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The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



THERE'S GREAT RIVALRY BETWEEN WHITE'S HOUSE AND REDMAYES' HOUSE AT GRIMSLADE, AND JUST LATELY REDMAYES ARE SCORING ALL ALONG THE LINE. THEN JIM DAINTY DISCOVERS THE REASON OF THESE AMAZING SUCCESSES. IT SURPRISED HIM—IT WILL SURPRISE YOU, TOO!

Keeping it Dark!

"OH! My giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger Rawlinson in alarm. Ginger was fairly caught! It was rotten luck from the point of view of the juniors of Redmayes House at Grimslade, certainly.

Ginger was in No. 10 Study in White's House. The studies being on the ground floor and the November dusk thick on the quad, Ginger had found it quite easy to get into Jim Dainty's study like a bad, bad burglar.

He was aware that Dainty and Dawson were in the gym. Perhaps he had forgotten the existence of their fat study-mate Fritz von Splitz.

It was Fritz that happened.

Ginger had shut down the window behind him, and was just going to begin. Raging the study was his intention—a playful jest on the chums of No. 10 in White's House. Then a fat figure rolled in at the door and switched on the light. Ginger ejaculated in alarm and Fritz Splitz stared at him with startled saucer-eyes.

"Mein gootness!" exclaimed Fritz. "Vat vas you do in tis stutty, you Chinger? You gum here for a vun rag before, ain't it?"

Fritz was no fighting-man. Ginger could have handled six or seven Fritzes. But a single yell from the fat Rhinelander would have brought a swarm of White's juniors in from the passage. There were plenty of them at hand. Ginger, captured in the enemy's quarters, would have been booked for the time of his life. But presence of mind was Ginger's long suit. In that moment of peril he had a brain-wave.

"Quiet, old chap!" he breathed. "I've got a cake!"

Fritz's large mouth had already opened for a shout. But the shout was not uttered. The mention of a cake did it! It touched Fritz on the tenderest spot. Any other White's junior would have hurled himself on the man from Redmayes. But the House and the school did not weigh so much with Fritz as a cake.

"Oh, goot!" said Fritz amicably. "Ferry goot! Vere is tat gako?" "Keep it dark," breathed Ginger. "I've got a whacking cake in my study, over the way. I—I want you to come over and—whack it out, with me and Bacon and Bean. See? Not a word."

Fritz grinned. He understood. He was being bribed. Ginger knew his man! Fritz was "on" at once.

"Tat is all right, mein goot Chinger," said Fritz. "I says notting—I geeps it tark! Tuck out of sight—tey are gumming."

Ginger ducked out of sight behind the back of the armchair in the corner. Fritz had warned him only in time. Bates and Pulley and Tucker of the Fourth appeared in the doorway. They came into the study.

Ginger hardly breathed in the corner.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the popular "Greyfriars" stories in the "Magnet.")

HERE'S A REALLY TIP-TOP, FIRST CLASS, A.I. SCHOOL YARN—FULL OF LIVELY FROLIC AND HEALTHY ADVENTURE!

"Where's Dainty and Dawson?" asked Tommy Tucker.

"Tey are in te chym," said Fritz. "Tey vant you vellows to go and see tem tere. You go at vunce, ain't it?"

"Rot!" answered Tommy Tucker, seating himself in the armchair. "Dainty told us to come here about the footer. He won't be long."

"I—I tink tat he vill be ferry long," contradicted Fritz. "I tink that you petter go, ain't it?"

"Rats!"

The three White's juniors remained in the study. Fritz blinked at them uneasily. Ginger made no sound. A few minutes later there was a tramp of feet in the passage, and Jim Dainty came into the study, followed by Dick Dawson. Ginger Rawlinson, behind the back of the armchair, suppressed a groan. He was fairly "for it" now, if he was found.

"Oh, here you are," said Jim Dainty cheerily. He stared at the fat Rhinelander. "What are you goggling at, Fritz? Anything up?"

"Ach! Nein! Notting!" stammered Fritz. "I vas not geeeping anything tark, mein good Tainty! But I tink I do not vant you vellows talking in tis stutty—I have some vork to do. You go avay mit yourself, ain't it?"

"Rats!" said Dick Dawson. "Shut up, Fritz."

"Oh, grikey!" murmured Fritz as the group of White's juniors began discussing football. "Oh, grumbs!" If Ginger was discovered in the study, the prospects of the cake were dubious. Fritz was naturally anxious.

So long as Ginger kept quiet, he was safe. Jim Dainty & Co. had no suspicion, so far. But it was not easy for a fellow to keep perfectly still in a narrow corner, jammed between an armchair and a wall.

For ten minutes or more Ginger Rawlinson did not stir. Then he became conscious of "pins and needles." For several minutes more he endured that infliction with heroic fortitude of the Spartan boy of old. But flesh and blood could not stand it, and Ginger had to move.

