

SCHOOL & DETECTIVE TALES IN THIS NUMBER.

PLUCK

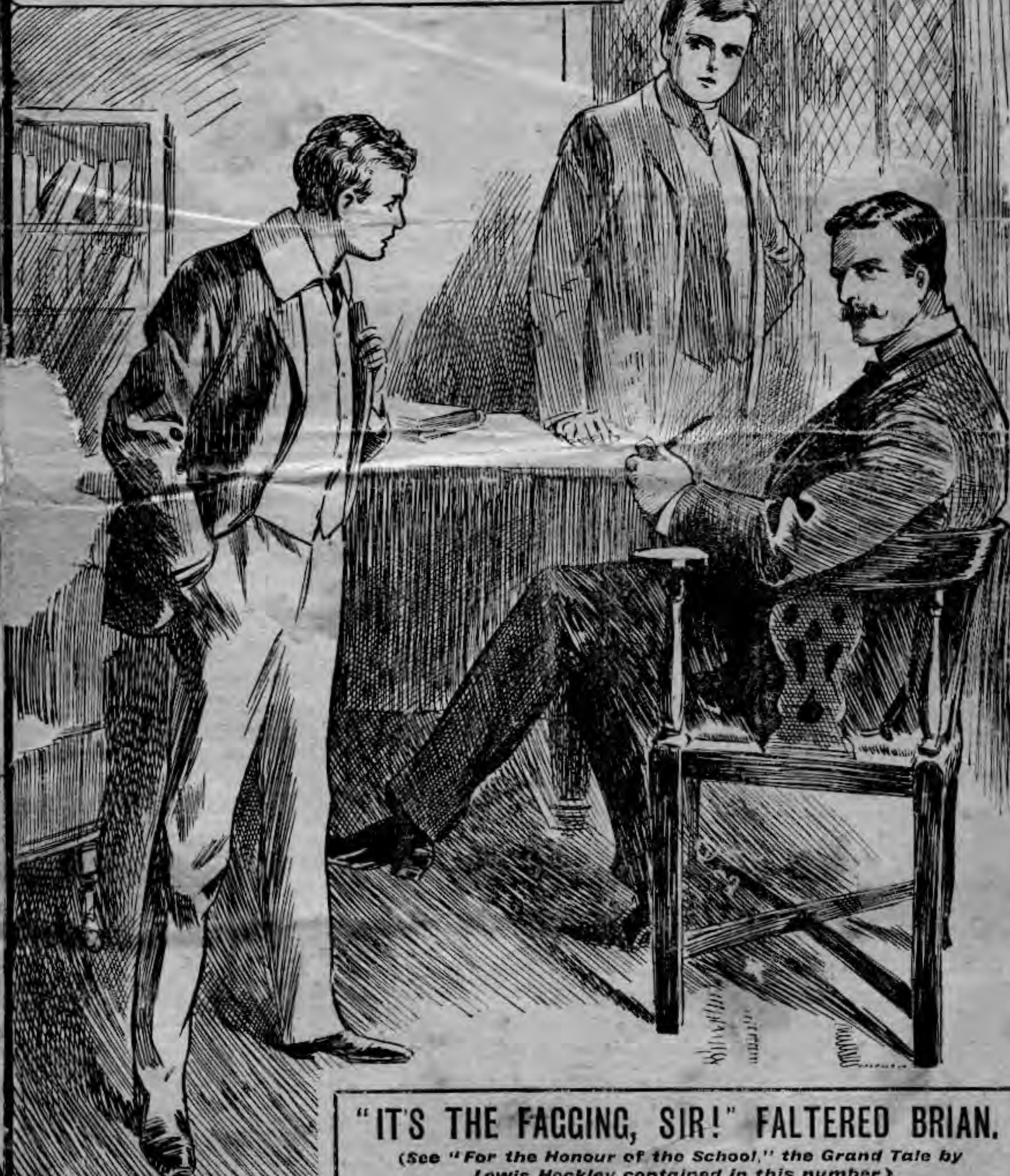
FOR THE HONOUR
OF THE SCHOOL.

By LEWIS HOCKLEY.

THE TERRORISTS.

A Splendid Tale of Dr. Nevada, Mystery Investigator.

1d



"IT'S THE FAGGING, SIR!" FALTERED BRIAN.

(See "For the Honour of the School," the Grand Tale by
Lewis Hockley contained in this number.)

Buy "The Marvel"—Every Wednesday, Id.

NEW SCHOOL TALE.

YOU CAN START NOW.



