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Trouble with the Tyke!

"I shall only endeavour," continued Sammy, "to impress on your mind the pernicious effects of smoking on a growing youth. Take off your jacket and put on those gloves."

Sammy Sparshott peeled off his own coat, pushed back his cuffs and donned a pair of boxing gloves. The young man who was headmaster of Grimslade School was an old boxing Blue, and Fenwick of the Fifth, as he gingerly put on the gloves, wished that it was a caning instead.

"Boxing," said Sammy genially, "is a splendid exercise. It develops the muscle, quickness of eye and hand and foot. But it requires wind. You will soon know that only too well. I shall use only one hand—my left—to give you a chance, Fenwick. Do your best—your very best. I am going to give you plenty to stop!"

"If—if you don't mind, sir, I—I'd rather be whopped."

"I do mind!" said Sammy. "Stop that!"

Fenwick barely stopped it. He had another to stop a second later, and then another.

There was no help for Fenwick. Powerful athlete as Sammy was, a big Fifth-Former ought to have been able to stand up to a man using only his left hand. But the hapless Fenwick crumpled.

He was tapped hard, and as he dodged and fumbled, harder. In sheer desperation he stood up to it at last, going all out.

Sammy grinned approval.

"That's better!" he said. "Get one good one fairly home, Fenwick, and I'll let you off the rest."

Fenwick strove desperately. He would have given a term's pocket-money to get one good one home on Sammy's cool, genial face.

But it was all in vain. He had bellows to mend. He panted and puffed and blew. Smoking had sapped his wind. He almost sobbed for breath. Sammy was endeavouring to impress on him that a fellow needed his wind for boxing. There was no doubt that Sammy was succeeding in his endeavour. Fenwick would have given worlds to recall the fags he had smoked that day and the day before. He gurgled, he gasped, he guggled.

Mercilessly Sammy kept him at it till the wretched black sheep of the Fifth fairly crumpled up and sank against the wall, a breathless, spasmodic wreck.

"Winded?" asked Sammy, genially.

"Gurrrrrrrgggh!" was Fenwick's answer.

"Keep off the smoking, lad! Next time you put on the gloves with me I shall expect you to do better! Cut!" barked Sammy.

Fenwick of the Fifth crawled out of the study.

"THAT rotter!" growled Jim Dainty. It was the following day. Dainty and Dawson were coming back from Middlemoor, cutting across the moor, when they sighted Fenwick of the Fifth. The senior was loafing along by a belt of willows, which fringed a hollow in the moor, where recent rain had collected in a muddy pool. He had his back to the two juniors. Jim's eyes gleamed. He had not forgotten that smack on the head of the previous day.

Leaving Dawson, he trotted on behind the Fifth-Former, his footsteps making no sound on the damp grass. Dick Dawson grinned and watched. Evidently it was Dainty's intention to give Fenwick a Roland for his Oliver.

Among the willows ahead a squat figure appeared; that of a thick-set man with a bulldog jaw and a broken nose and several teeth missing. This unbeautiful individual waved a hand to Fenwick, for whom he was apparently waiting. Dick Dawson gave a whistle as he spotted him. He knew the squat man by sight—it was the Tatcham Tyke, locally famous for his prowess in glove-fights—and, according to rumour, fights without gloves. His wave of the hand was probably meant to warn Fenwick of the junior just behind him, but if so, it came too late.

Jim Dainty, running softly and swiftly, overtook the Fifth-Form man, as the prizefighter in the distance waved.

Smack!

Hard and heavy, as hard as Jim could land it, came that smack on Fenwick's ear, and the senior gave a startled howl and staggered over.

Splash!

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim. Fenwick was walking close by the edge of the hollow. He staggered two or three paces, under the terrific smack, stumbled over the edge, and plunged in.

There was a fearful splash of water and mud, and Fenwick almost disappeared from sight. He sprawled at full length, wallowing in mud.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jim Dainty, as the senior struggled to his feet and stood knee-deep, dripping with mud.

Fenwick was rather a dandy in matters of personal appearance. He did not look much of a dandy now! Mud clothed him like a garment. It smothered his face, it mixed with his hair, it ran down his clothes and his neck. He spluttered mud.

