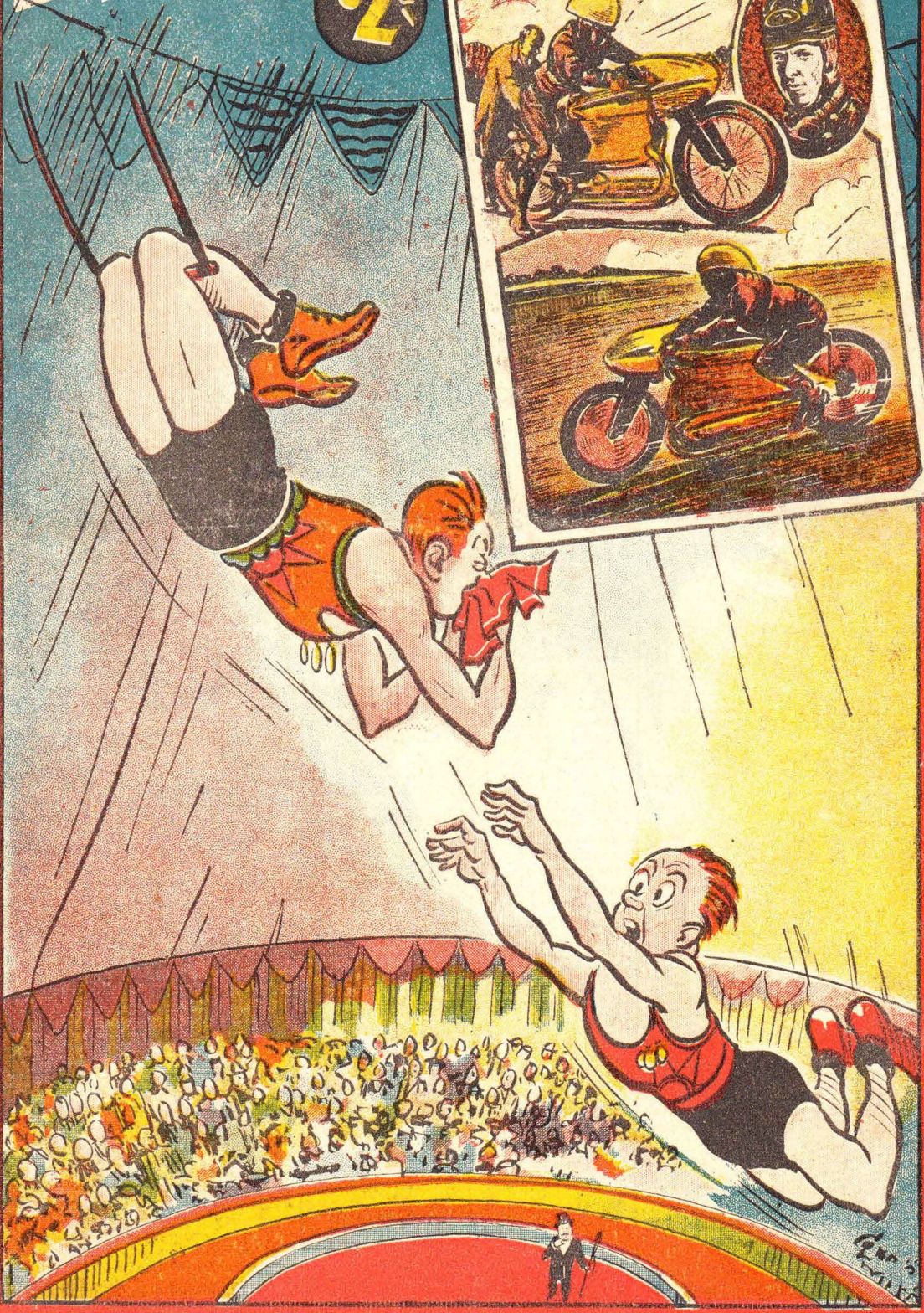
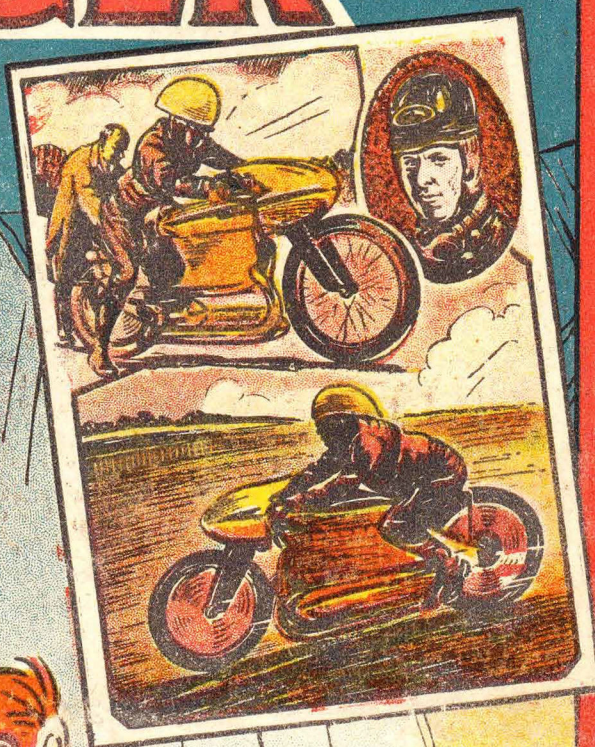


