited battle was raging in front of the woodshed, and the air was thick with flying snowballs.

It was when the fight was at its height that Mr. Manders suddenly appeared.

Mr. Manders of the Modern House had an unhappy knack of appearing

at the wrong moment, and he couldn't possibly have appeared at a worse moment than this.

The combatants didn't notice Mr. Manders. But Mr. Manders could hardly fail to notice the combatants. He stopped dead and pursed his thin lips and scowled. Some masters, like Dicky Dalton of the Classical House, took a lenient view of the high-spirited activities of youth in wintry weather. But Mr. Manders was not in the habit of taking a lenient view of any kind of youthful activities, and in particular he abominated snow-balling.

" Stop ! " he called out.

The juniors carried on. Mr. Manders' voice, harsh as it was, could not rise above the din of the battle that was raging now.

Mr. Manders took a step forward.

" Stop, I order you ! Dodd—Doyle—Silver——"

" Go it, Classics ! "

" Up, the Moderns ! "

Mr. Manders, glaring, advanced warily into the firing-line.

" Stop, you young ruffians ! At once, I say ! Stop immediately, or I will——"

Then it happened ! Newcombe and Raby, with a view to cutting off the retreat of the outnumbered Moderns, moved to another position which happened to be quite near Mr. Manders. Doyle and Cook rained snowballs at them as they moved—and realised too late that a newcomer was in the line of fire.

Plop ! Thud ! Plop !

One caught Mr. Manders on the nose, one on the ear, and a third on the chest.

Mr. Manders sat down in the snow with a bump, and his string of orders tailed off into a gasping yell.

" Oh ! Yooop ! Oh ! "

## THE SECOND CHAPTER

UP TO THE CLASSICALS!

“CAVE!”  
“Oh, crikey! It’s Manders!”

Tommy Dodd & Co. dropped their snowballs as though they had suddenly turned into hot bricks. Jimmy Silver & Co., as members of the Classical House, had not quite as much reason for alarm, but they, too, hurriedly got rid of the remainder of their ammunition.

Mr. Manders looked in a mood to take direct action against anyone he saw with a snowball in his hand!

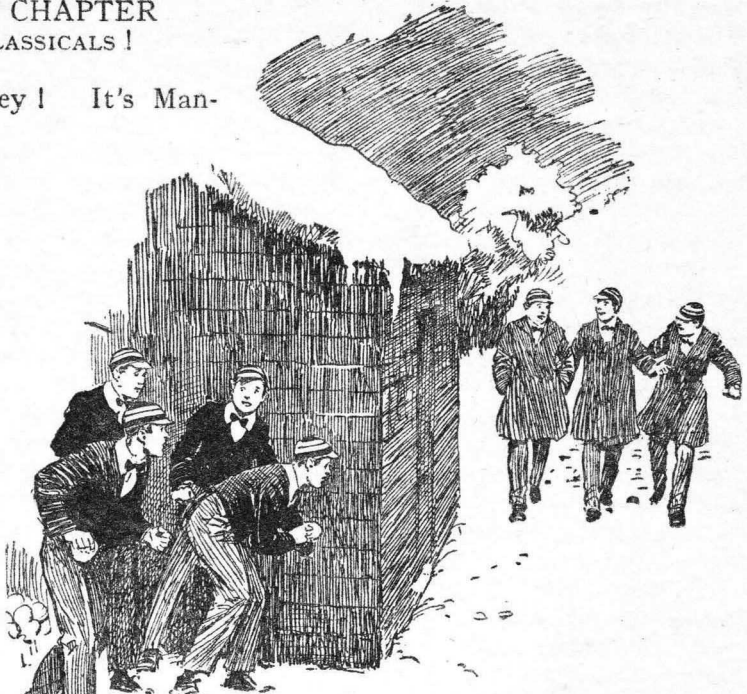
“Sorry, sir!” blurted out Cook, as Mr. Manders stood dizzily on his feet again. “We—we didn’t see you, of course!”

“Shure, an’ we’d be the last to throw snowballs at ye whin ye were lookin’, sir, however much we felt loike doin’ it!”

“Silence!” barked Mr. Manders. “Words will only add to your offence!”

