

the Scapegrace of the Regiment.

A Grand New Tale of Army Life.



PERCIVAL POTT SHUT HIS EYES, AND RUSHED AT HIS ADVERSARY HAMMER AND TONGS

stern are informed that the active in the following Serial Story Pricty imaginary, and no reference dution it made to any living the Actual names may be unin-stally mentioned, but the Editor it to be distinctly understood to adverse personal reflection is stally mentioned.

toned in the Blanket.

TYS method of persuasion as to grind poor Pott's nose award and round on the table where they had stretched him had been turned so many sait it was quite a wonder it did set of altogether.

The him of a broom handle to the blow of a broom handle will be to the blow of a broom handle will have to the blow of a broom handle will have to the blow of a broom handle will have him to be secured to be blow of a broom handle will him persecutors we're too when.

him.

the rest of the party
of one of the blankets from
the first stating hold of the
the stating hold

rest had laid hold of the sactime, and all was ready and part of the programme

Pag up—shy" laughed the fasty. "Oh, we'll let you mouldy imper—up a lot higher than

rou think! Go on, boys, on to it!
Eavel!
Eavel!
Eavel the word every man flung his
weight backwards with a lusty tug.
The blanket tautened sluggishly,
and Percival was lifted only a bare
two feet from the floor.
The second tug, however, lifted
him a good five, and the third higher
than that, until at last he was whize
int up to the most had the sense to
keep his arms folded and his heels
together all would have been well.
Blanket tossing is a silly sport and
a dangerous one, but a man may be
tossed in a blanket for bours and
hours and come to no harm!
I the
tosser do a blanket for bours and
hours and come to no harm!
But the higher Percival found
himself going the more-frantically
he clutched and keiked.
Thud!
They had got him humping the
celling at last. It was their vectim's
head that down, but this only designed Pasty the more.

*Slead's You'll 'urt him'. cried
one.

*Slead's You'll 'urt him'.

*String's You'll 'urt him'.

rou think! Go on, boys, on to it! Eave?"

At the word every man flung his weight backwards with a lusty tug. The blanket tautened sluggishly, and Percival was lifted only a bare wo feet from the floor.

The second tug. however, lifted the second tug. however, lifted him a good five, and the third higher han that, notil every lifted him a good five, and the third higher han that, notil every lifted him a good five, and the third higher han that, notil every lifted him a good five, and his heels lim a good five, and his heels limed himself. I he had only had the sense to toep his arms folded and his heels ogether all would have been well. Hanket tossing is a silly sport and dangerous one, but a man may be soseed in a blanket for hour and if the older hand himself, going the more frantically end that hand the him hour was not he had seen a boy crippled for life by sit, and by last limed himself, going the more frantically either had got him humping the cluthered and kicked.

Thud!

Will Percival Pott it was different. If Private Pasty Green was one of the had seen a boy crippled for life by sit, and by last limed had been a boy crippled for life by sit, and by last him hour had been a before the hughes blew "Light Out."

Will Percival Pott it was different. If Private Pasty Green was one of the humber of all that hander learn feet our feet form and in the humber of all that hander learn feet our feet form and in the humber of all that hander learn feet our feet form and in the humber of all that hander learn feet form the feet our feet form and in the humber of the humber of

As Jack Lyon was rushing across from the coffee-bar to the barrack-room to the rescue of his chum, who should be run full tilt into but Privates Stuffy Sims and Stumpy

Privates Stony, Sans Baggs.

These two, as the steadiest old "trusties" in the section, had been put in charge of the new recruits to teach them how to soldier, and generally keep a fatherly eye upon them

"Hallo, somebody's just told us that they've got your erackpot friend upstairs, tossing him in a blanket!" panted Stumpy, who, like his bosom chum Stuffy, was overfat for sprint-

chum. Stuffy, was overfat for sprinting.

"So I thought," answered Jack.

"I saw a shadow buzzing up and down the window."

He shot ahead then, speeding up the staircase three steps at a time.

He shot ahead then, speeding up the staircase three steps at a time; he should be shaded the staircase three steps at a time. Should be should be shaded to be should be should be shaded to be shaded to be should be shaded to be shaded t

As like as not they would half kinpoor Percival before they had done
Percival vas still hitting the ceiling
with a leaden bump at every flight
when Jack hurst into the room.
Painful experience fortunately had
taught him to give up trying to
taught him to give up trying to
taught him to give up trying to
taught lim to give
limited to the top to
the limited to the limited
their said Jack quite quietly, for
to break up the ring round the blanket
chum would have come crashing to
the floor.

As it was, a few of the men turned
their heads and so forgot to heave
with the reat. The rosult was that
As the said the said the top of
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One of these, by the greatest good luck, was Private Green, the master of the revols. The besuidered and helpless Percival took an involuntary dive into the little Cockney's bread-basket, flattening him out like a pan-cake.

"Oco-oop! 'Elp! Ouch-oo-ah!" whooped Pasty, rolling over and over, and fighting frantically for his breath.

over, and fighting frantically for his breath.

Percival, too dased and diray to know what had happened, but determined now that he was on the floor to remain there, had anchored himself with a despairing grip to one of Pasty's care.

"Eln! Ooo! Murder! Leggo!" howled Pasty, for Percival was elinging like a limpet in an Atlantic gale. Jack, who had come prepared to Jack, who had come prepared to necessary, simply doubled up with mirth to rea the table turned so magnificently.

But Stuffy Sima, as senior of the room, seemed to think that the fun had gone far enough. So, taking Pott by the neck, while Stumpy list hold of his heels, they tore him from his frenned grip and flopped him on to his cot.

