

W. O. 55

A GRAND NEW SCHOOL
STORY BY

FAMOUS FRANK RICHARDS—INSIDE!

The

RANGER

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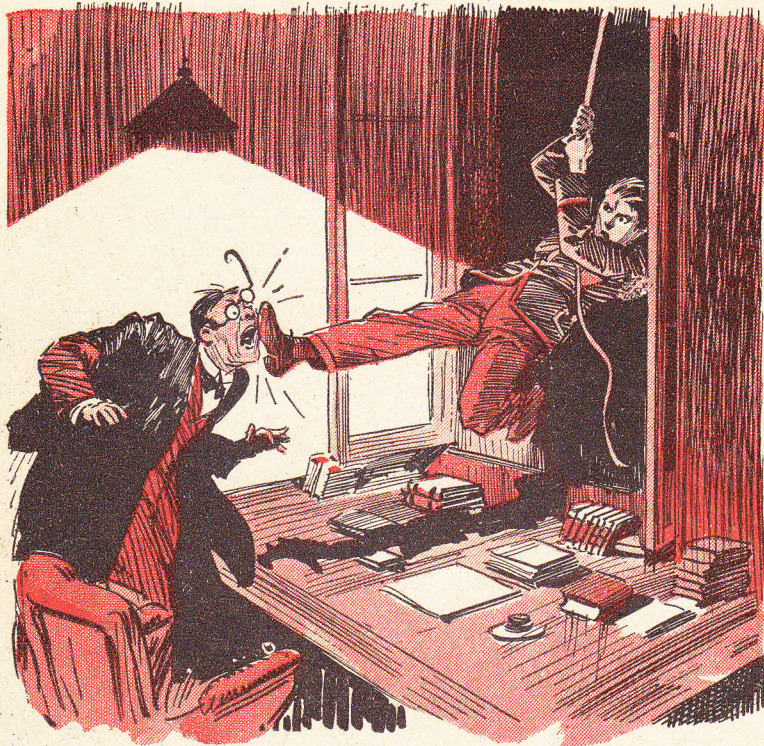


RUNNING THE GAUNTLET!

The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!

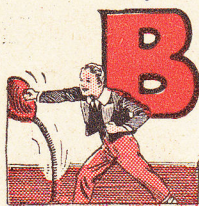
HERE'S THE BEST SCHOOL AND ADVENTURE YARN OF THE WEEK

By
FRANK RICHARDS.



GRIMSLADE SCHOOL, SITUATED ON THE YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE BORDER, IS THE SCHOOL FOR TAMING UNRULY BOYS. BUT THE TAMING OF JIM DAINTY, THE NEW BOY, IS ONE OF THE HARDEST JOBS "SAMMY" SPARSHOTT, THE HEAD, HAS EVER TACKLED!

Sammy Asks For It!



BANG!
Thump!
Dr. Samuel Sparshott, more familiarly known as "Sammy," headmaster of Grimslade School, opened his study door, and stared in grimly.

Three juniors were in the study—all too busily occupied to notice that the door had opened.

Ginger Rawlinson, and his chums, Bacon and Bean, had been sent to the study to wait for the Head there. Apparently they had found the time hang on their hands, while they waited. There was a punch-ball rigged in the study, and boxing-gloves galore on a shelf.

"Sammy" Sparshott's study looked as much like a boxer's quarters as a headmaster's. Ginger & Co. had found a way of passing the time while they waited. The three juniors of Redmayes' House had put the gloves on and were punching the ball with great vigour and vim.

Bang! Thump! Bump! Crash!

The ball bounded and rebounded as Ginger & Co. punched it at one another. "Streaky" Bacon gave a yell as the ball, driven by Ginger's sinewy arm, reached his nose, and spun him over backwards.

"Whooop!" yelled Streaky.

"Man down!" chuckled Sandy Bean.

"Ow! My nose!"
"Oh, blow your nose!" said Ginger. "Get up and get on—that ass, Sammy, may butt in any minute—"

"Quite so, Rawlinson!" barked a voice in the doorway.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Ginger. He spun round towards the door. Streaky Bacon scrambled up. The three juniors stared at the Head. Dr. Sparshott stepped into the study.

"Copped!" groaned Sandy Bean. "Exactly," said Sammy Sparshott. "Copped, my good Bean, as you so elegantly express it. I sent you here to wait for me."

"We—we've waited, sir!" stammered Ginger.

"I am glad to see that you have not wasted your time," said the Head, rather unexpectedly. "You will each put on a pair of boxing-gloves—they will be wanted soon. Rawlinson, it appears that you met a new boy for Mr. White's House, James Dainty, at the station this afternoon, and had the extraordinary idea of shutting him up in a hamper and having him delivered here by the carrier."

"Um!" said Ginger.

"Only a lark, sir!" ventured Bacon. "Quite!" agreed Sammy Sparshott. "A tremendous lark! Quite a feast of humour, in fact—but I dare say you have heard that after the feast comes the reckoning. Now, I shall not cane you."

Three faces brightened up.

"I shall not give you detentions."

Three faces grew brighter still. "As you are so keen on boxing that you consider your headmaster's study a suitable place for punching the ball, we will settle this matter with the gloves on!" said Sammy Sparshott.

