

THE POPULAR NEW
STORY BOOK
EMPIRE
ENLARGED LIBRARY

1^D
2



COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOLDAYS

Vol. 1 (New Series). No. 7.

A Tale of Tom Merry's Chum. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

A Letter from D'Arcy.
DOLORES nodded without answering.
She seldom had letters herself; her parents were far away, and seldom wrote. She had no relatives in England. It gave her a wistful feeling to see that letter in Cousin Ethel's hands. She wondered what Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was like. She did not foresee then what exceedingly good acquaintances they were to become, or what curious results were to follow.
Ethel smiled as she read this letter:

"Study 6, School House,
"St. Jim's."

"Dear Ethel,—We are playing a match with the New House to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon. Would you care to come and see it? It will be rather a good match. I am playing for the School House."

"I am sure you will come, like a dear girl, and so I shall come over and fetch you in a trap. If I'm not to come, send me a wire; but don't send a wire, because I've got special leave from Latham, so as to get over to St. Freda's in time to catch you when you leave your lessons."

"It will be a good match, and I think you will enjoy seeing it."

"Your affectionate cousin,
"ARTHUR."

"P.S.—It will be a very good match.
"P.P.S.—Perhaps you might care to bring a friend."

Dolores looked at Cousin Ethel as she laughed.

Ethel looked up and met her eyes, her own sparkling with fun.

"Will you read the letter, Dolores?" she asked.

"May I?"

"I want you to."

Dolores read the letter, and smiled.

"Will you go?" she said.

"If Miss Penfold will give me leave, certainly," said Ethel; "and in that case, Dolores, will you come with me?"

"Oh, I should love to!"
Ethel squeezed her hand.

"I will go and ask Miss Penfold at once. It will be jolly at St. Jim's. Dolores; the boys are so good and kind. The football match will be worth watching, too, as I suppose Figgins will be playing for the New House—I mean," said Ethel, colouring a little, "it will be a junior match, but the play is very good indeed!"

And Cousin Ethel went to Miss Penfold at once. She found

the head-mistress of St. Freda's there, and Miss Penfold greeted her with a kindly smile.

Ethel showed her the letter.
"May I go, Miss Penfold?" she asked.

The principal read the letter.
"Certainly," she said. "But what friend would you wish to take?"

"Dolores."

Miss Penfold looked at her.

"Dolores Pellham?"

"Yes, please, Miss Penfold."

"I have no objection," said the Head of St. Freda's, after a pause.

"So you have made a special friend of Dolores, Ethel?"

"Yes," said Ethel.

"And you like her?"

"Very much."

"I am sure your friendship will be good for her, at all events," said Miss Penfold. "Yes, you may certainly go."

"Thank you, Miss Penfold."

And Cousin Ethel left the study with a very happy face. Pleasant as she was finding her surroundings at St. Freda's, she was glad enough at the prospect of seeing again all her old friends at St. Jim's, and glad, too, to introduce Dolores to them. And during morning lessons in the big school-room, both Ethel and Dolores were looking forward keenly to the afternoon, and listening for the sound of wheels in the Close.

The Runaway.

THAT Ethel Cleveland's cousin was coming after morning lessons to take Ethel away to St. Jim's for the afternoon, was soon known to St. Freda's. Naturally enough, the interest in the matter was great. Under cover of lessons, Ethel was asked all sorts of questions about Arthur Augustus—what he was like, whether he were nice, and so forth—and Ethel more than once drew a disapproving glance from Miss Tyrrell by speaking in class.

But she could hardly refuse to do so, when she was spoken to almost incessantly. She told all she could of Arthur Augustus; quite enough to increase the general interest the girls felt in him.
D'Arcy of St. Jim's would have been flattered if he had known how his coming to St. Freda's was looked for.

