

The RANGER

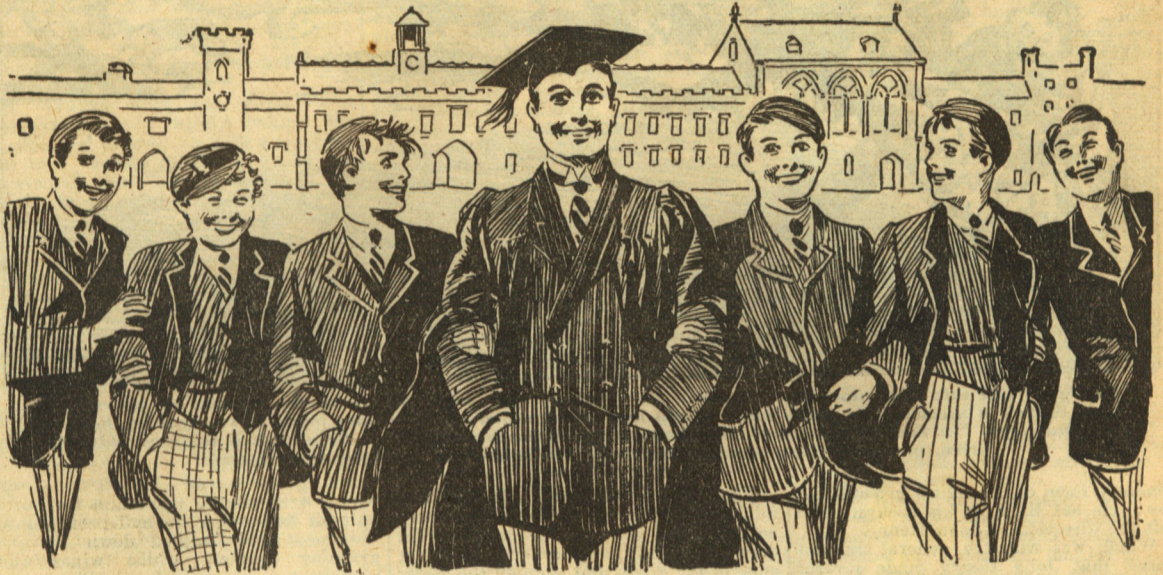
2^d



GOAL!

The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!

By Famous FRANK RICHARDS.



YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP YOURSELF LAUGHING OVER THIS NOVEL COMPLETE STORY—AND YOU'LL BE SORRY WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF IT. IT'S GREAT! IT'S WONDERFUL! IT'S THE BEST SCHOOL YARN OF THE WEEK—BAR NONE!

The Escaped Tiger!

"HE'LL burst!" said Jim Dainty. "Pop goes the weasel!" grinned Dick Dawson.

Fritz Splitz looked like it. It was a half-holiday at Grimslade School, and Jim Dainty and his chum were on their bicycles. They were riding over to Blackmoor that afternoon to visit the circus there—Stinger's World-Famed Circus, Menagerie, and Fun Fair. But they were hardly a hundred yards from Grimslade, on the road over the moor, when they sighted the fat German junior coming towards them at a frantic run.

Fritz was not much of a sprinter. But evidently he could put it on if he liked, for now he was putting it on to an amazing extent. He fairly flew towards the two astonished cyclists, his elastic-sided boots squeaking wildly as he ran, his large mouth wide open and gasping, his saucer-eyes distended and almost popping out of his podgy face.

Terror was imprinted all over Fritz, though why was a mystery. Dainty and Dawson could see nothing on the road to account for his fright.

They slowed down, and Fritz Splitz rapidly approached. He gasped and gurgled as he came. The chums of the Fourth dismounted.

"Ach! Help! Giff me your pike, Tainty!" gurgled Fritz. "Quick—quick! Led me have your pike!"

He grabbed at Jim Dainty's bike in breathless haste. He whirled it round in the direction of the school, and was about to clamber on it, when Dainty grabbed him by the back of the neck.

"What the thump—" yelled Jim indignantly.

"Ach! Run—run!" gurgled Fritz. "Led me have your pike, and you run—run so fast as neffer was before!"