"Hallo, is that some animal in the room?" exclaimed Tommy Tucker as he heard a sound behind the armchair. He rose to look.

"Ach! It is only te gat!" exclaimed Fritz in alarm. "It is all right, Ducker—only te House gat!"

"What the thump have you got the cat in the study for?" asked Dainty.

"I—I am ferry fond of gats!" stammered Fritz. "All Chermans are ferry fond of animals."

"How fond they must be of one another, then!" remarked Tommy Tucker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Tucker glanced over the high back of the chair. His glance became a stare. He did not see a cat. What he saw was a mop of red hair. Ginger was packed close, and Tommy did not see him or his face—but he had a glimpse of the top of his red head. He stared—and then he grinned.

He stepped across to the study table and picked up the inkpot.

"What the dickens—" began Jim Dainty.

Without explaining, Tommy stepped back to the armchair. He leaned over the high back and up-ended the inkpot.

For an instant the other juniors stared at him in amazement. Then they understood. From behind the armchair came a fearful yell as the ink streamed down the red head of Ginger Rawlinson.

"Ooo-whooop!" "Ginger!" yelled Jim Dainty as the spluttering Ginger leaped to his feet. "Ach! Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz. "Collar him!"

Ginger Rawlinson stood streaming with ink. His red head was drenched, and it ran in streams down his face. Ink smothered him. He dabbed it away wildly and coughed and spluttered as some got into his nose and mouth. Dainty dragged the armchair away. Four or five pairs of hands grasped the hapless Ginger, and yanked him out of the corner.

"A Redmayes tick—hidden in our study!" exclaimed Dick Dawson. "Bump him! Rag him! Give him jip!"

"Oh, my hat! Yaroooooh!" Leggo! Whoooooop!" spluttered Ginger.

He struggled frantically in the hands of the enemy. But he struggled without avail. It was really awful for Ginger! He was bumped on the study carpet till the dust rose in clouds. More ink was found and scattered over him. A bottle of gum was uncorked for his especial benefit. By the time the White's fellows were done with him, Ginger Rawlinson was a remarkable-looking object. His best friends would not have recognised him.

He sprawled, breathless and spluttering, on the floor, streaming ink, sticky with gum. The study rang with laughter.

"Oooooogh!" gurgled Ginger. "Whoooooh! Oh, my giddy goloshes! Oooooh! Yurrrrrrrgggh!"

"Chuck him out!" chortled Dawson. "Ha, ha, ha!"

The window was opened and Ginger Rawlinson dropped—not gently—into the quad. There was a howl as he landed. A roar of laughter followed the horrid-looking object that crawled away to Redmayes House.

"That fat freak knew he was here!" exclaimed Jim Dainty, fixing an accusing eye on Friedrich von Splitz. "He was keeping it dark!"

"Ach! I know notting!" gasped Fritz in alarm. "I did not see tat poy, and he did not offer me vun gake to geep it tark—ach! Mein gootness! Let go! Kick me not on mein trousers! Ach! Pang me not in te pread-pasket! Bunch me not in mein eye! Yaroooooh!"

Ginger had had a severe ragging. But Fritz von Splitz fared still more severely. A White's fellow who backed up the enemy was a fellow to be made an example of—and Dainty & Co. made an example of Fritz. The hapless Rhinelander hardly knew what was happening to him. It seemed like a lot of earthquakes and air raids happening all at once. When

he was finally kicked out of the study, what was left of Fritz von Splitz crawled away gasping and gurgling and groaning.

It was a couple of hours later when Fritz Splitz presented himself at Ginger's study in Redmayes House. Fritz still had hope of the cake—though after what had happened to Ginger, the hope was very faint.

To his surprise, and still more to his satisfaction, he was received with open arms. Ginger Rawlinson, Streaky Bacon, and Sandy Bean, welcomed the fat German junior from White's House as if he had been their dearest pal, and Fritz's saucer-eyes gloated over a large plum cake that was ready on the table.

They opened still wider when he heard what Ginger had to say, while he ate the cake. Fritz was astonished at first. Then he grinned. Then he chuckled. And when he left—which was not till the last crumb of the cake was gone—Ginger winked at his chums.

"What price that for a rag on White's?" he asked.

"Priceless!" answered Bacon and Bean together.

"But keep it dark!" chuckled Ginger.

Mysterious!

JIM DAINTY stared. He could hardly believe his eyes. He came into his study for prep, and as he switched on the light an amazing scene greeted him.

When he had last been in No. 10, that study had been as tidy as any junior study in White's House. Now there was a startling change.

