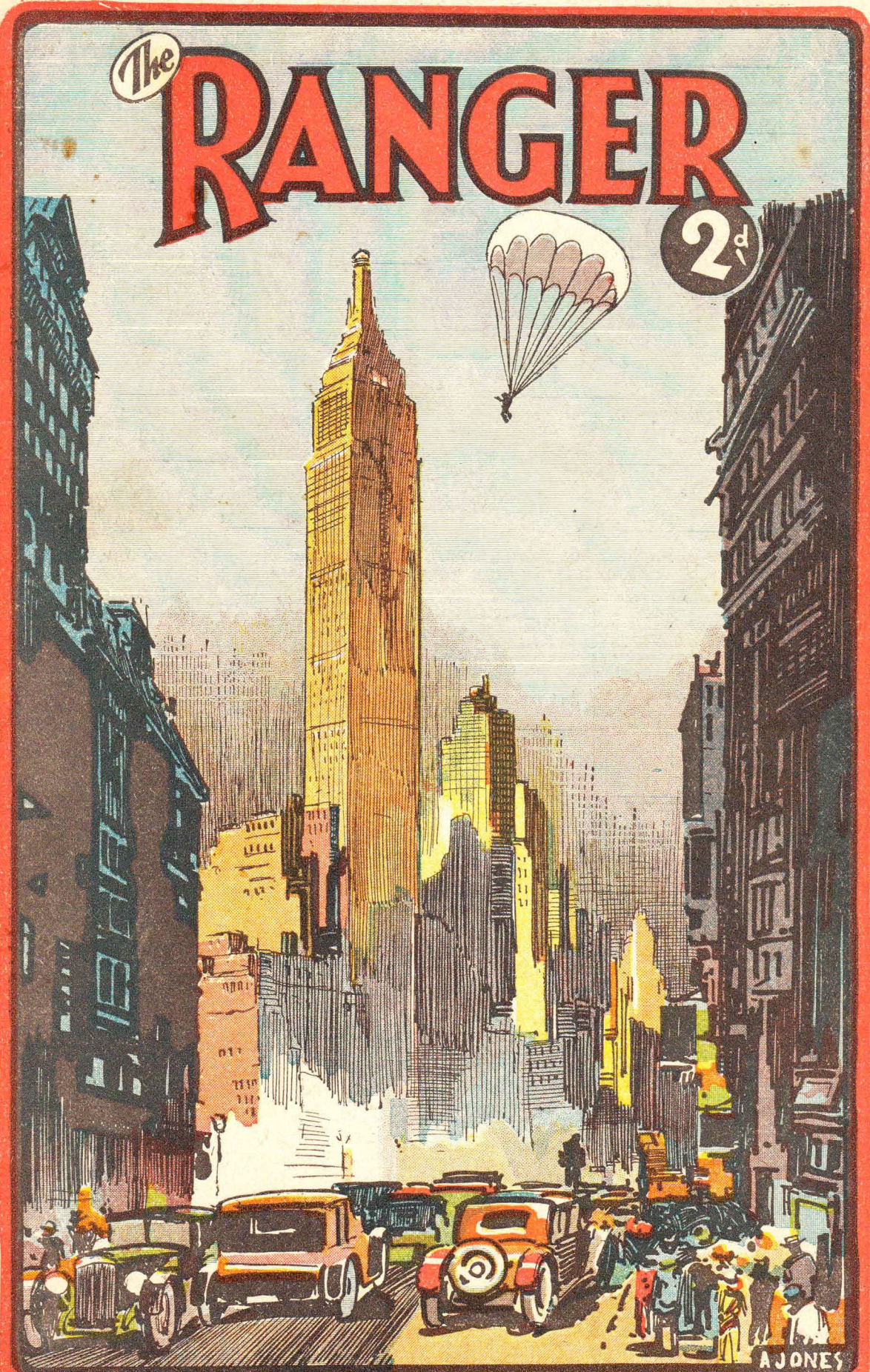


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# The RANGER

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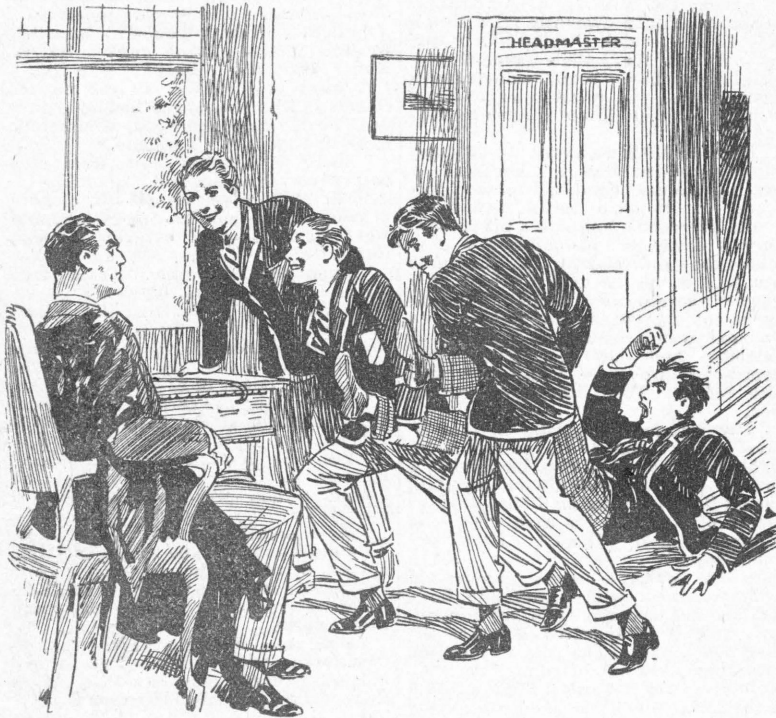


A JONES



# The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!

AN UNUSUAL SCHOOL STORY,  
STARRING AN UNUSUAL NEW  
BOY, BY  
FAMOUS FRANK RICHARDS.



THE LATEST ARRIVAL AT GRIMSLADE IS JIM DAINTY BY NAME, BUT HE'S NOT DAINTY BY NATURE. IN FACT HE'S THE WORST "REBEL" DR. SAMMY SPARSHOTT HAS EVER HAD TO "TAME." JIM'S DETERMINED TO CLEAR OUT OF GRIMSLADE—DR. SPARSHOTT IS EQUALLY DETERMINED THAT HE SHALL STAY. THEN THE FUN COMMENCES!

## Kicking Over the Traces!

"SHAN'T!"  
"What?"  
"Shan't!" repeated Jim Dainty. Every fellow in the Fourth Form-room at Grimslade School stared round at Dainty as he made that answer to his Form-master.

The new boy at Grimslade had already caused some excitement in the school. Now he was causing more.

Mr. Peck, the master of the Fourth, stared at him. He seemed quite at a loss for a moment or two. Ginger Rawlinson winked at his chums, Bacon and Bean. Fritz Splitz blinked at Dainty with his saucer eyes, and murmured: "Mein gootness!" Jim Dainty stood in his place, his handsome face sullen and sulky and defiant.

"Dainty!" gasped Mr. Peck. "I have told you to go to your headmaster's study. Dr. Sparshott is waiting to see you."

"Let him wait!"

"Did—did you say let him wait?" ejaculated Mr. Peck.

"Are you deaf?" asked Dainty.

"Eh?"

"If you're not, you know what I said."

