

1<sup>D</sup> THE 2 **EMPIRE** 1<sup>D</sup>  
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THE FIRST CHAPTERS  
 — OF —  
 A NEW SCHOOL TALE.

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

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

In Strange Attire.

**B**UT really, you know, I'd rather have 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 Beeton, 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, Beeton!" 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 Beeton, both the young rascals gasping with merriment.

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 Penguin, or Kewroom, 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 novelties say of their heroes, no one would have passed him without a second glance.

As he descended the stairs he burst 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 cheek 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?"

"Fellow named Wex, or Quex—I always forget names, but I think his name was Wex—Mex lent them to me because mine were wet."

"You young ass!"

"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 laughter.

"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 Blagden, coming out of his study.

Pen turned away without replying.

"Oh, look!" roared Blagden.

"Who's that?" Great Scott!"

"Ha, ha! It's his lordship!"

"His giddy lordship! Ha, ha!"

Blagden roared.

Lord Lovell paused, and looked at the Fourth-Former.

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New Readers should turn to the foot of next page.

A New and Interesting School Story for All.

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODES.



A New School Tale by Charles Hamilton Author of The Rivals of St. Kitz.



(Continued from previous page.)

"Love, you know," he exclaimed. "What's the joke? All the fellows seem to be laughing about something. I'm sure I don't know why."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Anything funny going on, you know?" "Ha, ha, ha! Yes; you are!" "Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Insulting, blundering, by Jove!" said his lordship, walking on. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Lovell went into the common-room. The sight of him there made the juniors shiver. The noble viscount, with an air of offended dignity, sat down in an armchair for the fire, and put his feet on the fender.

A crowd of juniors gathered round him in great admiration. "My hat, what ripping clothes!" said Bamford.

"Do they wear these in the House of Lords?" asked Ramsey. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Lovell looked at them with a puzzled air. "My own things are wet," he said. "Jex—I think the fellow's name was Jex or Wex. I never remember names—well, Pex lent me these things. He says they are commonly worn at St. Wode's."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Jolly, you know—" The Fourth-Formers yelled. Fellows were crowding into the common-room to look at his lordship.

The word had gone forth that there was something worth seeing in the junior-room, and fellows came from all quarters to see it. Even the great men of the Fifth condescended to look in. Crawcrow and Lacy and Penze came in together, and burst into a roar as they saw the viscount.

The three dandies, who prided themselves as a rule on their aristocratic repose of manner. They had wild ways, upon which they prided themselves, too, and they took great pride in their nickname of the "Blades." But in the presence of mere juniors they were generally most sly; but now they roared as loudly as the youngest fag in the common-room.

The sight of Lord Lovell in his extraordinary clothes was too irresistible. "My hat!" roared Crawcrow. "What is it? Where did it spring from?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "New chaps!" said Bamford, with a grin. "Noble viscount! He's come in his state robes, you see, same as he wears in the House of Peers."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" "Really, you fellows—" "Crawcrow left off laughing. "Is that the new chap Lovell?" he asked.

"Yes; the glidy viscount." "Crawcrow came over nearer to his lordship. He tried to compose his face, but it was very hard not to laugh. "You're Lovell?" he asked. "Yes; his lordship nodded. "My friends call me Bunny. I'm sure I don't know why." Crawcrow worked up a threatening frown.

Bamford's clothes were taken into Crawcrow's room, and there the viscount changed into them. Lovell was naturally delighted. He had been known how the clothes had been cleaned out of the ridiculous garb Jex had forced upon him. "I'm sure it's very nice," he exclaimed. "I don't know how I'm very much obliged to you, Corker. I think you said your name was Bunny, didn't you?"

"Crawcrow," said the Fifth Form leader. "Oh, yes; my mistake! I'm always forgetting names," said Lovell. "Sit down in the armchair, and make yourself comfy," said Jex. "I suppose you haven't had your tea?"

"No, dear boy. I've really only just arrived, you see." "Good! Call my fag, Vernon, and tell him to get me an extra special tea, because I've got a distinguished guest."

"Oh, lovely!" said his lordship. "I'm going to call you Lovell," said Crawcrow. "We're going to be friends." "I'm sure I hope so," said Lord Lovell. "My friends always call me Bunny. I'm sure I don't know why."

"Then I shall call you Bunny, too." "Delighted, I'm sure, Corker!" "Crawcrow!" "Oh, yes; Crawcrow, that's it! Delighted, don't you see."

Crawcrow's tea-table was always well provided. Where Crawcrow got so much money from was a puzzle to several inquisitive persons. Crawcrow certainly had the most high-sounding connections, but it was perfectly well known that his people were not rich.

But Crawcrow was always the best-dressed fellow at St. Wode's, and always had plenty of cash in his pockets, and he was known to indulge in some forms of amusement—such as the billiard-tables—rather more expensive indeed.

Lord Lovell sat in the armchair, and looked pensively round the study. He did not know much of public school life to know how remarkable it was that he should be taken up by the Fifth Form in this way; but he felt very kindly disposed towards everybody.

"Comfy?" asked Crawcrow. "Jolly!" "Another cup of tea?" "Thanks, yes!" "You'll like this cake."

"Oh, awfully!" "Another cup of tea?" "You know." "Oh, lovely, you know!" "Bunny made himself at home. The Fifth-Formers seemed unable to make enough of him, and Crawcrow was all courtesy, and the captain of the Fifth could be very courteous when he chose. He did not always choose.