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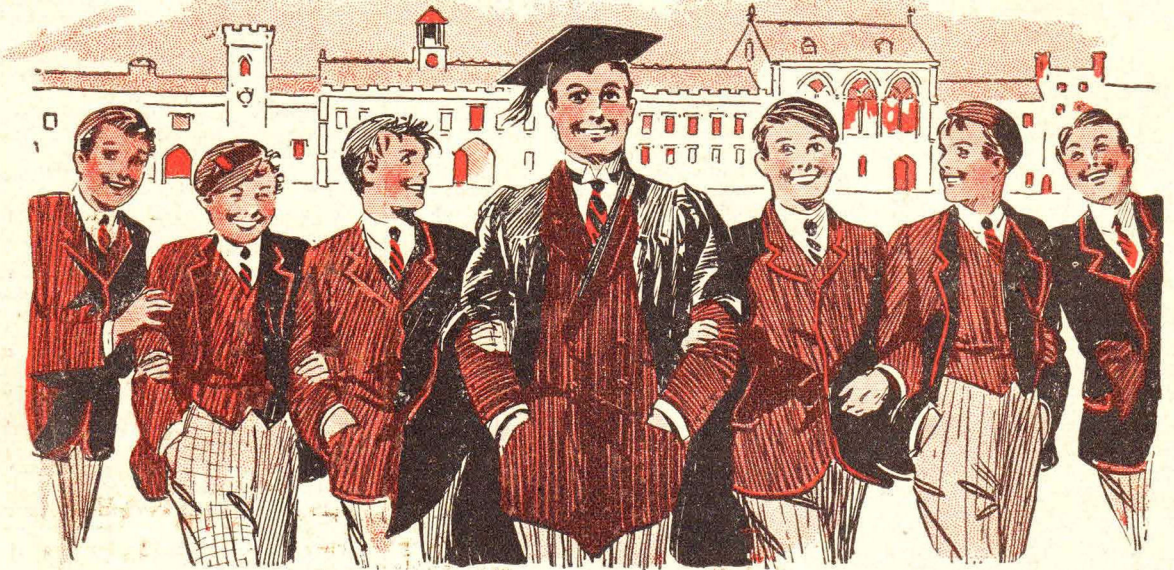
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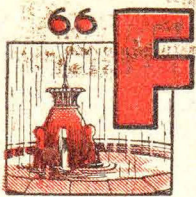
THE BEST SCHOOL STORY OF THE WEEK—BY FAMOUS FRANK RICHARDS.

The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



REVENGE IS SWEET, THOUGHT FRITZ VON SPLITZ. BUT THE REVENGE FRITZ TRIED TO PUT OVER TURNED OUT TO BE VERY BITTER INDEED!

Not Quite a Success!



"What's the matter?"
"Groan!"
Fritz von Splitz leaned against the granite basin which stood in the middle of the quad at Grims-lade School and groaned.

A dozen juniors of White's House surrounded him.

They had been looking for Fritz. Games practice was due, and Fatty Fritz was an artful dodger of games practice. Often he had been allowed to dodge. But Yorke of the Sixth, House captain of White's, had put his foot down, and Jim Dainty & Co. were rounding-up the fat junior.

