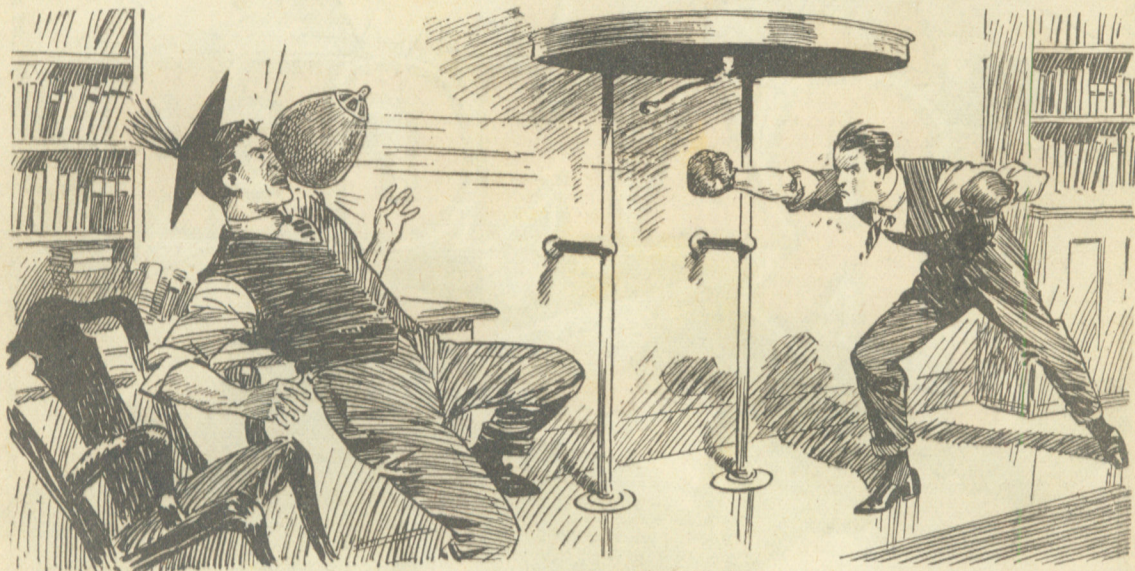


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The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



GET STARTED ON THIS MAGNIFICENT STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE AND ADVENTURE, BY FAMOUS FRANK RICHARDS. IT'S A YARN YOU WILL REMEMBER FOR MANY A DAY.

SAMMY SPARSHOTT IS AN UNUSUAL SORT OF HEADMASTER, AND JIM DAINTY IS AN UNUSUAL SORT OF NEW BOY. BOTH FIGURE PROMINENTLY IN THIS WEEK'S GRAND STORY OF GRIMSLADE, WHICH TELLS OF A SINISTER PLOT TO BRING JIM DAINTY INTO DISGRACE!

Up for Judgment!

"OUT of this!"

"Rats!"

"I tell you to hook it!"

"And I tell you," retorted

Jim Dainty, "to go and eat coke!"
The rain had come on suddenly, but it had come on hard and fast. Grimslade Pike was hidden in rainy mist; the moors were glistening. Jim Dainty was half a mile from Grimslade School when the downpour started, and he hunted cover.

The old Army hut near Middlemoor Lane was the nearest shelter, and Jim bolted into it—and nearly into a Grimslade fellow who was already there.

It was Fenwick of the Fifth, who gave a jump as the junior suddenly barged in, and almost swallowed the cigarette he was smoking. He dropped the cigarette and gave the junior a glare.

With the rain coming down in sheets outside the doorway, Jim Dainty was not likely to get out. He backed across the hut, watching his old enemy warily, ready for trouble.

The bully of the Fifth was a good many inches taller and nearly twice his weight. But Jim Dainty had tackled him once, and was prepared to tackle him again. And the new boy in the Fourth Form at Grimslade was so exceedingly tough in the scrapping line that even the big senior hesitated to handle him.

"Will you get out, you spying little sweep?" rapped Fenwick.

"What is there to spy on?" retorted Jim Dainty. "Are you waiting here for one of your bookie pals? Or just

sneaking out of sight to smoke? I'm not going to tell Sammy."

Fenwick's ways were better known to the juniors of White's House than to his Housemaster or to Dr. Samuel Sparshott, the Head of Grimslade, though Fenwick had an uneasy feeling that the keen eye of "Sammy" Sparshott sometimes turned on him with a suspicious gleam in it.

"Get out!" roared Fenwick.

"Shan't!" retorted Dainty cheerfully. The Fifth-Former said no more; he made a rush.

Jim Dainty's hands went up like lightning. In a moment the big Fifth-Former and the sturdy, active junior were fighting.

Sturdy as he was, tough as he was, Jim was outclassed by his bulky enemy. He put in three or four of the best, and then he was swept off his feet. Fenwick's nose streamed crimson, and had a severe pain in it, and one of his eyes winked and blinked. But Jim Dainty went down under a terrific drive that landed on his chest; and Fenwick, stooping over him, grasped him to roll him out through the doorway.

