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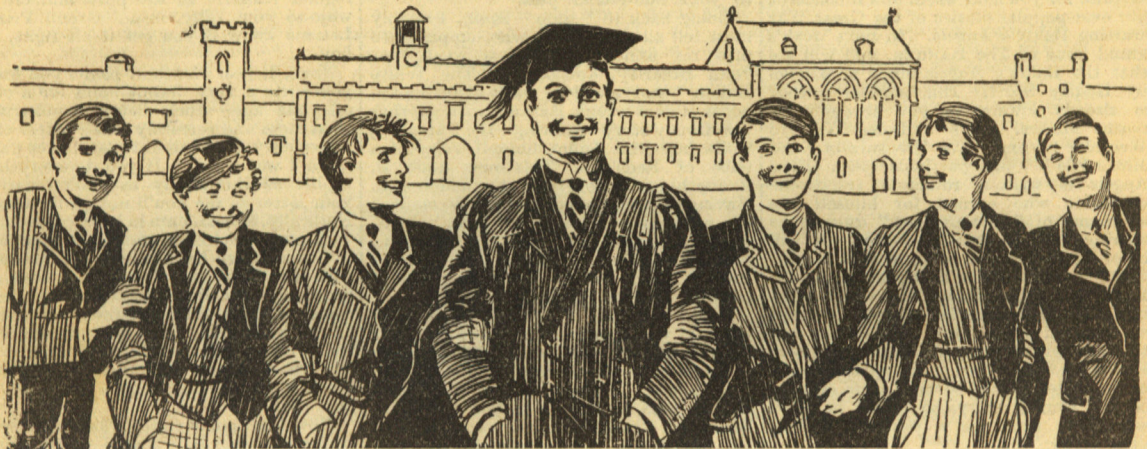
JIM MOLLISON'S

DOUBLE ATLANTIC FLIGHT RECORD!

SCHOOL, SPORT AND ADVENTURE—AND LAUGHS GALORE:

The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!

By Famous FRANK RICHARDS.



FRITZ SPLITZ, THE GERMAN SCHOOLBOY, IS EASILY THE WORLD'S WORST CRICKETER. BUT, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IT IS FRITZ WHO SAVES HIS TEAM FROM A HEAVY DEFEAT!

Fearful for Fritz.

BAGET—"Cut off!" said Paget.
 "I have a bain!" said Fritz Splitz plaintively.
 "I'll give you another if you don't cut off!"

Paget of the Fourth was sitting on the table in Study No. 10 in White's House at Grimsdale. He was talking cricket to Dainty and Dawson, the owners of that study. The three were in flannels, and about to go down to games practice. Fritz Splitz, therefore, was not wanted. Fritz loathed cricket. Cricket could not be played sitting in an armchair, with a fat head resting on a cushion. So Friedrich von Splitz had no use for it.

"But I have a colossal bain in mein pread-pasket, Baget!" urged Fritz. "I tink tat I am not able to gum to games practice pefore. I tink tat you led me off, ain't it?"

"Oh!" said Paget.

As junior House captain of White's, it was Paget's business to see that all juniors of the House turned up to practice. In fact, he was supposed to report absentees to Yorke of the Sixth, the senior House captain. But he was very easy with Fritz, partly because he was careless and good-natured, partly because Fritz was no earthly use at games, and was only a bother to other fellows when he did play.

"Tat peast and a prute Chinger, of Redmayes, poke me in te pread-pasket mit vun gricket stump," explained Fritz. "Now I have a colossal bain, and I gannot gum, mein goot Baget."

"Do you think anybody wants you?" snapped Paget, over his shoulder. "Cut off, and be blowed!"

Fritz Splitz rolled away promptly.

"That fat Boche ought to turn up, Paget," said Jim Dainty. "It will do him good. And it's the House rule—"

"Oh, bother him!" answered Paget. "He's only in the way, isn't he? Look here! We're going to beat Redmayes in the House match on Wednesday. And we've got to pull up our socks. Come on!"