As a rule, the girls' visitors were relatives, and generally ancient and respectable relatives; and however kind and affectionate uncles and aunts might be, they had not the same interest as a young and handsome cousin, of course. Claire Pomfret had been a great heroine once when her brother, a midshipman in the Navy, came to see her; but Arthur Augustus seemed likely to have a greater vogue than even Midshipman Pomfret.

When morning classes were dismissed, Ethel glanced out into the Close. But there was no sign yet of

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. The distance by road was considerable, and D'Arcy had said that he was coming in a trap. But dinner was scarcely over in the big dining-room when there was a sound of wheels.

Ethel started a little.
"It is the little cousin," said Dolores, with a smile.

Ethel laughed.
"Arthur is not so little," she said. "Yes, I think it is he."

The girls fled out of the dining-room, and Ethel and Dolores stepped out of the great door. A trap with a handsome horse was standing outside, and beside the horse Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was standing.

He raised his hat in his graceful way to Ethel.

Then he came up the steps.
"You will be able to come, dear girl!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes!" said Ethel brightly.

"Good!"

There were a crowd of girls peeping round the door and from the hall window as D'Arcy was introduced to

NEW READERS
should turn to the foot
of next page.

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

THE SCHOOL DAYS

A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CAUM

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

Dolores, Dolores's black eyes gleamed upon him, and then dropped. Whether she liked her cousin or not Ethel could not tell, but Dolores met him with a grave Spanish courtesy that was very like Dolores's own grand manner.

"He is handsome," murmured Claire Poutrel, from the edge of the North.

"I like him now," said Emily North.

"It is beautifully dressed."

"And what a dandy!"

"Ethel is lucky!"

"I don't see what there is in Ethel Cleveland to make that nice boy come over to see her," said Clara.

Quite unconscious of the remarks of the St. Freda's girl, D'Arcy chatted cheerfully to the two girls on the school-house steps.

He manifested great pleasure when he heard that Dolores was the friend Ethel had selected to accompany her to St. Jim's.

"It will be really delightful," said D'Arcy, in his most gallant manner.

You are really confirming a great hope upon us, Miss Dolores."

And a ripple of mirth ran through the girls behind the door at D'Arcy's beautiful accent.

"Isn't he nice?" murmured Emily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But D'Arcy was quite unconscious."

"You are quite wrong to start!" he said.

"Ethel is a girl who is not to be trifled with."

"But you are a girl who is not to be trifled with."

"The kick-off, dear girl—we are!"

"I suppose you know football?"

"I have never seen a match," said Dolores.

D'Arcy's eyes opened in surprise.

"But D'Arcy!"

"He played with a ball, like cricket, I think?" Dolores remarked, and so gravely that even Ethel could not resist the temptation of making fun of D'Arcy or not.

"Yes," said Arthur Augustus, a little crossly.

"It is certainly played with a ball, Miss Poutrel, but not much like cricket. It is a very weird kind of ball. But you will see it at St. Jim's. If you are weary—"

"Five minutes," said Ethel.

"I will wait with pleasure, dear girl."

Arthur Augustus settled down to wait for a quarter of an hour. But Ethel was as good as her word, and in five minutes she came down in her pretty coat and hat which made her look more charming than ever. But it was to be feared that D'Arcy was not so good as his word.

As usual, Dolores's dark, beautiful face contrasted with Ethel's fair skin and blue eyes, and Dolores looked very beautiful, and several times it seemed that Arthur Augustus could not take his eyes off her.

That was D'Arcy's way.

His power of his friends had given up counting.

D'Arcy's love affairs, of course, were not to be counted on his character; he was a very nice boy, and there was nothing whatever pre-occupied about him.

His conversation consisted wholly of doleful lowly polite attentions, and blunders.

One day he had been so much surprised—having herself once been the cause of similar amusements.

"Well, we are ready, Arthur," she said.

"Yes, dear girl."

And the two girls into the trap. Then he mounted himself, and gave up the reins to Dolores, the horse under the fire of at least forty pairs of bright eyes, all of which were quite new to him.

D'Arcy was a good driver.

