

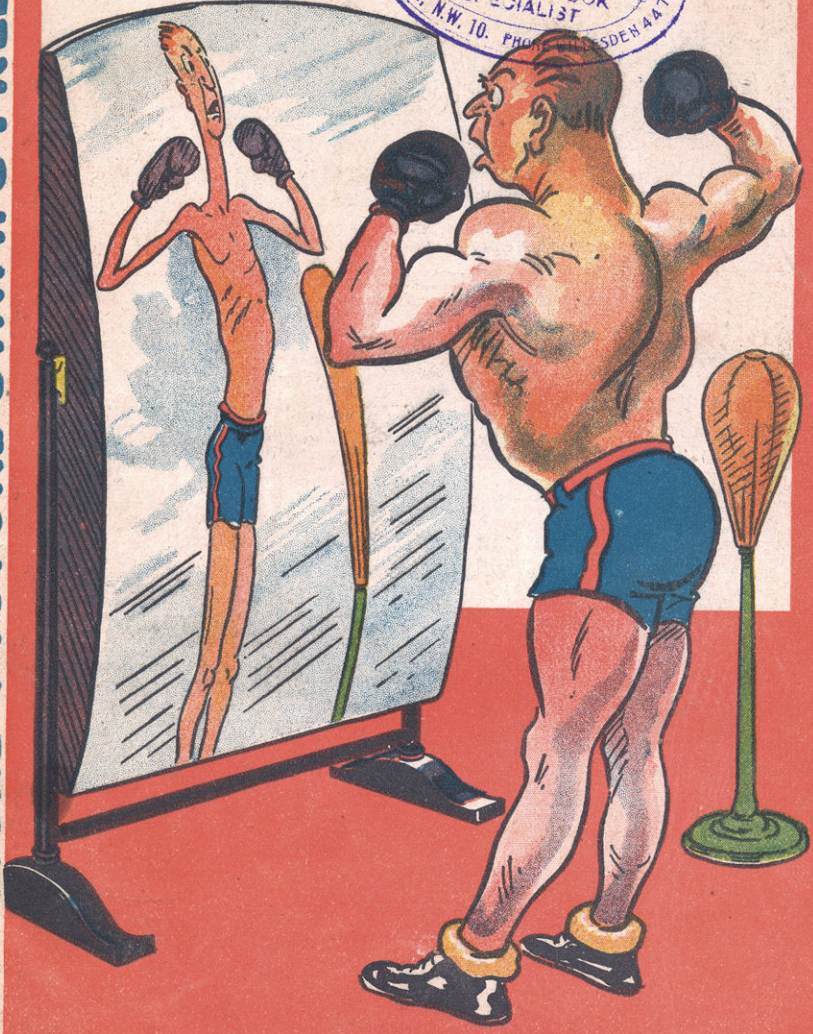
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# The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



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By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the famous *Greyfriars* stories in the "Magnet.")

## A Feast for Fritz!

"CHANCE for us!" grinned Jim Dainty. And Dick Dawson chuckled. Fritz Spitz's saucer-eyes danced.

"'Tat a chance!" he ejaculated. "Gum on!"

The three juniors of White's House at Grimsdale had arrived together in Mr. White's study. No. 10 Study had lines all round, which had to be handed in to their Housemaster by tea-time. They had arrived with the lines, but Mr. White was not there. Evidently he had been called away suddenly and rather unexpectedly, for his table was set for tea.

It was quite a nice tea—in fact, quite a spread. It looked as if Billy White was having some of the Sixth to tea, judging by the tuck on the table. There were ham and sausages, jam and marmalade, chocolate éclairs and currant buns, and a big plum cake.

"I believe White's in Yorke's study," said Dainty. "He's stopped to jaw there. Leave the lines on his desk."

The lines were laid on Billy White's desk, and Dainty and Dawson turned back to the door. But Friedrich von Spitz did not turn back. Friedrich von Spitz stopped at the table, grabbed a sausage in each of his fat hands, and proceeded to munch. If there was anything in the odious line that Fritz could not possibly resist, it was sausages. His German heart yearned for sausages.

"Fritz, you fathead!" exclaimed Jim Dainty. "Get out, you howling ass!"

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" "Billy White will skin you!" exclaimed Dawson.

"Gobble, gobble!" Fritz Spitz was deaf to remonstrance. Two sausages went down almost like two oysters. He grabbed two more. His saucer-eyes beamed over the spread—his fat jaws went like machinery.

"Are you coming, you dummy?" roared Dainty.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" Dainty and Dawson prepared to leave the study. Fritz ceased gobbling for a moment.

"Tainty! Tawson!" he gasped. "You go and see Pilly White, and tell him

Doctor Sparshott wants to speak to him. Tat will sweep him away till I vinish."

"I don't think!" grinned Dainty. And the chums of No. 10 departed, leaving Friedrich von Spitz still gobbling.

"Mein gootness!" murmured Fritz, with a mouth full of ham and sausage.

