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THE RIVALRY OF ST. WODE'S



THE FIRST CHAPTERS
 — OF —
 A NEW SCHOOL TALE.

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

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

In Strange Attire.
BUT really, you know, I'd rather be in my own clothes," said Lord Lovell.
 "But they're damp."
 "I'll risk it."
 "Impossible! They're delivered to the sergeant at arms now, and he won't give them up till they're thoroughly dried."
 "Jove!"
 "Of course, you could go to bed now if you liked," said Jex; "it's only three or four hours to bedtime now, you know."
 His lordship did not seem to take to the idea.
 "Or you could come down in a blanket," said Boston, looking in at the door. "It's a style of dress very fashionable in some countries—among the Red Indians, for instance."
 "Jove!"
 "Shut up, Boston!" said Jex, frowning. "Now, my lord, your lordship couldn't do better than get into these things."
 "But it will look so absurd, don't you see?"
 "Not at all! It's a common thing to wear them here, and nobody thinks anything of it. At some schools they wear blue coats and yellow stockings, you know."
 "Yes, that is quite true."
 "Just a matter of custom," said Jex.
 "Well, as I have no other clothes—"
 "Better get into them. You'll catch cold. You want to come down to the fire in the common room," urged Jex.
 "Yes, I know. But—"
 "Sorry I can't stay any longer," said Jex. "I shall be late for prep."
 "Here, I say, don't go, you know."
 But Jex was gone. He went downstairs with Boston, both the young cavaliers gazing with admiration.
 His lordship remained alone in the dormitory. He went to the door and looked out. No one was in sight in the dusky passage of whom he could ask help. He went back to the dormitory. It was a choice of dress or remaining in the dormitory in his undergarments.
 He dressed!
 "Jove!" he murmured. "I've a feeling that the whole thing looks here. I suppose it's all right. I really wish some other fellow had come up with me instead of Quex—that fellow Peggain, or Kewton, or somebody. But I suppose I had better go down."
 And he left the Fourth Form dormitory.
 In the brilliant red-striped nigger minstrel garb Lord Lovell certainly made a striking figure, and, as the six-chilling narrative says of their heroes, no one would have passed him without a second glance.
 As he descended the stairs he bared upon the view of an astonished St. Wode's, and there was a yell of laughter.

Pen laughed with the rest as he caught sight of the noble viscount. He could not help it. The aristocratic visage of Lord Lovell surmounting the absurd nigger minstrel garb was too much for his gravity.
 "There were a dozen fellows in the hall, some of them seniors, and they simply yelled at the sight of his lordship."
 Lovell came down the stairs with an innocent expression upon his face. He heard the laughter, but did not connect it with himself. Why should the fellows laugh at a costume which Jex had assured him was quite commonly worn at St. Wode's?
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Lovell reached the foot of the staircase and found himself face to face with a big, muscular fellow, who laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.
 "Who are you?" demanded the senior.
 Lovell blinked at him.
 "I'm Lovell," he said. "My friends call me Bunny; I'm sure I don't know why."
 "Ha, ha! My hat!"
 "Pray, who are you?" asked Bunny, in his turn.
 "Eh? Oh, I'm Hawke!"
 "Jove! Are you really?"
 "I'm Hawke—captain of St. Wode's," said the big Sixth-Former impressively.
 "Glad to meet you, don't you know?"
 Hawke laughed.
 It was like a Fourth-Former's clerk to say he was glad to meet the captain of the school. But Lord Lovell evidently was not a common or garden Fourth-Former, and his aspect was so ludicrous that Hawke, if he had been a judge or a bishop, could not have helped laughing.
 "What the deuce do you mean by going round like this?" demanded Hawke.
 "Like what, you know?"
 "Ha, ha! This! Where did you get those clothes?"
 "Follow, second Wex, or Quex—I always forget names, but I think his name was Max—Max lent them to me because mine were wet."
 "You mean you were wet?"
 "My dear person—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Lord Lovell lifted his aristocratic nose a little higher, and walked on to the junior common room. He left Hawke doubled up with laughing.
 "My only aunt!" Pen murmured to himself. "It's a shame to dress the poor chap up like that, but—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Hallo, young workhouse! What's the joke?" asked Baggins, coming out of his study.
 Pen turned away without replying.
 "Oh, look!" roared Baggins.
 "Who's that? Great Scott!"
 "Ha, ha! It's his lordship!"
 "His giddy lordship! Ha, ha!"
 Baggins roared.
 Lord Lovell passed, and looked at the Fourth-Former.

In the brilliant red-striped nigger-minstrel garb Lord Lovell certainly made a striking figure, and as he descended the stairs he bared upon the view of an astonished St. Wode's, and there was a yell of laughter.