Rather than crawling up the same evening as that cad, Crawcrow remarked. "You might have travelled down with him." "What cad, Corker?" "The Council-school chap."

"Oh, he's not a cad, you know!" said Lord Lovell, opening his eyes. "You should have seen him put up his fists to that other chap—Bogshot. I think his name was—" "Blagdon?"

"Oh, yes, that's it! I knew it was something like Bage, or something. But you should have seen that fellow Penzeper stand up to him, though he's half a head shorter," said Lord Lovell enthusiastically. "Shows there's something in him, you know."

"What's a low cad," said Penze. "Why?" "Well, he comes here on a scholarship, you know, and his father's a fisherman or something."

"What rot!" said Lovell. Penze started. He could hardly believe his ears when a Fourth-Former called his observations rot. He wanted to follow Crawcrow's lead, and be nice to Bunny. But—"What did you say?" he asked, in a dangerous tone. "I said, you know," said Bunny.

FOR MY NEW READERS.

pouring rain. The truth is that Bamford & Co. were for young Lord Lovell, who is expected to arrive that day, but Dick has no idea of this. On the arrival of the real Lord Lovell, however, put a different complexion on matters, and Blagden comes out in his true colors. In the meantime, Lord Lovell is

rather chilly. "The chap's all right. I rather like his looks, don't you see. I couldn't have come here on a scholarship myself, you know. Haven't the wits, fellows. You see, and he ought to respect chaps like Penzeper turned crimson."

But a quick look from Crawcrow cut short the savage reply that rose to his lips. "Quite right!" claimed in Crawcrow. "Looking at it the way Bunny does, it's highly creditable to the chap."

He left the study; he felt that he could not stay there without giving expression to his feelings. Bamford's plan—that would upset were.

Crawcrow's face, who happened to be Bamford of the Fourth, came in to clear away the tea-things. Bamford had observed Lord Lovell taking his case in the senior study with great interest. He recognized something else now.

He did not venture to say anything then. The Fifth-Formers would have made things warm for him if he had ventured to say a remark.

But when he was outside the study again, and the door closed, Bamford went through some of the most mysterious of his thoughts.

He pranced up to the study door, hitting out with both fists and just stopping short of the wood; then he loosed his left arm, as if he had a hammer, and punched away at space with frantic energy.

By which Bamford seemed to comfort himself considerably; and as he went he still made passes in the air at an imaginary foe. It seemed probable that there was an exciting time waiting for Lovell when he parted company with the Blades.

By Jove! Bamford was to be let. Tea having been cleared off, Lacy brought out a box of cigarettes and an ashtray.

Lord Lovell gazed at them in astonishment. "I thought chaps weren't allowed to smoke here, you know," he remarked.

Crawcrow laughed. "They're not," he said. "But you do—" "Oh, we do as we like!" said the leader of the Blades easily.

"I—I smoke," asked Crawcrow. "I'm in Bunny—it won't hurt you." "But if it's against the rules—" said Bunny weakly.

The Fifth-Formers laughed in a scornful way. "Tell you we do as we like," said Crawcrow. "There's no prefect who wants to live a tolerable life at St. Wode's who'd dare to poke his nose into my study; if smoking were going on, light up!"

The viscount lighted up. The study was soon hazy with cigarette-smoke.

Bunny smoked only one cigarette, and it was a very mild one. Crawcrow did not want to disgust him with bad habits at the start.

It was wiser, from Crawcrow's point of view, to give the pinnace path of dalliance pleasant to the inexperienced youth to begin with.

"You're going to spend the evening with us," said Crawcrow. "We'll take you round the school and introduce you to the fellows, and finish up with a quiet game in the study."

"Oh, lovely!" said Lord Lovell. And that little programme was carried out. Lord Lovell had to acknowledge that he had spent a very pleasant evening—much more pleasant than he had ever expected to spend on his first evening in a strange school. Crawcrow looked at his watch at last.

"Bedtime!" he remarked. "We'll

see you to your dormitory, Lovell. And I'll speak a few words to you. And there, in case there's any trouble."

Lovell opened his eyes. "Trouble for me?" he queried. "New kids sometimes get quarrelsome in the juniors' dormitories," said Bamford.

"Jove!" "But they won't dare to touch you if you are known to be the Fourth Former." "So glad Crawcrow reassured him. "So glad you shouldn't be so much of a doleful unpleasant, you know. It was all right!"

Crawcrow had three or four more dormitories with the viscount. The Fourth-Formers were in these, and Bamford, a Sixth Form, was growing at Loree, but he had come up to bed with the rest of the Fourth Form, and entered with his friends.

"Oh, you've come, confirmed you?" he snipped. "Yes, you've come," said Bamford. "Lovell's been with us, Hokey!" said Crawcrow quietly.

"Oh, all right, Crawcrow!" Hokey and Bamford, who doesn't matter in the least." The Fourth were eating grapes glances at Lovell. Bamford said, "The Fourth were eating grapes, but his pillow to relieve his head."

Crawcrow sat a hard look at the dormitory, the lines of the wall, the window frame, the setting like a picture. "I don't understand," said Bamford, "that Lovell's not to be regarded as anything of that sort. Most of his is loitered at all you'll know from."

The Fourth did not reply. "But many eyes glanced at him and he clenched, and there were quick, his breath drawn. The former made the most indignant of the juniors get his back up.