The three juniors left Study No. 10, and headed for Little Side, dismissing the fat German junior from their minds. They were very keen on games at Grimsdale, and House matches were fiercely contested. On Wednesday White's House were going to beat Redmayes House with wickets to spare. On the other hand, Ginger & Co. of Redmayes

were going to beat White's with an innings in hand. So, at all events, the juniors of the rival Houses declared.

Heedless of cricket Fritz Splitz rolled away from the House, his only concern to keep out of sight till practice was over. Some prefect might have spotted him, and asked him why he was not on the cricket ground. Catching sight of his Housemaster, Billy White, in the quad, Fritz cut off in the opposite direction, and almost ran into Dr. Samue Sparshott, the headmaster. Sheering off before he caught Sammy's eye, Fritz headed for the gates at a trot, feeling that he would be safer out of the school.

It was distinctly unfortunate that Yorke of the Sixth was coming in from the road as Fritz Splitz trotted out of the gateway. Yorke sidestepped just in time to avoid a collision, and grabbed Fritz by the collar, swinging him round. He rapped out the question that Fritz dreaded to hear

"Why aren't you on Little Side, Splitz?"

"Ach himmel!" groaned Fritz. "Tat is all right, Yorke! I have a bain in mein pread-basket—a colossal bain—and I gannot play, and tat goot Baget he let me off."

"I've spoken to Paget two or three times about letting you off," remarked the House captain of White's grimly. "I'll speak to him again. Come along!"

"Mein gootness!" groaned Fritz, as he followed Yorke of the Sixth to Little Side.

The junior cricketers were getting going, when they arrived. Paget, with a rather dismayed look, came up as Yorke beckoned to him.

"You've let that fat, lazy, slacking Boche off again," said Yorke.

"Um! He says he's not fit," murmured Paget.

"Did you believe him?"

"Um!"

"Get me a cricket stump."

"Oh, all right!"

"You've got a pain, it seems, Splitz?" asked Yorke, as he took the stump.

"Ach! Ja! A colossal bain—"

"Bend over and touch your toes! That's right!"

Whack!

"Whooop!" roared Fritz Splitz, and there was a chortle from the cricketers. Yorke of the Sixth had rather a heavy hand with slackers.

"Better now?" asked Yorke.

"Ach! Nein!" gasped Fritz. "Now

I am ferry mooch vorse. I have a bain in main trousers, as well as in mein pread-basket."

Whack, whack!

"Better now?"

"Whoop! Yoop!" It dawned on Fritz at last. "Ach! Ja! Yes, effer so mooch petter! I am so petter as neffer was pefore. I have neffer peen so mooch petter! Leef off whacking me on mein trousers! I am colossally petter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good!" said Yorke, tossing away the stump. "Now you're better, Splitz, you'll join up with the rest. Got that?"

"Ow! Ach! Yes! Wooch!"

"You'll keep an eye on Splitz, Paget, and see that he doesn't slack. You're playing Redmayes on Wednesday!" rapped Yorke.

"Yes."

"You'll play Splitz in the House team."

"Wha-a-at!" stuttered Paget, while the rest of White's juniors fairly blinked with dismay.

"Don't I speak plainly?" snapped Yorke.

"But—but—but he can't play cricket!" gasped Paget. "Redmayes will whop us with that dud in the team. Why, he hardly ever touches a bat or a ball."

"It's your business to see that he does! You've slacked! You're going to play him in the House match on Wednesday. Better do your best to make a cricketer of him."

Yorke of the Sixth walked away, leaving Paget rooted to the earth, the picture of woe. Jim Dainty whistled. Dick Dawson groaned. The White's juniors looked as if all the ill-luck in the world had suddenly settled on them at one fell swoop. Most dismayed of all was Fritz von Splitz. The distinction of playing in a House match was nothing to Fritz. He thought only of the exertion. He moaned.

