

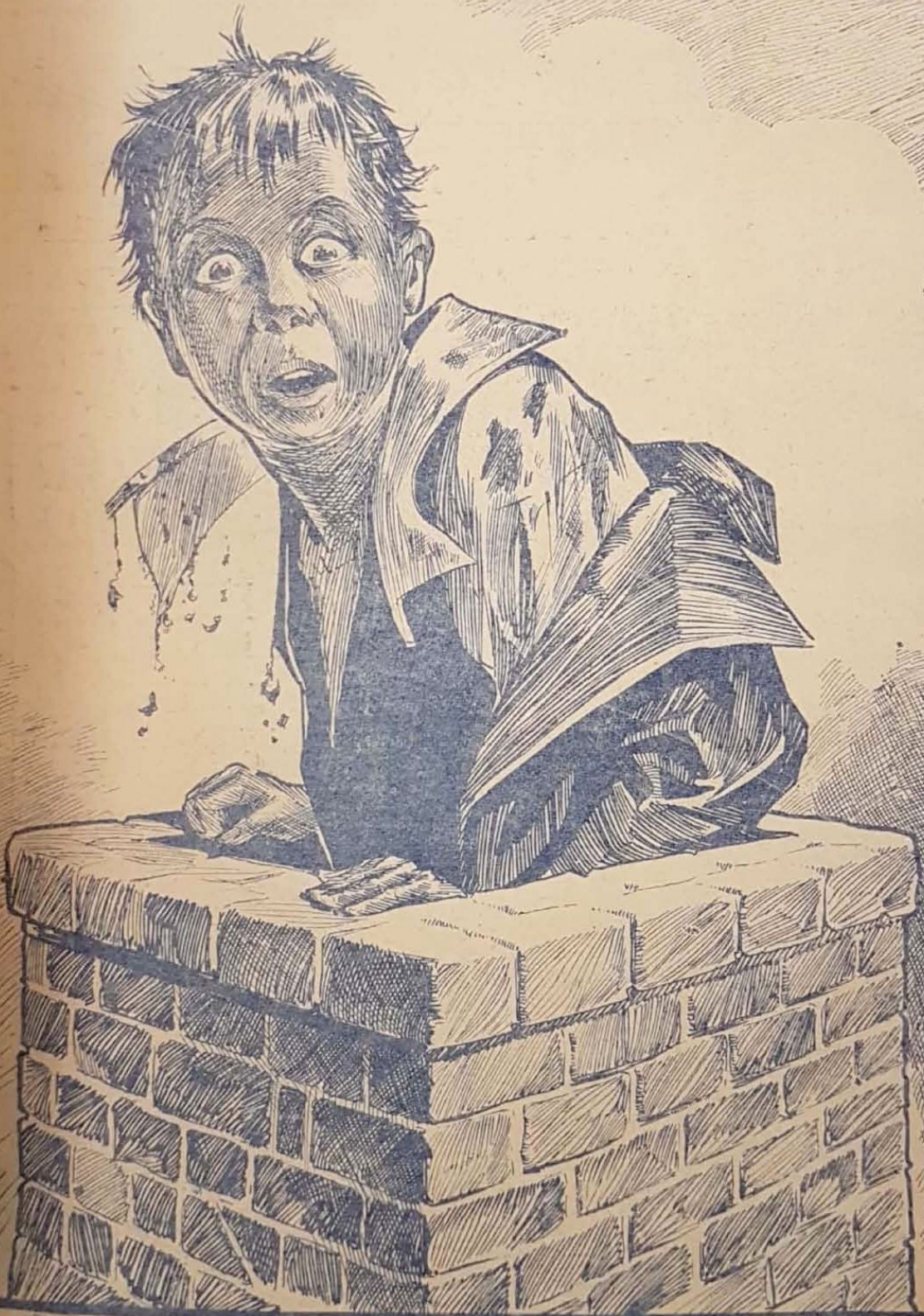
Grand School and Detective Tales. 157

# PLUCK

1<sup>d</sup>

THE SECRET SEVEN.  
A School Tale. By JACK NORTH.

THE EMPEROR'S GUARDS.  
A Grand Detective Story.



"HURRAH!" YELLED LARRY.



NEW SCHOOL TALE.