Crawcrow did not realize how his interference in the personal affairs of the Fourth was presented. The Blades left the dormitory, and a few minutes later the prefect put out the light, followed them.

There was silence and stillness in the Fourth Form dormitory for the space of exactly one minute. That was to give time for the prefect to get out of hearing. Then Bamford jumped out of bed.

The Ragging of Bunny.

S CRATCH! A light gleamed out in the Fourth Form dormitory. Bamford had just put the match to a candle-end, and set the latter on fire. A dim and uneven light flickered through the dormitory, it shimmered on the eger faces of the boys.

Most of them were sitting up in bed, and those who were not were up all broad awake. No one in the Fourth Form put the match to his wash-stand. A dim and uneven light flickered through the dormitory, it shimmered on the eger faces of the boys.

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Bamford's eyes were following. "Up you get, you fellows," he claimed. "What's on?" said Newcome. Bamford snorted.

"I should like to see you get up by the Fifth how we're to treat the boys in our own Form!" roared Bamford. "Never!" "Hardly!" "Rot!"

"Down with the Fifth!" "What's the trouble up?" exclaimed Bamford. "But those chaps may come back. I don't know, the captain of the Fifth said that 'Crawcrow is—he's so jolly what'—"

"I'll fasten the door." "No key," said Bamford. "I'll jam a wedge under the door," said Bamford. "We've done this before."

"Good!" Bamford selected the door, and enough. "I don't think you can get in from the corridor outside the Fifth." By that time most of the boys were out of bed. Dick Penzeper was still, but he was wide-awake. He had seen that the attention of Bamford and his friends was to be directed towards himself; but he was not to be frightened. The Cornish lad did not

(Vote on an with the story)

**THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S.**

He was taken unaware, and he intended to fight till he could no longer stand. He was not an easy subject upon a familiarity ragging. The rage of the fight was turned towards another. The four juniors had been invited to receive the ragging. Most of them, in fact, had looked forward to holding to take a hand in such a "showship boy" "sit up," and the speech of Crawford had changed the whole current of the ragging. It was towards the viscount's bed that the vengeful eye was directed. Fen seemed forgotten by the rest. Fen was the most wrathful. Fen was thinking of his Sunday Yaroo! But nearly all the Form boys, even Newcome, were glad to be free to interfere at any time. The ragging remained quietly in bed. The viscount took a hand in the ragging of Bunny, but he would not touch a word in favour of Crawford's or of Fen's.

"No, then, Bunny Rabbit!" exclaimed Fen, rushing towards the viscount's bed.

"Did anybody speak to me!" he asked.

"Yes, I did."

"Yes! Please don't disturb me, Mr. Wicks; I am fatigued."

"My name's Jex, not Wicks!" Fen said.

"It really? Well, don't disturb me!" Fen said.

"I'll jolly soon disturb you!" exclaimed Jex, rushing towards the viscount's bed.

He grasped the bedclothes with both hands, and dragged them off. A pair of long, slim legs flew into the air.

"Jex!" gasped his lordship.

"Now get out!" roared Jex.

"My dear fellow—"

"I'll smother you!" Fen said.

Jex rushed upon his lordship. One of the viscount's feet caught in the under the chin, and he staggered back and fell upon the bedclothes.

There was a shout of laughter in the dormitory.

"Well done, Bonny!"

"Good old Rabbit!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He has fallen to his feet."

"I'll smother him!" he gasped.

Blamford pulled him back.

"Hold on!" he said.

"We're engaged to rag the blunderer. You're not going to have it all to yourself. Get off that bed, Lovell!"

The viscount, sitting shivering in his nightgown, blinked at him.

"Why should I get off the bed?" he asked.

"We're going to rag you."

"Jex, but I very strongly object to being ragged!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yank him off!"

Lord Lovell was promptly yanked off the bed. He staggered, but he was clearly not to a rough-and-tumble combat. Even if he had fallen, the odds were too great against him.

"Get a blanket off his bed!" said Blamford.

Four juniors took the blanket by the corners. Lovell gazed at it in surprise and dismay.

"Jex!" he ejaculated. "What is this for?"

"Ha, ha! Get into it!"

"Get into it?" stammered his lordship.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"But my dear person—"

"The dear person you if you don't take the blanket!" roared Blamford. "The Fourth Form boys' politeness to the viscount had reached now. He knew that he had to take against Crawford, and so he was free to show his noble independence of all titled persons whatsoever."

"But—but what am I to get into the blanket for?" asked Lovell.

"We're going to toss you."

"But I strongly object to being tossed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, chuck him in!" exclaimed Blamford impatiently. Blamford had cornered the blanket, and he was ready to begin.

Blamford and Corton grasped his lordship, and Lovell, gasping and protesting, was flung neck and heels into the blanket.

The viscount's weight in it dragged it down, and he lay there, apparently unconscious, in the blanket, which was made worse than ever.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Jove, you see! I don't like it, you know. Let me get out, tell you I object!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Up with him!"

The four juniors grasped the blanket firmly at the corners. Blamford kept time as they swung it, like a conductor with an orchestra.

"One, two, three—away!"

"Up in the go!"

White!

Up from the tossing blanket shot his lordship towards the ceiling. Blamford and Lovell whirled in the air, and fell back into the blanket with a bump, shaken almost out of his wits.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Ow!"

"Up with him!"

