

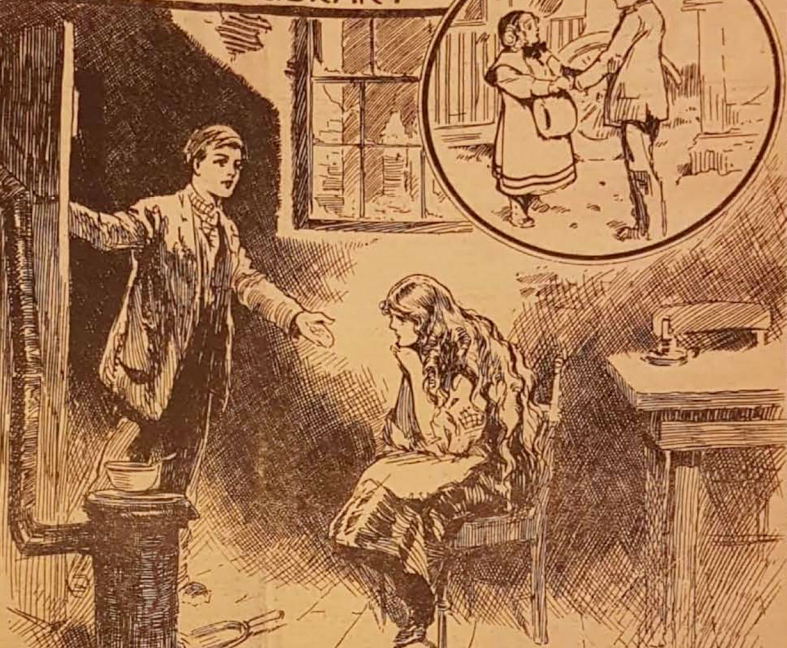
COMMENCE THE NEW YEAR WELL AND READ OUR NEW STORY.

THE POPULAR NEW STORY PAPER  
**THE EMPIRE**  
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 2



DRIVEN FROM HOME!



**TWO LITTLE WAIFS**  
 OR  
**"WITHOUT A FRIEND"**

**PATHETIC—HUMOROUS—DRAMATIC!**  
**A NEW STORY.**  
 By EDWIN HOME.

A Lucky Penny.  
**"CARRY your bag, sir!"**  
**"Get out!"**  
**"Thank you, sir."**  
 The ragged, pale-faced lad stood despondently aside as the passenger hurried on, whose bag he had offered to carry up the steep incline leading from the City and Waterloo Railway to the subway which surrounds the Bank Station of the Two-Penny Tube.  
 The boy was a tall, well-grown youngster of about fifteen, but his eyes were bright with chronic hunger, his cheeks sunken and wasted, and on his face an expression of dull resignation. It was now midday, and Phil Ferrary had been out since early morning, footless, ill-clad, shivering, without having earned so much as a single copper.  
 But Phil's luck was on the turn, for as he gazed ruefully after the brutal pedestrian, he heard a thick, wheezy voice close behind him grunt:  
**"Hi, here, you boy, what was it you said to the man whose bag you offered to carry?"**

A faint smile crossed the boy's pale face.  
**"I said 'Thank you, sir,'" he explained, glancing hopefully at the stout, red-faced man, who, a small leather despatch-box in his hand, was regarding him as though he were one of the seven wonders of the world.**  
**"What had you got to thank him for?" puffed the gentleman.**  
**"Because he didn't knock me down, I suppose, sir," laughed Phil.**  
**"Hum! There's something in that!" grunted the stout one.**  
**"Here, take hold of this!" he added, thrusting the despatch-box into the boy's hand.**  
**"How is it you're on the cage?" he pulled, as Phil walked slowly by his side up the slope. "Can't get any work, I suppose, and don't want to as long as you can loaf about, eh?"**  
**"Indeed, I do, sir! But who will take a boy without references?" returned Phil.**  
 It was not until the top of the slope was reached that the old gentleman answered Phil's question by saying:  
**"Oh, there are fools in the world**