He "took" the trap out of the

gates of St. Freda's in fine style, and they went rattling down the broad, white country road.

"It is a lovely time of afternoon, and the cheeks of the two girls were glowing with health and happiness."

D'Arcy leaped upon them with his most genial smiles when he was not attending to the horse, which was rather fresh.

"We shall soon be at St. Jim's at this rate," he remarked.

"Would you care to drive?"

Cousin Ethel, who understood what a mental sacrifice that question entailed, shook her head.

"Oh, no, Arthur!" she said.

D'Arcy turned his eyes upon Dolores.

"Would you, Miss Poutrel?"

"Yes," said Dolores.

D'Arcy did not move a muscle of his face. When he made the offer, he was prepared for the worst.

"I may take my seat, dear girl," he said.

Dolores took the reins.

Arthur Augustus settled down beside Cousin Ethel.

"But, Jove, your friend can drive!" he remarked.

"I say," said Arthur Augustus, lowering his voice.

"I—I say, what a splendid set of your friend is!"

Ethel smiled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Only what I've been at St. Freda's for a fortnight."

"But you are great chums!"

"Oh, yes, great chums!" said Ethel.

"I suppose you will be often bringing her over to St. Jim's when you come home?"

D'Arcy asked, with extreme politeness, as he thought.

Cousin Ethel laughed merrily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my poor Arthur!"

D'Arcy flushed crimson.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus took off his eyeglasses and peered at Dolores with nothing else to do for the moment. He was quite surprised to see that Cousin Ethel was not a whit worried by his diplomacy.

"You see, dear girl," he murmured softly.

But Cousin Ethel only laughed, and D'Arcy's voice trailed away.

His colour was of a very fine crimson by this time. The trap was bowled along, and the Spanish girl looked back to see what was the cause of the laughter.

D'Arcy looked yet more deeply under her glance.

"But, Jove!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"I can't look at that!"

"Bound of a horse, you know, if he gets the bit between his teeth—"

"I can manage him," said Dolores.

"Yes, wathah! But—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

At a matter of fact, the horse was giving Dolores some trouble now.

"He is a bit of a devil," he said, and he had felt a weaker hand than Dolores's.

The girl pulled hard to keep her seat, and Dolores, a few minutes ahead of them, came the foot-sock of an approaching motor.

"He is a bit of a devil," he said.

Round the bend of the road, with a whirling and a thudding, in the car swept. It shot past the trap in a twinkling and was gone with a cloud of dust.

"It is a bit of a devil," he said.

He was holding on, and the whole

glance over this,

subsequently sees Dolores from

dear disgrace, and the two become

friend friends. One day at breakfast,

the girls received a letter which was a

boyish hand. "It's from my Cousin

"The wathah!" muttered D'Arcy.

The startled horse gave a leap for

right. Too late! The toss of the

startled head almost dragged them

from their seats.

"Hold hard!" shrieked D'Arcy.

He flung himself forward and

grasped the reins from Dolores's

hands. But the horse had fairly

leaped into the air, and the

riders were without effect, and the

trap thundered along the road at a

terrific speed, rocking and jolting

to and fro behind the galloping

horse.

"G Figgins to the Rescue!"

That one exclamation

escaped D'Arcy; then his

lips were set as hard as iron,

and his hands were like iron on the

reins.

He did not look at the girls; he

looked at nothing but the horse,

with his brows so deeply corrugated

that his eyelids almost disappeared.

"Oh," murmured Ethel.

"He is a bit of a devil," he said.

She clasped Dolores's hand, and

found it cold and firm. Dolores was

wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

eyes were wide open, and the horse's

weight of him was upon the horse's

head, and it was dragging the

trap. The wild, tossing head sank and

sank, yet still the frantic

struggle of the horse was dragged

along in leaps and jerks, still holding

fast to the reins.

D'Arcy dragged and dragged, and

aided by Figgins's weight, he pulled

the trap back, and the danger

it stopped, shaking and trembling,

and covered with sweat, the fire gone

out of it, and shivering with the

reaction now.

