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**COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOLDAYS**

Vol. 1 (New Series), No. 7.

A Tale of Tom Merry's Chum. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

A Letter from D'Arcy.

**D**OLORES nodded without answering.

She seldom had letters far away, and seldom wrote. She had no relatives in England. It gave her a wistful feeling to see that letter in Cousin Ethel's hands. She wondered what Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was like. She did not foresee that what exceedingly good acquaintances they were to become, or what curious results were to follow.

Ethel smiled as she read the letter:

"Study 6, School House,  
"St. Jim's."

"Dear Ethel,—We are playing a match with the New House to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon. Would you care to come and see it? It will be rather a good match. I am playing for the School House."

"I am sure you will come, like a dear girl, and so I shall come over and fetch you in a trap. If I'm not to come, send me a wire; but don't send a wire, because I've got special early leave from Lathom, so as to get over to St. Freda's in time to catch you when you leave your lessons."

"It will be a good match, and I think you will enjoy seeing it."

"Your affectionate cousin,  
"ARTHUR."

"P.S.—It will be a very good match."

"P.P.S.—Perhaps you might care to bring a friend."

Dolores looked at Cousin Ethel as she laughed.

Ethel looked up and met her eyes, her own sparkling with fun.

"Will you read the letter, Dolores?" she asked.

"May I?"

"I want you to."

Dolores read the letter, and smiled.

"Will you go?" she said.

"If Miss Penfold will give me leave, certainly," said Ethel; "and in that case, Dolores, will you come with me?"

"Oh, I should love to!"

Ethel squeezed her hand.

"I will go and ask Miss Penfold at once. It will be jolly at St. Jim's, Dolores! The football match will be kind."

"The boys are so good and worth watching, too, as I suppose Figgins will be playing for the New House—I mean," said Ethel, colouring a little. "It will be a jolly match, but the play is very good indeed."

And Cousin Ethel went to Miss Penfold's study at once. She found

the head-mistress of St. Freda's there, and Miss Penfold greeted her with a kindly smile.

Ethel showed her the letter.

"May I go, Miss Penfold?" she asked.

The principal read the letter.

"Certainly," she said. "But what friend would you wish to take?"

"Dolores."

Miss Penfold looked at her.

"Dolores Pellham?"

"Yes, please, Miss Penfold."

"I have no objection," said the Head of St. Freda's, after a pause.

"So you have made a special friend of Dolores, Ethel?"

"Yes," said Ethel.

"And you like her?"

"Very much."

"I am sure your friendship will be good for her, at all events," said Miss Penfold. "Yes, you may certainly go."

"Thank you, Miss Penfold."

And Cousin Ethel left the study with a very happy face. Pleasant as she was finding her surroundings at St. Freda's, she was glad enough at the prospect of seeing again all her old friends at St. Jim's, and glad, too, to introduce Dolores to them. And during morning lessons in the big school-room, both Ethel and Dolores were looking forward keenly to the afternoon, and listening for the sound of wheels in the Close.

The Ruaway.

**T**HAT Ethel Cleveland's cousin was coming after morning lessons to take Ethel away to St. Jim's for the afternoon, was soon known to St. Freda's. Naturally enough, the interest in the matter was great. Under cover of lessons, Ethel was asked all sorts of questions about Arthur Augustus—what he was like, whether he were nice, and so forth—and Ethel more than once drew a disapproving glance from Miss Tyrrell by speaking in class.

But she could hardly refuse to do so, when she was spoken to almost incessantly. She told all she could of Arthur Augustus; quite enough to increase the general interest the girls felt in him.

D'Arcy of St. Jim's would have been flattered if he had known how his coming to St. Freda's was looked for.

As a rule, the girls' visitors were relatives, and generally ancient and respectable relatives; and however kind and affectionate uncles and aunts might be, they had not the same interest as a young and handsome cousin, of course. Claire Pomfret had been a great heroine once when her brother, a midshipman in the Navy, came to see her; but Arthur Augustus seemed likely to have a greater vogue than even Midshipman Pomfret.

When morning classes were dismissed, Ethel glanced out into the Close. But there was no sign yet of

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. The distance by road was considerable, and D'Arcy had said that he was coming in a trap.

But dinner was scarcely over in the big dining-room when there was a sound of wheels.

Ethel started a little.

"It is the little cousin," said Dolores, with a smile.

Ethel laughed.

"Arthur is not so little," she said. "Yes, I think it is he."