"Hurray!"

"I'll teach him to borrow my Sunday bags!"

"Get it!"

"My dear persons— Ow! Yaroo!"

Up went his lordship again, tossed higher than before. This time he turned over in the air, and came down in a heap in the blanket.

"As?" said Blamford.

It was the Council school blunder, the scholarship boy, who had the raggers stop in tones of ringing command, and for the moment astonishment held them dumb.

Mr. Bush looks in.

PEN faced the raggers, his eyes flashing, his hand grasping the blanket in which Lord Lovell lay dazed.

"Stop!" he repeated.

The juniors stared and gazed. Blamford was the first to find his voice.

"You—you interfering puppy!" he stammered. "You low bound! Get back to your bed before we skin you!"

"You won't toss that chap in a blanket any more!" said Pen quietly. "What's going to stop us?" roared Blamford.

"I will!"

"You!"

"You'll have an accident," said Pen. "Fun is all very well, but you might break the chap's leg. Don't play the fool!"

"And who are you to preach at us?" yelled Blamford.

Lord Lovell sat up in the blanket.

"Jove," he exclaimed, "I'm feeling sick. Thank you, young Penwick! Or is your name Penragon? I forget. Lemmo get out."

Fen gave him a hand to step from the blanket. The Fourth-Formers were too astounded to interfere for a moment.

Then their fury broke forth.

"Get him!"

"Down him!"

"Bump him!"

"Council school call!"

"Callor the blunder!"

Lord Lovell was pushed aside, forgotten in the rush that followed. All the anger of the St. Wode's fellows had been directed at Fen, and Fen, while the story is dramatic and thrilling in style, it is characterised by incidents that in themselves are also laughable.

Now, in view of this story, which is starting next Wednesday, I want you to make a point of ordering your EMPIRE in advance.



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

A fellow who knows how to be tossed in a blanket is not likely to be much hurt. But Lovell evidently did not know. The lad, reared in the lap of luxury, had never known before what it was to be roughly handled.

He was less fitted to hold his own in the Fourth Form at St. Wode's than Dick Penwyn, the scholarship boy.

"Ow!" gasped Lovell. "Oh, Jove!"

"Up with him again!"

"Touch the ceiling this time!"

"Here, stop that!" shouted Newcome from his bed. "None of that, Blagden! You'll very likely have an accident."

"Rats!" shouted lack Blagden.

"Jove, I say— Oh!"

Up went Lord Lovell. He very nearly touched the ceiling that time, and as he bounced back into the blanket, the impulse of his fall almost dragged it from the hands of the juniors. He touched the floor through the blanket, and gave a kick.

Newcome sat up in bed.

"I tell you you'll have an accident, you fools!" he exclaimed.

"Mind your own business!"

"Accident with him!"

"Stop!"

It was a clear, ringing voice, as a form in pyjamas ran forward, and laid a hand on the edge of the blanket.

The juniors stopped in sheer amazement.

It was Pen!

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Pen went for a trip on the ocean.

And felt sick when the ship was in motion.

He ran to his bunk,

In a terrible funk.

To think of some curable loion.

—H. H. S.

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; for in a week or two's time you will find something quite new occupying the whole of our last page, and I shall be very much surprised if you do not, all of you, exclaim: "Good!"

I will not tell you what is going to happen, but take my word for it that you can look forward to many a hearty laugh. I think that now I have said enough, or else you will be guessing what the surprise is.

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 "lust" on a shutter.—D. H.

THE HALF-A-CROWN.

From the limericks given on this page, I have selected the one sent in by H. H. S., as the best of the two-and-sixpence, and with the cash my reader has my sincere congratulations.

"THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S."

As I fully expected, our new school tale, by Charles Hamilton, promises to be even more popular than the famous "Rivals of St. Kilda," and all I can say is that it fully deserves the success that it has met with, and I hope that my old readers will do me the favour of recommending it to their clubs. The best service that any reader can do me is to obtain for the EMPIRE Library a new subscriber. Old readers please make a note of this.

AN EXTRA HALF-A-CROWN.

The following lines sent in by E. A. Hendon, may amuse you; anyhow, I have departed from my rule of only awarding one half-a-crown in prize money, so another reader has my congratulations.

THE WIRELESS AGE.

Our history is moving on, Has turned another page, Upon the topic which we note The words, "A Wireless Age."

The farmers' wildest cattle will Securely gaze inside The new barbed-wireless fence Which Some genius will provide. And best of all, we ought to find, Before this page is full, That when they connect their wires, There'll be no wires to pull.

HYPNOTISM.

W. J. F., of Willeston, in a very nice letter congratulating me on my choice of our stories, asks for some information regarding the science of hypnotism. This is, rather a poser, for, while the science of science, mesmerism, or hypnotism, requires to be explained by a specialist on the subject; and since I cannot lay claim to more than a slight outline knowledge of hypnotism and its strange mysteries, I must recommend my reader to go through his lending library catalogue, and see whether he cannot there find a book dealing with the subject. One thing I do know—the power of hypnotic influence is only for the few, and in the hands of a novice is likely to prove rather a dangerous hobby. However, W. J. F., I expect that all you want is to gather some information for practical purposes, but just to satisfy your curiosity, and I think that you should have no difficulty in obtaining a book that will tell you all that you want to know.

THE EDITOR.