"Go to Dr. Sparshott's study at once!" thundered Mr. Peck  
"Shan't!"

"Jevver hear a man ask for it like that?" murmured Ginger Rawlinson, and Bacon and Bean chuckled.

There were unruly fellows in the Fourth; Ginger & Co., in fact, were rather conspicuous in that line. But the new fellow seemed to be the limit. His manners and customs rather took away the breath of the Grimsladers.

"Rawlinson, Bacon, Bean!" rapped out Mr. Peck. "Take Dainty to the headmaster's study."

"What-ho!" said Ginger promptly. "I mean, yes, sir."

The three juniors of Redmayes House jumped up at once. The new boy belonged to White's House, and any Redmayes man was only too willing to handle a fellow of the rival House. Jim Dainty glared at the three as they came for him.

"Hands off," he snapped, "or I shall hit out—"

"We can do a little bit of punching ourselves, old top!" chuckled Ginger. "Get hold of him, you men."

Ginger and Bacon and Bean got hold of Jim Dainty. He kept his word; hitting out right and left. But three pairs of hands jerked him out of his place, and he came sprawling along the floor. Another jerk, and he reached the door of the Form-room, another, and he was tumbling headlong into the passage. He roared as he went.

In the passage there was a terrific struggle. Mr. Peck in the Form-room affected not to hear it. But it could be heard over most of Grimslade.

It was one against three, but the three Redmayes men had their hands full with the new fellow. The four of them rolled on the floor in a heap, arms and legs thrashing on all sides.

