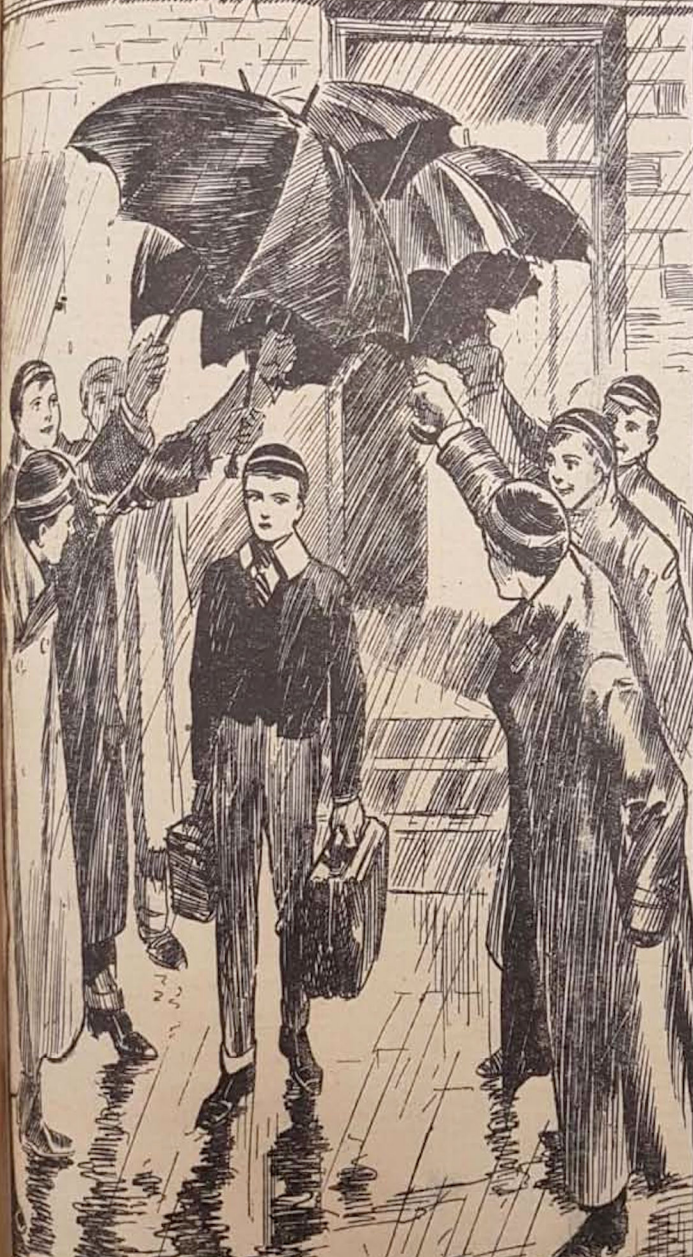


THE EMPIRE ENLARGED LIBRARY

ORD STATION



The six Juniors held up their umbrellas on high for Dick Penwyn to pass under on his way to the carriage. It was really quite a triumphal progress, and the Board School boy felt like a fellow in a dream as he walked over the wet pavement under the umbrellas.

Vol. I (New Series). No. 11.

NEW SCHOOL TALE.

— BY —
CHARLES HAMILTON,
Author of the Popular Story
"THE RIVALS OF ST. KIT'S."

♦♦♦♦♦ **START** THE **NOW!** ♦♦♦♦♦
Rivals of St. Wode's.
♦♦♦♦♦ *The best school tale I have ever read.* ♦♦♦♦♦
♦♦♦♦♦ **THE EDITOR.** ♦♦♦♦♦

WHAT'S coming?" asked Blagden of the Fourth. Blagden looked into the junior common-room at St. Wode's as he asked the question. Blagden's burly figure was enveloped in a macintosh, and he had a fat umbrella under his arm, and a cap pulled down over his ears. Blagden was evidently going out. The rain was dashing against the windows, and a rainy mist hung over the quadrangle of St. Wode's, and a fellow needed to take some precautions before he crossed the threshold that afternoon. Most of the St. Wode's juniors were chatting in a desultory way in the common-room, or hanging about the studies and the passages aimlessly. Rain was descending in torrents on the footer-field, so, of course, there was no footer. It was very rough, as it was Wednesday half-holiday, and the St. Wode'sians relieved their feelings by saying all sorts of things about the weather. Bad weather and idleness did not improve the tempers in the junior common-room.