Dr. Sparshott picked up a pair of boxing-gloves from the table, and donned them, the three juniors eyeing him in astonishment. The Head of Grimslade had his own original methods; and all Grimslade agreed that you never knew what Sammy was going to do next.

"I have the advantage of height and reach," continued Dr. Sparshott calmly, "but you have the advantage of odds. I shall box you one round, and if you keep your feet, you will be pardoned for

your absurd prank on the new boy, Dainty. If you go down, I shall send you to your Housemaster to be flogged. You get me?"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Ginger. "You're a sportsman, sir! Line up, you men."

"What-ho!" said Sandy Bean. "We're on, rather!" grinned Streaky.

Standing up to Sammy Sparshott, even for three sturdy fellows who knew how to use their hands, was no jest. But it was a sporting chance, and the Grimsladers were sportsmen before everything else. Ginger & Co. jumped at the chance with glee.

They lined up, ready and watchful. "Time!" barked Sammy Sparshott.

"Go it, you men!" hissed Ginger, between his teeth.

And the chums of Redmayes House "went" it. Dr. Sparshott's face was grim and earnest; he was no longer, for the moment, a headmaster but a boxer bent on knocking out the three. He came at the trio with right and left, and they piled in hard and fast.

Sandy Bean staggered but the headmaster's desk saved him from falling. He leaned on the desk, wondering whether he still had a nose. Streaky Bacon sprawled against the table, knocking books and an inkpot to the floor, but keeping his feet. Ginger Rawlinson sidestepped and dodged a drive that would have lifted him from the floor, closed in with the spring of a tiger, and got his right home under the Head's chin. His left landed the next second on Sammy Sparshott's eye.

Crash!
"Oh, jiminy!" panted Ginger, astounded at what he had done.

"Good gad!" gasped Dr. Sparshott. He was on his back, his head in the waste-paper basket. Evidently he was astonished to find himself there.

He sat up, with the waste-paper basket on his head.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Ginger. He jumped forward, and jerked the basket from Sammy Sparshott's head. Sammy Sparshott blinked at him.

"Oh, lor!" murmured Sandy Bean. Slowly the Head of Grimslade rose to his feet. He eyed the juniors, and the juniors eyed him.

"We—we've kept our feet, sir!" ventured Streaky Bacon.

"Quite!" gasped Dr. Sparshott. He burst into a laugh, rather to the relief of the victorious three. "I was not looking for that, Rawlinson! Let it be a lesson to you—never underrate an adversary."

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Ginger. "You win!" said Sammy Sparshott. "Get out of my study."

And the three peeled off the gloves and got out. They left the Head of Grimslade rubbing his chin and his eye, tenderly. There was no doubt that Ginger had surprised him.

A minute or two later a voice floated to his ears through the open window. It was Ginger's voice.

"Sammy's a sportsman, you men—a jolly old sportsman! Come on—let's get back to the House and tell the fellows we've knocked down the Head!"

And Sammy Sparshott grinned.

The Rebel!

TAINTY!"
"Go and eat coke!" snapped Jim Dainty.

"Put, mein goot Tainty," expostulated Fritz Splitz, the German junior of White's House at Grimslade. "Will you open tat door before?"

Jim Dainty, the new boy, was locked in his study, No. 10 in the Fourth Form corridor. For a long time there had been a buzzing crowd in the passage outside, but they had gone at last, leaving the rebellious new junior to himself. Only Fritz Splitz remained.

"Mein goot Tainty," wailed Fritz through the keyhole, "I must gum into mein study mit meinselb. Ich bin hungri—tat is to say, I have hunger! Mein grub is in te cupboard. Tere are strawberries—"

"That's all right," came back Dainty's voice. "I've found them. I'm eating them now."

"Vat!" yelled Fritz. "You eat mein strawberries mit yourself! You are vun colossal peast—a peast and a prute! But tere is also a pie! If you vill not open tat door, vill you giff me tat pie if I gum round to te window?"

"You can have the pie, you fat freak." "Goot!" gasped Fritz.

The German junior scuttled out of White's House and round to the study windows. A group of fellows were staring at the window of No. 10 study, which was shut. Jim Dainty had made rather a sensation in the House. Grimslade was famed as a school where rebellious and troublesome boys were licked into shape. But there had never arrived at Grimslade a fellow who needed so much licking into shape as Jim Dainty—who was in rebellion against masters, prefects, and everybody else, on his first day at the school.

Fritz tapped on the window, and the lower sash was lifted from within. The handsome, reckless, discontented face of the new junior looked down at him. There was a large pie, in a large pie-dish, in Jim Dainty's hands. Fritz's fat face lighted up at the sight of it.

"Tat is mein pie!" he exclaimed. "You are vun peast and a prute to eat mein strawberries—but you giff me tat pie, ain't it?"

"Here you are!" grunted Dainty. He leaned over the sill, the pie in his hands.

Fritz lifted fat and podgy paws to receive it. But he did not receive it that way. The pie was suddenly turned over, and clapped down on Fritz's bullet head. The crust broke, and Fritz's head almost disappeared into the dish.

"Ooooooooh!" spluttered Fritz, as plum and apple and rich juice ran down him in streams.

"Is that what you wanted?" asked Dainty.

