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The RANGER

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EVERY SATURDAY.

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KATZ'
FAMOUS
SAUSAGES



THIS MERRY SCHOOL YARN WILL DRIVE AWAY YOUR BLUES!

The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



FREE MEN NEVER HAD TWO HALF-PENNYES TO RUB 'EM WITH. NOW HE'S BELLING IN BRANNOTES! HE'S SO HEAVY—SO IT BREAKS—THAT SOMEONE RECKONS FREE NORTH KIDNAPPING! YOU'LL ENJOY EVERY LINE OF THIS UNUSUAL SCHOOL YARN.

By Popular
FRANK RICHARDS.

fellow who lost Fritz money did so without expecting to see it again. Matters were altered now.

"Fritz told 'em the limit," said Jim.

"Here you are?"

"Thank you, my dear Chick! And you also, my good Tasso!"

"Half-a-crown!" said Dick, laughing.

"Not much to you now, Fritz."

In spite of that huge volume, however, Fritz seemed very pleased to get hold of seven shillings and sixpence. He fairly grabbed it.

"Now show that money out of sight," said Jim, "and, look here, don't carry it about with you. You'll be robbed."

"You—"

Jim Dalroy was interrupted. The shifty-eyed man who had been sitting on the fence intervened suddenly and unexpectedly.

Before the juniors knew he was there he made a sudden dash, grabbed Fritz by the collar with one hand, and grabbed at the waist of banknotes with the other.

Fritz gave a startled yell. His banknotes scattered far and wide, and with them the seven-and-six he had borrowed from his study-mates. Five or six of the banknotes were in the grasp of the shifty man, who would have been off like a shot in another moment. But in that moment Jim Dalroy jumped at him and grasped him.

"Back up, Dick!" he yelled.

Dawson rushed to his own's aid. The two juniors dragged the rapist over, and he went with a bump to the ground. He had had to drop his plunder, and now he was fighting like a wildcat to get it.

With a desperate wrench he tore himself loose. He took to his heels, dodging through a gap in the fence and streaking across the moor.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Jim, wiping his perspiring brow. "Oh, my hat! You fat chump! You've had a narrow escape of losing all that money! Pick it up, my dear, before some other tramp comes along!"

"Ja, ja, wold!" gasped Fritz.

He proceeded to pick up the money. Strange to relate, he picked up the seven-and-six before he looked about the banknotes. He recaptured the half-crown and four shillings, and blinked round anxiously for the other shilling.

"You've got the odder shilling!" exclaimed Fritz anxiously. "Main tear-jones, look for fat odder shilling!"

"What does a shilling matter, fat-head?" answered Dawson. "Look after your banknotes, you say!"

But Fritz Spitta persisted in looking for the shilling. He searched it in a rut in the lawn, by which stood Dalroy and Dawson had gathered up the banknotes. They handed them to Fritz, who secured them back in the envelope, and shoved the envelope carelessly enough into his pocket.

"Better see the fat ass back to the school," said Jim, and the chase of the

one banknote. It was not merely two or three! It was a whole wad of these—banknotes galore. And each of them bore the words "Hundert Mark" in large letters.

Dawson and Dawson could only gaze. And a man who was sitting on a fence beside the large grassed, too. He was a shabby even, with a bowler hat on the back of his head and a cigarette hanging from a loose lip. The schoolboys had not noticed him; but he noticed them very keenly at the sight of that stack of banknotes.

Jim Dalroy took one of the banknotes to look at it more closely.

It was for a hundred marks—and a mark was a shilling in English money! It was, therefore, a five-pound note! And Fritz's fat hand was full of them!

Fritz was grinning, but there was a rather keen and uneasy glint in his outer-eye as he watched the chase of the Fourth, assuming that banknote. Jim handed it back to him.

"Better not let Sappers Spatchcock see that lot!" he said. "He would come down on you like a ton of bricks! You've got about a hundred quid in English money!"

"Ach! I say nothing to Sappers!" grinned Fritz. "But now, mein jans, I took out one pillow but seven pounds in Chemistry are berry rich, ain't it? Now you charge me a banknote and I pass you fat I covv."

"Fathead!" said Jim. "We can't charge you. Mean to say that your people want all that money without registering it?"

