

YOU'RE BOUND TO HAVE A HAPPY NEW YEAR WITH "THE RANGER"!

FREE INSIDE!

COLOURED PICTURE STAMPS

SIX MORE

# The RANGER

2<sup>d</sup>





# The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!

A MAGNIFICENT COMPLETE STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE, FUN, AND ADVENTURE, BY FAMOUS FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the Greyfriars stories appearing in the "Magnet" every Saturday.)



THE BULLY OF THE FIFTH AT GRIMSLADE GETS A FLOGGING FOR A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT, WHICH IS AN AWFUL BLOW AS HE EXPECTED HIS OLD ENEMY, JIM DAINTY, TO GET THAT FLOGGING! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

## Back to School.

"MIDDLEMOOR!"  
"Wake up, fathead!" said Jim Dainty.  
Fritz Splitz was asleep in a corner of the carriage. There was a buzzing of voices and a trampling of feet on the platform at Middlemoor Station. Jim Dainty threw open the door and looked out over the crowded platform. It swarmed with Grimslade fellows, coming back for the new term.

Jim sighted Dick Dawson, his chum in Study No. 10 in White's House, and waved a hand to him. At the same time Ginger Rawlinson of Redmayes House sighted Jim in the doorway of the carriage, and stooped to gather a handful of snow from the bank at the back of the platform.

"Wake up, Fritz!" rapped Dainty.

Fritz did not wake up. He was not easy to wake. Jim turned to give him a shake before stepping down from the carriage. Ginger Rawlinson's snowball whizzed in as he turned, and just missed him.

But every bullet has its billet. The snowball, missing Jim by an inch as he turned, landed on the fat features of Friedrich von Splitz.

Fritz woke up then!

He woke up quite suddenly.

"Ach! Himmel!" spluttered Fritz, his saucer-eyes opening wide. "Vat was tat? Tainty, you peast and a prute—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ach! I am smuttered mit snow!" roared Fritz. "You peastly pounder,

I tink tat I peat you till you pellow like a pull!"

Jim Dainty chuckled and jumped down. He rushed across the platform to greet Dick Dawson and Paget and Pulley and Bates and other fellows of White's House at Grimslade. A big Fifth Form man was in the way, and Jim shoved past him rather unceremoniously. He had no ceremony to waste on his old enemy, Fenwick of the Fifth. Fenwick made a grab at him and caught him by the back of his collar.

Smack! Smack!

Fenwick grasped Jim Dainty's collar with one hand, with the other he smacked. Dainty gave a roar of wrath. He turned on the Fifth-Former, grasped him in turn, and hooked his leg. Fenwick of the Fifth sat down with a bump.

"Oh!" he gasped.

Smack! Smack!

It was Jim Dainty's turn to smack, and he smacked with right and left. Fenwick of the Fifth rolled over, roaring.

Jim Dainty scudded on. It was not judicious to wait till the bully of the Fifth was on his feet again. He joined a crowd of White's juniors heading for the exit. Outside the station the school brake was waiting. Plenty of Grimsladers were hurrying to secure seats. There never were enough seats to go round.

"Bag that brake, you men!" roared Ginger Rawlinson. "Sheer off, you White's ticks—no room for you!"

"No room for Redmayes!" answered Jim Dainty cheerily. "Sit down, old bean!"

A sudden shove in the chest caused Ginger to sit down on the slippery pavement outside the station. His comrades, Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean, were hurrying after him. Naturally, they had not expected their great leader to sit down under their feet so suddenly. Before they could stop they had stumbled over Ginger, and were sprawling on him.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger. "Gerroff! Bacon, you fathead—Bean, you blitherer! Wow!"

"Come on!" chuckled Dainty.

He headed the rush for the brake. Sedate seniors, of the Fifth and Sixth, were walking to their brake, much too dignified to scramble, like the smaller fry. But there was a wild scramble for the juniors' brake. It was a frosty day and the keen air of the Yorkshire moors was exhilarating. Jim Dainty & Co. had come back full of beans! They wanted to bag seats. Still more they wanted to begin the term with a House row.

While Ginger & Co. were sorting themselves out a crowd of White's fellows swarmed into the brake. Redmayes fellows who tried to shove in were ruthlessly hurled off.

"Back up, White's!" yelled Jim Dainty.

"Back up, Redmayes!" roared Ginger Rawlinson.

Ginger & Co. came up with a rush. But a grinning bunch of White's juniors hurled them off, and they sprawled in the snow. White's had possession of the brake, and only White's were allowed to pass in. The driver, standing by the horses' heads, chewed a straw and looked on, waiting for the vehicle to fill. Jim Dainty shouted to him.

"Get going! We're ready!"

The driver grinned and shook his head. The brake was nearly filled with White's juniors, but there was still a little room for more passengers.

"Get going, you ass!" shouted Jim. "We're not taking Redmayes men this trip!"

"My giddy goloshes! We'll see whether you're not!" panted Ginger Rawlinson, and he hurled himself at the enemy again.