Percival did not seem 40 mind where he was, so long as it was had on the ceiting. He was too sick and

Mc Scapegrace of the

Rement.

per an eat this dark secret per and past, but without per and past, but without per an early secret per and secret per an early secret per and secret per an early secret per and secret per an early secret p

has appealed to his vixenish so strongly that he went hack to the barrack-room, back to the barrack-room, the riberin, the only two men

Peth his enemy was put out by that has evident to Pasty's pair over Jack was holding a string his hand, and immediately old it into his breast pocket the had Pasty showed his nose in

well!" said Percival comsaid Percival com-position in an undertone not in-discourse to Pasty's sharp cars, they eyeld charp; it won't be so it stap as you think. Come on the gym. now, and give me or turn with the bayonet. You of sain to sit wowying here, the consented gladly enough. The emutal competitions in fencing becaute fighting were to be held shortly to decide what reprethe to decide what repre-should be sent to do battle battalion at the district

general for vinners there would then go the Royal Naval and Military grament in London to compete the champions from other parts

the Kingdom. Sently, Jack had set his heart on ran his way even to Olympia

serdy, Jack had set his heart on grat his way even to Olympia the bayonet. By any even to Olympia the bayonet. By he had always been a good hand at the singlesticks, which is the growth of the had been a good hand at the singlesticks, which is the say training, both he and disast were fast becoming first-class new with the lunging weapon. Het, there were many old hands were saying that Slurger Nash a lare to look to his laurels wear if he meant to represent the lare to look to his laurels were first here. We well read to be the lare to look to his laurels were to be the lare to have been a lare to be the regimental instructor in lad trounced the Slurger. He had never forgotten how galway uses the sergeant of the still the lare the lare the lare the lare that come to his results had been the lare the la

being on a pile of fencing mathematics, that in fencing jackets and leave the Slugger and form the strength of the Slugger and form the strength of the Slugger, as Percival entered, and that it that in the Slugger of a plant of the slugger of the John montel I owe one to, but montel I owe one to, but when the one of the pair feat me shoved in clink?

It was to the one of the pair feat me shoved in clink?

It was you. Monkey-face!" he was tailing Percival. "Come

others sat up, grinning, to the fun. Pott, after staring at the bully for a moment or ok to further notice. Slugger was on his feet in tent.

batti, see was on his feet in the control of the co

are you addwessing me?" demanded Perreival from under the heap of barbells, feeling, he had to say something in defence of his dignity. Xaas, deah boy," mimicked the Singger, taking down a singlestick that the track and making it whistle. The point to talk to you, but I'm goint to talk to you, but I'm goint to talk some of the starch out of the work of

Percival's knowledge of singlestick

The war you same up and night for Percival's knowledge of singlestick play was hazy, to say the least of its play was hazy, to say the least of its play was hazy, to say the least of its play was hazy, to say the least of its play was hazy, to say the least of its play was hazy, to keen on the hayonets.

"It yer hear wot I say? Will you relyin down?" the first your skin, or ave it hand fight for your skin, or ave it hand fight for your skin, in the play would carve him to collops, teking him, repeated the Slugger, kicking him, repeated the Slugger, or had been supported by the say the was not going to take yit was, but he was not going to take yit was, but he was not so find the say it was, but he was not so find the say it was, but he was not so find the say it was, but he was not so find the say it was, but he was not so find the say it was, but he was not so find the say it was, but he was not so find the say it was het had been from the blows.

Nor did the others see fit for remind him. They had gathered round choking with laughter already.

"Now then," said od triping his weapon. "When I shouth! Play!" just look out for yourself, because that's when I'm going to begin and flay yer! Understand!

that's was that suddenstand:
"Play!"
The Slugger, who had suddenly crouched like a tiger about to spring, rapped out the word without further warning, and projected himself at his victim.

retime.

Percival, seared out of his wits, promptly shut both his eyes. A stinging cut on his forearm made him open them again quick. He was about to shrick with the agony of it, when another awful swipe curled completely round his ribs, doubling him up like a knife. A third whistled down his shrinking shoulders as he bolited, and a fourth nearly decapitated him at a stroke.

The quartette of spectators simply sat down where they stood and howled

sat down where they stood and howled with glee.

Still the Slugger laid on with might and main. His victim was now flatture the stood of the stood

when he did manage to see out of his eyes, he found Jack Lyon con-fronting him, white, and slaking with suppressed rage. Behind him stood Sergeant Brown. Behind him stood Sergeant Brown. Jack. "You halking, owardly brute, to swipe a defect of the stood of the stood the stood on the bully with the intention of giving him another slash, when the sergeant caught his arm.

"Here, halt, you two! We don't want any more of this!" he com-manded. "Private Nash, explain

want any more of this? he commanded. "Frivato Nash, explain
your counter." He was a superior of the
Slogger, atill rule?" spluttered the
Slogger, atill rule in superior of a bout. He asked me to, dind't
'et' he said, turning to his pais.
'You liar?" lashed out Jack, not
waiting for the writhing Pott sate his version of the county
event, the shirt. By George, I'd
like to have a go at you, stripped to
the waist! I'd give you a taste of
your own medicine that would last
you a lifetime!'
The Slugger's state deproyed in

The Slugger's state deproyed in

you own modicine that would last you a lifetime!" is an arrowner of the state of th

"You've called it a maten, and nor-let it rest. To-morrow at seven, we'll say. Very well."