"Fat is nothing to mein peeps—we are so berry rich!" said Fritz carelessly.

"Also, fat better registered to Hauptmaster, sure he know upon it! But I am not allowed to open all fat money!" But at Grimslade's earnest spered Charman money—I must go to a bank and change it. If you cannot change a note, you lend me a board to go on with."

Jim Dalroy laughed. Hitherto a

Wonderful Wealth!

"M
KIN peeps—"
"Howevv?"
"In Chemistry—"
"Rats!"

"Will you let me speak with mein-soll?" roared Fritz Spitta. "It is not fat I want to borrow anything. I want to give you something."

"What?" inquired Jim Dalroy and Dick Dawson together.

They were surprised. In all matters of cash Fritz Spitta, the German junior at Grimslade, generally considered that he was more blessed to receive than to give.

According to Fritz, his people in Germany were always going to send him large supplies of cash. Nobody in Grimslade, however, had ever seen any of that cash from the Fatherland.

It was a half-holiday at Grimslade—a gloomy afternoon in early summer. Jim Dalroy and his dream were starting on a ramble to Grimslade Pike after dinner, when the fat German loam down on them and made his astonishing announcement.

Dalroy and Dawson stopped. If Fritz Fritz, for the first time in the history of Grimslade, was going to pay instead of "peeps," they were not the fellows to discourage him.

"I think fat I see you something," said Fritz. "Now I pass him. You will change mein banknotes, and I pass up, ain't it?"

"Well, my only hat!" said Dick Dawson blankly.

"Gamm!" said Jim Dalroy.

"Fat you look, thee?" said Fritz, and he jerked an envelope from his pocket.

It was a large envelope, it had a German stamp and postmark, and had evidently been through the post. And it was well filled. One end had been opened, and from that end Fritz Spitta proceeded to draw German banknotes. Dalroy and Dawson watched him in growing amazement. It was not merely

Fourth walked back to the gates of Grimshade, to see Fritz safe in before they resumed their way to the Fritz.

Fatty Fritz rolled in of the gates, with a cheery grin on his face. He presented straight to the truckmen, where Mrs. Spashoot served him with refreshments, liquid and solid, to the exact amount of seven shillings and sixpence. He packed away jam-tarts and dough-nuts, and washed them down with ginger-pop. A happy and sticky Fritz!

Kidnapped!

"A HUNDRED pounds!" said Ginger Rawlins, of Red-mayor House. "My golden goblets!"

"Gammer!" said his chums, Stranky Bacon and Sandy Bean.

"I've seen it!" in German baskets, out of corner-twenty notes of a hundred marks each—a never believed Fritz's boche relations had any tin. They've never sent him any, so far. But—there it is!" Ginger whistled. "What would Sammy say if he knew a Fourth Form boy had a hundred pounds in his pockets?"

"I've seen it!" in Lower School of Grimshade the startling news had spread. Fritz Spilts, the hand-pup, Fritz, the borrower of books, had such a sum as the wealthy fellow in the school never dreamed of possessing.

Jim Dainty urged the fat German not to carry so much money about with him. He had already had one narrow escape. And Fritz kept it in a book in Study No. 14, in White's House. He was always ready to let fellows see it. Quite a stream came to give in the "once-over." And quite a good many fellows were willing to make Fritz little loans till he could change his German money into English.

That meant a visit to the bank at Blackshade, a good distance away; and Fritz declared that next Wednesday he would take it to the bank. He could afford to wait. In the meantime he gathered up little loans—all to be repaid when his banknotes were changed.

On Wednesday afternoon Dainty and Dawson agreed to see Fritz practice and accompany Fritz to Blackshade, to see him safe back with his money. They looked for the fat German and carried him in the street, routing his pocket lines to the streets after his adventures at dinner.

"Ready, old fat Boche?" asked Jim. "Yes, it is—a load!" asked Fritz.

"Aah, ja, I've quite ready!"
Dinner made no difference to Fritz: he was always ready for a feed.

Jim Dainty laughed.
"No, no!" with "yes" coming over to Blackshade with "yes."

