

DERRICK BRENT, THE SCHOOLMASTER DETECTIVE, IS INSIDE!

The BOYS' FRIEND 1d

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

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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.

BY 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 Fistical Four were at home. But they

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 door as Tommy Dodd came in.

"Buzz!" said Jimmy Silver laconically.

"Get!" said Lovell.

"Take your face away!" snapped Raby.

"And bury it!" added Newcome.

Tommy 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 cheerfully.

"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 Classical 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 impost," said Lovell. "We sha'n't be long, if you'll leave off jawing, Tommy Dodd! Have the Latham 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 huffing 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 quad.

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

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 well known at Rookwood. They ran:

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