"Well, that tears it!" said Jim Dainty. "It serves you right for letting that fat slacker off, Paget. But what about us?"

"We're licked!" groaned Dick Dawson. "May as well make Redmayes a present of the game."

"Oh crumbs!" said Paget. "Oh crikey! Play that bloated bloater! Oh, my only summer hat! I jolly well won't do it! Only—that blighter Yorke means it! Fritz, you fat, fooling, frabjous, fish-faced freak, you've got to play up somehow! Get into your

flannels! Sharp! I give you two minutes! Then I'm going to make you work!"

Fritz Splitz had looked forward to a happy hour in the grass under a shady tree, sucking toffee. Instead of which Fritz Splitz had the time of his life during the next hour. For once Fritz fairly slaved at games practice. He did not want to—very much indeed he did not want to. But he had to. For once he was the centre of attention; Jim Dainty & Co. gave him concentrated care.

Fritz gasped, and groaned, and perspired; he panted, he puffed, and he blew! Perspiration rolled in streams down his podgy face—his saucer-eyes had an expression like that of an expiring codfish! But he was up to play for the House, by order of the House-captain—and Jim Dainty & Co. were determined that he should put up some sort of a show, unless he perished in the process. It seemed to the unhappy Fritz that perishing was the more probable result.

Training the Teuton!

"GUM! I will not gum!" shrieked Fritz Splitz.

The next day was Sunday, and there was no games practice. But "Sunday walks" were usual at Grimslade; fellows rambled far and wide by Grimslade Water and the towering pike, over the scented moors. Nobody, as a rule, was keen on Fritz's company in a walk; his pace was that of an old and weary snail. But on this special day Fritz was booked for a walk. After morning chapel Dainty and Dawson looked for him; and politely invited him to accompany them in a walk! To which Fritz's answer was more emphatic than polite.

"Only five miles!" said Dainty.

"Fife miles!" gasped Fritz. "Ach! You are mat—quite mat! I will not gum!"

"You've got to get fit for Wednesday—" said Dick Dawson.

"I will not gum!" shrieked Fritz.

But he did come—he really had no choice, with a resolute junior hooking on to either arm. That sunny summer's morning, Fritz walked, and walked, and walked! He was no walker—and he was not fit. It was sheer torture to the fat slacker of Grimslade. It seemed to Fritz that his podgy legs were dropping off—he seemed to float in a sea of perspiration! He was paying the penalty of long slacking and frowsting! It was good for him—there was no doubt about that! But it was not enjoyable! It was awful!

Dainty and Dawson came back from that long walk fresh as daisies. But Fritz Splitz staggered in between them, hanging on to them, and moaning at every step. Ginger & Co., of Redmayes' House, saw them coming in, and chortled.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" ejaculated Ginger Rawlinson. "That's the man they're putting up to play us on Wednesday, you men."

"They'll have to carry him along the pitch, if he makes a run!" chuckled Streaky Bacon.

"Catch him making a run!" grinned Sandy Bean.

Fritz collapsed when he was dragged into White's House. He barely recovered strength enough to crawl down to Hall for dinner.

On Monday morning there were no extra five minutes in bed for Fritz after the rising-bell clanged. He was accustomed to a few extra minutes while the other fellows washed. Fritz had reduced washing to a minimum. But this morning Fritz rose before the bell had ceased to clang—unwillingly, for Jim Dainty grasped his fat ears and rolled him out of bed.

"Peast and a prute!" yelled Fritz, as he hit the dormitory floor. "Leaf me in beace, you peastly plighter!"

"Trot before brekker!" said Jim Dainty cheerfully.

"I will not drot!" groaned Fritz. "I tink two times before I drot, you peast and a prute."

But Fritz did trot! He trotted twice round the quad, with Jim Dainty to keep him company, and Jim's foot ready to help him whenever he lagged. In the course of the trot they came on Dr. Sparshott, who raised his eyebrows in surprise at the sight of Fatty Fritz engaged in this unaccustomed exercise.