"What's up?" yelled Dawson.

"Ach! Te tiger!" gasped Fritz.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Te tiger! He gum after me pefore!" shrieked Fritz Splitz. "Tat tiger, he escape from te circus, I tink! He is tere! He gum—he gum!"

"Rot!" said Dainty and Dawson together.

"Look!" Fritz Splitz clutched Jim

Dainty's shoulder with one frantic hand, and pointed with the other. "Look! Mein gootness! Ve was all tead!"

Dainty and Dawson stared up the road. At a distance, from a clump of willows, a startling and terrifying figure came in sight—a long, striped body that crept like a huge cat, a fierce and terrible head, with burning eyes. The juniors stared at it, almost in stupefaction, for a second. It was a tiger—a huge, man-eating tiger—and loose. Fritz groaned with terror.

"Giff me your pike!" he gasped. "Oh, Tainty, mein goot Tainty, giff me your pike before—"

"Hook it, Dick!" panted Jim. "Fritz, you fat frump, get on behind me—shove your hoofs on the foot-rests—quick!"

Dawson spun round his bike, and went skimming back to Grimslade. Jim Dainty put his leg over his machine and waited for Fritz. Jim certainly had no intention of handing over his jigger to the fat Rhinelander, and remaining behind to interview the escaped tiger at close quarters. But he was not the fellow to leave Fritz to it. He yelled to the terrified German:

"Get on, fathead! Get on, idiot! Get on, chump! Quick!"

Fritz was far from active as a rule, but he showed unusual activity now. Somehow he clambered up behind Dainty, resting his feet on the foot-rests, and holding to Jim's shoulders. Jim drove at the pedals, and, in spite of the double weight, the machine flew. From behind came a humming, whirring roar that seemed to shake the atmosphere.

"Ach! Faster, faster!" spluttered Fritz Splitz. "Ach! He gum, he gum! Mein gootness! I am vun tead Cherman!"

Fritz swayed, and the bike swayed. With a desperate effort Jim Dainty righted it. The tiger was in pursuit, and a fall now meant death. Fritz flung his fat arms round Jim Dainty's neck, clutching him madly, and almost choking him. Jim set his teeth and drove desperately at the pedals. At that moment the tiger leaped, but fell short, one paw just missing Fritz. The German junior wobbled.

"Steady, you fat dummy!" panted Jim. "Steady!"

"Ach! Quick, quick, quick!" shrieked Fritz! "He gum, he gum!"

The bicycle tore on. Dick Dawson had already reached the school gates, and was yelling the alarm to a crowd of fellows there. Ginger Rawlinson rushed to fetch Sykes out of his lodge to lock the gates. There was a roar of alarmed voices.

Behind him, Jim Dainty heard a thud on the road, terribly close. He dared not look round; but he knew that the tiger had leaped and missed again. He drove at the pedals madly. A second more, and he was spinning the bike in at the gateway.

Crash!
Dr. Samuel Sparshott, the headmaster of Grimslade, had the surprise of his life at that moment. "Sammy" Sparshott was coming down to the gates to see what the excitement was about. He met the doubly-laden bike in full career as it came spinning in.

Dr. Sparshott went in one direction, the bike in another. Fritz Splitz roared as he landed on the back of his neck. Jim Dainty sprawled across the clanging bike.

"What—" gasped Sammy Sparshott.

"Ach! I am tead!" gasped Fritz. "Ach! Save me, save me! Ach, mein gootness, I vish tat I vas pack in Chermany!"

Jim Dainty scrambled up breathlessly. He did not even look at the Head, who sat up and gasped. Five or six fellows were dragging the big metal gates shut, and Jim rushed up to help them. Old Sykes was coming out of his lodge; but there was not a second to lose. Clang! went the heavy gates, and only just in time.

Outside the bars a terrible figure appeared. Huge claws tore at the iron bars, and a cavernous mouth opened and emitted a fearful roar. Sammy Sparshott bounded to his feet.

"To your Houses!" he shouted.