He glowered at them for a few seconds, then went on:

“Dr. Chisholm asked me to excuse you certain items of preparation in consideration of your spending your spare time in rehearsing the so-called play which Silver is producing, and I agreed—on condition that your spare time really was utilised in that manner. I cannot say that I am surprised to find that you are not



In blissful ignorance of the reception awaiting them Dodd & Co. tramped through the snow towards the woodshed. From their hiding-place the Fistical Four heard their rivals’ approach and began gathering up ammunition. “Wait till they get past,” said Jimmy Silver. “Then all let fly together.”

keeping your end of the bargain!”

“Half a minute, sir!” broke in Jimmy Silver. “The fault isn’t Dodd’s and his pals. What really happened was this——”

“That is enough, Silver! I am quite prepared to believe that the behaviour of you and your friends was as ruffianly as that of the boys belonging to my House, and I shall report to Mr. Dalton accordingly—without entertaining too much hope as to his doing anything to remedy the matter,” said Mr. Manders, with a curl of his thin lips. “That, however, does not excuse the Modern boys for lending themselves to this display of hooliganism. Dodd, Doyle and Cook, I do not propose to cane you!”

"Oh, good!" murmured Tommy Dodd & Co., rather taken aback by that unexpected announcement.

"Instead," said Mr. Manders, "I propose to punish you by withdrawing the privileges the Headmaster induced me to grant you in connection with this forthcoming theatrical production."

"Oh, crikey!"

"But, sir——"

"From now till the end of the term," said Mr. Manders, smiling a little as though he was deriving some inward satisfaction from what he was about to say, "you will do prep. in full. Furthermore, you will write me a thousand lines each, to be delivered up on the last day of the term!"

"M-m-my hat!"

"That is all!" smiled Mr. Manders, turning on his heel.

Tommy Dodd gave a gasp.

"But—but that won't leave us any time for rehearsals, sir!"

"Discipline, my dear Dodd, is more important than the rehearsal of a childish play!" retorted Mr. Manders, smiling acidly as he turned his footsteps towards the Classical House—doubtless with the intention of reporting his experience to Mr. Dalton. "The only advice I can give you is to give up the idea of acting in this absurd production."

With that Mr. Manders departed; and the juniors, both Classics and Moderns, were left to look at each other in dismay.

"Well, of all the mean old blighters that——" said Lovell disgustedly.

"He's got one in on us this time, and no mistake!" said Tommy Dodd ruefully. "This is all your fault, Jimmy Silver."

"Hear, hear!"

Jimmy Silver, for once in his young life, looked quite abashed.

"Well, it's partly your fault for having an old killjoy like Manders to run your House," he said. "Still, there's something in what you say. I ought to have reserved snowballing for another time and place, instead of presenting Manders with a chance of busting up the show like this."

"Fat lot of good admitting it now the harm's done!" snorted Tommy Cook. "What about 'Burglar Bill's Christmas' now?"

"And phwat about us, with a thousand loines each to do before the end of the term?" demanded Tommy Doyle indignantly.

Jimmy Silver shook his head sadly.

"Blessed if I know!" he confessed; then he added, with a faint grin: "But don't worry, kids! Classical brains will get you out of it somehow, though I don't quite see how for the moment! You leave it to your Uncle James!"

"You—you footling fathead!"

"Pax!" grinned the leader of the Classics, as the Three Tommies, fairly exuding indignation at having insult added to injury, adopted aggressive attitudes. "I'm not being funny; I mean it. We've let you down this time, and it's up to us to get you out of the jam. I'll think out a wheeze somehow, if I have to stay awake all night to do it!"

"Thanks, awfully! In the meantime," said Tommy Dodd, with crushing sarcasm, "we'll get back to our study and make a start on those lines—just in case the wheeze doesn't work! Come on, chaps!"

And the Moderns, without making any attempt to disguise their ruffled feelings, marched towards their own House.

"And that's that!" remarked Raby, when they had gone. "How do we go for the rehearsal now?"



"Nothing doing," Jimmy Silver said promptly. "I'm not taking on others to fill their places, so the show's off—unless we can melt old Manders' heart in some way and get him to cancel that sentence!"

"My hat! And what are the odds about melting Manders' heart?" inquired Lovell curiously.

"About a thousand to one against, going by looks!" grinned Newcombe.

Jimmy Silver frowned thoughtfully as he led the way back.