"Streaky" Bacon yelled as an elbow jammed in his eye. Sandy Bean roared as the back of his head hit the floor. Ginger Rawlinson saw stars when a set of knuckles, that seemed like iron, jammed between his eyes. But the Grimsladers were tough, and they stuck to their task. It was more entertaining than classes, anyhow. They scrambled

up, Bacon and Bean capturing a leg each of the new fellow, who sprawled on his back and roared.

"Get on!" gasped Ginger.

Bacon and Bean got on, holding Jim Dainty's legs as if they were the shafts of a cart. Ginger shoved behind. Dainty travelled along the passage on his back, gasping for breath. In the grasp of Bacon and Bean, he travelled at quite a good speed for the Head's study.

"Open Sammy's door, Ginger!" gasped Bacon.

Ginger cut ahead, and tapped at Dr. Samuel Sparshott's door, and threw it open. Dr. Sparshott was seated at his desk, on which lay a cane in readiness for Dainty.

He looked up in surprise as the juniors arrived. "Sammy" Sparshott was not easily surprised, but he stared blankly at the sight of a fellow coming into his study dragged by his legs, and travelling on his back, yelling at the top of his voice.

"Dainty, sir!" gasped Ginger. "Mr. Peck asked us to bring him, sir."

"Oh! Very well!" said Dr. Sparshott.

Ginger & Co. released Dainty, and left the study, grinning. Sammy Sparshott stood looking down at the junior sprawling and gasping on the floor.

"Get up, Dainty!" he barked.

Jim staggered to his feet.

"I sent for you, Dainty," said the Head of Grimslade. "Your House-master, Mr. White, has reported to me that you attempted to run away from school last night."

"I'm going to try again!" snorted Dainty.

"You do not like Grimslade, my boy?"

"No, I don't!"

"I gather that you have been petted and spoiled at home, that you have been a constant trouble to an indulgent mother, and that your father, on his return from abroad, very properly decided to send you here, to make a man of you before it was too late."

"Rot!"

"My impression of you," continued Sammy Sparshott calmly, "is that you have the makings of a man in you, Dainty, though you are at present nothing but a sulky, rebellious, wilful, and extremely reckless young rascal. Now, at Grimslade, we shall make a man of you."

"Rats!"

"The process, I think, will be troublesome to me and painful to you," said Sammy Sparshott. "But we shall make a success of it, never fear. Some day you will be a credit to Grimslade."

"I'm not staying here!" yelled Jim Dainty. "I never wanted to come, and I'm clearing off just as soon as I can. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, and be blown to you."

Dr. Sparshott smiled genially.

"Many headmasters, Dainty, would send you home at once for using such expressions," he said. "You are going to be a trouble to me, I see that. But at Grimslade we thrive on trouble." He picked up the cane. "Bend over that chair, Dainty."

"Shan't!"

"Pluck," said Sammy Sparshott, still genial, "is a quality I can appreciate. We value it highly at Grimslade. I

can see you are going to do us credit, Dainty, when you have learned discipline. Now you are going to learn."

Cane in hand, he made a stride at the new junior. Jim Dainty jumped back, and dodged round the headmaster's desk. It amazed him to find the Head of Grimslade still genial and smiling. Sammy burst into a laugh.

"Why waste time, Dainty?" he asked. "I am going to thrash you, for your own good. I am sure that, on reflection, you will realise that there never was a boy more thoroughly in need of a thrashing. Come!"

Jim eyed him savagely over the desk. "You will not come?" smiled Sammy. "No, you rotter!" panted Jim.

Dr. Sparshott whipped round the desk after the rebel of Grimslade.

Jim dodged again, but a hand was on his shoulder, grasping him like iron. He grabbed the inkpot from the desk, and, with a jerk of his arm, sent the contents streaming into Sammy Sparshott's face.

"Oooogh!" gasped Sammy. For a moment or two he gurgled wildly. His face streamed with ink, and some of it was in his mouth, some in his nose. But his grip on Jim's shoulder did not relax for a second.

"Let me go, you beast!" yelled Jim. "Oooogh!"

Jim Dainty struggled and kicked. The young and athletic headmaster of Grimslade, holding him at arm's length, carried him to the chair. There, by sheer force of muscle, the struggling rebel was bent over and held down by Sammy's left hand, while the right wielded the cane.

