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Also in This Issue:

"The Scapegrace of the Regiment." The NEW Story.

THE RIVALS OF ST WODE'S

BY CHARLES HAMILTON



"As a friend," remarked the vicount, looking in at the door, "I should like to invite a chap to tea without inviting his chum."

[Our Readers are informed that the characters in the following Story are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is made to any living person. Actual names may be occasionally mentioned, but the Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that no adverse personal reflection is intended.]

Study-Mates

MR. BUSH had no right to interfere between Lovell and Pen. He knew it, but he had hoped to sway the seemingly soft nature of the vicount. He was discovering what many people discovered in the long run—that under Lord Lovell's softness there could be a very grim determination at times.

"Of course, Lovell," said Mr. Bush, after a long pause, "if you insist upon choosing this boy as your study-mate, I do not wish to disappoint you."

"How good! I can have him, then?"

"You must blame yourself for any unpleasant consequences, then."

"Quite so, sir. I'm willing to do so."

"Very well," said Mr. Bush, biting his lip. "You may have Study No. 4, and Penwyn as a study-mate, if you choose."

"Thank you, sir."

And Lovell walked out cheerily and joined Pen in the passage. He gave the Cornish lad a joyous slap on the back.

"We're having the same study, Pen?" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Bush has agreed?"

"Yes, rather; I buzzed the Head at him, you see," Bunny explained.

"He had to cave in. Let's go and have a look at the quarters."

"Good!"

They went up to the Fourth Form passage. No. 4 Study adjoined Blagden's room. It was almost as large as Blagden's study, and as it was to have only two inmates they would have more room to themselves than Blagden & Co. had. Pen looked round the room with great satisfaction. It seemed a cosy enough room to him.

There was a comical grin upon the aristocratic features of Lord Lovell.

"Don't you like the room?" asked Pen.

"Oh, yes!"

"I thought—"

Bunny laughed.

"Well, you could put six of it into my den at home," he said.

"But I know a chap who to rough it at school, I don't mind roughing it. The Lovells were always a hardy family. It does a chap good to rough it."

"It's not roughing it to me," said Pen simply. "I've lived in cheaper quarters by a long way. But I suppose you've had everything you wanted all your life."

"I believe I have," said Bunny, looking round, "but I haven't let it make me soft, my son. I'm going to rough it here. Look here, we shall want a new carpet. Fellows furnish their studies themselves at these schools, you know."

Pen looked at the carpet. It had been left there by the former tenants of the study, and it looked very decent to Pen's eyes. But the fastidious Bunny evidently wasn't satisfied with it.

"No furniture here as yet," Bunny went on, "nothing but that table. It's a deal table. Of course, it won't do."

"Why not?"

"Well, it offends my sight, for one thing," said Bunny. "Look at the way the legs are cut! There isn't a true line in the whole thing!"

"—I suppose not."

"We must have a couple of really comfortable armchairs," said Bunny thoughtfully.

Pen smiled. He thought that

Bunny's ideas of roughing it were not likely to put his endurance to a very severe strain.

"And some nice curtains," Bunny remarked. "The place will have to be papered again, too. I never could stand a cheap wallpaper. Look at the design on that paper—impossible roses climbing over an impossible trellis! The chap who had this study papered out was a savage—a Hottentot or a Philistine!"

Pen laughed. The wallpaper seemed very well to him, if a trifle soiled. As a matter of fact, Pen was more accustomed to whitewashed walls than to wallpaper.

"No good thinking of dustercher here, I suppose," said Bunny; "must have wallpaper. Well, we'll have a decent design and some decent colouring, anyway. Of course, I believe in a chap roughing it, but a bad design and crude colouring is carrying the thing too far. No need to risk a nervous breakdown on it, you know."

"But—but they're not likely to paper out a study for us," Pen suggested.

"Oh, that's all right! I'll have it done by a firm in London," said Bunny. "I'll send a wire to-day."