"Be Jove! What a world of worry I might have saved if you could only have kept the German's papers in your possession."  
 "Well, in that case, it's rather a pity you did worry yourself, Halton. For Max Glaister's papers still are where they have always been since Barton Ansdale brought them here first."

"What!"  
 "I say I have never let the papers out of my keeping. My opinion of Ansdale's intelligence is about on a par with your own, and when he took back the papers for the pursuit of his friend Maynell, I handed him a copy which I had prepared."

"A copy!"  
 "A true copy, but a carefully edited one."  
 "So the papers they got were absolutely useless?"  
 "Well, not absolutely useless, seeing that they resulted in the manufacture of a brown powder which refused to explode."

"Ah! so that accounts for the first fiasco."  
 "Yes. But, unluckily, my alterations weren't quite extensive enough to hoodwink a chemist of Brunning's attainments. I, unfortunately, left enough of a clue to put him on the right track, and he lighted on the secret of the green powders."

"But the green powders did not go off either."  
 "Well, they would have gone off if they hadn't been tampered with. The bomb that blew up the boulder worked all right. But I must tell you how the bombs were made."

"There were two powders, of very different qualities, but exactly of the same appearance. It required chemical tests to distinguish them. Brunning distinguished them by the letters A and B. Both were perfectly harmless by themselves. It was when they got into contact that the mischief was done."

"Bunning divided his canisters by a white plate made of a kind of celluloid, another of Glaister's notions. The A powder was to be placed on one side of this, the B powder on the other. Now the B powder exerted a corrosive action on the celluloid stuff, ate it away, and so permitted the powders to get into contact, then the explosion would take place."

"To keep it from doing so before the proper time, a steelplate was introduced between the B powder and the white plate. As the B powder, of course, did not corrode the steel, the bomb was quite safe to handle until the steel plate was withdrawn. And, according to the thickness of the white plate, the explosion would follow at a longer or shorter interval."

"Through my friend Dulac, I learned that Brunning had got all the bombs ready, a square one disguised as a camera for Mingelli, an oblong one in the form of a flute-case for Helm, and a circular one to fit inside the crown of a tall hat for Maynell. But although Brunning had packets of the powders ready too, duly marked A and B, he had not filled the cases. Accordingly, I prepared a quantity of the A powder, the powder that does not corrode, and took it with me when, by Dr. Davis's help, I was introduced into the sick-room in the guise of a consulting physician."

"Then, by the help of Sindon, who was masquerading as Nurse Peters, I got into the laboratory, where I emptied all the packets of the B powder and substituted the A powder in its place. As I have said, nobody but a chemist could tell the difference, and even he couldn't do it by mere inspection. So the bombs to-day contained none of the B powder, which is the active agent in the explosion, but had the harmless A powder on both sides of the plate."

"Well," replied Halton, "I wish you to keep your promise about Dulac and Simonson. You promised to introduce me to them to-day."

"And you don't see them here? Well, perhaps Bob will tell you about Dulac."

"I made his acquaintance some time ago," said Moffat promptly, "and I think he has been useful. He took lodgings two doors away from Brunning's place, and on the top floor. Brunning's rooms, as you have heard, were also on the top floor. Dulac had a habit of getting out of No. 5 by a trapdoor in the roof, getting into No. 2 by a similar trapdoor, and contriving to hear all that was said in the bed-room, and also to see a good deal of what Brunning did in his laboratory."

"Ah!" said Halton thoughtfully, "you say you made this Dulac's acquaintance some little time ago. May I ask where?"

"In the looking-glass," said Moffat with a laugh.

"And as to Simonson," said Halton, "I suppose—"

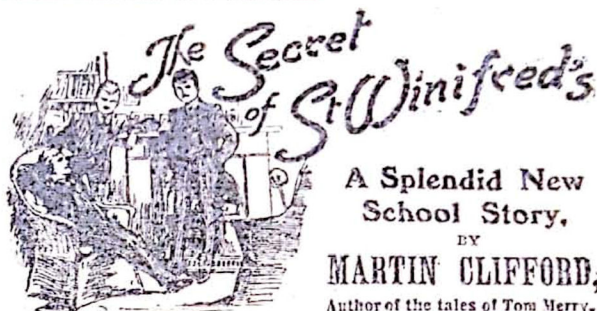
"You are quite right," said the chief. "Simonson's complexion is in the paint-box, his clothes are in the wardrobe, and the rest of his personality is before you."