"Quick!" panted Jim.
Between them, Dainty and Dawson rushed the breathless Fritz Splitz away to White's House. Fritz staggered and

tottered between them, and they hal-
led and half-carried him. Grimsladers
were bolting for cover on all sides. The
escaped tiger was clawing at the gates;
but it could have leaped the gateway,
and at any moment the terrible beast
might have landed within.

In a very brief space of time only
Sammy Sparshott was left in the quad.
Sammy knew his danger well enough;
but he did not seek cover till he was
assured that no Grimslade fellow was
in the open. Fortunately, the tiger did not
leap the gate. He remained, clawing
and roaring, and then padded on past
the gateway, and disappeared from
view. But whether he was gone, or
whether he might reappear over a
wall at any moment, no one could tell.

Having seen the quad clear, Sammy
Sparshott hurried into Big School, and
slammed the big door after him; then
he darted into his study to the tele-
phone. And in both Houses of Grim-
slade the wildest excitement reigned.

Pulling Fritz's Leg!

GATED!" growled Ginger Raw-
linson.
"Till further notice!"
grunted Jim Dainty.

"Rotten!"
"Ach! I tink tat I tink two times pe-
fore I go out of te gates after!" de-
clared Fritz Splitz.

It was the following day, and there
was a notice on the board in Sammy's
"fist." With an escaped tiger roaming
the moors, Dr. Samuel Sparshott had
sagely decided to keep the Grimsladers
strictly within the school walls.

Since its startling appearance at the
gates the tiger had not been seen at the
school. Mr. Stinger and all his men
were hunting it; mounted police were
scouring the moors; farmers had turned
out with dogs and guns.

The animal had not been seen, but
news was heard of it. It had killed a
sheep on the moor; it had been heard
to growl round a locked and barred
cottage; its tracks had been picked up
in the fields. So long as it was at
liberty there was no going out of gates
for Grimslade fellows.

"It's rotten!" said Dick Dawson.
"But, after all, Sammy's right! I don't
really want to meet that tiger!"

"Oh, you White's ticks are all funks!"
said Ginger. "I'd jolly well like to lend
a hand hunting him, if Sammy would
let us."

"Oh, you'd be all right," said Jim
Dainty. "The tiger would sheer off
when he saw the danger-signal!"

This allusion to Ginger's flaming mop
led to action taking the place of words.
Jim Dainty staggered against the notice-
board, with Ginger's left arm round his
neck and Ginger's right pummelling at
his nose.

"Ow! Wow!" roared Dainty. "You
red-headed ass! Wow!"

"Go it, Ginger!" yelled Streaky
Bacon.

"Ginger for pluck!" shouted Sandy
Bean. "Go it!"

But Jim Dainty rallied promptly,
whirled Ginger Rawlinson over, and sat
on him. He twined his fingers in
Ginger's red hair, and tapped his head
on the floor—forcibly.

Tap, tap, tap!
"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Ginger.

"Rescue! Wow!"

Streaky and Sandy rushed to the
rescue. Dawson and Paget of White's
House joined in at once. Mr. Peck,
the master of the Fourth, coming along
to the Form-room, stared at six members
of his own Form sprawling and punch-
ing, in a wild and dishevelled state.

"Boys!" boomed Mr. Peck.

"Oh! 'Ware beaks!" gasped Jim
Dainty.

And the combatants promptly
separated.

"Take a hundred lines each!" said
Mr. Peck severely. "These continual

riots between the two Houses must
cease."

"I don't think!" murmured Jim
Dainty, under his breath.

The juniors went into the Form-room.
Fritz Splitz blinked round the room un-
easily with his big saucer-eyes, as if he
feared that the escaped circus tiger
might be crouching under the desks.

Second lesson was in progress, when
Mr. Peck, at the blackboard, took his
eyes off his class. Ginger Rawlinson
softly crept from his place and stooped
behind Fritz Splitz. Fritz had taken
a chunk of toffee from his pocket, to
munch while Peck's back was turned.
He was sucking at it in happy satisfac-
tion, forgetful of escaped tigers, when
suddenly, behind him, there was a deep
and ferocious growl.

Fritz jumped clear of the desk.
"Ach!" he spluttered. "Grooogh!"