Bacon and Bean and a dozen more fellows backed him up manfully. There was a terrific shindy, and once more the Redmayes crowd was driven back.

"Cave!" called out Dick Dawson.

"Here comes White!"  
Mr. White, the Housemaster, emerged from the station, in company with Mr. Redmayes. They were coming along to restore order. But order was not exactly what the hilarious Grimsladers wanted.

"Keep those Redmayes rotters off, you men!" panted Jim. "We're starting."

Jim Dainty scrambled into the driver's seat, gathered up the reins, and grasped the whip.

Crack, crack! rang the whip, with reports like pistol-shots.

"Here, you—" gasped the driver, jumping away from the horses as they lurched into motion. "Here—"

Crack, crack!

The brake moved on.

"Go it, Dainty!" yelled Dawson.

Jim Dainty was going it! He shook the reins, cracked the whip, and drove on the horses. The brake rolled down the snowy High Street of Middlemoor with a mob of Redmayes fellows in pursuit, leaving the two Housemasters staring. The White's juniors waved and yelled to the Redmayes crowd behind.

"After them!" panted Ginger Rawlinson.

Crack, crack, crack! rang the whip. Jim Dainty could drive, but he found



that he had his hands full with a pair of powerful horses and a loaded brake.

"Stop!" shouted Mr. White. But if the Housemaster of White's was heard, he was not heeded. The brake gathered speed and rolled rapidly down the street, heading for the lane to Grimslade. Behind it the Redmayes crowd panted in wrathful pursuit, but they were soon tailing off—all except Ginger! Ginger put on a desperate spurt, made a desperate bound, caught hold, and clung on behind.

The brake rolled out of Middlemoor and swept down the lane, with Ginger still hanging on behind. His face was as red as his hair as he glared at the White's juniors, who proceeded to give him their special attention.

Dick Dawson gently pulled his nose, Paget jerked at his ears, Pulley knocked off his hat; and the hapless Ginger fairly snorted with wrath. He had to use both hands to hold on, and he was at the mercy of the fellows on board. But Ginger was a sticker, and he stuck.

Dick Dawson drew an orange from his pocket. He slit the peel, reached over Ginger, pushed the orange down the back of his neck—and squeezed! "Hang on, old bean!" chuckled Dawson. "I've got another orange in my pocket."

"Ooooooh!" Ginger did not want the other orange. He let go, and landed, and sat down in the road, staring after the receding brake and shaking his fist. A roar of laughter floated back from the brake.

That trip from Middlemoor to the school was done in record time. Grimslade came in sight, the old red roofs gleaming white with snow through leafless trees. Old Sykes, the porter, stared out at the gateway in astonishment at the sight of the Fourth-Former driving two galloping horses.

Old Sykes was not generally quick in his movements, but he jumped out of the way like a very active kangaroo as Jim swung the horses through the gateway. With a clattering of hoofs, and a rush and a roar, the brake thundered on up the drive. Dr. Samuel Sparshott, Head of Grimslade School, was on the drive. He stared, raised his hand, and shouted:

"Stop!"

The next moment Dr. Sparshott was also jumping for safety like a kangaroo.

The brake swept past him, and rushed on to White's House, where Jim Dainty brought it to a halt. The horses stood snorting and steaming, and Jim Dainty, rather breathless, descended from the driver's seat. The White's juniors swarmed down from the brake. They scattered into the House as Sammy Sparshott came striding up.

"Dainty!" barked Sammy.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Where's the driver?"

"I—I think he got left behind somehow, sir!"

"Quite by accident, of course?" said Sammy genially.

"Sort of!" agreed Jim.

"And the boys of Redmayes House appear to have got left behind, too," said Sammy—"what?"

"H'm!"

"You drive well, Dainty!" Sammy Sparshott jerked down the whip, which Jim had replaced before descending. "I'm a bit of a driver myself, too! You must not play these reckless tricks, my boy! Just to impress that on your mind I'n going to do some driving!"

"Yooooop!" roared Jim Dainty, as the whip curled round his leg. "Oh crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from the fellows crowded in the doorway of White's House.

Lash! Lash! Lash!

Jim Dainty yelled and hopped and dodged as Sammy got busy with the whip. It curled and lashed and sang round his legs. Jim made a frantic break for the steps of the House, with Sammy behind, still swishing the whip.

He charged up the steps, yelling, and burst through the chuckling crowd in the doorway. A last terrific lick caught him as he fled into the House, and a roar of laughter followed him as he bolted frantically for Study No. 10.

**Whose Cake ?**

"TAINTY!" yelled Fritz Splitz. "Tawson!"

It was evening, and Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson were in Study No. 10. There was no prep on the first night of the term. The chums of Study No. 10 were sorting out various belongings when there was a patter of running feet in the passage, and the voice of Friedrich von Splitz was heard on its top note.

Dainty looked out of the doorway. Fritz Splitz was coming up the passage like a charging rhinoceros. Behind him, in hot pursuit, came Cyril Fenwick of the Fifth Form. Fourth Form fellows, in the study doorways, watched the chase, with grinning faces.