Often and often did Fritz von Splitz plead illness as an excuse for dodging. Now he looked ill. He looked fearfully ill. His fat face, generally rather like a tomato in hue, was white as chalk.

Nobody had wanted to waste time hunting for Fritz. The juniors had intended to kick him when found as a penalty for giving them the trouble. Now not a man thought of kicking Fritz. Annoyance changed into sympathy as they looked at his white face.

"Ach, I have vun derribel bain!" groaned Fritz. "I gannot gum down to de cricket tis afternoon pefore! Mein gootness, tat is a colossal bain in mein pread-pasket!"

"Poor old Fritz!" said Jim Dainty. "You shouldn't have had that tenth helping at dinner!"

Paget of the Fourth, junior captain of White's, came through the crowd of juniors with a wrathful countenance.

"Got that Boche bloater?" he demanded. "Kick him all the way to Little Side! Yorke's been jawing me again! Kick him— Oh, my hat! What on earth's the matter with him?" Paget stared at Fritz's ghastly face.

"He's really seedy this time," said Jim Dainty. "Looks as if he's booked for sanny."

Big, broad-shouldered Yorke came striding up at that moment. He was frowning. Yorke was a good-natured

fellow, and popular in the House, but at games he was a martinet, and he had no mercy on slackers.

"What the thump are you doing here?" demanded Yorke. "Why weren't you on Little Side ten minutes ago?"

"Splitz is ill—" began Jim Dainty. "I've heard that before!" growled the Sixth-Former. "Last time he was too ill to turn up I cured him with a cricket stump!"

Groan!
"He's really ill this time, Yorke," said Dawson. "Look at him!"

Yorke looked at the fat German, and started. If ever a fellow looked ill Friedrich von Splitz did. His fat face was absolutely colourless. A spectre could not have looked paler.

"Great Scott! What on earth's the matter with you, Splitz?" exclaimed the House captain of White's, in startled tones.

"Ach! I have vun derribel bain in mein pread-pasket!" groaned Fritz. "It is vun colossal bain in mein dummy!"

"You'd better see the matron," said Yorke. "Over-eating, I suppose, you greedy little fat porker! You look fearfully sick, no mistake about that! Your own fault, I dare say."

Groan!
Yorke of the Sixth gave a grunt, and was about to turn away, but he turned back. Even while Fritz groaned there was a peculiar twinkle in his saucer-eyes. The House captain came closer to him, and regarded him very intently. There was deep suspicion in his scrutiny. He knew his Fritz!

"Why, you—you—you—" ejaculated Yorke suddenly.

He grasped the fat German by the collar. There was an alarmed howl from Fritz von Splitz.

"Ach! Tat you led go!" howled Fritz. "I am ferry sick! Groooogh!"

To the astonishment of the juniors, Yorke twisted the fat German over the granite rim of the fountain. With a grip of iron on the back of Fritz's fat neck, he jammed the podgy face into the water. There was a splash, and a horrid gurgle from Fritz.

"Urrrrggghh!"
Fritz's fat legs writhed and kicked.

Jim Dainty & Co. gazed on in horrified silence. Fritz gurgled and guggled. With a twist of his sinewy arm Yorke lifted the fat face from the water again, and turned Fritz round to face the staring crowd.

"Urrrghh!" gurgled Fritz. "I was trowned—I was choked mit wasser— Mein gootness— Urrrrghh!"

Water streamed down Fritz's fat face. It streamed from his face down his waistcoat. And, to the amazement of the Grimsladers, it was tintured with white! Chalky streams of water ran down Fritz, and, astonishing to relate, his rich, red complexion showed in spots and patches through the ghastly pallor of his face!

"Why, what—what—what—" gasped Jim Dainty.

"Spoof!" yelled Dawson. "Chalk! Oh, my hat!"

"Ach! Tat you led go!" shrieked Fritz, as Yorke shook him vigorously, scattering drops of chalky water. "It was only a choke—joost a leedle, vunny choke— Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"The spoofing bloater!" gasped Paget. "He's rubbed his face with chalk to look sick— Oh crikey!"

Evidently that had been Fritz's little game, and he had very nearly got away with it. But the plunge of his fat face in the fountain had undone his work. Most of his new complexion was gone, and his old complexion glowed rich and red through it.