And with that he hung his serge jacket on a peg beside the door and prepared for his lesson with Sergeant Brown. The Slugger and his cronies, after cursing under their breath for a moment or two, took themselves off

a moment of two, took themselves off to the canteen.
"You've bitten off rather more than you can chew, if you ask me," said Brown quietly. "Nash is very hot stuff with both sobre and stiels."
"We he' said Jack unconcernedly. "We he' said Jack unconcernedly. "Seriously since I left school, but I used to be pretty warm at them myself once."

to be jretty warm at them myself once."

"But, look here, old man," blurted Percival, still writhing with pain.
"I'm all wight, weally. For goodness sake, don't you go and get ourself and the still be succeeded by the still be succeeded by the still be succeeded by the succeede

awing mysteriously on its pee, as if trying to fly out through the door undetected.

Pasty Green, concealed in the outer lobby, was the cause of this phenomenon. His nimble fingers soon insinuated themselves into the breast threat the letter. Drawing it out, he stepped still farther behind the cover, and prepared to read.

It was a much longer letter than even Percival would have imagined from the brief summary Jack had given of its contents.

Not only did it supply him with the name of the regiment from which Jack had been forced to resign, but it also told him what he had already surmised, that this Montague Lyon, who was joining the battalion, was better to come. The glitter in Pasty's eyes grew brighter and brighter as he read and reread the pages. He saw unframt of possibilities here.

As far as he could make out, Montague is an any words, but Pesty could see that that was what he meant.

Jack's father, it appeared, had

so in as man, worm, our resty condings of the that that was what he Jack's father, it appeared, had originally owned a big colliery somewhere or other, and had taken Montague's father into partnership. Then, when he died, Montague's father had managed to collar the whole of the property somehow, when, really, Jack Lyon was entitled to at least the larger share of it. That was what tail builed down to the same when the same was perfectly right.

Major Chumbers had not dared to make this serious charge in quite so many words, but he plainly intended to say enough to stir up Jack's suspicions, so that he might thoroughly investigate the matter for himself.

himself.
So far he had signally failed in his intention. It was enough for Jack to know that Monty was now actually going to join the same regiment as himself.

Misself.

Major Clumbers's guarded insinuations about the mine he had scarcely
gas deal and done with so far as he
was concerned.

Pasty's business instincts were
more acute, however. He saw fat
profit in all this-profit and revenge!

(Another long instalment of this splendid Army (ale next Wednexlay.)

Look Out for Tom Merry.



When in doubt, or when you feel inclined to criticise address: The Editor, EMPIRE Library, 23-29, Bouverle Street,

" although coffee!"

"TOM MERRY'S ISLAND."

IIIS story is not yet quite ready, but I cannot let this week pass without again reminding you will soon appear in these pages. I want in Clifford, the author many extreme the separation among followers of good stories, and "TOM MEDRY'S ELAND."

"TOM MERRY'S ISLAND"

will, I am sure, prove no exception to the rule, and will fascinate you not only because of its real and sustained interest, but also because of the decidedly novel plot and the series of amazing adventures of

TOM MERRY & CO.

Our next issue will contain another ale of "Panther" Grayle, and also capital story of CORDON GAY & CO...

also the next long instalment of the new and much appreciated tale, "The Scapegrace of the Regiment." Jack Lananananananan l

A MESSAGE FROM TOM

MERRY!

"St. Jim's.

My dear Empirites,—Those of
you who have not met me
already in "The Gem' will be
introduced to me in the EMMER
soon. I hope my adventures on
the island will prove jolly
exciting reading; but, of course,
Gussy makes an ass of himself
as usual.—Your chum,
"Tom Merry."

"I pwotest against Tom Mewwy's wude wemark! "ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY."

Lyon, the hero of the story, is going very strong, and following in his foettype strong, and following in his foetstrong, and following in his foetstrong strong, and strong with the second strong characters that have already been the cause of many a hearty laugh. Of course, you will, as usual, find in next Wednesday's issue another long instalment of
THE PLATE ARE WEDNESD.

"THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S." and the tale of Charles Peace-"The

TWO PAPERS TO GET THIS WEEK.

WEEK.

Readers of the EMPIRE Library who want another paper to read with the second of the second of

With regard to the second paper I mention, there is, besides the fact that it contains some fine stories,

A WONDERFUL FREE OFFER FOUR DAYS IN LONDON

DURING CORONATION WEEK made by the Editor, and the com-petition whereby the six readers will be selected is not only a very simple one, but open to readers of all ages between nine and twenty.

THE TWO-AND-SIXPENCE This week the prize of half-a-crown goes to W. R. Kemp, a Cambridge-shire reader, for the following joke: WEAK.

It was the first morning in his new apartments," and his landlady came p with his breakfast, and as he

began to eat she opened a slight began to conversation.
"It looks like rain," she said.
"It does," replied the lodger;
"although it smells rather like

A REMINDER

My new readers should know that a prize of two-and-sixpence is awarded each week for best limericks, jokes, recipes, or any item of general interest selected for publication in these columns.

QUITE SATISFIED.

QUITE SATISFIED.

