THE POPULAR MEW STORY BOOK

CHARLES HAMILTON THE RESTRICT THE UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF THE REAL LORD LOVELL

Vol. 1 (New Series), No. 12.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS

_ OF _

NEW SCHOOL TALE.

- BY THE -

Author of "The Rivals of St. Kit's."

Dick is Made Comfortable.

Dick is Made Comfortable.

DICK PENWYN, panting with his exertions, and a little startled by the knowledge that he had knocked down three or four St. Wedians before he had been a quarter of an hour in the school, stood in a statis of bewilderment. Blagden slapped him on the shoulder, "Good for you, kid!" he exclaimed. "You are good stuff, and no mistake. Why, they'd have had the grab to a cortainly if you hadn't chipped in!" "Yes, rather!" and Bamford. "I'm glad I helped, "and Pen. "I hardly knew whether I'd better at first. It's all very strange to me." "Ha, hai You liget used to it. You see, we're always having rows in the Fourth, and we're up against Newcount's cads all the time. "They I'm glad the glas." "The eggs, smashed in the fight, were claimly voice the reserved.

"My hat"
The eggs, smashed in the fight, were claimly splashed over the interior of the bag and over its other contents. Haspites grad over its other contents. Haspites gradpoil" he exclaimed. "We can do without the large. There's plenty of ham and beef, and bread-and-butter and cheese. And there's the cake and the jamitaris."

"Bather cover," grinned Europe Cambridge.

beef, and brassi and butter and cheese.
And there's the cake and the jamitarts.

"Rather eggy," grianed Bamford.

"Well, they put eggs in 'em, so I don't see why an egg or two outside should hurt 'em," said Blagden.

"Quite right."

"Now, let's have tea."
Bamford lifted up the teapot to pour out the tea. The fragrant seent of it was very wiscome to Dick Pensyn, who was very hungry after a long journey. Ham seemed like the food of the gods to him then. He did not need a second invitation to begin. He ste well, and the juniors urged far more upon him than he could est.

"How do, you like this study?" asked Blagden, as he poured out Pensyn's fourth cup of tea.

"I think it's jolly," said Penwya.

"Like to share it with me!"

"Very much."

"Bamford and I share it at present, Blagden explained; 'but we usually go that likely be put in with you way. But you can ask Mr. Butter and you way? But you can ask Mr. Butter and you way. But you the teat and you way. But you the teat and you way. But you the way way way way way way way way way wa

"Thanks!"
The tes proceeded merrily. Dick:
Postery's heart was very full. He wondered whether the wide carth field another such splendid at of follows as Blagden & Co.
"How did you come to know I was arriving to-day, Blagden!" he asked presently.
"Got in from Mr. Bush," said Blagden. "He mentioused it to me. Blat we've expected you for some time."

It's jolly decent of you to treat

me like this," said Pen gratefully,
"But I suppose you're always kind to
a new follow?"

Riagdess could not help grinning.
As a matter of fact, he was rather
given to ragging new boys,
all and the property of the said of t

hard to define, but it's
the same."

"And he'll belong to our set, you
bet!" grained Bamford. "We've
get him all right new."

"Oh, no doubt about that!"

The new boy at St. Wede's would
have been very much surprised and
enlightened if he had overheard
those remarks. But he didn't.

His Lordship.

His Lordship.

B LAGDEN led the new junior to the door of Mr. Bush a study, and there left him. He imported have been supported by the left him. He imported his highest him to be a supported by the left him. He imported him has been supported by the left him him has been supported by the left hi

"Right you are !" said Pet.
And Blanden left him. Pen kandelled at Mr. Bun's door, and a sharp, creaky voice hade him enter. Pet was not encouraged by the voice. There was a queralous note in it that spoke of a carping and, perhaps, hard nature. He entered the study, and found that Mr. Boak, the master of the Fourth-commonly known, behind his basic of course, as old Busky or Whishers—quite suited his voice. He was a thin man, with clamsy limbs and a very acid

New Readers should furn to the foot of next page.

THE RIVALS OF S'WODE'S



face, and gleaming eyes almost hidden under thick brows. He were whiskers, which were of a much more pleasing colour than his hair and his eye-brows, and even the lad fresh from the country could not help asspecting that they were dyed. Mr. Bush looked at the boy. "Well, who are you?" he ex-claimed.

Mr. Bush looked at the boy. "Well, who are you?" he exclaimed. "We limb sniffed. "The scholarship by Mr. Bush sniffed. "The scholarship by Mr. Bush sniffed. "The scholarship by Mr. Bush sniffed. "The scholarship boy. Was it possible that a Form-master stone. It was evident that he thought very small beer of scholarship boys. Was it possible that a Form-master at St. Wode's was tainted with snobbishness, when the juniors were so conspicuously free from it? "Yes, sir," said Pen quietly. "I suppose you were told to report yourself to me!" "Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."
"Yes, sir."
"Well, I need not detain you,"
said Mr. Bush. "I will-er-attend
to you to-morrow in class. You may

go.'. go."
If you please, sir—" began
Pen, thinking of the claim he had
been urged to make to be installed
in Illagden's study.
"I have said you may go," said
Mr. Bush unpleasantly.
"But, sir—"

in Hlagden's study.

"I have said you may go," said Mr. Blush unpleasantly.

"But, sir—"

Mr. Bush swung round in his chair, and fixed his cold, unpleasant eyes upon Fernwyn.

Well-bell you at once, Penwyn." he said acidly, "that any Council-school insolence will not be tolerated in this school."

Dick Penwyn's face went scarlet.

"You have not been accustomed to a place like this," said Mr. Bush grimly. "Your manners naturally smack of your upbringing. If you are to remain at St. Wode's, you will be well advised to attempt to improve them. I warn you that your life will not be pleasant here if you do not not be remain at St. Wode's, you will be well advised to attempt to improve them. I warn you that your life will not be pleasant here if you do not not be you are told. And now, leave my study at once!"

And Dick Penwyn left it, without a word, his heart heavy. Dick was a well-brought-up lad, and accustomed to treating his elders always with respect. But when an older was not worthy of respect— In spite of his desire to look upon the least side of everything at St. Wode's, Pen could not help the conviction of the words, that the had had auch a slock in the Formaster's study, and he felt so upset and miserable shout it, that he had not need to the court of the passage, silent, He had had auch a slock in the Formaster's study, and he felt so upset and miserable shout it, that he had not need the felt so upset and miserable shout it, that he had need a study door, and the felt so upset and miserable shout it, that he had need to return to Blagden's study tomerical on the heart to return to Blagden's study tomerical on the heart to return to Blagden's study tomerical on the heart to return to Blagden's study income and the heart to return to Blagden's study tomerical on the heart to return to Blagden's study tomerical on the heart to return to Blagden's study tomerical on the heart to return to Blagden's study tomerical on the heart to return to Blagden's study tomerical on the heart to return to Blagden's study t

not the heart to return to Blagden's study immediately. As he stood in the passage, a junior earne along, holding his chin in his hand. Pen recognised him at once. It was Newcome, the fellow he had sont flying in the upper pas-sage with a richt-hander on the chin. And Newcome was evidently holding his chin because a pain lingered

And Newcome was evidently monthly his chin because a pain lingered there still.

