

Extra Long School and Detective Tales in this issue.

# PLUCK

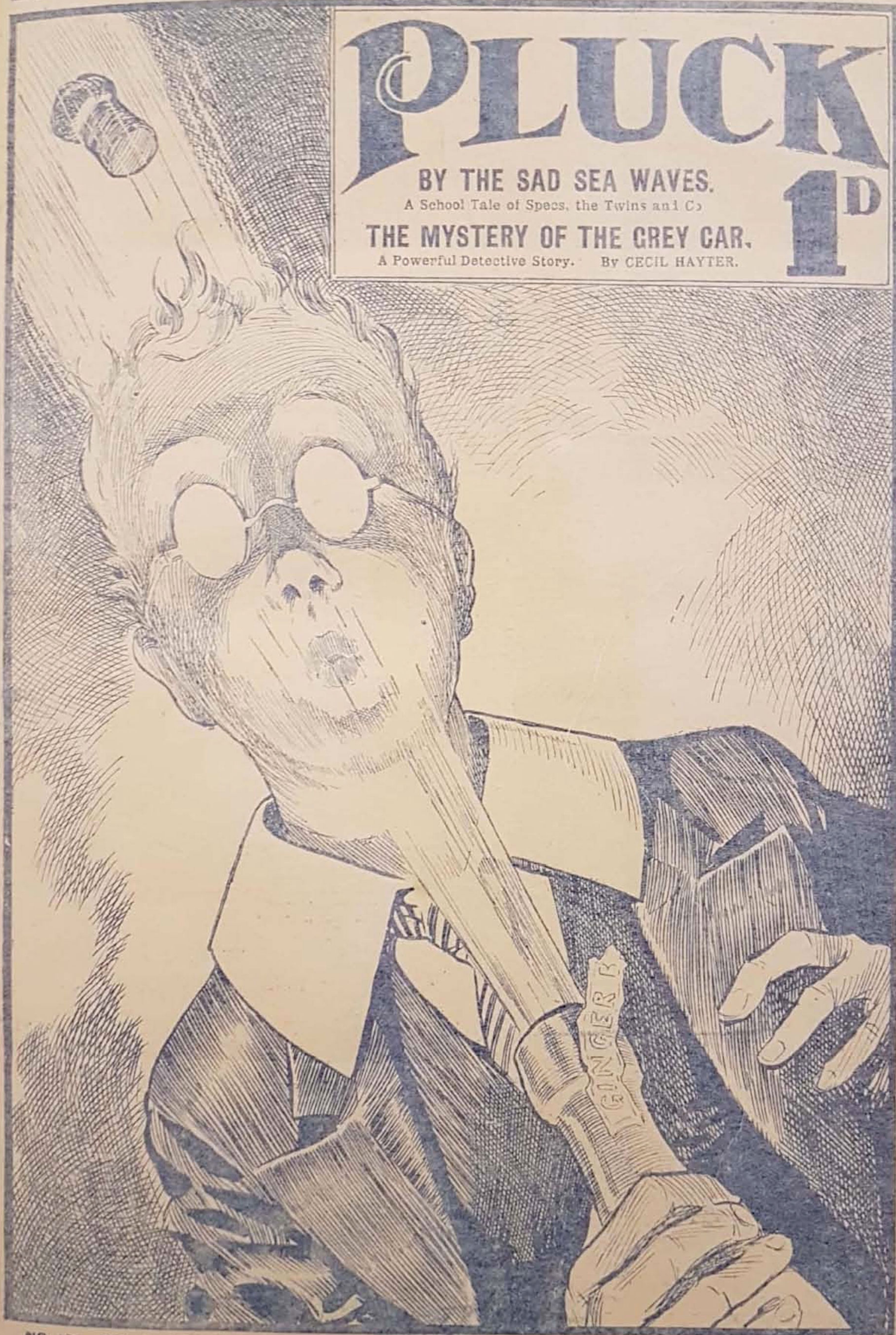
BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

A School Tale of Specs, the Twins and Co

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREY CAR.