The toffee went down the wrong way,
and Fritz gurgled and choked. Gurgling
and choking, he bounded out from the
desks.

Ginger whipped back into his place,
looking as if butter would not have
melted in his mouth when Mr. Peck
spun round from the blackboard.

"Splitz!" roared Mr. Peck.
"Ach! Grooogh! Gug-gug-gug! Safe
me! Urrrrgh!"

Fritz bounded for the door. Mr. Peck
jumped in his way and grasped at him.

Fritz dodged, fully convinced that the
tiger was behind him. There was a
terrific crash as he collided with the
blackboard.

Blackboard and easel went over, crash-
ing to the floor. Over them went Fritz
Splitz, sprawling.

The Fourth Form yelled. Mr. Peck,
red with wrath, jumped after Fritz,
grasped him by one large ear, and
yanked him to his feet.

"Splitz!" he roared. "What— Are
you mad?"

"Ach! Grooogh!" The toffee in his
fat neck was troubling Fritz. "Urrgh!"

"What do you mean? Speak!"
"Urrrrgggg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Urrgh! Wurrgh!" Fritz ejected
the toffee at last and found his voice.

"Ach! Mein gootness! Run! Te
tiger—"

"There is no tiger here, you
frightened young rascal!" roared Mr.
Peck.

"Ach! But I hear him growl behind
me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Rawlinson, was it you who fright-
ened this foolish boy?"

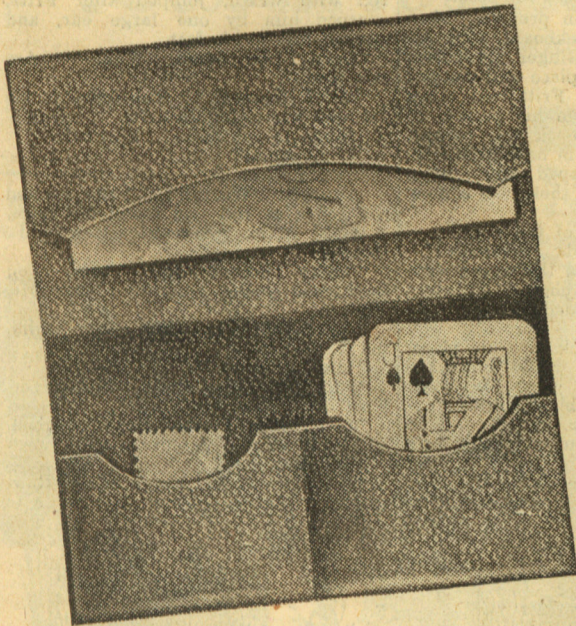
"I—I think I may have coughed,
sir!" said Ginger demurely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Silence! If you cough again, Raw-
linson, I shall cane you. Splitz, go to



"Ach! Faster, faster!" spluttered Fritz Splitz. "Ach! He gum, he
gum! Mein gootness! I am vun tead Cherman!" The tiger was in
pursuit—and a fall now meant death. Fritz flung his fat arms round
Jim Dainty madly. Jim set his teeth and drove desperately at the
pedals just as the tiger leaped!

A Great NEW SEXTON BLAKE Paper!



This Useful POCKET WALLET FREE To-day

with No. 1 of DETECTIVE WEEKLY, a grand new SEXTON BLAKE story paper. The Wallet is ideal for Notes, Stamps, Cigarette Playing-cards, etc. Make sure of the paper and make sure of the GIFT—both are splendid.

The powerful human-interest detective drama in

No. 1 of
**DETECTIVE
WEEKLY**
is entitled:
**SEXTON
BLAKE'S
SECRET**



This special story contains most sensational disclosures.

DETECTIVE WEEKLY 2^D.

STARRING SEXTON BLAKE

Now On Sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

your place. Take a hundred lines, and be quiet! Any more noise from you will be dealt with!"

"Peast and a prute!" gasped Fritz, with a glare at the grinning Ginger. "Peastly pounder and a plighter!"

There was plenty of grinning and subdued chuckling, but there were no more practical jokes in class that morning. Mr. Peck was looking too fierce. When the Fourth Form were dismissed Ginger yelled to White's juniors in the quad.