"Good!" said Sammy Sparshott. "I'm glad to see you bucking up like this, Splitz!"

"Ach!" groaned Fritz. "I have no more te breff!"

"Keep it up!" grinned Sammy; and he affected not to see the kick with which Jim started the fat German going again. Sammy had little sympathy to waste on slackers.

Class, that day, came as a boon and a blessing to Fatty Fritz. He hated work in any shape or form; but in class, at least, he could sit down. With deep cunning, Fritz irritated Mr. Peck, the master of the Fourth, to the extent of getting a detention after morning class—and stayed behind in the Form-room when the other fellows went out. Detention was not agreeable in itself—but it was a sheer joy in comparison with

the training the White's juniors were putting him through. He rolled across to his House just in time for dinner.

After dinner he vanished! It was not till class was almost due that he was discovered under a bed in the dormitory and rooted out! Kicking him all the way to Big School was only a slight consolation for his trainers!

That afternoon the wary Fritz played up for another detention. He got it! When the Fourth Form were dismissed, Fritz was booked to remain behind till six, wrestling with Latin irregular verbs. But Jim Dainty was equal to the stunt this time. He stopped at Peck's desk as the Fourth marched out.

"If you please, sir," said Dainty in his silkiest tones, "Splitz is up to play for the House on Wednesday, and we've got a games practice to-day. If you would kindly excuse him, sir—"

"In the circumstances, certainly," answered Mr. Peck. "You should have told me this, Splitz. Your detention may stand over till Saturday."

"Mein gootness!" groaned Fritz. He rolled out of the Form-room in the lowest of spirits. Dainty and Dawson linked arms with him as soon as he was outside, and walked him away to change. With his podgy figure almost bursting his flannels, Fritz was walked down to the nets between his two faithful attendants.

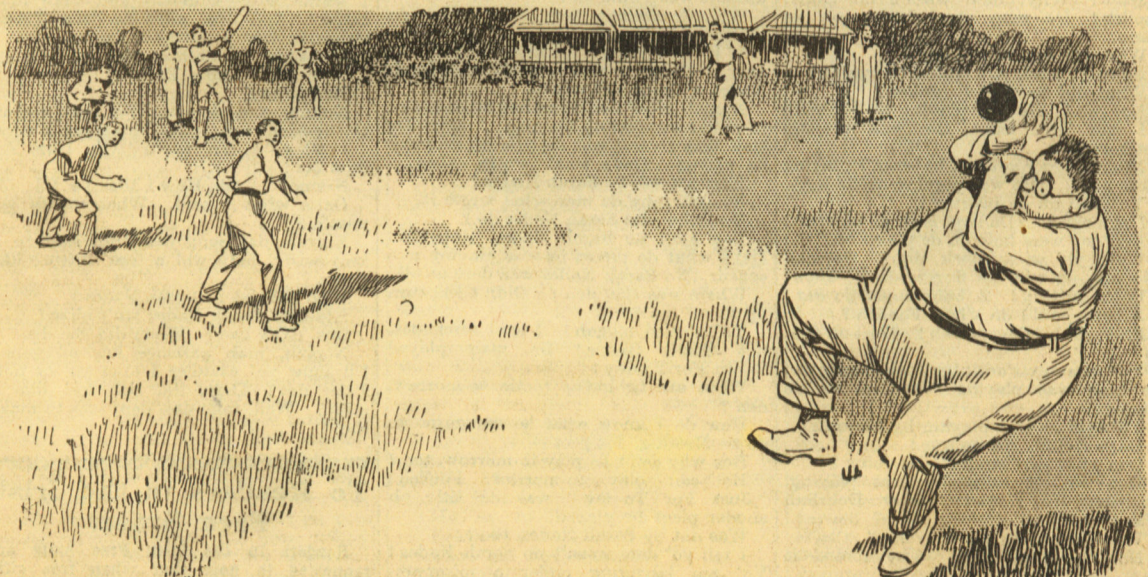
"Now," said Jim Dainty quietly. "Here's your bat, Fritz! You've got to stop all that I send you, see?"