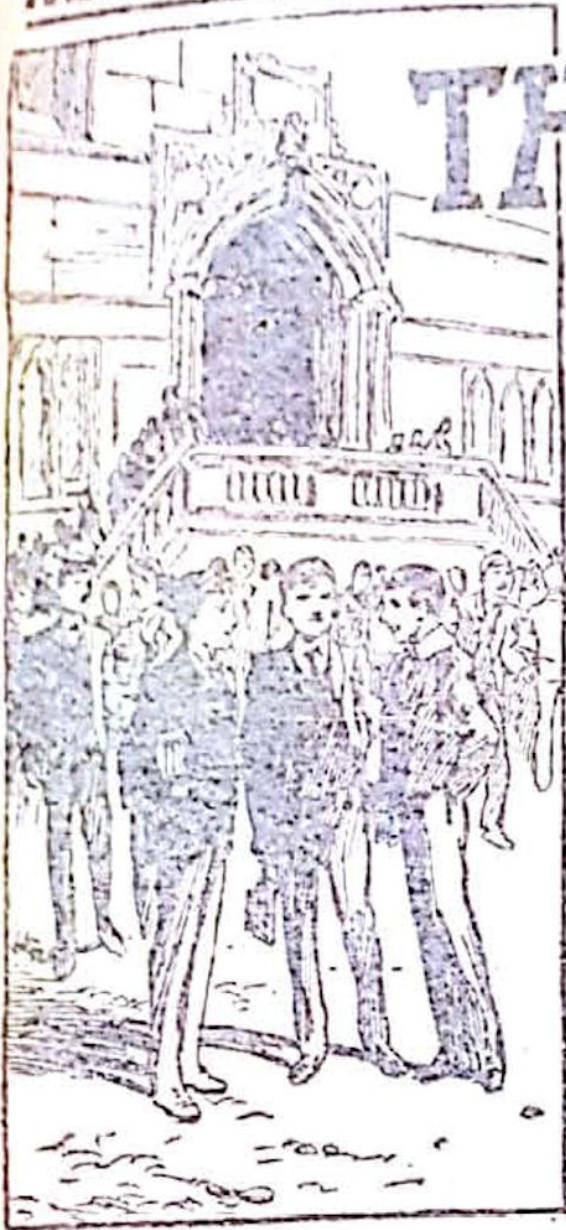
A Powerful Detective Story. By CECIL HAYTER.

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NEW SCHOOL TALE.

# THE RIVALRY 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.

"I know we shall be put in Coventry, and the silly asses want kicking hard," said Pat to his chums, "but the truth is bound to come out, kids."

(Now go on with the story.)

### A Committee of Investigation.

Blagden and Greene looked rather hopeless. "We're a committee of investigation now," said Pat; "we're going to investigate. You don't forget that it was Talbot discovered the truth about Trimble's rascality, and got us out of Coventry last time. We're going to do as much for him now."

"I wish we could," said Greene; "but he's going to leave St. Kit's."

"He will come back again when his innocence is proved."

"I don't see how we are going to prove it."

"Sure, and neither do I," said Pat cheerfully; "but we're going to find a way. Where there's a will there's a way, you know."

He spoke cheerfully and resolutely enough, but the way was not easy to find. All St. Kit's were satisfied of Talbot's guilt, and, with the exception of his suspicion of Eldred Lacy, Pat had no clue to go upon.

"And there's another thing," said Pat. "Those cackling geese are sending us to Coventry, unless we chuck over Talbot. Well and good. We'll meet them half-way, and send the Fourth Form to Coventry!"

Blagden grinned.

"Well, I didn't think of that," he remarked. "It will be a good wheeze. Hallo, here comes Blane! What does he want?"

Blane, of the Fourth, came into the study.

He had always been on pretty good terms with the end study, but in the present instance he was backing up Trimble, like the rest of the Form.

Pat, Blaggy, and Greene looked out of the window as Blane came into the room.

"Hallo!" said Blane.

The chums made no reply. Not by a single sign did they show that they were aware of the presence of the Fourth-Former in the study.

Blane looked surprised.

"I've broken the rule in speaking to you fellows," he remarked. "I want to see if I can make you see reason. Talbot is guilty, and the whole school is going to cut him if he remains at St. Kit's. You fellows ought to do the same."

No reply.

"I'm giving you a chance," said Blane. "Trimble is for keeping you in Coventry, anyway, but I've talked it over with some of the chaps. If you like to drop Talbot you can come back on the old terms in the Form, and we'll look over your confounded check in setting yourselves up against us so far."

Still no reply.

"So let's hear what you've decided," said Blane. "Better do the sensible thing."

A dead silence.

Blane looked surprised more than ever.

"I say, Pat Nugent, did you hear me?"

Pat was looking steadily out of the window.

He seemed to be intensely interested in the fluttering of the doctor's pigeons in the close, under the old elm-trees. For any sign he gave he might have been totally unaware of Blane's existence.

"I say, Nugent!"

Pat did not turn his head.

"Blagden, are you deaf, too?"

Blagden appeared to be stone deaf, for he gave no sign of having heard.

Blane was amazed. He stared from one of the juniors to another.

"Greene, can't you talk, either?"

Apparently Greene could not; at all events, he did not.

"Well, I'm blessed!" gasped Blane. "They're all off their rockers—right off their giddy rockers, and no mistake!"