Figgins still held it at the head.

D'Arcy jumped into the trap, and

Figgins gave him a breathless

grasp.

"Lucky we came along, Gussy,"

old chap," he rasped.

"But Jove, it was really brave of

you, Figgins, old boy."

"Oh, rats!"

"Weally, Figgins—"

Cousin Ethel and Dolores

descended. Both of them were white

and trembling now, the danger

was over.

"Oh, said Cousin Ethel. "Yes,

perhaps you have saved our lives."

"Oh, I should have stopped the horse

before it was so bad."

"But it was remarkably brave of

Figgins."

Figgins turned very red.

"Oh, don't pile it on!" he ex-

claimed. "Kerr and Wynn would

be the first to be first. Cheese it

now."

"Weally, dear boy."

Kerr and Wynn, the other two

cyclists, came up. Figgins & Co.

were attracted to the scene, and

Figgins an expressive glance from

the two boys, who were now

junior's courage had made more

pressure upon the Spanish girl than

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's elegant

manner.

"I—dare say you girls are too

young to be so much in the

trap," Figgins remarked, looking

away from Cousin Ethel. "We're

not so young, Miss Dolores, if you

care to walk the rest of the

distance."

"I should," said Dolores.

Cousin Ethel hesitated. She would

have preferred to walk, perhaps, but

she was not so much in the

trap," Figgins remarked, looking

away from Cousin Ethel. "We're

not so young, Miss Dolores, if you

care to walk the rest of the

distance."

"I should," said Dolores.

Cousin Ethel hesitated. She would

have preferred to walk, perhaps, but

she was not so much in the

trap," Figgins remarked, looking

away from Cousin Ethel. "We're

not so young, Miss Dolores, if you

Ethel was awkwardly placed.

She was bent upon walking, and

she could hardly have found to

met her hand with boys she tried to

"Pshaw!" said Ethel.

"D'Arcy at once." "Affair

and things in the morning might get a

little squarer."

"Very well," said Ethel very

quietly.

Dolores knew that she had

pleased her friend. She pressed

the bell, and the pressure of

the return.

Kerr, who was a loyal friend,

and Dolores was one of the

bicycle away, and while the

girls were going on he had

driven Figgins down.

Figgins walked off between

Ethel and Dolores as proud as a

prince in the direction of St. Jim's.

The tower of the old school could be

seen in the distance, rising over the

trees.

"You can shove that trucking into

the 'trap' any day," said Kerr, said

D'Arcy a little grimly.

"Oh, it's all right! I'll ride and

you'll be a good driver. 'Have you

had a pleasant drive?"

Freda's Gussy."

"Yes, wathah—until the horse

ran away."

Fatty Wynn said that that "grimed

Wells, Miss Poutrel was awfully

weally, wathah! my fault, I

suppose, for I was with the

wines. But—"

"Kerr and Wynn—"

along," said Kerr, who happened to come

"Yaas, wathah! By the way,

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOLDAYS.

(Continued.)

"Oh, I don't want to say that! She must be nice in most ways, or Cousin Ethel wouldn't chum with her, of course. But I think she treats Gussy badly, and I think that Ethel feels it, too. But it's no business of ours, and any way, it's a rotten thing talking about girls. Let's jaw over the match."

And the subject of the afternoon's match lasted the chums of the New House all the way back to St. Jim's.

Willful Dolores.

Figgins felt a slight compunction when he walked the two girls away, and left Arthur Augustus in the road with the trap. He had suggested walking, but because he wanted to walk with Cousin Ethel. On reflection, he saw that it would have been better for the girls to remain with their escort, and he saw that Ethel had wished to show D'Arcy that amount of consideration. But Dolores who had a more generous and elevated fellow to criticise a girl in his own thoughts, and he dismissed the matter from his mind as he walked towards the school.

