

THE EMPIRE ENLARGED LIBRARY

ORD STATION



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

Vol. I (New Series) No. 11.

NEW SCHOOL TALE.

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

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

Great Expectations.

"WHO'S coming?" asked Blagden of the Fourth. Blagden looked into the junior common-room at St. Wode's as he asked the question. Blagden's burly figure was enveloped in a macintosh, and he had a fat umbrella under his arm, and a cap pulled down over his ears.

Blagden was evidently going out. The rain was dashing against the windows, and a rainy mist hung over the quadrangle of St. Wode's, and a fellow needed to take some precautions before he crossed the threshold that afternoon.

Most of the St. Wode's juniors were chatting in a desultory way in the common-room, or hanging about the studies and the passages aimlessly. Rain was descending in torrents on the footer-field, so, of course, there was no footer. It was very rough, as it was Wednesday half-holiday, and the St. Wode'sians relieved their feelings by saying all sorts of things about the weather.

Bad weather and idleness did not improve the tempers in the junior common-room.

Newcome and Plummer, who were playing chess, were very near to quarrelling over the game. Bamford and Ramsey were arguing over a question of footer near the window, and Bamford's fist was already flourishing in Ramsey's face, and Ramsey was pushing back his cuffs. Some of the fellows were urging them on, with the idea that a fight in the common-room would at least enliven the rainy afternoon.

But the juniors all looked round as Blagden stopped at the door of the common-room, and glanced in and asked his question.

"Who's coming?"

"Going out," asked Newcome, looking up from the chess table.

"Pshaw! Going out, Blaggy!" Blagden snuffed.

"Do you think I've got myself up like this to play dominos?" he demanded. "Of course I'm going out, ass!"

"Well, I hope you'll have a nice muddy walk," said Newcome.

"There you are, Plummer—mate in two now."

"Rats!" said Plummer.

"If you move the rook—"

"Blow the rook!"

"Oh, all right!" said Newcome, putting his hands in his pockets and leaning back in his chair, in a manner very provoking to a chess-player in a difficult case. "If you get out of that I'll stand you a new footer."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Who's coming with me to the station?" demanded Blagden.

"Don't all speak at once!"

Nobody, as a matter of fact, seemed inclined to speak at all. Blagden, who was the biggest fellow in the Fourth, and captain of the Form to boot, seldom had to ask twice for anything. But the fellows looked at the window, drenched with dashing rain, and at the weeping branches outside. Nobody felt inclined to brave that weather, even to please Blagden.

"Better chuck it, Blaggy," said Bamford.

Blagden snorted.

"I'm not going to chuck it. You know what old Busay said about paying some polite attention to the new boy."

"Because he's a lord!" snuffed Newcome.

"Well, we don't have a lord come to St. Wode's every day, anyhow," said Blagden, turning rather red. "I've heard that Lord Lovell is a very decent chap, too."

"I wonder how much old Busay would care for his decency if he weren't a lord," said Newcome, with a laugh. "I'm a decent chap, and how much does he love me? Bamford is rather decent, and he's down on Bammy like anything. Now—"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Blagden.

"I'm going to meet this chap Lovell. Look here, I may as well tell you that the chap is simply rolling in tin, and if we make a fuss about him, he's jolly certain to stand a big feed to the whole Form, and that would be something on a ghastly day like this, when we can't get out of doors."

"My word, there's something in that," said Bamford. "I don't mind if I come with you, Blaggy."

"Might as well make a third," said Benson. "I'm rather anxious to see what the giddy nobleman is like. I'll come."

"Any more?" asked Blagden, looking at Newcome.

Newcome grined.

"Oh, I'm not coming!" he said. "I wouldn't go out in this"

(Continued on the next page.)

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

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S



NEW SCHOOL TALE

BY CHARLES HAMILTON, AUTHOR OF "The Rivals of St. Kit's"

"The Rivals of St. Kit's"

rain to meet anybody under a duke or a Russian prince.

"Look here, if you find that I'm coming up to the new chapel because he's a lord—"

"Well, what are you doing?" demanded Newcome.

Blagden did not answer that question. He looked round at the crowd of juniors in the common-room.