"That's obvious, of course," he admitted. "Still, faith works wonders, and I've got heaps of faith in my mental powers. Give your Uncle James time to think!"

And the Co. accordingly gave him time—though, judging by their expressions, they didn't share his unbounded faith in his mental powers on this occasion.

Mr. Manders came out of the House as they arrived at the steps, and gave them a sniff and a glare.

"I have reported your conduct to Mr. Dalton. You will report to him at once," he snapped.

"Thank you, sir!" said Jimmy Silver demurely, and he and his followers retreated rather hurriedly into the House, leaving the House-master of the Modern House glaring more fiercely than ever.

As the Fistical Four had anticipated, Dicky Dalton did not regard the matter with anything like the seriousness of his Modern colleague.

"You should be more careful as to who is about when you play these pranks, boys," he said. "However, I assume that Mr. Manders' mishap was quite accidental so far as you are concerned?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Good. Then I'll let you off with fifty lines apiece."

And Dicky Dalton, with a twinkle in his eye, dismissed them from his cheerful presence.

"Eureka!"

That was what Jimmy Silver said, outside in the passage. There was a note of suppressed triumph in his voice that made Lovell and Newcombe and Raby look at him quickly.

"Something biting you, old chap?" Lovell asked solicitously.

"I've got it!" the leader of the Fistical Four ejaculated. "The very idea! The wheeze of the term! The one and only way of melting old Manders!"

Lovell and Newcombe and Raby smiled somewhat sceptical smiles.

"If you'll give us a brief outline," suggested Lovell.

"It's nothing much," Jimmy Silver said modestly, as they walked towards the hall. "Just an idea for making Manders so grateful to Tommy Dodd & Co. that common decency will simply compel him to let them all off!"

"Great Pip! Is that all?"

"In order to bring about that result," said Jimmy Silver, "we shall have to co-operate in a little subterfuge. The idea is, you see, for all of us to rig ourselves up in the crook costumes we wear in my play——"

"What?"

"And then to pretend to hold up Manders——"

"Eh?"

"Just before Tommy Dodd & Co. arrive on the scene," grinned Jimmy Silver. "Tommy Dodd & Co. will then proceed to do their stuff. They'll put us to flight and dutifully rescue their Housemaster——"

"Ye gods!"

"And Manders will never suspect

that it's anything other than an act of heroism and devotion on their part. Result: he'll cancel that thousand lines, and let them carry on with rehearsals again. See?"

Lovell and Newcombe and Raby drew a deep breath.

"My hat! Rather fantastic, isn't it?" Newcombe asked.

"Rather risky, too," said Raby, a little uneasily. "If Manders ever found out——"

"He never would," declared Jimmy Silver confidently. "I'm pretty useful at disguising my voice, and I can do all the talking that's necessary. Of course, we wouldn't hurt him!"

"Great Pip! I should say not!"

"Wouldn't lay a hand on him, in fact," said the leader of the Fistical Four. "That wouldn't be necessary; one look at us in our disguises would be enough for Manders! It can't go wrong, I tell you. We can arrange the hold-up in the loneliest part of that footpath to Coombe where Manders takes his constitutional every day. Nobody's ever about there at this time of the year."

"Yes, but——"

"But nothing!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Let's go and see what Tommy Dodd & Co. think about it."

And the Co. duly accompanied their leader to hear the verdict of the Three Tommies. And by the time they arrived at the Modern House, Jimmy Silver had completely converted them.

The Moderns were dubious at first—very dubious indeed. Gradually, however, as their various objections were answered, their resistance to Jimmy Silver's unique "wheeze" weakened until Tommy Dodd, so to speak, hauled up the flag of surrender.

"All right, then," he said resignedly. "It's the craziest idea ever

—but it may work. We'll take a chance and play our part, anyway!"

And, thus agreed, the friendly rivals of Rookwood got down to the discussion of details.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. MANDERS!"

"ARTERNOON, old covey!"

**A** Mr. Manders jumped.

It was the day after the snow-balling episode. Classes were over for the day, and in the fading light of the brief winter afternoon, Mr. Manders had gone out for his usual constitutional walk. It was a quiet walk at this season, and no sound but the crunching of his own feet in the snow had fallen on his ears since he left Rookwood.