"Ach! I gannot blay cricket, peast and a prute!" groaned Fritz. "I like not to run, and I am ferry dired! Also I am hungry!"

"You piffing, pie-faced Boche!" said Page. "You fish-featured son of a German sausage, we'd be glad to kick you out if we could! You've landed us in this by your frowsy slacking—and we've got to make the best of you! You'll have to take your knock in both innings on Wednesday—and you're not going to score ducks for the House! Send him down a few, Dainty, and I'll jab him with a stump every time he misses it."

"Mein gootness!"

Cricket is a great game; an enjoyable game; and—except footer—the game of games! But under these conditions, who could have enjoyed cricket? Not Fritz von Splitz, at all events! Jim Dainty bowled—and Paget stood by the unhappy batsman, stump in hand! The business end of that stump was ready for Fritz's fat ribs every time he failed to hit the leather, and especially every time he funked. A ball within a mile of leg was enough to make Fritz fear



Whether Fritz tried to make that catch, or whether it was simply an automatic action to defend his podgy nose, nobody ever knew. [But his two fat hands [shot up and grasped the red, round ball—an inch or two from his nose!

that his fat brains were going to be knocked out. He faced the bowling—and did his best. As a matter of fact, when he exerted himself, Fritz could play after a fashion. It was the exertion he hated. But he did not hate it so much as he hated the pointed end of a stump jabbing at his fat ribs!

"Good man!" exclaimed Dick Dawson, as Fritz stopped ball after ball—Jim certainly giving him easy ones. "We could make a cricketer of him if we had a thousand years or so to do it in."

"Ach! I'm dired!" groaned Fritz. Down came the ball, and Fritz stopped to brush a fly off his fat nose. The wicket went down! The next moment there was a fearful yell, as if a particularly wild Red Indian had broken loose at Grimsnade. It came from Fatty Fritz as Paget jabbed with the stump.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ach! Peast and a prute!" shrieked Fritz. "Mein gootness! I am buncured mit tat stump! I have no more to breff! Yaroooh!"

"Play up, Boche!" Dawson set the bails up again, chuckling. Fatty Fritz, gasping, took his stand once more. But this time he had one eye on Paget, instead of both on the bowler. There was a clatter of a falling wicket—and Fatty Fritz bounded away from the crease just in time to escape a terrific lunge from Paget.

"Ach! Geep off!" he roared, as the junior skipper followed him up, and he lifted the bat with both hands and brandished it. "Geep off, you peastly pounder! Geep away, or I prains you mit tat pat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Play!" roared Jim Dainty.

"Ach! I blays no more!" yelled Fritz, in sheer desperation. "I tink two times before I am buncured mit tat stump in mein pread-basket! Gerravay, peast and a prute!"

There was a crash as the brandished bat met the stump, and the latter flew from Paget's hand. He jumped at Fritz, and the fat German lunged out

with the bat, fairly crashing it over the spot where Paget had packed away his dinner that day. Paget gave a gurgle and sat down.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim Dainty. Fritz brandished the bat wildly.

"How you like tat?" he spluttered.

"Now you know vat he is like to be poked in te pread-pasket, ain't it? Geep off, peasts and prutes and pounders! I prains te lot of you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fatty Fritz started for the House at a run. He was tired of cricket! There was a rush of White's juniors after him. Fritz had lots of weight to carry; but he ran almost like a hare.

"After him!"

"Collar him!"

"Bag that Boche!"

Fatty Fritz dropped the bat and ran for his life. But half-way to the House Jim Dainty overtook him, and grabbed his ears from behind. Fatty Fritz yelled frantically as he was jerked to a halt.

"Tat you led go!" he shrieked.