New Readers should turn to the foot of next page.

THE RIVALRY OF ST. WODE'S.

He was taken unawares, and he in- tended to fight all he could on longer...

know! This is doocid bad form, don't you see! I don't like it, you know...



His lordship remained alone in the dormitory, sitting on the edge of the bed with a blanket wrapped round him.

It was the (Lord Council) leader, the scholarship boy, who made the raggers stop in tones of ringing command...

Mr. Duck looks in. Blagden faced the raggers, his eyes flashing, his hand grasping the lamp...

He banged against a bed, and as he staggered there, they grasped him, but as their hands closed upon him, Dick Penwyn was in his hot.

He soon discovered. He was forced upon his hands and knees on the floor, and Blagden stood behind him, stump in hand.

THE EDITOR'S TWO COLUMNS.



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

THE DARK LANTERN. NEXT Wednesday you will find in this paper the first chapters of the new story I told you about last week...

THE DARK LANTERN. I will deal with ways that are dark and devious, but you will find something to interest you...

Pa went for a trip on the ocean. And felt sick when the ship was in motion.

WATCH OUR BACK PAGE. I am always preparing little surprises for you, and I particularly want you to keep an eye on our back page...

There was an old man in Calcutta Who doted on muffins and butter. He went out to tea, And ate forty-three, Then they brought him home "last" on a shutter.—D. H.

AN EXTRA HALF-A-CROWN. The following lines sent in by E. A. Henshaw, may amuse you; anyhow, I have departed from my rule of not accepting any half-crown or prize money...

THE WIRELESS AGE. Our history is moving on. Has turned another page. Upon the top of which is inscribed The words, "A Wireless Age."

The farmers' wildest cattle will search for the best pasture which some genius will provide. And find all of it, we ought to find. Before this page is full. That when it is full, wireless wires, There'll be no wires in pull.

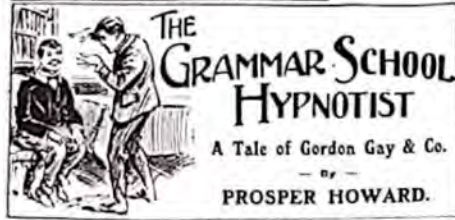
HYPNOTISMI. W. J. F., of Willemsen, in a very nice letter congratulating me on my choice of our stories, asks for some information regarding the science of hypnotism...

POSTCARD EXCHANGE. The following readers desire to exchange postcards: 40th LIST. J. Greenfield, Dylesford House, 25, Stuart Street, Truro, Cornwall, South Wales, wishes to exchange postcards with readers in South Africa; Japan.

Next Wednesday: A NEW STORY— "THE DARK LANTERN." A TALE OF THE BOYHOOD OF CHARLES PEACE.

- J. Kershaw, Manor House, 44, Hereford Street, Oldham, England. M. Shaw, 13, Ellen Street, Birmingham, England, with London, England. R. Walsley, Korumburra, Victoria, Australia, with Scotland. Miss E. Cusley, Cammeray Road, Folly Point, N. Sydney, N.S.W., with Cornwall, England. H. Martens, 95, Fraser Street, Rangoon, Burma, India, with England. H. O. Harris, care of Box 51, Grahamstown, Cape Colony, South Africa with Canada.

A CAPITAL LITTLE SHORT COMPLETE STORY.



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL HYPNOTIST

A Tale of Gordon Gay & Co.
— or —
PROSPER HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

Discussing the Hypnotist of Study 15.

THEY'RE off their rockers!" said Frank Monk, "I can't see how they can be so stupid as to study that stuff."

"Have you got a blamed leg to stand on?" asked Lane. "And I'm not surprised, either, for I've often thought those kids in Study 15 had a lock of lunacy about them. Have you ever seen their eyes when—"

"Oh, dry up, lanes!" laughed Frank Monk. "You must know we've seen Gordon Gay's eyes before now, but I put this latest scheme down to the influence that a kid like Taddy must have in a study."

"He, he, he," laughed Lane and Carley.

"Oh, no, there is something in hypnotism and mesmerism and all kinds of 'isms' sometimes, but it's all my eye about Gordon Gay ever thinking he can hypnotise anybody, and you say you saw lanes trying to put the bananas on Taddy, lanes?"

Lane grinned and nodded his head.

"What was he doing?"

"Oh, he was standing on a chair so that his head just looked over a picture which Taddy was painting. Gordon Gay had his hands stretched out, and was waving them about like a blessed idiot."

"My hat!" gasped the incredulous Frank Monk.

