

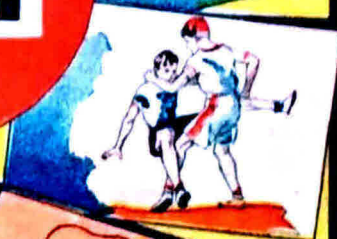
**GRAND SUPER-GIFT ISSUE!**

The

# RANGER

2<sup>d</sup>

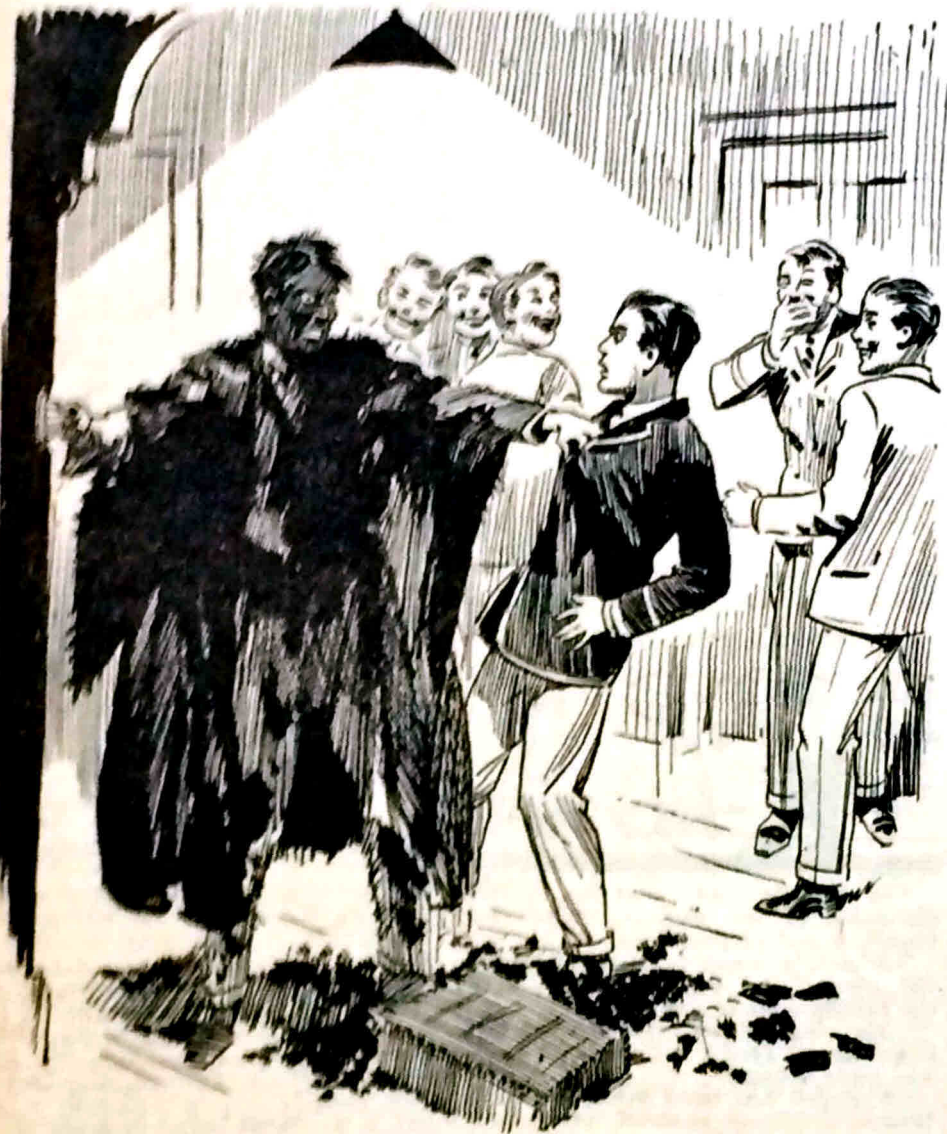
No. 86, Vol. 4.  
Week Ending October 1st, 1932.  
EVERY SATURDAY.



**SIX SPLENDID  
PICTURE STAMPS  
FREE WITHIN!**



# The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE



HERE'S THE BEST SCHOOL-ADVENTURE YARN OF THE WEEK, BY POPULAR FRANK RICHARDS.