"Peast and a prutal pounder! Tat you led go mein ears before!"

"Come on!" said Dainty.

"I will not gum!" yelled Fritz. "I vill— Yaroooh! I tell you tat I vill— Yooo-hoop! Ach! Kick me not on mein trousers, pang me not in te pread-pasket! Ach himmel! I vill gum! I gum—I gum!"

And he came! Hard at it was Fatty Fritz kept till tea-time; and when he was allowed, at last, to crawl back to the House, he would have given all the tuck in the tuckshop to get hold of the man who invented cricket, and boil him in oil!

The Catch of the Season!

BRIGHT and sunny came Wednesday, the day of the junior House match. Fritz Splitz had hoped for rain; but there was no sign of rain. In morning class he longed for detention; but Peck was not the

man to detain a fellow who was due to play in a House match.

Fritz was for it, and he groaned at the prospect. Neither did the prospect please the rest of White's House; they could hardly hope to beat Ginger & Co. with a passenger in the team—and such a passenger!

White's were really playing ten men against eleven; and the prospects were dubious. For the result of the match Fatty Fritz did not care two pins. He only hoped that it would be over quickly.

A long afternoon in a hot sun, standing on his hind legs, as it were, made him groan to think of it. White's had only one hope—Jim Dainty had developed wonderful powers as a bowler, and a quick wicket or two might pull the game out of the fire.

Ginger & Co. grinned at the sight of Fritz von Splitz rolling down with White's men. They seemed entertained by the sight of that remarkable cricketer. While Ginger and Paget tossed the coin, Jim Dainty spoke quietly to the fat German.

"Look here, Fritz! You've got to buck up," he said. "They know you can't field, and they'll give you plenty of chances, because you can't catch for toffee—see? If you drop sitters we're going to scrag you afterwards!"

"I will puek up, mein goot Tainty!" groaned Fritz.

"And look here," said Jim. "If you play decently we'll stand you a topping spread in the study afterwards!"

Fatty Fritz brightened. This was like a ray of sunshine coming through the dismal clouds of cricket!

"Vat vill te spread be like?" he asked cautiously. "A gake—"

"The biggest cake at the school shop!" said Jim.

"And cham—"

"Whole jars of jam!"

Fritz beamed.

"Mein beloved jum Tainty, I will puek up so mooch as neffer was before!" he exclaimed.

And Fritz meant it! But though the



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Say, Mistah Dumb-bell, I'se just been to see a man play de pianner!

Yessah! Who won?

Won? Why, dere wasn't no game, Foolish! De man was playing on de piano.

Who was he playing den?

Nobody, sah! Ob course he wasn't!

What did he play? Poker?

No, sah! He was playing by himself!

I get yo', sah! He was playing Patience!

Nunno, Iggernerance, he wasn't playing cards at all. He was playing on de keys.

Yo' said on de pianner!

Dat's right! De keys is on de pianner!

Den dey were bofe on de pianner?

Wake yo' wits, Black Man! De man was playing wid his fingers on de keys!

Dat's nutting! A baby could do dat!

A baby could do what, Foolish?

Play wid his fingers, sah! Most ob dem do!

Yo' most extr'ordin'ry foolish niggah! De man was playing serenades on de pianner!

Yo' said he was playing by himself.

Dat's right! So he was!

Den what was Sarah Nades doing?

Dat was de music he was playing, Foolish! He played "After De Ball Was Over!"

Wasn't dat against de rules?

No, ob course not! Why should it be?

He should ought to wait until de ball was in play again.

Oh, Niggah, yo' brain belongs to some-

one else! De ball wasn't being played wid. It was a dance! A dancing ball!

Sho' I see! Well, what did de man do while it was gwine on?

What foolishness now, sah? How do yo' mean?

If he didn't play till after de ball was over, I s'pose he was dancing wid Sarah Nades while de ball was on?