There were to be at least half a dozen of us turned up at the station?" he exclaimed. "It will make a grand impression on the chap, our coming out in a creature like this to meet him, with umbrellas and things. I look upon it as simply the dearest thing to go and meet a new boy on a day like this."

"Will you go to meet that scholarship chap Penwyn, when he comes, Blagzy?" asked Newcome, who seemed to have a special gift for putting awkward questions.

Blagden did not seem to hear.

"Look here, you'd better come, Skid," he said, "and you, Hull, and you, Corton."

"Oh, all right, Blagzy!" said the three named resignedly.

"Get your macs, then—it's jolly wet."

"I say, Plummer, ain't you coming?"

"Can't you see I'm playing Newcome chess?" demanded Plummer, without looking up from the board.

"You'd better come, Newcome!"

"Can't you see I'm playing Plummer chess?"

"Oh, blow the chess!"

"Look here, wait till Plummy's made his move, and I'll come," said Newcome. "I've got him made in two—"

"You haven't!" roared Plummer.

"Look at my hiss—"

"Yes, but look at my rook—"

"My dear chap, then—it's Oh, ring off!"

Plummer glared at Newcome, and then glared at the board. He had not made his move yet.

Blagden frowned at them, as he stamped and set forth waiting for his friends to come down with umbrellas and umbrellas.

Blanford, Benson, Skrat, Bull, and Corton came down at last, arrayed for the occasion, with big umbrellas, and trousers tucked up under their boots. Blagden came towards the chess-players.

"Look here, ain't you coming, Newcome?" he exclaimed.

"Not till this game's finished!"

Blagden ground.

"I'll finish it for you," he remarked.

He lifted his boot and kicked the chess-table underneath. The pawns and the pieces danced and shot off the board, and the two players sprang to their feet with a yell of wrath.

"You see?"

"You see!"

"There, the game's finished now," ground Blagden. "Come on!"

"I—I—I'll smash you!" roared Plummer.

"Never mind, Plummy!" said Newcome consolingly. "I had you made in two, you know!"

"You blaggy man! I had you made in three!" yelled Plummer.

"Oh, draw it off!"

"I tell you—"

"Made in three!"

"As!"

"As!"

"I'll jolly well—"

"Come on, then!"

The next moment Newcome and Plummer were locked in one another's arms, and staggering to and fro, tumbling away vigorously. They tripped over the scattered chess, and kicked the table over. Blagden burst into a roar.

"No good waiting for them!" he exclaimed. "The train will be in."

And Blagden & Co. hurried off, and out into the rain, leaving Newcome and Plummer to finish their little argument in the midst of an interested and encouraging circle of juniors.

A Slight Mistake.

DICK PENWYN stepped from the train in the little country station of Woodford—a medium-sized, strongly built lad, with well-developed limbs, clear eyes, and a head held well back. Dick Penwyn was not well-dressed—from a St. Wode's point of view. But anybody would have called him a fine-looking lad.

Dick Penwyn glanced up and down the platform as he alighted. There was a somewhat depressed expression on his clear-cut face, albeit he did not look like a fellow who was easily or frequently depressed.

But the weather was enough to damp the highest spirits. The train was reeking with wet. The rain was beating down in torrents on the roof of the covered part of the platform. A cold wind swept the rain under the roof, and the drops splashed over Dick as he stood there.

His box was bumped out of the train at the farther end, and beyond the covered portion of the platform, and a porter, with his coat-collar turned up, trundled it away on a trolley.

Dick Penwyn shivered. The train pulled up out of the station, and Penwyn was left alone. Alone in a strange place, and the disappearing train, leaving itself in the look of a man, seemed the last link that held him to his old home—the last link, and now breaking.

More than two hundred miles away, in quiet, romantic Dorsetshire, was Dick Penwyn's home; under the shadow of the Cornish cliffs lay the cottage where his young years had been spent, and where the deep morning of the western sea had been always familiar to his ears.

The Cornish cliffs, the western sea, the red-brick County Council school to which he had walked five miles every morning, his comrades there, all these belonged to the past now.

The train had dropped him in passing at Woodford Station, and Dick Penwyn was a St. Wode's boy now.