But Jim Dainty rather resembled the Yorkshire tyke that would bite alive or dead. As the Fifth-Former grasped him he grasped back and captured Fenwick round the neck. Fenwick was dragged over, and they rolled on the earth together, struggling.

As they struggled a box of cigarettes oozed from the pocket of the sportsman of the Fifth, and its contents were scattered over the floor. The two boys rolled in cigarettes as they struggled.

There was a step in the doorway. Someone else, caught in the rain, was bolting into the old hut for shelter. Mr. White, Housemaster at Grimslade, uttered a surprised exclamation at the sight of a senior and a junior of his House rolling on the floor in desperate combat.

"Fenwick! Dainty!" he hooted.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim.

The combatants separated and staggered to their feet. They stood panting, both of them looking considerably damaged, under the stern stare of their Housemaster.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. White. "Why, what—what—"

He stared at the scattered cigarettes on

the floor. "Upon my word! You have been smoking here!"

Jim Dainty grinned breathlessly. The black sheep of the House was his enemy, but he would never have dreamed of giving him away. But it looked as if Fenwick had given himself away pretty thoroughly now.

For a second Fenwick trembled. In his mind's eye he saw himself marched before Dr. Sparshott for judgment. Sammy Sparshott was down on smoking with a terrific down. A fellow who was still growing could not smoke without bad results for his health. And fitness came before everything else at Grimslade. But the "bad hat" of the Fifth was quick on the uptake.

"They are Dainty's cigarettes, sir," he said coolly. "I am sorry you saw me fighting with a junior, but I thought that I ought to take them away from him."

"Most certainly!" said Mr. White, while Jim Dainty gaped with astonishment. "I should expect as much of any senior in my House. Dainty, how dare you!"

"I!" gasped Jim. "They're not my cigarettes, sir! They fell out of Fenwick's pocket while I was scrapping with him!"

"Mr. White is not likely to believe that, Dainty," said Fenwick, with a curl of the lip.

"It's true, you rotter—and you know it!" flamed Jim.

"Silence, Dainty!" rapped Mr. White angrily. "I am hardly surprised at this. You are the most mutinous and unruly boy in the House. I shall take you to your headmaster and report this."

"But, sir—"

"I have told you to be silent."

Jim Dainty was silent, his eyes gleaming, his brows knitted. There was a grim silence in the old hut as the rain dashed down outside, and the three waited till the shower was over. When the rain had almost ceased to fall, Mr. White made Dainty a sign to follow him and left the hut. The new boy at Grimslade followed him to the school.

It was a relief to Fenwick of the Fifth to see them go. He was waiting at the old Army hut to meet a sporting acquaintance whom he certainly did not want his Housemaster to see. Fortunately for him, the rain had kept Mr. Monty Moss away.

Jim Dainty followed his Housemaster back to Grimslade. A good many fellows stared at them as they came in at the gates. Ginger Rawlinson of Redmayes House winked at Bacon and Bean; Fritz Splitz of White's House grinned a podgy grin.

"Tat Tainty he is in drubble vunce more," said Fritz. "Tat Tainty he hunt for drubble like—like—"

"Like a fat Boche hunting for tuck!" said Dick Dawson. Dawson's glance followed Jim rather anxiously as he went across to Big School with his Housemaster.

Dr. Sparshott was in his study—in his shirt-sleeves, punching the ball. That athletic young man looked rather more like a boxer than a headmaster at the moment. But he peeled off the gloves, and his keen face grew stern as he listened to what "Billy" White had to tell him.

"You deny that they were your cigarettes, Dainty?"

"Yes, sir; they were Fenwick's."

"You do not believe that, White?"

"Fenwick is a respectful and well behaved boy, sir; Dainty is an unruly young rascal, and has given more trouble than any other boy that ever came to Grimslade."

"True!" said Sammy Sparshott. "I shall consider this matter, White. Leave it to me for the present."

"Very well, sir."

Mr. White left the study, obviously not satisfied. Sammy made Jim a sign to remain. He threw a pair of gloves on the table.

"Put them on!" he barked. Jim in sheer wonder obeyed.

"Now punch the ball—and keep it up till I tell you to stop."

Punching the ball was a favourite exercise of Jim's. He was quite willing to oblige, though what Sammy was driving at was a mystery to him.

Dr. Sparshott stood and watched him. "Harder!" he barked. "Put some beef into it!"

Jim fairly slogged at the ball. He put beef into it—plenty of beef. Sammy seemed to have plenty of time on his hands; for quite a long time he stood watching the lithe, active junior handling the punchball.

"Harder!" barked Sammy. "Look alive!"

Crash! Perhaps Sammy had been hitting the ball rather hard that afternoon. Anyhow, the hook had worked loose. Jim Dainty put in a punch that a prize-fighter might have envied, and the fastening flew—and the ball flew. It landed on the nose of the headmaster of Grimslade with a terrific crash, and Sammy flew, too!