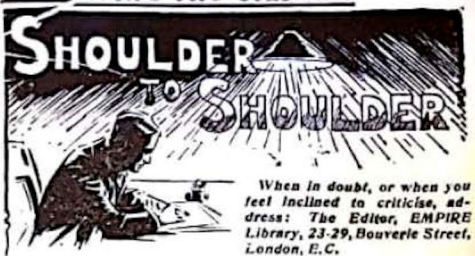
POSTCARD EXCHANGE.

The following readers desire to exchange postcards:

40th LIST.

J. Greenfield, Dylesford House, 28, Stuart Street, Treorchy, South Wales, wishes to exchange postcards with readers in South Africa; Japan.

**THE EDITOR'S TWO COLUMNS.**



When in doubt, or when you feel inclined to criticise, 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, and for my new readers' benefit I again repeat that this thrilling story will be about the early days of Charles Peace, the notorious wrongdoer.

Needless to say, this new story of ours has been very carefully considered, and the author has endeavoured to make it one of the best of its kind ever written. I am sure that when you come to read the first chapters of "The Dark Lantern," you will say with me that it is not only one of the best tales ever written by this author, but decidedly the best tale of Charles Peace that has ever been published.

Of necessity, of course,

"THE DARK LANTERN"

will deal with ways that are dark and devious, but you will find it most interesting and thrilling in style, it is characterised by incidents that in themselves are also laughable.

Now, in view of this story, which is starting next Wednesday, I want you to make a point of ordering your EMPIRE in advance.

Pen went for a trip on the ocean.

And felt sick when the ship was in motion.

He ran to his bunk,

In a terrible funk.

To think of some curable loion.

—H. H. S.

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; for in a week or two's time you will find something quite new occupying the whole of our last page, and I shall be very much surprised if you do not, all of you, exclaim: "Good!"

I will not tell you what is going to happen, but take my word for it that you can look forward to many a hearty laugh. I think that now I have said enough, or else you will be guessing what the surprise is.

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 "lust" on a shutter.—D. H.

THE HALF-A-CROWN.

From the limericks given on this page, I have selected the one sent in by H. H. S., as the best of the two-and-sixpence, and with the cash my reader has my sincere congratulations.

"THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S."

As I fully expected, our new school tale, by Charles Hamilton, promises to be even more popular than the famous "Rivals of St. Kilda," and all I can say is that it fully deserves the success that it has met with, and I hope that my old readers will do me the favour of recommending it to their clubs. The best service that any reader can do me is to obtain for the EMPIRE Library a new subscriber. Old readers please make a note of this.

AN EXTRA HALF-A-CROWN.

The following lines sent in by E. A. Hendon, may amuse you; anyhow, I have departed from my rule of only awarding one half-a-crown in prize money, so another reader has my congratulations.

THE WIRELESS AGE.

Our history is moving on, Has turned another page, Upon the topic which we note The words, "A Wireless Age."

The farmers' wildest cattle will Securely gaze inside The new barbed-wireless fence Which Some genius will provide. And best of all, we ought to find, Before this page is full, That when they connect their wires, There'll be no wires to pull.

HYPNOTISM.

W. J. F., of Willeston, in a very nice letter congratulating me on my choice of our stories, asks for some information regarding the science of hypnotism. This is, rather a poser, for, while the science of science, mesmerism, or hypnotism, requires to be explained by a specialist on the subject; and since I cannot lay claim to more than a slight outline knowledge of hypnotism and its strange mysteries, I must recommend my reader to go through his lending library catalogue, and see whether he cannot there find a book dealing with the subject. One thing I do know—the power of hypnotic influence is only for the few, and in the hands of a novice is likely to prove rather a dangerous hobby. However, W. J. F., I expect that all you want is to gather some information for practical purposes, but just to satisfy your curiosity, and I think that you should have no difficulty in obtaining a book that will tell you all that you want to know.

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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. Coxley, Cammeray Road, Folly Point, N. Sydney, N.S.W., with Cornwall, England.  
H. Martens, 98, Fraser Street, Randwick, Burma, India, with England.  
H. C. Harris, care of Box 51, Grahamstown, Cape Colony, South Africa with Canada.

My favorite with All!

# COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOLDAYS

A TALE OF TOM MERRYS CHUM  
BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

**GLANCE OVER THIS.**  
 Ethel Cleveland is a new girl at St. Fred's, and on her first day at school she is attracted by the personality of Dolores, a high-spirited girl who does not seem to care for school. Ethel subsequently meets Dolores from her dis-  
 tance, and the two become firm friends.  
 Dolores takes Dolores over to St. Fred's, where Arthur D'Arcy, the school porter, and the cousin is introduced to all her friends.  
 D'Arcy insists on sending Dolores quantities of cabbage, but Ethel's innocent dislike of tart is delivered to her. Next a huge box of "Sap" and "Books" is introduced to all her friends.  
 Ethel calls the school porter, and shall I take the box, miss?"  
 (And on from here.)