Fritz reached the cupboard. A moment more and he would have clutched the cake and made a bound for the door. At that thrilling moment Jim Dainty, having reached the end of a sheet, stirred and looked up.

He fairly jumped at the sight of Friedrich von Splitz in the study. Fritz jumped, too, with a howl of dismay.

"Ach! Himmel! I gum not after te cake pefore!" he gasped. "Ich—mein gootness! Donner und blitzen! Ooooh! Swoooooosh!"

The inkpot was in Dainty's hand, and the contents came in a swishing stream right at the fat face of Fritz Spitz. Fritz caught the ink fair and square.

In an instant the fat German was transformed into a fat Hottentot. Black as the ace of spades, streaming with ink, Fritz gurgled and gasped and guggled.

"I warned you, you pilfering Dutchman!" growled Dainty.

"Gerrrrroooogh! Oooogh!" gurgled Fritz. "Peast and a prute! Peasty pounder! Mein gootness! I will peast you till you pellow like a pull!"

Fritz was no fighting-man. But wrath supplied the place of courage. He rushed at Dainty with brandished fat fists.

The new boy at Grimsdale jumped up from the table. Fritz's fat fists sawed the air at him, and Dainty, grinning, brushed them aside and tapped the Rhinelander on his podgy stump of a nose. It was not a hard tap, but it elicited a fearful yell from Fritz. All his warlike fervour vanished on the spot, and Fritz did his best to vanish also, making a wild bound for the doorway.

Thud!

Dainty reached him as he reached the doorway, and kicked. His boot landed on Fritz's baggy trousers, and the Rhinelander flew. He went headlong into the passage and rolled there, roaring.

"Dainty!" rapped a sharp voice.

"Oh my hat!" gasped Jim.

Mr. White came up the passage as Fritz landed. The fat German rolled fairly at his feet, streaming ink, and roaring.

"Ach! I am proken in pits!" howled Fritz. "Himmel! I have a colossal bain! Peast and a prute! Whoop!"

"Dainty!" The Housemaster of White's glared in at the study doorway. "This is the second time to-day I have found you bullying Splitz."

"I was doing nothing of the sort!" snapped Jim savagely. "Splitz knows why I kicked him out if he cares to tell you."

"Ach! I do noddings—I say noddings!" howled Fritz. "Tat Tainty, he trow ink in mein face, he kick me on mein trousers! Yooop!"

"You have smothered this boy with ink—and kicked him!" rapped Mr. White. "You must learn to control your temper, Dainty! Splitz, go to my study and fetch my cane!"

"Ach! Yes, sir! Ja wohl!" gasped Fritz.

He scrambled to his feet and limped away, dripping ink. He came back promptly with the cane.

"Bend over that chair, Dainty!" rapped Mr. White.

Jim gave him a fierce, defiant look. A week ago he would have refused to obey the order, reckless of consequences. But Jim had been learning since he had been at Grimsdale.

JIM DAINTY'S A REBEL—THE WORST REBEL, IN FACT, THAT EVER CAME TO GRIMSLADE SCHOOL TO BE "TAMED." BUT HE'S MADE OF THE RIGHT STUFF. NOT EVEN WHEN ALL THE SCHOOL IS AGAINST HIM WILL HE SNEAK ON THE REAL GUILTY AND PUT HIMSELF RIGHT WITH THE BOYS WHO HAVE WRONGED HIM!

## Fritz Asks For It.

"GET out!" roared Jim Dainty. "But, mein goot Tainty—" wailed Fritz Spitz.

Jim Dainty glared at the fat Fritz across the study table. Classes were over at Grimsdale School, and from the quad came a tramping of feet and a roar of voices where a crowd of Grimsdalers were punting a ball. A tussle was going on between "Reds" and "Whites" for the possession of the ball, and it sounded more like a dog-fight than a punt about. Jim Dainty was keen to join in the rag, and back up his House against Ginger & Co., of Redmeyes. But lines kept him indoors. He was grinding hard at an impot for Mr. White when Fatty Fritz put his moon-face and saucer-eyes in at the door of Study No. 10.

Dainty made a clutch at the inkpot. Like a ghost at cockerow, Fritz disappeared. Dainty, with a grunt, went on with his lines. They raced from his

pen—but he had two hundred to write. And it was for kicking Fritz Splitz that his Housemaster had given him lines. Dainty had not explained that he had kicked the fat German for attempting to annex a cake from the study cupboard.