Yorke shook and shook, while the White's juniors howled with laughter. Many and various were Fritz's devices for dodging games practice; but this one took the cake.

"Now, you slacking young scoundrel!" roared Yorke. "Get in and change! You men-kick him all the way!"

"What-bo!"

"Ach! Yaroooh! Geep off!" shrieked Fritz Splitz. "Mein gootness! Geep your peastly poots off mein trousers! Ach! Whoooop!"

Fatty Fritz fled. After him went the whole crowd of juniors, whooping. How many 'kicks' Fritz captured in the next few minutes, he could never have counted. He was quite glad to get down to the cricket. He loathed cricket, but

it was better than being used as a football!

Revenge is not Sweet!

REFUGENCE!" Jim Dainty started. He was coming along to his study—No. 10 in White's House—after tea, when he heard that peculiar ejaculation from within the study. It was uttered by the voice of Friedrich von Splitz, and Jim, on looking in, beheld the fat German sprawling limply in the study armchair.

Fritz was still tired after his exertions at the nets.

"Refuge!" repeated Fritz. Jim Dainty stared at him. What "refuge" might be, he had not the faintest idea.

"Hallo, old fat Boche bean!" said Jim cheerily. "Talking Deutsch to yourself?"

"Tat vas not Cheriman, dummkopf," grunted Fritz. "Tat is vun English vord, Tainty."

"Blessed if I ever heard it before, then," said Jim. "Refuge— Oh, I see—it's your beautiful accent! You mean revenge?"

"Tat is so!" said Fritz darkly. "Tat peast and a prute, Yorke, vill be sorry tat he is so peasty and prutal. I am half-trowned mit wasser in te fountain. I am shake till mein teeth nearly fall out, I am make to play te cricket till mein legs trof off mit telvesels, and tat peast and a prute tink tat I dake it lying town! I tink tat I make him sit up after."

Jim Dainty chuckled. "Better give Yorke a miss, Fatty," he said. "You'll get six if you cheek him."

Jim Dainty picked up his cricket bat, and went out of the study.

"Refuge!" hissed Fritz again. "It is said proverbially that the worm will turn. Fritz von Splitz was on the point of turning. While he had been resting his weary, podgy limbs in the study armchair, Fritz's fat brain had been hard at work.

He was going to show all Grimslade that a German could not be ducked and shaken and kicked and fagged at cricket. He was going to be revenged against Yorke!

He peered cautiously from the study after Dainty was gone. Most of the fellows had gone out after tea. The coast was clear. He blinked from the study window. Yorke of the Sixth was standing at a distance, talking to Trafford, the captain of the school.

Fritz grinned—a revengeful grin. He picked up a handkerchief that belonged to Jim Dainty and had his initials in the corner. He put it in his pocket, and rolled out of the study.

With considerable caution, Fritz made his way to Yorke's study in the Sixth. Nobody was about, and he reached that study unseen.

Once safe inside, the revengeful Fritz lost no time. He overturned Yorke's inkpot on Dainty's handkerchief. That handkerchief, streaming with red ink, he dabbed about the study.

There were books and exercises on the table, and Fritz mopped ink over them in streams. Yorke's First Eleven blazer hung on the back of a chair—and Fritz mopped ink over it with a generous hand. He splashed ink over the chairs and the carpet. There was quite a lot of ink in the inkstand, and Fritz used it all, to the last drop. By the time he had finished, Yorke's study was of the ink, inky!

Fritz chuckled. He was going to leave the inky handkerchief in the inky study. The result was certain. Dainty would be considered guilty of that rag, and Dainty would get the consequent whopping.

That was Fritz's deep and deadly scheme—a ragging for Yorke, and a whopping for Dainty! It was killing two birds with one stone! Most important of all, Fritz would keep clear of

the whole affair! This was something like revenge—

"Boy!" roared a sudden and terrible voice behind him.

Splitz spun round with a gasp. Standing just inside the study was Billy White, the Housemaster.

Fritz Splitz, transfixed with terror, stood with the inky handkerchief in an inky paw, in the middle of an inky study. Rooted to an inky carpet, he goggled in horror at his Housemaster.

Mr. White gazed at him. Then he gazed round the study.