Trimble looked into the study. There was a scowl on his face; he evidently did not approve of the olive-branch being held out to the three chums.

"Have you done there, Blane?" he snapped.

"Ye-es," said Blane doubtfully.

"What do they say?"

"They haven't said anything," said Blane. "Either they're stone deaf or they're off their silly chumps. Look here, Pat Nugent, are you going to give me an answer?"

Pat watched the pigeons.

"Do you hear me, Nugent?" roared Blane; and he caught the Irish lad by the shoulder and shook him.

Pat turned his head then. Without speaking, he took hold of Blane's hand, unclasped it from his shoulder, and threw it aside as if it had been something contaminating in its touch.

Blane was too amazed to resist. He could only stare blankly at Pat.

Trimble was as amazed as Blane.

"He's off his chump," he said, with conviction—"right off it! Better come out, Blane."

"Sha'n't!" said Blane warmly. "They're going to give me an answer before I go. Do you think I'm going to be treated like this, Trimble?"

"Better come."

"Rats! Sha'n't! I'm not going to be checked by a set of kids in the Lower Fourth," howled Blane, exasperated. "Pat Nugent, are you going to give me an answer, or shall I bang your silly head against the wall?"

Pat had resumed watching the pigeons. He did not appear to hear Blane's question.

Blagden and Greene kept their faces perfectly solemn and expressionless.

Blane grasped Pat by the shoulder again and shook him. Pat again tried to unloose his clasp, but Blane held him fast, and went on shaking him. Pat rose to his feet, got a grip on Blane's collar, and twisted him round.

Blane began to struggle. But though he was a bigger boy

**NEXT SATURDAY:** "FOR THE HONOUR OF THE SCHOOL,"  
A Splendid Long, Complete School Tale,  
by Lewis Hockley

AND

"THE TERRORISTS,"  
A Thrilling Tale of Dr. Nevada,  
Mystery Investigator.

IN "PLUCK," 1d.

than Pat, he was not nearly so strong or active, for Pat Nugent was the champion athlete of the Lower Fourth. Pat, with an iron grip on his collar, marched him to the door, and calmly ejected him from the study. Blane went staggering along the passage with the impetus of the shove Pat gave him, and brought up against a study door, where he leaned gasping. Pat turned to Trimble. The lanky captain of the Upper Fourth promptly skipped out of the end study, without waiting for the Irish lad to come to close quarters. He joined Blane, and the two stared in mute amazement at Pat. Not a word had Pat uttered during the ejection of Blane and Trimble from the study. He solemnly closed the door, without a word. Trimble and Blane gasped. "Mad!" said Trimble. "As a matter!" said Blane. And they departed to tell the news in the Fourth Form that the chums of the end study were now qualified for a residence in Colney Hatch. But in the end study the trio were grinning hugely. "They don't know what to make of it," said Pat, chuckling. "They've never heard of three chaps sending a whole form to Coventry."