"Whoop!" spluttered Sammy. He flew backwards.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Jim Dainty, as the headmaster landed on his back with a crash that almost shook the study.

"Oh, gad! Oh— Whoop!" stuttered Sammy Sparshott, sitting up dizzily and feeling his nose as if to ascertain whether it was still there. It was, although it felt as if it wasn't. "Ooooooh!"

"Sorry, sir!" gasped Jim.

"Good gad!" Sammy staggered to his feet. There was a trickle of red through the fingers he held to his nose.

"Ow! Not your fault! Get out!"

Jim was rather glad to get out.

Sammy Sparshott dabbed his nose with a handkerchief. He was hurt. But he grinned as he dabbed.

"White's rather an ass!" said Sammy, after Jim was gone. "That kid hasn't been smoking—too much beef in him

for that—his wind's perfect! Ow! My nose would feel better if the young villain had a little less beef! Wow!"

Fearful for Fritz!

"**P**EAST and a prute!" murmured Friedrich von Splitz.

The fat Rhineland was annoyed.

With his own light-blue saucer-eyes Fritz Splitz had seen Jim Dainty buying doughnuts at Mrs. Sykes' little shop. Ten minutes later he had seen Jim and Dick Dawson join a crowd of White's juniors in capturing a footer from Redmayes. Both the chums of Study No. 10 in White's being busy, Fritz naturally sneaked into the study to look for the doughnuts. But he found them not.

Perhaps the new boy at Grimslade knew his fat Rhineland study-mate well enough by this time not to trust doughnuts in the study. Anyhow, Fritz's saucer-eyes did not light on them.

"Peastly pounder!" grunted Fritz, moving about the study with a squeak of his elastic-sided boots. "Tat Tainty is peast enough to tink tat a Cherman would pag his toughnuts! I tink tat tat show a ferry suspicious prain! Mein gootness! I would like to peat him till he pellow like a pull!"

Fritz opened Dainty's desk at last. It was the only place he had not looked in. He gave a start. No doughnuts were there. But on top of a heap of papers and old exercises lay a box of cigarettes.

"Mein gootness!" ejaculated Fritz.

He had never suspected Dainty of dingy manners and customs. He was quite surprised to find smokes in his desk. He stared at the box with round saucer-eyes.

All was grist that came to Fritz's mill. He was in search of tuck. But there was no tuck. He helped himself to the cigarettes. More than once Fritz had ventured on the wild and woolly Woodbine. He fancied that he liked it. Now he had a dozen fat Virginia cigarettes, and he prepared to enjoy himself. Stretching his podgy limbs in the study armchair, Fritz lighted up.

The atmosphere of the study thickened. Fritz smoked one cigarette, and then another and another. He grinned through the haze. He was determined to believe that he was enjoying this. It made him feel quite a reckless sportsman, like Fenwick of the Fifth.

On previous occasions he had had only one fag at a time. Now he tried chain-smoking—lighting one from another. Cigarette after cigarette was reduced to a stump and thrown aside. Fritz smoked them so fast that he did not begin to feel the effects till he had reached number six. Then a rather queer feeling in his capacious and well-filled inside made him pause at number seven.

He sat very still. It dawned on his fat brain that if he moved something would happen. He remembered how he had felt on the steamer that brought him from Deutschland. He was feeling like that again.

"Mein gootness!" murmured Fritz.

The door opened and Tommy Tucker of the Fourth looked in.

"Dainty here? Ooooooh!" Tucker coughed as he caught a wave of smoke. "Ooooooh! You horrid sweep! Wharrer you up to? Oooooh!"

"Ooooooh!" mumbled Fritz, gazing at Tucker with glassy eyes. "Woooooh!"

I am seeck—I am ferry ill! I die mit meinsel! I tink tat I am going to berish! Gall a toctor!"

"You smoky Hun—"
"Gurrrrrrrgh!"

Fritz collapsed. There was an awful upheaval in his fat inside. One or two of those potent smokes would have been enough—and Fritz had smoked six! He gurgled, he gasped, and he guggled.

"Gug-gug-ug! Ooooooh! I tink tat—oooooh—I am dying! Woogh! Send for a toctor queeck! Urrrrrrrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tucker. "What's the jolly old joke?" asked Jim Dainty, coming up the passage with Dawson.

"Fritz! Look at him!" roared Tucker.

"Urrrg! Help! Ooooooh! I have fearful bains in mein pread-pasket!" moaned Fritz. "Mein dummy he is turning upside-down! Ach! I am derribly upset in mein dummy!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" exclaimed Dawson. "Urrrrrrrrgh!"

A crowd of fellows gathered round the open door. They stared at the anguished, agonised Fritz, at the open box of cigarettes, the stumps scattered on the floor, the haze of smoke. And they roared with laughter. There was a plentiful lack of sympathy for the sufferer.

