

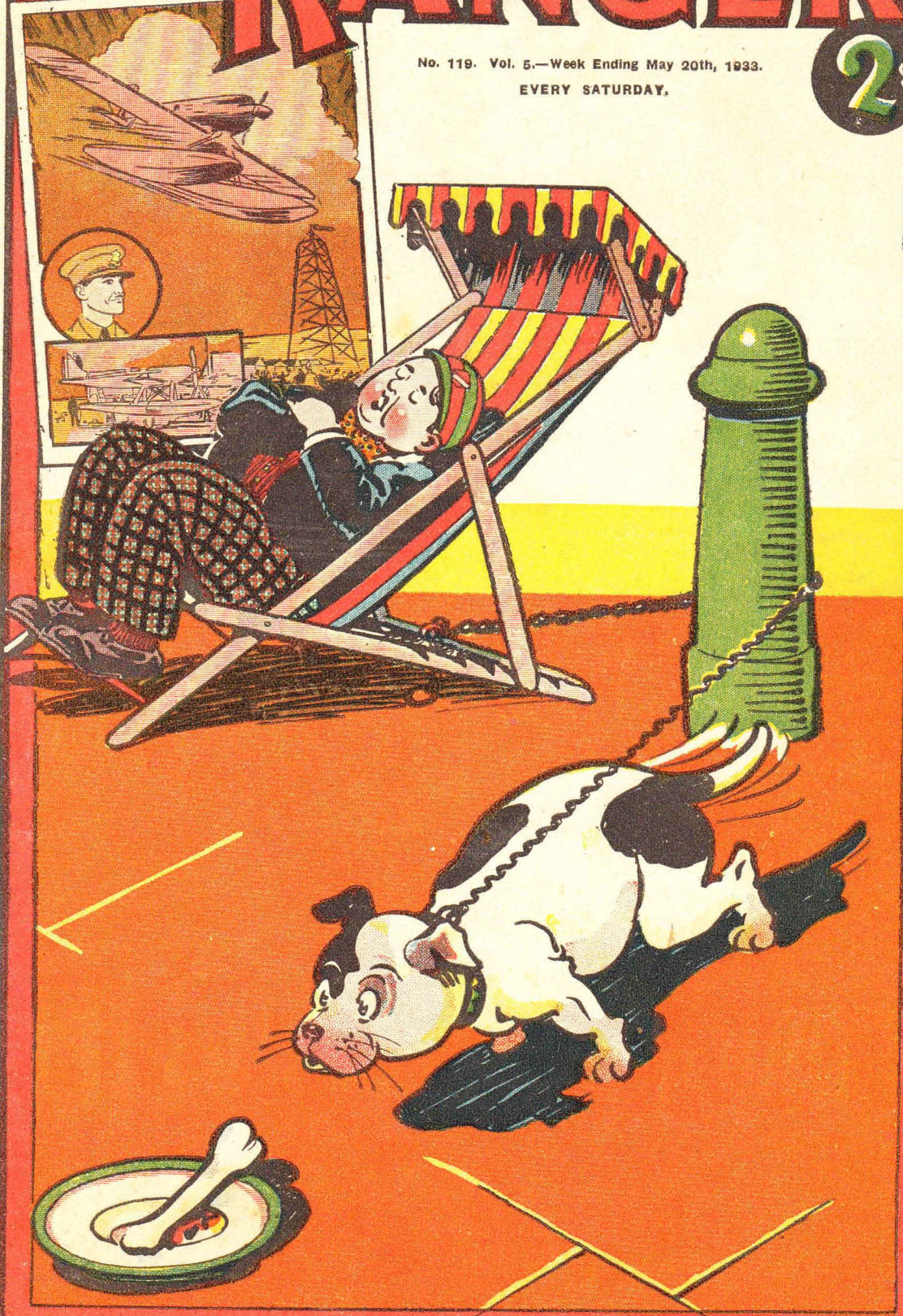
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# The RANGER

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EVERY SATURDAY.