Newcome and Plummer, who were playing chess, were very near to quarrelling over the game. Bamford and Ramsey were arguing over a question of footer near the window, and Bamford's fist was already flourishing in Ramsey's face, and Ramsey was pushing back his cuffs. Some of the fellows were ogging then on, with the idea that a fight in the common-room would at least enliven the rainy afternoon. But the juniors all looked round as Blagden stopped at the door of the common-room, and glanced in and asked his question. "Who's coming?" "Going out!" asked Newcome, looking up from the chess table. "Pshaw! Going out, Blaggy!" Blagden smiled. "Do you think I've got myself up like this to play dominoes?" he demanded. "Of course I'm going out, ass!" "Well, I hope you'll have a nice muddy walk," said Newcome. "There you are, Plummer—mate in two now."

"Oh, all right!" said Newcome, putting his hands in his pockets and leaning back in his chair, in a manner very provoking to a chess-player in a difficult position. "If you get out of that I'll stand you a new footer." "Oh, shut up!" "Who's coming with me to the station?" demanded Blagden. "Don't all speak at once." Nobody, as a matter of fact, seemed inclined to speak at all. Blagden, who was the biggest fellow in the Fourth, and captain of the Form to boot, seldom had to ask twice for anything. But the fellows looked at the window, drenched with dashing rain, and at the weeping branches outside. Nobody felt inclined to brave that weather, even to please Blagden. "Better chuck it, Blaggy," said Bamford. Blagden snorted. "I'm not going to chuck it. You know what old Busby said about paying some polite attention to the new boy." "Because he's a lord!" sniffed Newcome. "Well, we don't have a lord come to St. Wode's every day, anyhow," said Blagden, turning rather red. "I've heard that Lord Lovell is a very decent chap, too." "I wonder how much old Busby would care for his decency if he weren't a lord," said Newcome, with a laugh. "I'm a decent chap, and how much does he love me? Bamford is rather decent, and he's down on Bammy like anything. Now—" "Oh, chess it!" said Blagden. "I'm going to meet this chap Lovell. Look here, I may as well tell you that the chap is simply reeling in tin, and if we make a fuss about him, he's jolly certain to stand a big feed to the whole Form, and that would be something on a ghastly day like this, when we can't get out of doors." "My word, there's something in that," said Bamford. "I don't mind if I come with you, Blaggy." "Might as well make a third," said Benson. "I'm rather curious to see what the giddy nobleman is like. I'll come." "Any more?" asked Blagden, looking at Newcome. Newcome grinned. "Oh, I'm not coming!" he said. "I wouldn't go out in this

(Continued on the next page.)

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S.

From the St. Wode's fellows... "I don't know how to thank you..." "That's all right, Skeat will be back in a minute..."

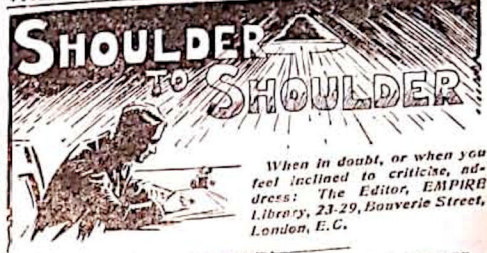
"We must give Pen a jolly good feed. I suppose you're hungry, old fellow..." "Pen admitted that such was the fact..."



"I don't know how to thank you..." "That's all right, Skeat will be back in a minute..."



THE EDITOR'S TWO COLUMNS.



When in doubt, or when you feel inclined to criticize, address: The Editor, EMPIRE Library, 23-29, Banvier Street, London, E.C.

LETTER FROM A READER. I have received some very pleasing letters from readers of all ages...

Between Ourselves. I want to remind my readers that I have several ways in which they can take part in adding interest to the Empire Library...

They lounged on the lounge, Fle and Joe. And they looked and they cooed, don't you know!