"Mein goot Tainty!" Fritz's voice came round the corner of the doorway, Fritz keeping in cover. "I did not know tat you vas in te study—tat is to say, I gum here to help you mit your lines—"

"You mean you came here after my cake!" snapped Dainty. "Put your fat head in again and you get the ink!"

"Peast and a prute!" roared Fritz.

Dainty did not speak again. His head was bent over the sheaf of impot paper, and he scribbled hard and fast. There was a sound of retreating footsteps in the passage. Apparently Fritz was gone.

But the fat Rhinelander was not gone. He walked noisily to the end of the passage, and then tiptoed silently back to Study No. 10. He peered round the doorway with his saucer eyes. Dainty, his head bent, his brows knitted, did not look up, and did not see him.

Fritz suppressed his breathing. For a long minute he watched the busy junior in the study. Then, with infinite caution, he tiptoed in.

It was only a few steps to the study cupboard, which was open. Once Fritz's clutch was on the cake all would be well. Silently, stealthily, Fritz moved on tiptoe, suppressing his breathing, watching the top of the bent head across the table almost with anguish. Nearer and nearer he drew to the cupboard, and Dainty's handsome, dark head was still bent, his pen still raced—all his attention was still fixed on lines.



Sparshott, Head of Grimslade, had somehow impressed a sense of discipline on his reckless mind. He paused—but he obeyed.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!  
The cane rose and fell with force. Mr. White had no kindness to waste on the most troublesome boy in his House. Every cut fairly rang through the study; but from Jim there came no sound. With his teeth shut hard he bore the infliction.

"Let that be a warning to you, Dainty, to keep your temper!" rapped Mr. White; and he tucked the cane under his arm and walked away.

Jim, with a set, white face, went back to his lines. He did not sit down—it would have been rather too painful to sit down after those four hard cuts. He finished his lines standing.

It was half an hour later that Dainty left the House. Fritz Splitz, in the quad, grinned at him as he came out.

Fritz had washed off the ink, not very thoroughly—Fritz did not like washing. Jim caught his derisive grin, and the next moment he caught Fritz—by the collar. There was a puddle near the House steps, left by recent rain. With a grip of iron on the back of Fritz's collar Dainty bent him over, plumped him down, and dipped his face in the puddle.

"Ach! Prute!" spluttered Fritz. "Oh, peast! Oooogh!"

"There, you sneaking worm!" snapped Dainty. "Now you can go and get another wash!"

With a swing of his arm he sat Fritz in the puddle. Fritz sat and roared, and Jim Dainty joined in the punt-about and left him to roar.

### Black and White.

**F**RITZ VON SPLITZ came into Study No. 10 in the Fourth, and shut the door after him. It was dark in the study, and Fritz carefully drew the curtain before turning on the light. There was a gleam in Fritz's saucer-eyes, and the expression on his fat face was grim and determined.

Twice that day Fritz had had to put in an extra wash on account of Dainty, and perhaps that infuriated Fritz more than anything else—he hated washing.

There was a flat wicker basket in Fritz's fat hand, and he set it in the fender, took the shovel, and began to rake soot down from the chimney. Any fellow who had observed him might have wondered what the game was. Shovel after shovel of soot was piled in the basket till it was nearly full. But

there was no danger of Fritz being observed.

Dainty and Dawson shared that study with the fat German. Dainty was in the Common-room at the other end of the passage, whacking out the cake—which Fritz had failed to annex—with a dozen other fellows. Dawson had gone over to Redmayes House to see Ginger Rawlinson about games, and was not likely to return yet.

Fritz stacked the basket with soot, and lifted it to the study table. Patches of soot floated over Jim Dainty's books, which lay there. Fritz grinned.

"Peastly prute!" he murmured. "I tinks tat tat pounder Tainty soon have to vash himself—ja wohl!"

Fritz turned out the light. Cautiously, he opened the door and peered into the passage. It was not time for prep, and the fellows were not coming to the studies yet. Fritz tiptoed along to the passage light and turned it off. All was dark as he crept back to Study No. 10, picked up the basket of soot from the table, and stepped into the study doorway with it. Darkness, as black as the soot itself, enwrapped the fat German.