A few nights later Vance entertained the same company to dinner. After the meal he handed round a heavy gold case, made to fit his favourite cheroots. Moffat wore a splendid chain. All three gifts bore an Imperial monogram, for the monarch fully realised the danger that had menaced him, and had been quick to show his appreciation of the services of the three plain individuals who, on the day of the state procession, and despite the pomp and panoply of cuirasséd troopers and princing chargers, had proved themselves to be the most efficient of the Emperor's Guards.

THE END.

[Two long complete stories again next Saturday.]

NEXT SATURDAY: "BRIAN'S ENEMIES," A Splendid Long, Complete School Tale, by Lewis Buckley.



READ THIS FIRST.

The train containing the boys of St. Winifred's slowed down alongside Ferndale Station platform. "You boulder! Why didn't you yell?" Locke, a Fourth-Former, shouted the question to Clive Lawrence—a new boy, but one in no way shy or constrained. "What was there to yell about?" asked Clive. Locke sniffed. "Oh, of course, you don't know; you're a new kid. We're at daggers drawn with the Fifth at St. Winifred's, and Kendal and Keene, who are standing over there, are the heads of the Fifth." Clive joins the party of Fourth-Formers, and they eventually get to the school by capturing the Sixth Form brake. Clive is told to share a study with Fisher and Locke. The three go to their room at once. "It's a jolly good looking-glass over the fire-place," said Locke, "and you can see the whole of your face in it if you stand a bit to one side." (Now go on with the story.)

The Study (continued).

"Ripping!" said Clive Lawrence, standing as directed and peering into the glass. "It twists your features about a bit, but that really doesn't matter."

"Of course it doesn't," said Fisher. "Some of the studies have no looking-glasses, and no fire-grate, either. The kids who have them have to crowd round the fire at the end of the passage in the cold weather. You can see 'em in swarms trying to toast their cheese or their chestnuts. We had a taste of that, the first term we were here, didn't we, Locke?"

"Yes, rather," said Locke; "and jolly glad we were to get a study with a grate in it. You're jolly lucky to get in here your first term, Lawrence."

"I suppose I am," said Clive. "I don't see why we shouldn't have a good time here."

"That all depends upon whether you learn to keep your place," said Fisher. "As captain of the Form, I am compelled to bar cheek in new kids. I suppose you are willing to stand your whack as a member of the study?"

"How do you mean?"

"We have to pay for our own coal. Then, the furniture all has to be bought. We've a lot of things—most of what we want, in fact—left over from last term, but we simply must have a new shovel and kettle, a teapot, and a coffee-strainer. If we could raise the wind sufficiently to get one of those nobby little pairs of brass tongs, it would be ripping, and save blacking the fingers. You mean to stand your whack?"

"Certainly," said Clive, at once. "My pocket-money is limited, but as far as it goes you won't find me mean, I can assure you."

"Well, that's the right sort," said Fisher amiably. "I dare say we shall get on all right, if you only learn to keep your place. We were thinking of clubbing together to get an armchair. Biggs has one he's willing to sell, and he's offered to take six bob for it. We'll talk about that later, though. That villain hasn't put any coal in the locker, and we can't light the fire and get tea. Let's go and have a look round. We'll show you over St. Winifred's, if you like."

"That's jolly good of you," said Clive eagerly. "Just what I should like, Fisher."

"Come along, then," said Fisher.

And the three Fourth-Formers left the study, and descended to the school close.

"THE GOLDEN BULLET." AND A Thrilling, Complete Tale of Mystery, Dare, Detective. IN "PLUCK." 10



The Bullies of the Sixth.

Clive Lawrence was deeply interested in the old school, at which he was to pass a considerable portion of his young life, and he followed Fisher and Locke about the ancient buildings with his eyes and ears wide open. Fisher rather fancied himself in the role of cicerone, and the evident interest of the new boy put him into a good humour.

"This is an awfully old place," he explained. "It was a monastery hundreds of years ago, till King George dissolved the monasteries—What are you grinning at?"

"I thought it was Henry VIII."