"Oooogh! Mein gootness! Ach! Wooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the fellows in the quad.

"Himmel! Ooooooh! I am murdered!" shrieked Fritz. "I am

all over pie! I am vet and I am sticky! Ooooooooh!"

Fritz staggered away, streaming. Fritz liked pies, especially plum and apple pies. But he did not seem to like this one. He seemed to hate it.

The pie-dish clattered on the ground, breaking into a dozen fragments. But the pie remained on Fritz Splitz. It mingled with his hair, it ran down his back, it filled his ears and his collar; it seemed to clothe him like a garment. As the hapless Rhinelander staggered away, spluttering and gurgling, Dick Dawson of the Fourth made a rush for the open window, and clambered over the sill, before the new boy could close down the sash. Head and shoulders came into the study.

"Now, you rotter!" panted Dawson. "We'll see if you'll keep a fellow out of his own study!"

"We'll jolly well see!" snapped Dainty. And before Dick Dawson could get in more than his head and shoulders, the new boy dragged down the sash, closing it across the Grimslade junior's back.

He jammed it down hard, and Dawson gave a frantic yell.

"Ow! My back! Oh, my hat! Ow!" He grabbed fiercely at the new boy. Jim Dainty caught his wrists, and held them. Dawson was a good fighting man but he was at a hopeless disadvantage. Outside the window, his legs thrashed wildly. Inside, the rest of him was at the mercy of the new junior. Jim Dainty grabbed up a duster, twisted it round the Grimslade fellow's wrists, and knotted it. Dawson roared with wrath.

"Coming in?" jeered Dainty. "You don't look as if you are!"

Dawson struggled frantically.

He was a helpless prisoner, pinned down by the sash. Jim Dainty left him to squirm and crossed to the study table. He picked up a plate of strawberries.

"Oh-h-h!" gasped Dawson. "Don't you dare—oooh!"

"These are your study-mate's strawberries!" grinned Dainty. "I've eaten some of them—but you can have the rest."

Dick Dawson squirmed wildly as the new junior threw handfuls of ripe, red strawberries at his face, then plastered them over his neck, and his hair. Then he lifted the inkpot from the table, and up-ended it over the prisoner's head. A handful of soot from the chimney followed.

"Ooooooogh!"

"Have some more?" grinned Dainty.

There was a yell from the fellows outside the window.

"Here comes Sammy!"

"Oooogh! You rotter!" panted Dawson. "The Head's coming—woogh—now you'll get it in the neck—grooooooogh!" He broke off as another

handful of soot was crammed into his mouth, and gurgled horribly.

Dr. Sparshott came striding on the scene with a knitted brow. The White's fellows made way for him, and he came up to the window.

"What—" barked the Head.

It was rather unfortunate that Dick Dawson, squirming with his mouth full of soot, kicked out at that moment.

Sammy Sparshott gave a gasp as a boot landed on the spot where he had packed away his lunch.

"Oh!" gasped the Head, staggering away.

"Ow! Help! Wow!" yelled Dawson.

"Ow! Groogh! Keep off, you rotter!"

Jim Dainty had found a bottle of gum, and was adding it to the strawberries, the ink, and the soot.

"Good gad!" ejaculated Dr. Sparshott.

He approached the window again—with a wary eye on Dawson's thrashing legs. He grasped the sash with both hands to force it up, glaring at the new junior through the glass. Jim Dainty grasped the sash on the inside, and held it down.

"Let go this window, boy!" thundered the Head.

"Shan't!"

Dr. Sparshott made no answer to that. He exerted his strength, and the sash rose in spite of Jim's efforts within. Dick Dawson squirmed out over the sill, and dropped to the ground—his aspect, as he came into view, causing a yell of laughter from the Grimslade crowd. Sammy Sparshott forced the sash higher and higher, till the window was wide open, Dainty panting with his efforts to keep it down.

Grimly, in silence, the active Sammy climbed in at the window. The crowd watched him breathlessly. Dainty had defied his Housemaster, and the whole House; but Sammy was the man to deal with him. But the rebel of White's House was not beaten yet. He caught up a cushion from Dawson's armchair, lifted it in both hands, and brought it down with a crash on Dr. Sparshott's head. The next moment his arm was caught in a grasp that seemed like the clutch of a steel vice.

Still holding him, Dr. Sparshott came in at the window. Dainty struggled fiercely in his grasp, but in vain. The athletic headmaster held him like an infant.

"Now!" thundered the Head. "What does this mean, Dainty?"