Fritz von Splitz was on the trail of vengeance! In his podgy German brain, his plans were cut and dried. Mr. White had been dissatisfied—perhaps not without reason—with Dainty's impot, and had ordered him to write it out again and bring it in before prep. Dainty had to come to the study and do it, and when he came, Fritz was ready for him. And when that basket of soot was landed on Jim Dainty, there was no doubt that he would be even in more need of a wash than Fritz generally was.

Fritz breathed hard as he waited in the dark.

Suddenly, the door of the Common-room at the other end of the long passage opened and a light streamed out. Fritz had a glimpse of Jim Dainty's handsome figure in the light before the door closed again.

His fat heart beat faster. The brute was coming.

Footsteps in the dark!

Fritz started!

Dainty had hardly had time to traverse the length of the long passage. But the footsteps were close at hand. Fritz lifted the basket. It did not occur to his podgy brain, for the moment, that someone else might have turned into the study-passage, on which several other passages opened. He was thinking of Dainty, and vengeance on Dainty! Fritz's saucer-eyes gleamed in the gloom as he gripped the basket, and a shadowy figure loomed up before him.

Crash!

The basket of soot landed fairly in a face, and there was a gasping, spluttering roar. Fritz suppressed a chuckle, backed into Study No. 10, silently closed the door, and crept under the table. He did not want Dainty to spot him! Dainty was to be left to guess who had sooted him!

Fritz's retreat was prompt. He left the victim of the soot spluttering, gasping, and gurgling in the passage. Had he heard the voice that followed the gurgles and gasps, Fritz would have been scared out of his fat wits. For it was not Jim Dainty's voice. It was the voice of "Billy White."

Jim Dainty, coming along the unlighted passage only a few moments behind the Housemaster, listened in amazement to the gasping and gurgling, and uttered an exclamation as he ran into a staggering figure—which instantly clutched him.

"Oh! Ah! Oooogh! Who are you? Ooooch!" spluttered the Housemaster of White's. "Upon my word! What—what—urrrgggh!"

"What the thump!" gasped Jim.

"Is that Dainty? I know your voice!" gasped Mr. White. "You iniquitous young rascal! Oooooooch! I am smothered—choked—it is soot—"

Jim struggled to get away. Clouds of soot floated over him from the sooty Housemaster, and he gasped and coughed. But he could not get away. Billy White's grasp was on him like a vice.

The Common-room door opened again and fellows crowded out. Mr. White's frantic splutterings could be heard far and wide.

"Urgh! Bring a light—urgh—turn on the—grooh—light!" spluttered the Housemaster.

"What the thump—" gasped Tommy Tucker. He ran along the passage, groped for the light, and switched it on.

It revealed a startling scene. Mr. White, hardly recognisable in his garment of soot, was clutching Jim Dainty by the shoulder, his eyes glaring wildly from a blackened face. Jim stared at him as the light came on, as amazed as the other fellows crowding up the passage.

"Will you let go?" he panted.

"Dainty! I knew it was Dainty!" The Housemaster fairly shouted. "You rascal! You—you ruffian! I had no doubt it was you! Go into your study—wait there till you are sent for—Dr. Sparshott will deal with you for this!"

Before Jim could answer, the Housemaster rushed away, shedding soot in clouds as he went. Jim Dainty stood



As the mob of juniors were biffing Dainty with knotted towels and pillows and throwing at him anything they could lay hands on, the dormitory door suddenly opened and Dr. Sparshott appeared in the doorway!



as if rooted to the floor, staring after him for some moments. He hardly realised, at first, that Mr. White believed that he had flung the soot. But the exclamations of the other fellows speedily enlightened him.

"Dainty, you potty ass!" exclaimed Tucker. "You must be mad—"

"He's sooted Billy White!" gasped Lomas. "Sooted a Housemaster—"

"I haven't!" snapped Dainty. "I never knew—till I ran into him—"

"Gammon!"

"I tell you—" roared Jim.

"Better tell Sammy!" chuckled Pulley. "Sammy may believe that—perhaps!"

Jim gave the juniors a glare, stamped into Study No. 10, and slammed the door behind him.

### Just Like Sammy!

**J**IM DAINTY stared as he switched on the light in Study No. 10. Almost the first thing that met his view was a foot, with a baggy trouser—and, protruding from under the study table. He knew that foot—it was encased in an elastic-sided shoe—and Fritz von Splitz was the only fellow at Grimslade who wore elastic-sided shoes, having special leave to do so on account of a crop of corns he had brought with him from Germany.