"It tat Pilly gum and getch me——" Almost the fat Rhinelander gave it up. But not quite! Even at the risk of being caught in the study, and sent to Dr. Sparshott for a flogging, Fritz could not resist those sausages.

Fritz's fat heart longed and yearned for the sausages of his dear Fatherland. The seventh heaven, in Fritz's opinion, must have been a place where there were lots and lots of German sausages!

With his fat ears on the strain for footsteps in the passage, Fritz gobbled and gobbled and gobbled. He stood up to the feast, grabbing and gobbling at a great rate. Minute followed minute, sausage followed sausage, slice of ham followed slice of ham.

Still Mr. White did not return. Something, evidently, was keeping him away! It was sheer luck for Fritz! Terror mingled with his enjoyment, but he was enjoying himself! The sausages vanished, the ham vanished, then Fritz began on the buns.

The buns disappeared, and the chocolate éclairs followed them on the downward path. Still nobody came to the study. Still Fritz went on with the feed. With a large spoon he scooped out jam and ladled it into his capacious mouth. The jam went—the marmalade followed! Then Fritz grabbed the cake!

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" "Mein gootness! Tat is goot!" gasped Fritz ecstatically. "I tink tat tat gake he is ferry goot! Ach! Goot!"

Fritz travelled through the cake at about 60 m.p.h. Large as it was, it vanished. Nothing remained on the table but bread-and-butter, and crockery. Even Fritz did not want the bread-and-butter after the cargo he had taken on board. He waddled to the door.

His luck had been phenomenal. Mr. White had ordered his tea to be prepared at half-past five exactly; and prepared it was, as the juniors had found it. He had called for Yorke of the Sixth in the latter's study, and stopped to chat a

minute or two! The minute or two lengthened into ten or twelve minutes, and that was that!

It had been a golden, glorious opportunity for Fritz von Spitz, and Fatty Fritz had made the most of it. Now, his wonderful luck still holding good, Fritz waddled into the passage. Like Moses of old, he looked this way, and looked that way, and saw no man. Grinning with satisfaction, the fat Rhinelander rolled away.

Safely packed inside him was the feast that had been intended for the Housemaster and for Yorke and Carter of the Sixth—quite enough for the three, and almost enough for Fritz!

He was gasping a little when he arrived in No. 10 in the Fourth. Even Fritz rather felt the effect of packing away comestibles in such quantities at such a rate of speed.

Dainty and Dawson were having their tea in No. 10 when the fat German rolled in, and sank gasping in the armchair. Fritz did not join them at the tea-table.

For once tea in the study passed him by, like the idle wind which he regarded not. "Don't you want any tea, Fatty?" asked Jim Dainty.

"Ach! Nein! I have had onoff!" "My hat!" yelled Dawson. "Have you scooped all that lot in White's study?"

"Ach! Nein! I have leaf 't read-and-putter."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Tat you say nottings about?" said Fritz anxiously. "Pilly White will not know tat I have been tere."

"He will find your lines." "Fritz I chuckled a fat chuckle.

"But I have not leaf mein lines," he answered. "Tat is all right! He will vind your lines, but he will not vind mein lines. So he will not know! I will dake in mein lines later. I have tink of tat! Chermanns are prainy, and tink of tings, mein goot Tainty."

There was a stop in the junior passage. It was a well-known step—that of Mr. White, the Housemaster. Dainty and Dawson exchanged a glance and a grin. A look of alarm came over Fritz's podgy face.

Mr. White appeared in the doorway. "Spitz!"

"Ach! It was not me, sir!" gasped Fritz. "I never—"

"Go to Dr. Sparshott's study at once," "Mein goodness!"

Mr. White walked away.

Friedrich von Spitz stood rooted to the spot. Dainty and Dawson chuckled. Fritz had left no clue in Billy White's study. He had felt quite safe. Yet he had hardly got home after the feast before Billy White looked in and ordered him to go to Dr. Sparshott! Fritz groaned.

"Ach! That means you flogging! Mein good friends, do you think the Sammy will relieve me if I tell him that I have not been to White's study?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Not likely!"

"But—but—but I do not want to be flogged!" wailed Fritz. "I have tunk tunk tunk Billy White naffer vind me out. Mein goodness! I wish tat I had not been to White's study at all! I wish tat I had let tat duck alone! Oh, grumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can gackel!" roared Fritz indignantly. "Pekel and a prute! I cannot be flogged—I will not be flogged! Oh, mein goodness!"

"Better go and get it over!" chuckled Dawson.

Fritz Spitz groaned, and tottered out of the study. But he did not head for Big School and Sammy Sparshott's study. After the feast came the reckoning. Fritz had enjoyed the feast, but every nerve in his pudgy body shrank from the reckoning. Sammy had a way of laying it on hard—Fritz had been there before and he knew! His extensive feet simply refused to carry him in the direction of Sammy Sparshott and his cane.

If Sammy was expecting Fritz, he expected him in vain. And at call-over one by one the names were called out and referred to his name. It was Friedrich von Spitz.