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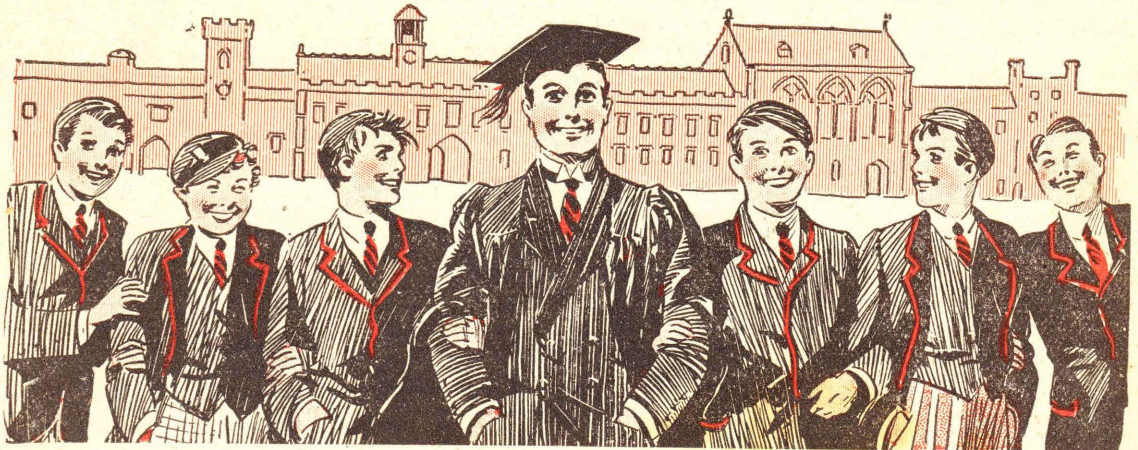




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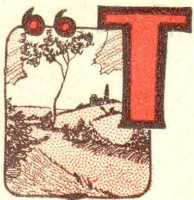
# The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!

By Famous FRANK RICHARDS.



THE GRIMSLADE FELLOWS THOUGHT JIM DAINTY A TRIFLE POTTY WHEN HE TRIED TO CURE A "BLACK SHEEP" OF HIS SHADY HABITS BY THROWING EGGS AT HIM. BUT JIM'S CURE WAS A GOOD 'UN, THOUGH THE EGGS WERE BAD 'UNS!

## Rotten Luck!



**T**HAT idiot Fritz!" exclaimed Dick Dawson. "Blow Fritz!" grunted Jim Dainty.

"But look——"

"Rats!"

Jim Dainty did not look. Leaning on a tree in Middlemoor

Lane, Jim had his eyes fixed on an open book in his hand. From his deep interest in that book, it might have been the "Holiday Annual" or the RANGER; but it wasn't either—it was the first book of Virgil. Which was rather unusual, for it was a half-holiday at Grimslade School, and Jim Dainty was anything but a swot.

Dawson grabbed his chum by the arm.

"Look here, Jim——"

"You silly ass!" hooted Dainty, looking up at last. "Chuck it! Hasn't Peck given me twenty lines of this tripe to learn by heart? Haven't I got to gabble it after tea?"

"Look!" repeated Dawson, pointing.

Jim Dainty snorted and looked. At a little distance across the fields was a high, wooden fence, which enclosed the grounds of the Black Boy Inn. There was a gap in that fence, and a fat and well-known figure was squeezing through the gap. Fritz Splitz, the German junior of White's House at Grimslade, evidently did not know that eyes were upon him.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Dainty. He stared at Fatty Fritz as that podgy youth vanished through the fence. "The silly chump! The podgy piffler! If Sammy found him out——"

Jim slipped Virgil into his jacket pocket.

"Wait here," he said. And he cut across the field to the fence, and looked through the gap. Within was the weedy, ill-kept garden of the Black Boy; in the distance, the unsavoury building itself. Closer at hand was a large shed, and into the open doorway of that shed the fat figure of Fritz was disappearing.

Dainty hesitated a moment. Fritz Splitz belonged to Study No. 10 in White's House—Dainty and Dawson's

study. If Fritz was straying from the straight and narrow path, it was up to his study-mate to kick him back into it. It was a risky business for any Grimslade man to enter the precincts of the Black Boy. Dr. Samuel Sparshott, the Head of Grimslade, was not likely to listen to any excuse if he found it out. But Jim's hesitation was brief.

He squeezed through the gap in his turn, and ran towards the shed, devoutly hoping that he would not be seen while he was hooking Fritz out. The voice of the podgy German fell on his ears.

"Tat is te letter, Mr. Moss. Fenwick giff me vun shilling tat I pring him to you."

Dainty set his teeth. Those words told him why Fritz was there. Fenwick, the black sheep of the Fifth, had tipped the young rascal to carry a message to Monty Moss, the bookmaker of Blackslade. Another moment, and Jim was in the shed.