"Go it, Fritz! Put a move on!" yelled Paget from Study No. 4.

Fritz was putting a move on. His fat face was crimson with exertion, and his elastic-sided boots creaked and squeaked as he raced. Under his fat arm was a parcel, to which Fritz clung desperately as he fled.

"Tainty! Tawson! Rescue!" bawled Fritz. "Tat peastly pully, he is after me! Mein gut Tainty—mein tear Tawson—"

"Back up, Dick!" exclaimed Jim Dainty.

And he ran out into the passage. Dawson followed him promptly.

They were only just in time. Fenwick of the Fifth, with red wrath in his rather ill-favoured face, had reached the fleeing Fritz, and his finger-tips already touched the fat shoulder when Fritz's study-mates piled in. Fritz bolted between them, and they closed in on the Fifth Form man. They grasped him on either side and dragged him to a halt.

"Let go!" roared Fenwick furiously. "No fear!" grinned Jim Dainty. "Hold on, Dick! Lend a hand, you men! We don't let the Fifth throw their weight about in this passage! What's the row, Fritz, old fat bean?"

"Ach! Tat peast and a prute, he want to dake mein gake!" grasped Fritz.

"Rotten bully!" said Dawson. "Boot him out of our passage!"

"Let go!" roared Fenwick. "I tell you—"

"Boot him out!"

Fenwick of the Fifth yelled and struggled. But a dozen juniors swarmed round him, and as many pairs of hands grasped him wherever there was room. There was hardly room enough for so many, but the juniors got hold where they could, and Fenwick's ears and hair and nose and neck were all captured, as well as his arms and his legs.

"Frog's-march!" shouted Jim Dainty. "Hurrah!"

Fenwick, in a foaming state, was conducted back along the passage, his head tapping on the floor as he went. Fenwick was always a bully; but such a proceeding as bagging a fellow's cake, brought back to school on the first day of term, was unusually "thick," even for a bully like Fenwick.

Jim Dainty & Co. made it quite clear to Fenwick what they thought of such proceedings. Bumped and breathless, red and ruffled, hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels, Fenwick of the Fifth was taken back to his own study, and landed on his carpet in a sprawling, gurgling, gasping heap. Jim Dainty grinned down at him as he lay and gurgled.

"Take that as a tip to leave the Fourth alone, old thing!" he said.

"Groooooooooogh!"

Then, as other Fifth Form men came round to see what the row was about, the juniors beat a hurried retreat to their own quarters. Jim Dainty and

(Continued on page 9.)



Jim swung the horses through the gateway. With a clattering of hoofs, and a rush and a roar, the brake thundered on up the drive. Dr. Samuel Sparshott, Head of Grimslade, was on the drive. He stared, raised his hand, and shouted: "Stop!" Next moment he was jumping for safety like a kangaroo.



## THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE!

(Continued from page 3.)

Dick Dawson returned to Study No. 10, where they found Fritz Splitz struggling spasmodically for his second wind. The parcel was on the study table.

"Ach! Tat peast and a prute!" gasped Fritz. "Himmel! I have no more te breff! Ooooooogh!"

Gasping for breath, the fat German began to unwrap the parcel. It had already been unwrapped once, but the wrappings had been hastily gathered round it again. A large and luscious cake was revealed to view. Fritz's saucer-eyes fairly gloated over it.

"Tat is vun goot gake!" he gasped. "Vat you tink? You get vun knife, mein goot Tainty, and I giffs you some of tat golossal gake! I giffs you some also, mein tear Tawson! Ve vill eat tat gake at vunce, and not leaf a grumb!"

"Leave it for supper," advised Dainty.

"Nein, nein! Ve eats tat gake at vunce, so quick as neffer was before!" said Fritz. "I vhacks him out mit you—do not leaf a single grumb!"

The cake was large, and it looked tempting. Fritz's study-mates did not really need urging. Jim Dainty sorted out a knife, and three large slices were cut. Three pairs of jaws set to work at once. Fritz's was the busiest of the three. Fritz grinned an ecstatic grin over the cake.

"Tat is goot, nicht war?" he said, with his mouth full.

"Jolly good!" agreed Dawson.

"Where did you get it?"

"Tat gake gum from mein beoples in Chermany!" explained Fritz.

There was a step in the passage, and Mr. White, the Housemaster, looked in. Behind him came Fenwick of the Fifth, still red and ruffled.

"There it is, sir!" exclaimed Fenwick. "That is my cake, sir! Those three young rascals are eating it!"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. White.

Jim Dainty jumped.

"Your cake!" he gasped.

"Ach! Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz Splitz, his fat jaw dropping. "Tat peast and a prute, he bring te Housemaster! I neffer tunk of tat!"

Mr. White strode into the study. His face was stern. Thoughtfully the Housemaster of White's had brought a cane under his arm.