"Fulham, S.W.
"Dear Editor,—Let me thank you for the ripping tales you have published in the Iamous Eartise Library. A few weeks ago my chums said they were a lot of rot. I soon settled that matter by telling them of the 'Rivals of St. Wood shifting Dark Lantern 'Panther' Grayle. They became interested at once, and now they take the EMPIRS in every Wednesday. "The Rivalsof St. Wode's is the story I like best, and 'The Scapegrace'd the Regiment is the best regimental story I have ever read. I was very sorry to hear of Cousian Ethel's de arture. The pictures of Itawa eyes yorry to hear of Cousian Ethel's de arture. The pictures of Itawa eyes yorry to hear of Cousian Ethel's de arture. The pictures of Itawa expart the other day, and some of my relatives and chums came to it. I told them of the EMPIRS, stories, and they were deeply interested. I had got all the back numbers of the EMPIRS, and I presented each with a copy, and they promised to take it in overy week Besides being a long and of "Magnet' Libraries."

MY MESSAGE.

MY MESSAGE.

Now I must conclude, but before bidding you good bye till next Wednesday, let me express the hope that you are quite satisfied with this issue of the EMPIRE Library, and that you will try and get me a new reader or two by showing this paper to others when you get a favourable opportunity. THE EDITOR.

HEAR, HEAR!

Jenkins (after painful performance on violin): "What do you think, old chap, of my oxecution?" Musical Noighbour: "I think it would be a very good idea."

POSTCARD EXCHANGE. The following readers desire to ex-

49th LIST.

Large-Hill, 8, George Street, Ux-bridge, London, England, with Japan, India, Canada, Great Britain.

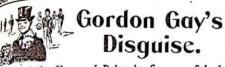
s L. Shoemack, 206, Brighton Road, South Croydon, Surrey, England, with Yorkshire, Eng-land.

Land.
Nicholla, 63, The Crescent, Stamford Hill, London, England, with Birmingham, England.
Freedman, 23, Byron Street, Freedman, 23, Byron Leeds, England, with U.S.A.
C. Sach, 157, Cumberland Street, Ipawich, England, with S. India.

I.

Readers are informed that the characters in the following Story are purely materials, and no reterence or alloanon is made to any living person. Actual materials are unintentionally mentioned, but the Education of the state of

our Amusing Complete School Tale.



A Tale of the Chums of Rylcombe Grammar School. By PROSPER HOWARD.

CHAPTER 1. The Fourth-Form Juniors and Miss Halroyd,

AWSON, the harndome captain of Rylcombe Grammer School, was looking extract, and Grahou for the leader of the lead

"Well, they'll jolly soon many of out of it." growled Lawson, or out of it." growled Lawson, "Y o'll what!" said Gordon Gay, whe captain hesitated. Lawson frowned.
"Or I'll scratch the remaining fee matches of the scason. You last think I'm going to let other thools see what a crowd of slackers to lave at Rylcombe, do you? I'll eath them, and you can tell your muthat."

am that!"
Gordon Gay looked at the captain

Gordon Gay looked at the captain amazement.

"You don't mean that, Lawson, 4d son!" he gaysed.

"Scratch the art three matches?"
Lawson nodded his head.

"Yes," he said angrily.

"The wang fools! I'll serve 'em right!
Dey're like a lot of lovesick loonies. hose lids in your own study are at enough. I found that idiot the best head on the wall of the best head of

Gordon Gay grinned in spite of

"Ob. Taddy doesn't matter!" he add "But I've noticed that he's a doing nothing but painting and baing girls' heads."

Bere was a mause in the skipper's

was a pause in the skipper's

for a time

well, you take my message to well, you take my message to said Lawson at last. Tell kids that I'll scratch all the maining Fourth Form matches if y can't turn out a strong detentative eleven against Multiple and the said thoughtfully. I sell the main Gay walked to the door. Right-ho, "he said thoughtfully. It tell em, Lawson; and if that Good-lay work. I've got an idea that Good-laye."

of work. I've got an idea that Good bye?"
d Gordon Gay closed the capdoor, and proceeded in the
floor of Study 13. He gave a
sing tap on the panel, and simulady opened the door and
the floor and eked in.

tidy table, and as the leader

entered there was a confused souffling, and three pieces of note-paper were put harriedly under three pieces of blotting-paper. Gordon Gay looked surprised. "Hallo, kirls." he said. "There's no need to be afraid. What's the wheeve? Writing secret documents of State?"

Jack and Harry Wootton and Horace Tadpole each gave a nervous

"No, Gay," said Horsee Tadpole; "No, Gay," said Horace Ladpois; "but mine is an important letter, and I would ask you to desist from interrupting. It is—"

interrupting. It is—"
"Oh, dry up, you duffer?" interrupted Gordon Gay, grinning at the
long-haired actist of the Grammar
School. "I'm going to draw up the
team for Wedneday's match against
Mulberry. If the chaps won't turn
out, Lawson says he'll scratch the
last games of the season."
Last and there Wedne nounhall

Jack and Harry Wootton coughed nervously, and then resumed their writing.
Gordon Gay scated himself at the

table, and commenced writing on a strip of paper. strip of paper.
"Of course, you kids'll turn up?"
he asked. "I know I can rely on

he asked.

Harry Wootton cleared his throat.

"That for Wednesday?" he asked.

"Yes, aminst Mulberry."

"Ahen!, Afraid I can't turn out," he said. "I'm ver yoore, but try and get someone else for Wednesday. You will remember I mentioned it before."

Gordon Gay looked at his Australian chum in amazement.

"Can't turn out?" he shouted.
"You-you can't turn out? Why can't you?"

you?" rev Wootton shuffled his feet

Harry Wootton shuffled his feet nervously.

"I-I rather want to make a call," he replied. "Just a-just a per-sonal matter, you know. He, he' And he ended off with a forced laugh.

laugh.
Gordon Gay's face went crimson with indignation.
You'll have no cancel the call,
"Soil have no cancel the call,
"Call, and son! That can wait! So
"Ill are your name down!"
You you have down, if you like, but I can't play, I tell you, and

in unison.