AMBITION. So many of my readers write me some direction or another, one wishing to become a great engineer, another a doctor, and so on...

WANDERING WILLIE. I am glad to be able to say that the adventures of this strange animal have fulfilled the purpose intended...

On Good Friday, to win a bet, Joe Ape nineteen hot-cross buns at one go. When he tackled one more to complete the score...

"I am glad we can make you comfy, old chap," said Blagden, "I am sure I don't know how to thank you, Blag Pen, gratefully."

collar. It took a footer bog to carry the things in. "Oh, all right!"

A Study Tea. Bright and cosy enough the study looked, with the fire blazing and crackling in the grate...

less, that was it one of the little ways at St. Wode's. Newcome and the rest were peering up the stairs after Skeat...

He gave Arthur Newcome his right under the chin, and a second later Blake had his left full in the eye...

A Novel and Interesting Story for All.

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOLDAYS

A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

GLANCE OVER THIS.

First time, and is her first day at school... Ethel, still feeling very doubtful in her mind...

The juniors grinned. "Good old Figgins!" said Tom Merry...

"Yes," said D'Arcy eagerly. "I'll turn all the electric lights on..."

"Hullo, what's the joke?" asked Tom Merry, who had just entered the room...

"Well, that would be awfully cautious, you know, and we have already decided to be awfully cautious..."

"Whether she likes it or not?" grinned Blake. "Well, daty is daty, you know."

and-and trimmings-and she'll be happy making a hat."

"Then they decorate the Form-rooms with flowers for the Form-masters," said Tom Merry.

"Oh, Wally has no tact. Then, besides, they go for little walks with their governess, two and two..."

"I don't think," murmured Blake. "However," said D'Arcy, after a pause...

"I'm glad to see any cause for wude laughin'. Are you fellows going to help me?"

"My dear chap," said Tom Merry, laughing, "you'll get the girls into a row with their head-mistress..."

"I'll fail to see any cause for wude laughin'."

"Yes, I know you when you're cautious. My belief is that Cousin Ethel would tell you to drop the idea at once."

"Wats, deah boy. I am resolved to go ahead," said Arthur Augustus.

"Oh, we'll help you," said Tom Merry resignedly. "If we come with you, we may be able to keep you out of mischief."

"I refuse to have it regarded in that light. I consider—" said Herries.

"Get on with the washing," said Herries. "What's the scheme? Would my dog Towser be any use in helping to carry it out, do you think?"

Arthur Augustus turned his eyes glass freely upon Herries. "No, Herries, your dog Towser would not be of any use," he said.

"Now, my dear, it is to pay Ethel a visit in secret!" asked Tom Merry.

"Well, that would be awfully cautious, you know, and we have already decided to be awfully cautious..."

"I should be down on you," said D'Arcy, softly. "I regard it as my duty as an old public school chap to show legum-in-the-wopes, you know, and put them up to the game. Cousin Ethel is entitled to know all the dodges, and I'm goun' to put her up to them."

"Whether she likes it or not?" grinned Blake. "Well, daty is daty, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I really wish you wud wastin' that wud-widous cackle, you fellows. Now, what do you think of the ideah?"

The chums exchanged glances, and then delivered their opinion in a kind of chorus. "Hotten!" "Wally, you uttah asses—" "Utterly rotten!"

"Arthur Augustus D'Arcy jammed his monocle into his eye, and fixed a withering look upon the juniors. "I regard you as you fellows goun' to help me in cawwain' out this plan!"

"Are you goun' to help me or not, you wottah?" "Not!"

The reply was given unanimously. "Better check it up," suggested Tom Merry. "You see—" "Wats!" "Look here—" "Oh, wats?"

And Arthur Augustus walked away with his aristocratic nose very high in the air, leaving the other fellows grinning.

Very Mysterious.

Ethel. Dolly Carew came up to Cousin Ethel in the garden on Wednesday afternoon, looking extremely mysterious. Dinner was over at St. Freda's, and Ethel



"I have been thinkin'," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy impressively. "My ideah is that things must be faithfully dult at St. Freda's. What the gale want is a wegar bust-up."

and Dolores were in the garden, chatting. The two girls were on a half-holiday of terms again already, and Ethel was trying her best to forget the little unpleasantness that had occurred at St. Jim's.