With a face white with fury under its coating of mud, Fenwick came charging up the bank. Jim Dainty backed away, still laughing.

"Back up, Dawson!" he shouted. Dick Dawson rushed to join his chum. They stood shoulder to shoulder, with

their hands up, facing the muddy senior. Fenwick halted. Enraged as he was, he did not care to tackle the two juniors at once.

"Come on!" grinned Dainty. "You're not nice to touch, Fenwick, but we'll touch you if you come on—hard!"

Fenwick turned his head towards the staring prizefighter in the willows.

"Tyke!" he yelled. "Lend a hand here."

The Tyke came running to the spot. Dawson caught Jim's arm.

"Cut!" he whispered. "That's the Tatcham Tyke—and Fenwick knows him! He could handle two dozen of us!"

But there was no time to cut. Fenwick's peculiar friend made a rush at the two juniors, and grasped Jim Dainty. Dainty struggled fiercely, but strong and sturdy as he was, he found that he was a mere infant in the muscular grip of the pugilist. Never had Jim experienced so terrible a grip, except once when Dr. Sparshott had taken him in hand. Dawson valiantly jumped to the aid of his chum, and the Tyke gripped him with his free hand, instantly reducing him to helplessness.

"Got 'em, sir!" grinned the Tyke. "Leave 'em to me to 'andle, sir! Their own folks won't know 'em if I give 'em a lift with my left apiece."

"No, no!" exclaimed Fenwick. A "lift" with the bruiser's left would have mixed up the features of the juniors in a way that might have had alarming results for the Tyke and his Grimslade friend.

"Duck them in the mud, Tyke."

"Leave it to me," said the Tyke.

"Let go, you ruffian!" roared Jim Dainty. "This is no bizney of yours!"

"Ain't it?" chuckled the Tyke. "You smacked the 'ead of a friend o' mine—"

"He smacked mine yesterday."

"I dessay you asked for it! You're goin'-in."

The chums of the Fourth struggled frantically, as the pugilist hooked them towards the muddy hollow. But their struggles availed nothing. The strength of the squat, thick-set man was overwhelming; they might as well have struggled in a giant's hands. Swinging one in either hand, almost as if they had been dolls, the Tyke swung towards the deep mud, Fenwick looking on with a savage grin, as he dabbed mud from his face.

Three Grimslade juniors came in sight, trotting across the moor. They were Ginger Rawlinson, Bacon, and Bean, of Redmayes House. Rivals and foes of the White's juniors as they were, Ginger & Co. ran on the scene at once.

"Here, stop that!" shouted Ginger.

"Rescue, Grimslade!" yelled Dawson.

"Stand back, you Redmayes rotters!"



With his arms full of struggling, panting, kicking, yelling juniors, the Tyke bore Ginger & Co. towards the muddy hollow, in which Dainty and Dawson already wallowed and spluttered in the oozy mud.

snailed Fenwick. "Chuck them in, Tyke."

Ginger & Co. rushed on the pugilist. He took absolutely no heed of them. All three hit him at once, to force him to release his victims. It would have been about as useful to hit one of the Grimslade oaks. The tough Tyke did not even seem to know that they were hitting him at all! Regardless of hefty punches, he stalked on, and swung Jim Dainty into the muddy hollow, and Dick Dawson after him.

Splash! Splash!

Dainty and Dawson wallowed and spluttered in oozy mud. Then the Tyke turned on his three assailants. Ginger & Co. were plucky—they had boundless pluck. They hurled themselves at the Tyke. What happened next, they hardly knew. The Tyke opened his arms wide, and let them rush right at him, received without heeding their fierce punches, and gathered them up in his arms. Bands of steel could not have held the three hapless men of Redmayes House more mercilessly.

They crumpled in that terrible hug, like the hug of a bear. With his arms full of struggling, panting, kicking, yelling juniors, the Tyke turned towards the muddy hollow again. With a grinning face, he flung them out from the bank, and they went sprawling wildly through the air, to land in splashing mud.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Fenwick.