"Splitz—what— You—you young rascal—you—you—"

"Ach! It was not me!" gasped Fritz Splitz. "I was not here!"

"What?" roared Billy White.

"Tat is to say, I—I—I have done nottings—I know nottings! Mein prain is a perfect plank!"

"You young rascal!" Mr. White's grip fastened on Fritz's podgy shoulder. "Come with me! I shall take you to your headmaster!"

"Mein gootness!"

Fritz's inky fingers were shaking with terror as he was marched into Dr. Sparshott's study in Big School. Sammy Sparshott selected a stout cane when he had heard what Mr. White had to say. For some minutes the voice of Fritz von Splitz could be heard all over Grimslade.

When Dainty and Dawson came into Study No. 10 in White's House for prep, a series of hideous, hair-raising groans greeted them. They stared at the fat German wriggling spasmodically in the armchair.

"Hallo, spoofing again?" asked Dawson.

But Fritz was not spoofing this time!

No Luck!

YORKE of the Sixth stared. The summer night was deeply dusky on the old quadrangle at Grimslade. Prep was over in the studies—it was long past lock-up. As

a high and mighty prefect and House captain, Yorke was indifferent to lock-ups. He came and went as the spirit moved him. Now he was coming back to White's, after a talk with Trafford over in Redmayes House. And he stopped and stared at the sight of a junior clambering out of a study window.

Grimly he watched. The light had been turned out in that junior study, which was No. 10 in the Fourth. One of the three fellows in Study No. 10 was breaking bounds after dark, and the Sixth Form man wanted to know which. The clambering figure dropped from the window-sill, and in the silence of the quad Yorke heard a breathless grunt. He knew that grunt. The breaker of bounds was Fritz Splitz.

Fritz stayed only to grunt once. Then he rolled away in the deep dusk, and Yorke walked after him. But he stopped again in sheer astonishment, as he saw Fritz's queer actions, dimly revealed by the starlight in the quad.

Fritz stopped under a Sixth Form study window—Yorke's own window. That window gleamed with light. One of Yorke's friends in the Sixth, no doubt, had called in there to see him, and was waiting for him to come back from Redmayes. In fact, Yorke, who was a foot taller than Fritz, could see Patterson of the Sixth in the study. Fritz, who was not much longer than he was broad, couldn't!

"Ach!" Yorke, behind the fat German, caught his mutter in the silence. "Peast, and a prute, and a pully! I tink tat I make tat peasty pounder joomp mit himself before!"

Fritz groped under his jacket. In amazement Yorke watched him produce a brick. He gazed at the fat Rhineland. Fritz had been dealt with by Sammy Sparshott for his earlier exploit in the House captain's study, so Yorke had let that matter drop. Now, it was clear, the vengeful Boche was on the warpath again.

Evidently he supposed that the senior



Fritz mopped ink over Yorke's blazer with a generous hand. He splashed ink over the chairs and the carpet; over books and exercises. By the time he had finished, Yorke's study was of the ink, inky! Then: "Boy!" roared a sudden and terrible voice behind Fritz. Standing just inside the study was Billy White, the Housemaster!

in the study was Yorke. He was going to surprise him—with the brick through the window! After which Fritz was going to dodge back rapidly into Study No. 10—safe and unsuspected!

A fat grin wreathed the podgy features of Friedrich von Splitz. Probably he would not have grinned had he been aware that Yorke of the Sixth was not in his study, but only a few yards away from him in the quad!

"Peast! Prute! Pounder!" murmured Fritz.

Up went a fat paw, with the brick in it.

Another moment, and the heavy missile would have hurtled through the air, crashing through the window. Undoubtedly the man in the study would have jumped. It would have been enough to make any man jump! But just as Fritz was going to hurl the brick a sudden grasp was laid on his fat neck from behind.

"Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz, in terror.

"You young sweep!" roared Yorke.

"Ach himmel!"

Fritz spun round. His saucer-eyes almost started from his head at the sight of Yorke. The brick dropped from his hand.

The next moment there was a fearful yell. Fritz Splitz tore himself loose from the prefect's grasp, hopped frantically on one leg, and clasped the other foot with both hands.

"Ach! Mein gootness! Mein toe!" yelled Fritz. "Mein toe he is smash! Ach himmel! I smash me te toe! Yaroo!"