"Aah!" Fritz had half-frozen; now he sunk back into the chair. His success glimmered curiously for a moment. "Mein dear Yainie, I think but I will not go to Blackshade today—I was so tired!"

"You can only go on a half-holiday," said Dawson, "and the bank will be closed Saturday afternoon. Get ready as it is."
"You go to be bribed," said Fritz. "That is all right! I shall walk to Blackshade and take a day's pack!"

"Well, I wouldn't walk across the moor alone, with a hundred pounds in my pockets," said Dawson.

"Ferry likely" agreed Fritz. "But you are not an expert on a German?"

"You clumsy Boche!" sneered Dawson, and he stalked out of the study.

Jim Dainty followed him. The chance of the Fourth was glad enough to get to the cricket. If it came to that.

Fritz Spilts grinned when they were gone. He was still resting in the arm-chair when Ginger Rawlins and Co came into the study.

"What started you?" asked Ginger Rawlins. "Look here, I want you to square that five bob you owe me."

"And I want my half-crown," said Sandy Bean.

Fritz shook his head.

"I have your colonial coin in mein pocket-book," he said. "I think let I go to Blackshade next week."

Ginger & Co. eyed him. They had naturally expected that Fritz would be eager to handle his money. He did not seem eager at all. But Ginger & Co were among the many fellows who had made him little loans, to be repaid on Wednesday. They did not feel like waiting another week because the fat German was too late to go to the bank.

"Think again!" suggested Ginger. "Ferd too good to get out of that chair!"

"Ja wohl!"

"I'll help you out, old Boche bean!"

Bump! Fritz Spilts rolled on the study carpet, as Ginger tilted the chair, and roared.

"Aah! Fraz and a prize! You paid me to go and be roared. 'Go away out my affairs!'"

"Take his other ear, and we'll start him, Stranky!"

"Whan-ah!" grinned Stranky Bacon. "Aah! Post and a great powder!"

Stranky Fritz, as he was led out of the study by his extensive ear. "Leave me in peace!"

"Help him, Sandy! Don't slack!"

"Go!" said Sandy Bean. He helped from behind. Fritz Spilts rolled as Sandy's boot clamped. Fritz, for some reason best known to himself, did not want to start. But with Ginger and Stranky pulling at his ears, and Sandy Bean kicking at his baggy trousers, Fritz decided to go. His fat face was crimson with wrath as Ginger & Co. walked him down to the gates.

The fat fell face into the road.

"Now, start!" said Ginger. "I'll help you with my boot."

Fritz did not wait for the boot. He started at a run. Ginger & Co. grinning, walked back to join in games practice.

"Aah! Peasny protest!" growled Fritz.

He jolled away dizzily along the lane. For some mysterious reason, Fritz did not want to take his banknotes to the Blackshade bank. In point of fact, they were still locked up in his study, though Ginger & Co. of course, supposed that he had them on him, as he had announced his intention of taking them to the bank that afternoon.

Half a mile from the school Fatty Fritz sat on a stile to rest.

"Aah! I will tell your people, an I lose mein eye, an I lose mein eye!"

"I will be at right person: I will get work at tea-time, and say 'I love you to say!'"

A shadow fell across him, and he looked up with amazement to see a thirty-year-old man with a bowler hat on the back of his head. It was the rascal who had snatched at the German banknotes a few days before. Scrambling he had been hanging round Grimshade, watching for another chance at the fat jowler.

"Mein goodness!" gasped Fritz in terror. "Mein good man, I have no money about me. I have nothing!"

The man glanced swiftly up and down the lane, then he jerked Fritz over the stile, holding him in a grip from which there was no escaping. He let Fritz away by a path over the moor-land, in a quarter of an hour they were far out on the lonely moor, and the kidnapper halted in a clump of trees.

Fritz staggered against a tree. He was so scared that his fat knees almost shook the ground. His German banknotes were glittered at him.

"Mein good man, I tell you!"—snapped Fritz.

"Hold your tongue!"

Fritz held his tongue, but his teeth chattered like castanets. Quietly, swiftly, the man ran his thick-fingered hands through the German's pockets. It was evidently a kind of work he was used to. In a few minutes it was clear

that Fritz's wealth was not on his person. Not a single coin or note came to light. The man spoke at last in a low tone of assurance that sent cold chills down Fritz's back.

