

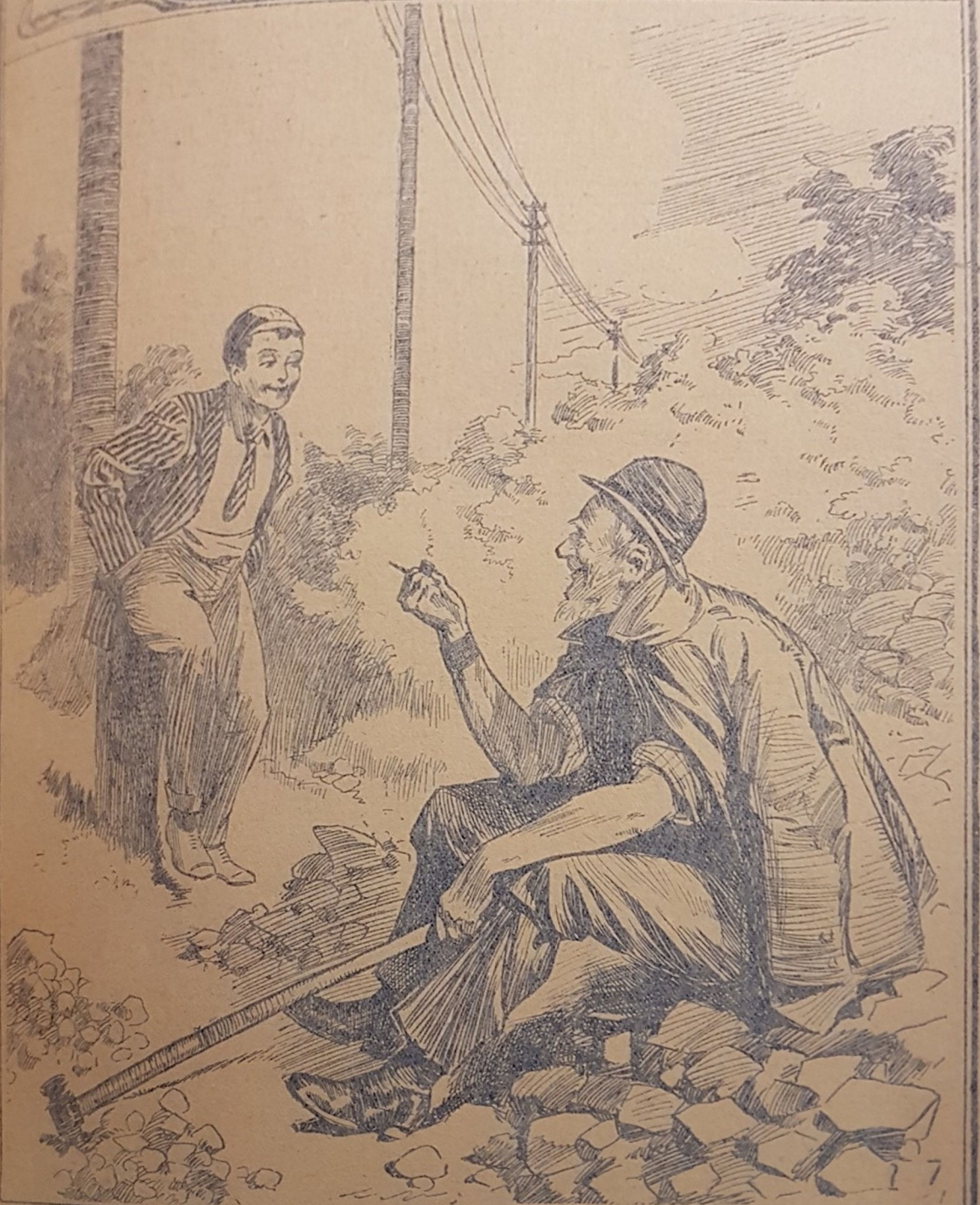
157  
SPECS IS A FINE VENTRILOQUIST!