"Yes, in love!" howled Gordon
Gay, "That's what it is! You
dumnist error love! You look lay
to of half-boiled owls, but you
don't think so. Oh, no! It's because
you're in love!"
The these in...

you're in love!"

The three juniors looked at one mother sheepably. Under ordinary circumstances such an outburst of indignation from Gordon Gay would have ended in a general melee; but their leader's words were only too true now, and they did not feel disposed to enter into any affray.
"Dry up!" growled Wootton.
"You'll burst a blood-vessel."

Gordon Gay senorted and sat down.

Tou it burst a mood vessel.

Gordon Gay snorted and sat down.

"Well, Frank Monk, Lane, and
Carboy can be relied upon, anyway." he said, commencing to write

"Can they?" exclaimed Harry
Wootton sarcastically, "That's
funny, considering they all eams in
here at odd times within the last
twenty minutes and asked me to tell
you that they couldn't turn out on
"Go on!" splattered me indigmant Gordon Gays and the continuation on they all got calls to
"Exp said they continued and selection on the continuation on the continuation on the continuation of the continu

with a grin. "They're sorry, but it can't be helped."

with a grin. "They're sorry, but it can't be helped."
Gordon Gay crumpled the slip of leaper up, and then threw the pencil on to the table.

Ordon Gay crumpled the slip of leaper up, and then threw the pencil on the table.

The street of the ground of the slip of leaper up, and the laber of leaper the ground. "We cent' that because the Fourth Form is in love! Lave! Pshaw!"

The three juniors flushed, and looked at their leader sheepinkly.

"You seem to them to the street of leaper the slip of leaper th

CHAPTER 2.

The Love Letters The Love-Letters.

Y dear Horecry—I am writing
to ask you to try and meet
me at Rylcombe Station
to according to the colorious deartime o'clock. I want to see you very
badly, and you will probably be more
than surprised at what I have to

than surprised at what I have to "I shall consider it an honour if you wear a large yellow chrysanthe-mum in your buttonhole. I know they are out of season, but you can get a beautiful one at the Rylcombe General Stores. Will you please wear one, as it is my favourite "Mind you do not keep me wait-ing.—Yours, Madge Hoinoyd."

"I thought you said something about chrysanthemums," persisted Tadpole. "Are you quite sure you didn's?"

dn't?"
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the elated
cotton. "What if I did-ch, you

"Ha, ha, ha!" Isugness me cause Wootton. "What if I did-eh, you durnuy?" Horace Tadpole's hand flew to his breast pocket to see if his love-letter were safe, and then he blinked stupidly at the graning junior standing before him.

"It must have been my fancy," he said, "I-I-I-I was thinking what a rippingly artistic flower the chrysam-themum is. Do-do they grow real ones about here at this time of the year?"

"Non, I don't think them the

ones about here at this time of the year?"

"None, I don't think they do, Taidy," rejied Jack Wootton. "I wish they did?"

Haraco Taidy, "rejied Jack Wootton. "I wish they did?"

Haraco Taidy and they wish they did?"

"Because they're my favourite flower," replied the Australian junior, giving a deep sigh. "Andanal I know somebody else who is passimately fond of them. They rea hat big for buttonholes, bat—"The study door was flung open, and Harry Wootton rushed into the room and effectually interrupted his brother.

"A letter for me?" he demanded.

orotner.

"A letter for me?" he demanded.

"Where is it? Ah, here it is? Gay said there was one, and I half expected it."

and the next moment was

engrossed in teaching the envelope.

"My only fat aunt?" he exclaimed at last.
"Station—five o'clock— chrysanthemum:"

Jack Wootton and Horaca Tadpole

body got a gardening-book to lend me for half a shake?"

tooly got a farthering tools to go to a farthering tools to go to the tool of the tool of

feet.
"You howling dummy, Lane!" he roared.
"What on earth d'you want to shoot me through the door like a lide-seel catapult?"
"And what do you want a book

"And what do you want a book on gardening for;" added Jack

Jet want to look comethin up."
he want to look comethin up."
he was to want to see if chrystathlemums are really been from thing; Old Carbon, Morgan,
Freston, and Carpenter are out on
the same tack.

"Oh-h!" murmured

"Yes," said Lane sharply. "Now, has anybody got a book on garden-

has anybody got a book on gardening?"

"I-I.-I haven't!" volunteered
Harry Wootton.

"Right! "Limites!" said Lane.
"And the Fourth-Former turned on
his heels and went stamping down
the corridor, leaving a bewidered
clinter of love-sike jurious looking at
one another sheepably in Gordon
Gay's study, each one impairing
exchasive letter from the pretty Miss
Mulge Holroyd, and little knowing
that Gordon Gay had set to work to
save his team from disgusse.

CHAPTER 3. The Love-Sick Grammarians are Di-illusioned.

illusioned.

NCEPTING at the beginning and and of each term, Rylmand and of each term, Rylmand Station is noted for its when Frank Monk stamped into the booking-office, at four-thirty, on this Tuesslay aftermoon, the solitary porter, station-master, and signalman combined, bustled about in a zaro state of excitement, "You bain't going away, Master, "You bain't going away, Masternoon, the solitary of excitement,"

state of excitement.
"You buin't going away, Master Monk?" he asked, touching his cap respectfully. "If I might be so bold as to say so, sir, you look a bit 'olidayfied!"
Frank Monk flushed slightly, and

Frank Monk flushed slightly, and then grinned Banks! he said. "I'm not going away. I'm just going to meet a friend."