Why the fat Fritz was hiding under the table, in his own study, was a mystery to Jim Dainty—and it was very like the obtuse Rhinelander to hide with a portion of his podgy person in view.

Dainty stooped, grasped a fat ankle, and jerked the German junior out. There was a splutter from Fritz, and he came rolling out into view. He yelled in terror.

"Ach! It was not me, Tainty! I neffer did before! I giffs you te vord of a Cherman tat it was not me."

Fritz broke off, sitting up, with a gasp of amazement, as he saw Dainty's face. He expected to see it as black as a starless midnight. Instead of which, it had its ordinary aspect, save for a few flecks of soot that had fallen from Mr. White. Fritz's saucer-eyes opened to their fullest extent, and he fairly goggled at Dainty.

"Mein gootness! You vas not plack!" he gasped. "Vy for you vas not plack, Tainty? Mein gootness!"

"Black!" repeated Jim. "Why—" Then he understood. "Oh, you fat dummy! Did you chuck the soot? You meant it for me."

"Ach! Tat you kick me not on mein trousers!" gasped Fritz, squirming away. "Peast and a prute! Vy for you kick me on mein trousers, when you have not got te soot?"

"You dummy!" gasped Jim. "You got old White in the dark—"

"Vat!" shrieked Fritz. "You've sooted your Housemaster—"

"Mein gootness!"

Fritz picked himself up. "He blinked at Dainty in utter horror."

"It—it—it was White!" articulated Fritz. "Oh, mein gootness! I shall be peaten till I pellow like a bull! Ach! Tainty—mein goot Tainty—mein beloved Tainty—you will not tell tem tat it was me! You vill not be vun sneak mit yourself before."

"White thinks it was me," growled Jim. "You'll have to own up."

"Mein gootness! I tink tat I tink two times before tat!" gasped Fritz. "Nein! Nein! Tat is not goot enoff! Ach! It was not me—now I gums to tink of it, Tainty, it was not me! I swears tat it neffer vas!"

"What?" roared Dainty.

He made a stride round the study table at Fritz. The fat German slithered round the other side, and bolted for the door. He tore the door open, and jumped into the passage, and fled for his life.

Jim gave a grunt. He had to wait in

the study till he was sent for, and he waited in a grim mood. He could hear the buzz of excited voices without—not a fellow there doubted that he had sooted the Housemaster.

It was a quarter of an hour later that Yorke of the Sixth opened the door and beckoned him to follow.

Through a staring crowd Jim followed his House captain, and a few minutes later Yorke was tapping at the Head's door, and Dr. Sparshott's deep voice bade him enter.

"Dainty, sir!" said Yorke, and he pushed Jim into the room, and drew the door shut after him. Dainty was left with his headmaster and Housemaster.

He stood with crimson cheeks. Sammy Sparshott's cool, clear-cut face was hard as steel. There was no trace of kindness in it now.

"Dainty!" he barked. "This is the climax! Rebellious and headstrong as you are, I had hopes of you. But this outrage—this assault upon your Housemaster—"

"I did not do it, sir!"

"What?" roared Sammy.

"I never did it, sir!" said Jim steadily.

Sammy gave him a long, searching look, and turned to the Housemaster. Mr. White's face was a study.

"Dr. Sparshott! I caught this boy in the very act!" he gasped. "I was smothered with soot, and, groping in the dark, I caught this boy! The light in the passage had been turned out intentionally, but I caught him before he could escape."

"I came along from the Common-room, sir, and ran into you—"

"How dare you tell such falsehoods?" exclaimed Mr. White, his voice trembling with anger and indignation. "Dr. Sparshott, a boy with a basket of soot was waiting for me in the dark, outside Dainty's study. Only Dainty could have known that I was coming there. Dainty had written an imposition carelessly, and was directed to rewrite it. He was well aware that if it was not handed in at the specified time I should come to the study to see him."

"You were aware of that, Dainty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why had you not handed in your imposition?"

"I had not written it, sir."

"Why had you not written it?"

"I—I ought to have written the lines, sir," stammered Jim. "I—I—I was wild because I had to do them a second time, sir. I knew I should get a licking, and I didn't care! But that's all, sir."