The table was overturned, the chairs piled on it, the carpet draped over the chairs. Books and papers were scattered on all sides. The inkpot, on its side on the mantelpiece, dripped into the fender. The study clock lay on the floor, full of gum. The study looked as if a cyclone had struck it. On the looking-glass over the mantelpiece was a chalked inscription in large capital letters:

WITH KIND REGARDS FROM REDMAYES.

The study was wrecked. Only the fireplace where the fire was neatly laid to be lighted for the evening, was in order. The ragers apparently had overlooked that.

"My hat!" gasped Jim Dainty.

"Oh, crumbs!" stammered Dick Dawson who was following him in.

"It's a Redmayes rag!" exclaimed Dainty. "But how the thump—"

There was a yell in the passage in the voice of Tommy Tucker.

"Look here! Who's been ragging my study?"

Dainty and Dawson ran along to No. 3. It was in much the same state as No. 10. They stared in blankly. Angry shouts along the passage from other members of the Fourth told that other studies had been ragged. Most of the fellows had been in the gym. till prep, and the ragger had found the coast clear. There was wild wrath up and down the junior passage in White's House.

"But how the thump did they get away with it?" exclaimed Dainty. "It was Ginger and Co.—they've left a message in No. 10. Didn't anybody see them?"

"Must have got in by a window!" said Dawson. "Ginger got in by the window that time we caught him in No. 10."

"Look here, we're not standing this!" bawled Bates. "I'm jolly well going to call White!"

"Oh, chuck it," snapped Jim Dainty. "It's a House rag, and we've got to stand it. We'll give them as good some time."

There were loud exclamations of wrath as the White's juniors proceeded to put their studies to rights. It was not an easy or a brief task. Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson got No. 10 into something like order at last. They were rather tired by the time they had finished. Fritz Splitz grinned in at the doorway, too late to lend aid.

"Ach! I hear tat tere has been a Redmayes rag," said Fritz.

"Didn't you see anything of them?" demanded Dainty. "You were in the House."

"Ach! Nein! I see nottings! I vas in te common-room, eating mein gake."

"You might have come in and lent a hand getting the room to rights," growled Dawson. "Now you're here, put a match to the fire."

"Ach! I have no matches," said Fritz hastily. "I vill go and porrow some matches along te passage."

"I've got some, fathead," said Dawson. But Fritz was gone. Perhaps for reasons of his own, the fat German did not want to put a match to the fire.

Dawson struck a match and knelt before the fire to ignite it. It caught and flared, and Dawson was rising to his feet when there came a sudden crack like a rifle shot from the fire.

He jumped.

"My hat!" exclaimed Jim Dainty. "There's a cracker in the fire—left over from the Fifth, I suppose. Why—what—oh, crumbs—whoop!"

There was more than one cracker in the fire, left over from the Fifth of November. There were a good many crackers—all carefully packed away in the fire. That



Tommy Tucker leaned over the armchair and up-ended the inkpot. From behind the chair came a fearful yell as the ink streamed down on the red head of Ginger Rawlinson. "Ooo-whooop!"

was clearly the reason why the ragger had not disturbed it.

Crack! crack! crack!

Bang! bang! bang!

"Oh, crikey!"

"Great pip!"

Fireworks cracked and banged and sticks and paper and lumps of coal scattered from the grate.

"Those Redmayes rôtters!" yelled Jim Dainty, as a lump of coal caught him on the chin. "Oh, my hat! We ought to have guessed—yaroooh!"

Bang! bang! Crack! crack!

There was a rush of fellows along the passage. A crowd stared into No. 10. Among them was the grinning, fat face of Fritz von Splitz.

"What is this uproar?" Mr. White, the Housemaster, came pushing through the crowd, with a frowning brow. "Fireworks! Dainty, you are aware that fireworks are not permitted in the studies! How dare you?"

Mr. White broke off as he stared at the grate. He realised that it was not the occupants of No. 10 study who had been letting off fireworks. Smoke and a smell of gunpowder filled the room, and a few final crackers cracked among the scattered sticks and coals.

"Who played this trick?" thundered the Housemaster.

Then his eyes caught the inscription on the glass, which had not yet been rubbed out.

"With kind regards from Redmayes!" he read out. "Upon my word! Is this a trick played by boys of the other House?"

Nobody answered that question. But the Housemaster did not need an answer. He strode away with a frowning brow.

"Oh, my hat!" said Jim Dainty. "Ginger's for it now! He was an ass to leave that on the glass! White's gone over to Redmayes."

Mr. White was losing no time. House rags, within limits, were not wholly disapproved of by Dr. Sparshott, the Head of Grimsdale. But a rag like this was outside the limit, in Mr. White's opinion.

Outside the House, he almost ran into Dr. Sparshott, who had been strolling in the squad, and had heard the uproar of the fireworks in No. 10 study. "Sammy" Sparshott fully agreed with Mr. White that this "rag" was outside the limit, and walked across to Redmayes House with him, to look into the matter.