Ink from Sammy Sparshott's streaming face dripped over Jim as the cane whacked. Through the ink, Sammy's face was still smiling genially. Sammy Sparshott was not the man to lose his temper with a boy—even a remarkable boy like Jim Dainty. He was as genial as ever; but his hand was hard and heavy.

The whacks of the cane rang as if Sammy was beating a carpet. Loud and sharp they rang, and they were heard in every Form-room at Grimslade. Louder still rang the frantic yells of the rebel.

"There!" said Sammy Sparshott at last, when the yelling died away to gasping. "I think that will do! You are excused classes this morning, Dainty.

You may go to your House. I advise you to reflect on your future conduct. Believe me, I dislike caning a boy—I dislike it very much. You may go, Dainty."

Jim Dainty limped from the study. "Shut the door after you, Dainty!" said the Head.

Jim Dainty very nearly slammed the door, as a last act of defiance. But he did not quite slam it. It closed quietly. And Dr. Sparshott's inky face wore a smile. Apparently the new boy at Grimslade was beginning to learn.

**The Rebel!**

**T**AINTY, old pean!" Fritz Splitz looked rather warily into Study No. 10 in White's House. Jim Dainty was there, standing by the open window, staring out moodily into the quad. His eyes were fixed on the clock-tower of Grimslade, a tall, narrow tower, from the summit of which there was a wide view over the Yorkshire and Lancashire moors—Grimslade School standing on the border of those two counties.

Dainty seemed to be thinking as he stared at the tall tower, though the fat German schoolboy was not likely to guess what was passing in his mind. Sykes, the porter, came out of the little door at the foot of the tower, drawing out a big key after locking the door, and shuffling away to his lodge.

"Mein goot Tainty!" murmured Fritz.

Jim stared round at him. He was still wriggling from the effects of his thrashing in the Head's study that morning. He hated Grimslade—but somehow he did not feel that he hated the Head, hard as Sammy had laid on the cane.

He had been in no state for classes after that tremendous licking, and he could not help realising that Sammy was kind and considerate in letting him off school for the morning. While the other fellows were in class, Jim, after recovering a little, had spent his time seeking an exit from the school—in vain.

His intention to run away from Grimslade, if he could, was fixed. But he found that he could not; and he was still there, sore, and smarting, and savage, when the fellows came out of class. Other thoughts were in his mind

now, when the podgy Rhinelander interrupted him.

"You have vun pain?" asked Fritz. "Mein goot Tainty, I have a colossal sympathy. Bist du hungri?"

"What the thump do you mean?" growled Dainty.

"Tat is to say, are you hungry?" asked Fritz. "Sometimes I speak to Cherman mitout tinkin, isn't it? I am a Cherman, Tainty, t'ough you would not guess tat when you hears me speak te English."

Jim stared at him and laughed. "Vy for you 'aff?" demanded Fritz warmly. "You do not tink tat I speaks te English like vun Fritisher te te manner porn?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dainty. "Ach! I do not gum here to listen to you gackle!" grunted Fritz peevishly. "You are a new poy, Tainty, and I lofe to be kind to new poy. You make no friend in te school: but I, Fritz von Splitz, vill look after you pefore. Fritz is your lofing friend."

Dainty turned to the window again. Apparently he had no use for Fritz's loving friendship.

"It is a ferry long time to dinner," resumed Fritz, "but if you vill gum mit me, I vill take you to de duckshop to buy duck."

"What the thump do you think I want to buy a duck for, you ass?"

"But te duck in te duckshop is ferry goot!" exclaimed Fritz. "Tere are lofely cham-tarts, mit lofely cham—"

"Oh! You mean the tuckshop?"

"That is vat I say—te duckshop!" assented Fritz. "Me, I have no money, because in Chermany tere are pig troubles, and I receive no more te rents of te colossal estates of Von Splitz. But you have some money, old pean! And I, Fritz, lofe you ferry much, Tainty! I do not tink you a peastly prute and a pounder, like all te odders."

Fritz blinked hopefully at the new junior, with his saucer-like eyes.

"I tink you are ferry nice, almost as nice as a Cherman, Tainty," he said flatteringly. "And if you gum to te duckshop—"

"I'll stand you a dozen tarts, you fat boulder, if you can get me the key of that clock-tower," said Dainty.

Fritz opened his eyes wide.