The girls fled out of the dining-room, and Ethel and Dolores stepped out of the great door. A trap with a handsome horse was standing outside, and beside the horse Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was standing.

He raised his hat in his grateful way to Ethel.

Then he came up the steps.

"You will be able to come, dear girl!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes!" said Ethel brightly.

"Good!"

There were a crowd of girls peeping round the door and from the hall window as D'Arcy was introduced to

NEW READERS  
should turn to the foot  
of next page.

A New and Interesting Story for All. (Continued from previous page.)

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOL DAYS
A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

Dolores. Dolores's black eyes gleamed upon him, and then drooped. Whether she liked her cousin or not Ethel could not tell, but Dolores met her with a grave Spanish courtesy that was very like D'Arcy's own grand manner.

"He is handsome," murmured Claire Fonfreit, from the edge of the door. "I like his nose," said Emily North. "He is beautifully dressed."

"I don't see what there is in Ethel Cleveland to make that nice boy come over to see her," said Craven snidely. "Quite unconscious of the remarks of the St. Freda's girls, D'Arcy clasped cheerfully to the two girls on the school-house steps. He manifested great pleasure when he heard that Dolores was the friend Ethel had selected to accompany her to St. Jim's."

"It will be really delightful," said D'Arcy, in his most gallant manner. "You are really conforming a great honour upon us, Miss Pellham!" And a ripple of mirth ran through the girls behind the door at D'Arcy's beautiful accent.

"Isn't he nice?" murmured Emily. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Hush! He will hear you!" But D'Arcy was quite unconscious. "Are you really ready to start?" he asked. "It's a pretty long drive to St. Jim's, you know, and the kick-off is within half an hour."

"The kick-off, dear gal—we are playing a football match, you know. I suppose you know how football is played?" "I have never seen a match," said Dolores.

"D'Arcy's eyes opened in surprise. "Hai Jove!" "It is played with a ball, like cricket, I think?" Dolores remarked, and so gravely that even Ethel could not tell whether she were making fun of D'Arcy or not.

gates of St. Freda's in fine style, and they went tridding down the broad, white country road. "It was a keen and fine afternoon, and the cheeks of the two girls were glowing with health and happiness."

"D'Arcy leaned upon them with his most genial smiles when he was not attending to the horse, which was rather fresh. "We shall soon be at St. Jim's at this rate," he remarked. "Would you wish of you care to drive?"

"Would you, Miss Pellham?" "Yes," said Dolores. "D'Arcy did not move a muscle of his face. When he made the offer, he was prepared for the worst. "P'waa take my seat, dear gal," he said.

Dolores took the reins. Arthur Augustus settled down beside Cousin Ethel. "Hai Jove, your friend can drive!" he remarked. "Yes, it appears so," said Ethel. "I say," said Arthur Augustus, lowering his voice. "I say, what a stunnin' gal your friend is!"

"Ethel smiled." "She is indeed," she said. "Have you known her long?" "Only while I've been at St. Freda's—less than a fortnight."

"But you are great chums?" "Oh, yes, great chums!" said Ethel. "I suppose you will be often bringing her o'ah to St. Jim's when you come?" D'Arcy asked, extremely diplomatically, as he thought.

Cousin Ethel laughed merrily. "Ha, ha, ha! Oh, my poor Arthur!" D'Arcy flushed crimson. "We'll, Ethel, dear gal—" "Ha, ha, ha!" Arthur Augustus took off his eyes and polished it. He could think of nothing else to do for the moment. He was quite surprised to see that Cousin Ethel was not a whit hood winked by his diplomacy.

"The woodhog!" muttered D'Arcy. "The startled horse gave a leap forward. Dolores clutched the reins tight. Too late! The toss of the reins had almost dragged them from her hands."

"Hold hard!" shrieked D'Arcy. He flung himself forward and grasped the reins from Dolores's hands. But the horse had fairly rebelled now. D'Arcy's grip on the ribbons was without effect, and the trap thundered along the road at a tremendous rocking and away-to and fro behind the galloping horse.

"Figgins to the Rescue! WHEAT SCOTT!" That one exclamation escaped D'Arcy; then his lips were set as hard as iron, and his hands were like iron on the ribbons. He did not look at the girls; he looked at nothing but the horse, with his brows so deeply corrugated that his eyelids almost disappeared.