"My hat!"

"I suppose they won't raise any objection to one room in the school being done up decently," said Pen.

"—I suppose not," assented Pen.

"But—"

"But what, old son?"

"Who's going to pay for it?"

"My governor."

"But I'm going to share the study I ought to pay half," said Pen, colouring.

"Stuff! I'm not going to pay! my father says. I assure you that was settled before I left Lovell Court. My dear chap, I'll make any sacrifice to friendship you like, but I can't dig in a room with a vile colour on the walls. It gives me a pain. Now, you haven't very much tin, have you? Excuse me."

Pen laughed.

"Very little," he replied.

"Exactly! If you pay your whack, I'm condemned to live among cheap furniture and crude colours, which would probably make me ill. You see, the only solution is to let my governor stand the furniture for both of us."

"I suppose I can't say anything else," said Pen. "You ought to be comfortable, as you can afford it."

"Just so! And you're not going to refuse to dig in the study simply because it's well furnished, are you?"

"No," said Pen, laughing.

"Good! I'll send that wire. We shall have to put up with the Form-room till the study's finished; but it won't be long. The men will be down early in the morning."

And Lord Lovell quitted the study with his chum. He looked for somebody to take his wire to the post-office.

A Lesson in Manners

CRAWCOUR, of the Fifth, the great chief of the noble society known in St. Wode's as the Blagdens, was in the lower passage when Lovell and Penwyn came down.

Crawcour gave the little vicount a most amiable smile. He did not appear to see Pen at all. That made Pen smile a little. It was curious to

(Continued on the next page.)

An Most Popular School Story.

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S.

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

(New readers should glance over the brief account of the First Chapters given at the foot of this page.)

see the chief of the Blades smiling amiably with one side of his face and maintaining an icy reserve with the other. "Oh, here you are, Lovell!" said Crawcour. "Getting shaken down—"

"Yes," said Lovell. "I suppose I shall shake down in time." "Like the place—oh? Lot of bouncers here," said Crawcour, with the calm insolence which made so many fellows at St. Wode's admire and hate him. "Very few decent chaps—in fact, I decline to know more than six or seven."

"Really?" "Yes. Can I do anything for you anything to help you get settled down?" asked the great man amiably.

"You're very good," said Bunny. "By the way, you know my friend Penwyn?"

"Crawcour suddenly became aware of Pen's existence. "I don't," he replied. He did not say he wanted to, either.

"Let me introduce you," said Bunny cheerfully. "Crawcour, of the Fifth—Penwiper—I mean Penwison, of the Fourth!"

Pen could not help grinning at the acquaintance visible in the face of the Fifth-Former. Crawcour ducked his head slightly in acknowledgment of the introduction. He would not have shaken hands with Pen to save his life, and Pen had put his hands into his pockets in case Crawcour should show any desire to do so.

"You want to do something for me, don't you?" resumed Bunny. "Yes," said Crawcour, glad to get the subject away from Pen. "Anything I can do—"

"You don't mind taking a little trouble?" "Not at all."

"Then would you mind running down to the post-office and sending off a telegram for me?" said Bunny pleasantly.

Crawcour staggered. His own insolence had no limits, but it was a new experience to him to be treated with insolence himself. He had meant, of course, to perform any little office for the new boy in a kind and condescending way. To be despatched to the post-office with a telegram, like the house-page of an errand-boy, was not in the programme. In spite of his great desire to be on good terms with Lord Lovell he very nearly threw himself upon the viscount.

Pen chuckled. He could not help it. Soft and sweet as Bunny looked, Pen could see that he was giving the Fifth-Former a Roland for an Oliver. Crawcour's rudeness to Pen was being paid back in kind.

"I—I—" stammered Crawcour. "Of course, I'll give you a bob for going," said Bunny.

"You cheeky young scoundrel!" roared Crawcour, losing his temper entirely.