"Dainty! Dawson! Splitz! How dare you purloin a cake belonging to a Fifth Form boy! You may take it away, Fenwick! Dainty, bend over that chair!"

Jim Dainty breathed hard and deep. Fenwick grinned. Three big slices of the cake were gone; but the bully of the Fifth considered that it was worth that to see the occupants of Study No. 10 licked.

"We—we never knew, sir!" stammered Dainty.

"What! Is not that Fenwick's cake?" demanded Mr. White.

"I—I suppose so! But—"

"Bend over that chair at once!"

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

"Now Dawson!" rapped Mr. White.

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

"Now Splitz!"

"Ach! Mein gootness!" groaned Fritz, as he bent over.

Three licks of the cane brought three fearful howls from Fritz.

But even worse than the caning, to the fat German, was the sight of Fenwick carrying off the cake. Fritz wriggled and groaned, and his saucer-eyes followed the cake mournfully.

Mr. White stalked away, with a frowning brow. Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson looked at Fritz.

"Ach! Mein goot gake!" groaned Fritz. "He is gone like vun beautiful tream!"

"You fat Boche!" hissed Jim Dainty. "You pinched that cake from Fenwick—that's why he was after you—and you made us believe— Oh, collar him!"

"Ach! Mein goot Tainty! Tat you let go!" roared Fritz, as the chums of Study No. 10 collared him. "Tat was mein gake! It gum from mein beoples in Chermany! I tells you te troof; you can always take te vord of a Cherman! I tink— Yaroooh!"

Fritz descended with a bump on the study carpet. Dick Dawson sat on his podgy shoulders and pinned him down; Jim Dainty took the fire-shovel from the fender. The flat of the shovel smote where Mr. White's cane had lately smitten, and Friedrich von Splitz wriggled and yelled.

"Ach! Pang me not on mein trousers! I have vun colossal bain in mein trousers! Peast and a prute, tat you leaf off!" shrieked Fritz.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

Jim Dainty was putting his beef into it. Not till his arm was tired did he leave off. By that time Fritz was more than tired.

"Now give him the ink!" gasped Jim.

Fritz struggled to his feet as Dawson grasped the inkpot from the table. He made a wild bound for the door.

The ink flew in a stream, and landed on the back of his fat neck as he went.

"Ooooooogh!" spluttered Fritz as he vanished.

Dainty and Dawson were feeling rather better now. Fritz, to judge by his howls as he fled down the passage, was feeling considerably worse.

### Ragged!

"WHO pinched the cake?"

Three voices in unison asked that impertinent question in break the following morning. Ginger Rawlinson, Streaky Bacon, and Sandy Bean were the questioners; and they grinned at Jim Dainty as they questioned.

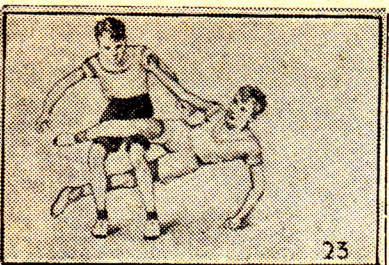
"What?" ejaculated Jim.

"Who pinched the cake?" roared Ginger & Co.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled a crowd of Redmayes fellows.

Jim Dainty glared at them. He had almost forgotten the incident of Fenwick's cake. Now he was reminded of it. Evidently Ginger & Co. had got hold of the story and were bent on making the most of it, for the harmless and necessary purpose of chipping the rival House.

Jim strode on with crimson cheeks,



Look out for—

## SIX MORE SUPER PICTURE STAMPS

in next week's

# RANGER.

Don't forget that our companion papers, "Modern Boy" and "Magnet" are each giving away six Picture Stamps every week.

followed by a howl of laughter from Redmayes.

"He blushes!" chuckled Ginger. "Behold, he blushes! My giddy goloshes! We're going to rub this in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who pinched the cake?" squeaked a cheery Redmayes fag, a few minutes later, as Dainty came along.

Jim paused a moment to collar that small fag and jam his face into a puddle, changing his cheeky squeak into an anguished splutter. Then he tramped on to his House, red and wrathful.

Paget of the Fourth was on the steps when he came up, and Paget was grinning. Jim gave him a glare.

"Nothing to snigger at, fathead!" he snapped.

"Well, you shouldn't have pinched the cake!" grinned Paget. "Here, I say—leggo—you cheeky tick— Whooooop!"

Paget of the Fourth went rolling headlong down the steps. He roared as he rolled. Jim Dainty left him rolling and roaring, and stepped into the House. Three or four Fifth Form men were standing there in a group, Fenwick among them. Fenwick sang out as he saw Dainty.

"Mind your pockets, you men! That's one of the pinchers."

The Fifth Form group chuckled.

"You cheeky rotter!" panted Jim.

"You know jolly well that it was that fat Boche—"

"I know who was scoffing my cake!" sneered Fenwick. "If I miss anything else from my study I shall know where to come for it. It may be something more valuable next time."

Jim Dainty tramped into the junior passage, with feelings too deep for words. He found Dawson at the door of Study No. 10.