"Oh, no!" murmured Ethel. "Then also, too, was silent. She clasped Dolores's hand, and she clasped Dolores's hand, and she found it cold and firm. Dolores was not frightened. Only her big black eyes were wide open, and fastened upon the ribbon of road that unrolled before the tearing horse."

D'Arcy's grip was hard on the reins. But the horse was powerful, wildly excited, and he had fairly bolted now. D'Arcy dragged in vain. On and on, at top speed, away till the trap threatened to overturn at every leap of the horse—jolting, rocking! Once the rear wheel narrowly escaped the edge of a ditch. At another moment D'Arcy's iron grasp on the reins just turned the horse from a high hedge at a corner.

"Clatter! Clatter!" "Hai Jove!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus at last. He knew the terrible danger all three of them were in, and thanked his stars that it was a lovely country road. Suddenly, from the distance, came a loud ringing of bicycle bells. Three cyclists loomed up in the distance as they were a lovely country road.

D'Arcy shouted; "Get aside!" "The three riders dismounted, dragging their machines to the side of the road. D'Arcy cried aloud at their sight by that time, so great was the speed of the runaway. A tall figure in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers sprang out to the road. "Figgins!" gasped D'Arcy. Figgins, the long-legged junior of the New House at St. Jim's, stood ready, his eyes fastened upon the approaching trap.

weight of him was upon the horse's head, and it was dragging the animal down. The wild, tossing head sank and sank, till the frantic brute reared up, and Figgins was dragged along in leaps and jerks, still holding desperately on.

"D'Arcy dragged and dragged, and, aided by Figgins's weight, he pulled in the untruly sled at last. It stopped, shaking and trembling, and covered with sweat, the fire gone out of it, and shivering with the reaction now.

Figgins still held it at the head. D'Arcy jumped into the road. "Figgins gave him a treacherous grin. "Lucky we came along, Gussy, old chap!" he gasped. "Hai Jove! It was awfully brave of you, Fiddy, old boy!"

"Oh, rats!" "Well, Figgins—" "Gussy (Gussy) Ethel and Dolores descended. Both of them were white and trembling now that the danger was over.

"D'Arcy said Cousin Ethel: "Yes, it was brave of you, Figgins. Perhaps you have saved our lives." "Oh, I should have stopped the horse pretty soon!" said D'Arcy. "But it," said remarkably brave of Figgins.

Figgins turned very red. "Oh, don't pile it on!" he exclaimed. "Kerr and Wynn would have done the same, only I happened to be first. Cheese it, Gussy!" "Well, dear boy—"

Kerr and Wynn, the other two cyclists, came to the Figgins & Co. were introduced to Dolores, who gave Figgins an expressive glance from her black eyes. The long-limbed Juney's courage had made more impression upon the Spanish girl than Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's elegant manners.

"I dare say you girls are too scared to drive any farther in the trap," Figgins remarked, looking away from Cousin Ethel. "We're not far from St. Jim's now, if you'd care to, walk the rest of the distance."

"I should," said Dolores. Cousin Ethel hesitated. She would have preferred to walk, perhaps, but it was so cruel to desert Arthur Augustus in that way. She wished for a moment that Dolores had not answered Figgins.

Ethel was awkwardly bloused. Dolores was bent upon walking, and she could hardly leave her friend to walk alone with boys she had never met before. "P'waa take my seat, dear gal," said D'Arcy at once. "Aftah, said Dolores, as she went on, "I'm all, sketched again, and while the talk had been going on he had dusted Figgins down."

Figgins walked off between Cousin Ethel and Dolores as if proud as a prince in the direction of St. Jim's. The tower of the old school could be seen in the distance, rising over the trees. "You can shove that mackerel into the trap if you like, Kerr," said D'Arcy a little grimly.

"Oh, it's all right! I'll ride and wheel," he cried. "Have you had a pleasant drive from St. Freda's, Gussy?" "Yaas, wathah—until the horse was back!"

"Where fault was that?" grined Fatty Wynn. "Well, Miss Pellham was drivin'! It was really my fault, I suppose. You wasn't her with the reins. Hut—" "Jolly lucky we happened to come along," said Kerr severely.

"Yaas, wathah! By the way, how come you be on the road here?" asked D'Arcy. "Aw, you playin' in the match this aftahnoon!" "The two New House juniors grinned. "Yes, you see, we thought we'd come and meet you, that's all. It's a long time since we've seen Cousin Ethel, you know."