# PLUCK

GRAND TALE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

1<sup>d</sup>

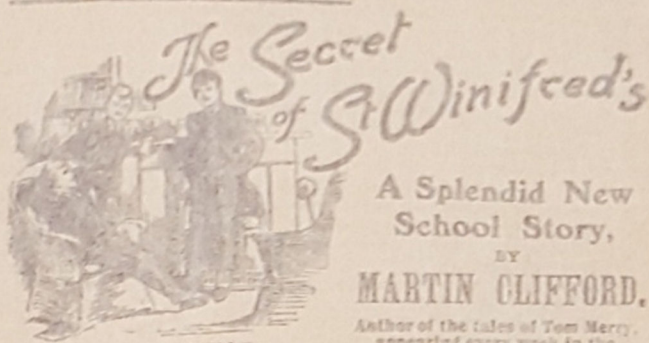
THRILLING ADVENTURE STORY



LARRY HAS A WONDERFUL KNACK OF MAKING FRIENDS.



NEW SCHOOL TALE.



A Splendid New School Story,  
BY  
**MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

Author of the tales of Tom Merry,  
appearing every week in the  
"GEM" Library.

READ THIS FIRST.

Clive Lawrence, a new boy at St. Winifred's, is put into the Fourth Form, which is at daggers drawn with the Fifth. The leaders of the Fourth are Fisher and Locke, Clive's study-mates, and those of the Fifth are Kendal and Mcene. Courtney, a bully, takes Clive for "fag," and sends him on an errand to the Jolly Seaman, a public-house in the village. Clive arrives at his destination, and is shown into a back room to wait for a Mr. Napper. He overhears a plot between Napper and a German, whom he afterwards recognises as Herr Stosel, the German master at St. Winifred's. Clive returns to the school, and the next day quarrels with Fisher. The two agree to meet in a glove fight, and Clive knocks Fisher out. Soon after the fight Carter tells Clive that he is wanted by Courtney. (Now go on with the story.)

Fag-Master and Bully.

Clive Lawrence left Study No. 7 not in the best of humours. He felt that it was unreasonable that he should be called upon at any odd moment by Courtney, and that a good-natured senior would have made things easier for his fag. But sturdy and independent as Clive Lawrence was by nature, even he did not feel inclined—just then, at any rate—to rebel against a system that was as old as St. Winifred's itself. He took his way towards the Sixth Form corridor, and found Courtney at the door of his study. Carter's description of the senior was quite correct. Courtney was in a towering rage.

He uttered a sharp, angry exclamation at the sight of the junior.

"Didn't you hear me calling?" he exclaimed.  
"No," said Clive. "Carter told me."  
"You ought to have come before."  
"How could I, when I didn't know you wanted me?"  
"Don't answer me back, you young whelp! I expect you're lying," said Courtney harshly. "I suppose you were guzzling in your study, as a matter of fact."  
"I was having my tea."  
"If I were Head of St. Winifred's, I would put a stop to that feeding in the studies!" growled Courtney.  
"But you're not, are you?" asked Clive.  
Courtney glared at him.  
"None of your cheek, unless you want a hiding! Look here, you took a note down to the Jolly Seaman for me the other night—"

"I know I did."  
"And made a bungle of the affair, as I might have expected. However, that doesn't matter now. I want you to go there again this evening."  
Clive's face set hard.

"You want me to go to the Jolly Seaman?"  
"Yes."

"It is out of bounds."  
"Is it?" sneered Courtney. "You seem to have learned a great deal during twenty-four hours or so at St. Winifred's, you young monkey!"

"I have learned that that public-house is out of bounds."  
"And haven't you learned, too, that a prefect can give a pass to any junior to go out of bounds if he pleases?" said the senior.