"Ach himmel!" ejaculated Fritz, at the sight of him. "Mein goot Tainty——"

Mr. Moss, a fat and flabby gentleman with a beaky nose and bright, black eyes, stared at Jim. A letter was in his hand.

"What the dooce——" he began.

Without speaking, Jim Dainty snatched the letter from his hand and tore it into pieces. Then he grabbed Fritz Splitz by the collar and spun him round to the door. There was a yell from Fritz as Dainty's boot landed with a crash.

"Ach! Peast and a prute!" shrieked Fritz. "Kick me not on mein trousers!" "Get out, you fat frog!" roared Dainty.

"Mein gootness!" howled Fritz, as a second kick lifted him out. "Peast! Mein gootness! Yaroooh!"

Fatty Fritz made a wild rush for the gap in the fence. Another kick would have landed as he went, but Jim Dainty was dragged back by a grasp on his shoulder. The flabby face of Mr. Moss glared at him, inflamed with rage.

"You cheeky young 'ound!" spluttered Mr. Moss.

"Hands off, you rotter!" snapped Dainty.

Smack, smack, smack!

With his free hand, the bookmaker smacked Dainty's head right and left. Dainty gave a yell and grappled with

him. He neatly hooked his leg, and Monty Moss went sprawling, dragging the Grimslade junior down with him. They sprawled against a heap of straw in the corner of the shed, and rolled over in the straw. Monty Moss, gasping, was still smacking hard; Jim Dainty punched fiercely in return.

He tore himself loose from the bookmaker's grasp, and leaped to his feet. Monty Moss made a clutch at him and caught his jacket. There was a crash as Jim's clenched fist landed on a bulbous nose, and Mr. Moss grunted and collapsed in the straw. Jim darted out of the shed, sprinted across to the fence, and went headlong through the gap into the field.

A fat, fleeing figure was vanishing in the distance, but Dick Dawson was close at hand, anxious for his chum.

"Hook it!" gasped Jim.

They ran across the field together, while the flabby figure of Mr. Moss appeared at the gap, shaking a flabby fist and howling threats.

In a few minutes they had placed a couple of fields between them and the Black Boy, and then they slackened to a walk, taking the direction of the school. Jim Dainty grinned as he told his comrade of what had happened in the shed.

"Fenwick will be ratty!" said Dawson.

"Let him!" answered Jim indifferently. "Now I'd better mug up that rotten Latin. Peck wants it after tea. Oh, crickey!" he added, as he slipped his hand into the pocket where he had placed Virgil. "It's gone!"

"Your book—gone?"

"My hat!" gasped Dainty, in utter dismay. "It must have dropped while I was scrapping with that brute Moss in the shed. And—and it's got my name written in it!"

Dawson whistled.

"Let's go back," he said. "You can't leave it there. My hat! If it turned up——"

They walked back slowly, scanning the ground in the faint hope that the school book might have dropped since Jim had come out of the Black Boy grounds. But it was not to be seen, and it was clear that it had been left on the scene of the encounter with Mr. Moss.

"I've got to cut in and get it!" Jim



muttered. "Wait a bit till the coast's clear."

The two juniors watched for a time, and then cautiously approached the gap in the fence. Nothing was to be seen of Mr. Moss; that flabby gentleman was gone. But as Jim peered in at the gap he met the stare of a man only six feet from him—a young man with a pimply face, and a half-smoked cigarette hanging from his lips. The pimply man had just come out of the shed, and locked the door of that building behind him. He stared grimly at Jim.

"What you want, young rip?" he snapped. "Get out of it!" He stooped, picked up half a brick, and hurled it, almost before the words had left his lips.

Jim dodged the missile and backed away. Evidently there was nothing doing at present, and the Latin book had to be left where it was. It was in rather a worried mood that the chums of the Fourth walked back to Grimslade.

### A Bob's Worth for Fenwick!

"PEAST!" roared Fritz Splitz. Friedrich von Splitz was about to enter the school shop at Grimslade, when a sudden grasp fell on the back of his fat neck. His saucer-eyes blinked round at Jim Dainty.

"You've got a bob to spend!" said Dainty.

"Ja wohl! But I vant tat pop all to meinsel!" gasped Fritz. "Vun pop is not mooch, and I am ferry hungry. Anodder time I stands you a pig feed, ven I get some money from mein beoples in Chermany."

"I'm going to see you spend that bob!" answered Jim. "Come on!"