The station-master screwed his tanued face up, and winked know-ingle.

tanned face up, and waster ingle,
"I know," he said—'I know! That he a beautiful bloom that santimum you be wearin, An I can smell the hodour from ere?
"Y-yes," muttered Frank Monk, "You wouldn't think it was artificial, would you, although it's such a huge size?"

"Hartificial, is it!" said Mr. Banks. "These be 'maning times, these be. Why, I seed in the noese-papers they be makin' artificial Standard bread in Lunnon. Hallo, 'ero be another young gentleman from the school;"

Frank Monk turned in alarm, and the next moment he stood face to fafe with Jack Wootton. The two Juniors were dressed quite "reardless." Their trousers had been down, and collect and the treatment of the trought of the trought of the transparent of transparent of the transparent Frank Monk turned in slarm, and

"No: are you!"
"No: are you!"
"No: are you!"
"Yes-er, I mean, no," faltered
the unfortunate Wootton.
He shuffled his feet about nervously

He shuffled his feet about nervously for a few moments, and a look of relief spread over his flushed face when he heard footsteps coming in the direction of the booking-offier. Another minute, and Lane and Tadpole walked through the doorway. "My hat?" nurmured Wootten to him-off. "I thought it was her?"

Wootton and Frank Monk suspici-ously, and their stony states were returned with interest for both Lare and Tadpole were looking as though they had stepped from a bandbex,



"I consider you a lot of naughty boys," said the girl, facing the crowd of juniors. "Why aren't you practising for to-merrows important football match?"

Horace Tadpole blinked in amazement as he finished reading the effusion. Then he read it again, and gave a deep sigh as he folded the letter up and inserted it in his breastnesses.

"What" they cried.
"What do you mean!" snapped Harry Wootton.

letter up sno mercea ...
"What a lovely letter!" he murmured. "And fancy calling me
'dear Horace'! Fancy writing to
mo at all! I can hardly realise it,
as Madge has always been so very

as Madge has always been so very terse to me!"
And Horace Tadpole uttered another deep sigh. He was scated in front of the fire in Study 13, and was gaing with a far-away look into the blaxing coalse.

"Hallo, Taddy!" eried the new-comer. "Any—Ah, a letter for mached up an envelope from the table.

table.

Ripping open the flap, he read the contents in silence, and then gave a sharp whistle and an exclamation.

"Chrysanthenum! Five o'clock! My hat! Not half I won't! My hat!"

hat!"
Horace Tadpole bobbed his head up with a jerk, and then blinked in surprise at his study-mate.
"What—what say, Wootton!" he said. "What—what did you say?"

"What do you mean!" snapped larry Wootton.

Harry Wootton.

Jack Wootton looked confused.

What's that about chrysanthemum
in fact, who's that letter from?" he

"Oh, it's from a friend!" replied Wootton minor haughtily. "Merely from a friend. was going to tell you that I sha'n't be in to tea this

Tap—tap! Tap—tap!
There was a gentle knock on the study door, and, in response to the cry of "Come in, fathead!" Frank Monk opened the door, and poked his head into the study.
"Hallo!" he cried. "All st.

home? "Looks like it, doesn't it?" growled Jack Wootton. "All exceptg Gay, anyway." Frank Monk grinned.

"I come on a mission of peace."
he said. "Does any josser know
anything about chysanthemums?"
"My hat!" gasped the three
juniors, in chorus.

juniors, in chorus.

"I only want to know whether it's possible for me to get a decent chrysanthemum bloom in this part of the world. I know it's the wrong season to the world out, failtead!"
Frank Monk gave a shout, and the next instant he shot through the doorway, and on to the floor, and Lane stood before the startled members of Study 13.

"Hallo, kids!" he cried. "Any.

gaders are informed that the characters in the following Serial Story are species are informed to reference or allusion is made to any living person, and maginary, and no reference or allusion is made to any living person, and makes may be unintentionally mentioned, but the Editor whites it to be deciding understood that no adverse personal reflection is intended.

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S. a Grand School Tale. By Charles Hamilton.

GANCE OVER THIS FIRST.

GLANCE OVER THIS FIRST.

GLANCE THE STATE OF T CLANCE OVER THIS FIRST.

out" to go to play cards in Craw-cour's study, when Newcome, of the Fourth, seeing Pen's distress, pro-poses a plan to stop Crawcour & Co.'s little game, and Pen listens engerly.
(Now go on with the story.)

Bunny Promises.

Y deal, I think!" said Crawcour.
"Yaas," said Bunny.

of his Form-fellows,
"Yasa," said Bunny.
"Yasa," said Bunny.
"Yasa," said Bunny.
Penge lighted a cigarette. Braye regradientship, Pon sees plainly, is
the early-going young viscount
seight Bunny has just slipned
of the demittery after "lightsthe demittery after "lightsthe demittery after "lightsthe demittery and add been losing heavily, and although

the viscount was well supplied with money, there was a limit to his re-sources. He did not like the idea of again writing to his father for money; but unless luck changed soon, he would have no alternative. Crawcour dealt out the cards.

Crawcour dealt out the cards.
As a matter of fact, the Blades
were hard up, owing to a run of had
luck in some of their lucting transactions, and they could not afford to
runcup. They were fleeting him all
along the line this time, and they
did not intend to give him even a
look-in. Bunny was not to leave the
study until all his ready cash had
been transferred to the peckets of
Could be to the could be to the could be to the could be to the
Then. of course, he could leave as

Then, of course, he could leave as

The Blades looked at their cards, Bunny leaving his on the table. Crawcour declared.

