

A NEW PAPER. 'The GEM.' JUST OUT. PRICE $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

PLUCK

DR. SPECS.
A School Tale. By H. Clarke Hook.
UNDER THE ENGLISH
CHANNEL.
By Ernest Brindle.

1d



THE DISGUISED SPECS CONSULTED HIS WATCH, BUT THE TWINS KEPT THEIR TONGUES OUT; FOR QUITE A MINUTE, IN FACT, THEY KEPT THEM OUT, UNTIL THEY BEGAN TO ACHE. (See page 4.)

NEW SCHOOL TALE.

YOU CAN START NOW.



THE RIVALS OF ST KIT'S

By Charles Hamilton

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

The day PAT NUGENT, a young Irish boy, arrives at ST. KIT'S, an election is taking place for the captaincy of the school—ELDRÉD LACY and ARTHUR TALBOT being the two candidates. PAT is soon spotted by a crowd of juniors, and to stop him from giving his vote he is thrown into a cupboard in LACY'S study. He goes to sleep, and on waking up he hears voices—the voices of ELDRÉD LACY and his brother, RUPERT LACY, the Squire of LYNWOOD: "You must ruin and disgrace ARTHUR TALBOT, and drive him from the school. He is a menace to me—to both of us. But ruined, disgraced, driven forth into poverty and obscurity, I shall no longer fear him!"

PAT is eventually released from the cupboard, and after the election, which is decided in favour of TALBOT, becomes great chums with BLAGDEN and GREENE. These three friends take an instinctive dislike to ELDRÉD LACY, and continually get bullied by him. One day a curious meeting of the two LACYS and a strange tramp, whose name is BLACK, takes place in a lane not far from the school. A serious trick is played on LACY, and as no one owns up to it, the headmaster punishes the whole of the Lower Fourth. PAT is suspected by the boys, and they hold a meeting to discuss the matter. Now go on with the tale!

The Meeting of the Lower Fourth.

"Yes!" roared the audience in answer to Trimble's appeal.

"He won't confess to the doctor?" continued Trimble.

Cries of "Make him!"

"We've sent him to Coventry, but he only laughs at us."

Great indignation.

"Now the time has come," cried Trimble, "to take sterner measures!"

"Hear, hear!" said Cobb.

"Hear, hear!" roared the Fourth Form.

"Coventry doesn't seem to do him any good," continued Trimble. "He's an obstinate pig! Those two bounders Blagden and Greene back him up!"

"Shame!"

"They laugh at us, too!"

The juniors yelled at this. They evidently considered it a high crime and misdemeanour to smile at the proceedings of their Form.

"Now, we've got to make Nugent confess," said Trimble.

"Sending him to Coventry ain't any good. Who's game to rag him?"

"All of us!"

"Bravo!"

"Hands up for ragging the sneak!"

A forest of hands went up.

"Come on, then!" said Trimble. "Let's go to the end study and rag him. Mind, you're all in this. If you back me up we'll get the truth out of him, and he'll confess to the Head, and get us off the detention."

The juniors cheered loudly. In a body they marched off to the end study on the upper corridor, the quarters of the chums of the Fourth.

They quieted down a little outside the class-room, not wishing to bring any masters upon the scene. But they were determined. Cobb found an opportunity of whispering to Trimble, unheard by the others, as they marched off to seek Pat Nugent. Cobb was looking uneasy.

"I say, Trimble, this is a bit rough, ain't it?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I mean, ragging Nugent to make him confess. If the chaps put him through it hard enough they may make him go to the Head and own up—"

"That's just what we want."

"But—he didn't do it," muttered Cobb.

"That's got nothing to do with it. So long as he owns up to the doctor, that's all we want," said Trimble cynically.

Cobb was silent and worried. He was led by Trimble, but he was hardly so unscrupulous as the captain of the Upper Fourth.

"Don't be a fool!" said Trimble savagely. "We're too deep in it now to draw back. Cleeve knows all about it, and he may peach on us any time."

"What do you say 'us' for?" mumbled Cobb uneasily.

"You know very well it was only you, and I was against it."

"Were you? You'd better try and make the Head believe that, if the whole story comes out!" sneered Trimble. "You're in it as much as I am, mind. You were with me. I tell you Cleeve may spout it out any time. I can't keep on giving him money for ever. Where shall we be then? Now, if Pat Nugent confessed to having played the trick, true or not, we should be safe. He could never go back on it. And it would be no good Cleeve talking, after Nugent had owned up. Nobody would believe him."

