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DRIVEN FROM HOME!



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Cousin Ethel's Schooldays. A Tale of Tom Merry's Class by Martin Clifford

GLANCE OVER THIS. Ethel Cleveland is a new girl at St. Freda's, and on her first day at school is attracted by the personality of Dolores Pellam, a high-spirited girl of Spanish descent.

A cheek, wet with tears, was laid against her own, and the arms held her tighter. Ethel, I'm so sorry—I'm so sorry! Forgive me, Ethel dear! I'm so sorry!

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

"I was a girl," went on Dolores. "I did not mean to be, but—no, I was. I am not like that, Ethel; you have not seen the evil side of me yet."

Cousin Ethel went up to her own room. Dolores was watching her with a curious expression in her big, dark eyes—an expression that Ethel did not see, for she did not look at the Spanish girl. There was a very quiet discussion upon Ethel's face, and the Spanish girl did not speak to her then.

"Why do you do it, Dolores?" "I don't know," said Dolores. "I cannot help it; it pleases me to make people do what they don't want to do, and to make fun of their secrets, and—"

Ethel had anticipated a very happy afternoon at St. Jim's and a happy afternoon in the evening, and then a pleasant talk with Dolores about the events of the day before going to bed. She came down from her cubicle a little later, hoping that she would not meet Dolores. Such was the outcome of her anticipations. She looked into the schoolroom, which the girls used as a common room after breakfast. There was a big fire blazing in the hearth, with great logs crackling and sending forth a blaze of light and heat. Round it the girls were seated, for the evening was very cold. The sound of laughter and pleasant voices came to Ethel as she looked in.

"That your idea of friendship, Dolores?" "Oh, you are too good and sweet for me," said Dolores, laughing. "I am willful and hard-hearted, but—but I don't want to be angry with you, Ethel. I don't care for any of the others, but I want you to like me, Ethel. Won't you pardon me?"

The dancing flame from the fire shot up and showed the stain upon her fair face. The Spanish girl laughed happily. "My dear, dear Ethel; and how wicked I was! But it is all over now, and I will never be like that again, never! What a happy afternoon we had, Ethel!" "Did we?" said Ethel. Dolores laughed again and hugged her. "You are a little angel to forgive me," she said. "I should never have forgiven you in your place, never. But you are ever so much better than I am, Ethel. Miss Penfold knows that, and she thinks that your friendship may make me a better girl, Ethel. She has not said so, of course, but I have seen it in her face."



A cheek, wet with tears, was laid against Ethel's own, and Dolores' soft voice murmured in her ear: "Forgive me, Ethel dear! I'm so sorry!"

But I shall never be ungrateful to you again. "Your nature is better than that, Dolores," said Ethel quietly. "I was surprised to-day, and very much hurt."

"I'm so sorry," said Dolores. "Well, there is no more to be said about it then," said Ethel brightly. "Let us forget it all. Dear me! There is the supper bell!" "Oh, never mind supper!" said Dolores. "But we must go, dear; they will look for us."

"And you were—," said Mully Pratt. Dolores laughed and nodded. "That's right; and I won't," she said. "Come on, Ethel, or we shall be late."



Ethel's hair—the long, fair hair that was so beautiful, and so great a contrast to her own. She lent over to Ethel as the English girl's fair face lay upon the pillow.

"Good-night," said Dolores softly. And the Spanish girl went to her own cubicle. But when Miss Tyrrell Augustus, Ethel's aunt, came to the door, she slipped from her bed and looked

into the next apartment. A plume of light from the dormitory window fell upon the cubicle and showed the girl, whose form knickerbocker she wore. It was a face as turned in her sleep, and the face was turned in her sleep, and the face was turned in her sleep, and the face was turned in her sleep.

D'Arey's Dery. "I've been thinking about Ethel," said Arthur Augustus D'Arey. "I don't think that I have been thinking about Ethel."