He stopped, with an exclamation, as he saw the Cornich lad.

Childhow the Cornich lad.

Childhow from cold landy's door, my boy, and I'll give you your panch back, and some more with it."

"You want to fight me?" asked Pan.

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(Continued from previous page.)

Newcome grinned. "That's exactly it," he said. "Come to the common-room."
"I'm sorry if I hart you," said Fen frankly. "I chipped in to help my friends, you know. Of course, I'll fight you if you like, but I'd much rather be on good terms with everybody here."

"Nice little boy!" "Nice little boy!" grinned Newcome, "I suppose our lady mother and our lordly father instructed us to be a new little boy! You young bounder, I suppose old Basky has just been buttering you up, laan't he?" Pen looked surprised.

Battering me up?" he exclaimed.

Buttering me up?

"Buttering me up?" be exclament.
"Yes; soaping you-soft-awdering
you-making himself agreeable."
"Hardly that," said Pen simply.
"I thought Mr. Bush was rather
rough on me."
"Rough on you!" ejaculated New-

"Rough on you."
"Yes. Perhaps I was wrong; but
"Yes. Perhaps I was wrong; but
I fancied he didn't care much for me,
because I'm a Council-school chap,
and came here on a scholarship," and
Pen.
"Covrome stargered against the

wall.

He was so astounded that he could not speak for a moment, but could not speak for a the speak for a s

chap?

"I'm Dick Penwyn, and I've come here on a scholarship," said Pen wonderingly, "I should have thought you'd have heard of it."
"My hat!"

you'd have heard
"My hat!"
"I don't see"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you laughing at?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, fia!"

Newcome shrieked. He recled against the wall, doubled up with laughter. The ludicrous mistake Blagden & Co. had made burst upon him at once. He yelled!

Pen regarded him with surprise, rapidly growing into anger.

"Look here, what's the joke!" he exclaimed abruptly. "I'm not used to being eackled at in this way, I can tell you."

"Ha he ha!" "Low here."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shricked Newcome.
"I must tell the fellows this."

"Look here-"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ten made a movement towards him. Novcome staggered away without enlightening the new junior as to the cause of his merriment, and still roaring with laughter. Pen, very much puzzled, heard him go into the common-room, and then freah yells of laughter arose. Newcome had evidently told the joke, whatever it was, and it had been funny enough to threw the whole known that when the summer of the property of the summer of t

Pen was perplexed and somewhat dismayed. He was trying to blink the matter out when there are wheels in the meter of the head ringing of the hel and the meter of the head wheels in the count of the head wheels in the county of the head was the head quite spoiled by the rain, entered the House. Pen glanced at him from the stairs, and wondered who he was an and whether he was a new boy.

Then he heard Newcome's voice bout from the common room, and a shout from the common-room, and a swarm of juniors surrounded the new-comer. They were marching him off to the common-room as I'en turned away to make his way back to Blagden's study. He found Blanden

to Blagger's study and his friends in the study, ratking. They were probably talking about him, for the talk cased the moment he entered. "Hallo!" exclaimed Blagden. "You haven't here long. How did you find old Bushy!"

"He wasn't very nice."
"My hat the wasn't weight he'd be as sweet as sugar to roo," he exclaimed. "My the study of the stud

downstairs just now?"
"Somebody came in—a boy," said
Pen. "I heard one of the follows
call out that it was the new clanp."
Hagden susped up excitedly.
"The ne chap! That bounder, of course! "I thin it know he was expected to all out the common of the large that have a look at him."

Where is he?" asked Bamford, equally excited.

"They are taking him into the large room at the end of the passage." "That's the junior-room. Come

"That's the junior-room. Come on!"

Ragden rushed out of the study, and the rest followed. Fen with them. It was evident to Pen that it was a great first S. Woods's to make a great first S. Woods's to make a great first seemed to be equally excited about it.

Pen followed the juniors down the stairs and down the broad, flagged passage and into the junior-room. It was a large room and crowded with juniors, mostly of the Fourth A. Crowd, in which Newcome and RA Crowd, in which Newcome and RA Crowd, in which Newcome and the pend of the fourth and the pend in off with his wet macintoth, and Plummer had taken his wet silk hot.

The new fellow had a slim, elegant.

his wet silk hot.

The new fellow had a slim, elegant figure, and was dressed in etons of a very elegant cut. His face was handsome and good-natured; but there was little animation in it, and he would not have been judged to be a fellow of the highest order of intelligence.

"Yes, it's wet, don't you know,"
he said. "Jolly wet, don't you see.
I've never seen such a dooeid wet
day myself. What?"

day myself. What?"

"Hallo, Blaggy!" roared Newcome. "This way! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at!"

"Ha, ha! Allow me to introduce
you blaggy—Lord Lovel!!"

"Use ha! This is Lord Lovel!"

Rats!"

"Yes, I'm Lovell," said the stranger, in his quiet, pleasant, slow voice. "I'm Lovell, don't you know. The fellows usually call me Bunny I'm sure I don't know why. What?" Blagden glared.

Blagden glared.
There was no doubting the new-comer. He was Lord Lovell! He was the great swell who was expected at the school that day! But—Blagden's head secuned to be turning round. He looked at Pen and he looked at Lovell. "You're Lord Lovell?" he ex-

claimed

"Yes. Nothing surprising in that, I suppose?" said Lovell, with a stare at Blagden. "You seem to be sur-prised. I'm sure I don't know why. at Blagden. "You seem to be sur-prised. I'm sure I don't know why. There was a letter, or a telegram, or something sent by somebody, some-where, or something of the sort-any-way, I believe I was expected here. Wat I. here.

What?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Newcome.

"Fellow seems to be awfully
amused. I'm sure I don't know why,"
said his lordship.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you're Lord Lovell?"

"You-you-you're Lord Lovell!"

"Certainly!"
Blagden turned a freezing glare upon the astonished Pen.
"Then who are you?" he demanded, in a grinding voice.

Blagden is Not Pleased.

W HO are you?"

Dick Penwyn looked at the angry junior in astonishmet. It had not yet dawned upon him

the angry junior in assonisathe head syst dawned upon him that a martice had been made—that Hagden & Co. had lavished all those kind attentions upon him because they believed him to be the titled fellow who was expected at St. Wode's. That he, Dick Penway, of the Council-school, should have been mistaken for Lord Lovell, was far too fattering an interest of the council only stare at Magden, wordering what was the cause of this saudden change in his manner. Three minutes ago Blagden had been all friendly cordinality. Now, what a change was there?

Three minutes ago Blagden had been all friendly cordinity. Now, what a charge was there?

Everybody in the room, with the exception of Blagden & Co, and the two new bory, was roaring with laughtor.

The blagden was the control of the charge was the control of and in its results that they could not help it.

That Blagden, who had been laying all sorts of plans for the discomfiture of the Council-school boy when he arrived at St. Wode's, should mistake him for Lord Lovell, and take him to his heart, so to speak, and feed him in his study and make much friends too funny for word and his rape he strode up to Pen, and grasped him by the shoulder.

"Who are you, you cad?"