big enough for that, and I'm one of them. Here, put this in your pocket and come to me after Christmas." And he handed Phil a business card and a penny.  
 The boy's face flushed with pleasure.  
**"I thank you, sir—thank you very much," he cried gratefully.**  
**"What for?" grunted the old gentleman. "For the tip? It's a small 'un, but so is the despatch-box. Good-bye!"**  
**"Good-bye, sir, and a merry Christmas!" said Phil, touching his cap as the old gentleman trotted away.**  
 Phil felt happier than he had done for many a long day. He had walked long, weary, anxious miles in search of employment, until his face had grown thinner and paler, his clothes more ragged, his boots more full of holes, but without success; and now it had been thrust upon him when he least expected it.  
 He looked down at the card, but the letters ran into each other, for his eyes were blurred with happy tears.  
**"What did he give you, mate?"**

demanding a match-seller who had witnessed the transaction, and Phil thrust the coin and card into his trousers pocket ere he replied:  
**"Only a penny, but he as good as promised to find me work."**  
**"Ugh!" grunted the other disgustedly. "What's the good of work? I ain't done a stroke for the last ten years, and what's more, I don't mean to if I can help it. Look here, youngster," he added, gazing reflectively at his stock-in-trade. "I've about had enough of this lay. I'll sell you these three boxes of matches for a penny."**  
 Phil looked suspiciously into the man's unshaven face.  
**"Right you are!" he cried.**  
 And the next second the deal was concluded.  
**"Match a penny a box! Penny a box! Buy a light, sir! Buy a light!" cried Phil, moving slowly along the subway, adding as a man snatched a box of matches from him, and dropped a penny on the asphalt:  
**"Thank you, sir!"**  
**"This is the way fortunes are****

made," thought Phil, as he turned the penny over in his pocket, and regarded the two boxes which he still had for sale.  
 Presently he started as a policeman loomed in sight, for he knew that heart-beats under a policeman's blue uniform, and, as though unconscious of such a thing as a ragged boy selling matches existed, he passed on.  
 The next constable, however, might not prove so considerate, and he determined to face the cold, biting wind of the slushy streets.  
 Certainly Phil's luck was in. Before he reached the bottom of the steps leading to Chopside, he had exchanged the remainder of his stock for two good, solid, copper pennies.  
**"Two hundred per cent. isn't a bad investment. I'll be a millionaire in up!" chuckled Phil, then ran with a lighter heart up the steps.**  
 As he emerged out to the busy corner between Chopside and Queen Victoria Street, a heavy gust of wind,



A Novel and Interesting Story for All.

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOL DAYS

A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

GLANCE OVER THIS. Ethel Cleveland is a new girl at St. Freda's...

A cheek, wet with tears, was laid against Ethel's own...

Ethel one afternoon takes Dolores over to St. Jim's College...

She was surprised to do so for a moment. It was Dolores, and the wayward Spanish girl...

Dolores is Sorry.

"Oh, I'm not worrying," said Figgins. "That's all right, then."

"I was a cad," went on Dolores. "I did not mean to be—but I was, I am often like that..."

Cousin Ethel went up to her own room. Dolores was watching her with a curious expression...

"Why did you do it, Dolores?" "I don't know."

Ethel had anticipated a very happy afternoon at St. Jim's and a happy afternoon at the reading...

"But I do," asked Ethel, in astonishment. "Si, si," said Dolores...

But Ethel, usually so cheery in society, was not in the mood for talk...

"Don't talk nonsense, Dolores," said Ethel sharply.

"From your heart?" "Yes," said Ethel.

"Is that your idea of friendship, Dolores?" "Oh, you are too good and sweet for me," said Dolores...

Ethel was glad of the silence and the solitude for the time.

"Then it is all right again," she exclaimed. "That's all right again, my dear; you haven't kissed me, Ethel."

Ethel was glad of the silence and the solitude for the time.

"Did you have a good time?" "Yes," said Ethel.

The dancing flame from the fire shot up and showed the smile upon her fair face...

"You are a little angel to forgive me," she said. "I would never have forgiven in your place, never."

"I was a cad," went on Dolores. "I did not mean to be—but I was, I am often like that..."



But I shall never be ungrateful to you again. "Your nature is better than that."

"I'm so sorry," "Well, there is no more to be said about it then."

"I don't know," "But I do," asked Ethel, in astonishment.

"I don't know," "But I do," asked Ethel, in astonishment.

"I don't know," "But I do," asked Ethel, in astonishment.

"And you weren't," said Mully Pratt. Dolores laughed and nodded.

"I was a cad," went on Dolores. "I did not mean to be—but I was, I am often like that..."

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into the next apartment. A plimmet of light from the dormitory window...

"I've been thinking about Ethel," Dolores said.