"Look at that!" said Dawson, pointing to the glass over the mantelpiece in the study. Chalked on the glass, in large capital letters, was the sentence:

"WHO PINCHED THE CAKE?"

Jim Dainty breathed hard and deep as he took a duster and wiped it out.

"That's Fenwick, of course," he said.

"Fenwick's going to make the most of this! He knows jolly well that it was that fat freak, Fritz, and that we never knew. But he's up against this study! That smoky, betting blackguard—he would have been sacked last term, only they never sack a man here. I think Sammy's rather an ass never to sack a man!"

"Hear, hear!" agreed Dawson.

On the way to Big School for third lesson, Jim Dainty found a little solace in planting his boot on Fritz's baggy trousers. Mr. Peck, the master of the Fourth, let his flock into the Form-room; and as the juniors went to their places, Mr. Peck stood staring at the blackboard.

"Who has done this?" he snapped.

"What does it mean?"

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" murmured Ginger, with a chuckle.

On the blackboard was chalked, in large letters:

"BEWARE OF PINCHERS!"

"What does this mean?" snapped Mr. Peck again. There was no answer; and the Fourth Form master frowned and rubbed it out.

Jim Dainty's brows were knitted when he came out of school. Half a dozen voices inquired, in the quad, "Who pinched the cake?" Redmayes fellows were enjoying the joke; and what was still more exasperating, some of the White's fellows seemed to think it funny.

That day Friedrich von Splitz led rather a hunted existence. Neither of his study mates came near him without bestowing a kick on the fat Rhineland; and Fritz was feeling sore.

He did not venture to come to Study No. 10 even for tea. Fritz tea'd gloomily in Hall. After tea, having—



from a safe distance—watched Dainty and Dawson walk over to the gym, Fritz scuttled along to the study in the hope of discovering that there was something left.

But, like the celebrated Mrs. Hubbard, Fritz found that the cupboard was bare. Not a crumb had been left for the hungry Deutschlender.

"Peasts and prutes!" groaned Fritz.

He wondered whether Fenwick of the Fifth was out of the House. Fenwick's study was like unto a land flowing with milk and honey. Fenwick's people were rich, and allowed him much more money than was good for him.

Fritz knew—none better—that Fenwick had brought back to school a well-packed hamper, which was not likely to be exhausted for days and days. Probably he had brought back other things of a less harmless nature—there was little doubt that the sportsman of the Fifth had taken the opportunity to renew his supply of smokes.

But it was the hamper in which Fritz was interested. Thinking of that gorgeous hamper, Fritz debated in his podgy mind whether he dared venture another raid. He was thinking it out, when the door-handle turned.

Like a fat rabbit vanishing into its burrow, Fritz darted behind the screen in the corner of the study. Whether it was Dainty coming in, or Dawson, he did not want to see either of them. He had had enough kicks that day to last him for a whole term.

The door opened, a fellow stepped into the study, and closed the door softly and swiftly. Fritz, blinking with his saucer-eyes through one of the many rents in the screen, almost squeaked aloud in astonishment at the sight of Cyril Fenwick of the Fifth Form. Fortunately, he suppressed that surprised squeak in time.

He watched Fenwick curiously through the rent in the screen.

The Fifth-Former glanced quickly round the room, obviously not suspecting that anyone was there. Then he drew a package from under his coat and stepped to the study cupboard.

Fritz's eyes bulged in astonishment.

It was a cardboard package, evidently containing pastry, that had been concealed under Fenwick's coat when he came in. Now it was deposited in the study cupboard.

With a sour grin on his face, Fenwick hastily left the study.

"Mein gootness!" murmured Fritz, when he was gone.

He emerged from behind the screen, and blinked into the cupboard. His fat fingers clutched at the cardboard box. It contained six juicy jam-tarts!

Fritz's saucer eyes danced. His capacious mouth opened, and one of the tarts went down like an oyster. Another and another followed. Why Jim Dainty's enemy had brought this welcome present to Jim Dainty's study was a mystery to Fritz. But he did not trouble to think it out! He scoffed the tarts!

"Ach!" murmured Fritz. "Tat is goot! Now I feel effer so much petter in mein pread-pasket! Tat Fenwick is a peast, but he is not such a peastly peast as I have tunk! Tose tarts was goot!"

Fritz crumpled up the empty cardboard box, and threw it on the study fire. Then he rolled out of the study, feeling a much happier Fritz. He rolled into the junior Common-room and settled down in an armchair to frowst before the fire, his fat thoughts dwelling pleasantly on those jam-tarts till he nodded off to sleep.

Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson were in the gym, swinging on the parallel bars, when Yorke of the Sixth came in. The House captain of White's called to them with a frowning brow.

"Dainty! Dawson! You're wanted! Where's Splitz?"

"Haven't seen him," answered Jim Dainty. "What's the row, Yorke?"

"Follow me and see!" rapped Yorke. The two juniors followed him to

White's House. Fenwick of the Fifth was in the Housemaster's study when they arrived there. Mr. White fixed a stern glance on the juniors.