"Send for a doctor! Queeck! I berish!" moaned Fritz. "Ach! Mein pread-pasket! Ach! Mein dummy! Mein dummy, he is full of bains! Ach!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Cave!" called out Pulley of the Fourth; but it was too late—Mr. White came striding up.

He pushed through the laughing crowd and frowned into the study. Ever since the episode in the old hut on Middlemoor Lane, Mr. White had had a suspicious eye on No. 10. Now he fairly jumped at what he saw.

"Splitz! You have been smoking!" he almost shouted.

"Ach! I am ferry ill! I tink tat I die! I am derribly sick in mein pread-pasket!" groaned Fritz.

"You have dared to bring cigarettes into the school!"

"Ach! Nein, nein!" gasped Fritz. "Neffe!" Sick as he was, Fritz was alarmed at the prospect of being taken before Sammy. "Ach! I finds tem in te study, sir! Grooooooh! Urrrrgh!"

Mr. White shot a sharp glance at Dainty's grinning face.

"Where did you find them, Splitz?" he demanded.

"Ach! Ooogh! I finds tem in Tainty's desk!" groaned Fritz. "Tat poy is a peast and a prute! He make me derribly seeck mit tose smokes! Oooooh!"

"So it appears, Dainty, that you had cigarettes in your desk!" said Mr. White grimly.

Jim flushed angrily.

"Nothing of the sort!" he snapped.

"Splitz declares—"

"Splitz is a lying toad, if he says he got them from my desk."

"Ach! It is te troot!" groaned Fritz. "Ach! I tink te two times pefore I spend money on smokes! Ja wohl! Tey vas Tainty's."

The juniors looked at one another. It was a two-shilling box of smokes on the table. If anything was absolutely certain it was that Fritz von Splitz would never expend that sum on smokes. When Fritz had any money it went on more solid luxuries. The mere fact

(Continued on page 157.)

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THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE!

(Continued from page 151.)

that the box had cost a couple of shillings was a proof that it had never belonged to Fritz. Billy White knew that as well as the Fourth-Formers.

The Housemaster eyed Jim Dainty grimly.

"Dainty! This is the second time—"
"It isn't!" said Jim Dainty coolly.
"Fenwick was lying yesterday, and Splitz is lying to-day!"

The Housemaster bit his lip.
"I believe that Splitz is speaking the truth," he said. "But there is no proof, and I cannot take the matter further. I warn you, however, that you will do well to be careful, Dainty!"

Mr. White rustled away. Jim Dainty cast a black look after him and strode into the study. He grasped Fritz by the collar.

"You lying Deutsch toad!" he said between his teeth.

"Ach! Oooogh! Led go!" gasped Fritz. "I tells te trooth—tose smokes vas in your tesk, and you know it, you peast and a prute! Urrrrrh!"

Bang!
Fritz's bullet head smote the table. There was a fearful howl from the fat Rhinelander.

"Chuck that, Dainty!" said Pulley quietly. "We all know that those smokes never belonged to Fritz!"

Dainty gave him a fierce glare.
"Do you think they belonged to me?" he demanded.

"Looks like it! Here, keep off!" roared Pulley, as Jim jumped at him. They rolled into the passage, punching and pommelling.

Yorke of the Sixth came along with his ashplant. He distributed whacks with cheerful impartiality till the struggling juniors separated.

Fritz von Splitz groaned and gurgled in the study for an hour or more. After which the fat Rhinelander, feeling weak and woebegone, went for a walk in the quad. Why Fenwick of the Fifth came along and kicked him, and kicked him again as he fled, Fritz did not know. He fled, yelling, with Fenwick following him up, still kicking, till the hapless Fritz escaped.

Fritz did not dream of guessing that it was because he had found and smoked the cigarettes in Dainty's desk—which Fenwick had intended to be found there by a prefect! Fritz had quite unconsciously saved Jim Dainty from trouble—and caused Fenwick a sheer waste of two shillings!

Another Find for Fritz!

"LIKE a match?" asked Ginger Rawlinson affably.

Jim Dainty stared, and Bacon and Bean chuckled.

Dainty had been down to Middlemoor, and was coming up the lane towards the school gates, when the three heroes of Redmayes House met him. They stopped to chip him, as a matter of course.

"A match?" repeated Jim. "No. Why?" He did not catch on for a moment.

"Not given up smoking?" asked Ginger. And his chums chortled.

Jim caught on then. His eyes glinted. The affair of the cigarettes was all over Grimslade. More fellows would have taken Dainty's word than Fenwick's, over the first affair, but the second episode had rather put the lid on. Nobody was likely to guess that the sportsman of the Fifth, feeling the eye of suspicion upon him, was planning to fix it firmly and unmistakably on Jim Dainty.

"You silly chump!" snapped Dainty, glaring at Ginger. "If you want your silly nose pulled—"

"I do," said Ginger at once, "if any White's tick can pull it!"