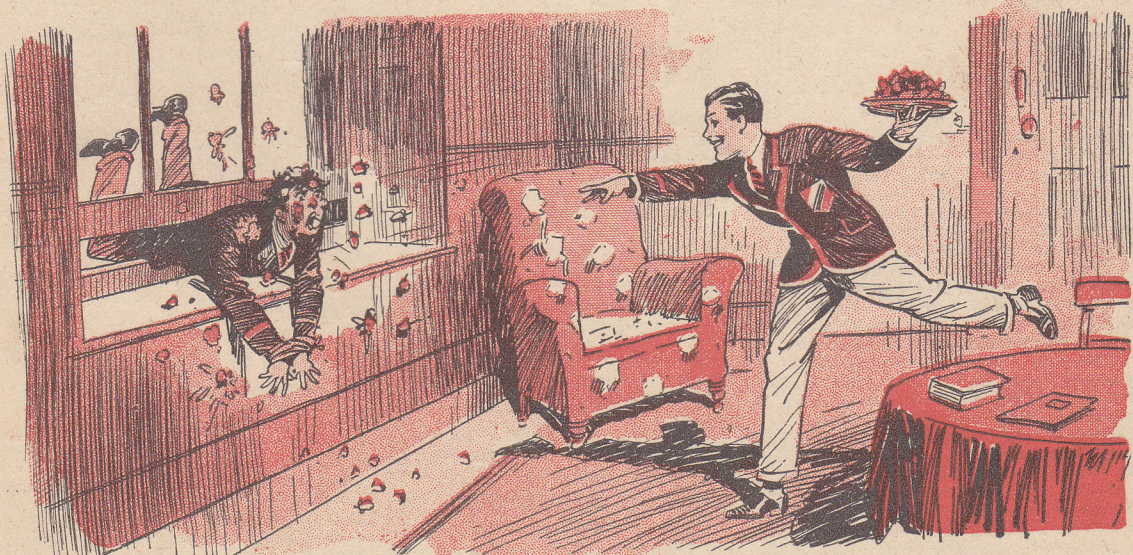
"Find out!"

"I am here to find out!" said Sammy grimly.

With his left hand he lifted Dainty across the study table. With his right he picked up a cricket stump.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

The window was crammed with faces.



"These are your study-mate's strawberries," grinned Dainty. "I've eaten some of them—but you can have the rest." Dick Dawson, pinned down by the window-sash, squirmed wildly as the new junior threw handfuls of ripe, red strawberries at his face.

looking in. Sammy Sparshott had a heavy hand when he let himself go. He was letting himself go with a vengeance now. There was a sound like the beating of carpet in the study. Jim Dainty shut his teeth hard, to keep back a yell. He would not utter a sound, if he could help it. But he found that he could not help it. As the terrific whacks descended, he yelled, and yelled again, and his yells were heard across the quad in Redmayes House, and drew Ginger & Co. and a crowd of other "Reds" out to see what was up.

"Now," said the Head, ceasing to whack for a moment, "I have asked you what this means, Dainty!"

"I've told you to find out!" panted Dainty.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Dainty struggled and roared.

"Now, Dainty, I ask you again, what does this mean?" said Sammy Sparshott calmly. "Let me point out, my boy, that I can keep this up longer than you can!" Jim had realised that by this time!

"Hang you! I never wanted to come to this school, and I don't want to stay here, and I won't!" he yelled. "That's what it means, you beast."

"Ah, I fancied it was something of the sort," said the Head genially. "My dear boy, in a short time—quite a short time—you will like Grimsdale so much that you will dislike the idea even of going away for the holidays. Take my word for it."

He set the new boy on his feet and released him.

"Unlock that door!" said Sammy. Jim clenched his hands.

"Will you unlock that door, Dainty?"

"No!" yelled Jim. "I won't!"

The next instant he was across the table again, and the sound of beating carpet echoed into the quadrangle.

"I am sorry for this!" said Sammy. Whack! "Really sorry!" Whack! "You are a plucky and determined fellow, Dainty." Whack! "I admire such qualities in a boy." Whack! "I am very pleased with you, Dainty, in one way"—whack!—"but not in another!" Whack! "Obedience is a necessary lesson, Dainty." Whack! "When you have learned obedience"—whack!—"I am sure you will be a credit to the school!" Whack, whack, whack! "Now will you have the kindness to oblige your headmaster by unlocking that door?"

Jim Dainty, set on his feet again, looked at him—for a long moment. Then he unlocked the door.

"Thank you, Dainty," said the Head, with a kind smile. "That is better, as I am sure you will realise yourself on reflection."

And with a genial nod to the new junior, Sammy Sparshott walked out of the study.

A House Rag!

"PRUTE!"

"What?"

"Peastly prute!" roared Fritz Splitz, prancing up to Jim Dainty with two fat fists sawing the air. "You preak a pie on mein head, and I preaks you in te poko, ain't it!"

Jim Dainty had walked out into the sunny quad, and his brow was black. If he had not liked Grimsdale at first view, he loathed it now, though—rather to his own surprise—he felt something like an unwilling respect for the headmaster. Even in the midst of a swarm of fellows he felt alone—like Ishmael of old, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. He was hardly out of the House, when the fat German junior pranced up to him, followed by a crowd of grinning fellows.

"Go for him, Fritz!" yelled a dozen voices. "Whop him! Give him jip."

"I giffs him colossal chip!" exclaimed Fritz. "Tat lofely pie, he goes down mein pack—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take tat, you peastly prute!" roared

Fritz, rushing at the new junior, and hitting out with both fat fists. "Next time, you tink two times before you preak me a dish on te head, ain't it! Take tat, and tat!"

Jim Dainty staggered as the fat fists came home on his handsome, sulky face. The next moment his hands flew up, and he was springing at the German junior, his eyes blazing.

"Ach! Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz, as his fat hands were knocked away, and a set of knuckles that seemed like iron were planted on his podgy nose.

Crash!

Fritz hit the earth with a mighty concussion. Three or four White's fellows rushed to help him up.