**Desperate Measures!**

"DAINTY! Dawson!" rapped Mr. White.

"Yes, sir!"

"I found your lines in my study! Someone appears to have removed, or—or devoured—a meal that had been prepared there."

"Indeed, sir?" gasped Jim.

"It was you, Dainty—"

"Certainly not, sir—"

"Or you, Dawson—"

"Oh, sir! I never touched anything in the study."

"I am bound to accept your statement," said Mr. White. "But certainly someone has done so—the table was absolutely cleared. You may go."

Dainty and Dawson exchanged rather queer glances as they went to No. 10. They had taken it for granted—as Fritz had done—that the fat German had been found out and sent to the Head for punishment. Apparently, however, that was not the case. Mr. White, it appeared, was in ignorance of the grub-raider's identity.

"Then he hasn't spotted Fatty," remarked Dawson. "But where is the fat foolzer? He cut call-over."

"Goodness knows!"

The Fourth went in to prep, but Fritz Spitz did not join Dainty and Dawson in No. 10. Prep was a serious function, and a fellow could not cut it without grave result. But Fritz seemed to be cutting it.

After prep the chums of No. 10 went along to the Common-room, at the end of the junior passage. Most of the Fourth gathered there, but Fatty Fritz was not amongst them there. They wondered where he was. After lock-up a fellow had to be in his House; Fatty could not be over in Redmayes or in Big School, and it was rather a mystery where he could be.

Yorke, of the Sixth, the captain of the House, and a prefect, looked into the junior room and glanced over the fellows there.

"Is Spitz here?" he called out.

"Haven't seen him, Yorke!" answered Paget, of the Fourth.

"What the dickens has become of him?" snapped Yorke. "He was ordered to go

to the Head after tea, and it seems that he never went. Where is he, Dainty?"

"Haven't the foggiest," answered Jim.

"You saw him at prep, I suppose?"

"No, he never came in."

The captain of White's grunted and strode away.

Most of the Fourth were interested in Fritz by this time. They were still more interested in the fat Rhinefander when bedtime came and Fritz failed to join them on the way to the dormitory. Yorke of the Sixth had to see lights out for the Fourth in White's House, and he seemed annoyed.

"Where's that bloated Boche?" demanded Yorke angrily.

But nobody knew. The juniors turned in, and Yorke, angry and puzzled, turned out the light and went down to report Fritz Spitz's absence to Mr. White.

There was a chuckle in the darkness of the dormitory. It was clear by this time that Fritz Spitz was deliberately keeping out of sight. The prospect of a severe flogging, laid on in Sammy's well-known manner, had been too much for his fat, nervous system. He was dodging it.

"The howling ass!" said Puley. "He will only get it worse by putting it off. He can't keep out of sight for ever."

"Poor old Fritz!" chuckled Jim Dainty. "I wonder where he is now?"

"Mein goot Tainty—"

"Why—what—who—"

There was a rustling sound. It came from under a bed. In the glimmer of starlight from the high windows a fat figure emerged into view.

"Fritz!" yelled Dawson.

"Ach! I have been under tat ped!" gasped Fritz. "Now I goes to bed mit myself, now tat peast and a prute Yorke is gone away. But you vill vake me before rising-pell, mein goot Tainty, and I vill gear off vunce more, ain't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

There was a creak of a bed as Fritz's fat form was flung upon it.

"You fatjous ass!" yelled Jim Dainty.

"How long do you think you can keep up this game? You've got to see Sammy sooner or later."

"I will not see Sammy!" groaned Fritz. "I cannot be flogged! Von I tink of it, it makes mein Besh greep! I cannot face it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a sound of footsteps and voices in the passage outside. The dormitory door opened and the light flashed on.

"He is certainly not here, sir!" It was Yorke's voice. "You can see for yourself—"

"Mein goodness!"

Fritz sat up and blinked in terror at the two figures in the open doorway. He had counted himself safe after the prefect had turned out the light and gone. He had not guessed that the Housemaster would come up and investigate!

"It is extraordinary!" said Mr. White. "Where can the boy be? Where—why—what—is not that Spitz? Spitz, why are you not undressed and in bed? What—goodness gracious!"

Fritz bounded from his bed.

"Ach! Geep off!" he roared.

"Is the boy mad?" gasped Mr. White. "Secure him, Yorke! I shall cane him."

Yorke strode across the dormitory at Fritz. Fritz dodged round the beds and ran for the door. All the juniors were sitting up in bed now, watching the scene, with grinning faces. Fritz was desperate. Mr. White was in the doorway, but the doorway was the only avenue of escape. Fritz bolted for it.

The Housemaster stretched out a hand to seize him. Fritz, in sheer desperation, lowered his bullet head and charged.

"Crash! Bump!"

(Continued on page 161.)



"Spitz! Descend at once!" shouted Dr. Sparshott. His order was obeyed—unexpectedly. Crash! Smash! Crash! A huge gap split in the ceiling over the head of Dr. Sparshott. Before he knew what was happening, Fritz came through with flying arms and legs, amid a shower of plaster and broken laths.

# THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE!

(Continued from page 157.)

"Ooooooough!" gasped Mr. White. He sat down, winded. Fritz bolted past him and dodged out into the passage. Yorke came dashing after him. The pattering feet of the fleeing Fritz died away down the passage. Yorke rushed after him. "Oooooooh," moaned Mr. White. He sat up, with a face like chalk, pressing both hands to his waistcoat. His anguishing might have moved a heart of stone.

"Urrrrrrggghh!" There was not an ounce of wind left in Billy White. He rocked himself and moaned. The Fourth-Formers stared at him and suppressed their merriment as much as they could.

Yorke came back along the passage with a red and wrathful face. "He's gone, sir! He dodged me!"

"Urrrrrrghh!" The House-captain gave Mr. White a hand up. The hapless man staggered in his feet, leaning heavily on Yorke. The light was turned on once more and the Fourth left to themselves. The horrid moans of Billy White died away down the passage.

"My only hat!" gasped Jim Dainty. "They'll skin Fritz for this—they'll scarp him and slaughter him! There won't be much left of Fritz after he's seen Sammy, now!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" It was long before the juniors slept that night. Long they waited for a sight or sound of Fritz, expecting him to be led back to the dormitory with a grip on his fat ear. But there was no Fritz! Apparently he was still keeping clear of the mist! And they went to sleep at last—without seeing Fritz.

When the rising-bell clanged out in the morning every eye was turned on Fritz's bed. It was empty. And at the breakfast table in White's House that morning the boys in the next place—Mr. Peck and when the juniors went over to Big School for class Mr. Peck, the master of the Fourth, inquired where Fritz was, and inquired in vain. In break, Ginger & Co., of Redmayes House, wanted to know; but nobody could tell them.

Fritz was missing, and both Houses at Grimslade wondered and surmised, with many chuckles, what had become of Fatty Fritz.

## Fritz Drops In!

"CHINGER!" Ginger Rawlinson jumped. He stared round him. Ginger had come up to the box-room in Redmayes House. Fatty Fritz was still missing. After morning classes, and the order had gone forth that he was to be searched for. White's House was searched in vain; Big School was combed without success, and now Redmayes House was under search.

Redmayes gave the order, and most of the fellows in his house joined in the hunt, rooting high and low for the missing Fritz. Ginger Rawlinson came into the box-room with his clumsy, Bacon and Bean, and they looked round and saw nobody. Then the voice of Fritz fell on Ginger's ears. He stared round the room again, and Streaky Bacon and Sandy

Bacon stared round it; but no Fritz was to be seen. It was really mysterious.

"Chinger, old bean!" "My giddy goshes!" ejaculated Ginger. "Is his ghost, or what?" "My good Chinger!" "Up there!" yelled Bacon, pointing upward.

There was Fritz, skyward! In the ceiling of the box-room was a trapdoor, which gave access to another trapdoor in the roof above, intended for use in case of fire. Between the box-room ceiling and the slat roof of Redmayes House, was a space of a few feet, and in that stuffy space, evidently, the fugitive Fritz had found refuge. The trapdoor was open, and Fritz's fat and dismayed face looked down anxiously at the Redmayes trio.

"Oh!" gasped Sandy Bacon. "You're there, are you?"

"Ach! Ja!" groaned Fritz. "Mein good, Chinger, I am hungry!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is not for to gaeckle!" groaned Fritz. "I am fearfully hungry—I have your colossal hunger!" Last night I hid in your stutty, and I sleep there on a peastly sofa fat is ferry hard, and I have nothing to eat but a gake tat I find in your stutty."

"You're thieving Boeche!" roared Ginger.

"You've got my cake?"

"Ach! I was ferry hungry!" groaned Fritz. "And now I am hungry again. Tat you got me some grub, Chinger?"

"You silly ass!" hooted Ginger. "You're hunting for you. Come down out of that!"

Sammy's going through the House with Redmayes—he's got a cane under his arm!"

"Mein goodness! Giff me not away!" gasped Fritz. "Say not vun vord, Chinger, good old Chinger—vun good Pacon—my dear old Pacon—"

"My giddy goshes! Here they come!" exclaimed Ginger Rawlinson, as there were footsteps on the landing outside.

"Pop off, Fatty."

"Mein goodness!"

Fritz Spitz popped back out of sight and closed the trapdoor in the ceiling. He could be heard moving on the joists above, for a moment or two. Ginger & Co. exchanged glances. They were hunting for Fatty Fritz, but they were not bound to state that they had found him. If Fatty preferred the stuffy space between the ceiling and the roof, and the company of the innumerable spiders that dwelt there, they were welcome to it, so far as Ginger & Co. were concerned.

Mr. Redmayes, the Housemaster, entered with Dr. Samuel Sparshott, the Head of Grimslade. The three juniors stepped respectfully back. Sammy Sparshott glanced round the room.

"Not here, sir," said Mr. Redmayes.

"Have these boys seen him?" asked Dr. Sparshott, glancing at Ginger & Co.