Dainty marched the fat German into the tuckshop. Fritz Splitz went in willingly enough. He had Fenwick's tip to spend, and he was anxious to get it down his fat neck in the shape of jam tarts. He only wondered anxiously whether Dainty was after a share of the plunder.

"Eggs for Fritz, Mrs. Sykes!" said Jim.

"Nein, nein!" exclaimed Fritz. "I do not vant te eggs—I vant vun pop's vorth of cham tarts!"

"You want eggs—and you're going to have eggs!" answered Jim coolly. "Not new-laid eggs Mrs. Sykes—the oldest you've got, and the cheapest. Fritz wants them with a strong flavour."

"But I vant tem not!" yelled Fritz. "I vant cham tarts!"

"My giddy goloshes!" exclaimed Ginger Rawlinson, of Redmayes House. "Why can't the fat Boche buy what he likes, you White's tick?"

"He's shopping for Fenwick of the Fifth," explained Dainty. "I'm going to see that he gets the right stuff!"

"But it is mein pop!" gasped Fritz. "I vill not puy pad eggs—I vill puy goot cham tarts, you peast and a prute!"

"Not unless you want me to take you to Sammy, and tell him why Fenwick gave you the bob."

"Ach, mein gootness! Mrs. Sykes, giff me tose eggs—blease giff me tose eggs—I vant a pop's vorth of eggs!"

"The oldest you've got, ma'am," said Jim.

There were eggs in Mrs. Sykes' establishment that had seen their best day, and that long ago. The good dame was quite pleased to dispose of them—they had been in stock so long that they had become unsaleable. A bag containing a dozen of those fearsome eggs was passed over to Fritz Splitz in exchange for his shilling.

Fritz groaned as he carried the bag out of the tuckshop, with Dainty and Dawson walking on either side of him. Fritz, who could eat almost anything, was disinclined to eat those eggs, even if given a chance.

The three juniors walked across to

White's House, and Jim led the way to the Fifth Form studies. There he kicked open the door of Fenwick's study.

Fenwick of the Fifth jumped up and hurriedly shoved a cigarette out of sight as the door flew open. He glared at the three juniors.

"You young rotters! What—" "Fritz has spent your bob on eggs, Fenwick," said Jim Dainty. "We're not allowing him to keep your tip, and he's brought the eggs to you."

"What do you mean, you young sweep?" roared Fenwick. "Get out of my study before I throw you out!"

"Kick up a shindy if you like!" said Dainty cheerfully. "If Billy White comes along he may be interested to hear that you tipped Fritz a bob to carry a letter to a bookmaker at the Black Boy."

Fenwick's jaw dropped. The colour wavered in his narrow face. Only too well Fenwick of the Fifth knew what would happen if his Housemaster made that discovery. The thought of the interview with Sammy Sparshott that would follow fairly made him cringe.

The next few minutes in Fenwick's study were hectic. Jim locked the door and pocketed the key. Then, at a signal, both he and Dawson hurled themselves at the senior.

Fenwick fought and struggled desperately, yelled and spluttered furiously, but against the two determined juniors he was soon lying helpless on the floor, with Dainty sitting on his head, Dawson sprawling on his legs.

Now Jim coolly produced lengths of rope, ruthlessly turned the table upside down and dragged the struggling senior between the four legs. Fenwick, shouting and raving in vain, found himself tied to those legs—just like a prisoner in the stocks of medieval days.

Panting and breathless, but smiling

grimly, Jim now turned upon Fritz, who had been watching the scene in trembling apprehension.

"This is to be a lesson to both of you!" said Jim. "Fritz, get hold of those eggs and buzz them one at a time at Fenwick!"

"If you dare—" yelled Fenwick. "Go it, Fritz! I'm going to kick you till you begin—like that!" "Yaroooooh!"

"And like that!" "Ach himmel! Tat you kick me not on mein trousers!" shrieked Fritz Splitz.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dawson. "Go it, Fritz! Twelve shies for nothing!" "And every time you don't get a bulls-eye, look out for my boot!" said Jim Dainty grimly.

"Mein gootness!" groaned Fritz. He clawed an egg from the bag, hurled it, and missed.

Thud! came Jim Dainty's boot on Fritz. Fritz yelled.

"That's what you get for every miss!" said Dainty. "Better get a few bulls-eyes, Fatty!"

