

NEWSAGENTS!

The Editor will be greatly obliged if Newsagents and Readers will

LOOK AT THE BACK PAGE!

And show it to their Clients and Friends.

THE POPULAR NEW STORY BOOK

THE EMPIRE

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Vol. 1. No. 16.

NEW SCHOOL STORY.

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S.

By CHARLES HAMILTON.



Lord Lovell came up to Pen with his face full of concern. "I'm sorry, old chap," he said sympathetically.

D Blagden is flustered. "I'm sure," said Lovell. "I got into a fight once—I forget the chap's name. He gave me a fearful and simply ruined my complexion. He did, by Jove! If I don't happen to be wearing a wig, I should have been lost."

"Get out of the way, Penwyn!"

"Eats?"

"Two Corned school cod—"

"Better language, please," said Pen, with a gleam in his eyes. "If you make me hit you, Blagden, we'll get hurt."

"Let that chap alone, then!" Blagden turned a bitter look upon Penwyn. "You coward, to stick your head behind another fellow!"

"Hold your tongue, Blagden!"

"Coward!"

"Jays!" said his lordship. "I'm not afraid of you, you know. I remember you a few and, you know, I lead Penwyn in sticking up for me. If you're sporting for a fight, Penwyn, let's fight you like—like anything. You're good, Pen?"

"No, sir!"

"Blagden made a rush, attempting to get past Dick Penwyn."

"But the Cornish lad was ready for

He caught the bully of the Fourth by the collar, and with a powerful stroke of his fist swung him round. Blagden was swept almost off his

feet and lay gasping.

Pen waited for him with clenched fists ready. But Blagden did not get up. Either he could not or would not continue the conflict. Newcomer patted Dick on the shoulder.

"Well hit!" he exclaimed. "But—but you'd better be careful, you know. You hit too hard for a kid—you might really hurt a chap!"

"He made me do it."

"I know, but— Well, it's your own honey."

Newcomer walked away whistling. Pen turned towards the house, Lord Lovell linking arms with him as he went.

"Well, done, dear boy!" said the viscount. "I'm proud of you, by Jove, you know. It was lovely! What?"

"I'm glad I was able to stick up for you," said Pen. "Look here, it means a lot to me, Lovell—"

"Bunny?"

"Bunny, then—it means a lot to me, Bunny, if you stand by me here. I want you to let me do something for you in return?"

"Anything you like, old man. People are always doing things for me. I'm sure I don't know why," said Lord Lovell placidly.

Pen smiled.

"Well, I want you to let me fight your battles," he said. "You'd get a frightful hammering, if you stood up to Blagden; you're not hardened

to it as I am. I've had to fight one way or another ever since I could walk. That chap Blagden seems to be a terror among the fellows here, but there were lads in my old Council school who could have knocked him to rags in two rounds. It's nothing to me; but it would mean a rotten time for you if that bullying brute got a chance to hammer you (silly). I know you're not afraid—you've shown that plainly enough for all the fellows to see. I want you to let me take the hammering for you."

Lord Lovell laughed.

"My dear chap, I shall be delighted," he said. "You shall do it, by all means."

"Good!" said Pen.

Mr. Bush met them as they entered the house. He frowned heavily at the Cornish lad.

"I see you are keeping up your conduct in the way you began, Penwyn," he said. "I saw your hoodlumism from the window of my room."

Pen blushed. If Mr. Bush had seen the affair in the quadrangle from his window, he must have seen that Blagden was taking the aggression all his time. But no pretext occurred to mean to Mr. Bush for gratifying his spite against the boy he had so successfully taken a dislike to.

"I hope I was not too blawny, sir," said Pen, quietly, and speaking as respectfully as he could.

It was not easy for anyone to be respectful to Mr. Bush.

"Don't answer me back, boy!" said the Form-master harshly. "I am sorry to see, Lovell, that you are associating with this boy."

"Jays!"

"He is no fit friend for you," said Mr. Bush. "It is my duty, as your Form-master, to warn you of the fact. Kindly refer him at once!"

"But, sir—"

"Kindly do as I tell you, Lovell. Although I have a great respect for your family, and a kind regard for yourself," said Mr. Bush sternly. "I must insist in this case upon your obeying my wishes, which are for your own good. I say they are for your own good."

Lovell's hold tightened upon Pen.

"Now, Lovell, leave Penwyn at once," said Mr. Bush.

His lordship's reply was unexpected.

"Oh, rats!" said Bunny. "Pen jolly well not going to do anything of the sort!"

Pen is Trouble Again.

MR. BUSH almost staggered. He was not much respected in the Fourth Form at St. Wode's, and he was not liked. Many of the fellows treated him as

New Readers should turn to the foot of next page.

PLEASE LOOK AT THE BACK PAGE.