"Ach!" howled Fritz. "Mein poko he is broken! I have vun colossal bain in mein nose!"

"Go for him, Fritz! You're not beaten yet!" chuckled Dick Dawson. "Pile in, Jerry!"

"Nein! Nein! He is vun new poy, and I tinks tat I lets him off!" gasped Fritz. "I tink I forgiffs him."

"Don't be a funk! Go for him!"

"Back, up, Fritz!"

Five or six laughing juniors grasped the fat German, and fairly hurled him at the new boy. Jim Dainty grasped him by the collar, swung him round, and kicked at Fritz's baggy trousers.

"Ach! Tat you kick me not!" yelled Fritz. "I giffs you pest—mein goot Tainty, I giffs you pest!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fritz Splitz jerked his collar loose, and ran. After him ran the new junior, letting out his feet alternately, and dribbling the fat German across the quad. A roar of laughter followed them.

"Put it on, Fritz!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ach, mein gootness!" spluttered Fritz, as he flew, with Dainty close behind. A yelling crowd followed on, as far as the granite fountain in the middle of the quad. Beyond the fountain was Redmayes territory; though Jim Dainty, new to Grimsdale, knew nothing about that. Fritz, only eager to escape the lunging boot behind him, forgot all about it. He flew past the fountain towards Redmayes House, with the lunging boot still behind.

There was a yell from Ginger Rawlinson. "White's cads! Bag 'em!"

Ginger led a rush, followed by Bacon and Bean, and a score more of Redmayes. Fritz and Jim Dainty were surrounded at once. The gasping Fritz collapsed in several pairs of hands; but the new junior hit out right and left as he was collared, and went down struggling with five or six Redmayes juniors sprawling over him.

He was dragged to his feet, still struggling, his cap gone, and his collar hanging by a single stud. Grinning faces surrounded him.

"It's the new tick!" chuckled Ginger. "Full of beans, ain't he? Here, Dainty, don't you know that White's cads ain't allowed on this side?"

"Let me go, you rotters!" yelled Dainty.

"Jolly old wildcat, isn't he?" chortled Streaky Bacon. "We'll give him something to cure all that."

"Stick 'em together!" roared Ginger.

"Who's got a cord? Get a box-robe, young Baker! Buck up. Hold that new tick, you men."

Baker darted into the House, and came racing back with a box-robe. Jim Dainty, still resisting, was backed up to the spluttering Fritz, and Ginger passed the rope round them, binding them together back to back.

"Now you can go home!" he chortled.

"Ach! Tat you lets me loose, mein good poys!" wailed Fritz. "I have no more te breff!"

Jim Dainty struggled frantically. But the cord was fast knotted. The yelling crowd of Redmayes juniors started them back to their own House, where a crowd of "Whites" were watching from the distance, and laughing.

"Ach! I gannot walk, mit mein pack tied to anodder pack!" howled Fritz. "Yaroch! Tat you pull me not mein nose!"

"Get going!" roared Ginger.

Fritz strove frantically to get going. Jim Dainty glared defiance at the Redmayes crowd. To walk, back to back, was difficult, as well as ridiculous. But there was no help for it. Bacon was pulling Fritz's fat nose, Bean was pulling his podgy ears, Ginger had taken the new boy's nose between finger and thumb, and it was painful. Fritz made a terrific effort and started off, dragging Jim behind him with his heels scraping the ground. Several of the Redmayes juniors produced pea-shooters, volleying after them, and one cheery fellow hurled an over-ripe orange, which squashed on Jim Dainty's nose.

"Ach! Tat you gum on, you Tainty!" gasped Fritz.

Squish! A squirt loaded with ink streamed over Dainty's red and furious face. Behind Fritz, he was facing the Redmayes crowd, and he had the full benefit of the fusillade. He whirled round, dragging Fritz after him, and started for White's House. Now Fritz was getting the benefit of the pea-shooters and the squirt, and he howled and roared.

Jim Dainty panted on, dragging the German junior backwards after him. Yells of laughter from the Redmayes crowd and more and more missiles of various kinds followed. Jim leaned forward, lifting Fritz on his back, and fairly ran. The fattest fellow at Grimsdale was a terrific weight, but the new junior bore the weight well, and he ran on, with Fritz squirming and yelling on his back, his feet kicking out wildly in the air.

"My hat!" exclaimed Ginger. "That chap may be a sulky fool, but he's got lots of beef! Precious few fellows here could carry Splitz on their backs. Bravo!"

"Ach! Himmel! I have no more te breff!" wailed Fritz. "I have vun colossal bain in mein pread-pasket! Ach!"

Laughing and hooting and pelting, the Redmayes crowd followed as far as the fountain. Jim Dainty staggered on, with his struggling, wriggling burden on his back. He reached White's House, and was greeted by roars of laughter there. He glared at the yelling juniors.

"Get this fat fool off my back, will you?" he yelled.

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“Ha, ha, ha!”
Dick Dawson cut the box-robe, and Fritz Splitz bumped on the ground. Jim Dainty stamped into the House, leaving the Grimsladers rocking with merriment.

Fist To Fist!