"Vat for you vant tat key?" he asked. "Tat tower is out of pounds. But tat is all right—it is easy to binch him



"Will you remove this barricade and come out?" asked Dr. Sammy Sparshott. "No, I won't," said Jim. "Then you will be washed out!" said Sammy. Swoosh! A stream of water shot out from the hose with almost the force of a bullet. It caught Jim Dainty under the chin, and fairly flung him backwards.



from te porter. You gum mit me and wait vile I binches tat key."

Jim Dainty left the House with the fat German. He waited near the porter's lodge, while Fritz approached the building warily. Sykes had left his lodge, and it was, as Fritz had said, easy to pinch the key of the clock-tower. Why Dainty wanted it, Fritz did not know or care; what he cared about was the promised reward. In a few minutes he rejoined the new boy, and slipped the long iron key into his hand. Jim instantly put it into his pocket.

"Now show me where the tuckshop is," he said.

"Ja wohl!" grinned Fritz.

There were a crowd of Grimsdale fellows in the school shop when they arrived there. Ginger & Co. grinned at Dainty, who scowled back, without disconcerting those cheery young gentlemen thereby. Dick Dawson and Tommy Tucker of White's nodded to him, but he did not heed them. Fritz von Splitz was speedily gobbling jam tarts, while Jim Dainty proceeded to give rather extensive orders for all sorts of things, and borrowed a bag from Mrs. Sykes in which to carry them away.

Many curious glances were cast on him. Jim Dainty had not been long at Grimsdale, but he had set fellows of both Houses against him, and he was about as unpopular as a fellow could be. If he was laying in supplies to stand a spread, it was rather a mystery whom he was going to ask. His face expressed nothing, and he spoke to nobody while he was in the tuckshop. The fellows stared after him as he left, with the well-packed bag under his arm.

Fritz had finished his tarts by that time, and he rolled out after Dainty. Jim might be unpopular with other fellows, but the podgy Rhinelander was prepared to love him like a brother, when he had a bag containing two pounds' worth of tuck under his arm.

Dainty walked quickly away and reached the clock-tower, where he unlocked the door. Having done so, he went in, and closed the door after him. Fritz was left staring.

"Mein goodness!" murmured the astonished Fritz. Fritz von Splitz was the fellow to retire into a quiet corner and devour tuck in huge quantities, if he could get it; but Jim Dainty was not, and the fat German could only wonder what he was up to.

In a few minutes Jim came out of the tower again, minus the bag of tuck. He was about to relock the door when Fritz tapped his arm, and he stared round impatiently.

"You leaf tat duck in te tower, my goot Tainty!"

"Mind your own business, Jerry."

"Put if you locks tat door, you gannot get him vunce more, for I must take tat key pack before he is missed."

"Oh!" said Dainty, and paused. He left the door unlocked, and handed the key back to Fritz. "Here you are! Buzz off, you fat sweep!"

Fritz grinned as he cut off with the key, to replace it on the hook in Sykes' lodge. Fritz had his own reasons for desiring the door of the clock-tower to remain unlocked. For some utterly mysterious reason, Dainty had parked a huge supply of tuck in the tower. Fritz could not guess the reason; but he could guess what was going to happen to the tuck as soon as he was sure that Dainty's eyes were not on him.

The new junior gave the fat Fritz no further thought. He went back into White's House, and emerged again with a bag of golf-clubs belonging to his Housemaster, which he had lifted from the lobby.

A dozen fellows stared at him in amazement.

"What the thump are you doing with Billy White's clubs?" called out Dick Dawson.

"You'll see, if you like to keep your eyes open!" snapped Dainty.

He walked directly towards the

window of Dr. Sparshott's study. That window was open, and, within, the Head could be seen in conversation with Mr. White. Twenty fellows, at least, followed Dainty, wondering what he was up to. But Fritz von Splitz was not interested. Fritz's interests lay in the direction of the clock tower.

Jim Dainty drew one of the clubs from the bag, swung it in the air, and whizzed it at the Head's window.

Crash! Smash! Spatter!

The club landed in the study, with a shower of broken glass. There was a yell of amazement from the Grimsdale crowd, and a roar from the study. Dr. Sparshott stared out, with Mr. White staring over his shoulder.

"Who threw that club?" roared the Head of Grimsdale.

"I did!" answered Dainty.

"You—you—you—" Sammy Sparshott fairly gasped.

"I've got something to tell you!" snapped Dainty. "I'm not staying in this rotten school longer than I can help, see? And as long as I stay here, I'm going to give you all the trouble I can, and I hope that you'll have sense enough in the long run to send me home! Now stand clear—there's another club coming!"

"Boy!" roared the Head.