Mr. Redmayes, informed of what had happened, agreed also; and immediately sent word round by his prefects to call the House together in Hall. Dr. Sparshott's glance dwelt rather suspiciously on Ginger and Co. He was almost certain that he saw Ginger wink at Bacon and Bean.

But the inquiry drew blank. Strange to relate, every junior in Redmayes House was able to prove that he had been nowhere near White's House between call-over and prep. It really looked almost as if they had known that there might be an inquiry, and had got their alibis ready for it. The Housemasters were perplexed: Sammy Sparshott was puzzled. It was quite mysterious.

When the House was dismissed, Ginger and Co. went back to their study grinning. "Some rag!" murmured Ginger.

Bacon and Bean chortled.

"Worth standing a cake or two, what?" chuckled Ginger.

Which was very mysterious indeed!

The following morning on the way to Big School Jim Dainty called to Ginger Rawlinson.

"Did you get whopped for that rag, iathead!"

"Whopped!" repeated Ginger, disdainfully. "Not in your lifetime! My dear man, we're going to rag your mouldy old House right and left, and we're not getting any whoppings! You'll find your dorm ragged to-night! Put it down to Redmayes!"

"Rats!" answered Jim.

But Ginger proved a true prophet.

Amazing!

YORKE of the Sixth was seeing lights out for the Fourth in White's House. At half-past nine the juniors marched into the dormitory, and there was a yell of surprise and wrath that woke most of the echoes of the House.

"Redmayes cads!"

"Another rag!"

Yorke stared in. The dormitory had been, and should still have been, a picture of neatness, tidiness and cleanliness from end to end. Instead of which beds had been dragged off the bedstead, bed-clothes scattered all over the floor, pillows and bolsters thrown under the beds, pyjamas hurled right and left.

"Who's done this?" roared Yorke.

"Ach! I tink tat it is a Redmayes rag!" exclaimed Fritz Splitz.

Nobody had any doubt about that! Ginger Rawlinson had told Jim Dainty that the dormitory would be ragged—and ragged it was! It was ragged with a vengeance! But how the ragers had got in, and how they had got out again, unseen, was a mystery. Studies might be entered by the windows, but not the dormitories, high up in the building.

"Well, my hat!" said Yorke with a whistle. "Set to work and make those beds, you kids—and look sharp!"

Fritz von Splitz grinned a fat grin as the exasperated juniors set to work. Only one bed was left intact—and that was Fritz's. Why the ragers had spared the fat German's bed nobody knew, unless they had not had time to finish. Anyhow, Fritz's bed was untouched, and he rolled into it and watched the other fellows with a grinning face.

The Fourth were a quarter of an hour late to bed that night. When Yorke put out the light and went there was a wrathful discussion from bed to bed. Redmayes had scored again over White's; and even Jim Dainty, keen as he was, could not guess how Ginger and Co. had got away with it. It seemed a sheer impossibility for Redmayes men to get into White's dormitory, upset it from end to end and escape unseen and undiscovered. Yet they had done it!

Fritz Splitz did not join in the excited discussion. His jaws were otherwise engaged. Fritz was sitting up in bed eating a big plum cake. When he had finished the cake Fritz chuckled and laid his bullet head on the pillow, but his saucer-eyes remained open. One by one the juniors dropped off to sleep.

Jim Dainty awoke suddenly.

He lifted his head on the pillow and stared round him in the dark dormitory. From the clock-tower came the boom of eleven; an hour at which both Houses at Grimsdale were usually buried in slumber, masters as well as boys. But someone was up in the Fourth Form dormitory in White's House. Jim could hear a movement near him, and he knew that some sound close to his head had awakened him.

"Who——" he began. He broke off with a wild howl. A paper bag descended on his face and burst.

From the burst bag came a flood of soot. It smothered Jim's face and his head and his pillow. Smothered and choked, he sat up, spluttering and gurgling. "Urrrrg! Ooooh! Ooooh! Atch-oooh—choo—ooop!"

"What the thump!" came Dawson's sleepy voice.

"Yurrrrrgggh!" gurgled Jim.

Fellows started up in bed on all sides. Dick Dawson jumped out and lighted a candle-end.

In the glimmer of the candle the White's juniors stared at Jim Dainty in horrified amazement.

"Is—is—is that you?" gasped Dawson.

"Ooooooggghh!"

It did not look like Dainty! It looked like a chimney sweep sitting in his bed. He gasped and gurgled, coughed and sneezed. He gouged soot from his eyes and nose, his mouth and ears.

"Groooh! It's a rag!" he gasped.

"That villain Ginger——"

"He can't be here!" exclaimed Dawson.

"Look!" snapped Jim.