Bunny looked at him in astonishment. "B-b-but you offered to do anything for me!" he exclaimed.

Crawcour clenched his hands, and Dick Penwyn clenched his fists. If the Fifth-Former had touched Bunny he would have had the Cornish lad to deal with.

But Crawcour restrained himself. He had better use to put Lord Lovell to than hammering him.

"You don't seem to understand how matters are here, Lovell," he said. "I won't hammer you, though you deserve to be hammered. I understand things a bit better later on."

He swung away. Lord Lovell looked at Pen with a quiet grin.

"Oh, lovely!" he murmured. "I think I took the bouncer down a peg, Pen—what?"

"Yes," said Pen, laughing. "But you'll make an enemy of him, Bunny, and the Fifth Form chaps seem anxious to be friendly with you."

"I don't care! If they don't want my friend's company, they can't have mine," said Bunny. Pen's face grew very grave.

"I shall be standing in your light all the time, Bunny, in this way, if you stick to me!" he exclaimed. "I'm sticking to you all the same. My dear chap, we agreed to let that

subject drop. I know what I'm about. And Pen nodded. "My lord!"

Spratt, the page, came up to the juniors in the hall with a sealed note in his hand. Lord Lovell turned towards him. "For your lordship, me lord," said Spratt.

Spratt evidently had a great respect and admiration for the great. He handed the note to Lord Lovell, almost in fear and trembling, but with a glimmer in his eyes which showed that he considered all titled persons bound to bestow liberal tips.

"Thank you!" said Lovell, taking the note. "Will you take this telegram to the post-office for me, kid?"

"Suttlings, me lord!" "Thank you!"

Spratt departed with the telegram and a shilling for himself, and he bit the shilling to make sure that it was a good one, and confided to the cook below stairs that his lordship was "bevery hinch a nobleman."

"Excuse me, dear boy," said Bunny; and he opened the note. He grinned, and handed it to Dick Penwyn to read. It ran as follows:

"The fellows in No. 7 Study will be glad to see the company of Lord Lovell to tea. Cake and jam and shrimps. (Signed)

"PLUMMER, RAMSEY, LONG."

"Tea at 5.30."

"Better go," said Pen. "We've no conveniences in our own study for getting tea, and the fellows here do not seem to care for tea in hall much."

His lordship shook his head. "I'm going to have tea in hall with you, Bramble's with this lot. I've made out while I go and explain to Plummer and Ramsey and Long that I can't come."

"But—" "My dear chap, don't argue." "Oh, all right!"

Lord Lovell scribbled some words on the back of the envelope he had just opened, and Pen carried it off. Lord Lovell returned to the Fourth Form passage, and knocked at the door of No. 7.

There was some slight sound of confusion within. It was not a quarter-past five yet, and tea certainly wouldn't be ready.

Ramsey opened the door, with a slightly flushed face. "Oh!" he said, as he saw the viscount.

The study was in some confusion. Plummer was washing teacups of all designs and sizes. Long was opening a tin of potted shrimps with a pocket-knife, and saying things in emphatic tones whenever the knife snapped shut. The fire had been banked up, but had not burnt through, and for the present was sending streams of smoke into the study. The scene was not very inviting, so far as ready.

"Oh, come in!" said Ramsey, trying to smile. "You're early."

"Thanks! I won't come in," said Bunny. "I've just looked in to tell you I can't come."

"B-b-but we've bought the shrimps!" exclaimed Long.

"So sorry, dear boy! As a friend, however—I want you chaps to regard me as a friend, you know—"

"Oh, certainly!" said Plummer, trying to shift out of sight the extremely soiled cloth he had been wiping the teacups on.

"Well, as a friend," pursued the viscount blandly, "I want to point out to you that it is bad form to invite a chap without inviting his

chum. You see, Penwiper and I are chums, you know, and I couldn't see any invitation and I couldn't have tea alone in hall. It would be deuced bad form, don't you see?"