"Yes, you, you worm."

"I-t thought you knew. I'm Dick Penwyn."

"Dick Penwyn."

Penwyn."
"Dick Penwyn!" "Dick Penwyn!"
"He said he was called Pen," murmured Bamford. "He's been pulling
our leg all the time. Oh, the rotter!
"The scholarship kid?" demanded

"The server.
Barden, said Pen.
"Yes," said Pen.
"The Council-school bounder?"
"The Council-school bounder?"
"I was taught at a Council-school,
"I was taught a council-school bounder?"

unat you mistook me for somebody else!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Rake.
"Mistook you!" howled Blagden.
"As id you didn't know! Did you think I was going to take a Council-school bounder into my study and feed him? Why, I wouldn't have touched you with a hop-pole if I'd known. And I've shaken hands with known. And I've shaken hands with Yeye's eyes gleamed. "You certainly wouldn't have shaken hands with me if I'd known what a rotten cad you are!" he exclaimed.
Blanden seemed transfixed.

claimed.
Blantien seemed transfixed.
"What!" he resped.
"I mean what I say. A fellow who would set as you've done it a ced!" said Pen. "You clummed up with no because you thought I was a lord. Now you've cut up rough because I've turned out to be myself. You saw me as I was. I suppose I'm just as good a chap as I was ten minutes agon!"

Blagden was almost speechless.

"My hat, the Council-school chap can stand up for himself!" grinned Newcome. "There's something in that chap. It's lovely to see him ragging Blaggy in this way!"

"Blaggy will smash him," said Rake.

Rake.

"He won't," said Newcome. "He begins knocking the new chap about, I'm going to step in, I can be the control of the can be the control of the can be the can b

about, I'm going to step in, I can tell you."
"Faith," said O'Donovan, "afther he's given you that chin, too, intiroly!"

intirely!"

Newcome rubbed his chin.

"Vest I don't care. It was all
Blaggy's fault from the beginning,
and he's not going to like the kid,
and that's flat!" he said come included

Blagden, who was almost beside
himself with rage, had hardly a word
left to say. It was all so apparent

(Now go en with the story.)

and so evidently fully undertoon, the full was that he had to detail the full was that he had to detail the summer of the summer

lord.

But Ceril Biagden, when he was loss for words, had abother ource—his fists. He stood before.

source—his fast, his above, "a source—his fast, his and cleached and helm a fast hard cleached and helm a fast hard cleached as the propose you think it; suppose you had been in, suppose you had not have you had a gentleman," remarked think it was a fast time that gave him any, at the your you had been and you want to the your training on him—all; He frave how much impacted by the frank and open and heart. The mentions of the suppose you want to have the frank and open and heart. The mentions of the your was done and the you was done and the your was done you want to have you want to make out the you was done you want to make out the you want to make out the you want to make out that you was a helicyed me to be a lord son, low you want to make out that you want you want to make out that you you want to make out that you want to make out that you want to have a leave it want you be you that you to you to have a leave it want you we got to have a leave it have."

"Note that a train you have a leave it have a want of the you want out the want of you want it want out had you want out the you want out you want to have a leave it had you you you to to have a leave it."

rancuty! It is not of a degree to touch a Council-school rak be you've got to have a lessen.

"Ill flight you if you like 'ut it."

"Nobody troy his hack he was a fact of the council of the chap—I forget his man-he's quite right, you know! Be-been treated very badly, early-see, and the fellow's a cast!" "Whin's a cast!" asked Normer rather in doubt as to whom the wat rather in doubt as to whom the wat

rather in doubt as to whom he nobleman alluded to, for Love si not make himself very clear.

"That clumy chap What do not call him? Rapley, or something."

"Oh, Blagden!" grinned

call him? Harley, or sementary come.

Oh. Blagden's grimed correction mannes. I'm size I dok
know why. What' at his badding. Harley was the sementary of the se

Blagden gave Nowcome allow.

Oh, ring off he register with the committee from Now, how, now then, yet on the property of the p

FOR MY NEW READERS. on the way to the study by a number of Fourth-Formers led by Arthur Newcome, and but for the new boy's prompt sid would have heen captured. As it is, however, Blagden & Co. repulse the attack, and the study of the study of the provisions, while the raides stiller baffled.

Dick Penwyn, a sturdy Cornish lad, attending a County Council School, obtains a scholarship for St. Wode's. He arrives at the great public school full of doubts as to how he will be received by his future whoolfellows. To his delight and amarcenent he is received with open arms, six juniors, led by Bllagden, the Fourth Form captain,

OR MY NEW READERS,
meeting him at the station in the on
pouring rain. The truth is that nur
lingder at Co. take len for young At
reason to the state of the state of the
service that day, but Dick has no
idea of this.

Blagden makes a great fuss of
the new boy, and rushes him up to
his study, where he is standing a rai
feed. The feed, however, it raided

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S.

u mean!" demanded

What do you mean?" demanded

[Rashly fariously.

I make that you're not going to

I make the more chap," said Newcome

path by it wasn't his fault you mis
are that it wasn't his fault you mis
are that was for a lard."

"He was fooling us all along."

Well if he was, it was your own

lat I wasn't," exclaimed Pen.
Inter knew-I never guessed, I
I thought Blagden was being

112, ha!" velled Rake, "Fancy but up. Rake!" roared Blagden.

shul of the last going to hammer that has had year nest going to hammer "said Newcome." He's smaller me con are, and he's had a long and yoday. Let him alone, "said arde, Newcome!"

Rais' Will you get out of the way?"
No. 1 sent."
Then I'll "
Hold on!" said Pen quietly, as he

"Haid on!" said Pen quietly, as he sed Neucome aside. "I'm very an obliged to you, but I can fight

Nearone stared at him.

Nearone stared at him.

Lask here, "he said, "you can't test likegy! He's too big for you, and I tell you he's a boxer. Blaggy

-I den't let him touch you."
-I tell you I can take care of

=cell."

-(iii, if you put it like that—"
-(iii, if you put it like that—"
-(iii, if do, I'm obliged to you,
laisel you're very kind," said Pen,
rad I know you mean it, as you
sait take me fur a lord."
-(iii. lia, ha!" shricked Rake,
-(iiii. lia, ha!" shricked Rake,
-(iiii. lia, ha!" shricked Rake,

Newcome grinned.

But I must fight my own battles,"
and Pen resolutely. "I don't care if
Imbriced. I'll fight as long as I can

licked. Il light as long as I can l, anway."

h, all serene, if you want to!"

Jeweumen stepped aside.

ly Jove," and his lordship,

kid-I forget his name; Pen
, or something—he's hot stuff,

you know! I say, I back you

bow, Pendragon, really, you

What!"

low, What?"
Think you!" said Pen, laughing.
Then lee was on his guard. Blagon was rushing at him now, with
bart fets up, and Pen needed to
lek to himself.

Firt to Fist.

ORD LOVELL was pushed back a little by the eager juniors from the product of the little by the eager juniors fight. His lordship did not the top possess much determination a literature, which was probably a par with the soft, kind, irresolute as par with the soft, kind, irresolute thresion upon his face. It seemed say to pash him anywhere, and he resined where he was pushed. But he look on at the fight with keen sterst. No one would have taken the viscount for a boxer, but he was brainly keenly interested in the wide art.