The next moment Ginger Rawlinson

discovered that a White's "tick" could, and would, and did! Dainty made a sudden jump, and before Ginger knew what was happening, his finger and thumb closed on the Redmayes' junior's nose like a steel vice.

"Ooooooooooooooh!" spluttered Ginger wildly, as Jim tweaked. "Oooooop! Led go by dose! Wurrrrrh!"

Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean leaped to the rescue at once. Two pairs of hands grasped Jim Dainty, and dragged him back. But he still held on to Ginger's nose like a leech, and Rawlinson roared with anguish.

"Oooogh! Led go! Woooooh-hoop! Oh, my nose! Whoop!"

Bump! went Dainty on the hard earth, and he had to let go at last. Ginger clasped his nose with both hands,

Naturally he did not know that Fenwick of the Fifth was just coming out—not till he established contact.

"Oh!" gasped Fenwick, as he went spinning.

"Oh, my hat!" panted Jim.

He reeled from the shock, as the Fifth Form man sprawled on his back. But he recovered in a moment, and sprinted on. Fenwick was sprawling and gasping in the gateway, and Ginger & Co. came tearing in. Ginger stumbled over him headlong, and sprawled. Streaky and Sandy stumbled over both of them. There was a fearful yell from Fenwick as the three crashed.

He wriggled frantically under them.
"What the thump!" gasped Ginger.
"You silly ass, wharrer you lying down in the gateway for? Can't you go to



"Urrrrrghh!" A crowd of fellows gathered round the open door. They stared at the anguished, agonised Fritz, at cigarette stumps scattered on the floor, and the haze of smoke. Then they roared with laughter. "Send for a doctor! Queeck! I berish!" moaned Fritz unhappily.

gurgling. Dainty struggled with Streaky and Sandy, and they had their hands full.

"Ow!" gasped Ginger. "Wow! Oh, my nose! Ooooh! Hold him—pin him! We'll duck his head in the ditch!"

He lent his aid, and three pairs of hands jerked Jim Dainty towards the ditch that flowed by the roadside. He resisted fiercely. But Ginger & Co. were too much for him. He was on the very verge of the flowing ditch, and in another moment his face would have been dipped in it; but at that moment he slipped out of his overcoat, and, leaving it in the hands of the Redmayes trio, sprinted for the school gates.

"After him!" shrieked Ginger. Ginger's nose was fearfully painful, and he wanted vengeance.

The overcoat was dropped to the ground, and the Redmayes trio rushed after Dainty. Jim had a start, and he was as fleet of foot as any junior at Grimslade. He reached the gates well ahead, and charged in breathlessly.

bed if you're tired? Come on, you men!"

Ginger & Co. scrambled up, and—perhaps by accident—trod on the Fifth Form man in turn as they resumed the chase. Fenwick was rather muzzy, very dizzy, and in a fearfully bad temper when he got to his feet at last. He glared round after the Redmayes three; but they were already distant, hot on the track of Dainty.

Fenwick, snapping his teeth, tramped on out of gates and down the lane. At a little distance from the school he stopped and stared at an overcoat lying by the roadside. He had noticed that Jim Dainty wore no coat, and it was easy to guess whose this was. He stooped and glanced at the tag in the coat collar to make sure. "J. Dainty" was the name there.

A gleam came into his eyes. He gave a quick glance up and down the lane. There was no one in sight.

He needed only a moment. His first attempt had been partially a failure, owing to Fritz Splitz. He had been looking for another chance, and now he found it unexpectedly.

Swiftly he took a cardboard box of cigarettes from his pocket, and slipped it into the inside of the coat. It was a small, flat box, and contained only four or five cigarettes. Jim Dainty was not likely to observe it there unless he put his hand into the pocket—which was unlikely as it had been empty.

Dropping the coat where he had found it, Fenwick walked quickly away.

Meanwhile, Jim Dainty, without giving a thought to his old enemy, was sprinting across the quad with Ginger & Co. on his track. Two or three Redmayes fellows, at a shout from Ginger, cut him off from White's House.

Dainty raced round the gym, and sprinted along by Big School, rather enjoying the exercise in the frosty air, and quite pleased to give the Redmayes fellows a run. It was rather unfortunate that Sammy Sparshott stepped out of Big School as they came tearing by. Sammy raised his hand.

"Stop!"
The hunted and the hunters halted breathlessly. Dr. Sparshott gave them a genial grin.

"Racing about the quad is against the rules, my boys," said Sammy. "In the exuberance of youth you have forgotten that! What? Quite so! But you shall have all the exercise you want." He glanced at his watch. "It is now two-fifteen—class, I think, for your Form, is at two-forty-five?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Dainty.
"You have half an hour," said the genial Sammy. "You will spend it in running to and fro between the chapel and the gym—you will be out of the way there. I shall ask Trafford to keep an eye on you, and if you stop, come to my study for a licking! Start!"