"Can't see that it makes much difference. If you're going to carp and cavil at everything I say—"

"I'm not. I beg your pardon. Go on."

"Well," said Fisher, "the place was full of those jolly old monks till King Thingummy dissolved the monasteries, and then they had to bunk. It became a college after that, and the school was founded by Sir Edgar Trelawney."

"Trelawney?" exclaimed Clive, with interest. "That's the name of the captain of the school now, isn't it?"

"Yes. Sir Edgar Trelawney was an ancestor of his. They are an old family in this part of Devon," said Fisher, proud of his knowledge. "One of Trelawney's ancestors was a captain under Sir Francis Drake, and fought against the Spanish Armada. From the top of the tower of St. Winifred's you can see the spot where one of the galleons was wrecked."

Clive's eyes gleamed with interest.

"Can you really?"

"Yes; I'll show you the place some time. There was a huge treasure in the galleon, you know, and the legend runs that it was carried ashore and buried by the Spaniards, in the hope of recovering it another time. They were killed by the country people, though, and nobody knows whether there's any truth in the yarn, or where the treasure is if it exists."

"I should think some of you fellows would have a hunt for it," said Clive.

"Why, of course, we've done so, and I expect a good many generations of boys here have done it, too," said Fisher.

"We often spend half-holidays groping among the cliffs yonder, looking for the wreck of the old galleon. A chap found a Spanish sword once, before I came to St. Winifred's, and it's kept in the library. Nobody's ever found any treasure, that I know of, but that only proves that they hid it carefully. We're only a quarter of a mile from the sea, and there are hundreds of caves down by the shore."

Clive was intensely interested. Fisher, pleased to have found a listener so keen, told him all he knew about the wreck of the galleon, and all he had heard. Clive, as he listened, was inwardly resolving to have a hunt for the lost treasure at the earliest possible moment.

Round about St. Winifred's they went, over the ruins of the ancient abbey, of which only the walls and some of the window-embasures were standing. Then to the gymnasium—a modern erection at one side of the school close—and to the laboratories and workshops. Clive Lawrence looked with especial interest at the football-ground, where there was room for four games to be in progress at the same time.

The hour boomed out from the school tower.

"Hallo! Time to go in for calling-over," exclaimed Fisher. "Come along, you new kid."

Clive Lawrence went with his new friends into the great, lofty hall of St. Winifred's, where the calling-over duly took place. There he had an opportunity of seeing for the first time the full force of the dwellers in the ancient pile.

The important air of the Sixth impressed him somewhat, but he joined with Fisher and Locke in exchanging defiant glances with the members of the Fifth Form. He noticed that several glances from the Sixth singled him out, and he recognised the Sixth-Former who had run after the brake from the station and failed to catch it.

"What did you say that chap's name was, Fisher?" he whispered.

Fisher looked round.

"That tall fellow who's scowling at you, do you mean?"

"Yes, that's the one."

"That's Courtney. He's no end of a big gun in the Sixth. His people are rich, and he's the head of the fast set in the top Form."

"He looks like it."

"Yes, he dresses awfully well, and they say he goes to the races sometimes," remarked Fisher. "I don't know if there's any truth in it."

"You'd better not become his fag, that's all, Lawrence," said Locke. "He looks as if he could eat you now, and if he had you in his clutches—"

"Is he a bully, then?"

"Yes, a good deal of one, though he can be very nice to fellows of his own kidney. Don't let him get you for a fag if you can help it."

"Shall I have any choice in the matter?" asked the boy who knew something of public schools, and of what it was to have to expect there.

"No, very likely not, if he claims you. Keep out of the way as much as you can, that's all, and you may be able to dodge him."

Fisher chuckled.

"I fancy that you'll be easy, Locke. Courtney is a big take that as an awful dig at the dignity of the Sixth."

"It was, as a matter of fact. I wonder now that we had enough to do it. Courtney is looking out for Lawrence."

"I fancy he'll nail him now he's got the chance."

Fisher was quite right.

Calling-over ended, the three Fourth-Formers tried to get out of the hall, but Courtney was too quick for them, and overtook them in the passage.

"Stop, you new fellow! What's your name—Lawrence?"

Clive stopped, as there was no help for it. Fisher and Locke stopped, too, looking rather dismayed. They were stand up to the Fifth, but the Sixth were monarchs of the day they surveyed. Courtney looked curiously at Clive.