And that tussle between the new mior and the bully of the Fourth in interesting enough for anybody

Graily to Blagden's amazement, he and that the Cornish lad could have his fists in a really first-class

Barden was proud of his boxing, d he was bigger and looked stronger hit younger opponent.

gden's savage rush was stopped.

Such a savage rush was stopped.

did not try to dodge it; he
is not it, hitting out.

sapir a stargered back from a
shar right-hander on the chin,
an involuntary howl of pain
bed him.

larray!" shouted Newcome.

larray!" shouted Newcome.

ath, and that was a oner!"

the rules of boxing he was ed to follow up his adversary sock him round the ring as long

as he liked, since no rounds had been arranged; but something was due to

Blagden did not keep him

waiting long.

The Fourth Form bully ground his tech at the unter thought of being spared by the Council-school boy.

He came on again, with set tech and gleaming eyes.

"My hat," said Newcome, "young Council-school will have to play up now."

now!"
"Yes, rather!"
"Faith, and he's playing up in-tirely!" yelled O'Donovan. "Sure, and isn't be a broth av a bhoy in-The juniors cheered. Dick Penwyn

Dick Penwyn was putting up a fight against his older and higger adversary that the most prejudiced of

Hem could not but admired of them could not but admiredly was.

Bully as Blasden undoubtedly was.

Bully as Blasden undoubtedly was.

Bully as Blasden undoubtedly was.

towards the new boy, prejudice was
strong at St. Wode's, and there were
few fellows present who would have
rared to see Blasden licked by a
County Countil-school belows were
But the St. Wode's fellows were
to be a cheer of the second of the country
towards and the second of the country
towards and the second of the second

And back and back Cocil Blagden as being driven now.

Pen had taken his measure.

He knew that, though smaller than

tent. Therefore, he had never thought of arranging rounds and a timekeeper, as he would have done in a serious tustle.

Now he was regretting his over-confidence.
Pen seemed as fresh as ever after nearly ten minutes of steady milling. His wind was perfect, his eyes steady and clear. had bellows to mend with sengrature.

a vengeance.
It was pretty clear that the big Fourth-Former would simply drop his hands soon, and stand at the mercy of the new junior; but as he had a arranged the light himself, he had no right to grumble at the conditions of it. a vengeance. It was pro

it. Would have bitten his tongue out he fore he would have called time, hard as he was being used. But Bandrook he fore he would have been to have regular founds," he reclaimed. "Can't have you milling away like this, like a couple of hooligans. Held on, both of you!"

"Let 'cm alone!" roared O'Dono-

van. "Rats!" "Rats!"
"By Jove, you know, I think it's rotten to interfere now, don't you see!" said Lord Lovell, with a shake of the head. "Rotten, don't you see! What?"

What?"
"Oh, shut up!"
"Oh, that's caddish, you know!
Look here, that chap—I forget his
name—he's winning, you know—Penwiper, or something. Let 'em alone."

THE EDITOR'S TWO COLUMNS.



Library, 23-29, Bouverle Street, London, E.C. VENTRILOQUISM.

THIS ISSUE

contains the second instalment of our new school story, "The Rivals of St. Wode's," by Charles Hamilton. Now, this writer achieved such popularity with his tale entitled "The Rivals of St. Kit's" that I am particularly anxious for you to let me know how you like his

NEW STORY.

Practically every letter I have re-ived has mentioned, in varying rms of praise, "The Rivals of crived has mentioned, in varying terms of praiso, "The Rivals of St. Kit's," and I am naturally look-ing forward to getting the same ex-pressions of approval from you all respecting the

"RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S."

There was a diabolist keen, Who played till he grew very lean. When he took to his bed, His friends softly said: "His last throws of summer we've seen."

seen.

In response to my request for letters of criticism, I have received such a big batch that I have had a very difficult task in selecting the winner of the lalf-acrown ollered, but here is what I consider the best for this week:

"Balkam.

"Dear Editor,—I am writing you this letter to let you know what I homestly think about to Emrine Library. In the first place, I must tell you that I have taken the Emrine from the first number—when it was in a smaller form, with a pink cover— and a better halfpennyworth of

-and a better halfpennyworth of reading no one could wish for.

"The tales at present are just A-1, especially Comsu Ethel." No boy could wish for a better tale, and I am sure 1 do not myself.

"The detective tale is ripping, and I only wish there were more of it. I myself think that for a detective tale

"The detective take is represented in a long wish there were more of it. I myself think that for a detective take it is just grand.

"The Land of the Black," in my estimation, is just the sort of adversary of the sort of a sort of the sort of a s

M. G.'s letter, I am glad to say, represents the opinion of numberless other readers, but M. G. has my par-ticular thanks for his custom of order-

There was a young bounder named

There was a joing Rac,
Who took out his motor one day;
But a fog, black as night,
Ilid the landscape from sight;
Now there's "weals" within wheels, they say.

* What about "The Rivals of St. Wodo's "I-ED.

One of my Yorkshire readers has taken up ventriloquism as a hobby; but he is somewhat handicapped by the lack of a ventriloquial figure, and

the lack of a centrilequial figure, and seeks to obtain one second hand.

I should advise you, Harold Fisher, failing to find what you want in the advertisement columns of various papers, to insert a small advertisement in "The Boys' Herald" Hobby Club column. I have no doubt if you write to the Edit mould in the column to the Edit and the you may be able to be a small property of the property of the column to the property of the property of

Cries a youthful inventor: "Goodbyo! With my airship I'll traverse the

But his friends all declare, As he mounts in the air, What he says in the first line's no lie.

A REMINDER.

A REMINDER.

My new readers should remember, that
the prize of half-a-crown will be given
for the best contribution in these
columns. My readers can send in
practically anything they like, pre
viding that it is likely to be of
interest to others. Jokes, limericks,
useful hints-all these are suitable.

nervous old lady, named Kay, A nervous old lady, named Kay, Hailed a motor bus one rainy day. As she scrambled aboard, A horse-cabby roared; "Look alive! It's the last time you may!"

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME.
First on the list for our next issue
comes another fine instalment of
our new story, "The Rivals of
St. Wodo's." Second, the further
adventures of the two little wait in
Edwin Home's story. Third, a comlete tale of "Panther Grayle, entitled "The Prisoner at the Bar."
Then follows "Coasin Ethe's Schoolthe," "The Grammar School Vendishurit." a complete tale of Gordon picte tans "The Prisoner at the Bartritled "The Prisoner at the Bartritled "The Robins Robers School
day, "In Commar School Venday, "In Commar School Venday, "In Complete tale of Gordon
Gay & Co., the "pictured" adventures of Wandering Willie, and, to
complete the budget of contents, the
continuation of F. St. Mars' story,
"The Land of the Black."

Now I think you can with confidence look forward to a rattling
grood number, so au revoir till next
Wednesday.

POSTCARD EXCHANGE. The following readers desire to ex-change postcards: 38th LIST.