Dolly Carew did not look at Dolores as she spoke. As a matter of fact, Dolly did not like the Spanish girl very much.

Dolly had been kind and attentive to Ethel when the latter came to St. Freda's, and had intended to make a great chum of her, and Dolores—the least likely girl in the whole school—had stepped in and taken her new friend.

Dolly had, of course, no claim upon Ethel, excepting in her friendly intentions towards her, but she was naturally a little nettled.

She considered too, that Dolores was gaining an unfair advantage by sheer force of character, dominating Ethel almost against her will, and she thought Ethel weak for yielding to the Spanish girl's influence.

"Well!" asked Ethel, smiling a little at Dolly's mysterious manner. "Is it a wess-a-dear?"

"Yes." "From Miss Penfold?"

"Oh, no?" "Miss Tyrrell, then?" Dolly Carew made a little grimace. "Certainly not."

"Why, what is it, then?" asked Ethel, looking perplexed. "I don't understand."

"It is a boy in the village—" "What?" "The boy from the stationer's shop," explained Dolly. "He has a note for you."

Ethel looked puzzled. "This boy from the stationer's shop has a note for me?" she exclaimed.

Dolly nodded her head vigorously. "Exactly. He said it was given him to give you, and he was not to place it in any other hands. Otherwise I should have brought it to you. You will have to go and see him and take it from him yourself."

A little wrinkle appeared on Cousin Ethel's clear brow. "I don't think I had better take it," she said. "No one has a right to send me written messages, and I'm sure Miss Penfold would not like it."

"Oh, stuff!" said Dolly. "It may be from one of the St. Jim's boys. That should be all right, wouldn't it?" "If it is one of my friends, yes," said Ethel slowly.

"It might be from Figgins," said Dolores. "He may have some plan

Perhaps she would not have objected to the quiet of the afternoon being broken up by a visit from the St. Jim's juniors.

Ethel, still feeling very doubtful in her mind, followed Dolly to the side gates, under the thick shadow of trees, where the simple, but a featured village lad stood with the note in his grubby hand. He touched his cap to Ethel.

"Miss Cleveland—Miss Cleveland," he asked. "Yes." The young gent gave me this for you."

He extended the note. Ethel took it hesitatingly. If it were from one of her friends, well and good. It was from some important fellow who had had the impudence to send her a note, at all events she need take no notice of it.

The lad turned away, evidently expecting no answer. "Open it, Ethel!" exclaimed Dolly Carew, impatiently.

Ethel slowly opened the envelope. It was addressed to her in pencil, and she gave a start as she looked at the superscription. The hand was like that of her cousin, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

The letter was as great a surprise as its manner of delivery. "Dear Ethel,—I shall be waiting for you at three o'clock by the stile in the lane. Come alone, and don't breathe a word. Very important."

"Arthur." "P.S.—Keep it dark!"

Ethel stared at the letter. She had not the faintest idea what the scribbles over it meant. Dolly Carew was looking at her eagerly.

"Well!" said Dolly at last, as Ethel did not speak. "Well, Ethel, what is it? Whom is it from? Why don't you explain?"

"It's from my cousin," "Cousin Arthur?" "Yes."

"But why does Cousin Arthur send a note in this way?" said Dolly, in surprise. "Why couldn't he write from the school? Miss Penfold allows us to receive letters."

Cousin Ethel shook her head. "I really do not know, Dolly!" "It's very odd."

"Perhaps he came over suddenly today," Ethel mused, "and there was no time to write a letter." "But why couldn't he come here and speak to you, instead of sending a note by the stationer's boy?" Ethel could only shake her head again.

"I really don't know, Dolly!" Dolly tossed her golden head. "There's something mysterious about it," she said—"very mysterious."

Ethel did not offer to read out the letter, and Dolly did not ask her to. Ethel returned slowly to the garden-seat where she had left Dolores. The Spanish girl met her with an inquiring look.

"It's a note from my Cousin Arthur," said Ethel. "He wants me to go out and see him; he is waiting near St. Freda's."

(Another interesting installment of this splendid story next week.)

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I am always glad to hear from You.