"Then you want to force Nugent to go to the Head—"

"And own up. Yes. After all, it's only a licking he'll get. Why shouldn't he have a licking? Better than the whole Form being detained every evening and on Saturday afternoons."

Cobb was silent. He was not convinced, and he did not like the idea. But he was not prepared to defy Trimble, or to face punishment himself.

"Come on!" growled Trimble. "They're calling to us."

"I think I'll keep out of it," muttered Cobb. "You don't want me."

"Yes, I do!" sneered Trimble, passing his arm through Cobb's and marching him on. "You're going through it with me, my lad. You're going to be as deep in the mud as I am in the mire. Come on, confound you!"

And Cobb, not being able to help himself, went on with the ragging-party to the end study. Trimble hurried him on so that they reached the door first. The visitors did not stand upon ceremony. Trimble kicked at the door.

"Hallo!" came from within.

Trimble did not reply, but kicked again, till the whole study shook. The door was opened from within by Blagden, who was looking angry. His anger changed to amazement as he saw the corridor crowded with the Fourth Formers.

"Hallo! What on earth does this mean?" he exclaimed.

"What—"

He was interrupted by a rush of the juniors. They surged and swarmed into the study. Pat and Greene sprang up. The three chums retreated to the other side of the table, and faced the invasion side by side. It was easy to see that the visit was a hostile one.

"Now, then," exclaimed Trimble, "we want to talk to you rotters!"

"Ain't we in Coventry?" inquired Pat. "What's the row, anyway?"

"Are you going to own up to the doctor?"

"About what?"

"That firework business in Lacy's study."

"I've told the doctor all I know."

There was a howl.

"Hark at the rotter!" exclaimed Blane. "Still sticking to that yarn. Look here, Nugent, we're sick of this. If you don't own up we're going to—"

NEXT SATURDAY: "THE MISADVENTURES OF MARMADUKE," A School Tale (Extra Long), by Charles Hamilton; AND "ON A STRANGE ERRAND," IN "PLUCK" 10.

A School Tale (Extra Long), by Charles Hamilton;

A Splendid Tale of Captain Frank Ferret, Detective.

"Shut up!" said Trimble. "I'm leader here, young Blane."

"Oh, you be hanged!"

"Do you want me to give you a thick ear?"

"Well, get on, anyway, and don't waste time."

"We're going to rag you, Nugent, if you don't own up," said Trimble. "That's what we've come here for. Now, are you going to do the decent thing?"

"Certainly; I've always done that."

"I mean, are you going to own up to the Head?" demanded Trimble threateningly.

"I'm not going to tell him any lies."

"All right. Then we'll jolly well make you!"

"Oh, rats! Get out of this study. If you want to know who was guilty, ask Cleeve."

Trimble looked startled.

"What does Cleeve know about it?" he exclaimed.

"He knows who played the trick; he was out of the dormitory that night and saw him, whoever he was, and he won't own up."

"Rats! Cleeve doesn't know anything, or he'd have said so. Besides, we know you did it. Now, for the last time, are you going to own up like a decent chap?"

"For the last time, rats," replied Pat coolly. "Get out of my study!"

"You hear him, chaps. What are we going to do?"

"Rag him! Collar the cad!"

There was a rush of excited juniors to seize Pat. Shoulder to shoulder the three chums stood, and they hit out right and left as the crowd closed in upon them. Trimble went down under Pat's right, and then his left laid Cobb across the captain of the Upper Fourth. Greene dropped Blane beside them, and Blaggy added Percival and Wilson to the heap. But the odds were too great. Many hands clatched at the chums from all sides, and they were dragged down, fighting desperately.

A swarm of juniors passed right over them, and scrambling forms sprawled on them and pinned them down by sheer weight. Trimble jumped up as soon as Pat was secured. There was a trickle of red from his nose. His face was red with rage.

"Got him!" he exclaimed. "That's right. Shut the door; we don't want any beastly prefects poking their noses in. Hold those two rotters, some of you, while we deal with Nugent."

Blagden and Greene, each with a couple of juniors sitting upon him, were helpless spectators of the scene that followed. Pat, struggling fiercely but ineffectually, was gripped by six pairs of hands, and plumped upon the study table. Trimble broke off the blind-cord, and his hands were tied to his sides with it. Pat, still undaunted, returned his look defiantly.