M. L. Woolberty, Wahroonga, Delo-raine, Tasmania, Australia, wishes to exchange postcards with readers in South Africa. A. J. Jacobs, Bl. Hill Rosal, Bandra, India, with Manchester, London, England. Miss. B. Wherwood, 24, Rathgar

England.

England.

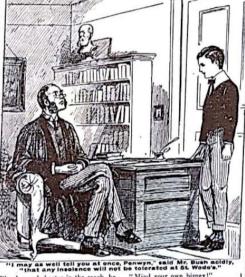
Street. London, Ontario, Canada, with Southend, England.

Lance corporal W. Twitcher, No. 8825, "G" Company, Bareilis, India, with Scutland.

Private A. McCreadie, No. 10006, "D" Company, 1st Scaforth Private A. McCreadie, No. 10006, "D" Company, 1st Scaforth Highlanders, Chaulattia, India, with Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng-land.

Miss 8. East 8. Pierce, 130, Forles Street, Last Sydney, Australia, with surrey, England

East Sydney, Australia, with Surrey, England Miss R. Ranby, Otorohanga, Auck-land, New Zealand, with Mexico; Calcutta, India; Italy; Argentine; Sumatra; Sweden; U.S.A.; Alaska; Fiji; Sandwich Isles; Canada; Nova Sectia. R. T. Parkina, 148, Sutherland Street, Paddington, Sydney, Australia, with Canada Street, Canada Canada, Canada Mrs. Lower Park, South Africa, with New Zealand, Western Australia



"that any insolations will no Blanden and shorter in the reach, he was a strong and in better condition, with a better wind.

Blanden's guard seemed to be no-where. Either his skill had deserted him, or the new boy's skill was greater. He was driven twice round the ring of juniors, under the raining in

greater. He was driven twice round the ring of juniors, under the raining blows of the Cornishman.
"My word," said Beeton, one of Blagden's chums—"my word! Where did the kid learn to hit like that? What's Blaggy thinking of to let him?"

Newcome chuckled.

'I fancy Illaggy can't help him,' he said. 'Ilo's jolly well not
ng it for fun; you may be sure of

self.

e, Penwyn," said Mr. Bush acidly, to botlerated at St. Wode's."

"Mind your own binney!"
"Now, then, you'll fight in rounds, and I'll keep time," said Bamford, as Pen stepped back.
Pen knew that the victory was his, and that Bamford was interfering unfairly, but he was pattengagen.
"All right look out in watch.
"Now, then! Time!"
The brief rest had saved Blagden from immediate defeat. It gave him a sporting chance of getting ahead.
But he was so obviously not up to the new junior's form that his most ardent backers had little hope of seeing him pull off a win.
Pen realised that the general feeling was against him, and it made him put all his grit into the conflict. He would have been killed rather than put up his hand in sign of that

But there was no question of a defeat for the Cornish lad. Blagden was failing fast. The lade

was failing fast.
The bully made a last effort.
He backed away and away, and
then launched himself forward in a
sudden desperate rush, hitting out
furiously.

furiously. Pen met him like a rock. With his left he swept Blagden's blows away, and countered with his right—a terrible right-hander, that caught the St. Wode's fellow on the point of the chin, and sent him recling backwards.

(Another exciting instalment of this

NO LITTLE WAIFS

and her brother with per and leaves her bright, a bank a series the two children; were the two children; of left as though a pair of left as through him. sering introduct them have you brought them have young ragamuffin?"
Mether Gramp, "It's just appeties, thinking I'd any wasteels you jacked 4 any to Out ye go, the greet I haven't room for ye! I haven't room for rought rozamuffin; "It's just

net and . Out ye go, not after y ...

I waren't recent for a y ...

I waren't recent for a y ...

I waren't recent for a y ...

I waren't waren't recent for a y ...

I waren't waren'

paragr. at the sonderful? She's like are in the pantomime who are dragon her slave!" he

de are you calling a dragon, is imp?" burst out Mother heining her stick down on a shoulders with a force which to the other side of the rafully rubbing the injured

the along in! I dare say you pok a bit," she continued any the children into a cosy a sameshat poverty-stricken at At any rate, it was warm, les minutes later the four sat the tample but sufficient meal, the simple but sufficient meal, an implement to Luey, going tentrem length of washing his and trying to get some sem-ed a pertung into his tangled of wd hair.

the kitchen was a small bedreadered even smaller by a seven reaching almost from one was the subjects that

and were the cabicles that is a screely room to understood that is so of the bed, but neither to lay transhed about the bed, but neither to effect for them that the segment for them that the shorth hard, were warm, and on five from draught, were warm, and to the from draught, for ere neited to rest Phil hand hired is not been supported by the expenditure is use of their treasured half-

embring his success on Christ-to, Find Fernay wanted to same of his many wanted to same of his many many many bear admitted by the same admitted which tells on the suggestion, of sat that that could be a hast but that whilst his new was pool he would stand a boy chance of getting some facilities and permanent cru-

thing was good, as Philipseld when, on the second for the had taken up their was Motore Crump, he implement as a van-boy fam of series. The wages had true, but, with strict, would be suffered to keep when the world be suffered to keep the series would be suffered to keep the series would be suffered to be suffered by.

ok was not hard, his chief the ride about the City on and at a van, and protect a three in from pillerers. n in his new berth about

as in his new berth about a non-sevening, as he was been evening, as he was headed and he had gless who had do had he had gless who had do had he had gless who are the plant of the plant by Best moment turned

Novel and Interesting Story for All.



GLANCE OVER THIS.

Ethel Cleveland is a new girl at StFreda's, and on her first day at school
is attracted by the personality of
Dolores Pelham, a high-spirited girl
ouenity saves Dolore. Ethel robesgrace, and the two become firm
friends.

Ethel takes Dolores over to StJim's College, where Arthur D'Arcy,
her cousin, is at school, and thesthel's boy friends.

One afternoon Ethel is sitting in
hig garden at St. Freda's with
Dolores when a note is brought her
by the stationer's boy. It is from
her cousin, arthur D'Arcy, asking
her delete by D'Arcy's secrecy, but
decides tog a certain stile. Ethel is
puzzled by D'Arcy's secrecy, but
decides tog is
"My cousin's waiting for me near
(Bred as feem here).

Enid Craven's Find.

Eaid Craves' Find.

Willy doesn't be come here?"

"I don't know."
"Are you going?"
"Sunll I rome with you?" asked
Delores indifferently.
Ethel coloured.
"Arthur asks me particularly to go alone," she raid. "I don't know
why, but he says it is very important."

alone," she raid. "I don't know why, but he says it is very important."
"Oh, don't go!" said Dolores.
"Let him come here."
"He asks me ta."
"He asks me ta."
"He asks me ta."
"I don't sow the sow please!" said Dolores, with a found on her brow, with a found on her brow, with a found on her brow. "I don't want to go."
"I don't want to go,"
"I don't want to go specially, but I cannot very well refuse Arthur, said Ethel. "I hope you will not be offended about nothing, Dolores."
"I am not offended at all," said Dolores, in her most stately way.
Ethel nodded, and ran out of the particular of the said the said of the found of the foundation of the for their meeting, and she was anaious not to be late. She was curious to know that it was that was so important, and why Arthur Augustus was overy mysterious about it.
She could only surmise that something unusual had lappend at St. Jim's: though even then there appeared to be no reason why D'Arty should be to no reason why D'Arty should be put on her hat and left the

peared to be no reason why D'Arcy
should be so accretive
Ethel put on her hat and left the
school. The stile was only a few
minutes' walk from St. Freda's.
As the girl passed out of the stile
she passed Enid Frida since that day
hardly specified after that day
for the still still should be should be
every from expulsion. Ethel's kindness had made no lasting impression
upon Enid; the natural repugnance
between the two girls was too strong
for that. And Ethel's growing popularity at St. Freda's was a thorn in
the side of the jealous and bitter girl.
Enid looked after her with a far
from affectionate expression.

from affectionate expression.