"I've been thinking about Ethel," Dolores said. "I was a cad..."

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OVERCOAT READY TO WEAR 31- WITH ORDER. Includes an illustration of a man in a suit and a large advertisement for a rubber stamp.

A Postcard Will Do.—THE EDITOR.

A NEW STORY OF THE SCHOOLBOY ACTOR.

# FRANK MONK & CO.'S SCORE.



A Tale of Rylcombe Grammar School by Prosper Howard

## CHAPTER I. Mistaken Identity—At the Grammar School.

**L**INK up, chaps! This looks like one of Gordon Gay's gang!"

"Rather!" said Carboy and Lane, and the two Fourth-formers at Rylcombe Grammar School linked arms with their leader and study chum, Frank Monk. The three juniors fell into step, and continued their way down the long corridor, with broad grins on their healthy, handsome faces. Although it was past lighting-up time in the old school, the porter had not yet made a tour of the corridors, and so the place looked very gloomy on that winter's afternoon.

Thump!

Frank Monk & Co. lurched into the figure which loomed up out of the dusk, and the weight of the three juniors proved too much for the single figure, which went to the floor with a crash.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Frank Monk & Co.

"Oo!"

Frank Monk leant down and hauled his unfortunate victim to his feet.

"My only topper!" he exclaimed. "If it isn't that ass Tadpole!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What! That mad artist out of Gordon Gay's asylum!" added Carboy.

Frank Monk peered into the indignant face before him.

"Yes," he cried; "and I'm hanged if the ass isn't made up! I suppose Gordon Gay is working another one of his blessed plays. What's it going to be this time, Taddy? 'As You Don't Like It,' by William Shakespeare?"

"You—your young scoundrels!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" spluttered the enraged figure, dancing about and waving two bony-looking fists in the air. "I'll Tadpole you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the three juniors at the duncy.

"I'll report you, as sure as my name!"

"Oh, dry up, Taddy!" interrupted Frank Monk, with a laugh. "You needn't lose your wool. You know perfectly well that we are cock of the walk in the Fourth Form, so you can't expect us to make way for a worm like you."

"A—worm!" roared the indignant object of Frank Monk's schoolboy invective. "Do you think—"

"Ha, ha! No, we don't think, Taddy!" interrupted Carboy, giving the dancing figure a hearty slap on the shoulder.

"You—you—you—"

"Oh, theese it, dummy!" laughed Frank Monk. "What's the wheeze? I must say that Gay has made you

up jolly well. You look just like a blessed solicitor's clerk—especially with that bag. You haven't got any of your pictures in it, I suppose?"

"No, of course he hasn't!" said Carboy. "They've all been hung in the Academy. They say they're going to hang the artist next."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—your young scoundrels!" roared the junior victim. "I'll see that you get punished for this, and when—"

"Acting jolly well, isn't he, chaps?" Putting on a voice like a gramophone.

"I—tell you when I see Dr. Monk. I'll report you boys. I—I'll have you publicly thrashed. Do you know who I am? I am Mr. Percival Barrow, and I—"

Frank Monk & Co. looked at one another in sudden alarm. Their mouths dropped simultaneously, and then they stared at the spluttering figure before them.

"My hat!" they gasped in chorus. "Your hats, you young idiots!" roared the enraged figure in a deep-very deep bass. "I'll give you hats! Dr. Monk's solicitor can't come into the school without being savagely attacked by the boys. I'll see what's likely to happen next."

The three juniors opened their mouths simultaneously; but not a word could they utter.

"Now, give me your names, you young cads!"

Frank Monk flushed crimson at the word.

"Cads, sir!" he said. "I beg your pardon for what has happened; but you are remarkably like a chap named Tadpole—Horace Tadpole, and—and we mistook you. If he was dressed up and wore a false beard, he'd be your double!"

"Absolute double!" added Carboy and Lane together.

"Rot!" spluttered the little man, waving his black brief-bag dangerously near Frank Monk's nose. "Rot and lies, my boys! I shall report you all to Dr. Monk!"

"But—but the Head's my father, sir," said Frank Monk; "and he knows I shouldn't think of treating you—only in mistake."

"Rot! Rot! Rot!" roared the headmaster's visitor, and he stamped away down the corridor in the direction of Dr. Monk's study, leaving the three flustered juniors staring at one another in indignant amazement.

"And—and he didn't take any notice of our apology!" added Carboy.

There was a prolonged silence in the corridor.