"Oh, well, that was bound to make you look a little unusual," said Blake. "But what are you starting at for?" "Weally, Blake—"

"My only hat!" ejaculated Blake, in exasperation. "If there isn't a row, a racket, or a trouble, what is the matter of all this?" "There isn't anything exactly the matter, I will explain."

A NEW STORY OF THE SCHOOLBOY ACTOR.

# FRANK MONK & CO.'S SCORE.



*A Tale of Rylcombe Grammar School by Prosper Howard*

### CHAPTER I.

#### Mistake Identity—At the Grammar School.

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

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

Thump!

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

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

"Oo!"

Frank Monk leant down and hailed his unfortunate victim to his side.

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

Frank Monk peered into the indignant face before him.

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

"You—you young scoundrels!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the three juniors. "Hark at the dunny!"

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

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

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

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

"You—you—you—"

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

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

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Frank Monk stammered crimson at the word.

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

"Absolute double!" added Carboy and Lane together.

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

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

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

### CHAPTER 2.

#### Gordon Gay & Co. Fall into the Trap.

**M**Y most highly-burnished and finished silk topper, finished-off silk topper!" gasped Lane. "If that doesn't absolutely do us in the eye!"

"Rot and lies," he said," growled Frank Monk.

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

There was a prolonged silence in the corridor.

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

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

"It's us against that dikes-lieving solicitor, dunny!" roared the leader of the trio. "He practically called us liars, so we must make the frolicous ass sit up for that."

"Of course, but what's the—"

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

"Come in, assen!" they shouted together.

The next instant the door was bang open, and Frank Monk & Co. stood in the bright light of the rosy study.

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

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

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

Gordon Gay & Co. started.

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

Frank Monk shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly.

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

"Oh, h!"

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

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

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

CHAPTER 3.

Frank Monk & Co. Score.

**H**ERE he comes!"

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

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

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

Mr. Percival Barrow looked up in surprise.

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

"I say, what a jolly good snipe-up, dunny!" said Gordon Gay.

Mr. Percival Barrow gasped.

"What is this repeated insolence in tending to—"

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

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

"I say, what a jolly good snipe-up, dunny!" said Gordon Gay.

Mr. Percival Barrow, as the war went to the floor in a confused manner.

"Help!"

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

Boys!

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

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

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

"Unbecomingly!" he roared. "Comesely! I say, unbecomingly—"

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

Gordon Gay's face was now a deep crimson.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It only remains to be said that Gordon Gay & Co. presented their lines to the Head before supper that night; but Dr. Monk had studied the handwriting more closely, he would have seen that seven hundred and fifty of the lines bore distinct traces of Frank Monk & Co.'s date.

Although they had scored against the schoolboy actor and his study chums, they thought it was up to them to share the heavy impost.

THE END.

(Another amusing tale of the Chouse of Rylcombe Grammar School, was 'Waterloo', written by 'Major Gordon Gay,' by Prosper Howard, in which it is related how the jobbing schoolboy actor, 'Gordon Gay' 'KICKS' LIBRARY IN ADVANCE. Price 1/6.)



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

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

"So did I!" chorused the two Woottons.

"I should go down and hang about the corridor if I were you," said Frank Monk. "It would be awfully silly for Taddy to try and work off a game on the Head."

"My hat!" gasped Gordon Gay. "He is a fraibious dunny. Come on, chaps, let's go down, and when he's fired out we'll chain him up for safety's sake. He'll be letting this study down one of these days."

And as Gordon Gay & Co. made their way out of the study, Frank Monk & Co. found it necessary to blow their noses in a most violent fashion in order to conceal their feelings of unbounded joy.

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## How Wandering Willie's Disguise Came Off.

### COSTUMES FOR FANCY DRESS



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



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



3. Spreads diadem amongst the members of the household—



4. Who very soon makes themselves scarce—



5. And then Wandering Willie attacks their dinner.

BRITISH