"Oooogh! Grooogh! Oooogh! My hat! Gurrgh!" came from the smothered juniors, struggling and splashing wildly in the mud.

"Give 'em some more, sir?" grinned the Tyke. "Pitch 'em in as fast as they get out, if you say the word, sir."

"I think that'll do," chuckled Fenwick, and he walked away with his prize-fighting friend, and disappeared in the willows.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" groaned Ginger Rawlinson, as he crawled out.

"Ow! Oh! Grooogh! Ooooh!"

Five dismal, muddy, dilapidated juniors crawled out of the mud. Jim Dainty gouged mud from his eyes savagely.

"Let's go after him," he panted. "The five of us—"

"Rot!" groaned Dawson. "The Tyke could handle fifty of us! Let's go and get a wash before class! Oooogh!"

"That cad Fenwick!" grunted Sandy Bean. "A Grimslade man setting a prize-fighter on Grimsladers—just like a White's trick! Ooooh!"

"We're not proud of him in White's!" growled Jim Dainty. "We'll take it out of Fenwick, if we can't out of the Tyke."

"Oooogh! I want a wash!" groaned Streaky Bacon.

A dismal quintette limped away to the school, leaving a trail of mud behind them. Fritz Splitz was the first fellow to sight them coming in at the gates, and he gave a yell.

"Mein gootness! Is tat you, Tainty? Is tat you, Tawson? Is tat you, Chinger? Ho, ho, ho! You vas more tirty tan neffer vas before! Ach! I tinkt tat you vant a vash, isn't it?"

Fritz seemed to think it funny. Perhaps it was, but he ceased to think it funny the next moment, when the exasperated five closed round him, grasped him, and rolled him over, transferring plenty of mud to him in the process.

"Ach! Tat you led go!" shrieked Fritz. "You make me derribly muddy—I shall have to vash—I like not to vash—mein gootness! Peast and a prute, tat you led go."

Fritz was left sprawling, as the five marched on, and went to their respective Houses to clean themselves before afternoon class. The fat German staggered up, as muddy as any of them.

"Ach!" he gasped. "Mein gootness! Vunce to-day I have vashed, and now I must vash again! All tat vashing is not goot for a Cherman! Ach!"

And Friedrich von Splitz groaned deeply as he went away to wash.

Vengeance!

SAMMY SPARSHOTT frowned.

Taking a little walk in the school field a few days later, Sammy was rather startled by sounds of fierce strife that came from a corner of the field that was screened from view by clumps of evergreens.

The Head of Grimslade changed his direction at once, and strode swiftly towards the secluded corner. Excited voices fell on his ears as he approached.

"Got the rotter!" It was Dainty's voice. "I saw him sneaking off here for a smoke—I knew we'd nail him."

"Sit on his head!" That was Ginger's voice.

"You young scoundrels!" came a muffled roar from Fenwick of the Fifth. "I'll smash you! Lemme gerrup!"

"Pin him down!" chuckled Dick Dawson.

"Got the stick, Streaky?"

"You bet!" grinned Streaky Bacon.

"Lay it on—hard! Sammy ought to have this job, really," said Ginger Rawlinson thoughtfully. "He would take it on if he knew that the tick was smoking in this corner. We'll save Sammy the trouble!"

Dr. Samuel Sparshott smiled grimly. He looked over a bank of laurels at the scene. Fenwick of the Fifth was sprawling on his back, and Sandy Bean sat on his head, Jim Dainty on his chest, while Dawson stood on his legs. Bacon was handling a stick and Ginger grasped the senior's wrists. The black sheep of White's House was resisting frantically. Evidently the rivals of Grimslade had joined forces to deal with the bully of the Fifth.

Fenwick's struggles did not save him—they rather added to his plight. His collar and tie were torn out, his coat split and rumpled, his waistcoat buttons burst, and all sorts of things had fallen from his pockets, among them a number of cigarettes and a folded letter, written in a scrawling hand.

"Turn him over, you ren!" said Ginger. "Better keep quiet, Fenwick; you don't want to bring a beak here with all those smokes scattered round you." "A beak is here!" said Dr. Sparshott, quietly stepping from behind the laurels.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!"