NOVEL TALE FOR ALL
COUSIN ETHEL'S
SCHOOL DAYS.
A TALE OF
TOM MERRY'S CHUM
BY
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.
Ethel's school of St. Freda's, is
filled at receiving a success-
ful parcel from her cousin,
Tom Merry, containing forbidden
books, and "Hats," "Soap," or
"what you will."
Miss Penfold, the principal,
and at the deception, and Ethel has
a comfortable quiet life for a
while. After she meets her friend
Tom Merry she hands her a note she
had written in the garden.
"Dear Aunt—As you are waiting for
the letter—Ethel," reads Ethel in
the note.
"Dear Aunt—Ethel," reads Ethel in
the note.
"Dear Aunt—Ethel," reads Ethel in
the note.

You must never do such a
thing again," said Ethel exclaiming.
"Dear Aunt—Ethel," reads Ethel in
the note.
"Dear Aunt—Ethel," reads Ethel in
the note.

END CRAVEN came down the
garden path, with a keen
suspicious look upon her face.
She glanced inquiringly at
Cousin Ethel.
Dolores was perfectly cool, and
showed no sign of being disturbed in
any way, but there was a blush on
Ethel's cheeks. She looked being put
into the position of seeing a secret and
making concealments.
But there was no help for it now.
Ethel Craven halted.
"Dear Aunt—Ethel," reads Ethel in
the note.

MISS PENFOLD would be
amazed if she knew," said
Ethel.
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will notice here."
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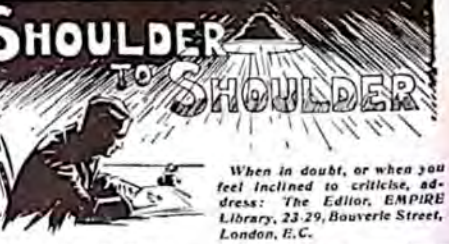
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THE EDITOR'S TWO COLUMNS.



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

WHAT DO YOU THINK
of the principal and new feature in
this issue, or, in other words,
WHAT DO YOU THINK
of our back page?
I should very much like to have
your candid opinion, and if you can
tell me that the jinks of the Bunce
Boy and Mike's Moke have pleased
you and raised a laugh that you have
been able to share with a chum, then
I shall feel encouraged to continue in
the same way, and even perhaps give
you a little more of the same thing.

THIS WEEK
Jack J. Allen takes the two-and-
sixpence for the following letter and
rhyme:
London, N.W.
Dear Editor,—A curly haired boy
sat on the table in the common-room
at the Hylcombe Grammar School.
I am thinking of starting a proper
theatrical society," he said. "You're
what?" said Frank Monk. "That is,
I think, almost word for word of the
first number you issued of the famous
—yes, famous—Empire. I can't tell
you the pleasure I derive from perus-
ing your faultless choice of good
writers' best efforts—what? I am
personally sorry that 'Rivals of St.
Lut's' was finished. I thought that
an absolutely tip-top unobtainable yarn,
but Mr. Charles Hamilton has, in-
deed, surpassed himself in the
'Rival of St. Wode's'.

KNOW BETTER.
"Dear Editor,—A curly haired boy
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"Why don't you step into your
hatters and get that hat
ironed?"
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Two faults: Too small. It ought to
be a penny.
Too long to wait. It ought to be a
law-weekly.



"No," said the gent in the bald
head, "I ain't much of a singer,
but I was ought to hear my
brother!"
"Dear Editor,—A curly haired boy
sat on the table in the common-room
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LIMERICKS.
For a wonder, the limericks and
jokes sent in last week are scarcely
up to the mark, and I must remind
you that there is a prize of 2s. 6d. for
the best one sent in. By the way,
you will find a note over the
"Moily" set of pictures on the back
page. If you like the idea, I may be
able to start a simple little picture-
colouring competition. Please drop
me a postcard.

POSTCARD EXCHANGE.
The following readers desire to ex-
change postcards:
42nd LIST.
J. White, care of Blair Bros.,
Norrem, South Canterbury, New
Zealand; I desire to exchange
postcards with readers in France.
W. N. Middlewell, 101, Durlston
Road, Upper Clapton, London,
England, with Canada; Aus-
tralia; New York, U.S.A.;
United Kingdom.
B. Gard, 70, Campbell Road, Fin-
chley Park, London, England, with
Albany, N.S.W.

II. A. Haskins, 13, Collyhurst Street,
Collyhurst, Manchester, England,
with Japan; Wales.
W. Louisa, South Centre, Pedale,
York, England, with Singapore;
U.S.A.; Australia.
W. Esté, 7, Dora Road, Small Heath,
Birmingham, England, with
British West Africa; New York,
U.S.A.; Ceylon.