**Milly Feels Bad.**  
 "My room, please," said Cousin Ethel hesitatingly; and when it occurred to her that her room was by no means a desirable place. The big box would be hidden in the little cubicle, and it would surely attract general attention if the porter carried it to her.  
 "Very well, miss."  
 "No, don't take it there," said the porter. "Take it to the woodshed."  
 "Yes, miss."  
 "And—ah—hurry, please."  
 Corporal Brick changed his direction and bore the parcel away in the bottom of the woodshed. It was in fact a large box, and it was some time before the porter returned.  
 Some trees interposed now between the house and the woodshed, and Ethel could not see from the windows.  
 "How is it?" exclaimed Claire, pointing to the box. "What is that, Ethel?"  
 "Only a box," said Ethel.  
 "What is in it?"  
 "Which is soap," said Corporal Brick, "and 'easy it is'." "Sap," shrieked Claire.  
 "Yes, miss."  
 "Oh, dear, Ethel, what—"  
 But Ethel could not explain. They went on with the box, leaving Claire to guess.  
 The porter bore the box into the

woodshed at last, and dumped it there. There was a sound from within, and the corporal started.  
 "Which it sounds more like stone blocks than soap," he remarked.  
 "Thank you so much," said Ethel.  
 "Not at all, miss. That ain't the 'coziest thing I've carried, by many a one. I remember when I was in South Africa with them boxes—"  
 And please accept this suspense," said Ethel, who was not anxious just then to hear the African reminiscences.  
 "Thank you kindly, miss." The corporal retired.  
 Cousin Ethel threw a number of faggots on the box to conceal it for the present at least, and then, with a heightened colour, she left the woodshed.  
 As she returned to the garden to seek Dolores, she encountered Milly Pratt. Milly was looking very white, and her face and hands were sticky. She stared at Ethel with a lack-lustre eye.  
 Ethel looked alarmed.  
 "What is the matter, Milly?" she exclaimed.  
 "'N-nothing," muttered Milly.  
 "But you look ill."  
 "I—I am feeling a little—little queer."  
 "Oh, dear, it was the tarts?" exclaimed Ethel, with real concern.  
 Milly shook her head feebly.  
 "No, no," she murmured. "I—I didn't eat more than nineteen."  
 Ethel stared at her, aglazed.  
 "Nineteen?" she ejaculated.  
 "Yes, not more than twenty, at the most."  
 "You—you silly little thing," said Ethel. "You must be feeling dreadfully ill. You should not have done it."  
 "I—I shall feel all right presently," mumbled Milly. "I—leave me alone for a little while."  
 She sank down upon a seat.  
 "I'm so sorry," said Ethel.  
 "It's all r-r-right."  
 Ethel went on into the garden. Before she reached Dolores, however, a voice was heard calling, and Corporal Brick came puffing up.  
 "If you please, miss—"  
 "What is it?"  
 "She looked quickly and anxiously at the old soldier. The corporal's manner made her think for a moment that the packet in the woodshed had been unearthed. But it was not that.  
 "If you please, miss, Mrs. Filby—"  
 "Yes," said Ethel.  
 "Mrs. Filby says as how there's

another parcel for you, miss," said the corporal. "A very large parcel of books, miss."  
 Cousin Ethel stood speechless for a moment.  
 "Books?" she said at last.  
 "Yes, miss. I got 'em for you, 'oh, dear!'"  
 "Which if you'll come to Mrs. Filby's, miss."  
 "I'll come at once," said Cousin Ethel.  
 And she went.

**More Parcels for Ethel.**  
 "A NOTHER parcel for you, Miss Cleveland," said Mrs. Filby. "You are getting quite a large number of parcels to-day."  
 "Yes, indeed," said poor Ethel.  
 "Books this time," said Mrs. Filby. "Where is the parcel, please?"  
 "Here it is."  
 Cousin Ethel looked at the parcel. It was wrapped in thick brown paper, and tied with string, and labelled "Books, with Care."  
 The parcel was a large one, but

once who used to read the serial story in a penny newspaper, and there was great trouble when Miss Penfold discovered it."  
 "Indeed!" said Ethel.  
 "Yes, indeed, Miss Cleveland. Perhaps you wouldn't mind opening the parcel, 'ere."  
 "Oh!"  
 "Or giving me your word that it does not contain any books of that sort," said Mrs. Filby—"no sizzling novels or newspapers."  
 "Oh, certainly!" said Ethel. "I assure you that it does not contain anything of the kind, Mrs. Filby."  
 "Then you may take the parcel," said the housekeeper.  
 "Thank you."  
 Cousin Ethel left the housekeeper's room with the parcel in her hand. From its bulk and weight she knew that it must contain the cake sent by her Cousin Arthur.  
 Ethel was beginning to feel disappointed.  
 It was really too bad.  
 If the parcels continued to arrive there was certain to be content and