"He doesn't seem to be in sight, sir!" answered Mr. Redmayes.

"It is extraordinary," said Dr. Sparshott to the Housemaster. "I cannot understand Spitz's conduct, unless he has taken leave of his senses. He must be found. What is that?"

"I saw a man above Sammy's head, and he glanced up in surprise. Ginger & Co. looked at one another. Had Fritz kept still and quiet he might have been safe. But he had moved. Really, Fritz was not to blame.

A spider had dropped down his neck. Almost any fellow would have moved,

and moved quite quickly, with a spider down his neck. Fritz was squatted on the joists—but as he moved, one of his feet clumped on the lath and plaster of the ceiling between the wooden joists. The ceiling cracked.

"Ah!" said Dr. Sparshott grimly. "I do not think we shall have to look much further, Mr. Redmayes."

"The boy is there?" ejaculated Mr. Redmayes, staring up at the box-room ceiling. "Upon my word!"

"Spitz!" rapped the Head. "Descend at once."

"Ach himmel!" came a gasp of dismay from above.

"Do you hear me, Spitz?" roared Sammy.

"Ach! Nein! I hear you not!" gasped Fritz. "Tat is to say, I was not here! Mein goodness!"

"Rawlinson, open that trapdoor!" said Dr. Sparshott.

Ginger clambered on a couple of boxes which had been placed one above another under the trapdoor, evidently by Fritz to make his ascent. He pushed up the trapdoor and peered into the dusky space under the roof.

"You're rattled, old Boche," he said.

"Come out of it!"

"Ach! I will not gum out!" gasped Fritz. "I will not be flogged!" And the fat German squirmed away along the joists.

"Spitz!" roared the Head, as he heard him going. "You young rascal! Stop at once! Rawlinson, stop him! Immediately!"

"Oh, my giddy goshes!" gasped

Ginger, who clambered up the trapdoor, bumped his head on the roof above and yelled. Then he scrambled along the joists after Fritz, taking great care not to scramble on the spaces of lath and plaster between them.

"Keep off!" howled Fritz.

"You potty, piffing porker!" gasped Ginger. "Come down! The Head—"

"Geep away! I will gick you!" yelled Fritz desperately.

"Oh, you fooling fathead!" gasped Ginger.

He grasped one fat ankle and stopped Fritz's flight. Fritz, in desperation, kicked out with the other leg. Ginger

warded as he caught it with his chin. But he kept hold of Fritz and pulled.

"Spitz!" shouted Dr. Sparshott, staring up at the ceiling. "Spitz! Descend at once!"

"Ach, himmel!" shrieked Fritz.

Dr. Sparshott's order was obeyed—unexpectedly! Fritz descended at once!

Ginger's drag on his fat ankle dislodged him from the joists, and he rolled on the lath and plaster. Even the stout, wooden joists had cracked under Fatty Fritz's weight. The lath and plaster did not stand the strain for a second.

"Crash! Smash! Crash!"

A huge gap split in the ceiling over the head of Dr. Sparshott. Before he knew what was happening, Fritz came through with flying arms and legs, amid a shower of plaster and broken laths.

There was a wild howl of terror from Fritz as he flew. There was a yell from Sammy Sparshott as the crashing Fritz and a shower of plaster landed on his upturned face.

The Head of Grimslade went spinning. Bacon and Bean jumped out of the way just in time, giving Sammy room to crash!

He crashed on his back, with a roar.

Fritz, throwing out his arms wildly

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to save himself, had the luck to catch Mr. R-dmayer round the neck. The Housemaster went over with the fat German sprawling on him.

"Oh, my giddy goloashes!" gasped Ginger, staring down through the gap in the ceiling.

"Ach! Himmel! I am gilled!" spluttered Fritz Spitz. "Ach! I have no more to breff! Yarooop!"

"Gooohoo!" came from Mr. Redmayes. "Gerrof! Whooooh! Get off my face—oooooogh!"

Fritz got off. He scrambled wildly up, planting a knee in Mr. Redmayes' eye as he did so. Sammy Sparshott sat up, gasping. Sammy Sparshott was seldom taken by surprise; but there was no doubt that he had been taken by surprise this time.

"Boy!" he gasped. "Stop! Stop him! Good gad!"

Fritz bounded to the door. If he had been anxious to see Sammy, he was still more anxious now. He flew.

Dr. Sparshott scrambled up and tottered out of the box-room, gasping for breath, and breathing dust and plaster. Fritz was vanishing down the staircase, three at a time.

"Trafford!" roared Sammy. "Stop him!"

Trafford, of the Sixth, captain of Redmayes' House, was below. He stared up, and as Sammy shouted down, he ran to intercept the fleeing German. He jumped on the stairs in front of Fritz and held up his hand.

"Stop—oh, my hat! Ya'rooooh!" Fritz came down on him like a cannonball. Trafford went over backwards, with Fritz on top.

Fritz was up the next moment, springing for the open door of the House, leaving Trafford gasping on his back.