"No trumps!"

"Oh, lovely !" murmured Lord Lovell.

Penge led, and Bunny turned up his cards.

As he finished laying them out, there came a sharp knock at the door, and it opened.

Crawcour sprang to his feet in

If it were another fellow of the Fifth or even a prefect, he did not care so much; but the sharp, imperative knock sounded like that of a master.

Amode to the death of a master.

Amole even Crawcour's nerve and impundence were not equal to facing a St. Woole's master with cards and money lying exposed on the table. In the doorway a figure stood in cap and gown.

It did not enter the study, but raised a hand an pointed to Bunny.

"Lovel!" said a deep voice.

"Lovel!" "Yes, sir."

The viscount rose to his feet.

He was pale and startled, too.

The viscount rose to his feet.

He was pale and startled, too. Although it did not dawn upon Bunny that he was toold for the was troubled to the startled was troubled to be formed if a St. Tellow me, Lovel!!"

"Yan-a-as, sir."

"Aa for you, Crawcour," went on the deep voice, "I will deal with you to-morrow."

The figure atrode away.

Bunny followed.

The Blades remained pale and rembling. In the dusk of the nassage, they had caught sight only dimly of the mater's form—they knew the gown, and they saw a grey beard and dark winkles on the face, that was all "man and they saw a grey beard and dark winkles on the face, that was all up." said Crawcourf Huskily; "we're done!" "Cards and up." said Crawcourf huskily; "we're done!" "Cards and noney on the fable, and a junior playing with us," said Crawcour hopelessle, "My hat. The Head and a junior playing with us," said Crawcour hopelessle, "My hat. The Head and a junior playing with us," said Play and the said Crawcour hopelessle, "My hat." The Head and a junior playing with us," said Braye. "It wan't our form-master—nor old Bush." "It certainly was far." "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "I took it for old Mountipy at first, as he has grey whiskers, but—but it wan't his voice. I don't know the voice." "There isn't a new master here, either." (Continued on the next pope.)

either.

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(Continued on the next page.)



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THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"My hat?" should Crawour.
"What's the matter!"
"We've been done."
"What's mindy pranced about the study, brandshing his first in the air.
The other Blades looked at him in any way.

"What on earth's the matter with you!" reated Penge. "Are you dotty! What's the giddy matter!" "We've been done!" yelled Craw-

"Done! How!"
"Spoofed!"
"What!"

- "What!"
 "I wasn't a master at all!"
 stricked Crawcout furiously,
 "N-n-nor a master"
 "No. It was some chap rigged up
 like one to yeof us!"
 "My last it was some chap rigged up
 like one to yeof us!"
 "It is possible!"
 "It is possible!"
 "Possible?"
 "Possible?"
 "Possible?"
 "Possible?"
 "Possible?"
 "Possible?"
 "Possible?" gone far yet!"
 "Good!"

irue! But come on—they mayn't be gone far yet!"

"Good!"

The Fifth-Formers rushed from the study. But they found no one in the passages. Spoofed or not, their passages. Spoofed or not, their visitor was gone, and Bunny was rone with him. The Blades returned to the study of the study. The study of the study. Penge and Braye awaited what would happen in the morning with very keen anxiety.

Meanwhile, the astonished and dismused and the study of the study of

"Yes, sir."
"I have found you gambling."
"Only having a little flutter, sir."
"It is very, very wrong, Lovell."
"I hope not, sir."
"As you are a new boy, I shall scuse you from punishment, Lovell."
The viscount drew a deep breath of elief.

The viscount drew a deep breath of relief.

"Ob, thank you, sir?"
"As for these wicked boys who have tempted you, Lovell—"Ob, sir, I wish you'd let them off, too, sir?"
The deep voice was quite terrifying as it rapped out the word.

"It is quite impossible, Lovell?"
"Then I—I'd rather stand by them and share what's going, sir!" said the viscount. "I was just as bad as Crawfish was, sir, and Pong, and Brayer, sir. "We were all playing bridge together, and I've no right to get off white Crawford is punished, sir "Sonsense!"
"I mean it, sir. "You see, don't you know."
"I mean it, sir. "You see, don't you know."
"I mean it, sir. "You see, don't you know."
"Lovell." I may paralog thus boys.

"Nonsense,"
"I mean it, sir. You see, don't you know! I mean it, sir. You see you know the see a premise—"
"Yes, sir?" said Bunny eagerly.
"That you will have nothing whatever to do with them for the rest of this term, and never enter Crawcour's study under any circumstances."
"Yes, sir—honour bright, don't you know!" said Lovell.
"Yery well, if accept you promise.
To to bed."
"Yes, sir.—" went into the Fourth-Food Levell watching him. When the door had closed on Bunny, the individual in the master's gown emitted a cluckle.
"Well, Pen, old man, how this that."

emitted a chuckle.

"Well, Pen, old man, how did that go?" he asked, in an astonishingly different voice—the voice of. Newcome, of the Fourth.

And Pen came out of a recess in the passage and chuckled, 'too.

Fareout Loses fits Lemper.

EWCOME jorked off the grey beard, and took off the master's personal of the property of the winkles not remove the make-up so quickly. If a cluckled anew. "I think it went all right—hey!" he asked.

