

MORE PRIZES FOR READERS!

The BOYS' FRIEND 1^{1d}/₂

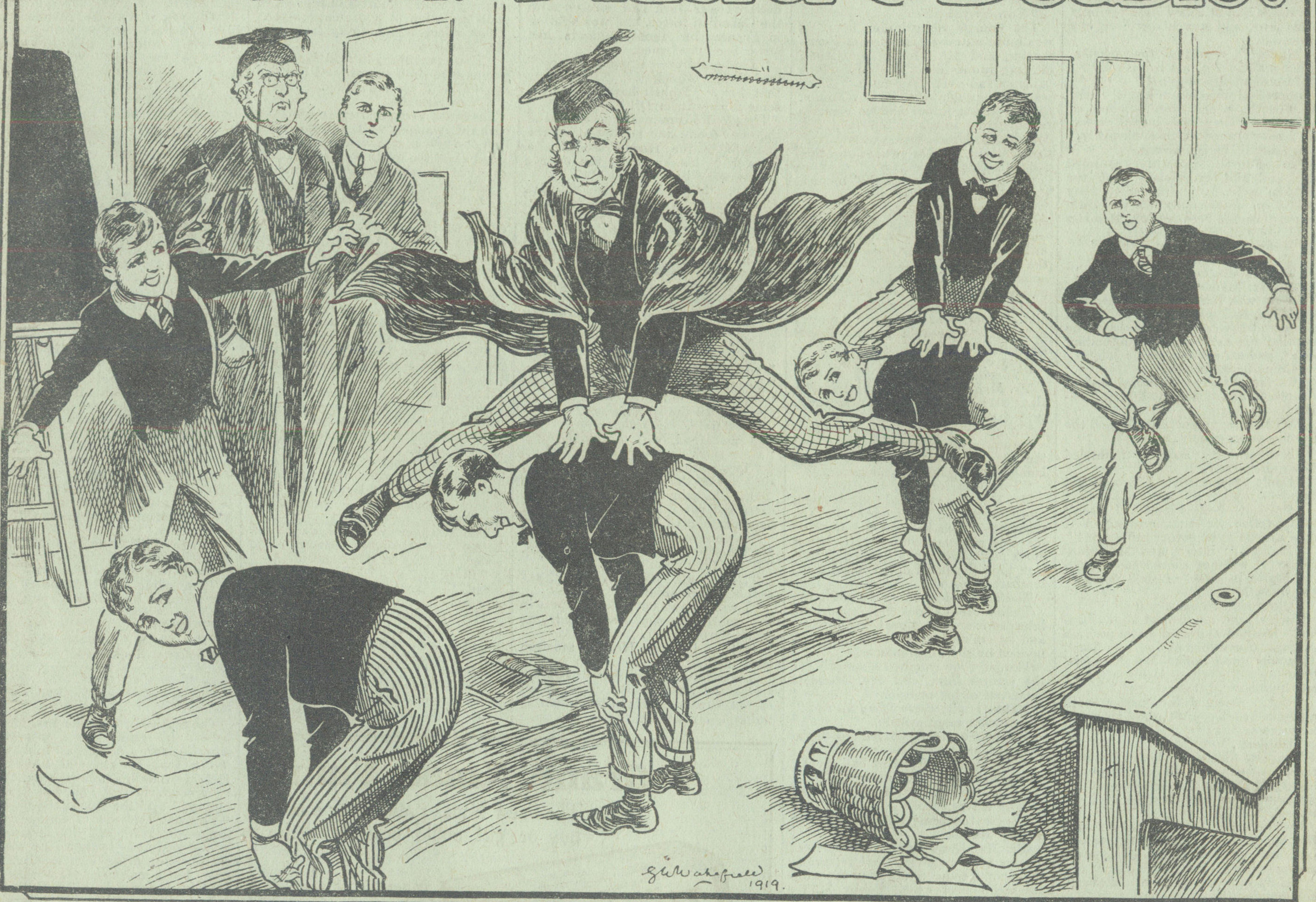
TWELVE PAGES!

No. 967. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending December 20th, 1919.]

The Form-Master's Double!



ASTOUNDING BEHAVIOUR OF MR. MANDERS!

leaping down the line of backs, to the accompaniment of yells of merriment from the Fourth-Formers. In the wild excitement, the sudden appearance of Dr. Chisholm and Bulkeley at the Form-room door was at first unnoticed. "Bless my soul!" gasped the Head, almost petrified. "Mr. Manders,—what does this mean?"

With gown flying out behind him, and mortar-board set jauntily on his head, the Form-master went

The 1st Chapter.
Discomfiting News.
 "Silver!"
 "Yes, sir!"
 "Take a hundred lines!"
 "Oh crumbs—I—I mean, yes, sir!"
 Jimmy Silver, with a wry face, sat down and resumed his work under the eagle eye of Mr. Manders. Mr.

Buttles usually took the Fourth, but the good-natured Form-master had contracted a chill, and was consequently confined to the "sanny." Mr. Manders had been called in by the Head to fill the vacant post, and already the "catty" master of the Sixth was making himself felt. Jimmy Silver had whispered a few

words to Arthur Edward Lovell, on his left, and those few words had earned for him the lines imposed above.
 "Hard cheese!" murmured Lovell sympathetically.
 "Lovell!"
 Mr. Manders' voice rasped out like a knife-edge.

"Yes, sir!"
 "You were talking!"
 "Was I, sir?" said Arthur Edward, meekly.
 "Take a hundred lines for talking in class, and two hundred lines for impertinence!" snapped Mr. Manders.
 Arthur Edward Lovell breathed

hard through his nose, sat down, and wrestled with an impossible problem that had something to do with a man mowing a meadow, with a dog as helpmate.
 He was not the only member of the class who had suffered at the hands of Mr. Manders. Impositions and canings had been flowing liberally and,