"Funks! Who's afraid of tigers?"

Which led to another scrap, and caused Sammy Sparshott to stride out with a cane in his hand, when the scrap ceased quite suddenly and the rivals of Grimslade bolted for their Houses like rabbits for their burrows.

Tit for Tat!

JIM DAINTY'S frowning face broke into a grin.

"I've got it!" he ejaculated.

Study No. 10, in White's House, were at tea. Dusk had fallen on the quadrangle. Dick Dawson looked inquiringly at his chum, and Fritz Splitz displayed sudden interest.

"Vat have you got, Tainty?" asked Fritz. "Is it cham? I have vinish te marmalade, and I vould ferry much like some cham."

"I've got it!" repeated Jim, unheeding. "Those Redmayes ticks have been chipping us all day about that dashed tiger—making out we're all funks, because that fat Boche bloater is funky."

"Mein tear Tainty—"

"Now I'm going to give them tiger!" said Dainty. "White's with the Head, so I can easily slip into his study."

"What on earth for?" asked Dawson.

"For his tiger-skin!" answered Jim.

Dawson stared for a moment, and then burst into a chuckle.

"My hat! There'll be a row!" he said.

"This study thrives on rows! Redmayes make out we're funky of tigers; we'll give them a chance to show their pluck with a tiger around."

Jim Dainty left his tea unfinished and hurried out of the study. He came back in a few minutes, with Mr. White's tiger-skin rug draped over one arm.

It was a magnificent skin, presented to Mr. White by a relative in India, who had shot the tiger in the jungle. The head looked quite life-like, having been fitted with glass eyes, and the jaws were terrifying to look upon. A fellow inside that tiger-skin was sure to cause a sensation, when an escaped tiger was known to be lurking in the vicinity.

Fritz Splitz eyed the skin and the fearful-looking head with uneasy eyes. It gave him an unpleasant thrill, even though it was a dozen years since that particular tiger had uttered his last roar.

"Lend a hand!" said Dainty, and Dawson lent a ready hand, while Fritz Splitz finished all the eatables that were left on the table.

Dainty stripped off his collar and jacket. There was plenty of room for him in the huge tiger-skin. Certainly, a close view would have revealed the fact that it was not a live tiger, but a schoolboy got up as one. But it was improbable that any fellow who saw a tiger coming would linger for a close view!

With lengths of string, securely knotted, the tiger-skin was fixed in place. When Jim Dainty went down on his hands and knees he was almost completely hidden by the skin and the head, and his aspect was horribly life-like. Fritz blinked at him with growing uneasiness. That tiger was altogether too life-like to please Friedrich von Splitz.

"Now help me out of the window," said Jim. "Listen to this. What does it sound like?"

He gave a deep, horrible growl. Fritz Splitz jumped.

"Ach! I like not tat!" he gasped.

"Ripping!" chuckled Dawson.

He helped Jim Dainty out of the window. It was quite dark in the quad now, and all the fellows were in their Houses, though the Houses were not yet closed. Dick Dawson caught his breath as he watched the long, sinuous, striped figure glide away in the gloom. Almost he thought that it was a real tiger. There was little doubt that Redmayes House would think so.

Slowly—for the tiger-skin was rather cumbersome—Dainty crawled away through the darkness across the quad.

Light gleamed from the open door of Redmayes House. In the doorway a red-headed junior was talking to two other fellows.

"We'll jolly well rub it in—what?" said Ginger Rawlinson. "We're making White's simply wild—mad as hatters! We—" He broke off suddenly. "My giddy goloshes! Wha-a-at's that?"

"Eh, what—" Streaky Bacon glanced round. "Oh crikey! Tiger!"

"Hook it!" yelled Sandy Bean.

A terrible-looking striped body came crouching up the steps of the House. A whiskered head, with gleaming eyes, glared. A deep, rumbling growl came from the fearful beast.

Ginger & Co. jumped back into the House as if they had been electrified. The tiger put on speed, and shot after them.

"Shut the door!" panted Ginger.