"So you are the kid that drove off with our brake from the station?" he exclaimed.

Clive Lawrence nodded coolly.

"That's right," he said. "I'm the kid."

"You've brought plenty of nerve with you to St. Winifred's, I see," said Courtney, with a scowl. "I say, Clive, this is the cheeky young innip."

A Sixth Form fellow, with a narrow face and cold, blue eyes, had joined Courtney. He, too, stared at Clive as the new boy were some curious zoological specimen.

"Oh, is that the brat, Courtney? Wring his beastly neck for him!"

Courtney grinned.

"I'm going to put him through it, never fear!" he exclaimed. "I say, Lawrence, you cheeky young scoundrel, do you know that we had to walk to the school after you collared our brake at the station?"

"Well, we should have had to walk if I hadn't collared it, you know," said Clive.

"But there's a bit of difference between the Sixth Form and the Fourth," said Courtney. "You must be taught to understand that difference, I think, Lawrence. You were in it as well, Fisher and Locke."

"Oh, yes, we were in it!" said Fisher. "We can stand the row, Courtney. Draw it mild, you know, the first day of term."

"You can cut off, you two," said Courtney, on reflection. "This new fellow took you into it, I know. You can get out."

"But, look here, we had an equal share—"

"I don't want to be bothered with you. Kick them out, Carne!"

"Certainly," grinned Carne.

He bundled the two unwilling juniors off, and walked them with vigorous kicks from his heavy boots. It was evident that the Sixth were high-handed in dealing with the juniors at St. Winifred's.

"You'll come along with us," said Courtney, passing his arm through Clive's. "We are going to have a little talk with you, and explain things to you kindly."

Clive Lawrence struggled.

"I don't want to come."

"I'm afraid that doesn't make any difference, my dear child," said Courtney blandly. "If you're finished with those young rascals, Carne, take this cheeky little beggar to other arm."

Carne took Clive Lawrence by the disengaged arm. It was useless for the junior to struggle now. He was marched off between the two seniors, Fisher and Locke, watching from a distance. They could do nothing to help him.

Right up to Courtney's study they went. Courtney kicked the door open, and bundled his prisoner in. Carne closed the door.

Clive Lawrence tore himself loose at last, and went panting, looking warily at the Sixth Form chamber. He knew that he was in for a rough time now, but he didn't did not quail.

"Now," said Courtney, in honeyed tones. "I think I have mentioned, Lawrence, that I, and others of the Sixth, had to walk to St. Winifred's owing to your taking our brake. Have you any especial preference for any particular form of punishment?"

"Oh, cut it short!" said Clive. "I knew I might get licked for it, and I did it with my eyes open, to take me out of the Fifth. I'm not afraid to take the consequences. Get it over do, and have done with it!"

Courtney gave a whistle.



"Well, you're a plucked 'un, and no mistake!" he said. "I am glad to see that you freely admit that you have earned a licking. Show him on the table, Carno." Carno stepped towards Clive. The junior backed away. His eyes were gleaming. "What are you going to do?" he exclaimed. "I am going to dust you," he said—"I am going to dust you till you wriggle, you young brute, and howl for mercy!" Clive's teeth came together hard, and he clenched his fists almost convulsively.

"You're going to do nothing of the kind," he said, between his teeth. "If you choose to come me, I'll take that without whining, but I'm not going to be beaten like a dog." "Aren't you?" sneered Courtney. "By Jove, I can see we shall have to teach this kid something! I'll have him for my fag, and break him in." S shove him on the table, Carno!

Carno grinned and seized the junior. But Clive's blood was rising, and he struggled furiously, and hit out with all his strength. The senior reeled back from a powerful drive in the ribs, gasping for breath. "The—the young demon! Lend me a hand with him, Courtney."

Courtney sprang to his aid. Clive made a wild break for the door, but they collared him in a twinkling. He was dragged off his feet, and plumped down on the table, face downwards.

"Hold him, Carno." "I've got the young beast. Lay into him." "I'm going to," snarled Courtney, swinging the thick, heavy strap in the air. "By Jupiter, I'll teach him a lesson! He's asked for this."