The keen wind caught Cousin Ethel as she went out into the road, and she threw her hand up to her hat. Something white fluttered from her hand, and blew along the road. It was the note.

and the second of the second o

one boot and covered it.

Ethel, with her hair blowing about her face, looked round for the note she had lost, and came running back with flushed cheeks and panting with breath

Have you lost unything?" asked

"Have you loss anyone.
"Yes—a note."
"Indeed! Did it blow this way!"
"It must have. I thought you might have sen it," said Ethel.
End shook her head. She del not "Hu tare to actually tell a falsehood, but that

WANTS

the shake of the head was as near a lie as was possible.

"Well, never mind," said Ethel.

"Miler all, it does not matter."

She ras down the lane, fearing to be late for her appointment. As soon as she was out of sight, Enil Craver removed her hoot from the note and picked it up.

"B'Arcy's Great Wheer,
"THEL, deah boy-I mean deah
gal?"
Arthur Augustus D'Arcy
region his silk topper in his
stale in Burdon Lane, with sparking
eyes and cheeks red from running.
"En": "En": "En Arthur?"

" Eh?"
"What has happened?"

"Nothin".
"What is wrong, then?"
"I am not aware of anythin' bein'
ong, Ethel."

w'ong, Ethel."

"Really, Arthur—"
"Everythin' is all wight so fah at I know," said Arthur Augustus, looking puzzled.

ng puzzled. Ethel gave him an indignant look. "Then why did you alarm me wi cour note?"

ose you wemembah the studay feeds

A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM'N wonder.

"MARTIA CLIFFORD
In at St.

"The shake of the head was as near a she should
see the shake of the head was as near a she should
"Mer all, it does not matter,"
"Mer all, it does not matter,"
"Mer all, it does not matter,"
"Well, never mind," said Ethel.
"Mer all, it does not matter,"
"Well never wind the lane, feating to

We are weady to wisk that, you

nn it suppin to have a dorm, feed,"
"I hardly think so."
"Take my word for it, my deah
al, as your chilah," said Arthur
tugustus, with quite a fatherly
nanner. "There is not the slightest
loubt on the subject. Now, I have
add a fival fewon my governah, and
am pwepared to stand tweat."

"Arthur!"

"And the swrets as 'Ink.'"

"Ink! Oh, dear!"

"And several othat things undah othah names," said D'Arcs, "You will get the whole lot in without anybody feelin' the whole lot in without anybody feelin' the anipole wippin' delive, don't you think so?"

Ethel did not know what to say. Her cousin was looking so the method he had adopted to clude she hardly liked to any mystum as the hardly liked to any mystum as the front of the cousin was any mystum of the cousin was any mystum of the cousin was any mystum of the cousin was a mystum of the country of the cousin was a mystum of the country of

ground.

But the thought of piles of indiges-tible earables being delivered to her at St. Freda's, in a disguise which would probably be penetrated at once by the mistresses, filled her with dismay.

"Arthur! You must not ""

"It's done, deah gal. It's all wight."

"Arthur! Yet must not with a substitute of the control of the cont

And Arthur Augustus jumped over the stile and vanished. Ethel turned her head, to see Enid Craven approaching. Arthur Augustus was gone, and Enid was looking at her suspiciously. Ethel, with a troubled look on her face, waited back slowly in the direc-tion of St. Fredia's would see Arthur Augustus again that afternoon she did not know. The swell of St. Jim's was growing so very mysterious that

was growing so very mysterious that he was not to be depended upon in

By growing so very mysterious that he was not to be depended upon in any way.

But what she was to do with the eatables that he had ordered for her was a puzzle. She did not know who was to send them, or when they were to come. What would be the result if Miss Penfold or Miss Tyrrell discovered that consignments of indigestible pastry were arriving for her under cover of innocent labels? And if D'Arey's great, "wherea" became known, it might lead to the awell of St. Jim's heing forbidden to visit St. Ethel's fare was troubled—a she

St. Jim's being forbidden to risis se-Freda's. Ethel's face was troubled as the went lack to school. As she came up to the gates, she caught right of a ran in the section. The van had a flurford confectioner's name upon

Ethel glanced at it in dismay, and she were a troubled look as she went in. She knew what it meant. The first consignment had arrived.

Hats, With Care.

Hats, With Care.

The All me!" said Mrs. Filby.

Mrs. Filby, the housefile t

(Another Instalment of this popular serial in nest Wednesday's "EMPIRE" LIBRARY, Order in advance, Price One Halfpenny.)

EMPIRE-No.12



"Excuse me, deah gai," said Arthur D'Arcy, suddenly, "Hore's one of the Bi. Fweda's gals comin' this way. Caution, you know! I don't want it is get you into a wow!" And Arthur Augustus, jumped over the stile and vanished, as Enid Oraven approached,

"Bai Jove! I neval meant to alarm you, Ethel!"

"Bai Jove! I neval meant to alarm you, Ethel!"

bere, and why did you write in so mysterious a way!" demanded Ethel. Arthur smiled mysteriously.

"Because it's necessary to the property of the seep it dark, dealt gal."

"To keep what dark!"

"The where, sou know."

"I don't know, and I don't understand in the least," said Ethel.

"What do you maan!"

"I will explain. Now that you are stand in the least," said Ethel.

What do you maan!"

"I will explain. Now that you are stand, Ethel, I wegard you as ben't in my during the said of dodges for livenin things up at school, Ethel, I wegard you as the following and the two ways are shool that you gule don't know any thin about."

"Such as putting rats in the headmisters's hathor," suggested Cousin Ethel. I only advised that for exceene care," said Arthur Augustin." But this is not a jape on the lieat that I am thinkin' of now. I sup-

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Wealty, Ethel—"
"You mean you are prepared to and us a dorm feed?" asked Ethel, stand us a dorm, recur laughing.

"Yana, wathah!"

"My dear Arthur, we couldn't think of such a thing. It would be impossible, and I shouldn't like it. Please give up the idea."

"Imposs, deah gal!"

"Why impossible!"

"The gwub is alweady ordahed."

"The the mude all the awwaing-ing in the country with

"What?"

"I have made all the awwaigements," soid Arthur Augustus, with great satisfaction. "You wementah what an arfly deep fellow I san."

"Dear me! What have you done?"

"I've ordalied a hundwed jamtarts of the best quality, and they will be sent to you in a bamilex labelled 'Hats,' so that they will pass in without critin' the least suspish."