But it was too late. As the three startled juniors grasped the door the tiger's head came in, and a fearful growl sent them scuttling. They ran through the House, yelling the alarm.

"Look out! The tiger!" Mr. Redmayes rushed out of his study. A dozen fellows, yelling with alarm, bolted for the stairs. The Housemaster almost fell down at the sight of the tiger. He bounded back into his study and bolted the door.

The tiger crawled up the passage to the junior studies. It stopped at Ginger's door. In that study three terrified juniors had turned the key and were cramming tables and chairs against the door. They heard a brushing sound outside and a horrible growl. "My giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger. "He's here!"

Growl! "Thank goodness the door's locked!" panted Streaky. "Shove those chairs on the table—and the coal-scuttle—and the bookcase—"

"Listen!" breathed Sandy Bean, in horror.

They heard the door-handle turn. Tigers are said to be intelligent animals; but Ginger & Co. had never heard of a tiger turning a door-handle. In sheer horror they gazed at the door handle as it turned. They were deeply thankful that the study door was locked.

That intelligent tiger discovered that the door was locked, and, with another horrible growl, crawled away. Ginger & Co. listened to its movements, with pale, tense faces.

"It—it's going!" breathed Ginger.

A minute or two later there was a sound at the study window. The three Redmayes juniors spun round in that direction. The light from the study revealed a hideous, whiskered head rising into view at the window. That tiger seemed specially keen on Ginger & Co. He had picked out their study window without a mistake!

The Redmayes fellows gazed at it in horror. Only the glass defended them from the tiger. One blow from a terrible paw—

"Get out of this!" shrieked Streaky. They tore the barricade away from the door. The tiger's head was pressed to the window-pane.

"My giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger. "There's Sammy!"

"The tiger's seen him!"

Ginger & Co. stared from the window. The danger—if there had been any danger—was over, for the tiger had turned away at the sight of Dr. Sparschott hurrying on the scene.

The head of Grimsdale had a rifle in his hands, and there was a grim expression on his face. What happened next made Ginger & Co. wonder whether they were dreaming.

The tiger suddenly rose on his hind legs and yelled in a voice that no tiger has ever been heard to use before:

"Hold on, sir! Don't shoot! 'Tain't a tiger— For goodness' sake— Oh crikey! It's me—Dainty of the Fourth, sir!"

At Close Quarters!

"DAINTY!" roared the Head. "Oh, my giddy goloshes!" yelled Ginger. "Spoofed!"

Jim Dainty, tangled in the tiger-skin, stumbled and rolled over. Ginger threw open the study window and leaped out. Streaky and Sandy jumped after him. That tiger had scared them stiff; but now they wanted to get hold of that tiger!

It was rather lucky for the White's House tiger that Dr. Sparschott strode on the scene.

"Sock him!" yelled Ginger.

"Whoop!" roared the tiger, struggling frantically. "Yaroooh! Keep off! Oh, my hat! Yaroooh!"

"Stop! Stand back!" Sammy Sparschott pushed back the excited Red-

mayes trio. "Dainty! How dare you? Get out of that skin at once, you young rascal!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Jim, struggling with the skin. "It—it's tied on, sir! Lend a hand, Ginger, your red-headed freak! Only a joke, sir. They made out that we were scared of tigers, so— Ow! Don't pull my head off, you blithering ass!"

Jim got out of the skin. Dr. Sparschott eyed him sternly. Ginger & Co. looked as if they could eat him.

"Is that Mr. White's tiger-skin?" barked Sammy. "You may have damaged it by this absurd trick—hand it to me. Go to my study, Dainty, and wait for me there! I shall punish you severely! Go!"

Ginger & Co. went back into their House, looking rather sheepish—and all Redmayes House looked rather sheepish when they learned the real identity of that tiger.

Dr. Sparschott, with the tiger-skin over his arm, strode away to White's House, to restore it to its owner before he went to his study to deal with Dainty.

Jim Dainty walked away rather dimly to Big School. After the feast came the reckoning; he had scored off Ginger & Co., but now he had to stand the racket with Sammy.