Fenwick was released as suddenly as if he had become red-hot. The five juniors gave Sammy one startled stare and bolted. They vanished almost like ghosts at cock-crow.

The hapless sportsman of White's House would have been glad to vanish, too. But there was no vanishing for Fenwick. He sat up, dizzy and gasping for breath, and blinked at the stern eyes of Sammy.

The Head of Grimslade eyed him for a moment or two and eyed the scattered cigarettes. Then he picked up the scrawled letter. Something written on it had caught his eye at the first glance.

"This is yours, I think, Fenwick!" said the Head.

"It—it's a private letter!" gasped Fenwick, springing up. "A letter from my father—"

"Is your father's name Tyke?" asked Sammy grimly.

"Oh!" gasped Fenwick.

Dr. Sparshott read the letter aloud to the wretched sportsman of Grimslade. Fenwick stood in sheer terror. The letter ran:

"Dear Sir,
"Wot I told you the other day is O.K., and you can lay to it. You put your money on me, Saturday at Tatcham, and you'll win! There ain't any doubt, and you can take it from me solid.—Yores, Tyke."

"So it appears," said Sammy, "that you back prize-fighters in the fights at Tatcham Ring, Fenwick! Gambling is a rather blackguardly thing, don't you think? You may know better than your headmaster—no man's infallible—but so long as I'm headmaster of Grimslade, Grimslade men will keep clear of betting and all that sort of dingy stuff. Come with me, Fenwick."

They never sacked a man at Grimslade School, and Fenwick had no fear of that as he followed dimly in Sammy's footsteps. Expelling a fellow was, in Sammy's view, admitting a failure. Sammy never admitted failure. He had been given all sorts of material to handle—some of it extremely uncompromising material—but he had always made something of it. He had no doubt of being able to make something of Fenwick in the long run! It was likely to be a very long run and a very painful run: not an enjoyable process to the fellow who was to benefit by it! But Sammy never gave up hope of any fellow.

In the Head's study Fenwick stood with his knees knocking together, wondering what was coming.

"Place all your money on the table," said Dr. Sparshott, "every copper! Count it and make a note of the amount on this slip of paper. Seal the money and the paper in this envelope. Don't waste time!"

Quite an unusual sum for a schoolboy to possess was revealed. Fenwick's people were wealthy and injudicious. Every note and every coin was sealed up in the envelope, which Sammy locked in a drawer of his desk.

"You are not to be trusted with money, Fenwick!" said Sammy. "Money is meant to be put to good uses, not bad! For the rest of this term you will have no pocket-money at all. Not a copper! You get me?"

Fenwick fairly shivered with rage.

"I shall ask your Housemaster to attend carefully to your correspondence—all money sent you will be taken care of till the end of the term. If you are ever found in possession of cash, even a single sixpence, you will be flogged. Do you know what that will be like? You are about to ascertain—bend over that desk!"

Sammy handled the cane like an expert. He gave Fenwick twelve, every one a scientific swipe, with Sammy's beef behind it. The Fifth-Former was groaning with anguish when he was done.

"Cut!" barked Sammy.

Jim Dainty & Co. were waiting for Fenwick when he came away from the Head. But after one glance at his face they stood back and let him pass in peace. Obviously, he had had enough.

In his study in White's House the sportsman of Grimslade writhed and groaned till the effects of the twelve wore off. Then he walked about the study gritting his teeth with rage. No money for the rest of the term; no more smokes, no more visits to forbidden places out of bounds; no more backing horses with Monty Moss—not even a bet on the Tatcham Tyke in the glove-fight on Saturday! Hatred of Sammy burned like a flame in his breast, wild thoughts of vengeance danced in his furious mind. Anything—anything to get even with Sammy Sparshott!

And suddenly a thought flashed into his mind that made him start at first and then grin savagely. He got his coat and hat and went out. In the November dusk he slipped into the back garden of an inn on the outskirts of Tatcham. A few minutes later he was speaking to a squat, broken-nosed man at a back window. And the Tatcham Tyke listened to him with amazement and then with an explosive chuckle.