"I'll make you sit up for this, some time!" he gasped.

Trimble grinned mockingly.

"Wait till we've done with you," he said. "Hold the brute tight, chaps! Now, Nugent, if you'll go straight to the Head and own up, we'll let you off."

"Well, I won't!"

"Then this is where we rag you."

Trimble wrinkled his brows reflectively. A gleam darted into his eyes. He went to the grate, and raked the chimney with a cricket-stump. A mass of soot came tumbling down. Trimble gathered a double handful of it, and grinned as he returned to Pat. Pat shut his lips hard.

"Say when," said Trimble. "When you want to give in you've only got to say so."

And he smothered Pat's face with the soot, and rubbed it well in. Pat kept his eyes and mouth tightly closed, but in vain; the soot found its way into both. The taste of it choked him, and it stung his eyes as it penetrated under the closed lids. The pain forced him to open them, and that, of course, made matters worse.

Blagden and Greene were struggling to go to the rescue, but they were pinned down. Pat was helpless. It looked bad for him, but just then the door of the study opened sharply.

"What's all this row about?"

The juniors looked at one another in dismay.

It was Eldred Lacy who strode into the room. The coming of a prefect, of course, put an abrupt end to the ragging.

Lacy stared at the captive on the table in amazement. Then he smiled sourly as he recognised the features of Pat Nugent under the soot.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed.

"We're only ragging him, Lacy," said Blane. "Not hurting him, you know, only trying to persuade him to own up about shoving that cracker on your gas, you know."

Lacy bit his lip.

Always glad of a chance of being down on the end study, he had come there to "go for" Pat and his chums on

account of the disturbance, having no idea of what was really taking place.

Had he known that Pat was being ragged, he would have given the study a wide berth, and left the juniors to work their own sweet will; but as a prefect, now that he was on the spot, he was bound to put an end to it.

"Well, you'd better let him go," he said. "I can't allow this. Of course, I sympathise with you. It's hard to be detained simply because Pat Nugent is a liar and a sneak, and hasn't the manliness to own up to a fault for the sake of the Form."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Trimble.

Pat's eyes blazed.

"Liar yourself, Lacy!" he exclaimed. "I have said that I know nothing about that affair in your study. I'd own up if I did, quick enough."

Lacy came towards him savagely.

"You don't seem to be tamed much," he remarked. "You call your prefect a liar, do you?"

"You called me one, with less reason!"

Lacy gritted his teeth.

"Very well. You will take fifty lines for insolence! You must stop this, you youngsters. You know I can't allow it. But if I were in the Fourth I should certainly rag the obstinate young brute till he owned up!"

"We're going to!" said Trimble, with a grin. "We'll have it out of him!"

"But, of course, I can't allow it. Go back to your own rooms."

Pat was released.

The "raggers" went out of the study, giving him threatening looks. They knew that Lacy's sympathy was with them, and that, though his position forced him to interfere, that he would take care next time to leave them alone with their victim.

Lacy looked at Pat with a sneer.

"You look a pretty object!" he exclaimed. "I don't blame the Fourth at all. I'd do the same in their place. You would do much better to own up. Don't forget those lines." And he left the study.

The three chums were left alone. They stared at each other in grim silence. The vengeance of the Fourth had fallen heavily upon the end study. Everything was upset and in disorder, and the three juniors were rumpled and ruffled, battered and bruised. Pat, of course, was in the worst state of the three.

"Well, this is lively!" said Blagden at last. "We look charming objects, all of us; but you really would take a prize in a beauty show, Pat, and no mistake!"

Pat grinned faintly. Even his high spirits were damped by what he had gone through. He felt horribly dirty and used up.

"I'm sorry to bring you chaps into this," he said.

"Oh, rats!" said Blagden. "We stand by you, of course. That's nothing. But we shall have to be on our guard in the future. Lacy could have kicked himself for coming in when he did. If he had known what was on he wouldn't have shown up."

"That's pretty certain."

"They'll be at it again, the brutes. We'll have to watch for 'em. Lacy will give the study a wide berth when he hears a row again, and I dare say he'll give the other prefects a tip to do the same. We shall be given up like lambs to the slaughter. But they won't catch us napping next time."