St. Wode's! That famous old public school, of which he had dreamed so many dreams, where rich men sent their sons, and Latin was taught in the matter of course, and the fellows all wore silk hats—a wonderful place to Dick Penwyn!

What could it be like?

And to him especially! Much had Dick pondered over the matter which he entered for the scholarship which gave the right to two years' free board and tuition at St. Wode's, with a money allowance for his journey a year.

He had vainly hoped to win the scholarship. There had been many competitors—and some of them were boys in a much higher station than his own—boys who had had many greater advantages than he had ever had.

But the Council-school boy had won. He had won it by hard work and patience and determination, and now he was a St. Wode's fellow; but now came a harder task than the winning of the scholarship—he had to face the school and his new schoolfellows.

That they would know him as a scholarship boy as soon as he arrived was certain. They would know he was the son of a poor man, and that he had received all his previous education at a Council-school.

How would they take it? Perhaps they would take no notice of it at all. The majority would be kind—encouraging. Perhaps—and Dick's heart was heavy at that thought—perhaps they would resent his coming, and look down upon him—perhaps go out of their way to make him feel that he was not one of themselves.

And John Penwyn, Dick's father, and his two brothers, but he never thought for a moment that his son should fail to make the most of what he had won.

"You must have a hard time at St. Wode's, Dick," the old Cornishman had said on parting. "But you'll stick to your guns, lad. Fear God—and enough else, Dick, and you'll win through."

And Dick promised that he would. He wished he had had a brighter day for his first day at St. Wode's. He did not want to creep into the school looking and feeling like a half-drowned rat.

"For St. Wode's, sir!" said the porter, stopping the trolley beside the lad and looking at him curiously, with a very careless look of the eye.

"It seemed to him that even this porter recognized that he was not like the other St. Wode's fellows, and knew him for a poor man's son, and did not consider him entitled to the usual respect.

"Yes, sir," Dick shortly. "Is it far to the school?"

"Half a mile," said the porter; and Penwyn felt that the man was observing the fact that his clothes were not nearly so good as those commonly worn at St. Wode's. "You can't walk in this rain, sir. Will you 'ave the carriage?"

"I suppose so," said Dick.

He followed the porter through the little station vestibule to the street. Dick, at the station entrance the rain was falling, and the pavement glistened with wet, and the miserable-looking horse harnessed to the old link outside was covered with tarpaulin.

The driver was stamping inside the station. Dick Penwyn looked out into the rain.

There was a sudden about as six magnificent figures came dashing into the station, with bulging umbrellas scattering raindrops on all sides of them.

Penwyn threw back out of the way. There was to be seen of the fellows accompanying waterproofer and water, and Dick, of course, did not know them, but they evidently knew him, for one of them shouted, "Here he is!"

Then the six drenched and glimmering figures gathered round him. Dick started at them in astonishment.

"Here he is!" repeated Blagden.

"Well, we've caught him, so it's all right," Corton remarked. "I say, you had a jolly wet journey down, didn't you?"

"Yes, it's been very wet," said Dick. "We meant to be here to meet the train," Blagden explained, holding out his hand. "The blessed rain made us late."

Dick shook hands with him.

"You belong to St. Wode's?" he asked.

Blagden chuckled. "Yes, rather. We're all in the Fourth Form—and you're coming into the Fourth Form, ain't you?"

"Good! I know we shall get on ripingly," said Blagden cheerily. "Don't you think we shall pull all right with the new chap you fellows?"

"Yes, rather!" chorused the St. Wode's.

"I'm jolly glad to hear you say so!" stammered Dick, almost overcome by his reception. "I must say I never expected kindness like this!"

"It's our way always look after new-comers," said Blagden. "Don't we, Corton?"

"I should say so!" agreed Corton. "If the weather had been fine, I had the Fourth Form to meet you at the station."

"Thank you so much!"

"I feel that the friends is rather nice," said Blagden. "Look here, we're going to be phishy, I can see that."

Dick felt his heart warm. This was the end of all his doubts and fears as to his reception at St. Wode's! He could have hugged Blagden.

"I hope so—I hope so sincerely!"