LIGHTS were out at Grimslade School. Jim Dainty lay sleepless in his bed in the junior dormitory at White's. Yorke, the House-captain, had put out the light and gone; but Jim Dainty did not close his eyes. He lay with angry eyes wide-open, staring into the darkness.

The change from the home where he had been a spoiled darling, to the rough-and-ready crowd at Grimslade, was a startling one; and Jim had not yet learned to bow his head to Fate. Fierce rebellion was in his heart, as he lay sleepless. A resolution had been growing in his mind, ever since he had arrived; and now it was fixed, and he was determined that that night should be his last, as well as his first, in the school on the Yorkshire moors.

Home he could not go, for his father—who knew better than Jim what was for his good—would have sent him back to Grimslade at once. But in a short time Mr. Dainty's leave would be up, and he would be gone back to Burma; and until then Jim vowed he would manage somehow—anyhow—but he would not stop at Grimslade. On that point he was passionately determined.

His mother had always let him have his own way, and she would let him have his own way again; and in his passionate anger and resentment, it did not occur to Jim that there was anything selfish or cowardly in taking such advantage of his mother's affection.

He was thinking of his intended escape, as he lay in the darkness, waiting for the others to sleep, before he made a move. But he soon learned that the others were not thinking of sleep any more than he was. There was a sound of creaking beds, as fellows turned out up and down the dormitory; a match scratched and a couple of candle ends were lighted.

“All safe now!” said Dick Dawson. “Yorke won't come back! You brought up the gloves, Tucker?”

“Here you are,” grinned Tucker, jerking out two pairs of boxing-gloves from under his bed.

Jim Dainty stared round from his pillow, wondering what was on. He was soon to learn. Dawson came across to his bed.

“Turn out, you tick!” he snapped. Dainty gave him a glare.

“Let me alone, confound you!” he snapped.

“Turn him out!”

Five or six juniors gathered round the new boy's bed, and he was grasped on all sides. He rolled out on the floor in a tangle of bed-clothes. He scrambled out of sheets and blankets, panting, and sprang to his feet.

“Now, you sulky rotter,” said Dawson, “you can take your choice—you've got to stand up to me, with the gloves on, or else take a ragging for your cheek! Sharp's the word.”

“I'll fight you! I'll fight every fellow here, if it comes to that.”

“I daresay you'll find one enough,” grinned Dawson. “A ring, you fellows—and give him the gloves. Fritz, you blinking Boche, you can keep time.”

Snore! Fritz Splitz, once in bed, was disinclined to turn out.

“Tumble up, Fritz.”

Snore!

Dick Dawson took a wet sponge from a washstand, and squeezed it over the fat face and closed eyes of the German. There was a howl from Fritz, and his eyes opened rapidly.

“Ach! Keep tat vatter avay!” he yelled. “I am vide avake—I am ferry vide avake! I am as vide avake as nefer vas.”

Fritz turned out, grunting, and took his watch to keep time. The other fellows were all out of bed now, forming a ring: and Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson put

on the gloves. They faced each other in the ring, Dawson quietly determined, and the new boy with set teeth and glinting eyes.

“Dime!” said Fritz.

And the fight began.

“Go it, Dick!” came from all sides.

Dawson, the only junior in White's who could stand up to Ginger Rawlinson of Redmayes, was popular in his Form: and there was no doubt that the new junior was as unpopular as a fellow could be. White's had no use for sulks. Every fellow in the dormitory expected—and wished—to see the sulky new junior thrashed. But that wish was not destined to be realised. Sulky as he was, wilful, headstrong, perhaps selfish, the new junior had heaps of pluck, and he had learned how to use his hands.

It was rather a surprise to Dick Dawson to find his attack stalled off, and to feel a fist come crashing on his chin, sending him spinning backwards.

Crash!

“Oh, grumbs!” gasped Fritz. “Tat Tainty can scrap, ain't it.”

Dawson was up in a flash, and rushing on. Hammer and tongs they went, fighting fiercely, the crowd of juniors in pyjamas watching breathlessly.

“Dime!” rapped out Fritz.

Dawson's nose was streaming red, as he dropped his hands and stepped back. The sulky, disdainful face of the new boy had hardly been touched.

“That chap's a sulky rotter, but he can scrap!” murmured Tommy Tucker, as he sponged Dawson's heated face.

Dawson nodded with a rather rueful grin.

“Looks like it,” he gasped. “If he knocks me out, he will be a rod in pickle for Ginger Rawlinson.”

“Dime!”

“Go it, Dawson.”

There was not a word, not a favouring glance, for the unpopular new junior. But there was fair play—that went without saying at Grimslade. And that was all that Jim Dainty needed.

Round after round followed, and Dick Dawson put all his beef into every round. If ever a fellow deserved a thrashing, that new fellow did, in the opinion of all present; and Dick was trying his hardest to give him one. But every round told the same tale: he was out-classed, and the new man was winning all the time. It was in the sixth round that Dick Dawson went down under a terrific drive that lifted him fairly off his feet, and he lay gasping, unable to rise.

Fritz blinked at him, and began to count.

“Vun, two, tree, vour, fife, seeks, sefen, eight, nine—mein gootness—out!”

“Out!” gasped Tommy Tucker.

“Oh, my hat!” He threw up the sponge. “You win, you sulky tick!”