Pat's eyes sparkled.

"Faith, they won't!" he exclaimed. "We'll be ready for them, and give them a high old time! Whatever happens, I fancy the seniors will keep out of it, and we shall be left to settle it between ourselves. All the better. When we're ready for them we'll make them sorry they called. Now I reckon I'll go and get this horrid soot cleaned off. I feel like a giddy chimney-sweep! Ugh!"

And Pat hurried away to a bath-room. Meanwhile, the baffled raggers were holding a council of war in a classroom. The ragging was stopped for the time, but only for the time. The storm was destined to burst again ere long over the end study.

An Attack in Force.

The next day was Sunday, and it passed quietly enough. But on Monday it was easy for the chums to see that the Fourth Form were preparing for new hostilities.

The sentence of Coventry was still rigidly enforced; but the looks and whispers of the juniors among themselves showed that they were bent upon more active measures. There was to be some more "ragging" at the earliest opportunity; and the assurance that Eldred Lacy, the nearest prefect to the end study, intended to turn a deaf ear to any disturbance proceeding from that quarter encouraged the raggers.

"We'll put him through it this time!" said Trimble. "Lacy won't interfere, and Talbot is going out this evening with Brooke; I heard 'em saying so. We'll give it to that bouncer hot and strong this time, and we may as well let Blagden and Greene have a dose for daring to stick out against the orders of the Form!"

"Jolly good idea!" said Hooper.

After the extra hour of preparation under a master's eye in the class-room, Pat went up to his study with Blagden and Greene. Hostile eyes watched them go.

"We've got them all right," said Trimble. "Now, come along, you chaps!"

A picked party of the Fourth followed him to the end study.

Most of the others remained on the watch in the corridors, ready to give the alarm in case of a master appearing on the scene.

Trimble kicked open the study door. To his surprise it swung open half-way, and then caught on a nail driven in the floor, and rebounded violently, and smote him in the face. He gave a howl of mingled pain and fury.

There was a chuckle in the study. Trimble pushed the door open again, more carefully this time. He found the table placed across the opening further in, backed up by three chairs, a bookcase, and a bureau.

Behind this hastily-constructed barricade stood the three chums. They were evidently prepared for an attack. Pat Nugent had a big garden syringe in his hand, and beside him a pail of water liberally coloured with red ink.

Blagden had a cricket-stump. Greene was standing by the fire, and heating the end of the poker to a nice red. Pat nodded agreeably to his visitors.

"Charmed to see you!" he exclaimed. "But we must beg you to excuse us, as we ain't entertaining company this evening!"

The preparations for resistance surprised Trimble, and rather nonplussed him; but he could not very well retreat. The whole Form was backing him up. If he beat a retreat now he would have to say good-bye to his prestige for ever. He kept a wary eye on the pail and the syringe.

"Look here, Nugent," he said, attempting bluster to hide his uneasiness—"look here, this will only make matters worse for you, you know."

"Will it? You may be right, but I fancy it's you it will make matters worse for," said Pat cheerfully. "However, that's all right. Just you come on, and put it to the test! If it's worse for me I can stand it!" Some of the raggers giggled. "Come on!" said Pat. "You're such a determined chap, Trimble, that I know you wouldn't dream of retreating; and now's your time to show your giddy army what a mighty warrior you are! We're not going to let you in! Come on!"

"Look here—"

"Sha'n't! Your face worries me!"

Trimble ground his teeth. The boys behind, who could only imperfectly see what was prepared for them in the study, were showing impatiently. Many voices urged the leaders to get on; but Trimble stood fast. He wasn't inclined to get on. Cobb, Hooper, and Jones, who were close to him, showed an equal modesty about putting themselves forward.

"If I didn't know how brave you are, Trimble, I should think you were afraid!" observed Pat. "Of course, that's impossible, isn't it?"

"Get on, there, can't you?" shouted Blane from the passage. "Are you going to stand there talking all night, Trimble?"

"Come on yourself, if you're in a hurry!" said Trimble savagely.

"Yah! Who's the leader? What are you afraid of?"

"If you say I'm afraid, I'll come and punch your head!" exclaimed Trimble, turning round.

"Yah!" repeated Blane. "You're not going to sneak out of it like that! If you're not afraid, lead on! What are you sticking there for?"