The gruff tones of the stranger, coming from the direction of the hedge, were like a bolt from the blue to Mr. Manders. He jumped—then jumped for a second time when he looked towards the hedge from which the sound of the voice had come.

Four roughly-dressed individuals were advancing towards him in the most threatening manner imaginable. Each of the four carried a most formidable-looking cudgel which gave him an extremely sinister appearance; and to add to the sinister aspect of things, each of the four wore a mask.

"Arternoon!" repeated the leader of the desperate band, in his gruff, unpleasant voice.

Mr. Manders felt his knees wobble.

"W-w-what do you want?" he managed to gasp, in tones made husky with fear.

The leader of the masked quartette laughed—an unpleasant laugh that sent a cold feeling up Mr. Manders' spine.

"Jest you 'and over all your oof, old covey, that's all!" he said.

"You part up an' we won't 'urt you, see? Otherwise——"

He whirled his cudgel at what looked to be dangerously near Mr. Manders' head.

Mr. Manders jumped again—then gasped again—then, in a sudden paroxysm of fear, let out a shout.

"Help! Police! Rescue!" he yelled hoarsely.

Although he yelled, Mr. Manders entertained only the slenderest hope that his yells would be answered, for he was a considerable distance from any habitation, and it was not the time of day for wayfarers to be in the neighbourhood. It was with surprise as well as joy, therefore,

that he heard an answering shout from the other side of the hedge.

"Coming, sir!"

"This way, you chaps!"

"Rescue, Rookwood!"

"Go for 'em!"

An instant later Dodd and Cook and Doyle burst through a gap in the hedge and came running at top speed down the snow-covered footpath towards the scene of the hold-up.

Never during his entire career at Rookwood had Mr. Manders felt so glad to see three juniors as he felt to see the Three Tommies now. He almost wept with delight.

"These ruffians, my boys—these dreadful footpads——" he gasped.



"Jest you 'and over all your oof, old covey," said the leader of the roughly-dressed, masked quartette, whirling his cudgel dangerously near Mr. Manders' head. "You part up an' we won't 'urt you, see?" "Help!" yelled the master hoarsely. "Police! Rescue!"

"We'll soon settle 'em, sir!" cried Tommy Dodd. "Pile in, you men!"

"What-ho!"

The Three Tommies piled in with a right good will.

The four footpads seemed to hesitate. The odds were certainly in their favour, but they appeared disinclined to make a fight of it. That circumstance might have struck Mr. Manders as a little peculiar at any other time, but on this occasion he was so relieved at the prospect of rescue that the peculiarity of the affair did not occur to him at all. He fairly chortled as he saw the Three Tommies wade in, hitting out right and left among the masked bandits.

"Detain the rascals if you can, my boys!" he cried. "If we can only get them along to the constable at Coombe, it will be excellent!"

It was a rather tall order, particularly as Mr. Manders contributed nothing towards it himself; and the Housemaster of the Modern House had no reasonable cause for complaint when Tommy Dodd & Co. failed to comply with it.

The masked quartette broke away suddenly and ran; and despite his order, Mr. Manders was not sorry to see the back of them, and, in fact, hurriedly called the Three Tommies back when they started chasing them.

"Good job we happened to turn up just then, sir!" panted Tommy Dodd, as he and his chums returned to their Housemaster. "Did they hurt you, sir?"

In Mr. Manders' eyes, as he replied, was a gleam—a kindly gleam such as the juniors never remembered seeing there before.

"No, Dodd, thank you," he answered. "Thanks to the fortunate appearance of you and your friends at the right moment, I have sustained

nothing worse than a slight shock to the nervous system."

Mr. Manders paused for a few seconds, as though pondering on what to say next, then went on:

"My boys, I need hardly say that I am very grateful—very grateful indeed—for the assistance you have given me. All three of you acted with great heroism."

Tommy Dodd coughed.

"H'm! It was nothing, sir!"

"That statement, Dodd, shows that you possess the modesty of a true hero!" said Mr. Manders. "Your behaviour was magnificent. I am proud of you three boys to-day!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"What did you say, Cook?"

"I said we're awfully glad, sir—meaning awfully glad to have saved you," explained Cook, displaying unusual presence of mind. "It's nice to know we're in your good books again, sir, after what happened yesterday."