Dr. Sparshott, dabbling plaster from his eyes, sneezing it from his nose, came down the stairs like a kangaroo as he was too late. Fritz was gone—and by the time Sammy reached the door, he had vanished.

### Poor Old Fritz!

**J**IM DAINTY and Dick Dawson were grinning when they came into No. 10 in White's House to tea that afternoon. All the Grimsleders were grinning over the weird adventures of Fritz Spitz.

Fritz was still missing. He had been searched for in his refuge in Redmayes' House—but where he had gone, nobody knew. He seemed to have vanished into space. And all Grimslade chuckled over it—except Sammy, who was puzzled, and the Housemasters, who were wrothy.

Fritz, in the first place, had been afraid to turn up for his expected flogging; but what he had done since had evidently added to his terrors, and he was less inclined than ever to turn up. But how long he fancied that he could keep up this extraordinary game, was a hilarious question.

"Poor old Fritz!" chuckled Dainty, as he opened the cupboard door to get out the tuck for tea. "He will be frightfully hungry by this time. I hear that he snuffed it out in Ginger's study this morning, but he can't have had anything since. He—hallo—what—where's the cake?"

"And where's the sardines?"

"Fritz!" roared Jim Dainty.

"Ach! Mein Gott! Tainty, do not pellow like a pull!" came a gasping voice from the bottom of the study cupboard. "Mein goodness! If somedopy gum, I shall be gought!"

Dainty and Dawson stared blankly into the study cupboard. All Grimslade was wondering where Fatty Fritz had hidden himself! Now Dainty and Dawson knew, at all events! Evidently Fritz had sneaked back into his own House, and parked his fat person in the cupboard of No. 10.

His saucer-eyes glistened beseechingly from the dusky cupboard.

"You—you—y blithering Boche!" gasped Jim Dainty. "So you're here! You've scoffed everything in the cupboard."

"Ach! I was so ferry hungry!" groaned Fritz. "Tat was not enoff! Mein Gott, tear Tainty, you keeps it tark tat I vas here, or tat peast and a prute Sammy vill giff me vun flogging."

"How long do you think you're keeping up this game?" demanded Dawson. "Sammy will get you sooner or later, you fat freak."

Fritz groaned dismally. Apparently, if Sammy was to get him, he preferred it to be later rather than sooner. A flogging from Sammy could not be put-off too long!

The study door opened, and Paget of the Fourth looked in.

"You fellows—," he began. "Oh, my only hat! Is that Fritz?"

"Geep it tark!" gasped Fritz. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Paget. "Billy White's coming!"

"Ach himmel!"

Fritz Spitz popped back into the cupboard like a podge rabbit into a burrow. The lower part of the cupboard, under the shelves, was nearly full of lumber of various sorts, and there was a crash as Fritz barged into it. The fat German squeezed himself in, gasping.

"Geep it tark!" he gurgled imploringly. Jim Dainty shut the cupboard door. Dawson hastily placed a chair in front of it.

Footsteps were already audible, coming up the passage. The two juniors stepped to the window, which was open, and stood looking out, with their backs to the door, when Mr. White arrived.

The Housemaster of White's looked into the study. Dainty and Dawson, gazing from the window, were apparently unconscious of his presence.

"Dainty! Dawson!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" The two juniors spun round from the window.

"Spitz cannot be found!" said Mr. White, frowning. He stepped inside the study, and looked round him.

"I am told that one of the servants saw him come back into the House, during class this afternoon. Has he been here?"

"Here, sir!" repeated Jim Dainty. "We—we've only come in a few minutes ago, sir."

"We've been at games practice since class, sir," said Dawson innocently.

## SCHOOL STORIES by a FAMOUS AUTHOR



If you like Frank Richards' stories of Jim Dainty & Co. of Grimslade, you are bound to enjoy this popular author's extra-special school yarns of Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter of Gleytriars, now running in our companion paper

# The Magnet

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Mr. White frowned, and stood looking about the study as if he suspected that the fat Rhinelanders might be concealed there—as perhaps he did. Dainty and Dawson waited in silence for him to go.

To their horror the door of the study suddenly opened an inch, and a gasping voice inquired—

"Is tat peast gone?"

No doubt Fritz had supposed, from the silence, that Mr. White was gone. Mr. White, unfortunately, was still there.

"Oh, my hat!" groaned Jim. "That does it!"

"Spitz!" roared Billy White. "Ach himmel!"

"Dainty! Dawson! You knew that Spitz was here! Take a hundred lines each! Spitz, come out of that cupboard at once!"

Mr. White grasped the cupboard door, and hurled it wide open. Fritz Spitz groaned as he rolled out. Mr. White made a grab at a fat shoulder, and Fritz dodged back. The Housemaster made a stride at him, and Fritz made a jump for the study window.

"Spitz!" shrieked Mr. White. "Stop—!" He rushed to the window, and snatched at Fritz as he jumped. His grasp fastened on the back of the fat German's collar.

There was a rending, tearing sound, and Fritz dropped in the quad, leaving his collar in the hand of his Housemaster.