On the coverlet of the bed lay a card.

POOR OLD WHITE'S!

The juniors stared at it in amazement. Ginger's fist was well known; evidently it had been written by the great chief of Redmayes.

"Ginger here!" gasped Dawson.

"How the thump did he get out of his House? How the thump did he get into White's. My hat!"

Jim Dainty leaped from his bed.

"Look for him!" he panted. "I haven't heard the door open—and you know the hinge creaks! He's still here."

"Oh, crumbs!"

Three or four fellows rushed to the door, to guard it against the raider's escape. Two or three more candle-ends were lighted, and a crowd of fellows searched up and down the dormitory. Only one remained in bed—Fritz von Splitz, who seemed to be asleep, undisturbed by the clamour, for he was snoring peacefully.

Up and down the dormitory went the excited juniors, looking into corners, peering under beds. Jim Dainty was certain that the raider had not got out—and if he had not got out he was still there. But he was not to be found. Every bed was looked under—every corner and recess searched—but there was no trace of an intruder.

"He's gone!" said Dick Dawson at last.

"I suppose he must have!" growled Jim Dainty. "My hat! We'll make those Redmayes rôtters sit up for this!"

The dormitory door opened with a creak of the hinge. The light switched on and Mr. White looked in. Evidently the Housemaster had heard something going on in the Fourth.

"What is this—why—what—who is that?" He stared in blank astonishment at Dainty. "Who—what——"

"Only me, sir!" stammered Jim.

"You are smothered with soot! You are all out of bed. Every boy in this dormitory will take two hundred lines!"

"Ach!" Fritz Splitz woke up very suddenly. "Mein goodness! I am not



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out of bed, sir! I am vast asleep mit meinsel."

"You will not take the lines, Splitz. Every other boy!" exclaimed Mr. White. "Dainty, clean yourself at once and go back to bed."

Mr. White did not suspect a House raid this time—at eleven p.m. Nobody enlightened him. Jim Dainty washed off the soot as well as he could, and the frowning Housemaster saw the Form back to bed before he left.

"Two hundred lines each!" groaned Dawson. "That rotter Ginger—"

"We'll scalp him!" growled Bates. It was some time before Jim Dainty dropped asleep again. He was puzzled and trying to think it out. How Ginger of Redmayes got in and out of White's, apparently with ease, and undiscovered, was an intriguing mystery. It seemed impossible—yet Ginger did it!

Jim slept at last, and did not wake till the rising bell clanged out over Grimslade. He was the first out of bed, and fellows who had not awakened at the clang of the bell awakened fast enough at the roar that came from Dainty.

"Who's bagged my clobber?"
 "Who's bagged mine?" yelled Dawson.
 "Great Scott! Where's my trousers?"
 "Where's my waistcoat?"
 "Where's my socks?"

It was a chorus all over the dormitory. Jim Dainty's clothes were gone; Dawson's were gone, and every other fellow missed one or more articles—excepting Fritz Splitz. Fritz's "clobber" was intact, and the fat German grinned as he dressed himself.

"Ginger again!" howled Tommy Tucker. "He's raided our clobber."

"Well, this takes the cake!" gasped Jim Dainty. "How does he do it? How the thump does he do it?"

The exasperated juniors searched for the missing clothes. They were still searching when Yorke of the Sixth tramped into the dormitory with an ashplant in one hand and a stack of clothing on the other arm, and an extremely warlike expression on his face.

"You young sweeps!" roared the White's prefect. "Who chucked these clothes out of the window? What?"

"Oh, crikey!"
 Yorke hurled the stack of clothes in a heap on the floor. Then he whacked round with the ashplant, distributing the whacks with impartiality and liberality. The dormitory was full of sounds of woe when he stamped away.

"Ow!" gasped Jim Dainty, rubbing the place where he had caught a lick of the ashplant. "Wow! I'll spifficate Ginger! But how does he do it? Is the red-headed freak a magician or what?"

How Ginger did it was a baffling mystery. Really it looked as if the red-headed junior of Redmayes House dabbled in black magic!

The Traitor!

"THE door won't open!"
 "Oh, rot!"
 "I tell you it won't!"
 snapped Dainty.

And it didn't!
 That evening, before prep, there was a meeting in the junior Common-room in White's House. The mysterious and exasperating raids by the rival House were the topic. The meeting had to be adjourned for prep; but when Jim Dainty went to the door to open it, he found it fast. Someone had locked it on the outside.

"Some ass larking!" growled Dawson. "It can't be Ginger this time!"
 "Look!" ejaculated Dainty.

A slip of cardboard was pushed under the door from outside. Jim caught it up, and every eye glared at it. On it was written in Ginger's hand:

BOW-WOW! LIKEWISE RATS!