Mr. Manders started.

"Bless my soul! With this engaging my mind, I had almost forgotten it! Let me see—I ordered you to do preparation again, and to write me a thousand lines each, did I not?"

"Ye-es, sir!"

Mr. Manders almost beamed.

"My boys, after what has happened, I cannot think of allowing that punishment to stand. You may regard it as rescinded."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped the Three Tommies.

"After all, the throwing of those snowballs was but a foolish prank," said Mr. Manders, displaying an indulgence never known in him before. "Kindly forget all that in the heat of the moment I may have said yesterday afternoon. The punishment I ordered is cancelled—do not forget that, my boys!"



"We won't, sir!" grinned Tommy Dodd & Co.

"And now let us return to the school," said Mr. Manders briskly. "It is not advisable to remain out with ruffians like those abroad. I will ring up the constable at Coombe and acquaint him with what has happened as soon as we get back. Come, my boys!"

And they went. And it might have been expected that, with the successful melting of Mr. Manders' heart, the affair was over.

But it wasn't quite over.

Two quite unforeseen factors prevented that.

The first was the unlooked-for reaction of Tommy Dodd & Co. to Mr. Manders' new mood of graciousness. Though, from some points of view, Mr. Manders owed them quite a lot in the way of graciousness, the Three Tommies began to experience a peculiarly uncomfortable sensation whenever Mr. Manders smiled at them. The unqualified success of Jimmy Silver's great wheeze for getting their punishment cancelled brought in its train an odd reluctance on their part to participate in the benefits they had earned through it. They had an uneasy feeling that they were sailing under false colours. Pangs of conscience began to smite the Three Tommies. They had to admit that they preferred Mr. Manders scowling at them as of yore to Mr. Manders smiling at them on account of the spectacular deed the ingenious Jimmy Silver had arranged.

The second factor preventing the affair from being at an end was the suddenly-realised likelihood that Mr. Manders would discover the little plot after all. Why nobody had foreseen that he was bound to link up the four burglarious characters in Jimmy

Silver's play with his four assailants on the footpath was a mystery. But nobody had. It was only when the dress rehearsal took place that Tommy Doyle, in a flash of inspiration, saw the danger and told the rest. By that time, it was too late to do anything. The play took up more than a quarter of the whole programme for the Breaking-up concert, and to withdraw it at the eleventh hour was out of the question.

"There's only one thing for it," said Tommy Dodd, after the dismayed juniors had talked it over for some time without arriving at any solution. "Manders mustn't see it. He'll have to be kept out!"

"How?" asked Raby pointedly. "By keeping him locked up somewhere while the show's on?"

"Can't be did," said Jimmy Silver, with a shake of his head. "Bad enough to hold him up; to lock him up as well would just about crown it."

"Oh, rather!"

"No. The only thing to do is to give him some counter-attraction to keep him away of his own accord," said Tommy Dodd. "If we could find some intriguing wireless lecture that would keep him listening-in in the Masters' Common-room while the Breaking-up concert was on——"

"My hat! That's an idea!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Let's hunt up the radio programmes."

They did so—with excellent results. By sheer chance a lecture on "A New Approach to Greek Art" was to be delivered from a German station at the same time as "Burglar Bill's Christmas" was to be performed in Hall. And Mr. Manders, as Jimmy Silver expressed it, was a "dab" at German and "nuts" on Greek Art. It seemed only necessary to call Mr. Manders' attention to the lecture, and

his absence from the concert was assured.

Tommy Dodd called his attention to it. He performed the task with a diplomacy of which he had hardly suspected himself capable. And Mr. Manders fell.

So "Burglar Bill's Christmas" started without the presence of Mr. Manders among the audience. And the juniors, as they stood in the wings, felt very much relieved—though, as the Three Tommies still had to confess, they would have felt more relieved still had the new and embarrassing relationship between themselves and their Housemaster never existed.

The play was a great success. Act One finished to tremendous applause, and the youthful actors could feel that the audience was even more enthusiastic about the second and final act.

And then, as they were reaching the end, they saw hovering in the wings the grim spectre of Mr. Manders. And the juniors' hearts sank.

"Burglar Bill's Christmas" finished to the cheers of a thoroughly satisfied audience, and the curtain fell for the last time. Then the juniors walked reluctantly off the stage to face the music.