"You deny flinging the soot at Mr. White?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a long pause. It seemed as if Sammy's penetrating eyes were boring into Jim's face. Mr. White stood impatient. But Sammy was not in a hurry to speak. When he spoke, finally, it was to the Housemaster.

"Mr. White, you have placed this matter in my hands! You have full reliance on my judgment, I trust?"

"I need hardly say so, sir."

"Very good! Dainty!" barked Sammy Sparshott. "Will you give me your word, not as a boy to his headmaster, but as man to man, that you are not guilty of this outrage?"

"I give you my word of honour, sir!" said Jim Dainty, with deep earnestness.

"Very good! You may go, Dainty!"

Jim stared at his headmaster for a moment, dumbfounded. Dr. Sparshott made a gesture towards the door. Hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels, Jim Dainty left the study.

Mr. White almost fell down. His face crimsoned and then paled. He was unable for the moment to believe either his eyes or his ears.

He found his voice at last.

"Dr. Sparshott! You pardon that boy—"

"That boy is guiltless, and does not need pardon, Mr. White," said Dr. Sparshott incisively.

"That boy, sir, is guilty of an assault on his Housemaster. The evidence is absolutely clear."

"The evidence, sir, is absolutely clear," agreed Sammy. "But against the evidence I set my judgment of the boy's character. That boy, sir, is reckless young rascal enough to do such a thing. But he is not the boy to tell lies about it afterwards. It was some other boy, sir."

Mr. White drew a deep, deep breath. "You have made your decision, sir—"

"I have, and trust that you will endorse it."

"Then I have no more to say, Dr. Sparshott, except that I place my resignation in your hands. I am no longer a Housemaster of Grimslade."

With that "Billy" White left the headmaster's study.

That evening, Mr. White was seen packing, and the news spread like wild-fire through Grimslade that the Housemaster of White's was going. From end to end Grimslade buzzed with the startling news.

### Ragged by the House!

"**S**AMMY'S a downy bird!" said Sandy Bean.

"He's made a mistake this time!" said Ginger Rawlinson.

"Sammy never makes mistakes!"

"You know better than all Grimslade?" roared Streaky Bacon.

"Being Scotch," said Sandy, "I naturally do!"

Whereupon his two faithful chums collared Sandy, and banged his head on the study door. Banging Sandy's head made him roar, but did not make him change his opinion.

But the astute Lancashire Scot was almost alone in that opinion.

It was the sensation of the term at Grimslade. Fellows of both Houses agreed that Billy White could do nothing but resign when the Chief failed to back him up in such a matter. Dainty, the new kid who had been kicking over the traces ever since he had arrived at Grimslade, had wound up with smothering his Housemaster with soot—and everybody knew he had done it.

Sammy's usually unerring judgment had failed him for once—the new tick had pulled his leg somehow. Billy White had to go, and all Grimslade seethed with indignation. Mr. White was popular in his own House—and respected in Redmayes.

That night Jim Dainty's life was hardly safe. Fellows of all Forms told him to go to Sammy and own up.

"You miserable worm!" said Yorke of the Sixth. "Do you think we're going to lose Billy White on your account? Haven't you the grit to take a whopping for what you've done, you cur?"

"I've done nothing!" almost snarled Dainty.

"Who did it then?" roared Jorrocks of the Fifth. "Tell us that!"

"Find out!"

"You were there, Dainty," said Dick Dawson. "If it wasn't you, you must know who it was. He couldn't have got away without you knowing—"

"I know that!"

"Then you know who it was—if it wasn't you?" shouted Yorke.

"Was it, then?"

Fritz Splitz fixed a beseeching blink on Dainty. But he had nothing to fear.

"I'm not a sneak!" said Dainty coldly. "I've been told, since I've been here, that sneaks are not wanted at Grimslade. I know who that is."

Jim Dainty had plenty of pluck, but he felt something like a tremor when bed-time came, and he had to go to



his dormitory, where the Fourth would have him all to themselves. The looks the juniors gave him told him what to expect.

It was up to Yorke to see that order was kept in the dorm, but Yorke's look when he put out the lights of the Fourth told pretty plainly that the House-captain would turn a deaf ear that night, at least, to any sounds of disturbance from that particular dormitory.