"Oh crikey!" groaned Ginger.
This was one of Sammy Sparshott's genial ways—making the punishment fit the crime, as he called it. Sammy had a sense of humour.

Dainty looked at the Redmayes three, and they looked at him, and then they trotted up and down between the gym and the chapel. Trafford of the Sixth, grinning, kept an eye on them—and so did half Grimslade. Up and down, up and down, went the four, amid shouts of laughter.

"Ach! Tat Sammy he is ferry funny!" chuckled Fritz Splitz.

Jim Dainty called to the fat German. "Splitz, go and fetch my coat—I left it in the lane! I'll stand you a doughnut at tea."

"Ja wohl!" assented Fritz. He rolled away to the gates, leaving the rivals of Grimslade still trotting, watched by a laughing crowd.

It did not take Fritz Splitz long to find the coat. He picked it up, but he did not immediately return to the school with it. It was possible, indeed, quite probable, that there was a stick of toffee, or a bag of chocs, or something of the sort, in a fellow's coat pockets. Fritz von Splitz was not the man to leave it there!

"Goot!" ejaculated Fritz, as he took a packet of toffee from one pocket. In a remarkably short space of time the toffee disappeared into Fritz's capacious inside. Then he searched the other pockets.

"Ach, mein gootness!" he exclaimed, as a small, flat, cardboard box came to light. "Tat Tainty he say he do not smoke—and I find tese smokes in his bucket! Tree—four—fife zigarettes! Mein gootness!"

Fritz, grinning, slipped that little box into his own pocket. He was going to smoke them later—but more carefully than before—one at a time. Slinging the coat over his arm, the fat Rhineland puffed back to the school.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a shout from the crowd that surrounded the four tired

trotters. The first clang of the bell for afternoon school was heard, and the punishment was over. Fritz handed Dainty his coat.

Jim Dainty slipped it on, and joined the crowd of fellows heading for Big School. In the big doorway stood Mr. White, with a grim expression on his face.

"Dainty!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir?"

"Will you come with me to the headmaster?"

Jim's eyes gleamed. But he followed his Housemaster in silence, while the other fellows, wondering what was up, headed for the Form-rooms.

"Well?" asked Dr. Sparshott briefly. Sammy was nearly due with the Sixth.

"Dr. Sparshott, twice this boy has been suspected, if not proved, to have cigarettes in his possession," said Mr. White. "I have now received unmistakable information that such is the case, and that he has them about him at the present moment."

"Indeed!" said Sammy, with a grim eye on Dainty.

Mr. White's statement was so explicit, that Sammy Sparshott wondered whether, after all, his judgment had been at fault.

"A senior boy of my House, sir, has informed me—as was his duty—that such is the case. He actually saw Dainty with a box of cigarettes in his hand, shortly after dinner, and noticed that he replaced it in his pocket."

"What have you to say, Dainty?"

Jim's lip curled.

"I say that it's a lie, sir!" he answered coolly. "I can guess who told Mr. White—and Fenwick has told lies again, as he did the other day."

"Turn out your pockets!"
With set lips, Jim turned out his pockets. No cigarette came to light. Dr. Sparshott breathed a breath of relief. Every pocket on Jim Dainty was turned inside out. The articles that came to light such as a penknife, a "yo-yo," a leather purse, a few coins, were certainly harmless enough. Mr.

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White watched him, with eyes like a hawk.

"You may go, Dainty!" said Dr. Sparshott quietly.

Dainty left the study.

"What do you say now, White?"

"Either the boy is very much on his guard, or—Fenwick was mistaken," said the Housemaster of White's reluctantly.

"Mistaken!" repeated Sammy Sparshott reflectively. "Um! Suspicion seems to be gathering on this boy Dainty—which, of course, confirms your faith in Fenwick! Um!"

Sammy's face was very thoughtful as he went to the Sixth Form-room.

The Wisdom of Sammy!

"LOOK out, Tainty!" grinned Fritz Splitz.

"What?"

"Te Head is gumming!"

"What do I care, you fat freak?" growled Jim Dainty.

It was a couple of days later, and just before prep in the Houses at Grimslade. Mr. White had issued a sudden order for White's to assemble in Hall, and every man in the House was there, from the Second to the Sixth, wondering what it might portend.

When Dr. Sparshott was seen to enter, it was realised that the matter was serious. And other fellows, as well as Fritz von Splitz, suspected that the Head's unexpected visit might have some connection with Jim Dainty. Cyril Fenwick, standing in his place with the Fifth, shot a swift glance at Dainty.

Behind Dr. Sparshott appeared his man Byles. Why Byles was there, nobody could guess, unless he was wanted to "hoist" a culprit for a flogging. Quite a number of fellows jumped to the conclusion that Jim Dainty was "for it." Dainty himself wondered. Sammy's "down" on secret smoking in the school was well known; and all over Grimslade Jim was under suspicion on that score.