Yorke stared at him.

"What the thump— Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!" roared Yorke, as he realised that the brick had dropped on Fritz's toe. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whoop!" roared Fritz, dancing on one leg. "Mein toe! Ach! He is broken into small pieces! Ach himmel! Yoop! Mein toe he is broken!"

"Come along!" said Yorke.

And, taking Fritz by the collar again, he led him to the House. Fritz Splitz limped after him, groaning. He had a pain in his toe, and he was apprehensive of receiving some more pains as soon as he reached Yorke's study.

That apprehension was well founded.

Yorke picked up his cane.

"Bend over!" he said.

Fritz had barely recovered from Sammy's "six." Now another six was added thereto. Lightning, it is said, seldom strikes twice in the same place. But the official ashplant does. By the time that six had been administered, Fritz had almost forgotten the pain in his toe. He had newer and more severe pains to worry about.

He crawled away from Yorke's study. When he crawled into the Fourth Form passage, he looked as if he was trying to fold himself up like a pocket knife. The juniors stared at him.

"Licked?" asked Jim Dainty.

"Ach! Wow! Ow! I have vun derrible bain in mein trousers!" groaned Fritz Splitz. "Tat peast and a prute Yorke— Ow! Ach! Wow!"

Fritz crawled into Study No. 10, wishing that he had never left it. He was still groaning when the Fourth Form went up to the dormitory. The trail of vengeance did not seem to be prospering with Friedrich von Splitz.

Fearful for Fritz!

"FENWICK'S for it!" remarked Jim Dainty, after class the next day.

"Why?" asked Dick Dawson.

"Smoking in his study. Billy White niffed it as he was passing the window, and looked in," Jim Dainty chuckled.

"Billy's taken him to Sammy."

"Serve him jolly well right!" said Dawson. "They don't cane the Fifth, as a rule; but Sammy will give him six. Sammy would whop a Sixth Form man if he was caught smoking."

"Sammy's the man to do it," agreed Jim.

"Mein gootness!" ejaculated Fritz Splitz. There was a sudden gleam in the fat German's saucer-eyes as he blinked at his study-mates. "You tink tat Sammy would vhop a Sixth Form man for smoking, Tainty?"

"Bet you he would!" answered Jim. "Whop him twice as hard as a junior, too. They never sack a man at Grimslade. And if the beak doesn't sack a man—what can he do but whop him?"

"Goot!" chuckled Fritz Splitz.

"What are you grinning at, you image?" asked Dainty. "No Sixth Form man in this House is likely to be nabbed smoking. Might be some over in Redmayes. It's a mouldy show."

Fritz Splitz did not explain what he was grinning at. But he grinned as if greatly entertained by the thoughts that were working in his podgy brain. Dainty and Dawson left the study, and when they were gone Fritz von Splitz chuckled.

"Mein gootness!" murmured Fritz. "I have got it tis time. Now I tink tat I make tat peast and a prute Yorke sit up mit himself!"

Evidently Fritz was thinking once more of "refenge." He rolled out of Study No. 10 with a fat grin on his face. Fritz had "got it" at last—at least, he was sure that he had. Twice he had failed to score off the House captain, but this was going to be a winner.

As Billy White had gone over to Big School with Fenwick of the Fifth, his study, of course, was deserted. Fritz rolled into that study. From a pipe-rack he selected a briar belonging to Mr. White. From a tobacco-jar he grabbed a handful of Billy White's rather strong tobacco, and stuffed it into his pocket along with the pipe.

Then he hastily quitted the study, and rolled along to Yorke's room. Yorke was on Big Side, and not likely to come in yet. The coast was clear.

Fritz shut the door and sat down in Yorke's armchair, facing the window. From that position he could watch for the House captain, and see him in time if he came back to the House. With a cheery grin Fritz took Mr. White's pipe from his pocket, and stuffed it full of tobacco, cramming it down into the bowl with a podgy thumb. Then he struck a match and lighted up.

He smoked!

Streams of smoke rose from the pipe. Fritz Splitz's fat face grinned through the gathering clouds.

Fritz was no smoker. Sometimes he secretly smoked a cigarette, if he could bag one for nothing. He had never tackled a pipe before. He rather fancied the idea of smoking a pipe; but it was not the enjoyment of a really hefty smoke that he was after now.