"Ginger!" yelled Tucker. There was a sound of retreating footsteps outside.
 "We—we—we'll scalp that Redmayes tick!" gasped Jim Dainty. He hammered

on the door. "If somebody would turn up before he gets clear, we can catch him in the House."

Thump! thump! Bang! bang!
 There was a step outside.
 "Stop that row!" It was Yorke's voice. "You young sweeps—"
 "Let us out, Yorke!" shouted Dainty. "The door's locked on us!"
 "The key's not here!"
 "Oh, my hat!"

It was a quarter of an hour before Mr. White arrived, with another key to the door. The Housemaster demanded to know who had locked the door, but no one could—or would—tell him. The exasperated juniors went to their studies for prep.

It was another baffling mystery; for the House was closed, plenty of senior fellows had been about the passages, yet no one seemed to have seen a Redmayes man in the House. Unless it was magic, it was really impossible to guess how the amazing Ginger did it!

Dainty and Dawson arrived in No. 10. They found Fritz von Splitz there, engaged in demolishing a plum-cake. Fritz had not been at the meeting in Common-room. He grinned at them as they came in, with his mouth full of cake.

"Ach! I hear tat Chinger has been at it again!" remarked. "Tat Chinger he peat you all along to line, ain't it!"

"Whose cake are you scoffing, you fat freak!" growled Dainty.

"Mein goot Tainty, it is mein gake! I would have leaf some for you, but it was only a tree-bound gake." And Fritz carefully finished the last crumb and the last plum.

Jim gave him a sharp look. Fritz von Splitz was generally hard up, and if a fellow had a cake in his study it was never safe from the fat Rhinelander. Quite frequently, of late, Fritz had been seen devouring cakes; yet no one had missed tuck from his study. Unless Fritz had had unusual remittances, it was rather a mystery how he came by those cakes.

Prep, however, claimed Dainty's attention, and he forgot Fritz and his cakes.

When the Fourth turned in, in White's House that night, Jim Dainty did not close his eyes.

After the usual buzz of talk had died away, and the dormitory was deep in slumber, Jim's eyes were still open. When he was sure that the rest were asleep, he slipped from his bed without a sound, and tiptoed to the door. How the Redmayes raider got into the House after it was locked up for the night was a mystery that Dainty intended to solve—if Ginger came again. If the raider came that night he was going to find one wakeful fellow on the watch.

Eleven boomed out in the dim night. A few minutes after the last stroke had died away Jim heard a sound.

It was the creak of a bed. He wondered whether some other fellow was getting up, with the same intention as himself. There was a pale glimmer of starlight in at the high windows, and in that glimmer he saw a moving figure. Dim as the light was, he recognised the fat, podgy figure of Friedrich von Splitz.

He stared. Fritz Splitz was about the last fellow likely to leave his warm bed on a cold night to watch for a raider. It was more likely that he was going to search for toffee in some other fellow's pockets. Evidently he did not know that anyone else was out of bed.

Dainty grinned, and tiptoed silently towards the fat figure. If Fritz was after toffee, he was going to be caught in the act. To his amazement he saw the fat German lift a sheet of cardboard and pin it to the dormitory wall with a drawing-pin. Even in the dim light he could see what was daubed on the card in huge capital letters:

WHITE'S HOUSE IS PLAYED OUT!
 REDMAYES IS COCK-HOUSE!

Jim Dainty stared, dumbfounded. He was too astounded to move. Almost he fancied that he was dreaming or, that it must be Ginger Rawlinson who was

pinning up that placard. But there was no mistaking the podgy form of Fritz Splitz.

Having fixed the card, Fritz moved silently towards Dainty's bed. Something was in his podgy hand. It was a paper bag, and it flashed into Jim's mind what it contained! It was another bag of soot!

He made a spring.
 "Ach! Mein gootness!" It was a startled yell of terror from Fritz Splitz as his arm was grasped.

He spun round.
 "You!" roared Dainty. "You all the time! I've got it now!"

"Ach!" yelled Fritz. "Let go! It is not me—it is Chinger—I mean, I was vast asleep—tat is to say—mein gootness!"

"Wake up, you fellows!" shouted Dainty. "Get a light! I've got him!"
 "What the thump—got whom?"
 gasped Dawson.

"The jolly old raider!"
 "Great pip!"

Every fellow in the dormitory turned out. The light of a candle flickered on the fat, terrified face of Fritz von Splitz, wriggling in the grasp of Jim Dainty.

"What the dickens—that's Splitz!"
 exclaimed Dick Dawson. "Hallo! Ginger's been here, though—look, look at that card on the wall!"

"Ginger again!" exclaimed Tucker.
 "Ginger be blowed!" roared Dainty.

"It was Splitz all the time! I was on the watch for Ginger, and I saw that fat Boche pin up the card, and he was just going to chuck that bag of soot over my bed, thinking I was in it."