Dr. Sparshott's keen eye roved over the assembled House.

"All are here, Mr. White?"

"I have called the roll, sir."

"Very good. Boys of White's House," barked Sammy, in a dead silence, "you are all aware that it is strictly forbidden at Grimslade for any boy, of any Form, to have tobacco of any sort in his possession. I have reason to suspect that cigarettes will be found in a study in this House, and I am here to search that study in the presence of your Housemaster."

"Poor old Tainty!" murmured Fritz.

Many glances turned on Jim. His face flushed. Mr. White, watching him, thought he knew the meaning of that crimson flush. It was a sign of guilt to him.

"The House will remain here while the search is made," said Dr. Sparshott, and he turned and walked away with Mr. White, followed by Byles.

There was a buzz as the two masters disappeared. Nobody doubted which study they were heading for, and few doubted what they would discover there. Least of all, Fenwick of the Fifth. Fenwick had only too good reason to know that a box of smokes was hidden under a heap of papers in Jim Dainty's desk—not likely to be discovered there except by a search. And now the search was going to be made officially.

"You're for it, Dainty!" said Pulley.

"You silly owl!" answered Jim.

"The beak's welcome to anything he finds in my study."

"Wait till he's through!" grinned Fenwick.

"Rats to you!"

"Order there!" growled Yorke of the Sixth.

All White's waited tensely. The footsteps of the masters died away. Mr.

White turned into the junior passage, and then looked back. Dr. Sparshott, at the corner, was turning into the senior passage.

"Not that way, sir!" said Mr. White, in surprise.

"Eh?"

Sammy looked round at him, with an innocent smile.

"Dainty's study is in the junior passage, sir," said Mr. White, wondering how on earth the Head could have forgotten his way about the House.

"Oh, precisely!" said Dr. Sparshott. "But I am not going to Dainty's study, White. Pray come with me!"

In blank astonishment Billy White followed the Head, Byles bringing up the rear.

Dr. Sparshott stopped at the door of a Fifth Form study.

"Really, sir," said Mr. White, "I fail to understand! It is surely your intention to make the search in Dainty's study?"

"I think it would be useless, White," said Sammy, shaking his head.

"On the contrary, sir, I have little doubt—I have no doubt—that a rigorous search of Dainty's study would reveal hidden cigarettes!" said Mr. White, with emphasis.

"Very probably!" assented the surprising headmaster of Grimsdale.

"Yet I think the search would be useless there."

"The House has been taken without warning. No one has had an opportunity of removing any article from a study. Dainty is under suspicion. You admit that it is probable that such articles may be found there."

"But no indication of the person who placed them there, White."

"Wha-a-at?"

"For that," said Sammy urbanely, "we must search elsewhere."

Mr. White could only gasp. The Head seemed to have taken his breath away. In dumb astonishment he followed Dr. Sparshott into Fenwick's study in the Fifth. At a sign from Sammy, Byles began to search that study.

Seniors at Grimsdale had studies to themselves. Fenwick's was on a superficial inspection—a model of order. Fenwick was a careful fellow; he had to be, considering his ways, and the ways of his headmaster. All was neat and tidy, and a "Livy" lay open on the table, with pencil notes on a margin—to catch any eye that glanced in and show what a studious fellow Fenwick was!

Mr. White glanced at it with

approval; Sammy with a doubting eye. Sammy was wise to camouflage.

Dr. Sparshott walked about the study while Byles searched. Nothing was locked—everything in Fenwick's study was open to inspection—really, it looked as if Fenwick courted inquiry! Byles discovered nothing—as the Housemaster was convinced he would not. Mr. White permitted himself a slightly derisive smile as the man paused at last. Sammy did not seem to observe it.

"Byles!" he barked.

"Sir!"

"In this corner the floor seemed to creak a little under my tread. Examine it."

Dr. Sparshott had been tramping quite heavily. No doubt he had had his reasons. Byles turned back Fenwick's handsome and tidy study carpet. Mr. White barely suppressed a grunt of impatience.

There was a short section of floor-boarding in that corner. Seemingly it was nailed down as securely as the rest of the floor to the joists below. Every nail was in its place. But quite a curious expression came over Byles' rather wooden face as he examined it.

"This board is loose, sir!"

"Quite!" said Sammy. "The heads of the nails have been very cleverly left—bright, very bright idea! But not bright enough!"

"Really, sir—" protested Mr. White.

"Take up the board, Byles."

Byles prised up the short section of board. Under the floor was a dusty and rather cobwebby space. Full in view was a biscuit tin. There were no biscuits in the tin. It was obviously a receptacle for other things.

Byles, in silence, lifted it out and placed it on the table. Mr. White gazed into it in stupefaction; Sammy Sparshott with a grim smile. There was a folded pink sporting paper, with names of horses in the list pencil-marked. There was a box of "Golden Bough" Virginia cigarettes, containing at least two or three dozen, though many had been used. There was a pack of playing-cards in a cardboard box.