“Tat Tainty can scrap!” said Fritz Splitz. “He can fight almost like a Cherman!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

Dainty stared at Fritz, and his face broke into a grin. Tommy Tucker helped Dawson to his feet. The junior champion of White's House stood leaning on him heavily, gasping for breath.

“Well, you've got away with it, Dainty!” he gasped. “You've jolly well licked me, by gum.”

Jim threw off the gloves. He hesitated a moment, and then, a generous heart getting the better of a sulky temper, he came over to Dawson.

“You've given me as much as I want,” he said, “and—I'm sorry! I was to blame—I know that! I never wanted to come here, and I'm jolly well not going to stop—but I was rather a beast to you, and I'm sorry!”

Dawson grinned, rather wryly.

“Shake on it, old man,” he said. “We'll be friends yet—and I'll see you lick Ginger Rawlinson, and show those rotters over the way that White's is cock-house! You'll like Grimslade when you shake down here. Ow! My nose!” And Dick, having shaken hands cheerily enough with the victor, limped to his washstand to bathe his face, and went to bed.

Jim Dainty did not return to bed. To the surprise of the other fellows, he proceeded to dress himself. They watched him curiously. Dainty's face had hardened into its sulky frown: it was only for a moment that his better nature had peeped out, and now it had vanished again. He finished dressing himself, and gave the staring juniors a disdainful, defiant glare. Dick Dawson, who had settled his head on his pillow, lifted it again.

“What's the game, Dainty?” he asked.

“I'm going!” snapped Jim Dainty.

Let Down!

GOING!” A dozen voices echoed the word in amazement.

Jim Dainty's lip curled. “I've said I'm not stopping here! You fellows seem to think a lot of Grimslade—I wouldn't be found dead in it! I'm going.”

“Oh, my hat!” gasped Tommy Tucker. “Why, you worm, Grimslade's tons too good for you!”

“For goodness sake, Dainty, don't be such an ass!” exclaimed Dick Dawson. “You can't mean it.”

“You'll see that I do!” sneered Dainty.

“Ach! Let him go mit himself!” chuckled Fritz. “It will be a goot riddance to pad rubbish. I tink two times before I asks him to stop.”

“Shut up, Fritz! Look here, Dainty,” said Dawson, earnestly, “you can't—”

“Mind your own business.”

“Oh!” ejaculated Dawson. “All right! Go and eat coke, then!” And he dropped his head on the pillow again, leaving the new junior to his own devices.

Dainty glanced round at the frowning, condemning faces of the White's juniors. “I'm going!” he rapped. “You don't want me here, any more than I want to stay. Well, then, show me how I can get out of this rotten place, and you'll see the last of me.”

“Rotten place, is it?” breathed Tommy Tucker.

“Yes—rottenest hole I've ever struck,” answered Dainty, coolly. “Tell a fellow how to get out of it.”

Tommy Tucker grinned. Jim Dainty had yet to learn that Tommy Tucker was the irrepressible practical joker of White's House.

“Well, if you're going, we're the men to help get shot of you,” he said. “You can't go downstairs—you'd be nailed at once. And I don't suppose you've nerve enough to go down from the window on a rope.”

“Try me!” snapped Dainty.

“Don't be an ass, Dainty,” came from Dick Dawson. “The window's fifty feet from the ground.”

“You shut up!”

“Yes, you dry up, Dicky, old bean,” said Tommy Tucker. “We're helping the kid to go if he wants to go—ain't he doing the lot of us a tremendous favour by taking his face away?”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“That's enough,” snapped Dainty, his eyes gleaming. “If you're going to help, get on with it: if not, hold your silly tongue.”

“My dear man, I'm helping like a shot!” grinned Tucker. He went to his box, opened it, and took out a long, coiled rope. That rope had been used before, for surreptitious expeditions out of House bounds. Tommy Tucker tied one end to the leg of the bed nearest the window. The candles were blown out, and the window opened.

In the glimmer of starlight, all eyes were on Jim Dainty. Perhaps the fellows expected his nerve to fail, now that it had come to the test. But there was no sign of it. He was only impatient to be gone.

“Buck up,” he snapped.

Tommy Tucker tied the rope round him securely under the armpits.

“There you are! Take hold of it, you men—and hold tight!”

(Continued on page 1019.)

gold coins well known to be almost priceless.

From the study window the gasping and angry Commissioner Wilton saw him disappearing into the night. Mr. Wilton had just discovered the jolly little jest which had been played upon him.

Now, as he saw his host making tracks at such feverish speed, he suddenly began to realise other things. He let out a bull-like roar, plunged out of the study window, and swarmed down the gutter-pipe, with half a dozen angry policemen following.

At the far edge of the grounds the bogus Mr. Thompson leapt into a car which was standing in the shade of a hedge, and drove off at speed.

But there was one little point which he had forgotten. He had forgotten that Mr. Commissioner Wilton was also an expert in the matter of cars.

The Commissioner, indeed, was proud of his latest vehicle, which was a racing chassis with an ordinary saloon body built upon it.

The roar of that engine came to the fugitive's ears before he had gone half a mile—and he suddenly cursed. He realised now that his getaway would not be so clean as he had hoped.

His own speedometer swung round and showed eighty miles an hour, but the roar of that following car gradually grew louder and louder in his ears.