THE RIVALS OF ST KIT'S

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

When Pat Nugent arrives at St. Kit's, an election is taking place for the captaincy of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy. Talbot gains the victory, but afterwards resigns his position on account of a mean plot instigated by Eldred Lacy and his brother, who is Squire of Lynwood. Soon after the election for the position of captain, which Talbot has vacated, draws near, and Talbot's chum Brooke, who opposes Lacy, is elected captain of St. Kit's. One morning the Head discovers he has been robbed of £80. He calls a meeting in the hall, and Arthur Talbot is openly accused of the theft. His study is searched, and the notes are found hidden beneath the carpet; but Arthur declares he is innocent. He is sent to Coventry by the whole school except Nugent, Blagden, and Green, three chums, who believe in his innocence, and who are determined to stand by him. They form themselves into a committee of investigation and put the whole school to Coventry. Many of the juniors visit the chums' study and Cobb receives an inkpot in the face from Pat's hands. "What did you do that for?" yelled the injured one. Pat did not speak, but his hand stole towards a ruler. (Now go on with the story.)

"We're Sending our Form to Coventry, Sir!"

Cobb slammed the door and fled. Hooper was the next inquirer. He opened the door a little way, and held the handle, ready to slam it in case of need, profiting by Cobb's painful experience.

"I say, Pat Nugent—"

Pat laid his hand upon the inkpot. Slam! The door shut, and Hooper did some really fine sprinting down the passage. Jones was the next. He opened the door about an inch, and peeped in.

"Nugent—"

Crash! A three-legged stool crashed on the door, and the concussion made Jones jump nearly out of his skin. He gave a startled yell of affright, and turned and bolted. Blindly he dashed down the passage, and right into the arms of Mr. Slaney, the master of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's.

Mr. Slaney staggered back, considerably startled to have a junior plumping upon his chest like a cannon-ball; but he did not lose his presence of mind, and he grasped Jones firmly by the ear before he could make good his escape.

"Jones, how dare you!"

"P-p-p-please let me go, sir!" gasped Jones.

"What did you dash into me in that savage manner for?"

"I—I was running, sir."

"Yes; I saw that you were running, Jones. What I want to know is, why you were running along a corridor like a wild bull?" said Mr. Slaney, gently but firmly compressing his grasp upon the junior's ear.

Jones wriggled.

"If you please, sir, I was running away. They're—they're mad, sir!"

"Eh?"

"They're raving mad!"

"Who are mad?"

"Those kids in the end study!" gasped Jones. "We shall all be murdered in our beds!"

Mr. Slaney shook him severely.

"What utter nonsense are you talking, Jones?"

"It's true, sir. The whole Form knows it! They're as mad as hatters. I went to look at them, and I was in danger of my life, sir. They ought to be shut up in an asylum, sir—they ought, really!"

Mr. Slaney looked curiously at the junior.

"You may go, Jones," he said, releasing him.

Jones escaped gladly enough.

The master of the Fourth walked on to the end study. He tapped at the door and opened it. Pat Nugent's hand slid towards the inkpot, but he instantly saw whom it was, and did not pick up the missile.

Nugent, Blagden, and Greene rose respectfully to their feet.

Mr. Slaney looked at them.

The three juniors had been hard at work with their preparation, and there were certainly no signs of insanity about them.

"H'm! Nugent!"

"Yes, sir?"

"What have you been doing to Jones?"

"Nothing, sir."

"I met him running away from this study, and he said that you were mad here, and that all the Form knew it. What absurd tricks have you been playing now?"

Pat grinned.

"We haven't been playing any tricks, sir. The silly geese in the Fourth are down on Talbot, sir, and we're sending them to Coventry."

"You are what?"

"We're sending the Fourth to Coventry, sir," repeated Pat cheerfully. "They don't seem to quite understand it yet, sir, that's all."

The master of the Fourth smiled slightly.

"Ah, I see! Then your faith in Talbot is still firm, Nugent?"

"Of course, sir! I know he's innocent!"

"I am glad to see you so loyal, at all events."

And Mr. Slaney nodded, and left the study.

A couple of juniors had been hanging round the door, and they had heard the talk, and they hurried off to tell the news to the Fourth, and furnish the explanation of the strange and hitherto inexplicable conduct of the chums of the end study.

"Sending the Form to Coventry!" gasped Trimble, when he heard it. "Well, of all the cool cheek, this fairly takes the cake!"

"My hat!" said Blane. "Of all the nerve! Sending us all to Coventry! I wonder how long they'll keep that up?"

Curiosity led him to the end study to inquire. As he put his head in at the door, a Greek Lexicon, deftly hurled, came in violent contact with it, and the inquirer retreated, sadder and wiser. And after that the end study was left severely alone.