"We don't want a Council school bouncer in this study," said Long. "My dear chap, that's silly and snobbish," said Bunny. "I suspected something of the sort, so I came to put it to you plainly. Penwyn's my friend, don't you see. He's worth fifty of any chap here—"

"What!" howled the Fourth-Former. "Or a hundred!" said Lovell calmly. "I can chum up with him, you know, and I couldn't very well chum up with chaps like you. You don't mind not putting it plainly, do you? What?"

"That's how the matter stands," said his lordship cheerfully. "I thought I'd just mention it, to save you from acting like cads and bouncers on another occasion. You!"

Whizz—swoop! The shrimps came sailing through the air, and they landed in whizzing shower on Lord Lovell's aristocratic countenance. By which it may be assumed that Long was annoyed.

"Bump!" gasped Lovell. "Bump the cad!" roared Plummer. "We'll give him coming here, and lecturing us. Bump him!"

"Yes, rather!" "Smash the beast!"

The three rushed upon Lovell. He was gouging the fishy wetness out of his eyes, and he was seized unresistingly, and dragged into the study. The three angry juniors surrounded him, grasping him at once, and the

viscount was bumped upon the carpet. "He gasped. "Leggo! Really, you know! Br-r-r! I'm smelly! horribly of shrimps! Jorel Leggo, you know!"

"Bump him!" roared Plummer. "Burray!"

Three pairs of vengeful hands grasped Lord Lovell, and he was swung in the air, and bumped down upon the carpet with a bump that made every bone in his body ache.

"Oh!" he roared. "Ow! Leggo!" "Give him another!" "Bump him!"

"Ow! Yaroo!" "Bump the cad!" "Ow! Help! Pen! Where's that chap Penwiper? Ow!" roared his lordship.

There was a sudden step in the doorway, and Pen ran into the study.

Something for Tea. PEN'S eyes were blazing as he ran into the study. He had returned after taking Lord Lovell's note to the tuckshop, and not finding Bunny downstairs, had come up to the Fourth Form passage to look for him. There he heard the terrific din going on in No. 7

Study, and he had rushed to the rescue at once. That there were three fellows against him Pen did not care in the least. He rushed into the study, and as he came in, the three juniors allowed Lovell to drop on the carpet. They knew that they would need their hands now to defend themselves.

"Get out, you cad!" shouted Plummer. "He had no time to say more. Pen's left caught him on the chin, and he went reeling back, to crash down into the fender. Lord Lovell shrumped, and dishevelled.

"Bravo!" he gasped. "Lovely! Go it, Pen, my boy!"

Pen was going it. Long and Ramsey had leaped at him, and the Cornish lad met them with right and left. Ramsey dropped on the hearthrug, and Long crashed into the table, and sent it flying. There was a crash of a jam-jar, and another of broken teacups.

"Bravo!" yelled Bunny, getting excited. "Bravo! Pen's the lad! Go it!"

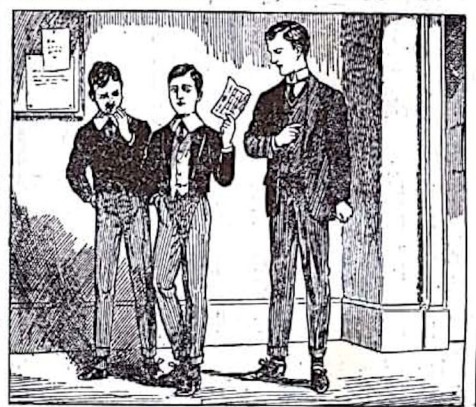
The three juniors picked themselves up. They stared at Pen, and Pen looked at them, still with clenched fists, and his breath coming and going, his cheeks red.

"You—your awful cad!" spluttered Long. "Ow!"

"You fearful outsider!" stammered Plummer. Ramsey burst into a laugh. He was the only one of the three that seemed to have anything of the sportsman about him.