Cousin Ethel was a little quiet and subdued. She was vaguely annoyed at the turn affairs had taken, and though she hated to appear to be finding fault with Dolores, she could not help admitting to herself that Dolores was to blame.

Naturally, she was very quiet to Figgins, and Figgins would have noticed it at the more if Dolores had not kept up an almost incessant talk.

Dolores seemed to be perfectly happy and contented.

Never had Ethel seen her in such spirits.

Whether it was the excursion, or the excitement of the mishap in a trap, or the effect of Figgins was not to be seen, but certainly Dolores was very happy and animated now. Her eyes were sparkling, and her voice was seldom silent.

Figgins hardly listened to what she said.

One word from Cousin Ethel was worth more to him than dozens of sentences from Miss Pelham, though the latter's voice was very pleasant to listen when she chose.

"And this is St. Jim's?" Dolores exclaimed, as they entered the great, grey old gateway, and the old quadrangle lay before their eyes.

Figgins nodded.

"Yes, I forgot you had not seen the school before, Miss Pelham," he exclaimed.

Miss Pelham compressed her under lip for a moment. She was quite aware already that Figgins was thinking only of Ethel.

But the next moment she was all smiles.

"Yes, I have never seen the place before," she said. "How I should love to see it—to explore all those queer old places!"

Figgins laughed.

"That's the ruined tower," he said. "It was knocked up like that by a chap—homie see, who was that chap who had King Charles's head chopped off?"

"Cromwell," said Ethel, with a laugh—the first time she had laughed.

"That's it," said Figgins. "Cromwell. He was a tremendous goor, and he held this place against him, and he brought that tower down about their ears. It's—it's awfully interesting, really!" said Figgins, who had never felt interested in the old tower before, but realised all of a sudden that it was a most extremely interesting place.

"Suppose we all three explore it now?"

"I should love to!" Ethel's face was cold.

"I have explored it, you know," said Ethel gently. "It is all quite familiar to me."

Dolores pouted.

"Ethel, my dear, do let me see it!" "Yes," agreed Figgins.

Merry says there are some bloodstains on the flags, you know. Lowther said they're only the marks of muddy boots, but they're awfully interesting, then if they're only boot-marks, you know, or King Charles's, or one of those old jolnicks."

"You shall take Dolores to see the tower when I go in to speak to Mrs. Holmes," said Ethel.

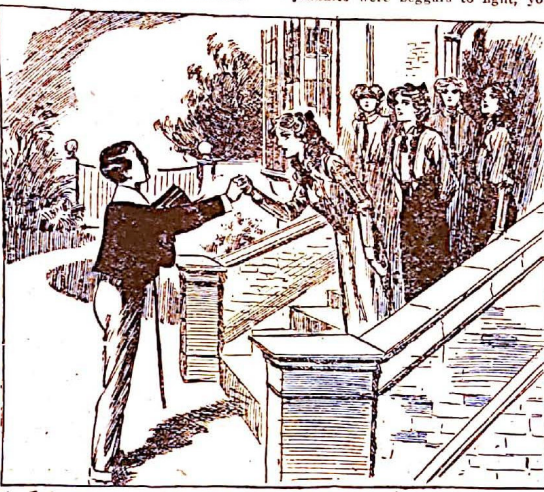
Figgins's face fell in a way that was not complimentary to Dolores. "Oh!" he said. "I am sure Dolores will like it." "Certainly," said Dolores calmly. "There was no escape for Figgins. 'I shall be pleased,' he stammered.

Ethel nodded to them both, and went on towards the Head's house. Jim's, and Mrs. Holmes, the Head's wife, was always glad to see her, and when she cared to stay. Cousin Ethel's face was not so bright as usual when she walked away from Figgins and Dolores. Something seemed to be aching in her heart.

But she would not put her thoughts into words, even to herself. Dolores was willful, Dolores was wayward, that was all—and she had known that on her first day at St. Freda's.

Ethel would not think of that "but."