"Stop!" shrieked Fenwick, struggling furiously; but the ropes that bound him to the table were strong, and they had been tied securely. "Splitz, if you dare—Dainty, I'll pulverise you! Release me, you rotters!"

"Go it, Fritz!" commanded Dainty. "Geep off! I am going it!" gasped Fritz.

And Fritz went it wholesale, a hail of eggs whizzing across the study at Fenwick. Jim Dainty's boot was ready, and the fat Boche dared not miss.

At so short a range, bulls-eyes were easy, and Fritz did not miss a single shot again.

Egg after egg smashed and squashed on the helpless Fenwick. Yolk streamed all over his face and down his neck, and the scent that spread through the study could almost have been cut with a knife.



"Go it, Fritz!" commanded Dainty. "I am going it!" gasped Fritz. A hail of eggs whizzed across the study. Egg after egg smashed and squashed on the helpless Fenwick. Yolk streamed all over his face and down his neck, and the scent that spread through the study could almost have been cut with a knife. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dainty and Dawson.



Fenwick of the Fifth was rather a dandy; but he did not look much of a dandy now.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dainty and Dawson.

Crash! Smash! Splash!  
The last egg crashed. Dick Dawson, suffocating with laughter, and the smell of those ancient eggs, had his handkerchief to his nose. Jim Dainty was rather anxious to be gone. The atmosphere of Fenwick's study was getting like soup.

"Tat is te last!" gasped Fritz. "Mein goodness! I have no more te breff! I tink tat I joke mit meinself!"

"Come on!" gasped Dainty, unlocking the door. "I think you'll steer clear of Study No. 10 after this, Fenwick! What?"

"Grooogh! Oooogh!" was Fenwick's answer. "Urrrrgggggh! Ooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Fenwick of the Fifth gurgled horribly. The juniors, howling with laughter, cleared out of the study and left him to gurgle.

### A Narrow Escape!

**JIM DAINTY** was worried. For several days he had had that worried feeling. The book he had lost at the Black Boy was the cause.

Five or six times Jim and Dawson had scouted round the Black Boy at a distance, looking for a chance. But generally there was somebody about; and on the single occasion when Jim penetrated into the place, he found the shed locked up.

Why it was now kept locked they did not know. But locked it was, and within it Book I of the *Aeneid*, with Jim's name written in it, had to remain. No doubt it was hidden from sight in the heap of old straw. But if it was found—

It was proof positive that Jim Dainty had been within the grounds of the Black Boy if that book turned up there. One of the tattered loafers who haunted the place might find it and bring it up to the school, expecting a small reward! The Head might find out!

Up before Dr. Sparshott, on a charge of having entered the Black Boy, what could he say? Certainly Jim could not give Fritz Splitz away. It meant a flogging, and, worse than that, it meant lowering himself in Sammy's opinion.

"We've got to get it back!" said Dick Dawson on Saturday afternoon. "Let's have another shot at it to-day."

Taking a roundabout course, in case official eyes should fall upon them, the chums of the Fourth made their way across the fields, and arrived at the back fence of the inn. They crept round the fence, watchful and wary, and Jim peered in at the gap. The weedy garden within was deserted, and, to his joy, he saw that the shed door was half-open.

"My hat, here's a chance!" whispered Jim.

And, leaving Dawson waiting, he whipped through the gap and ran to the shed. If the shed was empty, he wanted only a few minutes to root in the old, evil-smelling straw, and then—

"Strike me pink!" A startled voice rapped out, as Jim hurried into the shed. "You 'ere ag'in, you young rip?"

Jim stopped dead. It was the pimply young man he had seen before, and his shifty eyes glared at Jim in angry suspicion. He was bending over the stack of old straw when Jim entered; but he spun round it at once, and made an angry stride towards the schoolboy.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Jim. "I'm doing no harm here! I—"

"Biter!" yelled the pimply young man. "Biter!"

There was a bark and a scamper of feet in the yard.

"Seize him, Biter!" yelled the pimply man. "Bite him! Seize him!"

Jim Dainty jumped back from the

doorway. A big, bony, black-and-tan dog was coming straight at him, with a show of teeth that was more than alarming. Jim Dainty made a bound for the fence, and went through the gap headfirst.

"I say, what— Oh, my hat!" spluttered Dawson, as Jim crashed into him and sent him spinning.

"Hook it!" panted Jim.