Swish! Slash! Swish! Slash! The heavy strap rose and fell with all the strength of Courtney's powerful arm. Clive, pinned down across the table, was helplessly exposed to the castigation. He squirmed and wriggled spasmodically. The pain was intense, but he bore it with the courage of a martyr, determined that no sound should pass his lips.

"Give it him harder, Courtney," exclaimed Carno; "he doesn't feel that! Make him yelp!" Courtney slashed away with all his strength. In spite of his courage, a low moan forced itself between the lips of the new boy, and Carno broke into a chuckle.

"He's got a tongue, after all! Give him some more like that!"

Slash! Slash! Slash! If Clive had cried out, Courtney would not have struck so hard, but the pride and courage of the junior further exasperated him.

He struck with all his strength, and Clive, maddened by the pain, struggled savagely. He got one foot free, and landed out with it. His boot caught Courtney under the chin, and sent him flying as if he had been shot.

"Ow!" roared Courtney. "The young fiend has broken my jaw! Ow!"

The dandy of the Sixth was hors de combat for a moment. Clive Lawrence did not lose the opportunity. He curled up on Carno like a wild cat, fighting, and tearing, and kicking, till the senior let him go.

"He's—he's a beastly wild beast!" gasped Carno, hurling the junior from him, glad to get rid of him. "Look out, Courtney!"

Courtney, holding his jaw in his left hand, sprang to the door just in time to prevent the escape of Clive Lawrence. He turned the key in the lock, and then thrust it into his pocket; then he turned upon the junior with an evil snarl. "Now you shall be put through it," he said thickly. "I'll make you squirm for this, you young hound! Collar him, Carno!"

The two seniors sprang towards Clive. The junior was aching with pain, and ready for anything rather than submitting to the castigation a second time. He seized the clock from the mantelpiece—a marble clock that was Courtney's pride—and raised it above his head with both hands. "Stand back! If you touch me, I'll—"

He did not need to finish; his look was enough; and the two seniors shrank back from his gleaming eyes and the threatening hands. Clive stood panting.

He fully meant what he said, and if either of the bullies had advanced upon him at that moment, the result would have been painful for him. As they paused, glaring at him savagely, there came a knock at the door.

"Who's there?" snapped Courtney. "It is I."

The voice was that of Trelawney, the captain of St. Winifred's. Courtney muttered something between his teeth.

"What do you want?" he called out. "I'm busy!" Trelawney tried the door. It was locked. "I want you to open this door, Courtney." "I don't care to."

Knock! Knock! "I'm busy; you can't come in now!" "If you don't open the door, I will break in the lock." "You dare not."

Trelawney did not reply. The crash of a heavy stool on the lock followed, and the door shook and groaned. Courtney muttered a curse.

"He means it," muttered Carno. "Better open the door."

Courtney crossed to the door and unlocked it, and threw it back. The captain of St. Winifred's strode into the room.

"Ah, I thought so!" he exclaimed, as he glanced at Clive. "What are you doing with that clock, youngster?" Clive set it upon the mantelpiece again. He knew now that the coming of the captain of the school meant rescue for him. He saw Fisher and Locke looking in at the door, and guessed that they had brought Trelawney on the scene. He did not reply to the captain's question. Badly as he had been treated, he was not one to complain.

"What do you want here, Trelawney?" demanded Courtney, in a low voice of concentrated passion. "You have forced yourself into my study—"

Trelawney looked at him with flashing eyes of scorn. "I would force myself into any study where cowardly bullying was going on!" he exclaimed.

Courtney flushed crimson. "Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say that you were bullying and ill-treating that youngster."

"Those lying young rascals told you so, I suppose?" "They told me so, and they told me the truth."

Courtney gave Fisher and Locke an unpleasant glance. It warned them that he would remember this against them. Courtney had a long memory for matters of this kind.

"We knew you were bullying him," said Fisher boldly. "I'd have gone to one of the masters, sneaking or no sneaking, only I thought of Trelawney."

"Fisher did quite right to come to me," said the captain of St. Winifred's; "and I seem to have arrived none too soon. You were ill-using that boy, although he will not tell me what you have done."

"We were giving him a licking," said Courtney sullenly. "You know what he did. He collared the brake at the station belonging to the Sixth Form—"

"Yes, I know; and it was like his cheek, and I intended to cane him," said Trelawney. "I shall not do so now, however. After all, it was only a boyish freak, and we are never hard on the juniors on the first day of term."