"We're not going to stand on ceremony," went on Blagden. "I can see there's nothing unsuitable about it as you are." Blagden—Cecil Blagden. I'm the captain of the Fourth-top boy in the Form, you know. I hope you'll call me Cecil."

"Stuff! What do you say?"

"I'll call you Cecil with pleasure," said Dick. "I really don't know why you should be so kind and friendly to me. But I hope you'll believe that I feel it."

"And what do your friends call you?" asked Blagden.

"I'm usually called Pen."

"Pen—oh," said Blagden. "Well, that's a jolly odd name, but I suppose it's as good as any other. Look here, Pen, I want you to do me a favour."

"Yes—anything?"

"Ask Mr. Bush to let you share my study in the boys' passage. I want you to be my studymate."

Dick's face flushed with pleasure.

"I shall be jolly glad to be that," he said.

"Well—then that's settled! Now we'll better buzz off. It's too jolly cold to stand here talking. Have you got the box on the back, porter?"

"Yes, sir," said the porter, who respectfully to Master Blagden, who was one of the richest juniors at St. Wode's, and very free with money when he had it.

"Good! This way, Pen! Where's your mac?"

"My—my what?"

"Macintosh, you idiot. Look here, you fellows brought one. I—"

"No; I haven't a one. It was fine when you left," said Blagden. "All serene, blessed climate! Look here, you fellows, form up, and hold your umbrellas in line, so that I can get into the carriage without getting wet."

"Oh, really!" exclaimed Dick, in protest.

"That's all right—I insist!"

"Yes, yes, we insist!" exclaimed Blanford.

"But—"

"Now, go ahead, like a good fellow!"

Penwyn felt that he could resist no further without offending his new friends. So he did as he was asked.

The six juniors stood in a row across the narrow pavement between the station entrance and the carriage. They held up their umbrellas on high for Dick Penwyn in pass under on his way to the carriage. It was really a quite a triumphal progress, and the Council-school boy felt like a fellow in pavement under the umbrella!

"Kid Friends."

"ATHER success!" ground Blanford, to the St. Wode's juniors followed Dick Penwyn into the cab. "This thing can't ride outside in this weather."

"Hatter not!" ground Blanford. "Oh, we can manage it. Just as it is. It's jolly good of Blagden to get on, drive him."

The juniors, making all the almost incessant clatter of the Penwyn and little; he was not to listen and little; he was not to be angry."

He was generous. As among the St. Wode's, who proved to be a useful accompaniment. They were the without complaint. Dick Penwyn felt like a fellow in the St. Wode's was the world, and happy one—there could be no doubt on that score.

What fine fellows they were! splendid fellows, to come to meet him in this rain, and make me feel wanted in a Council-school club, where they always look after new-comers!"

"I should say so!" agreed Corton. "If the weather had been fine, I had the Fourth Form to meet you at the station."

"Thank you so much!"

"I feel that the friends is rather nice," said Blagden. "Look here, we're going to be phishy, I can see that."

Dick felt his heart warm. This was the end of all his doubts and fears as to his reception at St. Wode's! He could have hugged Blagden.

"I hope so—I hope so sincerely!"

"We're not going to stand on ceremony," went on Blagden. "I can see there's nothing unsuitable about it as you are." Blagden—Cecil Blagden. I'm the captain of the Fourth-top boy in the Form, you know. I hope you'll call me Cecil."

"Stuff! What do you say?"

"I'll call you Cecil with pleasure," said Dick. "I really don't know why you should be so kind and friendly to me. But I hope you'll believe that I feel it."

"And what do your friends call you?" asked Blagden.

"I'm usually called Pen."

"Pen—oh," said Blagden. "Well, that's a jolly odd name, but I suppose it's as good as any other. Look here, Pen, I want you to do me a favour."

"Yes—anything?"

"Ask Mr. Bush to let you share my study in the boys' passage. I want you to be my studymate."

Dick's face flushed with pleasure.

"I shall be jolly glad to be that," he said.

"Well—then that's settled! Now we'll better buzz off. It's too jolly cold to stand here talking. Have you got the box on the back, porter?"

"Yes, sir," said the porter, who respectfully to Master Blagden, who was one of the richest juniors at St. Wode's, and very free with money when he had it.