"He ain't afraid!" said Pat. "He's too brave! He only wants to perform a stratagetic movement to the rear! Now, Trimble, if you don't mean business—"

"You'll find that we do mean business!" blustered Trimble.

"Well, in any case, I'm tired of waiting. You've got to go. I'll give you three seconds to perform the vanishing trick in. If you're not gone then I shall start on you!"

"We're not going!" yelled a dozen voices.

"Right! Then this is where we start! One!"

Trimble wriggled uncomfortably. He would gladly have retreated, prestige or no prestige, but the passage behind him was blocked with excited juniors. And those behind him were not blind to the advantage of having Trimble's bulky form in front to bear the brunt of the conflict. They

had no idea of letting him get out of the position of honour and danger.

"Two!" counted Pat.

"Look here, Nugent—"

"Three!"

"Don't you dare to—"

Glug! The sound came from the garden syringe as Pat thrust the end into the pail of inky water and filled it.

Up came the weapon to a level, fully aimed at Trimble's face.

"Let her rip!" yelled Blagden excitedly.

Trimble made a frantic effort to dodge behind Cobb. Cobb, unfortunately, made an equally frantic effort at the same moment to dodge behind Trimble. The result was that their heads came together with a sounding crack, and there was a simultaneous yell.

Swish! Slish!

Pat had discharged his weapon. The stream of inky water was impartially distributed over Trimble and Cobb, and they yelled and gasped. Their faces assumed a crimson hue, likewise their collars, and the red-inky stream ran all over their clothes. Some of the juniors behind came in for a shower, and there was a scramble to escape.

Pat chuckled, and refilled the syringe, and let the besiegers have the contents a second time as they shoved and pushed frantically to escape.

"Oh!" yelled Trimble, who got half the volley in the back of the neck. "Oh! Ooh! Gr-r-rh!"

In a wild scramble the assailants disappeared from the space before the study door. They gathered in the passage on either side of it, but none ventured within range of the opening. Sounds of rage came floating into the room.

"We shall have to give it up for a bit," said Blane.

"That's what I suggested," snapped Trimble. "We'll make them pay for all this along with the rest! I'm going."

Trimble walked off. The rest of the besiegers slowly followed. Lacy came out of his study, and looked at them.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "What have you been doing to your faces—washing yourselves in red ink, or what?"

"It's that beast Nugent!" said Trimble sulkily. "We went to—to see him, and he squirted inky water over us!"

"Ha, ha! You do look funny! You must be a set of silly asses to let one chap handle you like that! Get along and clean yourselves, do!"

And Lacy went into his room laughing. Sore in mind and body, the ragging party marched off, vowing all kinds of vengeance upon Pat and his chums.

Brought to Light

"I don't like it," said Cobb.

Trimble scowled at his study-mate.

"You don't like what?"

"You know what I mean, this ragging business," said Cobb uneasily. "It's too beastly mean. I don't say I like Pat Nugent any more than you do. But a chap ought to draw the line somewhere."

"Oh, shut up," said Trimble irritably; "you make me tired! We've got to make Pat Nugent own up, for our own safety's sake. You know that as well as I do. Of course, if you like to go to the doctor and confess that you did the trick, that will make a difference."

Cobb stared at his friend.

"What do you mean, Trimble? You did it; I was against it all along."

"You were with me, at all events. We were both in it, but if there's any confessing to be done, you can do that on your own. It's either that or fix it on Pat Nugent. And can't you see that it would be worse than ever now if anything came out, now that we've taken the lead in sending Nugent to Coventry? We've gone too far to retreat. So shut up, and don't bother."

Cobb relapsed into silence, but he was far from satisfied. The study door opened, and Cleeve came in. Trimble scowled at him blackly.

"What do you want?" he snapped out.

"I was wondering whether you could lend me five bob, Trimble."

"No, I can't; so get out."

Cleeve did not move.

"Could you, Cobb, do you think?"

"No," growled Cobb; "I'm simply stony."

"I wish you'd manage it somehow between you," said Cleeve agreeably. "I'm shockingly hard up just now, and I'd take it as a favour if you could let me have it."

Trimble snapped his teeth.

"Take care that you don't go too far, Cleeve," he said.

"You've had as much from me as you are going to get. I've got nothing more for you. So clear, before I lay hands on you."

"Oh, very well," said Cleeve, turning to the door again.