"You had a pile of banknotes the other day. Where are they now?"

"In main study at a school!" gasped Fritz. "But your banknotes will be no use to you!"

"Shut up!"

A threatening gesture from the words on Fritz's lips. The man stood in thought for some moments, Fritz watching him, quaking with dread. He was not to see, or taking a card from his pocket, with which he proceeded to bind the fat German to a tree. Having fastened him to the trunk, hand and foot, he jammed Fritz's cap into his wide mouth and secured it there with another card.

"You'll die, I reckon!" he remarked; and with that another card he turned and strode away.

Held to Ransom!

BURNISHED!

Dr. Spashoot, the young and athletic headmaster of Grimshade School, had done his pen and picked up the receiver of the telephone.

"Is that the headmaster of Grimshade?" asked a cold, thin, and voice.

"Speaking!" snapped Sammy Spashoot.

"Nobody on home, or are likely to know?" came back the loud voice. "I've sung you up to talk business. A Grimshade boy's life is at stake."

"What?" roared Sammy Spashoot. "I'll eat it where. You have a German boy, named Spilts, in your school?"

"Quite."

"A few days ago I saw him in the lane with a bundle of banknotes in his hand; German banknotes, worth a hundred pounds, which I heard him tell you (after he had received from his relations in his own country).

"Nonsense!"

"Fraz, I assure you! Spilts, at the present moment, is bound hand and foot and hidden away on the moor, where he is not likely to be found."

"He and?" said Sammy.

"I believed he might be going to the bank to change the foreign notes. His feet were cut on him. He said that they were in a desk in his study at the school. I want them!"

"You want something else, my friend, which you would get if there were not a telephone wire between us!" said Dr. Spashoot. "So you have way-laid a Grimshade boy and kidnapped him, and you have the nerve to ring me up and tell me so! Get on with the rest!"

"I fancy you can guess the rest! You will take that bundle of banknotes from the boy's study and place them on the Flat Rock by Grimshade Water before dawn. You know the place?"

"Quite."

"You will be watched from a safe distance with field glasses. You will go alone. If the banknotes are there, the boy will be released shortly afterwards. If they are not there, you will not hear from me again. Neither will you hear from the boy Fritz. I will leave to you the task of finding him. It may take days, or even the boy's life is in your hands. Dr. Spashoot. Make up your mind."

The unknown man rang off. Dr. Spashoot stood with a grin and thoughtful brow for some moments. Then he left the study and Big School and walked across to White's House. He had a dinner and came in to tea, and they were in Study No. 10 when a knock came at the door.

"Trickle in, father!" called out Jim Dainty.

He jumped as the door was opened.

"Oh, now hat! It's Sammy! I—"

"I tell you, Dainty, that Spilts is in possession of a large sum of money, in

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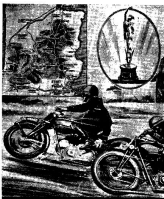
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backgrounds of his native land," said Dr. Sparshott. "Why are they?"

"Oh, my hat! I mean, in his book."

Dr. Sparshott nodded to Fritz's desk. He sorted out a stack of twenty hundred-year notes, fanned with an elastic band. Dainty and Dawson stood silent. Knowledge of Fritz's vast wealth, evidently, had come to the businessmen's ears—they little guessed how Dr. Sparshott squandered such of the German banknotes in turn.

"Ah, I fancied you—1000 notes!" he remarked. "Did I not surprise you, Dainty, to see Spitz in possession of such a large sum of money?"

"Well, rather, sir," stammered Jim.

"Hard to believe—that?" said Sammy gaily.

"Well, seeing he believes, sir," said Dawson.

"Not always," said Sammy, shaking his head. "By no means always, Dawson."

And Sammy left the study, leaving the two partners staring. From the window they saw him walk down to the gates from White's House.

"Where on earth is he going with Fritz's money in his pocket?" said Jim, in wonder.

"Goodness knows! And what was he grinning at?"

"Ask me another!"

Sammy was still grinning as he walked away from the school towards Grimslade Water.

Light at Last.

"A ON!" Mein dear Tainty—mein good Tainty!"