"Upon my word! I—!"

Fritz stood staring blankly at the torn collar. "Spitz—boys—stop him—!"

There was a roar in the quad. Fifty fellows at least saw Friedrich von Spitz streaking away from White's House. Mr. White leaned from the window of No. 10, waving his hand excitedly, the torn collar still in his hand.

"Stop him! Yorko—Trafford—Fenwick—Croon—stop that boy! Seize him at once. Rawlinson, Bacon—Bacon—stop him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Fritz!"

Fritz was going it! Trafford of the Sixth rushed down on him—but Ginger, rushing down at the same moment, contrived to get in Trafford's way, to give the hapless Fritz a chance. Trafford stumbled over Ginger, and they rolled in the quad together. Fritz flew on.

"Put it on, Fritz!" yelled the juniors.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop, you young ass!" roared Yorke, close behind and with his hand outstretched to seize him.

"Ach, goodness!" gurgled Fritz. The Sixth-Former's finger-tips touched his fat shoulder. Fritz tore himself loose, stumbled, and fell. He fell fairly under his House-captain's foot, and Yorke was going too fast to stop. He stumbled over Fritz, and nose-dived.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors, as Yorke was up in two seconds. But Fritz was up in one. Terror was lending Fritz wings. Puffing and panting, gasping and gurgling, Fritz flew.

"Oh, my giddy goloashes!" gasped Ginger Rawlinson. "What a game! Here comes Sammy!"

D. Sparshott had seen the chase from his study window. He came striding out into the quad.

"Look out, Fritz!" yelled Jim Dainty.

"Stop!" roared Dr. Sparshott, striding directly in Fritz's way.

Fritz swerved to dodge him. Dr. Sparshott rushed after him. Fatty Fritz had no chance whatever in a footrace with the athletic Head of Grimslade. But terror was lending him wings! He fairly flew.

He dodged round the fountain in the middle of the quad, with Sammy at his heels. There was a roar of merriment from all Grimslade, at the sight of the fat German whisking round the fountain, with Sammy Sparshott whisking after him.

"Here we go round the mulberry bush!" roared Ginger.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Put it on, Fritz!" shrieked Dawson.

"Put it on, Sammy!" yelled Ginger.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fritz was putting it on. But he did not

put on quite enough. The grasp of his headmaster closed on his shoulder and gripped.

Stopped suddenly short in his wild career, Fritz spun round the Head, spinning Sammy round in a circle, before he was brought to a halt.

"Ach! Tat you led go!" gurgled Fritz. "Eeest and a pruto, I will not be flogged! Ach! I have no more to brest!"

"Boy!" thundered Dr. Sparshott. He shook Fritz till the fat German wobbled like a jelly. "What does this mean? Explain yourself! You have absented yourself from classes—from preparation—from your dormitory—you have been in hiding for a night and a day—are you mad?"

"Ach! Grough! Tat you shake me not!" gurgled Fritz. "I have no more to brest! Ooooh!"

"Mr. White, this boy of your House must be out of his senses! It is now too late for me to give him the whole holiday I had intended."

Fritz jumped.  
"I'm gussed."  
"You foolish, absurd boy!" barked Sammy. "Why did you not come to my study when I sent for you yesterday afternoon?"

"Ach! I naffer vant to be flogged!" wailed Fritz.  
Dr. Sparshott stared at him.

"Had this boy any reason to suppose that I was going to flog him, Mr. White?" he asked.

"Not that I am aware of, sir."  
"I cannot understand the boy. Yesterday I received a letter from his uncle, who is now in England, and who informed me that he was visiting Manchester to-day and asked me to give Spitz a whole holiday, to meet him there. Naturally, I intended to do so."  
"Ach, himmel!"

"I asked you to send him to my study, to inform him that he could leave school for the day—that is, to-day, and to give him his journey money!"  
"Mein goodness!"

"But he did not come! He has been in hiding since! What does it mean? It is now too late for him to have the holiday, owing to his extraordinary conduct!" Spitz—

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jim Dainty, and that yell of laughter was echoed by all Grimsdals—excepting Fritz!

Fritz did not laugh! Fritz groaned! He knew now what he had been dodging—not a flogging, but a day's holiday, and a trip to Manchester, and a glorious feed with his uncle from Germany! Fritz could have wept!

"Ach! Mein goodness!" groaned Fritz. "I have tunk tat I was sent to be flogged, because somepoddly acoff tat I tuck in Pully White's stutty! Ach himmel!"

It was not me—I was naffer in tat stutty—Taimy and Tawson know it, because tey was teere at te same dinn—

Sammy Sparshott tightened his grip on the fat shoulder.  
"You were not sent for to be flogged."

Spitz, though I have no doubt you deserved it! You were sent for to be given a day's holiday. It is now too late for the holiday. Fortunately, it is not too late for a flogging! Come with me!"

Sammy Sparshott marched Friedrich von Spitz away to his study. The hapless Fritz limped away with the Head's grip on his shoulder. They left the crowd of Grimsdals rocking with laughter.