He went into the building, and down the passage to the Head's study. The



Jim Dainty is the humorist in this week's rollicking yarn. Have a look at him—doesn't he look a cheeky young rascal?

door of that study was wide open, as Sammy had left it when he had come hurriedly out at the alarm across the quad.

Sammy's study was at the end of the passage, which the doorway faced. The door being open, Jim saw the interior of the study as he came along the passage. He gave a sudden, convulsive start and stopped dead.

Sammy had not been out of the study ten minutes. But during those minutes a startling visitor had crept into the building by the big doorway. Jim's eyes almost started from his head as they fell on a long, sinuous, striped body in the lighted room.

It was the tiger! Hunted and chased in the open country, it was evident that the beast had leaped a wall into the school precincts, seeking a refuge. There it was, in the Head's study, sniffing about like a great cat.

The tiger had not seen or heard Jim yet. If he could get the study door shut, it would be imprisoned in the room—till the hunters could arrive to deal with it. Loose in the school, a dozen lives might be lost in as many minutes.

Jim set his teeth hard, and tiptoed up the passage towards the study. If the tiger emerged, he was lost—but there was a sporting chance to save his school-

fellows from the fearful danger in their midst, and Jim Dainty took it.

He did not hear a step behind him—did not know that Dr. Sparschott had entered the building, and was watching him in amazement. On tiptoe, he crept to the study—he reached the doorway.

To close the door he had to step in and seize the handle, and his heart almost failed him. There was a brushing, padding sound only a few feet from him. With taut nerves, he stepped into the doorway, and seized the handle to drag the door shut.

As he did so a fearful head came round the door—the tiger had heard him. The whiskered face, the glaring eyes, the cavernous jaws, were only a foot from Jim Dainty. Dr. Sparschott, at the other end of the passage, saw—and understood.

Dainty made a backward jump, dragging the door shut. It shut and latched, and the next instant quivered and rang under a mighty stroke of the tiger's paw. But the door was of thick, solid oak, and Dainty by the skin of his teeth, was safe from that slashing paw.

He reeled back against the passage wall, white as chalk, gasping for breath, his brain swimming. There was a swift footprint in the passage. Sammy Sparschott's grasp on his shoulder steadied him.

"My brave lad!" said Sammy. "My brave, brave lad! You may have saved a score of lives! You are the pluckiest lad at Grimsdale!"

There was a screaming roar from the study, a sound of crashing furniture. The tiger, finding himself imprisoned, was wreaking his rage on the study.

"The window, sir!" panted Jim. "If he breaks the glass—"

"Right!" said Sammy.

He rushed out and round to the study window. Swiftly he slammed shut the heavy wooden shutters and secured them. The tiger was safely imprisoned now. Jim Dainty almost tottered back to White's House.

The roar of the imprisoned tiger warned the Grimsladers, and doors were shut and bolted. But the hunters were at hand—the tiger had been tracked to the wall he had leaped to enter the school grounds.

Mr. Stinger and his men were soon on the scene, with iron bars and ropes. But it was some time before the tiger, half-stunned, shackled by innumerable ropes, was finally captured and taken away in a cart.

After that Sammy Sparschott looked round his study with a rueful eye. It was a wreck. But the head of Grimsdale was deeply thankful that matters were no worse; and that they were no worse was owing to Jim Dainty.

In the circumstances, Jim considered that the Head might well have let him off the "six" he had earned by his jape on Redmayes House.

"Dainty," he said, "I'm proud of your pluck! All Grimsdale will be proud of your pluck! I told you, long ago, that some day you would be a credit to the school. I was right—as you may have noticed that I generally am! What? You are a credit to the school, Dainty!"

"Thank you, sir!" stammered Jim.

"And now," added Dr. Sparschott, picking up his cane, "bend over!"

And Jim got his six! Sammy had to give him his six—justice was justice! But they were the lightest six ever given at Grimsdale; and Jim grinned when they had been delivered. Sammy grinned, too, as he told him to cut.

(If you've enjoyed this story you should read the grand school yarn by Frank Richards in the "Magnificent," price 2d. And don't forget, buddies, there will be another "Grimsdale" story in next week's RANGER.)