"I am very sorry for that," said Ethel.  
 "Oh, it will be a lesson to her!" said Dolly. "Don't worry about Milly. But what are you doing with all those books?"  
 "I'm taking the parcel to my cubicle."  
 "Anything interesting to read?"  
 "Oh, no!"  
 "You don't mean to say they're dry school-books?"  
 "Well, no."  
 "What are they?" asked the persistent Dolly.  
 "Well, as a matter of fact, it's a cake," said Cousin Ethel. "It's another gift from my absurd cousin."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "It is growing to be a great bother."  
 Dolly Carew laughed heartily.  
 "Are there any more things to come?" she asked.  
 "Oh, dear! What fun?"  
 "It will not be fun if Miss Penfold finds it out."  
 Dolly became grave.  
 "It was evident that the Paul Fry of St. Fred's was very curious and very suspicious."  
 "Do you think she heard you?" asked Cousin Ethel uneasily.  
 "I don't know."  
 "Because—she might—"  
 Dolly shook her head.  
 "Oh, no; avoid Cousin Craven would not speak to the mistress," she said. "Even Ethel would stop short of that."  
 "Well, I hope so," said Ethel.  
 She carried the parcel into her cubicle and opened it. There was a huge plum-cake in the box. Ethel, half laughing and halfasperated, wrapped it in the paper, and placed it in her trunk, putting it under some clothes for safety. Then she carried away the box it had come in to a boot-room, and deposited it among some lumber.  
 Somewhat relieved in her mind at having disposed of the body, so to speak, the girl went down into the garden again. But her troubles were not at an end. A maid with a smiling face met her on the path, with an announcement that a consignment of ink and quills for her by van, and that it was waiting for her in the housekeeper's room.  
 "Ink!" said Ethel.  
 "Yes, miss."  
 Poor Ethel hardly dared to show herself in the housekeeper's room again. But there was no help for it; she must go.  
 As she entered the sound of a calm voice struck her with dismay.  
 "Miss Penfold, the head-mistress of St. Fred's, has in her room, speaking to Mr. Filby. Ethel drew back, but it was too late.  
 "Come in, my dear," said Miss Penfold, with a smile and a nod to Cousin Ethel. "Come in, Ethel!"



"I am feeling a little—little queer," muttered Milly. "But it is more than nineteen." Ethel stared at her aglazed.  
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 "Mrs. Filby says as how there's

## TWO LITTLE WAIFS.

Apparently unconscious of the sensation his appearance had caused, the stranger dropped into the chair lately vacated by the Cadger, and, rapping on the table with one of the empty pewter pots, ordered a white-aproned drawer to bring him some refreshment, then fixed his attention on the Cadger. Presently with startling suddenness he turned upon Phil Fernay, saying:  
 "What are you doing here?"  
 "I came with a friend," replied Phil, resenting the man's almost imperious demand.  
 "A friend—eh?" returned the other. "Then take my advice, avoid such friends in the future, or you will be like them—hunted clear, and dare not remain in the same room with a detective. Which was your friend?"  
 "I don't know his real name," replied Phil, calling him the Cadger," replied Phil.  
 "And how did you come to know him?"  
 Phil replied by giving a short account of his acquaintance with Hook.  
 The detective listened, not a muscle of his impassive face moving to show that he even heard what the boy was saying.  
 "Ah, I thought as much!" he said, when Phil ceased speaking. "Now,

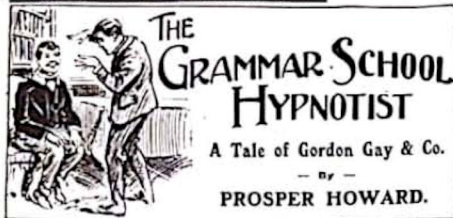
my lad, go straight home, and do not be so ready to make friends with strangers in future, or you may find yourself in trouble."  
 Phil thanked the detective for his advice, and left the free-and-easy, glad at heart to escape from the tainted atmosphere of the close room.  
 As he emerged from the public-house he came face to face with Peter Silcock.  
 "Hello, Peter! What are you doing here?" he demanded, glad indeed to see the boy's red hair and freckled face.  
 "What do ye mean by it, a-mixin' up with that there Cadger, and wastin' yer time and money at places like that? Gam, I'm ashamed of ye! If it wasn't for Miss Lucy, I'd wash my hands of ye entirely. But there, you're nothing more nor less than a baby, and I'm your doctor, so don't ye forget it. Good job for you I'm well known to the police," he continued, trotting by Phil's side.  
 "Did you send the detective in?" asked Phil.  
 "I did," replied the boy decidedly.  
 "Loe, it was worth payin' a bob for to see those hoodlums chaps sneakin' out for the side entrance soon after I'd told him a great friend of mine was being led into bad company by a crooked-eyed hoodlum, because he was a rat-bob, and might perhaps be

taught to steal. Oh, you are a soft 'un, you are! What did you think the Cadger wanted you for? Because he'd fallen in love with ye—oh! Gam, I don't think."  
 There was such a world of scorn in the boy's voice that Phil Fernay literally quivered. The more he explained the more scornful Peter became, until at length he described his fight with the Cadger. Peter came to an abrupt halt, and, gazing for nearly a minute fixedly at Phil, shook his head dispassionately.  
 "Here, you're coming along of me," he declared at length, seizing his friend by the arm. "We're going to the British Museum—that's the place for curiosities like you. You goes and gives a hoodlum like that Cadger a thrashing, and thinks that he has got the spirit for forgive and forget, that so far from wantin' to be friends with ye, he'll get his own back sooner or later. Why, if his mates get to hear of it, he'll never be able to hold his head up amongst them again."  
 "They do know of it. He told them himself," asserted Phil.  
 "It took some time for the red-headed boy to digest his last piece of information.  
 "Then depend upon it, they're playin' a deeper game than we know of. I tell you what it is, Master Phil, I'm not going to trust you out alone

more than I can help. Business is business, and must be attended to; but whenever I can get off, I won't be far away from you."  
 "You'll do nothing of the kind," declared Phil, who was getting rather angry with the youngster, patronising tone. "I'm quite capable of taking care of myself, thank you!"  
 "Looks like it, don't it? Shouldn't be surprised if these hoodlums hadn't noticed you getting your trousers over after the pubs were closed; then it would have been good-bye, Phil Fernay! Yah, you'd find more brains in an obnoxious man than in you!" he concluded contemptuously.  
 This was more than Phil Fernay could stand. With an exclamation of anger, he gave the boy a box on the ear, which sent him staggering against a lamp-post.  
 Peter rubbed his ear ruefully, then, with a sullen:  
 "If that's how you treat your friends, you can go to Jericho, for all I care!" walked swiftly away.  
 Phil Fernay hesitated, and, remembering the heavy little knickerbocker boy had performed for him, he already repented his hasty blow. But ere he could make up his mind to follow, Peter had disappeared.