"Easy as winking to you," breathed Fenwick. "I'm stumped now, but you can take my word for a fiver when the school breaks up. I'll have lots of money in the hols. You'll do it?"

"I could do it on my 'ead!" chuckled the Tyke. "Leave it to me! Next week, sir—I got to get through at Tatcham first. I shall have to get away for a bit after 'anding a schoolmaster, wot?"

Fenwick walked back to Grimslade feeling better.

Not According to Programme!

FRITZ SPLITZ saw him first, and stared at him with wide-open, saucer eyes and ejaculated:

"Mein gootness!"

Old Sykes, the porter, saw him second, and came out of his lodge, grim and crusty.

Sykes was old, but he was Yorkshire and tough and feared no foe.

"Aaout!" said Sykes. "Thee's not wanted here, Tyke! Take thysen aout."

The Tatcham Tyke grinned. The Tyke was a rough-and-ready but not bad-tempered man. He would hammer a man to a jelly, but not with malice. He was hard as nails, tough as hickory, savage as a bear when his temper was roused, but he had a streak of good-nature. That was why he took old Sykes by the neck and slung him back bodily into his lodge instead of giving him a "lift" with his left. A lift with the Tyke's left would have put the school porter of Grimslade on the sick list for a long time to come.

Sykes landed in his lodge with a crash! The Tyke really was treating him kindly, but it was a heavy-handed kindness. Sykes roared and sprawled and then sat rubbing his injured places, which were numerous. As tough as he was, old Sykes realised that he had run up against something terrifically tougher, and sagely decided to remain where he was.

The Tatcham Tyke marched in at the gateway.

"Mein gootness!" ejaculated Fritz Splitz. "Vat you vant here, mein goot person?"

The Tyke stared at him. It was Wednesday afternoon and, being a half-holiday, there was a crowd of Grimslade fellows about. A good number came down towards the gate at the sight of the Tyke and the sound of the old porter's yell.

"My solemn sam!" said the Tyke, staring at the goggle-eyed Fritz. "You pie-faced, pink-eyed Dutchman, you vant to know, eh? Sit down!"

Quite a gentle tap—for the Tyke—sat Fritz down. He bumped on the hard earth and bellowed:

"Ach! Penst and a prute! Vy for you bunch me on mein pread-pasket? Himmel! Who-hooop! I tink that I tie! Oooogh!"

The Tatcham Tyke marched on.

Squat and thick-set, sharp-eyed, with square jaw, his most prominent feature a broken nose, the Tyke's best friend would not have called him handsome. But he had a punch that many admired, and still more feared. Plenty of Grimslade men knew him by sight, and though they wondered what on earth such a character

had called at the school for, they did not want trouble with him.

Crowds gathered round to stare at him and there was a buzz of excited voices. Jim Dainty & Co. came running over from White's House; Ginger & Co. from Redmayes. From a window in White's House, Fenwick of the Fifth looked out with a glinting eye and a sour grin. Nobody at Grimslade knew that Fenwick had anything to do with the Tyke's visit. Nobody was to know. Fenwick's scheme of vengeance on Sammy had to be kept a dead secret. He gloated as he looked.

"It's that pug!" shouted Jim Dainty. "Look here. Rush him, you men, and run him out! Back up, Grimslade!"

"Hallo, young bantam!" greeted the Tyke, with a cheery grin. "Full of beans, wot? Any bloke keen on becoming a 'orspital case?"

Dawson grabbed Jim's arm.

"Don't be an ass, Jim! Stand back!" "What the thump does the brute want here?" exclaimed Ginger Rawlinson.

"Called to see his pal in the Fifth, perhaps!" chuckled Sandy Bean.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Tyke, with a heavy, solid tramp, marched on. He seemed to be enjoying the sensation he was creating. Trafford of the Sixth, captain of Grimslade, a powerful Sixth-Form man, stepped into his path and raised a hand.

"Hold on, my man!" said Trafford, quite civilly. "What do you want here?"

"Where's that blinking schoolmaster of yours?" demanded the Tyke.

"Do you mean Dr. Sparshott?" exclaimed Trafford.