"Dainty! Yesterday a cake belonging to Fenwick was found in your study, and you were punished. Now Fenwick informs me that he has missed a box of tarts. If you have taken them—"

Dainty crimsoned.

"Nothing of the sort, sir! Neither of us has been anywhere near Fenwick's study—and we wouldn't touch his tuck anyhow, and he knows it."

"The tarts are gone, sir," said Fenwick, "and after what happened yesterday—"

"Quite so," said Mr. White. "Your study is under suspicion, Dainty. You or Dawson or Splitz—"

"We never—" began Dick Dawson. "I don't like making a fuss about such a trifle, sir," said Fenwick, "but I think this sort of thing ought to stop."

"Most certainly!" rapped Mr. White. "It amounts practically to theft. If you know anything about this, Dainty—"

"I know nothing!" growled Dainty. "We had Pulley and Bates to tea in our study, and they will tell you that we never had any tarts."

"They may not have eaten them yet, sir," suggested Fenwick. "In that case they may still be found in the study."

"I shall search your study, Dainty," snapped Mr. White. "Follow me!"

Jim Dainty's eyes gleamed.

"I don't believe Fenwick has lost any tarts!" he exclaimed. "It's just gammon, to make out that we pinch tuck."

"Silence! Follow me!"

Mr. White rustled away, with a grim brow. Dainty and Dawson followed him to Study No. 10 in the Fourth, Fenwick bringing up the rear with a lurking grin on his face. As Dainty and Dawson had been in the gym since tea, there was no doubt, in Fenwick's mind, that the plunder would be discovered in Study No. 10. Mr. White threw open the door of the study and marched in.

"Open your cupboard, Dainty!"

Jim opened the cupboard door. Fenwick, lounging in the doorway of the study, watched for the discovery to be made. The irritated Housemaster stared into the cupboard. Nothing in the nature of tuck met his eyes.

"Are they there, sir?" asked Fenwick.

"No!" rapped Mr. White.

Fenwick jumped.

"Not there?" he ejaculated. He strode into the study and stared into the cupboard. He could hardly believe his eyes. A quarter of an hour ago he had left a box of tarts there. Nothing was to be seen of them now. The cad of the Fifth stared blankly.

Mr. White looked about the study, but there was no sign of tarts to be seen. X-rays would have been needed to discover those tarts, and they would have had to be turned on the fat and flabby Fritz, at that moment snoring before the fire in the Common-room.

Fenwick set his teeth.

"There is nothing here," said Mr. White. "Possibly Splitz— You may find Splitz, and send him to my study, Fenwick."

The Housemaster rustled away. Fenwick, scowling, followed. But he did not trouble to look for Fritz Splitz.

Dainty and Dawson, left in the study, looked at one another.

"The rotter!" breathed Dainty. "He never missed any tarts. Fritz wouldn't dare raid him again, and nobody else would. It's gammon!"

When the chums of the Fourth came out of the study, a voice called along the corridor:

"Who pinched the tarts?"

It was Tommy Tucker who called, with a grinning face, from his study doorway. But he left off grinning the next moment. Two pairs of hands collared him, and he was up-ended into his study. He was left roaring, with his head in the coal-locker.

### Unexpected!

GINGER RAWLINSON chuckled softly.

"All serene, you men!" he whispered.

The misty January evening had closed in over Grimslade School. Lower School fellows in both Houses were going to their studies for prep. But Ginger & Co. had other business on hand, for which prep could wait.

Ginger, kneeling on the window-sill, pushed up the sash of Fenwick's study in White's House. There was a glow from the fire within, but otherwise the study was dark. Fenwick of the Fifth was over in Redmayes House, calling on his pal Hake, a fact of which the three juniors were aware.

"Buck up, old bean!" whispered Streaky Bacon.

Ginger dropped softly into the study. Streaky followed him, and then Sandy Bean. Ginger drew the curtain across the window. Then he lifted the lid of a hamper in the corner of the study.

"My giddy goloshes! What a shopful!" he ejaculated.

All Grimslade had heard of that well-packed hamper. The term was two days old now, but there was still plenty of tuck left.

"Where are you going to shove it?" breathed Sandy.

"Behind the books in the bookcase. Get a move on!"

There was a suppressed chuckle as the Redmayes trio set to work in the glimmer of the firelight. Ginger removed books from the bookcase shelves. Sandy handed him the numerous and various articles from the hamper as Streaky fished them out.

Cakes and tins of biscuits, potted meats, boxes of preserved fruits, jars of ginger, all sorts of expensive and excellent things which Fenwick had brought from his wealthy home were packed away at the back of the shelves. Then the books were replaced, quite concealing them from sight, and the glass doors of the bookcase closed. The lid was shut down on an empty hamper.

"Now cut!" murmured Ginger. "Fenwick will miss that lot at supper, and he will raise the dickens of a row! It will be a real shriek when they're found in his own study! My dear infants, there's going to be some fun in White's House this evening. Hook it!"