Niggah, if yo' had a swelling on de brain, it would be floating on air! "After De Ball Was Over" was de title ob de piece he played. Dat's what it was called.

Who by, sah? Sarah Nades?

No, sah; by de man what wrote it.

Den what did Sarah Nades do?

Dey ain't no Sarah Nades, Hopeless!

Dat's what de pieces he was playing was called. No Sarah Nades was dere at all!

Where was she, den? Didn't she turn up?

Yo' absurd niggah! I said serenades, not Sarah Nades! De man played "Just For To-day!"

What am he gwine to do to-morrow, den?

How do I know what he am gwine to do? Nutting, I s'pect!

Den why can't he play to-morrow, too?

He can play to-morrow, Foolish!

"Just For To-day" was de title ob anoder piece he played.

Was dat by Sarah Nades, too?

I tell yo' dere wasn't no Sarah Nades!

Yo' am labouring under a misapprehension!

Dat's not true, sah! De boss I labours for is a man!

Sho' he's a man! I know dat!

Den why did yo' say I labours under a Miss Apprehension? Nebber heard ob her in my life.

Niggah, if I saw yo' brains wid my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it. Misapprehension ain't a lady!

I don't care who she is. She ain't got nutting to do wid me.

Ob course she ain't. Dere isn't nobody named Miss Apprehension!

Well, dere yo' am, den! Yo' said dere was!

Niggah, mah patience am giving out, I warns yo'! I meant you were mistaken! And dere ain't no Miss Taken either, in case yo' want to know.

What else did de man play?

"Oh, How I Miss Yo'!"

Miss Who?

Nunno, and dat ain't a lady either. It's de oder word "miss," meaning to miss.

I get yo'! Yo' mean "Oh, How Yo' Miss Me!"

Nunno! "Oh, How I Miss Yo'!"

Dat's what I said. What makes yo' miss me?

Niggah, dat song was addressed to a beeyewtiful lady wid a face nutting like yours.

Who was dat? Sarah Nades?

I tell yo' Sarah Nades ain't alive!

Gee, dat's bad! When did she die?

Niggah, mah patience has all gone!

I'll show yo' whether I miss yo' or not. Take dat! Dere, did dat feel like a miss? Well, take dat, den, just to make sho'!

To Readers in the Irish Free State.

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spirit was willing, the flesh was weak! White's took the first knock, and were fifty to the good when Fritz came in as last man.

Streaky Bacon, the Redmayes bowler, winked at his friends, and sent down a ball that the fat Rhinelander did not even see. And the score remained at exactly fifty for White's first innings; and ten members of the team kicked Fritz von Splitz round the pavilion!

In the Redmayes innings Fritz stood first on one weary fat leg, and then on the other, and longed for a thunder-storm, or even an earthquake. But neither happened. Redmayes batsmen favoured him, taking risks that they would have taken with no fieldsman but Fritz; and the fat German's chances were enough to make any fieldsman's mouth water. But Fatty Fritz missed them all like clockwork when he came near them at all.

Redmayes were sixty on the innings; and when the field went off, Fatty Fritz went first—with the rest behind him—and he was only thankful that it was a case of cricket shoes and not football boots!

White's had better luck in their second knock. Sixty-five for the innings was not bad—as Fritz contributed another duck.

Then they stopped for tea; and after tea Ginger & Co. came along with cheery faces.

"Fifty-six to win," said Ginger. "My giddy goloshes! We could do it on our heads! Give Fritz a few chances!"

And the Redmayes men chuckled.

Ginger opened, with Sandy Bean at the other end. The runs came, but early in the innings Jim Dainty presented his House with the desired "hat trick." Sandy Bean, Streaky Bacon, and another Redmayes man went down in turn when the score was at twenty. But Dainty, good man as he was with the leather, could not touch Ginger, who stood like a tower of strength. Redmayes, man after man, came and went, and Ginger was still going strong. He looked like being not out as well as first in, and the score was creeping up.