"Oh, not noticed," said Miss Pellham, of course! D'Arcy remarked. "Yes," Looks as if she's got a temper. Kerr remarked, in a tone of candid criticism. "Well, Kerr—" "That's just how it is, Gussy."

"I regard her as a stunnin' gal," said D'Arcy, with emphasis—"a weally d'Arcy gal!" "Go bon!" "Do you notice her eyes?" "Yes—pink, I think."

"You utter ash! They are black, with a shade of blue in them. Wathah wonderful eyes, and very Spanish," said D'Arcy. "Did you see her nose?" "I looked at her face, and I didn't notice that any nose was missing, so I must have seen it." "You utter ash! It is simply wippin'!"

"Her nose is—" "Yaas, wathah!" "Well, let it rip," said Kerr; and Fatty Wynn chuckled. "You duffah! It was a weal Gussy's and me!" "Oh, yes; I've heard of that—tho' genuine Grace-holes," said Kerr solemnly. "Have you any idea of survey of her mouth?"

Ethel Cleveland is a new girl at St. Freda's, and on her first day at school is attracted by the personality of Dolores, a high-spirited girl of Spanish descent. Ethel subsequently saves Dolores from deep disgrace, and the two become firm friends. One day at breakfast, Ethel receives a letter written in a boyish hand. It is from my Cousin

GLANCE OVER THIS.

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Artlitz," she explains to Dolores. "One of the kindest-hearted fellows in the world. I am sure you will like him."

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOLDAYS.

Keen coloured. "Oh, I don't want to say that! It's not as nice in most ways, as Cousin Ethel wouldn't chum with me, because of course. But I think she has a right to be Gussy body, and I think that Ethel does, and any way, it's no business of mine talking about girls, and it's just over the match."

Willful Dolores. "GIGGINS felt a slight compunction when he walked the two girls away, and left Arthur Augustus in the road with the map. He had suggested walking, without thinking the matter out much, because he wanted to walk with Cousin Ethel. On reflection, he felt that it would have been better if the girls to remain with their own, and he saw that Ethel had asked to sleep at Dr. Arcy that amount of conversation. It was a matter which had arranged matters. But Figgins was far too generous and charitable a labor to criticise a girl in his own thoughts, and he dismissed the matter from his mind as he walked towards the school.

Cousin Ethel was a little quiet and pensive. She was vaguely annoyed at the turn affairs had taken, and though she hated to appear as if feeling fault with Dolores, she could not help admitting to herself that Dolores was to blame. Naturally, she was very quiet to Figgins, and Figgins, who had noticed it all the more if Dolores had not kept up an almost incessant talk. Dolores seemed to be feeling happy and contented. Never had Ethel seen her in such spirits. Whether it was the excursion, or the excitement of the mishap in the trap, or the effect of Figgins, she was to be seen, but certainly Dolores was very happy and animated now. Her eyes were sparkling, and her voice was seldom silent.

Figgins hardly listened to what she said. One word from Cousin Ethel was worth more to him than dozens of sentences from Miss Pelham, and the latter's voice was very pleasant to listen to when she chimes.

"And this is St. Jim's?" Dolores exclaimed as they entered the grey old gateway, and the old quadrangle lay before their eyes. Figgins nodded.

"Yes, I forgot you had not seen the place before, Miss Pelham," he exclaimed. Miss Pelham compressed her lips for a moment. She was thinking only of Ethel.

"But the next moment she was all smiles. "Yes, I have never seen the place before," she said. "Here, let me show you to see it to explore all these queer old places."

Figgins laughed. "That's the ruined tower," he said. "It was knocked up like that by a flag-lancee see, who was that chap who had King Charles's head chopped off."

"Cromwell," said Ethel, with a look on her face as she had laughed. "That's it," said Figgins. "Cromwell was a tremendous goer, and he had this place against him, and he looked that tower down about their ears. It's—'s awfully interesting, really," said Figgins, who had never been interested in the tower before, but realised all of a sudden that it was a most extremely interesting place. "Suppose we all three explore it now."

"I should love to!" Ethel's face was cold. "I have explored it, you know," said Ethel gently. "It is all quite familiar to me."

Dolores pointed. "Vehel, my dear, do let me see it!" Ethel's eyes were fixed on Dolores. "They're only the marks of muddy boots. Even they're awfully interesting, if they might be Cromwell's boots, you know, or King Charles's, or one of the old soldiers."

"I shall take Dolores to see the tower while I go in to speak to Mrs. Holmes," said Ethel.