The three japers dropped, one by one, from the study window. Ginger closed down the sash and jumped after Bacon and Bean. Then they cut off through the mist to Redmayes House. Ginger & Co. grinned over their prep that evening as if they enjoyed prep.

But in Study No. 10, in White's House, the fellows were not grinning over prep. Jim Dainty's brows were knitted, Dick Dawson looked worried, and Fritz Splitz was far from easy in his fat mind. Fritz, these days, was in a constant state of being kicked or expecting to be kicked.

It was easy for Fritz's study-mates to deal with him as he deserved. But how to deal with Fenwick of the Fifth was a deeper problem. Study No. 10 was getting an unenviable reputation. It had been searched for purloined tuck, and Jim Dainty's fixed belief was that Fenwick had not lost any tarts at all, but had invented the loss. Not knowing what Fritz had seen in the study, he did not suspect worse than that.

Now that Study No. 10 was under suspicion, the cad of the Fifth had only to say that something was missing. It was an unpleasant position, and kicking Fritz, though satisfactory as far as that went, did not make it any better.

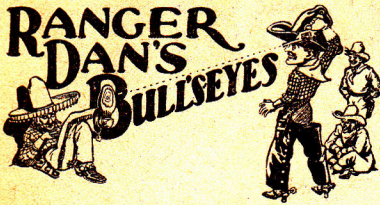
After prep Dainty and Dawson went along the passage to the Common-room. There was a chortle as they came in, and a voice inquired:

"Who pinched the tarts?"

It was Pulley of the Fourth who asked the question. The next moment he was mixed up on the floor with Jim Dainty.



YOU SEND RANGER DAN A GOOD JOKE—HE'LL SEND YOU A GOOD PRIZE!



THE HERO.

Having crawled out on the thin ice and rescued a playmate who had fallen through, little Willie was the centre of a group of admiring men and women.

"Tell us, my boy, why you risked your life to save your friend?" asked a dear old lady.

"I had to," was the young hero's reply, "'cos he had my skates on."

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to F. Tilling, 16, Ferry Lane, Bath.)

EXPERIENCE TELLS.

Teacher: "Now, Tommy, can you tell me the best time to gather fruit?"

Tommy: "Yes, sir, when the dog is tied up and the farmer's gone to market!"

(A Combination Knife has been awarded to B. Pattison, 1, Pine Villas, South Ascot, Berks.)

FISHY.

Teacher: "Jones, you haven't done your homework. I told you to draw a

Dainty was sitting on his chest, tapping his head on the floor, to an accompaniment of wild howls from Pulley, when Yorke of the Sixth looked in.

"Dainty! Dawson! Follow me at once!"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Dainty. "Is it Fenwick again?"

The juniors followed Yorke, and the whole crowd of other fellows followed on. Yorke led the way to Fenwick's study in the Fifth. Mr. White was there, with a thunderous brow. Fenwick, almost stuttering with rage, was pointing into an empty hamper.

"Everything gone!" he gasped. "Pounds and pounds worth—every single thing taken! Look!"

"Calm yourself!" snapped Mr. White. "Such a quantity of comestibles cannot have been consumed! They shall be found! Dainty, what do you know of this?"

Jim set his lips. "I know that Fenwick hasn't lost anything!" he almost shouted. "It's all gammon to make out that our study pinches tuck!"

"Silence! I shall search your study!" "Search Fenwick's first, then!" exclaimed Dainty. "I tell you, sir, I don't believe that he's lost anything. It's easy enough for him to say that he has, and to get us called grub-pinchers all over Grimslade. Search Fenwick's study, sir, and make sure that the things are really gone!"

"You lying little villain!" hissed Fenwick.

"That's only fair, sir!" said Yorke, as Mr. White hesitated. "For Fenwick's own sake, it had better be proved that the things are really missing, after what Dainty has said."

"Perhaps so," assented Mr. White. "Please look round the study, Yorke. This is merely a matter of form, Fenwick; but, on the whole—"

"I—I don't think my study ought to be searched, sir," stammered Fenwick. "It's perfectly plain that Dainty has taken the things!"

The crowd of fellows swarming outside the study doorway exchanged glances. Some of them grinned. Fenwick, as a matter of fact, did not fear that the missing tuck would be found in his study. He believed that it had been raided, and that Jim Dainty had raided it. He had other reasons for fearing a search! The sportsman of the Fifth had secrets to keep.

fish on your slate, and yet you show it to me quite blank!"

Jones: "Well—er—you see, sir, I drew such a real looking fish that our cat licked it off!"

(A Combination Knife has been awarded to J. Jackson, County Police, Lower Upham, Hants.)

A HOWLER.

Binks: "I say, what's the matter with your dog? He seems to be in pain."

Jinks: "No, he's all right. He's just lazy, that's all."

Binks: "But surely he must be suffering or he wouldn't howl like that?"

Jinks: "No, it's just plumb lastness. He's sitting on a thistle and won't trouble to shift!"