The deep growl of the dog was warning enough to "hook" it. Dawson scrambled up. The dog, with gleaming eyes and flashing teeth, leaped through the gap, and the two schoolboys took to their heels and raced across the field. After them came Biter, savage and snarling, the pimply man waving from the fence and urging him on.

That Biter would bite, and bite deep, was a certainty if he overtook the schoolboys. They ran as they had seldom run before.

## WINNING "BULL'S-EYES."

### WONDERFUL!

Smith: "We call Brown the wonder-worker."

Jones: "Why?"

Smith: "Because it's a wonder he works at all!"

(A Penknife has been awarded to D. Maynard, 22, Mantilla Road, London, S.W.17.)

### ANGRY AS A TIGER.



First Car-driver: "I tell you I came round that corner like a tortoise!"

Second Car-driver: "I suppose that's why my car turned turtle?"

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to S. Leete, Aldwick House, Beddington Lane, near Croydon.)

### OBLIGING!

School Attendance Officer (to Johnny's mother): "Why is your son absent from school?"

Johnny's mother: "To keep you in a job, sir!"

(A Penknife has been awarded to J. Killeen, 29, The Baulk, Biggleswade, Beds.)

### NOT HELPFUL!

Butler: "A man is singing in the street and wishes to know if you will help him, sir."

Retired Colonel: "Impossible! I can't sing a note!"

(A Grand Prize has been awarded to H. Rosen, 499, Crown Street, Surrey Hills, Sydney, Australia.)

"This way!" panted Jim.

And he headed for a high fence on the farther side of the field. He made a flying leap, caught the top, and dragged himself up astride. Dawson leaped, and caught the top with his hands; but he hung there, breathless, unable for the moment to pull himself up.

With a fierce snarl, Biter sprang, and Dawson convulsively jerked his legs up, barely eluding the snap of the jaws below.

Desperately Dick heaved himself over the top of the fence, and again and again the savage dog leaped, snarling and howling. But Dawson was out of his reach now, and he dropped on the safe side. Jim caught his arm.

"Come on!" he breathed. "The brute may get round somewhere! Let's get out of this!"

And they lost no time. They were glad enough to find themselves back in

Middlemoor Lane again, with Biter's savage howls faint in the distance.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Dawson. "I say, I'm fed-up with that show! You'll have to leave that dashed book there, Jim! Ten to one it will never turn up!"

"That pimply blighter was rooting over the straw when I looked in!" muttered Jim. "That fellow's up to something—goodness knows what! He looked scared when I butted in. I've got to get that book back somehow!"

And Jim Dainty pondered over that knotty problem as they walked back to Grimslade.

### Two in the Dark!

**E**LEVEN strokes had sounded from the clock tower when Jim Dainty lifted his head, in the Fourth Form dormitory in White's House, and looked round in the darkness. All the fellows were fast asleep, and from Fatty Fritz's bed came the German junior's deep snore. Quietly Jim Dainty slipped out of bed and dressed himself in the dark. Softly and silently he crept from the dormitory, leaving the Fourth fast asleep behind him.

Jim's mind was made up. He had to get that book back somehow—and in the day-time it was impossible. It was a serious matter to break school bounds at night—but he was going to chance it.

He had said nothing to Dawson—he did not want to drag his chum into the danger. He did not need help. Once he was on the spot, it would be easy enough to get in at the window of the shed under cover of night, and root in the straw for the lost *Virgil* with the aid of an electric torch.

Silently, in his rubber shoes, he trod along the passage and descended the staircase—which at that hour was as black as a well. All the House had gone to bed—not a single light glimmered in the building, or in any window at Grimslade. That was satisfactory, in its way; but Jim's heart beat rather fast as he crept along in pitch darkness, feeling his way.

It came rather uncomfortably into his mind that there had been several burglaries of late in Middlemoor and Tatcham. That was an unpleasant thing to think of at such a time, but somehow it stuck in his mind.

He stopped suddenly, his heart leaping at a sound in the darkness. He caught his breath. There had been burglars at the back of his mind—now they came to the front of his mind, as it were, with a jump. He was passing the boot-room, which was under the big staircase, and faint but clear the sound came to him—the sound of a window shutting! He knew that it was the window of the boot-room, which opened at the side of the House. He stood still in the darkness, his heart pounding.

Faintly, but plainly, came stealthy sounds from the boot-room. It was the sound of feet that crept on tiptoe. He could see nothing in the gloom, but he felt the wind of the boot-room door opening, and he knew that someone unseen had stepped out—and was within a yard of him, hidden in darkness. The boot-room door closed—softly, but he heard the sound—and he caught the subdued breathing of the unseen intruder.