"I suppose he can."  
"Well, I am going to give you a pass, and you are going to the Jolly Seaman for me."  
Clive Lawrence was silent. Whether to refuse or not, was a question. He did not like the task, but Courtney was

...of the destroyed boatwork.  
...Killy had died then and there;  
...the remains no opportunity for the  
...of the Swedish pirates for which their  
...of the statement.  
...the survivors made up their minds  
...by thirst and starvation was  
...to take their chance. Until  
...they mounted their ponies  
...in the stable hall, and at a  
...and they came forth.  
...and the herd of cattle there  
...and the ranch-owner would lose his  
...The ranch-owner and his labours must  
...of his investment and his loss must  
...be and those left be if they suc-

...and they start, for their sally  
...Once across the creek,  
...After them came nearly a score of  
...of their prey. They  
...and in chance directed one of their  
...of the back it caught  
...to Frank, who was  
...of him.  
...within the next five strides, and  
...Less than a hundred and  
...than the white and  
...separated pursuers and pursued,  
...was impossible.  
...Vaughan gasped, as Frank  
...I've got my wish, I'm going  
...the lad answered. And  
...the lad answered. And  
...of his saddle, and re-

...and their rifles  
...They cracked, one redskin fell.  
...Bowen said to his master.  
...to keep his seat, and the  
...a quarter of a mile  
...the water of the creek, shining like a silver  
...Which should win the race to it?  
...Frank's pony continued its career, the  
...And then one of a  
...what was his  
...once more their rifles  
...for that it was a  
...And  
...both  
...to find Frank kneeling  
...a smoking  
...his friends  
...he was sure that his friends  
...unwilling to be  
...rather than fall alive  
...of the Sioux.

...from a dream that Frank, later,  
...They were on the further  
...both of them were dripping wet.  
...several  
...rounding up the cattle.  
...as he looked  
...Of the events of the  
...he had no recollections.  
...pointed to the creek.  
...the boy said a few minutes  
...to his last recollections.  
...John  
...and  
...that's gone, my boy,  
...We won't see old England  
...his broken me!"  
...his son mounted and  
...he said  
...his lack was always bad.

THE END.

NEXT SATURDAY:  
"SPECS THE VENTRILOQUIST."

NEXT SATURDAY: "SPECS THE VENTRILOQUIST,"



certainly right in saying that a prefect had a right to give a junior a pass out of bounds.

"It isn't a letter to Mr. Napper this time," said Courtney, watching his face. "I want you to bring something to me that Mr. Beady, the proprietor of the Jolly Seaman, will give you. You understand?"

"I am to bring something from the Jolly Seaman to the school," said Clive slowly.

"Yes—a packet."  
"I understand."

"Of course, you understand, too, that you are not to make a parade of it," Courtney went on harshly. "You are to get it in after dark, and keep it under your coat until you get it into my study."

Clive set his lips.  
"And what will be in the packet?"

"That is my affair."  
"Mine, too, if I am to take the risk of bringing it into the school," said Clive firmly.

"There is no risk, if you take care."  
"I may as well speak plainly, Courtney. I know very well that what you want me to fetch from the Jolly Seaman is something that is not allowed in the school."

"Mind your own business!"  
"I suppose it is spirits, or tobacco, or something of that sort," said Clive, with a flash in his eyes, "and if a master

discovered me bringing them into the school, I should be flogged or expelled."

"I should, of course, speak up for you."

"I'm not quite assured on that point."

"You young hound! Do you doubt my word?"

"I can't rely on the word of a fellow who smuggles drink and tobacco into his study, and sends a junior to a place like the Jolly Seaman," said Clive quietly.

"Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say that I can't go," said Clive.

"You can't! You mean you won't!"

"Well, you can put it like that if you like. I can't go to that place. I won't go there! I won't help you to break the rules of the school. I'm not going to be a party to any dirty, black-guardly business, and that's flat."

Courtney, of the Sixth, seemed about to choke as he listened to the cool, determined words of the junior. He glared at Clive savagely, his lips moving, but no word coming from them.

Clive's heart was beating rather hard. It was no light matter for a junior in the Fourth Form to set himself to oppose a Sixth Form prefect, even when the latter was in the wrong.

(To be continued.)

Your Editor's Corner

All letters should be addressed "The Editor, Boys' Friend, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London."