"I know!" said Frank Monk suddenly. "I've got a wheeze!"

"Dry up with wheezes for a time!" replied Carboy. "Let's get over the shock of the last wheeze first of all!"

"But it's up against that disbelieving solicitor, dummy!" roared the leader of the trio. "He practically called us liars, so we must make the frobious ass sit up for that."

"Of course, but what's the—"

"Come with me, my children," interrupted Frank Monk. "We'll pay a visit to Gordon Gay. He scored when he aped Mr. Robinson, and bought one of Taddy's horrible paintings, so we must score this time."

"Rather!" chorused Lane and Carboy, and the three juniors made their way in the direction of the Fourth-Form studies.

"Ten was in full swing in Study No. 13 when there was a loud double knock on the door.

"Tap, tap!"

"Oh, Cesar!" growled Gordon Gay, the schoolboy actor and Frank Monk's great rival. "We've only got enough grub for three, and when Taddy said he was going down to the village I thought the worries of making things go round—"

Bang, bang!

Gordon Gay and the two Woottons leant back in their chairs with rosiged expressions on their faces as a loud tattoo of fists volleyed on the study door.

"Ho! Murder! Foul!" roared Mr. Percival Barrow, as Gordon Gay & Co. grasped him. "Ho! Boys! Dr. Monk's voice rang out sharp and clear.

"Rather!" chorused Lane and Carboy, and the three juniors made their way in the direction of the Fourth-Form studies.

"I should go down and hang about the corridor if I were you," said Frank Monk. "It would be awfully silly for Taddy to try and work off a 'My hat!' gasped Gordon Gay. "He is a frobious dummy. Come on, chaps, let's go down, and when he's fired out we'll chain him up for safety's sake. He'll be letting his study down one of these days."

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"Come in, asses!" they shouted together.

The next instant the door was bang revealed in the bright light of the rosy study.

Gordon Gay & Co. sprang to their feet instantly. When the rival trio roared themselves in Study No. 13 there were usually ructions within half a minute; but now Frank Monk held up his hands in non-resistance.

"Sit down, kids," he said. "No fights and no rows. I simply want to know what Taddy's little game is."

"We simply want to know what Taddy's little game is," repeated Lane and Carboy, like a couple of parrots.

Gordon Gay & Co. started.

"Hallo!" said Harry Wootton. "What's our pet lunatic been up to now?"

Frank Monk shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly.

"We don't know," he replied; "but we shouldn't be surprised if he gets it in the neck properly this time."

"Oh, h!"

"I don't think you chaps are quite playing the game on the young ass," continued Frank Monk. "Of course, everybody knows you are quite capable of sending him to the Head's study made up as a lawyer chab; but when we saw the johnnie walk right into the lion's den, we felt sorry for everybody—except ourselves."

Lane and Carboy had a hard job from laughing out aloud as they listened to their leader's insinuations.

"What do you mean?" hooted Gordon Gay. "We haven't sent Taddy on such a mug's game as that. The young ass must be working the



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CHAPTER 3.

Frank Monk & Co. Score.

**H**ERE he comes!"

Gordon Gay gave vent to the exclamation as he peered above some ten yards away from the headmaster's study.

"Grab hold of him, then!" said Frank Wootton.

"Not half!" replied Harry Wootton, and the three juniors lined up across the corridor.

Mr. Percival Barrow looked up in surprise.

"What is it, my lads?" he said, facing the three grinning juniors.

"He's got a firm hold of Mr. Percival Barrow," said Gordon Gay.

Mr. Percival Barrow gasped.

"What is this repeated insolence in tendency?"

"Oh, dry up!" interrupted Gordon Gay. "Come on, chaps, yank the lunatic along."

"Rather!" said the two Woottons, and they each took an arm of the now struggling solicitor.

"What do you mean, first?" roared Mr. Percival Barrow, as the two went to the floor in a confused mass.

"Help!"

"You—frobious, long-haired, squeaky-voiced lunatic!" roared Harry Wootton, seizing one of his own legs, thinking in his excitement that he had got a firm hold of Mr. Percival Barrow. "What's your game? If you—"

Boys!

Dr. Monk's voice rang out sharp and clear, and the confused ass sorted itself out.

"Gay!" said the Head. "What does this mean? A few seconds earlier and my solicitor would have witnessed this unseemly—"

Mr. Percival Barrow sprang to his feet with a snort.