"Yes; and the funny part about it was that that dummy Taddy was going on with his painting as though he hadn't the slightest idea that Gay was there. Of course, Gay soon lost his wits, and if it hadn't been for young Wootton tipping his chair over at the crucial moment, I believe Gay was just going to put his head through that fearful dash of Taddy's."

"So Gay's 'fluency' didn't work?"

"No," roared Lane. "My only tip topper. You should have heard the fearful clatter there was when Gay flopped to the ground!"

"He, he, he!"

"You know Gordon Gay's been scolding the subject up a good deal," continued Lane, when the laughter had died down in the cosy study of the Fourth Form at Hylcom Grammar School, "and he's such a frightfully fine chap when he makes up his mind to do anything that I shouldn't be surprised if he worked the kid any scheme one of these days."

Frank Monk frowned.

"He jolly rotten if he did!" he murmured. "My only scheme is wheezes right and left if he could put the influence on anybody he wanted to."

"Not half!" assented Carley and Lane.

"One thing is to make him give up the scheme. My only tip topper," exclaimed Frank Monk suddenly. "I have it."

Carley and Lane sprang to their feet.

"Have what, forehead?" cried Carley. "Let's hear it!"

"There was a passage in the study for a moment, then Frank Monk stepped mysteriously across the study, opened the door, and looked into the Fourth Form corridor, and then closed the door, turning the key with a click."

"Listen, chaps," he whispered. "We were set our own back on Gordon Gay and his kids in Study 15."

And then the three juniors put their heads together, and for some moments a pin could have been heard to drop; and suddenly the doors were thrown open, and the three juniors burst into their chairs and burst into their study.

"Come on, chaps!" said Frank Monk at last. "Let's hop along to No. 15!"

"Hullo!" laughed Carley and Lane. And the three famous juniors made their way out of their study, and arms a-woo they strode along to No. 15.

In response to an imperative invitation to enter almost before Frank Monk had knocked on the door, the three chums entered the study.

Gordon Gay, who was seated in a chair placed in front of a roaring fire, looked up from the book he was studying. Frank and Harry Wootton, who were seated at the study table, did not take the trouble which their leader took, and both continued writing at a terrific pace. Horace Tadpole, the artistic junior of the Fourth Form, continued painting on a highly coloured canvas placed before him on a small easel out of all proportion to the size of the picture.

"Hullo, kids!" said Gordon Gay, as Frank Monk & Co. closed the door and made for the remaining chairs by the fireplace. "Have you come to tea? If you have, you may as well come back later, as I want to finish this chapter on hypnotism by—"

Frank Monk raised his eyebrows, as he interrupted, in pretended surprise:

"Hypnotism?" he said. "That's funny, because I've always thought that I should be a good subject if a chap had a stronger will than I, say—"

"What?" interrupted Gordon Gay, springing to his feet. "Why, my dear old Monkey, you're just the chap I want!"

Frank Monk & Co. exchanged significant winks, and Carley and Lane had great difficulty in concealing their grinning faces.

"Just the chap you want!" said Frank Monk. "What do you mean, dummy?"

"Why, I'm taking up hypnotism, and I only want a good subject not to excruciate me."

"Then I'm your man," said Frank Monk; "there's no doubt about that."

The rival juniors were thoroughly interested now, and crowded excitedly round their two respective leaders.

"Squat down on that chair, Monkey, will you," said Gordon Gay, pushing an armchair forward, "and we'll see what we can do."

"Right ho!"

Frank Monk made himself thoroughly comfortable, and then Gordon Gay stood close up to him and looked steadily into the eyes of his rival.

For some time the two gazed at one another as though fascinated, and raised the heavy poker into the air.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" the poker crashed down again and again, as Gordon Gay's hypnotic subject continued his smashing assault on the study furniture.

soft, musical tone of voice; and immediately Frank Monk raised his hand slowly to his head and pulled a lock of his hair.

"My only aunt!" murmured the juniors.

"Rise!" commanded Gordon Gay of his subject; but Frank Monk did not appear to understand.

"Rise!" Rise!" Rise!" repeated the hypnotist; and, to the intense wonderment of the excited juniors, Frank Monk rose slowly to his feet.

"Turn round three times!" ordered Gordon Gay; and as the subject appeared to be completely under his control, the leader of Study 15 sat next and picked up the heavy poker which was resting on the table.

Still making strange passes before Frank Monk's face, Gordon Gay raised his voice.

"Go and tap the table four times," he said.

Frank Monk stepped up to the table in a strange mechanical fashion, and raised the heavy poker into the air.

"Bang!"