NEXT SATURDAY:

"THE MISADVENTURES OF MARTIADUKE,"

A School Tale (Extra Long),
by Charles Hamilton;

AND

"ON A STRANGE ERRAND,"

A Splendid Tale of Captain
Frank Ferrett, Detective.

IN "PLUCK" 1st.

"I dare say Pat Nugent will lend it to me, if you won't, Trimble."

"You're going to Nugent?"

"Certainly," smiled Cleeve. "I could tell him some things that might be worth the money to him, you know, and he's not mean."

Trimble exchanged a look with Cobb, and sprang up, stepping quickly between Cleeve and the door.

Cleeve looked from one to the other.

"You'd better not touch me," he said. "If you lay a finger on me, either of you, I'll go straight to the doctor."

"And what will you tell him?" sneered Trimble.

"I'll tell him that you played that firework trick," replied Cleeve promptly, "and you know what you'll get then."

"And will you tell him that you've been extorting money from me to keep it dark?" asked Trimble. "Because if you don't, I shall."

Cleeve turned pale.

"You wouldn't be believed. I should deny it."

"Oh, you would, would you? And how would you account for the money you've been spending lately? A good many fellows have remarked on it. If you're going to tell tales, I'll give you something more to sneak about. Collar him, Cobb!"

Cobb promptly collared the Lower Fourth boy.

Cleeve began to wriggle and yell.

"Let me go, Trimble. I—I was only joking. I won't say a word. It was only a jo-joke!"

"Then you'll find that that kind of a jo-joke isn't safe with me," said Trimble, taking a cricket stump from his cupboard. "Now I'm going to jo-joke, and I hope you'll see the fun, Cleeve. Keep the little beast still, Cobb."

Cobb twisted Cleeve over on his knee. Trimble took a hard grip on the stump. Trimble's temper was never good, and it had been sorely tried lately by Cleeve's exactions. Now it was boiling over, and the youthful financier was to reap his reward.

Cleeve yelled in anticipation, but he soon had cause to yell in deadly earnest, for Trimble made rapid play with the stump, and every blow told.

"Oh! Don't! Yow-ow-ow! Ugh! Oh!"

Trimble lashed hard, and Cobb's grip was too tight for Cleeve to wriggle away. He yelled and squirmed and pleaded in vain.

"Take that, you young Shylock!" panted Trimble. "I'll give you a good lesson while I'm about it. And then go to the Head if you like. I may get a flogging, but you'll get expelled for blackmailing, and that's what you've been doing. Nice word, ain't it?"

(Another long instalment of this school tale, next Saturday.)

Your Editor's Corner.

All letters should be addressed, "The Editor, PLUCK, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London."

"THE MISADVENTURES OF MARMADUKE"

is the title of next Saturday's first long, complete tale. It is one dealing with Jack Blake, Augustus, and Figgins & Co., and tells of the misadventures of a sop in the hands of the chums.

"The Misadventures of Marmaduke" is a thoroughly good school tale, by Chas. Hamilton.

The second long, complete story, entitled:

"ON A STRANGE ERRAND,"

is a tale dealing with the adventures of Captain Frank Ferrett, detective, and is one you must not fail to read.

An excellent little story-book, containing, every Thursday, an extra long, complete tale, written by authors whom I should by no means be reluctant to ask to contribute to this paper, is "The Gem."

The price of "The Gem" is only one halfpenny, but it is, I must say, a wonderful little paper, and exceedingly good value, both from the point of view of quantity and, what is more important, quality.

I feel that I cannot let this week go by without again thanking my many friends and readers for their cordial support and loyalty to this story-paper. During the past few months; in fact, I may say, during the whole of 1906, until the present time, each succeeding week has brought in an ever-increasing number of new readers. It really seems that Pluck will never cease to gain new friends.

I am quite aware that the main reason for this popularity is to be found in the extreme care that my authors devote to the writing of their stories; but I am also fully aware of this important fact—which is, that a considerable amount of PLUCK's great popularity is due to the good offices of those readers who have spoken of its stories to non-readers.

To these good friends I tender my sincere thanks.

YOUR EDITOR.

PLUCK

EVERY SATURDAY.
A LONG, COMPLETE
SCHOOL TALE! 1d



This picture depicts an incident from "The Misadventures of Marmaduke," by Chas. Hamilton, one of the two complete tales for next Saturday's PLUCK. 32 pages. Price 1d.