Whiz! A niblick crashed through another pane, and broken glass showered over the Head. A brassie followed, with a crash of another pane. Then Jim Dainty turned and scudded, throwing away the golf bag, but keeping a heavy driver in his hand. The Head leaned from the window and roared.

"Stop that boy! Seize him! Bring him here!"

There was a rush at Dainty, but the fellows jumped back again as he swung the club recklessly round. Yorke of the Sixth, captain of White's House, made a jump at him, and gave a fearful yell as the golf-club crashed on him. The senior went sprawling, and Jim Dainty dashed on.

"After him!" yelled Ginger.

"Seize that boy!" roared the Head from his smashed window.

## THE POLICE BOAT MYSTERY



Over the dark waters of the Thames sped a police boat, the grim-faced men in her glancing keenly to right and left at the mass of wharves, docks and shipping. Suddenly the blinding white beam of a searchlight picked out the boat, and there came a muffled roar. That was the last seen of the craft and her crew—not a sign of either ever came to the surface of the river! Here is an amazing novel of mystery and crime in London in which Sexton Blake finds a case of absorbing interest.

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Panting, Jim Dainty reached the clock-tower. He tore open the door, dashed in, and slammed the door after him. Then he scampered up the narrow spiral staircase that led to the clock-room at the summit of the tower, leaving all Grimsdale School in a roar behind him.

### Two in a Tower!

**F**RITZ SPLITZ jumped. "Ach!" he gasped. "Oh grubs! Oh grikey!"

Both Fritz's fat hands were full of tuck—conveying supplies to his extensive mouth, which was also full. He sat in the clock-room, with the open bag of tuck before him, feasting.

He started and jumped as Jim came running up the spiral stair, and burst into the room at the top. A large portion of cake went down the wrong way.

Fritz gurgled and guggled wildly.

Why Dainty had left the bag of tuck at the top of the tower, Fatty Fritz had no idea. But he had not expected Dainty to turn up so soon and so suddenly, and he was startled.

Dainty hardly glanced at him. He had no time to waste. He expected immediate pursuit, and he had to get ready for it.

At the top of the stair was a narrow landing, but no door. In the room were a bench and a step-ladder. Dainty dragged them, one after the other, to the narrow landing, and jammed them across from wall to wall. In less than a minute he had barricaded the stair, and he stood panting.

Fritz was panting, too, and gurgling, and gasping, and spluttering, with a quantity of cake in the wrong place.

"Ach! Groogh! Oooogh! I joke!" he gurgled. "I joke in mein troat! Mein troat he is joking!" Fritz meant choking. "Ach! Tainty, tat you bat me on te pack!"

Dainty had neither time nor inclination for patting Fritz Splitz on the back. Golf-club in hand, he stood behind his barricade, as there were heavy footsteps on the narrow spiral stair.

"Ooogh! Ooooch!" gasped Fritz. "Ach—he is gone—tat chunk in mein troat, he go down to mein pread-basket! Ach! Tainty, vat you do? Vy for you gum here mit you?"

"You fat Boche, you've been scoffing my provisions!" growled Dainty. "Well, you've landed yourself with me now—unless you like to jump for it. Keep out of the way, you Dutch barrel!"

There was a tramping on the narrow stair. Trafford, of Redmayes House, the captain of Grimsdale, came round the bend of the staircase, with Yorke at his heels. The two seniors stopped at the barricade, and stared at Jim Dainty across it—and at the golf-club.

"Come out of that!" snapped Trafford.

"Get me out of it!" retorted Jim.

"We've got to take you to the Head!" said Yorke savagely. "Put that club down, you young scoundrel!"

"Come and make me!" invited Dainty.

The two seniors plunged at the barricade. Crack! came the golf-club, and Trafford rolled back, yelling, his head singing. Crack! it came again, and Yorke caught it with his arm, and roared.

Both of them jumped away from a third swipe, which narrowly missed; and Jim Dainty grinned defiance over the barrier.

"Get out of it!" he jeered. "Tell old Sparshott to come for me if he wants me, and I'll crack his napper, too! Tell him I'll make him fed-up with me in the long run. Now get out!"

"You cheeky young scoundrel!" yelled Trafford, and he made a spring forward.

But he sprang back again still more quickly as the golf-club swiped. Jim



backed a pace, stooped, picked a couple of juicy jam-tarts from the bag of tuck, and hurled them. The two seniors jumped away, missed the step, and rolled. There was a sound of bumping on the narrow stairs, and wild yells floated back.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dainty.