"Oh!"

"Then there's.

"Oh?"
"Then there's the gisuger-beer.
That will come in in a box labelled 'Soop."
"Oh, dear?"
"Then the cake will come in as 'Book."

CO-OPERATION. YOUR

CAPITAL LITTLE SHORT COMPLETE STORY.



A Tale of the Chums of Rylcombe

Grammar School.

- Dr -PROSPER

CHAPTER 1. Tadpole Has Some News

Tidpole Has Some Ness.

Till HERE'S one thing I never have to granuble about to the deer old mater," said Carbox, grinning, at his two study chains in the Fourth Form at Rejection to the last eighth of an inch."

"Hear, hear." assented Frank Monk and Lane.
Carbox returned the letter he had

Monk and Lane.

Carboy returned the letter he had
just received to the envelope, and
pushed it into the breast-packet of his

jushed it into the brease, nearest Eton jacket.
"Of course, I don't know what the sire of this one'll be, but I think we'll have a few kids in to thare the feed," he said.
"Hear, hear!"
Carboy grinned as his two chums

"Hear, hear!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Hear, bear!"

"Hear, beared as his two chums reaction graneed as his two chums reaction graneed the second that the second has been as the second has been as the large table in the common-room.

"Well, I've got an impot to finish off," said Carbo, after a brief pause. "I can't have that on my mind when we have the barquet."

"My hat!" laughed Frank Mosli. "Rather not! And that reminds me I've got a few lines. Let's go and get 'em done." and Carbon. "Come and the second has been as the s

'em done!" Right ho I' said Carboy. "Come

on, Laney!"

And the three chums filed out of the common room, and made their way to their study.

"Now shut up, Taddy," growled Gor for Gay, who was seated before the fire, with his two other study-mates, Frank and Harry Wootton, in Study 13. "I've got to learn a jolly difficult part, and I can't do it if you're going to ma."
"But really, Gay, said Tudpele, "want too the work of the Monk & Co."
Gordon Gay, Frank Wootton, and Harry Wootton turned their heads round with a jerk which threatened to dislocate their needs.

dislocate their necks.
"What's that!" they cried, so loudly that Horace Tadpole gave a

"What's that?" they cried, so loudly that Horace Tadpole gave a jump.

I happened to be looking for a take of usin which I dropped by the fireblace in common-room," explained Taddy, after a moment's pause. "It was a tube of crimson which I wanted rather baddy. I think I'll paint that angel eyes red in any great picture of—""Oh, dry up, dummy!" interpreted Gordon Gay. You can paint the angel when you have the angel when the angel when the angel when you will be a seen to be a seen t

IIa. ha!" laughed Harry otton. "You mean cavesflopper,

dummy!"
"I say, although I'm not an eardropper," repeated Taidy, "I could
not help overhearing Carboy read a
letter from his mother, saving that ho
might expect a hamper by the same

"My hat?" "Of course. Mrs. Carboy should have said 'By the next carrier,' "ex-plained Tadpole, "because we never get hampers delivered by poet, do

"My only topner!" interrupted Gordon Gay, "This is jolly good fews, chaps. Of course, we must bag this hamper!"

hews, chaps. Of conservation has been called the two Woottens, in large it?" cried the two Woottens, instance, the two Woottens, instance, in the content of the content of

HOWARD.

Ha, ha, ha!"
orden Gay suddenly held up his

Gordon Gay samenny seemband for sidence.

"Lasten." he cried. "Inn't that the carrier's van."

A low rumble of wheels could be heard in the study.

Harry Wootton.

"Yes," whispered Harry Wootton.

"It is, You can tell the claster of old Glie's grey here a couple of reiles of.".

"will Gordon."

rriles off."
"Well, come on," said Gordon
Gay excitedly, "We ought to be able
to work the wheeze now if we are
sharp."

CHAPTER 2.

Invitations Go Chesp in the Fourth

Good - AFTERNOON, Mr. Giles!"
"Afternoon, young gen'T-

"Hope you've got that hamper,"
"Hope you've got that hamper,"
said Gordon Gay, as the old, grey-haired carrier almost tumbled from his box-seat to the road.
"At, ay, young gon "men," replied Mr. Giles. "There be a big one,

"Good egg!" interrupted Gordon

"Good egg!" interrupted Gordon Gay. "You're always welcome, you know, Mr. Giles. Hand it down, and we'll save you the fag of lugging it into the lodge."
"Thank 'ee, 'young gen'l'men," said the carrier, drawing a hamper from the back of the cart. "Here be

From the back of the cart. "Here be "". "One on, charts" cried Gordon Gay, graying the large wicker backet by one handle, and turning to the two Woottons. "Quickly, now."

"Rather!" said Frank Wootton excitedly. "Yank it in!"

The three famous juniors had the hamper out in a second, and, pressing a shilling into the palm of Mr. Gile's rheamately hand, Gordon Gay hurried through the iron gates of the Grammar School before the earlier could either thanh his donor for the tip, or explain to the excited juniors that he had yet another hamper to deliver.

deliver.

Horever, Mr. Giles had delivered hampers at the old school for nigh on a second of the delivered hampers at the old school for nigh on the delivered to the edited reception he always received. The old man gave went to a cluckle which indicated that his brain was dwelling on reminiscences, and then he drew out a more bully hamper than the first one, and which at a glance looked more heavy.

first one, and which at a glance looked more leavy.

The old man struggled with it up. The old man struggled with it up. The old man struggled with it up. The old man struggled with the up. The old man struggled is alely into the hands of the porter just as Gordon Gay & Co. hurried through the school entrance door, and passed into the front hall.

"My hat!" muttered Gordon Gay, as the door of Study 13 closed safely on the commandeered hamper. "That was rather exciting."

"Nor hall!" laughed Harry Wootton. "I don't think anybody saw us, either, excepting that duffer Ross."

saw us, either, excepting that univerRow. Cil. he's only a fig. so we
rescha't be afraid of him." said
the spread ready."
In almost less time than it takes to
tell, the hamper was forced open, and
the straw and paper packing was rent
flying in all directions as the wonderful contents were extracted the was

In a few minutes the table was
"tack" withing undertime the word of the straw of the straw
it takes the stable of the straw of the straw
piled on to it—cakes, tinned goods,

preserves in glass bottles, fruit, accets, ginger peer bottles, some fancy breen collection packet of butter, a large pot of strawberryjam, and another one of mermalade, some fancy Japanese paper servicetes, and fine tongue with a pink page with a pink page of the period of the per

"Never!"

Never!"

Ne

Well," he said at last, "I

thin the season of the door interTap, har! A lasty knock on the door interrupted the leader of Study 13, and thenext moment a grinning fag put his
head into the room.
"Gay here?" he cried.
"That's me, kid. What is it?"
"Note from Monk. Here you are
"Note from Monk. Here you are
he told me to wait for a reply, or, if
there wasn't any reply, he had tell
hally fag og glared at the grinning
fag, and then spread out the folded
piece of paper which was handel to
him. His face suddenly wrinkled up
into a broad grin as he read the few
lines which Frank Monk had written
to him.