He rounded a long bend, saw the gates of a level-crossing closing half a mile away against him—and saw the headlights of the Commissioner's car suddenly reflected in the rear mirror at his side.

Tony set his teeth. He stretched forward a hand, and yanked his windscreen down flat. If he was to be killed—well, that was that. But he did not want to be blinded by broken glass.

He steadied the car, roared at that level-crossing with his foot hard down on the accelerator, and heard the screech of the speeding train as it thundered down upon him.

"Well, it's one or other of us," gasped Tony to himself, "and there's no telling which. Now for the bump!"

The bump came. It came with a shattering crash, as the car went through the closed gate of the level-crossing with a force that shot Tony clean out of his seat.

Splintered wood and ironwork flew in the air.

So did young Sir Tony.

He described a graceful somersault about ten feet above the metals, whilst the car leapt up through the shattered gate. There was a roar as the express engine arrived at the same moment—a mighty, rending crash as it struck the car, which was at that moment clean in the centre of the line.

Then a roaring clatter as the remains of a twisted and battered chassis were

carried at fifty miles an hour five hundred yards up the line, before the startled driver could bring the rocking engine to a standstill.

Meanwhile, Tony was feeling as though every bone in his body was broken. He had fallen heavily on the bordering grass at the far side of the line—and he actually had a smashed wrist and a badly wrenched ankle.

White-faced and bleeding, he staggered up now, wrenching at his face with his good hand, and tearing away the beard which so exactly matched that favoured by Mr. Abraham Thompson.

Then he pulled out a handkerchief, dabbed away as much of the blood as was possible, and limped along the far side of the now stationary train.

He scrambled up into an empty carriage. From this he came out into the corridor a few moments later, saying that he had been thrown to the floor heavily by the crash of the impact, and asking if there was a doctor who could help him.

Tony received medical aid within a few moments. And whilst he was doing so, Wilton and the railway men were feverishly wrenching at the battered car in order to find the "body" they all thought was within the wreck.

Tony's somersault out of the car had been so swift that nobody had seen it in the darkness. But when his injuries had received attention he vowed that he did not feel well enough to go on with his journey. There was a town close by, and on the road by the crossing many motorists had gathered.

One of them quite readily gave the injured "passenger" a lift to the nearest hotel.

Half an hour after his arrival there Tony limped out, and hired a car at the local garage. Half an hour later he arrived in town, where he staggered up to his Mayfair flat, and went straight to bed.

A doctor's report, published to all those interested on the following day, notified the world that young Sir Anthony was down with a sharp go of the flu. So sharp was the "go" that Sir Anthony left for the South of France after a fortnight's time, in order to recuperate from its effect.

But the South of France is as good a place as any in which to nurse an injured wrist. Which is the best place in the world to nurse injured pride has not yet been officially discovered.

But there is no doubt that Mr. Commissioner Wilton would have undoubtedly journeyed there forthwith had he had the opportunity of doing so.

(Sir Tony risks his life—and his liberty—in a gallant effort to help a friend in next week's thrill-packed story of the Mystery Man. You simply must not miss this stunning yarn, buddies.)

THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE!

(Continued from page 1015.)

Slowly and steadily the rope was paid out. Tommy Tucker leaned over the sill, and watched Dainty's downward progress. There were windows below; and one, on the ground floor, was lighted. It was the window of Mr. White's study. Lower and lower sank the swinging form at the end of the rope, till Jim Dainty was six feet from the ground, suspended outside the Housemaster's window.

"Stop!" chuckled Tommy Tucker. The rope was made fast. The descent ceased. Jim Dainty stared up at a crowd of grinning faces that looked down from the dormitory window high above.

"Let me down, you fools! What are you stopping for?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" That ripple of laughter from above enlightened Jim. He realised that his leg had been pulled, and that the playful Tommy did not intend to lower him as far as the ground.

The new junior hung on the rope, turning round on it as he hung, like a fowl on a spit. He grabbed at the rope with his hands, and made a desperate effort to climb. The rope swayed with it, and there was a sudden crash as his boot came in contact with the window.

There was a startled exclamation within the study. The blind was dragged aside, the window torn open, and Mr. White stared out into the starlit quad in amazement. His eyes almost bulged from their sockets at the sight of a human form suspended at his window.

In sheer amazement, he grabbed at a swinging leg, and Jim Dainty, as he felt one leg grabbed, kicked out with the other; and there was a fearful yell as the Housemaster caught a boot with his nose. "Let me down, you rotters!" yelled Jim Dainty.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Tommy Tucker. "Haven't we let you down?"

Mr. White jumped to the window again. This time he grabbed both swinging legs, and Jim Dainty was jerked in at the window. Then the Housemaster understood. With a grim face he unfastened the rope. With a grip of iron on his collar, Jim Dainty was marched out of the study and up the stairs, but not back to the dormitory. The new junior at Grimsdale spent the rest of that night in the punishment-room in White's House.

(Ever met a new boy like Jim Dainty? He doesn't care a hang for anybody at Grimsdale—not even the Head. Next week, this amazing young rebel really asks for the "sack," but still he doesn't care. You'll enjoy next Saturday's school yarn—it's packed with fun and quick action adventure.)



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