"Unseemly!" he roared. "Comseemly! I say, unseemly—"

"Why, gracious me, interrupted Dr. Monk. "Mr. Barrow! Why, what does this mean, Gay? Explain immediately."

Gordon Gay's face was now a deep red.

"It's—a mistake, sir," he faltered. "I—that is, we—we—I mean I—I thought it was Tadpole."

Dr. Monk put his hand up to his mouth to hide the smile which flickered for an instant on his kindly face.

"I am truly sorry, Mr. Barrow," he said. "I'll punish these boys."

"Punish them—punish them!" spluttered the enraged little man. "Why—why it's the second time. I—I didn't say anything about the first one, but—but—"

"Gay!" interrupted the Head. "You will do five hundred lines for this abominable behaviour. Wootton major and minor, you will each do likewise. Bring them to me before supper to-night."

"Yes, sir," said the three juniors meekly, and as they turned to go they heard a smothered laugh from out of the gloomy corridor.

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"Oh, dry up!" interrupted Gordon Gay. "Come on, chaps, yank the lunatic along."

"Rather!" said the two Woottons, and they each took an arm of the now struggling solicitor.

"What do you mean, first?" roared Mr. Percival Barrow, as the two went to the floor in a confused mass.

"Help!"

"You—frobious, long-haired, squeaky-voiced lunatic!" roared Harry Wootton, seizing one of his own legs, thinking in his excitement that he had got a firm hold of Mr. Percival Barrow. "What's your game? If you—"

Boys!

Dr. Monk's voice rang out sharp and clear, and the confused ass sorted itself out.

"Gay!" said the Head. "What does this mean? A few seconds earlier and my solicitor would have witnessed this unseemly—"

Mr. Percival Barrow sprang to his feet with a snort.

"Unseemly!" he roared. "Comseemly! I say, unseemly—"

"Why, gracious me, interrupted Dr. Monk. "Mr. Barrow! Why, what does this mean, Gay? Explain immediately."

Gordon Gay's face was now a deep red.

"It's—a mistake, sir," he faltered. "I—that is, we—we—I mean I—I thought it was Tadpole."

Dr. Monk put his hand up to his mouth to hide the smile which flickered for an instant on his kindly face.

"I am truly sorry, Mr. Barrow," he said. "I'll punish these boys."

"Punish them—punish them!" spluttered the enraged little man. "Why—why it's the second time. I—I didn't say anything about the first one, but—but—"

"Gay!" interrupted the Head. "You will do five hundred lines for this abominable behaviour. Wootton major and minor, you will each do likewise. Bring them to me before supper to-night."

"Yes, sir," said the three juniors meekly, and as they turned to go they heard a smothered laugh from out of the gloomy corridor.

CHAPTER 3.

Frank Monk & Co. Score.

**H**ERE he comes!"

Gordon Gay gave vent to the exclamation as he peered above some ten yards away from the headmaster's study.

"Grab hold of him, then!" said Frank Wootton.

"Not half!" replied Harry Wootton, and the three juniors lined up across the corridor.

Mr. Percival Barrow looked up in surprise.

"What is it, my lads?" he said, facing the three grinning juniors.

"He's got a firm hold of Mr. Percival Barrow," said Gordon Gay.

Mr. Percival Barrow gasped.

"What is this repeated insolence in tendency?"

"Oh, dry up!" interrupted Gordon Gay. "Come on, chaps, yank the lunatic along."

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It only remains to be said that Gordon Gay & Co. presented their lines to the Head before supper that night; but if Dr. Monk had studied the handwriting more closely, he would have seen that seven hundred and fifty of the lines bore distinct traces of Frank Monk & Co.'s fists. Although they had scored against the schoolboy actor and his study chums, they thought it was up to them to share the heavy impost.

THE END.

(Another amusing tale of the Chorus of Rylcombe Grammar School, next Wednesday, in which it is related how the schoolboy actor and his study chums were 'kicked' by the schoolmaster. Order your 'EMPIRE' LIBRARY in advance. Price 1s.)

## How Wandering Willie's Disguise Came Off.



1. Sauntering into a theatrical property shop, Wandering Willie, feeling rather 'peckish'.



2. Gets himself up as a rat. He then attacks the cat attached to the house.



3. Spreads diem amongst the members of the household.



4. Who very soon makes them scolding noise.



5. And then Wandering Willie attacks her dinner.

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