"Good! This way, Pen! Where's your mac?"

"My—my what?"

"Macintosh, you idiot. Look here, you fellows brought one. I—"

"No; I haven't a one. It was fine when you left," said Blagden. "All serene, blessed climate! Look here, you fellows, form up, and hold your umbrellas in line, so that I can get into the carriage without getting wet."

"Oh, really!" exclaimed Dick, in protest.

"That's all right—I insist!"

"Yes, yes, we insist!" exclaimed Blanford.

"But—"

"Now, go ahead, like a good fellow!"

Penwyn felt that he could resist no further without offending his new friends. So he did as he was asked.

The six juniors stood in a row across the narrow pavement between the station entrance and the carriage. They held up their umbrellas on high for Dick Penwyn in pass under on his way to the carriage. It was really a quite a triumphal progress, and the Council-school boy felt like a fellow in pavement under the umbrella!

"Kid Friends."

"ATHER success!" ground Blanford, to the St. Wode's juniors followed Dick Penwyn into the cab. "This thing can't ride outside in this weather."

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S.

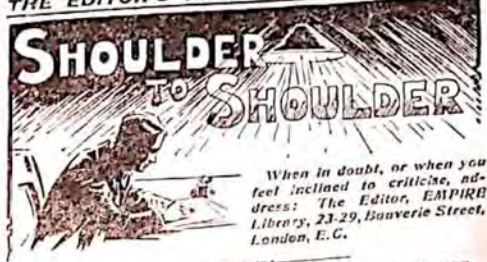
THE EMPIRE LIBRARY.

...of the St. Wode's fellows...
...to be elected to understand...
...of the St. Wode's fellows...
...to be elected to understand...
...of the St. Wode's fellows...
...to be elected to understand...

"We must give Pen a jolly good...
...I suppose you're hungry, and...
...I've admitted that such was the...
...Nothing here but half a rabbit...
...and Blagden." "Which means...
...of down in the tubshop?"
...Apparently no one was going, for...
...one who volunteered. The second...
...was situated in the fabled corner...
...the quadrangle, and could not be...
...reached under cover. And the rain...
...was still beating down in pitiless...
...fury.

"I don't know how to thank you..."
...That's all right, Skeat will be...
...back in a minute, and will have tea...
...Max will make the tea now, then..."
...All serene!"
...There was a sudden yell from the...
...passage, and Blagden threw open the...
...door. The yell was repeated, and it...
...was in Skeat's voice.
..."Blagden! Rescue! They've got...
...me!"
..."Blagden!" roared Blagden.
..."Come on, all hands!" from the...
...passage, bewildered, and loudly...
...demanding what to do, as after three...
...knocking at the door, and pouncing...
...upon the white-painted door. He...
...threw the door open, and Blagden...
...dashed into the room. The passage of...
...St. Wode's...
...The light glimmered on an...
...empty room.

THE EDITOR'S TWO COLUMNS.



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

OUR SURPRISE.
There is always some charm about a surprise, and I think that you will agree with me that the new story...
...I shall have to give up, for I am...
...sorry that in this particular case...
...story there is no one who can come...
...along near our friend Charles...
...Blagden, and if you will do me...
...favours, you will, when you have...
...finished reviewing it, to some form...
...of notice which happens to be a non-...
...sense.

LETTER FROM A READER.
I have received some very pleasing...
...letters from readers of all ages, both...
...boys and girls, some of which I may...
...well have "old boys." The letter I...
...will, however, selected at random from...
...a number of others, is from a girl...
...reader, and I publish it in its...
...entirety:
...Pekham, S.E.

Another new feature that you will...
...find in this issue is the tale of...
..."Gordon Kay," and since I have re-...
...solved to make better use of the...
...stories, I must, you see, return the...
...courtesy by letting me know how you...
...like them. Incidentally, of...
...course, the same remark that I made...
...will regard to "The Rivals of St...
...Wode's" holds good—i.e., don't for-...
...get that column of yours.