"My word," he said. "you can hit! Keep off, please! I've finished!"

Pen could not help grinning.



"You want to do something for me, don't you, Crawcour?" said Bunny Lovell, pleasantly. "So would you mind running down to the post-office and sending off a telegram for me?"

"I didn't come here for a row," he said. "Then you've found one without looking for it."

"You've found it!" exclaimed Long. "Come on! Smash the cad!"

He caught up a cricket-stump, Ramsey twisted it out of his hand, and flung it into a corner of the room.

"None of that!" he said. Long gave him a furious look.

"Thank you," said Pen quietly. "But I don't think the stump would have touched me. If any of you wants to go on, I'm quite ready—two together, for that matter."

"Good!" exclaimed Lovell, springing to his feet. "And I'll take on the third of you. I will, by Jove, you know. What?"

"Oh, get out of our study!" growled Long savagely. "We don't want to fight with a rotten Council-school hoigian."

"Pen laughed contemptuously. "I can quite believe you don't want to," he said.

"Yes, by Jove!" said his lordship. "Yes! You can hit, Pen! Look here. Wine in, my boy, and give that lick all round. Go it! I'll look on."

"I don't mind if I do," said Pen, who was quite ready for it.

But the three heroes of No. 7 weren't behind the table. They were not ready. "Oh, chuck it!" said Plummer. "Null's as good as a lemon. We don't want any more row. You've pretty well mucked up our tea, as it is."

"Yes, I think we have," said Lovell with a grin. "Next time you about, please. I don't like it."

"Oh, get out, both of you!" Pen and Bunny left the study. Bunny was smelling terribly, and fully all the same he was grinning cheerily.

"Clap told me I should find things exciting sometimes at St. Wode's," he remarked. "He was right."

"Well, yes; you'd better get a wash."

"Yes; and change my beauty collar, by Jove!"

And then having been down to tea in hall, the Fourth Form took its leave, as it was half full. Half the Form at least, were having tea in the study, but did not go up and down the table, or any of his immediate friends.

Spratt, the page, had brought in several parcels for Lord Lovell. They were the articles that had been ordered at the table. Mr. Bush, who was having his tea with him, frowned as he saw the articles. Lord Lovell lumbered with parcels.

"What is all that rubbish?" he demanded. "Mine, sir," said Bunny. "What is it?"

"Tommy, sir." Mr. Bush started.

"Do you mean to say that that's all food, Lovell?" "Yes, sir."

"What is it here for?" "To eat, sir."

"Lovell!" "I understood that the rule allowed a chap to bring in any grub he liked for tea, sir," said Bunny, innocently.

Mr. Bush coughed. "Well, yes, Lovell; but you are supposed to restrict yourself somewhat to quantity. However, a dose not matter, I suppose."

The juniors grinned as Lord Lovell opened his parcels. The viscount had certainly not restricted himself in his purchases. He had two kinds of jam, marmalade, and preserved fruits. Cake and bread and doughnuts graced the board, as well as ham and cold beef.

"My only half," said Lovell. "This champagne comes from the land of plenty, and no mistake."

"Faith, and ye're right," said O'Donovan. "I take it ye're standing to the whole Form, Bunny darling!"

"Certainly!" said Lovell. "I don't mind. Help yourselves, dear boys!"

The dear boys were not slow to accept the invitation.

Extensive as Lord Lovell's supplies were, the hungry Fourth-Formers soon made very heavy work of them.

It was surprising to see how fast the things vanished. Lord Lovell and Dick Penwyn were the most moderate of the raiders.

Lord Lovell and Pen quitted the dining-room together after tea, and several fellows spoke to Lovell on the most friendly way, and Pen made an as for a few polite words. The fellows had decided that Lord Lovell was a great character in the Form. His absurd luxury for the Council-school boy was, of course, a mere effect of his softness—so the juniors said, one another. He would, no doubt, drop the cad as soon as he had done with a regular friendship had won off. Meanwhile, Bunny himself was a fellow to be cultivated. A chap who could stand such feeds, and who apparently had unlimited pocket-money.