Jim's brain was almost in a whirl. That it was the burglar who had recently been busy in the neighbourhood, paying a visit to White's House at Grimslade, he could hardly doubt. To collar him and yell for help was the junior's first thought. But collaring some desperate ruffian in the dark was not a light matter, and help would be at least some minutes in coming.

Jim Dainty had little time to think—it was only a matter of seconds—and before he could decide on his course of action, the matter was settled for him.



# THE CHIEF RANGER CHATS.

**H**ALLO, Buddies! I feel sure you will all avail yourselves of the wonderful offer I am making on page 471 of this issue. Every boy these days is "air-minded," and model aeroplanes—good and bad ones—are everywhere in evidence. The Rigby "Super" is a real good 'un! Fully assembled and ready to fly, it would cost you half-a-crown if you were to buy it in a shop. By special arrangement I am able to offer every RANGER reader one of these amazing models, complete with instructions for assembling, at the small cost of 4d. Now, you aeroplane enthusiasts, here's your big chance! You will get a kick out of assembling this model—you will get a greater kick when you fly it! I've another little surprise in store for you all next week, which takes the form of a simple competition. Five handsome bicycles are the prizes offered. How's that for a winner? In addition, there will be another marvellous Free Photogravure Plate which you must add to your collection, and the opening story of a really novel series. The title is, "Tales of Big Benn." Big Benn is the owner of hundreds of quaint curios, gathered from all parts of the world over a period of many years. Each curio is the souvenir of a remarkable adventure, and these adventures are going to be told to RANGER readers starting next week and onwards. Don't miss a single one of them. Order next week's Free Gift issue of the RANGER now—it's much too good to be missed!

*The Chief Ranger*

The Editor welcomes letters from readers. Address them to, "The Chief Ranger," the RANGER, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

## FLIGHT-LIEUT. STAINFORTH'S AIR SPEED RECORD.

Ever heard of a "Human Bullet"? The young R.A.F. officer, Flight-Lieut. Stainforth, who once gained the world's air speed record for Britain, is one of them. He did it with a racing seaplane off Southampton, in 1931, flying at the rate of nearly seven miles a minute! Whew! His almost unbelievable record was arrived at by taking an average of his time over four flights, one after the other, and it worked out at over 408 miles per hour!

The previous month the Schneider Trophy—the most coveted air trophy in the world—was won outright for Britain by a friend of Stainforth's, Flight-Lieut.

Boothman, at just over 340 m.p.h. Two hours later Stainforth went up and managed 379 miles an hour.

Then, the following month, came his really marvellous world record-breaking flight of 408.8 miles per hour in a Vickers-Supermarine Rolls-Royce "S. 6.8" monoplane.

### Risk of a Broken Neck!

It will give you some idea of the astounding increase in air speeds if we compare Stainforth's record with the speed of the winner (a Frenchman, by the way) of the First Schneider Trophy, in 1913. The winning speed in that contest

was 45 m.p.h.! By 1929 it had worked up to 328 m.p.h.

Do you realise the risks these speedy fliers run? Their planes are as sound as human engineering skill and science can make them, of course, and the engines are pretty well incapable of going wrong. But what of the man who sits at the controls—alone, master of the whole pulsating fabric, with its engine of 2,600 horse-power? For that was the power of Stainforth's amazing seaplane.

Not only must he be perfect and absolute master of the tremendously powerful and intricate machinery but master also of himself—of his nerves and judgment. He knows that he is flying at such a rate that the air around him is practically solid, and that if he put his head out beyond the protection specially provided for it his neck would be broken by the rush of air—snapped like a carrot!

### Uncanny Human Skill!

And turning a corner—as at one of the tower-like pylons which are used to mark the boundaries, or turning points, of the Schneider Trophy course, calls for uncanny skill. It would be easy for a pilot to go into a side-slip or spin if he failed in his judgment at the crucial moment. Besides which, at the actual moment of turning, the effect of the tremendously sudden change of direction is such that the pilot momentarily goes blind.

Everything is blacked out as he turns at screaming speed—for just long enough to unsettle his nerves and call for the most tremendous will-power to get himself under control and in hand again before the aerial bullet of which he is in command can "go wrong."