She was hurt, but she was determined not to feel hurt. She ran into the Head's house, and Mrs. Holmes greeted her with great affection. And if an odd expression passed for a moment over Mrs. Holmes's kind face when she learned that Ethel's friend was with Figgins, exploring the old tower, it was only for a moment.



There was a crowd of girls round the door of St. Freda's when D'Arcy was introduced to Dolores.

Why had not Ethel remained with Dolores?

Was it because—although Ethel would not admit as much to herself—her intuition told her that her friend did not want her, or was it because she was hurt and offended—or both?

She hardly knew.

But one thing she knew well enough—and that was that she wished that D'Arcy had never written that letter to her at Miss Pentol's, and that she had never brought Dolores Pelham with her to St. Jim's.

But it was too late to think of that now.

Figgins Has to Go.

COUSIN ETHEL did not look back as she left Figgins and his new friend. If she had done so, she would have seen Figgins's expressive face lengthen in a way that was not flattering to Dolores. Figgins's eyes followed Ethel till she disappeared into the Head's house, and Dolores watched him the while, with a half-amused and half-provoked expression.

When the door had closed behind Cousin Ethel, Figgins seemed suddenly to awake to the fact that he was not alone.

He turned to Dolores again with a quick blush.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he stammered. "Did—did you say that the tower—like to explore the—the tower?"

"Yes," said Dolores calmly.

"This way," said Figgins.

He was very silent as he guided the Spanish girl into the old tower. Dolores did not seem to notice it. She talked cheerfully enough, without heeding Figgins's random answers.

Figgins was thinking about Cousin Ethel. Figgins was only too conscious of his feelings and of his general clumsiness in dealing with girls. He thought it quite possible that he had

somehow offended Cousin Ethel without in the least intending to do so. Figgins, who had learned to follow and to know every expression upon the girl's face, knew what Cousin Ethel's brows meant when they were arched in a certain way. What was the matter? he wondered.

Under the circumstances, Figgins was not a cheery companion for Dolores Pelham. But he did his duty nobly. If his thoughts would wander, that was not Figgins's fault.

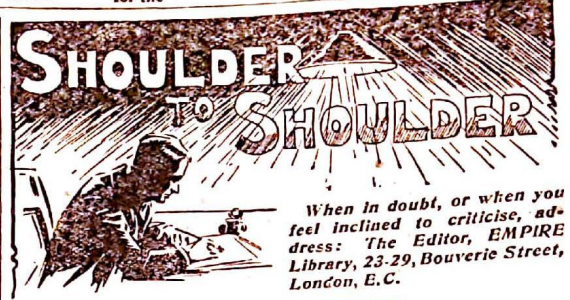
"And the cannon-shots?" said Dolores. "Where are the marks?" "Oh, here they are!" said Figgins, halting before a fragment of battered wall.

"You see the marks there—they are the bloodstains—I mean the cannon marks. King Charles had his cannon planted over there, by the elm-trees."

"King Charles!" said Dolores. "I mean Cromwell," said Figgins. "It really doesn't matter."

Dolores laughed. "No, I suppose it makes no difference now," she said. And was the place taken by assault?

"Yes. After they brought the wall down here, the Ironsides came up at a run, and the gothic had no chance," said Figgins—"I mean the Cavaliers were quite done in. Those old Puritan jolnicks were beggars to fight, you



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

TO talk about the contents of our next number is, in one sense, the most important thing to do, inasmuch as you will quite understand I am very keen on securing you and others as regular readers of this paper.

Then principal contents of our next number will be chiefly devoted to further developments in the tales of

"PANTHER GRAYLE."
"COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOL-DAYS,"
"THE LAND OF THE BLACK,"
A COMPLETE TALE OF WANG.

and a special—or, rather, I should say, a special three-columns story by the author of P.-c. Dewdrop.

P.-c. DEWDROP

you will find missing, and, if I am to believe what some of my readers have said, P.-c. Dewdrop will not be missed very much; but even if friend Dewdrop has not met with quite as enthusiastic reception as the author and I expected, I am still of the belief that the writer of these little short stories will be able to please you in his new venture.