There was no need to ask whether Mr. Manders knew. The grim frown on his face was sufficient to tell them.

"Well?" barked Mr. Manders.

The juniors almost ducked.

"We—we——" said Lovell.

"You—you see, sir——" stuttered Raby.

"The—the fact is——" gasped Newcombe.

Then Tommy Dodd stepped to the fore.

"I'm glad you've found out, sir," he said. "We've felt rotten about it

ever since you turned so decent to us over it."

"Well?" barked Mr. Manders again.

"We only did it because we wanted badly to get our rehearsals in—and because it seemed rather a lark, too," said Tommy Dodd frankly. "We didn't realise then how we'd feel over being looked on as heroes for nothing."

"It is something to hear you say that, at all events," snorted Mr. Manders. "But if you expect it to influence me in your favour, you are sadly mistaken. I shall report you Classical House boys to Mr. Dalton at once. As to you, Dodd and Doyle and Cook, you are detained for the rest of the term and——"

"But there isn't any rest of the term, sir," said Jimmy Silver softly. "We're breaking up for Christmas to-morrow, you know."

Mr. Manders clicked his teeth in rage. Temporarily, in his excitement, he had forgotten that rather important fact.

"Very well, then," he said harshly. "That being the case, I will——"

"We didn't mean any harm, sir," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "And Dodd and the rest have really been fed up over getting into your good books under false pretences. And—and, after all——"

"Well?"

"If you hadn't been particularly hard on them over that snowballing accident, sir, it wouldn't have cropped up at all, would it?"

Mr. Manders paused and eyed them. Strangely enough, the hostile glare in his eyes seemed to be fading a little.

From the other side of the curtain, the full-throated strains of "Good King Wenceslas" were coming, as the audience filled in the interval with a little community singing.

Perhaps it was that. Perhaps even the tight-lipped Mr. Manders felt deep down within him that spirit of peace and goodwill which he seemed to keep so well bottled up during most of the year.

Whatever it was, Mr. Manders suddenly stopped glaring altogether, and the faint ghost of a smile struggled to his lips.

"It was a senseless prank," he said, and his tone was astonishingly mild. "But—but—well, Dodd, perhaps I was a little hard on you over those snowballs."

"We are not excusing ourselves on that ground, sir!" gasped the flabbergasted Tommy Dodd.

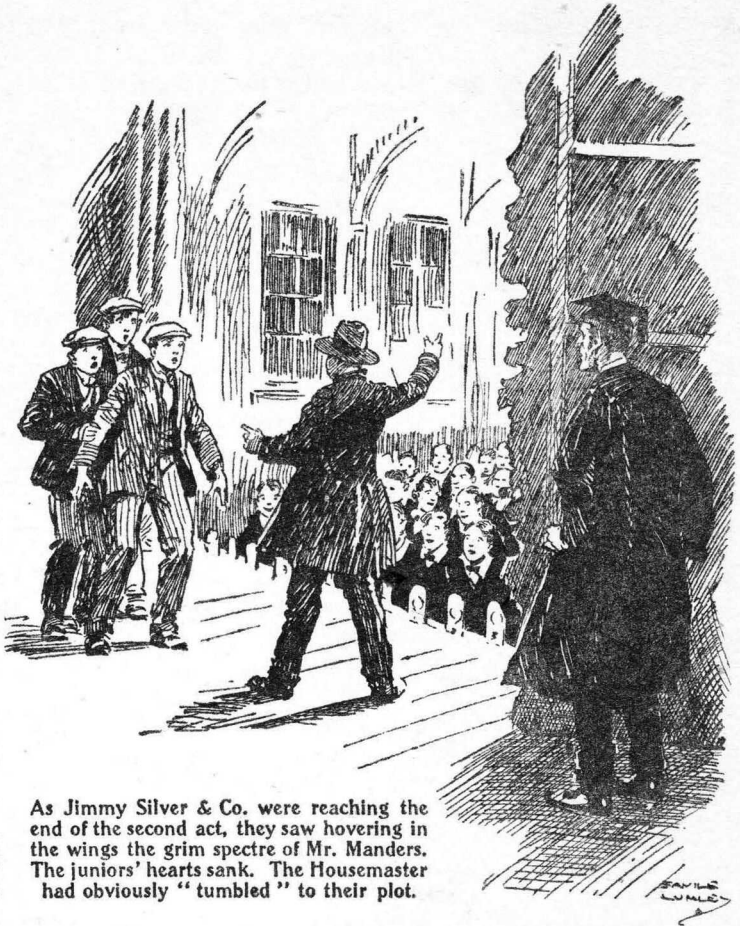
"I should hope not! Nevertheless, I was probably a little hard, and perhaps it does provide an extenuating circumstance. On second thoughts, I will say no more about it."