Now that Italy claims to have set up a fresh air speed record it would draw a tremendous crowd of enthusiasts from both countries if a match between Italy's and Britain's selected speed men of the air could be arranged. Either Flight-Lieut. Stainforth or one of his gallant colleagues would be happy to oblige for Britain, we feel sure!

The unseen figure, moving stealthily away from the boot-room, bumped right into him, and there was a gasp in the darkness. The unseen one was more startled than Dainty by that sudden and unexpected encounter.

Jim Dainty's mind was instantly made up then. With his clenched fist, he struck his hardest, and he heard a grunt as the blow went home, and then there was a heavy fall. The crash of the falling body rang almost like thunder through the silent House. That sudden drive had taken the intruder by surprise and knocked him right over.

Jim did not give him a chance to rise. He did not want a sweeping slash from a jemmy in the darkness. He hurled himself on the fallen figure, and jammed his knee hard on a waistcoat, to keep the villain down.

"Oooogh!" came in a gurgling gasp from underneath him. "Mercy! For mercy's sake—don't—don't! I'll be quiet! Mercy!"

Jim Dainty gasped. His mouth was open to shout for help—but, instead of shouting, he gasped. For he knew that voice! It was the voice of Fenwick of the Fifth!

"Oh!" gasped Jim blankly.

It was not, after all, a burglar! It was the Fifth Form sportsman, stealing stealthily into the House after breaking bounds at night—likely enough, after a visit to the Black Boy!

"Mercy! I'll be quiet—oh, don't!" panted the wretched Fenwick. He was making no resistance. Evidently the mistake was a mutual one—and Fenwick believed that he had run into a burglar in the dark! He also was in apprehension of a sweeping slash from a jemmy!

Jim Dainty gasped—and then he grinned! Fenwick, panting with terror, lay unresisting under the knee that

pinned him down. He wriggled in terrified apprehension of a jemmy crashing down!

"You rotter!" breathed Jim. "You'll be quiet, will you—and let the House be burgled to save your dirty skin, you cringing worm!"

The Fifth Form sportsman gave a convulsive start at the sound of the voice! He knew that he was not in the clutches of a burglar now!

"You—Dainty!" he hissed. And with a savage gritting of the teeth he grasped at the junior above him. "You young hound! I'll smash you!"

There was a sound of an opening door above. A light flashed over the staircase. A deep voice—that of Mr. White, the Housemaster—came booming.

"What is that? Who is there?" Evidently Billy White had been awakened by the crash of Fenwick going down.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Jim. "That's White!" breathed Fenwick. "Let go—let me get up, you young idiot! We shall both be nailed!"

Jim Dainty leaped to his feet. Fenwick scrambled up. It was no time for punching now.

They listened with thumping hearts. The light came down the staircase—and through the banisters they had a glimpse of Billy White, in his dressing-gown, with a lamp in one hand and a poker in the other. Evidently Billy White was thinking of burglars, too, and was coming to investigate the meaning of those startling nocturnal sounds. Fenwick of the Fifth hardly breathed. On tiptoe, he groped in the darkness down the passage. Jim Dainty, remembering the back staircase, groped after him. They had vanished when Mr. White arrived at the foot of the big staircase, flashing his lamp warily round him, and holding the poker half lifted. They heard the Housemaster's voice.

"Yorke! Is that you, Yorke? Did you hear something, too? Pray come down and assist me to search! If it is burglars—"

Jim Dainty scudded up the back staircase in the dark. He saw no more of Fenwick. In less than a minute he was in the Fourth Form dormitory and plunging into bed. Probably Fenwick was as swift in getting to the Fifth Form dormitory.

Downstairs, Mr. White and Yorke of the Sixth examined doors and windows with great care. But they found no burglars! Those burglars were in bed—and falling asleep!

Then next day plenty of Grimslade fellows noticed that Fenwick of the Fifth had a highly decorative nose. When he was asked what had happened to it, he explained that he had run it against something in the dark! But he did not explain what it was that he had run it against—neither did Jim Dainty explain how his knuckles came to be barked!

That day, whenever Fenwick of the Fifth came across Dainty of the Fourth, he looked at him as if he could have eaten him. But Jim wasted no thought on the bully of the Fifth; his Latin book was still within the walls of the Black Boy, where he could not possibly leave it, and its recovery was still an unsolved problem!

*(Many troubles befell Jim Dainty before his book is recovered—and the manner of its recovery will come as a great surprise. Don't miss the next Grimslade story—and don't forget there is another Free Gift waiting for you in next week's RANGER.)*