Figgins's face fell in a way that was not complimentary to Dolores. "Oh," he said. "I am sure Dolores will like it." "Certainly," said Dolores calmly. "I—I shall be pleased," he stammered.

Ethel nodded to them both, and went on towards the Head's house. Jim's, and Mrs. Holmes, the Head's wife, was always glad to see her, and there was always a room ready for her when she cared to stay. Cousin Ethel's face was not so bright as usual and Dolores. Something seemed to be aching in her heart.

But she would not put her thoughts into words, even to herself. Dolores was willful, Dolores was wayward, on her first day at St. Freda's. But—

Ethel would not think of that "but." She was hurt, but she was determined not to feel hurt. She ran into the Head's house, and Mrs. Holmes greeted her with great affection, and for an odd expression passed for a when she learned that Ethel's kind friend was with Figgins, exploring the old tower, it was only for a moment.



There was a crowd of girls round the door of St. Freda's when Dr. Arcy was introduced to Dolores.

Why had not Ethel remained with Dolores? "Was it because—although Ethel would not admit as much to herself—her intuition told her that her friend did not want her, or was it because she was hurt and offended—or both?"

She hardly knew. But one thing she knew well enough—and that was that she wished that Dr. Arcy had never written that letter to her at Miss Penfold's, and that she had never brought Dolores Pelham with her to St. Jim's.

But it was too late to think of that now.

Figgins Has to Go.

COUSIN ETHEL did not look back as she left Figgins and his new friend. If she had done so, she would have seen Figgins's expressive face lengthen in a way that was not flattering to Dolores. Figgins's eyes followed Ethel till she disappeared into the Head's house, and Dolores watched him the while, with a half-amused and half-provoked expression.

When the door had closed behind Cousin Ethel, Figgins seemed suddenly to awake to the fact that he was not alone.

He turned to Dolores again with a quick blush. "I—I beg your pardon!" he stammered. "Did—did you say that you would like to explore the—the tower?" "Yes," said Dolores calmly. "This way," said Figgins. He was very silent as he guided the Spanish girl into the old tower. She Dolores did not seem to notice it. She talked cheerfully enough, without heeding Figgins's random answers. Figgins was thinking about conscious Ethel, Figgins was only too conscious of his failure in dealing with girls. He chafed in his quiet solitude that he had thought it possible that he had

know. Clap was killed here, by the window—last chap to put up a fight in the place. "Was it interesting?" said Dolores. "Yes, isn't it?" said Figgins, staring through the window, in the direction of the Head's house. "What is there out of the window to see?" asked Dolores, with elaborate innocence.

Figgins started guiltily. "Oh, nothing," he said. "What is that house over there by the trees?" "The big one—that's the School House."

"No, the smaller building joined to it—the one you were looking at." Figgins coloured. "That's the Head's house."

"Oh, I see!" Dr. Holmes lives there. "Yes, that's right." Dolores smiled. "This is a most interesting old place," she exclaimed. "I have heard, too, that you have a very ancient chapel at St. Jim's."

"Yes," Figgins said, with Figgins vaguely. "Thousands of years—two or three hundred, at any rate." "I should love to see it!" Figgins bore it like a man.

"He had imagined that when they were finished at the tower he would be able to escort Miss Pelham to the Head's house, and then knock about with a chance of seeing Cousin Ethel and ascertaining whether she were really was, as poor Figgins put it to himself—a most important matter for Figgins.

But it was evidently not to be done. Figgins was a polite chap, as far as his lights extended. His intentions, at all events, were first rate. "Oh, certainly," he said. "It is a most interesting old place," said Dolores. "It is so pleasant to think that we are standing upon the very spot where Cromwell was killed."

"An interesting incident of this splendid story next week."

king Charles?" said Dolores. "I mean Cromwell," said Figgins. "It really doesn't matter." Dolores laughed.

"No, I suppose it makes no difference now," she said. "And was the place taken by assault?" "Yes. After they brought the wall down here, the Ironsides came up at a run, and the galle had no chance."

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under the circumstances, Figgins was not a clerical companion for Dolores Pelham. But he did his duty nobly. If his thoughts would wander, that was not Figgins's fault. "And the cannon-hot?" said Dolores. "Where are they now?" "Oh, here they are!" said Figgins, halting before a fragment of lustered wall. "You see the marks there—they are the bloodstains—I mean the cannon marks. King Charles had his cannon planted over there, by the elm-trees."