"I don't mean nobody else!" assured the Tyke. "Tell him I'm 'ere! Tell 'im I want to see 'im, as man to man. Tell him I'm 'ere to wallop 'im! Got that?"

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" yelled Ginger. "He's come to wallop Sammy!"

"Great pip!"

"You'd better get out, my man," said Trafford, with cool contempt. "If you kiek up a shindy here you'll be run in!"

"You getting out of a bloke's way?" inquired the Tyke. He was still good-tempered, but he meant business.

"Stand back!" Yorke, captain of White's, stepped to Trafford's side to help if needed. The two big Sixth-Formers blocked the Tyke's onward way. Mr. Redmayes and Mr. White came hurrying from their Houses; Sergeant Starkey bore down from the gym. Heavy odds were converging on the Tyke! He did not seem alarmed.

"Where's that man Sparshott?" he bawled.

"Never mind that—get out!" said Trafford.

"Leave these precincts at once!" exclaimed Mr. White, indignantly. "How dare you come here, sir!"

"You Sparshott?" roared the Tyke, striding at him.

"Eh! No! But—"

"Old your row, then, and get out while you're safe," said the Tyke. "'Ere, don't you shove a man! My eye! My solemn sam! 'Ere goes, if you ask for it!"

The two Housemasters were good men with their hands; Trafford and Yorke were athletes, and Sergeant Starkey, though not the man he had been in Flanders, was still good for a scrap. But the Tatcham Tyke fairly walked over them. How he did it the Grimsladers, staring open-eyed, hardly knew. But they knew that Mr. Redmayes and Mr. White went to right and left; that Trafford, rushing on, was lifted off his feet and laid on his back; that Yorke, springing to help, was sent sprawling across him; and that the stiff old sergeant, grasping the pug with both hands, was swept off his feet in a grasp there was no resisting. The sergeant spun gasping in the air and dropped on the sprawling Sixth-Formers, spluttering.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim Dainty. He was feeling rather glad, as he watched, that he had not led a rush at the prize-fighter. Grimslade men were tough, but the Tatcham Tyke was tougher.

Fenwick of the Fifth strolled out of White's House and hovered at the back of the crowd, looking on with a grin. The Tyke was spreading havoc and dismay, and Fenwick was keen to see him begin on Sammy.

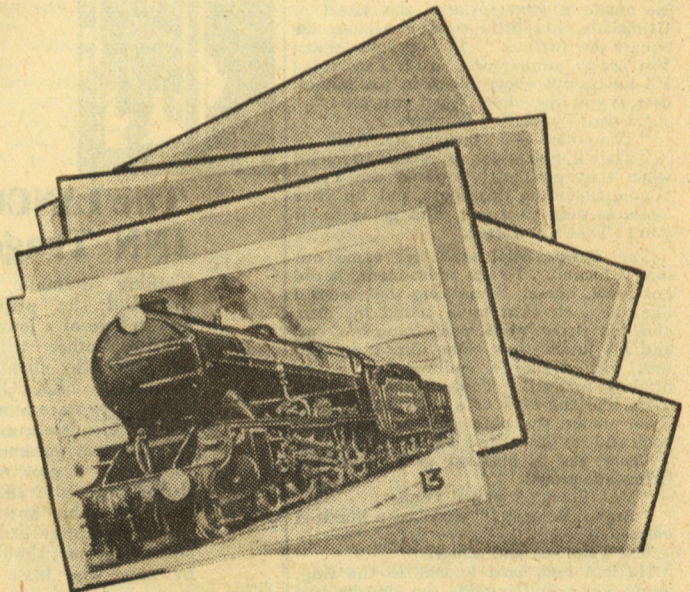
Many eyes turned on the Head's study

(Continued on next page.)

HURRAH! HURRAH!

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window. At that window, the astonished face of Dr. Samuel Sparshott was to be seen, gazing out. It was not easy to astonish Sammy Sparshott, but there was no doubt that Sammy was astonished now. The Tyke glared round, victorious.

"Where's that Sparshott?" he roared. "Hiding from a bloke, what? Tell him to come out, as man to man! I've 'eard that he can box! I'll give 'im boxing! I'm 'ere to tork to 'im!"