A NEW COMPLETE STORY OF THE SCHOOLBOY ACTOR.

MAJOR GORDON GAY



A Splendid, Complete Tale of the Schoolboy Actor at Rylcombe Grammar School.

By PROSPER HOWARD.

CHAPTER I

Preparing for the Inspector.

"Now, my lads," squawked the pompous little officer; and the cadet corps jumped. "We'll see what you can do. Are you good loppers?"

"The cadet corps stared blankly at the little officer, and the little officer seemed to bristle with wrath. "Is it possible that you have not been taught the importance of hopping as a military exercise?"

"Now, then! Squard, left turn! Prepare to hop! Hop!"

In a state of great amazement, the squad hopped solemnly to the other end of the gym, the little officer walking alongside, and occasionally tripping over his sword, which he seemed to wear very awkwardly.

"Fools!" he squeaked. "Keep your dressing there! You in the front rank—you aren't hopping properly! Come out here!"

Frank Monk, the junior addressed, turned red as he hopped out in front of the others.

"Now, then, sir, hop properly! Put your back into it!" vociferated the fiery little major.

"Right hop, left hop, right hop, left hop! Right turn! As you were! Left turn! Look to your front! Eyes right! Right about turn, left about turn—about! Hum!"

The little major broke off short in his extraordinary flow of commands, and seemed to choke, while the squad, who had stopped hopping now, grinned broadly. They had felt sufficiently ridiculous themselves hopping about the gym, in a body, but the sight of the unfortunate Frank Monk, red-faced and gasping, hopping wildly

fully stern as he motioned the aghast and indignant Frank Monk back to the ranks.

"You lack intelligence, sir!" squeaked the officer. "But perhaps that is more your misfortune than fault!"

"Really, sir—" burst out Monk. "Silence!" roared the major. "I have another exercise I wish you to carry out, equally as beneficial as hopping. Right about turn!"

The squad turned, so that their backs were to the gym door.

"Now, look to your front!" roared the peppery major. "When I give the word, bend down and touch your toes without bending the knees, and remain in that position until I give the command to straighten up again! Now, bend!"

As one man the squad bent down, with a good many gasps and grunts from the less supple among them.

"Now, remain the position!" came the voice of the major from the region of the door.

When Sergeant-major Benians came in five minutes later, the squad were still retaining their position, though nearly blue in the face.

The inspecting-officer had disappeared!

CHAPTER 2

A Curious "Inspection."

"HERE'S Master Gay!"

It was at the following day's drill that the great voice of Sergeant-major Benians sounded the question.

"He got leave of absence from Mr. Adams, sergeant," volunteered Jack Wootton. "He's coming, but he said he'd be a little late."

Sergeant-major Benians granted. He did not approve of lateness on parade for whatever reason.

"Young!" he roared. "Now, slung guns!"

All eyes were turned immediately to Frank Monk, who had suddenly uttered the exclamation aloud from his place in the front rank.

The sergeant-major grew red with wrath.

"No talking in the ranks!" he roared. "Which I have surprised—"

"Look, sergeant! The inspector!"

All eyes followed Monk's outstretched finger, which pointed out through the open door of the gym.

There was a general gasp.

"My old Panama!"

"Monk's right!"

"The blessed inspector!"

For a moment the sergeant-major seemed petrified. He had expected Major Hogan for several days. Now that he had actually arrived, the old soldier "let all of a flutter," as he expressed it himself. For there, across the quad, a uniformed figure was advancing with an unmistakable military stride.

The sergeant-major grew red with excitement as he recovered himself.

"Shunt!" he roared, in his stenographic voice. "Shunt! Here comes the inspecting officer!"

Straight towards the gym, marched the erect, military figure, small in stature, but obviously swelling with importance. His sword clanked at every stride, and his grizzled moustache and red face showed that he was not an officer to be trifled with.

"Is this the Rylcombe Grammar School Cadet Corps?" he rapped out, in a high, somewhat squeaky voice, as he gained the gym.

"Yes, sir," answered Sergeant-major Benians stiffly at the salute.

"Very good! You may retire, sergeant! I will take the squad myself! Come back in a quarter of an hour, and the peppery major waved his hand imperiously towards the door.