The bowling was good, and the fielding keen, save in one spot. Fritz Splitz was not only tired of cricket, he was tired of life. It seemed to him that he had been standing on his podgy legs for centuries, and that they would crumple up and let him down on the hard, unsympathetic earth. He mopped his perspiring brow, blinked in the sunshine, groaned and moaned, and wished from the bottom of his podgy heart that he was back in the happy Fatherland—or in Central Africa, for that matter, or anywhere where the game of cricket was unknown.

"Last man in!"
Ginger was still at the wicket, his face almost as red as his hair, enjoying life to the full. The score stood at 54, and Ginger had the bowling. One wanted to tie, 2 to win, and Ginger, the unbeatable, at the batting end. Streaky Bacon told Sandy Bean that it was all over bar shouting, and Sandy agreed that it was so. And White's could not help thinking the same. That passenger in the team had done it, and White's could only resolve that after Ginger had made the winning hit they would give Fatty Fritz the time of his life. As if the hapless Rhinelander was not getting it already!

There was breathless keenness round the field as Jim Dainty sent the ball down. There came the cheery click of willow on leather, and Ginger sent it travelling, and ran. All eyes turned on Fatty Fritz. As if he had specially intended it, Ginger had sent that ball hot for Fritz's little pimple of a nose.

Whether Fritz tried to make that catch, or whether it was simply an automatic action to defend his nose, nobody ever knew. But what they knew was that two fat hands shot up and grasped the round ball and—held it! It was true that it was an easy catch, but nobody—least of all Ginger Rawlinson—

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expected Fritz Splitz to make the easiest of easy catches. Nobody believed it for a moment or two. They even wondered what had become of the ball. It seemed so improbable that it was in Fritz's fat paw. But it was! And as the fat German, suddenly seeming to realise what he had done, held it up, there was a roar from all White's House.

"Caught!"
"Caught! Oh, well caught!"
"Well caught, Splitz!" came Sammy Sparshott's deep voice. "Oh, well caught, sir!"

Ginger Rawlinson stopped dead, transfixed, like a man in a dream. He gazed at the round, red ball in the podgy paw.

"My giddy goloshes!" said Ginger feebly. "Fan me! Carry me home! Caught out—by Splitz! Oh, holy smoke! Carry me home in an ambulance!"

"Caught!" roared Jim Dainty, wild with delight; and he rushed up to the now grinning Fritz and gave him a smack on the back, which immediately banished the grin.

"Ach!" yelled Fritz. "Peast and a prute! Vy for you pang me on te pack? Mein gootness, I have vun colossal bain in mein pack!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Bravo!"
"Good old Boche bloater!"
"Hurrah!"

"Oh, you fat frump!" gasped Jim. "Oh, you giddy German sausage! We've won the match, you podgy piffler,

and you've won it for us! Oh, my only summer hat!"

Fritz gurgled.
"Tat is no reason to pang me on te pack before!" he gasped. "But, mein goot Tainty, now tat te peastly gricket is ofer, vat apout tat gake and touse chars of cham?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Beaten by a run!" said Ginger Rawlinson. "Beaten by a Boche! Oh, my giddy goloshes! Take me away and hide me somewhere!"

"Bravo, Fritz!" roared all White's. White's had promised the fat Rhinelander the time of his life after that game. And he had it, though in a rather different way from that intended. It was the catch of the season, they all agreed; it had won the House match; and they carried Fatty Fritz off the field shoulder high, four of the heftiest fellows staggering under his weight.

They carried him back to his House in triumph. It was glory for Fritz. But what followed was much more to his taste. Jim Dainty kept his word, and Fritz von Splitz sat down in Study No. 10 to a feast of the gods!

(Great excitement at Grimslade next week when an "Old Boy" returned to the school to wallop Billy White for getting him the sack! Don't miss this rollicking story by popular Frank Richards—and make a note that this author also writes a long school story every week in "The Magnet," price 2d.)