"They ought to be taught to respect the Sixth!" "Do you think they will respect the Sixth for bullying and ill-using them?" demanded Trelawney hotly. "You will make them despise the Sixth by this way of going on. A coward and a bully will not win respect."

"Do you apply those words to me?" said Courtney, turning pale.

"I say you have acted like a coward in this instance, and you are a bully. If I had not known that, I should never have come here. I do not believe in interfering between the seniors and the fags as a rule, but when I hear your name mentioned, I know what to think."

Trelawney turned to Clive Lawrence. "You can cut off, youngster."

Clive Lawrence gladly crossed to the door. "Thank you, Trelawney!" he said quietly. "You needn't thank me, kid. I'm captain of this school, and I'm going to put down bullying, or throw up the post. Mind, all the same, I'm just as heavily down on juniors who don't treat the Upper Forms with proper respect!"

The door closed on the juniors. Then Trelawney proceeded to speak his mind to Courtney and Carno in a way he would not have cared to do before the youngsters.

"You've started your old tricks on the very first day of the new term," he said. "It's pretty plain that you don't intend to turn over a new leaf if you can help it. Now, before there's any further unpleasantness, I want you fellows and your set to understand that there's going to be a new regime at St. Winifred's. There's been too much bullying, and too much of other things which are going to be stopped."

"Have you set out as a general reformer, and a censor of morals?" asked Courtney, with a sneer.

"Something of the sort," said Trelawney coolly. "I may mention that I am backed up by the Head in striving to get

**NEXT SATURDAY:**

"BRIAN'S ENEMIES,"  
A Splendid Long, Complete School Tale,  
By Lewis Hockley.

AND "THE GOLDEN BULLET,"  
A Thrilling, Complete Tale of Stanley  
Darc, Detective.

**IN "PLUCK," 1d.**



a better tone into the Upper Forms at this school. I'm going on bullies, for a start."

"If you're going to coddle the juniors—"  
"I'm going to do nothing of the kind. Hard knocks don't hurt a boy as a rule. A fellow must learn not to be soft. But deliberate bullying is a rotten bad thing for everybody concerned, and it's going to disappear from St. Winifred's if I remain captain."

"Perhaps you won't remain captain long, then," suggested Courtney, with a sneer. "Captains have found the post made too hot to hold them before now, you know, Trelawney."

"If that's meant as a threat, Courtney, I despise it," said Trelawney coldly. "I fancy my position is secure enough, and I know I'm backed up by the best lot among the fellows. But I'd rather lose the post to-morrow than knuckle under to a set of dirty, blackguardly rotters—"

"So that's the term you apply to us!"  
"I should not apply it if you hadn't earned it. But enough said. You know what I intend now, and it rests with yourself whether you oppose me or not."

And the captain of St. Winifred's quitted the study. Carne looked doubtfully at his chum. Courtney's face was pale with rage.

"He seems to be in earnest, Court, old boy," Carne remarked; "and he's a beastly determined brute when he gets his back up."

Courtney gritted his teeth.

"Do you think I'm going to knuckle under to him, Carne?"

"You'll have your hands full of work, old fellow, if you start a campaign against the captain of the school," Carne replied dubiously.

"I don't care! I'll show Treawney how little I care for his threats. From this day I'll work to make his position too hot to hold him!" hissed Courtney. "He has crossed me before this, but never so openly. He shall suffer for it, you mark my words!"

Fisher stared at the new boy as they went down the passage. Clive Lawrence was moving in an extremely peculiar way, and seemed to be trying to walk along on the sides of his feet.

"What the dickens are you up to, kid?" exclaimed Fisher. "Is that a new system of gymnastics, or what?"

Clive Lawrence coloured.

"I—I feel a bit sore," he replied. "They patted me fearfully, and—and it hurts."

"Oh, I see!" said Fisher sympathetically. "Yes, I know how they can lay it on. I've been there myself."

(An extra long instalment next week.)

## Your Editor's Corner.

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

### BRIAN'S ENEMIES

is the title of next Saturday's grand, long, complete school tale. It will deal with the schooldays of Brian Downington, and is written by Lewis Hockley.