"Wha-a-t?"
 "Ach! It was not me!" shrieked Fritz. "I know notting—mein mind he is vun perfect plank!"

"Now I know why the ragger never touched Splitz's things!" howled Dainty. "Now I know how he got into the House—he was here all the time! Now I know where that fat Hun got his cakes from! That villain Ginger has been bribing him with tuck!"

"Ach! I was not bribed!" wailed Fritz. "A Cherman cannot be bribed!"

"My only hat!" gasped Dawson. "We never dreamed that there was a traitor in the House! The fat scoundrel!"

"Smash him! Jump on him!"
 "Give him the soot!"

"Ach! Ooooch! Wooooogh!"
 gurgled Fritz, as the bag of soot was burst over his bullet head. "Ooooooooch!"

"Rag him! Scrag him!"
 The mystery was a mystery no longer. How Ginger had carried out those amazing raids was revealed now—he had carried them out by proxy! Fritz von Splitz had been his agent in White's House—carrying out Ginger's plans for him!

Nobody had dreamed of guessing it! Plenty of fellows had wondered whence Fritz drew his unusual supplies of tuck; but no fellow had guessed for a moment that the horn of plenty flowed from Redmayes House! But they knew now!

But for the fact that Jim Dainty had been on the watch for Ginger, and had caught Splitz, the mysterious raids might have gone on, as mysterious as ever, all through the term. But the traitor in White's House was caught now—the game was up.

"Ach! It was not me!" wailed Fritz Splitz, as he was bumped and thumped, and thumped and bumped. "Ach! Grooogh! Kick me not, you peasts and prutes! Bunch me not, you peastly pounders! It was all tat Chinger! It was all vun choke—vun leetle choke! It was because you kick me in mein stutty, not because Chinger pribe me mit duck! Ach gootness! Leaf off to kick me, you peasts! Mein goot Tainty—"

"Smash him!"
 "Himmel! Mein goot Tainty, geep tem off!" howled Fritz. "Geep tem off, and I will giff you te cake tat Chinger giff me next time. In te morning he giff me vun cake—"
 "Scrag him!"

(Continued on page 215.)

ALL ABOUT THIS WEEK'S SUPER PICTURE-STAMPS, BUDDIES!



HALLO, BUDDIES! I have had letters from many readers during the last week or so, telling me that the writers have been unable to obtain a copy of our splendid Picture-Stamp Album. This is a thousand pities, for the Album helps to make the stamps even more attractive. Therefore, I am glad to be able to announce this week, that I have secured an extra supply of these Albums, which readers can obtain by filling in the coupon on page 203. This offer lasts for three weeks only. Don't forget that there will be six more handsome Picture-Stamp for you next week, and another batch of "star" stories by "star" authors. There's no doubt about it, buddies, the RANGER is selling like hot cakes nowadays, so if you don't want to miss a copy, you must make a point of ordering your favourite book well in advance.

Chin, chin!

The Chief Ranger

GLUED TO THE SADDLE!

A man who takes his sport and pleasure astride a full-of-beans horse, and also earns his living in the saddle, isn't afraid of a bit of record-breaking—naturally. Set the Australian Stockman and the Bengal Lancer side by side and tell them to break all known horse-flesh speed-records, and they'd probably finish up neck-and-neck, although their two jobs are so completely different.

The Bengal Lancer is typical of those magnificent mounted native soldiers of our Indian Army—cavalry second to none the whole world over. A stirring sight it is to see these fighting horsemen charge, handling their lengthy lances as easily as though these were mere walking-sticks.

And see them at their favourite sports of tent-pegging and pig-sticking! There's danger in both, and that probably is why these Indian rough-riders' sports are so popular.

The Australian Stockman's is a more peaceful job—mainly looking after and rounding-up vast numbers of sheep on unbelievably large farms in Australia. It's a lonely job, too, for sometimes the stockman may have to patrol what seems like endless miles of a sheep-farm boundary and see not another human soul for many days and nights. His lasso and long stockman's whip are two items which he handles as expertly as does the Bengal Lancer his vicious lance. The tricks he can do with them are astounding!

THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE!

(Continued from page 207.)

It was a wrecked Fritz that lay in a gasping, sooty heap on the floor when the juniors had done with him.

"Now, you fat rascal," said Jim Dainty, "where were you going to see Ginger in the morning?"

"Ach! Wow! Himmel! Oooogh! I go to see him in te tool-shed after prekker!" moaned Fritz. "Ach! I have no more to breff! I tink tat I tie! Ach! I have fearful bains in all my pones! I have vun ache in mein pread-pasket! Oooogh!"

"Somebody else will see Ginger in the tool-shed after brekker to-morrow morning!" grinned Jim Dainty.