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

Talk about the contents of our next number is, in one sense, the most important thing to me, inasmuch as you will quite understand I am very keen on securing you and others as regular readers of this paper.

Then principal contents of our next number will be chiefly devoted to further developments in the tales of "PANTHER GRAYLE," "COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOLDAYS," "THE LAND OF THE BLACK," "A COMPLETE TALE OF WANG," and a special—or, rather, I should say, a special three-column story by the author of P.-c. DEWDROP

you will find missing, and, if I am to believe some of my readers have said, P.-c. Dewdrop will not be missed very much; but even if friend Dewdrop has not met with quite as enthusiastic reception as the author and I expected, I am still of the belief that the writer of these little short stories will be able to please you in his new venture.

Next week you will find that he has tried his hand at something quite new, and I sincerely hope it will please you. You see, I happen to know that the originator of P.-c. Dewdrop is quite a casual friend, and it is only a question of writing the right thing for the right public.

I am certain that the circle of "Empire's" is not a sour congregation of readers who always want to read something conventional on more or less stereotyped lines.

I take the popularity of "Cousin Ethel's Schooldays" as evidence of my readers being something fresh, original, and interesting, and for the same reason I am induced to give our friend, the writer of "P.-c. Dewdrop & Co.," another shot.

No, I do not say, I hope he will hit the bullseye this time. I dare say that you can appreciate the difficulties of an editor, especially of a paper like the Empire Library. It asks for so wide and varied a circle of readers, so that I am sure you will help me; you can be sure you will help me from time to time what you like of the stories, either serial or complete.

For instance, tell me why you like "Cousin Ethel," or why you do not like any other story in the paper. Of course, my aim is to put serially, to put such reading matter into the Empire Library that will never necessitate you saying "I do not like and and."

But, nevertheless, if you do not like a certain story, by all means let me know.

A NEW STORY. Very shortly I shall be starting another new story, and although I cannot tell you since I have not yet quite decided, which one it will replace, I can say that it will be in the style of "Cousin Ethel's Schooldays," which I am pleased to find is so extremely popular.

BLIND MAN'S RUFF. We had quite a pleasant hour or so's fun at home last Saturday evening over a game of "blind man's bluff."

I dare say you are all aware of the usual way of playing this game, and of the fun that can be got out of it. Like most things, blind man's bluff gets tiring after a time, and one gets tiring after a time. Well, it wants a little variation. Well, it wants a little variation of the party last Saturday evening to vary the game a little by introducing a new "chance."

It was simply this: Instead of one of the party being blindfolded, these two were to make a blindfold over the kitchen-window, the rest of the party being not only interested spectators, but highly amused.

As in the ordinary blind man's bluff, the two blindfolded ones were turned round three or four times, and started at the word "Go!" But their journey to the kitchen-window was a swift one, and I really think that their frantic endeavour to find their way to the goal first was funnier than the ordinary game.

OUR POSTCARD EXCHANGE. I am sorry to say that I am still unable to find enough space to publish all the names and addresses of those readers desiring to exchange picture postcards with their friends at home and abroad, but I here give just a few to go on with.

- A. Brown, Box 225, P.O., Adelaide, S. Australia, desires to exchange postcards with readers in Yorkshire, England. Miss C. Beccoffi, Helesville, Auckland, New Zealand, with Canada, Japan. Miss E. Beccoffi, Helesville, Auckland, New Zealand, with England, India. F. Hogan, 23, Norfolk Street, Ponsonby, Auckland, New Zealand, with Canada. K. K. Watts, 25, Wilmer Street, Christchurch, New Zealand, with London, England. Miss B. Singer, 221, Great Lester Street, Birmingham, England, with United Kingdom. A. Winter, 64, Krus Street, Johannesburg, S. Africa, with Deptford, England. H. J. Johnston, 13, William Street, North Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, with United Kingdom. A. E. Sell, 50, Smith Street, East London (West), S. Africa, with Canada.



A "cop" to his pal did remark, "Oh! Did you do a dog in our town of Chicago? To the yoke in the gutter, or was the poor dog to be 'tinned' too?"

TWO AND SIXPENCE. Next Wednesday, within these pages you will find offered the usual amount of space to the reader who wishes to express his interest in the Empire Library.

This is not a very large sum, but, at the same time, I must point out to you that it will be very difficult to do with it. What these particular lines should deal with you will see in our next issue.

COUSIN ETHEL?