"I have taken it since it first...
...appeared, but I think the enlarged...
...edition is much the letter paper of...
...the two.
...My favourite story is, of course...
..."Tommy Gilroy's School-days." I like...
..."Cousin Ethel" very much; but I also...
...like her friend Dolores as well as...
...any, because she is just an ordinary...
...girl, with an ordinary girl's faults...
...Every one must not be like Cousin...
...Ethel, who never loses her temper...
...this, because it makes her very much...
...more interesting, because I have...
...not I hope there will be many...
...similar ones. I dare say you have...
...heard of a girl who shows temper; but I...
...have read so many stories about these...
...perfect girls—which...
...there are not many to be seen in real...
...life that I am getting rather sur-...
...prised of them. I must not forget to...
...mention that I like the "Pamphlet...
...Devotion" all as it is, whether...
...possible or laughable.
...Excuse my criticisms.
...I remain, yours,

Johnson went out for a sail on the...
...boat, but he hadn't gone far from the...
...quay...
...When he felt bad inside...
...So he stood up and cried:
..."Sails are here, but they don't...
...revolve!"

"Excuse my criticisms."
...I remain, yours,
...D. D'ALBOY.
...P.S.—I also take the 'Magnet'...
...and 'Gem' in.
...Could you let me know if you...
...receive this letter in the EMPIRE...
...week?
...D. D'ALBOY.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.
I want to remind my readers that...
...they are several ways in which they...
...can take part in adding interest to...
...the EMPIRE Library. I am always...
...open to receive good news, however...
...small, to inform simple tricks, and so...
...on. In fact, anything that a reader...
...thinks will be of interest to another...
...should be sent to me, in any of...
...the contributions published on this...
...page or under the heading of...
..."Shoulder to Shoulder" will receive a...
...column of 2s. 6d.

I must thank Denise D'Alroy for...
...her pleasant letter and her very...
...sensible and candidly-expressed...
...opinion. This letter represents the...
...kind of message I am always glad...
...to have from my readers, for it not...
...only expresses approval and satisfac-...
...tion, but shows interest in the welfare...
...of the EMPIRE Library by the amount...
...of criticism. Of course, by now poor...
...old P.C. Devotion has vanished, but...
...he did his best, and if, after all, he...
...did not please some of my friends...
...then I am sure they will feel satisfied...
...by finding the page he occupied in-...
...habited by the claims of Niccolò...
...Giamstrucchio.

They laughed on the lounge, Fle...
...and Joe.
...And they cried and they cooed, don't...
...you know?
...But they both caught their...
...breath.
...When a voice from beneath...
...cried: "I've counted five hundred—...
...go slow!"

WINGS AND AIRSHIPS are coming, they...
...say.
...And they're worth quite a lot in their...
...own way.
...But what wealth would be...
...gained?
...If they'd only invent...
...A street German band that could...
...play!

AMBITION.
So many of my readers write me...
...some direction or another, one wish-...
...ing to become a great engineer...
...another a doctor, and so on, that they...
...may all be satisfied under one heading...
...—ambitions. Now, ambition is an ex-...
...ceedingly useful and necessary faculty...
...and by counsel to you is most em-...
...phatically urged to your particular...
...situation in life. In this connection...
...I would ask you to note that one ambi-...
...tion or one particular point that you...
...desire to gain is quite sufficient. En-...
...deavour to achieve success in more...
...than one direction, and you weaken...
...your strength. Now, let us consider...
...the subject they wish to serve. This can...
...be done both directly and indirectly.
...When I say indirectly, I am thinking...
...chiefly of hobbies and recreations, for...
...even here the main object in life...
...can be helped by the choice of some...
...pursuit that is akin to one's work.

WANDERING WILLIE.
I am glad to be able to say that...
...the adventures of this strange animal...
...have fulfilled the purpose intended...
...Quite a number of my friends are...
...laughing over this new series of pic-...
...tures, and I have received many...
...letters telling me that Wandering...
...Willie is about a great deal more...
...well known than that Willie will...
...wander into many new homes. Now...
...I think I have said all that I have...
...to say in your far more than to write...
...me a note about the next episode in...
...crosses that are waiting for you, and...
...to recall to your mind that if you want...
...any advice you have only to write to...
...me, and you feel inclined to criti-...
...cise any of the stories or pictures in...
...this issue, then just take pen and ink...
...and address to: THE EDITOR.