Fritz Splitz crawled, groaning, back to bed. He was not likely to take bribes from the rival House of Grimslade again! Dearly as Fritz loved plum cakes, all the plum cakes in the wide world would not have tempted him to go through another such ragging! Fritz had had his lesson—and after breakfast in the morning there was to be one for the enterprising Ginger.

Tit For Tat!

GINGER RAWLINSON came into the tool-shed, a parcel under his arm, and a grin on his face. Sandy Bean and Streaky Bacon followed him in.

"Not here yet!" said Ginger, looking round. "The fat Boche is generally on the spot for his cake! What a skunk, you fellows, to back up against his own House! But what a stunt!"

"What-ho!" chuckled Streaky. "And White's will never guess!"

"Not in a lifetime!" chortled Sandy Bean. "They're all duds in White's!"

"Duds and duffers, the lot of them!" said Ginger. "We're keeping up this game all through the term. What? It costs something in cakes for that greedy Boche, but it's worth it. White's are getting frightfully wild! They don't know how we get into their House! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Bacon and Bean.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came another roar from the doorway, and the Redmayes Co. spun round in surprise, to see Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson, and a dozen White's fellows behind them, crowding in.

"Top of the morning, Ginger!" chortled Dainty. "Fancy meeting you! Is that a cake you've got there? I'm afraid Fritz won't be calling for it. At the present moment he's in my study, with two fellows sitting on his head to keep him quiet! We've come instead! Glad to see us?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the White's crowd.

Ginger's jaw dropped.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" he ejaculated. "That beastly Boche has given the game away! Cut for it, you men!"

The Redmayes trio made a rush. But there was no escape for them. Hands grasped them on all sides, and Ginger

SHIPS OF PEACE AND WAR.

A ship-of-the-air that the Royal Air Force has recently taken over is called the Vickers Jockey. Its speed is over 200 miles per hour, but other details of its performance are being kept a very close secret, making it a sort of "dark horse" of the skies. It is an interceptor fighter, with a Bristol Jupiter 530 horse-power engine, is 23 feet long, and the span of its mainplane is over 32 feet.

The Cunard liner Berengaria is well enough known by that name, but did you know it is a ship that has been rechristened? It started in life as a German Hamburg-America liner, named Imperator, but was handed over to the British Government, in 1919, under the Armistice arrangement (at the end of the Great War), and was renamed the Berengaria in 1921. This 52,226 tons monster is 883 feet long, does 23½ knots, and was built twenty years ago. It has crossed the Atlantic so many times that probably everyone connected with it has lost count!

It is a great favourite with ocean travellers, being a real "luxury" ship, aboard which one can enjoy town life in mid-ocean. It has a big and luxurious swimming pool, gymnasium, dance floors, shops, and a branch of a London bank!

FIGHTERS BOTH!

You can see that the two fellows in this week's Self Defence picture are scrappers, but you wouldn't credit the Chow dog with anything in that line, would you? But it really is a brisk fighter, fond of the open air, and a real little sportsman in general. It looks like a lap-dog, but isn't! The Chow is a great favourite at dog shows, the prize-winners always being dark red in colour—with a blue tongue. The average weight of a Chow dog is 40 lb., and in China—its native home—they regard the Chow as a splendid substitute for roast mutton!

You wouldn't follow the hint shown in this week's Self Defence picture if you were having a friendly wrestling-match with a pal, of course. This "ankle throw" trick is meant only for serious occasions, and it is about as effective as anything we know. You see the idea? You grip your opponent as shown, and then, suddenly advancing your own right leg, you give his advanced left leg a jolly smart push inwards with the side of your right foot. And over he goes!

& Co. sprawled on the floor, almost disappearing under the swarm of White's juniors.

What followed seemed like a nightmare to Ginger & Co. It had been a great stunt—a wonderful stunt—all Redmayes agreed that Ginger had excelled himself in planning that stunt! But the result was awful for Ginger & Co.

Three breathless, tattered, gasping wrecks were left sprawling on the floor of the tool-shed when Jim Dainty & Co. streamed away, roaring with laughter, and taking the cake with them. Jim Dainty lingered a moment, to up-end a pail of whitewash over the sprawling, gasping three, and then departed, leaving the heroes of Redmayes House feeling that life was hardly worth living.

Ginger and Co. picked themselves up. They blinked at one another through streaming whitewash. Then, slowly and sorrowfully, they limped away, roars of laughter following them as they limped.

That day there was a cake for tea in No. 10. But there was none for Fritz von Splitz! The horn of plenty had run dry for Fritz.

(The sensation of the term happens at Grimslade in next Saturday's tip-top story, when a bruiser comes to the school to beat up "Sammy" Sparshott, the Head! Tell all your pals about Frank Richards' splendid yarns.)