The juniors gave a start as the "subject" crashed the poker down and made the inajoy jump a foot into the air, and it unfortunately landed a somewhat and came down on Frank Wootton's carefully written exercise.

"Hi!" yelled the indignant Australian junior. "What the dickens—"

"Bang! Crash! Bang!" the poker crashed down again and again, and the juniors put their hands to their ears.

"Bang! Bang! Crash!"

"Stop!" cried Gordon Gay authoritatively. "I command you to stop!"

"Bang! Crash!"

The leader of the study turned red in the face as he jumped in front of his subject, and increased at a terrific rate his mysterious passes with his extended hands.

"Return the poker to the grate and go!" he commanded; but with a stolid face Frank Monk con-

tinued his assault on the study furniture.

"Crash! Bang! Crash!" the backs of two chairs splashed into the floor, and then the subject turned his attack on to the desk.

"Crash!"

Click and thump frames were thrown to the floor, and the next moment a poker went crashing through the glass mirror over the desk.

"My hat!" roared Lane and Carley. "You're fairly good, old Gay!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Frank Monk dashed wildly round on every article in his power, and superior assault, and in the twinkling of an eye the wreck of his place was a perfect mess.

"Mighty Gordon Gay & Co. have struck by the flying articles."

"Stop!" cried the leader of Study 15. "I order you to stop!"

Frank Monk, his brow well-nigh black with perspiration, and his hands clattered to the floor.

"My only Aunt Semolina!" gasped Harry Wootton.

About two feet from Gordon Gay placed himself a number of mysterious passes with his hands in the air.

"Wake up, Monk!" he commanded. "Wake up and stand!"

Monk blinked unsteadily, and staggered to his feet, unsteady, unsteady, strange to say, came through the terrible assault unscathed.

"Hullo!" he said suddenly. "Sure I seem to sleep, chaps! My hat! What's happened?"

"Happened?" roared Gordon Gay. "Why you've bust up my blessed subject, that's what has happened. No more beauty hypnotism for me!"

Frank Monk could hardly refrain from bursting into a roar of laughter, but he succeeded in restraining himself, and he looked in pretended surprise to the great account of what had done with him under Gordon Gay's 'fluency'.

"My hat!" he said at last. "This shows you what a rotten thing hypnotism is, doesn't it? I should think the idea if I were you, Gay."

"My only aunt!" exclaimed the leader of Study 15. "I don't jolly well think it is. I should like to see you get this blood straight! But it only shows you what a jolly strong will you've got, doesn't it?"

And, with many winks and smiles, Harry and Frank Wootton and Horace Tadpole nodded the heads, and said, in one voice:



Bang! Crash! Bang! The poker crashed down again and again, as Gordon Gay's hypnotic subject continued his smashing assault on the study furniture.

and then a dull look came into Frank Monk's features as Gordon Gay made a number of mysterious passes with his hands about an eighth of an inch from his subject's nose.

Frank and Harry Wootton gave a gasp of astonishment at the instant effect. These passes seemed to have, and Lane and Carley pressed their handkerchiefs close into their mouths as they saw their leader pretend to fall into a trance.

"My hat!" muttered Frank Wootton, as Monk dropped limply back into the chair. "You've done it, Gay!"

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CHAPTER 3.

The Hypnotist's Subject Runs Amok!

"S H-H-H-H!" murmured Gordon Gay, prevering with his mysterious hand-passing.

"Make him do something," whispered Harry Wootton. "You seem to have sent him off all right."

Gordon Gay's handsome face was flushed with excitement.

"Pull your hair," he roared, in a

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Frank Monk & Co. left a wrecked study in a state of confusion, as the effort to restrain their merriment had been so great, but as soon as they got into the corridor they gave a simultaneous roar of laughter, and as the party of laughing was wafted through the closed door of Study 15 Gordon Gay & Co. picked up their eyes in amazement.

"My hat!" said Gordon Gay. "I believe it was all right. My—"

Monk was only too willing to agree. "That fellow the amateur hypnotist could say another word and my mates sprang upon him and sent their outraged feelings on Gordon Gay's head, and he had been so galled by Frank Monk & Co."

THE END.

(Another of these amusing Complete Stories next Wednesday.)

Wandering Willie Gets Plucked.



1. Strolling round the house, wandering when he should find another home, Wandering Willie espied a toy pussy in a garden.



2. Without a moment's hesitation he popped over, knocked the dog off its perch, and took its place.



3. Unfortunately, the owner of the toy pussy had full designs upon it, for he had made up his mind to see its works.



4. And he started putting Willie's bluff off. Of course, Willie wasn't having any of that, thank you very much, and so he very soon—



5. Set about showing his approval, and after enjoying his self-hour's pleasure now.