The door was hardly closed behind Yorke, when Tommy Tucker was out of bed. Candle-ends were lighted, up and down the dormitory. Jim Dainty sat up in bed, his face dark and set. "Turn out!" rapped Tucker.

"Rats to you!" retorted Dainty. "Turn him out!"

A dozen pair of hands grasped Jim Dainty, and he rolled, struggling, out of bed. There was a crash as he hit the floor.

In a flash, he was on his feet, his eyes blazing, and his fists clenched. He hit out right and left as the mob of White's juniors closed in on him.

"Collar him!" roared Dawson.

Fighting fiercely, Dainty was collared on all sides. Two or three noses streamed red round him. But he was held, panting, and still resisting.

"Now, you rotter!" said Dick Dawson.

"You know what you've got to do! You sooted Billy White, and pulled Sammy's leg about it. You've got to own up to Sammy. The House'll rag you to death if you don't! Now, then—"

"Make him run the gauntlet!" shouted Tucker.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Up and down the long dormitory Dainty was forced to go, the excited juniors billing him with knotted towels and pillows, and throwing at him anything they could lay their hands on as he stumbled and dodged along.

The din must have been heard far and wide, but nobody expected a prefect to look in. But suddenly, as the mob trumped and shouted, with Dainty being knocked right and left, the door opened.

"Boys!" barked a well-known voice. "Sammy!" gasped Dick Dawson.

The juniors spun round in alarm as Dr. Sparshott walked into the dormitory.

which seemed long minutes to the juniors. Sammy broke it.

"I expected something of this sort," said Sammy calmly. "It seems that you are ragging Dainty. I need not ask why. But that is not the only reason why I am here. I am here to inquire who flung the soot over Mr. White to-day. The boy is present. I order him to step forward."

"It was Dainty, sir!" shouted a dozen voices.

"I think not!" said Sammy. "It was a member of this dormitory—but not, I think, Dainty. Every boy here will now answer me individually, and tell me precisely where he was, and what he was doing, at the time of the assault on Mr. White," went on Dr. Sparshott. "I will call the names in Form order."

From memory, Sammy called the names in Form order. Junior after junior answered. Dawson had been in Redmayes House at the time. Three others had been in the gym. The rest, with one exception, had been in the junior Common-room, where Dainty had been "whacking" out a cake. The exception—Fritz Splitz—blinked at the Head with saucer eyes full of uneasiness. Sammy's piercing glance dwelt on him for a second.

"Where were you at the time, Splitz?"

"I—I was walking in the quad, sir!"

"Very good! Several other persons were in the quadrangle, and no doubt they may have seen you. I will inquire—"

"I—I mean to say tat—tat I was not walking in te quad, sir!" gasped Fritz, while the juniors stared at him. "I—I—I mean to say—"

"I am waiting to hear what you mean to say, Splitz!" said Dr. Sparshott grimly.

"I—I meant to say tat I was gone to te House library to fetch a pook!" groaned Fritz.

"My hat!" murmured Tommy Tucker blankly. All the Fourth knew that Fritz had scuttled out of Study No. 10 only a few minutes after the blacking of Mr. White, with Dainty's boot behind him.

"And when you came back with the book you learned what had happened?" asked Sammy genially.

"Ja, ja! Yes, sir. Tat is so!" gasped Fritz.

"What was the name of the book?"

"Ach! Te—te name of te pook!" gurgled Fritz.

"Ach, mein gootness! I—I have forgot te name of te pook tat I fetch, sir."

"Where is the book now?"

"Oh grikey! I—I forgets where I puts tat pook, sir!"

"I fear, Splitz, that you forget too many things," said Dr. Sparshott, gently as a cooing dove. "Among other things, you forget that it is not an easy matter to deceive your headmaster. Why did

you fling the soot at your Housemaster, Splitz?"

There was a gasp from the Fourth. And there was a groan from Fritz. His fat legs almost collapsed under him.

"Answer me!" thundered the Head of Grimsdale.

"Ach! I trow him not at Mr. White!" groaned Fritz. "I trow him at tat peast and a prute, Tainty! He make ve vash, and I tinks tat I makes him vash mit te soot. But in te dark I see not. I tink it is Tainty, and it is not Tainty! I tink tat I placks tat Tainty, and in te dark I placks Mr. White! Ach himmel!"