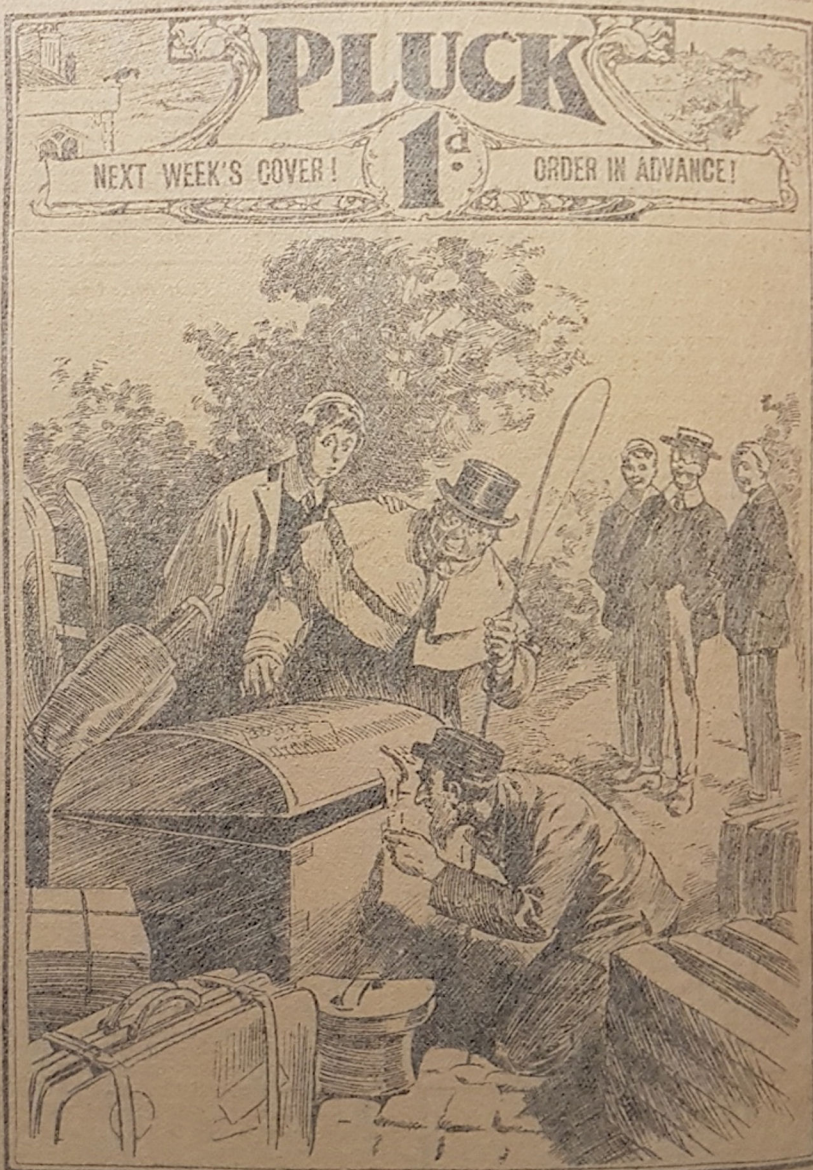
"LYNCROFT'S VENTRILOQUISM"

In response to your requests, I have decided to take of Specs, the Ventriloquist, shall appear next week.

SPECS, THE TWINS & CO. SPECS, THE VENTRILOQUIST. SPECS, THE ONE AND ONLY.

Next Saturday! Don't forget! Better to read now!

The second long story will tell of the thrilling adventures of pearl-seekers among the Cannibal Islands.



NEXT WEEK'S COVER!

1d

ORDER IN ADVANCE!

A Small Reproduction of next Saturday's Cover. Please order your copy of PLUCK in advance. Price One Penny.

FRANK ISLANDS  
Just now are the most stirring adventures in "The Boys' Friend" Library, only one penny.  
The first tale of Tom & Co. a schoolboy and chips.  
The second story of the big adventures Alan Wayward.  
JUST OUT  
Four new tales of "The Boys' Friend" 3<sup>d</sup> Library.  
No. 51  
"EXPLORE FROM HIS SCHOOL"  
a grand tale by Cassin Mansford.  
No. 52  
"STROB BOLD THE GLADIATOR"  
a thrilling romance and adventure by St. John.  
No. 53  
"CHUMS WYCLIFF"  
a schoolboy tale by Jack Neesh.  
No. 54  
"TILLY TIDEWAY"  
A thrilling tale of sea and desert.  
All by the Boys' Friend Library.