On Good Friday, to win a bet, Joe...
...the nineteen hot-cross buns at one...
...go.
...When he tackled one more...
...To complete the score,
...Cried the nineteenth: "Please don't...
...push me so!"



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

collar. It took a footer bag to carry...
...the things in.
..."Oh, all right!"
...And Skeat, not very carefully...
...took up the bag and left the study...
...Blagden & Co. looked themselves...
...about the room making preparations...
...for tea. They would not allow Pen...
...to loiter, insisting upon his remaining...
...in the archway warming himself and...
...tracing his feet on the fender, while...
...they were at work. And Dick...
...Pennyon sat there, half wondering...
...whether he would wake up in his...
...little, old white-washed room in his...
...Cornish cottage, to find that he had...
...formed to a friendship and never...
...come to St. Wode's at all!

less, but it was one of the little ways...
...at St. Wode's.
...Newcome and the rest were peering...
...up the stairs after Skeat, and they...
...overtook him on the landing. There...
...they dragged him down with them, as...
...if he had been a Rigger three...
...quarters with the ball in his hands...
...while they had stopped just short of...
...the fire.

A Study Tea.
Bright and cozy enough the fire...
...study looked, with the fire...
...blazing and crackling in the...
...graze, and the gaslight gleam-...
...ing on white cloth and crockery.
...The rain that dashed against the win-...
...dows and the thudding winter...
...drift outside only added to the cozy...
...comfort of the room. Blagden's...
...study was not large, and it was not...
...elegantly furnished. Everything in...
...it had been selected and placed of it...
...But it was all splendid to Dick Pen-...
...nyon. If he was always as happy as...
...he felt now, life at St. Wode's would...
...be a pleasant dream from start to...
...finish.
...Getting warmer," asked Blagden...
...pleasantly.
...It is," thanks. "This is ripping!"
..."Glad we can make you comfy, old chap!"

"Back to the study!" exclaimed...
...Blagden. Pen got the bag?
...They recovered breath.
...Newcome & Co. came rushing in...
...pursuit, but only for as the study...
...door. From the half-door fellows...
...intruded in the study they did not...
...care to make an attack. They settled...
...themselves on the keyhole and retired.
...Gladstone took out a pipe, and...
...said about any rest. Wode's is the...
...of the Kewas Library.

A NEW COMPLETE STORY OF THE SCHOOLBOY ACTOR.

MAJOR GORDON GAY



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

By PROSPER HOWARD.

CHAPTER I

Preparing for the Inspector.

"Now, my lads," squeaked the pompous little officer, and the cadet corps jugged. "We'll see what you can do. Are you good loopers?"

CHAPTER 2

A Curious "Inspection."

"HERE'S Master Gay!" It was at the following day's drill that the great voice of Sergeant-major Benians boomed the question.

"Now, my lads," squeaked the pompous little officer, and the cadet corps jugged. "We'll see what you can do. Are you good loopers?"

"Now, my lads," squeaked the pompous little officer, and the cadet corps jugged. "We'll see what you can do. Are you good loopers?"

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

A quarter of an hour later, an indignant burst to say furious group of juniors burst into Gordon Gay's study, to find the schoolboy actor quietly reading Shakespeare.



"Put your back into it!" vociferated the fiery little major, as Frank Monk hopped wildly.

"My lad! yes, and why weren't you there, you spouter?" asked Jack Woodton. "You don't know what that blessed inspecting-officer was like!"

THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE SCHOOLBOY ACTOR.



By CHARLES HAMILTON

Talbot Comes into His Own At Last.

"I'll, was my name," said the square jawed Talbot, who had been dismissed from the school for claiming the estates.

There was a silence in the room for some minutes. The light was falling from the square's face. It seemed that he had been kept up by the necessity of offering his secret aid now it was open his strength was gone.

How Wandering Willie Changed His Face.



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



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



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



4. This action proves fatal, for he forgets that flour comes off when touched and that cats never brook, and his nose, no trace, becoming disgusted, gives him away to a rug-and-bone man.



5. But not fancying his situation—Pussy Pie Park—Wandering Willie cuts a hole in the wall, and only escapes by the skin of his teeth, the cause of another wandering, escaping also.