Dr. Sparshott disappeared from his study window. In another minute he appeared in the doorway. Cool and calm, with a faint smile flickering on his clean-cut face, Sammy walked on the scene, and the excited crowd made way for him. In the midst of all Grimslade, Dr. Sparshott faced the amazing visitor, who had called to see him. Fenwick, watching, gloated! This was the man who had docketed his pocket-money for the term; this was the man who had given him twelve of the best! This was the man he was going to see knocked into a cocked hat, reduced to rack and ruin by the redoubtable Tyke. It was worth a fiver!

"Now then, what's this?" asked Dr. Sparshott's cool and pleasant voice. "I needn't ask you who you are, my man—I know you! But what do you want?"

"You Sammy Sparshott?" hooted the Tyke.

"Precisely."

"Then you're my blooming mutton!" declared the Tyke. "I've come 'ere to see you, as man to man, and now you're going to put up your 'ands, see!"

Mr. Redmayes struggled up.

"I will telephone for the police instantly, sir!" he gasped. He was holding his head with both hands, as if not at all sure that it was still adhering safely to his shoulders. It felt as if it wasn't.

"Give the word, sir!" shouted Jim Dainty, "and we'll collar the brute fast enough!"

Sammy smiled and shook his head.

"Thank you, Dainty; I can allow nothing of the sort. Stand back, Trafford—stand back, Yorke—this man is far above your weight! Mr. Tyke, it appears that you have called to see me—why?"

"I got it in for you," said the Tyke. "You hit a pal of mine once! Now I'm going to hit you! Put up your hands!"

"A schoolmaster," said Sammy mildly, "cannot enter into a rowdy scrap, like one of your excellent friends at the Jolly Carters. Leave this school at once!"

"I don't think!" grinned the Tyke. He made a step towards the Head of Grimslade, his little eyes gleaming, his square jaw jutting. "Put up your 'ands! I'm 'ere to 'ammer you, 'ard! I mean it! I'll knock out every bloke in the school, first, if you like—but I'll get you, see!"

"I see!" assented Sammy.

"The police—" gasped Mr. White. "They'll find a lot of crocks to mend when they get 'ere!" roared the Tyke. "You, blooming Sparshott, put up your 'ands as man to man! I'm going to 'it you! That's a starter."

The Tyke's celebrated left came out like lightning. To his amazement, it did not reach home. Something that seemed like the kick of a mule jarred his arm, and his drive went past Sammy's ear, and his jutting jaw came almost in contact with Sammy's smiling face as he lurched forward. Then something still more like the kick of a mule caught the Tyke under the chin and he staggered back and sat down with a bump.

There was a startled gasp from the Grimslade crowd.

"Man down!" yelled Ginger.

"Bravo, Sammy!" shrieked a hundred voices.

The Tyke sat and stared.

He had had hard knocks in the ring, many a one, but outside the ring he had never had a knock like that before. It surprised him. And, tough as he was, it hurt him. He sat and blinked. Dr. Sparshott looked down on him with a smile, and gently rubbed his knuckles.

"I've told you to get out, my man!" he said. "Are you going?"

"Am I going?" gasped the Tyke. He leaped up. Rough good-humour was gone now; his rugged face blazed with ferocity. "My eye! I'll show you!"

He came at Sammy like a tiger. There was a movement on the part of the Grimslade crowd. They were not the fellows to stand by and see their headmaster handled by a hooligan. But Sammy's voice barked sharply: "Stand back, all of you! Leave this man to me!"

And the Grimsladers stood back.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger. "He's standing up to him—standing up to the Tatcham Tyke!"

"Go it, Sammy!" shrieked Jim Dainty, forgetting entirely that Dr. Samuel Sparshott was not "Sammy" in his presence.