For a night and a day, Fritz Spitz had dodged the beaks and dodged a holiday and a trip to Manchester! But he had not dodged the flogging—which he was going to get for his dodgery! And after all the trouble and turmoil that Fritz had caused in the school, all the fellows expected that it would be a record flogging! And they yelled

But Sammy was always doing the unexpected.

Generally, Sammy laid it on as if he fancied the younger pupils—the lower classes. On this occasion he laid it on very lightly.

Fritz, to his astonishment, escaped with his trousers hardly dusted. That was all right, so far as it went. But Fatty Fritz, thinking of what he had missed, felt like Rachel among the ruins, and he mourned and could not be comforted.

(Frank Richards supplies you with many hearty laughs in next week's rollicking complete story of the Chums of Grimsdale. Don't miss this yarn—order your RANGER in advance!)

GATHER ROUND, BUDDIES, FOR A FRIENDLY!

The CHIEF RANGER CHATS



HALLO, Buddies.—I hope the picture stamps included in this number of The RANGER were of use to you fellows whose Albums were not complete when our Grand Picture Stamp Scheme came to an end a few weeks ago. As I remarked last week, I had a further supply of Picture Stamps printed for the benefit of readers who felt a bit disappointed that their Albums showed some "blank spaces." Don't forget, next week's RANGER will contain another strip of Stamps. If they don't happen to be the ones you need perhaps you will be able to exchange them with a pal. But in any case, next week's RANGER is more than value for money. In the first place, you will find six star stories instead of the customary five. And—wait for it! There's a special yarn featuring "Little Crow the Cree!" who was a prime favourite with you all when he first appeared in The RANGER some months back. And here's another surprise. In our next issue you will find the opening story in a really fine Western Railroad series. The star character is Gentle George, a dude with a K.O. punch and plenty of resource. He's detailed to take charge of a "difficult" depot at Red River, and, for all his dandy ways, is very soon known as the "Terror of Red River." Yes, sir, next week's RANGER is a regular scorcher. Don't miss it, whatever you do!

Chin, chin,

The Chief Ranger

P.S.—Overseas copies of The RANGER will not contain these extra stamps.

"HIP, HIP" FOR THE HIPPO!  
Yes, he's worth a rousing cheer—six months old, two feet high, and weighing one and a half hundredweight! They were jolly proud of their baby hippopotamus when he arrived at the London Zoo, as the first thing they did was to turn round for a net of some big enough to put him on. Then they had to find a feeding-bottle for him, 'cos Baby Hippo had not yet developed any teeth! Yes, he's getting on quite nicely, thank you, and his mother and father, who left him to fend for himself when only a month old, in Portuguese East Africa, certainly would not recognise him now. He's

growing rapidly, and will soon be having his snacks of six bushels of food. One day, if he continues to grow up, he'll be round about twelve feet long, five feet high, and four tons in weight.

STITCHING A SNAKE!

Funny things happen at the Zoo. The other night a twelve-foot-long snake—a python—had a scrap with its elder brother. We don't know what the fuss was about. Perhaps the elder snake took up too much room with its tail, and the younger one purposely trod on it! Anyhow, they came to blows, and the battle must have

raged long and fiercely, because next morning their astonished keeper found the younger python—the loser—near the battle—looking as if it had crawled through all the machinery in the Mauretania's engine room. Its skin was less a coat than a collection of bits and pieces. But Zoo keepers are never dumfounded by that sort of thing. They took the python to the curator of reptiles and he put thirty-eight stitches in it! And shortly after it was ready to do battle again.

BILL SYKES ON THE TELEPHONE.

Ever heard of a burglar who asked the police to look him up? No, it's not a riddle. It's a startling new invention, which has been tried and found extremely successful. The householder who adopts it has all the possible burglar entrances electrically wired, and he leaves his automatic telephone to do the rest. Should Mr. Sykes break in it is a sure thing he will break one of those electrical connections—with the result that the automatic telephone (provided with a gramophone arrangement) immediately calls up the exchange and very quietly tells the wire a burglar is here. He notifies the police! There is no bell-ringing or other audible noise in the house whilst that bit of magic is going on, so the burglar is in no way started until the police, notified at once by the exchange operator, arrive on the scene and haul him off.

ROASTED—AND FROZEN!

You know how jolly numbed your nose and ears and finger-tips feel when you have two or three degrees of frost—when the thermometer is just low enough for the puddles to be coated with a thin sheet of ice? Imagine 122 degrees of frost! No, not in a story but in reality. People actually survive that, too, in Northern Siberia, where it is a jolly sight colder than ever it is at the North Pole. And now for the opposite extreme—in the terrible Death Valley, in California, where the thermometer never boils. The highest temperature ever taken there was 134 degrees. And that was in the shade! Apparently the man who owned that Death Valley thermometer dared not take it out into the sunshine, in case he got completely fried up, and so we don't know what the temperature was that day out of the shade. Anyhow, I don't blame him for not trying to find out!