"Seems lunny they haven't come," a muttered. "The twenty minutes

he mattered. "The twenty minutes is up, and "he twenty minutes "More like helf an hour!" interrupted Harry Weetton. "Hanced It can see the good of waiting with all this grub on the table!" "That's what I say!" added

"That's what I say!" added Weetton minor.
"Well, let's give them another five minutes," said Gordon Gay, "and then if they don't turn up, we'll go and drag them out. After all, we eart gorge their grub without sharing it, you know.

And with much creat the over-

many covetous glances at the ex-

laden table, the chuma of Study 13 waited the extra time. Gordon Gay frowned as he replaced his watch in his pocket, "Time's up," he said at last. "We'll go and drat' em alone. Come on, chaps!" And he lad the way out of the room and along the corribor towards Frank Menk & Co. & study. The control of the control of the control of the control of the terr treals' study door, they heard a merry dinhing of glass and a clatter of plates.

of plates.
Gordon Gay stopped suddenly with his hand upon the door knob.
"Hallot" he muttered, turning an anxious glance on his chums. "What on earth does this mean? Just

isten!"
The eveited tone of Lane's voice floated out into the corridor.
"Ha, ha, ha.! Jolly good, Carboy!
Jully good!"
"Well," came Carboy's voice in response, "I do think this has been a bumper feed, and I suggest wo pass a vote of thanks to my mater. You know, unfortunately, she doesn't quite grasp how we appreciate her hampers."

24.21"

we've left. I can bell you then mater has absolutely and you have the street has absolutely and the state that the we've left. I can bell you the state that time. We had you do not see he had we've left. I can be left puried.

"The best when did you come, desay the made have puried. "The best puried will be the puried. "The best puried will be the state of the hour ago," Carbo have been deep united. "The hour ago," I carbo have been deep to the state of the hour ago, "I carbo have been deep to the see that the state of the hour ago," I suppose he passed the state of the hour ago, "I carbo have been and the state of the hour ago," and it is the said time. "I carbo have been a state of the hour ago, "I carbo have been and the state of the hour ago, "I carbo have been and the state of the hour ago, the hour ago, "I carbo have been and the state of the hour ago, and the state of the hour ago, the hour ago, "I carbo have been and the state of the hour ago, "I carbo have been a state of the hour ago, "I carbo have been a state of the hour ago, "I carbo have been a state of the hour ago, "I carbo have been a state of the hour ago, "I carbo have a state of the hour ago, "I carbo have a state of the hour and have a state of

Carjenter's face was trimes to rage.

"You cads!" he reared "a blessed cads, you're tried to test sure. Blessed cads, you're tried to test sure. I was going to give a seried in my study, but when I we down to the bode. I found that the want any blessed lamper for me. I would be a seried what time to expect any one was the work of the work o

followers.
"But look---"

"But look—" But look—"
"But look—"
"But look—"
"Orden Gay opened his much be considered to be away that he had make mistake; but he was the but look as a mistake; but he was the look of the look of

penter. "Daub some of that is a their pretty faces."
"Rather, and a little sect is in prove things!" laughed Sidner miss, pushing his way through to the fre-

place.
"You-you-you cads!" spintered
Harry Wootton, as Carpenter smalle
his features with the mixture. "Yo "Ha, ha, ha!"
Gordon Gay & Co.were all treat
alike, and almost in less time that
takes to tell, Carpenter and hat
lowers had transferred the feel

lowers had transferred the see their own study.

Half an hour later Frank Mark Co. looked into Study 13.

"My only hat?" exclained Order Cay's rival. "What on east that?"

Gordon Gay & Co. clared these between into any section.

Gordon Gay & Co. gaard the layer of jam and soot.

"It's that—that beumder Carpet and his crowd!" growled Gordon Ga "They—they made a—a benish na They said we'd got their hange, a

-and Monk grinned and step Frand Monk grinned and step across the study to when was a empty commandeered hampet. "Is this the hanger your came in?" he said.

"Is this the hamper year came in!" he said.
"It's the hamper the 57th or in," replaced Gordon Gay, grand; spite of himself françed the law?
Fran docked for the hall, frances the hamper in it's he said, and moment's passe.
"What's on it." exclaimed Orbe "Maxter Carpenter, Food for "

"What's on it." exclaimed or Master Carpenter, Fourth Far Rylcounds Carpenter, Fourth Far County Cou

(Another of their amoring control of proving next Wederslet, and Common School Predictions of the Grammar School Predictions and Design Humard, Circler burn Estimat advance, Fran One Hallprenath



on, chape!" cried Carpenter, the leader of the "Daub some of that jam on their pretty faces!"

what Mrs. Carboy sends, so you

can be sure of a rattling good feed.— Yours, "P.S.—You might bring a table-cloth and one or two knives if you don't mind. Somebody has bagged ours.—F. M. don't mind. Somebody
ours.—F. M.
"P.P.S.—Carboy says we want
some forks.—F.M.
"P.P.P.S.—You might chuck in

"P.P.P.S.--You might thuck in one or two spoons as well."

As Gordon Gay finished reading, the juniors gave a roar of laughter, and only stopped when Frank Monk's messonger yelled in a high-pitched answer to Monk.

"Yes. of courtse," said Gordon Gay.

"Yes. of courtse," said Gordon Gay.

answer to Monk.
"Yes, of course," said Gordon Gay,
whing his eyes with his handlecrhief,
"Tell him we are sorry we can't
correct the month of the month of the control of the course,
"Right!" cried the fag, and he
hurried off, slamming the study door
to with a bang.

CHAPTER 3. A Slight Mistake.

T'S absolute rot waiting for the dummies any longer!" growled Harry Wootton. "If Monkey & Co. really wanted a feed, they would have been along here at

Gordon Gay looked at his watch for the twentieth time within as many minutes.

she might send a blessed hamper

she might send a blessed hamper every day."
Gordon Gay & Co. in the corridor without, looked at each other askance.
"What in the dickens are they talking about?" muttered Gordon Gay.
"Hamper! What blessed hamper?"
"Get in! said Harry Wootton,"
"Get in! said Harry Wootton,"
"Get in! said Harry Wootton, so the said hamper?"
"Gordon of the hambouse face, tapped on the door, and in answer to the combined invitations of the feasters within, turned the handle warily.
"Come in, fatheads!" shouted Frank Monk. "Don't be afraid of it?"

it!"
Gordon Gay grinned for a moment, and then walked boldly in followed by the two Woottons and Horace Tadpole.
"Hallo!" laughed Carboy. "You

"Hallo!" laughed Carboy. "You have come, have you?"
Gordon Gay & Co. stared at the study table. It had been somewhat depleted of its goods, but there still depleted of its goods, but there still depleted of its goods, but there still expected the still depleted of its goods, but the still depleted of the still depleted of the still depleted with astifaction, and it was clear to the juniors of Study 13 that their rivals had partaken of an extremely satisfactory feed.

"Yes!" (altered Gordon Gay, after a pause. "We've-we'-we've come!" "Ha, ha!" laughed Carboy. "Why the diskens didn't you come earlier! We've wolled most of the grub; but if you like, you can finish up what

WANDERING WILLIE WILL BE HERE AGAIN NEXT W