"(Another long instalment of this grand story next week.)"

A CAPITAL LITTLE SHORT COMPLETE STORY.



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

CHAPTER I.

Discussing the Hypnotist of Study 13.

"THEY'RE off their rockers!"

said Frank Monk.

"Can you study mate,

Carboy.

"Haven't got a blessed leg to

stand on!" and Lane was trying to

be surprised, either, for I've often

thought those kids in Study 13 had a

look of lunacy about them. Have

you ever seen their eyes when—

"Oh, dry up, Lane!" laughed

Frank Monk.

"You must know we've seen

Gordon Gay's eyes before now; but I put this latest wheeze

down to the influence that a kid like

Tadpole must have in a study."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Lane and

Carboy.

"Of course, there is something in

hypnotism, and mesmerism, and other

kinds of 'some' sortimes, but it's

all my eye about Gordon Gay ever

thinking he can hypnotise anybody.

Did you see your own eyes when you

put the 'fluency on Taddy, Lane?"

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 lunatic."

"My hat!" gasped the incredulous

Frank Monk.

"Yes; and the funny part about

it was that that dummy Tadpole was

going on with his painting as though

he hadn't the slightest idea that Gay

was there. Of course, Gay soon lost

his wool, so 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 hoof

through that fearful daub of

Taddy's."

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

"Work!" roared Lane. "My

sole silk topper! You should have

heard the fearful clatter there was

when Gay flopped to the ground!"

"Ha, ha, ha."

"You know Gordon Gay's been

scotching the subject up good deal,"

continued Lane, when the laughter

had died down in the cosy study of

the Fourth Form at Hylcomen

Grammar School, "and he's such a

frighfully keen chap when he makes

up his mind to do anything that I

shouldn't be surprised if he worked

the kidney all serene one of these

days."

Frank Monk frowned.

"Be jolly rotten if he did!" he

murmured. "A chap could score in

wheezes right and left if he could

put the influence on anybody he

wanted to."

"Not half!" assented Carboy and

Lane.

"One thing is to make him give up

the wheeze. My only aunt"

exclaimed Frank Monk suddenly.

"I have it!"

Carboy and Lane sprang to their

feet.

"Have what, fathead?" cried

Carboy. "Let's hear it!"

"There was a pause 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 can get our own back on

Gordon Gay and his kids in Study

13."

And then the three juniors put

their heads together, and for some

moments a pin could have been heard

to drop; until suddenly the doors

of the Fourth Form corridor, and

three thence, burst into roars of

laughter.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"My hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

CHAPTER 2.

Gordon Gay Finds a Subject.

FRANK MONK & CO. simul-

taneously produced handker-

chiefs to dry their eyes, so

heavily had they been

laughing.

"Come on, chaps!" said Frank

Monk at last. "Let's hop along to

No. 13!"

"Rather!" laughed Carboy and

Lane. And the three famous

juniors made their way out of their

study, and arm in arm they strode

along to No. 13.

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 big coloured canvas

placed before him on a small easel

out of all proportion to the size of

the picture.

"Hallo, kids!" said Gordon Gay,

as Frank Monk & Co. closed the

door and made for the remaining

chairs by the fireplace. "Have you

come to see? 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,

and—"

"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 Carboy and

Lane had great difficulty in conceal-

ing 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 now

to experiment on."

"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,

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!" repeated the

leader 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

13 next seized his rival to

push down and pick 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 tip the table four times,"

he said.

Frank Monk stepped up to the

table in a strange mechanical

and

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 Carboy pressed their

hands and Carboy pressed their

heads 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!"

CHAPTER 3.

The Hypnotist's Subject Runs Amok!

"S H-ll-H-ll!" murmured Gordon

Gay, perceiving with his

mysterious hand-passing.

"Make him do some-

thing," 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 crooned, in a

and raised the heavy poker in

the air.

"The juniors gave a start as the

"subject" crashed the poker down

and made the inkpot jump a foot

into the air, and it unfortunately

tumbled a somewhat and came down

on Frank Wootton's carefully written

exercise.

"Hi!" yelled the indignant

Australian, junior. "What the

dam!"

"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-



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

tioned his assault on the study

furniture. "Crash! Bang! Crash!"

The backs of two chairs slumped

to the floor, and the other chair

turned his attack on to the desk.

"Crash!"

Click and photo frames went flying

about, and the next moment the

poker went crashing into the glass

mirror over the desk.

"My hat!" roared Lane and

Carboy. "You're fairly good, old

Gay!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Frank Monk dashed wildly round

the study, crashing his poker

on every article in the room, and

superior assault, and in less than ten

minutes the place was a perfect

wreck of its former self.

Meantime Gordon Gay & Co. had

their work out to avoid being

struck by the flying articles.

"Stop!" commanded the leader of

Study 13. "I order you to stop."

Frank Monk, his brow