Mingled with the yelling of the two seniors came the voice of Mr. White, raised in startled wrath. Apparently the Housemaster, coming up, had met Trafford and Yorke coming down. A few moments more, and Billy White's red and angry face appeared at the stair-top.

"Dainty!" he roared. "Boy! What do you mean by this?"

"I mean to stick here," answered Jim coolly. "No classes for me—and you can go and eat coke, Billy White! Take that with you!"

A jam-tart whizzed, and landed on Mr. White's chin. It stuck there for a moment, and then dropped. The Housemaster of White's House made a spring for the barricade.

It was not easy to clamber over, for the bench and the spladder were jammed between the walls, on the very edge of the top step. As Mr. White clambered, the golf-club rapped on his knuckles, hard, but he clambered on furiously. Then the golf-club rapped on his head, and he saw unnumbered stars.

He dropped back on the stairs and rolled after Trafford and Yorke.

Looking down from the tower, Jim Dainty could see a swarm of fellows staring up—fellows of all Forms, in a state of buzzing excitement. Grimslade was thrilling from end to end.

Ten minutes later there was a scampering on the narrow stair, and Jim sighted a red head.

Ginger Rawlinson, of Redmayes House, came into view, with Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean behind him. Ginger had told his chums that it was up to them to root the rebel out, and Bacon and Bean agreed that it was so. They came at the barrier on the landing with a rush and jumped at it.

"Get out of it, you dummies!" shouted Jim Dainty. "You'll get hurt."

"Wait till we get at you!" panted Ginger. "Come on, old beans."

"Oh, my napper!" yelled Streaky Bacon, as the golf-club smote, and he pitched back.

The next moment the club lunged under Sandy Bean's chin and hurled him backwards after Streaky. Both of them disappeared down the steep stair, roaring. Ginger clambered desperately on and rolled over the barrier at Jim Dainty's feet.

Before he could scramble up, Jim's knee was planted on him, pinning him down. He struggled fiercely.

"Oh, you rotter! Wait till I gerrup!" he gasped.

"I'll wait!" said Jim coolly, his knee grinding into the hapless Ginger's waistcoat. "How long do you want me to wait?"

"Ow! Oh! Ooooh!"

"Sorry you called?" asked Jim.

"Oooooooogh!"

"Fritz, you fat freak, come and lend a hand! Take his hanky and tie his wrists while I hold him."

"Ach! Mein goot Tainty—"

"Sharp!" roared Dainty. "If you want a taste of the golf-club—"

"Ach! I vant it not!" gasped Fritz, and he hastened to obey.

Ginger's handkerchief was twisted and knotted round his wrists. Then Jim Dainty jerked away his necktie and tied his ankles together with it. Helpless now, Ginger was rolled across the clock-room into a corner out of the way.

"Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz.

"You rotter!" yelled Ginger frantically. "Let me loose! Do you think

you are going to keep me tied up like a turkey, you tick?"

"I think so," assented Jim. "You've butted in where you're not wanted, and you can make the best of it."

"I'll smash you!" roared Ginger.

"You look like doing it!"

"I—I—I—" Ginger panted with wrath. Words failed him.

Jim Dainty picked up the golf-club again and fixed his eyes on Bacon and Bean, who were peering round the corner of the stair. But they did not come within reach. They had had enough of the golf-club at close quarters.

There was a heavy tread on the stair. Dr. Sparshott's head rose into view. He gave Bacon and Bean a glance, and they scuttled down and vanished. Then the Head of Grimslade fixed his eyes on the savage, defiant face of the rebel.

There was a glimmer in his eyes. It was not so very many years since Sammy Sparshott had been a school-boy himself, and perhaps he had not wholly lost his relish for a "lark." He gave the rebel quite a genial nod.

"This won't do, Dainty," he said calmly. "Am I to understand that you propose to entrench yourself here and defy all authority?"

"Just that!" retorted Dainty. "The sooner you make up your mind to let me clear out of Grimslade, the better. I'm sticking here till you make up your mind to it."

"My dear boy, I would not part with you for worlds," said Sammy Sparshott cheerily. "Grimslade is going to make a man of you yet. Now—"

"Will you let me loose?" roared Ginger. "You wait till I get loose, and I'll bash your nose through the back of your head!"

"Dear me!" said the Head, staring past Dainty at the wriggling figure of Ginger in the far corner. "You seem to have made a prisoner of war, Dainty. Release that boy at once, and come out of that room immediately!"