The picture below is a small reproduction of the one you must look out for on the cover of our next issue.

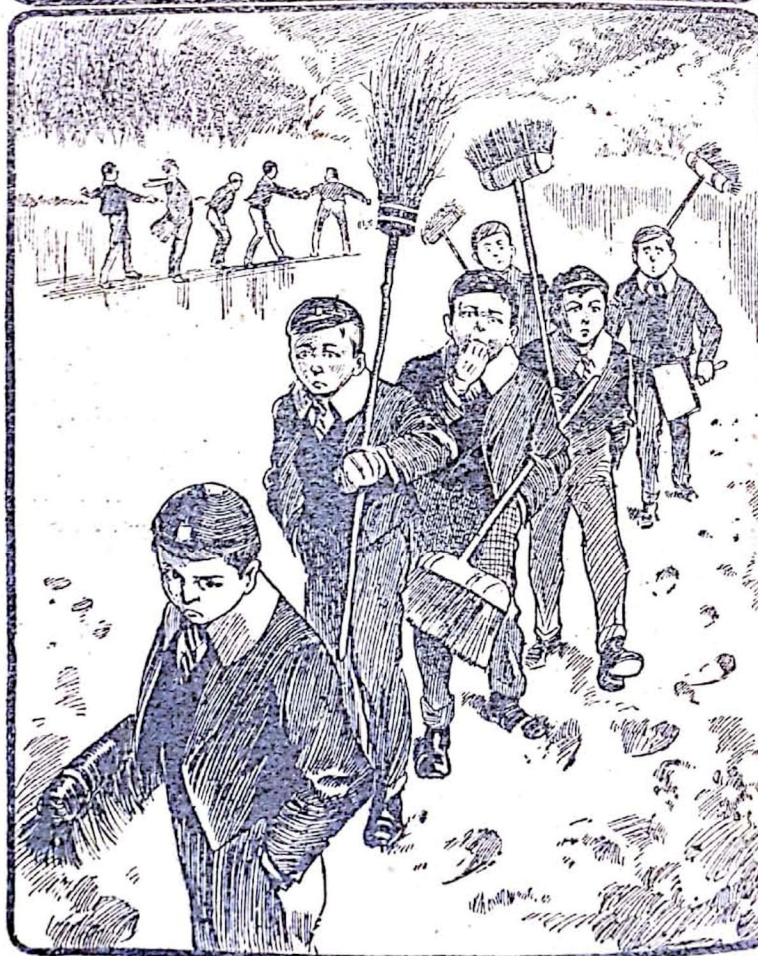
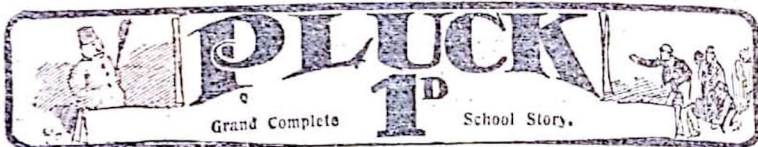
### "THE GOLDEN BULLET,"

is a splendid tale of Stanley Dare, the young detective, and is one you must not fail to read.

### TWO NEW BOOKS.

On Friday, February 7th, two new numbers of "The Boy's Friend" Threepenny Library books will be on sale.

These are the ones that you should order now from your newsagent:  
No. 39: "Sitting Blake in Siberia."  
No. 40: "The Fourth Form at Greyminster," by Henry St. John.



This picture depicts an incident in "Brian's Enemies," a tale of school life, by Lewis Hockley, one of the two complete stories in next Saturday's PLUCK. Price 1d.

NEXT SATURDAY'S COVER.

THIS SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

"Western Road,"  
"Bexhill,"  
"Sussex."

"Dear Editor—! see that you would like the readers of 'The Gem Library' to give their opinion of the stories. It is one of the most interesting books I have ever read. I have been buying it ever since it was first published, and I shall continue to do so now until it ends."

"I simply enjoy reading the tale of 'Tom Merry,' it is so full of fun and adventure, and always look forward to it. I hope it will not end for a good time yet. I am very fond of school tales, but this beats all. Your other new story 'Tempest Beachland,' is also very interesting, and I shall endeavour to get as many of my friends to buy 'The Gem Library' as possible. Yours truly,  
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