Next week you will find that he has tried his hand at something quite new, and I sincerely hope it will please you. You see, I happen to know that the originator of P.-c. Dewdrop is quite a genial friend, and it is only a question of writing the right thing for the right public.

I am certain that the circle of "Empiries" is not a sour, conglomerate of readers who always want to read something conventional on more or less stereotyped lines.

I take the popularity of "Cousin Ethel's Schooldays" as evidence of my readers liking something fresh, original, and interesting, and for the same reason I am induced to give our friend, the writer of "P.-c. Dewdrop & Co.," another shot!

Needless to say, I hope he will hit the bullseye this time.

I dare say that you can appreciate the difficulties of an editor, especially of a paper like the EMPIRE Library. It raters for so wide and varied a circle of readers, so that I am sure you will help me! You can be letting me know from time to time what you think of the stories, either serial or complete.

For instance, tell me why you like "Cousin Ethel," or why you do not like any other story in the paper. Of course, my aim is, naturally, to put such reading matter into the EMPIRE that will never necessitate you saying "I do not like so-and-so." But, nevertheless, if you do not like a certain story, by all means let me know.

A NEW STORY.

Very shortly I shall be starting another story, and although I cannot tell you, since I have not yet quite decided, which one it will be, I can say that it will not be the tale of "Cousin Ethel's Schooldays," which I am pleased to find is so extremely popular!

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

We had quite a pleasant hour or so's fun at home last Saturday even-

ing over a game of "blind man's buff."

I dare say you are all aware of the usual way of playing this game, and of the fun that can be got out of it. Like most things, blind man's buff gets tiring after a time, and one gets a little variation. Well, it occurred to one of the party last Saturday evening to vary the game a little by introducing a new "whereas."

It was simply this: Instead of one of the party being blindfolded there were two, and it was intended that these two were to make a blind-folded race from the drawing-room to the kitchen-window, the rest of the party being not only interested spectators, but highly amused.

As in the ordinary blind man's buff, the two blindfolded ones were turned round three or four times, and started at the word "Go!" But their journey to the kitchen-window was a wild one, and I really think that their frantic endeavour to find their way to the goal first was funnier than the ordinary game.

OUR POSTCARD EXCHANGE.

I am sorry to say that I am still unable to find enough space to publish all the names and addresses of readers desiring to exchange picture postcards with their friends at home and abroad, but I here give just a few to go on with.

- A. Brown, Box 205, P.O., Adelaide, S. Australia, desires to exchange postcards with readers in Yorkshire, England.
- Miss C. Becroft, Helensville, Auckland, New Zealand, with Canada, Japan.
- Miss E. Becroft, Helensville, Auckland, New Zealand, with England, India.
- F. Hogan, 73, Norfolk Street, Ponsonby, Auckland, New Zealand, with Canada, 25.
- K. K. Watts, 25, Wilmer Street, Christchurch, New Zealand, with London, England.
- Miss B. Singer, 221, Great Lester Street, Birmingham, England, with United Kingdom.
- A. Winter, 64, Kruis Street, Johannesburg, S. Africa, with Deftord, England.
- II. J. Oshurst, 18, William Street, North Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, with United Kingdom.
- A. E. Soll, 50, Smith Street, East London (West), S. Africa, with Canada.



A "cop" to his pal did remark: "Oh! There's a dead dog in our town of Chicago; Did you threaten or mutter to the tyke in the gutter, Or was the poor dog to be 'tinned' so?"

TWO AND SIXPENCE.

Next Wednesday within these pages you will find offered the sum of two-and-sixpence to the reader who best expresses his interest in the EMPIRE Library.

This is not a very large sum, but, at the same time, I must point out to you that it will not be very difficult to earn it.

All that you will be required to do will be to write a few lines on lined paper should you wish to see in our next issue.