"Rats!"

"I shall have to take drastic measures, my boy."

"Go and eat coke! I'll jolly well crack your silly head as soon as anybody else's if you stick it in here!"

Jim Dainty brandished the golf-club. It swept the air only a few inches from Sammy Sparshott's nose, but the Head did not turn a hair.

"Put that club down, Dainty," he said quietly.

"Put your head within reach of it," retorted Jim, "then I'll put it down—hard!"

Dr. Sparshott turned his head and called down the stairs.

"Sykes!"

"I'm 'ere!" came the grunting voice of the school porter.

"Come up!"

Sykes tramped up the stairs. Jim Dainty laughed contemptuously. Sykes was not the man to shift him. But he stared as he saw that the Grimslade porter was carrying the nozzle of a garden-hose. He passed it to Sammy Sparshott.

"Go down and turn on the water, Sykes."

Sykes tramped down again.

"Now, my dear boy," said Sammy Sparshott, with his thumb on the nozzle, "you are not going to be allowed to remain in your retreat, or to crack heads with that golf-club. You are going to be taken in hand and properly punished for your impudence. Will you remove that barricade and come out?"

"No, I won't!" said Dainty, between his teeth.

"Then you will be washed out!" said Sammy Sparshott.

He removed his thumb from the nozzle, and a stream of water shot from the hose with almost the force of a bullet.

It caught Jim Dainty under the chin

and fairly flung him backwards. He leaped up again, swiping wildly with the golf-club; but the stream of water played on him, blinding him, swamping him, and hurling him back. He staggered and gasped.

With a steady hand and a smiling face, Dr. Sparshott played the stream on him across the barrier. There was a frantic yell from Fritz Splitz as he caught his share of the water. The German junior did not like water, and he strongly objected to an extra wash.

"Ach! I am vet!" howled Fritz. "I am vet all ofer! Himmel! I thinks tat I gatches a gold! Oooocogh!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Ginger. He was getting his share, too.

Dr. Sparshott stood smiling on the top step, while the stream of water drove the rebel of Grimslade across the room, gasping and spluttering, blinded and breathless. Then he put a long leg over the barrier, and then another.

Jim made a desperate spring forward, but the stream crashing in his face hurled him back. He staggered against the farther wall, dazed and dizzy. Dr. Sparshott shut off the water, dropped the hose, and strode across the room to him. His grasp fell on the rebel's collar.

"Splitz! Release Rawlinson, and both of you remove that barricade from the landing," said Sammy Sparshott. "Dainty, my boy, I advise you not to kick your headmaster. In the first place, it is quite useless; in the second place, I shall smack you—like that—every time you attempt to do so. And like that—and like that—"

Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Ah, that is better!" said Dr. Sparshott genially. "I was sure you would realise that it is very bad form to kick your headmaster, Dainty. I am afraid, my boy, that your training has been very much neglected. But we shall put that right at Grimslade—quite right! Splitz—Rawlinson—lose no time! Now, Dainty, the way is clear. Kindly walk down the stairs!"

"I won't!" yelled Jim.

"Dear me!" Dr. Sparshott picked up the hose. "I think you will, Dainty; in fact, I am sure you will!"

Swish! Splash! Swoooosh! The stream of water shot from the nozzle and fairly washed the rebel of Grimslade out of the room. He dodged on the landing, jumped, and twisted, but the jet of water followed every movement and at last it drove him down the stairs.

Sammy Sparshott followed him down, with the water playing on the back of his head, and Jim Dainty bolted out of the door at the foot of the tower. A yell of laughter from the Grimslade crowd greeted him as he appeared.

"Sykes," said the Head, "you may take away the hose. Dainty, go to your House, dry yourself, and change your clothes. Mr. White, when Dainty has changed his clothes, will you have the kindness to bring him to my study for a flogging?"

"Certainly, sir!" said Mr. White grimly. And with a hand on Jim's drenched shoulder, he marched him off to his House, while the Grimsladers roared with laughter, and Sammy Sparshott repaired to his study, where he carefully selected his stoutest birch.

Having selected the birch, he laid it on the table in readiness for the flogging. But that flogging was destined never to be administered, for reasons of which Sammy Sparshott was far from dreaming at the moment; or, for that matter, the rebel of Grimslade.

*(There is a surprising development in next week's splendid story featuring Jim Dainty, the rebel of Grimslade. Tell your pals about these school yarns by famous Frank Richards.)*