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to N. Barlow, 25, Cleveland Street, Shrewsbury.)

NOT ACCORDING TO THEORY.

Old gent (to boy, who is crying): "Dear me! Whatever is the matter, my boy?"

Boy: "Teacher told us that 'absence makes the heart grow fonder'—yet because I played truant yesterday he gave me the cane!"

(A Grand Prize has been awarded to S. Coates, 230, Lonsmount Drive, Toronto, Canada.)

Mr. White gave him a sharp glance.

"If you are unwilling for your own study to be searched, Fenwick—"

"Certainly, sir! I consider—"

"You protest against such a search?"

"I do, sir!"

"In that case, I consider it imperative for a search to be made!" said Mr. White acidly. "You can have no just reason for such a protest. Yorke, please search the study with the greatest care."

Fenwick's face, which had been red with rage, paled now. His eyes had a hunted look as the House captain proceeded to search through the study. Various receptacles were turned out, and nothing came to light. Fenwick leaned back against the bookcase. Yorke came to that article of furniture at last.

"Step aside, Fenwick!" he said.

"The—the bookcase is locked!" stammered Fenwick.

"In that case, you have the key!" said Mr. White.

"I—I—I've lost it!"

"It's all right, sir—it's not locked," said Yorke dryly, reaching past Fenwick and pulling the glass door open. "Now, Fenwick, if you'll make room—"

"Stand aside at once, Fenwick!" thundered the Housemaster.

Fenwick almost limped out of the way. The bookcase doors were opened wide. Yorke began to shift the books. There was plenty of room on the shelves behind the books for a number of articles to be hidden. The Sixth-Former rummaged, and uttered an exclamation. He handed out a wrapped cake.

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. White. "Fenwick, is that one of the comestibles that you stated were missing from your hamper?"

Fenwick almost fell down! He fairly goggled at the cake. Jim Dainty grinned, and Dawson burst into a chuckle.

"Here's something more, sir!" said Yorke. He handed out a jar of jam, and then a jar of marmalade. Then followed a tin of biscuits, a jar of ginger, and a box of preserved fruits. Article

THE REASON WHY.

Boss (as office-boy entered his office): "Boy, you are fired."

Boy: "Why? I've done nothing."

Boss: "Yes, I know. That's why."

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to R. Muggeridge, The Burn Cottage, Colemans Hatch, Sussex.)

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Shop assistant: "What can I do for you, madam?"

Lady: "I want a new dial for my clock."

Shop assistant: "Beauty parlour, third floor, madam."

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to N. Collins, 4, Knightsbridge Gardens, Romford.)

NOT ENCOURAGING.

The enthusiastic young man entered the office of the first big firm he found.

"What sort of a chance is there for a young fellow beginning at the bottom to work his way up?" he inquired.

"Not much chance," said the manager. "We're contractors for digging oil wells."

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to E. Stanbridge, 19, Water Street, Rhyll.)

Send your joke to "Ranger Dan," THE RANGER, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.). The sender of every joke published will receive a handsome prize.

after article was unearthed and stacked on the study table. Fenwick watched them like a fellow in a dream. Mr. White with a brow that grew more and more thunderous, and the crowd of juniors in the doorway with a series of chuckles and chortles.

Last, but not least by any means, came a box of cigarettes, then another box of cigarettes, a folded racing paper, a bridge-marker, and a pack of cards.

Ginger, when he stacked the tuck behind the books, had been blissfully unaware that the bookcase was already in use as a place of concealment!

Mr. White gasped. He almost gurgled.

"Fenwick! The—the comestibles that you alleged to have been taken from your study are here! But that is a much less serious matter than what now comes to my knowledge. Cigarettes—playing-cards—racing papers! Fenwick, I shall take these articles immediately to Dr. Sparshott! You will accompany me! You are a young rascal, sir! You are a disgrace to the House!" Billy White fairly boomed. "Dainty! Dawson! You may go! Fenwick, come with me at once!"

The sportsman of the Fifth almost tottered after his indignant Housemaster. And a roar of laughter followed him as he went.

They never "sacked" a man at Grimslade. Fenwick of the Fifth almost wished that they did, when Sammy Sparshott got to work with the cane. Sammy laid it on as if he had been trained as a carpet-beater.

Sammy was willing to believe that Fenwick had not hidden the tuck. No doubt some junior, with a misdirected sense of humour, had done that. But the Fifth Form sportsman had to own up to the cigarettes, the racing paper, and the playing-cards. And when Sammy started in with the cane, the hapless sportsman wondered whether he was ever going to leave off.

No more was heard of "grub-pinchin'" in White's House. Fenwick was tired of trouble with Study No. 10.

(Look out for a special cupptie Soccer yarn in next week's RANGER. "It's a Long Way to Wembley!" is the title, and it has been written by one of your favourite authors, Hedley Scott!)

WIN A HOME CINEMA! This grand prize—and others—are offered to readers in a spanking easy-to-win competition which appears in the RANGER NEXT WEEK. Don't miss this grand opportunity!