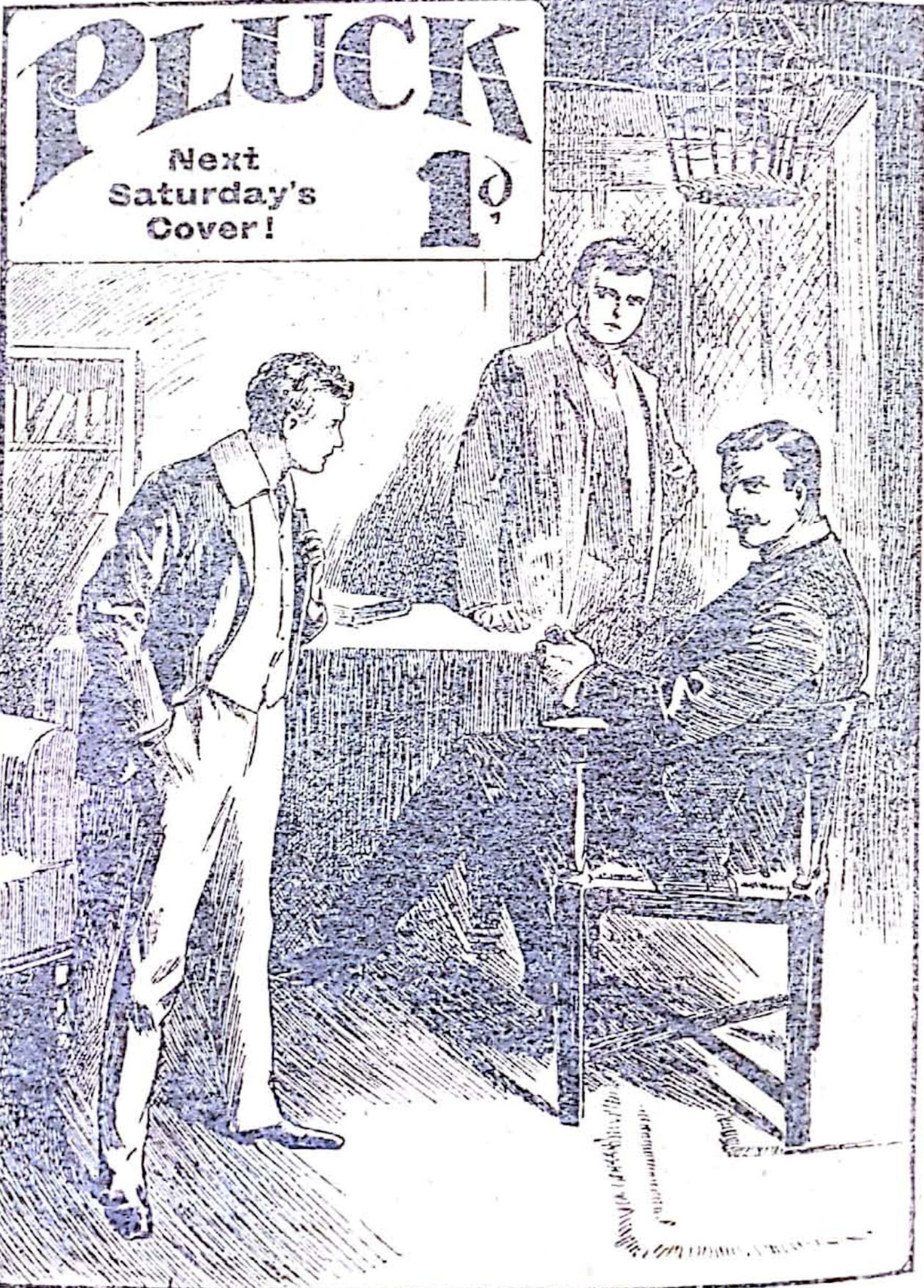
"Ha, ha, ha! I hadn't before you started the wheeze." "They're awfully curious," said Greene. "I fancy that's not the last visit we shall have from the Fourth Form." And Greene was right. The Fourth Form were intensely curious; and in their curiosity the rigid rule of Coventry was broken. It was not long before several fellows came looking into the end study to see whether the news was true about the state of the chums' sanity. Cobb was the first to put his head in at the door. "I say, Nugent—"

Pat was writing, and he did not look up. "Nugent! I say, Nugent!" No reply. "Nugent! Can't you talk, fathhead? I—"

Whiz! Without a word, Pat had suddenly jerked an inkpot towards Cobb, and a stream of ink caught him in the face, and put an abrupt stop to his questioning. "Wooroo!" yelled Cobb "What did you do that for?"

Dead silence. "Yah! Beast! I'll—"

Pat did not speak, but his hand stole towards a ruler.



This picture depicts an interesting incident from "For the Honour of the School," by Lewis Hockley, one of the two complete tales in next Saturday's PLUCK. 1d.

# Your Editor's Corner

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

"FOR THE HONOUR OF THE SCHOOL," is the title of next Saturday's first long, complete story. It will deal with school life, and is written by Lewis Hockley, author of "Harry's Mission" and other stories that you have written to me to say "you want more of." You must not fail to read "For the Honour of the School." The second, entitled

## "THE TERRORISTS,"

is a tale dealing with the thrilling adventures of an old PLUCK favourite—to wit, Dr. Nevada, mystery investigator. Please order your number of PLUCK early, so that you may be sure of getting your copy. PLUCK is soon sold out.

Two more new additions to "The Boys' Friend" Complete Library will be on sale this week.

They are:  
No. 25: "THE STOLEN SUBMARINE," a thrilling tale of Nelson Lee, detective, and the Great Unknown, by Maxwell Scott.

And No. 26: "PETE, DETECTIVE," a new, original, and laughable story of Jack, Sam, and Pete, by S. Charles Hook.

G. A. Olley, the well-known cyclist, has been doing an enormous amount

### NEXT SATURDAY'S COVER.

of riding in view of his forthcoming attack on the Land End to John Groat's safety record. He recently covered the 370 miles of Billy road between Gloucester and Perth as a week-end training spin on his Rudge. Worth eyes, which by the way, weigh 22lbs. in weight.

Another splendid tale dealing with Tom Merry's adventures in this week's issue of "The Boys' Friend" Complete Library. Price one halfpenny. YOUR EDITOR.

(Another fine instalment next Saturday.)