Fritz's voice trailed off. There was a dead silence in the dormitory. Sammy broke it.

"This Form," he barked, "owes an apology to Dainty. This House owes him an apology. Go to bed. Good-night!"

The door closed. Sammy was gone.

The juniors looked at one another. They looked at Jim Dainty. Dick Dawson was the first to speak.

"You knew it was Fritz, Dainty?"

"Yes."

"And you kept it dark?"

"Did you expect me to sneak, even about that bloated Boche?" growled Dainty.

"Well, we thought it was you," said Tommy Tucker. "But how the thump did Sammy know it wasn't?"

"Sammy knows a lot!" grinned Dawson. "Sammy's a downy bird! Sorry, Dainty."

"Sorry, old man!" said a dozen voices.

"Ach himmel!" came a groan from Fritz's bed, when the Fourth had turned in. "Ach! I shall be peaten till I pellow like a pull! Ach! Oh grunbs!"

Grimsdale School heard it all in the morning. Mr. White heard it with mingled feelings. His resignation was immediately withdrawn—and Sammy grinned cheerily as he shook hands with him over it.

Very handsomely Mr. White expressed his regret to Dainty, and nearly every fellow at Grimsdale came to say the same.

Fritz got off more lightly than he had expected—fortunately for him, Mr. White believed that he had made a mistake in the dark, and blacked the wrong victim.

Fritz escaped a flogging, but the caving that his Housemaster gave him drew howls from Fritz that might almost have been heard in his Vaterland.

(Another topping story of Jim Dainty and the chums of Grimsdale in next week's Free Gift issue of The RANGER. Don't miss this yarn—and don't miss the six Free Super-Stamp pictures.)

Sammy Sorts it Out.

SAMMY SPARSHOTT looked grimly at the crowd of juniors in pyjamas. They looked at him. It was a surprise to see the Head of Grimsdale intervene between a Housemaster and his House. White was not gone yet. But there was Sammy, icy and grim. The Fourth-Formers eyed him—and Jim Dainty, panting, stood dizzily, one hand resting on a bed for support. There was silence for a few moments,

GROSE'S, LUDCATE CIRCUS, LONDON

SPECIAL 18-PANEL FOOTBALLS (Regulation Match Size) Cowhide Cases with Spur Bladder ... 5/6 Each. FOOTBALL KNICKERS NAVY OR WHITE Swansdown Lined ... 10/6 Doz. Send for illustrated Catalogue. Post free, 2d. GROSE & CO., 8, NEW BRIDGE ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

BE TALL

Your Height increased in 14 days or Money Back. Complete Course, 5/- Booklet free privately. -STERBING SYSTEM, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

DON'T BE BULLIED!

Some splendid lessons in Jujitsu. Large Photo Plate of Japanese Champion and full particulars sent free. Stamp for post. Better than Boxing. Learn to fear no man. Or send P.O. 1/- for First Part. to "A.P." "Rienheim House," Bedford Lane, Felfham, Middx.

BE TALLER!

Increased my own height to 6ft. 3 1/2 ins. Treatment £2 2s. Details 21d. stamp - A. H. M. ROSS, Height Specialist, SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

MY GREAT OFFER Write for my free Bargain Lists of the best ALL-BRITISH Cycles. 14 DAYS' APPROVAL CARRIAGE PAID. Cash price £3 : 10 : 0, or terms. All accessories FREE. Edw. O'Brien THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER 69-71 COVENTRY.

STAMMERING, Stuttering, New, remarkable, Certain Cure. Booklet free, privately - SPECIALIST. Dept. A.P., 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

BLUSHING, Shyness, "Nerves," Self-consciousness, Worry Habit, Unreasonable Fears, etc., cured or money back! Complete Course, 5/-. Details - I. A. STERBING, 28, Dean Road, London, S.W.5

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free. - FRANK B. HUGHES, 28, HART STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

BLUSHING, SHYNESS - For FREE particulars simple home cure write Mr. HUGHES, 28, HART STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The RANGER, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.





Gather round, boys, and listen into Kelly's Wireless "Deceiving" Set! Isn't our flat-footed P.C. a scream? There's nothing he add the gang from Paradise Alley won't turn their hands to. Judging by the above mirth-quaking picture Kelly & Co. will be soon out of business again. Wonder what they'll be up to next week. Ah!