"Good heavens!" breathed Mr. White.

"Byles, kindly fetch Fenwick here! Step into Mr. White's study on your way back for a cane. White, my dear fellow, I wonder whether, if any smokes were found in Dainty's study, they would be the 'Golden Bough' brand. I think it probable. What?"

"Dr. Sparshott! You suspect—" Billy White could only gasp.

"No!" contradicted Sammy. "I don't suspect! I know."

They waited for Fenwick!

"Mein boor Tainty, I tink tat Pyles he gum for you!" murmured Fritz Splitz.

"Fathead!" growled Dainty.

All eyes were turned on the Head's man. Most of the fellows thought that he had come for Jim Dainty. Fenwick of the Fifth certainly did. But Byles' wooden face did not turn towards the juniors.

"Master Fenwick!"

The Fifth Form sportsman gave a jump.

"Please follow me, sir; Dr. Sparshott's orders."

Fenwick stared at him. The colour wavered in his cheek. In silence, with faltering steps, he followed Byles from the hall.

What Dr. Sparshott said to Fenwick the House did not hear. But they heard what followed!

They were far from the studies; but the fearful yells that came from Cyril Fenwick reached all ears.

It was uncommon at Grimsdale for a senior to be "whopped." Sammy did not like the job. Perhaps for that reason he laid it on the harder. Anyhow, he laid it on frightfully hard!

Sammy was an athlete; and if the Fifth Form sportsman had not known it before, he would have discovered it now!

But even Sammy, athletic as he was, was a little tired by the time he had finished. Fenwick was more than tired—he was almost tired of life!

Fellows who looked in on Fenwick, after Sammy was gone, found him moaning and groaning and mumbling. The next day he looked pale and worn. He wondered savagely how Sammy had found him out—and he had to admit that Sammy was too deep for him.

Dainty's study was never searched—the hidden cigarettes in the desk remained there, till Jim came on them by accident a week later, and wondering how the dickens they had got there, threw them into the fire. He never knew what Sammy knew! But he found that his Housemaster was coming to look upon him with a more kindly and tolerant eye, and—without knowing how—he guessed that he owed it to Sammy!

(Guy, guy, guy! It's the Fifth of November next week—and the Grimsdalers celebrate it in hilarious fashion. Don't miss this story—it goes with a bang!)

Crack a Joke with Ranger Dan and Win a Handsome Prize!

RANGER DAN'S BULL'S-EYES!

If you know a good joke, send it along to Ranger Dan. If it makes him laugh he'll publish your story and send you in return a handsome prize. Address your joke to "RANGER DAN'S BULL'S-EYES," the RANGER, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.). Ranger Dan's decision is final.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Toobig: "What is the difference between a motorist and a gossip?"

Toolittle: "Give it up. What is it?"

Toobig: "Well, one steps on the gas and the other gasses on the step."

(A Grand Prize has been awarded to B. Hanafin, Lake House, Maymyo, Burma.)

AN EXAMPLE.

Teacher (during English lesson): "In this stanza, what is meant by the line, 'The shades of night were falling fast?'"

Pupil: "The people were pulling down the blinds, sir."

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to J. Clay, 5, York Street, Market Harborough.)

VALUE FOR MONEY.

"Yesterday," said Jimmy's mother, "I gave you a penny to be good, and you really were good. To-day you are as bad as can be!"

"Yes, mother," replied Jimmy, "I'm trying to show you that you got your money's worth yesterday!"

(A Grand Prize has been awarded to R. Thorpe, 279, Burger Street, Pietmaritzburg, South Africa.)

THE RIGHT PLACE.

Shopper: "Can I stick this wallpaper on myself?"

Salesman: "Yes, sir; but it would really look better on the wall!"

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to D. Smith, 11, Melbourne Place, Sowerby, Thirsk.)

SURE-FOOTED.

Tourist: "You say this mule is sure-footed?"

Guide: "Yes, sah. He kicked me twice in de same place!"

(A Penknife has been awarded to J. Green, 7, Speke House, Comber Grove, Camberwell, S.E.5.)

ONE LONG LAUGH.

"You know, I'm the sort of a man who doesn't mind laughing at himself when he realises he has said anything ridiculous," remarked Jones.

"Well, all I can say is that your life must be one long laugh!" retorted Simpkins.

(A Grand Prize has been awarded to J. Hazelgrove, 63, Sparks Street, Ottawa, Canada.)

A CONFESSION!

George: "I always do my hardest work before breakfast."

Fred: "What's that?"

George: "Getting up!"

(A Combination Knife has been awarded to R. Wrigley, 61, Iron Street, Manchester.)

BADLY WORDED.

The director of the local zoo was away on holiday, when he received the following note from his chief assistant:

"Everything all right except that the chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"

(A Combination Knife has been awarded to V. Wood, The Crossings, Breerton, Staffs.)