THE DARK LANTERN (Continued)

too much. Snatching up his rap, which at that moment came to light, he strove to his feet, and found himself facing Milo, in his way-paint. The strong man had forgotten the chalked handkerchief he used to give his hands a firm grip, and this had brought him back.

Milo was a lively bully, over six feet high, enormously stout, but his face he called well-proportioned. Charlie Pearce stared contemptuously at the giant, and then, as they must have been a look in his deep-set eyes which was puzzling. Milo, who was about to burst into a torrent of abuse, stopped short.

the giant, "or I'll dust your jacket! A sound hiding'll do you a power of good." "Out of the way! I've no time to waste over your grankin'!" Milo breathed hard. "I've got a couple of minutes before my turn comes on, and a little exercise'll put me into form. Come here, you monkey!" Milo roared this out in a voice like a megaphone. He had in his

time seen many a poor, frightened lad creep to him, cowed into abjectance, and he expected Charlie Vance to do the same. "What he saw Charlie do amazed and puzzled him. All at once, Charlie arched his body slightly, bent forward, his eyes glowed like live coals, and the strength he had been accumulating in his contracted muscles was suddenly put into a marvellous flying leap, and into the

force with which his leap had been directed into the side of Pearce, who was like the stroke of a lightning bolt. A loud "Duck!" of a lightning bolt, a struggle, no longer good than a fight, and then a loud "Peace had gone." (Another long instalment of this story in the Empire.)

A Capital Complete Tale.



A TALE OF Gordon Gay & Co. by PROSPER HOWARD.

and long. His tie was out of all proportion to his size, and, in fact, Taddy looked "all the artist." As he caught sight of his study chums, he blinked in amazement at the strange trio Gordon Gay & Co. were escorting.

Tadpole. "What a shady-looking character to be sure! He—" "Really, madam?" interrupted Taddy, blinking indifferently. "I say he doesn't look like a lawyer," continued the strange old lady. "I'm sure my darling here would never make a companion of such a shady-looking, ink-stained, leady-dressed, long-haired, half-dart—" "Really, madam?" "I say half-dart, thick-thumbed, thin—" "Really, madam!" "Oh-h-h!" And Mrs. Hall Basket gave a shiver.

that he would have to go through with things now, so with a flourish, quest to the three visitors, who should follow him, he had had the papers in Study 13 in the Law Form corridor. "Oh, my dear lad!" said the old lady, as Gordon Gay closed the study door. "I am sure my dear boy will be ready to join the school!"

CHAPTER I. The Prospective New Boy. GORDON GAY and his two study chums Jack and Harry Wootton, came striding along the Rylecomb Lane, and as the three Fourth Form juniors sighted the fine red-brick building of Rylecomb Grammar School they each gave a gasp of relief.

"Is his name Gargel?" simpered the old lady, with a giggle. "No, my dear boy's name is Lucas. Gargel? Well, I never! He, he, he!" "My only fat aunt!" muttered Harry Wootton. "This is awful!" Gordon Gay elbowed his throat. "I—I'm sorry, ma'am," he said. "But I did not ask whether his name was Lucas. I said—"

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"At last!" exclaimed Gordon Gay. "Thank goodness," said Wootton T., and, after a second's pause, Wootton turned, with a broad grin on his face, towards— "Ho, ho, ho!" "I reckon we've done that journey from the village in about record time!" muttered Gordon Gay, in astonishment. "What on earth are those people glaring at?"

"The freck-coated gentleman stopped forward, clatching the weedy-looking youth at his side by the hand. "My wife is deaf, my dear boy," he explained— "very deaf. I might say exceptionally deaf at times. Do not shout, however, too loudly; but speak very distinctly."

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As the sound of Gordon Gay's footsteps died away down the corridor an extraordinary change came over the Hall-Basket family.

"What a freak!" muttered Harry Wootton. "Broomsticks, a broomstick that has got fossilized by—" "Good-afternoon, my boys!" interrupted the old lady, breaking away from the affectionate clutches of the freck-coated gentleman and the Elm-scented boy, and intercepting Gordon Gay & Co. as they reached the gates.

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"In my charge, ma'am!" exclaimed Gordon Gay. The old lady leaned forward, still leaning behind her mauve-spotted veil. "What did you say, my dear boy?" she said. "I—I said, 'In my charge, ma'am'!" "Oh!" Gordon Gay's face went crimson. "I said, 'In my charge, ma'am!'"

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Wily Willie Wanders to a New Home and Catches His Dinner.



1. While basking in the sunshine upon a window-sill Willie's quick eye, noticing a nice hot dinner about to be—

2. Attracted, he decides to make a bid for it. So the stars singing a popular song, in his own inapproachable style.

3. He hasn't read more than a couple of lines, however, before the door, wishing Willie would desist—

4. Decides to stop the row. Rushing outside, he affords Willie the opportunity he desires—

5. After which out goes his bowl with the inner cat satisfied!