Crawcour of the Fifth spoke to Bunny in the hall. He tapped the viscount on the shoulder in the most friendly way, and had apparently forgotten all about the little incident that had happened earlier.

"I've some fellows in my study this evening, Bunny," he said. "Vernon, and Bray, and a few more very decent chaps you hear me. Will you come in for a little game?"

Perhaps he caught a gleam in the viscount's eye, for he went on immediately.

"And your friend, Penwyn, too. I want to come."

Lord Lovell looked at Pen. "Will you come, Pen, my boy?" "Another grand instance of the power school story next week."

GLANCE OVER THIS FIRST.

Love, on discovering their mistake, Blagden & Co. become bitter enemies of both the new juniors, who chum together. Their friendship arouses the resentment of Mr. Bush, the scrobbish master of the Fourth Form, who refuses the

young viscount's request that Pen should share a study with him. Penwiper would prefer me to ask the said, sir," says "Bunny" Lovell coolly.

(New go on with the story.)

By the Author.

Readers are informed that the characters in the following complete story are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is made to any living person.

Our Complete Tale.

The Grammar School Dreamer

Being the Adventures of Gordon Gay & Co.

By PROSPER HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

"Moonlight Mike," said the officer, "Moonlight Mike," escaped from Fenmore Prison on night last, and is now on the loose...

sharp look-out for the escaped convict, and remember what to do when you meet him, and you'll be all right!

CHAPTER 2.

The Dream-Artist.

"WHAT'S that?" Gordon Gay sat up in bed with a jerk, and muttered the words half aloud.

as a jack-in-the-box, and gazed round him with wide-open eyes. "Who's that?" he demanded, catching sight of the white figure of Gordon Gay at his side in the glimmering moonlight...



"Ow! Help! Rescue!" roared the midnight prowler, squirming in the grasp of the four excited juniors. 'Tis Moonlight Mike, 'em being murdered!

"Oh, rats!" said Gordon Gay, a crash, a yell, and a chorus of exclamations. "That's all rot of course. It's not likely to be that convict chap. It-but we'll go down and see who it is there, anyway."

desperate escaped convict, was behind the closed door of Study 13. Yet not one of them had a thought of fear. In less than a minute the three elder ones had steadied their excited nerves, and were cool again, and keen for the struggle.

"Ow! Help! Rescue!" roared the midnight prowler, squirming in the grasp of the four excited juniors. 'Tis Moonlight Mike, 'em being murdered!

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Then followed explanations from both parties. Gordon Gay was astonished, for he supposed that Tadpole told his story with simple straightforwardness.

"You heard boy!" he exclaimed. "Moonlight Mike's in a snow-storm!"

"Good-night, sir!" said the five juniors made their way quietly back to their dormitory as Mr. Adams disappeared.

The Scapegrace of the Regiment.

however, was to get into their clothes and back to the office to be sworn in. There was some mysterious delay about this, though, and it was not until many later comers had been passed through and despatched to the pay office to draw their first day's pay, that they were sent for at last.

other than Major Clumber, the reply need not be stated here. The time was not wasted, however, for the interval they managed to get hold of their friend the jolly recruiting-sergeant once again, and he gave them many a good tip for getting along in their new life-tips which were new even to Jack.

scrap with, why, they'll start punching their own selves!" However satisfactory this might be to a robust spirit like Jack Lyon, it was plain that poor Percival Pot was not feeling deliriously elated at this description of his new comrades.

duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, in Person, Crown and Dignity, against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, and of the generals and officers set over me.

All life was sunny again. The black clouds that lay over his past were behind him and forgotten. The world like a ball lay at his feet.