Ten grinned.



in the doorway stood a bearded figure in cap and gown, it did not enter the study, but raised a hand and pointed to Bunny. "Lovell!" end a deep voice, "Follow me!"

imitating the almost inimitable tones of Lord Lovell. "It was ripping, don't you see. What?" "11a, ha, ha!"

imitividual in the master's gown emitted a cluckle.

Well, Pen, old man, how did that yellow he asked, in an astonishing!

"I'm not the President of the Full Head of the Caracour Loss His Temper.

EXECOME Jorked off the grey been and cap. The wrinkles remained on his face; he could not remove the make-up so quickly of the chuckled anew.

"I think it went all right—hey!" is asked.

Pen grinned.

"Oh, lovely!" said Newcome.

out disturbing Bunny, who was already asleep.
The next morning, when Pen rose, he looked curiously at the viscount. He wondered how Bunny would take it when he knew the facts—as he must know them.
Lord Lovell had a very thoughtful expression upon his face.
He joined Pen as the latter left the dormitory, and coughed a little as the lower of t

"Pen, old man," he hegan.
Pen looked at him with a smile.
"Yes, Bunny?"
"I had a rotten experience last night, add ferlow."
"Bid you?"
"Bid you?"
"Bid you?"
"Bid you."
"Bid you."
"Bid you."
"Bid you."
"Belly?"
"Really?"
"Soil Pen, with a grin.
"Yes. I've promised to chuek those fellows for he rest of the term."
"Good!"
"I wanted to win some money, you know; I've lost a lot.
Crawford is a sportsman, he's always willing to give a chap his revenge."
"No doubt," said Pen drily.
"But it's over now for this term.
"No doubt," said Pen drily.
"But it's over now for this term.
"No doubt," said Pen drily.
"But it's over now for this term.

an way and the land on Bunny's arm my may in the land on Bunny's arm and frew him into the recess.

Look here, old fellow," he exclaimed, "I'v8 got something to tell you. I feel rotten keeping it a secret."

"Go ahead, Penguin, old chap."

you. I feel rotten keeping it a secret.

To ahead, Penguin, old chap!"

"It wasn't a master who collared you last night."

Bunny laughed.

"Oh, yes it was-regular old guy in cap and gown and beard, you know. You didn't see him, Penwiper; you were in beel. Hallo, here's Mawford! Good-morning, Mawley!"

Crawcour, of the Fifth, stopped to speak to Lord Lovell. He took no notice of Pen.

"Where did that chap leave you last night?" he asked abruptly.

"He seen me into the Fourth-Form down."

"It don't know-some master or other. I don't know-some master or other.

see."
"It was all spoof," said Crawcour viciously. "It was some fellow disguised as a master, playing a jape on ""!"

Lord Lovell gave a whistle.

"My hat, was it?"
Yes. You needn't let it make any difference to you, Bunny! You'll come into my study this evening, all the same?...
Bunny shook his head.

"Thinks very much. Crawfall
But it cen't be done. I mover!
Crawcour state thin.
"Why not?" he wheel, "It will
be perfectly safe-it leaf, "It was the only
common safe leaf, "It was the only
crawcour laughed inquiriently.
Crawcour laughed inquiriently.
Crawcour laughed inquiriently.
That it is all not?" be exclaim-

Crawcour laughed impatiently.

"But it's all rot!" he exclaimed.

"As he wasn't a master he had no right to miske you promise."

Bunny noticed.

"Perhaps no," he assented. "An the same, I've promised, and, of course, a chap has to keep his soud."

"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense!"
"My dear Crawley-

"My dear Crawley—"
, "Look here," said Crawcyse
angrily, "I don't know whether
you're under the influence of this
Council-school cad, but I don't
turn up as usual in my study."
His levelship shoeth.

turn up as usual in my study."

His lordship shook his head.
"Can't be did."
"You young ass..."
"Oh, don't call a fellow name, you see.' A fellow can't break to word, don't you see. It's impobable "quite outside." said Burney.
Crawcour drew a deep breath.
"You mean that!"

Crawcour drew a deep breath.

"You mean that?"

"Yes, rather!"

"You'debetter think over it," wid
Crawcour savagely. "You deep
seem to understand what an boose
it was to a Fourth Form little cat
to be taken up by the Fifth. By se
think you are going to drop the
"Jove, I don't like beine table
to like that, you know! It's endied,
don't you see."

Crawcour started forward and led
a heavy hand upon the vessual's
shoulder.

There were new lines of finness.

abouther.

There were new lines of finness, in the soft, good-natured face of the viscount. Crawcour had been as to lead him into folly, but not had wickedness. Lovell had given his word, and there was no poser on earth that could make him heak it. Crawcour was a keen enough reade of character to see that feeling, and he ground his teeth with rage.

He shook Lord Lovell sausely.

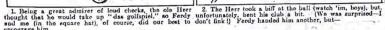
He shook Lord Lorell savagely.

"Here, I say, drop that, don't you know!" stattered Bunny. "I-I don't like it! Jove! I say, you know, what's the little game!"

(Another fine instalment of this daring tale in next week's EMPIRE library Order in advance. Price One Halfpenny)

ROTTEN GAME! ACH! BUT DER GOLF VOS MILE NOO GO OH! A SPORT GIVE IT SOCKS. GOL Vos









3. The old sossidge got a bit flusticated, and grabbed the whole lot. He took a mighty swipe, and the next momint-



4. The splinters was flying, the Herr was hopping about 5. Then old Winkleboom amazing, and Ferdy and me was dancing with er-sorrer, the object of his attentions a The only thing that was still was the Ice-hee ball!



ketched hold of Ferdy and I was