This was Fritz's revenge. Billy White had "niffed" smoke in Fenwick's study, and taken him to the Head to be whopped. If he niffed smoke in Yorke's study, obviously he would take the same steps with Yorke. In fact, he would be all the more severe in the case of a prefect and House captain who broke one of the strictest rules of Grimslade.

Fritz was making the study fairly reek with smoke. The smell of tobacco was growing more and more pungent. In ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, Yorke's study would be filled with smoke.

Then Fritz Splitz was going to creep away. He was going to leave Yorke's door open. The reek of tobacco smoke could not possibly pass unnoticed. Fritz chuckled. The prospect of Yorke of the Sixth getting one of Sammy's hefty whoppings was a sheer delight.

For five minutes Fritz Splitz pulled sturdily at that briar, grinning through the thickening smoke.

Then he ceased to grin. He did not chuckle any more. His fat face became very serious. He still smoked, but a

little less vigorously. Then he ceased to smoke.

With a trembling hand he removed Billy White's briar from his lips. He made a movement to rise from the armchair. But he did not rise. A weird feeling of dizziness came over him. The study walls seemed to be floating round him. Worse still, the region he called his "bread-pasket" seemed to be floating, too.

"Mein gootness!" murmured Fritz. "Vat is te madder mit me, before? Vat is to madder mit tat topacco? Vat—ach! Gootness! Urrrggh! Ooooh!"

The pipe dropped from his mouth. It crashed on the floor, unheeded. Fritz lay back in the armchair. His fat face was as white as on the occasion when he had rubbed it with chalk. It was almost whiter than chalk.

"Urrrggh! Oooo-er! Gurrgrgh!"

He strove to rise. His fat interior was heaving like the mighty ocean in a gale. Too late he realised what he had done. He had fancied that he could smoke a briar like Billy White; but it was quite an unfounded fancy. He could not—not, at least, without awful results.

"Ooooh! Ooo-er! Gurrgrgh!"

Fritz staggered to the door. He managed to reach it and draw it open. Then he collapsed.

"Wurrgrgh!"

He was not thinking of revenge now. He was not thinking of escape. He was not thinking at all. In a state of collapse he squirmed on the floor, pressing two fat hands to an over-filled waistcoat, and emitted a series of hideous, horrible groans.

Fritz did not even hear the footsteps in the passage—did not even see the astonished faces that stared at him. He squirmed and groaned.

"It's Splitz!"

"What the thump—"

"Smoking—in Yorke's study!" yelled Jim Dainty. "Fritz, you fathead!"

"Fritz, you potty bloater!"

"Gurrgrgh! Urrgh! I tink tat I tie!" moaned Fritz. "Neffter, neffer shall I see my beloved Chermany any more! I vas tying! Urrgh! Grooogh! Ach! I vish tat I vas pack in Chermany. Urrrggh! I have derrible sickness in mein bread-pasket! Gurrgrgh!"

Mr. White came hurrying up. He pushed his way through the crowd of fellows, and stared blankly at the anguished Fritz. He stared into the study, reeking with smoke, at the briar pipe lying on the carpet, and then again at the suffering Fritz.

"What—" gasped Billy White.

"Groan!"

"Splitz!"

"Groan!"

"Is this boy out of his senses?" gasped Billy White. "He has taken one of my pipes, and smoked it in a prefect's study! Upon my word! Splitz—"

"Groan!"

"What does this mean, Splitz?" roared the Housemaster.

But Fritz did not speak. He couldn't. He was past speech. He squirmed, he moaned, and he groaned. The fellows in the passage howled with laughter. Mr. White bent and dragged up the wretched Fritz. With the assistance of a couple of Sixth-Formers he bore him away. Fritz was put to bed in sanny; and the sanatorium echoed and re-echoed to his groans and moans.

It was not till the following day that Fritz von Splitz was seen again. And he was very pallid and peaky. And he was no longer thinking thoughts of revenge. Revenge is said to be sweet; but Fritz Splitz had found it anything but sweet, and he was fed-up on it.

(Another rollicking Grimslade story in next week's RANGER. Fritz gets an idea for making money—but once again his idea comes unstuck! Don't forget Frank Richards also writes a long complete school story every Saturday in the "Magnet," price 2d.)