Sergeant-major Benians looked flabbergasted. He had not been looking forward to the inspecting officer's visit, but he had not expected to be dismissed like this.

He hesitated a moment.

"Well, sir!" barked out the little officer, with such fierceness that the sergeant-major saluted hastily and left the gym at the double.

There was a fresh roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

For some time the mirth went on unchecked. But suddenly Major Hogan seemed to remember his dignity. His red face was redder than ever, and he made some play with his handkerchief, but his brow was fear-

fully stern as he motioned the aghast and indignant Frank Monk back to the ranks.

"You lack intelligence, sir!" squeaked the officer. "But perhaps that is more your misfortune than fault!"

"Really, sir—" burst out Monk. "Silence!" roared the major. "I have another exercise I wish you to carry out, equally as beneficial as hopping. Right about turn!"

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The inspecting-officer had disappeared!

THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE SCHOOL SERIAL



By CHARLES HAMILTON

Talbot Comes into His Own At Last.

"I'll be sure to see you," said the square-jawed man. Talbot was the heir of Lyswood, but he had determined that he should not claim the estates. Then came the Black, to trade upon the same line. He saw Talbot, and he, too, proposed the truth. Talbot, and he, too, proposed of his father. The picture of Lyswood to take for Talbot's portrait. Talbot; that was her maiden name, and it was why Norry chose it as a course. That was a lie, but he knew the truth, and then he had paid dearly for the use he put it in."

And the square-jawed man sagged.

"Now, you know why I planned to drive Talbot from the Kit's Rainier and disinherit, and deprived of the title, I should not fear him, I feared, I should to help me; believe me, I know no choice. And I ask you to help me, now, Talbot. You are compelled. And you quietly. And that promise was never forgotten."

There was a silence in the room for some minutes. The light was fading from the square's face. It seemed that he had been kept up by the necessity of uttering his secret, and now it was spoken his strength was gone.

A grim white look was coming on his face.

"I am going," said the square in a faint voice. "Hansom with me till the end of the world."

"Cousin! Yes, he (Talbot) was the man's cousin, and the word belated him strangely. Till now he had never known what it was to have a blood relation—who was more than that a friend, more than a brother, more than a friend, but he had injured him deeply, but he was his cousin, in his flesh and blood. Talbot took the white, nervous look of the square in his own, and he left him."

He felt a slight pressure in return. "Grand blessing you, Cousin!"

They were the last words of Ernest Lacy. Life yet lingered for half an hour, and the eyes showed actual pain, but no more words passed the frozen lips. And at last from the square's eyes the light faded. He threw away his hand from a back that was growing chilly.

Squire Lacy of Lyswood was no more!

Little more remains to be told. Black recovered, and he appeared now, bore out the square's statement fully. Ernest Lacy was fortunate in the lad he had wronged, but let it be said. Indeed, he could not see Talbot—or Lacy, as he was now—was re-elected captain with a unanimous vote, and Brooke insisted upon stepping in. On the day of the trial, Talbot included his hand in the rough study, and a stack by him through everything, to a select little party in his study.

It was a jolly tea, the best they had ever had, the juniors agreed, and their hearts were light as they took their leave of the Captain of St. Kit's.

THE END.

(Next Wednesday's Empire Library will contain another complete tale of Gordon Gay & Co., entitled "Frank Monk & Co.'s Haunter," by Prosper Howard. Order in advance. Price One Halfpenny.)

How Wandering Willie Changed His Face.



1. Coming across a notice about a pussy who had strayed how many do alas! Wandering Willie thought he would get himself up in an advertisement, and try for the job.



2. Sneaking into a flour-bin, he dips his head into the flour-bin, and with the aid of several other conceptions, manages to look so much like the missing cat that he is mistaken for it.



3. Taken inside a beautiful house, he is fed up so much on cat dainties that, after eating and drinking for a day and a half right off, he retires for a brush up.



4. This action proves fatal, for he forgets that flour comes off when touched and that cats never smoke, and his nose grows, becoming disgusted, gives him away to a rug-and-bone man.



5. But not fancying his situation—Pussy Pie Park—Wandering Willie cuts a hole in the rug, and only escapes himself, the cause of another wandering.