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Jimmy Silver. The rest managed to blurt out: "Oh, thank you, sir!"

"Please don't infer that I am ever likely to excuse such a thing in the future," said Mr. Manders hurriedly. "But on this occasion I will let the matter drop. I—I hope you all enjoy your holiday!"

"Three cheers for Mr. Manders!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"None of that nonsense, please, Silver!" rapped Mr. Manders, although



As Jimmy Silver & Co. were reaching the end of the second act, they saw hovering in the wings the grim spectre of Mr. Manders. The juniors' hearts sank. The Housemaster had obviously "tumbled" to their plot.

he could not restrain the gleam of pleasure that showed for a moment in his eyes.

But Jimmy Silver refused to be put off so easily, and shouted again, at the top of his voice.

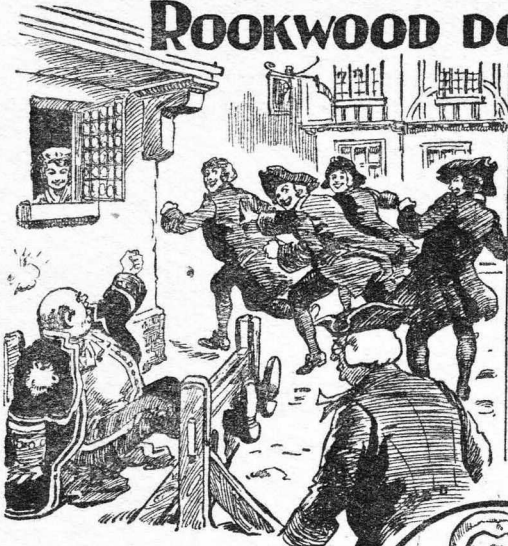
"Three cheers for Mr. Manders!"

They were given with a will—and as the flustered Mr. Manders withdrew he was followed, for the first time on record, by a truly hearty chorus of:

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Manders!"

Which was the most unexpected finish to the process of melting Mr. Manders that either Classics or Moderns could possibly have imagined.

# ROOKWOOD DOWN THE AGES!



THE GREAT BARRING - OUT AT ROOKWOOD

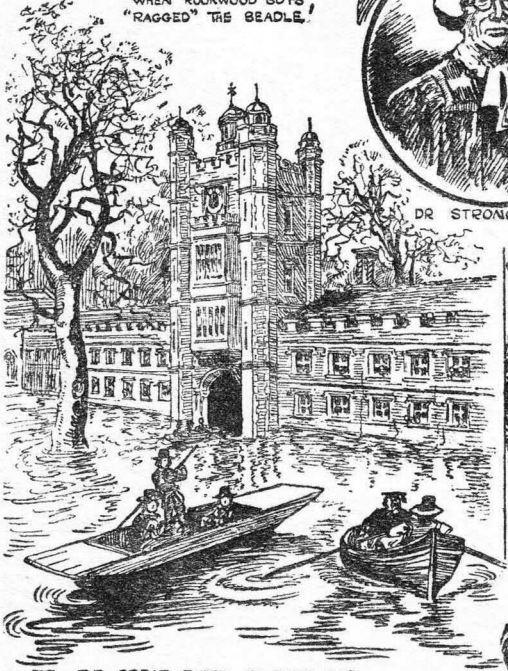
WHEN ROOKWOOD BOYS "RAGGED" THE BEADLE!



DR STRONG 1727-53



WHEN ROOKWOOD DEFIED ALL COMERS.



THE GREAT FLOOD AT ROOKWOOD



ROOKWOOD BOYS COME TO THE RESCUE.

An interesting page of pictures specially drawn by the Holiday Annual artist after he had delved into a bulky volume giving the early history of this famous school.