Seth Black Makes a Promise.

"Seth Black!"

The words fell quickly from Arthur Talbot's lips as he saw the leering face of the ruffian before him.

Seth Black stopped, and stood looking at the lad, his hands in his pockets, his dirty pipe between his teeth, the filthy fur cap on the back of his head.

"So it's you, my lad!"

Talbot stepped back a pace.

"I don't wish to speak to you," he said quietly. "Please leave me alone."

The ruffian grinned.

"Is that the way to speak to your dad?"

"I cannot believe that, as I have told you before," said Talbot patiently. "But never mind that now. You have done me all the harm you could, and I have nothing more

NEXT SATURDAY:

"THE HITTITES,"

A Splendid Long, Complete School Tale,
by Jack North;

AND

"FOES AGAINST HIM,"

A Thrilling Story of Martin Stern,
Detective.

IN "PLUCK," ID.

to give you, and now you can afford to leave me in peace, I think."

"Who's asking you for anything? I'm going to have more to-night than you could give me in ten years if you saved up all your pocket-money," said Black.

"Another victim in your clutches, I suppose?" said Talbot bitterly.

"Suppose it is?"

"Well, I don't desire to hear anything about it."

"I shouldn't tell you the little secret if you did," said Black, with a grin. "I am going to meet my lord to-night and bring him down off his perch. Ha, ha!"

Talbot started a little. He remembered the meeting between the squire and Black at the Dragon, and the strange words and actions of the master of Lynwood. He remembered his suspicion of Rupert Lacy.

And now it was borne in upon his mind that the squire of Lynwood was the man Seth Black was going to meet that night, who was to pay the sum of money, the prospect of which so evidently delighted the blackmailer. And as he thought of that, the lad's brow grew darker.

The squire of Lynwood had plotted with Eldred Lacy to have him driven from St. Kit's. The squire had some mysterious connection with Black, who held a power over him; and Black had been chiefly instrumental in Talbot's disgrace.

Was it indeed the fact that he owed it all to the squire of Lynwood—that Rupert Lacy had gone out of his way, for no apparent reason, to injure and ruin one who had never harmed him?

"You are going to meet the Squire of Lynwood?" Talbot exclaimed abruptly.

The ruffian looked at him curiously.

"What makes you think so?"

"Is it not a fact?"

"Mebbe, and mebbe not," said Seth Black cautiously. "I ain't telling secrets."

"You need not!" said Talbot bitterly.

"I know well enough without your telling me. Is it the price of my ruin that you are to receive? How much has the squire paid you for plotting with Eldred Lacy to drive me from St. Kit's?"

Seth Black started violently. He was so evidently surprised by Talbot's words that the late captain of St. Kit's could not fail to see it.

"Drive you from St. Kit's!" exclaimed Black. "You are not leaving the school?"

"I am."

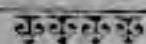
"Why?"

"Do you mean to say that you do not know?" asked Talbot, looking at him steadily.

"Of course I don't! You can't—you sha'n't leave St. Kit's! Do you think I'm going to allow you out of my sight—out of—"

(Another fine instalment next Saturday.)

Your Editor's Corner.



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

"THE HITTITES"

is the title of next Saturday's special extra-long, complete school tale. It is written by Jack North, and deals with the doings and adventures of the chums of Wycliffe. The Hittites, I might tell you, are a rival faction of the Brothers of Borden.

You must not miss reading it. "The Hittites" is a really splendid tale of school life, and is absolutely complete in itself.

The second for our next number is entitled,

"FOES AGAINST HIM."

and deals with an old **PLUCK** detective favourite—to wit, Martin Stern.

"Foes Against Him" is a thrilling and complete story which you will thoroughly enjoy reading.

Will you let me know what you think of "For the Honour of the School" and "The Terrorists" in this number? A post-card will do!

Two new additions to "The Boys' Friend" Library are now on sale and obtainable from all newsagents.

These are the numbers and titles you should ask for:

No. 25:

"THE STOLEN SUBMARINE,"

a thrilling tale of Nelson Lee, detective, and the

NEXT SATURDAY'S COVER.

Great Unknown, by Maxwell Scott.

And No. 26:

"PETE, DETECTIVE,"

a new, original, and laughable story of Jack, Sam, and Pete, by S. Clarke Hook.

The covers of these two splendid volumes are beautifully printed in colours. The price is three-pence each, and you should not fail to get them to-day.

YOUR EDITOR



Please order your copy of next week's number in advance.

This picture depicts an exciting incident in "The Hittites," by Jack North, one of the two complete tales in next Saturday's **PLUCK**. 1d.