Fritz Spitz gasped. Dainty and headless, with perspiration streaming down his puggy face, Fritz Spitz followed in at the gates of Grimslade. It was a couple of hours since Sammy's visit to Study No. 10 in White's House. Dainty and Dawson were waiting at the gates for Fritz, and so were Ginger & Co., and a good many other fellows. Dr. Samuel Sparshott was sitting in Bykes' lodge. He stepped out from the window, he spotted Fritz Spitz coming in.

"Ah! But I have had a fearful dime!" gasped Fritz. "Tat pad man sat, try to top me to odder day, he goller me, and tie me to a tree. Mein

goodness! I wait and wait and wait, sat at last to grim pack, and wack me, and tell me to cut!"

"My giddy gobshins!" ejaculated Ginger. "Did he get your banknotes?"

"Weir, rein! I leave you in main study!"

"They're not there now, old fat pippin," said Jim. "Sammy's board of them money, and he came over and looked them."

"Mein goodness! Tat peest Sammy is—?"

"Spitz!"

It was the Head's deep voice.

"Ah! I did not see you, sir!" gasped Fritz. "I did not mean to call you your name."

"I have taken your German banknotes, Spitz," said Dr. Sparshott. "I would willingly exchange them for English money, if our national currency produced a coin small enough for the purpose. Unfortunately it does not."

"Wha-a-ut?" gasped Jim Dainty. There was a general gasp.

"I fear, Spitz, that you have been spending your school-fellowship with a show of German wealth," said Dr. Sparshott.

"Such absurd beastliness, Spitz, is ridiculous!"

"Mein goodness!"

"Oh, my giddy gobshins!" gasped Ginger. "Weren't they good banknotes?"

"Perfectly good, Hamilton, at the time they were issued—in the year 1890," said the Head. "Since that date Germany has been bankrupt, and the old issue of banknotes is valueless. The exact value of Spitz's banknotes, in English, would be one-twelfth of a farthing."

"Great Scott!"

"I am afraid that you requested your father, Spitz, to send you these valueless banknotes, for the ridiculous purpose of swanking as a wealthy boy," said the Head severely. "Let this be a lesson to you."

And Dr. Sparshott walked away.

For some moments the Grimslade fellows just stared in amazement. Then they gathered round Fritz. It was not only to "conk" as a wealthy fellow that Fritz had got that consignment of valueless banknotes from the Father-lod.

Fritz had been raising hell right and

left all over Grimslade, to be repaid when those precious banknotes were cashed. It was clear now why he had not wanted to go to the bank. It was equally clear that those little banknotes would be repaid. One-fourth of a farthing would not go far. Fritz blushed scarlet in alarm at grim face.

"Ah! It is all right!" he gasped.

"I will pay up before long. Mein bankies in Germany will send me plenty of—Taroos! Whooop!"

Fritz Frits for his fat legs. After him went a whooping swarm of Grimsladers. Fritz, panting, headed for the fountain. It was unfortunate that the House dame's dog should amble across his path, for Fritz failed to notice the animal—until it was too late. Then it was unfortunate indeed. Fritz tripped over his own legs, and went sprawling.

Wash!

He fell awkwardly and neatly right in the well-filled basin of the fountain. He splashed and he gurgled, he grunted and groaned, and the Grimsladers, knowing Fritz's aversion to cold water, and thinking him well punished, left him to crawl out on his own.

By that time Fritz repented from the bottom of his fat heart his amazing speed.

But there was one other who felt even worse about it than Fritz.

That was the shifty-eyed man who had collected the hoards of German banknotes from the wreck by Grimslade Water—Fritz's ransom.

A fat man born that shifty individual away from the vicinity of Grimslade, before the police could get in touch with him, in a distant town he had a happy night of anticipation, and in the morning he called at a money-changer's.

And then he learned why Sammy Sparshott had so cheerfully parted to his ransom, and allowed him to bag the German banknotes. Sammy's only regret was that he could not see the man's face as he came away from the money-changer's. It was worth seeing.

Another full-of-laugh Grimslader gave in next week's Free Gift issue of the RANGER. Have you rung Fred's Richards' Egg-nut-bag being school stories which appear every week in "The Magnet," price 2d.?