Sammy was going it, and so was the Tyke. Hard hitting had often been seen at Grimslade, but never hitting like this, and without the gloves. Sammy had thrown off his coat and pushed up his sleeves, revealing a pair of arms that rippled with muscles. He gave ground a little and the Tyke followed him hard and fast, and again his dreaded "left" flashed into play. The Tyke was quick, but Sammy seemed quicker. The Tyke was tough, but Sammy seemed tougher. His cool, handsome face never changed in its expression, but his eyes were like cold steel, a look that the Grimsladers knew! Few of the prize-fighter's blows, though well-planted, came home on Sammy. But again and again Sammy's kick of a mule landed on the Tyke and he grunted at every one that came crashing home.

The Housemasters, the prefects, seniors and juniors, stared on, in a buzzing ring. Sammy was standing up to the prize-fighter—and holding his own! He was more than holding his own! Well as they knew their Sammy, this was a surprise for the Grimsladers.

Crash!

The Tyke was down, under a smashing blow that would have knocked out any ordinary man. It made the Tyke think! He sat up and panted.



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"Take a rest, my friend!" said Sammy genially. He was not even breathing quickly. "Mr. White, pray keep time for us, as our boxing friend seems bent on a fight to a finish. Nothing like rules!"

Almost dazedly, the Housemaster of White's took out his watch to keep time. The Tyke was glad of a minute's rest. He had come there to smash the schoolmaster to a jelly with two or three of his jolts. Now he was glad to let it go on according to rule. The Tyke from Tatcham understood by this time that he was up against a stiff proposition.

"Time!" gasped Billy White.

The Tyke came on like a tiger. With right and left Sammy Sparshott met him. Hammer and tongs they went.

Jim Dainty grasped Dawson's arm, ecstatically.

"Sammy's enjoying this!" he gasped. "Look at the grin on his chivvy! Look at his jolly old eye! Sammy's having the time of his life!"

Dawson chuckled.

But if Sammy Sparshott was having the time of his life, the Tyke from Tatcham wasn't! The Tyke was fighting hard—though, when he had started out from the Jolly Carters, he would have laughed aloud at the bare idea of having to fight hard with a schoolmaster as his adversary. Now he was fighting his hardest, putting in all his beef, and all he knew.

And, to the joy and delight of the roaring, cheering crowd of Grimsladers, he was putting it all in, in vain. Sammy was the better man of the two—Sammy was his master! Sammy was taking punishment, plenty of punishment, but he took it like a rock. The Tyke was taking more—more and more! He had pluck and bulldog determination, and again and again he rallied to the smashing blows that thudded on face and chin and chest. Again and again he went down, again and again only the call of time saved him from owning up that he was thrashed.

One last terrific effort the Tyke made, closing in on Sammy with desperate determination, heedless of punishment, and clinching. Up came a jarring uppercut that almost lifted the Tyke's head from his shoulders, and did lift the Tyke from his feet. He dropped with a crash that rang over Grimslade. He lay and gurgled. Mr. White called time and put away his watch. A minute's rest was no use to the Tyke after that. He needed a week.

The roar of all Grimslade made the old school ring and almost rock.

"Bravo, Sammy!"

"Good old Sammy!"

"Hurray!"

The Tyke sat up at last, dizzily. He blinked at Dr. Sparshott with half-closed eyes.

"Ooogh!" he said. "Woogh! You're a man, you are, schoolmaster or not! My solemn sam! You're a man, sir! I'll go! My sam! I'll be glad to go! Ooogh!"

Dr. Sparshott bent over the Tyke and gave him a hand to rise.

"You should not have come here, my friend," he said. "Nevertheless, may I thank you for a very enjoyable half-hour? Sergeant, please order the car to take this gentleman home."

That was the finishing touch! Grimslade fairly rocked with cheers. How the Tyke would have got home, unless he crawled on his hands and knees, was a mystery. Sammy saw him off in the car, and shook hands with him before he went. Then he went in to repair damages—followed by cheers that woke the echoes. Grimslade had always been proud of their Head! Now they worshipped him! They shouted and cheered and roared, as if they would never tire.

Only one fellow was dissatisfied. That was Fenwick of the Fifth. Fenwick, later on, had a fiver to hand to the Tyke—for nothing! Still, there was no doubt that the Tyke had earned it!

(Popular Frank Richards has written another topping school story of the Chums of Grimslade for you in next week's Free Gift issue of the RANGER, buddies. Order your copy to-day.)